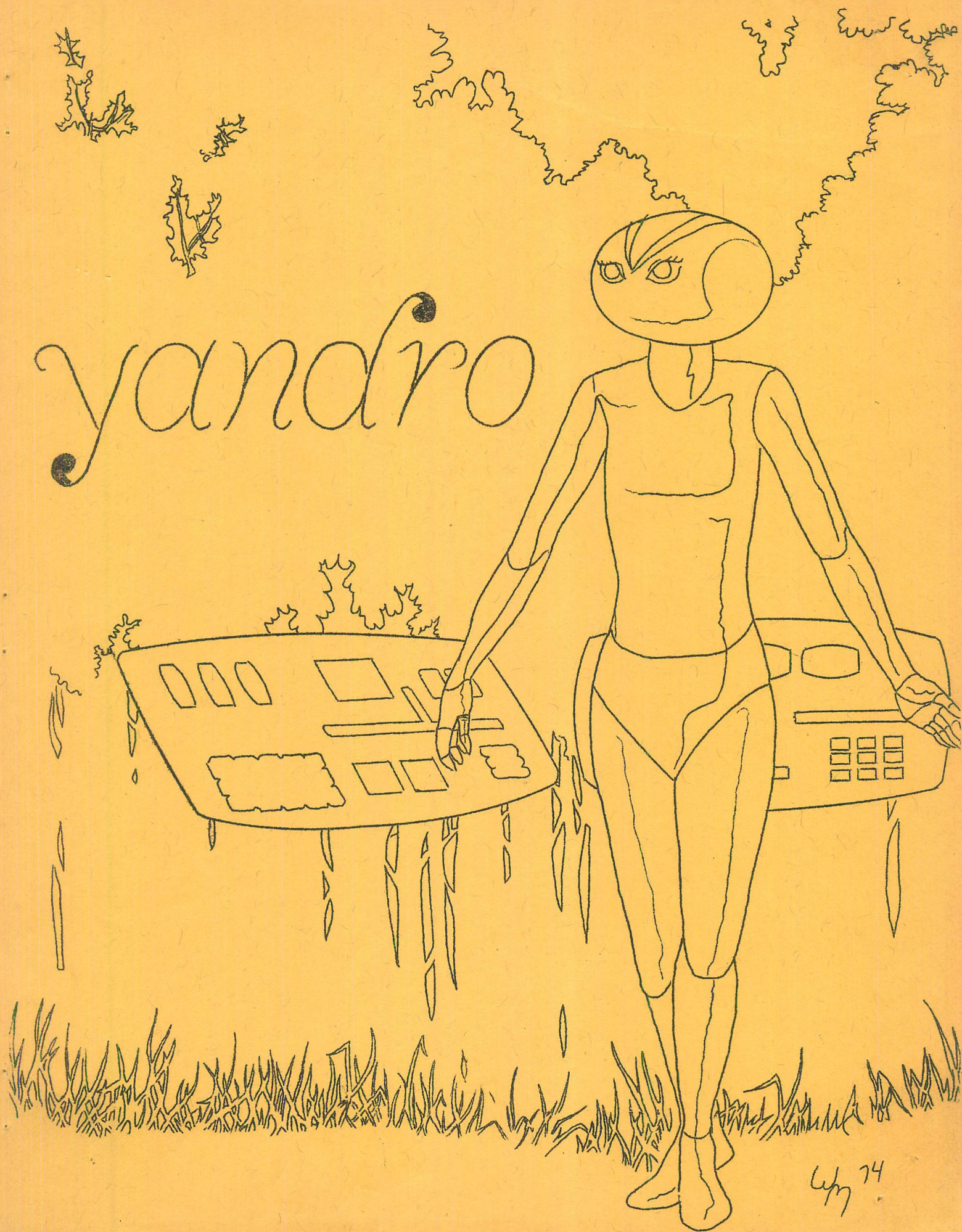


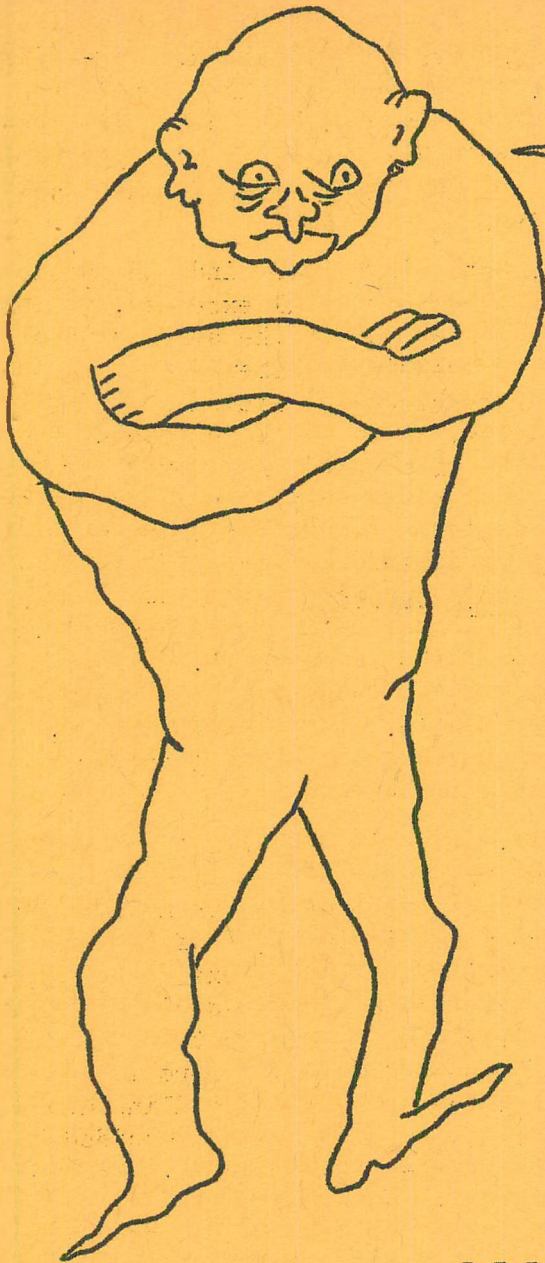
yandro











LATE AGAIN,  
EH, COULSON?!

# YANDRO

229

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"I'm listening to you! Now be quiet!" (Bruce's response to being nagged to pay attention.)  
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NEWS NOTE: P. Schuyler Miller died Oct. 13, on an archaeological dig. Science fiction has lost its best reviewer. Lester del Rey will continue the review column in ANALOG.  
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New Address: Dave Locke, 819 Edie Drive, Duarte, CA 91010  
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## ARTWORK

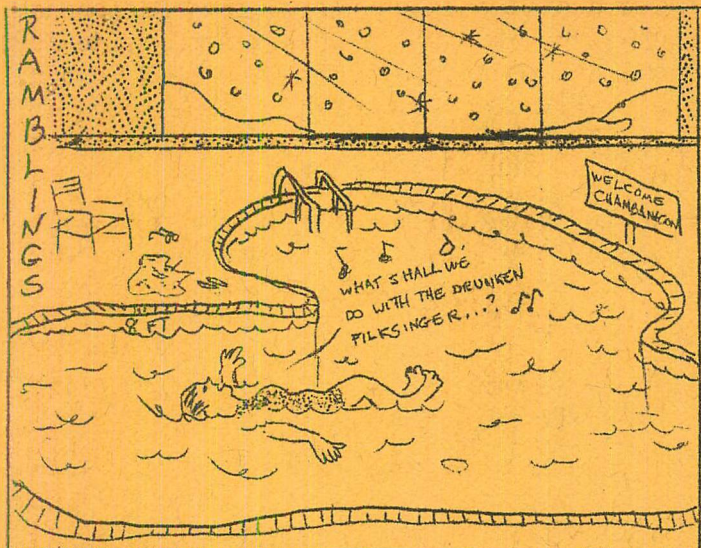
Cover by Wayne MacDonald

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"The Psychology of Risk" copyright 1974 by Michael G. Coney.  
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Another YANDRO before Christmas is the aim; it will be editorial, reviews, and a lot of letters, since the letter-file is bulging. RSC





T'is the season to abstain from con-going at last, but it was certainly fun there for a while. Discon, Windycon, Chambancon...I don't believe we've ever attended so many (of any large size) in such rapid succession.

Frankly, both Discon and Windycon should be deductible as medical expenses, at least for me. Though not in the sense some of you may be assuming. Somewhere along this summer good prospects bloomed in the writing business. Buck and Gene DeWeese contracted to collaborate on a novel for Roger Elwood's Harlequin series and I got my own similar assignment. Before that was well underway I received a flattering invita-

tion from Beagle Books to do a gothic to fit one of their upcoming series -- the same birthstone-related series Gene DeWeese mentioned, last issue, he'll be working for, too. All very nice, but the catch was my two deadlines were three weeks apart. I suppose a more professional type would have said no to con-going and stuck with the typewriter 14 hours a day straight through. But Discon was therapeutic. There comes a time, no matter how much you like to tell stories on paper, when you gotta break loose or go crackers...and I was about at that point before we left for Discon.

We went to Discon with the DeWeeses, in their Checker, which is great. If you gotta drive crosscountry riding in a Checker is the nearest thing to sitting in a sofa in your own home. The hotel was a tesseract, as everyone who went to Discon knows. Once I had been shown -- by a native guide -- how to reach a particular part of the maze I could always get back there again. Otherwise I just waited until someone with a compass and an approved map and tracking dogs happened by, then accompanied him or her to my destination. The pool was great, if unnerving. Of course I have to take off my glasses to go in the water, which renders me into a blue-eyed mole. No problem since I learned back in 71 (?) that I simply can't sink in water. But I am poodling around in a hazy miasma of blurred water and sky all the while. At some point I decided I needed a towel and should head for the nearest climbing-out-of-pool ladder, detected the flash of light on chrome, and sculled myself that way. As I got within a few inches of the side of the pool I realized there were large depth-indicator numerals painted and peered squintingly at same. To my horror and astonishment they read "Eleven Feet". I'm not sure why I should be so much more alarmed to be bobbing floatingly around in eleven feet of water than I was in eight feet of the Midwestcon's pool, since I've remained my runty five feet two plus throughout...and I could drown just as thoroughly in eight feet as I could in eleven. Psychological, perhaps.

The con? A blur of people, naturally, impossible to list them all or detail all the pleasant conversations. bev DeWeese and I, thanks to a slow waiter, didn't get to the masquerade in time to find seats on the main floor (which is academic, since we're so short we couldn't have seen anything from that vantage point either), so we sat on the steps of the balcony. We could see -- dimly -- but we couldn't hear at all. The announcements and presentations were total hash, and the seating wearing. We stayed for the pipers, of course, then opted out of waiting for the judges' decisions. At that point we didn't care; probably couldn't have heard them anyway. I vote for closed-circuit tv...hopefully of a good quality and in color. If so, I volunteer to be one of those who watches future masquerades from the comfort of my hotel room, leaving more ballroom space for those who have to experience sequins and feathers in the flesh, or whatever. I looked in at one or two panels, drooled over the art show -- genuine Bone-stells!, among other delights -- took a turn through the hucksters' room, and generally did what one does at a large con after having been through large cons for twenty years.



People and partying and filksinging are the essence of any con for me, and Discon did reasonably well in those departments. The Sunday night sing in that junior grade foyer off the lobby was a good one, indeed, and I hope everyone enjoyed it as much as I did. Overall, I think Discon reached the top bar of size, maybe exceeded it unbearably at the masquerade. Any larger, or any smaller facilities, and cons will cease to be what they have been, which would be sad.

The con was therapeutic. Thanks to that break, I was able to get my nose -- or my fingers -- back to the grindstone of the typewriter and come within waving distance at least of meeting those back-to-back deadlines. The Elwood novel will, I believe, be titled UNTO THE LAST GENERATION and I have no idea when it'll be released. Next year sometime, presumably. Buck and Gene's Elwood novel will be GATES OF THE UNIVERSE, ditto on release date. The gothic will, I assume, be out in March, since its key is the March birthstone, and it'll be titled STONE OF BLOOD.

With that out of the way I could think about Windycon with total relief. No more deadlines for a while. And no more gardening at all. I'm sure faithful readers will recall my plaintive wails about the drought and what kind of weather is this for America's swampy heartland, anyway. Nothing to what was coming. The only crop that fared reasonably well, thanks to a ridiculously acid soil, was the tomatoes. Then the Midwest had its earliest killing frost in a century...in September. So amid novel deadline meeting I had food deadline meeting...get the tomatoes picked and cleaned and canned before they rotted. Charmin', and I don't think I care to do that again soon, either.

Bruce complained the Blackstone Hotel, where Windycon was held, hadn't been remodeled in sixty years. Not strictly true. It had, I'm sure, been remodeled. But the upholsterers and plasterers and carpenters had been hired to put things back exactly as they were, which led to strange effects. The lobby is red and gold and crystal and mirrors and gaslight dim. It is the sort of place where you expect the gilt-trimmed elevators to open and a woman in a hobble skirt, cloche hat, boa, and foot-long cigarette holder to slurch out, batting overmade-up eyes and plastering down her spit curls. Our room wasn't quite that antique; perhaps the original beds had rotted away and they'd replaced them with two utilitarian twin beds...a startlement after years of motel cons with two double beds when you order a double. Considering the filksing took place right next to the elevator shafts -- giving the rest of the hotel a fine echo chamber rendition of the entire performance, I gather -- the management waited remarkably long to complain. Next time we must remember to keep the sings in the con suite. (Kansas City is already talking of providing a con-floor room just for filksings, which would be great; biggest problem in organizing a filksing is getting one going where it won't clash with the other attendees who want to talk -- their right, of course, but the two don't blend well.)

Anyway, one could ignore the facilities and dig on the people at Windycon, which I did. Pleasant way to let down after a hectic several months.

A week later we went to Kalamazoo for KWest Con, a first attempt at con-putting-on by a young new group up there. Intended as a portmanteau of trekfandom and sfandom, it ended up being Harlan and ST fringe stuff, mostly. The best attended items seemed to be Harlan's amoking and the steady ST films. Partying didn't come off too well, since the con was held in a student union which threw everyone out at midnight, and scattered us hither and yon. One reason why I do not look forward eagerly to prospects of Worldcons staged at convention centers and four or five adjacent hotels. KWest Con may have been a prime example of the difficulties inherent in that idea. Not a bad first try, but a hotel might be better next time around.

Chambanacon -- what can I say? The only nit was the hotel, which -- against stringent demands from the concom, refused to block the fans, leading to some complaints from next-door mundanes. But that may be something straightenoutable. Otherwise, a mag-



nificent small con, the very model of congeniality. The best Chambanacon yet, I believe. Just the right size, good filksings, great people, and once we get the blocking problem solved a fine motel. Encore, encore Jim and Penny and Al!

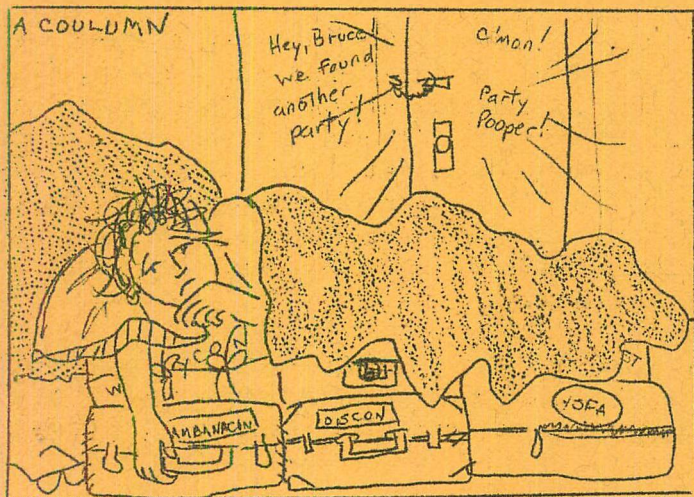
I decided this last batch of Gilliland illos might raise hackles at my electrosten-cil place, so I'm handcutting them. Besides, it's fun, and keeps my eye sharp, lets me know I still can wield a stylus. Incidentally, art creators, my stock is getting a mite low currently, and if it's any encouragement I'll be going more and more electro. I said that earlier, I know, but if, as projected, we're going to be putting out three Yans zapzapzap ... no novel deadlines to meet for the moment ... the electro route is even more called for.

(Incidentally, Alex -- who worked from Sandra's original ms -- caviled a bit at the Milan-razing incident, comparing it to Lidice, and not finding it amusing. Sandra insists no such offense was intended, and she was harking back to Assyrian references, rather'n Nazis.)

For a while there it looked as if the Midwestern filksinging cabal would be branching out into semi-pro status. After the impromptu sing arranged by Gordie at the Milwaukee SFRA Conference another SFRA branch in St. Louis contacted him about doing the same thing next March at their meet. I gather Gordie gently broke the news to them that Yang and Ann et.al. would not be sufficiently enthralled by the opportunity to hear academic papers read to make the trek out to golden arch country...not without monetary compensation, certainly. This created a startled reaction and a huddle and a we'll get back to you response. According to Gordie, when I asked him for further details at Chambanacon, the academics' budget wouldn't allow us to play for pay as well as fun. They did offer to provide us a meeting room and let us sell tickets, though. Somehow I don't think SFRA and fandom are on the same track.

