

VANDRO 246

XXVI:1

FEBRUARY '79

Published irregularly by Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3,
Hartford City, IN 47348 USA. British agent is Alan Dodd,
77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts., Great Britain

Price, US: 75¢, 5 for \$3.00, 10 for \$5.00
" , Britain: 40p, 5 for £1.60, 10 for £2.60

Ronald Saloman sent us an ad for a tape of a movie, "Cruisin' High",
which said "starring David Kyle". Aren't you a bit old to play a teen-
ager, Dave?

CONTENTS

Frozen In Scarlet (verse) - - - - -	Ruth Berman - - - - -	1
Ramblings (editorial) - - - - -	JWC - - - - -	2
Rumblings (editorial) - - - - -	RSC - - - - -	3
Golden Minutes (book reviews) - - - - -	RSC - - - - -	6
Demon Ozone (verse) - - - - -	Marian Lois Turner - - - - -	20
Things That Go Bump! In The Mailbox - - - - -	- - - - -	21
Grumblings (letters) - - - - -	- - - - -	22
Special DUFF Announcement - - - - -	Eric Lindsay - - - - -	46
Strange Fruit (fanzine reviews) - - - - -	RSC - - - - -	47

ARTWORK

Cover by Jackie Causgrove

Page 1 - - - - -	RSC	Page 28 - - - - -	Gerald Giannattasio
" 2 - - - - -	JWC	" 30 - - - - -	Wm. Rotsler
" 3 - - - - -	JWC	" 31 - - - - -	Jann Frank
" 6 (logo) - - - - -	Sheryl Birkhead	" 34 - - - - -	Gerald Giannattasio
" 22 - - - - -	Gerald Giannattasio	" 35 - - - - -	Wm. Rotsler
" 23 - - - - -	Jann Frank	" 38 - - - - -	Wm. Rotsler
" 26 - - - - -	Wm. Rotsler	" 39 - - - - -	Jann Frank

FROZEN IN SCARLET

by Ruth Berman

A brooch, set with a single garnet
caught the light
and the eye;
Sight volleyed off the walls
of the hedron,
facet to facet,
battering itself
within the sides.
She turned.
The prism closed.
She smiled and walked away,
Wearing him, set in gold,
upon her breast.

© Copyright 1976 by
De Kalb College



This will be an abbreviated ramblings, for various reasons. I thought the events covered in Buck's editorial would explain some of those and hope you will understand -- it was a somewhat hectic and a bit of a downer of a holiday season for us all. Things are gradually getting back to form, or as much form as they ever have around here.

A year ago plus a week or two I was sort of trapped in NYC during a trip there to talk future-book talk, thanks to a blizzard socking in the midwest, including my airport. This time I stayed home, and a good thing, too; we didn't get another blizzard, but we did get a pretty substantial snowfall. If I'd been away, it probably would

have pulled the same stunt all over again. Just call me a reverse Jonah.

Next week the fun and games of fanzining have to go on the backburner for an indefinite period. It's digging in time on for-sale typing. I'm working on final revisions for another historical, and if the editor's plans work out as she intends, that one will be out in October. Kay Anderson dubbed this one *Lust Horizon* (to keep up the good work, after giving me the handy version of *DARK PRIESTESS*'s title: *Lust in the Dust*); but the editor seems to prefer calling it *FIRE IN THE ANDES*; she's also eager to avoid another historical mish-mash disaster like the cover on DP and I've sent her a bunch of sketches and photos to prod the artist in that direction. She'd tried to get an accurate cover on DP, but what came in did not resemble her notes to the artist -- obviously. Ah well. We shall see.

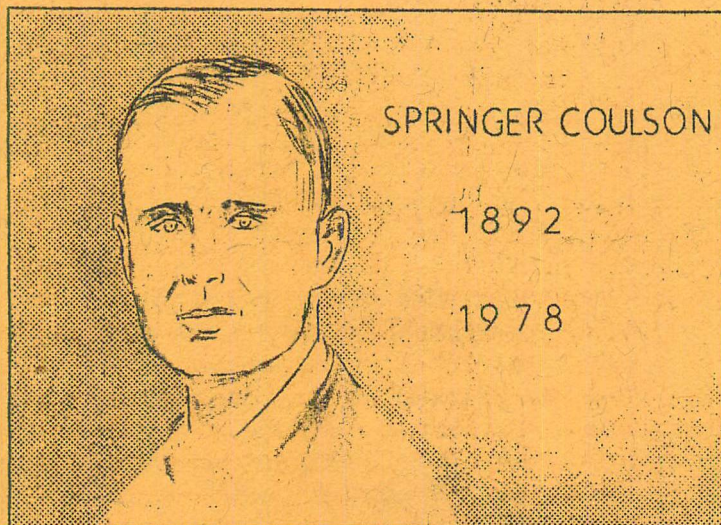
I'm also working on a (an?) heroic fantasy tentatively titled *THE DEATH GOD'S CITADEL*, which is set in the same universe as *WEB OF WIZARDRY*, though not as a sequel. I think I picked the right timing on this one; usually I end up writing Babylonian stuff in the middle of winter or Antarctic treks -- or the equivalent -- in the summer's hottest weather, but *CITADEL* is a story set in the far north of my dream world, and I'll be writing it during exceedingly appropriate weather, if this winter turns out anything like the Midwest's last winter. It should help tremendously on conjuring up the proper mood of the novel, but it's not going to do a thing for my typing fingers.

Currently, the weather is so cold and dry I'm having fierce problems with static electricity on this issue. Fellow mimeographers will sympathize, I'm sure, at least the ones who have to deal with a northern or desert climate. Even collating was a bitch. I solved part of that problem by spraying the stacks of pages with Static Guard. It works, to some degree. By running a humidifier full blast I can get the air boosted to a steamy 30 percent humidity. Mimeo paper doesn't like that at all, at all.

I tried, but the teeny printing on the book in Jann Frank's illo on p 23 just didn't quite come out clear enough. What it says is "The Naked Ape". Just thought you might like to know.

Buck covered the Hourglass Prods cassette interview of Marion Zimmer Bradley, and on another front of fan into pro, I have here a courteous letter from Kathy Hammel and Carol Fisher, of PO Box 5157, 4463 Vesper Ave., Sherman Oaks CA 91413 announcing the birth of Fantasy Artists Network for exchange and access of information for the benefit of the semi-pro and emerging artist, first publication due in February. Since I'm a dinosaur who remembers when there was no Fan Art Show at any con -- until Bjo Trimble took the plunge, with an incredible amount of work, and made it a reality -- I'd say fan-becoming-pro art deserves all the encouragement and helping-hands-from-each-other it can get. I'd certainly urge artists/Y readers to at least give the publication and new organization a try. The more art the better, I say; there's nothin' more graphic than pictures -- I always say that, too. Hoping you are the same...

JWC



My father, Springer Coulson, died on Dec. 17. If he had lived another week, he'd have been 86. In a way, there wasn't much mourning; his mind died 5 years ago, and I did my mourning then. For 5 years he'd been in a nursing home, completely senile (and I know he would much rather have died then, rather than have people look after him.)

I suppose he was the major influence in forming a lot of my attitudes; Juanita is still trying to un-form one or two of them, with mediocre success. Physically, I inherited very little from him; Dad was just below

average height, and wiry. He looked, in fact, a great deal like the singer, John Jacob Niles. I got my looks from the Stratton side; my mother's family tended to be large and slightly overweight. (I have photos of my mother which look remarkably like photos of Gene Stratton-Porter, which convince me there must have been a distant relationship there, though nobody bothered to trace it, if there was.)

Dad was born in 1892 and grew up in Sullivan County, Indiana. He talked about his childhood infrequently, despite my fascination with an older era. He grew up with the times of horses and railroads. He once said his father used to buy unbroken western mustangs for farm work because they were cheap, and then once they were broken to harness he'd sell them and buy another bunch. Which meant that if Dad wanted to get into town, he had to break a horse to ride each spring. (I always wondered if that was strictly true, but he certainly did have an affinity for horses; I'm sure he could have done it.) Big events were trips to the Chicago stockyards with a trainload of livestock, and one of the major events of his life was attendance of the St. Louis World's Fair of 1904.

He graduated from high school (not as common for farm boys in 1910 as it is today) and spent two years at Purdue. He said he signed up for an engineering course, but transferred to agriculture after the first day, when he was handed a textbook printed in German. He never said why he didn't graduate. His grades were good enough, but perhaps two years of college was all the family could - or would - afford. Farmers didn't need an education, anyway. He got married, was kept out of WW I because farming was considered an essential occupation, and lost his farm in the depression. (Which was one of the major turning points of my life; otherwise I would probably be farming in Sullivan County today, married to someone else, and not involved in fandom at all.)

I can well believe Dad was a good farmer as far as raising food went, but he was one of the worst businessmen I ever knew. I'm not a particularly good one myself, but I will accept a profit if it drops into my lap; often Dad wouldn't. He was also actively opposed to machinery. Tractors were coming in in the 1930s, but Dad insisted on horses and traditional methods, and he always aimed at perfection in his work, whether or not perfection was cost-effective. Later, when he supported the family by carpentry and painting, he never owned a power tool or a paint-sprayer. He was a good carpenter, too; he built me a gun cabinet that Juanita assumed I had bought somewhere until I told her differently. But careful hand work didn't command the respect and money in the 1940s that it does today (and Dad probably wouldn't have accepted high fees if they had been offered.)

My memory starts (with the exception of a few flashes) in 1933, when I was 5 years old and we moved to Silver Lake, on a 4-acre plot just outside town. For several years, Dad earned his living at whatever odd jobs came along; repairing piers, caulking boats for the new season, repairing summer cottages, and driving wells. He was a moderately unsuccessful Fuller Brush Man for one summer.

Driving a well is not done much any more. It consists of screwing a drill bit onto the end of a length of pipe (2" diameter, as I recall) and pounding the whole

thing into the ground with a sledgehammer. (A block of wood is placed on top of the pipe to avoid deforming the threads.) Once the pipe is down more or less flush with the ground, another length is attached and the process is repeated. Two-man job; one swings the sledge and the other - the brave one - steadies the pipe. Dad worked with old Bill Young; they switched off on the jobs, but I suspect Dad did most of the driving, both because he was stronger and because he was impatient with anyone else's work. Eventually he dropped most of the odd jobs in favor of carpentry and later painting. Painting, the way he did it, is not all that easy either - or safe. Barn painters normally use scaffolds; Dad never bothered. To reach the gable end of a barn, he roped a 32-foot extension ladder to the top of a 16-foot ladder and set the whole thing in place. Since climbing up and down 48 feet of ladder to reset it is considerable work, he painted as much as possible from each setting, hanging on with one hand and a foot while he stretched as far out to the side as possible. I painted with him a couple of summers while I was in high school, and he used to scare the liver out of me. (I was on a 28-foot extension ladder, which was as high as I wanted to go.) They were wooden ladders, of course; Dad didn't believe in spending money for the lighter aluminum ones. He was still painting this way in his seventies, though by then he'd had to cut down to a 12-hour day.

I was a disappointment to him in several ways. My asthma prevented me from taking any part in sports (Dad, at 140 pounds, had alternated between guard and fullback on the Sullivan High School team). I wasn't interested in farming. I was clumsy with tools (probably no more so than any other boy, but Dad was interested in perfection). And by his standards I was incurably lazy; I was willing to work, but I had very little interest in doing a perfect job, and none at all in working 14 hours a day. Even in reading I had a few flaws; I liked to reread favorite books. (Dad had close to an eidetic memory in his younger days, and saw no need of ever rereading anything.)

But he did his best; taught me the basics of hand tools and firearms, bought me guns (I believe I got my first .22 rifle for Christmas when I was 5 years old), and when my eyesight or lack of it was discovered in the third grade and I was forbidden to read anything but schoolwork, he read to me. (This was complicated by the fact that he would only read what he enjoyed, so at age 9 I was listening to the works of Kenneth Roberts, James Fenimore Cooper, and western writers such as James Oliver Curwood and Frank Spearman.)

And, along the way, I picked up his attitudes. He had a total disbelief in any sort of supernatural event or action (so I got my initial distrust of astrology, flying saucers, etc., from him). I gather he'd belonged to the KKK at one time, but he wasn't a racist (unusual in my family). When I started going places with Bev Clark, he never objected (though I heard through my mother that his sister practically had a spasm). He was moderately vain; a trait I never picked up. I once took a photo of him driving a well and he told me in no uncertain terms to never do that again. (I was interested in preserving family history; his interest centered on the fact that his pants were baggy.) He also had his share of natural arrogance combined with a sort of noblesse oblige which I inherited in full (and enlarged?) I learned in short order that I was a superior individual and therefore I was not to make mistakes. Ever. Mistakes were for lesser mortals. (Dad never complained about other people's mistakes; other people were inferior and allowances must be made. And one must not hurt the feelings of inferiors by patronizing them too obviously. But errors in our household were verboten.)

What this meant, of course, was that I had a hard time learning to admit to my errors. But another of Dad's attitudes helped in that; total honesty. One took complete responsibility for one's actions. One's word was not given lightly, but once given, it was adhered to, whatever the cost. (And favors were not to be accepted unless they could be repaid in some way.) I've fallen short of Dad's standards there a few times, as well, but perhaps not too often. And I fully adhere to his dictum of doing what one thinks is right and ignoring what other people (inferiors, remember) think about it.

All in all, I think he picked a pretty good set of standards to live by, and lived up to them remarkably well.

Back to more fanish matters, such as my opinion of the best stf of 1978. I haven't seen a Hugo ballot, but I'll go with the standard categories. I also have not read everything published during the year (I doubt if anyone can, any more). Of the magazines, I skipped UNEARTH and GALAXY (reading only the Robert Chilson story in the latter; it looked like the only one worth bothering with, since I'd read Cherryh's serial in book form). So...

Best Novel: Roadside Picnic, by Arkady & Boris Strugatsky (Pocket Books)

Through The Eye of A Needle, by Hal Clement (Del Rey)

Stormqueen, by Marion Zimmer Bradley (Daw)

The Masters of Solitude, by Marvin Kaye & Parke Godwin (Doubleday)

The Great Fetish, by L. Sprague de Camp (Doubleday)

Pursuit of the Screamer, by Anson Dibell (Daw)

" Novella: The Redward Edward Papers, by Avram Davidson (Doubleday)

The Persistence of Vision, by John Varley (F&SF)

The Eye of the Heron, by Ursula K. leGuin (Delacorte;Millennial Women)

" Novelet: Cousins, by Bernard Deitchman (Analog)

Quiet Sea, by Glen Cook (F&SF)

We Who Stole The Dream, by James Tiptree, Jr. (Del Rey; Stellar SF)

Insects In Amber, by Tom Reamy (F&SF)

The Nuptial Flight of Warbirds, by Algis Budrys (Analog)

A Good Night's Sleep, by Avram Davidson (F&SF - so it's fantasy...)

To Bring In The Steel, by Donald Kingsbury (Analog)

The Fireship, by Joan Vinge (Analog)

" Short: The Horror Out of Time, by Randall Garrett (F&SF - marvelous story)

One More Time, by Jack Gaughan (Asimov's Mag)

The Satyr, by Stephen Robinett (Analog)

Virra, by Terry Carr (F&SF)

How It Happened, by Isaac Asimov (Asimov's Adventure)

" Editor: Ed Ferman, Judy-Lynn del Rey, Don Wollheim, George Scithers

" Artist: Boris Vallejo, David Hardy, George Barr, H. R. van Dongen, Kelly Freas

Best Fanzine: Stefantasy, Scottishe, Shambles, Scientifricion, Simulacrum

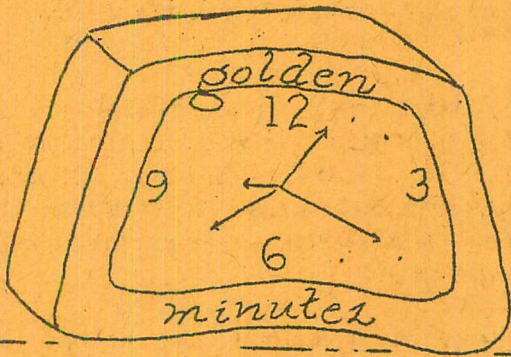
" Fanwriter: Dave Locke, Denny Lien, Sandra Miesel, Roy Tackett, Ed Cagle, Ethel Lindsay, Al Sirois

" Fanartist: Jim Shull, David Egge, Alex Gilliland, Jann Frank, Lucy Seaman

All lists more or less in order ("more" for pro lists and "less" for fan lists). Though in the pro short story, it's awfully tempting to try to make Jack Gaughan the first winner in three different categories. This was a better than average year for the pro stuff, though; there are some gems in among the garbage.

We've been hibernating more than usual this winter. Not so much because of the weather (we had very little snow here until the middle of January, and even since then we haven't had as much as our neighbors) as because we didn't have a dependable car. Telling Moby Dick it could retire after Chambanacon was a mistake; it started quitting at odd moments. Weird. It would stop dead and refuse to start for a minimum of 3 hours. Of course, by the time a garage got to it, the 3 hours had passed and the car was running fine again. It pulled the trick once in a local service station; mechanic there looked it over and couldn't find the problem, but it was below zero and he wanted to wait until he could get it inside before taking a thorough look. Before he got around to that, I came back and drove it home, leaving him standing there with his mouth open. After I had to walk a mile back home one morning when it was 10° below zero, I decided we needed another car - now. So at our next convention we'll be arriving in a 1978 Pinto station wagon. We ended up getting a 1974 Vega wagon as a backup car and general extra vehicle (it was a bargain....or you might prefer to believe that we took two because they were small.) We still have Moby; the quitting has become a challenge. But not one I want to pursue in this sort of weather. Maybe I'll have at it next spring.

Couple of convention announcements: Minicon 15, April 1979; write to Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc., P.O. Box 2128 Loop Station, Minneapolis, MN 55402 for details. And Novacon 9, November 1979; write Novacon, P.O. Box 428, Latham, NY 12110 for details. Until next time (which won't be too soon)..... RSC



THE GREAT FETISH, by L. Sprague de Camp [Doubleday, \$7.95] This appeared in two parts in Asimov's Magazine a year ago. The hero is jailed for teaching anti-evolutionary theory (I particularly enjoyed that bit) and ends up adventuring with a more or less sane scientist in a hot-air balloon. Lightweight, amusing, and I enjoyed it immensely. Science fiction could use more humor like this.

WITCH WORLD, by Andre Norton [Gregg Press \$7.95] I bought this because I wanted it in hard covers, and once I had it, I re-read it. It's an even better adventure

novel than I remembered; the plot is fairly standard, but the characters are exceptionally well-drawn and there is a blend of physical and mental activity which is seldom reached in a book of the type. (Most s&s novels tend to be overbalanced toward either the swords or the sorcery.) Well worth reading -- even if you've read it before. There is an introduction to the Witch World series by Sandra Miesel, and a map by Barbi Johnson, both good.

TREY OF SWORDS, by Andre Norton [Grosset & Dunlap, \$10.00] Like most recent Norton, this one is almost entirely sorcery, despite the title. It's also overpriced. Technically, it's part of the Witch World series, though it has only a tenuous connection to the rest of the series (which is the best way to go, as far as I'm concerned.) It's written as three novelets -- with the protagonist changing between the second and third one -- which are direct sequels. (I assume the original idea was to sell them to magazines or anthologies first, and then assemble them into a book, but things didn't work out that way.) The change in protagonist is moderately annoying, since the original hero is left dangling at the end of the book. Otherwise, it's a fair adventure novel, but not nearly as satisfying as WITCH WORLD.

PRINCE IZON, by James Paul Kelly [secondhand] This was published in 1910 by A.C. McClurg. It opens with Professor Raymon, his beautiful daughter Mariam, his almost equally beautiful niece Isabel, and his heroic and noble Havasupai guide Black Eagle, puttering around on the rim of the Grand Canyon, looking for a lost city. They find it, of course, and it's full of Aztecs who migrated north to escape the Spaniards. Actually, there are two cities. One of them is ruled by the proud, noble, handsome, and heroic Prince Izon of the title; he and his people have somehow become infected with Christianity, presumably by contact with the Spanish. The other city is ruled by the "remarkable looking" and totally evil high priest, Topeltzin, who still worships his heathen idols. Everyone -- the Professor's party, both groups of Aztecs, and even Black Eagle -- speak Spanish, which is a great if unusual simplification of the communication problem. There are trials and tribulations and travail, but eventually Topeltzin gets thrown into the canyon, Mariam gets the prince, Isabel gets Black Eagle, the Professor gets to publish a paper on his discovery, and they all live happily ever after (except for Topeltzin). Aside from the lost city part, the fantasy elements include an Aztec couple who are telepaths (but only with each other) and some of Topeltzin's black magic. It's a marvelously entertaining book if you're in the right mood; you might consider it a trifle silly if you're not. Some nicely florid artwork by Harold and Edwin Betts is included.

