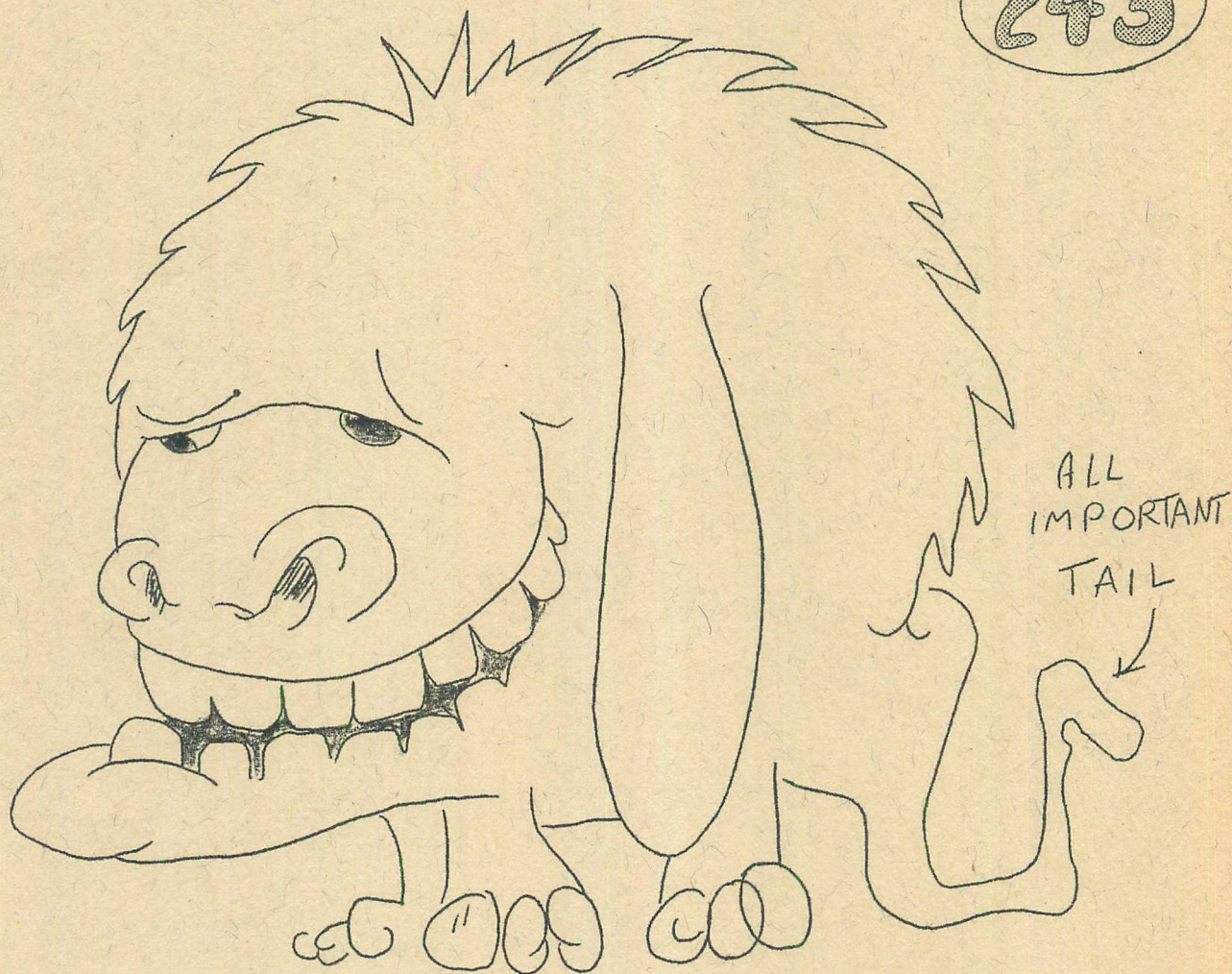


YANDRO

243



Phil
Fog 10-77



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of the year, at least, no matter what the
dollar and pound do).

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" 6 - - - - -	Jackie Causgrove	" 30 - - - - -	Bill Rotsler
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" 22 - - - - -	Sirois & Foglio		

The envelope template is a service to the readers; use up your odd-sized envelopes before Nov. 30. (I'm working hard on ours, which is why my correspondents are going to be getting a lot of them.)

The cover is a result of a DUFF Auction at Minicon (and I hope you were right, Rusty, when you said publishing rights went with it.)

Next issue may be largely letters; I had 7 more pages on stencil for this issue, and yanked them after considering postal costs. Apologies to the writers; you'll be in, next time.

RSC

NOTICE: Sharon Trussler, 901 Olney Road, Vinton, VA 24179, is planning to have a huckster table for fanzines at an upcoming Roanoke convention. Anyone wanting to send her your fanzine for display and sale should get in touch with her. She wants a maximum of 10 copies, one of which she'll keep as payment. You pay postage both ways, and you get all the money from any sales. If you want to increase your circulation, it's cheap advertising. (YANDRO doesn't advertise, so YANDRO won't be represented. But then, this is pretty much of a maverick fanzine anyway.)

RAMBLING S



As faithful readers may recall, I was looking forward with some trepidation to my first commercial air flight. Obviously I survived, so much so I took another one not too long ago, and now have all manner of comparisons to make and memories to share.

I was invited, quite out of the blue, to come to NYC and chat with people at Ballantine. It was a heady experience, and I'm not sure I've fully recuperated yet. Due to conditions beyond anyone's control, it turned out to be even more of an adventure than anticipated. All arrangements had been made by Ballantine, so, as dully instructed, I showed up at Indianapolis's Weir Cook Airport on the

appointed Tuesday morning. (Buck can tell you all about his adventures throughout all this in his pages.) The TWA 727 was barely half full, so I had three seats all to myself. So did every other passenger visible from my vantage. The pilot apologized for "chop" but really needn't have; it was so negligible I was quite able to write notes the whole flight. The food was good, and TWA was so efficient they successfully relayed to me a garbled telephone message from Devra Langsam; Devra had originally intended to meet me at LaGuardia, but got snowed in during the blizzard that had hit the NYC area shortly before. (More about Devra and her terrific hospitality later on.) La Guardia baggage did not eat my suitcases, and they had a neat line at the taxi stand, so there was no difficulty getting a cab to the hotel. (That was one of only two times in NYC I had no trouble getting a cab; you have to trap them somewhere, apparently, to get a ride.) Ballantine did things up in style, and I was staying at the Plaza, famed of Eloise and innumerable plays and NYC stories. Outside of a minor contretemps at the check-in desk...somebody failed to get the word and didn't have any knowledge that I wasn't going to pay the Plaza's out-of-sight fare...all went pretty well. The weather was somewhat raw but it wasn't snowing. A short walk up from Central Park, doing a bit of window shopping, told me I'd better pace myself and not do the race-around tourist routine if I was going to have enough energy left to meet people. As it turned out, I was going to need lots more psychic energy before I was through.

That evening I met with Star Helmer, the new editor of historicals and romances at Ballantine, and we went to the Algonquin Hotel for supper. The very same Algonquin of Wollcott and Parker fame, and we even got to see the Round Table, although dimly, in the shadows of an adjacent dining room. The decor is dark and quaint, the place is jammed, and the food in the Rose Room is superb. Due to a mistake in the ticket dept., we got to hear only the last ten minutes of a Mahler concert, but did get to admire the interior of the newly refurbished (with that all-purpose modern material, wood) Lincoln Center concert hall. Then a bit of pub crawling...to a favorite celebrity watering hole across the street from Lincoln Center and to a popular local disco. See why I decided I'd better not chew up my energy earlier in the day? That was Tuesday.

Wednesday it rained...and rained...and rained. I met Jim Allen, my agent for my historical romances and fantasy fiction, and Virginia Kidd's associate on any science fiction I'm lucky enough to sell, and we headed for Ballantine's offices. Ballantine and Random House share a building with at least 28 stories, and the offices of Ballantine are all done in glistening white. I'm glad I had native guides, or I never would have found my way around therein. With Jim, I again greeted Star Helmer, and we went out for one of those business lunches there's so much tax legislation broohaha about currently. This lunch was at a mediievally dark nook called Monk's Court, around the block from Ballantine's offices. Heavy on atmosphere, but not matching the mystique of the Algonquin, I fear. Later in the afternoon I had an interesting (to me, anyway)

discussion with Star concerning possible future historical romances I might do for Ballantine. I also met Jamie Raab of Ballantine's publicity department, who'd been very active in concocting the publicity releases on DARK PRIESTESS. Then Star had to get back to work, and I headed back to the hotel. I had to drown a trifle first, though. I watched native New Yorkers doing everything but fling themselves across the hoods of taxis, in vain, trying to get one to stop in the rain. Finally I went into a nearby drugstore and bought an umbrella and walked back to the Plaza. I was mildly soaked when I arrived, but I did get there...and I not sure I would have if I'd continued to hope for a taxi.

Wednesday night Jim treated me to a dinner at a Northern Indian restaurant...I never knew paprika could be that W*O*W!...and to Langella's DRACULA, with the Gorey stage settings. The play is delightful and highly recommended. I always thought Lugosi's Dracula was ludicrous and Stoker boring, but this version is just campy enough to grab my enthusiasm firmly.

Thursday I met with the del Reys, went to lunch at an Italian restaurant, was most genuinely awed to be in sf vip company, and did a bit more discussing of possible future workings-together. I even got to see a new van Dongen cover painting unwrapped. Everything seemed to have been going most swimmingly, on my part, and then it came somewhat unglued. I was told my flight, to leave at 6 Thursday, was canceled, because the entire Midwest was a blizzard disaster area. I called home, decided to indulge in room service that evening, and rested up for my, supposed, trip back the next day. No. Flights were still canceled the next day. I was saved counting the patterns on the Plaza's wallpaper or reading until my eyeballs peeled by Devra; she was finally shoveled out and suspected I was trapped past my flight departure. Good friend that she is, she drove into NYC, picked me up at the hotel, and toted me out to her apartment in Brooklyn, where we had a fine supper and fannish talking in to the night, after which she delivered me back to the hotel doorstep. A genuine lifesaver in an hour of need, and most appreciated.

Saturday, apprehensively, I called TWA, one...more...time. I must have been the first person to get the reservations desk after their computer had flashed the all clear. The woman practically shrieked with delight as she told me the afternoon flight to Indianapolis was still on. Bhoy, was it. Every seat was loaded, and when the plane touched down in Nap the passengers applauded. I wasn't quite back -- see Buck's comments for further details -- but close enough. The great adventure was practically over, and I hadn't turned into a pumpkin...and even more importantly, I hadn't crashed into the Appalachians or somewhere along the route.

One outcome of the trip is that I've contracted to write another loooong historical for Ballantine, this one to be set in Peru circa 1570.

Having survived both flights and even discovering I liked the sersation, when Buck got a windfall royalty check, we decided to fly to Minicon. Eastern, I'm afraid, is not TWA. The outset was dismaying, as we watched some civilian type feeling the leading edge of the wing on our plane, and apparently rejecting what he found. We had to walk out, in the rain, to another plane they ran out of the hangar as a hasty replacement. But once in Minneapolis, things went fine. Mpls fandom put on their usual fine con, plus we got to visit Gordie's pad and pant with admiration over his library and put away much too much of a delicious buffet his mother prepared. More lovely hospitality from good folks.

The flight back to Nap was a bit bouncy; I think that pilot trained dogfighting Migs. But it was also the most beautiful, if you had a window seat. We were up in sunlight with broken clouds below and the land beneath in twilight. Plus there were double rainbows thrown by ice crystals chasing the plane's shadow along the cloud tops at times. Gorgeous. And breaking down through clouds and out over the city, lit up in then full-night, was an eye opener, too. This sort of thing could become additive.

Other than that...the snow is, finally, all gone. Now it is raining almost every other day, and the area we live in is a gigantic natural sponge. The frogs are crazy about it, and there are zillions of them, peeping their little heads off happily from every boggy spot. The rest of us, though, are ready for sunshine and warmth, right?



When we left our heroic editors, back in the Jan. issue, Juanita was preparing to fly to New York in order to win fame and fortune. Now to continue our story....

Juanita can tell you her part of it. Mine came in getting her to the airport on Tuesday, Jan. 24. Freezing rain by the time we hit the Indianapolis beltway, but we made it to Weird Cook with no real problems, and I got back okay, with nothing much to look forward to until I had to go back Thursday night to pick her up.

Right. I forgot to get a prescription filled while I was at work Wednesday, so I drove back in after dark to get it. It was snowing heavily by then, and the clerks in the drugstore were wondering about getting home when they got off work. (If they waited that long, they didn't make it.) That was the last time I saw anything beyond our front yard until Monday afternoon. Thursday morning I obviously wasn't going to go anywhere, and it was still snowing, so I sat back and relaxed - until the furnace quit. I didn't know that much about oil furnaces; until he had open-heart surgery last fall, our landlord insisted on doing his own repairs. But his son David and a friend, Stan, were up checking on the stack; they'd come up on a snowmobile. So I went out to get them. This was around noon. By the time I'd got as far as our drive - 30 or 35 feet from the house - I stopped to breathe, and turned around with my back to the wind. The house was out of sight behind driving snow. (Admittedly, it's a white house, but it's also two stories high and a big old farmhouse.) I began to realize how pioneers could get lost in a blizzard between the house and the barn. Not that I had that worry; there were all sorts of trees, bushes, cars, fences, etc. for landmarks. But it was a shock. Anyway, Stan came in and fixed the furnace - twice, as it happened. Last time, he had to clean out the oil line. (Know how you do that? You unhook the line from the furnace, put the end in your mouth, and suck on it until you get a good flow of oil.) After having watched the whole proceedings, I think I could just about take the furnace apart and rebuild it, now. But I'd rather not.

Anyway, by Friday the entire state of Indiana was a disaster area - more so than usual, that is. I called work to tell them I wouldn't be in, and nobody answered. I didn't know Juanita's number in New York, but she called me to let me know she was okay except for being stranded. Finally, on Saturday afternoon, she got back to Indianapolis, but I was still stuck at home, and getting pretty annoyed about it. (If Juanita had been there, I wouldn't have minded at all, but I dislike being without a wife.) Eventually, the snowplows got to our county road on Sunday, and I shoveled out the drive. Couldn't get a car started Monday morning, so I had to wait until David showed up - in a truck, now that the roads were open - and got a battery jump. Juanita had been staying with the Miesels; I finally made it to pick her up about midafternoon Monday. Somewhat of a hairy trip down; the interstates were down to one lane each way, in spots. One of my coworkers couldn't get out of his driveway until Wednesday.

Since then we've had our usual winter problems, but nothing serious. The well pump was out of action for a couple of days, roads would drift shut briefly but be reopened, etc. And of course Indiana got hit hard by the coal strike, with mandatory restrictions on all forms of energy use. But we're actually getting on to spring, by now.

