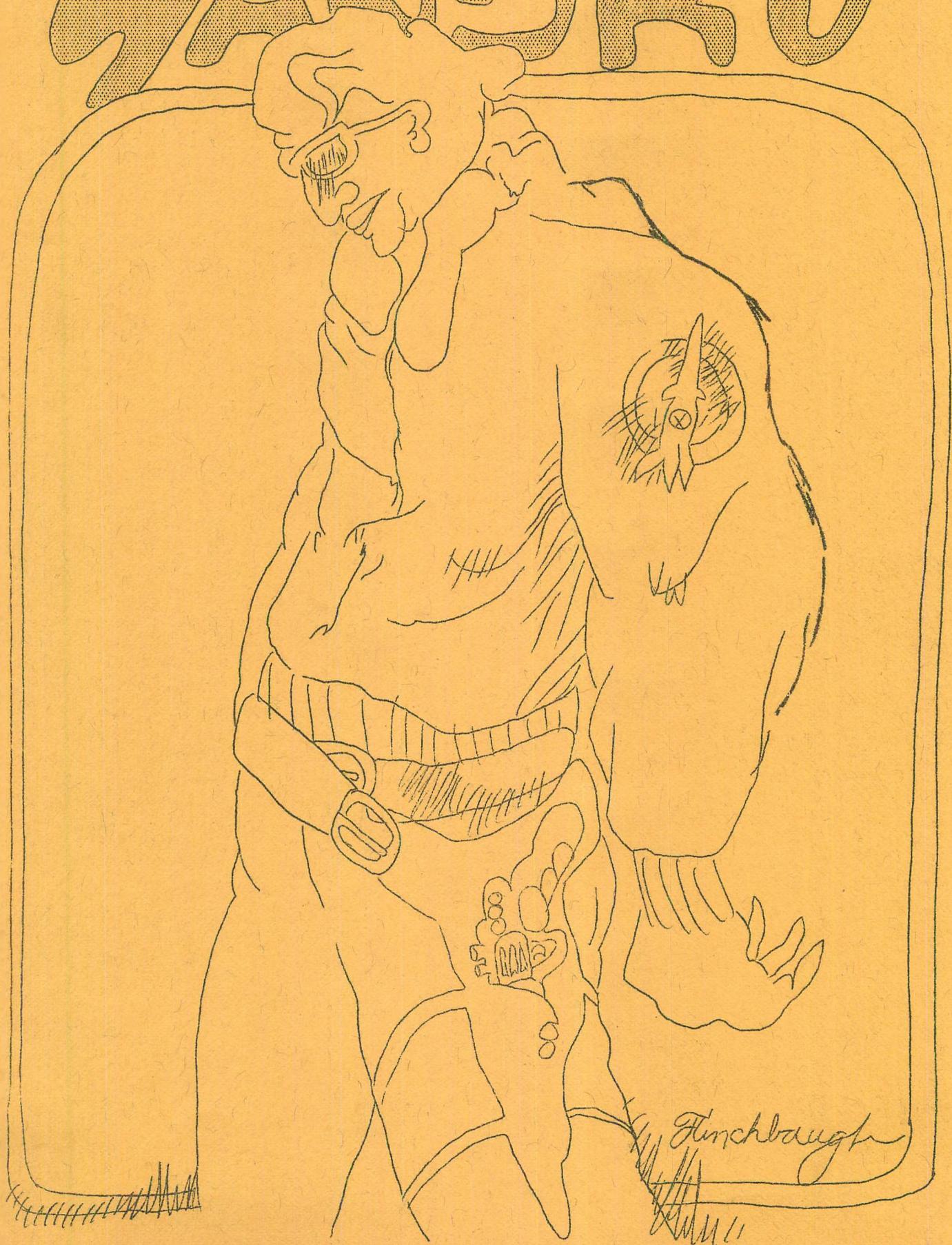
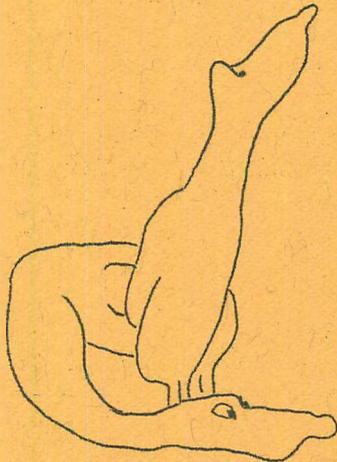


# MAIDRO







Published by Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, IN 47348.

British Agent is Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts., Great Britain.

Price, U.S. - 75¢ per copy, 5 for \$3.00, 10 for \$5.00.

" , Britain - 30p, 4 for £1.20, 10 for £1.80.

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Sandra Miesel is the Secret Mistress of Fandom.  
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We are looking for the new addresses of Hank Davis, Peter Weston, and Lee Barnes.  
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The material about saving the whales (on page 19) is an ad, paid for by Bill McDermit. A Doubleday flier should also be stuffed in the envelope somewhere.

## ARTWORK

Cover by Richard Flinchbaugh

Cover logo by Dave Locke

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## NEW ADDRESSES

Bill Bowers, P.O. Box 2521, North Canton, OH 44720 (Joan Bowers is also moving; hold her mail or send it in care of Bill.)

Dave Gorman, 8729 South St. Peters, Apt. 6, Indianapolis, IN 46227

Bruce D. Arthurs, 2401 W. Southern, #B-136, Tempe, AZ 85282

Florence Jenkins, 1515 W. 135 St., Sp. 32, Gardena, CA 90249  
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## UPCOMING CONVENTIONS

Rivercon & DeepSouthCon XIII - Louisville, July 25 thru 27 (Rivercon, P.O. Box 8251, Louisville, KY 40208) Registration \$5 in advance

Marcon 10 - Columbus, OH, March 21 thru 23 (Marcon, 194 E. Tulane Road, Columbus, Ohio 43202) Registration \$5.00 - checks payable to Larry Smith

Fourth Vancouver Science Fiction Convention (V-Con IV, P.O. Box 48701, Station Bentall, Vancouver, B.C., Canada) Feb. 21 thru 23, registration \$7.00



I suspect there will be more than the usual number of uncaught/uncorrected typos this issue, for which apologies. Doing Y and Devlins Review in tandem meant a lot of typing in a big rush, and part of the time I was recuperating from a virus. I'll try to do better next time.

I have a notice here from Ken Nahigian, 6220 Jansen Drive, Sacramento CA 95824. He and Ruth Berman are collecting songs for THE MIDDLE-EARTH SONGBOOK, to include original compositions, musical plays, and settings for some of Tolkien's own poems, and related filksongs. If anyone out there has something to contribute, please contact Ken. I know Marion Zimmer Bradley has set some of Tolkien's verse to music, and several

years ago a young fan named Chuck Rein did a 45rpm recording of "In Western Lands" to, I presume, his own music. If there are other pertinent sources and material, I'm sure Ken and Ruth would be happy to hear of them.

There is accompanying this issue a DUFF ballot. The info sheet will tell you most of what you need to know, surely -- but will not help you make up your mind. Of course the properly perspicacious know it's Rusty Hevelin for DUFF, right? It's a good project, a worthy cause, and all of you get out there and vote now before it slips your mind. It's all too easy to think you'll get around to it RealSoonNow and time gets away and the deadline arrives and you're still planning to vote, sometime. So don't stall. Besides, if you're an early bird you'll get a chance on one of Sandra's lovely embroideries.

Speaking of which...the DeWeeses bought Sandra Miesel's imaginatively textured embroidery, "Black Hole", at Discon II, and thus were able to let someone outside our microcosm also enjoy the work, someone who otherwise would never appreciate sf art. John Boyer, whom Buck mentioned an editorial or several ago (a blind and deaf computer programmer living in Milwaukee, and an sf fan/reader), "saw" Sandra's creation with his fingertips and was much pleased. Reminds me of Mrs. Tullis, who occasionally comes to the Worldcon Artshows; her husband describes the paintings, of course, but she's most able to enjoy the three-dimensional work. It's always good to think we can share some of our science fictional visual concepts with sightless friends.

Some of the fruits of last year's writing efforts are beginning to reach the markets now. Gene DeWeese has a gothic on the stands this month. THE REIMANN CURSE, Beagle 26688, under the nom de plume of "Jean DeWeese". Gene says it's a fairly typical gothic and probably nobody should be expecting miracles -- but you should all pick up a copy anyway and make a fellow fan's royalty statement look good.

Beagle is trying for "different" gothic covers. The artist who did the cover on THE REIMANN CURSE apparently -- think of it! -- read the ms first, so that the scene depicted is actually from the book. And there's no light in the window.

I'd hoped that meant things were looking up, and they are, but only partway. I'd heard the cover for my next gothic, out from Beagle in March, was striking. Judging from the b&w inset on the ad flier, it is. No castle, no light in the window. The plot is set in and around a replica paddlewheel steamer at a lake resort area; and the cover features a man and a woman standing on a beach with a body of water as background and a boat prominently visible on the horizon. Unfortunately the boat is a full-rigged clipper, not a paddlewheeler. I'm afraid the artist may have taken a hint about an "Indian princess" to mean a ranee from the subcontinent, not a Potawatomi woman. Oh well. A few points here, a few points there... Title's STONE OF BLOOD, in case anyone's interested, and I don't think it turned out too bad, considering the horrendous rush in which it was written.

You Know You Live In a Small Town When... Actually, we don't live in a small town, but we're swimming in a small pond of local news constantly. There was a major fire of sorts in Hartford City over the Christmas holiday -- burned out half a city, er, village (?) block. (Difficult to decide what constitutes a block in the town, since that particular block contains two paralleling alleys...) At any rate, all sorts of excitement and property damage and nobody hurt. And a short while later the local historian led a committee to open the cornerstone on the ruins of one of the burned buildings. (Hartford City does have a historian -- an older gentleman who's saved every piece of film and every scrap of memorabilia since the year one of this county, not an impossible task, certainly.) The contents of the cornerstone were somewhat less than astonishing, I must say: three local newspapers -- which have since combined into the one still being published; an empty tin box bearing the trademark "Climax Golden Twins Chewing Tobacco"; a one-cent postcard announcing a meeting of the local Moose lodge; a timetable for the Indiana Union Traction Co. (which might interest George Scithers and other railroad buffs); a page from a 1912 calendar; the calling card of a local and now deceased dentist; a two-cent postage stamp; and a piece of paper signed by seven men...without further identification. (The speculation was that the last was a signature of the men who placed the cornerstone on the site; having more imagination, I postulate an attempt to appease the spirits of the souls sacrificed in the construction of the building, a la the slaves who re-buried Kharis' mummy.) There was also an 1882 Indian head penny, which one of the Openers of the Cornerstone promptly appropriated. The local newspapers had the most nostalgia value, with the usual quaint features and ridiculously cheap prices in the ads. But other than that, it seems like rather chintzy quality cornerstone stuffing.

Considering this area was once the center of a big oil and natural gas boom, the least the founding stoners could have done was include a can of 1912 crude.

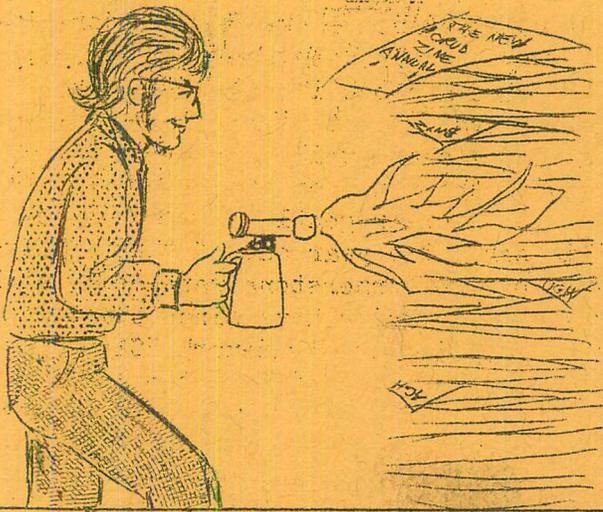
In fact, this area could well again enter the oil market. Natural gas was the thing to pump out of the ground locally back then, and they did so in large quantities. When the amounts got thin the cappers closed shop and moved on out to Oklahoma and points west. Now there are geologists poking around the sites of the old wells, saying some natural gas is probably still down there, and oil too. They already reprimed one old pump and started getting natural gas again. Next comes the gimmick of shifting around water and pumping it in and out of old well holes. Hmmm. Isn't this also a technique for trying to "fix" an earthquake faultline? As I recall NW Colorado had some rather unpleasant experiences with exactly that sort of experimentation. Well, this section of Indiana isn't too close to the New Madrid, but all the same I'd hope they'd move in on those long-dormant oil reserves very cautiously.

A bit more rural color. The Kluxers are having their annual recruitment drive, or whatever you'd call it. White sale? Recently they decided to cruise around Wabash, handing out leaflets and trying to avoid being run out of town by the constabulary (which considers the Klan a nuisance, likely to start brawls). The Kluxers rallied at the much-treasured Lincoln statue on the courthouse lawn and then fanned out looking for true blue 200% Americans. Figures, unfortunately.

And one more. We noticed a recent feature in the Ft. Wayne Journal-Gazette on the guy who paints "MAIL POUCH" signs on barns. You thought those were a cute relic of the 30s, no doubt. Ah no. Harley Warrick is still making his rounds with his ladders and buckets of paint. According to the article he rides a regular circuit, persuading farmers to get a free paint job on their barns -- which a lot are happy to acquire, particularly since the company pays them, if only "about \$10". He estimates he's painted approximately 26,000 barns during his career, and during the March to December "season" he tries to average one barn a day, usually working throughout one state per year. Indiana's turn was a couple of years ago, West Virginia's last year. I don't know who'll be the lucky recipient in '75. Just have to hold our breaths and see, I guess.

Hoping you do not do the same....

JWC



Rather a dull and uninteresting month or so has passed between my last column and this. Unlike my parents, I don't have the day to day excitement of wondering who my father has enraged now, how various book contracts are progressing, deadlines to meet, weird events at work, or anything else out of the ordinary. (Not that I'm complaining; I can't complain while my father is paying the bills. I have enough trouble praising him sufficiently after he has to shell out \$20 for a pair of shoes. He told me he only paid \$3 for his current pair, and I had to remind him that he bought those in 1947.) (And then again, this household is a little different; my writing was interrupted by some hideous noise outside my

door, and it turned out to be my father allegedly singing some old, well-forgotten ballad.)

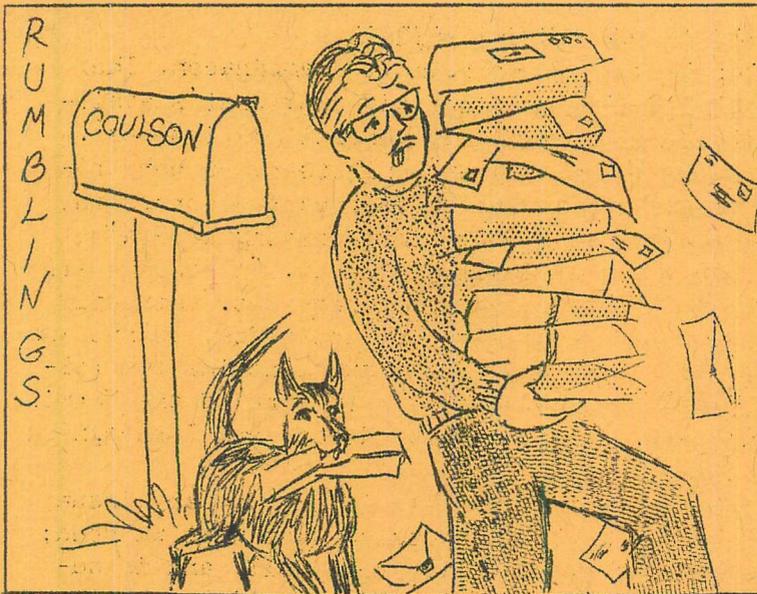
I now have proof that for sheer, logical thinking without the support of evidence I am without peer in this end of the state. I got a first prize in student congress against the wishes of sixteen other people. (No, not my team members, the opponents), and immediately found out that it was a liability. You see, the present speech team at our school has a dearth of good speakers, and I'm the only consistent winner the coach has. Since he told me he has to win something at every meet (maybe it's in his contract), he demands my attendance at all future meets. Since he had cotton in his ears when he told me this, I couldn't talk him out of it.

