

YANDRO - 215

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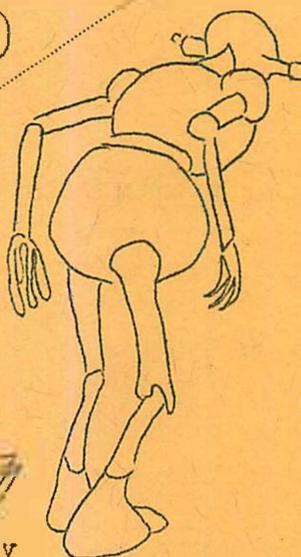
JULY 72

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Hamlet and His Father's Ghost

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ARTWORK

Cover by Dan Adkins		Cover Logo by Al Davoren	
Page 1 - Hamlet #2, by William Shakescrew, as interpreted by Jack Gaughan		Page 21 - - - - -	Jim Cawthorn
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" 9 - - - - - Jackie Franke		" 29 - - - - -	Arthur Thomson
" 12 (logo) - - - - - Arthur Thomson		" 33 (logo) - - - - -	Arthur Thomson
" 20 (logo) - - - - - Dave Piper			

Electro-stencils courtesy Jim and Lee Lavell's Pboth Press

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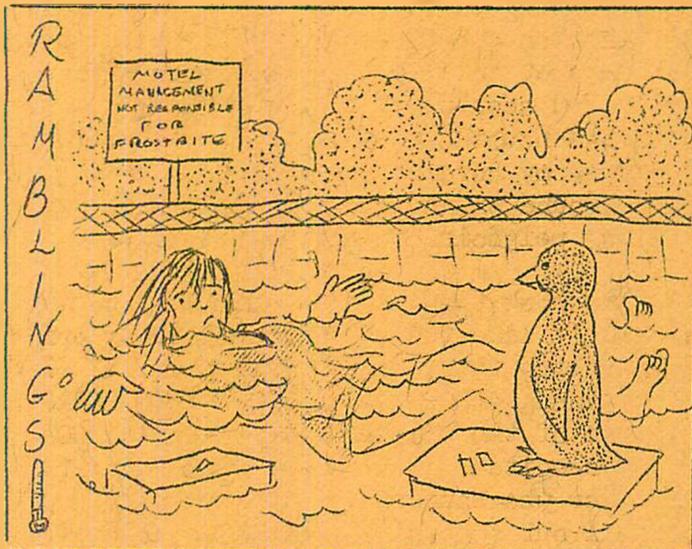
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Note to St. Louis fandom; when one cancels a convention, it would seem to be courteous to give more than one day's advance warning - and to notify your Guests of Honor.



It was only after the entire page had been printed that I discovered a piece of fuzz embedded under the stencil precisely under the apostrophe in "It's" on page 11. Thus on every copy going out, there will be no apostrophe (because I certainly don't feel like going over 320+ sheets and individually marking in those apostrophes. FIJAGDH.) All of this is particularly annoying because its/it's confusion is one of my pet bugaboos, the kind that sets my teeth on edge when I encounter it in books and fanzines and magazines. Sigh.

Another similar aberration which gets to me is "monies" as a plural for "money."

In my dictionaries, and by the way I was taught, this would be like making the plural of "koy" "kries". Like a piece of chalk scraping on a blackboard. But this particular usage is becoming so popular I suspect I'm doomed to a lifetime of wincing; I suppose the situation is similar to the way some people felt when traditional English spellings on "-our" ending words began to drop out of the American printed language. There is considerably less logic this time around, however, since "monies" and "moneys" contain the same number of letters; newspaper men can't argue the changeover is on terms of economy of space.

Perhaps it isn't evident in the big cities with their individual weather systems, as it were, but this has been a peculiar year for people and other growing things. Our garden is confused. A cold drought and two weeks of hothouse weather have made some of it give up entirely and the rest of it grow like irradiated experiments. My sweet corn was the traditional knee-high by the Fourth of July, although it should have been much further along...and should be much further along by now, on its way to earing. The weeds, at least, haven't been daunted. But flowering shrubs, etc., are in trauma; there was a winter thaw of surprising proportions in the Midwest, followed a month or so later by sub-zero freezing. We lost great sections of our fugitive from a Japanese watercolor, our tamarix tree. And other trees and plants just said the hell with it and decided not to leaf or blossom at all this year.

Similarly, Midwestcon was frigid. And after I'd learn to float on my back and everything last summer. I was looking forward to, for the first time, going in the Midwestcon pool. And nothing was going to stop me. I was one of the dozen or so hardy souls, as somebody phrased it, who went in the pool...and spent a lot of time sticking close to the heating jets around the sides. Actually, once in the pool, things weren't bad, and we could cheerfully shout chicken to all the beach robed and captaed cowards standing around shivering on the pool apron. What those lily-hearts avoided, though, was getting out of the pool. I had brought along a thick and fluffy beach robe and a towel to wrap up my hair. But somehow this didn't help during that jaunt back through the hotel corridors and into the room and waiting around while I got a hot shower going. Not so miserable then, but later that evening I developed what I can only assume were chilblains...terrible aching fiery pains in my toes, comparable to coming in out of zero weather into a toasty warm house; it didn't hurt while it was numb, but once that starts to wear off...

Other than that Midwestcon was as much fun as always, marred by what must be one of fandom's less entertaining freebs, Rotten Robert. My first encounter with same, and I hope the last. Next year maybe everyone can form a cabal to throw him in the pool, and hold his head under. And may the pool be unheated and the ambient temperature 56 as it was this time.

One of the more fascinating aspects of writing is trying to figure out what makes editors and publishers tick (we will entertain no heresies questioning why they tick, not so long as they're paying the bills). This was brought home to me when Sandra Miesel arrived at the ISFA picnic bearing the first copy I'd seen of my latest Berkley gothic, DOOR INTO TERROR. Never mind that the cover has nothing to do with the interior contents; that's standard for gothics. (Not only is my heroine not a long haired blonde, but she'd better not ~~never~~ go wandering around on an island in Lake Michigan in November when she's wearing nothing but a flimsy peignoir, no sir.) But...

When Berkley first said, nicely, yes indeed to this book they had one quibble...could I please change the title. Specifically, they didn't like the word "Death" in my original title, DOOR OF DEATH. Would I pick out something with Fear or Terror in it? I was willing to oblige and uninspiredly suggested, among other things, DOOR INTO TERROR, which they eventually used. Comes my first glimpse of the end product. Here is DOOR INTO TERROR, pretty well proofread and not too over-edited. But on the back there is the usual blurb to try to grab the newsstand browser who happens to turn the copy around in her hands to decide if she wants to shell out for this. The blurb is the usual half truthy suggestion of the plot, all full of menacing and foreboding adjectives. Howsomer, at the head of the blurb, in bright yellow letters is: THE DOOR OF DEATH. If the word Death was too fierce stuff for the readership on the front of the book, I'm idly curious as to why it wasn't too stiff to put on the back of the book. It would have been but the work of a moment to have switched the two, and we would have been back where we started, wouldn't we? Ah, ne...

Everyone, apparently, has mingled feelings about the Fischer/Spassky goings on, except play-for-cash other chess professionals. They seem to be snickering in their rooks and muttering Go, Bobby. The former head of a chess olympic team was now saying maybe chess players could get a decent living wage. After reading about Clifford Irving's escapades, I'm wondering if maybe the science fiction field doesn't need a similar tantrum thrower to start getting our people some six-figure gravy. JWC

a column

bec

The last five weekends (counting this one) I've had some things going on. First there was Midwestcon, with the usual people there (not counting ~~some~~ added creeps). Then we went to Cleveland to visit the Thompsons. After that, there was Pecon. Then we had an Isfa meeting at our house. The weekend after that, the Gainses came. And this weekend Billy Pettit is coming to visit us.

Midwestcon: this was an average Midwestcon. Most of the same people were there who are always there. Nothing exciting, like having to hitchhike to your rooms.

Pecon: this was memorable because they were remodeling the hotel while we were there, and we got one of the new rooms. It was as large as three or four of the unremodeled rooms put together, with two queen-sized beds and other fancy furnishings. (The Frankes, on the other hand, got a room small enough that you could have lost it in ours.) Pecon however was not large enough for hucksters. One guy I was talking to had brought all of these expensive books and had stuffed in two sacks of comic books as an afterthought. He didn't sell a single thing but comic books all during the con! I'm not sure he made table costs (\$5), though I tried to help him by buying stuff. What did I do during all this? The usual things I do at a convention.

Not much has been happening at home. Blackford County had a fair (whoopee!) with the standard trimmings -- livestock, mobile home display and a merchants' tent. I've been catching up on my reading, and while the Gainses were here practiced chess with their older boy, Rick. Also, a couple of girls who work down at the corner store have been badgering me to put their names in Yandro; so here are their names -- Penny Vincent and Sheryl Dick. (There! Are you satisfied?)

Till next month (?)

BEC



Looks like bi-monthly is the best we can do this year. It's been an unusual year, but now that we've dumped the FORUM onto Scithers we might get closer to a monthly schedule. (Or we might not.) In case we don't get out an August issue, we'll see as many as possible of you at the Worldcon. (I will warn everyone in advance; I am not sharp-eyed, so if you haven't met me before, don't bet on my recognizing your name-tag. Come up and introduce yourself.)

This has been a fannish summer. June 24 weekend was Midwestcon, July 1 began a 4-day visit with the Thomp-

sons, July 8 was Pecon, July 15 we hosted an ISFA meeting-cum-picnic. This is July 22 and we're expecting the Gaines family, while Billy Pettit and Larry Nichols have made noises about dropping by in August. By this time, everything is sort of a blur, so I couldn't give a coherent con report if I wanted to. Midwestcon was pleasant but chilly (and how I wish we had some of that cold air now!) I huckstered, and one sale gave rise to completely mixed emotions. I had paid 10¢ for a book, and sold it for \$2.00 - to Big-Hearted Howard Devore. (I didn't ask what he was going to sell it for, but I was tempted.....) Otherwise, the parties were enjoyable, the hotel staff a trifle bemused but rather enjoying things, and a good time was had by all. We ended up holding one of the biggest parties of the con in our room (where we not only had no liquor, but no soft drinks, either.) Juanita and Ann Passovoy started off folksinging, and various interested parties came in to listen. About the time they gave out, Elliott Shorter and friend (name unknown to me) dropped in, borrowed the guitars, and continued the sing. By this time it was standing room only, and it was still crowded at 4:00 AM when Juanita threw everyone out so she could get to sleep. I gave up at about the same time; I recall talking to Andy Porter while my voice gradually changed from hoarse to unintelligible. But that was the end of a long evening; I don't even remember all the people I talked to. Bob and Betty Gaines, Terry Hughes, Jackie Franke, Phyllis Eisenstein, Leigh Couch, and "numerous others". Yeah; Tucker and Dean McLaughlin and Andy Offutt, and..... For Pecon, I insanely decided to drive over Friday night. This had a couple of interesting effects. First, we were driving past Otterbein, Indiana, when the town's grain elevator burned down; most spectacular fire I've seen in years. (We stopped by on our way back Sunday afternoon and the ruins were still burning.) Second, we arrived at 12:30 AM, and the room clerk on duty then assigned us to the fanciest hotel room I have ever inhabited. (I'm not sure the Franks have yet forgiven us for paying the same rate for this ballroom that they paid for their slightly oversized closet.) Nice small con. Got into a long history discussion with Jim Turner one night, and spent much of the next one listening to Genie Yaffe. (I think that's spelled right.....) But I did manage to talk to a few people besides St. Louis fans. Interesting con in that nobody was spending money. I don't know how Rusty Hevelin did, but another dealer with an assortment of nice Arkham House and similar valuable books sold not one and barely paid back the exorbitant table fee with comic book sales. We and the Passovoy's did a small business selling used paperbacks; nobody minded spending a little money. But the auction was called off because nobody would come up with the minimum bid on any of the artwork, and the banquet attendees fell short of the number Blyly had guaranteed the hotel. (We weren't among them; I felt generous and took Juanita to a Chinese restaurant; she loves Chinese food and seldom gets it because I can't stand the stuff.) Andy Offutt and Phil Farmer were the major pro authors present. (At one point after Farmer had disappeared, Jackie Franke managed to mortally insult me by turning to Andy and asking if he was the only professional representative left.....and when I protested, said she didn't think of me as an author. Bah, humbug!)

The meeting/picnic was notable mostly for the fact that it rained all day Saturday, off and on, and 13 adults, 2 teenagers, and 6 children were cooped up in the house most of the day. It's a large house, but.... The way fan interests mesh; I swapped Wally Franke an old shotgun for one of Jackie's scratchboard drawings. (We had invited a select few additional people besides ISFA members; the Frankes and Larry Propp attended.) Not to mention that when we visited the Thompsons we sort of traded an old guitar for various books, magazines and records.

And all of this is an additional reason why we didn't get another YANDRO out until now. Hopefully, by the time this reaches the readers I will have answered the huge stack of mail on my desk, but if I still owe you a letter be patient; I'll get to it.

My dental slum clearance project, mentioned last issue, had to be postponed until after IACON. The dentist couldn't get everything out and false teeth in, in the time before the con, and I wasn't about to gum my way through a Worldcon. The bronchitis has abated somewhat but is still present. I'm still getting shots now and then; even got to try one of Dudgeon's 20 cc syringes for aminophyllin, so he didn't have to change syringes in the middle of the shot. (Though I can't say that I regard his technique of using just one syringe but changing arms in the middle of the shot as any vast improvement.....)

Epitaph for Frazier the lion: "He went out with a bang."John Miesel

Idly looking through one of Bruce's comic books, I was struck by an ad for WORDS & MUSIC magazine. "Music should be free. Or as free as possible." screams the headline in large type. Then you get into the fine print, where you discover that their idea of "as free as possible" means \$1.00 a copy "plus 10¢ shipping". Yes, indeedy.

More reasons not to live in New York City. A man and woman forced their way into the apartment of a 72-year-old man, robbed him of \$25 and were beating him savagely in an attempt to obtain more when he got hold of a pistol and shot the man. The New York police promptly arrested the 72-year-old for murder. Similarly, two "youths" broke into another apartment and held up the owner, who grabbed his own gun and killed one of them. The owner was arrested for murder and possession of an unlicensed gun. (Next time you read about all the people who are killed by firearms, consider these two and all those like them, who are included indiscriminately in the statistics.) The anti-gun crowd says we're supposed to leave all gun-handling to the police - like the Indianapolis cop who shot at a stray dog and killed a girl, one assumes. (New York items from AMERICAN RIFLEMAN, Indianapolis one from our local newspapers.)

Ray Palmer lives! I saw a copy of FLYING SAUCERS magazine in Angola and picked it up out of nostalgia. Palmer is still busily selling all sorts of occult books, though he seems to have run out of chili powder. Palmer himself has very little in the issue, so the major amusement is Kenneth Larson's attempt to connect flying saucers to the Mormon religion via numerology, rather desperately searching for phrases that will work out to prove his point. (That's the beauty of numerology when applied to the English language; we have so many synonyms that one can relate almost anything to anything else.)

Picked up a copy of Handy Farm Devices and How To Make Them for a dime the other day. One recipe sounds interesting. "Mix equal parts of gem salt, rock alum, white vinegar, chalk and Peebles' powder. After the mixture becomes quiet, put into it any wood or porous substance, and the latter becomes like stone." I might even try it out if anyone can tell me how gem salt differs from table salt, and where to obtain Peebles' powder (or even what Peebles' powder is.....) The book is a veritable treasure trove of knowledge; it tells how to make glue from rice, how to mount the farm anvil, how to make your own concrete blocks, how to extract beeswax, how to make cheese, how to test seed corn, etc.

Some people will do anything to speed the delivery of their fanzine. PLACEBO arrived with the usual "Return Postage Guaranteed", "Printed Matter" and "Please Do Not Bend" slogans, plus one additional; "Higher pay for postal clerks". (But unfortunately for good intentions, it didn't help all that much.)

Things still arrive in the mail. Gene Wolfe sent the program of the Second International Symposium On Industrial Robots - try that on your sense of wonder. Held in Chicago on May 16 of this year, and featuring such items as "State-of-the-art and Experience With Industrial Robots in German Industries", "Expanding Use of Robots in Die Casting", "Robot Impact on Scandinavian Industry" and "The Consciousness of Intelligent Machines." And a notice that the Third Symposium will be in Zurich next year.

Rose Hogue sends a booklet called QUALITY LIVING which is apparently circulated in California and features coupons for various products which the companies promise to redeem by making a specific donation to ecology. Plus a wrapper for "Ecology" brand notebook paper, complete with an offer to send you a one-year-old maple seedling for 50¢ and two wrappers. (No; we have maple seedlings trying to take over our garden; I can get all I want locally.) At least, ecology has become a household word, which is some gain.

Mary Schaub sends a political ad: "I would appreciate one of your votes." What sort of ballot-box stuffing goes on in North Carolina, anyway? The Thompsons send a batch of stuff, mostly too long to quote, but I think the one advertising for sale a "Chester of drawers" was theirs. Presumably the owner had known it too long to consider an informality like "chest"..... They also sent the info that The Last Whole Earth Catalog won first prize in the National Book Awards "contemporary affairs" category. I got an ad for a special offer on NATIONAL JOURNAL magazine; 5 weeks for \$5. "Regular price \$200 annually." I don't think I can afford it..... Joanne Burger sends a clipping about the oil company ad that starts off with an announcement "Spindletop, Texas, 1901" and shows a photo of an oil derrick. I didn't watch it carefully, but the newspaper writer did, and mentions acidly that the photo showed mountains in the background, and the photographer must have had a LONG-shot telephoto lens.... Bob Briney sends a clipping on the further exploits of the helicopter bandit (see letter column); a state police helicopter gave chase to what they thought was the bandit but which turned out to be a National Guard copter. Could have had another Detroit there.....

