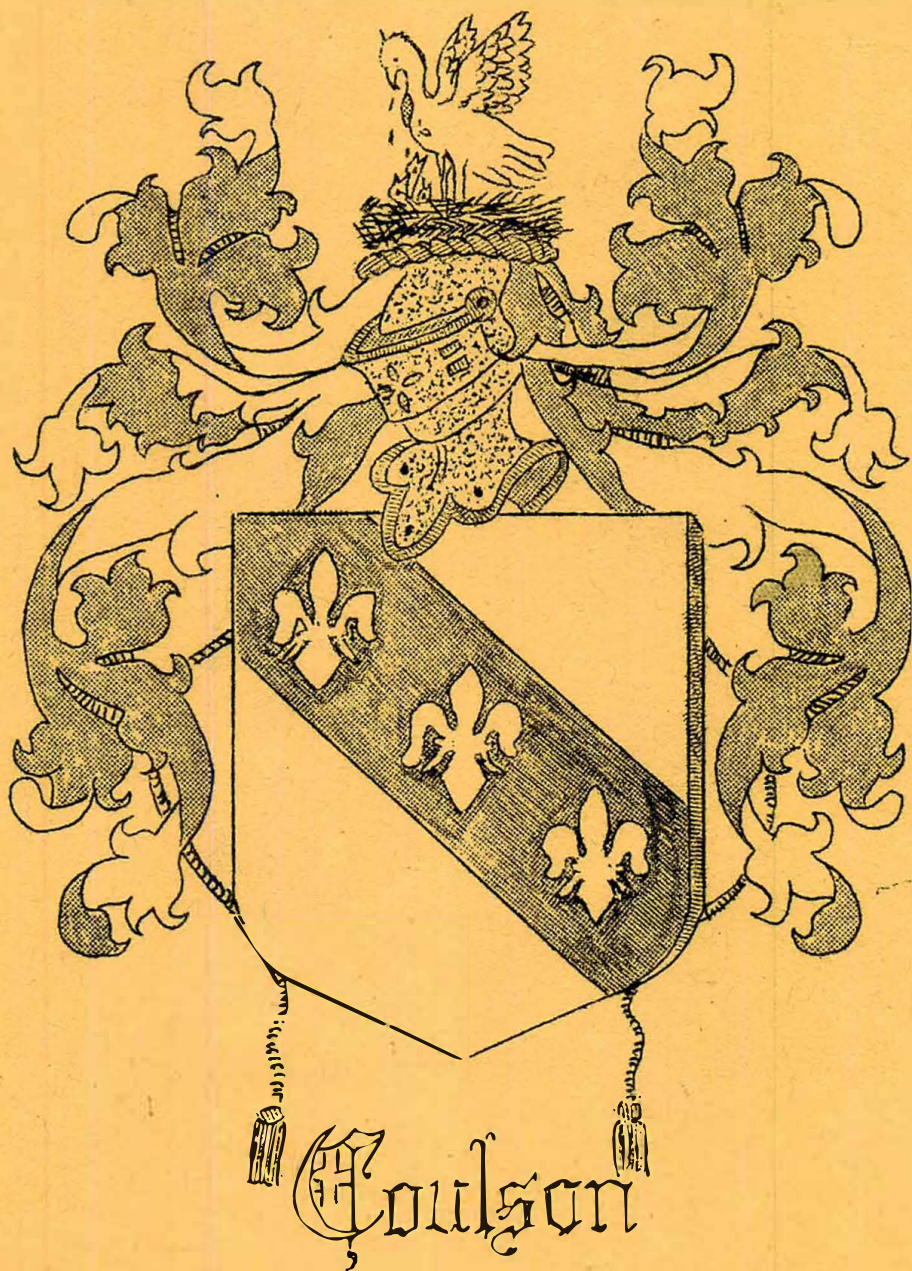


yandro







VANDRO - 255

MARCH '82

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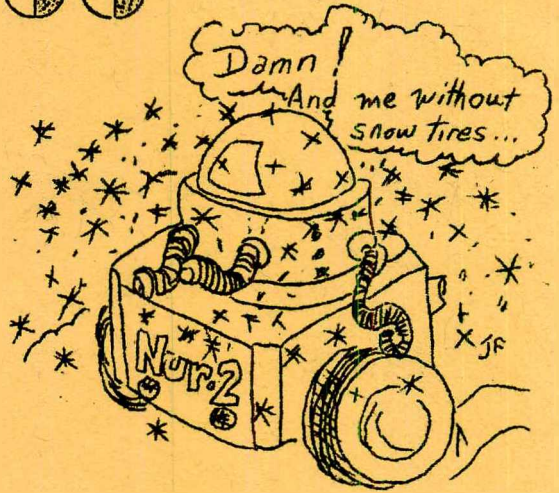
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See editorial for price increase reasoning.



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## ARTWORK

Cover - The Coulson Crest, from a reproduction furnished to us by my aunt Margaret Thomas, who is interested in genealogy. (My only research into the crest brought out the information that it's the type presented to someone who loans money to the ruler and doesn't ask for it back, though I don't guarantee the accuracy of this. I like to believe it, though.)

Page 1	Jann Frank	Page 14	Arthur Thomson
" 2	JWC	" 28	Jann Frank
" 4	JWC	" 29	Jann Frank
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" 6 (logo)	Dave Locke	" 33	Jann Frank
" 7	Bill Rotsler	" 36	Gerald Giannattasio
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Fans have broad mental horizons - shallow, but very broad.....

Weddings seem to be the thing lately; got a card from Dainis Bisenieks announcing his forthcoming nuptials with non-fan Betsy Balderston; to be in August.

And, also since my editorial, we received Juanita's performer's copies of the 60-min. cassette tape, "Juanita Coulson Live At Filkcon West". You can order from Off Centaur Publications, P.O. Box 424, El Cerrito, CA 94530. I've ordered a supply, and will probably be huckstering them at various midwest cons. I don't have a price as yet; Juanita may have been given a price, but if so she didn't bother with it. Not interested in such mundane concerns. (One area where we differ...)



## RAMBLINGS



Jann Frank's p. 1 illo would be more amusing to me if this wasn't March 26 and it wasn't snowing, with more snow predicted. I'd also be tempted to say this is ridiculous, except that it's more in the category of "ominous." According to some experts, these weather patterns come in very long cycles, and they're hinting that we're heading on a slide back toward more "normal" weather -- namely mere interim in an interglacial cool Earth spell.

Of course, experts aren't always what they may seem, either. When I was doing research for the first book in the series for Del Rey, I bought a Gov't Printing Office symposium on weather. The credits were solid alphabet soup -- all kinds of

impressive degrees and reputations, The Experts in long-range weather forecast. I got my pen and notebook and sat down to read and do some industrious studying. And what I came out with, as a consensus from this high-powered collection of weather experts, was: "On the other hand I have six fingers." [Apologies to Walt Kelly.] I never read so much waffling before or since. "If it gets colder during the next thirty years, this may happen. But it may get warmer, in which case all bets were off." Somehow all these experts managed to cover themselves beautifully, and end up predicting nothing. Not one would come out and say flatly that if such and such happened in the next decades, thus and so would result. It's a cautious and no doubt wise scientific attitude. But since the publication implied it would offer some definitive answers, it was like watching a magician do sleight of hand; when you were done reading, you found you hadn't learned a thing. Maybe there's something to be said for wetting one's finger and holding it in the air to see which way the wind's blowing...

Today's paper has a the-sky-is-falling article citing more experts saying the greenhouse effect is already here and watch out. Well, at least they came right out and said it, and are willing to take the risk of egg on their faces if they're wrong. I can't say last summer or this winter were any sort of back-up evidence for their theory, not in the Midwestern US, at any rate. I'm not sure we want any hotter summers hereabout, though. Those tend to get entirely out of hand, and when you combine the temperatures in a mid-continent landmass with humidity swooping up from the Gulf, the result turns whole states into a tropical plants room. Unfortunately, short of using up electricity at a prodigious rate, running an air conditioner and dehumidifier, there's no escape short of emigration.

It was a rough winter indeed. Several areas in our neck of the woods broke or pushed the records they accumulated during the historic winter of '77-'78. the year of The Blizzard. We had a number of baby blizzards, power outages, etc., and always our notorious winds, which drift snow and make SW or NW corners of dwellings almost uninhabitable all too often. Guess where our office/workroom is located in this big old barn of a farmhouse? Right. Guess who did a lot of abandoning-ship and shutting off the room with sliding doors and rugs up against the cracks under those doors, in order to keep some semblance of heat in the rest of the house? No prizes will be awarded. Cute cracks from resident fans of the sunny Southwest will not be appreciated.

Everyone keeps saying spring is coming. As a matter of fact, according to the calendar, spring is here. Nobody's told the Arctic weather patterns, however. Watch this space for icicles in July. The shuttle pilots should be grateful all they have to contend with is a possible sandstorm -- a nice hot sandstorm.



I was surprised and pleased to see the enormous crowds collecting at the Cape to see the shuttle launch this time around. It was spring break, which increased the crowd potential, certainly. But a lot of people interviewed said they'd intended to travel elsewhere and decided to make the trip to see the launch. Maybe public interest is changing, finally. And maybe it's slowly seeping in that the space program, gutted as it is, is exciting, plows money back into the economy, and holds more promise for the future than the vast majority of government projects (to put it mildly). Now if we could only turn around a few empty heads in high places and convince them as well as the taxpayers. (An Indianapolis TV station conducted a phone poll asking viewers if they thought the shuttle funds should be cut in light of the recession -- Indiana is a sinkhole of unemployment, being a company state for the auto industry, in many ways. The vote was overwhelmingly in favor of keeping the shuttle program, even if it meant more of a tax bite. All things considered, that was unexpected, and gratifying. NASA's spinoff publicity may be working -- at last.)

On a completely different subject: The logo for this issue's cover has no ID on it because the artist didn't ID it. I think it may be Dave Locke, but I'm not sure. If the artist will step forward and claim his or her work, I'll be happy to include the credit next issue.

Buck notes various cons attended since we last put out a Y. Bouchercon, which is not an sf con but draws a lot of sf fans who are also interested in mysteries. Bouchercon has a lot of the flavor of old time sf cons in certain ways, with its heavy emphasis on straight panels and speeches and a bare minimum huckster room, etc. Different and enjoyable. Chambanacon was, as always, a treat, even more so when we get a free ride, as we did in November. The weather was better than it's sometimes been and the company was most simpatico. We must do that again -- as we have every year since Chambanacon started. A most relaxing and low key con, just what the tired fan needs to gear up before the hectic holiday season.

Next up is Marcon, at the end of April. We hope by then this winter will have the worst of its gall out of its system. On a personal note, I'd always been a tad uneasy that I might someday be asked to act as toastmaster at a con and have to introduce a pro whose work I barely knew or whose work I loathed. The Marcon committee saved my hide cleverly, however, by selecting Hal Clement as their GoH. Now there's a pro I've been reading since I first discovered the sf magazines and whose work I admire tremendously. Now all I have to worry about is whether I can do a good job with the assignment.

Windycon, as Buck describes, was interesting and then some. We were dubious about venturing to Chicago in December -- with good reason, the way this winter turned out. But luck held through the con, and we got a chance to case the joint. I can't say I'm cheered by the atrium, with all those soaring girders overhead, not after what's happened to other modern-design Hyatts. Presumably, now that the ~~disaster~~ has taken place elsewhere in the hotel chain, flaws will be corrected hastily, to avoid further lawsuits. Or so we hope. While we were exploring the territory we wandered over to the older section of the hotel -- which was like entering the twilight zone. It was empty. No one on the desk. No bell caps. No one out front. No one in the lobby. Elevators deserted. Spooky. The only thing I can compare it to was the time bev DeWeese and I walked around the block at the DC con and came back in the Sheraton, I believe it was, by a different door than we'd left. Instead of bustling con crowd and a jammed to overflowing lobby, we found a musty, dusty, empty place full of potted palms and a few elderly people in wheelchairs. There's this urge to go outside and re-check the sign on the building, when that happens. (It turned out this was a residential hotel section of the main con hotel, I don't know what the story was at the Chicago Hyatt-Regency. Maybe we'll find out, come Labor Day.)

Until next issue, whenever...by then, another book in the Children of the Stars series will be out, OUTWARD BOUND, due for May release. Unreal. To me, anyway. JWC





Note price increase on the contents page. Considering the last time we increased price of YANDRO was 1975, I think we've done rather well in keeping things down. A reduction in publishing schedule helped; losing money 2 or 3 times a year doesn't hurt as much as doing it monthly. Also note new volume numbering; in looking up something else I discovered that we've been using the wrong volume number since 1974, when we repeated Vol. 21. Librarians and researchers please note.

I'm moderately amazed to discover that our library, fanzine collection, and YANDRO files have been the target of various research efforts recently. An

old article by Marion Bradley (1976) is currently being used in an "advanced s-f course" (one of the requirements being that the student has already taken one s-f course) at Lehigh University. Joe Sanders was by last fall, browsing in our fanzine collection for material to use in his forthcoming book on fanzines. (At least, Joe will provide an academic volume from an author who really knows his field.) A good many of the Tor Books collections of old Poul Anderson stories were researched in our stacks of pulp mags; Sandra Miesel and I both did reams of Xeroxing. Some material from an old YANDRO lettercolumn is supposed to be in a hardcover Tolkien volume; THE TOLKIEN SCRAPBOOK is the title, as I recall. (At least, the publisher wrote for permission; I haven't seen the book so I don't know if it was actually used.) Of course, my own article for Dictionary of Literary Biography was researched in our library. (Enough bragging; mostly I'm amazed, amused, and slightly bemused at the amount of literary attention being paid to sf, fandom, and fanzines.)

Ted White and I have come to a final parting of the ways. I'm sure Ted will be glad to give you his side of the story if you're interested. My main reason for commenting is to make sure no mutual friend attempts a reconciliation; when I break with someone, I do it permanently. (Can't resist mentioning Ted's complaint that I'm "arrogant and contemptuous"; since he's known me for 25 years, that may be a record for slowness on the uptake.) Enough; I'm not feuding, I'm finished.

Lessee, what have we been doing lately? Well, first, Bruce Coulson and Lori Huff have announced their intention of getting married, probably early in 1983. I have the feeling that I'll be called on to perform the ceremony again. (I really should become certified in Indiana as well as Ohio. Who do I write to, Summer?)

The Coulson family has acquired another member; Tam Lin. Tam is half Golden Retriever, and considering that he weighed 65 pounds at age 8 months, the other half may be moose. Fortunately, he looks and acts like a full-blood, Golden being noted for being quiet and affectionate. Now if I could just convince him that he is not a lap-dog..... He stays outside; the interior of our house is not designed for large dogs (or large anythings). Doesn't seem to have harmed him; fur like a polar bear, as Juanita noted. Not sure of his birth date, but I'm assuming June 1. I got him - at the right price - from a coworker who is the father of Tam's original owner. He's only recently discovered that he's a hunting dog; there isn't a lot around here to hunt, but he can go out in the woods and terrorize squirrels. (Actually, they're sitting up in the trees sneering at him, but he thinks they're terrorized.) Mostly he spends his efforts trying to get the outdoor cats to play with him; they aren't amused. (Oh, did someone think that squirrels hibernate from fall until spring? Think again.)

We finished up last year with several more conventions, plus going to the Feast of the Hunter's Moon again. This time I bought a skunkskin cap. Mostly because everyone there (Bruce, Lori, Juanita, and the Miesels) kept assuring me that it was the Real Me, but partly so I could do what I did at Chambanacon. Ian and his coonskin were in the lobby when we came in, and I got to walk over and say "I see your cap



and raise you one." (Fortunately, Lan is goodnatured, and laughed.) I've been wearing the skunkskin rather sparingly; for one thing, it looks silly with earmuffs added, and I need something over my ears in our winters lately.

We went to Bouchercon, because we'd never been to a mystery con, because it was within reach in Milwaukee, and because the DeWeeses were helping put it on. (And because we could stay with them and avoid hotel bills. In fact, we had a nice fanish household; Phil Kaveny, Hank Luttrell, Diane Martin and Lesleigh Luttrell were also at the DeWeese's.) An interesting program, quite possibly because we hadn't heard it all so many times before as we have sf con programs. Met a few mystery fans - including a Muncie newspaper reporter, Dick Studgill, who has just started selling fiction - but mostly chatted with the people who have a foot in both camps. Bob Briney, Joe Hensley, Phyllis Ann Karr, and the hucksters (Hank, Rusty Hevelin, Gary Bernstein). Met Phyllis White and felt honored. Went along when Gene DeWeese took Rusty out to see about buying some stuff Jim Sieger was selling; for once I let the others talk books while I admired Sieger's assorted weaponry.

Never underestimate the power of a woman. Juanita wanted to see a movie, "Unfaithfully Yours", which was playing at an art theater in Indianapolis. By the time she got through, the DeWeeses came down from Milwaukee, Bruce and Lori came over from Columbus, OH, and we all went down to Indy, joined the Miesels, and saw the movie. Now, that's power.....(Yes, it was a very good, very funny movie.)

Chambanacon was fun, though a bit more complicated to get to than usual this year. (Same hotel, but you see we went by way of Columbus, Ohio....) The usual set of filksing, huckstering, and good conversations. It's always mildly frustrating, since the Illinois U group always seem like such interesting people and I seldom see any of them beyond one Chambanacon. (Maybe it's me? Naah...) This time I spent most of one evening talking to a Cindy Burlew, who is a marvelously opinionated conversationalist and who will probably never come to another con.

Windycon seemed about as usual; perhaps a shade better on the conversation and somewhat higher on the price. Hyatt-Regency is an easy hotel to get around in, considering its size, as long as you follow the hotel routine. Let them park and retrieve your car (we had no problems there, as opposed to some fans last year and possibly some other fans this year), handle your luggage, etc. If you're willing to pay for the privilege of not rocking the boat, in other words. We're definitely not going to drive to Chicon IV unless we have to (though with the bus station being taken out of Hartford City and train service to nearby Marion reduced to 3 times a week, our options are being reduced). Program was reduced to a shambles by no-shows. Tucker was sick, Budrys in Boston on business, Asprin and Abbey couldn't get out of Michigan due to snow. I ended up replacing Budrys on one panel, and Tucker on another, while Roland Green subbed for Budrys on still another panel. Program chief Marie Bartlett was going crazy trying to scrape up enough people to provide a program. I got to meet Glen Cook - I'd said hello to him at other cons, but never met him before.

Since then it's been winter, and we've been hibernating. Made it up to Milwaukee for our annual New Year's bash; otherwise it's been strictly mail and telephone. First week in February I only worked 2-1/2 days and was snowed in the rest of the time. Since then I missed one day because none of the cars would start (our thermometer said -17°F) and a half-day because of icy roads (my boss called me and said he wasn't going in until the roads were cleared, and what's good enough for him...) Couple of times when the wind was strong from the SW we've had to close off the office. With the floor registers wide open but circulation to the rest of the house cut off, it got down to 42°F in here. Not conducive to doing any work.

Hugo ballot time. I don't even have my own completely filled out yet, and by the time you get this it will probably be too late anyway, but for the record I picked CLAW OF THE CONCILIATOR, AT THE EYE OF THE OCEAN, HANDS OF GLORY, DAWN, and RESURRECTION DAYS for the novels, and have decided on 3 novelets (oops; novellas); "True Names" by Vernor Vinge, "Petals of Rose" by Marc Stiegler, and "Polyphemus" by Michael Shea. Haven't figured the rest of the ballot yet. Fanzines...oh, probably NIEKAS, DYNATRON, SCOTTISHE, LAN'S LANTERN and WALDO. Maybe I'll think of one or two different ones before I vote, though.

RSC



# Vitugalty #30

COLUMN  
BY

DAVE LOCKE

## THE ONES THAT GOT AWAY, PART THREE

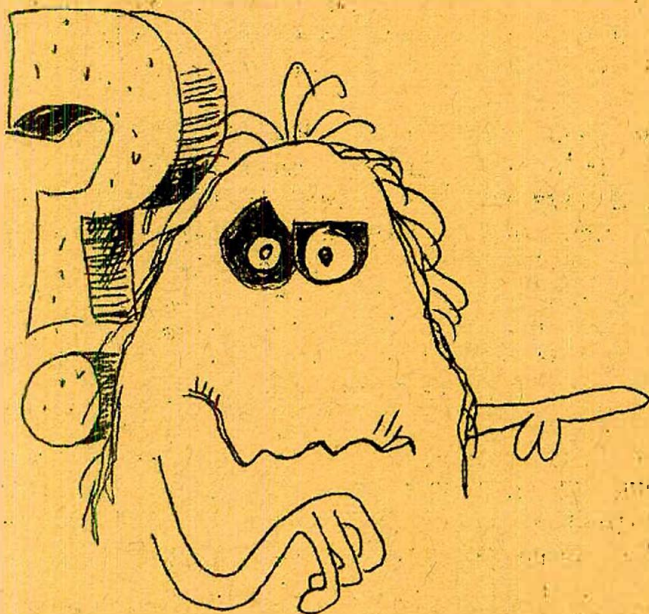
This will be the concluding segment. After this installment I will have culled enough items from my "idea book" -- items that would otherwise remain there for years and clutter up the information retrieval process -- so that I will no longer feel I have fathered or authored a monster.

