

Yandro!

PLANET 'n SWASH MAG

The Pigs of Blackford

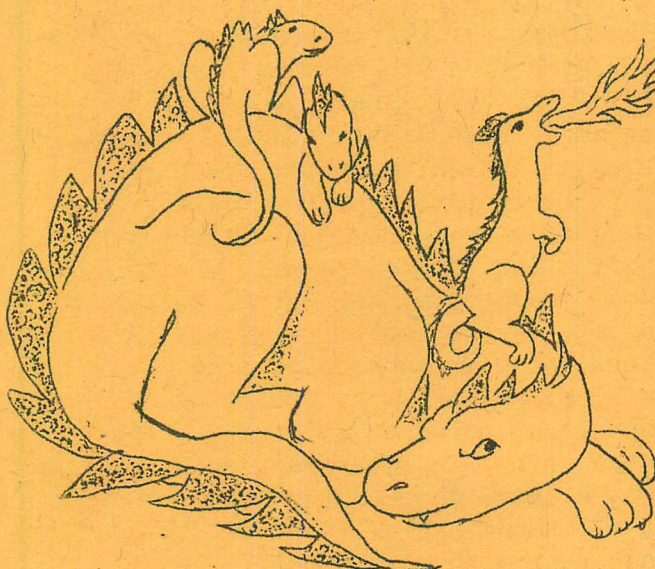
Only one man's will could hold
these tusked terrors in check!"

ROBERT BUCK
COULSON
Adventure!

also:
The Wheatfolk
of Saskatoon



with extreme apologies to
Robert Coulson and Yandro!



YANDRO

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ARTWORK

Cover by Stu Shiffman

Page 1, 2, and 4 - - - - -	JWC	Page 14 - - - - -	Jann Frank
" 10 and 11 - - - - -	Fred Jackson	" 15 - - - - -	Alan Lankin
Page 22 logo - - - - -	Sheryl Birkhead	" 18 and 19 - - - - -	JWC

Also included; three fliers. TAFF Ballot
GUFF Ballot

Ad for Solar Sailors

(We intend to contribute and vote in both elections, and we already have the record - which I don't think is quite as good as the previous recording by the group, but is still worth your money.)

A sign along the roadside near Dyer, Indiana, as reported by Lori Huff:

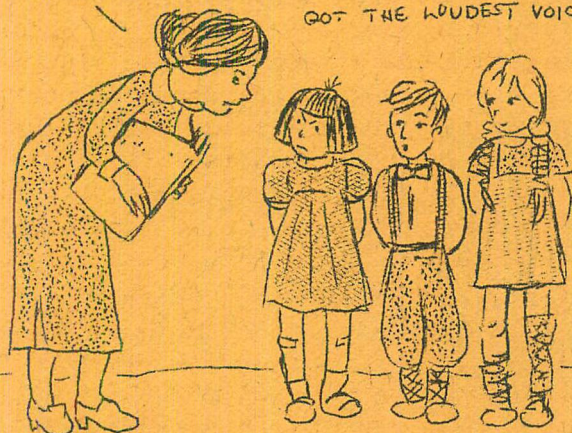
JESUS SAVES

Hickory Nuts

Back in July, we got a note from Margaret Dominick, mentioning that she was selling off most of her science fiction collection. At that time she had 3 boxes of hardcovers and about a box each of paperbacks and magazines left. Since it's been some time (due to our not putting out an issue until now) I have no idea of what, if anything, might remain. If you're interested, contact Margaret Dominick, 126 French St., New Brunswick, NJ 08901.

And a very merry Crispness to you all, to borrow from Pogo.

YOU CAN BE A CAMEL NEXT YEAR; THIS
YEAR YOU TAKE THE VIRGIN MARY ROLE -- YOU'VE
GOT THE LOUDEST VOICE!!



Last year at this time, I was fobbing part of the blame for the lateness off on Buck, for chewing up a lot of time finishing DEVLIN'S REVIEW. I have to take the blame this time. When it's a question between working on something people are paying me to pay the rent for versus the ever-continuing so-many-issues due of Yan, Yan has to wait a bit. But it always will come 'round. As Buck hopes, we may get another issue out by the end of the year. And I believe the next manuscript I have to work on will allow lots more breathing space in the first third or so of next year -- for one thing, the next manuscript will be almost a third shorter than the one I just finished. I try to wear both hats

without coming up too short in either one. Please bear with us...please?

On an earlier front, for those who only occasionally make the bookstore rounds (or whose bookstores are laggardly) the s&s/heroic fantasy novel I was working on and finishing last year at this time is now out on the stands. From Ballantine and titled WEB OF WIZARDRY. If your taste runs in that direction, I much appreciate your patronage and your bugging the newsstand proprietor to stock it. This has been a testimonial in favor of paying the grocery bill, by me. People who have already shelled out their hard-earned money for the book have said some very nice things to me about it. The sort of egoboo that keeps the mind and bod toasty warm in these cold Midwestern winters.

Stu Shiffman's cover this issue is entirely due to Sandra Miesel's sterling efforts, and I hope I did as right as I could by it. Printing is not all that easy to obtain or that good in this backwater region, so I went electrostencil. On some copies the heavy inking rather blurs the delicate printing of the dedication in the lower right-hand corner. Just so nobody misses out there, if yours is one of the copies where it's a trifle lost in the blackness, it says: "with extreme apologies to Buck Coulson and STERANKO." I don't know about Steranko, but he needn't have apologized to Buck, who thought the rendition was hilarious.

Incidentally, re Steranko, if you are at all interested in his work, I'd recommend a look when the DR STRANGE made-for-tv movie is rerun, as it inevitably will be later in this tv season. The makers worked closely with Steranko on set decoration and costumes and, particularly during journeys into nether regions, the Steranko touch is very obvious and striking. I hope the signal strength is better when it's rerun, too, because that's one visual fairy tale I'd like to videotape. Parts of it positively glow with fantastic effects.

On Sandra's fanciful (?) extrapolation, I'd like to explain the reference, for out-of-staters not yet brought to the light, of "Blackford". That's the county of which Hartford City is the county seat. Considering the entire county's population is approximately 15,000, I'll not be surprised or hurt if none of you have heard of it -- and couldn't care much less about that fact. However, you should be aware that Blackford is a name rich in tradition and history, worthy to rank up there with...er...mm...Senator Claghorn's bailiwick? Surely there's something more suitable to compare it with, but at the moment nothing comes to mind.

Blackford County was named for the eminent Isaac Blackford. Well, he was eminent to those in his social circle, at least, and obviously if his fame has not endured and spread it is entirely due to the vagaries of the press and the callous disregard of modern generations. Isaac Blackford was a native of New Jersey and sometime thereafter emigrated to the wilds of the Midwest. He there worked his way up the ranks of local politics, from Clerk of the Indiana Territorial House of Representa-

tives, first Speaker of the new Indiana State House of Representatives in 1817, and became cashier of the Vincennes State Bank (which is now a state memorial), then was appointed to the State Supreme Court. He kept getting re-appointed to that post by successive governors but apparently itched for a crack at elective office. He should have left well enough alone. In 1825 he was defeated in the governor's race, in 1826 in the election for US Senator (losing by only one vote, though), got saved by more Democratic governors (who re-appointed him anyway) from opposing William Henry Harrison's nomination for the Presidential campaign. Then, in 1852, when the State Supreme Court finally became an elective office, he was defeated in that election. He tried after that to win the job of Reporter of the Court. Finally, in 1855, Franklin Pierce appointed him to the United States Court of Claims, after which, presumably, he decided to let well enough alone. Not many counties can claim such a namesake. At least he's not notorious for much of anything except getting defeated in elections and for writing out his Supreme Court opinions in long hand and publishing them privately (which seemed to earn him a niche in the lawyers' handbook, if nothing else.) All in all, I think Sandra's fantasy is a better memorial than the late Judge's attempts to gain fame and fortune via the ballot box. For a while, it must have looked like he wouldn't even have the immortality of a county named after him. This area was originally combined with another somewhat east of here, until there was a noisy squabble over where the county seat would be. Land commissioners or some other arbiters got tired of the yelling and split the area into two counties, which is why our county is now one of the three smallest in the state. The other two tiny ones are down along the Ohio River and come by their truncated sizes honorably, thanks to the incursions of the river in its meanderings. We were just the poor cousins who got thrown out of the barn dance and told to fend for ourselves.

On a more recent tone of reminiscing, in this issue's letter column Mary Long remarks that because of school days -- and being forced to cram and study certain materials -- many of us end up hating things we would have come to enjoy if nature had taken its course. Sometimes we get there anyway. (I was going to reply to this in the lettercol while I was cutting stencils, but decided to save it for here. All of you now rush back and read the lettercol so you'll know what I'm talking about. Take your time. I'll wait.) When I was a grubby fingered piano student with bandaided knees and could barely reach the pedals of an upright, my piano teacher decided, for some blessedly unrevealed reason, that I should learn "Minuet in G" for a recital she was planning. I'm not sure why her senses left her on that occasion. My forte was noise and dash. I did great with "Hall of the Mountain King", for example. Delicacy was definitely not my specialty. Maybe she thought it was good training for me, under the philosophy that suffering is good for the soul. I certainly suffered with that particular composition. I hated it with a vengeance, and I screwed up so thoroughly during the recital I ended up walking off the stage with the performance unfinished, the only time in my life I ever did something like that. I'm a natural ham, but that bit of music box blather I couldn't abide. At that moment, I would have paid you a year's worth of my allowance to take away Ludwig van Beethoven and never darken my door with him again. It wasn't until several years later that it dawned on me the V for Victory leit motif we'd all hummed during WWII was from Beethoven, and then I started hearing the symphonies via Arturo Toscanini and the Sunday afternoon radio concerts. I resisted, for quite a while, admitting to myself that the same Beethoven wrote these marvelously noisy and flamboyant things -- had tortured me with "Minuet in G". Thanks to Toscanini, especially, I learned my childish mistake fairly early and doted on Beethoven ever after. But as Mary says, too many of us are rapped over the knuckles and commanded to appreciate some item of great culture -- and being human we dig in our heels and stubbornly refuse and end up loathing the topic under discussion. Sometimes, if we're lucky, we get another crack at it and grudgingly decide maybe the poet or musician or playwright isn't so terrible after all. In fact, not bad at all. Part of the problem is a sledgehammer technique on the part of teachers. But maybe part of it is just bad timing and our own resistant-to-change inner natures. I just hope most people who go through that do get a second crack and discover all the joy they've been missing, as I did.



This editorial is being written on Thanksgiving day; I have some vague hope of getting a YANDRO out by the end of the month, and another small issue by the end of the year. It's been a long time between issues, while Juanita was finishing up her second historical romance; 175,000 words take awhile to write. (And beginning in January she has to start on her second s&s novel and then get going on a 4-novel stf series. So YANDRO is going to be even more irregular than usual for the next year or so.)

This of course isn't even counting the possibility that we might take a 3-week vacation next year to go to the Worldcon and visit England while we are there. That possibility arose when Paula Smith and Steve Simmons came up to us at Marcon and asked if we'd go to the Worldcon if they raised the money. There's really only one answer to that... So the Coulsons To Newcastle Fund was started. Steve and Paula (along with Al and Corinna Frank) were down in October and seemed pretty certain that they'd get the money, so we sent in our con memberships and Juanita picked up a couple of passport applications, which I have been staring at off and on ever since. Maybe some day this winter I'll understand them well enough to try filling them out. Incidentally, if you want to know anything about the Fund, don't ask us; all we get are occasional progress reports. For information or donations or whatever, apply to Paula Smith, 507 Locust, Kalamazoo, MI 49007, or Steve Simmons, 2362 Jonathan, Ann Arbor, MI 48104.

Lessee; the last YANDRO came out in June, which is some time ago. We've been moderately busy since then (Juanita has been very busy). This has been The Year Of The Tires, for one thing. I mentioned having two go flat on the way to Marcon. At Midwestcon all went well until John Miesel asked us to drive him down to the airport so he could fly directly from Midwestcon to his chemical convention in Boston. Just before getting to the airport we heard this thumping noise, but didn't see anything when we stopped. Driving back, the thumping kept getting louder and louder, but I wasn't thrilled about the prospect of changing tires on a freeway in the middle of Cincinnati with traffic zipping by, so I just hoped it would hold together until we got back to the hotel. It did, through 30 miles of freeway traffic; Western Auto makes pretty tough tires. When we took it off, we could see that on the inside, where it couldn't be seen by a casual inspection, there was a split in the rubber just under the tread, for about 1/3 of the circumference of the tire. Looked like it went clear through, though since the tire was holding air, it obviously didn't. Then we had another tire go bad on us while we were loading the car for the trip to Rivercon; it created somewhat of a delay while we unloaded and got out the spare.

We've been carrying two spare tires everywhere, since Marcon....

Midwestcon was fun, as usual. We'd heard since nice things about last year's Archon in St. Louis (mostly from Carolyn Doyle) that we went there this year. Nice con, though the con hotel wasn't all that great. We "extended" that one by stopping twice on the way home; once with Sam and Mary Long and once with the Miesels. Kept us from collapse; that's a long drive after a con, and we - and our car - are getting older. Rivercon was also good, as usual, though I rather missed the original downtown hotel. (New hotel, however, was very plush and gave good service.) Nice to see Bob Bloch again, and sit in on a session of Bloch and Tucker reminiscing about the old days and plonking at one another. (Juanita didn't get to see much of him, since she was in the filksing every evening, and he avoids all vocal music. Or perhaps just filksingers, though he said - politely? - that he disliked all of it.)

Windycon was okay, though somehow it never quite comes up to expectations. Possibly because most of the people in Chicago fandom that I enjoy talking to are busy with convention business. First time I've seen George Scithers in several years, though, and the parties were okay.

From this distance, all the cons tend to blur together. It must have been at Rivercon, though, where Corinna Frank played the bagpipes and Jim Odbert did a Highland Fling or some such athletic dance; there's once I wished for a movie camera. Mostly conventions for me are a round of conversations with various people, which are nice at the time but don't make for good con reports.

This was also the summer for visitors. Bruce, along with Lori Huff, was the most frequent, of course; after all, his property is still cluttering up one of our rooms here... The last time, Ralph Ludwig and Sally Kobee-Ludwig came along, and Ralph, Bruce and I went back in the woods and perforated several of our landlord's tin cans with Ralph's .30 carbine and an assortment of handguns. Another time, Bruce, Lori, Juanita and I visited Connor Prairie, a historic "village" I recommend to all history buffs in the area. The date at the settlement has been permanently set at 1836 (I think that's right) and authentic houses and furnishings have been gathered from all over the state. (And are still being collected; the place has grown enormously since the last time I was there.) Then Bob and Betty Gaines came for a weekend, Don and Maggie Thompson were here, we hosted "Piggycon" over Labor day (Miesels, Aveys, Lavells and Maggie Draper), the DeWeeses were here, and Smith, Simmons and the Franks came. One side effect of all the fan visits was the enrichment of the secondhand book store in Wabash; the manager was particularly enraptured by our visit with the Thompsons, which was probably his biggest sale of the summer; over \$100 among the 6 of us. Derek Nelson and Lin Fox (Foxx?) arrived during a weekday, which meant I had to work part of the time they were here.

We drove down to Indianapolis to visit Devra and Mimi Langsam (and Mimi's new house - wow!). But the big visit was early in November, when we flew out to Ventura to stay a week with Kay and Gary Anderson. Didn't see all that many fans while we were there, though we drove down one night to see Dave Locke, Jackie Causgrove, and Dean and Jean Grennell. And I decided I didn't want to live in the area - 3 hours to go 50 miles on the freeway? No way. Up until then I had been rather attracted to a landscaping arrangement we saw on the way to Ojai; a house surrounded by cactus. But there are too many people in southern California, cactus or not. Anyway, it was a nice week with Kay, Gary, Maura, Evan, Eric and Dagny. We got to see the filming of an episode of "Taxi" while we were there, but most of my sightseeing was done in bookstores. (LA has some interesting sights, though; a sign reading "Adult Motel"? I thought all motels were....oh, well.) One afternoon while Kay and Juanita were studio-touring, they left me off in downtown Hollywood, making arrangements to pick me up at a newsstand next to a gay restaurant. (You know how you see pictures of restaurants with little children standing with their noses against the glass? First time I ever saw one where the kids were inside looking out. One Mexican teenager came out and smiled at me, but I didn't smile back and he went off looking for another customer.) Kay had planned to pick me up by driving by, leaning out and saying "Hey, I like you; come on." Pity it didn't work out that way; it would have been such a good story for any other tourists in the vicinity to take home with them. As it was, after I had hung around the newsstand for a halfhour, the owner was getting visibly nervous. Not sure if he thought I was planning a holdup or a bust, but he was glad to see me go.

Juanita is fascinated by airplane travel, but I must confess that I'm a bit uneasy the whole time I'm in the air. Tain't right. If God had meant men to fly, he would have given us anti-gravity.

The rest of the summer was the usual round of problems. The garden tiller never did work right, the cars had various minor repairs, the heat was enough to make us shell out for a room air-conditioner (which then had to be installed in a window that was too wide for it), the well pump quit and eventually the landlord put in a new well (which delivers water smelling of sulfur), and so on.

Lapse of time; this is the last day of November (so we won't get this issue in the mail until December) and Chambanacon has joined our list of conventions for the year. Now we hibernate for the winter, and hope to have a newer car by travel time. (Before Chambana, we promised Moby Dick that if it held together for this one convention, we wouldn't ask it to make any more long trips.) It worked... We arrived a trifle later than expected at the hotel, because the garage was installing a new windshield wiper motor on Friday morning. Vacuum motor. Complicated by the fact that our current garage is a Chevy sales. After some dithering about what precisely to do about our non-existent wipers, Juanita called our former garage in Rochester - which isn't even a garage any more - and their former head mechanic told her over the phone what needed to be done, and she relayed it to the Chevy mechanic. He's a pretty good mechanic on Chevys, but old Ramblers are not his forte. Anyway, the new motor has one glitch; it won't start if the car is in gear. To start the wipers, you have to shift into neutral, and then back into drive once the wipers are operating. That way, the wipers work - most of the time, anyway. I've dealt with more convenient systems, but this one got us all the way back from Champaign to Hartford City in a rainstorm, which is the main thing.)

