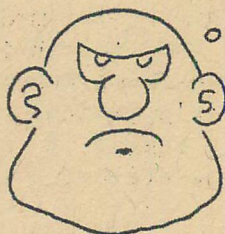


LOOK!

I DON'T CARE IF THERE
ARE NO GILLILAND
CARTOONS IN THIS ISSUE.
YOU HAVE TO READ IT
ANYWAY!



frejac

SOME PEOPLE
ARE SO
SPOILED.

YANDRO

-----JUNE 78----- XXV:3

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ARTWORK

Cover by Robert E. Gilbert

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Glenn Garrett, A-1 Plastic Supply, 13700 Gamma, Dallas, TX 75240 (And as you probably guessed, Glenn, YANDRO is not available for "the usual", whatever Fred Jackson says. It's available for cash, contribution, and sometimes but not often for trade, but not for letters of comment.)

Since I wrote my editorial, we were visited by Ghod, in the person of Bob Tucker. Accompanied by Sandra Miesel (high priestess?) Bob is working on a sort of sciencefintional mystery novel, and Sandra has a contract from Ace for a science-fiction novel. And I'm going to have to get busy on my own writing..... all these whippersnappers outselling me. A nice visit, and as a side benefit we now have lots of hardcover Tucker books with autographs. (We already had the books; only the autographs are new....) On the other hand, we were not visited by Steve Simmons, Steve's fiancée, Paula Smith and Chris Clayton. What happened?

RAMBLINGS



No more airplane rides. I guess Cinderella really has turned back into a pumpkin (a steamed pumpkin; from blizzards to cold, rainy swamp, to 90 degree temperatures and 90+ humidity in three issues is, unfortunately, typical for this region.). We just returned from using the Interstate Highway system to get to a Peruvian art exhibit and back. For all the mutterings about civilization going to the dogs in a handbasket, I remember what traveling was like before the modern interconnecting highways came into being. I prefer the present arrangement muchly. And for complaints that it's monotonous traveling now, I can only answer if that's

your reaction you aren't observant enough. Most adventures and interests are a feed-back of your own imagination.

The Peruvian exhibit was a mixed success. Seeing objects in three dimensions, even behind a protective case, helps the imagination along in a way mere pictures rarely do. On the other hand, there were only two small cases in the entire exhibit which pertained to the historical period I'm writing about now. The earlier artifacts would have had some influence on the art of the Quechuan period -- but Quechuan gold artifacts are sadly missing. Melted down into bullion and shipped back to Spain for the most part. The museum's apology for having so few items from the Inca period was appropriate. One thing such an exhibit should do is disabuse anyone of the idea that comparatively primitive people could have no taste and were limited by their lack of sophistication. Some really intriguing and ingenious items were included, as well as many which were dazzlingly beautiful. Recommended.

And waiting for me when we got back from the trip to the Field Museum were the galleys for my upcoming fantasy novel. It'll be released in October but is being proofed now. Unlike some of my previous adventures with publishers and galleys, Ballantine does not send galleys by pigeon-toed snail and then expect you to get them corrected and returned by the week before yesterday. They sent these first class special delivery and they weren't due until next week. Allowing for the mails, tho, I corrected them at once and sent them back; with any luck, they might arrive before the time they wanted them. There weren't all that many corrections to be made -- but I find it amusing to guess when the typesetter was about to go to lunch, because after a number of perfect pages a whole glop of errors will cluster together.

This book is WEB OF WIZARDRY and is supposed to be released this October. And my agent, Jim Allen, informs me del Rey is taking the next book set in the same universe. But it won't be due at the editor's desk till next March, and presumably the book won't see print until late in 79 or early 80. (I like the heady feel of having projects lined up neatly in advance.) Throughout all of this, I keep being grateful to Marion Zimmer Bradley, who insisted I convert the dream world to commercially marketable form -- and who broke ground for others with dream worlds and made it ever so much easier. She had to adjust and compromise to convert her dream world to something editors would accept. But now it's becoming possible to sell something without the John Carter waking-up-magically-elsewhere gimmick or needing to explain that one's dream world is set on a distant planet or alternate universe plane. It can just be, for the wonder and fantasy and unexcused entertainment of the genre. I can't thank Marion enough for any of that. I can only try to hold up my end of the bench. And I can hope these will only be the first two books in the fantasy universe, because the supply is almost endless. I spent more than ten years of my childhood and adolescence building that universe -- and it got pretty well expanded.

For the record, as of now, the book-yet-to-be-written will be titled

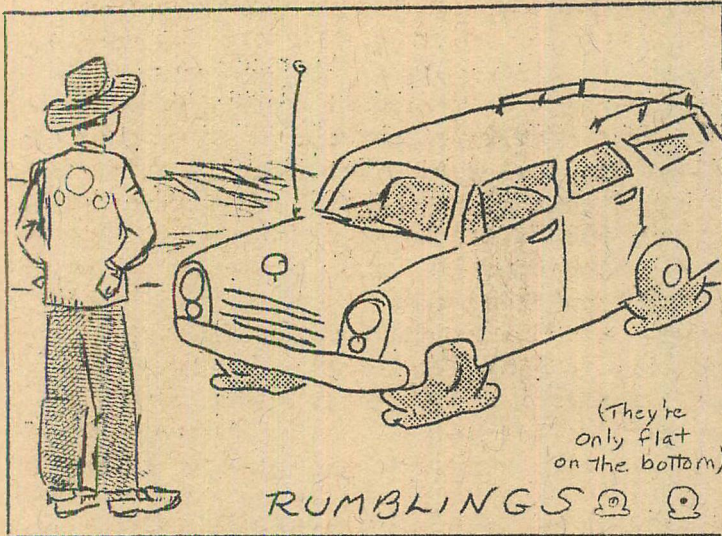
THE DEATH GOD'S CITADEL. I'll keep those of you who are interested posted on its progress.

And on another writing topic, I must say I am pleasantly flabbergasted by the amount of fannish comment, all favorable to the point of making me blush, on DARK PRIESTESS. I suppose the number of comments, and from some fans who never could find my gothics available, indicates the historical line got good distribution. I'm aware of the legend that fannish support and the money they shell out for one's books won't amount to boo in the massive totting up the publisher's accountants undertake. And maybe the numbers are small. But I get no feedback from that nebulous They out there which is the main readership. I can only go by what fans say, and they've been very nice. I'm always touched and complimented when someone was willing to risk hard earned cash buying something of mine, especially if they did it only because it had my name on it -- gambling, as it were, that I wouldn't double cross them. Maybe they've just been kind, but they claim they didn't feel gypped. That kind of stroking leaves writers with warm glows, and this one with resolution to keep on trying not to disappoint.

The next historical is due at the editor's in October and definitely won't be out until late in '79. Big fat historicals have a long lead time; you could make a baby in the same lead time. Just think of a book as a brain child.

(I wrote most of DARK PRIESTESS during a particularly bitter winter, when I had to take breaks from typing to go in another room and huddle over a hot air register to thaw my fingers. It looks like I'm going to be writing the bulk of FIRE IN THE ANDES -- set in the oft times icy high mountains -- during the stickiest part of a Midwestern summer. Figures. Oh well. Some scenes are set in the Eastern slopes of the Andes, where it's quite jungly. That I can identify with, as I drip sweat all over my typewriter keys. It's the scenes set in the coastal desert that are going to be tricky. Describing an area where the annual precipitation -- from fog, not rain -- is usually less than two inches while living in a steam bath called the Great Lakes area will test the old creative glands. Almost as much as writing paeans to New Orleans seafood cookery while I, personally, loathe seafood. If I could do that, I can endure altitude sickness and dehydration whilst prowling the exotic climes of Peru. At least in the Midwest -- New Madrid fault, pace -- I won't have to worry about earthquakes and avalanches, of which Peru has a-plenty.)

On another topic entirely, there are times when the disinterest in science of the general populace makes one want to scream. The media are good reflectors of that tendency, too. And whenever some scientific bit does break through, it's the spectacular angle, even at the cost of logic. The current broohaha over cloning is a typical example. Much interviewing of Rorvik, editorials in newspapers, book review columns debating it this way and that, to no result. And considering the doubts cast, it looks to rank right up there with Irving's biography of Hughes. But at the same time all this is going on, buried in the inside pages of newspapers is a much more reliable -- and startling -- announcement from some scientists in the botanical field. They've cloned a redwood. They've got baby redwood possibilities. Pick the sturdiest and healthiest endangered giant around, with all that beautiful timber potential, find one that's the most disease and pest resistant, and clone it. Lots and lots and lots of strong, blight-free, pest-free, timber producing redwoods. And don't think about it being limited to trees. If redwoods can be cloned, it seems very likely other plants can be too. The announcement should have been front page news. The potentials for helping the food crisis, for saving dying species, and for generation-ship hydroponics, if you want to get science fictional, are tremendous and mind boggling. It wasn't news to be lost as a squib on an inside page of a back section or mentioned in passing on the television news -- if it was (I didn't hear it, if it was). Cloning people is grabby indeed. But that's still, in all strong probability, to be done. Cloning plants we seem to have right now. There have been some experiments in cloning frogs -- but the frogs' legs industry isn't that important overall. Cloning plants ranks up there with discovering a sure fire way to combat viruses without killing the human tissue around them. But if that was announced, proved, accepted by the scientific community, I get this cynical feeling it'd get bumped down below the comics section. Hoping you aren't the same.... JWC



speak at Heidelberg College, at Tiffin, Ohio, for the school's Women's Career Week, and arranged to make the speech on the Friday before Marcon. Tiffin and Columbus are just 80 miles apart; she could make her luncheon speech at Heidelberg, and we would then drive down to Columbus and arrive at Marcon a bit early. Yes. We left home in good time, and were well north of Lima when we heard this thumping sound. Stopped car to investigate. A strip of rubber perhaps 8" long had come loose from the right front tire and was flapping in the breeze (and into the pavement on each revolution). Tire was still holding air, though. Mindful that the jack in the car had been put together out of parts from two different jacks and never tested, I drove cautiously into Bluffton, Ohio, and stopped at a filling station before changing tires. No problems; jack worked okay and we were back on our way, still well within schedule. The tire was a recap that I'd been using as a spare anyway; small loss. The good tire had been punctured at Christmas, repaired, and I'd never got around to getting it back on the car until now, but there was nothing to worry about. Until about 10 miles north of Bluffton, when the "good" tire I had just put on went flat. We were a half-mile from a freeway rest area with a telephone, so Juanita walked up there and called the college while I put the flapper back on the car and very cautiously drove into the area. College sent out a rescue car, but by now it was too late for the noon speech. There was to be an informal session later in the afternoon, so Juanita was whisked away to that, while I faced the prospect of driving 6 miles on a disintegrating tire to reach a filling station. I stayed on the emergency strip and under 20 mph, and the tire held up until I got to an exit (where the station attendant had sold his last used tire in my size 15 minutes before I arrived - he was in the process of putting it in the other car when I limped up - and I had to pay \$40 for the only new one he had in the size I needed.) One fascinating bit; the car which had beat me to the cheap tire had a tire with about an 8" strip of rubber flapping in the breeze; it was a bad day for recaps in that area. After that, no problems; I got another tire (taking no chances by now) at a Sears store, and even got to the college in time to participate in the last part of the talk session with Juanita and Stanley Schmidt. Marcon was fine; got to meet A. Bertram Chandler briefly, son Bruce about equally briefly, and various other good people. Lee Carroll came up and said "Buck, I haven't seen you for 18 years." (To which the only reply is, "I guess so - who the hell are you?") Sally Kobee was the hit of one party with her bottle of blue creme soda. (Yes, blue; more or less the color of Windex. Seeing it being quaffed was enough to unnerve some spectators. I tried to get her to pour a few drops into a drink George Bacher wasn't around at the moment to defend, but she wouldn't do it. A pity; George's face would have been so expressive....) I wonder if the hotel ever found out that it now owns an original Freas sketch? (Or did you steal it, after all, Gordy?) Sales were dismal, but despite being a huckster I didn't go to the con just to sell, so I enjoyed myself. Hucksters were selling to each other; Ken Fickle bought so much more stuff than he sold that I had to bring back part of his acquisitions for him. (For a small fee....)

This is a valiant attempt to get another issue out before the postal increase. From here, it doesn't look like we'll make it, but we can but try. Next issue may be some distance in the future, since Juanita will be busy writing - and I should be. (This is as many issues so far this year as we got out all last year, anyway, so we're ahead of the game to date.)

Various trips and excursions since the last issue. Marcon was a nice enough con, but for us...well, it wasn't precisely an unmitigated disaster. Call it a mitigated disaster. Juanita had received a request to

I succeeded in a cherished ambition and got Yang the Nauseating's autograph on a copy of THE MONGOLS IN HISTORY. (But you still owe me a copy of COLD CASH WAR, Bob.....)

Our recent venture was a jaunt to Milwaukee and Chicago, May 19 thru 22. I had idly thought of combining this trip with X-Con, or perhaps going up over Memorial Day weekend. That dreaming got a rude jolt when the Field Museum sent Juanita a reminder that May 21 was the final day for the "Golden Treasures of Peru" exhibit. A few hasty phone calls were made, and we took off. Going up took longer than we had planned; last winter left some of Indiana's roads in sad shape. State Road 5 was closed for repairs, and we were detoured onto State Road 105. Why, I don't know; it would have been easier - and much smoother - to have routed traffic through the nearest pasture. (Or the nearest rock quarry, for that matter.) But we enjoyed Milwaukee, visited the Government Printing Office outlet, a more normal bookstore, two record stores, and the art museum. Juanita and Bev DeWeese went to a movie while Gene and I tried to play chess. (I'm not sure what the results were, but they definitely weren't chess.) Sunday morning we drove down to Chicago, had lunch in the Field basement (with, unexpectedly, Neil Rest and friend Susan, who had also rushed in at the last minute to see the exhibit), and saw the Peruvian exhibit and some of a North American Indian exhibit. The Peruvian artifacts aren't as spectacular as the Egyptian ones we saw last year, but they're interesting. Very little Inca material - the Spaniards got most of that - this was almost all pre-Inca. So Juanita didn't get much research out of it for her novel, though I suppose every little bit helps. Then on to Bob and Ann Passovoy's house and more famnish conversation with the Passovoys and De Peterson. Long drive home Monday, but all in all it was well worth it.

Got home to find awaiting me 9 review books, two packages from Robert Hale Ltd. containing the British editions of WOMBATS that I'd ordered (the Doubleday edition sold out, leaving me caught short with only 3 copies on hand), 12 newspapers, 2 fanzines, 2 magazines, 9 letters, a couple of checks, and uncounted ads. Took awhile to catch up with that.

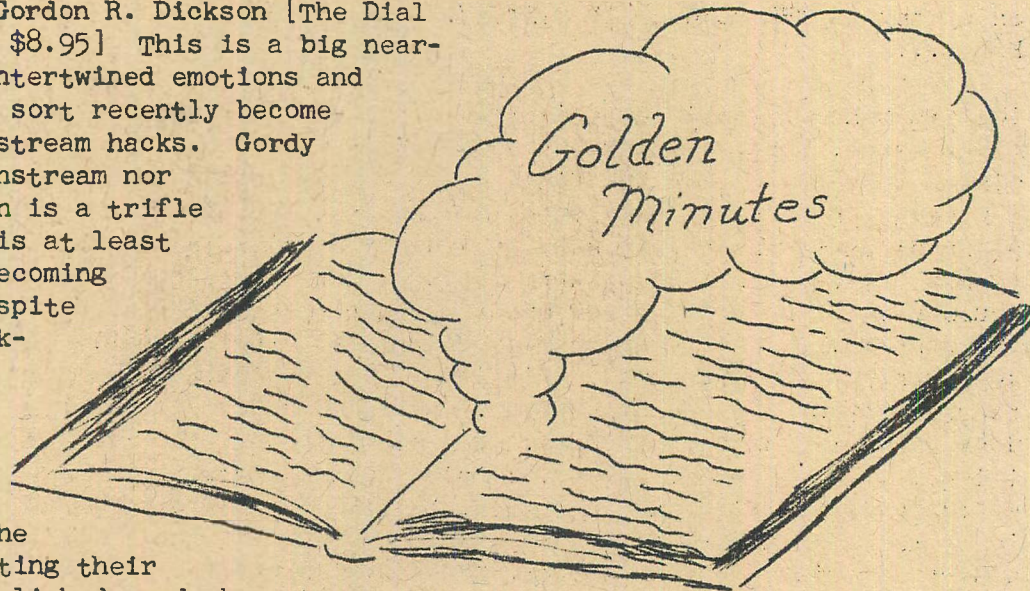
I must say it's hard for a diabetic to cheat on his diet when he's eating with both his wife and an M.D. I suspected Bob Passovoy of trying to starve me - especially when I saw the portion of ice cream he dished out for dessert.....

My permit to carry a pistol off my own property finally arrived (I applied the first week in January; it arrived the middle of April). So I bought a handgun as a sort of advance birthday present for myself. Since I had the permit I didn't have to be fingerprinted and wait 7 days to collect the gun. I could walk right out of the store with it - after I had spent a half-hour filling out forms, showing my driver's license to prove I was me, etc. I keep reading these articles that say you can buy a handgun in this country as easily as you do a sack of groceries, and Something Should Be Done. They're all bullshit, you know. I have no doubt that there are places where one can walk in, plunk down your money, and walk out with the gun - but they're operating illegally. The Something that should be done is trying to enforce the present gun control laws, but that might infringe on the rights of the criminals, so it's not done. (But the next law, of course, will solve everything.)

