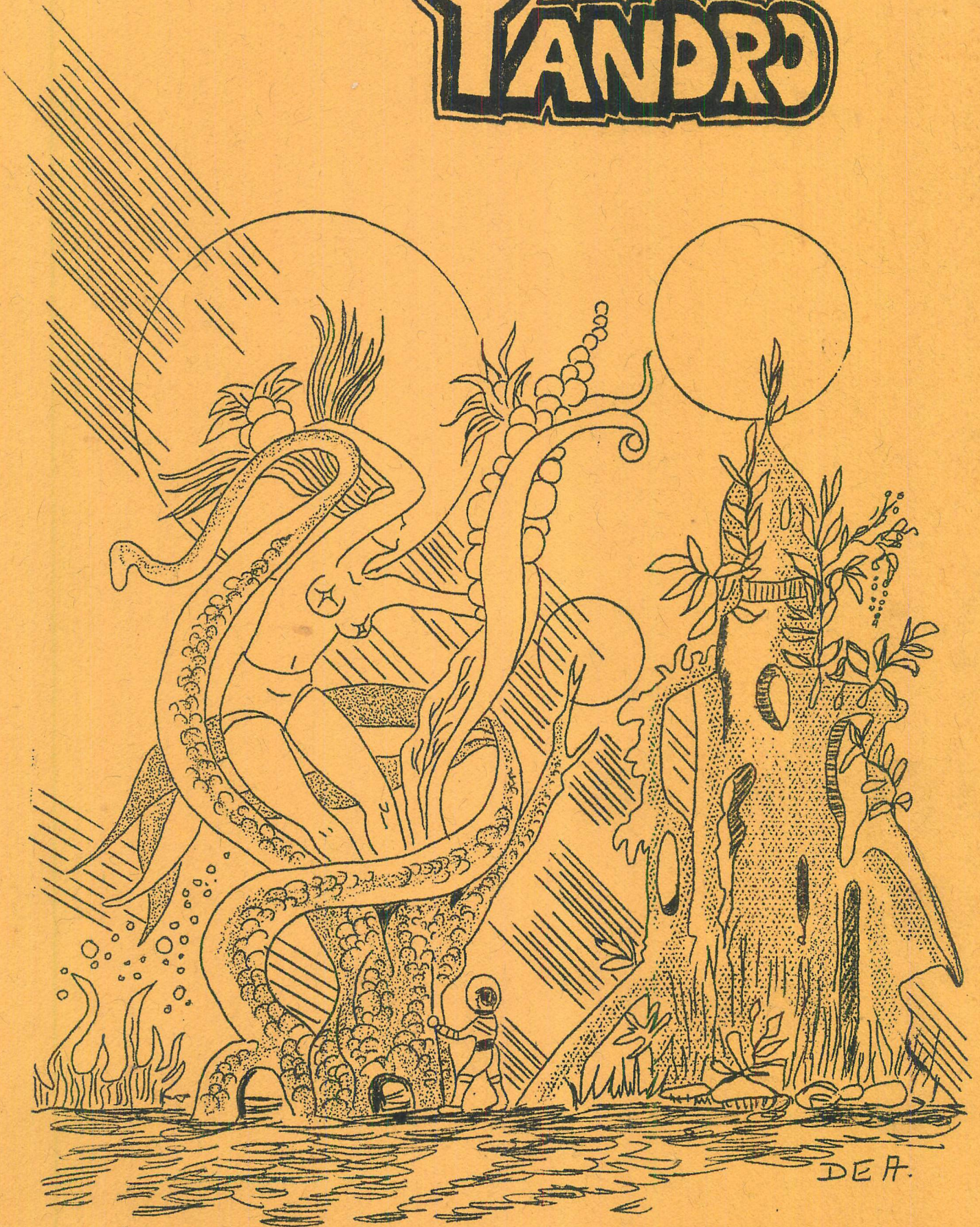


YANDRO



JUNE '75 XXII:3

Published more or less bimonthly by Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, IN 47348 USA.

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

Price, US: 75¢, 5 for \$3.00, 10 for \$5.00

Price, Britain: 30p, 5 for £1.20, 10 for £1.80



Additional note on westerns; last weekend I noticed two books by Nelson Nye on the news stand. Both from Belmont-Tower, both looking newly printed. Since Nye is sometimes (though rarely) good, I looked them over, and was rather astonished to find they were the same book, being marketed under two different titles. I'd heard of changing the title for a reprint, but simultaneous marketing under two titles was a new one on me. Salesmanship marches on.

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This issue is being mimeographed just before Midwestcon and will reach you sometime after Midwestcon. // I got a promotion at work. Once they find a replacement for me (I'm more or less indispensable, you know) I won't be drawing Overhead Doors for a living any more, I'll be writing up custom orders for the factory to build the things by. More prestige, more money, but probably fewer funny incidents, so references to my job will be even less noticeable in the future. // Omens Dept: A funny thing happened on the way to Bruce's chess match. Ever try to find a mechanic in Indianapolis on Sunday morning? (Though what really galled me was finding one and then when I told him where the car was, having him say "I can't take the wrecker down there. That's out of our area." Yes, indeed. The automobile has become too specialized for its environment and is due for extinction.) Fortunately, with the help of the Lavells, we did get things repaired in time to get home that night. But it was a long, hard day. The car quit at 8:30 AM, we located a mechanic about 1:30 PM, and finally got it running again at 5:30 PM. //Barring catastrophes, we'll appear again in a couple months.
RSC



Makes a lot of years that I've been doing this -- mimeoing and collating a fanzine on the eve of Midwestcon. Oh, not every year, but most of 'em. I was certainly turning the crank and gathering pages into a whole before I was married, when the Midwestcon was held in Bellefontaine. Long may it wave, and all that. But some time I really have got to get organized so I don't end up doing this at the last minute, again.

I've had worse mimeo runs -- lots. After my go-around with the magical (black magic, that is) slanting pages and a conference with my friendly (and bewildered) mimeo repairman, we decided if it was the machine it was an intermittent problem, occurring

only when I was womaning the crank and on-switch. In which case, solution might mean a new machine. Sigh. However, I experimented this issue with judicious applications of scotch tape to the stencil headers and I hope I hope I hope I have it licked. Combination, apparently, of excessive humidity and an alteration for the flimsier in Speed O Print's stencil formula. Scotch tape is certainly cheaper than a new mimeo. Speed O Print is a frustration. They used to make lovely, cheap mimeo products. Well, the latter still applies, but except for their corflu, which remains consistent, everything else is slowly going to pot. I gave up on their Rex ink -- as I'd earlier given up on their Gestetner ink because it goops up the machine and doesn't produce as dark a copy as standard (and...wow!...expensive) Rex ink.

Anyway, everyone with any interest in the operation please knock plastic that the tape gimmick continues to work.

I'm going to end up in the screwy syndrome of writing pro copy like mad just to support my fannish hobbies...like a fanzine and art collecting and con going and....

Along that line, I do my utmost to keep running to stay where I am. I've just been told by Virginia and by Elwood that my second Harlequin-Laser ms is accepted. And now I find I've got back-to-back rush deadlines on a couple more gothics for Ballantine. I don't want to quibble with fate -- but why does this sort of thing never happen in the middle of winter when I'm snowbound and have no gardening and there aren't so many cons to attend and...it's a conspiracy of anti-fannish gremlins, that's what it is.

Judging by the Harlequin-Laser ad in Publishers Weekly I really think one of those covers should bear the title "Greetings -- From the Peaceloving Peoples of Mongolia!" Grabby, but we all know that menacing character's really a pussycat, don't we?

My adventures in manuscript deadline rushing and gardening and general operating were somewhat cut into -- between last issue and this -- by a particularly stupid stunt. Long years ago I was the terror of my neighborhood once I got on my bike. No hands, wheelies, side shuffling, double clutching...

Turns out, despite what the folklore insists, once you learn how to ride a bike it is not with you forever. At least not if you try a bike of a type different from what you used in your kiddy days. We invested in a pair of nice English 3-speed bikes -- squeeze brakes and special frame and all. I got about fifty feet on mine before I toppled onto the county road in front of the house. Took most of the brunt on my left elbow--- which for me is the crucial elbow. I guess I'm lucky I didn't break a bone, but as far as usefulness went, I might as well have. I couldn't depress the keys on an electric typewriter(forget a manual!) for over two weeks and I still can't quite

stretch my arm out completely. All in all, it's the sort of accident which makes me feel especially dumb and clumsy. I'd kick myself, but I'd probably slip and fall on my right elbow.

There was comfort of a sort, though. When I went to the doctor to have the damage checked over his immediate reaction was a search for other injuries. I gather bike accidents are increasingly common, and growing more severe. No need to be motorized to cream yourself either, as I've proved. At least I know there are other people who just maybe are as inept as me. Small consolation.

And for people who are interested in this detail -- the gardening season is starting marvelously. Crops and weeds are both doing fine, and I only got a mild backache from frantically hoeing to keep ahead of the invading hordes of non-edible greenery. The peas, beans, and tomatoes look particularly healthy. Of course, in this area we get volunteer tomato plants from last year's rotten leavings; this soil and tomatoes were created for each other. I think smartweed and thistle like high-acid soil pretty well too, to judge by their encroachings. Hoping you remain blister-free... JWC

a column

June is turning out to be a hectic month. The family will not spend one entire weekend at home the whole month. First there was an Isfa meeting, then a chess tournament (more about that later), then we had to go up to Silver Lake to mow the lawn, and Midwestcon is coming up for the last weekend.

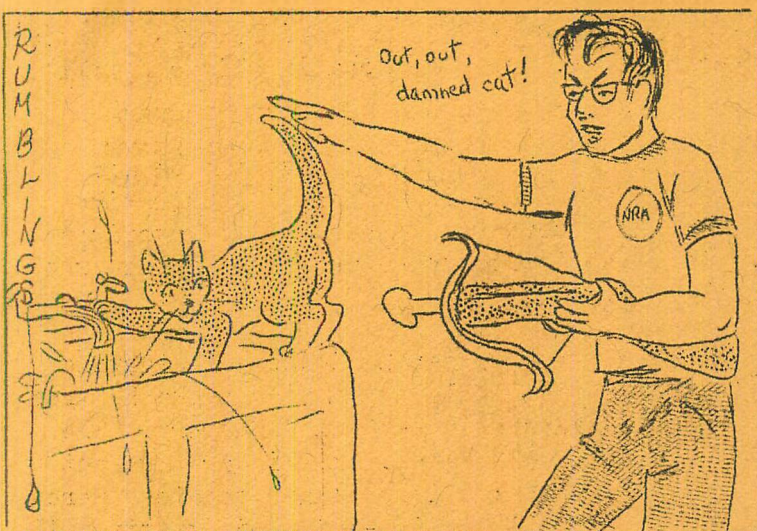
The CCA (Continental Chess Association) tournaments in Indianapolis have gone downhill since George R.R. Martin stopped directing them. We haven't been thrown out of any more hotels, but the quality of the tournament has declined. To illustrate: in a chess tournament, where you play is determined by the director, and he labels the places 1, 2, 3, etc. Got that? That is the usual way of doing things. In this most recent tournament, in addition to the usual numbers there were boards labeled whiz, bang, ping, pong, pop, corn, raw, and meat. This is completely against the rules and traditions of chess! What would Bobby Fischer say (as if it mattered) if he had to play on a board labeled "pong", for example? I want Martin to do something about this!

Also in the world of chess -- I had occasion to play Jude Acers, UscF Senior Master, in Ft. Wayne recently. (Along with 40 other people.) His opening speech would have done Harlan proud. Although he didn't use any of the language associated with Harlan's diatribes, it was exactly the same type. All of the people who knew anything at all about chess were in the back making acid comments at his statements. He also seemed to have a thing going on with Alla Kushnir, a female chess player, but there's no need to go into such sordid details...

My parents were invited to ~~play~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~make~~ make a speech at this rival ISFFA group in Indianapolis, so we went down there and gave the natives a thrill. Actually, there were some pleasant people there (and, Mother, if you make one comment about this!...) and a good time was had by all.

Larry Downes has once again shown himself a master of total gall. (Remember Larry Downes? Of course you do! He's the person I made a BNF, only he won't admit it yet.) After he was done with me (really -- he did this concurrent with insulting me) he sent copies of his fanzine to Harlan Ellison. All of those in the know can gather the general tenor of Harlan's answer, as anybody with a lick o' sense could have told Larry; and at this moment it gives me great pleasure to say, Larry, I would have told you so, had I but known.

Recently, in an effort to get some money, the Hartford City News-Times offered subscribers a chance to purchase a signature slot at the bottom of the Declaration of Independence, said signatures to be reproduced under the Declaration in the July 4th edition of the paper. Is it just me, or do other people see something wrong with that?



We seem to be on a bi-monthly schedule whether we want to be or not. Hopefully, the next issue will be a trifle larger; this time Juanita informed me that we were running short of paper, so I cut down the page-count a bit. (We continue with our tradition of haphazard publishing; if anything, the amount of planning that goes into an issue has been decreased as the length of time between issues increases.)

Other things keep intruding on our time. Such as a cat who enjoys getting into the sink and turning on the water, but somehow can't be trained

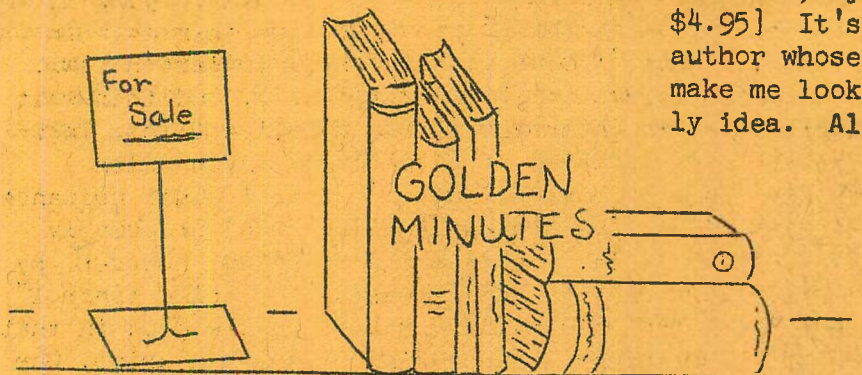
to turn it off again, so I have to spend time designing and making a plywood box that fits down over the faucets. (Artie the cat doesn't think much of the box when it's in place, but finds it fun to crawl under when it's on the floor - the hole in the back for the faucets is just his size.) Such as books, of course; reading and writing. Such as a bicycle that I planned to ride to work and thus save gas. Actually, I still plan to ride it to work, but I haven't had enough time to practice on it lately. It's 8 miles to work, and so far I tend to collapse after 5. I want to get to the place where the trip isn't going to take me an hour each way before I do it regularly. Such as regular ISFA meetings, and fannish visits, and conventions, and gardening, and gun shows, and playing with my new crossbow.

The bow turned out to be great fun, and even some help in writing the book. (Which was the official reason I got it.) Several readers said I should make one, but I lacked the time, and probably the skill (I am not one of your demon handicrafters). So I bought a "Wham-O" model with an 80-lb. pull. First thing I found out was that the experts who tell you to use a bale of straw as a backstop are wrong; the crossbow bolts are shorter than arrows - just short enough to bury themselves completely in the bale, leaving no trace, so that one must tear the bale apart to locate them. So I'm now using a large but thin box filled with cardboard as a backstop, putting it in front of the rifle backstop as added protection. (Missing the box entirely a time or two proved that the crossbow bolts will penetrate 7/8" into a pine board. Which isn't bad at all.)