This time, since Rusty Hevelin was GoH, I was asked to run the huckster room. Not that it took much running; mainly I just had to be there to open and close. It was a good con, mainly meaning that I got to talk to lots of old friends and meet, albeit briefly, a couple of interesting newcomers. We roomed with Bruce and Lori, as usual.

One thing conventions are doing is spoiling me for casual conversation at the office. Most of it is so damned boring... I have an interest in guns and hunting, and a minor interest in sports, in common with the men (though as I get older I find my sports interest dwindling. I used to watch a fair amount of basketball, as well as following favorite teams in the newspapers; now I seldom bother.) But the major topic of conversation in our office, for both men and women, is eating out - where did you go and what did you order, and how good was it? Which seems a bit dull to me, as a mainstay of conversation. And, aside from food, the women workers talk about home furnishings, wedding plans (a steady stream of young, single women passes through the office on its way to beautiful weddings. Interestingly, all the conversation is about the wedding itself; the groom is seldom mentioned, nor is there any speculation about future married life. The wedding itself seems to be the high spot.) And, of course, local gossip, though that's divided about equally between men and women. No talks of books or art (of the whole office, one woman at least knows what art is, and is creative in the handicrafts area); much dogmatism but little understanding of politics; and blatant racism. A few comments on a tv show may be the high spot of the day. Ah well. Maybe it's not really that bad. At least, unlike other fans who have comments on the subject, I don't have to hide the fact that I go to conventions with all these other weirdos. There's a lot of mutual toleration in a small office (with me in it, there has to be). My coworkers are generally very nice people; it's just that most of them aren't very interesting.

But one of these days I'll write the Great American Novel and put all this research to good use...

For next issue, I still have this huge folder of letters. I even had a couple of the most interesting laid out on top, so I could get at them first. Unfortunately, the folder spilled all over the floor this afternoon... Anyway, next issue may be almost entirely reviews and letters, since I have a boxful of already-read books left over from this issue, too (I was not about to inflict 25 pages of book reviews on you in one issue.) And I'm still going to try to get it out before the end of the year.

Now if I could only get my reading done; a box of 27 books that we bought in California arrived today. Got to read fast; John Miesel keeps offering to take them off my hands...//Couple of Fund ballots in here. We're not really supporting anyone in particular, since everyone there is a friend, but vote for someone.

ELECTRONIC PENDANTS FOR UNDER \$5.00

Pendants selling for \$30, \$50 and more have been the hit of Science Fiction conventions and stylish jet set boutiques around the world. Now you can make your own at a small fraction of the cost.

Powered by a single hearing aid battery available at drug stores everywhere, and using a simple circuit with only a few components, this pendant design makes a fine project for even beginning hobbyists.

Complete plans with clear instructions and diagrams, parts list and sources, for only \$1 from "Project Plans", Dept. Y, Starhaven Publishing, P.O. Box 343709, Coral Gables, FL 33134.

 "...the heaviest fighting since the truce went into effect." (One for our
 How's That Again? department, from Frank Reynolds and ABC News

CONVENTIONS

Most conventions came and went during our summer and fall of non-publishing, but we have a few notes for you.

MARCON XIV, Columbus, Ohio, March 16-18, 1979. GoH, Katherine Kurtz and Fred Haskell. Get information from Ross Pavlac, 4654 Tamarack Blvd. Apt. 6-2, Columbus, OH 43229. (This one we'll undoubtedly make, since it's so close to us.)

AGGIECON X, Texas A&M Univ., March 29-April 1, 1979. GoH, Theodore Sturgeon and Boris Vallejo. Information from Aggiecon X, P.O. Box 5718, Texas A&M Univ., Memorial Student Center, College Station, TX 77844.

WHATCON I, Champaign-Urbana, IL, June 8-10 1979. GoH Gordon Dickson and the Passovoys. Information from Bill Roper, Box 100-R, Roger Adams Lab, Univ. of Illinois, Urbana, IL 61801. (This one we'd like to make, but...)

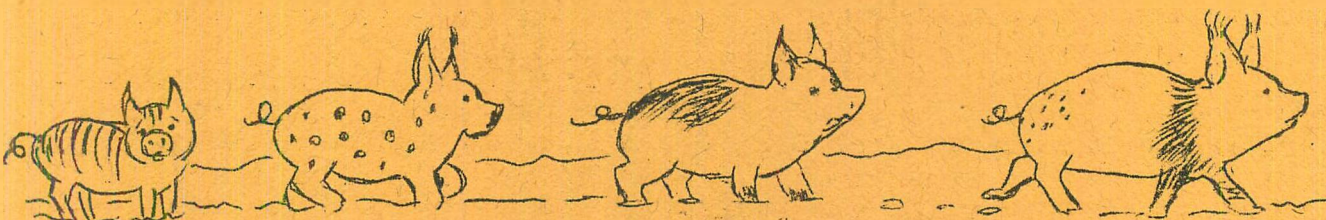
 NOTICE. Crazy Minneapolis Fandom is supporting a musical Cause. PLAYBOY runs an annual feature on the top pop/jazz musicians in the world - Minneapolis is trying to drum up (yes, indeedy) support for a write-in vote for Animal (of the Muppets) as Best Drummer. A second bulletin notes that the December PLAYBOY has the entry blank for the poll, and it appears that the ballot in the magazine is the only legal one, so you'll have to buy an issue. (Isn't it worth it, to croggle the PLAYBOY editorship?) YANDRO fully supports Minneapolis fandom, and if I can't Xerox a second ballot I may just buy 2 issues of PLAYBOY. VOTE FOR ANIMAL.

THINGS THAT GO BUMP! IN THE MAILBOX

Ad for a book on "improvised weaponry" titled The Poor Man's James Bond. "Defend your survival refuge and stores. Those who prepare to survive deserve to survive. The threat of desperate, maddened looters makes this book the most important in your Survival library." (Some gun people really are paranoid, I'm afraid...I've seen this ad only in GUNS & AMMO; I suspect some of the saner publications have refused it.//I see the post office issues a Molly Pitcher commemorative postcard awhile back - attitude seems to be that guns are splendid if they're far enough in the past...though their stamp issues commemorating freedom of the press, freedom to assemble, freedom to petition, etc., carefully stopped short of the freedom to keep and bear arms. Touch of hypocrisy there?//Polly & Kelly Freas, 4216 Blackwater Road, Virginia Beach, VA 23457, have sent out a new brochure; along with their other stuff, they have a set of prints from the Starblaze books. If you didn't get a copy, ask for it; it's a very pretty ad in itself. (Or ask us; we got 10 copies. A few more and we could have circulated them with this YANDRO.))//Robert Adams mentioned that his Horseclans series is moving to New American Library - with presumably a better contract. Congratulations.//Mary Schaub sends an article on a mustard museum in Dijon, France.//Mary also sent a note about the medical research center which has scientific evidence that chicken soup is good for colds.

PIGS OF BLACKFORD

bysandra miesel



The winter wind stabbed like a native skinning knife but Robert Buck Coulson paid it no heed. The harsher his surroundings, the more he felt at home. He snarled his defiance at the weather, clapped his broad-brimmed hat more firmly on his head, and turned his face resolutely towards the forest. He was armed only with an antique 12-gauge shotgun but in his experienced hands this had proven itself the equal of any modern blaster. "It kills well," he said, smiling for once.

A few dry legume pods crackled underfoot as he strode across harvested fields and empty pastures. The land bore less and less each year as a dying civilization receded and the wilderness crept closer. Coulson scanned the horizon warily, his carnivore-keen senses alert to the slightest movement. Here in the borderlands there was always the chance of an unlucky meeting with the hirsute Children of Ind-Our-Mother plying their trade in hallucinogenic herbs.

There were no Children to be seen this day, nothing to distract Coulson from seeking his prey, the mighty Limberlost lepusculi. These elusive creatures, whose fluffy fur and soft brown eyes belied their vicious incisors, were superb eating. A wolfish grin spread over Coulson's grizzled and goateed face as he thought of tearing into their succulent flesh.

He was among the trees now, slipping noiselessly from trunk to trunk. Gradually, he became aware of a faint snuffling noise ahead. He turned towards it, shotgun at the ready. Ripping aside a curtain of venom vine (to which he of all men was immune), he found himself face to face with the region's most ferocious beasts -- the dreaded pigs of Blackford!

Chest-high they stood and broad in proportion with huge fringed ears and horrid little eyes. Curving tusches gleamed against unnaturally shaggy coats of red, black, white, striped, and spotted hair. There were about ten adults in the herd plus an indeterminant number of piglets squealing in the underbrush. These baleful swine were the spawn of a genetics experiment gone wrong. Generation after generation they had been bred from the offscourings of artificial insemination vats, growing ever larger and wilier. Eventually, the mutant hogs had devoured their careless owner and fled into the forest. Over the years they had accounted for a number of unwary hunters and fungus-gatherers.

Robert Buck Coulson did not plan on becoming their latest victim. The pigs would be no match for the cunning he had acquired in his wild Hoosier boyhood. What were a few swine, however portly, to one who had successfully defended the family garden against marauding ringtails?

The dominant boar lowered his snout and pawed the ground with his incongruously dainty hooves. But before Coulson could curl his lip in contempt for the other's threatening grunts, he was nearly struck to his knees by a bolt of all-encompassing terror. Words formed in his mind:

"I am Snork and I kill."

Coulson fought to steady himself, forced his quivering body to stand firm. He flung back a thought of his own:

"I am Buck and I review."

And thus the strange battle was joined -- man against swine. Coulson grasped the pigs' dire secret: in effect they frightened their victims to death, rendering them helpless via telepathic projections of fear before tusks and hooves did their bloody work. Coulson's only hope for survival lay in terrifying the pigs worse than they could terrify him. His paralyzed hands could not be made to fire the shotgun but he fired barrages of weapon-laden thoughts at his foe -- thoughts of his kris, his duckfoot pistol, his typewriter.

"Fear, human," ordered Snork, "Fear so I may slay you."

"No, you fear, piggy," countered Buck, "Fear my killer review of your lousy performance."

Sensing a slight breach in the enemy's mental defenses, Coulson stirred his own rage to new frenzy by uttering certain incantations:

"Fan fiction! Crudzine! FaAN Awards! Con reports!" The litany climaxed with a resounding "Claude Degler!"

These outpourings of bestial hostility soon took their toll. Snork raised his massive head and squealed piteously. Coulson immediately struck the boar's snout with his gun butt, totally cowing him. The rest of the herd shuffled uneasily at their leader's humiliation but were willing to accept the ascension of a new dominant male even without the traditional tail-nip. They were all satisfied that Coulson was not human in their understanding of the term and henceforth followed him as docilely as a pack of dogs.

The new Swinemaster introduced his charges to civilization of sorts by taking one or two of them at a time to those gatherings of Fan-Farers called conventions. Between their size and their psi talents, the pigs proved to be invaluable companions. Snork and his fellows soon became as familiar Midwestern convention figures as Gordy Dickson and Lou Tabakow. The pigs induced cooperation in hotel clerks, helpfulness in bellhops, courtesy in neofans. They carried loads of ice and beverages to parties and cheerfully gave small children piggyback rides. They discouraged smoking and encouraged quiet at filksings, asking only that a verse in honor of Gullinbursti be added to "Old Time Religion."

The pigs' telepathic skills made them matchless security guards since they could detect the crasher or ripoff artist before he did any mischief. A monitory grunt sufficed to quell the most hardened would-be troublemaker. For a time, they nearly put the Dorsai out of business until the Dorsai decided to enroll them as cadets. Their fame spread so widely, Jerry Pournelle proposed adding them to the SFWA Grievance Committee to confound venal publishers and slipshod editors, but purists shouted the motion down on the grounds that the pigs lacked proper credentials.

Not that it was all work. Despite his gruffness, Coulson was a kindly Swinemaster. He allowed them time off every Saturday night to watch "Pigs in Space". With his blessing, they played pool chaos at Midwestcon and wallowed happily in the Champaign jacuzzi. (Hefty doses of mental anguish dissuaded motel managers from halting these innocent porcine recreations.) The swine even received that coveted fannish accolade, an invitation to "smooth" with Bob Tucker. And since the hogs could hold their liquor, the expression "drunk as a pig" dropped out of general use. There was even some talk of inviting Snork to stand for TAFF or DUFF.

The pigs moved from triumph to triumph. Who knows how long this might have continued had not their grim master decided to terminate their adventures.

"I hate series," scowled Coulson, and sent all his pigs to the slaughterhouse.

- - - - -
A soprano canard is a base canard which has been grievously injured. . . Gary Anderson

- - - - -
The Indianapolis tv weatherman predicted 52 snows this coming winter. And the horrible part is, he's been hitting between 60 and 98 percent on his predictions...snowmobiles, anyone?

GRUMBLINGS

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

243: Presume you saw that the PO decided to postpone the ban on undersized envelopes for a few more months. I doubt that you scared them, but perhaps somebody did.

Buck's tale of cleaning the furnace oil line reminds me of Krissy's story of the (fill in your favorite ethnic group) terrorist who tried to blow up a bus. He burned his lips on the exhaust pipe.

Benedict on sf/motorcycle movies recalls my discovery once that, in the wake of DAMNATION ALLEY, American International had bought an old Harry Harrison book and were planning on turning it into a new cycle/sf movie. They planned to retitile it MAKE VROOOM! MAKE VROOOM!

I am also somehow reminded on George Wells' ideas for new sf/fantasy genres, of which my favorite was Bowling and Sorcery. We never did come up with a satisfactory definition for that one, though come to think of it DAMNATION ALLEY again might serve as a typical title.

Interested to read your typo of Marge Piercy's books as "very well gone." Come on now, it isn't that hard to find...

"The 25 cents price is worthwhile; the original 95 cents one isn't." I know what you mean, but seeing such in print got me to wondering how one determined an exact break-even value for amounts that small. (As Dainis Bisieneks said to me last night when we dickered over selling books, "I had forgotten for a moment that a dollar isn't really money any more.") I think Heisenberg ought to apply to book values; one might know exactly what one will pay for a book, or know where to find a copy, but not both.

Other bar sf stories besides Clarke, deCamp/Pratt, and Spider Robinson: Lanier's Brigadier Fellows; Dunsany's Jorkens (OK, so many/most of both are fantasy -- some are sf). And there are various one-shot items, such as Kuttner's "Don't Look Now." (Remember, I once chaired a con panel on "The Influence of Alcohol on Science Fiction." Kuttner/"Padgett"'s Gallagher stories ought to fit in a crack somewhere here; even if they aren't strictly bar stories (nor are Fellows and Jorkens -- private clubs) the ambience seems the same. And of course there's Poul Anderson's Old Phoenix stories.

I think the village Mary Long writes of that tried to declare war on the rest of the US (for financial reasons) was in northern Minnesota, not Michigan. (And not to be

I WISH THERE WAS
SOME WAY I COULD
BREAK MY CONTRACT
WITH FREJAC SO I COULD
GO AND JOIN GILLILAND'S
CARTOON TROOP

I WISH GILLILAND WOULD
MAKE ME AN OFFER FOR
THAT STUPID JERK OVER
THERE

ALL HE CARES
ABOUT IS HIS
COFFEE BREAKS.

frejac

confused with Grand Fenwick.)

He being prepared for storm stay-overs in a pool-equipped hotel by having brought along a swimsuit, even if Don Thompson felt he needed one -- thereby casting aspersions upon his fannishness (not to mention my spelling) -- most such hotels I have seen have vending machines which include paper (?) throwaway suits.

By the way, I rather like Fred Jackson's cartoons.

244: On blue creme soda, someone in MINNEAPPA kicked around the thought that (almost) all blue foods are rotted/poisonous, and that learning to avoid them is a survival trait. (Blueberries are an obvious exception; any others come to mind?)

I notice you have dropped Project (Gil Gaier) numbers in your books reviews. I guess I'm sorry -- I never participated in the project, and have my doubts about its value -- but it was one more way of trying to catch you out in contradictions. (Giving a more favorable review to a 68 book one issue than to a 72 book the previous issue by the same author, for instance.) I enjoy looking for your feet of clay. (Finding them would probably shatter me for life -- I keep telling fans I've newly met that you are my Father Figure -- but looking for them is fun.)

Dungeons and Dragons is not, of course, a "fantasy board game". (Fantasy boring game, sometimes, perhaps.)

"Ligeia" is hardly little-known Poe; I remain unconvinced that there is any such thing. (There is less-known Poe, but I don't know if that story qualifies even under that heading.)

THE MAN FROM PIG was originally from Analog (a cover story) and paperbacked by, I believe, Avon all by itself several years ago. Thick paper, wide margins -- MAN FROM ROBOT I don't recall, but then I haven't read Analog for the last decade or so.

My failure to suspend disbelief in GATEWAY (which I otherwise liked, think is probably Pohl's best book, but I agree is no classic) came when one would-be ship pilot advertised for non-smoking partners -- making me suddenly realize that in this controlled environment where each resident had to pay for his/her air, smoking was still a problem to have to be worked around. Fred may think that's realistic, but not me.

"Gerrold has spiced it ((his book)) up for feminists by using the female pronoun in all cases..." yeah, and presumably the other 99.9999999 percent of books published in the last few centuries are spiced up for non-feminists? Anyway, I thought boats were usually "her" even in standard Murrigan-type male-generally-assumed English, so revelation that Gerrold so refers to them does not shock much.