Lloyd Biggle once suggested to me that someone should draft up some Murphy's Laws for SF fans. Hell, that's not a bad idea. Unfortunately, there are no such laws in my idea book. Merely the notion to write some.

Very well, let's write some.

### MURPHY'S LAWS FOR SF FANS

1. Never throw out spent stencils until you have finished running off the fanzine, unless you enjoy frolicking in a Dempster Dumpster.
2. The only difference between contributions to charity and subscriptions to new fanzines is that one of them is not tax deductible.
3. The Perfect Fanzine is a carrot on a stick, and forms a triumvirate with universal solvents and perpetual motion machines.
4. Enthusiastic blurbs and raves on science fiction books are subject to Murphy's Laws and not to Truth in Advertising laws.
5. Anything two fans do together is fanac. Anything three fans do together is probably illegal in most communities.
6. All fanwriters have three-fifths of a science fiction story rambling around in their subconscious minds.
7. All truth is in fanzines, and much subterfuge.
8. In any hierarchy, each individual rises to his own level of incompetence, and then bids for a worldcon.
9. It is morally wrong to spend three pages telling what you did before arriving at the convention.
10. To know yourself is to not publish a personalzine.
11. Mailing comments delivered out of context are a waste of our natural re-source of stencils.
12. Everybody has their N-. To general fanzine fans it is the apas.
13. Explanations of the obvious are the mainstay of all ambitious fanwriting.
14. Out of any five fans crashing in a convention hotel room, two will snore.
15. Convention banquets are an exercise in masochism.
16. Focal Point Fanzines used to be discovered and not advertised.
17. Paper personalities are occasionally subject to burn-out.





18. A science fiction fan is a person who used to read more science fiction.
19. It is hard to publish more than one issue of a monthly fanzine.
20. The egoboo in FAPA and in fan art is not sufficient to sustain life.
21. Hotel hallways and registration areas are gradually replacing the Masquerade Room.
22. The qualification for Fan Guest of Honor is that their name be recognized by most of the convention committee.
23. The qualification for Professional Guest of Honor is that their speech must rise above the challenge of the rubber chicken and the bouncing potatoes.
24. All fans, when seated in front of their typewriters, are experts on fandom.



#### TWO QUOTATIONS WITHOUT COMMENT

"The worldcon committee, when counting nominations for this year's Hugo ballot, were perplexed by votes for WARHOON. They'd never heard of Willis. (AaaaaAaRGHHH!)"

-- Terry Carr, PONG #15 5/18/81

"We don't make the effort to get to know these confans at conventions any more than they make the effort to get to know us the rest of the year."

-- Walt Willis, "As Others See Us," 3/61

#### FAN JOB DESCRIPTIONS

Anyone who works for someone else has probably encountered at least one job description: their own. Many times, in many years, I have been in the position of being called a "department head" and have had to initiate or rewrite job descriptions for up to fifty people who were presumably the arms, legs, and guts of the department. As with all business communications writing, after awhile I got so I could do it in my sleep.

Job descriptions are used for many purposes, most of them suspect. The idea is to capture the overview in common-sense terms, and then list specific work-functions. No one looks at these things except your supervisor, when he rubber-stamps them, and someone in the Personnel Department when they try to match them with job descriptions and pay-grades as described in such things as M&M and Benchmark surveys. Being familiar with these surveys is useful if you wish some control over the pay-grades which will be assigned to the people reporting to you, but unfortunately it's not at all necessary to the execution of this "department head" responsibility. You can easily get by without knowing what you're doing.

It occurred to me, probably at midnight over a bottle of scotch after being charged with writing umpteen job descriptions before Friday, that job descriptions could be applied to anybody who does anything. It was but a short leap and a few jiggers of scotch to reach the notion that job descriptions could be written for various types of fanac. Thus did the tickler notation "fan job description" appear in my idea book.

POSITION TITLE: Genzine Editor  
REPORTS TO: Letterhacks

#### SCOPE OF RESPONSIBILITY:

Must utilize plying, pleading, and wheedling capabilities to obtain written and



drawn material of adequate quality and in sufficient quantity to publish almost as frequently as desired. Is charged with the responsibility of presenting this material in a workmanlike manner on legible pages which are not run upside down or precariously stapled together. Actual editing capabilities are not required nor particularly appreciated by amateur writers, except in the letter column where written material is expected to be slashed at will and interrupted as the mood strikes. Introductory material must be executed with minimal writing standards and dwell tediously on grand editorial policies and plans, with optional self-conscious or dogmatic overtones.

#### SPECIFIC DUTIES:

1. Fly, plead, and wheedle potential contributors. 2. Write boring editorials. 3. Attack letters of comment with scissors or magic marker. 4. Maintain mailing list of names divided into two subcategories: a. those you can excise, and b. those you can't. 5. Miscellaneous shit work (stencilling, duplicating, collating, stapling, addressing, stuffing, stamp-licking, and arguing with postal clerks on appropriateness of 4th class rate classification). 6. Wait by mailbox for letter from Harry Warner, Jr.

POSITION TITLE: Fanwriter

REPORTS TO: Genzine Editors

#### SCOPE OF RESPONSIBILITY:

Must have access to a typewriter and be capable of pandering to the blind spots of genzine editors or of just being handy when one of them needs an article. No knowledge required of pacing, plotting, or story telling, but must be capable of elevating the trivial. Required to have sins in one or more of the following "specialties:"

1. Sercon (e.g. science fiction, fantasy, libertarian, militant feminism, sexual deviation, or dead cats), 2. Fan Humorist (e.g. Things Happen To Me, I Am A Wiseass To The World, Fandom Was Fun When Ted White And The Boys And I Were Young, I Am A Learned Person And This Is Witty, Look What I Can Do With The English Language, This Sure Is Absurd Isn't It, or Aren't My Friends Funny), and 3. Miscellaneous.

#### SPECIFIC DUTIES:

1. Try to be readable.

POSITION TITLE: Fringefan

REPORTS TO: to be determined

#### SCOPE OF RESPONSIBILITY:

Stands on the outside and only occasionally participates in fannish activities. Must bear the onus of belonging to an organization at least as strange as fandom, e.g.: The Count Dracula Society, The Hyborian Legion, The Society For Creative Anachronism, The Baker Street Irregulars, or Southern Fandom. Charged with treating fandom as a second language.

#### SPECIFIC DUTIES:

1. Dabble, and 2. Keep moving.

And so we reach a point of adequacy in depleting the natural resources of my idea book. Aren't you glad? Boy, I sure am. As of this Nixonesque point in time my production output has pulled up even with my inspiration for material. There is no weighty backlog. There is no cushion to fall back on when the emergency request comes along ("Dave. My article. I need my article!" "Article?" "Article!" "Well, I dunno. There's nothing left in my idea book.").

On the other hand, someone asked me for an article just last night, and I already have a half-page of ideas for it jotted down on a worksheet. Maybe I don't need the idea book.

On the other hand, I also use this book to record my secret recipe for the perfect margarita, my listing of all the pagan holidays, and amusing quotations from books



I'm reading (until I can quote them), not to mention listings of books I've read and haven't read by favored prolific authors, my GALAXY want-list, my credit-card numbers, and a note I made after being maritally separated on how to sort clothes for doing laundry (well, some things slip the mind after a few years. I could never remember how to run a mimeo, either...).

Maybe what I need are some index tabs in my idea book, to categorize the product of what Isaac Asimov once described as a "disciplined imagination." Creativity to format. One tab for article ideas, another for interlinos, another for refinements on how to sort laundry, and so on.

I think there's an idea floating around in there somewhere, of some other way to handle this.

Excuse me a moment while I go jot something down.

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE CYNIC'S CORNER

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man." (Edgar A. Guest) -- And what do I get? Noise pollution!

"If winter comes, can spring be far behind? (Shakespeare) -- Yep, pretty dern far -- if you live in Indiana.

"To be or not to be; that is the question." (Shakespeare) I think poor Hamlet must have had inflation problems, too.

"If you would have friends, be one." (Some idiot) -- Yes, but be wary of the ones who a) show up on payday asking for a loan, or b) come for a l-o-o-o-n-g visit just after you've restocked your bar.

"Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love." (Shelley) -- Query: does that mean men didn't die for love or worms don't eat for love?

"They came to do good, and they done right well." \* (Quoted from James Michener's HAWAII) That one needs no comment from me.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be." (more Shakespeare) Ah, Polonius, thou shouldst be alive in this hour! Thou wouldst snap thy twigs!

\* Applied to missionaries in Michener's book, but fits our Congress, too.

maydene crosby



# Nobody Ever Said Gemutlichkeit Was Supposed To Be Easy

article by

GENE DEWEESE

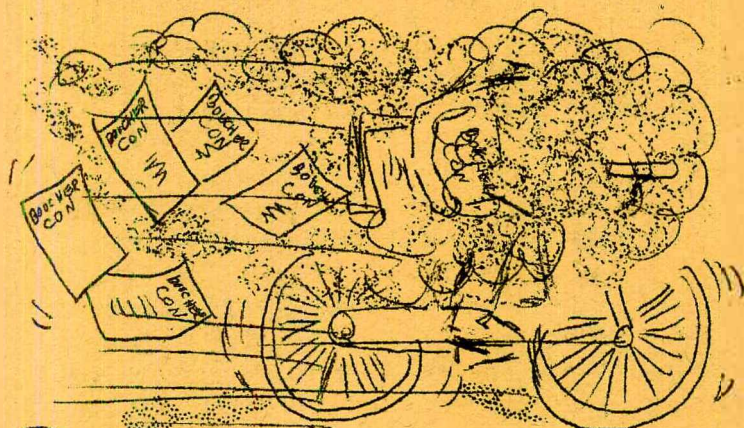
Not long ago I had my first -- and presumably last -- brush with putting on a convention -- the Milwaukee Bouchercon, subtitled "Beer City Capers." Luckily, I drifted/was dragooned into "helping out" at pretty much the last minute, so I missed out on the extended full-scale trauma undergone by the prime movers, who had been doing their moving at an increasingly frantic pace for roughly two years. Hence, I didn't undergo first hand such joyful experiences as going downtown to sign the hotel contract only to discover that the hotel had "mistakenly" reserved the wrong weekend. Or finding that the substitute hotel was charging several hundred dollars for meeting rooms the other hotel had agreed to furnish free. (The original hotel, by the way, was a brand new Hyatt-Regency, and there are suspicions that, unless their management's memory is as shaky as some of the chain's better known structural features, the "mistake" was somehow related to other, possibly larger cons that were willing to pay for meeting rooms.)

Bev (who is my wife, a librarian, a mystery fan, an assistant prime mover, and a workaholic, not necessarily in that order) had of course been involved (supposedly peripherally) from the start, but I didn't become ensnared until a month or so before the end, when I found myself, as always when the weather is nice, casting about for excuses to get away from the typewriter and onto a bicycle. For a start, I offered to distribute flyers and/or posters to a few local bookstores. After a couple of stops, however, I amended the offer to read: "...bookstores whose managers have been forewarned or have expressed some willingness to accept flyers and/or posters." Being basically a bike-mounted gopher at this point, I wasn't really prepared for all the strange looks and all the variations of "What on earth are we supposed to do with these things?"

I soon discovered, however, that I was in a bit deeper than I had thought. One day I answered the phone and the caller wanted to talk to the chief prime mover, who lives clear across town at a totally different number. That was how I found out that Bev, as assistant p.m., had put our number on the publicity releases she had sent out to all the local media. I guess she figured that since everyone else, including the chief p.m., had "real jobs," there was a better chance that I'd be around during the day to answer the calls that would doubtless be flooding in. Aside from the fact that

the flood was more of a trickle, the only problem was, most of the callers wanted me to give them more details about the con, and I didn't know any more details. Except the number of the chief p.m., who was the one they really wanted to talk to anyway.

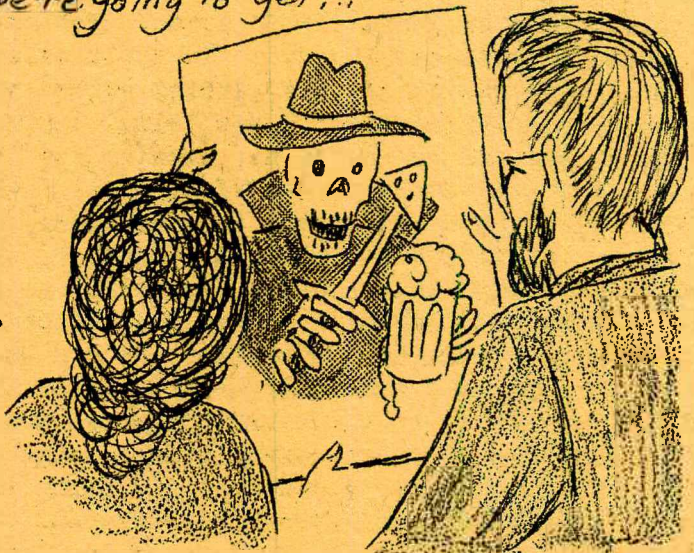
My major "involvement," however, started a day or three later when I made the mistake of wondering who Bev had been nodding and uh-huhing to on the phone for the last half hour. When I picked up one of the other extensions, I fell into the middle of a





discussion between Bev and the chief p.m. about the con program book. It was sort of like falling into Alice's rabbit hole. To start with, someone in a local mystery fan club had volunteered not herself but her husband (call him X) to produce the book. The logical assumption was that, come the convention, X would hand the chief p.m. a box full of printed program books including all the text, ads, illustrations, etc., that she had given him to work with. The chief p.m., however, had delivered most of the material to X some time ago, the con was getting close, and not a word had been heard from X until a few hours ago, when he had called to tell her that part of the layout was about to be done, but it would have to be checked out.

*I think this is all the gemutlichkeit we're going to get...*



That in itself presented a minor problem since the chief p.m. was temporarily without transportation, which meant that Bev was going to have to do the checking. But that was only the beginning. The major problem at the moment was that X -- or perhaps, we later grew to suspect, Mrs. X -- had turned out to be a temperamental artist who disapproved of the cover art. When calling the chief p.m. to report his layout progress, he had also carried on at great length about how terribly amateurish the cover was and how it would ruin his reputation to have his name associated with anything like that and how he would save the day by designing a new cover himself.

At this point it was too late to get anyone else to do the layout, and the chief p.m. was too much of a softie to tell X what she probably should have, something along the lines of "quit bugging me and get the damn thing done!" So she was reluctantly going along with the new cover idea, but that presented a couple of additional problems. First, the theme of the con (and hence the cover) was supposed to be old time pulps mixed with Milwaukee gemutlichkeit, and X had never, so far as we could tell, even seen a pulp magazine. And to top things off, Inspector Bev, though she'd eyed my pulps disapprovingly now and then, was not what could be called a pulp connoisseur.

Well, to cut a long and tense story short, Bev and I both ended up at X's office looking at the layout and the cover. The layout was okay, but the cover was something else. The original had been a grinning, pulpish skeleton in a trench coat toasting the viewer with a frothy mug of beer. The new one was a rather grisly cloaked skeleton right out of a Hammer Film, threatening the viewer with a dagger. Hardly all that Gemutlichkeitish or pulpish, except perhaps for a fleeting resemblance to a decayed and skeletal version of The Spider.

There followed a session of "how can we lighten this thing up," during which the supposedly temperamental artist proved most agreeable. The result (beer mug reinstated, cheese on the dagger point, a less grisly skull with pince nez glasses for reading) was pretty much what ended up being used, despite a momentary glitch that evening in the form of an irate call from Mrs. X., who was in a towering snit because the "mysterious looking" cover she had liked so well (i.e., the grisly one) was being made "bush league" by the beer and cheese, etc. She feared it would make the group putting on the con look like amateurs, which, considering the fact that, like sf con committees, they are amateurs and proud of it, seemed a trifle weird. (I have to admit, however, that throughout the "lighten-it-up" session, I kept having these uncomfortable flashes in which I saw Bev and myself in the role of TV advertisers or network execs bitching to the writers and insisting they punch up the script. But it was only a momentary lapse due to this ridiculous tendency I have to now and then see things from the other person's point of view. Luckily, common sense and



righteous -- i.e., narrow-minded -- indignation usually pull me through.)

Somewhere along about here, however, the real problems began. The assumption that the chief p.m. would be handed a completed book a few days before the con turned out to be decidedly in error. For one thing, X was getting some friends (who operated a typesetting service in their basement) to do the typesetting, and the friends were having trouble getting around to it since they had other (paying) jobs to work on. For another, X was doing only the layout, not the printing.

So it was off to the races, looking for fast and hopefully cheap printers. I thot I'd lucked out when the first place I tried quoted me a decent price and said that if I brought everything in on Thursday, I could have the printed books back two days before the con started. However, when I checked back a couple of days later, it seemed that the guy I'd talked to originally either didn't know what he was talking about or didn't have the authority to talk at all. The earliest I could have the books was two days after the con was over.

Again cutting a long story short, after lots of phone calls and quite a few miles on the bicycle (over a hundred for these and other errands in one week), I finally found a couple of printers who didn't laugh out loud when I asked if they could print, fold, collate, and staple the thing in the required time. However, that's when the infamous Ace/Charter ad surfaced. Unlike all the other ads, this one wasn't camera ready. It had to be, I was told, "screened." Having worked in a technical publications group for several years, I assumed I knew what that meant, but I soon discovered that, in this case at least, I didn't have the faintest idea what was required. This wouldn't have been so bad, except when I showed the art work to the printers, they didn't have the faintest idea either, despite having the original art and some typeset overlays with all kinds of esoteric sounding printing/screening instructions scribbled on them in what I assumed was printers' jargon. Whatever was meant by "screened" in this case was not the simple conversion of a continuous tone print to a screened half tone, at least not if you believed the printers I talked to, none of whom were capable of doing what was required, even had they been able to figure out what was required. Then I tried talking to some companies that supposedly were capable of doing whatever was meant here by "screening," but they started asking even more esoteric questions, like what size and brand of press was the printer going to use. I was halfway expecting them to ask for the advertiser's astrological sign before it was over.

But at this point I lucked out for real when, more or less in desperation, I asked the "screening" people if they could by any chance print the thing themselves, since it was rapidly becoming painfully obvious that my role in life was not that of intermediary between screeners and printers. To my total surprise, they could not only print it but could print it in time for the con. They said. After my earlier experiences, I didn't really believe it, but there wasn't a lot of choice at that point. Besides, I figured if worse came to worse, we could Xerox the program listing itself and mail the complete program book later as a post-con souvenir.

Even assuming the new screener-printer came through, however, the suspense was not quite over. It was now the day before the laid out material had to be at the printer, and the basement typesetters had yet to set type. A late evening call assured me that they were actually working on it and would deliver it to X by midnight, which I guess they did. In any event, a bleary-eyed X called about eight the next morning saying he had just finished the job with the help of a lot of coffee and some eyelid props, but he hadn't been able to proof it.

So Bev and I did the proofing, finding primarily one item missing (the line giving Miller Brewery credit for paying Spillane's way to town) and one item extra (a nonexistent Edgar given to Joe Hensley for POISON SUMMER). Actually, though, something else was missing -- a way to get corrections made, which explains why the Miller credit line was done in photo-reduced Selectric type and there was a big blank spot in Hensley's bio.

But finally, a good half hour before the deadline, I dumped the bundle at the printers and phoned the chief p.m., who managed to restrain her hysterical giggles



long enough to breathe a huge sigh of relief along with everyone else.

In retrospect -- well, there are a couple of things. For one, I can now see why, after an sf con, half the host-city fans aren't speaking to the other half except through diatribes in fanzine letter columns. On the other hand, when you're involved for as short a time as I was, the experience can be almost enjoyable, in a masochistic sort of way, kind of like another challenging experience I went through recently -- staying up till 3:00 a.m. going through 250 jumbled checkbook entries trying to find out why our figures and the computer's were a hundred dollars apart.

The only trouble is, the convention itself was almost an anticlimax.

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## CROYD MADE SIMPLE

Some people will babble and whimper  
At mention of Wallace's Croyd.  
Some people will list, with a simper,  
The volumes they claim they've enjoyed.  
If Croyd is your meat, do stop reading.  
I'm certain you'll find me inane.  
For those who are cringing and pleading,  
I'll try to explain.

This Croyd has been living for ages  
Like Drac or the Wandering Jew.  
He's met all the galaxies' sages  
And taught them a lesson or two.  
With eons to locate his powers,  
To find them, and hone them, and train,  
He works on his hobby for hours.  
(His hobby's his brain.)

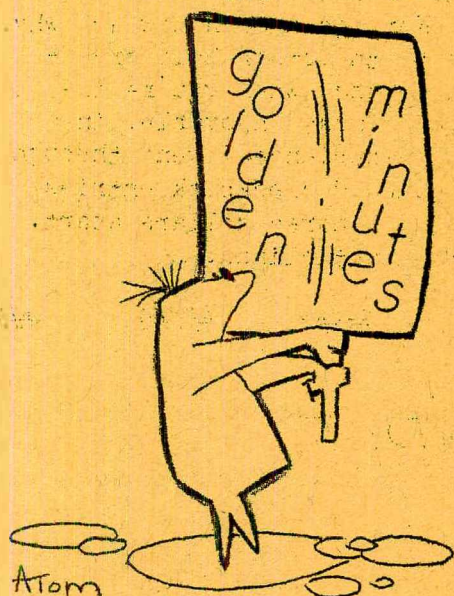
He claims his equipment is basic:  
A brain and a mind and a soul.  
In 4000 years, not a day sick  
Because of his total control.  
He spans time and space in a twinkle.  
Dimensional jumps are no strain.  
In 4000 years, not one wrinkle --  
The man is a pain.