Fredric Wertham sends a copy of his article in AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PSYCHOTHERAPY, arguing with the Surgeon General on the effects of violence on tv. (He points out similarities to the defense of the comic books - totally ignoring the fact that the much-publicized "clean-up" of comics did not do one single thing to avert violence in this country and not one single crime was averted by putting EC out of business. The results are that we now have more violence than ever and the censors are looking for another scapegoat. Presumably when tv is "cleaned up" - as it certainly will be in the next few years - and violence continues to mount, they'll go looking for something else to blame. We could just end up with a nation in which every possible view of violence is prohibited and in which it is totally unsafe to live.) A more fruitful effort might be to explore why a majority of the people in this country want to watch ever-increasing amounts of violence, and doing something about that. Tv has violent shows because they get high ratings - why? Movies have become incredibly sadistic because that's the type of movie that returns a profit. Neither one caused this attitude; they merely profit by it. What did cause it? Just possibly the fact that the U.S. spends over half its budget on military appropriations and a few other things like that? Or if not that, then what? (And as an aside, why jump on tv when there is far more violence depicted in your daily newspaper than in any tv show?) People have a way of getting what they want, one way or another. The problem is how to make them want the right things without resorting to mental straightjacketing. Attacking the symptoms will have as much of an effect as such approaches usually do.

Don Lundry sends a Xeroxing of The Contract Bridge Bulletin, announcing a sanctioned bridge tournament at the Worldcon. Lundry - a duplicate bridge player - is mildly incensed over this. I think it's more than a little silly, but I intend to ignore it, so what the hell? If some idiot wants to travel to a science fiction convention to play bridge, that's his hang-up.

I wonder if fans are more musically inclined than most people? Don & Maggie mentioned neighbors with \$500 stereo sets and no records except what came with the package, a co-worker was considering selling me his cassette recorder because he didn't have any real use for it, and most of my co-workers can't recognize the name of any singer or musical piece. I don't know any fans like that.

LEAVES

The falling leaves, like little caracks, bold
 in saffron, bronze, and crimson, yaw and lurch
 Along the river Wind, as if in search
 Of far, fantastic cargoes: Ophir's gold.

The sea-ram's wool from Thule, shields of jade
 Each fabricated from a single scale
 The dread Lemurian dragon wears for mail,
 Or swords of orichalc, Atlantis-made.

Away they spin, aslant, with sails of bay
 And green and scarlet, scudding down the flume.
 But at their landfall they must meet some doom,
 As none returns for ay.

L. SPRAGUE DECAMP

THE CARE AND DISCIPLINING OF HOTEL MANAGERS

BY

don blyly

One of the weirdest things about putting on a con is dealing with the management of the hotel. Sometimes you are lucky -- the manager is sane, and you merely have to convince him that fans are insane but harmless. For Chambanacon, I was not so lucky. The manager was all right, but I ended up dealing mainly with the reservation clerk and the assistant manager, and that's where the weirdness came in.

The reservation clerk -- a senile little old lady who obviously does not approve of doing business with long-haired, bearded SF reader: I only had to repeat things three times to get through to her most of the time. Most of the time, this was merely frustrating, but there was one time when she really blew my mind.

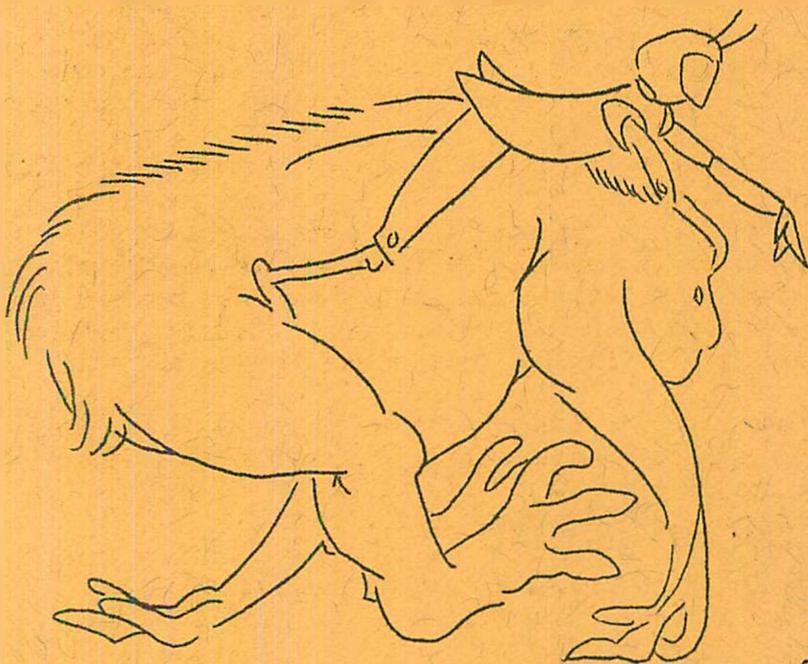
I went in to make Andy Offutt's reservation. She got out a reservation card and put his name on it. "Who is going to guarantee the reservation?" she asked. I told her that I would, and she started writing down my name and address.

"After all, I'm going to be paying for the room," I continued.

She suddenly stopped writing, glared at me, and said, "You can't do that!"

"What?"

"You can't pay for his room unless you send a letter of authorization on official convention stationery, in which you authorize yourself to pay for Mr. Offutt's room." I just stood there, dazed. She continued, "It is standard policy for the Inn, and I'm sure you can see why it is necessary. If you don't send me a letter of authorization, I can't honor the reservation."



Honestly, I still don't see why it is necessary, but I believe in keeping senile little old ladies happy, so I sent her a letter. I created "official convention letterhead" by getting out my "CHAMBANACON" rubber stamp and applying it to the top of a piece of white mimeo paper. I must admit I felt rather foolish typing: "I hereby authorize myself to pay for Andy Offutt's room for Chambanacon." But it made her happy.

Fortunately, she was not on duty the entire time Chambanacon was being held, and we got quite a bit of cooperation from the motel. They set aside an entire building for us, and there were only a couple of mundanes in the entire building -

ones who had checked in earlier in the week and had not yet checked out. Until we filled that building, they didn't even scatter the fans very badly. We didn't hear a word from the management Friday about the partying. And the banquet was surprisingly good, in addition to being cheaper than most come.

The Saturday night parties were quite good, with no hassle until about 3:00 in the morning, when I got a call from the desk clerk. Very politely, he said, "I've received a couple of complaints about noisy people walking thru the corridors, and if the noisy people are from your group, would you please ask them to be a little quieter?" So, I told him that I had heard reports of some drunken high schoolers trying to crash some of our parties, and that they were probably the noisy ones, but that I would go around and tell my people to be quiet anyway. I never heard another complaint. (There weren't any crashers, but I knew that there were several rooms full of high schoolers in a nearby building, and the management of Champaign hotels expect rooms full of high schoolers to get drunk.)

Sunday, I was relaxing, thinking about how well everything had turned out, especially with regard to the motel, when Buck burst into the con suite about 12:30 and said, "You should see all the trouble Andy is having checking out!" So, to the lobby on the run.

I ran into Andy just as he was storming out of the lobby. I managed to get him calmed down enough to get a halfway coherent account of his adventures. It seems he had gone into the lobby to pay for the room for his kids, but the clerk insisted that he also pay for his own room. He insisted that the convention was going to pay for it. After much discussion, he turned around and walked off. The clerk called the assistant manager (who had only worked there about 3 months), told him what had happened. He paged Andy over the intercom. When Andy returned to the desk, the assistant manager asked what the problem was.

Andy told him that there was no problem. The a.m. insisted that Andy pay the bill. Andy insisted that the convention was going to pay for it. The a.m. insisted that Andy would have to have a letter of authorization or else the con would not be able to pay for the room. Andy told the guy that the motel already had a letter of authorization. The a.m. said he didn't know anything about it, and that Andy would have to get a letter of authorization. From then on, whatever Andy said, the a.m. simply repeated that he had to get a letter of authorization. Finally, Andy walked out on him, and ran into me.

After getting Andy's story, I stormed into the lobby, confronted the a.m. and demanded (with just the proper amount of righteous indignation), "I hear you've been giving Andy a hard time. Just what are you trying to pull?"

He paled just a little and said, "He refused to pay his bill."

"Of course he refused to pay his bill. The convention is paying his bill."

"But he needs a letter of authorization," he protested rather weakly.

"You've had a letter of authorization in your files for over two months."

He paled a little more and whispered, "Nobody told me."

"And you didn't even bother to look?!" He was really shook. "And you didn't



bother to call me to find out about it?!" He couldn't even speak. "I've had enough. Give me my safety deposit envelope and I'll pay you right now." Stuttering, he then spent several minutes trying to talk me out of paying the bill, saying that as long as I said that there was a letter of authorization he'd just bill me for it later. After several minutes of my demanding that he allow me to pay the bill, he finally gave in.

I went off and told Andy about the incident, helped him move out, saw him and several other people off, got the con stuff loaded into my car, and generally got ready to leave. When there were only about 5 local people left, I went back to the lobby to turn in the keys for Andy and his kids' rooms and the con suite. I handed them all to the assistant manager, and told him that all the rooms were empty but one room of the con suite, and that we'd be out of it within the next hour.

He decided that it was about time for him to show me who was in charge, especially after our other encounter. He declared, "It is now 2:30. Our checkout time is 12:00 noon. I have been very generous to let you stay this long, but I'm certainly not going to let you stay any longer."

"You WHAT?!" I demanded.

He lowered his voice and said, "You'll have to leave now so that our maids can clean the room."

"In the letter of agreement, signed by the manager, it says," and I quoted, almost word for word, the segments concerning extension of checkout time. "If you try to give me any more trouble, I will stay in all of these rooms until 5:00, as the letter of agreement says I'm entitled to."

He was pale again as he whispered, "Letter of agreement?"

"Would you like me to bring in my copy and show it to you?"

He shook his head and said, "Nobody told me about that, either. Stay as long as you want." That was all the trouble I had with him, except getting him to accept payment for the con suite.

I'm not sure what all of this proves. Perhaps that it pays to be nice until you Get It In Writing, and from that time on you should be the meanest (but politest) son-of-a-bitch they've ever run into. It seems to work for me. Go and do likewise.

"All those paranoids out there are conspiring against me."Dean McLaughlin

JOANNE BURGER would like to announce that SF Published in 1971 will be delayed because she's been working 12 hours a day and doesn't have the time or energy to work on it. But it will be out.

We have an announcement for Balticon 7, February 16-19, 1973, in Baltimore. Poul Anderson, guest of honor. For information, write Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore, MD 21239

Couple of books to recommend; Avon has reprinted Bring The Jubilee, by Ward Moore, one of the best sf novels ever written. If you haven't read it, pick up a copy. And a gothic, The Curse of the Concullens, has a dual recommendation. Andre Norton recommended it to me, saying that it was a gothic parody, and excellent. I finally asked Bob Briney to pick me up a copy, since I couldn't locate one. He said he'd send it when he finished reading it, and then added a note at the bottom of his card: "Having finished reading it, I'll have to pick up a copy for myself. A delightful book!!" My copy just arrived today, so you'll have to wait until next issue for my own opinion. (Curse of the Concullens, by Florence Stevenson, Signet, 75¢)

We have a flyer on the art show from Bjo Trimble. Too long to condense here, but if you want to know the rules for entries and didn't get the flyer, write either Bjo Trimble, Box 74866, Los Angeles, CA 90004, or write Juanita here. (Bjo, of course, will know more; all we can do is copy off the rules we have.) Cheap enough; \$2.00 per person registration fee, 25¢ per piece of work entry fee, and a 15% commission on sales. If you're a fan artist, do consider entering. It is not necessary to be a member of the Worldcon to enter the art show. It is necessary to obtain an entry sheet, which you can get from Bjo. Include stamped, self-addressed return envelope, on any queries to Bjo.

IT'S ALL A CROCK

by

GINI ROGOWSKI

It's all because one Gordon Hinkley began giving pickling advice over local tv. My father is an avid Gordon Hinkley Crock Pickle Club member, and takes all the advice to heart. I believe that now he has made pickles-for-the-crock his life's work. He intends to be known for the quality and quantity of his compact cucumbers.

My father likes pickles. Growing. And he keeps them growing for months. Of course, he grows a few other things, too, like Dill and Garlic, but these are for the crocks, too.

I used to think that pickles were O.K. I could take them or leave them. In fact, I never thought much about pickles, Dill or otherwise. But now, I would not, could not, eat a pickle to save my life. I hate pickles with a vengeance. Pickles have become the bane of my existence -- a baleful shadow that lurks in the background of my mind and in the dregs of my crock. I have mad dreams of inventing a spray that wipes out the entire Pickle Population and Saves the World. At any rate, saves me. Could this be called Cucicide?

I ask you -- do I really need 300 quarts of Pickles to last me through the winter? Maybe in Barrow, Alaska, but here?

I may well be, without undue modesty, the best amateur pickle packer in the entire midwest, if not the world. I can pack pickles in my sleep. I singlehandedly keep an entire vinegar works in business.

After the work of packing and processing the cucumbers has been tidied up, my really hard labor begins. I have to find a place to put all the crocks and jars. We have three adults, five kids and a Boxer dog in a three-bedroom ranch, without a basement or attic. This is what you could call a "real challenge", storing crocks amid all this. I call it a real problem.

I begin with that little place under the kitchen sink where ordinarily the soap and dishpan are kept. A crock or two fits nicely under there, and by careful planning and use of trays jars can be placed on top of the crocks. The water pipes give me a little trouble, but if I can find skinny jars, I can utilize almost every inch.

After that cabinet is filled, I used the floors of the closets for a while, at least until the kids start complaining that their clothes smell like dill pickles.

The other kitchen cabinet, the one next to the sink that usually holds cereal and flour and that type of unnecessary stuff, can now be put to a much more practical use. It can accommodate quite a few jaws of pickles. Here, crocks will not do so well, since the space is rather limited.

My kids used to look around the kitchen for things -- other than pickles -- to eat. They are now cured of that little habit. They ask first. Jars are too apt to change location too rapidly for them to keep up with.

"Where is the cereal today?"

"On the closet floor, where else?"

"Where is the bowl for my cereal?"

"Behind the couch. Can't you find anything? Stupid kid."

I used to think about organizing a counter-revolution against the Gordon Hinkley Crock Pickle Club and picketing the pickle packers -- but it is too late for me. Yesterday I looked into a mirror. I'm already turning green.

Golden Minutes

DRAGON MAGIC, by Andre Norton (Crowell, \$4.50)

This is one of Andre's "Magic" series for younger readers. Four boys, middle-school age, who have trouble relating to society, find an enchanted jigsaw puzzle, which is one of the more fascinating concepts I've run across lately; each is transported into a past epoch which provides an adventure and a moral applicable to his present problem. In addition to the morals, the reader gets a brief look at Arthurian England ("Pendragon"), Teutonic myth ("Fafnir"), Babylon ("Sirrush-Lau"), and China ("Slumbering Dragon"). It would seem to

be an excellent book for age level 10 to 14 or thereabouts, though a bit juvenile for the average YANDRO reader.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S BOMB, by Ronald Clark (remaindered, 50¢) The title pretty well describes the book. It's a sober account of how a British scientist developed the atomic bomb in the 1840s, tested it on a plateau in India, and then struggled to see his "ultimate deterrent" put to use. Except for the central idea, everything is staidly factual. The plot revolves around the questions of whether it is moral to use the bomb at all, and whether or not a demonstration would be sufficient to frighten the opposition into capitulation. Not outstandingly written, but an intriguing little book.

DERYNI CHECKMATE, by Katherine Kurtz (Ballantine, \$1.25) Like the middle book of the Tolkien "trilogy", this suffers from being a bridge from the opening to the climax of a closed series. A lot happens, but nothing is really resolved; obviously it can't be until the final book. (It's sort of like reading a magazine serial where the installments come a year apart.) It's a fascinating series, though, and I urge you to buy this one while it's available, and pick up the initial volume, Deryni Rising. (You might want to defer reading them, however, until the set is complete.) The completed work should be among the best of swords and sorcery.

TACTICS OF MISTAKE, by Gordon R. Dickson (Daw, 95¢) I enjoyed this as an ANALOG serial, and it makes an excellent stf adventure novel. This is the initial book, chronologically, in the Dorsai series, and I think I liked it better than any of the others. The sort of solid, enjoyable work that is the sort of thing I started reading science fiction to find.

WILDSMITH, by Ron Goulart (Ace, 75¢) Goulart is having fun again, this time with a neurotic robot author and his keeper, plus an assortment of kooks, all more or less parodied from the current scene. (Though from things I hear about Al Capp, "Joe Chuck" is hardly a parody.) Aside from the lousy proofreading, it's a very funny book and well worth getting.