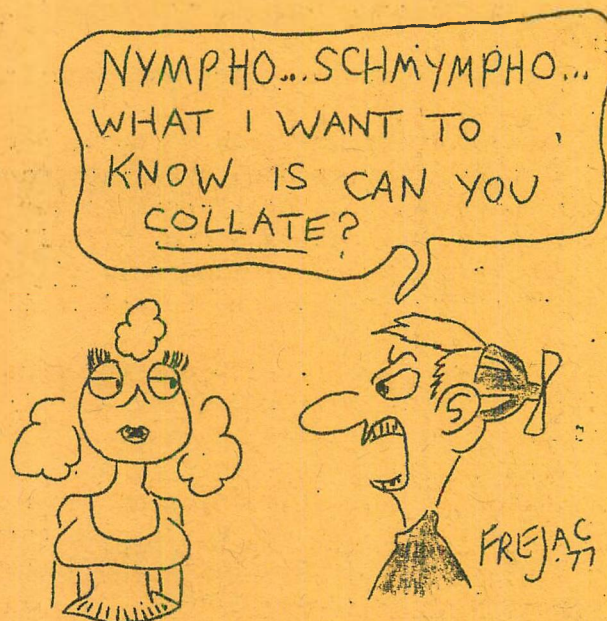
I should think telepathy would be useful in working out any kind of marriage, group of conventional; there are too many idiots attempting either on earth.

A VOYAGE TO ARCTURUS was first published in 1920; it just sounds like the turn of the century. (And possibly not this century at that.) I don't always agree with you about opinions on the Ballantine Adult Fantasy line and its offspring, but this one I finished only because I'm neurotic about finishing books I start that are supposed to be Classics and Good For Me.

THE VIOLENT MAN is not a "recent" van Vogt novel; it came out in 1962.

I don't have BRAK: WHEN THE IDOLS WALKED, but I presume it is not a new novel but a reprint of the Aug-Sept 1964 Fantastic serial.

General disagreement with John Boston on gun so-called control; total agreement



with him on boredom/distaste for television. (I've been without a set for several months now; fun.)

The Beatles parody Mary Long mentions is THE RUTLES, not THE HUTIES, Bad typo. (Bad, bad, naughty typo.)

Vancouver friends told me about Roberts Point, Wash. -- the enclave/peninsula of US completely surrounded by water and/or Canada -- and indicated that it had a lousy reputation, as a honky-tonk border town where hell-raising Canadians went to drink on Sundays. Juarez North. I believe a bit of Minnesota's Lake of the Woods area is also reachable by land only via Canada.

Robert Nathan seems to be still alive, and pushing 83, according to vol II of Tuck.

A few days later. You see why I don't write much anymore; takes me three days to finish a lousy short LOC to my favorite fanzine. (And I've done only three allegedly humorous articles in the last almost-three years; bibliographies and transcriptions of one speech don't count.) I've found it almost impossible to try to write anything, certainly anything other than natter, without a fair supply of beer within me and more to come after each paragraph. This tends to put a time limit on the amount of typing/thinking I can do before I start getting entirely too high a percentage of typos. Or thinkos.

Fun, though, sometimes.

"I do not consider a government moral or upright, when it allows and supports mass killings of seals." Of course, most governments, (including this one) allows and in some sense supports mass killings of cows, pigs, etc. -- not to mention mosquitoes and the like. Perhaps there is some reason why I should get more worked up over the death of a harp seal than that of a cow, but if so the reason escapes me. (Aside from the obvious one that I do personally use beef products but have no personal use for seal products.)

Eric's problem with stereo noise level parallels my own. I find most stereos to be played at a level slightly unpleasant to me and some physically painful. (The only Minn-STF meeting/party I have left in a huff in seven years was due to this.) Live music, on the other hand, usually does not bother me, if only because I have more chance of avoiding any bands which I expect to be painfully loud. The only one I've been caught at lately was the band at the 1978 WisCon. I probably would have tried to walk home from that one, but it might have been a bit hard to walk 300 miles. So I settled for leaving the area. I've never encountered a filksong session loud enough to be anything other than pleasurable. (In fact, the louder the better -- if loud enough, I can sing along without embarrassing myself and disgusting others by being heard.)

Dave Piper is older than the hills, but his letter reminds me unpleasantly(?) that I've been getting Yandro for some 15 or 17 years myself. (Unpleasantly isn't to be meant the way it sounded, you know. You know?)

Brian Earl Brown is not quite correct that all fans are now moving to Seattle or Chicago; the Twin Cities are getting their share. Two from Mass. and one from Wisc. in the last few months, with another Mass. and a Pennsylvanian due shortly and an Illinoisian planning on next summer. And we haven't lost anyone lately except for one SCA femme whom we were perfectly happy to lose.

"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." As a quasi-alcoholic agnostic, I can't agree. I find myself harassed by religious types frequently and forced to live under laws passed because of religious convictions of lawmakers/voters. I don't find myself bothered by fellow alcoholics out to convert me to, say, scotch instead of beer and I'm not aware of any restrictions on my personal freedoms promulgated by organized drunks. Alcohol may not be a better habit for an individual to take up in so far as his/her own body is concerned, but from what I can see it is certainly a "better answer" insofar as doing minimal damage to said individual's peers (even counting the occasional drunk driver). So the religious bias of Alcoholics Anonymous and similar groups strike me as a case of the cure being less desirable than the disease.

I hadn't heard of letterology. The second, third, and next-to-last two letters of my first, middle, and last names are ENNI IEET IEIE. What do I do now?

[[I would tell you to send off \$25 or whatever to the inventor of Letterology and have your letters analyzed (who knows, they might find that basically you're an upright, Godfearing citizen), but I don't have a name or address to send them to.// I've never been "harassed" by alcoholics, but I've come close to being bored to death by quite a few of them. (One can, of course, walk away from either a boring drunk or a boring evangelist, but in my experience the drunks are more apt to follow you.)// I don't notice many male chauvinists using "he" in describing aunts, and Gerrold's use of "she" for uncles bothers me.// I think I'd agree with Pohl; some smokers would blithely continue under his conditions -- and I suspect that he's one of them.// You and John Miesel; why am I a father figure to all these monsters? (Er ...I was referring to height. Though, now that I think of it....) RSC]]

Dean Grennell, Box DG, Dana Point CA 92629

Not long ago, the first copies of DARK PRIESTESS turned up locally, at the Safeway store over in Monarch Bay. More intriguing, they had it displayed on the rack under the little placards saying "Best Seller #12," and, for good measure, under "Best Seller #7," too. Much bemused, I figured that a photo of that would please friend Juanita mightily so I went back to the car and unlimbered the trusty Canon FTb (for which I do not have a permit) and was all focussed on the book cover and sign (#7, natch!) when the market manager came whoofing over, spraying spit in all directions. It was verboten, he expostulated, to take photos within Safeway premises. I tried to explain that I knew the lady who wrote the book and just wanted to send her a snap of it. That cut no ice. He snarled that I should buy the book and take it outside, where I could take as many photos of it as I liked. I had planned to buy a copy, as soon as I'd snapped it, but with the bar-steward coming on so churlish like that, I didn't buy the copy.

Since then, I've ordered a copy at another bookstore (Jean is faunching to read this, Juanita, and I plan to have a hack at it myself) and I still plan to get the forbidden photo, come h or high w. Nobody is about to tell a member of the press and a photographer of 42+ years standing where he can take photos and where he can't.

An idea just occurs: How 'bout, after I capture the forbidden image, I print it up on some postcard enlarging paper (Eastman still makes it and I have some) and I'll send it back there and Juanita can indite an appropriate message on the obverse of the card (respectfully suggested, "Screw you, fella!") and sign it and mail it to the store manager? It's just that there are some offenses that ought not to go unchallenged, imho.

The only rueful thought is, the next poor innocent bugger who sashays into the Monarch Bay Safeway with a camera around his neck is apt to get shish-kebab'd with a barber pole...

Your book review column always impresses me. It would appear that you slog your way to the end of books whose titles alone would mire me halfway through. As a budding author ("Authors don't bud: They Fester!" -- Simon Templar) once long ago,, I know it can be hard to find a publisher who'll pay to have a ms printed, let alone vouchsafe a spot of filthy lucre to the scrivener thereof. Despite this, the most casual glance around any bookstore turns up hundreds of volumes that blow the mind when you think that some poor soul spent countless hours hunched over the typer (perhaps even writing them by hand) and some entrepreneur invested a substantial sum in printing up hundreds, even thousands of copies of the boring things.

In my furnace salesman days (15 years back up the timestream, believe it?), I had cards in half the libraries in eastern Wisconsin and once I bimbared into the one in Mayville to find they were giving the deep six to a lot of phased-out books. Being much more rash in those days, I loaded about a ton into the back of the big Olds station wagon and hauled them home. I'd've done better to fill it with dead albatr.

I later hauled the whole carload to a rather indiscriminating used book dealer in Milwaukee and found that he wouldn't even sit still for my leaving most of them on his premises for freebies. Eheu.

Speaking of Milwaukee reminds me that you (Buck) were speaking of going there and playing chess with DeWeese. I have played chess with DeWeese. Candidly speaking, I think I'd really prefer to play Russian Roulette with a Gatling gun. I recall but one isolated instance (late Jurassic? pre-Cambrian? not really sure anymore) when I had rashly marshalled my pieces against his in battle array and I made what seemed like a likely move and I raised my eyes from the board to see Gene's face take on the expression of a dashing young man about town who's just realize that the last gulp of Dom Perignon contained, among other things, a live tadpole. As it turned out, it was one of those accidental checkmates -- about the only kind I ever get -- and Gene put the board and pieces away and we adjourned to the living room to watch tv.

Some small interlude went past and my host's tr-then grievously chopfallen demeanor brightened by a googolplex or two of candlepower.

"That was an illegal move you made," he advised me. "When you made that move, you left your king in check."

Well, the pieces were all humble-jumble back in the box by that time and, by me, the data was as irretrievable as what King Tut had for breakfast on the 319th day of his reign. Pending development of a practicable time machine, we'll never know, far's I'm concerned. Foosh, I get migraines, just playing Tic-Tac-Toe.

I mean, like, Morphy I ain't.

But I remembered Mencken's immortal, utterly unanswerable riposte to the lady reader who had gone to incredible efforts to box him in and refute him on all fronts and bind him into a helpless blob and I plagiarized it shamelessly.

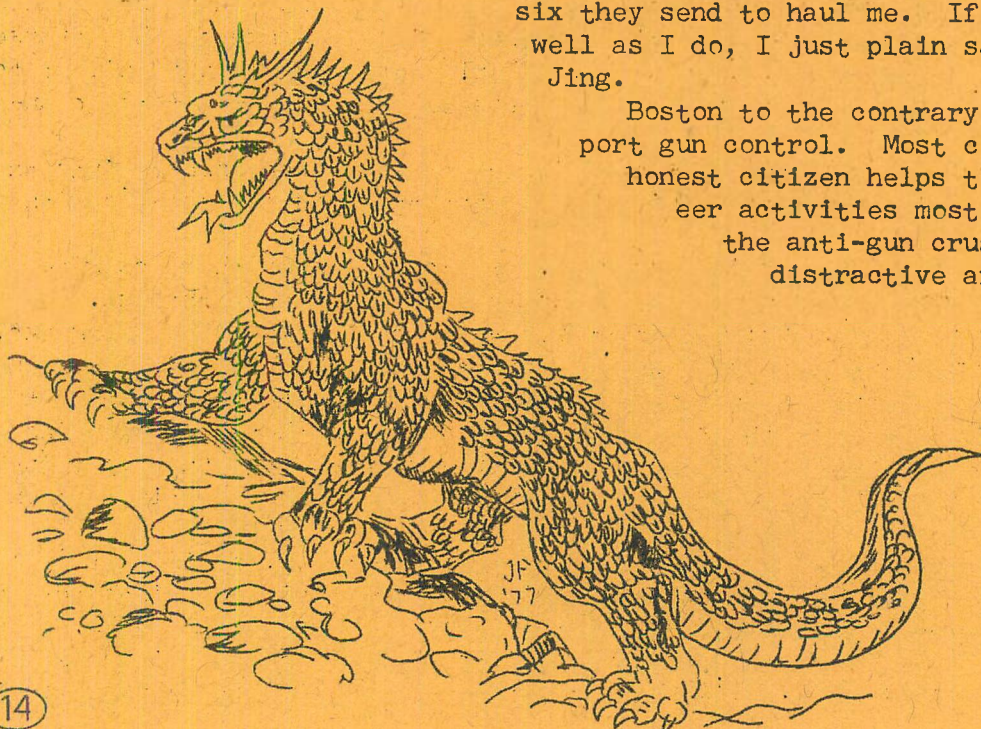
"Y'know, Gene," I conceded, "you may be right."

Check-schmeck. If you pack the pieces away a winner, you won the game, imho. Ergo, once, I beat DeWeese at chess so badly that it took him several minutes to figure out I hadn't really beaten him.

* Grumblings: Somewhere in here, I noted a reader coming down all aghast that Jackie Causgrove was so intemperate as to fail to register the classic shudder over having been trapped in the SoCal milieu. Roaring mousefarts. We've been here a dozen years and pity the poor troops they send to take use back. At least seven of us won't go: Me and the six they send to haul me. If Jackie likes it as well as I do, I just plain say bully for her, by Jing.

Boston to the contrary, most cops do not support gun control. Most cops know that the armed honest citizen helps to simplify their career activities most usefully. Don't let the anti-gun crusaders sway you with distractive arguments about the 55 mph speed limits.

Imho, any law that's crunched by 90+ percent of the populace is a stupid law. Within the past week, in order to get a semi off my back bumper, I've had to put the agile Opel up over the 90 mark. Out



here, if you hold at 70: which is the Opel's easy lope, you will be passed by everything in sight, including tiny tots on tricycles.

Watch for the September issue of the publication that validates my paycheck. I finally snack in a piece we've been incubating for a matter of many months, dealing with hollow-point bullets and such matters. The author tells of debating with an ACLU spokesperson with the memorable cognomen of Ms. Dudley Dudley (I had to fight fang and claw to sneak that past our proofreading department). She told him, bluntly, the ACLU just wants to see the cops turn in their guns. They know the criminals will never turn in their guns, but what the heck, you know how criminals are, right?

The ACLU, as I get it, is dedicated to brave defense of every civil liberty with the sole exception of the 2nd Amendment. They will go to court to support neo Nazis, but at the likes of you and me, Buck...well...sorry, right along about there is where they have to draw the line. I mean, after all, guns are for just one purpose and one purpose only, killing people, right?

Once, back in the Fund du Lac days, I got a fanzine from some British fan. You know how their postal types decree that they just tuck in the flap and leave it loose? I opened it and found that the brown envelope had managed to entrap a small white envelope, along the way. So I put the little envelope inside a larger envelope and sent it back to the original addressee, with a brief note, explaining the she-mozzle and apologizing for my unwitting participation in the delay of his mail and, after a time, heard from the guy, thanking me and confiding that the entrapped envelope had contained a small cheque. Newcastle-upon-Tyne was the place of his residence, then.

The local pubtrans situation is hopeless, so hopeless that most of the time the busses are snarling about empty, or with a token passenger (prob'ly a shill) aboard. They are subsidized by public taxes, or were, until we passed proposition 13 recently. Once, when the Buick garage was in Laguna Beach, about 8 miles up the coast from Cuppadrano Beach, where I work, I took my Buick to the garage and tried to get back to the office by pubtrans. It took me just 2 hours and 53 minutes, in which time, I'm sure, I could have walked 8 miles in easy comfort.

[[Gene's version of the chess story is that he doesn't want to play you again because you're the only chess player he's encountered who can successfully bluff him. The photo did arrive but we didn't send a copy to the store manager.]]

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

As I just wrote to your British agent, I'm nearing departure time for a gig at the University of Wyoming -- and plead pressure for resultant brevity. But I did want to compliment you on the reviews and thank you for another informative issue. And yes, I caught the reference to the 1893 hearse and 1790 coffin. Frankly, both sound a bit tacky to me, even if the coffin is not (as I might suspect) a used or repossessed model. One thing you can take note of right here and now -- I have my own plans, and when I go, no mortician will get rich on coffin-sales or hearse rentals. Despite local ordinances here, I am fully convinced that if one were to put a corpse out along with the garbage for weekly collection, it would be picked up, at least by



the second or third week at the latest, if only because of pressure from the neighbors. But I have an even better way to go.

Dave Wixon, Box 8600, Minneapolis MN 55408

I stumbled upon notes for a loc which I believe I have not yet sent off -- this was a month ago and a bit more -- and I'll quote it verbatim below to give you the idea clearly. Suffice it to say that those notes were, I think, on 242, and they plaintively detail the anguish of a loccer who, working on one 'zine, sees the next plop into the mailbox already...

Anyway, I locced 242, and then began 243. But before I got to the typer, in pops 244!!! So help me, if 246 arrives before I finish typing this, I'll swear vendetta...!

On Sunday Caryl and I got off to see CE3K.

Not a bad movie, that, but I am mystified (an appropriate term!) by those who say it deserves equal treatment and Hugo consideration with STAR WARS. CE was fun, it was colorful, but it was a piece of cotton candy.

Now, I'm having a great deal of trouble figuring out just what the difference in the movies is -- and even more trouble putting it into sensible words. I want to say that CE was a piece of fluff, weightless and insubstantial -- but people will smile and ask me what I found in SW that was so heavy ... I want to say that CE was a fantasy, the 15-years-old-and-a-social-outcast SF reader's wet dream -- but, again..

Nevertheless, that's the feeling I get. CE was the sort of fantasy that comes in your more pleasant dreams, when nice and/or exciting things happen, and you are blissfully able to avoid considering how they could have happened. Like how the aliens implant this vision of the Tower in heads -- and why. Or why they picked this particular schnook...

Cute little touches, though, and I think you were wrong, at least to the extent that CE tried to be funny, at times (as, when the ships began to approach the government receiving installation, a swift shot of a technician, in the midst of all the huge, expensive cameras and recorders, who whipped out an instamatic..).

By the by, as I was making these notes, while reading the 'zine at the store, I had a woman come in and ask for a copy of something called THE TATTOOED MAN -- she didn't remember who wrote it or what it was about. She is very lucky to find a store with an SF fan on duty.