My father's convictions are all too true; even the noblest people, when they owe you a great debt, will turn against you, and Larry Downes hardly falls in that category. After I singlehandedly made him into the BNF he is today, he puts out an entire fanzine just to vilify me. Me, his greatest benefactor! Well, what's done is done; unless he does something to offend the sensibilities of every fan (which he almost certainly will before the year is out) I will cease to honor him by mentioning his name in my column.

Speaking of fanzines (which is horrifying in itself), I presume most of you know about my father's intention to stop reviewing fanzines after the second appearance of Devlins Review. I felt that the family tradition of fanzine reviewing shouldn't be halted by my poor old father's infirmities, so I brought up the possibility of my reviewing fanzines in Yandro. He said that I should tell the fan about it first ("give them a chance to prepare for the shock", is how he phrased it), and get their opinions. Well, folks, how about it? Do you want a noble fannish tradition to die out, or do you want me to carry on the proud banner in the unending battle against the mudzine? The choice is yours.

Medieval printing laws were considerably different from ours. "Caxton's Game and Playe of the Chesse", according to legend the first book ever printed in Great Britain, has a fascinating introduction telling where Caxton got his ideas. Among other things, it mentions the fact that a 12th C. writer in a discourse on ethics failed to mention plagiarism as unethical. With good reason; fully half the book was taken word for word from an earlier Roman text. Caxton was better; at least he admitted to copying. But some things don't change. A medieval reviewer was quoted on his opinion of a certain author; he said, "By way of question and answer very decided statements were made on a wide variety of topics of which the author was profoundly ignorant." Sounds like one of my father's fanzine reviews.

I am also occupying my time by reading one of my father's Christmas presents, THE GLORY AND THE DREAM by Manchester. Although it was sold as part of the current nostalgia wave, it's really designed for people who didn't live through the period. My mother's reaction to various quotes was, "So?" Manchester brings up nothing new and no interpretations of the four decades he covers. I have a feeling my interest will fade as soon as I read about more recent times. But for someone to whom everything from 1932 to, say, 1962 is a blank broken only by the Depression and WWII, it makes for good reading.



Yes, this is the issue we were going to get out before Christmas. Didn't quite make it. It is also the issue in which we clean out the letter file. Some of the letters are quite elderly; I felt they were still interesting (though there are a lot of short excerpts from long letters in here). Next issue will be the 22nd. Annish, and contain fewer letters and considerably more outside contributions. You may also have noticed that the price went up with this issue. This is mostly to discourage people asking for sample copies - the price of a single issue went up 25¢, each issue of a short sub raised 15¢, and of a long sub only 9¢. The usual inflation-

ary excuses; paper, stencils, ink, and postage all increased in cost last year. (And the postage varies widely. A single copy mailed by itself costs - usually - 16¢, while a regular mailing via bulk mail rates costs about 7¢ per copy (which is another reason for discriminating against the buyers of sample copies. I don't want to keep people from buying it at all, but with YANDRO getting mentioned in all sorts of weird places we're going to be getting a lot of requests from people who decide after one issue that it isn't their type of publication.)

Copies of DEVLINS REVIEW should also be out by the time you get this; as I write the editorial, DEVLINS is all on stencil, but nothing has been mimeographed. Approximately 195 fanzine titles reviewed. Price 50¢.

We spent a large part of the Christmas/New Year's holidays with the DeWeeses, Luttrells, Passovoys, Ann Asprin and De Pederson (? Not sure if that should be a "d" or a "t" in there). Enjoyable - would have been more enjoyable if I hadn't had intestinal flu at the time. (I was off work the day before we left for Milwaukee, and spent the trip up huddled in the back seat while Bruce did most of the driving. Having a teenager in the family does have a few compensations.) Picked up the usual vast number of books for Christmas and in Milwaukee - a few of them are in the review column here, and more will be included next issue.

Bruce hadn't done much in debate this year, but he finally entered a "Student Congress" at New Castle and placed first out of 19 contestants. So now his coach is insisting that he get out there and win for dear old Blackford. (Which he has no objection to doing; it's losing for dear old Blackford that bothers him.) One of my co-workers saw his name in the local paper and said I must be very proud of him. Well, yes - but as I said, it's a bit wearing to be living with one of the best arguers in north-eastern Indiana.

There should be an ad for de Camp's Lovecraft book stuck in here somewhere. I'll have a review of it next issue. Looks good, despite the fact that I'm not all that interested in Lovecraft.

One thing we managed to do over the holidays was get some of our artwork framed and hung. Starting with Clyde Jones' photos; three really gorgeous items. I think we will end up with one wall completely covered with artwork. (At the moment all we have up are 3 Jones, 2 Freas sketches, 2 Frankes, 2 by Barbi Johnson, 1 Finlay, 1 Trimble, and 2 Cawthorns, with the two big Dollens paintings on another wall.)

While we were at Milwaukee, Gene and I attended a Milwaukee Fictioneers meeting. Others there with a sciencefictional interest were Larry Sternig (Gene's agent), Ray Puechner, and Arthur Tofte. Tofte mentioned having done a novelization of "King Kong" (I never thought to ask why the publisher didn't just use the original Edgar Wallace novelization) and is working on one for "Day The Earth Stood Still". I can't say I'm all that fond of Tofte's writing, but he's pleasant and interesting in person.

And I think I'll turn the rest of this over to an account of some of the strange and wonderful things we've been getting in the mail these last few months.

## THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

The first item didn't come in the mail; it was in our room at Chambanacon. The CHAMPAIGN-URBANA GUIDE, a little mag telling visitors to the big city what's available in the entertainment line, plus articles and columns of general (?) interest. One column, "Jottings By Jeanne", was devoted to the Silver Anniversary of her Writers Group. I probably would never have read it, but Juanita did and ran across the following priceless line, in a paragraph devoted to proving that Writing is God's Gift and something not to be taught by vulgar correspondence courses. "I find myself constantly abhorred by what I consider to be sacreligious to a great art." Strictly sic, sic, sic. (I can only assume that when God was passing out the gifts, Jeanne was over behind the barn somewhere.) Another article in the same issue contains the following: "It was the Big Grove where the Fort Road crosses the Salt Fork of the Vermillion River with whom this history has business." This was uncredited, but I recognize the style of Jeanne's Writers Group, at least.

MEMO TO MAILERS, the postal service fanzine, has an article in the January issue touting direct mail advertising (junk mail) for small businesses. Just what we need; a postal service that isn't handling the current flow of mail very well, and is advertising for more. // The local (Fort Wayne) paper recently had an article about an Arabian sheikh who tried to buy the Alamo as a present for his son. Governor Briscoe turned him down. "If the Alamo go, said Briscoe, Dolph Briscoe,

All Texas is stuck for a national shrine.

The threat of oil money is no longer funny;

We won't have our patriots' faith undermined"

(Only Martha Keller fans and people who have heard Juanita at convention filksings will know the original of that one.)

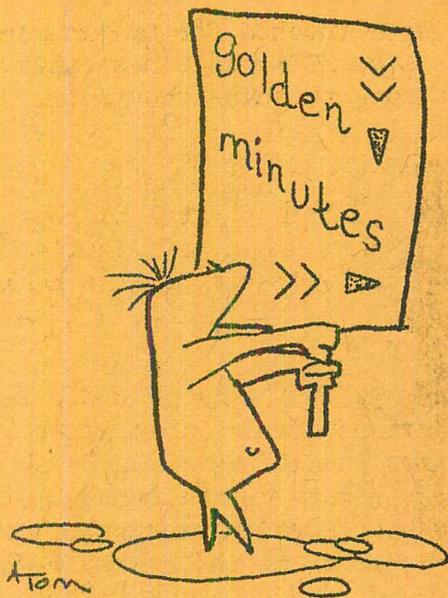
I got an issue of THE ZINE FAN, published by the Ad Hoc Committee To Get Awards For The Fans We Approve Of, announcing that their Faan Awards should be ready for presentation sometime this year. Just what we needed; more fans patting each other on the back. Lots of letters voicing approval of awards by fan-editors' "peers". I got news for you; you're damnwell not my peers, and I don't want one of your crappy awards. I suppose with the increase in the number of fans, there is bound to be an increase in the number who are desperate for some sort of tangible approval that they can take comfort in. Status. The Big Man On Campus syndrome. (Most of the committee members are exactly the sort of people I'd expect to be on a committee like that, too.) // Also in the fanzine line, THE AUSSIECON FLYER, newsletter of the chartered flight to Melbourne for the Worldcon, is available from Grace & Don Lundry, 18 Karen Drive, Cherry Hill, NJ 08003. A nice trip if you have the money to spend. // We also got a copy of a formal protest over the Worldcon art judging, signed by various Chicago fans headed by the Stopas. I don't know the facts concerning the case - if one contestant was eliminated solely because of nudity, then I certainly go along with the protest. (And I do think the judging was the poorest of any Worldcon I've attended; I have no idea what the reasons for this might have been.)

On to the clippings. Fort Wayne has another dumb criminal. This one broke into the office of a factory, took the money from the company cash box - and then went to sleep inside the office. Police had to wake him up in order to cart him off to the pokey. // In the criminal line, Ronald Saloman sends one on the breakup of "one of the largest manhole-cover stealing operations in recent memory". Yes, indeed. I don't think the reporter took things too seriously; he commented that the evidence of 15 manhole covers weighing 280 pounds each would "weigh heavily" against the defendents. // Mary Schaub sends a clipping on the mud industry; if you have the right type of mud, you can get up to \$1.00 a gallon from oil drillers (for use as lubricant and coolant) or \$7.50 per 6-oz. jar from people who use it for beauty treatments. // I got a communication from the National Organization For Women. I've been afraid to open it; it might have a Black Spot inside. // Don Thompson sends one on the latest thing from the tobacco industry; tobacco packed in a porous pouch, which works like a tea bag. You put it in your mouth and suck on it. For the user who is too delicate for Mail Pouch, one assumes. // Alan Dodd sends a clipping expressing horror that a British firm is actually daring to show - and take orders for - a firearm. How terribly savage, my dear. // The Thompsons send one on the possibility of someone jogging in a rubberized sweatsuit

and boiling his brain, liver, and/or kidneys. Seems the rubberized suits produce a bit too much sweat. (The article written after a man died of a heat stroke while jogging.)//The Thompsons also sent one on a teacher's strike which was settled when angry parents got both sides together in the school administrative offices and refused to allow anyone to leave until a compromise was reached. Worms do turn, now and then. //I got an invitation to send in my biography to the International Who's Who of Community Service. Somehow I don't think they have the right man....//Mary Schaub sends one on the scrap-food industry - retrieving wastes from food producers and using it for stock feed. Some fascinating anecdotes, such as recovering a truckload of corn syrup which had covered the floor of a factory, or chopping out a 60-ton lump of licorice from a boxcar. (Give Juanita a jack-knife and plenty of time, and she might be able to get that last one done.) // George Fergus contributes an item about a Boston hospital where children born with serious birth defects were quietly allowed to die. I don't see anything particularly wrong with it, but I'm sure the Right-To-Life groups will protest. // George Flynn sends one about Rhode Island selling off their Historical Cemetery #27 to a building developer. Never let tradition interfere with business (especially when apparently nobody in the area gives a damn about tradition, anyway).//Andy Zerbe sends a report that the book business is improving because of the high cost of travel, movies - and booze.//George Wells sends a long article on the Rev. Gordon Dickson, who plays, and manufactures, folk instruments.//Mary Schaub has one on the dandelion business - cultivating, not eradicating. Good for what ails you.//On the other side of the fence, Bob Briney sends a couple of columns by Mike Royko and Diane White, sneering at Euell Gibbons' ulcers and his Grape Nuts ads. (Which reminds me that at an antique sale awhile back there were a couple of machines of the sort which used to sit in drugstores and dispense soft drinks. One was for Ovaltine, which I remember from my youth as a bad-tasting "health" drink. It was the favorite beverage of Little Orphan Annie for years, which was enough in itself to keep right-thinking people away from it. But the other machine...the label on it said "Malted Grape Nuts". I get mildly ill just thinking about that one, and if it hadn't cost \$10 I would have bought it as a conversation piece so I could make all our guests ill, too.)//Gene DeWeese sent an ad for PRINCE ELMO'S FIRE (which is now out in paperback, I see.) The book concerns "an ordinary family - ordinary, that is, for the backwoods of Indiana. Daddy is shiftless, older brother steals to put bread on the table, older sister follows in mamma's footsteps by becoming a whore, and grandpa is a very dirty old man." Sure, just a typical Hoosier family; we're all pretty much like that.//Dodd has one on the British postal service; mail now taking 14 days for delivery inside England, or 10 days from Hyde Park Corner to Baker St.//Got an ad for the First National Fund Raising Conference. If you think the KC Worldcon rates are bad; registration is \$190 per person here.//Mary Schaub sends an ad for a livestock sale; "Yorkshire And Hamster". Right; something for every price range//Jerry Kaufman sends items (too long to quote) on the design of a 270-mile-high building, and the Richard III Society, devoted to winning forgiveness for the English king. A lot of the evidence favoring Richard does seem substantiated - but I keep wondering if someday there will be a Richard N Society, devoted to whitening the name of you-know-who.//Fort Wayne paper had an item on the exhibit of paintings by Hans van Meegeren, the celebrated Dutch forger of Vermeer paintings. Eighteen of the Van Meegeren canvases were withdrawn from exhibit because they weren't genuine; seems someone had forged them.....//Kay Anderson forwards a couple of headlines: "AVOCADO PLANT BEING BUILT IN SANTA PAULA" (I always thought those things tasted artificial) and "TOXIC SUBSTANCES CAN BE DANGEROUS".//Schaub has one on a minor problem of the Quaker Oats Co. Years ago when they sponsored St. Preston of the Yukon on radio, they used as a giveaway in their cereal boxes deeds to one square inch of the Yukon. The promotion was a great success, 21,000,000 deeds were given out (none of them officially registered), and now the company is getting letters and phone calls from young people who find this strange deed in Daddy's papers and want to know if it's worth anything. (Jim Harmon is quoted as saying they are; not as deeds, but the going price is about \$35 each on the nostalgia market.) And a final one from the Thompsons; an ad for a local department store which has a small notice in it saying "Warning: Credit Cards Can Be Hazardous To Your Wealth."

See you next month, hopefully.

RSC



WATERSHIP DOWN, by Richard Adams [MacMillan, \$6.95] I got mine through the Natural Science Book Club, which seems oddly appropriate. I gather that Adams' natural history is quite accurate. (Though since the rabbits concerned are European, I'm no expert; cottontails are far more individualistic and less social. Maybe it's something in the air over here.) This has been compared to Tolkien; I suppose from now on every large fantasy that appears will be compared to Tolkien, whether there is any similarity or not. In this case, there isn't any. The story concerns a small band of rabbits who escape from a warren about to be bulldozed for a housing tract and who make their way across several miles of country and its attendant dangers to found a new warren. Mainstream critics like it because the author has brought in all sorts of almost-parallels with human societies (but kept them enough different from the human sort so that they must be interpreted by critics for the edification of the reader). What almost nobody

has said about the book is that it's an excellent adventure story, with characters which are well delineated and interesting to read about, coping with problems which are plausible and well handled. (A few critics have made much of the author's "lapine glossary"; compared to the alien expressions in even the average science fiction novel Adams' inventions are few and obvious, but at least they're competent.) It's an outstanding novel for the fantasy reader. A few copies of the Penguin paperback are floating around this country, and presumably a U.S. paperback will be forthcoming. If you don't want to wait, though, it's worth the hardcover price.

THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE, by Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle [Simon & Schuster, \$9.95] This just might be the book I vote for in the Hugo balloting. It's not brilliantly original, or dazzlingly stylistic, but it's a good solid novel. The characters are plywood, maybe (one grade up from cardboard) but they're interesting plywood, on the whole, and the problem of alien contact is well handled. The alien civilization is extremely well done, and the length of the book (over 500 pages) gives the authors room to show the difficulties of interpreting alien minds instead of hurtling the gap with telepathy in a couple of pages. (It's blurbed with Heinlein's statement that it's "possibly the finest science fiction novel I have ever read", which makes me wonder a bit about Heinlein, but if it's a long way from the top of the all-time best list, it might very well be the best of 1974.) From the discovery of an alien spaceship entering human-colonized space ("Visions of octopoids danced in his head" -- which I suspect is one of Niven's lines), through the uneasy meeting between Man and alien, to the final even more uneasy decision of what to do about a civilized race with a biologically built-in population explosion, the book is engrossing.

FIRE TIME, by Poul Anderson [Doubleday, \$5.95] There is also a Book Club edition. Primarily, this is a novel of emotion and political science; is it or is it not right for humans to interfere in a local dispute on an alien planet despite an official hands-off policy? There are complications, of course, and various sub-plots of characters rubbing against one another. Like a lot of Poul's novels, it's completely competent and well worked out, and not very exciting.

ICE AND IRON, by Wilson Tucker [Doubleday, \$4.95] I think Tucker is improving, and this might be his best novel yet. It's told in alternate chapters, of a scientific crew in Saskatchewan during an advance of the glaciers in the near future, and of a new barbarism in the same area in the somewhat farther future, fighting a rear-guard action against more civilized invaders from the south, as the glaciers have retreated. The scientific detail keeps picking up artifacts left by their descendents and trying to understand them. It's quite Fortean, but, given the fact that strange objects have

fallen from somewhere (or somewhen) into our present, and been vouched for by innumerable newspaper reporters, the science is accurate enough. Like MOTE, it's basically a problem story, and like MOTE, it's very good. Certainly a book to think about come Hugo time.

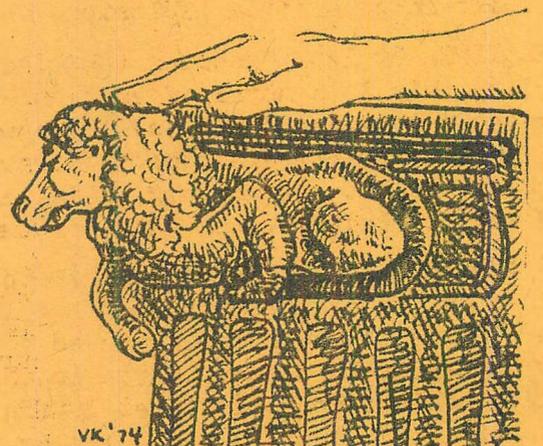
THE FIFTH HEAD OF CERBERUS, by Gene Wolfe [Scribners, \$5.95] But I got mine as a bonus for buying some other books; it seems to be selling at a discount in several places. It's three more or less connected novelets about a rather strange human civilization on a colonized system, and the aliens which the humans displaced (if they aren't really figments of human imagination). Lots of implications; very few statements. I rather enjoyed it; I'm not at all sure that I understood much of it.

THE VALLEY WHERE TIME STOOD STILL, by Lin Carter [Doubleday, \$4.95] This is dedicated "For Leigh Brackett because it's her kind of story". Only, unfortunately, it isn't really Leigh Brackett's kind of story, but a pale imitation of same. It could be a parody -- I'm sure the gunbelt across the saddlehorn was deliberate -- but mostly it just seems to be a not very good adventure writing. The exotic Martian background not only is unbelievable, it's not even very exotic. The grand climax at the valley of the gods is downright dull.

INHERITORS OF EARTH, by Gordon Eklund and Poul Anderson [Chilton, \$6.50] According to a usually reliable source (named Sandra), Anderson's only connection with this is the writing of the original short story it's based on. On my own I wouldn't have thought he had that much to do with it; style, characters, and plotting are all Eklund. (Well, no; the plot is van Vogt, and I will say Eklund does a better job than van Vogt usually does with this sort of mishmash.) Eklund spends more time with emotions and motives than he does with events, but somehow I end up disbelieving in his characters even more thoroughly than I do in most author's creations. This comes out as a sort of rewrite of SLAN, with the plot ends tucked in a bit more neatly but no improvement in the characters; the author has dug under the surface characteristics and found nothing there.

BELLOWSHIP OF THE STARS, edited by Terry Carr [Simon & Schuster, \$7.95] Another theme anthology; this one on the idea that all intelligences are brothers. Ursula le Guin's "The Author of the Acacia Seeds and Other Extracts from the Journal of the Association of Therolinguistics" is a cute idea. "The Stones Have Names" by Mildred Downey Broxon is a good story of clashing cultural values and even though a trifle melodramatic is probably the best item here. "Dream Done Green" by Alan Dean Foster, "Enjoy, Enjoy" by Fred Pohl, and "In This Image" by Alan Brennart, are all gimmick stories, readable and forgettable. John Brunner rather rams home the point of well-adjustedness in "What Friends Are For"; not one of his better efforts. If the sort of characters who inhabit Pamela Sargent's "Shadows" have the right qualities for being superminds, I'll stick with the one I've got; I damnwell don't want togetherness on those terms. Fritz Leiber's "Do You Know Dave Wenzel?" is an episode of insanity rather than a story. George Alex Effinger's "Ashes All My Lust" concerns the emotions of alien contact; competent and forgettable. Overall, an adequate collection, but you can get fiction just as good in a 95 cent issue of F&SF.

IRON CAGE, by Andre Norton [SF Book Club, \$2.48] This is the alien contact month. Norton's young hero is captured by one set of aliens, aided by a different batch, and must choose between his new friends and a human exploration ship. This would, I judge, be for rather younger readers; the moral of "be kind to animals" is pounded home with a sledgehammer. Not



recommended for adult fans; probably fine for the 10 to 12 year old level. (How many 10 year olds in the SF Book Club, I wonder?)

DR. CYCLOPS, by "Will Garth" [Bookfinger, \$5.00, available from J.G. Amadeo, PO Box 522, Wyckoff Hgts.Sta., Brooklyn NY 11237] This is a British-made reprint of the original edition, which is presumably why "Garth" gets credit even though it's no secret that this was a pseudonym of Henry Kuttner. The edition is limited to 1000 copies; binding is neat but not gaudy. Popular Library brought out a cut (mutilated might be a more accurate term) version of this in 1967, but even if you read that edition you might want this one. (In fact, this is especially recommended to anyone who derived their ideas of the story from the paperback.) It is, of course, a novelization of the movie of the same name. Working with a mediocre movie and stock characters, Kuttner has managed to infuse a considerable amount of charm into the story. It's not great literature, but it's entertaining, and appreciation of it should not be restricted to movie nostalgia buffs. Being British, the book is small and won't take up a lot of space on your shelves, and if you enjoy pulp fiction this is a good example of it.

TOTAL ECLIPSE, by John Brunner [SF Book Club, \$2.48] The discovery of an extinct civilization, which may or may not (though you know it's going to) have a bearing on the survival of humanity. Brunner tells it from the viewpoint of the scientific team, trying to find a clue to prevent the collapse of human civilization before that collapse strands them all on an alien planet. Not great, but interesting.

THE WRONG END OF TIME, by John Brunner [SF Book Club, \$2.48] A Russian spy trying to wake up a totally isolationist United States to the menace/challenge of alien intelligence in the solar system. Competent; I believe a shorter version appeared in Amazing a few years ago.

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD, by John Brunner [SF Book Club, \$2.48] One might think that I only have one reason for belonging to the Book Club -- which is about right, though once in a while I get someone else's books. A collection of 13 shorter works, most of which you probably saw before (if you read the magazines like you should). "Wasted On The Young," "An Elixir For the Emperor," "Even Chance," "Planetfall," "Judas," "The Vitauls," (one of my favorites of Brunner's shorts), and "Factsheet Six" all originally appeared in US magazines, and some have been reprinted since. "The Biggest Game" was in one of the Lowndes' mags, which you might not have seen, "Fifth Commandment," "Fairy Tale," and "The Trouble I See" all have only British sources given, and all are good stories; "Fairy Tale" in particular has an intriguing idea. "The Oldest Glass" is a poem; no previous copyright given. And "The Inception of the Epoch of Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid" is from QUARK and if you didn't see it there you're not out much. Mostly, it depends on whether or not you like Brunner's short stories well enough to want them in permanent format; I do.

A HASTILY-THROWN-TOGETHER BIT OF ZORK, by John Brunner [Square House Books, available from John Brunner, The Square House, Palmer St., South Pertherton, Som TA13 5DB Great Britain, priced 50p or \$2 unsigned, or £2.00 or \$8 autographed -- plus 50 cents postage if you can spare it.) Come on, John, your autograph isn't worth that much. This is a slim (very slim; 24 pp) volume of verse. Limited edition of 250 copies; paperbound. Very nicely printed. The verse includes "The Oldest Glass" from the book above and 16 other poems from various magazines that I have never seen (some of which I had never previously heard of). The material is generally good, even though I agree with the sentiments expressed only about half of the time. (I really prefer de Camp's verse, but since I'm an admitted lowbrow when it comes to poems I won't go so far as to say that de Camp's are better.) I should think most fans would enjoy both the verse and sentiments (which are liberal and humanistic). The unsigned books are worth the price.

A MARTIAN ODYSSEY, by Stanley Weinbaum [Hyperion Press, \$5.75]

THE MESSIAH OF THE CYLINDER, by Victor Rousseau [Hyperion Press, \$3.85]

CAXTON'S BOOK, by W. H. Rhodes [Hyperion Press, \$3.75]

Probably most of you by this time have heard of the Hyperion series of "Classics of

Science Fiction," edited by Sam Moskowitz and published in both hardcover and large-size paperback editions. (These are all the paperbacks; hardcovers are much higher priced.) There are a total of 23 titles, and if you're interested you can write to Hyperion Press, 45 Riverside Ave., Westport CT 06880 and they'll send you a catalog. I've been picking them up; I have a total of 9 titles and will probably get more, but these are all that I've read.

A MARTIAN ODYSSEY is undercut by the publication of THE BEST OF STANLEY G. WEINBAUM by Ballantine, containing many of the same stories. (BEST has 12 stories, an introduction by Asimov, and a "recollection" by Robert Bloch. ODYSSEY has 22 stories, just about all he ever wrote, an introduction by Moskowitz, and an autobiographical sketch by Weinbaum.) Weinbaum created a sensation when he first appeared because he didn't want to write pulp adventure fiction with a thin veneer of science; he wrote slick magazine adventure fiction with a thin veneer of science. His human characters are all pretty well interchangeable with those in any random story in a 1930s Saturday Evening Post -- which was a recommendation then, but not now. His aliens are something else again; a few are pedestrian, but some remain as the best depictions of alien life ever written. His worst fiction is readable; his best is classic, and the collection can stand comparison with most of today's writers.

THE MESSIAH OF THE CYLINDER is one of the early "classics" that I've been hearing about ever since I started reading science fiction, but never got to read before. It's interesting; but not precisely in the way the author intended. Rousseau evidently set out to refute the socialistic novels of H. G. Wells, handicapped by the fact that Wells was a far superior writer. (Rousseau may have been above average for his time, which was 1917; the book is better than most of the original stuff in the early Gernsback magazines of 15 years later. But it's a long way from Wells.) The plot is the overthrow of an anti-Utopia. In Rousseau's estimation, the downfall of civilization would be caused by democracy (in a forward, Lester del Rey talks about the author's anti-communistic stand, but the story makes it clear that communism was being objected to only because it was a form of democracy), woman suffrage, divorce, sex education in the schools, the theory of evolution, intelligence testing, and H. G. Wells. (And one has the feeling that if Rousseau were to come back to life today he would point to current society and exclaim, "See? I was right!".) In the end our hero prevails and humanity is saved to return to good, God-fearing aristocratic Catholic Christianity. The plot is unimportant; the ideas are fascinating in a morbid sort of way.

CAXTON'S BOOK is an early collection of which I had never heard prior to the Hyperion publication. It was originally published in newspapers in the mid-1870s, and collected into a book in 1876. In the introduction, Moskowitz claims that the stories are "hoaxes" comparable to Locke's "Balloon Hoax," but actually I believe that in that era newspapers ran fact and fiction more or less indiscriminately, and the intelligent reader was expected to be able to tell one from the other without prompting. Hoaxes were sometimes deliberate, but often due simply to a lack of perspicacity in the readership. Anyway, this volume contains a number of short pieces of fiction, and an equal number of absolutely atrocious poems. The fiction ranges from mediocre to surprisingly good for the period. "The Aztec Princess" contains some fascinating ideas on language, and the author's article on the literature of the period is interesting as a first-hand judgment of the era. (Victor Hugo, he said, could never reach the exalted heights of Racine, Corneille, or Boileau.) If you're at all interested in the ideas and writing styles of the mid-1800s, this is recommended.

Hyperion's paperbacks are well-bound, with sewn signatures, and feature a remarkably bad cover design.

ROGUE MOON, by Algis Budrys [Avon/Equinox, \$1.95] Reprint of a 1960 volume in a large size paperback format. It was always one of my favorites because I empathize completely with Ed Hawks. I'm not supposed to; all the characters in here have one-sided personalities and the novel is supposed to show the many facets of Man, as well as carry a plot and speculate on the purpose of intelligence. But I've always felt that Hawks

is what I'd have been if I'd been brilliant.

THE REPRODUCTIVE SYSTEM, by John T. Sladek [Avon/Equinox, \$1.95] I've been wondering idly how the Rediscovery Series (of which this is #3 and the Budrys book #4) is printed. Now I know; the original books are photocopied. The copier got one sheet too many in this one, and we get a two-page ad for Ace Books in the back. This is also well-printed; nice big print because the copier has enlarged the original. But while the novel is supposed to be "riotously funny", it tended to put me to sleep when I first tried it and age hasn't improved it any. The first dud in the series, as far as I'm concerned.

THE BRICK MOON, by Edward Everett Hale [Imprint Society, remaindered] The Imprint Society publishes limited editions, with slip covers, numbered, and signed by the artist. (Be more valuable if they could get it signed by the author, but that would be a trifle difficult.) Illustrations are woodcuts; excellent and plentiful. The series contains only two science fiction titles that I know of; I'll get to the other one next round. Initial price of the books is something horrendous like \$25 to \$40, but they're now being remaindered at \$10 or so apiece. THE BRICK MOON is really a novelet; only 80 pages, despite large print, wide margins, and illustrations. The story is a satire of the Boston society of the 1860s, as a group of high-minded Bostonians decides to orbit a series of artificial satellites for use in navigation. (Hale had an authentic prediction, there.) Their problems in doing so have almost a flavor of Mark Twain's reflections on American society; Hale might have been a little shaky in physics, but he knew his contemporaries.

THE LONG TOMORROW, by Leigh Brackett [Ballantine, \$1.25] An overdue reprint of one of the better novels of the 1950s. After a catastrophe, the US has been rebuilt as a pastoral society, imitating the pre-Civil-War era. But of course there are always a few malcontents who want to recreate a technological society. Brackett's heroes are two boys who exchange their dreams of a magic land of forbidden science for the less pleasant reality. The ending is unfortunately not as convincing as the early parts of the book, but it's still enjoyable.