THE TAR-ALYM KRANG, by Alan Dean Foster (Ballantine, 95¢) Another good rousing stf adventure. Though I have a nasty suspicion from the ending that a sequel or even a series is planned, and I hope not. Reading about Flinx's rise to power was quite enjoyable; reading further books about him I don't think would be. This is the sort of exotic adventure story that used to run in PLANET, except they didn't have room to let one ramble for 250 pages. Thieves markets, alien artifacts, beautiful villains, soldiers-turned-scientist; it's a nice mixture.

ON THE SYMB-SOCKET CIRCUIT, by Kenneth Bulmer (Ace, 75¢) One of Bulmer's better works for Ace, despite the fact that the initial proposition is never made really believable. If you can force yourself past this major obstacle, it's a pleasant enough stf adventure story, though not in the class of Dickson and Foster. (If you can't, of course, it's a lousy book.) Our hero is on the run, which is a standard enough beginning, but as the plot unfolds, there seems to be less and less reason for his running. Otherwise there are some nice aliens, and a bit too much emphasis on blood and guts.

STARBLOOD, by Dean R. Koontz (Lancer, 95¢) The first part of this was in a magazine not too long ago (maybe the rest of it was in a recent magazine that I haven't read yet, but it was new to me.) The crippled esper who takes out after the Syndicate because his musician friend has been murdered and the police won't do anything. The

rest of the book isn't quite up to the initial story, and rather suffers from the Superman syndrome (who can worry about threats to an invincible being?), but is readable enough.

BEYOND THE FIELDS WE KNOW, by Lord Dunsany (Ballantine, \$1.25) I'm not a Dunsany fan, and most of this left me cold. I did enjoy his play, "King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior", which was one of the bases of Pratt's Well of the Unicorn. Dunsany was a word-craftsman; if you admire beautiful language for its own sake, you'll love this. I don't.

THE MIND BEHIND THE EYE, by Joseph Green (Daw, 95¢) The theme of this book; the growing into humanity of a brilliant but pretentious and antisocial young man, is extremely well handled. The plot, unfortunately, is preposterous. We are asked to accept aliens whose bodies and world are just like ours except that they're 300 feet tall and the natural objects of their world are in similar proportion. God and perhaps Asimov know how many laws of physics and biology this violates; suffice to say that it fails to suspend disbelief for a second. Our hero is placed inside an alien who has crash-landed on Mars and whose brain has quit functioning due to oxygen starvation, and with his handy computer operates the critter like a robot while being "rescued" and taken back to the aliens' home planet, so he can spy out their reason for wantonly attacking Earth. (The aliens have spaceships but no X-ray machines, it would seem, since he is not immediately discovered, despite the fact the alien doctors are looking for causes of brain damage.) The ending is pure melodrama, which is too bad, because there are some very nice points made about human psychology throughout the book.

EMPIRE OF TWO WORLDS, by Barrington J. Bayley (Ace, 75¢) This is extremely melodramatic, which is too bad because I suspect the author intended it to show great insight into human character. It's not too bad an adventure book if you can put up with crude characterization and anti-heros. Lots of blood and guts for those who enjoy them.

DONNEL, by James Branch Cabell (Ballantine, \$1.25) Cabell is here once again making fun of knightly vows and the absolute worship of one's beloved. Since I not only have never done any such thing but know nobody who has (or are you an exception, Sieger?), it falls rather wide of the mark in my case. Interesting reading, but hardly pertinent or great literature. With this is a short work, "The Music From Behind The Moon", which is somewhat on the same subject and somewhat on the human longing for the unreachable in any field. I can't say I've ever suffered much from that, either. It's still an enjoyable book, but a long way from Cabell's best.

THE PROBABILITY MAN, by Brian Ball (Daw, 95¢) One of the thoroughly involved stories of a mechanized future that Van Vogt used to write. I think Ball picks up his loose ends better than van Vogt ever did, but it still isn't my type of story. If you enjoy not knowing who's who or what's going on until the last chapter, you'll love it.

A TRACE OF DREAMS, by Gordon Eklund (Ace, 95¢) Eklund knows about as much about firearms as most sf writers. ("It was an old automatic revolver, loaded, the clip rigidly intact." Yes, kiddies, there once was such a thing as an automatic revolver, but it didn't possess a rigid intact clip and if any survive into the future he's writing about it will be a greater miracle than anything else in his story.) Aside from this, the basic story of the futility of armed revolt against a firmly entrenched Establishment is well enough told, though somewhat overly rooted in today's left-wing establishment thinking for my taste. It is pertinent and has a Message, but it doesn't really have much else. For those who like that sort of thing.

THE RESURRECTION OF ROGER DIMENT, by Douglas Mason (Ballantine, 95¢) Well enough told, except that current slang is somewhat jarring when one comes across it in the supposed far future, but maybe the kids who use it naturally never notice. Plot is the overthrow of one more utopia which is more sterile than it first seems, an idea which is acceptable enough but has been well-worked by better authors. Mediocre.

THE BOOK OF VAN VOGT, by A. E. van Vogt (Daw, 95¢) A combination of new stories and reprints, apparently. "The Barbarian" is a fairish novelet which later became part of Empire of the Atom. "Lost: Fifty Suns" became part of The Mixed Men. "The Timed Clock" is a cute little time-travel story with a totally unexplained motivator. "The Confes-

sion" combines madness and an alternate world; moderately good. "The Rat and the Snake" is a short horror piece which is too short to evoke any reaction from me. "Er-satz Eternal" is a vignette that doesn't come off at all; intended to be sharp and frightening, it comes off as unexplained and unbelievable. "The Sound of Wild Laughter" is something better; a "Donovan's Brain" situation in which everybody is a bastard (or bitch, as the case may be). Thoroughly nasty, even if implausible.

AGAINST ARCTURUS, by Susan K. Putney/THE THIEVES, by Dean R. Koontz (Ace, 95¢) The Koontz half is a nice rousing adventure with lots of fast action and no depth. Hero keeps getting mixed up with aliens without knowing why (or even that aliens are involved, at first; he just blacks out for some days). Eventually figures things out and releases his latent super-talents. The Putney half is much better. It has flaws, including a *deus ex botana* ending, but it also has a sense of humor and some nice spoofs of spy novels. Plus lines like "You are as beautiful and dangerous as a cobra. I dare not continue to see you, and yet I cannot resist you, Natasha." It is, in short, fun to read, flaws and all, and I'm looking forward to more by the same author.

YOU'RE ALL ALONE, by Fritz Leiber (Ace, 95¢) Includes the title story, a good novelet on the theme that we're all unknowing puppets - except that now and then one of us "comes alive". Then there is "Four Ghosts In Hamlet", a nice little fantasy from F&SF, and "The Creature From The Cleveland Depths", a sort of alien-contact story and the poorest of the lot. Overall, very good.

THE CLOAK OF AESIR, by John W. Campbell (Lancer, 95¢) Here are classic stories that deserve the title. I don't recall that it's been in paperback before, though since I have the original Shasta hardcover I might have passed up a paperback. This has one item the hardcover doesn't; a short article on Campbell by Isaac Asimov. Stories include "Forgetfulness" (a fabulously written story of a degenerate race which proves not so degenerate after all), "The Escape" (rebellion against the Establishment - looked at from Campbell's unique viewpoint), "The Machine", "The Invaders" and "Rebellion", three linked stories of the decadence, enslavement, and final freedom of humanity. These are good adventures, but not quite the same quality as the others in the book. Then there are the two Aesir stories; "Out of Night" and "Cloak of Aesir". These are another story of rebellion, but one told in a manner closer to Steinbeck's The Moon Is Down than to other stuff of its era - or of today, for that matter. Overall, highly recommended.

TIMETRACKS, by Keith Laumer (Ballantine, 95¢) Includes "The Timesweepers" (a wheels-within-wheels sort of plot, to be enjoyed for its intricacy, if nothing else), "The Devil You Don't" (an UNKNOWN-type humorous fantasy, quite enjoyable), "The Time Thieves" (problems with an alien bureaucracy), "The Other Sky" (jaunting through time to repel an alien invasion; good stuff adventure), and "Mind Out of Time" (gimmicky and slightly maudlin, but entrancing while you're reading it). Overall; excellent if you are capable of enjoying humorous fantasy; reasonably good if you're not.

NEBULA AWARD STORIES Six, ed. by Clifford Simak (Pocket Books, 95¢) If not the cream of the crop, maybe the whole milk? Includes "Slow Sculpture" by Sturgeon (love of humanity and the problem of being an outsider), "In The Queue" by Keith Laumer (proof that he can write New Wave triviality with the best of them), "The Island of Doctor Death and Other Stories" by Gene Wolfe (the real world vs. a child's imagination), "I'll Met In Lankmar" by Fritz Leiber (one of the early - chronologically - Gray Mouser stories), "Continued On Next Rock" by R. A. Lafferty (another of Lafferty's fabulous hallucinations), "By The Falls" by Harry Harrison (possibly the poorest story Harrison ever wrote; I suppose it got picked because it's an allegory), and "The Second Inquisition" by Joanna Russ (a thoroughly fascinating tale of a girl growing up and a different sort of visitor from the future). There's also a thoroughly stodgy essay by Thomas Clareson on "Science Fiction and the Literary Tradition" and a complete list of Nebula winners to date. The four good stories make up for the two lousy ones, and Leiber is enjoyable if not what I consider the greatest literature of the year.

INFINITY THREE, ed. by Robert Hoskins (Lancer, 95¢) Anthology of original fiction. Includes "Caliban" by Silverberg (very mod and overdone bit on acceptance), "The Cyber-

netic Tabernacle Job", by Ron Goulart (farcical interplanetary criminals; moderately enjoyable), "Inter Alia" by Barry Malzberg (the question of reality and the rigidity of the "military mind" and it didn't impress me), "To Walk A City's Street" by Cliff Simak (a miracle cure with a flaw in it; good), "Altarboy" by Dean Koontz (style and emotion and very little else), "Antiquity: A Meditation" by Anthony Weller (mood in blank - very blank - verse), "Beech Hill" by Gene Wolfe (puttin' on the style with a vengeance - sometimes I wonder how anyone with Wolfe's sense of humor keeps getting published in the same books with all these teb'ly lit'ry types), "A Time of the Fourth Horseman" by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro (one of those rarities in modern stf; an interesting new idea - unfortunately marred by a soap opera finish, but still worth reading), "Vooremp: Spy", by Miriam Allen deFord (an excellent satire on the espionage business), "Let It Ring" by John Ossian (an experiment in form with very little story at all), "One Day In The War", by Richard Posner (the reality of humanity; not bad), "Touchstone" by Dean McLaughlin (a sort of non-story; space propaganda, really), "The Bard's Tale" by Terry Dixon (another allegory and a vignette; a hard combination to work with produces a predictably bad story), "The Monadic Universe" by George Zebrowski and Gerald Hull (the modern way of world-wrecking, complete with one of the most unintentionally ridiculous final sentences I've ever encountered; or maybe it was intentional, since I can't believe anyone would write that sort of florid overblown prose seriously), "Teaching Prime" by Leo P. Kelley (one more allegory, a bit more ept than the others in this volume), and "Beyond The Sand River Range" by Ed Bryant (culture shock; a bit obvious but well-done, though I was a trifle jolted to see one scene lifted rather bodily from contemporary history. Or is there such a thing? Recent history, then.)

YOUNG DEMONS, ed. by Roger Elwood and Vic Ghidalia (Avon, 75¢) Includes "Sredni Vash-tar" by Saki (nasty little item which is Saki's second-best story), "Bettyann" by Kris Neville (an alien child abandoned on Earth; hardly fits the "demon" category but it's a pleasant story), "The Transcendent Tigers" by R. A. Lafferty (another set of children rather like those in The Reefs of Earth but with far more power), "Apple" by Anne McCaffrey (psi crime; reasonably good), "The Small Assassin" by Ray Bradbury (a child with the power to revenge himself for birth trauma; one of Bradbury's best), "Shut The Last Door" by Joe Hensley (a ghetto child with the power to kill by hating), "Games" by Katherine MacLean (child esper; again hardly a demon, but a good story), and "Jam-boree" by Jack Williamson (a future perversion of the Boy Scouts - and some of them haven't far to go, I can tell you). Overall, very good if you haven't read the stuff previously.

WONDER-MAKERS, ed. by Robert Hoskins (Fawcett, 95¢) Classics of scientific extrapolation. We start off with Edgar Allen Poe's "The Balloon Hoax", a nice parody of scholarly news reporting which includes some genuine scientific extrapolations. Then come two excerpts from Edwin Abbott's Flatland. I disapprove of excerpts on general principles; buy the book from Dover instead of reading these. "Moxon's Master", by Ambrose Bierce, is one of the earliest robot stories; it seemed to turn up in every horror anthology being published for a few years, but I haven't seen so much of it recently. "The Land Ironclads", by H. G. Wells, is his prophetic story of tank warfare. "With The Night Mail", by Rudyard Kipling, presents the idea of dirigible cargo ships (which according to SMITHSONIAN magazine are now being investigated seriously by the Holland-America Line and other shippers). "The Machine Stops", by E. M. Forster, is a grim warning against too much technology which should be hailed by today's youth. "The Unparalleled Invasion", by Jack London, chronicles bacteriological warfare against China. Obviously this was initially a "yellow peril" story, so common at the time; but the basic idea remains within the bounds of possibility. "The Disintegration Machine", by A. Conan Doyle, is an original treatment of the "there are things Mankind was not meant to know" theme. Professor Challenger deals with such things with his usual forthrightness. Stephen Vincent Benet's "Metropolitan Nightmare" and "Nightmare Number Three" are those rarities; excellent science-fictional poetry. (And on what long-forgotten radio program was "Metropolitan Nightmare" narrated? I recall the narration, as I do that of Martha Keller's "Bobcat", but nothing else about the shows.) Then we get into the modern classics. I've always thought Theodore Sturgeon's portrait of a possessed

machine in "Killdozer" was perhaps his best work, while James Blish's "Surface Tension" imparts the "sense of wonder" better than anything else he has done. Overall, if you haven't already read the stories (and if you've read all of them you're either Sam Moskowitz or Ed Wood) this is a must.

THE RUINS OF EARTH, ed. by Thomas M. Disch (Berkley, 95¢) This isn't. This is ecological fiction, or to be more precise, anti-science fiction. Vonnegut's "Deer In The Works" looks at the way we unthinkingly sweep nature out of our mechanical civilization. ("Cur? I meant "your"; yours and Disch's maybe; not mine.) "Three Million Square Miles", by Gene Wolfe, is an amusing idea about the "last of the wild country". (Disch puts it into his "The Way It Is" section, which is an even more amusing idea.) "Closing With Nature", by Norman Rush, is a psychological study, neither science fiction nor interesting. "The Plot To Save The World", by Michael Brownstein, isn't even a story; it's a polemic. "Autofac", by Philip K. Dick, is an excellent story about humanity trying to force its way back into a construction cycle formed entirely of automatic machinery. "Roommates", by Harry Harrison, covers the horrors of overpopulation somewhat better than the secondrate novel Harrison did on the same idea. "Groaning Hinges of the World", by R. A. Lafferty, is the usual Lafferty insanity; perhaps the only "new wave" writer with a sense of humor. It is almost worth the price of the book by itself (which is a good thing). "Gas Mask", by James D. Houston, is a cute story about a monster traffic jam. "Wednesday, November 15, 1967" by George Alec Effinger, is an emotional version of the last catastrophe. "The Cage of Sand", by J. G. Ballard, I didn't bother to read. "Accident Vertigo", by Kenward Elmslee, is inner-space psychology which I wish I hadn't read. "The Birds", by Daphne du Maurier, is a nice chilling fantasy. "Do It For Mama!", by Jerrold J. Mundis (?), is a fascinatingly funny story based on the idea that you can't enforce an unpopular law (in this case, removing excess canines from New York City) and the selfishness of the average human. "The Dreadful Has Already Happened" by Norman Kagan, is an interesting drug-fantasy. "The Shaker Revival", by Gerald Jonas, is the Ultimate Drop-Out. For some reason I could never understand, it was quite well received when it first appeared. "America The Beautiful", by Fritz Leiber, pokes holes in the Middle-Class Utopia.

PERRY RHODAN #13: THE IMMORTAL UNKNOWN, by K. H. Scheer (Ace, 60¢) Four more chapters
PERRY RHODAN #14: VENUS IN DANGER, by Kurt Mahr (Ace, 60¢) (2 per book) in
the endless serial. The world's first true paperback magazine now offers an editorial, movie reviews, and letter column, and beginning with next issue will offer (for a slightly higher price) short stories and a serial in addition to the Rhodan serial. (By Charles E. Fritch, Weaver Wright, J. Harvey Haggard and Garrett P. Serviss? You don't hardly see them names no more.) Plus subscriptions, which will cost only slightly more than buying the books off the newsstand. And editor Forrest J. Ackerman's writing is no longer aimed at retarded six-year-olds. (Would you believe retarded 12-year-olds?) Anyway, it doesn't have quite as much of the air of Uncle Forry and all the Kiddies as it did at first (though it still has too much of it.) The writing in the Rhodan stories is still pretty bad, but I guess it sells.

THE STARS, LIKE DUST, by Isaac Asimov (Fawcett, 75¢) This comes out every couple of years, it seems. (The blurb sheet that came with it says it is "long-out-of-print"; the last Lancer edition that I have is dated 1968, which gives you an idea of what "long" means to a book publisher.) If you haven't already read one of the myriad previous editions, it's a pretty good stf adventure book, though with a somewhat flawed ending. Lots of interplanetary conspiracy in chases and so on.