THE MAGIC GOES AWAY, by Larry Niven [Ace, \$4.95] I've got to get my library organized again; I know this was published previously, but I don't know where. Anyway, it's a novelet of the last days of magic, when it was becoming our first natural resource to be exhausted. It becomes a complete book by virtue of copious black and white il-

illustrations by Esteban Maroto. Cover is by Vallejo; I'd have preferred Vallejo all the way through, but Maroto is okay. A large-sized (6 x 9) paperback. The story is good enough swords and sorcery, somewhat better than the average for the field. There's an afterword by Sandra Miesel.

HOME FROM THE SHORE, by Gordon R. Dickson [Sunridge Press, \$4.95] A similarly illustrated novelet, illustrations and cover by Jim Odbert. This one was originally in Galaxy in 1963. It's quite readable, though the plot is a trifle obvious. Of course, whether or not this sort of thing is worth the money depends almost entirely on the illustrations. Odbert is good; whether you like him -- or Maroto -- enough to buy these books because of them depends on your personal taste.

HEAVEN AND HELL AND THE MEGAS FACTOR, by Robert Nathan [secondhand] Heaven and Hell are equally appalled at the way the world is heading; Heaven because of the total loss of goodness, and Hell because of the threatened loss of the human race. ("That," agreed Beelzebub, aiming a dart at a small angel who was fleeing in the direction of the North Star, "would leave us with very little to do but fly around. For a very long time.") Each sends a representative down to solve the problem; the representatives meet and fall in love, scandalizing their superiors. Not more than novelet length, a minor story (and a pretty minor allegory, for that matter), but moderately amusing.

THE TOWER OF THE ELEPHANT, by Robert E. Howard [Grosset & Dunlap, \$6.95] Another reprint of one of Don Grant's books, with very good reproduction of the original artwork. (I wasn't all that fond of the original art in this one, but that's a matter of taste; Richard Robertson is competent enough. I just didn't like the style.) The title story, plus "The God In the Bowl". The stories, of course, are available in a half-dozen editions; you'll have to look at the artwork to see if you want this one.

CONAN AND THE SORCERER, by Andy Offutt [Sunridge Press, \$5.95] An original story (and for once Andy's name on the cover doesn't get overshadowed by Howard's -- he's finally arrived). Another of the heavily illustrated editions; this time the cover is by Sanjulian and the interiors by Maroto. Possibly a bit longer story than the Niven or Dickson books, though still only a long novelet. Illustrations okay, though all of Maroto's women look alike, which is a problem when he's trying to show two different ones. The story is excellent if you like that kind; Andy may be the best of the Howard imitators, because he seems to bring much of the same mood to his stories. (Whereas Lin Carter is too busy doing a faultless imitation of style to put any life into the work, and de Camp is, I suspect, spending most of his time trying to keep his face straight.) If you're a Conan fan, you'll love this. (If you have any taste, you may not want it, of course.)

PRO, by Gordon R. Dickson [Ace, \$1.95] Regular paperback size illustrated edition. Charter Communications (Grosset & Dunlap, Sunridge, Ace) seems to be going in heavily for these. Of course, it enables them to buy a novelet and sell a novel, but one would think the cost of illustrations would eat up most of the profit. Evidently not -- and the results undoubtedly appeal to the modern semi-literate generation. Very nice cover by Benvenuti and interiors by Odbert here. Story was originally in Analog; the argument over how one gets a dose of civilized behavior into savages, and the question of whether or not the end justifies the means. (Dickson leaves this open; he points out that if the means are successful the end is achieved, and the perpetrators can live with their consciences -- if any.) A pretty good story of cultural problems.

ZARSTHOR'S BANE, by Andre Norton [Ace, \$1.95] You have to look sharp for this; Ace is reprinting a lot of Norton titles in a standard format, and this new one is easy to mistake for one of the reprints. It's another illustrated novelet; a fair cover

by Sanjulian and interiors by Evan TenBroeck Steadman, who I could easily do without. Like most recent Nortons, this story is entirely concerned with mental powers and mysticism. I didn't care much for it because the heroine never does anything; she wanders around between the powers of good and evil and eventually everything comes out all right, but none of it is her doing. She gets handed bits of magic that solve all the problems she faces; I can't think that it would suspend disbelief of anyone over 8 years old.

I -- ALIEN, by J. Michael Reeves [Ace, \$1.75] To quote the blurb, "This book is the first in a new series of illustrated heroic fantasy novels...Each deals...with the theme of cross-cultural experiences..." Comics artist Terry Austin does the art, which looks like a bad imitation of material Dan Adkins was doing 20 years ago. Unlike most of the illustrated novels, which use a variety of sizes of illos, this is all either full-page or double-page work (which, along with the quality, makes me think irresistibly of a Big Little Book). The actual writing isn't at all bad, though the comic-book plot makes that fact hard to realize. Well worth missing.

ROADSIDE PICNIC/TALE OF THE TROIKA, by Arkady & Boris Strugatsky [Pocket Books, \$1.95] PICNIC is what used to be considered a standard sized novel: 60,000 words or so. The background has always been an intriguing one for sf writers, an alien visitation, with humans trying to use and/or make sense of the scattered debris, like savages appropriating tin cans and plastic wrappers after a modern picnic. The Strugatskys do a particularly good job of their version of the story. The protagonist is a lab assistant studying the alien garbage, who decides he can make a better living by poaching it (the site has of course been put off limits by the government, and guarded). There is no real technology here; the alien produce is magic. The story is an interplay of characters and the authors have provided some very realistic and interesting ones. TROIKA is a short novel or long novelet about the Institute depicted in MONDAY BEGINS ON SATURDAY. As such, it's all magic; the Institute studies occult phenomena. It's also amusing, and a reasonably good satire on bureaucracy, though a bit heavy-handed at times. The moods of the two stories in this book are totally different; don't expect any similarities. With that in mind, by all means buy the book; it's one of the best of the year.

PURSUIT OF THE SCREAMER, by Ansen Dibell [DAW #200, \$1.95] Cover makes this look like a typical DAW s&s adventure. It's not; it's a far-future setting, with a variety of odd cultures, and a few bits of "magic" technology. The writing is good, the characters are interesting, and the heroine is far more interesting than she looks to be on the cover. I can even put up with the author's penchant for jumping from character to character, to provide a variety of viewpoints. Highly recommended.

LUCIFER'S HAMMER, by Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle [Fawcett, \$2.50] I kept thinking, all the time I was reading this, that the authors must have been aiming at a movie sale. It would make a great disaster movie -- or a better tv mini-series, since it's a bit long for one movie. Basically, it's the story of a comet hitting the Earth; from the first discovery of the comet to the beginnings of the survivors' rebuilding project. (Since the impact was of a comet, rather than one of the larger asteroids, there are survivors to do the rebuilding. Besides, real end-of-the-world stories are out of fashion now; readers want vicarious suffering instead of vicarious obliteration.) The characters and plot are totally stereotyped, but generally enjoyable; I thought it was considerably too long, but big sells today. It's worth the time it takes to read it, anyway; good fun.

MICHAELMAS, by Algis Budrys [Berkley, \$1.95] The man who secretly runs the world. Budrys has produced an enjoyable plot, an interesting protagonist, and some subtle comments on the nature of reality -- not to mention the nature of politics. It's a sophisticated book, which is unusual in science fiction (but I enjoyed it anyway). Recommended.

MASTODONIA, by Clifford D. Simak [Del Rey, \$1.95] All the way through this, I kept thinking I'd read it before. Simak is putting together well-used elements from his own past output. I liked it; God knows I'm a sucker for the story about a lonely rural type who discovers a pathway to the stars, or the future, or, as in this case, the past. And Simak's protagonists are the sort of people that it would be nice to know, and Asa and Rila are no exceptions. Still, there was that disturbing sense that this was just a poor imitation of something I'd read frequently before. And the alien Catface is the prime mover, and he's not really all that well developed. Recommended to people who haven't read a lot of Simak. If you have read a lot of his work, you might or might not like this one.

THE BOOK OF MERLYN, by T.H. White [Berkley, \$2.25] The volume White intended as a conclusion to THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING. It was not published, for one reason or another, until the current popularity of the series made anything connected with it valuable. White was undoubtedly bitter about the original rejection, but on the whole I think his publisher was smarter than he was; it's not a very good book, by anyone's standards. Even as pacifist and/or anti-Nazi propaganda (White apparently didn't notice that they weren't the same thing) it's pretty crude. Naturally, since it's had a lot of publicity, it's now a best-seller. White doesn't need your money, though, so save it.

CALLING IN DR. PATCHWORK, by Ron Goulart [DAW #283, \$1.50] Standard Goulart humor; not-terribly-secret agents for an idiotic government are called on to investigate a Plot. Moderately funny, as usual; Goulart's anthropomorphic and inefficient machines are a delight to anyone who has struggled with a recalcitrant stove/car/stapler/mimeo/you name it.

ALIEN ART, by Gordon R. Dickson [Ace, \$1.75] This was originally a short story somewhere; Dickson has thoroughly revised it for the novel. A fairly simple plot, the idea that "art is in the eye of the beholder", good if fairly simple characterization. (And of course I'm drawn toward Dickson's pioneer types, -- or anyone's pioneer types.) Nice cover by David Plourde. Recommended.

STORMQUEEN!, by Marion Zimmer Bradley [DAW #292, \$1.95] A novel of the Bad Old Days of Darkover; a time when the feudal life and an imperfect knowledge of psi powers led to all sorts of twisted personalities. And, of course, power corrupts; how do you discipline a child who has far more psi power than you do? (The modern theory is that discipline is bad for children; maybe Marion will shake that idea a bit, but I doubt it.) It's an intensely emotional novel, with almost a classically tragic plot. Technically, probably the best novel of the month, though I admit there are others I liked better.

WHO GOES HERE?, by Bob Shaw [Ace, \$1.75] A humorous story of a man searching for his past.

"...why do men join the Space Legion?"

"To forget. -- but I haven't got anything I want to forget."

"Not anymore you haven't...you've forgotten it."

And at this point, naturally, our hero has an urgent desire to remember. Far too much of the humor is farce, for my taste, but there are touches of the old fannish Bob Shaw -- "the local shrimps are so full of mercury they get taller on a hot day." All in all, moderately -- very moderately -- amusing.

WELL OF SHIVAN, by C.J. Cherryh [DAW #284, \$1.95] Sequel to GATE OF IVREL. For once, the sequel is at least as good as the original, maybe better. The story is a Quest that will go on through as many books as the publisher will buy, but the background and conflicts in this one are well worked out. And Morgaine is a very well-realized heroine; Vanye is considerably less developed, but at least average for the field. (The other major female character, Jhirun, is also much more fully drawn than

usual, and it's done without the boring self-analysis that has become the staple of so many sf writers for character-depiction.) An excellent adventure story, even if it is the second book in a series.

THE LIGHTS OF BARBERIN, by Joseph Burgo [Pocket Books, \$1.75] On the other hand...I couldn't finish this one; by the time I got to page 60 I didn't care what happened to an excessively boring world, and I had an irrational hope that some barbarian would stick a spear in the priggish protagonist. (I think he's supposed to be a rebel against the standards of his boorish peasant community; he comes across as a little snot.) Very pretty cover by Carl Lundgren -- the best thing about the book.

MIRKHEIM, by Poul Anderson, [Berkley, \$1.50] The Polesotechnic League and Interplanetary politics. Well worked out, very logical; but I had difficulty getting interested in it. (That is undoubtedly a personal quirk; I had difficulty because all of the characters -- van Rijn, Falkayn, Chee, Adzel, etc. -- were people I had met frequently before. Most readers will like it because of that.) Recommended, particularly to people who enjoy series.

EXILES TO GLORY, by Jerry Pournelle [Ace, \$1.75] In Galaxy a year ago. It's Libertarian propaganda, really: the corruption of a future Earth contrasted with the freedom of the asteroids. (Offhand, I doubt that the common man changes from venality to nobleness with a change in social system, but what the hell.) It's a rather enjoyable lightweight adventure story.

THE GODS OF XUMA, by David J. Lake [DAW #279, \$1.95] A sort of parody of Burroughs' Barsoom stories which doesn't quite come off. I've read worse adventures, but there's not really a lot here to get excited about.

THE BOOK OF SUNS, by Nancy Springer [Pocket Books, \$1.95] A medieval adventure in a style quite similar to the one in PRINCE IZON; it was quite common in 1910 but reads a bit strangely in a new book. Also not very interestingly. Characterization is minimal.

THE BLACK DEATH, by Gwyneth Cravens and John S. Marr [Ballantine, \$2.50] Medical disaster novel. The first part of the novel is quite plausible, and fairly interesting; from there on it gets ridiculous. A few thousand deaths by disease aren't enough to satisfy the disaster-novel reader; that isn't violent enough. And, of course, Crimes Against Humanity by the U.S. government are always good fictional reading; no need to make them logical. A good example of the mainstream novels that people keep telling us science fiction should imitate.

SECRET OF THE MARAUDER SATELLITE, by Ted White [Berkley, \$1.75] This was an excellent juvenile when it came out 10 years ago (the cover blurb doesn't mention the "juvenile" part). If you know it's a juvenile when you start reading, you should enjoy it. If you expect an adult novel, you're going to be disappointed. As action-adventure for younger teenagers -- and adults who appreciate that sort of thing -- it's highly recommended.

THE HOSTAGE OF ZIR, by L. Sprague de Camp [Berkley, \$1.75] I reviewed the hardcover recently. A lovely, humorous Krishnan tale, with the protagonist a tour guide to the far exotic planets. Highly recommended.

SKYFALL, by Harry Harrison [Ace, \$1.95] I reviewed the hardcover somewhat longer ago. Technological disaster; a malfunction on a near-future space mission. So the crew has to figure out a way to save themselves -- and prevent their vehicle from falling onto a city. Exceptionally well done; one of Harrison's best.

HEIR OF SEA AND FIRE, by Patricia McKillip [Del Rey, \$1.95] Sequel to THE RIDDLE-MASTER OF HED, and a much better book than the previous one. Hardcover was reviewed a while back; as a recall, there will be a third book to finish the set. (The one drawback to this one being that it is so obviously the middle book of a trilogy.) Swords and sorcery; good female protagonist.

LIFEBOAT EARTH, by Stanley Schmidt [Berkley, \$1.75] This was in Analog -- as three novelets, if I recall correctly. Second book in his story of the world's mightiest engineering effort, moving the world out of reach of a cosmic disaster. There's enough background to make this book complete in itself (which is more than can be said for many trilogies), but you really should read SINS OF THE FATHERS first.

FORBIDDEN WORLD, by Ted White and David Bischoff [Popular Library, \$1.50] This is the novel rejected by Laser. In an afterword, Ted tells, once more, his side of the story. (Elwood's side is that he called Ted up, three months after the deadline for the complete manuscript, to find that Ted had done little or nothing about the story and didn't plan to, having turned things over to someone else, and had no idea when or if it ever would be completed. Elwood referred to Bischoff as "a fan friend" of Ted's, not entirely accurately since Bischoff has sold some fiction -- to Ted. He also said that since Ted hadn't even come close to following the contract, he was going to try to get advance payment back. I told him good luck...) Well, you can believe whichever side you want to, but since Ted has told his version about three times now, I thought I'd mention that there is another side; I don't think Elwood ever mentioned his version publicly. I don't really recommend believing either one of them very thoroughly. Anyhow, all this background might make you more interested in the novel, which can use any additional interest it can generate. Plot is standard; crash landing on an Earthlike but not very technologically-advanced planet. Or at least it seems unadvanced until... Background is good. Characters tend to have identity tags instead of personalities, and dialogue is bloody awful, mostly. A medium-quality adventure novel.

DAUGHTER OF IS, by Michael Davidson [Popular Library, \$1.75] Earthmen decide to play God -- literally -- by originating life on another planet, and then following it, guiding it, and avoiding the little difficulties which provide human trauma. Plot and style are grandiose; characters unfortunately aren't. (And Davidson makes one beginner's error: he calls one literary character "the incomparable Lucid, poet-historian of the Third Millennium" -- and then quotes from him liberally. Davidson's own prose runs to things like "...they were not the only ones to feel the ocean-tons of time weighing down, crushing out of shape the human psyche," which is pompous enough but hardly poetic. His attempts to become Lucid O'Rourke are no improvement.) The idea of a brilliant man who literally lusts after godhood is one of those which look good, but are hard to make into anything readable.

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA, by Stan Lee [Ace, \$1.95] The tv series in comicbook format, which is about where it belongs. This pb reproduces the first two Marvel comicbooks of the series, plus an interview with Dykstra and several superficial articles about the show by Tom Rogers, who I suppose is a Universal publicity flack. It ought to sell to the fans of the show.

ETIDORHPA, by John Uri Lloyd [Pocket Books, \$1.95] This is blurred as a "great underground classic" -- occult classic, is what they mean. It is, of course; it's gone through countless printings since 1895. One might wonder why, since it must have been pretty dull stuff even in 1895. However, the whole thing, aside from a thin and slow-moving plot, is composed of what passed for philosophical dialogues at that time, and occultists seem to love pseudo-profound material of this sort. Moderately interesting as a psychological study, if you can wade through it. And it's definitely fantasy.

AYESHA: THE RETURN OF SHE, by H. Rider Haggard [Del Rey, \$1.95] AYESHA is a sequel to the classic SHE; WISDOM'S DAUGHTER, by H. Rider Haggard [Del Rey, \$1.95] DAUGHTER is a prequel, explaining after a manner how the poor girl got that way. I have never been overly fond of the saga of She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed; immortality never seemed to give her any amount of common sense, and her various lovers tended to posture more than they acted. However, it's one of those fantasy classics that everyone is supposed to know about; if you don't, you should rectify the omission, I suppose. WORLD is something else; a trio of adventurers discovers a pair of ancient mortals on a south Pacific island, go around arguing science and philosophy with them, and in the end prevent them from destroying the world in a fit of pique. It's not exactly the most fascinating book I've read lately.

ASCENTS OF WONDER, edited by David Gerrold [Popular Library, \$1.50] Original Anthology. Includes "Tom Sawyer's Sub-Orbital Escapade" by Lisa Tuttle and Steve Utley (Mark Twain it ain't), "The Light At the End of the Penumbra" by Greg Feeley (not a great story, but great propaganda for space exploration; enjoyable), "Love Among the Symbionts" by J. Michael Reaves (the problems of total equality; again, more of an emotional outburst than a story), "A Modern Parable" by Christopher J. Crowley (pseudo-Biblical; mildly amusing), "Portrait of the Artist as a Young God" by Stephen Goldin (creation as art; a fair idea and pedestrian writing), "The Exempt" by George Alec Effinger (dissatisfaction with the totally mobile society; interesting background, predictable emotions), "Sorapings" by Kenneth von Gunden (more emotions, without much of anything to back them, this time), "The Perambulator" by Mel Gilden (a more or less amusing alien cultural problems), "White Hole" by Daniel P. Dern (a more or less scientific cornucopia and an idiotic story), "Just An Old-Fashioned War Story" by Michael G. Coney (an ironic look at typical human reactions), "Contact Myth" by Joe Pumilia (nicely done story of a primitive culture being contacted by a technological one), and "Equinoctial" by John Varley (a really alien culture; confusing at first, but interesting). Overall -- Pumilia is very good, Coney is unpleasant but memorable, Varley interesting, Feeley and Crowley fairly good. Not a bad average. Interesting cover; Bruce brought to my attention that the same cover was used on the Curtis pb of TOO MANY MAGICIANS back in 1966. Are reprint covers much cheaper than originals, I wonder?

