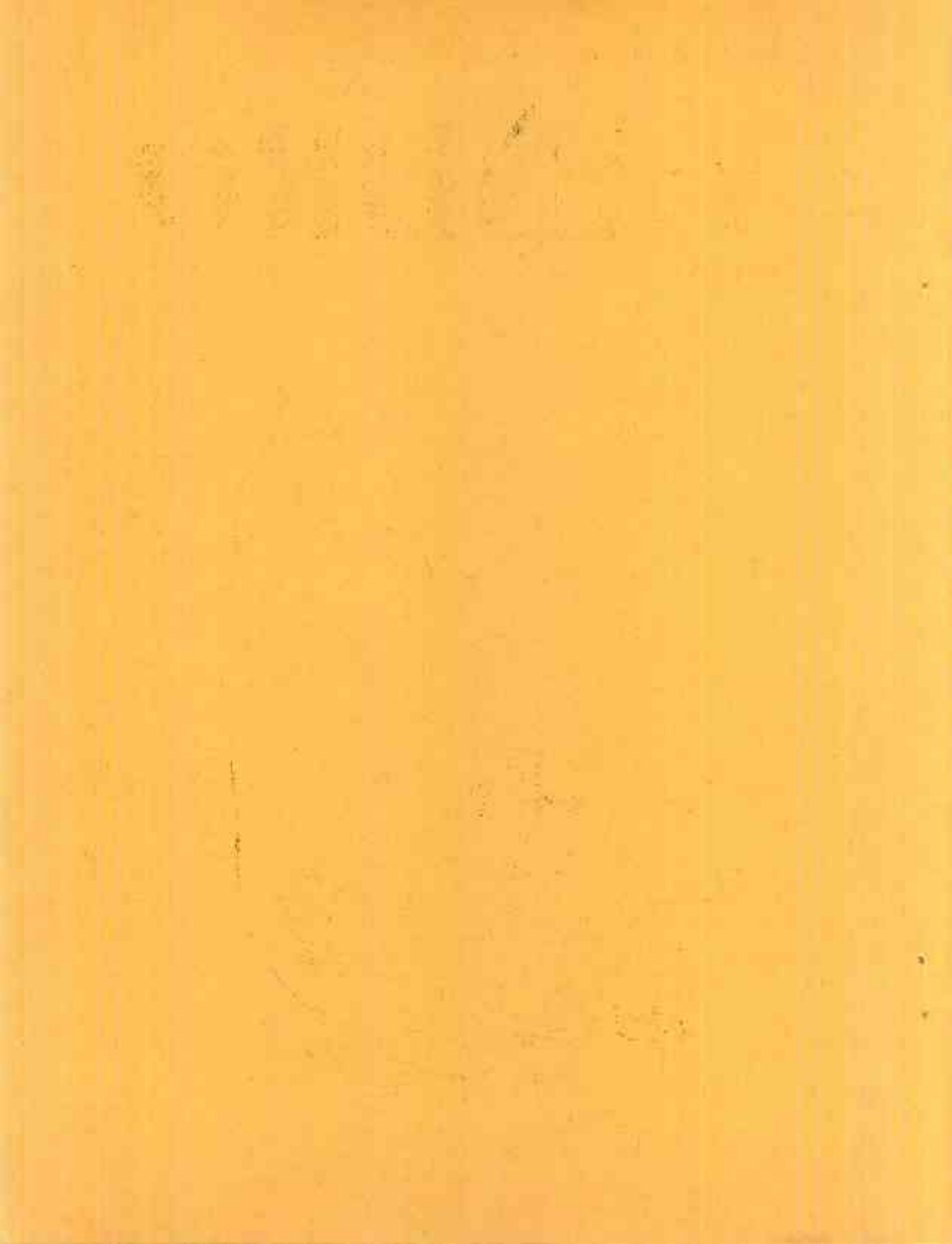


YANDRO



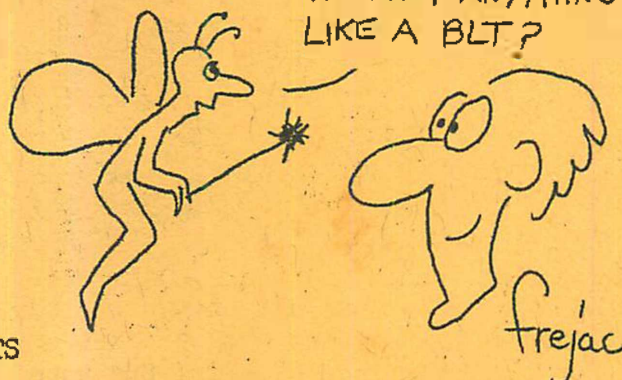


Published by Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3,
Hartford City, IN 47348, USA
British Agent is Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead
Road, Hoddesdon, Herts., Great Britain
Price, US: 75¢, 5 for \$3.00, 10 for
\$5.00

Britain: 35p, 5 for £1.50, 10
for £2.50

YANDRO 251 XVII
3

MAKE YOU A BNF?
IS THAT ANYTHING
LIKE A BLT?



I wonder what a typewriter salesman
would say if I demanded a machine with
a Pound sign on it?

"The sky was a pit of bale and dread,
and a monster revelled there."

....Robert W. Service

CONTENTS

Ramblings (editorial)	- - - - - JWC	2
Rumblings (")	- - - - - RSC	4
Difugalty #27 (column)	- - - - - Dave Locke	6
A Not So Shining Review	- - - - - Bruce Coulson	9
Ripples (verse)	- - - - - L. Sprague de Camp	10
Golden Minutes (book reviews)	- - - - - RSC	11
Strange Fruit (fanzine reviews)	- - - - - RSC	29
Grumblings (letters)	- - - - -	32
Things That Go Bump! In The Mailbox	- - - - -	49

ARTWORK

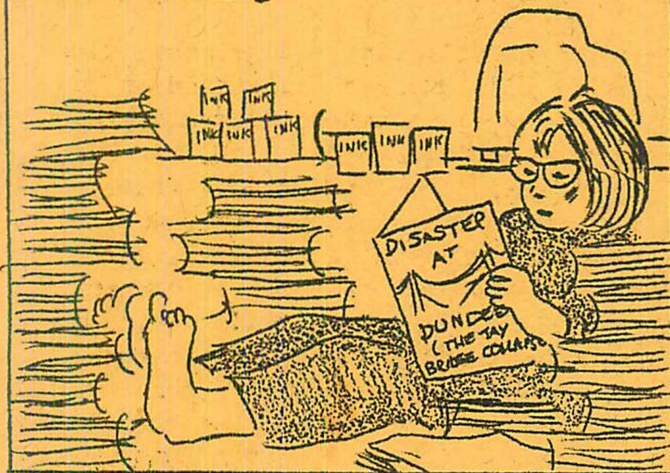
Cover by Kurt Erichsen

Page 1 - - - - Fred Jackson III	Page 32 - - - - Dave Piper
" 1 (logo) - - - Bill Danner	" 33 - - - - Jann Frank
" 2 - - - - JWC	" 36 - - - - Fred Jackson III
" 4 - - - - JWC	" 37 - - - - Alexis Gilliland
" 6 - - - - Al Sirois	" 40 - - - - Alexis Gilliland
" 7 - - - - Kurt Erichsen	" 41 - - - - Jann Frank
" 6 (logo) - - - Dave Locke	" 44 - - - - Jann Frank
" 11 - - - - Fred Jackson III	" 45 - - - - Gerald Giannattasio
" 29 - - - - Alexis Gilliland	

Free gifts are getting more expensive these days. Sunmark Industries just offered me a "personal appointment book" to thank me for my patronage. "ABSOLUTELY POSITIVELY FREE (pay only \$2.94 for postage, order acquisition* and handling, plus tax, if any)" Yes, indeed. (No, they never really explained what "order acquisition" refers to, though at one point they refer to "the cost of printing and mailing brochures".) Modern definitions....

A month has passed since I did my editorial, but not a lot has happened. Bruce told us about his new job. We used to say that to rebel against parental mores, he'd have to get a crew cut and join the Marines....I guess working in a beer warehouse and joining the Teamsters Union is a suitable substitute....(Actually, he hadn't at last word actually joined the Teamsters; it was a possibility if his temporary job turned into a permanent one.)//Like half the people in the country, we've been watching "Shogun". I'm a little dubious about one or two historical-cultural points, but that's not one of my knowledgeable periods so I just say "well, maybe..." Mostly, it seems excellent historically. RSC

RAMBLINGS



This has not been a giddy, fun zine to produce. The sheer size of it is straining the equipment, and me. And while not everything that can go wrong has (there are a really incredible number of parts and accessories that can go gesprung on a mimeo, as I'm acutely aware, and so far, the goddess be thanked, only the ink receptacle table is giving me serious hassles -- expensive and messy, but copable) enough have to make this an ordeal. As of now it rather looks like the photos accompanying the trip report will end up being printed, which can't be done until early next week. I tried to use the electro stencils you so generously copied for us

Brian, but there's just not enough contrast, even on white paper and slipsheeted. It all dissolves into blacks with patches of white. Faces are utterly wiped out. They may be dim in printing, at that, but bound to be better than what I'm able to squeeze out of the long-suffering Rex M4. Sorry. Thanks exceedingly.

I don't think I've worked this hard on mimeoing since we did Harold Piser's fan index for him. That was a hired job, and a monster. This time we feel -- or I do -- that it's just due for enjoying the trip to England, a trip we never could have undertaken on our own.

As if other glitches weren't enough, all summer while we've been trying to pull this double issue together the weather has been uncooperative -- mercilessly hot and dry or raining and raining and raining (and converting mimeo paper to the consistency of blotting paper. Marvelous to work with. Collects static like it was working for a Discovery of Electricity Museum.) But as of today, it's almost -- knock plastic -- finished. There are extra issues of the trip report, of course, which was part of the stress and strain of mimeoing. And I apologize for the amount of set off created by the static electricity. It seemed better, at this too-long-delayed point, to go ahead a bit splotchy repro on some pages and get the thing put to bed. Besides, we wouldn't want to be known as one of those super slick pseudo fan productions that numbers subbers in the thousands, would we. This way we remain safely halfway between heaven and hell, or between prodom and crudzine. (Distance from the poles thereof subject to debate.)

Today SHOGUN is winding down, too, on the TV. I am enjoying most of all the fact that it was shot on location. It's been a long time since our PBS station ran the Japanese film festival, and I very much enjoy the total difference in landscape and cultural structures those movies displayed. I admire Clavell for keeping control of his baby -- all writers can envy him -- and making so few concessions to subtitles and "what did he say"s, comparatively. Of a necessity, there have to be a fair number of translation scenes simply to make the film coherent. But there's less in this popular production than most I've encountered. Probably elitist film buffs will say he should have opted for full subtitles, but I think that would drive the large mass audience up the wall in short order, and on smaller TV sets, subtitles too often get lost in backgrounds or chopped off at the edges or bottoms. All in all, it strikes me as a commendable job, and even arouses fresh interest in history. I'm reasonably versed in the European history of the period but I'm very unread on the Asian part of it. This production stimulates me to ferret out material on that side of the globe during that period and bone up on it.

Above all, it seems to put Toshiro Mifune in the same not-quite-human category Haile Selassie and Sam Jaffe and Ian Wolfe occupy. The man has been around forever and looks remarkably unchanged and just as vigorous as he ever did. I tell you, all the members of that secret club are really androids. Now and then the outside world gets suspicious and they have to retire one, as they did Selassie. But generally

they keep going on for years and years, escaping detection.

Or maybe they're part of Octavia Butler's extrapolation -- mutants with incredibly extended lifespans and vitality.

Humans, and human practices, seem to hang around awfully long, sometimes. One of the news brochures in our area concerns the Marble Hill nuclear facility down on the Ohio River in Indiana. The pros and cons and protests are almost programmable, now that so much of the professional protesters community is so organized. (As Marty Burke, the GoH at Filkcon II, noted, isn't it bitter making and ironic that these people can get so much excited press and media coverage protesting nuclear power plant construction -- where no one has died -- but the latest coal mining disaster, and coal's what's supplying the bulk of the electrical power in our area of the country, rates a squib on an inside page, if that. Yet the kill record of the coal mining industry is appalling. Maybe it ranks with the same human syndrome that says a topic is only newsworthy and get-involvable if it's new and science-linked -- "There Are Some Things Man Was Not Meant To Tamper With, If It Ain't Liberal Arts!" -- but not if it's an old, regrettably deadly, and blue collar profession.) But when the work defects started being exposed, and more and more it's looking like they hired a very slipshod contractor, history repeated itself for me. One of the witnesses, a workman, testified that when he found holes in some of the a-building structure, he was handed a glob of makeshift putty-like material and told to fill in the gaps and sand them down smooth so the inspectors wouldn't notice the mistakes.

Beaumont egg!

Let me explain. In the heyday of rail travel in Britain, during Queen Victoria's day, one of the railroad engineer's dreams was to connect England and Scotland across the Tay by means of a gigantic railroad bridge. It would speed up travel time enormously, benefit commerce, etc., etc. It took them a while to get everything launched and approved, and then away they went. But the finished bridge had only been used for a short while when it came down one night during a storm -- with a train full of passengers and cargo out in the middle of the span when it went.

Of course there was a horrified outcry and demand for investigations, What had happened? What about all the safeguards and promises that the bridge would stand for centuries, not blow down in the first hard wind? During the hearings, a workman explained that the metal work used to build the bridge had arrived from the foundry with big, hole-y flaws in it. By all engineering standards, they should have shipped it back. But they didn't. That workman and the others were giving buckets of a compound named after its clever inventor, a man named Beaumont, and taught how to cover up the holes so they couldn't be spotted. The Crown Inspector, an honest man, was a brickmason by trade. He did his job, to the best of his ability, but he didn't know good steel from bad, and he'd never heard of Beaumont egg, the substance the workmen used to cover the foundry's mistakes. So all along the line, people made money, the bridge was completed on time and everything went well, until the bridge caved in.

The bridge fell in 1879, though it took a while afterward for the collusion and undercutting to be revealed. It's human to be outraged by such callous risk-taking with lives, just as it's justifiable -- whether it's bridge building, coal mining, a nuclear power plant under construction or whatever -- to be appalled when the same sort of behavior still exists and to demand punishment for the perpetrators. But I feel a twinge of cynicism about it all. It's happened before and will no doubt happen again, unfortunately. Where I look askance at some of the nuclear plant protestors is their (occasionally hysterical) insistence that it's because this is nuclear that it's happening and that creates a special cold blooded breed of management. No, not really. Good, bad, and indifferent, humanity has plowed along the same way and made some very spooky duplications of its past practices, over the centuries.

Maybe we ought to turn engineering over to microprocessors. Probably, eventually, we will. Whether or not that will eliminate the potential for cost cutting that sooner or later proves out in tragedy remains to be seen. But it'll make it a lot simpler for the revenge-seekers afterward, if there are tragedies under that system; just pull the plug.

Unless the computer isn't guilty and exercises the third law until it can point an accusing terminal at the human programmer who hoped to save a bit of credits. JWC

RUMBLINGS



I would appreciate it if nobody expressed their incredulity over the fact that I've done a perfectly ordinary trip report in the other volume of this combined publication. One must be punctilious in discharging obligations, whatever one thinks of the means required. Mostly, I hope the photos come out; Brian Earl Brown donated his electrostencilling services to the cause and I'd hate for it to have been in vain.

Our last YANDRO appeared in January, and this time I'm not to blame for the delay; Juanita was too busy working on writing that pays to do any fanzine publishing. For the same reason I make no predictions as to when the next issue will appear - but it will appear.

This has been Convention Summer. Hoosiercon in March, Marcon in May, Archon and Spacecon in July, Rivercon and Filkcon in August. At this point they all blur together - and having just finished 20 or so pages of trip report I'm not about to spend my editorial doing con reports. A few random comments....Hoosiercon was noted for The Stairway Affair. The hotel had two elevators, one of which broke down in mid-convention (due to overloading, presumably). No problem, the hotel was only 9 floors high; use the stairs. Not in Indiana, baby. Indy fire laws - or so it was explained to us - require that stairways used as fire escapes must be openable from the inside only. Once you were on the stairs, you stayed on them until you came out in the parking lot. In South Bend. In March. In your t-shirt, in all likelihood The concon endeavoured to circumvent this annoyance by taping over the strikers on the locks; unfortunately the hotel staff went around removing the tape. This gave an air of Hoosier Roulette to an attempt to get from one floor to another one. Despite this, we enjoyed the con and expect to be back next year, if the concon ever finds a weekend that doesn't conflict with another midwestern con. Rivercon was perhaps most notable for the fact that I finally met Marian Turner and badgered her into contributing several of her verses to YANDRO. Though we also got to talk to old friends and had a part in the program. (Sunday before the con, Bob Roehm called us up and said he wanted someone who wasn't going to the banquet to fill up an hour of programming, since the banquet might extend into that hour - which it did. Okay; what do we talk about? About an hour. We waited until we got to the con and looked in the program book and there it said we were going to talk about our vast experience in fan and pro circles, so we did. It even went over rather well, probably proving that we had a new audience. I worry about things like that, remembering how marvelously witty I thought one fan was the first time I met him and how dull he was after I'd heard the same stories for the third time. We try to not do that - but we do, now and then, anyway.) Spacecon was nice and small and we decided it was safe to have the filksing in our room. (And it was, surprisingly enough.) The Wapakoneta city fathers have strange ideas of humor, though. Bruce and I drove around the town one morning, and noticed a sign saying "Pant Entrance". Nothing unusual in that - except that the next turnoff was into the cemetery. Filkcon, of course, was very small and consisted pretty exclusively of singing - as someone remarked, it was nice to not have to worry about what parties you were missing by attending the filksing. I got reelected president of the Filk Foundation, Inc.; fortunately Margaret Middleton was reelected ~~PAGAN~~ Sec-Treas, so I probably won't have a lot of work to do. We were on panels at Archon, too, but that weekend was unfortunately memorable mostly for being the one where 50 people died of the heat in St. Louis. The hotel air conditioning managed after a fashion, though it was strained; but going and coming the 350 miles between Hartford City and St. Louis was one of the more miserable experiences of my life.

This summer Juanita and I took the first non-fannish vacation trip that we've made in a good many years. No fan visits at the end of it; no conventions. Just a trip down thru Kentucky and Tennessee to see things. Spent one day at Mammoth Cave. They no longer have the all-day trip in which you go in at one entrance and come out at another one 7 miles away, so we took two shorter trips, one at each of the entrances. Some interesting rock formations, but mostly the impressive part is the size of the passages - you could put a highway through some of them, and drive semis on it. From there we went thru the battlefields of Grant's first western campaign in the Civil War; Ft. Donelson, Shiloh, and the confederate fortifications at Columbus, KY. All interesting to history buffs, though the surprising sight was the Columbus earthworks. Haig would have given his right arm for something like that in WW 1. Columbus was advertised as "the Gibraltar of the West", and considering the arms of the period, it probably lived up to the claim. (Grant never assaulted it; he bypassed and cut it off, forcing its abandonment.) Getting back to natural history, we drove around Reelfoot Lake - the one formed by the 1811 New Madrid earthquake. Five miles wide and fourteen miles long, though the depth is mostly under 10 feet. Very irregular outline, so it's "only" 20,000 acres in area. (about 8100 hectares, for metric people). Stopped briefly at New Harmony, IN, to view the remains of the two utopian colonies that settled there, and on to Angel Mounds at Evansville. New Harmony was disappointing; the mounds were far beyond our expectations. (Which, to be fair, were not all that high.) It's a 450-acre state park containing several Indian mounds. (Authorities aren't sure exactly how many because not all of them have been excavated and some may be natural hills.) The state has reconstructed part of the adobe stockade that originally ran around three sides of the village - the fourth side was open to the river. Also reconstructed are one large temple and several typical houses. (Not teepees; houses. The Mound Builders lived in wattle-and-daub houses with thatched roofs like English peasants - or at least the construction was similar. One could also call it adobe, though there are probably some technical differences in the two.) The temple reconstruction is a huge building for the time; at least 40 feet long and half that wide. One nice thing about the park, as far as we're concerned, is that no food is allowed on the grounds. This discourages Sunday picknickers and frisbee-throwers, and we were there for 2 hours and in effect had the entire archaeological site to ourselves. (It would be nice if more people were interested, but....) The site is away from the heavy traffic of Evansville, by the river, and one can imagine what it was like to be there between 1300 and 1500 AD, when it was occupied. It's a far more impressive site than Cahokia Mounds near St. Louis, even though the mounds themselves aren't as large, and there's no comparison with Mounds State Park at Anderson, in Juanita's home area. (Now we have to see the Great Serpent Mound in Ohio some time.) Angel Mounds gives somewhat the same feeling as being at Stonehenge or Avebury, even if the age isn't comparable.

For awhile Overhead Door was down to a 4-day week in the office, and I figured I would have lots of extra time for reading, working in the garden, cleaning up the library, typing stencils, etc. Somehow it never materialized. I did spend a fair amount of time in the garden (but the weeds won, anyway, when it began raining in late July and hasn't quit as this is typed on Aug. 19. Couldn't get into the garden to hoe, and the cultivator would have sunk out of sight.) Library is untidier than ever. (Humm...the LA fans used to have regular outings to "clean up Forry's garage". I wonder....) John Miesel keeps offering to take some of the accumulation off my hands, and I keep refusing....I believe Bob Gaines offered, too, when he and Betty were here. (Paula Smith was too busy watching "Starsky & Hutch" videotapes to even notice the library.) However, we're back to a full week at work now, and all my opportunities gone. At least until Winter, which is usually Overhead's slack season.

5000 fans signed up for Noreascon II, and 2000 more expected. I'm just as glad I decided not to go (and I think Juanita is, too). We won't be at Denver, either, so our next Worldcon will be in either Chicago or Detroit in 1982. I don't much like either city - not the fans living there, just the cities - but they're close. In the interim, there are plenty of regional cons to keep us occupied.

I have no idea when the next issue will be published. Before the end of the year, I hope. Juanita muttered about checking professional printers, but presumably she'll get over that when she feels better.

RSC

DIENUGALTY

#27

column
by

DAVE LOCKE

THE GOOSE AND GOLDEN EGG PROPOSAL

Do you remember the goose that laid the golden eggs? She got slit up the belly because of greed, and then there were no more golden eggs. A morality tale for children. Greed can moss over a good thing. The clever child hearing this might suggest that it would have been more prudent to X-ray the goose, but would then likely be told "never look a gift horse in the mouth" in an attempt to stifle untactful and imaginative tendencies. Curiosity killed the cat, you know.

Segue.