I just cut a clipping out of the Saturday Fort Wayne paper. Man was convicted of drunken driving and "causing the death of a woman motorist". A witness said he was "traveling at high speed" and ran a red light; the defendent said he was so drunk he didn't remember the accident. Sentence? Five years - suspended. Didn't even lift his driver's license, according to the paper. Moral; if you murder someone, do it with a socially approved weapon. Guns are bad and should be banned, but automobiles are more important than people, and the fact that the victim is equally dead from either cause doesn't count. I probably shouldn't have even used the term "murder"; it's not murder if you do it with a car.

Whether or not we get this out before May 29, we probably won't publish the next issue until late summer. (We have some material for it; a story of far-future adventure and strange lusts by Sandra Miesel. But I would like to remind our readers that we seldom if ever ask for material. We accept - or reject - what comes in, and we don't have a big backlog. This issue was to catch up on letters and clippings; next couple will be more varied - we hope.

THE FAR CALL, by Gordon R. Dickson [The Dial Press/James Wade, \$8.95] This is a big near-future novel of intertwined emotions and ambitions, of the sort recently become popular with mainstream hacks. Gordy being neither mainstream nor hack, his approach is a trifle different, but this at least has a chance of becoming a best-seller, despite its quality. Background is a two-ship manned mission to Mars; storyline is divided between the problems of the astronauts in getting their experiments accomplished, and the politicking back on Earth, where



the journey is simply a grandiose maneuver to shore up precarious international solidarity and take the public's mind off its troubles. The trip is ostensibly an international mission, with each of the astronauts picked from a different country or bloc. Most of the interest lies in the politicking; the major protagonist is the US Undersecretary for the Development of Space, a man who, unlike his superiors and his European associates, really believes in the future of space exploration. Interestingly, the author skimps on descriptions of the actual experiments to be accomplished on the trip, though much is said about the fact that there are too many of them. (One of the differences in approach; someone like Crichton or Drury would have been very informative about the experiments, in an effect to lend verisimilitude to the story. Stf authors are increasingly less interested in hardware than are their mainstream contemporaries.) Overall, it's a good, solid story. No sense of wonder at all, but enjoyable reading.

THE GIRL WITH THE JADE GREEN EYES, by John Boyd [Viking Press, \$8.95] A much smaller book for the price; about standard length for stf novels. Our forest ranger hero encounters a group of aliens camping in his park; their leader is the girl of the title, and she wants to borrow a cup of uranium to get her spaceship going again. There are the predictable reactions of government officials and scientists, and the gradual disclosure of what sort of creatures the aliens are. Not terribly exciting, but some interesting biological theories, and the story is well-told. Nag your library into getting a copy, or look for the paperback next year.

QUAG KEEP, by Andre Norton [Atheneum, \$7.95] Considering the number of science-fictional chess stories, and the recent popularity of fantasy board games, I guess it was inevitable that someone should write a novel based on "Dungeons and Dragons". It's not one of Norton's best books, but it's readable. The plot seems to jerk forward rather than flow smoothly; a fault hard to overcome when the story is based on a game with specific moves. And the characters are somewhat one-dimensional, possibly due to their being pieces in a game, with specific attributes rather than arbitrarily selected. Still, it's a fast-paced swords-and-sorcery (especially sorcery!) adventure, with a host of more or less interesting creatures. It could also be the start of an endless series, considering the ending, but I'd almost bet it won't be; Norton seldom writes more than two or three books about the same characters. I enjoyed reading it, which is the major reason for picking up a book.

MASTERS OF SHADES AND SHADOWS, edited by Seon Manley & Gogo Lewis [Doubleday, \$7.95] This is subtitled "An Anthology of Great Ghost Stories"; it's an odd-sized volume with

probably as good a collection of ghost stories as one could assemble. (The ghost story, by its nature, is severely limited; the authors here provide as much variety as one is likely to get in the field.) Included are "To Be Taken With A Grain Of Salt," by Charles Dickens, "The Secret of the Growing Cold," by Bram Stoker, "The Dream Woman," by Wilkie Collins, "Ligeia," by Edgar Allen Poe, "The White Cat," by J. Sheridan le Fanu, "Nothing But the Truth," by Rhoda Broughton, "The Lost Ghost," by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, "The Looking-Glass," by Walter de la Mare, "The Real Right Thing," by Henry James, "The Furnished Room," by O. Henry, "The Ghosts," by Lord Dunsany, "Rats," by M.R. James, "The Thing in the Moonlight," by H.P. Lovecraft, "Escort," by Daphne du Maurier, "The Lake," by Ray Bradbury, and "The Rock," by Shirley Jackson. One benefit is that there are not the best-known stories of their authors; most of them I'd never encountered before. Of the lot, Shirley Jackson's is probably the best-written and most unusual, though Freeman, Henry James, Bradbury, and du Maurier are all good, and M.R. James has a particularly ghastly traditional story. In fact, Stoker, le Fanu, and Poe produce the only outright failures; apparently their little-known stories are little-known for good reason. Overall it's quite good if you're in the mood for ghosts; a trifle pedestrian if you're used to more variety in your horror anthologies.

THE MEN FROM P.I.G. and R.O.B.O.T., by Harry Harrison [Atheneum, \$5.95] A very small book containing two short novelets, originally in Analog, if I recall correctly. Moderately humorous pieces spoofing the interstellar agent idea; our heroes show up with totally unlikely assistants and proceed to make fools of the opposition without any particular difficulty; the main objective in the rather thin plots is to discover who is doing the dastardly deeds. A little thin for the veteran fan, but not bad for a juvenile.

THE FIRST KINGDOM, by Jack Katz [Wallaby, \$5.95] An illustrated novel, or a comic-book with delusions of grandeur, take your choice. (Author and publisher prefer the first option...) A large-sized (9x12") book, with about 200pp., and from 4 to a dozen or more illustrations per page. The plot is fairly intricate swords-and-sorcery. Characterization is about standard for comic books (meaning none), and artwork is good by comics standards and acceptable by magazine/book standards. (It's moderately difficult to tell the characters apart, because all the beautiful naked women look alike, all aliens/gods/monsters of a particular breed look alike, etc.) But there is much more detail shown than you'd get in a commercial comicbook. Each individual illustration is almost good enough for a magazine illo; it's just that they start looking monotonous when you look thru all of them. Comics fans should enjoy it; the younger swords-and-sorcery fans should be impressed by the tangled plot. For the rest of us, it's different, and I hope it's not a harbinger or things to come.

STRANGE HAPPENINGS, by Paul Bannister [Grosset & Dunlap, \$6.95] A fanzine-sized, 150-page paperback of modern miracles: psi powers, fortunetellers, three women who were kidnapped by creatures from a flying saucer, the discoveries of van Daniken, bleeding statues, faith healers, and so on. There are numerous photos, mostly of the people to whom these miraculous experiences happened. The writing is about standard for this sort of thing, as is the level of credulity. Buy it if you need a good laugh.

WHAT IS THE WORLD MADE OF?, by Gerald Feinberg [Anchor Press, \$3.95] An attempt to produce a book about modern physics without using math terms and diagrams. (Juanita should love it.) I suppose I'm a good test for its comprehensibility, since not only has it been over 30 years since I was in school, I never took physics when I was studying. (Due to scheduling problems; I took every high school science course I could get because I liked the teacher; I suppose he's partly responsible for getting me into science fiction.) Anyway, I missed that basic grounding by the middle of Chapter 3, and more so the farther I read. Feinberg is no Asimov; he tends to leap to "obvious" conclusions which weren't obvious at all, to me. I'd have appreciated a bit more on how to get from here to there. But I did manage to follow it, in

general -- and if I could do it, most of you should be able to; you've had science courses more recently. A reasonably good book for the interested layman.

A TIME FOR TRUTH, by Hans Hellmut Kirst [Probably remaindered by now! A detective novel set in modern Germany. As usual, Kirst uses the plot to support a denunciation of the privileged classes -- in this case, the German newspaper publishers and a few assorted politicians and industrial bigots. Not one of his best books, but worth reading. (And instructive; the German mentality is so close to the American one.) I enjoyed it. (Now if I can just find time to read the other two Kirst books I have in the stack...)]

MINDFLIGHT, by Stephen Goldin [Fawcett, \$1.75] A telepathic secret agent with problems. First, his telepathy is about to overload on him, which will either kill him or drive him crazy -- or both. Second, his own side is out to dispose of him because it's official policy to dispose of agents before they can go off their rockers and embarrass the department. (Actually, the reasoning behind this part is extremely shaky, but Goldin keeps things moving fast enough so that most readers won't notice.) So his job is to escape -- and if possible find out how to handle his uncontrolled telepathy. It's a nice action story; nothing serious but fast-paced and reasonably enjoyable.

GATEWAY, by Frederik Pohl [Ballantine/Del Rey, \$1.95] A guilt-ridden former space-man tries to come to terms with himself by reliving his past in a psychiatrist's office. Interesting frame; not entirely successful, from my point of view. Action scenes become relatively few and unimportant; what we're searching for is the source of our protagonist's guilt. Science is subordinate to psychology. (And mathematics is thrown out the window. Pohl says that so far only about 300 Heechee ships have been activated, and he says that missions have a steady 15 percent loss. So after a total of 1920 trips, you're out of ships. Implications are that the Gateway has seen far more trips than that; the establishment shown couldn't have been built up on that few trips.) One of the basic problems of this sort of novel is that since the interaction of characters is the whole story, you must make those characters interesting. Pohl does only a mediocre job of it. Nice idea, acceptable writing, but no classic.

MOONSTAR ODYSSEY, by David Gerrold [Signet, \$1.50] Coming of age in a totally alien society, Jobe not only has the problems of graduating from child to adult, but of choosing between male and female, since in her society the child is sexless until puberty and then makes a conscious -- or unconscious -- choice. Gerrold has spiced it up a bit for feminists by using the female pronoun in all cases: grandfathers, trees, dogs, and boats are all "her". Not a lot of story, but a very interesting society. (Of course, I find identity crises boring anyway. I'm sure a lot of fans will identify with the protagonist.

THE FORBIDDEN TOWER, by Marion Zimmer Bradley [DAW #256, \$1.95] A thick one; I even put off reading it for a while because I wasn't sure when I'd ever get it finished. This is a direct sequel to THE SPELL SWORD; the protagonists of that book are definitely not living happily ever after. The entire book is emotional/psychological. There is no action, so if you want action go read something else. The protagonists are slowly, agonizingly, working out what amounts to a group marriage. (Given a little detail like telepathy, I think Marion's idea would work fine, and she handles the idea very well. There are all too many idiots wanting to try the same thing on Earth, but that's their problem.) Marion is becoming quite good at getting emotions down on paper, moreso than most sf writers. Not my type of book at all, but I think it's one of the best novels of 1977 anyway.

THE BLUE HAWK, by Peter Dickinson [Del Rey/Ballantine \$1.95] An early Sumerian or Egyptian type civilization is the background. Protagonist is a temple acolyte who commits an unspeakable act and is thus thrown into matters far beyond him. There is

the clash between a king who wants changes because the land is dying and the priests who insist that the gods have ordained matters. (And even the king doesn't know what's wrong or what to do; he simply believes that change might halt the decay. The reader knows that centuries of irrigation is silting -- and salting -- the land, just as it's doing in our southwest today. But the characters in the book have no way of knowing it.) It's fantasy only in that the country is imaginary; otherwise it's a straightforward account of a primitive society, and a very good one.

THE LISTENERS, by James Gunn [Dignet, \$1.50] Six short stories, five of them previously published in the magazines, linked into an episodic novel. Background is an extrapolation of Project Ozma, listening for alien contacts. Not really a lot to base a series of stories on, one would think, but Gunn gets through two of them before there's even an alien answer, and humanity never does go storming out to meet the aliens. Overall it's low-keyed and fairly believable.

WITH FRIENDS LIKE THESE, by Alan Dean Foster [Del Rey/Ballantine, \$1.75] A collection of short stories. Includes the title story (the problem of asking help from supermen), "Some Notes Concerning a Green Box" (a moderately amusing Cthulhu fragment), "Why Johnny Can't Speed" (an extrapolation of California driving), "The Emo-man" (the ultimate drug experience), "Space Opera" (a first contact story with a punchline that doesn't quite make it), "The Empire of T'ang Lang" (an entymological alien environment), "A Miracle of Small Fishes" (national politics and small miracles, the sort of story that used to appear regularly in the Saturday Evening Post), "Dream Done Green" (the mystic relationship between man -- or female teenager, to be precise -- and horse), "He" (leviathan?), "Polonaise" (an alternate history that I don't think much of), "Wolfstroker" (magic -- or vibes, perhaps? -- of music, taken literally), and "Ye Who Would Sing" (the last of a beautiful and unique species). Overall, there isn't a great story in the lot, but most are enjoyable and well worth reading.

SON OF THE WHITE WOLF, by Robert E. Howard [Berkley, \$1.95] Another in Berkley's matched set of Howard. This includes three more or less Arabian novelets: the title story, "Blood of the Gods," and "The Country of the Knife". All three feature the American adventurer, Gordon, a strong, devil-may-care, steely-eyed hero indistinguishable from all the others of his ilk in the pulp adventure magazines and "B" movies of the era. The plots are fairly simple, but acceptable for adventure stories.

THE BEST OF L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP [Del Rey/Ballantine, \$1.95] Includes one article, "Language for Time Travelers," and 17 stories: "Hyperpilosity," "The Command," "The Merman," "Employment," "The Gnarly Man," "Reward of Virtue," "Nothing in the Rules," "The Hardwood Pile," "The Reluctant Shaman," "The Inspector's Teeth," "The Guided Man," "The Ameba," "Judgment Day," "A Gun for Dinosaur," "The Emperor's Fan," "Two Yards of Dragon," and "The Little Green Men," plus a foreword by Poul Anderson and an afterword by the author. The best? With any prolific writer, it's hard to tell. Personally, I'd have included "Living Fossil" (a story which confirmed me not only as a fan of de Camp, but of science fiction, and which is seldom reprinted), and probably "Throwback". And I never saw "The Command" as best of anything; but the Johnny Black series was popular in its day and I suppose it must be represented. As far as that goes, it's hard to find a de Camp story that I don't like, so these are a good representation. Most of them are humorous, which is one reason I like them; one of the major flaws in science fiction is that fans, authors, and editors take themselves and their product too seriously. This is probably the best book of this issue's lot.

NEW WRITINGS IN SF #28, edited by Ken Bulmer [Corgi, 70p] The longest-running, and NEW WRITINGS IN SF #29, edited by Ken Bulmer [Corgi, 75p] best, series of original-story anthologies. Though I think it's declining a bit in quality lately. #28 includes "What Happened to William Coombes," by Angela Rogers (the overpopulated future; good), "The Banks of the Nile," by Ritchie Smith and Thomas Penman (a medieval future, with the British dirigible fleet dominating Europe and treachery rampant; excellent),

"The Bones of Bertrand Russell," by Brian Aldiss (I didn't read it), "On the Inside," by Robert Holdstock (overthrowing the dictator, and the point that not all rebels have the same motives; fair), "The Great Plan," by Leroy Kettle (the ultimate decadence; poor), "Face to Infinity," by E.C. Tubb (a science-fictional horror story; poor), "The Call of the Wild," by Manuel van Loggem (extrapolation of British driving habits; amusing), "Wordsmith," by Bryn Forsey (I was hoping for something better than the predictable irony; I didn't get it), and "Manganon," by Michael Stall (an alien world that embodies adventure, philosophic discussion of the reasons for its existence, and no answers). Overall: enough good stories to make this one worth reading. #29 includes "Double Summer Time," by Cherry Wilder (a strange alien invasion; fair), "The Z Factor," by Ernest Hill (the self-made king of the future underworld with a few non-human genes; mediocre), "A Space for Reflection," by Brian Aldiss (unread), "Random Sample," by E.C. Tubb (first contact with aliens; fair), "Sentences to a Scheherazadean Death," by David H. Walters (an absolutely lovely bit of humor that ought to make someone's "Best Of" collection in this country), "Between the Tides," by Donald Malcolm (an alien culture meeting a crisis with extremely human emotions; poor), "Young Tom," by Dan Morgan (black humor of the overpopulated future; enjoyable), and "In the Coma Condition," by Charles Partington (the symbols of catastrophe; pretentious). Overall: if someone will reprint the Walters story there's no real need to bother with this one; otherwise, there is.)

THE 1978 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF, edited by Don Wollheim with Art Saha [DAW #288, \$1.95] Fair-sized; 270pp for your money. Includes "In the Hall of the Martian Kings," by John Varley, "A Time to Live," by Joe Haldeman, "The House of Compassionate Sharers," by Michael Bishop, "Particle Theory," by Ed Bryant, "The Taste of the Dish and the Savor of the Day," by John Brunner, "Jeffy Is Five," by Harlan Ellison, "The Screwfly Solution," by Racoon Sheldon, "Eyes of Amber," by Joan Vinge, "Child of the Sun," by James Gunn, and "Brother," by Clifford Simak. The Sheldon and Varley are definitely the best of the year. Vinge, Brunner, and Haldeman are good. Simak and Ellison are readable, though I wouldn't consider either the best of anything. The rest I could easily do without.