SEETEE SHIP & SEETEE SHOCK, by Jack Williamson (Lancer, \$1.25) These are about as pure a space opera as you can get, with probably no literary value whatever - and I've always loved them. I hesitate to recommend this first combined edition to my readers because of the pulp writing, but dammit, I like them. They're fun to read and - a saving grace in any book - the characters peopling them are ones that I can become interested in. (I used to go around muttering "Back, human; you were not meant for space" whenever I failed in some endeavour, which I'm sure added to my reputation as a weirdo) The volume is plotted around the mining of "seetee" - contraterrene matter - and pits the rugged independents against the soulless corporation. It could have been a western just as easily, but somehow the characters "come alive" and absorb all the reader's interest.

ROCANNON'S WORLD, by Ursula K. Leguin (Ace, 75¢) This is the author's first book, now reprinted. It was never any Hugo contender, but it's good space adventure, with an interesting background and moderately interesting characters.

VULCAN'S HAMMER, by Philip K. Dick (Ace, 75¢) Basically, an "overthrow-the-dictator" story, except because this dictator is a giant computer there is the man-vs-machine angle and philosophical asides on how far to trust technology. Very well done; this is a reprint of an earlier Ace edition.

THE X FACTOR, by Andre Norton (Ace, 75¢) Reprint of an earlier edition. Fine alien background and good enough plotting except I object to having the hero start off on his adventures by stealing a spaceship. (From the moral point of view; I'll concede that a one-man spaceship might be possible in the far future. Hmm; ethical point of view, rather; not being religious I can't have morals.)

THE ETERNAL SAVAGE, by Edgar Rice Burroughs (Ace, 75¢) Reprint. Interestingly, Ace has reused the original cover, but the printing process this time brings it out in much darker shades than originally. The story itself is a tie-in both to the Tarzan series (Tarzan is one of the supporting cast) and The Mad King (heroine is the sister of the hero of the Graustarkian book). Plot is another noble savage - time-traveler this time - wandering around darkest Africa rescuing the heroine.

DAYBREAK - 2250 A.D., by Andre Norton (Ace, 75¢) One of Norton's earliest and best, in a third (?) printing from Ace. Interestingly enough, the cover portrays the same scene as the original, but is by a different artist. Undoubtedly more eye-catching, but less a reflection of the text (hero is way too old, for one thing). Plot concerns the adventures of a boy with an itchy foot in the ruins of a war-torn world, slowly rebuilding.

THE FALL OF THE TOWERS, by Samuel R. Delany (Ace, \$1.25) First published as a trilogy, then reprinted in one volume, and now a reprint of the one-volume edition. This time we have same cover artist (I think), same scene - but a different interpretation. The book is Delany's first work, longest work, and just possibly best work. (I like it better than anything else he's done, but that's no guarantee of anything.) Swords, sorcery, philosophy, and an exotic background.

THE PULPS, ed. by Tony Goodstone (Bonanza, \$6.95 as I recall, but I received it as a present). A coffee-table book for nostalgia. A very short history of the pulp magazines, 50 stories, articles, poems, and departments from the pulp magazines (divided into Adventure, Sports, Aviation, Western, Detective/Mystery, Sex (though not much of it; what was hot stuff then is faintly ridiculous now), Horror, and Science Fiction. (Science fiction section is restricted to two stories, says the editor, because such an abundance of good material is currently available, which is the nicest way to say that he was running out of room that I can think of.) Plus color prints of 100 (I took their word for it; I didn't count them) pulp covers; mostly quarter-size, but some full size. The stories are fascinating; a few of them are even good. The only drawback that I noted is that the editor opted for "name" authors (possibly to prove his thesis that a lot of them began in the pulps.) Thus the Horror section has Tennessee Williams' lone effort for WEIRD TALES, but nothing by the more prolific and popular Seabury Quinn, or Edmond Hamilton. The Western section has Max Brand and Luke Short, but not William Colt MacDonald or W. C. Tuttle, and the Detective section includes MacKinlay Kantor, who doesn't strike me as being too typical of the genre. Aside from this minor cavil, however, it's a fabulous book, and highly recommended.

THE FOXFIRE BOOK (Anchor, \$3.95) A high school English teacher in Appalachian Georgia, looking for a way to interest his pupils, suggested that they start a magazine. Now FOXFIRE is one of the most respected folklore publications in the country, with subscribers scattered about the nation, an occasional grant to help it along, and now a folklore book reprinted from its pages. (And it's still operated by a high school English class.) The two major items in the book concern building a log cabin from scratch, and building a still (the latter including how to hide it and how to dispose of the finished product). If I wanted to, I think I could use the book alone for directions and build either one by myself. But there is a wide variety of material; churning butter, butchering, making baskets of white oak splits (Dad's comment was "try and

find any white oak"), furniture making, soapmaking, planting "by the signs"; cooking, preserving vegetables, weather signs, snake lore, etc. Some of it isn't that exotic to me; I've helped butcher and churn, and while I never cooked on a wood range (yes I have, too; at Scout camp) I've watched my mother do it at home often enough. But I found it all fascinating, anyway. (I looked up the asthma remedies. Some of them were ridiculous, like swallowing a handful of spider webs; some were possibly a mild cough remedy - a mixture of honey, lemon juice and whiskey - but not much good for asthma; but the one that says to dry ginseng leaves, powder them, set them afire, and inhale, just might be an excellent remedy. If ginseng is anything like our jimson weed, that is, with leaves containing stramonium.) Recommended - especially to dolts who take portable tv sets along when they go camping.

STILLWELL AND THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE IN CHINA, by Barbara Tuchman (Macmillan, \$10.00) But mine, fortunately, was a Christmas present from Kay and Gary. This is undoubtedly the best book I read this round. It's huge; 530 pages plus appendixes plus numerous photographs, and it took me most of two weeks to read it. (Whereas I went through almost all of The Mind Behind The Eye in one noon hour.) Told against Stillwell's China career is the whole story of our muddled relations with that country from 1911 through 1945; indispensable for anyone wanting to know how we got where we are. It's also fascinatingly written; Tuchman is one of the top history writers.

FROM THE JAWS OF VICTORY, by Charles Fair (Simon & Schuster, \$8.95) Another Christmas present, this time from Gene and Bev. This one has a fabulous idea - a history of military stupidity - but poor presentation. For one thing, he keeps wandering off into politics, and while the two fields are allied, they are not the same. (Calling Mary, Queen of Scots "an egregious public nuisance" is an apt and accurate phrase, but has little to do with military stupidity.) For another, his judgments are not always the best; he criticizes Grant for the bloody advance on Richmond, neglecting the fact that the art of war is to strike at one's opponent's weak points, and Lee's only weak point was his lack of reserves. He could be beaten by being constantly assaulted and worn down, and he was. It cost a lot of Northern casualties - but McClellan's attempts at maneuvering cost just as many, and accomplished nothing at all.

MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE NAVY, by Allan R. Bosworth (remaindered, 90¢) This is a history of the U.S. Navy told in anecdotes. Style is sort of a combination of Dan Gallery and H. Allen Smith, and the results are fascinating. There is the account of the 1802 duel between two officers in which "they would fire a brace of pistols /at six paces/ then advance, and have it out with cutlasses". (It's that last part that gets one; hardly a man is now alive who would have the faintest interest in "advancing" after having had a brace of dueling pistols fired at him from less than 20 feet away.) There is a description of how to turn a coffee pot into a still for turning pedo alcohol into the drinkable type. There is the account of the destroyers going torpedo Blackett Strait in the Solomons at 31 knots, so their bow waves would knock down army privies along the shore. ("Effective this date.....The practice of painting the silhouettes of army privies on the bridge with a hashmark for each one subsequently destroyed will be discontinued.") There is even a mention of the Bermuda Triangle, and a similar area, "between Iwo Jima and Marcus Island" that I hadn't heard of before. The Japanese sent out a scientific survey ship to study the latter area. It vanished, too. Wonderful book; if you get a chance to pick one up, do so.

THE TYPHOON THAT STOPPED A WAR, by Edwin P. Hoyt (remaindered, 90¢) The typhoon was in Samoa, in 1889, and the war was between the Kingdom of Samoa and Imperial Germany, with considerable danger of spreading to the US and Britain, whose agents in the area were fairly itching to get in on the side of the Samoans. In Apia harbor were warships of Britain, Germany, and the US, sitting around making threatening gestures at one another. No shots had actually been fired when the typhoon settled things by sinking 6 of the 7 ships, only one British vessel escaping. Interesting account of one of our lesser-known historical events.

THE RAPE OF ETHIOPIA 1936, by A. J. Barker (Ballantine, \$1.00) One of Ballantine's "Illustrated Histories". Photo in here of Haile Selassie in 1924. Just before reading this I was looking at an INTERNATIONAL WILDLIFE magazine with a current photo of the

same man. And he hasn't changed! (Personally, I think he's a robot. Even movie actors start looking a little older after 48 years.) Another historical event which is usually taken care of in a footnote. The only reason the Italians won, according to Barker, is because, having complete control of the air (at the start of the war, the Ethiopian air force consisted of 3 planes), they dumped tons of mustard gas bombs on their opposition. (Gas had been outlawed since 1920, of course, but nobody but the Ethiopians cared about that.) Even then, one critical battle went to the Italians because the commander of one Ethiopian army had no radio and couldn't be instructed to support another general who was on the point of splitting the main Italian force and forcing it into a disastrous retreat. (The Ethiopian method of handling tanks, since they had no artillery, was to charge them en masse and rip the treads off - barehanded, one assumes.) Gory book, but interesting.

MUTE POINT, by Gary Solin (remaindered, 90¢) Cartoon book. Exceedingly "mod", but quite funny in spots. If you can pick it up for under \$1.00, it's probably worth it.

BEGINNING WITH A BASH, by Phoebe Atwood Taylor (Norton) Price unknown because it was a gift. The first of the "Leonidas Witherall" mysteries, in which Leonidas and his usual assortment of helpers ranging from a governor's widow to some genial gangsters solve a murder in a Boston bookstore. Far more incredible than most science fiction, but good fun, and enjoyable reading.

TOO SWEET TO DIE, by Ron Goulart (Ace, 75¢) The second "John Easy" book, with the Hollywood sleuth involved with various impossibly beautiful women (one of them mysteriously vanished), sadistic psychiatrists and various brutal people. A long way from Goulart's best work, but I'm sure it will sell.

SONGS OF THE LAST FRONTIER, by Henry Herbert Knibbs (out-of-print) A couple of Knibbs' poems were in my school books, and I decided that his best work was as good as anyone's. Now that I own two volumes, I know that his best work is also pretty rare. But this has some good items. One rather gothic fantasy, even:

"Aye, long and drear has stood,
And dark wi' Gypsy ban,
The empty house in Gower wood,
Where walks the Spanish Man."

Mostly western verse, but some with an English pub sort of air.

MAN FROM THE DESERT, by Luke Short (Bantam, 75¢) I wanted to see what a good western writer was putting out these days. Not much. Oh, it kept me reading through to the end and was a satisfactory time-waster, but there wasn't much to it.

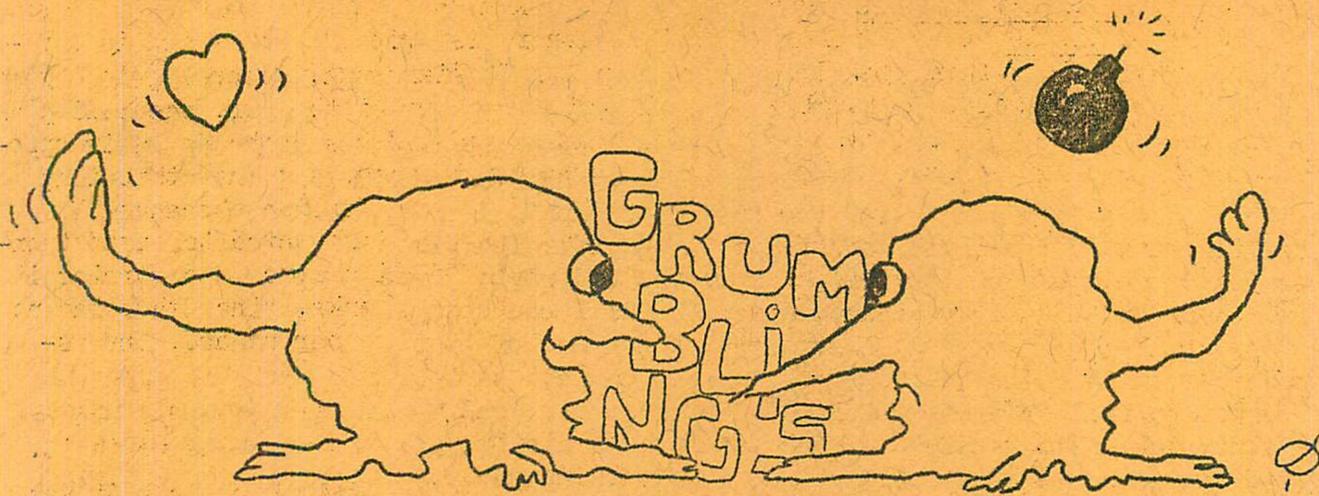
TORNADO ON HORSEBACK, by Nelson Nye (Ace, 60¢) For some reason, Ace brought out
THE ONE-SHOT KID, by Nelson Nye (Ace, 60¢) 13 Nye reprints in one fell swoop,
GUNS OF HORSE PRAIRIE, by Nelson Nye (Ace, 60¢) and since I knew him as a reason-
AMBUSH AT YUMA'S CHIMNEY, by Nelson Nye (Ace, 60¢) ably competent author, I tried a
few. They vary. GUNS OF HP is incredibly bad, sustained only by a frantic pace. Before
the reader can say "But why didn't they...?", half a dozen new (and often unrelated)
events have occurred. There are enough loose ends to tie a packhorse. KID and TORNADO
are only mildly impossible. AMBUSH is relatively good, possibly because it has some-
what of an historical base. Nye's characters are all equally incredible, though (ex-
cept in GUNS, where they are impossible).

THE WHITE MAN'S ROAD, by Benjamin Capps (Ace, 95¢) A Spur Award winner, possibly because of the caliber of the competition. It's a reasonably good story of reservation Indian life, but hardly great literature.

THE SECRET OF SEVEN OAKS, by Juanita Coulson (Berkley, 75¢) Well, I enjoyed it.... I even think it's much better written than most gothics I've seen (which is faint praise, admittedly.)

THE NIGHT OF FOUR HUNDRED RABBITS, by Elizabeth Peters (Dell, 75¢) I bought this because I was intrigued by the title. Story is mediocre; heroine is menaced by narcotics smugglers in Mexico. Love interest is minimal and what's there is impossible.

THE DEVIL CHILD, by Parley J. Cooper (Pocket Books) Called a "gothic", this is much closer to Shirley Jackson's WE HAVE ALWAYS LIVED IN THE CASTLE than anything else I can think of. Good, too, though not quite up to Jackson's quality.



Terry Hughes, 1109 Pacquin, Columbia MO 65201

Before I take a refreshing dip into the pages of Yandro, I'll tell you a true doctor story that happened in one of the hospitals in Columbia (but not the one where I work). It seems it was necessary to remove a man's eye, so he went into surgery and an eye was removed. It was only after the operation that it was discovered that the doctor had removed the wrong eye. This is for real; happened about two months ago.

When I saw #214's cover (from a distance) I couldn't figure out which fanzine it could be. I thought it might be an Australian one. I had become too used to the simpler, hand-traceable cover art with the large Arthur Thomson logos. The cover was a nice-looking disguise, but I'm glad the insides looked more properly Yandro-ish.

Your points about the media and the space program, Juanita. I got the impression that the coverage of this last Moon trip was much worse than the others, and I'm glad someone felt that way too -- that means at least one other person bothered to watch it. And newspaper facts...gurg. But newspapers are about the only place I can find mention of (let alone discussion) probes and satellites; they are no longer "news" enough for TV and magazines. Well, it all still gives me a thrill. I think the space program is one of the few areas where the government has spent its money well, and I'm always arguing with others over "wasting money on blasting stuff into space," most of the time I toss off enough facts that they will grudgingly admit I'm correct, but I never seem to be able to really change their minds. At least the US -- USSR space pact looks promising.

Your talk of the upcoming dental work makes me nervous, Buck. Recently I had an abscess and went to the dentist for the first time in five or more years. I had forgotten that dental pain was so severe and so damned 24 houraday constant. Well, now I am one tooth short, but I am now taking good care of my teeth. I've grown attached to them.

As Don Thompson undoubtedly told you, only certain precincts in Cleveland got to vote after the foul up; the judge said the others didn't qualify. And most recently three of the people in charge of the mess were fired.

Oh, you printed a wrong coa for Chris Couch. He is now living here with me, in my new address; Doug Carroll is here too.

I have been sitting here wondering what was censored (by Juanita?) and conflued in the review of Ellison's book. Couldn't you have just covered the insults and leave blank spaces in the sentences so that I could sit here and try to fill in the blanks?