Interesting phenomenon. While I've been writing the book for Elwood, I have lost much of my interest in reading science fiction. I still do it, but I've also been rotting my mind by reading westerns. (Partly because I can go through even a good western in an hour or less, and it's a pleasant way of relaxing just before I go to bed. Assuming I get a relatively good sample; some of them are so badly written that they tend to infuriate me instead of relax me.) However, I was somewhat interested in an article the Fort Wayne newspaper had on Louis L'Amour, who is supposedly the most successful of today's writers. 62 novels, 33 of which have been made into movies, and a total of 50 million sales. "By October he will become Bantam Books' best-selling author, surpassing John Steinbeck." L'Amour attributes his relative obscurity in major literary circles to the "snobbishness" of critics. (Sound familiar?) Well, it isn't entirely that. Part of the trouble is that he's not really a very good writer. His schtick is authenticity, and I'll give him credit for getting his facts straight, as well as managing an average-quality adventure plot. His characters, on the other hand, are more cardboard than most. (I won't bore you by reviewing all the westerns I've read lately, but I do find it fascinating that L'Amour was able to sell the same book twice, as Shalako and Last Stand At Papago Wells. Only the names of the characters are changed to preserve a minimum of originality.) I'm rather envious of him, actually. Success, if not fame - and he even writes better than the majority of people in the western field. (But it was seeing an entire rack of books by him on a recent newsstand visit that produced most of the envy.) I've also accumulated 45 books by "Luke Short", who also accounted for a lot of movies, and is somewhat of a better writer than L'Amour. His characters are well enough done; though they do tend to be the same ones in every book.....

I see we're well on the way to our next Prohibition experiment - guns, this time. While the press calls for banning handguns, individuals are frantically buying up anything guaranteed not to be registered, so they won't have to turn them in when the day comes. (No, I don't have any; I haven't been offered any.) Indiana's laws, incidentally, require the purchaser of a handgun to be fingerprinted, and then wait at least two days while the fingerprints are checked with state police files. Theoretically, the police can thus prevent the purchase of firearms by anyone with a criminal record. It doesn't work that way, of course, but it's only a minor nuisance, and since it's been on the books ever since I've been buying guns (and presumably before), gun owners appear to be resigned to it. I'm rather fascinated, however, by the fact that the so-called "liberals" who want to ban firearms "for crime control" are adamantly opposed to the one gun law that might conceivably do some good in that area, which is the mandatory sentence for anyone caught using a gun in a crime. One of the eastern states (Massachusetts?) recently passed such a law. Gun-related crimes in the state have dropped appreciably (which they never seem to do in states which register or ban handguns) and already the liberals are complaining that the law "might" prove harmful to individual liberty. (A liberal politician, all too often, is someone who worries constantly over the possible effects of legislation while ignoring completely the actual effects. Not to mention the totalitarian idea that the important individual liberties are only those which the liberal approves of.)

On to more pleasant matters. Richard Rostrum sends along a clipping describing a computer-operated screwdriver - just what the home handyman needs.//An ad started out "Announcing a member's-only saving of over 28 percent on Pennsbury Manor, your first...." Turned out to be one more set of commemorative plates, but before I got to the third line I had a vision of the newest thing in collectibles - houses. "I'll trade you two Cape Cod saltboxes for one Virginia plantation house." Well, why not? People seem to collect everything else these days.//Andy Zerbe sends along some ads for hardcover reprint houses. The Aeolian Press, Leyden, MA 01337, along with reprinting such grand old favorites as the works of Bess Streeter Aldrich, Faith Baldwin, Charles Alden Seltzer, Clarence Mulford, and Elizabeth Seifert, is now reprinting Alan Foster's Star Trek Log series in hard covers. \$6.00 each, for any interested Trekkies in the audience. The American Reprint Co., Box 476, Jackson Heights, NY 11372, is sticking pretty close to the Kathleen Norris, Ruth Livingston Hill, and Frank G. Slaughter types, though they do have some Ambrose Bierce volumes. (This is a public service announcement; if you buy any of this drek, don't tell me.)//I see inflation has hit stamp collecting; the Book Club recently offered 20 Winston Churchill First Day Covers for \$60. (Or in a sterling silver case for \$200.) Any old day I pay \$3 apiece for first day covers....//Former stf author Michael Shaara has won a Pulitzer Prize for his novel about Gettysburg, The Killer Angels. Good to see an old pulp man making good.//Chris Walker sends a clipping about the arrest of a suspect in a series of crimes where a bandit robbed women, tied them up, and gave them enemas. I don't know; this country has altogether too many people running around loose who need to be locked away from the general public.//Mary Schaub sends a clipping about some of the weird things that go on in driver's tests in California. Including the student who needed a car but due to "a nervous affliction" was unable to turn left. (Lived in Orange County, no doubt.) So he got a license with a special restriction saying he could only make right turns, and the license bureau helped him map out his route to school.//Sandra Miesel sent a clipping on the Fourth Annual National Catapult Contest held in Indianapolis. Much of the article was devoted to "the world's largest modern-day catapult", which was built by two high school girls and the father of one of them, used a one-ton counterweight, and "flung 10, 30, and 100-pound boulders as 267 feet". It stands "nearly 60 feet high". Now there are a couple of schoolgirls who might be more than averagely interesting to know. Sandra quibbled over a photographic caption of viewers "dressed in costume of the period" - they looked more like a roadshow version of "Robin Hood" than they did Romans. But I suppose you can't have authenticity in everything.//Alan Dodd sends a couple of clippings protesting the British class system. Seems a cousin of the Queen set fire to Harrow school and got off with a "conditional discharge" - British for suspended sentence, one assumes. The writers didn't seem to think that an ordinary schoolboy would have fared that well.



T.H.E.M., by G. C. Edmondson [Doubleday, \$4.95] It's sort of refreshing to find an author whose stories are cynical enough to make me look idealistic. But it's a lovely idea. Also a rousing space-opera, as

our hero meets an invasion from space and has problems telling the good guys from the bad guys. Complicated by there not being any difference. Highly enjoyable book; read it.

THE CTZ PARADIGM, by Yves Regis Francois [Doubleday, \$5.95] More space-opera, with a rather naive interstellar ideological conflict, and a tendency for explanatory sentences suitable for a ten-year-old. I didn't finish it.

SEAGULLS UNDER GLASS, by Peter Tate [Doubleday, \$5.95] A collection of 12 short stories, most of them originally published in New Worlds. It's awfully tempting to just say "alas" and let it go at that. "Mainchance" is a rather simple-minded (and excessively simple-plotted) objection to rules and regulations, with a lot of straw-characters. "Daylength Talking Blues" is a thoroughly fascinating idea -- the author never makes me believe his premise, but it's interesting anyway. "Skyhammer" is a spy story with a little science fiction and a few pregnant insinuations thrown in. "Mars Pastoral" is poetic and moody; a bit like poor Bradbury, though at least without Bradbury's obsession for nostalgia. "The Gloom Pattern" is another interesting idea, though not really enough to hang a story on. "Welcome to the Land of Smiles" seemed totally pointless on first reading. I think that was my fault, but I didn't like it well enough to read it again. "The Post-Mortem People" is an extrapolation of grave-robbing; a nice grisly little story. "Seagulls Under Glass" is vaguely grisly, and vaguely everything else, for that matter. "The Day the Wind Died" indicts the pettiness of bureaucracy but does little else. "Same Autumn In a Different Park" is allegorical, symbolical, what-have-you. "Dear Witch Hazel, My Birds Won't Fly" is an interesting ecological idea; it would be a great story if Tate knew how to make his odd ideas sound believable; as it is, it's merely interesting. "Crumbling Hollywood Mansion, Crumbling Hollywood Man" is a fairly nice mood piece. Overall -- it might be worth your money in pb. In hard covers, no.

EARLY DEL REY, by Lester del Rey [Doubleday, \$7.95] A fat one for your money; over 400 pages and 24 stories. A companion to THE EARLY ASIMOV, one assumes; same style of author's introductions and commentary. Del Rey isn't as good at that part as Asimov is, but then he hasn't had as much practice. The only major flaw, in this book as well as Asimov's, is that by the nature of things these are the leftovers. Stories which have appeared in other collections -- and Del Rey's best were collected in ...AND SOME WERE HUMAN -- don't appear here. The stories are good, but they aren't the ones that made Del Rey (along with Heinlein, de Camp, Sturgeon, and "Don Stuart") one of my favorite authors when I first discovered science fiction. With the above reservations, the book is recommended; I enjoyed it very much. (I'm not sure how much enjoyment was due to the quality of the fiction and how much to nostalgia, but Bruce liked it and he's not nostalgic.) Get it.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SANDS, by Erskine Childers [Imprint Society, remaindered at \$10.00] This is a large book; 7 3/4 by 11 1/4, 260 pages, limited edition in slipcase, numbered, and signed by the artist of the numerous tinted woodcut illustrations. Very fancy. I had heard of it as an example of early science fiction. Actually, it isn't; the story of the foiling of a German invasion of England was originally published in 1903, but it is straight adventure; there is no possible gimmick or prophecy which could qualify it as stf. It's an excellent adventure story, though. A British yachtsman,

poking around the coast of Friesland for amusement, finds little things that don't add up, and continues his efforts until he discovers the truth. Since the invasion depends on secrecy, disclosure is enough to thwart it. There is a love story mixed in; one feels that the author included it because it was expected, since he obviously isn't very interested in it. He did know how to handle small boats, though, and the authenticity shows. Recommended.

THE DAY THE SUN STOOD STILL, edited by Lester del Rey [Book Club] Del Rey provided the theme expressed in the title and three authors had at it. "A Chapter of Revelation" by Poul Anderson takes the cynical stand that the people in power aren't going to change their way of thinking for any mere miracle; that if the sun stood still there might be some added frenzy but in general things would go on pretty much as before. Bob Silverberg's "Thomas the Proclaimer" shows the world collapsing under the weight of new religious cults. "Things Which Are Caesar's" by Gordon Dickson is the most interesting and the least believable of the three; a story of personal salvation. (And Dickson is the only author who doesn't treat the miracle as an unmitigated disaster, which is rather interesting in itself.) Overall; fairly good.

THE SPACE GYPSIES, by A.M. Lightner [McGraw-Hill, \$5.72] This is crammed with authentic gypsy lore, though the author never really convinces me that any such lore would go to the stars unchanged. It's a juvenile space-opera. No age level given; I'd guess at 12 or so. For someone who hadn't encountered it before, I suspect that the gypsy way of life would be as fascinatingly alien as any bug-eyed monsters could be. (For me, it wasn't.) Recommended for that age level; not for adults.

SIGN OF THE UNICORN, by Roger Zelazny [Doubleday, \$5.95] The third book in Zelazny's "Amber" series. It's quite good sword and sorcery. I'm not terribly fond of the genre, and not at all fond of series, but those are personal reactions. Nice lightweight entertainment.

NOVA 2, edited by Harry Harrison [Book Club] This is an old one that I just got around to reading. Fourteen stories. "East Wind, West Wind" by Frank Robinson is a detective story with enough sciencefictional overtones to make the volume, but reasonably well done. "The Sumerian Oath" by Phil Farmer is a farce, and a fascinating idea. "The Old Folks" by James Gunn is a lovely item on Senility Power. "I Tell You, It's True" by Poul Anderson is a frighteningly pessimistic story about the uses to which the greatest new inventions will be put. "And I Have Come Upon This Place By Lost Ways" by James Tiptree Jr is an excellent, emotional story, though I disagree with the sentiments. The other 9 you can forget about.

NOVA 4, edited by Harry Harrison [Walker & Co., \$7.95] Includes "The Monsters of Ingratitude IV" by Brian Aldiss (which I didn't read), "Songs of War" by Kit Reed (an outstanding story of the Women's Liberation Army -- consider this one when Hugos come around next year), "Protective Temporal Strike" by Jerry Giannattasio (which is, as the editor says, a new twist on time travel -- but it's an incident instead of a story), "Making It All The Way Into the Future On Gaxton Falls of the Red Planet" by Barry Malzberg (which I didn't read), "Slaves of Time" by Robert Sheckley (the author has a lot of fun with time travel paradoxes, but this reader didn't), "Singular" by Bill Gannett (a slickly written nothing), "Too Long At The Fair" by Edward Wellen (an emotional incident about a fading dancer; like all too much other slop going by the name of science fiction these days), "Not a Petal Falls" by Richard Bireley (an interesting idea; plant psychology), "My Affair With Science Fiction" by Alfred Bester (an utterly fascinating article), "Out of the Waters" by Naomi Mitchison (terribly obvious, but moderately interesting because of being told from the point of view of a dolphin -- or the author's idea of a dolphin; she never quite convinced me), "Side View of a Circle" by Michael Addobati (writers are reaching pretty far for their ideas these days), "Beyond the Cleft" by Tom Reamy (excellent item of a disastrous mutation), and "Our Lady of the Endless Sky" by Jeff Duntemann (a religious story; since I'm not religious I didn't care a lot for it, but the writing was okay). Overall; original anthologies aren't what they used to be, but do try to read the Kit Reed story. I guess one outstanding story per book is all we can expect, and Reamy and Bester are

good enough.

THE ABSOLUTE AT LARGE, by Karel Capek [Hyperion Press, \$3.50] A religious story, but mainly a comment on people. A rather acid comment, and exceptionally well done. The mad scientist invents an atomic motor which works by the annihilation of matter. Since the theory of an omnipresent God turns out to be true, the machine produces as a by-product "God in a chemically pure form". Which, of course, wreaks havoc with civilization. ("After all, I haven't anything against God. Only He oughtn't to interfere with business." "The Anglo-Japanese war has been broken off owing to the lack of public interest." "How on earth can a man have the nerve to pose as an expert in religion when he actually believes in God?") The book isn't really anti-religious; it's anti-human-idiocy. Highly recommended.

DARKNESS AND DAWN, by George Allan England [Hyperion Press, \$5.95] The entire trilogy in one volume, 670 pages. England, writing in 1914, followed a thoroughly modern precept; he believed that science fiction should be about people, not science. (If you want to find out how silly J. G. Ballard or Brian Aldiss is going to sound in thirty years, by all means read this.) It opens with the destruction of civilization. (No real explanation; like a good New Wave novel, it just happens.) A few people survive and the rest of the book concerns their rebuilding. It's an authentic classic; been reprinted fairly frequently and was one of the Revered Old-Time Stories when I got into fandom. Why, I couldn't say, because the attitudes are Victorian and the writing barely acceptable. Interesting for historical purposes only.

JOURNEY TO MARS, by Gustavus W. Pope [Hyperion Press, \$5.25] Another big one; 540 pages. Originally published in 1895. In the introduction, Sam Moskowitz theorizes that it might have influenced Burroughs' A PRINCESS OF MARS. Quite possibly; there are similarities. If it did, Burroughs improved the original tremendously (and I don't like Burroughs). This may also be the book in which whooshing meteors first appeared, a fact which Moskowitz doesn't mention. The alleged science is contained in footnotes. Most of them aren't very interesting, but one, in which the author comments that electrical storms often blow all the feathers off fowl and crush their bodies, caused me no little wonder. It's obviously an item he picked up from his scientific research -- but where would he have found it? The science is ridiculous; it might be interesting to find out which of Pope's ideas came from the scientific publications of his day and which he made up himself, but it's not interesting enough for me to do it. The book is hilariously bad, but also so slow-moving that it tends to put you to sleep.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF PETER WILKINS, by Robert Paltock [Hyperion Press, \$4.50] First published in 1751. After JOURNEY TO MARS, in which the author takes two pages to describe an eclipse, this book was a refreshing change. By page 50, the hero has inherited a wicked stepfather, gone to sea, been set adrift by a French privateer, lived two years with an African family, gone back to sea, and been wrecked on a giant lodestone. Paltock doesn't believe in letting the story drag. It's isn't really sf; it's a miraculous adventure in the style of CULLIVER'S TRAVELS. But it's also entertaining. Also interesting for its portrayal of non-white races, which are treated as exotic Englishmen, wondrous but entirely deserving of respect. The slave trade hadn't really begun to boom, so there was no pressing reason for considering Africans inferior.

Note: The above four books available from Hyperion Press, Inc., 45 Riverside Avenue, Westport CT 06880. A free catalog listing all of their 23 "Science Fiction Classics" is available on request.

