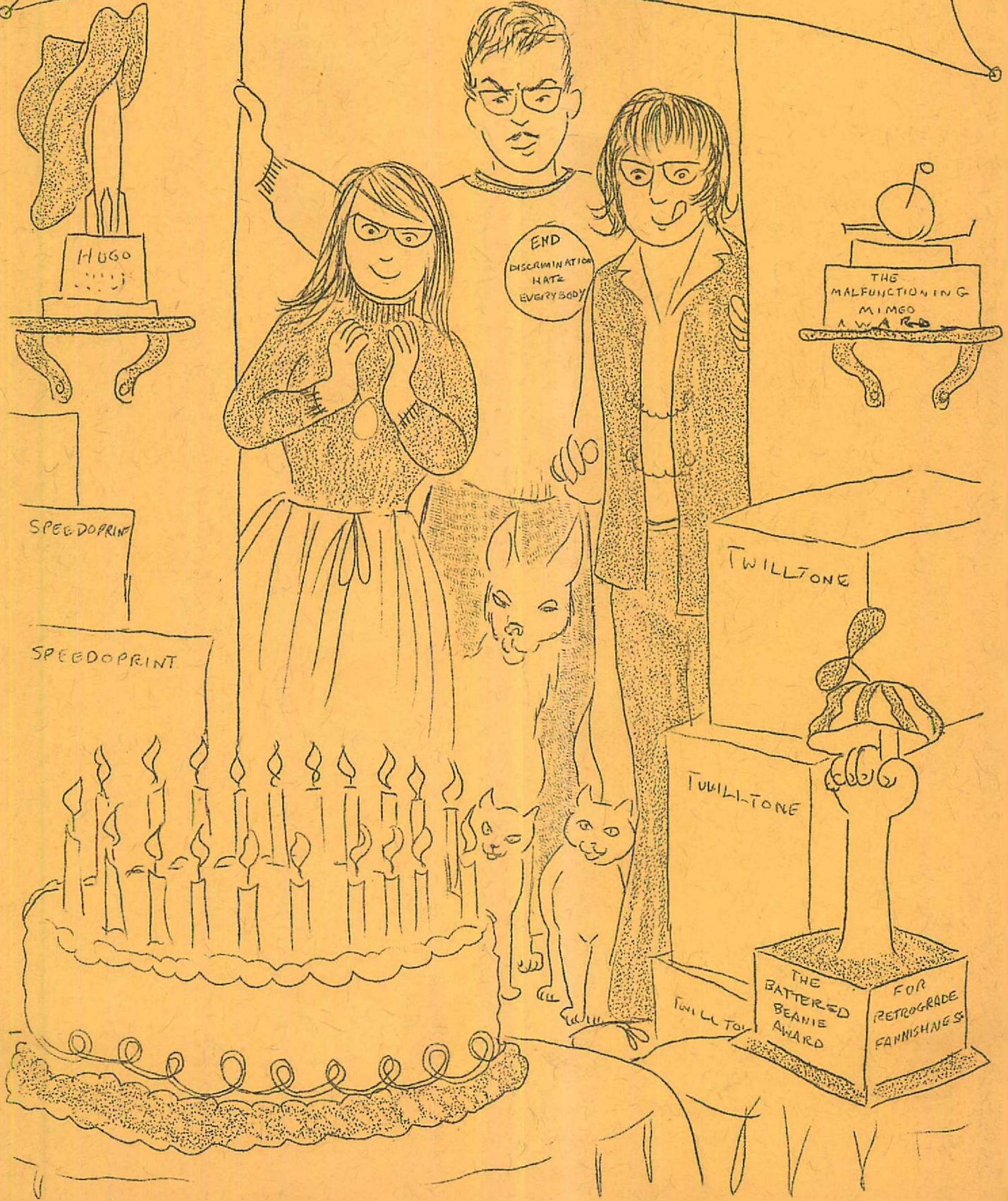


WELCOME TO YANDRO'S BIG 20th Anniversary Party



20TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE february 73

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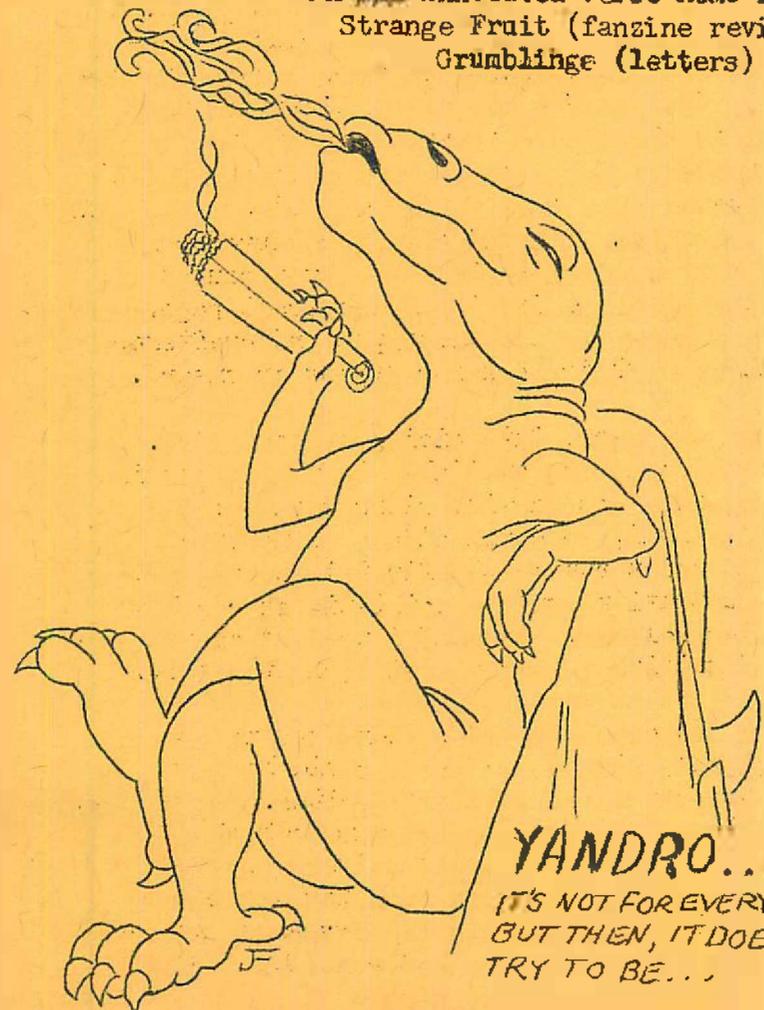
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ARTWORK

Cover by JWC

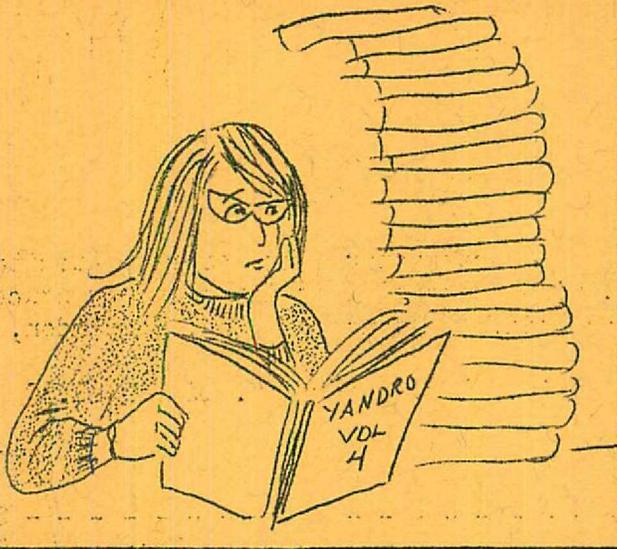
- List of contributors and their page numbers: Dan Adkins - 33, Sheryl Birkhead - 26 (logo), Jim Cawthorn - 14, 15, 26, 27, 31, 44, JWC - 2, 4, DEA - 48, Richard Delap - 17 (logo), 43 (logo), Dick Flinchbaugh - 19, Cackle Franke - 1, 34, 35, 38, 39, 45, 53, Robert E. Gilbert - 11, 52, Alexis Gilliland - 7, 10, 22, 32, Cynthia Goldstone - 6, Dave Locke - 30, 30 (logo), Dave Piper - 18, 34 (logo), Ran Scott - 49, Bjo Trimble - 23



YANDRO... IT'S NOT FOR EVERYONE, BUT THEN, IT DOESN'T TRY TO BE...

What is so rare as a fanzine on schedule?

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Several years ago a neofan of our acquaintance gasped in horror upon learning the full antiquity of Yandro's creaking bones. In effect he wept with chagrin to discover the fanzine was older than he was. Well, we've gained a bit in the interim and are now in possession of a vehicle older than even more neofans. Time to take it in for a 200,000 mile checkup, perhaps? I suspect not; I imagine we'll keep right on tottering along at our own idiosyncratic pace in the future as we have in the past.

But 20 years of publishing should call for some sort of mild reminiscing, I guess. But only a small amount. Any study in depth would require a fanzine in itself, and one of some thickness; after all, the file cop-

ies of Yandro take up 27 closely-packed inches of shelf space. That's a lot of editorials, columns, articles, artwork, verse, unclassifiable humor, fiction (yes, even that!) and etcetera. And besides, no fanzine is worth that much bleary-eyed wallowing in nostalgia, not even one's own. I did a little skimming through the years (ah, old mimeo paper has a charming mustiness perhaps not even challenged by an old stf pulp) before starting to type. As in any other fanzine of that bygone era I found a mixture of passe and enduring. Some of the old stuff holds up better than one might have expected; maybe we'll reprint a bit sometime realsoonnow.

Contrary to general impression of latecomers (meaning anybody who arrived in fandom after 1956) I did not marry the boss in order to get my name on the colophon. He married the boss in order to get his name on said colophon. Yandro started as Eisfa, a supposed clubzine, in February 1953. I say supposed because while the club was delighted to have its meeting notices published and occasionally provided a drop-in-the-bucket stipend toward the fanzine's expenses, that wasn't the raison d'etre of the fanzine's existence. I'd seen fanzines before the club was organized, and the bug was there. The organization of the club provided a handy excuse for me to do what I'd liked to do since I was eight years old and drummed up a Junior Red Cross club so I could publish a newsletter (sole reason): print something. The printing and reproductive process has always fascinated me. In those movies of my youth I was never caught by the shot of the star reporter grabbing the phone and yelling "Hold the front page!"; no, it was the brief shots of the thundering presses and the linotypes and craftsmen in inky aprons critically surveying the results of their work for typos or smears.

I dragooned a fellow club member, Bev DeWeese nee Amers, into aiding and abetting. I had never seen, to operate, a mimeo before. The only one available to me was one in the college business ed dept. This was prominently posted with signs warning: THESE MACHINES FOR USE OF DEPARTMENT PERSONNEL ONLY. Well, we could always blame it on the club if we got caught; safety in numbers. The print run on the first issue was 50; the usable copies numbered 15. I cut the illustrations with a point-tip exacto knife because that's what the knuckle-headed supplier sold me. Later I found out about shading plates and styli and lettering guides and writing plates and silk sheets and...

Once I'd discovered mimeography wasn't such a mystery after all, there was no stopping me. Bev, after much-valued initial encouragement, wisely decided I could be satisfyingly crazy without her help and retired to the status of editrix emeritus. My mother, with visions of expulsion from college for using verboten machines (and watching me put out two carbon copy issues during summer vacation -- I really had the publishing bug) resigned herself to my aberration and magnanimously gifted me with a \$35 Tower mimeo in September of 1953. That beautifully simple little tin can became my faithful press until September 1962, when George Scithers gave us a Gestetner 120. The

Tower still works, but it has been retired to quieter pastures. The G120 is gone, to be briefly and unsuccessfully replaced with a Multilith 1250, which was then quickly and happily replaced by a Rex M-4. And here we are.

Buck started out being drafted, as did Gene DeWeese (their fault for being prolific humorists), to write for my fanzine. He got so good at it I decided he was handy to have around -- for onerous chores like editing written material -- so I married him in August 54. By that time (and long since, truth be told), the pretense of clubzine had become laughable. The fanzine was my/our expanded personalzine and became moreso. By January 56 we changed the name to suit, dropping the club designation. Nothing really changed except the name; the fanzine had the same contributors and flavor before and after. Like a lot of fanzines of that era we'd been tempted and swayed by the pseudo promag approach, but it was never a compulsion that took much hold. I was too much interested in the fun of typing and cutting illos and mimeoing, and Buck was...Buck.

Twenty years gives one a certain casual perspective. A lot of staunch earlier contributors have been gaffiated for fifteen plus years. A lot of fannish cycles have come and gone and come again. A few oldtimers are still with us. DEA's first illo appeared in July '55, Adkins' in #38, Robert E. Gilbert's in #40 (first illo in Yandro's pages, I should stress -- certainly not the first for them anywhere). We've watched fans grow up, gaffiate, become BNFs or pros, and sometimes, unhappily, die. It tends for a feeling of solidity and permanence. We're no longer as frequent (Tucker used to complain Yandro was the monthly fanzine that arrived every three weeks), but the casualness remains what it always was. I rather expect we'll be here to celebrate, for purists, the none-genuine-without-the-label true 20th Anniversary of the title Yandro in January 1956. Stick around, won't you? JWC

a column ----- bec

Hello. This seems to be the week in which everything hits at once. There is my coulumn, there is a Latin test, there was a mini-course day (more about that later), and the debate finals.

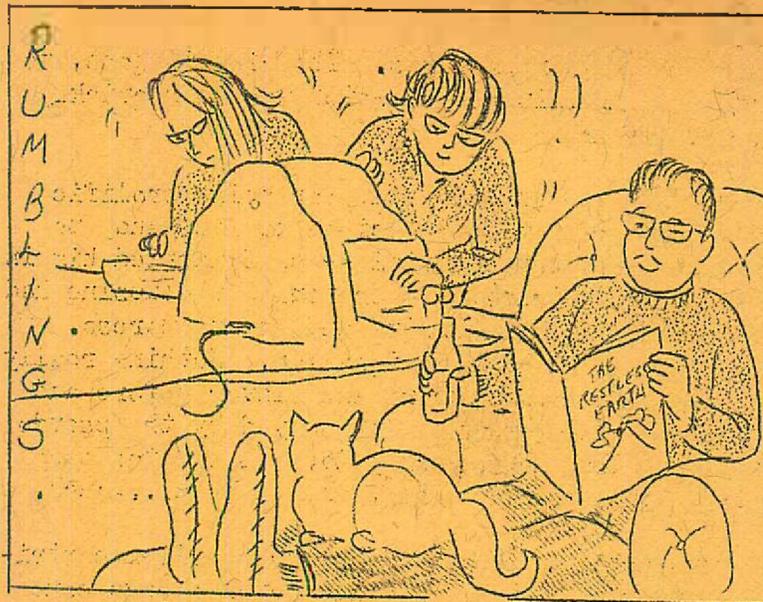
The mini-course day was an idea borrowed from Marion, Indiana, schools. Apparently, the student council felt that by offering a wide variety of courses such as Witchcraft, Judo, Ceramics, Astronomy, etc., it would relieve the doldrums. All right, so far so good. But then the troubles started. I had volunteered as a teacher's aide in Chess; however, the schedules got fouled up and I wound up teaching chess by myself! It wasn't as bad as I thought it would be, though. Another problem was Witchcraft. One of the faculty members disapproved from the start, but was overruled. Then, according to one of the students taking it, right in the middle of class someone got up and said this shouldn't be taught. I asked whether he had witches as ancestors and disapproved of the slander, and got blank looks.

Ah yes, the State Debate Finals. Actually, I'm not in the Debate Finals. You see, it was like this... In Debating, there is something known as Student Congress. It's not much like the real Congress, as there is no lobbying, graft, or filibusters. However, since you can earn NFL points (yes, I'm a member of the NFL; National Forensic League), I decided to enter. Another debater also entered. And I qualified to go to the state finals.

At first my qualifying didn't impress me, as 12 out of 17 contestants in our house qualified. I tried to cheer up my fellow debater by telling him that he was a member of an exclusive group of 5 people, whereas I was a member of a common group of 12 qualifiers. However, it turned out that I was one of the top six Congressmen, and therefore became a State Senator. (Call me Senator Coulson...)

After qualifying, I remembered that I had planned on attending a chess tournament the same weekend as the finals. So I asked Mr. Robbins (our debate coach) what would happen to me if I didn't enter the finals. He said nothing much: he'd just flunk me for the semester, throw me out of the debate room, stop talking to me -- minor things like that. So I entered.

BEC



This is our fancy expensive oversized 20th Anniversary Issue. Enjoy, because next issue we're back to normal again.

I picked up a copy of the New Look in science fiction, VERTEX, the other day. Hardly impressive, despite the format - for one thing, doesn't reprinting something without anywhere noting that it has been published previously invalidate the copyright? Considering the number of unacknowledged reprints in here, I can only assume that anything which seemed original had been previously published somewhere where I didn't see it. Oh well, it's a fancy format for stf; give it another chance.

This is also the issue in which I tell you what Hugo candidates to vote for. To begin with, let's get in a few disclaimers. I have not read The Sheep Look Up by Brunner (though from Brunner's past record I intend to before voting and I advise you to), or Nova 2, or Day The Sun Stood Still, or Anderson's There Will Be Time, and I haven't so much as seen a copy of INFINITY 4. (For that matter, there is a lot of other stf I haven't read, but these seem the prime possibilities to produce Hugo contenders. From what I have read, recommendations follow. My probable first choice - if I have one - will be underlined in each category; remainder will be more or less in order. If I haven't made up my mind, more than one item may be underlined.

BEST NOVEL

- When Harlie Was One, by David Gerrold (Doubleday, Ballantine)
- Blue Face, by G. C. Edmondson (DAW)
- The Castle Keeps, by Andy Offutt (Berkley)
- The Iron Dream, by Norman Spinrad (Avon)
- Wolfwinter, by Thomas Burnett Swann (Ballantine)
- The Gods Themselves, by Isaac Asimov (GALAXY/IF, Doubleday)
- The Brave Free Men, by Jack Vance (F&SF)
- The Book of Rack The Healer, by Zack Hughes (IF)

BEST NOVELLA

- Son of the Morning, by Phyllis Gotlieb (F&SF)
- The Word For The World Is Forest, by Ursula K. LeGuin (Again, Dangerous Visions)
- The Fifth Head of Cerberus, by Gene Wolfe (Orbit 10) (I haven't read the novel version)
- Love Is A Dragonfly, by Thomas Burnett Swann (F&SF) (The novel version is better, but the competition is much less here)

BEST NOVELET

- Oh, Valinda!, by Michael G. Coney (New Writings in SF #20)
- Tiger Boy, by Edgar Pangborn (Universe 2)
- On The Last Afternoon, by James Tiptree, Jr. (AMAZING)
- Weinachtabend, by Keith Roberts (New Worlds Quarterly 4)
- The Mercenary, by Jerry Pournelle (ANALOG)
- And The Voice Of The Turtle, by Sterling Lanier (F&SF)

BEST SHORT STORY

- And I Awoke and Found Me Here On The Cold Hill's Side, by James Tiptree, Jr. (F&SF)
- In The Glover, by Leonard Tushnet (Again, Dangerous Visions)
- Beech Hill, by Gene Wolfe (Infinity 3)
- In Dying Venice, by Roger Ebert (AMAZING)
- Susanna, Susanna!, by Michael G. Coney (F&SF)
- Swept and Garnished, by Zenna Henderson (Holding Wonder)
- When It Changed, by Joanna Russ (Again, Dangerous Visions)
- The Heyworth Fragment, by Dick Lupoff (AMAZING)
- The Hated Dreams, by John Strasbaugh (ANALOG)
- The Man Who Walked Home, by James Tiptree, Jr. (AMAZING)

BEST DRAMATIC

I haven't really seen all that many, so no recommendations.

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

<u>Don Davis</u>	Frank Kelly Freas	John Schoenherr	Mike Hinge
<u>David Hardy</u>	Karel Thole	<u>George Barr</u>	Jack Gaughen

BEST PROFESSIONAL EDITOR

Here we have a problem, since I don't think one of the people I'd like to vote for did any editing during the year - I refer to Robert A. W. Lowndes. However...

<u>John Carnell</u>	<u>Ed Ferman</u>	Lin Carter	Harlan Ellison
<u>Ted White</u>	<u>Don Wollheim</u>	Betty Ballantine	

It would have to be posthumous to Carnell, but it's also his last chance, and he was one of the all-time great editors. Ted is favored for the same reason Lowndes would be; putting out top-quality magazines on a shoestring. Ferman had consistently the best short story selections of the year, and the sheer quantity of Wollheim's output is impressive, not to mention some very good books he's published.

BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE

<u>ALGOL</u> (Andy Porter)	<u>SANDWORM</u> (Bob Vardeman)	<u>TITLE</u> (Donn Brazier)
<u>WSFA JOURNAL</u> (Don Miller)	<u>SPECULATION</u> (Pete Weston)	<u>NYCTALOPS</u> (Harry Morris)
<u>SCOTTISHE</u> (Ethel Lindsay)	<u>FUNNYWORLD</u> (Mike Barrier)	<u>OUTWORLDS</u> (Bill Bowers)
<u>STEFANTASY</u> (Bill Danner)	<u>DYMATRON</u> (Roy Tackett)	

BEST FAN WRITER

<u>Ethel Lindsay</u>	Roy Tackett	Liz Fishman	Milton Stevens
<u>Bob Vardeman</u>	Sandra Miesel	Lesleigh Luttrell	John Foyster
Alexis Gilliland	Dave Locke	Jack Wodhams	Ruth Berman

BEST FAN ARTIST

<u>James Shull</u>	Jim Cawthorn	C. Lee Healy	Alicia Austin
<u>Dany Frolich</u>	Grant Canfield	Jackie Franke	Randall Spurgin
Arthur Thomson	Bill Rotsler	Tim Kirk	Kathy Bushman

There is a movement afoot to have LOCUS disqualified from fanzine competition on the grounds that it produces a profit and is therefore a professional magazine. I think that any fanzine editor with two Hugos should automatically disqualify himself (give me another one and I'll lead the way), but this particular movement would seem to set a dangerous precedent. If profit is the criterion for professionalism, then AMAZING, FANTASTIC, and F&SF are therefore eligible in the fanzine category, no?

Somewhat more serious is the tendency of authors to remove all or part of their stories from competition. When he removes all his fiction, it's usually because he's a sorehead protesting the past decisions of the voters and serve him right. But the idea of removing some stories is that by leaving in two stories in the same category, the author is "competing against himself", and I think the authors in question are doing themselves harm by succumbing to this rather dubious idea. For one thing, it assumes that the voters vote for the author instead of the story, and that if story A is not available the voters who liked it will therefore vote for story B by the same author. Maybe, but that's not the way I work; my first and second choices are seldom by the same author, and if the first choice is removed I vote for someone else. It has been rumored that Kate Wilhelm lost a Nebula by leaving more than one story in a category. Maybe, but I'm pretty damned sure Fritz Leiber lost himself a Hugo by withdrawing a novella in 1970 that rated very high in the LOCUS Poll and leaving in one that nobody but the author liked very much, and which didn't even make the final ballot.

The Coulsons have been relatively quiet lately. There was a trip to Milwaukee in January to see the DeWeeses and Luttrells and visit the bookstores (which was a mistake; I came home with 15 or so books to add to the stack), and one to Fort Wayne in February to see Gene Wolfe, who was there on business. Otherwise, except for ISFA meetings and Bruce's debating, we've stayed pretty close to home. I'm learning to cope with my new teeth, the bronchitis is holding more or less steady, Juanita discovered she has arthritis of the jaw, and the two cats have been sprayed and will presumably quit being sex fiends every other week. And RealSocnNow I'll put away the boxes of Christmas decorations.....

KING DINOSAUR IS ALIVE AND UNWELL AND LIVING AT M.G.M.

by
GENE DEWEESE

If you ever get nostalgic about the monster(ous) movies of the fifties, a quick cure is to see NIGHT OF THE LEPUS. In it, King Dinosaur(or THEM, or TARANTULA, or THE BLACK SCORPION, or you-name-it) has been resurrected, only now he/it/them is a herd of technicolor, carnivorous, nocturnal, giant rabbits. Every cliché is trotted out; I can't think of a one they missed.

It starts with a newsreel summary of past rabbit population explosions, and then dumps us in the middle of a present one, which is overrunning Rory Calhoun's ranch. Being ecologically minded, RC doesn't want to do anything drastic, like poisoning the rabbits, so he has the local doctor (DeForest Kelley, who has descended somewhat from the Enterprise) contact the hero (Stuart Whitman), who specializes in ecologically sound methods of pest control. SW is found with his wife/lab assistant, shaking a cage full of bats next to a microphone. "Quiet!" he says when his daughter/troublemaker tries to talk to him, "I'm recording bat noises."

As it turns out, this is one of his ecologically-sound methods of pest control. He's going to play the bat noises ("sounds of fear", he says) back for anyone who wants to get rid of bats in his neighborhood.

Needless to say, SW accepts the challenge of the rabbits, and his first step is to start injecting various hormones into some captured rabbits. And one of the injected hormones causes the injected rabbit to -- all together, now, folks -- GROW! Of course the rabbit gets away. Or rather, is turned loose by -- do I really have to tell you?

Not long after, mysterious things begin to happen. People disappear. People are found chewed to pieces in lonely places. Truckloads of food are attacked, and the state crime lab determines that some of the cans (empty) left behind had been punctured by rabbit's teeth -- "this long!" Everyone stands around saying how impossible it all is, until someone (the daughter, I think) finds that an abandoned mine is filled with monsters of some kind. They investigate, and sure enough, the mine is full of rabbits.

Plans are made to dynamite the mine, and the doctor takes some dynamite to blow up any other entrances he can find. He finds three, on top of the hill, into the side of which the mine is dug. Just to be sure the rabbits are down there, he drops a rock down one of the holes, and the rabbits conveniently start squealing and rumbling. Meanwhile, SW has gone into the mine to capture/take a picture of some of the rabbits. Unfortunately, the rock doesn't fall on him. But, so things aren't a total loss, he finds a roomful of giant rabbits, flashes a camera at them, and then runs like hell when they start chasing him. After only a couple of wrong turns (on the way in, he remarked to his companion, "We ought to memorize all these turns in case we have to get out of here in a hurry." He didn't.) he gets back out just in time to keep from being dynamited by



the guy he had left in charge of the dynamite. (The dynamiter was getting a bit edgy since he had just been attacked by a rabbit that he burrowed out of the ground a few feet away from him.)

Needless to say, the dynamite doesn't do all that much good. They come back to check the results the next day and, as a test, they drop another rock down one of the holes. When nothing happens, they decide the rabbits have all been killed. (It doesn't occur to them that the rabbits had maybe learned to keep quiet when someone drops a rock on them. They'd made noise the day before, and some s.o.b. had come along and blown them up.)

That night (or some nearby night) the rabbits come out in force and apparently start marching across the country. By the next day, there are enough dead people and survivor witnesses to call in the police and national guard. "The National Guard is yours," the governor is quoted as saying. "Do whatever you want with them."

Nothing ever comes of it, though. So far as I could tell, the National Guard never puts in an appearance, and the next thing we know it is afternoon of the following day. Calhoun, Whitman and the Sheriff (Paul Fix, by the way) have spent the day apparently plotting the path the rabbits took the night before and deducing where they will go the next night. Now they are ready to lay plans. "They'll hole up until sunset, so that gives us a couple of hours," someone says.

"What we need is a big wall, twenty feet high and 20 miles long," someone else says.

"What about...?" says another.

"You mean...?"

"Yes, the railroad tracks!"

"Of course! We'll electrocute them!"

