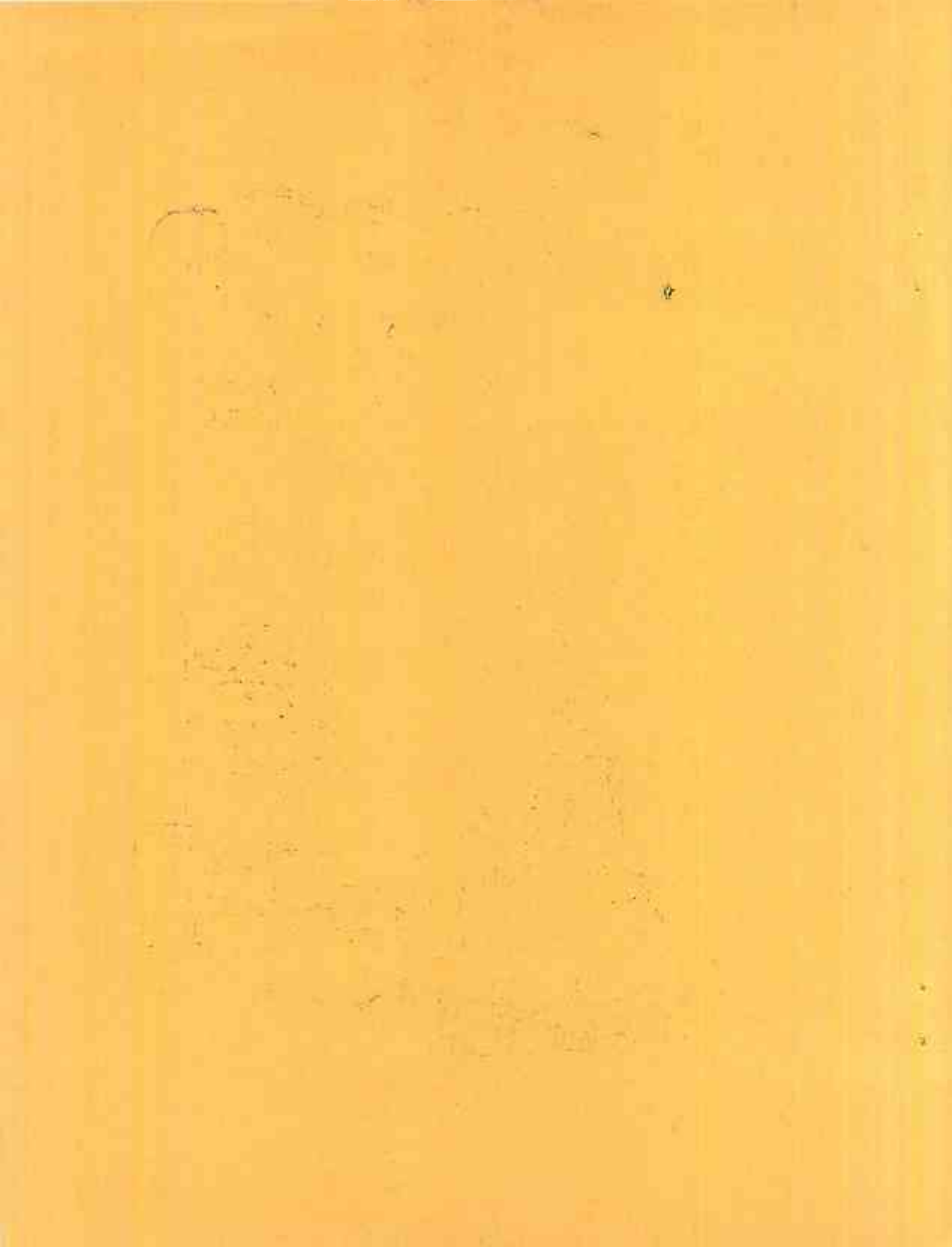


# YANPRO

NO. 252

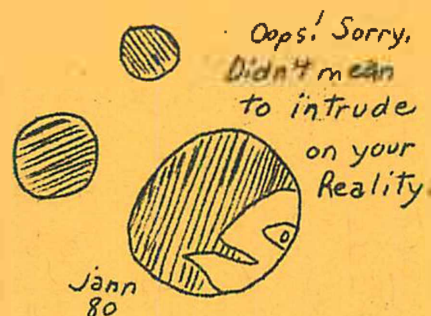




# VANDRO 252

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february '81



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There will be a couple of ads stapled to the back of the mag, but they're not part of it, so don't worry about clipping out the coupon in one of them; it doesn't officially deface the publication.

## Artwork

Cover by Lea Reed (But design by Ed Cagle. Ed said that Lea wasn't sure what to draw, so he said, more or less, "Do Juanita next to a roll of barb-wire and you'll have a family portrait." Incidentally, Ed is Lea's agent, so contact him for her artwork.)

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## NEW ADDRESSES

Steve & Ruth Simmons, 8858 Saline-Milan Road, Saline, MI 48176 (after March 1)  
Eli Cohen, 86-04 Grand Ave, Apt. 4D, Elmhurst, NY 11373  
Leigh Edmonds & Valma Brown, P.O. Box 433, Civic Square, Canberra ACT 2608, Australia  
Douglas Faunt, P.O. Box 11142A, Palo Alto, CA 94036  
Nils Hardin & XENOPHILE, 26 Chapala, #5, Santa Barbara, CA 93101 (per the P.O.)  
Robin Brunner, 1710 N. Layman, Indianapolis, IN 46218  
Playboy Press (PEI Books Inc.), 1633 Broadway, New York, NY 10019 (But the magazine address remains the same)

Quote:

"A proud, white, alien presence, a glittering galley of light". (Robert W. Service)





At this moment, I have an exceedingly misty impression of what this issue looks like. Probably full of typos, among other things. Buck stencilled his own book reviews this time, which eliminates at least one extra chance to cross-check for accuracy between the review and the stage at which the sheet comes out of the mimeo. The rest of the stencils I cut and proofread before 8AM, while I was eating lunch, or in the evening. The mimeoing was done -- except for three editorial pages and the cover -- all in one foot-killing fell swoop last Sunday. It was one of those deals where, "This is the only free day I've got for a

while, so mimeo, mimeo, mimeo, you mad fool." I think there are roots growing out of my toes, where they adhered to the rug whilst I was standing in one spot inking and stacking paper and applying and peeling stencils. The whole process was a blur. And when everything but those four stencils was done, I pulled the plug and pushed all the completed stacks aside and pretended they weren't there. This weekend I finish the last stencils and mimeo them, collate everything, and rush back to manuscripting. Comments on disjointedness herein will be sent to the complaint department, right down the hall at Door 13.

13. It's enough to turn anyone superstitious, what happened to me on Friday 13th this month. It was one of those days when one damned thing after another piles up and you plow grimly ahead, figuring each one will surely be the last mishap. Wrong. I managed to cap that one while I was rushing to finish patching in some electrostencilled art in this issue -- by dropping the scissors, point down on my bare foot. See the pretty technicolor bleed all over the carpet. See the disgruntled faned stare at the results and mutter "I don't believe this." Hear the editor make rude noises about giving up fan publishing for Lent -- lasting through next Advent. See the faned's foot turn a fascinating shade of purple all around the puncture wound. I didn't bother getting a tetanus shot. I'm still full of protection after the booster from my previous idiot stunt resulting in blood and gore and punctures. Besides, the way things were going, the hypo needle would probably have broken off in my arm.

I can hardly wait to see what happens on Friday the 13th in March.

Well, yes I can. Indefinitely. Tell the fates not to hurry up on my account. I'll wait till 2081. I can be very patient.

In amid the ridiculous delays and one more piece of machinery or one more human breaking down or fouling up, there were some nice consolations. Treasured all the more because of the bad sessions. Buck mentioned a weekend speaking engagement in Pontiac, Michigan, at Oakland University. For a wonder, the weather was even cooperative for that one -- one of the few times it has been, so far, this year. And somewhere back there, in between manuscripting and tearing hair over stencils, we got a call from LA, and one of the flyers attached with this issue is the result. The West Coast filking gang, spearheaded by the demon con putter-on-ers, the Trimbles, flabbergasted us by asking us to be guests at the first West Coast filkcon. Our motto certainly is never turn down a free ride, if at all possible. And this one's a genuine ego-boost and a half besides. (Now I have to avoid accidentally cutting my throat with a scissors when I'm preparing the next issue of Yan. Or developing embedded sinus cavities a week before I'm supposed to fly out there and sing. Or other similar jinx

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stunts. I shall try to avoid all those, because Filk Con West sounds like it'll be fun. ) Of course, when you receive a lovely invitation to a con in LA, and it's the middle of winter and freezing and ucky where you are, there's a wistful, whimpering urge to ask the concom to please move it back from June to February. However...

Some issues back Denny Lien had a column in Yandro. (been a long time since that one and we'd love another one, Denny; this has been an unpaid solicitation, right in front of ghod and everybody); wherein he speculated on the missing members of pairs of socks which disappear in the washing machine. He said it was obviously aliens, tapping in on us from another dimension, picking up items at random for examination. Sometimes they return the examined items later, mysteriously. Sometimes they must destroy them during the testing process. Denny wondered why socks?

I wonder why all the other things they snatch out of our dimension and then, sometimes, return. And other fans have commented on the same peculiar phenomenon. I don't think Denny should have tipped them off that we're aware of what they're doing. The aliens apparently decided that since we're onto their game, there's no sense being discreet any more. They're stepping up operations. More and more objects disappear, practically in front of my eyes. It was right there, three seconds ago. And now it's utterly gone. A day or a week or a month later, it'll turn up in some ridiculous location, like a clothes hamper or inside a light fixture or stuck between two books I haven't read in years -- but they fell off the shelf when a truck went past, and voila, there's the missing whatever-it-was. I'm sure the rest of you can come up with corroborating evidence just like that.

Where are they taking these things. And why? Is Denny right? Are the other dimension people kidnapping refund coupons and favorite ball point pens and copies of Science News and picture frames and a box of thumb tacks for laboratory testing? They never seem to kidnap anything that makes any sense. At least I haven't heard about the laser satellite plans being grabbed. (Although maybe that's what happened to that one European satellite our techs fired up from Florida and the owners lost the thing as soon as Houston handed it off to them. Either that, or the Bermuda Triangle is trying for an altitude record.) This many things didn't used to disappear the moment I turned my back on them for a split second. I've always mislaid things, now and then. But not to this degree. I tell you, it's an invasion. I'm beginning to feel like part of a little army of paranoiacs. Or maybe like Kevin McCarthy in the original INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS, rushing down the hill and waving my arms and trying to warn people who won't listen to me, that the aliens are already here.

Of course, they don't seem to be taking anything dangerous, or causing me anything but annoyance. So far.

I suppose I could blame the disappearances on age and a faltering memory. But I can't be that doddering yet, can I, Tucker? No, the sheer number of weird disappearances discounts that theory. It's gotta be aliens.

Has to be, because I've given up blaming all the missing objects on the cats. When the pickle disappeared off the plate beside my Reuben sandwich, before I'd had a chance to eat it, I knew it couldn't be the cats. They're weird, but not that weird.

On the other hand, it seems to have been the weird season for regional criminals. The media are coming up with some eye boggling accounts off the police blotters. These are the criminals who need to be locked up for their own protection, more than that of others. The ones who rob a candy machine when it's snowing, and leave footprints all the way back to their residence, and then wonder how the cops knew where to find them. Or the guy who made out a deposit slip to his account to put back into the bank the money he'd just stolen from a teller. I'm sure you're not the same... JWC





I have such marvelous ideas when I'm in no position to get them on paper - when I'm driving to work, say - and such a blank mind when I sit down at the typewriter. Ah, Well.

Couple of items not in the letter column, Jerry Kaufman asked if I disliked WALK TO THE END OF THE WORLD so much that I refused to read MOTHER-LINES. Yes, I did. And Robert Adams engaged me in discussion far too long to publish over CASTAWAYS IN TIME and eventually convinced me that my objection to all the shotgun slug loads was unfounded; evidently I skipped over the explanation he presented in

the book. (No, I did not go back and check; I took his word for it. I do that, once in awhile.)

Suddenly I seem to be more or less in demand as an author of professional articles about science fiction. Editors are becoming desperate... (At least, all of these are supposed to be paying propositions...I'm still waiting on one check, but I have faith. The editor wants more articles.) Of course, producing to the editor's satisfaction may be tricky; I'm not sure I can be sufficiently stuffy and academic, but I'm trying. (Very, as Juanita will tell you.)

Since the last Y, we've been at Chabanacon over the Thanksgiving weekend, and Juanita was GoH at Nova 6 on Feb. 7 & 8. That's the one that put me in my place; after this long letter inviting Juanita to be there, down at the bottom was "P.S. This offer also includes your husband." Being me, I butted into some of her panels anyway. Strange con, for us; most of the programming revolved around wargaming, as did most of the attendees. But we met some nice people, and I got to see the world's most expensive custard pie being pushed into a con-com member's face. (The club auctions off the right to put a pie into the face of one's choice as a regular program item - it seems to be a great little money-raiser. You bid both to give your sadistic instincts free rein, and to protect your own physiognomy.)

As usual, we seem to be signed up for more cons than the previous year; this sort of thing has to stop, sometime. In March we're Fan GoH at Wiscon, and I may present a rather unusual program item at Marcon. (It will be performed; I'm not sure it will be part of the program.) In June we're GoH at Filkcon in Los Angeles. In April we may be speakers at another con, but after an agreement with the committee chairwoman we haven't heard anything; last we heard was that she had to consult her committee. They may have lynched her; the silence from that quarter has been profound recently. With Midwestcon at a new hotel we'll have to try it out, and we haven't missed a Rivercon yet. I'd like to make Bouchercon, since it's in Milwaukee and within reach, but that depends on vacation time, which is going to be thin by then. (I'd like to make X-Con, too, but that overlaps the California trip.)

Most recent fan activity was attending "Kagemusha" with Sandra Miesel. The movie was less of an epic and more of an art-movie than I expected, but it was excellent; the photography alone is worth seeing. If it's in your area, make an effort. Over New Year's, we were in Milwaukee visiting the DeWeeses. Saw "Flash Gordon", among other things. I don't think the producer could make up his mind whether he wanted a gorgeous spectacle or a campy satire; the two objects tended to alternate, instead of blending as in "Star Wars". But it was fun, if not great entertainment. I wouldn't go see it again, but once was pleasant.

I got a letter from Interpretive Scoring Systems, an outfit that produces computer-operated personality analyses. In return for answering their Career Assessment Inventory, I would get a free analysis. Nothing ventured, nothing gained... The analysis was that the career I am best suited for is as an optician. Maybe...I don't know what an optician does (well, I know the basics but have no insight into the job).



Second choice was Travel Agent. (Because I enjoy telling people where to go, I guess; I can't see any other reason for liking the job.) Third was author-writer, and I'm not suited for much of anything else. (Psychologically, that is; the test measured attitude, not aptitude.) Not surprising; "Beach Bum" wasn't one of the listed professions. Anyway, they also sent me 3 more questionnaires, including one on temperament - I'm eagerly awaiting the answer on that one. Also the self-analysis ("but nobody really thinks they're God"....)

Also, the state of Indiana sent out forms on energy conservation - how well is your home insulated, and so on. Voluntary, but again we answered. Response, on this huge computer printout was "You have taken all the major energy conserving actions we recommend at this time." Just as well; we've taken all the major energy conserving actions we're going to take at this time. Juanita wondered how much energy it took to send out the questionnaire and answer - more than they'll conserve by their suggestions, I'll bet. One of those things that seemed like a good idea at the time, I suppose, but much too superficial to do any amount of good.

20 years ago, fans were saying that the end of the science fiction magazines was in sight. It's been a long, lingering death, though, and not accomplished yet. But each "boom" period since 1953 has been a little smaller, and each "bust" leaves fewer survivors. Now we have ANALOG, ASIMOV'S, F&SF, DESTINIES, and AMAZING, and we may not have some of them very long. AMAZING is staggering along from issue to issue. DESTINIES' survival is governed by Ace Books - and Ace isn't very healthy these days. F&SF will last as long as Ed Ferman does, but how long will that be? The two healthiest magazines are part of a small company, bucking the tide of current publishing practices. It will take years yet, but I don't see any reversal of the slow decline. I hope they last as long as I do, though; I grew into the field with the magazines, and they're still my favorites. If OMNI is the wave of the future, then I'll quit reading magazine science fiction - I didn't renew my subscription to it this year - but I have hopes that one or two real stf mags will endure into the 21st Century. (I don't expect more than two, certainly.)

This is the issue where I tell everyone how to vote for the Hugos. I don't think I'll bother this time. I'm behind on my magazine reading, and most of the best shorter works are there. On novels, I'd pick DRAGON'S EGG first, THE NITROGEN FIX second, MOCKINGBIRD by Tevis third, THE MERMAN'S CHILDREN fourth, and GOLEM 100 fifth. (Wolfe's SHADOW OF THE TORTURER is just as good as the above, but it's not a complete story, so I won't pick it.) For once I've seen more of the movie/tv candidates than usual. I'd vote for the tv production of "The Lathe of Heaven" except I seem to recall it was shown in late December and is ineligible. So it comes down to "The Martian Chronicles" and "The Empire Strikes Back" - the first is flawed somewhat, and the second, like Wolfe's book, isn't a complete story. "Brave New World" deserves to be on the ballot, as well, though I wouldn't vote it top spot.

I note several fans have been objecting to the "Cosmos" tv show. Sure, it's somewhat simplistic; it has to be. Someone muttered that Sagan was trying to be a "scientific guru" - well, why not? The public obviously wants gurus - is desperate for them, to judge from some of the Maharishis et al that have captured followings. Why not a guru who espouses science instead of mysticism? Most scientists - and, I hope, most fans - bitch about the public preference for flying saucers over space shuttles, astrology over astronomy, reincarnation over archaeology, etc. But nobody except Sagan is doing anything about it. If he can create a personal following, so much the better. What is "educational science" to most of the fans I know is well over the heads of the general public; to give the public a scientific education one has to start well below the level of knowledge of fans, and Sagan is doing just that.

Indidentally, I got a trifle of education at Nova; the above paragraph reminded me. One of my favorite types of subsidiary phrase - like this - is, according to Lee Carroll, known to the tech writing fraternity as a "flying hyphen". Lee insists this is a genuine term, though he admits that he's had problems when telling a secretary to "take a flying hyphen and..." (To be technical the term applies to the punctuation rather than the phrase itself; I used sloppy terminology up there.) Hoping you are the same, I remain, yr obt srvt.....

RSC



# DEFUGALTY

#28

THE ONES THAT  
GOT AWAY

column by **DAVE LOCKE**

I maintain an ideabook, though anyone who browsed through it might consider this a misnomer. It's filled with ideas for fan arkles and shticks, with Secrets Of The Universe recorded during otherwise incapacitated moments, and with quotes lifted from what I read or from where others have verbally drop-

ped them. That's the problem: It's filled.

I'll never get around to all of this largess if I tackle it one item at a time and attempt to be expansive. The raw material is coming in faster than the factory can produce. We (we: me and the keys in my pocket) are in an excess-inventory position. Time for a liquidation effort.

This is it.

**THE POST OFFICE** My last entry on a page labeled "Subject: P.O. Exploits" was made in 1974. It seems unlikely I will ever get around to whipping the Postal Service in an article dedicated to that topic.