Jack Armstrong was never more tricky  
Nor specious, foiling a plot.  
Whenever events get too sticky  
Croyd clones himself, right on the spot.  
Girls melt at his masculine smile and  
Men try to be Croyd-like in vain.  
His clone's running Fantasy Island.

I hope I've been plain.

Marian Allen





When I started this column in 1961 it had what has since become a standard feature of other columns -- a variety of reviewers. But by 1962 I had decided that all reviews should be by the same person to give the readers a better chance to judge the personal bias of the reviewer. And in 1962, I could easily review all the books sent in for review and a majority of the ones I bought. Then came the paperback boom. I can't read everything any more. I just dug through my boxes of books to review and discarded 111 books with 1979 and 1980 copyrights, deeming them too old to bother with. These are books I really wanted to read, and didn't have time for. So, from now on, I can't guarantee to read everything that comes in, but I'll do my best. And, mostly, I'll try to keep the reviews to books still available in the largest bookstores, at least.

A TREASURY OF MODERN FANTASY, edited by Terry Carr and Martin H. Greenberg [Avon. A trade paperback; no price on mine because it came via Quality Paperback Book Club.] This is the definitive fantasy anthology to date. 33 stories, from everyone; Heinlein, Bradbury, Russ, Davidson, Wellman, Gold, Lafferty, Fred Brown, Bloch, Kuttner, Boucher, Leiber, Russell, John Collier, Pangborn, Kornbluth, Ellison, Keith Roberts, Don Wollheim, And more...But I do see one omission. No de Camp. (And no T.B. Swann, but then Swann never wrote many shorter works.) Well, I'd have put in something -- anything -- by de Camp in place of the Thomas Disch story, but other than that the editors have come close to perfection. An outstanding book.

THE LOST AND THE LURKING, by Manly Wade Wellman [Doubleday, \$10.95] Another "Silver John" novel. Not much folkmusic in this one, and the plot relies a lot on chance (but maybe that's acceptable in fantasy?), but it's an interesting story. I kept wanting a few more explanations here and there, but I enjoyed the book. Recommended.

HEROES AND HOBOGLINS, by L. Sprague de Camp [Donald M. Grant, Publisher, West Kingston, RI - \$15] An even 100 de Camp poems, of which 62 have previously appeared in either PHANTOMS & FANCIES or DEMONS & DINOSAURS (and 26 in both), so if you own the previous volumes...you'll probably still want this one. If you don't own the previous books, you definitely want this one. In addition to the verses, there are a cover, endpapers, and 6 color plates and various b&w decorations by Tim Kirk. There's a good variety of verse, from quite serious if pragmatic philosophic themes to philosophy with a twist (my favorite ~~there~~ being "Tikal") on down to Conan limericks. Highly recommended.

FOOTPRINTS ON SAND, by L. Sprague and Catherine Crook de Camp [Advent: Publishers, P.O. Box A3228, Chicago IL 60690] And I forget how much I paid; somewhere between \$12 and \$15, I think. An assortment of poetry, fiction, essays, biography, -- all fairly short items -- by the authors, plus a section of articles about the de Camps by Heinlein, Asimov, Poul Anderson, Andy Offutt, Lin Carter, George Scithers, and Patricia Jackson. The material tends to be familiar to a de Camp completist, but it makes an excellent sampler of their work.

THE DIVINE INVASION, by Philip K. Dick [Timescape, \$12.95] Part of this was a short story that I read somewhere and liked (though I haven't relocated it), but no previous credit is given. In fact, I think I liked the short better than I do the novel. It's basically a religious novel, and from what I can gather, I enjoyed it more than did readers who know more about traditional religion. It tends to be slow-moving,



with people sitting around thinking largely inane philosophy for much of it, but I still rather liked it. It's an interesting idea; not very believable, but interesting.

SWORD OF THE LICTOR, by Gene Wolfe [Timescape, \$15.50 Third of four parts; Gene has forced me to make an exception to my rule of not reading serials until I have them complete. As usual, it's excellently written, highly entertaining, sent me to the dictionary several times, and I still have only a bare suspicion of what's going on. (He can't find alternate explanations for all those clues about Severian, can he? Damn right he can...) In this installment, Severian loses Dorcas, finds Dr. Talos, and Baldanders, is once more removed from his position for showing mercy, has varying adventures, and discovers more -- but not enough -- about his world. It's a marvelous story in all definitions of the term; by all means read it.

NIGHTMARES FROM SPACE, by Gene DeWeese [Franklin Watts -- no price listed] Another novelet in hardcovers for the retarded reader. (Or whatever the current euphemism is.) Action on high-school level, vocabulary more basic, and lots of action. This one is illustrated by photos instead of drawings -- more expensive, but gives the kids more of an air of believability? Dedication, is "To Buck Coulson, who probably won't recognize this fourth or fifth incarnation of Mind Vault." (I certainly didn't, but then I never had much input into that story anyway; it was mostly Gene's. I don't remember it being anything like this, though. Object lesson for would-be authors: if you can't quite get your story to jell, rework it until it does, even if it ends up nothing like the original.) Major plot element is a close encounter of the fourth kind. I think it would be too simplistic for the average fan, but probably an excellent book for the intended market.

READER'S CHOICE, edited by Stanley Schmidt [ANALOG, \$2.95] The second anthology in this series. Fewer (but longer?) stories than in the first one, if my memory serves. Copyrights from 1934 to 1977; most stories are familiar and frequently anthologized. Contents are "Old Faithful" by Raymond Z. Gallun, "Helen O'Loy" by Lester del Rey, "Requiem" by Heinlein, "Some Curious Effects of Time Travel" by L. Sprague de Camp, "The Cold Equations" by Tom Godwin, "Plus X" by Eric Frank Russell, "The Big Front Yard" by Cliff Simak, "Home Is the Hangman" by Roger Zelazny, "Eyes of Amber" by Joan Vinge, "Ender's Game" by Orson Scott Card, and an editorial, "What Do You Mean -- Human?" by John W. Campbell, Jr., plus an introduction by Schmidt. Actually, I suppose this is an annual magazine rather than a book -- it even has a classified ad section -- but it's a remarkably good anthology (if, of course, you haven't already ...oh, you know that refrain by now?). Anything, it's worth your hard-earned money.

BRINKMAN, by Ron Goulart [Doubleday, \$.9.95] Typical Goulart story, as the bumbling hero and his con-man friend save the world from an alien invasion. Light, amusing, slick, and unmemorable. After disliking Goulart's stuff for the first several years he was writing, I have come to enjoy it. Either he's improved or I've degenerated. It reads fast, requires very little concentration, and is generally amusing.

RADIX, by A.A. Attanasio [Wm. Morrow & Co., \$15.95 cloth, \$8.95 pb] I try not to absorb other people's opinions on books I'm going to review, but I got an in-person rave review of this one, and what might be called a raving review of it, before I'd read it. So I also read Ted Sturgeon's views when they appeared. I'm sort of in between. The book is an interesting combination of a Jack Vance magical world background and a Van Vogt over-complicated plot. I do think Attanasio does a better job of making a thoroughly loathsome protagonist interesting than Donaldson does. On the other hand, Sturgeon is right when he says it's difficult to sympathize with the protagonist when he's an ugly, pudgy, lazy, vicious juvenile delinquent, and impossible to do it when he becomes transformed into a superman (or a god?). Still, I kept going, to see what was going to turn up next. The book isn't always entertaining, and it certainly has no real psychological insights, but it's fascinating.

BUNNICULA, by Deborah & James Howe [Avon Camelot, \$1.95] A juvenile about a vampire rabbit. I bought a copy because Maia recommended it, and it's fun. (Would you be-



lieve a vampire who sucks all of the juices out of carrots?) Basically for young children, but it's amusing enough that parents shouldn't mind reading it to them.

DOMINANT SPECIES, by George Warren [Starblaze, \$4.95] An overthrow-the-alien-conquer-or sort of book. Acceptable adventure story; nothing too exciting but perfectly adequate. Semi-barbaric planet -- with mutants, of course -- fighting alien technology.

GIFTWISH, by Graham Dunstan Martin [Houghton Mifflin, \$8.95] Geez, but this is a lousy book. The names are cutesy-poo -- Catchfire the witch-girl, Caperstaff the magician, Giftwish the sword, Cheatfair the market town, Hoodwill the wizard, and so on and on and on... The trek to the wizard's evil castle to liberate the Crown is cut and dried, the epilog is tedious, none of the characters seems too bright, and there isn't a surprise in the book. It might be acceptable for 10-year-olds; certainly not for anyone older.

THE ALTORAN CREED, by Terence Cockburn [Dobson, \$5.25] I shouldn't look a gift book in the context, but my reaction to this was that I'd never realized before that the English were bringing out Badger Books in hardcovers. It is, if you'll believe me, an overthrow-the-matriarchy story, complete with noble hero, gorgeous heroine (who fall into each other's arms immediately, thus saving the author from having to think up reasons why they should), villainous Councilwoman/Police Chief, noble Elder, etc. It's so Britishly bad, though, that it was interesting to read. (British bad books are usually different from American bad books.) Besides being unintentionally amusing.

TRIQUARTERLY 49 [Northwestern University] A large literary magazine, this issue devoted to science fiction. It includes an outstanding 72-page article by Algis Budrys, verse by Thomas Disch, novel excerpts by Samuel R. Delany and Ian MacMillan, and short stories by Gene Wolfe, Craig Streeter, Michael Swanwick, Thomas Disch, and Ursula Le Guin. The Budrys item is worth the price, Wolfe is a bonus, and some of the others (though not all) are readable.

ACTION STORIES [Odyssey Press, \$4.50] An anthology from the magazine, with stories by Nelson Bond, Lester Dent, Albert Richard Wetjen, and various lesser-knowns. Not particularly good, but enjoyable enough if you have taste like mine, and don't expect too much out of it.

THE MOON'S FIRE-EATING DAUGHTER, by John Myers Myers [Starblaze, \$4.95] A sequel to SILVERLOCK, as the publisher proudly tells you on the cover. As usual with sequels, it's not nearly as good as the original. Myers is working mostly with a very free interpretation of Babylonian mythology, which is interesting enough. Writing style is 1920s jazzy, which may be exotic to some readers and incomprehensible to others, but simply annoyed me. Once the first couple of chapters are out of the way, however, either Myers Myers settles down a bit or I got used to his phrasing, because it didn't seem quite as obtrusive after that -- though it was never as funny as Myers obviously thought it was. Basically humorous, with a lot of barroom verse included; I can see folksingers mining it, though there's nothing as good as "Orpheus's Song" from SILVERLOCK. As in the original, Myers introduces a whole hodge-podge of characters from mythology and literature, and part of the fun is knowing (or trying to figure out) who they are. Not exactly my cuppa, but undoubtedly interesting for the really intense SILVERLOCK fans and moderately amusing to the general readership. Worth your money.

DREAM PARK, by Larry Niven and Steve Barnes [Ace, \$6.95] Another novel about an extrapolated wargame (or, more specifically, a questgame). The game's background may well be fascinating to some readers; since I already knew enough to keep the surprises to a minimum it was less fascinating to me (and that sort of game has never been particularly fascinating). So I was rather bored by the whole thing, but I have no idea how a more game-fantasy-oriented person would react. The writing itself is quite good enough, as can be expected from Niven.

WHISPERS III, edited by Stuart David Schiff [Doubleday, \$9.95] This time, only five



stories -- "The Dead Line" by Dennis Etchison, "Heading Home" by Ramsey Campbell, "Who Nose What Evil" by Charles E. Fritch, "A Fly One" by Steve Sneyd, and "The Button Molder" by Fritz Leiber -- are from the magazine. The others seem to be original: "King Crocodile," by David Drake, "The Door Below" by Hugh B. Cave, "Point of Departure" by Phyllis Eisenstein, "Firstborn" by David Campton, "The Horses of Lir" by Roger Zelazny, "Woodland Burial" by Frank Belknap Long, "The River of Night's Dreaming" by Karl Edward Wagner, "Comb My Hair, Please Comb My Hair" by Jean Darling, and a verse, "The Final Quest" by William F. Nolan. Drake, Zelazny, and Eisenstein are excellent, most of the rest are quite readable, Campbell, Long, and Sneyd producing the only duds. (Though Leiber manages a story that keeps you reading, despite the fact that there's really nothing there.) Overall: a good horror-fantasy anthology, and as I recall, much better than the second book in the series.

CHANGELING, by Roger Zelazny [Ace, \$6.95] Interesting concept; a child from a family of sorcerers is expelled into our world, and exchanged for his counterpart, who turns out to be a mechanical genius. MADWAND, by Roger Zelazny [Ace, \$6.95] Two square pegs in round holes. Eventually the mechanic becomes a menace and the magician is recalled to deal with him -- dragons against robots, spells versus ray guns. It's not at all believable (it postulates that all the good parts of our natures are hereditary and the bad parts environmental) but it's different and entertaining. In the sequel, MADWAND, it's just a battle of sorcerers, without the interest of the first book. (Though the artwork, by Judy King Rieniets, is far superior to Maroto's work in CHANGELING, and superior to almost all the other Ace trade editions. The book is worth getting for the art, if not for the story.)

NO-FRILLS SCIENCE FICTION [Jove, \$1.50] A buck and a half for 58 pages of print is not quite the sort of savings one expects with a no-frills purchase; one ends up getting all of the disadvantages without the single advantage. Other than that, it's not a bad parody space-opera, and rather obviously intended that way, so it's a fairish job of writing. Of course, it's not exactly a good parody, either; "mediocre" seems an apt term. I suspect it may become a collector's item, but if you're buying it to read...don't.

AT THE EYE OF THE OCEAN by Hilbert Schenck [Timescape, \$2.50] It looks like Schenck is going to join Kangaleski as one of my favorite new writers. This book mixes a large amount of history (background is an 1830s abolitionist family living on one of the islands off Cape Cod) with a small amount of fantasy. I'm not sure what the author's point is (surely not that marriage destroys the creative drive?) but I was so fascinated by his method of getting to it that I don't really care. It's essentially religious, and the fantasy concerns the powers of an emerging messiah -- who never quite emerges. Lovely book.

RESURRECTION DAYS, by Wilson Tucker [Timescape, \$2.25] I think I'd have liked this one even if the protagonist hadn't been a good old boy from Hartford City who wakes up in the far future and muses over how this isn't what Pastor Coulson told him the hereafter would be like. It's out-and-out adventure, and I suppose that the shriller feminists will complain about it, but it's highly entertaining even if I don't think that future society would work the way Tucker shows it. All too often these days, stf is uplifting or psychological or whatever, but it's not fun. This one is fun.

THE MAN WHO CORRUPTED EARTH, by G. C. Edmondson [Ace, \$2.25] This is one of the 1980 books that I couldn't bear to put away without reading. It's essentially the story of a modernized D.D. Harriman. The business background is not always convincing but is always entertaining, and the characters are all intriguing -- in more ways than one. The entrepreneur trying to keep his company afloat, the space pilots trying to stay alive while locating something of value for the company, the modern Arab trying to convince his brother the sheikh that the West has more to offer than petrodollars, and so on. Recommended, if you can still find a copy.

KING DAVID'S SPACESHIP, by Jerry Pournelle [Timescape, \$2.95] Was that title selected



with malice aforethought to drag in money from saucer nuts? It has very little to do with the story, which concerns the efforts of a planet that has been forcibly re-integrated into the Empire to get a better deal. (I did like the idea that they're not even trying for independence; they just want higher status for their citizens, a much more possible goal. And even it requires much finagling, derring-do, and outright luck.) Pournelle solves the political problems neatly, and the spaceship of the title is primitive, possible (I think), and surprising. Excellent book.

LONG SHOT FOR ROSINANTE, by Alexis Gilliland [Del Rey, \$2.25] Interesting way to do a sequel; much of the book covers the same events as THE REVOLUTION FROM ROSINANTE, but from the opposition viewpoint. (One suspects that the two were originally designed to be one book.) There is additional material in the later chapters. On the whole, not quite as good as the first book, but still well worth reading.

A DREAM OF KINSHIP, by Richard Cowper [Timescape, \$2.50] Sequel to THE ROAD TO CORLAY. The further unfolding of the new religion. This is very much a middle book in a series; the background was laid in the first book, and the conclusions -- if any -- will be in a future one. This presents filler material, an enlargement of the characters, and questions without as yet any answers. It does it very well -- better than Tolkien did in the middle book of his alleged trilogy -- but however entertaining it is, there does seem something lacking. It's recommended reading -- but read THE ROAD TO CORLAY first.

PEREGRINE: SECUNDUS, by Avram Davidson [Berkley, \$2.25] Avram waits long enough to continue his series; PEREGRINE: PRIMUS was published in 1971. Still, the second book is now out, leading to some hopes that the story might eventually be finished. Peregrine is an adolescent nobleman, off to seek his fortune in a sort of alternate-world Middle Ages. This, of course, is also a middle book in a series, but with Avram the overall plot is of less importance than the enjoyment of the language and amusement at whatever is going on in the current paragraph; it's not necessary to hunt up a copy of PRIMUS before enjoying this one. Humor is hard to find in sf and fantasy; it's here in good measure, so treasure it.

IN THE HANDS OF GLORY, by Phyllis Eisenstein [Timescape, \$2.75] I think Phyllis is having fun here. I've read that plot by about every writer in the business from Heinlein on down; the Imperial warrior who meets and is seduced (mentally) by the beautiful, compassionate Rebel, joins the rebellion, and leads the masses to Freedom. Phyllis's only change is to make the warrior female and the rebel male, and I must say I enjoyed it thoroughly, as nostalgia, as a parody, and as an adventure story. The writing is excellent. Anyone who enjoyed Heinlein's REVOLT IN 2100 and sneered at some of the lesser imitations should have great fun with this one.

LORD DARCY INVESTIGATES, by Randall Garrett [Ace, \$2.50] Four novelets of the detective who lives in a world where (if I recall correctly) the Plantagenets retained control of a combined France and England -- and where magic works. Garrett is one of the very few authors who can write believable supernatural detective stories. These four -- "The Ipswich Phial," "A Matter of Gravity," "The Sixteen Keys," and "The Napoli Express" -- aren't his best, but they're very good. Highly recommended.

THORN, by Fred Saberhagen [Ace, \$2.75] Another other volume I read because I knew I'd like it. This is another in Saberhagen's series about Dracula. None of the sequels has been anywhere near as good as the first volume, but they're all entertaining. Saberhagen has an interesting idea about semi-vampires in this one (but if you're a purist about the legends you won't like it), but the basic characters aren't all that interesting. In fact, the flashbacks to Dracula's pre-vampiric life were far more interesting than the current-story plot, and an entire book about them would have been better than the one produced. Still, I rather enjoyed it; it's a long way from a great book, but it's quite readable.

UPSIDE DOWNSIDE, by Ron Goulart [DAW #467, \$2.25] Typical Goulart humor, which is slick and moderately funny. Though I must say the bit about "Ellison's Syndrome" was



hilariously funny, to me, at least. I hope Harlan is a friend of Goulart. (And to think Don Wollheim is the editor who lectured Gene and me on the amateurishness of Tuckerisms and his unalterable objections to them. Depends on who's doing it, I guess...) Anyway, it's a slick, fast, sometimes funny book, and recommended.

NEW VOICES 4, edited by George R. R. Martin [Berkley, \$2.25] Original stories by the winners of the John W. Campbell Award -- interestingly, I doubt if Campbell would have bought a single one of these (and I rather wish that Martin hadn't). Includes "Blue Champagne" by John Varley, "Entertainment" by M.A. Foster, "The Pilgrimage of Ishten Telen Haragosh" by Arsen Darnay, "Psiren" by Joan Vinge, and "M Is For The Million Things" by Tom Reamy, plus loads of introductions, afterwords, and other nonessentials. I dunno; when a volume has 4 out of 5 stories by some of my favorite authors and I still don't finish a story in the book...well, Varley, Vinge, and Reamy are acceptable; they're just not terribly interesting. On the whole I'd give this one a D for Dull.

THE ICE IS COMING, by Patricia Wrightson [Del Rey, \$2.25] Two fantasies based on THE DARK BRIGHT WATER, by Patricia Wrightson [Del Rey, \$2.25] the folklore of the Australian aborigines. Wirrun is educated in white ways, but also knows the lore of the tribes, and uses it to help put down a threat to the world in the first book, and to settle a spirit dispute that is disrupting outback life in the second. They're well-done, and the supernatural elements are far different from the usual US fantasies. Originally I believe they were published for teenagers, but that shouldn't stop adults from liking them. Nice Whelan covers on both books.