Besides, while gold is nice it gets in the way of spontaneity sometimes. One would-be contributor at the Milwaukee filksing wasn't, because he wanted to do a comic turn, and couldn't. That's the idea in keeping it moving and trading it off, a knack your dedicated filksinger should, and usually does, have along with lungs, and a wry sense of humor. I do enjoy going around again. Way back when in the late 50s and early 60s we had Sandy Cuttrell and Les Gerber and that circle folking and filking, and then most or all of them gafiated or otherwise left our fold and for a while it was just Janet Hunter and me, and then Janet left and I was alone, all alone, in the vast filksinging wilderness. I despaired of ever rediscovering the fun of bouncing have-you-heards? off someone, but then along came Elliott and Ann and Yang and Al and...lovely. Never give up the ship, or the vocal cords. Always a new batch of good ones out there, trufans. Hoping you are the same... JWC

\*\*\*\*\*  
RUSTY HEVELIN FOR DUFF  
\*\*\*\*\*



A lot of things have happened since my last missive in September, so I think I can legitimately fill out this conlumn with a lot of information I'm sure you've just been hanging on the edge of your seats to hear. (Wake up, back there!)

First, I have an announcement: As of this issue, being of sound mind (I think) and serviceable body, I hereby bequeath my title as "The Young Harlan Ellison" to Larry C. Downes of Michigan. (Ask him what the C. stands for.)



This bequest probably needs a little background explanation and justification. To the best of my ability, I will give the audience a brief look at the past holders of this title, and a (sort of) reason why I think Larry C. Downes deserves this honor.

The name of the first holder of this title is, alas, unknown to me, although he surely must have a name. (Can anyone out there supply it for me?) He was, nonetheless, immortalized by Isaac Asimov in one of the anthologies he edited, where he put in cold, paid-for print a famous anecdote concerning this anonymous ex-champ. Basically the story went like this: A group of pros and BNFs had gathered together and were discussing fans who had come to a particular con. One of these young men was short and feisty and was immediately described as "a young Harlan Ellison". To which remark Bob Silverberg made the reply, "Let's kill him now!"

Now why a kindly man such as Robert Silverberg should make such an uncalled-for suggestion as that has been debated many times since at fan gatherings. My personal opinion is that he wished to spare the young man the agony he'd have to go through to maintain that status. In short, Mr. Silverberg was trying to be merciful. But, alas, to no avail.

After the man in question resigned his title (with the permission of his supporters) the position lay unfilled for quite a while. It wasn't until the first Pecon (date, please?) that Gene Wolfe bestowed the vacant title upon me (with the unanimous concurrence of other attending fans, of course).

Well, people change, and there came a time when I felt that I was no longer worthy of this honor. But I vowed the title would not lapse. So I began to search for a person with enough gall andchutzpah to be an acceptable heir.

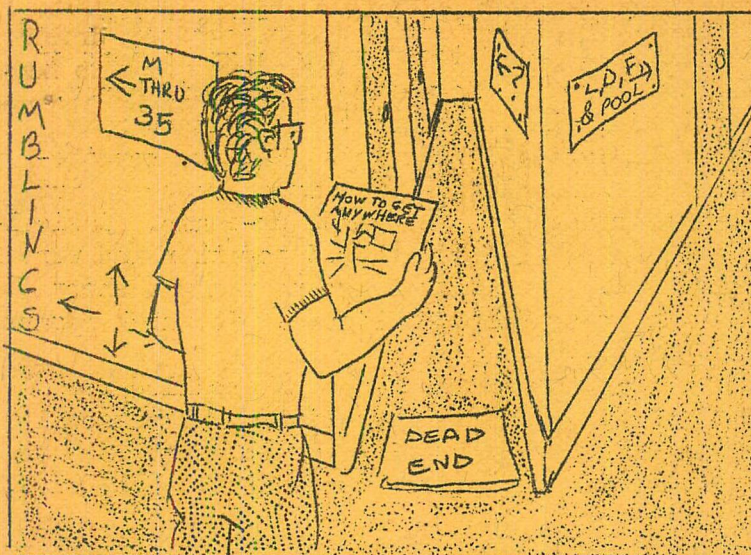
I met Larry C. Downes at Discon II (while trying to arrange a gang rape of Leah Zeldes...but that's another story). After just a few minutes with him I was positive that this young man was the Right One, an opinion backed by more than one fan. So it is with great pleasure (despite an understandable sense of loss) that I award the title "the Young Harlan Ellison" to him. Remember to keep up the high standards of the office, Larry -- and also remember your sacred trust to pass it on when a worthy candidate arrives on the fannish scene. Ave!

As to other items: It appears my unpleasant prediction was correct, and that the worldcons are getting too large. Kansas City is talking about using a convention center, with fans being berthed in several hotels -- which will destroy the room parties. Perhaps the worldcon should be held in several different cities at once to lessen attendance. But fans want to meet new fans too, not just the same ones over and over again. Restricting attendance is another possibility, but one that will be opposed by many fans. We are on the horns of a dilemma. (A good writer always uses cliches; it saves thought.)

We have been going to far too many cons recently, anyway. After a respite from Discon II we went to Windycon, (held in a 60-year-old hotel that hasn't been remodeled once). And then we went to KWestcon, which tried to introduce fandom to the trekkies. It didn't work, for the reason both the fans and the trekkies seemed to want to talk among themselves rather than to each other. (As one fan put it, "We have so little in common with them.") I'm referring, of course, to the great mass of trekkies. Many of the individual ones are nice, pleasant, fannish-type people I was glad to meet. Unfortunately, they were in the minority. Then there was Chambanacon, and a couple of ISFA meetings. My father has decided we won't go to any more cons this year, which shows you how serious he is about the whole thing.

Personal news? I ended up my chess career for the year with a score of 57 percent (15 1/2 - 11 1/2). I am, according to the Army aptitude test, better suited for clerical work than for fixing cars (surprise!), my Psychology teacher is trying to prove to me that children aren't worth the trouble (successfully, too), and my father has just billed me the extra insurance money for driving the car and I'm wondering about that, too. (Well, not yet.) And in my Latin class I met a kid who is either a tremendous liar or fantastically stupid; he claimed not to know where France is, who Marc Antony, Cleopatra, Julius Caesar or Richard Burton were/is, and not to know where Washington, D.C. is. I am assuming he's a put-on... BEC





The delay in publishing this time was caused primarily by science fiction in various forms. I was working on the novel until the end of September, and Juanita didn't finish her two until the end of October. Gene and I sold another one in October - to Doubleday - but this was already written. In fact, it is the one which had been accepted previously by two paperback companies, both of which went bankrupt before paying for it. (Well, we don't have any money from Doubleday yet, and I see the government is instituting an anti-trust suit against Doubleday and other major publishers. One never knows.....) Then there have been conventions; Discon II

in September, Windycon the last weekend in October, KWestcon the first weekend in November (and as I type this, Chambacon is only a few days away). Add ISFA meetings once a month, some family problems, and continuous overtime, and you get the picture. Busy-busy.....

Discon II was pleasant but enormous. The hotel was enormous and convoluted. Gary Anderson insisted that it was designed by trolls. In the section we were in, one could walk out of the hotel at ground level, walk down to the corner, turn left, walk up half a block and in the main lobby - and be 8 floors up from where you started. Our room was 6 floors below the lobby. (Sharon Jarvis of Doubleday came down for a business discussion and the first thing she said was "Do you have windows down here?") And I've never quite figured out why I had to take an elevator to get from the second floor of "L" to the second floor of "M" (though I assume it was because of arrangements similar to our "R" area). All this was complicated by the fact that one elevator in "R" was neurotic; it refused to stop at the sixth floor but would dump unsuspecting passengers off into a blank corridor on the seventh. Aside from the dangers of getting lost and starving to death, however, it was a reasonably good hotel. No competing conventions; 4500 fans just took over. No house dicks in evidence - in fact, no staff at all in evidence after midnight, which was occasionally disconcerting. I think they were afraid of what we might turn into at the witching hour. I can't say what the program was like, since despite good intentions I ended up in the huckster room. Not liking the prices charged for tables, I sublet a corner of Jerry Kaufman's table. (Jerry was making more money from leasing space than he was in sales - me, AMAZING STORIES, and God knows who else used his space.) This put me into a group including Jerry, Susan Tompkins, Chris Couch, and the Luttrells, which was congenial. I had intended to list all the people I talked to at the con, so as to not slight anyone, but when the list went over 100 names....I think the total would be in the neighborhood of 150 people. (One nice thing about Discon; everyone you wanted to see was there - if you could find them.) I got lost with Sid Coleman, discussed the coming end of the world with Walter Breen, ate a piece of Mark Swanson's birthday cake, met Karel Thole and Mae Strelkov for the first time, had a drink with R. A. Lafferty, renewed acquaintance with Jim O'Meara, whom I hadn't seen in years, talked to Earl Kemp, who didn't seem too worried about his celebrated pornography conviction, spent some time with Leigh Brackett (who said that Ed is better after his operation and may get back to some writing and conventions eventually), received an invitation to feel Ted Cogswell's crotch, listened in awe while Dave McDaniel recited the entire "What did the Duke do?" monolog from "The Court Jester", spent considerable amounts of time with Steve Simmons, Don Miller, Charline Grasso, Mike Avey, Don Miller, Pete Weston, Milt Stephens, numerous midwestern fans, discussed huckstering with Lois Newman and Rusty Hevelin, the possibilities of flapping your wings and flying with Kathy Bushman and Gary Anderson, and in general had a great time. As long as conventions produce activity like that, I couldn't care less what the official program is. Jerry Pournelle tried to talk me into staying in SFWA. Jerry's idea of a persuasive argument is to say "Of course, if all you want to do is be a BNF



and get egoboo you don't need SFWA, but if you're going to work.....and of course, with Juanita staying in you can always come to the parties." I know he'd been drinking, but I thought my comments on SFWA parties the last time the subject came up had been more memorable than that. (There are occasional jokes about the N3F made in fandom, but believe me, the N3F Hospitality Room on a dull night is a big step up from a SFWA party.) Then he gave me a cogent argument; that because SFWA was doing things for the writers, the writers owed it their allegiance. This is quite valid - it's the same argument used by a union leader when Right-To-Work laws are mentioned, and it's an excellent point. (I was a bit startled to hear Pournelle of all people using it, but I guess one's views of union shop depend on which union is being discussed; yours or someone else's.)

Jerry didn't convince me - but just as soon as SFWA does something that's worth the membership fee, I'm willing to rejoin. (I do not include in this the standard SFWA line of "Your officers are doing great things for you but because of sensitive publishers we can't tell you what they are." Mainly because I kept being handed this line when I was an officer.)

Okay; that's out of the way. I got rather bitter about SFWA last year; now I've said all I wanted to and I can return to being cautiously friendly toward it. (And I did say the same things to SFWA, but somehow either the post office ate the letters or the publication I sent them to never appeared, or some other catastrophe prevented them seeing print. No, I'm not even hinting at suppression; I'm sure Cogswell would have been delighted to start another controversy if I could have got the stuff to him. It was all Fate.)

Windycon was marred by a very bad location. The Blackstone hotel in downtown Chicago may be great if you're a tv personality, but it's not geared to fans. No way to handle luggage except by paying a bellboy, driving a car means you have to ransom it from the parking garage at the end of your stay, no ice machines (a little more necessary for me, since I have to keep insulin in the room). Not even a hotel ice machine that I could steal from. Otherwise it was a pleasant small con. Got to meet Denis Quane, who seemed a bit crogged; at least three times he said "They don't have conventions like this in Texas". Big folksing. One interesting auction. At Discon, Kelly Freas taped the folksings. He then copied what I assume were the best items onto a 60-minute cassette. Juanita, Ann Passovoy, and Yang. (Maybe one by Vera Johnson?) This was donated to the Tucker Fund and auctioned off at Windycon. Ann Cass bought it - for \$85. I hear she is going to make copies and sell them to make back her investment. (During the auction, Ann, Yang and I were standing at the back of the room and trying not too successfully to believe that not one but at least three nuts were willing to pay that sort of prices for that tape.) While we were sitting around Sunday waiting for the final breakup and wondering where Bruce was, I got my handwriting analyzed by Leah Fisher. (I always tend to feel that fans in that sort of thing are looking to find things about me that they already know - but Leah does not know me that well, yet, so it was strictly on the evidence.) She said that I think well of myself and expect others to do the same, which seems right on the nose. She spoiled it, though, by saying that I like people. Now, that depends. I would rather like to like people - and I do like some people very much - but I'm pretty indifferent to most of the people I meet, even in fandom. Getting along with someone and liking him are not the same thing. She also said I was a SMOF type, while Juanita is more open and aboveboard, which I'm not too sure about. But most of the reading seemed quite accurate. (Send it in, Leah, and I'll publish it and the readers can judge. I can't remember all the items that well.)

KWestcon was as much business as pleasure, since we were getting paid to speak. We appeared on a fair number of panels, and as somewhat of a goodwill gesture - and because Bruce had the idea for an easy costume - he and I entered the masquerade. I didn't know all that many of the people, so I had to fight a tendency to hang around strictly with the fans I did know and like; the Dorsai bunch, Leah Zeldes, Ruth Berman, Debbie Frey. Got to meet Joan Hunter Holly and Katherine Kurtz. Harlan Ellison was the big attraction, and put on his usual good show. (He and I were polite but not chummy.) Guests of the convention were quartered with con committee members; we drew Paula Smith, which seems to have been a very fortunate choice. Aside from a bit



of crowding - one night we had 10 people sleeping in an apartment with about the same amount of floor space as our living room - it was plesasnt enough. (We heard a few rumors that other guests were not as happy with their arrangements, but we got along fine and Paula is going to be one of the people I look forward to meeting at future conventions.)

When we weren't conventioning, we had fan visits. The Thompsons came for a weekend; fun, but not long enough. The Miesels stopped over for part of a day while Sandra was collecting some prints she's cataloging for a collection. Steve Simmons spent part of a day. And while the Thompsons were here, Andy Zerbe stopped in on his annual - I gathered - tour of Yankee bookstores.

I notice the foul form of prejudice beginning to rear its head in fandom. It has apparently become the "in" think for midwestern conventions to hire Yang and his Dorsai as security guards - protection of the huckster room and art show, mostly. (With a bonus, because Bob Passavoy is a pretty good auctioneer.) It seems to work rather well; unlike the off-duty police that some Worldcons have hired, the Dorsai know fans and are better at differentiating between potential thieves and normal fan-nish idiocy. They worked both Windycon and KWestcon. And at both cons, there were objections to "uniforms" and "fascists". (Sure, Bob Passavoy is one of the more notorious fascists in fandom. Sheesh!) Juanita and I got into quite a discussion with one fan at Windycon. He didn't appreciate being called a bigot, but he fitted the common definition (not, I see by checking, the dictionary definition; intolerance of of only one group is not included, irrational or not.) I stomped on somebody else at KWestcon; can't think who, at the moment. Of course, it isn't all one way. At KWestcon, one of the Dorsai guarding the huckster room chided me for leaving my table unattended. (Which was good enough advice; the table was supposed to be attended, and is either going to be from now on or someone is going to catch hell.) However, he concluded by saying "These aren't stf fans, you know; these are Trekkies." No, man. I doubt that Trekkies are any more honest than stf fans - though they may well be - but I seriously doubt that they're less honest. (I know at least 3 fans who have spread bad checks, one who made off with a couple of suitcases full of Forry Ackerman's collection, another whom Bill Donaho told me in all seriousness shouldn't be blamed for stealing because he didn't believe in private ownership, and various exponents of the gentle art of lifting a book off a huckster's table without paying for it, and others of similar ilk. No; the table gets watched because they're people, not because they're Trekkies. And I have never in my life seen an evil uniform; it depends on who's inside it.)

Some time back, Diana Paxson said she was working on an article on fandom for a sequel to WHOLE EARTH CATALOG and would it be all right to include YANDRO? Why I said yes I can't recall at this late date; a momentary aberration, no doubt. Anyway, WHOLE EARTH EPILOG is now out, and in its pages is an article on fandom which mentions 3 fanzines; AMRA, LOCUS, and YANDRO. (Exponents of "natural" foods, Zen, and the soaring spirit of Man are going to get a nasty shock out of at least two of those mags.) So far it hasn't been too bad. Something called FICTION wanted to trade ads, depending on how many thousand our circulation was, and the R. R. Bowker branch of Xerox wanted to list us in ULRICH'S INTERNATIONAL PERIODICALS DIRECTORY, but I find things like that moderately amusing and easy to ignore. Two or three subscriptions so far; we can handle that. Some requests from schools for free samples, but those could have come from the Wertham or McGhan books (and in any case they're too late; I got over being amused by the imagined reaction to the samples so I'm no longer sending them out.)

Spent a couple of days this month getting my father into a nursing home, over his objections. He'd reached the point where he couldn't operate his oil heater, which is bad in Indiana. (He's physically capable, but no longer mentally able.) The trouble is, I know him, and I know he'd much rather freeze to death than be looked after. Society frowns on this, however, so we got him into a home and I feel a trifle guiltier than I would have if we'd let him freeze.

Next issue will be out in December, I hope, and at the moment looks like it may be mostly letters. I've got a batch of books to read before the end of the year, so there will be reviews. DEVLINS REVIEW with fanzine reviews should be out then, too.



The energy conservation stamp seems to have reacted on fans; suddenly out of a clear blue sky I'm getting first day covers. Sheryl Birkhead and Jerry Giannattasio were both inspired to create original cachets for the energy conservation stamp. Jerry sent another original for the self-adhesive Christmas stamp, while Sheryl sent an Art-Craft (both being used as Christmas cards). Considering those are the only self-adhesive Christmas stamps I've seen - the local post office finally told me today that they couldn't get them - I appreciate the covers. (Bob Briney is my usual supplier of stamps that I can't get locally. Every so often I send a card saying "Bob, do you have....?" And he nearly always does.)

