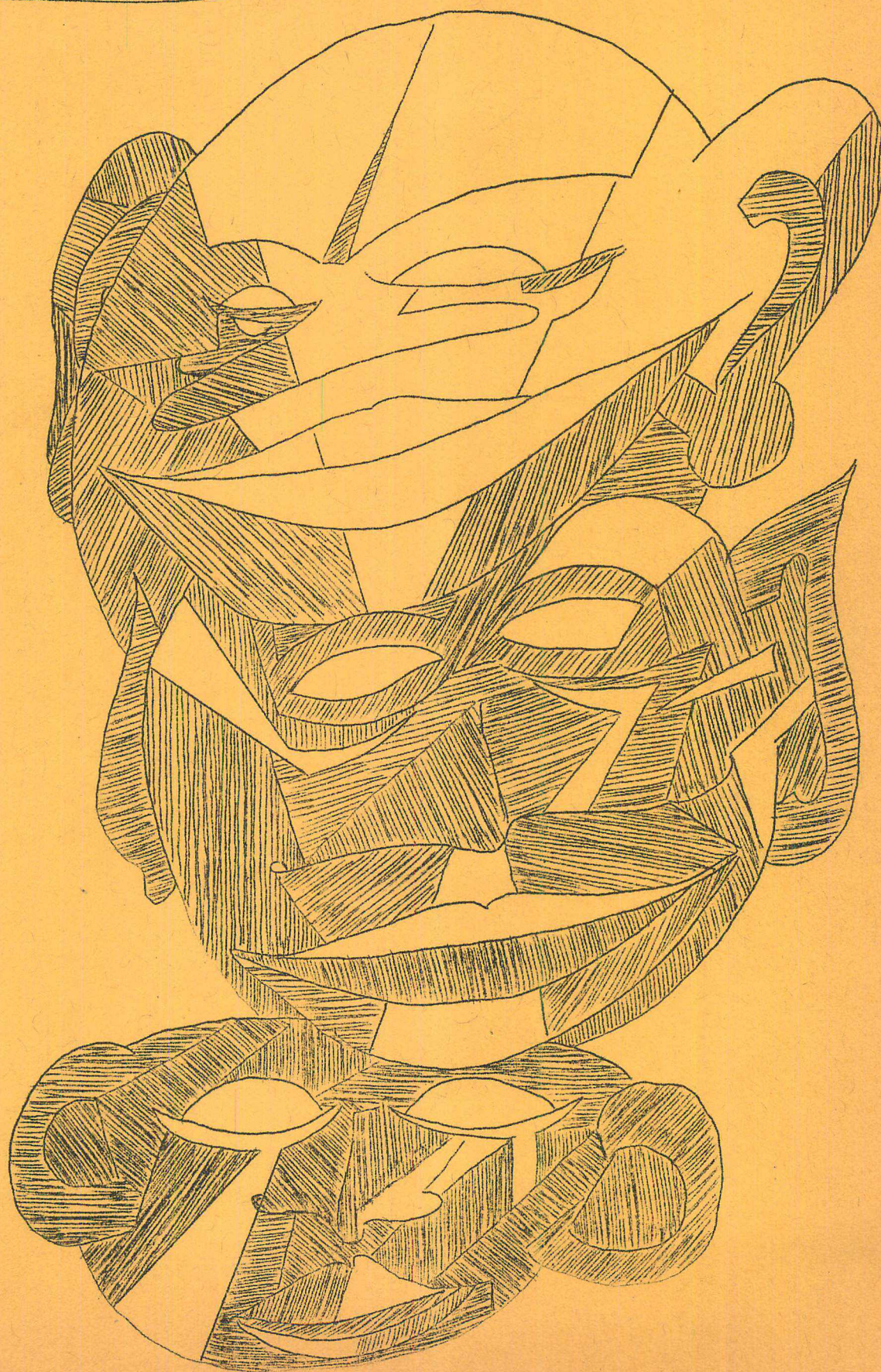
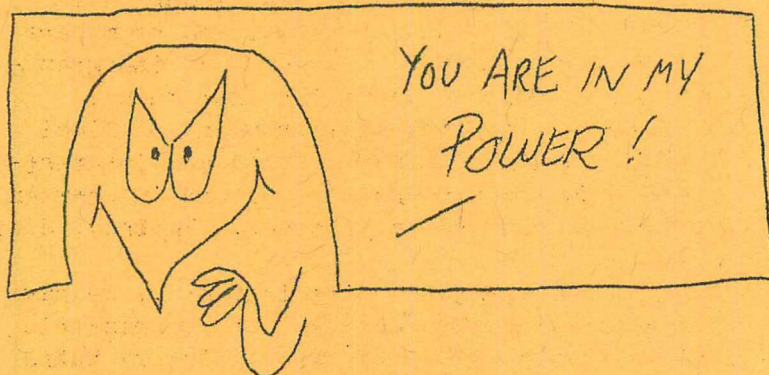


VANDRO

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Cover by Dave Piper

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MORE OR LESS NEW ADDRESSES:

Freff, and Amy Sefton, 211 Highland Drive, Enterprise, AL 36330
 Dainis Bisenieks, 2633 Dupont Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408
 Dale Donaldson, 107 Lyon St., San Francisco, CA 94117
 Joseph Frans, Schaarbosstraat 3, 2220 Wommelgem, Belgium
 Marlon Fields, 5911 Cypress Place, Kansas City, MO 64130
 Larry Williams, 656 Peardale Lane, Longview, WA 98632
 Don Hutchison, 6 South Drive, Toronto, Ont. M4W 1R1, Canada
 Mike Kring, Apt. A-302, 6250 Indian School Road NE, Albuquerque, NM 87110
 Devra Langsam, 627 E. 8th. St., Brooklyn, NY 11218
 John A. McCallum, P.O. Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, T0J 2N0, Canada
 Mark Sharpe, 10262 John Jay, Apt. D, Indianapolis, IN 46236
 Brian Tannahill, Box 21622, Bergstrom AFB, TX 78743

This Bicentennial YANDRO is dedicated to the Revolutionary War hero and first man to lose the Presidency by way of a smoke-filled room, Aaron Burr.



I have long since lost track of the number of times I have typed, mimeo'd and collated Ys just prior to leaving for a convention. In a counter of Fred Allen's old jibe -- I did it once, and now it is definitely a tradition. This last-minute mad rush is far pleasanter than most such occasions, though, because Kay Anderson is here to visit, and to travel and roomshare with us at BigMac. Only an old mimeographer and tired can appreciate how much it brightens the very stale routine of final press rushing to have a fresh and interesting face and conversation around in between stencils and stacks of paper. Mmmmbhoy, does it.

Also, in between mimeoing, etc., we have been tooling around local sightseeing nexi, displaying the "glories" of our historic Midwest. We have minor problems in historical places, since we're all history buffs and the standard spiel designed for the casual tourist doesn't fascinate. We tend to ask questions the docents can't answer (but they usually delight in having out of the ordinary questions asked, for a change, instead of their more typical and inane bill of fare). Generally, there is something new and intriguing at every historical site we visit.

But I do wonder if the nostalgia craze combined with tourism isn't getting quite out of hand. Yesterday we toured a northern Indiana tourist attraction cum tourist trap called "Amish Acres". The entrepreneurs have restored and saved genuine Amish farmstead buildings and equipment, thereby earning the gratitude of true history aficionados; the place may be slightly neatened, but they've gone to some effort to keep furnishings and surroundings as intact (and "quaintly authentic" therefore) as possible. That's good. Then they have gone into the restaurant business, featuring genuine Amish cooking, and done so well for themselves one can't get into the restaurant without a 1-2 hour wait. That's not so great. We ended up at their snack bar, gorging on home made sandwich buns and cider and locally made sausage and kraut and things like that; it was only a fifteen minute wait and a lot cheaper than the fancy restaurant would have been. One also can pick up homemade bread and candies at such places, as well as enjoy seeing a slice of American past. If only we didn't have to trip over all the dilettante tourists along that way. (A paradox of riches; without the browser, "my isn't that cute?" tourist, such restorations go begging and broke; but they clutter the places up fearfully while making it possible for the genuine history fan to see the restorations. Is a puzzlement.)

It's also eye opening and daunting. I would say "Amish Acres" had a fair assortment of pleasing souvenirs for the average tourist -- who doesn't really care whether something is really useful or genuine. We poked through the stuff, being shocked by the prices for reproductions of some cooking utensils which I use daily -- and got free. And I suspect most of the casual tourists who buy those utensils aren't going to use them as they were intended, for everyday cooking, but display them like some form of trophy. Sometimes I have the feeling the Coulsons' approach to history is scrambled; history is interesting because we're still living in it, and it's a flowing stream, and therefore an old tool or blanket or fork is to be used.

I do notice, too, that most of the casual yearning to return to those good old days of yesteryear living styles comes from men, not women. The women touring these restorations look at the washboards and equipment for preparing and baking two dozen loaves of bread while simultaneously butchering a hog, churning the cream, and plucking chickens...and shudder. Perhaps it's because modern work for men is by and large far removed from the agricultural chores their male ancestors performed; all the quaint activities the tour guides mention seem esoteric and sort of fun, when they're merely being described. But women's housework tasks are -- though eased and simpli-

fied -- not so far distant from those performed by their foremothers; we can well envision what it would be like to bend over a scrubboard and rub knuckles raw instead of tossing clothes in a machine. (Most women have, at times, had to resort to hard rubbing and knuckles, briefly, to extract stains from clothes; and I'm old enough to have used a scrub board, and have acquired blisters on my knuckles doing it.) I have absolutely no urge to return to that time track. In postatomic or post-disaster America I could do those things, but I'd look back in envy for the good times before modern conveniences evaporated.

My personal suspicion is that people who yearn for the past and flee to communes and actually act on those vague wishes for a "simpler" life (and one a hell of a lot harder) are victims of a martyr complex. I also suspect very few people raised in an agricultural milieu have any desire at all to move to a commune and start doing everything from scratch; most of them have to do just enough grubbing in the soil old-style that they know, vividly, just how much labor is involved. Distance lends glamour, and the urban type falls in love with the idea of a primitive life style. (And I imagine once committed, stubbornness takes over and some who have second thoughts refuse to quit, lest their friends scorn them and sneer that they couldn't take it. It's a kind of life style macho syndrome, if you will.)

One of the side issues of that yearning for an older life style is the plaint that people were nicer to their neighbors and more friendly and helpful in those good old days. Well, maybe. I would point out there were a lot fewer people to be nice to, then, so the investment in Samaritanism was not so great. And rural America was a population even more scattered than most, so such necessities were still rarer than they would be in Europe. But contrariwise, most rural types are helpful to those in their circle -- but very wisely wary of strangers. Not necessarily hostile, just wary. That's a quality that has increased, advisedly, with modern times. The stranger at the door is probably harmless. But he also may be a Manson, or at the least a guy who's there to steal your gas, your livestock, your utensils (which are saleable antiques, perhaps) or anything else these "dumb hicks" can't catching him making off with. It leads to paranoia -- no, not to paranoia, because the standoffishness is not a delusion but a result of being burned by previous encounters with greedy strangers.

If the urban types could return to an agricultural lifestyle, it would not only be a hellish amount of work, but they'd have to change a lot of their modern attitudes toward people, too. The grass is always greener when you've been walking on concrete all your life, I think.

In this's letter column Maggie Thompson mentions the good neighborliness of Sal Mineo's apartment sharers, and of course genuine humanitarian instincts do still occur in urbanized settings -- often enough to sustain one's flickering hope in the survivability of our species. Too frequently, though, the other story is true. One of the Indianapolis tv stations ran a standard test -- hidden camera, an actor pretending to have a heart stroke, staggering out of his car and collapsing on a nearby greensward; they tsk-tsked that ten people bypassed the "victim" before one Samaritan ran over and inquired after the actor's condition. But unfortunately I can't get too exercised over the "callousness" of the people who looked at the victim and hastened away; too many of them know incidents where somebody tried to help a "victim" and got a bashed in a head and a lifted wallet in thanks. Even if it hasn't happened, they're convinced it has, and flee to avoid a similar thing occurring to them.

I don't have any answers. Unlike various experts pontificating different reasons and solutions to the grinding changes between agricultural simplicity and trust to urbanized total distrust, I don't think there are any answers. Certainly not any simple answers.

But unlike the experts, I think we'll muddle through. There are too many young people to whom the city way of life is not only natural but exciting and wonderful. They're not the ones yearning to return to a life style that's esoteric past the point of fantasy. It's their elders, clinging to a past they never, really, knew. The kids are going to adapt. (And in forty years, they're going to be yearning to go back to the good old days of triple-locked doors and pollution, because the urban world, then, will be something different, again. Always, it will be different.) JWC

A COLUMN



I'm finally free from working, at least for a few weeks. I arranged to quit work last Friday, mostly because that would complete the last full week I could get in. They arranged a nice last day for me (not intentionally). I didn't have to work at all in the morning. The pump on the paint line in steel doors dept. broke down, and there was nothing for me to do. (Typical Overhead Door efficiency: instead of buying a new pump they tried to fix the old one.)

On Wednesday, I'll be heading for Mid-America. After we get back, I'll have to start moving to my room at college. Then I have to come back here for a dental appointment. And I'm hoping to make a trip to Indianapolis after that. Then I come

back home to resume moving. School will be a nice rest after all that.

Interesting phenomenon at work: I had been writing little columns for the local paper (getting no money, but some experience) and the people at work commented on this. But I found a lot of them hadn't bothered to read the column; they just noticed my name in the paper. I wonder how prevalent this is. How many people claim a familiarity with some book just because they've heard of the title and author? How many obtain what they know about it from listening to other people who have read it? Quite a few, I suspect, which causes the persistence of ignorance. If one person reads a book, and gets the wrong idea about it, how many people take his word blindly without ever having read it themselves? This factor is why stupid ideas keep appearing and simply refuse to be gotten rid of, like Donnelly's Atlantis, Mu, flying saucers, and anything else patently ridiculous that many people believe in.

The sheer size and volume of knowledge causes a related effect in government. Who runs the country? Congress? The President? I doubted this from the start. Given the complexity and nature of the problems facing the world, no one whose basic education is in politics could hope to deal with them effectively. So, who tells them how to deal with a problem? Experts. Technocrats. Take the Mayaguez Incident, for example. In order to come to a decision, President Ford had to consult military men, state department people, and who knows who else. I'm not criticizing President Ford for this; he had to have the knowledge. But the point is that his decision was made on the basis of information given to him by experts in their various fields. Currently, the only function politicians have is making a choice between alternate solutions provided by the experts. Even though he has the power of decision, his choice is limited as to what solutions he is offered. People have blamed the politicians for all the problems of the world. Actually, what they should blame is the uncoordinateness of the experts, who keep getting in each others' way. If they would band together and start using psychology to subtly influence the politicians' minds to whatever course of action they (the experts) wanted, we would then have a true technocracy.

The one thing that bothered me at work was my co-workers' attitude toward working. My attitude is that while I'm there and getting paid by the company, I should be working almost all of the time. For my money, they could get rid of the stupid ten-minute breaks they have in the morning and afternoon, shorten the day by an hour (starting at 7:30 and ending at 3:30) and everyone would benefit. But no one else sees it that way. When I worked at what I thought was a reasonable pace, I got stared at. The workers told me that they didn't work very hard because Overhead Door didn't pay very well. I wanted to know why they were working there if they didn't like the pay, but I forebore asking.

A few book reviews...

FANTASTIC NUDES: SECOND SERIES, by Steve Fabian [Gerry de la Ree, \$8.00] Apparently the first book sold out so fast they decided for a repeat. I'm more familiar with

the works the subjects were taken from this time. I quibble with the representation of Black Margot, but in general it's another very fine example of Steve Fabian's work. Limited to 750 copies.

THE ANNOTATED ALICE, by Lewis Carroll, with notes by Martin Gardner [Bramhall House] This is a Publishers' Central acquisition, so I can't tell you how much it cost originally. At any rate, if you've always felt you've been missing something when you read the Alice books, this would be worth picking up.

THE LOST CAUSE, by E. A. Pollard [Bonanza] Another PCB purchase. This turned out to be one of the most unintentionally funny books I've read. It is the standard Southern history of the Civil War (or War of the Confederates, as they put it). As social propaganda, it might have been effective (it came out in 1866, right after the war, when the South was trying to win the peace), but the flights of illogic achieved make it hilarious to the contemporary reader, if he has patience. When Pollard is discussing the causes of thenWar, he cites that "fact" that the North was jealous of Southern domination of politics. A few pages later he states that the South was being oppressed politically by the North. Yes. The only problem is that apparently a good many people in the South believed this nonsense at the time, and for years afterward. Recommended for Civil War buffs.