When I noticed that you were going to review Afan 3, Buck, I approached it with caution. I was very glad to see that you made a very clear effort to stop the feud between you and Hulvey. Sometime ago I wrote to Dave urging him to stop going out of his way to try to insult you and I think he will keep a tighter rein on himself. Besides, everyone should know that if one must feud it is not wise to pick out Buck Coulson, since you can outgun most fans. Hmm, confluing remarks on Ellison's book and being calm towards Hulvey...has your recent illness made you soft??? Nah!!

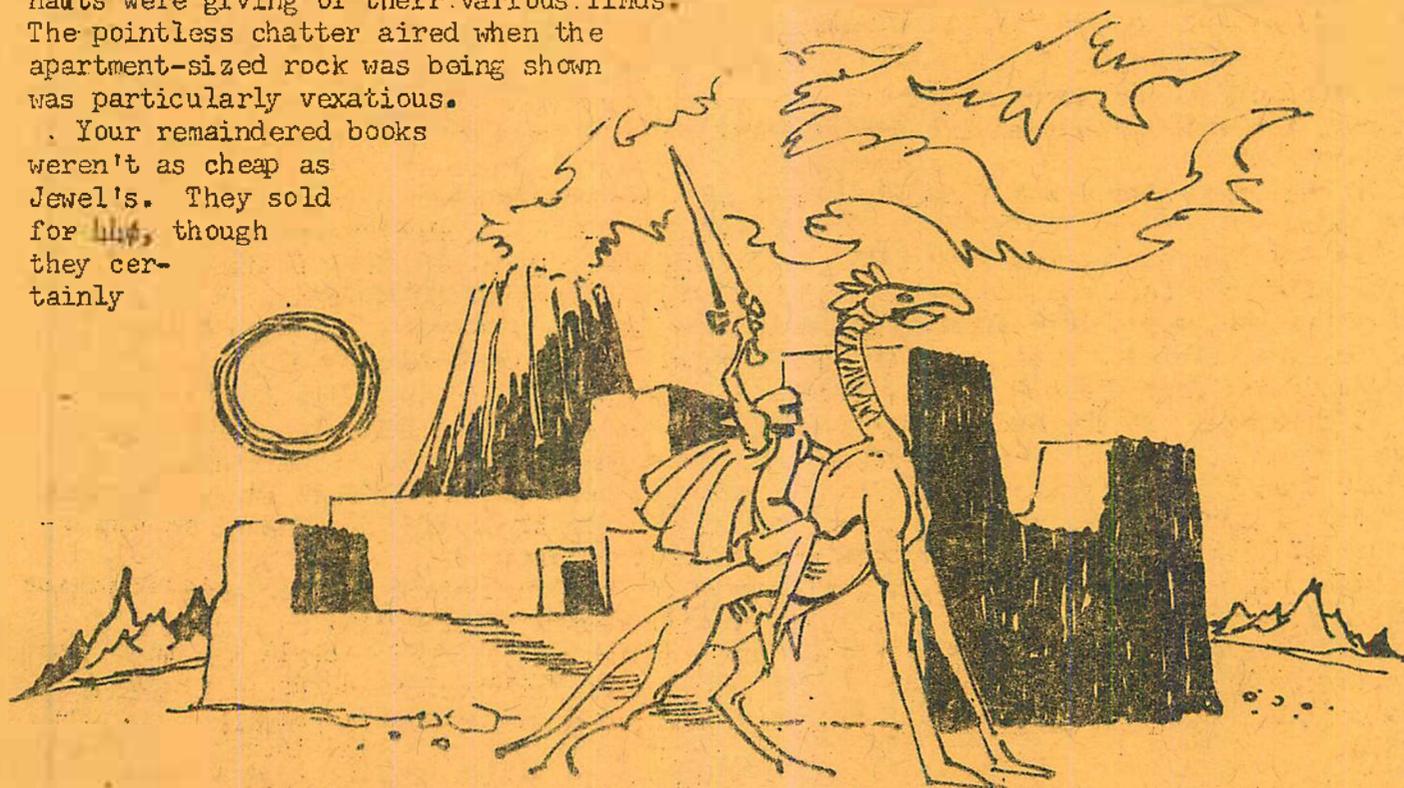
And thanks for the nice words on my zine. But you said "Terry appears to be a fan of the New Wave..." I really hate the terms New and Old Wave; I tend to think of it as all one type and I am a fan of it, new or old or whathaveyou. If it is well written and of interest to me, I'll like it; if it is half-baked and hack work, I will ignore it. I assume you don't like Tom Disch, perhaps? I really enjoy his stuff; as I was telling Hank Luttrell the other night I consider Tom Disch to have a place within the new wave analogous to the place has to the old wave: both are superb word slingers and their prose delights and amazes me. And I can read Clarke's RESCUE MISSION today and still get the energy charge that I got out of it the first time I read it. A mundane friend of mine has asked for advice on what sf to read, and I've given him the Foundation Trilogy and A CLOCKWORK ORANGE so far, and my friend's been delighted. Maybe some Dick next. And when John D. Berry was visiting in my new house for a couple of days and we spent part of the time talking about Heinlein's future history series (which if that got out could ruin our fannish reputations, no doubt). Like you, I'm a fan of what I consider to be good writing; that's the deciding factor, not any other classification. But I do have strange tastes I must admit...

/Turns out my dental work had to be postponed until after the Worldcon, so all the attendees can see my fangs. (I've always felt disappointed that I'm such a pure WASP; no Indian blood or anything. But after a recent tv documentary, I see that even if I don't have Indian blood, I've bygod got Indian teeth.) I have never made an effort to stop a feud between Hulvey and myself because there has never been one to stop. (I never thought Dave was going out of his way to insult me; insulting me is his way.) But confluencing out those comments on Ellison (because I suddenly realized they were a repetition of something I'd said before) drew more comment than anything I've written in years...RSC/

Jackie Franke, Box 51-A RR 2, Beecher, IL 60401

Definite agreement about the intrusive voiceovers during the Moon walks on Apollo 16. If they could have merely kept their comments brief and related to the goings-on. But no. They dragged in all sorts of irrelevant material and jabbered continually, blotting out the descriptions the astronauts were giving of their various finds. The pointless chatter aired when the apartment-sized rock was being shown was particularly vexatious.

Your remaindered books weren't as cheap as Jewel's. They sold for ~~4.95~~, though they certainly



weren't touted as being "selected" by anyone, much less a famous personality. But the selection was pretty dismal. I got the America book by Alastair Cooke, and INFINITY OF MIRRORS by Richard Condon, but that was it. The rest were either travels-by-my-Aunt-Hattie sort of books or god-awful gothics (no slight intended) or 'how-to' treatises on stocks and law. Most weren't worth a quarter, much less the ~~the~~.

Which city was it that altered their assessment policy a few years back? Quite a bit of attention was paid to it initially, and haven't heard a word since. They felt that inner-city blight was caused by the bass-ackward system of taxing improvements, which allowed a frightful number of vacant lots and houses that should have been vacant lots proliferate as the owners could hold the parcels for "investment". They felt that by taxing unused land at a higher rate than developed, and unmaintained property at a higher rate than kept-up real estate, there would be an impetus to improve the city. Also, it was said, there were higher costs to the city if property were not maintained. Fires were more likely, increased garbage collection is required for vacant lots and a higher crime rate exists in run-down neighborhoods which requires more police, higher insurance rates, etc., etc. If the system is working, you'd think that it would be pointed out in the media. Have you heard anything?

Dave's column was a departure from his usual offering. Guess putting out Awry is affecting his style. Thought it was a continuation of his editorial pages. His remarks about taking the position of catcher in a baseball game brought a wry grin to Wally's face. He carries a plate in his skull from leaning in to catch a ball that the batter decided to try for after all. He isn't too keen on sports. Mamma and Papa tended to discourage him after that.

Letters, ah yes. Alexis gives a few points about child care centers which merit attention. First off, four pre-schoolers does not inevitably cause unbearable hardship on a person. I coped with three, and I know several others who did it far more ably. The woman next door cares for several children of a working mother all week, day-in, day-out, and that gives her four pre-schoolers counting her own. She took them on because she was bored and is thriving on it. It's up to the individual personality how well they can take the hubbub young children manage to cause. Some can, and some can't. But no one would go into the business of setting up a center who wasn't inclined toward children. Or not if they wanted to retain their sanity. As for costs, figuring on the bargain-basement rate of \$25 per child for a five-day week, or \$1300 a year per kid, I can't see how anyone could make a living at the costs he quotes. But I don't believe the costs are that high, either. Perhaps in some areas, but not on the average. There simply are too many day-care centers around in apparently healthy financial condition to accept those figures. (But then too, the charge is most likely far beyond \$25.)

Hmm, Juergens could have at least translated a few of those Spanish phrases for us, couldn't he?

Sometimes, Buck, I feel you're fishing for a reaction when you print things like Mike's remarks about my aversion toward drawing too-wide conclusions about animal experiments. I did NOT say such tests were worthless, Mike. In fact, I said they "can be a great help"? But at times they go too far, just as he reiterated. Whether a mouse or rat will suffer pain in order to have sex has no bearing on the relative equality or inequality of human males and females. And when researchers use such tests for such reasons they are debasing all the workers who seek to find true correlations between animal behavior and human. I have never read that the rhesus monkey has any sort of cultural conditioning, so I find it difficult to see just what that particular experiment proved, except that Rhesus monkey behavior is strongly dependent on instinct and not learning. I'd care to heard what tight analogy he sees in the experience in question, or perhaps his biases would show.

Maybe that Tucker column in Gf can be used as a psychological test for hidden traits in fandom? It's fascinating to read of such divergence in reaction.

I'm with Jodie 100%. Titles simply aren't necessary. I can't recall the last time I addressed a letter as "Mr." or "Mrs.", except when mailing Ymas cards to couples, just to save wear and tear on the hands. Quite a few magazines are using the Ms. designation lately, at first in a sarcastic manner, but most have slid into the practice almost unconsciously. It's a step. But avoidance of titles at all would be best.

Mister or Missus or Miss is generally a handy term to use when hailing service personnel nowadays, anyway. Where's the status in that?

See from Locus that Lesleigh won the Duff contest. Goodie for her! At least my two bucks went to the right place. (And who voted for you? See how popular you are? One vote after that emotional plea to drop you from consideration. Such charisma! You two should try for politics.)

See by the paper that your Illinois namesake voted for the Women's Rights Amendment in the state Senate. The House already turned it down, so it's gotta go through again. We have got some kind of nuts in this state. You should hear the wild reasons they give for writing your congressman to have him vote against it. You won't be able to call yourself by your husband's name when you get married. Your kids can't carry his name. Your husband won't have to support you any longer. As soon as it's ratified girls will be sent to the front lines in Nam (train 'em fast these days, don't they?). All sorts of utter drivel. But apparently there are enough boobs that fall for it. (On one talk show a woman wailed that now she'd be liable for her husband's debts; and the hostess growled that she already was. Illinois law makes BOTH parties responsible for mutual family debts. Individual debts are exempt, but mutual ones never have been. The whiner just gulped and glared.) But the most ridiculous complaint is when they state with fervent vigor that the Bible made woman subject to man, and We Are Meddling With Things Ordained By God. Yech. For a person like that, it's simply too late.

Your doctor sounds like quite a character, suitable to the patient. Do you think he'd consider taking a commuting patient? Say 200 miles? I've got the darnedest luck with doctors. My gynecologist was all right, but I have no need of him any more; and the pediatrician was okay, but the kids are almost grown. I'm a firm believer in finding a doctor you jibe with, but doing so is another matter entirely. As it is, when and if I need one, I go to Wally's, but I'm not exactly thrilled with him.

/Wonder how many people will think I voted for myself? I tend to use titles when writing to people I don't know, such as strange neofans (or is "strange neofans" a redundancy?) or booksellers or whatever. Haven't heard a thing about the city you mention; I didn't think any US city authorities had that much imagination. Wait until Bob Passovoy gets his own practice; he'll be a suitably fannish doctor. RSC/

Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Rd., Mentor OH 44050

Enclosed should be a clipping or so on the Ohio elections to let you know how some of it worked out. Basically, they held a second voting day for those precincts which didn't get the chance to vote earlier. But stinks are still being raised. Most recently, Secretary of State Ted Brown fired the entire Cuyahoga County Election Board. Saying that he really liked everybody on the board, but they were fired. Current newspaper speculation is that they're being fired, NOT because of the primary confusion but because they were considering hiring a Negro to replace the guy in charge of running the thing (who resigned in disgrace and laughter of voters).

Sometimes I wish we had speedtrap cops in Mentor -- at least on our street. When we moved here 6 years ago, Hendricks was a dirt road. Well, the city paved it as a housing development went in behind Hendricks, resulting in the contractor's cement trucks speeding down Hendricks at a full clip and tearing up the road totally in spots within one week. We complained, and areas were spot-patched and load limit and speed limit (25mph) were posted. A little later, the town landfill was established on the next road over. When our road is in good shape, we have dump trucks, huge waste-removal trucks, cement trucks, lumber trucks, and an occasional moving van competing to see who can go fastest over the road. When the road is in bad shape, they go only about 25mph -- which is 15 mph over what they should do, for their own sakes. I literally thought there was an enormous roll of thunder a few days ago -- only to look out and discover a truck bucketing and bouncing its load around as it went by our house. Complaints of exceeding load and speed limits go unheeded by local police. (Though once, when the road was in good shape, we complained loudly enough that they

staked out a car in our driveway 50 minutes. Five cars went by, of which they ticketed two for speeding. 40% speeders; that's not too many. Naturally, they send no one out to check during, say, school let-out time, when traffic is heavy and fast -- and doubly dangerous.) So we're happy when the road is in really bad shape, because then, at least, pedestrians and local pet and wild life isn't in danger

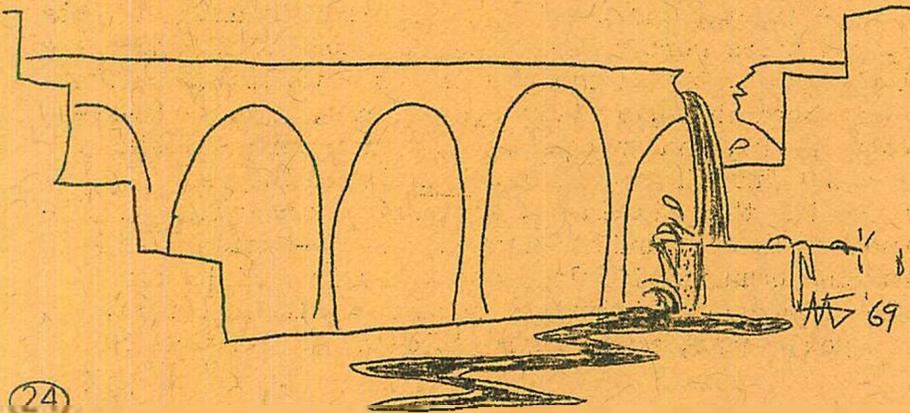
Schoolbuses, incidentally, are high up on the list of too-fast vehicles...

I worked in a nursery school one year and substituted the next. If there were a nationwide, standardized free day care center program -- with basic plans, guidelines, etc., -- \$2500-\$5000 would be a ridiculous per child cost. (1) They'd be in a standardized building and equipment format -- with supplies and construction and such purchased in bulk -- and would be designed to be day care centers. Most day care centers are now run in churches, basements, private homes, libraries, or whatever. No WONDER supervision is more difficult and children sometimes get shortchanged. (2) The center would consist of a multi-toilet restroom, a rest room for naps, a play room for play, and an outside play area with roof. Period. One locked storage area, for cleaning supplies, pocketbooks, etc. -- in the main room. All toys picked for maximum durability and minimum injury (no slide). All play area aimed at maximum visibility of all children. (3) No teaching as such would go on, since this is a babysitting service. But toys can be aimed at teaching, of course. (4) All children bring own food (mini-refrigerator in locked storage closed for necessary storage). (5) an so on, aiming at being simple, varied, and safe.

Just judging from my own limited experience at working with children (children's librarian and nursery school assistant), I can see two adults coping quite comfortably with 25-30 kids in such a planned environment. You don't realize just how much it means to have rooms designed for nothing else but childcare -- and toys designed for lasting, safe use. Just eliminating the constant watching required in the presence of certain types of toys (tricycles which can be ridden overfast, high slides, easily broken plastic toys) removes a burden -- to say nothing of such hazards as low windows, stairs, closets, and blind spots. Problem is Headstart Programs and the like aren't held in a planned environment; they're in unused churches, spare basements, and the like. Centers would be designed for year-around use, of course -- and (with expert planning) could be adapted for much, much larger groups -- with expanded supervision. Two in charge of play outside, two in charge of play inside, two freelancers -- or whatever, depending on number of children, size of play area, etc. Nor should it require more than a high school degree to operate it -- though operators should have equivalent of a three-hour, one semester, college course in everything from first aid to food handling. But basics are really pretty basic, and most mothers I know could learn the ropes speedily.

Gilliland's comment on the plumbing tool in the basement (not being about to buy a house with one there) reminds us of our househunting. One place we saw had a line around the basement wall -- about 1" up from the floor, perfectly level, all around it. What is that? Oh, the children must have drawn it... We recalled our home-buying advice book which cautioned the purchaser to check for high-water lines in basements and told the realtor we'd like to see a different house...

