

YANDRO



flinchbaugh

YANDRO / 195

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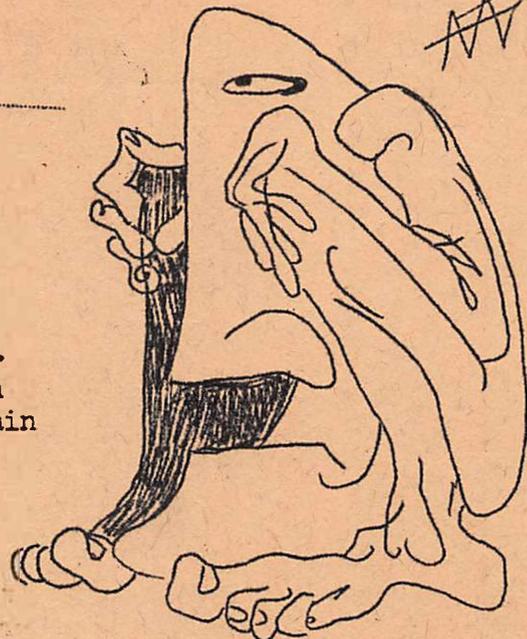
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This issue dedicated to Jim and Lee Lavell, elder statesmen and mimeographers to the new ISFA.



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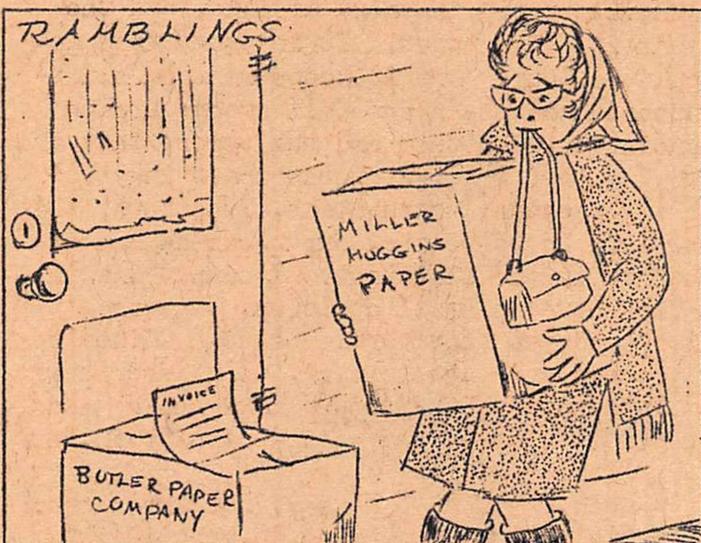
ARTWORK

Cover by Richard Flinchbaugh

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Note: "The Little Lion of Font-de-Gaume" copyright by L. Sprague de Camp.

See you all in a month or so.



This issue would have been out two weeks ago, but for the little item of lacking paper to run it on. That was the time, or more, when we ordered the necessary paper. When we made the arrangement to purchase our paper from this outfit in Ft. Wayne, it was because we were fed up with deliveries from other places...deliveries occasionally taking several months to arrive. Butler Paper in Ft. Wayne assured us we would have two day service. And, up till now, they have kept their bargain. Apparently this time there was a strike at the paper factory or some other impediment. After an inquiry and several stares at the pile of waiting stencils, we finally decided there was nought for it but to try to get paper

from another source. The two likely ones (carrying paper we can use instead of trying to foist typewriter bond off on us) were suppliers in Marion and Anderson, Indiana, respectively. I tried Marion first, because it's closer. Unfortunately, they didn't have a case of any color except blue, and I don't like the legibility of blue. So on to Anderson. Naturally it was one of those days when it seems impossible to find a parking place and I wore an inch off the tires and several months off my nerves before I could park, get a case of paper, and get back on my way home.

Would you like to guess what was waiting for me when I got there? Sitting snuggled up to the door, clutching its invoice, was a case of paper from Butler Paper Co. Presumably, the fates being what they are, it arrived about fifteen minutes after I set off on my 150+ or - mile trip to get paper from other sources.

Anyway, now I won't need to get paper for the next issue, though it's going to be an odd assortment when you see it. March issue will be, we hope, right on the heels of this one. (Even if I am going through the rigamarole of cutting and trimming Gestetner stencils. We've got three or four quire left over from the days when Yan was produced on the 120, and it seems a shame to let them go to waste, when for the want of a fair amount of labor they can be converted into something usable on the Rex.)

Con season is again upon us, see later in the issue for info on Minicon and Boskone. The idea of holding cons in this kind of weather is kind of crogging, but maybe it will be nicer by the end of March and beginning of April. We'd like to make Minicon, but we checked the mileage and thought of driving all day just to get there, and shuddered. Later on in the year Atlanta will be hosting a con just prior to Heicon. This will be a pre-con, as it were, with Atlanta being a jump-off point for charter flights to Heicon. If you want to go to Atlanta to warm up before taking off for the big one in Germany, contact Glen T. Brock, Box No. 10885, Atlanta, Georgia 30310. The con will be held August 14-16 at the Howell House Hotel, supporting memberships \$1.50, attending memberships \$2.50.

One memento...lesson...whatever leftover from the unhallowed time when we were trying to put out Yan on a multilith is that stencils are much more adapted to my way of life than multilith masters. With multilith masters there was nothing to do but type, and occasionally correct. There was a nose-to-the-grindstone aura to cutting multilith masters. With stencils there are always mistakes to be corrected, and this means corflu, and that means I have to let the corflu dry. While it's drying I get up from the typer and do some piddling household chore. Something that only takes a minute or so....making a bed, straightening up something, picking up something, folding and stacking newspapers, putting the dried dishes away. Like that. I come back and the corflu

has magically dried and I can go on cutting stencils until the next mistake, and the next little household chore. This technique has its advantages. It keeps me from going crackers or blind from staring at a stencil too long. And it keeps me from climbing the wall doing all these dinky little household chores in one fell swoop; broken up into dabs and dabs, with a bit of foot exercise between them and the typer, they are at least bearable. At best I find all housework a vast bore, at worst something that repels me. I'm an Aquarian housekeeper, with a vengeance; which means, I believe, that my heart's in the right place but nothing else is. To be polite, our place has an exceedingly lived-in- look, and it doesn't bother me in the slightest. I cannot imagine what some women DO all day; they don't read, they have no small children, they aren't active in any sort of clubs or civic activities, and yet they burble to me how they're always so busy and don't see how I find time to read even a newspaper. I'm sure their houses look like photos from Better Homes and Gardens, but they sound like their minds are rather empty. I'd rather let the dust be a while longer and read another book.

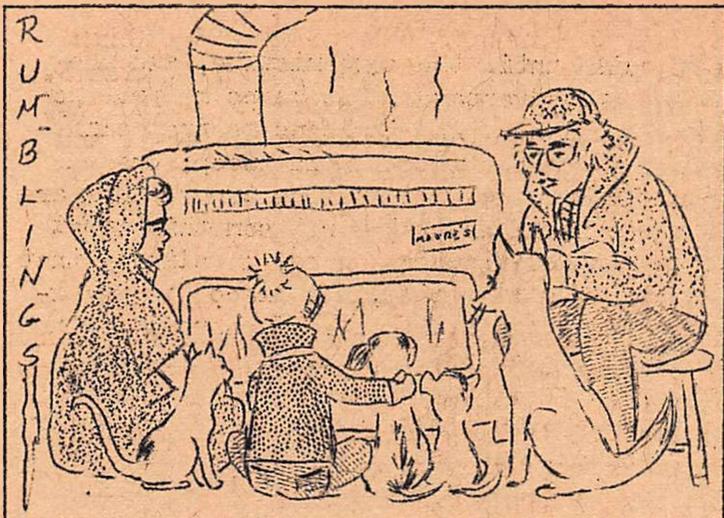
Gene and Bev DeWeese gave me Mary Renault's new book, FIRE FROM HEAVEN, for Christmas. I had been savoring the possession of it, the anticipation of reading it, until last week. I could bear the suspense no longer and finally sat down to read it...in bits and pieces, which is about the only way I can read a really long book. Or even a moderately long book. I wasn't disappointed. There is a bit less moira in her account of Alexander from four to twenty than there is in her recounting of the legend of Theseus...but the aura of the place is still there. She has not lost the touch of bringing legendary characters and people to life, and of making the scenery and history around them vivid and visual. Probably classicists might quibble with a few of her interpretations, but to a novice in Mediterranean history, she comes across very well.

I don't know if we will get this in the mail Monday the 23 or not. Presumably not, since the P.O. will be closed tomorrow anyway. I have been assembling & doing tidying up chores on the issue most of the day, in between cooking, and I'm ready to knock it off and finish up tomorrow...after I do the laundry. Anybody for finding potential femme fan au pair girls to be recruited to work in fannish households? In exchange for getting to see the latest fanzines & learning how to operate a mimeo, she could keep things tidy and cook and release the established femme fan for more important chores at the typer and with correspondence. And think how great it would be for the male fan population...for of course we'd bring all these girl apprentices to the cons, to further their educations while they baby sat for us. N'est ce pas? JWC

A COLUMN: b e c
.....

While going through the two inches of paper on my desk, I find there are several books here that I was planning to review. Very well, they are:
THREE TO CONQUER, by Eric Frank Russell. Though his characters and plot are very good, I doubt that the government would have that much prejudice against a telepath, as shown in the story. Still...A? *
MR. BASS'S PLANETOID, by Eleanor Cameron. A good book, except for the fact that you must have read the other two books in the series to make much sense out of it, (I'll get to them next ish.) J.
MUTANT, by Lewis Padgett. A believable book. If we distrust the U.S.S.R., I doubt we would trust telepaths. A.
SCAVENGERS IN SPACE by David Osborne. A bit far-fetched, in the premise that any business could operate above the law, but enjoyable anyway. J.
ALIENS FROM SPACE, by David Osborne. Again, very good, with only a minor flaw in it-- that being that he states that warring peoples will not unite for a common cause; yet this has happened many times in history. A.
THE DAY THE WORLD ENDED, by Thomas and Witt. Non-sf. A very good book about the eruption of Mont Pelee, Thursday, May 8, 1902. A graphic description. A.

* J.=Juvenile, A.=Adult



This issue is somewhat late because we've been sitting around shivering. On Jan. 22, the Indianapolis weather bureau announced that the average temperature throughout the month of January had been 12.4 degrees, and that unless it warmed up considerably this would be the coldest month in recorded Indiana history. It has warmed up recently, so a record is problematical, but it's still been pretty chilly.

I notice an outfit in Iowa is selling FOOTPRINTS ON THE MOON at the "special price" of \$7.95 per copy. Since the original price was \$5.00, this is indeed special.

Gene DeNeese sends a clipping about a move to cancel the ministerial licenses of Universal Life ministers in Milwaukee. Religious persecution! George Cravens sends one covering the first church convention of Universal Lifers. (65 people present; remind you of the early fan conventions?) A vegetarian present said he was going on a strict fruit and nut diet because of the violence involved in pulling carrots. (You have to think about things like that if you're dedicated to non-violence.)

Andy Zerbe sends one about the problems with old movie film - In Britain's National Film Archive, this time. They're afraid of a sort of irregular Guy Fawkes' Day, and mention that nitrate film will burn under water, sand, and every known chemical extinguisher. Also, old film will spontaneously combust at 106° F, and it produces poison gas as a byproduct of combustion. Another one from Britain, this time from Alan Dodd, is busily being horrified at the newest "terror weapon" of British youths - a slingshot, with ball bearings or hex nuts as ammo. The article writer is horrified at the ease with which these weapons can be purchased by youths, apparently assuming that the kids don't have enough initiative to make their own. This is what the professional nervous nellys are reduced to when they don't have firearms to be horrified about; they have to find something, or how could they influence public opinion? Next time you see an article on the evils of firearms, just remember that the author would be just as eager to attack slingshots or rubber knives if it would get him an equal audience. (And one clipping I located myself; Treasury agents claim that militant groups in this country are still arming themselves with machine guns and submachine guns. "We have no idea how many machine guns or submachine guns are floating around" says the assistant chief of law enforcement for the division. So the next time someone tells you that registering or confiscating handguns would reduce crime, reflect that machine guns have been illegal - for private owners - in this country since 1935, and in 35 years the numbers of them apparently haven't even been reduced. A local gunsmith and gun dealer tells me that the first question anyone asks these days when they buy a handgun is, "is it registered"? His are, and he doesn't sell too many.)

Hugo ballots will be circulating one of these days (they may have already; I'll have to get around to joining the Heicon and find out what's going on). Anyway, here is a list of stories you might want to check up on before nominating. It is roughly in order -- that is, the story listed first may not be better than the one listed second, but I think it's probably better than the one listed last. I don't claim it to be a complete list of top stories; for one thing I haven't read everything, though I have tried to be as thorough as possible. I did miss a couple of magazine issues, most of the stuff published outside the specialized mags, and UBIK and possibly one or two other good novels. However:

BEST NOVEL: THE BURNING SKY, by James Hall Roberts (Avon), THE JAGGED ORBIT by John Brunner (Ace), THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS by Ursula LeGuin (Ace, Walker), BORED OF THE RINGS by the Harvard Lampoon staff (Signet - well, why not?), GOG, by Andrew Sinclair (Avon), UP THE LINE by Bob Silverberg (Amazing, Ballantine), WOLFLING, by Gordon Dickson (Analog), MACROSCOPE by Piers Jacob (Avon), DUNE MESSIAH by Frank Herbert (Galaxy), AND NOW THEY WAKE by Keith Laumer (Galaxy) and BUG JACK BARRON by Norman Spinrad (Avon)

BEST NOVELET: "The Lady Margaret" by Keith Roberts (Pavane), "Corfe Gate" by Keith Roberts (Pavane), "Sons Of Man" by Greg Benford (Amazing), "Bonita Egg" by Julian F. Grow (F&SF), "Ancient, My Enemy" by Gordon Dickson (If), "The Teacher" by Colin Kapp (Analog), "The Kinsolving's Planet Irregulars" by A. Bertram Chandler (Galaxy), and "In His Image" by Robert Chilson (Analog). And I will be deeply disappointed if one of the first three doesn't make it.

BEST SHORT STORY: "The Last Flight of Dr. Ain" by James Tiptree, Jr. (Galaxy), "The Leftovers" by Sterling Lanier (F&SF), "Sixth Sense", by Michael G. Coney (Vision of Tomorrow), "Endfray of the Ofay" by Fritz Leiber (If), "Ten Percent of Glory" by Verge Foray (Fantastic), "A Chair of Comparative Leisure" by Robin Scott (Analog), and "The Man Who Learned Loving" by Theodore Sturgeon (F&SF). I will probably nominate the Coney story, but it won't make the ballot.

BEST PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE: GALAXY, ANALOG, AMAZING (The original stories published under Ted's editorship were good, but there were too few of them.)

BEST PRO ARTIST: William Stout, Eddie Jones, Jeff Jones, Jack Gaughan, Kelly Freas

BEST FANZINE: STEFANTASY, SCOTTISHE, WSFA JOURNAL, LOCUS, PEGASUS, BEABOHEMA, SPECULATION, UCHUJIN

BEST FAN WRITER: Alexis Gilliland, Ethel Lindsay, Richard Gordon, George Scithers, Dennis Lien, Bob Vardeman, Bob Tucker, and possibly half a dozen others I'll remember tomorrow.

BEST FAN ARTIST: Jim Cawthorn, Jim McLeod, G. W. Monson (whoever he/she is), Mike Gilbert, Bjo Trimble, Arthur Thomson, Doug Lovenstein, Alicia Austin

And I forgot the dramatic award, but then I didn't see anything worth giving it to.

Liz Fishman sent a couple of clippings about Harlan Ellison's latest caper. Seems the Living Arts center of Dayton contracted to have Harlan speak about "fantasy and reality". He was to spend three days with writing classes, speaking, etc, but after the first day his contract was cancelled because of "his inability to relate to youngsters here, his excessive use of profanity and his insensitivity to the needs of the center". Now the first objection is more than a trifle odd, because Harlan is at his best with an audience - particularly a strange audience - and the photo with the first clipping shows Harlan and audience having a great time. Liz agreed that he seemed to get along well with the kids, and she felt it was his language that got him in trouble, the director of the center being somewhat of a prissy sort. I can't say I feel too much sympathy with an author who uses gutter language because it's "in" or because it makes him feel masculine, or because he can't express himself any other way, or for any reason. But still, it looks rather like Harlan got a particularly raw deal; an Arts Center director should be able to make allowances for artistic temperament, if nothing else. The visiting speaker should be judged on whether he gets through to his audience, not how he does it. The latest SFWA bulletin mentions that requests for speaking dates for stf authors are beginning to come in - an author might want to think twice before accepting an offer from Dayton.

Not too much going on here. The books still pile up; most of my Christmas presents will be reviewed in here eventually. Then there are the books I picked up in Milwaukee while visiting the DeWeeses over New Year's (including THE COTTON KINGDOM; Marty Helgesen kindly pointed out that it is available in a Modern Library edition). And there are the ones I bought from Tartan Book Sales. And the ones that come in as review copies. And the stuff I get at the local news stand. I counted recently, and I have approximately 250 books in the "to be read" stacks; that's almost a year's supply. Next "Golden Minutes" may be entirely on non-stf. (And there are all these new magazines coming out; SMITHSONIAN and AMERICAN HISTORY ILLUSTRATED and so on. There is so much interesting material being published today that I can't read it all - but I still try to get most of it. Maybe we'll have a slump some day and I can catch up. If nothing else, I can retire in 25 years.....) Other than reading, I am paying fuel bills, thinking up short story ideas and filing them away instead of writing them, feeding puppies, sharpening my kris, and drawing overhead doors. The auditors have been going over the company books....Auditors don't normally take two weeks for the job, do they? They keep saying they're just about done, and bringing in more help....I'm beginning to worry a bit. (For one thing, I assume the company is paying for all this, and there goes my raise....) Well, better luck next year.