GALACTIC MEDAL OF HONOR, by Mack Reynolds [Ace, \$1.50] This is an expansion of the short story, "Medal of Honor," which was printed in Fantastic Magazine. (Oddly enough, Ace gives credit.) I read and liked the original story, and I like this as well. Reynolds pads a bit too much in the middle, and misses an obvious cynical comment on people near the end of the book, but the basic concept is still good. Reynolds hasn't really any really great books recently, but all of them have been very readable.

THE MASSACRE AT FALL CREEK, by Jessamyn West [Fawcett, \$1.95] Based on one of the few historical events that took place in Indiana: the hanging of three white men for the murder of Indians. I didn't think this was as good as most of the recent spate of historical novels that have been coming out, but it's still not bad.

THE RETURN OF MORIARTY, by John Gardner [Berkley, \$1.95] Gardner must have thought that if people were making money by making heroes out of the Mafia, there might be some profit in reviving and anti-heroing Professor Moriarty, Sherlock Holmes' foe. Actually, it isn't bad at all. Though Sherlock Holmes is made out as being somewhat more gullible, self-serving, and less intelligent than he is usually portrayed, and Moriarty is somewhat typed, it's still a book for Holmes buffs and suspense readers. I assume it's also the beginning of a series.

While I was reading Toffler's FUTURE SHOCK, something he said stuck in my mind. He was curious as to why some people resisted all change fanatically; some were hesitant about changing, and a few actively sought it. I could have told him the answer. It's a species survival trait. Some people try every new thing, and everyone else sees if it works. If it does, the changed ones win out via natural selection. If it doesn't everyone else is okay. The same is true of the trait uncovered by the experiment shown in THE TENTH LEVEL. In a primitive society, there isn't any time for nonsense like democracy or the voice of the people. One person has to give the orders, because a dictatorship is the most efficient form of government. And, so, people have to be able to accept orders from someone in authority, or they will all perish. The 40 per cent or so who refused to obey? Equally, there have to be people who think independently, to defy authority when it is wrong. (The fact that this group is in the minority also shows that defying authority isn't good for your health.) What is also interesting about this experiment is the fact that scientists were selected as the authority figure. Science News had an article on this topic. Some kids were giving their ideas of what a scientist was. He was not a person to be laughed at, a la the absent minded professor of movie fame. He was a cross between Merlin and Jehovah, not a person at all. Certainly not someone you could become; you had to be born as a scientist.

RUMBLINGS



After laying out the letter column and typing "Things" (and not before, as it should have been) I sorted through several stacks of letters, clippings, etc, and found a couple more things to mention. For one thing, I was wrong when I said I didn't have a follow-up of the Kemp / Hamling case. Irv Jacobs sent me a clipping from the San Diego Union of 5-18-76, which said they were released from jail and ordered to stay out of the pornography business for 5 years; Hamling was allowed 60 days to sell out his holdings in Greenleaf and various subsidiaries.

I don't know. The whole thing seems out of proportion. But on the other hand, despite the fact that I like Earl personally, I can't get too excited over the problems of porno publishers. (Censorship is wrong, but I can't come up with much emotion over the idea, in this case...censorship is wrong because almost any writing contributes something to the community, but I can't see that this did.)

Also, Roger Waddington sends in a cutting describing a new British tv series. This is a 10-program series titled "The Gun" and apparently a factual look at firearms history. Might well be interesting - but I'd bet any amount of money that no tv station in this country will run it. TV is monolithically anti-gun. (At least partly because if guns are responsible for crime in the streets, then tv shows are not.)

Despite devoting most of this issue to letters, we didn't quite catch up. At least, now the letter-column folder is down to a manageable size. Since I excerpt instead of running complete letters, it takes a fair amount of letters to fill a column.

Rivercon was fun, as was last year's Louisville show. Looks like that's going to be one of our regular midwestern conventions, along with Midwestcon and Chambanacon. The number of conventions keeps expanding; sooner or later the rising cost of transportation will curtail them, but apparently that time is not yet. Rivercon featured one of the better filksings, with Juanita, the Passovoyes, Murray Porath, and Marty Coady. I was disappointed that Binker Hughes didn't make it (she was at the con but missed the filksing due to various things) but still the results were excellent (and unlike last year I got a good tape of the whole thing.) I spent my days in the huckster room and my evenings in parties. (And instead of the usual 5-second conversations, I got in several fairly long discussions. I also got interviewed for a fanzine, which seems a bit strange - I don't like reading interviews of other fans/pros, and I can't really see why other people would want to read one about me.)

Hmm...in perusing the letter column, I see that maybe I should say that my reply to Dainis was in the nature of a joke? So many people take me seriously when they aren't supposed to...

The nominating conventions are over, and the Republicans did clear out of Kansas City before we had to come in and zap them. Of course, politics was the major item of conversation at work for some time. My coworkers have some fascinating attitudes and beliefs. One liberal announced that he/she (I forgot to jot down who said it) would vote for Reagan over Carter - if it came to that - because of Carter's "ethnic purity" comment. On the other hand, a conservative liked Reagan but would vote for Carter because he's a southerner. (Everyone I work with was born at least as far north as Kentucky; I don't explain the comment, I just report it.) Then there is the man who preferred Reagan over Ford simply because Ford pardoned Nixon. (This is a fairly common attitude; if Ford hadn't pardoned Nixon he might have received more votes in the primaries.)

A lot of them actually pick their cars and soap flakes because of tv ads, as far as that goes. (Everyone professes to not believe the ads - but they remember them.)

This YANDRO is being finished up - and hopefully published - while Kay Anderson is visiting. (She may be invited to make some comments in here somewhere; god knows I'm going to have a problem in filling up two pages this round.) I'm taking two weeks of my vacation now, during Kay's visit and MidAmeriCon. (Currently, she is sitting in the living room being ignored while Juanita and I type.)

I mentioned at work that I wanted my two weeks rather peculiarly - starting on a Wednesday and getting back on a Thursday - "because this girl friend from California is coming for a visit." Somebody asked if Juanita didn't object to this, and I said "well, her husband visited here overnight last winter and I didn't object, so why should she object now?" I'm regarded as a little weird at work.

Incidentally, that's one of the keys to success in the mundane world - at least, it is if you don't aim for the top. (I doubt if I'll ever get promoted to a managerial post at OHD, but that doesn't bother me at all. And I was sort of sounded out about a factory foreman's job - my replies were discouraging.) It's all right to mention fandom and be considered weird, if you can also at least discuss one or two of the normal discussion-objects. Here, my interest in guns and knives establishes my masculinity, and a genuine interest in high school and college basketball covers the sports line. A good memory helps here; I can talk baseball, despite having little or no interest in it, because I skim the sports section of the paper every morning and can remember what it said for long enough to establish my knowledge. (One of my co-workers tries to join in sports discussions without knowing much about any sport, and is therefore the butt of numerous jokes. If I don't know or care about a certain sport, I either say so, or just keep quiet. Making a mistake is worse than admitting ignorance.) Several fans have said that they never allow their coworkers to know they're in fandom. I do. I not only mention conventions, I sometimes bring in pictures of the masquerades. (So everyone "knows" why I go; all them naked wimmen. That's an acceptable and even a praiseworthy motive.) Also, writing books is acceptable because it makes money, and I can tie my fannish activities into writing. (I don't say that my main interest in conventions is monetary; I don't lie. But if they want to make assumptions, that's their problem.)

Incidentally, I guess I really am more of a fan than a pro. I was idly rearranging a few fanzines into some sort of order for DEVLINS, and noticed that there were numerous book review columns I hadn't even looked at. I never even think about any Coulson books getting reviews; I always look at the fanzine letter columns first, and check the fanzine reviews (though that's mostly to see if YANDRO has been reviewed so I can brace for a few more subscriptions.)

Kay Anderson here, since Buck has gone with Bruce to a chess club meeting, leaving me with the blank bottom section of this page and an intimidating big beast of a grim taupe-colored typewriter with no carriage return arm. Juanita and I have been discussing the antics of Mother Nature this year, as I tried to subtly watch the weather forecast on the tv news, half convinced they would be promising a tornado. After all, to us Californians tornado and Midwest are natural word associations, just as California and earthquake go together like ham and eggs. And there has been an awful lot of that sort of thing lately, hasn't there? Back in late May I read in the paper that there had already been around 20 earthquakes measuring 5.5 or more on the Richter scale since the first of the year. Since then of course there have been the tremendous quakes in China, the Philippines, and so on. Last Sunday there were four major quakes around the world in that one day. Then you have La Soufriere volcano acting up on Guadaloupe, the predicted major eruption of Mauna Loa before next July, and the fact that the public campgrounds near Mt Lassen in California have been closed for the past couple of years in response to discovery of something sinister going on in there. But somehow after you've lived in California a while, and been through the major quakes of 1971 and 1973, you get sort of casual and nonchalant about the little temblors and jiggles that make the swag lamps swing, the windowpanes clatter in their frames, and visitors turn pale. I'm not scared of Mother Nature. At least not my familiar old visage of her. But around here at the Coulson's I keep stealing peeks at the barometer. Having reached the bottom margin, I believe I'll go have another peek. KA

STEREOTYPE FANS

BY

AMOS SALMONSON

We all know what a stereotype is. A stereotype Jew is filthy rich and stingy. A stereotype Irishman is short-tempered and only a Scotsman is a worse drunkard. Japanese stereotypes all have buck teeth and bow a lot as they whisper hoarsely, "Ah so!" Chicanos wear big sombreros and long mustaches and are always found sleeping in front of their mud houses. Italian women habitually suffer weight problems, they hen-peck their husbands, coddle their sons, and curse very loudly. American blacks all want to drive red Cadillacs, eat watermelons, shuffle their feet, and say "yassuh" to everyone they meet; but at least they tap dance good. Swedes are big and strong and dumb and have perfect smiles. The English are stuffed-shirts who wear derbies and though they always carry umbrellas, they never seem to open them even when it rains. Everyone from Oklahoma is a stupid hick, and everyone from Texas wears pointed high-heel cowboy boots, which explains why they all walk like John Wayne. American Indians dance around campfires, pounding on puckered lips, crying, "Woo, woo, woo."

Add your own to the list.

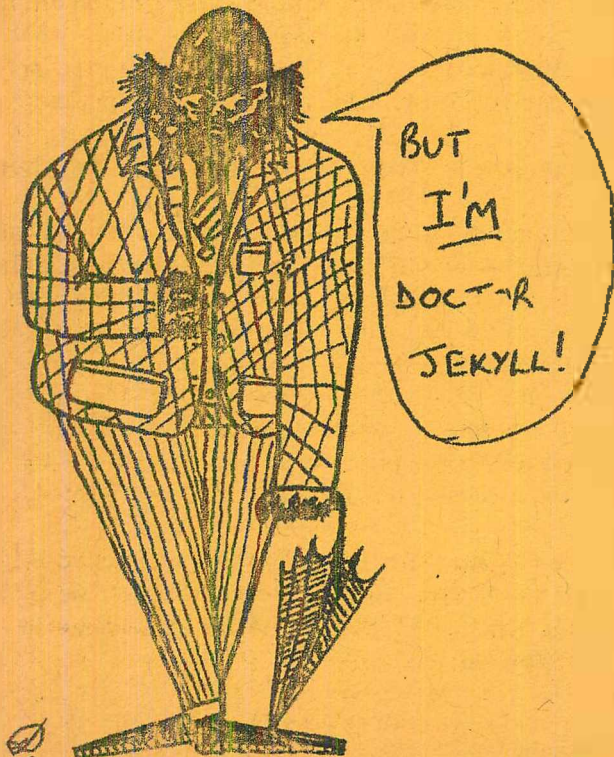
Stereotypes are, of course, false, degrading, and dangerous. But everytime we actually meet a stereotype eye to eye, it tends to lend credence to the overall image of a race or nationality. Fandom has its stereotypes,

too, dozens of them, in fact; and if we are to abolish these stereotypes, we must recognize what the stereotypes are and avoid falling into such patterned lives.

The following is a breakdown of fannish stereotypes:

H.P. Lovecraft fans are largely of the high-school drop out ilk. They have short memories and therefore like to read the same stories by the same author over and over, as the ending is always a surprise and it never ceases to amaze them that the hero actually gets killed. They won't read a story by any other author unless the name "Cthulhu" appears at least once in the title. Many of them believe devoutly that the theories behind HPL's tales are actual fact, despite the fact that the author himself scoffed all occultism and made up all that tripe off the top of his head. HPL fans usually dress in black, except for their socks, which are more often red.

Robert E. Howard fans wear thick glasses and are weaselly in appearance. You seldom see them in public because they are virtual acces-



series to their own thick, padded, worn-out easy chairs, in which they are always sitting, either reading the last Conan adventure or waiting with blank stares for de Camp and Carter to hack out a new Howard pastiche.

Edgar Rice Burroughs fans lack imagination of any sort and thus seek collections of novels that all have the same plot so as not to strain their small minds. They are often Zane Grey readers as well, and comprise the ghetto of fandom.

Ursula K. LeGuin admirers seldom lower themselves to fannish activity.

Fritz Leiber fans smile a great deal, are clumsy but well-meaning, and often show up at parties already stoned. They are slow but attentive readers.

Edgar Allen Poe freaks have very limited horizons and little chance of success at anything they try, this despite their illusion of high intelligence that disguises their utter confusion in all matters. It's not unusual for them to suffer reading blocks.

Tolkien fans are mostly women or effeminate males who write bad poetry and like to talk but hate to listen. Their idea of an adventure is running helter-skelter through the woods and finding a warm cottage with lots of food ready on the table. They consider themselves on a higher level than all other fans and sashay about aloofly crying, "Oh, heavens!" to all the weaselly Howard fans with their thick glasses and their easy chairs.

C.S. Lewis fans are repulsive to behold unless you are a Jesus freak or a Jehovah's Witness, in which case they are only slightly radical in comparison to thine own self. They are usually juvenile and naive and will invariably fall asleep in the middle of the most intriguing conversations being carried on around them.

Robert Heinlein fans are generally of a hypocritical nature, the sort who claim they hate war and cruelty but secretly wish they would suddenly develop the powers of a God, which they would promptly misuse. They are usually hopelessly average people who can boast one or another minor artistic skill that never got them anywhere. They all believe in astrology.

Some people have trouble telling Arthur C. Clarke fans from Isaac Asimov fans, as many of the traits overlap. Both types of fan tend to be super-straight individuals who in high school got nothing but A's in math, B's in science, but flunked English lit twice. There is a subtle difference, however, and you can tell a Clarke fan from an Asimov fan mainly by their conversation: A Clarke fan tries desperately but fails to sound like a scientific philosopher with profound ideas and theories, while Asimov fans merely try to define the simplest scientific formulas with clever and confusing anecdotes which no one can follow (until they've been repeated several times). In the case of either type of fan, it is dangerous to be backed into a corner by one, unless you have a tin ear.

In summary, I would suggest the best way to avoid succumbing to the patterned lifestyles of such stereotyped fans is to become a fan editor, at which point you will be overwhelmed by a sense of infinite dignity and wisdom akin to prajna or enlightenment. (On second thought, that may be the worst stereotype of all.)



GOLDEN MINUTES

CARLOS P. ROMULO - BAREFOOT BOY OF DIPLOMACY, by Adele deLeeuw [Westminster, \$6.95] A juvenile biography. I've always been biased toward Romulo, probably because I was 14 when I SAW THE FALL OF THE PHILIPPINES appeared, and it made a tremendous impression on me. (Even more so, since it had been ham-handedly censored after it was printed; those blotted-out phrases were intriguing.) This doesn't really tell a lot about Romulo; he comes out as pretty much the standard subject of juvenile biographies -- a trifle shorter than most heroes, but otherwise indistinguishable from them. It does tell the modern reader, to whom all this is "history", a fair amount about U.S.-Phillipine relations in those days. If you're looking for something to give a 10 to 12-year old, you could do worse.

NAMES ON THE GLOBE, by George R. Stewart [Oxford, \$11.95] Actually, this was present for Juanita. It's somewhat of a sequel to the author's NAMES ON THE LAND, this book covering the naming process of the entire globe. Note that it's not a compendium on what specific place-names refer to. Plenty of those are listed as examples, but basically this is a treatise on the way in which names are bestowed. As he often does, Stewart tends to go into the process in more depth than really interested me, but all in all it's an enjoyable book, and perhaps moderately valuable to a science fiction author, if he wants his alien names to seem authentic.