And so we move on to Y243; same people and all that -- very good.

Gee, Buck, are you still looking for Far West? It arrives here regularly, and has since we opened last year. Doesn't sell very well, though; buy it while you can, I guess. I picked up one a few months ago, for a L'Amour story.

I trust you have reminded Sandra that Yandro is not a "club" 'zine?

I liked her article, which had particularly intriguing glimpses of the other side of the wall for those of us whose teachers were so often Jesuit or Benedictine males. (And I love the way Sandra sums up the rest of her life after school, with that one sentence!)

Hum. I think W.R. Benedict has a naive view of Hollywood: "I cannot see any science fiction movie ever being made of it, because...there are so many other first-rate S.F. novels waiting in line to be filmed." Sure! (Recent experience should suggest that whereas producers crucify good written sf, they may tend to make something good of bad sf...) (and this in turn may arise out of the editor-syndrome: the need to justify one's presence in the situation by changing something...)

In your review of WOMAN ON THE EDGE OF TIME, I suspect that "very well gone" was a typo, but perhaps it makes a sort of sense this way, too?

And, yes, I liked your short remarks on A SCANNER DARKLY. It is, indeed, "about the nature of reality" -- and Dick is hurt, in his book and in his essay at the end, to find that reality didn't give a damn for his innocents.

With reference to your comment to George Flynn: I was under the impression that convicted felons lost the right to vote altogether. In any case, they are not the ones who would be feared by the legislators -- rather, the liberal establishment and its press.

(Liberal establishment, conservative establishment...Is there, by chance, an Anarchist Establishment?)

Lord, do you know how much I'd love to be snowed in for a few days, again?! Growing up in the blizzard corridor, I grew to be fond of it. But I've not been stopped since I move to Minneapolis, where it's all too efficient.

Did you note that Al Sirois appeared as a bit character in a recent FLASH comic book?

And you got the "Bill Dale Marcinko" post card, too. I got one. Uncle Hugo's got one. Minicon got one. MNSTF got one. I wonder if he sold enough to make his postage costs back?

Sandra is right about HOME FROM THE SHORE; THE SPACE SWIMMERS is the sequel. And HOME is about to come out in a lengthened form, profusely illustrated. The package now reminds me a bit -- particularly with Jim Odbert's black-and-white style -- of the old juveniles that used to form the teen-age sf section in the local library where I grew up; but a closer look, particularly with the old form of the story in mind, shows that in fact the illos do not just reflect the story -- they participate in it.

And, finally, we come upon Yandro 244.

Speaking of Sam Long's enclaves, your atlas may show that little "chimney" up at the north end of Minnesota. At the far end is a village whose only connection with the rest of the state is over Lake of the Woods, and the only land connection is to Canada. (Yes, mail, supplies, and all those problems. And they complain bitterly about having to watch Canadian tv, which many of them feel is biased and anti-American.)

And I see you advise Rich Brooks, after theorizing about the psychological effect of the obverse side of the dollar bill on a certain author, that "Stranger things have triggered off nut cults." Like what? Consider yourself challenged.

[[How about an undistinguished individual claiming to find two gold tablets in a New York hillside? (And I wonder who in the readership I've offended this time; last time I pulled that one, it was George Barr.) How about the belief that the Great Pyramid was built solely to record future history?// I eventually subscribed to Far West -- and they immediately published a story by someone who doesn't know how revolvers work. It figures.// Okay, CE3K was deliberately funny at times (I liked the saucer lifting over the truck, in the beginning sequences, instead of driving around). But it was unintentionally funny a lot more often. Basically, CE3K was a movie version of Ray Palmer's writing, while SW was a movie version of Ed Hamilton crossed with Ron Goulart. RSC]] [[I find it exceeding strange, and morbidly fascinating -- to draw on recent events -- that someone can stand up in front of a congregation or gathering and demand that they believe in him utterly, give him all their material possessions, give him complete, trusting loyalty, to the point of death, and that they will do so for no further reason than the apparent hypnotic quality of his personality and their own frail egos. I'm not immune to the power of charismatic speakers and my ego is not strong, and if I can resist that sort of enslavement, I feel anyone ought to be able to. Obviously they're not, and I find that strange, as I say. On an older level, I find the obsession with discovering the supposedly Holy Grail, and the quests that allegedly led to, as another version of a nut cult triggered by an unlikely event/object. But then I'm aware my outlook on the world is a bit odd, so it may not qualify under Dave's definition of nut cults and strange. JWC]]

Sam Long, 1338 Crestview Drive, Springfield IL62702

I enjoyed Sandra's article on her chemistry studies. I was a chem major in college too, and altho we didn't make any ethanol, or put vitamin B-12 in eggs, we had our fun. There were tales of mystery and legend in the old lab building, like the one about the time some people were doing some high-pressure experiments and one

of the containing vessels blew up. There was nobody in the room at the time; the shock wave blew half the windows in the room out, crossed the road to the wall and hill on the other side, was reflected back and blew the remaining windows in! Or the time a grad student found an old bottle of ether in the storeroom, complete with crystals of highly explosive ether peroxides in it. He and the professor gingerly and carefully took the bottle outdoors, set it in the middle of a field, and, retreating to a safe distance, threw stones at it until one hit it, whereupon the bottle blew up with a great boom! Of course this was long before my time; but one of my friends had the stopper of a funnel come out in her hands and douse her hands and arms with pure liquid bromine but though she was badly burned by the chemical, she completely recovered without a scar. Lucky. My studies in chemistry, like Sandra's, lead me to where I am today, writing an LoC. For I wasn't all that good a chemist, so rather than go to grad school, I entered the Air Force; they made a weather forecaster out of me and sent me to England, where I joined fandom and met Mary, and so on.

Enjoyed Grumblings, too. George Flynn should have been in Springfield: our Mayor was in Florida during the big ice storm. He got as far as Atlanta, he said, but turned back, since he couldn't get into Illinois due to the storm. Meanwhile the power commissioner got all the 'glory', so to speak. I read about the case Sprague de Camp mentions. A strange one indeed. Have you heard about the Lord Lucan case? There's a strange one.

I don;t think St Uncumber's beard was blue; a pity. St Wilgefortis (F.D.20 July, supposedly a Portuguese princess, is another bearded-lady saint. Actually, Uncumber is Wilgefortis's English name; other b-l saints, all 'aspects' of Wilgefortis, are SS Liberata, Livrade, Kummernis. I also like St. Polycarp, 'a rare, many-sided fish', F.D. 26 January, and, as a weatherman, St Cloud.

Mary Long, address above

Just got a copy of NABU-4 from Ian Maule this AM, with your letter. It's years since I saw Ian. Last time I saw him that I definitely remember was Worcester in 1968 or 9 -- he was courting Julia Stone (the other half of the original Banbury Fandom) then. This led to a rather amusing incident. They had been out of sight for a while, and of course as fan will, they got their legs pulled a lot about it, including some rather unfortunate remarks about what they had been up to. Well, anyhow, let me see now. There was another fan who was also keen on Ju, and he had gone for a while, and the rotten lot were pulling his leg -- only I piped up, ahah! Too bad! I'd been down the river the last hour or so with him! I was so glad to save him some leg-pulling that I didn't realise until a long time afterwards that what I said could be misconstrued. And probably was, looking back! (Like a comment made at St Louis.

Someone, Mike G, I think, said "how can you stand here for hours?" -- you remember I was down at the end of the corridor for several hours -- and I said "oh, I've had a lot of practice waiting on street corners." Mike knew what I meant -- waiting for buses -- but another person there didn't. Shame on him!

Why is the poetry one loathes as a child so often the sort of stuff which one would love as an adult, if one had not been turned against it as a child? I'm thinking of Shakespeare here (admittedly not pure poetry, perhaps). I still can't even look at MACBETH without being transported back to school days. They always asked for examples of dramatic irony in it, I remember. I seemed to do MACBETH and MIDSUMMER



NIGHT'S DREAM each school I went to. My niece is now doing her O-levels, and I bet she'll do the same. Still, it is interesting enough, and we had good fun reading the parts with Bugsy, our English teacher, making a marvelous first witch, so all was not lost. I mean, at least we could read!

Ah. Well, you see, we only had access to a telly cos my stepfather had one of the early ones. Ahah, you see, Juanita, your likes run along similar lines, i.e., the villains, like mine, towards characters which tended to be rather unsympathetic, scowling, close-mouthed, and quiet. Maybe there's something here that runs thru fandom. I mean, what if all femme fen were induced to name their heroes before fandom, I wonder what similarities would crop up? And then there's the ones after fandom was

discovered. Be an interesting sociological experiment to try out. Anyhow, aren't villains much more interesting in the main? (Not but what one would particularly care to meet them on a dark night, but in childhood and very early adolescence, one didn't think of that. Usually one thought, now if I saved his life...)

It's interesting to consider how folk do begin a conversation at a party, say. I've noticed that non-fen would (in just my case, of us two) immediately start asking about England, for obvious reasons. But that for Sam, they would ask what section he's in at work, if they didn't know, or alternatively, if he knows the host (i.e., or do I?). We've been to several parties the last week or five, with folk leaving from work, and I've found this to hold true in most cases, though not all. And another thing I noticed, and which still irritates me, is that the girls or young women who are single and work at the EPA never mix with the older women, the married ones whose husbands work at the EPA. Isn't it amazing, it just infuriates me, as if we, almost, had nothing that we had to say of interest to the younger ones. Probably very illogical of me, but I hate it. I hate it also within fandom, where it happens (with different castings) at times, and if I can, I'll jump in and attempt to involve others. But at times it's much harder, because sometimes malefen get the wrong idea. Ah well, it's certainly never dull by any means. (At one time, before I really got into fandom, at non-fen parties I would always open a conversation with "Now tell me, do you sit facing the taps in your bath or with your back to them?" -- of course, this is fairly useless here, since most folk shower -- and for the record, I sat with my back to them!). (And, by the way, it's a good ice-breaker.)



[[This is a bit disconnected, inasmuch as it's excerpted from 45 pages of personal letters, most of which would be unintelligible to a third party. As to liking villains, you ended up with Sam and Juanita with me, which goes to show what that sort of juvenile attitude leads to. Maidens, take warning. I've often wondered, though, if the popularity of gothic romances, in which the surly, moody male always turns out to be the Right Sort in the end, didn't lead to a lot of disillusionment among impressionable females. It doesn't always work out that way in real life.// I don't meet all that many non-fans socially; most of my social contacts are made via mail ("Fandom is a mail-order cocktail party" -- Les Nirenberg) or at conventions. I'm not good at meeting people socially, for that matter, probably because I'm not very interested in it. RSC]] [[Fandom in general cares less about what you do or, for women, who you're married to, than it does for your personality and your opinions, which I approve. You can be friendly acquaintances with people for years without needing to establish social class by birth, marriage, or employment. The place where I find the gap between fandom and mundania the widest is when a

mundane encounters filksinging. The filkers may or may not have performed professionally or have any ambitions that way. That doesn't really matter. What boggles the mundane is that it's all for free, unrehearsed, and that very few of the people have any ambitions or intentions in the music field; most of us have other full time jobs or interests; we sing together fairly well, but never meet each other except at cons. It is not a phenomenon you can explain very easily to a mundane. I know. I've tried. JWC]]

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

I don't think I have told you how very wonderful England was -- I had never been through it by car -- and to see the very green countryside (with good weather!) and the stately homes etc., it was sheer paradise, especially for one who is an Anglophile and a Gothic novelist.

Oh, by the way, re England: We went out to Haworth to view the Brontë cottage. And I saw at once why there is such a brooding quality to the stories. Their home faces a graveyard, hoary with age, stones covered with moss, as they must have been 100 years ago or so. We saw it in absolutely marvelous weather, a heavy mist which fell from a grey sky, onto these dark tombstones, onto the surrounding moors and onto the house with its shading trees. A shot of that weather, a drunken brother, no possibilities for advancement, plus the strain of being "holier than thou" due to one's father being in the Manse business -- and it had to be fantasy time. By the way, there was a name engraved on one of the tombstones, one that had fallen and lay on its side, and that name was Earnshaw. My idea is that in lieu of a telephone directory the sisters combed the graveyard for names for their characters. All joking aside -- there was something terribly pathetic in the inscriptions on those tombs. So much infant mortality. So many people dying before the age of 36. Yet, possibly if they had had antibiotics we would not have had JANE EYRE and WUTHERING HEIGHTS. Bramwell Brontë was no mean painter, but the village was so small, no more than a few houses... Oh, the frustration those poor people must have felt! That graveyard says it all. (The stones are very tall and rounded at the top, to allow for the long inscriptions.) R.I.P.

We also visited Stonehenge. I don't know why it should, but it leaves me cold. I expect the best time to view its monoliths is at sunrise and alone. When it is as crowded as it was the day we went, the psychic feelings just don't come.

[[Well, since I don't get psychic feelings, I want to see Stonehenge for the feeling of history, and that should be there at any time, despite Dodd's complaints about throngs of tourists. // I suppose in the Brontës' time, one had to live in a city to get much intellectual companionship. (Now, one can read fanzines...) RSC]]

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

You needed another gun like we need another book. DYNASTIC ARTS OF THE KUSHANS arrived today. A reference work and not to be read straight through, but it complements our interest in the Graeco-Bactrians and Persians.

We were wasting a little time tonight trying to think of the proper gaits for racing roaches. The six legs give more possibilities, not all plausible. And getting them broken to harness to draw the sulkies complicates the issue no end.

I've been reading the memoirs of Sir Kenneth Clark, ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD. Marvelous stuff, rather like an account of growing up fannish in Edwardian England. He describes his parents as being idle rich: "There may have been people who were richer but surely there were none idler." It might not be the sort of thing you'd pick up yourself, but I recommend it highly.

Presumably Summer returned the Kipling book to you? It really was useful having it here to consult, because I wound up quoting more lines from the poem I needed. Also made up a melody for it, which I'll inflict on you when next we meet. But surely I have a right to parody it?

"I have fed my typer a thousand days
and still it cries unfed.
There's never a key of all its keys
That cannot strike me dead, etc., etc..."

We went down to IU yesterday by way of celebration for finishing a ms. John had never been there and agreed the campus was quite pretty. (Helped by a perfect autumn day.) Then drove back through Brown County which I'd never seen. Nashville is just too, too cute. But bought lots of weird books in Bloomington. Probably not much of interest to you except BEHIND THE URALS, a memoir of an American in Russia. I also recommend THE MEDIEVAL MACHINE for some startling insights into the uses of technology in the M.A.

[[I have THE MEDIEVAL MACHINE; one of these days I'll get it read. RSC]]

Robert E. Briney, 4 Forest Avenue, Salem MA 01970

Generally I disdain there-are-things-we-don't-need-to-know arguments against some of the more far-out topics of scientific research, but some things seem flaky even to me. Example: the article in the 23 June 78 issue of Science titled (leaving out the scientific interpolations) "Copulatory Vocalizations of Chacma Baboons, Gibbons, and Humans", analyzing tape recordings of cries and groans emitted during sexual intercourse. Nothing was said about getting the prior consent of the baboons or gibbons, but the article was careful to make clear that the human subjects (a) were married, and (b) had consented to be recorded. I wonder if they held auditions?

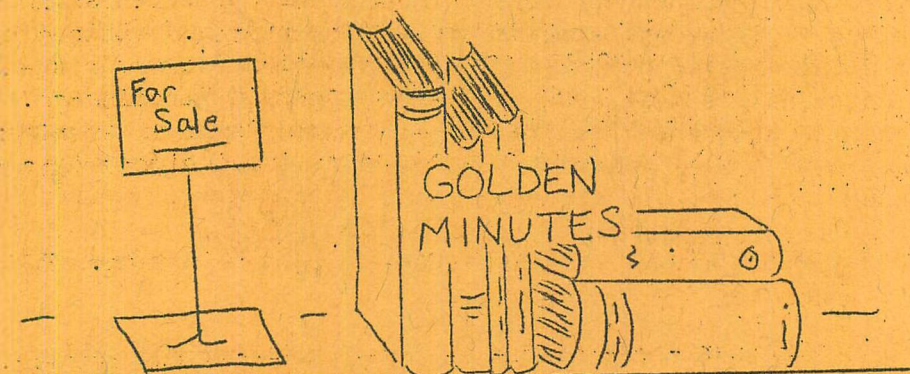
Picked up the first issue of Asimov's SF Adventure Magazine this afternoon. The magazine has picked up Cosmo's idea of color center-folds, but I hope future issues have something better to offer than Paul Alexander, which is in this first issue. Murphy Anderson, where are you now that we need you? Poul Anderson's "Captive of the Centaurianess" is a welcome old friend from Planet, and I like the Schomburg illustrations. But I can definitely do without the Stainless Steel Rat...

Bouchercon was one of those old-fashioned small conventions at which everyone spent the time attending the program. So that's where I was all Windycon weekend. (I was even part of the program -- an individual talk plus a panel -- which I didn't find out until I got to the convention.) Enjoyed the whole affair thoroughly, especially the chance to meet Walter ("Shadow") Gibson again. Spent quite a lot of time talking to Bob Weinberg, who left his assistant to do the selling at Windycon while he spent his time at Bouchercon. He was on the program at Bouchercon, too. I saw him again the following weekend in Ft. Worth at the Fantasycon. Another vastly enjoyable weekend. Good program (yes, this is another convention where most people spend their time actually attending the program) and -- unfortunately for my wallet -- a very interesting hucksters' room. Looking at the pile of books I brought back (and those that accumulated in the mail here while I was gallivanting), I wonder if I'll ever wade through them all.