STRANGE FANZINE EDITORS I HAVE KNOWED

DISSECTED
BY

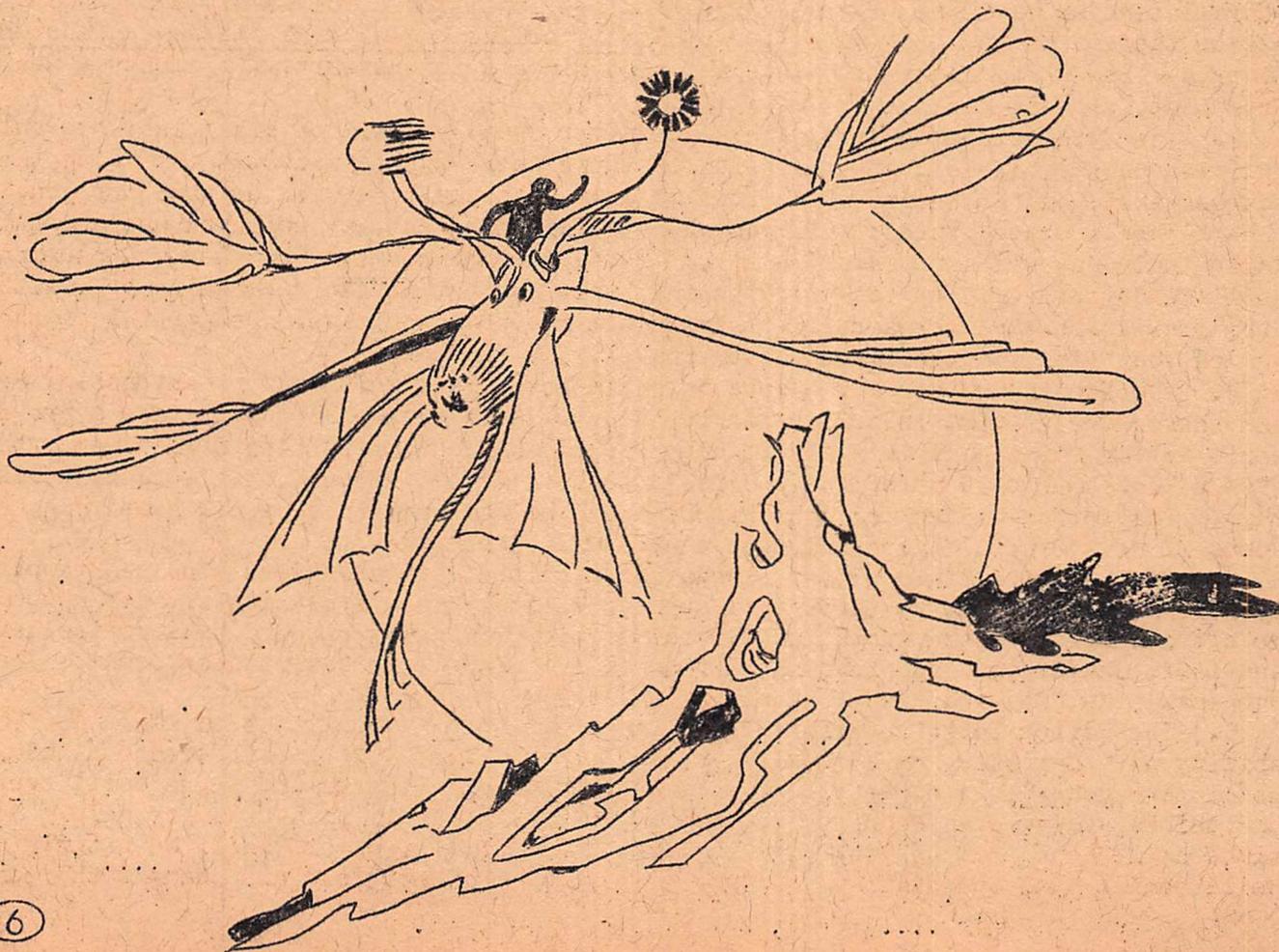
JOE L. HENSLEY

Now that I've made my pile and retired (all of us lawyers keep looking around for a fund they can oversee so they can retire and live on the profits and I finally got mine ((right before Harlan got to it)) at the last worldcon in St. Louis) I sort of get nostalgic thinking about all of the fanzines I've read and written for and all of the fanzine editors I've known.

Why, I figured it up today and if I had all of those fanzines in front of me right here and now and they were like in top flight condition I wouldn't need to worry about squeezing Charmin for the rest of my days. Now you know what happened to all of my old fanzines. One might say they came to a bad end.

If I had all of those fanzine editors around me something nice like that might happen to them too.

I'll bid adieu to that bit of anal humor by telling you that as I figure it, having put together the results of reading fanzines for years, and being an old head (and I



used the word without acid, contrary to the now popular form) that fanzines and their editors fall into broad general categories.

For example, take fanzines. You have news fanzines, you have serious fanzines, you have humorous fanzines. Sometimes those fanzines aren't really trying to be what we label them. You can subcategory around, but fanzines really become different only because of the differences in their editors.

Editors fall into many categories, but some of the most seen are the following, which I present for your perusal:

1. The Wheedler. This is the fanzine editor who writes you and begs you for material. He wants

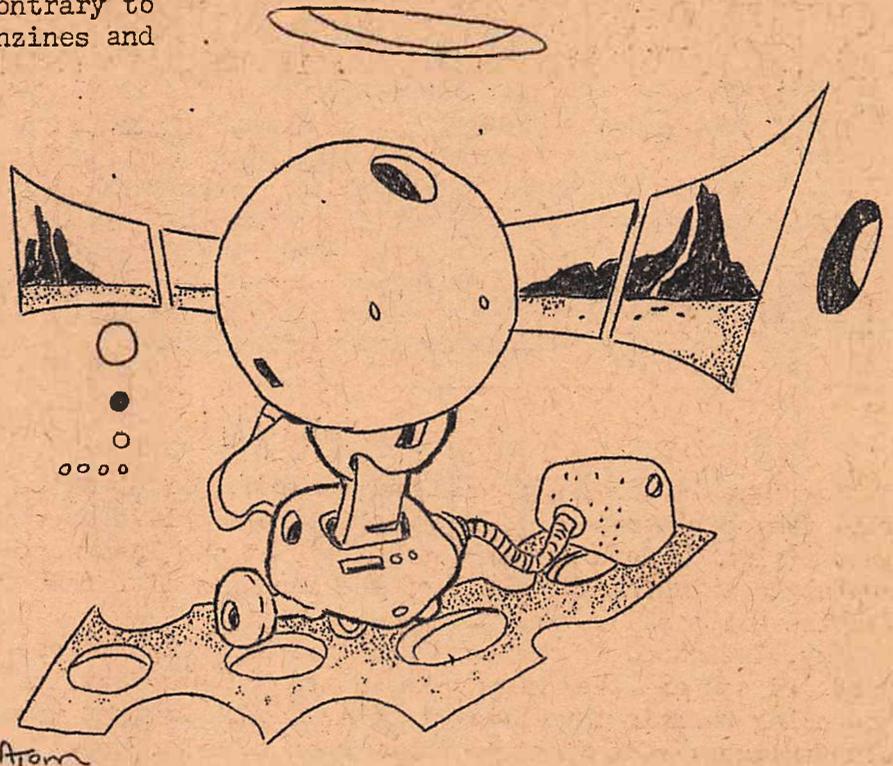
anything--any old article or story. He knows your history. He can, in his letters of entreaty, remember every story you ever wrote. Grudgingly, after many letters begging away, you oblige. You never hear from him again, never see a copy of his fanzine. Six years later you hear the fanzine folded (before its first issue) and your friend the editor thereof is now fiction editor at Galaxy or The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction. You write him a warm note and send him a deathless story. You never hear from that, either.

2. The Automatic Anarchist. This guy never sends you all of his 'zine, but only selected pages. If he's got a section in there where Tucker's cutting up Bloch then you get that, but he keeps the rest of it away from you. He will do this for you, though--he'll write you and tell you when YOU'RE being cut up, tell you who's got the knife into you, and courteously ask you if you care to comment. When you do comment he'll send your reply to the man with the knife so that he can have knife job, withdrawal of knife, and reinsertion of knife all in the same issue. Be careful of the egg on your face and the blood on your navel.

3. The fanzine editor with a pro in residence. We'll call him Prophylactic. Somehow these love affairs in print seem to happen. A fanzine editor will take a pro and begin to push him until it's almost unbearable. He'll nominate the pro for everything from a Hugo to President of these United States. I used to deal with a fanzine like this. The editor's name was John FitzHugh and he was hung up on a pro named Hugh FitzJohn. I never could figure out what they saw in each other.

4. The Fighter. This editor always has a chip on his shoulder. You can temporarily lose his friendship by saying you approve of something or someone if that happens to be off his list for the month. His feelings blow with the wind and he scurries here and there dealing out judo chops. I figured out what to do about these cookies years ago--make them mad and keep them mad.

5. The Editor Editor. Lord save us from this one. He believes he has a perfect ability with English. He's usually wrong, but that makes little difference to him. He'll take your article or (worse) your story and edit it here and there until everyone thinks you've been committed and what you're writing is an appeal for help. Sometimes he'll have real ability with language and punctuation, but he'll be utterly mad. He'll decide what the salient points are in your story, article and comment thereon



(sometimes like this) and sometimes not. The last one who did this to one writer I know no longer has a pleasant smile except in his glass of denture cleanser. A court failed to give him a verdict for damages. Justifiable, said the learned jurist.

6. The Good Editor. This type of editor is the kind I like to write for now and the kind all of you editors out there are now. Actually, those other kinds of editors are people who used to be around. Now all we have are great people like Buck and Juanita who are completely without any of the above failings. I know they are because they keep printing my stuff and I never type anyone until they quit printing my stuff.

THE LITTLE LION OF FONT-DE-GAUME

The walls of this cavern were painted by paleolithic men
With bison and mammoths and horses, the animals sought after then;
Now some are defaced by graffiti, like "Henri Laval, nineteen-ten."

But some are preserved in their glory. Beneath the procession of game,
The artist incised a seven-inch lion. Now what was his game?
Was it his signature, maybe? Was "Terrible Lion" his name?

I thought of cathedral builders, there in the gloom of the cave,
Who put in their friezes of angels, the figures of bawd and of knave,
Of lecherous priests and of nuns, beginning to misbehave.

And so I suspect that the artist found he no longer could face
The tedious making of pictures of beasts that nourished his race
As part of the sorcerer's magic, helping the tribe in the chase.

And therefore, when no one was looking, he chiseled upon the wall
The form of the great cave lion, the deadliest creature of all,
And gloated in secret forever over that impudent scrawl.

..... L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP

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Ditugaly

#4

COLUMN BY
DAVE LOCKE

JUST PLAIN FOLKS

It's known under a variety of names, and they all sound progressive. Management Development, Interpersonal Competence, Auto-Criticism, Group Dynamics, Synanon Games, Encounter, etc. etc., and, of course, Sensitivity Training. You're probably acquainted with participants of sensitivity training doings, although most of them are quite nebulous when asked about it, or usually are if they've gone so far as to even let anyone know about it.

What is sensitivity training? "Sensitivity training is a powerful form of Pavlovian conditioning--conditioning by which sexual and emotional types of response can be substituted for intellectual consideration of any proposition common to the group, developing a surge of animalistic mob response." -- taken from Minutes of Special Meeting, at the California State Capitol, called by Legislators to investigate Sensitivity Training, September 10, 1968. Quoted from Dr. Hardin B. Jones, Professor of Physiology and Professor of Medical Physics, and Assistant Director at the University of California.

"The Game probing, the attacks begin.

"How do you feel about being replaced?" -- this to the executive's wife, Mary, who is to be upstaged soon in an important community position by the wife of her husband's boss.

"I'm really, truly happy with the new arrangement," Mary replied, sounding sincere.

"Why you fat pig, the only reason you aren't still out on the street hustling is because you were lucky enough to hook a bright fellow--that you're a drag on. Why the hell don't you admit what your gut is feeling--that you don't like it, that you don't want to play second fiddle?"

"I don't feel--"

"The attack comes from a drop-in purple scarfer--spare chairs provide for them--who evidently knows Mary well or has a dossier on her.

"And how about that baby you want to have? You claim. How come nothing's happening, but you keep piling up more doctor bills? Christ, half the doctors in California must have looked at your playpen by now!"

"After a few minutes of this, Mary breaks into racking sobs.

"Goddamn you. When that door opened, I was afraid it would be you. And I knew you'd get on that baby thing. There's nothing wrong with me, but now my period has become so unpredictable. You know I want a baby more than anything in the world. You know we tried to adopt one and got turned down. You know--"

"Somebody pushes the box of Kleenex into her lap and she grabs a handful.

"Oh, now we're feeling sorry for ourselves. A big, fat, sobbing slob. Maybe you don't really want a baby, and your gut knows it even if you are too dense to realize it. Why don't you examine your gut feelings about that? Get it into the open!"

"Mary, screaming, 'You dirty sonofabitch! You sonofabitch! You sonofabitch! I WANT a baby! Can't you understand that, you dumb sonofabitch?' She collapses back in her chair, sobbing.

"Purple Scarf shrugs, gets up and walks out.

"The attack goes on, with others in the room asking Mary the most pointed questions

they can think of, jeering, mocking, shouting disbelief of her protests and explanations.

"Finally Crimson Scarf says, 'Hell, there's no use wasting our time with you--let's find somebody with a REAL problem. Who has a REAL problem?'

"No one answers. No one looks at him.

"How about YOU--you with the hair that's never been combed? You assumed the fetal position half an hour ago and have been squirming like a nervous schoolgirl ever since. And get your goddam feet off the furniture! Why the hell...'

"The rest of us, relieved by temporary reprieve, join the attack.

"And so it went for eight straight hours, interrupted only by brief visits to the bathroom or across the hall to refill a paper cup with coffee. Breakfast was delivered and eaten in the room without a break."

Quoted from Synanon pamphlet #4--THE TRIP, by Bill Harrison, recounting a synanon game session participated in by the author.

Remarked by a parole agent from the California State Department of Corrections who attended a three-day sensitivity training session for agents held at Asilomar, California:

"I came away with a very bad taste in my mouth."

"A study of the logs of numerous sensitivity or T-group training sessions would lead one to believe that the promoters of these programs are trying to homogenize the members of the group. Individualism must be sacrificed. Group dependency must be established.

When one member holds out for a conviction or moral value which is above the norm of the group, the tendency is for the group to gang up on that member in an attempt to justify their own lower values. Ridicule, sarcasm and other 'honest' feelings are expressed against the hold-out." -- THE POLICE CHIEF'S MANUAL, Nov. 1967, "Sensitivity Training--A Word of Caution," W.C. Skousen.

Taken from a textbook for sensitivity training used in some California school systems, here's an example of a sensitivity training exercise:

"Prelude: Group Activities. The group lies on their bellies in a large circle. Heads pointing toward the center. With eyes closed they begin crawling toward the center. At times, you will contact others, possibly even crawl over others. It is important to be sensitive and careful. Continue to crawl until you reach the center of the pile. Don't let the pile get too high. At different points in the process, stop and experience what you are touching. How you feel. When the pile is complete, stay in position. Open your eyes and see one another. Slowly unpile."

"You don't just dip a few executives into encounter groups. You change the world, company or town they live in." - Look magazine July 19, 1968, John Poppy, a Senior Editor.

"Sensitivity training is the only thing that can save the world!" - George Leonard, Senior Editor of Look and Vice President of Esalen Institute.

At Esalen "crying is a sort of status symbol"... "people go back to infancy. Not only do people publicly neck and nuzzle like teenagers, but they sit on each other's laps like babies. And they cry a lot." Life

In industry sensitivity training sessions crying is also recommended for executives. (Look, July 19, 1968)

"Through Bolshevik Self-Criticisms we will enforce the dictatorship of the proletariat." -- Communist Party slogan.

"Conscientious practice of self criticism is still another hallmark distinguishing our Party from all other political parties...To check up regularly on our work and in

the process develop a democratic style of work, to fear neither criticism nor self-criticism, and to apply such good popular Chinese maxims as 'Say all you know and say it without reserve,' -- this is the only effective way to prevent all kinds of political dust and germs from contaminating the minds of our comrades and the body of our Party." -- Mao Tse-Tung, April 24, 1945, SELECTED WORKS, Vol III, pp. 316-317.

Need I quote more?

An intelligent readership, given groundwork, can draw its own conclusions. For me to extrapolate would be to insult your intelligence, but I will hedge the matter by giving you my conclusion:

Beware.

Show me a square shooter and I'll show you a homicidal hippie.

...Mrs. Clifford Curran, quoted by Jerome Beatty, Jr. in his "Trade Winds" column for SATURDAY REVIEW

THOUGHTS AFTER READING HEINLEIN'S THEY

by George H. Wells

Is there lightning in the sky
or is it lightning in my eye,
and the thunder that I hear,
is it only in my ear
alone?

Am I sure there's really something from outside
or have I just supplied
my own?

Am I standing in a crowd
whose voices are so loud,
and the people that I see,
are they really just like me
inside?

I wish I knew because the brain behind my face
is such a lonely place
to hide.

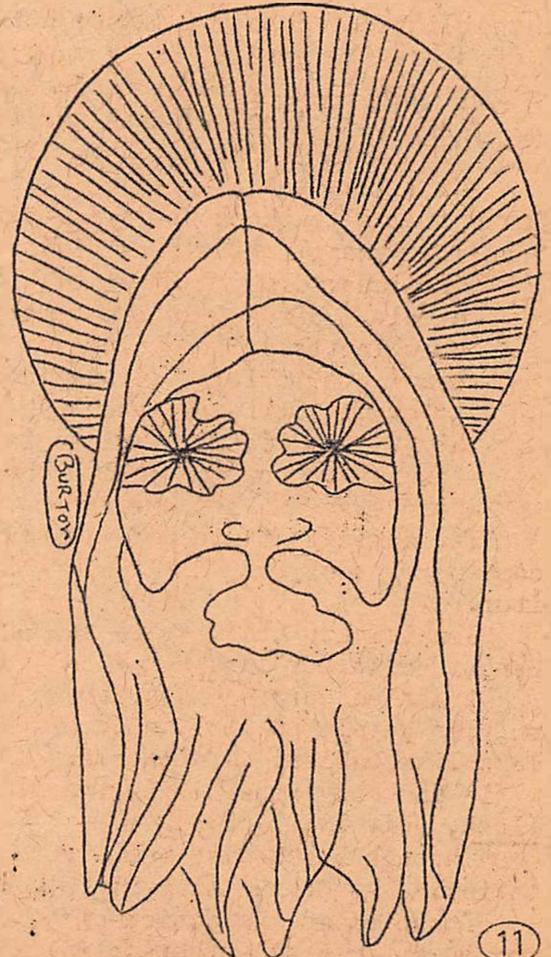
Are they only made of clay,
when I see them rot away,
and then only bones remain?
Am I really just the same
as they?