THE OPHIUCHI HOTLINE, by John Varley [Dell, \$1.50] A complicated novel; I think Varley has been studying A.E. van Vogt. (If so, he improved on the original.) There are alien invaders who have seized Earth, humanity spread over the rest of the solar system with one mad politician determined to reconquer the mother planet, a stream of scientific information coming from Ophiuchi for no reason anyone can discover until the climax of the book, clones, symbiotic relationships, secret laboratories; the works. There is one big fat flaw in the opening of the book; the entire jail delivery sequence is nonsensical. Since Tweed already had his clones, which he ends up using anyway, he has no reason at all to take the risk of freeing the original from jail. (From the author's viewpoint, it makes an intriguing opening for the story, but it violates internal consistency.) Other than that, it's a moderately entertaining book, but I have problems in getting interested in anything that starts out that badly.

TIME FOR THE STARS, by Robert A. Heinlein [Del Rey/Ballantine, \$1.75] One of the Heinlein juveniles; neither the best nor the worst of them. Interesting idea; telepathic twins used as communicators for an interstellar exploration, one of them going with the ship and one staying on Earth. (This being a juvenile adventure, of course the protagonist is the one who goes along; a modern "adult" writer would concentrate on the emotional problems of the one who stays. In fact, there's a free story idea for somebody, but not for me.) There have been advances in the theory of telepathy since this was written, but it's still a good juvenile adventure story.

DAY OF THE MINOTAUR, by Thomas Burnett Swann [Ace, \$1.50] Swann's version of Beauty and the Beast, and one of his best books. His Beasts are far more interesting people than the humans of most authors' works.

THE DRAGON AND THE GEORGE, by Gordon R. Dickson [Ballantine/Del Rey, \$1.95] Quick reprinting, but worth it. If you didn't read this humorous account of man-turned-into-dragon and his Quest the first time around, by all means get it now.

OPERATION CHAOS, by Poul Anderson [Berkley, \$1.75] Reprint of Poul's stories of a werewolf and a witch operating together against the forces of evil. Originally there were 4 stories; these have been more or less amalgamated into a novel; unserious, but generally fun. This edition has a particularly hideous cover.

REBIRTH, by John Wyndham [Del Rey/Ballantine, \$1.75] An after-the-Bomb novel, with a few mutants driven into hiding or exile by a Puritanical society determined to keep humanity unchanged. It's quite good, and I haven't noticed any reprints in the last 10 years or so. If it's new to you, get a copy.

A TOUCH OF STRANGE, by Theodore Sturgeon [DAW #286, \$1.95] Reprint of a Sturgeon collection. Includes "Mr Costello, Hero," "The Touch of Your Hand," "Affair With a Green Monkey," "A Crime for Llewellyn," "It Opens the Sky," "A Touch of Strange," "The Other Celia," "The Pod in the Barrier," and "The Girl Had Guts". Original publication dates in the 1950s, which wasn't Sturgeon's best period. But there aren't any bad Sturgeon stories, so this set is recommended.

THE MEZENTIAN GATE, by E.R. Eddison [Ballantine/Del Rey, \$2.25] Final book in the Zimiamvian Trilogy. I never cared all that much for the trilogy, but if you love sonorous prose, this is for you. Background is rather deliberately stereotyped medieval realm, with stately castles, characters, and catastrophes. You name it, it's stately.

UNDER A CALCULATING STAR, by John Morressy [Popular Library, \$1.50] I reviewed the hardcover a while back. Acceptable if unmemorable space opera.

HAWKSBILL STATION, by Robert Silverberg [Berkley, \$1.75] Reprint of a Silverberg novel that got a lot of (to my mind) undeserved attention when it first appeared. (Not that it's badly written; it's just somewhat dull.) New foreword by the author. Cover is rather fitting; unusual but dull.

WHEN THE STAR KINGS DIE, by John Jakes [ACE, \$1.75] Speaking of bad covers, this one is a candidate for Most Atrocious of the Year. It looks like a 1940s Amazing Stories. (Deliberately, one assumes, since Ebel is an excellent artist.) Actually, that's about where the plot belongs, too. Revolution against the overlords of space. Adequate but totally unmemorable. I see Ace has boosted the thickness of the book with large print and wide margins -- Jakes is now associated with big thick books in the public mind?

AGENT OF CHAOS, by Norman Spinrad [Popular Library, \$1.50] According a new introduction, this book has become somewhat of a cult object for leftist radicals. (Which doesn't really mean all that much; leftist radicals tend to make cult objects out of anything handy, even Heinlein.) The book is an overthrow-the-Establishment plot, possibly a little wilder and more emotional than most of the breed. It has nothing else in particular to recommend it, not even memorability.

THE WARLORD OF THE AIR, by Michael Moorcock [DAW #291, \$1.50] One of Moorcock's attempts at writing an 1890s science fiction novel. It comes across rather well, actually, or at least it does to anyone who has struggled through many of the originals. I don't know what a newcomer to science fiction would make of it. As a parody, it's fun.

TRANSIT, by Edmund Cooper [Ace, \$1.50] Reprint of one of Cooper's many mediocre novels.

VOYAGE TO ARCTURUS, by David Lindsay [Ballantine, \$1.95] When this was first reprinted by Ballantine in 1968, several friends told me that I should read it, and I said I would, RealSoonNow, and forgot about it until this reprint appeared. Okay, people; I tried. I didn't get too far, but I struggled into the idiotic philosophy as far as I could. This is a religious/philosophical work, originally published somewhere around the turn of the century, if I recall correctly.

DAVID STARR, SPACE RANGER, by Isaac Asimov [Fawcett, \$1.50] The first and fourth LUCKY STARR AND THE BIG SUN OF MERCURY, by Asimov [Fawcett, \$1.50] books in Asimov's juvenile Lucky Starr series. A bit elementary for adult fans; but apparently quite popular with the younger neofans and youngsters in general.

SUN OF SKRATOGA, by Joseph Altsheler [Tempo, 95 cents] I stopped dead when I saw this on one the stands; I was reading Altsheler books when I was 10 years old, and they weren't new then; the Warsaw, Indiana, library had a complete battered set of his Civil War series. No previous copyright given, which I assume means it's expired. I bought this for nostalgia. It's a Revolutionary War background, not as bad as I was expecting (but almost), and you won't learn anything about history from it. I found it quite nostalgic; God knows what today's readers will make of it.

CROCODILE ON A SANDBANK, by Elizabeth Peters [Dodd, Mead, 1975]. Background of 1880s archaeology in Egypt. The heroine kept reminding me of Bev DeWeese; more or less by accident she falls in with a pair of archaeologists and is determined to drag them, kicking and screaming, up to her standards of efficiency. (Bev is doing the same thing with the Milwaukee Library system.) Coupled with some scenes from various old "Mummy" movies, it provides a fascinatingly funny historical romance. (Not fantasy; this animated mummy is a fake.) So far, I believe it's the most enjoyable Peters/Michaels book that I've read. (Anyone having a secondhand copy for sale, let me know; I read a library copy.)

THE CAMELOT CAPER, by Elizabeth Peters [Hawthorn, 1969] JACKAL features modern Egypt-
THE JACKAL'S HEAD, by Elizabeth Peters [Meredith Press, 1968] is an archaeology and a more typical gothic heroine. Readable if not memorable. CAMELOT is sort of English archaeology; a few slapstick chase scenes, but again nothing memorable.

GREYGALLOWS, by Barbara Michaels [Dodd, Mead 1972] Fair standard historical romance, innocent heroine, dastardly plot and all.

LEGEND IN GREEN VELVET, by Elizabeth Peters [Fawcett, \$1.50] More modern English archaeology, though actually the beleaguered heroine never gets to turn a spade or wash a potsherd; she's on the run before she gets to the site. Fairish; I think I read the best Peters book (CROCODILE) first, since the rest have been disappointing.

Following are the items that I haven't read and don't intend to read; they're available if you want to try them.

CITY OF THE SUN, by Brian Stableford [DAW #289, \$1.50] Fourth in the Daedulus series.

KALIN, by E.C. Tubb [Ace, \$1.50] Reprint of one of the early Dumarest novels.

SAVAGE SCORPIO, by Alan Burt Akers [DAW #285, \$1.50] Sixteenth in the Dray Prescott series.

KIOGA OF THE UNKNOWN LAND, by William L. Chester [DAW #290, \$1.95] Fourth in the Kioga series, which wasn't a bad Tarzan imitation, if you go for such things.

PSYCHIC CHILDREN, by Samuel H. Young [Pocket Books, \$1.75] Pretty much covered by the title. Allegedly non-fiction.

ULTIMATE ENCOUNTER, by Bill Barry [Pocket Books, \$1.75] Subtitled "The True Story of a UFO Kidnapping". Yes, indeedy.

THE VIOLENT MAN, by A.E. van Vogt [Pocket Books, \$1.95] Non-fantasy novel of an American captive of the Chinese; brainwashing and so on. Actually, this might be quite acceptable, but I seem to have developed a phobia against recent van Vogt novels.

HASAN, by Piers Anthony (Borgo Press, \$3.95) Trade type paperback. Unlike the above few items, I did read this one; it's at the end of the column because I just finished it. Lovely wrap-around cover and several underinked interiors by George Barr. This is an Arabian Nights sort of novel, and very well done. Hero is an idiot, but all Arabian Nights heroes tend to be a bit dim in the upper story. Piers is at his best when he's not required to portray normal humans, and here he doesn't have to; characters can be as arbitrary as he likes as long as they follow the same sort of arbitrariness that the originals had. If you like this sort of thing, it's quite good. A rather thin book, but very small print; wordage is well up there. Book includes an excessively poor afterword by Richard Mathews; I recommend skipping that. Otherwise, if you like florid fantasies, here is one.

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CONS AND STUFF

Autoclave, July 21-23. Information from Leah Zeldes, 21961 Parklawn, Oak Park, MI 48237. Sheraton Southfield hotel. Registration \$5 now, \$6 after July 1, \$7 at door. Detroit area. Guests Terry Hughes and Derek Carter.

ARCHON 2, July 14-16. Information from Archon, P.O. Box 15852, Overland, MO 63114. Stan Musial & Biggie's Hilton Inn, St. Louis. Registration \$5 now, \$8 after July 1. C. J. Cherryh and Rusty Hevelin, guests.

DeepSouthCon, June 2-4. Information from Heritage Press, Inc., P.O. Box 721, Forest Park, GA 30050. Registration \$7.50 now, \$10 at door. Atlanta, Georgia. Guests Clifford Simak and Gahan Wilson; Kelly Freas is MC.

NUTRIA CON was in New Orleans May 19-21. Hope you all had fun...

Bubonicon #10, Aug. 25-27. Information from Albuquerque SF Society, c/o Mike Kring, Apt. 213, 6413 Academy NE, Albuquerque, NM 87109. At a Ramada Inn. Guest, Gordon Dickson. Membership \$3.75 until Aug. 15; \$6.65 after that.

And for those of you looking well ahead....

Chattacon 4, Jan. 5-7, 1979. Information from Chattacon 4, P.O. Box 21173, Chattanooga, TN 37421. Chattanooga Sheraton hotel. Membership \$7 thru Dec. 18, \$9 after. Alan Dean Foster is featured speaker; Cliff Amos is MC.

Northamericon, Aug. 30-Sept. 3, 1979. Information from Northamericon, P.O. Box 58009, Louisville, KY 40258. Membership \$10 until Sept. 30, \$15 after that. At Galt House, Louisville. Guests Frederik Pohl and George Scithers; Toastmaster Lester del Rey.

Various news notes. F&SF announces an increase in rates of payment, to 4¢ per word for the first 10,000 words, 3¢ thereafter. ASIMOV'S SF ADVENTURE MAGAZINE will be out at the end of June; it's a companion to ISAAC ASIMOV'S SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE and intended as a modern version of PLANET or TWS. Nice pay rates, too; somewhat above those of F&SF.//I've been told that the first books of Kelly Freas's "Starblaze Books" line are ready for distribution as of now; may or may not be on sale by the time you get this. (Do I get review copies, Kelly?)//Otterburn Associates, P.O. Box 1896, St. Paul, MN 55111, has available some out-of-print hardcovers by Gordon Dickson. Write them for particulars. (Otterburn is one of Gordy's sidelines; in effect if you buy from them you're buying from the author.)

A FEW MORE NEW ADDRESSES

Jan Howard Finder, P.O. Box 428, Latham, NY 12110

Bruce D. Arthurs, 4522 E. Bowker, Phoenix, AZ 85040

Sam & Mary Long, 1338 Crestview Drive, Springfield, IL 62702

Art Saha, 66 Brunlar Court, Apt. C-28, Cooperstown, NJ 13326

Mark Olson, Dept. of Chemistry, Ohio Univ., Athens, OH 45701 (see you at Midwestcon?)

Bill Conner, 14 Sayre Court, Madison, NJ 07940

CRUMBLES

Ed Cagle, Star Rt So Box 80, Locust Grove OK 74352

I believe the stories about pioneers getting lost in a blizzard between the house and the barn. I've seen it that bad a time or two, when the wind was strong, and once when it was just snowing that much. The oddest experience I've had in snow happened several years ago, in Kansas. I worked for a heavy equipment contractor at the time, and when a big blizzard would hit we would work for rural townships clearing roads. Ordinarily we would wait until the storm passed, usually no more than a few days, but this time it was beginning to get serious. Folks were hurting, so to speak, and despite high winds we had to get out and get a few people shook loose. The tree and fence rows along most country roads were all that stopped the snow, which caused some incredible drifts. It was so bad at times that the only way I could tell if I was in the road was by looking for trees or fence posts or wire in the snow I was pushing. And even at that I got far off the track several times, and didn't know about it until the storm passed. One time I noticed a cattle feed bunk roll up in front of the dozer blade, and that suggested I might not be on the road. I was at least 200 feet into a field. Strange sensation.

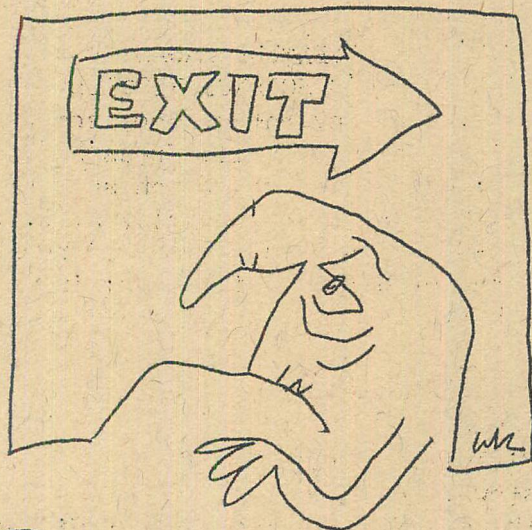
The unsolved girl scout murders case is having a late effect on our summer camp plans. Pre-registration attrition is starting to set in. Whole troops are dropping out. Predictable, I guess. Now the council has decided to close one of the other two council camps to summer camp (no people). A Scout is Brave.

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

Have finally read (years after buying) Gwyn Jones' A HISTORY OF THE VIKINGS and recommend it highly. Author has a keen sense of humor which comes in handy when dealing with some of these incredible personages. I ought to revise that piece I did for Yandro on funny historical names, now having seen a few new candidates: Vikings with nicknames like "Lousebeard" and "Tremble-belly". (Well, they can't all be "Bloodaxe" or "Ironside".)

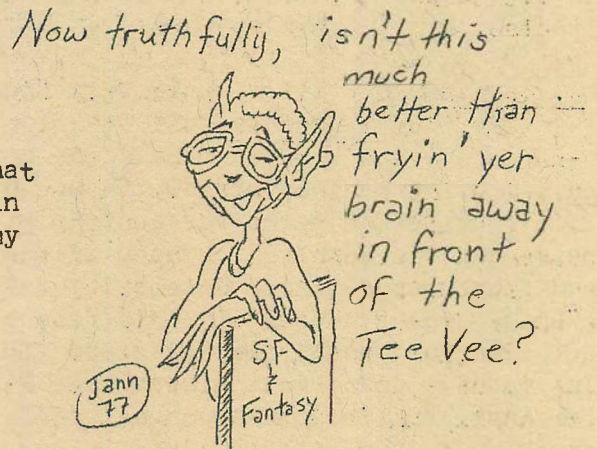
I was glad to see the memoir in print. Jackie's illos are delightfully appropriate. I still don't have the nerve to show it to the nuns themselves. But as a postscript, I might mention that Sr. Emeran is retired from the college and teaching in a high school in Minnesota where she replaced Sr. Joan who's been forced out by ill health. Despite terminal cancer, Sr. Joan continues tutoring chemistry students. She's not one to let dying slow her down. Take my word for it, nothing is tougher than a tough old nun.

HOME FROM THE SHORE is an expansion of Gordy Dickson's novelette of the same name. It's the prequel of SPACE SWIMMERS, not part of it. I still haven't seen the manuscript. My afterword was actually finished before his text. I worked from the short version and explanations furnished by Jim Odbert. But it's going to be a sumptuous production -- I saw the cover at Minicon -- noteworthy even in this current flood of illustrated novels.



Robert E. Gilbert, 509 W. Main Street, Jonesboro TN 37659

I didn't notice the new Western fiction magazine. I've found a magazine called Air Trails. They are publishing the Bill Barnes stories complete with illustrations by Frank Tinsley. The trouble with this magazine is that it costs \$3.00. I was a big Bill Barnes fan in the old days. I even thought I would devote my life to aviation..



[[I have occasionally wondered if it was the same Tinsley who did a number of space oriented illustrations during the early 50s, drawings appearing mostly in the popular science one-shots coming out from, I believe, Fawcett. Perhaps it was a relative of Frank Tinsley, or perhaps not; Foster kept script control on Prince Valiant long after one would have assumed he had retired or gone to his reward. JWC]]

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

I, too, like Barbara Michaels' work, which I first discovered in England. She is really good. I've read most of her books.