HOUSE OF THE WOLF, by M. K. Wren [Berkley, \$2.75] I missed the first two books of this novel, but the publisher nicely includes a synopsis of previous installments for people coming in late. (An innovation in book publishing -- though it's copied from magazine serials -- that I wish more publishers of continued novels would adopt.) This has been called a "family saga" but it isn't; it's a big, sprawling novel in three books, in which the overthrow-the-dictator plot has been filled out in mainstream style with the greed, corruption, heroism, dedication, and love affairs of a vast number of characters, many of them members of one noble family. I was surprised to find the plot and background so thoroughly science-fictional, since the covers don't give all that many clues that it's science fiction at all. The books cover some 15 years' time, and do it rather completely; it's not a multi-generational epic (which I thought it was when I started it). Not precisely my type of book, but well enough done for what it is.

WITHOUT WARNING, by Fern Michaels [Pocket Books, \$2.50] I was interested in seeing what a noted author of romances could do with a supernatural terror novel. Not much, as it turns out. The idea -- a girl with precognition of disasters -- is interesting if not original, but the overall book is rather pedestrian. Not exactly bad, but a trifle dull; there are better books to spend your money on.

THE SWORD AND THE SACHEL, by Elizabeth Boyer [Del Rey, \$2.25] Two books that are THE ELVES AND THE OTTERSKIN, by Elizabeth Boyer [Del Rey, \$2.25] not part of a series, but which have the same general pseudo-Scandinavian background. Both are intended as somewhat humorous adventure. SWORD has a lovely first paragraph but goes downhill from there; the characters are all idiots (even the wise old wizard is wise and idiotic by turns, depending on what the plot requires) and are overly cute and more than a little stereotyped. Interestingly, the second book comes across much better. Where protagonist Kilgore in SWORD is bumblingly stupid, Ivarr in ELVES is an averagely intelligent young man trying to get out of the mess he's in, and if the elves tend to be overly cutesy they also provide some real humor. ELVES gets a qualified recommendation; SWORD doesn't.

THE PURGATORY ZONE, by Arsen Darnay [Ace, \$2.50] I rather like the idea of a "retrograde" who doesn't turn out to be the Saviour of His Civilization, but I wasn't that fond of the way it was developed. Adventure as a Learning Experience...I just couldn't get interested in it. (Maybe I'm pro-violence? Not really; I did enjoy the



ideas behind the book, just not the action in the book.)

THE RING OF ALLAIRE, by Susan Dexter [Del Rey, \$2.50] Various people told me nice things about this one before I read it, but while it's well enough done it didn't move me much. The apprentice magician who must locate the Hero and rescue the Maiden, which acts will Save the World. It's technically good enough, despite a certain lack of originality, but it isn't exciting. None of the characters seemed very believable, except possibly the cat. (It was good enough to keep me reading to the end, but not good enough to make me all that happy about having done so.) Very mildly recommended.

FROSTFLOWER AND THORN, by Phyllis Ann Karr [Berkley, \$2.25] The feminine and the feminist? Sorceress and swordswoman, anyway. A long book, 275 pages of very fine print. Basically it's the story of how two very different personalities learn to work together, while defending each other from outside threats. Moderately barbarian background, but somewhat better realized than most. Interesting ideas.

THE HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY, by Douglas Adams [Pocket Books, \$2.50] This is what all the excitement is about? This assortment of mediocre farce and halfwitted humor? Adams has one original idea -- the Improbability Drive -- and uses it the way any mainstream author would, to allow anything at all into the story. Which kills all the humor immediately; it's the unexpectedness of the humorous phrase that makes it funny, and by the very nature of his plot, nothing at all can be unexpected, because everything is possible. The results are at least short (but a sequel is on the way) and very boring. Large numbers of fans seem to have found it hysterically funny; maybe they find idiocy amusing. Lots of people do. Maybe the original radio show was funnier, but I must say reading this has made me even more reluctant to sample the show than I was to begin with. I say it's garbage and I say the hell with it.

DAYSTAR AND SHADOW, by James B. Johnson [DAW #427, \$2.25] The future barbarism, or perhaps semi-civilization. Two humans mingle with alien life-forms (mutations?) and discover the secrets of autism, and begin their task of saving the world. It's a good adventure story, as long as you don't take it -- or the examples of autism given -- at all seriously.

THE FORMER KING, by Adam Corby [Timescape, \$2.50] A lovely cover tempted me into reading this one -- the subtitle ("Canto One of the Doom-Quest of Ara-Karn a dark romance") very nearly dissuaded me. As it was, I didn't get far; the opening seemed incredibly boring, and skimming several sections didn't give me much hope of improvement.

BREAKING OF NORTHWALL, by Paul O. Williams [Del Rey, \$2.25] Future barbarians in the wreckage of the U.S. It seems well enough thought out but I failed to find any interest at all in the characters and gave up on it. Hero seemed far too noble to be entertaining, though I'm sure some readers will enjoy the assortment of tribal culture presented.

THE CACHE, by Philip José Farmer [Tor, \$2.50] A novelet, "The Long Warpath," and two short stories, "They Twinkled Like Jewels" and "Rastignac the Devil," "Warpath" is barbarian adventure, "Jewels" is a stf gimmick story, and "Rastignac" is stf-adventure with a Problem incorporated. None are exactly prizewinners; all are interesting, and it's a varied assortment.

THE DARK BETWEEN THE STARS, by Poul Anderson [Berkley, \$2.25] Short story collection. "The Sharing of Flesh," "Fortune Hunter," "Eutopia," "Pugilist," "Night Piece," "The Voortrekkers," "Gibraltar Falls," "Windmill," and "Call Me Joe." Most of them pose problems about life, human relationships, the uses of power, and so on -- and most have remarkably nasty answers. I particularly enjoyed "Windmill," a story of the Maurai Federation that I hadn't previously read; these few stories are among my favorite Andersons. But most of the rest repaid me for rereading them. Copyrights are 1957 to 1975; if you haven't read the stories previously, this one is a bargain.

OUT THERE WHERE THE BIG SHIPS GO, by Richard Cowper [Pocket Books, \$2.50] Includes



the title story, "The Custodians," "Paradise Beach," "The Hertford Manuscript," and "The Web of the Magi." All of them fascinating stories; the title story's depiction of "The Game," "The Hertford Manuscript"'s chilling account of time travel gone wrong, the illusion of the beach and the weird reality of the Magi. This is very possibly the best paperback of the lot, this time.

OUT OF THE EVERYWHERE, by James Tiptree, Jr. [Del Rey, \$2.75] One original story here: "With Delicate Mad Hands" (a novelet of interplanetary romance, more or less). Reprints are "Angel Fix," "Beaver Tears," "Your Faces, O My Sisters! Your Faces Filled of Light!," "The Screwfly Solution," "Time-Sharing Angel," "We Who Stole The Dream," "Slow Music," "A Source of Innocent Merriment," and "Out of the Everywhere." Mostly, they aren't my favorite Tiptree stories (despite the fact that most of them are wryly downbeat). But "Screwfly" and "Merriment" make the package worth the price -- that and the lure of a previously unpublished story. Recommended.

SANDKINGS, by George R. R. Martin [Timescape, \$2.75] The title story, plus "The Way of Cross and Dragon," "Bitterblooms," "In the House of the Worm," "Fast-Friend," "The Stone City," and "Starlady." Martin's stories are always enjoyable, but seldom memorable; I'm always reluctant to start a new one, despite knowing that I'll probably like it when I do. Strange; I think maybe it's because his ideas are fascinating but his characters aren't. Anyway, this book is typical; the stories are well written and interesting, and I find it difficult to work up much enthusiasm for them. Obviously a personal problem; try the book and see what you think. Certainly the title story and "The Way of Cross and Dragon" are memorable to me (I'm not sure if this means they're much better or much worse than the rest).

THE BEST OF RANDALL GARRETT, edited by Robert Silverberg [Timescape, \$2.95] I'm happy to see, in this cover and that of SANDKINGS, that Rowena Morrell is doing something besides scantily-clad females. The covers are excellent, as hers usually are. This book alternates stories by Garrett (and a few verses by Garrett) with material about Garrett. (Or in the case of Gordon Dickson's article, an item about Willy Ley in which Garrett is mentioned.) Fiction includes "The Hunting Lodge," "The Waiting Game," "No Connections," "The Best Policy," "Time Fuze," "A Little Intelligence," "The Eyes Have It," "The Spell of War," and "Frost and Thunder." Verses are three of his best examples of translating a novel into Gilbertian. (or Newman Levyan, to be more precise) verse: "The Caves of Steel," "The Demolished Man," and "Three Hearts and Three Lions." Material about Garrett is by Phil Farmer, Marion Bradley, Isaac Asimov, Poul Anderson, Larry Niven, Ben Bova, Norman Spinrad, Frank Herbert, Anne McCaffrey, Harry Harrison, and Gordon Dickson. The stories are good; never quite brilliant, but good. The verse is brilliant. Other material is generally funny and provides a good look at Garrett. Overall, a reasonably good collection.

THE BEST OF HARRY HARRISON [Timescape, \$2.95] Includes "The Streets of Asheklon," "Captain Honario Harpplayer, R.N.," "Rescue Operation," "At Last, the True Story of Frankenstein," "I Always Do What Teddy Says," "Portrait of the Artist," "Not Me, Not Amos Cabot!" "Mute Milton," "A Criminal Act," "Waiting Place," "If," "I Have My Vigil," "From Fanaticism, or For Reward," "By the Falls," "The Ever-Branching Tree," "Brave Newer World," "Roommates," "The Mqthballed Spaceship," "An Honest Day's Work," and "Space Rats of the C.C.C." Harrison comments on each story. My problem here is that I like Harrison best when he's turning out entertainment -- hackwork, if you will -- and he of course prefers his stories dealing with Significant Problems. (I have no objection to that sort of story, but I don't think his are all that good.) So, at best, a mediocre selection from a good writer.

FANTASY ANNUAL III, edited by Terry Carr [Timescape, \$2.95] "The Crate," by Stephen King, "Collaborating" by Michael Bishop, "Fate's Purse" Russell Kirk, "The Things That Are Gods" by John Brunner, "Flop Sweat" by Harlan Ellison, "Rent Control" by Walter Tevis, "The Button Holder" by Fritz Leiber, "The Extraordinary Voyages of Amélie Bertrand" by Joanna Russ, "Eumenides in the Fourth-Floor Lavatory" by Orson Scott Card, "The White Horse Child" by Greg Bear, "Trill Coster's Burden" by Manly



Wade Wellman, "Pie Row Joe" by Kevin McKay, "The Ancient Mind At Work" by Suzy McKee Charnas, with comments by the editor. A fair enough assortment but no brilliance. Charnas' vampire tops the list, followed by Kirk, Wellman, Tevis, and King in more or less that order.

THE YEAR'S BEST HORROR STORIES SERIES IX, edited by Karl Edward Wagner [DAW #445, \$2.50] "The Monkey" by Stephen King, "The Gap" by Ramsey Campbell, "The Cats of Pere Lachaise" by Neil Olonoff, "The Proper Bequest" by Basil A. Smith, "On Call" by Dennis Etchison, "The Catacomb" by Peter Shilton, "Black Man With A Horn" by T.E.D. Klein, "The King" by William Relling, Jr., "Footsteps" by Harlan Ellison, and "Without Rhyme or Reason" by Peter Valentine Timlett. The problem here is that most literary horror bores me, and of course horror stories have little else to recommend them; if they don't at least give you a chill there's no reason for them to exist. I went through all these, and now a month or two later I have only vague recollections of what they were all about.

THE GREAT SF STORIES 6 (1944), edited by Isaac Asimov and Martin H. Greenberg [DAW #461, \$2.95] On the other hand, I read most of these 30 years ago and can still remember them. Stories are "Far Centaurus" by A.E. van Vogt (highly original ideas: not much story), "Deadline" by Cleve Cartmill (the atomic-bomb story that brought the F.B.I. down on Astounding), "The Veil of Astellar" by Leigh Brackett (the pull of humanity in the worst of us), "Sanity" by Fritz Leiber (the relativity of sane behavior), "Invariant" by John R. Pierce (the standard human being), "City" by Clifford Simak (the clash between people and progress), "Arena" by Fredric Brown (future trial by combat; a hoked-up version was used on "Star Trek"), "Huddling Place" by Clifford Simak (the unwillingness to leave home hits me where I live, if I may be permitted so atrocious a play on words) I've always had empathy for the protagonist), "Kindness" by Lester del Rey (the last human and his successors), "Desertion" by Simak (men are adapted to walk on Jupiter but don't come back -- I remembered this one for years without being able to recall who wrote it; glad to see it again), "When The Bough Breaks" by Lewis Padgett (why there are no supermen today), and the two stars of the anthology, "Killdozer" by Ted Sturgeon and "No Woman Born" by C. L. Moore. Overall, I don't think this one is quite as good as previous volumes in the series, but it's got some outstanding stories in it.

DRAGONS, by Pamela Wharton Blanfried [Warner, \$2.75] Subtitled "An Introduction To The Modern Infestation," it's a pretty good parody of various popularizations of natural history (and pseudoscience), complete with drawings, charts, and photos. (Some of the photo captions are the best parts of the book.) The history of modern dragon resurgence -- which began in 1967 -- has a few flaws in it, a major one being that no believable explanation is offered for the failure of heat-seeking missiles to destroy them. The section on anatomical and behavioral characteristics isn't as good as Dickinson's FLIGHT OF DRAGONS, but it's enjoyable. An entertaining book.

#### REPRINTS

AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS, by H.P. Lovecraft [Del Rey, \$2.25] Two volumes of the modern master of horror. MADNESS contains 4 of his longer works; the title story, which is a short novel, "The Shunned House," "The Dreams in the Witch House," and "The Statement of Randolph Carter." TOMB includes 13 stories, 4 fragments of stories found in his papers, and a chronology of his work. None are particularly outstanding examples of Lovecraft's work, but they're a good enough sampling.

THE WORD FOR THE WORLD IS FOREST, by Ursula K. Le Guin [Berkley, \$2.25] Her prize winning novella about xenophobia. A skinny book, but an excellent story.

THE BROKEN SWORD, by Poul Anderson [Del Rey, \$2.50] It's fashionable these days to provide the characters in medieval fantasies with the motivations of modern humans. Anderson's trolls, elves, Aesir, and people are as they are depicted in the eddas, and this novel of a changeling's vengeance is as brutal as any viking could wish.



TOMORROW IS TOO FAR, by James White [Del Rey, \$2.25] Time and space-travel the hard way. Interesting.

CITY, by Clifford Simak [Ace, \$2.75] A collection of stories, rounded into a not-quite-novel by additional notes between stories, and it tells of the end of Man and the civilization of Dog. Most of the stories were written in the 1940s; in this edition, "Epilog," from the 1970s, is added. This one was already a classic when I discovered science fiction.

RED SHIFT, by Alan Garner [Del Rey, \$1.95] Three men -- or one man in three incarnations -- in three time periods, striving for something (Meaning?) and not succeeding. One should probably read this one several times to find out what's going on, but I didn't, despite the fact that I think it's a fine book. Not at all a juvenile, as Garner's other books have been.

MARTIANS, GO HOME, by Fredric Brown [Del Rey, \$2.25] One of the more amusing -- and classic -- alien invasions in sf history.

ICEWORLD, by Hal Clement [Del Rey, \$2.25] Nearly all Clement's novels are classics, In this case, Earth is the iceworld to a group of aliens.

BEAUTY, by Robin McKinley [Pocket Books, \$1.95] Interesting; not a new edition, but a reissue of the original paperback. Story is a fairly imaginative retelling of "Beauty and the Beast."

POLICE YOUR PLANET, by Lester del Rey [Del Rey, \$2.25] I see "Erik van Lhin" has been dropped entirely in this edition. I've always liked this straight adventure story of a tough security officer working the slums of Mars.

THE WORM OUBOROS, by E.R. Eddison [Del Rey, \$3.95] The classic story of war in Fairyland (which Eddison first calls Mercury). I read this years ago and enjoyed it, though it would be improved by the removal of Lessingham as Observer, since the author forgets about him anyway before the end of the second chapter. It should go well with the current craze for heroic fantasy, though the language might be difficult for the younger generation. (Before anyone asks, no, I did not learn it in the cradle.)

INTERSTELLAR EMPIRE, by John Brunner [DAW, \$2.50] A short article on "swords and spaceships" fiction, and three novelets, "The Altar on Asconel," "The Man From the Big Dark," and "The Wanton of Argus." Brunner isn't quite the expert at this sort of thing that Leigh Brackett was -- well, neither is anyone else -- but he does an enjoyable job if you like blasters and gore...and I sometimes do.

WHERE LATE THE SWEET BIRDS SANG, by Kate Wilhelm [Timescape, \$2.50] Isolation and differentness introduced into a utopia of clones. Outstanding novel.

THE BLUE STAR, by Fletcher Pratt [Del Rey, \$2.50] The author's second-best fantasy novel, on an alternate world where witchcraft and magic exist. (A common background now, but Pratt was writing in 1952.) An interesting novel; not a great one.

SPACE SKIMMER, by David Gerrold [Del Rey, \$2.50] The joys and problems of togetherness. (Togetherness carried to extremes, in fact.) Some folksong material in here.

THE SILKIE, by A.E. van Vogt [DAW #465, \$2.25] Typical van Vogt ideas; superminds, destruction of the universe, etc., not to mention his ideas on human and nonhuman mentalities. I started it once, but never got far.

UNDER PRESSURE, by Frank Herbert [Del Rey, \$2.50] The novel that made Herbert a moderately big name in sf; a spy story of the future, with fascinating gadgetry and an interesting problem.

WOLLHEIM'S WORLD'S BEST SF, SERIES FIVE [DAW, \$2.50] Originally the 1976 volume. Wollheim's introduction is probably more interesting than the stories, viewed from 5 years later. Silverberg had just announced that his next sf novel would be his last. (I just today received his most recent one, 1982 copyright.) Ellison had



announced that he was quitting stf -- again -- and intended to write a mainstream best-seller. (It's taking him awhile.) And Barry Malzberg had also announced that he was leaving the field. (All these bombastic announcements of leaving stf are highly amusing when contrasted to the authors who simply did leave, quietly and without fuss -- Alfred Coppel to write numerous successful secret-agent and mainstream novels, Michael Shaara, who won a Pulitzer Prize with a history, and a few others. Like everyone else, some authors talk and some act.) "World," in this volume, means England and the U.S. Stories are "Catch That Zeppelin!" by Fritz Leiber, "The Peddler's Apprentice" by Joan and Vernor Vinge, "The Bees of Knowledge" by Barrington J. Bayley, "The Storms of Windhaven" by Lisa Tuttle and George R. R. Martin, "The Engineer and the Executioner" by Brian Stableford, "Allegiances" by Michael Bishop, "Child of All Ages" by P. J. Plauger, "Helbent 4" by Stephen Robinett, "The Protocols of the Elders of Britain" by John Brunner, and "The Custodians" by Richard Cowper. Vinge, Tuttle/Martin, Plauger, and Brunner remain excellent stories; the Cowper remains interesting. The rest didn't impress me.

GALAXY, Vol.1, edited by Pohl, Greenberg, and Olander [Playboy, \$2.50] I reviewed the GALAXY, Vol.2, edited by Pohl, Greenberg, and Olander [Playboy, \$2.50] hardcover a while back. 25 stories, a Budrys column, an index to the magazine, and comments by Pohl and Alfred Bester, plus comments by the authors on most of the stories. A few classics; most stories are good but not outstanding. If you haven't read them previously, it's an excellent anthology.

THE CLAW OF THE CONCILIATOR, by Gene Wolfe [Timescape, \$2.75] Beginning of the best stf novel I've read in years. Get it, even if you will require 3 other books before you can finish the story.

THE DEMOLISHED MAN, by Alfred Bester [Timescape, \$2.75] Another printing for a classic novel now 30 years old. Worth reading, but surely you already have, haven't you?

THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD, by H.P. Lovecraft [Del Rey, \$2.25] WARD is a short THE LURKING FEAR AND OTHER STORIES, by H.P. Lovecraft [Del Rey, \$2.25] novel; not outstanding Lovecraft, but unusual for its length. FEAR includes some of his best stories, such as "Shadow Over Innsmouth," and several that aren't all that great. A fair assortment of horror.

#### NON-STF

IN JOY STILL FELT, by Isaac Asimov [Avon, \$9.95] The second installment of the autobiography, bringing things up to 1978. Still mostly concentrated on the writing, still enjoyable (though the list of publications does get a bit monotonous after a while -- or maybe I'm only envious). I'll be interested in the next installment, though; I was enough interested in this one to actually buy a copy, when nobody sent me one for review.

ON WRITING SCIENCE FICTION, by the editors of Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine [Owlswick Press, \$17.50] Former editors, now; and I suspect the magazine may take a turn for the worse because of that. However. The book would seem to be arranged well. After the basic material, each section comprises an article on some aspect of writing, and a story or two illustrating that aspect. Divisions are Ideas, Conflict, Character, Plot, Background, Science, Tragedy, and Humor. (Yes, all stories have all of those aspects except the last three, but they don't have all of them in equal amounts.) Then there are final chapters and appendixes on the mechanics, from type of paper to author's rights, and the mechanics of editing such as proof-reading. Everything seems to be adequately covered, and the questions asked by most beginners are answered.