THE BEST OF ERIC FRANK RUSSELL [Del Rey, \$1.95] Includes "Mana," "Jay Score," "Homo Saps," "Metamorphosite," "Hobbyist," "Late Night Final," "Dear Devil," "Fast Falls the Eventide," "I Am Nothing," "Weak Spot," "Allamagoosa," "Into Your Tent I'll Creep," and "Study In Still Life". Russell's two main story components were ironic superiority and maudlin sentimentality (not generally in the same story, thankfully), plus a delight in poking fun at bureaucracies that has seldom been equalled. All are represented here. "I Am Nothing" is Russell at his most maudlin, "Metamorphosite" presents the ironic superman, and "Allamagoosa" is one of his ultimate bureaucratic blunder stories. I'm sorry that my favorite Russell story, "The Undecided," wasn't included, and neither was Juanita's favorite, "The Witness". But the inclusions are nicely balanced to show off his fiction and the book as a whole is excellent, if not perhaps Russell's "best".

THE BEST OF LESTER DEL REY [Del Rey, \$1.95] Includes "Helen O'Loy," "The Day Is Done," "The Coppersmith," "Hereafter, Inc.," "The Wings of Night," "Into Thy Hands," "And It Comes Out Here," "The Monster," "The Years Draw Nigh," "Instinct," "Superstition," "For I Am A Jealous People," "The Keepers of the House," "Little Jimmy," "The Seat of Judgment," and "Vengeance Is Mine". When I first began reading science fiction in the late 1940s, I shortly discovered that there were five writers I liked better than the rest: Heinlein, Sturgeon, "Don Stuart," De Camp, and Del Rey. (As I read more, I found others equally good and sometimes better, but those 5 were always near the top.) This book includes a lot of the stories that put Del Rey into

my "top five"; I first encountered several of them in his first hardcover anthology, **AND SOME WERE HUMAN**. (A book I still reread now and then.) Despite some recent feminist protests, I'm fond of "Helen O'Loy"; in fact, the first three stories in the book are among my all time favorites. And, to my irreverent way of thinking, "For I Am a Jealous People" is one of the best of the sfnal religious stories. (I may be in the minority there; it doesn't get reprinted often.) Highly recommended.

STILL I PERSIST IN WONDERING, by Edgar Pangborn [Dell, \$1.75] Includes "The Children ren's Crusade," "Harper Conan and Singer David," "The Legend of Hombas," "Tiger Boy," "The Witches of Nupal," "My Brother Leopold," and "The Night Wind," plus a bibliography of Pagnborn's work. All of the stories are set in the post-atomic world that was the setting for almost all of his later fiction. None are "hard science"; all are excellent tales about people and their interactions. Again, highly recommended.

THE YEAR'S BEST HORROR STORIES, Series VI, edited by Gerald Page [DAW #297, \$1.75] Includes "At the Bottom of the Garden" by David Campion (an alien attempt at help that miscarries), "Screaming To Get Out" by Janet Fox (encounter with a not-exactly-human), "Undertow" by Karl Edward Wagner (barbarians and wizardry), "I Can Hear The Dark" by Dennis Etchison (very subtle psychologically but not at all horrible), "Ever The Faith Endures" by Manly Wade Wellman (a good thriller of the Weird Tales sort), "The Horse Lord" by Lisa Tuttle (a fairish elder-gods sort of thing), "Winter White" by Tanith Lee (the fruit of an illisit union is sometime dangerous), "A Cobweb of Pulsing Veins" by William Scott Home (a story that I guess is supposed to be revolting, but isn't really much of anything), "Best of Luck" by David Drake (an attempt to transpose a classic monster to a modern setting; it doesn't work), "Children of the Corn" by Stephen King (modern monsters in a modern setting; good), "If Damon Comes" by Charles L. Grant (the attitudes of childhood), "Drawing In" by Ramsey Campbell (an attempt at a traditional plot with a slightly "different" menace that doesn't work), "Within the Walls of Tyre" by Michael Bishop (a melodramatic but hardly horrifying story), and "There's a Long Long Trail A-Winding" by Russell Kirk (an interesting ghost story, but again, not horrifying at all.). Overall -- the Campion and King stories deserve the title, the Bishop and Kirk are good fantasies, the remainder are mediocre. Most will be new to the reader; some have never been published before, some are from Whispers or Weirdbook, and since the Kirk story didn't make the contents page I have no idea where it came from. Worth your money if you like horror-fantasy, even if not as good as previous books in the series.

THE BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION: 22nd SERIES, edited by Ed Ferman [Ace \$1.95] I reviewed the hardcover awhile back. This is designed like an oversized issue of the magazine; there are reprint columns by Budrys, Asimov, and Searles, and several of the humorous "Competitions", as well as fiction. It's a good selection of fiction, too: "The Hertford Manuscript" by Richard Cowper, "A Case of the Stubborns" by Robert Bloch, "My Boat" by Joanna Russ, "In the Bowl" by John Varley, "This Offer Expires" by Liz Hufford, "The Women Men Don't See" by James Tiptree, Jr., "The Ghastly Priest Doth Reign" by Manly Wade Wellman, "Dress Rehearsal" by Harvey Jacobs, "San Diego Light-foot Sue" by Tom Reamy, "Sanity Clause" by Edward Wellen, "Mute Inglorious Tam" by Pohl and Kornbluth, "Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and All" by Reginald Bretnor, and one verse, "Out of Dickinson By Poe" by Ray Bradbury.

SPACE CADET, by Robert A. Heinlein [Del Rey, \$1.75] Reprint of one of Heinlein's earliest juveniles. And not his best, by a long shot; it's modeled too closely on the boys' books he -- and I -- read in our youth. He improved his juveniles as he went along.

IMMORTALITY, INC., by Robert Shekley [Ace, \$1.95] It's been a long time since I've seen this one on the stands. An interesting and original look at the future and the concept of immortality.

THE SHIP THAT SAILED THE TIME STREAM, by G.C. Edmondson [Ace, \$1.95] Excellent time travel story. Highly recommended to anyone who didn't get it the first time around.

THE MASKS OF TIME, by Robert Silverberg [Berkley, \$1.95] This one I didn't like the first time around, but then I don't like any of Silverberg's stuff.

ICERIGGER, by Alan Dean Foster [Del Rey, \$1.95] Alien-planet adventure; crash landing and our heroes must trek across country. Good enough...I was going to say "second time around", but it says "fifth printing", so...

MAKE ROOM! MAKE ROOM! , by Harry Harrison [Berkley, \$1.75] The overpopulated future; more alleged shock value than most. It was popular the first time around, but not with me.

THE ASUTRA, by Jack Vance (Ace, \$1.95] Final book in the Durdane trilogy, which I recall as a pretty good adventure novel (it was published in 3 books, but was really only one novel, broken up).

THE WATCH BELOW, by James White [Del Rey, \$1.75] I've always enjoyed this, despite the fact that I never could believe a word of the premise. A totally different sort of survival and of alien contact.

THE KILLING MACHINE [DAW #309, \$1.75] Reprint of the second book in his "Demon Princes" series, which he never finished. (Maybe he's going to do so now, for DAW?) Frankly, this is one series of his where I never cared whether he finished it or not, but there were supposed to be 5 books, and only two were ever published.

THE COMETEERS, by Jack Williamson [Pocket Books, \$1.50] Third and final book in his Legion of Space series. Originally published in 1936, and reads like it. Not recommended as entertainment; possibly interesting to someone wanting to know what the typical science fiction of that era was like.

THE SQUARES OF THE CITY, by John Brunner [Del Rey, \$1.95] The life of a small country being controlled by a chess game between its two leading politicians. The best "chess novel" I've ever encountered, and one of Brunner's best books.

ALPHA 9, edited by Robert Silverberg [Berkley, \$1.75] Reprint anthology. Includes "Dumb Waiter" by Walter M. Miller, Jr., "The Monsters" by Robert Sheckley, "The Sliced-Crosswise Only-On-Tuesday World" by Phil Farmer, "The Funeral" by Kate Wilhelm, "The Book" by Michael Shaara, "Dusty Zebra" by Clifford D. Simak, "Goodlife" by Fred Saberhagen, and "Nobody's Home" by Joanna Russ. Nice variety; something for everyone, and I can't imagine anybody liking every story presented. I don't think I even liked a majority of them.

CLONE, by Richard Cowper [Pocket Books, \$1.75] A high-class farce; the characters are somewhat less realistic than they are in a Ron Goulart book; but their motivations are better attuned to current psychology. And it's thoroughly enjoyable, despite occasional patches of terminal silliness. Amusing and recommended if you haven't read it before.

A MIDSUMMER TEMPEST, by Poul Anderson [Del Rey, \$1.95] They didn't wait long before reprinting this one; originally published in 1975. It's a lovely fantasy, based on the idea that Shakespeare wrote alternate-world history, including his fantasy passages. Highly recommended.

WEST OF HONOR, by Jerry Pournelle [Pocket Books, \$1.75] Aha; so Laser books can get reprinted. It's a pretty good adventure novel, anyway.

A PLAGUE OF PYTHONS, by Frederik Pohl, [Del Rey, \$1.95] Future version of possession. I never liked it much.

THE VIEW FROM SERENDIP, by Arthur C. Clarke [Del Rey, \$1.95] Twenty-five short articles about space and science; at least as good as Asimov's similar books. I reviewed the hardcover awhile back; this may be the first paperback publication.

DESTINATION: VOID, by Frank Herbert [Berkley, \$1.95] Once you get a name, all your old books get reprinted. This one says "Revised Edition"; I didn't check it against the original, largely because I never liked it well enough to spend any time on it. Space adventure and some commentary on religion.

RETIFF'S WAR, by Keith Laumer [Pocket Books, \$1.75] Cover blurb implies that this is the first paperback publication; the previous Berkley edition is quietly ignored. It's a pretty typical Retief story, though one of the few novels in the series. If you like Retief -- I don't, much -- you'll like it. Anti-bureaucratic humor and alien-planet adventure.

THE TEXAS-ISRAELI WAR: 1999, by Jake Saunders and Howard Waldrop [Del Rey, \$1.75] A future of splinter states and terrorism; acceptable if not brilliant.

ARCTURUS LANDING, by Gordon R. Dickson [Ace, \$1.75] A retitling of "Alien From Arc-turus". A reasonably good, amusing, space-adventure. Lightweight but moderately entertaining. There is a new afterword by Sandra Miesel in this edition.

NORSTRILIA, by Cordwainer Smith [Del Rey, \$1.95] NORSTILIA is the pinnacle of QUEST OF THE THREE WORLDS, by Cordwainer Smith [Del Rey, \$1.75] Smith's "Old Earth" stories, a long, and, as far as I'm concerned, boring novel. QUEST includes three related shorter works. Smith has a great following in fandom -- largely, as far as I can see, of people who admire razzle-dazzle. He has lots of innovative names and stylisms, a few innovative ideas, and very pedestrian stories.

THE THURB REVOLUTION, by Alexei Panshin [Ace, \$1.75] 2/3 of Panshin's Anthony Villiers series. It was supposed to be 7 novels, but Alex got tired after doing three of them. (I got tired before then, to be honest. They were to be "novels of manners"; I don't think they made it.)

THE SERPENT by Jane Gaskell [Pocket Books, \$1.95] The first two novels of her Atlan THE DRAGON, by Jane Gaskell [Pocket Books, \$1.75] trilogy. This started out marvelously, and went downhill so fast that I'm not sure I finished the first novel. I've noted favorable comments on it in feminist fanzines, though how a feminist can stand the rather sappy female protagonist I don't know. (I couldn't.) The personal relationships are strictly mainstream soap opera, though the persons are occasionally non-human and always fantasy types. Very nice Vallejo covers.

BERSERKER, by Fred Saberhagen [Ace, \$1.75] Two novels -- the first two, the BROTHER ASSASSIN, by Fred Saberhagen [Ace, \$1.95] blurbs claim, and who am I to argue? -- in the berserker series. This was a well thought-out concept, but a little thin to sustain as many stories as Saberhagen wrote in the series. (The concept was swiped for "Battlestar Galactica" and they're doing much less with it than Saberhagen did.) Anyway, the killer machines are fascinating for a book or two; if you haven't read these -- or other stories in the series -- previously, they're recommended.

PRINCE OF ANNWN, by Evangeline Walton [Del Rey, \$1.75] The first two books in Wal- CHILDREN OF LLYR, by Evangeline Walton [Del Rey, \$1.95] ton's translation of "The Mabinogion". They hew very close to the original mythology, if you care for that sort of thing. (I don't; I dislike nearly all mythologies, including the Christian. My power to suspend disbelief is limited, and most of the great epic literature of the

world strikes me as too nonsensical to be interesting, much less believed.)

THE MOON MAID, by Edgar Rice Burroughs [Ace, \$1.95] One of Burroughs' less believable series. However, it's also one of the few Burroughs books (it was a single book when I first read it) that I enjoyed on first reading. Damned if I know why, but for what it's worth it attracted me in my misspent youth.

THE ETERNAL SAVAGE, by Edgar Rice Burroughs [Ace, \$1.95] More reprints. Two concern THE CAVE GIRL, by Edgar Rice Burroughs [Ace, \$1.95] Burroughs' idea of the noble savage, but TORN is a medieval romance, more of an imitation of Rafael Sabatini than the "typical" Burroughs fare. Same impossibly noble hero that was the standard of cheap literature in 1910.

ATTACK ON ATLANTIS, by Lester del Rey, [Del Rey, \$1.75] Originally Winston juveniles, ROCKET JOCKEY, by Lester del Rey [Del Rey, \$1.75] As juveniles they were reasonably good; not up to Heinlein, but quite readable. THE MYSTERIOUS PLANET, by Lester del Rey [Del Rey, \$1.50] A bit elementary for adult fare. I note that ROCKET JOCKEY lists a copyright for a new "afterword" which isn't in the book; I wonder what happened there?

THE ARROW WAR, by Douglas Hurd [remaindered] Britain's 1856 war with China. Also known as the "Second Opium War", according to the author, although hostilities commenced over the Chinese seizure of the British ship "Arrow" at Canton. (One of those complex deals of foreign registry, actually; the ship was owned and crewed by Chinese, but sailing under British colors. In fact, there were two separate wars, one in 1856 and another in 1860, but joined by various diplomatic incidents. By 1860 the French had joined the British in a march on Peking. Very interesting bit of history.

THE WAR FOR A PERSIAN LADY, by Barbara English [Remaindered] A war between England and Persia, brought about mostly by diplomatic bungling. (The British Foreign Secretary is quoted as saying "That ass Murray seems to have got up a quarrel with Persia") No one seems to have known precisely what was going on -- at one point a British ship came into a Persian harbor with a dispatch box supposedly containing an ultimatum, but upon being opened, the box was empty. Some one had forgotten to include the dispatch, so the ship had to steam back to India to get it. The British eventually captured two Persian ports, one in late 1856 and one in early 1857; the Persians made the required apologies for having dared annoy the Empire, and a peace treaty was signed. One of the less notable British exploits of the period, but an enjoyable book.

THE PESTICIDE CONSPIRACY, by Robert van den Bosch [Doubleday, \$8.95] Some horror stories about pesticides from a proponent of the "integrated control" theory. The case is overstated as is most propaganda, but the author makes a good case for the idea that chemical pesticides are often used when they are not only unnecessary but actually do far more harm than good. Van den Bosch opts for a plot by pesticide manufacturers; it seems more like good old human stupidity to me -- but either way, there's a need for books like this. (In our area, only lack of funds prevents the spraying of country roadsides with some sort of universal plant killer, which used to wither the roadside weeds and the first couple of rows of corn in the fields, in the name of "weed control". I suppose there are city types who prefer roadside desolation to roadside weeds, but I damnwell don't.) As soon as spraying becomes big business, there are people who demand an immediate increase in volume, useful or not.

THE AMERICAN TRADITION, by John Greenway [remaindered] A collection of five articles: "The First Americans," "Halls of Ivy," "Women's Lip," "The Fuzz," and "Wish a War For Uncle George". As a rightwing reactionary with a scathing typewriter, Greenway is

almost always interesting. Considering his eminence in the fields of folklore and anthropology, I'm inclined to accept most of his comments on the Indian at face value. (Anyway, I know enough history to know he's right in most of his pronouncements.) Of course, he never lets occasional errors bother him. As a reserve police officer, I'm sure he rejects the plea that "everybody does it" as an excuse for crime -- but he presents it in all seriousness as a justification for the original conquest of America. Sure, everyone in the world today lives on land stolen from someone else. So what? If broken Indian treaties are justified, then we have no right to jail land swindlers and sellers of phony stock certificates, either, and the fact that a lot of the noisiest Indian claimants are obnoxious bastards has no bearing on whether or not they have a case. His comments on modern education are both true and hilarious. I'm less impressed by his case against Women's Lib, where he tackles the extremists and ignores the main points. (But then, as a college instructor and lecturer, he probably encounters mostly extremists.) Consistency is not his strong point; after referring to undergraduates and the young in general as "trouserred apes", he condemns abortion in the strongest terms as "murder". (One assumes he must have read Pierre Boule.) He sneers at homosexuals -- tying them into Women's Lib, of course -- without ever proving a point against them. His tributes are to the police and to General Patton; both quite well deserved. (Even there, some of his comments are irrelevant; in a listing of little-known historical facts, he mentions that the desertion rate of the American Revolutionary army was much greater than that of the Hessians. So? The Americans had somewhere to desert to; the Hessians didn't. Unless they could ditch the uniform and disguise the accent, they were likely to get shot on sight. I doubt his figures of 15 minutes for the fall of the Alamo, too; not with three infantry charges and then room-to-room fighting after the walls fell. Half an hour to 45 minutes seems more reasonable; Walter Lord gives 1 1/2 hours from first assault to the last shots. Lon Tinkle says 3 hours, but he's a Texan.) Overall, it's a fascinating and occasionally irritating book. The ratio of fascination to irritation will depend on the social orientation of the reader, but there should be some of both for everyone. And it might even make some people think, though I suspect that's a task beyond Greenway's powers.

HERE TODAY AND GONE TOMORROW, by Suzanne Hilton [Westminster, \$8.95] An account of the World's Fairs in America, from New York in 1853 to New York in 1965. A total of 3 in New York, 2 in Chicago, 2 in San Francisco, and one each in Philadelphia and St. Louis are included. Writing is excellent; it's not overtly "written down" to a juvenile audience, though it is essentially for the 12 to 15 age level. (Make that 9 to 12 for fan kids.) Only mistake I caught was a minor one about the world in 1933; "Tears were shed daily over soap operas like "Just Plain Bill," "Vic and Sade," and "The Goldbergs". "Vic and Sade"? Soap opera? Not on your everlovin' life. (I'm not too sure about "the Goldbergs", either, but since we never listened to that one, I won't argue the point.) It's quite an interesting little book, even for an adult to read; recommended for birthday giving to that niece or nephew.

TWO IN THE BUSH, by Gerald Durrell [Viking Compass] I don't know the price; I paid 50 cents on a remainder table, but I've since seen the same book for sale at full price, whatever it might be. This is an account of a trip through Australia, New Zealand, and Malaya, and as well-written as all Durrell's books. I ended up reading about half of it aloud to Juanita because it was too funny to keep to myself. Durrell's wildlife filming adventures may not actually be any more humorous than anyone else's, but they sound better in print.

THE CUCKOO TREE, by Joan Aiken [remaindered] Another of her weird juveniles. In this one, her heroine Dido Twite is involved in foiling a Hanoverian plot; the foul schemers have planned to stop the coronation of James IV of England by putting St. Paul's Cathedral on rollers and pushing it into the Thames with the king and coronation party inside. Dido, with the aid of a band of smugglers and their secret canal, gets to London in time to warn the king, despite the machinations of a pair of witches

and the general muddleheadedness of the bulk of the populace. A lovely, funny book; much too good to be wasted on children.

FOREVER WILT THOU DIE, by Barbara Ninde Byfield [remaindered] I think I got this through Publisher's Central, mainly because I loved Byfield's earlier THE GLASS HARMONICA. This is a fairly standard detective novel, though the emphasis is mostly on the characters rather than on the detection. Very enjoyable. Background is a small resort town in Michigan; reminds me a bit of a cross between Ludington, where my rich great-uncle lived when I was a child, and Silver Lake, Indiana, where I lived. Nostalgic, for me. For you -- who knows?