Gene and I got to split some money for the Italian sale of NYSHIT and royalties (1) on WOMBATS, so I spent some of my share on a plane trip to Minicon over Easter weekend. Nice convention. Got to meet Samuel R. Delany for the first time, visit with the Passovoys, Asprins, DeWeeses, Wixons, Denny Lien, Marty Helgesen, etc., see

Gordy Dickson's house (and be suitably impressed - where Juanita and I have a "brag shelf" of our own book and magazine publications, Gordy has a bookcase and a half devoted to his), and buy far too much stuff at the art auction and huckster rooms. (Though I was delighted to finally get an Elizabeth Pearse painting, after having been outbid on a couple of them last year.) Didn't see much of the program. Listened to Tucker's bit, Sandra Miesel's slide show, and heard as much as I could stand of a parapsychology panel while waiting for Tucker to come on. The panel ran overtime and I walked out on it (running into Tucker outside and having a far more entertaining time there.) And we saw the production of "Stage Wars", though I was sitting too far back and missed some of the jokes; my hearing isn't the best, these days. Enjoyable, though.

Among non-fannish outings, we saw "Close Encounters". Very pretty. Very pretty. Juanita wants a chandelier designed like the mother-ship, and I want a videotape of the chase down the tollway. (And through a toll booth? In Indiana? Not bloody likely. Even the Indiana Toll Road doesn't have booths like that, and it's nowhere near Muncie.) For the rest of it - I wish that just once Doug Trumbull would get all his gorgeous special effects into at least a halfway good movie. (People are comparing "Encounters" to "Star Wars". The comparison is that "Star Wars" is intentionally funny.)

On Easter Sunday, while we were in Minneapolis, the Marion paper featured Juanita and I in its Sunday Supplement. Full-page color photo, 3 b&w photos, fairly long article, and a bibliography. Not bad at all; couple of minor errors, but nothing major, and the general "tone" of the article was good. (I keep wondering, "why Easter?", but then the previous week the same reporter had a lead article on the poolrooms of his childhood, and I suppose we're more religious than that. Though not much.....)

Our next convention will be Marcon, in the middle of April. (Probably before some of you receive this - definitely before the overseas copies arrive.) Juanita is combining the con with a talk at Heidelberg College in Tiffin, Ohio; something about Women's Career Week. Tiffin isn't far from Columbus, so the combination works out well.

Thanks to Irv Jacobs, I now have copies of two Mexican magazines; ESPACIO and DUENDE (subtitled "Ciencia-ficción" and "Historias fantásticas" respectively). Mostly reprints, though I don't recognize some of the names; European, probably.

Interesting for fiction-magazine fans like myself; some time back I ran across a copy of FAR WEST in a Warsaw news-stand. Subtitled "America's Leading Western Fiction Monthly". Leading, and likewise only.....Digest size, 128 pages, all new fiction, which was a big surprise. A second issue was supposed to be out March 7, but I haven't seen it. (Haven't been back to Warsaw; distribution of the thing seems spotty.) In these hard times, I'll support almost any mild resurgence of pulp fiction; sometimes I want short stories for my relaxing reading, and I don't want comicbooks.

I also went thru the 1977 sf mags this winter, so I have a few comments on worthy stories. Items in all categories listed in my order of worth.

NOVELS (I haven't read either Gateway or Moonstar Odyssey yet; both look good)

Queens Walk In The Dust, by Thomas Burnett Swann (Heritage)	
The Dragon and the George, by Gordon Dickson (Ballantine)	
Where Late The Sweet Birds Sang, by Kate Wilhelm (Berkley)] These may all be 1976 copyright; I didn't check.
The Seeking Sword, by Jaan Kangilaski (Ballantine)	
Red Shift, by Alan Garner (Collins-Lions)	
Of Future Fears, by Mack Reynolds (Analog)	

NOVELLAS

In The Hall of the Martian Kings, by John Varley (F&SF)] Not a good year for novellas.
The Holy Temple, by Herbert Gerjuoy (Galaxy)	

NOVELETS

The Big Fans, by Keith Roberts (F&SF)
 Three Days At The End of the World, by Hilbert Schenck (F&SF)
 They Who Go Down To The Sea, by Christopher Irwin (Galaxy)
 Manatee Gal Aint You Coming Out Tonight, by Avram Davidson (F&SF)
 The Man Who Could Provide Us With Elephants, by John Brunner (F&SF)

(continued on page 21)

CHEMISTRY TAKES

THE VEIL

by

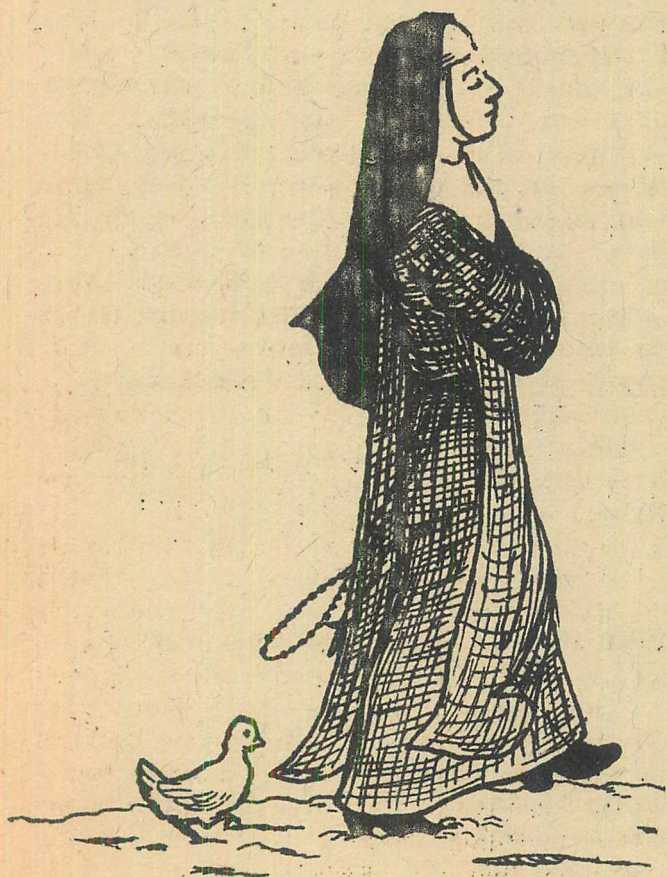
SANDRA MIESEL

A certain barely perceptible twinge of déjà vu has always hovered over my feelings towards Buck Coulson. Eventually, I realized it was due to his resemblance to one of my college chemistry professors. This revelation startled him almost as much as my husband's expressed ambition to "grow up just like Daddy Buck." Our ascerbic friend has been compared to many things in his life, but never before to an elderly nun.

However, Sister M. Joan Preising, O.S.F., was not exactly a Sister Chips. Not in the least. Picture a short, portly woman with hemangioma disfiguring half her face who regarded her students with the gruffness of an old she-bear confronting a litter of unpromising cubs.

But once we survived the initial cuffing, we discovered a sympathetic mentor and a skillful adept in the techniques of classical analytical chemistry. Her tolerance for incompetence ran less than one part per million and she expected us to perform well regardless of conditions. After all, she'd served her time in the mephitic depths of Noyes Lab at the University of Illinois. We in our turn had to contend with freshman lab in Albert Hall, a tottering ruin of an old frame house that had formerly served as a convent annex. Procedures here were reduced to an elementary simplicity: we cooled reactions with snow scraped from the windowsill and opened containers of dangerous substances outdoors -- in one instance by smashing a corroded bottle cap off with a rock. Perhaps the administration was hoping we'd blow the place up and save the demolition costs. If so, they were disappointed, and a new, well-equipped Albert Hall opened the following year.

Sister Joan now reigned here supreme as head of the department. It was an eminence she had reached by a most curious route. She had majored in Latin and Greek as an undergraduate but the Order subsequently decided that it needed a chemist rather than a classicist and dispatched her to Champaign-Urbana for transmutation. What did it matter that she had never studied science? At least she could pass the graduate school's language requirements. It



was a tribute to the power of Holy Obedience and fantastic stamina that she emerged four years later with her Ph.D. The only serious obstacle had been a rabid misogynist in the physics department who falsified her grades in an attempt to put her out of school. Luckily, she enjoyed the protection of an influential research advisor -- the immortal "Perchloric" Smith -- and the miscreant's scheme was foiled.

Her linguistic talents survived Illinois undimmed but henceforth they were profitably employed translating and abstracting foreign scientific publications. In addition to formal training in ancient and modern languages, she had been reared bilingual in Polish and thus could wing it through most Slavic languages, too.

She also produced an autobiographical novel entitled ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE and, in odd leisure moments, tatted. Her pocket always held a ball and shuttle, ready for use while supervising exams or enduring dull speeches. The rest of us dozed through a nuclear physics lecture series at Argonne National

Lab; she knotted away tirelessly. Some of the lace thus produced edged the fine linen handkerchiefs which she traditionally gave graduating chemistry majors. Mine is blue. After all these years I've never profaned it with use.

Yet if Sister Joan can be termed fannish in a broad sense, the junior member of the staff, Sister Emeran Foley, was distinctly mundane. Also younger, thinner, tenser -- avian rather than ursine. Exactly how avian you will learn shortly.

The only notable glitch in her more conventional progress through higher education came when the University of Illinois Infirmary confused her medical record with those of a chronic alcoholic and urged her to withdraw from school to dry out or face imminent liver failure.

She confided this while we were synthesizing ethanol in sophomore organic lab. Ours was the most venerable synthetic route -- the biological one. Half a bushel of oats (complete with chaff, rodent droppings, and bits of burlap), water, sugar, and yeast were combined in a 50-liter carboy, stirred with a broken broom handle, and placed near a radiator. The aromas that soon spread throughout the building caused murmurs from other departments. After decantation, two distillations, and a final filtration through charcoal, the resultant liter of sparkling pure 180 proof product was divided among the experimenters -- for home use only.

But the agrarian precedent had been set. Senior year found me doing biochemistry research under Sister Emeran's watchful eye. Our goal was discovering a relationship between the vitamin B₁₂ content of eggs and the diet of the hens that laid them. But first the chickens had to be raised. We prepared them special feed from scratch, rubbing kernels of dried field corn off the cob by hand and grinding it in a kitchen meat grinder. Our dozen fluffy chicks thrived. They gorged and grew and generated vast quantities of manure. I cleaned the cages every morning and dumped the buckets of refuse in the incinerator. (Throughout the winter this task was ordinarily performed in pompom-trimmed lavender bedroom slippers. We were forbidden to wear snow boots inside college buildings and I was too lazy to carry shoes.)



But while I struggled with these basic elements of poultry production, Sister Emeran was befriending the birds and making a special pet of the runt. This hen treated her like a flockmate -- but one even lower in the pecking order than herself. When she broke a leg, Sister Emeran tenderly splinted it (the Franciscan spirit still manifests itself in quaint ways) and thereafter called her Stumpy. Sister's solicitude for the chickens prompted her to give them occasional outings on the campus lawn where they were herded by docile white-veiled novices. This practice did tend to compromise the integrity of their dietary regimen.

At last spring came. A few chickens were sacrificed (but not on a stone altar wreathed in incense) and their ashes analyzed. The survivors, (including Stumpy) were given to a farmer. My manure-shoveling days ended just in time to study for comprehensive exams.

After this ordeal, my exuberant classmates denuded the campus of dandelions and heaped Sister Emeran's desk with flowers, demanding she brew them into dandelion wine. She agreed to employ her old family recipe on our behalf but refused to give us the merest sip until we were safely graduated and thus free of the college's strict teetotaling rules. And when she did finally serve the pleasant concoction on graduation day, it was in 5-milliliter beakers.

We seniors had been rather more generous to the staff than that. Refreshments at our final departmental party were supposed to consist of cookies and milkshakes but each staff member was presented with a quart of bock beer instead. Sister Joan toasted us and complimented our smuggling skills but Sister Emeran primly refused to touch her stein while we were present.

Yet my acceptance into graduate school was thanks to Sister Emeran. It was the one negative comment in her letter of recommendation that did it: she complained that I was "too creative". The University of Illinois was sufficiently intrigued by this remark to let me in. Thus I had the opportunity to meet John Miesel, marry him for his sf collection, abandon chemistry, discover fandom, and consequently be here to write this article today.

Both teachers are now retired, but I still keep in touch with them. They have followed my literary career with bemused interest. My last Christmas card from Sister Joan bore the following note of encouragement: "One good thing you can do with a chemistry degree is club English majors with it."

Now I ask you, faithful YANDRO readers, isn't that a fine sentiment and worthy of Buck Coulson himself?

© 1976 by Sandra Miesel

COMING CONVENTIONS

ARCHCON II, July 14-16. Write to Archcon, c/o Post Office Box 15852, Overland, MO 63114. Registration \$5 until July 1; \$8 afterwards. At Stan Musial & Biggie's Hilton Inn, 10330 Natural Bridge, St. Louis, MO 63134. C. J. Cherryh and Rusty Hevelin, guests.

AGGIECON IX, (oops; that one's over with.) And while MARCON isn't over with as I write this, it will be by the time you receive it. (We intend to be at that one.)

DUBUQON, April 28-30. Write Burnick & Martin Manor, 2266 Jackson, Dubuque, IA 52001. Registration \$5 to April 15, \$7 at door. At the Julien Inn, 200 Main, Dubuque, IA. Algis Budrys and Ken Keller, guests. There will be an "unofficial Nebula Banquet" (whee...) Saturday night.

Louisville fandom is arranging a charter flight to Phoenix for the Worldcon this year. Contact John Harris, 8109 Cortland Dr., Louisville, KY 40228, if you're interested. (We were never very interested in attending this one, and our interest has been declining steadily of late.)

Anyone interested in information on the Adelaide In '83 Worldcon bid contact either Paul Anderson, 21 Mulga Road, Hawthorndene, SA 5051, Australia, or Jeff Harris, 95 Second Ave, Joslin, SA 5070, Australia.

MIDWESTCON #29, June 23-25, at Holiday Inn North, 2235 Sharon Road, Cincinnati, OH 45241. Rates \$25 Single, \$33 Double, \$35 Poolside. First night's rent must accompany your reservation. (Ours is in and confirmed). Registration at door only.

THE LOST TRAVELLER

BOOK REVIEW BY

W. RITCHIE BENEDICT

PUBLISHED BY PAN BOOKS, LTD.
CAVAYE PLACE, LONDON SW10 9PG
245 pp., 1977, \$1.95

Ever since "Literature" got started somewhere back in the Old Stone Age, there have been many sub-branches or genres that have sprouted off the main tree. Originally, science-fiction was one of those branches, and since then, it has developed many of its own, some of which are decidedly peculiar, even for science-fiction. You have such oddities as a science-fiction dental novel (PROSTHO) by Piers Anthony, science-fiction Westerns (ANDROMEDA GUN) by John Boyd, and so forth.

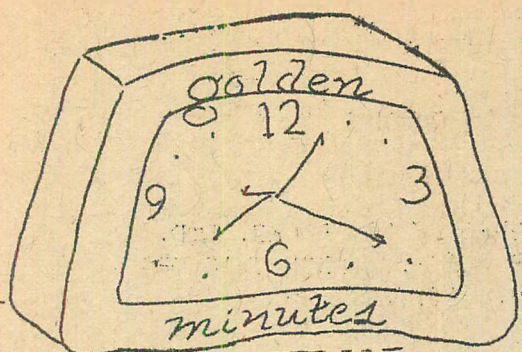
In this first novel by Steve Wilson, you have yet another hybrid -- the science-fiction Hell's Angels novel. Basically, the outline of the plot is similar (at least on the surface) to Roger Zelazny's DAMNATION ALLEY. There has been a nuclear holocaust leaving very little of North America intact. The East coast of the U.S. is under a semi-Fascist dictatorship, while in a West coast enclave called the Fief, the Hell's Angels are virtually the ruling elite, having once rescued the President of the United States from a howling mob. In this post-World War III novel, the Angels must recapture the initiative from the East by kidnapping Professor Sangria, the only real scientist left, from a guarded compound. The hero to do the job is a character called Long Range John.