Susan Clarke, 6 Bellevue Road, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776 Australia

"The Right To Buy Weapons Is the Right To Be Free" - A. E. van Vogt. That line inspired me to write because it was only recently that I started to read van Vogt. When I married a local BNFE I decided I had better try to broaden my horizons and read his (to me) extensive sf library. However, as they say, the best laid plans of fans and mundanes oft go astray.. Well, recently I took stock of the situation. Some sf fan I am! Sitting back from conversations because, by Ghu, I really didn't know what people were talking about. I ran out of excuses and grabbed the first paperback in the cupboard, and it just so happened to be THE WEAPON SHOPS OF ISHER.

[[Once you've read the Weapons Shops books, and SLAN (for its impact on the fans of that day, not for the quality of the prose) and the collections of shorter works (making sure to get "Black Destroyer" read even if others are skipped), you can say you've absorbed van Vogt and go on to another author. I wouldn't wish the Null-A books or his later efforts on my worst enemy. RSC]]



THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY, Vol. 2, by Don Tuck (Advent, \$25) A continuation of the "Who's Who" listing, from M (J. Cecil Maby) to Z (Stanley Zuber), together with a list (a sort of half-assed index, actually) of all books mentioned in the "Who's Who" list in both volumes. (The "Who's Who" also includes a sort of "Who's What" of books, magazines, etc.) Cutoff date for information is 1968, but it's an excellent reference work for anything in science fiction before that date.

THE FUTURIANS, by Damon Knight (John Day, \$10.95) A sort of companion volume to the Moskowitz and Warner histories of fandom. The Futurians was the legendary fan group which included such celebrities-to-be as Isaac Asimov, Don Wollheim, Fred Pohl, James Blish, C. M. Kornbluth, Judith Merrill, Robert Lowndes, Virginia Kidd, Dave Kyle, and Knight himself. (Interestingly enough, Kyle is listed in the "cast of characters" and included in a photo or two, but is never mentioned in the text. Modesty, perhaps....) The book is better written than either the Moskowitz or Warner volumes (not unexpectedly) and of a considerably more intimate nature, but not intrinsically more interesting. Depends on whether you prefer a more or less reportorial approach, or fan gossip. (And I'm sure 90 percent of fandom will prefer the gossip, and hence this book.) Dick Lupoff seemed to feel that Knight was "getting even" for past slights by portraying the seamier side of the group, but I doubt it. For one thing, their activities were not particularly different than those of millions of non-fans of the same age, which may well be the point Knight was trying to make. Fans always like to boast of their excesses; those who believe themselves "creative" like to think they're original and innovative even in their vices. (Whether or not they are actually creative makes no difference; it's the thought that counts.) They aren't, of course, as the book amply proves. The futurians were nothing if not determinedly bohemian. (If I'd been around then, I would have avoided them - and vice versa.) Aside from a few "Whatever Happened To...?" notes, the story ends in the early 1950s, when the original group went its several ways. Enjoyable reading; much like a good fanzine, but better written.

GOLDEN BLOOD, by Jack Williamson (Tamerlane Press, \$15) First hardcover publication of this fantasy classic, with the original J. Allen St. John art used as dustjacket and endpaper art, and new (and excellent) Fabian work in the interior. The story is from 1933 and reads like it; adventurer finds lost race and beautiful, mysterious woman. It's somewhat less idiotic than most of its fellows, and I always liked it; if not good, it's highly entertaining. Recommended for that good old sense of wonder.

THE REDWARD EDWARD PAPERS, by Avram Davidson (Doubleday, \$7.95) I've been delightedly recommending this to everyone, ever since I read it. There are 5 reprinted short stories; "Sacheverell", "The Lord of Central Park", "The Grantha Sighting", "The Singular Events", and "Dagon". They're all good, and provide some interesting insights into human thought processes in amongst the humor. But the main item of interest is the title story, somewhat over a hundred pages long (half the book) which is Avram at his best. There's a plot in there somewhere, I think, but it's not all that important; read it to watch Avram playing word games. (The only problem is that Avram is so damned erudite that I probably missed a fair share of the references and others - particularly young readers - will miss even more. Never mind; you'll understand enough of them to make it worth your money.) Pick up the book and read the first paragraph of Redward Edward (which is the last story in the book) and if you don't want to buy it just from that, you're a philistine. (I would quote it, except it's a full page long.)

RED SHADOWS, by Robert E. Howard (Don Grant, \$20) Dick Spelman muttered about Don turning out new editions of the same volume (Dick being a collector and bound to buy them). But there are those of us who weren't around (or were around but not aware of Grant, as in my case) when the earlier volumes were published, and those earlier volumes now sell for collector's prices, putting them well out of my range. This includes "all the known Solomon Kane writings" according to the dustjacket flap, and I'm willing to take Grant's word for it. It's a big 330-page volume, with illustrations by Jeff Jones. Where I objected to Jones' illos for a Thomas Burnett Swann novel, he goes well with a Solomon Kane book; the dark, gloomy, muddy colors are quite appropriate to Howard's doomed Puritan. There are 11 stories and 3 verses here, plus an introduction and bridges between the stories by Glenn Lord. One of Grant's usually excellent jobs of bookmaking.

THE HOSTAGE OF ZIR, by L. Sprague de Camp (Putnam's, \$7.95) De Camp is back with his Krishnan stories with this one. Our hero is an interplanetary tour director who has just been stuck with the job of taking the first guided tour through various of the more civilized Krishnan countries. But "civilized" is a relative term, and Krishnans aren't used to the carelessness/rudeness of tourists, and our guide must face everything from outraged merchants to an overly-amorous princess, not to mention a Krishnan "freedom fighter" and his fairly motley horde. I enjoyed the book immensely.

WHAT HAPPENED TO EMILY GOODE AFTER THE GREAT EXHIBITION, by Raylyn Moore (Starblaze, \$4.95) Fairly standard plot; a character from the past gets thrown by some means, generally an implausible one, into our present, and must support himself while trying to find a way back. This time it's a woman, but there are no other essential changes in the plot. Mostly well written, though I can't think that our heroine's initial mistake (possession of illegal currency - gold coins) would have been enough to engage the attention of the Philadelphia police in the 1970s. Otherwise, it's enjoyable but not outstanding.

SOME WILL NOT DIE, by Algis Budrys (Starblaze, \$4.95) Reprint of Budrys classic account of what reconstruction after the Bomb - or a plague, in this case - would really be like. Budrys provides the actions of perfectly sincere men at odds with one another, and the bloody results; the reader can decide whose fault it was. The book has the inevitability of true history - but more drama.

CONFEDERATION MATADOR, by J. F. Bone (Starblaze, \$4.95) Space-opera; acceptable reading but not all that great, and a dubious buy at that price. Mediocre adventure.

ANOTHER FINE MYTH, by Robert Asprin (Starblaze, \$4.95) An UNKNOWN-type humorous fantasy (and you can't hardly get them no more). Nicely done, though my favorite bits are the chapter headings; things like "To function efficiently, any group of people or employees must have faith in their leader. Capt. Bligh"; and "One of the joys of travel is visiting new towns and meeting new people. G. Khan". Buy this.

A comment or two on the Starblaze series in general. The books have heavy plastic covers, acidfree paper, excellent wraparound covers and interior art. (Considering that Kelly Freas is both editor and artist, that's to be expected.) Interestingly, none of the four use black ink. Two are brown, making for interesting sepia-tone illustrations, and the other two are a sort of greenish gray. All in all, the physical appearance of the books is excellent - better than the contents, in at least one case.

ENCOUNTER PROGRAM, by Robert Enstrom (Doubleday, \$6.95) A hideous dustjacket put me off reading this, but it turned out to be a quite good space-opera when I finally worked up nerve to try it. The three-way conflict plot; somewhat van Vogtian in that our hero doesn't know of his importance to the galaxy until the climax, but reasonably well worked out. Hardly great literature, but I enjoyed it.

COLD CASH WAR, by Robert Asprin (St. Martin's Press, \$7.95) You may have read the short version of this in ANALOG; it was shortened by cutting out all the subplots and sticking strictly to the main characters. The full version is better fleshed out and a better novel, though still a fairly short one. Asprin's corporate wars are somewhat more likely than the mercenary supermen who fight them, but either is a close enough possibility for plot purposes. A good enough book (though personally, I found ANOTHER FINE MYTH much better).

UNIVERSE 8, ed. by Terry Carr (Doubleday, \$7.95) Includes "Old Folks At Home" by Michael Bishop (an "extended family" of the elderly - rather impossibly sweet and noble and rational, but otherwise well enough written), "David and Lindy" by Cynthia Felice (a crisis in the lives of telepaths; melodramatic but interesting if you like psychology), "Vermeer's Window" by Gordon Eklund (the artistic mentality; blather, as far as I'm concerned), "Scattershot" by Greg Bear (an interesting assortment of characters, though the explanation for them is a little weak), "The Ecologically correct House" by Charles Ott (an amusing fantasy about "getting back to nature"), "Hunting" by Michael Cassutt (a real generation gap, and the typically emotional protagonists), "Nooncoming" by Greg Benford (clash of cultures, and the old question of the usefulness of "pure research" - the author seems to take the negative view), and "Selenium Ghosts of the Eighteen Seventies" by R. A. Lafferty (one of Lafferty's usual insane and fascinating stories, this one about a man who invented a form of television and played out his life in its dramas long before our time). Overall, a fair selection; the Lafferty is the only really outstanding story in the lot, but the others range from mediocre to very good. Worth your money.

CASSANDRA RISING, ed. by Alice Laurance (Doubleday, \$7.95) A feminine anthology. Includes "SQ" by Ursula le Guin (the side effects of psychological testing and power politics), "Flirtation Walk" by Kay Rogers (Duty in conflict with Love - an old theme, poorly handled), "Troll Road" by Joan Bernott (the relationship, and lack of it, between appearance and self-image), "There Was A Garden" by Zenna Henderson (the necessity of Man to the universal pattern), "Night-Rise" by Katherine MacLean (the resurgence of Kali; well done), "Motherbeast" by Kathleen Sky (the ultimate in parental interference), "Escape To The Suburbs" by Rachel Cosgrove Payes (conditioning as a bar to self-betterment; good), "Alien Sensation" by Josephine Saxton (conditioning again, but neither an original idea or good writing), "Last One In Is A Rotten Egg" by Grania Davis (interesting idea, if nothing else), "The Way Back" by Raylyn Moore (the road to fulfillment?), "Schlossie" by Alice Laurance (fair idea, not too well handled), "Lady In Waiting" by Anne McCaffrey (a new version of the cornucopia myth; easily forgettable), "Impact" by Steve Barnes (a rather trite idea, even in this field), "The Slow and Gentle Progress of Trainee Bell-Ringers" by Barbara Paul (despite the idiotic title, an interesting twist on time-travel; very good), "Nightfire" by Sydney J. Van Scyoc (a totally unbelievable future war), "Selena" by Beverly Goldberg (extrapolation of current practices in athletics), "Uraguyen and I" by Miriam Allen deFord and Juanita Coulson (Juanita is grateful for the introduction which shows she didn't have a lot to do with the story - it's not really that bad,

though it's rather excessively trite), "The Vanillamint Tapestry" by Jacqueline Lichtenberg (fairly interesting picture of alien life, though not much of a story), and "Space/Time arabesque" by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro (a more or less - mostly less - alternate world story). Overall, most of the stories are too short to be memorable. We haven't developed any female - or male, for that matter - equivalents of Fred Brown yet. There are a few interesting ideas; not much in the way of interesting writing.

MILLENNIAL WOMEN, ed. by Virginia Kidd (Delacorte Press, \$8.95) This starts out bad, with a particularly hideous dustjacket, and slowly improves as it goes along. The book starts with 4 short stories; "No One Said Forever" by Cynthia Felice, "The Song of N'Sardi-el" by Diana Paxson, "Jubilee's Story" by Elizabeth Lynn, and "Mab Galen Recalled" by Cherry Wilder. Paxson's story is readable; the rest are already trite ideas in feminist propaganda. Joan Vinge's novelet, "Phoenix In The Ashes", is quite good; the bitter outcast who finally learns to care for someone isn't exactly a new idea, either, but Vinge is an excellent writer and handles it well. The book ends with Ursula leGuin's "novel" (at 179 pages of fairly large print, it's more of a novella or even a long novelette, but call it a short novel), "The Eye of the Heron". Interesting delineation of a pacifistic/anarchistic community, but I wonder how many idealistic readers will accept the point made; that when faced with violence, in the end the pacifist must either submit to domination or run away? (Or deny his own beliefs by fighting back.) A very good story, as leGuin's usually are. (Though unless she's assuming that pacifism is inheritable, I can't see her community lasting past the first generation without spawning some aggressive types.) Since novelet and novel take up 135 of the book's 300 pages, you get a fair amount of good reading for your money without the short stories (which is the way I recommend reading it.)

THE TREASURE OF ATLANTIS, by J. Allen Dunn (Centaur Press, \$5.00) I wasn't aware, until I bought this book off Dick Spelman, that Centaur had issued any hardcovers. The story - an Atlantean city deep in the mysterious heart of South America, discovered by two modern adventurers - is not all that great, even considering its original 1916 publication date. But it's a readable sample of the period.

SURVIVOR, by Octavia Butler (Doubleday, \$6.95) Culture shock of a fundamentalist religious sect encountering aliens. Female protagonist. Fairly good description of alien culture (a bit too close to some human cultures, perhaps) and a good enough story despite the fact that I never for a moment believed the biology necessary to the plot. Get it at your local library.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX-PLANET, by Robert Hoskins (Westminster, \$7.95) A young man surviving a disaster, growing up alone in a robot-serviced home, and eventually being required to go out into the world and help save it from an invasion. Somewhat elementary for the veteran fan, but a good juvenile adventure novel.

100 GREAT SCIENCE FICTION SHORT SHORT STORIES, ed. by Asimov, Greenberg & Olander (Doubleday, \$8.95) You think I'm even going to list the entire contents of this, think again. The 100 titles take up 271 pages. Authors include C. M. Kornbluth, Alex Panshin, Larry Niven, George R.R. Martin, Ambrose Bierce, Jerry Bixby, Robert Sheckley, Damon Knight, R. Bretnor, James Blish, Fritz Leiber, Karen Anderson, Walter Tevis, Joe Hensley, Roger Zelazny, Martin Gardner, Tony Boucher, Isaac Asimov, and hordes of less-well-known names. (They do not, interestingly enough, include Fred Brown, who very nearly originated and certainly popularized the form in science fiction. Copyright problems? Certainly Brown wrote more good short-shorts than anyone included in the book.) All stories appear to be reprints. Most are good, though an entire volume of gimmick stories gets wearing after awhile. Read in small doses.

ZANDRA, by William Rotsler (Doubleday, \$6.95) Apparently the first book of a series. To be honest, the first few pages were so atrociously written that I didn't get far into it. Rotsler can do a lot better than this; the idea seems okay, but.....

THE RAVENS OF THE MOON, by Charles L. Grant (Doubleday, \$6.95) A variant of the overthrow-the-dictator plot. Nothing memorable, but an interesting adventure. Worth reading.

THE LORD OF NARDOS, by Russ Winterbotham (Avalon, secondhand) Every so often, I forget and try to read one of these. Avalon had some of the worst science fiction ever put into hard covers. (Not the worst; that record probably belongs to Arcadia. But this particular volume is well down there. An overthrow-the-dictator plot as it should never be written.

HOUSE OF ZEOR, by Lacqueline Lichtenberg (Pocket Books, \$1.75) The first two books UNTO ZEOR, FOREVER, by Jacqueline Lichtenberg (Doubleday, \$7.95) in a series about a future world in which there are more or less normal humans and mutants who feed off a sort of life-force exuded by the normals. (Technically, neither side is "normal" by our standards, but the writer treats the Gens as though they were.) There is, of course, conflict; and there are, of course, attempts to end the conflict. Both books center on a character trying to find a humane solution to the problems of his world. (Not, thankfully, the same character; this isn't one of those series about a single protagonist.) The idea is good, and there's nothing really wrong with the writing, but I couldn't get interested in any of the characters. So I skimmed a lot; not caring what happened, I didn't really want to spend time reading about it. Personal reaction; I think it was caused by the protagonists' habit of endlessly discussing alternatives without getting anywhere by it. But you might not complain about that, so try a book and see.

DEATHBEAST, by David Gerrold (Popular Library, \$1.75) A group of sportsmen from the future, back in time to hunt dinosaur. The usual personality clashes, adequately if not brilliantly handled, and a fair combination of adventure and psychology. Readable but not memorable.

ORANGE R, by John Clagett (Popular Library, \$1.75) Cultural clash between normal humans and those required for one reason or another to live in the shadow of the atomic power plants and thus with a greater or less dosage of radiation poisoning. The action is handled quite well (despite some melodrama at the end) and I rather enjoyed it despite my total disbelief in all of its premises.

THROUGH THE EYE OF A NEEDLE, by Hal Clement (Del Rey, \$1.75) Clement has finally written a sequel to NEEDLE. If I'd known about it ahead of time I'd have been opposed to the idea; classic stories should be left alone, without attempts to improve them or update them or write sequels to them. But Clement has done the near-impossible; if his sequel isn't quite as good as the original, it's still one of the best books of the year. He has a real biological problem, and a solution to it; he hasn't succumbed to the temptation of either bringing his hero forward in time to the present (the book takes place in the 1950s) or of beginning immediately after the point where NEEDLE left off. It's a good story even if you haven't read the previous novel (but who, among this readership, hasn't?)

MONDAY BEGINS ON SATURDAY, by Arkadi & Boris Strugatsky (Daw #265, \$1.75) Life in a Russian institute for occult phenomena. (Juanita should review this; she's read the Baba Yaga fairytales on which much of it is based, and I haven't.) Much of the time it's scientists versus bureaucrats, and bureaucrats seem to be much the same the world over. At other times, one or other of the scientist-sorcerers lets loose a Power which must somehow be controlled. The book is made up of three connected novelets, and is an excellent, funny story; one of the two or three best, this time.

A HERITAGE OF STARS, by Clifford Simak (Berkley, \$1.75) A far-future Quest, by a very strange assortment of people. They're looking for, physically, a Place of Stars, a possibly mythological spot where interstellar missions were launched. Mentally, they want something to help in putting their fragmented world back together. Not one of Simak's best, perhaps, but a thoroughly enjoyable book.