Is the answer just that I will never know
as I slowly turn to go
away?

NEW ADDRESSES:

Margaret Dominick, 126 French St., New Brunswick,
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THE

SPRING RECITAL

PRIMER

by
RUTH BERMAN

LESSON I: The Audience

See the doting parents
See the brothers and sisters. They are bored
Bored, bored, bored.
So are the parents -- but they will not admit it.
Why not?
Because they have come to hear how beautifully their children play.
Because they have come to be uplifted by good music.
Because they want to find out if they are getting their money's worth.

LESSON II: The Beginning Students

Beginning students begin as fast as they can.
Before they sit down.
They stand up while playing the last note.
They play fast. Fast, fast, fast.
Playing fast is more fun than playing slow.
Also, it gets you off the stage sooner.

LESSON III: The Swan and the Turtle

The swan leans back.
She has to stick her neck out to see the keys.
Why does she lean back?
She is afraid the piano will bite her.
The turtle hunches forward.
He could play extra notes with his nose.
Is that why he hunches forward?
No. He hunches forward
Because he is afraid the audience will bite him.

LESSON IV: The Unfortunate

The unfortunate student has forgotten his piece.
It starts do do la sol.
He knows that it starts do do la sol.
But then what?
He plays do do la sol.
Several times.
He is ready to cry.
The audience wants to cry, too.
The audience also wants to laugh.
The audience holds its breath.
Saved! The teacher tells him to play his second piece.
He plays it very nicely.

The audience applauds.
Applaud, applaud, applaud.
Why do they applaud so long for the unfortunate student?
Because they are grateful that they weren't up there.

LESSON V: The Advanced Student

The advanced student is the teacher's special pet.
Without her he would go crazy listening to
Circus Parade,
Wooden Soldiers,
Up in a Swing,
and the scales.
The advanced student plays a duet with the teacher.
She waits till she is properly seated before she starts playing.
She plays fast parts fast and slow parts slow.
She does not jump up the moment she hits the last note.
She does beautifully.
Then why is the teacher wiping sweat off his forehead?
Because he thought she would get stage-fright like the Unfortunate Student?
No.
Because he was afraid he would get stage-fright.
He forgets that the audience is made up of families
Who came to hear their own little darlings.
He only sees an Audience --
And piano teachers do not get to give concerts very often.

FRANKLIN FEGHOOT
by Dick Eney

Franklin Feghoot had the misfortune to be exploring Africa during the 1970s for the Galactic Federation's Historical Research Project, trying to determine the exact occasion for the outbreak of the hostilities which led to the Second South African War. It was, he discovered, the moment when a white explorer - Franklin Feghoot, to be exact - indignantly rejected a proffer of the vile native whiskey distilled by the Thanese from fermented plantain mash. Escaping to the jungle half a jump ahead of bloody vengeance, Feghoot carefully filmed the resulting riots before trekking off to his contact point, which was at Albert Schweitzer's hospital four days in the future.

Unfortunately, he arrived there two days before his pickup was due, but only twenty-four hours ahead of an enraged war party which had sworn to purge the jungle. The good doctor, learning of this, tugged his beard reflectively. "It would be easy to disguise you as one of my native assistants," he said to Franklin, "but I fear that most of them are known. A strange one would be suspected immediately. However, if you're ready to dare a little plastic surgery, I can disguise you as a well-known Ghanese hero, Ethelbert Ngowa."

"I seem to recall the name, answered Franklin. "He's an athlete of some sort. You think, then, if they find no strangers, they'll let your place alone?"

"Quite so. Now, if you'll just let me get started...."

"But wait!" exclaimed Feghoot. "I just placed the name. Ethelbert Ngowa is a celebrated boxing champion!"

"Yes, light-heavyweight champion last I heard. Everybody knows him by sight in Ghana. Shall we begin?"

"Oh, no, doc," exclaimed Feghoot, shaking his head firmly. "You're not making a guinea pig out of me!"

A fuzzy-thinking bandit in Louisville held up a bank at gunpoint, demanding that \$10,000 be transferred to his savings account.

"Trade Winds" column by Jerome Beatty, Jr. in SATURDAY REVIEW

dan adkins

Let me tell you the story behind the cover for Worlds of If Science Fiction, April 1966 issue.

It all began, as most covers do, with a telephone call. The phone was ringing at a building on 73rd. Street in Manhattan. Up on the sixth floor of this building, several people were sitting around doing their thing, which was drawing

Wally Wood heard the ringing as he was laying out the next cover for Dynamo, a superhero comic book. The phone had been ringing for twenty years as far as Wally was concerned. It never seemed to stop.

Ralph Reese heard the ringing as he ruled the borders for the next Thunder Agents story.

Tony Coleman heard the phone ringing while putting some of the background details in the current Thunder Agents story with his brush. He wished it was a girl calling for him. If only he was back in jolly old England...

Wally's wife heard the phone as she colored the proof for a Thunder Agent cover.

I heard it too, and put down the page I had been pencilling to pick up the phone, which was beside my chair.

It was the art editor at Galaxy. I gave the phone to Wally and he talked to her for maybe fifteen minutes.

We were going to paint a cover and do some black and white illustrations.

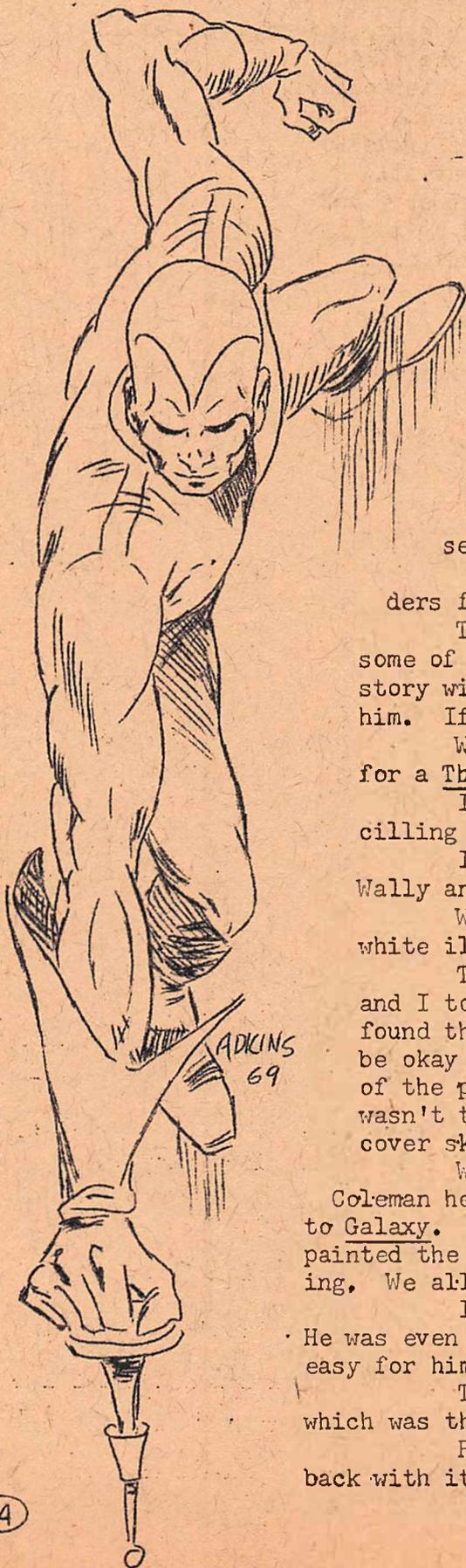
Three days later we got the manuscript in the mail and I took it home with me, read it and did sketches. Wally found the ones I had done for the inside illustrations to be okay and I finished pencilling them. He then inked most of the pencilling and I finished up the backgrounds. But he wasn't too happy with what I had come up with as far as the cover sketches.

Wally read the script and did some sketches. Tony Coleman helped on the coloring and Ralph took the works down to Galaxy. They okayed one of the colored sketches and Wally painted the cover with some suggestions from his wife on coloring. We all liked the end result.

I found myself wishing Wally would do more painting. He was even better at it than I had thought and it seemed so easy for him to do.

This was all done while we worked on the comic pages, which was the main source of money for us all.

Ralph took the finished cover down to Galaxy and came back with it. Came back with it? What kind of deal was this?



The art editor, who was Jo Ann something or other, had dashed off a note on the border of the painting. The background is too confusing...it looks like mud. Looks like mud! The girl is full of shit, I thought. That may have been kind words to what Wally thought. Anyway, he wasn't touching it. The hell with this two-bit account. Or why spoil a good painting because some gal thinks she knows what art is all about. That was true. Jo Ann was very pretty, indeed, but she didn't know anything about art except what she liked.

Wally gave her a call and learned she wanted brighter colors, like a poster or such. Anyway, after we calmed down and thought about it, we decided to fix it up. Or Wally decided I was to fix it up if we were to make any money on the deal at all.

I took it home and painted in some planets in the sky, and added a lot of bold color to the monster. I jazzed up the background weeds and bushes a bit. It sort of looked nice and cheap when I got done.

I took it into Wally. It looks cheap, he agreed. Galaxy bought it. They thought it was pretty groovy.

And of course when it was finally printed, Gray Morrow got credit for it. Which made us all happy.

And they ran a blurb over most of the background, anyhow...

Japan has a recently created industrial city that bears the name of Usa; the implications of a "MADE IN USA" label are obvious.

..."Faraway Places With Strange-Sounding Names", by Mario Pei, in SATURDAY REVIEW

WE BUILT NIAGARA

by Raymond L. Clancy

There were mud puddles and we built Niagara,
Father of roaring waters, in the sand.

And I thought some day we'd really see it.

I wonder if she ever did?

Well, there were many things she never told me,

And now they're things which I may never know.

She has passed, and I sit and I wonder,

I dream. I stare at the not-to-be-known.

And now that apart is forever,

I mourn we were so long apart.

NEWS ITEM: Joyce Fisher sends along a copy of a postcard from John Brunner. He has his Hugo now, and it wasn't the fault of the committee that he didn't have it earlier, so everybody is happy again.

Joyce mentions that the Committee mailed notifications of the results not only to the winners but to "roughly 15 ... fans in various countries", timed to arrive shortly after the Hugo banquet. Brunner failed to get his copy. (Fault of our postal service, or the British, I wonder?)
RSC



ADKINS-69

"THE LEGAL RULES"

DISCUSSED BY

ROY TACKETT

Among the things recently delivered to my mailbox is a curious document titled The Legal Rules. This was published by Jerry Lapidus "as a service to fandom" and, indeed, he has done us all a service by bringing to light some of the shenanigans of the St LouisCon business meeting. The publication contains the rules of the World Science Fiction Society, whatever that may be, and the report of the Committee on Conventions which was adopted by WSFS at StLouisCon. The report of the Committee on Conventions is the chauvinistic document which will, unless modified by Heicon, completely destroy the idea of a World Science Fiction Convention and isolate the U.S. from the rest of fandom. Considering the stupidity of the actions taken at StLouisCon in regards to conventions it behooves us to take a look at these so-called Legal rules to determine just what validity they have.

Article 1.01 of The Rules of the World Science Fiction Society informs me that WSFS is an unincorporated literary society whose functions are to choose the recipients of the Hugos, to choose the location of the annual World Science Fiction Convention and to attend that convention. Article 1.02 says "The membership of the World Science Fiction Society at any time consists of all those who have paid membership dues to the then current convention committee."

Indeed?

Over the years I have paid membership dues to any number of World SF Conventions and have an assortment of cards and lists attesting that I have been a member of this convention and that convention but nowhere can I find any mention of something called the World Science Fiction Society. Wouldn't you think that an organization so important that it has a $4\frac{1}{2}$ page constitution and presumes to dictate to SF fans, not only in the United States but throughout the world, the conditions for holding conventions and a awarding Hugos would offer some evidence of its existence? Still, according to Article 1.02 of the legal rules I have at various times been a member of the World Science Fiction Society. Gee, fellows, why didn't you let me know?

It would appear that as far as the great majority of fandom is concerned there is no such organization as the World Science Fiction Society. It exists only in the minds of a few fans who have kidded themselves for so long that they are the "Secret Masters of Fandom" that they actually have come to believe it. In their view fandom and conventions must be organized and run as a closed society according to their dictates. Keep the foreigners and barbarians out! We must have order!

Ah, well, just for laughs let's pretend that WSFS actually exists and have a further look at this constitution. Section 2 concerns "the Science Fiction Achievement Awards, nicknamed Hugos" and includes an assortment of directives as to how they will be administered. That most convention committees have had the good sense to pay little attention to the dictates of WSFS is evidenced by the awards that have been made in the past --they bear little relationship to the WSFS official list.

Article 2.14 is one of the new sections adopted at StLouisCon. We may never know for sure by whom. It declares that the Science Fiction Achievement Award is an English language award with eligibility limited to material presented in English. This is one of the changes adopted by the self-styled Secret Masters of Fandom to try to control

the awarding of the Hugos and keep them out of the hands of the foreign barbarians.

From this section one may also infer that WSFS considers science fiction to be strictly an English language artform, preferably American. Just what it is that writers in Russia, Japan, Germany, France, Poland and a list of other countries too long to enumerate, are producing must remain a mystery. Obviously, according to WSFS, it is not science fiction for if it is science fiction then it should be eligible for the Science Fiction Achievement Award. WSFS has, in effect, told the rest of the world that only they are qualified to determine what is science fiction.

Under Section 2.14 the Science Fiction Achievement Award will be administered by the North American Science Fiction Convention at such times as the Worldcon resides in a non-English speaking country. Under the set-up adopted at StLouisCon the Worldcon will alternately be held in the U.S. and the rest of the world. There are, thanks to the British, a fairly large number of English speaking countries in the world these days and I can't help but wonder what WSFA will do if, for example, Tanzania should one day host the Worldcon. Tanzania is an English speaking country. WSFA probably considers this as too remote a possibility to bother with and it may very well be. Still there are the beginnings of an interest in SF in Tanzania and who knows what may develop.

Section 3 of the constitution concerns itself with the organization of the North American SF Convention and expands the Eastern Division of North America to take in the islands of the Caribbean and the Atlantic. It is so worded that it could be interpreted to include the British Isles as well. Section 3 sets forth in detail just how sites for the North American Convention, and the Worldcon as well, will be selected and Article 3.05 declares "by bidding, a convention committee promises to abide by this constitution." Really? I can promise that I will never support, join or attend any convention that abides by the rules of that constitution--as it is now written.

Testimony in a New York City courtroom:

Q. (To a woman suspected of prostitution) Why don't you shun this life of sin and go out with some nice men?

A. I do, but every time I meet a nice young man he arrests me.

from Jerome Beatty, Jr.'s column, "Trade Winds", in SATURDAY REVIEW (a good mag)

ANOTHER YANDRO POLL

At least two book publishers, Doubleday and Walker, are reprinting original paperback books in hard covers. Okay, you stf experts out there; send in your lists of novels or short story collections that you would like to see in hardcover books. Pick from either original paperbacks or the old magazines; most of the novels and novelettes and a lot of the short stories in current magazines are already slated for book publication. Obviously, there can be no specified length for your list; you may know of only one novel you consider worthy of hard covers, or you may consider 25 or 30 of them worthy candidates. If you're not sure whether or not the story has already been in hard covers (paperbacks usually but not always list previous hardcover publication), include it. Include title, author, and publisher. I'll start things off with a short list of my own:

THE DYING EARTH, by Jack Vance (Hillman and Lancer)

DARK UNIVERSE, by Daniel F. Galouye (Bantam - this had a hardcover publication in England but not so far as I know in this country)

THE SQUARES OF THE CITY, by John Brunner (Ballantine)

THE SWORD OF RHIANNON, by Leigh Brackett (Ace)

THE LOVERS, by Philip Jose Farmer (Ballantine) . . . and just possibly CATCH A FALL-
RITE OF PASSAGE, by Alexei Panshin (Ace) . . . ING STAR by John Brunner (Ace)

THE REEFS OF EARTH, by R. A. Lafferty (Berkley)

TIMES WITHOUT NUMBER, by John Brunner (Ace)

THE SHIP WHO SANG, by Anne McCaffrey (Walker, \$4.95) When I read these stories in the magazines, I was not overly impressed; they were okay but I didn't consider them anything extra. I don't know if it's the fact that the whole is greater than the parts, or if it is just the fact of rereading

them, but they have turned into a very good novel. I'm sure it will be far too feminine for some of our more selfconsciously masculine critics in fandom, but I had no ob-



GOLDEN MINUTES...

jection. (The advantages of having a really monumental ego - I don't feel a threat to my mas-

culinity behind every bush.) Besides, it is the story of a female - a female starship, true, but still feminine. Helva is a pleasantly intelligent heroine (I'm not afraid of intelligent women, either, though I know some fans are,) and while her various adventures among the starlanes are not equally interesting, the cargo of actors in particular is a fascinating episode. (The mad scientist who hijacks starships was, unfortunately, right out of a bad juvenile, but the remaining episodes were good.) Recommended.