THE HOUNDS OF SKAITH, by Leigh Brackett [Ballantine, \$1.25] The second in the Eric John Stark series. At Discon, Leigh said she planned to finish off this adventure in a third volume, and then perhaps send Stark somewhere else. Having destroyed the Citadel in the first book, Stark now has to convince people that he's actually done it, continue to frustrate the designs of the Wandsmen, and retain the loyalty of the Northhounds, which is given only to strength. Since he is doing more acting and being acted upon less in this book I liked it better than the first of the series. Recommended.

GIVE WARNING TO THE WORLD, by John Brunner [DAW, 95 cents] Brunner's version of the secret alien invasion. It's an excellent thriller (much better than a look at the cover would lead you to believe). Another form of PUPPET MASTERS. (And another novel rewritten from an original novelet in Science Fantasy, as I just discovered while looking for something else entirely.)

THE STONE THAT NEVER CAME DOWN, by John Brunner [DAW, 95 cents] Another thriller; society is coming apart until our heroes find a magical solution. It's competent and well written until you come to the solution, which I could never really believe in.

CAGE A MAN, by F. M. Busby [Signet, 95 cents] Nice to see a Cry editor making good. This is pretty strictly space opera; not to be taken very seriously, but nicely done and enjoyable. (The sort of story that used to be in the better issues of Startling Stories in the good old days.) Basic plot is pretty close to Jack Vance's SLAVES OF THE KLAU (which did appear in Startling), but the extra length available gives Busby scope for more complications and a slightly -- very slightly -- better insight into his characters than Vance had. I may have forgotten it by this time next year, but I liked it very much while I was reading it.

ELUX, by Ron Goulart [DAW, 95 cents] Another Chameleon Corps novel. As long as you don't read very much of Goulart at any one time, he's great. His characters are all more or less appealingly clumsy, and his societies are lovely elaborations of certain facets of human character. (In this book, I particularly liked Tunky Nesper, the homey philosopher and balladeer and his ethnic repertoire such as "Knocked Down and Stepped On By The Sheriff Blues #1" -- Goulart must have boned up on a lot of old copies of Sing Out.) Once again, the Chameleon Corps is searching for an elusive villain on a wacky planet, and being impeded by all sorts of irrelevant but humorous details.

THE SPELL SWORD, by Marion Zimmer Bradley [DAW, 95 cents] The latest Darkover novel. Another Earthman gets involved in a Darkovan menace and finds that he has hitherto unknown power to combat it. The basic idea seemed terribly familiar, but Marion does a good job of description and detail and I enjoyed the result. Nice Barr cover, even if the heroine does look more like a robot than a human.

STAR RIDER, by Doris Piserchia [Bantam, \$1.25] The maturing of a totally irresponsible teenager. The galactic anarchy presented is a sort of Bat Durston satire, and way too broad for my taste. (Or at least, I hope it's a satire.) The maturing process is pretty cut and dried, but acceptable. I've read better.

MACROSCOPE, by Piers Anthony [Avon, \$1.75] A reprint of Piers' kitchen-sink novel; Doc Smith cross with Carroll Righter and stirred to a frenzy. I didn't like it, but it's certainly unusual.

THE SPACE MERCHANTS, by Fred Pohl and C.M. Kornbluth [Ballantine, \$1.50] Reprint of the novel which originated a whole field of improbable satires on various businesses. Most of the imitations were terrible; the original book is an enjoyable dig at the advertising business. (It's also popular; this is the 8th printing since 1953.) If you haven't already read it, do so. (If you haven't already read it, you're a newcomer to science fiction.)

THE MAN IN THE MAZE, by Robert Silverberg [Avon/Equinox, \$1.95] #5 in the SF Rediscovery series. One of Silverberg's earlier psychological novels. It's also one of his better ones, though even here the idea of a businesslike author carefully and logically manipulating jargon to produce a reaction from the reader comes through. Basically, I suppose it's a feeling that the style doesn't fit the content. His tortured hero, cursed with an affliction that makes him avoided by the entire human race, fails even to draw



my interest, let alone any sympathy. But if you want to try reading Silverberg, this is a good one to start on; I dislike his other recent fiction even more.

THE METALLIC MUSE, by Lloyd Biggle, Jr., [DAW, \$1.25] A collection of three novelets ("The Tunsmith," "Orphan of the Void," and "The Botticelli Horror") and four short stories ("Leading Man," "Spare the Rod," "Well of the Deep Wish," and "In His Own Image"). All are concerned with the effect of our future mechanized society on the arts -- or occasionally, as in "Orphan of the Void", vice versa. Biggle is one of the writers I tend to overlook because he never writes anything spectacularly good -- but his fiction is always well-done and generally entertaining. Original copyrights on these are 1957 to 1967; if you haven't already read them, the book is recommended.

ENTRY TO ELSEWHEN, by John Brunner [DAW, \$1.25] Reprint of an earlier DAW edition. Contains three novelets; "Host Age" (an epidemic always has survivors -- but it's hard on the rest of us); "Lungfish" (a short novelet on the generations-ship idea), and "No Other Gods But Me" (a long novelet on psi power). The final story is one of the reasons that the Carnell-edited Science Fantasy has my vote as the best science fiction magazine of all time. It has no deep meaning or alleged insight into human nature, but it's fascinating.

CAN YOU FEEL ANYTHING WHEN I DO THIS?, by Robert Sheckley [DAW, 95 cents] A collection of 16 short stories, of which 6 seem to be original with this volume. Sheckley always had a uniquely bizarre viewpoint in his stories, but every so often he tended to let it get away from him and produce something that was different just for the sake of being different. If anything, that aspect seems to be getting more pronounced; a lot of the stories in here consist of simply affixing the currently fashionable philosophy (leftwing humanistic) to an unusual situation, or the parody of an incident (not the whole plot, but one incident) in old war movies, or whatever. But there is a fair amount of good fiction mixed in with the drek.

THE BOOK OF SABERHAGEN [DAW, \$1.25] Ten of Fred Saberhagen's short stories. Some gimmick stories -- as most short stories have to be, if they're any good at all -- but Saberhagen's gimmicks and stories are all more or less psychological. Fairly elementary psych, but very well handled. Nothing here is a classic, but they're all fairly good. Of course, Saberhagen is mostly remembered for his "Berserker" series, but only the final story here ("What Do You Want Me To Do To Prove Im Human Stop") is at all connected to the killing machines. The others span a fairly wide variety of futures.

THE BEST OF FRITZ LEIBER [Ballantine, \$1.75] Second in Ballantine's "classic science fiction" collections. In general, this quite deserves the title -- particularly since I've never been terribly fond of Leiber's novels -- including his two Hugo winners -- but like his shorter works. This has "A Pail of Air" (my choice for Leiber's single best work -- never mind if it wouldn't really work that way, it feels right), "The Night He Cried" (probably the best Mickey Spillane parody anyone ever wrote), and "Coming Attraction" (one of the most unpleasant future societies on record). It doesn't contain any of his chess stories, and personally I think at least "The 64-Square Madhouse" should be in here. But it does have "Space-Time for Springers" and "The Man Who Made Friends With Electricity" and 17 others which range from good to mediocre. Plus an introduction by Poul Anderson. Recommended.

MUTANTS, by Gordon Dickson [Collier, \$1.25] Eleven stories about humans with special powers. I'm not sure if the Dorsai qualify as mutants or not, but only one Dorsai story, "Warrior," is included. The other stories concern the use and misuse of special powers. (Not the usual psi tricks of telepathy or precognition; Dickson is more interested in super-intelligence, empathy, or just a massive affinity for life.) A good collection.

THE EARLY ASIMOV: BOOK TWO [Fawcett, \$1.25] Fourteen of the early stories, published between 1941 and 1950. Each story has an introduction by Asimov on how and why he came to write it, and its publishing history. The stories aren't all that great, but they are competent, and the background material is fascinating.

ARENA OF ANTARES, by Alan Burt Akers [DAW, \$1.25] The seventh book in this sword and sorcery series. I find most s&s incredibly dull, and this is no exception, but it's a fair example of its type.

STAR TREK LOG THREE, by Alan Dean Foster [Ballantine, \$1.25] Three more novelets adapted from the cartoon series. Unlike Blish, Foster gets into the spirit of the show (not to mention a small amount of the spirit of Flashman, in the Harry Mudd episode). It's quite entertaining and almost -- but not quite -- makes me want to watch the show. (I did watch the show, and I couldn't take the cheap animation. The books let me do my own animating.)

THE BEST OF PLANET STORIES #1, edited by Leigh Brackett [Ballantine, \$1.25] This is one I've been waiting for. I'm not sure it fits my idea of the best of the magazine, but the selected stories are nostalgic and provide a nice variety. There is a long introduction by the editor (mentioning that it was once fashipnabe for fans to dislike Planet. Quite true -- but I never went along with fannish traditions. Astounding was of course the magazine, but Startling, TWS, and Planet were also my favorites. The real dregs of the field were Amazing and Fantastic Adventures -- and they had more readers then than they do now that Ted White is getting some decent fiction into them.) The stories start with "Lorelei of the Red Mist," by Leigh Brackett and Ray Bradbury, which is definitely tops among the exotic-adventure stories that Planet was noted for. Then comes Fred Brown's "The Star Mouse," the one and only science fiction classic that Planet published. After that we go down hill a bit, with Raymond Z. Gallun's "Return of a Legend," "Quest of Thig," by Basil Wells, "The Rocketeers Have Shaggy Ears," by Keith Bennett (one of the few stories I actively disliked after reading it), "The Diversifal" by Ross Rocklynne, and "Duel on Syrtis," a minor but good item by Poul Anderson. Overall, I liked it -- but I want an Emmett McDowell story in the next volume. Nice Freas cover (but it doesn't look a thing like Sandra Miesel -- I'm disappointed). Except for "Star Mouse" none of this is high-quality fiction, but it's a lot of fun.

ASTOUNDING: JOHN W. CAMPBELL MEMORIAL ANTHOLOGY, edited by Harry Harrison [Ballantine, \$1.95] Pretty stiff price; the Book Club edition -- which I reviewed a while back -- didn't cost much more. These are thirteen original stories of the "Astounding type" written primarily by authors developed by the Campbell Astounding. Plus Astounding-type Freas illustrations (which admittedly you don't get in the Book Club version). Too many of the authors are trying too hard to recreate a mood and not hard enough to create a story, so there aren't any brilliant stories here, but there are some good ones. Theodore Sturgeon's "Helix the Cat" is far and away the best, but Mack Reynolds has an acceptable conclusion to his "Black Man's Burden" series, and if Gordon Dickson's "Brothers" is only good instead of outstanding, it does have a fine folksong included, (and was the inspiration for a better one). The other stories aren't bad, but aren't anything to get excited about, either.

THE LIBERATED FUTURE, edited by Robert Hoskins [Fawcett, \$1.50] Interesting; it's titled like a "theme" anthology, but since most science fiction is about the future, Hoskins can pick about what he likes. He's done a good job; if Kornbluth's "Little Black Bag" is well known, it's also an excellent story. "Encased in Ancient Rind" is typical Lafferty. Poul Anderson's "Sam Hall" is perhaps the archetype of the "overthrow-the-dictator" stories. William Tenn's "Liberation of Earth" ought to be a well known classic, even though for some reason it isn't. Kuttner's "Private Eye" is a fascinating gimmick story, and Joe Hensley's "Run From Home" is an acceptable parable even if I don't believe the scientific basis at all. The remainder of the fiction is fair to mediocre.

THE OAKDALE AFFAIR, by Edgar Rice Burroughs [Ace, \$1.25] One of Burroughs' flings at the detective story. Pretty standard pulp fiction, but presumably all the Burroughs fans in the country will want it. Not recommended to anyone else.

SCIENCE FICTION: THE ACADEMIC AWAKENING, edited by Willis McNelly [College English Association, Centenary College of Louisiana, PO Box 4188, Shreveport LA 71104 - \$2.00]

I have a rather jaundiced attitude toward academic interest in science fiction, so this little booklet surprised me by being fairly interesting. The idea is "to aid teachers of English, at whatever level, who might be approaching science fiction for the first time," and the basic aid is the presentation of background material. Jack Williamson gives an overall view of stf courses, while other authors have articles on various facets of the field (Greg Benford on the scientific background, Jane Hipolito on characterization or lack of it, Leon Stover on social science fiction) and still others provide information on stf authors, writing styles, genre awards, etc. There are a dozen or more definitions of science fiction (none of them correct). There is a Harlan Ellison article, for those Ellison fans in the audience -- I found it about as useful as most Ellison writing, which is to say not at all. John Boyd has an amazingly good article on the traditional values of the field, and Mark Hillegas an excellent one on the conflict between traditional values of English professors and the skills required to teach stf. Hipolito says nothing new to regular readers, but she has a nice concise account for newcomers. And I wonder if any students of the field find it unusual that science fiction is the only branch of the arts to have three separate, major, international awards? (Unless children's literature also does; I know of two there, but there may be more.)

THE SCIENCE FICTION OF ISAAC ASIMOV, edited by Joseph F. Patrouch, Jr. [Doubleday, \$6.95] When a major book company starts publishing full-length books about authors in the field, I suppose it means that literary respectability has arrived. In general, this seems to be a pretty good evaluation of Asimov. At times I think Patrouch reads a lot more into the stories than the author intended -- going into the psychological significance of what seems obviously to be normal solutions of standard plotting problems -- but all critics seem to do this more or less. Patrouch does it less than most, considering his subject. With Asimov's current popularity, a book of this nature seemed obviously due.

THE PLANET-GIRDED SUNS, by Sylvia Louise Engdahl [Atheneum, \$7.50] This is an account of the history of the idea of inhabited solar systems. It's about high school or possibly adult level -- a somewhat higher level than her fictional books. (In fact, there is a rather wide discrepancy in writing levels between the numerous quotes from 17th and 18th Century writers and the author's own writing style, in which the vocabulary is carefully held to a junior high level or below.) Her main theme is the prevalence of ideas of alien intelligences in the years before the 20th Century, and she produces an overwhelming documentation for it. One quote in particular seems to be a poetic evocation of science fiction:

"The soul of man was made to walk the skies;  
 Delightful outlet of her prison here!  
 There, disincumbered from her chains, the ties  
 Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large."

This is from Edward Young's "Night Thoughts," published in 1745. Femfans might also be interested in the title of a volume published in 1825: YOUNG LADIES ASTRONOMY...

DESIGNED PARTICULARLY FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF YOUNG LADIES IN THAT INTERESTING AND SUBLIME STUDY, THOUGH WELL ADAPTED TO THE USE OF COMMON SCHOOLS. The change from religious to scientific belief in extra-solar intelligence is documented, and there is a final section on current belief and future possibilities. Interesting to the general reader, and quite possibly of service to teachers in the field.



SONG OF CORPUS JURIS, by Joe L. Hensley [Crime Club, \$4.95] This is Joe's third book about Robak, his lawyer-detective. (Fourth, actually, since the hero of POISON SUMMER is the same character under a different name.) As usual, the background of small-town politics is better than the plot. (Which doesn't mean that the plot is poor, just that the background is very good.) It gives the book a believability that all too many detective novels -- and stf novels, for that matter -- don't have. Recommended.

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE, by Earl Derr Biggers [secondhand - 25 cents] This is one of those titles that have fascinated me since I first

heard it, so when I got a chance to pick up the book, I did. Considering that it's a 1913 copyright, the book is surprisingly good. (Retold from the feminine point of view, it would make a better than average gothic right now -- which is an idea...) Not precisely recommended to the modern stf reader, though.