NO LEFT TURNS, by Joseph L. Schott [Ballantine, \$1.50] A personal account of a former FBI agent in the good old days of J. Edgar Hoover. It leans rather heavily toward the bizarre, but then so did Hoover, in his later days. (The title comes not from J. Edgar's anti-communist stance -- "We're takin' down the names of everybody turnin' left" -- but from his insistence that whenever he was driven anywhere the auto must not make any left turns; a decree which led to logistical problems for his subordinates. A very funny book; recommended.

THE DELTOID PUMPKIN SEED, by John McPhee [Ballantine, \$1.50] The story of the Aereon, an improbable cross between an airplane and a dirigible. It keeps sounding like one more crackpot invention -- except that the author saw it fly. Like McPhee's earlier CURVE OF BINDING ENERGY, it describes an outlandish vehicle that just might have great possibilities. In this case, its backers saw it as a freight carrier -- faster than ships, cheaper than airplanes, possibly more reliable than today's railroads. But they haven't been able to sell it commercially (possibly for quite good reasons, possibly not).

THE SHADOW KNOWS, by Diane Johnson [Pocket Books, \$1.95] A psychological thriller, though there is more psychology than thrills. The narrator is a woman living in a housing project (but she can afford a maid), who is generally lonely and miserable and afraid that someone is trying to kill her. It is, I suppose, an accurate depiction of a certain type of personality. Unfortunately, it's a type for which I have no sympathy, so I didn't think much of the book. Not recommended to fans; it ought to go great with suburban housewives.

THE SPIRIT HORSES, by Lou Cameron [Ballantine, \$1.25] A fictional account of the U.S. Army's experiment with camels in the southwest. Not a very good fictional account, unfortunately.

DRUMS OF DARKNESS, by Marion Zimmer Bradley [Ballantine, \$1.25] Another of the Zodiac gothics. It was a bit too gothicky for my taste, and the heroine is an emotional sort who isn't terribly appealing. But it's perfect for the expected audience, and Marion's

"Astrological Note" in the back is a great deal more authentic-sounding than the advertised Sydney Omarr horoscope in the front. (I suspect that not only does Marion know more about astrology than Omarr does, she believes in it more fully, as well.) Of moderate interest ; the lead characters are black. Only the second black gothic that I've seen, and somewhat better written than the first one. A very well-constructed novel of a type that doesn't quite turn me on.

THE COURTING OF JOANNA, by Alice Chetwynd Ley [Ballantine, \$1.50] I've been seeing Ley's name around on newsstands, so I tried one. Not terribly good; the plot is far too obvious and is not (as Georgette Heyer's were) redeemed by humor. There must be better historical romances somewhere.

GODS OF AIR AND DARKNESS, by Richard E. Mooney [Fawcett, \$1.75] "Will surely appeal to enthusiasts of Von Daniken's CHARIOTS OF THE GODS?" the cover announces, and turns me off right there. On the first page of the introduction Mooney refers to "the lack of fossil evidence for evolution", which presumably strikes the correct scientific note for this sort of crap. The rest of the "science" included in this farce about how Earth is a sort of Lost Colony of some alien planet lives up to expectations. Even considered as fiction, it's clichéd.

LOVECRAFT: A BIOGRAPHY, by L. Sprague de Camp [Ballantine, \$1.95] "Abridged by the author" it says. Even so, it runs 480 pages, and I have no intention of reading all 480 to see what's been left out, aside from the notes, bibliography, and index. (Bruce just told me that Ted Pauls told him that about 10,000 words have been removed.) I suspect that most fans will prefer the Doubleday hardcover. Either way, it's going to be the biography of Lovecraft for some time to come, in all likelihood. (It has numerous detractors, but all of them seem to be in the category of those who think that Lovecraft was a literary genius and that de Camp doesn't appreciate him enough.) Recommended to those too cheap to invest in the hardcover.

BLADERUNNER, by Alan E. Nourse [Ballantine, \$1.50] This is the best science-fiction I've read this time. Government health plans are not only possible but probable; a plague that a bureaucracy can't handle is also probable, and the rest comes logically. Dr. Nourse makes his background of illicit medicine sound authentic, and his characters are as good as necessary. Recommended.

SPECIMENS, by Fred Saberhagen [Popular Library, \$1.25] I wonder if Fred wrote this on spec? It seems unlikely that any editor would buy the outline, since all it would reveal would be a rehash of several old monster movies, including burning down the house to get rid of the monster. (Predictably, it doesn't work...) But if he wrote the whole book first, an editor might appreciate the beautifully handled characters and background. Recommended despite the plot and the atrocious cover; it's really a very good sf thriller, once you get into it.

GIANTS IN THE DUST, by Chad Oliver [Pyramid, \$1.25] A human colony which is quite deliberately planted on an alien planet with no benefits of civilization, not even memory. Anthropologist Oliver makes a nice convincing story of their survival, encapsulating the actual human rise from the intelligent ape to the beginnings of civilization. Not really memorable, but entertaining.

RUN, COME SEE JERUSALEM!, by Richard C. Meredith [Ballantine, \$1.50] Time-travel from a vicious, degrading future to a past that is changed by the time-traveler's arrival into a different future -- but a better one? Nothing particularly new here; all the concepts and paradoxes have been worked out before. It's handled competently if not excitingly; an adequate novel.

A LAW FOR THE STARS, by John Morressy [Laser, #21, 95 cents] The famous but corrupt interstellar police force -- do I detect a hint of the FBI and CIA? Our hero, through numerous adventures, learns to overcome his chemically-induced lack of emotions (so he can lie, cheat, and steal like everyone else, presumably). Action good enough; theme is barely mediocre.

KEEPER, by Joan Hunter Holly [Laser #22, 95 cents] Another future society in which emotions are forbidden, and of course there is no worse evil than a lack of emotion. The plot here is more than a trifle maudlin; not recommended.

SCAVENGER HUNT, by Stephen Goldin [Laser #25, 95 cents] Basically psychological; the inter-relationship of a variety of characters. They have only one thing in common -- they're all totally unsympathetic right from the beginning, so the changes wrought in them don't seem all that interesting.

THE IRON RAIN, by Donald Malcclm [Laser #29, 95 cents] A totally improbable disaster envelopes humanity. From then on, the plot is pretty obvious; the totalitarian state developing out of chaos, the hero and heroine who must battle the state and the environment, etc. Good enough entertainment, particularly for the new reader to whom all this isn't completely predictable. Recommended to neofans who like adventure stories; not to veterans.

THE GALACTIC INVADERS, by James R. Berry [Laser #31, 95 cents] The noble space-patrolman fights a mysterious galactic invasion. This could be right out of Doc Smith -- or Gregory Kern. Again, recommended only to new readers. Those with experience in the field will find it mediocre.

THE DREAMFIELDS, by K.W. Jeter [Laser #33, 95 cents] An interesting idea; unfortunately, Jeter doesn't bother to make it convincing or internally logical. (He's not a pseudonym for A. E. Van Vogt, is he?) It's as involved as a van Vogt novel, too, with everyone cheerfully double-crossing everyone else, whether it makes any sense or not.

DON'T BITE THE SUN, by Tanith Lee [DAW #184, \$1.25] The world of future teen-agers, playing with what appear to be unlimited powers, and displaying about the same personalities as today's teen-agers do. A thoroughly repellant group of people -- as are most of today's teen groups -- but an extremely vivid portrayal.

THE WRATH OF FU MANCHU, by Sax Rohmer [DAW #186, \$1.50] Twelve of Rohmer's short stories, rescued from oblivion in obscure magazines, plus an introduction by Bob Brin-ey. Four of the stories, comprising somewhat under half the length of the book, are Fu Manchu tales; presumably these are the only ones not previously published in book form. The remainder are crime stories, fantasies, and even, if you stretch things a bit, science fiction. "Nightmare House" is at least as scientific as a lot of the competition, and a trifle better written. Overall, an entertaining book.

IRONCASTLE, by J.H. Rosny and Philip José Farmer [DAW #187, \$1.25] Interesting in that Rosny used Jules Verne's Baltimore Gun Club as an opening for his pseudo-Burroughs story of alien growths in mysterious Africa. It's better done and more imaginative than Burroughs; probably due to Farmer having rewritten it instead of merely translating Rosny's 1922 original; and it reads like a grand combination of Burroughs, Verne, and Farmer. (And presumably of Rosny, but I don't know enough about his style to recognize any individual touches.)

THE MIND-BENDERS, by Brian Stableford [DAW #194, \$1.95] The psychology of the sports star. It used to be very popular as a short story in Bluebook and the old Argosy. Stableford has expanded it, giving him room for more subtle psychoanalysis of his characters, but hasn't changed it much. Even the bitter conclusion had its popularity in the old days. This is very well done, for the type.

THE NAPOLEONS OF ERIDANUS, by Pierre Barbet [DAW #199, \$1.25] A group of Napoleon's officers is kidnapped by a desperate race of aliens in search of military leadership. And once in charge of a space empire, they prove that power corrupts. In plot if not in theme, this is similar to Poul Anderson's HIGH CRUSADE, but Anderson did it much better. This is moderately entertaining space-opera.

A WORLD CALLED CAMELOT, by Arthur H. Landis [DAW #202, \$1.25] Originally serialized in Cover 13, this has been revised and enlarged and possibly improved a bit. He works too hard at informality, but turns out a pretty fair space-opera, good for a couple of hours' entertainment. Totally unmemorable, though. Galactic agent goes about

setting to rights a planet where alien science is masquerading as magic, and of course does, after the usual adventures.

THE TIDES OF KREGEN, by Alan Burt Akers [DAW #204, \$1.25] Another Dray Prescott book. Interplanetary swords and sorcery; imitation Burroughs. Whelan's cover is very nice and probably the best thing about the book.

EARTH FACTOR X, by A.E. van Vogt [DAW #206, \$1.25] I reviewed a more expensive pb edition a couple of years back; it was called THE SECRET GALACTICS then, and then as now it is unintentionally hilarious. This is undoubtedly DAW's worst book of the year, and I wonder a bit at Wollheim -- who has both taste and a knowledge of English -- not requiring a massive rewrite. Anyway, he didn't, so pick this up for the laugh of your life. ("He could do things like that: concentrate." "Women -- those scaredy cats! -- would never know how exhilarating it was to be in battle, cool, observant, alert, prepared to do violence and face any consequences. Only males, it seemed to Carl, who are able to be like that, could ever call themselves men..." "...women are doomed to live a relationship type of existence..." "the feeling of overwhelm dominated", "her act of withdrawal was the kind of thing women did..." And so on; on damned near every page there is a phrase that could come from a complete ignorance of women, or the English language, or both.) Hysterically recommended.

PIGEONS FROM HELL, by Robert E. Howard [Zebra, \$1.95] Thirteen of Howard's horror stories from Weird Tales and an introduction consisting mostly of one of his letters. Stories are "Pigeons from Hell," "The Gods of Bal-Sagoth," "People of the Dark," "The Children of the Night," "Dig Me No Grave," "The Dream Snake," "In the Forest of Villefere," "The Dead Remember," "The Man on the Ground," "The Garden of Fear," "The Hyena," "Old Garfield's Heart," and "The Voice of El-Lil." A few are the exotic-adventure and brushes with antique evil type that Howard is best known for, but most are the straight Weird Tales sort of horror: voodoo, ghostly vengeance, etc. Quality runs from average to quite good; recommended.

THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD, by H.P. Lovecraft [Ballantine, \$1.50] Reprint of one of Lovecraft's novels. For horror fans that don't already have one of the myriad editions. At Rivercon I noted a few fans criticizing the Tinkelman covers, but I think they're among the best horror-book covers I've seen lately.

STAR TREK LOG EIGHT, by Alan Dean Foster [Ballantine, \$1.50] Novelization of one of the scripts from the ST cartoon series. I don't follow the series, so I don't know if this was a two-part story or Foster did more padding, but it's a lot longer than the usual script stories. Judged by space-opera standards, it's not bad.

THE CYBERIAD, by Stanislaw Lem [Avon, \$1.50] Subtitled "Fables for the Cybernetic Age," which is a pretty good description. Lem has copied the crude story-form and the boorish humor of authentic fables/fairy tales with reasonable exactitude, though his fables are even cruder than the genuine ones were. Since he is copying a classic form, and since Lem is the darling of academic critics, the results are of course acclaimed as "marvelously inventive" and "manage to be truly amusing and profoundly disturbing at the same time." They amused and disturbed me so much that I kept going to sleep while reading the book. Eventually, since sleeping provided more amusement than Lem's fiction, I gave up on the fiction.

ANDROID PLANET, by John Rankine [Pocket Books, \$1.50] Volumes 8 and 9 in the SPACE: ROGUE PLANET, by E.C. Tubb [Pocket Books, \$1.50] 1999 series. The publisher has quit illustrating them with stills from the tv series, which removes the only reason for getting the books, as far as I can see. The plots and dialogue are still just as inane as the rest of the show.

THE BEST OF DAMON KNIGHT [Pocket Books, \$1.95] 340 pages for your money. It starts out well; the first three stories are "Not With a Bang," "To Serve Man," and "Cabin Boy," which are well up among the best of Knight. All are more or less gimmick stories, so if you haven't read them I won't comment except to say they're good (and Knight gives away the gimmick in "Cabin Boy" in his introduction). "Analogues" is a

good future-psychiatry idea. "Babel II" presents the case against speech. There is "Special Delivery" (the ultimate in snotty little brats), "Thing of Beauty" (the marvelous gift which the recipient can't understand), "Anadhron" (one of the nastier paradoxes of time-travel), "Extempore" (an interesting time-travel idea even if not much of a story), "Backward, O Time" (a gimmick story which, rather incredibly, has been used several times, by various authors, even though once is a bit much), "The Last Word" (a sort of deal with the devil; forgettable), "Man in the Jar" (problem story; interesting but forgettable), "The Enemy" (rather pretentious space-opera), "Eripnav" (one of stf's better shaggy-dog stories), "A Likely Story" (one of the early in-group jokes; faan-fiction that sold, like a lot of others up to and including NOW YOU SEE IT/HIM/THEM... and MURDER AT THE ABA), "Time Enough" (time-travel as psychiatry; very neat idea and good story), "Mary" (misfits in the programmed society of the future; it's maudlin but I enjoyed it), "The Handler" (the appeal of the image instead of the reality; very well done), "The Big Pat Boom" (the ultimate in fads; I thought it was overdone when it appeared but since the Bicentennial I appreciate it more), "Semper Fi" (the selfish utopia), "Masks" (does Man influence his surroundings, or vice versa? A nice story, and too bad that C.L. Moore had already said it all in the last line of "No Woman Born"), and "Down There" (the desperate expedients of those bored with the easy life -- personally, I've never had enough of the easy life to be able to get emotional over gritty reality). Overall, a good enough book; some of the selections aren't the best, but the average is high. Worth your hard-earned money.

THE CROSS OF FRANKENSTEIN, by Robert J. Myers [Pocket Books, \$1.75] Everybody is writing Frankenstein novels these days, and nobody is improving the original one bit.

FOR TEXAS AND ZED, by Zach Hughes [Popular Library, \$1.25] Space-opera. A nice lightweight adventure novel, for those with a couple of hours to kill.

THE INVERTED WORLD, by Christopher Priest [Popular Library, \$1.25]

THE STOCHASTIC MAN, by Robert Silverberg [Fawcett, \$1.50] These came for review, and to be honest I haven't been able to force myself to read either one of them. I know that Silverberg will be manipulating symbols a bit too obviously for my taste, and Priest may be doing the same thing a little better.

THE SIEGE OF WONDER, by Mark S. Geston [Doubleday, \$5.95] Speaking of symbols... Geston is putting logical perfection at war with illogical beauty. Or, in his terms, science versus magic. His theme seems to be that although they are unalterably opposed, we should try to absorb the best of both into our own nature. (Like most creative people, he leans toward the irresponsible grandeur of magic; I don't, so I disagreed with most of his specific points, even when I more or less agree with the general idea.) He also postulates the victory of science, and a long, dreary, monotonous future if and when science has learned to understand everything. Maybe. It's a nicely poetic book, in any event, and presumably all the misfits in fandom will identify with the protagonist. Try it.