Quite frankly, I didn't like this book, although I will admit that Mr. Wilson shows a good deal of talent and writing skill for a first novel. I much preferred DAMNATION ALLEY, as it is more in the mainstream of science-fiction. In other words, the science-fiction element predominates, and being a science-fiction fan, that is what I prefer. In this novel, the Hell's Angels element is predominant and the science-fiction is merely a deus ex machina to hang the plot on. It could just as easily be set in modern-day America, with a few attacks thrown against some desert outpost of the right-wingers in Arizona.

I liked the idea of two maps showing the outlines of the future U.S.A. and the Professor's compound. For sheer ugliness and brutality, however, you cannot top the Hell's Angels, and this novel has plenty of that. Mr. Wilson certainly knows his subculture; as I see by the interior biography, he spent some time in California and knows a lot about motorcycles. Apparently, the Professor in the novel sees two very unpalatable alternatives and throws his lot in with the lesser of two evils. An interesting sideline is that the beginning and the end of the book are narrated, in effect, in a still further in the future period when the results of the raid are known.

The characters, as might be expected, are raw, raunchy, and violent, and though I could see American International Pictures making a movie of this book (they started the Hell's Angels motorcycle cycle), I cannot see any science-fiction movie ever being made of it, because a: it is derivative from other sources and b: there are so many other first-rate S.F. novels waiting in line to be filmed.

Having said all this, I would like to reiterate that I am not condemning the author for his skill and knowledge in writing this book. It is obvious that he shows a good deal of promise, but just has not found the literary niche that suits him. I expect we will be hearing more from Mr. Wilson in the future.



DARK SINS, DARK DREAMS, edited by Malzberg & Prozini [Doubleday, \$6.95] An anthology of future crime. There are two original stories: "The Fire Man" by Elizabeth Lynn (the psychology of the arsonist; reasonably good), and "Vivv, With a Difference" by C. L. Grant (fairly standard murder mystery, sciencefictional because it's on a spaceship; not a very believable solution). Otherwise, we have "The Biography Project" by H.L. Gold (interchronus Peeping Toms - good); "A Man To My Wounding" by Poul Anderson (The future of political assassination

and the human propensity for making the worst possible use of everything - good); "The Winner" by Donald Westlake (the horror of future prisons - Westlake stacks the deck by making his victim a political prisoner, because otherwise nobody would be sympathetic. I wasn't, anyway. Propaganda.); "Booth 13" by John Lutz (boredom and suicide as a response to the population problem - fair); "The Wolfram Hunters" by Edward D. Hoch (a pointless little story, probably intended as a religious parable and not making it); "To See the Invisible Man" by Robert Silverberg (nicely calculated emotion about a unique future punishment -- I'm not impressed by it because, not being gregarious, I can't see any particular horror in it); "The Man Who Collected The Shadow" by Bill Prozini (an extrapolation of the collecting urge - fair); "Bernie the Faust" by William Tenn (the con man and the alien - enjoyable); "Non Sub Homine" by H.W. Whyte (computer justice - good); "Murder, 2090" by C. B. Gilford (the reintroduction of jealousy and murder into a programmed society -- it's enough to make you believe that we need programming); "The Several Murders of Roger Akroyd" by Barry Malzberg (which I didn't read); "The Executioner" by A.J. Budrys (a future aristocracy holding power and dispensing "justice" by the Will of God -- good); and another original story that I hadn't noticed, "The Generalissimo's Butterfly" by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro (a future dictatorship and revolution -- good). Overall, not a bad book if you haven't already read most of the stories. (58)

UP YOUR ASTEROID! by C. Everett Cooper [Borgo Press, \$1.95] A more or less bawdy "Star Trek" parody. Humor seems to be on about the junior high level, which is about par for both ST material and fannish farce, so it should be popular. I didn't bother to finish it.

RISSA KERGUELEN, by F.M. Busby [Berkley, \$1.95] Includes both of the original hardcover books about Rissa, which makes it over 600 pages long. I thought it was somewhat too long, but long novels are "in" these days, and if they're padded nobody seems to mind. Busby does a good job of keeping it interesting, anyway, though the pacing seems to waver; very fast at the beginning, too slow for me in the middle, and speeding up just a trifle near the end. Overall, a very good book; not top quality but very close to it. Space-opera rather than hard science. (78)

STAR SONGS OF AN OLD PRIMATE, by James Tiptree, Jr [Del Rey/Ballantine, \$1.75] A collection of stories. Includes "Your Haploid Heart" (some really alien biology combined with a love story), "And So On, and So On" (a vignette about limitations), "Her Smoke Rose Up Forever" (a horror story about a sort of immortality), "A Momentary Taste of Being" (a novella of psychology and spaceships; I suppose it's quite good, but I never liked it), "Houston, Houston, Do You Read?" (excellent novelet of -- Utopia? -- and the people who don't fit in), "The Psychologist Who Wouldn't Do Awful Things To Rats" (experimental animals and the -- not inhumanity but the essential humanity of experimenters), and "She Waits For All Men Born" (an allegory, I think; I'm not positive -- which is good and which I didn't like). Overall; excellent. (83)

THE DEVIL IN IRON, by Robert E. Howard [Grosset & Dunlap, \$6.95] This seems to be a photocopy of the Don Grant edition. Illustrations are printed rather than tipped in, and there is a very small loss in fidelity, but they're well reproduced. Paper isn't as high a quality as it is in Grant's edition, but it's good. Paperbound. One of the colored interior paintings has been reproduced for the cover. Stories included are the title novelet and "Shadows In Zamboula". Since everyone is publishing Howard these days, I assume this one would be for readers who want a fancy edition without having the money (or the taste?) to pay for Grant's superb ones. It's a good job, though I wonder about the size of that particular audience (and I wonder at the propriety of including Grant's notes on edition size, type of paper, etc. Conan readers not being too bright to begin with, some of them just might think that the G&D edition was a limited collector's item.) Generally a very good job, though.

WOMAN ON THE EDGE OF TIME, by Marge Piercy [Fawcett, \$2.25] Feminist-ecological propaganda. Very well gone, I gather, if the reader happens to be a feminist; I had some difficulty in sympathizing with the heroine's largely self-inflicted plight. (I know, she wasn't supposed to be overly bright, but I tend to dislike people like that. And I know that minority-group women have hellish problems -- some of which are depicted here -- but I also know that individuals can surmount them, and get their photos in MS. Connie is probably realistic but not very sympathetic.) Other than my personal opinion of the heroine, however, it's a good enough story.

LOOKING BACKWARD FROM THE YEAR 2000, by Mack Reynolds [Ace, (5 cents)] LOOKING BACK-EQUALITY IN THE YEAR 200, by Mack Reynolds, [Ace, \$1.50] ward is copyright 1973, but since I hadn't read it, and since EQUALITY is a direct sequel to it...This is Reynolds updating Edward Bellamy. The styles are quite similar; Bellamy wrote an allegedly influential and definitely boring Utopian novel, and Reynolds has tried to go him one better on both points. Basically, both books concern a rich young man who wakes up in the future and spends the rest of both books having the future explained to him. (To keep up a show of action, one chapter shows a scene from his past while in the next one he's told how this sort of thing is done in the future, and EQUALITY actually has a few future-centered action scenes. But it's mostly dialogue.) Hopefully, it's all possible or probable predictions. But I noticed that when he's considering being frozen or whatever, his financial adviser tells him that gold is a poor investment because the medium of exchange might change, and gold "doesn't have a good deal of use, you know, other than as a backing of currency." (No, I don't know that, and I'm sure that thousands of jewelers and electrical/electronics technicians would be very interested to learn it.) And his future mentor tells him that "Alcoholism was a disease of the mind" (latest breakthrough seems to indicate that a lot of "diseases of the mind" are caused by chemical imbalances in the body). Oh well; if you like lots of lectures and very little action, these are for you. (43)

MY LORD BARBARIAN, by Andy Offutt [Del Rey/Ballantine, \$1.50] The spaceship-riding barbarians; lots of authors have had a shot at this one, with van Vogt's Lord Clane Linn stories being among the first. Offutt does a nice job (aside from aspects of his barbarians' grammar which seem more ostentatious than alien). Rousing action, impossibly gorgeous women; the works. Not at all serious, but quite enjoyable. (55)

THE HIGH CRUSADE, by Poul Anderson [Berkley, \$1.50] This, though, is the ultimate in space-going barbarians. Sir Roger de Tourneville is gathering an armed force to join Edward III of England against the French, when an alien spaceship lands in his pasture and the crew attempts to overawe him. Following the capture of the spaceship, the English head for the stars -- and conquer them. The book has a 1960 copyright and has been more or less constantly in print ever since, but if you haven't read it yet, do so. It's great fun (and, despite the wild premise, considerably more believable than any of the other space-barbarian books). (84)

THE GAMEPLAYERS OF ZAN, by M.A. Foster [DAW #236, \$1.95] Conflict between humans and their superhuman creations. A long (440-page) involved novel. I couldn't get interested in it; the first few introspective pages finished my enthusiasm. It may well be an excellent novel of its type, but it's not my type; it's slowmoving, introspective, lots of emotional descriptions, and more analysis than action. If you like that sort of thing, fine.

THE FURY, by John Ferris [Popular Library, \$2.25] Two more in the demon-child ELIZABETH, by Jessica Hamilton [Popular Library, \$1.75] subgenre of fantasy. Slick commercial. ELIZABETH is pretty typical; an already neurotic child, from what readers like to think of as a "typical" upper-middle-class city family, possessed by an evil emanation from the past. It hews closely to the genre formula, and the writing is acceptable if not brilliant. FURY is a bit different; for all the blurb about "twins of terror", the esper protagonists produce very little terror except in trying to defend themselves against the criminal overlords who want to use their abilities for evil purposes. Basically, it's a secret-agent novel with psi powers added; it's slick, smoothly written, and should make a good second-rate movie if the "soon to be a major film" note means anything. It's interesting enough, if you have the time to read 340 pages. ELIZABETH (45) FURY (58)

THE CRYSTAL SHIP, edited by Robert Silverberg [Pocket Books, \$1.50] Three original novelets. The title story, by Joan Vinge, concerns a member of an excessively decadent society who breaks out of the mold far enough to meet one of the aborigines who help keep the society going, learns the history of the two groups and tries -- in vain -- to save them. "Megan's World", by Marta Randall, is an alien-contact, culture-shock sort of story. It's also a story in which the entire plot hangs on a faulty premise; nobody even suggests that the Terrans move out of the sacred valley of the aliens and start mining somewhere else. (It's an irritating flaw, since it could have been taken care of with a sentence or two -- but it wasn't.) "Screwtop", by Vonda McIntyre, is a study of emotions and desires among a group of prisoners. It's science fiction by courtesy and may well be a good character study, but I didn't think much of it. (55)

HUNTER OF WORLDS, by C. J. Cherryh [DAW #252, \$1.75] Any novel that hits me with four alien races and two alien terms on the first page tends to contain my enthusiasm. It goes on like that; there's a 10-page glossary of terms in the back. (And most of them are unnecessary except to provide an alien mood; I'm sure it was fun to work out three alien languages, but the results distract the reader. They're overdone.) I didn't get too far before realizing that I didn't care what arethme was, or, for that matter, what if anything was going on behind the language smokescreen. Though it seemed to be largely the emotional reactions to forced telepathic contact among different races, coupled with an overthrow-the-dictator plot.

THE PHOENIX AND THE MIRROR, by Avram Davidson [Ace, \$1.50] As I recall, this was to be the first novel of a trilogy; after the hardcover edition bombed, Avram never wrote or at least never sold any more. Now maybe he will -- because it's an interesting fantasy and I'd like to see the rest of it sometime. This is the mythical Vergil, sorcerer and adventurer, in the days when Greeks and Carthaginians and non-humans roamed the Mediterranean. And, whether part of a series or not, it's complete in itself. (68)

TO CONTROL THE STARS, by Robert Hoskins [Del Rey/Ballantine \$1.50] The Society For Hominidic Studies, designed to observe alien societies, has been perverted to exploit them. Our hero, shanghaied into the middle of affairs, must destroy the villains in order to get back home. Fair interplanetary adventure. (55)

SKULL-FACE, by Robert E. Howard [Berkley, \$1.95] Another in Berkley's ~~matched~~ pb set of Howard, with the wrap-around cover duplicated as a foldout "poster" inside the book. This includes the title story (a short novel) plus "Names In The Black Book," "Lord of the Dead," and "Taverel Manor," the latter two carrying no previous copyrights. (And "Taverel" being finished by Dick Lupoff; I thought this series was to be the unsullied work of Howard?) Lupoff also contributes a short introduction. The title novel is a fast-moving Fu Manchu sort of thing; "Taverel" is a sequel to it, while the other two are similar sinister-oriental short stories. What we have,, actually, are two sets of two stories each; the sets feature differently-named characters who are actually pretty much the same. (Though that could be said of much of Howard's work.) They're fairly typical, for their type. (43)

MARCHERS OF VALHALLA, by Robert E. Howard [Berkley, \$1.95] Another in Berkley's set. This contains a variety of fiction. The two novelets, the title story, and "The Grey God Passes" are what modern readers think of as "typical" Howard; Conan-type muscular barbarians. "The Thunder-Rider" is a pseudo-Indian yarn and not particularly good; Howard's Comanche hero is indistinguishable from his Hyborian heroes (and easily distinguished from any real-life Comanche), "A Thunder of Trumpets" is about Indian lore (India-Indian, not Red Indian) and fascination in the original sense of the term. "Sea-Curse" and "Out of the Deep" are about Things from the sea, while "Valley of the Lost" is about Things from under the earth. And "For the Love of Barbara Allen" concerns time-travel, love, and -- possession? All in all, an interesting variety; better than the usual Howard book. Includes an introduction by Fritz Leiber. (62)

WORDS OF SHAHRAZAR, by Robert E. Howard [Berkley, \$1.95] Still another in the set. Three stories featuring adventurer Kirby O'Donnell in the wilds of back-country Persia; the title novelet and two short stories, "The Treasures of Tartary" and "The Curse of the Crimson God". Together with them are two other stories of Near Eastern adventure, "The Brazen Peacock" and "The Black Bear Bites"; both first-person, featuring narrators indistinguishable from each other, one named John Mulcahy and the other John O'Donnell (which is presumably enough to link them to Kirby O'Donnell; Howard having been rather careless with names). (44)

CASEY AGONISTES, by Richard McKenna [Ace, \$1.50] A collection including the title story (grim humor about men waiting to die and wanting to die), "Hunter, Come Home" (a conflict of philosophies and bibliologies), "The Secret Place" (time-travel and play-magic and growing up), "Mine Own Ways" (culture shock and manhood rites), and "Fiddler's Green" (a novelet of an early fairyland, a sort of variant "Lost Horizon"). Introduction by Damon Knight. If you haven't previously read the stories -- originally published in F&SF and Orbit -- by all means read them now. (83)

VOLKHAVAAR, by Tanith Lee [DAW #251, \$1.50] A swords-and-sorcery novel with the accent on sorcery. The slavegirl Shaina learns the hard way about magic and power. Wellcrafted, though as an unbeliever I have a hard time getting interested in magic and mental powers.