You will never know, for example, my sense of incredulity at watching a mail carrier back her electric vehicle to my mailbox and remove a letter she had just delivered. As I was standing in the driveway at the time, it puzzled me more than enough to ask whatinhell. She explained that it bore an old address, and the people working inside had neglected to attach a label bearing my new address, and then she drove away with my letter. I was aghast.

Sure enough, the next day I got a letter with a sticker on it.

Just within the current moon I sent a postcard to Mike Glycer: It was old enough that I had to add 4¢ postage. Well, I don't send out many postcards... The Postal Service bounced it back eight days later, with the stamps cancelled. Across the face of the card was marked: RETURNED -- UNMAILABLE -- UNDERSIZE. A U.S. Postal Service postcard. Undersize. I held it up to one of their grids, and by gosh it was undersize. Imagine that. What do you want to bet they won't take back the rest of my 6¢ postcards? What do you want to bet I try it anyway, and perhaps hang from their ceiling in outrage? You may read the story of it sometime (maybe the wire services will pick it up).

I don't want to talk about the post office any more. I don't want to tell you about the mailman who made several trips to return a complete run of an issue of AWRY because somebody thought it didn't qualify for 4th Class Book Rate. It did, and they took it back, but I still remember the fellow at my front door with muscles twitching from carrying too many AWRYs. I don't want to tell you about waiting for packages of apazines and having the mailman drop a "parcel too large for box" pink slip in my mailbox while I sat in the apartment wondering when the mailman would show up to deliver the packages. No, I





don't.

Too depressing.

**OBJECTIVE** Many companies make statements of objectives. They try to be honest and succinct so that everyone, even the chairman of the board of directors, will understand what they're doing and why. I worked for a company with the statement: "To sell quality sports-optics in a profitable environment." Another: "To market the best hardware for the production of semiconductors."

Simple. Straightforward. I would like to hear honest statements of objectivity from organizations which are just a bit shady or questionable. Wouldn't you?



**U.S. Government:** "To make life as cush and as lucrative as possible for the people who make their living as politicians."

**The Ayatollah:** "To make the U.S. look like as big a jerk as possible, to make me the center of attention."

**OPEC:** "To jerk everybody around to make as much money as possible while the product is still there to be sold."

**Network Broadcasting:** "To provide opiate to the masses."

**The Postal Service:** "To deliver junk mail during fair weather."

**Detroit Automakers:** "To spend as much money as necessary crying on the government's shoulder because, in the face of international competition, it is no longer possible to successfully market shit."

**Star Trek Fandom:** "To regress to pre-puberty and pretend we're colorful characters from outer space."

**The Count Dracula Society:** "To accept red as our favorite color and say arresting things to outsiders."

**The National Fantasy Fan Federation:** "Moderation and mediocrity in all things except the number of bureaus."

**Role-Playing Games Fandom:** "To spend as much time as possible being other people than ourselves, and to let the angst hang out."

**Buck Coulson:** "To convince casual fan acquaintances that I eat neofans for breakfast and pick my teeth with crudzines."

**HERE'S ONE** where I know I must have been drinking when I pencilled the thought into my ideabook. I came up with the inspiration to do a three-page review of the famous short-story: "The last man on Earth sat alone in a room. There was a knock on the door." My idea was to write this as 'Bruce Gillespie,' use extensive quotation, and draw parallels to the works of Phil Dick and Franz Rottensteiner.

Obviously an idea that I should never try to execute. Unless I shoot it, like I did just now.

VESELINE ALLEY I have no idea why those two words have resided within my ideabook for years. On the other hand I have five fingers and don't want to know, either.

APPROACH

1. Giving it your best  
Putting your best foot forward
2. Making the best of it  
Coping
3. Taking it as it comes  
Playing the game
4. Making a good impression  
Presenting a good image
5. Resigned to it  
Wondering what comes next
6. Screw it

MOVIES After watching ATTACK OF THE KILLER TOMATOES, a good bad movie that made me laugh, I went home and listed other possibilities for ATTACK OF titles:  
Attack Of...

...The Giant Meat Grinder  
...The Preposterous Radish  
...The Absurd Armadillo  
...The Killer Meatloaf  
...The Lackadaisical Midget  
...The Martian Measles  
...The Grade-B Movies

I hope I never see any of them.

NUMEROLOGY AND FANDOM I was browsing through my copy of Gibson's & Gibson's THE COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF THE PSYCHIC SCIENCES, listening to the sounds of pots cracking as I skimmed their wordage on astrology, palmistry, reading the bumps on people's heads (phrenology), handwriting analysis (graphology, graphoanalysis), et al ad flakium, and stopped to delve into numerology. There's a note in my ideabook to use numerology in fandom.

Modern numerologists eschew the intricacies of cabalistic cosmology and its esoteric doctrines, opting instead for a simplified numerical and alphabetical code originating from the theories of Pythagoras, the Greek mystic and mathematician whose moment of glory was around 550 b.c. Pythagoras believed that "the world is built upon the power of numbers," and reduced all numerals to 1 through 9 as the prime numbers. Each of these, in numerology, possesses meaning.

1. Purpose. Aggression, action, ambition; Fame or rule by might.
2. Antithesis. Balance and contrast. Equilibrium through an admixture of positive and negative qualities.
3. Versatility. Talent with gaiety. Adaptable.
4. Solidity. Steadiness and Endurance.
5. Adventure. Lack of stability and certainty. Lucky and unpredictable.
6. Dependability. Harmony with nature.
7. Mystery. Study and knowledge to explore the unknown and unseen.
8. Material success. Solidity carried to completion.
9. Universal achievement. Versatility into inspiration.

All numbers reduce to a prime. Example: 684371. These individual numerals total 29.  $2 + 9$  total 11.  $1 + 1 = 2$  total 2. So 2 is the prime of 684371.

In numerology everything can be reduced to prime numbers. Dates (e.g.: July 4th, 1776 =  $7 + 4 + 1 + 7 + 7 + 6 = 32 = 5$ ) create birth numbers or "numbers of personality," which they consider important, and any particular day can be reduced to a prime number which supposedly captures it or provides significance as it relates to somebody. Or vice



versa.

Names are reduced to numbers using this grid:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	

A person's name, as regularly used, reduces to a prime number which represents the "number of development." Any change, like nicknames or the dropping of an initial, creates a different name which reduces to a prime "number of attainment." Adding the vowels in a name and reducing them to a prime, creates a "number of underlying influence." Any number which recurs often in a name is a "number of added influence."

Now, let's check this out a little as it relates to a few things in fandom...

The word "fandom" ( $6+1+5+4+6+4 = 26$   $2+6 = 8$ ) has a prime of 8. Obviously this is valid as we all know that fandom is a place of solidarity and great material worth. A "fan" ( $6+1+5 = 12$   $1+2 = 3$ ), with a prime of 3 to represent this label, is no question a person of versatility. Many of them have such a generalized aptitude that they seem to be authorities on just about anything.

Let's take a look at common repro techniques for fanzines:

Mimeo = 1 = Purpose. Fame.  
Ditto = 5 = Adventure. Uncertainty.  
Offset = 8 = Material success.

I see a relationship, don't you?

According to numerology, a fanzine fan (6) is dependable, except perhaps to a faned (3), who has to be adaptable to missed deadlines. A convention fan (8) is after material success and goes to a con (5) or convention (5) for adventure and a hope to get lucky. A genzine fan (2) shows balance and contrast with a variety of material by different fanwriters, while the personalzine fan (4) represents endurance (mainly in writing that much wordage himself). Of course, if a personalzine fan chooses to call himself a perzine fan, the prime is changed to 6, showing that this person can be depended upon to be trying.

A neofan (1) has purpose in that he is trying to get away from being called a neofan. A fugghead (5) is of course unstable and unpredictable, and naturally the mystery number (9) is very applicable to a Trekkie.

A FIAWOL (3) viewpoint shows adaptability. A FIJAGH (5) viewpoint shows adventurousness, perhaps by being involved in other things.

YANDRO (5) would indeed be unpredictable if it weren't for the 4ish endurance of Juanita Coulson and the 6ish dependability of Robert S. Coulson (who prefers to be called Buck Coulson (1) to show more aggressiveness).

I think numerology fits well with fandom. It shows us that an adaptable 3ish fellow names Amos executed measurable 9ish achievement with a change to Jessie. A Canadian fellow names Wayne (9) had what passed for inspiration and decided to call himself Taral (1) an attempt to be aggressive. ALGOL (2) got changed to STARSHIP (2), a change apparently amounting to no change. SFR (7) got changed to ALIEN CRITIC (4), which got changed to SFR (7), indicating that a brief oasis of solidity was sought before once again setting off for the unseen.

DIFUGALTY (6) is obviously a dependable column written by Dave Locke (6), a dependable person.

Dependable how, you ask?

Well, that depends, I guess.

# Review of the Bizarre

BY BRUCE E. COULSON

Where Yandro's roving correspondent takes a look at some of the oddities of the world that many people may not encounter. (Or care to encounter, for that matter.)

**THE BLACK BOOK OF CLARK ASHTON SMITH:** Arkham House, \$6.50 pb, compiled by R.A. Hoffman and Donald Sydney-Fryer. This is the first paperback Arkham House book I have ever seen. It's basically the story notebook of Smith, with the various ideas for stories and poems, as disorganized as when he wrote them. Some of these ideas were later written and sold by Smith, some weren't. The compilers have gone through and sorted out successes from failures. Many of the stories came out vastly changed in print from idea. This is a good book if you'd like to know what the genesis of your favorite Smith story was, or how a story outline is changed from start to finish, but mostly this is a very limited appeal book. (But well done, nonetheless.) Illustrations by Andrew Smith.

**NECROPOLIS:** By Basil Copper, Arkham House, \$12.95. Jacket and inside illos by Steve Fabian. The subtitle is "a novel of gothic mystery," which pretty well sums the book up. It's the sort of thing you would expect from Doyle or Wilkie Collins. If you like this sort of style (which I do) it's an extremely well written book. Copper overdoes allusions to Holmes quite a bit (Copper's hero is contemporary with Holmes), but the rest of the story is marvelous. (Including the outre setting, Great Britain's predecessor and ancestor to Forest Lawn, which was in operation until WWII.)

**THE LAST DEFENDER OF CAMELOT,** by Roger Zelazny, Underwood/Miller pamphlet, \$5.00. Limited to 275 copies, of which mine is the 261st. This edition was illustrated by Lela Dowling and put out for the 1980 Vancouver convention, where Zelazny was GoH. I think this is the first book by Underwood/Miller by an author other than Vance. It's an interesting Arthurian spin-off, with a very original idea, but it just doesn't quite work. If Zelazny had expanded it more, I think the idea could have been held together better. Not bad, but not good, either.

**THE HORROR ON THE BEACH:** by Alan Dean Foster, Library Lovecraftian pb, \$2.00, illos by Stephen C. Garris. Foster doing Cthulhu (sic) Mythos stories? If Ron Goulart had written this, he would have called it the Horror on Party Beach, for sure. It's no worse than the current crop of Mythos stories, but no better, either. Garris' illos are about the same as the writing.

**A WINTER WISH:** by H.P. Lovecraft: Whispers Press, \$10.00. Ho. Dust cover by Steve Fabian. This is a collection of a few articles on poetry and a number of poems. Tom Collins did the editing. Lovecraft's poetry is better than many others who have been published, but I don't think the quality is nearly good enough that any of these would have been sold on their own merits. (Many are here for the first time; the others appeared in amateur journals that Lovecraft supported.) Readable, but not recommended to anyone who is not a real Lovecraft buff.

**FOOD FOR DEMONS: A MEMORIAL:** by E. Everett Evans; Shroud Press pb, \$3.95. Edited by Kreuger. Illos by Henry M. Eichner. Limited to 600 copies. Unusual in that the book was printed in 1959, but not bound for publication until now. This has 4 more stories and appreciations than the Fantasy Reader Food for Demons. Extremely good.

**TOUCHSTONE:** edited by James Tucker and Erin McKee. Mysterious Stranger Press, pb, \$5.00. Limited to 1000 copies, I think. Praises and appreciations of Ray Bradbury and Fritz Leiber by friends and well wishers. Goodness knows I can hardly think of a more deserving pair, but 88 pages of compliments gets to be a bit much. McKee illustrations vary from crude to surprisingly good.



DRAGONFLAME & OTHER BEDTIME NIGHTMARES: by Don McGregor. Fictioneer Books Ltd., pb, \$5.00. Illustrated by Paul Gulacy. McGregor says he hates to write introductions. Judging by the quality of the ones written to (explain? expound? extrapolate?) the stories here, I can see why. A collection of six shorts, edited by David Kraft. Dragonflame (modern-day superhero assailed with self-doubt), The Real World Is Outside Waiting ((discovering poverty = reality), The Mating Massacre (the sort of thing Fred Brown would have written, dragged out five excess pages), Bernie Chojnacki and the Taxi Drive to Oblivion and Beyond (free association thoughts about love), The Play It Again Sam Casablanca Blues (never did figure this one out), Apricot, Cinnamon, and Blue Eyes of Pain (philosophical origin of DragonFlame). The title story, Play It Again, etc., and Apricot, etc., are all part of an unpublished novel, Last Victim for the Night. The stories are well written technically, but don't seem to go much of anywhere. (This is especially true of Real World, where the protagonist decides that a well-paying job and a family aren't as real as poverty and getting to know people.) McGregor was an editor at Marvel Comics, which may explain why the superhero story is the best one here. The cover is extremely good. (The inside illos just don't seem as rich, but they're not bad, by any means.)

CHU-BOPS by Amuro Products Co. 30¢? Would you believe bubble-gum records. Well, whether you believe them or not, that's what these are. For 30¢ you get a miniature record cover, the lyrics of one hit song (presumably off the album, though I haven't checked), and 7 grams of good bubble-gum, in the shape of a record, complete with spindle-hole. For a buck and a half plus postage you can get a deluxe Chu-Bops Collectors Display Album which holds albums 1 through 16.

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK CARDS; by Topps. 25¢ for 12 or \$1.00 for 51. 117 cards have scenes from the movie, 13 have working paintings, and there are 2 checklists to see if you have all the cards including checklists. There are also a variety of pre-gummed stickers, but I have no idea of their number.

Amuro also puts out bubble-gum in the form of chewing tobacco, and frosting in little containers (yes, just like cake frosting, only it tastes vile).

#### QUOTES

"People kept giving me the victory sign one finger at a time." (Gov. Lamm of Colorado, referring to a conservation argument in his state)

"Twenty years from now, 'literature' must undergo a drastic change in definition. The advent of new methods of printing, sound recording and motion picture film has all but destroyed the bounds of creative art." (Larry Ivie, CONCEPT #3, 1957)

#### AN UNTITLED FEGHOOT

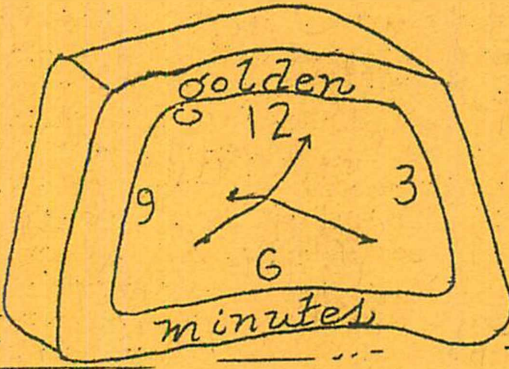
by Martin Helgesen

In October, 1983, Ferdinand Feghoot appeared before the Supreme Court representing the National Conference of Christians and Jews. They were appealing a lower court decision on a suit filed by a group of atheists demanding not only that religious organizations be outlawed, but also that the very mention of a supreme being in public be banned as unconstitutional. Dale Bowman, the attorney for the plaintiff, concluded his argument that it was an infringement on the constitutional rights of an atheist for him to be subjected to the sight of people worshipping a being whose existence he denied. Then Feghoot arose and addressed the bench: "Court, save the united faiths and this honorable God."

#### ANNOUNCEMENT

Pocket Books announces a new science fiction line, "Timescape Books", which will be both hardcovers and paperbacks, and entirely science fiction. (Del Rey must be doing well...) They seem to be scheduling 1 hardcover and 5 pbs per month, with the pbs a mixture of original and reprint. David Hartwell is editor. Quality of the announced schedule seems high. The publicity release brags a lot about their new logo - I'm not sure why. (An "internationally renowned designer" should have been able to come up with something better.) But the books look interesting enough; keep an eye out for them.





A WEALTH OF FABLE, by Harry Warner  
(Joe Siclari, 4599 NW 5th. Ave., Boca  
Raton, FL 33431 - \$10) I finally got  
one - for one thing, the price for  
230 pages of mimeography doesn't  
seem as high now as it did in 1976.  
(They don't seem to be selling all  
that well; my copy is #593 out of  
a limited edition of 1000.) On the  
whole, I believe I got more en-  
joyment out of this than I did  
from Harry's earlier fan his-  
tory, ALL OUR YESTERDAYS. This  
could be because the present  
book is about 1950s fandom,  
which is when I entered our  
little sub-culture, so I knew  
more of the names being bandied

about - and care more about at least a few of them. (Incidentally, we've gone back to my typing this directly on stencil, so Juanita isn't present to correct little changes of tense such as the above, and I won't always notice them.) As usual, Harry is mostly accurate, though I can (and of course will) provide a few nitpickings and at least one addition for any fan historians in the audience. P 69. Clive Jackson had two stories published professionally in 1950; "The Still Small Voice" in Avon Fantasy Reader, and "Swordsman of Varnis" in Other Worlds. I understood that both were originally from the Willis fanzine, though OW didn't give credit (and probably didn't pay, either.) But I'm going on memory. pp 85. Terwilleger was an expert with the spirit duplicator, but he did not "extract brilliance of colors and sharpness of text as no other fan could do." The team of Dan Adkins and Bill Pearson surpassed him, as did Swedish Fan Bo Stenfors (though Bo had the advantage of masters in colors never dreamed of by American manufacturers). pp82 Joel Nydahl had nothing to do with the creation of EISFA. Otherwise it's a pretty good account of YANDRO's beginnings. I originally attended meetings of ISFA, after Dave Jenrette told me about it; EISFA was sort of a complementary club for the benefit of the Ball U fans (no, that is not a misprint; it's the name of the university) and out-of-town members like Gene and I went to meetings of both clubs. As did Juanita. ISFA isn't mentioned by Harry, but two of its prime movers, Lee Tremper Lavell and Ray Beam (No, that's not a misprint either) have remained more or less active in fandom ever since. pp 158. The Argentine fan was Ricky Ertl, and I suspect he may have been the only science fiction fan to vanish in a military coup. At least, he quit writing just at the time of the overthrow of Peron. Since his father was an industrialist and a Peronista, while in his last letter to me Ricky mentioned he was making zip guns and if he produced a good one he was going to send it to me and if it wasn't so good he would "sell it to the revolutionists", I can't say that the abrupt silence afterwards was too surprising. Fannish attitudes are anti-survival in that sort of environment. (I never mentioned this in print before, since there was a possibility he was only in jail, but if he hasn't surfaced after 30 years I don't think he's going to.) All in all, this is probably an excellent book if you're all that interested in fan history. After reading it I'm pretty sure that I'm not, but that's my own little peculiarity. (I'll get very interested in fan history if anyone offers to pay me to write about it; otherwise not.) Probably the volume is also of interest to any psychologists in the readership; fandom could easily provide that needed paper for you.