FAMOUS FANTASTIC CLASSICS #1 [Fax Collector's Editions, Box 3, West Linn, OR 97068 - \$5.00] This is really a magazine, I guess, but since it has stiff covers and a stiff price and I don't have a magazine review section... Contains four stories; "The Snow Girl," a novel by Ray Cummings; "Tomorrow," a novelet by Arthur Leo Zagat; "The Man In the Moon," a short by Homer Eon Flint; and "Creatures of the Ray," a short by James L. Aton. All are examples of early science fiction, and all are pretty bad. The Cummings is above average for him; I had a sneaking fondness for Cummings in my neofan

days, but he does get wearing rather soon. Of more interest to scholars than it is to readers, though any neofan who is still filled with the wonder of it all may like it.

SPICY ADVENTURE STORIES [Odyssey Publications, P.O. Box 1, West Newton MA 02165 - \$4.50] Not positive of that price, but I think it's right. This is an actual photo-reproduction of one of the under-the-counter pulps of the 1930s. I think it would be instructive to read this, while remembering that to the ideas of the time this was very close to pornography, to be hidden from parents and read with excitement. Today the "spice" wouldn't even make the grade in a confessions mag, let alone any of the sex and sadism men's publications. The stories are low-grade pulp, with no redeeming social value (and no sex scenes). Very bad fiction, but it was sort of fun to read.

EXPLORING CORDWAINER SMITH, edited by Andy Porter [Algol Press, P.O. Box 4175, New York NY 10017, \$2.50] A collection of several articles from Australian SF Review and Algol, plus a bibliography by J. J. Pierce and chronology by Alice K. Turner. Articles are by John Foyster, Arthur Burns, and Sandra Miesel, with an introduction by John Bangsund. It tells me more than I really want to know about the author, but should be ideal for a college or even a high school fiction course. (Or even a scholarly fan; the articles were quite popular when first published.)

THE GEMINI PROBLEM: A STUDY IN DARKOVER, by Walter Breen [T-K Graphics, \$1.50] Actually, Juanita should review this; she knows Darkover -- and Marion -- better than I do. The pamphlet is about what the subtitle suggests; a long look at Marion Bradley's Darkover series; the backgrounds, themes, how the books are put together. I have occasional disagreements, but I'm certainly not going to argue with him; aside from Marion herself, he sort of has to be the expert on her work. (But if I agreed with him fully I wouldn't have drawn an outraged howl from Marion by reviewing one of her books as "a typical Darkover" novel.) For those who enjoy the series and want to know more about it, this comes pretty close to being a must.

INSIDE OUTSIDE, by Philip José Farmer [Avon/Equinox, \$1.95] In #7 in their "SF Rediscovery" series. This was never one of my favorites among Farmer's books, but it's well enough written, and, being more philosophically oriented than many of his works, should be popular among more serious types.

FANTASIA MATHEMATICA, edited by Clifton Fadiman [Simon & Schuster, \$2.25] This is copyright 1958; I not only waited for the paperback, but waited for the pb to be marked down to half-price by University of Wisconsin/Milwaukee. But it's a tremendously enjoyable book. (Actually, the only reason I didn't buy it when it first appeared was that I didn't have the money.) It's divided into three sections. "Odd Numbers" consists of mathematical fiction (short stories and excerpts from novels) by classic writers -- Aldous Huxley, Karel Capek, Arthur Koestler, Plato, James Branch Cabell, H.G. Wells, Richard Llewellyn. "Imaginarities," the second and longest section, contains science fiction and fantasy concerning math. "The Devil and Simon Flagg" by Arthur Porges, "And He Built a Crooked House" by Robert A. Heinlein, "A Subway Named Moebius" by A.J. Deutsch, "John Jones' Dollar" by Harry Stephen Keeler, "Superiority" by Arthur C. Clarke, "The Captured Cross-Section" by Miles J. Breuer, M.D., "Inflexible Logic" by Russell Maloney, "No-Sided Professor" by Martin Gardner, "The Mathematical Voodoo" by H. Nearing, Jr., "Expedition" by Frederic Brown, "The Tachypomp" by Edward Page Mitchell, "The Island of Five Colors" by Martin Gardner, "The Last Magician" by Bruce Elliott, "The Universal Library" by Kurd Lasswitz. While they have been selected to illustrate various mathematical ideas, they are also generally excellent fantasy. In fact, the one non-fantasy in the section, "A Botts and the Moebius Strip" by William Hazlett Upson, is probably the poorest story in the lot. The Porges and Deutsch stories are classics. The third section, "Fractions," contains poems, limericks, and various short comments, mostly humorous, on math. (My favorite there is Arthur Quiller-Couch's parody of "Sir Patrick Spens": "The king has written a braid letter/ To Cambridge or thereby/ And there it found Sir Patrick Spens/ Evaluating Pi." I think Juanita ought to spring that on a filksing some time, except that it runs 34 verses and would the de'il and all to memorize.) Highly recommended.

A GENT FROM BEAR CREEK, by Robert E. Howard [Donald M. Grant, Publisher, West Kingston, RI - \$7.00] Not strictly fantasy, though it might be included under the "tall tale" division. Brackinridge Elkins is the hillbilly superman, a literary descendent of Davy Crockett and a cousin of Li'l Abner. The humor is about on the same level -- possibly there isn't a lot one can do with that idea. I enjoyed it more than I do most of Howard -- I'd have enjoyed it more if it hadn't been quite so overdone, but I've read a lot worse. The Tim Kirk illustrations and dust jacket are excellent. There are thirteen more or less connected short stories here, most of which originally appeared in Action Stories in the mid-1930s. The book itself is one of Grant's excellent bookmaking jobs.

FORGOTTEN ISLAND, by Arthur O. Friel [secondhand] Friel wrote some borderline fantasy (a couple of which Grant has reprinted) but this is a straight adventure novel of a search for buried treasure, complicated by murder and various romances. It's acceptable enough for what it is, 1930s taboos and all. But great literature it's not. Typical pulp fiction of the 1930s.

THE DAY OF THEIR RETURN, by Poul Anderson [Book Club] But there is a paperback out now. This one ties in the Empire of Dominic Flandry (though Flandry himself appears only offstage) with the Ythra of PEOPLE OF THE WIND. Time is some centuries after PEOPLE; setting is an Imperial planet which has revolted for good and sufficient reason and has been defeated. The locals are resentful, the conquerors are uneasily attempting "pacification", and other hegemonies opposed to the Empire have decided this is a good place to stir up trouble. The hero is an impulsive teenager who is required, through the course of the book, to learn a little sense.

THE DEEP, by John Crowley [Doubleday, \$5.95] Sort of swords and sorcery -- of the type where sorcery is really science, and there are hints of orbiting satellites which occasionally affect affairs on the surface -- but not very much. A lot of medieval intrigue. Moderately interesting.

THE WARLOCK OF THE NIGHT, by Dahlov Ipcar [Viking, remaindered, \$1.00] Another novel based on a chess game. The moves are given, so one can follow them on the board and see how the moves were interpreted into actions. Unlike Brunner's SQUARES OF THE CITY, however, the action in human terms tends to be arbitrary; Ipcar is weak in blending the story with the game. For a 10 to 12-year-old fan or a mundane teenager up to age 15 or so, that won't make any difference, but it will probably bother adult readers.

HOMeward AND BEYOND, by Poul Anderson [Doubleday, \$6.95] One of the poorer dust jackets I've seen; my immediate reaction was to subtitle the book "Poul Anderson lays an egg". However, dust jackets are minor affairs. Stories are "Wings of Victory" (in which Ythrians are introduced; good), "The Long Remembering" (Cro-Magnon and Neanderthal; fair), "Peek! I See You!" (sophisticated aliens outwitted by cunning humans; amusing), "Murphy's Hall" (the weird of mankind), "The Pirate" (protection versus exploitation; I don't think he would have convinced me if I hadn't already been on his side, but it was a nice try), "Goat Song" (Orpheus retold - and quite well), "The Visitor" (the strange world of the mind -- that sounds like a Brad Steiger title, but it's a good story), "Wolfram" (an amusing piece of fan fiction), "The Peat Bog" (a clash of cultures -- Greek and Danish, in this case -- the sort of story in which Poul excels). The last two have no copyright notice and are presumably new -- and "The Peat Bog" is outstanding. (It's not science fiction, but read it anyway.)

OMNIVORE, by Piers Anthony [Avon/Equinox, \$1.95] #8 in the Rediscovery series. Personally, I get the impression that Piers tries hard to write Great Literature; he might do better if he'd ease up a bit on the parameters for greatness that he learned in college. Anyway, this is a complex plot with all sorts of alleged insights and parables.

THE GREAT EXPLOSION, by Eric Frank Russell [Avon/Equinox, \$1.95] #9 in the Rediscovery series. Russell rarely took anything seriously, including his characters. This is a fascinatingly funny account of how the poor but sharp-witted natives tied the interstellar bureaucracy in knots. Highly recommended.

THE WINDS OF TIME, by Chad Oliver [Avon/Equinox, \$1.95] #19. This comes closer to being a rediscovery than most of the recent titles in the series, having been published in 1957 and consigned to limbo shortly afterwards. It's not great literature by any means, but it's a very interesting story of alien contact, and the strains of human society. Recommended.

A NECKLACE OF RAINDROPS, by Joan Aiken [Dell Yearling, 75 cents] A collection of short juvenile fantasies. About right for the 8-to-10 year old set, and quite well done for that level.

ROGUE REYNARD, by Andre Norton [Dell Yearling, 65 cents] An account of how Baron Reynard became a thorn in the side of King Lion, Count Lupus, Duke Tybalt, and the other animals of the Court. An excellent juvenile for the 8-to-12 level, and interesting to adults. (Not recommended for the average teenager.)

THE NOT-WORLD, by Thomas Burnett Swann [DAW, \$1.25] Some nice ideas here, but somehow Swann's style doesn't seem quite suited to an 18th Century English background. I enjoyed it; and if you like fantasy I recommend it, but I like his Mediterranean fantasies better. (His best English fantasy was the one Fantastic published last year, and he says that book publishers aren't interested in that one.)

THE ALUMINUM MAN, by G. C. Edmondson [Berkley, 95 cents] A lovely little farce about stranded aliens, Indian Power, ecological backlash, etc. Aside from a misapprehension concerning the Immaculate Conception on page 30 (though admittedly one Catholic of my acquaintance made the same mistake that Edmondson's character does), it's exceptionally well done and I recommend it highly.

THE WEATHERMONGER, by Peter Dickinson [DAW, 95 cents] This was obviously a British hardcover juvenile to begin with, but it doesn't make a bad adult book. England has suddenly abandoned technology in favor of musclepower and magic, and the teenage narrator is trying to find out why, traveling through the neo-medieval culture to the area where the phenomena apparently began.

THE MAN WHO AWOKE, by Laurence Manning [Ballantine \$1.50] There seems to be a positive mania for reprinting old science fiction these days. This was originally published in 1933. Our hero travels into the future via suspended animation, waking every few thousand years to take a sample of the society of the time. Which, I guess, makes it one of the very early "Future History" volumes. It's a bit creaky today, but considering the average fare of the 1930s, it's not bad at all.

THE JAWS THAT BITE, THE CLAWS THAT CATCH, by Michael G. Coney [DAW, \$1.25] A thoroughly nasty account of the possibilities inherent in using criminals for organ transplants; an idea already being speculated about here and there. The society depicted is unpleasant, the central character is a nerd, the book as a whole is unpleasant and I certainly didn't enjoy it. But it's also extremely well done and I recommend it. Read it -- it's good for you.

THE BEST OF HENRY KUTTNER, [Ballantine, \$1.95] I reviewed the Book Club edition last issue, as I recall. I'm not going to repeat everything, but here are 17 Kuttner stories, and if you didn't get the hardcover or Book Club edition, for heaven's sake buy this one. Never mind the price; it's a bargain.

A TOUCH OF DIVINITY, by Howard Fast [DAW, 95 cents] A collection of 13 of Fast's fantasies. "The Hoop" (the Final Solution to garbage disposal), "The Price" (even God has His price, but He's a sharper bargainer than most), "A Matter of Size" (wipe out anything different from us), "The Hole In The Floor" (A Utopia that wasn't quite solid enough), "General Hardy's Profession" (a sort of reverse delusion of persecution), "Show Cause" (nice idea which Fast didn't do much with; God announces imminent destruction, etc.), "Not With a Bang" (the suburban reaction to disaster; cute but not significant), "The Talent of Harvey" (the problems one can get into by pulling things out of thin air), "The Mind of God" (another misguided effort to change the past), "UFO" (a lovely little item; this one should be taught in stiff classes as an example of the way to write short fiction), "Cephes 5" (pleasant gimmick; unfortunately a bit obvious

to regular stf readers), "The Pragmatic Seed" (another gimmick; not quite so well worn worn), and "The Egg" (a mood piece which didn't move me). Overall, very good; recommended.

HARD TO BE A GOD, by Arkadi and Boris Strugatsky [DAW, \$1.25] The plight of alien observers on a barbaric world. They have godlike -- to the locals -- power at their disposal, and are forbidden to use it. Each world must develop by itself. There have been plenty of other books on the same theme, but the Strugatskys catch the mental state of the observers better than anyone else. Recommended.

CONSCIENCE INTERPLANETARY, by Joseph Green [DAW, \$1.25] A collection of Green's "Conscience" stories of a few years back, reworked into more or less of an episodic novel, with some new material. Some imaginative examples of alien life forms, good if fairly elementary science, reasonably good plotting. Overall, a book that is enjoyable but not memorable. Recommended if you have the time for it.

SPACEHAWK, INC., by Ron Goulart [DAW, 95 cents] Another of Goulart's wacky episodes set in the Barnum System. Plot is standard, dialogue is the same as all of Goulart's dialogue. The man is a master of offbeat ideas, from the Boy Scout Liberation Army to the robot newsboys -- who are on strike. Amusing.

THE CRUSADER #3: JULANAR THE LIONESSE, by "John Cleve" [Dell, \$1.50] Nice cover. Another of Andy's swords and sex series. It's idiotic enough to be amusing; I can't imagine Andy or anyone else taking it seriously. A sort of pornographic satire of the historical novel.

THE WARRIORS OF DAWN, by M. A. Foster [DAW, \$1.25] Space opera combined with a reasonably good depiction of human relationships. Very slow-moving, but well handled. If you don't demand slam bang action in your stories you might give it a try. Reminded me of a space opera version of Katherine Kurtz.

NINE PRINCES IN AMBER, by Roger Zelazny [Avon, 75 cents] The first two books in his THE GUNS OF AVALON, by Roger Zelazny [Avon, 95 cents] "Amber" series. The first volume has been out some time, but I hadn't got around to reading it until the later ones arrived for review. It's a nice, swashbuckling fantasy series, but somehow I can't get very worked up about it. I keep expecting something more profound than the author delivers. (Which is, of course, my own fault, not Zelazny's -- so try the series. You might like it.)

THE MIND NET, by Herbert W. Franke [DAW, 95 cents] None of this really made much sense. I don't think it was supposed to; it seemed to be inferior versions of reality and I assume that they're all explained in the end. But I didn't care enough about it to wade through to the end.

DARK STAR, by Alan Dean Foster [Ballantine, \$1.25] Novelization of a movie. Read sort of like a low-budget, science fictional CATCH 22. A spaceship on a mission to destroy "unstable" worlds, with the ship gradually declining in efficiency and the crew gradually going space happy. Very funny in spots. (Embarrassingly bad in other spots, but in general it held up moderately well.)

ELOISE, by E. C. Tubb [DAW, \$1.25] #12 in Tubb's "Dumarest" series. Space opera. I thought the Barr cover was the best thing about it, but then I dislike series. It seems to be popular.

MIMICS OF DEPHENE, by Gregory Kern [DAW, \$1.25] Cap Kennedy #15. Thoroughgoing space opera. I can't say I liked it terribly much, but it's well done for a thud and blunder effort. (If it wasn't an endless series about the same improbable hero, I'd probably enjoy it; the individual books are good enough right up to the ending.)