THE WAY BACK, by A. Bertram Chandler [DAW #150, \$1.50] The Commodore Grimes series begins to read like one long serial; a sort of improved version of Perry Rhodan. Which means that I have entirely lost interest in it. If you haven't, here is another installment.

ASCENSION, by Charles L. Grant [Berkley, \$1.25] An after-the-Bomb story, with the heroes trying to rebuild civilization, hampered by the usual strange distortions of society. It's a reasonably good version, and Orion, who is expected to devote his life to Mankind and doesn't want to, is a better than average hero. (58)

STARSHADOWS, by Pamela Sargent [Ace, \$1.75] A collection of stories; "Shadows," "Gather Blue Roses," "Oasis," "Julio 204," "IMT," "Desert Places," "The Other Perceiver," "Bond and Free," "If Ever I Should Leave You," and "Clone Sister". There's an introduction by Terry Carr, stressing that Sargent is a writer who can make characters come across as real people. Then in the first story her heroine thinks "He's too beautiful -- I had to love him." Real but repulsive, maybe? Real but stupid? Whatever, I don't think much of her characters. The stories revolve an emotional crises, which should make them popular with fans, if not with me. (38)

A SPECTER IS HAUNTING TEXAS, by Fritz Leiber [DAW #278, \$1.95] A future farce. Leiber has a lot of fun parodying Texans and Texan attitudes, and the interplanetary agent plot is not to be taken seriously. Leiber's humor doesn't often mesh with mine, and doesn't here, but it would seem to be an enjoyable spoof for most people.

STAR TREK LOG TEN, by Alan Dean Foster [Ballantine, \$1.95] Having used up all the actual programs in the ST animated series, Foster and Ballantine are down to novelizing unused scripts -- this one by Larry Niven. The book would seem to be mostly Foster, however. It's a good enough adventure if you're an ST fan. (Actually, it's a good enough adventure whether you're an ST fan or not, except that a lot of stf fans seem to object to anything connected with the show.) Lightweight, and part of a series, which doesn't improve it in my eyes, but well enough handled.

TIME AND STARS, by Poul Anderson [Berkley, \$1.50] Obviously, Poul Anderson Month
 THE CORRIDORS OF TIME, by Poul Anderson [Berkley, \$1.50] among the reprints. Ace
 THE NIGHT FACE, by Poul Anderson [Ace, \$1.50] has restored Poul's preferred titles to several
 WORLD WITHOUT STARS, by Poul Anderson [Ace, \$1.50] of the books. LONG WAY
 QUESTION AND ANSWER, by Poul Anderson [Ace, \$1.50] HOME was previously NO
 THE PEREGRINE, by Poul Anderson [Ace, \$1.50] WORLD OF THEIR OWN, MAN
 THE MAN WHO COUNTS, by Poul Anderson [Ace, \$1.50] WHO COUNTS was WAR OF THE
 THE LONG WAY HOME, by Poul Anderson [Ace, \$1.50]
 WINGMEN, PEREGRINE was STAR WAYS, Q & A was PLANET OF NO RETURN, and NIGHT FACE was
 LET THE SPACEMEN BEWARE! All the Ace books have forewords by the author, and NIGHT
 FACE has an afterword by Sandra Miesel. All are novels except for TIME AND STARS,
 which includes "No Truce With Kings," "Turning Point," "Escape From Orbit," "Epilogue,"
 "Critique of Impure Reason," and "Eve Times Four". I like Anderson stories, but I'm
 not sure I'd spend \$12 on him in one fell swoop, as it were...CORRIDORS is a pleasant
 involved time-travel adventure which reminds me more of Kuttner than anything else.
 The short works in TIME AND STARS are not to be missed if you haven't already read
 them in one of their numerous previous publications. MAN WHO COUNTS is a van Rijn
 story; nicely done survival-in-alien-culture, but forgettable. I also find WORLD
 WITHOUT STARS forgettable -- but filksong enthusiasts won't, since it's the origin
 of "Mary O'Meara". It is, likewise, a depiction of an interesting culture -- and it
 hasn't been reprinted for a long time. Certainly well worth reading once. QUESTION
 AND ANSWER ties in alien contact with the clashing philosophies of control for the
 general good versus freedom for the individual good, but other people have done the
 same thing and done it better. In fact, so has Poul. LONG WAY HOME is a restored
 version of a novel cut for original publication. Old plot -- hero accidentally trans-
 ported into the future, where he solves interstellar crisis -- but very well done.
 Enjoyable. PEREGRINE is an alien-menace sort of story, but again, very well done.
 And NIGHT FACE is primarily a psychological novel (or novella; it's very short). It's
 also a grim one; the dark side of human nature will come out eventually, and repres-
 sion makes it worse when it does come. (Not a premise I entirely agree with, but an
 excellent one for a story.)

BETWEEN PLANETS, by Robert A. Heinlein [Del Rey/Ballantine, \$1.50] One of Heinlein's juveniles, though adult enough to have been serialized in Blue Book originally. (In two parts; the credits are wrong.) Teenager gets involved in the rebellion of Mars

and Venus against Earth domination. Very well done.

(74)

THE QUEEN OF ZAMBA, by L. Sprague de Camp [Dale, \$1.50] Very enjoyable and not too serious novel about a private detective after a missing husband who gets mixed up in an attempt to conquer a fair-sized throne on a planet where the natives aren't allowed modern inventions. Hasselborg is a very practical and unromantic hero, and his problems make good reading. It's a short novel, and the book is filled out by the novelet "Perpetual Motion," about a con man on the same planet -- Krishna. Also amusing, enjoyable -- and perhaps instructive? (82)

MISSION OF GRAVITY, by Hal Clement [Del Rey/Ballantine, \$1.75] One of the classics of the field; Barlennan is one of the best -- and most unusual -- heroes in the history of science fiction. If you haven't read it, do. The story is fascinating and the science as accurate as Clement can make it. There is an afterword on the design of the planet Mesklin and some of the background. (The entire background included a stack of notes as thick as the manuscript, and a home-made globe -- I watched grimly while they were sold to someone with more money than I had, at a Worldcon long ago.) (92)

STAR LIGHT, by Hal Clement [Del Rey/Ballantine, \$1.75] The sequel to MISSION OF GRAVITY. It's a good story, but Clement couldn't duplicate the impact of the original. He didn't make the mistake of going back to Mesklin (for one thing, all those notes were sold) and his alien planet is meticulously constructed, as usual, but it's no longer so brilliantly original and his characters seem even more like oddly-constructed humans rather than aliens. (63)

THE COSMIC COMPUTER, by H. Beam Piper [Ace, \$1.50] A supposedly mythological super computer, space pirates, a seedy world devastated by a past war and looking for miracles...Piper puts them together into an moderately interesting space-opera. Fast paced, with reasonably interesting characters. (56)

TO RIDE PEGASUS, by Anne McCaffrey [Del Rey/Ballantine, \$1/95] Four stories about a group of psi-powered individuals, aiding society and running down non-civic-minded espers. Lightweight, moderately enjoyable. Titles are "To Ride Pegasus," "A Womanly Talent," "Apple," and "A Bridle for Pegasus". Second Ballantine edition. (55)

NECROMANCER, by Gordon R. Dickson [DAW #274, \$1.75] A struggle for control of Mankind's future, and one of Dickson's more or less believable supermen. (Less, in this case.) A fairly interesting book, anyway. (52)

THE WORLD'S DESIRE, by H. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang [Del Rey/Ballantine, \$1.95] Odysseus pursues Helen to Egypt, in one of Haggard's usual slow-moving epics. I couldn't get interested enough to finish it, either the last time it appeared, or now.

MISTRESS OF MISTRESSES, by E.R. Eddison [Del Rey/Ballantine, \$2.50] First book of the Zimiamvian trilogy, an involved and long-winded account of palace intrigue, sorcery, and battle. I've never liked Eddison all that much, but he attracts literary critics. He makes his florid writing style seem quite natural, though the ponderous sentences (I opened the book at random and found a 97-word sentence) tend to wear me out before I get to the period. Second Ballantine edition.

THE NEMESIS OF EVIL, by Lin Carter [Popular Library, \$1.50] An imitation Doc Savage, even down to the 1930s writing style. I found the whole thing excruciatingly bad. It's funny (unintentionally, I think, but I'm not positive) in spots, but not in enough spots to make reading it worthwhile. (22)

PHENOMENA, by John Michel & Robert J.M. Rickard [Pantheon, \$10.95] A large-size (though thin), well-made, profusely illustrated, hardcover Fortean book. The authors claim to be "phenomenalists", and in explanation say "we accept everything, we believe nothing absolutely; we do not explain". (I'm sure the first part of the credo is handy when one doesn't want to bother checking sources for accuracy, which they don't seem to have done.) They also say that "Each/belief and/or theory/ reflects an aspect of human nature and each one has a positive contribution to make to the stock of human understanding." (Not if there are no explanations it doesn't, Charley.) They call their phenomenalism "the science of the future. With nothing to prove, no faiths, theories, or taboos to inhibit, we shall look at the universe directly by considering all the evidence." (Which, if nothing else, shows their complete ignorance of the meaning of "science".) The book is a fairly standard compendium of Fortean happenings, neatly categorized: "Showers of Frogs and Fishes," "Falls of Creatures and Organic Matter," "Missiles from the Upper Regions," "Falls of Artifacts," etc. Other chapters cover everything from visions to children raised by animals to monsters to hollow-earth speculations to mysterious cattle-slayings. (The categorizing is something I've wished that someone would do for Fort for years.) Most of the stories are the standard items that have appeared in other volumes, though a few were new to me. I was interested by the information that falls of objects reflect the age in which they occur; religious, demonic, or "fairy" objects in earlier times, and tinfoil, nuts and bolts, and golf balls (!) in the years since those objects have become standard commercial items. Which suggests a perfectly obvious explanation which the authors, of course, never deign to mention. (They don't question; they accept. The fact that nothing ever falls which couldn't have been manufactured on this planet doesn't interest them.) Well, it's a pretty book, and if the illustrations run largely to drawings rather than photos, it can't be helped; there aren't any photos of most of this stuff. In my copy, there is a small piece missing from the center of one page; I was fascinated to note that it's from the section on "Strange Disappearances". A veritable sign to the unbeliever.

CLOSED ON ACCOUNT OF DEATH. NOT SAMI, by Lee Boltin [Ballantine, \$2.95] Though mine was a Christmas gift. This is an odd-sized book of photos of the more or less current scene. Some are funny (park sign reading "To Bear Dens and Comfort Station"), some are wry comments on current mores "poster advertising "Immaculate Conception Festival -- Rides, Games, Entertainments"), and a fair number, such as a sign listing swimming pool regulations, leave me with a feeling of "So"? Mostly, it's an amusing book and worth the price.

AMPHIGOREY TOO, by Edward Gorey [Berkley, \$5.95] Twenty more of Gorey's ghastly little stories. Also amusing, but I get the impression that the cream of the crop was selected for AMPHIGOREY; these tend to have less point (and less humor) than the ones in the original book. Reasonably enjoyable, but not brilliant.

PISTOL AND REVOLVER DIGEST, by Dean Grennell [DBI Books, Inc, \$7.95] A very short history of handguns and a fairly exhaustive survey of current models. Interesting to the enthusiast (though if Dean hadn't written it, I probably wouldn't have bought it).

BLACK POWDER GUN DIGEST, edited by Toby Bridges [DBI, \$6.95] I got this awhile back and just got around to reading it. It's a series of articles which provide a fairly definitive history of gunpowder and firearms as well as material on current products, and thus interesting to the history buff as well as to a gun-owner or sociologist. (I was interested in the fact that the Emperor Maximillian I banned manufacture of the wheellock pistol in 1517, "contending that such guns made the job of thieves and robbers easier by affording them a gun that could be hidden and concealed". And we know how well the decree worked...

DESERT AND PLAIN, THE MOUNTAINS AND THE RIVER, by Berton Roueché and David Plowden [remaindered, \$2.98] A small book, with four articles by Roueché reprinted from New Yorker, and photographs by Plowden. I have one small cavil; the photos are not captioned or described in any way, and while Plowden may think they represent universal themes, I'd like to know where they were taken. Roueché is very good, as usual; the whole thing is probably very exotic to New Yorkers, but rather like an unusually literate and well-photographed account of my neighbors to me. I enjoyed several comments. "Farming is a hazardous occupation, and one big reason is carelessness." (From a county agent.) "I doubt if I'd ever grow a Red Delicious if she (the consumer) didn't make me." (From an orchard-grower.) "When you've got a boy in the Boy Scouts working on merit badges, you can do a lot of things...I can do a hundred things I never wanted to do." (From a harried mother.) Right on, on all three. A very enjoyable book.

A KILLING IN GOLD, by Joe Hensley [Doubleday, \$6.95] Lawyer Donald Robak is back, this time trying to locate a missing set of gold coins for a client. This, of course, leads to the discovery of a series of cleverly-disguised murders as well as numerous numismatical natterings. Joe's knowledge and interest in coin and currency collecting is well above mine, but he makes a good job of explaining the details. Robak seems to have developed a distressing tendency to dispose of old girl-friends between books, but overall I enjoyed this one and I think it's probably the best one that Joe has done.

MURDER AT THE ABA, by Isaac Asimov [Fawcett, \$1.75] The ABA is the American Booksellers Association, and locating the murder during their annual convention allows Isaac to include various authors (some of them well-known to science fiction fans) among the cast of characters. Convenient nom de plumes are used, except for a bit character named Asimov. Moderately enjoyable; worth the money.

A KILLING IN SWORDS, by Reginald Bretnor [Pocket Books, \$1.75] Murder in high society, San Francisco variety. The amateur detective is an antique-arms dealer; suspects are mostly his clients, among with being political and/or economic big shots. (To afford the sort of stuff our hero sells, you have to be in the upper income brackets.) Sophisticated, occasionally fascinating characters, a moderately mysterious plot (everyone knows, more or less, who did the murders almost from the start, but the problem is finding out how and why -- and why the police are covering it up). Bretnor is noted for humor, but this is a fairly straightforward suspense novel. And a fairly good one; I liked Hensley's better, but I think that overall Bretnor is better than Asimov.

ON THE TRACK OF MURDER, by Barbara Gelb [Ballantine, \$1.95] The author spent two years with the Manhattan Homicide Task Force, and this book is the result. It includes the backgrounds and personalities of the detectives, the political and administrative decisions as well as a sampling presumably typical murder investigations during that period. On the whole, there is more detail than I really appreciated, though it's certainly thorough. I did like one sentence: "In 1973 there were only 52 other cases of strangulation as compared with 838 gun killings and 553 knife killings." (A good percentage of murderers use knives even when guns are available, people. Since it wasn't germane to the case under discussion, no statistics for poison, blunt instruments, etc., are given.)