For someone who has no personal interest (the most intimate kind...) in the FAAN Awards, I do seem to have an interest in commenting upon it. Not always, as it turns out, politely, and one time I wasn't even aware that one of my comments had been published (I was telling Buck about getting a close look at several of the statues, and remarked that they could have been the end result of a robot horsefucking playdough. Buck decided to put this in the Yandro letter column, and before my copy arrived I had difficulty understanding a sour-faced comment when Bill Bowers and I were first introduced). I do remember responding with prolix gusto when Bruce Pelz solicited comment and suggestion for a published forum on the idea of creating another kind of fan awards, and using the opportunity to suggest avoiding a few of the problems with the FAAN Awards. I remember, too, making other comments which were scattered here and there.

Fans, in the search for more egoboo, decided there was too little of it lying around and set about to manufacture some. Science fiction had reader awards (Hugos) and peer awards (Nebulas), so fanzine fans decided to augment reader awards (Fan Hugos) with peer awards (FAANs). They were spurred on in the creation of the FAAN Awards because they didn't really view the Fan Hugo as a reader award. It was, they reasoned, too heavily participated in by non-readers who, at best, were acquainted with only the fanzines which specialized in science fiction and fantasy. Fanzine fandom would acknowledge that its roots were in science fiction, but would presume itself too independently evolved to be satisfied with



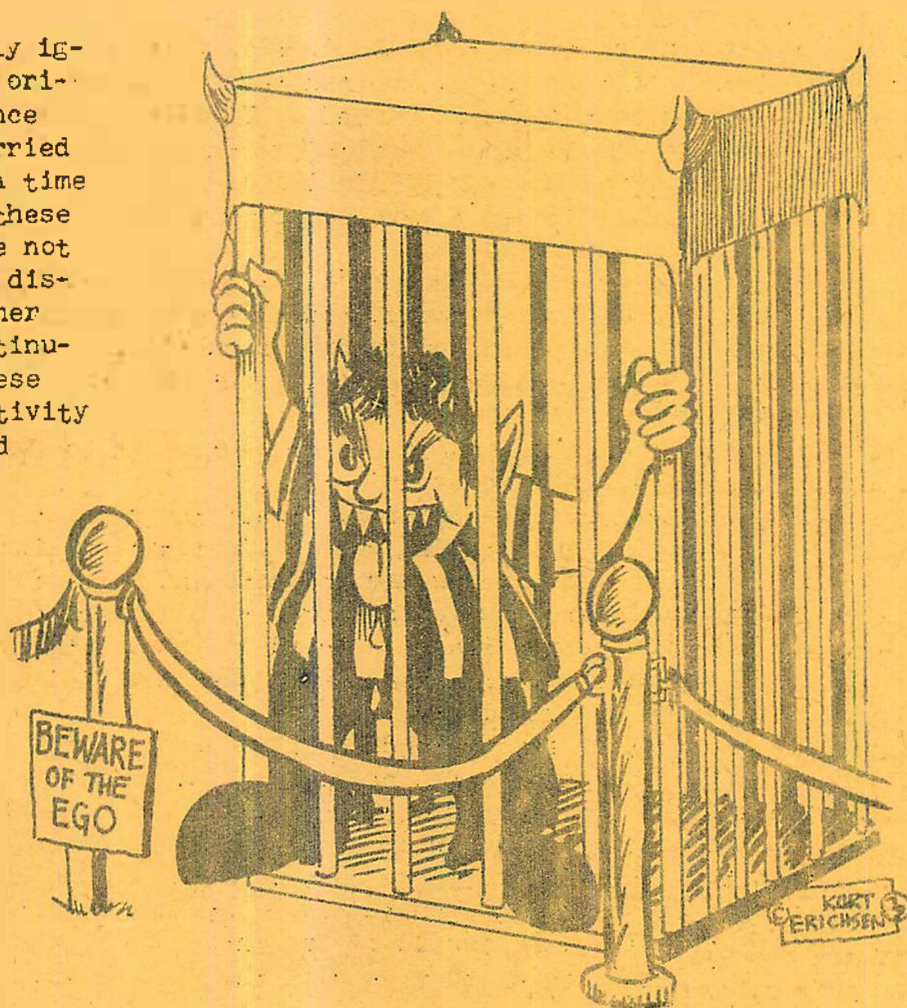
having the Fan Hugos generally ignore fanzines which were not oriented to the ~~literature~~ science fiction field (sorry, got carried away for a moment...). For a time there were angry words that these science fiction fanzines were not even fanzines, and should be disqualified for Fan Hugos. Other angry words suggested discontinuing the Fan Hugos because these did not look upon fanzine activity and see the same views as did fanzine fandom.

So the FAAN Award did get created. To be qualified for voting in a category you had to be qualified to win it, and you paid to vote. Awards were given out at a convention ceremony. The initial participation in all this was somewhat dismal, and it seemed to become embarrassing that the FAAN Award would continue to drag along with a supportive crew not all that much larger than what you might find at a good-sized backyard barbeque.

As an ego-booster the FAAN Award is a rather good-hearted affair, maintaining a profile low enough that not everyone feels assaulted with the hoopla of an academy awards production. The Fan Hugo award is acknowledged when it fits fanzine fandom's criteria of being reasonably well deserved, and ignored when it doesn't appear to even come close. The FAAN Award award is presumed to better represent some sort of collective viewpoint of the current state of what is called fanzine fandom.

As an activity by itself, the FAAN Award provides busy-work, duty-work, support-work, and enough internal discussion on structure and procedure (politick-work) to really be a form of fanac in its own right. It is to their credit that the participants have refrained from adding award categories for best performances in support of the FAAN Award, though it could be considered unfair to point out that their will power was augmented by having elections for honorary positions on something called a FAAN Awards Committee.

As a means of recognizing and classifying quality and, by merely existing, establishing a standard for it, the FAAN Award is successful only if you want to believe that it is. To believe it you must have to believe fanzine fandom organizable to that degree and have a desire to promote class consciousness in both category and quality of fanac. If you just feel there's a need for more manna upon the land, and shy away from thinking too closely about the means of creating it, the question is meaningless or unnecessarily examinative. Never look a gift horse in the mouth. To those who do look a gift horse in the mouth, because maybe they don't want it on their farm, the question takes on meaning. It sometimes gets answered in the same way that Edwin Newman looked at the Queen's English Society: "I did not join it. There is no office of state to name it for, and a very good thing that is. The assertion of authority in these matters rarely succeeds."



I have taken many shots at the FAAN Awards, most of them from out of the side of my mouth and several of them cheap. Fortunately or unfortunately I have never chosen the role of what Robert Townsend viewed as Vice-President In Charge Of Anti-Bureaucratization: "Whenever he finds [something] that smells like institutionalization, he screams "Horseshit!" at the top of his lungs. And keeps shouting until the new whatever-it-is is killed." I don't have enough dedication to handle a job which would be that ~~dedicated~~ dedicated.

It can be amusing to try on that VP's hat once in a while, though.

Looking upon the FAAN Award today, now that the genzine has been placed on the Endangered Species List and fanzine fandom is hurting, I came up with an overly slick way for fanzine fandom to slide gracefully out from this albatross which hangs around our collective necks.

Let's take the FAAN Award and make a present of it to the N3F.

I can see that I'll have to explain this.

The National Fantasy Fan Federation, itself the product of a specious idea, is fraught with an endlessly terminal case of institutionalization. They have departments and committees and bureaus and projects and contests for everything from welcoming you to fandom (where you are presumed to have arrived when you join the N3F) to making sure that you get at least one card on your birthday. If anything conceivably fan-ish can be formalized, organized, and made an official activity of the N3F, a bureau for it will pop up overnight.

Naturally the rest of fandom tends to look upon the N3F as, at best, a possible recruitment medium from which a few promising souls might be rescued. Sort of like culling the welfare lines for good workers. You know there must be a few there.

Such an organization would unwrap the present and chortle with glee, especially if we tell them that this is the goose that lays the golden eggs of egoboo. Emphasize, on the accompanying card, that there are no strings attached. Suggest that, indeed, their organizational skills should be brought to bear upon the task of streamlining and personalizing this thing that we call the FAAN Award. They should feel free to make it "their own."

What they would do with it, of course, would be of no real concern to anyone but them. If they choose to slit the belly of the goose, and find nothing of substance inside, it would not be our burden to philosophize as to why this might be. Should they decide to create a FAAN Award Bureau and possibly dispense the golden eggs to illegible spirit-duplicated fanzines and the best design on a rubber stamp used to decorate correspondence and round robins, well, that's none of our business. The N3F is the N3F, of course, and their activities are no concern of ours. A gift is a gift. Once given, it's out of our hands.

I think this modest proposal is so full of, uh, merit, that I feel all excited inside at having the opportunity to propose it to you.

Let's give the N3F a free goose.

NOTES

The Dealer's Room, 15 Sheridan Drive, Pawling, NY 12564, advertises itself as "A Total Service Writer's Agency"; it does "critical editing" and publicity as well as marketing. I know nothing about it personally (and I'm severely dubious of anyone who is "interested in helping dedicated Science Fiction and Fantasy writers to become serious, important and meaningful authors.") But Susan Schwartz passed along a brochure and recommendation, and I'll at least pass along an address. It does sound like what a lot of would-be professionals are looking for.

In another vein, Laubach Literacy International, 1320 Jamesville Ave., Syracuse, NY 13210, has a praiseworthy idea in foreign charity. Instead of food or clothing, they donate knowledge and reading skills to allow the peasant (citizen of an underdeveloped nation, in the jargon) to improve his own lot. I have no idea of how efficiently they disseminate their knowledge, but I fully support the idea, at least.

A Not So "Shining" Review

by
BRUCE COULSON

THE SHINING by Stephen King is an excellent novel of man (boy?) vs. the supernatural. "The Shining" by Stanley Kubrick is a low grade story of normal people vs. zanies.

"The Shining" starts out with several minutes of beautiful aerial photography of Colorado, finally concluding with an exterior of the Overlook Hotel. Things start to fall apart there. Nicholson, as Jack Torrance, seeks employment as a winter caretaker. He is accepted by the overly friendly Mr. Ullman, who tests Jack's mettle by mentioning the fate of the previous caretaker. Meanwhile, Shelly Duvall (who is a far too helpless Mrs. Torrance) and Danny are waiting for words from Jack. Danny, holding conversations with his "invisible friend" Tony in the most farcical manner possible, faints after seeing a grisly vision; Duvall panics, calls for a doctor (female, perhaps to make up for Duvall's stereotyping), who informs her that it's perfectly normal for young, lonely, sensitive children to pass out while brushing their teeth.

At last, the whole Torrance family makes it to the Overlook on the last day of operation. Danny meets Mr. Halloran, who tells him (Danny) that he has what is called "the shine," warns him about a particular room in the hotel, and then leaves. Hoo boy. For all the help Mr. Halloran has been to the plot, he might as well have been a book and a newspaper clipping.

The Torrance family settles in for the winter, and things start to happen; but slowly at first. The pace isn't quickened any by endless reprises on the "Damien" theme of having Danny trundle down corridors on his tricycle. This seems to go on for hours. The things that happen are never explained, and for a viewer who hasn't read the book, must be bewildering. Nicholson, who hasn't impressed anyone as being stable in the first place, goes off the deep end. Danny, who is kind of strange, too, what with invisible friends and seeing things, goes schizo as well, and we never do find out the result of that. The hotel, which in the book is supposed to be the cause of all this terror, in the movie serves as a sort of backdrop for the characters. Nicholson makes a nice psycho; the trouble is, he's a bit too much to take seriously. One has the urge to tell him not to chew on the scenery, it isn't paid for. Two things happen during all this time which are not explainable under terms of lunacy; they're just not explained at all. I agree, this is pretty horrible.

Finally, the whole movie breaks down into a poor imitation of "Psycho," "Halloween," and innumerable other sane vs. psycho movies. Run, hide, quiver in fear from the nasty loony. Halloran pops back up, though no one knows why. (Kubrick could have saved money by writing Halloran's character out of the movie. The man does absolutely nothing that couldn't be done as well or better by props or an extra or two.) Duvall does the helpless female forced to cope well enough, though from her prior actions you wouldn't expect her to be able to cope at all. Danny (assuming that he recovers from the schizoid phase mentioned above) does best of all. (I cannot remember the name of the kid who played Danny, other than the fact that his first name was Danny, too. Maybe it's just as well.)

About halfway through the film, the audience became convinced that everyone in the picture was crazy. After sitting through the "first epic horror film" I feel that more people should be included: Warner Pictures, for thinking this will make money, Kubrick, who had the idea that he could take a great horror story, replace everything in it that made it great with his own vision of horror, and have a great film, and last but not least the audience, for paying good money and then sitting through this poor imitation of "Halloween" and George Romero. What made it worse was the fact that the sound effects of "The Empire Strikes Back" were drifting through the walls of the multi-theatre. About 3/4 of the way through I became convinced I should have seen that for the nth time rather than suffer through this.

OPUS 800

RIPPLES

Across a swimming pool beneath the trees,
The ripples spread in ever-growing rings,
From where the inlet pipe the water brings
And whence each little wavelet outward flees.
Reflections of the maples, oaks, and sky
In green and sapphire ribbons outward crawl;
Each ribbon widens till it meets the wall,
While on its bosom insects bob and die.

A wicked word once in a petty miff
I spoke in rage, Another time I said
A kindly phrase; on yet another day
I uttered foolish things. I wonder if
Vibrations from those words like ripples spread,
Which, set adrift, go marching on for ay?

L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP

IT IS A PROUD AND
LONELY THING TO BE
A CURMUDGEON.

GOLDEN MINUTES



THE SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL FINLAY [\$15.00]

THE THIRD BOOK OF VIRGIL FINLAY [\$15.50]

THE FIFTH BOOK OF VIRGIL FINLAY [\$15.75]

[Gerry de la Ree, 7 Cedarwood Lake, Saddle River NJ 07458] Gerry de la Ree apparently intends to reprint everything available by Finlay, a project in which I wish him well. The books feature good slick paper, and excellent printing and binding. Black and white illustrations only, which is just as well in this case; Finlay remains the best pen-

and-ink artist the field has seen, but his color work was at best mediocre. I picked these up from Dick Spelman as I recall; they are limited editions and the second book is out of print, so don't wait too long if you want the others.

THE MERMAN'S CHILDREN, by Poul Anderson [Berkley Putnam \$11.95] Parts of this have appeared in the FLASHING SWORDS pb series, but that doesn't detract from the impact of the novel. The setting is 14th century Denmark (and Dalmatia) with the myth and superstition of the times treated as fact. Which makes not only the mer society but the Christian one pretty alien to us. It's a fascinating book, though I can see the more rabid feminists condemning the way the individual love stories are settled (those too are in the spirit of the times). Probably the best fantasy of 1979.

MOCKINGBIRD, by Walter Tevis [Doubleday, \$10.00] A fascinating glimpse of a future city, where Individuality and Personhood are such old crimes that the reasons for them being crimes has been lost. There are glimpses of Kornbluth's "The Marching Morons" in here (and even stranger glimpses of "King Kong"; one gets the feeling that Tevis set out to produce a novel from the interlineation "King Kong died for our sins." If so, he did a marvelous job of it.) The story line is a bit strange and arbitrary to fit the various symbols in it, but the characters are excellent. This may be the best sf novel of 1980. It will also probably be a movie; I can hope that the movie version is done as well as the author's previous THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH, but it probably won't be. Highly recommended.

TAKEOFF, by Randall Garrett [Starblaze, \$4.95] From the sublime to the ridiculous? This includes Randy's various humorous stories, parodies, and "reviews in verse." (Filksingers take note of the latter; "Three Hearts and Three Lions" even has the music included.) Interestingly, while Randy himself gives credit to the magazines which originally published these works, there is no previous publication credit given officially. Artwork is also reprinted, where Freas did it originally. A couple of the stories (and all the verses) should become classics. My own favorite fiction is "Despoilers of the Golden Empire" and "The Horror Out of Time" (which I still think should have won a Hugo last year). Other items include "Backstage Lensman," "The Cosmic Beat," "Gentlemen: Please Note," "Look Out! Duck!," "Master of the Metropolis," "Mustang," "No Connections," "On the Martian Problem," "Prehistoric Note," the "reviews in verse" of "The Caves of Steel," "The Demolished Man," "Lest Darkness Fall," (my favorite; the rhyming is awesome), "Slan," "Three Hearts and Three Lions," and "Who Goes There?," and minor items such as the "Benedict Breadfruit" imitations of Bretnor's Ferdinand Feghoot stories. Buy this.

THE SNOW QUEEN, by Joan Vinge [Dial Press, \$10.95] A friend has objected to what she feels is the sloppy use of mythological material in here; I'm not that well read in myth (or interested in it), so that part doesn't bother me. I do have two objections. Some of the naming of the characters verges on the cutesy-poo, and heroine Moon Dawn-treader Summer is far too sweet and good and noble to be very interesting; she keeps reminding me of a Shirley Temple movie. However, I liked the book anyway. Police Inspector PalaThion is "real" enough to be interesting as well as heroic enough to be a heroine. (One wonders if the author didn't like her better than she did Moon; she created her better, at all events.) And Arienhod the Snow Queen is a magnificent villain. The heroes don't fare as well; Sparks Dawn-treader is somewhat of a nit, and while Ngenet Miroe is interesting enough, he suffers from underexposure; one has the feeling he's around mostly to fall into the heroine's arms at the end. The minor characters are nearly all excellently drawn, and the plot and background are well done (occasionally arbitrary, presumably to fit the mythology, but generally well thought out and internally consistent). Well worth reading, if not quite classic stature.

THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST, by Robert A. Heinlein [Fawcett, \$6.95] Used in normal amounts in a novelet, Heinlein's conversational style seems fresh and sharp. Made to become about 90 percent of a 400-page novel, it descends rapidly from fresh to cute to cutesy to unbearable. Well, not quite unbearable; I did finish the book, which is more than I did with his last one. There are good touches, such as Zeb's educational college thesis: "An Ad-Hoc Inquiry Concerning the Optimization of the Infrastructure of Primary Educational Institutions at the Interface Between Administration and Instruction, with Special Attention to Group Dynamics Desiderata." There is also the comment about a shotgun kicking less than a rifle (from a former naval officer, too, tchl) and statements such as "It took the entire human race...thirty centuries to search Terra." (Nobody knows how long it took the entire human race to settle all of Terra, and mapping it took a hell of a lot less than 30 centuries once the idea of mapping more than one's own area took hold.) It's an interesting and unsuccessful experiment in writing a novel entirely in conversation (but then, March Laumer did that 15 years ago), with a vague storyline and an even vaguer conclusion. It does tie into an incredible number of other science fiction stories, not to mention actual fan parties. Readable, but not great stuff. It does boast the best Powers cover I ever saw, though.

TALES OF THE WEREWOLF CLAN, by H. Warner Munn [Donald M. Grant, Publisher, West Kingston RI, \$12.00] This is actually Vol. I of a series, this volume title being "In the Tomb of the Bishop." These werewolves are literally cursed, and the volume covers incidents in the lives of different generations from 1549 in Brussels to 1647 in Hartford, Connecticut. Quality varies, mostly from poor to mediocre; the stories originally appeared in Weird Tales, apparently. I did rather like "The Leather Cannon," but mostly Munn tries too hard to get into his mood. Illustrations by Jeff Potter are excellent; I'd love to own the one on the back of the dust jacket. For horror-story fans.

THE PURPLE PTERODACTYLS, by L. Sprague de Camp [Phantasia Press, \$15.00] A collection of the Willy Newbury fantasy stories. I've heard some fantasy fans disparaging these; I suspect because de Camp doesn't take his fantasy seriously enough for them. Since I don't take it very seriously either, I've always enjoyed them. They're not over-written (as is most current fantasy), they're fun to read, and they have original ideas of evils.

THE DEMON OF SCATTERY, by Poul Anderson and Mildred Downey Broxon [Ace, \$4.95, \$2.25] For the larger price you get larger print, larger versions of the Alicia Austin drawings, better color work on the cover, and a book that takes up more space. This is another of Ace's copiously illustrated novelets, with a better illustrator than usual. And a good enough story; it won't win any awards, but I thoroughly enjoyed it. Mingling of Irish and Norse myth in a story of a Norse raid on Ireland, and a legendary sea serpent. Recommended.

THE HOUSE BETWEEN THE WORLDS, by Marion Zimmer Bradley [Doubleday, \$10.00] Crossing to alternate worlds via drugs is the latest fictional method, but I can't say I think much of it. Once there, however, we have a rousing adventure, with embattled princesses and trolls, and a megalomaniac bent on conquering all of the alternate worlds including ours. Good light entertainment, if you don't try to take it too seriously.

DARK IS THE SUN, by Philip José Farmer [Del Rey, \$9.95, \$2.25] The far future; reads a bit like Phil's version of THE DYING EARTH. Not as good as Vance's visions, but superior to Vance's own attempt to imitate himself in the Cugel stories. Our hero is on a Quest, gathering rather strange companions along the way, discovering perils that he never before knew existed, and observing strange societies. Interesting; I'd have preferred it with more strange societies and fewer imaginary marvels, but it's well worth reading.

BLACK COLOSSUS, by Robert E. Howard [Don Grant, Published, \$20] Volumes 8 and 9 in JEWELS OF GWANLUR, by Robert E. Howard [Don Grant, \$20] the matched set of Howard's works being published by Grant. COLOSSUS contains some excellent black-and-white art and rather overly flamboyant color work by Ned Dameron. JEWELS has art by Dean Morrissey; good enough, except he makes Conan look rather like a dimwitted pro wrestler. (Which does fit the image that some of us have...) Stories are fairly typical Conan -- JEWELS, in fact, is plotted a bit better than average. The book as a whole is typical Grant, which is excellent.

THE INCREDIBLE UMERELLA, by Marvin Kaye [Doubleday, \$7.95, Dell \$1.95] A magical trip through various worlds based on fiction: Sherlock Holmes, "The Mikado," "H.M.S. Pinafor," Dracula, etc. Basically humorous, more or less. I didn't find it hysterically funny, but I did read it all the way through. The Dell edition has some remarkably bad interior art by Dan Steffan. Readable, but not in the same league with Pratt & de Camp.

ROADMARKS, by Roger Zelazny [Del Rey, \$8.95, \$2.25] An odyssey through time, and an original version of "the world is an illusion" plot. Actually, not a whole lot happens, but there's plenty of action and mystery and cross-purposes to keep the reader from finding that out until afterwards. Lightweight but quite enjoyable.

THE WEB BETWEEN THE WORLDS, by Charles Sheffield [Ace, \$4.95, \$2.25] The regular pb prices are getting close to the trade pb prices, in Ace's case. Plot concerns the development of the "skyhook" or "space elevator," and is pretty much hard science, though the idea is wild enough -- don't bother with a space shuttle to reach the space stations; use an elevator. This is the sort of "engineering science fiction" that Campbell would have loved. There aren't really any characters in it; they all operate like computer terminals. But it's interesting anyway.