Most of the group run off to hurry up a slow freight that is on the section of tracks in question and then to hook up a convenient high tension line to the tracks. Meanwhile, a state trooper heads for the nearest drive-in movie (it's after dark by now), parks in front of the screen, gets out a bull horn and delivers a line that must be destined for screen immortality:

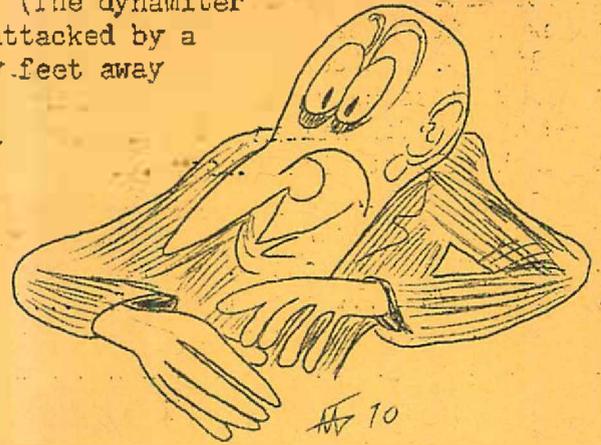
"A herd of killer rabbits is heading this way! Turn on your lights and follow me!"

The really amazing thing is -- everyone in the drive-in follows orders. And a few minutes later they are all lined up near the electrified railroad tracks, using their headlights to steer the giant killer rabbits into the electrified section. "The rabbits will be here any minute," one of the deputies says as he walks along the line of cars. "So roll up your windows, everybody."

Meanwhile, the scientist's wife and daughter, who supposedly left for safer environs early that morning, have taken a wrong turn and have gotten stuck in the sand in their camper. They are, of course, directly in the path of the herd of killer rabbits. The wife (Janet Leigh) is holding off the entire herd with a couple of highway flares when daddy arrives in a helicopter. "We're all right now," the daughter cries. "Daddy's here!"

Unfortunately, she's right. Where moments before they had been up to their flares in rabbits, there are no rabbits to be seen. There's time for a joyful "are-you-all-right-of-course-darling" reunion, during which time the rabbits should logically have eaten them all, standing as they were right out in the open without any flares or anything else but the script writer to protect them.

But that was enough. And they all leave to electrocute the rabbits. Which they do, to the accompaniment of enough sparks to turn on a dozen Frankenstein monsters and melt all the wires and transformers in the state. The final scene (except for the "after-it's-all-over" epilogue) is about four acres of fried and smoking rabbits, all lit up nicely by the headlights of the drive-in patrons -- who were certainly good



sports about the whole thing and never once raised a question or panicked. (Come to think of it, there may not have been anyone in the cars. All we ever saw were the headlights. Maybe that's the next picture MGM is going to make -- all about a herd of driverless cars that, as a result of seeing all these rabbits slaughtered, developed a lust for killing and somehow altered their electrical wiring so as to turn their headlights into lasers...)

To top it all off, during the intermission the theatre played the scratchiest recording I have ever heard of Enzo Pinza singing "Some Enchanted Evening." So scratchy that, just for a moment, I could have sworn he was bellowing out, "...Someone will be leaping; you will see him leaping..." Which is what I should have been doing, toward the door, about an hour and a half earlier.

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

YANDRO has been listed in a handbook for high school science fiction teachers (more on this next issue, when I've seen a copy) and requests for samples are coming in. Rock Island, Illinois; Goshen, Indiana; Seward, Alaska; Library, Pennsylvania; Cathedral High of Indianapolis ("all the cultural centers" to quote Gene Wolfe). So all you contributors out there may have become part of the US educational system..... No response to the samples as yet, but I have hopes for Rock Island; the instructor took it in good part when I corrected his English. He may turn out to be a fan yet. Presumably this is only the beginning; we may soon be installed in high schools the length and breadth of this great land....

Juanita is making it onto fancy expensive mailing lists. I didn't so much mind the \$350 that "Art Objects USA" asked for a stoneware platter with holes in it because it's classed as modern sculpture and everybody knows that's overpriced. What really got me was "The Kenton Collection" asking \$13 for a set of 8 plastic clothes hangers. The affluent society is beginning to get out of hand.

Dick Eney sends a little note: "A Tical has been contributed in your name to the fund to reconstruct the Temple of Dawn at Dhonburi, Thailand. You are now an Honorary Stream-Winner (Sotapanna) and accordingly guaranteed against any future reincarnation as an invertebrate." Gives one a warm feeling of security.....

INDIAN AFFAIRS lists a startling example of current treatment of Indians; Indian children being forcibly adopted (or kidnapped, which is an equivalent term) by white families. In one case, California social workers "legalized" the transaction with the argument that an Indian reservation is not a fit place to bring up children, one of the more fascinating examples of government double-think. In another case, one of the kidnapers was a woman history professor at the University of Wisconsin, White-water. No wonder people come out of school today with weird ideas about history.

An ad for stag movies (how did I get on that list?) brags "not a single wasted second devoted to setting or prelude or plot". Especially plot, one gathers.....

Environmental Defense Fund Letter mentions a Supreme Court ruling that environmental organizations must have a personal interest in legal action to be represented; you can't just be favorable to conservation, you have to actually use the threatened area. Off your duffs and into the wilderness, people.....

GUN WEEK wonders editorially the same thing I did; why Senator Hartke thinks that being searched at an airport violates his constitutional rights but his attempts to ban firearms don't deprive sportsmen of theirs?

Juanita's mother got one of Ray Palmer's burbling sales letters; Shaver's rock pictures have been vindicated by science, he has a new book out "dictated from the land of the living dead", a new discount system for his books, and other such typical Palmer ideas. He certainly hasn't changed any over the years....

Marty Helgesen sends a clipping on an unusual method of collection used by a book club. To non-payers of bills, the Mystic Arts Book Society sends a letter reading, "A curse is upon you, the curse of Zangara. It is in repayment of your dishonesty." After describing the history of the alleged curse, it concludes, "Not until this debt is paid will we lift the curse. We shall continue to curse you daily, to wish you ill fortune, illness and bad luck, until your debt is cleared from our books." The Long Island Better Business Bureau takes a dim view of all this, but I must admit admiration for the combination of imagination and logic displayed.

Lots more clippings, including loads on Woman's Lib from Pat Goltz, but no more room.

LAWYERS & OTHER UNSAVORY CHARACTERS

(Propp & Hensley not excepted)

deposition by ~~.....~~ BOB TUCKER

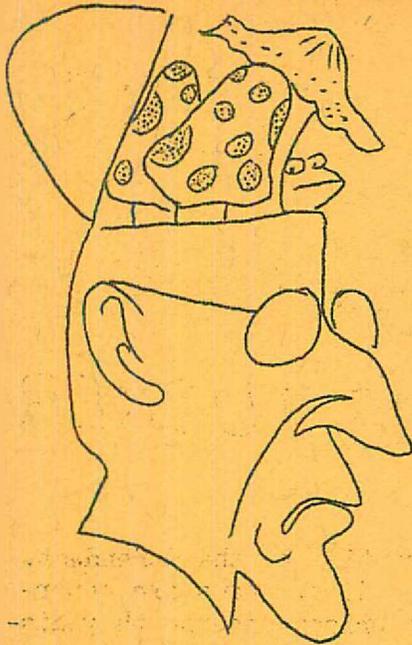
If fate ever brings you to a courtroom, either as the plaintiff or the defendant, instruct your lawyer to make certain no fan is sitting on the jury. Fans are notoriously irresponsible and will, as likely as not, send you to prison because they dislike the cut of your jib. Justice and truth play no part in it. I have just served three weeks on a jury in the midst of July heat and because I was uncomfortable I voted to hang every horse thief who came before me. One unfortunate culprit who also stole the buggy whip was not only hanged, but drawn and quartered in the old English style. It was a very satisfactory day.

The greetings arrived on a plain postcard, from the sheriff's officer rather than that other fellow who speaks for Nixon and wants two or three years of your time. The sheriff instructed me to report to the courthouse ready for jury duty on such and such a day, or else a deputy would visit my home and personally escort me downtown. If there was a real and valid reason why I felt I couldn't serve on jury duty, I was also instructed to notify the sheriff no later than a certain date. That certain date had expired the day before the postcard arrived. So, in a cheerful frame of mind, I trudged downtown and sat. And sat. Perhaps two or three hours after the appointed hour a judge appeared and allowed us into his air-cooled courtroom. He greeted us as patriotic citizens bent on doing our duty to the flag and motherhood, lectured us on the manner in which we must close our mouths and keep them closed for the duration of the many trials before us, and warned us not to tell our spouses that night (or any night) the names and crimes of the culprits we had hung that day; they could read it in the newspapers if they cared to, but we were not to read the papers nor watch TV news concerned with the cases we sat on. Unfortunately, he offered no helpful clues as to how we might determine in advance which or what case a newscaster might suddenly start talking about. I suppose it was permissible to read the comics and listen to the baseball reports.

After those exciting preliminaries, reality was a disappointment. Reality was the news that we (about 40 of us) were to sit in judgment on a series of land-grab cases. The state of Illinois was in the process of building a new highway, I-55, from Chicago to St. Louis and had seized several parcels of farmland in this county, paying the landowners a miserly sum for the seizures. As may be expected, the downtrodden landowners struck back in the form of lawsuits and our joint task was to determine two points in each case: how much money the landowner had coming for the amount of land actually taken for highway purposes, and how much additional money he should be paid for damages to surrounding lands, it being understood that a new highway will cause some damage to adjacent lands. The jolly judge said that twenty-four cases were on the docket and if we worked diligently, we could clear them all away in three or four weeks. Happy, smiling faces filled the jury box as the first twelve names were called.

Trial lawyers are a breed apart. Now I know the other side to Joe Hensley's smiling face and benign manner.

Trial lawyers grill the prospective jurors more than they quiz the witnesses who



AV
'61

come later. Each side, plaintiff and defendant, is permitted to reject as many as five prospective jurors for just cause, and they go at them with high glee and maniacal fury. Each victim sitting in the box must recite his name and address, the number and ages of each of his children, their occupations, if they aren't in school, the status and occupation of his wife (if any), his job duties, his ownership and non-ownership of land, and other trivia. That done, the lawyers begin digging into the information you have just recited. I was required to admit that I sometimes worked for the state of Illinois (as a stage electrician at a local university), that my aunt actually owned a farm and I actually knew how to milk a cow, that I worked in a theater across the street from the offices of one of the attorneys and had actually seen him going in and out of his office for a period of time, that I had once spent a night in jail, and that I knew, personally, another man who was on the jury with me. The other man was a teacher in my boy's high school. Despite all these damaging admissions I was accepted, and the process went on until twelve people were selected for the trial. Perhaps ten others had been rejected for one reason or another.

I found it an utterly fascinating experience, one that I wish had happened to me many years ago, but the three weeks proved a deadly bore to my fellow jurors. (Unimaginative clods.) They were continually dreaming up excuses for being released from duty, but the judge was continually rejecting their excuses. Only two people were let off in all that time: a woman who was going into the hospital one evening in preparation for an operation the next day, and myself. The jolly judge let me off for an entire morning to keep a doctor's appointment and then put me back to work that afternoon. With fondness, we called him Simon.

The most fascinating case was that of a wealthy banker we nicknamed Smiley because he sat through the whole trial glaring at us with a face as grim as a dedicated capitalist ensnared in a pinko plot. He was demanding something like \$76,000 for a sliver of land the highway was to be built on, and his enterprising lawyer (with court approval) arranged for a bus tour of the farm in question. We all piled into the bus with the bailiffs, the two opposing attorneys, and rode out into the country to inspect the land. That was his lawyer's second mistake; the first was allowing the banker to appear in the courtroom at all. The land proved to be scrawny rolling hills, fit for nothing but grazing if the cattle happened to be mountain-bred: two left legs shorter than the two right legs, or vice versa. The banker appeared after a while and ran about the property, showing us where the survey crews had planted their stakes and how many trees they were intent on chopping down. Both lawyers saw nothing amiss in this behavior, but I suspect the judge would have thrown somebody out of court if he'd been there. We enjoyed the ride, the pure country air, the free meal, and later voted the banker \$24,000 for his poor land. The man nearly exploded in anger; I saw his clenched fist in his lap as the verdict was read.

An early discovery, and a happy one, was the free meal. We found that if we tarried in the jury room and debated until about noon, the bailiffs would take us to lunch at a nearby hotel at court expense. A private dining room, of course, because we weren't permitted to mingle with the common people. I can report that private dining rooms in hotels serve a good rat, but not a great rat.

About one-thirty or two o'clock in the afternoon someone would bring the news that the judge had returned to the courtroom, and we would scurry back to our jury room to whomp up a decision. One sour soul who resented being kept away from his work for so long suggested that we simply draw numbers out of a hat to determine a good price, but the purists among us objected to that as being unscientific. Justice and reason should

prevail. In the end we relied on the best scientific method: numbers were pencilled on the wall and we threw a dart at them. When the dart managed to stick in the plaster for a moment or two (Sanford's Second Model of molecular cohesion) we chose that number. I gained the impression that the judge was wise to our stalling tactics and our fondness for free meals, but he never complained because we consistently brought in low-figure settlements seldom seen in that court. Most previous juries, it seems, gave state money freely to grieving landowners.

We also discovered -- to the dismay of some and the laughter of others -- that a bailiff was obliged to go along each time one of us went to the toilet, whether it be in the courthouse or the hotel. The bailiff would stand behind us and watch -- or stand before us and watch if the situation demanded -- while we relieved ourselves. His presence was necessary to make sure we didn't talk to anyone other than a fellow juror or didn't covertly accept a bribe from one of the lawyers. The prissy types found the bailiff's presence rather unnerving but for my part I found myself wondering about the bailiff. I was determined to scream if he made a pass.

The only other live wire on the jury (other than myself, of course) was a young math teacher who read science fiction. For the most part the forty or so people called in were farmers, truck drivers, electricians, insurance peddlers, and female persons who identified themselves as "housewives". All were middle-aged, none had long hair, none wore clothing other than respectably square, all were solid citizens: it was evident that the jury commission had chosen us with care and never mind that buncombe about a cross-section of the citizenry. We represented no section except middle-class, dull respectability and I don't know how that 26-year-old math teacher got into the courtroom.

He admitted to me -- but not to the judge or the attorneys -- that he read science fiction and he rattled off the well-known names: Asimov, Bradbury, Clarke, Heinlein, and Pohl. I complained rather bitterly that he was missing some of the best science fiction of the 20th Century by not reading the little-known names, Tucker, for example, and the next day he appeared with a Lancer copy of THE LONG LOUD SILENCE. It warmed the cockles of my stony heart. I gave him a free autograph, foregoing my usual fee, and a gentle lecture on the merits and rewards of reading the little-known names; I supplied about a dozen of those names to look for, and there is little doubt that the sales of books written by my friends will not skyrocket in the coming weeks.

In the end, after the last case was disposed of and the last weary lawyer comforted the last frustrated client, the jolly judge dismissed us with a patriotic speech and told us again what good citizens we were, splendid people all. He also told us to look for our checks in the mail (twelve dollars per day plus mileage) and assured us that we would not again be called for jury duty for at least three years. Several of the splendid people left the courthouse vowing to move away from the county ere the three years had elapsed; the wife of one of the jurors met him on the courthouse steps with the loud question: "Well, is that damned thing over yet?"; and the rest of us trooped away to the nearest bar. One of the insurance peddlers bought a round and started soliciting us.

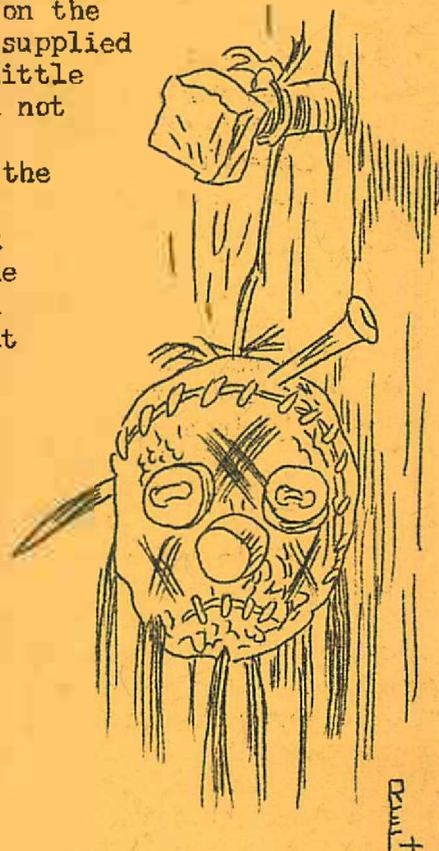
I was saddened to realize the great experience had ended without once having the opportunity to hang a horse thief, or a fan who publishes illegible fanzines.

NEW ADDRESSES:

Joe Lee Sanders, Lakeland Community College, Mentor,
OH 44060

Alpajpuri, Box 28, Vashon, WA 98070

Anybody know where Sherry Heap moved to?



Paul

ON THE "MOST NAKED LADY" AWARD
AT WESTERCON XXV/MYTHCON III MASQUERADE

comments related or invented by

..... j.r. christopher

(a) 'An Objection

If Women's Liberation has a view,
It's condemnation of the use of ewe
By every ruttish ram, by thought, deed, eye:
"The object is no object," Women cry,
"A person first, a personality,
And not a body merely, a thing, a toy" --
And yet, alas! their sisters care no whit,
For they enjoy being used, an it.

(b) Nude Neuters?--- A Reply

How dare you say those naked girls are its!
Why can't you see their pubic hairs, their tits?

(c) A Handmaiden of the Lord

A woman's beauty is a sacred trust
Kept for her husband, not for public lust
(Within the marriage rites the mysteries
Resemble Christ and Church in small degrees):
And she who sells her self to th' eyeing score
Has gained the world -- of Babylon the whore!

(d) Animal Life: A Reply

Across the Western beaches women walk
Stripped to the waist, (who bothers now to talk?);
Within a score of years full nudity
Will be the rule (for clothes who'll make a plea?) --
No doubt some few obscurants still will shriek,
"What Adam hid cannot be 'lloved to peek!";
No doubt some few obscurants still will shape
Religious cries to hide the Darwinian ape;
But oh! the folly of the few who'd dwell
Within a self-invented Israel;
No culture lasts forever -- let us dwell
In naked pleasure, not in psychic hell.

(e) Hegelian Synthesis?

When Marx revealed the decadence entire
Of all the leisure class, soon to expire,
He didn't grasp what we can plainly see --
The members' fall to bestiality;
The workers only will resist the trend
To make of human means the naked end --
Or if they don't, then Western culture's gone:
Out of the East will flame the Reddest dawn.

(f) Repression's Gone!

All women dream of walking nakedly
(So says St. Freud), of being 'pletely free --
But yet their superegos actions block,
And thus they dream to 'scape the conscious shock.
But now we know the truth: let's integrate
Our ids and superegos, release our fate;
Come women, strip! come men, admire! for we
Now know the psychic truth, which sets us free!

(g) But Oh! The Evasions: A Reply

But note one "naked lady's" painted: she
In green has hid herself, she's not yet free;
Another carries a pure white vase: and she
Therefore does claim her own self's purity;
No, they're not free -- they only act their dreams
(What masquerade is more than psychic streams?);
No one escapes her id, each dreamer knows:
If all went naked, then we'd dream of clothes.

(h) Freudian Dreams: A Triple Reply

"So says St. Freud": but never did he say
They dreamed in freedom; but in anxiety;
"We'd fantasy clothes": but no, we'd dream instead
Of drooping boobs, or little tools unred --
Of all embarrassment exaggerated
By which upon the beach we'd then be rated;
If all went naked (beach or street), we'd fear
Comparisons of psychic truth so clear.

(i) Post Hoc

In all divergence of our thoughts so strong,
One truth is clear; whatever is, is wrong.

THE DETHIEVING OF AMERICA

BY

andrew j offutt

Some of my best friends are car thieves, but I wouldn't want my sister to marry one. Would you?

Everybody you know is a car thief. Well, maybe that should be every male you know, between the ages of about 13 and 20. I guess that's about the age meant by the United States Department of Justice in its use of the word "kids". And the United States Department of Justice says that they are all car thieves.

How's that grab you, Jack Webb fans?

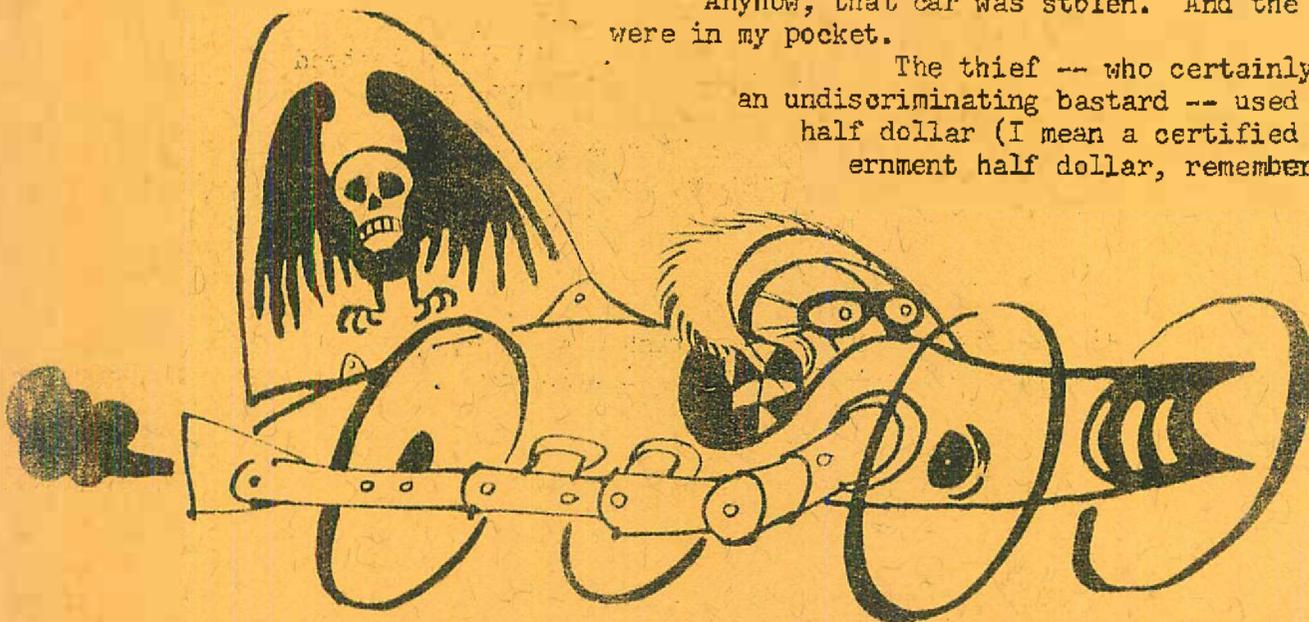
Surely you know what I'm referring to. My radio and telly keep telling me to lock my car and take my keys; "Lock your carrrrr...Take your keys..." And furthermore they tell me that if I do not lock my car and take my keys I am a public enemy because I am practically forcing some poor sweet quote KID endquote to rip-off my car.

That makes me MAD, you know? It really does. It is a HYPE, a shuck, a bleeding heart hype and shuck, OEO fans.

In the first place, I had a car stolen once, when I was in college. (If you can call that thing a car, poor baby. In 1954 I won a thousand dollar story contest and bought a '51 Nash Rambler convertible, a tiny thing that had door posts and window frames that stayed in place even after the top was down. I paid \$650 for it -- and, incidentally, \$200 in taxes and another \$200 for car insurance, for a net loss of \$50. That funny little car had a radiator that boiled over if you somehow got trapped and had to sit through two red lights; you know, like those at hyper-busy corners that are programmed to release 2.6 cars at a time, and if you happen to be third in line, jim, you need an Alka-Seltzer!)

Anyhow, that car was stolen. And the keys were in my pocket.

The thief -- who certainly was an indiscriminating bastard -- used a half dollar (I mean a certified government half dollar, remember



those?) and a piece of aluminum foil out of a cigarette package. (Hey, come to think...maybe they took cigarette advertising off teevee because it was encouraging car thieves, huh? Certainly cigarettes aren't as hazardous to ~~human~~ health as automobiles!)

So in the first place

I have had an automobile stolen, and in

the second place I had my keys in my trousers pocket, left front, and in the

third place I swear

to you that one of the crimes I have not committed is car theft. And believe it or not, it was NOT because I never found one with the KEYS in it! Look, somebody's got his cause-effect relationship confused, and they just keep on running those crummy ads with Jack Webb and the ubiquitous Rod Serling and heaven knows who else, Martha Mitchell maybe but never

never John, and it is bugging me something awful. I hope that it is bugging you too.

I have seen the commercials on telly and I have heard them on both AM and FM radio, in Kentucky, and Ohio and Tennessee and Texas. People telling me that I am a monster if I leave my carkeys in because I am like a dopepeddler, forcing my innocent brethren into crime. And ordering me not to do that.

When people start telling me what to do, see, I just naturally rear like a spuroweled mustang. Like man when I am tooling down the old highway and I see a big sign that says E A T I just naturally exert more pressure with my right foot and at the same time I snarl "NO!" (Someday I will tell you about my childhood. I think my daddy thought he was the reincarnation of King John, and though I looked and looked I was never able to find any knights and bishops and so on to make him sign a piece of paper.) And I write the word PLEASE in on all those damned computer cards I receive, usually as bills, that give me orders such as DO NOT WRITE IN THIS SPACE and RETURN THIS CARD WITH YOUR REMITTANCE and DO NOT FOLD SPINDLE MUTILATE and all that stuff, because I think they are incredibly rude clowns, hiding behind machines, and I am tired of being folded spindled mutilated spindled stapled and CRDERED.

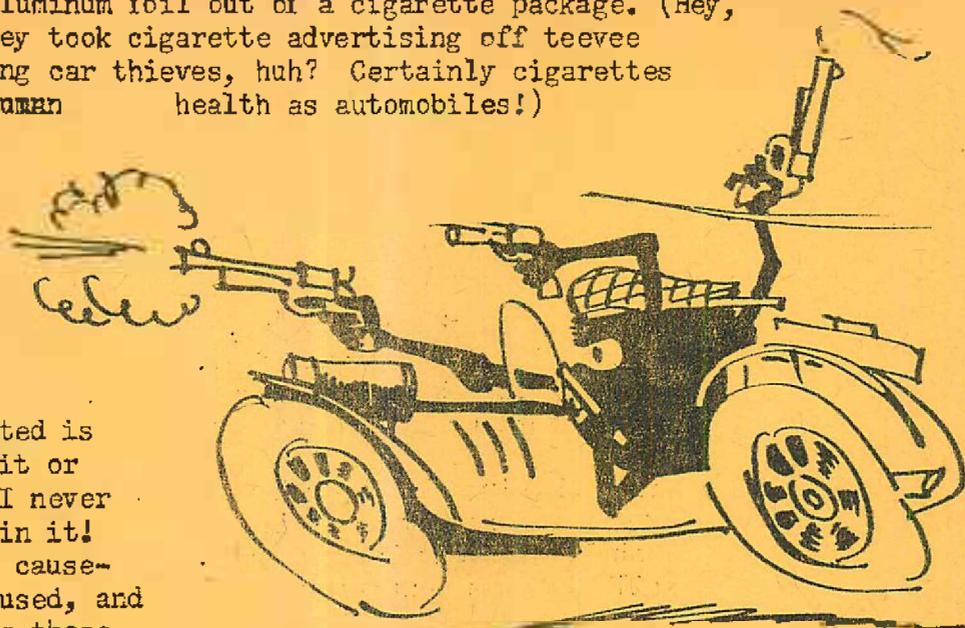
So...every time I hear one of these el-stupo commercials on the telly or the radio I feel like taking my car downtown and parking it and leaving the keys in it with a big sign: "The is an expensive high performance German automobile with assorted accessories and five Michelin X's and all the keys in, but please make a liar out of my television and radio and do NOT steal it, huh?"