THE SCIENCE FICTIONARY, by Ed Naha (Seaview Books, \$16.95) About 3/4 of this book is about science fiction in films and on tv, and it provides a definitive list of credits and thoroughly enjoyable plot synopses; if the publisher had stopped there, it would have been a great book. Unfortunately, tacked on to this movie material are



superficial, incomplete, and occasionally inaccurate lists of authors, awards, promags, and "themes". (Examples; Juanita's bio is evidently lifted from Brian Ash's WHO'S WHO IN SCIENCE FICTION and contains the same error. Despite the emphasis on movies and tv, the dramatic Hugos are not listed. COLLIER'S is listed because it published Wells and Bradbury; SATURDAY EVENING POST isn't, despite having published Heinlein, Wyllie, Leinster, Ward Moore, etc. DELAP'S F&SF REVIEW is listed; ODYSSEY, VANGUARD, STAR, TWO COMPLETE SCIENCE-ADVENTURE BOOKS and other magazines aren't.) Proofreading on the entire book is God-awful - we read about the story "The Little Black Box" by Kornbluth and the tv show "My Favorite Martians", for example. And the British author Hilary Baily (spelled that way twice, in fact.) Anyway, the book is highly recommended to screen-oriented fans, who are advised to ignore everything beyond page 290. (The publisher is advised to quit trying to beef up wordage by adding material the author obviously knows nothing about.)

KIRK'S WORKS, ed. by George Beahm (Heresy Press, 713 Paul St., Newport News, VA23605 - \$10) An index of Kirk's artwork, supplemented by a considerable number of examples of it. I wouldn't pay two bits for the index, but I paid for the artwork and I'm reasonably well satisfied. Bonuses are articles about and interviews with Kirk, and several photos. 9 x 12 size, excellent reproduction. Worthwhile for art-lovers - even ones like me.

DRAGON'S EGG, by Robert L. Forward (Del Rey, \$9.95) One of the two best science-fiction books of the year. Forward is working somewhat the same field as Clement did in MISSION OF GRAVITY, except that his heavy-gravity natives live on a neutron star and their differences from humanity include not only gravitational adaptations but a lifespan measured in seconds. I can't check the science, but it sounds good, and the story (and especially the background) is absolutely fascinating. Forward has no such striking individuals as Barlennin, but he covers the evolution of the race (technological evolution, that is) from the hunter-gatherer stage to spaceships - which requires thousands of generations and a month of time - and makes it both believable and interesting. If you only read two sf books this year, make this one of them.

THE NITROGEN FIX, by Hal Clement (Ace, \$6.95) Make this the other one. This is Clement at his best, in a future Earth with a nitrogen atmosphere. The background is as usual fascinating, the mystery of how it happened is gradually worked out, and the plot is unusual in that it presents two totally opposed sets of people, both of whom believe firmly that they are in the right, which is a much more believable conflict than the usual type in fiction. Numerous illustrations by Janet Aulisio are much better than the norm for Ace trade editions; she's a long way from being a favorite of mine but she's thoroughly competent and for once the illustrated edition has art that augments the story instead of detracting from it. Go buy a copy.

MYTH CONCEPTIONS, by Robert Asprin (Starblaze, \$4.95) Sequel to ANOTHER FINE MYTH. For once, the sequel is as good as the original. The chapter headings may not be quite as funny (though some of them certainly are) and the artwork seems much less inspired, but the story itself is a genuinely funny UNKNOWN-type fantasy, and you don't hardly get that kind no more. Anybody who reads YANDRO should enjoy this one.

AFTER DARK, by Manly Wade Wellman (Doubleday, \$8.95) Another "John the Minstrel" novel - though I see Doubleday is calling him "Silver John" (which is shorter and probably more commercial, if less accurate). This time John is tangling with Shonokins (and I'm damned if I can recall where I heard of them before; it's tantalizing). Plot is fairly standard confrontation with witchcraft; characters and background are quite interesting, and there is more reference to folk music than there was in the first novel. (Hoyt Axton recorded "Vandy, Vandy" from one of the early stories; in here Wellman seems to be returning the favor by doing a takeoff of Axton's "The Balladeer". This one will start showing up in filmsings.) This is one of the few exceptions to my dislike of series; I thoroughly enjoyed it.

BEYOND THE BLUE EVENT HORIZON, by Frederik Pohl (Del Rey, \$9.95, \$2.50) This time I like the sequel better than the original; of course, I wasn't all that fond of GATEWAY. But I enjoyed this story of contact with not-quite-aliens in a decaying alien



space station. With, of course, catastrophic consequences on Earth and more problems to be solved. More or less good characters, and interesting alien scenes while our heroes are trying to find out what's going on in the huge artifact. Some of the Earth sections seem pretty standard big-business-of-the-future stuff, but, what the hell; overall it's a good book. Recommended.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL FINLAY, ed. by Gerry de la Ree (Gerry de la Ree, 7 Cedarwood Lane, Saddle River, NJ 07458 - \$15.50) Finlay did a lot of remarkably good illustrations for remarkably bad fiction, and a lot of them are in here. (Listed authors include Richard Shaver, Paul Fairman, Don Wilcox, Rog Phillips, Alexander Blade, Chester Geier, etc.) Of course, there are also names like Bloch, del Rey, Walter Miller...a few of them. The art is all good; if anything, the inferior authors inspired superior art. Finlay remains unsurpassed in black and white sf art.

BEOGA'S BRAIN, by Carl Sagan (Random House) This was a special edition for Quality Paperback Book Club, and I don't recall what it cost. It's a collection of articles, some of which you've probably read before (I had) and some of which will be new. Material ranges from astronomy (including how non-Earth locations are named and some whimsical suggestions for future use - I'd certainly go along with naming a crater on Deimos for Rene Magritte, though the committee didn't) to general comments on science to a chapter on pseudoscience, one on the Dogon controversy, and one on Velikovsky that I'd already read, but which is excellent. Skip some swords and sorcery and read this one instead.

PRaise ALL THE MOONS OF MORNING, by Josephine Rector Stone (Atheneum, \$7.95) A lot of sf concepts packed into a rather short book - mind control via drugs, interstellar exploration, aliens, time travel. The results are very fast-paced and generally interesting as two girls from different times try to rescue the descendants of a captured exploration team. A good juvenile.

LEVIATHAN'S DEEP, by Jayge Carr (Doubleday, \$8.95) The Amazon who leads her people against the villainous Terrans. Remarkable how fast plots can become clichés, isn't it? Still, Carr is an excellent writer and more or less pulls it off. Kimassu is an interesting heroine; if the machinations were predictable, her reactions to them kept me reading. Moderately recommended.

NIGHTMARE IN PLESTER, by "Jean" DeMeese (Doubleday, \$7.95) Though it's been remaindered by now and you can get copies much cheaper from Gene. It was marketed in Doubleday's feminine/gothic line, but actually it's one of the modern horror/possession type novels. (Except what's doing the possessing isn't quite the devil or anything from a theological source. It's not explained in the book, but Gene says it's a buried spaceship, and he should know. The whole thing stems from a conversation Gene and I had about the number of suicides over the years in the area around Rochester and Silver Lake, Indiana, where Gene and I lived.) I was amused to see a character named Joseph Karns show up; his period of hanging around science fiction fans evidently didn't do his disposition any good. Rather lighthearted for a horror story; probably one reason I liked it.

THE BLACK FLAME, by Lynn Abbey (Ace, \$6.95) Sequel to DAUGHTER OF THE BRIGHT MOON. Fabian illustrations, not very well reproduced. A quest, fairly standard stuff, well enough handled to keep me reading (which, after all, is the main point.)

ARCHIPELAGO, by R. A. Lafferty (Manuscript Press, PDA Enterprises, Box 8010, New Orleans, LA 70182 - no price listed) And I don't recall what I paid (or even whether I got it from F&SF Book Co. or Dick Spelman). I had heard that this was the second book in THE FLAME IS GREEN series, but it's not; it's the first book in THE DEVIL IS DEAD trilogy. Lafferty has more damned unfinished series....Not that it really matters. Lafferty is one of the few writers where you could shuffle the pages of almost any of his books and still come up with fascinating reading. A line in one of the verses here is "I love to weave a web of words", which should stand for the author's intent; though at the end he also says "There is no story that is not improved by having its first and last pages lost." I used to think that making sense



out of the middle helped, too, but that doesn't always work with Lafferty. I really don't have a lot of ideas as to what this one is about, and am restricted to enjoying phrases such as "The Coefficient Density" and philosophy like: "I used to think that working was only a fad and would die out. Now many people take it seriously." Ostensibly it's an account of several WWII soldiers during their last days in camp in New Guinea and Australia, and after their return home. Since they're typical Lafferty characters, though, their experiences are...unusual. I can see why he had trouble finding a publisher; it's not technically science fiction and it's too wild for a mainstream publisher. I enjoyed it, but it's somewhat more murky than most Lafferty. Recommended anyway, however.

**TAMBU**, by Robert Asprin (Ace, \$4.95, \$1.95) Interesting idea; the history of an interplanetary warlord from the warlord's point of view. The philosophy won't be palatable to the more liberal wing of fandom, but it's sound enough. Highly recommended.

**ENGINE SUMMER**, by John Crowley (Doubleday, \$7.95) The search for a meaningful life, in a far future pastoral world. Not my type of story, but extremely well done (even if I don't think any of his characters were human beings). Recommended, moderately.

**WILD SEED**, by Octavia E. Butler (Doubleday, \$10) Sequel to **MIND OF MY MIND**. Doro finds a woman who is equally immortal and whom he cannot control. I've never been able to suspend my disbelief in the background, but the story is good enough.

**THE QUEST OF EXCALIBUR**, by Leonard Wibberly (Borgo Press, \$4.95) King Arthur returns to modern England. A quiet little comedy reminiscent of Robert Nathan. Art by Cathy Hill enhances the story.

**VOORLOPER**, by Andre Norton (Ace, \$6.95) A more definite juvenile than some she's done recently; this goes back to an earlier style and is quite well done. Although, like most of Norton's recent books, mental powers far outweigh action, there is enough action to keep the plot moving. Two psi-powered teenagers solve the mystery of a plague that has kept half a planet unpopulated. Artwork by Alicia Austin; Ace is finally getting decent artists with some regularity.

**THE PATCHWORK GIRL**, by Larry Niven (Ace, \$5.95) A "Gil the ARM" novelet, and a murder mystery in the Moon settlement, with political repercussions, and of course the chief suspect is an old flame of Gil's - the plot is right out of the 1940s detective pulps. I rather enjoyed the story, if not the artwork.

**SOFT TARGETS**, by Dean Ing (Ace, \$4.95 and \$2.50) This isn't really science fiction at all; it's an international espionage novel, with a terrorist group hitting targets within the U.S. A good enough chase scenario. I don't know why Ing put the ending on it that he did (not the chase ending, the love story ending). It's contrived and unconvincing - which is unusual when the idea is for the couple to not live happily ever after. But up until then it's a good enough international agent novel. (I don't know why Ace put it out in a trade pb, either; readers of that genre don't look for odd-sized trade pb's.)

**THE MAKING OF STAR TREK: THE MOTION PICTURE**, by Susan Sackett and Gene Roddenberry (Ballaboy, \$7.95) Well, the book is more entertaining than the movie was, though it's not as good as Koenig's account. The tangled history of the film is provided, several of the jokes that livened up studio activities are related, and a lot of the special effects are explained. Lots of photos, if you really want souvenir photos of that film.... All in all, a very good background story of a very bad movie.

**THE SPACE ENTERPRISE**, by G. Harry Stine (Ace, \$6.95) The advantages of moving industry into space, spelled out simply enough for liberal arts majors to grasp, plus a short prefatory look at what space science has already done for us. An excellent book; I have no hope at all that it will come true, but then I'm a cynic. It would be nice if it did....

**IN IRON YEARS**, by Gordon R. Dickson (Doubleday, \$9.95) Short story collection. Includes the title story (an incident in a future barbarism), "Homecoming" (how much is efficiency worth?), "A Taste of Tenure" (how much is a career worth?), "The Hours



Are Good" (a sense of self-worth in a particularly nasty future), "Gifts" (do we really want something for nothing?), "Zeepsday" (future farce in the guise of a trial scenario), "Things Which Are Caesar's" (a novelet about the meaning of humanity, more or less). Overall, a good selection.

UNIVERSE 9, ed. by Terry Carr (Doubleday, \$7.95) I get behind on my reading...ORIGINALS 10, ed. by Terry Carr (Doubleday, \$8.95) in-al-story anthologies. 9 includes "Frost Animals" by Bob Shaw (a future murder mystery), "Nuclear Fission" by Paul David Novitski (a growing-up crisis in a communal family), "Time Shards" by Greg Benford (aural archaeology), "The Captain and the Kid" by Marta Randall (the problems of retirement), "The Back Road" by Mary Pangborn (rural deviousness), "Will The Chill" by John Shirley (poetic and maudlin fantasy of love and Ultimate Contests), "Chicken of the Tree" by Juleen Brantingham (ecological farce), "The White Horse Child" by Greg Bear (ecological nonsense), and "Options" by John Varley (the future of emotional equality). 10 has "Saving Face" by Michael Bishop (an extrapolation of copyrighting and the rights of celebrities), "A Source of Innocent Merriment" by James Tiptree, Jr. (one moment of pure bliss), "And All The Skies Are Full of Fish" by R. A. Lafferty (a reaction against aesthetes), Bête et Noir" by Lee Killough (art and murder), "The Ugly Chickens" by Howard Waldrop (rather bitterly humorous ornithology), "The Confession of Hamo" by Mary Pangborn (historical fantasy), "The Johann Sebastian Bach Memorial Barbecue and Nervous Breakdown" by Carter Scholz (time travel and reality), and "First Person Plural" by F. M. Busby (a really split personality). Of the lot, Varley, Lafferty, Waldrop and Pangborn (both times) were highly entertaining, and Bishop, Tiptree, Scholz, Busby and Shaw were good enough. Which is a high average. #10 also had two "non-fact articles", "Superl" by Charles Elliott and "Report of the Special Committee on the Quality of Life" by Eric G. Iverson. I found "Superl" too nonsensical to be very funny, but the "Report", an environmental impact statement for a proposed voyage by Christopher Columbus, to be very amusing indeed. Overall - good selections (#10 is better) and recommended.

INTERFACES, ed. by Ursula le Guin and Virginia Kidd (Ace, \$5.95, \$2.50) Includes "The Reason For the Visit" by John Crowley, "Set Piece" by Jill Paton Walsh, "Everything Blowing Up: An Adventure of Una Persson, Heroine of Time and Space" by Hilary Bailey, "The New Zombies" by Avram Davidson and Grania Davis, "Earth and Stone" by Robert Holdstock, "A Short History of the Bicycle: 401 B.C. to 2677 A.D." by Michael Bishop, "Shadow, Moving" by Vonda McIntyre, poems, "The Trumpeter Swan" and "Lose, Place and Show" by Laurence Josephs, "The Pastseer" by Philippa C. Maddern, "Hunger and the Computer" by Gary Weinberg, "Household Gods" by Daphne Castell, "Bender, Fenugreek, Slatterman and Mapp" by D. G. Compton, "Precession" by Edward Bryant, "A Criminal Proceeding" by Gene Wolfe, "For Whom are Those Serpents Whistling Overhead?" by Jean Fenling, "The Summer Sweet, the Winter Wild" by Michael G. Coney, "The Gods in Winter" by Sonya Dorman, and "Slow Music" by James Tiptree, Jr. I would never spend my own money for a book with that many long titles (the length of a title is inversely proportional to the quality of a story) or to one blurred as "science fiction come of age" as though the editors (or the blurbwriter) have a special knowledge of maturity to share with the rest of us clods. However, since it was sent for review...Maddern is excellent, Wolfe highly entertaining, Coney and Davidson good, Tiptree and Holdstock interesting but never believable, and the rest I did manage to read, but generally regretted it. Not a particularly high average; I would hope that another anthologist picks up Maddern and Wolfe.

THE WORLD FANTASY AWARDS VOL. TWO, ed. by Stuart Schiff and Fritz Leiber (Doubleday, \$10.95) Stories included may or may not be award-winners; they could be runners-up, or from the winning anthology or a runner-up anthology, or something by an author who got nominated in some category or other. As a result, the entire idea of this "awards" book looks pretty damned silly; a chance to put a title on a fantasy anthology that might sell a few more copies (and demand a higher price). The stories themselves aren't all that bad (most of them aren't all that good, either). We have a long introduction by Leiber, "The Whimper of Whipped Dogs" by Ellison, "Jerusalem's Lot" by Stephen King (a prequel to the novel), "The October Game" by Bradbury,



"Smoke Ghost" by Leiber, "Belsen Express" by Leiber, "The King's Shadow Has No Limits" by Avram Davidson, "The Ghastly Priest Doth Reign" by Manly Wade Wellman, "A Visitor From Egypt" by Frank Belknap Long, "It Only Comes Out At Night" by Dennis Etchison, "The Barrow Troll" by David Drake, "Two Suns Setting" by Karl Edward Wagner, "The Companion" by Ramsey Campbell, and "There's A Long, Long Trail A-Winding" by Russell Kirk, plus a couple of illustrations each by Tim Kirk and Steve Fabian, and information on various of the Fantasy Awards. Even the dust jacket illo is a reprint (from a record album, I gather) by Roger Dean. The art is okay, as are the Bradbury, King, Leiber, Davidson, Wellman, Drake and Kirk stories. (Though the Bradbury and one of the Leibers are over 30 years old and have been reprinted more than once already.) Overall - okay if you like horror-fantasy; not a particularly good representative of the fantasy field as a whole.

**THE RAGGED EDGE OF SCIENCE**, by L. Sprague de Camp (Owlswick Press, Box 8243, Philadelphia, PA 19101 - \$16) De Camp's short articles about crackpots, occultism, unknowables like what the language will be like in the future, partly knowables like the Toltec empire, etc. Original copyrights from 1950 to 1973. Since Sprague is somewhat less credulous than I am, I enjoyed the book thoroughly, even though I was reading 95% of it for the second or third time. I love lines like "Maladjusted persons incapable of the mystic trance achieve a similar escape by drunkenness." (And I agree with them, so don't tell me about your wonderful trances.) Though I don't fully believe his own explanation of the trance; why should being dazzled by sunlight be any more of a pleasant event than being blinded by darkness? (But if I don't go along with his explanations, I certainly enjoy the way he pokes holes in other people's....) Of course, a lot of the targets like Velikovsky, von Daniken, "Bridey Murphy", Theosophy, etc., are easy targets - but he hits them elegantly. Recommended.

**YESTERDAY'S CHILDREN**, by David Gerrold (Fawcett, \$1.95) One wonders if this started life as an ST script, but if so, it was expertly adapted to a novel. Characters - the blundering commander, the martinet second officer and the rest - are pretty standard (or perhaps I should say they were standard in the old war pulps) but Gerrold does a good job of fleshing them out and making the reader wonder just what is going on. Well enough handled adventure fiction.

**THE CLONE REBELLION**, by Evelyn Lief (Pocket Books, \$2.25) The emotional insides of a rebellion. I suppose it's reasonably good psychology, but I still disliked all of the characters, the smugly virtuous and the angry young whatevers alike.