On porn or obscene or whatever records: Edith Piaf's "Milord" recording ends with a simply smashing finish, which is pretty darn clear, even to non-French speakers. The record is a magnificent tour de force, extremely evocative, just great. And so, of course, it was done in an English version (by Bobby Darin, I think) -- which cleaned it up, simplified it to death, and just plain



lost everything it had. But, as a result, you'll occasionally hear it on supermarket muzak. And hearing it in such an unlikely spot breaks me up.

Actually, if you want real muckraking on professional journalism -- with in-depth analyses of slanted nationwide reporting, etc. -- I heartily recommend Columbia Journalism Review.

As you've no doubt mentioned to Alice Hopf personally, our total knowledge of Martha Keller came from Juanita's singing her poetry. I still intend to send her daughter a tape of the songs -- since the music makes the poetry stand out piece by piece. But I still blame you people for never checking into who she was and so forth when you first found "Brady's Bend" -- think of the fun correspondence. Heck, you might have managed to make her a fannish name -- and run otherwise unpublished Keller in Yandro (just as you've been running the de Camp poems)...

I bet one of the bookstores in Cleveland that Andre Norton had such luck with was Publix. She may become happier with her Florida lot if she learns that Publix has just been shut down. They leased their site for decades -- and the bank holding it just decided to evict them. To build -- a parking lot. Yeah. As I recall, Publix was the largest new-and-used bookstore in the country, with five miles of underground shelving. And the people running it loved books and people who loved books (a rarity; not to be found in most other area bookstores, I assure you). They had a giant close-out sale (which is where we completed our American Heritage collection from the second hardcover year on -- at \$1 per issue), and one of the downtown department stores loaned them space to sell off more, once the bank finally closed the doors of the store itself. The country is turning into a parking lot.

Talk about paving Paradise...

Sandra Miesel's land is so wet she got a coot in the yard next door. We (Don) were (was) spading the garden and discovered several (total of about 5) leeches in the process. Yeeeeaaaaaccccchhhh. I didn't even know they made soil-dwelling leeches -- and here were these big, loathesome, squidgy, black parasites. Bleecach. Checked the encyclopedia and learned the damned things probably were eating our earthworms and so felt doubly vindicated at wiping the blaggards out. Seldom have I been so repelled by one of nature's screechers.

Our solution to the car problem is to buy one compact new and buy one station wagon used. Of course, at the moment, our bought-new compact is two years older than our used wagon -- and is in the shop after having been towed 30 miles (never again do we buy a VW) when it quit dead in the middle of the fast lane of the Cleveland freeway. One week after having checkup and tuneup and such. (Why, you may ask, do we take it back to the tuneup place after such an adventure? Because, she replies, it is a VW -- and that is the closest repair shop -- and the further repair shops are no better. Never again, she repeats, do we buy a VW.)

The May 27 Plain Dealer reported "WILLIAMSTOWN, Mass. -- Robert Beers, 51, patriarch of the folksinging Beers family and host of the annual Fox Hollow music festival, was killed early yesterday in a three-car collision along the Taconic Trail highway." We're much saddened by this; the Beers Family has always been one of our favorite folk groups.

/It was never one of my favorite folk groups, but it was a listenable one, and I'm sorry to hear of any creative individual being killed. When I first encountered "Brady's Bend" I was about 15 and had never considered actually writing to a Published Author. When I did think of it, I didn't



have the resources of the Cleveland Public Library to help me find where to write to. (I knew about writing in care of the publisher, but by then the book was long out of print and nothing came of it.)/

John McCallum, PO Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, Canada

Alice Hopf asks about Waffle (letter, page 23-24). If Derek were around I would leave this for him to answer, as he is your regular Canadian political correspondent. However, as he was somewhere in the Mediterranean the last I heard from him, let me hazard a reply. The Waffle group is the left wing, or Marxian wing, of the Canadian socialist party. That party, formerly called the C.C.F., changed its name to the New Democrats a few years ago. It is a socialist party and all its members would like to see nationalization of essential services, transport, communications, power-supply, and so on. However, many of its members do not support full nationalization of everything -- their position on nationalization is approximately that of the British Labour Party or of the Scandinavian parties, i.e., they are quite willing to see some private industry as well. The left wing of the party, of course, goes much further along the line of nationalization of everything. This group has become known as the Waffle group. It is not a separate party. There is no sharp line to separate them from the other New Democrats -- it would be easy to find New Democrats who would agree with them on some issues but not on others. However, they have enough coherence to be recognized as a distinct wing of the party. At the leadership convention a half-year or so ago they had considerable influence on the platform adopted, although the leader is a middle-of-the-roader -- middle of the socialist road, that is.

I don't think they can be regarded as a specifically anti-American group. They are against private ownership of industry, particularly large scale industry. As much of Canadian industry is U.S. owned, there are anti-American tones to their position, and they are similarly opposed to the involvement in S.E. Asia. But these are a result of their general philosophic position.

The name arose from a speech in the course of which someone was accused of "waffling" on some issue -- but I have forgotten the details.

Glad you like THE YEARS OF THE SWORD. The author is writing a sequel to cover Wellington's later political career. I am looking forward to it but am doubtful if I'll like it as well. Whatever we may say we admire a soldier more than a statesman of equal eminence.

/I wouldn't say "we" (implying that I'm included) "admire" a soldier more than a statesman. I don't think that I do. But a soldier's life usually makes much more interesting reading. RSC/

Robert Briney, 245 Lafayette St., Apt 3G, Salem MA 01970

Thanks for the copy of the Tartan Book News pag listing Farmer's TARZAN ALIVE. I bought my copy from Dick Witter: he offers the same discount, and does not add on postage and handling charges the way Tartan does. Haven't started the book yet, but it looks like fun (if one is susceptible to the Baker Street Irregulars type of pseudo-scholarship, as I am). The reviewer for the N.Y. Times appears to have taken the book at face value, and gave it a thoroughly lead-footed and lead-brained review.

In local newspapers during the past couple of days there have been notices of the activities of a local helicopter bandit. No, he doesn't steal helicopters; but he flies around in one, and steals antique weather-vanes from barns and houses, by dropping a lasso around them and then flying away...

There was some comment about "Alice Tilton's" BEGINNING WITH A BASH in recent Yandros. This was indeed the first Leonidas Witheral book; it was published only in England (in 1938); the recent Norton edition is the first U.S. printing.

A few weeks ago I went to New York for the Annual Mystery Writers of America awards dinner (it was held the evening before the SFWA banquet). Lousy food, but enjoyable company, as usual. Most pleasant recollections are of two all-too-brief conversations, one with Joan Aiken (who sat at the same table as I did during the banquet, and who won one of the Edgars) and the other with Frank McCauliffe (author of the Augustus Man-

drell books; he got an Edgar for the third of these, FOR MURDER I CHARGE MORE.

Devra Langsam, 250 Crown St., Brooklyn NY 11225

Some day I'll figure out if I like the masochistic sensation of reading your reviews.

I'm sure you'll be pleased to know that Marian Turner had nothing to do with the title of her poem -- she sent it to me untitled (I got about 5 other untitled poems the same time...).

In reply to Jodie Offutt -- the title Ms still has a use. I can't count the number of times TWA clerks selling me tickets-by-phone say "Miss or Mrs?" and then tell me it's regulations. Also, despite the fact that almost all English names ending in "a" are feminine (most of the male "a" ending names are derived from Hebrew or some other such exotic tongue, as Ezra, Ira, Joshua, etcetera) I still constantly get letters addressed to Mr. Devra Langsam, which for some irrational reason bugs the hell out of me. We shouldn't forget poor Sherna Burley, who used to get not only "Mr. Sherna..." but also "Mr Sherman." Using Ms when writing to a stranger is sensible, you see -- though I can't see using it when listing contributions in a book.

/Gee, I don't get bugged by the charity that keeps sending requests for money to "Miss Roberta Coulson". (I don't send them money, but I don't get bugged.) See -- even when I try to be nice I insult people. How was I to know the idiot title on that verse was your idea? RSC/

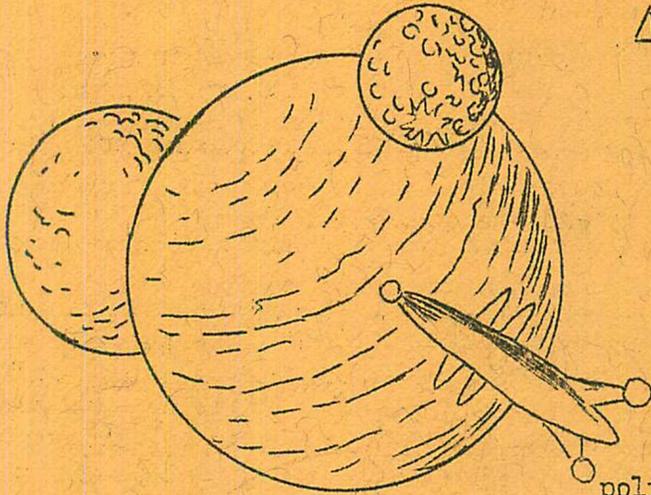
Mike Hinge, 16 W 16 St/11CN NYC NY 10011

I don't know why some s-f readers are called fans. I've never seen one turned on, tho an air current from the vocal cords is noticed. It's my opinion they're so conservative they miss the total possible and actual world of s-f, and as other artists comment on their reluctance to buy good work s...the harsher comment is that they're stingy. What say you?

Is Gerard Quinn alive and well? Would like him for my mailing list.

Stf artist: now that's a label indeed. You mean all those fellers who produce illustrations for s-f mags, paperback covers, or do you mean it as they really should be -- experimental, with a scientific (technological) base? But how are you going to explain fiction, which means it's written or a tall story fiction. Baloney! As for the world s-f society being a paper tiger, you're so right. If it's not written it's not s-f. 500 wordsmiths would not acknowledge there's any other variety. Sigh. And the no. 1 rule is that it's a literary society (not literary and art society). All the artists have been swept under the rug. Bstds.

I don't have a list but read somewhere recently...the "Reference Library" of P. Schuyler Miller? Yes, probably. Ed Emshwiller and Kelly Freas so...But as magazine "illustrators". Some of the best "s-f"! Artists haven't been in mags. Paperback covers yes, but have you heard of the others? Ever heard of Syd Mead? He has been in Playboy, but that's a small piece of the pie. He was a student at Art Center College of Design in LA (that's where all the auto stylists and industrial designers go)... Fantastic works (s-f fans really don't know what they're missing and don't care, that's the rub); was an illustrator before he hit A.C. Took auto styling, industrial design, life dwg and decorative analytical theoretical class -- can't think of the right title -- rapidograph is going lickety-split. It was the only class we both sat in on that one day. Well, he can design, draw, conceptualize like an s.o.b. and render wow. He was so good had only one close competitor, name of Marsh. Was one of a kind. I would be tempted to put him in the genius class. Was very shy, small boned, pimples, glasses and all. Was so good everyone was scared to talk to the guy. Magic at the tips of his fingers. In a class of 30 or so, all good talent otherwise they would not have been there. Private school, all students screened for talent. Well, this guy graduated with all the honours the school could give him, got a standing ovation on graduation. Watching this guy work made the back of your hair turn up in appreciation and your knees knock in envy. That talent.



Well, I'm stingy; I can't answer for the rest of fandom. I am also running out of wall space...I wonder about covering a wall with Franke scratchboards would works? (I don't know nothin' about art, but I know what I like. Oh, you heard that?) Anyone know Quinn's address? I didn't. As far as I know, the World SF Society is a dead issue that rises from the tomb every so often to plague Worldcon committees and has no other purpose./

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

I noted with sorrow in the newspaper a few days ago that the Nullabor Nymph was just a small hoax that was more successful than the perpetrators meant it to be. On second thoughts, I think I'm glad to learn that harmless hoaxes are still with us. The Howard Hughes hoax was vastly interesting, but too crassly materialistic. (L'hoax pour l'hoax, or hoax gratis hocis pocis, as it were.)

About AUTHORS -- there was an amusing column in The Writer a few months back about the game. Lesley Conger (I think it was) pointed out that there's a scene in LITTLE WOMEN where the characters are playing the build-a-story game which my friends used to call "Teakettle" (because when you turned the story over to someone else you stopped in the middle of the sentence and exclaimed "Teakettle!" -- I have no idea why). Alcott's characters called it Rigmorole. Then they play Truth, and then Jo suggests that they clear their minds with "a sensible game of Authors." Which, said Conger, was startling, when you stop to remember that Alcott is in the Authors deck. Except that, obviously, Alcott's deck was different.

Mary Schaub, Box 218, c/o C.S. Schaub, Apex NC 27502

Your account in 212 of the huge asthma injection sounded hauntingly familiar -- aminophelin, I wonder? (I assume one spells it that way.) I've had it twice, and it is an experience -- didn't have the doctor change syringes, though; mine just drew some of my blood up into the syringe to mix with the medicine. That way I got really dizzy. Gives you relief, though, when other things fail.

I enjoyed Dave Locke's speculations on where all those cars were going near his old house, when the highway ran out in that direction. Gene DeWeese's piece on those hideous catalogs that clog one's mail was also on the nose. It reminded me of an English mystery story I read once in which the 2 main detectives went into a shop that sold practical joke stuff and such trinkets. One detective read the labels on the various dribble glasses and hairy ties, and noted that most of the items claimed to bring gales of laughter from all your friends. The detective remarked that if you were addicted to using itching powder and whatnot he'd didn't see how you'd have many friends for long. I've noted in these catalogs that nearly every item is supposed to make your neighbors "green with envy" or "impressed with your taste". Considering the junky appearance of most of the merchandise, one wonders just what sort of neighbors they picture you've got? I really don't think ANYBODY could be envious if you put out on your lawn some of those utterly revolting plastic frogs and gnomes. Gad!

I don't usually care for Offutt's columns, but I must admit that his tale of travail with the plumbers was entertaining, even if a bit gamy in places.

I laughed out loud at that "poem" by Benyo on page 17. I wouldn't put it past you to have whipped it up yourself from random words in a dictionary. It's almost New Wave enough to drip off the page.

I finished Hal Clement's STAR LIGHT the other day, and found it more tedious by far than MISSION OF GRAVITY. The scientific problems he posed were gripping, as always,

but somehow the characterization didn't lift the narrative out of a rather turgid pace (of course; they were stuck in the mud-ice most of the book. Ha). Did you by chance see the made-for-TV movie based (more truthful to say "debased") on Zenna Henderson's People short story "Pottage"? Shatner did all right as the country doctor, but the wretched girl they had for the lead role was unbearable. They missed the whole feeling of the stories; I think Zenna has ample grounds to sue. Wok!

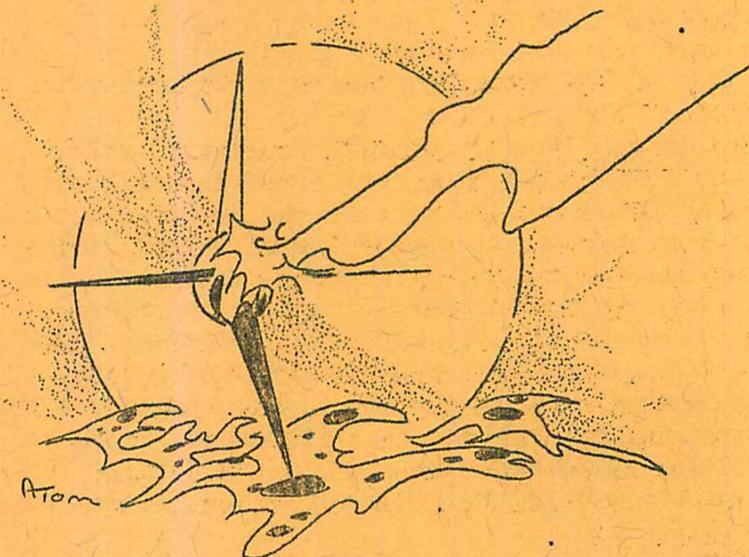
/Actually I thought they caught the mood of the Henderson stories very well; the only problem was Kim Darby's inability to act. (Whoever the other girl was -- Diane Varsi? -- wasn't too hot either.) I think it's aminophyllin -- something like that. There's a "y" in there somewhere. And I really should learn to spell it. When I was a kid our old country doctor would give me a shot of adrenalin and morphine mixed for asthma. Worked like a charm, but doctors today seem to shudder at the very mention of it. I gather it tends to make the heart go into a fast tap dance routine. RSC/

Roger Waddington, 4 Commercial Street, Norton, Malton, Yorkshire, England

Thanks for Yandro 214; but the Staples Press? I've just been turning my old newspaper pile upside down, because there was an advert for them in the Sunday Times of some weeks back, and I haven't been able to find it yet. But if I do or they put another advert in, I'll mail it on to you so you can see what their current offerings are like. Though the personal columns in the papers are full of lures for the vanity presses like the Cathay Press or the Regency Press, offering £1,000 in prizes if you send your poems in; and apparently once that happens, they offer to print your poem so that it'll be considered for a certain amount; about £2 is the going rate, I think. They seem to concentrate on poems because they're the more profitable end of the market; although they'll still welcome you with open arms, if you can afford to have a whole book published! Occasionally in the local Evening Press there'll be a report of some local poet achieving success in having a poem or two accepted for publication in one of these anthologies, and they'll mention the publisher, but never how much it cost!