The textbook censorship problem in West Virginia had a spillover in Indiana. My old home county saw some parents' protest meetings. We haven't shot at anybody here in Indiana, though. The Fort Wayne paper actually quoted a few of the offending items; personally I rather like "God moves in mysterious and inefficient ways", but I suppose a more religious personality might not appreciate it. In one way, I tend to agree with the parents; all too many educators take the insufferably patronizing air that really, they are the only people qualified to decide these things, and what does a mere parent know about raising children? Unfortunately, the parents who object are all too often the ones who don't know anything about raising children, and I can't put myself on the side of censorship no matter how irritating the opposition.

Bruce read the first of Andy's "Crusader" series before I did, so I asked him how good it was. He shrugged and said it was "better than most of that kind". Bruce is now our resident expert in pornography.....

Juanita read the first pages of this editorial and said that in the Whole Earth Epilog (WEE?) comments, I'd repeated what I'd previously said in the book reviews. Sorry about that; I'm not about to corflut out a paragraph. Comes of writing two large columns a week or 10 days apart. (But I did think it was unfair of her to accuse me of narcissism when I then reread the reviews to see what I'd said.)

Doubleday sent a publicity sheet for Gene and I to fill out. About jacket photos, they say "We cannot press too strongly a request for informal, unusual photographs." They may delete that line from future requests after they get our interpretation of it.....Ace rejected a dedication to one of our books; now maybe we can get a jacket photo (or photos) rejected. I have two real goodies to send now, once I get prints made; one that Lee Lavell took at a Midwestcon several years ago, and one that Kay Anderson took in our back yard last year. Over the phone recently, Gene said he'd also come up with a winner. (The jacket photos may turn out to be more interesting than the book.)

We still get things in the mail; I have room to mention a few here and I'll try to include all the humorous items next issue. (Along with the letters; most of this letter column consists of material that was squeezed out of last issue.)

Bob Briney sends along a notice from "Outstanding Educators of America", which in a subhead is listed as "A Division of Fuller & Dees Marketing Group". Just what I've always suspected....

Tried and True Methods Still Work Dept: I was a bit croggled a couple of weeks ago when I noticed our local bank had in a "Free-Take One" repository a warning to depositors. "Should anyone ask you to withdraw your savings to 'Show Good Faith'...we ask you to please notify your bank officials." And more in the same line. Suckers are still being born every minute, it seems. I mean, I can see someone who isn't too sophisticated falling for the Spanish Prisoner swindle (which is the other popular con of comparable age and publicity), but the Pigeon Drop is not only obvious, it's so damned illogical. It still seems to work, though, from the number of cases in the papers - and the fact that banks feel a need to distribute warning flyers. (Though I wonder if anyone stupid enough to fall for the swindle in the first place is capable of reading the flyer.) Tell me again about Man being a reasoning animal....

Alice Hopf sends a flyer on a Spider Museum in Powhatan, Virginia. "Treat your family to an exciting walk down the SPIDER TRAIL." (In fact, it would probably be interesting, but I wonder how many potential customers go away shuddering after just reading the literature?)

I don't know how good THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPING COOKBOOK is, but the author/editor, Zoe Coulson, is my cousin. So if you need a cookbook, keep this one in mind.....



# THE CANADIAN SWEEP DOWN

## LIKE A WOLF ON THE FOLD

YOUR HISTORIAN:

*sandra miesel*

Perhaps it was simply occupational stress. Perhaps it was the shock of victory in the 1974 elections. Perhaps it was an unfavorable conjunction of planets. Scholars still debate the ultimate origins of the disastrous megalomania that made Pierre Ashurbanipal Trudeau the source of a continent.

None were wise enough to read the earliest portents. Only a few animal-loving citizens objected when the Prime Minister's official residence was redecorated with bloody, peculiarly-styled hunting reliefs. They protested with customary Canadian restraint and ineffectiveness. Later there were expressions of well-bred dismay and whispered allusions to the Sydney Opera House débâcle when the international design competition for a new government building was won by an obscure Iraqi architect. But the resulting ziggurat lent such a refreshingly exotic note to the Ottawa skyline that these critics were disarmed. The CBC commentator who suggested curly black wigs, false spade beards, and conical helmets as components of the new Canadian army uniforms was astonished when his joke became a reality.

Facilis descensus Averni: easy is the descent to hell. Public acceptance of the new vogue soon flowered into outright enthusiasm of the sort hitherto reserved for hockey or football rivalries. The nation echoed with hosannas when colossal statues of winged beaver, symbolic geni of the Canadian people, were installed at the entrance of the House of Parliament.

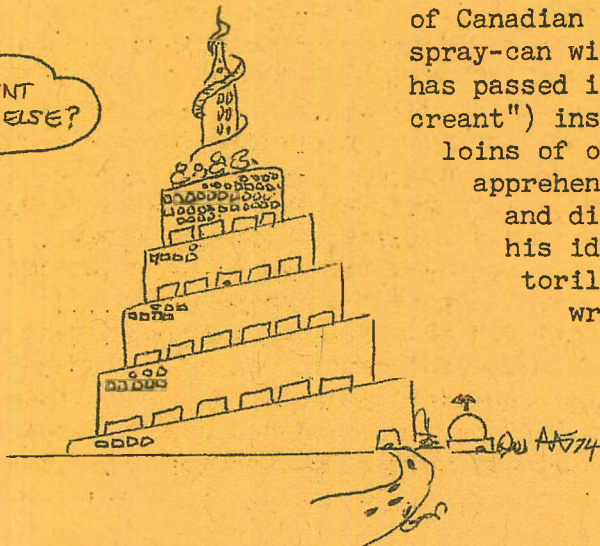
ALRIGHT, YOU MEN, IF THE GOVERNMENT WANTED FOUR DENTS IN YOUR HELMET, THE GOVERNMENT WOULD HAVE PUT THEM IN,



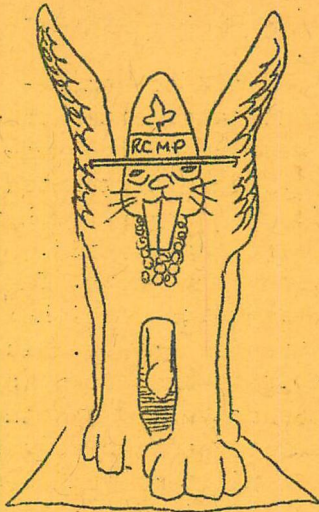
AV74

Alas, delight in these masterworks of Canadian art was to be short-lived. A spray-can wielding American tourist (who has passed into history as "The Yankee Miscreant") inscribed an obscenity on the loins of one beaver. Outraged citizenry apprehended the vandal at the scene and dismembered him so thoroughly his identity has never been satisfactorily established. The graffito, written in epoxy paint, proved impossible to remove without marring the statue. Plastic bands were fastened over the defacement until a suitable restoration technique could be devised.

HOW COULD YOU BUILD A GOVERNMENT BUILDING ANYWAYS ELSE?







This "jockstrapped beaver" became a new and highly emotional emblem of patriotism. Willy Ashurbanipal Trudeau was quick to wring political advantage from the incident. By presenting it as the ultimate American insult to the Canadian psyche he won unanimous passage of a bill expropriating all U.S. holdings in Canada. Yet, he asserted, these properties, although vast, were insufficient recompense for the affront to national honour. Nothing less than immediate U.S. cession of the states carved out of the old Northwest Territory would do. (Such had been the provision of the Quebec act and after all, Canada had never assented to Britain's surrender of the region.) This demand woke a hitherto unsuspected lust for empire in the nation's

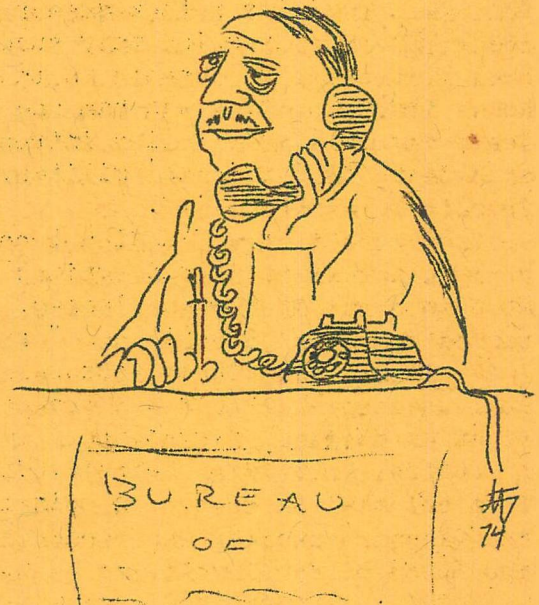
ample bosom. Enraptured millions cheered the Prime Minister's call to arms: "The land, the stolen land itself cries out, 'Au Secours!'. Once its benighted inhabitants can compare the blessings of Canadian civilization with the barbarism of Amtrak, they will embrace us as saviors. Clearly, it is Canada's sacred destiny to sow fields of golden wheat not only a mare usque ad marem but from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi, from the Great Lakes to the Ohio."

Fired with this zeal for righteous conquest, invincible waves of Canadian soldiery surged across the undefended border. Governmental paralysis in Washington inhibited defense efforts. America's allies, knowing themselves safely beyond the reach of Canadian troop trains, declined to intervene or even permit debate in the United Nations. Several prominent U.S. Senators flew to Ottawa on a self-styled mission of reconciliation. Their only achievement was to be photographed staring contritely at the damaged colossus. The Canadian advance proceeded unchecked. Even before televised Senatorial hearings on the invasion were completed, the Maple Leaf waved in triumph over America's heartland.

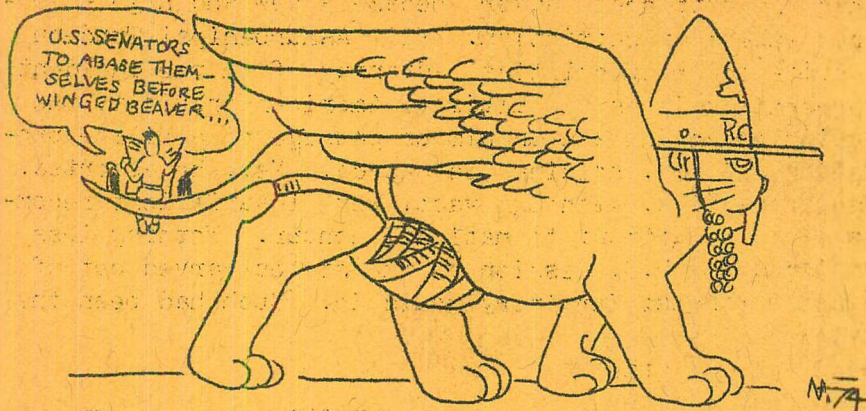
Imperialism did more than soothe the national honour; it fattened the national purse. The plunder of Grosse Point, Winnetka, Shaker Heights, and other exclusive suburbs flowed into Canadian homes. Looted art works enriched Canadian museums. (However Robert Indiana's LOVE was demolished in situ.) The spoils of war paid for the huge commemorative stelae erected in parks, public buildings, and railway terminals. They endowed the sumptuous Ashurbanipal Trudeau Library to house the Prime Minister's personal papers. They also financed the intensive -- but in retrospect imprudent -- Canadianization campaign that was to prove the empire's doom.

Inculcating Canadianism meant more than reshaping the natives' abominable accents or distributing agrarian novels. The dominant local cults had to be assimilated or extirpated before the inherently superior Canadian ways could take root. Four of the new provinces cooperated. But Indiana, who gave her soul's deepest allegiance not to the Almighty nor even to the Almighty Dollar but to Basketball, clung tenaciously to

AH.... NO, MR. HEFNER, YOUR DESIGN FOR WINGED BEAVER WAS EXTREMELY TASTEFUL, BUT... AH... IT WASN'T CANADIAN!







her ancestral traditions. She would not renounce the ecstasies of Hoosier Hysteria.

Unable to comprehend resistance after previous easy victories, Ottawa unwisely inaugurated a policy of terror. Basketballs were confiscated, backboards torn down. The mere possession of either was cause for arrest. Old fieldhouses were blown up, new ones converted to other purposes, even used as garages for military vehicles.

Basketball trophies were melted down for scrap metal. Coaches and officials were declared outlaws, liable to be hanged from their own hoops if captured. When these measures failed to vow the subject populace, the hamlet of Milan, whose high school had fielded the most celebrated of all state championship teams, was razed to the ground and all its inhabitants slain.

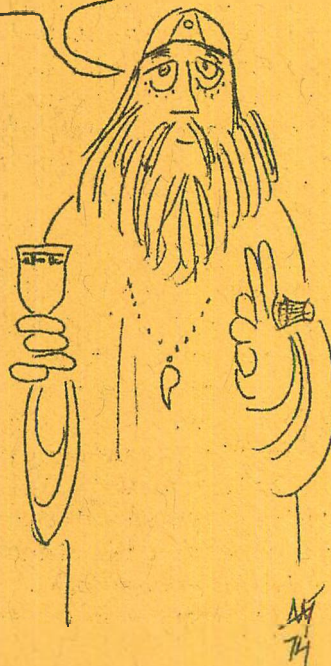
This atrocity fanned the smoldering embers of rebellion into raging flame. Crying, "We will never yield native Hoosier hardwood," impassioned farmers armed with shotguns and hunting rifles retook desecrated rural gymnasiums. Their numbers augmented by bands of guerilla swins they successfully denied the invader the countryside. The tuskers fought as fiercely as their masters although for different motives: they felt their proper destiny was ham and whole-hog sausage, not Canadian bacon. The resistance forces also enrolled intrepid volunteers from Kentucky, the famous Adolph Rupp brigade. The partisans' military headquarters is believed to have been located on a farm near Hartford City.

But the battered Canadian troops found no safe refuge in the cities of Indiana either. Persecution had ignited the passions of the most volatile urban classes. Inner city mobs shouting "Basket power!" and "Off the Leafs!" [sic] overwhelmed their roundballless opponents. This pattern of events was repeated again and again as agents provocateurs from Gary infiltrated the cores of Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Milwaukee, and all the rest. The final retreat of the vanquished Canadians was rendered all the more ignominious --and costly -- by numerous train derailments. The national dream of glory had dissolved into the nightmare of defeat.

In losing the War for Continental Empire (or as it is more colloquially known, the War of the Beaver's Ball), Ashurbanipal Trudeau also lost control of the government. The disgraced statesman, accompanied by his wife and small sons, Sennacherib and Esarhaddon, was exiled to Winnipeg. From time to time he issued predictions of a triumphal return to power but of course no one ever comes back from Winnipeg.

Meanwhile in Indianapolis a purified, evangelical cult of Basketballism had been born out of the bloody ordeal. Its central dogma holds that God is small, round, and inflatable. Such was the fervor of its first missionaries that today congregations celebrating its liturgical games are to be found all over the world and even in Newfoundland.

...AND AFTER TAKING THE BLOOD OF THE HOLY BASKETBALL IN YOUR MOUTH, YOU LET IT DRIBBLE ON YOUR CHIN.





# THE PSYCHOLOGY

# OF RISK

COLUMN BY

MICHAEL J. CONEY

At noon we would close the books, forget about the debits and credits and negotiable securities, push the pens, pencils, and erasers to one side and, after a brief but searching glance at each other, settle down to play Risk.

In point of fact it was not so straightforward as that. A sound psychological foundation would have been prepared during the morning; a superior smile here, a snide comment there, all designed to feel out the other men and to determine where weaknesses lay. An admission at nine a.m. that a man was suffering from a slight headache, was sufficient justification for an all-out attack on his stronghold in Irkutsk at twelve-thirty. The man who won the morning often won the game.

So we would set the board on the table, choose colours (three of us played and we always used two colours each to make it more interesting) and begin to place our armies on the board, one to each country, to start with. If a man seemed to be establishing a bloc, the other two would quickly insert armies in nearby strategic positions. It paid not to establish blocs. It paid to dress conservatively. It paid not to be noticed in any way whatever.

Risk is the fun family game which you play on a simplified map of the world. You have pretty little cubes to represent armies and with these you invade your opponent's countries, driving him in confusion across the world until finally he is trapped at the very tip of Australia, or some similar remote point, where you beat the living shit out of him. Risk is not a nice game. In our little group -- myself, Mark, and Jim -- we generally found that tempers would become frayed by the fifth roll of the dice, on average.

Mark would leap to his feet, white faced and flashing spectacles. "You're both attacking me, every time. I've been counting. That's five rolls and you've never attacked each other once. The fucking game's rigged. Attack each other right now, you bastards, or I'm through, I'm telling you. I'll go down to the cafeteria for coffee, so help me."

Dutifully Jim and I would make a token snarl at each other before returning to our major purpose of annihilating Mark. It wasn't pre-arranged, of course. It was simply that Mark's position looked weak, and in three-handed Risk it doesn't pay to look weak. Maybe his possessions were too widely separated, maybe his cubes were arranged untidily, maybe they were the wrong colour, maybe Mark had a pimple on his chin. Whatever the reason, he looked ripe for defeat.

I used to have a theory about the colours. I always used to choose black and yellow cubes and arrange them on my possessions in tall striped blocks and people would be subconsciously reluctant to attack them because they reminded them of giant wasps. I happened to know that Mark was terrified of wasps, and I suspected that Jim wasn't too crazy about them either. Then one day I stupidly confessed to the others why I always won, and they wouldn't allow me to use black and yellow anymore. I was made to use black and pink -- pink being the weakest colour available since I insisted on retaining black, which was now agreed to be the strongest. So I took to suicide attacks with my pink armies to get them out of the way, meanwhile quietly building up on black until my possessions consisted of dark, sinister ramparts, mysterious and impregnable, while the feeble blues and reds and greens snapped at each other like quarrelsome puppies.