CITY OF MASQUES, by Alan Brennert (Playboy Press, \$1.75) A treatment to make movie actors become the roles they play; a boon to the profession. Except that the process can also be used for less wholesome activities. Givas the author a nice lot to say about role-playing while he's telling the adventures. It all fits together quite well. Recommended, except for one bit of nitpicking; one of the roles being played is that of James Dean, and an onlooker thinks, "Back in Iowa Jimmy's corpse was surely spinning..." Going to be a shock to the people around here - Fairmount is about 25 miles from our house - to discover that their cherished grave is empty and the corpse is in Iowa. Well, maybe the Hollywood background is more accurate. Maybe..... Fairly good story though, anyway.

THE MULTIPLE MAN, by Ben Bova (Del Rey, \$1.75) Reasonably good future-politics thing. Dead carbon copies of the President of the U.S. start turning up, and his Press Secretary sets out to discover whether someone is trying to assassinate the President, or supplant him. He finds out, and it's a good science-fictional solution. Good book; Bova's writing has improved in the last few years.

THE LAVALITE WORLD, by Philip José Farmer (Ace, \$1.75) The conclusion (dare we hope?) of the World of Tiers series. (Which, all things considered, was a pretty good series, as series go. However....) It's a pretty direct continuation of the last book, if I remember the last book that well.... Kickaha and Anana are still getting rid of the last of the Lords and having a fairly adventurous time doing it. Generally enjoyable.

A WORLD OUT OF TIME, by Larry Niven (Del Rey, \$1.95) One of the little problems of cryogenics; they change the laws while you're frozen and you wake up as a slave of the State. This protagonist escapes the State by getting into the farther future, and runs into some even nastier creatures there. (Well, not really; nothing is much nastier than a monolithic State.) Fair. The glactic travelogue in the middle does not fit too well with the rest of the book, but it's not as long as it seems while you're reading it, and there is enough action in the rest of the story.

CRY SILVER BELLS, by Thomas Burnett Swann (Daw #270) A prequel to DAY OF THE MINOTAUR; Zoe the dryad is the protagonist and Eunostos is still a child (calf?). One of Swann's generally good, quietly sad stories. Nice Barr illos. Recommended.

REVENGE OF THE HORSECLANS, by Robert Adams (Pinnacle, \$1.50) Third in the series. I'm glad to see Adams beginning to use different characters to tell his stories, and keeping the Immortal Milo to lesser roles (though important to the series as a whole.) And I must say his barbarians think more like the real thing than do most of the noble savages of fiction. I could have done without the Prologue, which does nothing not done better in the story itself. Otherwise, better than average adventure, if you prefer a few touches of realism.

ALDAIR MASTER OF SHIPS, by Neal Barrett, Jr. (Daw #259, \$1.50) Second book in the series. In this book, Aldair widens his knowledge of the world, meets new intelligent species, and acquires a mate. I'm not sure where he can go from there, but so far we've had two excellent adventure books out of it.

BLOOD SUMMER, by Louise Cooper (New English Library, 40p) Girl meets vampire - a different sort of gothic romance. Though that's what it is, essentially. It's a real, albeit reluctant, vampire, which makes it fantasy. Different, but...

DINOSAUR PLANET, by Anne McCaffrey (Del Rey, \$1.75) I started this one eagerly, but I don't think I finished it at all. For one thing, I kept being on the side of the heavy-planet villains, since they seemed to be the ones who showed a modicum of intelligence (not much, but it didn't take much to be more than the hero had.) I can see a batch of city-raised teenagers (which is what the protagonists reminded me of) not knowing that predators sometimes eat their prey before it's quite dead, but this was supposed to be a veteran interplanetary exploration team. The whole book is like that; the alleged veterans know nothing of nature and are unwilling to learn. Save your money for something worthwhile.

MIDNIGHT AT THE WELL OF SOULS, by Jack L. Chalker (Del Rey, \$1.95) An assortment of people get dumped on a strange world; the "Grand Hotel" plot. Chalker does pretty well by it. There are a lot of plot complications, but in 360 pages, there's room for them. To be honest, I skimmed a lot toward the last, so I have no idea if all the plot ends were tied up at the conclusion or not. Acceptable adventure.

PATTERNS OF CHAOS, by Colin Kapp (Ace, \$1.75) It says this was a serial in IF in 1972; undoubtedly I read it then, but if so I'd totally forgotten it by the time the book appeared. Possibly I didn't get far, since it's a vanVogtian superscience concept and plot, and I'm not all that thrilled about those any more. If you are, Kapp does a good job of pulling out another supercolossal gimmick just when you think he's run out of inventiveness.

THE CHAOS WEAPON, by Colin Kapp (Del Rey, \$1.50) More of the same. Different set of characters if you, like me, detest series about the same unconquerable hero.

PERCHANCE TO DREAM, by Mack Reynolds (Ace, \$1.50) I was always fond of "Horatius At The Bridge" (a butchered version of which appears as foreword to this book), so I was interested in a novelization of it. I must say that the "scientific explanation" of Reynolds' Dream Programmer is some of the least convincing gobbledegook that I've read in years, but once you get past that, the story picks up somewhat. It's not exactly good, but it's moderately interesting.

PASSING FOR HUMAN, by Jody Scott (Daw #262, \$1.50) A foreword by Barry Malzberg is no particular inducement for me, but I tried the book anyway. I didn't get far. This is precisely the sort of half-assed farce that passes for satire these days, and which Malzberg and his ilk think is great stuff. No wonder publishers say that humor doesn't sell.

OTHER TIMES, OTHER WORLDS, by John D. MacDonald (Fawcett, \$1.95) A collection of John D. MacDonald's short stories, and about time. Only three of these stories were originally published after 1953; they'll be "new" to the newer readers. The book includes "The Mechanical Answer" (the robot brain and the fear it engenders), "Dance of a New World" (a look at the pioneer spirit; a bit maudlin for today's readers, but I always liked it), "Ring Around The Redhead" (more or less humorous alien contact), "A Child Is Crying" (the superchild, and a nasty future), "Flaw" (an alternate theory to the expanding universe - and a horror story), "But Not To Dream" (the worm turns?), "The Miniature" (the immovability of the future), "Spectator Sport" (even in the future, bureaucrats make errors), "Half-Past Eternity" (the machine that speeds up human metabolism until one is moving so fast that everything around seems frozen in place), "The Big Contest" (alien talents are not necessarily flashy and dramatic), "Susceptibility" (the advantages of the simple life), "Common Denominator" (a cure for violence?), "Game For Blondes" (an advantage of time travel), "Labor Supply" (an original sort of alien contact), "The Legend of Joe Lee" (a motorized ghost), "The Annex" (the psychology of death) and a bibliography of all MacDonald's science fiction stories compiled by Len and June Moffatt. Highly recommended.

BLOOD & BURNING, by Algis Budrys (Berkley, \$1.75) A collection of Budrys short fiction. Includes "Be Merry" (which should have won a Hugo in 1967), "Wall of Crystal, Eye of Night", "All For Love", "A Scraping At The Bones", "The Price", "The Ridge Around The World", "The Girl In The Bottle", "The Last Brunette", "Scream At Sea", "The Master of The Hounds", and "The Nuptial Flight of Warbirds". Most of the stories are about people with compulsions; all of them are well-written. Entertaining? Not always - but read them anyway, they're good for you. (And most of them are fascinating.)

SKIRMISH: THE GREAT SHORT FICTION OF CLIFFORD SIMAK (Berkley, \$1.95) Novelettes, mostly; 10 stories in 272 pages. Includes "Huddling Place" (irony; and one of the stories that made up his International Fantasy Award winner, CITY), "Desertion" (another CITY story; another sort of alien contact), "Skirmish" (unfriendly aliens),

"Good Night, Mr. James" (a story of human duplication, written before "clone" became a cliché in our field), "The Sitters" (improving the race), "The Big Front Yard" (alien elves; this one is a Hugo winner), "All The Traps of Earth" (robot fulfillment), "The Thing In The Stone" (alien contact; one of Simak's favorite themes), "The Autumn Land" (a philosophical fantasy), and "The Ghost of A Model T" (another type of hereafter). Overall; some excellent, some good, one or two only mediocre. But well worth your money; the average is very high.

THE CHAMELEON CORPS & OTHER SHAPE CHANGERS, by Ron Goulart (Collier, \$1.50) Five "Chameleon Corps" stories; "Chameleon", "Rake", "Copstate", "Masterpiece", and "Sunflower". Plus 6 other tales; "Ignatz", "Subject to Change", "Please Stand By", "Shandy", "Change Over" and "Looking Into It". No previous copyright notice on the last two. Goulart's shape-changers avoid commonplace shapes like wolves and bears; they tend to turn into elephants, sofas, or overstuffed chairs. Not one of Goulart's best, but moderately amusing.

BLACK CANAAN, by Robert E. Howard (Berkley, \$1.95) Another in Berkley's matched set of Howard paperbacks. This one includes his horror fiction; the title story, "Delenda Est", "The Haunter of the Ring", "The House In The Oaks", "The Cobra In The Dream", "Dermod's Bane", "People of the Black Coast", "The Dwellers Under The Tombs", "The Noseless Horror", and "Moon of Zambabwe". The horrors are pretty standard WEIRD TALES stuff, but some of them are quite good; better than his s&s stories, quite often. Moderately recommended.

THE BICENTENNIAL MAN, by Isaac Asimov (Fawcett, \$1.75) I reviewed the hardcover awhile back. It contains a dozen of Asimov's most recent short stories, together with comments by the author. Both done very well, as is the norm with Asimov.

THE BEST OF JACK WILLIAMSON (Del Rey, \$1.95) About 390 pages for your money. Stories are "The Metal Man", "Dead Star Station", "Nonstop To Mars", "The Crucible of Power", "Breakdown", "With Folded Hands", "The Equalizer", "The Peddler's Nose", "The Happiest Creature", "The Cold Green Eye", "Operation Gravity", "Guinevere For Everybody", "Jamboree" and "The Highest Dive". "With Folded Hands" is one of the authentic classics of the field; the ultimate do-gooders and the results of their good intentions. Original publication runs from 1928 to 1976; a good long span. Not all the stories are all that good; some of the early ones are crude, and even the later ones have some lumps in them. But there are a lot of interesting ideas in the lot, and some quite readable fiction. (And everyone should read "With Folded Hands".)

STELLAR #2, ed. by Judy-Lynn Del Rey (Ballantine, \$1.50) One of the better original-story anthology collections. To start with the easiest to acquire: #4 includes "We Who Stole The Dream" by James Tiptree, Jr, "Animal Lover" by Stephen Donaldson, "Snake Eyes" by Alan Dean Foster, "The Last Decision" by Ben Bova, "The Deimos Plague" by Charles Sheffield, and "Assassin" by James P. Hogan. The Tiptree is outstanding; the remainder fair-to-good. (Foster's story is a short about Pip and his Minidragon, if you follow that series.) #3 includes "No Hiding Place" by Jack Chalker, "Salty's Sweep" by Arsen Darnay, "The Book of Padraig" by Mildred Downey Broxon, "When You Wish Upon A Star" by Gene DeWeese, "An Error in Punctuation" by B. Lee Cooper and Larry S. Haverkos, "The Thirteenth Labor" by Steven Utley, "The People Who Could Not Kill" by Bill Star, "We Hold These Rights..." by Henry Melton, "Chasing Shadows" by Jeff Wallman, "Metafusion" by Charles Runyon, and "Auk House" by Clifford Simak. The Chalker and Broxon stories are excellent (some day I'm going to get tired of Mildred's Irish fantasies, but not yet), the DeWeese and Wallman are very close to excellent, and the rest range down to mediocre. #2 includes "Custom Fitting" by James White, "Stuck With It" by Hal Clement, "Songs of Dying Swans" by Jack C. Haldeman II, "Mistake" by Larry Niven, "The Bicentennial Man" by Isaac Asimov, "Tindar-B" by Patrick G. Conner, "Sic Transit" by Steven Utley & Howard Waldrop, and "Unsilent Spring" by

Richard and Clifford Simak. The White and Simak efforts are very good; the Asimov above average. On the whole, a very good series; possibly the best original-story series published in this country.

UNIVERSE 7, ed. by Terry Carr (Popular Library, \$1.50) On the other hand.....I reviewed the hardcover of this awhile back. "A Rite of Spring" by Leiber, "My Lady of the Psychiatric Sorrows" by Aldiss, "Probability Storm" by Julian Reid, "People Reviews" by Robert Chilson, "Ibid." by George Alec Effinger, "The Marvelous Brass Chessplaying Automaton" by Gene Wolfe, "Brain Fever Season" by R. A. Lafferty, and "The Ninth Symphony of Ludwig von Beethoven and Other Lost Songs" by Carter Scholz. Wolfe, Lafferty and Chilson are very good, Reid's story is sort of cute, and the Scholz has the merit of an interesting idea. A good assortment.

BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES OF THE YEAR, ed. by Gardner Dozois (Ace, \$1.95) The 6th. Annual, covering the year 1976. "The Diary of the Rose" by Ursula le Guin, "Custer's Last Jump" by Steven Utley and Howard Waldrop, "Air Raid" by John Varley, "Ladies and Gentlemen, This is Your Crisis" by Kate Wilhelm, "Back To The Stone Age" by Jake Saunders, "Armaja Das" by Joe Haldeman, "Mary Margaret Road-Grader" by Howard Waldrop, "The Samurai and the Willows" by Michael Bishop. Well, the Bishop story is highly regarded in most sf circles (but not in mine). The Utley/Waldrop story is cute if ridiculous, and may well be the best story in here. The le Guin, surprisingly, is quite pedestrian. Save your money.

THE BEST FROM GALAXY, Vol. IV, ed. by James Baen (Ace, \$1.95) "The Game of Blood and Dust, by Roger Zelazny, "Down and Out" by Larry Niven, "A Horse of A Different Technicolor" by Craig Strete, "Allegiances" by Michael Bishop, "Overdose" by Spider Robinson, "Elephant With Wooden Leg" by John Sladek, "Life Among The Asteroids" and "Tinker" by Jerry Pournelle, "Helbent 4" by Stephen Robinett, and "The Experimenter" by Joanna Russ. No wonder GALAXY is in trouble.

THE BEST YE BREED, by Mack Reynolds (Ace, \$1.50) Third in his North African series. There's a lot of historical and geographical data thrown in to cover the fact that he doesn't have a book-length plot, but at least it's fairly interesting and accurate data. On the whole, it's a rather enjoyable book, if not up to the standards of the first two. Well worth your time.

RETIEF AND THE WARLORDS, by Keith Laumer, (Pocket Books, \$1.75) WARLORDS is a novel. RETIEF OF THE CDT, by Keith Laumer (Pocket Books, \$1.75) el, originally published RETIEF AT LARGE, by Keith Laumer (Ace, \$1.95) in 1968 by Doubleday.

(I think; not being much of a Retief fan I ignored the stories when they first appeared, so I could be wrong.) CDT includes the shorter stories "Ballots and Bandits", "Mechanical Advantage", "Pime Doesn't Cray", "Internal Affair" and "The Piecemakers". LARGE included all of the shorts from CDT except "Internal Affair"; plus "Cultural Exchange", "Saline Solution", "The Castle of Light", "Wicker Wonderland", "The Brass God", "Dam Nuisance", "Grime and Punishment", and "The Forbidden City". (At 440 pages it's the bargain of the lot.) The stories, as you can guess from the titles if you haven't already read them, are more or less humorous satires on bureaucracy, particularly State Department bureaucracy. The shorts are also quite monotonous if you read very many in quick succession; I don't recommend that. But sf is rather short on humor, particularly now, so one now and then makes a nice change.

THE GREAT TIME MACHINE HOAX, by Keith Laumer (Ace, \$1.75) A moderately amusing farce. Copyrights 1963, 1964.

ARMAGEDDON 2149 A.D., by Philip Francis Nowlan (Ace, \$1.95) The blurb-writer obviously just learned what "seminal" means; he uses it 6 times on covers and contents page. (But he didn't read far enough, since this isn't the "seminal Buck Rogers novel"; it's a version that has been updated by Spider Robinson. It never was all that good; the only thing it had going for it was historical value, and this version lacks even that. Well, it's got a couple of pretty covers.....

THE CHRONICLES OF CORUM, by Michael Moorcock (Berkley, \$1.95) THE BULL AND THE SPEAR, THE OAK AND THE RAM, and THE SWORD AND THE STALLION reprinted in one omnibus volume. If you really go for swords and sorcery....

THE ADVENTURES OF THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT, by Harry Harrison (Berkley, \$2.25) The three Stainless Steel Rat books in one volume. Theoretically these are humorous, but I never found them either funny or interesting.

THE INHERITORS and GATEWAY TO NEVER, by A. Bertram Chandler (Ace, \$1.75) Book 2 in the reprinting, presumably in chronological order, of the Commodore Grimes series.

THE RITUALS OF INFINITY, by Michael Moorcock (Daw #307) Reprint of THE WRECKS OF TIME. Action combined with a long philosophical bull-session. Crap, as far as I'm concerned.

ASHES & STARS, by George Zebrowski (Ace, \$1.50) First book of the Omega Point trilogy. I don't think I managed to wade through it the first time around; I didn't try this time.

A FISH DINNER IN MEMISON, by E. R. Eddison (Del Rey, \$2.25) Reprint of the second book of the Zimiamvian trilogy. If you like verbose novels with grandiose themes which don't bother to be internally consistent, you'll love this.

THE FACELESS MAN, by Jack Vance (Ace, \$1.75) Reprint of THE ANOME. A nice enough lightweight adventure novel, but what the hell is this business of retitling novels to catch a few extra suckers? I thought that went out of style a dozen years back.