PLAGUES AND PEOPLES, by William H. McNeill [Anchor Press, \$3.50] An excellent book on the effect of disease on history, religion, and culture. In two examples, he first theorizes that Christianity may owe a debt to smallpox epidemics for its original rise in Rome and, later, for its conquest of Central and South America. (In its original acceptance by Rome, Christianity was benefitted by the fact that Christians believed in tending the sick instead of abandoning them, so fewer Christians died, and

the Christian doctrine of a better world in the hereafter was more comfortable than the pagans and Stoics with their natural selection and impersonal gods. Not that MacNeill claims that smallpox was the sole cause of Christian success, but that it helped considerably. Presumably, Yandro readers know that the Conquistadores ~~won~~ more victories by infecting the Aztecs and Incas than they did by force of arms.) All in all, a quite fascinating book. Both European and Asian plagues are covered, though the author admits that identifying the Asian ones is particularly difficult because of differing medical systems which stressed the importance of (and therefore recorded) different symptoms.

QUASARS, PULSARS, and BLACK HOLES, by Frederic Golden [Pocket Books, \$1.75] A more or less basic and simplified book on astronomy; one could almost call it a little Golden book. Material is handled well, but may be too elementary for fans. Excellent for someone with an interest in astronomy and very little knowledge.

GRAVE HUMOR, edited by Fritz Spiegl [Arco Publishing Co., 95 cents] Only I got mine on a 4-books-for-\$1 deal, along with some of the illegitimate offspring of Lancer and Belmont-Tower that have been flooding supermarkets. It consists of tombstone inscriptions, apparently reproduced exactly as they are on the stones. Some of them are funny; most of them aren't. The 25 cents price is worthwhile; the original 95 cents one isn't.

UP-WINGERS, by F.M. Esfandiary [Popular Library, \$1.95] Three books about the
TELESPHERES, by F. M. Esfandiary [Popular Library, \$1.95] philosophy that every-
OPTIMISM ONE, by F.M. Esfandiary [Popular Library, \$1.95] thing is going to be for
the best in the best of all possible worlds, realsoonnow. Assuming, of course, that
we throw aside our prejudices and join into an international humanhood. In some
things, of course, he's absolutely right. Too many people are trapped by their ideological preconceptions (John Boardman being unable to understand how I could be a member of the National Rifle Association and the NAACP at the same time), and the so-called "radical" left-wing is one of the most staunchly conservative groups in the country. (The right-wing used to be accused of wanting to return to 1898; since ecology began grabbing headlines, the left-wing has decided to return to 1803.) I don't, however, think much of Esfandiary's overall program, and I'm definitely opposed to certain specific aspects. (Such as schools; he says "Today's youngsters are more knowledgeable than ever precisely because of Universal Communication." He's referring to the advantages of tv-radio-travel education over the "obsolete" school system. Trouble is, today's youngsters aren't more knowledgeable. Mostly, they're less knowledgeable, and getting more so. More knowledge is available; but that's not the same thing as being knowledgeable. To be knowledgeable, you have to know how to use what's available. There are big deficiencies in the schools, but bigger ones in his tv-education.) As for his genetic freedom -- he writes about freedom from unwanted bodies, minds, and personalities. You're not free unless you have the right to become someone else? Crap. You change all that, and you won't be you; blowing your head off will achieve the same results and do it much quicker. Not equal rights but equal bodies -- everyone becomes Farrah and Lee Fawcett-Majors? You think you're bored now? Well, it's nice to have someone boosting optimism and technology. Maybe next time we'll get someone who knows what he's talking about.

ALIEN MEETINGS, by Brad Steiger [Ace, \$1.95] Steiger is trying to convince his readers that "Close Encounters" really happen. As far as I'm concerned, I don't believe a word he wrote.

DARK PRIESTESS, by Juanita Coulson [Ballantine, \$1.95] Historical romance set in the Babylon of Hammurabi. Don't let the cover fool you. (Moonwolf happened to be here when the cover proofs arrived and he hugely enjoyed the mixture of Roman armor, Norman longswords, and medieval feminine apparel depicted.) The romance is fairly typical, but Juanita kept the background as accurate as possible (helped by the fact that not too much is really known about that period).

PATRIOT'S DREAM, by Barbara Michaels [Fawcett, \$1.75] A journey in time through visions of the past, such as the well-known case of the two women at Versailles. The past here is American history, the visions granted to a visitor to Williamsburg. (Who also, of course, meets three eligible young men of her own time, per the standard romantic formula.) Michaels' history is pleasantly accurate and untypical. ("...the mortality rate among the black cargo was slightly less than the one that prevailed among the white crews of the English ships in the Guinea trade. The slaves were worth money to the Captain, but the sailors were not." "...they weren't thinking of the reality of life in the Middle Ages, they meant the fictitious glamour world created by writers like Sir Walter Scott.") And some of her modern comments are pungent. ("...there are too many people in the world. And most of them are waiting in lines.") I enjoyed it.

AMMIE, COME HOME, by Barbara Michaels
 PRINCE OF DARKNESS, by Barbara Michaels

THE CRYING CHILD, by Barbara Michaels

THE MASTER OF BLACKTOWER, by Barbara Michaels

HOUSE OF MANY SHADOWS, by Barbara Michaels

All library copies or purchased in secondhand book stores; once I discovered Michaels, I started picking up her books. PRINCE and BLACKTOWER are not fantasy; BLACKTOWER is a standard gothic and PRINCE includes a witch-coven but the witches are self-deluded or enjoying forbidden fruit or using it for material power (or all three). BLACKTOWER is pretty average; it's also the earliest copyright that I've found among her books. PRINCE is a well-done mystery. AMMIE was made into a tv-movie a few years ago; a house haunted by a Revolutionary-era tragedy. CHILD is quite similar; the same plot, in fact, though the characters are different. HOUSE covers the same idea of a past murder, coupled with the visions of PATRIOT'S DREAM; the heroine sees the events leading up to the murder, and must dig into local history to find out what they mean. It's very well done (I even checked a few sources after finishing it, to make sure that the original murder wasn't a real one; it's very well described. One of the books Michaels read for research was Arthur Lewis's HEX; it's not named, but described in detail, down to the lurid orange cover. And that crime was real -- though, according to Rich Benyo, Lewis took some liberties in describing it.) Michaels' heroines are very well drawn; liberated but complex. Her heroes aren't quite as good; too many of them suffer from massive guilt complexes over having failed to help a fellow human, even though the human in question was thoroughly undeserving. Which might be realistic but is certainly unsympathetic. As romances, the major flaw seems to be that she gets wrapped up in the plot and/or the history, and skimps the love scenes -- which isn't really a flaw as far as I'm concerned but might be a drawback to the general run of romance readers. Of the lot, HOUSE OF MANY SHADOWS is probably the best, but I rather enjoyed all of them.

WITCH, by Barbara Michaels [library copy] Moderately interesting story of a small-town prejudice, a sadistic boy, and, of course, a behind-the-scenes manipulator. Not fantasy, despite the title; not Michaels' best, either. But readable.

Until now, I've tried to review every book that comes in, plus some that I buy myself. And I keep getting further behind. So, purely in the interest of catching up a bit, this time I'm going to list an assortment of books that have arrived by which I haven't read (and which I don't really want to read). A fair number of books in the list this time; I'll try to keep this sort of thing to a minimum in the future.

BENEATH THE SHATTERED MOONS, by Michael Bishop [DAW #246] Retitling of "And Strange At Ectaban The Trees."

SHADRACH IN THE FURNACE, by Robert Silverberg [Pocket Books, \$1.75] Highly regarded in some circles, but I don't like Silverberg's fiction.

DRAGON WINTER, by Niel Hancock [Popular Library, \$1.95] Talking animal fantasy; I hope it's better than the Circle of Light series, but I'm not betting on it.

THE REALMS OF TARTARUS, by Brian M. Stableford [DAW #248, \$1.95] A huge book; 450 pages, more or less. The sheer size daunts me, along with the fact that I haven't liked any of Stableford's other books.

THE CHARWOMAN'S SHADOW, by Lord Dunsany [Del Rey, \$1.75] Undoubtedly a classic, but not one that interests me.

BRACK: WHEN THE IDOLS WALKED, by John Jakes [Pocket Books, \$1.50] A new Brack story.

WARLORD OF EHANDOR, by Del Dowdell [DAW #253, \$1.50] John Carter revisited; the start of another series if it sells well enough.

THE MIND CAGE, by E. E. van Vogt [Pocket Books, \$1.75] One of his typically involved novels.

THE KARMA MACHINE, by Michael Davidson [Popular Library, \$1.50] Another super computer.

COLOSSUS AND THE CRAB, by D.F. Jones [Berkley, \$1.50] Third in the series, and I didn't even like the first one.

THE GRAND WHEEL, by Barrington J. Bayley [DAW #255, \$1.50] Interplanetary gambling syndicates.

SURVIVOR, by Laurence Janifer [Ace, \$1.50] Interplanetary agents.

DREAM CHARIOTS, by Manning Norvil [DAW #260, \$1.50] The first two novels of Odan, WHETTED BRONZE, by Manning Norvil [DAW #281, \$1.50] a mighty-thewed barbarian in a von Daniken universe. Wollheim is blurbing it as "based on the real roots of human history," for which the back of me hand to him.

THE SLAVE OF FRANKENSTEIN, by Robert J. Myers [Pocket Books, \$1.75] Of, Frankenstein Meets John Brown.

THE PROBABILITY CORNER, by Walt & Leigh Richmond [Ace, \$1.50] The human-computer linkage; for good or evil?

THE TIME-SWEPT CITY, by Thomas F. Monteleone [Popular Library, \$1.50] Some published short stories, mixed with original material to form a novel.

A SCANNER DARKLY, by Philip K. Dick [Del Rey, \$1.95] A novel apparently based to some extent on actual drug experiences. In an afterword, Dick says it's about "some people who were punished entirely too much for what they did." But their "crime" was stupidity, and the "punishment" came from nature, and equating drug damage with Divine Wrath is evidence that the experience didn't teach Dick much of anything. Presumably, like all his other recent books, it's about the nature of reality.

LAMARCHOS, by Jo Clayton [DAW #275, \$1.50] Sequel to DIADEM FROM THE STARS. I rather liked the first one, but one was enough.

CONJURING UP PHILIP, by Iris M. Owen and Margaret Sparrow [Pocket Books, \$1.75] A supposedly non-fiction book about a psi experiment.

ROGUE GOLEM, by Ernest M. Kenyon [Popular Library, \$1.50] Alien observers, humans who are androids and don't know it, and e.s.p. powers.

THE MESSIAH AT THE END OF TIME, by Michael Moorcock [DAW #277, \$1.50] A novel with the same general aura as LEGENDS FROM THE END OF TIME.

THE VIRGIN AND THE VAMPIRE, by Robert J. Myers [Pocket Books, \$1.75] Vampires in turn-of-the-century Washington.

INTERFACE, by Mark Adlard [Ace, \$1.50] Apparently a dystopia; automated abundance and automated boredom. I seem to have read it before, here and there.

TROUBLE WITH LICHEN, by John Wyndham [Del Rey, \$1.50] All of Wyndham's books were at least readable, but I can't recall anything about this one, and it doesn't sound terribly thrilling.

BEASTS OF GOR, by John Norman [DAW #280, \$1.95] Seems to be the usual run of adventure, soft-corn porn, inane dialog, and half-witted philosophy.

THE HEARING TRUMPET, by Leonora Carrington [Pocket Books, \$1.75] A surrealistic fantasy, according to the blurbs.

THE SWORDS TRILOGY, by Michael Moorcock [Berkley, \$1.95] King, Queen, and Knight of Swords in on volume. With sorcery, presumably.

DYING FOR TOMORROW, by Michael Moorcock [DAW #282, \$1.50] A collection of religious stories: "A Dead Singer," "The Great Conqueror," "Behold the Man," "Good-Bye, Miranda," "Flux," "Islands," and "Waiting for the End of Time...". Most of the original publications are from British magazines, so most of these will be new to US readers.

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RUMBLINGS, continued:
SHORT STORIES

The Screwfly Solution, by Racoon Sheldon (Analog)

Lorelei At Storyville West, by Sherwood Springer (Asimov's)

Catapult to the Stars, by Michael Coney (F&SF)

People Reviews, by Robert Chilson (Universe 7)

Hark! Was That the Scream of an Angry Throat? by Avram Davidson (Fantastic)

BEST EDITOR

Ed Ferman first, Judy-Lynn Del Rey second

MOVIE

Star Wars - no competition

FANZINES

STEFANTASY, DYNATRON, NYCTALOPS, STARLING, SCOTTISHE, AWRY (in no particular order)

FAN WRITERS: Dave Locke, Sandra Miesel, Roy Tackett, Dennis Lien, Ethel Lindsay

FAN ARTISTS: Jim Shull, Ken Fletcher, Alex Gilliland, John Swanson II

CRUMBLING

George Flynn, 27 Sowamsett Ave., Warren RI 02885

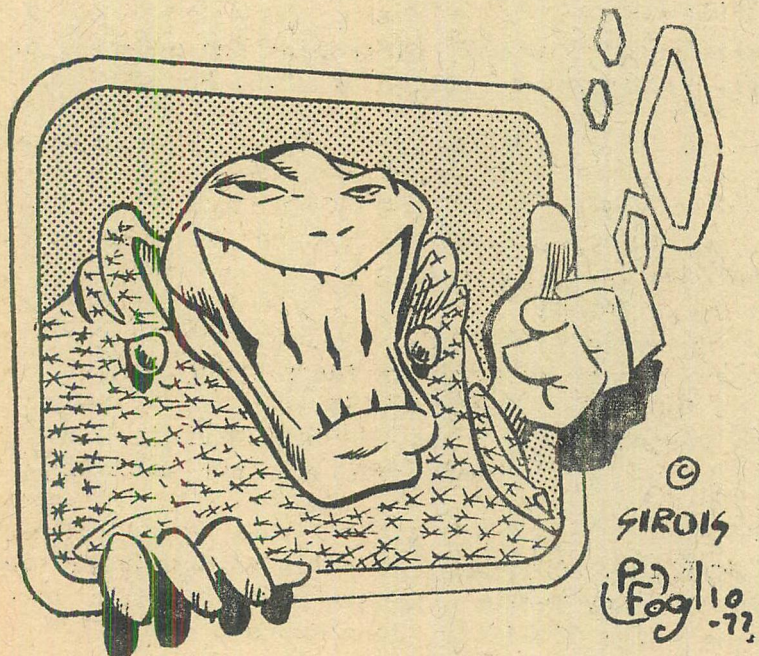
You think 16 inches of snow is ridiculous? As you may have heard, the latest blizzard in these parts left us with about 2 1/2 feet of the stuff. The one last month that broke all records for winter storms was OK; but when the record only lasted two weeks... It's been four days now, and the governor's still going on TV every day explaining why driving is still forbidden in the Boston area (where I actually live, you know -- but Rhode Island is reputedly even worse). But he's right; yesterday I walked in two miles to check NESFA's mail (needn't have bothered -- the P.O. hadn't gotten any mail in since the storm either, and the one clerk on duty said the postmaster had no balls), and most streets were still open only one lane, if that. Venturing out for groceries the morning after the storm, I encountered three skiers and one snowmobile, this on a main street (in fact, a lot of places have banned skiers on the streets as a hazard to what traffic there is). The mayor of Boston had the bad luck to be in Palm Beach at the time and spent two days getting home, while the governor was playing commander-in-chief and doing wonders for his image.