We all had our strengths, we all had our weaknesses. Mark's strategy of play -- apart of his bursts of insane rage -- was to quietly suggest, by a shrug or a resigned sigh whenever he was attacked, that his opponents had secretly contracted an illegal alliance against him. Quite often he was able to divert incipient onslaughts this way.

Jim used to blame the dice, thus enlisting our sympathy in his struggle against fate. "I'm going to attack Brazil," he'd say, "but I stand no chance of capturing it because of the fucking dice. Haven't you noticed? Everytime I roll the dice I lose out. Uh. There, what did I tell you? Now, look at this, you two. See that? One face is smaller than the others. I've got some good dice at home, proper dice. I'll bring them tomorrow." He changed the dice approximately once a week.

I used to stave off attack by accidentally knocking the board and displacing the cubes whenever I saw anyone shaping up to destroy me. "Hell, I'm sorry," I'd say. Then I'd make a great show of replacing the cubes on the correct countries, apologising all the while, putting over such a nice-guy image that my would-be assailant would relent, and launch his offensive elsewhere.

The end-game was interesting, too. Generally by twelve-thirty one member of our trio had stormed off to the cafeteria, a man without a country, there to drink coffee and brood over what might have been. Returning at around one, he would be in time for the kill.

The remaining two opponents would both be smiling. One of them would be elaborately describing last night's tv programmes, which he had greatly enjoyed. "You mean you missed MARY TYLER MOORE?" he would say, smiling reminiscently.

"Attacking Western Australia," the other would say, also smiling.

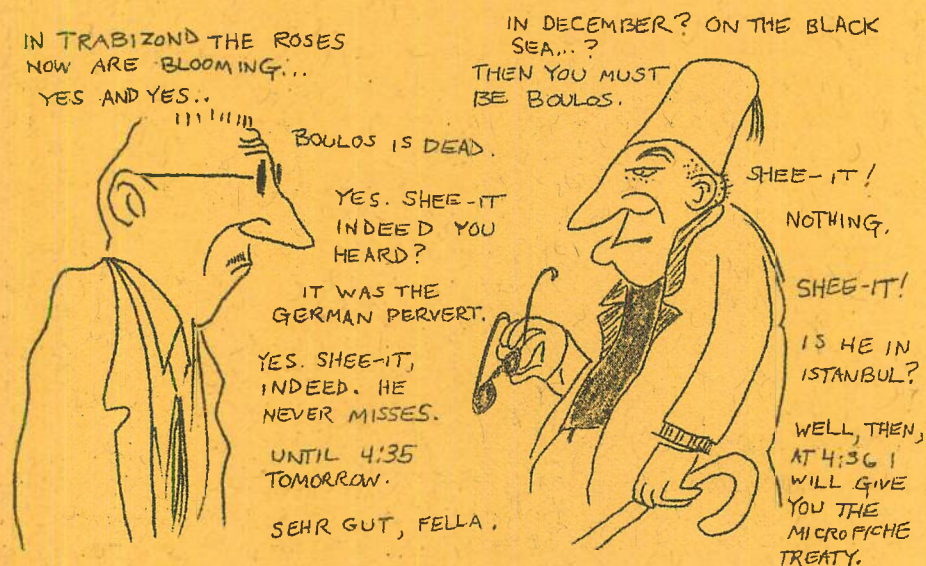
Shortly afterwards the room would be silent, the three players sitting at their separate desks. Two of them would be working industriously at open books, checking credits against debits, analysing the effect of exchange rates on exports, totally absorbed in their work despite the fact that the lunch-hour was hardly over.

The third would be sitting back, smiling gently, the Risk board before him. Every country would be occupied by his cubes. For a long time he would gloat over this vision of world domination until, slowly and reluctantly, he returned the pieces to the box and replaced the lid.

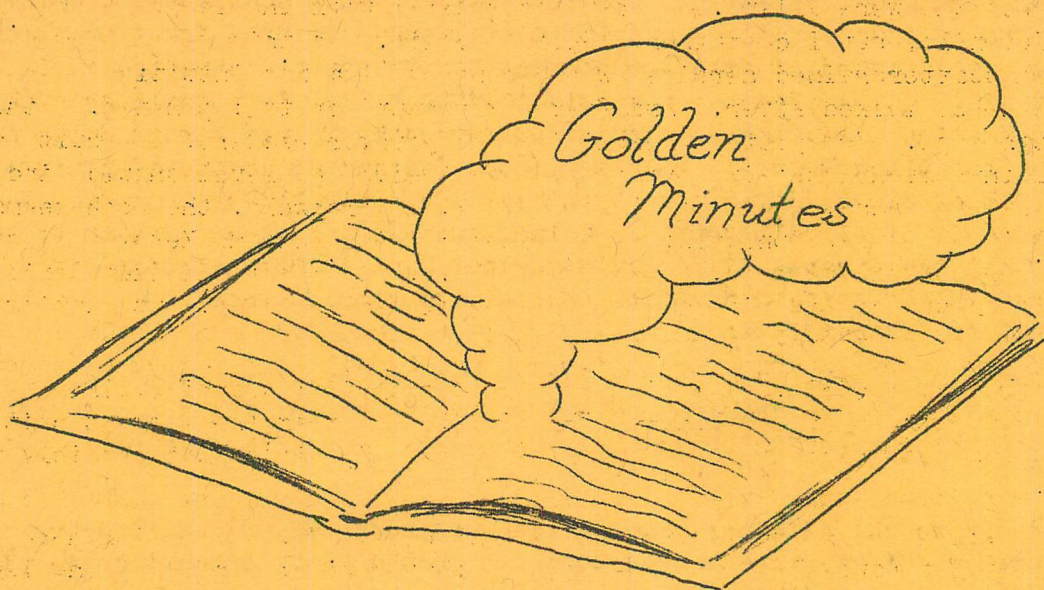
For those who are interested, the Risk instruction booklet includes a section entitled "Hints on Play".

It is charmingly naive, to the point of quaintness.

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PEOPLE OF THE BLACK CIRCLE, by Robert E. Howard [Donald M. Grant, Publisher, West Kingston, RI - \$15.00] Certainly one of the most gorgeous books I've seen in years. They just don't make books with hand-tipped colored illustrations any more. David Ireland's color work is excellent, though some of the numerous black and white illustrations are a bit too stylized for my taste. Whether you like the fiction or not, it's a splendid example of bookmaking. The story is one of the better Conan tales, with lots of intrigue and battling in a thinly disguised Afghanistan. This is also a limited edition printing, if you enjoy buying a book and watching the price rise. All in all, one of the best things that Grant has done.

THE JARGOON PARD, by Andre Norton [Atheneum, \$6.95] A companion volume to THE CRYSTAL GRYPHON; Norton seems to be starting a series of stone/animal titles. Like GRYPHON, this is set in Witch World, in a land caught in the backwash of the interplanetary war depicted in the earlier books. Specifically, it is a sequel to YEAR OF THE UNICORN, featuring some of the descendants of the characters of that novel. The plot is a bit too similar to GRYPHON, actually; there's this sense that I've read it before. But it's a pretty good plot, and overall it's a quite good novel.

THE MANY WORLDS OF ANDRE NORTON, edited by Roger Elwood [Chilton, \$6.95] Second volume in Chilton's series collecting the representative short stories of name authors. With Norton it couldn't have been easy, since she doesn't write all that many shorts; the stories included here make up over half her total output. They are "The Toads of Grimmerdale," a Witch World novelet from one of Carter's FLASHING SWORDS anthologies; "London Bridge," ecological science fiction from F&SF; "Mousetrap," alien world stuff from F&SF;-- a few years earlier and it would have been in Planet; "All Cats Are Gray," a sort of space-going version of "The Damned Thing"; "The Long Night of Waiting," a rather poor ecological fantasy; "The Gifts of Asti," sorcery and an exotic, dying empire, originally from Fantasy Book, I believe; "Long Live Lord Kor!", a long novelet of swords, sorcery, and super-science. Articles include "On Writing Fantasy" by Andre Norton and "Andre Norton; Loss of Faith" by Rick Brooks, both reprinted from Rich Benyo's Dipple Chronicle. Rick pretty much concentrates on Norton's anti-technology stance; not too much insight that isn't obvious from reading her books. Overall, a reasonably good collection, even though Norton is far better as a novelist.

GODS OR DEMONS? by A.M. Lightner [Four Winds Press, \$4.95] As far as I know, this is the first novel founded on van Daniken's theories of Biblical astronauts. (Though not the first story of its type; there were Ed Hamilton's "Lords of the Morning" in TWS, Wallace West's "Lords of Atlantis," Lester del Rey's "Day of the Giants," and numerous



other tales of gods who were aliens.) I have no quarrel with the idea, or the fact that this is a juvenile, but I do rather object to Sadie. In this day of Women's Lib we can do without scatterbrained heroines who depend on "women's intuition" for their answers and have to be looked after. And from a woman writer too; tch tch. Otherwise it's a good enough book. The plot is simplified for younger readers, so adult fans may not care all that much about it, but the ten to twelve age level should find it enjoyable. (Or for non-fans, the 12 to 15 age level.) Strangely, the book seems to have aroused the ire of a few fundamentalist readers; Alice sent me Xeroxes of some of the letters she's received about it. Strange people... (I'm not all that thrilled by the van Daniken approach to unification of the Bible and science, but ranting about blasphemy seems to be over-reaction.)

MEN, HALFINGS, AND HERO WORSHIP, by Marion Zimmer Bradley [T-K Graphics, \$2.00] Marion's now-classic monograph on THE LORD OF THE RINGS. Far from the longest critique of the book that has appeared; it covers only 50 pages. But it's just possibly the best of the lot.

THE JEWEL OF ARWEN, by Marion Zimmer Bradley [T-K Graphics, \$2.00] Marion here is doing for LOTR what numerous ST fans have done for that series; expanding the legend. Specifically, this is a history of the stone which Queen Arwen presents to Frodo. It's an interesting pamphlet, more for Tolkien fans than for science fiction readers in general.

MYTH, SYMBOL, AND RELIGION IN THE LORD OF THE RINGS, by Sandra Miesel [T-K Graphics, \$3.00] A fairly long -- 70 page -- essay on Tolkien's handling of traditional mythic elements. Some comment on possible sources, but primarily this does not attempt to show where Tolkien obtained his material but what he did with it, and how LOTR compares with traditional mythology. (Sandra considers myth and religion separate; I can't say that I do, so I write of myth only.) Since Sandra is far more versed in the subject than I am, I can't comment on any of her conclusions except to say that it all seems very thorough.

THE POISON MAIDEN AND THE GREAT BITCH, by Susan Wood Glicksohn [T-K Graphics, \$2.00] Marvel Comics from the Women's Lib viewpoint. Amusing and interesting, though I can't take comics as such a serious force as Susan does. Comics are certainly male chauvinist, but I think that's more of a reflection of their readership's hangups than a cause of them. (Susan takes the same attitude that Dr. Frederic Wertham did in SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT; I didn't believe it then and I don't now.) The ten to twelve year old mental level for which Marvel Comics are written has always been one to hold girls up to scorn; I don't think that the fact that all too many males never get beyond this level emotionally can be blamed on comics. (The countries where Women's Lib is really needed don't even have comic books.) But Susan's essay is fun to read, anyway.

PATTERNS OF UNIFICATION IN SYLVIE AND BRUNO, by Ruth Berman [T-K Graphics, \$1.50] A monograph on one of Lewis Carroll's lesser-known works. (Lesser-known to me, anyway; I'd never heard of it until Ruth began mentioning it in her fanzine.) This is nicely written but somewhat wasted on me because I haven't read the book in question. Quite short -- only 20 pages.

Like Beverly Friend's mini-text reviewed below, the above pamphlets are designed more for the academic trade than for fandom, though a good many fans would enjoy them. (A good many fans have already enjoyed Marion's first essay, in previous appearances in Niekas and a FAPA mailing.) And if you're a fan who is interested, I have a stock of all but Ruth's, which I hope to part with in return for suitable pecuniary rewards. (And if you want Ruth's, I can get it for you.)

TIGERS OF THE SEA, by Robert E. Howard [Donald M. Grant, \$6.00] Nice, well-done book. Reminds me a bit of some of the old Fantasy Press volumes; similar bindings. Except they didn't have Tim Kirk illustrations. To be honest, I can't say that Kirk is precisely the sort of illustrator one should have for Howard; his portrait of the evil cripple Anzace is excellent, but his cross-eyed Vikings aren't terribly menacing. These



are the Cormac Mac Art stories: "Tigers of the Sea," "Swords of the Northern Sea," "The Night of the Wolf," and "The Temple of Abomination."

SCIENCE FICTION: THE CLASSROOM IN ORBIT, by Beverly Friend [Educational Impact Inc., Box 548, Glassboro NJ 08028, no price listed] "A Mini-Course Text," it says, and it's recommended by the SFRA, for what that's worth. (Not a lot, from what I've seen of the SFRA.) This is somewhat of a companion to the Calkins/McGhan TEACHING TOMORROW; the earlier book told where the teacher could obtain material for a science fiction course while this one concentrates on what to do with material once you have it. There are all sorts of repellently cutesy variations on the "classroom in orbit" theme, but this seems standard for education texts and probably reassures the English teacher that this was actually written by a member of the fraternity. A lot of the ideas and comments enclosed are quite good. (The initial chapter with its picture of trying to interest an inner-city literature class with "Beowulf" is fascinating.) In this 90-page booklet one can't do much of a job of explaining science fiction but there is a good assortment of material -- more than could be covered in a short course, and enough to serve as a good introduction to a major one. I can't say I agree with all of them, and I suspect that the teacher mentioned in the first chapter could (using the ideas presented here) make science fiction even less appealing than "Beowulf" to an inner-city class -- but if the would-be teacher is interested but ignorant, this provides an acceptable starting point.

THE FOUNDATION TRILOGY, by Isaac Asimov [Avon Equinox, \$3.95] The proliferation of  
THE SYNDIC, by C.M. Kornbluth [Avon Equinox, \$1.95] textbooks for courses  
STRANGE RELATIONS, by Philip José Farmer [Avon Equinox, \$1.95] like the above seems  
to be responsible for this series. The books are paperbound but larger, "book" size, and with better quality paper. (Glued spines, though, instead of the sewn signatures on most high-priced paperbacks.) Cover illustrations, particularly on the two smaller books (which are #1 and #2 in the SF Rediscovery" series) are "mod" and seem designed to enhance the appeal of the series as readers for a science fiction course. They've picked good titles. The Foundation series, whatever its flaws as literature, is a recognized classic of science fiction. The Rediscovery books are excellent fiction. Farmer is the resident expert on alien sex, and RELATIONS collects his major stories of human-alien involvement. SYNDIC is a less obvious choice, particularly since Kornbluth never achieved the status he deserved as a writer, but this novel of the government supplanted by gangsters is enjoyable, satiric, and only slightly creaky with age (original publication 1953). Recommended.

THE DREAM MILLENNIUM, by James White [Ballantine, \$1.25] The problem of improving Man's mind as a last-ditch effort to save a few people from a decaying, overpopulated world. Quite well done, even if I do dislike the flashback technique.

CLONE, by Richard Cowper [Avon, 95 cents] I have read very few farces that I really enjoyed; it's not my style of humor. This is one of them. Cowper takes swipes at race relations, overpopulation, government agencies, religion, the power of tv, and much more. (I particularly enjoyed the bit about raising the ransom money by selling tv rights to the ransom negotiations and then splitting with the kidnappers. There's a sort of wild logic there -- as there is about most of the book.)

THE HUBSCHMANN EFFECT, by Thomas Patrick McMahon [Pocket Books, \$1.25] A thoroughly fascinating book; the account of a fantastic side-effect of a drug, told in the records of a grand jury investigation of the manufacturers. It's technically fantasy, and while the explanation wasn't at all believable the story itself is very well done. Out of the mainstream of fantasy writing, but recommended highly.

THE OVERLORDS OF WAR, by Gerard Klein [DAW #93, 95 cents? Translated by John Brunner. One of the terribly involved time-travel plots. Klein is a good, competent writer; he occasionally suffers from poor translations but Brunner seems to have done a good job. (I can only judge by the finished product, but it's much more readable than Klein's last DAW book.) Not outstanding, but worth your while to read.



INTO THE AETHER, by Richard A. Lupoff [Dell, 95 cents] A parody of the sort of science fiction that was written in the late 1800s; Dick is getting some good out of all the garbage he was reading a few years ago. Some excellent humor; I love the idea of counting down in Roman numerals, and the explanation of what makes the ship go ("...and so you see, lad, as long as our supply of pancake batter remains unexhausted, we need fear naught for having nothing against which to push!") The author has gone to such pains to keep the text accurate for the time (if a trifle overdone) that it gets a bit wearing now and then, but in general the adventures of the coal-powered spaceship Chester Alan Arthur (or Crispus Attucks, as the case may be) are amusing.

MERLIN'S RING, by H. Warner Munn [Ballantine, \$1.95] I think I'd have liked Munn better as an author if he'd stopped after one book. I'm afraid that tales of two immortal lovers, separated early in the book and striving through all eternity to meet again, tend to bore me. Munn does have a lot of fairly accurate history in here, but I can get that better in other places.