A GIFT FROM EARTH, by Larry Niven (Walker, \$4.95) This is pure, oldtime space opera; the hero who must battle an alien planet as well as evil humanity. I would personally have enjoyed even more old-time flavor and less sociology, but Niven handles things very well. I got the impression that he threw in a couple of sex scenes because they're the thing to do these days in the New Adult science fiction; but they don't detract too much...though they do stick out rather awkwardly. Otherwise it's a good adventure-chase novel, with somewhat of a *deus ex machina* solution.

CRIME PREVENTION IN THE 30TH CENTURY, ed. by Hans Stefan Santesson (Walker, \$5.95) A mixture of new and reprint material. Reprints include "The Eel", by Miriam Allen deFord, from GALAXY (a trial story with the ending tipped several pages in advance; hardly worth reprinting); "Velvet Glove", by Harry Harrison, from FANTASTIC UNIVERSE (a detective story with robots instead of people; standard pulp plot, but somewhat entertaining); "Let There Be Night!" by Morris Hershman (what I'm sure the author believes is a fascinating new twist on the drug addict story - unfortunately it isn't); "Rain Check" by Judith Merrill (a lovely little account of a charming alien loose in our society); "Toys", by Tom Purdom, from ANALOG (a Campbellian extrapolation of current child-rearing, quite well told); and "Party of the Two Parts", by William Tenn (the wonderful account of the alien con-man peddling pornographic pictures - of amoebas. This is the best story in the book.) New items include "Jack Fell Down" by John Brunner (murder and interplanetary politics, competently told); "The Future Is Ours" by Stephen Dentinger (a vignette that has no surprises at all for a sf fan, leaving it a dead loss to the book, but at least with only two pages you can't waste much time on it); "Computer Cops", by Edward D. Hoch (run-of-the-mill detective story with a future "gimmick"; worth skipping); "Apple", by Anne McCaffrey (an organization of espers has to solve a crime to clear its own members - somebody did this in ANALOG awhile back, which made the present story too predictable, but it's reasonably well done even if not too original.) Hardly \$5.95 worth, unless you have lots of money, but if your library gets a copy, make sure you read the Tenn, Merrill, Brunner, Purdom, McCaffrey and possibly Harrison stories. The rest you can skip without feeling you've missed anything. (Or if you're very short of time, just read Tenn and Merrill.)

LET THE FIRE FALL, by Kate Wilhelm (Lancer, 75¢) MESSIAH or ELMER GANTRY with aliens. Or at least, one alien. I wouldn't say it was the equal of either of the previous books, but it is very well done, and I recommend it. The hero (?) Blake, is a bit too much of a superman, and his actions are a bit too easily predictable for any veteran stf reader, but he still manages to be somewhat interesting. And Obie Cox is one of the most horrifying villains in recent science fiction.

UP THE LINE, by Bob Silverberg (Ballantine, 75¢) An amusing time travel novel. The Byzantine history seems absolutely accurate - I suspect Silverberg knows more about Byzantine history than I do, anyway. The concept of guided tours to historic events is one that I don't recall before and - given time travel and human nature - one that is inevitable. Wenching up and down the time line would also seem to be inevitable, as Our Hero guides his rich but neurotic tourists. One of the better books of the year.

NEW WRITINGS IN SF-15, ed. by John Carne~~ll~~ (Corgi Books, 4/0) Vincent King's "Report From Linelos" is a fascinating mixture of swords and sorcery, psychology, and space opera. "The Interrogator" by Christopher Priest, is emotional and symbolic - I get the feeling that some editor forced him to put an explanation in, because it doesn't seem to fit too well. "When I Have Passed Away", by Joseph Green, is about a race with a visible "afterlife" - and a fear of death anyway. "Symbiote" by Michael Coney, could have been taken from a passage in THE TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE; physical attributes develop when there is a need for them, and presumably wither when the need for them vanishes. In this case, the need for human intelligence vanished. "The Trial", by Arthur Sellings, is a fairly obvious attack on "the Establishment", but a good story in its own right. And "Therapy 2000", by Keith Roberts, is an emotional reaction to noise, and - somewhat surprisingly, because I dislike human racket myself - it left me cold to the point of not finishing it. Overall, an excellent anthology of original fiction.

ORBIT 5, ed. by Damon Knight (Berkley, 75¢) More original fiction. This one has 215 pages, as against 180 for NEW WRITINGS, but..... Kate Wilhelm's "Somerset Dreams" is a beautiful mood piece (it might even explain why I insist on living out here in the sticks). Avram Davidson's "The Roads, The Roads, The beautiful Roads" gave me the impression that he started with the punch line (which is good) and worked back, not too successfully. A vignette, somewhat flawed. "Look, You Think You've Got Troubles", by Carol Carr, is slight but amusing. The typical Jewish Mother (or Jewish Father, in this case) story, but entertainingly told. "Winter's King", by Ursula LeGuin" is a short story about her planet, Winter, and the various unpleasant duties of a king. (I'm afraid I found them too obvious and logical to be heart-rending; that's the way the world goes, baby, and some things you have to do.) I tried several times to read "The Time Machine" by Langdon Jones, and was totally unable to become interested in it, so I don't really know what it's about. "Configuration of the North Shore" by R. A. Lafferty, is about dream worlds and heart's desires, and it's serious (which, from Lafferty, is mildly surprising). "Paul's Treehouse", by Gene Wolfe, is an incident which presumably illuminates the errors of our society. It doesn't amount to much. "The Price", by C. Davis Belcher, goes into the legal question of transplants. The author tends to run it into the ground (does a transplanted liver have legal rights?) but then I'm sure future lawyers will, to. "The Rose Bowl-Pluto Hypothesis" by Philip Latham, is a perfect illustration of the problems of scientists, but not really much of a story. "Winston", by Kit Reed, covers the evils of ignorance. (I was already convinced, really - I will say her "average family" is very sharply drawn. Not even exaggerated much.) "The History Makers", by James Sallis, is apparently an attempt to give the reader a direct emotional experience of Time - and doesn't make it, in my case. And "The Big Flash", by Norman Spinrad, builds up frenetically, with all of Spinrad's purple prose, to a thoroughly predictable ending, given away by the title, no less. Overall, there are enough good stories represented to make this worth while, but Carnell has assembled a more entertaining book.

ROGUE STAR, by Frederik Pohl & Jack Williamson (Ballantine, 75¢) A larger version of the GALAXY serial. It wasn't exactly my sort of story, but it is a rather fascinating treatment of the sort of stf idea prevalent 30 years ago. The central character is a sentient star. All of the characterization is a trifle stilted, but the idea is interesting.

FOURTH MANSIONS, by R. A. Lafferty (Ace, 75¢) Lafferty's own version of the creation of a superman, the meaning of humanity, and so on. If this had been by the average stf writer I wouldn't have finished it, but I enjoy Lafferty's verbal pyrotechnics (even if they don't convey a great deal of meaning to me.) This is brilliant writing, in the original sense of the term.

THE PARASAURIANS, by Robert Wells (Berkley, 60¢) A Great White Hunter novel, except that they're after dinosaurs instead of lions, and the guide's Mysterious Secret turns out to be more in keeping with a science-fictional setting. Extremely light weight, but I must admit that I enjoyed it - most of the time, anyway. The finish was pretty sticky, and the heroine is pretty much of a dead loss, but it's otherwise good enough for an adventure novel.

THE BEAST THAT SHOUTED LOVE AT THE HEART OF THE WORLD, by Harlan Ellison (Avon, 75¢) This includes an introduction, the title story, "Along The Scenic Route" (formerly "Dogfight on 101"), "Phoenix", "Asleep: With Still Hands", "Santa Claus vs. S.P.I. D.E.R.", "Try A Dull Knife", "The Pitll Pawob Division", "The Place With No Name", "White on White", "Run For The Stars", "Are You Listening?", "S.R.O.", "Worlds To Kill", "Shattered Like A Glass Goblin", and "A Boy and His Dog" (the latter expanded from the NEW WORLDS publication. I don't know; I liked the original version but I think that expansion detracts from it; if anything it was too long to begin with.)

DARK STARS, ed. by Bob Silverberg (Ballantine, 95¢) Includes "Shark Ship" by C. M. Kornbluth, "Polity and Custom of the Camiroi" by R. A. Lafferty, "Coming-of-Age Day" by A. K. Jorgensson, "Heresies of the Huge God" by Brian Aldiss, "The Streets of Ashkalon" by Harry Harrison, "The Totally Rich" by John Brunner, "Imposter" by Phil Dick, "Road To Nightfall" by Silverberg (tch), "The Beast That Shouted Love At The Heart of the World", by Ellison, "Psychomosis" by David Masson, "The Cage of Sand" by J. G. Ballard, "A Deskful of Girls" by Fritz Leiber, "On The Wall of the Lodge" by James Blish and Virginia Kidd, "Masks" by Damon Knight, "Keepers of the House" by Lester del Rey, and "Journey's End" by Poul Anderson. Copyright dates run from 1953 to 1969, but most are in the early Sixties. Overall - good enough if you haven't already read the stories. I was glad to see the Kornbluth story being reprinted, and the Lafferty is well worth re-reading. Once is enough for most of the rest, but they are well worth reading the first time.

THE STANDING JOY, by Wyman Guin (Avon, 75¢) Superman - superboy, really - in the Depression, who apparently is the departure point for an alternate universe. Not exciting, but moderately interesting up until the conclusion when Guin starts bringing in statements like "The prophet is the Man of meaning, and all his converts become men of individual meaning." The True Believer has individual meaning - su-u-ure he does. Slick, well-written, but I didn't think much of the conclusion.

AFRO-6, by Hank Lopez (Dell, 75¢) Negro militants take over Manhattan. A few years ago we had scare novels about US-Russian confrontation; now we'll have scare novels about black militants. This one has good moments - the author is particularly good at depicting Negro and Puerto Rican problems - and the conclusion is satisfactory (better than I expected). The characters tend to be very cardboardy, and the plot is fairly predictable, and the author (presumably for the delectation of his white readers) makes far too much of the libel that every black is hot for white women.

WE ALL DIED AT BREAKAWAY STATION, by Richard C. Meredith (Ballantine, 75¢) Melodramatics - The Message Must Go Through! It's much more believable when it's set in Inja or the American West, or Africa. There is a great deal of talk about terribly uninteresting characters. Pure space opera; not a particularly good example.

NINE TOMORROWS, by Isaac Asimov (Fawcett, 75¢) Includes "Profession", "The Feeling of Power", "The Dying Night", "I'm in Marsport Without Hilda", "The Gentle Vultures", "All the Troubles in the World", "Spell My Name with an S", "The Last Question", "The Ugly Little Boy", plus the page-long verse, "I Just Make Them Up, See!", and three poetic rejection slips. These are not Asimov's best stories, but average Asimov is still pretty good. (Surprising; 15 years ago I wasn't much of an Asimov fan, but compared to what I'm getting out of the mags today his stuff is pretty good. Since it can't have changed, I must have - or maybe I haven't and the rest of the field has.)

EARTHTRIM, by Nick Kamin/PHOENIX SHIP, by Walt and Leigh Richmond (Ace, 75¢) The Kamin half is competent action-adventure. I gave up halfway through because I couldn't get interested in any of the characters, but I didn't spot any major faults up to then. And I seem to be allergic to the Richmonds' books; I just don't particularly care for the way they write. I also got about halfway thru this; up to the point where I quit it seemed to be a competent juvenile adventure novel. Neither half is exciting, but both seem to be adequate.

NEBULA AWARD STORIES, ed. by Damon Knight (Pocket Books, 75¢)

NEBULA AWARD STORIES Number Two, ed. by Brian Aldiss & Harry Harrison (Pocket Books, 75¢)

NEBULA AWARD STORIES Number Three, ed. by Roger Zelazny (Pocket Books, 75¢)

A total of 10 prize-winning stories and 16 runners-up. And seeing these all in one group makes me very reassured about the Hugos. Not that they are bad stories; there are excellent stories here, and the poorest aren't really bad. A lot of them just aren't what I would consider the best science fiction of the past few years. Anyway, #1 contains "The Saliva Tree" by Aldiss, "He Who Shapes" and "The Doors of His Face, The Lamps of His Mouth" by Zelazny, "The Drowned Giant" by Ballard, "Computers Don't Argue" by Gordon Dickson, "Becalmed In Hell" by Larry Niven, and "Balanced Ecology" by James Schmitz. #2 has "The Secret Place" by Richard McKenna, "The Last Castle" by Vance, "Call Him Lord" by Dickson, "Light of Other Days" by Bob Shaw, "Who Needs Insurance?" by Robin Scott, "Among The Hairy Earthman" by Lafferty, "Day Million" by Pohl (why, for God's sake? This is an exception to my statement that none of the stories are really bad), "We Can Remember It For You Wholesale" by Dick, "When I Was Miss Dow" by Sonya Dorman, "In The Imagicon" by George Henry Smith, and "Man In His Time" by Brian Aldiss. #3 has "Aye, and Gomorrah" by Samuel Delany, "Gonna Roll The Bones" by Fritz Leiber, "Behold The Man" by Mike Moorcock, "The Clous-Sculptors of Coral D" by Ballard, "Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes" by Ellison, "Mirror of Ice" by Gary Wright, and "Weyr Search" by Anne McCaffrey. All worth reading, and of course the set has a certain historical value.

THE TIME TRAP GAMBIT, by Larry Maddock (Ace, 75¢) An "agent of T.E.R.R.A" novel, set mostly in Carthage. The history doesn't seem to have the authenticity of Silverberg's, but presumably it's more or less accurate in the broad outline at least. Main flaw is that Maddock has dropped the mildly amusing style of previous books in order to get serious about his hero's problems, and it doesn't go over as well. Hannibal Fortune is more bearable as a light joke than as a man carrying out his duties while his heart is breaking. I didn't finish it.

DR. ORPHEUS, by Ian Wallace (Berkley, 75¢) This is the sequel to CROYD, which I never read. (The author takes some time to explain that it isn't really necessary to have read CROYD, because CROYD "is a swift mind-fugue" while the present book is "a leisurely space-time weaving". I very nearly quit right there, but I persevered.) What I did read reminded me of van Vogt with artistic pretensions, and once again I failed to finish the book.

PODKAYNE OF MARS, by Robert A. Heinlein (Berkley, 75¢) Despite what you may hear from other fans, this is not Heinlein's worst novel. (What is? FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD, by a wide margin.) It's a girl's juvenile, and fantastically above the average of that field. Unfortunately for fan reviews, Podkayne is a tomboy, and young male fans do not seem to believe in tomboys. It isn't top quality Heinlein, but it's as good as some of his more popular boys' juveniles.

(Devra Langsam just commented that Podkayne isn't either a tomboy and isn't a very believable character, either. I'll pay more attention to criticism on those grounds from a woman than I would if the critic ~~was~~ male, but if Poddy isn't a classic tomboy, she does have some rather masculine attitudes. Maybe that's it; she just has a slight oversupply of male hormones. Anyway, I find the book readable, if not top quality.)

BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION: 15TH SERIES, ed. by Edward Ferman (Ace, 75¢) I believe this is the first illustrated volume of the series; some of Gahan Wilson's cartoons are also reprinted. There are three poems; "Love Letters From Mars" by John Ciardi, "Treat" by Walter H. Kerr, and "From Two Universes" by Doris Pitkin Buck, all of which I could have done without. Stories include "The Doors of His Face, The Lamps of His Mouth" (again?), "Rake" by Ron Goulart, "The History of Doctor Frost" by Rod-eric C. Hodgins, "Four Ghosts In Hamlet" by Fritz Leiber, "Keep Them Happy" by Robert Rohrer, "A Murkle For Jesse" by Gary Jennings, "Eyes Do More Than See" by Asimov, "The House The Blakeney's Built" by Avram Davidson, "The Eight Billion" by Richard Wilson, "Something Else" by Robert J. Tilley, "Aunt Millicent At The Races" by Len Guttridge, "Sea Bright" by Hal R. Moore, "Hog-Belly Honey" by R. A. Lafferty, and "No Different Flesh" by Zenna Henderson. Original publication in 1964, 1965, 1966. The stories are pretty much the "typical F&SF" type; slick and forgettable.

CAPTAIN FUTURE AND THE SPACE EMPEROR, by Edmond Hamilton (Popular Library, 60¢) The Captain and friends battle another superscientific villain.

ALMURIC, by Robert E. Howard (Ace, 60¢) A reprint of what is undoubtedly Howard's funniest book. (Not intentionally funny, but a scream, nevertheless.) Ace originally brought it out in 1964.

THONGOR AND THE WIZARD OF LEMURIA, by Lin Carter (Berkley, 60¢) Formerly THE WIZARD OF LEMURIA, published by Ace in 1965, but still the first of the Thongor series. This edition has been "revised and expanded" - and improved somewhat. At least, he removed perpetual motion as the motive power for his "floaters" and tidied up a few other odds and ends. It still isn't particularly good, but it's much better than it was. From being below-average swords and sorcery, it's now at least average; maybe a bit above average.

BABEL-17, by Samuel R. Delany (Ace, 60¢) Originally published in 1966; now reprinted with the notice that it has won a Nebula. I still don't particularly like it, and I think it was a hell of a long way from being the best book of its year, but it has its good points. They just fail to outweigh the bad ones.

LAND OF GIANTS #3: UNKNOWN DANGER, by Murray Leinster (Pyramid, 60¢) The book is better than the show, which says nothing whatsoever, really, except that Leinster's people-stereotypes are more charming than Irwin Allen's stereotypes. It's all cardboard. I didn't read it all the way through, but samples indicate that Leinster is still doing parodies of his earlier characterization. The plot is so-so.

PERRY RHODAN #4: INVASION FROM SPACE, by Walter Ernsting & Kurt Mahr (Ace, 75¢) The dual authorship means, I suspect, that each man wrote one of the two installments included in this volume. We have a couple of more alien invasions here, and Perry's romance prospers slightly. (That part of the book reminds me of Leinster.) The first couple of Rhodan books were interesting, as examples of German stf; but the glamour wears off rapidly.

THE YELLOW FRACTION, by Rex Gordon (Ace, 60¢) A somewhat crude caricature of The Establishment, set on an alien planet. Gordon has thrown in several familiar stf settings, ranging from "Seven Days In May" to the noble liberal plotters, and it's all rather drab.