**THE WANTING FACTOR**, by Gene DeWeese (Playboy Press, \$2.50) Being marketed as a standard possessed-by-the-devil book, but it's not, exactly. I told Gene that what it needed to become a best-seller was to have it banned somewhere, and that if it ever gets read by anyone with clout in the religious business, it will get banned. It's definitely blasphemous, by any Christian standard you want to name. Which, of course, didn't bother me in the slightest; I thoroughly enjoyed it. Plot is standard for this sort of thing, but quite well handled. Recommended to irreligious types.

**THE SINFUL ONES**, by Fritz Leiber (Pocket Books, \$1.95) The more or less original version of a novel previously published twice in cut and revised versions. (An Afterword by the author explains the history.) Theme is one not used too often; that only a few people are really "aware"; the rest of the population goes about its business like parts of a machine, following its preset pattern. (Not used much, I suspect, because it's not very believable.) Leiber does an entertaining job. The ending is, if I may make a small pun, a bit too much *deux ex machina*, but I enjoyed the book even if I didn't suspend my disbelief for a moment. Recommended.

**AMBULANCE SHIP**, by James White (Del Rey, \$1.95) Three connected stories in the "Sector General" series. I enjoyed it thoroughly (admittedly I'm a sucker for medical stf). Good ideas, well plotted.

**DEATH TREK**, by Jeffrey N. Wallman (Tower, \$1.75) Swords and sorcery in the background of a galactic empire (which seems overly complicated, but...) Not to be taken at all



seriously, but sort of fun. It's supposed to be the first of a series.

**WEB OF ANGELS**, by John M. Ford (Pocket Books, \$2.25) An interesting, complicated future world - but somehow it didn't do anything for me. The cover, one of the worst I've ever seen, didn't help, but mostly I just didn't care much what was going on.

**A JUNGLE OF STARS**, by Jack Chalker (Del Rey, \$2.25) When two powerful aliens are battling, how do you know which is the right side? Interplanetary agent stuff, fairly well done but not my type.

**THE SPACE MAVERICKS**, by Michael Kring (Leisure, \$1.75) A pair of ~~stf~~/~~travellers~~ independent interplanetary cargo haulers run afoul of the local cops by rescuing a fair but not exactly innocent maiden and spend the rest of the book getting their asses out of a sling. Unserious; not great but mild fun and readable.

**SKYROCKET STEELE**, by Ron Goulart (Pocket Books, \$2.25) Scriptwriter for a stf movie starts running into real blasters and spaceships. Characters are typical Goulart, plot is nothing if not improbable, but I enjoyed it anyway. (For one thing, it was not part of any of his series.) Interplanetary farce.

**HAIL, HIBBLER**, by Ron Goulart (Daw #399, \$1.75) More of the same, except this is part of his Odd Jobs series, and Jake and Hildy are out to stop a new screwball menace. Amusing. (Goulart grows on you; I didn't like his stuff at all when I first read it. Of course, there were more and better stf humorists around back then...) Anyway, recommended if you enjoy the light touch.

**THE AVATAR**, by Poul Anderson (Berkley, \$2.25) This, on the other hand....If I had been in the right mood I could have enjoyed it tremendously, because it's so awful it's funny. Plot isn't really all that bad (though it's not all that good) but the characters are totally ridiculous. All of them; the middle-aged stud who is irresistible to women (didn't I meet him before, in a bad Heinlein novel?), the pure and noble and sacrificing wife, the equally pure, noble, and compassionate fake-Irish colleen, the outraged brother-in-law, and a couple of ships-full of prime idiots. And the allegedly poetic descriptions are worth quoting to small groups to get a laugh out of them. Anderson has a nice, matter-of-fact style that gets his point across very well, and he should leave spiritual evocations to writers who know how to do them - or practice in private until he learns the trick.

**OFFWORLD**, by Max Daniels (Pocket Books, \$1.75) Swords and sorcery with the hero shipped off to an alien world where he finds adventure, purpose, and True Love. Fast action, the usual improbable plot. Good enough that I at least finished it.

**SYMBIOTE'S CROWN**, by Scott Baker (Berkley, \$1.75) This one I didn't finish. I've never thought much of "Godlike simplicity" as applied to the mentally retarded and I didn't think much of it here. The characters are all revolting enough, if you consider unpleasantness a mark of reality (as so many unpleasant people do).

**STELLAR #5**, ed. by Judy-Lynn del Rey (Del Rey, \$1.95) Original stories. "The Sword of Damocles" by James P. Hogan (novelet; the political uses of time travel), "Chains of Air, Web of Aether" by Philip K. Dick (simple humanity wins out over mechanization), "Grimm's Law" by L. Neil Smith (not very humorous philology), "Corpus Cryptic" by Lee Killough (an intriguing future murder mystery), "Elbow Room" by Marion Z. Bradley (a quiet sort of insanity), "The Nobel Laureate" by Robert H. Curtis (a rather dumb little morality bit), "All That Glitters" by G. C. Edmondson (cutesy but entertaining first contact story), "The Subtle Serpent" by Charles Sheffield (novelet; a wrecked spaceship and a fascinating native culture). Nothing outstanding, but Sheffield, Edmondson, Killough, Bradley and Hogan are entertaining. Overall - fair but unexciting.

**THE LAST DEFENDER OF CAMELOT**, by Roger Zelazny (Pocket Books, \$2.50) Collection; lengths from vignette to novella. Includes the title story, "Horseman!", "Passion Play", "The Stainless Steel Leech", "A Thing of Terrible Beauty", "He Who Shapes", "Comes Now The Power", "Auto-da-Fé", "Damnation Alley", "For A Breath I Tarry", "The Engine at Heartspring's Center", "The Game of Blood and Dust", "No Award", "Is There a Demon Lover in the House?", "Stand Pat, Ruby Stone", and "Halfjack". Plus



introductions by the author. Zelazny is one of our best wordsmiths. Many of his plots are silly - "Damnation Alley" certainly is. A good share of his characters are idiots. But he writes about them so gorgeously that you don't notice - at least, not while you're reading. It's a touch of genius.

COLD HAND IN MINE, by Robert Aickman (Berkley, \$1.95) Aickman also has silly plots and characters, only his writing style fails to redeem them. And I flatly disbelieve his psychological assertions. Stories here are "The Swords", "The Real Road To The Church", "Niemandswasser", "Pages From A Young Girl's Journal", "The Hospice", "The Same Dog", "Meeting Mr. Millar" and "The Clock Watcher". Don't bother reading them.

THE VISUAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE FICTION, ed. by Brian Ash (remaindered, \$6.98) I should have looked closer at this one when the hucksters had copies. It seems to be arranged strictly for teachers. There is a beginning chronological section in which the entries of important events seem to have been chosen by the dart-board method. Then there is a major section, arranged by theme. If you're teaching a story, you figure out what theme it comes under and you have a ready-made background to impress the class with. Doesn't seem at all useful for any other purpose, however. Then there are small and inadequate sections on art, cinema, tv, books, magazines, fandom, "Commentators and Courses", fringe cults, and "Science Fiction As Literature" - those two entries alone show the academic bent. Not recommended.

THE GREAT SF STORIES 4 (1942), ed. by Isaac Asimov (Daw #405, \$2.50) The best anthology series ever produced - if you haven't read the stories before. Maybe even if you have; I enjoyed reading them again. This time we have "The Star Mouse" by Fred Brown (of course, we test rockets with animal passengers first), "The Wings of Night" by Lester del Rey (the last survivor of a dying race and the stranded humans; it wasn't believable even at the time, but it was - and is - enjoyable), "Co-operate - Or Else!" by A. E. van Vogt (one of the noble ideas fostered by WWII), "Foundation" by Asimov (first story of the famous series), "The Push of a Finger" by Alfred Bester (trying to stop the moving finger...and one of the worst puns I ever encountered) "Asylum" by A. E. van Vogt (contact with assorted superintelligences), "Proof" by Hal Clement (one of his first stories with aliens from profoundly different backgrounds interacting with Earth), "Nerves" by Lester del Rey (the atomic disaster story), "Barrier" by Anthony Boucher (time-traveler stranded in the repressive future), "The Twonky" by Henry Kuttner (the overly helpful robot; humor with a twist), "QEM-Interplanetary" by George O. Smith (engineering problem), "The Weapons Shop" by A. E. van Vogt (defeating oppression with some help from the supermen - but I enjoyed it), and "Mimic" by Don Wollheim (the story that - for a while, anyway - made me look at the things around me). I don't believe this one is as good as previous volumes in the series - but it's still excellent.

WHAT IF? Vol. 1, ed. by Richard Lupoff (Pocket Books, \$2.50) I doubt Dick's insistence that these stories have been "denied their earned glory" by not being Hugo winners, but it's a catchy premise for a series and God knows those are hard to find anymore. They include "Firewater!" by William Tenn, "Four In One" by Damon Knight, "The Golden Helix" by Theodore Sturgeon, "One Ordinary Day, With Peanuts" by Shirley Jackson (would a Hugo really add any glory to Shirley Jackson?), "The Man Who Came Early" by Poul Anderson, "The Mile-Long Spaceship" by Kate Wilhelm, and "Two Dooms" by C. M. Kornbluth. All but one good stories (the Wilhelm is quite ordinary) and one or two of them possibly deserved a rocketship. But they're all quite readable, tho they've hardly "fallen into oblivion" as the blurb states. If you haven't read too many of them in one or another reprinting, this book is well worth having.

THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION NOVELLAS OF THE YEAR #2, ed. by Terry Carr (Del Rey, \$2.50) Includes "Enemy Mine" by Barry Longyear, "The Moon Goddess and the Son" by Donald Kingsbury, "Palely Loitering" by Chris Priest, "Songhouse" by Orson Scott Card, and "Ker-Plop" by Ted Reynolds. Well, the Longyear is excellent and the Kingsbury is reasonably good. I'm not too keen about the other three; overly long for the amount of value in them, I thought.



**THE MARTIAN LANDSCAPE**, by NASA (Govt. Printing Office) Price is around \$16 or \$17; I don't recall precisely. A 160-page book, size 11 x 14, with some 220 photos of Mars, in black and white, color, and a few in 3-D, though I confess a lack of success in seeing the stereo views in full dimension. There's an informative and sometimes entertaining commentary by the head of the Viking camera people (or the "Lander Imaging Team" to put it in Governmentese) and fully explanatory captions on the photos, plus an appendix with more detailed information for the scientific or photographically inclined. We got it for the photos - and because the idea of a photo-journal of a Mars landing is still a science-fictional concept to us - and I think we got our money's worth. Admittedly, most of the photos are of rocks; but they're Martian rocks!

**THE LIGHT BEARER**, by Sam Nicholson (Berkley, \$1.95) Interesting combination; background of barbarian world with some contacts with a space-going civilization coupled with the plot of the idealistic hero and the practical heroine who leads him around by the...ah...nose. There's a sort of fake-Persian atmosphere in the beginning, but it fortunately gets lost by the time the story is well under way. Nicholson handles his characters well and the book is fun to read. Recommended.

**FIRES OF AZEROTH**, by C. J. Cherryh (Daw #341, \$1.95) Conclusion of the Morgaine trilogy. (Though, of course, there's an opening for more stories if the public wants them.) To be honest, I had lost interest; I don't like reading one novel in widely separated segments. I tend to forget what's going on - and discover that I'm not very interested in finding out. However, it seems to tie things up well enough and present a competent adventure.

**AMAZONS!**, ed. by Jessica Amanda Salmonson (Daw #364, \$2.25) Original story anthology. Includes "The Dreamstone" by Cherryh (fairy woman and mortal boy pitted against brute power), "Wolves of Nakesht" by Janrae Frank (the interrelationships and action of the first chapter of a s&s novel), "Woman of the White Waste" by T. J. Morgan (the ugly duckling becomes a witch), "The Death of Augusta" by Emily Bronte (excerpt from an epic poem, edited by Joanna Russ), "Morrien's Bitch" by Janet Fox (the strange bedfellows of politics, war, and revenge), "Agbewe's Sword" by Charles R. Saunders (a borderline fantasy of genuine African amazons), "Jane Saint's Travails" by Josephine Saxton (fragment of a dream sequence), "The Sorrows of Witches" by Margaret St. Clair (imitation mythology), "Falcon Blood" by Andre Norton (the evilly enchanted city), "The Rape Patrol" by Michele Belling (not fantasy, not particularly shocking - and without much purpose if you're not shocked by it), "Bones For Dulath" by Megan Lindholm (vanquishing a monster), "Northern Chess" by Tanith Lee (the evilly enchanted castle), and "The Woman Who Loved The Moon" by Elizabeth Lynn (The myth of a warrior woman and liberator). Quality; Saunders and Fox are very good, Cherryh, Norton, Lindholm and Lee are worth reading. Not a bad average.

**THE YEAR'S BEST HORROR STORIES, SERIES VIII**, ed. by Karl Edward Wagner (Daw #393, \$1.95) Includes "The Dead Line" by Dennis Etchison, "To Wake The Dead" by Ramsey Campbell, "In The Fourth Year of the War" by Harlan Ellison, "From The Lower Deep" by Hugh B. Cave, "The Baby-Sitter" by Davis Grubb, "The Well at the Half Cat" by John Tibbets, "My Beautiful Darkling" by Eddy C. Bertin, "A Serious Call" by George Hay, "Sheets" by Alan Ryan, "Billy Wolfe's Riding Spirit" by Kevin A. Lyons, "Lex Talionis" by Russell Kirk, "Entombed" by Robert Keefe, "A Fly One" by Steve Sneyd, "Needle Song" by Charles L. Grant, "All the Birds Come Home To Roost" by Ellison, and "The Devil Behind You" by Richard A. Moore. Well, Cave has a nice old-fashioned horror story, Kirk is good as usual, Tibbets is outstanding, Bertin is interesting despite an opening swiped from Sturgeon. The rest are mostly for devout horror fanciers.

**THE BERKLEY SHOWCASE, Vol. 1**, ed. by Victoria Schochet & John Silbersack (\$1.95)

**THE BERKLEY SHOWCASE, Vol. 2**, ed. by " " & " " (\$2.25)

Original story anthologies designed to showcase new talent. Some talent is present, if you look hard enough, but in general, if this is the future of science fiction I'm going to be reading a lot of history. The few readable items are overwhelmed by the tripe.



**ALIENS!**, ed. by Gardner Dozois & Jack Dann (Pocket Books, \$2.25) Includes four of Larry Niven's "Draco Tavern" vignettes ("Assimilating Our Culture, That's What They're Doing", "Grammar Lesson", "The Subject Is Closed" and "Cruel and Unusual"), "We Purchased People" by Fred Pohl, "Guesting Time" by R. A. Lafferty, "And I Awoke and Found Me Here On the Cold Hill's Side" by Tiptree, "Angel's Egg" by Edgar Pangborn, "Oh, To Be A Blobel!" by Philip K. Dick, "Be Merry" by Algis Budrys, "Pattern" by Fred Brown, "An Honorable Death" by Gordy Dickson, "The Reality Trip" by Silverberg, and "Rule Golden" by Damon Knight. An excellent, if possibly overly familiar, collection. (And the editors have done their best to get stories without too many reprint credits.) The Tiptree and Pangborn are classics; the Budrys should be, and the remainder range from fair to excellent; not a bad story in the lot. Recommended if you haven't read most of the contents previously.

**TIK-TOK OF OZ**, by L. Frank Baum (Del Rey, \$2.25)

**THE SCARECROW OF OZ**, by L. Frank Baum (Del Rey, \$2.25)

**RINKITINK IN OZ**, by Baum (Del Rey, \$2.25)

**THE LOST PRINCESS OF OZ**, by Baum (Del Rey, \$2.25)

**THE TIN WOODMAN OF OZ**, by Baum (Del Rey, \$2.25)

**THE MAGIC OF OZ**, by Baum (Del Rey, \$2.25)

Items 8 thru 13 in Del Rey's Oz reprints. Cover art is by Michael Herring and is excellent; interiors are by John R. Neill. The interiors look rather like facsimile editions, but some changes seem to have been made in the cause of easier reading - mostly in the credits and introductory material. And a map produced by Oz fandom has been added. Reactions to Oz are likely to be varied. I never read the books as a child and find them mildly amusing. Juanita did - and snorts at the adulation bestowed on Tolkien because she feels Baum did just as well. They are, of course, designed for children (though Baum was not above slipping in more sophisticated material here and there) and a good share of the humor is rather primitive.

**WHAT IF? Vol. 2**, ed. by Dick Lupoff (Pocket Books, \$2.50) Stories include "The Pi Man" by Alfred Bester, "The Lost Kafoozalum" by Pauline Ashwell, "The Sources of the Nile" by Avram Davidson, "Where Is The Bird of Fire?" by Thomas Burnett Swann, "Stand-By" by Philip K. Dick, "Now Is Forever" by Thomas M. Disch, and "All The King's Men" by Barrington J. Bayley. Well, I recognize the first four as excellent stories, and one of them, the Swann, I did vote for and publicize and try to get a Hugo for. I read the other three when they appeared, wasn't overly impressed by them then and am not now. They're good enough stories and well worth your time to read them, but I don't consider them Hugo material. Overall, though, it's a good anthology. The stories are good to outstanding, and you have the editor's introductions and comments on the stories and the Hugo voting in general to argue with. Recommended.

**CAN YOU SPEAK VENUSIAN?** by Patrick Moore (Star, 50p) Though I got it as a pb remainder. A thoroughly charming look at what Mr. Moore politely refers to as Independent Thinkers. There are the standards; Velikovsky, Hürbiger, Symmes, the Flat Earth Society (can Independent Thinkers belong to groups?). There are also Adam Barber, whose booklet, "Live Through Or Die In The Great Flood" so entertained me 20 or so years ago, John Bradbury and his unique theory of the universe (and of astronomy), and the Rev. P. H. Francis and the cool sun. ("The popular notion that the sun in on fire is rubbish...") Plus various other enchanting would-be-scientific theories. Delightful.

**TIDES AND THE PULL OF THE MOON**, by Francis E. Wylie (Berkley, \$2.75) Not having any great interest in tides, I was a bit dubious about this one. It turned out to be intensely interesting; if I could have read it through without stopping I would have. A remarkable compendium of what we know - and don't know - about tides and their effects, beautifully written for the layman. Highly recommended.

**THE HEALTH HAZARDS OF NOT GOING NUCLEAR**, by Dr. Petr Beckmann (Ace, \$2.50) A book badly needed by some of our ecology groups. Coal mining is not a safe profession; if "humanists" were really worried about saving lives, they'd be pro-nuclear. (But coal mines don't kill the people in affluent suburbs who write the books - nuclear reactors haven't killed any of them as yet, either, but it is an abhorrent possibility.) The author goes rather overboard in attacking the consumer and ecological groups, and I certainly don't agree with his inference that a higher population level is good for me, but he does include a lot of nasty facts the protesters prefer to ignore.



**RINGS OF STONE**, by Aubrey Burl (Ticknor & Fields) I got this thru Natural Science Book Club and I don't recall what I paid, but a fair amount; it's a large-sized book with photographs. This volume seems oriented more towards tourists (Burl's last volume was more for amateur archaeologists). In addition to description of the more spectacular stone circles, there are directions on how to get to them. Plus some gorgeous photography; there's one shot of Stenness that makes me wonder if either Clarke or Kubrick visited the place, because if you smoothed that rock down, you'd have the black slab from "2001". Lovely book. (And if you think I got hooked on stone circles when we visited Avebury, you're right.)