RINGS OF ICE, by Piers Anthony [Avon, 95 cents] An occult novel masquerading as fantasy. Piers has one excellent idea; that if some such disaster inconceivable to science were to occur then the survivors would be members of the nut cults who were expecting it. But otherwise...the disaster itself is never made at all believable particularly not by the alleged scientific afterword. It's just there, like a bad imitation of J. G. Ballard's lesser novels. The characters -- well, I can't say they aren't believable. But they aren't interesting. None of them have any amount of brains; Gus has drive, but I can't get interested in any fictional character who would let Gus run things. Gordon/Gloria the transvestite is the only halfway likable one of the lot -- not at all believable, but likable. Secondrate.

THE BURROWERS BENEATH, by Brian Lumley [DAW #91, \$1.95 cents] A Lovecraft pastiche; quite well done if you like that sort of thing. Lots of indescribable horrors (though Lumley does manage a better description than Lovecraft usually did).

GWEN, IN GREEN, by Hugh Zachary [Fawcett, 95 cents] This reminds me of Marion Bradley's account of getting an assignment to do a pornographic gothic. This isn't exactly a gothic; it's a novel of possession. (Alien, rather than demonic -- though isn't a demon alien?) But the possession seems to involve a fair amount of sex and sadism, and have definitely a gothic style of writing, even though better done than the average gothic.

MINDSHIP, by Gerard F. Conway [DAW #90, 95 cents] The setting is a ship powered by psi forces, but the book is about the interplay of human emotions. The process by which the characters "find themselves" seemed a bit cut and dried, but then that sort of novel has never held a lot of appeal for me under the best of circumstances. Conway didn't show me anything particularly interesting about humanity, but I suppose he might interest you.

THE Z EFFECT, by Marchall Laurens [Pocket Books, \$1.25] A mad scientist novel, bulwarked by a rather superficially real background. In twenty years it will look as quaint as the contents of a 1935 Amazing Stories. Ed Hamilton used to wreck the world much more entertainingly.

SOULMATE, by Charles W. Runyon [Avon, 95 cents] Quite a remarkable resemblance to the Zachary novel here; alien possession and sex, told from a female point of view. GWEN is probably better written, but this has more sex to titillate the sort of mundane readership that produces best-sellers.

PROMISED LAND, by Brian Stableford [DAW #92, 95 cents] A super-interplanetary agent with a "double mind" -- somehow the vision of van Vogt's Null-A keeps interfering with this plot. Not vitally interesting.

MAJOR OPERATION, by James White [Ballantine \$1.25] Reprint of one of the "Sector General" books; a competent collection of short stories about medical treatment of alien life forms. Moderately recommended if you haven't already read it.



RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA, by Arthur C. Clarke [Ballantine, \$1.75] Ballantine is getting fancy with their covers; unfortunately while the cover layout is interesting, the illustration itself isn't very good. The book concerns interplanetary contact, with a stress on realism and believability that makes it a trifle pedestrian. But if it isn't the greatest stf of the year, it's still engrossing and worth reading.

HERE ABIDE MONSTERS, by Andre Norton [DAW #121, \$1.25] I reviewed the hardcover a while back. A bit more juvenile than most recent Nortons have been, but any book that combines the Bermuda Triangle, flying saucers, and mythological beasts is going to be interesting. Norton's backgrounds are always her best feature, and this is a good one.

MONITOR FOUND IN ORBIT, by Michael Coney [DAW #129, 95 cents] A short story collection, with prefaces to each story by the author. I hadn't heard from Coney for awhile when this appeared, and I decided the reason he hadn't done a Yandro column was that he'd probably sold it to DAW. The prefaces are fascinating: I particularly enjoyed the one about "helpful" motorists and a stalled VW. (In fact, the prefaces are sometimes better than the stories.) The fiction includes "The True Worth of Ruth Villiers" (the totally pragmatic world; excellent); "The Manya" (the pacifistic spirit on a planet not designed for it), "Hold My Hand, My Love!" (an intriguing account of -- insanity?), "Beneath Still Waters" (a psychological story which I don't quite agree with), "The Unsavory Episode of Mrs. Hector Powell-Challenger" (a rather grisly tale of rural craftsmanship), "Monitor Found in Orbit" (a sort of spy story, only not quite the usual kind), "The Mind Prison" (reality is what we believe), "R26/5PSY and I" (curing the hermit mentality -- I'm not at all sure I believe any of the theory behind it, but it's an amusing story), and "Esmeralda" (psychological euthanasia; that's the sort of nasty thing I can believe...). Overall, a very good book.

BEYOND THE BEYOND, by Poul Anderson [Signet, \$1.25] A collection, which includes "Memory" (originally "A World Called Maanerek"; a novelet of the human instinct for freedom), "Brake" (an engineering problem story with an underlying cause of political fanaticism; Anderson often uses fanatics of all stripes as his villains), "Day of Burning" (talking a planetary population into allowing itself to be saved; one of the better stories in the Falkayn series), "The Sensitive Man" (using the superman which is inherent in us now, with a background of political fanatics), "The Moonrakers" (the old English coast "wreckers" moved into space as background for a problem of manipulating various human societies for their own good), "Starfog" (a combination of engineering problems and coordination of two separate cultures). Overall, an excellent book.

WHAT'S IT LIKE OUT THERE? by Edmond Hamilton [Ace, 95 cents] Nice cover. This includes the title story (the dreams of space travel and the reality, and why the twain never meet), "The King of Shadows" (a "lost city" of alien science; romantic melodrama, but I enjoyed it), "Castaway" (an interesting theory of the origins of Mr. Poe), "Serpent Princess" (a story of fascination, in the original meaning of the term), "The Stars, My Brothers" (does loyalty belong to the form -- species, race, family -- or to intelligence? It's an obvious story, but well done), "Dreamer's Worlds" (the problem of reality; the central character is living on one world and dreaming of another, but which one is real?), "Twilight of the Gods" (a rather fanciful version of Gotterdammerung), "Sunfire!" (the initiation of culture shock), "The Inn Outside The World" (the nobility of Duty), "The Watcher of the Ages" (There Are Things Man Was Not Meant To Know), "Transuranic" (the problems of dealing with a superhuman being), and "The Isle of the Sleeper" (reality again, in a unique problem). Over half these stories came originally from Weird Tales; they definitely aren't modern but I enjoyed them. The title story received a huge amount of well-deserved praise when it finally appeared. (It is one of the few examples of science fiction which was too advanced for its time; it was originally written years before it was published.)

PARADOX LOST, by Frederic Brown [Berkley, 95 cents] There can't be any new Brown stories, so publishers are reshuffling the old ones into new arrangements. Which is probably a good thing; a lot of people have joined fandom since the last Brown collection went out of print. This includes the title story (time travel creates paradoxes, paradoxes are illogical, therefore time travelers are illogical, right?), "Puppet Show"



(one of the weirdest stories of alien contact ever written), "The Last Train" (a look at what the phrase means, literally), "It Didn't Happen" (another version of reality), "Knock" (outwitting the aliens -- a nice story, though the conclusion isn't ecologically sound), "Obedience" (the paranoia of humanity), "Ten Percenter" (the ultimate agent; I suspect the story is much funnier to authors than to non-authors), "Aelurophobe" (a sort of long-running pun), "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" (the musical instrument with a curse), "Nothing Sirius" (the grand illusion), "The New One" (how to beat up on a figment of your imagination), "Double Standard" (the world as viewed from inside a tv screen), and "Something Green" (the comforts of insanity). If you're one of those people who haven't encountered Fred Brown's short stories before, go get this one right now. (If you have encountered them before, you probably kept the books and already own most of the contents of this one.)

A HOLE IN SPACE, by Larry Niven [Ballantine, \$1.25] The latest Niven collection. Includes "Rammer" (the future society and the man who doesn't fit in -- anywhere), "The Alibi Machine" (matter transmitters and creatures of habit), "The Last Days of the Permanent Floating Riot Club" (another chapter in the less wholesome uses of matter transmitters; one would think that Niven was against progress...), "A Kind of Murder" (matter transmitters and murder), "All The Bridges Rusting" (technical/political problem; how to save the castaways without raising taxes), "There Is a Tide" (hard -- very hard -- science), "Bigger Than Worlds" (an article on the super-engineering of the future civilizations that makes Doc Smith look like a piker; I particularly liked the idea of a Dyson sphere around our galaxy), "\$16,940" (the problems of a blackmailer), "The Hole Man" (a unique murder weapon), "The Fourth Profession" (an excellent novelet of alien contact). Overall, you'll probably want it.

CHANGE THE SKY AND OTHER STORIES, by Margaret St. Clair [Ace, 95 cents] I'm tired of reviewing each individual story, and there are 18 in here; "Change the Sky", "Beau-lieu", "Marriage Manual", "Age of Prophecy", "Then Fly Our Greetings", "An Old-Fashioned Bird Christmas", "Stawdust", "Thirsty God", "The Altruists", "Shore Leave", "The Wines of Earth", "Asking", "Graveyard Shift", "Fort Iron", "The Goddess on the Street Corner", "An Egg a Month From All Over", "The Death of Each Day", and "Lazarus." Original publication dates 1951 thru 1959. The author rather specialized in the common domestic situation with an odd twist in it. (An Old-Fashioned Christmas, for example; how old-fashioned...?) But there are also the standard science-fictional items -- mutations, future societies, goddesses fallen on hard times. All quite well done.

TEN THOUSAND LIGHT-YEARS FROM HOME, by James Tiptree, Jr., [Ace, 95 cents] This one substitutes an introduction by Harry Harrison for a contents page. I'd rather have had the contents page. Otherwise there is, "And I Awoke and Found Me Here On The Cold Hill's Side", "The Snows Are Melted, The Snows Are Gone", "The Peacefulness of Vivyan", "Mamma Come Home", "Help", "Painwise", "Faithful To Thee, Terra, In Our Fashion", "The Man Doors Said Hello To", "The Man Who Walked Home", "Forever To A Hudson Bay Blanket", "I'll Be Waiting For You When the Swimming Pool Is Empty", "I'm Too Big But I Love To Play", "Death of a Salesman", "Mother In the Sky with Diamonds", and "Beam Us Home." Despite his affection for cutesy titles, Tiptree is one of the two or three best writers to come along in the past ten years; if you haven't read his fiction, do so. (If you have, you probably want this for rereading.)

SCIENCE FICTION EMPHASIS #1, edited by David Gerrold [Ballantine, \$1.25] Includes "Willowisp," by Joseph Pumlilia (I once said that one problem with the new stf writing is that in the old days even the garbage was entertaining while now if it isn't exceptional it isn't worth reading at all. There do seem to be exceptions; this is all evocative and poetic and sheer crap, but it's rather enjoyable). Then there is "Bonus Baby" by Felix Gotschalk (the future of college frats, which seems to be every bit as uninteresting as their present), "Telepathos" by Ronald Cain (just too, too artistic; I think the author ut a "p" in the title where a "b" should have been), "In The Crowded Part of Heaven" by Robert Borski (the mating of mortal and immortal, with nothing new said about it), "The Rubaiyat of Ambrose Bagley by W. MacFarlane (how does an author who sold to Astounding in 1949 get into a collection of fiction by new writers?



Oh well, Gerrold doesn't say it's by new writers, possibly just because of Macfarlane. Anyway, it's an interesting story if not exactly overwhelming.) Also "Gate-0" by Don Picard (a well-told tale of race relations, though nothing that Ray Bradbury hasn't done better), "Shards of Divinity" by Michael Toman (the myth-making characteristics of pop art, or the pop appeal of religion, or perhaps both), and "On the Street of Serpents" by Michael Bishop, a long novelet which I couldn't finish. On the whole, I'd say save your money on this one.

OMEGA, edited by Roger Elwood [Fawcett, 95 cents] Includes "Running Around" by Barry Malzberg, which I didn't read, "The Empty Field" by Morio Kita (a fairly good attempt at a totally different story of alien contact), "Od" by Jack Dann and George Zebrowski (I assume this must be Terribly Significant, because if it isn't, it isn't much of anything, except maybe a drug dream), "Amfortas" by Laurence Janifer (moderately interesting twist on the old one about the cursed object belonging to some notoriously evil person in the past), "After King Kong Fell" by Philip José Farmer (lovely little item about the aftermath; who cleans up the mess and what about the bystanders whose lives have been interfered with?), "Symposium" by R. A. Lafferty (a look at a more or less private universe), "Swords of Ifthan" by James Sutherland (check the fine-print in your dragon-slaying contract), "Beast in View" by Miriam Allen de Ford (the problem of a pacifistic society trying to protect itself against an aggressor), "Slide Show" by George R. R. Martin (more of a treatise on the benefits/objections to space travel than a story), "Rabble-Dowser" by Anne McCaffrey (well told, but a story with no real point to it), "The Serpent in Eden" by Poul Anderson (how do you test alien intelligence?), "Beachhead in Utopia" by Lloyd Biggle, Jr., (the final solution to the unemployment problem), and "Geraniums" by Barry Malzberg and Valerie King (which I didn't read). Overall, the Farmer, Sutherland, Anderson, and Biggle items are good; recommendation depends on how you feel about paying 95 cents for four stories.

TRANSFORMATIONS II: UNDERSTANDING AMERICAN HISTORY THROUGH SCIENCE FICTION, edited by Daniel Roselle (Fawcett, \$1.25] This is a companion to UNDERSTANDING WORLD HISTORY THROUGH... which I didn't get. My immediate reaction is that a joke is a joke, but there are limits. God knows high school history texts could use some improvement, but I somehow doubt that this approach is going to accomplish anything. However, as a stf reader who is also a history fan, I was interested in the selections. Each is categorized as to topic and provided with the sort of discussion questions that seem indispensable to texts. "Methods of Historians" is illustrated by Arthur C. Clarke's "History Lesson", which should start the prospective student out with a totally cynical attitude toward the rest of the course. Under "Exploration and Discovery" we have Washington Irving's "The Conquest of the Moon," which is nicely satirical if hardly science fiction. "Spirits of 1776" is represented by Avram Davidson's fantasy "I Do Not Hear You, Sir." (I do love the idea of Ben Franklin hawking French novels, but at this point I begin to see why some parents get irate over textbooks. I like it, and you probably like it, but it's going to be hard on the Believers.) "Remember the Alamo" by R. R. Fehrenbach covers "The Texas Revolution" and is a nice jibe at current attitudes toward patriotism. "The War Between the States" ("Civil" is too advanced a word for today's student?) is illustrated by Ray Bradbury's "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh," which is somewhat more of a classicist's idea of what to put in a textbook (and besides, the only top-quality Civil War stf is Ward Moore's novel BRING THE JUBILEE, which is obviously too long to include). "Early Twentieth-Century America" is, of course, Bradbury again, with "A Scent of Sarsaparilla." "Translation Error" by Robert Silverberg is the story for "World War I." And there are three stories for "Our Contemporary World": Vance Aandahl's "Beyond the Game" (a somewhat overdone account of the brutality of "sports"), Gordie Dickson's "Computers Don't Argue" (the ultimate story for victims of computer foulups), and "The Portable Phonograph" by Walter van Tilburg Clark (probably the best story of a dedication to past art in a future barbarism). All in all, it's quite an interesting selection, though I doubt that it will do anything to interest students in history.



THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU, by H. G. Wells [Leisure Books, 95 cents] A classic of the "there are things Mankind was not meant to know" school. Interesting -- not good, but interesting.

THE LIBERATED FUTURE, edited by Robert Hoskins [Fawcett, \$1.50] This should be on the stands early in December, about the time you're getting this Yandro (unless you're one of the Australian readers, in which case it's been out for months by the time you read this). Stories are "Sam Hall" by Poul Anderson (How to destroy a police state backed by complete computer records of everybody), "Encase in Ancient Rind" by R. A. Lafferty (a mutational adaptation to pollution), "The Little Black Bag" by C.M. Kornbluth (an interesting method of getting the additional doctors we're starting to need), "The Trouble With You Earth People" by Katherine MacLean (how not to interview aliens), "Street of Dreams, Feet of Clay" by Robert Sheckley (to quote Kurt Weill, "Don't spend your life bein' anxious to please"), "Private Eye" by Lewis Padgett (a man with a violent urge in a society which absolutely prevents him from expressing it), "Soft Come the Dragons" by Dean R. Koontz (do you really want to find a personification of absolutes?), "The Run From Home" by Joe Hensley (the medical and psychological disadvantages of quarantine), "Conversations at Lothar's" by Barry Malzberg, ("A Meeting of Minds" by Anne McCaffrey (love, death, and telepathy), "The Liberation of Earth" by William Tenn (one of my all-time favorites; a good cynical look at what "liberation" means to the "liberated"), and "A Trip to the Head" by Ursula le Guin (discovering what, if anything, is really important). Overall, most of the stories are some years old, but if you haven't encountered them before this is an excellent anthology. Recommended.

THE YEAR'S BEST HORROR STORIES: SERIES II, edited by Richard Davis [DAW #109, \$1.25] Includes "David's Worm" by Brian Lumley (a fairly original and well-done monster story), "The Price of a Demon" by Gary Bradner (I can't get much out of a horror story if I have no sympathy for the victim), "The Knocker at the Portico" by Basil Copper (the horrors of insanity, only moderately well-done), "The Animal Fair" by Robert Bloch (not precisely horrible but an interesting revenge), "Napier Court" by J. Ramsay Campbell (ghosts and sexual fantasies, not very interesting), "Haunts of the Very Rich" by T.K. Brown the third (eternal -- but sophisticated -- torment), "The Long-Term Residents" by Kit Pedlar (a retirement home with a difference), "Like Two White Spiders" by Eddy Bertin (fairly stock horror story), "The Old Horns" by J. Ramsay Campbell (the horrors of pagan orgies? ridiculous), "Haggopian" by Brian Lumley (fairly good Lovecraftian type), "The Events at Porothe Farm" by T.E.D. Klein (fairly good novelet of an alien menace). Overall, this one is better than the first DAW horror anthology, but there don't seem to be many good horror stories written these days. Maybe they've all been done too often before.