But listen, let me tell you. I haven't done that, and you'd better not either. In point of fact you'd better just go ahead and...PLEASE pardon me...lock your carr... take your keys.

Here's why. Don't worry about all those pore little fellers like Coulson's son and so on, the ones you're turning into thieves if you leave your keys in your groovy '49 Studebaker with the custom wire wheels and babyshoes hanging like balls from the phallic shaft of the rearview. Worry about ole number one, yourself. You'll have to check for yourself, and if you can read it, congratulations, but...your car insurance PROBABLY says that if your car is stolen and it wasn't locked and the keys were in the ignition because you only left it there for a minute while you ran into the drugstore for a package of rubber bands -- tough.

Now car insurance is bad enough astis, right? So don't give 'em a chance to weasel out just because you were dummy enough to make an invitation of your car, okay?

So there it is. Those guys on the commercials have all the wrong ideas, because this is the age of altruism and no-fault and hearts dripping and the Dept of H, E, and Mostly-W. But it's pretty good advice. This is Sgt. Friday saying: lock your car, baby, take your keys. And be nice to the kid next door. He's a car thief. Your government says so.



A WALK IN THE CITY

When I go to the city today,
I must plan for a deadly fray.
Which shall I bear to defend my life,
Gun or cosh or switchblade knife?

Since they're all illegal as hell,
Even if my attacker I fell,
I shall probably land in jail,
While my assailant is out on bail.

Still, it goes against the grain,
Letting oneself be robbed or slain,
Lacking a chance of flight or fight
When I must wander the streets at night.

Every time that to town I go,
People tell a new tale of woe.
Jack in the elevator was robbed;
Jim by a teen-age gang was mobbed.

George, while drunk, was mugged with a friend;
Bill's in bed while his stab wounds mend.
If you must walk the city at night,
Stick to the streets with lots of light.

Stay on the curbward side of the walk,
Craning your head to the rear as you stalk.
Keep your hand, as you love your life,
Gripping pistol or cosh or knife.

If you behold a group of blacks,
Looking like those that hunt in packs,
Brace yourself to fight or run;
Maybe they'll kill you just for fun.

If you are taken by surprise,
Strike at the foeman's crotch or eyes.
Such is life in the land of the free
In this enlightened century.

Much I'd prefer to walk unarmed,
Minus the peril of being harmed.
If, however, that can't be done,
Give me my blackjack, knife, or gun!

L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP



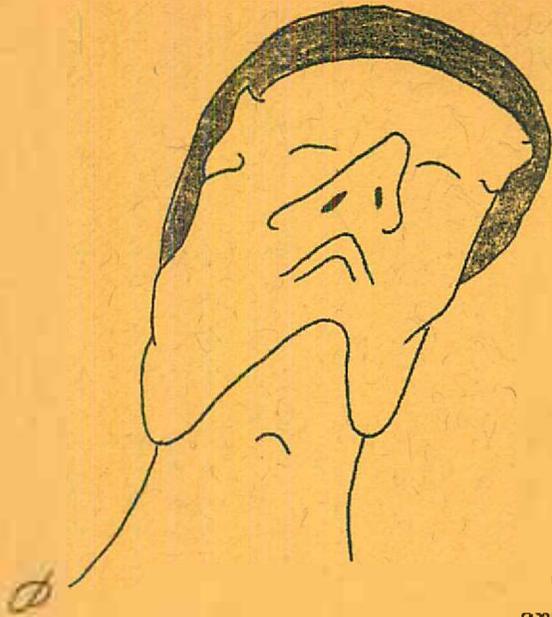
GOLDEN MINUTES

AGAIN DANGEROUS VISIONS, edited by Harlan Ellison (Book Club) I've seen a couple of reviews of this which claimed it was better than the original volume. I disagree; the writing styles are closer to the ideals of the modern critic, but the content is considerably less. Let me say to begin with that I skipped or skimmed most of

the editor's introductions and a fair share of the authors' afterwords. Harlan included the intros ~~because he likes to talk~~ to give the readers a look at the reality of the authors instead of leaving them faceless; a good intention, no doubt, but a subtle insult to assume that readers are willing to accept the editor's prepackaged opinions as reality. (Though God knows, probably a lot of them are, just as they're willing to accept the title -- "Dangerous Visions"; "Now it can be told!"; "We dare to bring you..." -- as a clue to the contents instead of a typical advertising ccm-on.)

The contents begin with "The Counterpoint of View," by John Heidenry (a clever put-on of literary history and criticism). Then come the stories: "Ching Witch!" by Ross Rocklynne (a fairly hackneyed plot jazzed up with mod dialogue to the point where it's at least minimally interesting), "The Word For The World Is Forest" by Ursula K. LeGuin (an excellent novelet on alien folkways and human prejudice), "For Value Received," by Andy Offutt (fairly humorous bit about screwing the Establishment), "Mathoms From The Time Closet," by Gene Wolfe (three vignettes; all of them sort of cute, which is about all you can do with a vignette), "Time Travel For Pedestrians," by Ray Nelson (an allegory on the history of humanity; fairly good), "Christ, Old Student In A New School," by Rad Bradbury (poetry -- Buffy St. Marie did it shorter and better in "Universal Soldier" and I didn't like it then, either), "King of the Hill," by Chad Oliver (finish of humanity by pollution, which seems to have taken over from the atomic disaster story; nothing like writing what your peers want to read), "The 10:00 Report Is Brought To You By..." by Ed Bryant (the violence kick; right out of yesterday's newspapers but pretty well written), "The Funeral," by Kate Wilhelm (I no longer read Wilhelm), "Harry the Hare," by James B. Hemesath (I should have read Wilhelm instead; the author says that the cartoon characters of the 1950s -- Daffy Duck, Tweety & Sylvester, etc., were his friends, and I can well believe him).

Then we have "When It Changed," by Joanna Russ (Women's Lib in the stars; a quite interesting "alien" culture and a good story -- even the "afterword" was interesting, so I guess I like Russ at all times except when she's reviewing someone else's books, where she occasionally infuriates me), "The Big Space Fuck," by Kurt Vonnegut (which must have been included for either the title or the author's name, because the story is lousy), "Bounty" by T.L. Sherred (a "right-wing" solution to crime which I found amusing and will probably shock more of Ellison's readers than all the rest of the book put together), "Still-Life" by K.M. O'Donnell (I don't read Malzberg/O'Donnell), "Stones Counsel" by H.H. Hollis (trial by drugs -- not too great a story but such an interesting idea that one can ignore the lack), "Monitored Dreams and Strategic Creations" by Bernard Wolfe (which includes one short story that isn't terribly interesting and one assortment of incredible puns which I enjoyed immoderately), "With A Finger In My I" by David Gerrold (the real truth about drugs and reality; amusing but lightweight), "In The Barn" by Piers Anthony (interesting idea, story written with intent to shock and, in my case at least, failing completely), "Spot" by Gahan Wilson (a sort of Gahan Wilson cartoon with words; enjoyable), "The Test-Tube Creature, Afterward" by Joan Bernott (beastiality? a vignette that left me with an attitude of "so?"), "And The Sea Like Mirrors" by Greg Benford (is an intelligent alien preferable to a dumb human?), "Bed Sheets Are White" by Evelyn Lief (a rather silly extrapolation of suburban morality), "Tissue" by James Sallis (surrealism; not my dish), "Elouise and The Doctors of the Planet Pergamon" by Josephine Saxton (the one healthy person on a planet of invalids; the author explains all the symbolism afterwords and I don't be-



lieve any of it), "Chuck Berry, Won't You Please

Come Home" by Ken McCullough (a tall tale about a tremendous tick; mildly amusing but eminently forgettable), "Epiphany For Aliens" by David Kerr (a few living Neanderthals discovered and contrasted in their beautiful simplicity to our technological confusion; the author says he likes sf because it's possible to write about philosophical or moral problems without sounding too pompous, but he doesn't quite have the trick yet), "Eye of the Beholder" by Burt K. Filer (art versus science; despite the fact that he loaded the dice by having his artist also stand for individual freedom I kept sympathizing with the scientists), "Moth Race" by Richard Hill (a rather pointless -- despite all the author's explanations -- bit about controlled humanity), "In Re Glover" by Leonard Tushnet (hilarious story about the legal aspects of cryogenics; possibly the best story Tushnet has written

and certainly one of the best in the book), "Zero Gee" by Ben Bove (sex in space and not all that exciting, despite bringing in human aspiration and frustration), "A Mouse In the Walls of the Global Village" by Dean R. Koontz (on being different, which doesn't impress me much), "Getting Along" by James Blish (slightly overdone but generally good parody on various "classics" of the sf/fantasy/horror field), "Totenbuch" by A. Parra (deliberately obscure; not so deliberately dull), "Things Lost" by Thomas M. Disch (either this is so much based on Proust that I missed most of the content or it wasn't very good; more probably the former), "With the Bentfin Boomer Boys On Little Old New Alabama" by Dick Lupoff (a sort of satire of Southern living and the space opera combined into one novelet; reasonably good), "Lamia Mutable" by M. John Harrison (the author tells all about it in the afterword, and I didn't believe any of that, either), "Last Train to Kankakee" by Robin Scott (immortality and eternity and all that, told in as irritating a manner as possible), "Empire of the Sun" by Andrew Weiner (which I tried to read and couldn't finish), "Ozymandias" by Terry Carr (another quite fascinating idea without much of a story to carry it), and "The Milk of Paradise" by James Tiptree (belief, conditioning, and reality; interesting). Overall -- worth the Book Club price, not worth (to me, anyway) the whopping trade price. I believe in value received, and if Harlan got screwed on the Book Club deal I'm sorry for him but otherwise I wouldn't have bought the hardcover at all; I'd have waited for free review copies of the paperbacks.

MIDSUMMER CENTURY by James Blish (Book Club, \$1.75) At 108 pages, this is a pretty short novel; about right for the short half of an Ace Double, but a little skinny to be packaged by itself as a hardcover. What's there is good, though. It's the sort of story that used to appear in the better issues of the pulps; far future setting, man from the present thrown forward in time by magic more or less disguised as "science", and discovering that his unique talents are necessary to solve the problems of the far future (25,000 A.D., in this case). In short, one never really believes that initial assumption, but one manages to enjoy the story anyway. The interest -- for me -- is in the setting, and Blish has a good one. (Neither the steel-and-concrete jungle so popular with today's writers nor the out-and-out sword-and-sorcery rescue of the beleaguered Princess that used to be the staple.) Men have regressed temporarily, but not by the same amount in all places. The Menace is a kingdom of intelligent birds, which I didn't really believe in either. A long way from great sf, but enjoyable.

THE CONAN GRIMOIRE, edited by L. Sprague de Camp and George Scithers (Mirage, \$6.95) Another of the collections from Anra. I haven't been getting these, but this times there's a "Thomas Stratton" reprint, so I got a contributor's copy, eventually. This covers a little of everything; writings by Robert E Howard, writings about Howard and

other sword-and-sorcery writers, "Swordly Stories", primarily humorous type, heroic verse; about equally divided between serious and humorous (from Poul Anderson's translations of Old Norse to Avram Davidson's parody of same). Beautiful artwork by Cawthorn, Barr, Krenkel, Kirk, and others. I enjoyed all of these on first reading in Amra, and a goodly share of them on rereading in book form. (If nothing else, John Boardman's "Thong of Thor" is a minor masterpiece which deserved hardcover printing.)

MARCHERS OF VALHALLA, by Robert E. Howard (Donald M. Grant, Publisher, West Kingston, RI 02892, \$4.50) You'll probably have to get this one direct from the publisher (or from Rusty Hevelin at a convention, the way I did). It's a pretty good little book, containing two of Howard's short stories. Pretty dust jacket; good interior illustrations, and it will undoubtedly go out of print shortly and become a collector's item. The stories themselves, however, are pretty bad. They are previously unpublished, and as far as I can see, for quite good reason. In the title story, a wandering warband of barbarians (blue-eyed, blond Nordics, of course) meet and battle an ancient, evil civilization and a horde of "painted savages", with, in the finale, a blonde, blue-eyed goddess taking her revenge on the degenerate civilization. In "The Thunder-Rider" an impossibly noble Comanche warrior battles an evil degenerate magician who had been a god of the Aztecs and incidentally shows the proper way for a real he-man to handle women. (Make 'em know their place...)

OPHELIA, by Florence Stevenson (Signet, 60¢) But it's been out awhile; I borrowed mine from Bev DeWeese, but you may have to look in a secondhand store; One expects something different from the author of CURSE OF THE CONCULLENS, but I admit I didn't expect the heroine to get drowned in the first chapter. She doesn't stay dead, of course; neither does she stay a cat, which she is in the beginning of the book. She is, equally of course, magically transformed into a beautiful -- and naked -- young woman, and goes her merry way for the rest of the book. It isn't as hilarious as CURSE, but it has its moments, and if you see a copy, pick it up. (If you see two, pick up one for me.)

WOLFWINTER, by Thomas Burnett Swann (Ballantine, \$1.25) Another of his excellent historical fantasies. This one features a friend of Sappho's, who becomes involved with fauns, the Healers, who grow from trees, and the mysterious "White Ones", not to mention Cerberus, who in this version is something a bit nastier than a dog with 4 heads. It's a fairly typical Swann story, though probably the longest he's done -- long enough to provide space for the leisurely characterization he excels in. (Even so, I don't think it's his best story -- but it's good enough to be recommended.)

BAPHOMET'S METEOR, by Pierre Barbet (DAW, 95¢) Here is the precise opposite; a book with no characterization at all. (Either that, or very poor translation; it was originally published in France.) The idea is fascinating; suppose the much-maligned Templars really had made a pact with the Devil (or a stranded alien, who would have seemed to be a devil to the religion-ridden Europeans of the Crusade eras) and been given the power not only to deliver the Holy Land from the Saracens, but to launch a crusade across Asia? The idea, the background, and the occasional bits of military/political strategy carry the book well enough to make it interesting reading. Characters are pure cardboard, without even an effort made to humanize them, and the style is somewhat more cold and colorless than we're used to. Not at all recommended to lovers of the "New Wave"; moderately interesting to others.



EXILE'S QUEST, by Richard Meade (Signet, 75¢) A 1970 book I just got around to reading. Fairly pure swords and sorcery, reasonably well handled. Instead of Conan-type barbarians, Meade's swordsmen are closer to E.R. Eddison's medieval warriors; his hero is a baron exiled for dueling in the king's palace. He throws in the theme that power -- magic or otherwise -- corrupts, which helps to mitigate his dramatic scene in which our hero relinquishes power for the love of a good woman. Otherwise fairly standard; there's even a princess in distress.

MIRROR IMAGE, by Michael G. Coney (DAW, 95¢) Coney's first novel is not as good as the best of his short stories have been, but it's good enough. The new colony on the alien planet is beset by a creature that can transform itself into whatever its attacker loves. (Or in the case of some animals, wants to have sex with, since I suspect that carnivores "love" their meals more than they do the opposite sex, except for rare occasions when they're in heat or rut as the case may be.) This is not only camouflage, but disconcerting even when found out, particularly when a married couple do not transform their "amorphs" into replicas of each other. The plot is complicated by a greedy industrialist, and an amorph who is carefully nurtured into a composite of the best scientific brains available -- and then discovered to have more independence than anyone had thought. I'm not sure I'll forgive Coney for his conclusion -- why must authors be hipped on abstractions like Ultimate Good and Ultimate Evil, anyway? Coney's version is no more believable or profound than Dickson's version in SLEEPWALKER'S WORLD. But it's a good novel up to the end, anyway.

KAVIN'S WORLD, by David Mason (Lancer, 95¢) Lancer has reissued the first of THE RETURN OF KAVIN, by David Mason (Lancer, 95¢) the series to match the issue of the second. These are more swords and sorcery, quite well done. Despite the title, the second book chronicles the adventures of Hugon, poet, swordsman, thief -- modeled somewhat on the Gray Mouser, I suspect. Kavin plays a secondary role, which makes this the sort of series I approve of. (I dislike endless novels about the same invincible character.)

DINOSAUR BEACH, (by Keith Laumer (DAW, 95¢) Laumer likes the convolutions of time travel. I can't say I do, but I have to admit that he does well-plotted novels. This one has complications like van Vogt at his wildest, but everything is neatly tied up at the conclusion. I think... Background is a cross between two fairly familiar plots; the Time Police, straightening up other people's errors, and Leiber's Change War. (The other side, believing it hasn't made any errors, resents having its works changed.) Hero hops back and forth in time, never really knowing what he's doing or why until the final explanation,

THE MOON IS HELL, by John W. Campbell (Ace, 75¢) This is the first appearance of the work in a popular-priced paperback, and the only one of his novels which did not have magazine publication. Came out first as a Fantasy Press hardcover. When the publisher fell on hard times, a few printed but unbound copies were given stiff paper covers and sold for \$1.00 (a big price for a paperback in 1951). It then went out of print until this Ace edition. The story, of a 15-man (!) expedition to claim the dark side of the Moon for the U.S., is, as can be seen, a trifle dated. The story itself is good enough; if not showing the brilliance of "Twilight" or "Who Goes There?", it is considerably superior to his early gadgetty novels. The title story takes up about 150 pages of the book; the other hundred being devoted to "The Elder Gods", a novelet from I believe Unknown, with a hero chosen by the gods to fight...aliens?

SCIENCE FICTION: THE GREAT YEARS, edited by Carol and Frederik Pohl (Ace, \$1.25) Well, if the stories here are overly familiar to the veteran fan, they're certainly good enough. We start off with the novelet "...And Then There Were None" by Eric Frank Russell, which introduced "myob" into the fannish lexicon and was later used as part of the "novel" THE GREAT EXPLOSION. It's one of Russell's best satiric/humorous stories, which means one of the best ever done. This is followed by "The Liberation of Earth" by William Tenn, an anti-war satire which puts Earth in the position of, say, the Solomon Islands in WWII, or Bikini a bit later. It's been one of my favorites for years; suck air, brethren, and enjoy. "Old Faithful" by Raymond Z. Gallun is a very

early (1934) story of interstellar contact and the ultimate brotherhood of intelligent life; a trifle crude, but still good. "Placet Is A Crazy Place" by Fredric Brown, is dated because he has to bring in astronomical/physical causes for effects that any hip writer today would automatically postulate a drug culture for. But somehow Brown manages to do it a little better than most of today's writers, and it's an amusing, light-weight story. "The Little Black Bag" by G.M. Kornbluth is one of the field's classics; if you haven't read it, maybe you saw it on NIGHT GALLEY last year. "A Matter of Form" by H.L. Gold presents the problem of a man whose brain has been transplanted into a dog's body -- how does he get his own back, or even get anyone to believe him? Corny? Not the way Gold told it. "Wings of the Lightning Land" by "James McCreigh" (pseudonym for Fred Pohl) was one of these seven novelets that I hadn't read before. Copyright 1941 by Fictioneers; that would mean Super Science Stories or Astonishing Stories. It's a fairly typical story of the times, when aliens were all weird and the science content was weirder; probably it's a bit better than average. All in all, this is an excellent book for the newcomer to science fiction.

PERRY RHODAN #20, 21, edited by Forry Ackerman (Ace, 75¢ each) Some more of the endless serial, a sort of modern (but not too modern, at that) version of Doc Smith's space operas. Plus an installment of EDLSON'S CONQUEST OF MARS, which I think is even older space opera than Smith's, short stories, movie articles, editorial and letter column. I assume this is intended for kids just graduating from comic books; for that age level, it might be quite interesting. For old codgers like me; no. (Even the gimmicks are too easy; "Can you find the fatal scientific flaw" in "The Skyscraper Kidnappers", inquires the editor, and then in full italics the item which vanquishes the invaders -- "The moon was being eclipsed by the sun!" I'm tempted to write up H. Allen Smith's stf plot about the theft of the Statue of Liberty by giant eagles and see if Forry would buy it.)

FALCONS OF NARABEDIA/THE DARK INTRUDER, by Marion Zimmer Bradley (Ace, 95¢) Reprint of an old Ace Double. The first time around was the third printing for FALCONS and the first time she'd been paid for it; I suspect it's now gone one for four... It is not, by a long shot, one of her best novels, but it's interesting enough to be worth the money if you like swords and sorcery. The other half is a short story collection: the title story (an abandoned Martian city where men go mad, and something waits for the explorers), "Jackie Sees a Star" (another "invisible playmate" story -- I do think Zenna Henderson does them better), "Thrills of Tomorrow" (an unpleasant -- but well done -- time travel story), "Death Between the Stars" (excellent story of prejudice against the unfamiliar and of one human's empathy with an alien), "The Crime Therapist" (the final solution for murderers), "The Stars Are Waiting" (an original idea on alien contact), and "Black and White" (the last people on earth -- with a new twist).

STOWAWAY TO MARS; by John Wyndham (Fawcett, 75¢) Originally PLANET PLANE by John Beynon, it says; copyright 1935. It was a Nova Novel in 1953 as STOWAWAY TO MARS, by John Beynon, but that's probably as rare as the original publication, so not too many of you will have read it. The story of the first expedition to Mars, complete with stowaway, shows its age, but it was undoubtedly a superior story for its time. I don't know that I'd call it good, but it remains interesting.

MACROSCOPE, by Piers Anthony (Avon, \$1.25) A reprint of Piers' big 470-page novel, which is mildly reminiscent of Doc Smith writing under the influence of pot. Astrology and Astronomy; physics and Freud. It's different; I'll say that for it.

THE MIGHTIEST MACHINE, by John W. Campbell (Ace, 95¢) Reprint of an earlier Ace edition of one of Campbell's gadget novels. His imitations of Doc Smith were better than the original, but I can't honestly say that they wear terribly well.

ORBIT UNLIMITED, by Poul Anderson (Pyramid, 75¢) Third printing of this one. Story concerns a colony on a barely habitable planet; Anderson is generally at his best with man against nature stories, and while this isn't exactly his best it's a quite readable light novel.

THE WORLDS OF ROBERT A. HEINLEIN (Ace, 95¢) Reprint of an earlier edition. Includes "Free Men" (the American underground after the baddies have taken over, and the problem of government -- apparently original with this book, and not one of his better stories), "Blowups Happen" (atomic power station disaster -- a good story, but one of the very few times that someone else wrote a better story on the same subject; this doesn't approach the quality of Lester del Rey's "Nerves"), "Searchlight" (the vignette produced as a super-advertisement by some company; I forget who at the moment -- nothing extra), "Life-Line" (one of his early stories; a man who can predict the date of death of any individual, and one of the first times the question "do you really want to know when you'll die?" was asked), and "Solution Unsatisfactory" (when there is no good way to save the world, is a bad one better than nothing?). Overall, two very good stories, one fair, two not so hot. Plus an article on science fiction, prophecy, and the very grim future Heinlein visualized -- and he was right there, too, wasn't he?

BACK TO THE STONE AGE, by Edgar Rice Burroughs (Ace, 75¢) Very modern title; sounds like it might be one more book opposing the Viet Nam war, eh? Actually one of Burroughs' Pellucidar stories. As a whole, Pellucidar was one of his better series -- but that doesn't make it good. In this edition you get a new Frazetta cover and a list of 5 Burroughs fanzines (and while I'm not a Burroughs fan I applaud the idea of giving it publicity; lots of people who be interested still don't know about fandom.)

GREAT CITIES OF THE ANCIENT WORLD, by L. Sprague de Camp (Doubleday, \$12.95) But you can get a discount from the Natural Science Book Club. A thick book, covering 13 cities and the civilizations which produced them. Even at 500 pages, you don't get a lot of writing about any one city, but there is enough information for the casually interested individual such as myself. Cities are Thebes, Jerusalem, Nineveh, Tyre, Babylon, Memphis, Athens, Syracuse, Carthage, Alexandria, Anuradhapura, Rome, Pataliputra, and Constantinople. There are photos, maps by Rafael Palacios, and illustrations of the cities in their prime by Roy Krenkel, not to mention a bibliography and an index (the latter all too often lacking in this sort of book). De Camp has his usual lively writing style, though I quibble with him over one point. Speaking of the various Egyptian tombs, he says "The underground scheme worked only once, in the case of Tutankhamon..." What he means is that it worked for over 3,000 years, until the archaeologists arrived, after which it was looted just as thoroughly as all the others. (Any really successful Egyptian burials are those that nobody has found; I doubt it the pharaohs regard being displayed in a museum as any better fate than being robbed by their successors.) Anyway, it's a fascinating book for anyone interested in history/archaeology.



THE RESTLESS EARTH, by Nigel Calder (Viking, \$10.00) But only about \$8.50 in the Natural Science Book Club. This is the book version of the recent tv special of the same name. It's a gorgeous item; the dust jacket alone is almost worth the price, and there are really beautiful interior illustrations. The text is equally fascinating, particularly to someone like me, who learned a little geology in high school 30 years ago and a bit more in reading various standard works 15 to 20 years ago. Things have changed...I think the real idea of how much things have changed comes in the little "further reading" section, where one of the books recommended is THE ORIGIN OF OCEANS AND CONTINENTS by Alfred Wegener. This is well worth the money; it will bring you up to date on geological theory and double as an art book.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF WESTERNS (remaindered, \$3.95) This is sort of an encyclopedia of the Western film, with sections on the films, the actors, the directors,

(the latter two sections arranged alphabetically so you can look up specific names), and small sections on "The Spaghetti Westerns" and "The TV Westerns". 9x12 size, 200 pages; indexed, lots of photos but very few color photos. Writing is interesting and mostly accurate (though Juanita grumped that at one point the authors confuse Jeff Morrow and Vic Morrow, which she hadn't thought possible).

WHO OWNS AMERICA?, by Walter J. Hickel (Paperback Library, \$1.50) An excellent book on politics and ecology, a short history of those few years when the Hickel image changed from a man the ecology lobbies tried their best to keep out of the Cabinet to that of the hero of the Nixon administration, and a few wry looks at his personal life. (Speaking of the party line where he was raised in Kansas: "I was raised on a bugge telephone." And for those of you who yearn for the simple life of the soil: "I was milking cows when I was five years old. I was in the field behind four head of horses and a gang plow when I was eight.") My recommendation on this is a bit late, but sincere.

BUSHRANGER OF THE SKIES, by Arthur W. Upfield (second-hand) I got this from Ethel Lindsay, who hucksters second-hand mysteries for those interested. (See fanzine review.) I'm a sucker for Upfield novels; they are the books that originated my interest in Australia. This isn't really one of his better ones; while he works in the problems of the half-caste in a land of race prejudice far more virulent than ours, his characters tend to be too formalized to seem very real. And there is no real mystery; the villain is known from the start. It gets by on background and setting, though; even Upfield's worst books are interesting, at least to American readers unfamiliar with exotic Australia. I enjoyed it.

PORTO BELLO GOED, by Arthur D. Howden Smith (second-hand) Speak of the devil -- I hadn't thought of this book in years until seeing it mentioned in one of the Centaur Press paperbacks, and a few months later I pick up a copy. It's as good as I remembered, too. This is a "prequel" to TREASURE ISLAND; that is, it comes first in chronological order, though it should be read after the classic. Part of the enjoyment comes in making the acquaintance of characters who are mere names in Stevenson's work: Darby McGraw ("Fetch aft the rum, Darby!"), Tom Allardyce ("They're long bones, and the hair's been yellow. Aye, that would be Allardyce."), Captain Flint, as well as the earlier adventures of Long John Silver, Billy Bones, Blind Pew and the rest of the pirate crew. But Smith has turned out a good -- if not classic -- adventure story in its own right. Stevenson shows Silver as a man with a glib tongue, but he's shown using it mostly to talk his way out of trouble. Smith keeps the character accurate and shows Silver scheming his way into command, past the vicious but somewhat thick-headed mate, Bones. Not too much is done with Flint, but Smith has added Andrew Murray, one of the more fabulous villains of fiction; an unreconstructed Jacobite turned to piracy to acquire the gold necessary to put Bonnie Prince Charlie on his throne. The ostensible hero and heroine are pretty standard for books of the Twenties (this was published in 1924) but acceptable if nothing out of the ordinary.