ANOTHER LOOK AT ATLANTIS, by Willy Ley (Doubleday, \$5.95) But I got it from Tartan Book Sales for \$1.75, an ex-library copy in perfect condition. This includes 16 of Willy's GALAXY columns - as in the earlier books, in no discernable order. The title

article was the most interesting to me, as being a possible explanation of a literary mystery. (Even though I'm pretty sure Atlantis existed mostly in Plato's imagination, it's become such a part of fantasy fiction that it would be nice to find a real basis for it.) There is also a sunken treasure ship, a brief dissertation on some of the delusions of pyramidology, a history of the crossbow, the possible existence of "living fossils", and a related one on recent discoveries of "new" animals, accounts of the largest animals of their kind, an article on the pangolin, two on the dodos, one on moas, possible types of extra-terrestrial animals, molecular motion, noisy meteors, international law as applied to the planets, stellar evolution, and recent discoveries about the solar system. (And I still say that while each article is interesting, it would be a lot more helpful if the books grouped them according to the science involved, so I could use the books better as reference. And an index might help, too.)

THE TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE, by Robert Ardrey (Delta, \$2.45) The various aspects of territory and property as it applies to animals and man. The writing itself is fascinating ("Men, unlike mockingbirds, have the capacity for systematic self-delusion.") The subject matter will undoubtedly be argued about, because it goes counter to much current psychology, but he convinces me, at least. The various illustrations are amusing, but they also solidly support Ardrey's thesis - as does the whole of human history. A thoroughly fascinating book.

THE BETTY BOOK, by Stewart Edward White (Berkley, 75¢) The account of a "psychic" and her contacts with the "other world", complete with advice on how to make things better on this one. It is better written than most occult books - it should be; it's by a far better writer than most. Even so, it didn't convince me, and the metaphysical passages seemed - as most do - to be a particularly tortured method of expressing fairly simple ideas.

A STRANGE AND SEEING TIME, by Elizabeth Byrd (Ballantine, 95¢) Mrs. Byrd seems to be the Peg Bracken of the occult. It makes for a quite convincing book; the reader becomes involved with the author and her friends, and one hesitates to call a friendly acquaintance a liar. I can't say I'm wholly convinced; I doubt if I ever will be, even if I see a ghost myself. But it's entertaining; occasionally the humor and homeliness appear a bit forced, but generally it's quite good reading.

FRATERNITY OF THE WEIRD, by Michael Hervey (Ace, 60¢) Another collection of short little "weird" stories, most of which I disbelieve utterly. Hervey uses no literary tricks to gain the reader's confidence; he's writing for people already convinced.

LAST STOP CAMP 7, by Hans Hellmut Kirst (Coward-McCann) I don't know the price because this was a Christmas present. Kirst's fairly standard set of characters are this time in an American internment camp, waiting for the Nazis among them to be sorted out and sent off to be tried for war crimes. Rather surprisingly, there is no anti-American sentiment; the camp director is depicted as not too bright, but he is treated with some sympathy, his assistant is the book's hero, and the others are minor characters, drawn from one or another of Kirst's variety of military men. Also rather surprisingly, the book has a reasonably happy ending, something not at all usual in Kirst's books, which generally end with the sympathetic characters on the short end of the stick. Kirst is partial to personal dooms, but in here he allows a possible vision of happiness to appear.

WATERLOO, by John Naylor (Pan, 5/0) Another in the British Battles Series. This reinforces a growing suspicion on my part that battles are very seldom won by brilliant strategy, but by the side which fumbles the least. Naylor details various stupidities among the generals, from Wellington on down, and leaves the distinct impression that if Marshal Ney had been able to follow explicit orders, Napoleon might very well have won.

HUMOR IN THE HEADLINES, ed. by Earle Tempel (Pocket Books, 60¢) Various actual headlines (with sources given) which read hilariously. "Man With Leg Burns Better" or "Weather Is The Chief Cause Of Drought". Highly recommended.

Through The Wringer

—column by—

ELIZABETH FISHMAN

In his letter, John Brunner mentioned that he felt as though he had been put through an electric wringer. I'm sorry about that, but what really interested me was the wringer. I'd almost forgotten about those. (Well, no, the wringer didn't override my sympathy for Mr. Brunner's troubles, but now that he's feeling better - dry biscuits? Blech! - well, you understand. Oh yes, you do too understand.) I remember how fascinated I was with the wringer on our machine. I was just tall enough to be face-level with it (oh, the wonderful things that can happen when you're face-level with things!) I'd flatten a jelly donut, start it through the wringer, and then run around to the other side and eat it as it came through. I tried other things - matzo crumbled, noodles squished to nothing, dried fruit was still dried fruit, only flatter, and bananas didn't make it at all. Peanut butter sandwiches almost, but it usually all stuck to, and kept circling, on the rollers. So mostly I stayed with jelly donuts.

It is my hope that the Society for the Abolition of Computers is successful. I have a tendency to mistrust any machine any more efficient than a cheap vacuum cleaner. You see, machines hate me. Oh, I know they do. The garbage disposal spits at me, the toaster makes me go through a whole loaf of bread before yielding one eatable piece (charred on one side only). The washing machine throws the clothes to one side of the basket, then either shakes itself boltless, or walks as far as the hose will let it, or sometimes both. This quivers the pipes and threatens instant death to the sink. The dryer is somewhat more tolerable because it at least has a sense of humor. At the end of each cycle a little music box plays "How Dry I Am". And so it is. The clothes, however, remain wet. Even with all this I was thinking about getting an electric toothbrush. However, my miniature hairdryer caught fire the other day.....

I've been meaning to tell you how I resolved the problem of the turnstile at the library. Coming and going I merely throw everything over to the otherside, then go through. No one stops me. Must be because I asked all within hearing range if a library had ever been sued for defamation of character.

I think that the eating of someone's pet cat was a vile and disgusting act. Why pick on cats when there are so many rotten people in the world? I'm sending a list to Nigeria.

I really am going to try your list of folksingers, yes. I hope I'll like John Jacob Niles because his name is pretty. The library has a whole section for folksingers so I should be able to get everyone on the list. And I can't wait to see what happens when I throw all those albums over the turnstile.

I think I'll write to the man who wants to meet people who have been classified sub-human. I have a rotten little brother who fits that classification, I'm quite positive. There's just no other way to explain him. Besides, I have a pretty sharp sense of those things. Have I ever told you about this floorwalker....? And come to think of it, what about that Nigerian cat-eater? And my next-door neighbor. Have I

ever told you about my next door neighbor? No? Well, I'll put it in my next column.

There must be something to candy wrappers being good for the soil. With all the wrappers my rotten little brother and his rotten friends layer the yard with we have the thickest, greenest, healthiest crop of crabgrass this side of Death Valley.

I'm having trouble with that mailman who resents all the mail I've been getting. The larger pieces won't fit in the box so he's been rolling them up and sticking them through the grillwork of the porchposts, and that's where they stay all day until someone comes home. They don't do too badly in the snow but lately it's been raining rather torrentiously. I don't know why I try to, but it's difficult drawing a sodden mass from the post in one piece. For some reason David Gerrold sent me a duplicate copy of his fanzine and that was the sodden mass I speak of. And I only recognized it by the fact that "contents obscene" was still readable. I was still home the next morning when my nemesis came sauntering up the porchsteps. I showed the crinkled crumbled mass.

"I'm sure, if you really thought about it, you could have found a better place to put this."

He took it from me and studied it. "Quite a mess. What is it?"

"It's the remnants of a magazine, that's what it is. And what difference does it make? It was mailed to me, had my name on it even...."

"One of those fanzines, huh?"

"It was a fanzine. It was. It came with all the intentions of being a fanzine, and all the intentions of remaining a fanzine, but you"

He kept pushing mail in the box. "No loss, then."

"What?"

"I've always had a desire to toss all that junk mail down the nearest sewer."

By this time I was losing my temper. "Listen you, you are a government worker, supposedly a man of responsibility and integrity. From now on you find another place to put the larger pieces." I was about to suggest inside the stormdoor when he interrupted me.

"Well, I've got a LIFE magazine here. Certainly it won't fit in the box." He tried to fit it in. "Nope, won't fit. Of course, it would go nicely in the post but you want me to find another place. OK." He stepped off the porch, reared back and threw the magazine on the porch roof. And off he went on his appointed rounds.

I told my mother how John Brunner cured his migraine. "He just kept gulping bottles of Vitamin A every day and that did it."

"How in the world does Vitamin A help a migraine? I'll bet some quack got a hold of him and --- who's John Brunner?"

"A writer. And he thought up the Vitamin A thing himself, not some quack."

"And he doesn't have migraine anymore?"

"No. Terrible stomach pains, though."

"A writer, huh?" She stared at my typewriter meaningfully. "I told you writers are far-out types. In my day they were called Bohemians."

"Mom, there was a perfectly sane, logical reason for all that Vitamin A. He just realized that his rhodopsin wasn't being renewed fast enough...."

"Oh." She sipped her tea then set the cup down and rattled the evening paper. "Well, it's probably the manufacturer's fault. They don't make rhodopsins the way they used to."

I'm glad you went ahead and titled the column. I was afraid you were going to make me do it. I could just see it in the table of contents -- Untitled Column by Liz Fishman. (I'm sure that if we were made to choose our own names my birth certificate would read, Appellationless Fishman.)

As most readers will have guessed by now, this installment of the column was made up of bits and pieces of letters. Arrangement is mine; the actual writing is all Liz, except for any possible typos. Next installment will be written specifically for publication.

GRAMBLINGS



Terry Carr, 35 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201

Actually, Ace isn't presently doing any hardcover publishing. That SF Book Club edition of *THE JAGGED ORBIT* is actually produced by the presses of Doubleday, of which SF Book Club is an affiliate. Whenever the book club chooses a paperback as one of its selections, the book is completely reset by them and published in their edition with the original publisher's name on it as a kind of courtesy. Thus you'll see Balantine's imprimatur on the book club edition of Wyndham's *CHOCKY*, Berkley's on their edition of Phil Dick's *GALACTIC POT-HEALER*, Avon's on Harlan's *THE BEAST THAT SHOUTED LOVE*.

Those three are the only other reprints-from-paperback so far done by the SF Book Club, Elaine Landis tells me, except for several from Ace: *JAGGED ORBIT*, as you mention, and Schmitz's *THE DEMON BREED*, and Dick's *THE PRESERVING MACHINE*, and *WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION: 1969*. Also, in a sense, LeGuin's *LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS*, since the Walker hardcover edition, which is the one used by the book club, is offset from our paperback edition.

Finally also, I've just heard from Elaine that she wants to pick up Mike Moorcock's *THE BLACK CORRIDOR* for publication in the book club next summer, so there's another. All of these naturally mean more income for the writers (as well as the Dillons, whose cover paintings are reproduced on the hardcover jackets), exposure to a wider audience of readers, the works. It's a good deal all around.

Elaine, by the way, deserves praise for pursuing this program of reprinting the best of both hardcover and paperback science fiction, thus giving her the whole field from which to choose. She also deserves admiration for taking the chance of offering at \$1.49 or \$1.69 books that are previously available in paperback at half the price. It's against the normal rules of publisher's logic that people would be willing to pay twice the price just to have books in sturdier bindings--but of course science fiction readers are a rather special kind of people (to say the least).

A few other notes: We didn't issue *I CHING* to take advantage of its mention on *Dark Shadows*, as you suggest; in fact, I didn't even know it had been mentioned there. No matter: the fact is that the book has become a kind of "in" bestseller among young people, and I knew that and thus suggested doing a new edition of it. So far the results are very good.

As for *THE DANCE OF THE CHANGER AND THREE* probably being intended to mean something in human terms, too: no. I deliberately wrote it so that it would make no sense in human terms (the alien myth, I mean). Despite this, I find on reflection and rereading that my subconscious got the better of me and I wrote a fully comprehensible myth exactly as such a culture of energy-creatures would create: the myth is a simply illustration of the law of conservation of energy. I'm rather rueful that I didn't realize what I was doing when I wrote it, but pleased that my subconscious can be trusted while my conscious is thinking about something else.

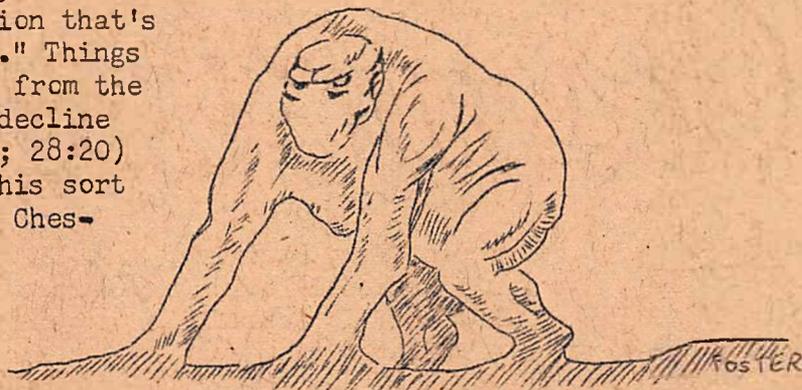
Marty Helgesen, 11 Lawrence Avenue, Malverne, NY 11565
In Yandro 189 Leigh Couch, referring to the current situa-



-YAMA"

-W.

tion in the Catholic Church, writes, "It's interesting to be part of an institution that's coming apart and falling into decay." Things aren't that bad, Leigh. Even aside from the promises that while the Church may decline it will never fall (e.g. Matt 16:18; 28:20) we have history; which shows that this sort of thing has happened before. G.K. Chesterton's THE EVERLASTING MAN includes a chapter, "The Five Deaths of the Faith", which contains the following passage: "At least five times, therefore, with the Arian and the Albigensian, with the Humanist sceptic, after Voltaire and after Darwin, the Faith has to all appearances gone to the dogs. In each of these five cases it was the dog that died."



More to the point is the history of the Jansenist heresy which appeared in the 17th century. It was condemned repeatedly, but the Jansenists engaged in complex maneuvers by which they continued to call themselves Catholics, although they rejected the teachings of the Church. When, in 1713, the Bull Unigenitus reaffirmed the condemnation of Jansenism, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris forbade his priests to recognize it. His brother, the Bishop of Chalons, wrote, "If the Pope is in error in straying from the traditions of his See it is he who is parting company with the Church." Shortly thereafter 25 other French bishops said they "had accepted the Bull only conditionally." When one loyal bishop sent his vicar general to a parish to read his pastoral letter condemning Jansenism, the parish priest, a Jansenist, first ordered the congregation to leave, then he instructed the choir to drown out the vicar general with loud singing. Finally he ordered the church bells to be rung to drown him out. In spite of all this, the Catholic Church still exists throughout the world while Jansenism, like so many other heresies, is all but forgotten. I say all but forgotten because a schismatic Jansenist church was established--in Holland. I said there was nothing new--and it still exists. Its total membership in 1960 was something under 11,000.

When I read your review of A CASE OF CONSCIENCE I dug out my copy and reread it. I don't think Blish is saying, or having any of his characters say, that pure reason is a tool of the devil. If he is, he's wrong. (Blish, incidentally, is wrong in his statement of several Catholic teachings.) Your statement that it is a Catholic premise certainly is wrong. The Church has always insisted on the importance of reason and defended it against fideist errors at the First Vatican Council. It was Martin Luther who said, "Reason is the devil's greatest whore." In fact, I think one of the explanations for the current situation in the Church that Leigh was talking about is that the Church today remains rationalist while the current fashion is anti-rationalist. People today don't want to understand, they want to experience. The growing drug sub-culture is a symptom of this. A statement which means something is considered unimportant ("irrelevant") beside one which merely tells how the speaker feels. Another symptom of modern anti-rationalism is the growth of interest in the occult. Your statement that the principle you attribute to the Church explains the history of the Church is too vague to be dealt with, but it's wrong, too.

You say that C.S. Lewis, in THE GREAT DIVORCE, is a fundamentalist about the hereafter. He is no such thing. In the introduction and in the last chapter he insists that the details of the after world given in the book are not to be taken literally, because we don't know what it will be like. A fundamentalist takes literally all of the poetic images of Scripture, such as Milk and Honey, Pearly Gates and Streets of Gold. Lewis does not. His image of Hell as a grimy, dismal city where it's always dusk and always raining is hardly Scriptural in literal detail. There isn't even any mention of devils. The whole point of the book is to provide examples illustrating the basic doctrine that no one goes to Hell who does not choose to do so. The souls who go back to Hell, in spite of pleas to remain, do so because they have made themselves

the centers of their own little universes and they cannot tear their eyes away from the mirror for a moment, no even to look at God.

/Sloppy terminology. Lewis is closer to the fundamentalist view of Heaven than, say, Mark Twain or Robert Nathan (or a lot of modern theology students, for that matter), which is what I meant. But his Heaven is not a strict fundamentalist one, and I said, in effect, that it was.// Don't write off the Albigensians; they're alive and well in California, according to a clipping somebody (Braude? Locke?) sent. They'll ordain you for \$15--which is sort of high, considering that the Universal Life Church will do it for nothing.// Somewhere in the novel, one of Blish's characters says pretty specifically that any reason which is not founded on faith is the tool of the devil. RSC/

Irv Jacobs, P.O. Box 574, National City, California 92050

-I wanted to pick up some of the better titles from Essex House, since they are apparently defunct. These thin paperbacks sell for \$2.00 each, and the Farmer titles are almost impossible to find anyway. Any idea where I might pick them up slightly used for about \$1.25 each? (They were sold here mostly in the "adult book shops" since our main paperback distributor did not handle Brandon House/Essex. Can't say I blame them too much.)

/Any of you readers have any ideas? I didn't have. RSC/

Milton F. Stevens, 3989 Beverly Glen Blvd., Sherman Oaks, California 91403

Robert Silverberg doesn't mention one thing that should be a rather primary consideration for his opinions on a worldcon rotation system. He doesn't mention that a Hugo-awarding, European Worldcon would be a tax deductible junket for anyone in his line of work. It's not a tax deduction for anyone in my line of work, and so I find it difficult to share his enthusiasm for internationalism.