**NO LIFE FOR A LADY**, by Agnes Morley Cleaveland (Bison, \$4.50) Reminiscences of the author, who was born on the Maxwell Grant and grew up on a smaller cattle ranch in New Mexico, in the 1880s and 1890s. There is a goodly amount of humor, and a large amount of discourse on what it took to live in that era and area. Agnes deserves to be better known to current feminists; her activities include Shoeing horses, stealing (back) cattle, nursing (more or less) the ill, writing pulp western stories (and selling them), helping drag cows out of bogs, hunting grizzly bears, threatening to brain a deputy sheriff, and going "back East for an education". Highly recommended.

**HIGHLAND HOMELAND**, by Wilma Dykeman & Jim Stokely (Govt. Printing Office, \$3.75) The history and lifestyle of the original settlers of what is now Great Smoky Mountains National Park. With photos and maps. I found it fascinating.

**SHILOH - IN HELL BEFORE NIGHT**, by James Lee McDonough (Univ. of Tennessee, \$5.00) Title comes from the reported comment of a Union colonel to a group of reinforcements; "Fill your canteens, boys. Some of you will be in hell before night and you'll need water!" Which I suppose was the latest in army humor in 1862. In any event, it was prophetic, as was Albert Sidney Johnston's comment as he rode toward the front: "...we must this day conquer or perish!" (He perished, in case you were wondering.) The book is an excellent account of one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War, and one of the most blundering (the latter quite probably being the cause of the former). McDonough picks apart the alleged tactics of both sides as well as giving an idea of what it must have been like to be there (and makes a few acid comments about how the memories of the survivors improved with age, with more details being recalled the farther they were in time from the battle). Highly recommended to anyone like me who enjoys military history.

**GIVING UP THE GUN**, by Noel Perrin (Shambhalla Publications, Inc., 1920 13th. St., Boulder, CO 80302, \$4.95) Illustrated account of the Japanese reversion from gun to sword, from 1543 to 1879. Within 70 years of the first Japanese sight of a gun, they were making better weapons than the Europeans did (a fact mentioned in an article on a target match for original weaponry in the Nov. 1980 AMERICAN RIFLEMAN; "While original European matchlock guns are available, most are less sure-fire and slower of ignition than the more highly developed Japanese guns.") However, by the time Commodore Perry's fleet arrived in Japan, there were no guns; they had been "phased out" of the Japanese military structure. Perrin describes the mechanics of the reversion, and postulates several probable reasons for it. (None of which would work in America in the 1980s, if you were wondering.) It's a fascinating example of the deliberate rejection of one (and only one) aspect of technology by an entire nation.

**CORREGIDOR**, by James M. Belote & William M. Belote (Playboy Press, \$2.25) Covers both the Japanese capture of "the Rock" and the American recapture. An interesting, well-written account. I enjoyed it more than I do most science fiction.

**THE (INCOMPLETE) BOOK OF FAILURES**, by Stephen Pile (Dutton, \$4.95) But my copy, like the Perrin book, was a Christmas present. This is subtitled "The Official Handbook of the Not-Terribly-Good Club of Great Britain", and is a compendium of the poorest, worst, least and/or stupidest actions in a host of categories. Parts of it are mildly funny; most of it is hilariously funny. The sort of book you read aloud to anyone in range. Excellent.

**HALBRITTER'S ARMS THROUGH THE AGES**, by Jurt Halbritter (Penguin, \$5.95) Cartoons and descriptions of sometimes amusing and always improbable weaponry.



LEFT OF AFRICA, by Hal Clement (Aurian Society Press) As with the Lafferty, I don't recall the price. This is a juvenile adventure novel, of a boy who goes on the Phoenician voyage to circumnavigate Africa. It's really an excellent juvenile, and I'm surprised that Clement never sold it to a standard juvenile publisher.

THE EFFICIENCY EXPERT, by Edgar Rice Burroughs (Charter, \$1.95) Burroughs publishers are running out of things to publish, I see. This was obviously written for one of the general-type pulps in the 1920s or 1930s (though since the copyright says it was originally published by House of Greystoke, it evidently didn't sell to the magazine). Our noble and upper-class hero (1920s readers didn't want to read about shop clerks - unless it was about a shop clerk marrying a millionaire) is down on his luck and must take a job in industry, where of course he thwarts the villain and marries the wealthy (but noble) heroine. Typical of the pulps of the 1920s.

LINE OF FIRE, by Donald Hamilton (secondhand) I don't normally mention the second-hand pb's I get, but this one is unusual in that it's a detective novel - sort of - in which there is a plethora of firearms information, and all of it accurate. I was amazed, frankly. The story is pretty good suspense-adventure.

THE SPIRAL WEB, by Jeffrey M. Wallman (secondhand) I try to keep up with the careers of my correspondents....This one is espionage, fast-paced, completely plotted, and forgettable. But an enjoyable time-killer.

ATHENA'S AIRS, by Zabrina Faire (Warner, \$1.75) I think Zabrina's Regencies are im-BOLD PURSUIT, by Zabrina Faire (Warner, \$1.75) proving; PURSUIT even has some humor in it. Both of them have more plot than is usual.

SIMON THE COLDHEART, by Georgette Heyer (Fawcett, \$2.50) It was reading Heyer that got me into Regencies in the first place...this is her first book if I recall correctly, and set in the time of Henry IV and the wars with France. Not particularly good Heyer, but a quite good historical novel for 1925, when it was first published. Derring-do and romance, and not much history.

SONGS FROM THE STARS, by Norman Spinrad (Simon & Schuster, \$11.95, Pocket Books, \$2.50) Spinrad is an expert at plotting a good, straight adventure story and then livening it up and making it "controversial" by impurgating raw language and sex scenes. The dialog here is very mod; it will look silly in five years when Zen has been replaced by another fad - it looks silly now, for that matter - but it's up to the minute for the current college crowd. Should be very popular...and, underneath all the glitter, it's basically a good science-fiction story.

THE NEBULON HORROR, by Hugh B. Cave (Dell, \$1.95) Another "possession" novel. I begin to think that the mundanes like these because they "explain" why their kids are such monsters without going into reasons like parental neglect or parental neuroses. Anyway, it's typical and not terribly good. Cave is an old horror-pulp author and he can probably do this sort of thing in his sleep. For all I know, he did.

THE SPACE ODYSSEYS OF ARTHUR C. CLARKE, by George Edgar Slusser (Borgo, \$1.95)

THE CLOCKWORK UNIVERSE OF ANTHONY BURGESS, by Richard Mathews (Borgo, \$2.45)

J. G. BALLARD'S FOUR-DIMENSIONAL NIGHTMARE, by David Pringle (Borgo, \$2.95)

Critical volumes from "The Milford Series". (Borgo Press, P.O. Box 2845, San Bernardino, CA 92406) These are all 64-pp pamphlets, presumably aimed at academics. I'm not a critic, so my comments will be minimal. I think Slusser spent too much time on "2001", since I doubt that he knows how much of the movie is Clarke and how much Kubrick, and I certainly don't think Clarke's themes are as monotonous as he makes them out. Mathews reviews Burgess book by book, and since I haven't read a good share of the books, I can't comment. He seems okay on the ones I have read. I avoid Ballard, so I also avoided the critical work.

SCIENCE FICTION VOICES #1, ed. by Darrell Schweitzer (Borgo, \$2.95) Two books of in-  
SCIENCE FICTION VOICES #2, ed. by Jeffrey M. Elliot (Borgo, \$2.95) interviews with famous writers. I am generally opposed to interviews; you can find out more about an author by buying him a drink at a con or reading one of his articles in a fanzine. But

for authors you can't find that way.... On the whole, I found Schweitzer's interviews far more entertaining, because they're about the people, and sometimes the mechanics of writing. Elliot's, which stress style and theme, would probably be of more use to a teacher (and they have academic passwords like "image", "context", "Maturation", and so on.) Of course, it could be just that Schweitzer interviewed more interesting people.....

THE SEAGULL BRY, by Robert Nathan (secondhand) One of his quiet love stories, with a background of World War II refugees, and the moral that, in the end, we make our own happiness...or we don't.

REPRINTS - Start with the Del Rey pb of DRAGON'S EGG, which arrived after I'd reviewed the hardcover. \$2.25, and the best stf bargain you'll get this year.

THE NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS, by Thorne Smith (All these from Del Rey at \$2.25 each)  
THE STRAY LAMB, by Thorne Smith I've never been a Thorne Smith fan, basically  
TOPPER, by Thorne Smith I think because my idea of humor has never en-  
TOPPER TAKES A TRIP, by Thorne Smith compassed people making jackasses of themselves  
TURNABOUT, by Thorne Smith - it irritates me. And that seems to be what  
RAIN IN THE DOORWAY, by Thorne Smith most of Smith's humor is about - that and sexual allusions which were quite racy in their day but are pretty tame now. He made his reputation on the sex, mostly, I suspect. There is certainly humor in the books - and fantasy - but not my style. (Though I admit that most male fans of my generation consider them great stuff, and today's male teenagers probably will, too.)

TRULLION: ALASTOR 2262, by Jack Vance (Daw #418, \$2.25) The similarity of titles  
MARUNE: ALASTOR 933, by Jack Vance (Daw #419, \$2.25) would make one assume a series, but Vance's Alastor Cluster is so large that there are no background similarities among the books set there. Both are, however, excellent examples of Vance's action plots in exotic settings. TRULLION is possibly the best; hussade is an inspired invention. But they're both excellent.

NOPALGARTH, by Jack Vance (Daw #402, \$2.25) Two collections. NOPALGARTH includes  
DUST OF FAR SUNS, by Jack Vance, (Daw #417, \$1.75) cludes the title story (originally "The Brains of Earth", "Son of the Tree" and "The Houses of Izm", all long novelets. Title story is pretty much alien-worlds adventure; the others come closer to being trial runs for the alien-society novels that Vance does so well. They're earlier and less polished, but the background is there. (Hmm; that should be "Iszn" up there.) DUST was originally titled "Future Tense" and includes the short stories "Dodkin's Job", "Ullward's Retreat", "The Gift of Gab" and the title story. A variety; engineering and communications stories - and a couple of sharp comments on human psychology. DUST is probably the better book; both are quite readable.

THE HOUSE THAT STOOD STILL, by A. E. van Vogt (Pocket Books, \$2.25) HOUSE is a thorough  
MISSION TO THE STARS, by A. E. van Vogt (Pocket Books, \$1.95) oughly silly book, but for some reason I've always liked it. MISSION always seemed a bit creaky; perhaps because it was put together from shorter works, or possibly because it just isn't all that well written. Certainly van Vogt's knowledge of human psychology is practically non-existent if either of these book is evidence. His supermen tend to have vast physical powers and not many brains. (But I still enjoy HOUSE; try it and see what you think.)

THE CREAM OF THE JEST, by James Branch Cabell (Del Rey, \$2.25) Two of the Poictesme  
SOMETHING ABOUT EVE, by James Branch Cabell (Del Rey, \$2.25) novels. Cabell's books are intricate, his ironies are generally acclaimed to be brilliant; he wrote possibly the most literate fantasy of the 20th. century. And I've never really appreciated it. The books are sometimes fun, but I suspect I'm missing a good share of what he was doing.

WOLFLING, by Gordon Dickson (Dell, \$1.95) The Earth barbarian proves his superiority to the galactic aristocrat - and gets the girl. It's really a nice space-opera; I enjoy it and recommend it as light reading.



THE SQUARE ROOT OF MAN, by William Tenn (Del Rey, \$2.25) One of the best short story writers the genre ever produced, with 17 stories in the two books. If you didn't get them the first time around, get them now.

THE DEFIANT AGENTS, by Andre Norton (Ace, \$1.95) A silly premise, but a good adventure story once it's past. Apache explorers of space.

EXILES TO GLORY, by Jerry Pournelle (Ace, \$2.25) Two novels of the independent man exiled to space and the benefits of the free unregulated life. Very well told; good adventure.

TO CONQUER CHAOS, by John Brunner (Daw #422, \$1.95) The perils of the future - and the past. CHAOS is a future barbarism in which our heroes regain contact with...civilization? TIMESCOOP details the problems of bringing one's ancestors to life in the modern world. Both enjoyable; I always liked CHAOS better.

A MIRROR FOR OBSERVERS, by Edgar Pangborn (Dell, \$1.95) A classic. Read it.

CLOSE TO CRITICAL, by Hal Clement (Del Rey, \$1.95) Not one of Clement's best, but a reasonably good story set on a very alien planet.

THIS IMMORTAL, by Roger Zelazny (Ace, \$2.25) Mythological allusions and a fascinating flow of words. A Hugo winner.

THE SEEKING SWORD, by Jaan Kangilaski (Del Rey, \$2.25) A detective story that has its answer far back in time; an excellent book. I see they used the same lousy cover this time as they did before, though.

STAR SURGEON, by James White (Del Rey, \$1.95) One of the early "Sector General" stories; good medical science fiction.

THE COMPLETE VENUS EQUILATERAL, by George O. Smith (Del Rey, \$2.25) These stories were tremendously popular when they first appeared back in the 1940s; since Del Rey is reprinting the book after 4 years, they must go pretty well these days, too. Basically they're engineering science fiction; Smith's characters were often memorable but seldom realistic. The important part of the story is the technical problem.

THE VISITORS, by Clifford D. Simak (Del Rey, \$2.50) One of Simak's poorer efforts.

DR. BLOODMONEY, by Philip K. Dick (Dell, \$2.25) A somewhat different postwar world... Gets reprinted regularly, but I could never get interested in it.

A HOSTAGE FOR HINTERLAND, by Arsen Darnay (Del Rey, \$2.25) Much better than average swords-and-sorcery novel. Or perhaps "future barbarism" would be a better description. A long way from great, but basically entertaining.

THE DREAMING JEWELS, by Theodore Sturgeon (Dell, \$1.95) One of Sturgeon's many classics. As usual with Sturgeon, it's about love - and very strange people and things.

THE BEST OF C. L. MOORE, ed. by Lester del Rey (Del Rey, \$2.25) Big collection. Samples of the Northwest Smith and Jirel of Joiry series, and the classics, "Vintage Season" and "No Woman Born", and others. Highly recommended.

GATEWAY, by Fred Pohl (Del Rey, \$2.50) Interplanetary epic that I never found all that thrilling. Competent but forgettable.

THE HUNTERS, by Burt Wetanson and Thomas Hoobler (Playboy, \$1.95) A flying saucer novel that, surprisingly, is a quite entertaining adventure story. Don't turn it down just because it has a God-awful cover.

THE FUZZY PAPERS, by H. Beam Piper (Ace, \$2.75) The two "Fuzzy" novels in one volume. The stories are, actually, sort of syrupy melodrama; they don't reread all that well. But the first time you encounter them, they're absolutely fascinating. If you haven't read it before, buy this one.

DEUS IRAE, by Philip K. Dick & Roger Zelazny (Dell, \$2.25) A religious--philosophical novel; the inner visions and the outer trappings. I've failed to finish it twice, now.

THE STARMEN OF LLYRDIS, by Leigh Brackett (Del Rey, \$1.95) One of Brackett's marvelous space adventures; pure, lovely entertainment.

ROCAHNON'S WORLD, by Ursula K. LeGuin (Ace, \$1.95) One of LeGuin's early, very short, novels. Interesting.

TIME OF THE GREAT FREEZE, by Robert Silverberg (Ace, \$1.95) One of Silverberg's early novels. Adequate but not inspired.

THE LUCK OF BRIN'S FIVE, by Cherry Wilder (Pocket Books, \$2.50) A good juvenile adventure; one or two flaws in it, but generally interesting

BY FURIES POSSESSED, by Ted White (Pocket Books, \$2.25) An alien menace and a human coming to terms with himself. Adequate; not great.

A STEP FARTHER OUT, by Jerry Pournelle (Ace, \$2.50) Collection of science articles.

YOUR NEXT FIFTY YEARS, by Dr. Robert W. Prehoda (Ace, \$2.50) More or less scientific predictions. A good try - and good background material for sf novelists.

And, some more originals:

THE TROUBLE WITH YOU EARTH PEOPLE, by Katherine MacLean (Starblaze, \$4.95) Collection of short stories, mostly from the 1950s. Title story, "Unhuman Sacrifice", "The Gambling Hell and the Sinful Girl", "Syndrome Johnny", "Trouble With Treaties", "The Origin of the Species", "Collision Orbit", "The Fittest", "These Truths", "Contagion", "Brain Wipe", and "The Missing Man". A variety; first contact, culture shock, space adventure, medical stories (is creating a race of supermen worth it?) etc. Some of them crude by modern standards, but most very good and all entertaining. Recommended.

FAR FROM HOME, by Walter Tevis (Doubleday, \$9.95) Collection of short stories. Most are reprinted from the magazines; 3 are new. Includes "Rent Control", "A Visit From Mother" (new), "Daddy" (new), "The Apotheosis of Myra", "Out of Luck", "Echo", "Limbo" (new), "The Other End of the Line", "The Big Bounce", "The Goldbrick", "The Ifth of Oofth", "The Scholar's Disciple" and "Far From Home". About half of them are psychological stories and the other half are gimmicks, including a nice deal-with-the-devil yarn. No classics in the lot, but all very well done. Recommended.

LORE OF THE WITCH WORLD, by Andre Norton (Daw #400, \$1.95) Collection of short stories and novelets; "Spider Silk", "Sand Sister", "Falcon Blood", "Legacy From Sorn Fen", "Sword of Unbelief", "The Toads of Grimmerdale" and "Changeling", the last one original with this book. Generally good swords and sorcery, from a woman's point of view.

THE ROAD OF AZRAEL, by Robert E. Howard (Bantam, \$2.25) A collection of Howard's near-eastern stories; "Hawks Over Egypt", "The Track of Bohemond", "Gates of Empire", "The Road of Azrael" and "The Way of the Swords". Swords and occasional sorcery from a male point of view. The stories are as much fantasy as his Conan tales, but with a vaguely historical background. The essence of the adventure pulps.

THE GROTTO OF THE FORMIGANS, by Daniel da Cruz (Del Rey, \$1.95) Every so often a new writer is called "a young Heinlein". da Cruz is more of a young Stanton Coblenz. Reading this carried me all the way back to the days of WONDER STORY QUARTERLY. It's modern in the language and the sex; antique in the plot and gimmicks. I wonder how it will do? I found it amusing (but then I always had a sneaking fondness for Coblenz.) It will certainly be "different" to the modern sf reader.

LAYING WASTE, by Michael Brown (Washington Square Press, \$3.50) An account of the Love Canal and other poisonous chemical dumps by the reporter who first wrote of Love Canal; it includes his problems in getting the story to the public. It's a thoroughly horrifying book as far as the facts go; it's also very drably written; Brown comes as close to making the whole thing sound dull as it's possible to do. Read it anyway, it's good for you.

And we finish up with the WAR (We Also Received). I'm getting behind on my reviews, and something has to give. These are listed without prejudice; they may be very interesting, but I don't have time to find out. Listed by publishers.