Murray, though, if not the equal of Long John Silver as a classic villain, is at least on a par with Wolf Larsen and ahead of most fictional sea-dogs. (Murray, speaking of Silver: "An extraordinary fellow, that, monstrously clever -- exactly the sort of man, Robert, I never permit to remain near me. Indeed, if you possess the patience and the interest to analyze the composition of my officers and crew you will observe, I believe, that there is not an independently clever man amongst them. Aye, and if you find me a clever man aboard the Royal James -- yourself and friend Peter excepted, of course -- I will thank you to point him out to me, and I will straightway make a present of him to Flint, who must have half a dozen of the Walrus' crew who esteem themselves equally capable with him of commanding her.")

If you can find a copy of this, pick it up and enjoy some nostalgia.



FRACTURED ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE, by Pedro Carolino (Dover, \$1.25) This was originally published some time in the 1800s -- there is an introduction by Mark Twain -- as a perfectly serious Portuguese-English phrasebook. The author, however, didn't know as much about English as he thought he did, and the book has stayed in print as an example of unconscious humor. I don't know how many of the author's fellow Brazilians were led astray by it, but it is fascinating for the American. The author's ideas on correct English include sentences such as "How do is do the child?", "I shall be debtor than you shall make to him", "That are the dishes whose you must be and to abstain", and one that I intend framing and putting over our library: "You have there a library too many considerable, it is a proof your love for the learnings." (All the fans I know seem to have libraries that are too many considerable.) Not something to be read at a sitting, but enjoyable to dip into.

A PARODY ANTHOLOGY, edited by Carolyn Wells (Dover, \$2.50) A little something for everybody. I'm not well enough acquainted with some poets to appreciate the parodies, and a few others here just aren't that good (one can't adequately parody Lewis Carroll, and several authors in here prove it), but there are goodies. Bruce's favorite is the Wedding Guest's version of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner", or perhaps "The Whist Player's Soliloquy" ("Whether 'tis better in this case to notice the leads and signals of outraged opponents, or to force trumps against a suit of diamonds, and by opposing end them?" and so on). My own would include "Nephelidia" (Swinburne parodying himself -- "Are they looks of our lovers that lustrously lean from a marvel of mystic miraculous moonshine", and one for horror fans, "Gaunt as the ghestliest of glimpses that gleam through the gloom of the gloaming when ghosts go aghast"), and one on Kipling, apparently written shortly after his American trip ("But here's to you, Mr. Kipling, with your comments and your slurs; You're a poor, benighted Briton, but the Prince of Raconteurs!").

WINGARDEN, by Elsie Lee (Dell, 75¢) Andre wrote in to point out that she hadn't either recommended Lee's historical romances; she'd recommended her gothics. Okay. There's a fairly strong plot here for a gothic; heroine inherits a southern mansion and walks into a nest of White Supremacy intrigue. But the major interest is an interesting heroine and sharp repartee. Not too much suspense; Lee has the same trouble there that Juanita does, in that her heroines are too intelligent to be fooled by affable villains. Not at all up to Florence Stevenson's work, but moderately amusing light reading, which makes it superior to 99% of the gothic genre.

Following is

----- *eggs and marrowbone* -----

Being reviews by JWC...

DISEASE AND HISTORY, by Frederick F. Cartwright (Crowell, \$7.95) A medical history, and occasionally detection, volume in the tradition of RATS, LICE, AND HISTORY. It's lighter reading than the earlier work, covers more territory and dispenses with the wry and somewhat morbid humor of its predecessor. In contrast to Tom Lehrer's suggested "Disease of the Week" this might more properly be called a prose tour of various "Diseases of the Centuries". Not entirely disease oriented, but definitely medicine slanted, everything from speculation on the spontaneous rise of syphilis to Queen Victoria's hemophilia mutation causing the first World War and the Russian Revolution. Nothing startling.... but here collected into one volume. Handy.

THE FIRST SEX, by Elizabeth Gould Davis (Penguin, \$1.45) Davis is the sort of ardent feminist who makes it hard for her more moderate sisters to make any headway in converting the peasants to right thinking. She's done an incredible amount of research for this book in order to champion the superiority of females. Without swallowing that premise, one can appreciate some of the points made along the way about lost ma-

triarchical privileges and denigrating and cruel treatment of women throughout history. The major problem is that she seems to have researched with a shovel instead of a scalpel. Everything is grist for her mill, and the end result is a confusing and occasionally annoying melange. In order to reap benefits, one would have to research all over again through her voluminous sources to winnow the chaff. Her index and notes (which are copious) range from Karen Horney and John Stuart Mill to Velikovsky and Sagan, Ruth Benedict and Margaret Sanger to Aleister Crowley. I admire the lady's efforts and just wish she hadn't muddled the end product up so with mysticism and more than dubious scholarship. As it is, I'm afraid it's more likely to provide ammunition for the anti-feminist.

SURVIVING AS A WOMAN, by Betty Canary (Regnery, \$5.95) Another columnist in the Peg Bracken tradition (get busy, Liz). A rather intelligent and easy-going approach, not always wildly humorous but frequently sharp-eyed and astute. A moderate feminist of an ilk I can appreciate. Enjoyable reading, but unless the book's a gift (as mine was) you probably would rather sample a library copy first.

THE PERSIAN BOY, by Mary Renault, (Pantheon, but mine's a book club edition) The last in Renault's trilogy about the life and era of Alexander the Great. Perhaps trilogy is ill-advised, since he figures only as a walk-on in **THE MASK OF APOLLO**; that novel more concerns the time of Philip than Alexander. **FIRE FROM HEAVEN** detailed Alexander's life from birth to the assassination of Philip. **THE PERSIAN BOY**, after following the protagonist's grimly realistic life as a young eunuch attached to the Persian court, follows Alexander after the defeat of Darius. As in **THE MASK OF APOLLO**, Renault has constructed a large part of her novel around a character about whom very little is known historically. Bagoas has even briefer mention in ancient writings than did her actor. But Renault's skill is in bringing the milieu of an era to life, wrapping the reader in sight and sound and smell and tactile sensations. This isn't as overwhelming as **THE KING MUST DIE**, but it will, I think, give you a genuine feeling of living for a brief space in the dying Persian empire and the exploding Alexandrine culture.

ELIZABETH THE BELOVED, by Maureen Peters (Beagle, 95¢) Historical novel built around the life of Elizabeth of York. Peters is a Plantagenet fan and I'm not, which makes it difficult for me to swallow wholeheartedly her portrait of an angelic Richard III and eminently nasty Henry VII. I suspect historical truth is somewhere in between the contrasting views of the two factions. On other points, it's a fair novel of a woman whose life and connections bridged the gap between the last of the feudal period and the Wars of the Roses and the arrival of the Renaissance in Tudor England. Good for an hour's light reading.

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE, by Hester W. Chapman (Pyramid, \$1.25) Non-fiction on the two sisters of Henry VIII, Margaret of Scotland and Mary Tudor. Footnotes, indexed, bibliography. Seems to be a competent and thorough job. Problem is by now I'm so versed in the Tudors that the book really didn't tell me anything I didn't already know. I'll keep it as a handy reference to pinpoint what happened when to these two comparatively minor members of the family (though their descendents boded large in historical crises in the England of the period). Reading their brief biographies back to back is almost enough to make one believe in fate. Margaret seemed star-crossed from childhood and nothing worked out well or happily for her. Mary on the other hand got everything she ever wanted and died happy and much mourned. I'm sure an astrologer could really have a field day computing the contrasts.

THE AFFAIR AT ROYALTIES, by George Baxt (Scribners) As opposed to Baxt's Pharaoh Love books and the Max and Sylvia mysteries this stands by itself. It also features fewer kinky weirdos and fascinating creatures than his other works. It's an amnesia murder mystery focusing around a sharp witted female protagonist. British setting. But the characters are Baxt's, no matter what side of the Atlantic he claims they're on. Good for an evening between tv programs or heavier reading.

THROUGH

COLUMN

the WRINGING BEAR

by

liz fishman



While Yandro marks its twentieth year of existence, Kim and I recently indulged in sentimental sloppiness over our sixteen years of friendship, a friendship firmly cemented by our profound belief that we are the only two sane people in this world. Now none of this is meant to call forth choking sobs of joy, but I do feel the event deserves more than just passing mention, if not actual trumpets, banners and proclamations.

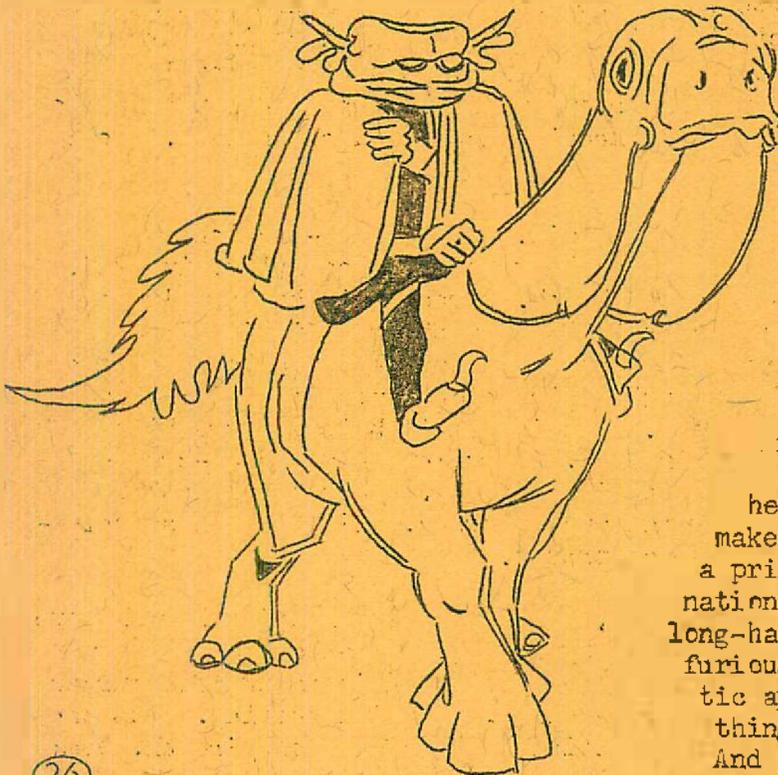
It all began the first day of the fifth grade, and it began badly. I had just taken a seat in Mrs. George's English Composition class when my notepad and pencil flew from my smacked hand and over the head of the kid seated next to me, a small bony creature known as Fairy Harry, who at the moment of my seeming attack upon his raunchy person was drinking ink from his fountain pen. Startled, Harry's hand jerked, sending the purple stream of ink up one narrow nostril. Snorting violently, he jumped from his chair and threw the pen at me, shrieking, "You did that on purpose, and I'm going to tell your mother and father on you! Just you wait and see! Just you wait..."

Suddenly the little creep was on the floor, and bending over him was a short, freckled faced girl, her waist-length braids swinging back and forth.

"Want me to knock you down again?" she hissed in a stage whisper. "Because if you do, just try getting up again. Want to try?"

No, Harry didn't want to try. (Harry had notable expertise on self preservation); he propped himself on one elbow and proceeded to clean his face with his shirttail. Satisfied, the girl turned to me: "You want the same thing to happen to your head like what happened to your notebook?"

My hands were still stinging from her swift and unseen blow, and that didn't make me crazy about the idea. But there was a principle involved here -- namely my indignation over being attacked from behind by a long-haired runty nut. I looked up into her furious brown eyes and, with all the diplomatic aplomb at my disposal, said, "Know something? You're crazy. You're really crazy. And your mother eats bugs." (My stockpile



of aplomb hasn't grown any since that day, and it's been a mighty exciting life, I tell you.)

The girl punched me in the shoulder. "I'm gonna punch you!" she yelled.

"You just did."

"Then I'm gonna kick him," pointing to the still-prone Harry, and she did. And before Harry could react with one of his sharp explosions of passionate anger the teacher walked into the room. The girl calmly took a seat next to me, and Harry scrambled back to his, breathing hard breaths of suppressed fury from his long blue nose. Mrs. George looked hard and long at the three of us and then, evidently deciding not to test the strength of her summer-long healed sanity, went about the business of seat assigning. And while she was doing so the girl leaned toward me and whispered, "My name's Kim. What's yours?"

I glared at her. "What's it to you?"

"I like you."

"Then why did you hit me?"

"I was testing you to see if you had guts. What's your name?"

"Liz."

"I like you, Liz. You've got guts."

"OK: Then how come you hit Harry? Everyone knows about him."

"He drinks ink. That makes me mad. And he jumped on my back this morning on the playground."

"Oh, Harry does that all the time to people, don't you, Harry?" I whispered.

"Dope-fiend!" he snarled, turning a brief moment from the task of refilling his pen. "Dope-fiend and dumb-crumb wormy mudfish!"

Kim rose from her seat and leaned over me to Harry. "You better not talk like that to my friend or I'm gonna cut your stomach out with a spoon," she roared, delighting the Harry-haters in the room, a good one-hundred percent of us. Mrs. George, who now could no longer pretend things were as they should be, but were as they are and would be, chastised Kim for her ill-manners and bade her take a seat in the first row, first seat, near her desk. Not one to take an injustice in silence, Kim clumped to her seat and loudly defended herself. "He said bad things about my friend. She's my best friend friend. Know why?"

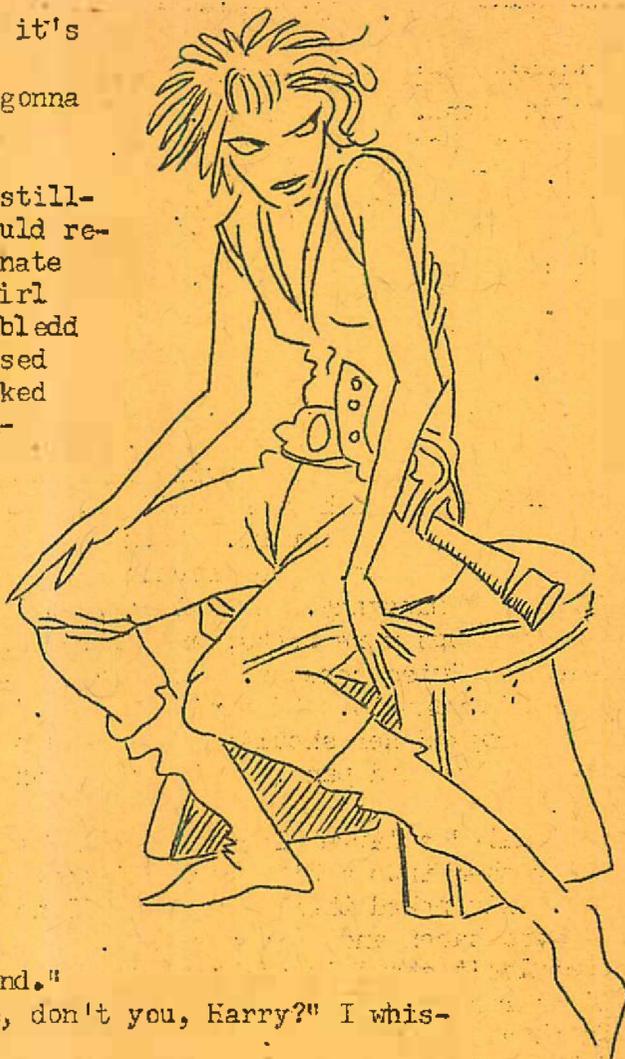
Mrs. George sighed. "No, why?"

"Because she's got guts."

Mrs. George looked at me and said resignedly, "Well, of course she has."

And that is how it all started, and I'll never forget it. Nor will I ever forget the first time I went to Kim's house. The house was enormous, a castle-proportioned structure of brown and white, featuring a wide, shallow staircase of 67 steps that climbed to the top of the hill on which the house was enthroned. The last step let you off on the porch, the ceiling of which was supported by four pillars that rose to the sky; I felt like Alice in Wonderland. When we entered the French doors I found myself in a long foyer, filled with nude statues and potted palms. The palms were nothing new to me, so I concentrated on the nudes -- both sexes. My, oh my. (Well, I'd led a sheltered life up till then. Oh, sure, I'd seen my younger brothers. Even powdered them. But this was something different. It most certainly was, and I felt positively awed by all this dirty stuff.)

While I was concentrating on the lower portion of one particular male nude (no fig leaf), I was suddenly whirled around to face a short, grey-haired, snub-nosed man with



angry brown eyes. "So you're the one!" he yelled. "I knew we'd catch you. Where is it?"

Thinking this somehow had something to do with the statue, I pointed to it with trembling hand. "It's there. It's right there, see?"

The man shook me. "The cheese, you little thief. You know very well I mean the cheese. You give it back or I'll cut your stomach out with a spoon, I will!"

"She didn't take it, Daddy," yelled Kim, from wherever it was she'd gone while I was busy with the statues. "She's my friend."

Kim's father peered at me. "Have you ever been here before?"

"No."

"You didn't take the cheese, not if you've never been here before. Am I right?"

"Yes."

"Keep your stomach, then. But I'll be watching you." And he disappeared into another room and closed the door, hard.

Shaken, I stood there trying to decide whether to look for Kim or, as any intelligent 10-year old with guts would do, run. Fast. But Kim, emerging from some gloomy doorway, decided it for me. "Come on. Let's get something to eat." Eat. Yes, that was the thing to do. The kitchen was enormous, and like the rest of the house was paneled in dark mahogany. An Oriental rug rested on a hardwood and brick floor. On tables and countertops were books, animal carvings, delicate glass vases -- and cheeses. Ten fifty-pound Swiss cheeses. Kim whacked off a piece and handed it to me.

I didn't want it. "I don't want it."

Kim shrugged her shoulders and thrust the chunk in her mouth, then busied herself among the pots and pans. "I'm gonna make some bacon. Want some?"

"OK."

She pulled a large block of bacon from the refrigerator and chopped off thick pieces, dropping them into a big black skillet, where they immediately popped, sizzled and smoked. Kim poked them around in silence for a moment, then said, "We're gonna have cheese and bacon and banana splits."

I couldn't stand it another moment. "Did someone really steal some cheese?"

Kim shrugged. "Yeah. We had eleven cheeses yesterday and now we only have ten. Daddy always counts them."

"Oh. You mean a burglar stole your cheese?" (I couldn't imagine anyone bothering with cheese when those dirty statues were right there for the taking.)

"I don't think it was a burglar. I think it was Mr. Larson."

"Oh. Well, who's he?"

"He's one of our boarders. We have boarders on the third floor, and Mr. Larson is a boarder."

"But that's against the law -- having boarders!" (I'd heard my mother and father discussing the petition then circulating to rezone our neighborhood for rentals; and they, like most of the neighbors, were firmly against it.) I was shocked by this flagrant disobedience of the law, but Kim was matter-of-fact about it. "We keep it a secret. My father does lots of things like that. He smuggles in immigrants from Hungary and gets false papers for them. Daddy was born in Hungary."

I wasn't sure what she was talking about, but I was sure my parents would clarify the whole thing for me, so I kept quiet.

After we'd eaten -- or rather after Kim had eaten (the bacon was burned, the banana splits were gloppy things of ice cream, syrup, nuts and whipped cream with no bananas ... Kim didn't like bananas ... and I wasn't about to set tooth to that cheese) -- we decided to spend the rest of my visit in Kim's room. "But I'll have to sneak you up the back stairs. Come on."

"Why do we have to sneak? I think I better go home."

"No, listen. It's nothing terrible. My mother doesn't allow me to bring friends home on Tuesdays and Fridays, so I have to sneak them up the back stairs."

"But Kim, this is Monday."

"I know. But Madeline changes her mind a lot of times, so I don't take chances."

"You call your mother Madeline?"

"Yeah, she likes it. She was born in Hungary too."

I had nothing to say to that. The backstairs was right off the kitchen, and I quickly found myself on the second floor. It was gloomy there, and the center of it

was taken up by the railing surrounding the stairs, leaving a large and quick entry back to the first floor. Closed doors hid whatever lay behind them and I began to feel spooked as we walked the narrow floor surrounding the stair railing. But halfway round we came to Kim's room.

I don't know what I expected to see when she slung open the door -- perhaps a fifty pound Swiss cheese with green ears and accusing eyes. But I was relieved to find a large cheerful place with stuffed animals, books, flowers, and posters. For a while things were fine, and I was lulled into a sense of security by this surface normality. We talked about movie stars, gossiped about peers (who was wearing a bra when she had no justification for it), and giggled a lot. Then it began:

"Want to go up to the third floor?" Kim asked.

"Why? What's up there?" I'd noticed, looking up through the railing, that that floor was roped off; I just knew that green-eared Swiss cheese was waiting for me up there. With a spoon, no doubt.

"Because I'm not allowed to go. That's where the boarders are. And some of them are crazy."

I didn't want to go. "I don't want to go." Then a thought hit me. "Is Mr. Larson up there?"

"Yeah. He's always up there. Except when he comes down to steal things."

So that damned cheese was waiting for me. "No," I said firmly as my trembling voice would allow. "No, I'm going home."

Kim grabbed my arm and pulled me to my feet. "Quick! I hear my mother! Get in here!" She pushed me into a closet as big as my own bedroom. A wide ledge ran around the whole of it. This much I noticed before the slamming door left me in total darkness, and mindlessness, and I sat down to await my fate. I heard Kim greet her mother. "Hi, Madeline. How come you're home so early?"

Madeline sighed sadly. "It's your father's fault. That letter he wrote to the editor. My Republican Women's Club found it distasteful."

"Which letter, Madeline? He wrote ten this week."

"The one about the fountain in the backyard."

I wanted to see that fountain. (I did on my next visit. Well, of course I went back. The fountain was a little boy, standing straddle-legged, his stomach thrust out, one hand holding his little penis as water flowed from it. It seems that the neighbors, incensed enough as it was over Kim's father's stubborn fight to rezone the area for rentals, now faced with this blatant effrontery, had complained to the police, the Mayor, and to the newspaper. Maybe even to God. At any rate, I liked the fountain. It reminded me of my brothers.) Yes, I wanted to see that fountain, my imagination fired into vague pictures of exciting God-knows-what by the statues in the foyer. But I didn't dare move; I was sure Madeline was as handy with a spoon as Kim and her father seemed to be.

Madeline insisted Kim come with her and I heard them both leave the room. I didn't know what to do, so I just sat there. A few moments later I heard someone come back into the room, and I was sure it was Kim, until I heard this person humming. It wasn't Kim. I froze. The closet knob was turning. It was Madeline. For sure it was Madeline. With a spoon.

It wasn't Madeline. It was the maid. With a feather duster. She looked at me and shook her head. "Another one in the closet." She closed the door and I stayed where I was, waiting for my stomach to calm down (well, hell, I could just feel that spoon).

A few minutes later Kim came for me, sneaked me down the back stairs and out the back door. "You'd better go before Madeline sees you."

Gladly. And I went. But not before clearing up something else that had been bothering me. "Kim, how come you don't call your father by his first name?"

"'Cause his first name is LaVerne, that's why. What's your father's name?"

"Abe."

"Well, see what I mean?"

Frankly, I didn't see, but I wasn't feeling too bright about anything anyway since meeting Kim. It took me a while to rid myself of my paranoia about cheese and spoons, spoons mostly, though. I saw spoons every day, but there weren't that many green-eared cheeses hanging around, and I haven't had a twinge since. The fact that Kim no longer needs a spoon for stomach removals has a lot to do with it; she's working on her black belt in karate.

column by

DAVE LOCKE

I thought I'd try for a change-of-pace this time. Often I sit at the typewriter and bring to life some ugly item out of my medical history for the purpose of amusing you. I do this, however, in the pink of health, because these stories are easier to look back on that way. Also, they don't have typewriters in operating rooms. This time, however, I'm not in the pink of health and I do want to be present and accounted for in the Coulsons' 20th Anniversary Issue (congratulations, by the way, on your stamina), so I will write this column with a Bromo-Seltzer at hand, and I will tell you about a time that I was healthy.

This is, however, a medical story.

Back in the dim, dark days of the early '60s, when I was classified 1-A by my Local Draft Board #40, they would occasionally worry about my health and cheerfully request that I get a physical examination. Of course, I say "cheerfully" in all facetiousness, as I recall from the tone of their letters that my health would be in grave danger if I were to disregard their requests. So I always went. After awhile, these examinations all blended together in my memory. But the first one I went to, at the age of 18 when Board #40 initially took an interest in me, is a definite standout in the memories of my mind (set that to music, someone). Sort of like gluing an 8X10 glossy inside an Instamatic photo-album.

I guess that when I turned 18, a lot of other guys did, too. So many, in fact, that there was barely standing-room at the examination building and it took them all day to process us through. I guess somebody in their traffic department fell down on the job. They were also too understaffed to handle us all.

We stripped down to our shoes and shorts, and trotted around gripping a medical form upon which entries were placed as we went from examination to examination.

As far as I know, everybody got through the piss-in-a-bottle test in fine shape, unlike the episode in ALICE'S RESTAURANT. I heard that one fellow became excited and got it stuck in the bottle, but I dismissed this as locker-room humor.

The blood test was one of the more interesting examinations. The fellow with the needle had very little feel for that sort of thing, and would come up dry on two or three jabs before he confirmed that his victim did indeed have blood.

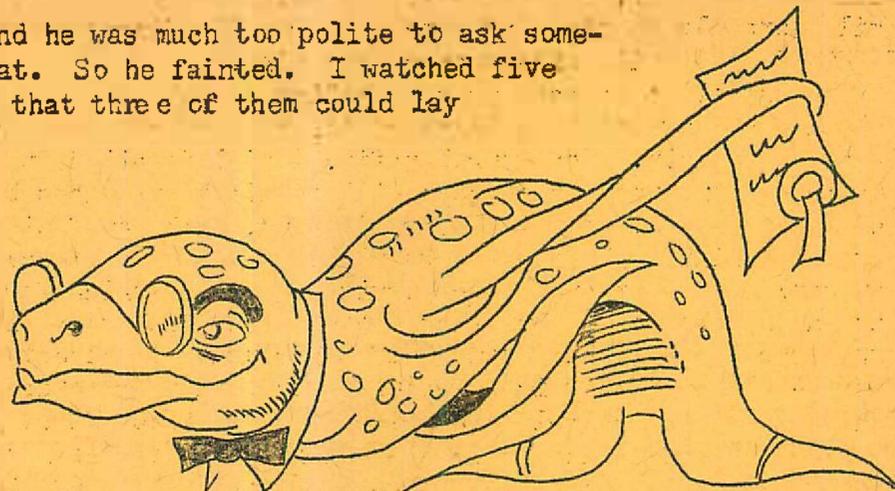
I have always felt that the medical profession is a poor place in which to encounter sadists.

After you had given your quart of blood, you were directed to sit down somewhere along a row of benches. Unfortunately, after awhile the benches filled up. One fellow stood there for awhile, feverishly looking for an empty spot so that he could sit



down. He didn't find one, and he was much too polite to ask someone else to give up their seat. So he fainted. I watched five guys give up their seats, so that three of them could lay him face-down on the bench.

When it became my turn under the needle, the black fellow who was wielding it became rather upset over the fact that after repeated efforts he was unable to locate any blood in my left arm. I ventured the comment that had he used colored dyes in his needle I would now possess the world's largest tattoo, and it was at this point in time that I was first introduced to the word "honkey". The wielder of this Tom-Thumb javelin later discovered blood in my right arm, after finally giving up on the left. A few more holes in my left arm and it would have fallen off at the elbow.