I've got some good news if you haven't had it already; Kenneth Bulmer will be taking over the New Writings in SF series; so dispel any chilling thoughts of Mike Moorcock putting in a bid; there'll still be a bastion of good storytelling rising above the frothy waters of the New Wave. I'm deeply sorry about Ted Carnell, and it's for certain there'll never again be any complete entity known as British SF, with the valued Carnell hallmark; but I'm glad that Ken's the one taking over, because he deserves something else after losing Sword and Sorcery just as it was being launched; and though he hasn't got a track record as far as editing is concerned thanks to this, nevertheless he's come across with some pretty good titles of his own; and I for one wish him every success. (The first under his banner, No. 22, will be out in Spring 1973, and No. 23 is planned for the following autumn; and he's gathering material for these at the present; so if you feel like honouring him more, why not try one of your stories on Ken Bulmer?)

And as far as Dave Locke's col goes, over here radar traps are very small beer; we've now got the chance, in certain areas, to find



ourselves in the movies! Thanks to a prowling police car fitted up with the very latest in videotape equipment; it's only for dangerous driving as yet, when you get pulled up, invited to have a seat in the car and have an action replay of the actual fault you committed. I don't know when it'll be brought into play for such things as illegal assemblies and the like, but the thoughts are already there; the police seem to think it a godsend.

The Waters of Diamondia? Strikes me you were almost overwhelmed by the flood of turgid prose pouring out; now, what I felt on trying to read it is more typified by its true title, The Darkness on Diamondia; it was like peering through a very murky fog, and certainly not Van Vogt as he used to be; but then he never has been, has he? I mean, he's never been a very easy writer to read, in spite of that Sense of Wonder he used to inspire.

About that Charles Fort by Damon Knight -- Gollancz have got quite a recent British edition which is probably still going.

/I think the current emphasis on novels is finishing van Vogt as a major writer. With maybe one or two exceptions, his novels were always pretty silly; his forte was the novelet. RSC/

Chris Walker, Hotel Daguerre, 94, rue Daguerre, Paris 14e, France

I'm at the Cafe le Coupole on the Boulevard Montparnasse, where Hemingway and other American expatriates used to come in the 40s and 50s. I'm just going to have coffee here, and then I'm going to dinner somewhere far, far less expensive. Paris is not set up for the average fan budget. But if you don't insist on eating in the shopping districts or on a main thoroughfare, it doesn't have to cost the moon. Though as a food fan, I'd have to say some of the meals I've had here have been worth at least as much as Diemcs or Phobos.

Happily, the Ugly American Tourist isn't quite as omnipresent as I had feared -- part of that may be the fact that it's cold, and the Hawaiian shirts and Bermudas are still packed away in the trunks. But most of the people I see here (except in the museums) are unmistakably French.

From time to time someone will tell you, or you'll read, that all you need to get about in Europe is a polyglot dictionary and a fat guidebook. Don't believe them. You hear a lot of English in the streets, it's true, but it's American teenagers trying to make themselves understood by policemen or salesladies. They read something in the Reader's Digest about the international brotherhood of the Youth Culture, and it isn't until after they arrive that they realize that without knowing any French they're helpless and disliked. I have trouble making myself understood here sometimes after 7 years of French studies; I wouldn't any more go to Berlin with no more armor than a Berlitz dictionary than try to lift the Eiffel Tower with one hand. It's an excellent way to spend a miserable vacation, to go somewhere where you don't understand the language.

/We're printing this as a public service for other would-be fan tourists./

Rick Brooks, RR #1, Box 167, Fremont IN 46737

Yandro 214 has been here 5 weeks, and I ought to comment. Two Cawthorn illos were good, but I really liked the one by Bjo. I remember the Pittcon art show as one of the high points of my first con. Bought Dumont's "The Colour Out of Space," and regretting not holding back enough money to buy some of the pro art in the huckster room.

John Creasey writes good mystery stories, tho they are more police procedure stories where the criminal is known to the reader. As JJ Marris, he writes the same. As Anton York, he writes from the criminal's point of view. Mother says those are bombs, so I haven't bothered to read any. Creasey's Toff is more a conventional detective story while as Morton, he writes about an ex-jewel thief and jeweler called The Baron. I prefer Inspector West and Gideon, both of Scotland Yard (the latter by Marris). I have quit reading Dr. Palfrey as they seemed to get worse. And they were rather poor to begin with.

Perry Rhodan is poor. Doc Smith took some effort to make his superman seem above average. Rhodan's hyped-up heroes seem about early teens mentally. Rhodan keeps telling us how exceptional things are, but never shows us much. Even Doc Savage is better and I got bored with Savage about ten books back.

I know you are going to get a lot of letters mentioning all the blank spaces in the review of Ellison's book. Yandro leaves something to the reader's imagination.

I'll enter the lists again, Mike Juergens, on the infamous experiment with rats. Humans are psychologically in a class by themselves and any animal psychological research must be linked up with some sort of data on humans to be meaningful. Experiments with chimps and other monkeys would have had more relevance to humans than experimenting with rats. Margo, in the Ft. Wayne Journal-Gazette, column, was bemoaning what the experiment "proved" about women. Jackie has a right to get upset when the experiment that gives only a slight indication toward the human condition is used as proof that women are inferior.

/I always thought Doc Smith's heroes seemed about early teens mentally...RSC/

Claude Hall, 2800 Moraga Drive, Los Angeles CA 90024

I find the debate about titles for women rather amusing, since there seems to be an obvious trend among the college age crowd -- at least the element that I have a chance to observe -- to ignore marriage conventions. I'm a little too old and too staid, I guess, because it seems "wrong" to me. But these kids never think much about marrying...if they like each other, they just move in together. And I'm not talking about a few isolated cases -- there are hundreds upon hundreds of unmarried couples here and in New York. A couple of months ago, one of the couples decided to get "married." They got a friend to do the ceremony and invited everyone they knew and had a party. I've refrained from asking him (I don't know his "wife" that well) if the marriage is legit and if they have a marriage license. None of my business. But, heck, my former assistant (he's now with a record company) doesn't believe in marriage; when he got his current job and had to move to Los Angeles, his "old lady" moved with him.

That's just the way things are going now. I deplore the drug culture that rose up and now, fortunately, seems to be fading out. But it basically led to this type of freedom and maybe the "freedom" is good and maybe it's bad. I'm no judge and I don't feel that I have the right to dictate anyone else's morals or lifestyle.

For myself, I think I prefer the life that I've built and being married and raising kids. But I see the day a-comin' when marriage may be passe.

Already, when you consider the number of illegitimate children born the past few years, you can visualize the day coming when the government may raise all kids, or 90 percent of them (because there will always be a few nuts who'll want to rebel against society by raising their own children). Of course, the growing use of the pill may solve illegitimate births as we know them. That and abortions. There's an abortion clinic about a mile from here and the big complaint of people living in the area is the traffic congestion caused by the clinic.

At any rate, the day may come when Mrs. or Miss will be naturally archaic, like the general term of esquire. Really, I don't know why women are complaining about what prefix on their names. Except that it may actually be the cultural preparation, psychologically, toward abolition of marriage altogether.

Look at the divorce rate. The signs are all there. There.

/Women, some of them, are complaining about the Mrs. or Miss matter because it is used by some companies to deny them credit, bank loans, lease signing and little things like that which make it possible to exist in modern society. All part of a nasty pattern, and being married is no guarantee you can escape said pattern. A married woman in this state and several others can not sign herself as "guardian" of her child -- a teenager applying for a driver's license, for example -- because as far as the law is concerned she is not the kid's guardian; she's simply the lower animal who gave birth, nurtured, disciplined, coddled, sustained and applauded that child through all its growing years; the child's only legal guardian is its father, because he's the only one doing any "work". Yes. JWC/

Larry Nichols, 116 Groveland, Apt. 35, Minneapolis MN 55403

You've got a strange cover on #214. It's oddly evocative of the 30s pulp covers. Don't you think the location of the pool a little impractical? Makes it difficult to move furniture in and out of that room. I guess it's all the better to trap you with.

It's rather nice to receive 2 issues of Yandro in one shot. Naturally, I sat down and read them in jig time (a racial slur?). However, it made me realize a couple of things. I pour over fanzines with much greater relish (no I won't try that tired pun again) than I do either prozines or mundane publications. Could I be more fannish than I think I am? Can I be saved from this pitiful fate?

I also now realize that Yandro is much too short and is produced too infrequently for my liking. It should be made, at least, 100 pages longer and run on a bi-weekly schedule. Both of you can give up professional writing; after all, what's money compared to all that additional egoboo? And Bruce could be chained to the collating rack. Matter of fact, that last one's a good idea even if you don't use my suggestions about expanding the fanzine.

Dave Locke managed to poke one of my sore spots -- traffic tickets. Last summer I received my first two traffic violations. (One I deserved, the other I didn't.) Both times I was giving fans a helping hand. Don't you think that something may be deduced from this?

Now the Browns are moving to the Bay Area! What the hell is this fannish exodus all about? Want to hear a nasty one? We should talk the Carrs into moving back to NY, then we'll see it all in reverse. Could keep 'em bouncing back and forth for years.

In reply to Jackie Franke's letter, may I offer two possible clues to my existence:

1. Has anyone actually seen Harlan when he's feeling mellow?
2. As long as fandom lives on in the hearts of men, etc., etc.

/I never give fans a helping hand, and I haven't received a traffic ticket in the last 15 years. Nastiness pays. RSC/

We don't have a WAHF column, because it's sometimes hard to tell whether letters are written in comment on YANDRO or to the editors, or both. So here are a few short comments rudely excerpted from letters. ETHEL LINDSAY writes about learning to drive in London, making me happy I learned in a small country town. JIM SIEDGER suggests that Rotten Fishman be given a chance to give the real lowdown on Liz. Okay by me...Rotten? RICHARD SMALL loved Gilliland's platypus cover. JACKIE FRANKE mentions seeing Shatner at a local playhouse, showing up the regular cast, and has a paragraph extolling John Wyndham's "Consider Her Ways". ANDRE HORTON recommends the "Asterix" cartoon books now being sold by Marboro, Publisher's Central, and presumably other discount houses. GENE DEWEESE describes a chip "about a tenth of an inch square" containing approximately 1800 transistors. Robot brains, anyone? He also mentions "a sort of historic fantasy" novel titled The Sword of the Golem, by Abraham Rothberg. DAVE LOCKE is looking for an electric typewriter that hums something constructive, like "The Blue Danube", instead of just making a noise. CHRIS WALKER says Gilliland's platypi look better than the original monument does. (They aren't covered with pigeon dung, at least.) He also sent a batch of ENVIRONMENTAL ACTION BULLETINS, which seem interesting; maybe I'll get around to commenting at more length next issue. TERRY HUGHES wants to know why I didn't get an air bubble into my circulatory system when the doctor was changing syringes in mid-shot. Damfino, and I really wish he hadn't mentioned the possibility. KEN NAHIGAN, 6220 Jansen Drive, Sacramento, CA 95824, would like to obtain the following fanzines: AMRA #46 and before, CARANDAITH #6, PSYCHOTIC #27 and before, TRUMPET #6, 11, PROPER BOSKONIAN #2, PEGASUS #1 thru 4, ILMARIN (one-shot) and GWYNTYSTORM #1a and 1b. (That is, if he hasn't already obtained them in the meantime. Sorry about the delay, Ken; your letter got buried.) ROBERT E. GILBERT, 509 W. Main St., Jonesboro, TN 37659, wants Volume 3 (only) for the BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE, 1929 edition. He also comments acidly on the local mundane art clubs (Juanita, having been in one, concurs.) DAVE PIPER says I'm an imitation Kit Carson and contributing to the violence of America. But haven't you heard of the dangers of overpopulation, Dave? If we can't have abortions, we got to get rid of them some way; Detroit can't do it all.

AN #1 (Sezar Erkin Ergin, Bakanliklar, P.O. Box:56, Ankara (g-10), Turkey - no price listed) Newsletter of the Turkish fan club, published in English and Turkish. Recommended to anyone interested in international fandom. Rating.....5

STRANGE
fruit

Yaazz #2 (Dave Hulvey, Rt. 1, Box 198, Harrisonburg, VA 22801 - loc or contrib) Hulvey claims that he doesn't exist -- that he is, in fact, a hoax -- but he's still putting out fanzines. (Anyway, I'd a lot rather believe Sandra Miesel on the subject of Hulvey's existence than I would Hulvey; Dave probably doesn't know half the time whether he exists or not.) Personal-type zine from a vibrant (or should that be vibrating?) personality. I dunno about you, but I like it.

Mota #5 (Terry Hughes, 1109 Pacquin, Columbia, MO 65201 - loc, contrib, trade, or 25¢) Faan fiction, alleged faan non-fiction (much the same, actually), big letter-column; and a lovely Deindorfer parody of the transcribed speeches that keep showing up in fanzines. (And I ain't one of those who automatically says all Deindorfer material is great stuff, either. But this was.) Terry objected when I said his fanzine was New Wavish, so how about calling it counter-culture? (Restaurant-counter-culture?) Despite all this, I enjoy the mag, so he must be doing something wrong; the really great fanzines of this genre I can't stand. Rating.....6

Mochta #1 (Bob Wilson, 210 Markland Drive, Apt 1001, Etobicoke, Ontario, Canada - irregular - 3/\$1) Serious commentary on science fiction. Reads a bit like Renaissance without the anti-New Wave bias. Columnists wanted for future issues. Rating.....4

B.C. #3 (Railee Bothman & Leigh Couch, 1300 West Adams, Kirkwood, MO 63122 - no charge) Personal-type. Not a lot in it for me this time, but I like the editors and can usually find something of interest. Fairly small. Rating.....4

Outworlds #8.75, 3.2, 3.3 (Bill Bowers, PO Box 87, Barberton OH 44203) #8.75 is a finishing-up issue, composed of letters on previous issues. #3.2 and 3.3 are part of the new series (I think; I don't try to keep Bowers' numbering system straight.) 3.2 has a fine item concerning collaboration with Piers Anthony that makes me glad Juanita decided against it. (Not that she hasn't the patience, but I don't suffer egotists gladly, especially if I think they're picking on a friend, and instead of being mildly friendly with Piers I might well have finished him off for good with a charge of 00 buckshot by now.) Ah well, as long as it didn't happen, I still like good old Piers .. This features impeccable reproduction, good material, and overdone layout. Emphasis is much on artwork, from articles by Fabian and Canfield to one by Doc Lowndes assaulting "2001". Rating.....7

Sirruish #9 (Railee Bothman, address above - 2/\$1) Major item is Art Rapp's article on Mostradamus which is interesting but fails to convince me. Various minor material; editorial staff says material will vary but emphasis will be on science fiction. Good repro. Rating.....3

Sandworm #17 (Bob Vardeman, PO Box 11352, Albuquerque NM 87112 - loc, trade, contrib, 50¢) One of my favorite fanzines because Vardeman is possibly the best humorous writer in fandom. And at the same time he can argue the theory of time travel with Hank Davis by going into "Gibb's free energy of a crystal", whatever the hell that is. Fascinating letter column and quotes from weird news items. Rating.....9

Badmouth #3 (Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee St., Wauseon OH 43567 - 4/\$1.25, loc, contrib, trade - quarterly) A fanzine for people who want to gripe at something. Which produces some of the weirdest letters I've ever read (G.M. Carr has one, and compared to a couple of the others she comes across as a moderate.) The major gripe this time is on gardening, which has been done too often in slick magazines, so the lettercolumn is the most interesting feature. Rating.....6

The Hog On Ice #2 (Creath Thorne, 1022 College Ave., Columbia MO 65201 - trade, loc) For FAPA and Friends; well, we aren't FAPA, so... I dunno, Creath; this bit about revering people who live "sanely and simply in a troubled world"; I been doing that for 44 years, man and boy, and nobody ever revered me for it. Of course, I just do it; I don't write crap about revivifying and cleansing my system with an exclusive diet of apples. (Though that will certainly cleanse the system, all right; I don't know about you, but sitting on a privy for 4 or 5 hours a day wouldn't do much to revive me.) Sounds like a thoroughly idiotic book, to me. I disagree more or less violently with Creath's other major item here, as well, but he does write well and introduces me to all sorts of new concepts. (Most of them silly, of course, but then most of the old ones are pretty silly, too.) Rating.....5

IS #4 (Tom Collins, 4305 Balcones Dr., Austin TX 78731 - \$3 @) This is a Derleth Appreciation issue, and gives you 82 pages for your money. (I would say it was badly overpriced, but then I'm not a fanatic Derleth fan.) Printed; artwork is a trifle skimpy but what's there is excellent, as is the reproduction. Material ranges from outstanding (with Larry Niven's account of a student riot at Miskatonic U. topping the issue) to mediocre, but most is quite good. Rating.....7

Regurgitation Six #1 (Norman Hochberg, 89-07 209 St., Queens Village NY 11427 - loc, contrib, 25¢) Lovely cover. Small, editor-written, Nice parody of some of the feuds over convention sites in fandom, an appreciation of Vonnegut (well, nobody's perfect), and an appreciation of Tucker and Warner, and writing that can make one read about a basically uninteresting subject. Rating.....4

WSFA Journal #79 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton Md 20906 - quarterly - 4/\$2) With Sandworm, this is one of my favorite fanzines because it provides a little of everything; humor, serious articles about stf, bibliography, reviews, letters, and about the only place it falls down is in the badly reproduced artwork. Written material is good to excellent. Rating.....8

Title #2, 3 (Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Dr., St. Louis MO 63131 - trade, contrib, 4/\$1) Personal type. To keep the issues small, Brazier is attempting to distill the long rambling items found in most fanzines down into short pungent comments on science fiction and/or society. So far, he's had pretty good luck at it; his material is varied, short, and generally effective. Rating.....6

Algol #18 (Andy Porter, PO Box 4175, New York NY 10017 - contrib, 4/\$3 - twice yearly) Andy says he wants to pick up the mantle of SF Review. He has the physical part; better repro and layout than SFR ever did. And he's getting the material. He doesn't have the circulation or letter column quality yet, but they'll come, (and the letters are pretty good right now, just not quite up to SFR at its best). Latch onto it. Rating.....8

Awry #2 (Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive Dr #9, Duarte CA 91010 - irregular - contrib, loc, trade, 2/\$1) Another humor fanzine, of which there can't be too many. My type of humor, that is, which consists of funny events and not what various people said to one another at a recent party. Ed Cox, Tina Hensel, the editors and the letter writers are all quietly amusing. Rating.....6

Moebius Trip #13 (Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria IL 61604 - trade, loc, 2/\$1) Big thick general type fanzine, mostly on serious stf topics this time. Interview with James Blish, long book reviews (both by Paul Walker), various articles on the field. Robert Weinberg writes what may be his best work to date, giving reasons for fandom being an antidote to culture shock. (Never thought of that...) This one keeps getting bigger and better.