ROBERT A. HEINLEIN: Stranger In His Own Land, by George Edgar Slusser (Borgo Press, P.O. Box 2845, San Bernardino, CA 92406 - \$1.95) A 60-page critique of Heinlein's philosophy as exemplified in his writings. It has the usual flaws of such critiques. In his introduction, Slusser says "Heinlein believes in authorship as free enterprise" but he never examines the implications of his own statement. (For example, the idea that I Will Fear No Evil is oversexed and padded to a fare-thee-well because Heinlein was deliberately - and successfully - aiming for best-sellership is never even mentioned, though it seems fairly obvious..It also seems obvious to me that in Time Enough For Love, Heinlein was tidily using up a batch of ideas that had been cluttering up his desk drawers for years. The last section, "Da Capo", was originally listed in his Future History chart as a short story. But one big novel makes more money than several short stories.) And a fairly common stf cliché, the idea that when immortality is available "the one act of individuality is the decision to end that life", is included as part of Heinlein's personal attitudes. Naturally enough, Slusser abhors "the frightful extent" of Heinlein's materialism. (He also has this idea that any variance in the standard method of writing an action novel represents a "flaw" in the writing; correctness has been established by academic critics and one should never

deviate from it.) All in all, I didn't think a whole lot of the book, but then I don't think much of most academic criticism of science fiction. Slusser's flaws are those of academic critics in general, and his general evaluation of Heinlein is pretty close to the one fans have had for years. (And in general, the books that he says are bad are the ones that definitely are bad; if I don't agree with his alleged insights as to the reasons for bad writing I can at least admit that he recognizes it.)

THE BICENTENNIAL MAN, by Isaac Asimov (Doubleday, \$6.95) One poem, "The Prime of Life" and 11 stories; "Feminine Intuition", "Waterclap", "That Thou Art Mindful of Him", "Stranger in Paradise", "The Life and Times of Multivac", "The Winnowing", "The Bicentennial Man", "Marching In", "Old-fashioned", "The Tercentenary Incident", and "Birth of a Notion". Most of them appeared originally in F&SF, with a couple from GALAXY and one from ANALOG, and therefore should be familiar to fans. "Old-fashioned" is from BELL TELEPHONE MAGAZINE and therefore probably not familiar. It - naturally - hinges on communications, and is a problem story; how does the hero escape the pit? "Tercentenary Incident" is from ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE and is a future mystery. Actually, the idea isn't at all new, and should be recognized by the reader - and the ending probably anticipated - but it's moderately well worked out. Not one of Asimov's best, by a long shot, though. In fact, none of the stories here are Asimov's best, but most of them are adequate and entertaining.

FACES IN THE FLAMES, by Peter Tate (Doubleday, \$5.95) A near-future world in which revolutionists in a small African country have been declared heretics by the Catholic Church. (And martyrs by the Protestants.) So that their activities become a religious war, and the author can produce reams of philosophical introspections on the whys and wherefores. (For all I know, the whole thing is an allegory representing current Church positions. It's certainly dull enough to be that.) The author spends so much time on the philosophy of action that one wonders why he bothered to put in any action at all, and the results bored me to distraction. Particularly since his revolutionists are so gentle, philosophic and Christlike that they bear not the slightest resemblance to any reality and tend to seem ridiculous. Not recommended.

THE NEW BELIEVERS, by Daniel Cohen (Ballantine, \$1.75) A look at the varieties of "new" religions in this country; Children of God, Hare Krishna, the Church of Satan, etc. He finds more good in all of them than I probably would, even while being critical of specific aspects of the various faiths. (In reply to parents who claim that the Children of God "took their children away" and "brainwashed" them, he says that any teen-agers who are so desperate for something to cling to that they find the CoG autocratic theology attractive, were probably lost to their parents long before. I tend to agree; vast numbers of parents do everything possible to alienate their children, and then when it happens, they blame everyone but themselves.) On the other hand, Cohen makes all of the new fundamentalist cults seem so unattractive that nobody but an emotional imbecile would want to join them. The book is divided into three sections. Under fundamentalists, he lists the CoG, the Jesus People, etc. Oriental religions covers things like the Maharaj Ji, Transcendental Meditation, and similar beliefs. (He points out that an important point in the rise of TM was that it gave - apparently - results which could be measured, "and if Americans believe in anything, it is in measurement". Right.) The third section covers witchcraft and satanism, and Cohen nobly refrains from saying that practitioners of these are less those with any deep religious ideas than they are people who like to dramatize themselves. But he manages to get the point across pretty well. (The Church of All Worlds, supposedly based on the religious ideas of Heinlein, gets a small mention in this section; according to Cohen, the church practices are closer to the occult than to any other religious form.) Recommended; an interesting book.

THE HAND OF OBERON, by Roger Zelazny (Doubleday, \$5.95) Fourth book in the Amber series. My opinion of this series is as low as my opinion of most series, but it's popular in some quarters. If you've been following it, you'll presumably want the new book. (If you haven't, I recommend reading the series in order; get the earlier books before trying this one.)

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

MORRIS DOLLENS sends a clipping about a young man arrested in connection with two "crossbow robberies" of a restaurant in El Monte. (Sure, getting rid of firearms will reduce crime.) There's also one about the buffalo burgers served at the airport lounge on Santa Catalina Island. CHRIS WALKER sends in a clipping about a newly discovered dinosaur named "Marshosaurus bicentesimus" in an outburst of patriotism. (The "marsh" part isn't a reference to its habitat but as a commemoration of O.C. Marsh, the 19th century dinosaur collector.) Also Chris sends an "Action Time" column from the Chicago Sun-Times; the complaint being that a Trekkie had sent money to a commercial outfit and not received his goodies. The reply was that the goodies were being sent, and an expression of astonishment that these toys - toy guns, to be exact - cost \$75 for one item and \$20 for another. I'm a little astonished, myself; I knew that ST was big business, but not that big. Chris's third item is about a couple of inept bank robbers in Burnaby, British Columbia, who got \$15,000, dashed out of the bank to their car, discovered they had dropped the car keys inside the bank, dashed back to find them, and were overpowered inside. It seems Fort Wayne doesn't have a monopoly on stupid crooks. DON & MAGGIE THOMPSON send in a batch. Paris is about to install public flush toilets for dogs in several locations along their streets. There's another one describing the advantages of peanut butter as an agent in removing tar from puppies - in case you ever run into the problem. And marijuana is being tested as a treatment for glaucoma. (No, you don't smoke it; you make it into eye drops.) MARY SCHAUB sends clippings on a national hay shortage - partly because hay is now used for other things, such as the mushroom industry. (Reminds me of the tv news the other night, which mentioned the problems of disposing of the 300 tons per day of manure produced by our current State Fair. In passing, the announcer said that normally the manure is sold to Campbell's Soup. To grow mushrooms, he added; I think I'd have appreciated the simple statement more.) Then there is one on bee rustling, which is a big problem in California and has spread to the midwest. And one on the standard method museums use to clean the flesh off animal bones for their exhibits; they employ the larva of dermestid beetles. More efficient than any chemical solution. (If you have any bodies to dispose of...) And there is an ad from someone selling an 80-ton Baldwin steam locomotive. "Priced over \$50,000". And cash only, please. ALAN DODD sends a headline; "A Chance To See The Famous Willis Organ". Really, Walt, it seems a bit commercial... He also sends an article on the plight of some 50,000 British children who were allowed to quit school and try for jobs before they reached age 16. Mostly, they didn't get the jobs, and are even too young to go on the dole. The interview was with one Kevin Coulson - probably a distant relative. Coulsons never were much good at taking the long view. And I think it was Alan who sent the quote from a Bloomington, Illinois, Phone book. "In case you see a tornado, call the nearest law enforcement agency, police, sheriff, or state police, and say, 'I want to report a fire'." JIM TURNER sends one from the Wall St. Journal (where most of Mary Schaub's clippings come from) on tv networks, which in passing refers to "the austere-ly tragic vision and technological mysticism of 'Space, 1999'". (So that's what it is) JOHN & SANDRA MIESEL include a scientific note that British children named after film stars, saints, and the Royal Family were the most likely to be infested with lice. (Seriously; this comes from research by "British parasitologist Kenneth Mellanby".) From the same magazine - CHEMICAL & ENGINEERING NEWS - comes reports of an attempt to cure tigers of eating people by providing them with fresh water instead of their current water from tidal swamps (the reason behind this is only hinted at) and a description of "encounterbats". These are sticks sheathed in foam rubber; they were developed by psychologists and it is claimed that using them releases aggressive feelings without damaging the surroundings. Yes. //Someone from California sent us anonymously a clipping mentioning that ex-fans William L. Hamling and Earl Kemp were to begin their jail sentences for publishing an impurgated version of the Report On Obscenity. (This was early this year; sentences were to be "reviewed" in May, but I didn't get a further report.) The Thompsons again: scientists are now studying cockroaches because they're resistant to cancer-producing agents. And the daily consumption of licorice can be harmful to your health. I always wondered what was wrong with Juanita.... (It causes high blood pressure, heart palpitations, and "other symptoms")

The Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette has produced some interesting reports lately, too. One was a Detroit dateline about a purse-snatching cyclist which might be real or might be a joke. Instead of making a clean snatch of the purse he ran into the victim and knocked her down. Then came a rather strange discussion in which the victim complains about being run into, the snatcher bitches about his bike being broken and eventually apologizes for running into the woman and goes off, advising her to put some Band-Aids on her cuts. There was a long feature about the Fort Wayne library stocking large-print books for people with vision defects. (The books include classics, westerns, mysteries, and - though the article didn't mention it - one lone science-fiction title, NYSHIT. (Or at least, Gene was told that this was their first venture into science fiction.) The librarian said that the readers, mostly elderly, prefer light fiction, because "they don't want to become involved in things that upset them." Which would, admittedly, rule out a lot of science fiction.//The Thompsons sent a Dick Feagler column concerning a federal code-book for medical treatments under welfare. The doctor isn't supposed to describe the treatment any more; he has to put down the proper code. The book seems complete; Feagler quotes some of the various coded treatments. "Injured by Hailstones" is E909. "Stepped on by animal" is E906. "Crushed accidentally by falling aircraft" is E841. "Falling from hammock on ship due to accident to the watercraft" is E831.5 (Unfortunately, the doctor in question wanted the code for pelvic examination. Predictably, under "Pelvic" it said "see Condition", under "Condition" it said "see Disease", under "Disease" it says "see Syndrome" and under "Syndrome" it said "see Disease". At which point he gave the code book to Feagler.) The Thompsons also sent an item about the workings of Chicago's Smoking Court, which handles various things including minor gun violations but seems to concentrate on cases arising from the city ordinance prohibiting smoking in public conveyances, large retail stores (I wonder what specific amount of gross income divides a "large" store from a medium-sized store), and elevators. So in Chicago, if someone blows smoke in your face in public, you at least have a chance to haul them up in court and make them pay a \$50 fine. It's a start, anyway. And there was the announcement that half of the false teeth worn by Americans may be radioactive. (I wondered about that flashy smile of yours, Andy...) Not enough to be a health hazard - but if I bite you, you might develop leukemia. The Thompsons also sent an item which was covered in more detail (but without the photo they sent) in the Fort Wayne paper. Dateline Houston. A burglar had taken a \$400 ring from the home of Dr. James Johnson, escaping just as Mrs. Johnson came home. When he returned, she was waiting for him. The morning after the robbery, she heard a noise at the back door and saw a man trying to get in. So she plugged in an electric iron and waited. When the burglar broke a windowpane and reached in to unlock the door, she tagged him with the hot iron and gave him a whiff of tear gas. He left, hastily. But the next week he was back, this time walking in the house as she was unloading groceries, and pulling a switchblade on her. He was promptly attacked by the family dog, and while he was trying to kick the dog off, Mrs. Johnson pulled a revolver out of a drawer and shot him. "Police are seeking a man in his 40s, about six-feet-four and 200 pounds, with hair graying at the temples, a burned hand, a bullet wound, and dog bites." Too bad she didn't shoot him a bit more fatally, but otherwise, good show. MIKE DECKINGER sends a clipping on a recent British "keep a ferret down your trousers" world championship. "...the only protection permitted will be reinforced underpants." No comment. Mike also says "the take-out store in the ground floor of my company has a tantalizing confection called 'Imitation Ice Milk'." (Remember during the War, when everyone was so scornful of German "ersatz" products. Well, maybe most of you don't, but us oldtimers do.) JOANNE BURGER sends in a notice that Texas state offices will close on Confederate Heroes Day. (Federal offices won't.) The state, bowing to the demands of the new era, has combined two former state holidays; the birthdays of Robert E. Lee and Jeff Davis. The Local papers - and the Chicago Sun-Times, via Chris Walker - covered the story of two young women in Amboy, Indiana, who noticed a bank robbery in process. One of them yelled for help, while the other removed the ignition key from the bandits' car, and was busily letting the air out of the tires when the robbers came out with their loot. The men ran off on foot, and the women, with the help of another local resident who had a gun, captured one of them and recovered the loot. The town marshall caught the other bandit. //More "Things" next time. RSC

CRUMBLES

Alex Eisenstein, 2061 W. Birchwood, Chicago IL 60645

This Memorial Day, I heard Douglas Edwards on the radio: "Today, Pres. Ford placed the traditional wreath on the tomb of the Unknowns." Sure beats keeping them in plastic bags... I know Martha Beck keeps her Weirds in a large shed...

Collectors sure are funny people.

Lee Hoffman, 350 N.W. Harbor Blvd., Port Charlotte, FL 33952

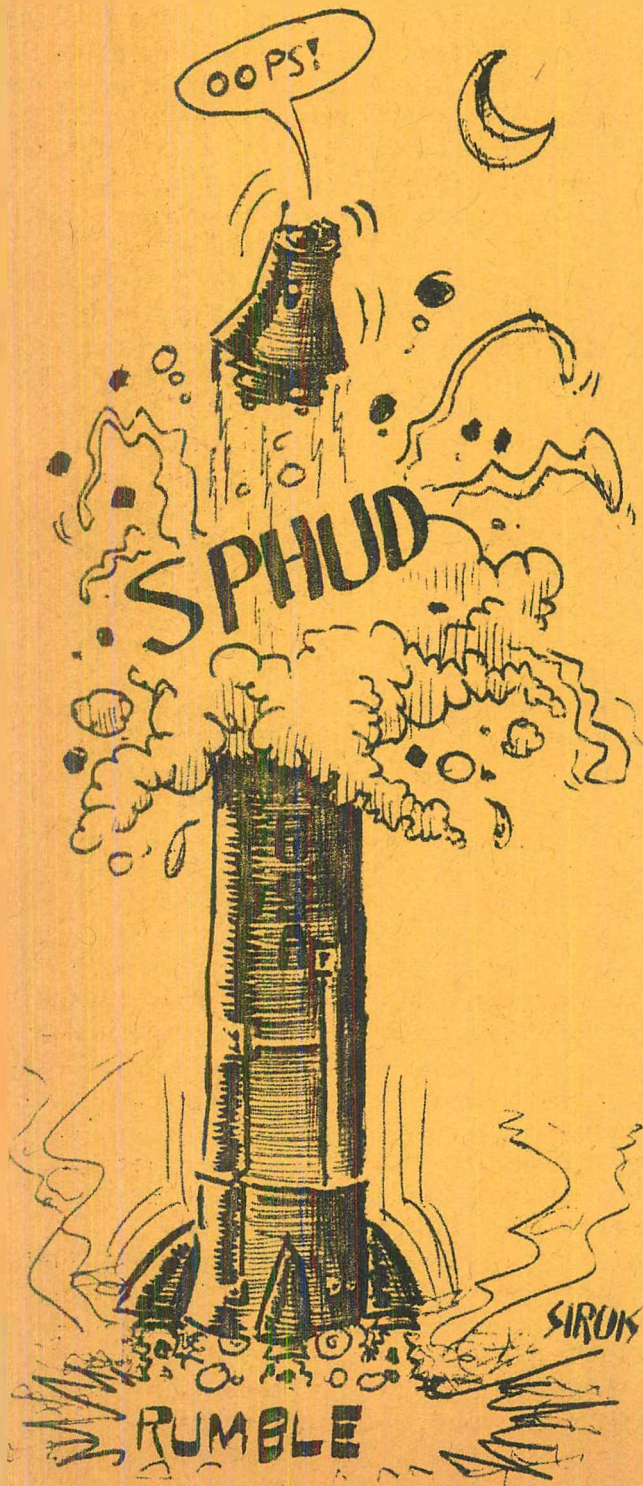
I'm pleased to hear you enjoyed FOX. I think lovable con men have an irresistible attraction for mankind in general. It's more evident in near eastern cultures than in ours. Their folk heroes are big in the con line. Like Jacob/Israel, for instance, faking out his father and stealing his brother's birthright, then conning Laban out of all those cattle (after Laban had conned him into marrying the wrong woman).

In THE CANNONBALL KID, I became far more interested in the con man than the protagonist (whom I considered to be the least interesting character in the book. But then, the protagonist was suggested by the editor. I did the book on commission for him.)

I think FOX was a bit of a carryover for me from THE CANNONBALL KID. I was still in a con man mood.