A later examination was to have an X-ray. I discovered further along in life that there is an agitator of the first-water at every such military establishment, and at this place it was the fellow who gave you the X-ray. Only one person was allowed in the room at a time with this gentleman, so you couldn't hear what was being said, but you could look through the window and see that each fellow in there was getting a rough time. A particularly odd recurring phenomenon was when the examiner placed his fist in the examinee's back and shoved him against the X-ray plate. Everyone recognizes the fact that your chest has to be against the plate if you are to get a good X-ray, but the odd part was that each examinee already had his chest against the plate. The fist-in-the-back was for the purpose of trying to push your chest through the metal plate, and it also served to get you a good crack in the jaw or the nose when your face rebounded against the plate. Despite the fact that everyone saw this, the examiner was clever enough to vary his timing so that when he caught you he would get the maximum effect. The conversation, or at least mine, is well remembered and it went like this:

The examiner took the sheet that I was carrying and compared my address, which I had filled in, with his files. "The addresses don't match here; what the hell's going on?" he snapped. "Don't you believe in sending in a change-of-address to your board, punk?"

"I sent in a change-of-address," I replied, chest up tight against the plate. I might mention that you would spend this entire session with your chest against the plate, waiting for three things: 1) the fist in your back, 2) for him to take the X-ray at his convenience, 3) to get out of there.

"I haven't got it here," he growled. "What did you do, send it in on a postcard?"

"No, I sent a letter."

"You're a goddamn liar, kid. When do you claim you sent it in?"

"Two weeks ago. Probably hasn't gotten to you yet."

That was a choice piece of wording, and he probably chuckled to himself as he promptly 'got to me' with a fist in the back. Sure enough, I banged my jaw.

"Stand up against that plate, creep!" he hollered. "How the hell am I gonna get an X-ray." I didn't say anything, I just stood against the plate.

"You better send in your goddamn change-of-address next time, boy, or we're gonna be down on you with meat-hooks." I heard him take the X-ray. When it stopped whirring I stayed there, as I had a premonition of what would happen if I stepped back without his express authorization.

"You know it's over, punk," he sneered. "Get your ass out of here." He slapped my paper into my shoulder and it fell away onto the floor. I squatted to the floor and glanced at his face before coming up. He had a malignant smile as he watched me

pick up the paper, and was joyfully waiting for some sort of retort on my part. I smiled broadly at him, and watched the smile disappear from his face. I left. When I exited, the smile disappeared from mine.

The asshole test came next, I believe. All you guys will remember that one. You gals may or may not have heard of it, but you may have caught a passing reference to it now and again. For your benefit, I will detail just exactly what it consists of. Hundreds upon hundreds of guys will retain their shoes but will discard their shorts and their papers, and will stand in rows, each row facing another, for a period of maybe ten minutes before the people in charge get around to starting the examination. You could see everyone's eyes roving around, looking for the biggest hammers. This was in the absence of anything better to do with your time. This is also a unique experience, and perhaps your only opportunity to discover some correlation between hammer-size and a physical feature which would be apparent when a person is clothed. I discovered one correlation which appeared to be about 90% correct, but I don't want to give away any trade secrets or digress too far from my story. At any rate, we stood there until this old, has-been doctor came shuffling along with his bent-back. Then we were issued the instruction to turn around, bend over, and spread our cheeks with our hands. We were to remain in that position until the doctor patted our ass. So, hunched over, the doctor shuffled from body to body, eyeballing each asshole as he went up and down the lines, patting a cheek as he finished with each examinee. Now I know why his back was permanently bent. And I pity the poor guy who was at the end of the last line and had to remain in that ridiculous position for an ungodly amount of time.

At this point, they began to realize that there were too many of us and too few of them, and that they couldn't possibly administer all the tests to all of us and get us out of there in that same day. So they started skipping tests on some of us.

I was wearing glasses, so they skipped me and a few dozen other eyeglass-wearers on the eye test. They got us together in a group and made notations opposite "Eyes" on each of our papers, and then directed us to some other examination. I guess there wasn't much need for them to be very clever about these short-cuts they were taking, as which of us teenagers dared to say anything about it?

Well, unfortunately I did.

After being passed on two or three examinations, I took a look at the medical paper that I was carrying to see just what was being put down there. One of the more interesting items was the notation "Teeth - OX." I stepped out of line (in more ways than one) and hailed down an official-looking person. He stepped over to me and I pointed out this notation to him.

"What's the matter, son, don't you think your teeth are all right?"

I took them out and held them in the palm of my hand.

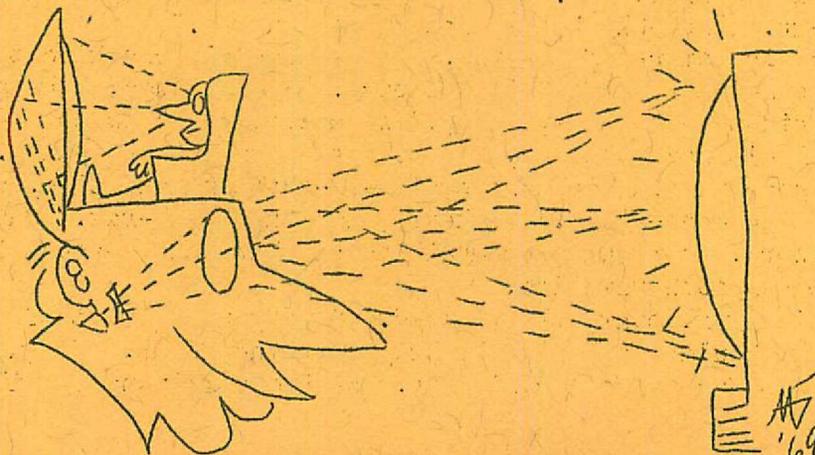
"What do you think?" I said.

I damn near got drafted right on the spot.

It was at this point I discovered that the services have no sense of humor.

So there's another medical story for you, far enough in the past that I can look back on most of it in a humorous key. Even if I do have an upset stomach and a mild headache.

And my sincere congratulations to the Coulsons on Yandro's 20th anniversary.

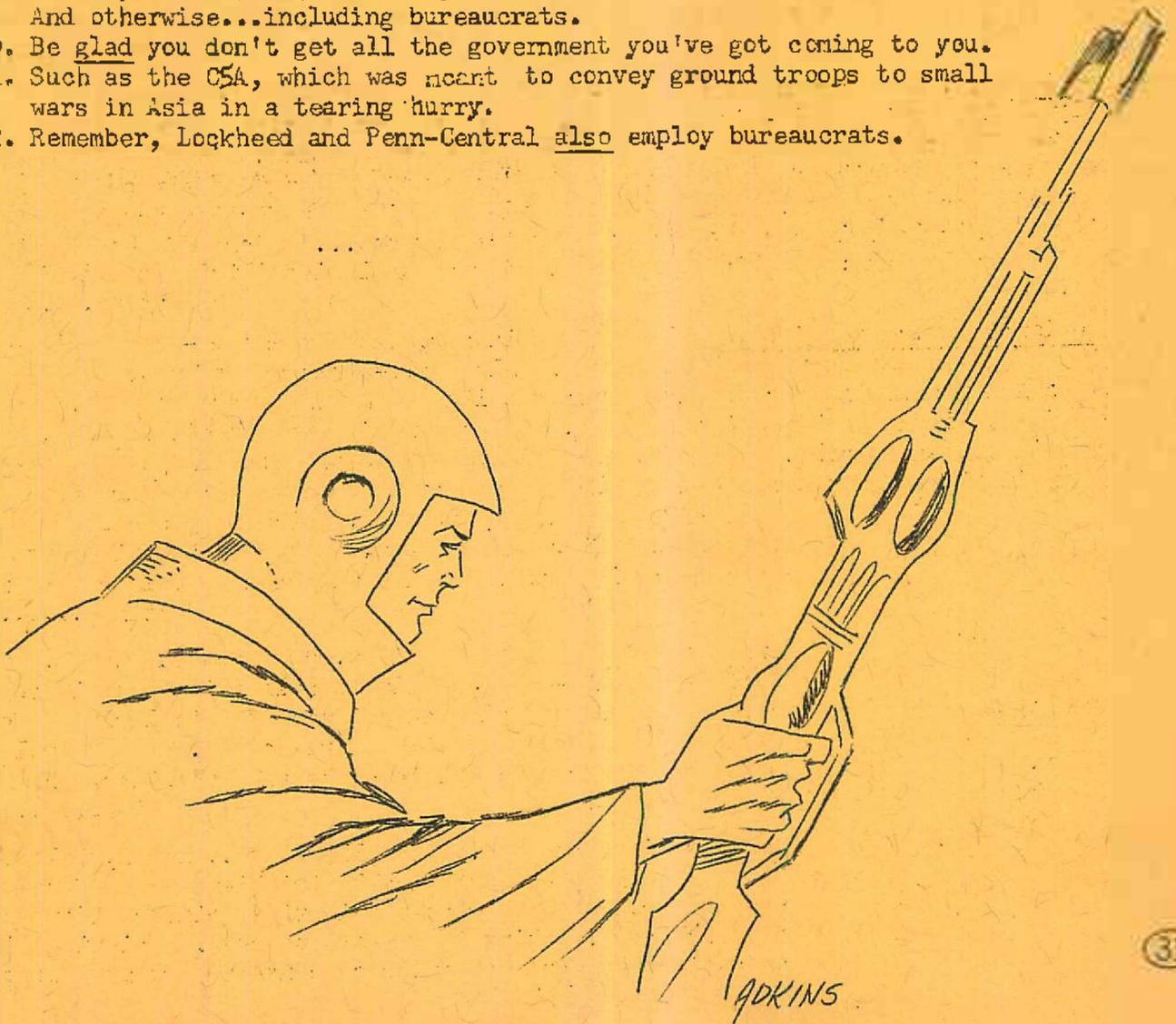


AN ODE TO BUREAUCRACY

BY alexis gilliland

The bureaucrat is middle class¹
He sits his desk and fats his ass²
And guzzles coffee³ by the cup
He needs a chart⁴ to show him up⁵
Yet his philology⁶ is regal
To run⁷ the state⁸ his duty legal
Taxpayers wise⁹ should not be sore¹⁰
At missing all ¹¹ they're paying for.¹²

1. If he was working class before, he isn't now.
2. Some fats their head, but mostly in the higher grades.
3. British bureaucrats guzzle tea.
4. The organizational chart.
5. Most directions are, of course, sideways.
6. He stands in the company of the Auto-, Demo-, Aristo-, and Pluto. To rule by a bureau, a piece of furniture, is somewhat ridiculous, however.
7. Or walk, or crawl.
8. L'etat, c'est oui (the state, it is we).
9. And otherwise...including bureaucrats.
10. Be glad you don't get all the government you've got coming to you.
11. Such as the CSA, which was meant to convey ground troops to small wars in Asia in a tearing hurry.
12. Remember, Lockheed and Penn-Central also employ bureaucrats.





K-4 Pacific (Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Avenue, S.W., Seattle, WA 98166 - 4/\$1 - bi-monthly?) Small, quarter-sized publication. Editor-written; gives the effect of a moderately long editorial. Well enough done, though I have to admit that I don't seem to share a single interest with Denton. (His include jazz, Sir Walter Scott, Vomegut, soccer, and Wagner -- I'm afraid I like Anna Russell's version of Wagner better than I do the real thing.) If you do share one or more of his interests, get on his mailing list.

Stefantasy (William M. Danner, R.D. 1, Kemmerdell PA 16374 - 12 Forints, or obtainable for some other fascinating reason) One of fandom's best humor magazines. The fake ad is, as usual, one of the best things in fandom; and Charles Korbas' article on the spiritual-assistance-for-a-price business of one Charles Redmond is, one might say, both amusing and instructive. Other material is reasonably good, and the excessive right-wing bias of a few issues ago seems to be subsiding. Rating.....7

Ecce (Roger D. Sween, The Index Company, 465 Division St., Platteville WI 53818 - 15¢) This one gives me a twinge of nostalgia; you don't hardly get poorly-dittoed issues from neofans any more. (Now we're in the era of the Fancy Expensive Crudzine, which breaks the neo's bank account as it exposes his ignorance of stf.) Actually, aside from the story, which is as terrible as most fan fiction, and the reproduction, which is what used to be typical for a first issue, this isn't so bad. Anybody who pokes holes in "Search" and Charles Eric Maine novels is obviously the right sort of person for fandom. Pick up the second issue and watch the mag improve. Rating.....5

Space & Time #16, 17 (Gordon Linzner, 83-10 118th St., Apt 4-M, Kew Gardens NY 11415 quarterly - 50¢, 5/\$2) Half-sized, offset, featuring fan fiction. Now, while I rarely read fan fiction and even more rarely give S&T a good rating, I'm glad it's around. There are people who like fan fiction and ~~write it~~ *write it with their own style* they need a fanzine to write for. (99% of the people who like fan fiction are the people who write fan fiction, in case you haven't noticed by now...) Some of the stuff in here might even be good; the Linznors seem like reasonably intelligent people in most respects. Rating.....4

Uncle Gordon's Comics and Stories #1 (Gordon Linzner, address above - quarterly - 25¢) Otherwise known as the magazine of bad puns. Also half-sized and offset. Oddly, quality goes downhill in practically a straight line from first page to last. I thoroughly enjoyed Linzner's "Uncivilized War", and Osterman's item wasn't too bad, and Schweitzer's was acceptable, and gradually we get down to the sort of jokes I used to hear on "National Barn Dance" in the 1930s (and most of them were resurrected for "Hee-Haw" a couple years ago, which is probably where the authors first heard them.) But overall, it's not too bad; there is enough amusing material to balance the rest. Rating.....5

I'VE FOUND FANDOM TO BE A CITADEL OF FREEDOM IN THOUGHT, A PLACE WHERE THE TRULY THINKING HUMAN CAN FIND A NICHE WHERE NO ONE IS JUDGED BY NEARLY ALL VALUES OR RATED BY SEX, RACE OR NATIONALITY...



Luna Monthly #40 (Ann F. Dietz, 655 Orchard Street, Oradell NJ 07649 - 35¢ @) Almost half this issue is book reviews; there are also news items, particularly of foreign stf, an interview with Andre Norton, and several pages of forthcoming stf in books and magazines. Half-sized, offset. Rating.....4

Sanders #21 (Dave Nee, 254 College Ave., Apt B, Palo Alto CA 94306 - 4/\$1 - theoretically tri/bi-weekly) Offset newsletter, for some reason this time printed sideways on 8 1/2 x 11 paper, making it awkward to read. Main item is an article by Paul Moslander on contemporary mythology

and the comics -- they do tie together, but since I'm not much interested in either one I didn't think much of the article. Rating.....3

READ S-F? WELL, I
SUPPOSE IF THERE WAS
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING
ELSE TO DO.....

Uchujin #166, 167 (Takumi Shibano, 1-14-10, O-okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo Japan - monthly) The relentlessly monthly offset Japanese fanzine, which always looks interesting; if I had unlimited time I think I'd try to learn Japanese so I could read it. One page of news coverage in English on the back.



Fantasy Advertiser V3#47 (Derek G. Skinn, 116 Western Rd., Goole, Yorkshire DN14 6RD England - 10p - published every six weeks) Primarily sale lists, plus occasional articles, letters, and a comic strip. Most of the sale items are comics because there's more money in that field, but some stf is also listed. Nicely offset.

Crossroads #13 (Al & Sally Snider, N-2 370 Central, Orange NJ 07050 - quarterly - 75¢, 2/\$1) Rather thin, half-sized offset mag, with a remarkable amount of interesting material inside. Dean Koontz rebuts David Gerrold for a couple of pages, Dave Locke makes jokes about his hearing loss, Bob Vardeman has that rarity, a funny piece of fan fiction, and the editors have fairly interesting resumes of what they've been doing since the last issue. Plus the usual letters and reviews. Rating.....7.

Aleph #1 (Jacques Soulier, 3, allée de Beziere, 69190, Saint-Fons, France - trimestrial - \$1 @) Medium-sized fanzine reproduced via copying machine. (Okay, wise guy, a mimeograph is a copying machine, but I refer to a Xerox-type copier.) Quite neat, but since there isn't much art and I don't read French, I can't review it.

Tightbeam #75 (Write Ann Chamberlain, 4411 Van Horne Ave., Los Angeles CA 90032 for further info) The N3F newsletter. Since I'm not a member, it's been a while since the last one I received. Nice reproduction; nice Franke cover. The N3F is getting exclusive in its old age. Used to be, you wrote to Janie Lamb and joined; now you get a "trial membership" first. What this will do to the image as the place neofans go to die is debatable. I note a lot of the same old names; Alma Hill, Elinor Poland, Ann Chamberlain, mixed in with the newcomers. Letters -- naturally -- mostly of interest to club members. Rating.....5

Locus #125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 131 (Charlie & Dena Brown, 3400 Ulloa St., San Francisco CA 94116 - 12/\$3 - bi-weekly) The prime information source for fandom, though you have to take some of the info with a grain of salt. No, Terry Carr, SFWA did not call "A special meeting the last day of the convention and voted to censure the con committee." Some of the SFWA members may have called a meeting, but when SFWA officers are not even informed that a meeting is taking place -- and I wasn't, along with other members not likely to go along with the proposals -- then it is by God not a SFWA meeting, whatever the holders of same try to claim. Otherwise, Terry has a very nice con report in #126. There are also book reviews, the occasional column, etc. Rating.....7

Title #8 thru 11 (Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Dr., St. Louis MO 63131 - 25¢) A lovely fanzine, full of intemperate remarks by people like me (bet you didn't know there were other people like me, did you?). on all sorts of controversial subjects. (If the subject wasn't controversial originally it is by the time the Title letter-hacks finish with it.) It has two advantages over the older mags of the type such as Kipple: a wider range of subject matter and an editor who pares down long-winded dissertations to their bones. Rating.....8

The Gamesletter #42 thru 48 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton MD 20906) A wargaming fanzine, covering everything from the Fischer-Spassky chess match to the latest brainstorm of the Avalon-Hill Company. Primarily devoted to information on what's available in the wargame field.

Son of the WSFA Journal #61 thru 75 (Don Miller, address above, 20¢ @, 12/\$2 - bi-weekly) The Washington Club newsletter. Primarily devoted to news and reviews, but with the occasional article. A bit more hectic than usual because the mimeo broke down; Miller doesn't let a little thing like that stop him from publishing, though. (I know it's been a long time since I reviewed fanzines, but nobody else put out 15 issues during that period -- and that's not counting the Gamseletters and probably 2 or 3 Diplomacy fanzines that I don't get.) What really gets me is Don's habit of putting little typed notes in each issue: "Something of yours is mentioned on page 6." I don't know what his circulation is, but can you imagine doing that for every contributor, every fanzine reviews, probably every book reviewed -- and then making sure that the copies with the notes get to the right people? I wouldn't do it for Yandro, but it does give the recipient a nice feeling.

Rating.....6

De Profundis #57, 58 (c/o LASFS, Box 3004, Santa Monica CA 90403 - 4/\$1 - monthly) The LASFS newsletter. Short, containing -- naturally -- mostly Los Angeles fan news, but including items not picked up by "national" newsletters like Locus. Good reproduction.

Rating.....4

Various Eney Fanzines (including Curse You, Red Baroni, V3#5, V3#6, V3#7, Stupefying Stories #90, 91, and the one-shot Checkup On Charlie) (Richard H. Eney, CORDS/DMAC/IRD APO San Francisco 96215) Fandom's man in Viet Nam provides more information on the success (or lack of same) of our land reform program in Viet Nam. The Stupefying Stories are more the pre-war Eney; one consists of an analysis of utopian writings, while the other describes China's sword-and-sorcery movie genre. (But even there are little current items, such as the struggle between North and South Viet Nam to control the supply of blue paint...) Highly enjoyable fanzines.

Science Fiction Times-Chronicle #101 (Meade & Penny Frierson, Box 9032, Birmingham AL - 4/25¢) (If you move to New Orleans, will you change the title to Science Fiction Times-Picayune?) You know, I first looked at this, sighed, said "another newsletter" and looked to see what possible differences between it and other newsletters I could find for my review. And by George I actually found a few... It seems a shame to review it and spoil the gimmick; it should arrive unsuspected. So I won't review it; send for a copy and see what you get. I promise amusement to any fan who has been around a while; newcomers may be only confused.

Rating.....7

Forthcoming SF Books #10, 11 (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson TX 77566 - bimonthly - \$1/4) A 6 page list of books to be published, so you know what to watch for (if, unlike me, you don't already have a hundred or so sf books stacked up waiting to be read.)

Fantasy Trader #11 (Ron Bennett, British School, B-7010 SHAPE Belgium - 30¢ @, 6/\$1.20 - USAgent RSCoulson) For collectors; sale lists, a few wantlists, and an article or two. Prices don't seem out of line; about standard. If you're after old science fiction, you need all the sources that you can find.

Smile Awhile #12 (Florence Jenkins, 13335 S. Vermont Avenue, Gardena CA 90247) I always have some trouble empathizing with this, because of the overwhelming tone of uplift and sweetness and light that naturally emanates from an Alcoholics Anonymous fanzine. Sharp repartee is not part of the program. But for those fans who profess to be interested in "real people", here is a segment of the US population rarely encountered in print.

Scottische #63 (Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey KT6 6QL United Kingdom - 3/\$1 - USAgent Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Apt 3J, Brooklyn NY 11201) One of my favorite fanzines, probably because Ethel is one of my favorite people. She writes entertainingly and to the point, and picks up contributors who do the same. And of course a letter column with each letter personally illustrated by Atom is an outstanding feature. Book reviews, a segment of Ella Parker's Apollo-launch report, Ken Cheslin on experience vs. intelligence, and the editorial, plus letters. Small; 22 pages plus cover. But good.

Rating.....8

Haverings #53 (Ethel Lindsay, see above, \$1/6) Eleven pages of probably the best fanzine reviews going. And quite a variety of mags reviewed; Ethel will put up with publications that I refuse to trade with.

Mystery Trader #5 (Ethel Lindsay, see above, 4/\$1.25) Letters, book reviews, an article, and editorial, all dealing with the detective/mystery field. Even a sale list. A small fanzine, but if you like mysteries, there isn't all that much competition for your attention, and what's there is quite well done.

Amoeboid Scunge #4 thru 7 (Seth McEvoy, Box 268, East Lansing MI 48823 & Jay Cornell, Jr., 105 E. Wilson, MSU, East Lansing MI 48823) Personalzine. Most of the personality that comes across seems to be Cornell's (but maybe that's just because I know him better). Small mag with moderately entertaining ramblings on this, that, and the other.

Wombat #3a (Ron Clarke, 78 Redgrave Rd., Normanhurst, 2076 Australia) This is the Australian Poetry Issue. Fan poetry rarely does anything for me because it all seems affected and pseudo-profound -- but then I could make that charge against most professional modern poetry as well, so maybe it's just me. This does seem to include the most pretentious stuff I've read recently.

Sunshine Spreader #1 (Dave Hulvey, Rt. 1, Box 198, Harrisonburg VA 22801) Sometimes I wish I knew Hulvey better; I can't decide if this is serious or a gigantic put-on. (From what I do know of him it could just as easily be either one.) Anyway, ostensibly Dave has now Seen The Light and determined to cease sinning and devote his energies to spreading joy throughout fandom. (If it is serious, Dave, for Christ's sake get off the stuff while you still have a personality left. And don't look for the concealed sarcasm here between parentheses, because if you're serious, I'm serious.) If it's a put-on, it's a good one.

Arts and Infinity News (Morris Scott Dollens, 4372 Coolidge Avenue, Los Angeles CA 90066) Combination of con report (one of the few you'll ever see from an artist) and personalzine. Very small offset publication. Morris is trying to make a living as a stf artist; I should think most of my readers might be interested in how it's done, and some of the frustrations thereof. For that matter, all of you get on his mailing list and then buy some of his artwork. (I've already got 4 of his paintings, and I don't really have room for any more. DeWeese has 7, but then he has a 3-story house.)

The Catholic Worker V37#8 (36 East First St., New York NY 10003) Gene Wolfe sent this along, probably in the hopes of raising my blood pressure. Well, lessee. We have Andy Chrusciel writing on the benefits of anarchy as opposed to "democratic voting"; he plays his emotions very well but makes as much sense when you get right down to it as most anarchists -- that is, none at all. There's a letter from a commune in France, mentioning fasting to help Bangla Desh-refugees; maybe it's the translation but this makes even less sense than anarchy. (Don't eat that cereal, Junior; they're starving in Bangla Desh. Has a familiar ring, somehow...) Rather more to the point is a long article on Cesar Chavez and why the lettuce workers didn't want to be represented by the Teamster's Union; seems quite logical to me, though it represents concern over "control" that undoubtedly horrifies Chrusciel. Another article on fasting; this time "for peace". I get the impression that I lack the religious mentality...I prefer solutions that work above those which ease my conscience. (Providing I have a conscience...) The editor has a long rambling editorial on non-violence (fine) and the benefits of "driving people to the land" (fine if you don't mind starving half the US populace) and resisting the government, corporations, and conglomerates (fine if they're really doing anything useful, which I rather doubt). An article on the glories of farming, marred by the overly cute phrases that clutter much ecological writing ("Two horses have come to stay with us awhile" -- and were no doubt given the guest room). Overall it reminds me somewhat of Smile Awhile, though the alcoholics appear more sincere (whether or not they actually are) because they haven't learned the tricks of over-writing.

APA-L #386 (Fred Patten, 11863 West Jefferson Blvd., Apt 1, Culver City CA 90230) For newcomers, this is a group in which each member sends in his own pages -- between 1

and 5, this time -- to the central mailer, who staples the whole mess together and sends it out to members. This is a bit smaller than the mailings I was getting a while back; only 75 pages. Material is mostly mailing comments on previous mailings, but with other work ranging from comic strips to a status report on Mariner 9. Moderately interesting, but doesn't make me eager to join.

Keep On Trekkin' #1 (Capital District, SF Fan Federation, Box 801, Albany NY 12201) One nice little parody of a combined ST-Okie plot, plus plans to revive "Star Trek" and a questionnaire. Fairly pleasant little mag, particularly for ST fans with a sense of humor. Rating.....3½

Star-Borne #3, 4 (S.T.A.R., 8043 Pinehurst, Detroit MI 48204 - 12/\$2) ST news, more plans to revive the show, and ads. I don't know if this is the major ST newsletter or just the only one that we get, but it seems to serve the purpose. Rating.....3½

Umbra #3,4 (Capital District SF Fan Federation, see above - 40¢ @) #3 has a quiz on SIRENS OF TITAN (which I failed), an interview with Elliott Shorter which is mostly useful as an introduction to fandom, and reviews. #4 has the reviews, letters, and various short articles on various subjects. This would be a particularly useful fanzine for neofans, as attempts are made to explain things which the rest of us sometimes tend to take for granted. (In some ways Yandro is particularly bad because over the years we have explained things, and I tend to forget that the explanation may have been published before some of our present readers were born.) Rating.....4

Granifalloon #16 (Linda & Ron Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park PA 19076 - irregular - 75¢ or 3/\$2) Reviewing problems. This is beautifully reproduced, has gorgeous artwork and technically good -- slick, even -- writing. But most of the writing is on subjects I'm not interested in (cooking, a comparison of movie and book versions of A CLOCKWORK ORANGE, etc.) Even Ginjer Buchanan's humorous article on Hugo envy brings to my mind (but not to the minds of most of the readership because it was never published) a much funnier story Don Thompson once told on another fan who shall remain nameless; so I can't fully appreciate the merits of Ginjer's material. All this, of course, is subjective; you may well think it's a great fanzine. I have to be content with enjoying Mike Glicksohn's troubles with US Customs and Jeff Glencannon biting the hand that publishes him. Rating.....6

Inworlds #1 (Bill Bowers, PO Box 354, Wadsworth OH 44281 - monthly - 25¢ @, 5/\$1) Small personal-type mag, for those items which Outworlds is too ~~serious~~ serious to handle. I've never really understood that type of thinking, but so be it. This is very small, but will presumably grow. Rating.....3

Armageddon #1 (Larry Carmody, 40 Shortridge Dr., Mineola NY 11501) The editor says in an afterword that he deliberately tried to produce a crudzine. He succeeded magnificently.