I agree with Don D'Amassa on both CARRIE (I didn't think a movie was capable of making me -- almost -- jump out of my seat) and THE SHINING (which I don't rate quite as high as Don does, but it's good). And I like HUNTER OF WORLDS for the same reasons Chris Walker gives; in fact, it might end up on my Hugo-nomination list (but I'm still reading).

One severe problem with Alexis's "greater certainty of conviction" argument: where do you put them? After all, prisons all over the country are bursting at the seams. In Boston the federal judge has been trying for years to have the city jail closed as unfit for human habitation, but the City Council refuses to make a decision on a replacement. (Besides the money it'd cost, the strongest reluctance is to picking a site and thus infuriating the neighborhood in question. Of course, the judge is the same one who ordered school busing, so they can score political points by defying him on anything. "No judicial tyrant is going to tell us what to do," etc. Meanwhile,

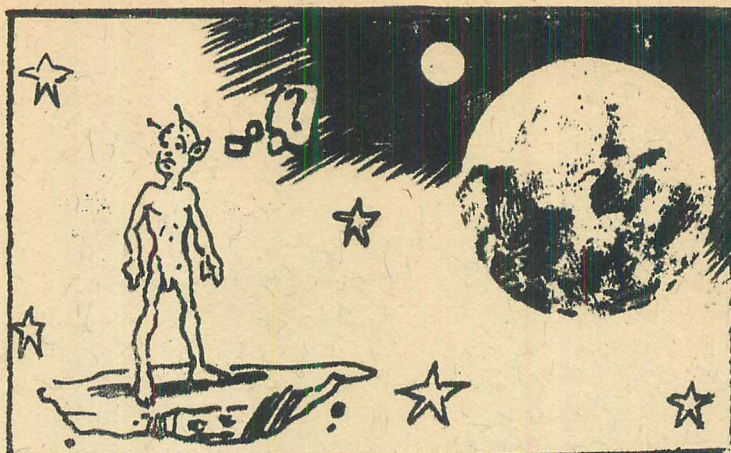
a state judge is trying to make the same City Council do something about property tax revaluation, which is about 15 years overdue; by a strange coincidence, the black neighborhoods are assessed at about double the rate of the Irish ones. The judge has threatened to enjoin sending out tax bills if they drag their feet any longer.

I've got the Schoenherr calendar, and as you say it's very good. But I waited until late January, and so got it for \$2 -- and still the SF art books come. By the way, at Phil-



con Dave Kyle had the unbound pages of his second illustrated history (this one organized by themes); more pretty pictures.

Other miscellaneous comments on the reviews: -- Now really, Buck, anybody who didn't already know what FOR WANT OF A NAIL was about could get pretty confused by your review. (I'm still hoping to run across a copy someday.) -- I happened to read A WREATH OF STARS just last week. I found the idea that the rotations of the two Earths exactly match awfully hard to swallow. As for WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG, while I did vote for it for the Hugo, I don't know about the science being so "superior"; what galled me was the glacier that comes down to Philadelphia in what can't be more than a century after the fall of civilization. (It's a great symbol, though.)



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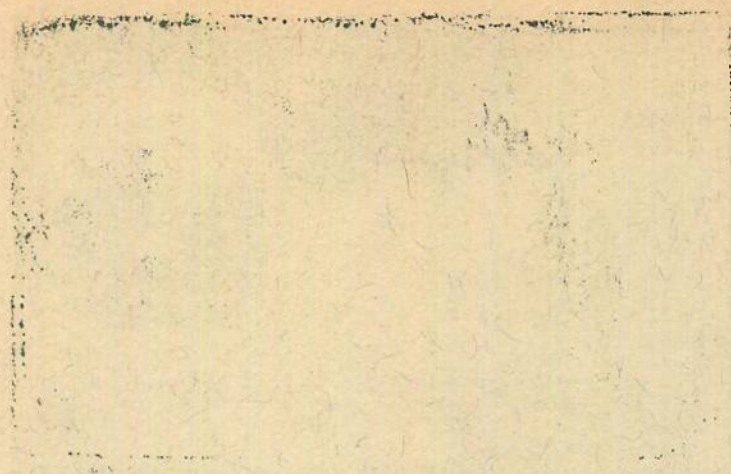
[[Hartford City's jail already has been condemned. One thing we do need is expanded prison facilities -- we could pay for it by rolling back the salaries of legislators to the 1970 level. (I'm tempted to say forget the jails and shoot the sonsabitches; we got too many people, anyway. But it would never get passed as law; all those poor victims of society are at least potential voters.) RSC]] [[Venturing out for groceries while otherwise being snowed-in would be nice. It's not possible in this area without a snowmobile. We're six miles of open and last-to-be-plowed country from the nearest grocery -- and during the Midwestern crisis the rural grocery outlets were the last to be resupplied. Now, two months later, they still have not restocked many items. When all the big city outlets are completely re-supplied, then they'll get deliveries. And during the storm, forget it. When they're out, they remain out indefinitely. Not that it matters, since by the time minimal deliveries can be made to them (usually a week later), we can finally beat our way through the wilderness to them. Until then, we had better be well stocked, because we're literally trapped. JWC]]

Joseph T. Major, 314 Jessie Ave., Hopkinsville KY 42240

Unlike Robert Briney, I read LORD FOUL'S BANE all the way through, and the two sequels also. Donaldson has no ear for names (the second villain is named Drool Rockworm -- really!). When combined with the hero's self-loathing and the general lack of a feeling of purpose, I don't think I'll want much to reread them. I seem to be like you when it comes to reading.

Bob Tucker forgot something; the 30 percent "solve" rate is for reported crimes. When this and the low conviction rate are taken into account, the success rate goes well over 70 percent. The main problem in such things is the possibility of a doublecross; the Brinks' robbery was only solved because the gang leader stole the share of one of the robbers and he got his revenge by Telling All.

And of course, in re guns; I heard a story about a son who was building an auto lubrication device in the prison workshop. Fortunately, someone caught on, because on a second look the "lubricator" turned out to be an electrically fired sub-machine gun. Tell me again that part about keeping guns out of the hands of criminals.



of Catherine's and my CITADELS OF MYSTERY, I give space to William Scott-Elliot and his lost-continent books. These books have served as springboards for many lost-continent stories; Lovecraft probably read them. The details of Scott-Elliot's life I got from his son Walter; so I thought this strange sequence of events might interest other geomythologists. Alas! they seemed such nice, interesting, harmless people.

James Gunn, 2215 Orchard Lane, Lawrence KS Z66044

Thanks for the copy of Yandro 242 with the review of THE ROAD TO SCIENCE FICTION. It came at a good time, since I've just signed a contract with NAL to do two sequels, bringing my historical anthologies, with introductions and notes up (roughly) to the present, and I've just finished an introduction to A. Merritt. Next Jack London, Lovecraft, and on into Amazing Stories.

Mary Long, 1338 Crestview Drive, Springfield, IL 62702

Lots of meaty bits in it, though I'm somewhat abashed by the presence in the lettercol etc of so many budding or *published* writers. Soon I'll be the only one left with nowt professional in print. Still, at least you have to have someone who doesn't write, to read the printed word! (So I tell myself, sobbing in my typer...) The trouble is, I'd feel such a fool if I sent something I'd written to someone I knew and they rejected it. (This is probably why most of my written stuff is not sf.). Ah well, on with the loc.

So you collect cuttings (clippings, then) too? So do I, though I send as many out to folk. Mostly I collect things to do with England, sf, books, artists, (or 'the arts'), history, birds, 'miscellaneous', which latter covers 'the rest', including strange things such a moving rocks (and I do not mean the Rolling Stones) and various "wild talents". Thus I had heard about Asteron. I asked my sister, still resident in Hampshire (where I lived for the last year of the time I lived in England) to let me know what happened about it. The last I heard they'd traced the broadcast to a wood in north Hampshire, but no arrest had been made. One of the clippings I mentioned above is a nice topper to this one: it predicts that this year, I think it was in May, in California, aliens will contact us. What will happen is that during a screening of CLOSE ENCOUNTERS, the film will stop and the aliens will broadcast a message. I think it was the same prediction which said that it will be revealed that aliens have been living amongst us as neighbors for years. Some of the predictions, particularly in the tabloids, are hilarious. I mean, what about the one that Telly Savalas will have a nose operation and take up skydiving?

Any headlines about aliens get my eye immediately, you know, for obvious reasons. I heard recently on the tvnews that a group of farmers in, I think, Michigan had declared itself a foreign country, since they reckoned that it was easier for foreigners to get aid out of Washington (my reaction was hah (censored) hah!). I think the idea was to declare war on the US, lose, and get foreign aid, rather than apply for Social Security, which is the usual thing that the papers rant about, with illegal entry the next favourite. So far as the latter goes; what I want to know is, how can folk claim they don't know they are employing illegal aliens when they cannot have a green card or a Soc. Sec. number, being illegal entries? So the people earn a sort of living, better perhaps than in Mexico (it must be bad there if what they earn here is better, really), and it encourages more to try, because the unscrupulous take advantage of it. I refuse to believe that you can unknowingly employ an illegal alien -- some time or another, you've got to see his soc. sec. card, if not his green card.

Juanita's musing upon flying for the first time ties nicely with John Alderson's comments. Juanita, you have not lived until you've flown, in bad weather, with someone who is (a) a meteorologist and (b) a (private) pilot. I name no names, but just follow my eyes... But I had never flown in my life until 1975, and I loved it, especially the take-off and landing. You can imagine how it will look, but the real thing -- ah! I remember we'd been flying over the Atlantic about three hours and I had thought, hey, those clouds are very regular down there, and then it struck me --



for the last few hours I'd been staring down at the sea, whose white waves I took as clouds (well, I told you I'd never flown before). And flying by night, coming into somewhere like Miami -- ah, an experience -- I'd fly any time now.

It's kind of goggling to the little grey cells to think that you can only get in or out of Australia by air (I bet they don't have much trouble with illegal aliens aliens). I thought about how one could leave/enter the UK, and found there was quite a selection -- air, of course, and sea, and even (if you stretch a point) train, since the train goes on the ferry. Then you can swim it, if inclined. And there are hovercraft plying the Channel now. Only wants the Channel tunnel (or

as it used to be called in the English papers, who never seem to write about it now, The Channel) to be constructed and you could ride over on horseback, take a bus, or bike. Or walk.

Ed's letter: I remember the case well, but did not realise that it was so close to you. I can well imagine that the kids at camp were terrified by the fingerprinting -- I was, during the visa formalities, and I'm a sight older. When you've never had them taken, you feel at first resentful, then frightened, then angry. Why should they take them, I said? Cos it's the law, they replied. But I still resent it, you know.

I believe it was in CONAN OF AQUILONIA that there was a lovely type, referring to the king as the 'kink'.

Lastly, since I usually refer to any female as lady, despite protests that I'm being overly genteel (ha! what a laugh!) I offer it as a solution, albeit with diffidence.

[[The kink is a fing? / As a gun owner, I got used to fingerprinting early in life. / And Charles Platt could probably walk across the Channel.../ I think the Savalas prediction is reversed; he takes up skydiving and then has to have a nose job. RSC]]

Sam Long, address above

Thanx for Y242. I must say I'm rather boggled by '242', especially considering that's nearly three orders of magnitude more issues than Gunputty has had, and nearly two orders of magnitude more than the Osteen University Press has put out since its inception. But onward...

A most enjoyable and commentworthy ish thish. Let's begin this loc on page 1, i.e., TtGBitM. I remember reading about those AWOL soldiers up in Maine; weren't they living in cardboard boxes? Or was that another hermit-type? I suppose they could better be described as coenobites rather than hermits (eremites). If they had deserted from the Navy, they might have become anchorites, but only if they'd split up.

Ramblings: Well, Juanita, despite the blizzard of '78 and the snow the East and Midwest have had, it's not as cold or hard a winter as last winter -- yet -- at least not in Illinois. Chicago, for example, is some 500 heating degree-days 'less' (i.e., warmer) than this time last year -- tho the difference is growing less. A degree-

day? Well, one degree-day is counted for each degree the daily maximum temperature is below 65 degrees F; it represents an approximation of the amount of energy needed for heating a structure to a reasonable and comfortable temperature for that day. There are cooling degree-days for summertime, too. A winter averages about 6000-odd degree-days hereabouts.

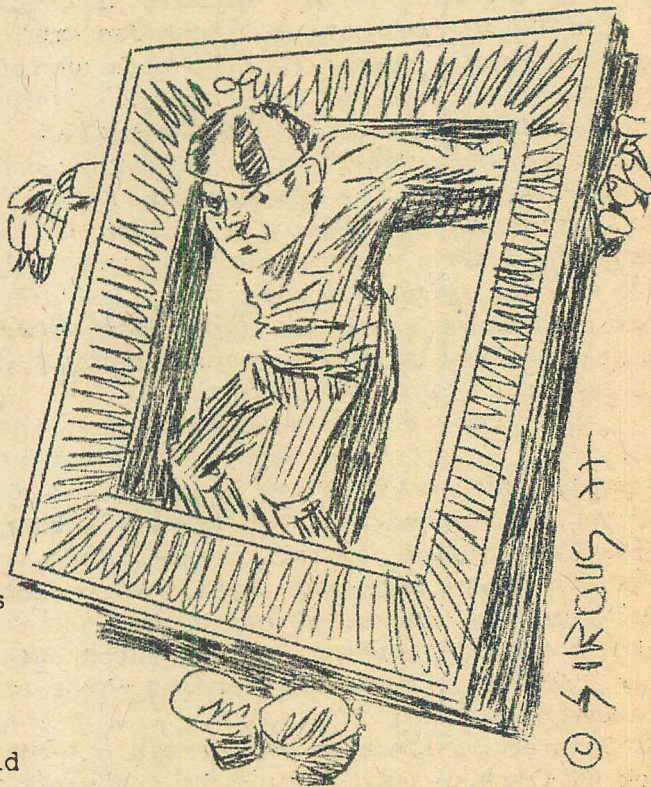
If I ever get back to flying, I'll have to take you flying too. I wonder how many fen besides SueWard (whom I don't know) and myself are pilots? I enjoy flying, but don't particularly care to be flown. I endure airline travel; I'd much rather be in the cockpit. After all, you can see better there. Maybe when I win the state lottery (when? Hal) I'll be able to afford a plane and can fly over to Hartford City International...

Mary and I bought a TV in September. It was the first time I'd had a TV since I returned from England in /72 (except for a couple of months in '76 when we were lent one), and I must say we enjoy it. I didn't miss TV all that much when I didn't have one -- it is true that you don't miss what you don't have -- and I don't think I'd be all that troubled if we were to lose it, but I'd miss it and shouldn't like to lose it. We watch a lot of old films too, and PBS. Not a great deal of network stuff except for fun. As I see it, the important thing is to use TV (and its off-switch), not to let it use you. I do notice, tho, that TV cuts into writing (both fanac and other letters etc) and into radio -- there's a couple of Public Radio stations hereabouts that have a lot of interesting programs on, including nostalgia programs taken from Larry Propp's collections of old radio shows. And there's always the BBC on shortwave. But we don't listen to them nearly as much as we should/used to. Pity. Perhaps when we've moved and I can get my hi-fi set up again, I'll listen more and watch less.