I guess epilogues are entirely a matter of personal taste. Some people like everything neatly wrapped up in the end. Some people like a lot implied. As I grow older, my preference runs more to the latter. I rather liked leaving the ending of TROUBLE VALLEY ambiguous. (At least, in my mind, it was. I felt the hero could have died as easily as survived. I left it up to the reader to draw his own conclusions.)

I appreciate your saying that TROUBLE VALLEY is "A bit more realistic as to characters than (you) really look for in a Western..." It has been a goal in my writing to do decent characterization and motivation. Unfortunately, I think you are speaking for a body of the readership when you say "too much realism interferes with the mood". Of late, I have come to the conclusion that my goals



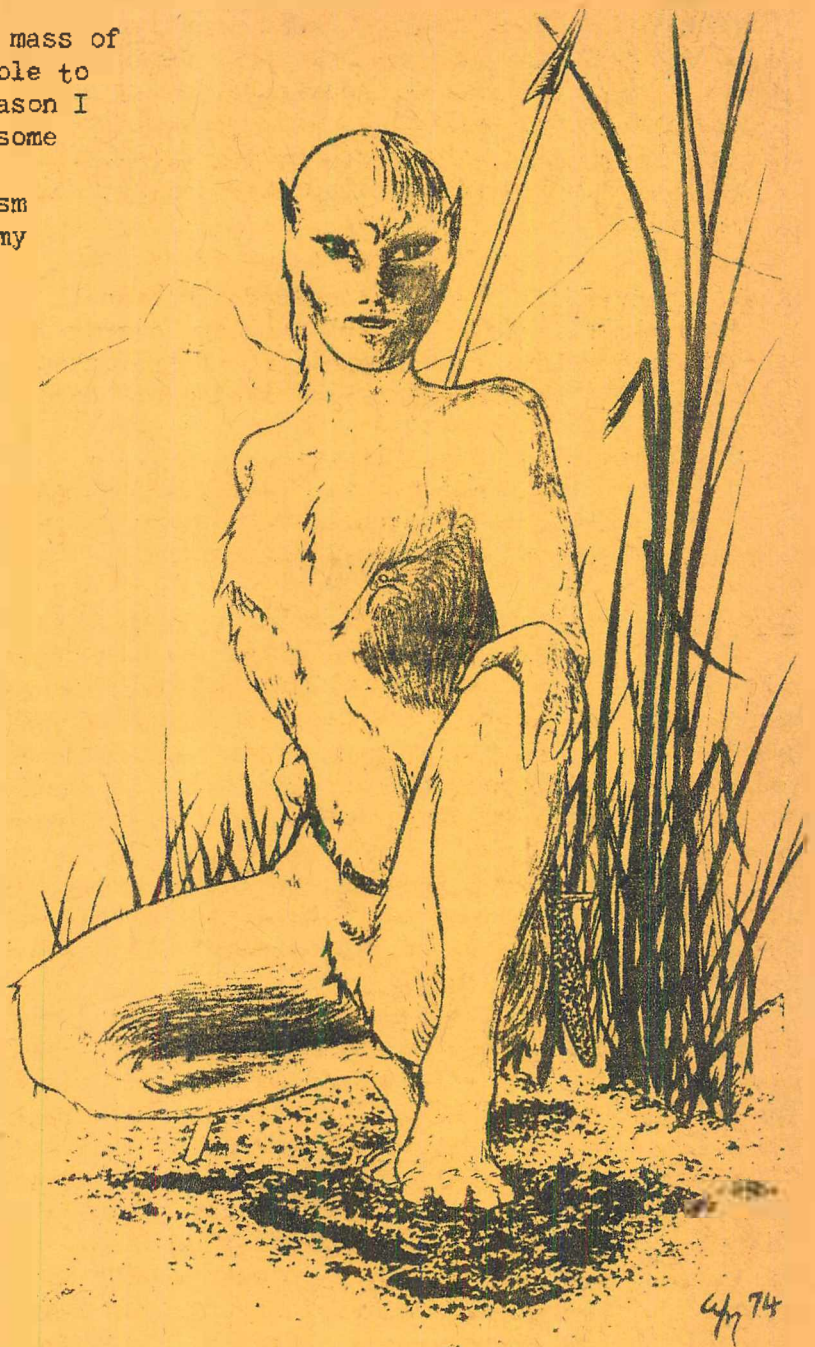
in a Western are not those of the mass of readership. I don't seem quite able to make the adjustment. (Another reason I suspect I should venture on into some other field.)

It is my fear of male chauvinism among armchair cowboys that kept my picture off the Westerns. Some years ago, Keubler (Double-day Western editor) asked me for a photo and bio stuff for the jackets. I said I didn't think it would help sales if we advertised my being female, and he agreed. (I was irked all to hell when Ace published the paperback of THE VALDEZ HORSES with an idiotic quote from Nelson Nye that told the reader the author was some broad from Greenwich Village, and implied Nye couldn't figure out how she came to know enough about horses to write such a book. Foosh!)

At least I doubt that the typical Western reader would notice, or remember from one book to the next. But I am certain, he does like to think his Westerns are written by real he-men who have ridden the range and shot down a few villains themselves.

When I run up against that "how can you, a mere woman, write Westerns?" attitude, I mention that in my youth I owned a number of horses, did some trail riding in Colorado and Wyoming, and once worked as a shill to a horse trader in Kansas. I don't go into details about the trail riding being connected with a stay on a dude ranch, or the job with the horse trader only lasting a couple of weeks. (He got arrested.)

[[Thing is, when I want to have my mind stimulated I read ~~a fantasy~~ non-fiction or sometimes science fiction. I've been accustomed to Westerns which portray a never-never land, so when I pick one up, that's what I'm looking for. Escape literature, if you'll pardon the term. I enjoy books about the "real West", but they're rarely fiction. (My favorite "Westerns" are things like Don Berry's A MAJORITY OF SCOUNDRELS -- which incidentally provided most of the names for TO RENEW THE AGES -- Helena Smith's THE WAR ON POWDER RIVER, and Harry Sinclair Drago's OUTLAWS ON HORSEBACK.) RSC]] [[The "How can you, a mere... woman, clerk, invalid, city dweller, hick, take your choice...argument



has been with creative people for years now, unfortunately. It even crops up in the science fiction field occasionally, which really flabbergasts me; so far as I know, no one has been outside our solar system, a citizen of a space city, or through hyperdrive, etc., yet if no sf writer ventured to describe such activities, large chunks of our favorite reading would evaporate overnight. There is nothing wrong with learning one's forte in any endeavor -- but there's also no rule that says that forte must be what some prejudiced onlooker decides. I still encounter people who are shocked to learn that Leigh Brackett is female -- since they'd made up their minds what they'd read was such no-nonsense and gutsy prose it "had" to come from a man's brain. That's the most subtle form of chauvinism at all, and one we have to keep working at in perpetuity.// Of course, out here I often run into people who don't really believe I write what is nominally an acknowledged "woman's" type of book, the gothic. No, books are written by computers, or by peculiar people living in New York, the weirdos the local sometimes sees on exhibit on tv talk shows, presented as "best-selling author". I beg off by saying I'm not a best-seller and therefore I'm not allowed to move to NYC and act like that, yet. And sometimes, frighteningly, they take me seriously. Sigh. JWC]]

Florence Stevenson, 227 E. 57th Street, New York NY 10022

So nice to hear from you -- sorry to be so remiss in answering, but I was in the middle of my book, DARK ENCOUNTER, which I finished and turned in. My editor tells me that she thinks it's the best she has ever read of mine, better than CURSE. I suppose because I enjoyed writing it so much; it's about vampires, not very serious, though it has its moments. It is laid -- like the vampires -- in Hollywood. It gave me an opportunity to say a few things about places like Forest Lawn, where both my parents are.

I am contemplating leaving the Gothic genre for a bit, to write something historical and probably hysterical, one of those big pulsating novels of panting passion (though my editor says with an attitude like mine, it won't be successful, since you have to believe in every line).

I want you to print this letter, because I want to say something about Harold Stern, the late Harold Stern, unfortunately. His death occurred on May 25th. He was a writer and, oh, how I wish I did not have to be writing of him in the past tense. Harold did a lot of writing and a lot of editing; at his death, he was the editor of a magazine called Youthbeat, a newspaper supplement, one which he had been working for 19 months. They had experienced some difficulties and the project was up and down, down and up, ad infinitum; but finally on the day everything was signed and Harold was about to be its editor for real, he died. He had contracted diabetes and a side effect was angina. You can live with angina -- my father did. But Harold didn't. He was 53. He belongs in a science fiction magazine, because he was somebody far out: absolute integrity, kindness, honesty, sheer perfection in a human being and withall humorous, charming, delightful. He did not want to die. He kept asking me what my "psychic sources" said; I am psychic and knew several -- one who kept predicting death for Harold, but of course I never told him that.

When he did die, I was visiting another psychic. She said, "I feel him around you." I do automatic writing, and so I made the effort to contact Harold (Thursday, May 27). (At that point, I knew nothing except that he had died, news gleaned from the super of the building, since I had called, being worried that he did not answer his telephone. I had not reached the editor yet, that is the editor of Youthbeat.) Well, I got a message through my writing; it said, "It's odd, but it didn't hurt. There was only one pain and then it went so easily, so very easily. I felt nothing more." On Friday, May 28, I talked to the editor, who said, "You'll be glad to know that Harold died very easily, very peacefully, sitting watching television."

I can see you reading this letter and deciding that I am certifiable. I have trouble believing in my psychic sources, myself, though I have done reading for people and had some very odd results -- odd meaning accurate. Sometimes I wonder if it is not all my imagination. I always have doubts, having been raised as an atheist by my

father. But I have always been psychic, too. As a child, I saw flashes of the future, and I was very frightened by them.

You asked about my ghost book. No secret. I am writing with Sara Halbert, a defense counsel, who has had a long and colorful career defending minorities in Manhattan and Brooklyn, all over New York, in fact. She is a fascinating woman, with a larger-than-life personality and a habit of winning her cases. I only hope I can do her justice.

I also have other writing projects, more about those when they happen. DARK ENCOUNTER, by the way, will not be out until April '77. Slated to come out before that is THE HOUSE AT LUXOR, my Egyptian background book, which does not have reconstituted mummies rushing out of tombs, though it does deal with reincarnation and psychic visions -- that sort of thing.

[[Not being a believer in psychic powers, I refuse to comment on that. RSC]]
[[And I sympathize, being torn between agnosticism and paganism; like the columnist in the film ELMER GANTRY, there are so many things I would "love to believe", and halfway do, emotionally, but not intellectually. It's a dilemma, agreed. JWC]]

Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor OH, 44060

I wanted to set down this little excerpt from Robbins' THE LONELY LADY that the Cleveland Press did not include in my review of the book. As an example of Robbins' great writing in the love scenes:

In the semi-darkness the black girl's nudeness was like a statue carved out of the night, the full breasts and long jutting nipples like antennas on top of twin peaks falling down into the valley of her flat hard belly, then rising abruptly to the abundantly fur-covered mountain of her pubis.

Sure is great to be reviewing mainstream authors instead of such limited-interest authors as mystery writers and SF writers. Real class, that's what I get to review now.

Bottom of the contents page of Yandro #235: "I'm opposed to mindless enthusiasm for slogans," says Buck. Top third of the contents page of Yandro #235: "The right to buy weapons is the right to be free." Umm.

Gosh, Bruce graduated from high school. Gosh. Really does make one feel old... I can remember when he was ~~*****~~ born.

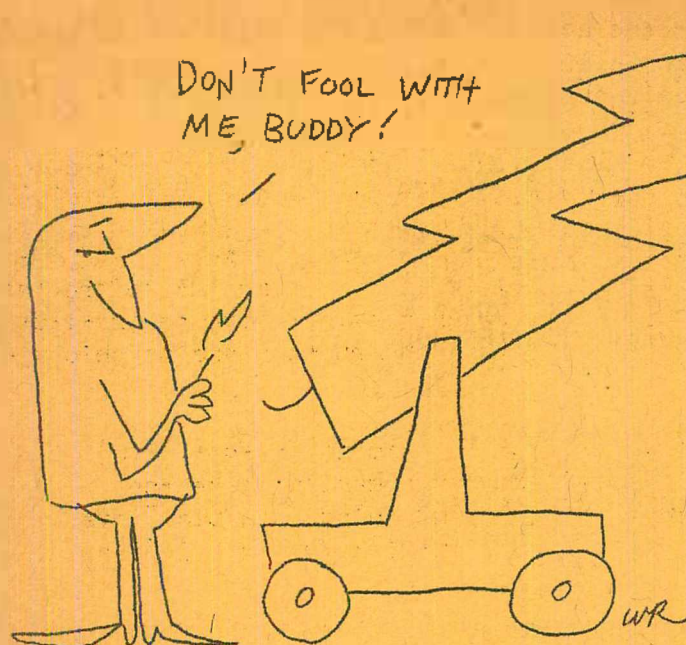
Local post offices were jammed the first day of issue of the new \$2 bills. We considered having our first-day-of-issue \$2 stamped and cancelled, since we're sure (given the idiocy of some collectors) that they will be worth quite a bit in years to come. But we weren't about to fight the mob. Waiting in lines isn't our idea of fun. Nohow.)

The only \$2 bill I've spent so far was received by the store clerk without comment. But it's the only circulating \$2 bill we've come across.

Don-Thompson-of-Mentor (otherwise known as Don-of-Don-&-Maggie) is the only Don Thompson in the Mentor phonebook, though there is another Don Thompson in the area, because we occasionally get phone calls for him. He works at Diamond Shamrock, which mines salt just north of here. The quantity of Don Thompsons in the world is what led us to name our kids with what we thought were unusual enough names that there wouldn't be scads of them in the schools -- and that they wouldn't confuse relatives over which kid-by-that-name was being referred to. So Stephen turns out to be the name of virtually every kid in our area. And Valerie (an unusual name when we first chose it) is now one of the most popular names-for-girls, thanks to the popularity of TV star Valerie Harper.

However, we haven't (yet) come across any other Stephen Thompson or Valerie Thompson. (But Stephen probably won't get the nursery school teacher I asked for because another mother of a Stephen also wants that particular teacher -- and the school has the policy of not putting two children with the same first name in the same group. And that Stephen has a sibling already enrolled, which probably gives him a bit more clout in choice of teacher.)

Gee, the song with the refrain "Three, three the rivals/ Two, two the lily-white



boys clad all in
green-o/ But one
is one, and all alone/
And ever more shall be so."
is quite well known. Wonder
which of our records has it?
(One of our projects-for-the-
future is indexing our records.)
But at least a few of the words have
been changed. (We know it as
"cloth-ed all in green-o," for
example.) Just a minute. (It's
"Green Grow the Rushes-O," of course,
but I wonder about specific lyrics.)
Here it is in FOLKSINGER'S WORK-
BOOK:

I'll sing you one-o, green grow
the rushes-o.
What is your one-o?
One is one and all alone and
evermore shall be so.
What is your two-o?

Two, two the little boys, clothed all in green-o,
One is one and all alone and evermore shall be.
I'll sing you three-o, green grow the rushes-o.
What is your three-o?
Three, three, the rivals,
Two, two the little boys, clothed all in green-o.
One is one and all alone and evermore shall be.
Four for the Gospel makers, etc.
Five for the symbols at your door, etc.
Six for the six proud walkers, etc.
Seven for the seven stars in the sky, etc.
Eight for the April rainers, etc.
Nine for the nine bright shiners, etc.
Ten for the Ten Commandments, etc.
Eleven for the eleven went up to heaven, etc.
Twelve for the twelve Apostles, etc.

I disagree with some of the language; with the first verse, the books says "Evermore shall be/So, I'll sing you two-o." Which ain't the way we heard it. Also, we have it "lily-white boys," not "little boys!"

By the way, you were absolutely right in your review of FERAL. It's a grand book, well worth anyone's time and money.

Dunno about reduction in muber of guns leading to reduction in murders by all means -- but it might reduce drastically the vast spate of accidental deaths. Wouldn't be so bad if the people shot accidentally were the people holding the guns, but the dead tend to be innocent byatanders/bysitters/passersby. (We still recall Dean Grennell's telling of the fan who picked up one of the guns Dean had, turned to the fan sitting next to him, and pulled the trigger while pointing the gun at his head. If Dean hadn't been the type who is extremely careful about keeping guns unloaded, a bit of fannish history would have been made. Dean was still steaming, years after the incident.)

We know one reporter who was killed in almost that sort of incident. (I don't think the gun-toter meant to pull the trigger) -- and the guy who shot him and another bystander were also reporters. Who jolly well should have known better, just from covering this sort of thing on a daily basis.