Richard E. Geis #3 (Richard E. Geis, PO Box 11408, Portland OR 97211 - \$1) I felt this to be a vast improvement over #1, because it contains more of Geis's comments on the world, and less of his transcribed navel-watching. He's a good enough writer if he picks an interesting subject, and a fair number of the subjects in here were quite interesting. On the other hand, while the idea of interspersing a piece of fiction with the commentary, quitting in the middle of sentences and picking it up again in a page or two, is probably designed to be intriguing, it simply led me to skip the fiction. If I have to work at reading something, it's damned well going to be something more rewarding than a fanzine. Basically, though, this is an interesting issue, and at 55 pages crammed with Geis's minuscule typing it's probably even worth your money. (Which is more than I'll say for most fanzines.) Rating.....7

DON'T CALL ME A COMIX FAN
I DON'T COLLECT COMIX!
DON'T EVEN OWN A COMIC
BOOK!!! WAS LAST WEEK
I WAS A COMIX FAN.....



Syndrome #1 (Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown PA 18951 - 50¢ - bi-monthly) At least Frank isn't publicly worrying over whether his fanzine properly presents his image any more, which is an improvement. Good enough editorial. Gary Hubbard's desperation to get laid may be hilarious to the younger generation, but it's a bit wasted on me -- I waited a fair time myself and I can't say it ever worried me in the slightest (what worried me was getting chased by girls I couldn't stand; that stopped when I got into fandom and discovered a few that I could stand -- liked, even). Alex Panshin writes about the Sufis -- since I have not the slightest interest in the Sufis, maybe I am one, according to the standards he gives. Bill Kunkel writes about rock music, Jerry Lapidus worries about where fandom is going (who the hell cares, Jerry? Relax and enjoy the trip; nobody is steering anyway). Plus letters.

FANDOM... BROTHER... WELL IT'S WELL... THE KARMA IS... ER... SEE IT'S LIKE... WELL... UH... IF IT'S YOUR BAG... ER... I GUESS IT'S... OKAY... I SUPPOSE... MAYBE...



Rating.....4

The Turning Worm #3 (John Piggott, Jesus College, Cambridge CB5 8BL U.K. - \$1) A moderately thick fanzine without, really, a whole lot in it. An article on how to produce the writer's idea of a good fanzine is as sterile as most of the breed; it seems to be mostly a vehicle for indulging in the apparently common British practice of sneering at one another's fanzines. (Other examples occur in the lettercolumn and fanzine reviews.) There is some froth evidently intended as fannish humor, a fairly good column on fan art, letters, editorial, and mediocre fanzine reviews.

Rating.....3

Maya #5 (Ian Maule, 13. Weardale Ave., Forest Hall, Newcastle on Tyne, NE12 0HX, UK - 50¢) Considerably smaller than the above mag, with somewhat more content. The fanzine reviews are of the style labeled "total honesty" by the reviewers; as far as I can see, this is a British euphemism for a tasteless and shitty put-down. (To be fair, the reviewer didn't label his own reviews that way, but he's obviously patterned them after his idol.) "Fannish" type contents; British fannishness seems more original than the US brand because I'm not inundated in it every 3 or 4 years, but technically I suppose the writing isn't quite as good as top US mags produce. Much better letter column than that in Turning Worm.

Rating.....5

Vertigo #16 (Edwin L. Murray, 2450 Chapel Hill Road, Durham NC 27707 - 35¢) Official publication of the Carolina Fan Federation. Much local news, articles on local pros Dick Moores (currently drawing "Gasoline Alley") and Manly Wade Wellman, plus a Wellman checklist. (Wellman has the distinction of having written, along with a lot of history, some of the best fantasy and undoubtedly the worst "Captain Future" novelette ever.)

Rating.....4

No #12 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis MN 55417 - 25¢ - irregular) Nice quiet type fanzine. Jean Berman's letters from England, John Berry's attempts to swim, another installment of John Boardman's shaggy-dog serial, con report, letters, and the editor enlarging on an Ellison comment and spoofing astrology. Fine reproduction except for the rather sparse artwork, which seems under-inked (probably not cut deeply enough).

Rating.....6

Papaya #6 (Jay Cornell, address above - 50¢) About evenly divided between personalzine and SAPS mailing comments. Pleasant, moderately interesting, but thin.

Nyctalops #7 (Harry O. Morris, Jr., 500 Wellesley, S.E., Albuquerque NM 87106 - \$1.25 - three times yearly) This is the Clark Ashton Smith Memorial Issue, and with nearly 100 offset pages it would seem to be worth the price. Outstanding artwork. Text is well written; since I'm not much of a Smith fan much of its impact is lost on me but it does a very good job of covering the subject. Recommended to any serious-type fantasy fans, and not to be missed by a C.A. Smith fan.

Rating.....9

Heckmeck #6 (Manfred Kage, Eduard-Spranger-Strasse No 24, D, 8000 Muenchen, 45, Germany - loc) The final issue, a thin one, looks like Xerox-produced. I'm sorry to see

it go; I never thought that their idea of "a real world fandom" was likely to succeed, but I'm interested in German fandom and Heckmeck was one source of news that I could read. (Of course, I'm undoubtedly one of the foreign fans who didn't support it very well, so I can't complain. Rating.....5

Moebius Trip #15 (Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria IL 61604 - quarterly - 50¢, 5/\$2) Nice slick 60 pager. Variety of material. Walt Liebscher rhapsodizes over a Lancer humor book and unfortunately disproves all his assertions by quoting widely from it. (Admittedly, defining "Ambergris" as "slightly darker than beige gris" is a gem, but this and half a dozen others are sandwiched among 4 pages of thoroughly dumb quotes. And the best items are no better than DeWeese comes up with in idle conversation.) Then there is a con report, followed by an absolutely hilarious Wodhams' parody of an interview with Joanna Russ. Bill Wolfenbarger regrets the old days of fantasy. Leon Taylor has discovered non-fiction; bully for him, but it hardly seems worth 2½ pages. There's an excellent Paul Walker interview with James Schmitz, loads of book and fanzine reviews, more loads of letters. Rating.....7

The Pointed Stake #6 (Ed Connor, see above - 25¢) A NAPA publication, though the content is more that of a personalzine with a couple of outside articles. --General interest; small but fairly good. Rating.....4

Awry #3 (Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive Dr. #9, Duarte CA 91010 - contrib, loc, trade, or six 8¢ stamps) This is my type of humor fanzine, with star billing going to Tina Hensel's column on stalking and cooking the wily Californio, though Bob Tucker comes in a close second. There are reviews and occasionally serious letters, but mostly the mag takes a somewhat cynical look at humanity. Rating.....7

SF Commentary #28, 29 (Bruce R. Gillespie, GPO.Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia - USAgent Charlie & Dena Brown, address above - \$4/9 surface mail) #28 is devoted mostly to the personal memoirs of Leigh Edmonds, Bill Wright, Harry Warner and the editor, with emphasis on the year 1971. Fairly interesting, though I can't say I learned very much about the writers. (I don't know if I'm unique or not, but I can learn more about an individual from what he writes on other subjects than from what he writes about himself -- and freethinking, "tell it like it is" fans are no better at self-revelment than anyone else. Warner conveys the most information and is the best item, but then I already knew Warner moderately well.) #29 gets back to the books, with Stanislaw Lem rebutting Phil Farmer and various critics doing their thing with various literary and/or non-literary works. (But the kicker is near the end of the mag; Bruce Gillespie has not only discovered non-fiction, he apparently doesn't know that it exists outside of University study courses. At least, he doesn't require 2½ pages to say so.) In spite of the fact that I rarely agree with anything in SF Commentary, I like the mag and recommend it. Rating.....7

Cowboy Angel Rides Again (Doug Carroll, 1109 Paquin St., Columbia MO 65201 - 25¢) About half this issue is devoted to a pretty good letter column. Roger Vanous writes about Kansas, which he claims is a state where strip mining improves the environment. (Having driven through the state -- as rapidly as possible -- I believe him.) Also an editorial and a piece by Jim Turner, but the letters top the issue. Fairly thin issue; good reproduction. Rating.....5

A Solitary Man (Bruce Gillespie, address above) An APA 45 mag. An introduction of Gillespie to the apa. He points out that while the major article is reprinted, APA45 members won't have read it (but I have). I hadn't, however, read Bruce's reply to it, which tells much more about Bruce ~~than I wanted to know~~ than most such endeavors.

Nathan Beastie (Freff, 977 Kains, Albany CA 94706) Personal type, and very good. He even manages an interesting con report, which is possibly the most difficult trick in fan writing. Then there is a fairly long discussion of maturity. (I thought Sturgeon handled the subject quite adequately, myself), and the usual variety. Good reproduction; very little artwork. Why is it that fan artists seem to produce fanzines with no artwork -- Warhoon being possibly the most famous example?)

Algol #19 (Andrew Porter, P.O. Box 4175, New York, NY 10017 - twice yearly - 4/\$3, 75¢) Algol aspires to be the leading US magazine of serious sciencefictional content. It doesn't have much competition, at least in the fanzine field (I haven't seen some of the university/institute journals on stf). Offset; good art and layout; articles on various aspects of stf by Marion Bradley, Ted White, George Turner, Fred Pohl, and Ray Bradbury; books reviewed by Dick Lupoff; a trip report by Bob Silverberg; and letters from everyone from Poul Anderson and Jack Wodhams to Franz Rottensteiner and me. Excellently done. Rating.....9

Maybe #22 (Irvin Koch, c/o 835 Chatt. Bk. Bg., Chattanooga TN 37402 - 50¢) Probably the sloppiest looking 22nd issue since Hyphen's; the mag always looks terrible, but while it isn't the quality of Hyphen it isn't the crudzine that it looks, either. This issue is entirely fanzine reviews and letters. The letters are probably a bit above average (though with fanzine reviews it's hard to tell) and the letters are mostly interesting. Quite a bit of information on the N3F; if anyone is interested... Walt Stumper tries a bit of exoneration for the people who cancelled Ozarkon 7 -- it doesn't work because the complaint was not that it was cancelled but that nobody including GOH Larry Niven was told about the cancellation; so Larry spent his own money on a joyride from California to St. Louis and there is no way possible to exonerate a con committee which is that crass -- but it's a good try. Rating.....3½

Dynatron #50 (Eoy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque NM 87107 - quarterly - 25¢) This is the everybody-jump-on-Doc-Smith issue. Mike Glycer has a long article looking at Smith's overall philosophy, while Alexis Gilliland has a shorter (and much funnier) article pointing out parallels between the Lensmen and the US government, mentioning little tidbits of information that the hasty reader may miss. ("It is also interesting to note that the Patrol and the Patrol-supported candidates invariably win the meticulously fair elections supervised by the Patrol.") Then there is a Fan's Christmas Carol by Bob Vardeman; a fascinating letter by Mike Montgomery, and other odds and ends, most of them well done. Rating.....7

The Passing Parade #2 (Milton F. Stevens, 9849 Tabor St #3, Los Angeles CA 90034 - 25¢) This contains one of the most entertaining con reports I've ever read. It doesn't contain much of anything else, but the shock of reading a good con report is enough to stun me into overlooking the lack. Rating.....7

Anant #3 (Penny Hansen, 1607 Lincolnwood, Urbana IL 61801 - 25¢) Very thin fanzine, mostly composed of reviews and letters. Beautiful Gaughan cover, good reproduction. I enjoyed the mag, but I suspect a lot of the enjoyment is because I like the Hansens. There just doesn't seem to be a lot there to comment on in a review. Rating.....4

Cutworlds 3.5 (Bill Bowers, address above - 75¢) If Bill doesn't change his mind again, this could give Algol some competition for the best US serious-type fanzine and the most big names included -- but it would seem equally likely to fold and be superseded by Inworlds. Top item here is Robert A. W. Lowndes on "honest language" in science fiction. Longest is Piers Anthony's article combining a review of AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS with a polemic on how hard it is for writers to get really new, original, powerful fiction into print and that's what's wrong with stf today. (I might say that of his own 5 stories mentioned, I have read 4 -- I know because I read or at least try to read everything in the publications which printed them -- and I don't even remember what 3 of them were about. I just read the fourth yesterday, so... In short, they may be new and they may be original. Period.) It's a very good article, really, but to be taken with several grains of salt. Then there is a short letter column, a critique of Silverberg, and a piece of mildly pornographic fan fiction. Rating.....7

B.C. #4 (Rallee Bothman, 1300 West Adams, Kirkwood MO 63122 & Leigh Couch, #1 Cymry Lane, Rt 2 Bx 889, Arnold MO 63010) Plastic binding? You're getting pretty fancy, there. This is mostly letters (13 out of 19 pages) but they're pretty interesting letters. (But you didn't print that classic hate letter you were showing off when

we visited you; I'm disappointed.) There are several small obits for OSFA and a con report, but this one you get for the letters. Rating.....4

Chunder! #5 (John Foyster, 6 Clowes St., South Yarra, Victoria 3141 Australia - fortnightly)- If anybody got one without a cover, I have an extra cover on mine... This one is mostly con report, which doesn't interest me nearly as much as letters -- particularly when the reporter sidetracks for a page or so to make a death-defying leap from the fact of applause of a denunciation of Scientology to the proposition that fans are insecure. (By itself, it's a sort of fascinating Eliza-across-the-ice bit, leaping from each new assertion before it sinks without trace, but it's a trifle jarring in the middle of a con report.) I've enjoyed other Foyster fanzines, but not this one.

Teaching SF (Jack Williamson, Box 761, Portales NM 88130 - \$1) This is primarily for the teacher, but since we have a few of those on our mailing list... It includes an introduction, a sample syllabus (trying saying that three times rapidly with your teeth out -- and then get a mop), reprint of a Publisher's Weekly article on the subject, a list of college and high school courses including name of course, name of instructor, type of course and as much other information as is available, and a list of the most popular titles used in course "required reading" lists. (Top two books being A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ and STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, interestingly enough.) Plus other odds and ends of information such as the name of a textbook for high school teachers -- I had heard of the textbook in question only shortly before, when one of the teachers wrote in to say his textbook mentioned Yandro and would I send him a complementary copy? I corrected his English and sent the requested copy, and I think I'll buy the textbook to see what the hell is going on.

Carandaith #7 (Alpajpuri, Box 26, Vashon, WA 98640 - \$1) I'm beginning to wonder about fans who send me the last issue of their fanzine (after having sent me no others). Is one of my reviews supposed to be equivalent to Last Rites? This has a huge letter column, but then it's a pretty huge fanzine. There's a transcription of a good George Barr speech on artwork, a fascinating portfolio by one David Policansky, another Arnie Katz article on fandom, and several pages of reprinted newspaper clippings (I think the ones I get are funnier but I'm too cheap to reproduce them as Alp has.) Lots of lovely artwork. Letters are about half the issue (I didn't count each page to make sure), and quite interesting -- better than anything else in the issue except the Barr item. Rating.....6

Kwalhioqua #1, 2, 3 (Ed Cagle, Route #1, Leon KS 67071) Have to admire his persistence; 3 issues with not a thing sent in return for the first two. (Which leaves me with evil thoughts of remaining silent and seeing how long it will last, but I suppose that would be untrue to the spirit of fandom and Rick Sneary would never speak to me again.) #1 is the introductory issue; instead of publishing the usual crappy first issue to show people he exists, Ed has taken a more sensible course (borrowed from the apas?), introduced his fanzine "staff", and said "here we are!", plus a few comments and illustrative examples of the material he would like to receive. In #2, the material begins to arrive. Mostly humorous, which I approve of. Some of it my type of humor; most of it not. Lettercolumn mostly in response to personal letters from Cagle, rather than comments on his fanzine, but reasonably interesting. Third issue has still more material and loads of letters, most of them good. (Material varies; anyone who starts an article with "It is difficult to find a place to swim in the surf in Kansas" is trying way too hard for a yuk and should relax a little.) Steady improvement; it's a bit hard to rate all 3 issues, so let's have the rating just stand for #3. Rating.....4

Prehensile #6 (Mike Glyer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar CA 91342 - bimonthly - 35¢, 3/\$1) Another fairly fat one, with lots of excellent Skull illustrations and other artwork ranging from good to awful. There is also the conclusion of Perry Chapdelaine's article on telepathy, the editor worrying over a possible split between fans and pros in the stf field -- if it comes it will be due to the influx of writers from college writing courses who don't know about fandom or consider themselves superior to "mere fans" rather than from isolated Worldcon incidents. Very small lettercolumn; you get this one for the reviews. Rating.....5



GRUMBLINGS.

John Trimble, 696 S. Bronson Ave., Los Angeles CA 90005

Yandro 218! arrived today, and Tommy Cobb's letter kicked off some thoughts in me own li'l head; I was a Howard Pease fan during my early teens, and probably read every Todd Moran book he did at least twice, including the one collection of short stories.

I was always fascinated by sea stories (and still am), which is amazing when you consider that I get sea-sick looking at a jiggling glass of water. Well, not quite; if I'm occupied and doing something, the motion doesn't seem to bother me...but if all I've got to do is watch the horizon go up and down... Also, I've never learned to swim beyond puppy-paddling.

My favorites in science fiction were the space-sea-story types; got hooked on SPACE CADET, R.S.GALILEO, and that sort of thing, and was led from general fiction into stf and fantasy. Even today, I'll choose a voyaging/sea-story type of science fiction story to read before almost any other kind.

Yo, ho, ho, and Like That.

I hope that you've sent a copy of this issue of Yan to George Barr (1569 Christopher St., San Jose, CA 95122). George hasn't gotten any cover assignments since GREEN PHOENIX, and he's more than a little discouraged by that; Swann's words might cheer him up. What would really cheer him, of course, would be more assignments from DAW and/or Ballantine. I would agree with Swann that George does really read a book before illustrating it, as I've observed him doing it; once in a while that's been a drawback, as George has been hard-pressed in a couple of cases to find something in a book that would illustrate well on the cover, and perhaps would have done better in those cases by doing an impression of the book, rather than illustrating something from it. Usually, however, it works well, and especially with fantasies such as Swann writes. Now, if we can just convince the art editors of all this...

Jumping around again...thanks for the mentions you gave Filmcon 1 in Yan; I don't recall anyone mentioned Yandro when they joined, but that's not really indicative, as people generally don't mention where they heard about something when joining/ordering, we've found. The con was a great success as far as the attendees were concerned (we got a goodly number of "thank you" notes, would you believe), and about broke even financially. We're crazy enough to figure on doing it again in November of this year. Or maybe we'll gafiate, and take up ice-plant raising.

/I've never been to sea so I don't know about seasickness, but I do enjoy reading about it. I read Albert Richard Wetjen's "The Extra Hand" in the old SEP and then spent 20 years or so looking for a copy for myself. Nan Braude finally xeroxed it for me and sent it along with a query as to what was so wonderful about that story? Nothing, probably, except it was the quintessence of sea stories. Ever encounter Colin Glencannon? I have one novel -- MR. GLENCANNON IGNORES THE WAR -- and have been looking and not finding a short story collection or two. They'll turn up, one of these days. RSZ/

Don Wollheim

The DAW edition of BLUE FACE/CHAPAYECK is taken from the Doubleday edition exactly as Doubleday published it -- and insulin appears in their text. Hence any copy



editing tampering can be blamed on Doubleday, not on DAW. I take exception to your remark that I seem to get such copy-editors and suggest you research a few other companies' products before you make any specific charge. Copy-editors are often free-lancers who work for many publishers; you just don't know what you are talking about.

Well, we didn't say you were the only editor devoted to shoddy copy-editors; didn't even mean to imply it. (A lot of authors used to bitch about the editing at Ace -- don't think I've heard any real complaints about DAW on that score.) RSC/

Pat Goltz, 1440 Byron Ave., Columbus OH 43227

Thank you very much for printing my letter.

I have here a copy of the letter you sent to me in reply, when you told me you were planning to print my letter. I quote: "I know of no proposal to make abortion mandatory." My comment is twofold. The first part is an enclosed xeroxed newspaper article. The second is thuswise: I have well-documented evidence (personal testimony) that in California a lot of Chicanas are being told by social workers that if they do not abort the child they are carrying, their welfare payments will stop. I am trying to get something in writing on that now so that I can send xeroxed copies of that in the future. It doesn't matter if abortion is officially mandatory or not as long as this sort of thing is going on. And it is becoming increasingly common. I know of other types of coercion that are going on, too, but do not cite them because they are not so well documented. It is very difficult to document that sort of thing, but it doesn't make a difference to the women who are victims of coercion whether I can document it or not.

I'm opposed to coercion on either side; making abortion mandatory is no better than keeping it illegal. (But no worse, either; and certainly neither proposal is or would be applied fairly.) RSC Freedom ought to mean choice, and in this country it ought to be a choice unclouded by any hint of religious argument, as promised by our Constitution. At present, both pro and con abortion forces are tangled in that snare, from my point of view. (The more fire-breathing militants who see all men as enemies and childbearing as a sentence of death are just as fanatic as anti-abortionists who would prefer to see a woman die of toxemia rather than perform an abortion.) Come let us reason together with a little less emotion and a little more give and take. JNC/

Nick Shears, 52 Garden Way, Northcliff 4, Johannesburg, South Africa

A trufannish column by Dave Locke that sounds very like Arnie Katz talking about his singing duplicators. But humming typewriters sound much more fun. I'm using an old Smith-Corona "Eighty-Eight" Secretarial that has weird and disgusting habits. I wouldn't offend you readers' ears with them -- the mildest is the lewd shadow-pattern it throws on my ceiling at night. Goshwow!

Restrictive gun laws? Not in Sarf Efrica, that's for sure! Most white families have at least one gun in the house, many have more. The ostensible reason is for pro-

tection, but that's the proverbial bullshit. Joys used to have one of the lightest crime rates in the world, and that isn't even true any longer. A lot used to be raped on how unsafe the streets are at night and so on -- well, I and my friends do a hell of a lot of night-walking, and none of us have ever had any trouble, alone or in a group. And that includes in the unlit city sections. According to friends in the UK, in many places there it is now impossible to walk out at night without a strong chance of being mugged. Hmmm.

But this mass owning of guns can cause trouble. One has to go to a lot of it to hide one's firearms in case of burglary etc., resulting in trouble when you need to use them. (Ever tried finding an automatic that's been hidden up the chimney?) Or the example of an ex-business colleague of my father's -- out on a highway once, he disliked the way someone overtook him at speed and forced him onto the sand verge for a few seconds. He considered this Dangerous Driving -- so he took out a little snub-nose that he kept in a shoulder holster (Proverbial Bullshit -- kept it there to protect himself from attack by boys in the workshop!), and started shooting at the Dangerous Driver's tires. Thank God he missed.

But I guess that sort of mentality is by no means confined to SA.

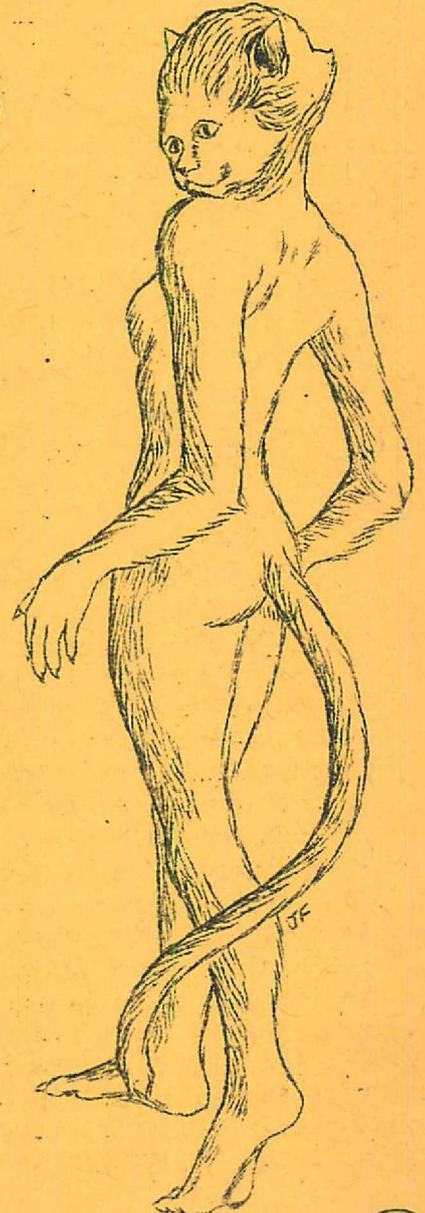
Y'know, it's weird. I presume that you pub Yandro because it's the sort of zine you enjoy reading, and therefore enjoy writing. And I presume your zine reviews are based on the same enjoyment criteria. I disagree on half your opinions and ratings, yet I thoroly enjoy Yandro. Now explain that.

/I have charm, that's how I explain that. (Tell Arnie Katz I have charm and see what he answers.) Over here, they don't shoot at the Dangerous Driver's tires; they take out after him and run the bastard off the road and serve him right. (I am not kidding; one of these little set-tos ended up in our front yard one icy night. Since then we've moved off the highway.) RSC/

Alexander Yudenitsch, Caixa Postal 9613, 01200 Sao Paulo, S.B., Brazil

You know that difficulty common to most stf stories, of unobtrusively filling in the background details without being obvious, since people don't normally talk about common, everyday background, taking them for granted? I guess my problem with you is the same: you do mention personal happenings in Yandro, but there is always a background of facts that is taken to be common knowledge among your readers. I prefer to have it spelled out, as a late-comer to the party who doesn't know anything but his host's name. I guess here there is more freedom about your social life: you become involved with those people you like, and it's quite difficult to drum up some sort of "community life". I quite agree with you, there.

/One of the problems of newcomers to a fanzine that's been going for 20 years. Over the years, everything has been pretty much explained, so my problem is whether to bore the old-timers with repetition or confuse the newcomer. I suppose I do a little of both. (I would tell you that I'll answer any questions in a letter, except in your



case I don't seem to be doing too well, do I? RSC/

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

I have one comment on 218 overall. Practically ever since I began reading your zine my favorite portion has been the lettercol (as it is in almost every other fmz) and I've occasionally wished for a Yandro that was composed of nothing but letters. So now my dream comes true, and you know what? I missed those columns, articles, and fanzine reviews! Guess it goes to show that it's impossible to please this cantankerous femme-fan fully no matter what you do. But thanks indeed for allowing me one episode of wish fulfillment. Now I'll know better.

Juanita's adventures with the miscreant mimeo refresh my now-and-then wavering vow never to get involved with all that mess. If she can have such horrid experiences with devices she is so familiar with, fumble-fingered me had better stay clear! I will continue to go downstairs and dust off that dented-drummed, lumpy-rollered wreck in periodic reaffirmation of my solemn promise. Counting my blessings all the while. Thanks, Juanita, I needed that.

If Frank Magee displayed such blatant anti-Space Program sentiments in his coverage of the Moon shot, I'm even more happy that I missed TV coverage. He's dropped even further in my estimation. Let's start a letter-campaign. Bring Hugh Downs Back! No wonder that Wally stuck with ABC this time around. He didn't say nor did I ask why NBC wasn't watched for its coverage, as it usually is. I get more irritated about Magee's short-sightedness the more I think about it.

I agree with you, Bruce -- Mickey Mouse Club recollections can't be classified as nostalgia. Now as for "Let's Pretend" or "The Cinnamon Bear", they're another story altogether. That's nostalgia!

Imagine you've heard by now (if I neglected to mention it) that that Maryland girl successfully appealed the court decision that would have compelled her to have an abortion despite her own wishes. I'm not an advocate of unwed pregnancy, especially for sixteen-year olds, but classifying the abortion as just another "medical procedure" has its inherent dangers, Supreme Court decision or no...