I think the idea of International Fandom has a considerable appeal. I do not think it is a practical idea at the moment, but that does not entirely eliminate its appeal. A fan in the United States who spends between forty and sixty hours a week at fanac can't keep track of all the facets of fandom in this country. There isn't much chance of anyone keeping track of fandom on a worldwide basis. I imagine that fandom in each of the countries on the continent can be equally engrossing, although the composition of fanac is probably more similar to that of America in the 30's. Limitations of time and language will continue to block any real internationalism in fandom. If we were evolving toward a more international state of fandom, we would see an increased number of fanzines circulating between the countries involved. This is not the case and without extensive fanzine circulation, one of the necessary prerequisites of a fan convention is missing.

The concept of a multi-lingual, popular award for science fiction stimulates my sense of wonder all to Hell. Can you imagine fans voting on five different novels in five different languages? Wow! Despite the incredibility of an international Hugo, I wouldn't oppose the idea because it represents an economic advantage for the professional authors in the form of a tax deduction. What I want is an annual, national convention in the United States. If sending the Hugos overseas is to anyone's advantage, I'm willing to go along with it.

Louis Morra, 14 Grove Street, North Attleboro, Mass. 02789

Forrest Ackerman was on "To Tell the Truth" a couple of nights ago. Never having seen a picture of Ackerman, I guessed along, going for the choice who sounded the most intelligent and informed, and guessed wrong. Fans just don't live up to their images in person.

In #191 Bill Danner mentioned the addition of (presumably human) urine to skim milk some years back. Although on the outwards more desirable, he'll probably be more scathed by the consumption of food preservatives such as benzoate of soda and monosod-

dium glutamate and artificial sweeteners (which he must know about). Many of the preservatives in food are the same ones undertakers use to keep corpses looking good after several days on display. They've been known to cause inflammations and irritations of the intestinal villi, and some eventually damage them beyond repair. Also, I've read about Polysorbate 80 causing brain damage, as well as harming the blood. You'd probably be better off with the piss in your food. (And it's probably there anyway, from what I've heard of a lot of food manufacturers.)

I've been stealing*books from the library right next to my house for years, I've acquired several expensive volumes. I'm especially lucky that they leave unlocked the door leading down to the cellar, where the older, more rare books are kept from the public. I found an old book on witchcraft, once, from the seventeenth century, but somehow taking that didn't appeal to me.

*Change to permanently borrowing; sounds better.

How about giving the Rock Enthusiasts' Amateur Press a plug, Bob? The first mailing is planned to be out January 15th, with four pages per two mailings, thirty-five copies, dues as needed (\$1.00), every-six-weeks mailing. There are another eleven memberships open; still.

/Let's leave it at stealing; it's a more accurate description. I don't really know if you were being serious or joking in that paragraph--partly because I have some difficulty in visualizing the sort of person who would casually mention it if it was true. (I have a little difficulty in visualizing a person who would consider such a statement a joke, for that matter.) Either way, let's say I'm just as happy that I'm in Indiana and you're in Massachusetts.RSC/

Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson, Texas 77566

I just finished Yandro 193 and, wonders of wonders, felt inspired to write to you. The first thing that comes to mind is Bob Vardeman's letter. Bob, it is very easy to destroy phosgene (COCl_2 if you want the chemical formula). All you have to do is bubble it thru water and presto, you have some very acid water. But the Army didn't want to do this if they could sell it, you know. And there is a shortage of phosgene now. The companies who make plastics can't find enough phosgene to make the plastics that people want to buy. Almost all of the phosgene that is made is used within the parent company, but they don't have big enough plants to satisfy the demand, and so are happy to buy the government's excess stock. You would be surprised at the amount of highly toxic (which is a better word in this context than poisonous) materials have to be used to maintain our high standard of living. There are a couple of things that Dow makes that I don't want to be within 20 miles of a spill of, but phosgene doesn't bother me that much.

By the way, I was under the impression that nitrocellulose was gun-cotton. I guess I was wrong, from the discussion that went on in Y193.

At St. Louis I bought the Anne McCaffrey manuscript THE PARTNERED SHIP (I bought an IOU, actually) and she finally found the manuscript and I got it this week. I had read the story in the Walker edition of THE SHIP THAT SANG, and thought it was enjoyable. But when I read the manuscript I found they had cut the last 20 pages from the manuscript. Where Helva and Niall go to Beta Corvi to "talk" to the Corviki again. I wish that Walker had used that part too, because I think it makes the ending to the story and the book better.

If you don't want to send your old magazines to missionaries, how about some struggling school, either in a 'developing' country or on one of the Indian Reservations in this country? They always need books and magazines. St. Francis Indian Mission, St. Francis, South Dakota 57572, seems to be a struggling boarding school for Sioux children, and there are many more around the country.

I ate my first goose this week. A man at work went goose hunting with some friends, and he wound up shooting his limit (3) and theirs as well. He brought home 12 geese and he doesn't like to eat them. So he had them cleaned and gave them away. I got one and my aunt cooked it, and it was very good. All dark meat, of course, but more of it than is on a duck. I expected it to be like duck, just a thick layer of meat, but it

was more like chicken. Always learning things.

/I'm afraid I find it faintly unethical to go hunting for something one doesn't intend to eat (or to dispose of for the good of the community, like shooting rats or man-eating tigers). // Without looking it up, I'd say that all guncotton is nitrocellulose but all nitrocellulose is not guncotton. It's all highly inflammable, though. RSC/

Dennis Lien, 530 E. Mabel St., Tucson, Arizona 85705

#190: Dave Locke's "Cold Power" must have been above-average fan fiction; a month after reading it I can still vaguely remember it.

Well if the Bounds story in New Writings in SF-14 reminded you so strongly of "The Only Thing We Learn" by William Tenn, why didn't it remind you that "The Only Thing We Learn" was by Cyril Kornbluth?

DONOVAN'S BRAIN was also printed in FFM in 1950.

Bob Briney: No, the title song was the second-best thing about The Green Slime. The best thing was the line uttered (by the hero?) as the scientist put a piece of Green Slime Blood under the microscope and watched it grow from pinpoint size to plate-size in about fifteen seconds: "It seems to be getting larger!" (Other recently seen movies include BLOOD BATH, QUEEN OF BLOOD (the one in which 4SJ has a walk-on), BUCKET OF BLOOD, and BLOOD OF DRACULA, at a buck night All-Blood quadruple feature at a local drive-in last week...all oldies but BLOOD OF DRACULA is unreservedly recommended to anyone who likes to suffer. It's a teenybop mid-50s rock-and-roll girl's boarding school and female scientist true love atomic vampire some-things-man-was-not-meant-to-know picture which has nothing whatsoever to do with Dracula.)

Also recently saw on TV an historical zombie movie called NIGHT STAR, GODDESS OF ELECTRA. Not up to the title, unfortunately. (Has anyone ever seen the for-real Mexican flick called THE INCREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES WHO STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME MIXED-UP ZOMBIES?)

Ed Reed: There is also now a poster, for sale at a local head shop, of the nudie pic of John and Yoko (at least I presume it's the same pic, not having the album--I'm a Beatles fan, but the John and Yoko solo albums have been getting the worst reviews since Buck last read a Ballard novel.)

#191: Ha, Bruce jumped the gun. A pre-publication foretaste of the Yandro Index!

I got the come-on for the 21 platinum space medals at \$1000 each, too, and apparently quite a few fans did. Whence the sucker list? Either they sent them out to everybody in the country, or they sent them to (among others) everyone who's had a letter printed in a prozine in the last six years, or else somebody in the racket gets fan-zines...

Dave Locke's "Difugality" piece, on the other hand, was beautiful. If this is the coming thing, I obviously obtained a typewriter just in time.

The pairing of "Cormorant" and "Big Jack Balloon" obviously calls for a comment by either Mike or myself on our respective theories of parody. I think I'll let Mike make it. (I especially liked his version of the Sinner theory that "Otis Adelbert Kline would be more widely read today if he had just packed some honest screwing into his stories.")

More from Alan Dodd on Free Copenhagen, please? It sounds like an alien society on this planet...not necessarily an Utopian one, but fun to read about.



69

Nope, "Kings of the Night" appeared in The Magazine of Horror, as did "Worms of the Earth" the following issue (about #21 or so). Lowndes said when printing it that Lancer was going to include it in an upcoming volume; wonder if that's the one that Dell finally did instead, and if so, why? I'd love to see the Solomon Kane stories in pb, having missed the hardcover edition; I've found Howard's non-Conan fantasies more fun than the Conan stories. Maybe by next summer I'll be enthused enough to finish reading my way through the Conan books?

How's that again Department: "Vonnegut is that rarity--a good stf writer who has never appeared in many stf magazines... that first reading is excellent... It represents the best of the modern science fiction." Buck Coulson, review of CANARY IN A CAT HOUSE, Yandro #105 (1961).

"This, I believe, is Vonnegut's first novel, written shortly after the time he spent doing bad science fiction shorts for the Saturday Evening Post." Buck Coulson, review of PLAYER PIANO, Yandro #192 (1969).

The mag distributor who handles Tucson finally finked out completely on me. Coven 13, the Lowndes magazines, Powell Press pbs, and even Corinth pbs are or were all available here with some ease. But last month he never distributed the 20th Anniversary Issue of F&SF. The one before, and the one after, but...

Scithers' "Masked Marvels" piece is f-u-n-n-y, and the name "Nude Man and the NaKid" is the funniest bit of all. Maybe Witzend would be interested in doing a strip version (pun only semi-intentional)?

Greg Shaw's letter exposes my secret shame. Kirby Hensley apparently slipped up and ordained us in the wrong order. I'm not #15,774; I'm #15,776, which gives you, Buck, numerical seniority over me, which is hardly fair. Since I almost certainly received my ordination papers before you (mail from California to Arizona shouldn't take more than a couple weeks, as opposed to the two or three months required for the postal system to ingest something in California and excrete it in Indiana), and since it was my idea, I'm not about to give up my tiara or scepter or whatever, but I can see all fandom plunged into war over this issue and cries of "Antichrist!" filling the air like the whizzing of poisoned boomerangs.

/And you know what? The bad science fiction short in the Post that I was specifically thinking of was by Gerald Kersh, not Vonnegut. Maybe I should look things up oftener. (Except that I did try to look it that up, and couldn't find it.) RSC/

Mike Barrier, Box 7420, Forest Park Station, Little Rock, Arkansas 72207

I wish I could figure out what it is about "Masked Marvels" that prompted both you and the Thompsons...good, sensible people...to reprint the thing.

Bob Briney, 233 Lafayette St., Apt. #2, Salem, Mass. 01970

The second Lancer "Guardians" book was THE CURSE OF RATHLAW (1968). Jeff Jones cover, like the Berkley ones. About on a par with THROUGH THE DARK CURTAIN. There is an odd air of familiarity about all of the books, as if Saxon had been reading the same books I have. THE KILLING BONE is straight from Upfield (slightly garbled and with the supernatural element added): DARK WAYS OF DEATH reads like a hasty copy of BLACK IS THE COLOR. And I am convinced that the characters of Gideon Cross and Anne Ashby were based on the two sorcerers Gaudan Cross and Marie D'Aubray in John Dickson Carr's THE BURNING COURT. Still, for serial yard-goods, the books are rather well done.

I suspect that Berkley would like to find a series of books to rival the popularity

of Bantam's "Doc Savage" line. (What publisher wouldn't?) The long series of articles on "The Spider" in The Pulp Era has not created in me a burning desire to read the books, but I'll give the first couple a try, anyway.

Is Robert Tralins worse than Gardner F. Fox? The latter has a couple of slave novels on the stands, too... (or am I thinking of Norman A. Daniels?)

Have recently read Ursula LeGuin's juvenile novel A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA, and recommend it highly. Not only good reading, but a beautiful job of book-making. (The legal variety...) Also recommend Shirley Jackson's COME ALONG WITH ME and Isaac Bashevis Singer's THE SEANCE.

Have also read Jack Vance's THE DEADLY ISLES, which I don't recommend unless you are a dedicated fan of either Vance or suspense novels. Smooth but slight, with an interesting and authentic-sounding background of Tahiti and neighboring islands.

Leigh Brackett does much better in the suspense line. Her novel THE SILENT PARTNER came out last May, but I've just managed to get a copy. Not nearly as good as THE TIGER AMONG US or AN EYE FOR AN EYE, but still good.

/Robert Tralins is worse than damned near anybody. Fox, John Jakes, Michael Avallone, even (well, maybe not worse than Avallone, but just as bad). RSC/

Ethel Lindray, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, United Kingdom

I've just received the two Ys, the second not far behind the first. It's good that I can now put them in Haver again! I liked the fairy cover; you know, it's funny that all those fantasy-loving folk never write much about this part of fantasy--fairies. I think I'd rather like to read a fairy story that--if this is possible--sounded real.

I think I agree with Juanita about those impeccable zines; I like to see some but hope all fandom does not head into offset. Apart from the considerations she mentioned it might tend to put off those who could not afford such things, and fandom might be the loser. The funniest things in both issues are the columns by Dave Locke; no wonder he is a friend of Grinnell--they share the same type of humor.

I see you are beginning to get some reactions to STAR TREK from over here. I haven't heard any fan here do anything but criticize it severely. I liked one episode that involved an alien, but have to agree with the critics that the acting and dialogue are pretty corny. I don't think they are being shown in the same order as you had. Mind you I have seen a few letters praising Spock in the Radio Times; but they were from non-fans. Can't see the fascination for Spock myself; maybe if I had colour TV and saw him in green? Anyway--in my book--not a patch on Illya!

I see that, like me, you are too canny to dismiss Panshin's Villiers series. I think they get easier to take as time wears on...and there was even the hint of a plot at the end of the last one. Not being very knowledgeable about comic heroes (except for what I read in fanzines), I skipped a lot of the story by George. It set me to thinking, however, about a comic serial I've been reading in comics sent from the US. This serial is called DC MDI. Lately a new character has been introduced. He is a French student who has come over to the US to see what his talent for stirring up revolution could do there. He has red hair, of course! What amazes me is that he is supposed to be very naive about US life. He is surprised to find there is freedom of the press. He thinks a middle-class home must be the home of someone high in the Establishment...and various other ideas even more silly. One could only explain this notion of how life is in the US if he thought that it was a communistic country!

What I feel weird about all this is the notion that there must be some Americans who believe the things they read in the comics. To me it smacks of propaganda--would it be recognized as such by most folks?

/Actually, it was the non-fans--"Trekkies"--who had the most unrestrained enthusiasm for ST in this country. But it was the fans--many of whom said, sure it has flaws but it's far better than anything else we've seen--who were used to expressing their opinions via fanzines. (And ST did more thing for fandom no other TV show has done; it brought in more than a few new fans...and since most of the newcomers were female, it helped cut down on the total masculin-

ity of the field. I can recall when males outnumbered females in fandom by 10 to 1 or better.)//Sure, there are people who believe the things they read in the comics--largely because what they read reinforces their own prejudices. But they're in the same minority of nuts who think the characters on tv shows are real. RSC

As someone who liked STAR TREK, but who was not one who went ape over Spock's sex appeal, I can say my own enthusiasm for that particular character was governed by delight at seeing an intelligent, admirable alien presented with a (comparative) minimum of script comment on the fact and bereft of xenophobia. I was fed up to the ears with menacing kill kill kill aliens in American tv sf, and the first season of STAR TREK, by and large, I found quite pleasant. Of course; I have always liked both series situations involving a number of interacting characters and space opera (with occasional hidden ideas -- ideas familiar to fans but really startling to much of the non-fan mass audience ST reached), so it hit all my wavelengths. JWC/

Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis, Minnesota 55417

Speaking of first-day covers of the Moon stamp--someone had one sent to me, and I don't recognize the handwriting. Assuming you print this letter, I'll assume that whoever sent it reads Yandro (doesn't everybody? -- I know, I know, not if you can help it) and tell him or her: Thank you.

One footnote to the St Louis con which future con committees should perhaps take into consideration--general area of city. I heard of one guy who was robbed of \$60, and I was robbed of \$15, on my way back to the hotel from the Chinese restaurant two blocks away. (Pause to praise whoever thought up traveler's checks.) My own fault, partly, for walking alone, but on the whole, in future I'd rather be in hotels that are not next to ghettos.

About your review of Too Many Magicians and question as to identities--the Marquis is both Nero Wolfe and Mycroft Holmes. There are direct parodies of lines from Rex Stout and ACD identifying him as both characters. I agree that it's vastly entertaining, with or without the in jokes. But such of the in jokes as I caught also struck me as vastly entertaining.

George Scithers' "The Masked Marvels" was a good story. And a good parody, too.

I read a curious book today, THE YOUNG UNICORNS, by Madeleine L'Engle. You read A WRINKLE IN TIME, didn't you? I think I remember she won a Newberry for that one--anyway, it was an excellent, and exciting, juvenile suspense sf story, marred only by a simplistic preachy philosophy. This new one (1968) is similar, but is even more irritatingly full of preaching. (Also a couple of minor faults--the plot is obvious, at least to a reader like me with a reasonable acquaintance with scientific villains pretending to be supernatural figures, disguises, etc. And it suddenly occurs to me I don't see why the book's title is as it is.) But it's got similar good points to AWiNT in characterization (another family, quite genuinely made up of individuals and all acceptably intelligent) and suspense atmosphere. The villains aren't as good this time--it's helpful to be writing sf when you want your villain to be Absolute Evil incarnate; you can make him an alien and just say he's evil because he is and leave it to the atmosphere to convince the reader. TYU's mad Bishop doesn't quite come off. More and more I am becoming convinced that L'Engle is an important figure in juvenile literature. I suspect that she may become an important figure in sf generally--if she learns to incarnate her philosophy in the story instead of setting up characters to preach at the reader. She's a fascinating writer, because she's both so good and so annoying.