Borgo Press: PRETENDER, by Piers Anthony and Frances Hall

Wallaby: THE GRAIL WAR, by Richard Monaco

Doubleday: MEDUSA'S CHILDREN, by Bob Shaw; TIMETIPPING, by Jack Dann; STAR-ANCHORED, STAR-ANCHORED, by Suzette Hayden Elgin; THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME, by Lloyd Biggle, Jr.; RAJAN, by Tim Lukeman; TIME'S FOOL, by Grant Carrington; THE SEEKERS OF SHAR-NUHN, by Ardath Mayhar; COSMIC ENCOUNTER, by A. E. van Vogt; GREENCOMBER, by Peter Tate; GUARDIAN, by Thomas F. Monteleone; BENEATH AN OPAL MOON, by Eric van Lustbader; GATEWAY TO LIMBO, by Christ Lampton; THE SHERIFF OF PURGATORY, by Jim Morris; FIRST CHANNEL, by Jean Lorrain & Jacqueline Lichtenberg; THE GLOBES OF LIARUM, by Gene Lencour.

Del Rey: THE WOUNDED LAND, by Stephen R. Donaldson (hardcover); SPLIT INFINITY, by Piers Anthony (hardcover and pb); DREEMZ, by Benjamin Stein; SPACE ANGEL, by John Madock Roberts; TWILIGHT AT THE WELL OF SOULS, by Jack Chalker; A JOURNAL OF THE MAKING OF THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK, by Alan Arnold.

Daw: BEASTS OF ANTARES and REBEL OF ANTARES, by Dray Prescott; LOST WORLDS and HUROK OF THE STONE AGE, by Lin Carter; THE GOLDEN BARGE, by Mike Moorcock; COSMIC CRUSADERS by Pierre Barbet; MORLOCK NIGHT, by K. W. Jeter; OPTIMAN, by Brian Stableford; STAR LOOT, by A. Bertram Chandler; WORLD OF PROMISE by E. C. Tubb.

Berkley: LINKS, by Charles Panati; ALICIA II, by Robert Thurston; BATTLESTAR GALACTICA 4: THE YOUNG WARRIORS, by Glen Larson & Robert Thurston.

Ace: THE VISIONS OF STEPHEN, by Lolah Burford; KING DRAGON, by Andy Offutt; UNISAVE, by Alex Madsen; GUTS, by Byron Preiss; PSYCHLONE, by Greg Bear (despite the nice title).

Pocket Books: THE WHITE HART and THE SABLE MOON, by Nancy Springer (I did try the first one, the first time around; it was awful); COLONY, by Ben Bova; THE BEST OF ROBERT SILVERBERG; THE BEST OF JOHN SLADEK; STAR LORD, by Louise Lawrence; DOUBLE MOBIUS SPHERE, by P. S. Nim; THE MAN IN THE DARK SUIT, by Dennis R. Caro; CRAWLSPACE, by Herbert Lieberman; THE GREEN GOD, by David Bworkin; ISLANDS, by Marta Randall; NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, by John Russo (from the movie); STRANGE EVIL, by Jane Gas-kell; THE DEMON IN THE MIRROR and THE EYES OF SARSIS by Andy Offutt & Richard Lyon; CHRONICLE, by Joel Zoss; DOME, by Lawrence Huff; DANGEROUS GAMES, by Marta Randall.

Fawcett: THE ALIEN, by Victor Besaw

Charter: CASCA: GOD OF DEATH, by Barry Sadler

Popular Library: WHO IS JULIA? by Barbara Harris; HARKFAST, by Hugh C. Rae

Playboy: MESSAGES FROM MICHAEL, by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro (allegedly true account); SIGNALS, by Deborah Deutschmann (compared to "Close Encounters" on the cover); EMPIRE 99, by Ron Goulart & Gil Kane (a novel from the comic strip "Star Hawks"); THE SIBLING, by Adam Hall; VISIONS OF THE DAMNED, by Jacqueline Marten; FIRST CHANNEL, by Lorrain & Lichtenberg; STRANGE SEED, by T. M. Wright; THE OGDEN ENIGMA and MIND WAR, by Gene Snyder.

Dell: DEATHBIRD STORIES, by Harlan Ellison; COUNT BRASS, by Mike Moorcock; THE DOOR INTO FIRE, by Diane Duane; STARDANCE, by Spider and Jeanne Robinson; ANTINOMY, by Spider Robinson; PANGLOSS, by Jeffrey A. Carver; BEYOND HEAVEN'S RIVER, by Greg Bear; FIND A CHANGELING, by Greg Benford & Gordon Eklund; BINARY STAR #2, including THE TWILIGHT RIVER by Gordon Eklund and THE TERY by F. Paul Wilson.

And a few more "Good" reviews to finish the page.

THE DRAWING OF THE DARK, by Tim Powers (Del Rey, \$1.95) Excellent historical fantasy. Background is the Siege of Vienna; foreground is the occult maneuverings of the spiritual empires of East and West. Protagonist is a middle-aged Irish soldier-of-fortune who is, of course, More Than He Appears. The characters are very well done, the plot fits in with actual history and all in all it's highly entertaining. (It's also been around awhile; one of the ones I didn't get read soon enough.)

ARIOSTO, by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro (Pocket Books, \$2.25) Technically excellent, but I had problems getting interested in it. Story alternates between our hero as a somewhat shabby court poet in Renaissance Italy and his daydreams as the griffin-riding hero of the New World. Yarbro does a fine job of presenting a New World as it might have been envisioned by a 16th Century Italian romantic. The results are far too florid for my taste, but if you enjoy technical expertise and never mind what the expertise is about, you'll love it. (And, presumably, not everyone dislikes 16th. Century Ital-ians as much as I do.)





Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor OH 44060

I know you're probably wincing at the very thought of putting out another Yandro so soon, but there's something I wish you'd include in the next one, even if it doesn't come out for months yet. You circulate it all over the bloomin' globe, and we've got a request for information that we'd like thus circulated.

We just got a call from a British fellow who is in the process of trying to complete a collection of DOCTOR WHO -- a collection of the actual shows. He is doing this with the full cooperation and good wishes of the BBC, which owns rights to the programs but destroyed its own file copies of many stories.

The program was syndicated to twenty-eight countries, and the search for the missing episodes has expanded to all of them. (There are even a very few of the ones syndicated on 2" videotape in the U.S. in the early '70's that have disappeared, though most of the missing programs are older.)

Most of the missing shows are on black-and-white 16mm film. A total of 253 episodes, altogether, were distributed in that form; a few have been recovered, but many more were not. 132 episodes out of the entire run of DOCTOR WHO are needed to complete the collection; there have been a total of 534 episodes shown between November 23, 1963 and October 25, 1980.

This man does not need to own the episode; he has permission to copy what is needed and return the original, and he will pay for the opportunity to do even that much. He (obviously) does not need any of the shows with Tom Baker; those are already safe. But fans with any of the episodes that are not currently being made available by the BBC in the U.S. and Ontario would be doing everybody a great favor if they'd contact us. (We're not taking a cut of the pie; we're just doing initial sifting of contacts for the guy in England.) If fans know anyone who might have a missing episode, we'd appreciate hearing about it. Film collectors who got films from discarded TV film libraries might have a print or two in the files that would preserve another portion of this unusual show, apparently the longest running science-fiction serial in the world.

One of the most memorial bits on PBS to us was in Miller's THE BODY IN QUESTION when he hooked himself up to a device that made him re-breathe his air. The carbon-dioxide increase shortly had him gulping for air, breathing more and more deeply in an attempt to get more oxygen. Then, he put a filter on the system that took out the CO<sub>2</sub> and set up the arrangement again, copying the alphabet on a sheet of paper to distract himself and show the action on the brain. No CO<sub>2</sub> signal to the brain meant no gulping for oxygen, and he placidly wrote and wrote and wrote until he was almost unconscious -- the writing getting more jumbled and scrawly until the near blackout. He came to himself just enough to yank the noseclamp off -- and then just enough more to pull the mouthpiece out. And he sat there looking absolutely miserable, gulping air and really suffering, while his calm voice-over made fun of his agonies. The crew



rushed forward, one with a clapboard to signal the end of the take and another with an oxygen tank and mask... That's the sort of scene that biology students are likely to remember. Vivid.

Did we gripe to you about our thirteen-year-old daughter, who got to go to worldcon? As the Trimbles passed through Mentor, they did some pre-worldcon fantiming with us. In the course of that, they said that they didn't think Katwen would get much out of worldcon -- but that her membership and room was paid. How would it be if Valerie went to the convention and Katwen stayed with us for that time?

After much stern commentary to Valerie about how much effort everyone was going to make so that she could have a good time, we bid her and the rest of the Trimbles farewell and made Katwen welcome. (Heck, Don would gladly have worn Katwen's nametag for a chance to attend worldcon. Sigh.) So Valerie had a grandtime and we had fun with Katwen, and it was a marvelous adventure all around.

Valerie, upon her return, said, "Lots of people said to tell you they said, 'Hi!' Who? Who said that? She didn't know. The names meant little to her; she simply communicated a sort of greeting-en-masse from our friends at worldcon.

Sigh.

Next time, we make her carry a notepad with her so's she can get people to write us little messages when they send their greetings.

We gather that there were a couple of third-generation fans at worldcon, at least. Valerie is one, of course -- but we understand there are more out there. Does fandom breed true?

[[Fun with Your New Child -- sounds vaguely dirty. Bruce is a third-generation science fiction reader, though neither of his grandmothers became active fans.RSC]]

Joe. L. Hensley, 2315 Blackmore, Madison IN 47250

I've a Robak\*Senator short story in the current (Oct. 27 date) "Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine."

MINOR MURDERS ran long in my final draft so I pulled a late section and discarded it and then tightened the rest. No one else, critics, agent, publishers, noticed, but I guess one can't get away with anything on all the people these days.

OUTCASTS is due out next month. I got a "first copy" here last week and think others will arrive soon. Will send you one when they come along. It got picked up by The Detective Book Club for March. And Julie called last week and said that Michele, at the Crime Club, now wants a short story collection. I've not seen anything concrete on the second thing yet, but hope it works out. Virginia and I tried selling such a collection to them a year or two ago, but nothing then (and I'll believe this one when I've got money in my hot paw).

Yesterday, in Louisville, I picked up Hugh Zachary's BLOOD RUSH, from Leisure. It's suspense, lots of perverted killings. He's got another coming from them, plus two from Harlequin's Raven line, if they ever appear. He's also done a bunch of big, sex book kind of things for Dell and Ballantine. Last I heard from him he seemed on top of the world.



[[Of course, that's the issue of Hitchcock's that never appeared around here. If any-

Frejac

one has an extra copy they'd like to sell me... (I thought I'd be able to pick up a used one by now, but naturally, no luck...) RSC]]

Gene Wolfe, Box 69, Barrington IL 60010

Glad you liked "A Criminal Proceeding." Actually, it wasn't a response to courtroom experience so much as a response to the coverage of trials and criminal cases generally that I see in the newspapers, the chief feature of which -- so far as I can tell -- is that nine tenths of the names in the article are mentioned once and once only. Here in America we do, of course, tend toward show trials, so long as nothing will be shown.

Don D'Amassa, 323 Dodge Street, East Providence RI 02914

Having just finished moving, I am now engaged in an active campaign to clean up all of my back correspondence, and the double issue of Yandro is next on my list. It continues to amaze me (actually it continues to continue to amaze me) that your reviews have become so similar to my own view.

I am amazed that you liked GOLEM 100. I would almost have bet that you'd pan it. Wonder of wonders. I need some distance in time to finalize my opinions, but I suspect this will be my choice for best novel of the year.

We don't entirely disagree on Silverberg and Compton. Although I liked THE STEEL CROCODILE, I didn't care for THE UNSLEEPING EYE. And while I thought DYING INSIDE was Silverberg's best, I didn't like SON OF MAN either. Something else we differed on was Phyllis Eisenstein's SHADOW OF EARTH, which I thought was easily her best book. And while I agree that the latest Aldair book is below par, I still look forward to them. There's something about Barrett's development of background that I find very appealing, and the plot itself is almost secondary.

On the other hand, I agree completely about THE BOOK OF THE DUN COW. How did this ever attract so much advance attention?

Finally, having just reread Sloane's two novels, I'll ditto you there as well. The plots sound so much like B Horror movies, it's counterproductive to describe them to people, but Sloane makes truly great stories out of both. Like Stanley Weinbaum, (though obviously for different reasons), it was a shame his writing career was so short.

[[I'm beginning to feel like Mark Twain's father. RSC]]

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

Received the double issue of Yandro, for which many thanks; and the only trace that I can find of any extra effort, is that one of the pages has been printed upside down, which I'm sending to Eric Lindsay to decipher. (I still can't really grasp how they can walk around down there without falling off; and as for these Ringworlds, Ramas, and latter-day Lagranges...)

The trip report in particular was a model of its kind, and it'll find a favoured place along with the other views of England as seen by its visitors; to see ourselves as others see us, indeed. One footnote is that not only did my prescience lead me far from London, it also installed me in the smallest house possible (a two-up, two-down) with hardly enough room to swing the proverbial cat (who must be getting sick of it by now) let alone two Coulsons; so all that I could have done would have been to direct you to one of our well-appointed hostelries. Still, by the next time you come I should have won a fortune on the football pools, be living a life of leisure in a palatial mansion, and have room enough and time enough to play host to a small WorldCon.

On the saying of "White Rabbits," I have to admit that I hadn't heard of it before Mary introduced me to the practice, and I haven't come across it since. However, I did look it up in the library (in EVERYMAN'S BOOK OF SUPERSTITIONS; I might borrow it next time and confuse you with a few more) and found what could be a variation, if



not indeed the original, of which "White Rabbits" could be the half-remembered survivor. What I found was that if you say "rabbits" before you fall asleep on the last day of the month, and remember to say "hares" the very first thing on waking up on the first day of the new month, you'll be given a present before the end of that month. November wasn't exactly the best month to try it out, with the following month being December and the traditional gift month anyway, but I will try it out at the end of this month and report on the results.

And it might help to explain why Mary seems to keep so young while the rest of us grow inexorably older, that if she keeps saying "rabbits" (white or otherwise) on the first day of each month instead of the last, it'll confuse the Powers That Be into thinking that it is indeed the day before, and so she'll gain an extra day every month; and you can see where that leads.

On handwriting, haven't you ever been led to wonder why I type all my letters? Well, not that it's so atrocious but that it takes so long otherwise; being a left-hander myself, I went through it at school, first being pressured to use my right hand and then abandoned, and as a result of which I developed a writing style all my own, one that has to be seen rather than described. It's legible enough -- I still write at work, in one of the few offices still holding out against the challenge of the computer -- but it does slow letters such as these down, even beyond my usual tardiness; in fact, I was the first and only allowed to use my typer when writing essays at school, so I only gave half what I would have written by hand; that was the start of it all...but it might be instructive to find out just what the percentage of left-handers and other contrary folk there are in fandom.

As for the FAAN Awards, I wouldn't stop there, but would give them all away, all the Nebulas, the JWC awards, the Gandalf Awards, the Balrogs, BSFA Awards, and leave the field to chase the only ones worth winning, i.e., the Hugo Awards; the way it is now, it's rapidly getting to the point that everybody's given a prize so that nobody will feel left out. As in the world outside, there's all sorts of awards mostly sponsored by the newspapers (the Sun TV awards, the Standard Film Awards come to mind over here) they're screened in loving detail with all manner of smiling celebrities, yet they make not an iota of difference, a wider audience, bigger sales, a greater public demand; except, that is, for the first and major awards, the Oscars, the Emmies, and the Tonys, whose pulling power is appreciably greater; as is a cover with "Hugo Winner" printed thereon.

[[It's the New Psychology; give everyone an award so they won't have damaged egos and go out and fire-bomb St. Paul's. It doesn't work, but everyone is so happy with the idea that they haven't discovered that yet.// I'm a lefthander who was changed over, but I don't really think I can blame my bad handwriting on that. (Though I did blame my stammering on it, when I was younger. Now that I'm married, I don't get a chance to stammer.) Mostly, my handwriting is terrible because I think much faster than I can write, and I get in a hurry. RSC]] [[A few teachers made a feeble effort to change my handedness -- or even to convert me from being a hook lefthand writer to a copycat righthand style writer. None of that worked. My writing, when I was teaching littul childrens, was very good. It has since degenerated into a scrawl. Since I received a portable typewriter as a gift when I was eight years old, I'm amazed I learned to write well at all, even if the skill deteriorated over the years. Learning to type that young trained me how to put down words on paper almost as fast as I can think -- which further increases the irritation and scrawl-quality of my handwriting as the years wear on. My typing speed continues to creep up bit by bit, and my handwriting resembles a seismograph trying to fool an onlooker into thinking it's writing a signature. JWC]]

Gary Anderson, 8386 Hollister, Ventura CA 93004

I had a really fun time at Noreascon. Even having to stay a few blocks away wasn't too bad, and indeed afforded some amusing incidents of people-watching, especially watching the locals watch us. The reaction when a mixed bag of B.S. Galactice and barbarians came walking along the street, laser rifles in hand and in march



step, was really funny. Even the bag ladies who sleep in the bus kiosks looked up at that. I'm afraid that I didn't have any costume weirdities to practice on the natives this time, more's the pity.

Went to dinner with the Miesels. Owe them one. They found this Szechwan place, where we compared eating styles. Nice food, by the way. John eats in the American tradition. Spoons some rice onto the plate, spoons some more stuff onto that, and eats it with the spoon. Sandra is a little more ethnic; she used the spoon for plate-loading as above, but uses chopsticks. I learned to eat this stuff in Japan, so before I noticed what they were doing, I put a dollop of spiced shredded beef on my plate, picked up the sticks, crammed some into my mouth, and followed it with a lump (good place; nice lumpy real rice) of rice. They were both looking at me strangely. I looked around to make sure I hadn't committed some faux pas like eating one of their dishes or dropping a stickload of goop down my disreputable t-shirt. It turns out that it is a little unusual to order the red star (hot) dishes and do this. Having had Kay's postgraduate course in Thai food, this stuff wasn't even warm. Eating the rice was more pro forma than buffer zone; besides, it was prepared right. Popular place, though; the proprietor was already getting the slightly shell-shocked look of the local merchants.

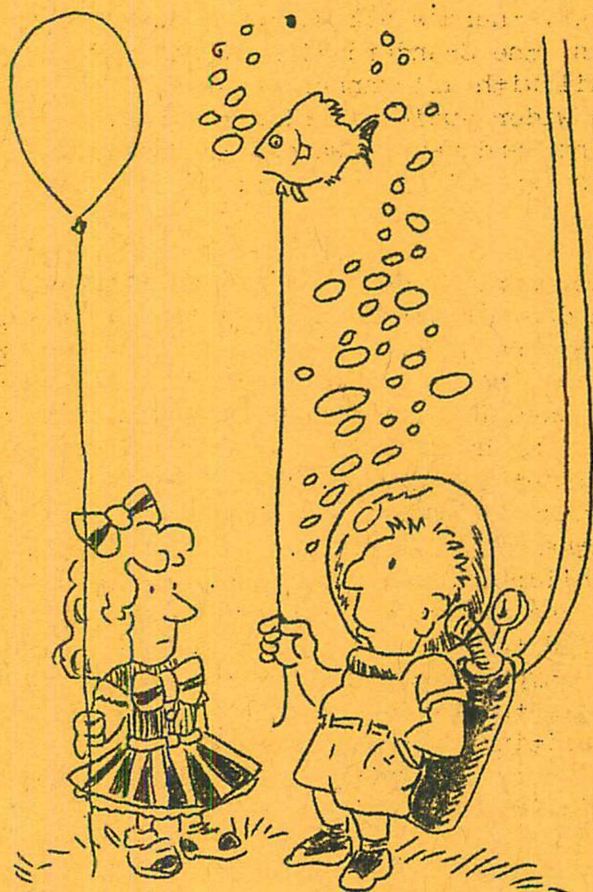
Boston is not a fun town to drive in if you have any worries beyond that of machismo or quick suicide. Even the natives refer to downtown Boston as the "combat zone" and the wilder among them get a funny, fishlike gleam in their eyes, their hands start to twitch, the hair grows on their palms...I think the place is a postgrad school for New York cabbies. The one we had certainly knew his way around. Another interesting thing; for some time I have been doing a dent survey on the cars in cities to which I travel, under the not unreasonable theory that it would give me some clue as to the accident habits of the natives. In NY, the cars are dented all over, sort of a Brown-

ian condition, implying aimlessness rather than malignancy. In Boston, most of the dents were on the front and rear, and a lot of them were square on, as if the driver not only didn't care, but was actively involved in lowering the boom on some unwary prey. How like Tokyo.