Well, I may finally join you in your admiration of Swann. After reading the first of five books that Martha loaned me, DAY OF THE MINOTAUR, I clenched my teeth and read THE WEIRWOODS and loved it! Swann seemed to have problems more with style than anything else. Where MINOTAUR rang falsely (to me at least) in tone, WEIRWOODS rarely slipped at all. The feeling that this was really happening...and what else would you call the suspension of disbelief?...built up from the first page and never faded, whereas the first book had the flavor of White's THE SWORD IN THE STONE minus the humor. Just began MOONDUST this morning and am reading it with relish. FOREST OF FOREVER and GOAT WITHOUT HORNS to go. (The latter I read in the F&SF version and I will read it taking your review of it in mind.)

Having just gone through a mail-drought I can sympathize with Aljo's sense of loss when his fan-mail slackened. In ten days I received two letters and one post card. By the fifth day gloom and despair built up like the smog over Gary, Indiana. By day ten I was beginning to feel that fafia was being forced upon me. Had no idea that my feelings were so tied into fandom. A dependence had evidently crept in these past two years so insidiously that I wasn't aware of it. That is not a healthy situation, and I don't like it at all. But going out a re-establishing contact with the so-called Real World has even less appeal. Has anyone written a treatise on handling fanac addiction? I think I've got a full-blown case.

It's odd, but where you sometimes feel that you have "too many friends in fandom and not enough time to yourself" I feel that I have more time to myself because of fandom than in prior years. Perhaps it's because the various discussions going around in fanzines and letters give me the excuse to just sit and think about things, where before I'd feel terribly guilty about not being "up and doing". Now I can sit down, set the typer in front of me, and while staring into space always have the excuse that "I'm writing a letter" to fall back on.

Mary Schaub's possum story reminds me of our first winter in this house. There was an odd thumping sound coming from the heating system that baffled us for months. It

never remained constant (which puzzled me when we found its cause) and at times was quite nerve-wracking. Especially when trying to get to sleep on one of those less-than-tired nights when every little sound is magnified. Wally's brother-in-law found the source of our thump when he opened up the furnace to check out our blower fan. A large rat had crawled in, probably when the house was being built, as we've seen mice here but seldom rats, died and mummified. The fan blade was striking it in a most morbid fashion. I shudder whenever I recall that noise. It's gained some rather gruesome connotations now.

I tend to agree with the Anti-Vivisection Society's disapproval of allowing high school students such free license in animal experimentation, but draw the line at banning any experiment that causes pain in an animal. There are simply matters which have to be studied and whether they are painful or not is irrelevant. I believe that any studies which use animals should be done in such a manner as to cause as little pain as possible, none at all being the goal; but to prevent needed research in order to prevent animal suffering will lead to more human suffering. I am first and foremost a Human Chauvinist and practical enough to feel that this world is not always sweetness and light nor basically Just. Like yourself, I'd rather it be a mouse or monkey, rabbit or rat than a person, particularly myself. If the day comes that anti-vivisectionists choose to forego medical life-saving techniques that have been developed through animal experimentation, or offer themselves as substitute research material, I'll change my views of them as over-emotional meddlers.

Though in their defense I also must add that, as with many other extreme-view groups, if they weren't around, the conditions they deplore would be even worse than they are.

Balass's suggestions for using computers neglects one important point. A computer needs a program, and information for that program is drawn from real studies. If you don't know how an animal, or person, or whatever, will react to a given event, you cannot extrapolate from that point. Computers don't manufacture their data, they have to be fed facts in order to draw conclusions. They are tools, not gods. Nor would I particularly care to live in a society where the ill are forced to be experimental subjects, which would have to be the case if enough data were obtained from studying alcoholism by using alcoholics. Shall we determine the proper dose of insulin by overdosing diabetics? Animals are used to spare people not only from disease but the indignity of being used as objects of study. Not enough people are willing to volunteer to suffer, and it's a blunt truth that animals have little say in the matter.

I can see the point in advocating at-home deliveries, but I also agree with Juanita's defense of hospitals in case of emergency. If only hospitals could be set up so that a person could deliver in a comfortable, humanized setting as long as things are proceeding normally. Instead every laboring woman is given the full, sterile, unfeeling surgical treatment no matter how simple and uncomplicated the birth. For my first two births I may as well have stayed at home for all the help I received or needed. For the third, a breech-birth, I was very grateful for being in a hospital. A middle course, or compromise, could be achieved by allowing a woman to go to the hospital when birth is imminent, being assigned a labor room and receiving a thorough initial check-up and subsequent progress checks; and letting her deliver the baby naturally where she is if matters are proceeding normally, as is the usual case. Only when complications occur does she need to be strapped-up, strapped down, drugged to the gills and shoved into those obscene stirrups for the convenience of the obstetrician (gads! how I hated those things!). The labor rooms are close enough to handle any emergencies like uncontrolled hemorrhage or placenta previa and the help is there if needed, but unobtrusive if it isn't. In that case it would be like insurance and definitely comforting!

Liz Fishman, please don't fade away! Sit still and get writing! Your admirers are getting disheartened, and these snippets that appear in "Grumbings" do nothing more than prolong the agony.

Unlike Chris Walker I wouldn't consider my glasses as an "organ", but I'd accept "limb" or "appendage". I'm definitely crippled without them.

I can see your point in writing letters to only those legislators who agree with you, but doesn't that add fuel to those statements given out by congressional figures which say "Our mail is running 9-to-10 in favor of my position" and it's being put out by the people who are against what you endorse? I'd say that a little of both would be

in order: writing to those you agree with and those with whom you disagree. At least it may alter the lop-sided figures they publicize.

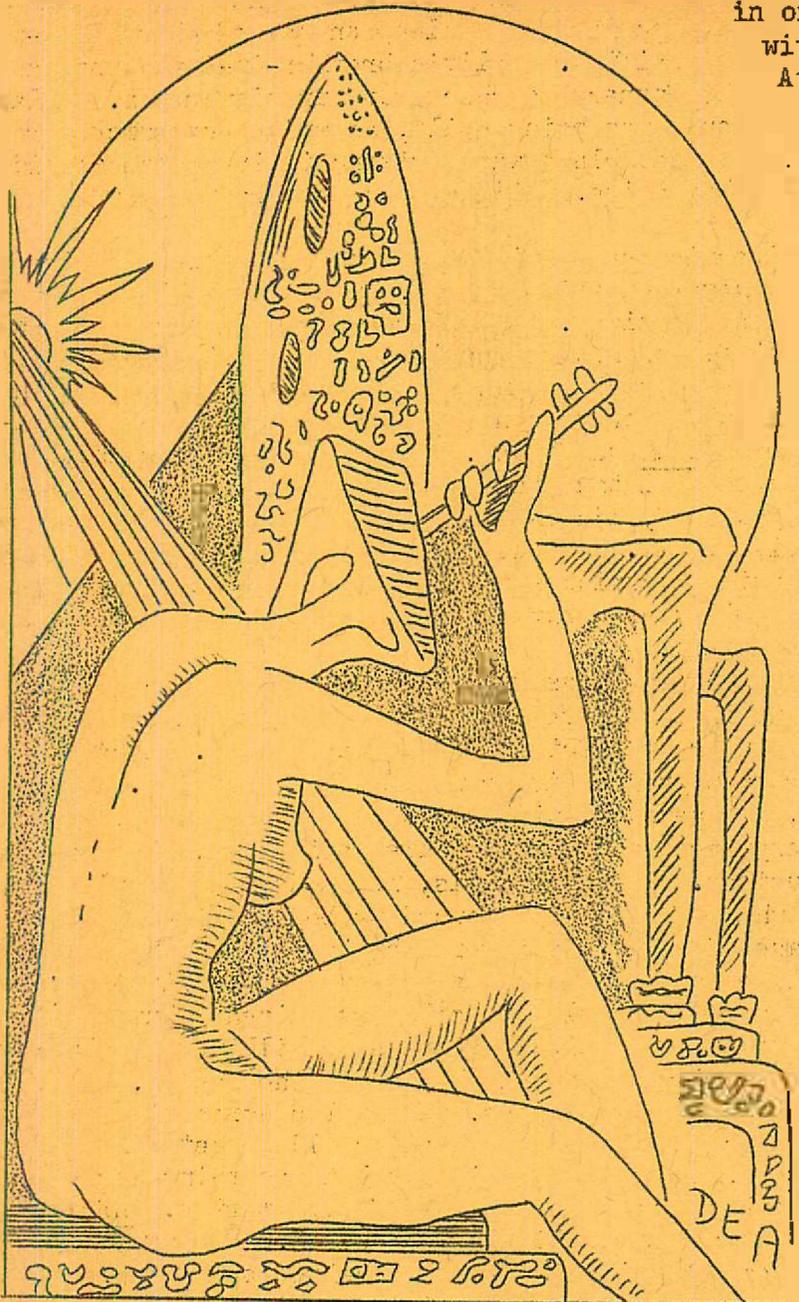
/Being a total cynic, I don't believe the statistics they publish anyway. RSC/

Joe L. Hensley

This has been my month for repairs. Last week I went to the optometrist and now I have two sets of glasses. One set I wear most of the time -- for driving, walking. The other set I wear when I'm reading or doing close work. Other people manage this with bi-focals, but my way is better. Pardon me while I change my glasses. I see I'm now wearing the wrong pair. Then last week I went for my medical checkup and tomorrow or the next day (I'll have to wait until my secretary tells me) I'm due at the dentist's office.

Chris Walker now lives two blocks south of where I lived when I was groin' hup in beautiful Bloomers, Indiana, a neighborhood I thought I left shoody, Chris.

Virginia sold my POISON SUMMER to Doubleday. I suppose it will be out about a year from now if things go as they have in the past. PS is not in the Robak series, but it's political suspense again.



/My dental work is about over; now I have to see somebody about a new pair of glasses. Oddly, while I change doctors and dentists whenever we move, I've been going to the same oculist (we didn't have ophthalmologists when I was a kid) since I was 9 years old -- trouble is, I think he's probably retired to devote his life to quail hunting by this time. RSC // Glad to hear about the suspense sale. I haven't been doing very well in the gothic department recently, myself. Virginia kindly implies it's because the last (unsold) one I wrote was too fresh and original -- I think it's just because various editors are getting sick of all those cobwebs. JWC/

Laurine White, 5408 Leader Ave., Sacramento CA 95841

Because of Ruth Berman's letter, yesterday I bought LIFE AND TIMES OF HORATIO HORN-BLOWER. I think I'll enjoy it.

Fanzine on reviews on the bacover arc preferable to B.E.F.s.

The best illos last issue were the fairy on page 23 and the belly dancer on page 2.

Cute article on hopping Martian priests.

P.S. I'd barely started to read Yandro 217 when the last three pages fell off.

/Anyone else having disintegration problems? We try to get them stapled better than that. RSC // Bjo's big eyed fey creature was a lovely, wispy thing -- brown Pen-tell on newsprint, I think -- that I knew I couldn't render by hand. I'd hoped electrostencilling would do more justice to it, but it was almost fairy gold that crumbled at the touch of the scanner. Even so, I rather liked the finished effect. JWC/

Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline St., South Bend IN 46614

You've had tooth troubles and are now entering Tooth Fandom, eh? Well, at least my teeth are all with me and alive and well. But I had menopause sneak up on me and pounce gleefully (me and Edith Bunker). I guess I'm better off enduring this estrogen imbalance than you are with yanking and pulling and then adjusting to new choppers. I envy you not. Am on estrogen, of course, but it's still not balanced properly.

Anyway, I spent winter and spring trying my best to keep medics from doing a D&C or a hysterectomy on me, little knowing what lay ahead of me in May. May came and so did my first gall bladder attack. These are not nice. Avoid them.

Last July they finally found surgery time and a private room and we had a coming out party. While in there looking and everything and pawing everything they found my appendix was ready to pop so that came out too. They never tell you about the post-operative horrors. The 3rd week (the 2nd week you are home) EVERYTHING in the stomach HURTS, really hurts. Bruised muscles and organs from all that pawing about. This can be scary when you are not told what to expect.

Sexual intercourse (after 6th week) leaves a femme in extreme pain from the navel down for 10 glorious days, during which one begins to consider frigidity as a way of life.

I'd truly like to write a pamphlet for post-op patients so they'd know what to expect.

There were some good sides. Enemas are no longer used in South Bend hospitals, hooray. They figure if it went in one end it will eventually come out the other. That was good news. Give me a horse-whipping to an enema anytime. You can now come to in the recovery room NOT vomiting violently. This croggled me totally; I could have wept with joy.

Like you, they had me hooked up to that goddamn Benneth Breathing Machine, four



ALAN SCOTT

times a day for ten minutes each and I hated every moment of it. Am still hyperventilating from that horror. They slap the mouthpiece in your mouth and then the guy goes away somewhere to chat with the nurses or have a smoke or play with himself and there you are, TRAPPED. Gave me a feeling of claustrophobia that was a beaut.

But bestest is the new surgical technique of NOT cutting any stomach muscles. They s-p-r-e-a-d-them apart and go in between. Hence after you have no sewn-up muscles that leave on bent half-over hobbling about even 6 months later. They say this is now the technique for lower abdominal operations as well, and it's really a marvelous improvement. Sure your muscles hurt like blazes for some time, but it's far better than stitched up muscles, baby.

Then, because everything happens in threes, in September they decided I have hypoglycemia, which is the opposite of your diabetes, low blood sugar. No medication for My Complaint. Just a diet of proteins and more proteins and an avoidance of things sugary. But in two short days it's cleared up and gone.

I would bet anything that a good 75% of people now under psychiatric care are NOT bananas at all but have hypoglycemia. Its symptoms can be scary. You are sure you are going batty. Anxiety, fright, fear, emotional instability, even visual hallucinations (my Merck Manual tells me; visual trouble I happily did not suffer). You are sure you are cracking up, and it's so easily remedied.

Like I said, this year I really didn't need.

Hey, sometime in Yandro tell us how old Bruce is now, huh? Last time I saw him he was about knee high and scooting about our garage. Now I see Juanita's illos of him towering above her!

As you can see this HAS been a weird year for me, because now I am suffering from an uncontrollable need to write locs. Wonder what that's listed under in my Manual or medical dictionary?

You-all see GARGOYLES last Tuesday night on CBS-TV? Kuj wasn't too happy about the head gargoyle's wing-span, especially when he flew off carrying his mate and flew along up there at a snail's pace. I am trusting that the twosome will be found by Roy Tackett and signed up for New Mexico fandom.

Coulsons, you left us all hanging in mid-air without a follow-up, as to the tape-player you bought to use while driving to and from the Con. We too went through the same deal in April. Mine is an Ampex Micro 28; like you we opted for the cheaper batteries. Mine has AM and FM radio and I made my tapes directly from WCWO, Ft. Wayne and good old ('53 minutes of rock-music per hour') WLS, Chicago. Plus a few commercial tapes by Carol King and Lou Rawls, Ray Stevens, and Neil Diamond. So okay, Gene winced, but what the hell.

I found it just didn't work in a moving Lincoln Continental. Music and singing came out distorted and disjointed, alas. But twas nice enough in motel rooms. So wha happen when you tried yours in a moving car?

I too, like Dave Locke, dig George Carlin. Can well recall the first time I saw him on tv. He was doing Al Sleet, the hippy-dippy weatherman routine: "and the weather report for tonight is...Dark."

Criswell has always convulsed me no end. Reg forgot one little honey he always pulls when I've caught him on Carson or wherever. He will sit there silver hair gleaming and saying "I PREDICT -- a gigantic migration of fruit-flies will infest East Orange, New Jersey!!!!" He was always announcing some terrible plague of bugs, critters, or birds would be hitting some town and devastating it no end. Sorry I never had the chance to catch him on his own shows. Love that "Death, the Proud Brother" term.

GAME OF THE NAME was very, very intriguing. Had always wondered how come whatsis-name The Unready was Unready.

Am finally getting hip in my old age. I have a purse-sized spiral notebook wherein I jot down various books and authors gleaned from Buck's "Golden Minutes". Has helped mightily. We now have a Walden's paperback store over in a shopping mall next to Elkhart. Told Kuj my Christmas present would be for him to drive me over there and let me run amok buying merrily, merrily, merrily.

I have yet to find anything by Joan Aiken, but I keep trying. Another in gothic horror I find exceptionally good is Barbara Michaels. Her ANNIE COME HOME was made

into an ABC Tuesday Movie of the Week under a different name last year. Starred Barbara Stanwyck and Richard Egan and was transposed quite well to the small screen. Had one yummy part in the book that I relished; they are trying to exorcise a ghost from this pre-Revolutionary house; they call in a Roman Catholic priest, and literally all bloody hell breaks loose. Why? Because the ghost happens to be (like me) a Scottish Presbyterian. The ghost was furious!

Juanita, there is yet another gal who graduated from Ball State who writes gothics. I can't give you her name because I gave the copy of the book to one of my nurses. But the book's name was THE STONE CARNATION, and it was excellent.

Hey, Buck, this Silver Lake y'all went to, that the one up by Muskegon, Michigan? We stayed there one weekend last month, a supposed fishing trip; it rained all weekend and we spent it in bed in that Holiday Inn there on the bay. To my surprise we found that its bar-lounge is 99% gay. Fancy a gay bar in that locale? Kept waiting for one of the guys at the next table to come over and ask Gene for a dance. Gene said he wouldn't do it unless the man would let him lead, though. Couldn't have been more than five women in the place, which was packed. Couples kept coming in hand in hand, totally engrossed in one another. Most of 'em were nicely dressed younger men. Am used to this if drinking-out at Cape Cod; but Muskegon? Well, whatever's fair.

Yeah, I did find a copy of THE CURSE OF THE CONCULENS. I especially like the heroine's over-productive mother. And of course, that poor banshee.

Letters in Yan #216. Good grief! You mean in England when you order a coke or soft drink it comes WARM? Yech!

Oh, before I forget. I have found a used-book dealer that gives one incredibly prompt delivery and reasonable prices. Ran across his advert in Saturday Review. It is: EDITIONS, Boiceville, NY 12412. Tons of lists for free. Found a good eight Gideon of Scotland Yardbooks I had never heard of before. I have a passionate thing for Gideon. I seem to be hung-up on police procedure type books, liking as I do those Swedish ones by Maj Sjowall and Per Wahloo. They are husband and wife, but don't ask me which one is the man and which the woman with first names like those. Am also mighty fond of Del Shannon's LAPD books. Due to the 'hero' having a slew of cats at home as well as kids. Barbara Michaels dotes on cats in her books as well.

In her CRYING CHILD she even describes and explains what a Maine Coon Cat is. Bill Donaho's late beloved Habakkuk was obviously a Maine coon cat. They are like giant pussy cats of most any color, fur length or marking.

Friend of mine in Louisville (who buys hardcovers) has been telling me about some exceptionally fine mystery novels. I don't imagine they are out yet in paperback, but they should be soon, so keep an eye out for the following: BONE CRACK by Richard Frances, BROOD OF EAGLES, and A PORTION FOR FOXES, both by Richard Martin Stern,

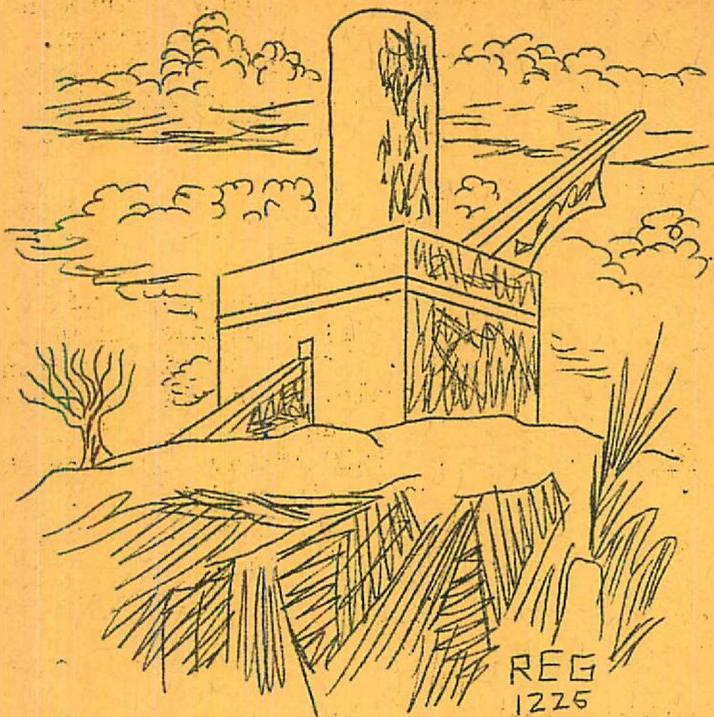
Has Juanita been watching MAUDE on tv? Especially the recent two-parter on Maude's pregnancy? Some stations refused to carry that, or showed it after 10 on a later night. Happily our station did. We have cable-tv now, so I have three CBS outlets. I adore husband Walter, especially that "snip-snip-snip" vasectomy conversation he had with neighboring doctor.

Another gobbies on this fall's tv is THE WALTONS. Do you enjoy that one too? I find myself growing fonder and fonder of the entire cast. Casting is superb (in my eyes Will Geer can do no wrong, anyway), and the kids in it are not the usual sickening professional IA tot s of television sitcoms. The olde country store they to brings back memories for me, and I would imagine for Buck too, no? And I like the Father who has not joined the Baptist (?) church.

Onward, now, to Yandro #217. I liked that cover, though I agree with whoever it was -- tis better if you have the issue number on the cover. As you know, I do like con reports, so was happy that you gave us some inkling of what went on. Especially relished your evening with Sally Rand. Have seen her often on tv and she looks remarkably good for her age. So the Trekkies have brought belly dancing into fandom? Beats the hell out of beanies with propellers.

Thank your stars you drove across the Mohave during clouds/and/or rain. We did that stretch in the afternoon with the setting sun BLASTING in our faces by the end of the trip, in July. Clouds and rain is better, believe me.

Would that I could have seen Buck striding to the podium snapping riding crop across



his hand. I can picture it; Buck standing there brandishing his crop, taking long, long look all around the room, with a snarl on his lips. Lovely! The perfect image!

Dave Locke's column was most interesting. I personally would break for the nearest door if faced with one of those seminars. To me such is dangerous and quite likely to harm and hurt more than to help. I have my doubts about anyone willing to undergo such. And Dave is quite right about group therapy, etc., and the personnel manager looking for problems creating problems.

Those three broken ribs of yours, Buck, I didn't realize coughing could do same. Wonder how hard one has to cough to do that? My husband should have broken ALL ribs by now if you can get them that way. Curing same with Baum Ben Gay reminds me of my late step mother, who once 'cured' a broken toe

by splashing Bactine on it. She didn't realize it was broken but the thing healed perfectly!

Enjoyed Mike Glycer's article on speaking to a Pro. We've all been through that route at one time or another. I know I was expecting them to be aloof, standoffish, remote, and etc. Naturally, I was all wrong. I well recall going up and introducing myself (and Ethel Lindsay) to Avram Davidson; next thing I knew Avram and my husband had scooted to the bar, muttering something about it being Time For Martinis. So Ethel and I went on our way (meeting Big Bill Donaho for the first time) whilst Gene sits in bar with likes of Avram and Bob Bloch. Gene didn't know who all these guys were but they got along splendidly. And I never did get to meet Bob Bloch. Anytime I'm not around Gene runs into and gets to know folk like Phyllis Diller and Rog Miller, etc., then comes home and tells me about it. Grrr. Well, in summer of '71 I did get to meet Robert Stack. Had Bob in my hotel room's john twice getting him cans of Coors beer; no other skeetwife can make that statement. T'was mighty inspiring to meet a genuine Hollywood and tv leading man who was really six foot one and, at age 52, walked and moved like an 18 year old, and who also obviously had a brain, charm, and a fine sense of humor. A Grim Elliott Ness he is not, in Real Life.

I always got to meet comedians and singers (Hope and Crosby) or jazz/swing musicians (Bunny Berrigan). This was my first real romantic type leading man and I expected him to be all of five foot four and to look decadent. Wasn't so in the least.

Relished Derek Nelson's saga of life on the high seas on a Panamanian ship. I insisted that Gene read it and he enjoyed it too.

Buck, I totally fell apart reading of the International Possum Fair and the crowning of the festival queens, princesses, etc. Talk about unintentional humor. Jeez. 'Wee Little Miss Possum', indeed!

So now that catfish farms are big, big business I suppose they too hold such fairs? Miss Catfish? Little Miss Pussy Catfish? The mind boggles.

The adverts that have always blown my mind are the ones we get for commemorative coins in platinum or solid gold or whatever. Do people really BUY this stuff? Mygawd, the prices!

Yeah, I noticed that report on how our birth rate has dropped. This kindasurprised me. I was hoping for samebut didn't expect the General Public to oblige me. Course, there are two sides to everything; we know a fine young couple stationed now near San Francisco who badly want to adopt a baby. Did you know that now in California one must wait at least 6½ years? I put 'em on to a lawyer we know in Muncie that can get 'em

any kind of kid of any age, race, religion or you name it. But the Pill and obtainable abortions seem to have blown the hell out of the adoption business today.

Gee, this announcement on page 20 sounds like an excellent movement. The Walter Bryan Appeal, I mean. Have been trying for years now to find out if Walt Willis or John Berry or someone has ever made comment on The Troubles in Ulster in fanzines. That whole mess shakes me up seriously. The idea of a Catholic-Protestant war in the 1970s is so croggling, you know?

And I see NO solution. Not for generations to come. I, once in a letter, told Tony Glynn that my solution would be to ship out ALL the non-Catholics from Ulster and then give Ulster right back to Ireland. He hit the roof, to put it mildly. But what else can be done? The British had to up and decamp from Kenya, India, and elsewhere, no? So they can leave Ulster too. Am strongly opposed to the actions and tactics done by far-out IRA radicals; but am strongly on the side of the North Irish Catholics. 400 years of that jazz is enough.

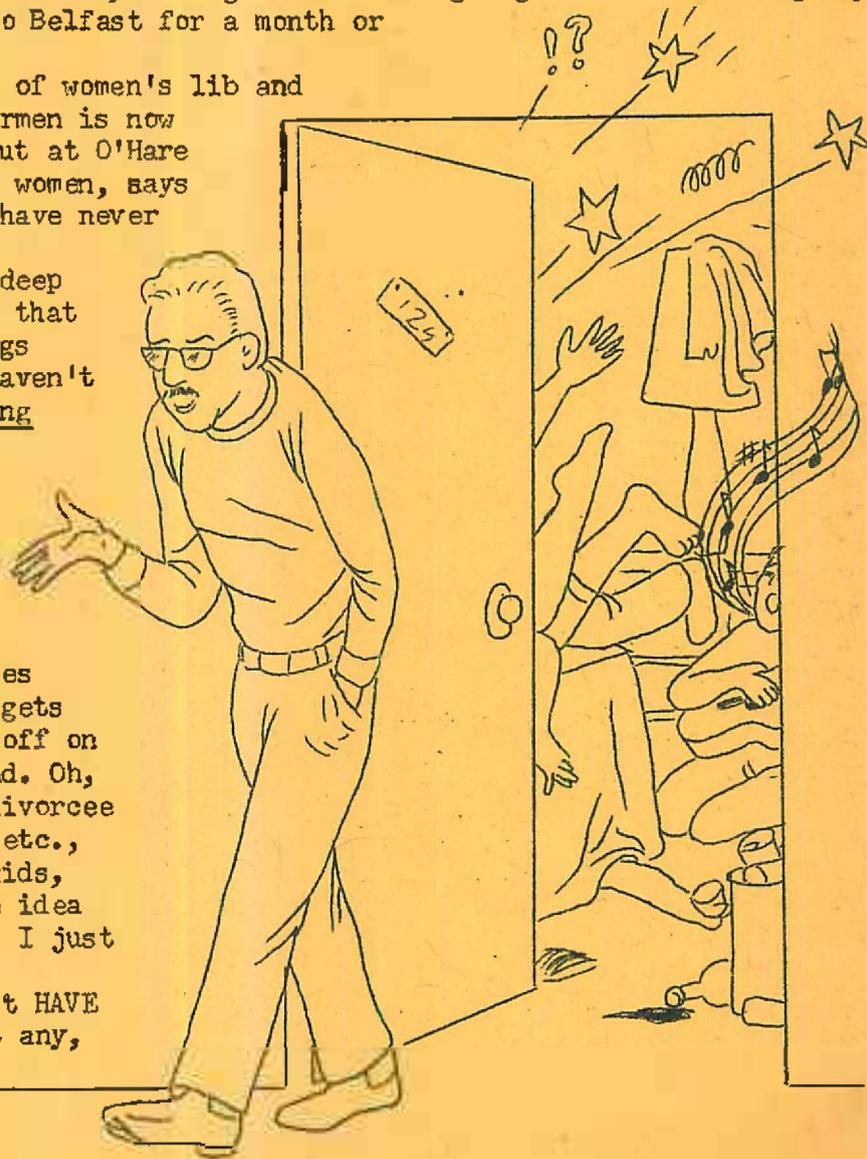
I think I feel this so intensely because those are my own Scottish Presbyterian kinfolk and distant cousins who've been shafting them. I could cheerfully kick Rev. Paisley from here to Santa Monica with cleated shoes, I hate that man with a vengeance.