Andre Norton has written a couple of Gothics, and I think they are great. She has a real feeling for the genre and she stirs up the shivers beautifully, especially when she is writing about White Jade Foxes.

The aforementioned (in Yan) CALL ME COUNSELOR comes out February 20. One hopes for its success, since Sara deserves it. She is really great. I still think so, and this after finding that one who writes a "by/with" book might as well be a ghost, for that is how they are treated. One interviewer, who shall be nameless, pointedly told me I could not be on the air with Sara because our voices would not blend, etc. This after I had already told her that I had come to meet Sara, not to appear with her. If this sounds like a petty annoyance, I expect it is. But I wish they did not seem to think that writing a book for someone came in the nature of a capital offense. Sara deserves her success, however. She is a real star, and a dedicated woman besides.

An interesting sidelight of Ray Bradbury, whom I used to know -- he thinks that if you do not make it while very young, your chances of being accepted as a writer are not too great. He sold his first story when he was 13; it might even have been 12. He is a very interesting man. I wonder if he still detests automobiles and other related machinery as much as he did when I knew him? He wouldn't learn to drive because he thought the machine was out to get you. Re: that mention of the Pyramid. I wonder why everybody seems to think there is something mysterious going on inside the great Pyramid? From my experience of being inside of it, up and down, it is very hot, and it is very difficult to get to the bottom level; you have to crawl on your hands and knees and there is nothing there when you get there, except dirt. The top levels are easier. You go up a ramp. I think the main mystery of the Great Pyramid is why anybody thinks it's mysterious.

Re: the item about a cat not being a domestic animal. True, I do agree. A cat, as I found out after the recent demise of my cat Zodiac (leukemia), is not a domestic animal at all. A cat is a person. (I should have known that before having written OPHELIA. I know it now more than ever.) Consequently, a cat cannot be stolen. When taken, he or she is kidnapped.

[[Depends on what is meant by "accepted as a writer". I'm never going to be a household word (though Juanita might be) but I was 39 when I sold my first novel and I've managed 6 more (though admittedly I've had help on most of them). And Juan-

ita has sold 13 novels, beginning at age 34.// Of course the machines are out to out to get us, but I consider myself superior to a mere machine (or anything else, if it comes to that...) RSC]]

J. Owen Hanner, 211 W. Lake St., Libertyville IL 60048

My, but Yandro is full of a lot of nice stuff. With your comments as deft as they are I won't have to read the books now. Saves time. Maybe someone can come up with intravenous books. Shoot up in the morning on Silverberg to get going, and get your fix of Malzberg at night to bring you down. Of course, then you'd get intravenous reviews too. Think of the black market that could create. Organizations manufacturing illicit novels. The local authorities siezed a shipment of Asimov's "Lucky Starr" novels with a street value of \$100,000...

A thot popped into my head. If we call heterosexuals straights and homosexuals gays, what do we call bisexuals? Strays? Gates? And if "gates", does that make Frederik Pohl's GATEWAY questionable?

[[Oog... RSC]]

Laurine White, 5408 Leader Ave., Sacramento CA 95841

I think I remember Avram Davidson saying, in his GoH speech at the 1971 Westerncon, that he needed to go to Europe for the research required to write another Peregrine novel (or maybe it was to write a sequel to THE PHOENIX AND THE MIRROR). Anyway, he couldn't afford to pay for the trip.

There is another Jirel of Joiry story, which Lin Carter included in his anthology, REALMS OF WIZARDRY. In "Quesst of the Star Stone", Jirel meets Northwest of Earth.

Pocket Books has just published a new Brak novel, BRAK: WHEN THE IDOLS WALKED, by John Jakes. At this rate, the barbarian will never reach Khurdisan. I'd rather read a fantasy than a realistic novel about medieval peasants. Reading THE DEVIL IN A FOREST really angered me, because Ace had tricked me into buying it.

Did you develop your liking for Benedict Arnold after reading RABBLE IN ARMS? I didn't know who that "Major Arnold" was until the last few pages of the book, when the author mentioned his first name. What a shock!

[[I suppose on-the-spot research is nice, but I can't say I ever found it a necessity(maybe that's why Avram writes better than I do.).// As I recall, I read ARUNDEL first, and met Benedict Arnold there; following it with RABBLE IN ARMS. Kenneth Roberts is wholly to blame for my current interest in history. RSC]]

[[I'd like to go to Peru to do some research on the historical I'm writing now. But it's not possible. I'll just have to make do with armchair travelogues and histories and try to capture the atmosphere -- rarified -- as best I can from here. After all, one of the most famous research sources re the time and area I'm describing was written by a man who never left home. Some of his garnered material eventually proved inaccurate, but a lot of it held up, and it was the definitive work for a long time. JWC]]

John Boston, 225 Baltic Street, Brooklyn NY 11201

Your arguments re the ineffectiveness of gun control laws continue to make little sense to me, primarily because you direct them at a strawman. Nobody denies that you can kill somebody just as dead with a knife, or for that matter with a hack-saw, if you can persuade the victim to stand still long enough. However, I think it's unlikely that many people will. Regardless of how theoretically easy it is to use a knife, it requires a lot more effort -- mental and physical -- to stick a knife into somebody than to point a gun and pull a trigger. You may be just as likely to succeed in killing somebody with a knife, but you're more likely to try in the first place with a gun. A transitory fight or impulse may be enough, and then it's too late. Of course, I confess I've never shot or stabbed anyone, and if you come

up with somebody who has done both I won't have a response, but in terms of common sense I don't find your argument convincing.

The same goes for your argument that passing laws won't solve the problem, or as you put it, "treating the symptoms has yet to cure a disease". The laws against homicide and assault haven't "cured" the "disease" of brutality, any more than gun control will; do you therefore propose repealing them? The question is not whether gun control laws will keep people from shooting each other, but how much they will reduce death and injury from firearms, and whether that saving in life and health justifies the incursion on gun fanciers' liberty.

Your apparent unwillingness to concede that laws would make any difference (correct me if I'm wrong) is pretty unrealistic. Even the drug laws make some difference, as witness the marijuana famines that occurred in New York and elsewhere after Nixon's short-lived intensive anti-smuggling campaign on the Mexican border, and the reductions in heroin supply that have periodically been achieved. They never last, but the enforcement effort is never sustained either.

There is good reason to believe that gun control laws, if passed nationally and not just locally, would make a bigger difference than the drug laws or Prohibition. Guns are harder to hide and bulkier per unit than heroin and therefore less profitable and more dangerous to smuggle. They are harder to produce in your back yard or bathtub than liquor or marijuana (but not impossible -- see enclosed clipping). But most important, the police don't like them. Unlike most "liberal" positions, gun control enjoys widespread support among cops, for reasons that aren't too hard to figure out. It's reasonable to expect the police to be both more enthusiastic and less easily bribed with regard to gun law enforcement than Prohibition or drugs.

Some evidence that gun control laws will make a difference was reported in the New England Journal of Medicine a few months ago; after the recent passage of a gun control law in Massachusetts, there was a decline in gun-related homicides, reversing a long upward trend. (There was a smaller decline in other homicides at the same time, indicating that the murderers didn't all switch over to knives or chopsticks.) The Massachusetts gun law was relatively mild. Rather than proscribing handguns, it established a mandatory one-year jail sentence for violation of the licensing and registration laws. Presumably a national law that addressed possession and sale would have a greater effect, although I certainly don't believe that it would "cure" anything.

Obviously, this is highly circumstantial evidence; but on this kind of question that's the only kind of evidence you're ever going to get. What disturbs me about your arguments, and most anti-gun control arguments that I've seen, is that they don't even address the overall question of how many guns are available, how many flow into the market, how many people are maimed or killed by them, actual rates of use of guns and other weapons under various legal frameworks, etc. Instead, they focus on (usually hypothetical) anecdotes about determined professional criminals, chopstick murderers, etc., without dealing with the fact that these people make up only a part of the gun-toting populace. This kind of argument doesn't respond at all to the common-sense proposition that making guns harder to get and riskier to possess and carry around will reduce the overall rates of violent injury and death.

I think anti-gun control types would serve their cause better by addressing the question on this more systematic level. For example, data on the number of lives saved and/or crimes prevented by armed citizens would be interesting to compare with projected savings in death and injury resulting from gun control laws. It would also be interesting to compare the projected benefits of gun control with the benefits of other restrictions on people's activities. If the 55-mph speed limit is repealed, you'd have a great analogy.

Incidentally, your statement that "treating the symptoms has yet to cure a disease" is not even valid as a metaphor. There have been a couple of cases of people who have survived rabies, one in Ohio and one in Latin America, as I recall. In both cases, the treatment consisted of trying to keep the symptoms from killing the patient, for example, by surgically relieving fluid pressure on the brain. Similarly, it turns out that a major reason cholera is so deadly is the rapid and radical



BAWKIN

dehydration it causes. If someone simply stands by and keeps pouring fluids down the patient, the chances of survival are considerably increased.

And I wonder how you react to people who say that "treating the symptoms" by punishing crime doesn't cure the disease?

Re Juanita's comments on TV: I am a confirmed non-watcher, for reasons I've just recently figured out. It's not just the quality of the programming. Although most TV fare is about as interesting to me as watching a taffy-pulling machine or the spin cycle at the laundromat, there is quite a bit of good stuff too, especially in a place with as many channels as NYC. That's why I bought a TV about fifteen months ago. In the past, I had had access to TV only in my parents' house or in shared living situations like dormitories, and put down my

lack of interest to the fact that there was always a crowd around the set and that I am an antisocial crank. However, even with my own private set right in front of me I have little desire to watch it. Basically, I resent TV's tyrannical nature. You have to watch what's on when it's on; you can't stop watching it to do something else and pick it up again at the same point; you can't go back over anything and you can't skim. This is all right in movies, concerts, and other events outside the home; but at home I resent putting my free time at the service of some anonymous programmer. I much prefer the precious liberty offered by books, records, staring at the wall, reading Yandro, talking to myself, etc. Don't tread on me! Smash co-axial fascism!

Of course, I could buy a Betamax and wrest control from the monster, but why bother? I'd wind up spending more time tending the machine than watching it, and just think of all the books and records I could buy with that much money.

Tucker's proposal for a life of crime may be even safer than he realizes. Frequently, "clearance" rates -- the proportion of crimes the police label as solved -- are based only on arrests. If the suspect is acquitted, if the charges are dismissed, or even if the police realize they've got the wrong person and release the suspect before any court proceedings, the case is labelled as "cleared" for statistical purposes. If the Jacksonville police keep their records in this fashion, even the 30 percent "solution" rate is an exaggeration.

That's not all. The "clearance" rate, by definition, applies only to crimes actually reported to the police. In recent years, there have been a number of "victimization studies," surveys which simply ask the respondents whether they have been the victim of a crime within some recent time span. From these studies, regarded as highly reliable by statisticians, one can estimate "real" crime rates and compare them with rates of reported crime. The results are fairly consistent from city to city: roughly 50 percent of crimes are reported to the police. Obviously, some crimes are more likely to be reported than others. Homicide is generally reported, because someone eventually finds the body; consensual crimes like drug selling are generally not, for obvious reasons.)

These figures make crime look like an even better bet, don't they? They also demonstrate why crime whn't be reduced very much by stiffer sentences; they deal with the wrong end of the problem. Of course, it requires little work, thought, or money to replace "five years" with "ten years" in a statute, and it's easy to explain when you're running for re-election. Figuring out how to catch more criminals in the first place is much more difficult and consequently receives relatively little attention from legislators.

Re Gilliland's proposal to try criminal cases with videotaped testimony, you are correct (in your letter), that depositions are common and that written statements are sometimes accepted in court. That's right -- in civil court cases, where there is no constitutional right to confront witnesses. In criminal cases, the use of hearsay evidence is much more restricted.

Your comments drove me to look up the law in this area. The Supreme Court has

decided several cases involving the use of testimony from a previous trial or a preliminary hearing. In Barber v. Page, decided in 1968, the court struck down a conviction because testimony from a preliminary hearing was read into the record. Even though the defendant was represented by counsel, the court said the Confrontation Clause of the Sixth Amendment was violated. They quoted an older case which said the clause's purpose was to make sure the accused had the opportunity "not only of testing the recollection and sifting the conscience of the witness, but of compelling him to stand face to face with the jury in order that they may look at him and judge by his demeanor upon the stand and the manner in which he gives his testimony whether he is worthy of belief." Therefore, they said, prior testimony could only be used if the witness proved to be actually unavailable after bona fide efforts to obtain his or her presence at trial.

The Supreme Court's latest pronouncement on this question is Mancusi v. Stubbs, decided in 1972. In that case, the witness whose prior trial testimony was read to the jury was out of the country at the second trial, and the court said that he was actually unavailable and therefore upheld the conviction. In the course of the opinion, they explicitly reiterated that the witness must be unavailable for his or her prior testimony to be admitted.

It's pretty clear to me that this rule would be as applicable to videotaped testimony as to a written record, since even a film would be inadequate for purposes of observing demeanor and assessing credibility based on it. And though you are correct that the Supreme Court changes its mind, I don't think there's much likelihood that the requirement of unavailability will be dropped. The Mancusi opinion was written by Rehnquist, the most consistently anti-defendant Justice on the Court. If he didn't believe in the unavailability requirement, believe me, he would have said so, probably more than once.

Finally, there's another practical reason to continue to require all testimony to be given live. The simple fact of being in court has the effect of making some witnesses more truthful. This is not just a myth lawyers and judges use to justify their ceremonies. I used to think so, but on more than one occasion I have seen witnesses (unfortunately, my witnesses) who had stuck doggedly to a particular story at their depositions and in private consultations pull in their horns and offer much less self-serving testimony when actually on the witness stand. It was perfectly obvious to me that they did so because just being in court intimidated them. (Maybe judges should be required to make themselves up like Lon Chaney.)

[[I promised John to run his anti-gun arguments, but they'll be the last. I have no intention of providing a balanced discussion on this; you can get all the anti-gun propaganda you want in million-circulation slick mags; I'm trying to provide a bit of counterbalancing pro-gun propaganda. As for treating the symptoms by punishing criminals -- take a look at any set of crime statistics you want to. It hasn't cured the disease, has it? And in your point about temporary halts in illegal drug supplies, you also make one for me. We have laws controlling the manufacture, sale, and use of guns. Does it really make sense to pass more laws before we try to enforce the ones we have? (It's the standard reaction of any liberal; pass a law, and complain about police brutality when it's enforced. But does it make sense?) And while professional criminals make up only a small fraction of the gun-toting populace, they make up the vast majority of those involved in murders, both as killers and victims. (I believe there are statistics that something like 3/4 of our murderers have previous criminal convictions on their records.) // If you get a timer with your videotaper, you don't have to do much tending of the machine at all. And if you bought books with all that money, your



floors would cave in. (I know; ours are...) RSC]] [[Arguments pro and con on gun control remind me very strongly of another subject where the debate is fierce and life is involved -- and one that is equally endless: abortion. In both cases, neither side is ever going to be persuaded by the other's arguments, and the considerable force, intellectual and emotional, being marshaled is futile. And in both cases there are valid points being made on both sides -- a thing apparent to those on the sidelines, people with undecided or ambiguous opinions. In both cases I have a yearning to ask the antagonists to back off and try to take the long view, accepting our history-in-the-making as part of a changing pattern, but one which goes on. Arguments which are cogent and effective now may be seen in quite a different light in a changed world of the future -- and trying to gamble that the future world will change according to your side of the arguments is putting a lot of trust in your predictive powers, more than I think I'd be willing to risk...I think I'll remain undecided and save my energies for subjects where some resolution is possible. JWC]]

Dean Grennell, P.O. Box DG, Dana Point CA 92629

One of the disquieting aspects of publishing a fanzine over a longish interlude, as I trust you'll've noted, is that it can get a spot spooky to scan over old issues in your files. A year or so back, I was poring over some ancient Grues and came upon a place wherein I was addressing a cross-temporal message to the brave new world of 1967. It had been written perhaps about 1957 and I re-read it circa 1975 or so, by which time '67 was merging with Nineveh & Tyre. And it's always a wee bit of a blast to read the Heinlein of '40 or so and be dazzled to learn that the solar-powered rolling roadways were to appear around 1955.

Mary Long, 1338 Crestview Drive, Springfield IL 62702

Speaking of tv, saw three excellent programmes this week (and will be goggling at WIZARD OF OZ again on Sunday): to wit, THE STRANGE CASE OF THE END OF CIVILISATION AS WE KNOW IT; the BBC-serial of DRACULA; and the parody on documentaries (with sideswipes at history of the Beatles), named THE HUTIES. I wonder how many American viewers realised that there really was a place (a county) called Rutland, before they 'reorganized' the maps in the UK? (Something to do with county boundaries for councils -- but try squeezing your birthplace into an official form when you have to write 'Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, now Tyne & Wear'! I have to specify N'd as it's on the forms, i.e. the birth certificate, etc.) Of course, folks still use the old county names, but for official biz, and correspondence, it's the new ones one has to use...mutter..