Or, to quasi-quote Mark Twain, "If the armies of the world consisted of little boys armed with unloaded guns and the enemy consisted of their sweet old grandmothers, the carnage would be dreadful."

By the way, we were quite annoyed at the account of Sal Mineo's death in Lester Boutillier's letter. He claimed, "And in California Sal Mineo was murdered while his neighbors, hearing his cries for help, did nothing." That, my dears, is poppycock. As soon as those within earshot heard him cry out, they came running. Several tried to find his attacker, while others went to Mineo's aid. One gave him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation -- and was, in fact, doing that when Mineo died (which obviously unsettled the neighbor quite a bit; he was still quite rattled when reporters interviewed him). There are quite enough examples of uncaring people in the world without trying to manufacture them -- and people who do help should be given credit for their actions, not forced into an uncaring mold when they obviously did their best in a very bad situation.

[[I'll have you know I put a lot of mental cogitation into selecting that slogan. As for accidents, yes, I deplore them. But there are no laws made that will prevent deaths resulting from stupidity. You can't legislate intelligence even as well as you can morality. RSC]]

Larry Propp, 3127 N. Sheridan Road, Peoria IL 61604

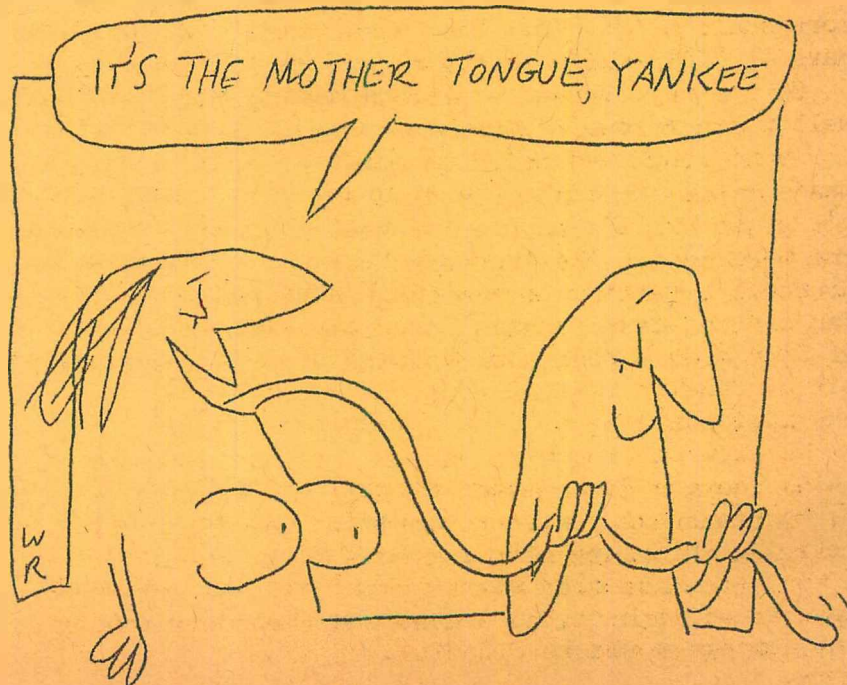
It seems (and it has been) a hell of a long time since I've loc'd any fanzine, and I'm out of the habit (evil habits, however, are hard to break; witness what I'm doing now). I'm back to square 1, wondering what to say, trying to find something to hang a comment on, etc. It's a lot harder now; what with Hensley being a judge and all, he's (haltingly) attempted to rise above the ordinary invective and vicissitudes of life. All of which has removed him from the center of fannish controversy, leaving a void hard to fill.

The big news around here is a lawsuit the local postal employees union has filed against the head of the Postal Service and the local Postmaster. It seems that they have a new sorting machine which, they claim, requires the postal employees to "know" 814 operations. The postal employees, on the other hand, claim that it requires them to "know" more than 1100 operations, and their union contract has a clause which forbids them to do any job requiring them to know more than 1000 operations. I've put the "know" in quotes because I don't know if it means memorize or what, but that's the thrust of the suit.

Realizing that unions go to the negotiating table to improve the working conditions of their members, I don't see why the Postal Service even bothers with new machines. Next time the contract comes up, I can see them bargaining for a work requirement that only requires they know

800 operations, which will mean that the machines can't be used even if the Postal Service is right about the number of operations required. And that's called progress, you see.

Bruce, I hate to tell you, but the reason the car always goes out when you are driving is because of this little jinn that used to haunt me. Known as Awethoo-Meabile, it was a minor nonentity in the Lovecraft Pantheon whose major function was to get the Old Ones from one place to another (which may explain why they never quite made it). I understand that



Brian Lumley is going to use it in his new novel, assigning all sorts of scientific explanations and reasons for its operation, like design failure, bad roads, etc., but somehow that takes all the fun out of it.

I can't say that I enjoyed Dave Locke's column this time, but I did find it interesting. It parallels a lot of the things I run into in my practice; especially in the juvenile law and mental health law areas. And I've had to learn the hard way not to get too involved with my clients. But that attitude, carried too far, can create another problem, too. That freak with the arsenal isn't only your next door neighbor. There's the guy at work, too. Then there's that loudmouthed, wild-eyed guy at the PTA meeting. And the very quiet one over there. And that odd individual over there. In fact, I have sometimes wondered about one or two fans I have wondered about from time to time.

In the final analysis, I could easily run scared from about 10 percent of the people I meet -- and I do mean scared. Ain't nobody I trust except thee and me, fella, and I sometimes wonder about thee. And that's no way to live, so I don't run scared at all. Well, not much, anyway.

And of course his wife is going to leave him; what else would you have her do? Her primary responsibility, after all, is to herself and her kids, not her neighbors. The fact that she can do something constructive is debatable, at best. For instance, let's assume that this was taking place in Illinois. In order to have him committed on something other than a voluntary basis, she would have to do one of two things. She could either have two doctors certify that he is an individual in need of mental treatment (and if he won't voluntarily sign himself into a mental health facility, why would he voluntarily consent to the examinations?). Her other alternative would be to convince the State's Attorney that he presents a present danger to himself or others. If she got the two certifications, or convinced the State's Attorney, then our flakey friend would be picked up by the police (just the thing to create a therapeutic attitude, isn't it?) and taken out to the local mental health facility, where he would be detained by court order for a period not to exceed ten days. At the end of that time, he must be brought before a judicial magistrate or released. If brought before the judge, the "State" must prove that he constitutes a present danger to himself or others and is a person in need of mental treatment, or he is released. The evaluation is done by doctors who must make their decision within the ten days, devoting only as much time as they can reasonably spare consistent with their duties to their other patients. The "accused" is appointed an attorney to represent him -- in this county, usually a public defender who handles all the mental health cases and is therefore very skilled at finding the weaknesses in the State's case. And if anything goes wrong with this procedure anywhere along the line, he is released. If the State doesn't prove its case, he is released. If he is committed, but later ceases to be a present danger to himself or others, he is released, notwithstanding the fact that he may still be a person in need of mental treatment. Released back to live with that same wife who instituted commitment proceedings in the first place.

Around here the State's Attorney does a very good screening job (i.e., they are reluctant to file except in the most obvious cases) and therefore most petitions result in commitments. However, the average commitment is only for a couple of weeks. So she should attempt a system with such obvious pitfalls and inefficiencies for only two weeks of relief for herself and her kids and no real help for the situation (how much can, after all, really be accomplished in those two weeks)?

[[Congratulations. Now I'm scared. RSC]]

George Oshry, 522 Cottonwood Str., Grand Forks ND 58201

I'm including for your amazement and amusement a copy of the words for "Green Grow the Rushes-O" along with a translation of a Jewish song, "Mi Echod Yodeah?" (Who Knows One?), which is sung during Passover, for comparison. As I told Mary, I don't know if there is any connection between the two (I doubt that there is) beyond the communality of subjects in parts.

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES-O

I'll sing you one-o
Green grow the rushes-o.
What is your one-o?
One is one and all alone
and evermore shall be it so.

I'll sing you two-o
Green grow the rushes-o
What is your two-o?
Two, two the lily-white boys dressed
in all their green-o
One is one and all alone
and evermore shall be it so.

Three, three the rivals
Four for the Gospel makers
Five for the symbols at your door
Six for the six proud walkers
Seven for the seven who went to heaven
Eight for the April Rainers
Nine for the Nine Bright Shiners
Ten for the Ten Commandments
Eleven for the Eleven Stars in the sky
Twelve for the twelve Apostles.

[[I may be opening up a new can of worms, here, but I've become interested in the recurrent words in the various versions our readers have been supplying -- namely, "April Rainers" (Eight) and "Bright Shiners" (Nine). I'm sure there's probably some very simple interpretation (I've thought of a couple of pseudo Biblical ones myself), but I'd enjoy hearing other speculations on the meanings of those two phrases. JWC]]

Dave Locke, 819 Edie Dr., Duarte CA 91010

On the news the other night it was announced that a prophylactic company was coming out with a line of scented condoms: Lime, strawberry, lemon, and (my favorite) banana. But the real kicker was the new model they're developing especially for the Bicentennial Year. It has red, white, and blue stripes, and they're calling it "Old Glory". I'll bet you could really salute with one of those.

It's good to see Jessica writing about something else for a change. Denny Lien quotes Susan Wood as saying: "I'm not even faintly interested in the details of Jessica Salmonson's sex-change," and Denny seems to imply that this is rather strange behavior on Susan's part. I think the reason Susan is disinterested is the same reason I'm disinterested: By now everyone should be tired of hearing about it. Once or twice around is amusing, but after that the story begins to resemble a fifth re-run of EMERGENCY. My sense of wonder can only be stretched so far.

I liked INVASION better than you did, but then I've always been tickled by that kind of story and that kind of a setting. That's a picture of Bob Passovoy on the cover, you say? Which one is he?"

I think I've talked Dean into writing that article for you ("Neighbors, and Other Horror Stories", perhaps). I don't know how many people will believe him, though. His stories are so indrecible that Ripley would toss him out on his ear in favor of someone bearing the tale of a clam that drinks gin and tonic, just to give you an idea of how incredulous his material is.

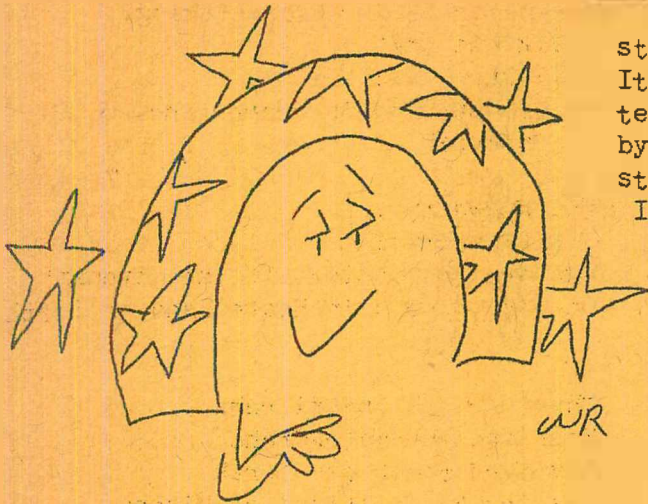
[[Why, Passovoy is the solemn, grimacing soul who looks like a doctor, of course]]

WHO KNOWS ONE?

Who knows one?
I know one:
One is our God in Heaven and
on Earth

Who knows two?
I know two:
Two are the tablets of the covenant
One is our God in Heaven and on Earth

Three are the patriarchs
Four are the matriarchs
Five are the books Torah
Six are the sections of Mishna
Seven are the days of the week
Eight are the days before circumcision
Nine are the months of childbirth
Ten for the Ten Commandments
Eleven for the stars in Joseph's dream
Twelve the tribes of Israel
Thirteen are God's attributes



Gary Anderson, 8386 Hollister, Ventura CA 93030

I saw a rather interesting commentary of the state of affairs the other day in a local paper. It said that the new flu vaccine will be pre-tested, in order to protect the valuable public, by administering it to prisoners in the Texas state prisons and to government employees. Yeah.

I wonder which they consider the more expendable? Nothing like being so important that the powers that be think of you as a guinea pig on a par with convicted felons.

The C.O. of the Station has a reputation similar to Prez Ford's for occasional klutziness. We now know where he got it. When he was promoted to Admiral last week, we had the usual ceremony and general fooferah. As part of this

ceremony, they had imported his mother, who is about 80 or so, so that his stars could be pinned onto him by both his wife and his mother, one collar tab each. So, Admiral Meyer, the conductee of the promotion, handed the stars to said wife and mother while the crowd of about 500 or so fell silent. Davy's wife pinned one of the stars on and stepped back to admire her handiwork. Davy's mother pinned the other on, stepped back, and fell off the platform, breaking her arm in the process. Much running around, an ambulance was called, etc. The old lady is tough, though; they cast the arm, and she promptly left the hospital, cursing the pampered younger generation and explaining that she had too much to do to loaf around a hospital for untold weeks.

Read CURSE OF THE CONCULLENS. It was entertaining, even for an old antiGoth (that's like a Visigoth, only with charges reversed) like me. Kay thought it was very good, too. Too bad Stevenson had to go straight.

Carolyn Doyle, 1949 N. Spencer, Indianapolis IN 46218

Newest asinine fad: invisible piranhas. No kidding! I was at Washington Square shopping mall a week or so ago and saw this little display of invisible piranhas. They consist of a small box with little holes in it that look like they've been bitten out, a small booklet (the best part of the whole deal), and a small fishbowl with the words "invisible piranha" written on it, with a tiny cheap plastic skeleton resting on its bottom -- the kind that are given away at school fairs as consolation prizes. The book advised the owner of said fish to give it plenty of healthy meat to eat -- cows and such. (I wonder if it would accept nubile young maidens? Or tough, stringy faneds, even...)

It's the neatest way to make money I've ever seen. Can you imagine this guy stuck with a thousand fishbowls and plastic skeletons and wondering how he can get rid of them? Where he could find enough room to bury them? (Old piranhas never die, they just...ghod, that's bad.)

Bah. TV has nothing to do directly with kids' inability to read, write, or be potty trained, for that matter. It also has little to do with violence in kids. But if the kids watch TV all the time, and it is taken with the wrong attitude, that of "this is the way people should act, this is the way I should act, TV surpasses radio, records, and books", THEN it can be linked to kids (or anybody's) problems. I remember when I watched TV when I was young; I thought they were portraying a whole other world, because no one I had encountered acted like that. I was secure enough to know that the TV was wrong, and that the stuff I saw all around me was the way people acted. I don't remember associating TV and books in any way, or really preferring one over another. TV was TV, and books were books. TV was a lot easier to understand than books, but then producers' mentalities are way below that of most writers, even when aiming at juveniles.

One of the neatest covers I've seen in a LONG time, one actually neat enough to make me buy the book, is the one to STAR OF THE UNBORN, which Anna is reading now.

It's absolutely beautiful: a huge glass mountain, made of something with the same formation as quartz, but glassier, and all colors of the rainbow, with crystal streams running down from the mountain, like a piece of never-never land. Breathtaking.

Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia

The most pleasing thing in Yandro 235 was your praise for RAX. I read it as HELLO SUMMER GOODBYE, the title it has in England. In fact, I would say that it is the only good novel for 1975, except I realise that I haven't read COMPANY OF GLORY yet, Thanks for praising Pangborn, too. I've just been writing a long coverage of the ORIGINAL SCIENCE FICTION ANTHOLOGIES 1973-5, and the whole thing has become a tribute to Edgar Pangborn. "The Night Wind" (Universe 5) is by far the best piece of short science fiction for 1974, yet nobody seems to have noticed it. (Maybe you did; I'm sorry if I wrong you. I'll go back through the fanzines, now, that I've caught up with the rest of my reading.) So many magnificent Pangborn stories during 73 and 74.

There's a new Coney in Gollanz books, CHARISMA. One can only make a horrified guess as to what Don Wollheim will re-name this one. It's a splendid book, too. Coney's about the only author who writes consistently well these days.