THE VISITORS, by Clifford Simak [Del Rey, \$9.95] Simak uses alien contact a lot in his stories. This time the aliens aren't even interested in humanity; they just land, do their thing, and ignore human efforts to stop them. Since their thing happens to ruin humanity's economic balance, the problem is what can be done about them? Well handled, but not one of Simak's best -- a totally incomprehensible alien with which there is no hope of communicating is simply not as interesting as one the hero can interact with. It's just one more Menace, though a highly original one.

THE BLACK WOLF, by Galad Elflandsson [Don Grant, \$12.00] An original idea for werewolfery; the writing, though, is only fair. The villains of the piece are supposed to be notable sorcerers, but their schemes are not only simple-minded but self-defeating. (A good thing, since none of the good guys have enough brains to stop them without help.) Artwork by Randy Broecker ranges from mediocre to excellent.

THE SPIRIT OF DORSAI, by Gordon R. Dickson [Ace, \$5.95, \$2.50] An original novelet, "Amanda Morgan," the reprinted story "Brothers," and original material tying the two together. Both stories are excellent. The interior art by Fernandez is goi-awful, but don't let that stop you from buying the book. (The smaller pb is preferred over the trade edition because you can't see the art as well, so it's not as distracting.)

GOLEM 100 , by Alfred Bester [Simon & Schuster, \$11.95] Bester is at it again; last time it was diagrammed telepathic conversation and typographic shorthand, now it's ink-blots integrated into the text. Works, too. The plot is strictly Freudian psychology, with the golem of the P-system operating in a degenerate extrapolation of New York (which has become with Corridor, with all east coast cities blanding together, and eventually the Guff, presumably including the southern strip of cities.) It is tracked down by a black sorceress, a white (male) chemist, and an Indian police inspector, who of course add their own unconsciousnesses to the mess. Fascinating if not terribly believable. Gorgeous cover by Rowena Merrill; interior inkblots by Gaughan.

CASTAWAYS IN TIME, by Robert Adams [Starblaze, \$4.95] A few quibbles here; one being that it was done earlier and better by H. Beam Piper in LORD KALVAN OF OTHERWHEN. Still, it's an intriguing plot and worth doing more than once. Major plot flaw is in the character change of Bill Collier; I know power corrupts, but it doesn't usually do it so completely in 20 pages. I could quibble over some of the reloading data given, but it's all at least possible. I do question our hero having 500 rounds of shotgun slug loads in his house when it's transferred into alternity; he's not depicted as a paramilitary fanatic and I can't imagine anyone else having a use for that much of that sort of ammo. (And if an automatic pistol won't function automatically when loaded with black powder, it can be single-loaded and be at least as effective as a single-shot pistol. Mostly, though, I want to know how many thousand primers he had stashed away; I don't think those can be made by primitive technology.) And, minor bitch, Adams has developed a love affair with the word "sanguineous"; it pops up every few pages. It's not up to the author's Horseclans series, though it's an acceptable example of the slam-bang adventure story. There's plenty of action and a fast pace.

THE SHADOW OF THE TORTURER, by Gene Wolfe [Simon & Schuster, \$11.95] To begin with, this is not a novel; it's the first installment of a serial, only instead of getting to read part 2 in next month's issue, you have to wait for a new book in 1981. (I do not like this type of publication. At all.) It does seem to be the start of an excellent story; I recommend buying it and putting it aside until (and if) the rest of the novel is published. Or wait for the paperback, or even for the omnibus paperback printing of the volume in a few more years. The background is fascinating and the characters interesting.

THE FAR FORESTS, by Joan Aiken [Viking, \$7.95] A collection of 15 short (some of them very short) stories. Includes "Lodging For the Night" (a haunted house with a difference); "Postman's Knock" (two of the weirder characters in fiction, and the ultimate hideaway); "Furry Night" (an actor afflicted with lycanthropy; "On stage it wasn't so bad; he had his audiences completely hypnotized and they easily accepted a grey-furred Iago padding across the stage with the handkerchief in his mouth."); "Five Green Moons" (a Martian visitor who can read both minds and the future); "Sultan's Splash" (a most peculiar potion induced into bathwater); "The Far Forests" (and the moths of Mars); "The Rented Swan" (enchancements which don't, unfortunately, end with swans); "Safe and Soundproof" (confidential destruction of records goes awry); "Cricket" (a very weird family); "Our Feathered Friends" (an enchanted music box); "The Man Who Had Seen The Rope Trick" (not to mention ways of turning people into snakes); "The Cold Flame" (persecution carried beyond the grave); and "A Taxi To Solitude" (a romantic fantasy with a grisly ending). I wonder why the publishers put the two real downers at the end of the book? Not all of the stories are fantasy; nearly all are entertaining.

MELBA THE BRAIN, by Ivy Ruckman [Westminster, \$7.95] Juvenile science fiction. Allegedly humorous; I think the humor might appeal to a 10 or 12 year old, if not to anyone older. It pushes the Golden Rule as applied to animals -- pushes it somewhat too hard, I'd say, but again, a 10-year-old might well appreciate the style.

THE DARK BRIGHT WATER, by Patricia Wrightson [Atheneum, \$7.95] Excellent book of a black Australian's search through assorted aboriginal spirits for the ones causing drought and other hardships among The People. A juvenile, but not too juvenile for adults to enjoy. Highly recommended.

YOUR NEXT FIFTY YEARS, by Dr. Robert W. Prehoda [Ace, \$5.95] An attempt at prediction. The author uses a semi-fictional style which brings on unpleasant memories of Hugo Gernsback, and the predictions themselves are far too Utopian for accuracy, but it's an interesting compilation of what might happen. Ignore the writing style, if possible, and read for information (occasionally hard to separate from the opinions) and not enjoyment.

THE GRAIN SHIP, by Morgan Robertson [secondhand] Publication date must be around 1913 to 1915; it's not listed, and the book isn't listed in the Reginald index. The stories included are all about the sea; some are fantasy and some aren't, and many of them center on the beliefs of the general public of the time about race, science, etc. They are the title story (which I've read somewhere, probably in a horror anthology -- it's an explanation for a deserted ship), "From The Darkness and The Depths" (an invisible monster; this could qualify as early science fiction), "Noah's Ark" (rather ridiculous disaster on a ship loaded with jungle animals), "The Finishing Touch" (98-lb weakling makes good), "The Rock" (shipwrecked in mid-Atlantic; a sort of low-grade horror story), "The Argonauts" (mysterious deaths at sea), "The Married Man" (a society comedy), "The Triple Alliance" (adventure story), "Shovels and Bricks" (the intractable Irish as the basis for humor), and "Extracts from Noah's Log" (precisely what the title indicates; written in a sort of imitation Mark Twain vein, and quite good for its time). Only two outright fantasies, but a couple of others that might appeal to the fantasy fan.

THE FUTURE IN QUESTION, edited by Asimov, Greenberg, and Olander [Fawcett, \$2.50] An anthology of question-titles. Includes "What's It Like Out There?" by Edmond Hamilton, "Who Can Replace a Man?" by Aldiss, "What Have I Done?" by Mark Clifton, "Who's There?" by Arthur C. Clarke, "Can You Feel Anything When I Do This?" by Robert Sheckley, "Why?" by Silverberg, "What's Become of Screwloose?" by Ron Goulart, "Houston, Houston, Do You Read?" by Tiptree, "Where Have You Been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?" by Kate Wilhelm, "If All Men Were Brothers, Would You Let One Marry Your Sister?" by Sturgeon, "Will You Wait?" by Alfred Bester, "Who Goes There?" by Campbell, "An Eye For What?" by Damon Knight, "I Plinglot, Who You?" by Pohl, "Will You Walk A Little Faster?" by William Tenn, "Who's In Charge Here?" by James Blish, and "The Last Question" by Asimov. Aside from being a pretty silly premise for an anthology, the collection isn't all that bad; the Campbell, Hamilton, and Tiptree stories are classics (and frequently reprinted); the others range from mediocre to good.

THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION: A 30-YEAR RETROSPECTIVE, edited by Ed Ferman [Doubleday, \$10.00] Interestingly, F&SF's 30th Annish came out 6 months ahead of the hardcover and contains all the same stories for \$2.50. Plus, the magazine includes a Heinlein reprint (Doubleday couldn't get permission?) and the usual magazine columns. Oh, well, it's a good enough anthology to deserve hardcovers, I suppose. If not all the stories are classics, they come close. Included are "Fondly Fahrenheit" by Bester, "And Now the News" by Sturgeon, "Through Time and Space With Ferdinand Feghoot" by Greidel Briarton, "Not With A Bang" by Damon Knight, "Flowers For Algernon" by Daniel Keyes, "A Canticle for Leibowitz" by Miller, "Love Letter From Mars" by John Ciardi, "One Ordinary Day, With Peanuts" by Shirley Jackson, "The Women Men Don't See" by Tiptree, "Born of Man and Woman" by Matheson (the story that made "hang from the ceiling a drip green" a catchphrase in fandom), "Jeffy Is Five" by Harlan Ellison, "Ararat" by Zenna Henderson, "Me" by Hilbert Schenck, Jr., "Sundance" by Silverberg, cartoons by Gahan Wilson, "The Gnuhrs Come From the Voodwork Out" by R. Bretnor, "Dreaming Is a Private Thing" by Asimov, "Poor Little Warrior!" by Brian Aldiss, "Imaginary Numbers In A Real Garden" by Gerald Jonas, "We Can Remember It For You Wholesale" by Phil Dick, "Selectra Six-Ten" by Avram Davidson, "Dance Music For

A Gone Planet" by Sonya Dorman, "Problems of Creativeness" by Thomas Disch, and "The Quest For Saint Aquin" by Tony Boucher. An outstanding anthology, and highly recommended for sf teachers as well as fans who don't have the stories in other forms.

GALAXY: THIRTY YEARS OF INNOVATIVE SCIENCE FICTION, edited by Fred Pohl, Martin H. Greenberg, and Joseph D. Olander [Playboy Press, \$10.95] A bigger book than the F&SF historical volume; 460 pages against 310. On story quality, though, I believe I'd give the nod to F&SF, though the ones in there are also excellent (mostly), and are enhanced by notes about them by the authors. Plus there are a couple of tributes to H.L. Gold, and an index of the magazine through May 1979. Included are "Coming Attractions" by Fritz Leiber, "To Serve Man" by Damon Knight, "Betelgeuse Bridge" by William Tenn, "Cost of Living" by Robert Sheckley, "The Model of a Judge" by William Morrison, "The Holes Around Mars" by Jerry Bixby, "Horror Howce" by Margaret St. Clair, "People Soup" by Alan Arkin (yes, the very same Alan Arkin who wins Oscars), "Something Bright" by Zenna Henderson, "The Lady Who Sailed the Soul" by Cordwainer Smith, "The Deep Down Dragon" by Judith Merrill, "Wall of Crystal, Eye of Night" by Algis Budrys, "The Place Where Chicago Was" by Jim Harmon, "The Great Nebraska Sea" by Allan Danzig, "Oh, To Be A Blobell" by Phil Dick, "Founding Father" by Asimov, "Going Down Smooth" by Silverberg, "All The Myriad Ways" by Niven, "The Last Flight of Dr. Ain" by Tiptree, a selection from Budrys' book review column, "Slow Sculpture" by Sturgeon, "About A Secret Crocodile" by Lafferty, "Cold Friend" by Ellison, "The Day Before the Revolution" by Le Guin, "The Gift of Garigolli" by Pohl and Kornbluth, and "Overdrawn At the Memory Bank" by Varley.

THE BEST FROM F&SF, 23rd SERIES, edited by Ed Ferman [Doubleday, \$10.00] Remarkably hideous dust jacket, even for Doubleday. Stories include "I See You" by Damon Knight, "The Detweiler Boy" by Tom Reamy, "Zorphwarl" by Stan Dryer, "Stone" by Ed Bryant, "Nina" by Robert Bloch, "In The Hall of the Martian Kings" by Varley, "Upstart" by Steven Utley, "A House Divided" by Lee Killough, "Brother Hart" by Jane Yolen, "The Man Who Had No Idea" by Thomas Disch, "Project Hi-Rise" by Robert F. Young, and "Prismatica" by Samuel R. Delany. Plus samples of the various regular columns: Books by Joanna Russ, Films by Baird Searles, Science by Asimov, and several of the humorous "Competitions" for the readers. The Varley, Bloch, and Reamy are okay; otherwise my opinion is that surely F&SF had better stories during the 5 years covered here! They're either not getting reprint rights, or they're scraping the bottom of the barrel for fiction worth reprinting.

TEACHING SCIENCE FICTION: EDUCATION FOR TOMORROW, edited by Jack Williamson [Owlswick Press, \$15.00] A handbook for science fiction teachers. Articles cover the basics of the field, teachers writing on how they used science fiction in literature, social science, psychology, science and computers courses, and ways to use movies, library, and reference resources, and even a small convention as part of the course. It's certainly comprehensive; since I'm not a teacher I couldn't say how well it serves its purpose. (But I'd guess it would be a help.) I would say it belongs in the library of any high school or college that has a science fiction course.

14 OFFICIAL BLUEPRINTS: STAR TREK THE MOTION PICTURE, by David Kimble [Wallaby, \$6.95] Cute idea. They're not very close to real blueprints (or even real drazos, which is what they're imitating), but they're a bit more sophisticated than the Secret Decoder Rings and similar paraphernalia of my youth. (Cost more, too...) An amusing souvenir of the show, for the fans. I even got some favorable comment on them at work, though not from the Engineering Department.

STAR TREK SPACEFLIGHT CHRONOLOGY, by Stan and Fred Goldstein and Rick Sternbach [Wallaby, \$8.95] General idea is similar to the SPACESHIPS book reviewed a while back, except that this is within the ST universe, more or less, and Sternbach does all the art. A history of spaceships from Vostok 1 to the new, uprated Enterprise of the movie, with paintings, drawings, and classification data on each ship. The chronology is mildly amusing, and the art is good. (And the price is twice what SPACESHIPS sold for, but Trekkies will pay it.) One of the few Trek items that's interesting in itself and not just as a souvenir.

LOOT OF THE VAMPIRE, by Thorp McClusky [Robert Weinberg, 10533 S. Kenneth, Oak Lawn IL 60453 - \$5.00] Assuming it's still in print. This pb contains reprints of four of McClusky's "Lt. Peters" series of supernatural detection. Originally they were in Weird Tales and they're pretty bad (I got the book because McClusky has done other work that I liked -- and I couldn't resist that title). But they do give a definite flavor of the horror-pulps, and they have lots of action; I've read worse stuff that was published much more recently.

THE DEMU TRILOGY, by F.M. Busby [Pocket Books, \$2.50] I definitely resent the publisher's marketing practice -- publishing one new novel together with two reprints in one volume. But at least you do get the whole thing in one volume, somewhat rewritten to appear as one novel rather than the "trilogy" featured in the title. I had my usual reaction to sequels; I loved CAGE A MAN, I thought THE PROUD ENEMY was okay, and I skimmed a lot of the new one, END OF THE LINE. But that's my personal reaction to sequels -- or to very long novels, for that matter. The writing is good enough, except for the conclusion, which is open to allow for as many sequels as the public will buy. But the problems posed in the story are tied up well enough by the end.

THE PEOPLE BEYOND THE WALL, by Stephen Tall [DAW #386, \$1.95] Just when everyone says the "lost race" novel is dead, someone manages to resurrect it. This is a classical example, and pretty well done. (Explanations of why or how all this can be happening are usually pretty skimpy in this sort of book, so the fact that they're nonexistent here isn't that unusual.) That is, it's a good imitation of a 1920s, lost race novel; it's not at all good science fiction, but it's rather fun to read anyway, if your disbelief can be suspended high enough.

CHARISMA, by Michael Coney [Dell, \$1.95] Our hero stumbles into a scientific experiment into alternate worlds, and strange things begin happening to him. This isn't one of those wander-into-an-alternate-world-and-save-the-princess sort of books; it's mostly a psychological study of a man whose world is, quite literally, falling apart. And while there really isn't all that much action, it's a quite fascinating story. Recommended.

THE DEATH GOD'S CITADEL, by Juanita Coulson [Del Rey, \$2.25] A sorcerer-prince on a quest for revenge on the wizard who had destroyed his country. More sorcery than swords in this one. Incidentally, this is set on the same planet as WEB OF WIZARDRY, but in a different area and time period. I enjoyed it immensely, but then of course I'm biased.

THE MASK OF THE SUN, by Fred Saberhagen [Ace, \$1.95] Alternate-worlds intrigue, with two different futures trying to manipulate the outcome of Pizarro's landing in Peru. Highly entertaining.

THE YEAR'S BEST FANTASY STORIES: 5, edited by Lin Carter [DAW #370, \$1.95] Hampered by Lin's narrow-minded ideas on fantasy, but not a bad book. Includes "The Troll" by T.H. White, "In The Balance" by Tanith Lee, "The Gem In The Tower" by Carter and de Camp, "Above Ker-Is" by Evangeline Walton, "Ms. Lipshutz and the Goblin" by Marvin Kaye, "Rhian and Garanhir" by Grail Undwin, "Lord of the Dead" by Robert E. Howard, "Child of Air" by Pat McIntosh, "A Malady of Magicks" by Craig Shaw Gardner, "St George" by David Mallory, "Astral Astray" by Adrian Cole, and "Demon and Demoiselle" by Janet Fox. I hope this really isn't the best fantasy of the year, but it's all readable if not outstanding. This is first publication for a fair number of these stories.

BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES OF THE YEAR, edited by Gardner Dozois [Dell, \$2.25] Includes "The Persistence of Vision" by John Varley, "Found!" by Isaac Asimov, "Whores" by Chris Priest, "Cousins" by Bernard Deitchman, "View From A Height" by Joan Vinge, "Mutability" by Thomas M. Disch, "Lost and Found" by Phyllis Eisenstein, "Old Folks At Home" by Michael Bishop, "September Son" by James P. Girard, "In Alien Flesh" by Greg Benford, and "Seven American Nights" by Gene Wolfe. The year in question, in-

cidentally, is 1978. Well, the Varley, Wolfe, Bishop, and perhaps the Deitchman qualify, the Girard is quite good and the Eisenstein is cute, which is about all you can ask of even the "best" anthology these days.

WAVE RIDER, by Hilbert Schenk [Pocket Books, \$1.95] Five short novelets; the title story, "The Morphology of the Kirkham Wreck," "Three Days At the End of the World," "Buoyant Ascent," and "The Battle of the Abaco Reefs." All of them have the ocean as a setting; stories involved a 19th Century shipwreck, a near-future submarine disaster, the death of the Atlantic Ocean, a racing sailboat, and the use of oceanic technology in an island independence movement. And, of course, they're all about people. Schenk tends to go heavy on liberal ecological moralizing, but the stories are fascinating anyway. All but the longest, "Buoyant Ascent," have been previously published in the magazines.

THE INFINITIVE OF GO, by John Brunner, [Del Rey, \$1.95] How do you use a matter transmitter that always sends you to an alternate world? Once the protagonists have figured out that's what it's doing, their problem is to find a way to use it. Enjoyable adventure. (Obviously enjoyable; it's by Brunner.)

BINARY STAR #4 [Dell, \$1.95] Ace Doubles revisited. This one contains LEGACY by Joan Vinge and THE JANUS EQUATION by Steven Spruill. I bought it for the Vinge, a short novel set in her decaying Heaven system; a conflict between a woman who believes in total honesty and a man who believes in getting by. (I can relate to that; Juanita is always lousing up my nice polite excuses by telling the truth.) Basically a better-written version of a Planet Stories adventure.-- I always liked Planet and I thoroughly enjoyed this. I skimmed the Spruill; it's another adventure spiced with psychological ideas that I have little patience with. Possibly a "deeper" story than the Vinge...possibly. In any event, the Vinge is worth the price of the book.

TWO TO CONQUER, by Marion Zimmer Bradley [DAW #388, \$2.25] I certainly didn't believe the psychology in this one. Bard's character is all right; male chauvinist bastards (in both senses of the term) much like him get mentioned fairly frequently in newspapers and magazines, and I work with a man who is equally sure that anything bad that happens is always someone else's fault. What I can't believe is his conversion. Looking at one's self through someone else's eyes is still just getting their opinion, and if you already believe their opinion is wrong, getting it reinforced isn't going to change you. (Certainly wouldn't change me.) Paul's conversion is even more miraculous, and his entire presence doesn't do much for the story except up the wordcount. The story is acceptable, and I'm sure the Darkover fans will love it, but Marion generally does better.

AN OLD FRIEND OF THE FAMILY, by Fred Saberhagen [Ace, \$1.95] Third in his Dracula series. Not as good as the first two (as Bruce muttered, how interested can you be in vampire politics?) but still quite readable. I enjoyed it.

A VOICE OUT OF RAMAH, by Lee Killough [Del Rey, \$1.75] A thoroughly strange patriarchy, put to the test by an outsider. Nice inventive social setup, though the plot is fairly standard for the overthrow-the-dictator story. (Or in this case overthrow-the-religion, which also has a long history in sf.) Anyway, figuring out the society makes the book interesting. Mildly recommended.

THE BRASS DRAGON, by Marion Zimmer Bradley [Ace, \$2.25] The aliens are here to study us -- except for the alien villains, of course. Fairly good adventure novel; I dislike hundred-page flashbacks, but that's personal bias. Generally, it's lightweight but enjoyable. (I do wonder at Varzils showing up in both this and TWO TO CONQUER; seems an unusual name for Marion to be reusing.)

THE BRIGHT COMPANION, by Edward Llewellyn [DAW #371, \$1.75] Future world, where a new contraceptive has induced sterility and fertile women are at a premium. Plot is straight adventure and quite well done; a young woman who dislikes being dominated kills her "husband" and takes off with our hero, who she can dominate. Up to a point, at least. Ann and David seem a good deal more "real" -- given their backgrounds --

than most adventure-story protagonists. Recommended.

SUCH STUFF AS SCREAMS ARE MADE OF, by Robert Bloch [Del Rey, \$1.95] A collection of 21 stories, several from F&SF, but most from sources other than the fantasy magazines. Most of them are ironic rather than straight horror; the one about the headshrinker could even be a black pun. Many of them involve insanity; Bloch likes fictional insanity for his horror. And a few, like "The Final Performance," are totally original grisly ideas. (I can't say any of them are horrifying; as a history enthusiast I'm pretty hard to horrify. But some of them are quite ghastly, and nearly all are good reading.) My favorite is probably "A Case of the Stubborns"; I can relate to Grandpa.

THE ETERNITY BRIGADE, by Stephen Goldin [Fawcett, \$1.95] Ah yes, the man from the present who is -- somehow -- resurrected in the future to save the world. And what happens to the idea when the government takes a hand, and uses cryogenics to keep a veteran army "on ice," ready to be revived when necessary. And better processes come along, and the veteran can't get out because he can't survive in the civilian society of the future. Very nice idea. Writing is so-so. Story is unpleasant, but interesting.