Oh, yes. Well, it astonished one to think how we were raised without a fridge and originally no washer -- in fact, the first one we had had a mangle attached, heated by gas, and the clothes were washed by turning the paddle inside, by a handle. My sister and I used to take turns in turning it. (Confessions of a Child Labourer.) No, this was only -- what -- 1959ish, you know; no, perhaps 1955 would be more accurate -- not that long ago. And what amazes me is how huge American fridges are, really too large for just two folk, which is probably what a vast number of households are made of. The only English-sized ones that I've seen are the sort you get in offices. (Of course, we had corner shops and so could go out every day and buy milk or eggs, and didn't need to store things so long.) And frozen food came in very late in England. Even tinned stuff was of small variety, in the 50s -- I remember pineapples in tins, sliced, you know, but only peaches and pears and corned beef in tins too -- though in those days, everyone could afford beef for Sunday, even the relatively poor like us, whereas poultry was a rich man's dish then. We also ate rabbit and pigeon -- I don't remember eating them, but I know we had them. Knowing my soft heart for animals and birds, I expect mum did not reveal the source of the dish I was munching. Then there was ham shank soup. Made a good meal, that, a

shank, or bones, boiled up with split peas and lentils and butter-beans, with dumplings on top. And the ham made another dinner. I still love that homemade ham-shank soup, and mum usually had some when I get home (that was when I was still in England). With stottie-cake, which is a Tyneside delicacy -- it's a flat, round, flour-dusted bread -- my Aunt Belle used to make it for Sunday tea as a treat, and we would have it hot from the oven with jam on (plum and apple from Woolworths, 1/- for half a ton!) Mum made stottie cake mostly to go with soup etc...all this talk of food is making me hungry.

Did you see the bit in the paper about the wretched dog which visited a fence here, lifted his leg, and was promptly electrocuted, because a live wire was down on it (the fence)? Rather sad. I was amazed the owner let the dog out when it was known that for several days there were literally hundreds of live wires down all over the roads, roofs, streets, garages, and what have you. If I had a dog, which I don't, I would be reluctant to let him roam in such circumstances. At least I'd leash him and walk him.

[[I suppose that's what Rutland, Vermont, was named after. And I wondered what happened to Newcastle-upon-Tyne; I used to know some fans there.// Americans seem to keep their refrigerators full, big or not. Some fans I've visited have two; one for food and one for the drinks. RSC]]

Sam Long, address above

In Britain, taxes are due on 6 April, i.e. New Years Day -- Old Style. Back in the 18th Century, the legal year began on Lady Day, 25 March, the Feast of the Annunciation, in the Julian Calendar. When Great Britain went to the Gregorian calendar in, I believe, 1752, the Inland Revenue Department was specifically exempted from the law, so it continued to collect taxes on the old New Years, which is now 13 days behind the Gregorian Lady Day. Thus 6 April our date is 25 March OS. My Penguin Dictionary of Saints says that 6 April is the feast day of St William of Aebelholt, a medieval Franco-Danish saint. There's no saint listed for 15 April. I've thought that the Feast of St Matthew, who was himself a tax collector, would be an appropriate date for taxes to be due on. His day is 21 September.

I don't know about secessionist groups in Australia and elsewhere, but I've always been fascinated by enclaves. I remember at least one fanzine devoted to them. Enclaves are a common European phenomenon -- little bits of Belgium or Holland completely surrounded by Germany, for example, but they occur in the US too; for example the enclave of Illinois on the west side of the Mississippi, the site of an early settlement in the state, now approachable from the Missouri side only. Kaskaskis, I think. I believe there are some similar enclaves along the Wabash, but I forget whether Illinois surrounds bits of Indiana or vice versa. There's also a tiny point of land up in Puget Sound that juts south out of Canada about a mile south of the 49th parallel. Roberts Point, I believe. So all its mail has to go through Canada to get to its destination, in special sealed vans.

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

By all accounts, there are still freighters taking passengers. In my years of gafia, 1962-64, I was actually able to take a passenger ship from NY to Israel; made some passages between there and Istanbul; and finally traveled from Kiel to Norfolk on a bulk carrier in ballast. (It carried coal to Germany)) On the last trip I had more Spartan accommodations than the other passengers -- a watch cabin -- and paid a little over \$100 in the money of the time. Two weeks at sea and never seasick. Sometimes the atmosphere below decks made me a bit queasy, but a stroll on deck took care of that. I read some books I would otherwise never have had the patience to read. But given the choice today, I'd probably make any ocean crossing by air, the cheapest way.

[[Freighters from here, maybe, but apparently not from Australia. RSC]]

Roger Waddington, 4 Commercial Street, Norton, Malton, North Yorkshire YO17 9ES UK

All I can say is, thank Ghu for your irregularity; (though I have heard that a regular dose of bran helps a lot.) Well, after I got to know about the dock strike -- by reason of the emptiness of my mailbox -- I had wild visions of fanzines, pro-zines, letters, circulars, catalogues, bills all piling up in the pipeline, and at least three or four issues of Yandro among them, until the dam burst and they all came spilling out in a multicolored coruscade, enough to make me gafiate for the rest of my days and take up something less strenuous, like swimming for the Olympics. Until all that happened was that there was a polite cough and a hiccup and all that came out was a catalogue from Gerry de la Ree and a handful of issues of the New Yorker. Due to our insular nature, we've seen very little of the American snows over here, apart from TV news of those that covered New York and Boston; and certainly Yandro was the first and only place where I read that Indiana had been declared a disaster area; no, apart from the TV programmes, there's very little to buy a paper for nowadays. Though tacked on to the end of a radio bulletin, almost as an afterthought, was the story of the Indiana goat who had been dug out of one of your snowdrifts, alive after a month; they must breed them tough down there!

If only this Yandro had been sooner; if only the longshoreman's strike hadn't got in the way; if only I hadn't wasted my money on CIRCLE OF LIGHT! Well, just the first volume; and normally I wait until I see what you've read and recommend in Golden Minutes, for apart from a few local differences (like reading van Vogt for the sheer mindboggling inanity of it all, with comments like "he surely can't get away with that!" and "never in a million years!", though that's becoming an expensive pleasure), those volumes find a welcome space on my bookshelves; though with the empty letterbox and very little on those shelves remaining unread, I just had to take a gamble.

Is Robert Nathan still among us? I've read the one book which I thought must surely have been his last (and greatest) both in mood and intent, THE SUMMER MEADOWS; I see it was published in '73, and not having seen any of his reviewed anywhere since, I'm just wondering.

I didn't even know we had a 5-quart gallon. All I was taught at school was that four gills make a pint, two pints make a quart, and there are eight pints in a gallon. Thus making only four quarts; have I been going wrong all these years? I thought my capacity was on the small side.

I still read Chandler, though I don't know why either. His ships are always falling down the dark dimensions, there's always a temporary echo and disorientation when the Manschenn drive is switched off, producing brief visions of the future, which is a hell of a good way to indicate the line of the story; he's becoming very

much like the late and often great Murray Leinster, who always included the galactic state of play, whatever he wrote about: i.e. comets buzzing about their business, planets revolving around their sun, in fact everything is hunky dory, except for the situation the poor hero's in. I suspect part of the unease that we feel in Chandler is his current preoccupation with the younger Grimes and his adventures with the solid gold spaceyacht; there's none of the mystery, of the romance of the Rim Worlds concept; and then again, a young man's adventures can never be as interesting or as valuable as the experience of old age, of the wisdom gained in looking back (and in passing, why I believe that nobody should start writing until they

NYPHO...SCHMYNPHO...
WHAT I WANT TO
KNOW IS CAN YOU
COLLATE?



are at least forty). No, I see the younger Grimes as being no more than a potboiling space filler; or at best, trying to fill in the gaps and inconsistencies revealed in the earlier books.

[[That could be the main reason I've given up on Grimes, aside from my dislike of series in general. I did follow him a lot longer than I did most series; I think it was the backgrounds Chandler put into his books. RSC]]

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

Piece of joyful news -- I got a call on the 19th from Charles Ryan, editor of Gali-
leo, who was blizzarded in in Boston, not sure when his mail would be dispatched. He said they were accepting my novella, "The Court of the Timesifters" for the September or November issue, and it would provide the cover, to be painted by Kelly Freas. Very nice surprise, indeed (he was the 7th editor to see the piece; I suppose that shows that persistence pays off, if the postage costs don't bankrupt you first). Nothing like selling a book, but the longest thing I've placed so far.

I join you in deploring sub-zero temperatures. We rarely suffer them here -- maybe once every 3 or 4 years (but with the way winters have been tending lately, who knows what is ahead? Maybe glaciers), and then just a few degrees below. I think that 5 or 7 below is the lowest known recorded temperature for us. Adding in the wind chill factor can put some zing in the numbers, though. We've been hearing of the woes of Indiana, and have hoped that you were missing out on the worst. And we're supposed to put all our emphasis on converting to coal, eh? Too bad nobody mentioned to the planners that the miners might have other ideas. I trust that this mess will lend some much needed strength to the nuclear fuel advocates (and, at longer range, the solar forces) (still, the prospect of beaming down solar energy as microwaves from satellites can have its chancy aspects -- now look what you did, Smedley! You sneezed again and evaporated Lake Superior -- can't you keep the beam steady?).

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

Having just shovelled the snow out of your letter, I hope it will have diminished enough for you to get to places; it seems the Eastern coast has had a further fall I saw on TV, and indeed I saw some of the Midwest under the most incredible snow drifts, which are unbelievable to anyone in our comparatively temperate climate. Although Scotland has been suffering the same sort of drifts you have had, I've seen very little snow down here. It has been raining continuously some days, constant rain, but I expect you'd prefer that to come and wash away the snow. No, it only takes a spoonful of snow here to throw all traffic into complete chaos. If it snows a few minutes, some drivers go all to pieces and the traffic starts stacking up for five miles at a time, without any apparent reason. When you get to the end of the place where the jam started, you can't see any reason why it started in the first place. What they would do if they ever got Indiana or New York snow blizzards I don't know. Any invader could walk in and do what he wanted in such weather, because everything else would be in such chaos they could never move any military units or do a single thing.

[[You're safe; the invader couldn't cope with the weather either. Look what happened to everyone from Charles XII to Hitler in Russia. RSC]]

*I received my copy of
YANDRO today, and
Found it much
to my
taste.*



Fred Jakobcic, 113 W. Ohio, Apt. 4, Marquette MI 49855

Confusion was not totally bad, but I did hear rumors of so much trouble with the hotel (Ann Arbor Inn) that they may move next year, which is too bad; for one reason, I know my way there by now. One problem was with the banquet, and especially the last table, which had a long wait for the food, and Lou Tabakow had the longest wait.

"The Dying Traveller" -- it's a pity one cannot enjoy the travel of the sea. My only experience of sea travel, of sorts, was on Lake Superior. I had a four week class at Northern on Maritime History. The instructor was an expert sailor, enthusiast, and learned from a pretty good writer, and instructor of history, Samuel Eliot Morison, of Harvard.

"Grumblings" -- I found the comments to the Causgrove loc interesting. It proves, to me, what a dirty old man I'm becoming (at 34). On p. 23 and I'll quote: "...I've never visited there in the winter and I'm getting older and more interested in warmth." I would not touch this line with a 10-foot typewriter, but I wanted to. Re: Derek Nelson -- I like this letter and have some rambling comments. I do not consider a government noble and upright, when it allows and supports mass killings of seals. There was a picture in today's Detroit Free Press showing a mother protecting its pup; the only thing was the pup had already been killed and (pardon me, it was the local paper, Marquette Mining Journal) skinned. The same with his comments on Russia, Cuba, Angola, etc. Same with his comments on Vietnamese and white Rhodesians. The Canadian government and our government, in many cases, are as wishy-washy, cowardly, and too diplomatic, turning the other cheek too many times and for the wrong reasons, as the U.S. Stateless Department of Jerks. We (our gov't and stateless dept) give in too often, and are too afraid of strong words, for fears of reactions by Russians, etc. The purging of "objectionable" books from schools shows signs of "McCarthyism".

I don't call the women at work "girls but they do and most of the time I'll say woman (1), females (1) in mock disgust. The women do a lot of bitching, but little action. Often they talk of what the men are getting paid (unions), about the men shouting them down at union meetings, etc., but the trouble is that it is always at the breakfast table, during breaks, at lunch, when no men, except myself, are around.

[[Have to admit, m'boy, some kinds of warmth are better than others. RSC]] [[Most of the griping I hear men do about their bosses, authorities, etc., are to their cronies, not to the bosses. I don't hear their gripes about women, except indirectly, because they don't sound off while women are around. It's called being human, and it seems to be asexual in character. JWC]]

Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge NSW 2776 Australia

Yandro 241, with all those Star Wars gag illos, arrived last evening, and I even managed to read most of it on the train to work, which is where I'm typing this.

That weather you are having over there seems outlandish. I think I'll have to organise all my trips so that I miss the snow (good stuff to look at, but not too good to drive through, live under, whatever).

On having lungs enough to fill a room with sound, even a fifty foot ballroom: As a regular typical fannish introvert, I find the stimulation of filksinging too much too take (well, all live singing performances affect me that way), and I usually have to wander away; however, with a fifty foot room I could perhaps sit at the other end and enjoy the singing. (It is very notable when someone sits in my lounge room that they tend to turn the stereo up to a point that I can't stand, while I have it turned down to a level they find too quiet, so we have a procession as each in turn changes the sound level when the other person leaves the room. I'm thinking of setting up a master level control on the rear of the amplifier, so that I can leave it set the way I want it, and so that the volume control will have only a limited effect.

Hardly anyone spends, invests any time at all with anyone else. I was forced

to conclude a long time ago that, if you wanted to spend time with other people, you had to give up on either sleep or on work (or in my case, both) for long periods. Of course, mosy people aren't worth spending 12 minutes a day with...

Thanks to Dave Locke, I'm swearing off US hospitals. Medical costs at the ones here are soaring, and I noticed a few articles stating that each extra doctor generates costs of a half million dollars a year (whatever happened to supply and demand?), although that is in a system of gov't intervention that helps keep fees high.

[[If you stop by for a visit, Juanita could sing in the house and you could wander out to the garden to listen, perhaps. RSC]]

Dave Piper, 7 Cranley Drive, Ruislip, Middx HA4 6BZ UK

Sniff Yeah, in 2 days I'll commence me 40th year. Oh Jeezz! I must have been about 24 when I first started getting Y and writing to you, About 15 years. That's a looong time. And yet, and yet, it doesn't really seem that long to me. And yesterday Y 241 arrived. And there's Alan talking about knowing you for 20 years or so, and Boston talking about the 'first Y in 10 years'...Gawd, the collective age of your mailing list must be something to make Methuselah suck his thumb.

You mention about my surprise at getting a doctor's appointment...well, these days you have to battle through the receptionist who works on the general basis that doctor shouldn't be bothered with anybody being sick; you have to be dead or dying to justify bothering a NHS doctor, and if you are it's probably too late anyway, so why bother.

[[Nah, the collective age isn't that high; a lot of the fans of our early days didn't have the stamina...whatever happened to Alan Burns, Ken Cheslin, H.P. Sanderson (I mean, after the scandal), Mal Ashworth,? Jim Cawthorn turned pro artist, Ron Bennett became a filthy huckster, Walt Willis tried to get the Irish to listen to reason. (Of course, Boy Raeburn and the former Rev. C.M. Moorhead are still on our mailing list...) RSC]]

Steve McDonald, c/o Alcan Jamaica Ltd., KirkVine Works P.O., Manchester, Jamaica, West Indies.

I spent a total of about six hours over the weekend paying attention to my lady. That's more than 12 minutes a day. It wouldn't be if she didn't insist on making herself known every second...

I've always found, as a matter of course, that when you attempt to spend time paying attention to someone, and conversing, etc., you generally wind up staring blankly at each other and mouthing strange moronic comments. No go. There are times when there is nothing to say. That's life.

That's cliché.

By the way, if you like sculpture at all, and will be at the next Worldcon, look out for Sandy Tomezik -- she does some pretty exceptional stuff. (Sells a bit to pros as well.)

I rather like the image of Dave Locke's secretary. People like that are rara avis..and Avis is rather rare around here too. No comments on the hospital; I've never been sick enough to get into one. The day I am, it'll be because I died. (Of fright, likely as not.) The one time I was terribly sick, and almost did snuff it, I was threatened with hospital. I recovered so fast it shocked hell out of everybody. I don't trust doctors myself; especially not around here.

There was a note in the local paper recently that a Ku Klux Klan leader (the Imperial Wizard) has been barred from entering the UK. Apparently the Klan is busily getting arm in arm with the UK's National Front (which has a manifesto stating that repeal of colored immigration and forced repatriation are the foremost of their aims; their popular title is UK's Nazi Party -- and likely as not the results would be similar; all they need is a Hitler). Bad enough that the race situation is now so confused that all of the parties are falling on their faces trying to sort it out.

I notice that there was quite a noise a while back about comparative IQ studies



involving blacks and whites, in which the blacks came out with a lower average than whites. I'll bet. IQ can be heavily loaded by educational factors, and if your comparator group happens to be the bottom segment of Harlem, they're all too likely to look dumb -- lousy education. I expect the results weren't loaded to hit on a balance. You have to go pretty far afield to get decent and comparable test results.

I agree with Don D'Ammassa on THE SHINING as far as readability goes; I myself would plump for GATEWAY (which is on the Nebula ballot) as one of the best of the last few years, along with TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE (which I hit on purely as an enjoyable book; I read to enjoy).

Tut, tut, Buck, learning to throw a knife far enough to kill from the range a pistol can requires a lot of forethought and preparation. I've used knives myself, for fun, and I know a little of the problems you can have -- a properly balanced weapon can, with practice, be thrown far, fast, and accurately enough to kill. Unless you already know how to use said knife, you aren't going to use it on somebody from distance on an angry whim. A pistol, however, can be used with little or no prac-

tice -- and as likely as not, if you hit the target, it'll be an accident. But where a knife might strike hilt first if it hit, or strike in such a way as to do no harm (and it would be travelling slowly enough to avoid anyway), a bullet will hit, and attempt to continue on its path -- straight through. Most gun murders are spur of the moment and accidental at that; a lot of gun deaths aren't even murders -- they're some kid playing with daddy's .45, which happens to be loaded, and POW, mommy's missing half her head. The cases you mention are all crimes involving thought -- and if you consider, you can avoid a knife and flatten the user, whereas a gunman will simply blow a hole through you. Knives are cheaper and easier to get ahold of these days...