[[If Bruce and I both like Coney, he must indeed be brilliant. RSC]]

Jessica Amanda Salmonson, PO Box 89517, Zenith WA 98188

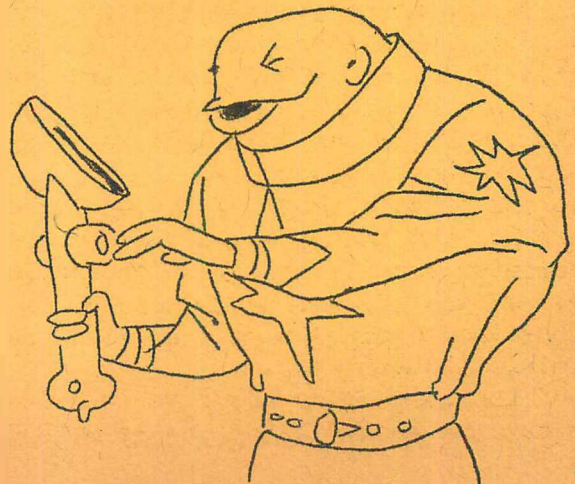
Received 235 finally, and am as embarrassed as I thought I would be (though the article does strike me funny still, and I might have appreciated it more had it been published under the masculine nom de plume intended). And what a liar I was; I don't HAVE an older sister (I'm the first-born). And anyhow, I've always been too shy to knock on doors selling things.

I thought I'd outgrown Conan the boobarian and similar macho wet-dream fantasies. I can no longer tolerate such drek characters as Kavin, Thongor, Brak, and merely appreciate, without doting over, Fahrd and the Grey Mouser or Elric. But when I received RED NAILS from a friend last Christmas (and it's a beautiful job of bookmaking) and reread the tale after some three years, it still held some appeal. What that appeal is, I don't know. Robert Howard, on any literary level, would have to be judged a miserable author. What's good about it I can't say. But suddenly I liked sword and sorcery again, at least this part of it, and I did a most outrageous thing for any starving, destitute dyke to do. I bought the other three books in this series: TOWER OF THE ELEPHANT, A WITCH SHALL BE BORN, and even PEOPLE OF THE BLACK CIRCLE at OP price. A ROGUE IN THE HOUSE should be out soon, and I'll get that too. It is really an odd-looking series of books, stuck right between LESBIAN NATION by Jill Johnston and TRANS-SEXUALISM AND SEX REASSIGNMENT by Green and Money.

Brendan Dubois, 283 Dover Point Rd., Dover NH 03820

The last few weeks have been sort of an unreal experience for me, since Shakrallah Jabre has contacted me after receiving a letter from you (on the same day I received one). We talked on the phone for hours, and you would not believe how nice it is to discuss sf with another fan. Most of my experience of discussing sf has inevitably led to "Hahahah, you-actually-read-that-crap" sort of experience, and it is truly nice to find another fan in New Hampshire, and at a close distance from my home.

Thanks a lot for giving Shakrallah and myself that extra push to contact each other. It certainly was strange (and we told each other the same thing) that it took you, a person living over a thousand miles away, to get two fans living twenty miles apart to contact each other. Really appreciate it.



[[Well, the fan who gave me the ad-

dress of other fans in Indiana was living in Philadelphia at the time. And after years of small-town life it was indeed nice to discover other people who thought the way I did. (Not that I hadn't, after a few painful experiences, learned to get along well enough with schoolmates and coworkers, but it's not the same thing.) RSC]]

Shakrallah Jabre, 20 N. Main St., Newmarket NH 03857

If you like the original Sherlock Holmes stories, try THE RETURN OF MORIARTY, by John Gardner. I enjoyed it very much and I thought the flavor of the 1890's was very well done. I can't wait to see your review of it in Yandro. (With the number of books you review I am surprised you are not still reading books from the 60's. Your reading rates seem incredible.)

You both mention that neither of you have gotten many letters from spy or gothic novels. I think the reason is because most people don't realize you are alive. Look back at your schooling. Which authors did your teachers have you read? Live ones, or more likely dead ones like Shakespeare, Dickens, Twain, etc.?

Also, most people don't think authors are able to write on more than one subject. Like when I went looking for FEAR STALKS THE BAYOU. Now I am on talking terms with every book clerk in my area. So this one has seen me get comics, SF, mysteries, adventure, even kids' books. But never before seen me after a gothic. When I showed her that you wrote both SF and gothic, she was amazed. And when I told her that we correspond, she didn't believe me. She never thought of writing to an author before. Just her upbringing, I suppose.

I think if teachers would use living authors as well as dead ones they could spark a real interest in reading. I mean like a class letter to an author. I am sure most authors would respond with a letter.

[[Dave, send him your last Tabebuian to show how authors respond to class letters. Seriously, I'm not sure that using living authors is the answer. My high school English books contained works by Jesse Stuart, Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, Kenneth Roberts, Carl Sandburg, and Robert Frost, and I knew they were alive. (I wouldn't guarantee my classmates knew it, but I did.) But I never thought of writing them. I'm not sure why; my mother had written H. Allen Smith, Phoebe Atwood Taylor, and Arthur Upfield and received replies. Possibly I assumed that authors were constantly deluged with congratulations, like movie stars, and wouldn't be all that interested in one more. I recall being somewhat awed that a real live author would bother to answer my mother. RSC]] [[Not only did your book store clerk not believe you when you said you were corresponding with a writer, locals won't believe me when I admit to being a writer, which I do rarely, partially for that reason; I don't care for those bug-eyed stares implying they're phoning the men in white coats to come and take me away -- and they just might phone, too, because they're firmly convinced that writers are campy, celebrity-type people who appear on talk shows, aren't quite real, and all live in NYC or LA -- certainly never in Podunk City, right next door to them. JWC]]

Al Huycke, R. #1, Box 321m Mishicot WI 54228

I've only known about the existence of fandom for nine months, and never really was an avid SF&F reader, but I think I can safely generalize (unsupported, of course) that fandom has been sacrificing quality for quantity. The accent seems to be on anyone and everyone putting out a zine, at no matter what cost -- just type up some words, get the local rock painter to do his number, give it a name, and print it. Then, after you mail it out, you have everyone critique it and tell you how rotten you did, but that doesn't really matter, because the issues that you bring up or the ideas that you develop are really more important than the fact that a six-year old could spell better, that the layout looks like a jigsaw puzzle, and the reproduction was so good that you could almost make out half of the words. Even the awards are quantity orient-

ed -- it's what you did, not how well you did it.

I realize that a lot of fans don't have the proper resources or the time to turn out a high quality zine, but that's still no excuse for some of the slop that's oozed out of the basement mimeograph. You've probably noticed that I like to get things off my chest too.

[[Of course. If there is any purpose to fandom (which I doubt), it's self expression. It's the purpose of most fanzine editors, anyway. As far as I can see, the world could use a few more training grounds for individual expression; too many people want to sit around and be entertained. (When they produce crap they should be informed of the fact, but the idea behind lots of little independent productions is still good. RSC]]

Anna Schoppenhorst, 4621 E. 16th St., Indianapolis IN 46201

My God! Do you realize that today is the chronological 1st anniversary of my entry into fandom! I had no idea it had been this long already. This time last year (about 12:00), I was sitting in the corner of the Miesels' family room, barely understanding what was being said, and now here I am, a veteran of three conventions (technically), twelve ISFA meetings (including two Posacons), and one fannish expedition into mundania (our little trip to the NRA Expo). I've been published in a fair number of zines (including that great fannish institution, Yandro), and I actually had the gall to say hello to Anne Passovoy! I can't get over it. I think when you handed me that Yandro at the convention and told me I had a contrib in it, the impact of the last twelve months hit me full force, and it was overwhelming. I just like to sit around thinking about it all.

On to the coherent part of the loc. Lovely Sirois cover. Showed it to C.D. and she expressed that she didn't think that "'01" sounded right. After hearing "'65" and "'76" all one's short life, I suppose that's understandable. Silly, but understandable.

I love the illo accompanying Juanita's editorial, and share her opinion of "antiques". I cannot see why anyone in their right mind would want a complete set of tack for a Clydesdale hanging on their livingroom wall. I have maybe four things that could rightly be called antiques, and all but one (a washboard of interesting origins) are in use at present.

Juanita also touched lightly on something I have been thinking about lately, inspired by a conversation I had with Bruce and Chip Bestler at Rivercon. Not only is fandom becoming overly large, as my occasional maternal parent points out, but it is no longer the one big happy family it used to be. I have heard the old-time fen telling stories of the days when all of fandom -- even the neos -- were at the very least acquainted with one another, and everyone was a science fiction fan. Now there are so many sub-groups of fandom -- not really cliques, though there are a share of them too, like the Trekkies, the comix fen, the fantasy fen, the S&S fen. I'm told even the SCA are introverting (?) a bit. People are becoming specialized, and crawling off into their own little corners, some not bothering to associate with others, and only marginally interested in them. It's rather frightening to see this kind of thing happening, especially when one is just getting started in fandom.

"The Neofan" is beautiful! However, I must remind you that we have never groveled for praise. Approval, yes, and myself for forgiveness, but never praise (we know better). And personally I could never resort to the NSF.

I have enough problems remembering names and sticking them with appropriate faces and sticking them with appropriate faces as it is, so I do hope what Ms Offutt was writing about doesn't catch on. I would hate to go about thinking that Poul Anderson was Gene DeWeese for five months. That would be disillusioning, that such revered and sacred folk would try and confuse we helpless little neofen.

I realize I'm taking my life in my hands by commenting on this, but one thing that has bothered me about the very recent Yans (I've seen the last four or five and have no idea how the others were) is that "Golden Minutes", while a great idea, composed with typical Coulson expertise, is damned long. Almost half thish was book reviews. Perhaps it's just a personal aversion I have to book reviews, but...

Ah, Sandra, I did indeed gasp at the notion of school uniforms, basically because I had to endure them for five years. Now, I realize they are exceptionally nice for parents, guardians, whatever. They cost one flat sum (usually exorbitant, but still flat), and that is that for the rest of the year (or several years, if you have a nice stable school administration). But, what would you do if you had to go to work every morning and look at twenty-six of your motley peers wearing the same thing every day for five years? Perhaps it would not be so horrible if these uniforms appeared to be at least remotely related to normal civilian clothes. When I first started school, all of the girls attending were required to wear a white blouse, white knee-high socks, and a rather formless shift-type jumper of the most putrid black, navy blue, white and red plaid that you have ever seen. This makes one look bad enough, but to top it all off, you wore a little red tie with an ivory snap around your neck. Every day. And that is the way it was for years. However, after two I was placed in another school, and no longer had to endure this monstrosity hanging on my skimpy frame.

Well, at least not for another three years. After spending the next several grades in a public school, I went back to a parochial school, unfortunately the same one I had attended before. As the summer of my fifth year of formal education drew to a close, I began dreading having to wear the horrid gunny sack and accessories I recalled from first and second grades.

But it seems the Fates had smiled upon me (sort of); my beloved Alma Mater had, since the time we'd last met, changed its style of ~~dress~~ ~~clothing~~ dressing. Now, seeing as I was entering what was considered an upper grade, I no longer had to wear a jumper. Now it was a skirt, a formless skirt, yes, but at least the still-plaid pattern was of more coordinated colors -- brown, black, yellow, and white. And one could choose the color of one's blouses -- brown, yellow, or white. Same for socks. And no funny little ties. I was actually adjusting to the idea of wearing fundamentally the same outfit to the institution every day when I heard the principal explain exactly why all the girls at Saint Therese of the Little Flower were made to wear the same type of clothing.

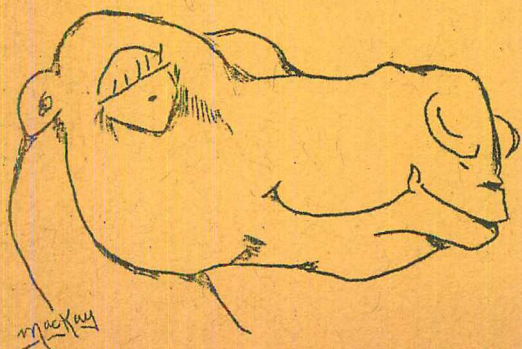
They wanted us all to look alike.

I am aware of what the prefix "uni-" and the base word "form" mean. It's just that after identifying "uniform" with "that which is worn to school every day without fail" for years, it didn't even occur to me that their prime objective was to make us all identical.

Now, as those of ISFA will undoubtedly know, I tend to frown on conventions (of the social sort), conformists, and other non-deviants. I practically went into hysterics. They tried to explain to me that this practice of making females all look the same, or attempting to do so, was so as not to let the more wealthy make the less fortunate feel less fortunate. It was argued that if a young female wants to be ostentatious, she will find a way of doing it, no matter what she is required to adorn her body with. The administration agreed. Then why have the uniforms? Class dismissed.

Perhaps I have taken this as a personal attack on my right to be different. All I know is that for the \$43 Mother spent on each of her girls for uniforms, they could have had at least a couple of outfits that could be re-used for the real world. At present, my \$19 skirt is hanging in my poor excuse for a closet, and there it will stay until one of my sisters grows into it or it rots off the hanger.

In regards to Bisenieks' comment on manna: the Bible is a proverbial garden of delights when it comes to ideas for stories, science fiction in particular. I can recall hearing a really neat reading in class -- something about God coming to two different tribes and telling them both the same thing, or different things, well...anyway...getting them messed up somehow. I immediately envisioned this



being incorporated into a story; the aliens safe in their orbiting ship using various forms of propaganda to confuse the Terrans for some unknown reason. I also remember requesting the exact chapter and verse from my religion teacher. And having her ask me what I wanted it for.

"I'm going to write a story around it," I said.

"What sort of story?" she inquired.

"A 'story' story," I replied, my palms beginning to perspire and my blood coursing through my little body at speeds many times normal.

"Would it possibly be a story attempting to disprove the existence of God?" she pressed.

So there I was, standing alone in an empty schoolroom, facing a Franciscan nun who is wanting to know if I intend to write an atheistic article on a Bible verse she's looking up for me. I am ashamed to say I panicked.

I was sorely tempted to tell her it was none of her business what I wrote about, but I regained control of my militancy long enough to say, "I'm going to write a story." She gave me the reference, and we left it at that, and I took my leave. I have never reacted so badly in such a delicate situation before or since.

I was recently looking through one of those "Speak Spanish Instantly" books that my brother had given me. It was chock full of all sorts of phrases that one could use, complete with phonetic pronunciations and even English equivalents. Glancing down the pages, I notice "Yo te quiero mucho", translated as "I like you very much." Well, all right, if you say so; I haven't studied Spanish for several years now (it was a required course for a semester in the fifth grade. I kid you not). Then I glanced through a dictionary sort of affair at the tail end of the book. Hmm, here they don't have "quiero" translated as "like". This part of the book has "quiero" translated as "want". Doing a bit more cross reference, I find that in all other cases, the Spanish word "quiero" does indeed mean "want". Could this be simply a strange meaning of the word "quiero", or is it indeed an error? If the latter is the case, I tend to wonder how many Americanos, after a pleasant half-hour conversation in stilted Spanish with a kind vendadoro, smile and say "Yo te quiero mucho..."? I also tend to wonder about el vendadoro's reaction.

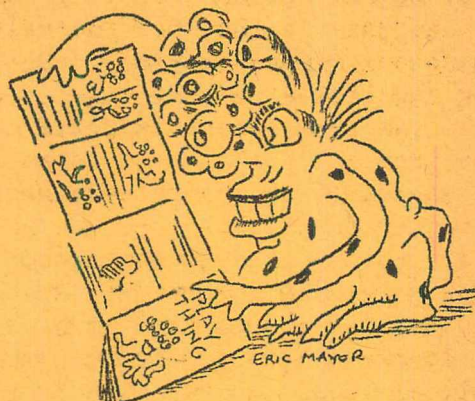
[[Perhaps that was a phrase-book for someone who wants to make warm friends. Someone like Tucker, maybe... // The book reviews help keep me on publishers' review lists. And while egoboo is nice, I'm afraid it doesn't compare to free books. RSC]]

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

A new science fiction TV series has just started here at 11:30 on Sunday mornings (1) -- called PHOENIX FIVE. It is from Australia and only lasts for half an hour, and is a sort of mini STAR TREK. In the first episode the two heroes land on a planet inhabited only by a fiction writer; but he uses a three-dimensional typewriter which writes his Western stories -- and also involves the heroes with the real-life Western characters. They find themselves facing a real Western gunman in a showdown. Quite a modest little series but some imaginative sets and decorations, and a good idea too. Worth cultivating.

A science fiction collection went up for sale recently. It belonged to a man who had collected Amazing Stories, etc., back to the 1930s, and they expected the sale would fetch around 2,000 -- 3,000 dollars at auction. They fetched eventually something nearer to 9,000 dollars. Not much use to the man who spent so long collecting them, though.

Talking of your bullwhip, I got a series of whips during the last week from firstly some souvenir shops in a medieval town called Dunster in Somerset (which is one street



overlooked by a castle and a traffic jam); and I got two long, plaited whips there with fur-trimmed short handles. Then at a local store selling riding gear in a sale, I got a leather riding crop whip and also a -- well, I suppose you'd call it a cat-o-three tails. It has two red tails with a knot in them, and one single tail, all of plaited red-dyed leather. But I've had to wash them, because in any heated palm the red dye starts to come out. I was thinking of making them into a wall collage, perhaps with some replica guns if I can find something suitable.