GENDER GENOCIDE, by Edmund Cooper [Ace, 95 cents] I got this secondhand, which is a good thing; if I'd seen it on the stands I might have paid good money for it. It was interesting in a way, because the book I'm working on now is somewhat similar to it. (But I hope mine isn't so blatantly anti-feminine, or so patently idiotic.) Women's

Lib has taken over the world, and men are hunted animals. (British writers seem to know less about women than even American males do; I wonder if it's their upbringing. Juanita never forgave J.T. McIntosh for his female characters, and this one makes McIntosh -- and White and Shaw and the rest -- look brilliant.)

FLIERS OF ANTARES, by Alan Burt Akers [DAW, \$1.50] This series has my vote as the best Edgar Rice Burroughs imitation, if that's what you're looking for. This one is #8 in the series. I didn't really read too much of it.

MARAUDERS OF GOR, by John Norman [DAW, \$1.50] Speaking of anti-feminine books...well, it gave Freas the opportunity for a wonderfully campy cover; sort of an extrapolation of Earle Bergey. A sort of whips and witchcraft book, which should be in the running in any poll of the worst of the year. (I wouldn't say that Norman is sick; Norman is getting paid quite well for the books. But his readers are sick.)

FARMER IN THE SKY, by Robert A. Heinlein [Ballantine, \$1.50] One of the Heinlein juveniles; I believe Dell published it the last time around. It's an excellent action story; recommended if you haven't already read it. This edition sports a particularly hideous cover.

HUNTERS OF GOR, by John Norman [DAW, \$1.50] Last year's Norman book reissued already; they do sell. Not, I hope, to any science fiction fans I know.

DECISION AT DOONA, by Anne McCaffrey [Ballantine, \$1.50] A reasonably good book of alien contact. (Elsie Lee says it's McCaffrey's best book; I wouldn't go that far, but I enjoyed it.) Nice cover.

THE STARS MY DESTINATION, by Alfred Bester [Berkley, \$1.25] One of the few really great science fiction novels. It's been around since 1956; if you haven't read it, in one or another edition, by all means get this one. (If it's recommended by Samuel R. Delany, Gardner Dozois, and me, it's got to be great -- I can't think of another book where I'd be on the same side as Dozois.)

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE, by James Blish [Ballantine, \$1.50] Science fiction authors have always enjoyed working with the "what-ifs" of religion. Blish's novel of a Jesuit faced with an intelligent, ethical, non-human race is one of the best; perhaps the best. I disagree personally with the conclusion reached -- but it is the conclusion appropriate to the characters involved. It's also been around awhile; since 1953. Recommended.

TRANSIT TO SCORPIO, by Alan Burt Akers [DAW, \$1.25] Reprint of the first of Akers' series. I did read all of this one when it first appeared; it's not a terribly good book, but it's an exceptionally good imitation of Burroughs.

GATHER, DARKNESS!, by Fritz Leiber [Ballantine, \$1.50] Leiber's 25-year-old novel of an evil fusion of science and religion -- and of course the rebellion. It isn't handled as it would be written today -- not even as Leiber would do it today. More action and less philosophy than modern novels. But I liked it. If the action is sometimes more than necessary, I find the philosophy more than necessary in the modern books. (To be honest, the best length for science fiction is the novelet, but it's never been a popular form.) It's had several editions -- Grosset & Dunlap and Berkley among others -- but as I recall it's been out of print for 15 years or so. Recommended.

WE CAN BUILD YOU, by Philip K. Dick [DAW, \$1.25] Reprint. As with most of Dick's books, the theme is an identity crisis. Our hero is a builder of simulacra of famous -- and occasionally non-famous -- people, thus making the contrast between genuine identities in plastic bodies and his own plastic identity in a genuine body.

THE ENCHANTRESS OF WORLD'S END, by Lin Carter [DAW, \$1.25] Second book in Lin's "Gondwane" series. Just offhand, I can't think of anyone who has a kind word for Lin Carter's writing -- I seldom do, certainly -- but he couldn't have such a tremendous output if somebody didn't like it. Phrases like "her lush bosom" may make me snicker, but they must be popular in some quarters. Oh well; it's swords and sorcery, about average quality.

WANDOR'S JOURNEY, by Roland Green [Avon, 95 cents] This is a sequel to WANDOR'S RIDE, and is somewhat above-average swords and sorcery. It's still a series, which lowers it in my estimation, though I suppose there is some possibility of it being a closed series. (Whether a series is closed or open seems to depend less on original intent than it does on how well it sells.) Nice cover.

SWAN SONG, by Brian M. Stableford [DAW, \$1.25] Another in the Grainger series. Rather than a transplanted Western, this is more of a transplanted private eye novel. Interesting Freas cover, though Juanita plans to ask him if he's discovered some clothing material with different properties than the ones she knows about...

THE SILENT WATCHER, by Florence Stevenson [Award, \$1.25] This is Kitty Telefair #6 -- another series, but one I'm more partial to than most. For all the melodrama, it has an air that says you shouldn't take it too seriously. The blurb calls it a gothic, but it isn't; Kitty is an occult investigator. (A sort of private inner eye, if you will.) This time she gets mixed up with a tiger-woman descendant of Medea. It would be rejected instantly by most mundane gothic readers I know (who "don't want them too spooky"). But it's interesting and amusing. My major cavil is our heroine's long-postponed marriage -- since they're living together anyway, why don't you get the marriage over and be done with it, Florence? After six books, the deferments get just a wee bit monotonous.

NEW WRITINGS IN SF #23, edited by Ken Bulmer [Corgi, 40 pence] Longest-running and generally the best of the original anthology series. I reviewed the hardcover of this one awhile back. "The Lake of Tuonela" by Keith Roberts is a fair story and presumably fine symbolism. "Wagtail in the Morning" by Grahame Leman is mostly rather dull propaganda, but the idea behind it is interesting (and unfortunately medically accurate), Ted Tubb has a couple of entries; "Made to Be Broken" is the standard conflict between rulebook commander and innovative underling, while "Accolade" is an interesting gimmick story of -- time travel? "The Seed of Evil" by Barrington J. Bayley concerns a negative aspect of immortality. The remaining stories, by Brian Aldiss, Michael Stall, Charles Partington, and David Garnett, are all acceptable on one level or another if not particularly exciting.

ORBIT #13, edited by Damon Knight [Berkley, 95 cents] Berkley is getting careless; there are 20 stories in the book but only 13 listed on the contents page, while Gene Wolfe gets cover credit but doesn't have a story included. (Gary Wolf is included with a rather cute item, "Therapy," so I assume some Berkley copy-editor learned to read by the "see and say" method.) As could be expected, especially with Wolfe missing, R.A. Lafferty has the best story in here, "And Name My Name". Grania Davis pictures a moderately horrifying future in "Young Love". W. MacFarlane, in "Gardening Notes From All Over", has another cute idea which is ruined by an assumption that sex and procreation are identical (it could have been taken care of by an extra sentence, but it wasn't. Or maybe it was and a prudish Berkley copy-editor left the sentence out.) Albert Teichner has a lovely bit in "Fantasy's Profession"; right on! (I appreciate it because it's been the secret of my success, too ..) William Orr, in "The Mouth Is For Eating," has an interesting idea but not much of a story. Otherwise we have Doris Piserchia twice, Kate Wilhelm, Ed Bryant, James Sallis, Charles Arnold, Steve Herbst, Sonya Dorman, John Barfoot, C.L. Grant, Grace Rooney, Steve Chapman, Dennis Etchison, and Gardner Dozois, none of whom have anything particularly interesting to offer.

UNIVERSE 3, edited by Terry Carr [Popular Library, \$1.25] This does have Gene Wolfe, with his Nebula-winning "The Death of Dr. Island". "The World Is a Sphere" by Edgar Pangborn is also excellent, though the theme of a republic decaying into a monarchy/dictatorship/what have you is not exactly new. "The Ghost Writer", by George Alec Effinger, is another rather old theme, but very well handled. For the rest, there are Robert Silverberg, Ross Rocklynne, Ed Bryant, and Gordon Eklund.

NEW DIMENSIONS 2, edited by Robert Silverberg [Avon, 95 cents] The good ones here are "Eurema's Dam" by R.A. Lafferty, "Take a Match" by Isaac Asimov (it isn't a great

story but it's a relief to find some science in science fiction), "Filomena & Greg & Rikki-Tikki & Barlow & The Alien" by James Tiptree Jr., and "No. 2 Plain Tank" by Ed Bryant. The rest includes two Malzbergs, Joanna Russ, Gardner Dozois, George Alec Effinger, Gordon Eklund, and Miriam Allen de Ford.

NEW DIMENSIONS IV, by Robert Silverberg [Signet, \$1.25] I'm not sure what went on here, except that the series was switched to a different pb publisher and Signet isn't delaying as long as Avon did. Which is obvious. This has Lafferty again, in "Animal Fair". However well he knows psychology and his catechism, he doesn't know animals -- but then, it isn't really about animals anyway, so it's a pretty good story. David Bunch has another of his Modern stories; "Among the Metal-And-Metal People". Individually, all of these stories are excellent, but they do tend to have a sameness about them. "Strangers", by Gardner Dozois, runs over 100 pages, and at half the length would have been a good story. Then there are lesser efforts by Dick Lupoff, Laurence Janifer, Terry Carr, Roger Elwood, Barry Malzberg, and two by Felix Gotschalk (one of these, "The Examination", being cute if not memorable.)

STRANGE GODS, edited by Roger Elwood [Pocket Books, 95 cents] Stf writers have, over the years, come up with some brilliant religious stories. They don't seem to be able to do it on order, however. J.F. Bone's "High Priest" is fairly good, though the deus ex machina is a bit overwhelming. Lloyd Biggle, Jr.'s "What Hath God Wrought" is an ironic dig at giveaways. Dick Lupoff's "Musspelsheim" is a good story. Maybe Virginia Kidd's "CholoM" is good if you like that type of poetry; I don't. For the rest, there are too many pastiches of the life of Jesus and very little original thinking by Malzberg twice, William Grasty, Terry Dixon, Rachel Cosgrove, Payes, Elwood, James Howard, and John B. Thomas (who has written a rather mediocre piece of fan fiction and actually received money for it; I envy him a little).

FRONTIERS 2: THE NEW MIND, edited by Roger Elwood [Collier, \$1.50] This starts off well with C.L. Grant's "The Magic Child" (stf writers seem to have this affinity for brilliant portrayals of sub-normal mentality; I'd worry about that if I was an editor.) "Vacation" by Richard Posner, is a fair story of future entertainment. "Four Sides of Infinity" by R.A. Lafferty is actually four views of the same side, but like nearly all of Lafferty's stuff it's well done. "From All of Us" is a bit more Utopian than makes for a good story, but I've read worse. "New New York New Orleans" by George Alec Effinger is an interesting idea, but I have this old-fashioned desire for explanations in my fiction and Effinger never made me believe a word of this one. "I Am Aleppo" by Jerry Sohl is a new twist on possession; good. "Opening Fire" by Barry Malzberg I didn't read. "Space to Move" by Joe Green has too obvious an ending to be much of a story, but it's so well handled that it reads well. "Brain Wipe" by Katherine MacLean is an emotional piece which I disagree with completely, and not all that much of a story, either. "Overall, this is one of the best original anthologies I've read in some time. (With Collier's distribution, here's luck in finding a copy.)

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS, edited by Thomas N. Scortia [Pocket Books, 95 cents] This anthology of sex and science fiction is reprint rather than original and considering the general lack of sex in the field it's rather surprising that the book is as good as it is. (Which is not very.) There are two classics included; Theodore Sturgeon's "The World Well Lost" and Phil Farmer's "Mother". "Dr. Birdmouse" by Reginald Bretnor is cute though unmemorable, and "The Daughter of the Tree" by Miriam Allen de Ford is good. "False Dawn" by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro is acceptable if unoriginal. "Khartoum: A Prose Limerick" by Anthony Boucher is just that. If you don't already know the gimmick ~~about the palate~~, you will probably like it. The rest, by Silverberg, Harvey Bilker, George Zebrowski, Walt Liebscher, William Carlson, Joe Gores, Gerald Arthur Alper, Jack Dann, Laurence Yep, Mel Gilden, Brian Aldiss, Richard McCloud, and the editor, are worth reading only if you're desperate.

AN EXALTATION OF STARS, edited by Terry Carr [Pocket Books, 95 cents] Another religious anthology; since it's devoted to novelets rather than shorts it has a better chance of making good than Elwood's book did, and in fact is somewhat better. Edgar Pangborn's "My Brother Leopold" is hardly either religious or transcendental (the

editor prefers the five-dollar word), but it's an excellent story, set in the future city-state society that he's been using lately. "Kjwalll'lje'k'koot-thailll'kje'k" isn't particularly transcendental either, except maybe for the title, but it's a pretty fair private eye story with enough fantasy thrown in to qualify it for the volume. "The Feast of St. Dionysus" by Robert Silverberg is transcendental and I didn't like it.

GOOSEFLESH!, edited by Vic Ghidalia [Berkley, 75 cents] A fairly short horror anthology. Ray Bradbury's "The October Game" is good if familiar. "Black Country" by Robert E. Howard is a pretty typical pulp story of Darkest Africa. "Secret of the Death Dome" by Walter M. Miller, Jr. reads like something out of the sf-adventure pulps of the 1940s; nostalgic, but not good. August Derleth, Clark Ashton Smith, Edward Lucas White, and Algernon Blackwood have fairly traditional horror tales, well enough done if you like that sort of thing, but not spectacular.

BEFORE THE GOLDEN AGE: BOOK 1, edited by Isaac Asimov [Fawcett, \$1.50] Fawcett will be reprinting the hardcover in three volumes; this one, in 380 pages, contains the first 8 stories plus Asimov's commentary (which is generally far superior to the fiction). Since I already have 5 of the 8 in other anthologies and collections, I can only assume that the picks were made from pure love, with no references to previous printings. Two of the stories, "Tetrahedra of Space" by P. Schuyler Miller and "The World of the Red Sun" by Clifford D. Simak, still read rather well today. "The Man Who Evolved" by Ed Hamilton, "Tumithak of the Corridors" by Charles R. Tanner, and "The Moon Era" by Jack Williamson are acceptable examples of the period in which they were written. "The Jameson Satellite" by Neil R. Jones is a story which I personally find idiotic, but a good many people whose opinion I more or less respect have said they enjoyed it, so... Which leaves two with no redeeming value whatsoever: "Submicroscopic" and "Awlo of Um" by Captain S. P. Meek (who gradually worked his way up to Colonel but never improved his writing all that much), which combine all the faults and none of the virtues of Ray Cummings and Otis Adelbert Kline. Buy the book for Asimov's commentary; if you like the stories as well, that's a bonus (and proves you're a little weird).

PEACE, by Gene Wolfe [Harper & Row, \$8.95] The blurb-writer chauvinistically refers to this as Gene's "first novel"; those two science fiction books obviously don't count in the real world. It's the dying reminiscences of an old man, remembering his life and the people he knew in a small Midwestern town during the first half of the century (obvious material for a best seller; nostalgia is big, now). It's also very well done, even though the stream-of-reminiscence style bothered me a bit. All of the characterization is good -- probably the most interesting for fans would be Louis Gold, book-seller and forger. (He forges such interesting books -- and produces such fascinating theories to account for them.) A lot of the dialog should wow mainstream critics -- if they don't find it too unbelievable -- but it's the sort of thing you get in a good fanzine, or at a convention party.) (Preferably a con party being reported in a fanzine; not one that you're sitting there listening to. Conversation scintillates much more in print afterwards than it did at the time. However, that's beside the point.) Recommended.