THE SHUDDER PULPS, by Robert Kenneth Jones [Plume, \$4.95] But I picked up several sale copies at 6 for \$5. For me, the book contained too many quotes from pulp stories and not enough publishing facts. But then, I know what the stories were like; I've read quite a few of them. I suppose for a modern reader wondering what pulp fiction was really like, this would serve. (Very few of the stories from the weird



science magazines have ever been reprinted; you buy the original or a few limited-edition anthologies, or you do without.) This contains excerpts, lots of cover pictures (reproduced in black and white) and a few interiors, and some publishing history.

LIFE IN DARWIN'S UNIVERSE, by Gene Bylinsky [Doubleday, \$17.95] Speculations on evolution and how it might work in other environments. Various interesting possibilities, and examples from Earth's varied environments, illustrated in color and black and white by Wayne McLoughlin. Should be of interest to writers -- particularly beginning writers -- wishing to construct aliens, as well as readers interested in zoological oddities.

ASIMOV ON SCIENCE FICTION, by Isaac Asimov [Doubleday, \$14.95] Asimovian essays on sf in general, the mechanics of writing, history of sf, comments on writers and fans, some reviews of specific productions, and a few personal notes. Many of them are from Asimov's Magazine, but others are from such little-known (to the fan) pubs as Prism, Panorama, and a Caedmon recording of "Frankenstein," so a fair share will be new to even the well-read fan. I did like one particular comment on the mechanics of writing: "The feeling I have is that my correspondents think there is some magic formula jealously guarded by the professionals but that since I'm such a nice guy I will spill the beans if properly approached." Juanita encounters the same attitudes. (I don't, probably because my reputation is of someone who will tell the questioner to bug off.) Enjoyable; probably informative to a newer reader.

THE ESSENTIAL GUIDE TO HOME COMPUTERS, by Frank Herbert [Pocket Books, \$5.95] As I know little or nothing about the subject, I can't say how good this one is. It seems to be highly informative, and since Juanita has been considering buying a computer "some day" for awhile now, it will go into our reference shelf. It tells what computers do, somewhat of how they do it, lists addresses of manufacturers and magazine publishers and provides a few sample programs, plus a glossary. There are descriptions of certain types and models of computers -- some of these will be outdated by the time we actually do buy one (if we do), but it seems an excellent starting point.

THE OUTSIDER AND BEYOND, by Clifford P. Bendau [Borgo Press, \$2.95] A critique of the work of Colin Wilson. Bendau has a much higher opinion of Wilson than I do, but given that, his comments seem fairly logical. Presumably a useful volume for academics.

THRASHIN' TIME, by Milton Shatraw [American West Publishing Co., \$5.95] But I got mine remaindered, for much less. Reminiscences of growing up in Montana in the early 1900s. Sometimes humorous, generally interesting. The author's father raised cattle and grain on a "ranch" near the Blackfoot Indian reservation; in some ways an ideal location and time period for a small boy.

THE SANDS OF DESIRE, by Julia Hastings [Rhapsody Romances #1, 99 cents] I'm always interested in new publishing methods -- sometimes to the point of wasting 99 cents on one. This "full-length" novel is 70 pages long, tabloid-sized, and printed on tabloid paper, with numerous full-color photos as illustrations. Plot and writing are probably no worse than the average modern romance, but certainly no better. An original idea, anyway; I don't know how they're selling, but the last one I saw was up to number 30-something. Nor do I know where they're selling; it's an odd size for a magazine rack. (I got mine in a local drugstore, which is the only place I've seen them.)

THE LAND KILLER, by Lee Hoffman [Doubleday, \$7.95] But it's a 1978 book, so it's probably only available in used book stores now. A somewhat different Western, as Lee's usually are; her protagonist is a German immigrant who has made sufficient money in ranching to send back to the old country for a wife. Who turns out to be not precisely what he wanted... Plus the usual greedy land baron who covets the protagonist's ranch, of course. The big bet that the plot hinges on doesn't seem very logical, but then people did things like that. (Still do, for that matter.) I enjoyed it.



SAVANNAH GREY, by "Georgia York" [Fawcett, \$2.75] Lee's latest novel, a historical romance set in the South during the Civil War. As usual in these things, nobody is very bright and everyone is highly emotional; the heroine comes across as at least more intelligent than her idiot cousin (which isn't hard) or most of the other characters. Lee does manage to convey the idea that southern aristocrats of the period believed some of the damndest things. Entertaining mostly to people who can appreciate the little snippets of real history Lee sticks into odd corners where the editor won't notice them.

FINAL DOORS, by Joe L. Hensley [Crime Club, \$10.95] Collection of Joe's short mystery and science fiction stories, most of which I hadn't read before. Two, "Rodney Parrish For Hire" and "Do-It-Yourself," were written in collaboration with Harlan Ellison; one, "Pride in Performance," was written with Gene DeWeese. Others are "Trail Tactics," "The Calculator," "Paint Doctor," "Deadly Hunger," "Widow," "Fifty Chinese," "One Will Too Many," "The Chicken Player," "The Curly Caller," "Killer Scent," "The Iron Collector," "Lord Randy, My Son," "Shut the Final Door," and "The Difference." Almost none of these are the classic "detective story" that I read occasionally as a boy. Most involve crimes of one sort or another; quite a few involve lawyers, not surprisingly. There's a good variety, and I enjoyed the book, though not as much as I do Joe's novels.

THE ARMY OF MARIA THERESA, by Christopher Duffy [Hippocrene Books, \$1.750] Fascinating account of the Austrian Empire, particularly the military arm, from 1740 to 1780. One wonders how the army functioned at all. "No other army of the time could have produced a column of regiments chattering variously in German, Czech, French, Flemish, Raeto-Romance, Italian, Magyar, and Serbo-Croatian, and all passing in review under the eyes of a general who was cursing to himself in Gaelic." Coverage is extensive, from the varieties of the artillery to the mechanics of military procurement to descriptions of tactics and campaigns. Absolutely fascinating book. (And apparently part of a series, so I'll have to be on the lookout for other volumes.)

SWORDS FOR HIRE, by Shelford Bidwell [John Murray, originally \$15, remaindered for \$3.95] Accounts of the European mercenaries who fought for the various Indian rajahs, nizams, etc., in the 18th Century. Most wordage is expended on two of them: George Thomas, who jumped ship in 1781 and went from beach bum to king in 18 years; and Benoit de Boigne, a thorough-going professional who served in the armies of Sardinia, France, Russia, the British East India Company, and various semi-independent branches of the disintegrating Moghul Empire, became commander and organizer of the Army of Hindustan, quit while he was ahead of the game and retired to his native Savoy and a distinguished old age. De Boigne was one of the few who did make his fortune and retire -- dreams of still more glory and/or wealth kept most of the mercenaries including Thomas in India until they fell from power and/or were killed. Another completely fascinating book, with some interesting "if's" for alternate worlds; with a little luck, some of those rather shaky Indian states could have remained independent.

AT THEM WITH THE BAYONET, by Donald Featherstone [New English Library, 40p] A not very good account of the First Sikh War. Coverage of battles and tactics is thorough but dull. Recommended only for devoted history buffs.

BASIN AND RANGE, by John McPhee [Farrar-Strauss-Giroux, \$10.95] A marvelously entertaining account of the geology of America. (If that doesn't sound like an entertaining subject, read McPhee and learn.) McPhee has a way with terminology: "...a lake itself is by definition a sign of poor drainage, an aneurysm in a river..." There are side tracks: "Mammalian species last, typically, two million years. We've about used up ours." And a short account of the works of James Hutton, who not only helped originate the science of geology but in 1795, in a treatise on agriculture, wrote that "the form best adapted to the exercise of the instinctive arts...will most certainly be continued...and will always be tending more and more to perfect itself by the natural variation which is continually taking place." (He died before completing the manuscript, and it wasn't published for 150 years, or we might be talking about Hutton's Theory of Evolution instead of Darwin's.) Marvelous book.



SONGS MY MOTHER NEVER TAUGHT ME, by John J. "Jack" Niles and Douglas Moore [used, \$4] Basically World War I songs; some now famous, most still obscure. I'm sure the lyrics are somewhat expurgated; in 1929, they would have had to be. This is probably the first publication of "Venezuela," where Niles credits it to Barbadoes sailors. A few possible filking items here.

MEADOW-SONG,, by Phyllis Ann Karr [Fawcett, \$1.95] Picked this up after talking to Phyllis at one of the cons this year and discovering she wrote romances. It's a fairly typical Regency except that, in keeping with the author's interests, much of the plot revolves around music and musical instruments.

TIFFANY'S TRUE LOVE, by "Zabrina Faire" [Warner, \$1.75] Two fairly typical Regencies. PRETENDER TO LOVE, by "Zabrina Faire" [Warner, \$1.75] I enjoyed PRETENDER more because it has more touches of humor and some nicely ridiculous situations. Main interest in TIFFANY is that the hero is a Jew; quite enough to make him ineligible in Regency society. (Yet such romances obviously did happen.)

THE INVISIBLE WORLD [Houghton-Mifflin, \$25.00] Inspired by the TV show, this is an absolutely marvelous volume of photographs of objects invisible to the naked eye. Photos were taken through microscopes, telescopes, by X-rays (and one by cosmic rays), by heat waves, sound waves, stroboscopic "stop-action" methods, and schlieren techniques (whatever those are). Most impressive to stf-fans would be the "microscapes," almost any of which are better than the average artist's concept of an alien landscape. Book is 9x12", 160 pages, with about 1/3 color photos and the rest black and white. No text; just photo captions. This one goes into our art-book section. The price may discourage some of you from buying it for yourselves, but go nag your local library into getting a copy or two. It's well worth looking at. Some of the photos are familiar, but most are unusual -- and gorgeous.

HEGATE'S CAULDRON, edited by Susan M. Schwartz [DAW #469, \$2.95] Original anthology of witch-fiction. Due to my slight overweight problem I can't give it a bad review; it might be considered the pot calling the kettle black. (Didn't think I'd have the gall to use that one in public, did you, Susan?) Seriously, it's quite an enjoyable book, from the excellent Whelan cover to the last story. Fiction by Jane Yolen, Tanith Lee, C.J. Cherryh, Andre Norton, Diana Wynn Jones, Jessica Salmonson, Jacqueline Lichtenberg, Galad Elflandsson, Jean Lorrain, Charles Saunders, Katherine Kurtz, Diana Paxson, and Jayge Carr, with introduction and bibliography by the editor. I suppose technically Paxson or Yolen has the best story, and I liked both of theirs, but my own favorite is Lorrain's hysterically funny "Witch Fulfillment." (Hysterically funny if you know a fair amount about ST fandom; still reasonably funny if you don't.) Weakest of the lot by Kurtz, Saunders (but the African background makes his interesting, anyway), and, surprisingly, Norton. Rest of the stories are entertaining if not overly memorable; I do wish Tanith Lee would quit trying to be a feminine Clark Ashton Smith, but her story is good enough under all the exotica. There isn't really a bad story in the lot, which makes the collection very nearly unique.

NEPTUNE'S CAULDRON, by Michael G. Coney [Tower, \$2.25] I don't normally even get Tower books, but I picked this one up to get a closer look at the absolute hideousness of the cover (easily the worst paperback cover I've seen in the last 5 years) and there was Coney's name. So I bought it. Unless I missed something subtle, it's pretty much a straight adventure novel; not typical Coney at all. But a very well done adventure, and they're hard to find. I liked it, though Coney rings in changes on so many adventure-story clichés that I had this suspicion that I was enjoying the satire for the wrong reasons. Anyway, he does provide a logical plot, and I highly recommend the book to fans of adventure-stf.

OTHERGATES #3, 1982 (Unique Graphics, 1025 55th. St., Oakland, CA 94608 - \$5.00) Ed. by Millea Kenin. This was in the fanzine column the last time around, but...It's a market guide to science fiction magazines, pro and fan. A 168-page book, listing title, editor, address, type of material wanted, pay rates if any, and other items of interest to would-be authors. All magazines listed alphabetically, with various cross-indexes by circulation, pay rates, nationality, type of material. Useful and neatly organized.



# GRUMBLES

Jaan Kangilaski, 417 South 11 Street, Philadelphia PA 19147

Many thanks for the copy of the September issue of YANDRO and for the -- shall I say perceptive and sensitive? -- comments about my writing. Reviews like that warm the cockles of a writer's heart. I was particularly gratified to hear that my attempt to convey the feel of 16th Century northeastern Europe was successful. I have a tendency to carry on, to lecture, and some have suggested that the story suffered from too heavy a burden of background information.

That background is historically accurate, allowing a certain Estonian nationalistic bias. I wanted to assure you of that, since very little about it has ever been written in English. There are histories of Estonia and Latvia, by Uustalu and Bilmanis, both out of print, and some recent books by William Urban about the Baltic Crusade of the 13th century. But there seems to be no comprehensive history of the so-called Livonian War (it lasted from 1558 to 1583) in any language -- though it generally gets at least a couple of chapters in any biography of Ivan the Terrible.

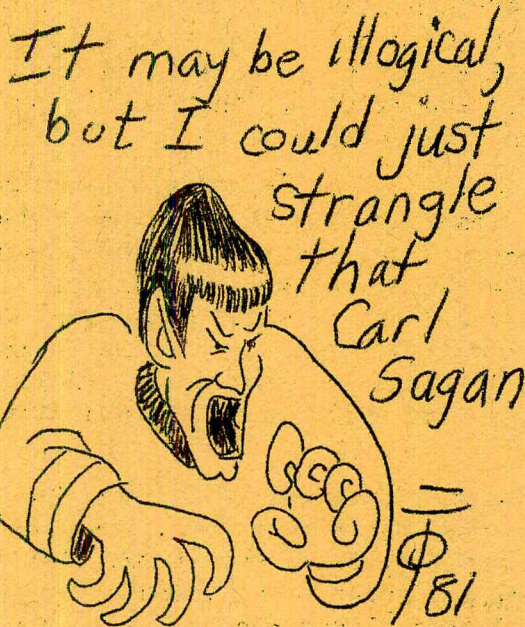
One reason I did not refer to the Tsar by that name is that he was not known as the "terrible" until some years later. I have always disliked historical novels in which the characters know what the future holds in store -- as well as characters who are essentially modern people dressed up funny and armed with swords. Poor Will Pyle had no idea what the Elizabethan age was going to be like and he's likely to be equally ignorant if he continues adventuring in the Baltic during the later stages of the war. (I have not quite figured out how he'll fit in.) Only Reinhard's forebodings about the four-sided war (Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, in various combinations) are going to come true -- but then that would not have been so hard to foresee.

Here I am, lecturing. I'd better quit. Again -- I do appreciate the review. And I would like to set the record straight: Jaan Kangilaski is definitely male; "Jaan" is the Estonian way to spell "John" (the "J" is pronounced like "Y"), and even though

this has led to some confusion every now and then I've never seen any point in changing my name. The blurb in HANDS OF GLORY is entirely accurate about my background, and it is beyond me how Ms. Schaub deduced from it that I must be female.

[[From a second letter]]

Since I am sounding off -- and need a break from working on a technical report; I'm a free lance science writer -- You might be interested in the mythological background of the Seeking Sword. As far as I know, there is nothing exactly like it in mythology; the nearest parallels are the sword of Kullervo in the Finnish Kalevala, the sword of the Estonian epic hero Kalevipoeg (p. 126 of SEEKING SWORD), and good old Tyrfring in Scandinavian songs and tales. There's a poem about how Hervor





went to get the sword from her father's grave that's one of the finer samples of weird writing I've ever seen (a lot of libraries still have Du Chaillu's THE VIKING AGE, and it's quoted in there). All three of these swords seem to act by themselves; they are not agents of a higher power.

Some scholars think that Kalevi-pöeg and Kullervo are identical on one level, but that is neither here nor there.

A lot of shamans claimed the power to "project" their souls (and they believed they had anywhere up to six or seven souls, some of which seem to have corresponded with what we would call personality) into people, animals, or inanimate objects. There are echoes of that belief all through European folklore -- all those assistants of the youngest son of the king who could see things 100 miles off, and so forth. Even the East European werewolf -- usually a very different creature from the Wolf Man in movies -- has been explained on the basis of that belief.

You can see how that ties in with Seppius. All the specific bits of information are my invention, sort of. The discussion about the name is real stuff. As for St. Anscar, the poor chap did see visions when he had fits, but what he saw has not been recorded. An earlier Irish saint named Fursey (about 700) had a vision of hell much like the one Dante wrote about, so I assumed that Anscar's visions would have been along the same lines. Sort of a Zeitgeist effect, y'know. There is a place named Plön in Holstein, and a priest of Plön who lived around the time of my fictional Sir Minferth wrote a history of how the Germans conquered the coastal areas of what is now East Germany from the pagan Slavic tribesmen (Obotrites, Liutici, etc -- Berlin, by the way, is a Slavic name). So, since somebody had to write the SOMNIUM SANCTI ANSGARII to provide veiled answers for future generations, why not a Clerk of Plön? (I like the sound of the name.)

You get me started and I can't quit., I'm not surprised that you didn't know about the Livonian War. It is usually described as the unsuccessful attempt of Ivan to create an outlet for Russia on the Baltic, or words to that effect. Peter the Great, who succeeded in the effort more than a century later, called it "hewing out a window opening on Europe." His war to do that lasted from 1700 to 1721; the actual fighting in Estonia and Latvia ended in 1710 when the last Swedish garrisons capitulated and were allowed to sail home. That was a pretty gruesome affair too, but that's another story.

I've wished that somebody did write the history of the Livonian War, but I'm not sure I'd be qualified. There is one scholarly American book, THE RISE OF THE BAL TIC QUESTION by Walter Kirchner, but what's almost unreadable, even for me. Actually the old BRITANNICA, under "Estonia" and "Latvia," gave a pretty good brief account of what happened in that part of the world.

[[Well, I find the whole thing fascinating. Any readers who don't are obviously Not The Right Sort. RSC]]

Susan Shwartz, 409 East 88th Street, 5A, New York NY 10028

Well, I survived my job trial, so I can count, at least, on a next paycheck. Very

*I'm so charming,  
good-looking,  
well-bred,  
witty, and  
intelligent  
that I'm  
also  
disgusting*



*To the  
Sagan  
himself  
This is  
intended  
as a more or  
less gentle poke in the ribs.*

*Φ81*

*a Cosmopolitan  
guy*



pleasant indeed. You'd like the copywriters. They're mostly medieval history buffs. Today's coffee conversation was Agincourt, again. I suggested someone bring in a new battle, so one brought up the Punic Wars and Cannae. I brought up Manzikert, when the Seljuk Turks took a Byzantine Emperor captive. Shameful indeed. He was betrayed. (Oh dear. Can you tell I'm researching again? Byzantines are decidedly neat.)

That's a great article about you two and the sinking farmhouse. If you feel it going down for the third time, for God's sake send out the YANDROS first. It may be a reprieve, and if it isn't we'll all have something to cry on.

I do not understand one thing. You have the reputation of being rather rough, and, judging from the sort of "feminist" stuff getting circulated, they'd say that you and I wouldn't get along at all. Ditto Robert Adams. Ditto Jerry Pournelle. But I get along with all of you a whole lot better in person and by letter than I do with some of these ideologically more likely types. Very odd. Do you suppose I'm a closet right-winger or something? I don't think that the radical feminists like me.

Buck, you know why people put university affiliations after their names, don't you? So they can show it to the university and get tenure or raises or some other brownie points. Not to brag. I just got invited to contribute to a Spenser Encyclopedia, and wrote the man back on company letterhead; we'll see if he dumps on me because I haven't got a university. Lately my boss is introducing me to people as "Dr. Schwartz." Propaganda value. When I'm "Dr." I have to sit and be decorous and not say a damned thing unless I can quote statistics. What a fake!

On Wednesday night I went to an NYU lecture. Tom Wolf and Edgar Mitchell of Apollo 14 were speaking on the space program. The reception was lavish and free -- from an open bar to pastry wrapped hors d'oeuvres, which is always a good sign -- and the speeches were marvelous. Mitchell is very much into what I can only describe as the human potential movement, and was explaining how we must be worthy to go into space. Wolf mentioned that what NASA lacks is philosophical underpinnings worthy of the stuff that it does, and told some good stories. Mitchell floored everyone with the phrase, "well, when I got back to this planet.." Both men are courteous and charming. By that I mean that they talked to me, shook my hand, and signed the copy of THE RIGHT STUFF I'd bought at the Air and Space Museum. After a Worldcon, I have very little reticence about asking people to autograph stuff.

The SFWA party wasn't bad. It just wasn't good. I think that the problem is calling it a party. It's not. It's work, with booze and potato chips added.

I suppose when young man sees young blonde woman, and thinks she wants to learn to write, the temptation to lecture a bit is strong. You should have been around the time I batted eyelashes at Don Kingsbury and asked him to explain narrative hooks. I needed them explained, believe me; but he's good-looking, so that didn't hurt either -- to the visible annoyance of a sixteenyear old boy who wanted to discuss serious things, and here was this damned girl...