DARK ODYSSEY, by Florence Stevenson [Signet, 95 cents] Pretty much a straight gothic, unfortunately. The humor crops out at all-too-rare intervals (such as an author's note about culling the story from her diaries, which makes her about 150 years old, or the episode in which the heroine gets stinko on Chilean wine). It's quite well written, and I suppose it's what the customers want, but it's a waste of the Stevenson talents.

DEATH REIGN OF THE VAMPIRE KING, by Grant Stockbridge [Pocket Books, 95 cents]

HORDES OF THE RED BUTCHER, by Grant Stockbridge [Pocket Books, 95 cents]

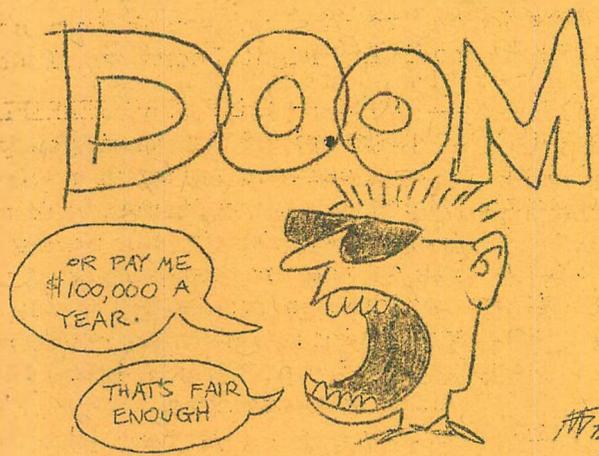
THE CITY DESTROYER, by Grant Stockbridge [Pocket Books, 95 cents]

DEATH AND THE SPIDER, by Grant Stockbridge [Pocket Books, 95 cents]

Berkley tried reprinting the Spider stories four years ago, with apparently poor results; I believe they dropped the series after four books. Pocket Books seems to have coppered their bets by having someone -- Stockbridge, perhaps -- update the stories. (The original title of "The Spider" has been shortened to the name "Spider"; he carries a pair of .357 Colt Python revolvers, which didn't exist when the stories were first copyrighted in 1935, etc.) The Berkley covers were vaguely similar to the original magazine covers; the PB covers are similar to Bantam's Doc Savage covers and make Spider look like a cross between James Arness and Harry Reasoner. I don't notice all that much difference in story quality, but apparently the modernization is working. It's not my type of fiction, but considering all the modern imitations, it's a popular type.

IMAGINATIVE SEX, by John Norman [DAW, \$1.95] The author of the "Gor" books is allowed to give his weird and perverted sexual imagination full sway, with hilarious results. Unintentionally funny? I couldn't say; I can't imagine anyone who would take any of Norman's stuff seriously, but there aren't enough people with a sense of the ridiculous to provide all his popularity, so some people must. Anyway, this is a non-fiction book which provides 53 ready-made sexual fantasies for people with no imagination of their own (and not too much taste). For the rest of us, it's moderately amusing, but not \$1.95 worth.

PLAYING CARDS, by Roger Tilley [remaindered, \$1] A quite interesting account of the history of cards. Judging from other books of the type, the text is superficial, but an excellent introduction for someone like me with an interest but very little knowledge. (And on a subject which could become rapidly boring if dealt with in depth.) Original sales probably depended on the lavish illustrations; this is sort of a poor man's coffee-table book. (Tray-table book?) A photo of four cards from a Sioux Indian pack proves we debauched the poor red man with more than whiskey. A note says



that the Republic of South Africa changed its cards to suits of cartwheels, powder horns, shoes, and tent-pegs, and the court-cards to Boer, Vroux, and Kommandant. I'm going to try to pick up a pack from some South African fan. (It would seem ideal for euchre, providing right Boers and left Boers.)

THE GOOD OLD DAYS -- THEY WERE TERRIBLE!, by Otto L. Bettman [Random House, \$4.95] Seems a bit high-priced for what you get, even for a large-size paperback. But the content is an excellent refutation of nostalgia for the simpler life when all summer afternoons were lazy, craftsmen took pride in their work, and n-----knew their place. There is very little in the book that I didn't already know, but it's nice to have a general view of the era between the Civil War and WWI assembled in one book.. One or two items I didn't know; in the 1870s, "Urbana, 'Ill., boasted more hogs than people." And some statistics; a healthy horse produces from 20 to 24 pounds of manure a day, and in 1900 New York City had 150,000 horses. Pollution is not a modern problem. And from life insurance statistics, today's test pilots and circus stuntmen have a greater life expectancy than yesterday's railroad brakemen. And the "pure country butter" so often evoked by today's natural-food addicts was quite often made of a mixture of calcium, gypsum, gelatin fat, and mashed potatoes. (I knew it was usually adulterated, but the actual ingredients are a bit more sickening than I expected. That, of course, was the pure Stuff; margarine was made from ingredients that put workers in the hospital as a result of handling them.) Highly recommended.

GREAT LAKES SHIPWRECKS & SURVIVORS, by William Ratigan, remaindered, \$2.98] I suppose I'm prejudiced from living in the area, but I found this absolutely fascinating. It's always-been Midwestern folklore that Lakes storms are worse than ocean storms. This provides confirmation (strain gauges on a Lakes freighter registered 23,000 psi, higher than ever recorded on the ocean) and an explanation (fresh water, being less dense than salt water, can be whipped into bigger waves by the wind). It also decided me to never travel on any of the Great Lakes in November (various lists of losses repeat that month with monotonous frequency). The grisly record is relieved by the occasional understatement (an 1845 newspaper carried the notice that "the extremely boisterous weather" had resulted in ships being driven ashore) or the strictly comic (as when a burning ship, abandoned at the dock with the steam up, pursued its crew along the dock until finally sinking). Water tragedies seem to specialize in the ironic; not only did the greatest loss of life in any civilian ship disaster occur on the Mississippi River, but the greatest loss of life in any Great Lakes wreck occurred when the Eastland capsized as it began to pull away from a Chicago dock. The book also contains a fair number of ballads of Lake shipwrecks, from the maudlin to the comic.

BUG ROGERS, by Gus Arriola [Nitty Gritty Productions, \$1.95]

POPO AND THE SUN, by Gus Arriola [Nitty Gritty Productions, \$1.95]

THOSE PLAYWORMS, by Gus Arriola [Nitty Gritty Productions, \$1.95]

PONCE DE LEON, by Gus Arriola [Nitty Gritty Productions, \$1.95]

GORDO THE LOVER, by Gus Arriola [Nitty Gritty Productions, \$1.95]

POOSY GATO, by Gus Arriola [Nitty Gritty Productions, \$1.95]

GORDO'S PETS, by Gus Arriola [Nitty Gritty Productions, \$1.95]

TEHUANA MAMA, by Gus Arriola [Nitty Gritty Productions, \$1.95]

A high price for about 20 pages per book, and 6 1/4" x 4 1/4" pages at that. But you do get stiff paper and excellent color work. The "Gordo" strip is generally noted for imaginative color and design work (also for being funny, which is sometimes harder than using color and design). It's certainly one of the few strips that I'd pay money to own in paperback form; while the "Playworms" episodes tend to use up a lot of old Phil Harris drunk jokes, the other books, particularly the animal episodes, are original and good. Any cat lover should definitely invest in "Poosy Gato", in particular. If you can't find these anywhere in the bookstores — and you probably can't — look up Hank Luttrell at a convention sometime. I got these from him, putting in an order after seeing a sample at Chambanac.

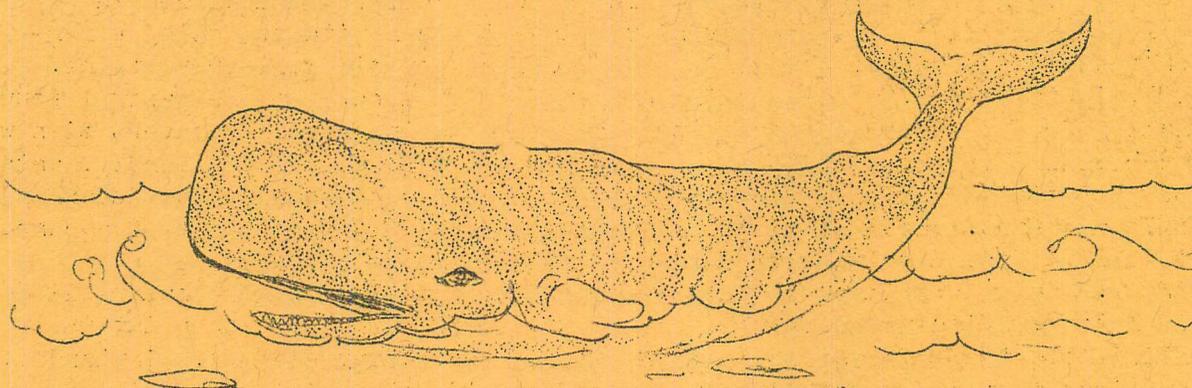
THE IRON TIGER, by Jack Higgins [Fawcett, 95 cents] I've been seeing a lot of Higgins' adventure books lately. Since they don't seem to be the badly plotted sadism that

most "adventure" writers are doing these days, I tried one. It's quite adequate, if obvious. Not a bad way to kill an hour or so if you don't have a stack of unread sf books like I do.

DADDY LONG-LEGS, by Jean Webster [Tempo, 75 cents] Another curious memento of my childhood. A somewhat idiotic 1912 romance, salvaged by a sense of humor and an early example of Woman's Lib. ("You belong, Mr. Smith, to a sex devoid of a sense of logic.") Not good, but amusing.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST TV QUIZ, by Tom Bernhauser and Dennis Palumbo [Berkley, 95 cents] I don't suppose it really is, but it should be adequate for quiz fans. I don't know how many sf fans would get a lot out of it. It's rather all-embracing, and the authors include shows that I liked ("Yancy Derringer", "Rocky and Bullwinkle", etc.), but 99 percent of the shows the questions are about are those that I did not like, did not watch over an episode or two (or never watched at all) and haven't the slightest interest in. ("I Love Lucy", "Bonanza", "Perry Mason", "Gunsmoke", "The Andy Griffith Show", "Topper", etc.) There's one quiz on "Star Trek", for any dedicated fans. In general, the shows were dull and the questions about them are even duller.

CLUNY BROWN, by Margery Sharp [secondhand, 5 cents] Actually less than that; the books were selling at 6 for 25 cents, and I picked this up hastily because the clerk told me I only had 5 books in one stack and I could get another one free. It's moderately amusing, but I'm beginning to get the impress'ion that Sharp does better on her juveniles than she does on her adult "romance".



Due to the increasing demands of Japanese companies it is unlikely that this and other models of Orca Ltd. will be produced after 1980. Should you wish to see the line continued you may make your feelings known to:

Premier Kakuei Tanaka  
c/o The Japanese Embassy  
2520 Massachusetts Avenue  
Washington D.C. 20008



# GRUMBLINGS!

Bob Briney, 4 Forest Ave., Salem MA 01970

Would you believe a book called TECHNIQUES OF THE SELLING WRITER by Dwight V. Swain? Published by University of Oklahoma Press... I don't think I'll get the book; the title doesn't have a ring to it, such as some other Swain titles. "Bring Back My Brain!" for instance.

In the latest batch of philatelic material received from John Berry, there was an envelope which I will prize. It was sent from Italy, and the sole and complete address is: "To the Supreme Being of the tourism of Belfast (England)." In addition to getting Belfast in the wrong country, the sender has an odd idea of who is running things in Northern Ireland.

Recently saw the movie FLESH GORDON, which is now entering its sixth week in Boston. Lots of fun, a really clever take-off on the old Flash Gordon and kindred serials. Bjo's make-up designs were good, there is some really fine stop-motion animation of assorted monsters, and a marvelous imitation-Karloff performance by the actor who plays Wang the Perverted.

Rusty Hevelin, 6594 Germantown, Miamisburg OH 45342

Thanks for the RUSTY HEVELIN FOR DUFF plug. Gay Haldeman helped me attract the "dirty old man" voters by snuggling on my lap for a long time in the Snowcon party room. We had begun to think no one would ever notice when Tucker saved the day, getting everyone's attention by establishing the "Room Keys for Rusty Club". If those 17 people contribute next year, I will be able to house most of Chambanacon in "my" rooms. Bob had already practically dared anyone to leave the con without voting for me first, but I don't know how fearsome and effective threats from him will prove to be.

Re DUFF, incidentally, a funny thing happened at Philcon. At one party I found a fellow named Berry lounging on one of the beds engaged in friendly conversation with a guy named Hevelin sitting next to him. They didn't seem at all unfriendly, antagonistic, or competitive, and Hevelin seemed to find Berry as pleasant and human as regular people and fans. How are we going to get any real excitement out of a campaign with that sort of thing going on?

Now, Buck, your "Not liking the prices charged for tables..." is what really got me onto this letter. Without fully making the point, you have put into print what I have been telling committees for some time. Fans like you, Jerry Kaufman, Jim Landau, and others are important to fandom and conventions should not be doing anything to lose you. You offer collectors the books and magazines they seek at more reasonable prices than regular dealers. As fellow fans and collectors, you are also more likely to care about condition and handling of what you offer. Your kind should be encouraged, not just to help you pay expenses, but for the general good of collectors at the cons. Unfortunately, it takes relatively little to force out the "little guy" if he has to feed the greed of a committee instead of passing savings on to collectors. This can hurt all of the cons.

Part of the increase in con membership fees can be justified by other increasing costs, but when big increases in other charges appear, somebody's greed is showing.

We already have the Ellisons and Spinrads agitating to be paid for taking part in conventions because "they are making money". So far, the Asimov, del Rey, Clement, and Dickson types are holding the balance toward fannish cons. Greedy committees and exorbitant fees of any kind will certainly give the first group ammunition to convert

others to the "pay for play" attitude which we will regret.

There is almost never any charge to the committee for a huckster room or tables. If there is, it is probably because the committee goofed in making arrangements with the hotel (in this case, I am not sure the committee is entitled to charge others for its goof). There should be, then, no direct real reason for a charge on huckster tables. It is fair enough to make a reasonable charge just to control the use of the room or to spread a little of the con cost to people making money out of it, true, but I think we go too far when we squeeze out fans who are trying to help other fans as much as to help themselves.

Highly successful regionals like Minicon, Kubla Khan, Windycon, and Chambanacon get along very well charging only \$2 to \$5 for huckster tables. Worldcons now struggle to justify what they do with surplus money. Like you, I find it hard to accept the notion of single-table fan dealers being charged 3 to 12 times what outstandingly good cons charge.

Some committees use the argument, "Well, some of these guys are making a lot of money in the hucksters' room. Why shouldn't we get some of it?" If that is who they are after, I contend that they should devise a system to let the helpful fan in for very little and honestly charge the ones they claim are making big money.

I have spoken to a few writers and fans about refusing to "entertain" at cons with exorbitant charges and have been happy to get favorable reaction and agreement. This is a one-man campaign so far, but I'd like to see widespread reaction and support.