CRIMSONED PRAIRIE, by S.L.A. Marshall [Scribners -- though this is a Military Book Club edition and I forget what I paid for it] America's foremost military historian analyzes the tactics and strategy of the Indian wars -- and finds the army not guilty of duplicity, only of gross stupidity. (The civilians were the ones guilty of duplicity, and Marshall rarely touches on civilian activity.) Commenting on Sherman's praise of Crook as the best of the Indian fighters, Marshall says it's probably right, and very faint praise. He is hard on the military in almost all the battles -- and then, rather surprisingly, he defends Wounded Knee, of all controversial actions. Makes a case for the army, too. Recommended.

AN INDEX OF POSSIBILITIES: ENERGY AND POWER, written and produced by "The Catalogue" [Pantheon Books, \$5.95] One of the large-size -- 10" x 13 1/2" -- paperbacks which are so fashionable these days. I'll personally be glad when the enthusiasm for

awkward-sized books abates. This has almost 300 pages of articles, some fiction, and checklists of information sources on all kinds of energy, cosmic, technological, muscular, and spiritual. The fiction is universally science fiction, and universally bad. The articles vary, but are generally good, and the checklists of sources are fine for anyone who wants to learn more about any particular aspect of the field. The idea of the book was an all-embracing symposium for the casual reader, while giving the serious student basic information and places to go to look for more. In general, it succeeds. The scientific and logical bases are not as rigid as I'd like, but considerably more so than I expected. Look it over, anyway; it might provide ideas for a plot or two.

THE ABC'S OF RELOADING, by Dean Grennell [Digest Books, Inc. \$6.95] Dean starts out with the basics ("a center-fire cartridge is...") and works up from there. I don't know how valuable this would be to veteran reloaders, but it's an excellent beginner's book. For someone like me, who has had a few Lyman tong tools around which haven't been touched in years, it begins with stuff I already know and rapidly gets up to my level and well beyond. In addition to learning something, I even got the urge to get out my reloading equipment and play with it a bit. (I didn't actually do it, but I had the urge.) One wouldn't think that anyone could put much humor into a handloading manual, but Dean manages. Fans tend to be rather liberal -- and therefore automatically anti-gun, especially those who haven't thought beyond labels -- but if anyone out there is a member of the gun fraternity, this is recommended. The 8 1/2 x 11 size is about the maximum for handling purposes.

THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE, by C. Pl Gilmore [Schocken Books] This was a Christmas present. It's a book of photos taken by a scanning electron microscope, and it's quite fascinating.

THE WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF WINSLOW HOMER, edited by Barbara Gelman [Bounty Books]
THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF FREDERIC REMINGTON, edited by Marta Jackson [Bounty Books]
More presents. Interesting. Black and white drawings. Most of Homer's were done for newspapers and illustrated magazines; a lot of Remington's were done to illustrate fiction.

SOUTHERN INDIANA, by Jean and Hartley Alley [University of Indiana Press, \$2.95] Another photography book, which I got mostly because of the subject matter. A goodly variety; along with the farms, old houses, and generally rustic photos you get shipyards, stone quarries, basketball players, and several pages of road signs, more or less humorous. I'm happy with it; whether anyone outside of Indiana would be or not is another matter.

POLITICAL MURDER IN NORTHERN IRELAND by Martin Dillon and Denis Lehane [Penguin, \$1.95 Canadian] My copy came via Derek Nelson. This is an excessively thorough account of the assassinations of civilians in Northern Ireland in 1972 and 1973. The book was published in 1973; presumably the assassinations have continued. The authors draw a line between revolution as exemplified by I.R.A. killings of police and soliders and vice versa, and the assassinations of individuals with no official status. The former is mentioned, but emphasis is on the latter. It's the authors' belief that the assassinations are primarily the work of Protestant militants, reacting to the I.R.A. killings. Done efficiently, it would be quite effective. Selective killing of the opposition leaders is far more effective -- and in Belfast, just as easy -- as any sort of mass violence. But then, the Irish were never noted for efficiency. The results are simply another reign of terror on top of the original one, with most of the victims being innocent bystanders. The authors make the Belfast of 1973 sound remarkably like the Chicago of 1923, only more so. And for much the same reasons, though the Irish like to dress theirs up as patriotism. I tended to skip some, before I finished; as an outsider I'm not vitally interested in each individual corpse. But even without reading every word, the book is grim enough. I tended to sympathize with the (possibly apocryphal) British soldier who, when asked if he would be willing to shoot Protestants as well as Catholics, replied, "Just so long as they're Irish, sir."

GIVE ME BACK MYSELF, by L. P. Davies [secondhand] One of Davies' few books which have no supernatural overtones. It's definitely a straight mystery, but like many of his books the mystery revolves around identity. Two men of similar appearance are walking down the aisle of a train. The train crashes. One man wakes up in the hospital, with partial amnesia. Not complete, because he remembers his name -- except that everyone he meets insists that it isn't his name; that's he's the other passenger. The passenger who wanted to escape his responsibilities -- has he done so by "becoming" another person? Or, if it's a frame-up, why is it being done, and how can so many reputable people be involved? It makes a good book.

HOW TO STAY OUT OF COURT, by Robert Coulson [Remaindered, \$1.98] Of course, I got it because of the author's name, and looking it over more carefully gave me a minor shock. Because it isn't the Robert Coulson from Illinois who has written for various markets and who I expected it to be; this is a Robert Coulson from New York, who is executive vice-president of the American Arbitration Association. That makes 3 of us with material in print under the same name. It's not a bad book, either. Mostly common sense, and it didn't tell me much that I didn't already know (but considering the number of people I know who don't seem to have any common sense, this could be quite a useful volume.) A lot of propaganda for arbitration, of course, but then arbitration is often advantageous.

THE FORGOTTEN WARS, by Howard P. Nash, Jr. [remaindered, \$1.00] A fairly good short history of our wars with France (1798-1800) and Tripoli (1801-1805). I already had a more complete book on the French war, but the only thing I had on Tripoli was the last half of LYDIA BAILEY, by Kenneth Roberts. Nash isn't a great historian, but he's adequate, and the material is interesting. Nash does cram a lot of facts and figures into a relatively small amount of wordage.

LA CUISINE DE FRANCE, by Mapie [Berkley, \$3.95] I gather this is one of the top French cookbooks. Not being a cook, I wouldn't know, but it's a nice thick volume (450 pp), well indexed, and the recipes seem thorough and easy to follow. (Whether they're edible or not is something else; putting cayenne and mustard on pheasant strikes me as barbarous. But some of them look interesting, even to my conservative palate.)

REVERENCE FOR WOOD, by Eric Sloane [Museum of Natural History bonus] Another of Sloane's nostalgia volumes; lots of illustrations of wooden containers, wooden tools, wood working tools, etc., with text on charcoal-making, barn-building, orchards, etc. Quite interesting, though I don't think I'd have paid Ballantine's price for the commercial edition.

CITADELS OF MYSTERY, by L. Sprague de Camp [Ballantine, \$1.25] Paperback edition of ANCIENT RUINS AND ARCHAEOLOGY. A good account of early cities and building sites; Tikal, Angkor, Zimbabwe, Stonehenge, Troy, etc. Fairly standard; the only one utterly new to me when I read the hardcover was Nan Matol. Well written, though I do object somewhat to the small print in the paperback edition.

THE MYSTERIOUS PAST, by Robert Charroux [Berkley, \$1.50] From the sublime (well, comparatively) to the hilarious. It's possible to work up a fair amount of hilarity by just reading the chapter titles here. "Mysterious Civilizations: Scotland"... (I always suspected you Scots, Ethel.) "Chromosomal Writing and Sin". "Joan of Arc's Third Eye." "The Inspired Orchid". "Jesus Was an Egyptian God". And "Demons and Wonders", under which the first division is "Solomon's Clavicles" (I had to read that to find out what they were). The author's concept of science is weird and wonderful indeed. "Pythagoras knew how to pass the barriers and travel through time, but he did so by means of geometry." After an item about a rock in which footprints have been carved, in which much is made of the fact that we know absolutely nothing about the people who carved them or what purpose they were supposed to achieve: "The two prints of the chief are on the extreme edge of the rock"... (neatly labeled "chief", no doubt). The ultimate rebuttal to natural science, in a discussion of "rock staircases in Czechoslovakia: "...some professional archaeologists concluded that the staircases were the result of natural erosion, a theory which does not even merit discus-

sion." (Which helps immeasurably when you don't know anything about erosion, I suspect.) After noting that Ponce de Leon once visited Bimini: "It is a curious coincidence that Bimini should have this source of fresh water and that the Fountain of Youth of Atlantis had always been sought in that same area." A discussion of the Seven Cities centers on Antilia, and the author quotes several old authors to show that it really existed (even though no two authors agree on where it was) and that it was settled by Spanish refugees. Then: "If the Spanish bishops could have constructed seven cities so quickly on a deserted island, they must have found all the materials already prepared..." (Nothing has been said about whether the cities were constructed in ten minutes or ten decades, or that the island was deserted when the Spanish arrived, even if you want to grant his rather farfetched conclusion that the place existed at all.) All these quotes come from the first 12 pages, incidentally; the thing is a positive goldmine of idiocy. If man is a rational animal, you can't prove it by the book-publishing industry; this sort of garbage probably has four or five times the sale of de Camp's book.

THE MOON:OUTPOST OF THE GODS, by Jean Sendy [Berkley, \$1.50] Occultism seems to be a goldmine of gullibility for Berkley, anyway; this thing only gives you 150 pages for your money. At least the Charroux book was thick -- and funny. Sendy is just using imagination on the Bible again; a sort of poor man's Velikovsky. (It gave me an idea, though; I wonder if Wallace West would let me rewrite LORDS OF ATLANTIS as a "factual" book? We'd both make a mint. West was honest enough to write it as fiction and it sold for a pittance.

EDGAR CAYCE'S SECRETS OF BEAUTY THROUGH HEALTH, edited by Laurence M. Steinhart [Berkley, \$1.25] That comes close to "Lincoln's Doctor's Dog" as the ideal commercial title. The book is more garbage, of course, like everything else Cayce wrote, but that the hell? There are loads of suckers willing to pay money for it.

THE DAMNED DON'T DROWN, by A.V. Sellwood [Pinnacle, \$1.25] An account of the sinking of the "Wilhelm Gustloff" during the German evacuation of Danzig in 1945. The publisher seems a little confused; they included the statement "This is a work of fiction. All the characters and events portrayed in this book are fictional, and any resemblance to real people or incidents is purely coincidental." Yes. One wonders about the people in Pinnacle's production staff, since it's a purely factual account; even the conversation used sounds like something the survivors might have remembered. It's a pretty good book, too.

THE RAVEN, by Marquis James [Ballantine, \$1.95] One of their Mockingbird editions, for Southern readers. This is the definitive biography of Sam Houston. It was first published in 1929, but nobody has done a better job since. Well worth the money.

BLACKSTONE'S FANCY, by Richard Falkirk [Bantam, \$1.25] Second in the series about Edmund Blackstone, Bow Street Runner. This one centers on pugilism; Blackstone is ordered to enforce the laws against prize-fighting. Complications arise because he's promoting one of the promising new fighters, and because he has a murder to solve. Historically accurate, and lots of action. Recommended.

A STUDY IN SCARLET/THE SIGN OF THE FOUR, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle [Berkley, \$1.25] Reprint of one of Berkley's Sherlock Holmes books. I have difficulty in believing that there can be any Yandro readers who haven't encountered Holmes, but if there are, go encounter him. (These short novels aren't the best examples of Doyle's work, but they're available.)

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, by A. Conan Doyle [Ballantine, \$1.25] To offset THE SIGN OF THE FOUR, by A. Conan Doyle [Ballantine, \$1.25] the Berkley price advance A STUDY IN SCARLET, by A. Conan Doyle [Ballantine, \$1.25] tag (two for the price of one), Ballantine offers interesting covers, and new introductions by well-known writers (Ed McBain, for SCARLET, P.G. Wodehouse for SIGN, and Ellery Queen for ADVENTURES). Wodehouse's theory on Holmes' finances is almost worth the price of the book itself. The stories are good too, of course, but isn't everyone familiar with them by now? (Apparently not, or they wouldn't be reprinted, but I was brought up to believe

that any literate person had read Sherlock Holmes.)

OUR MAN IN HAVANA, by Graham Greene [Pocket Books, \$1.25] I bought this strictly because the Alec Guinness movie is one of my favorites. The movie stuck fairly close to the book, but it did have to cut a few scenes. The book is even funnier. Highly recommended.

STONE OF BLOOD, by Juanita Coulson [Beagle, 95 cents] #3 in Beagle's "Birthstone Gothic" series. It's a fairly standard -- and straight -- gothic, no matter what various people have said about Juanita's weird sense of humor. (Not that she doesn't have one, just that it doesn't show up all that much in this book. Or at least I don't think it does.) Still, you ought to go buy a copy anyway; she does get royalties if sales are high enough.

AN ELIGIBLE CONNECTION, by Elsie Lee [Dell, 95 cents] Regency romance. Despite Elsie saying she didn't want to be the "new Heyer", she wanted to be the original Lee, comparisons are inevitable because Heyer so firmly put her stamp on the light, humorous, historical romance. I don't think this is as good as Heyer, but it's as close as anyone else it likely to get. I enjoyed it.

THE TRELLISED LANE, by Fiona Hill [Berkley, 95 cents] This is blurbed as "In The Grand Tradition of Georgette Heyer". (And, rather surprisingly, it is, unlike the last couple I read that were blurbed that way.) Hill has a lot of awkward moments, and the book is terribly uneven, but at least she has the right ingredients, including genuine humor. I gather it's her first novel; she's already better than most romance writers and with a few more books behind her might be quite entertaining. (Or, she might not...)

THE IDES OF NOVEMBER, by Florence Stevenson [Signet, 95 cents] A gothic, set in Venice, California. I gather from one of her letters that the background is from a Stevenson visit to the town (she remarked on mosquitos breeding in the stagnant canals). It certainly sounds authentic. It's again a straight gothic, but the background and the characters make it readable; I thought it was a bit better than her last, DARK ODYSSEY. I enjoyed it -- but then, along with a surprising number of Yandro readers, I'm a fan of Stevenson's.

SUN-SIGN REVELATIONS, by Maria Elise Crummere [Ballantine, \$1.50] Blurbed as "the whole astrological profile; good and bad." Mostly bad, but it's still rather refreshing after the usual astrological books. (No more accurate, but refreshing.) "The outstanding characteristic is a thick skin which makes Taurus insensitive to the rights of others, unresponsive and overbearing, a bully." (Right, Linda?) Taureans are supposed to be interested only in status, money, and respectability. (well, one out of three isn't too bad, eh?), lack imagination (obviously not material for a science fiction writer), willing to sacrifice love for a career (maybe if I had ever figured out what my career should be), overburden their children with chores (I'm sure Bruce would agree to that), desire a home which intimidates visitors with its grandeur (anyone out there been intimidated by Chez Coulson?), dislike hard work (right!), and enjoy working quietly under superiors (not on your bloody life!). Among other signs, Scorpio is "The Sex-Obsessed Demoralizer" (watch out for Bruce), and Aquarius is "The Fame Freak" (you've all noticed how Juanita pushes herself forward to get attention). Come to think of it, this may be even less accurate than most astrology books, but it's still fun to read.

FLYING, by Kate Millett [Ballantine, \$2.25] A big thick one for your money. A sort of sexual autobiography, proving Millett's idea that "loving more than one person is a good thing multiplied". I don't think she knows the difference between love and lust, frankly, or between a commitment and an impulse. Written in a choppy, article-less style which I suppose is designed to look sincere, like a real diary, but gets wearing as all hell when continued for 670 pages.