Strangely enough, people around here do read. Odd things. You'll see a decorous woman who looks like a Bronx housewife coming home from work absorbed in something having to do with leather and chains, or a young black man you wouldn't want to see near an alley or your apartment building absorbed in a medieval romance. A sizable proportion of romances, SF, best sellers, and newspapers. People read to anesthetize themselves against the subway. Very necessary. The women in my office read like crazy; so do the men.

My anthology is beginning to hit the stands, and I'm very excited about that. You can imagine. Good, bad, or indifferent, it's still my first book, and that's special. I daresay I'll get into awful trouble from some people. What the hell. If they hurt my feelings, I'll cry.

[[Excerpts from several letters. (Susan complained last time when I mentioned how many letters, so I won't do it this round.) I don't have any problem getting along with feminists; I probably get along with them better than I do with Pournelle. (Salmonson excepted, of course.) Susan's anthology, HECATE'S CAULDRON (DAW), has a marvelous cover and the first half of the stories are okay (a more official review will be along when I get the whole thing read.) RSC]]



John Brunner, The Square House, Palmer Street, South Petherton, Somerset TA13 5DB  
United Kingdom

It's always a pleasure to see Yandro, especially when it arrives on a day when I'm not actually working on a story so that I can take time to comment on it...

One thing people ought to bear in mind about surface mail is quite simply that every year sees a reduction in the number of ships crossing the Atlantic. I was once told by someone working in the Post Office that whereas the surface mail used to be carried by scheduled liners (in our case, like the Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, they weren't "S.S. Such-and-Such", for Steamship, but "R.M.S. Such-and-Such", for Royal Mail Steamer, and no doubt the US Post Office had similar arrangements), so that one could rely on a transit time of under a week port to port, now there's virtually nothing left except unscheduled freighters which often postpone their departure because of late-arriving cargo, and the mail has to take its chances.

If I had a few hundred thousand quid to play with, and what someone who reads Yandro might do if he/she is in that fortunate position: I'd buy a surplus Boeing 707 -- currently going cheap at about £120,000 -- and set up a service called TRAMP: Trans-Atlantic Mail for Parcels. I'd send the plane on a circular route around major European cities picking up packages small enough for airlifting from the respective national postal services exactly the way a tramp-steamer used to collect cargo, with no guarantees of precise delivery times, but the assurance that once the plane was loaded it would cross the ocean and hand over the packages to the US mails in the normal way, at a rate between full airmail and ordinary surface mail.

I'd organise someone in the States to operate the corresponding service within North America, so that when my plane returned it would also fly with a full load, to be dropped off as it were at Oslo, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Hamburg, Paris, and London -- and perhaps Dublin. A secondary service could maybe cover Istanbul, Athens, Belgrade, Rome, Marseilles, Madrid and Lisbon. Result: reduction in transit time from several weeks to, at worst, several days -- less rapid but more affordable than existing airmail services.

How about it, you millionaire SF fans?

Thanks for noticing some of my books again. I'm sorry PLAYERS AT THE GAME OF PEOPLE didn't hit you as hard as it did some other people; still, retelling the Faust legend is always a dicey business...

I think the point of Ethel Lindsay's letter was not the cost of your car-license (which works out to about \$2 per week for the year) but the cost of the work which had to be done on her car to make it fit to pass its roadworthiness test. Remembering all too clearly the state of some of the rolling wrecks one used to see in Britain before the test was introduced, and not wishing to meet one of those coming at me out of control on the wrong side of the road, because a bald tyre had skidded or a brake-pipe had burst or monoxide from a split exhaust had sent the driver to the land of nod, I'm much in favour of the test, which is applicable to all cars over three years old. Repair charges, though -- ouch!

But under our present government (which has a bad case of the "It didn't work last time but our theory says it should have done so we'll go on doing it until it does work" syndrome) inflation is necessarily rocketing while the level of production falls, inflation is stuck back in the double figures from which the last Labour government had managed to drag it down -- took 'em almost five years, but they managed it somehow -- and the level of taxes goes up. I was not at all surprised to see from the paper this week that the level of national taxes is now 17 times that of rates, which are local taxes levied essentially on property-values and go to fund local services such as schools, street-lighting, sewage, and the like. And this damned government, which came to office with a promise to cut public spending, is upbraiding local councils for extravagance, while vastly increasing its own demands. Value Added Tax was 8 percent under Labour; the Tories promptly put it up to 15 percent. I'm paying more tax now (proportionately) than ever before, thanks to a party which claims to be on the side of the small businessman!



[[The airline proposal sounded better when I got the letter than it does now, after Laker's collapse. When Federal Express can advertise (and presumably collect) overnight delivery for \$9.50 per envelope, I begin to doubt that companies care much about cost-cutting; speed is All. (Probably one reason why Japan is taking our markets.) Maybe there would be enough intelligent people to support a low-cost but slower air delivery, but I wonder. RSC]]

Joe L. Hensley, 2315 Blackmore, Madison IN 47250

I had a call from Andy Porter last night and missed it. He told Charlotte that someone is trying to trademark the word "fanzine", which might make for an interesting law suit.

The Lilly Library at I.U. is sending two people down next week to go through my letters and manuscripts. They already have some stuff, but now want the rest. There are a lot of Coulson letters in the mess. I can see some scholar, fifty years hence, trying to figure out what it was all about. Frightening.

Gene Wolfe, PO Box 69, Barrington IL 60010

Getting someone's goat is a borrowing from French, where it harks back to the time when a milch goat was the most valuable portable property of most French families. If you got a Frenchman's goat, he put a knife under his blouse and went to get it back.

What's funny about magicians in the Old West? It was full of them -- every Indian tribe had at least one.

Yes, the Hyatt Regency Chicago (site of the 1982 Worldcon) has those suspended walkway things. I don't think I would stand under them a lot. A while back the city was threatening to rope off part of the lobby if the hotel wouldn't let the city inspectors check the plans. Can I say the hotel caved in? Anyway, they gave the city the plans; but the thing in KC may have been caused by deviations from the plans there. Certainly, there seem to have been some deviations.

Lee Hoffman, 350 NW Harbor Blvd, Port Charlotte FL 33952

YANDRO 253&254 (wow!) arrived this ayem and I've been browsing through ever since. I've got a whole lot to comment on, but not yet. For the moment what I want to do is reply to your review of ACT OF PIRACY by Frank O'Brian before it slips my mind. With luck, I'll get off another letter later on the rest of the issue (or parts thereof).

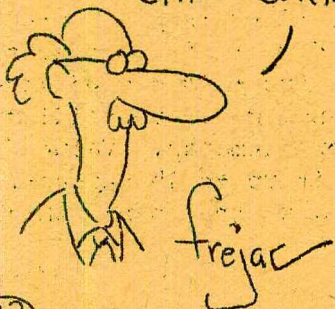
The incident O'Brian based his book on (I haven't read the book, but can guess from your review) is recounted briefly (but amusingly) in SEA ROGUES' GALLERY by Gordon Newell (Copyright Canada 1971 by Superior Pub. Co. of Seattle, Wash.) which was available a while back from PBC. According to the notes, portions of the story were published in TRUE MAGAZINE under the title "Steamboat Round the Horn" and the book PADDLE-WHEEL PIRATE from E.P. Dutton & Co. (If you find a spare copy of the latter anywhere, I'll be glad to take it off your hands when you're through with it.)

I dunno whether my favorite episode from the brief account was in O'Brian's book or not, so I'll quote it here for you:

"...the New World had no papers and no legal standing.

"The resourceful Wakeman corrected that situation when he arrived at Rio. As soon as his steamer was anchored he ordered a boat lowered, tucked an empty tin box under his arm, and was rowed ashore. As the boat approached the crowded landing place, the captain clumsily fell overboard, to the delight of many witnesses on shore. Wakeman came up without his tin box, and when the United States Consul heard of

WHEN IT COMES TO  
CURMUDGEONS NO ONE  
CAN CURMUDGE LIKE BUCK





this unfortunate mishap he kindly provided the captain with a new set of papers to replace those supposedly lost in the sunken tin box."

[[Anyone who can lay hands on either book mentioned is herewith notified that I'm interested..RSC]]

Steve Simmons, 8858 Saline-Milan Rd., Saline MI 48176

I saw a good one in the paper the other day. It seems that a rather elderly man (80+) accidentally ran down his wife with his car. His excuse was that he was looking for his false teeth at the time and couldn't see her. Since his teeth were later found under the front seat of their car there was some reason to believe him, but police have not decided whether or not to press charges.

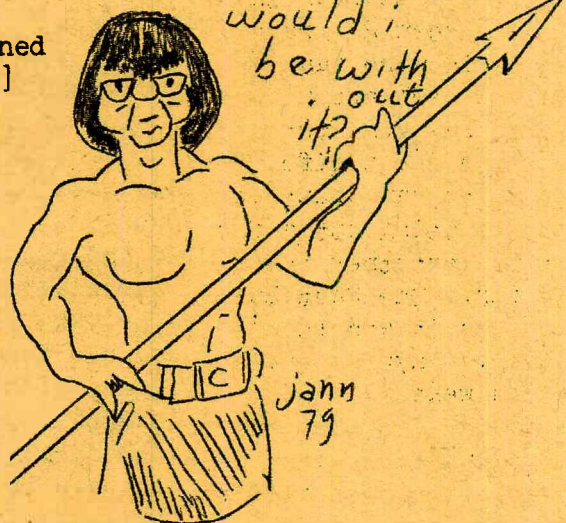
Now you can say what you like about Beam's Choice, but I must rise to the defense of Coors -- or at least the Coors I had in California between 1970 and 1975. I found it an excellent light beer. It was neither bitter nor sweet, with an almost delicate taste. I had some recently, and have a hard time believing it's the same beer. Yeech. Ah well, thus passeth the things of youth, or something like that.

But speaking of Beam's, Marty Burke has recorded "Tullamore Dew" as written by yours truly. I knew he'd been using it in the act, but didn't know it was on tape. He's now got ex-post-factor permission to do so, too. Not that he really needs it, since it's not copyrighted (copywrite?), but it's nice to get it all legal.

Your item on the 13 Baptist ministers being arrested for carrying handguns into Canada has a few more kickers to it. It seems that there has been a bit of a local controversy raging here over pay TV and Customs. There is a pay TV station in Detroit which will rent you a decoder box to watch their alleged "first-run" movies. This sort of operation is not legal in Canada, which is just a few miles from the transmitting tower. So department stores in Windsor are doing a landoffice business in selling decoder boxes. The station went to Canadian court and U.S. court to try and stop it. The Canadians laughed them out of Ontario (justly so), but the U.S. court ruled that Americans could be prevented from bringing such boxes across the border, and a local law was promptly written to that effect. The result -- several American citizens have been arrested, briefly jailed, and threatened with thousands of dollars of fines for smuggling and attempted theft of services. On almost the same day, the ministers were arrested for illegal possession of handguns and attempting to get them across the border. Their punishment -- a warning from the judge. Meanwhile, the television watchers are awaiting trial.

[[Neither; it's "copyrighted. (Right as in inalienable, not write as to inscribe.) Don't think I tasted Coors between 1970 and 1975. Wish I hadn't tasted it after that. Nice to know the US courts are upholding Right (not Write) and Justice.RSC You lost me when you said "light" beer. Blech. I'll order Michelob (not, emphatically, Michelob Light) in a bar at a con, say, when I'm unsure about the local brews and they have nothing but nationally-available popular brands on hand. But that's as light as I go. Heineken's Dark is a bit mild. Stroh's Bock is getting into the right territory. Things like Foxhead, which Dean Grennell used to buy at a small, since-gobbled-by-bigger-brewery Wisconsin firm, were exactly my speed. I deplore the current American boom in "light" and "low calorie" beers. If you're worrying about calories, why are you drinking beer at all? I suspect the light beer fad is a result of hype and a sheep-following-the-leader tendency on the part of drinkers who never really liked beer in the first place. Lo how the mighty have fallen, etc... JWC]]

Heroic Fantasy...  
where the hell  
would i  
be with  
it? out





Dave Rike, Box 11, Crockett CA 94525

Yandro arrived a day after your postcard. I sent away for a couple more fmz the same day I did yours but have yet to hear from them. Of course it might be that you remembered me from the 50's while, to them, I'm just something from outer space.

It's been 20 yrs or more since I last saw a copy of Y but I think that it has gotten a bit more faanish over the years. My main feeling is that of curiosity since I haven't been around for awhile and I don't fully know what's happening yet save that fandom has gone thru quite alot of changes.

Since I'm a life member of the NRA, joined up around 16 years ago, I have a few things to say about your discussions of guns. Enough in fact that I've even thot about putting out a fmz devoted to the subject, or at least a column on it once I get my Gestetner overhauled and running once more. Does anyone put out a gun-reloading fmz? The Cast Bullet Association's Fouling Shot is the only thing that comes close to it and they're oh so very sercon like the science hobbyists of early 30's fandom. Anyway, while I can see a reason for requiring someone who's carrying a concealed weapon to have a license with background check, the process should be conducted on the same basis as applying for a driver's license: you have to pass a written exam and a field test demonstrating your ability to use the car/gun. I'm against having to have a firearms ID card or license to purchase/possess a firearm. It's too easy to get fouled up in bureaucratic red tape. New York is a good example, especially NYC, for awhile the police swamped with six month backlog of uncompleted applications just decided not to accept any more because they were "overworked." In Massachusetts they have the (I believe it's called) Fox-Hartley Law where you have to have a license, renewable every year or two, in order to possess a firearm. So a Proposition 13-like measure passed which puts a limit on taxes and when it came budget-trimming time the cops up and said they can't renew the gun owners' licenses because they didn't have the manpower. So, ok, why not allow the licenses to be good until a violation disqualifies a person from having one? Reasonable, no? NO-No-No-way said the bureaucrats. Emergency legislation was passed to extend the licenses for awhile but that is just a stop-gap measure that doesn't solve the problem of such Catch-22's. Reports from Washington, the paper of the NRA's Institute for Legislative Action, is quite informative on this and other matters.

Enclosed is a photo taken back in 1980 of my son Darius and nephew Derek (since they've been raised together they act in many ways like brothers) at the Richmond Rod & Gun Club during their summer visit from Laramie WY. They've been around guns all of their lives and they have a healthy attitude about firearms, treating them matter-of-factly with consideration and safety. In contrast there's the four-year old son of a woman Betty, Donna, and I have known in Berkeley since the 60's. (Betty is Darius's mother while Donna is Derek's.) He was sent to this child-care center which is full of typical Berkeley spacey liberalism. Sugar is bad for you, "natural" foods are good, jogging and bicycles are good while autos are bad, and naturally guns and wars are bad. So Aiyana, Derek's older sister, came out to Berkeley and stayed with Sarah and her son, babysitting him and helping out once or twice at the child-care center before getting a job of her own. And she tells me this: Sugar is bad alright but in order to get the kids to "be good" they have to bribe them with candy; Whole grains don't cut it with them; and they all the time go running around going "bang-bang-bang, rat-a-tat-tat" forming "guns with their hands and fingers. Well, children will be children, especially when their parents sit 'em in front of a TV set at night while they are at some community or political or other meeting or out getting high somewhere. When Brian, Sarah's son, gets home and becomes upset at Mommy or someone he "playfully" attacks the person by stabbing her on the leg with a rubber knife or "shooting" her with his cap pistol. Even at that age if Derek or Darius did that I'd slap 'em one. They never did and I've never had to raise my hand at them. This child-care center or Brian's mother was conditioning the kid to consider a firearm as an appropriate instrument of aggression to intimidate others with. This is the sort of macho bullshit these people supposedly deplore and yet they create and nurture it.

Of course the source of the problem goes deeper and starts with one's style of



child-raising from infancy on, and continues through adolescence.

I thot JD was ok stuff when the Detroit SAPS fans (Devore, George Young, and Roger Sims + Art Rapp) brot some out with them to the SFCon in 1954. In fact it was the best whiskey I had tasted up to that time, far better than Cream of Kentucky which I had been drinking from '48. Since that time JD has been sold to some corporate conglomerate and with their "bottom-line" mentality the quality has suffered.

I don't think the comparison is valid...I mean that doing "killer" reviews will just give you a rep and make you stand out at a con; maybe people will party with you in the hopes of getting a good word from you next time. But for a young girl, say 10 or 12, who's just starting going out with boys it'd be the kiss of death if they found out she did any type of reviews, much less killers. Put yourself in the guy's place: if she does reviews that could be all sorts of bad ju-ju, she might even be wired and her mother will play the whole evening's date back to the PTA with a demand that they stop all of those low-riders, why just listen to what they did last Friday night.

It's offensive for someone to wave a piece around in your face. In fact, if this has been going on for some time, I'm surprised that someone didn't get fed up with that shit, take the gun away from the guy, and if he wanted it back, bend him over and put it where it would be out of sight and stay that way. I know that if someone tried to play games like that at an NRA or Soldier of Fortune convention they wouldn't get away with it.

[[My incredible speed of reply is (he says modestly) due solely to my having caught up with chores and correspondence due to having been snowed in for several days. (Let's hear it for blizzards!) I did recall your name, but you and Pete Graham and one or two others were just names; fanzine adjuncts to people I knew personally like Terry Carr and Bill Donaho. Don't think we ever met or corresponded. Any teenager with enough self-assurance to date either of the Miesel girls isn't going to be bothered by a few reviews. He'll have too many other things -- like their self-assurance -- to bother him first. RSC]]

Dave Piper, 7 Cranley Drive, Ruislip, Middlesex HA4 6BZ England

I'm about a quarter into THE SHADOW OF THE TORTURER and it's just...just...amazing. I echo your comments here (I think). Certainly looks as if it's gonna turn out to be the best series ever. Fascinating. Seems fairly typical Wolfe (well, in respect of my reaction/enjoyment of/towards it, in that I can barely make out what's happening but whatever it is it's just...just...!)

Er, like, boss, I'm not sure if I should have the temerity to say this but your little squib in 'reviewing' White's DEADLY LITTER certainly indicates (to this reader, anyway) (and, bearing in mind that it's years since I read the book and although I have it still I just ain't got the heart to re-read it before making this comment ...so I might, just might, conceivably be slightly in error here...but...) that you didn't re-read it before commenting as I'm fairly sure that it/they are not about 'interplanetary medicine'. In fact, I think it's just about the only collection White's put out which doesn't contain any 'medicine' tales. One outa ten I fear, guv.

[[Caught with my self-assurance showing. I'd read the book previously so I flipped it open to check what it was about and the part I read was about space medicine. May have been the only reference in the book, but it was there -- and I jumped to a conclusion. (And missed, and got my boots full of...never mind.) RSC]]

Eric Bentcliffe, 17, Riverside Crescent, Holmes Chapel, Sheshire CW4 7NR, England

My thanks for the solidly entertaining YANDRO compendium 253-4...they don't make fanzines like that these days, hardly, which is why I don't get to write too many loos -- well, apart from lethargy, that's why.

Best single-line AWARD must go to Robert Adair in his film review comment on "Alligator" ... "Depicts interesting, enjoyable sewer system." I like that. They don't hardly ever write lines like that in most fanzines these days, which is another



reason I don't write many locs! Maybe they should have called the film 'Bonovan's Drain', hein?

It sounds like you both had a pretty hectic congoing fannish year since Brighton; I have had the opposite in that I haven't been to a con since. If some of the people who were at Seacon would attend all our conventions now that would make my attendance mandatory but I guess it is a little far for folk like yourselves, Boyd Raeburn, Terry Hughes, Lynn Hickman, et.al. to come for the weekend. Mind you I would have thought that that strange but understandable wild talent possessed by many fans, which enables them to materialise at your elbow whenever it's your turn to buy a round could have been developed into a longer range thing by now. But perhaps it has something to do with the disparate strength of Bheer in the States and those trying to make the 'trip' are ending up in some Ole Cantina south of the border. Yes, that would explain it all. Those persistent border crossers you read so much of are not native Mexicans they are former British fans trying to shake the habit and get to the Midwescon. They don't usually write locs like this these days, do they?

Enjoyed the book reviews, particularly mention of those other than stf that you've been reading such as THE GREAT UNITED STATES EXPLORING EXPEDITION and MR. KIPLING'S ARMY, the sort of thing I'd enjoy getting into myself. Incidentally, I'm still trying to locate a good exposition of the opening up of the Pacific North West by Rail and Steamboat (mit pictures) and if any of your erudite readers can help I'd be obliged. We went to Interlaken in Switzerland for our vacation this year and I've just finished a fascinating account of how they built a steam-railway (in the 1880's) to over 11,000 feet terminating inside the Jungfraujoeh. We made the journey ourselves by the now electric rack-and-pinion and part of the route is tunneled through the Eiger. It's not science-fictional but it certainly stirred my sensawunda.

That was a superb loc from Hoffwoman and her accounting of the lost TV man and deputy great. The sort of thing a really good short comedy could be made from...but hardly ever is. I was particularly taken with the mention of the TV man having a fire under his car. Lovely.

In fact, you have an excellent lettercolumn all round. The way to have a Good lettercol used to be to publish regularly, but that no longer seems to be the yardstick; the Good lettercols now appear only where the editors (people like Frank Denton and yourselves) have a wide ranging field of interests. Of course, they do also have a tendency to attract letters like this.