I had a lot of fun in the elevators, as usual. Not in my hotel (Vopley Plaza) but in the con hotel. The only sane method of elevator travel was to take the express elevator from the 3rd floor up to the 27th or so, then walk down or, if you felt really lucky, try to get a local going down. We had various wild theories as to why there were no up local elevators, only down ones. Some rather clever cartoons appeared on this subject. Shoulda grabbed one.

M.R. Hildebrand, 3421 W. Poinsettia  
Phoenix AZ 85029

I've just gotten over writing a defense of THE BLACK HOLE to Marc Ortlieb and I'm dratted if I'll do it again. Suffice it to say it reminds me of a good 1950's pulp story, science outdated, characterization cardboard, but with a definite "sensawonda" beginning.



KURT  
ERICHSEN  
8-79



I was very lucky as a child to not only find a library which had Oz books but had most of Ruth Thompson's as well as all of L. Frank Baum's. I'm buying the reprints as they come out and have been reading them to my son. I hope that they reprint Ms. Thompson's books as well since they are even better than Baum's. Children's fantasy is another big field of reading for me; it's amazing how much good fantasy is published as children's reading.

[[Oh, THE BLACK HOLE had a great beginning, I'll agree. Unfortunately, from there on it was downhill all the way. (Hmm; I hadn't intended to make a joke there, but I think I did, sort of.) Del Reys take note; Juanita agrees on the Thompson Oz books. As I never read them as a child, I'm slightly bemused at the whole affair.]]



Michael Bastraw, 70 Webster St., Laconia  
NH 03246

Juanita: I caught a couple of episodes of SHOGUN (in between work and sleep, which are not always easy to reconcile). With its faults it still rises head and shoulders above what the average Big Three show is like these days. I didn't pick up on some of the Japanese phrases as my viewing of the series was very sporadic but I generally found it preferable to doing extensive subtitles or having the parts done en Anglais. I applaud the producer's courage.

As to Beaumont egg, it must have been Heinlein (or one of his clones) who said, "Never underestimate the power of human stupidity and/or greed." You are quite correct when you observe that you can rub the public's collective nose into shit but they won't wipe it off -- even when they can still smell it. I believe it was 60 MINUTES that did a show on the low level of competence in the design departments doing work on a nuclear power plant in your neck of the woods. As far as I know, no conclusive official actions have been taken in correcting the situation.

And there probably won't be.

But what makes you think that a computer, built and programmed by a human bean, will do any better? Or even if it does, how will the supplied data be interpreted and disseminated by the Powers That Be? The trick is to get the people out of the system. Now that would be a trick.

Bruce: After reading your review on THE SHINING, I am afraid that we would soon come to acts of violence on the subject. First of all, I am not a dogmatic Kubrickite. I can say, however, that he hasn't made a film I didn't like but I am willing to be surprised some day. That day did not come when I saw his filmic version of King's best seller.

It is difficult to refute much of what you say, because it is true. But what you see as being "farcical" I see as chilling; and what makes you think that Kubrick didn't want stereotypes in the movie?

The character of Halloran serves several functions, not the least of which is to supply a token Black (only kidding, just wanted to see if you were paying attention). He does, however, provide tangible evidence as to the nature of what "the shine" is and also shows that it is not a once-in-a-lifetime thing. He also allows us to move outside of the realm of the Overlook for a much-needed change of pro.v.

By the way, Danny went "schizo" because of what he saw w/ his Shine (i.e. a naked woman getting out of a bathtub, embracing his father, and turning into a seedy-



looking corpse -- not to mention other things that were alluded to as far as future happenings.)

As far as comparing this film to PSYCHO and HALLOWEEN; bd, sqmd, mdfk sv ~~draft~~  
...Words fail me.

Now to Golden Minutes. What a review section! It's about as big as most entire fanzines I have seen. But here goes...

The Finlay books are as gorgeous as can be and I am trying desperately to find the first two volumes. I believe that the first volume was printed out of print. What a way to run an airline.

While THE MERMAN'S CHILDREN was not, in my opinion, the best fantasy of last year it is certainly a close second. (To what, you ask? THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST, of course; terrible SF -- good fantasy.)

John Boston is pretty close with his evaluation of DR WHO. The writing is first rate because it is honest. It doesn't pretend to be anything more than it is: good clean SF fun. Just think what they could do with a halfway decent budget. "After 17 years" they are still doing something very right.

A quick jot about the front cover (which I like a lot). The message is clear and one we are always trying to pound into the heads of our art contributors. Small illos, BANG. Fillers, CRASH. Eentsy-Teentsy, BLAM.

[[Well, I assume someone would like NUMBER OF THE BEAST -- but someone with otherwise such good taste? Tch. I showed your letter to Bruce when he was back for a visit, and he replied as follows:]] (Actually, since we agree on the basic facts on the movie, I feel what we have is an irreconcilable difference of opinion. I hadn't mentioned the "token black" because Halloran was a token "character"; he could have been Chinese and nothing would have changed. BEC.]] RSC]]

Dave Locke, 4215 Romaine Drive #22, Cincinnati OH 45209

Jim Turner looking askance at the profundities of Jerry Brown reminds me that within recent moons I was discussing the subject with Cagle. A few years ago, back in California, I thought Jerry Brown would make a good President. He was not a bullshitter. He was a plain talker who would admit that he didn't know everything. I think he got scared of being probably the only politician to take such a tack. Or else he didn't have the courage of his convictions. I remember, at the time, I said we should get him elected President before he became as bad as everyone else. Prophetic words. Now he's a grade-A political bullshitter. Too late for old Jerry. Scratch him.

Yes, pocket calculators make cripples out of some of us. Even adding machines did it for me. I can still recall beating hell out of a ten-key for a variety of sums and suddenly coming to a full halt when it struck me that back there a ways I had processed  $3 + 2 = 5$  as one of the sums. I took an early lunch and had an extra margarita.

Well, listen now, maybe it isn't so strange that Minnesota wants their dentists to be of certifiably good moral characters. Friend Terry, whose father is a freshly retired dentist in Long Beach, California (had his dentist's chair moved to his den; looks strange at first, but the impression went away when I discovered how comfortable such a thing could be), related the story of the dentist who for a couple of years did unapproved things to female patients who chose being asleep for their dental work. Apparently some of them got curious as to why their bodies felt a little strange in places outside the scope of a dentist's professional concern. Finally he got caught in a setup with a patient who was really a Ringer, and they trotted him off to the calaboose. Hardly anyone could keep their jaw from dropping when he pleaded mercy by virtue of vasectomy.

Marty Welgesen, 11 Lawrence Avenue, Malverne NY 11565

I enclose some more information on "Rabbit, Rabbit" and its variations. The book still doesn't explain why it is good luck, but the fact that it is to be said first thing in the morning leads me to suspect that it may be connected with the explana-



tion of why a rabbit's foot is considered lucky, "The origin of the superstition concerning the luck of the rabbit's foot lies in the belief that young rabbits are born with their eyes open, and thus have the power of the Evil Eye, and can shoo away the Evil One." Saying "rabbit, rabbit" as soon as one opens one's own eyes on the first day of the month may be intended to invoke the rabbit's reputed power to ward off evil.

Darrell Schweitzer, 113 Deepdale Rd., Strafford PA 19087.

Dave Locke's suggestion of giving the Faan Award to the NFF would certainly be more sensible than taking the fanzine Hugos seriously, but, I think we all agree that the fanzine Hugos are meaningless, and that if awards for fanzines are to be given, something else must be devised. The motivations for the founding of the Faan Awards are the very best. Consider that ENERGUMEN was the last fanzine to win a fanzine Hugo, and that was many years ago. If the common claims about fandom's population turning over every few years are true, then I would suspect that the majority of fans now active cannot remember the last time a fanzine won a fanzine Hugo. The whole idea is being lost. In another ten years, most fans won't even understand what the old-timers are complaining about.

The problem with the Faan Awards is that nobody has time to read all the fanzines published, or even all the major ones, except for a few fannish basket cases who do nothing else with their lives. I've never voted for the awards because I'm not familiar with enough, even though I can qualify in virtually every category. Even the qualification system isn't enough. Probably the reason there are only a handful of people actively participating is that no more can be found who have read enough -- and I wonder about them. Chances are all the winning zines will be those which are read by that small group, which may or may not be representative.

I've got a couple of serious suggestions, though:

#1: The award should be given out by fanzine reviewers. The only people qualified to nominate and vote are those who have published at least one installment of a fanzine review column in the year in question. This would be a critics' award, not a popular one, but at least it would be made by informed people.

#2: The award should be given out at a fannish convention, voted upon by the members. Midwestcon might be appropriate. Some convention which has a very high proportion of fanzine fans in attendance. I remember a comment attributed to Phil Payne: "Hey, there are enough fanzine fans now -- do you suppose they could hold their own convention?" Some small relaxacon would not attract the masses of marginal types that a worldcon does, and thus might get a more informed voting mass.

A less serious suggestion would be that everyone who has been visited by the spirit of Roscoe, or who/whatever, and has determined himself to be a true fanzine participant give an award to himself. This way there would be enough to go around, and there would be no problems with cliques, factions, or important zines having poor circulations. (Can't a doctor prescribe something for that?)

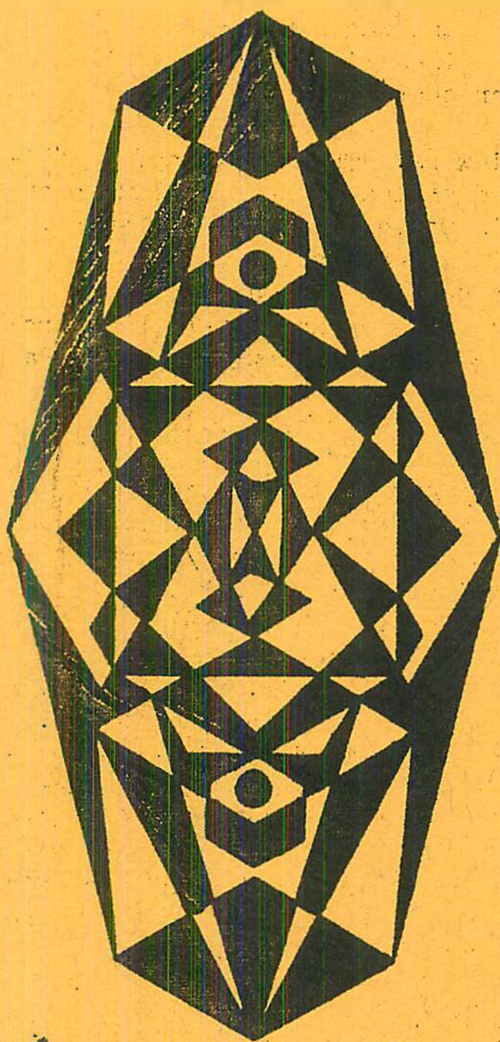
I will be curious to see, in the long run, how THE SHINING does at the boxoffice. From my observation, the audiences were not pleased. When I saw it, virtually everyone came out talking afterwards, mostly about how the plot didn't make any sense. It violates quite a few obvious storytelling rules, such as the need for internal consistency and motivation. The little kid's alter-ego takes him over entirely just before the climax, but somehow he manages to recover just in the nick of time, with no explanation whatever, and behave more sensibly than anyone else. But there are a lot of good moments in it. I suspect Stanley Kubrick could produce a very good film with someone riding herd on him -- i.e. a collaborator who would let him do what he wanted, but who could veto anything. Someone with a good story sense.

I must disagree with your review of the Tolkien GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT. I suspect the problem for a lot of readers is that they're just not used to verse as a narrative form. Just cultural relativism. Throughout most of history people would have sneered at the idea of prose as a narrative form. There were prose narratives in classical times (even some novels) and some in the Middle Ages, but verse always dominated. I suspect this because (particularly in the Middle Ages) books



were so scarce that most fiction had to be read aloud, and verse has an advantage in that respect. Chaucer apparently read his own work to Richard II's court. The Gawain poet probably read his in the court of some provincial nobleman, but in the long run he lost out because the English of Chaucer dominated and GAWAIN became unintelligible without a translation, and if you are used to narrative verse, it's one of the all time great fantasies. A marvelous reader hook: Arthur and his knights are sitting around the table at Christmas, and in comes this gigantic knight, who demands to fight with somebody. Of course, all the knights have to stand in for the king, he being their lord and all (besides, he's paying for the feast, and TANSTAAFL, especially in feudal times), so Gawain volunteers. The challenge is that Gawain shall cut off the Green Knight's head this year, and next year the Green Knight shall cut off Gawain's head. Ah...looks easy enough. He does, whereupon the fellow picks up his head, strolls out of the court, and says (while holding his head in his hand), "See you next year..." They don't write 'em like that any more.

[[I'm used to verse as a narrative form. I'm also used to idiot plots, which GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT is full of. One reason they don't write 'em like that anymore is that readers woke up to the fact that it don't make no sense. It's the "tall tale" type of fantasy; things happen for no reason and with no explanation, and that's a form I've always despised. The allegory in it makes it of interest to literature students, I suppose; but I'm not one.// I think your "less serious suggestion" is the best of the lot. Since the beginning, fans have gone consistently for more -- and therefore cheaper (in prestige, not money) -- awards. Let's get to the end of the process without wasting so much time about it. RSC]]



Kay Anderson, 8386 Hollister, Ventura CA 93004

A big possum -- bigger than either of our cats -- came up to finish off the cat food in the dishes sitting on the side step outside. I doubt that he just happened by, wandering in from the orchard a couple of blocks away. I suspect he lives under the deck or the woodpile, and has been eating the veggies we put out for our pet rtles. The turtles have been packed away to hibernate, and the possum's looking for new handouts. I'll get the cats vaccinated against rabies as well as the usual stuff, if we're going to host a possum. Can't think of any easy way to get rid of one, offhand. I don't want to use poison and it doesn't seem worthwhile to shoot it (and this is a residential area anyway, so that's out). Maybe it'll die of stupidity. The cats looked like they weren't about to take it on...biggest goddam rat they ever saw.

I decided to name the possum Edgar -- he looks like an Edgar. I talked to other people in the neighborhood and found out lots of them, especially those in the hills and near the barrancas, have visiting possums this year. Evidently the long drought brought them to town. The Game and Fish Dept will trap them and remove them, but Edgar isn't bothering me any.

Later on, Edgar showed up on an evening when



everyone had been busy and no one had remembered to put ~~swaps~~ out for him. We noticed him peering stupidly in the sliding glass doors when he started rattling the pie plate dish around. Getting uppity.

I took a picture of him, not because he's so exotic, but to have a souvenir of what a crummy possum he really is. Frankly, I've seen handsomer possums dead several days on the road. Gary says he looks like he was made in Hong Kong.

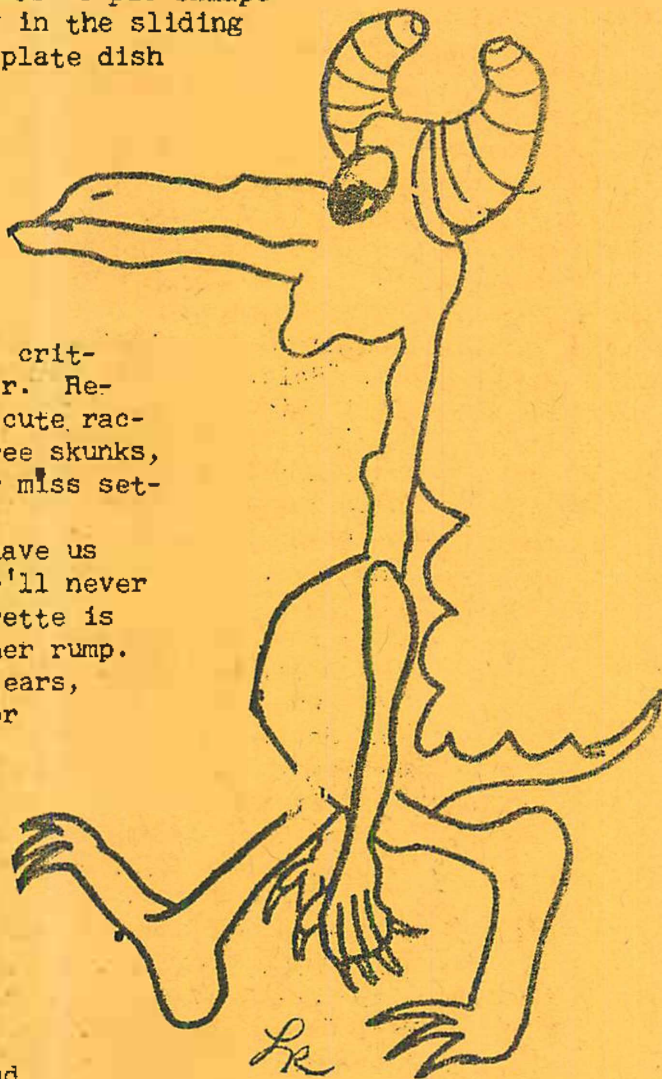
Later still, Edgar brought along a couple of friends. We can tell they aren't the same critter, though, because one has a ragged left ear. Reminds me of when my aunt started feeding two cute raccoons, who started bringing their hitmen, three skunks, to dinner, after which she was afraid to ever miss setting out a handout for them.

I think these three possums believe they have us fooled; as long as they come individually, we'll never suspect there's more than one beastie. Edgarette is the medium-sized one, with a white patch on her rump. Edgarina is the tiny grey one with the black ears, who's rather cute, if any possum qualifies for the adjective.

We drove up to Camarillo this evening and came back along Vineyard. We were approaching the Caticoy Bridge, where the road rises, and could see clear out to the islands in a brilliant orange sunset. And as we watched, a rocket went up from Vandenberg. I've seen lots of their iridescent multicolored trails in the sky, but never the launch itself. This one went almost straight up, to our point of view, from behind the tip of land on the horizon, on a fat red trail like the piping of frosting around a fancy decorated cake. It was gone in a couple of seconds. If we'd blinked we would have missed it, that spark of silver, in the rays of the sun that had already set for us, standing on its folded red trail. Made me feel like I was seeing a scene from THE LIGHTS IN THE SKY ARE STARS, only it wasn't a shuttle, just a Minuteman. Like when we saw the whales several years ago -- it was the element of being there at just the right time that was most affecting, I think. It seems to be more meaningful to not go looking for a whale or a rocket launch, just have one happen to intersect with your life. The stretch of road was only a half a mile or so long, on that route, where you can see the ocean and the islands, and the rocket went up and was gone in an instant. We just happened to be there at the right time and place to see it.