FEVER!, by John G. Fuller [Ballantine, \$1.75] A non-fiction account of the medical

response to the outbreak of Lassa fever, from its first appearance -- among whites -- at a missionary hospital in Nigeria to the discovery of the vector, though not the vaccine. There are intriguing side trips into the pathologies and trackdowns of other ugly fevers and horrifying and non-sensational narrations by the victims (some of whom knew they were going to die from the first appearance of symptoms) and helpless bystanders and medical people. The author is frank enough to admit he was scared spitless he'd too contract Lassa fever while he was researching the book on the actual sites of the contagion. Since it's a hemorrhagic fever of stunning virulence and an extremely high kill rate and very short course from first appearance to death, his qualms were perfectly understandable. An engrossing book if you like medical detection stories. And an informative one if you've ever wondered about terms like "hematocrit" and "titer" and the exact procedures followed by pathologists in isolating a new and deadly virus. Highly recommended.

PAUL BUNYAN, by James Stevens, [Ballantine, \$1.75] One of their Comstock editions. This was originally published in 1925, and as far as I know is the definitive edition of the Bunyan legends; this book seems to be from a revised 1947 edition. It isn't complete, because there are hundreds of Bunyan stories, but it's a fair sampling. There is a little of the history of the Bunyan story in the introduction, but the stories themselves are told "straight", as they would have been in the logging camps where they originated. (Though without the profanity that would have been standard in the camps.)

WOODY HAYES AND THE 100-YARD WAR, by Jerry Bronderfield [Berkley, \$1.50] Writing a favorable biography of a thorough-going bastard is a job I wouldn't care to tackle. Bronderfield has done as well as can be expected, by making Hayes more or less interesting to read about, even though I'd avoid meeting him and have very little interest in football anyway. If you enjoy sports...

TO LOVE A QUEEN, by Lawrence Schoonover [Ballantine, \$1.50] A biography of Sir Walter Raleigh. Schoonover is one of the best popular historical writers in the business, and this is up to his usual standards. I can only assume its accuracy (Juanita is the Elizabethan expert in the house), but it's very well written. Recommended. [[The new insights, if any, in TO LOVE A QUEEN involve Raleigh's love/resentment relationship with Elizabeth and some exploration of his rivalry with Essex. The book is called a novel but it's not, really, in the usual historical novel sense. More retelling of historical details from Schoonover's viewpoint, and interestingly.]]

FLIGHT OF EAGLES, by Robert Karolevitz and Ross Fenn (Brevet Press, \$11.95) Or at least, that's the price on the flyleaf. I bought my copy through the Military History Book Club and got a bill for \$12.02, which rather grotches me. Gotta watch those book clubs more closely. But it's a fascinating book, a factual account with numerous photographs of the Kościuszko Squadron. This was a group of American volunteers, flying Austrian and Italian planes, for the Polish Air Force, in the Russo-Polish War of 1919-20. One of those little-known (in America, anyway) episodes which I delight in. The writing isn't great, but it's adequate, and the material is interesting. A few little sidelights such as a Polish patrol invading Kiev via streetcar and capturing a Russian officer at one of the stops, but mostly the book sticks to the air phase of the war. No brilliant dogfights; the squadron spent most of its time strafing troops, carrying out reconnaissance, and trying to find relatively level spots for landings in the fluidity of the "front". (The commander is quoted as highly approving of some cast-off Italian planes they received. "You could land them anywhere - and their wings wouldn't fall off." Apparently their earlier Austrian planes weren't so sturdily built.) Highly recommended to any fannish history buffs.

THE DAUGHTER OF TIME, by Josephine Tey (Berkley, \$1.25) I'm always glad to see this back in print. It's plotted as a detective story, but actually it presents the case for Richard III. Presents it very well, too. (Though I admit to prejudice. Ever since reading Kenneth Roberts' books about Benedict Arnold as a child, I've admired books which debunk the standard simplified villains of "popular" history.) Try this one.

CRUMBLINGS

Leland Sapiro, Box 14451 Univ. Sta., Gainesville FL 32604

On this Elwood vs Sapiro fight your readers -- to judge from the mail I've received so far -- seem a bit confused, so maybe I can straighten it out.

In the summer of '74 a letter was sent to Roger Elwood pointing out that he had reprinted a copyrighted article, Sandra Miesel's "Challenge & Response," without asking permission. No reply was received.

Several months after, my friend Mike Everling received from Don D'Amassa a letter asking about a rumor that I was suing Sandra. This was the first time I had ever heard the story, so I wrote Sandra to ask if she knew anything about it.

I got a reply from Sandra's lawyer, Larry Propp, admitting that "you have..instituted no suit...against Sandra." But, he continued, in selling her article to Elwood, Sandra signed an indemnity clause and Elwood also had signed one in his contract with Chilton books. So

"If you carry out your threat to sue Chilton, Chilton will file a third-party action...against Elwood. Elwood will similarly third-party...Sandra."

I replied to Propp that no such clause would have been necessary if Elwood's action had been legal and that I thought Elwood's strategy of hiding behind Sandra -- saying, If you sue me I'll sue her -- was contemptible.

Anyhow, one of your readers seemed to think my action was prompted by my not getting a "share of the profits or egoboo." I simply noted that RQ was already mentioned in Elwood's book and that I had never asked money from any RQ contributor whose stuff had been reprinted. (I named four: Dale Mullen, Kris Neville, Alexei Panshin, Jack Williamson -- and also gave their addresses.) I also pointed out to this reader, who also seemed to think I was suing Sandra, that if such a suit were started, it would never be by me.

Well, if you print this maybe it'll clear up a few things.

[[Maybe if you'd look at a book contract sometime it would clear up a few more facts. If you sue a publisher, the author is automatically sued. Saying you didn't intend it to happen is a damned poor excuse, and it doesn't change the fact that it did happen. Saying that "no such clause is necessary" betrays complete ignorance of the publishing industry; whether it's necessary or not, it's there, and Elwood has no more to do with it being there than you do. And if you didn't intend to cut yourself in on the profits, why was any lawsuit necessary? You weren't protecting the author; you didn't even check with the author to see if any protection was necessary. If you weren't after money, what were you after? RSC]]

Gene Wolfe, Box 69, Barrington IL 60010

Your mention of the MALLEUS MALEFICARUM (HAMMER OF WITCHES) reminded me of the time I innocently posted Dover's flyer for it -- I think, an eleven-by-fourteen sheet--- on the bulletin board of my Abnormal Psychology class because I knew the instructor intended to talk about it. All through the lecture I watched students discover it by accident and feel, for a moment, that Rod Serling was in the seat behind them. It was illustrated with one of those grand old woodcuts, of course.

I, for one, am heartily in favor of Bruce reviewing fanzines. Including yours. Doubtless I'm sick and twisted, but I like "It was the Big Grove where the Fort Road crosses the Salt Fork of the Vermillion River with whom this history has business." It's tangy with the genuine 19th century flavor. Go, Jeanne's Writers' Group.

You don't know how refreshing it is to read that paragraph on p. 6 that begins: "I got an issue of THE ZINE FAN." Science fiction needs you, Buck.

As I understand it, though, it is not the art judging at Discon that is being protested, but costume judging. Although I am not anti-naked myself (being broad-minded, so to speak, about the whole thing) I can understand how that attitude might be engendered in others. There were definitely some people there who gave skin a bad name. (I do not include the harpy.)

What should you put in a cornerstone? Ten thousand tiny time capsules.

My new book, PEACE, is due from Harper & Row in May. (I shamelessly include a copy of the listing from H&R catalog. Any plugs will be appreciated.)

[[See book reviews. Incidentally, that abbreviation gave me a bad moment. To you, H&R may be Harper & Row; to me, it's Harrington & Richardson. RSC]]

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

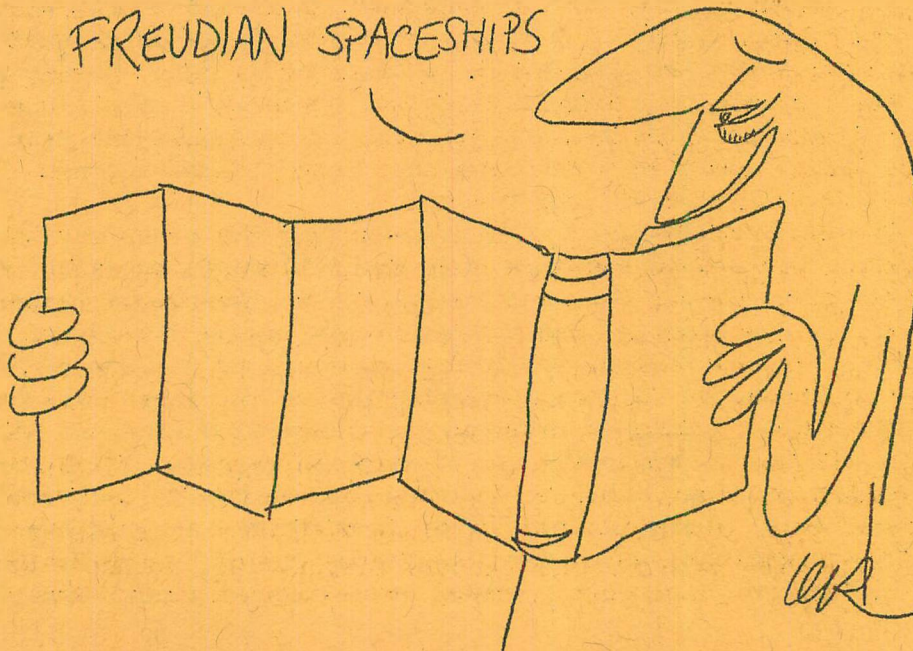
Thanks for Yandro 231 and for the kind remarks about my LOVECRAFT. Criticism has been voluminous and on the whole kind, although there are predictably sour notes amid the hosannas. One group says: de Camp is a competent biographer, but who wants to read about this creepy hack, who wrote such lousy stories in such execrable style? The other group says: de Camp is a crass materialist, who cannot appreciate the purity of soul of a great artist who sacrifices all for his art. Take your pick.

Dean Grennell, PO Box DG, Dana Point CA 92629

Tell Maggie Thompson -- another to whom I owe a letter -- Don's problem lies in having chauvinistically gotten a Usanian economy car. My '70 Opel GT just rounded out its first year of service with a bit over 24,000 miles traveled and it continues to hold right around a 30 mpg average on all manner of driving; up to 36 mpg on cross-country trips. Upkeep has been reasonable, considering it had 56,000 miles on when I got it. I drove it to Houston and back in January for a sporting goods show and covered a respectable 914 miles in one jump coming back, from San Antonio to Tucson, after a tardy start at 11:00 a.m. Wasn't even tired when I called it a day in the small hours of the next morning, despite having gone through rain most of the way. Still have the old Buick, for those rare occasions when I've a large load to haul, but it's hardly gone 250 miles so far in '75. Premium gas -- which all of my vehicles insist upon -- ranges from 55.9 to 65.9 locally, depending on where you buy it.

My eyes crossed again on the first line of Liz's column: "Our landlord decided she.." -- ??? In this latter day of fanatically degonadizing every possible noun, it

LOVE THOSE
FREUDIAN SPACESHIPS



would seem that 'landlady' has the sanction of long-accepted usage.

Jenrette's comment on camera clubs resonates agreeably with my own experiences. From circa 1947-56 or so, I was a member of the Fond du Lac Camera Club and look back on the association with violent retchings. I met a few good sorts and a host of incredible clods. In that context, I recall a long-ago meeting in which they'd imported an expert to lecture us (he came clear from Milwaukee!). Pausing before my own entry, he declaimed, "There's nothing wrong with this I can put my finger on, but for some reason, I just can't stand it!" Whereupon he turned attention to his next victim. As yerss, Dave, we bin there, ain't we?

[[Liz has her own inimitable way with the English language. RSC]]

Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor OH 44060

Yes, I figured that's what the back of your letter was -- part of a novel. Mom used to use second sheets to write to Walt Kelly -- damaged second sheets of that sort. He retaliated by writing to her on yellow sheets on the back of which he had typed: "Of 89 percent married students at Weehawken Barber college fifty percent had wives and thirty percent had children. This of course left twenty percent with husbands. One man, an extra, had nothing but chicken pox and was discharged." "A quarterly analysis of the foregoing by The Comprehensive Omnibus corporation revealed that..." On the back of another he typed: "Root cellars are disappearing in America. Of the 654,009,451 3/4 root cellars in active use in 1876 all but 546,870 have disappeared. In 1901 they were noticed going off in the direction of the Bering straits and some experts have..."

The Village Book Store in Columbus was a pleasure. It'd be great fun to go through it at our leisure sometime (though it'd also be expensive); we had a time limit (because of having to get home before the kennel closed or having to pay another day's fee). So we only spent a half hour there. Still, with two of us chugging along, we covered a bit of ground. Didn't pick up any of the ones you list, but we did find the last copy in the place of Sanderson's JUNGLE BOOK (long since recommended by you). And we got a Wodehouse we lacked, and -- Well, it came to about \$20, as I recall. Spending \$20 in 30 minutes on books isn't unheard of, but you sure get a lot of books for that money!

R. Reginald, Contemporary Science Fiction Author, Hill House, 379 Edgerton Drive, San Bernadino CA 92405

On the DR.CYCLOPS question, Wellman says he didn't do it. Catherine Reggie, Kuttner's widow, says: "I think (it) was fictionized from the film by HK." Which is, perhaps, as much as we'll ever find out about the book (or want to). It's nice to see Liz Fishman back in your pages.

There actually is another funny farm in Kentucky, in Flemingsburg, where all my ancestors came from. Surely you've heard of the Church of the Holy Toad? They believe that the Toad was fried for your sins. (Note: not my sins, but your sins.) They express the basic tenets of their faith in the phrase, 'leap for the Lord.' Flemingsburg has other interesting traits, but bufonism is certainly the most peculiar of the lot. Although I must admit that the Rana sect runs a close second. But I wouldn't want to offend the sensibilities of your readers.

My friend the Duc du Menville and I were rock-hunting the other day when we decided that existing names for stones and such were insufficiently prosaic for our unusual tastes; we therefore invented our own, and would like to invite the readers of Y to do the same. There is, for example, Omnium, which one can hardly avoid, and Coldazell, found only in Antarctica, and Pablum, restricted to south of the border, Outasite, which is prominent in Greenwich Village, Monoduotrionium, a rather rare stone, never found in its natural state, Coldine, frequently encountered during the winter season, and near hospitals, Hilite, a very prominent formation, wherever it is, Cruzine, a byproduct of mimeograph machines, Quakite (also called Shakerine), discovered recently near the San Andreas fault, Guardol, only known in military institutions (this is not to be confused with Aquamarines, which are found near the Halls of Montezuma and the shores of Tripoli), Fungite, a strangely green, moss-covered stone, Owalltine, a well-

rounded formation, Damnum, sometimes encountered in coal mines, etc. The theory behind this exercise in lithic futility is to get completely stoned out of one's mind.

[[Since the shortened magazines version begins with Chapter 3 of the book version and goes on more or less word for word from there (with other occasional omissions, as I recall), it would seem safe to assume that Kuttner did both of them. RSC]]

Jan Brown, 19407 Dorothy Ave., Rocky River OH 44116

I couldn't agree more with Jenrette's article. My own limited experience with fandom is that it's FUN, and basically a non-competitive, win-win situation. Another award would tend to spoil that. There's already too much competition, and with it a lot of bitterness, in some circles. Win-lose and lose-leave seem to be basically mundane games -- why do WE have to play them? The award idea may, however, have some unguessed merit -- I'd like to see the other side.

I'm rather surprised by Maggie Thompson's account of Noreen Shaw's experience -- even 10 years ago, it seems odd that it would happen at a fan gathering. Of course, I may not be drawing the distinction between "wives of fans" and "wives who are fans". I know some male fans whose wives actually hate science fiction! I have found that wives of fans, who attend cons, have a tendency to look askance at single women who hold conversations with their husbands. Not all, of course; some are quite liberated.

The impression I got from the de Camp book was that he was trying to apologize for Lovecraft and make him out to be not as repellent as he comes across in his letters -- which could be pretty repellent. I do think, however, that de Camp managed to get across the idea that Lovecraft did a lot of sounding off in his correspondence, but never let his personal prejudices get in the way of his friendships.