I'll agree with you on the gun law not doing much about guns already extant (or bootleg guns for that matter). The situation over here is a case in point; we have some pretty heavy gun laws, and some pretty heavy stuff to bring in guns. Yet, at one point, murders were increasing pretty well exponentially. Most of them guns. Now all we get is occasional shootups with the security forces, and occasional independent robberies. There was a lot of political stuff going down, but there was recently some governmental shenanigans that got five or fourteen hitmen killed in an ambush by the security forces, and somebody called a Kingston ceasefire. The government, having lost a lot of support in West Kingston, is now busily trying to avoid a show-and-tell session about the whole setup.

I can't seem to make up my mind about van Vogt -- typical, I suppose. Mind you, I'm now getting to the point where I'm buying anything sf, bar Perry Rhodan. And mostly reading it, too. I suspect a change in Analog is forthcoming; one recent story rejection from Bova was a full page of tempestuous fury. Very Campbellian, but much shorter. With any luck, the stuff in between the pretty cover and the SF book club page will improve a great deal.

Is that paperback SF bookclub still going?

[[I wasn't talking about throwing knives; the average citizen would have some difficulty hitting anyone with a pistol beyond the range at which he could stab them. No, most gun murders are not accidental; most of them are crime-connected. As a source of accidental death, firearms don't even rank in the top 20 causes, and they're well behind cigarettes, alcohol, and drugs.// Damfino if the pb book club is still going. Anybody know? RSC]]

Andy Zerbe, Box 6004, Montgomery AL 36106

I don't care for Barbara Michaels books either, but don't think that it is just because I am a mere male. I'm a big fan of Elizabeth Peters, and when I learned from the New York Times Book Review that she was also Barbara Michaels I rushed down to the local used book store and bought a copy of every one of her books that I could find. A greater contrast would be hard to find. The Elizabeth Peters books are non-fantasy, involve archaeology, and are written with a delightful sense of humor. The Barbara Michaels books are all fantasy and are written with such a deadly serious style that I can't get up any interest in them. Apparently the Elizabeth Peters books sell better though, as with the last two Barbara Michaels books the Peters humor has started to show up.

Think that Ms. Peters has been lucky in finding an editor who appreciates humor. I keep coming across books which exhibit a sense of humor written by such authors as Damma Winston, Jackson Gregory, and others. Then when I seek out further books by them I find that that first humorous book was apparently the only one they ever wrote.

There was an American edition of THE MAGICIAN OUT OF MANCHURIA. It was published by Pyramid some years ago and you reviewed it then. And speaking of Pyramid, have you noticed that under the new Jove Books name they no longer list previous Pyramid printings?

Amelia Bean's novel based on the Graham-Tewkesbury feud definitely exists in book form. Don't recall the title, but do recall coming across it in the library's new book section and realizing that it was based upon the serial that I had read in Saturday Evening Post.

[[That will teach me to check my library before making statements; I even have the US pb edition. Evidently didn't read MAGICIAN.

(And as an excuse, I might mention that the library was in particularly bad shape at the time; difficult to walk through, much less find anything.) RSC]]

Rick Brooks, R.R. #1, Box 268, Fremont IN 46737

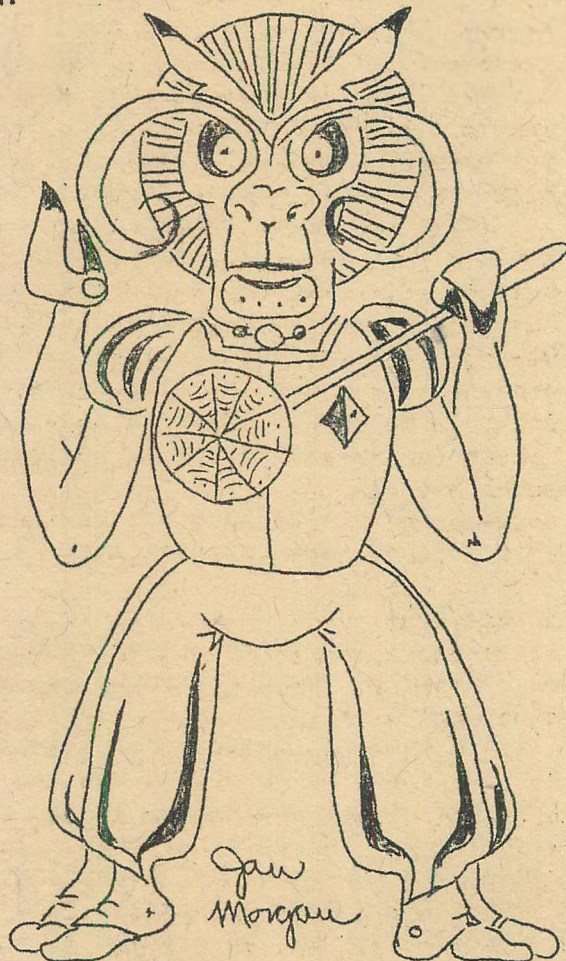
Bob Bloch shook me up. Maybe he's right about city living. But out here, he's dead wrong. Father and I (mainly Pop) installed all the plumbing in this house, put a water line up to the pump (up hill 200 feet or so), rewired part of the house, put up a dormer on the attic, converted the back porch to a room (cement floor), built a garage, made a septic tank, and drainage for it.

With Mother on near minimum Social Security and Betty and I both out of work last winter, we couldn't have made ends meet. But owning the house and the farm, we even afforded steak. The steak is homegrown and superior to any that I've ever had that was bought.

Incidentally, the last animal we sold got us about 25 cents a pound.

I feel that the only security possible nowadays is to own a home and a few acres. Even when times are bad, you have food and shelter.

"Aha, now I've got you, you SOB", or nit picking time. There was a Jirel of Joiry



story in Weird Tales, 11/37, that had Jirel meet Northwest Smith. It was by Kuttner and Moore ("Quest of the Starstone"). But both felt that it didn't deserve further publication.

THE MAGICIAN OUT OF MANCHURIA was published in paperback with "The Unholy City" under the title THE UNHOLY CITY.

I ran into a book on pyramidology (?) by Michel that was something. His powers of detection were such that by the middle of the book he was telling how the Great Pyramid was undoubtedly encased in gold with a huge pyramid-shaped diamond (in proportion, of course) on the top. I was quite impressed. More by what wild leaps he made on such slender evidence than anything else. True believers ignore not only "inconvenient facts" but almost all facts.

I liked the SILMARILLION okay, but I was expecting a set of appendices.

[[The other comments on THE SILMARILLION have been that they got the appendices but they were expecting a story. (No, I haven't read mine yet; RealSoonNow.) RSC]]

[[Maybe the guy who wrote the pyramid book was scared by a one dollar bill at a tender age...and if his vision wasn't too good he mistook the peering eye for a diamond. Stranger things have triggered off nut cults. JWC]]

Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Road #207, Detroit MI 48219

Yesterday I heard that Chicago was about to break its record for seasonal snowfall -- 78 inches. *HA* Mishawaka, where I used to reside, has had over 150", two feet more than its old record. Buck advised moving out of Mishawaka, which I did. But somehow I don't expect Detroit is the direction Buck had in mind.

On ConFusion -- I don't think the hotel was cold, just that everybody congregated (for some obscure reason) on the mezzanine, which overlooked the lobby, and the automatic, drafty doors there, instead of some more reasonable and warmer place in the consuite. In any case, I'm told next year's ConFusion will not be held there. Too many motel hassles, too big a con (530 approx attendance).

POISON OF NIGHT by E.C. Tubb -- ah, that's PRISONS OF NIGHT.

"Any 'best' anthology that includes Gardner Fox or Lin Carter is suspect from the start": I'll agree to that. "The Stairs in the Crypt" by C. A. Smith is really Lin Carter using notebook scraps to legitimize his CAS pastiche. I'm offended that Carter and Wollheim downplay Carter's "collaboration" of that story.

About the Perry Rhodan/Atlan books: When Ackerman first started the translations, he found 3 of the episodes so poor that he decided to just skip over them. Eventually, this came out and completists began demanding that they be published someday. And Ace had promised that they would RealSoonNow, but never got around to it. I suspect that when Ace decided to drop the PR series they found themselves with the mss for those 3 stories and the first several Atlan stories in inventory and decided to publish them rather than take a complete loss.

Jackie Causgrove coming to like Southern California? I think she needs to be deprogrammed.

Enjoyed seeing Buck resume fanzine reviews. A 25 cent fanzine? It costs 28 cents just to mail anything over 24 pages in length!

Kay Anderson, 8386 Hollister, Ventura CA 93003

We went out to the Renaissance Faire for a most pleasant day. All the streams and creeks are running through the meadows where the Faire is held, and there are great sweeps of wildflowers...yellow daisies and goldfields and purple-magenta swatches of owl's clover. I took one photo from up on a hill, of two kids in a field of daisies and a man on horseback who had ridden out to head them back to the faire; the horse was almost belly-deep in the flowers. I understand this may be the last year the Faire can use those grounds. It's the old Paramount Ranch, where Westerns were filmed, but the state or county acquired the land and made it a park, and the Faire became a money-making activity, and only non-profit organizations can use state or county facilities. Be a shame if they get booted out. Over the years they've made all sorts of improvements, like a nice truss bridge across the main creek, a huge permanent Elizabethan-style stage, footbridges, fords of creeks, and so on. They'll never find a site like that again.

Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline, South Bend IN 46614

As to being called a "girl", wait till you are 53-plus and see how you feel. Me -- I have no objections, though I prefer "gal".

Now what roils my blood is that term from the 60's -- either from rock or the Hell's Angels -- "My Old Lady". Am not fond of a) "My", b) "Old" (that's someone 85 or above), and c) "Lady". All my life I've felt a Lady is someone my mother's age. Her friends were ladies. I am in no way a "Lady".

Gene loathes "girl" or "gal" and to him I am "Betty".

The hardest transition ever for me was to become Betty Kujawa instead of Betty Whitehall. How come I had to change my name?

Today every young woman I know has kept hers -- as in Betty Whitehall/Kujawa. No hyphen. Just a slash.

Another mild gripe of mine is husbands who refer to their wives either as "mother" or "the little woman". Being a tad under 5'10", that "little" irks me.

[[I wasn't all that attached to my "maiden" name, come to that, so had no regrets about giving it up. In my individual case, one feminist argument hits home -- that my "maiden" name was my father's name, and I had personal reasons for scorning fondness for that. Unlike The Prisoner, I would have no particular objection to a number for a family name. Might solve many problems. Might make some, too. So we can't win. JWC]]

Brian Earl Brown, address above

Actually the universe of Perry Rhodan isn't as large as Doc Smith's. They haven't gone to the next galaxy yet. The writing of the series has improved considerably over the past year, probably from better translations. It's now only mediocre. One of the writers of the series, Kent Brand, I believe, specializes in stories not featuring Rhodan. They're MISSION:IMPOSSIBLE-like adventures featuring PR's spy corps. I find Rhodan better written than some of the series being put across today, like Goldin's Family D'Alembert or Tubb's Dumarest (which is too repetitious and macho), tho there is a tendency to laugh at some of the PR writers' efforts to appear knowledgeable about computer technology.

It looks like fans are either moving to Chicago or Seattle this year. So much for the idea that "fans are slans"; more like lemmings.

I'm reading Haldeman's Star Trek novel; except for a couple of bit uses of his military experience for background authenticity, it doesn't strike me as a novel written by someone who's won the Hugo or Nebula. Alan Dean Foster's Star Trek novels seem comparatively better written. Owell, what do you expect from Star Trek.

At Autoclave this past year we decided I've I've had enough foolishness about Star Wars. It was almost as bad as a Trekkiecon. I mean the movie has its moments and a great soundtrack, but enough is enough. I think it's time SF fandom got back to the good things in life -- like the ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW! Kidding aside, I imagine Rivercon will be as overboard on SW as Autoclave was.

[[Better SW than CE. I have this sinking feeling too many fans are going to skim the mysticism off that and we're going to be inundated with blinking lights and rubberized aliens. And I think there's much less for the costume freaks to work with in CE...not that that will stop them from flooding us at upcoming cons. JWC]]

Joe Major, 314 Jessie Ave., Hopkinsville KY 42240

Re Robinson's letter: when I worked for the U of I library I used to have to field that sort of question once a semester, when the English 101 classes got their research methods unit. Ever been asked how many movie theatres there are in New Zealand? THE CYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY is probably the place to look for Mr. Kipshaw.

Of course, "person" is a sexist word and should be replaced by "perdaughter".

WHEN YOU SLIPSHEET,
BE GENTLE.



I BRUISE
EASY.

Trying to purge sexist connotations from words is a nice safe way of doing nothing about sex discrimination while appearing to be doing a great deal about it; thus, it appeals to those who are in Women's (and shouldn't that be "Woperson's"?) Liberation for the egoboo. This helps no one.

[[Some feminists attempt to break the Old English derivation by different spellings of "woman" ... (which by my etymological dictionary means "woman-man", not exactly a stand-on-your-own-feet sort of noun) ... such as "womon" and "wimmen" for plural. They might end up making the spelling more complicated, but more female, by opting for "wombone". Or something of that

nature. I wouldn't be surprised if some version of "womb-one" starts showing up as a synonym for female, because some of the proponents are so bitter the spleen clouds any tendency to compromise. JWC]]

Alan Dodd, address above

I have got a new battery today and only recently had new points and plugs, but I still can't get the car to start except after six or seven goes on the starter. I don't know what it is unless it is something to do with the automatic choke not releasing enough petrol or something. It is very annoying not knowing when the thing is going to start, especially if you want to take the car out somewhere and then can't start it returning home late at night. Each time it turns over you wonder if it is going to work.

The alternative is worse. I waited 55 minutes on a popular bus route coming back from London, and 8 buses turned around before they reached the terminal and went into a bus garage; they never complete their route half the time, and I took 2 hours to travel home, which would take 20 minutes by car. I am paying on a bus these days, since the fares went up on 5th November, another 14 percent, approximately 2 1/2 times per mile, by bus, what it would cost by car for petrol. Six miles to work by bus costs more than I pay for a half gallon of petrol, even at our inflated prices. I don't do much mileage, though, and about 4 or 5 gallons a week is enough for me. Soon getting anywhere will cost too much for any but the rich; buses are pricing themselves out of business.

The firemen are all on strike, and the electricity workers were on strike a few weeks ago, with various power cuts, and the Daily Mirror is on strike, and the miners, ambulance men, and various others all want to strike as well. They all want more money because they are "special cases" -- who isn't? -- only the professions whose work isn't noticed so much if they stop.

[[But the British public transport system is still being held up as an example to us wasteful Americans and our private cars. RSC]]

Derek Nelson, 30 Denton Ave., PH 1, Scarborough, Ontario M1L 4P2 Canada

Mentioning South Africa, the Biko-Donald Woods coverage on American (and Canadian, and I imagine European) television, newspapers, and so on, is a perfect example of the bias in our media.

Judging from our liberal bosses you'd think South Africa was the world's most repressive regime, followed by South Korea and Chile. Which is nonsense. Biko's death through neglect and Woods' banning is big news in South Africa itself because it's rare (comparatively speaking), while it's routine in the rest of the world.

The campaign reached its highpoint of idiocy when Rod MacLeish (on CBS) said the magistrate's decision at the (public) Biko inquest could be disregarded because judges in South Africa are government-appointed and depend on the government for their pensions. Yes, and so are they in every remaining free English-speaking country, including federal judges in the U.S.

As I slowly, and with difficulty, accumulate more and more information about the II Indochina War, it becomes obvious that not only was ARVN a far better force than it was given credit for, it was a match for the North Viets on a man-to-man basis.

From 1973 to 1975 the US starved the ARVN materially even though they knew that South Vietnamese tactical doctrine was essentially American, meaning lots of firepower was required.

The war was lost, as someone said, in the pages of the New York Times -- meaning in essence North Vietnam's successful manipulation of the American media.

(That ignores the question of overall American strategy, which I agreed with at the time, but in retrospect appears faulty. Still, the strategy was influenced by the media war to an incredible degree.)

Cambodia today is a fascinating social experiment but a revolting living hell if you think what it means to the people concerned. Vietnam is better in the sense that they work or starve you to death rather than murder babies because of their social class. Laos is a Viet satrapy and all that implies.

When the liberals think of the lies they told about Indochina -- from the non-existent independence of the Viet Cong to the myth that refugees fled to GVN areas to escape American bombing to the crap about oppressed peasants fighting vicious landlords and so on -- I wonder how they go to sleep at night with a clear conscience?

Would I ride a leaky fishing boat the equivalent of from New York to London risking Communist patrols, pirates, and unfeeling shipping captains just to escape an "unpleasant" regime?

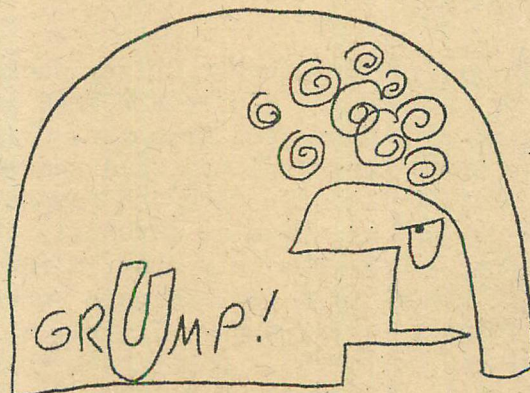
Meanwhile our government welcomes 7000 Chilean "refugees" who leave Santiago airport with bulging suitcases and formal farewells while admitting only 7000 Indo-chinese overall. It makes me ill.