Granfalloon #15 (Linda & Ron Bushyager, 111 McDade Blvd., Apt B211, Sutton Arms Apts., Folsom PA 19033 - 75¢, trades, contrib, loc) Speaking of getting bigger... Beautiful art and reproduction. Contents don't move me too much, but since it's on the Hugo ballot I seem to be in a minority. Better than 2/5 of the mag is letter column, which is reasonably interesting. Of course I ignored the rock article on general principles,

as I did most of the reviews. (I read Glencannon's fanzine reviews to see what everyone was complaining about, and I still don't know, He seems competent enough, and no more opinionated than any other fanzine reviewer.) I fail to achieve much enthusiasm over fannish recipes, but possibly that's my male chauvinism showing. And of course I am not an admirer of Arnie Katz's writing. Which leaves the editor, Sandra Miesel, and Grant Canfield, all of whom are competent without being spectacular. With this came Flyer #2, containing news of the Hugo nominations, and a portfolio by Walt Simonson for The Boats of Glen Carrig, which again left me cold. (Except for the one of the ship with the squid tangled around it; that I thought was great.) You could do worse than have a look at it. The writing is good enough; it's just the subject matter which, this issue, doesn't often appeal to me. Rating.....6

Stefantasy #70 (William M. Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell PA 16374 - price 60 Bolivianos?) This has one of those rarities -- a serious piece of fiction in a fanzine which is worth reading. I see one of those about once every 5 years or so. Plus the usual humor, and a bit less of the "US is being overrun by filthy hippie perverts" attitude that marred recent issues. In fact, the prefabricated privy ad is worth making an effort to obtain, all by itself. (You do not get Stef for money; you get it by convincing Danner that you're someone he wants on his mailing list.) Rating.....9

Scottishe #61 (Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey KT6 6QL, Great Britain, American Agent Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple Street, Apt 3J, Brooklyn, NY 11201 - 3/41) This, with WSFA Journal and Sandworm, is one of the three fanzines I am happiest to find in the mail. Not the best, by any objective standard, but the ones I enjoy the most. Contents are reviews, the account of one of our screwier 1950s fans by Archie Mercer, Andy Offutt continues his comments on fandom (come now, Andy; anyone who said "I have never been so unimpressed" on being first introduced to Ted White shouldn't be too harsh with people who say nasty things at conventions -- and I know you did because I was the one who introduced you), and the editor nattering about her recent experiences, much as Juanita does. Rating.....7

Haverings #51 (Ethel Lindsay, address and agent above - 25¢) Eight pages of nothing but fanzine reviews. Ethel's are the only ones I read regularly (mostly because I'm interested in what she thinks of the fanzines, not because I have much interest in fanzine reviews perse.) But it's an excellent shopping guide for newcomers.

Hagglings (Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Avenue, Faulconbridge NSW 2776 Australia - loc, contrib, 35¢) Actually I gave Eric the idea, by mistaking the "Lindsay" on an incoming fanzine for Ethel, and telling him how disappointed I was to find out the truth, and by encouraging him to go ahead with the thing; he didn't want to do anything that might offend Ethel. Actually, this is Gegenschein #4, and consists mostly of fanzine reviews and letters. (The "parody" consists of title and layout; contents are definitely the Australian, not the Scots, Lindsay.) Thin but enjoyable. Rating.....5

Gegenschein #5 (Eric Lindsay, see above) A more normal issue, with more variety, thicker. Reviews, serious articles, mostly on fandom and fan publishing, art and repro both ranging from excellent to terrible, and an attempt at a checklist of the Ultimate reprint mags by Don Tuck. Rating.....5

The Fanarchist #7 (David R. Grigg, PO Box 100, Carlton South, 3053 Australia - dunno if there's more to the address; he didn't even mention Australia - USAgent Bill Bowers, address above - loc, contrib, 30¢) In the variety and treatment of material, this reminds me somewhat of an Australian Sandworm. On the whole Grigg's authors aren't as amusing as Vardeman's, but then there is the exotic down-under background in their flavour. And John Brunner does an excellent job of defending modern art, despite the fact that I don't altogether agree with him. Rating.....5

Anant #2 (Penny Hansen, 1607 Lincolnwood, Urbana IL 61801 - no price or schedule listed). Lots of reviews, a few letters, article by Don Blyly on Harlan's appearance in Springfield for a talk at Sangamon State University (he mentioned that Harlan had mellowed in the past few years -- considering his lecture tours, writing, and editing, he's probably just tired), and a fascinating account of Penny Hansen and friend bug-ging all the dirty old men in Champaign while trying to locate an Andy Offutt book.

Thin mag. but a good one.

Rating.....5

Renaissance VI#2 (John J. Pierce, 275 McMane Ave., Berkeley Heights NJ 07922 - quarterly - 25¢) Major item is a report on a "Futuristic Conference" by the editor, who feels that it was more rewarding than the average science-fiction regional con. I wouldn't have thought so, because I don't go to cons to hear speeches -- I can get all the futuristic information I want in print, and file it without the bother of taking notes. But to each his own. There is the conclusion of the Lem article and various long reviews by the editor.

Rating.....5

Placebo #3 (Moshe Feder & Barry Smotroff, 142-34 Booth Memorial Ave., Flushing NY 11355 quarterly, contrib, loc, trade, 35¢) Fascinating article on Secret Masters of Fandom by Hank Davis, including a few ploys to humiliate neofans that even I never thought of (such as returning a letter of comment with a form rejection slip). Layout is terrible, particularly on the dual feature "The Universe Breakers". Repro generally but not always good; artwork poor. Fairly thick mag; variety of material, text about average quality aside from Hank's article. Moderately good lettercolumn.

Rating.....5

The Mentor #22 (Ron L. Clarke, 78 Redgrave Rd., Normanhurst 2076 Australia - 2/\$1 USAgent, Bill Bowers) General type including fiction, and bibliographic material. Good letter column and some quite good articles and reviews. (I rarely mention reviews, but A. Bertram Chandler writes fascinating ones.)

Rating.....5

Entropy Negative #5 (Daniel Say, Box 5583, Vancouver 12, B.C., Canada - quarterly - 75¢) Serious material, with much of this issue devoted to articles about and an interview with D.G. Compton. Very well done indeed (but unfortunately D.G. Compton is one of those authors whom I read only when forced to, and I am not about to go through a pile of material about him.) Joanna Russ article about women in science fiction reprinted from a lit'ry journal, and various other items. Generally good. The mag makes a poor appearance because the artwork is poor and the repro is no more than adequate, but the text is highly recommended to serious-type fans.

Rating.....6

Starling #22 (Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell, 1108 Locust Street, Columbia MO 65201 - 50¢, trade, contrib, loc - quarterly) This issue mostly on old movies and new music. Neither subject interests me all that much, but the writing is entertaining enough so that I read most of the fanzine anyway.

Zot! #4 (Jeffrey May, 1603 E. Division, Springfield MO 65803 - bimonthly - free) Largely letters and reviews of some fairly unusual material. There is humorous (?) fiction, fair artwork, and moderately good dittoing (which still doesn't look too good but that's hardly the editor's fault), etc. The editor says he dislikes short reviews; sorry about that.

Rating.....4

Rataplan #7, 8 (Leigh Edmonds, PO Box 74, Balaclava, Victoria 3183, Australia - irregular - trade, loc, contrib) Column by Lesleigh Luttrell, fiction, article on the Rolling Stones and rock music, reviews. Good variety; material not my type but well enough done.

Rating.....4

Axolotl Exward #2 (Gary S. Mattingly, 202 Marlatt Hall, Manhattan KS 66502, - trade, loc, contrib) For some unknown reason, I am repelled by blue-green paper. The contents here aren't all that bad, but I had to force myself to even skim it for review. (And I've always claimed that text is all-important!) Anyway, it has good covers, interior art ranging from good to terrible, much material by Bill Wolfenbarger (I dislike his writing style, but younger readers might well consider it great stuff) and various other items. Deals largely with science fiction without being too pompous about it.

Rating.....4

Warehouse #1, 2 (John Godwin & Gary Grady, 520 Orange St., Wilmington NC 28401 - loc, trade, contrib 25¢) Lots of color mimeo work in #1; much less in #2 (that stuff is hard work). In fact, while the art in #2 is generally good, the repro of it is quite

poor, First issue, mostly editor-written; second has an article on religious science fiction by Ned Brooks, plus letters, as well as the editors reviewing and editorializing. Hard to rate, because they're just getting a good start and future issues will undoubtedly improve. But I'll do it anyway. Rating.....3

Oxytocic VI (Michael T. Shoemaker, 2123 N. Early St., Alexandria VA 22302 - contrib, trade, loc, 20¢) Printing on both sides of the paper, this round. Legible, if not great spirit duplicating. "Student Survival Manual" is completed. There are a fair amount of local jokes in it, but enough generally applicable material to keep me reading (and I ended up happier than ever that I graduated from a small high school a long time ago). Letters, reviews, and speculations complete the issue. Rating.....4

No #10 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis MN 55417 - trade, loc, 25¢) One of the best issues I've seen. Dick Martin has a fascinating Oz parody (I never read the books, but I've read enough about them to appreciate the parody), John Boardman has an atrocious pun, and Ruth has an article on "Kosher SF" that is interesting, and reinforces my decision to read the various books by Isaac Bashevis Singer that I've picked up and put aside until I had more time. (I read one and liked it, so I got more, but I've been busy.) Rating.....7

Maybe #18, 19 (Irvin Koch, 835 Chatt. Brk. Bldg., Chattanooga TN 37402 - 3/#1, trade, contrib) Thin issues, composed mostly of letters, reviews, and the occasional editorial rambling or article. Hank Davis's defection left the mag short of material, and contributions are requested. I see the editor is no longer interested in fan fiction ..well, there's always the Linznors. Sloppy looking but fairly interesting. Rating.....4

Brehensile #3, 4 (Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola Street, Sylmar CA 91342 - 3/\$1) Lots of reviews, some oddball professional material, a lengthy article on the history of ZEEen and what makes a good letterzine, lots of letters. Reviews cover everything; fanzines, books, movies, records, etc. Medium size, improving in quality. Rating.....5

Altaego #1, 6 (Randy Thomas, 4911-43 St. SW, Calgary 8, Alberta, Canada - contrib, 50¢) Actually #4 is titled The Great Nor'western News, but the new editors are trying to forget that. #6 includes a reasonably well-done interview with Hal Clement plus fiction, verse, a quiz, editorials, and a couple of reviews. This is the official publication of the Calgary group. Rating.....4

Vertigo #13 (Edwin L. Murray, 2540 Chapel Hill Road, Durham NC 27707 - 25¢) Official publication of the Carolina group, and is primarily concerned with local news and some convention reports and announcements. Very small.

The Anything Thing #2 (Frank Balazs, 19 High St., Croton-on-Hudson NY 10520) Even smaller, but more variety. I didn't think much of the fiction or verse, but I do want to agree publicly with the editor's complaints about paperback publishers who don't list cover artists. Rating.....2

Gates of Eden #1 (Gary Deindorfer, c/o Earl & Jan Evers, PO Box 5053, Main Station, San Francisco CA 94101 - loc, contrib, stamps, 15¢) Personal-type. Gary's personality is enough to make a half-dozen fans ask me if I knew Deindorfer was putting out a fanzine again, which is somewhat of a recommendation. (None of them asked if I cared, but they all knew me too well to give me that sort of opening...) Gary is a humorist. It isn't my type of humor, by and large, but it may well be yours.

Eternity #1 (Stephen Gregg; PO. Box 193, Sandy Springs SC 29677 - quarterly - \$3.50/4) I'm not sure I should be reviewing this in a fanzine column, since Gregg is paying for material and that puts him in the promag class. Here we have short -- very short, in some cases -- fiction by Offutt, Malzberg, Joe Green, Bob Margroff and Ed Bryant; plus verse by Zelazny, Susan Clark, Bill Gard and Scott Edelstein, and articles by Phillip K. Dick and (on comics) Denny O'Neil. The verse is uniformly bad. Article uniformly good. A cartoon series by Jack Gaughan is excellent; one by Dan Osterman isn't. Art-work varies from mediocre to good. But the major item here is the fiction, and, judg-

ing from a professional standpoint, this varies from poor to average. None of it is outstanding, but then none of it is any worse than fiction I've read in other professional mags and/or original paperback anthologies. Which isn't bad for a first, struggling issue. The appearance is of a fanzine; 8½ x 11 size, no color. Editor is considering a color cover for the next issue.

Locus #112, 113, 114 (Charlie & Dena Brown, 3400 Ulloa St., San Francisco CA 94116 - bi-weekly - 12/\$3) The premier fan newsletter.

Luna Monthly #34, 35/36 (Ann Dietz, 655 Orchard St., Oradell NJ 07649 - 35¢) Double numbering already? Halfsized offset mag featuring news, much material on foreign stf, many reviews and booklists, interviews and the occasional article.

Sanders #20 (Dave Nee, 977 Kains, Albany CA 91706) Small newsletter, though with Locus moving to the west coast, the editor says there are "changes planned" for future issues. Nice reproduction. Rating.....4

T-Negative #15 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis, MN 55417 - 50¢) A "Star Trek" fanzine, featuring fiction, fact, a con report, and some of the worst artwork I've seen Ruth use in years. (The visual aspect is saved by 4 photos of Uhura on the back cover.)

Osfic Quarterly #1 (John Douglas & Gordon van Toen, 808 Kingston Road, Toronto 260, Ontario - 50¢) General-type publication of the Ontario club. Thin, offset, a variety of material, with Susan Glicksohn taking top honors with her humorous column. This is specifically intended for club members, many of whom have little contact with fandom, so the unexplained ingroup references are kept to a minimum and I recommend it highly for neofans. For the veteran, it's about average.

Osficomm #13 (Gordon van Toen, 74-2 Castlebury, Willowdale, Ontario, Canada - \$4 a year) Newsletter of the group; this time restricted to 4 digest-sized pages plus stiff covers. Well enough done, but not much there.

Fantasy Trader #8 (Ron Bennett, British School, B - 7010 SHAPE, Belgium - 6(surface mail) \$1.25;(air mail) \$5. USAgent - Buck Coulson) Lists of material wanted and material for sale, plus a few ads for conventions, etc. Recommended to collectors.

Forthcoming SF Books #7 (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson, TX 77566 - bi-monthly - \$1/4) Just that; a list of what will be published this year. Actually #7 only goes up to June; #8 should be out soon. Handy for those who need to order books by mail, or for compulsive bibliographers.

Curse You, Red Baron! Vol.3#4 (Dick Eney, CORES/Land Reform, APO San Francisco CA 96215) News and comments from Viet Nam. #3 covers the success (and failures) of the land reform program; #4 tries to picture a "typical" Vietnamese civilian (who is neither an inscrutable gook nor an oppressed peasant -- or at least, no more oppressed than most peasants).

Nostalgia News #14, 15 (PO Box 34305, Dallas TX 75234 - \$2/6) Articles and news items of films, comics, and other nostalgia items (#14 mentioned the death of Pat Brady, an event not covered by any other publication I've seen), plus loads of ads for comic books, comic fanzines, conventions, and the occasional stf item. Offset on newsprint; good use of movie stills. Handy for the collector.

Camelopard Cake #2, 3 (John McCallum, PO Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, T0J 2N0, Canada) A Postal Diplomacy journal. You want to know what that is, write John, not me.

The Sharecropper (1346 Connecticut Ave., NW, DC 20036) Sent in return for contributions to the National Sharecroppers Fund. This issue covers the minimum wage for farm workers and urges readers to support the Senate Bill for an increase.

Smile Awhile #9 (Florence Jenkins, 13335 S. Vermont Avenue, Gardena CA 90247) An Alcoholics Anonymous fanzine. Some good articles this time, on what makes the alcoholic (and AA member) tick. The uplifting verse is still pretty terrible, but overall the material is improving. Would-be stf authors might pick up pointers on characterization; the more different kinds of people you understand, the better.