THE WINGS OF MADNESS, by Geoffrey Wagner [Borgo Press, \$3.95] Subtitled, "A Novel of Charles Baudelaire", which seems to mean a slightly fictionalized biography. The author manages an excellent depiction of the sort of character I loathe. It's a good piece of writing; whether you like it or not depends on how you feel about snotty little Mama's boys who grow up to become more or less repulsive adults.

SATAN'S COAST, by Elsie Lee [Dell, \$1.50] Another of her Lancers getting reprinted, and one of her best. (I was quoting a few lines to Juanita, who was muttering about not being allowed to get away with stuff like that in her romances)) As in the heroine's first sight of her inherited castle: "Sid Grauman would faint in chagrin, and if Hearst hadn't died, he'd have bought it at once. I couldn't think of anyone else who'd want it, including me." Or her admonishment to her stepson to go easy on his clothing: "There's no Sears Roebuck in Caldrem." "Why don't we send for a catalog?" "Because we have indoor plumbing. Come along...." Or her comment on Lord Byron: "I distinctly recall both his feet always pointed to the nearest bed." The heroine is the intelligent, self-reliant sort I approve of, and if the plot is remarkably similar to Elsie's MISTRESS OF MOUNT FAIR, it's a reasonably entertaining plot for a gothic. Recommended.

STREET OF THE FIVE MOONS, by Elizabeth Peters [library copy] A detective plot more than a romance; heroine is out to uncover a group which fakes art objects. The convolutions of the story aren't very believable, but the characters are moderately interesting. For those who mark down every mention of their literary heroes, I quote: "In the smoky green and purple lights the monster garden was straight out of Lovecraft."

The following books are available, if you're interested. I haven't read them.

FALSE DAWN, by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro [Doubleday, \$7.95] Motorcycle gangs in an after-the-Bomb story.

THE COURTS OF CHAOS, by Roger Zelazny [Doubleday, \$7.95] The final (?) book in the Amber series.

DAI-SAN, by Eric van Lustbader [Doubleday, \$7.95] Final in the "Sunset Warrior" trilogy.

DIRTY TRICKS, by George Alec Effinger [Doubleday, \$7.95] Collected short stories.

MIRACLE VISITORS, by Ian Watson [Ace, \$1.95]

ALIEN EMBASSY, by Ian Watson [Ace, \$1.75]

THE MARTIAN INCA, by Ian Watson [Ace, \$1.95]

VAZKOR, SON OF VAZKOR, by Tanith Lee [DAW #272, \$1.95] Sequels to THE BIRTHRAVE QUEST FOR THE WHITE WITCH, by Tanith Lee [DAW #276, \$1.95]

THE PIRATE OF WORLD'S END, by Lin Carter [DAW #310, \$1.75] Imitation Burroughs; the GOLDEN SCORPIO, by Alan Burt Akers [DAW #317, \$1.50] 5th books of the Godwane epic and the 18th of the Dray Prescott epic. From past experience, I'd guess that the Akers might be readable.

STRANGERS, by Gardner Dozois [Berkley, \$1.75] Alien contact; from a glance through it, I'd say Farmer did it better.

THE QUILLIAN SECTOR, by E.C. Tubb [DAW #319] Dumarest #19. Ho-hum.

MORD TEDRIC #1, by Gordon Eklund [Ace, \$1.75] "A new series conceived by E.E. "Doc" Smith", it says. Doc Smith was bad enough by himself, without adding Eklund's writing.

THE MAN RESPONSIBLE, by Stephen Robinett [Ace, \$1.75] Computer fraud and future passions, according to the blurb.

CAPRICORN ONE, by Ron Goulart [Fawcett, \$1.75] Novelization of what looks to be a remarkably bad movie.

THE JOAN-OF-ARC REPLAY, by Pierre Barbett [DAW, \$1.50] Not-very-alien worlds.

CITIZEN OF SPACE, by Robert Sheckley [Ace, \$1.95] Hmm; this should have been in the reprint section; it's a collection of Sheckley's short fiction. Includes "The Mountain Without a Name," "The Accountant," "Hunting Problem," "A Thief in Time," "The Luckiest Man In The World," "Hands Off," "Something For Nothing," "A Ticket To Tran-ai," "The Battle," "Skulking Permit," "Citizen In Space," and "Ask A Foolish Question". Sheckley was generally good, if not well-remembered, author; this one is recommended.

QUEST FOR THE WELL OF SOULS by Jack Chalker [Del Rey, \$1.95] Third in the series.

STAR WINDS, by Barrington J. Bayley [DAW #294, \$1.75]

SPLINTER OF THE MIND'S EYE, by Alan Dean Foster [Del Rey, \$1.95] "The further adventures of Luke Skywalker." No, thanks.

COSMIC TRIGGER: THE FINAL SECRET OF THE ILLUMINATI, by Robert Anton Wilson [Pocket Books, \$1.95] Various people have told me that the Illuminati books are a great joke and I should read them. I tried this one; didn't strike me as funny enough for me to get very far.

UNFAMILIAR TERRITORY, by Robert Silverberg [Berkley, \$1.95] Collection of short stories. In an introduction, Silverberg says they're the kind of stories he likes to read. They aren't the kind I like to read.

AN HOUR WITH MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY (Hourglass Productions, 10292 Westminster Ave., Garden Grove, CA 92643 - \$5.48 postpaid - Calif. residents add 6% sales tax) A cassette tape of Marion being interviewed by Katherine Kurtz. I'm not much in favor of interviews because in most of them the interviewee is mainly concerned with preserving his/her image. Marion is much more candid than the average, and therefore more interesting. And in an hour, one can cover a lot of ground; fandom, author's personal background, philosophy of writing, and so on. As it happened, we got this on a day when Bruce had come over for a visit, with Lori Huff. So I listened, Juanita and Lori got into discussions over some of the points raised in the interview, and Bruce wandered in and out, sometimes joining in on the discussion. I would call that a quite favorable response, from this group. Technically the tape is good if not quite professional. Marion got too close to the mike and there is some hissing along with her words, but they're quite clear enough to follow, which is the main thing. There's a cover photo of Marion; accurate if not terribly flattering. Recommended.

Demon Ozone

A little girl with ringlets blue
And eyes of deepest gold
Approached the noisesome space canteen
And shivered with the cold.

She pulled a rag of green lamé
About her shoulders thin.
She pushed aside the swinging door
And then the child went in.

What sights are these to greet the eyes
Of one of tender years!
What sounds are these, from ev'ry side,
To fall on tender ears!

The worthless of a hundred worlds
Were crowding 'round the taps
Or seated at the tables dim
With girls upon their laps.

So, in amongst the revellers,
The gold-eyed urchin came
Until she reached a drunken man
Intent upon a game.

His hair had faded to pastel,
His eyes were shot with black.
The infant raised her tiny hand
And touched him on the back.

"Oh, father, dear," the child then said,
In accents mild and sweet,
"Please come back home. Mamma is ill,
And nothing's there to eat."

His eyes filled with repentant tears,
He fell upon his knees.
"And would you have me back?" he cried.
His daughter answered, "Please."

Oh, keeper of the space canteen,
Dispensing potions wild,
Pray God for grace, and think upon
The little Spaceman's Child!

MARIAN LOIS TURNER

THINGS THAT GO BUMP! IN THE MAILBOX

Or sometimes not in the mailbox. I ordered some of the free income tax publications from IRS - they came via United Parcel. Even the government doesn't trust the postal service?//There are magazines for everything now. I just got an ad for E.P.O, "The Magazine for Elected Public Officials". Articles on "How to write and design campaign literature", "Does it make sense to computerize your next campaign?", "Managing political time" and all good stuff like that. (The \$64 question, of course, is why I got an offer for a charter subscription....)//IRV JACOBS sends a Publishers Clearing House discount coupon for GALAXY, with a note saying he's inquiring into their policy on subscriptions terminated due to bankruptcy.//From a Boston Globe action column, reprinted by the Ft. Wayne paper; "Did Doc Savage ever exist? The book about him says non-fiction." (What Phil Farmer hath wrought.)//From GUN WEEK: the police chief of Toronto has labelled Canadian gun control (much stricter than ours) a failure. (That sort of comment never gets published in our major newspapers, somehow...)//MARY SCHAUUB sends an article on balsa wood (used as "sandwich" material between sheets of fiberglass for airplane floors, boat hulls, church steeples, etc.) and a letter of comment which the article prompted. Letterhack mentioned that his uncle learned about balsa the hard way; as owner of a small trucking firm, he was low bidder on hauling a ton of balsa from Los Angeles Harbor to a model airplane factory. "He hauled, and he hauled, and he hauled..."//Mary also sends an ad for 200,000 shark teeth at a bargain price of \$5,000 for the lot. (I wonder if they'd sell at conventions...? //ALAN DODD sends an account of a "Dr. Who" convention. It mentions that the Dr. Who Appreciation Society has its own fanzine (though it doesn't use the term).//Alan also sends an article on a British police crackdown on switchblade combs. "They might be used to frighten somebody. (A shopkeeper is quoted as saying he can't imagine them being dangerous, but "if I receive a complaint from the police - or anyone else - I will certainly stop selling these combs." Ah, British fortitude.) //Did you know there is a US company that specializes in selling laminated obituaries taken from newspapers? I didn't, until after Dad died. \$1.00 apiece, but discounts for quantity. (Who in the world would want 100 laminated obituary notices?)//JOE MAJOR sends an account of a blind driving instructor in Los Angeles. (That may explain a lot.)//Joe also sends a headline: "Retail Marketing Seminar Is Set, Mouser To Speak". How hath the mighty fallen.//And a clipping from Newark about two men accused by police of "stealing the surface of Jelliff Avenue, between 18th Avenue and Waverly Avenue". About 50,000 paving blocks, weighing 12 to 14 pounds each, were removed and resold. (And nobody noticed, while all this was going on?)//MARY LONG Xeroxed an article sent to her by NED BROOKS. We were mentioning weird cults? This is about Yahweh City, Missouri, whose founder says the Russians have surrounded the U.S. with "little balls...more powerful than atomic and hydrogen bombs". They're submerged off the coast and will be detonated by remote control; This will destroy the U.S. except for the cult members, who will be taken to Orion by their spaceships. While waiting for doomsday, or the great balls of fire, the cult leader passes his time by looking for the golden needles containing "electro-magnetic force, which governs the universe". He claims Yahweh promised him one, but so far he hasn't been able to collect. The cult has 47 members in the commune and anywhere up to 10,000 members nationally.//Mary also sends a clipping of a Brisbane resident who is selling mule manure via mail-order. \$5.70 per kilo for the manure, and a photo of the mule, "autographed by her own hoofprint" for an extra \$2.25.//Mary sends another clipping on the ultimate loser. Depressed by his existence, he walked out into the sea to drown himself but lost his nerve. Returning to his hairdressing shop, he wired a metal chair to a light socket and tried twice to electrocute himself, but only managed to blow fuses. He broke a mirror and tried to cut his wrists, but failed. Tried to hang himself from a stair railing, but the knot came loose. Finally he piled up furniture and set it on fire in an attempt to suffocate himself, but couldn't stand the heat and climbed out a window. At which point he gave up and settled for pleading guilty to arson. And with that cheery thought in mind, we bid you adieu.

RSC

CRUMBOLINGS

Dean Grennell, Box DG, Dana Point CA 92629

The cover of Y-245 was ultimately crogglesome. As Johnny Magnus used to be fond of expostulating, I like to shat.

Ask Bloch if he knows what comes in little bottles and's terribly deadly. If he says cyanide, tell him nope, it's Jack the Ripple.

Next time you're shopping for tires, consider Michelin X steel belts. In the smaller sizes, they aren't all that expensive. I thought I was mad blowing \$35 a wheel to put them on the Opel at the 100,000 mile mark, but that was 38,000 miles back and they still look showroom-new. A buck per wheel per 1000 miles seems reasonable.

Women's libbers girlcott Playboy.

Yeah, I've seen and shuddered at the 'Poor Man's Jas. Bond' ads too. I think/hope we've not run the ad in question, but I wouldn't bet on it.

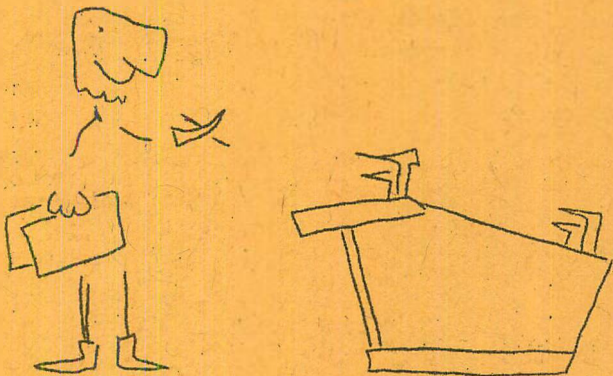
To Denny Lien's letter, blue isn't a very appetizing color. There is/was (?) a liqueur made by Bols, perhaps others, called Parfait d'Amour, hued a nauseating shade of cerulean. It tastes like cheap perfume smells, sort of like the horrid blue candy Easter eggs used to taste.

Which reminds me of moosehunting in Sweden in the fall of '74. They left me on a stand at the edge of a marsh and, as boredom set in and bored deeper, I was delighted to discover an honest-to-gosh blueberry bush, right next to my assigned spot. I had never encountered blueberries in the wild before (nor in the tame, comes to that). I madly adore blueberries, so I picked one and ate it. Delicious! I picked more. To heck with the bloomin' meese, this was for me.

When my hosts finally came by to retrieve me, I had eaten the better part of a peck of luscious, fresh-off-the-bush Swedish blueberries. I commented how much I'd enjoyed the wild blueberries. Eric gave me an odd look. "Those aren't blueberries," he commented. "What are they?" I wanted to know, a note of quease stealing through my viscera. "I really don't know," was his reply. Well, I never suffered the slightest ill effect from my glut of the USB (Unidentified Swedish Berries) and I can but say in retrospect that the natives just don't know what they're missing. But I'd agree it's a dubious way to familiarize oneself with the flora of a strange land.

Further to Bloch's letter...back around 1969 or so, I chanced upon a small Shell filling station somewhere out around Eagle Rock with a vehicle on their lot for sale. It was a Rolls-Royce hearse, vintage circe 1926. I came down with a terrible litch to buy it and devote all my attention and resources to converting it into a pickup truck, after the manner of Trav McGee's Miss Agnes. Fortunately, with the aid of a lot of long walks and cold hip-baths, reason prevailed and I didn't. It looked dreadfully tatty, poor old Charon's chariot, much as if it'd spent most of the previous 43 years rusting on one of the little isles off the coast of Chile where seabirds come to make guano. Proving,

The computer
is down...



I guess, that I don't really always do the stupidest possible thing. Besides, about that time, Bob Leman came on with his pastiche of the McGee books ('Paint My Coffin Fuschia') and his hero drove a Hispano-Suiza garden tractor. I decided I really wouldn't settle for less than one of those.

Suggest to Dave Wixon that he sounds ripe to consider joining us of the Radical Middle. Tell him to get in touch with Bruce Pelz for details.

Ah, the incomparable joys (Sam Long's letter) of the young mind colliding with the wonders of chemistry. Quite independently, about 1938, I invented and developed the techniques of a solution capable of delayed ignition. Dipping the fuse of a common firecracker in the stuff and setting it aside for the solvent to dry, it would detonate about 20 minutes later, depending slightly upon temperature and relative humidity then in force. The one planted amid the bass strings of the music room piano was certainly one of the more effective efforts. But the one in the vacant corridor locker was the (deliberate malaprop) tour de farce. It was purely fortuitous that the principal was charging past just as that one let go. I was charmed to note the belligerents of WW2 later used the self-same approach for saturating propaganda leaflets for dispersal from low-flying aircraft. If they didn't inflame the populace one way, they'd do it another.

To Sam Long's hagiolation of oddly-named saints (as 'When the Saints Go Staggerin' In') I'm reminded of a church in Green Bay, Wisconsin -- Saint Willebrord's -- and an abortive, stillborn fictional series upon which a cohort and I labored lustily long ago. That was before I persuaded myself into the convinced acceptance that non-fiction can be stranger than truth, or whatever. We needed a name for a bumpkinly walk-on character and I came up with Vitus Willebrord Smith, whose devout mother, mindful of the teeming legions of her son's cousins-German, strove to fit him with christian names sufficiently distinctive to assure identic clarity. Having been born well before 1948 and thus prior to seeing his first two initials on millions of saucily spinning hubcaps, it was perhaps inevitable that his associates came to know him as Volkswagen Smith.

I still have a thick dossier here, aging in my charred-oak desk, on all that delightful bumf. I take it out every now and again and come down all rapt at the sweep and scope of it, then sigh and put it back to age another decade. The non-fiction output keeps our mortgage holder off'n the backs of our necks and I'm grateful. I've not seen a rejection slip in 22 years, during which I've sold millions of words of copy. Quite a vast amount of it for cash. But every now and again, I take out the Henry November papers and review them, and sigh lugubriously. Wottabloody-pity we're allotted but the one lifetime, no?

Yes, Virginia, there are Hamlets out there who yearn to play Pagliacci now and then too. So it goes.

[[Ah, the California climate. By 100,000 miles in this climate, the wheels are too rusty to hold tires. RSC]]

John Boston, 225 Baltic Street, Brooklyn NY 11201

You probably read recently about the remarkable exploding ice cream truck that sent about 150 people to the hospital one memorable lunchtime in lower Manhattan. (We all scream for ice cream.) I was in Colorado at the time -- fortunately, since my office is two blocks from ground zero and a restaurant and a record store that I frequent are only one block away. The first thing I saw upon my return to work was a store on the near-fatal corner with its windows full of signs reading EXPLOSION SALE.

In other late news from the frontiers of urban good taste, Al Goldstein, famous defend ant and pornographer about town, has a new magazine out: Death. (Subtitle:



Bigger Than Life.) The first tabloid issue contains articles on "The Mummies of Mexico," life after death, death by obesity, rock and roll fatalities, the cemeteries of Switzerland, etc., all (needless to say) profusely illustrated. There is a "Death of the Month," that of Karl Wallenda, complete with three photographs respectively captioned, "Going," "Going," and "Gone." There are also what may be real ads for, e.g., the Bridge Casket Company, the Lewis Monument Company, and the Pittsburgh Institute for Mortuary Science. A second issue has just appeared, to my considerable surprise, with similar contents, including an editorial, "Death Rattle," from which I quote:

"...The public has reacted to Death in the exact manner we predicted -- with shock, fascination, embarrassment, denunciation and praise. The forward-thinking and curious have reported for duty in our camp, while the Puritans continue to bark secretly at the moon through the dark, canopied forest of the American soul, where good and evil cast indistinguishable shadows, and Kentucky Fried Chicken stands rise like livid mushrooms from the earth."

Needless to say, Yandro #244 appears by comparison more benign by the minute. I have an addendum to Juanita's note on cloning: now they've cloned asparagus. (I have the clipping but I'm too lazy to dig it out.)

[[I hadn't heard of Death (which may or may not be appearing now, since this is an old letter). Sounds like it might serve as the standard by which bad taste is judged. Death Comes to the Pornographer; it could be a book title.// But does cloned asparagus taste better than canned? RSC]] [[It'd about have to; the only way to go from canned asparagus is up. JWC]]

Ethel Lindsay, 69 Barry Road, Carnoustie, Angus, DD7 7QQ United Kingdom

As you will see from the change of address, I finally got housed. I arrived home at the end of June and checked into a Guest House and got my allocation to move in 13/Sept. The waiting was pretty fraught, I can tell you. Then once I got the key to this flat it was all hectic and chaotic for ages. Nothing seemed to go straight; for one thing, no workman or deliveryman ever came when he said he would. It is a good job that I do not bite my nails! Anyway, this is a nice flat; has two bedrooms so I turned one into a guest/cum workroom, and with a sigh of relief I got all my books stowed away. At first they were just lining the walls and I must have humped them backwards and forwards dozens of times before I finally got them all placed.

I managed to get a slim Scot out in Nov. and before I could turn around it was time to prepare for Xmas. So I had to let go on the idea of putting out a Mystery Trader. I hope to get back on publishing schedule next year, though. I will carry on as usual in '79 and then, at the end of the year, review my financial situation to decide whether I can afford to continue or not. I have not ventured to discover the cost of paper but I did get a box of stencils in nearby Arboath. Must have ruined the whole day of the assistant who was quite confident that I would only want two or three stencils. As that would work out more expensive, I naturally bought the box, and dented her confidence.