ALDAIR, ACROSS THE MISTY SEA, by Neal Barrett, Jr. [DAW #379, \$1.75] Enough, already! I thought the first Aldair book was great, the second pretty good. This one gets monotonous, and doesn't even pretend to have a conclusion; the ending is borrowed rather noticeably from one of Burroughs' Mars stories, with Aldair's mate getting snatched away from him by the villain at the last minute, and spirited away where it will presumably take most of the next book for him to find her again. I don't plan to read the next book.

CHEKOV'S ENTERPRISE, by Walter Koenig [Pocket Books, \$2.25] This was a surprise. I never liked Ensign Chekov; I didn't like the phony Russian accent, and mostly I didn't like the way Chekov and Sulu had essentially the same role, so the more Chekov was on screen, the less Sulu was, and Sulu was a far more interesting character. After reading this, though, I think I might very well like Walter Koenig. (And, since I don't usually like bouncy little people with an oversupply of energy, I probably wouldn't like Takei.) Anyway, this is a well-written, amusing look at some of the backstage happenings during the film of the ST movie. There is little insight into the people involved -- Koenig might want to work with them again sometime, and it doesn't do to be too honest about your fellow-workers. But there are a lot of amusing incidents and a good look at how one actor feels about acting, and what acting is like. Very enjoyable and recommended to everyone, not just ST fans.

THE PROPHET OF LAMATH, by Robert Don Hughes [Del Rey, \$1.95] A fairly humorous fantasy adventure. It's a bit long (350 pages) to sustain the humor, but it makes a valiant effort. There are sorcerers and warriors and a kidnapped Princess and a two-headed dragon, which should be enough for anyone. Recommended mildly.

THE FACE OF THE DEEP, by Jim Young [Pocket Books, \$1.95] The alien planet with the preindustrial civilization, and the mysterious, futuristic citadel. It's a reasonably well-done adventure, and I enjoyed it.

THE FADED SUN: SHON'JIR, by C.J. Cherryh [DAW #333, \$1.95] The last 2/3 of the trilogy. Basically, the whole thing simply (or not quite so simply) explored the mri culture. I enjoy reading about alien cultures, but not quite that much about them; for those who do like that much, you won't find it better done.

BORN TO EXILE, by Phyllis Eisenstein [Bell, \$1.95] The Alaric stories put into book form. I enjoyed them; I'd have enjoyed the book more if it hadn't had an open ending, but there is no commercial reason for a series to end with one book. The stories are good, and the minstrel-hero with a few strange talents is interesting.

SHADOW OF EARTH, by Phyllis Eisenstein, [Dell, \$2.25] I think this one was too feminine (not feminist) for me. I not only didn't like the heroine, I couldn't get interested in her reactions to various captures, rapes, brutalities, and adventures in

an alternate world where the Armada won. And the book is very much Celia's reaction to the world -- Celia being a very modern and presumably typical college girl. (In fact, I have the depressing thought that she really is typically of thousands of collegians; Phyllis did a good job of creating her.) The plot is a good bit like a modern historical novel -- the history is imaginary (but then, so it is in a lot of historical novels, though not usually this imaginary).

TITAN, by John Varley [Futura \$ 1.25] I know there's an American edition, too, but I don't have it. Setting is a sort of jungle world inside a gigantic alien space station. (Cover artist on the Futura edition doesn't make it big enough; it's supposed to be 1300 kilometers in diameter.) Most of the book is involved with the crew of the Earth probe trying to find out what's going on in the alien (and with each other, though the crew interactions are far more stereotyped than is usual with Varley); then they have to figure out what to do with it. Interesting but not great. Readable.

A CAT OF SILVERY HUE, by Robert Adams [Signet, \$1.75] Two more in the Horseclans series. I wish the publisher would number them, but I suppose changing publisher in midstream makes that awkward. Anyway, there is plenty of rousing adventure here. There is one habit of the author's that grates a bit... "a full troop of kantahfraktoee or dragoons..." Aside from the fact that the alien terms sound pretty silly, there is no real point in not saying "dragoons" in the first place and avoiding the explanation. (Adams doesn't do this a lot, but over several books the amount of irritation per sample has grown.) However, the series has covered a barbarian conquest of medieval-type city-states and is in the process of forging an empire, and the characters fit their milieu better than usual in this sort of thing. Readable for adventure fans.

THE VULTURES OF WHAPETON, by Robert E. Howard [Berkley, \$1.95] Three more in Berkley's attempt to re-print everything Howard ever wrote. VULTURES consists of Western fiction; a short novel, two novelets, and a short story. The highflown verbiage and noble sentiments are typical of the pulp writing of that era -- Max Brand wrote the same way, and even worse, if anything -- and they sound ridiculous today. The book is all but unreadable. SWORD WOMAN contains the three stories of Dark Agnes (the third one finished by Jerry Page) and two fragments of barbarian fiction. Aside from the fragments, which I find use less, it's not a bad book. Agnes operated in medieval France and if the stories aren't particularly accurate historically they at least give a feel of the period, and the characters are interesting. BOOK OF is a reprint of a Zebra edition, and contains a good variety of Howard's fiction and verse; Westerns, horror, fantasy, adventure. Not exactly good, but generally fun to read, and recommended.

THE THREE-BLADED DOOM, by Robert E. Howard [Ace, \$1.95] One of Howard's oriental stories; a novel about his adventurer, Francis X. Gordon. Could just as easily have been about Conan; only the names were changed to fit the market.

SHIP OF STRANGERS, by Bob Shaw [Ace, \$1.95] Dedicated to van Vogt, and it should be, since it's obviously been inspired by VOYAGE OF THE SPACE BEAGLE, and the lead incident bears more than a passing resemblance to "Black Destroyer." Not a close imitation, and Shaw has written his own stories and characters (and his characters, at least, are a lot better than van Vogt's). But a certain resemblance is there. For once, Shaw's situations and characters are both interesting; usually I have the urge to give at least one of his principals a swift kick, but this time they're all more or less competent. Recommended.

THE BORRIBLES, by Michael de Larrabeiti [Ace, \$2.25] A thoroughly fantastic war between large, sophisticated rats (who talk English with a lisp) and a group of Battersea street urchins who are kept magically young like Peter Pan but are much nastier. (There should be no heroes in this, but the author, after graphically depicting the Borribles' shortcomings, goes ahead and treats them like normal people, which is a

bit hard on my suspension of disbelief.) All of this is going on in modern-day London, under (literally) the noses of the citizenry. It's amusing; sort of a juvenile novel for juvenile delinquents. Recommended, despite a few shortcomings. Lovely cover by Walter Velez.

BERSERKER MAN, by Fred Saberhagen [Ace, \$1.95] Creation of the ultimate being -- in more ways than one. A sort of climax in the Berserker series -- I'd say it was the conclusion except this sort of thing never concludes. There's an afterword by Sandra Miesel commenting on the symbolism of the series as a whole and this book in particular.

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK, by Don Glut [Del Rey, \$2.25] Not a terribly good book, but who cares? Like the original **STAR WARS**, it's a souvenir of a good movie. (I assume; I haven't seen **EMPIRE** yet, but the book makes it look good -- as did **SW...** I reviewed that before the movie was out and said it would probably be good even though the book wasn't. A lot of stf critics never seem to learn that books and movies are two different artforms, and a good movie does not necessarily translate into a good book.) Glut's writing isn't all that great, which doesn't help any.

THE BLACK LION, by Patricia and Lionel Fanthorpe [Greystoke Mobray LTD, 95p] At Seacon, Fanthorpe gave a perfectly hilarious talk on the writing he used to do for Badger Books -- get the assignment on Monday with a Friday deadline sort of thing. And he mentioned that he had finally written a book that he could take his time over, which would be published shortly. I ordered one; his stuff for John Spencer (Badger) was pretty bad, but I tend to marvel that anything at all can be written in that sort of time limit. (Best that DeWeese and I did was 5 weeks, on an U.N.C.L.E. novel -- and it wasn't all that great, either.) And Fanthorpe seemed a quite likable and interesting person. So, **THE BLACK LION** arrived -- and I discovered that Fanthorpe doesn't do a whole lot better when he takes his time. His hero is noble and brave and strong and idiotic, like so many swords-and-sorcery heroes, and the plot is mostly battles and rescues. Oh well. The story is better than the book's cover, which is awful; even John Spencer books had better covers than this one. I really wish Fanthorpe well, but I can't recommend the book.

THE GHOST HUNTERS, by Arthur Tofte [Major, \$1.75] Speaking of nice people who can't write for sour apples -- Tofte's haunted museum is trite, his characters aren't even up to cardboard status, his plot is predictable, and his dialog is ridiculous. I bought the book just because I'd met Tofte and liked him, and since he died recently this may well be his last effort. (If it isn't, I'll know better next time.)

SONG OF THE PEARL, by Ruth Nichols [Bantam, \$1.75] Skinny little occult-religious thing about a heroine who finds Understanding and Beauty and all that crap in the hereafter. Nice oriental cover by Malezynski; otherwise well worth missing.

THE BOOK OF THE DUN COW, by Walter Wangerin, Jr. [Pocket Books, \$2.50] If the characters in this had been people, the book would have been dismissed as a minor allegory. Since the characters are mostly chickens, with a few other animals -- mice, rats, weasels, dogs, foxes, etc. -- thrown in, the LA Times says it belongs on the shelf with **ANIMAL FARM** and the New York Times says it is "far and away the most literate and intelligent story of the year." I say it's chickenshit, and I say the hell with it.

THE ELSINGHAM PORTRAIT, by Elizabeth Chater [Fawcett, \$1.75] This is advertised as a "Georgian Love Story"; writers of Regency romances have been spreading out into other English eras. It's not advertised as a novel of time-travel, but that's what it is; this modern young woman who has just been jilted goes to a gallery, gazes raptly at a painting, and wakes up in 1774 in the body of the woman who posed for the painting. Whereupon she has problems, such as convincing her husband that he's not really her husband, and doing it in a way that will neither get her incarcerated in Bedlam nor hanged for witchcraft. The writing isn't all that great, but it's an interesting idea. Fantasy shows up in strange places sometimes.

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT/PEARL/SIR ORFEO, translated by J.R.R. Tolkien [Ballantine, \$2.95] Three 14th century English poems, translated into modern English. I tried reading them and they all bored the life out of me, but perhaps there's a classical scholar among the readership.

THE BEST OF WALTER M. MILLER, JR. [Pocket Books, \$2.95] Remember when you could get a hardcover science fiction book for \$3.00? (And couldn't afford to buy it?) Miller was one of the big writers of the 1950s; copyrights here run from 1951 to 1957. Stories are "You Triflin' Skunk!" (a sexual alien invasion), "The Will" (a small boy who needs a time machine because he's going to die before science can cure him), "Anybody Else Like Me?" (what if there is, and you can't stand him?), "Crucifixus Etiam" (when an alien planet is terraformed, what happens to the workers who have been biologically changed to do the terraforming?), "I, Dreamer" (the emotions of a machine), "Dumb Waiter" (an empty city still operating on outdated ordinances in the computer banks), "Blood Bank" (a super-race on an ancient planet), "Big Joe and the Nth Generation" (the colonists slipping back into barbarism), "The Big Hunger" (man's dreams and man's accomplishments), "Conditionally Human" (what's the dividing line between anthropoid and human?), "The Darfstellar" (the problems of specialization), "Dark Benediction" (a -- beneficent? -- plague), "The Lineman" (the Lunar Project; the ultimate in male-only construction work -- reads a bit strange now, but was quite plausible when it was written), and "Vengeance For Nikolai" (the gimmick was that it was patriotic Russian vengeance against a brutal American general -- it was quite original in 1957, and still more or less unique in sf). The stories are sometimes overly sentimental, in the style of the 1950s, but they're well handled and are recommended to a new generation of fans. (The old generation already knows them.)

THE GOLDEN MAN, by Philip K. Dick [Berkley, \$2.25] Collection of 15 previously unanthologized stories. Copyrights run from 1953 to 1974, but most are in the early 1950s. Dick was one of the solid authors of the times; he never provided much of a sense of wonder, but generally had stories worth reading. Many of them were anti-government, which makes them fit today's audiences better than their original audiences. The author provides story notes and a rather maudlin Afterword. (He doesn't say so in the notes, but I wonder if "The War With the Fnools" was inspired by listening to a recording of "Cigarettes, Whiskey, and Wild, Wild Women"?) Moderately recommended.

THE GREAT SF STORIES 3 (1941), edited by Isaac Asimov and Martin H. Greenberg [DAW #377, \$2.25] This series lives up to its name; there are a few stories in here that don't strike me as especially great, but most are among my favorites. Included are "Mechanical Mice" by "Maurice A. Hugi" (Eric Frank Russell), "Shottle Bop" by Sturgeon, "The Rocket of 1955" by Kornbluth, "Evolution's End" by Robert Arthur (one of the ones I question), "Microcosmic God" by Sturgeon, "Jay Score" by Russell, "Liar!" by Asimov, "Time Wants a Skeleton" by Ross Rocklynne, "The Words of Guru" by Kornbluth, "The Seesaw" by van Vogt, "Armageddon" by Fred Brown, "Adam and No Eve" by Alfred Bester, "Solar Plexus" by Elish, "Nightfall" by Asimov, "A Gnome There Was" by Kuttner and Moore, "Snulbug" by Boucher, and "Hereafter, Inc." by Lester del Rey. There are also introductions to the Heinlein Stories "And He Built a Crooked House," "They," "Universe," and "By His Bootstraps," for which reprint permission could not be obtained. If they had been there, this would definitely have been the best of 1941.

SPACE MAIL, edited by Asimov, Greenberg, and Joseph Olander [Fawcett, \$2.50] A collection of science fiction stories told through the devices of letters, diaries, or memos. This is generally not the best way to write science fiction and is generally used for light -- very light -- humor. But the editors have come up with a few classics; under "letters" we have Gordon Dickson's famous "Computers Don't Argue" and Judith Merril's "That Only a Mother"; "diaries" includes "Flowers For Algernon" (too bad they couldn't include Matheson's "Born of Man and Woman"); and "memos" includes H. Beam Piper's lovely "He Walked Around the Horses" (which is the only logical explanation of the Benjamin Bathurst mystery). Other stories are "I Never Ast No

Favors" by Kornbluth (another memorable one), "Letter To Ellen" by Chan Davis, "One Rejection Too Many" by Patricia Nurse, "Space Opera" by Ray Russell, "The Invasion of the Terrible Titans" by William Sambrot, "Itch on the Bull Run" by Sharon Webb, "Letter to a Phoenix" by Fred Brown, "Who's Cribbing?" by Jack Lewis, "Letters From Laura" by Mildred Clingerman, "Dear Pen Pal" by van Vogt, "Damn Shame" by Dean R. Lambe, "The Trap" by Howard Fast, "The Second Kind of Loneliness" by George R.R. Martin, "The Lonely" by Judith Merrill, "Secret Unattainable" by van Vogt, "After The Great Space War" by Barry Malzberg, "The Prisoner" by Christopher Anvil, "Request For Proposal" by Anthony R. Lewis, and "The Power" by Murray Leinster. (another absolutely fascinating story).

THE FUTURE AT WAR: THOR'S HAMMER, edited by Reginald Bretnor [Ace, \$2.25] Anthology
THE FUTURE AT WAR: THE SPEAR OF MARS, ed. by Reginald Bretnor [Ace, \$2.25] gives of
THE FUTURE AT WAR: ORION'S SWORD, ed. by Bretnor [Ace, \$2.25] military fact and fiction. The first volume concerns Earth and environs, the second covers the Solar System, the third gets into interstellar war and intergalactic warfare. Both new and reprint items are used -- but mostly reprint. In the three volumes you get 33 stories, 16 articles, and three poems (all the latter by Robert Frazier, and all more or less connected), 1121 pages, and several house ads. (Interestingly, Heinlein's "The Long Watch" is in Vol. 1; does Ace pay better than DAW or Doubleday?) Generally it's a good collection, and there are quite a few outstanding stories (such as Clarke's "Superiority," which I have chuckled at and remembered for almost 30 years; Sheldon's "The Screwfly Solution"; Orson Card's "Ender's Game"; Boucher's "Balaam".) The articles might or might not be useful to would-be writers. Most of them are interesting.

THE KEEPER'S PRICE, edited by Marion Zimmer Bradley [DAW #373, \$2.25] Darkover fiction by the Darkover fans. Much of it reads like fan fiction; enthusiastic but unrealistic. But other Darkover fans will enjoy it anyway, and authors have to start somewhere, and there are some quite good stories here, particularly Diana Paxson's "Vai Dom," Susan Schwartz's "The Fires of Her Vengeance" (I don't much like the theme, but the writing is good), and "The Alton Gift" by Elizabeth Waters (a nice, nasty vignette; rather startling among the sweetness and light projected by what I've seen of Darkover fandom). Overall, unless you're a hardcore Darkover fan, save your money.

THE ISLAND OF DOCTOR DEATH AND OTHER STORIES AND OTHER STORIES, by Gene Wolfe [Pocket Books, \$2.95] No, my typewriter didn't stutter. A fine collection of Gene's short fiction, including "The Island of Doctor Death and Other Stories," "The Death of Dr. Island," "The Doctor of Death Island," "Alien Stones," "La Befana," "The Hero As Werewolf," "Three Fingers," "Feather Tigers," "Hour of Trust," "Tracking Song," "The Toy Theatre," "Cues," "The Eyeflash Miracles," and "Seven American Nights." Gene isn't a prolific writer (of fiction) I don't know how many articles he turns out for industrial magazines, but he's one of the best. The stories tend to be ironic and symbolic; it's the irony that appeals to me, and I suppose the symbolism that gets them Nebula nominations (and at least one trophy). The book is highly recommended.

HEROES AND HORRORS, by Fritz Leiber [Pocket Books, \$2.25] Two new Fafhrd and Mouser stories for the "hero" part, and reprinted horrors; "A Bit of the Dark World," "Belsen Express," "Midnight in the Mirror World," "Richmond, Late December, 1849," "Midnight By the Morphy Watch," "The Terror from the Depths," and "Dark Wings." Not all are horrifying; "Midnight By the Morphy Watch" isn't, though it's an excellent chess story. Well done; nothing really brilliant but worth reading if you haven't read the stories already.

THE 1980 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF, edited by Don Wollheim [DAW #384, \$2.25] "The Way of Cross and Dragon," by George R.R. Martin, "The Thirteenth Utopia," by Somtow Sucharitkul, "Options" by John Varley, "Unaccompanied Sonata" by Orson Scott Card, "The Story Writer" by Richard Wilson, "Daisy, In The Sun" by Connie Willis, "The Locusts" by Larry Niven and Steve Barnes, "The Thaw" by Tanith Lee, "Out There Where

The Big Ships Go" by Richard Cowper, "Can These Bones Live" by Ted Reynolds, and "The Extraordinary Adventures of Amelie Bertrand" by Joanna Russ. Interestingly, while all the stories are well enough written, the only ones I could recall without rereading were the Cowper, Martin, Sucharitkul, and Reynolds, and I had to refresh myself on those. Best of the year? Quite possibly -- but it's a shame if they are.

THE BEST STORIES AND ARTICLES FROM SCIENCE FICTION'S NEWEST AND BEST MAGAZINE 1980: THE BEST OF DESTINIES, edited by James Baen [Ace, \$2.25] The book is really somewhat better than the title blurb would indicate. Stories include "Go Starless In The Night" by Zelazny, "The Pilot" by Joe Haldeman, "Assimilating Our Culture, That's What They're Doing" by Niven, "Old Woman By the Road" by Greg Benford, "Domino, Domino" by Dean Ing, "The Ways of Love" by Poul Anderson, "Skystalk" by Charles Sheffield, "Antinomy" by Spider Robinson, and "Spirals" by Niven and Pournelle. Non-fiction includes articles by Pournelle, Sheffield, G. Harry Stine, and Fred Pohl. For me, the Niven, Anderson, and Sheffield fiction was memorable; the other not. Acceptable, but not really what I liked about the magazine.

GALAXY: THE BEST OF MY YEARS, edited by James Baen [Ace, \$2.25] Includes "The Day Before the Revolution" by Le Guin, "The Gift of Garigolli" by Pohl, "Birthdays" by Saberhagen, "Overdrawn At the Memory Bank" by Varley, "The Long Chance" by Sheffield, "Down And Out" by Niven, "The Game of Blood and Dust" by Zelazny, and articles by Asimov, Poul Anderson, Pournelle, and the editor. None really brilliant (no, not even the Le Guin), but mostly very interesting.

THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR #9, edited by Terry Carr [Del Rey, \$2.50] This also contains "Options" and "The Thaw", but the rest of the stories differ from the DAW "best". Here are "Galatea Galante" by Alfred Bester, "Sandkings" by George R. R. Martin, "Time Shards" by Benford, "In The Country of the Blind, No One Can See" by Melissa Michaels, "Re-deem the Time" by David Lake, "Down & Out on Ellfive Prime" by Dean Ing, "The Exit Door Leads In" by Philip K. Dick, "In Trophonius's Cave" by James P. Girard, "Fireflood" by Vonda McIntyre, "No More Pencils, No More Books" by John Morressy, "The Vacuum-Packed Picnic" by Rick Gauger, and "In a Petri Dish Upstairs" by George Turner. Carr draws heavily from Omni, which is not a point in his favor, especially since he omits Gene Wolfe's little gem. ("Sandkings" is acceptable; the remainder are mostly useful for wrapping fish.) None of these stories is terribly memorable, though to be honest three of them couldn't be because I hadn't read them before. Reading them now didn't cause any appreciable joy. This time Wollheim gets the nod as the "best". Maybe it really was a bad year.

Into the reprints, with shorter than usual comments.

THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO by Charles G. Finney [Avon, \$3.95] I bought this because of the Artzybasheff illustrations; first I'd seen that artist for years. Of course, it's an excellent fantasy, too.

SECRET SCEPTRE, by Francis Gerard (Tom Stacey) I picked up a remaindered edition. Police inspector becomes involved with a modern (for 1937, when the book was first published) version of the Round Table, complete with occult powers and the like. Unusual.

SIR HENRY, by Robert Nathan [Borgo Press, \$4.95] Thomas Burnett Swann was a big fan of Nathan. I once loaned him my original hardcover of SIR HENRY, telling him that if he wanted it, he could keep it, because I thought it was a remarkably lousy book. Swann returned the volume to me with a letter agreeing with me. Quite possibly. Nathan's worst story.

THE BEST OF KEITH LAUMER, [Pocket Books, \$2.25] Nine stories; a fair sample of Laumer's work.