Bruce Robbins, 3015 Bedford, Apt. 2, Montreal 251, Quebec, Canada

I'm wondering why you support Montreal in '74, Buck. (My own reasons, aside from the usual selfish ones of living in the area and wishing to help out--the prime movers in the bidding committee all live in Ottawa, 100 miles away--are these: having lived, up until a year ago, in the U.S., and, despite frequent vacationing with relatives in Canada, I lived with preconceptions shared by many Americans--since there is so much to see in the U.S., why bother with Canada? Well, Canada is bigger than the U.S., but

with only 1/10th the people, most of them along the border--so there is plenty of unspoiled land for outdoors types. Montreal is Canada's biggest city, and the second largest French-speaking city in the world--for a city with a real foreign atmosphere it's very well situated for North American fans. The Con hotel, the Queen Elizabeth, is truly centrally located, with the most gorgeous facilities of any Con hotel I've known. For these, and other reasons mentioned further on, I think fandom deserves a Worldcon in Montreal.)

Now that I got rid of those parentheses, I'll mention further that Montreal is also located above my favourite part of the U.S., New England. Friends, you've missed something if you haven't been through the White Mountains and seen some of the historical landmarks of the New England area.

I'm convinced that Canada is the best country for book buying--all the U.S. titles get up here, but also all those British paperbacks "not for sale in the U.S.", and, in this part of Canada, a great selection of French paperbacks. As one example, the American Ace, Canadian Ballantine, English one volume, and Canadian one volume editions of Tolkien are all available in bookshops. (The Canadian Ballantine edition being virtually identical to the American Ballantine edition, and the two one-volume editions being virtually identical, too.) True, by judicious buying from Dick Witter and Ken Slater one can get almost everything fantastic, but what about general browsing among general titles?

But what attracted me most to the Montreal in '74 bid, as opposed to my performance in this letter so far, is the deliberate low-key approach used by the committee.

The first Ace he I saw was ATTA, by Francis Rufus Bellamy (also available in double D-79). After that, I didn't see another until the recent book club reprints. Naturally, I approve.

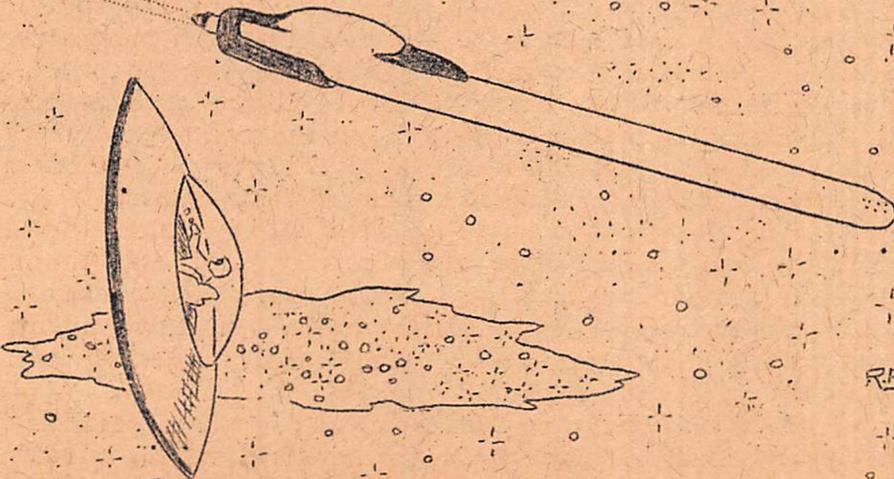
Former Panic Button fans: Les Nirenberg is a reporter/interviewer on a daily hour-long news and commentary show (a la TODAY), on a radio show, and he also makes commercials (he was in a great anti-smoking ad--coughing his head off like the guy on the Yogi Bear ad).

Mostly I support Montreal because I don't believe in US fandom monopolizing World Conventions and Hugos. I couldn't care less about Montreal as a city--though it's nice to know that it has its good points. (Most of the Canadians I know come from Toronto.) I seem to be letting Derek Nelson and Richard McCallum do my general Canadian book-browsing for me. RSC/

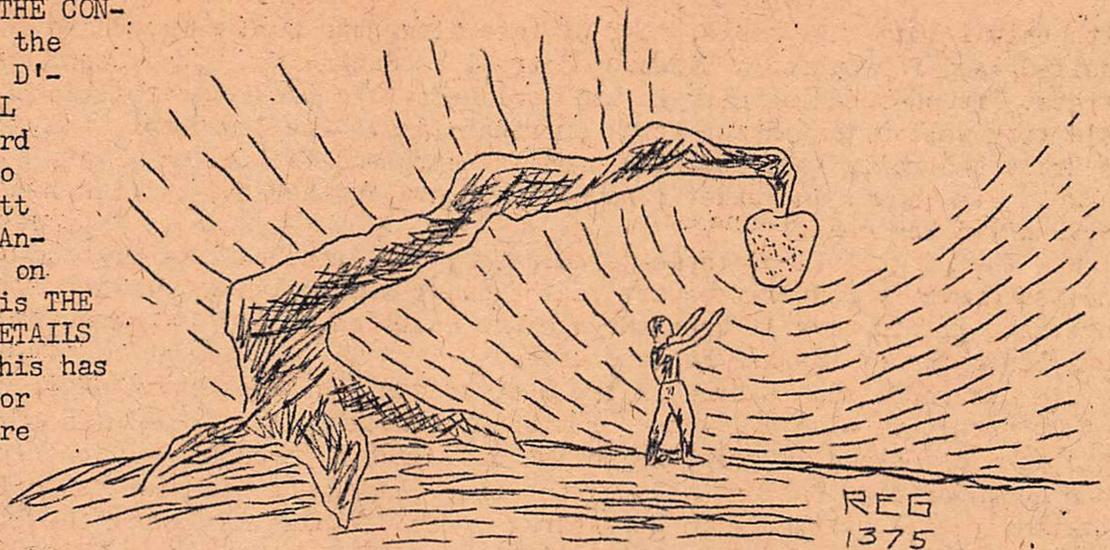
Andy Zerbe, 3154 Dupont Street, Montgomery, Alabama 36106

People who are against litterbugging are probably the same people who rake their lawn after cutting and don't leave their leaves to rot on the ground in the fall. They end up having to spread fertilizer every year. Too many people rake their lawn after cutting. In this neighborhood I am

carrying on a one man campaign to leave the grass where it lays after the lawn has been cut. Also I am the only person who takes advantage of the lawn mower as a mulcher in the fall. Chops up the leaves quite effectively and saves having to rake them up. This saves the city the trouble of burning them and lessens the air pollution problem by a little bit.



If you liked THE CON-
SPIRATORS, be on the
lookout for COUP D'
ETAT--A PRACTICAL
HANDBOOK by Edward
Luttwak, a how to
guide from Fawcett
Premier Books. An-
other book to be on
the lookout for is THE
YEAR OF THE HORSETAILS
from Berkley. This has
been available for
some time so there
may be some dif-
ficulty in find-
ing it. An ex-
cellent novel of
swords without sorcery.



REG
1375

YEAR OF THE HORSETAILS is still around on the local newsstands, but with 250 unread books in the house I haven't bought a copy. COUP D'ETAT sounds like the same subject matter--but how good a writer is Luttwak? That's really more important than the subject matter. However, if I see it around I'll look it over--and probably end up buying it.//I never could see the point of spreading fertilizer on a yard to make the grass grow faster so you have to mow it oftener. But I'm also too lazy to rake leaves--or mulch them. I haven't raked a leaf since we moved here. But I can fulminate against litterbugging. Leaving natural vegetable products on the ground to rot is not in the same category as throwing pop and beer bottles out of your car along the road, which is the kind of litterbugging you get around here.RSC/

Mike Deckinger, 25 Manor Drive, Apt 12-J, Newark, NJ 07106

If Irv Jacobs tells me what the "bah, humbug" school is I'd be happy to advise him whether or not I'm a member. I'm surprised that anyone who can appreciate the Karloff, Lugosi, and Lorre films of the 30s and 40s can find something kind to say about THE OUTER LIMITS. I've seen most of the films this trio made, either through theatre revivals or under the indignities imposed by television and responded with delight to most. I would also insert Lon Chaney, Jr. among this hallowed triumvirate; he often accepted faulty parts, but when he was given a good one he played it with remarkable depth and sensitivity (i.e. MAN-MADE MONSTER and the non-fantasy OF MICE AND MEN).

Perhaps the format of THE OUTER LIMITS differed from ROCKY JONES, SPACE RANGER and CAPTAIN VIDEO, but the intended audience was precisely the same. THE OUTER LIMITS was created by a man whose previous cultural achievements included the films PRIVATE PROPERTY and THE MARRIAGE-GO-ROUND, which are really not very promising credentials for someone bringing science fiction to a large home audience. Admittedly a few programs were barely passable; I liked the two Ellison screenplays, as well as a good adaptation of Binder's "Adam Link" stories and an unusual tale starring Martin Landau as a deformed survivor of a future atomic war, returning to the present in an attempt to alter history. But the vast, vast majority of offerings were dimwitted childish monster stories, with laughable special effects and some sort of clumsy monster that awkwardly trundled about threatening human life until it was tiredly dispatched. Remember the story featuring Henry Silva as a South American dictator who receives justice at the hands of some bizarre fish-men? These unique monsters were created by uncomfortable extras who were zipped into Charlie-the-Starkist-Tuna costumes and told to crawl about on their hands and knees. That must have really zapped the minds of all the viewers under the age of three!

I've seen seven episodes of THE PRISONER, including "Fall-Out". My own opinion is that it's one of the most provocative, creative programs on the network, a true visual

and cerebral delight, despite the fact that a great deal that transpires in it is incomprehensible to me. But then acute symbolism is nothing new; what is new and unique is the absolute fidelity towards expressing the surrealistic village of the Prisoner, with no cop-outs or cute touches to dilute the impact. I don't find any of the characters very sympathetic--McGoohan is a pleasant actor but fails to tug at my emotions--and I am undisturbed by the "incongruities of people being swallowed up by big bubbles" which is, after all, not intended as a literal interpretation. The sets also have the look of genuine performance, instead of resembling a bunch of cardboard cutouts and backdrops. Predictably, THE PRISONER was not a success in the vital ratings game but I considered it a bold, intelligent move and I'd like to see more like it.

By the way, I did like THE FLY, despite the obvious padding. It was a story of menace in which the entire action took place within the confines of a single home, instead of introducing yet another peril to the Earth, which was a refreshing change. The best scene in it was the final trick shot of the fly with the human head about to be devoured by the spider. I don't remember the film, but I remember that.

As for the classic horror films of the 30s and 40s, I can only admit a mixed interest. I enjoyed FRANKENSTEIN tremendously; in fact, I thrilled over all of Karloff's films. The man had a mastery that few players could match. But Lugosi in DRACULA bored me. I could not accept his portrayal of Dracula as a sinister human-vampire; he sounded more like an immigrant asking for a hand out. The 1959 Hammer Film version, with Christopher Lee as the count, called HORROR OF DRACULA, evoked all the horror and supernatural overtones that the Lugosi version lacked. And of course I adored KING KONG. Who could not? /And, from an earlier letter.../

Reg Smith brings up an interesting point about Hubbard when he refers to DEEPER THAN YOU THINK. The fanzine is edited by Joel Frieman, a fringe-fan and close neighbor who tortuously went about securing original material for his "Unknown" issue from a number of prominent names, including the ones Smith refers to. I told him that any magazine devoted to Unknown would be incomplete without something by Hubbard, and he agreed but was at a loss as to how to contact him. (Hubbard is persona non grata in England and currently lives aboard his yacht safe in neutral waters.) He finally decided the safest means to reach Hubbard would be through Scientology, and sent an inquiry to the man via a special box from the New York headquarters of Scientology. We were understandably astonished a month later when the article arrived from Hubbard.

There's a great deal of difference between the article in the fanzine and Hubbard's original words. Since John Campbell has given Joel permission to reprint the Cartier illos, he felt it advisable to contact Campbell and appraise him on the contents of Hubbard's piece before publishing it. Hubbard claims that Campbell started buying his stories for Unknown because Campbell's boss told him to. Campbell said that passage was untrue. Out it went. Hubbard reveals that Unknown folded because he stopped writing for it. Campbell's comment was unprintable. That too was nixed. In the original article, Hubbard closed with these lines: "I firmly believe that the first man to land on the moon will be a scientologist." Joel decided that he did not want to confirm the theory maintained by many that Hubbard was off his rocker, so he deleted that line entirely and reshuffled a few earlier paragraphs.

/To each his own; to me "The Prisoner" sets so shouted of cutesy model work that I decided they were probably symbolic of something instead of trying to look real. Symbolic of what, I didn't know, and after a few episodes I didn't care and quit watching. (Though I continued to see parts of damned near every episode because the rest of the family watched it and I do not refuse to walk through a room just because the tv is on--sometimes I'm tempted, but I've never succumbed.) I also gave up on OUTER LIMITS after a few episodes. Same with THRILLER (which was a mistake, because some of their later shows were quite good, and I missed a couple of the best--or so I am told--before trying it again.) I'm afraid the menace of THE FLY was too idiotic for me to appreciate any good points the rest of the film might have had. RSC/

Jay Kay Klein, 302 Sandra Drive, North Syracuse, NY 13212

Sure, phosgene has chlorine in it. And Bob's wondering why it simply can't be de-

stroyed deserves the comment that one really ought to beat swords into plowshares. Why waste good material? Phosgene is a very valuable basic raw material from which to make all sorts of godies--such as freon. If you price Freon, you'll see why they'll go to all the trouble to ship Phosgene hundreds and thousands of miles to industrial plants.

As a matter of fact, you can make phosgene at home very simply from the ordinary Freon in your refrigerator--just draw the Freon over an open flame. Every now and then some unwary refrigerator repairman will suck in leaking Freon fumes through his lighted cigarette--and come close to doing away with himself.

/This has been a service announcement for any revolutionists in the audience... RSC/

Dave Burton, 5422 Kenyon Drive, Indianapolis, Indiana 46226

We had some more "race problems" at Arlington (ironically enough, right after our newspaper editor had gotten free/equal time on Channel 8 because they said we had race riots--he said we didn't). 250 kids involved with the majority being black.

Check this: the FBI has gotten permission (from who I don't know) to inspect a student's locker without his or the school's permission. Specifically at Arlington. They're looking for dope. Lots of people are grinding saccharine, filling bags with parsley, and various other tricks to fool the narcs. I think they deserve it. I mean, doesn't a person have some right to privacy?

/I assume that someone has ignored the "illegal search and seizure" provisions of the Bill of Rights again. Well, if they can twist the meaning of the "keep and bear arms" provision, they can do the same with any other "safeguard" that becomes inconvenient. RSC/

Reg Smith, 1509 Mar-Les Dr., Santa Ana, California 92706

De Camp has another fine verse in this issue, and I was interested in Bill Conner's comments about electronic mail. I first heard about this five or six years ago; the technique has one fatal flaw, however. Many first class letters contain cash, checks, or coins. Who would accept a Xeroxed dollar, paper quarter, or a copy of a check? The only solution to this would be to place a note on the outside of the letter saying that the letter was not to be sent electronically. Then everyone would know that there was probably money inside, and the chances of the letter reaching its destination would not be so good.

Regarding your review of C.L. Moore's JIREL OF JOIRY, there is indeed "too much of a muchness" when read together. The stories were originally published (and written) months and years apart. Over thirty years later they are all stuck into one paperback, and if one reads them one after another they do become somewhat tiresome. The best way to enjoy a book like this is to allow some time between reading the individual stories, although this isn't always possible in your case, since you are writing reviews of the books you read.

The other day I read for the first time Fritz Leiber's "The Black Gondolier" and enjoyed it tremendously. This is no great news; the reason I mention it is that I am so familiar with the places where the action of the story takes place. Being familiar with the locale can add to the appreciation of a story. I would imagine that some of the rural towns of New England would be perfect places to read Lovecraft. Various places in the British Isles would be good for reading ghost stories, and I remember that several years back someone from England wrote in to say that the various places in Alan Garner's THE WEIRDSTONE OF BRISINGAMEN were familiar to him. When you reviewed it you had naturally thought that Garner had made the whole thing up.

Sometimes pros probably wish that your reviews of their books were longer. They should set their stories in Indiana; the last person to do so was good old Ray Cosmic, who contributed "Lycanthrope" to Supernatural Stories. This classic concerning a were-alligator lurking in Indiana's swampland had a tremendous impact on you, and moved you to write at least two fairly lengthy reviews discussing the story in detail. I doubt it anyone can top the atmosphere of truly alien horror that Cosmic depicted in your na-

tive swamps. There are, however, other places in your state that should be fertile soil for the truly imaginative writer. How about Indiana's eldritch deserts, or uncanny tundra, and what sinister creatures might lurk in the fiery depths of Indiana's volcanic mountains? A good writer could use these settings to advantage; I'm sure that you would be willing to give his story a long and detailed review.

/Yeah; that's like the provision that shipments of guns by express must have the word "Firearms" stenciled on the outside of the package. Then they wonder why so many shipments fail to arrive. RSC/

Irv Jacobs, P.O. Box 574, National City, California 92050

Enjoyed "The Tracy Business" in current issue of Fantasy & Science Fiction. On its own merit "The Tracy Business" was a pleasant short story; following hard on the heels of the Joanna Russ novelette, "The Tracy Business" shined like a jewel.

I don't mean to use "The Tracy Business" as kind of a sneaky way of getting into the house through the basement window, but had it not appeared alongside the Russ story, it probably wouldn't have occurred to me to write you about it.

The Russ story kind of gives me the "wim wams" as Little Annie Rooney used to say in the Brandon Walsh comic strip. The Russ story is probably a glimpse into the future style of much of the writing in this field of fiction, and I sure as hell don't like it one little bit. If you were born in 1928, then I'm four years older than you, and the world is filling up with a number of things that I neither like nor understand, ranging from Simon and Garfunkle and "Easy Rider" to editors of fantasy/science fiction magazines who are apparently pleased to obtain stories that are written in gobbledygook, non-communicative English. I stayed with the Russ story to the bitter end, and it's rather frightening to consider the possibility that many people sincerely enjoy this style of writing.