[[I figure a more practical use for my whip: teaching obedience to neofans.]]

Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey KT6 6QL UK

Many thanks for Yandro 235 and also for a letter which is well overdue for an answer. I was very impressed at your being asked to send a copy of Y to the Bodleian; we look upon it as the library, too. I also had a request for a copy of my zine from that Toronto library, but they never followed it up with the money promised.

As usual, I sympathize with Juanita. I had an over-inking problem on my last run and finished up with as much ink on me as on the dashed machine. It is nice to see that Coulumn expanding; I will sure be interested to see how he does make his way. My cousin's son finally go through as a Chartered Accountant and after working with a firm for a year got the offer of a grand promotion in London. However he took one look at London and headed back to his firm in Aberdeen. "Too much traffic...too many people..."

Reading your reviews I must say that I loved your comment "Recommended, somewhat." Wish I had thought of that! The trouble with the Gor novels as far as I am concerned is I have this hunch there may be women who enjoy reading them. Young male readers of Gor make me feel tolerant; women who would enjoy them make me feel sick.

Hmm, I never see you mention reading a book by Emma Latham; her humor is right up your street. No doubt by now hundreds (well, a few, anyway) will have written to you about the "lily-white boys". I'm surprised Juanita doesn't know about it as it is a great favorite with the folk singers; and it has a very haunting tune.

[[I know exactly how your account relative (as opposed to a no-account relative) feels. That's why I'm making Overhead Doors in Hartford City instead of writing tech manuals in Chicago. RSC]]

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

Lodestone and Magnum have been joined by one other imprint as a Lancer ripoff, I believe. Story is that these are being printed to be instantly remaindered, and yes, I presume it's illegal. Which might eventually make them collectors' items if they weren't appearing in such large lots. Besides the authors you mentioned I've seen Janifer's BLOODWORLD and Moorcock's JEWEL IN THE SKULL.

I recall Robert Allen starting to liquidate his fanzine collection back in 1970 or so; at least I bought a few (including one Yandro) from him then. Maybe you just got around to printing his notice?

With all due respect to yourself and Peter Farb, your argument that sexism in the English language is irrelevant because women's status is low in Turkey, whose language does not share said sexism, does not compute. (I don't know of anyone who claims that purging sexist connotations from a language will bring in the millennium or that all other inequalities flow solely from it.)

Letters: Too bad you watch only BARNEY MILLER. (I watch only MASH and MONTY PYTHON, myself.) If you'd been watching LAVERNE AND SHIRLEY, you would have seen my wife on it last month. (Bit part, but a start.)

Little Tin Soldier Shop of 818 W. Lake Street in Minneapolis also makes/sells military miniatures, though I don't know if they do mail order business.

Your MAN FROM UNCLE books weren't sf? You mean invisible dirigibles exist?

[[Allen's note was printed very shortly after it arrived. Of course, I didn't look at the date on the postmark (assuming there was one). But more probably, he learned about liquidation sales from a furniture store.//

The point is that purging sexist connotations from the language won't bring in any benefits. Language reflects culture, not the other way around, and women who get hot and bothered about words like "history" and "mankind" (not to mention mansions, manure, manuscripts, and Manitoba) are making jennies of themselves. There's too much real oppression of women in the world for them to waste time trying to purge a language. RSC]]

Leah Zeldes, 21961 Parklawn, Oak Park MI 48237

On Seduction vs. Rape:

If you don't know the value of
eloquent language,
Let me give you this tip:
The difference between rape and
romance
Is simply salesmanship.

Nipsey Russell

I heard that on a game show awhile back and thought you might like it.

Some comments on the last two Yandros: The title of "All Phonedom Will Be Plunged Into War" first made me think that it was about the new upsurge of what I have been calling "phone fandom". Well, maybe it isn't so new by now (and maybe it isn't even as new as I think it is), but within the last year or so I have noticed that the printed word is not as sacred as it once was a means of communication between fans. Long distance may not be replacing letters, but it is a definite addition. My own phone bills are regularly about \$30 or \$40, and I know at least a couple of the local fen have regular bills that come close; I've talked to some fans who spend about \$75 per month on long distance. The attractions, despite the price, are obvious: it's immediate, and less time-consuming than writing, as well as the overall pleasantness of being able to talk to friends you haven't seen in months or more. Chris Sherman was talking about organizing a conference call among members of APA-50 sometime ago (it never came about) and I've been at several cons where a bunch of people got together to call someone who couldn't make it. Somebody was talking about a telephone fanzine too..

We tried to feed my cat something like the Dr. Ballard's that Coney described. She looked at it, sniffed, and walked away. My dog ate it.

The Passovoy's say that ReKwestcon was "beautifully run", which it may have been. They don't mention (maybe they didn't know) that a very large percentage of the attendance thought it was a terrible con. Paula and Sharon are Ghod People, but I hated their convention, basically because it seemed to me that not many people besides their committee and the Dorsai enjoyed it. Some locals have christened it Dorsaicon, and it was one of the beginnings of the very vicious Dorsai controversy that's been raging in MISHAP and a few fanzines and creating lots of very bad feelings on both sides and in the middle. (I know of at least one threatened libel suit.) Many people are taking everything very personally and are debating personalities, rather than the issue of the Dorsai as a whole.

Taral Wayne McDonald's (that's another goof on an artist's credits; shame on you!) cover on Y234 is quite nice, and the man behind the drawing board looks like him too. (Well, as much as it can without a face, anyway.)

Jackie Franke's modification of my statement on rape is correct, and I should have put it that way.

[[That's one of those quotes that are cute until you start to think about them. them.// I lived from my 5th to my 25th years in a house that didn't have a phone, and I never missed it. I wouldn't mind not having one now, except it would make it hard to communicate with Roger Elwood.// Not having been at the con, I can't speak on the facts. On personalities, I'd rate the Dorsai well ahead of the rest of Michigan fandom, with one or two exceptions on both sides. RSC]] [[McDonald sent in the art as "Wayne McDonald", and that's the way I credited it. Mine is not to argue why... JWC]]

Mark Sharpe, 10262 John Jay Apt. D,
Indianapolis IN 46236

I was on a call-in show and the people are WEIRD! One lady said, "I read sci-fi too. Have you read the latest UFO report?" I didn't know or care that there was a new ufo report and said so. Then she got all upset and rambled on about how all these extra terrestrials were planning to invade us and so on and on and on and on....ARRRRRGHHHH! Another person got on the line and said SF was irreligious. I said no, not really, and tried to give a few examples while



trying to point out that mainstream fiction tends to be more irreligious than sf. To no avail, of course. He had already made up his mind (what little he had) and wasn't listening to a word I was saying.

[[This bit taken out of context (because the context was dated but I am always fascinated by the alleged reasoning powers of the populace. RSC]]

Dainis Bisenieks, 2633 Dupont Ave. S., Minneapolis MN 55408

THE WOMBAT AFFAIR should give marsupial fandom quite a boost, more (I should think) than DOORWAYS IN THE SAND, where the wombat was an alien in disguise.

[[I knew there was something we left out of that plot! Hey, Gene; you want to stick in a wombat to justify the title? RSC]]

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

That picture you brought up came in handy. I gave it to that kid (Brad Brassfield) who was around to "interview" me today. The camera he had with him, which he'd borrowed from his uncle, didn't work too well. Sounded awfully serious about the interview. "How much of your own personal philosophy do you put into your stories?" Hah? I think he was wondering about some of the NYSIHT comments about the "nut cults". He's going to talk to Tofte now, and try to do a "telephone interview" with Asimov. (He made sure I knew that he had Asimov's personal phone number in his pocket.) And maybe a mail interview (?) with Simak. To tell the truth, even if the article came out very well, I can't imagine any market for it. Oh well. It was sort of interesting for an hour or so. (Since he lives in Rockford, maybe I should sin him onto Tucker.)

Read the Jeter Laser (maybe that could be a villain's name someday) THE DREAMFIELDS. Didn't it seem awfully Z-movieish to you? Started out with a nice mystery, and then disintegrated altogether. I guess that leaves the door open for my "big" novel one of these decades, about dream research...

And I warning: I gave Brassfield your address. He's starting a fanzine, and he wants Juanita to contribute a short story or two. I told him she didn't write short fiction at all, let alone for fanzines, but he wrote down the address anyway.

[[If anyone wonders where authors get their characters' names...// I don't mind Brassfield knowing our address, but anyone telling him how to locate our place is going to be in trouble. He sounds like the sort of neofan I can do without. RSC]]

Joe L. Hensley, 2315 Blackmore, Madison IN 47250

I sent 10,000 words and an outline away on A KILLING IN GOLD last week and will see how it works out. It's Robak in a coin killing sort of thing, which I won't finish, at least as a Robak, if it isn't picked up by Doubleday. Then I sent Gene 10,000 words on an old one to look at a few weeks back. And FINAL is still kicking around.

So I have at least a few things going around right now and maybe something will work out. I like the Doubleday suspense contracts. My last one had no due date and no one bugged me about it -- which might just show good taste.

Gary Anderson, 8386 Hollister, Ventura CA 93030

Just got back from wondrous Norfolk, Virginia, the armpit of the known universe. I don't apply this designation to Virginia Beach; Kelly Freas lives there. As I found out when I met him in the airport baggage claim, having unknowingly flown in the same set of planes from L.A. Anyway, the temp and humidity fight each other for the nearest approach to 100. The natives have strange customs, including the serving of a native fetish-dish called "grits", consisting primarily of a tasteless white substance with a few black specks scattered through it. Frankly, the last stuff I saw that looked like that I didn't call grits, but primitive societies must be allowed their customs, don't y'know.

Went to Westercon, but only for a day. Much to my delight, surprise, etc., Yang was there, spreading culture to the west. I freaked out on songs again, in a session that lasted until 3AM...sure wish I could have stayed, but I had to get ready to go to Norfolk. As far as I am concerned, that "made" Westercon. Kelly Freas was there, and Yang sang the Dorsai songs. Thus my surprise when later encountering Kelly at Norfolk airport. The masquerade was fairly good, not as good as some in the past, but not bad. Kathy Bushman had a couple of good costumes, both of which won prizes, and neither of which had wings. We didn't enter any, since only I went and I did no preparation. The showing of "The Capture" was an excellent idea, and will change quite a few Hugo votes. I hadn't seen it, and thought it was quite good. Better than "A Boy and His Dog", at least on my ballot.

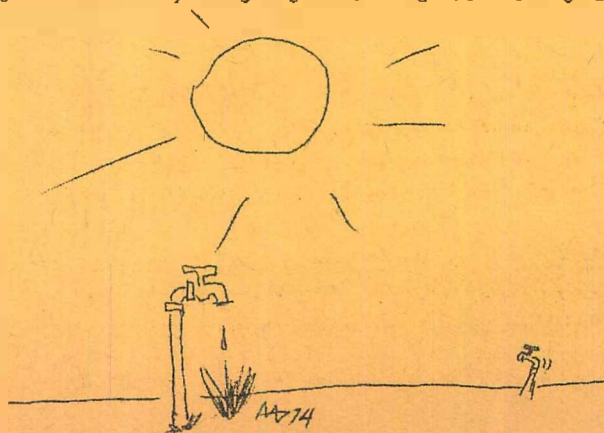
Roger Waddington, 4 Commercial Street, Norton, Malton, North Yorkshire, England

Well, with the way this country's economy is going, it's a wonder we can afford those exorbitant airmail stamps, let alone fanzine subscriptions!

No, I think the heart of the matter is -- in spite of the continuing debate that's being hammered out in the pages of Maya and elsewhere,-- the vast majority of British fandom is content to stay very parochial, more's the pity. We feel more comfortable with zines from towns that we've visited, from fans that we've met at EasterCons or Globe meetings, or even at a more local level, LoC more certainly when we know they're likely to know us; and so we shy away from zines with a touch of strangeness, from foreign-sounding fans who might give us new ideas, and huddle up to our own safe fan-nish fireside; and lose a great deal thereby!

My case is different, in that not having had much contact with British fans at all in the flesh, and seeming to be the only fan between York and the sea, my fanac is limited to mailbox contact and the only fans I know are the ones who send me their zines. So it's just as easy for me to write to Portsmouth or Poughkeepsie. Well, I'm maybe exaggerating, in that the appeal of foreign zines is in their strangeness, in the fact that they've come from people who live across the ocean, who live half an exotic world away; and if you think Hartford City can't possibly be exotic, you haven't seen Norton. No, as I find my feet again in this fannish milieu, I'll probably meet more people, contribute more to British fandom, but it doesn't lessen the debt of gratitude I owe to USA fandom in particular for furthering my fan-nish career; for which, thanks.

Re the Hale sale, you've just put another nail in the coffin; Well, we were watching their SF list with interest, seeing such titles as VANDALS OF THE VOID and THE PASTIME OF ETERNITY, not to mention DR BANNISTER'S MATTER by authors who featured on the crime list in equal strength. In other words, here we thought was the



hardback answer to Badger Books of fond memory. But then the rot seemed to set in with titles from British luminaries like Philip E. High and J.T. McIntosh. Oh, minor enough, but you can see which way the trend's going, can't you? That's right; their latest list now has titles by A. Bertram Chandler and Gordon R. Dickson among the quasi-badgers -- one of them, ALIEN ART, even seems to predate American publication, which isn't cricket! And even Richard E. Peck, who was one of Ted White's Good Boys, is appearing there. So with NOW YOU SEE IT added to the list, we're going to have to look elsewhere for our potboilers; how are Laser Books doing?

And still on the literary (?) front, THE EVE OF RUMOKO came from one of the first of the modern outburst of theme-connected novellas (I haven't forgotten the Twayne Triplets), THREE FOR TOMORROW, along with Robert Silverberg and James Blish.

And one last thought on British fans in their scorning of Fans Across the Sea could be to their credit, if you read it -- that by concentrating on the little struggling zines within their own boundaries, they're giving help where it's needed. And the other fanzines, the ones that have got the fame and the fans, they'll get round to those later with their undoubted talent; but the problem is, that they rarely do.

[[Oh, Hartford City is probably exotic to people from New York City, much less from England. (That's why Juanita set two of her gothics in rural Indiana; figuring that to city dwellers it would seem as unusual as a crumbling British castle.) On the other hand, Norton might well be exotic too. (I have a recording of Peter Sellers' tribute to "Balham, Gateway to the South", and I'm sure that all of England is exotic.) RSC]]

Kay Anderson, 8386 Hollister, Ventura CA 93030

Read a couple of books about Bigfoot lately, and they raised some sticky questions in my mind. Several Bigfoot hunters have professed the desire to shoot one to settle the question of what is it once and for all; and naturally (if unfortunately) the biologists would like to have a body to study at leisure. Besides, there seems to be some sort of rumor that someone somewhere will pay a big reward for one. So people are skulking around looking to bag a Bigfoot. Be interesting if they got slapped with a murder rap if they did get one. Maybe after due study and consideration the authorities would decide it was a previously unknown kind of homonid. Shades of YOU SHALL KNOW THEM. Then we'd have to persuade them to come out of the woods and educate and clothe them and teach them to go on welfare.

This summer some archaeologists are excavating nearby on the huge Ferndale Ranch. It's the site of the Indian Mupu and the "rain-rock". Now, it never rains out here in July, and when it does rain it very rarely thunders, just dull mumbling off in the clouds. But when they started excavating the rain-rock -- that day we had rain, thunder, and lightning. One of the archaeos was quoted as saying, "It was no coincidence. It almost makes you get religion." See; contrary to those movies in which the native would tell the white archaeo that if they didn't sacrifice a pig the god would make the mountain move and the archaeo laughed and sneered, genuine archaeologists are very superstitious. A real archaeo would have said, "Really? Where can I get a pig?"

We got up at 5AM to watch Viking set down July 20. Good old public channel KCET lugged its cameras over to JPL and gave us the whole thing live, just like they did the fly-by of Mariner in '72. I got all throat-lumpy and teary over the coverage, so much so that I had a florist send a bouquet to the gang at the mission control. One thing I like about southern Cal: the florist didn't bat an eye (as well as I could tell over the phone) when I said I wanted to send flowers to the Viking Mission team. Live tv from Mars. I never thought I'd live to see it so soon. In truth, I never thought I'd live to see it at all. I can't believe all these people who are going around with their eyes fixed firmly on the ground while the most exciting age in history goes on around them. They couldn't bother to get up to watch the only first successful probe landing on Mars there will ever be. Some people would yawn at Creation.