I've got to agree with John Alderson that the fact that time is money (or the opinion that it is) takes a great deal of pleasure out of travel. Fortunately for us, tho, the train schedules between here and Chicago are such that sometimes it's more convenient for one of my fellow Environmental Protection Agents to go or come by train rather than fly or drive: Amtrak lives -- barely.

One of the beefs I had about THE ANNOTATED DRACULA was the fact that its editor neglected to observe that at the time Stoker was writing about, Rumania was still on the Julian Calendar (13 days behind the Gregorian we use) -- at least I suppose it was: Russia certainly was -- as so some of the dates seem to be out of kilter. For instance (and I'm quoting from memory, so I may be wrong), he gives no gloss when St George's Day, as I remember, is given as 5 or 6 May. St George's Day is actually 23 April, which in the Julian Calendar translates to 5 May Gregorian in the 19th Century. This sort of thing is a major omission in my regard, and shows that the editor didn't do all he should have done. But then I'm a stickler for detail.

I like Sandra's idea of fossilized printed rock. A kind of second-order Shaverism, I suppose.



FAN ART

"Nice, but they don't take well to being matted!"

Elsie Lee

As for writing, I am at long last (I think) completing a new Regency. Privately I think it stinks, but our resident-Lesbian who is typing the final says she likes it.

Alice Hopf, 136 West 16th St., New York NY 10011

This is to ask your possible help in finding an early book of Andre's that is long out of print. It's called OCTAGON MAGIC and was published in hardcover by World. Larry has sold the rights to a p/b house called Archway, but they badly need one or two of the original copies. Xerox won't do. Do you suppose they want to photo-offset it? Can't find it around here, and know you often see discounted books, so thought you might run into it.

[[I couldn't help; if any of our readers have a copy available, let me know. RSC]]

Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor OH 44060

The last storm passed directly over Mentor (center of the storm track), but it had weakened just enough over Cincinnati and Columbus that we retained electric power. By a total fluke we (and our immediate relatives in Ohio and Pennsylvania, whom we called) had stocked up on food the night before the storm hit; none of us had really planned to do it Because The Storm Was Coming. So we had power and food and could sit tight. Don made it to work Thursday just before the storm settled down to complete wipeouttime, so he was safe at work and the rest of the family was safe at home. (I had called off school for the kids even before school officials did. No way I was going to let them walk in that storm the three doors down that the school was. Literally, it was unsafe for them to go that far in the blizzard -- which around around here was officially classed as a white hurricane.)

The PRESS bought hotel rooms for employees who wanted to stay in Cleveland that night. Don volunteered to stay with one of the Suburban Department's women reporters but was turned down and had to settle for a room with one of the men, instead. He thinks PRESS administrators are sexist... Power went off in the hotel near morning -- but one of the staffers had thought to bring an alarm clock in case of this sort of thing, and everyone was awakened by an ever-growing caravan of workers. Luckily, that same prepared worker had brought a flashlight, so the caravan would eventually wend its way down the stairwell to the 16th floor, where they were staying. (The hotel had an indoor swimming pool; the prepared guy had even brought a bathing suit, since he knew this was the hotel that would be picked in an emergency. He spent the evening of the blizzard splashing happily about in a heated pool. Don was consumed with envy.)

Well, Don's not an average father, then -- on that 12-minutes-a-day bit. However, I don't feel it's fair to discount time spent in the car -- though I guess that is included if the kids are being talked to then. Anyway, Don spends much time with Valerie and Stephen. As to actually communicating with people more than 12 minutes a day...well, when you talk on the phone, you spend that much -- and I spent an entire hour Sunday chatting happily with Jane Wells, just to name one instance. Maybe that's why the stereotype of the lady on the phone? This is where she can really communicate at length? And Don and I can spend hours, of course, and do. But.. Actually, we usually have to cut conversations short around here because otherwise we don't get much done.

Dave Locke's column was horrible -- in large part because it's one of the few "look at the horrible fix I'm in and can't get out of" stories around that isn't an idiot plot. You see 'em on TV all the time. You say, "Why doesn't the hero just..?" And if he'd do that, all the problems would go away. But we just can't find anything Dave could have done other than what he did. He'd have been a fool not to go for medical help in the first place -- and then he was stuck by the time he realized medical help wasn't what he was getting,

By the way, we just ran an interesting piece in our comics column on collectors and the law and the legal aspects of a collector's death. Did you know that your estate at death is figured at current market values? So the copy of SKULLFACE you picked up years ago at cover price is valued -- and taxed -- at current value. (What is it now? \$250 or so?) Your art ditto. And the only out a survivor has is if said survivor can prove (deuced hard to do) that his/her money purchased items in question. Not a problem if the non-salaried wife is the First To Go, usually -- but that isn't usually what happens, either. This can be mostly academic in our mutual cases, since we gather (federally speaking, anyway) the estate has to be in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million dollars before estate taxes come into question. But what about the assorted states? And what a hell of a hassle, anyway.

We presume Don D'Amassa (since he recommends the film CARRIE and the book THE SHINING) is a Stephen King buff and has read 'SALEM'S LOT. If not, he should, It's Knight's best book. I've just read the latest King volume, NIGHT SHIFT -- but it's short stories of horror and not up to 'SALEM'S LOT. On the other hand, they're fine short stories, though a bit of a piece. Among the exceptions, though, is a marvelous story not previously published, "Quitters, Inc." It's a gem of a story about a firm that guarantees to help its customers quit smoking. Can't imagine why King didn't manage to sell it anywhere else, though a glance at the back cover of almost any newsstand magazine should give one indication.

By the way, NIGHT SHIFT also has a sort of prequel (I think; I've still got to check the novel to be sure) and a sequel to 'SALEM'S LOT among the stories included. Few fans are likely to have seen either, since the first is previously unpublished and the second appeared in a Maine magazine of some sort.

Banning the taser (which shoots darts using a charge which "paralyzes the victim without harming him") is understandable, despite regrets to the contrary. (1) It may paralyze a normal, healthy adult. It may kill a sick adult or one with a heart problem or a child or... And it would be much more automatically used ("Aw, it won't hurt") than a gun. (2) It may not be usable as a threat -- that is, it would have to be used, rather than shown, to be very effective. (3) It sounds like the absolutely ideal weapon for hold-up man, house rummager, etc., to use in carrying off an assortment of crimes. And, again, it'd be used automatically instead of waved as a threat.

Comment further inspired by Alexis Gilliland: Have you noticed to what an incredible extent it is the case that the single-crime criminal gets mashed flat when caught, whereas the multiple-crime criminal gets off lightly or absolutely free? You see, the second guy can plea-bargain to a faretheewell and/or foul up the system completely because trying all his cases would take too much time. The crooked real estate man who sold us this house (but did not, thank goodness, rook us -- thanks to our refusal to give him any sort of down payment, which is what he was walking off with in other cases) is a case in point. Cops finally got him and clapped him in jail for dozens and dozens of offenses with regard to illegal real estate dealings. But -- awwwww -- he was old and sick and they wouldn't dream of trying him on all the charges against him. So they charged him with a few and he was convicted on those few and sent to jail. And then -- awwwww -- well, he was so old and sick and they hadn't charged him with very much, now, had they? So they let him out. "Shock probation." Next thing we hear, he's migrated hastily to Texas (great probation they have here) and is deeply involved in real estate deals down there. Yasss.

[[That 12 minutes is every day; do you talk to Jane every 5 days? /The Taser information is ironic only because the device was highly touted by liberals when it first came out as a "substitute for firearms" and "perfectly safe" and "of no possible use to criminals." RSC]] [[I wasn't in the Midwest when the blizzard hit, but I was told by those who were that in Indiana the tv forecasters made a number of "this is no drill" warnings about the coming crisis. People were most definitely warned, which probably accounted for a much lower death rate than Civil Defense and medical people had feared. The forecasters were much appreciated for the tip-off, too, and could gloat that this time they hit it exactly right and got the word out. JWC]]

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

Thanks for all the useful comments for both Scot and Mt. I am planning on having issues of both out in April, by which time I ought to be able to publicise my plans. I go home for a week's holiday in March and to make arrangements for my retirement from here at the end of June. I am beginning to count the weeks now. At the moment I cannot make any detailed plans, for I don't know what accommodation I shall be moving into. You see, I want a "council house" -- one owned by local government. There is a waiting list, of course, and one has a number of "points" allocated according to need. Once I move from here I am "homeless" and my points shoot up. If I am lucky, I will move into council accommodations right away. If not, I will have to take furnished accommodations, put my things in store, and camp on the housing officer's doorstep! 5 years ago these would have been no problem, as I would only have to deal with the Carnoustie Town Council, But we had local government re-organisation, didn't we? That means Carnoustie gets lumped in with three other towns and officialdom moves further off. Still, it could have been worse -- if Carnoustie had been taken in by Dundee we would have been swamped by the Dundee waiting list.

You wouldn't be like a mystery correspondent who assumed I would be able to buy a house, would you? I nursed through all the years when the pay was so low that for the first 10 years I paid no superannuation. The pay is decent now, but it is too late for me. I'd need another 30 years of it to save up for a house, and I'd never make it! Anyway, I'd just as soon not own; rent will do me fine.

Our Con this year is being held at Heathrow Airport Hotel. But as that is only about 1/2 hour away by car from here I won't be staying at the hotel. It will be interesting to see the reaction to this hotel, although there is a good bus service into town and now the underground has a line straight through -- I guess fans will miss popping out to local restaurants and shops.

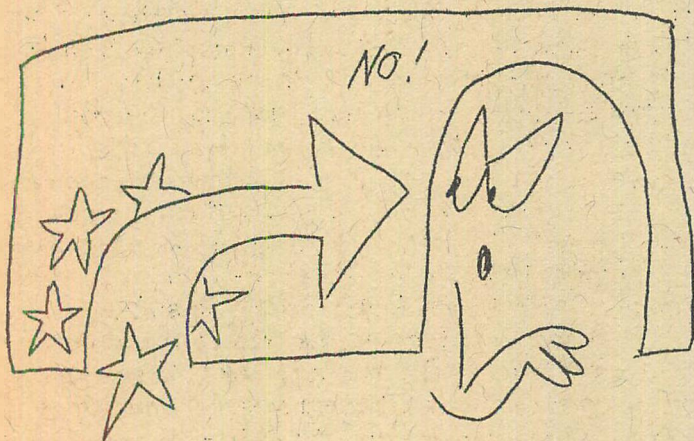
Bob Briney, 4 Forest Avenue, Salem MA 01970

I am writing this letter in just about the same circumstances as those that attended your last letter to me. The College closed down and sent everyone home yesterday afternoon, just as the wind started to rise. Within an hour we had settled down for a howling nor'easter, with 70mph winds and lots of wet snow. The snow was plastered to the sides of the house and over the windows, so that for the next 24 hours I couldn't even see outside. I don't know what the official measured snowfall was -- close to three feet, I suspect, but in actuality at least another foot should be added to that.

Large areas of downtown Boston were without electric power for more than 15 hours. Some radio stations were knocked off the air completely, while others operated on emergency power. News reports said that Logan Airport has been closed down, probably for several days. The runways are buried under 15-foot drifts. All members of the

Tactical Police Force have been called back to duty to deal with -- can you believe this? -- widespread looting of supermarkets and other stores that were closed (and unguarded) because of the weather. And just as the snow and wind died down this afternoon, the high tide came in. Thousands of people have been evacuated from low-lying coastal areas, and flooding has already damaged many homes.

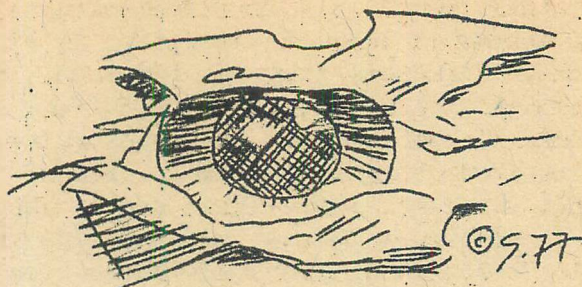
After hearing all that, dealing with mere snowdrifts seemed like a snap. When I opened my front porch door after the storm, I found two feet of snow banked up against it, and a clear, level stretch



of snow between my porch and that of the neighbors next door, and from our porches out to the curb-side heaps of snow left by the city plows. The only thing wrong with that idyllic scene was the knowledge that the floors of our porches are some six feet above sidewalk level. That sent me to the back door, where I found my basement entrance likewise buried under some seven feet of snow.

Shovelling through drifts at ground level is one thing; shovelling down into a pit from above is rather less fun...

Tell Juanita that I enjoyed DARK PRIEST-ESS. I'm glad I got the copy from you, since I probably would have missed it even if it had been on the local newsstands. That type-face is somewhat less than legible -- and I wouldn't have been looking for a mediaeval-cum-imperial-Roman cover illustration (with Charlton Heston as Ben Hur battling in the foreground)...



Kay Anderson, 8386 Hollister, Ventura CA 93003

Enjoyed Locke's tale of his experience in the ICU. Enjoyed it a lot more than he did, I'm sure. Tell him I can diagnose what he had...it's the GOK syndrome, and in fact that phrase may well be in his file somewhere. Stands for God Only Knows, and is a most useful term. Looks very medical and official, abbreviated like that, and reassures patient and relatives that the doctors are right on top of things and known what it is and are taking action. A variant is GORK...God Only Really Knows.

It's a bit like FUO, which is a genuine diagnosis you find in medical texts. Fever of Unknown Origin. Patient has a fever but no one can figure out why...which is something the patient himself could have told you, and saved a thousand dollars in tests.

I accidentally caught part of a fascinating soap opera the other day. It's called FOR RICHER, FOR POORER, new on the air, I think. It already features a pregnant mistress who has o.d.'ed on pills, and her paramour is agonizing at her bedside. And then his mother comes in and they mention 27 different characters. Very intriguing. But I cracked up over the nurse trying to put a bp cuff on when she obviously had never touched one before. Put it around the woman's elbow, inside out, then removed it and reversed it so the velcro would stick together and put it back on over her elbow; then clearly had no idea how snug to make it or what to do with the stethoscope. Got the cuff over the IV tubing. And all the while we can see the comatose patient's face twitching as she struggles not to crack up. Show has definite promise as an amusement, albeit unintentional.

Took three of the kids with me when I went shopping yesterday. I should have my head examined. I knew that if you add one ten-year old and two three-year olds, you get three two-year olds. They had a display of Easter chicks and bunnies. Dagny watched one rabbit intently till it hopped a couple of feet, then looked where it had been sitting and proclaimed, "He no lay eggs!" in tones of outraged innocence.

On another matter, do you get the tv ads for Struggling Artists, Inc.? Outfit that says it sells original oil paintings for as low as \$10. Drugstore art. The picture under the voice-over shows an artist presumably putting some finishing touches on a landscape. He looks like a real artist, all right -- beret and beard and crummy clothes. But what he's painting with is a 1" brush suitable for doing the window-frames of your house. Maybe he's shellacking the painting.