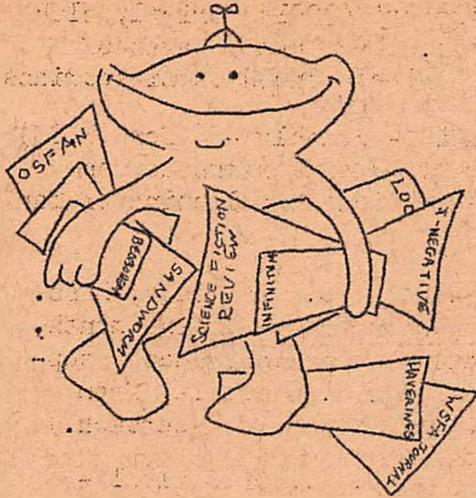
O.K. "The Times They Are A'Changing" (Bob Dylan, another bad joke so far as I'm concerned). But let me have your opinion: Do you think that this style of writing (Russ) might very well be the Future staring us in the face? I find the thought to be scary, and from an empty feeling in the pit of my stomach, it's but a hop and a skip to feelings of downright hate for "experimental" writers who are bringing about these changes. (I do not know the lady; I refer exclusively to the story INITIATION. INITIATION was so incomprehensible that it literally infuriated me, and I went to bed with a migraine.

Is it possible that the younger generation demands fiction that challenges one's ability to understand it? Or, another possibility, are readers supposed to drop pills or smoke hash or drink wine or otherwise stone themselves in some way prior to reading this type of story? Would this make the story groovy? Or, another possibility, are we supposed to not read it in the traditional manner of a line at a time, but rather to sort of absorb it in large chunks? Or, another possibility, does the author go on a "trip" before writing such a manuscript?

My last questions are sort of rhetorical and plaintive, but, what is wrong with using the English language to communicate? Am I so out-of-date that I am unaware that straightforward story telling is now passé? Isn't fiction supposed to bring pleasure, relaxation, (depending on whether or not it's supposed to be a "spine tingler"), and enjoyment? Does the need to decipher obscure phraseology represent enjoyment for readers? Will the fiction of the future serve somewhat the same purpose as a newspaper crossword puzzle? Will the author actually challenge the reader to figure out what in Christ's sake the story is all about?

In order to retain my own sanity on this matter, I've got to state my belief that if an author is not able to devise a fresh plot, or even a fresh statement of an old plot, then some authors have devised a clever solution to their problem. They "doodle" at the typewriter in the expectation, apparently realized, that some editors and readers will react like some viewers of modern, abstract painting. They will pretend to enjoy it, so as not to be left out or not be "with it". Buck, whither are we headed?

/I haven't read the Russ story, so I can't comment. Much of modern fiction is supposed to induce emotions rather than understanding (which is sort of hard on people like me), but normally Russ isn't that sort of writer; her previous material has been clear enough. RSC/



LOCUS #44, 45 (Charlie & Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave, Bronx, N.Y. 10457 - biweekly - 5 for \$1.00) But #45 is a special issue, costing \$1.00 per. This contains a 22-page artfolio, the first part of a TAFF history by Bruce Pelz, magazine reviews, and bibliographic information on the first 45 LOCUS issues. #44 is mostly reviews. Normally this is a newsletter, but the editors seem to be taking a vacation from news for a month. I don't think I'd pay a dollar for one fanzine, but for those of you more free with your money, it is an excellent artfolio. (A special edition of just the art pages on white paper costs \$1.75. Regular edition is on yellow paper.) Rating....6

LUNA MONTHLY #7, 8 (Frank & Ann Dietz, 655 Orchard St, Oradell, N.J. 07649 - monthly - 30¢) Digest size, multilithed newsletter. There is more wordage here than in a regular LOCUS, spent on regular columns of foreign fandom, forthcoming fan gatherings, book reviews, a list of newly published books (which is more useful to me than the reviews), stf movies, and an occasional article. The mag is terribly formal, which I feel is a drawback in a fanzine (as any YANDRO reader could tell), but it does present news (particularly about early-day stf personalities) that you won't get anywhere else. Rating....6

THE HEICON FLYER #2 (Don Lundry, R.D. 1, Old York Estate, Hightstown, N.J. 08520 - free for a show of interest) This specifies that they must have had (50) \$50 deposits by Dec. 15 in order to charter a flight to the Heicon; I haven't heard whether or not they got them. There's an article by Grace Lundry on "Europe inexpensively" (which is the only way to do it...) Special

FANTASY COLLECTOR #132 ("Caz" Cazedessus, Jr., P.O. Box 550, Evergreen, Colo. 80439 - \$2.50 per year - monthly - \$9.00 airmail) The mag is to be combined with ERB-DOM, and the price quoted is for the new combined mag. This issue contains 40 pages of ads. Prices range from minor bargains on Norm Metcalf's stuff to the utterly ridiculous Rogofsky ad. (\$150 for a comic book and like that.) Recommended to collectors.

You know, I used to think I was a collector, but I guess I'm not. I don't have this urge to complete a set at any cost...well, actually I suppose I do have it, but I have a stronger one to avoid paying more than anything is worth. While I'm digressing from reviews, I have here the Progress Report #1 from the Toronto Fan Fair II. This is designed for fans who "can't make it to Heicon". I'm sorry, people, but I am not going to recommend a North American con which is held at the same time as Heicon, even if Heicon did give you "kind permission" to hold it then. I think you're taking advantage of a gesture of goodwill, and my personal opinion is that if I can't go to Heicon then, I'll stay home. (Which means I'll stay home.) I won't support a competing convention - and it is competing, no matter how much you say it isn't. In fact, I don't even think I'll mention your address; if my readers want to attend, they can find out about it from someone else..

SERENDIP #21 (John McCallum, P.O. Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - irregular - 10¢) A Postal Diplomacy fanzine. (That's a game, in case you haven't heard of it. If you want to know what kind of game, write McCallum.)

INDIANA SCIENCE FANTASY ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER #2 (Dave Burton, 5422 Kenyon Drive, Indianapolis, Ind. 46226 - free for comment or interest?) Actually Dave Lewton is editor, but Burton's address is the one listed. A 4-pager, concerned with the new Indianapolis club. 11 people at the last meeting, making it I believe slightly larger than most meetings of the last ISFA. Juanita and I may go again, sometime when the weather improves. Recommended to any Hoosier fans.

OSFAN V2#2 (Ozark S.F. Association - monthly - 15¢ - edited by Chester Malon - send money to Linda Stochl, Rt. 1, Box 89c, House Springs, Missouri 63051) Strictly club news. Not particularly interesting to outsiders - but then, they have 3 pages of members listed; they don't need outsiders. Recommended to Missourians

WINNIE VL#4 (Mike Ward, Box 45, Mountain View, Calif. 94040 - monthly - 6 for \$1.00) Small west coast newsletter. (Although a lot of the news this time seems to come from the east coast.) With this comes FRIED HAT REVIEW #4, which is a listing of fan events.

S F BULLETIN, Jan. (SF Bulletin, Riverview 303, 221 Mt. Auburn St, Cambridge, Mass. 02138 - monthly - \$3.00 per year) A list of books to be published during the month, with a brief description of them. I note, for example, that John Brunner has a supernatural novel coming out from Norton. (I'm not about to pay \$5.95 for it, from the description, but I'll keep on the lookout for a secondhand copy or paperback.)

BUSY BUSY BUSY #1 (Larry Propp, 1010 W. Green St, #335, Urbana, Illinois 61801 - irregular - no price listed) Newsletter of the U. of Illinois club. A thin two-pager (they haven't had thick two-pagers since the Assyrians), devoted to club news and information of fan events for club members. Recommended to Illinois fans.

I'm not sure he wanted it reviewed, but I have a copy of NEON CORNFIELD, a rock fanzine from Dave Burton (address previously). Not being interested in rock, I won't review it, but it's available for contribution or comment. Small, multilithed.

HAVERINGS #41 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, Great Britain - bimonthly - 6 for \$1.00 - USAgent, Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St, Apt. J, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201) 9 pages devoted to fanzine reviews and commentary, plus British fan news. Ethel gets all sorts of fanzines, and does an excellent job of commenting on them. Rating...6

NAPALM #6 (Wally Conger, Route 1, Box 450-A, Arroyo Grande, Calif. 93420 - irregular - 15¢) Devoted entirely to letters, preferably controversial ones, from a fairly wide range of fans. (David Gerrold, Bob Vardeman, Steve Ditko, and quite a few names I never saw anywhere else.) Rating.....5

THE WSFA JOURNAL #69 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd, Wheaton, Md. 20906 - bimonthly - 50¢ - 8 for \$3.00) reviews (fanzines, books, magazines, and a play), articles on dryads, BLACK CAT magazine, and the Worldcon, results of the Rochester World Poetry Day contest (which I considered uniformly hideous), and letters. But mainly reviews. A majority of the material is extremely well written. With this came SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL #2 and 3, which is available by itself at 15¢ or 12 for \$1.50 (it's a monthly), or mailed with the parent mag for 50¢ or 10 for \$4.00. (And take note, because I don't think I'm going to go thru all that again.) This contains news of clubs, lists of new books, magazines, and fanzines. Rating for the lot.....8

EL ALIENIGENO SOLITARIO #1, 2 (Hector Pessina, Casilla 3869, Correo Central, Buenos Aires; Argentina - no price or schedule) Small, multilithed mag in Spanish and English. More of a personal-type fanzine than Pessina's other publications. #2 introduces the interesting idea of English-language articles on white paper and Spanish-language on pink. Book and movie news and comment. Rating.....5

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #34 (Richard E. Geis, P. O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403 - monthly - 2 for \$1.00) Generally acclaimed as the best fanzine produced today. (Not by me, but then you know how I hate to agree with fandom as a whole.) The main fare is reviews, very few of which I read. (Not to say they aren't good; I very seldom read anyone's reviews; reviews are for people who need some guidelines to stf and for people who like to argue about books and authors. Perfectly legitimate reasons, but not pertaining to me.) A long lettercolumn is made up primarily of professional authors and editors; this time they're being more infbrmative and less argumentative than usual. There is an interview with Mike Moorcock and a column by John Brunner. Rating.....8

INFINITUM #1 (Dave Lewton, 735 E. Kessler Blvd, Indianapolis, Ind. 46220 - bimonthly - 50¢ - contributing editors, Daves Burton and Gorman) After this, put an address in the mag somewhere, Dave; somebody might want to write you a letter of comment. (And the next time, I won't look up your address for my review.) Dave believes in starting big; professionally printed and a colored cover. Unfortunately, the printing is not very professional, but Dave can't be blamed for that.. (I think your printer bought that same multilith we used to have, Dave.) Dave wants to provide an outlet for good fan fiction (he doesn't believe me when I tell him there isn't any) and this includes 3 stories, about average fan quality or maybe a bit above. There is also verse, book reviews, some humor that doesn't quite make it, editorial, etc. The repro is poor for multilith, but still readable and fairly good for artwork. An encouraging start. Rating....4

T-NEGATIVE #4 (Ruth Berman; 5620 Edgewater Blvd, Minneapolis, Minn. 55417 - bimonthly? - 50¢) Devoted to "Star Trek". A fairly long piece of fan fiction by Dorothy Jones and Astrid Anderson. Not badly done, except I kept snickering whenever I read the name "Myfanwy" and I don't think I was supposed to. Some shorter factual items, including a checklist of other performances by the ST cast. Special

SANDWORM #8 (Bob Vardeman, P.O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87112 - irregular - 20¢, but he prefers contributions or comment) Dean Koontz tells about the abortive attempt made by CBS to overthrow the government of Haiti (which is a perfectly charming idea) and boosts some more Ace Doubles. There's a long verse, an extremely bad piece of fan fiction, lots of reviews, letters, and some Apollo 11 photos. Rating.....6

MAYBE #2 (Irvin Koch, Apt. 45, 614 Hill Ave. SW, Knoxville, Tennessee 37902 - no price or schedule listed.) A couple of pieces of humor and a few letters. Koch is trying to start a regional organization in the area and would like to contact fans in E. Tennessee, N. Alabama, N. Georgia, and the western Carolinas. Rating.....2½

CORR #3 (Perri Corrick, 126 Orchard St., Apt. 2, Madison, Wis. 53715 - quarterly - 30¢) Fiction, reviews, verse, letters; the usual. Outstanding artwork, particularly the cover (who's G. W. Monson?) And is Brian Lumley still around, or was that an old illo of his that you used? I hadn't heard of him for years. Except for the verse, which is terrible, the writing is from average to excellent. Rating.....6½

THE PULP ERA #72 (Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee St, Wauseon, Ohio 43567 - 50¢ - published 5 times a year) Devoted primarily to the non-stf pulp mags. Bob Jones has an article on Dr. Satan, Dean Grennell discusses Captain Satan (two different characters) and there are various odds and ends of the good old days. Surprisingly, the reviews are of modern science-fiction. Multilithed; excellent reproduction. Special

DYNATRON #41 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107 - irregular - sample copy 25¢, after that comment or contribute) The editor starts out with 5 pages of anthropology; you don't hardly get that in fanzines no more. He then goes on to a dowsing experiment, a review of MACROSCOPE, the state constitution, international fandom, stf as literature, and more reviews. C.W. Wolfe has bibliographies of George Allan England and Charles E. Stilson, and there are letters. Generally very well written and entertaining. Rating.....7

STEFANTASY #65 (Bill Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, Pa. 16374 - irregular - sent only to those Danner finds interesting and in trade for some fanzines) Primarily devoted to humor - short items, ads similar to MAD's (but usually better) and in the last few issues, quotes from old SCIENTIFIC AMERICANS. Rating....8½

PENNONCEL (Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc, 2815 Forest Ave, Berkeley, Calif. 94705 - irregular? - no price listed) I have two issues here, but neither one is numbered (future historians are going to hate them for that). The newsletter of the western branch of Tournament Fandom. Special

BANNERET #1 (Marion Breen, 2 Swaim Ave, Staten Island, New York 10312 - no price or schedule) The newsletter of the eastern branch of Tournament Fandom. Special

TOURNAMENTS ILLUMINATED #12 (same address as Pennoncel, I guess - 50¢ - quarterly) The official journal of the group. Main item here is a 13-page article on the European sword by Hank Reinhardt. There are shorter articles on medieval verse, on the Society, on combat, and on a medieval baby costume. I seem to also have issue #13 here; articles are similar, but include the spear as a weapon, recipes, how to make chain mail, and so on. (Which leads me to wonder. There have been stf books written about a new barbarism following a war - but has anyone tried a book in which the new barbarism came about thru fashion? It would explain those stories where swords and lasers are both used - but I suppose the mundane reader wouldn't believe it.)

BEABOHEMA #7 (Frank Lunney, 212 Jupiter St, Quakertown, Pa. 18951 - bimonthly - 60¢) Which gets you 87 pages plus covers; a bargain. Frank has once more proved that an aggressive columnist gets more response than an intelligent one. Someone named Paul Hazlett has been unloading his sour grapes about the SFWA and the Nebula Awards, and all sorts of professionals are taking the time to refute him. (This issue he jumps on the Hugos - I never thought the day would come when I'd be defending Harlan Ellison.) Hazlett is earning himself the reputation of being this generation's George Wetzell, but he's bringing BEABOHEMA lots of violent letters. Frank is starting to take himself too seriously, though; in his editorial he speaks of BEABOHEMA doing valuable service as an outlet for the "out-group" of stf writers. Which I suppose it is - but I'm not sure that printing letters which make the writer look like a jackass is a service to anyone. I've seen letters from some of these people in other fanzines, and their record in BEABOHEMA has made me think less of every one of them. (One can see why Ted White is bitchy, if he has to put up with much of this.) There is also other material in the mag; an article on the SFWA by Ted White, columns by Leo Kelley and Piers Anthony, and reviews.

(You don't suppose Hazlett is Wetzell, do you? George had some stuff in an Arkham House book, which would make him eligible for SFWA, I believe....) Rating.....7

SERENDIP #23 (address and all the same as the previous review of SERENDIP)

SCHAMOOB #5 (Frank Johnson, 3836 Washington Ave, Cincinnati, Ohio 45229 - monthly - 20¢) General type. A comics article, faaan "humor" by Mark Schulzinger, letters about whether Paul McCartney is really dead, and so on. Reproduction and most of the artwork is abysmal. I'm afraid this isn't my style in fanzines. Rating...2

I ran out of fanzines to review; now, somewhat later (due to a mislaid order of paper) I have lots of fanzines and very little inclination to review them. Let's see what's in the stack. Notice of Boskone 7, held March 27-29 in Boston; write to New England SF Association, Inc., Box G, MIT Branch Post Office, Cambridge, Mass. 02139, for information. Minicon 3, April 3-5, at Minneapolis; write Jim Young, 1948 Ulysses St. N.E., Minneapolis, Minn. 55418. I'm tempted, but it's a long drive....And, hmm. Here's a notice for the SFWA Nebula Awards Banquets, in New York, New Orleans, and Berkeley. That wouldn't tempt me, even if I was a member. What else in the pile? An ad from Dover Books; I see they're reprinting Billy Whiskers, which gives me a tinge of nostalgia; I used to be devoted to the adventures of Billy Whiskers when I was a child. Catalog from Ken Slater, which is a good place to plug his establishment; Fantast(Medway)Ltd, 75 Norfolk St, Wisbech, Cambs., Great Britain. Best place to acquire British science fiction. Don Bensen sent a list of forthcoming Berkley and Putnam's books, but there isn't room for them here; next issue. Not much to do these winter days; I've read another 30 books since stencilling the reviews (well, to be honest I usually just skim the ones I've read previously). I should be working on taxes and the slave novel pretty steadily for the next few weeks, so if you don't hear from me, that's why. (My coauthor sent me the revised draft and washed his hands of the affair, so it's up to me now.) I've been putting off the taxes, but RealSoonNow...next weekend maybe, if we have this monster done before then. And we will try to keep YANDRO on a monthly schedule the rest of the year. RSC