Joe Hensley does not seem to get his books published over here. I wonder why? But then lots of books here do not get published in the US. There seems no rhyme or reason to it.

So how is retirement? Well, the days whizz by and truth to tell I still really can't believe it has happened. Give me a year...

[[You should have left the books lining the walls; they make good insulation. RSC]]

Mary Long, 1338 Crestview Drive, Springfield IL 62702

Just whilst I remember: did you see the report that some folk in, I think, Maryland were demanding their money back after they bought some of the Madonna Christmas stamps, on the grounds the stamps were obscene? I kid you not (I sent the cutting off to a friend, in fact, else I'd enclose it). Aw, I thought, what a shame. You'd need

a magnifying glass anyhow to see any great detail. I'm not sure if they thought the Madonna -- whilst fully clothed -- was too bosomy, or if they objected to the naked Christ Child. Just goes to show folk will find the strangest of things to react to.

I liked the cover! Is that Miss Piggy with the flaming torch? The pigs, I presume, are those haunting you at the house (or at least, outside it)?

Not only did Jim Odbert do a Highland Fling, but Sam confessed he got up too and did something similar, a sight which I'd have loved to have seen...since he always says he can't dance, and I've never been able to persuade him to get up and dance with me anywhere, not even in our own living room. (Though as a matter of fact, I've seen him doing what looked like one of those 'on your own' shuffles, when a particularly stirring tune came over the radio -- but I have to look quickly, to catch him.). Then, if you please, he complained his feet were sore next day.

I'm laughing like mad over "Pigs of Blackford". But tell me, is it tusks or tushes? I'm given to understand (I'm on about line 6, p 9) that the tush, as printed here, is what you -- er -- sit upon, hmm? But I loved the witty little bits in it, especially the note that the hero is, for once, smiling. Tut! Aw, they got sent to the slaughterhouse? No doubt they escaped. But you know, as I'm sure I've mentioned, I never did feel that the Dorsai were as rough as painted, because at the St Louis Con someone whom I did not know, and haven't yet found out the name of (ey, English language!), for some reason never explained grabbed my hand and kissed it. It wasn't until I mentioned it to Sam several days later that he said, oh, that was a Dorsai. Well! I said...that was the first I'd ever met, and never even knew it at the time. Curses!

But I'm agog! Maybe the letter which Dean reports sending back to Newcastle may have been to someone I knew! (Perhaps not, though; how far back are "Fond de Lac" days, she questioned, showing her ignorance for all to see.) Or even it may have been a street I knew...

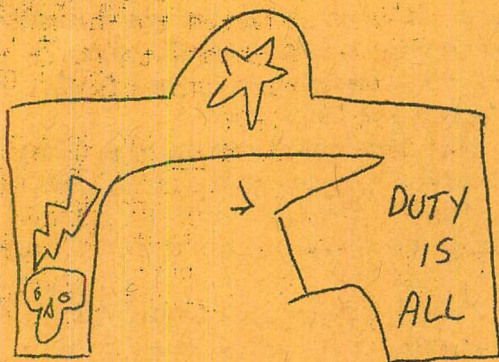
I really liked Florence's letter. One of the things I noticed here was how odd the more recent graveyards looks, with those family markers and so forth. Some of the older parts of Oak Ridge, just round the corner (comparatively speaking) from us are very reminiscent of the angels-weeping type memorial common in my old area of N'cle, etc., though generally the rounded-top stones which Florence mentions are more common. I believe that they were so made so they did not wear down so quickly. But the general trend was always to give each person, or couple, their own stone, unlike the custom here to have one large one with the family's names entered as required. And the older ones were very much more elaborate -- any old city graveyard would yet yield no end of really High Victorian stuff, what with mausoleums and angels and crocks and so on. Or pots, I should say, often with a sort of curtain draped around it. Used to haunt the graveyard (no pun intended) at the top of our street in N'cle as a child. For one thing, it was the closest green site apart from the odd bomb-site. For another I found the names, etc., and the epitaphs absolutely fascinating to read. (Didn't the Beatles get "Elinor Rigby" from a stone seen somewhere?)

Speaking of Earnshaw in the graveyard, did I mention seeing Thodays, etc., in the churchyard of the little village of Earith in Hunts., where D.L. Sayer's father was vicar at one time? Thoday, and the other names used, though, are all common E. Anglian names and still, I understand, to be found in the 'phone book.

Oh, I always read both THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER and THE STAR (but I do draw the line at THE MIDNIGHT GLOBE). The reason is that for some reason those two are always full of information on such things as forthcoming sf films, ufos, various things like the Devil's Triangle, and so on, bits of interesting gossip (for good friends interested in the people concerned) etc. Of course, I don't take it seriously half the time, but I get a lot of fun out of 'em. Come now, I bet half of fandom reads them but won't admit it!

[[NATIONAL ENQUIRER fandom; there's a nauseating thought. (I've seen copies now and then; not regularly. Too much other material around I'd rather spend time on.)

Dorsai don't get painted rough around here; several of them are among our favorite people. RSC]]



Sam Long, address above

The city of St Cloud MN is named after St Cloud, Paris, not after St Cloud, the saint. So there!

A few words on Yandro, which I enjoyed.. But not many, at least not this letter. County names can be interesting. Sangamon County, where Springfield is, was named after the river. But who was Jo Daviss, after whom the county where Galena, Illinois, is located, was named? Questions...like, did half the characters who have counties named after them deserve them? Who names a county? Toponymy fan-

dom arise! Speaking of which, WEB OF WIZARDRY has some good names in it, and I've read about a third of it now and have thoroughly enjoyed it. High sales to you, Juanita.

Enjoyed "Pigs of Blackford" -- highly chuckleworthy. Especially the use of 'tushes' -- I've not seen that word in donkey's years. Did you know that pigs' tails are strongly affected by the Coriolis force, so much so that as you take a pig close to the equator his tail will straighten out (they twist clockwise in the northern hemisphere, counterclockwise in the southern) until, when you're right on the equator it'll be perfectly straight? In fact, you can use a pig calibrated by the Nat'l Bureau of Standards ('Take me to your liter!') as a latitude-measuring device.

[[I say St. Cloud MN is named after the saint, once removed.// Actually, I've read about Jo Daviss somewhere, but damned if I know where. Name sounds familiar, though.// Pigs tend to bite each other's tails off; I suppose you have to be careful about that if you were using a calibrated one. RSC]]

Arnie Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt 6B, Brooklyn NY 11201

I'd think most Yandro readers would be duly understanding and sympathetic concerning Juanita's comment about juggling fan and pro writing commitments. As much as I've enjoyed the hobby over the last 15 years, I've increasingly found that the prospect of filthy lucre pulls me toward the typewriter even more insistently than the lure of fannish egoboo.

Not, you understand, that I don't adore egoboo. Still, the fact that someone is willing to back a high opinion of my writing with folding green is also heady praise, if you want to look at it in that light. I, personally, am willing to look at folding green in any light -- or search for it by touch if the need arises.

Actually, if it were only a question of writing my fanzines, I'd probably have done more of them. I've always enjoyed the battle with the blank paper. But the drudgery of production -- and after several hundred fanzines, I'm afraid that's the word which springs to mind most readily -- is another matter entirely. I don't really mind mimeographing (fortunate, since I guess I've been local fandom's demon printer since Ted White took the Qwertyuiopress to Virginia), but I dislike collating and loathe addressing and mailing. Sometimes I think my Ultimate Fannish Salvation lies in becoming an even more successful pro. That way, I would be able to turn the less thrilling aspects of fanzine production over to an offset printer and let him staple his thumb for awhile.

As Senior Editor of Chain Store Age Supermarkets, I was not a bit surprised to hear how much trouble Dean Grennell had trying to take a photograph in a Safeway. Even the official business press has a hard time getting permission to shoot in most supermarkets. There've been at least three attempts by store managers to confiscate film in 1978 alone. It's getting so common that several of our field people routinely carry extra rolls of film which they can dutifully hand over instead of the roll they're actually shooting, should the need arise.

Sometimes it seems to me, as someone trying to do stories with some of the supermarket companies, that they have the mistaken idea that they are in some kind of high-security, top secret business. Oh, I understand why a chain would want to keep the lid on its Marketing plans for the coming year, for example, but the fetish for secrecy often goes far beyond that.

For example, one day I called a chain supermarket headquarters in the Midwest to ask if they were now carrying a particular product. "Oh, we can't tell you that!" the vice president told me. "It's a secret."

"But-but-but" I sputtered, "couldn't I just walk into one of your stores and check for myself if I were there?"

"Yes, that's true," he said. "But you're not, so I won't tell you." It's this type of thinking which has helped supermarket chains get where they are today -- one step from bankruptcy in many cases.

[[Can't you make Joyce do the collating and stapling? Juanita is the mimeographer here, and she enjoys it. We split the drudgery; she collates, I staple and do the addressing, and we both stuff envelopes.// Your supermarket story shows why Ron Goulart is the only stf author who puts Real True Experiences into his fiction. Real life isn't believable enough to use in a serious story. RSC]]

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

Thanks for Yandro 245 and for the kind comment on my HOSTAGE OF ZIR (p.23) A funny thing: while the book has on the whole had good reviews, some critics objected that my tourists were stereotypes or clichés. That must be a case of nature mimitating art, because all those characters were modeled more or less on people I have known, mostly on cruises and guided tours. The German camera fiend, for instance, was on the bus tour of the Peloponnesos that we took in 1958. I called him Herr Imerspät because he was always holding up the bus for one more shot.

[[Okay, another author who used real experiences -- which readers consider unbelievable. RSC]]

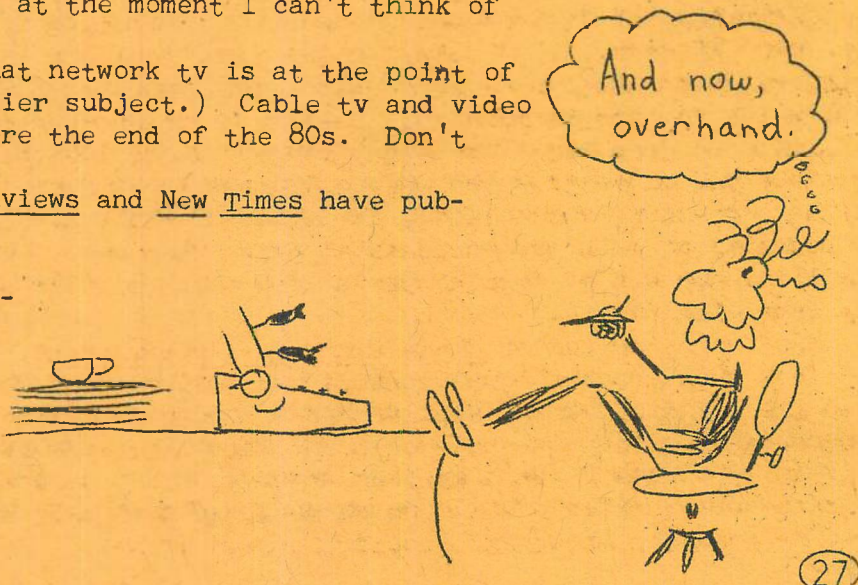
Gene Wolfe, Box 69, Barrington IL 60010

I'm afraid I'm writing mainly because Denny Lien's letter irritated me. He says: "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." Unlike the little harp seal, of course, which has no chance to escape. The harp seal is a wild species on the verge of extinction. The infants, too small to swim, are clubbed to death on the ice. The fur is used to make coats for rich women -- competing with cage-raised mink. Maybe there is something even scummier that human beings do to animals, but at the moment I can't think of it.

Has no one else noticed that network tv is at the point of death? (To shift to a far happier subject.) Cable tv and video recorders will decimate it before the end of the 80s. Don't say nobody told you.

Now for the bad news: Bookviews and New Times have published their last issues.

[[Aside from being wild (irrelevant) and on the verge of extinction (good point), the same things can be said of your last meal of veal scallopini. The infants are clubbed to death (with a more sophisticated club than that used by the sealers, but the



effect is the same) and the meat is used by people who could subsist on soyburger if they wanted to. A majority of the baby harp seals are going to die anyway before they grow up; I see no reason why we shouldn't get our share of them. But the share should be carefully regulated to avoid reduction in seal numbers. RSC]]

[[My attitude is slightly less ruthless, but equally jaundiced. I grew up next to a slaughterhouse and a meat packing plant, and a childhood pasttime for all the neighborhood kids was climbing the fences and watching the killing process (and later down the line snaffling freshly stuffed frankfurters that had spilled into the sawdust over the edge of the containers; the packers whuld give us freebies to get us to go away and quit bugging them). A tour of a similar plant twenty years later when I was in college showed me minimal changes had been made. The farmers' chitchat currently proves it's still the same. The method by which "tame" livestock is dispatched is no more humane. I love animals and I wish that wasn't the way by which I get my meat. But taking the long view, I'm a member of what I deem a predatory and omnivorous species. The morality may or may not enter in. But to Denny's point -- unless we abandon, as a species, the taking of all other life, including that of our own kind, it's at least double-think for us to become outraged over the killing of one species and not another. Sad, perhaps, but true and unlikely to change in the near future, I suspect. JWC]]

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

The end of November again. Up till a few days ago it was the mildest November in England for 250 years. I had flowers like marigolds and California poppies blooming and reseeding in the garden and tomatoes growing, roses flowering. Birds that normally leave England for the warmth of Africa hadn't left, and the Russian geese that normally arrive here from Siberia hadn't arrived. So it must have been mild everywhere. Then a few days ago the temperature suddenly dropped to colder than Moscow. A spoonful of snow, half an inch at most, stopped all traffic in this area completely. Every single major and minor road, wide road, dual carriageway, and anything else was just simply clogged with a solid mass of vehicles not moving at all. I was 1 1/2 hours travelling about a mile at the end of my journey to work. It was the worst journey into work for 25 years, that I remember. I find the mornings and evenings now deep in frost and cold, and dark. It is a real effort to get out of bed at 6. I keep turning over pretending I don't have to go to work. During the day it is so bright and sunny you would swear it was spring -- but there is still snow hanging around. You have to spend so much more on heating and keeping warm in winter now.

[[Perhaps the weather machine is shifting gears, after a few centuries of sleep. JWC]]

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

Any time you want to spell my name (#245, p. 10) you know where you can look it up. I see that THE TOLKIEN SCRAPBOOK (G&D hardcover, \$17.95, Running Press paperback to appear in some months) only got it wrong in the acknowledgments. Two out of three ain't bad. The book, by the way, is a farrago of stuff, including the best Kirk paintings, some nice original drawings by Michael Green, and some stuff reprinted from old fanzines including the earliest version of the Orcs' Marching Song. There is, for some reason, a list of recommended fanzines, including Yandro. I think some of the others have folded or are on an irregular schedule.

But if you have arrested the S.S. America, you do not put it in jail. Au contraire.

I read the book reviews with interest. It is nice to know where Le Guin's latest work has been appearing. Of course I will read a new de Camp without waiting for reviews. Admittedly it's a slice off the same old baloney, but it's good baloney. But what about Avram Davidson now: must he be so relentlessly funny? It's not what I would call forced humor, it's too good for that. Somehow it does not make me feel good in the end.

[[Avram's humor doesn't affect me any differently than anyone else's, except for the parts where I can't understand the references, which put me a bit in awe of him.// We can typo anyone's name, but it's easier with one which has some substance to get hold of than it is with a Smith or a Jones.// You mean the SS America was provided bail, or possibly released on its own recognizance? RSC]]

Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park PA 19076

Gaki! I'm now forced to write locs to ensure continued fanzines. It is enough to make me put out a fanzine again! (I probably will do a perszine eventually.)

Yandro 245 arrived yesterday and I read it cover to cover, as always, and enjoyed it very much. (Loved Stu's cute front cover.)

Juanita, let me say I read THE WEB OF WIZARDRY recently and enjoyed it very much. I think it may be the first of your novels that I've read, although I may have read one of those half of Ace doubles. If so, I can't remember. After reading WEB, I'll be buying your novels in the future. It is the sort of science fantasy I really enjoy reading. Which I guess is why my first two novels are in the same vein. Actually, MASTER OF HAWKS is very similar in a way to WEB (it is coming out from Dell in July), both about a war with magic combining with typical medieval weaponry. In both cases the hero's land is being invaded by "evil" forces. In both cases the heroes are men drawn into major roles without really wanting such a position. And both heroes find themselves working with women sorcerers (although my heroine is not exactly a sorceress, she has immunity to magic and some psionic powers, but it is somewhat similar).

Yet the two books are totally dissimilar in most respects, although they have a somewhat similar background of action. My hero is a bird-telepath and his major conflicts are a personal search for maturity and identity and a one-to-one battle with an enemy telepath. The scope of my action is much narrower than yours.

I've just found out that Dell is buying my second book, THE SPELLSTONE OF SHAL-TUS (though the title may change).

Now that I've sold two books, I really feel like a pro, though I'd feel even more like one if the books were out. It is strange to think how many fans are now selling professionally. It seems like there are quite a few.

[[But writing a loc to Yandro doesn't ensure getting it. (If the loc is printed, you're okay, but very few locs by non-subscribers get printed.) Cash or contribution is the rule. (Actually, I'm pretty sure Linda already knows this, but some of you new readers may not.)// There always have been a lot of fans selling professionally. Some keep it up; some, like Dean Grennell and Harry Warner, sell a few science fiction stories to prove they can do it and then go back to their regular jobs and fanac. There may be more fans becoming full-time professionals now because the market is expanding -- but I'm not about to do a survey on it. RSC]]

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

Tidbit-of-the-month, December selection: At the 1978 Frankfurt Book Fair, one of the organizers suggested a contest for the oddest title noticed at the exhibit. The winner was a book published by the University of Tokyo Press, titled PROCEEDINGS OF THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM ON NUDE MICE.

Charles Wells, 3021 Washington Blvd., Cleveland OH 44118

Some comments on Yandro #244. Juanita's comments on cloning redwoods provided a better illustration of the poor science reporting of the media than she imagined. If "cloning" means "reproduce genetically identical copies of" then rosebushes have been cloned since Roman times and other plants for hundreds of years. Propagation by rooted cuttings, like many bushes, by root division like irises, and so on all make genetically identical copies. Potato eyes and onion sets give cloned copies, too.

Most evergreen trees won't reproduce by cloned cuttings. (I think yews will.) I haven't read the news story Juanita refers to, but I suspect redwoods are like most

evergreens in this respect and that recently a way has been discovered to reproduce them asexually, perhaps by the meristem method used for the last ten or fifteen years (I think) to reproduce specially good named varieties of orchids. This involves taking cells from the growing tip, centrifuging them, and putting the individual cells in a special growing medium. I'm no expert and don't know all the details, but it goes something like that.

Actually rooted cuttings produce genetically identical copies only almost, but not quite, always.

Once in a while a rosebush will put

out a branch that has mutated. I once had

a Tropicana (Superstar in England) rosebush,

which normally had bright orange flowers, which put

out a branch that produced smaller, but still double, white

flowers. (It wasn't a sucker, either, but a real mutated

branch.) Once in a great while the mutated branch produces roses

that are better than the others on the bush, instead of inferior as

mine were (and as is usually the case), and is reproduced and becomes

a separate named variety. The Peace rose has several varieties that arose

this way, like the Chicago Peace. And the climbing Peace originated in a mu-

tated stem that grew longer and laxer than usual.

Actually, it's not clear that reproduction by rooted cuttings is what

people mean by cloning. The trouble is that media don't use the word in the way

that biologists do. In textbooks a "clone" is a group of genetically identical spec-

imens; thus all the (ordinary) Peace rosebushes in the world constitute a clone of

rosebushes. The word "clone" is not applied to an individual member of such a group

as it is in stupid s.f. movies. Nor is it a verb. I think to some people to clone

means to reproduce a genetically identical copy of from one cell or maybe a small

clump of cells. Meristemming fits that definition but not rooted cuttings. The word

is not listed as a verb in my American Heritage Dictionary.

Juanita's comment on abortion reminds me of a letter to the local paper I wrote

recently. Naturally, I'm going to repeat it here. It seems that the Akron City Coun-

cil passed an ordinance requiring women who seek an abortion to be told by the doctor

that human life begins at the moment of conception. Now this is a doctrine of a par-

ticular religious sect, and it seems to me that other sects might get jealous. There-

fore, I suggest additional laws be passed that require (1) butchers to inform their

customers that certain animals are unclean, and (2) bartenders to tell their custom-

ers that they should remember that Jesus drank only grape juice. It's not clear what

should be done for the atheists.