Well, all good wishes to Walt and his plan, and I sincerely hope it works or helps. I have friends on Notre Dame faculty who spend summers in Belfast, covering all this, intending to write books on same. Can you imagine some man going into a travel agency today and requesting a booking to Belfast for a month or so? Hawaii it ain't.

In letter column is much talk of women's lib and all that. One of Chicago's aldermen is now protesting against pay-toilets out at O'Hare Field. It discriminates against women, says he. Which is true. At least I have never heard of a pay-urinal, have you?

Read Pat Goltz's letter with deep interest. She had things to say that I heartily agreed with, and things which I didn't. As you say, I haven't seen anything about people forcing abortions upon pregnant women. And damifino how day care centers can ever be set up without being a financial catastrophe. Granted, I don't know much about such, and how prices would run. To me a gal has a kid and looks after it or she does not have a kid and goes out and gets a job. To shove one's children off on others, I don't dig or understand. Oh, outside of a stranded widow or divorcee who has been deserted by death, etc., and HAS to get work to support kids, sure. But to HAVE kids with the idea of shuffling them off on others, I just can't buy.

You notice, of course, I don't HAVE any children, eh? I didn't want any, and happily God agreed with me. Nobody can tell me that just because I'm a female I'm a barn mother. Am not maternal and never wanted to be. Not too many men



I DUNNO WHY, BUT FANS SEGM SO DARNED
DULL AND STODGY NOWADAYS.....

are born fathers. Nor born husbands, for that matter. And so what? Personally, I think I'd have made a far better mistress than wife in the first place.

Oh yeah, upon entering hospital for surgery the lady who types up one's records looked at me and said (snidely) "Occupation? Housewife?" I snapped back, "No, Executive." "Executive?" she said, gaping a mite. "Yesss," smirked Betty, "Vice-President of a Corporation." Shook her up no end, am happy to report. We incorporated last year for tax purposes and Gene made me Vice President of our Corporation. We own various businesses, insurance agencies, property and the like. Anyway, anyone who could see the shambles this house is in would know I am hardly a housewife.

But if some ladies want an abortion more power to them. If some don't want an abortion, more power to them, too. I'd rather the latter didn't have six or eight kids and then apply for Relief, but...

In my own personal experiences in fandom I can say that there are mighty dern few Male Chauvinists in the areas I've known. Damned if I could name one that I have been in contact with personally. If anything, I've found far more fairness in that area amid male fan than I have in the Outside World. Am not counting outside world males under 25. They seem to be mainly exceptionally fair in attitudes towards females, bless their young hearts. I was fortunate enough to marry a man who has a rule -- Kujawa's Law: Women Are People. Throughout our almost 26 years of married life Gene has always considered me first a person and second his wife. Can't beat that.

As to my being feminist -- of course I am. Have had enough personal experience of injustice due to sex to secure that. But what woman hasn't? I'd like to add I find much of our divorce and alimony laws terribly unfair and unjust to the ex-husband, and that should be remedied forthwith.

Hey, Juanita, there's an idea! Yeah, I liked that remark of yours on page 31, on how if wives got salaries for housework then they should run the risk of being fired for incompetence. Speaking as one who should have gotten the sack ages ago on those grounds, The only things I enjoy doing around the house are window washing and ironing (I am a nut, right?). So far, alas, I've never been able to find a neighbor I could make a swapping work deal with. Planning for, shopping for, and then cooking some 3 meals a day for some 40 to 60 years is HELL. Men can retire from their work, no? Well, most of them. Drudgery is the word for that meal-deal.

/You got a bad deal on the Bennett Machine. It can be set for automatic, where it presumably pumps air and medicine in and out of you whether you want it or not; but mine was always on manual, so I breathed when I wanted to and if I wanted to take the mouthpiece out for a minute (to cough, usually), I did. No problems at all. // Bruce's Science News was pointing out a correlation between hypoglycemia and aggressive tendencies. (That's why I'm so serene; I have diabetes.) // Bruce is 15 now; high school freshman. // We got an Ampex Micro 24. Only problem in the car was the volume wasn't loud enough when it was in the back seat (where we had room for it); so it had to be moved up front between Juanita and I so we could hear it. Bruce could lean forward. Gary Anderson found some nickel-cad batteries for us at \$1.50 apiece, but we've been having trouble getting them charged properly. Fidelity is quite good, in or out of car. // No, no, the Silver Lake is one of the two in Indiana. Home of my childhood and all that. // Yeah, I seem to get all those commemorative medal ads, too. I don't buy them. I'm even on the sucker list of the U.S. Treasury, which gives me an odd feeling sometimes. Now and then I do buy something from them, though; mostly a silver dollar or two. RSC I think your lack of expertise in the maternal bit has betrayed you, Betty. Not everyone who agitates for competent, reasonable day care centers is a slough-off type doxy who dumps her kids in someone else's lap while she lives it up on an eight-hour day. There are any number of patrons of day care centers whose kids are there because it's good for the kids. Bruce was one of those. I didn't work and would happily have carried my load, but that wasn't what was needed. I gather little Valerie Thompson ran into the

same problem. Certain pre-schoolers (whose mothers don't work and are dedicated to full-time attention) need to get away from mama and into a peer group learning situation in order to grow. S'true. JWC/

Gray Parrot, Hancock, Maine 04640

I not only collect, but I read as well. And I think I've found my nomination for best short story of 1972. It was "Merlin Street" by W. MacFarlane in INFINITY FOUR. Now I know you may say that it is too Bradburyish, but I thought it was good writing, unlike most sf & fantasy these days. On the very first page he grabbed me with an image that pervaded the entire story: "...pepper trees buckling the sidewalk..." I used to live in a neighborhood like that. In the spring when the sun was hot and the ground was dry after weeks of wetness, I would go out and play marbles in the sand left by the snow. I remember looking up at immense elm trees whose roots erupted through the sidewalk in the way MacFarlane describes. There was a kind of never-never land quality then which is the essence of my memories of childhood. Feeling the sun warm on my back and occasional breezes brushing skin that had not seen the outdoors for most of the winter. Maybe it's just me but when I read that I knew what he was talking about and "Merlin Street" came alive. I'd like to see sf writers take more care with atmosphere and exposition like that. Most of them use the old pulp method of dialog to get ideas across (Heinlein is the worst offender in this respect). It is a useful technique when describing a planetary culture or history, but it doesn't let the reader feel where the characters are. And if you can't get into the environment that shapes the characters' actions, then they become that much less convincing.

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

Just got a copy of the British edition of the Sax Rohmer biography, MASTER OF VILLAINY. Jacket and binding are much nicer than those on the U.S. edition, and the British edition is priced at less than half the cost of the U.S. one. (And, most pleasant of all, I got paid quite a bit more for the British reprint than I did for the original edition. Strange how that biases me in favor of the British edition.) In March the same publisher (Tom Stacey, Ltd., who has issued nice hardcover reprints of many fantasy and mystery titles -- Burroughs, Rohmer, Haggard, Chambers, Dunsany, Munday, etc.) will issue a new collection of Rohmer novelettes, with an introduction by me.

It is nice that writing is beginning to pay off a bit -- especially writing that I do for fun anyway. But I look not forward to the complications of this year's income tax return.

SFBC finally did send me the replacement of Brunner's FROM THIS DAY FORWARD, and also AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS. All it took (for the former) was six months of time and three or four letters. Things seem to have settled back to the normally good service again.

And (referring to the letter of woe in the Y218 letter column) conditions at the college have improved somewhat: we now have keys for the locks -- but half of the locks themselves have been removed since they turned out to be defective. And we have telephones (half as many as we need), and windowshades, and radiators (which do not work very efficiently, possibly because they are controlled by thermostats located in separate rooms).

How do you like the idea of the USPS issuing a set of ten stamps (se-tenant in a single sheet) to honor postal employees? Or an aerogramme commemorating hot air ballooning? I have a horrible feeling that we ain't seen nothin' yet!

Druther give 'em a commemorative than a raise...and the post office commemorating any sort of hot air activity seems appropriate. RSC/

Andrew Zerbe, 3154 Dupont Street, Montgomery AL 36106

At last, somebody else who has read Howard Pease. Was beginning to wonder if anybody read him any more. This despite the fact that all the libraries I've used have books by him and several of his books are still in print. What brought this on was reading A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF HARDCOVER BOYS' BOOKS (covers series-type boys' books) which did not

list Pease's Tod-Moran series. When I wrote to the editor about this he replied that he had never heard of him. THE BLACK TANKER was a Howard Pease title. I believe that it was reprinted in paperback by Dell a few years ago along with HEART OF DANGER.

You seem to have joined some new book clubs lately. I thought about joining the Military History book club, but decided that I already had enough to spend my money on without finding something new. Besides, I am attempting a new fiscal policy known as saving money. Not very successfully. Am going to have to do better than I have if I plan to attend the Pulpoon in Dayton this summer.

Been reading a few books by Barbara Cartland lately. I find them sort of fun. They are better written than most romances and remind me a lot of old movies, and I'm quite fond of old movies. LOVE UNDER FIRE is THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR. STOLEN HALO uses the Woman With A Past plot. With a minor twist. Thought up until the end that she was going to reveal her past to the hero, but that he would marry her anyway. She didn't.

Been reading a couple of fascinating books on the German navy in WWII, HITLER'S HIGH SEAS FLEET, part of Ballantine's Illustrated History series, and DEFEAT AT SEA, one of their regular war series. Both excellent, but both are too brief. What's needed is a definitive history in English. Both books make you want to learn more.

I spent a year in France and never had any problems in spite of being unable to learn French. Have enough trouble understanding spoken English. A foreign language turned out to be almost impossible. Still miss the excellent food and the good times. The only times that I regretted being unable to speak the language was when a car would stop as I was walking along the highway and the driver would ask what were probably directions.

/I recall DEFEAT AT SEA. It's been around a while; my copy is Ballantine #183, which I guess is the 1955 edition. Very good book. So far, though, the Natural History Book Club has proved more interesting than the Military Book Club. BSC/

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd., NW., Albuquerque NM 87107

Juanita, I can sort of sympathize about the machine. Decided I would turn this machine in for service. Cleaning and ~~pressing~~ lubrication and whatever. Got it back. Looked beautiful. 'Twas broke. Didn't work. I took it back. Screamed and hollered. The service manager said they could have it back to me in a week. "No good!" Dire threats and hurling of thunderbolts. Got it back in less than 24 hours.

What can you expect from Frank Magee and other tv types? The space program had reached the stage where it wasn't selling the required amount of deodorants, detergents, and dog foods, so, naturally, the networks wanted to drop it. Bad ratings, you know.

Buck, I had my curiosity aroused by one of those Arizona land deals while we were in Carolina. Since the land ~~developer~~ developer was headquartered in Phoenix I wrote the Better Business Bureau there about it and, surprisel, they were honest with me. They told me, yes, the developer was, more or less, on the up-and-up selling the land. However, what he couldn't sell, because someone else owned them, was the various "rights". The mineral rights, the grazing rights, the water rights, etcetera rights. Yep, you could get title to the land, but you couldn't do anything with it. Tricky, these southwestern land developers.

-- Please not to mention "housework" aloud. My mother died just before Christmas and we have been/are in the process of renovating her house. The old place was built by hand, a room at a time, and there is not a square corner or a straight line in it. It took me all day just to change the faucet in the bathroom sink -- modern faucets don't fit 40 year old pipes -- the walls of the pipe are too thick. The dining room and the bathroom were in such bad shape that we decided we wouldn't tackle them ourselves. It took three weeks to get a contractor. Amend that to "get a reasonable contractor". Found a couple who would do the job but I think they were going to install solid gold walls.

Ah, Buck, you slipped. If you are on Eastern Standard Time the year around then you are not, in the summer, on the same time as El Paso. El Paso is in the Mountain Time

Zone. The only part of Texas that is. Came about a few years ago because Fort Bliss spills over into New Mexico and vast hordes of El Pasoans work in New Mexico and do business in this state. It was inconvenient for them to be on Central Time.

Looking at "Golden Minutes", I have THE NAKED SUN and PELLUCIDAR, of course. Picked up a copy of THE GREEN PHOENIX. Swann is one of the better writers around and his fantasies are delightful. Wouldn't want to miss one. Haven't seen any of the rest (I haven't really searched too hard) except CRBIT 10, which I puked on as I went by. Far too much of what appears on the stands these days is best described as "boring".

I've seen Criswell a number of times and never taken him seriously and always have the impression that he certainly isn't serious about his predictions. He's putting us on -- he knows it -- he knows we know it. Sort of like Ballentine.

Susan Kenyon's 4th paragraph is beautiful double-think.

Do I have a collector's item? Page 25/26 is upside down.

/Be thankful you got all pages complete. I checked some map on time zones before picking El Paso -- the wrong map, obviously. RSC/

Mayden Crosby, PO Box 502, Lafayette IN 47901

Loved Locke's article on Management Training Seminars.--My boss will get a charge out of it, too. At present I have $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen applications in the works for Manager Trainee openings in various fields, and I feel that all the prospective employers would benefit from reading Dave's article.

On the whole, though, my favorite bitch is that exercise in futility known as the Psych (or Aptitude) Test, on which, in one form or another, so many employers now lean so heavily. Psych majors like Wunderlick and Kuder have made a million or so off their cute, gimmicky little 12-minute timed tests, and the IRQ test alone is guaranteed to shoot down the most qualified Mgr-Trainee applicant. He can only win one of two ways: 1) cheat. (oh yea, there are too ways!), or 2) close his eyes and check at random -- which latter I've been known to advise an applicant to try.

Is there a possibility you could get Dave Locke to do a column on psych tests? Should be a gas.

On page #19 of issue 217 you reviewed Malcolm's PURSUIT OF INTOXICATION, in which you mention the "nutmeg experience" being a new one on you. Something to learn every day -- I'd like to read Malcolm's book -- nutmeg was one of Charlie "Yardbird" Parker's favorite highs. Also indulged in by such other greats as Lady Day (Yardbird's long-time love) and Pres Young (who was also hung-up on Holiday). Mezz Mezzrow tried it once, but preferred mutta (grass, pot, etc.).

/Either Parker was a masochist or he didn't get all the lovely effects Malcolm described, like vomiting, 24-hour headache, etc. RSC/

Jackie Franke (address above)

Time magazine has a few items of interest this issue. A law student in CA was refused rental of a roto-tiller because "only men can rent power equipment", and vowed to sue once she passed the bar exam. She did and is, for \$15 travel expenses, \$250 for alleged violation of California's anti-discrimination laws, and a hefty \$10,000 for the "humiliation". Insults are expensive these days.

Some colleges are offering a course in Thanatology, studying the trappings of death and funerals. Minneapolis students are even included the trying on for size of coffins. That sounds like something they'd do,

Some evidence has come in that indicates that mental retardation, not caused by physical defects, is reversible. A tribe of Indians in Guatemala habitually leaves their infants in isolation during the first year, which retards them severely. But by age eleven all the ill effects are gone, they score as high on reasoning ability, memory, and perception as U.S. middle-class kids. It may mean a rethinking of theories concerning the 'finality' of retardation, especially in regards to the training (or lack of it) given to ghetto children who test out as retarded when beginning school. Maybe it's one move in the direction of less dependence on testing to 'pigeon-hole' kids so

blasted early in life. I hope so. It seems so wasteful to write off a person at the tender age of six or seven, as is done all too frequently nowadays. I've always looked askance at these child psychologists who keep saying that if your child hasn't had sufficient stimulation by six months of age he's bound to be a dummy all his life. For goodness sakes, doesn't what a person does in later life have any effect?

Thomas Burnett Swann

Tell Juanita that I am in the middle-class syndrome with her regarding television sets. On something like Masterpiece Theatre, which is usually a costume serial, color adds a great deal. Vanity Fair, for example, gained enormously from its colorful sets and costumes, and Elizabeth Rex did too. Then, too, certain actresses like Arlene Dahl look cold and dead in black and white, but color brings them animation. The same with Mary Tyler Moore, who looks downright plain in black and white, but almost pretty and decidedly fetching in color. The important thing, I guess, is having the choice of how you want to watch a program. I imagine Bruce likes Ghost Story better in color; without color, I couldn't even have tolerated the episode with Stella Stevens. Black and white just doesn't do for gore. I sound like a tv salesman now, and I must catch myself before I launch into a spiel about the beauties of Sony's Trinitron system!

I didn't know Helmut Dantine was still acting. I thought he was terrifyingly brilliant as the Nazi parachutist in Mrs. Miniver. Until you mentioned seeing him on Night Gallery, I thought he had gone the way of Turhan Bey and Adele Jergens.

/I can't watch Ghost Story even in color. I wish Dantine got to act a bit more. (He didn't get to do much in Night Gallery.) He was the best fanatic Nazi in the business -- and an excellent homicidal maniac in some movie whose name I forget. RSC// Well, since I dream and think in color, I was pretty sure I would enjoy color tv inordinately, and I was right. Not only does it make things like ANDROMEDA STRAIN more vivid, but it brings out details one would otherwise overlook. And it makes something you would otherwise miss -- like the gorgeously hilarious TEN COMMANDMENTS -- really enjoyable to watch. But then I was always a sucker for costume epics. I'm thinking of bugging my favorite local station to unearth all those luscious Maria Montez/Turhan Bey/Jon Hall fantasies so I can once more revel in their stunning color. JWC/

Denny Lien, 1102 E. 24th St., Downstairs, Minneapolis MN 55404

#212 -- two pages isn't enough to do justice to "The Agnostic Tradition in English Poetry", and even so, Christopher might have at least mentioned Arthur Hugh Clough, whose "A New Decalogue" (at least) even Grouchy Old Buck would like.

Sandra Miesel on L-Dopa: "A dangerous drug which will never, never be sold over the counter." An s-f fan who believes in "never"? Tsk tsk.

Dave Hulvey is, to use a good Scandinavian farmer expression, full of beans. As a male in a "traditionally feminine job" -- librarian -- I can assure him that I chose it because I likes it and am competent in it, not because Women's Lib made it less sex-linked. More to the point, I find his assumption that fandom is anti-homosexual puzzling. (Like, none of the fans I know have ever invited me to go out on a, huh, queer stomping party or whatever.) I seem to recall a recent Minneapa contributor mentioning that he had decided his sexual orientation was homo rather than hetero ("seem to" because I don't generally read Minneapa mailings), and the interest of the other Minneapa members in general seems to have been boredcm (only one or two picked it up as a comment-hook, and nobody has mentioned it in my hearing at a Minn-Stf meeting).

As for Hulvey's statement that "in a few years there will be as much acceptance of homosexuality in fandom as there now is of drugs" -- as far as this fan is concerned, there's a hell of a lot more. I've lived in two communal houses in the last two years, and in the course of this have lived with two Gay people and at least a dozen more-or-less regular drug users. I never had -- literally -- one single problem with my Gay housemates, while the hassles with the druggers you wouldn't believe (which is one reason I'm no longer living communally). The Gay people I know seem to have one hell of a lot less missionary leanings, for one thing, than the non-fannish drug users (I

hasten to add that I've never known a fannish head to be insulted or contemptuous when I turned down offers to join in -- but mundanes, sometimes yes). I favor (from an admittedly noncombatant stance) Women's Rights, Gay Rights, and the right of anybody to use any drug or become dependent on any sort of alcoholic beverage he desires; but, like Buck, I want no closer contact with the third than I can avoid. (Anyone who knows my beer consumption can argue over my inconsistency in that last statement.) As to what "perversions the norm majority rule will accept", I can assure you that you are perfectly welcome to screw sheep, corpses, or reviewers from Newsweek as far as I'm concerned (I might draw the line at child molesters), but my tolerance does not extend to missionaries (sexual, religious, drug-oriented, New Wave, Old Wave, or otherwise) who proclaim One True Way and try to force any uninterested party to follow that way for his own good, for the Greater Glory of God, or whatever. As to whether I'd vote for an avowed Gay for TAFF, don't be silly. (Would you vote for an avowed midget for TAFF? Would you vote for an avowed ice hockey fan for TAFF? Join me in a Holy War, True Believers...).

Rick Brooks: Arizona has the worst governor. Or the stupidest one, anyway.

On second thought, Roy Tackett proves that his state has the funniest constitutional propositions.

If it isn't too late to jump on the bandwagon, I also sometimes say "Balderdash." I also say "Bushwah," "Nyah, nyah, nyah," and "Hoo boy." I'm a rotten (and outdated) kid.

Re tv: I regularly watch "Bullwinkle" reruns every Sunday morning and "All-Star Wrestling" (for laughs, I hasten to add) every Saturday night and Sunday noon. Generally "Mary Tyler Moore," and occasionally "All In The Family," "Dick Van Dyke," "Laugh In," and "Roller Derby" (again, for laughs) -- and that's about it.

Jerry Lapidus is probably right. In my case, the absurd sf read at "the right impressionable age" was Roger Lee Vernon's THE SPACE FRONTIER, which got the worst reviews since the Black Plague.

#214: Ellison is not "the one writer /you/ know where /your/ knowledge of him interferes with /your/ ability to give him an honest review." Remember your non-review of Hank Stine's "The Prisoner #3" a couple years back?

Re your answer to Mike Juergens: You might add that one reason why I "didn't seem seriously perturbed" over Tucker's accolade to you in Granfalloon was that I didn't read the bloody thing until a couple of weeks ago, when local fan Mike Wood dug thru his mountain of fanzines and loaned me his copy. I don't think I would have been upset even at the time, though; even if I hadn't realized that Tucker's tongue was in cheek, I don't see what's insulting about anthologizing some of your sanest opinions. If Tucker wanted to really assassinate your character, he would have dug up and reprinted some of the kind, humane things you've said in the past...but then, of course, he would have had to comb through two hundred issues instead of just two or three...

Alice Hopf stakes out nicely a position with which I can sympathize: "I'm conservative about everything but politics." Of course, preferring Keats to Pound isn't really conservative; have you ever tried writing Old English poetry? I'm a moderate conservative in matters of poetry; while does grad work at the U of Arizona I was always miffed at the fact that whenever the English Dept. brought in a poet to read his own poetry, he was always a 20th Century poet -- and living, at that.

Jackie Franke: Sure Larry Nichols lives; I even helped him carry his book boxes from basement storage to his third floor apartment last week. I can assure you that Larry exists, and I can triple assure you that his book boxes do!

#216: Rumblings -- I notice that once again your horoscope advises you to work on your image the same day you produce Rumblings. (Hmm, make that "write Rumblings".)

I can't imagine caring one way or the other about any of Chad Everett's opinions, but, well...

Criswell may not know anything about cryogenics, but he has the decadent Hoosier character down pat -- Indiana corpse chowers restored my sense of wonder! (Incidentally, remember the Criswell column in the old Spaceway -- not to be confused with the newer, equally rotten Spaceway.? Nothing as funny as these, as I recall, though.)

Sandra Miesel's historical nickname list slights Irish myth and history, which produced some good ones, my favorite being Enchaid Muigmedon, which my Arthurian lit prof

solemnly assured me translates as "horse with the moist middle" -- a name so fascinatingly meaningless that I bestowed it on my bicycle of the time.

"Golden Minutes": Shocked to hear that your copy of Hodgson's Arkham House omnibus has a total of five Hodgson novels. Mine only has four. What can be done about this?

I read and enjoyed BACK TO TREASURE ISLAND as a kid; don't remember it much now. Why was it "abominable"?

Probably Corgi left out the two episodes from THE THREE IMPOSTERS because the hard-covered edition they were reprinting did so -- as many did, and I don't know why. And "The Red Hand" is not "unconnected"; it shares the same "detective" characters (who do little detecting as such in TTI).

I read and mildly enjoyed LEGISLATIVE BODY, especially after I finally decided that the good (i.e., less bad) guy party was the Democratic (I mean, the hero gets student support and was at one time offered some grass: voting for a Republican maybe, but nobody I know offers grass to Republicans...). I was a bit disappointed to see the old overheard confession bit used again to trap the murderer, and as a loyal least-likely-killer fan I suspected both the protagonist's girl friend and his black buddy.

And so to #21?: Really like that cover, for some reason.

Hmm.

Whatever happened to Van Dongen, anyway?

Chambers' "The Maker of Moons" was also in an Alden H. Norton pb anthology a couple years back, making Lin's the third recent printing. Lin's a fine editor, but he certainly doesn't do his homework...

KISS, KISS previously paperbacked by Dell, at least.

So you buy asthma cigarettes in Canada and you try bringing them back across the border and the customs men say "Ah HA!" and...

Pat Goltz: which place in Tucson sold pbs for 13¢ each? You specify three stores there with "scads of used sf"; I presume that Wally's and that place on Prince Road were two of them, but what's the third? (Mickey's, Barry's, the Book Stop, Shirley's?) Minneapolis-St. Paul is pretty good, perhaps slightly better for new sf, but I also remember Tucson fondly for used.

How many feminists among your readers? By whose definition?

/I hate people who can remember what I write better than I can myself.

Especially when they point up inconsistencies. You enjoyed BACK TO TREASURE ISLAND for the same reason you enjoyed THE SPACE FRONTIER; as I recall, it had all the originality of a Japanese horror movie, and about the same level of writing. I guess I either have a very rare Arkham House edition, or I can't count up to four. RSC/

Devra Langsam, 250 Crown Street, Brooklyn NY 11225

Buck, howcum you are so right in your book reviews when you are otherwise a mean, nasty, toothless, grumpy curmudgeon? (On the basis of your reviews I have read HALCYON DRIFT, REGIMENTS OF NIGHT, and CURSE OF THE CONCULLENS, and they were all GOOD, you rat.)

Bruce, your Coulomb improves monthly in style and content. Keep it up.

/I include letters like this so the people sending review books will think they're getting their money's worth. RSC/

Andre Norton

You mentioned in Yandro I recommended Elsie Lee for historical reading -- but I didn't -- it was for gothics. SILENCE is the only one of hers I have read with a period background; most of hers are modern. And compared to the majority of pb gothic writers she is a genius. I have just read WINGARDEN and did enjoy it so much. But so many gothics I get I can only read portions of -- they are so badly put together. Juanita's are excellent but some of the sloppy writing one has to face on such pages!

Have you seen UFO, the new tv sf made in Britain? The plots are nothing outstanding but the gadgets are rather fascinating. I do object to the old theme of making all aliens monstrous menaces. At least STAR TREK never did that.