THE BEST OF DAMON KNIGHT [Pocket Books, \$2.50] 22 stories, including one of Knight's worst, and several of his best. Recommended.

EMPIRE OF THE EAST, by Fred Saberhagen [Ace, \$2.95] The "Broken Lands" trilogy; good.

THREE FROM THE LEGION, by Jack Williamson [Pocket Books, \$2.95] The "Legion of Space" trilogy. Moderate fun, but creakily old-fashioned.

THE SKYLARK OF SPACE, by E.E. Smith [Berkley, \$1.95] This series is an historic milestone in science fiction/
THE SKYLARK OF VALERON, by E.E. Smith [Berkley, \$1.95]
SKYLARK THREE, by E.E. Smith [Berkley, \$1.95] Unfortunately, it's also very
SKYLARK DUQUESNE, by E.E. Smith [Berkley, \$1.95] crudely written and exceptionally dull, to be read only for its historic value.

THE REAVERS OF SKAITH, by Leigh Brackett [Del Rey, \$1.95] Final book in the Eric John Stark series -- not a particularly good example of Leigh's ability.

THE LONG TOMORROW, by Leigh Brackett [Del Rey, \$1.95] A boy's painful maturation in a future where science is evil. This one is a particularly good example of Leigh's ability. Recommended.

THE RIDDLE-MASTER OF HED, by Patricia McKillip [Del Rey, \$2.25] A trilogy which
HEIR OF SEA AND FIRE, by McKillip [Del Rey, \$2.25] doesn't quite make classic
HARPIST IN THE WIND, by McKillip [Del Rey, \$2.25] stature but is worth reading.
Swords and -- mostly -- sorcery; moderately recommended.

THE EUG WARS, by Robert Asprin [Dell, \$2.25] The novel made from the folksong "Reminder." In this edition, the song is included; it wasn't in the hardcover. Recommended. (Of course; how could I not recommend it?)

THE LOVERS, by Philip José Farmer [Del Rey, \$2.25] The novel version of one of the
A WOMAN A DAY, by Farmer [Derkley, \$2.25] most famous stories in the field
and the novel version of its sequel, which is almost as good. Both highly recommended.

TO WALK THE NIGHT, by William Sloane [Del Rey, \$2.25] Two of the most fascinating
THE EDGE OF RUNNING WATER, by William Sloane [Del Rey, \$2.25] science fiction novels
ever written.

SLAVES OF SLEEP, by L. Ron Hubbard [Dell, \$1.75] A classic adventure-fantasy, this time reprinted with the original Cartier illustrations, which make it a must buy.

THE MIDWICH CUCKOOS, by John Wyndham [Del Rey, \$1.95] Superbabies; a good novel.

THE GOLDEN HELIX, by Theodore Sturgeon [Dell, \$1.95] Ten short stories by an author who never wrote a bad one.

STAND ON ZANZIBAR, by John Brunner [Del Rey, \$2.50] One of the more deserving Hugo winners.

THE AVENGERS OF CARRIG, by John Brunner [DAW #369, \$1.75] Fair sf adventure.

THE COMPLETE ENCHANTER, by L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt [Del Rey, \$2.50]
The standard by which other adventures-in-literary-worlds are judged.

THE GREAT FETISH, by L. Sprague de Camp [Pocket Books, \$1.95] Humorous adventure; good.

WEST OF THE SUN, by Edgar Pangborn [Dell, \$1.95] One of the lesser-known classics; highly recommended.

WEST OF HONOR, by Jerry Pournelle [Pocket Books, \$2.25] Well-done military sf.

THE REVOLVING BOY, by Gertrude Friedberg [Del Rey, \$1.95] Original and fascinating.

EARTHBLOOD, by Keith Laumer and Rosel George Brown [Dell, \$1.95] One of the best of the space operas.

THE FIVE GOLD BANDS, by Jack Vance [DAW #374, \$1.95] The Ridolph stories are
THE MANY WORLDS OF MAGNUS RIDOLPH, by Vance [DAW #381, \$1.75] humorous tales of an
THE LANGUAGES OF PAO, by Jack Vance [DAW #389, \$1.75] intergalactic trouble-
shooter. The antedate Laumer's Retief, but Laumer does it better. BANDS is straight
adventure, well enough done for the type. PAO is theoretically based on linguistics
but in actuality is pretty straight adventure, with language as a gimmick rather than
a premise. All three are mediocre Vance.

THE EYES OF THE OVERWORLD, by Jack Vance [Pocket Books, \$1.95] The Cugel the Clever
stories -- a signal failure to repeat the success of THE DYING EARTH.

THE LORD OF THE TREES/THE MAD GOBLIN, by Philip José Farmer [Ace, \$2.50] Pastiches
of Tarzan and Doc Savage, respectively. Interesting if you like that sort of thing.

A FEAST UNKNOWN, by Philip José Farmer [Playboy Press, \$2.25] A meeting between
Farmer's imitations of Tarzan and Doc Savage. Farmer tries to explain away some of
the discrepancies/idiocies of the originals, and -- since these were originally for
a porno publisher -- adds minor amounts (for a porn book) of sexual language. (Lord
Grandrith jets so frequently and explosively that Phil might better have named him
Grandcamp.) Again, interesting if you really like the Tarzan/Savage stories. (Ob-
viously, I don't.)

THE BUTTERFLY KID, by Chester Anderson [Pocket Books, \$2.25] An allegedly humorous
blend of hippie culture and sf novel.

NAKED TO THE STARS, by Gordon R. Dickson [Ace, \$1.95] Reasonably good space opera.

DORSAIL, by Gordon Dickson [Ace, \$1.95] Two of the early Dorsai books. DORSAIL has
SOLDIER, ASK NOT, by Dickson [Ace, \$1.95] an Afterword by Sandra Miesel, explaining
the series.

FIRE TIME, by Poul Anderson [Del Rey, \$2.25] Barbaric alien civilization.

THE TIME TRADERS, by Andre Norton [Ace, \$1.95] First book in a short series; well
done.

LIFEBOAT, by James White [Del Rey, \$1.95] A well-done space opera.

WAY STATION, by Clifford Simak [Del Rey, \$1.95] A magic solution to all problems;
not one of Simak's best.

COMMUNIPATH WORLDS, by Suzette Haden Elgin [Pocket Books, \$2.75] The three Coyote
Jones novels -- THE COMMUNIPATHS, FURTHEST, AT THE SEVENTH LEVEL -- in one volume,
with a remarkably silly cover.

THE GLORY GAME, by Keith Laumer [Pocket Books, \$1.95] The brilliant man versus
bureaucracy.

UNTO ZECR, FOREVER, by Jacqueline Lichtenberg [Playboy Press, \$2.25] Second book
in the Sime series.

THE PUPPIES OF TERRA, by Thomas M. Disch [Pocket Books, \$1.75] Third title for this;
originally "White Fang Goes Dingo," then "Mankind Under the Lash." A unique method
of overthrowing the aliens. Not a bad story.

THE GARMENTS OF CAEAN, by Barrington J. Bayley [DAW #375, \$1.95] Clothes make the
man.

DYING INSIDE, by Robert Silverberg [Del Rey, \$2.25] Two classics by Silverberg that
SON OF MAN, by Silverberg [Del Rey, \$2.25] I don't much care for.

THE STEEL CROCODILE, by D.G. Compton [Pocket Books, \$2.25] I don't like Compton's
THE UNSLEEPING EYE, by D.G. Compton [Pocket Books, \$2.25] fiction.

ROGUE SHIP, by A.E. van Vogt [DAW #385, \$1.75] Three stories from 30 years ago,
worked into a novel, Acceptable space opera.

THE WINGED MAN, by A.E. van Vogt & E. Mayne Hull [DAW #378, \$1.75] Originally published in 1944. Not exactly a space-opera -- a time-opera? Moderately recommended.

THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE, by Arthur C. Clarke [Pocket Books, \$2.50] Excellent non-fiction book on the future of spaceflight.

THE CATCH TRAP, by Marion Zimmer Bradley [Ballantine, \$3.50] Excellent novel of maturity, homosexual love, and circus life. Highly recommended.

THE WORLD OF STAR TREK, by David Gerrold [Del Rey, \$2.50]

THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES, by David Gerrold [Del Rey, \$2.25]

THE MAKING OF THE TREK CONVENTIONS, by Joan Winston [Playboy Press, \$2.25]

I AM NOT SPOCK, by Leonard Nimoy [Del Rey, \$1.75]

Four non-fiction books for ST fandom. For the non-fan, TRIBBLES is interesting as an example of how tv scripts are developed, and WORLD gives a fair background on the show as a whole. The others are strictly for the ST fans.

A GUIDE TO BARSOOM, by John Flint Roy [Del Rey, \$1.95] If you really need one...

HAN SOLO'S REVENGE, by Brian Daley [Del Rey, \$2.25] Acceptable space opera; not terribly brilliant and not just a novelization of anything in the movies. Original story.

NON-SCIENCE FICTION

A DISTANT MIRROR, by Barbara Tuchman [Knopf, \$15.95/Ballantine, \$8.95] The book of the year for me; a look at the 14th century, mostly but not entirely through the career of Enguerrand de Courcy VII, a French knight and military leader. Fascinating details of the politics, economics, and general life of the era.

THE STONE CIRCLES OF THE BRITISH ISLES, by Aubrey Burl [Yale University Press] Forget what a paid for it; quite a bit. A trifle dry for casual reading, but obviously the definitive book on British stone circles. I wish I'd had a copy before the Seacon trip.

READING THE LANDSCAPE OF AMERICA, by May Theilgaard Watts [Collier, \$6.95] Reminiscences of a naturalist, along with articles on how ecology works. Highly readable, and also highly informative; a rare combination. I thoroughly enjoyed it.

GETTING THERE: FRONTIER TRAVEL WITHOUT POWER, by Suzanne Hilton [Westminster, \$9.95] Juvenile non-fiction on pioneer travel. Well written and well illustrated, with some absolutely fascinating photos of early roads. For the 10 to 12 age group; recommended.

MUD AND GUTS, by Bill Mauldin [U.S. Printing Office] No price listed; unusual for U.S. published items. Not too expensive; it's a thin little booklet. The Revolution through the cartoons and text of Mauldin; the cartoons are among Mauldin's best, and as far as I know, not available elsewhere.

THE CARSON FACTOR, by William Ashworth [Hawthorn, \$10.95] A close look at the Klamath Mouse War of 1957; the causes and problems of probably our greatest localized rodent infestation in history. Interesting story; fascinating writing. Recommended.

FIRE STORM, by Robert L. Duncan [Ballantine, \$2.25] Duncan certainly has a low opinion of large corporations. As usual, one is the villain here, in an adventure involving Japanese terrorists, a hijacked tanker, U.S. energy policy, and an assortment of oil and maritime interests. Fast-moving; reasonably interesting adventure.

GOLDEN OBSESSION, by Georgia Cogswell [Zebra, \$2.25] Considering the Mexican background, I assume the author is Ted Cogswell's wife. It's a pretty good gothic, actually, with an interesting background.

SUMMER OF THE DRAGON, by Elizabeth Peters [Fawcett, \$2.25] Thoroughly enjoyable. The heroine, an anthropologist, gets mixed up with a wealthy individual who believes in

the supernatural and his assortment of pet nuts, allowing the author to take potshots at reincarnation, the Atlantis cult, the Lost Dutchman mine, the Ten Lost Tribes, flying saucers, and an imitation Velikovsky (the latter being the only one who is obviously well disguised). Enjoyable, funny, and recommended.

IRON BUTTERFLIES, by Andre Norton [Fawcett, \$2.25] Graustark from the woman's viewpoint. A trifle melodramatic, but enjoyable.

GOLDEN GALATEA, by Florence Stevenson [Jove, \$2.25] A historical bed-bouncer; I assume it's fairly typical, but I don't normally read the genre so I don't know. I prefer Florence's humorous material.

THE MIDNIGHT MATCH, by "Zabrina Faire" [Warner, \$1.75] All Regency romances, with
THE ROMANY REBEL, by Faire [Warner, \$1.75] much more plot than is
ENCHANTING JENNY, by Faire [Warner, \$1.75] typical of the genre.
THE WICKED COUSIN, by Faire [Warner, \$1.75]

The following books have not been read, for one reason or another, and are noted only. (Next issue will have a larger number of these; I'm getting behind on my reading.)

A VICTORY FOR KREGEN, by Alan Burt Akers [DAW #382, \$1.95] Dray Prescott #22.
CROWN OF THE SWORD GOD, by Manning Norvil [DAW #390, \$1.75] Swords and sorcery.
ZANTHADON, by Lin Carter [DAW #391, \$1.75] second book in Carter's hollow-earth series
THE TERRA DATA, by E.C. Tubb [DAW #383, \$1.75] Dumarest #22.
FIGHTING SLAVE OF GOR, by John Norman [DAW #376, \$2.25]
STAR HUNTERS, by Jo Clayton [DAW #394, \$1.75] #5 in the Diadem series.
EYES OF FIRE, by Michael Bishop [Pocket Books, \$2.25] A rewrite of A FUNERAL FOR
THE EYES OF FIRE; Bishop disowns the earlier version.
THE OFFICIAL STAR TREK TRIVIA BOOK, by Rafe Needleham [Pocket Books, \$2.25] Blech.
STAR TREK THE MOTION PICTURE, by Gene Roddenberry [Pocket Books, \$2.50]
THE BLACK HOLE, by Alan Dean Foster [Ballantine, \$1.95]
CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND, by Steven Spielberg [Dell, \$2.50] "Special edition...revised with new scenes." The old scenes were bad enough...
UTOPIA 3, by George Alec Effinger [Playboy Press, \$1.95] Original title is listed as "Death In Florence"; I don't recall ever hearing of it.
LORD TEDRIC #2, by Gordon Eklund [Ace, \$1.95]
PHASE TWO, by Walt and Leigh Richmond [Ace, \$1.95]
A STONE IN HEAVEN, by Poul Anderson [Ace, \$2.50] Dominic Flandry.
THE ILLUSTRATED HARLAN ELLISON [Ace, \$2.50] Fans of Steranko, the Dillons, Ralph Reese, Thomas Sutton, Wayne McLoughlin, Overton Loyd, or William Stout might want this, though God knows the reproduction on the art is poor enough.
THE PURITY PLOT, by E.E. Smith and Stephen Goldin [Berkley, \$1.95] #6 in the D'Alembert series.
VISION OF TAROT, by Piers Anthony [Berkley, \$1.95] Volumes 2 and 3 of the Tarot
FAITH OF TAROT, by Piers Anthony [Berkley, \$1.95] trilogy.
MAYFLIES, by Kevin O'Donnell, Jr. [Berkley, \$1.95] I actually tried this one, but I didn't get far.
THE MAN WHO LOVED THE MIDNIGHT LADY, by Barry Malzberg [Doubleday, \$10.00] A collection of short stories.
A STORM OF WINDS, by M. John Harrison [Doubleday, \$8.95] Sequel to THE PASTEL CITY.
FAREWELL, EARTH'S BLISS, by D.G. Compton [Borgo, \$4.95]
APOSTLE, by Roger Lovin [Starblaze, \$4.95]
NIGHT'S MASTER, by Tanith Lee [DAW #313, \$1.75] Two books about the affairs of a
DEATH'S MASTER, by Tanith Lee [DAW #324, \$1.95] theology of gods and demons.



BUCK COULSON
MUST BE
REVIEWING
MY FANZINE.
I HAVE THIS
SENSE OF
IMPENDING
DISASTER!

FRUIT

The long gap between publication has resulted in a huge box full of fanzines, so I'm not sure I can stick to just two pages this time. I shall try, ruthlessly tossing aside apazines, any title that was reviewed in the past year or so, and, in fact, anything that I damnwell feel like tossing aside.

HARD PORE CORN #3, 4 [Marie L. Bartlett, 646-1/2 N.Fifth, Dekalb IL 60115 -- irregular? 75 cents] I never could resist rural puns. And the chemical puns inside are pretty good, too; "a horse with nonane" indeed. Also we have con reports, an article on copyrights, reviews, letters, articles on other subjects and the usual, etc. Good repro. Fair-to-good art. Rating 6

NYCTALOPS #15 [Silver Scarab Press, 502 Elm St SE, Albuquerque NM 87102 - irregular - \$2.50] For the serious fantasy reader and viewer of fantasy art. Fantastic reproduction; in a class by itself as far as visual quality goes. This issue features good serious articles and lots of fantasy poetry, none of which I liked. (But I suppose someone must.) The articles and the art were excellent. Rating 8

FANTASY #4 [F.A.N., P.O. Box 5157, Sherman Oaks CA 91413 - quarterly - \$2] The one I have is Winter 1979/80, so I don't know if it's still publishing; inquire first. This is the official publication of the Fantasy Artists Network. There are articles, "how-to" pieces, interviews, a showcase for a particular artist, etc. Reproduction is good, if not quite in the NYCTALOPS category. (And none of it particularly interested me, but it might well interest any young fan artists reading this. Material seems accurate enough. If you're a fan artist, you can't lose by making inquiries.

THE MONTHLY MONTHLY #4 thru 10 [c/o Robert Runte, 10957 88 Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, T6G 0Y9, Canada - monthly --75 cents] Heavily but not entirely oriented towards the film industry. (The editors have asked for more fannish contributions and evidently not received them. Only solution to that, people, is to write them yourselves.) The film fans -- who do not include me -- seem to think it's a fine fanzine. I note that the editorials and letters are getting better, and mostly ignore the film stuff. Rating 7

WALDO #4, 5 [Eric Bentcliffe, 17 Riverside Crescent, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire CW4 7NR ENGLAND - quarterly? - "available by whim"] Editorial reminiscences -- of his introduction to fandom in #4 and of Season in #5 -- John Berry's adventures with assorted semi-wild life, and a good lettercolumn. Thoroughly enjoyable. Rating 7

DYNATRON #71, 72 [Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque NM 87107 - irregular - 50 cents] Primarily a personalzine (though only about half of each of these is written by the editor) from a no-nonsense personality. (Highly recommended to anyone who thinks I'm nasty and vicious.) Naturally, I enjoy it thoroughly, as I enjoy the works of most forthright personalities. Roy viciously rips apart another crackpot theory in #71 and I enjoyed every word of it. Rating 7

SCOTTISHE #78, 79 [Ethel Lindsay, 69 Berry Road, Carnoustie, Angus DD7 7QQ SCOTLAND USAgent, Andy Porter, P.O. Box 4175, New York NY 10017 - semi-annual - 50p or about \$1.25] Get 'em while they're available; Ethel is talking about discontinuing the zine next year. Reviews, letters, and editorial comments -- which in #79 are about

Seacon. Much more interesting to read reports of cons you've been to (and while I still generally dislike con reports, I'm interested in the activities of friends, so it depends on who's writing the report.) A low-keyed and very enjoyable fanzine.

Rating . 7

GRAYMALKIN #5 [Denise Parsley Leigh, 121 Nansen St., Cincinnati OH 45216 - irregular - \$1] Major items are by Bill Bowers (that someone I helped become acclimated to fandom should use a word like "conceptualize" -- for shame!), and George R. R. Martin, who has a long item dissecting reviewers. (He's right, too; a lot of those other reviewers have the faults he mentions -- of course, I don't...) Fairly long lettercol. Repro excellent on print, lousy on art and headings.

Rating 5

NOUMENON #33, 34, 35/36 [Brian Thurogood, 40 Korora Road, Oneroa, Waiheke Island, Hauraki Gulf, New Zealand - 10 times a year - \$12.25 per year airmail or \$7.00 sea-mail] A news and review fanzine, primarily for New Zealand and Australian items, but a fair amount of world sf news. Excellent reproduction and generally very good reporting, though of course I don't agree with a lot of the opinions expressed.

Rating 8

KANTELE #4/5 [Filk Foundation, P.O. Box 9911, Little Rock AR 72219 -- irregular - 50 cents] This is the fall 1979 issue; if we've had one since Juanita must have squirreled it away for the songs published in it. But I'm positive that the Filk Foundation is still in business, and presumably more issues will forthcome. If you like filksinging you'll enjoy it; if you never heard of the term before you might want to find out what it is. The mag is about half songs and half letters and editorial commentary. Must say Steve Simmons has one of the more cogent comments in here (and Bob Passovoy one of the least; Jesus, Bob, I thought better of you than to suggest Filk Awards). I enjoyed it, but of course I'm biased.

ARES #1 (Ares, 257 Park Avenue, South, New York NY 10010 - bimonthly - \$3) This seems to be a professional rather than a fan publication, but one never knows... it's a combination of science fiction and wargames magazine, including a science article by John Boardman, three short stories, reviews, and the instructions, playing board, and counters for the game "Worldkiller". Not being a wargamer I wasn't highly impressed by it, but the combination is interesting.

RUNWAY 37, #1, 2, 3 [Margaret Middleton, P.O. Box 9911, Little Rock AR 72219 - "near quarterly" - 30 cents] Reviews, editorial comments, letters, quite a bit on conventions -- con reports, a convention calendar, etc. Even a piece of fiction in #3. Well, I like the editorial comment (and the editor) and the letters anyway. The rest is good enough if one enjoys that sort of thing. Good reproduction. Rating 4

P*S*F*Q #3/4 [Michael Ward, P.O. Box 1496, Cupertino CO 95015 - irregular - \$3] This is an old issue; probably I got no later ones because I didn't respond to this one. Generally serious attention paid to not-always-serious subjects. This time we have articles on Don Grant, suspense techniques in sf, a couple on feminism in sf, the Gor books, wargaming, and image-making in science fiction. (I can guarantee the author's point about all-pervasiveness in images; even not giving a damn about one's image gives you one...of course, I work on my image now, but I got it by ignoring imagery.) Plus an interview with C.L. Moore which provides about as much information as most interviews -- next to none. Excellent printing, good artwork, generally good writing (though like Roy Tackett, I wonder a bit at the academic treatment of Gor; it reminds me irresistably of Alex Gilliland's treatise on the Freudian symbolism of TREASURE OF THE BLACK FALCON).

Rating 8

LE MOINDRE #38 [Boyd Raeburn, 189 Mxome Avenue, Willowdale, Ontario, Canada - irregular - for FAPA] Yes, I know I said up there I was tossing aside apazines -- and I've said for years that I detest con/trip reports, which is what this consists of. But Boyd is too entertaining a writer to toss aside. There have been -- and will contin-

ue to be -- a lot of con/trip reports about Seacon; this may be the best of the lot. (Even if he makes it all up; I never heard anyone say "40 pee" for 40 pence while I was in England...but maybe they took Boyd for a native; he does talk sort of funny.)

Rating 8

INTERMEDIATE VECTOR BOSONS #2 [Harry J.N. Andruschak, P.O. Box 606, La Cañada-Flint-ridge CA 91011 - semi-annual - \$1] But mostly for trade. A fair amount of editorial comment and letters, plus both technical and fannish articles...and one of Rotsler's best creations on the cover.