Mary Long's comment on the change in county boundaries in England reminds me

that at the time it occurred, when the Vietnam war was still going on, we were very

happy to see that England had wiped out a county named Westmoreland, and created one

called Cleveland. I also heard that before it happened there were signs on the roads

in Rutland saying, "Drive slowly -- this county is disappearing."

I am fascinated like Sam Long by enclaves. I was happy the year we lived in Zu-

rich to discover that Swiss cantons are just FULL of enclaves. One of them, Solo-

thurn, is nothing BUT enclaves. Most of Europe was once like that, but revolutions

(in France) and wars (everywhere) have tended to smooth things out. If you look at

a succession of maps of Europe starting in the 1500s you can watch the boundaries

get simple and smoother; indeed, there is a tendency for countries to approach circu-

larity (easier to defend). But inner Switzerland has been stable since the 1500's, growing by accretion.

Roger Waddington should be told that Britain does indeed have four quarts to an Imperial gallon, but the quarts are bigger. So are the pints. But the ounces are very nearly the same size -- if I am not mistaken, the British pint has ten British ounces. When we lived in London I was amazed at the size and cheapness of the pint bottles the milkmen left on your doorstep.

The British are doing their damndest to destroy their good public transport system through a shortsighted system of insisting that it pay its own way, coupled with a niggardliness of capital investment. The continental countries that I saw are all making much more of an effort to modernize and update, while providing some subsidies (in some cases at least) which means that the fares are high, or seem high to Americans anyway, but not grossly so. And the continental riderships, unlike the British, are increasing. We were delighted on returning to Cleveland to see the bus down to 25 cents (35 cents on the rapid transit) and the service increased by about half again what it was before, all as a result of a one percent sales tax. Unfortunately, ridership is up so much that I have to stand sometimes when riding the bus to work.

[[Well, now we see what all that cheap transportation did to Cleveland. (Made it easier for taxpaying citizens to move to the suburbs and quit contributing to city finances.) // I wonder if England will go back to Westmoreland County now? RSC]]
[[One of my research projects during our trip to California was visiting a mammoth greenhouse which specialized in cloning Boston ferns. The lengthy tour included a closeup of the working lab; unfortunately the docent was not one of the cloners but merely an earnest young general greenhouse employee. But she was able to explain that the process is similar to that you described for orchids -- taking the tip off a robust, ideally developed mature fern and culturing this in successive stages of growth mediums. The process requires transference to new and larger containers under a negative pressure setup, and according to the docent takes nine months to complete. (There's a tempting rejoinder there, but everyone taking the tour forebore.) At which time presumably they have hordes of young ferns, genetically identical to the original, which the original could not begin to produce in many times that many months. It was a very interesting tour for that and other reasons. Even more intriguing was a squib in a newspaper that a current project is undertaking to clone chickens -- presumably producing ideally developed meat birds. Potentially, that has importance for the world's food supplies. I don't think without some of the garbled media output on cloning we might have had quite the interest and funded development on "cloning" or accelerated reproduction methods that may eventually effect what we eat and wear and perhaps how humanity itself chooses to go on into its own future. JWC]]

Maureen Leshendok, 12802 Ardennes Ave., Rockville MD 20851

After so many years (since 1970, Buck said) it is good to

Example of cooperation in
the food gathering habits of
Andorian grixes



to be getting Yandro again. Now that I'm employed and not in school, my fanac is increasing. On the other hand, I don't particularly like my job (though I like my company and colleagues) and I'm taking College Chemistry at night this fall as a beginning tentative step toward getting into something else, so the fanac will most likely decline again. Ah well. I'm glad Yandro can be had without having to loc, though doing so is fun.

On guns -- I live a bit more than a stone's throw from Virginia. All along the back roads in that benighted state one passes stores that sell souvenirs, country hams, and guns. The sign saying "guns" is bigger than the others. Since I don't want one, I've never inquired as to how hard it would be to buy one. But hearsay has it that it is ridiculously easy. It is harder in more civilized states (almost any other state in the Union, compared to Virginia).

However, I think I can make some intelligent comments on gun control, because I edit abstracts of criminal justice literature for the National Criminal Justice Reference Service. A study that wandered across my desk a couple weeks ago analyzed statistics in a large city (I think Chicago) for a period of 3 to 5 years to determine how deadly or effective certain weapons were, and to determine how seriously violent assaults were intended (did the attacker mean to kill?). The results were very interesting. At least half or more of the gun assaults were not intended to kill. Some were not intended to do anything more than frighten the victim -- this was determined by the location of the wounds and whether there were multiple wounds, and took no account of possibly serious assaults that missed. The percentage of serious attacks using knives was considerably higher, even though wounds to the arms of the victims were not counted as serious (and since self-defense measures would lead to arm wounds -- some of those attacks were of serious intent in all probability). The results indicated that, while if someone intends to commit murder, that person will use whatever weapon is available, the likelihood of successfully killing the victim is five times higher with a gun than with knives -- the next most deadly weapon. Also, a higher percentage of knife attacks were serious, but nonetheless, the knife is not as effective a weapon.

Thus, the kind of murder that most people are most likely to be exposed to -- an impulsive act by a relative, friend, or acquaintance -- is more dangerous if the attacker has access to a firearm. Since suicide is typically an impulsive act, the presence of a firearm can literally be the difference between life and death to a person under stress.

That set of statistics does not tell us how to deal with the many millions of guns already owned by Americans. But I would at least like to see the flow of handguns halted. Also, gun manufacturers currently do not have to account for their sales in any effective way. It would be nice if we could stop, say, the flow of firearms to Northern Ireland. Also, I will never own a gun. But I'm not going to confiscate anyone else's, unless they commit a crime with one. I don't like a government that interferes with our private lives anymore than anybody else. But I have seen nothing to persuade me that the American love affair with firearms is a good thing for our society.

I am in the middle of John Boston's fascinating letter (which the acquisitions librarian here would call "in-scope") but it is the end of my lunch hour and I must return to an interminable book about community-police relations. I'll get back to this at home, and maybe, just maybe, when I mail it it won't vanish into the maws of a postal strike.

As far as "treating the symptoms by punishing criminals ... It hasn't cured the disease, has it?" -- there does seem to be conflicting evidence concerning the efficacy of "get tough" legislation and enforcement. One thing I've noticed in many studies is that human beings have a sort of self-correcting mechanism. If a law is tougher than the system is accustomed to, it gets ameliorated by discretionary decisions along the way, before sentencing. The same if there is an easing of some law. Frequently, it then gets pursued more vigorously in the administrative components of the criminal justice system that the law cannot affect as much. That doesn't mean that change is impossible, merely that people are hard to change. Among the same

lines, one study showed that "get-tough" bail policies with inflexible rules for court appearance tended to have a higher failure rate than places where defendants were babied a bit, scolded for failing to appear and asked to try making it the next day. It seems that except for a hard core of unsocializable offenders, most people in trouble with the law may just need a hand. Honey, after all, attracts more insects than vinegar, etc. That's not to say that crime should go unpunished. It's just that I've been noticing (reluctantly) that everything seems to go better if I do not indulge my gut feelings for lashing out at inept persons around me, but rather, if I smile, and thank them, and find something nice to say, things do work out better. One may have to go home and throw a screaming tantrum, but it may be better not to throw it at the turkey that deserves it.

Mary Schaub, I am from Buffalo, and pining for a good winter down here in the Washington, D.C. suburbs. If my husband and I could find jobs up in New York or New England, we'd be gone in a minute.

RE Alan Dodd's comments on the temperate climate of England: an awful lot of Englishmen seemed to have gone awfully far to find some warmth (India, the Near East, etc.). In a letter, T.E. Lawrence commented about how he loved England, but would wish that it could be towed a thousand miles south. Also, in some biography, he is described as having a cleanliness obsession. But a reading of his letters indicates that, being stationed on the northeast corner of England in winter, he was having a hot bath every morning in an attempt to get warm. In one letter he comments on the gift of a Canadian wool sweater which he was wearing beneath his uniform (R.A.F.). He was offered cigarettes and other bribes by his fellow shivering airmen, but since he didn't smoke, there was nothing they could offer which would tempt him to give up the sweater.

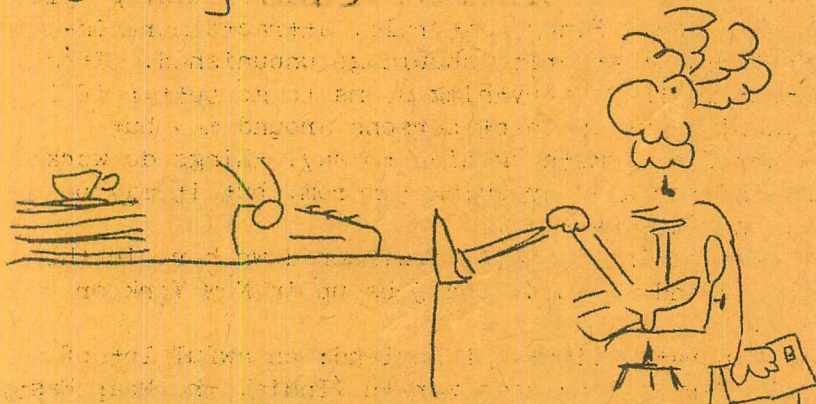
Eric Lindsay, one can have lungs to fill an outdoor horseback riding ring which is about 1/8 mile around. The first couple weeks of instructing riding, which I used to do in the summer, were pretty hard on my vocal chords. But after awhile, one got used to projecting the voice properly (and you sort of sang common commands like "trot your horses, trot," and the horses got so used to that technique that we had to spell that command out when we were using some of the older horses.).

Since I deal all day with abstracts about criminal justice, I am constantly aware of sexism in language. We have a policy of trying to neutralize sexual excesses committed by our abstractors. Thus, policemen become police officers unless the document is specific about the sex of the officer. This is not unimportant. A woman in Philadelphia is still fighting for the right to be a detective because the municipal police force regulations state that policemen are eligible for the job. I wince at the language excesses you mentioned, but people can be driven to extremes. (And some people are just obnoxious -- feminists have a right to have some lemons in the crowd, just like every other group.)

In my last letter I commented that I was working on changing my name. I have found a few nice lawyers who are trying to enable me to do it without a court order. Except that I don't want to hassle it, and have offered to pay them, get the order, and have done. I've wanted my maiden name back for nearly 6 years, and waiting is a drag. Ah well. It is not that I have anything against my husband's name. It is simply not my name. When I told my father I was working on regaining my name, I expected him to be displeased (I think of him as more conservative than he is, I guess) but he looked rather happy about it.

[[I assume, then, that you're changing your name to your father's name, rather than your mother's maiden name? Seems pointless, frankly, but then I never saw why anyone would consider something like "the name is not the object" a profound statement. (From my viewpoint, the name "Robert Coulson" is important only because I bear it; it does nothing for me. I could change it to Thomas Stratton or Ralph 124C41+ without a qualm. The only objection I have to being identified by my Social Security number is that I'd have trouble remembering it -- and I suppose I'd get over that if I started signing it to letters.// Determining whether or not an attack was meant to kill by the location of the wound is one of the sillier uses

I don't so much mind the rejections;
it's having to pay for the SASE...



of statistics that I've run across. Assuming that an attacker places his bullet -- or his knife -- precisely where he wants to shows an appalling lack of knowledge of weaponry. For example, the well-known "Battle of the OK Corral" involved 9 men, all of them considered pretty handy with a gun. Something over 60 shots were fired, presumably all of them intended to kill. The results: two men dead of pistol shots and another from a shot-

gun blast; one man shot in the leg; a second in the shoulder; a third with a flesh wound across his back; and the rest of the shots were clear misses, from a distance of less than 30 feet. And you're going to assume that if a man gets shot in the leg in a drunken brawl, that his assailant didn't intend to kill him? Crap.// Problem is not sexism in language but sexism in interpretation. If "man" is a generic term for humanity, then "policemen" has to cover both sexes. I don't believe in changing definitions for the convenience of the user. (I don't believe in defining "officer" differently for different occupations -- army, police, corporation executive -- either, but that's gone too far to stop.) How about making "cop" official? That's nonsexist. RSC]] [[An indication of how deeply rooted the sexist language problem is and how subtly it pervades the entire culture is demonstrated by one of the women's magazines I take. (I'm not referring to MS.) The magazine is aimed at the younger woman, generally a member of the 51 percent of the labor force that includes, and as an exercise in keeping on their toes they do not use the pronoun "he" unless specifically referring to a male. Unspecified references to occupations or hypothetical "you"s in articles are always accompanied by "she" in the rest of the article. But sometimes even the editors goof and get called on it by the readers. In an otherwise innocuous passage, they'll slip and reflexively refer to a doctor or a clerk or a bus driver as "he". They certainly don't intend to. Quite the opposite. But a lifetime of cultural habit undercuts them while they're trying to produce an informative journal for working women. Some of the ugly and convoluted constructs of the radical fringe of feminists are never going to take hold. But the fact is even the mildest efforts at re-shuffling thinking to fit the new American culture where women make up a much, much large chunk of the labor force and are entering professions they had been barred from while men enter professions formerly scorned by them are going to be difficult. It won't be easy. But I think to some degree even the less militant feminists are going to have to work on this one, subtly helping to shift the language as the culture shifts. It will take a while. Eventually, though, in a decade or two, I believe the basic alterations will be generally accepted and no one will realize things were ever otherwise. A little reading of history will turn up clatterings of words that now must be defined, because the then changeless nature of those cultures wasn't as changeless as those people thought. Time marches on, etc. JWC]]

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque NM 87107

Neat cover there. Looks like a typical scene from the life of Buck Coulson... and I thought the story fit, too. The name "Steranko" rings only the tiniest of bells...something to do with comic books? If so there should be no need for anyone to apologize.

Wonder if old Isaac Blackford was somehow related to Mary Walters of these parts? Ms Walters is a lawyer type. She was appointed to two or three vacant judgeships and rejected by the voters when she ran for the offices at election time. The voters showed good sense. This last time, though, she ran for a newly created 8 year term

on the state appeals court and made it. Maybe the voters figured that'd be a good way to put her on the shelf for 8 years.

The people in Rio Rancho keep talking about creating a new county out of their settlement. Rio Rancho is known locally as Bronx West and has a fairly large population...largest in Sandoval (which the New Yorkers insist on pronouncing San-dough-vul) county. There's been two elections to incorporate the city, both of which failed, so now the proponents of municipal responsibility want to go the county route.

The officials of Sandoval County would probably be glad to see it.

Hey, talking about politicians we have a flap locally now. Somebody came up with the idea of renaming the Albuquerque airport the "Joseph M Montoya International Airport." (Joe was our senator for a while...a poor boy, dedicated public servant, who started out in the traditional mud shack and ended up a multi-millionaire. He was dedicated...) The flap is strictly along ethnic lines with the Hispanics all in favor of it and the non-Hispanics wanting no part of it.

One wit suggested that we name it the Chavez-Anderson-Montoya airport in honor of our three most recently dead senators. We could, he said, put up a statue on top of the building showing them in the pose of the three wise monkeys...and a fourth statue showing all three of them with their hands in the taxpayer's pockets.

I'll go along with that last one.

Fandom, in the days of the Futurians, was much more politically oriented than it is now (rather like European fandom these days?). Which may or may not be a good thing. At least the arguments were of more real concern than the trivia that is discussed these days. (Where is there today anything to match the drama of the great staple war?)

LOST TRIBES & SUNKEN CONTINENTS sounds interesting. I get unusually frustrated by passing references such as the one mentioned here. I read somewhere, years ago, about the great log jam at the mouth of the Arkansas river. Apparently when the area was first being settled the river was clogged for miles. Have never been able to find anything else on it...when and how cleared, how long it took, etc. Frustrating.

I think I mentioned before that I'm no longer willing to bet against Velikovsky as I was 25 years ago. Our probes of Mars and Venus have raised too many questions. And the conventional answers don't compute.

[[Yes, but Velikovsky's answers aren't any better now than they were to begin with.]]

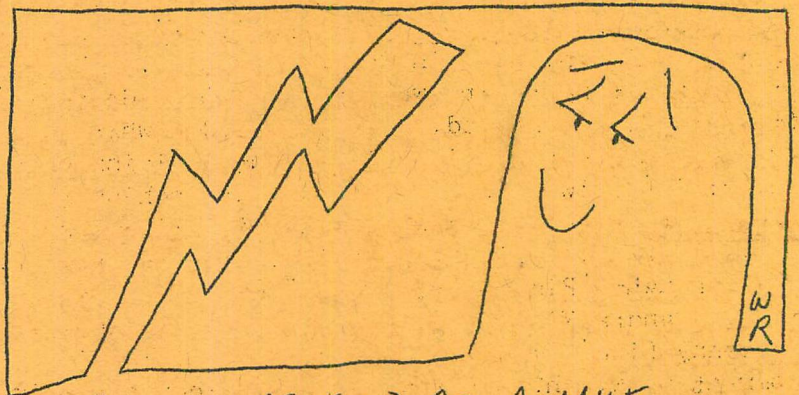
Laurine White, 5408 Leader Ave., Sacramento CA 95841

Most of Andre Norton's recent books have been only "readable", rather than the fascinating excursions into alien worlds that her early stories were. Fred Pohl's "no classic, mediocre job", GATEWAY, won the Hugo in Phoenix. I didn't think any of the nominees for Novel were deserving this year and voted "No Award". Of your "unreadables" list, I've added SAVAGE SCORPIO and the Kioga book to my collection of enjoyable, re-readable stories.

Since you don't like series, how do you react to Juanita writing one?

Thanks to Florence Stevenson's advance notice in the lettercolumn, I bought and enjoyed her DARK ENCOUNTERS. My roommate and her vampire-loving friend appropriated it, and I may not see the book again.

The Southern California Renaissance Faire is in a quite different setting than the Faire in Northern California. In Marin County we wander down several long oak-shaded ravines.



A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE

You saw the tv movie, THE GHOST OF FLIGHT 401, but did you like it?

[[No.// And, though I dislike series, I like money. Actually, I have no major objections to series with the same background but different characters for each book, such as Witch World or Darkover or the various Future Histories. My objection is to series about the same forgettable characters, like Conan or Commodore Grimes or Dray Prescote or Joe Karns. RSC]]

Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Rd. #207, Detroit MI 48219

Steranko? It took me a couple minutes to remember why Stu Shiffman apologized to him for Y's cover. (A clever little cover, too.) But I remain mystified by Steranko's influence on the DR STRANGE tv movie; for one I didn't notice a Steranko influence (nor was I looking for one) and don't know why the producers would consult him since he never worked on the DR STRANGE comic books. Perhaps Juanita means Steve Ditko, the original artist for the comic and whose influence was evident in the tv movie.

Saw a tv ad for a hand-press mimeograph -- no drum, just a flat plate with an ink pad that you press down on the paper. Uses regular stencils and costs a mere \$35.00. And just when I thought xerox had killed off the mimeo except for churches and fans.

The ACLU is also concerned (along with disarming cops if I've read Dean Grennell right) with defending a 14 year old girl's right to go braless to school.

Did your paper carry the news that the Viking Venus landers discovered unusual amounts of Argon 36 (is that the right isotope?), suggesting that Venus was not formed from the same material, or perhaps at the same time, as the Earth, Moon, and Mars? Funny, didn't Velikovsky hypothesize that Venus wasn't formed at the same time as the rest of the planets? I know his physics is all bull, but he made so many accurate predictions about Venus, or what could be interpreted as right predictions.