[[My objection wasn't to de Camp's apologies for Lovecraft but to his repetition of them. (It may have been necessary, but it irritated me.) As I said, I once encountered actual fans who separated into male-female groups. Possibly more accidental than sexist, but the results were that neither set of conversations was terribly interesting (unlike most fan parties). RSC]]

Bill Danner, R.D. No. 1, Kennerdell PA 16374

When I got to Mary Schaub's letter in #231, I went to the invaluable, gigantic, one-volume Century Dictionary, an Encyclopedic Lexicon of the English Language, and looked up both "larroes" and "layoes". Neither is there, but I did find "larra" and suggest that this may have been the word originally used in the old saying which, I might add, was never used at any time in my hearing by anybody. The Century defines larra thusly:

Sorry! It's not Larra (which is a kind of wasp and might be pretty good for catching meddlers at that) but "larum". This, of course, is an abbreviation of "alarum", which is an old form of "alarm". The definitions are: 1. Alarm; a warning sound; a noise giving notice of danger. [Obsolete or poetical.] 2. An alarm-clock or alarm-watch". There is also "larum v.t. To alarm, frighten, or warn with noise."

If the word is "larroes" in one part of the country and "layoes" in another it's quite possible that both might be corruptions of "larums". Certainly, under the first definition, "Larums to catch meddlers" makes good sense. It's no news to anyone that anything handed verbally from one to another, especially over a period of years, is likely to be changed past all understanding.

I hunted for Cattle Oiler and couldn't find it, but in doing so found the word "catapasm" which, you might like to know, was a dry powder used by the ancients to sprinkle on ulcers, absorb perspiration, etc.

Any time you want to know about such arcane words just drop me a line. The Century, a tome of 8500 pages and some 20,000,000 words, has over 600,000 entries. Though it contains no words added to the language after 1912, it's quite a book.

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

Last Sunday I was sent to Columbus, Ohio, on gallery business to sit in the Lazarus bridal fair for five hours and answer questions about a display of our prints. And what questions they were! Like the little old lady who asked if the Rembrandt etching was a pastel! The Lazarus people seemed pleased, though, which made the numbing drive worthwhile. We are supposed to meet with the new owner tomorrow night and reopen next week. I just hope it doesn't all evaporate at the last minute. Fearless Leader's divorce still hasn't gone through because the judge had to disqualify himself halfway through the trial.

Since Mr. Tiptree is interested in the Mayas, how would he like to invest in a genuine classic stele. I know where one can be had at a distress price. (The bargain of a lifetime, folks, Be the first on your block...)

John is off to Boston for his scientific meeting. He wants to call his paper "On and on Hydrazine Prowled" but doesn't dare.

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

I've been fairly hard at a new draft of FINAL APPEAL these last weeks. Pages are piling up. It's a very soft, mean book so far. I don't know when I'll finish it. Hopefully, soon. I had a partial and an outline out on it earlier, but had them withdrawn and am not doing it the way I planned. I don't know whether the new way is better or not, but it's more fun.

"More or Less Honorable" exceeds "The Honorable", but still lacks something.

I'm still looking for Gene's stoned gothic. The "d" there was a finger fumble, but I almost decided to leave it. My god, but the gothics are numerous. I was in the Readmore in Louisville, which is like only 2 blocks from Stouffers', if you attend Rivercon, and they had five or six huge shelf areas full of them, in many cases turned spine out so that more could be fitted. But no Jean DeWeese.

I'm still awaiting the contracts on the Doubleday suspense partial. Virginia said they were coming, but not yet. They raised my advance. I'm almost respectable now..

I've been reading Farmer's MOTHER WAS A LOVELY BEAST. Most of it I've read before, but still interesting. Plus someone gave me THE OTHER SIDE OF MIDNIGHT, by Sidney Sheldon. Lots of sex and blood and money to shake up the old man who (sigh) will never be 48 again. //

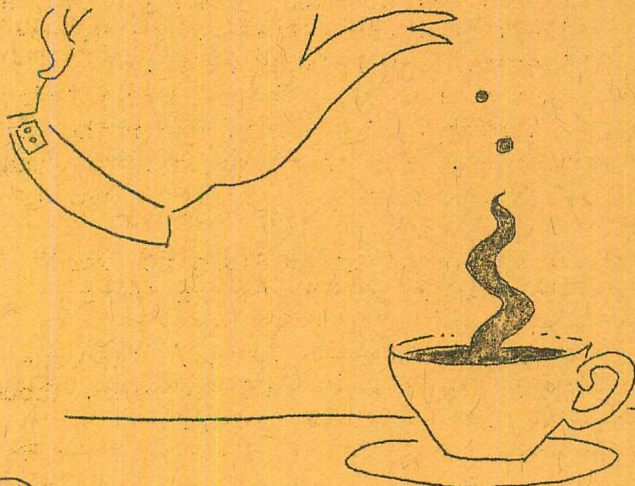
Got back this afternoon from NYC where I finally tracked down a copy of Gene's book in the Doubleday bookstore on 5th Avenue yet. Also saw it later in Brentano's. Juanita's was both places also.

Nebulas were won by "Sleeper," Novelette -- Benford and Eklund, novella - Silverberg, Novela and short story both Le Guin.

Mark Sharpe, 2721 Black Knight Dr., Indianapolis IN 46229

If you will remember from the meeting, I talked quite often about a Trekkie, Mary Lynn Skirvin. She says she wants to meet you as well as placing a knife through your heart. I think she objected to the comments made about her beloved Star Trek.

Mary Lynn held the first meeting of Star Base 6 last Friday night and had 115 count 'em 115 rabid trekkies! We even had Channel 13 come and tape the show for their 10 o'clock news. I was on TV! Ain't that exciting! I took about 100 ISFFA handouts to the meeting and all but 14 were taken. My phone hasn't stopped ringing, and my parents think the receiver is going to take root in my head. Do plants grow in a vacuum?



[[ISFA, of course, prefers quality to quantity.

(Let Mary Lynn see that and see what she wants to do to me.) RSC]] [[As far as fans on tv goes, even more startling was a program I tried to watch -- most dimly -- on the Ft. Wayne PBS channel a few nights ago. (It's a feed from Bowling Green and is pretty tenuous by the time it gets here.) An ST phenomenon survey, with the usual commentary from Roddenberry and Nimoy. But in the latter part of the program the narrator took up the problem of security at ST cons and a blurry dark blob of a shape appeared on the screen, and Yang's voice issued from it, extolling the security-enforcing virtues of the KDC née Dorsai Irregulars. Unexpected, at least JWC]]



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

I did get the \$50 from the comic book deal, how about that! I can't quite picture you reviewing a comic book, though, even to skewer it...can I? They'll probably change a few little things about it, like setting, characters, situation, and such minor things. We may not recognize the result. I had a most encouraging note the other day from Leigh Brackett -- we were watching the "Rockford Files" on tv the other week and lo, there was Brackett's name as the writer of that episode, together with a co-writer. So I wrote her a note to express my surprise and appreciation (the episode was quite entertaining). She responded that the thing came on when she was in Tucson, and she tried to watch it on a bum motel set with the picture compressed to a horizontal band 6 inches high and 3 sets of ghosts -- she admitted that it didn't make much sense under those conditions, and furthermore, they had changed the ending without telling her, and thrown in characters she hadn't used. She is a most gracious lady, with a fine sense of humor (I suspect that a writer has to have one of those).

You might well enjoy the books by the English veterinarian Herriott if you haven't seen them already -- ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL and ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL. I waited for the paperback edition, so I'm late in getting to them; just have the first one, actually, but it is a gem of characterization.

[[A writer doesn't have to have a sense of humor, but it certainly helps. JWC]]

Adrienne Fein, 26 Oakwood Ave., White Plains NY 10605

That item about disarming the Boy Scouts I found fascinating. Lots of people seem a little nervous about women fighting back if attacked on the street -- didn't know they were worried about Boy Scouts. (Sometimes I think this world is weirder than any sf around!)

The kidnapping-rape case mentioned by Brian Tannahill is fascinating, too. Probably the rapist subconsciously wanted to be caught by police. I hope he was convicted. That's weird.

I can't intelligently comment on Jack Wodhams' comments on Freff without having seen the original article and book. I don't think technological accuracy is the most important part of sf. Believeability is important. Some people have a greater tolerance for ideas which run counter to current scientific knowledge and theories. There is a big difference between paying careful attention to writing quality overall, and spending hours and hours in the library memorizing the precise stages of mitosis so that when you introduce a monster cell from outer space you can scientifically discuss every detail of how it reproduces, in accordance with the reproductive pattern

of each cell. I mean, if a monster is about to reproduce, "Augh! Now there will be two of them!" sums it up -- who cares exactly what the nucleus is doing? Of course, that is space opera-ish. A serious sf novel might study the overly-specialized, overly-technical reactions of trained scientists when they are faced with an unforeseen menace. For that, the writer would need technical details. What to do with the details can be a problem.

I could say a hell of a lot about unsung geniuses who seduce women." See, lots of male chauvinists say there's little or no difference between seduction and rape. (Meaning rape isn't really that bad.) I agree that there isn't much difference between the two: rape is abominable and seduction isn't much better. Both imply getting a woman to do something she doesn't want to do; both incorporate the idea that nice women say "no" when they mean "yes"; both imply that women don't freely choose to have sex, they are forced or persuaded into it, or their wishes and desires are ignored. The fact is, I resent any pressure on me to have sex; right now, I would want to be disabled or kill any man who tried to rape me; that resentment builds a little more, I might beat up any man who tries to seduce me. I don't want to play the game of having to pretend coyness, reluctance, etc. I want to be able to say "yes!" or "no!" just once and have that taken as an honest, final answer.

I resent it that I feel a need (supported by statistics) to run from a stranger who talks to me on the street in NYC. I resent it that it isn't safe for me to assume his intentions are good. I'd much prefer to be able to trust people. I've found out that I can't.

Leah Zeldes' letter: SISTERHOOD IS POWERFUL is an anthology. It has 75 articles plus various appendix items. ONLY ONE says anything about killing men. So far as I know, S.C.U.M. exists in Valeria Salanas' head and nowhere else. I think the S.C.U.M. Manifesto was included simply as a historical document. I think one woman besides Valeria Salanas has suggested violence against men in general. Two people in a movement with hundreds or thousands or maybe millions of members. That's not a representative sampling. Many women are in favor of karate for self-defense, which is very different from general violence. Children of both sexes, and men, can also use it against muggers, the few men who rape other men, kidnappers, etc. As a matter of fact, one of the reasons I think of learning karate (or judo, or kung fu, or whatever) is that I think if I trained myself, if I were prepared to defend myself, I would be less likely to blow up, lose my temper, and start yelling at people who really don't deserve it. I mind chivalry, for lots of reasons; it implies women can't do things for themselves, that women need men to protect them, that they are vulnerable (see AGAINST RAPE) etc. I am all in favor of consideration for all people equally: I open doors for men who are carrying many packages when I think to do so. A male friend of mine always held my coat for me, which was nice -- so I got in the habit of holding his for him in return. Equal pay for equal work, equal opportunities don't do much about men who say "women don't need to work -- they can always be whores." Even "women don't need to work -- they can stay home and be housewives" is bad enough. Equal opportunities won't do much to change the attitudes of police and public towards a woman who has been raped. Equal opportunities may help change men's attitudes, but not enough. See, I like men well enough to want to spend time with them -- only I can't stand to listen to the sexist garbage. I like men well enough that I want to see them grow up.

[[I don't think there's all that much resemblance between rape and seduction. Seduction is convincing a woman, at least temporarily, that she does want to, and trying to get people to change their minds is neither immoral nor a male prerogative. (The means used may be unethical -- lying to one's girl friend is just as unethical as lying to a business partner, or an I.R.S. agent, or anyone else. But no more so.) RSC]]

Freff, 2035 Park Road NW, Washington DC 20010

All in all, a pleasant issue of Yandro. But 'tis the lettercol which brings reaction enough from me to write, as I returned to the east coast to find myself even more

swamped than expected. Ah well, hermitage might prove good for me. (An odd hermitage, though, because it is thick with movies and traveling around town and things like tap dancing lessons. But maybe I'll manage to catch up by July...)

Euell Gibbons' ulcer: I was lucky enough to catch a report on the lawsuit instigated by Gibbons against the columnist who snidely reported his ulcer in the first place, and in the article was the reason for the ulcer. For several years now Gibbons, who is getting older, has suffered from rather severe migraine headaches that demand a great deal of aspirin/etc. painkilling treatment. Enough so that the stomach lining was irritated into an ulcer. Simple enough -- but unfortunately ironic when reported on a one-sided basis.

I have managed to see only one KOLCHAK, and I'm glad I've missed the others. (In this one Kolchak just happened to succumb to a basement full of liquid nitrogen... and came out of it in the hospital with a case of mild frostbite. Sure, sure.) However, in that one show there was a single tremendous line that I treasure, spoken by a lady pathologist: "A well-done autopsy is a joy forever."

No time to dissect DHALGREN after all. (Every time I approach commenting on the book I keep finding more and more -- bad -- to say. This will never do.)

However, I feel very much up to commenting at the loveable Mister Wodhams. To James Tiptree I nod gratefully. I was, indeed, inaccurate in my critique to that extent. Thank you. But for our somewhat less congenial Australian compatriot...it was, perhaps, a mistake to write my complaint over Wolfe's "The Death of Doctor Island" when I was still mad after reading the story. Cooling time would have mellowed my tone. That may be what set Wodhams off on his dizzying climb into absurdity.

Point one: the suspension of disbelief is not automatically granted beyond a few pages, at most, of a story. Somewhere in that realm most authors have to earn the continued interest of the reader. (This is generally ignoring complicating factors like series, general author respect built up over several books, and the idiots who will absorb anything without a quaver, like the Perry Rhodents.) If a glaring mistake is made then my confidence is shaken, and that happened in the Wolfe case with the head-movement of the protagonist. (I could believe other explanations than the one given, though...)

Point two: an author should put in as much sweat as his personal ethic, and the story's structure, demands. When demand, ethic, and skill are high then you get damned fine stories. The lower all three go (though the story structure is the least important in that respect: simple ideas can still make good stories) then the worse the fiction gets. To answer Wodhams' question of me, I would put in a hell of a lot of sweat if I were trying to write about something I didn't know about originally. That is one of the reasons so many of my fictional attempts are in foetal stages these days; because I simply don't know enough to complete them satisfactorily, and I will not write fiction with personal significance as if it were hackwork. (A subject I am conversant enough with because most of my income is made from hackwork in the comics and nonfiction article fields.)

Mr. Wodhams would do better in his attempt to convince me that facts aren't important if he used better examples. TARZAN holds no weight with me, partially because of when I grew up. (Now he could try me on my sentimental love for bad horror movies.)

I quite agree with his fourth paragraph. Too many facts can be wrong, and the import is more important than the fact in science fiction...BUT. This does not excuse ignoring available facts in favor of playing with pseudo ones. I can read the Asimov story that hinges on the "fact" that Mercury doesn't rotate and still like it, because when it was written that was the general scientific belief; but we know better now. If that story was written today it would be laughed at for a few minutes by first readers and tossed in the REJECT pile.

We guess, and we create. We play games with ideas. But we should not ignore the "real" world entirely, for god's sake. Particularly when writing a piece of "psychological" SF where the central character's mind is the gaming ground. If I wanted to write about someone suffering from Syphilitic Insanity (as Dick Francis did so well in the mystery novel BONECRACK) or about the anorexia nervosa or Young Werther syndromes I damned well wouldn't invent the symptoms to please myself.

I'd look them up and study.



I am capable, Jack Wodhams, of telling Wolfe "where the seat of the personality lies" because a publicly available article I read gave me the information that psychologists were at a loss about the lack of psych profile difference in split-brain patients. (I will quickly pass over the fact that I didn't say anything about the seat of the personality, that being Wodhams' misinterpretation). I am capable of defining impossibilities the same way. Information was available and Wolfe failed to use it or explain his way around it; in my book that is an error in an SF story.