Rating 5

JANUS #16 [SF³, Box 1624, Madison WI 53701 - irregular - \$1.50] Strange; I have #17/18; I vividly recall Hank Luttrell pursuing me down a Madison street and forcing a copy into my reluctant fingers. But it didn't get into the fanzine box, evidently. This is one of the leading feminist fanzines, with, this issue, interviews with Jo Clayton and Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, reviews of various sf items by women, the feminist literary magazines, etc. (This issue seems practically all feminist; most of them aren't.) Excellent printed reproduction, good serious art, and cartoons that are neither very well-drawn nor very funny. (If Bill Danner can publish humor as funny as MAD, then JANUS cartoons should be at least in the same league as the ones in MS. They're not.) On the whole, an excellent fanzine for femfans.

Rating 7

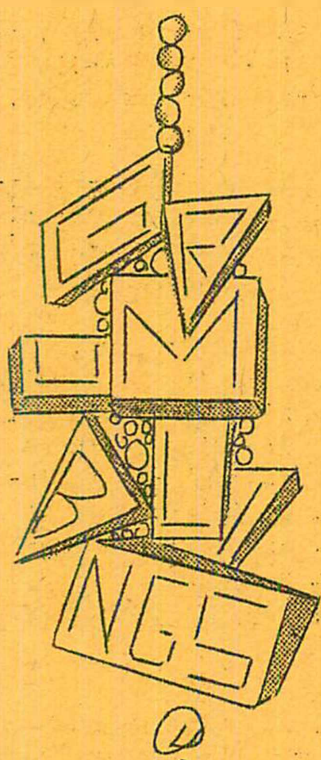
SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE, October 1979 [Starship Magazine, P.O. Box 4175, New York NY 10017 - monthly - \$1] A high price for a small newsletter. This one is very professionally done, however, and contains a lot of material on publishers, editors, authors, new books, etc. I certainly don't receive it monthly, though; I have the feeling that Andy sends me a copy now and then in the vague hope that I might actually part with some money and subscribe. He might even by right -- someday. It's worth the price if you really want sf news.

NIEKAS #22 [Edmund R. Meskys, RFD Box 63, Center Harbor NH 03226 - irregular - \$2] Hmm...here it says send cash to Sherwood Frazier, 106 School St., Laconia NH 03246. Fanzines keep bobbing up from their premature burials; it's been at least 10 years since the last NIEKAS I saw. Material hasn't changed a lot; still a wide variety of articles and reviews of about anything that might interest a fan. Reproduction hasn't changed much, either; still poor. Poorer, if anything, than it was before. And it's still a thick publication. One major change; the editor-in-chief is now blind. Aside from including some quite interesting material on Kurzweil machines, Paperless Braille, and some of the internal politics of the National Federation of the Blind (which of course are like the internal politics of almost any other large mundane organization; people remain people), the blindness hasn't affected the contents of NIEKAS. It was never one of my favorite fanzines because Ed's interests were seldom mine, but I'm glad to see it back. (A breath of air from the past and all that rot.)

Rating 6

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES #76 [Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, Inc., 11513 Burbank Blvd North Hollywood CA 91601 - quadrimestrial - \$1] This one hibernated for 12 years, according to the editorial. I can't say it looks the same because Shaggy always looked different depending on who was editing. So this issue looks familiarly different. Major item, in my estimation, is Mike Glycer's article on the juveniles who insist on wearing and waving around weaponry -- fake and real -- at conventions. (And I applaud his comment that these people are not SCA members -- or Dorsai, for that matter. They're halfassed kids, is what they are, and they seem to be becoming more of a damned nuisance on the west coast than they are here. And they're annoying enough here.)

Rating 5



Joe L. Hensley, 2315 Blackmore, Madison IN 47250

MINOR MURDERS wasn't bought in England apparently because they didn't like the ending. I don't punish the "killer." I sort of thought her life, past, present, and future, was punishment enough. They may not like the new one, either. Ah, well.

I've a bunch of short things coming, plus another in the Robak Doubleday series. I have a short called "Widow" in a collection edited by Asimov and Alice Laurance coming (due this month, I'd heard) from Houghton Mifflin. Gene and I have a collaborative short story coming in a new AHMM, EQMM competitor as yet unnamed, I've a reprint coming in Taplinger's fall scheduled Best Mystery Short Shorts, and I've sold a Senator & Robak short story to AHMM, called "Trial Tactics." Somehow I seem to have moved away from sf to suspense, which was always my first love. The novel is called OUTCASTS and I finished it about three weeks back (thank God).

Mike Deckinger, 649 16th Ave., San Francisco CA 94118

Matheson's I AM LEGEND was made into not one, but two bad movies. THE LAST MAN ON EARTH with Vincent Price and THE OMEGA MAN with Charlton Heston. Both stink! It also supplied partial inspiration for NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD.

Hamilton's DOOMSTAR was first published by Belmont in 1966.

Jim Turner, 9218 8th Avenue NW, Seattle WA 98117

Glad to hear you all and Yandro have survived another midwestern winter. Being a mellow westcoast person now, I don't know if I could allow weather like that in my space. (For a long time I distrusted Jerry Brown without being too sure why I did. Then, about this time last year, a reporter asked him if he was going to marry Linda Rondstadt and he said that was a space he was keeping private. Now, if he'd said that wasn't any of your goddam business he would have scored points with me...not, I suppose, that that's worth anything to him. But right then I decided that people who went around talking like that weren't to be trusted.)

I've managed to avoid being buried underneath volcanic ash although others were not so fortunate or prudent. The area was full of people who'd been sitting around for weeks waiting for the mountain to blow up. They sure got what they were waiting for. In March 1977, a day or two after I moved here, I noticed something in the paper about Mt. St. Helens. Some geologist was saying we couldn't go many more years without some action out of the mountain. I remember thinking then it might already be time to remove elsewhere. I was surprised by how many were looking forward to it like the start of the fall television season or the first day or summer or Jane Fonda breaking out in boils (that's what I look forward to, anyway). I don't know why I was surprised. If you advertised that if a crowd should gather somewhere at a particular time and place, and 10 percent of it would be publicly executed for the example of the rest, I doubt if you could hire a hall big enough to hold the crowd.

I've managed to work three years in Corrections now without burning out. The federal judge considered closing the Washington State Penitentiary because it lacked the features of the Hilton that convicted murderers, rapists, thieves, and other characters beloved of those who tend to go out and vote for Teddy Kennedy tend to believe they should have. So there's a big move to lower the population in the institutions and work release (where I work) gets to bear the brunt. I suppose that someday I should write some fanzine columns about my work.

[[If you write any, keep Yandro in mind. RSC]]

John Boston, 225 Baltic Street, Brooklyn NY 11201

I wish Juanita were universally correct about the unresponsiveness of movie audiences (other than Rocky Horror fans). Applause and cheers seem to be becoming the rule in New York, usually at the end but sometimes throughout. Since the performers aren't there to hear, I can only conclude that the people who applaud do so in order to be noticed by the rest of the audience. It makes me wish for a giant candle snuffer. A variation on the cheers and applause is demonstrative laughter -- so loud and/or long that it is obviously contrived. The most egregious display of this was during Woody Allen's Manhattan, virtually from beginning to end -- half the dialogue was drowned out. There the motivation was obvious. I saw it in a first-run Manhattan theater in a hip/chic neighborhood, and the movie is mostly a series of hip/chic New York in-jokes. Most of the people in the audience therefore felt it necessary to show their companions that they, too, were chic and/or hip. It's a good movie to see in Tennessee or Indiana.

All this is a reversal of my past appreciation of New York movie audiences. After living in Nashville for several years, imagine my surprise when I went to see 8 1/2 in New York and heard people laugh in the right places. In Nashville, I had felt like a freak, since I was usually either the only person laughing or the only person not laughing. Even this is beginning to change. When I saw Close Encounters -- without question the funniest movie I have seen since Siddhartha -- I was afraid I would be lynched as I struggled with my guffaws in the tomb-like silence, surrounded by rapt and awestruck faces.

I have been gradually losing my resistance to the domestic magic lantern under the influence of British vulgarity, notably Benny Hill and Dr. Who. The former is spotty but at its best is as funny as anything I've seen on TV (admittedly, less than virtually everyone else). It is as crude as Saturday Night Live but much more securely so, and much less vicious. Dr. Who I had always thought to be a kiddie exploitation show like Lost In Space; when I actually got up one Saturday morning about two months ago, I discovered it was a first-rate parody of fifties sf. At least I think it's a parody. Maybe it's just a stray miracle of naivete, but it comes across to me like a collaboration between old and cynical sf fans and disguised defectors from Monty Python. Recent episodes have had everything: people replaced by robots, space colonies reverted to barbarism and ruled by technological "magic," religious orders possessed by alien intelligences, even Asimov's First Law (as I recall, referred to as the Prime Directive), presided over by a smart-ass hero out of Eric Frank Russell with the universal competence of the Heinlein Hero crossed with Kimball Kinnison in such matters as electronics, crossbow marksmanship, etc.

I can't resist nitpicking your nitpicking of del Rey's sf history: the book title of "Malice in Wonderland" was indeed Tomorrow's World -- in the Avalon hardcover. Tomorrow and Tomorrow was the paperback.

Don't take my word for it, turn to page 300 of Nicholls and take John Clute's word.

[[Since Clute is the one who listed my birth year as 1924....(but you're right). RSC]]

Dave Wixon, Box 8600, Minneapolis MN 55408

Regarding Thomas Stratton's report comparing STAR TREK THE MOVIE and BLACK HOLE: when I tried the two, I found that a crown appeared on my head when I tasted STAR TREK THE MOVIE. And STAR TREK THE MOVIE has one-third less calories than the other light movie, and tastes great, too. (Hey! You're Boog Powell!)



Bruce Coulson, 2454 Indiana Ave., Columbus OH 43202

Nomination for most gullible: The Columbus Dispatch cited a recent incident [as of last winter]. It seems that a businessman, while waiting for his Greyhound bus to leave for wherever, went to a nearby tavern. He met a woman there, who suggested they go off together. They did, in her car. While driving, she suggested he take off all his clothes and put them in the back seat. After a short while, she suggested that both of them climb into the back seat. When he got out the front door to get into the back, she locked both doors and left with \$250 and his clothes. He spent the next hour and a half in 35 degree weather pounding on doors, stark naked. "Most residents," the police reported, "told him to go away." Somebody did take pity on him enough to give him a bathrobe by the time police arrived.

I assume that you've already heard about the Easter Seals poster child being shot, as well as the mother who roasted her kid in an oven in an effort to "drive the devil out of her house for the new year." (I didn't think that burning the victim as part of exorcism had been used since the Renaissance...) There was also an item about two self-styled "witches" being put on trial for murder (by shotgun, not witchcraft) in Texas. (What I found fascinating is that the couple said they had joined the Church of Wicca, which is based in North Carolina, and taken a witchcraft-by-mail course to become practicing members.)

Gio Scognamillo, Postacilar Sokak 13/13, Beyoglu, Istanbul, Turkey

Yes, TV has forced "bigness" in movies, starting with the Big Screen and culminating, actually, in bigger and bigger productions. To lure people out of their homes and away from the video sets you have to give them, on the big screen, things that they cannot have on the small screen. They can have SF but not of this kind, for example. Two things are actually pushing people toward the movie theaters: big productions plus sex and violence. How far will this go? No one knows. It is possible that with the time people will also return to the theaters eager to follow also other stories, to be really involved with the cinema and not only as a spectacle or a sex-machine. I'm constantly following in "Variety" and other trade magazines the ups and downs of all new films and it's good to see that, for example, "Kramer vs. Kramer," which is not spectacle but human drama, is having a (perhaps) unexpected success both in the States and in Europe.

I may be gloomy about the future of the cinema in this country (production costs going higher and higher, attendance going down and down, hard-core invading most of the theaters, local production in crisis) but I know that the American cinema will always save itself through its "grandeur" and the European one through less spectacular but more involved films.

Evidently you cannot ask much from TV series, they have to follow some strict rules even if such rules are causing more and more schematical plots and cardboard types. Here in Turkey we have only one channel but a lot of TV series. (THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO, DOCTOR'S HOSPITAL, LAVERNE AND SHIRLEY, MORK AND MINDY, SMALL HOUSE ON THE PRAIRIE, LASSIE, FLIPPER, TAXI) plus some British ones, (THE RETURN OF THE SAINT, THE FORSYTHE SAGA.) None of them are exceptional, far from it. Some are good professional products, others are silly child stuff. But, well, that's TV; and TV is not the "cinema," by all means.

[[However, it will be. The handwriting is not only on the wall, it's starting to knock immense chunks out of the movie and TV-making superstructure. That's what the current actors' strike in LA is all about. The home entertainment center is already here, with numbers above a million and climbing rapidly, and the state of the art is advancing at a mind-boggling rate. Already there are indications the latest mode of large-screen home projection VTR systems are eliminating the poor resolution and rigid viewing angle demanded of the first crude systems a couple of years ago. Within five years full wall projection, with wraparound effect and the equivalent, if you want it, of Dolby sound, may be -- probably will be -- within the grasp of the American middle class cinema audience. At the exponential rate this is progressing, within ten years

theatrical showings of films will be small audience, elitist, scholarly and quaint club type entertainment. The home entertainment center, super sophisticated and adaptable, will eliminate a lot of problems (and no doubt create some new ones, many now unforeseen), including the ones John Boston was complaining about earlier. Cable and rental cassettes will most likely spell the end of the restrictions now placed on American -- and British and European and Australian, etc. -- TV. Hard to censor when the viewer is watching in privacy in his or her own home. And keeping forbidden films out of their hands will be increasingly difficult, especially with the proliferation -- and likely readier and cheaper availability -- of home Earth stations. Want to watch sexploitation, esoteric literary cinema, slapstick, macho sports films, whimsy, kiddie fluff? Pipe it in. Throw it on the wall. Wrap yourself in it. If you want the cozy sociability of the "old" movie theater atmosphere, why invite in a bunch of friends who enjoy the same films you do, will laugh in the right places, and appreciate what's going on far more than a random collection of clods who paid for a ticket to the same mob-scene and have the right to tromple on your viewing pleasure and sensibilities, if they choose. This all sounds very sf. But so, in 1970, did a device I could buy for less than \$5, which would fit in my hand, and conquer for me, effortlessly, my lifelong ineptitude in dealing with numbers. So did, in 1970, a device which sits under my TV set and lets me watch THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH without enduring the puerile laughter and comments of a mass audience in Podunk reacting to interracial nudity, for example, or to see John Huston's WISE BLOOD -- which will never be shown in any regional theaters in my part of the Midwest at all, because it simply isn't economically sane for the theater owners. The future isn't coming. It's already in a boggling number of American living rooms and soon to be explosively exported from Japan, etc., to the rest of the cinema fans around the world. A celluloid film really becomes a museum piece....JWC]]

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

Once more, I am amazed to find that Buck and I agree on the vast majority of books. I still think his opinions are changing, not mine, but it is probably a bit of both. Maturity brings wisdom to us all, right? Actually, we did disagree on Cabell, whom I love, and I wasn't as negative about the early Disch novels, so not all hope is lost.

David Macaulay, who did MOTEL OF THE MYSTERIES, did a great number of covers and illustrations for early Apa45 zines. He and I went through high school together. He's a natural performer, in person, one of the few genuinely funny people I've ever known. He and I were planning to write and illustrate a children's book together, but the impracticality at the time (I was 850 miles from him at Michigan State) killed the project, and we've had only minimal contact since then. Great missed opportunity #226, I guess.

I was pleased to see the comment about the Don Maitz cover ON THE ROAD TO CORLAY. I also was impressed with it, particularly since I have never much cared for his style previously. His cover on Yarbro's ARIOSTO is excellent, too, though not as good.

As it happens I just finished re-reading Kate Wilhelm's short fiction, and I agree and disagree with the comment that they are pointless. I find her to be erratic, and sometimes the stories seem too idiosyncratic to be good. But once in a while, she comes up with something really exceptional, like "The Plastic Abyss". There's not enough to make her one of the great writers, but there are enough that I try each to pick out the occasional gem.

[[Maturity brings wisdom, and since I'm older than you are...(I think)...RSC]]

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

Thanks for Yandro 249. The usual pangs of conscience are driving me to send along a few words of comment, nudged along by just having finished reading Joe Hensley's MINOR MURDERS, in which the protagonist's neighbors, the Coulsons, are described as a couple who spend most of their time gadding about the country. (If you have read the

book, I would be curious to know if you too think a large hunk of MS was chopped out of the latter part.)

An air travel non-horror story: Oldest son spent a capacity-torturing amount of time in Navy aircraft after his basic training and advance schooling, with a few anxious moments along the way, but his favorite story happened during one of his first trips to a duty station. With no flight experience beyond commercial, he was puzzled when handed a small package containing two unidentifiable objects that looked for all the world to him like military-issue chewing gum. Thinking it something to gnaw to equalize pressure in his inner ear while in flight, he confidently popped them in his mouth and commenced to masticate happily. This brought a rousing round of laughter from his fellow travelers, to see the Green Kid chewing his earplugs.

My own memories of audience participation are much the same as yours (at the movies). If we were lucky, we got to attend the Saturday Matinee, two cowboy movies, newsreel, serial, and cartoon, one coke and popcorn or Milk Duds, and we never missed a chance to howl in indignation when something went wrong. Or to screech during the chase scenes, howl at the man-eating vines' approach in the serial, and make disgusted noises when lips touched lips. It was part of the experience, and it made it more satisfying. Now I sometimes sense disapproving stares when I am inspired to laugh in a movie. -So in retaliation of a pleasure denied I sit at home and rail at commercial interruptions and drive my wife up the wall. (You should hear what I call Mrs. Olsen the coffee lady...)

The Miesel, Schweitzer, and Miesel ad was great. I wish you had included extra applications. I have three great prospects in mind.

Collecting barf bags? Cap pistols? Not so unusual, I suppose, in view of the fact that I know a guy who collects, casts in plaster, and arranges on mounted display boards the spoor of animals and birds. I've often wondered if the guy catalogs the bird spoor castings by the altitude from which they were dropped, but as you might suspect I am afraid to ask. I am much less afraid to suggest to the guy that he consider collecting buzzard dung. Or pheasant spoor. I seem to recall that when a pheasant flushes from cover (ohhh...) it scatters an impressive amount of digested grain across the terrain. Chinese Ringneck Pheasant, In Flight, would take seventeen pieces of plywood for proper mounting. African Elephant, Standing, would take at least $3/4$ inch plywood.

Just finished OA Spring Ordeal, and am sitting here trying to get my temper and sense of humor back in shape, as usual.

The final spice to a long weekend was added late last night, in the form of one those "Oh god yes, it's broken, I think!" leg injury reports. Got the kid on his way to the hospital, called his Dad, who was at home, told him the story, and he replied, "Oh Shit!" Some day I'm going to do an arkle on the often eye-bugging reactions I get answering the phone or making calls on a scout camp. Anyhoo, this time the broken leg was not broken, as I suspected. 99 out of every 100 broken legs in scout camps are...not.

Lotsa blood and protruding bone ends is a pretty good sign that something is amiss, tho. Or the kid who climbed a flagpole and slid down the halyard cleat, exposing both his immature balls to the country air. That was fairly obviously a serious injury. Took 140 stitches in the little fart's behind. And his betwixt, too. The kid with the two-tone green and grey

I NEVER MISS AN ISSUE
OF YANDRO.



MAKES THE
BEST GARDEN
MULCH THERE
IS.

leg was pretty easily diagnosed as a snake bite, too, particularly since the bottom half was much larger than the thigh.

[[Hadr't considered editorial emasculation of Joe's story. Joe?]]

Bob Tucker, 34 Greenbriar Drive, Jacksonville, IL 62650

The arrival of Yandro 249 cheered me considerably, mostly because of the joyful offerings of your galaxy of stars: Schweitzer, Miesel, Miesel, and Stratton. I can appreciate Juanita's problems with the layout and typing but nonetheless I wish all concerned would do more of the same; it carried me almost all the way back to (insert a favorite number) fandom when Yandro was regularly winning nominations for the Hugo and all that jass. Perhaps this issue is your secret bid to enter the award lists again, perhaps you secretly envy the winners of the Hugo and the Faan Awards and you want your rightful turn. Will Yandro upset SFR next year? Will the Coulsons take it all away from Geis?

You could use a nice weighty Hugo as a paperweight to hold down that stack of paper, fanzines, magazines, and books on the desk in the den. (But I would suggest that you pick up that copy of WEB OF SAND off the floor before you let the cat in.)

I'm with you 101 percent on Peter Nicholl's ENCYCLOPEDIA and I've been recommending it to all who will listen and who have the money. I've been told by a New York editor that Pat LoBrutto of Doubleday will send a free copy to any writer who is included in the book, upon request, but I haven't yet tested this to learn if it is true. I have doubts, inasmuch as several hundred writers could ask for a freebie and it doesn't seem likely that Doubleday would be that generous. You'll find "Tuckerisms" mentioned on page 614. I'm puzzled by the absence of Sandra from the book; she published several prefaces and forewords prior to the publication date, as I remember, and the editors should be aware of her.

I don't know when I'll have time to read the entire book, if ever, but I'd like to, to learn if the editors have included the usual encyclopedic traps designed to snare plagiarists. Major encyclopedia publishers are said to sometimes include wholly fictitious entries about people or places which don't exist, and later if another encyclopedia includes that same false entry the second publisher faces a lawsuit for copying. You or I, or any number of imaginative fan writers, could dream up a dozen or more false entries for the encyclopedia. I would have inserted one or more on pages 206-07; one can have all kinds of fanciful funs with fandom and fan language. (And there is a very brief mention of Dr. Wertham on p. 206.)

I'm waiting for a trip report and (dare I mention it?) *con report* on your and Juanita's passage to Brighton. It truly should be worth reading. I expect you have already seen a few such reports and we can say again that no two people ever go to the same convention, but a very few of the reports have raised my greying eyebrows an inch or so. Do you remember some years ago when the London fans were referring to northern English fans as "bloody colonials"? Some of the trip reports I've read reveal the writers as naive colonials, provincial to a fault. I'm not a widely traveled person, having been off the North American continent only twice in my life, but yet I was amazed at the gaffes some fans committed and then published in their reports.

Did you get to London and did you do the tourist sites? I did, with vengeance, and was rewarded several times, most notably in the Tower of London. There is a magnificent armored elephant in the Tower, a memento of the British-Indian conflicts, and nearby is the prototype of the Darth Vader costume. It is worn by a Japanese



warrior of a couple of hundred years ago, and demonstrates that Darth knew a dramatic costume when he fell over it. Those two sights plus one other made the trip memorable for me, sights I'll remember long after convention memories have faded. One bright summer morning I was boating down the Thames in a most leisurely manner, and as we rounded a bend in the river I caught first sight of the Windsor Castle battlements in the distance. All that made my day, and journey.