On another topic, all the newsasts out here are happy-happy one-big-family affairs with a femme newscaster and a man. Very chummy. Tonight we got a glimpse through a chink in the facade on KNEC. The woman got the wrong cue and stepped on the man's line, while the camera was on him, and he shot her a look of such venomous loathing that the camera lens practically melted.

There's an interesting article in a recent National Geographic on Mt St Helens and the other West Coast volcanoes. There's been activity in a bunch of the others -- Ranier, Hood, Shasta, and the ever-popular Lassen, which has been twitching for 4 or 5 years. There was indignation when the Forest Service closed the campgrounds around Lassen a while back. Way, people screamed, those places were five or six miles from the mountain, plenty far enough to be safe. St Helens only stirred briefly before exploding. And as geologists point out, on a geologic timescale, all the Cascade volcanoes tend to erupt at one time. I think I'd get out of there, myself.



# SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

A princess sat sighing, and nought did she say  
But, "Solo, Han Solo, Han Solo."  
And I said to her, "Princess, how pointless this lay  
Of, 'Solo, Han Solo, Han Solo.'  
Are you ill, are you drugged, are you stupid?" I asked  
As we sat in the suns of that planet and basked.  
But these syllables silly her true motives masked --  
"Oh, Solo, Han Solo, Han Solo."

She'd been through a lot, I would venture to guess.  
(Oh, Solo, Han Solo, Han Solo).  
There was makeup all over the neck of her dress.  
(Oh, Solo, Han Solo, Han Solo).  
She was worn, she was bruised, she was painfully plain.  
Her expression showed signs of distress and of pain.  
So did mine, as she took up the same old refrain  
Of "Solo, Han Solo, Han Solo."

I felt myself moved by the princess's grief.  
(Oh, Solo, Han Solo, Han Solo).  
I thought I might help, just to get some relief,  
From "Solo, Han Solo, Han Solo."  
I asked, "Is there something this fellow can do  
To negate the great burden that's troubling you?  
I make pretty good bucks, and my hovercraft's new."  
(Oh, Solo, Han Solo, Han Solo).

I can't be more certain than certain I am  
(Oh, Solo, Han Solo, Han Solo).  
That the princess was really part shill and part ham  
(Oh, Solo, Han Solo, Han Solo).  
For her mouth gave a quirk and she gave me the eye  
As she asked if I knew how to fight and to fly.  
As I ran, I could hear the white Lorelei cry --  
"Oh, Solo, Han Solo, Han Solo..."

BY MARIAN LOIS TURNER





SWEETMEATS [Jerry Kaufman, 4326 Winslow Place E., Seattle WA 98103 -- one-shot -- \$1.25] A collection of the humorous fan writing of Sandra Miesel. I'm not sure how many YANDRO readers will want it, since 5 of the 12 items first appeared here. ("Chemistry Takes the Veil," "Peril on Pakora," "The Passion and Martyrdom of St. Harlan Ellison," "Pigs of Blackford," and "The Canadian Swept Down Like a Wolf on the Fold.") On the other hand, I suppose that could increase the desire for a copy. Other material is "Platypus Mythos I" from DOUBLE BILL, "Platypus Mythos II,"

Crème des Sensles," and "Prince Valyunt Goes Nova" from OUTWORLDS, "Chatelaine," from from GRANFALLOON, "Wheatfield Woe" from ASPIDISTRA, and "Metamorphosis" from STARLING. There's an introduction by Jerry, and a couple of pages in which I Tell All (or anyway, quite a bit) about Sandra. Front cover by Jim Odbert, bacover by Kelly Freas. I enjoyed it thoroughly (but then, if I didn't, I wouldn't have published a big chunk of it in the first place). Rating....9

FUTURE FOCUS #12 [Roger Reynolds, 1301 Bernard Ave., Findlay OH 45840 -- \$2.50 -- no schedule listed] This is the "Comix and Illustration Issue" according to the cover. The art is generally good, particularly a supercilious basilisk by Jacky Ahrens and some barbarian art by Tom Yeates. I'm not a comics fan, so I won't comment on those except to say that they're plentiful in here. A variety of articles; on future rock, an interview with a congressman, rather superficial items on Stephen King and fictional science, etc. Mary Cowan has an amusing one on pheromones (have you thought of Pheromones of Gor, Mary?). Excellent reproduction; especially recommended for comics people. Rating....7

THE MENTOR #25 thru 28 [Ron L. Clarke, 6 Bellevue Road, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia -- bimonthly -- \$1A] Send \$1.50 in US money; don't be cheap. A wide variety of articles, a continuing column on Australian fan history (by #28, it's still not up to my era of fan memories, though some of the names are familiar), reviews, fiction, and letters. Good reproduction, almost no art. Not outstanding, but I find it quietly enjoyable. Rating....6

STEFANTASY #87 [William M. Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell PA 16374 - semi-annual -- for people who can convince Bill that they're interesting.] One of the few fanzines older than YANDRO; STEF started in 1945. Also the only fanzine I know of using handset type and a letterpress. Contents are basically a humorous look at the world, with this issue featuring an ad from "The Skreughbault Mint," reprints from old Scientific Americans, letters, etc. One of my favorite mags. Rating....8

PROCRASTINATION #15 [Darrell Schweitzer, 113 Deepdale Road, Stafford PA 19087 - \$2 - irregular] A thick one: 67 pages plus covers. Darrell is another of those fans whose tastes appear to run at right angles to mine. There's a Platypus Mythos article by the Miesels, and a folio of charming platy cartoons by Alex Gilliland. There's dual commentary on THE NIGHT LAND, one pro, one con. All quite good. Then there are poems by John Sevcik, cartoons by the editor, and an allegedly funny article by Dan Joy, all quite bad. Letters are good; editorial bored me. And fiction by Michael Collings is as good as a fair amount of professionally published material, which is to say not very. Rating....5

AUSSIECON FIFTH ANNIVERSARY MEMORIAL FANZINE [Jean Weber, 13 Myall St., O'Connor, A.C.T. 2601, Australia -- one-shot -- \$2.00] Publicity for Australia In '83 by 33pp. of reminiscences of Aussiecon I. (I'm not sure if that \$2.00 price is supposed to be

Australian or American; better send about \$2.75 if you want a copy.) Now, personally, I am not fond of con reports, especially of cons I didn't attend. But lots of our readers like them, and here are comments and cartoons from 18 people including Mike Glicksohn, Susan Wood, Bill Rotsler, John Foyster, John Bangsund, etc. Well written (and most of them fairly short, which helps, as far as I'm concerned). Rating....6

ARENA SF [Geoff Rippington, 6 Rutland Gardens, Birchington, Kent, England CT7 9SN - no schedule listed - 3 for \$3.00, and send an extra dollar for exchange costs if you send a check]. A very serious digest-sized publication devoted to serious criticism of the field. Excellent repro, looks to be offset. Nice illustrations. Contents, though...you might say they're not my cuppa. Major item is an article about and interview with Barrington J. Bayley; then we have long serious reviews and long serious lettercolumn arguments about sf style, history, image, and criticism. (Sorry: "dynamic criticism".) I find it all very tedious, but perhaps you won't. Rating....5

CRABAPPLE #16 [Ken Ozanne, 42 Meek's Crescent, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia - quarterly -- 75¢A -- US fans send \$1] Small, editor-written except for a short lettercol. A fair bit about computers, mimeographs, and such works of the devil.

Rating...4

FAANDOMREPORT #1 [Niels Dahlgaard, Horsekildevej IV, DK-500, Valby, Denmark] A FAPA-zine; 4 pages on the oversized European paper. Generally an introduction to Dahlgaard and Danish fandom. In English. Not sure I ever got a Danish fanzine before; not enough of this one to make much of a judgment.

UNION SF [Carl H. Bierbaum, Box 19, Tumba Sweden -- co-editor Lief Helgesson] Price is 75 öre, which translates to about 17¢, which is too cheap. (Could I have possibly made an error?) Anyway, it's the official organ of the SF Union Skandinavien, it's in Swedish, and contains reviews, film articles, lists of fanzines, fiction (I think), cartoons, etc. Nice slick-paper cover. Possibly interesting if I could read Swedish.

ANVIL #13, 14 [Jim Gilpatrick, P.O. Box 57031, Birmingham AL 35259 -- bimonthly -- 6 for \$2.00] Cheap enough. This is the official organ of the Birmingham club. Excellent repro, reasonably good art. Pagelongs book reviews, an article on "Cosmos" in #14, editorial, letters. A fair variety of authors; the club seems to have conquered the usual problem that everyone wants a fanzine but nobody (or a very few) want to contribute. Nothing exciting, but a pretty good advertisement for the club. Rating...4

INSUFFICIENT FUNDS #2 [Leah Zeldes and Larry Tucker, 2818 Whitewood, Ann Arbor MI 48104 -- irregular -- available by editorial whim] The editors say that they're susceptible to bribes (they don't say they'll send out a fanzine in return, just that they're susceptible). One of the very few dittoed fanzines I've seen recently. Reproduction is mostly legible. Content is good; Leah writes on books and conventions and nostalgia, and Larry writes mostly on audio and video fanzines. (A passing fad, I say! if hekto was good enough for your father...) Rating...7

PELLIENCRATH#1 [Rod Walker, "Alcala," 1273 Grest Drive, Encinitas CA 92024 -- \$1.00 -- no schedule listed] Devoted to the "geographical settings of fantasy and science fiction stories." Meaning a lot of maps. Small, digest-sized, very well done if you're interested in geography. I'm not, not that much, anyway.

THE DARK LORD #2 [Jonas Söderblad, Gösvalen 13, 382 00 Nybro, Sweden -- \$2.00 -- quarterly] Thick fanzine, printed in English. Contents are primarily fiction about the "Star Wars" universe, though it's not all fiction and there are some non-SW items. Well enough done, I suppose, if you like that sort of thing. (I liked the movie, but I'm not that thrilled about an entire fandom devoted to it.)

MAINSTREAM #5 (Suzanne Tompkins & Jerry Kaufman, address above there somewhere, 75¢ -- no schedule listed) Mostly fannish material, which didn't really enthuse me. (But may enthuse you; fans have turned poorer stuff into Great Fannish Myths.) Excellent reproduction and artwork. Lettercolumn takes up about half the issue, and is the best half, though I also enjoyed the editorials. Rating....5



## THINGS THAT GO BUMP! IN THE MAILBOX

Some of the mail we've been getting, I'm tempted to leave "Bump" out of the title of this... However... Along with our 1981 calendar, our Rep. Phil Sharp sent a note, saying in part: "Although I believe printing these calendars is one area where the federal budget should be cut, I decided to mail them to some of my constituents for their enjoyment because they would otherwise be given to another Congressman for distribution." (I find that refreshingly candid, as well as mirroring my own ideas... I don't think congressmen should be passing out expensive calendars on tax money, but as long as they got the things printed, I'm glad I received one - refusing it certainly wouldn't change the printing bill.) DON & MAGGIE THOMPSON send along a whole sheet of odd newspaper quotes, mostly headlines, Xeroxed from something called "The Lower Case". They include... "Stop smoking, or, if practical, switch to another birth control method." "Crowds Rushing To See Pope Trample 6 To Death" "Gacy Murder Victims Hope To Be Identified" and "Hunts Expose Selves In Interview". //KAY ANDERSON also clipped a few: "Literacy: Persistent Problem" And from classifieds: "Severe Macaw. \$119" and "Free: (1) undyed, natural, never worn fur cat" (Are you reading, Lan?) Sourdough Charlie's Restaurant in Toledo offers on their menu "FISH caught fresh daily from our freezer"// An occult outfit, offering THE SIRIUS MYSTERY as a bonus for subscribing to their magazine, describes the book. "Without telescopes, they apparently knew hundreds of years ago; to the decimal, the orbit of this white dwarf star." (Orbit???)//GENE DEWEESE sends one from GLOBE, about a researcher who claims that vampires are killing 6000 US citizens a year. He also says that Wisconsin and Quebec are the vampire centers of the world. Actually, the article mentions several researchers, including some who have run across nut cases; people who believe they're vampires. (That's one I'll go along with; if you can believe you're Napoleon, you can believe you're Dracula - and bite people to prove it.) //ALAN DODD sends one about 60 uniformed British police who stormed into a pseudo-Western club and confiscated all the toy guns. "The raid was prompted after police anxiety over the similarity of 'some guns' to the real thing."//ROGER WADDINGTON sends a quote from a British Rail spokesman about improvements to a particular line: "Once we get the go-ahead for electrification we shall go full steam ahead"//Somewhat more seriously, FORRY ACKERMAN notes that the Michigan Space Center is planning an "Ackerman Wing". //WADDINGTON, again: "Police were questioning the caretaker who later returned to his apartment with his wife and five children. Their home was first believed ransacked, but police later said they were misled by untidy rooms." (That one certainly sounded familiar...) And the final tribute to feminists: "We believe that women at women's centres should not be defined by gender or race." (From a Sydney, Australia, newspaper.) Also, "Her talk on the need to stop experiments in animals when making cosmetics was followed by a demonstration on volunteer model, member Mrs. Hammond."//SANDRA MIESEL sends an ad for a book, THE BEST OF BROWN COUNTY SHERIFF'S LOG. Some of the reports listed in the ad are good enough that I think I'll buy the book. "Woman says two men are throwing bananas at her vehicle." "Man reported to be riding a horse in the recreation hall in the State Park. He is disturbing the square dance." "Woman accidentally grazed her husband while shooting at hogs." (Hoosiers can be just as nutty as anyone else. Especially southern Hoosiers....)//MARY SCHAUB sends a notice that after Aug. 19, all bubble-bath products will carry a warning that they can be harmful to your health. (Allus suspected that too much bathin' 'ud weaken yuh.) //DODD, with a cutting about a new coach service from London to Scotland. "All their drivers will wear 10 gallon hats, they'll play country and western music non-stop and they'll be handing out free "cowboy" food. (Sounds horrible, especially if the cowboy food is authentic - which is to say, beans. The music would be enough to drive me away, and if it wasn't, the thought of British policemen forming a posse, stopping the coach, and confiscating all the 10 gallon hats would do the trick.) THOMPSON again. A review of a CBS Special referred to it as "about a young writer romantically involved with an older married wombat." (It's different...) And a sportswriter's sentence to make Edwin Newman cringe: "One-run baseball games always make great doorstops for the second guessers who love to throw open the gates and charge headlong into the land of 20-20 hindsight" MAYDENE CROSBY sends an ad - "Introducing Our New Barbecued Menu"//YANDRO got con-



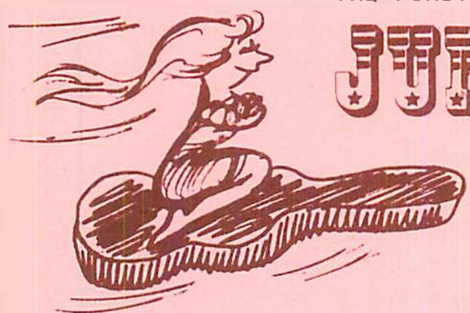
gratulated on its 25th Anniversary (a year late) by the Stephen Fossler Company. (Which wants to sell us "personalized foil labels" -- if the minimum sale wasn't \$58 I'd buy some, but that's too much for a joke.) //WADDINGTON, with a report on professional stage magicians looking askance at videotapers with slow-motion and freeze frame; more people are going to be in on the secret.//Newsletter from the Little Sioux Mission with photos of a school graduation ceremony -- I was intrigued by the motto on the wall behind the speaker: "Live long and prosper".//Note from Dodd that Jean Linard died on July 25, 1980, in a motorcycle accident. I corresponded a little with him, though I was never a close friend. He was the first French fan I knew.//DODD, with house ads. One "detached" house, a bit smaller than the one we're currently living in and apparently a similar location, with a price of over \$200,000. (Well, it's 500 years old, but still...) One two doors from Alan -- and he bitches mightily about the defects of his location, architecture, etc. -- for \$63,000. Does make us more content with our own lot.//From RURAL ADVANCE: A California company is now marketing freeze-dried ice cream. (And from somewhere I recall an item about a company getting ready to sell dehydrated whiskey. It boggles the mind.) And Clemson Univ. reports that boa constrictors can reach 400 pounds weight in 12 weeks, and their meat is nutritious and "just like chicken". Colonel Midgard, anyone? And the Arizona Dept. of Economic Security has listed the Ku Klux Klan as an equal opportunity employer.//Headline from KAY ANDERSON: "Odds on Boy or Girl Seem to Hinge on Conception"//Ad from KAY for a swivel rocker: "Sale \$229, orig. \$179"//DODD, with a cutting about the West Pier at Brighton being scheduled for demolition this year. And a long article about the vicious deadly weapons that can be purchased today in England -- crossbows and sword-canes. An "arsenal of potential death". (Well, the crossbow is certainly lethal enough, but calling a £9 sword-cane "razor-sharp" is just British journalism; I have one, and you couldn't get it razor sharp with an armory at your disposal.)//SCHAUB sends an article on gasoline smuggling from Mexico. It's legal to cross the border and fill up your vehicle's tank, but customs frowns on practices such as putting 500 gallons of fuel into a waterbed and then bringing it back.//THOMPSONS send several. A Hyannis bank offered 5 Susan B. Anthony dollars for \$4.50 and found few takers. A San Francisco ice cream shop offers spinach, beet, zucchini, tomato celery, asparagus, parsley, lima bean and carrot flavors. (Maybe the Hoosier ice cream line Sandra Miesel and I worked out might be practical after all -- we envisioned pumpkin, persimmon, corn, walnut, hickory nut, pawpaw, etc.) London police are real sticklers for the rules, but they did apologize for having towed away a hearse for illegal parking. Seems it held up the funeral for 90 minutes until the mortician got it back. A San Francisco tv station showed an "explicit documentary" on sadomasochism, and got "hundreds" of phone calls. "Most of them wanted repeats", the news director said. (It figures, in San Francisco.) A quote without comment: "The members' ability to speak fluent French and to entertain were not surpassed by their culinary know-how."//SCIENCE 80 had a review of a new role-playing game called "Academe". (Oops; they call it "a university career strategy game".) Anyway, "each player strives to have a statue of oneself erected on the university quad. The game, designed for two to four adults, reflects stages of a typical academic career, particularly in the sciences. Time and colleagues inevitably work against the efforts of academicians struggling to scale ivy-covered walls. Following the rule of publish or perish, or opting for an administrative route (which requires only attendance at committee meetings), players advance or are held back by peer review. Academe is good cutthroat fun -- not recommended to ivory tower lovers."//ANDREW ZERBE, with an article on the new airships; Britain, the US, Russia, West Germany, Japan and Australia are all considering dirigibles as aerial freighters. (And as passenger ships as well, but it's going to take a lot of publicity about helium to overcome the public image of the "Hindenburg" -- or to overcome my image of the numerous dirigibles destroyed by windstorms.) MAYDENE CROSBY sent a related item of a planned "saucer"-shaped airship.//ZERBE also sent an article about a group that swaps "heirloom seeds" -- for types of vegetables no longer available commercially. Which sounds interesting. ZERBE also sent an article on one of the early gasoline substitutes -- benzol. Unfortunately, it now seems that it's used to make plastics and costs more than gas does. Another idea down the drain.



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