A SHOCKING THING, edited by Damon Knight [Pocket Books, 95 cents] Another horror story collection, this time drawing on the classic tales. Since it has a huge body of published literature to draw on, it's much superior to the DAW volume -- but out of 17 stories I had already read -- and own in other collections -- 12. Which doesn't make it a good choice for an old-time reader. Included are "Man From the South" by Roald Dahl, "The Snail-Watcher" by Patricia Highsmith, "Blanca's Hands" by Theodore Sturgeon, "Poor Little Warrior!" by Brian Aldiss, "The Hounds" by Kate Wilhelm, "The Clone" by Theodore L. Thomas, "A Touch of Nutmeg Makes It" by John Collier, "Casey Agonistes" by Richard McKenna, "The Abyss" by Leonid Andreyev, "A Case History" by John Anthony West, "Fondly Fahrenheit" by Alfred Bester, "Lukundoo" by Edward Lucas White, "The Cabbage Patch" by Theodore R. Cogswell, "Oil of Dog" by Ambrose Bierce, "The Time of the Big Sleep" by Jean-Pierre Andrevon, "The Right Man in the Right Job" by J. C. Thompson, and to close the volume on the correct note "The Year of the Jackpot" by Robert A. Heinlein. An excellent book -- if it isn't overfamiliar to you.

THE CRUSADER #1: THE ACCURSED TOWER, by "John Cleve" [Dell, \$1.50] One just doesn't think of Dell as publishing pornography, somehow. Andy has started a new genre here; swords and sex. Mostly sex, as a matter of fact, with a liberal dash of sadism. I suppose it's



effective enough; I have this problem of having to stop reading to laugh every so often (it took me some time to get past the first sentence of the first book; the vision it engendered kept breaking me up). I can't say it's good, but then I can't believe Andy is being terribly serious about the whole thing, either. Or for that matter the blurb writer; human crossbow, indeed! (For those uninstructed in arms, the crossbow drives its shaft harder than the longbow.) The background is accurate enough, as far as it goes, which isn't very far. Moderately good fun, but as overpriced as most porn.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE GREEN STAR by Lin Carter [DAW #110, 95 cents] The third book in THE WARRIOR OF WORLD'S END by Lin Carter [DAW #125, 95 cents] one sword and sorcery series and the first in another. GREEN STAR has Krenkel illustrations; otherwise I think if I must read male chauvinist fantasy I prefer Andy's unexpurgated version.

THE OAK AND THE RAM, by Michael Moorcock [Berkley, 75 cents] Fifth book in another s&s series. Moorcock is generally a better writer than Carter, but to be honest I never could work up much interest in this.

HEROVIT'S WORLD by Barry Malzberg [Pocket Books, 95 cents] If you like Malzberg, ON A PLANET ALIEN by Barry Malzberg [Pocket Books, 95 cents] here is an assortment of THE SODOM AND GOMORRAH BUSINESS by Barry Malzberg [Pocket Books, 95 cents] his fiction. I couldn't read any of it.

A VOYAGE TO DARI, by Ian Wallace [DAW #127, \$1.25] A nice big thick book, but I gave up on Wallace a couple of books back.

CAP KENNEDY #11: SPAWN OF LABAN by Gregory Kern [DAW, 95 cents] In the Doc Smith CAP KENNEDY #12: THE GENETIC BUCCANEER by Gregory Kern [DAW, 95 cents] tradition, it CAP KENNEDY #13: A WORLD AFLAME by Gregory Kern [DAW, 95 cents] says here. Well, actually it's more in the Ed Hamilton tradition, but what's a tradition or two between friends? For the younger reader, the kid just graduating from comic books (or maybe not quite graduated) and looking for lots of action and a minimum of human relationships, this is a pretty good series. Plotting is adequate; characterization minimal. Not recommended for the veteran sf reader.

PERRY RHODAN #53: SPYBOT! by Clark Dalton [Ace, 95 cents] The fiction is mostly a PERRY RHODAN #54: THE BLUE DWARFS Clark Dalton [Ace, 95 cents] step down from Cap Kennedy; this really is in the Doc Smith tradition, and starting to get monotonous. Which is too bad, because the format is probably the future of all sf magazines -- a paperback series with a serial (an endless serial in this case), short stories, movie reviews, a letter column, and an editorial. This is for the kids who haven't graduated from comics (and probably won't) or who are staunch fans of Famous Monsters of Filmland.

STAR TREK: LOG ONE by Alan Dean Foster [Ballantine, 95 cents] I haven't been watching STAR TREK: LOG TWO by Alan Dean Foster [Ballantine, 95 cents] the cartoon series on which these books are based, so I can't vouch for their faithfulness to the scripts. One viewer/reader commented that while Blish took acted episodes and made them read like cartoons, Foster is taking cartoons and making them read like decent fiction. For one thing, Foster is only putting in three episodes per book, which gives him more room for the interplay of characters that made the show. Blish never gave himself room (and probably couldn't have used it if he had). I'm sure Blish's science is superior, but ST isn't terribly scientific to begin with; it's Cap Future<sup>2</sup>. (The digit refers to a power, not a footnote.) Anyway, while I wouldn't exactly call these books top quality science fiction, they're entertaining enough if you have time to kill.

A GUIDE TO MIDDLE EARTH, by Robert Foster [Ballantine, \$1.50] A glossary and concordance of LORD OF THE RINGS. I can't think what use it would be to anyone except maybe someone trying to get one more academic paper out of the novel, but it seems thorough enough.

THE QUESTOR TAPES, by D.C. Fontana [Ballantine, \$1.25] A novelization of the tv show, From somewhere I had the idea that Fontana did the teleplay, but credit here is given to Gene Roddenberry and Gene Coon. Anyway, this is quite an accurate adaptation of a



show that wasn't really all that great.

HADON OF ANCIENT OPAR, by Philip José Farmer [DAW #100, \$1.25] A spin-off from the Tarzan series. Farmer does pretty well on the barbaric kingdom background, and he seems to positively delight in working up a detailed history, geography, and genealogy to play with. I'm not all that thrilled with the results, but sword and sorcery fans should enjoy it. Nice set of Krenkel illustrations.

ALL TIMES POSSIBLE, by Gordon Eklund [DAW #108, 95 cents] Alternate worlds and the problems of trying to change one for the better, told in as complicated a manner as possible with flashbacks and sideslips and, for all I know, flashforwards. Technically well-written, but it never aroused any interest in me.

PAN SAGITTARIUS, by Ian Wallace [Berkley, \$1.25] A connected series of stories rather than a novel. The writing is far too much like the creation of an English Lit prof however; fusty, in short. More meddling in alternate probabilities.

TWO-EYES, by Stuart Gordon [DAW #122, \$1.25] A sequel to ONE-EYE. The first book covered the birth and childhood of the mutant founder of a new religion; this one takes up the spread of the cult. It should have been interesting, but somehow it wasn't.

THE PARADISE GAME, by Brian M. Stableford [DAW #111, (5 cents)] Another in the series about Grainger, the reluctant interstellar agent.

SEED OF THE GODS, by Zach Hughes [Berkley, 95 cents] Another one dealing with the vast civilization of the saucer people. Unfortunately I think Hughes read too many flying saucer books while doing research on this; it reads a bit too much like some of them for my taste. ("No more meddling with the sacred secrets of life.")

THE FALL OF CHRONOPOLIS, by Barrington J. Bayley [DAW, #105, 95 cents] Bayley's time-travel books are fascinatingly complex and should be interesting, but somehow I never seem able to work up enough enthusiasm to finish one. Maybe they're over my head.

ASTERIX THE LEGIONARY, by Goscinna & Oderzo [William Morrow, \$2.95] Several people including Andre Norton had recommended the Asterix books, so I picked one up at Discon (at a discount; nobody really seems to be selling these at list price). Now I don't know whether to try another one in the hope that they'll grow on me and forget the whole thing. It isn't bad; it has some very good moments. But it is not as good as it was cracked up to be. It's a cartoon series; basically, the Country Boy and Civilization. (I think Jim Nabors did it on tv.) Gaulish country boy and Roman civilization, which doesn't seem to make much difference.

THE WHOLE EARTH EPILOG [Point, \$4.00] I got this huge paperback mostly because several people mentioned Yandro was in it. (Yaas. Three fanzines; Yandro, Locus, and Amra. Two of those three are going to give a hell of a shock to any disciple of Zen, Paul Krassner and "natural foods" if they buy a sample...) There are a few articles on this and that, but mostly it's a list of books, pamphlets, and places where information is available on philosophy, land use, crafts, systems, etc. You know I skimmed through the whole damned book and didn't find one item in it that I'd pay a nickel for? (Well, not quite that bad. Some of the material on energy sources might be interesting sometime. On the whole, though, I don't think I'd be interested in the sort of people who would get much use out of EPILOG.)

DAWN OF ZOOLOGY, by Willy Ley [Prentice Hall] But I got it at a Natural Science Book Club clearance sale for a couple of dollars. A history of zoology -- the men and the theories which have shaped the science. I found it fascinating, but then Ley was almost always fascinating.

THE BONE HUNTERS, by Uri Lanham [Columbia University Press, \$12.95] Another NS Book Club item, this one a freebie for inveigling Don Thompson into the club. The beginnings of palaeontology in the United States, from Thomas Jefferson's modest start to the grand feud between Othniel Marsh and Edward Drinker Cope which put palaeontology into the newspaper headlines of the late 1800s. This has all the earmarks of a



master's thesis which made good, but it isn't totally stodgy. The material won't let it be. (I don't recommend paying \$13 for it, but if you get a chance at a bargain on it, it's worthwhile.)

ANTHONY WAYNE: WASHINGTON'S GENERAL, by Adele and Cateau de Leeuw [Westminster, \$5.50] Juvenile biography. Juveniles seem to be getting more frank all the time; the authors don't quite come out and say that Wayne was a notorious womanizer, but they do rather hint at it. It's a good enough juvenile biography that it includes some reality with the sugar-coated patriotism. Of course, Wayne is a big name in Indiana, with the second-largest city in the state being named after him.

HENS CRATCHES AND FLYSPECKS, by Peter Seeger [Berkley, \$2.25] A basic text on how to read music, aimed at the total musical illiterate (like me, except I can't sing the notes anyway, so there isn't a lot of point in reading music, unless I suddenly decide to buy a banjo.) It starts out with "here is a note. It's called a quarter note. No need to ask why. You'll find out later." From there the complexity gradually increases to a final chapter on syncopation and closes with a few musical novelties such as the Chinese musical notation for "Greensleeves". It looks excellent for the beginner.

HATE, by Arthur D. Howden Smith [A.L. Burt Co., secondhand] Picked it up because I had liked Smith's PORTO BELLO GOLD. This is a historical novel of the Revolution; a lot of novel and not too much history, as is still usual in that field. Moderately interesting; it's copyright 1928 and filled with stock characters of that era, but Smith managed to breathe at least a little life into them. Not much, but more than a lot of authors were doing.

RIVER SCHOOL DETECTIVE, by Mary Phraner Warren [Westminster, \$5.50] Part of a juvenile ecological series. "Be kind to your wildlife" is hammered home a bit obviously but it would probably be excellent for the 8-to-10 level. Particularly for city kids who don't grow up with some ecological knowledge at their fingertips.

FLASHMAN AT THE CHARGE, by George MacDonald Fraser [Signet, \$1.25] Our favorite cad participates in the battle of Balaclava (kicking and screaming, all the way), investigates the Russian feudal systems, makes his usual commentary on human relations ("It was a deeply felt sentimental mood which lasted for at least a quarter of a second and has never returned, I'm happy to say." and "What security does a right-thinking coward have if he loses his sense of panic?") and ends up destroying a Russian push into India, acting heroically, recklessly, and under the inspiration of a large dose of hashish. I am fascinated by the incredible amount of historical research Fraser did on this whole series. Okay, Balaclava is pretty well documented, and even I could probably have inserted a character into the actions described (though giving Flashman the part of the historically anonymous "second messenger" to Lucan was inspired). But the battle of Fort Raim, and Yakub Beg's resistance to Russian encroachment in the Kizil Kum, is not the sort of thing you get in run-of-the-mill histories, and Fraser has made it so interesting that now I'm looking for a good non-fiction account. There is probably a literary parody sandwiched in here as well, but if so it's of a Russian author I don't know. (Not surprising; I'm not well acquainted with Russian authors.) The book is remarkably funny whether it contains a parody or not. Far and away the best fiction item this time.

BLACKSTONE, by Richard Falkirk [Bantam, \$12.95] I picked this up on the recommendation of Mary Schaub. Blackstone is Bow Street Runner, charged in this adventure with the safety of the Princess Victoria. It's a good historical tale, recommended. The author provides an excellent view of the period.

NOTES FROM CHINA, by Barbara Tuchman [Collier, \$1.25] An account of a six-week visit to China in 1972. A very short book, but interesting. I picked it up because I have all but one of Ms. Tuchman's books (and if anyone out there has a copy of BIBLE AND SWORD for sale, I'm interested). Her general conclusion is that the Communist government has overall been a good thing for the Chinese, despite the obvious drawbacks of regimentation, propaganda, literary censorship, etc.



DEAR MARRIAGE COUNSELOR, by Bill Adler [Berkley, 95 cents] This is an absolutely hilarious book. Allegedly it was compiled from letters written to actual marriage counselors in the US. I have trouble believing anyone would write some of this, but then I have equal trouble believing that one author could make it up, so... ("I am leaving my second wife to return to my first wife. I never should have left my first wife. She was weird, but at least she didn't blow bubble gum in bed." "Is there such a thing as too much sex in marriage? Michael and I have been married for three months and we have already had sex three times." "My wife is upset with me because I haven't talked to her mother in two years. I can't understand why she is so upset. Her father hasn't talked to her mother since 1956.") There are hundreds of these letters in here -- I picked the shortest, not the best, for examples.

THE MAGIC ART OF FORESEEING THE FUTURE, by Daniel Cohen [Archway, 95 cents] A brief and somewhat cynical introduction to fortune-telling. Cohen doesn't think much of any of the methods (neither do I, so I like his book), though he gives graphology a "not proven" verdict. Everything else is sucker bait.

THE VESTIBULE, by Jess E. Weiss [Pocket Books, \$1.25] This is blurbed as "authentic, documented stories of people who returned from the dead!" And the first account is an authentic, documented story of an air crash victim who not only never died but seemed to be conscious throughout most of his treatment. The rest varies between drug dreams (no doubt brought on by their doctors' use of morphine on them) and accounts which have nothing to do with physical death. The whole thing is garbage.

UFOS PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE, by Robert Emenegger [Ballantine, "\$1.50] A recital of some of the best-known cases with some speculation on what would happen if somebody really was contacted by a little green man in a flying saucer. Save your money.

THE CRYSTAL SKULL, by Richard Garvin [Pocket Books, \$1.25] This is at least an original idea. The photos of the skull are interesting, as is some of the history. Main problem is that I don't even know how much of the history is accurate; I don't put much faith in the accuracy of a writer who says that "deep-space probes" have "vindicated" Velikovsky, or who casually explains how the skull was made in Atlantis, used in Babylonia, carried to Central America by Phoenicians, etc. After that, when he says it was discovered in 1927 in the "Lubaantun Tomb" which was part of the ruins of a Mayan citadel in British Honduras and I check my archaeology books and find no references to any such tomb, I begin to wonder if there are any facts in the book. (Not that I'm calling Garvin a liar about the 1927 discovery; I'm not that much of an expert on the Mayas. But when it follows all his other crap, I would like to find some independent source of information about it. You know anything about the Mitchell-Hedges skull, Sprague?)

SUPER-PSYCHIC, by John Godwin [Pocket Books, \$1.25] Pocket Books does seem to cater to the nut cults, doesn't it? This is the life story of David Hoy, "America's ESP wizard," if you're interested.

THE DEVIL AND MRS. DEVINE, by Josephine Leslie [Pocket Books, \$1.25] The author of THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR does a moderately interesting account of a young woman who is tempted by the Devil with immortality, or as much of it as she wants. By gothic writing standards, it's excellent.

STONECLIFF, by Robert Nathan [Popular Library, 60 cents] Obviously, I've had this around for some time. Like many of Nathan's stories, it's a tale of a man's love for an unattainable woman. Literarily it's far from his best, but the final explanation of why she's unattainable is original.

SHADOW OF THE CARAVAN, by Saliee O'Brien [Berkley, 95 cents] Lovely idea; heroine inherits a camel caravan in California. (Original owner bought up some of the camels the Army sold as surplus when its camel experiment was phased out.) Unfortunately, the writing is so unrelievedly awful that whatever good points the book has are overwhelmed.



LADY OF STORM HOUSE, by Evelyn Bond [Berkley, 95 cents] Fairly typical gothic. Competent, if not brilliant.

KISSING COVENS, by Colin Watson [Berkley, 95 cents] A murder mystery. A coven is involved and featured on the cover, but it's the sort of society affair that envisions black magic as a new thrill and an excuse for sex. The mystery is well worked out, the dialog witty, and Watson has a fine time poking fun at the various specimens of British society. It's a good book; don't let the cover fool you.

THE LUCIFER CULT, by Lynn Benedict [Berkley, 95 cents] An occult gothic; heroine becomes entangled with a real live warlock and his relatives. Not terribly good.