PS: Pocket Books has accepted the new novel, in which you and Juanita and Hartford City are parts. Will the city council of Hartford City sue?

[[Hugos are too tall for paperweights, though as you probably noticed when you were here, they're ideal for holding 3" rolls of tape. They make pretty good doorstops too. But they aren't rectangular enough for bookends, so we don't really require another one. RSC]]

Avram Davidson, The Creative Writing Program, The University of Texas at El Paso, El Paso TX 79968

Doubleday's Pat Lo Brutto just kindly sent me a copy of your review of THE BEST OF AVRAM DAVIDSON; it was their title, and also their idea to excerpt the chapter from PHOENIX.

Thanks for the kindly words, however, ahem, "Avram does NOT probably still have copies of THE PHOENIX AND THE MIRROR to get rid of" -- they were all bought some years ago by the New England Sf Association for its own book club...in fact, I'd like to buy a few copies, if not too high.

[[Sorry about that; we try to correct our errors, eventually. RSC]]

Darrell Schweitzer, 113 Deepdale Rd., Strafford PA 19087

I think I should make something clear, lest readers think Alexis Gilliland's cartoon on the top of page 9 in issue 249 of Yandro is a slight against me and then suspect there is a feud going on between us. Nothing of the sort. Alexis, by saying I am out of my weight class in book reviewing, is demonstrating that he is one of the few people in fandom who is In The Know.

He is referring, of course, to my upcoming deification. As you may have gathered from the Anti-Christ article, I am a Roman Catholic with strong classical Pagan leanings... Well, I wanted to be Pope, and I even made the infallibility requirement, but this Polish fellow was closer to the scene at the crucial instant. So I ended up being deified. Once the process is complete I may be referred to as The God Darrell or The Deified Schweitzer. It is not necessary to offer bulls, peacocks, black roses, etc., to me. A set of Unknowns will do nicely for starters. Also, when I reach that Exalted State, I will write manuscripts on sheets of ectoplasm. (Notice I am already using thinner paper, something which You Will Excuse considering the circumstances.) This is one of the advantages of the position. I save a lot of postage for things (particularly air mail) with zero or negative weight.

In the meantime, as my essence is changed from the physical to the spiritual, I lose mass at the rate of about one kilogram a day. (If this what was originally meant by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass?) This is of course what Alexis's cartoon is all about. It's been going on long enough that as I write this letter I have to hook my legs around the chair so I don't drift away.

I'm also taking Thunderbolt Casting lessons on Moon Days and Woden's Days, and Introductory Miracles on Saturn's Days. I've met some of the older and more experienced types in the business. Mithras is a lovely fellow, but some of his ceremonies are a lot of bull.

I just thought I should explain before the cartoon is misinterpreted.

As far as I know the audience reaction to a typical ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW showing is unique to that movie. The film wasn't even making money until it was discovered that That Sort of People (I use the term loosely) only come out at Midnight. Hence the traditional midnight showings in theatre all across the country. The audience reaction is a definite ritual. As far as I can tell, the response lines and

other actions (lighting candles, throwing rice, shooting water, etc.) are pretty standardized coast-to-coast, and as there isn't any sort of written liturgy to this or other form of guidebook, it seems to have grown up spontaneously in various places, then intermixed and standardized. There may be local variants still in isolated pockets, though. It seems to be a genuine case of oral tradition.

Actually the audience reactions are of definite interest in a sort of anthropological sense. You don't go a theatre to see the movie (the only way to see it now is in pirated videotapes, and if you get a chance with a good one, by all means do), but to watch the audience. If the crowd isn't too obnoxious, and you know what to expect, it can be a pleasant example of what late Beatniks and early Hippies used to call a "happening." The experienced attendee sits toward the back, as to be out of the line of fire for the rice, water, etc.

Philadelphia apparently has the most developed ROCKY HORROR culture (in the same sense that something growing in a petrie dish is a culture) in the country or even in the world. There is allegedly a transvestite bar oriented around The Show (as hardcore Rocky Horror trekkies call it). Actually I have never seen it in Philadelphia, because train service would be inadequate to get me back the same night, but Meg Phillips once told me about it. She saw 150 people show up in costume, split roughly into two groups, one for each major character, and go on with the whole routine. Rather like a hive organism. I did see a tamer manifestation in New York once, which involved people in costume in front of the screen, motorcycles in the aisles, and the whole bit. It was quite fun to watch, though I wouldn't want to do it every weekend like some hardcore addicts do. It might be even better if I liked marijuana, which is passed around freely.

I suppose lots of these people want to be a part of the movie and participate in the fantasy. There are probably a lot of good stories in that idea. Hmm.

By the way, I note that some theatre owners don't want the phenomenon to spread to other films. Last summer I went to see something called ZACHARIAH, which was advertised in a clunky sort of way as a "marijuana western," and actually was more of a fantasy exploring the whole mythology of the American West, and also about friendship and pacifism and things like that. (Very 1960s.) Yes, there were a couple of pot jokes in it. But apparently a ROCKY HORROR type crowd was expected. There were policemen at the door. I was actually frisked, and I am only moderately seedy-looking. A couple of That Sort of People were present, and rather disappointed by the movie. They began to Express Themselves, but were rapidly shouted down by everyone else and behaved themselves for the rest of the film.

I agree that two showings of ROCKY HORROR, one for viewers and another for participants, would be a good idea. But I doubt it's possible because everyone assumes that's how one behaves at a showing of the thing.

Other notes. I did a word count and discovered that the book version of THE LOVERS is a third longer than the Startling version. Roughly.

STAR TREK: THE MOTION PICTURE has generated one amusing button I've seen at conventions. It reads: FUCK V'GER AND BECOME THE UNIVERSE. There's also one for ALIEN: YOU KILL THE ALIEN. I'LL FIND THE CAT.

My first novel is being serialized in Fantastic right now. This is a shameless plug [out of date because of our disintegrated publishing schedule. But everyone rush out and buy copies off hucksters at cons, at the very least. JWC], Amazing and Fantastic are virtually all new material these days, by the way. I don't think many fans are aware of this, having given up on the magazines a while back. The few reprints are legitimate. There is a Marvin Kaye story in the April issue which is reprinted from an obscure anthology.

[[I would never consider sending any more bull to the author of that letter. A pea-cock, though... Since I have no interest in ROCKY HORROR, the idea of separate, but equal, viewings is of only academic interest, but in principle I back the rights of the nonconformists to watch the show in peace. RSC]]

Susan Shwartz, 409 East 88 St. 5A, New York NY 10028

The Middle English had a word that I find a lot more expressive than bitching. It's grucchyng, which sort of combines growling, bitching, and grumbling. I keep feeling I ought to apologize for being bitter about academic life -- don't know why. Maybe it's my mother telling me that no one wants to listen to people bitch; can't I say something pleasant? Very Seldom. I think two things are ruining this country: blandness and self-righteousness.

I went nuts over OUTCASTS OF HEAVEN BELT. I bought Vinge's anthology EYES OF AMBER, and it's brilliant, I think. Lately I've been buying a lot of short story anthologies and reading them, trying to see how people actually do it. I was amused to contrast MILLENNIAL WOMEN (all female writers) with Reginald Bretnor's anthology of war stories -- all male. They're both too exclusive and as a result, I think the books lack something. I am getting tired of agrarian matriarchies, on one hand, and -- on the other -- Weltschmerz and the horrors of war.

Ithaca College is unionizing, only the administration has decided we're management, like Yeshivah. (It's just that Yeshivah ordains Orthodox rabbis, and we don't.) Lots of the faculty are utterly appalled at the idea of unions; I mean that's what all those nasty blue-collar types have, isn't it, so they get these inflated salaries. I have utterly no truck with that sort of snobbishness; the Ohio past helps me considerably there. I mean, if you grow up in a steel town, you know that the boy in the marching band whose father is a union organizer is naturally going to sell the most chocolate bars. Unions have clout -- even more than Mastercharge.

I came back from Novacon yesterday evening and promptly collapsed. I'm still not fully awake and it's almost 10:00, but there's coffee, so I thought I'd give you a (carefully edited) account of the con. This was my first SF con (the other two I went to were Darkover and Trek), and I've never seen so many people drink so much at such weird times. Which is a problem for me: the spirit is willing, but the flesh is five-two and gets horrible hangovers. So I sip and when people aren't looking, pour my drink into their glasses, which makes me a fairly popular drinking companion. There was only one complaint from the mundanes. The hotel had tacked MUNDANE: DO NOT DISTURB signs on certain doors so the Allegheny personnel could sleep and not crash their planes the next day. One Englishman living here saw his MUNDANE sign and stomped to the desk, demanding how dared the hotel call him mundane. Not mundane, said the desk, but a mundane...and referred him to the chairfan. Turned out that he read SF, loved it, was homesick for free British beer, and became part of the con. When last seen, he had gotten outside of a lot of beer and was simply thrilled. I think a fan stole his mundane sign and used it to sneak a nap or two.

I firmly believe that exercise and health food give you cancer; I simply do not trust these bouncing healthy jogging types who grimace when they catch you eating chocolate. Carob is not a satisfactory substitute; it tastes like something awful that has vitamins in it.

Loved YANDRO. Shortly after I got my copy, I had a long and incredibly weird discussion of current events with my grocer. He thinks that everything's been prophesied in the Bible. I said I was reading a different commentary on Revelations. (I should hope so! Unfortunately I have to teach it sometimes, which is always weird, because invariably there's a Jesus freak in the class who wants to convert



me.) I feel like enrolling them in Sandra and Co's classes. William of Ceta as an arch-heretic?

My absolute favorite of doublethink is Marxists in two-hundred dollar boots who drive fancy sports cars. We've got one such in politics at Ithaca College, and she's always seemed incredibly inconsistent to me. Or students -- here's a good one! One of my students gave an incredibly scathing denunciation of materialism in one of my classes. On and on she went, talking about the evils of "material things." (Ever see an immaterial thing? Neither have I, I suppose tachyons would count...unless they were acting as waves, and not as particles.) I was listening, but as I listened, my eyes fell on her handbag. It was one of those brown things with the fleur de lis and initials on it...an original Louis Vuitton. The label is totally unimportant, except for the fact that I'd seen that bag at Saks in New York going for about \$250. So I gasped, tried to keep my face from breaking into a grin, fixed my eyes on the handbag, and urged the girl to go on talking. Two paragraphs later, every woman in the room was staring at the handbag, and listening to its owner tell us how awful property was. I don't think she ever caught on.

I'd like to see you editing a lot of stuff; a lot of criticism is either quirky or bland, or quirky and bland. You're anything but bland.

Machines have no right to break down. Cars should not run out of gas and need servicing, and Jimmy Carter should not open his mouth. I hate all the glee with which people talk about discipline and self-sacrifice, too. I can cut back to the bone, but I see no reason why I have to like it. It seems that discipline begins at home -- some one else's. Whenever I say so, people think I'm horrible.

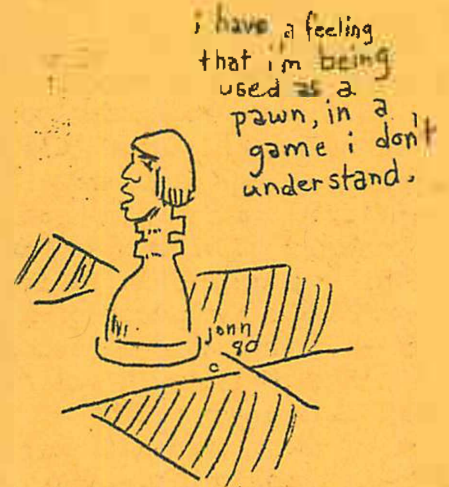
I was at First International Conference on the Fantastic (Swanncon) down in Florida. The weather was sinfully gorgeous, and I even got a little time to lie out in the sun and relax. Most of the con was spent listening to papers. Some of them were even good; there are a few academics who know how to write an entertaining paper and present it so it's fun to listen to. I gave a paper on dragons and got all these astrology nuts, whom I sort of stared at; when I'm being scholarly, I want evidence, and they didn't have any. There were a few mundane types wanting to discuss Kafka and structuralism, and a lot of pretentious interpretations of things which would totally have grossed out the original authors, but in general we freaked them out. I met Roger Schlobin, who is a genuinely warm and friendly person, and has his head on straight as a scholar, and Gerald Page, who is fun.

Andre Norton told me that it's the mark of an amateur to talk about "my work" as if it's something holy. Pros, she says, talk about agents, editors, and MONEY! Makes sense to me. She's got a wonderful library, too.

All the writer-types at the Conference did was grouse about agents. I sat there and listened very hard for future reference.

We are raising a generation who will write BA after its name -- and it's B.S. Maybe they have a decent high school preparation, in many cases. I feel like one of the hidden leaders in MARCHING MORONS or something.

I am so tired of so-called "intellectuals" who have all the right causes. Did I ever tell you about the nuts around here who told me -- seriously -- that people dying of radiation poisoning could be cured if they ate applesauce made with apples virgin of all pesticides and tofu? Now mind you, given 1000 rem, you apparently come down with ataxia in an hour. I can see one of these aging freakouts coming at such a victim with tofu and pamphlets and helpful homilies.



[[If the above seems disjointed, it's because it was excerpted from 61 pages of Shwartz letters, and I was looking for humor and interest-provokingness, not consistency. Somewhere in there I think I got called quirky. I don't think I'm quirky. Further

information on Susan's opinion of academia may be obtained in the September issue of Analog, where it appears as "The Struldbrugg Solution" over her misspelled name. (Dr. Azimov, meet Dr. Schwartz.) RSC]]

Mary Long, 1338 Crestview Drive, Springfield IL 62702

You know this 'thing' about Perrier water at the moment? Well, I just got to taste it recently, and talk about Proust and his madeleines. I was instantly transported back to the Newcastle of my childhood, where the water had the same brackish taste as this Perrier! So all we have to do is work out how to make it bubble and we've got a new industry for that distressed area. I believe that N'cle water comes through limestone, which is the same as that from the Perrier area, isn't it?

Interesting theory of Eric's that fen love books because they often read before they went to school. I wonder how many of the readership of YANDRO will say this applies to them? I did, and although I don't recall when exactly this would be, school in the UK begins at 5 (in some cases at 4 1/2, depending on what part of the year you were born in). I don't recall anyone reading to me, though I'm sure they did sometimes -- since both my parents worked as far back as I can remember, it may have been that the push to read was simply that I wanted to hear/read more than they could supply, who can tell? I've heard it said that I began on the labels of the chop sauce and Fussell's Condensed Milk. I wonder if they still sell the latter -- it had a blue-line-drawn butterfly on it, if I remember. Used to make condensed milk sandwiches, at the memory of which I now shudder. And I once ate a whole tin of it. Didn't make mesick, but I did get a good ticking-off.

Of the senses: which is the one which will evoke memory more? I've mentioned both smell and taste to friends as evoking memories for me. Hearing, yes, some songs or records instantly conjure up pictures from years back. Sight perhaps less so, if only because so much has changed (though in a recent documentary on the rise of the Beatles, the shots of back-street Liverpool could have been Newcastle, or for that matter any large industrial, rundown, city). Touch...is a hard one. Offhand, I can't think of anything for that one, how about you?

I've no idea why we say 'White Rabbits' first thing on the first day of the month -- either. Seems to be a Northern custom, as does the working-class custom of a wife not attending her husband's funeral. Again, no idea why. And Churching is too still practiced, in fact my brother's mother-in-law wouldn't let you in the house after you had a baby unless you could swear you'd been churched!

I do recall you mentioning audience reaction for 'Rocky Horror'. I keep reading bits in the paper about it -- the cinema screen getting drenched by water-pistols in a (?) storm -- haven't seen it. Sounds the sort of thing that would go down well at a con. Matter of fact, I heard, or read, somewhere a letter from a disgusted patron who went to the matinee of "Horror" and didn't know that there would be all the shenanigans there, with folk in costumes, etc. Got his money back.

Reminds me of the chap I met in the lift at the Chicagocon a year or so ago. He was dressed in a girdle, black stockings and so on, and I got into the lift with him on the top floor, or the bottom, I forget. Anyhow, I didn't bat an eyelid, but wondered who he was and admired his nerve. A non-fan couple got in higher up, or lower down, toggled up to the nines, and obviously there for a dinner-dance or some such. Almost passed out on the spot. I felt rather sorry for them. Audience participation. I've been to the cinema only a few times in the last 18 months, but there were two films during that time which elicited the most audience reaction that I can remember seeing since the 'sixpenny crush' Saturday morning matinees when I was a kid (and we all remember those, right -- ice cream dropped off the balcony and all). These two were EVERY WHICH WAY BUT LOOSE and STAR WARS. In both cases the audience was made up of predominantly young people and older children, and quite a few young men from high school to say mid-20s. Is this the typical US cinema audience now, I wonder? Anyhow, it was fascinating that for SW, right from that superb shot of the spaceship which filled the screen at the beginning of the film, the audience were cheering and booing and having a whale of a time all around. So far as EVERY WHICH WAY BUT LOOSE goes, it was interesting that the cheering was mostly for the fisticuffs, though any

joke (some of them a bit broad) got a huge reaction. But considering the difference in the types of films, is this what Mr Average Film-Goer wants to see? One could have a lovely time concocting the perfect film from the ones we know already get reaction -- be something of a bizarre film, with oranges in outer-space being serenaded by gents in black stockings with c/w music. Well, it's a thought.

Oxford has two pieces of 'unicorn' horn (narwhale, I think). First one is part of the stuff from the Tradescant museum, which was what the Ashmolean was founded upon, and I think was supposed to be the first public museum in England (1600s or so). And the other belongs to one of the colleges. One of the kings was supposed to have had a few inches sawn off it, for who knows what purposes. Reminds me of one of those rather ridiculous stories about Oxford: one king or another (probably Charles, he was always doing that sort of thing), wanted some treasure or other of one of the colleges, and they said he could have it on condition he granted a wish. So he said ok. So they gave it to him, and then wished for it back. Sounds the sort of thing these pacts with the devil stories would dream up.

Ah, your writing isn't too hard to read, in fact, it's quite legible. It's actually also unlike most American handwriting, which I have noted a sameness about. Presumably they teach penmanship in schools? However, if you want to see awful handwriting, try some of the Theology profs for whom I worked in Oxford about ten years back (can it be so long?). Talk about illegible! Even their own addresses looked somewhat like a cross between Coptic and Latin. However, Doreen Rogers says the best thing to do to decipher such handwriting is to pin it on the wall and run by it. Swears it works.

I once got asked what I thought of biorhythms. Well, I once did the ones for me and the ones for a stuffed penguin (toy) of an acquaintance, using the date it was put together by me as its birth-date. According to the charts, the penguin was in better shaper than I was.

[[Excerpted from 64 pp of letters (and one went astray in the mail, at that). Looking through them, I kept running into phrases that jolted me (such as "sounds like an awful lot of hard work to get your pole up," which wasn't at all vulgar in con text, but...) and a lot of fascinating stuff that would unfortunately take up an entire issue if I published it. I picked the handwriting item because I want to know if anyone else tries Doreen Rogers' method (and besides, it's the nicest thing anyone ever said about my handwriting). Does anyone know why Mary says "White Rabbits" first thing in the month? (I'm skeptical about that "we" part; I never encountered anyone else who did it.) - Evoking memory...interesting that it's nearly always a strictly personal memory rather than one shared with a number of people. (Or perhaps that's just me...) But I find very old photos rather sad; obviously they were part of someone's memory, and now whatever associations they had are gone forever. (Maybe in my copious free time I should type up the memory associations connected to all our photos -- for posterity. Except I doubt that posterity would give a damn.) RSC]] [[Well, in a sense, all memory is bound to be personal, until we have harnessed, if we ever do, true esp. My own memories are all sense-linked. All senses, usually. Some memories are chosen at the moment; I decide I want to remember this particular time and all its facets and the way I was feeling then and simply take a sense snapshot. Others just happen without conscious effort. But they almost always include sight, sound, scent, occasionally taste, if that's involved in the memory, and tactile sensations. Full package. Considering I grew up lefthanded in a school system not quite out of the "smack 'em on the wrist and make 'em write with the correct hand" era, I was lucky, probably, to learn to write at all. I avoided the really nasty teachers, though a few always believed I was just being stubborn in refusing to switch. My writing used to be passable or even pretty good. Since I no longer teach printing or writing to li'l children, and type everything, my handwriting has deteriorated to a scrawl with disuse. JWC]]

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



The discussion in Yandro about early reading experiences sent me delving into my own memories, and I found to my surprise that I had no idea when or how I first learned to read, or what the earliest books were. I do remember delivering interminable oral book reports in the 5th grade, and being so carried away that I sailed right past the climax where I had planned to conclude the report, and had to make up further events in order to have a suitably suspenseful finish ("An' if ya wanna know what happened,

read ----- by -----"). The earliest books of which I have definite memories are probably also the earliest books I ever bought with my own money -- Eric Ambler's THE MASK OF DEMETRIOS and THE BEST SUPERNATURAL STORIES OF H.P. LOVECRAFT; 49 cents each in Woolworth's in the Triangle and Tower cheapie wartime editions. I still have them -- brown, crumbling, mouse-gnawed as they are. I can remember reading Lovecraft while sunning my eleven-year-old self on a blanket in the back yard of my sister's house, and being so terrified that even in bright sunlight I couldn't move off the blanket.

I do know that I never read the Oz books or similar stuff, and never even visited the children's room of any library. But as soon as I could get into the adult fiction room (at age 13 or so), I discovered Dumas, Dickens, Wells, Sax Rohmer, Clark Ashton Smith (the library had his early Arkham House collections), Haggard, Mundy, Lamb, Charteris, Ellery Queen. But no Burroughs -- those I had to buy for myself: \$1 each by mail from ERB, Inc., and I can remember the painful accumulation of pennies until I had accumulated enough to send for another book, and then the seemingly endless wait until it arrived. Even without Burroughs, it was a great library. I worked there all through high school, and loved every minute of it. (The last time I was in Muskegon, I visited the library, and found it vastly changed -- the entire old fiction collection had been disposed of, and nothing was available except for current best-sellers and a few stuffy editions of "classics".)

If I ever ran out of library books, I could always forage in my mother's collection. She belonged to half a dozen book clubs, and would read almost anything (tho she drew the line at Frank Yerby...). It was from her books that I discovered deMaupassant, Ben Ames Williams... The thing I remember best about those years was that no one tried to direct my reading, or get me to read only "good" books. Since I copied my mother's habit of reading four or five books a week, the "good" titles would soon have been used up, anyway.