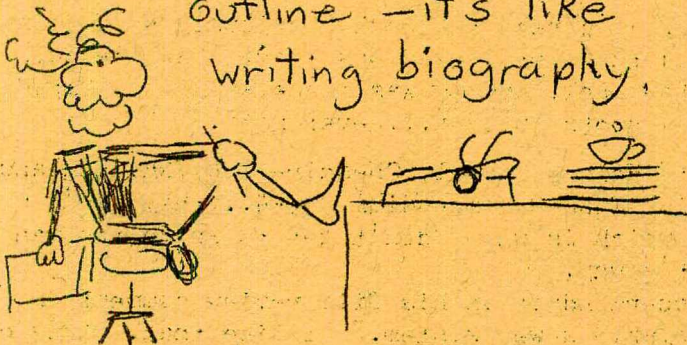
[[This is our Old Crocks Lettercolumn Issue. Of course, Steve is still a Young Crock, but... I checked my library and found nothing relating to steamboating in the Pacific Northwest; I feel let down. (I do have books on steamboating in the Midwest and Pacific Southwest, but that's not what Eric wants.) RSC]]

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

Will attempt to deliver that column to you in the next couple of weeks. I spent my entire vacation in a state of wretched illness, so weak I could hardly wrestle a can of beer open. (A miserable case of the flu is the way I punished myself for not being at work.)

Anyone who suspects that the world is governed by lunatics should be checking out some of our local politics. I think I mentioned last year that the local county jail stopped taking federal prisoners and parole and work release detainees. This past week our county executive Ron Dunlap, running for re-election and speaking before the local chapter of the American Correctional Association, was

That's the trouble with  
working without a plot  
outline - it's like  
writing biography.





confronted by several parole officers who also went to the newspapers.

The county jail now maintains 10 beds for parole violators to be held pending violation hearings. In the meantime, any number of parolees are committing new felonies, bailing out and going over the hill. At the same time the county jail has one man doing jail time for violation of the leash law.

If I were a parole officer making a routine home visit on a person paroled for, say, murder, armed robbery, etc., and found him with firearms in his home (a clear violation of state and federal law as well as the parole contract) there would be no point in arresting him because the county jail would not hold him. The best bet in such a case, I guess, would be to find a U.S. Marshal or ATF agent to pop him for violating federal firearms law. Even then the feds would have to transport him, most likely, to the stockade at Ft. Lewis where, sooner or later, a federal judge would have to let him bail out unless he was also under some kind of federal supervision.

Anyway, Dunlap professed total innocence of this policy and promised to correct any abuses. The next day he announced to the press that he had looked into the problem and found the policy to be a good one. The parole officers who publicized the mess were called to the state capitol and put on the carpet for three hours for daring to let anybody know what was going on. I look forward to voting against Mr. Dunlap.

[[And people still say that handguns cause crime. I don't suppose a rallying cry of Ban County Executives! would work, though. Incidentally, Jim's letter is dated Oct. 31, 1981. No column yet. RSC]]

Maia, 801 S. 18th Street, Columbus OH 43206

I thought you'd be amused to hear of a sign I passed one night on the way home from work:

DRIVE IN  
TOMATOES

I've heard of a house made from a pumpkin shell, but a drive-in tomato? That farmer must win prizes at the county fair!

Actually, the all-time prizing-winning Weird Sign isn't far from where I live; it's a fluorescent storefront 7-UP sign which proudly proclaims, "Full Gospel Church of the Living Savior." I do believe religion is becoming too commercial.

Octocon was the site of the first (I think) bidding party for Columbus in '85. No one from Columbus, needless to say, had a thing to do with this; in fact, the looks on a few faces (Bob Hillis, Larry Smith) were wondrous to behold. I spent a goodly part of the weekend disclaiming all knowledge. It's a pretty good hoax bid, considering no one in their right mind could seriously consider Columbus for a worldcon site anyway. Though while we were discussing it at a COSFS meeting, I asked Lori, "Would you want to help run a Columbus worldcon?" and she promptly answered, "Yes." I wonder about her...

I've come to the same conclusion, more or less, regarding gun control as Buck (though perhaps for different reasons, since I have no particular fondness for firearms). The problem is the violence, not the means of committing the violence; gun-control advocates are trying to treat the symptoms, not the real problem (but the same could be said of most social problems, e.g. busing). But don't get too nasty about liberals -- conservatives are just as quick to sacrifice other people's pleasures -- not even for the general good, but just because they disapprove. Consider, Liberals want to ban guns; conservatives ((of the Moral Majority ilk, who certainly aren't all the conservatives, I admit)) want to ban sex.





I agree with Robert Adair's review of GALAXINA, but I still enjoyed the movie. I ignored the lousy plot, worse acting, etc., and just kept count of the movies it spoofed: ALIEN, GREASE, HIGH NOON, PUTNEY SWOPE...and about 20 others, including TV shows like MISSION:IMPOSSIBLE and SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE. Anybody who can do sendups of all those in one movie has my admiration. The Blue Star (ah-AHHH!) schtick was kind of cute, too. Though it does remind me of a "Frank and Ernest" cartoon: "They must have hated spending \$30 million on that, considering how I felt about spending \$3.00!"

But you have to admit that a successful ban of sex would, eventually, solve all your human relations problems. RSC]]

Bob Tucker, 34 Greenbriar Drive, Jacksonville IL 62650

I was wretchedly ill the week of Windycon, and wondered how many other brave fans and writers also stayed away, or couldn't attend for one reason or another. Was attendance good or bad? Phyllis Eisenstein told me that if she drove down to the hotel, she would park in an underground garage a block or two away from the hotel -- to the south, I think she said. The underground city rate was much cheaper.

But give a lot of thought to the train if you can find a train running next September. I take Amtrak to Chicago, St. Louis, and Kansas City whenever the money is available and am delighted with the new equipment. Taxi fare from the Chicago station to the Windycon hotel is \$3.50.

To your question, lordy no, I've never stuck myself for 38 cons a year, any year. I had 20 last year and was so tired of them all that I am successfully cutting back to about a dozen next year.

[[They just took the bus station out of Hartford City, so getting to Chicon comes down to plane, train, or car. (No, they don't have a commercial airport here, either, but I'm willing to go out of town for plane or train.) Passenger train service in Marion IN is down to 3 times a week, though. Remember when every little burg had a train depot -- and a newspaper? RSC]]

Eric Mayer, 1771 Ridge Road E, Rochester NY 14622

Spent most of last night engrossed in the new YANDRO. It's kind of reassuring to receive a fanzine number 253/254, on the same paper, with the same basic contributors it had when I started in on this hobby 8 years ago. So many fanzines come and go for predictable reasons but I don't have to worry about you getting tired of it all (after 254 issues you're beyond it) or outgrowing it (you should've done that years ago) or gaffiating because of raising a family (you've done it) or because you've become pros (you are) or because it's too expensive (you charge). Well, unless you decide to get that college degree, Buck, and graduate and decide to quit, I guess I don't have to worry about Yandro.

I see you're still grubbling about gun control. I guess if I lived on a farm I'd learn how to use a gun. (It'd take a lot of learning since I can barely hit a beer can with a twenty-two). I'm afraid law enforcement has decayed past the point when you can really count on any help from the legal system. More likely the system will be used to harass you. I was amazed when we visited my parents who live way out in the country to find they leave their doors unlocked. "Everyone out here does," I was told. They also have a couple of rifles sitting against the wall. I don't know what the numbers might be on break-ins in rural areas but I can't help but think that would-be burglars and whatnot must be influenced by the knowledge that the farmers all keep firearms at the ready. Maybe I'm getting cynical from reading too much law. I cover all the criminal cases in the United States District Courts and Courts of Appeal. The largest portion of those cases (not the majority, but the largest group) are those concerning prisoners' rights. It's not that the legal system doesn't try to be fair and logical; it's that it does try but unfortunately criminals aren't fair and logical.



I was given a battery of career orientation tests way back in Junior High. They accurately showed I had no interest in science, which surprised me mildly because I still had half an idea that I at least ought to be interested in science since, at the school I went to anyone with intelligence was pushed in that direction. I was not so surprised to see that communication was high on my interest list but it wasn't first. What the test indicated was my first interest, by far, was "selling." Now that shocked me. I'm certainly not a salesman type, nor a politician. I've always considered myself more an artist. So I figured the test was dead wrong. And here I am in Fandom, writing letters and publishing a fanzine, basically, selling myself.

Our newspaper ran another career test a few weeks back. I took it and was informed that I'd best look for a job as a technical writer. Which is interesting because basically I am a technical writer, albeit in a nonmathematical field. (I tossed in a couple of my notes. Particular (let's try that again) Particularly (I can't pronounce it, either. Maybe that's it. I'm such a lousy typist I hear myself speaking as I type and if I stumble over a word in speech my fingers stumble as well) weird attempts to evade the tax system.

No doubt Fandom will do nothing, consciously, to alter whatever course it happens to be on. That's the nice thing about Fandom. No one controls it. People can go on all they want about standards and who they approve of but all I have to do is find 50 people who want to get the sort of thing I feel like publishing. The only problem that could possibly arise from the whither fandom business is that if too many prominent fans (i.e. visible fans -- no, not as opposed to invisible) come up with too many unappealing whithers those just sampling fandom may be discouraged from joining in and we could miss out on some creative and interesting people who'd be fun to have around. I think that with fanzines becoming less frequent or smaller in circulation there is perhaps more of a chance now for a few people to set some kind of tone for fandom if they put their minds to it. It wouldn't last but, as I said, it might scare a few potential fans away. That's why I don't care for pontification about fandom's past glories and what fans today ought to be doing. Someone new to the hobby will, quite rightly, find such talk plain silly and likely find himself a hobby where his fellow hobbyists don't go on and on about a few amateurs who wrote some articles a few decades ago.

[[Agreed on fandom. The only reason I bitch about costumers at cons is that they get in my way when I'm trying to find someone interesting to talk to. (Perhaps I shouldn't assume that costumers are automatically uninteresting, but the percentage of drek is much higher than in stf fandom.) And no, I am not talking about masquerades but about people who wander the halls trying to look like they dropped in from Tattoolne, or a Galactica set. RSC]]

Kay Anderson, 8386 Hollister, Ventura CA 93004

They predicted a 30 percent chance of showers today, and it started raining at midnight and didn't slack off till 3 pm. It wouldn't impress you much, as rain, but we liked it. It didn't bother the shuttle return, either. It was windy and storm-cloudy at Edwards, and the shuttle made its vital approach turn in a 90 mph crosswind, but it was as flawless as before. One of the commentators said that the huge dignified size of it, sparkling white, coming down the landing strip through a heat shimmer, looks like something out of a dream. Someone else said, at the launch, that with its graceful curves and the white skin, as opposed to the metallic grey rockets, it looks alive.

You can tell when the crowd first catches sight of it at Edwards, in the background, while the commentators are talking, and when it touches down and they see the puff of burned rubber or dust; there's an excited mutter through the crowd, then applause. Three minutes before touchdown, when it was still 30,000 ft up, I heard a sonic boom here, but it may well have been coincidence. We're a fur piece from Edwards, and it comes in from the north, over San Luis Obispo. What's especially exciting to me is how fast it comes in and how big it is.

I guess we'll have passed a milepost and will know it's commonplace when they no



longer take the news cameras out to watch it come home, and when I no longer cry.

One among many things I love about those shuttle launches is the way it starts off with the shuttle on the left, in profile, as seen by most cameras, then when it gets a ways up it heels over to the right, and the whole thing pivots, putting the shuttle under the boosters, like a marsupial baby hanging onto its mother's belly fur. There's an especially lovely shot, too, from an on-board camera, from the first launch, which shows the shadow moving majestically and quite slowly up the gantry tower as it goes up.

We had the big rain-is-coming hoopla on the newscasts again. I don't know what's gotten into those people lately. We always overreact to rain (it isn't much, but it's all we have) but this year the news people have gone bonkers. I think it's an inferiority complex, actually. Our poor weathermen can't compete with the rest of the country on weather, so they hype what they have, in line with Hollywood. No blizzards or freezing rain or record lows for us, so we get hysterical at the sight of a storm front trundling across the Pacific. A front from the Gulf of Alaska was supposed to meet one curling up out of the Sea of Cortez, over us, yesterday afternoon. Not that this would have given us anything more exciting or hazardous than 2" of rain, but let's not mention that. It's Weather, Folks. Instead the northern storm decided to go over the Tehachapis and bother Arizona and New Mexico, so the southern storm went by and curled futilely out at sea. No rain. That was supposed to be that. Only the rest of the week it rained. You should have seen the remote live telecasts, of reporters standing on various highlands saying, "Well, it isn't raining yet, but it sprinkled in Anaheim a few minutes ago, and the clouds are getting dark." One weatherman, complete with unneeded umbrella, stood out in the courtyard of a studio waiting to get rained on while the cameras were rolling.

Speaking of weather, I read something a few years back which mentioned the Great Freeze of 1402, when the climate of England and mid-to-northern Europe changed abruptly. Something like it snowed almost continuously from November to February, and the walls and roofs of everything from hovels to castles collapsed under the weight. Supposedly the climate reverted gradually to something like it had been before, over the next decade or two, but never really became as warm and clement again.

Some film company has been shooting the attack on Pearl Harbor scenes for WINDS OF WAR at Port Hueneme recently. Interesting to see a big line of Zeros on the runway at the Oxnard airport.

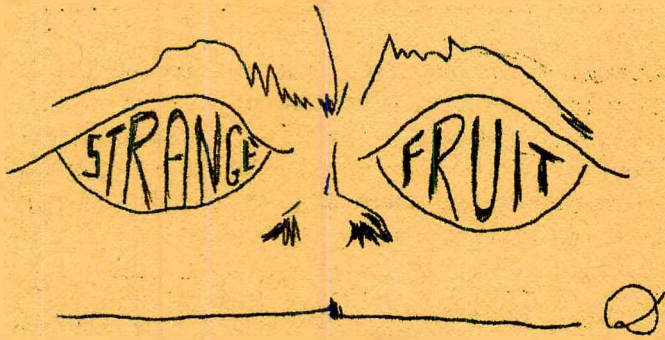
The news just had an item about bikers for Jesus, these guys running around on chopped hogs, spreading the Word of how they get high on Jay-sus. They're part of the Christian Motorcycle Association. I think I just fell into a Goulart novel.

Interesting about the quakes in New England, hmm? One reporter out here was saying that now the East has everything we do and some things we don't, like blizzards and ice-storms. We had a 5.5 quake epicentered 100 miles off the coast near Monterey a few days ago, and evidently no one noticed. The cops and newspapers and seismologists didn't get a single call.

One of our transient herd of possums came ambling up to the side deck at 10:30 am and started eating the cat food. It must be the one who hasn't heard that possums are shy nocturnal critters. This one is plain pushy. My oldest Manx, Junius, went around the house bitching and complaining that the possum was eating all his food. Watching this critter gulping and pigging out, I wondered why all possums haven't suffocated in their greed, as well as getting run over on the road. They ought to be extinct, or at least endangered, by now. Can you see a possum stamp?

News item: a college kid playing an "innocent" assassin game met with a cop in a dark parking lot and convinced the cop that he had a real gun and was aiming it at him. With the expected result, although the cop didn't kill the kid, just pranged him severely. One of these days, one of these idiots is going to stage a Logan's Run or UNCLE sneak or whatever lunacy at a con and end up the same way, or worse. Especially since lots of the con hotels are located in scuzzy downtown areas where for-real sneaking around with weapons isn't unknown. But I suppose telling them that sort of thing is unwise would be interfering with their right to do as they please, including getting themselves scragged.





STEFANTASY #88, 89 [William M. Danner R.D. 1, Kennerdell, PA 16374 -- irregular] Sent to anyone who can convince Bill that s/he is a worthy recipient. Mostly devoted to the humorous side of humanity, plus bitching about how the US has gone to hell since the good old days. #89 is smaller, due to the next to last postal increase, but still includes the parody ad, the letters, and odd excerpts from old issues of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. STEF's appeal is not, apparently, for the typical fan; the lettercolumn regulars are mostly

people who show up nowhere else. I generally enjoy it immensely. Rating....8

THE MENTOR #32, 33, 34 [Ron L. Clarke, 6 Bellevue Road, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia -- bimonthly -- \$1.00A] That is, it's bimonthly when Ron isn't putting out two issues a month (show-off!). John Alderson and A. Bertram Chandler contribute excellent columns, there is a variety of articles, con reports, and a good letter column. Issues run 30 to 40 pages, which is a pretty thick fanzine in these days of postal insanity. It's become one of my favorites. Rating....8

GEGENSCHEIN #40, 41 [Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia -- quarterly? -- no price listed] But send along postage money if you ask for a copy. Personalzine, with Eric's comments on books, computers, trips to the US, chairs, Australian fast food chains, and anything else that strikes his interest (and a lot does). Personalzines depend on whether or not the reader likes the editor's personality; there can be very little in the way of an objective rating. However, since I've never encountered anyone who didn't like Eric's personality... Not rated, but highly recommended.

WARHOON #29 [Richard Bergeron, Box 5989, Old San Juan, Puerto Rico 00905 -- irregular -- \$2.00] Subscriptions not accepted; after your first copy, you're supposed to do something interesting like contribute or comment. Nice big 62-pp issue dripping with nostalgia (mainly because #28 was the hardcover issue devoted to reprinting all of Walt Willis's fan writings; a few of those are available at \$25 and I just ordered one.) Since I don't have any nostalgia for earlier fan eras, much of the material seemed a shade curious to me (but other people's nostalgias can be interesting, so I enjoyed most of it). Normally WARHOON has a fine letter column, though I couldn't actually say this one was all that great. Columns were mostly interesting; columnists were the editor, John Bangsund, Harry Warner, Tom Perry, and Ted White.

Rating.....7

DEBRIS #8 [John Boston, 225 Baltic Stt., Brooklyn NY 11201 -- irregular -- for a stamped, self-addressed envelope or publishable material] A 9-page fanzine devoted to the sort of things we put into Mailboxings, plus an assortment of ill-assorted clichés ("It is like a keystone. If this falters, a great part of central Queens could go down the tubes.") Highly enjoyable. Rating.....9

NEW MOON #2 [Jan Bogstad, P.O. Box 2056, Madison WI 53701 -- quarterly -- \$3 per issue, \$10 per year] I assume that address will reach the editor -- you're supposed to put an address in the colophon, Jan, not stick it into an ad on the back page. Feminist fanzine. A bit over a third of it is devoted to a bibliography of female science fiction writers by Roger Schlobin. (Stf only; fantasy titles not included.) Most of the rest of the issue contains book and magazine reviews, but there is also a long editorial and various short contributions. I was a bit disappointed; the issue seemed academically oriented and a bit stuffy and I know Jan can do better -- and undoubtedly will in future issues. (I think a letter column or an exchange of



dialogues or whatever Jan wants to call it is needed; but then maybe Jan is looking for dignity and "professionalism." I hope not, though.) Technically, it's a nicely done little literary magazine, and feminists should by all means try it. Rating....6

THE PRISONER NEWSLETTER #13 [David Edward Taeusch, P.O. Box 218711, Houston TX 77218 -- \$1.50 each, or lifetime sub for \$17 -- irregular] A considerable amount of "Prisoner" fandom news, plus material on TV and movies in general. As I'm not much of a media fan, and not anything of a "Prisoner" fan, this left me very cold, but it would seem to be an effective job for those fans who enjoyed the show and want to know more about it and its stars.

ICOSAHEDRON #1 [M.J. Shearman, Top Flat, 25 Scott St., Dundee DD2 2AH SCOTLAND -- no price or schedule] Personalzine from a newer fan. Editor is a fantasy rather than a stf fan, with emphasis on the works of Katherine Kurtz. Thin, but an interesting beginning.

THE ROHMER REVIEW #18 [Robert E. Briney, 4 Forest Ave., Salem MA 01970 -- very irregular -- \$1.50] The leading (and only?) fanzine devoted to the life and works of Sax Rohmer. Digest-size, 30 pages, neatly printed, illustrated by both drawings and well-reproduced photos. I'm not exactly a Rohmer fan, but the articles on old London and writing history were interesting and the one about Dr. Petrie's first name was amusing. Rating...7

KRATOPHANY #13 [Eli Cohen, 86-04 Grand Avenue, Apt. 4D, Elmhurst NY 11373 -- irregular -- \$1.50] Some memories of Susan Wood, and a fannish play. Since I'm not all that thrilled by fannish plays (and definitely not by Hope/Crosby movies, which this is allegedly based on), it's not one of my favorite issues. Nice reproduction, good artwork. Generally I enjoy the fanzine. Rating...give this issue a 3 and the last several an average of 6.

LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO AWRY #5 [Fran Skene, 207 W. 21st Avenue, Vancouver BC V5Y 2E4 Canada -- quarterly -- 4 for \$2 but she'd rather have trade or contribution] A rather thin fanzine composed of editorial, verse, and a letter column. Well, two out of three isn't bad -- and even the verse is well above the fanzine average. (Meaning some of it is readable.) Very personal, and considerably feminist. I'm not sure about giving it an objective rating, but I like it.