GETTING IT TOGETHER: THE DIVORCED MOTHER'S GUIDE, by Lynn Forman [Berkley, \$1.50] It's available, if anyone wants it. I don't know any women among the Yandro readership who have so little personality that they would need it.

THE DOGGED VICTIMS OF INEXORABLE FATE, by Dan Jenkins [Berkley, \$1.25] Intended to be an amusing book about golf and golfers. (Or should that be golvers?) It doesn't quite make it -- though I suppose it might be interesting to anyone who was already interested in golf.

SURVIVE! by Clay Blair, Jr. [Berkley, \$1.25] The account of a 1972 air crash in the Andes, in which the survivors had to resort to cannibalism. It's a fairly intriguing narrative, even though the word "cannibalism" doesn't trigger any particular reaction in me (apparently it does in most readers, since that's the emphasis provided on the cover to help sell the book). The average American is an armchair ghoul.)

FABULOUS GUNMAN, by Wayne D. Overholser [Dell, 95 cents] The Western is a sort of CAST A LONG SHADOW, by Wayne D. Overholser [Dell, 95 cents] masculine gothic. I've DRAW OR DRAG, by Wayne D. Overholser [Dell, 95 cents] gone back to reading them when I'm busy writing, working longer than usual hours, or generally tired. They don't require any thought, and I can go through one in half an hour, which is usually all the time I have. These have nice reproductions of Remington paintings on the covers, and rather strange ideas of human behavior.

SHOWDOWN AT YELLOW BUTTE, by Louis L'Amour  
MUSTANG MAN, by Louis L'Amour  
CALLAGHAN, by Louis L'Amour  
FLINT, by Louis L'Amour  
Like most of my Westerns, I got all these secondhand for 15 cents. (Inflation has hit the secondhand book market; they cost a dime until a month or so ago.) These are more or less competent and utterly forgettable -- except for one passage in CALLAGHAN. L'Amour's gimmick is to put a tremendous amount of authentic Western lore into his books, even if it interferes with the action. ("He carried a Henry .44, sixteen-shot rifle. It fired a 216-grain bullet with a powder charge of 25 grains in a rim-fire cartridge." After which line the weapon is never mentioned in the rest of the book.) Anyway, on page 59, while the hero is slogging through Nevada after Indians, he takes time out to recite a passage from the RELACIONES of Father Zarate Salmeron. "...tells of a party of Spanish soldiers who came to a lonely place on the shores of the Gulf of California and found some Asiatics there. Awnings had been set up on the shore near their ships and they were trading with the Indians. That was about 1538. They implied they had been trading there for years." And the really weird part is that in all the America-was-discovered-before-Columbus articles that I've read, that passage isn't mentioned. This was the first I'd encountered it.

SAVAGE RANGE, by Luke Short [Bantam, 75 cents] Typical; I'm sure it would make a great movie.

MAN-SIZE, by William McLeod Raine. Raine was one of the biggest Western names in the 1920s and 1930s. This features the rather stilted writing of the period, but is otherwise competent.

NO SPURS FOR JOHNNY LOOP, by Edwin Booth [Berkley, 95 cents] A couple of allegedly RAFF, by Nelson Nye [Ace, 75 cents] humorous Westerns. I can only assume that Western readers have a rather crude sense of humor.



Jerry Giannattasio, 1130  
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Regarding  
Juanita's comment on my  
loc in the last Yandro,  
the proposed title of  
my master's essay is  
"James Gordon Bennett  
Sr.'s Impact on Public  
Opinion in Suggestive  
Relation to Irish Re-  
peal Fund Raising Act-  
ivity in the US 1840-18  
1843."

Freff, 102 N. Greg-  
ory, Apt 8, Urbana  
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The best plans  
laid by glayed mice  
go oft bourre. Or  
something like that.

I had thought; gee.

I can see the Coulsons  
at the picnic in August. But  
then I had to go and try to be-  
come better off financially, with a

business trip to NYC and my various editors. It was a rousing success...leaving me  
with 84 pages of comic script to write, at least three Galaxy/If illustrations to do,  
my Discon artshow work, and a few other things to do as well...all by Discon. Wonder-  
ful. The world helps not at all by forcing me to move in the middle of it all.

Last year about this time I was a poverty-stricken Freff, making plans to attack  
New York. I was supporting myself mainly by the slow sale of my possessions -- an  
interesting process of attrition, there. By the time I moved I had, of necessity,  
chopped what I owned to a typer and two stored boxes in Berkeley, and whatever I could  
carry in a backpack and a suitcase. This year it looks like I'll be doing a variant  
of the same thing, the difference being that I'll be "storing" the various items with  
a local friend, without any expectation of a) having most of them back, because B)  
wherever I end this fall it would prove cheaper to buy them again than to ship them  
there, unless it is in the Midwest...which is unlikely. Pruning what you consider  
yours to almost nothing can be a healthy thing for someone whose life seems to be dir-  
more and more firmly rooted in travel.

Here's a curio: at Midwestcon a movie was shown, entitled ROCKETSHIP GALILEO.  
Right, I thought, a film version of the Heinlein juvenile...and then my mind went  
"Wait a minute!" There isn't a film version of that book! Well, I watched a bit. The  
movie dealt with a secret government agency's attempt to destroy/infiltrate/etc a  
space station operated by another nation. The head of the agency looked remarkably  
like Erlichman. It was incredibly bad (past the point of being entertaining, if such  
is possible) and I could take no more, fleeing with a barely-restrained scream upon  
my lips. But, strange -- how come I can't remember it being listed anywhere, in any  
of the volumes on sf film? Odd.

I think all anybody knows about Tiptree is that he works for a government, and that  
government sends him to exotic, far-off places. Which government, I'm not sure. Per-  
sonally, I think he's Kissinger.

The fact that Gene Wolfe writes you letters, and thereby probably reads Yandro, al-  
lows me to aim a criticism that I think to be kind of important. It deals with --  
gasp -- scientific accuracy in an sf story.



Case in point: Gene Wolfe's "The Death of Doctor Island" which I just recently read in Terry Carr's BEST OF THE YEAR #3. Now in this story Gene Wolfe sets up a number of fascinating constructs -- Doctor Island, the everywhere psychologist/manipulator; the actual physical structure and location of Doc Isle; the relationship between Nicholas and Ignacio...but in one of his characters there is a major flaw that invalidates the whole damned story, from beginning to end. Nicholas is what has become known as a "split-brain" patient, a person whose corpus callosum has been split to reduce susceptibility to a variety of nervous seizures. What these patients have revealed about humanity's actual mental organization is amazing. The question's they've raised even more so. I applaud Wolfe from trying to use the concept in an sf story.

But I can't forgive him for blowing it. For not researching his material enough. For instance, he states that Nicholas moves his head from side to side to compensate for only having half-and-half vision in each eye...nonsense! No split-brain patient does anything like that! Each hemisphere of the brain received nervous impulses from both eyes, because of a nerve crossover/linkage in the optic chiasm, which is well before the actual area of the brain. Splitting the corpus callosum would have nothing to do with it.

But that is minor. When a writer's lack of research invalidates his story's ending though -- then I become pissed. In "Doctor Island" Nicholas is forced to undergo stresses that result in his left hemisphere (essentially verbal) going catatonic, thus allowing the right hemisphere to become dominant. Again...nonsense! For one thing, the actual workings of dominance aren't understood, and the manner in which Wolfe portrays them is at least unlikely. Secondly, he chooses to show the non-speaking right hemisphere as an entirely different personality than the left.

There are many mysteries involved in split-brain work. Perhaps the biggest is the fact that both hemispheres of the brain, even in cases of being separated at birth, have the same essential personality! (A difference in expression, true, the non-verbal side tending towards practical jokes and physical manipulation instead of language/symbolic usage.) So there Gene's ending falls apart into little tiny pieces....can I like such a story? Can I vote for it for the Hugo, even if I liked much else about it?

No way. No more than I could have voted for SILENT RUNNING a few years ago, with its explosions with sound in outer space.

End of diatribe. Authors with neat ideas should check with what real cases exist before they leap into the swimming pool of the imagination. Otherwise they are found -- much later -- dead of accidental drowning. (Damn it, Gene, why'd you have go and ruin a story I otherwise liked, huh? I hate it when someone triggers my sense of criticism into this bitchy mood.

I disliked the cover; but Jackie's first page illo made up for it. She really knows how to caricature Buck.





Just after St. Clair made his short announcement that Nixon would give up the tapes, the station announcer came back on in the following way: "We now return you to 'To Tell the Truth'. Hooboy."

[Thinking of Tiptree as Kissinger leads to bad jokes like 'I wonder who's Kissinger now?'. Stop it immediately. RSC] [I have seen the film version you cited of ROCKETSHIP GALILEO, though I have the impression it bore some other title when it was first released. Traveling incognito, and deservedly. But it bore a Heinlein credit for something like "original story" or "technical advisor" as I recall. Like you, I couldn't sit through the thing. JWC]

Sandra Miesel, 8744 N. Pennsylvania, Indianapolis IN 46240

As a result of the newspaper write-up I had a letter from a high school girl who said she'd read LOTR 54 times. Well, she came over today. The kid is most definitely not fan material. Totally devoid of personality. Her father had brought her over since she's too young to drive and it was obvious that he was rather suspicious of the whole thing; so I tried to look respectable and gave assurances that sf was "nice"... although I did show her a Yandro. Gave her the addresses of fanzines, dealers, etc., so she could investigate fandom herself. She wants to write but didn't have a clear idea of the distinction between fantasy and sf (asked if Robin Hood were fantasy). I gave her the addresses of the different magazines and DAW so she might try her submissions.

John has been reading a hilarious book about 19th C. party politics, FROM HAYES TO MCKINLEY by H. Wayne Morgan. Last night he came to the conclusion that Czar Reed, the old Speaker of the House, sounded just like you, Buck. He hopes to bring the book along and quote you choice quotes.

Shot this morning taking Mite and Peter to the orthopedist. When one has an appointment for 9AM and has to wait two hours before seeing the doctor for 5 minutes I'd say there was something wrong with his scheduling. And it happens every time. Mite's legs are now straight and she can wear ordinary shoes. Peter's will take another year but he said we wouldn't have to come back anymore. This is the month for maintenance checks on the kiddies. Next week is a mass dental appointment. Last week Mite had a checkup with an ear specialist because the school hearing screening kept showing she had a substantial hearing loss (it took this long to get an appointment). It seems they were wrong (fortunately) but he wants her retested next week. This doctor rather surprisingly demanded cash on the barrelhead for his services. What would he do if a patient didn't have it on him? Repossess his ears?

Pulled up at a stoplight behind a pickup truck emblazoned with the slogan "It's the Kill That Counts". Exterminator company.

[I debated over publishing part of this; if your schoolgirl is as bad as she sounds, and if she actually does submit any stories, you may get a bomb in the mail from Wollheim. RSC]

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

First off, thanks for the pleasant afternoon/evening. Too bad the Lavells ~~were~~ ~~didn't~~ ~~had~~ ~~to~~ ~~leave~~ ~~so~~ ~~soon~~ had to leave so soon. But it was nice to get that chance to talk to John and Sandra and Gene and Bev (though Gene doesn't really talk all that much, does he?). It didn't dawn on me until we were halfway home, but Wally hadn't met either of them before (the DeWeeses, I'm referring to at the moment...). In fact, I'd never been introduced to them, but having heard about them so frequently from you felt as though I'd known them all along. Wonder how often that happens in fandom? With monotonous regularity, I'd assume.

I liked the Adkins cover; sorta reminiscent of the pulp era, ain't it? I do have one minor quibble. How come the title wasn't included? I for one appreciate knowing the name of the zine I'm holding before I open it up. Especially with my current situation, with over thirty zines to loc, I find it a bit of a hassle to have to open the



the cover to find your zine in the stack. Naturally, if I were a Ghodd Ghirl and loosed on day of receipt I wouldn't have to put up with that situation, but we're talking about realities, not utopias.

Bruce is turning into a decent columnist as well as a filthy pro. These one-liners don't give one much to comment on though. Of course, considering how lengthy this thing is turning out to be, that could be all for the best.

Ahem. We have enough room for pole beans (not that we have them this year; haven't had much of anything in the garden this year). And we have to purchase poles for said beans. Not all of us exurbans have TREES y'know. (Snarl, mumble, grump.)

Coney's article was most apropos, coming as it did the day before we left on our camping trip. As a matter of fact, we kept our liquor in the front seat, but not because of Mr. Coney's advice. It was the only available Safe Place. We haven't got a tent-trailer (yet, though One Of These Days...), and I may be tempted to keep potables there, if I do forget his tale of woe when we are fortunate enough to obtain one. I'll try to keep it in mind, though. Funny piece, but I bet it hurt in some spots when it was written,

\$20 scares me all by itself. Spending that much for just part of a set -- fannishly published to boot, which does not make me feel secure about getting future volumes -- makes me blanch. But, I got a minute or so to flip through the Tuck book and it's awfully tempting even for a non-collector like myself. Wonder if I could con one of my relatives to get it for me for Xmas?

Read the reviews in toto this month (I usually do, but this time I actually read the zine in order, that is not usual), and as usual (heh) found many books I'd like to read but know damned well I won't get around to. Why in hell do you have to read so much, Buck? At least you could reduce the list by half and not make lesser clods like myself feel so badly about being behind.

I could point out that old bit about people being able to see as far as the ends of the universe, since we, who see at all, can see the stars at night. But if Tucker says he can see only "five miles", well, who am I to contradict him?

Betcha Andy and Bob can get into a good rap about Fort next con they meet at. I didn't realize Tucker (nor Andy till that piece by him was pubbed in whatever it was fanzine awhile back) was a (pardon the term, it's inaccurate too, but...) fan of Fort's. I've only read snippets by the guy, but I hadn't even thought of considering the various phenomena as future events. Hmmm. Just where do these Sci-Fi writers get those ideas?

I hope you noticed while reading (if you did) Dilemma that I managed to get a copy of that afterdinner bit of poesy from Carol.

Why don't the publishers go whole hog and change Gene's name to "Jean D'Ouis"? Now that's got a certain flair to it.

I got a chuckle out of Mike Kring's comments about "city slickers" tossing out trash. Just who does he think he's kidding? Who leaves all those junk cars on our roads around here? 90 percent of the time it's the people who live within five miles or so. There's the foundation of an old creamery about 200 feet or so from our house (thankfully screened by the only trees in our vicinity) that is used as a dump by all and sundry. (Local people, country people, not a city slicker among 'em.) Country folk don't have frequent trash collecting, and the once a month or every two week outfits that do pick up won't or can't take bulky items. So it gets dumped by the wayside. Cars and couches, stoves and storm windows, mattresses and mooseheads. The junk is all over the place. City people didn't invent roadside litter. Think it's been a fact of life since Neolithic times.

Tish tish. Surely by now Don Ayres is aware that there are readers of sf and there are fans of sf, and there's a universe of difference betwixt them. You're quite right about fans not being joiners, of course, but Don's after those readers, and I haven't the foggiest notion of why they aren't flocking to join his club. I just thank our lucky stars that most readers aren't joining fandom, through clubs or whatever. What the hell would we do if all those 54,000 readers (or whatever the figure is) of Analog for instance decided they were, by golly, FANS and attended Discon? Gack!



[Reason there wasn't any title on the Adkins' cover was Dan didn't leave room for anything like lettering. On some mimeos I've used the outer fringes of the illo wouldn'tta repro'd, either. You could always do what Bitchy Old Ted White said he did with titleless-covered Yans -- take a magic marker and scribble #399 or whatever across them for quick identification. JWC]

Leah Zeldes, Modell, Tamarack, Ortonville MI 48462

Any midwest fan picked at random could point you out? Not the few that I know well, and those would be the only ones that I'd be brave enough to ask. I think Mary Brenner could point Bruce out though, if there's any truth to the story she told about him. The incident took place at Torcon, I believe.

[But the fans you know aren't picked at random./ Ah yes; our baby boy is growing up. RSC] [So is Sandy Franke, hmmm? JWC]

Paul Anderson, 21 Mulga Road, Hawthorndene, SA 5051, Australia

We had our last firework day not so long ago. Up until a few years ago we celebrated Guy Fawkes Day in the height of our summer with all of the consequent fire risks. So the government switched the night to one in the winter to cut down on the unplanned fire danger. However, this did not affect the other symptoms of firework day in the number of young casualties each year with burns of varying degrees and extent and damaged eyes. This year they restricted the sale of fireworks to only the week before the night in question and stopped the sale of the larger bungers which worked, but not enough. Next day we read that the State Cabinet had met and decided that in future the private sale of fireworks was hereafter banned with the sole exception of authorised public exhibitions for the children to watch in safety. These of course would not be confined to the one day of the year. Before there was the public day and the exhibitions at the Royal Adelaide Agricultural Show in September. While accepting the point made by the salesmen of the enjoyment of a child holding his own cracker being taken from them, I must agree with the belated stand taken by the government. One salesman said that the casualties were a very small number indeed when you take into consideration the large numbers of children who buy the fireworks; however, if we only get one person blinded by an unnecessary accident that could be prevented I feel that is one too many.

I'm still reading through Y223 for the loc on it and it's bringing back quite a few memories of Torcon, especially now that I'm working again on my trip report. I'll be running it through my apas for the membership requirements; if it ever gets finished I may send you a copy, providing you do not read the Indiana section only. However at the rate I'm going that will be a time yet.