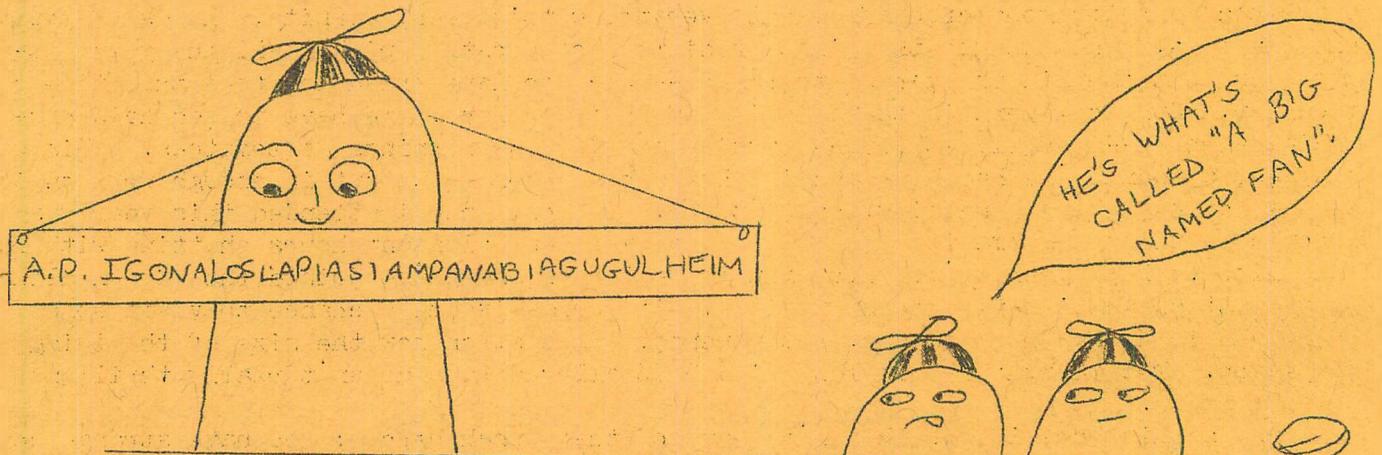
[[While I haven't considered that aspect of any cons so far, I think there are enough of them now that I can afford to pass up any and all which charge exorbitant fees.]]

Bill Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell PA 16374

Before I forget it, let me get to the real reason for writing you at this time. Today I got back the issue of Stef sent to Ed Cagle, stamped merely "Undeliverable as Addressed". The address is exactly as he gave it, so I'm wondering if he has moved or whether the P.O. has goofed again. I once got back a copy sent to Norman Knight several years after he moved to Silver Spring that was stamped "No Such Address". Do you know anything about Ed? Hell of it is, I have two unanswered letters from him, the second of which, from last July, I was going to print in Stef but overlooked. It's mostly reminiscences and one of them, about sitting on a cousin's lap to steer a Model A, makes him out to be less old than he pretended. (Or, at least, it makes him out as a lot less ancient than I, whose first attempts at driving were in 1918 in Dad's 1914 Packard.

Crummy greeting cards in the mail? I never get any of that sort of junk.

It seems no time at all since Bruce's Couolumn was a terse few lines, and now he's getting almost as windy as his parents. No complaints from me about that; he writes extraordinarily well so that I think there must be something to heritage as well as to environment and, perhaps, pre-natal influence. While on this subject I hope you'll forgive me if I mention something that brought me up short in "Rumblings". It is your



mention that "Doubleday sent a publicity sheet for Gene and I to fill out." Surely you wouldn't write "...for I to fill out", would you? It's exactly the same thing. It's a very common solecism, indeed, but from one who writes so well as you it is doubly annoying. Watch it, Buck.

Though I'm quite unacquainted with the basic premise (is there any truth in that stuff about the winged beaver?) I very much enjoyed Sandra Miesel's little fantasy. Keep on getting stuff like this and you can put off printing my piece forever, if necessary.

If Ed is still living at the same place the P.O. will be obligated to deliver that copy of Stef to him for no additional stamp. It ought to refund the 10 cents postage due I had to pay, too, but I suppose that's expecting too much.

[[I wasn't positive of Cagle's present whereabouts (the last missive I got from him was sent from a Boy Scout camp in Oklahoma) so if any of the readers have a firm address, let Bill know. Or let both of us know; I'd like to reply to that thing I got, and I don't think even Ed can have a Boy Scout camp as a permanent address.]]

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107.....4365

That's called the "Julian Date" in case you didn't know. It's another of the mystic numbers the government uses. Tomorrow will be 5001. I think that's one of the problems with government; we depend on numerology, astrology, and assorted other logys.

I think that outfit you work for, Buck, is dealing with -logys, too. Otherwise I can't imagine how they intend to fit an 8'6" door into an 8'3 1/2" opening.

People keep telling me how much more efficient everything would be if the government were operated like a private business. I shudder to think of it. There is always the horrible example of the U.S. Postal Service.

Chrystal has been taking her blood pressure to Lovelace Clinic, which is one of the better class medical emporiums here in the fabulous Duke City. I won't bother to relate the horror stories involved in their changeover to a computer billing system but of late I've noticed that I'm getting past-due notices from these people, and no reports from the medical insurance people that they've been paying off on my insurance claims. Hmm, I hmmmnd. Bettah go an see about dat. A charming, but stupid, young thing gave me her prompt attention and got out my file folder. Therein were my insurance claims for the past four months. Why haven't you sent them in, I queried. We're waiting for a diagnosis on this folder, she replied brightly. What does that mean? I asked with a smile. Somebody turned off her light. I don't know, she said. I reached back over the years and called up my old sergeant major voice. Send the claims in, I said, and quit sending me past due notices.

Private business efficiency, balderdash!

It's good to see Yandro again and you hear no complaints from this source about lateness. I've always said that if fanac cuts into the time available for professional activity then drop the fanac. Fanac is nice but it doesn't pay too much.

We had a pretty good crop of almost everything this year, Juanita. Loads of squash and tomatoes. When we got the first prediction of frost we picked all the green tomatoes and put them in the garage to ripen -- nice to have fresh tomatoes this time of the year. Our soil here is the opposite of what you have. We have to add acid producing agents -- usually sulfur -- particularly for such things as tomatoes. This was the best garden we've had here and it should have been -- we put in enough work on it.

And you have been con-going, haven't you. The only one I attended this year was Bubonicon, which was small and nice and made for many pleasant hours chatting with Buz and Elinor. Next year we'll maybe get to Westecon and we've joined the KC con altho actual attendance is still to be decided. It would give me a chance to visit some relatives in Kansas but I dunno. It depends, I guess, on how the size of the thing shapes up. The thought of mingling with 5000 alleged fans doesn't really thrill me all that much.

Yang and his Dorsai, eh? Haven't heard of that bunch before; you have strange characters in the Mid, er, west. Well, having no knowledge of any of what went on I'll

not comment on your comments except to say that I'd have reservations about any group that called itself Yang and his Dorsai, dressed up in funny suits and hiring itself out as muscle.

We haven't had any screams about textbooks hereabouts although the schools are being cautious. One of the books on the reading list in Rene's literature course was NATIVE SON and her teacher sent home a slip asking for a parental OK for her to read it. I wrote that I not only gave my permission but also my strong encouragement that Rene read the book.

The big censorship flap around here has been over the porno film houses and the newsstands that sell those salacious magazines all full of dirty pictures of naked women. (Personally I think the best thing one could do with a dirty naked woman is to give her a bath.) Last May there was a referendum on the ballot in one of the many city elections (Albuquerque had five or six elections in 1974), something to the effect "should the city council attempt to pass an anti-obscenity ordinance?" Some 10,000 voters said "no", 20,000 said "yes", and 150,000 didn't bother to vote. A local group of bookburners calling themselves The Concerned Citizens For Decency Through Law (a shuddery title, that -- the parent group is The Concerned Citizens For Decent Literature) immediately presented the City Council with a ready-made ordinance which the Council put off until the uproar from the dozen or so members of the CCFDTL got so great they had to act. So they passed the silly ordinance, making it effective 1 April -- a rather appropriate date. Several of the councilors have said the ordinance will never stand up in court and expect it to be thrown out the first time it is challenged.

Gad, I can see all sorts of schisms inherent in Sandra's cult of Basketballism. Is God, for instance, plain brown or multicolored? Out here, for example, UNM's practice basketballs are cardinal, silver, and turquoise. Note the subtle difference from the normal red, white, and blue that many other teams use.

Michael Coney's column...that's one of those faaaanish things, isn't it?

[[Actually, "Yang" is just the short, friendly form of the name; the full address is "Yang the Nauseating". (His wife said they've received mail addressed to "Yang the Nauseating, Ann Arbor, Michigan", which makes him a famous person, even if the fame hasn't spread to New Mexico.) You better believe we got strange characters in the Midwest. RSC]]

Leah Zeldes, 21961 Parklawn, Oak Park MI 48237

I don't like this new method of mailing. It's probably cheaper than envelopes and since Yan is too thick to easily fold in half, I suppose that justified it. But I don't like it all the same.

Juanita's gripe about the early frost brings out my even stronger one about Michigan's Early and Enormous Snow. Before winter even officially started we had more than the usual winter norm, thank's to a granddaddy storm which blanketed most of the thumb area with 20 inches of snow. A Winter Water Wonderland? Bah, humbug!

The "C" in Larry C Downes stands for "cretin" is what a number of Michigan fen will tell you; Larry will say that himself, rather than admit to what it really stands for. The first "young Harlan Ellison" that Bruce is looking for is Matthew Tepper, as Asimov revealed at the Asimov vs Ellison dialogue at Discon, who apparently didn't appreciate the honour. (He hadn't known about it until then, either.) Since I saw Larry today, I showed him the issue. He went into catatonic shock -- with a snarl on his face, the word "Revenge!" on his lips, and his left hand clutched into a fist.

I don't know if you heard it or not, but after the Dorsai left KWestcon there was a panel. Ellison showed up in the audience and made some sort of comment about them living in a fantasy world (I believe it was in comparison to rabid trekkies). It was really quite ludicrous.

One of my favorite scenes from KWestcon is recalling when Juanita was dancing with Roger Sween to that acid rock band they had (the Siblings? Something like that) and you went in to stand there and somberly shake your head.

I don't see why Don Ayres is having so much trouble. The Michigan college fangroups

are doing okay; the Wayne 3rd Foundation (WSU), the Stilyagi Air Corps (U of M), the Terran Council (WMU), the Order of Liebowitz [Oakland)...(ghod, but Michigan clubs have weird names!). The first three of these have even held cons. (Speaking of which, are you coming to ConFusion?)

Mighod, another tidbit of a letter from me. I haven't been at that address since the beginning of August. If I don't know the fan how do I know if he's from the Midwest? Anyway, the problem was resolved when Bruce saw my nametag and started screaming "So you're the one who's been slandering me!" Someone really ought to inform him of the difference between slander and libel. Poor Bruce. Juanita is playing matchmaker already, I see. But at least that's better than my mother, who wants me to give up fandom and join a Religious Youth Group so that I can meet "nice" boys. Future doctors, lawyers, and Indian chiefs.

[[Doctors, lawyers, and Indian chiefs? Fandom can boast Bob Passovoy, Joe Hensley, and Craig Strete. Unfortunately, though, none of them are nice boys... Actually, I don't object too much to Juanita liking rock, but there are limits. (I wasn't the only one shaking my head, though; you should have heard Passovoy muttering things like "overexertion" and "stroke".) RSC]] [[I would have to marry a cubical moldy fig. Passovoy should know all us elderly rock freaks have standby overdrive gears which are engaged by solid stuff and any space large enough to dance in. JWC]]

Brian Tannahill, 615 East 69 Street, Kansas City MO 64131

I enjoyed Mike Coney's article on Risk. I gave up playing that game some time ago after I found I couldn't take being relegated to the last outpost of the Free World, almost always someplace in Australia, and toyed with for several turns before finally being wiped out. I discovered that I can play the game by myself, too, except that that can get rather tedious. As long as I play with more than two colors I don't take sides, but, obviously, there are no surprise attacks or secret strategies. It's amusing, but there's usually something better to do.

To correct something Bruce said, we (the '76 Worldconcom) are not talking about using a convention center. While this was mentioned as one of several possibilities, it was never seriously considered. We plan to have all the con activities in the Hotel Muehlbach. The overflow hotel is directly across the street, and a second overflow hotel, if needed, is a block away. We have already decided to take certain measures to discourage attendance, and I personally expect to see a few people raising all sorts of hell about it.

Where did Freff learn so much about "split-brain work?" When I read IN THE HOUSE OF DE DOUBLE MINDS by Silverberg, I was so revolted by the idea I could barely go on reading.

[[I could be nasty and say Freff probably knows from personal experience, but then some literal-minded person might take me seriously. RSC]]

Joe L. Hensley, 2315 Blackmore, Madison IN 47250

A letter from Gene tells me the good fortune on Cousin Walter Hensley and I hope all has proceeded along expeditiously (in other words, you've been paid).

I finished up my Elwood venture and sent same off last week. Nothing yet other than a card of receipt. I may be a bit short. I'd thought for some reason that the things were to be 47,000 words and now learn they're to be 50 to 70,000, so I may have to add assuming no other problems. This is the one I spoke of some time back -- the interstate roadworld, police officers with the right to kill without trial. It came out peculiar. Wish I'd had more time with it. Mike read it and thought it was okay, but he likes almost everything.

I'm hot into another suspense now. Since I finished the



sf novel I've been sticking with a habit picked up there. I get up an hour earlier in the morning than I used to and work then. Guess I must be a morning person as things seem to be happening more quickly than before. This one's about a judge who gets mixed up in a political murder and ho-hum, like that.



Mike Glycer, c/o Department of Popular Culture, BGSU, Bowling Green OH 43403

The November Yandro arrived Christmas Eve; the PO is right on as usual. In fact my visit to the PO today has convinced me of the imminent downfall of civilization.

Some people were persuaded by the Bolshevization of Russia, others by the rise of Nazi Germany, the Communization of China, or the development of the atom bomb, by the assassination of Kennedy, the shootings at Kent State, the pardon of Nixon, even THE TRIAL OF BILLY JACK.

Being a fan my enlightenment came at being charged 52 cents the half-ounce for air mail to the UK. (You can tell how long it's been since I airmailed anything to the UK. Yeah -- all of a year?)

Anyway.

Sandra Miesel's satire on Canadian Roscoeism versus the Forces of Cage Hysteria gets my vote as the funniest piece of fanwriting in 1974. But lest I be accused of damning by faint praise let me also say it's as good as many of those short satirical essays published in Playboy (Calvin Trillin's or G. Barry Golson's); which by the way pays a crockload per word and she ought to take a shot at it.

The state of fannish humor isn't too elevated lately, for certain. I don't encourage imitators of Willis, Bloch, et.al., not that we couldn't do with another couple of writers of their stature, but with Fabulous Fannish Fandom and its disciples laboring hard at it there really isn't a call for anyone else to be saying: "Gosh, let's get out there and write about bheer!"

Continuing that line of thought I get into a sort of Clark Ashton Smith mood (listening for the echoes of greatness among the dissonant present): stopping my search for the New Walt Willis I fathom fanhistory (a fandange of f's, eh, Mr. Future?), asking how fandom ever came by such writers in the first place? They're unique.

Or again, we the people probably just don't think it's all that funny anymore. If Art Buchwald is the best satirist living, God help the genre and its tradition of Twains and Dooleys. Fewer people, fewer fans, turn their pens to that sort of irony, wit, and farce.

Hmm...can we chart, ala Klarkashton (or whatever), the changing nature of the fannish dynamic? In fanwriting, less broad satire, more fannish semi-witty browsing. Titanic conventions; fewer and less durable fueds. Some participants in the Breen-doggle bear grudges to this day. Yet the hottest fued of the past couple years arose from the charges after LACon -- and today interest in that, never particularly broad, has died out even among the principals. Only the pros, it seems, can keep that fevered pitch in issue after issue of a major fanzine. At best, Ellison and White get together like the heroes in Valhalla: they fight all day, and the next morning all the dead are resurrected to fight again.

Perhaps we're on the threshold of 14th Fandom?

[[Did you mean civilization is ending because of inflated postal costs, or because the P.O. is gypping the honest citizen? Since the rate is actually 26 cents per half-ounce, it could be either one. RSC]]

John Brunner, The Square House, Palmer Street, South Petharton, Somerset TA13 5DB UK

I was delighted with the comments that you made in your review column about my work. Even better than the review of WEB OF EVERYWHERE was the passing comment about my writing in the sword and saucery field.