MISCELLANIA UNLIMITED #2 [Theresa Thomas, 1418 McHam, Irving TX 75062 -- co-editor Edd Vick -- \$1.50 -- no schedule listed] Combines fantasy-gaming, media interests, and fantasy writing. (Yes, printed matter is a medium; blame Eastern Establishment TV for turning "media" into a reference to movies and TV.) About a third of the issue is devoted to Bob Asprin (reviews, interviews). There are a couple of comic strips, verse, videotape reviews, and an article on fantasy games. The Asprin material was interesting though mostly not new to me; the rest of it I have very little interest in. Fans with a wider range of interests might enjoy it more. (Or might not) Rating....4

WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG #20, 21 [Brian Earl Brown, 16711 Burt Road #207, Detroit MI 48219 -- irregular -- 60 cents or 5 for \$3.00] Just what it sounds like; a listing/review of all fanzines received, with dates of issue. I admire Brian's fortitude; my own effort in this line lasted 2 issues, and was possibly the most boring thing I've ever done in fandom. It's useful for academics (Joe Sanders was rummaging in our fanzine collection last summer for a book he's doing about fanzines) and possibly useful to fans who are interesting in obtaining more reading material.

Special Interest

MOUMENON #42/43 [Brian Thurgood, 40 Kokora Road, Oneroa, Waiheke Island, Hauraki Gulf, New Zealand -- 10 times per year -- 10 for \$7 surface mail or \$12.25 airmail] Newsletter, plus reviews and letters and, in this issue, an account with photos of the most recent NZ national convention. (Those readers who still think that NZ is part of Australia may go soak their heads.) A useful look at stf from a different area (and viewpoint). Rating.....6



## THINGS THAT GO BUMP! IN THE MAILBOX

SANDRA MIESEL sent a Xerox of the cover of her novel DREAMRIDER, which will be out from Ace RealSoonNow if Ace doesn't go under first. (Don't laugh; it could happen.) Also a newspaper clipping about Indy artist Jim Cunningham, who has recently won 3 art competitions and is becoming "known". Has two paintings on exhibit at the Smithsonian, and all. (Very gratifying for those of us who used to pick up his stuff at ISFA meetings and midwestern conventions. As I recall he has 7 works on display at the Coulson residence...)//ANDREW ZERBE sent a copy of the newspaper of romance fiction, ROMANTIC TIMES. Fascinating; tabloid size, newsprint, bimonthly, 32 pp, \$1.25. Who'd have thought that love stories would produce that sort of readership? (I might be able to dump those copies of STREET & SMITH'S LOVE STORY MAGAZINE at a profit, yet.) Andy also sent two issues of THE BRANDING IRON, a company publication put out by Manufacturing Stationers of Phoenix, Arizona, in the 1920s and 1930s. I was charmed by an editorial in the May 1930 issue, decrying pessimism. It concludes, "...it won't be long till we will look back on the year 1929 as a small year. Business will be better right along." Sounds rather ominously familiar, doesn't it? I wonder if the editor is still around, influencing Reagan? The magazine, which even featured a pasted-on photo-cover on one issue, is a fascinating glimpse of 1930s business.// I got an ad for the Life Library of Photography. Interesting in that the price per volume is given (\$12.95 plus shipping), but nowhere in the 4-page letter, 8-page brochure, or return card, does it tell how many volumes there are. Once you sign up, you just go on paying \$12.95 plus shipping for the rest of your natural life, I suppose. I didn't sign up.//The YANDRO staff was cordially invited to attend an IBM Open House in Muncie or Anderson - we must be getting up in the world. (Working days; we didn't attend. I'm not really thinking about automating my business, anyway - tho it might be a help in getting YANDRO out more often.//DON & MAGGIE THOMPSON sent a circular they got for a "Voice of Prophecy" seminar at Lakeland Community College. Leading program was titled "The Decline and Fall of the United States?" and was to be accompanied by "a musical program". I keep wondering what sort of music would be appropriate....//Several people sent clippings or comments on a new best-selling book; THE TERMINATION HANDBOOK, by Robert Coulson; DAVE LOCKE's turned up first in the pile. Not me, folks. I assume this is the New York Robert Coulson, the lawyer.//MARY LONG sent a clipping on the 29th anniversary of the world's longest-running play; Agatha Christie's "The Mousetrap". 29 years does seem a quite satisfactory run. Along with it was a notice that a couple who smuggled their own popcorn into a movie theater because they didn't like what the theater served were ordered out of the theater, refused to leave, and were arrested and had to pay \$103 bail to get out. This was in Colorado, obviously a hotbed of crime and sedition.//GENE WOLFE has been gleefully sending me clippings about various structural problems found in the Chicago Hyatt-Regency hotel; a lobby area, cocktail lounge, and a stairway were all barred to the public before Windycon. With luck, the hotel itself will still be standing by Worldcon time.....but pray for calm weather, just in case. Never can tell what a good strong wind will do.//JIM SIEGER sends an ad for waterbeds, including a crib version - a watercrib? Cradle to grave; I assume anyone who spent his/her entire sleeping time on a waterbed would demand to be buried at sea...//MAIA sends a photo of a storefront church; half the sign says "Full Gospel Church of the Living Saviour" and the other half is an ad for 7-Up. Right; the Church of the Effervescent Christ. Presumably they warn against the 7 Deadly Sins, revere the 7 Apostles, read the Septuagint Bible, etc. (Make a funny enough article out of that and we'll publish it.)//ZERBE again, with an account of a Key West lawyer with the solution to the drug smuggling problem; he applied to Congress for letters of marque and reprisal. Apparently Congress still has the right to charter privateers, and he felt he could collect a group of mercenaries, arm and equip some boats, and for the price of a percentage of siezed cargo could easily outdo our Navy and Coast Guard. (I suspect he's probably right, but Navy and Coast Guard reps were horrified - at the thought he might be able to do it? - and Congress doesn't seem to have obliged. Too bad.)//Andy also sent an account of his neighborhood, which seems recently to have blossomed with plaques announcing winners of "The Crestview Catfish Blightification Award" and similar items. Sounds like my kind of area....//



MIESEL, again, with an ad from the Sakowitz 1981 Christmas catalog; the company will arrange to have the recipient of your gift spend a day with a famous person. Only 2 famous people are listed in this initial endeavour, but presumably they'll have more next year. Interestingly, a day with lawyer F. Lee Bailey costs only \$15,000, while one with romance author Janet Dailey costs \$115,000. (Authors are finally getting some status...)//ERIC MAYER sends some legal abstracts (summaries? whatever). "Taxpayer willfully violates /ordinance/ by failing to file timely income tax returns when he ignores Internal Revenue Services notice that it will not accept his conclusion that since federal reserve notes are not 'dollars' as defined by the Coinage Act of 1792 taxpayer has received no income." (They should have given him something for ingenuity, at least.) And, "Carpenter's proclaimed belief that he is not 'person' within meaning of income tax laws is obviously incorrect." I guess they're claiming that big government doesn't really depersonalize people?//LONG again, with an item about research into dog fainting, including a researcher's statement that there are 20 or 30 different causes for dogs to faint. Never say YANDRO isn't educational; I bet you didn't know that dogs did faint.//MARTY HELGESEN sent a review of the Coulson legal volume and a catalog entry for an item from the Univ. of Illinois library: "On the generation of parsers for BNF grammars". Someone has been researching Tucker again, I suppose.//SUSAN SHWARTZ sent an account of the pig races at an Illinois Farm Progress show. Sandra Miesel has also sent comments on the Heintzold Racing Pig Stable. Winning pig gets an Oreo cookie; there ought to be a moral in there somewhere but I can't find it.//DENNY LIEN sends a whole package of weird headlines and such. An ad for bacon; \$1.39 for one pound, \$2.89 for two pounds. "Restaurant Sued In Alleged Bat Bite", "840 To Receive Turkey Licenses", "Hope Grows For SF Cure", "Man Commits Suicide By Swallowing Hairbrush". Then there's the survey of abortion patients in which Catholic women said they preferred one abortion to sinning repeatedly by using birth control. Seems logical....why confess every week when you can get it over with once a year or so? And there's the study that showed indications that a virus carried by the male sperm may cause cervical cancer. Celibacy does have advantages. And a UP review of a new book about the Australian city; title of the book, according to the review, is "Sidney". The Army Training Board is experimenting with an Atari video game for military training. An account of a Minnesota highway crew which painted a yellow stripe down the back of a dead woodchuck lying in the way of its highway-painting. Never noticed it, apparently. Stanford Univ. is now giving credit for Frisbee-throwing. A Florida crusader against sex education books has been arrested for child molesting; I suppose that would be considered a conflict of interest? Denny also copied some newspaper columns by Robert T. Smith, who seems to do much the same sort of thing I'm doing here. One of them was an ad for a contest; winner was to get a "French Holiday" in Cleveland. (Smith wondered if Gary, Indiana, was booked.)//ALAN DODD sent an ad for a trip in the Concorde; a 130-minute flight around the Bay of Biscay. "A special meal with champagne will be served". Cost, £398. Or if you have a little more money, you can fly Concorde from Heathrow to Cairo International, take a sightseeing tour of the pyramids, and fly back to London that afternoon, getting "a First Class hot meal with champagne". All for £795. Well, it lost money as a regular airliner; I suppose if making an excursion beat out of it doesn't turn a profit they can always sell it to Disneyland.//Our Congressional rep, Phil Sharpe, is big on sending out questionnaires, and providing results. Most answers are to be expected from our small-town and rural areas - 66 percent favor "voluntary prayer" in schools (I wonder who the rest of the 22 percent opposition were?), 79 percent want federal workers in the Social Security system, 62 percent want military expenditures increased, 77 percent want special tax advantages for small business. More interestingly, 76 percent favor federal funding of "alternate energy sources", 66 percent want synthetic fuels encouraged, and 56 percent favor construction of more nuclear power plants. Maybe because when you're running a farm you know how much energy it requires and have a pretty good idea that solar, wind, etc. isn't going to be enough?//An ad addressed to Robert S. Coulson advised me that "You're Something Special! You're one of the few farm wives to receive this 'test mailing'." One of the even fewer farm wives with a beard, too. //Lots more clippings, but no more room. Next issue. RSC

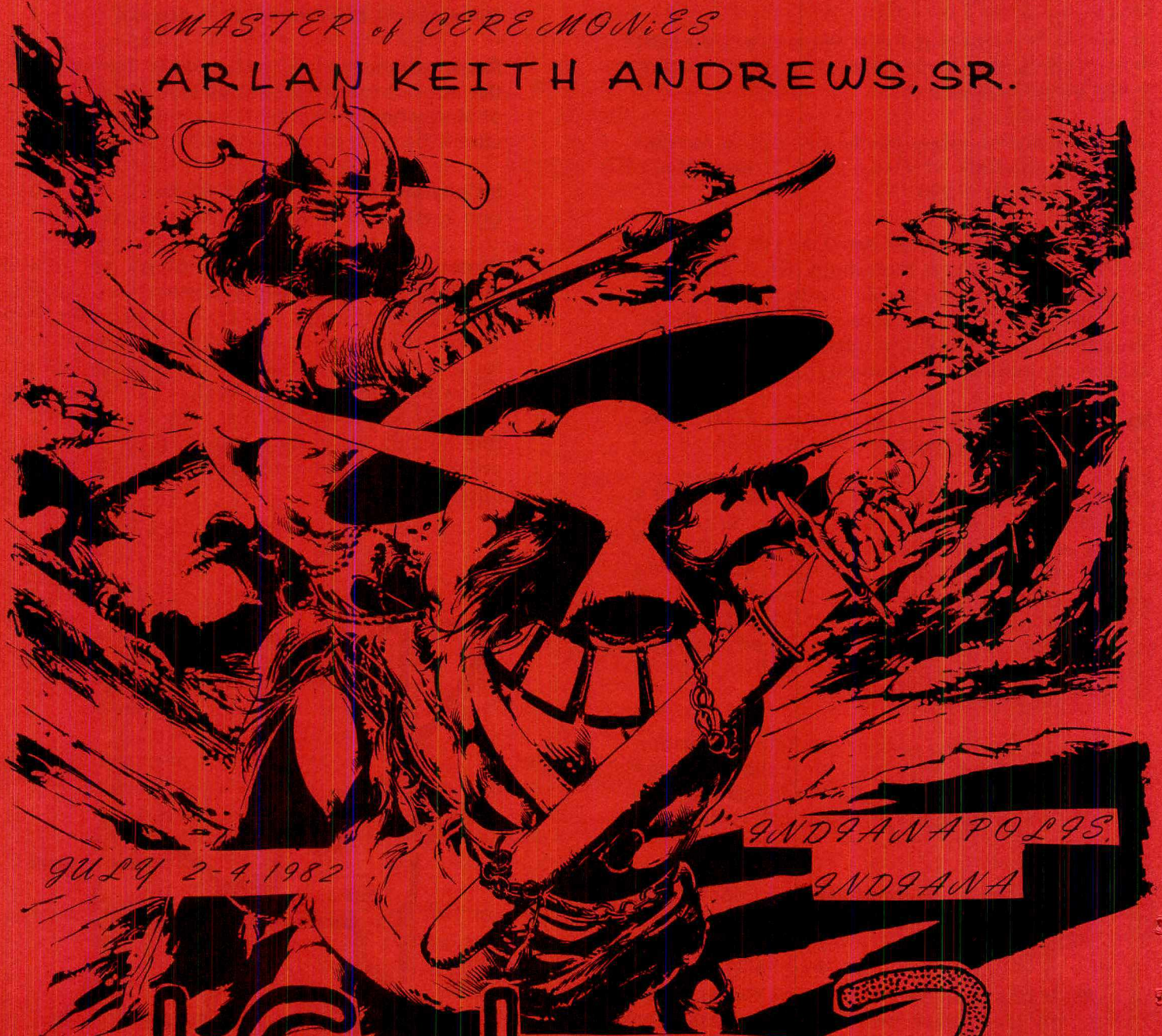


SCIENCE FICTION QUEST of HONOR  
FRANK KELLY FREAS

FANTASY QUESTS of HONOR  
WENDY & RICHARD PINI

FAN QUEST of HONOR  
ROGER REYNOLDS

MASTER of CEREMONIES  
ARLAN KEITH ANDREWS, SR.



JULY 2-4, 1982

ANDREWS

ANDREWS

IN CONJUNCTION



# Convention Information

**Main Programming:** The usual stuff (panels, speeches, masquerade, filksinging, art show & auction, hucksters room, con suite, film room), plus some special events (stage production, Wet Kaftan Kontest, possible buffet luncheon, more).

**Play:** The It's Not Our Fault Players will present "Elf Trek: A Two-Pini Opera" by SFWA author Arlan Keith Andrews, Sr.

**Art Show:** 50¢ hanging fee per piece, 10% auction fee. Contact Paul McCall, c/o P.O. Box 24403, Indianapolis, IN 46224.

**Hucksters Room:** Tables are 2½' x 8', and cost \$15 each, with a two table limit. Or, a half-table may be purchased for \$7.50. Contact Jim Yancey, P.O. Box 22161, Indianapolis, IN 46222. (Note: registrations are not included with tables and must be purchased separately.)

**Masquerade:** Contact Lisa Morrow, 5505 Portsmouth Ave. Apt. B, Indianapolis, IN 46224.

**Program Book:** Ad rates are \$30 pro & \$20 fan for a full page (5½" x 8½" with a ¼" margin on all sides), and \$15 pro & \$10 fan for a half-page (5½" x 4¼" with a ¼" margin on all sides). Ad deadline is 6-1-82, and camera-ready copy must be accompanied by full payment. A 10% discount is being given to anyone placing ads who has an attending membership. Contact Mary Lynn Skirvin, 7626 E. 53rd St., Indianapolis, IN 46226.

**Operations:** We need gophers to help us perform the arduous tasks necessary to make ICJ 2 run smoothly. To become a gopher for the cause, contact Rose Ann Packer, Rt. 6 Box 327, Greenfield, IN 46140.

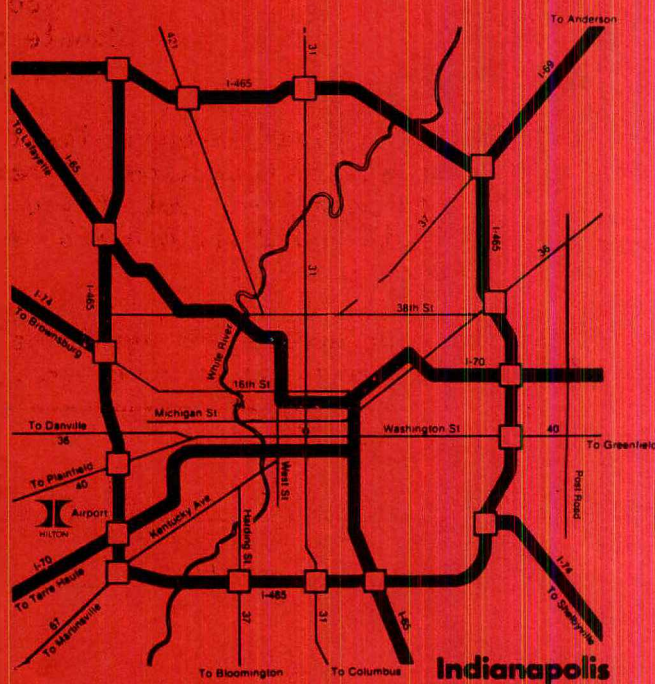
**The Committee:** Mick Hamblen, con coordinator; Larry Schoonover & Randy Porter, coordinator's associates; Jim Yancey, hucksters room; Paul McCall, art show; Lisa Morrow, masquerade; Barbara Maines, registration; Dennis Ciurej, films; Dave Henniger, main programming; Rose Ann Packer, operations; Mary Lynn Skirvin, program book; Richard Johnson, Wet Kaftan Kontest; Steaven Krutsinger, treasurer; Bill Hanes, Security.

**The Hotel:** The Airport Hilton Inn, Indianapolis International Airport 46224, 317-244-3361, has over 10,000 square feet of function space allotted for ICJ 2. It also features Hilton's famous Solardome and indoor pool, and the following room rates — \$34 single & \$40 double/triple/quad.

**Registration:** \$9 till 5-31-82, and \$12 thereafter & at the door. (Note: Registration will not accept out-of-state checks after 5-31, so if you plan to pay by check, be sure to mail your checks by then.)

**InConJunction 2's Mailing Address:** InConJunction 2, P.O. Box 24403, Indianapolis, IN 46224.

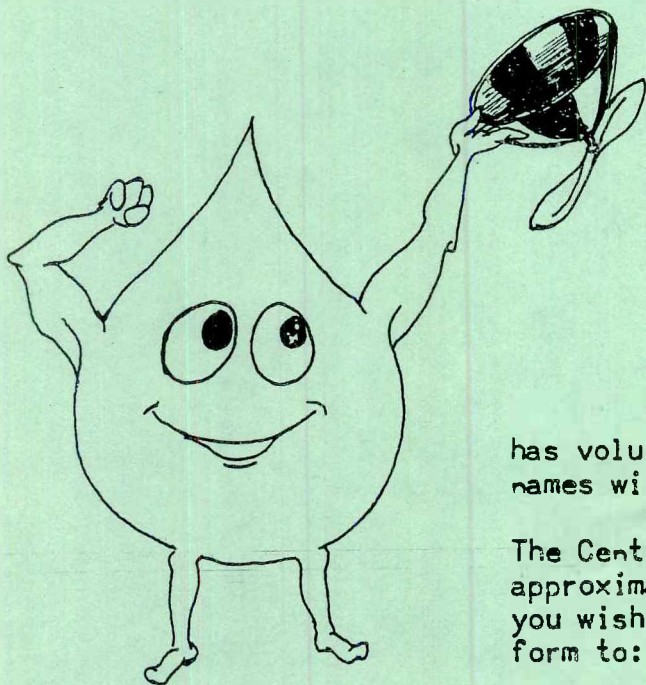
**Directions:** From I-65 North or South, get on I-465 and take this to the Airport Expressway. Take the Expressway to High School Road, left onto High School, then take the first right — that's the hotel; for I-70 East, get off at the Expressway exit and follow the above; for I-70 West, I-74 East and West, and I-69 North, follow the I-465 instructions. (If this sounds absolutely insane, refer to the map provided for graphic representation of the given coordinates.)





# IN CONJUNCTION *II*

## BLOOD DRIVE



In the tradition begun by Robert Heinlein, InConJunction II will sponsor a blood drive for the Central Indiana Regional Blood Center. This is an especially important drive as the fourth of July is one of the two periods of the year when demand for blood exceeds the supply. Blood rarely remains on the shelf longer than four days before it is needed.

### *Frank Kelly Freas*

has volunteered to do caricatures of three donors whose names will be drawn from a hat at InConJunction II.

The Central Indiana Regional Blood Center needs to know approximately how many fans they should prepare for. If you wish to donate please complete and mail the attached form to:

Blood Drive  
PO Box 24403  
Indianapolis, IN 46224

If you have any questions concerning your ability to donate or about the procedures involved call the blood center collect at (317) 926-2381.

Donors will be given an appointment as they arrive and register at InConJunction II that will be as convenient as possible. But if you decide to give at the last minute you still can and be eligible for a Kelly Freas caricature.

Remember: our nurses are nearly painless.  
(Because they want you to come back.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