The reference to your eye drops reminded me of the trouble my mother is having at the moment. She had her eyes tested not so long ago and the doctor said that she had glaucoma, which has meant quite a few drops in her eyes. He reckons that it is caused by worry, among other things, so most of his advice to her appears to be designed to minimize the amount of worry she should have -- hobbies and like that. So she is spending almost as much time with her china-headed dolls as I do at my fanac. It seems that our hobbies act a bit like Linus' blanket to a certain extent. In the gardening line, the orchids are flowering quite well now, although it promises to be a fairly poor season in comparison with last year. That time saw just about every plant in spike, but now we'll be lucky to have more than a couple dozen plants flowering. Of course, the season should be still pretty colourful as it is with the ones that did manage for us. Most of the old standbys that flower each year are in spike now and every so often we find one that we missed while hunting through the plants earlier. One interesting point is that it seems that the plants that are flowering most are those that had been thrown out in disgrace.

I don't know what the banks are like around your area, apart from the small delay that I got with the cheque (check) last time I was over there, but out here things are getting interesting, with the government's efforts to cut our inflation rate.



In an effort to cut the money supply in circulation they removed some restrictions on the interest rates chargeable by the banks. This has meant that it is getting quite a bit more expensive to buy land, etc., now, as the interest repayments are very substantial. Before the change the usual rates allowed to depositors were 3 1/2 to 4 1/4 percent for call accounts from the savings banks, with the fixed deposit accounts and building societies at 6 percent. The finance companies offered around 8 to 9 percent for 2-3 year debentures. Then the situation changed rapidly, to the point now that the banks have introduced a 30 day fixed account of 9 percent, with the building societies offering the same 9 percent at call. This went on smoothly until a few days ago when the new series of government bonds went on issue at the nicely competitive rate of 11 percent for a term of only two years. I promptly put in a few \$, as I may as well get as much interest as I can before the rates go back again... Naturally, the finance companies started falling on the stock exchange since their rates did not match this. Now their debentures are up to 12 percent. It's great if you have lots of money to invest, but not so great for those buying houses.

[Yeah, we're getting up in the 10 and 12 percent interest rates here, too. (I don't follow them very closely since I don't have enough money to buy a house with anyway, or much in the bank, so it's mostly academic.)/I'm enough of a Heinlein-type individualist to resent government banning of fireworks, and in fact the general liberal assumption that the duties of parents should be taken over (by default) by the government. Laws should protect the individual from other people, not from his own idiocy. So I wouldn't ban fireworks, or pornography, or even cigarettes (even if tobacco does do more damage than both the others put together). Paul also wrote two pages on the Great Sinatra controversy, but while I found it fascinating, it seems a bit more about Sinatra than most Yandro readers would care to know. (Added thought: I'm willing to ban cigarettes in public areas; in fact I favor it. But not by consenting adults in the privacy of their homes.) RSC]

Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, KT6 6QL United Kingdom

After the last issue of the Mystery Trader I had a letter from Jean Bowden, who is vice-chairman of the Crime Writers Circle over here. She was interested in TMT, and she invited me to one of their monthly get-togethers. This was held in the Book League offices in Albemarle Street just off Piccadilly Circus and a very posh address, too! Not like that SF-lot meeting in a pub!

There were about a dozen people there and I quickly lost count of names. In fact, I could only perk up at two. Penelope Wallace, who is the daughter of Edgar Wallace. She surprised me by being quite tall, when I had somehow expected to meet a little old lady. Not a bit of it, and she looked very efficient, too. She puts out a very efficient Wallace Newsletter, so I don't know why I was surprised! The other name I recognised was Dick Francis, who writes those racing thrillers. His first won the best book of the year award in the US, and his others sell over here like hotcakes.

Then I got talking to a fascinating woman called Audrey Wilkinson. She had just been writing a biography of Thomas Paine and was very miffed that some critic said she was "in love" with her character. She said she bitterly regretted that when she started writing she hadn't used initials -- to avoid this sort of thing. It never happens to male novelists, says she. Well, I had just been seeing Julian Symons on tv the week before; they were discussing his new book called BLOODY MURDER, which is about the history of mystery novels. Another panelist was the novelist Antonia Frazer and to my delight she pitched into him for writing that Dorothy L. Sayers was in love with her character, Sir Peter Whimsy. Antonia pointed out that he never used that sort of criticism for male novelists. Then she fiercely defended Sayers as a marvelous mystery writer. I nearly stood up and cheered!

James Sieger, Box 106, Helenville, WI 53137

How could you do this to me? Surely I of all collectors am worthy to be included in your list? How many of these other, ah, amateurs, live in a 100-year-old house



without plumbing, central heating, insulation, and just one electrical circuit (so no stove); because their collections are so big and they spend so much money on it that they can't afford anything else? If I wasn't a COLLECTOR, I could get by with an ordinary house instead of needing a ten-roomer.

Now you go and tell all your readers that there are even ~~greater~~ greater collectors around than these.

Juanita: why commit the strenuous effort of peeling grapes at all, if you've got kids to peel them for you? Show who's boss.

Seriously, your discussion of the two types in fandom much interested me. I'd long been aware of the two types, but I didn't know that both were in fandom. But I guess you're right, and I'm one of the be-entertained type too.

It strikes me that you're all overplaying the rural humor bit. Cocking a snoot defensively at all the city hicks, maybe?

I liked Coney's "Idyll". His approach is more fun than a straight how-it-happened tale.

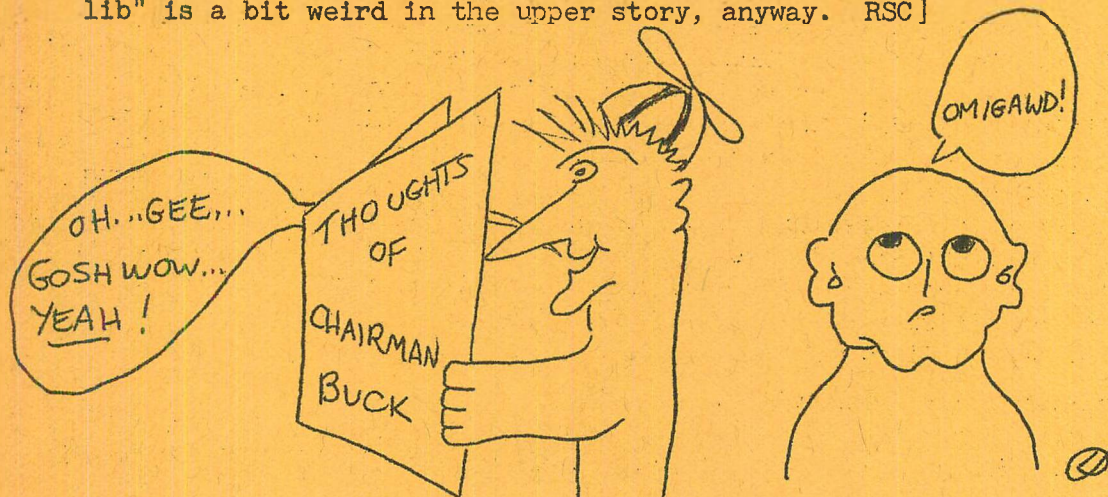
Is Joe Elder a pseud of Elwood's that Freudishly slipped by you, or just a genuine absent-minded type? Must've been fun writing in all those copies. EROS IN ORBIT is one of the few science fiction books I've picked up lately, and my curiosity wasn't rewarded. The "maturity" struck me as too self-consciously smart-aleck. This last doesn't apply to the Stopa; I have enough pedophilia in me to pay it close attention, but found it unconvincing. The frustrations of children aren't of a nature similar to those of other "oppressed minorities", as their oppression is only temporary and they know it. Moreover, they are quite able to get as much use out of their sex organs as they want and are not afraid of. Ask any child psychologist. And from what little I know of true (pathological) pedophiles, adult sexual behavior is irrelevant to their own interests, and they'd have little inclination to promote it for children. Admittedly, more informed readers might be able to prove me wrong.

Well, I might be able to enlighten Leah Zeldes. After being positively frightened by Buck Coulson some 14 years by mail I can say that he has a certain gift of stimulating the imagination. Whenever you've said something to deserve being pounced on, he can seem thoroughly terrifying even when he isn't doing anything. Am I making this clear?

Surely Mike Kring is pulling our leg. Hasn't he ever lived in "the country"? You should see some of the farms I have, while looking for one to buy. No, they don't throw their garbage to the side of roads; they throw it in their front yards. And I'm vastly biased towards country people, too.

I beg of you to inform me what a thyrsus is, so I could better understand why Sandra Miesel wants to put a pinecone on or in or over it. Speculation about this matter is hard on my ~~straight face~~ peace of mind.

[If the kids are like ours, getting them to peel a grape is more work than doing it yourself. Rural humor? But what other kind can we produce? Anybody who can produce a psychological critique of "Kiddy-lib" is a bit weird in the upper story, anyway. RSC]

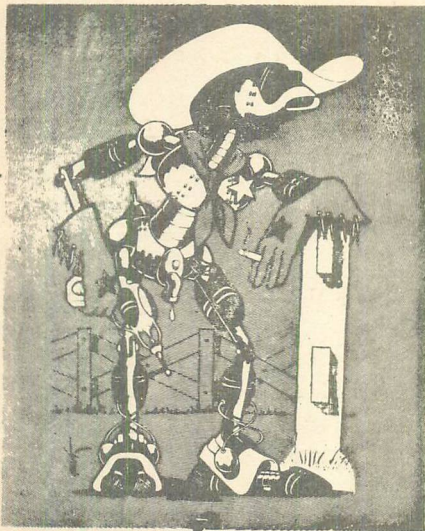




# OUTW(2)RLDS

## COLUMNISTS

POUL ANDERSON PIER'S ANTHONY GREG BENFORD  
TERRY CARR ROBERT A.W. LOWNDES ANDY OFFUTT  
JODIE OFFUTT TED WHITE SUSAN WOOD



OUTW(19)RLDS

**TRY SOMETHING  
A LITTLE  
DIFFERENT !**

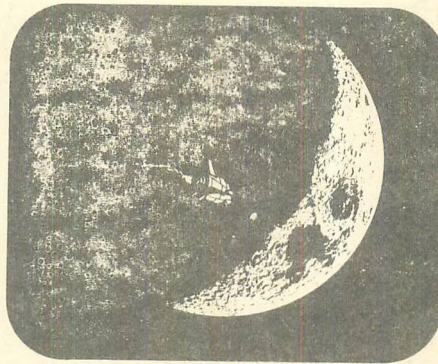
What's an *Outworlds*? • Well, although it's flattering to have Charlie Brown [*Locus* 160] say it "is much closer to the old *SF Review* than *The Alien Critic* is" [sorry, Dick], it wouldn't be fair to tell you that it is either "a magazine about" or "an informal journal of" science fiction. Because it isn't. Well...not entirely. • The Editor has a much too iconoclastic viewpoint on fanzine production, to be so neatly labelled. • So, while OW has a lot of material about SF & Fantasy...it also has a lot that is *not* about SF&F. What's an *Outworlds*? • There's really no way to describe it. • Try it, and you tell us!

A limited supply remains of #19 [with ANDERSON, CARR, LOWNDES, offutt, OFFUTT, WHITE & WOOD; reprints by ACKERMAN, BRADBURY, KUTTNER; Art by CANFIELD, FABIAN, GILBERT, SHULL, STEFFAN, etc.] and of #20 [with ANDERSON, ANTHONY, BENFORD & WHITE, including GRAFANEDICA: a fanzine ABOUT fanzines, with BOWERS, GILLAM & LOCKE; Art by CANFIELD, Di FATE, FOSTER, SIMONSON, SHULL & STEFFAN, etc.]. • UPCOMING: by Thanksgiving... #21/22, a special, Double issue; in Feb. 75, #23, the 5th Annish; and May 75, #24, a special celebration of the 45th anniversary of fanzines. • Including: JOHN ANDREWS: *The Gnat-Books of Sholem Short*; GRANT CANFIELD: *Dirt & Smut from Wastepaper*; JOE R. CHRISTOPHER; ALEXIS A. GILLILAND; ERIC MAYER: *The Excoriator*; SANDRA MIESEL: *Creme de les Sensies*; PATRICK L. MCGUIRE: *Russia's Defeat and Occupation, 1952-1960*; S. A. STRICKLEN, JR.; BILL WOLFENBARGER • the best roster of Columnists, anywhere • Art by AUSTIN, CANFIELD, CARTER, DAVIDSON, Di FATE, FABIAN, FADDIS, FOSTER, GILBERT, HEALY, JONES, McLEOD, ROTSLER, SHULL, STEFFAN--to name a few. • Plus: In-Progress works, by PIERS ANTHONY; BARRY GILLAM; DEAN R. KOONTZ. • Letters • and even a few surprises...

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The Four Lives of Sterling Lanier

GRAFANEDICA FANZINES



...on #19

Your magazine is more than a labor of love; it is a work of art. THOMAS BURNETT SWANN

...this new issue of *Outworlds* is stunning... It is the best single issue of a fan magazine in terms of production that I have ever seen, the graphics are professional, and the content extraordinarily interesting. BARRY N. MALZBERG

*Outworlds* is it, friends. It's the best produced, best edited, best designed, best written, best illustrated and probably best printed fanzine there is. MIKE GLICKSOHN, *Prehensile* #12

...on #20

...to be on the cover of both *F&SF* and *Outworlds* in the same month! STERLING E. LANIER

Graphically this is a lovely fanzine, and the words are as good as the pictures. The fanzine section is extremely good, every new fanzine editor would do well to read it. LINDA BUSHYAGER, *Karass* 6

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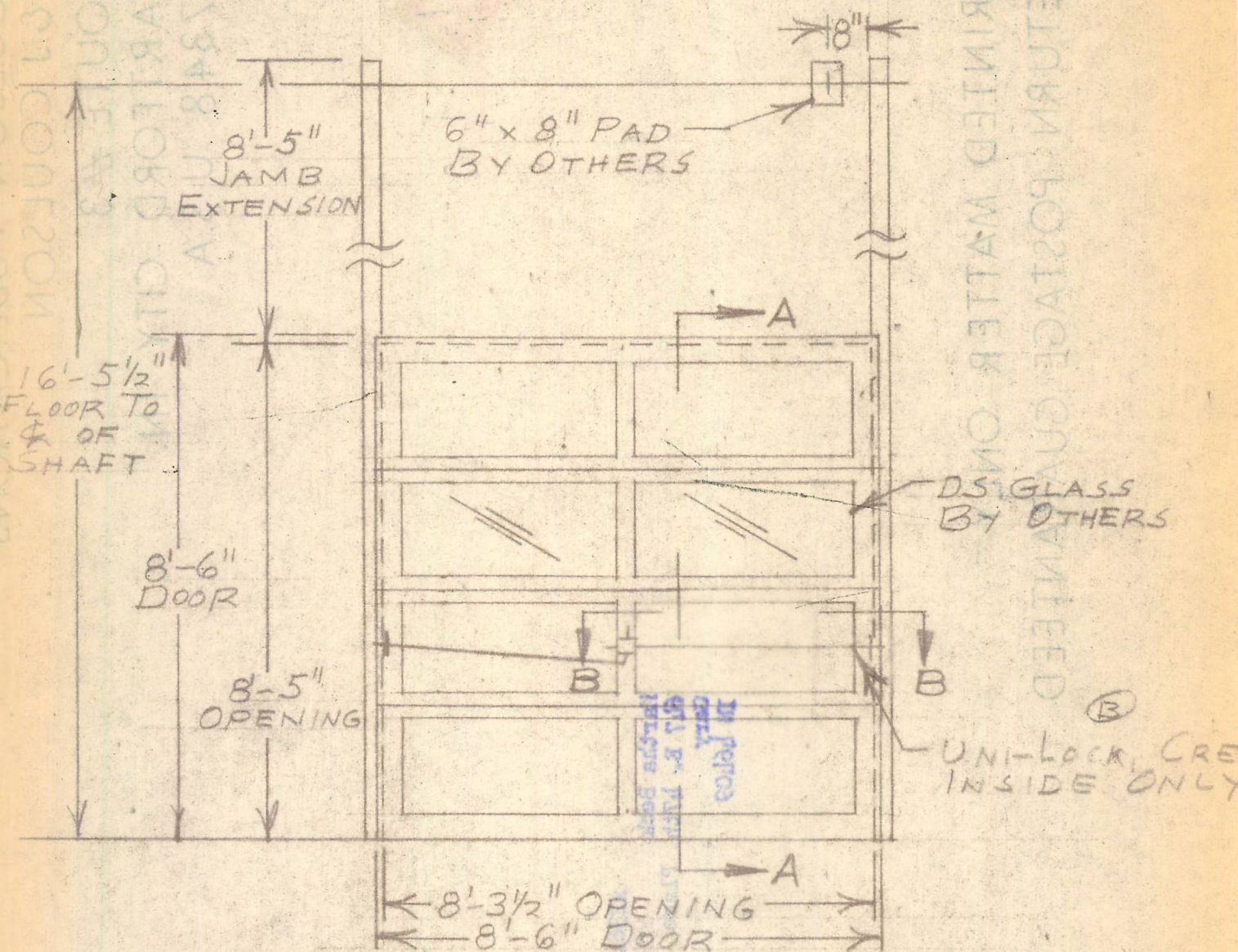






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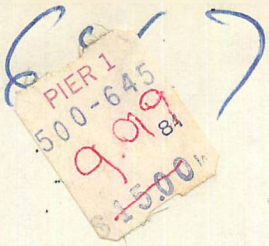
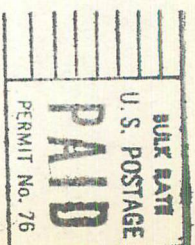
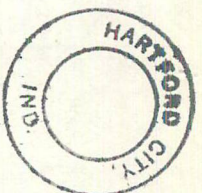
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