Have just read Marion's TWO TO CONQUER and THE HOUSE BETWEEN THE WORLDS. Liked the latter very much, but TWO is the first of the Darkover books that I haven't thought highly of. Bard was too thorough-going a bastard for his 'reformation' at the end to be either convincing or satisfying. And his 'double', and the whole business of Cheryllis's Law or whatever, goes beyond what I am willing to accept as a plot device. If the double's presence was really necessary (and he does too little in the book to convince me of that) then there surely must be a less lazy way of introducing him.

[[My parents had some of the Tarzan books, but I couldn't stand them, even at age 12. First (and one of the few) Burroughs books I liked was THE MOON MAID; I read it the summer I was working in a Farm Bureau warehouse in Indianapolis, so I must have been 16. We always had books at our house, though not quite as many as Juanita and I have accumulated, and in addition the family got a dozen or so a week from the county library. (Where I did start out in the juvenile section. Never

read Oz, though.) RSC]] [[Unless the libraries...or the librarians...were unusual it's unlikely either Muskegon or Warsaw had a copy of an Oz book in the stacks. For many years Oz was scorned by a majority of American libraries, out of snobbery perhaps; Baum's fairy tale wasn't proper, folklore-ridden, and European. I had books before I could read, also having grown up in a household with a Constant Reader mother. I had a variety of picture-story books and by the time I was in second grade had five books in a series called Dot and Dash (little girl and her yappy dog and know-it-all boy playmate who always got in trouble through his brattiness and had to be rescued by the little girl), BLACK BEAUTY, etc., and a couple of, I believe, skinny little Rand McNally books acquired from the dime store -- one on paleontology (which fascinated me from the very first time I found out about dinosaurs) and an abridged reprint of THE LAND OF OZ, with some color plates. It was the only Oz book I owned for a long time, and I loved it. Still have it. JWC]]

Ethel Lindsay, 69 Berry Road, Carnoustie, Angus DD7 7QQ Scotland

I am looking forward to your reactions to Seacon and whatever daft things you spotted the English do. I can tell you one...in the winter they open their bedroom windows as if it were summer. That is what causes the English disease of bronchitis ..this passion for fresh air.

Jann Frank

Saw THE LATHE OF HEAVEN and THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES on TeeVee. They both were rather good in my opinion. Altho i was not happy with the third episode of THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES. They really butchered the book...they maintained the same general situations (as in "The Million Year Picnic" and "The Martian"), but they changed the substance so much that Bradbury must have been furious. When Wilder finally met his Martian in the city (but they both were phantoms in a time trick) i got really pissed. That Martian really spouted beautiful philosophy (much of it i agreed with) but it was so saccharin that i nearly threw up. Besides, the Martian in the book never went so deeply into it...he was just a plain ordinary guy, like Wilder.

Oh well, they did the best they could...and a damn fine job too (considering the shit teevee usually offers, i.e., Buck Rogers, Battlestar Galactica, Lost in Space, and Quark, not to mention Mork from Ork). The Martians were portrayed very well. i was mostly happy with them, in spite of being slightly tailored for a WASP audience (the Martians were dark skinned, as you will recall). The sand ships in episode two were superb, better than I could imagine. All things considered, a fine job. Give us more!

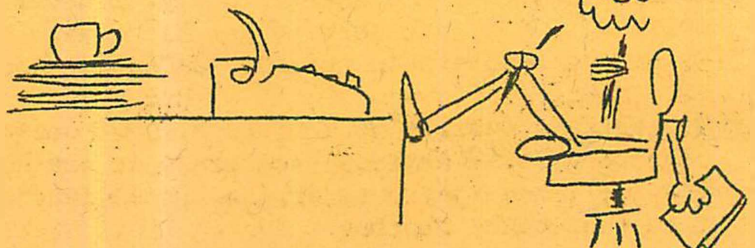
I loved the cartoons by Alexis Gilliland! He has a sharp wit; if the gods smile on me, one day i will get to meet him.

The advertisement for the FAMOUS ANTI-CHRISTS SCHOOL is a classic. i loved it. Some one is properly warped! 'Yes, friends, now you too can become a bona fide anti-christ in your spare time in only 666 easy lessons...' You could expand that advertisement into a radio/teevee commercial. All you need is a fast talking announcer from the K-Tell school of broadcasting. Dan Akroyd of Saturday Night Live would be perfect for the part. I can just see it, with flames licking up behind him in the background...Akroyd in a red satin cape and horns, the Mephisto Waltz on the soundtrack...it's a natural, I tell you.

You want to hear something strange? Yesterday at work, i was doing some calculations by

I can't believe that word
was never used before 1806.

I'll move the story
forward to 1810.



hand, instead of using the ubiquitous calculators, and it became necessary for me to do a square root. You know, a simple hand-done square root calculation.

By the ghods, would you believe I couldn't remember how to do a square root by long hand? So I started asking around and nobody else could derive a square root either. Out of desperation, I went to a man I know who has a photographic memory. By golly, even he was stumped. We are in trouble. We have had it too easy with all of our electronic wizardry, what happens if we are ever in a situation where we don't have access to a wizardboard? We (or at least I would) would be up shit creek.

Deriving square roots by long hand calculation is fast becoming a lost art form that is reserved to whiz kids and eccentrics. I wonder if children even learn it in school any more and if so, how long does it stick, especially if they have one of those wonderful little wizard boards?

And what of some of the other esoteric mathematical functions, things like: exponents, trigometric functions, etc? Could you derive them if you had to? I couldn't, not even to save my life.

[[I never could derive exponents or trig functions; my math stopped with algebra (and I don't remember much of that). But I can do square roots manually, by golly! Mainly because I figured a lot of hypotenuses when I was a draftsman, and never had a calculator that would do it for me. I do note that sales of "back-to-school" supplies now include 9v batteries...if the Power goes off permanently, though, I doubt if anyone has any use for trigonometric functions for a good many years.RSC]]

Marie L. Bartlett, 646-1/2 N. 5th, DeKalb IL 60115

Interestingly, I had a chance to talk to Rick Sternbach at Windycon last October. He told me that he had been on the Black Hole project as an animator or something, for a while at the beginning, and at that time, nobody but nobody could make up their minds about what the movie was about and where it was going. All was chaos, and he got laid off after a few months while they shut down production for a while to think things out. He gave me the impression that there seemed to be no direction, that the movie was just happening. Boy, was he right! I'm in bacteriology, so I have had to take a lot of courses in the "hard sciences," and that movie just curdled my scientific blood. There didn't seem to be any technical or scientific advice behind the scenes. Gaki! Enough!

I'm always amazed at the mimeographed zines I see that are really legible. When we first started out with Hard Pore Corn, we had to use an old Gestetner in the NIU student activities center. Sara Tompson and I fought with that thing for two hours before we got it to work, and the end product was so much worse than the very worst page (print-wise) in your zine that it still brings a tear to my eye. The secret has got to be good equipment. That Gestetner was certainly not that. We were forced to go to offset as a result. It costs more than a mimeo, but it's less work -- we just hand them the masters and come back in a few days -- and since we are an NIU recognized student organization, we can have the campus printing service do it for us for less than half of what it would cost to do it in town.

[[Nah, mostly it takes determination -- and practice. After Juanita had put out 100-plus issues of Yandro on an open-drum SearsRoeback mimeo, she could handle anything. RSC]] [[The critical part of the equipment -- short of a mimeo with a dented drum or a completely disintegrated lateral or forward adjustment system -- is the stencil. With good stencils, I could put out readable copy, with that \$33 Sears mimeo, from the start. Oddly, I never thought of myself as mechanically inclined, but I just seem to get along with mimeos...though I have trashed a few inadequate stencils in my day. JWC]]

Tony Strelkov, Casilla de Correo 55, 5220 Jesús María, Córdoba, Argentina

Yandro 247-248 arrived yesterday, so that means that things sent from the USA take about three months to arrive, while fanzines coming from Australia usually take from five to eight months.

Derek Nelson's eye-witness report on Africa was interesting. The only previous report I'd had was from an acquaintance of mine who had been in South Africa for a year, and who returned as a total racist, being so fanatic that the subject cannot even be discussed with him; interesting. Now, on the business of seals, hunting and protesting. I do not agree with the view that the main function of animals is that of improving human life. At least, not from the point of considering that one has a right to do anything to animals as long as it gives us physical or mental satisfaction. I feel that animals, just like people, by the very fact of existing, have a right to continue living (I'm speaking of individuals, not just of a race) until they die by natural causes, if you would include in natural causes the killing by other animals (including man) for such needs as food, or, in the case of an Eskimo, for instance, for clothing. At home we've had many wild animals as pets; usually animals we had rescued from traps put by the peones, or, in one case, a newborn opossum, which we rescued when the mother was killed (by a peon, of course, what else?) and the wonderful personalities of all these animals make me see that the way animals would really improve human life would be by our making friends with these animals, instead of just shooting them, to hang their heads as trophies, or their furs on a rich woman's back (to show off, in fact).

Now, about hunting. I'd be all in favour of regulated hunting for real needs, if I could be convinced that those needs were actually real, which in most cases is not so. Besides, in all probability, to continue with the example of the seal pup, if it wouldn't be hunted in such large quantities by men, it probably wouldn't breed so fast. It is a recognized fact that animals (including man) breed more and oftener when the standards of living go down and the threat of extinction looms nearer.

And, passing on to a more "sentimental" viewpoint, I read in a TIME February, that a team of scientists at Harvard University had been experimenting with "pigeon talk," having reached to the tentative conclusion that communication through symbols among humans is due, not so much to some unique characteristic of the human brain, but rather because of some kind of behavioral conditioning. Therefore, we should either reject the thought of hunting animals for pleasure, or else accept that, and also the killing of any man who is totally uneducated or mogolical, in my opinion. Nonetheless, as long as we continue to eat meat, I do agree that it is better, and nicer, to kill one's own rabbit, than to get your cow meat from huge slaughterhouses where all sort of cruel actions take place. In fact, when the struggle is fair enough, I don't mind taking a hand, like when my dogs are chasing a rabbit and they manage to turn it my way, I'll do all I can to stop it and let the dogs catch it. No, the type of hunting I don't like is, for example, when someone goes out in his car, then walks a few meters, then shoots a deer from about a kilometer away with his telescopic rifle; is that sport, or just the pleasure of killing?

[[I won't support trophy hunting; there are arguments for it, but I'm not sure enough that I believe them. But killing for food...if you kill a deer, your neighbor doesn't have to kill a cow, and what's the difference? They're both animals. Except that if you don't kill the deer, it will starve to death anyway. That was proved some years ago in Michigan. Killing for sealskin coats is less defensible, but the extinction of a species is almost never due to hunting, (The times when it is due to hunting are always emphasized by the press, which is generally anti-hunting.) It's due to turning wildlife habitat into cornfields, or housing developments, or industrial sites, or dumps, or all of the foregoing. The animals move to the nearest wild area; since this already has its quota of wildlife, the balance is restored by starvation. Until, eventually, there's no wild area left. (You don't hear about seals being slaughtered off Massachusetts because they were all driven out years ago.)

As for the "pigeon talk," another group of scientists has discovered that plants have emotions; that carrot you just ate felt fear and pain when it was pulled out of the ground. Neither discovery is going to make me stop eating. (And the deer killed by a rifle shot feels a lot less pain than the rabbit torn apart by dogs, if we're getting into sentimentality.) RSC]] [[I'd be interested in any research

you have re that "recognized fact" that species breed faster at the edge of extinction, Tony, since it -- the statement -- runs counter to most of the research I've collected on reproduction. In severe deprivation situations such as concentration camps, famines, prolonged and severe natural disasters, the human animal, female sex, usually develops secondary amenorrhoea (a condition the anorexia nervosa victim induces artificially) and then ovulation ceases in the body's desperate attempt to at least preserve the basic model long enough for conditions to improve...after which menstruation and ovulation will resume and conception can occur once more. If that natural pattern is being broken on a large scale, I'd like to collect the data and add them to my files for future extrapolations, etc. JWC]]

Gary Mason, P.O. Box 258, Unley, South Australia 5061, Australia

Do tardy fanzine editors still shelter behind the expression "RealSoonNow"? It's been some time since I've seen it. Trouble is, I spend most of my days writing professionally (not as an author, you understand, but there are lots of kinds of writers), and it can be very difficult to come home at night and sit down to do more of the same -- going out and having fun becomes very attractive. Besides, writing at work is easier -- I just speak into my dictaphone and the material comes back and appears beautifully typed on my desk a day or so later as if by magic!

Very habit-forming, that. Some Melbourne fans have been experimenting for some time with producing fanzines by word-processor; what I want is the machine I can speak words into that produces a complete fanzine out the other side. I'm sure we'll live to see it, too.

Juanita's and Maggie Thompson's remarks about cinema audiences caused me to reflect on the differences between Americans and Australians. Australians apparently are more polite, lazy, tolerant, passive, supine, more something. I do a reasonable amount of movie-going, but I've never witnessed an audience do anything in a concerted way, be it hiss at an out-of-focus film or dance on the stage or chant at the film.

On the other hand, I do know what Maggie means about going to a party to which you weren't invited, at which you know no one, and at which everyone else is drunk. There is one cinema here in Adelaide (a city of just under a million) that has been showing THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW at a Friday-midnight session for almost a year now, and cult audiences are certainly what it attracts. I go along every few months to re-enjoy the only movie I've seen as often as 2001, and I'm always glad to do so -- but then, it's a party for me to which I have been invited, at which I do know a few people, and at which I am in the right frame of mind. Going with a few friends with whom you've already spent a few hours always helps. And after a year, these performances are obviously still profitable for the theatre-owners.

That, of course, is the matter Maggie neglects: cult sessions do turn profits -- that's why they continue to be run. Owning a movie-house is not exactly the world's most profitable line in the post-television era, and I can't blame the cinema operator who finds he's on a good thing for staying with it. The cult audiences may be a little rowdier (even in Australia) than the normal audience -- but they're also more numerous. That's bad luck for the casual movie-goer who wants to see ROCKY HORROR for the first time some four years after it was made, but no one pretends that cinema owners are in the business for the pleasure of showing people films -- plainly they're out to make maximum profits from the largest audiences.

A few New addresses

Dave Locke & Jackie Causgrove, 2813 De Mel Ave, #2, Louisville, KY 40211
Ace Books, 51 Madison Ave, 21st. Floor, New York, NY 10010
Eli Cohen, 86-04 Grand Ave. #40, Elmhurst, NY 11373
Jann Frank, 6909 W. 79th. St. #210, Overland Park, KS 66204
Graham England, Bussard Str. 22, 8025 Unterhaching, West Germany
Margaret Dominick, 550 Remsen Ave., North Brunswick, NJ 08902
(Some of those aren't too new, but they're since the last YANDRO appeared.)

THINGS THAT GO BUMP! IN THE MAILBOX

Every so often you read the articles in newspapers or READER'S DIGEST about how accurately the mail-order industries can pinpoint their customers. So why do I get an ad for an insurance policy restricted to "Honorably Discharged U.S. Veterans"?//One more to the point was a plea for funds for the International Shooter Development Fund. Contributors get a replica of the U.S. Shooting Team badge, with its inspiring slogan: "Winning For Freedom By Staying Home". (I'm seriously tempted, but held back by the thought that the people who know what the badge is won't think it's funny, and the people who might think it was funny won't know what it's all about.)//DENNY LIEN sends clippings. Headlines: "General Assembly will be retired to stud" (far too sensible to ever come about), "\$200 million settlement reached on cardboard suit". And there were the stories about the attempted bank robbery by a man dressed in a bear costume, and the bill in the state legislature to allow blind and otherwise handicapped people to hunt without a license (I think I've met a few of those in the woods), and the announcement that Artoo Detoo has signed with a brewer to produce his (its?) own brand of beer (in cans only, one assumes), and a bill requiring dentists to be "of good moral character". Minnesota seems aiming at the New Mexican record of weird politics.//A Galaxy Award, presented by The Society for the Advancement of Science Fiction and Spirituality, was given to Don Glut for his novelization of THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK as the best novel of the year. (I think that qualifies as weird/humorous - the name of the society alone rates that, and their taste enhances it. This was an official Ballantine publicity release, incidentally.)//RURAL ADVANCE mentions that the U.S. cat food market is three times the size of the baby food market. (The newsletter is the publication of the National Sharecroppers Fund; we get it regularly.)//ALAN DODD sends several cuttings. A British trade union delegation has claimed that Brighton is a "ripoff" town. (How well we know....)Ad for a round-trip flight from London to either Miami or Los Angeles for £199 - or a two-week holiday for £225./On the other hand, British petrol is expected to be £2 per gallon by early 1981. (Doing a quick conversion, that comes out to \$3.60 for a US-size gallon) //You think the US has problems with Japanese competition; the Japs are dumping their used cars on Britain; they can ship them overseas and still sell them for more than they can at home, and since both English and Japanese use right-hand-drive cars, the secondhand ones don't have to be modified as they would be for the US market. The imports are coming in moderate quantities now but the article's author felt that the only limit would be the number of Japanese cars available.//And the British Conservation Trust is going to put up rabbit fence around Stonehenge to keep the beasties from digging under the stones. (The article said the rabbits were "threatening to topple" the monument, but that's just typical conservative British journalism - it also called Stonehenge "the famous Druid landmark", giving an idea of British journalistic accuracy.)//AL SIROIS sends a story of a Hare Krishna armaments cache uncovered by California police. If flowers don't work....// My fame as a speaker is growing; I got a personal (hah!) offer from Lowell Thomas to join the International Platform Association - dues \$70. Somehow I don't think I do that much public speaking....//The toilet tissue used at Overhead Door is prominently labelled "Service Quality". (I'd hate to have any other quality, actually....)//DON & MAGGIE THOMPSON send a huge batch of stuff. A quote reprinted from TV GUIDE: "If you missed them the first time around, there are a number of ... reruns that are well worth a second look..." // U of Oregon has a new course, "What an Autopsy Can Do For You"//A notice that skunk scent may relieve asthma symptoms (believe me, if it works, asthmatics won't flinch at the odor)//A man in Greenville, PA, fell into an empty but operating cement mixer and went round and round for two hours. He survived. I suppose the next thing, we'll have cement mixers promoted as the ultimate carnival ride.//Article about the Russians trying to clone a frozen mammoth. (No, Denny, they don't want two frozen mammoths; they want a live copy.)//The ultimate bad day - or night. A 14-year-old sleepwalked thru a hole in the floor and into a tub of scalding water on the floor below. His father ran in barefoot and got his feet blistered from the overflow from the tub. A brother dashed out to see what was going on, fell downstairs and broke a leg. Mother drove for help and got the family pickup stuck in a snowdrift.

Eventually the family made it to the hospital. (Dated March 11, from Lander, Wyoming.)//Some Ontario kid practicing a fast draw managed to shoot himself in the chest. (That's doing everything wrong, from practicing with a loaded gun to getting it out pointed the wrong way.)//And a parcel post label addressed to S M Custis, R D 2, Soezerton PA 16433. The post office does sometimes perform miracles, since I deduce the package was intended for Betsy Curtis, at R D 2 Saegertown. They did get the correct route number and Zip code.//A wire service message (Don gets to look at more weird stories than I do because he's an editor of the Cleveland Press) from Brownsville TX says that the mystery of the flaming toilets has been solved; someone had dumped 4000 gallons of gasoline into the sewer system, and occasionally the toilets in that area would catch fire when a spark ignited the fumes. (Not, I hope, while anyone was sitting on one....)//And an actor in "Galactica '80" discovered the hazards of location filming. His role called for him to race out of a Los Angeles bank carrying two bulging sacks. Unfortunately, the two cops cruising by weren't told that it was all in fun...//BOB PASSVOY sends an ad from a Chicago hair stylist who offers a "Free Consolation". Doesn't say whether it's before or after.//RURAL ADVANCE again, with an item about "Pop Rocks" (the candy that explodes in your mouth). Seems it can also explode elsewhere; a delivery truck became overheated and the Pop Rocks blew the doors off.//THOMPSONS again, with announcement that a speaker will "discuss sex laws and how the law affects you and your behaviour depending on your status, location and position at 8 P.M. Oct. 28..." Probably the position is most important....//And an item about an artistic college football line-backer who also plays the clavicle. Probably removed it from an opposing halfback.//I got a notice from the American Veterans Committee, very nicely saying that "99 percent of the AVCers who have not paid their dues think that they did." And at least one person that AVC thinks hasn't renewed his dues never did pay dues because he's not a veteran.//JOHN BOSTON sends a notice of 5 persons charged on "meat cleaver abduction-rape". One of them was Robin Slan (who's that guy who said fans are slans?)//BRUCE COULSON got a Scientology ad that modestly refers to "L. Ron Hubbard, one of America's first nuclear physicists". Yes indeed; even before there was such a profession....//Old crackpot theories never die; some outfit called "Alternative Energies Unlimited" is offering among other things a book called KEELY AND HIS DISCOVERIES. (See Gardner's FADS AND FALLACIES IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE for a rundown on Keely.) They also have several books by and about Georges Lakhovsky. "It has been discovered that in the nucleus of every living cell there is a twisted filament, which oscillates electrically....Every living cell emits radiations... Thus the fight between the living organism and microbes is fundamentally a war of radiation." They also have books on Reich's orgone energy, biomagnetism, and pyramidology, and sell negative ion generators.//BOB BRINEY sends a clipping about a man who ran into a parked car while he was out for a cruise in his submarine.//MAYDENE CROSBY notes that Lazzarus Long is to give a concert in the Jefferson (Lafayette) H.S. gym. (I wonder if Heinlein knows what's being done to his character?)//And an alleged "expert" from the Social Science Research Council testified that the gumint should begin experimenting with "child-bearing incentives". Without immigration, he says, our population might start going down in 20 years. (Horrors! Cities are already complaining about "loss of revenue-sharing funds" because the 1980 census discovered that they'd lost population. What will an honest bureaucrat do when population is reduced, unemployment is reduced, fewer people need welfare, etc.? He won't be important any more!)//JOANNE SWENSKI sends the story of the Massachusetts senator (Tsongas, not Kennedy) who has the solution to the exhaustion of our fossil fuels. The government should begin a research program to discover how we can bring back the dinosaurs, who will then produce more fossil fuel for us. (And coproliths, too, as a side benefit.) He didn't explain just how we'd get the fuel from the dinosaurs; milk them, presumably.//DEAN GRENNELL sends a clipping saying that Bob Hope has been asked to stop making Anita Bryant jokes, and quotes Hope as saying that he feels that Anita got more involved than she intended. "I think she got sucked into this controversy." (I suspect Hope of saying that quite deliberately; I just wonder about the L.A. Times, who printed it.)//And in that line, ALAN DODD sends a cutting about a British outfit which has marketed a homosexual doll; Gay Bob costs E7 and comes with an extensive wardrobe//

RSC