THE WEIRDSTONE OF BRISINGAMEN, by Alan Garner (Ace, \$1.50) A lovely juvenile novel in the Tolkien style that's well worth reading. This edition has the worst cover of the year defacing it; I can accept Darth Vader in toys or bad-breath commercials, but not on the cover of this.

THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS, by Poul Anderson (Berkley, \$1.75) LIONS is an excellent fantasy using traditional mythological elements; if you haven't read one of the numerous previous editions, try this one. FOX is space-opera, pure and fairly simple. The young liberalfans will of course dislike the hero's attitudes, since they don't conform to the dictates of the literary establishment, but it doesn't matter all that much. It's enjoyable but forgettable.

MINDSWAP, by Robert Sheckley (Ace, \$1.75) Sheckley was one of the masters of the short story, but he never really accomplished much with his few novels. This is a moderately humorous assault on perception and reality, well done but not quite brilliant. Worth reading if you missed previous editions.

UP THE LINE, by Robert Silverberg (Del Rey, \$1.75) Reprints of two of Silverberg's allegedly important novels. I never liked them the first time around, but they got a fair amount of attention.

INVISIBLE DEATH, by Lin Carter (Popular Library, \$1.50) Second in Lin's series of imitation Doc Savage books. I don't know why they ever got printed in the first place, much less reprinted.

FLAME WINDS, by Norvell W. Page (Berkley, \$1.75) Calling this a novel in the Conan tradition is more or less accurate, but mildly insulting; it's better than Conan. A fictional Prester John, well done.

THE BRAVE FREE MEN, by Jack Vance (Ace, \$1.95) Sequel to THE FACELESS MAN; second book in a good adventure trilogy. (And this one isn't retitled.)

BIRTH OF FIRE, by Jerry Pournelle (Pocket Books, \$1.75) Originally a Laser title; acceptable space opera.

STAR KING, by Jack Vance (Daw #305, \$1.75) Previously had a short version in GALAXY and a full version from Berkley in 1964; not reprinted until now, I think. First of a series of 5 novels about the "demon princes"; only 3 of the novels were ever published, however. Only fair space-opera; not up to Vance's best.

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA, by Glen Larson and Robert Thurston (Berkley, \$1.95) As of this writing, I haven't seen the tv show. I hope it has gorgeous special effects, though, because if this is any sample it doesn't have anything else. The early dialog (taken directly from the show?) is very comic-booky; after that, it goes downhill. Science and characterization are equally conspicuous by their absence. The action and special effects might carry it visually; they're not enough for the book. (But it will sell anyway, especially if the show is a hit.)

The next assortment of books I have not read. They're out, if you're interested. Any description of them comes from their blurbs and I make no guarantees of accuracy. (They may be quite good books, but I haven't time to find out.)

VESTIGES OF TIME, by Richard Meredith (Doubleday, \$6.95) Time travel.

THE PSYCHOPATH PLAGUE, by Steven G. Spruill (Doubleday, \$6.95)

SWORD FOR THE EMPIRE, BY Gene Lancour (Doubleday, \$7.95) 3rd in the Dirshan series.

SHALLOWS OF NIGHT, by Eric van Lustbader (Doubleday, \$7.95) 2nd in the Sunset Warrior trilogy. Nice dust jacket.

DEATH IN FLORENCE, by George Alec Effinger (Doubleday, \$6.95) "Equal parts black humor and insight".

THE JUPITER THEFT, by Donald Moffitt (Del Rey, \$1.95) Oppressive bureaucracy versus inscrutable aliens. Near-future "realism". (I actually tried this, but bogged down inside 75 pages, with 300 left to go.)

A SPELL FOR CHAMELEON, by Piers Anthony (Del Rey, \$1.95) A sort of oversized juvenile fantasy, with a moral spelled out at the end and everything. Could be quite good.

THE WIZARD OF ZAO, by Lin Carter (Daw #293, \$1.75) I try to avoid Lin Carter.

TO KEEP THE SHIP, by A. Bertram Chandler (Daw #295, \$1.75) Commodore Grimes again.

INCIDENT ON ATH, by E. C. Tubb (Daw #299, \$1.75) Dumarest #18.

CAPTIVE SCORPIO, by Alan Burt Akers (Daw #301, \$1.50) Dray Prescott #17.

IRSUD, by Jo Clayton (Daw #306, \$1.75) 3rd in the Aleytys series. Excellent cover by Eric Ladd.

VOLTEFACE, by Mark Adlard (Ace, \$1.50) 2/3 of a trilogy; sequels to INTERFACE.

MULTIFACE, by Mark Adlard (Ace, \$1.75)

AFTER UTOPIA, by Mack Reynolds (Ace, \$1.50)

THE CHILDREN OF DYNMOUTH, by William Trevor (Pocket Books, \$1.95) Hmm; I did read this one; I just didn't recall doing it. Psychological novel of the utter creep who has no idea of how to get along with people or why they dislike him, and the gradually increasing unpleasantness which accompanies his rejections. Interesting because you run into so many like him in fandom (except they usually get told why they're disliked, sooner or later.) But not fantasy at all.

DEMON IN THE MIRROR, by Andy Offutt and Richard K. Lyon (Pocket Books, \$1.50) Swords and sorcery with a feminine protagonist. Nice Vallejo cover.

TELEMPATH, by Spider Robinson (Berkley, \$1.50) Rebellling against the alien conquest. Not bad, not brilliant; I read part of it but didn't finish it. Nothing specifically wrong, but I've read better along similar lines.

Back to material that I've more or less read.

SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY PUBLISHED BY ARKHAM HOUSE & MYCROFT & MORAN, by Spelman
SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY PUBLISHED BY AVALON and BOUREGY & CURL, by Spelman
(Dick Spelman, Box 2079, Chicago, IL 60690) I picked these bibliographic pamphlets up at Rivercan and I have no idea what I paid for them; write Spelman and ask, if you want them. He has others. These include title, author, publication date, number of pages and original price; in the Arkham booklet the print run has been noted, and in the Avalon booklet the dustjacket illustrator has been listed.

THE HILLS OF FARAWAY, by Diana Waggoner (Atheneum, \$16.95) Subtitled "A Guide To Fantasy", this seems to be mostly intended for teachers. There is the author's pedantic "theory of fantasy", "Didactic Genres of Speculative Fiction" and the like. (The author correctly classes science fiction as a branch of fantasy, but tries to differentiate between fantasy and fairy-story, which is ridiculous.) There are book-lists for each type of fantasy. Then, covering not quite 2/3 of the book, is a "Bibliographic Guide To Fantasy", arranged alphabetically by author. Poking around at random, I looked to see what books of Lester del Rey would be listed, and didn't find his name at all, which gave me an initial bad impression of the book. (...AND SOME WERE HUMAN isn't all that rare, and certainly should be included.) But most of the other authors I looked for were there, along with quite a few I never heard of before. Emphasis is on juvenile fantasy, tho adult authors are also listed. (But why only one Leigh Brackett book? Quite possibly her best, but no more fantasy than a half-dozen others.) She says the list features items "readily available"; maybe if you live in Los Angeles they are. There are critical comments on the books listed, most of which I disagree with. A possibly useful tool for teachers (not being one, I can't say) and those interested in juvenile fantasy.

A HISTORY OF THE HUGO, NEBULA, and International Fantasy Awards, by Don Franson and Howard Devore (Howard Devore, 4705 Weddel, Dearborn, MI 48125 - \$3.00) This new edition covers Nebula winners and nominees through 1976, and Hugos thru 1977. Listed by year; indexed by author (or editor or artist). Comes in very handy.

WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON: A CENTENARY TRIBUTE (The British Fantasy Society, \$1.50) A 15-page booklet containing 2 unsold Hodgson stories, a superficial biography, and some bad artwork. Grossly overpriced and more of a blot on Hodgson's name than a tribute to it.

ESSAYS LOVECRAFTIAN, ed. by Darrell Schweitzer (T-K Graphics) But you're more likely to be able to get it by seeing Schweitzer. 116 pages, with short articles by Robert Bloch, Fritz Leiber, Marion Bradley, H. P. Lovecraft, and various other fans and authors. Interesting to Lovecraft fans; probably not at all interesting to anyone else.

KURT VONNEGUT: THE GOSPEL FROM OUTER SPACE, by Clark Mayo (Borgo Press, \$1.95)
ALDISS UNBOUND, by Richard Mathews (Borgo Press, Box 2845, San Bernardino, CA92406)
THE DELANY INTERSECTION, by George Edgar Slusser (Borgo Press, \$1.95)
THE CLASSIC YEARS OF ROBERT A. HEINLEIN, by George Edgar Slusser (Borgo, \$1.95)
WORLDS BEYOND THE WORLD: THE FANTASTIC VISION OF WILLIAM MORRIS, by Richard Mathews
THE DREAM QUEST OF H. P. LOVECRAFT, by Darrell Schweitzer (Borgo Press, \$2.45)
These are all part of "The Milford Series: Popular Writers of Today", and are 64 page pamphlets containing critiques of the work of the authors under discussion. The last two listed are \$2.45; others are \$1.95. All but Schweitzer make heavy use of academic jargon, which is a strike against them as far as I'm concerned. Schweitzer is refreshingly simple in his language, but doesn't seem to have much of an overall view for his critique; it seems more a disconnected series of reviews. Since 4 of the 6 volumes cover authors I avoid whenever possible, I'm probably not the best judge of them. (But I have read at least some of the fiction, and I think that in several cases the authors here have picked a nice academic proposition and interpreted their evidence to support it. Still, they all have some good points to make, with Mayo perhaps being the best of the lot.

MASTER OF MIDDLE-EARTH, by Paul H. Kocher (Del Rey, \$1.95) One of the numerous evaluations of the Tolkien books. Kocher at least has some idea that Tolkien did not plan every detail and interrelationship in LORD OF THE RINGS, either for the greater glory of literature or the edification of English majors; he shows a fair amount of common sense in his comments. (Then, of course, will come a line like, "Children easily identify with small animals, especially bunnies" and you begin to wonder about all these calm assertions.) I suppose, if you really need something like this, that Kocher's book is as good as you're likely to get. But I can't really see why anyone would buy it.

AN INFORMAL HISTORY OF THE PULP MAGAZINES, by Ron Goulart (Ace, \$1.25) A 1973 reprint of the hardcover CHEAP THRILLS. A moderately - very moderately - enjoyable book. Goulart sticks pretty closely to his own favorite types of pulp fiction, the detective/mystery and the series, neither of which are my favorites, but he does a reasonably good job on what he covers. You might find it in a secondhand book store.

THE DRIFTING CONTINENTS, by Willy Ley (remaindered, \$1.49) A thin little hardcover from Weybright & Talley, covering what was known of continental drift in 1969, before plate tectonics. Even then, Willy refers to "what amounts to universal acceptance" of the theory; the plates merely confirmed previous evidence. Interesting.

LOST TRIBES & SUNKEN CONTINENTS, by Robert Wauchope (Univ. of Chicago Press, \$3.25) A thin paperbound book which takes broad swipes at the proponents of Atlantis, Mu, Peruvian settlement of the Pacific, Jewish Indians, racists, etc. Much of it covers the same ground mined earlier by de Camp, but Wauchope is entertaining and includes different tidbits of information. (One of which I would like to follow up; in a comment on tribal reaction to strangers, he says "Estrada and Meggers remind us that a few years after European discovery, in the early sixteenth century, seventeen Negroes survived a shipwreck off this same /Ecuadorian/ coast, intermarried with Indian women, gained political control of the whole province of Esmeraldas in a short time, and, decades later, successfully resisted the Spanish conquest." Now that's a bit of history that I'd like to read more about.)

SCIENTISTS CONFRONT VELIKOVSKY, ed. by Donald Goldsmith (Cornell Univ. Press, \$8.95) The anti-Velikovsky papers presented at the 1974 AAAS symposium. The editor comments that he wanted to publish all the papers, but the pro-Velikovsky people agreed in principle and then never delivered the papers in question. (Not surprising; one mark of the crackpot is that he demands special consideration for his theories; normal scientific channels aren't good enough for him.) Authors are Carl Sagan, Norman W. Storer, J. Derral Mulholland, Peter J. Huber, and David Morrison, plus a foreword by Asimov and introduction by the editor. Sagan really does all that is necessary (and does it wittily; which Velikovskites will never forgive him for). The remaining papers are somewhat of an anti-climax, though they do hammer home some of Sagan's points in more detail. (I was particularly taken by his comment that, since manna from the tail of a comet would have fallen over the entire Earth instead of just on the Israelites - such a localized fall would be just as miraculous as the original account - that there should be records of it elsewhere, and suggesting that the gingerbread house in "Hansel and Gretel" might be one.) I also note that among the acknowledgements he lists Sidney Coleman as having been helpful with suggestions and criticisms. I'm not sure how helpful Sid's comments on Velikovsky would be, but I'm sure they'd be fascinatingly pungent. This is worth getting simply for the Sagan material; read whatever else in the volume that you need for background.

PLEASE EXPLAIN, by Isaac Asimov (Dell, \$1.25) The usual variety of articles, but with, for once, a decent contents page and index, so it can be used as reference.

THE COLLAPSING UNIVERSE, by Isaac Asimov (Pocket Books, \$1.95) Current theories on black holes, explained for the layman.

MARINES IN THE REVOLUTION, by Charles R. Smith (Gov't. Printing Office, \$20.30)

But I got mine as a birthday present. Huge book, 9 x 12, almost 500 pages. Profusely and excellently illustrated; a coffee-table book of marines. All the major Revolutionary campaigns in which marines participated are covered, as well as several not found in the average history - the Penobscot debacle (Derek Nelson was happy to discover this chronicle of American inefficiency included), Willing's expedition down the Mississippi, and a chapter on state and privateer marine units, including the men of the Virginia Marine Corps who were with George Rogers Clark. Writing is competent if not brilliant; an excellent book.

THE BATTLE OF COWPENS, by Kenneth Roberts (Doubleday, 1958) I read a library copy. A short - about 100 pages - look at an important Revolutionary War battle. In keeping with his usual style, Roberts considers it important for totally different reasons than most historians do, and, in between reviling other historians, makes a fair case. Certainly the most entertaining account of the battle that I've read. (I'm in the market for a used copy of this, if anyone happens to see one.)

THE DARK KINGDOMS, by Alan Scholefield (Morrow, \$6.95) But I had my copy forced on me by the Miesels. It's an account of the white impact on three African kingdoms; Congo, contacted and debauched by the Portuguese from 1590 to around 1700 and now part of Angola; Dahomey, which rose and fell with the slave trade, between 1700 and 1900; and Lesotho, which underwent considerable travail from Boer and Briton but still exists. (It was a British colony from 1868 to 1966, but the original royal family continued to exist and the great-grandson of the country's founder now rules as a constitutional monarch - proving the founder's wisdom in his desperate and eventually successful efforts to become dependent on British rather than Boer overlordship.) An interesting if somewhat depressing book, and Scholefield is a reasonably good writer.

AFRICAN CITIES AND TOWNS BEFORE THE EUROPEAN CONQUEST, by Richard W. Hull (Norton, \$10.95) Unfortunately, most of the thesis is devoted to proving that there were some, and I already knew that. Some of the architectural material could be useful as research, but it's a pretty dull book, all told.

THE BIRTH OF A PRINCIPALITY, by R. C. Hyslop (Administration Board of Hutt River Principality, \$1.00A) Or maybe \$1.00H would be more appropriate....anyway, this gives the Hutt River side of their secession from Australia and the governmental setup of the new nation. An interesting historical document, which I badgered Eric Lindsay into getting for me. (One interesting point; Prince Leonard has bestowed 3 earldoms and a baronetcy since becoming an independent prince, and the baron, who is also postmaster general of the country, is described as a U.S. citizen. At least he's a U.S. citizen until we recognize Hutt River, when he is in trouble.....)

DESTINATION DISASTER, by Paul Eddy, Elaine Potter & Bruce Page (Ballantine, \$2.95) The authors use the Ermonville crash to probe the history of air transport, with emphasis on Douglas (now McDonnell Douglas) in general and the DC10 in particular. (Misspelling up there; should be Ermenonville.) And, of course, the DC10 cargo doors in specific detail. It's a well-written book, and highly recommended unless you're about to fly somewhere. (In particular, don't try to read it while you're in an airplane; you may decide to get out and walk.) Appendixes include a chronological list of air disasters from 1950 thru 1975 (cheery stuff), and several tables of the relative safety of various airlines (avoid the Royal Jordanian Airline as you would the plague). A good book.

DRACULA, by Radu Florescu and Raymond T. McNally (remaindered, \$3.98) A biography of Vlad the Impaler, who didn't actually drink blood but who wasn't the sort of person you'd invite in for tea, either. Actually, not all that much is known about him, but the book provides what's available and also a general historical background of the times he lived in. (Which were not all that good; Dracula was hardly more brutal than other monarchs of the time, though he was a tad more efficient about it.) Recommended.

THE SOLID GOLD STETHOSCOPE, by Edgar Berman, M.D. (Ballantine, \$1.95) A book on medical malpractice. Unfortunately, the author is trying desperately to be a comedian without knowing quite how to do it, making the book neither very funny or very informative. Sort of like Marcus Welby, being played by Don Rickles. People who enjoy that sort of thing might get a kick out of it; I didn't.

WHY MAN EXPLORES (Government Printing Office, \$1.10) A 1976 NASA-sponsored symposium featuring Ray Bradbury, Jacques Cousteau, James Michener, Norman Cousins, and Philip Morrison. Talks deal generally with the philosophy of exploration, and I tended to sneer at everyone - especially Bradbury, who's getting arty in his old age - except Cousteau. A couple of Bradbury poems are included.

TALES OF THE BLACK WIDOWERS, by Isaac Asimov (Fawcett, \$1.50) A total of 24 MORE TALES OF THE BLACK WIDOWERS, by Isaac Asimov (Fawcett, \$1.50) short detective stories, most of them from ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE. Most of them are entertaining; generally (but not always) the detection is sharp and logical. Oddly, the few murder mysteries are the poorest of the lot; possibly because so many other writers work that field, and have already used most of the possibilities.