[[Yes, I saw that about Venus's atmosphere, but immediately figured that the Velikovsky nuts would latch onto it. (But what the newspaper said was that Venus wasn't formed the same way as the rest of the planets, which makes Velikovsky equally wrong; he said it was originally part of Jupiter, which was still a planet the last time I looked.) RSC]] [[Steranko was given credit by the tv movie producers, not Ditko. I haven't kept up on DR STRANGE in a long time, but people who have tell me it was taken over by Steranko. His touch was apparent in set decorations and background effects, which I found really imaginative compared to the usual adapted tv movie. JWC]]

Mike Kring, 6413 Academy NE, Apt 213, Albuquerque NM 87109

It's been really too long since I last LoCed a Yandro, I know. I don't really have any excuses that are valid (I mean, getting married and starting college at the ripe old age of 26 are not good excuses) except that I've grown weary, or something, about fandom. It's not that I dislike fandom, or anything (in fact, I really like conventions, and adore good fanzines), it's just that I don't have the urge anymore to get totally involved in the whole scene. There is a whole new crop of fans out there, generating their own language (Dean Grennell's use of the word "imho" in Y245 left me totally confused. I have no idea whathehell it means) and fighting their own wars. (Seems to be a big thing about feminism, I believe. At least fandom hasn't changed; it's always been 5 to 10 years behind the rest of the world.) I can no longer whip out a Loc filled with wonderful witticisms wowing editors in a matter of hours. In fact, I find it difficult to LoC, period.

I thought "Pigs of Blackford" the best piece of faan-fiction I've read in many a year. Sandra Miesel seems to have a nice knack for writing.

Denny Lien's mention of having problems with stereos reminds me (how's that for a comment hook, eh?) of what happened when new neighbors moved in downstairs from us. (It's nice to be on the top floor.) We didn't think too much about them, but suddenly, this horrendous boom-boom-boom thumped against the floor, and we could hear their

stereo as plainly as if it was in the room with us. Being polite neighbors, we gave them 5 minutes to clean up their act, or we'd retaliate. The stereo kept going, and Marilyn (my wife) got out her copy of Bach Toccata and Fugue in D Minor and put it on her stereo and I got out my copy and put it on my stereo, which was in another room. We cranked up our volume controls as high as they would go, and then...we started, a little out of synch. I thought the building was going to fall apart around us when the organ's bass pedals were hit. After a mere 3 minutes or so of this music, we turned down the volumes on our stereos and listened. Not one sound from down below. So far, we haven't had any trouble with them since. And if we do, I have two albums of bagpipe music, and...

Dave Wixon asks about an Anarchist Establishment. Well, I think there is one. I mean, I've come across an Anarchist newspaper, with a weekly output, a staff of editors, and even editorial requirements. Does that qualify?

Mary Long mentions poetry and how teachers can screw up one's apathy toward it all, and turn it into raging hatred. I was talking to a grade school English Teacher type and told her that I thought forcing kids to learn about meter and simile and metaphor in grades 4-5-6 was absurd. First, you have to make sure the little brats will be interested in that stuff (and since poetry isn't something, like Math, that takes a lot of work to understand or like, contrary to popular belief, why bother with it until the interest is there?). As much as she agreed with my point of view, she couldn't shake the feeling that the little buggers would like it better if they were forced to know just what the hell a simile was, what a metaphor was, and just how does one go about writing a sonnet? I mean, the lady is a very nice person, it's just that, well, after being in the system so long, and being away from the approach the kids would have on something like that, she can't conceive of any other way of doing it. Which is a horrible shame. Marilyn hates poetry and doesn't even want to read any of it. I can understand why, since poetry does seem at first glance to be completely nonsense, but that just ain't so! There's so much neat stuff there! Oh well, it's too late, really. (Now if I can just get Marilyn to appreciate those god-awful Godzilla movies I drag her to see.)

[[Maybe the reason I always liked at least some poems was that none of my grade-school teachers made much over simile or alliteration or meter; they told us what they were, but generally they didn't force us to search through poems for examples. I did learn what meter was (which is more than most budding poets seem to do these days) but I don't think I ever did know the technical definition of a sonnet. (I know that I never cared what it was.) By high school, I was hooked. (I looked it up; I was 18 when my parents gave me a copy of Martha Keller's BRADY'S BEND AND OTHER BALLADS and it immediately became one of my alltime favorite books. But it wasn't until Juanita saw it that Keller became the co-favorite -- with Kipling -- poet of midwestern filksings.) RSC]] [[I was writing doggerel before I was in school; my mother transcribed it. And fortunately I never had a teacher who tried to bog down my enthusiasm with technicalities. Rhythm/meter just came easily, because I started taking piano when I was three and simply associated meter with beating time to music. It never occurred to me until quite late that some people had been turned off poetry by inept teachers and might be forever deprived of that joy all their lives as a result. What a sad indictment of the art of teaching.JWC]]

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

Cloning has an even wider impact on the future than even Juanita is considering. Cloning may be the way to transport materials and colonists to the planets of other stars. It reduces your ship size, increases the genetic pool that your colony is able to draw from, and allows you to ship everything organic that you might need -- live-stock, plants, crop materials -- in massive quantities. (That's basically oversimplified, I think, as you'd ship the plants in seed form.) The ability to clone may be one of the keys to interstellar colonization, simply because it reduces the expenditure and the potential of catastrophe. (What fun.) So it isn't all that necessary



for generation-ship hydroponics, simply because you don't have a generation ship...

Also, if you have the ability to clone, you also have the start of the ability to genetically sculpt a human being -- this has some very interesting possibilities.

Arrgh, I hate Mary Long. She reminds me of all those things I can't have, being here. Such as gooseberry tart (ghod, the slog of shaving, one by one, goosegebs, brushing on the shaving cream, wielding the old straight razor) Shepherd's pie. Mixed fruit and evaporated milk and sald and jelly and TV at four in the afternoon on Sunday. The Saturday afternoon sports-casts. Old women gabbing over the garden fence. Market on Saturday, and poring over the second-

hand bookstall..., sob.

I'll get Roger Waddington -- by the age of forty, all the energy's poured out of a man. More considered actions, true, and more mature, possibly, but all the energy's gone. Grr... No doubt I'll feel differently at forty. At twenty-one, I'm still writing madly, and writing about ANYTHING. (First sale is Analog SF and the second is a horror story. The world is weird.

I had it expressed by Judy del Rey that she wasn't about to touch most humor with a ten foot pole (except to ease it back out of the office) because it doesn't sell.

To solve the sexist argument, woman being unacceptable, and (wo)person being unacceptable too: refer to all women as Things. ('Oh yes, Buck Coulson and his Thing, Juanita.') Of course, it could always be Woperthing.

Watch this space -- I'll show you some real inanity one of these days.

Wabash got mentioned in SAFE PLACES. Around here, when we first got here, Mandeville was undergoing the first pains of transition from Colonialist Town to Jamaican town -- when Tom Disch wrote about it in "The Leader of the Revolution", it was still basically a white man's town, very uppersnoot. The guy who taught me rifle shooting. was a real British Army overseas type, by the name of Colonel Gordwin; I based Major Laird-Hamlyn ("The Duppy Tree") on him. He got shot recently, too, struggling with some nut over a gun. (Recently? About sixteen months ago.) Things tend to be very peculiar, too -- anybody black and with money is trying to pretend they're white. Some of the worst treatment of blacks here is by blacks, very nasty. We also have a knee-jerk "socialist" government that's done a good job of turning everybody against everybody else. I wouldn't like to live in Kingston (too hot, too dusty, too violent).

I once stayed some weeks in a little place called Worthington, in the UK, living with an Uncle. I managed to get myself banned from the local pub because someone had at me over something, and I went back at him, verbally, which can be a nasty experience. No brawls, just words. Got banned -- this is quite typical of small towns in the UK, especially in farming country. (They also ban hippies, who are anybody with long hair or different attitudes -- that is, anybody they damn well please.) Gee, I'm getting offended again.

Green Bay is an example of our government's utter incompetence. Not only can't they cover up a bush shootdown properly, but they can't even find soldiers who can kill people at point-blank range using machine guns. Even better, the inquiry recommended that the ten be charged with murder. No more has been said. Ain't gonna see 'em again. Right now the government, in the spirit of co-operation, and with an eye on increasing tourism, is busy busting Americans and Canadians for minor currency offences -- like putting down whatever figure comes into their heads on the currency forms.

[[But generations-ships make such marvelous backgrounds for stories. You trying to destroy my Sense of Wonder? (I bet you don't even believe that Mars has canals.)// I always thought a gooseberry tart was a ticklish prostitute.// Wabash is indeed quite safe. A trifle dull, but safe. (We lived there about 3 years, most of the time a few miles out of town in an old and much rattier farmhouse than the one we're in now. RSC]]

Lester Boutillier, 2726 Castiglione St., New Orleans LA 70119

On blue food, yes, it is a turnoff. There was an experiment some years ago in which harmless and tasteless blue coloring was added to glasses of milk to see if people would drink it. Few if any people to whom this blue milk (described as harmless by the scientists) was offered actually sampled it.

"Ligeia" may not be well known to those among the masses whose only knowledge of Poe comes from Vincent Price films and the reading of "The Raven" they had to do in junior high school. But among Poe freaks it's a major story. At least one Poe scholar has made a great deal of the similarities he finds between it and "The Fall of the House of Usher."

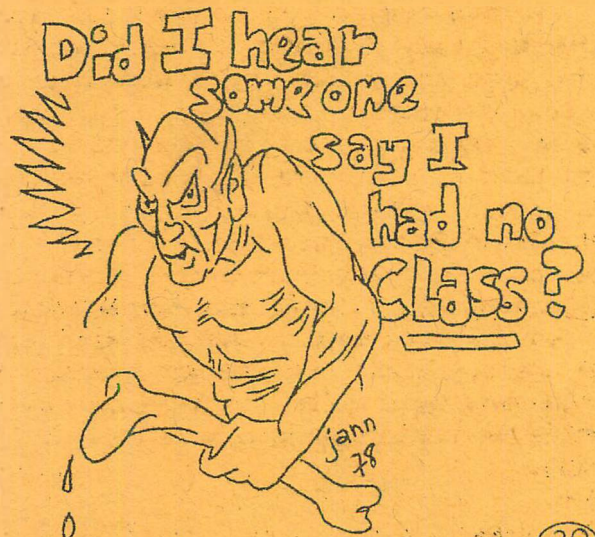
Denny Lien condemns tv (as I do generally, even though I was still a tv freak as recently as 4 years ago), but he lauds the Rutles tv movie. I own a set and watch the news and a few other things, not many things but enuff to justify the set in my opinion. The less you use the set, of course, the lower your electric bill is each month.

Actually Bill Dale Marcinko is really going into the red, from what I gather. His print run and page count are both high, and he does everything offset. I hope he gets access to a mimeograph, because he seems heading toward losing his shirt over his zine, which I have seen, though; and it is pretty good, though it would appeal more to comics fans than SF fans. Some of the humor pieces are hilarious, bizarre but hilarious.

Regarding nut cults and religions, I have trouble telling the difference between the two. At least the Herbangelists and Great Spiderists aren't really serious about it all. Um, are they?

And there are all kinds of weird saints in the Catholic pantheon (or whatever they call it; it's been years since my last catechism class), like St. John the Dwarf and St. Catherine the Astonishing. Most of the weird ones were canonized because they spent lives of self flagellation or somesuch, like St Rose de Lima who's big with Catholics there. There were also many pagans who were canonized by mistake, including the most notorious of them all, St. Olaf of Sweden, who was probably canonized for propaganda reasons when the Church was trying to convert the Norsefolk. St. Olaf was no Catholic. In fact his biggest claim to fame was his personally-ordered slaughter of hundreds of Catholics. And this guy wasn't bumped off the calendar when St. Christopher and the others were.

There's much talk in this issue of Yandro about the superiority of "fannish" attitudes, culture, and people to "mundane" attitudes, culture, and people. But I've found that while most mundanes are as bad as the stereotyped image we fannish types have of them, a great many are not. Sandra speaks of growing "up fannish in Edwardian England". There wasn't any fandom back then of course. What a lot of fans mean by "fannish" is simply "non Middle American," an adjective that can apply to a great many nonfans as well. And there are many fans today who are more middle-American (and less "fannish") than many mundanes I know. I guess the situation varies with geography. The kind of enlightened, unbiased, literate, intelligent, witty people that fans deem worthy of the term "fannish" are less likely to be found among mundanes in most places in the south and midwest than in New York City or some



of the ivy league towns of the northwest. On the other hand New Orleans and Minneapolis are more likely to have "fannish" mundanes than Los Angeles. In New Orleans it's said that there are two kinds of people, the Yats and the Gators. Without going into the etymological derivations of the two terms, suffice to say that the Yats (by far the dominant group) are the typical "mundanes", while the Gators would be considered "fannish". "Fannish mundanes" don't read or discuss sf, but neither do faannish fans for the most part. Among the Gators (who're concentrated in the Quarter and in the renovated uptown neighborhoods along the river) there's even somewhat of a counterpart to a fan convention. Twice a year they have what's known as the Armand Ruhlman Film Festival, a collection of campy short films and a few genuine classics put together in honor of a video man who moved to California some years ago. There's even talk now of an Armand Ruhlman fan club, which if it comes off would vaguely resemble fandom's own Jon Singer fan club.

[[No, I don't think "non-middle-American" is an adequate description of "fannishness". For one thing, most of the older farmers around here are "non-middle-American" as far as their attitudes go; they're far more conservative and less mercenary. But they sure aren't fannish. Fannishness includes a sense of the ridiculous (and sometimes a genuine sense of humor) and a wide range of interests, including but not confined to literary fields. (Those "broad mental horizons" fans used to talk about. Most of the horizons are shallow, but they're quite broad.) RSC]]

[[Gee, people I knew while I was growing up drank blue milk all the time. The cream and the butter got separated out for "our boys in service". Nobody was too crazy about the remaining blue milk -- as the term was commonly used -- but if you wanted milk that was the main opportunity to enjoy it. The cast in STAR WARS seemed able to drink it too, even amid the confusion of having the container levitate magically from one of Luke's hands to the other between cuts in the film. (For a movie with that much publicity and ardent following, it has some remarkably sloppy script continuity work, that being just one of several mis-matching shots.) I'll agree to disagree with the non-tv watchers. My opinion is they're entitled to their opinion, and I to mine. I won't disparage theirs and I wish they'd lay off mine. I have very little chance to go to films -- as is true of a large chunk of the population. Telling geographically isolated people they're deprived and implying they're dumb for enjoying the remaining visual dramatic form available to them seems, at best, tactless. At worst, assuming one's opinion is the only one acceptable. I do see films occasionally, and pick and choose as carefully as I can when the chance arises. Of all the films I've seen in the past years in theatres, there are only two I've seen in which I think there are worthwhile scenes which will have to be cut in commercial tv replays, and thereby the films will be critically damaged: MIDNIGHT COWBOY and COMING HOME. All the rest I have eventually seen in tv versions that were just as valid as the original versions. By and large, nudity and obscenity do not add to the drama, not to what the drama should be about. Only in those two instances was the censoring hurtful -- in my opinion. Ergo -- again, in my opinion -- I'm not missing much at all by taking my main visual drama source as tv. It's academic, anyway, since it's the only main one I'm going to get while I live out here in real middle America. JWC]]

The following are short excerpts from rather elderly letters; I finally emptied the letter-file. RSC

John J. Alderson, P.O. Box 72, Maryborough, Victoria 3465 AUSTRALIA

I enjoyed Sandra Miesel's article on doing chemistry. Reminds me of the time I did the subject. However we were not wanted to have anything to do with organic chemistry...we were in a farming area and that may have been useful locally. We were, after all, being groomed for the laboratories of Mt Isa and Broken Hill. However, in defiance of all the plans of the Education Dept I did work locally in a lab, as "mud doctor", that is, testing the clay for a reservoir wall. The best test for moisture still remains: take some clay in your hand and squeeze it. If it squeezes through

your fingers it's too wet; if it falls apart when you open your hand it's too dry.

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

Another out-of-print book I'd very much like to get hold of is called WILD TRAVEL-ER. It's about a coyote and has a picture of one on the cover. The byline for that one is Hopf. Don't exactly know why, except that the publisher (Norton) did a lot of my SF books under the Lightner byline and wanted to use the other name for other genres. I showed the ms to the NY Editor for Disney, and he said it was the best coyote story he'd ever read -- BUT -- they had already done all the coyote films they wanted. Sad.

Rick Rostrum, Small Change, 1442 W Farrell, Chicago IL 60626

Stupidity is its own punishment -- usually. But who gets punished? The stupid person, or some bystander who happened to be within range when the stupid one was playing with his firearm? Some cases that I can think of: A young woman killed while driving along the east edge of Manhattan when a man in Brooklyn took a shot at a beer can in the East River and missed, so that the bullet skipped off the water, went up into Manhattan, and hit the young woman in the head, killing her instantly. Another young woman, shot and killed while walking down the sidewalk on the South Side of Chicago, because an old man who had been harassed by the local punks thought he heard the sound of his windows being broken, grabbed his shotgun, rushed outside, and let fly at a group of teens on the sidewalk out front (the windows hadn't been damaged). Some of your pro-gun correspondents have relished the idea of muggers encountering old ladies with .45s in their handbags; I hope they note this case and think about it. The son of a prominent member of the Middle Kingdom of the SCA, killed when he found his father's pistol, and the babysitter tried to get it away from him. The father has a national reputation in the SCA, and years of experience with firearms; is this what you mean by "stupid"? Every day the newspaper has stories of children killed while playing with firearms. Frequently, they are the children of neighbors. I might someday bury my child because my neighbor left his .38 in a bottom drawer. How smart do I have to be? Maybe the media have sold me a bill of goods, but it looks to me as though the utility of firearms in self-defense against criminals is much less than their potential for lethal accident to harmless children.

[[The SCA father is exactly what I meant by "stupid"; anyone with years of experience with firearms who leaves a loaded gun around where his kid can get at it is dumb. How old was the kid, anyway? I knew better than to pull dumb stunts with guns when I was five years old. So did Bruce. The children killed accidentally with guns are far fewer than the children killed accidentally in auto accidents, in fires (often caused by the parents' carelessness with smoking materials), by getting into their parents' medicine cabinets, or, as we've been learning recently, than those beaten to death by their parents. In every other case of accidental death the blame is given to a lack of safety precautions; only if the kid is shot does the instrument of death get the blame. RSC]]

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

Dave Locke should have his own personal medical journal published or at the very least some medical journal should feature a whole issue on him. His is an interesting column to read, certainly not dull, and would also make a good soap opera. Don't you think so? I have been lucky and stay out of hospitals, away from doctors, dentists, and witches. Dave has my sympathy.

[[Medical journals are so dry. How about a tv series? We could call it "Locke's Lock" and have Dan Haggerty play the lead. RSC]]

Robert E. Briney, address above

Recently read another (the last?) of Thomas Burnett Swann's posthumous books -- this one not fiction, but movie history/nostalgia: THE HEROINE OR THE HORSE: Leading

Ladies In Republic's Films. I must say that I would rather the book had not been published, since it can't do Swann's reputation any good. His veneration of obscure and/or second-rate actresses was amusing when it manifested itself in the dedications of his novels; but a whole book of it is just embarrassing. Especially when the same book contains endless bitchy comments about actresses who failed to catch his fancy: he dwells at length on Vera Ralston's mannishly broad shoulders, and small close-set eyes. Even in a case where no particular animus is involved, he feels compelled to remark that Judy Canova had a face "like that of a good-natured ass".

The book does have a good selection of photographs, however, even if the balance is predictably skewed: six shots of Rita Hayworth and 21 of Adele Jergens... (Book published in 1977 by A.S. Barnes; I got my copy from the Nostalgia Book Club.)

[[Actually, that's not too bad a description of Judy Canova...I can't say I agreed with Swann's taste in women, though; he was too fond of blondes. RSC]]

Joe L. Hensley, 2315 Blackmore, Madison IN 47250

Thanks for the kind review on A KILLING IN GOLD. It's done well enough in hard-cover with about 7,000 sold as of now, two months after publication. I don't know whether I told you but the first five are coming out in paperback from some new paper outfit, "Condor Books", starting in July and every month thereafter. I'm beginning to see a few of their books around. For selfish reasons I hope they do well. I've not read the Bretnor book which was also listed, but I did read Isaac's book and liked it.

[[That was to be July 1978, and I have yet to see any of Joe's books in pb. Or anything else in the Condor line, for that matter. Poor distribution? RSC]]

Al Sirois, 550 Dixwell Ave., New Haven CT 06511

Linda and I arrived home from Boskone last night, and in the small pile of mail waiting for us was the 25th Anniversary issue of Yandro. Twenty-five years! I'll be 28 in three weeks. I am a mere three years older than this fanzine, which is, to me, a strange thought. You are rather blasé about the age of the zine, which I guess is understandable, but to me it's fascinating to realize that in Yandro you have a continually-evolving (as it were) product of your minds and hands which is a quarter of a century old. I have nothing, in terms of what could be termed a creative manifestation of myself, which can come anywhere near that. As I say, fascinating to me.