Had an item in the paper here recently about a hapless cop who was patrolling down by Malibu and was flagged down by a couple of surfers who said a small sealion had come up out of the surf and was trying to cross the road. The cop went after it and played Nice Seal, but it went charging off and ended up climbing in the open door of his patrol car. Ate his paperwork on the front seat, then got in the back seat and charged him when he tried to get in the car. He finally got ahold of his mike and called Animal Control truck to come for his passenger. Article quoted him as say-

ing now his car is all wet and gooey and stinky and there was no replacement available. Sealion probably got tired of getting pounded around on the breakers and rained on and decided to chuck it. It's now at Marine Land with about a dozen other orphans of the storm they've picked up. Had a piece on the news the other night with Marine Land officials saying most of the sealions couldn't be freed again because they were too battered or dumb to survive, but they'd be happy to give them to any interested zoo that wanted one...please?

And the next storm, which wasn't expected till Thursday, is pouring on the coal and will be here tomorrow. Gee, I like rain, but in moderation. Hold the special effects, fellas. Vandenberg AFB has been trying to launch a satellite for 40 days now, just like Noah, and they're still on hold due to the rain. Articles in the show biz trade papers wailing about what the rain is doing to filming. Ruining schedules, budgets, and tempers, basically. YOUNG PIONEERS is three days behind (which is disastrous), and lots of other shows are a day behind. They'd shot one CHiPs episode in the rain (which is inaccurate, according to some friends who have cops in the family; Chippies come in out of the rain because it's too dangerous for motorcycles*on the freeways then), and some shows are working under covers (blue canvas strung up high over backlot streets to hopefully keep out the rain and look like sky), and one was exulting in the rain because they needed a rainy day in the script anyhow. FANTASY ISLAND is a day behind and one show, which is supposed to take place at a racetrack, was moved indoors; must be hard to get ten horses into a basement, as Huggy said.

Robert Bloch, 2111 Sunset Crest Drive, Los Angeles CA 90046

Your enforced hibernation is our gain, for it resulted in a nice oversized Golden Minutes section, or did I misread something somewhere? In any case, I hope Juanita got or gets to NY in decent weather, and have the same hopes for myself when I venture into that area next week for the Lunacon. We've escaped snow here, but we've been rained-in. Last Thursday night a 50mph+ wind roared into the canyon below us, whipping a wall of water before it and precipitating massive mudslides. Fifty cars were carried down the roadway, crushed and smashed; a house slid over the cliff, and slides marooned us up here for 24 hours. During that time I managed to read only four books, so your speed-record is safe. Phil and Bette Farmer are out here now, and I'm reading nothing, Yandro excepted.

Bill Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell PA 16374

Juanita need not forego letterpress solely because of lack of time. Of course, it would help a lot to have a well-lined pocketbook, but with a suitable automatic press, a linotype, and a few fonts of display type for headings she could turn out Yandro in letterpress in as little time as she does now, and perhaps a little less. On the credit side is the fact that, once the equipment and a good supply of metal are obtained there is little additional cost save for paper and ink, and printing ink goes a long way compared to mimeo ink. On second thought, though, in view of the luck you people seem to have with things mechanical, maybe she'd better forget the whole thing. I just wanted to point out that the fact that it is only hand-set letterpress that takes great gobs of time.

[[I think that's a little more professional than we figured on...RSC]]

Jackie Causgrove, 3650 Newton #15, Torrance CA 90505

Dave's been working on a personal-zine -- guess he's tired of waiting for his two co-editors to do their parts of Pelf or Shambles. But progress is temporarily at a standstill. That happens a lot in this place. We have a strong preference for spending the evenings with each other rather than typer/mimeo/stapler. Does this mean our right to fahhood is being threatened?

[[You'll get back to fanac once the initial shock wears off...RSC]]

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

Postcard that begins, "Hi! My name is Bill Dale Marcinko. I think you might like my fanzine, AFTA.... Movie and tv news, movie reviews, pieces on the Red Sonja Show...an X-Men index...lots of comics reviews....96 pp., offset, for \$1.00." Boy, kid, did you ever get the wrong address!//I'm also invited to a National Fair Housing Conference in Washington, D.C., April 17, 18, registration \$25 which includes two luncheons (not bad for this sort of thing). But, with having to go to Marcon and all...//Invitations galore; the Academy of Science Fiction Fantasy and Horror Films wants us to pay \$25 a year for the privilege of voting on their annual awards. \$25 each, that is. I've no objection to the organization, but for \$25 a year I could vote on the Nebulas and write scathing letters to the SFWA FORUM, both.//JOANNE BURGER sends a front page from the Houston Chronicle of Jan. 19. 1.86 inches of rain and snow having fallen, and with the prospect of a 22° low that night, all schools are closed, some roads closed, some businesses closed, travelers advisories in effect for most areas, etc. Fair tore my heart out for those poor people, it did. (Thanks, Joanne; that made my whole day.)//Joanne also sent a couple of columns by Lynn Ashby, one of them objecting to spending a million dollars on the 1980 census. Lynn feels that if the automakers and electrical-appliance manufacturers want to know how many of each are in the average American home, they should pay for their own surveys. He has a point.//DAINIS BISENIEKS sends along a tab from the end of a ream of paper; name on it is "Captain Duplicator". (And his sidekick Ditto, as Dainis mentioned at Minicon.) Someone should work up a piece of fan fiction out of that.//We recently made a door for Wolverine Fabrication. I bet you thought Wolverines were born, not made.//JANN FRANK sends an item about a Bigfoot terrorizing Indians on the Standing Rock (So. Dakota) reservation.//ALAN DODD sends a column by Douglas Orgill, complaining about the lack of accurate history in a historical movie; specifically "A Bridge Too Far". The real problem, of course, is the people who believe everything they see (or read), but I think that one is insoluble.//DODD, again, with a British clipping about the breakup of a Bible-stealing ring in Nashville, Tennessee. Police nabbed the gang with 1200 Bibles, total value about \$30,000./Also, Alan sent a letter from a reader outraged by the Daily Mail's description of THE SILMARILLION as "the posthumous compost heap of a lifetime's myth-making". (Sounds like a succinct version of a lot of fan reviews, to me.)//BOB BRINEY sends several clippings detailing the saga of the John Hancock Tower, in Boston. Panes of glass kept popping out and showering into the streets; 65 of them in one night, at the worst point. They were temporarily replaced with plywood; Bob mentions that the building was known locally as the world's largest plywood skyscraper. Finally they put in stronger glass - and hired guards to watch the building thru binoculars and warn of cracks before any bystanders are impaled. Be a nice job if one had a strong neck....//SANDRA MIESEL sends an Indianapolis headline: CARTER TO URGE SACRIFICES. She deplores the return to paganism.//I owe someone an apology. I have an item here, and I don't know who sent it. (There is a signature on it, but I can't read it.) Anyway, it's a copy of BRAHEIAN DEBATER, a newsletter titling itself "Voice of Defenders of the Geocentric Universe". Copies available for donations from P.O. Box 5704, Riverside, CA 92507. (Whoever sent it noted "I thought of you immediately when I read this", so it must be a friend. A friend with illegible handwriting, which doesn't reduce the possibilities by much.) The thing is a fascinating look at human nature, certainly. People prefer gods they can argue with; if science doesn't provide enough legitimate ones (and it doesn't, for the average mundane, because they can't understand the positions), then they'll make up some.//DEREK NELSON sends a long cutting from the Toronto Sun, about accuracy in media: New York papers in 1976 had 85 stories about the lack of human rights in South Korea, and 1 about North Korea; 124 about Chile against 7 about Cuba and 13 about Cambodia. No wonder our half-educated youth thinks there's something wrong with the system; it's right there in print that the countries on our side are more oppressive than the rest of the world.//DODD, still again, with a notice that the Jubilee Crown he got me won't be very rare; the Royal Mint has issued over 30,000,000 so far and is 2-1/2 months behind on orders. Well, I did get one, thanks to Alan - early on, too.//RSC

STRANGE
FRUIT



No
kidding?

No Kidding.

FREJAC

Remember; the number ratings in the book reviews are subjective; here they're supposed to be objective. Which may be too confusing to continue for too long, but we'll do it for the moment.

THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN V.37 #6 [National Fantasy Fan Federation, membership \$3.00 to Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, TN 37754] The N3F seems to be having a resurgence; this is a 90-pp issue, with reports on new members, writers' exchange, tape bureau, short story contest, correspondence bureau, sf games, photo bureau, fanzine reviews, book reviews, and various other items. Basically, the N3F provides

activities and gives new fans an introduction to fandom. It's not a necessity (Juanita and I got by all right without it), but it is, I gather, quite helpful to some fans. Depends on your personality, probably. If you feel all alone in the world, the N3F will provide you with some readymade company.

FORTHCOMING SF BOOKS #40 thru #42 [Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Court, Lake Jackson TX 77566 - bimonthly - \$2 a year] The title covers it; a checklist of books announced for future publication. (As Joanne points out, just because a book is listed there is no guarantee that it will ever be published. Publishers change their minds occasionally and their titles frequently...I recall one that Gene and I did that had 5 titles from manuscript to published book.) Quite complete, if you have any use for the information.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #23, #24 [P.O. Box 1408, Portland OR 97211 - quarterly - \$1.50] The leading semi-prozine of science fiction. (Now that ALGOL is avowedly professional, fan arguments over who should be banned from Hugo participation will be restricted to SFR and LOCUS. Hmm. SFR -- and ALGOL -- still trade with YANDRO, but LOCUS won't. Has anyone brought up the question of trade policies as an indication of professionalism?) Anyway, this is an excellent publication of whatever amount of professionalism, neatly offset on newsprint, containing articles, interviews, reviews, letters, and editorial, arranged more or less chronologically instead of the more usual pattern. Gives it a nice informal look. 80 pages or so per issue.

(9)

JANUS #9, #10 [SF3, Box 1624, Madison WI 53701 - quarterly - \$1.00] A feminist fanzine. Moderately thick (34 pp one issue, 50pp the other), but heavyweight paper makes it even thicker. And probably helps provide the excellent reproduction. Sometimes there are general science-fictional-type items included; sometimes it's all feminist-political. Generally good quality of writing, though I personally tend to disagree with a lot of the material.

(7)

MYTHOLOGIES #13 [Don D'Amassa, 19 Angell Drive, East Providence RI 02914 - quarterly - \$1.00] Basically serious discussions of science fiction, literature in general, and occasional items on politics, feminism, and other current topics. Thick (90pp), well reproduced, over half of the issue devoted to letters. I disagree with Don constantly on the importance of fandom (he thinks it is), frequently on science fiction, occasionally on other topics.

(7)

SF COMMENTARY, #52 [Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 519AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia - irregular --\$6.00 for 5 issues - USAgents, Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 West Main, Madison WI 57303] Bruce is also very serious about science fiction, and since he's interested primarily in its social aspects I disagree with him most of the time. This issue is thinner than usual, but has a fair number of reviews and letters, plus one very serious article and George Turner's account of an SF Workshop, which is only semi-serious but remarkably interesting. (6)

DYNATRON, #67 [Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque NM 87107 - irregular - no price listed] This one emerges from a short hibernation. Personalzine, with the required payment being letters of comment. Roy doesn't take science fiction seriously -- one of the major items here is an extrapolation of a passing comment that science fiction is becoming a religion. (But could a polytheistic religion have a Pope, Roy? Wouldn't you need one eminence for each god, instead?) He also tends to make me look unassuming and gently tolerant, so I thoroughly enjoy DYNATRON. This issue is thin, but I liked it, as usual.

THE NEW FORERUNNER #18 [Gary Mason, P.O. Box 258, Unley SA 5061, Australia - irregular --30 cents] Though individual issues may vary in size and price. A newsletter, though much of the news this issue (which is dated June 1977; fanzines have a long slow haul from Australia) concerns a feud between Australian author Lee Harding and a fair share of Australian fandom, including their national convention committee and Gary Mason. But any Australian news is interesting. (5)

LAN'S LANTERNS #5, #6 [Lan, 47 Valley Way, Bloomfield Hills MI 48013 - quarterly? - 75 cents] #5 is largely fiction, and I largely ignored it. #6 is largely concerned with the people of science fiction; interviews with Joe Haldeman and Jackie Causgrove, an appreciation of Ed Hamilton by Howard Devore, several short con reports, and lots of letters. Around 40 pages each. Rather dull-looking covers, but good reproduction and #6 has good interior art. (#5 has god-awful interior art, but I'll assume that's in the past.)
Rating for #6 only (6)

ORCRIST #8 [Richard West, 1922 Madison St., Madison WI 53711 - irregular - \$1.00] Journal of the Tolkien Society of the U of Wisconsin-Madison. However, as well as a couple of articles on Tolkien, this issue contains an article on Anderson's "Queen of Air and Darkness" and an Anderson translation of a Nordic poem. Good reproduction; what art there is, is good. Rather thin issue. (6)

GUYING GYRE #9, #10 [Gil Gaier, 1016 Beech Ave., Torrance CA 90501 - quarterly - no price listed] If you want to know what my numbering system in the book reviews is all about, this is the fanzine that explains it. It's strictly devoted to mass evaluation of science fiction, for use by teachers. #9 includes charts of the total (to date) fannish evaluation of best-liked books and his students' evaluation of same. (Interesting that Gor books placed 4th, 10th, and 11th on the students' list and not at all on the fan list. Feminists take note.) These issues are stapled separately but mailed together as a double issue. No rating; how the hell do I know whether this one is succeeding in its intent or not?

KHATRU #7 [Jeffrey D. Smith, 1339 Weldon Ave., Baltimore MD 21211 - co-editor, Jeffrey A. Frane - quarterly - \$1.25] Thick, serious type. The first 25 pages are devoted to Alice Sheldon (James Tiptree), a long interview with "yes" by Freff, reviews, letters, Acceptable reproduction; fairly good art. (6)

XENOLITH #1, #3 [Bill Bowers, P.O. Box 3157, Cincinnati OH 45201 - irregular - no price listed] Not quite a personalzine; there is a regular column by Bill Wolfenbarger and articles by others. But thin, devoted to fandom and (particularly Wolfenbarger) rather contrived writing about emotions. Well, Wolfenbarger repels me, but I rather like most of the rest of the cast. (5)

Beginning Nov. 30, 1978, first class envelopes must conform to this chart or be subject to a "surcharge" (amount not specified).

With the lower right corner of the envelope placed on the arrow-designated corner of the chart, the upper left corner must touch (preferably it should fall within) the shaded area at upper left.

The full postal chart is 11-1/2" long. Since we're restricted to 11" paper (and imperfect registration), you might want to trace the chart on bigger paper. Extend the lines at top with a straight edge.

Exact dimensions are shown, in case you feel like constructing your own template to more accurate specifications.

3.75"

.346"

7.96" from bottom of chart to beginning of shaded area along this side.

At top (not shown) shaded area begins 3.60" from right edge.

Envelope must touch or extend past both these lines, or it is non-mailable.

This minimum size rectangle is 3-1/2 x 5 inches.

Maximum size is 6-1/8" x 11-1/2"

Place lower right corner here.