The mere fact that I cannot off-hand think of any contributions I have made to this genre does not militate against the pleasure which I felt on seeing your favourable remarks.

[[Brunner s&s? Lessee... "City of the Tiger", anyway. I suppose "Earth Is But A Star" and "The Fullness of Time" and "Father of Lies" only qualify if one is exceedingly liberal in one's definitions -- but then, I am. RSC]]

Don Hutchison, 147 Leacrest Road, Leaside, Toronto, Ontario M4G 1E7 Canada

If you believe, as I sometimes do in my more depressed moments, that reading itself will one day be as old-fashioned as the viewing of stereopticon slides, you may be amused by this great "invention" of the future as reported in a futuristic ad in our morning newspaper:

"A recently announced invention could well spell the end to television as a main source of home entertainment and recreation. Called Books, this simple method of bringing art, history, drama, love, war, sports -- indeed all the facets of our world past, present, and future, directly into the eyes and minds of the users -- is something long sought for and finally found. The developers claim that as well as being informative and enjoyable, their product is relatively inexpensive, and is attractive to young and old alike. A book is durable, easily carried, re-usable, compact in size, and can be enjoyed almost anywhere, day or night. Numerous models will be produced, some with illustrations, and a world-wide distribution system is now planned.

Watch for them!"

Actually I guess that's a kind of alternate universe ad. I heard two guys postulating alternate universes on the radio the other day -- it really is an sf world. One came up with the idea of a world which was identical in every way to our own except for the fact that Coca-Cola had never been invented. The other guy said: "No, no. Imagine a world in which Coca-Cola has been invented but everybody drinks it warm."

[[That last alternate universe would be one in which England still ruled the British Empire, one assumes. RSC]]

George Fergus, 3341 W. Cullom Ave., Chicago IL 60618

For the book jacket photo, you should try your standard "riding-crop" pose (with booted foot on neo), supplemented by the background items from that Famous Collectors School ad (the Useless Farm Implement Catalog, Stamps of Upper Mongolia, Treasury of Obscure Maps, etc.).

I note you are sending Yanny without envelopes now. Good idea. (Is that one of your drawings you used as a mailing wrapper?) Mine arrived in fine shape. Tho I do think it would be prudent to try using bigger staples to avoid the risk of someone's back page(s) falling off in transit. Or you might try putting the two extra staples in from back to front. In fact, even if you go back to envelopes, it might be a good idea to try putting your middle staple in backwards, as a means of keeping the zine more intact under the rigors of fanhandling. Fandling? He fangled his zines, obscenely...

Did you read about the kangaroo? A strange critter suddenly started bounding around Chicago one day, no one knows where from. The police eventually decided it had to be either a kangaroo or a 4-foot midget with strong legs. After a couple of random sightings, it was spotted by reliable witnesses one night in two adjacent suburbs at almost the same time. It has been calculated that the kangaroo would have to have traveled at 45mph in order to get from one place to the other in the intervening time! Then it disappeared from the news for a week or so, until sighted by several people in the Indianapolis area. Authorities wonder whether it traveled all that distance on foot or hopped (so to speak) a freight. I submit that for an entity capable of gaining transportation from the Australian outback to Chicago without being seen getting from there to Indianapolis is child's play.

Seems obvious to me that it is an emissary from Aussiecon looking for Heyworth, Illinois. Finding that Tucker no longer lives there, it is now wandering the Midwest, aimless and alone. Here's hoping that it doesn't get lost and eaten by a crocodile in the infamous swamps of Indiana. Some English-speaking foreigners have read of them, being beyond the reach of the curtain of censorship that veils their existence from the US public, but their exact location is a closely-guarded Hoosier secret. Just think...if it weren't for a poor British hack writer of SF who shall go nameless (mainly because I can't remember which one it was), we wouldn't even be aware of them.

What's Yandro's circulation these days, Jodie Offutt and I want to know?

Regarding your reviewing technique for collections and anthologies, I note that in covering Margaret St. Clair's CHANGE THE SKY AND OTHER STORIES in Y229 you finally admit you're tired of reviewing each individual story. I just thought you might like to know that I, for one, am also tired of reading your comments on every damned story. I don't see any need for a description of the exact subject matter of each individual story. I'd prefer that you just make comments on the collection as a whole, dealing with individual stories only if they have particularly interesting or noteworthy attributes.

Because of the discussions of gun-control legislation in Yandro, I thought you might be interested in the following development. As you know, more and more crimes are being committed by criminals wearing ski masks to disguise themselves. Don Daniel of Dallas, Texas, has started an organization (Compulsory Registration of Athletic Paraphernalia) to agitate for strict control of all ski masks. "If ski masks are not readily available, we would not have these types of crimes. Criminals would not find it so easy to hide their faces. The only people who need to have ski masks are those who must, because of their line of work, be out of doors in a cold climate. To those who say this might work a handicap on skiers, I suggest that ski resorts keep personally-owned masks in lockers and issue them to their owners prior to their going out on the ski runs." I understand that he may soon start a sister organization devoted to keeping track of women's undergarments. Stockings pulled over the head to disguise the features, you know.

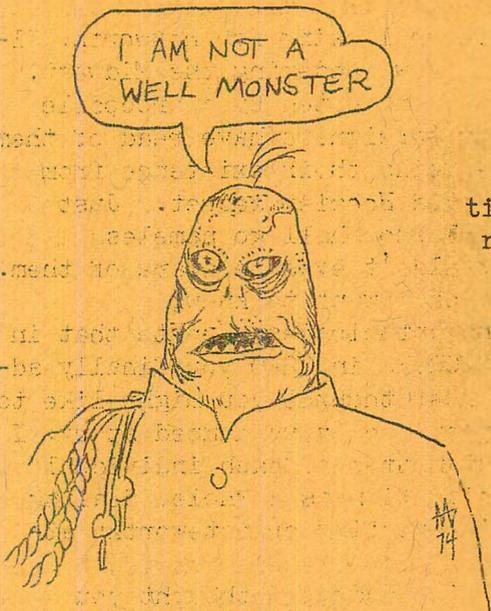
The manager of the Haband company, a clothing manufacturer, has "an idea that ought to revolutionize the pants business and make me a wealthy man. My lawyers have already protected this idea, so I can divulge it to you now. My new pants will be so constructed that if you forget to close the zipper a red light goes on. You will have to wear both belt and suspenders at all times or else you can't sit down. If the flap on your wallet pocket is not buttoned or it it at any time becomes unbuttoned, a buzzer goes off. Safety throughout in these pants. They're awful hard to get into but they are very comfortable once you're in, and very safe.

"We have all of that worked out, but we are having a little trouble with the self-inflating airbags which will not be ready for the market for a year or two. What we are working toward is something that inflates the minute you start to fall down a flight of steps. The big trouble is that it will also go off if you wall into the river. Should that happen, your legs would be on the surface and your head below the water, which is bad for breathing. But we are working on it."

[[Trust the reviews of collections in here meets your approval. Actually, sheer lack of time is responsible, but I'm glad someone likes the result. One pro and one anti on the mailing technique. Reason was quite simple; I forgot to order envelopes. Since I raised an incredible crop of blisters while stapling the last issue, we're back to envelopes. RSC]]

Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge NSW 2776 Australia

Thanks for Y2281 which arrived not all that long ago, but was shunted aside because I was working on issues 17 (posted early November), 18 (posted 18th Nov), and 19 (posted about 23rd Nov) of Geg. Now that I have them out of the way, instead of relaxing I've started on issue 20, and had the very bad idea of running it on folded foolscap, 2-column upright layout. What is bad about that is that the typewriter is such that



the right-hand margin only works on the right hand half of the typewriter, and the left-hand margin only works on the left, leaving me with 2 columns per double page on which I have to remember to watch for where my margins are.

That extended family arrangement that you mention has been floating around for ages, or so I seem to recall, mostly in books on various subjects. I remember taking notes from some of them, with the idea of using them sometime in a fanzine. Of course, notes on books usually take the form of something like "p.147, soc. extd fam. nt. for zine", on a scrap of paper, but (significant point) without mentioning the name of the book, so I usually can never find it again, even when I manage to avoid losing the note itself.

"The Minnieska Incident" was fun, the moreso now that I have read enuf Lovecraft-based material to place things a little better. For some reason (like that tortured prose) I remain totally unable to get more than two pages into most HPL novels.

You review the Freas Astounding Fifties, but recently another Freas turned up here. Classic paintings, with Freas' interpretations of what is on the reverse of them. I've been reviewing pbs like mad, but have so far neglected to send copies of the zines to the publishers (although I send them to the authors mentioned when I have addresses available). Must correct that, in the hope of getting review copies.

I dislike the entire idea of larger, fancier editions of paperbacks -- exactly the same thing happened with Picador, Paladin and the various other offshoots of the non-fiction publishers here, when they realized that the counterculture/college crowd were a bunch of suckers for reprints of crap. (Okey, sometimes they do have good stuff as well). The trouble is, once the new prices are set, they gradually creep upwards, and then the older editions are moved up into the vacated price range. We have enough inflation at present. Now, if the new versions were bound in a similar fashion to the Dover paperbacks, with decent bindings and wide margins, I might not be so cynical about the whole thing.

Don Lundry, 18 Karen Drive, Cherry Hill NJ 08003

At the risk of self-aggrandizement, I ought to point out one item about our committee's bid for Orlando -- Closed Circuit Television. You mention the need for it at the masquerade and I agree. The Sheraton we're working with in Orlando is brand new and was designed as a convention hotel. Thus they put in throughout the building provision for closed circuit tv. Aside from having a channel set aside on every television, like most up-to-date hotels do, they also provided inputs throughout the function rooms. This feeds to a central area where it can be broadcast to every room's tv. The only drawback to it (at present) is that it is only black and white. However, I see no problem in renting the color equipment. The color camera is (apparently) grossly expensive, but everything else is relatively cheap. So we fully intend, at this writing, to offer television broadcasts of at least the masquerade and HUGO awards. We have a couple of other things in mind to make the Worldcon a more fun thing, but I'd rather be conservative and not get committed to them at this point. Previous Worldcons have been long on promises at voting time and short on delivery at the time of putting it on, and I'd rather promise only what I'm sure I can deliver.

Steve Simmons, 124 Carlann, San Marcos CA 92069

I thought it was rather interesting that you printed Gene Wolfe's letter<sup>o</sup> about regular fans right after Mike Flyer's letter. Mike and I were talking at Discon about regular vs irregular fans and we decided that the regular fans are the ones who eat prunes regularly...

Here's a brief footnote to those arms that were stolen from that armory in LA. The

IAPD Chief of Police was reported to have said that he hoped that they didn't fall into the wrong hands.

Jessica Salmonson, Box 89517, Zenith WA 98188

There seems to be a webwork-conspiracy among fan-editors, their goal being the burial of letterhacks beneath mounds of twilltone or some such. I've been pelleted with fanzines from every corner of the US and, indeed, the world, the lowliest of which I generally bless with a page or so of off-the-cuff commentary which, at first, shattered a few sensitive egos, but which is growing more mellow as I learn just how nasty I can be without lucking out on more free issues.

Though fandom crept upon me uninvited, it has become a welcome vice. Suddenly, I'm the elf in every fan-editor's mailbox, and they're the elves in mine. As far as addictions go, this one seems the least harmful variety. But I wonder if becoming a hard-core fan isn't symptomatic of other things. Prior to all this fannish endeavor, I barely lasted through three consecutive love affairs, and since this fannish endeavor, I've withdrawn further and further from the World At Large which I used to be such an integrated part of. Fans who are con-goers wouldn't fall into this pattern, but for those who turn letterhacking into their major contact with the Gray World, a tendency to become xenophobic on a person-to-person level must be beaten off.

Last night I went to something called ADAM'S RIB AND OTHER FIBS, presumably a "radical education series for feminist women." It was radical, all right, but not too educational. I left early, feeling surrounded by bad vibes. Lots of male-hatred there, kick the guys in the nuts attitudes. That's not what the feminist movement is about, but that's precisely what makes some people think it is a bad thing. Hard-core radical idiots don't help anyone or anything. A girl at the door said, "You're not leaving? Why?" as I was going, and I said in a bitchy tone, "These people don't have brains enough to be worth listening to." A bad statement on my part.

I try to live by the Tao, but it's hard. When surrounded by angry people, the anger is bound to rub off on a vulnerable person. Took me most of the day to shake off the bad feeling of the Adam's Rib group. (What they don't realize is you can't fight sexism with sexism. I was tempted to strike the word "educational" from their poster at Seattle Mental Health and change it to say "a radical sexist series".) I went to a bi-girlfriend's house afterward, and she'd been there a couple of weeks before I'd tried to sit through a session, and she said she felt the same was as I about all that radical-radical junk. The N.O.W. organization at the University of Washington is getting a lot more intelligently oriented, and has actually succeeded in getting a few things done, which is more than those screaming mangy chicks at Adam's Rib will ever do.

Doth thou have feminists in country townships like Hartford? Probably not. Midwest girls I correspond with seem to dig chauvinism, can't comprehend what women on Both Coasts are complaining about.

Loved the Sirois, Barr, and Trimble artwork, in reverse order. The cover wasn't great -- there's something incongruous about the heroic visage of a Star Fleet astronaut with a cigarette butt in his fingers. The Camels advertisement of tomorrow: I'd fly a parsec for a Camel.

It's nice of Buck to read all the lousy books so I won't have to. Though it was too late where the two FLASHING SWORDS collections were concerned. These two volumes, with but one really noteworthy story between them, revealed the terrible truth that when markets dwindle and publishers start to ignore new writers in favor of established names, the fiction suffers; the major writers of a field like sword and sorcery get lazy and sloppy and stagnate in



their cliques of highly limited membership, filling up the fewer and fewer markets with stories whose quality slowly spirals downward. Something's got to happen to revitalize this genre, or sword and sorcery will die. (Prophecy of doom.)

Juanita's commentary on reality being fakier than fiction is a very astute observation. As a fiction editor, I see a lot of mss with cover letters attesting to the fact that "Everything in this story is based on really true events" and the stories are all too often too preposterous for any reader to find reasonable. Writers ought not write under the assumption that if it is true, it doesn't matter if it doesn't seem possible.. Better they should make the impossible seem plausible, if only for the duration of the story.

[[If the above seems disjointed, it's because it was excerpted from several letters over a period of some months. I guess I can't really comment on the excessive introversion of letterhacks, since most of our fan friends do attend conventions, or club meetings, or visit friends, and they all seem to get along quite nicely in the real world, even if some of them are a trifle bored by it. Juanita's favorite story of Women's Lib in Hartford City was the ad for the formation of a NOW chapter tacked up in the laundromat. We have a ways to go yet, but.. (Though the females in Midwestern fandom seem to be just as "liberated" as those in other areas -- maybe moreso. Quite a few are happily married without having suffered any diminishment of their individuality. Maybe us Midwestern male fans are just more tolerant and easy-going. RSC]] [[Or have stronger egos than most, and hence a lot less need to be macho chauvinistic. JWC]]

Leah Fisher, 2220 E. Oklahoma Ave., Milwaukee WI 53207

I hadn't realized that anyone else liked Lewis Carroll enough to read SYLVIE AND ERUNO. Carroll had rather uncertain writing skills but if you ignore how he writes and concentrate on what he writes, he's a genius. I've been trying to locate a cheap (under \$10) copy of his collected works for some six or seven years. Secondhand shops don't seem to have any of the those around. I just got the Time Machine list, however, and if it's not listed then I can always ask.

Tell Bruce that Milwaukee had the rare privilege of viewing "Moon Zero Two" sometime during the summer. I remember it mostly for the space-age Western feel to it. Even the go-go dancers were the can-can types. My sister and I watched for the purely educational purpose of finding out what makes a bad stf movie. Anyway, the film is pretty much the same as the book.