By the way, tho I've been in SFWA for five years, I am only now getting to the point where I am no longer intimidated by these people. I have decided that after all, I am in this business, and have a bigger stake than they do, being as determined as I am to be both a writer and artist of sf. I must want to lose twice as much money as anyone else in the field, but be that as it may. So, if I'm in sf to stay, which I have decided that I am, I have my own integrity to uphold, such as it us. So I went to a meeting at the con and wasn't even nervous.

Also attended a meeting of ASFA, the Association of SF Artists. To go to it I had to leave the SFWA meeting a little early, which I didn't want to do, but I was determined to go to the ASFA thing. I'm glad I did, but nothing has really been resolved yet; everything is in the formative stages. I think there is definite promise, tho. The sf artists need ASFA, in my opinion. At least, some of them do. As long as it doesn't get hung up with awards and the like, I'll be happy to be a member. If it starts getting into awards, I'll quit. I am not in this field to accrue awards, which are nothing more than popularity gauges. I am in this field because I like to write and draw.

[[Any further word on ASFA? Artists' groups never seem to quite jell. Years ago I recall reading in Astounding and maybe in Fantasy Times that ASF artist Paul Orban was trying to start an artists' association. Never heard anything further about it. Then, when I was SFWA secretary, Mike Hinge had a letter in one of the SFWA publications about a possible artists' group. Never heard anything further on that, either. RSC]]

Don D'Amassa, 19 Angell Drive, East Providence RI 02914

I am not one to recommend van Vogt's stuff; with a very few exceptions I have considered all of his stuff since he started writing again to be totally unreadable (~~THE SECRET GALACTICS~~ is shockingly bad). But I do recommend ~~THE VIOLENT MAN~~. It has been years since I read it, but I recall at the time considering it very untypical and surprisingly good. I suppose I should read it again to be sure. It is not, however, a new novel. My Avon paperback edition is dated 1962.

Laurine White might be interested in fact that Jakes' ~~WHEN THE IDOLS WALKED~~ is not, as she thinks, new either. The magazine serial was in 1964, and Paperback Library did a paperback edition a few years later. As far as I know there have been only three volumes of Brak adventures. There was the original, ~~BRAK THE BARBARIAN~~, ~~IDOLS~~, and ~~MARK OF THE DEMONS~~ or somesuch.

watch title

Robert E. Briney, address above...

To add to an earlier letter, I can't fault Swann for liking obscure actresses. Like you, I was for many years a devout Yvonne DeCarlo fan. Still am, in fact, as long as it isn't "Munster" re-runs. I still remember sitting through ~~SALOME WHERE SHE DANCED~~ (and its double feature, which I don't remember) four times -- and being hauled out of the theater by a policeman and my nearly-hysterical mother, who was convinced that I had been kidnapped or murdered. And I sat through an awful lot of atrocious low-budget horror flicks just to watch Alison Hayes. I can't think of any contemporary actress to whom I would give such fidelity. Today it would be opera star Shirley Verrett or dancer Jerilyn Dana. Or -- just possibly -- actress Salome Jens. (She co-starred with Rock Hudson in ~~SECONDS~~, but is primarily a stage actress.)

favorite obscure actress does any one know

[[My favorites among actresses currently appearing are Joan Hackett and Eileen Brennan. (We saw "The Cheap Detective" solely because Brennan was in it -- and enjoyed it -- and I watched as much as I could stand of the recent PBS production of "Mourning Becomes Electra", mostly for Hackett. Eventually I couldn't take the slow pacing and predictability, even for Hackett, but I tried.) RSC]] [[Alison Hayes is currently doing dog food commercials, and seems to have aged rather well. Of course, she had so much looks to start with... JWC]]

Stockand Channing but not 1st to show

John Alderson, address above

One even finds amusement in your Things That Go Bump in the Mailbox such as the part about Ellen Cooperman. Of course names interest me. They embody a lot of history of the founder of the family and generally are the actual name of the founder, him- or herself. Thus a person descended from a cooper would be called Cooper, one descended from the cooper's son would be Cooperson. But the Cooperman are descended from the cooper's man. Obviously to change such a name to Cooper would be to claim descent from someone other than the founder of the family, and thereby steal someone else's family and history. But Copperperson...reminds me of a story which I hope you will bear with. A cooper was originally a cask or barrel. A certain man decided to become a sailor and accordingly signed on. After a few weeks at sea he approached the mate and explained his trouble. Which was, what do you do when you want a bit of sex on board ship? So the mate took him below and showed him a barrel and told him to use the end of that. Which he did and was pleased enough to ask if he could come back again tomorrow. The mate shook his head. "Not tomorrow; it's your turn in the barrel tomorrow."

Obviously a cooperperson. And a fitting origin for anyone who is prepared to falsify history.

[We can't get too serious about the history of surnames; too much of it has already been falsified, down through the years -- slaves' names, garbled versions of immigrants' names, which are thereafter assigned to them by the government of their new nation, not to mention the families in non-hyphenated Western cultures which bred only daughters and thereby lost their "family" names entirely in the following generations. RSC & JWC]]

Don D'Ammassa, address above

Actually, I can think of some justification for publishing a larger amount of news about the "evil" actions of our allies than of the similar or worse activities of our "enemies". First of all, we get more news in general from the former. Second, in some ways it is more important that our allies behave themselves. We can expect the other people to cheat. When our friends start breaking the rules, and we condone it, then we've lost the moral superiority that we claim to have had all along. I'd certainly like to give the utmost publicity to Soviet and other people's villainy, but it's more important that it be publicized in places that are neutral than in the US.

Roger Waddington, 4 Commercial Street, Norton, Malton, North Yorkshire, YO17 93S UK

I can concur with John Alderson, in his remarks on the decline of graceful travel; my personal indicator of the passing of time, of the juggernaut roll of progress, is that the liners no longer sail to South Africa, and unless you embark on a world cruise, no longer see Table Mountain rise out of the dawn. There is a ferry service still between here and the Six Counties, so you can still go across the sea to Ireland, though with the astronomical prices, the only time might well be at the closing of your day. But there is an equal trend that I've noticed, which might be woven into the same fabric -- and maybe not so prevalent in the States, where to judge from the travel features that I've seen in various American magazines, the world is still very much your oyster -- in that there seems to be an increasing number of holidaymakers who spend their vacation at home, exploring those regions of Britain that they've hitherto neglected in favour of Spain, Italy, and all the other Continental countries.

I don't know whether it's that I'm getting older, but the items in antique shops seem to be getting perilously near my own age or come straight out of my own experience; there's Coronation mugs, all manner of tin toys, even fire surrounds and fire-irons, and even the humble flat iron (i.e., the one you heat without benefit of electricity) is even in there, marked as an Interesting Curio with an equally interesting price. Well, they're either scraping the bottom of the barrel for things they can sell to a gullible public, or else they are becoming genuine antiques; in which case, I think I'd better polish up my memoirs!

[[Americans have always, in the main, gone to other parts of their own country. Until recently, only the very rich could afford to go anywhere else (except possibly Canada or Mexico). Matter of size; I believe it's farther from Hartford City to Los Angeles than it is from North Yorkshire to Istanbul. RSC]]

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

Speaking of Tucker, I thot you might be interested in the enclosed assessment of his "chauvinism". It's from a scholarly mishmash called THE CREATION OF TOMORROW by Paul A. Carter. He's in good company as far as chauvinism goes, though. On the very next page, Carter reports that Chip Delaney is also a male chauvinist, which conclusion he bases on his reading of DAHLGREN. From what I saw and heard of Delaney up here at the convention last fall, he couldn't be much more militantly feminist unless he was Joanna Russ. (Come to think of it, he read her paper for her at the UW-M conference when she couldn't make it because of illness.)

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

The US consulate was as paranoid as ever about visas; in fact, the rooms looked like they were preparing for a minor siege. They wanted to know how much money I was taking, so I lied, of course, for although I'll have the amount I wanted available to me, I'm hanged if I'll take it out in high yield bonds that are no longer available, unless I absolutely have to. Looks like I'll have to bluff my way at the borders, as far as funds go. At least they gave me the multiple re-entry visa for four years, for which I asked. Got tickets to Auckland, New Zealand yesterday for the 3rd June, open dated return. Have a cheap flight Auckland to Honolulu, and I'll decide

at Honolulu whether I'll go to Vancouver, or straight to the USA. The trouble is, the return flight I want is illegal here, which means I've got to buy it in either NZ (where there is a 10 percent government tax) or in the USA -- and they might not let me into the USA without a ticket out. Grump.

[[Speaking of the decline of graceful travel...RSC]]

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

Carrying guns is possibly one of the least obnoxious facets of the "rural mentality". On the other end of the scale is self-righteousness and hypocrisy. How anyone can claim that rural people are basically friendly, outgoing, and quick to help hasn't had much contact with the pious, Bible-thumping fundamentalists of Okie-land and similar environs. The things the religious crowd does here, in the name of decency and a better community, downright boggles the mind. But let the worst bastard imaginable join church and suddenly he's the salt of the earth to the members of that church. No matter if he doesn't change otherwise. Old story.

Friend of mine who smokes a lot of funny cigarettes told me he recently cooked and ate a groundhog, and that it was very tasty. One of those times when words escape me.

Books about missionaries (vanity published) are hot stuff in Mayes County. They even peddle them on the streets of towns as small as Locust Grove.

Somebody vandalized the big summer revival meeting this year. Crept into the area in the wee hours, tied the tent to a truck and drove away with it. Scattered folding chairs for a quarter of a mile. Praise God.

[[Well, groundhogs are related to rabbits and squirrels, and they're considered pretty good eating. Though I understand a groundhog should be young to be very edible. My father said that groundhog was okay, and coon was okay, but possum was the most revolting food the mind of man could devise. I've never eaten any of them, though.// Rural people -- aside from a few ultra-suspicious hillbilly types -- are friendly, outgoing, and quick to help strangers, which is what most writers about them are. If you're just passing through, you're no threat. It's when you settle down among them that you have to meet their standards. RSC]]

Ron Salomon, 1014 Concord St., Framingham MA 01701

- It will be a while before I get to school-age items. I'm currently buying great kiddie-liter-ary (that caught me unawares) works that I never had the opportunity to read before now. This year I read MARY POPPINS (much better than the movie!), FREAKY FRIDAY, the NARNIA books, along with some juvenile Asimov (Starr books) and del Rey. Next year I may get to the Poo books. So obviously Shakespeare is a while away.

Enjoyed "Pigs of Blackford", but who is Gullinbursti?

As for Bob Bloch's letter, one of the continuing big news items hereabouts is a child abuse case. The mother, I think, was just convicted of manslaughter because the 2 year old girl she and hubby had was brutally killed during the big February snowstorm and put in the trash. The body was taken to the dump and has yet to be found.

[[There's another trait of many fans; adults are still capable of enjoying "children's literature"; which I suppose is a point for those who think that fans have "adolescent" mentalities. (Though most of the people who say that have pompous-ass mentalities.) RSC]] [[I was fortunate enough to be read MARY POPPINS as a continued story by my 5th Grade school teacher. It was a much-appreciated reward for good behavior during the day and was read to us each day (if we'd shaped up) before dismissal bell. I recall kids groaned when the bell rang, wanting to hear more of the story rather than go home. I did the same for my second graders the year I taught, reading them the original WIZARD OF OZ, with the same reaction when I had to stop. Some stories never seem to age very much or lose their charm. JWC]]

SPECIAL DUFF ANNOUNCEMENT

Over the past several years DUFF, the Down Under Fan Fund, has operated to take a North American fan to Australia to attend the Australian National Convention, held in August before the Worldcon, or in alternate years, to take an Australian fan to North America for the World Science Fiction Convention. Past winners were Lesleigh Luttrell (1972), Leigh Edmonds (1974), Rusty Hevelin (1975) Christine Ashby (nee McGowan (1976), William Rotsler (1977), and Paul Stevens (1978). DUFF is funded by the contributions of contributors, fans who have donated a minimum of \$1.50 to vote for the various nominees, and also by the proceeds of fan auctions and other fund raising efforts.

The 1979 DUFF race, to bring an American fan to Australia, is likely to fail. Not because of a lack of generosity or support by fans, but because there are at present no candidates entered in the DUFF race. Due to various misunderstandings and mail delays, not the fault of the current DUFF administrators, the only fanzines in which the DUFF race has been announced have been two Australian newszines, John Foyster's Chunder and Merv Finns' Australian Science Fiction News.

DUFF needs candidates, and it needs them now. Official requirements are nomination by three American fans and two Australian fans, a five dollar bond posted with the administrator, and a written DUFF platform of about a hundred words.

In the interests of getting the 1979 DUFF race started with the least possible delay, and because nominations would have to close early this year, would everyone interested in being a candidate please write now to the Australian administrator. Please do not wait to arrange all your nominators; this sort of thing can be forwarded later. If interested in running for DUFF, write straight away to the Australian administrator:

Paul J Stevens
C/- SPACE AGE BOOKS
305 Swanston Street
Melbourne Victoria 3000
AUSTRALIA

STRANGE FRUIT

FANHISTORICA #8 (Joe Siclari, 2201 NE 45th. St., Lighthouse Point, FL 33064 - \$1 - irregular) Allegedly historic fanzine reprints. You know what I think of that, but if you like it, Siclari has a good selection; F. Towner Laney, Walt Willis, Ted White and Bob Tucker are all represented. Recommended to those who take fandom itself seriously. Rating.....7

THE TUCKER TRANSFER (Gale Burnick, 2266 Jackson, Dubuque, IA 52001 - one-shot - \$2) Profits to go to the fund to send Tucker to England (since he doublecrossed everyone and came back from Australia. "The Pong came back; he couldn't stay no longer..." Have at it, filksingers.) This is material about, rather than by, Tucker; by Terry Hughes, Howard Waldrop, Phyllis Eisenstein, Mark Aronson, Mike Glicksohn, and the editor. Not bad, though on the whole I think I'd have preferred a fanzine of Tucker reprints. But it's for a good cause. Rating.....5

STAR WARS' ROOTS (Alex Gilliland, 4030 8th. St. South, Arlington, VA 22204 - one-shot - \$1.25) Maybe more by mail; I bought mine at a convention. Nice SW parody in play form, enlivened by a few Gilliland cartoons. Rating....7

SHAMBLES #5 (Ed Cagle, Star Route South, Box 80, Locust Grove, OK 74352, and Dave Locke, 3650 Newton St. #15, Torrance, CA 90505 - a free sample from Locke if he likes your request letter) A joint effort from two of fandom's best humorists (though as they approach middle age from one direction or another, the humor tends to revolve more and more about drinking and sex). Interesting letter column. All in all, very enjoyable. Rating.....7

WILD FENNEL #15 (Pauline Palmer, 2510 48th. St., Bellingham, WA 98225 - \$1) Offset on newsprint; not too common. Good repro. A fanzine from people who write very well about subjects that I'm mostly not the slightest bit interested in. Ah well; it's generally entertaining anyway. Rating...6

SCIENTIFRICTION #10 (Mike Glycer, 1494 Osceola St., Sylmar, CA 91342 - irregular - \$1) Thick thing; some 64 pages. Very well offset, with mostly excellent art. Fairly good balance between fan and pro-slanted material (though of course my opinion is that one Dave Locke column of rambling humor overbalances a dozen of Lou Stathis's surveys of the magazine field). Nothing particularly exciting, but all good, solid material. Rating.....7

ZOZMA 11, 12 (Steve George, 94 Brock St., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3N 0Y4, Canada - \$3 a year - monthly) Thin, neatly done genzine. Mostly but not entirely editor-written. Fair amount of variety; moderately enjoyable. Rating....4

MALFUNCTION #10, 11 (Pete Presford, "ty gwyn", Maxwell Close, Buckley, Clwyd, Cymru, Great Britain - irregular - no price listed) I guess putting out #11 before #10 would be considered irregular, though maybe not in Wales. Reason seems to be that #10 is professionally printed - with color, yet - and #11 is rather poorly mimeographed. #11 is editor-written plus letters and is moderately interesting; #10 has a variety of articles, verse, and a comics section, none of which interested me in the slightest. Unrated because I can't produce an average from those two samples, but it's generally an acceptable fanzine.

MAYA #15 (Robert Jackson, 71 King John St., Heaton, Newcastle upon Tyne NE6 5XR, Great Britain - \$1 - no schedule listed) Printed; thin but large-size. Pretty strictly fannish as opposed to pro material; generally well done. Interesting letters. Rating....6

LAN'S LANTERN #7 (George Laskowski, Jr., 47 Valley Way, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013 - quarterly? - no price listed) I could do without the fiction and the con reports (I've seen worse con reports, actually, but I dislike the species). But there is variety enough for everyone, even me. An interview with Tucker, movie reviews, verse, speeches, letters. Rating...6

KICKSHAW #1 (Clifford R. Wind, 304 E. Thomas, #14, Seattle, WA 98102 - no schedule listed; try a freshly polished half-dollar for a sample copy) Usual variety of material. Darkover fans note that Jessica Salmonson has an article on the Free Amazons (I don't think much of it, but then I don't think much of any of Jessica's opinions in the last year or so). Wind has a good editorial and altogether it's a promising fanzine (though one wonders if the promise includes putting out another issue). Rating.....5

GLASS KEYS #1 (Perry Middlemiss, P.O. Box 98, Rundle St., Adelaide 5000, Australia) DELIRIUM #1 lia - all one-shots, probably - 50¢) I don't know if the editor has something specific intended or just can't make up his friggling mind. Size and quality of reproduction change (the repro improves), but content stays pretty similar; heavy on reviews and serious articles. The editor says he wants a more varied product but hasn't achieved it yet. Writing isn't bad for a beginning effort. Rating...4 ea.

VOICE OF THE LOBSTER #1 (Voice of the Lobster, c/o Noreascon II, P.O. Box 46, MIT Branch P.O., Cambridge, MA 02139 - quarterly? - 50¢) Published by the Worldcon Committee "to encourage discussion of Worldcon management and related topics". I doubt if it will help the con any, but fans who enjoy backseat committeeing now have a forum, and something might come out of it. Fair reproduction.

TANTRUM #1 (Bruce Pelz, 15931 Kalisher St., Granada Hills, CA 91344) Personalzine. I have no idea how you get on the mailing list, but you can always ask; Bruce won't be bashful about turning you down if he feels that way. Most of this issue is a sort of insider's con report of LosCon 4. Aside from that, it was very enjoyable, and I even got a certain amount of enjoyment out of the con report. Bruce's personality comes across very well in print. (As I've said before, I would never try to work closely on any project with him, because one of us would end up killing the other, but as long as we stay in separate spheres I admire him immensely.)

DREAM VENDOR #3 (Alan Sandercook, 44 Glen Road #1009, Hamilton, Ont. L8S 4N2, Canada - 3 or 4 times a year - 50¢) Editorial comments on science fiction books and movies, and his move from Germany to Canada, all moderately interesting. Reasonably interesting letter column. Digest size, offset, good enough but infrequent art. Rating.....5

KRATOPHANY #11 (Eli Cohen, 2236 Allison Rd., Vancouver, BC V6T 1T6, Canada - irregular - \$1) Well, you get variety; from a discussion of the philosophy of physics to a detailed account of Jerry Kaufman's latest haircut (which is far more interesting than one might think). Fairly good lettercolumn; excellent art and reproduction. Rating....7

RESOLUTION #3 (Jackie Causgrove, 3650 Newton St. #15, Torrance, CA 90505 - irregular - 50¢) Jackie hasn't entirely deserted fanzine fandom for conventions - just mostly. (I hear she's been getting advice on fanzine scheduling from Lee Hoffman.) Oh well, when it arrives it's entertaining. Entirely a personalzine; Dave Locke and Dean Grennell are the only contributors (use only the best). Light, humorous, and recommended, in case it ever comes out again. Rating.....7

THRUST #11 (Thrust Publications, P.O. Box 746, Adelphi, MD 20783 - biennial - \$1.50) Another one offset on newsprint; might be the coming thing. Very serious; articles on writing, on the politics of winning an award, interviews with authors, reviews, etc. Lots of controversial columnists, and of course controversy in the letter column. Fans seem to mostly think it's very good; worth trying. Rating...6