A fantastic book I bought my lady for Christmas (she's a Civil War nut) is William Frassanito's GETTYSBURG: A JOURNEY IN TIME. He uses the contemporary photos and compares them to what is there now. He also dissects the old ones, pointing out what appear to be set-ups, those that are attributed to the wrong photographer, which ones are authentic, and which "fakes" have influenced the history books. Great stuff. It also gives a perspective on a battlefield after the slaughter and what goes on. That's incidental, but I've never quite seen it put from his perspective before.

As you may (or may not) know, our new federal gun control laws passed last summer. All weapons were to be registered after Jan 1, 1978. But the government postponed it one year till the "control" system can be set in operation effectively -- meaning they can hire enough civil servants to hunt down law-abiding gun-owning citizens while the criminals continue to use unregistered and illegal weapons.

Have the American media given much attention to our RCMP so-called scandals in which the Mounties carried out illegal acts similar to the FBI-CIA stuff?

The problem our American-oriented media, who have Watergate dancing in their dreams, are having is that more than 80 percent of the people (by Gallup) think the RCMP's illegal acts



are justified and the media the dummies. I love it.

The media and politicians are horrified that the RCMP burnt down a barn in rural Quebec to prevent a midnight meeting between the FLQ and the Black Panthers. Burning the barn was illegal and the Mounties needed their knuckles rapped for it, but most people are more eager to know what the hell the FLQ and Black Panthers were meeting for in the heart of rural Quebec and the dead of night. No reporter or investigator has asked that.

Then there was the break-in to acquire PQ membership lists, looking for the FLQ-PQ linkages. Horrible. Letters to the editor kept asking if treason (i.e., separation) isn't a crime under the law.

The Toronto Star received no letters attacking the RCMP in the first two weeks of revelations, and hundreds in support. It had the editors sweating, since they try to run a balance reflecting what they receive in the mail.

There must be some system of balance between illegal police actions in pursuit of national security and a refusal to acknowledge the existence of foreign or domestic threats.

[[Well, the slogan is that the Mounties always get their man; nothing is ever said about how... RSC]]

Steve McDonald, address above

I quite agree with you, Buck, on Edd Cartier; I wasn't around at the time when Cartier was first being pubbed as an artist, but I risked fifteen bucks on the Cartier book from De La Ree (as I'd already bought the De La Ree FANTASTIC NUDES thing), and wasn't a bit disappointed. In fact, there was a surprise or two for me -- one of them discovering the original illo from Sturgeon's SHUTTLE BOP (which is included in FROM HERE TO THE EASEL, Panther 75 p or so, highly recommended). Delightful. And the calendar work for Gnome Press... However, I'm now slowly building up a collection of art books/artwork, etc., and I'm glad to have the Cartier book alongside my Fabian, Finlay, and Dulac material. It's usually a good example of how good an artist is if two people separated by a generation can appreciate the qualities of that artist's work in the same context (or even a different context). Whatever, I like Cartier.

On sexist language: aw heck, it's the only one we got, people. What can a poor boygirl say? I must say I agree as far as the girl/woman thing is concerned -- for some odd reason, I grew up thinking of girls as being anybody under twenty, and generally under eighteen (and, looking at a couple of overdeveloped female cousins,--I'm not being sexist (what? Guilt?) because they are -- I may yet start looking at sixteen as a median age); that's why I refer to femmes as ladies, I think. ('That's no lady, that's my wife.') After all, if a boy can become a man, a girl should become a woman (except in the case of sex changes, in which case the girl becomes a man, and so forth...).

Anyway, I honestly make a conscious effect to avoid calling women 'girls' in my writing, although I did refer to Ayna Parris in "Empty Barrels" as a girl. (But she's really not much past her teens anyway -- in fact, she's probably still teenaged. Oh hell, forget it.)

Bob Tucker, 34 Greenbriar Drive, Jacksonville IL 62650

My copy of the glorious WOMBAT arrived from Gene this week, bearing the signatures of you, Gene, and Arthur C. Clarke, which makes it a book to treasure. Clarke got in there because I had said something earlier to Gene, something about wanting the autographs of the rich and famous, and he happened to have a genuine Clarke autograph on hand -- which he carefully cut out and pasted in the front of my WOMBAT copy. I daresay I have the only copy in the world bearing the signature of one rich and famous author, plus two ordinary working stiffs.

Thank you very much. I truly will treasure it.

I can recommend a ghost book to you, although I doubt that you put much stock in ghosts. THE GHOST OF FLIGHT 401 by John G. Fuller (Berkley Medallion #0-425-

03553-0.) 'Tis the true story of the crash of an Eastern Airlines jet in the Everglades just before New Year's Eve in 1972, and the maybe true story of the appearance of two ghosts on other Eastern jets during the following two years, ghosts of the pilot and second officer of the original craft, who come back to warn of aircraft hazards and to repair faulty equipment.

It makes very good reading and has a wealth of aircraft detail.

[[We don't need the book; we watched the tv-movie. RSC]]

Robert Adams, 414 Fairbury Street, Highland Spring, VA 23075

My newest HORSECLANS opus, REVENGE OF THE HORSECLANS, was released this month (Pinnacle Books, Inc., Los Angeles CA 1977, \$1.50). As soon as my author's copies arrive, I'll send you one for review in Yandro. Also, the first volume in the series, THE COMING OF THE HORSECLANS, has been reprinted.

I wish to herein comment upon something which has been bugging me for some time. Why-oh-why do fans insist upon dragging along prepubescent children to con-parties? Often these bashes don't even start until well past the time when kids that age should, for the sake of their own health, be in bed and asleep; yet there they come down the hotel/motel corridor, at one-bloody-AM-in-the-bloody-morning, dragging their pack of whining, sleepy, cantankerous offspring to sour what might otherwise be a good party. Their wives (usually well-along in yet another pregnancy) and kids could, for all I know, reel off a string of invective that would bring a blush to an army mule. Nonetheless, the mere presence of little kids inhibits me to the point at which I couldn't say "shit" if I had a mouthful of it, and it's bad enough to try to make your way through a milling mob of fans in various stages of intoxication without having the added worry of possibly stepping on some body's kid conked out on the floor.

There, I've said it, and I feel better. But another thing, if we must give our canal back to Panama, why not then give Panama back to Columbia? Then we could give Alaska back to Russia, all the southwestern states back to Mexico, the Virgin Islands back to Britain, Puerto Rico back to Spain, the Louisiana Purchase back to France and the rest of the country back to the Indians; maybe then the goddamned Liberals would be happy.

[[I think we ought to give the Canal back to Columbia, but Carter didn't ask me./ You're in the wrong area; I don't notice that many small children at midwest conventions at all, let alone at late-night parties. RSC]]

Morris Scott Dollens, 4335 Coolidge Ave., Los Angeles CA 90066

A few sets remain of a stock of slides made for science-fiction convention sales, of my original paintings for private buyers and amateur magazine covers, of the ships and landing craft popularized in the TV show STAR TREK. After June 1, 1978, they will be only available (at 50 cents each) from the Federation Trading Post store in Berkeley CA, address on request. The paintings depict the Enterprise in various astronomical backgrounds including one fighting a Klingon ship, the shuttlecraft in three or four settings, and symbolic portraits of two main characters. 29 full-color standard 2x2" double frame 1x1 1/2" films in cardboard mounts, from my own original paintings, are \$12.50 plus 50 cents postage, sent by air.

Giovanni Scognomillo, Postacilar Sokak 13/13, Beyoglu, Istanbul, Turkey

I don't, and had never, understood why US fans are far from European ones, except for letter writing. It's not a question of economics not of language. Even if, as you say, very few US citizens learn a foreign language, I know of many European ones who know at least English. Apart from many Turkish ones, I've been in contact with Germans, Polish, Italians, French, Japanese with whom language was never a problem. It's not that a US fan has to learn many languages in order to get more in contact with foreign fandom; he has only to stick to his own language and he'll find, everywhere, fans able to understand him. No, I think that the question is

different -- and if I'm wrong please warn me -- I think that for a large part of US fans SF is a pretext for friendly gatherings, mundane activities and conventions while for a large part of European fans SF is a rather serious and intellectual business. SF was born on the Continent but it is only through contemporary American writers, publishers, and magazines (not to mention the film industry) that it became a worldwide literary genre, gaining thus its letters of credit. On the other side, SF in Europe, and also in the Iron Curtain countries, has become a matter of study, of panels, of discussions, of authoritative books and essays. Why SF films have a yearly festival in Italy and Fantasy films in France, and not in the States. Why presently -- if I'm correct, of course -- there are more books about SF, as a literary genre, published in Europe than in USA I'm just asking and you're more entitled than I am to answer.

No, I think that if we don't have a truly international fandom it's because, generally speaking, we don't yet have a general definition of what a "fan" is. Is it the guy who reads and collects SF and loves to talk about it with friends and meet the "big ones" in Conventions, or is it the one who does all this and a lot more? Now I don't intend to transform all fans into a horde of scholars, but I suppose that some scholarship, some scholarly intentions, are lacking in a good part of US fans.

I'm saying SF, but I may say the same for "comics", American "art", which is actually mostly considered in Europe.

As, perhaps, the oldest fan in Turkey I'm, for example, amazed at the fact that Selma Mine's newly founded SF club has already 350 members, has transformed his fanzine into a prozine, is organizing monthly gatherings with conferences, discussions, projections on SF, and has launched also a small circular library. The aim, as we see it, is not to have fun nor to meet people but to gather and learn more about something that we consider "important" as a literary genre, as a filmic trend, and actually represents our era. Here, of course, there is a problem: some fans are mixing, in the beginning, SF with Fantasy, others with UFOs or even ESP phenomena, and others see the whole on metaphysical grounds. With the time it'll be possible to establish boundaries, but even now all this brings some action of thoughts and intantion.

By the way, you're mentioning about US fanzines which will send issue to anyone returning a letter of comment. What fanzines? Is there among them some worthy of having a letter of comment from me? How modest I am! If so, let me know more. I can, and the Club also can, use some fanzines.

[[I could get into the basic "long view" of what science fiction can be all about, and arguments over -- given the long view of eons and millennia upon millennia and galaxies without end -- whether any literary genre is truly important and worth getting that serious over. But I believe I'll leave most of the reaction to other readers out there. JWC]]

Roger Waddington, address above

Well, when you try to be a Little Friend to All the World and consequently get buried by seemingly all the fanzines that were ever published since fandom began, it may be all your own fault. But you do tend to think in terms of ending it all!

And so, while not entirely absent from fandom, I have been counting most of it well lost, and turning instead to the pile of sixty-odd books that have been mounting up in the interval; and have been able to sleep easy o' nights once again. Still, I am finding time for that little bit of fandom that I can still enjoy (using the oft-quoted principle of the baby and the bathwater), which might explain these various noises of appreciation for the civilising pages of Yandro, and which hopefully will become less irregular; well, an appreciated faned is a happy faned..

I have been keeping the Faith, though; I've bought, read, and enjoyed BEYOND TIME and BUT WHAT OF EARTH? (instead of adding them to the groaning pile; well, you should see some of the other titles); but I see now I should maybe have chosen something less fraught than the latter. And incidentally, I see that Purple Unicorn Books

of Duluth are offering NYSHIP in their bargain basement for \$2.45; any (printable) comments?

Well, I've been a collector of comics (I was about to say comic collector, but that would never do), American, at that, without even the trace of nostalgic interest to justify it, and I can maybe see what the attraction is. Namely, straightforward plots with no complications to make you dizzy, artwork that spells out those mind-boggling concepts, without making you boggle your own mind; reading comics is by far the easiest pleasure yet! What finally turned me off was the thought that for the same price as I was being increasingly charged for twenty-four odd pages of pretty pictures and simple words, I could pick up the nearest Woolworth remainder, find two hundred pages of close-packed print and spend an afternoon away from the world, rather than just for the ten minutes it takes to read a comic from cover to cover.

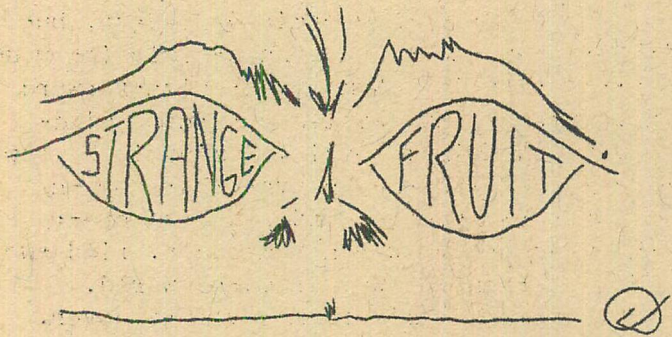
And too, the only people who seem to make any profit by collecting comics are the dealers; however many mint copies of the first issue of Conan you might have, however far back through the mists of antiquity your collection may go, in short, however valuable your collection is, you're never likely to get back what you paid for it; unless, of course, you become your own dealer and sell them yourself! Which is where I envy the old pulp collectors, who have all that reading pleasure and can expect a reasonable return if ever they decide to sell; but pity the poor comics fan! Oh, as originally prophesied, they may become the literature of the future, with their flash-bang graphics, and "book-length" novels, but only for those whose imagination has atrophied...

[[Of course my comments on Purple Unicorn are printable; where do you think they got their copies? / I'm with you on the comics, but the Thompsons may demur. RSC]] [[Oh, I think I could realize a profit on my comics, if I ever chose to sell any...which I won't; I have given them and/or traded them in exchange for favors, only to those I'm assured will give them a good home. But my attachment is strictly nostalgic, since I grew up as comics did, being a kid when they were, pre-WWII. And I've never paid more than cover price for any comic in my life. When I began reading comics, there were no other sf sources for kids. No paperbacks. No hardbacks. Only the pulps, and at age seven I never knew I could go back in the adult section and buy those, or that they contained some of the same stuff the comics did. (About as poorly written, in most cases, too.) Now, there may be a countering argument against comics. Then, at a tender age, there wasn't. JWC]]

Kay Anderson, address above

Evan and I got up at 4:45 am to watch a rocket which was supposed to be launched by JPL from Vandenberg. Was supposed to leave a huge glowing cloud of bright green bariur vapor in the pre-dawn sky. As it turned out, the launch was delayed. But it reminded me of THE LIGHTS IN THE SKY ARE STARS...watching the 5 am rocket from Vandenberg. In not too many years we may watch the regularly-scheduled space shuttle from that spaceport. It's 90 miles north of here and slightly west, since the coast curves out, but launchings are visible from here. Had one of their evening contrail fantasies the other night, predominantly peacock blue and gold.

On another topic (sublime to ridiculous) some of the best comedy on tv is on the soaps. Recently this guy on ALL MY CHILDREN tried to murder his wife and ended up getting himself instead -- digitoxin. My pharmacology book says it's hard to take an o.d. of oral digitoxin because of the powerful emetic action. This guy didn't vomit though, and no cardiac arrhythmia. He died of eating the scenery. Fell off the couch and gnawed the phone receiver. His ex-fiancee drove out to this remote cabin to hear his dying words (neither of them called a doctor or paramedics, of course). Bet she was glad he died. Every time she tried to deliver a line he'd groan in the middle of it; when she'd reach for the phone or try some other bit of business, he'd thrash around to steal the scene. I was waiting for her to smother him with a sofa pillow, but she resisted the urge somehow.



ORCA #2 [Jennifer Bankier, 485 Huron St. Apt 406, Toronto, Ont. M5R 2R5 Canada irregular - \$2.00] One of these huge Canadian fanzines; 106 pages. Serious views of science fiction, SCA, and feminism. Considerable space is spent on convention reports and SCA function reports (most of which I skimmed or skip-pred). With that amount of pages, one can skip a lot and still have plenty of interest..whatever the interest. Particularly recommended to feminists.

Rating.....6

CEGENSCHEIN 30.1, 30.2, 31, 32 [Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge NSW 2776, Australia - irregular - "available for the usual -- whatever that means") The various fractional "30" numbers are devoted to various aspects of Eric's last trip to the U.S. (He'll probably be back here by the time you read this. Since Australian fans are all rich, they can afford to take long tours of other countries which US fans can't afford to do...) 31 and 32 are more normal fanzines; thin but interesting. I think Eric gets more books than I do (but if you spend all your time traveling, Eric, when do you get the time to read them?). Lots of ideas and discussions, more on society than science fiction. Generally good-humored, which is a good trick.

Rating.....7

ARKANFANDOM #1 thru 4 [Margaret Middleton, 4424 Bruno Road, Little Rock AR 72209 -- bimonthly - 25 cents] Thin newsletter, mostly of interest to fans in the Little Rock area. (But that's the way YANDRO started, and in #4 Margaret expresses the same attitude toward publishing that Juanita has. Has another monster been spawned?)

ON AND ON INTO THE NIGHT [Margaret Middleton, address above, one-shot, 25 cents] A small filksong book; 25 songs included. Guitar chords (I guess that's what they are; I'm not a musician) included. Pretty strictly for filksing fans.