I may be a pedantic meathead, here at my grizzled age of 20 summers, But if so, I wear my crown of mortarboard and porkchops a good deal more easily than Mr. Wodhams wears his snit.

Enough. It was fun, but the dance is over. Take me home, Jack, and I'll mail your class pin back to you by first post. (In other words, I don't think you are right and you

don't think I'm right and any further say is quite likely more ridiculous than this exchange has already been.)

Gee, that was fun. But it fills my quota for the year.

Hope all is well. Saw the dummy copy of GATES OF THE UNIVERSE at Disclave; I don't know how they managed it, but the books look bad even with good to excellent Freas artwork on the covers.

Steve Simmons, 124 Carlann, San Marcos CA 92069

Equicon is a Star Trek con all right, but it's held with an sf/fantasy filmcon, which was nice. I did manage to meet some good people, including Bjo Trimble, but the proportions of nerds was pretty bad. Unfortunately the con was not run well at all, and considering there were 4000-plus people there, that makes for a mess.

Meeting Bjo did not take place under the best of circumstances. There was a group of us in a restaurant eating and rather harshly criticizing how the masquerade was run, and she overheard us and came over to listen. Since she was the one running the masquerade, guess whose ego we were tramping over. But she was very nice about the whole thing, and I was quite impressed by her.

The futuristic design contest went very well, lots of good ideas. Better run, too. Also by Bjo.

Re your Harlequin books -- somebody was giving away copies of the first Hq book (I nominate that for the official abbreviation, Harlequin being too much to spell out), and if this is an indication of the general quality of Elwood's line, he's in trouble. Sorry to say that about the guy who bought your books, but that's the way it is.

Jenrette makes some good points, but I'm not all that sure that they matter. He says fandom should be win-win, which is absolutely right, but how the hell can awards screw that up as long as you take the proper attitude toward them? True, I'm not all that enthusiastic about the awards, but I don't see where they hurt. Only if you let them.

Re tv shows and movies obviously filmed out of place -- I saw THE GRADUATE at University of SouthernCalifornia, and was quite shocked to discover that the scenes supposedly filmed at Berkley were actually filmed about 30 yards from where I was watching the movie. Quite the surprise.

I have subbed to Ay, Chingar! Any zine that devotes its spare time to slandering Bruce is OK by me. What I don't know is -- does Downes know what ay chingar means in Spanish? Or is it named after a fantasy character or something?

There seems to be a lot of letters on feminism among midwest femmefan in thishish. Nothing really controversial, just "Yes, we're liberated" letters. It's nice to see the people talking about it without anyone going off the deep end in either direction. Refreshing.

Before I close this letter I have to bitch about what is possibly the worst book

I have ever read -- THE SUNBIRD, by Wilbur Smith. The main character is a hunchback who speaks 18 languages, is strong enough to lift the front end of a fully-loaded supply truck out of a ditch, is an adopted member of a very savage African tribe, and supposedly writes songs and plays the guitar and sings like an angel and gets laid a lot and...need I go on? If this book were a joke, it would be in bad taste; but since it's serious...well, I don't quite know what to say. The plot concerns this fella discovering a lost civilization and upsetting the entire world of archaeology, but it closes up about two-thirds of the way through when our main character catches a fungus that gives him a hallucination about being a priest of this ancient civilization (incidentally, this fungus will also kill him). The hallucination lasts until the end of the book, where we are treated to a series of newspaper headlines that tell us he recovered, his partner didn't, he married his assistant and lived happily ever after. Not to mention a bottomless underground lake, mysterious possessions of people (never explained), and some of the worst word usage I've ever seen. Unreal. Avoid this piece of crap at all costs.

[[Gee, you make SUNBIRD sound absolutely fascinating. I enjoy the really hilariously bad books, like THE BLIND SPOT and POINT ULTIMATE and TREASURE OF THE BLACK FALCON. It's the mediocredly bad books that bore me. Strange. I had a call from Elwood a while back, and in passing he mentioned what a tremendously good reception the Laser books (Laser seems to be the official title) were getting. Almost immediately afterward I hear from you and Freff. I haven't seen the books myself, yet, so I can't comment. (But if anything, I am encouraged; the big splashes in the book world are made by bad books with lots of publicity behind them. Harlequin is providing the publicity, so their authors may all turn out to be rich and famous, like Edgar Rice Burroughs. I hope so...) RSC]]

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

Did you really save a "Xerox" of your Hugo ballot, or just a photocopy? As a believer in property rights, you shouldn't be contributing to the ripoff of a copyrighted name if the latter is the case.

"Alex Yudenitsch sent 5 pounds of mate" to you in the mail? I have a mental image of a wife-slayer using an axe and then seeking to dispose of the evidence by mailing portions to prominent Fanzine Editors who are so blasé about getting strange things in the mail that they'll simply list it and think nothing further of it. I wonder if Ned Brooks got his cut.

Funny Pro Sports Teams was thought up independently at a local fannish gathering some months back, but I freely admit that you and Gene and the article writer have our contributions beat all hollow. We tended more toward large cities and obvious gags like the Denver Sandwiches.

LIZ FISHMAN IS BACK!!!

Strong agreement with Dave Jenrette (and with you) re distaste for the 1975 Fanzine Activity Achievement Awards.

Maggie Thompson: As you've probably noticed, all the reviews of SHARDIK seem to assume that Adams is "writing a gigantic allegory" -- which, maybe this time, he is. But it sounds like a less interesting one than W. DOWN was, even if it wasn't. (One review more-or-less said SHARDIK was Literature and W.D. was not because SHARDIK was gloomy and depressing and pessimistic. So is the Consumer Price Index and I don't think that qualifies it.)

British authors not winning Newbery prizes -- but didn't one of Lofting's early Dr. Dolittle books do so?

Price and Long are not the only remaining members of the Lovecraft circle; Donald Wandrei and Bob Bloch come to mind at once and I could probably think of others if needed.

Warren Johnson was a speed reader? Yes, that does explain some of his book reviews.



Do you really believe that the AA fanzine is the only one which might be "helping ((people)) to keep them from ruining their lives"? I suspect some zines at least help keep the editor from ruining his/her life -- though more of them probably help the process along.

Ramblings -- on males' female pseudonyms for Gothic purposes, I presume that "Lydia Belknap Long" is who I assume it is?

Story of the local cornerstone opening got me to thinking about contents for the Tucker Hotel cornerstone when we get around to putting that up (might be a nice use for all that extra Tucker Fund money; give him a pleasant surprise when he returns from Aussiecon). Contents should depend on whether we want a Fandom Through the Ages display, in which case we can go the All Our Yesterdays Room route and seal in such unique items as a favorable fanzine review by Buck, a correctly spelled sentence by Rick Sneary, a bottle that Tucker didn't finish emptying, a 25 cent paperback, etc. -- or whether we want a Fandom In 1975 display, in which case we might want to seal into the cornerstone 5000 Star Trek fans. We might also toss in Harlan.

After an initial shudder of horror, I think the idea of Bruce taking over Buck's job as a fanzine editors' egosbane is a good one. Start 'em nasty young. (Will Bruce be allowed to review Yandro?)

Rumblings -- Don't know why the publishers of the novelized KING KONG didn't reuse Wallace's book. I'm still boggling (after several years) at the novelization by Christopher Frye of the movie version of THE BIBLE.

The Arab shiek who tried to buy the Alamo was not too bright: why tempt the only US state which still has money? I'll bet that, say, New York City would have sold him anything he wanted. (But what would an Arab do with the Staten Island ferry?)

Golden Minutes -- Since there are only two Dorsai stories of less than novel length (not counting "Lulungomeena," which uses the name for something else, and which Gordy does not count), it's not too surprising that "only one...is included" in a given Dickson collection.

I suspect that if I'd been around in the 40s, my favorite sf magazines would have been Famous Fantastic Mysteries and Fantastic Novels. Anyway, they are now.

The "Grant Stockbridge" who wrote most of the Spider stories was really Norvell Page, known in sf circles for three novels in Unknown. I suspect he's dead and hence presumably did not do the "editing" -- which I would prefer to term "butchering" -- of the Pocket Book editions. According to the last Dick Wittier list, the Spider pbs apparently aren't too successful; no new ones have been scheduled for upcoming months (the same is true of Flash Gordon, Phantom, and Shadow, while the Avenger series is apparently is terminating).

Brunner "sword and sorcery" is a slippery topic, but the stories in TRAVELER IN BLACK might qualify at least as well as some of the ones you cite.

I disagree with George Fergus (who is otherwise a Fine and True Fan who gets my zine and even writes LOCs on it) in his request that you stop commenting on each story in a collection; why should an idiot story get off from your savaging any more than an idiot novel?

"I can't really think of all that many people who are different in person than in letters." Well, I like to think that I am. Just for starters, I'm 6'3" in person and generally only 11" in letters.

On Tackett's letter, noting that the National Guard has been required to store firing pins of their weapons at the police station -- just be thankful that the National Guard is not issued hand grenades.

Doubleday is getting the "informal, unusual photograph" of Gene and you that they requested? You mean you decided to send them the nude picture with the bathtub full of lime jello in the background?

Success of swindles does not disprove assumption that "Man is a reasoning animal" but merely proves that sub-species "(Con)-Man is a reasoning animal."

Enjoyed Sandra's history of Canadian aggression and loved Michael Coney's history of boardgame players' aggression, being a confirmed Risk buff myself. (Though my taste has gone beyond the simple game discussed by Coney to such baroque versions as Phantom Zone Mad Bomber Risk with the Martian Invasion Option.)

Greatly enjoyed "The Minnieska Incident." (You know I love parodies...er, this was a parody, wasn't it?)

Golden Minutes -- no, no, no, Anderson short story is "Journeys End," not "Journey's End." He keeps having trouble making proof readers believe it.

You know, I enjoyed CITY OF WONDER quite a bit too, I think in my case mostly for the characterization of the "villain". (You know the set-up: three white men -- hero, hero's friend who gets the girl and tells the story, rotter who Turns On His Own Kind and is finally killed off on the ninth-to-last page. Only in this case the rotter not only seemed more sensible than either of the other two (which is usual), but displayed a certain amount of cowardly courage (even if he did commit the Unforgivable Sin of saving all three lives by Killing a Woman) and is killed off by accident half-way through the book. Shocking.

Larry Propp never answered, but I've since come up with a somewhat current address for the International Flat Earth Research Society plus an interesting run-down on Flat Earthers and other folk in Patrick Moore's CAN YOU SPEAK VENUSIAN?, which I recommend.

[[When I say Xerox, I mean Xerox. (I'm not fanatic about the property rights of trade names, but I am about precise meanings.) Go argue with Yudenitsch; when I was getting the stuff from Ricky Ertl in Argentina, he spelled it maté,, but Yudenitsch says the accent mark isn't used in Brazil. What would become of my image if I said I thought fanzines were helpful to anyone? RSC]] [[At Pittcon Frank Belknap Long introduced "my lovely new wife" to the assemblage and said that she too was doing some writing. And as I recall, her name was Lydia. As to whether the current writer is her or Frank piggybacking on her name...? JWC]]

Bob Tucker, 34 Greenbriar Drive, Jacksonville IL 62660

One day soon I expect Linda Bushyager to ask me for a sequel to "The Hart in Hartford City" and when that day comes I will begin the article with the following quote found on page 6, issue number 230:

"I got news for you: you're damnwell not my peers and I don't want one of your crappy awards."

In the meantime I'd suggest that you keep your doors locked, and keep a close watch for nightriders. I follow the financial news in the local papers and I've noticed a suspicious rise in the sale and interstate shipment of barrels of tar, and short-tons of plucked chicken feathers. When fence rails begin disappearing around Hartford City it would be prudent of you to take to the famed Indiana swamps for a while. Bruce and Juanita will man and woman the presses until you return.

[In my reply to Lien up there, I mentioned that sometimes it didn't pay gothic authors to be too Frank. For some inscrutable feminist reason Juanita didn't stencil the comment, but I am not about to let one of my more horrendous puns be lost to posterity so I am herewith restoring it. So there. RSC]

Short shorts Dept: JODIE OFFUTT says Dave Jenrette and I "seem to be strangely over-reacting in your objection to these awards. Your normal disinterest in such goings-on is extraordinarily exaggerated." [Dave can speak for himself, but all I said was that I didn't think much of the Faan Awards or the Awards Committee and I didn't want one, and I said it emphatically because fans - especially fans who hand out awards - don't listen very good and I wanted my position made plain.] ROBERT BLOCH compares our Hartford City courthouse with the new Ackermansion (I haven't seen Ackerman's new abode, but the size of the courthouse is about right for a collector.) DON D'AMMASSA inquires if I really want THE ZINE FAN. (I don't, and I rather approve of Don's attitude, after Mike Glycer's apparent insistence that he was going to send it to me whether I wanted it or not.) JOE CHRISTOPHER inquires why "Fishmania" was substituted for the normal title for Fishman's columns, "Through The Wringer". Mainly because it's been so long since Liz wrote anything for us that I forgot what the title was supposed to be called. And we'll see you again in a couple of months, with luck. RSC

THE LIBERATION OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH FLOOR

by -----NEAL WILGUS

Desert City (LEAK) -- From the confused news reports surrounding the Second American Revolution the following has been selected as an example of the inhuman interest story.

After machinegun fire in the halls had died away a guerilla leader broke open the door to a room on the 26th floor of the Gonzaga Building and approached the 50 or 60 employees who were waiting for the outcome of the battle. Choosing an important looking man whose desk title read Assistant Secretary to the Section Assistant, the warrior proclaimed victory for the liberation forces and concluded by saying, "You and your fellow workers are no longer slaves of the Gonzaga Corporation. You can all go home. You're free."

The ASSA looked a bit dazed, but realizing that he had been chosen to speak for the employees, he got to his feet and faced the intruder. "I beg your pardon," he began, "but I'm afraid your presence is unauthorized and we can have no dealings with you until we've checked with the Section Assistant on the 27th floor. If you'll have a seat in the waiting room I'll see if I can make an appointment. Please don't disturb the workers while I'm gone. We have a payroll to get out."

"But you don't understand," their liberator said. "Everyone on the 27th floor is dead or in custody. You don't have to work here anymore. You're free."

"Well," the ASSA frowned at him, "I'll have to take the matter higher, that's all. Now please stop shouting. You'll upset the typists and they'll be unable to finish the payroll. After all, tomorrow's our deadline."

And while the astonished guerilla stood wordless, the typists went back to work while the ASSA hurried out in search of a surviving employer.

----- MINI-REVIEWS

by RSC

INTERPLANETARY NEW PAPER WITNESS is published by Interplanetary Press, P.O. Box 29093 Chicago, IL 60629. 20¢ each, plus 10¢ postage for each 2 copies. The one I have is #2; #3 is supposed to be out about now. It contains newspaper-type articles on space travel (real, not fictional). Mariner, Viking, Lunokhod, etc. Tone is pro-space travel and pro-religion, which is at least an interesting combination. Printed, tabloid size, 8 pages.

ETERNITY #4 is published by Stephen Gregg, P.O. Box 193, Sandy Springs, SC 29677. \$1.25 per. This is sort of a semi-pro science fiction mag; 48 bedsheet-sized pages on newsprint, plus nice covers. Fiction, lots of verse, reviews, etc. According to the editor, the verse seems to be drawing most of the comment. Depends on the readership, I suppose; young liberals are into the wonders of verse these days. It's sort of a super-fanzine, actually, but it pays for material, which I suppose makes it professional. I doubt if you'll find it on your news stand; if you want it, you'll have to buy by mail.

Jerry Giannattanasio told us about, and Bev DeWeese got for us, an article on science fiction in TOP OF THE NEWS, a publication of the Young Adult Services Division of the American Library Association. Several fanzines mentioned, including YANDRO. I suppose that's where the upsurge of requests for free samples is coming from.