THE MALACIA TAPESTRY, by Brian Aldiss (Ace, \$1.95) I reviewed the hardcover awhile back. It's fantasy only by courtesy, and would be better without the few fantasy sequences - but it's a very good novel. Recommended as a historical novel.

JULIE, by Florence Stevenson (Signet, \$1.95) Regrettably, the publisher stamped out any attempts at humor that Florence might have made here. It's a straight historical romance, with perhaps less unnecessary sex than the average of the breed and somewhat better characters. But aside from the possibility of having it banned in Salt Lake City, there are no outstanding features. Seems to be historically accurate (also unusual in this genre, I gather).

LAST MOVEMENT, by Joan Aiken (Warner Books, \$1.95) Music, mystery, and romance; a fair assortment, not really up to Aiken's best in the gothic line. But readable.

DOCTOR STRANGE, by Stan Lee (Pocket Books, \$1.95) The first 18 "Dr. Strange" comic-book stories, squunched down to paperback size but still in their original color.

RIPLEY'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT: STARS, SPACE, UFOs (Pocket Books, \$1.75)

SKYCREATURES: LIVING UFOs, by Trevor James Constable (Pocket Books, \$1.95)

Two more UFO books. Constable's idea is at least different, though hardly less crackpot.

DICK DEADEYE, by Ronald Searle and associates (remaindered, \$1.00) The book version of a short animated film which is basically a pastiche/updating of Gilbert & Sullivan, using Searle drawings. Some of the text and song lyrics are quite charming:

"With a wave of my hand and a word
Your call to the draft is deferred.
A short incantation
Brings cuts in taxation,

A potion, promotion preferred." Some are merely idiotic. (But in either case, you have to look in the fine print to discover authorship.) Generally fun.

CHORALE, by Barry N. Malzberg (Doubleday, \$7.95) Just out, and since I don't read Malzberg I can mention it immediately.

WRAITHS OF TIME, by Andre Norton (Fawcett, \$1.75) Time travel to an alternate world. (Or perhaps not time travel, despite elements of ancient Egyptian culture; just alternate world travel.) And, of course, mental forces versus mechanical forces, with technology being the villain; sometimes I think Norton is becoming as anti-technological as Bradbury. Acceptable, though she's done better.

THE LEFT-HANDED SPIRIT, by Ruth Nichols (Atheneum, \$7.95) A diviner/healer in Rome is kidnapped and taken to China. Basically a historical novel, and a very good one, though a bit too feminine in outlook for me. Kept reminding me of Norton (which is a compliment). Recommended primarily to female readers.

SCIENCE FICTION IDEAS & DREAMS, by Dave Kyle (Hamlyn, \$8.98) A companion to Dave's earlier PICTORIAL HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION, More nostalgic artwork and an adequate text on the history of ideas in science fiction; the common ones, how they've been handled and how they've changed over the years. Artwork is drawn from everything from Frank Reade dime novels to "Star Trek" comics and METAL HURLANT. Printing is good, binding is poor, and for an oversized hardcover book the price is ridiculously low. It's a bargain.

THE FANTASTIC ART OF BORIS VALLEJO (Ballantine, \$7.95) 40 of the artist's paintings, mostly book covers, with a short article about him. Standard 9 x 12 size of Ballantine art books. Lovely book. Vallejo has rapidly become one of our favorite artists.

SPACECRAFT: 2000 to 2100 AD (Hamlyn, price tends to vary but is generally between \$6 and \$7) Odd item. Only art credit is to "J.S. Artists Ltd.". Steward Cowley is given author's credit. Apparently he was handed a batch of spaceship paintings by British artists and proceeded to write tongue-in-cheek text around them. Some of the work looks familiar to anyone who saw SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY, and some doesn't. (Wups; art credits are given - in very fine print. Angus McKie, mostly; Tony Roberts, Peter Goodfellow, Colin Hay, Bob Layzell, Jim Burns, Alan Daniels. Mostly they all seem to be imitating Chris Foss.) Text is a parody of numerous books on fighting planes, fighting ships, etc. ("By the time that the TDA 107 Partisan was finding itself outclassed by the new generation of enemy interceptors such as the Shark, Avery Astronautics were already testing the prototype for a replacement.") Each ship is described as to Manufacturer, Classification, Main Drive, Personnel, Armament, and Defence. All in all, it's a good joke and includes some nice artwork. Recommended.

Manor Books, Time/Past Editions, "Novels of Historical Fantasy" - \$2.25

This seems to be a new series, attempting to combine fantasy with the historical romance. I've seen 2 examples. THE MISCAST GENTLEMAN, by Edward Easton, is a fair-sized (360-page) novel with the same basic plot as Hubbard's "Typewriter In The Sky" (which made this one hard to take seriously). Modern man is thrown back in time to become a member of Sir Francis Drake's fleet harassing the Spanish. Aside from having our hero know far too much about everything in his new environment, it isn't all that bad a book; in fact, it's rather enjoyable and is moderately recommended. The other example, THROUGH CAVERNS INFINITE, by Becky Lee Weyrich, is an occult fantasy; heroine is hypnotized into recalling past lives. I plowed through the author's total ignorance of the Donner Party, but by page 75, when a plexiglass pyramid was brought in to increase "energy reception" during a hypnotic trance, I gave up. It's the sort of thing that could be hysterically funny if you happen to be in the right mood.

THE WEB OF WIZARDRY, by Juanita Coulson (Ballantine, \$1.95) Juanita finally got her dream world novel into print, about 35 years after the background took form, 20 after Marion Bradley told her it could be made commercial, and 13 after she started trying to sell it. It's one of Juanita's few books that I knew anything about before it was published; it's had so many incarnations that I had a nodding acquaintance with it before reading the published edition. I think the 13-year wait improved it; it's a very enjoyable swords-and-sorcery novel, closer in tone to Leigh Brackett than to any other author of the genre that I can think of.

THE MASTERS OF SOLITUDE, by Marvin Kaye and Parke Godwin (Doubleday, \$10.00) The uninspired dust-jacket caused me to postpone reading this; once I started it I found it an excellent book. If the authors are a bit overfond of analyzing their characters, they at least have interesting characters, and almost an oversupply of action and plot. Recommended.

TEMPLE DOGS, By Robert L. Duncan (Ballantine, \$2.25) How to classify? COLD CASH WAR is definitely science fiction, while an analysis of the ITT in Chile isn't, so how do you classify one midway in between the two? This could be a prequel to the Asprin book, and it's a very well-written adventure. Recommended.

STRANGE FRUIT

CAHIER JEAN RAY 7 (Werkgroep Jean Ray, Lobergenbos 27, 3200 Leuven, Belgium - 220 Belgian francs) Apparently a fanzine (or semi-pro?) done as a memorial to Belgian stf writer Jean Ray. The contents page is in Dutch (Flemish?), about 1/3 of the issue (2 stories and an article) in English, and the rest in French. Thick, booklet size, the readable parts are interesting enough.

FOUR STAR EXTRA #1 thru 5 (Joyce & Arnie Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt. 6B, Brooklyn, NY 11201 - limited circulation - coeditors, Bill & Charlene Kunkel) You can't just send in and get this one; you have to convince someone in the group that you're worth sending it to. (I'm not sure how I got on the list...) Each issue is on one particular theme; cars, war, mysteries, etc. (Though I think that "Summer" as a theme is a bit of a copout, somehow.) Personal recollections and a few letters; it all depends on how the personalities come across to you whether you'll like it or not. Seemed moderately enjoyable to me.

GRAYMALKIN #1, 2 (Denise Parsley Leigh, 121 Nansen St., Cincinnati, OH 45216 - 50¢ - irregular) Very neatly produced fanzine. Variety of material. Stephen Leigh generally good, the remainder generally mediocre, though there are some nice killer book reviews in #2. Rating...3

STARSTONE #2 (Friends of Darkover, Box 72, Berkeley, CA 94701 - no price or schedule listed) 80 pages of Darkovan fiction, verse, and the occasional article, edited by Marion and Walter. Frankly, I didn't find it any more interesting than I do the average "Star Trek" fanzine, but the real Darkover fans should appreciate it. Very competently handled.

ROTHNIUM #4, 5 (David Hull, P.O. Box 471, Owen Sound, Ont. N4K 5P7, Canada - \$1.25 - irregular) The era of the thick, professionally printed fanzine seems to be here; so far, only the Katzes out of this lot have used mimeo. The affluent society has reached fandom. Interesting; much of the material in here, especially in #5, is mildly humorous, but the lettercolumn is entirely composed of arguments on the best way to save science fiction and/or the world. (Well, #4 was much more serious in tone.) Competent but a trifle ponderous in spots. Rating..5'

GROGGY #2 (Eric Mayer, 175 Congress St. #5F, Brooklyn, NY 11201 - bimonthly - no price listed) After all these fancy printed jobs, a hektographed fanzine is a positive relief. Very nice production on mine, too, though if he got all 65 copies that sharp he's a genius. An enjoyable little fanzine, despite my indifference to the amount of commentary on rock music within. Rating..4

FEINZINE #3 (Adrienne Fein, 26 Oakwood Ave., White Plains, NY 10605 - irregular - \$1) Basically a feminist fanzine, but with a wider variety of material than most; the feminism is pretty well restricted to the lettercolumn and a questionnaire and there are articles on the current activities of Harry Bates, an appeal for TAFF, a personal reminiscence of VISTA, and the problems of an introvert in friendship and/or sex. Generally good stuff. Rating....6

I have this assortment of leaflets from John & Bjo Trimble, 696 S. Bronson, Los Angeles, CA 90005. A personal and fannish newsletter and various ads - for fanzines, conventions, videotapes, audiotapes, etc. Mailing is presumably free; the advertisers pay the cost.

C.D.'s ZINE #1 (Carolyn Doyle, 1949 N. Spencer, Indianapolis, IN 46218 - irregular - no price listed) The publishing virus strikes again....This is currently a small personalzine, but I suspect it will get as large and varied as Carolyn's budget will permit. I rather enjoyed it, but then I'm prejudiced.

MYTHLORE #17 (Mythopoeic Society, Box 4671, Whittier, CA 90607 - quarterly - \$2.25) Dammit, people, use Zip Codes in your address (all 9 numbers, if it comes to that). A more or less (generally more) literate journal for those deeply interested in the works of Tolkien, C. S. Lewis, and Charles Williams. I'm not that deeply interested in my own works, much less theirs, but if you are..... It's elegantly produced. Rating.....8

NYCTALOPS #14 (Harry Morris, Jr., 500 Wellesley SE, Albuquerque, NM 87106 - irregular - \$2.00) A fanzine devoted to horror fiction and art; it probably has the best artwork of any current fanzine. Again, it's seriously oriented; some of the letter-writers are serious to the point of fanatacism. A bit too serious for me, but somewhat enjoyable anyway. Rating.....8

DYNATRON #68 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107 - irregular - free to those Roy wants to send it to) This is hardly ever serious about anything, which makes it my kind of fanzine. Besides, Roy has a nasty attitude toward the idiocies of fan and mundane life, which I enjoy. Strictly a personalzine, but a personality I enjoy. No art, lots of humor. Mimeographed. Rating..8

VORPAL #5 (Richard Brandt, 4013 Sierra Drive, Mobile, AL 36609 - 50¢ - irregular?) Another one coming back out of hibernation. This issue is a personalzine (it's hard to get people to write to a fanzine that doesn't quite exist yet, I'm told). Brandt makes his experience in watching a day's shooting of "Close Encounters" far more interesting than watching the film was. (Which isn't all that hard, come to think of it.) Still, it's an enjoyable, skinny fanzine. Rating..5

PERIPHERAL VISIONS #4 (Wally Smart & Pam Sook, 6022 Grace Ave., Ludington, MI 49431 - irregular - \$1.00) For your money you get a thick mimeographed fanzine (instead of a thin offset one as has become more normal). A lot about science fiction and a pretty fair amount about ecology, women's rights, astrology, etc. (Well, 2 out of 3 isn't bad.) Mostly stf and ecology. Very little art, which may be a blessing, considering the quality of what's there. But good text. Lots of reviews, a variety of articles, good lettercolumn. Rating..6

THE MENTOR #24 (Ron Clarke, 6 Bellevue Road, Faulconbridge, NSW, Australia (irregular - 2 for A\$1.50) Not having an Australian Postal Co. de reference as I can for this country. (But then, maybe the fact that Ron quit after listing his town is a hint that he doesn't want furrin' readers....) A small and rather intense fanzine; much more material than the number of pages (16) would lead you to believe. Well balanced between seriousness and humor. Rating.....6

THE DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP #3 (Arthur D. Hlavaty, 250 Coligni Ave., New Rochelle, NY 10801 - irregular? - \$1) Personalzine. I disagree with most of the opinions in here on serious subjects, but I thoroughly enjoy the humor. Neatly printed; no art. Long lettercolumn, mostly concerned with today's fads. (No, Adrienne, I don't think feminism should be a fad - but I wouldn't bet that it isn't one.) Rating.....5

FARMERAGE #1 (George H. Scheetz, 710 West Moss Ave., #8B, Peoria, IL 61606 - quarterly - \$3.00 per year) A publication of the Philip José Farmer Society; 26 digest-sized pages, not too well printed, by and about Farmer. If you're a Farmer fan, you may want it; if not, you won't. (I'm not that much of one, certainly; I think he probably deserves his own fan club, but I won't join it.)

THE WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG #1 (Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Road #207, Detroit, MI 48219 - 35¢ - bimonthly) 12 pages bimonthly, he says. He also says that his goal is to review every fanzine being published, thoughtfully, intelligently, perceptively. In 6 pages a month? Well, it will keep you off the streets, Brian. Recommended to neofans, particularly.

RATAPLAN #19 (Leigh Edmonds & Valma Brown, PO Box 103, Brunswick, Victoria 3056, AUSTRALIA - irregular - trade or contribution) Thick (58pp), mostly high-class con reports, a few other items; generally interesting. No art (some illos, but no art), good reproduction. Rating...6

MORE THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

I have loads of these, some of which will undoubtedly turn up after the issue is completed. Oh well; onward.//Auction sale ad in the Hartford City paper; one item included being a "Kentucky concussion rifle". (One assumes the concussion is what you get when you fire it.) Along the same lines of typos that made good, Overhead Door has several designs for garage doors, one of them being French Provincial. That one seems a problem for some of our distributors, one of whom ordered a set of "French Preventional Design Panels". (Which led to some ribald speculations as to where - and how - one would install such items.)//MARY LONG sends a headline, "Famous Shakespeare Play Was Inspired By The Devil's Triangle." ("The Tempest", of course.) But what were you doing reading NATIONAL ENQUIRER, Mary?//DEREK NELSON sends a clipping detailing Fleet Street journalism practices - pack journalism, making up "eyewitness" reports, etc. The famed British journalistic integrity.//DEREK also sends one on proposed (also enacted, I believe) tougher gun control measures in Canada, quoting Britain's Chief Inspector Colin Greenwood as saying that "indictable gun crimes" went from 500 to 2500 in 5 years in England, and are still going up, despite Britain's famed gun laws. It sounds like they're rising faster than ours are. (The totals are lower, but then they always were, even when Britain had no gun laws and we did.)//MARY SCHAUB sends another batch. One is a notice of the public auction of the S.S. America, which states that the ship "was arrested by Order of this Court" and "is presently in the custody of the U.S. Marshal." No wonder New York jails are crowded/ Then there is the story of the "U-Haul vigilantes", who repossess stolen U-Haul trailers. Doesn't say how many they recover, but did say that the company loses about 3,000 trailers annually that aren't recovered. The cost of serving the public.//LAURINE WHITE sends a couple of shaggy dog stories. One is a pool-playing poodle in Michigan (shoots with its paws, not a cue), and the other a canine Houdini who manipulates doorknobs, slide bolts and auto door handles to get where she wants to go. Sounds like the basis for another Chinese curse; "May you own an intelligent dog."//According to a clipping from a British newspaper letter column sent by ALAN DODD, people in Britain who won't own a tv are apt to be har assed by inspectors from the GPO. Treasury getting short of funds again?/ ALAN also sends a clipping from a British classified ad section, offering a book for sale. "Alhazed, abdul, the mecrom micon Spain, 1647, calf covers, rubbed and some foxing, otherwise, very nice, many small woodcuts. constitution of mystic signs and symbols, seems to be treaties (in Latin) on ritual magic. Bankers reference necessary." Spelling and punctuation and capitalization strictly sic./ A long clipping from ALAN on the Ark Royal, Britain's last "capital ship", making her final voyage to the breaker's yard./And Britain, beating us to it, is producing a £1 coin for the first time since 1914. It's only for the Isle of Man, which seems to be a test area. (Did I mention I wanted one of them, Alan?)//SANDRA MIESEL sends several clippings. One mentions the label on a package of rat poison, which claims to be a "Scientifically Balanced Blend of Natural Ingredients". For those who want nothing but the best for their rodents, I guess./ Also, the IEEE is now running robot mice through mazes/And scrap dealers are now worried about handling scrap cars which have air bags installed; the propellant for the bag is sodium azide, which can explode if shocked or heated - if it's in contact with copper, it's more explosive than nitroglycerine. Junk cars may become almost as dangerous as the ones on the road.//MARGARET DOMINICK sends an article on the legal battle between "Star Wars" and "Galactica"; the SW people claim Galactica is plagiarism. (Well, not really. The spaceships are similar, but that's about it. Galactica's plots are a combination of "Star Trek" and old westerns)//SCHAUB, again, with an article about worm-vending machines. (For fisherman, not restaurant owners.)//GENE WOLFE sends an item about a "big game hunt" on a privately owned Florida hunting preserve. The owner acquired a batch of zoo-reject lions, tigers, etc. and charged hunters \$1600 for the privilege of shooting them as they emerged from their cages. Well, trophy hunters are a blot on the landscape anyway, but these seem a bit sicker than most. Merry Christmas. RSC