ASH-WING #23 [Frank Denton, 14654 8th Ave., SW, Seattle WA 98166 -- irregular -- no price listed? A bit of everything, even fiction. Quite a bit on music, if you enjoy that type of discussion. (I'm not that much of a music fan...but I know what I like ...) Reviews, Keith Roberts refuting an article in a previous issue, letters, comments on a trip to England, etc. Exceptionally good mimeography.

Rating....6

MIDWESTSIDE STORY [Minnesota Science Fiction Society Inc., PO Box 2128, Loop Station, Minneapolis MN 55402 - one-shot -- \$2.00] Script of the musical play presented at Minicon 12, plus casting credits, 5 pages of photos of the production, etc. I saw it presented, and enjoyed it thoroughly at the time, so I'm prejudiced in favor of the production. (Besides, profits will probably be spent on more "Minneapolis in '73" parties at various midwestern cons, which I can also enjoy. Go buy yourself a copy.) 60 or so pages; excellent mimeography.

MOTA #24 [Terry Hughes, 4738 Washington Blvd., Arlington VA 22205 -- irregular -- sample for \$1 but he would rather have comments, contributions, or trades] Thin and fannish. Con report by Bob Shaw (not everyone can get that, these days...), reviews of the recent Fanthologies, a not terribly humorous Mike Glicksohn article (about Mike, not by him), and letters. Not one of the better issues, actually, but it's a good fanzine.

Rating.....5

LONDON SF #1 [Elke & Alan Stewart, 81 Albert Road, Walthamstow, London E17 7PT, England -- \$1 -- no schedule listed] Digest size, printed, 70pp. Variety, including

fiction and news items. Lots of letters in this issue (written to the editors' previous fanzine). They say they'll cut down next issue, which I think is a mistake (but it's not my fanzine, after all). Mostly reviews; some columns, a nice art folio. Rating.....6

SAMISDAT Vol. XVII #1 [Box 231, Richford VT 05476 -- quarterly -- 250 pp for \$5] I reviewed an earlier issue in DEVLINS and got an irate letter from the editor, saying I'd erred in some of my assumptions and disliked it for the wrong reasons. OK. I hate being disliked for the wrong reasons myself, so let's see if I can't dislike this issue for what it really is. To begin with, it's not a fanzine; it's a "little magazine". (The editor comments on little magazines in general as "those published from some long-term, spiritual sense of purpose; those published to provide a service, whether from social or commercial motivations; and those published only to give some semi-creative dilettante or group thereof a "name", a place at the public grants trough, and a minor position in literary history -- usually prone, ass up." I'll accept that judgment -- it covers most of the little magazines I've received -- and constitutes the major difference between little magazines and fanzines. Most fanzines are published for the editor's amusement, though the other reasons exist in the fanzine field. Maybe even the one about grants.) Contents are fiction and poetry, reviews of other little magazines, and lots of commentary about NEA grants. (SAMISDAT appears to be against grants -- at least, to other magazines -- and I tend to agree.) I enjoyed one story, Clifton's "Prince of Peace". Fiction is the emotion-over-logic sort that a lot of young fans think is great stuff; most of it, and all the poetry, I regard as crap. Well, one halfway-good story is above average for any little magazine, or fanzine either. But when that's all the mag has to recommend it..

SMILE AWHILE #35 [Florence Jenkins, 1515 W. 135th St., Sp.32, Gardena CA 90249 -- irregular -- donations accepted] An Alcoholics Anonymous magazine. Basically religious and spiritually uplifting. I don't care for any of the material, but then I'm not an ex-alcoholic. (I never needed the bottle because my own natural arrogance always sustained me. I never needed religion, either. But for those who do need something, God is certainly the best answer])

DIGRESSIONS #3 [John Bartelt, 401 8th St SE #8, Minneapolis MN 55414 -- irregular -- 60 cents] A medium-sized fanzine that shows promise (once the editor finds something better to discuss in his editorial than a blow-by-blow account of how the issue was assembled). Interview with Fred Hoyle (no more interesting than other interviews but at least a more unusual subject), humor, reviews, some scientific comments; Bartelt is more interested in the science of science fiction than most of today's fans seem to be. Assuming typical improvement, this could be an excellent fanzine in a few more issues. For now...3

IN THE SHADOW OF THE MONOLITH is back from the dead again, with a new editor, but I just discovered it contains no price, schedule, or address. So not much point in reviewing it.

BAST #1 [M.R. Hildebrand, New Phoenix Inn, 4522 E. Bowker, Phoenix AZ 85040 -- convince her that you're a worthwhile recipient] Small personalzine. One very funny item by Bruce Arthurs; the rest editor-written. Generally interesting; even a moderately interesting trip report, which is rare. Interesting theory about THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW. Good mimeography, though some of the art didn't print heavy enough.

PERSONAL NOTES #9 [Richard Harter, 306 Thoreau St., Concord MA 01742 -- irregular -- "available by editorial whim only"] A huge personalzine; 64 pp. I'm not sure if stapling it on the wrong (righthand) side is a deliberate ploy, a subconscious reversion to Jewishness, or an unavoidable result of having front and back covers be identical. Makes for interesting reading, though, particularly before one figures out what happened. Once one gets things straightened out, however, both the editor's ramblings and the lettercolumn hold one's attention.

THINGS THAT GO BUMPI IN THE MAILBOX

Article from the December FIELD & STREAM on the extermination of big game in Kenya; the government banned hunting, allegedly to reduce the slaughter, but since they haven't enforced any ban on exporting wildlife products, all the hunting ban did was reduce the amount of money the Kenyan Conservation Dept. has to fight poachers. There are no longer 300 licensed hunters per year taking home perhaps 6 tons of ivory, but 148 tons showed up in Hong Kong in 1975; all poached. The writer takes a crack at "protectionists" who arrive in Kenya for their advertised "camera safaris" - who, while they're there, load up on souvenirs from the curio shops. (Most of the anti-hunters feel it doesn't count if someone else kills the animal...)// SANDRA MIESEL sends a long interview with Charles K. Johnson, president of the Flat Earth Society. Basically, Johnson says the earth is flat and infinitely thick, the North Pole is at the center and there is no such thing as the South Pole, gravity doesn't exist, and the Moon landing was a movie scripted, directed, and narrated (!) by Arthur C. Clarke.// CAROLYN DOYLE sends an article about Retail Radio, an outfit designed to broadcast satellite-transmitted commercial blurbs over your local supermarket's PA system. (May run into trouble in Indiana, the only state I know where, in season, the supermarkets have basketball games instead of background music; the customers might not miss the music, but they won't put up with having their game broadcasts truncated.)// IRV KOCH sends the results of the NFF Story Contest (Stephen Antell first, David Curtis second, Alexander Strachan third) and notes that entries for the next contest should go to him at 835 Chattanooga Bank Bldg., Chattanooga, TN 37402. (Send your inquiries there, too; not to me.)// LAURINE WHITE sends a batch of clippings. The Israeli National Insurance Institute is now including prostitutes in its coverage. "By law we have to insure all professions." A gas station in New Orleans employs - and advertises - a boa constrictor as night guard. Owner claims "The burglars they have around here just kill dogs" but evidently don't want to tangle with a snake. (The helpful newspaper points out that the boa isn't big enough to seriously damage an intruder; I wonder how many break-ins the station had after the article was published?)// The University of California has succeeded in cloning a redwood tree. (That made the Fort Wayne paper, too; it should have been front page news, but wasn't.)// Some idiot plans to jump Niagara Falls in a snowmobile.// As if there weren't enough already, we have a new pseudo-science; letterology. It made its inventor \$25,000 in its first year and he is predicting a million for this year. Has to do with the second, third, and next-to-last-two letters of your first, middle, and last names.// The American Biographical Institute sent me an announcement that I was selected to the First Edition of PERSONALITIES OF AMERICA. "Culminating 10 years of biographical research" (then why did I only have 8 days to return my questionnaire?) Later on, they said it's an Anniversary Edition (a First Edition that's also an Anniversary Edition; that's a good trick). And they closed with "I shall look forward to your acceptance and to your laureation into the Institute's "Crown Volume" of biographical research." Laureation? I wonder if they have a job opening for a brochurewriter; they could use one. (Sure, I sent in my biography; what I didn't do was send in the \$40 or so for a copy of the book. Literary cons are getting cruder these days.)// JOSEPH MAJORS sends a headline: "After Drowning, Safety At Cumberland Falls Limited". But I don't need safety after I've drowned....// Joe also sends a notice of a KKK Confederation election in Hopkinsville, KY. "All those attending the conference are urged to bring their robes and cameras."// BOB BRINEY sends a postcard ad for "Coastermania", a convention of roller-coaster fans in Cedar Point, Ohio, Amusement Park July 1 and 2 this year. Sponsored by the Popular Culture bunch at Bowling Green, and about their speed, I would say.// Briney also sends a clipping about an imaginative use of copiers. Detectives in Radnor, Pa., put a colander on the head of a suspect, attached wires to a copying machine, and told the suspect it was a lie detector. They'd put a card in the machine saying "He's lying", and whenever didn't like his answers, they punched a button and an accusatory sheet popped out of the copier. (The judge had a good laugh before throwing the case out of court.)// JOE MAJORS again, with a notice of the successor to SCA; a New Orleans group that fights modern war games with BB guns.

They have "field maneuvers", wearing heavy clothing, face masks of mesh and plastic, and "live" BBs. Low-powered guns only; none of the postwar highpowered air rifles wanted. (Every participant must test his weapon against himself at point-blank range before being allowed on the field.)//DON & MAGGIE THOMPSON send an obituary for Malvina Reynolds and a page from OHIO MOTORIST about drivers in Saudi Arabia. Sounds like a lovely country for pedestrianism - as long as you don't have to cross the street. (Traffic speeds average 100 mph downtown, is the claim...and traffic signals are only for the ignorant foreigner.)//JOHN BOSTON sends an article on Pathan tribesmen in Pakistan, who are busily handmaking weapons as of yore. Except they're not producing the long-barrelled muzzle-loaders so common in old Errol Flynn movies; they are crafting imitation Enfield repeaters, M-1 carbines, machineguns, and hand grenades. "We can copy any gun in the world" one maker says. All done with hand labor - and without respecting patent rights, needless to say.//MARY SCHAUB sends an article on orange rustling in Florida. Thieves drive their pickup trucks into the groves, get next to an unattended semi-trailer, and transfer a pickup-load of fruit. (The bolder or better-organized ones come in with a semi-tractor, hitch on to the loaded trailer, and move out with the whole thing.) Sounds like crime is paying very well, at least in Anita Bryant country.//Mary also thoughtfully includes a few ads for the fan who has everything...Frank James's saddle is on the market for anyone with \$5000. Someone in Youngstown, Ohio, has a tugboat replica (full-sized, apparently) offered for \$7,000. And for those wanting a really different funeral, there is an 1893 hearse and a 1790 coffin going as a lot for \$10,000. (Bob Bloch, are you reading this?)//ROGER WADDINGTON sends a classified ad that I assume is a joke. (Aw, come on; it must be a joke...) "To users of our manual, 'High-Wire Acrobatics self-Taught' - Sentence on p. 27 now reads: 'Before attempting to make full turns on high-wire, be sure to bang knees.' Please substitute correct word 'Brace' for incorrect word 'Bang'. We sincerely regret any unpleasantness resulting from the typographical error."//And another ad I liked; "Misemployed? Start a successful used-book store!" I know some used-book store owners like that...//JOYCE SCRIVNER sends an article on one of Harlan Ellison's former pet projects; Synanon. Founder Charles Dederich, looking for new worlds to conquer after his successful start as a drug-rehabilitating center, has organized Synanon into a religion (with himself as high priest, of course) and instituted compulsory wife-swapping. (That's right; compulsory. Change wives whether you want to or not.) According to a resident who left, it's a great place for those people who want to be told what to do.//ERIC LINDSAY sends newspaper clippings on Hutt River Principality, the secessionist state in Western Australia. Prince Leonard of Hutt River has apparently been in the tourist business for some time; one reporter noted 7 tour buses arriving in a 2-hour period. And he thinks big; he's already applied for membership in the United Nations and the Universal Postal Union and staked out a claim to part of Antarctica. Now he's planning to begin his own airline. (Australian officials say he can't do it and he verbally thumbs his nose at them and says as an independent sovereign he can do what he likes.) None of these reconditioned Piper Apaches for his airliners, either; he wants to buy 3 secondhand 100-seat Comet 4C jetliners. He went to war with Australia over the airline business last December, and claims to have won on a technicality (Australia having not bothered to answer his declaration). Fascinating character. Eric also got me some of Hutt River's stamps, coins, and currency. The stamps look just like the stamps of all the other "emerging nations", the coins are somewhat more authentic-looking than French ones, if not as much so as Australian, and the currency looks like Australian Monopoly money, mostly because it's printed on bond paper instead of banknote paper. Fascinating place to visit, though I don't think I'd want to live there....//ALAN DODD sends an ad for personnel to work on the British Antarctic Survey. (Tired of that same old boring job...?)//ETHEL LINDSAY sends a long Sunday Supplement article - newspaper not identified - about a special sort of tour on the Thames; for a fee, amateur photographers can "meet and photograph six of the greatest models you have admired in Britain's leading glamour magazines". To be photographed in the nude, of course. 160 photographers - male and female - accepted the offer, and several of them are interviewed by the reporter, including "Alan Dodd, from Hoddesdon, Herts." Anyone for photocovers on YANDRO?//LAURINE WHITE, with

another batch. Edmund Szymczyk is suing the Ford Motor Co. for \$600,000 because it has failed to prevent his fellow-employees from telling Polish jokes./Drunk and disorderly milkmaids are reducing production on the Sudnikovsky State Farm, 60 miles from Moscow./In Teheran, thieves stole Musht Jaafar's white donkey, dyed it black, and sold it back to him./In Claremore, Oklahoma, City Councilman William R. Kelton became annoyed when a freight train blocked a street crossing for almost an hour, and uncoupled it in the middle. Half the train got 15 miles down the track before the crew noticed something was wrong. (He was convicted of malicious mischief; I think he should have been given a medal instead.)/In Richfield, Minnesota, an 11-year old girl was kidnapped and put into the trunk of a 1970 Ford. She escaped by unscrewing several bolts, removing a taillight, and getting through the hole. Police then caught the kidnapper by looking for cars with missing taillights and finding the right one.//MARY SCHAUB, again. For \$51.75, you can have a piece of the original pipe from the Trans-Alaska pipeline, "mounted on an artistic teak base"./Or for \$3,995 you can get a 24' x 14' fiberglass buffalo and a trailer to haul it around with.//ALAN DOBBS, again. Clipping about the British rock group Liverpool Express and their plans to make a movie. Script is by Bill Harry (who used to do artwork for YANDRO, among other fanzines)./Obituary for Dennis Wheatley, who wrote best-selling occult novels (60 of them)./Idea for cheap fuel; bricks made of coal dust and sawdust, bound together with starch (or old flour) and made into bricks in a special mould. Very popular in France, the item says; just starting to sell (the moulds, that is) in England. It would work, though whether or not it would be worth the trouble in our more severe winters is problematical.//RONALD SALOMON sends an item about the Massachusetts legislature voting down a bill to repeal the state's 280-year-old anti-blasphemy law. Cursing in Massachusetts can get you up to a \$300 fine or a year in jail. (So watch it, Briney.)//MARGARET DOMINICK and MARY LONG both sent a photo of a 15-foot-long hospital bill (for 12 days of care for a man who died from a brain hemorrhage, the caption says).//FRED JACOBIC sends a notice of L. Ron Hubbard's sentencing in Paris to 4 years in prison and a \$7,300 fine for fraudulent business practices. (He was sentenced in absentia, which I suspect means that in actuality nothing at all will happen to him.)//LAURINE WHITE with another batch. In Newcastle-under-Lyme, Trevor Edwards was fined \$97.50 (a US translation of £50?) for barking at a police dog./In Olathe, Kansas, somebody passed a metal slug with pictures of a quarter pasted to each side./Opponents of Canadian seal hunts have written Pope Paul VI, asking that he declare that seals have souls./The citizens of Shelby, Iowa, are raising funds to construct a six-story cornstalk as a tourist attraction./The Kentucky state attorney general has ruled that the Ten Commandments are not unconstitutional./JOHN BOSTON sends an item from almost a year ago that I mislaid. "The Middle of Silence Gallery", whatever that may be, issued a "press release" complaining that Prentice-Hall had refused to allow them access to author Jane Roberts so that they could ask her spirit mentor "Seth" for the identity of the "Son of Sam" killer. (I think the publisher was wrong, myself; if anyone is going to make thousands of dollars by peddling this sort of garbage, they should be required to associate with the sort of nuts who believe it.)//DODD sends an article by some nerdish reporter named Jon Akass, making mild fun of the energy crisis and saying that a world without energy would be a good thing; we'd be going back to the Good Old Days, etc. What really got me was his comment that "The parks will be full of strollers and crime will have decreased because crime, being a furtive activity, does not prosper in a crowd." It's not often you get such a total display of ignorance of both history and sociology in the same sentence.//NED BROOKS sends a photo-article on the inventor of a rubber-band machinegun, with a 30-band magazine. Just the thing for a dull afternoon at the office.//MARY SCHAUB sends a long essay on the marketing of best-sellers, with Jacqueline Susann's Dolores as an example. (Presumably selected because apparently no reviewer found it worth reading, but it sold in the millions anyway. "Marketing a best-selling paperback...isn't all that different from peddling toothpaste." Right; which is why I almost automatically avoid books touted as best-sellers - and sneer at people who point to sales figures as a proof of quality.)//And we'll finish off with another DODD item; the next item for the man who has everything is a talking wrist watch. They're coming - and they'll be among the next status symbols.//