For the record: "The Minnieska Incident" was published in the first issue of the UWM Union SSF (March 1973). Most of the UWM SSF material is course-requirement stuff which usually insures high-quality work. At the time of its first printing, Glenn was a student at UWM and Philip was at Univ. of Minn. in Minneapolis (which may account for its setting). There is nothing about whether it was submitted at a class. Anyway, it's good to find a piece worthy of the Cthulhu mythos -- and homegrown at that! It's enough to make me want to learn a few of the Elder Signs for good luck.

I really did enjoy seeing you and the other Midwestern Singers and meeting so many other people I wished I'd met maybe six-eight years ago for the purely selfish reason of wishing I'd known 'em longer. After getting to the hotel, learning its basic layout, and buying my limit in the huckster room, I just sat back and enjoyed all three days of the con (counting Friday). Jean Inda, my companion in travel, was quite impressed with the whole affair and it looks like I've made a convert to the cause. I wish I could get to more cons this year but I haven't got an expense account like yours. (Tax-deductible business trips, indeed! It's true, I know, but it still rankles in the depths of this student's soul.) Anyway, I'm saving up what pennies I can to get to a con next summer (or spring, if I'm lucky) -- unless I save enough to get to Turkey on a family visit.

The one aggravating thing about Windycon was that it wiped out my budget for this month and I'm supposed to ransom my box of books at the Renaissance Bookshop. I've got an older edition of Verne's MICHAEL STROGOFF waiting in that box, and some old Silverberg and Williamson.

One more thing before I shut up. Would you relay any con info to me or send my name to whoever you send it to for info? I've incidentally become unofficial representative for the cons on the UWM campus. All the info gets relayed through me to the SSF. I've already told them all about Kubla Khan in May, Byob Con V in July, and ConFusion in January. Any others I should know about?

[[Okay Don; send Leah a bunch of Orlando ads. RSC]]

L. Sprague de Camp, 278 Hothorpe Lane, Villanova PA 19085

On Sunday, Oct. 13, P. (for Peter) Schuyler Miller, prominent science-fiction writer and critic, educator, editor, and archaeologist, died of an apparent heart attack on an archaeological dig near Parkersburg, WV. He was 62 and had published 40-odd stories of science fiction and fantasy in the 1930s and 40s. Born in Troy, NY, Miller graduated from Union College in NY State and for a number of years worked as an administrator for the Schenectady Board of Education. In 1949, he moved to Pittsburgh to work as editor for the Fisher Scientific Co. He ceased writing fiction after 1945 but continued until his death as the regular book reviewer for Astounding and its successor Analog.

[[My fault entirely that this note wasn't in the last issue. I heard that Lester del Rey is the new Analog reviewer, incidentally (mostly because I asked for the job myself -- without any expectation of getting it, so I'm not disappointed). RSC]]

Morris Dollens, 4354 Coolidge Ave., Los Angeles CA 90066

A quick note after many months; I promise more in a few days or weeks. Rushing today, as I am moving, though only three doors away, with little help except for a couple of fellows three hours yesterday; and a local friend-neighbor, Al Kiel, who helped me three days painting the moldy place, and ran about 40 handcart trips with stuff, and about 6 truckloads so far. And I am just 3/4 through with living room, nothing at all in kitchen (full of bookcases) and bedroom (also) and half of garage. Have to dismantle darkroom and move all cabinets, seven foot workbench, unwire what I'd added, and a 400 lb 20" wide printer's papercutter. Plus an atticful of stuff in the garage, and about three barrels in house attic. Phooooo. Better I should have had the house moved.

[[Moving is bad enough for the average fan, without having to take a printshop with you. RSC]]

Bruce D. Arthurs, 2401 W. Southern Ave., B-136, Tempe AZ 85282

Juanita's mention of the "controversial" Gilliland illos being handcut because she thought the electrostencil place might object (pause for breath, pant, pant) reminds me of the batch I took down to my electrostencil place last time. Among the illos was an Al Siros cartoon of a character who looks suspiciously like Mike Glycer flashing a peace sign with a large caption "FUCK SF!" and down lower in smaller letters, "Yeh, Fuck LA too." Well, it got printed, but the guy who runs the place said he'd rather not do business with me anymore after this. Fortunately (since it's the only electro place within 30 miles), that was the last batch I needed anyhow before heading home to Arizona next month.

Ouch!, is my reaction to Freff's letter. In preparation for my own move I've been saving cardboard boxes for the last month and have got one corner of my room stacked with them nearly to the ceiling. Yet they're still not going to be enough for all these "possessions" I've accumulated in the Army. Mostly books and fanzines (six feet of fanzines probably doesn't seem like much to someone who's seen as many of them as you, but try lifting up that many sometime and see how much the damned things weigh!). Plus a stereo outfit, color tv, some steel shelving I had to buy when the Army-issue bookcases overflowed past the point of no return, and all my clothes, shoes, etc., etc. It's been said that an army travels on its stomach, but in my case there'd have to be

... a U-Haul hooked up to my spine.

Thank god I'm not a real collector.

Sandra Miesel to the contrary, being "totally devoid of personality" doesn't strike me as indicative that someone will never become "fan material", particularly when the person under discussion isn't even old enough to drive yet. At that same age, I could have had the same description applied with great accuracy. Since then, I seem to be on the way to developing a personality of my own. (Not a very good one, maybe, but...)

I seem to be getting rather vicious lately. Short-timer blues, I suppose. At the latest Philcon, I became very angry with the Ben Franklin Hotel's management when they locked me out of my room, apparently thinking I was a deadbeat or something. I was just about ready to go into my barking and growling stage when Dennis McCunney, the con chairman, came by and managed to straighten things out somewhat. Well, it was better than Bubonicon, where I did lose my temper; the damn doors wouldn't open, even with a key, unless you took a three-week course of instruction on how to accomplish the task. Damn near broke my shoulder when I tried one of those flying door-smashers like in the movies. They may not have opened very easily, but those doors sure were built strong.

A note to the paragraph before last: Fandom is a cult of "paper personalities", in large part. Most fans, I suspect, come across as more interesting people on paper than in person. I sure do.

[[Tch; don't tell me you're one of those xenophobes that Jessica mentioned? I can't really think of all that many people who are different in person than in letters. Old soft-spoken Ted White, maybe. (He really is, in person.) Various people have suggested that I am, but I don't think so; I just vary a lot according to whom I'm talking or writing. (I'm a little less likely to insult someone to his face, perhaps, but considerably more likely to not speak to him at all.) RSC]]

Paul Anderson, 21 Mulga Road, Hawthorndene SA 5051 Australia

I'm not sure whether I should be flattered that you would consider a fan to be "human". I quite liked the "Star Trek" fans that I met in Denver last year in the Dasfa people, and the Beetems, not to mention Bjo in LA. Currently there is a bit of a move to get a petition to the TV network with the right to repeat "Star Trek" when color TV comes in next March.

I think that it would be handy if we could get the timing right, as they could get a lot of publicity out of Bjo coming out here for Aussiecon -- as the woman who did so much to save "Star Trek" in the US. Anyway, I would just be happy if they ran the episodes that I missed last time around since a lot of them get screened at least 3 times, while some were shown just the once and then forgotten! Again, it also would be nice if we could get uncut episodes this time, with the better, improved censorship laws.

It was surprising that you missed seeing Leigh and Valma, as there was a TAFF/DUFF party at Discon and I would have thought that Leigh would have wandered through the huckster's room during the con. Oh well, you will just have to start selling and raise the \$\$ to get down here in the next few years -- though I do agree that 50 percent of your salary is a bit much to pay out at once. My circumstances were somewhat different, since I am not married, with all of those financial details.

Everybody's Instant Loc, a good idea -- now for a loc on Y225. 1,2;225th;3;1,5;1,2;1;1;11;2;1;Tucker;4;4;1. Page 10 2,3,4,7;4;1,5;3;-;1,3,5. I will not be too surprised if you do not expand that condensed loc after refraining from referring to the article in question.

The I Have No ~~Worth~~ Nose & I Must Scream ~~Sheshe~~ pages were well done for the first

half or so while I was trying to identify all of the much maligned fans/authors listed. However, after the excellent Medusa that story took a distinct and marked downturn in quality. I suppose that it may have equalled any Ellison, but then I cannot really judge too well on that score as the only good Ellisionia that I have finished was printed in his PARTNERS IN WONDER. The afterword was better and that was lousy. You should now get the Hugo for best fmz in '74 following such high quality writing. It almost matched some of Farmer's non-fiction in which he defended the New Wave.

Surely Mike Glicksohn would not have liked BUG JACK BARRON! I am still waiting for the day that Spinrad learns how to write competently. He can get a readable product but his books are still a long way from the standard that I would like a Hugo/Nebula to represent. I got a little tired of Glicksohn locs when I read for the 50th time a facetious putdown of Bowers' work. I think that it was a joke, but oh so tedious.

Y227. Why is it that you start your editorial with the rhetorical question re the space taken by your large amount of material? I noticed that the editorial ran for 3 pages. All in all you managed to fill the extra 50 percent of editorial space very nicely. Even Bruce was able to find material for his increase in space allotted, tho the strain must have been fairly great as the illustrations did not show him as being too bright and cheerful. "The Streaker" also got prominent airplay around here as well, unfortunately. I'm also a bit disappointed to be able to say that the #1 top 40 hit now is Cheech and Chong's thing about getting one of them to go to school. They spend about half the "song" in some of the most inane dialogue that I did not wish to hear.

How dare you malign Compton! THE UNSLEEPING EYE has been praised very highly by some Aust. fan critics, including Lee Harding, as I recall. In other words, all who consider that Compton can write well. I do not share that opinion, however, after completing FAREWELL EARTH'S BLISS. Eric quickly sold his copy of THE UNSLEEPING EYE so the poor lad must be lacking in culture. I do realise that if I do not like it then it must be a defect in myself rather than the book.

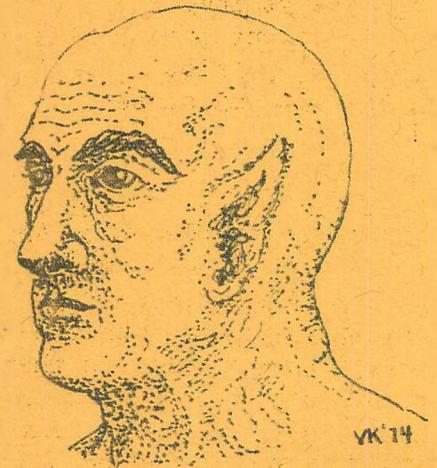
That was a nice typo (?) for Brunner's POLYMATH. I preferred the new version to the original, CASTAWAY'S WORLD, that he made so much over how badly it had been edited by Ace. PLOYMATH would be a passable title in view of ploys that our hero uses. The van Vogt DAW was terrible and made me wonder what Wollheim saw in it to buy it in the first place.

[[Well, I liked BUG JACK BARRON. It would have been a lot better without the padding that Spinrad put in for "shock value", but that may have been what sold it. It was a long way short of being a "great novel", but I thought that it was entertaining. Better than Compton, anyway. (And since I admit to no defects, any flaws must be in the book.) RSC]]

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

There has been a most delightful multi-way discussion of WATERSHIP DOWN going on in the last few issues of the Fantasy Assoc.'s newsletter, Fantasiae. Apparently, one either thinks it's great, or one loathes it. I can't get excited enough over how rabbits live to invest in either edition (certainly not the hardbound!). I expect that the author must be mortified by the culty glop put out by those who're trying to promote his book as the greatest thing since Tolkien's works, which is not what the man intended, I gather.

Then there was the great cartoon in the Wall St. Journal the other week -- I sent the original to Ruth Berman -- out on the steps of the Capitol stand two Senators, aghast, staring up into the sky, where we see a huge message spelled out in dots. A mili-



tary type from the Pentagon is hastening to assure them, "No need to worry, Senators; they're from outer space, all right, but they're not too intelligent." The message reads: SURRENDER... YOU AIN'T GOT NO CHANCE!

[[Mary also wrote that she'd sold a story to Analog, so congratulations are in order]]

Jerry Kaufman, 622 W. 114th St., Apt 52A, New York NY 10025

Y229 arrived. I don't have time for a loc, since we're working on Spaning now, but this issue was one of the best in a long time, esp Sandra, Coney, editorials (whole issue, in fact). Quibble: You (Buck) disapprove of WEE "probably not interested in folk who'd get use of WEE." Four books later you are recommending HENSCRATCHES AND FLYSPECKS, which I learned of from...WEE.

Sheryl Birkhead, 23629 Woodfield Road, Gaithersburg MD 20760

Have you heard about the Bhutan stamps (I think -- up to 6" diameter!) which are really small records? Each denomination has a different recording. I've never even seen them, so perhaps I'm wrong.

There are a few (all non-sf) books I want for Christmas. Naturally, they are all very expensive and I can't see my way clear to asking for them. Looks as if it might be another "logical" list year, despite my druthers. Phooey.

[[But it's the expensive books you want to ask for; you can buy the cheap ones yourself. I hadn't heard about the Bhutan "stamps" before, and I think I was happier that way. RSC]]

Mary Schaub, address above

A fair amount of news to catch up on since our last exchange. I finished Kirst's DAMNED TO SUCCESS, finding it quite exciting, as his oddly-told contemporary mysteries usually are; also BLACKSTONE'S FANCY, sent me by a friend (as it deals mainly with prizefighting, a sport I do not care for, I wasn't as entertained as with the first book in the series. I gather that his third, BEAU BLACKSTONE, is already out in hardback, but I'll wait for the paperback version); last night, I finished reading aloud to Mother the sequel to Brackett's THE GINGER STAR, THE HOUNDS OF SKRAITH (it was also stimulating -- I expect you'll enjoy it -- lots of vigorous action, and Stark isn't quite as obtrusive as in the first book. Inventive lady, Brackett!); and finally, I got hold of Florence Stevenson's THE CURSE OF THE CONCULLENS, which I have been trying to get ever since you gave it such a sendoff in the review column. I ordered two copies from Signet, and after gallumphing through the narrative (didn't it have nearly everything? All it lacked was the insane family arsonist, and with the rest of the cast one didn't miss him much. I rather favored the banshee, although Uncle Ringal, the patriotic vampire, has to stand high in the running), I dispatched the two copies to my sister and a friend who enjoys such nonsense. Worth the waiting for!

Lee Lavell, 930 S. Muessing Road, Indianapolis IN 46239

We have a problem with Ari...in fact, two problems. First, she has decided it is fun to try to (and sometimes succeed in) remove our shoes as we are trying to play with her. This does not help one in staying on one's feet and is especially nerve-racking when we are on the steps.

The second problem is that she has now started scrounging. Our balcony is continually being littered by such items as old tin cans, assorted pots, hairbrushes, etc. (Had to keep her inside yesterday until the trashman made his pickup. Someone's trash across the street had been dumped the night before -- after she had been brought in, so it wasn't her fault -- and we didn't want her to get the blame.)

Something has happened a couple of days ago that's made us somewhat nervous. On our balcony appears a neatly-matched pair of child's sneakers. I can see this poor kid, somewhere in the neighborhood, trying to explain to his parents that he DIDN'T lose them, that this big dog came and took them off him and ran away with them.

At least there weren't any feet in them.

[[I thought the incident was hilarious, but Ari (an oversized and overenthusiastic German Shephard puppy) is now confined to a run. Pity; by now she's big enough to bring back kid and all. RSC]]

Andy Zerbe, 3154 Dupont St., Montgomery AL 36106

In regards to National Parks, General Grant Park is now part of Kings Canyon Park, not Sequoia. As far as I know Wind Cave and Platt are still around. I'm surprised at you not knowing something like that. I didn't think that there were so many National Parks that a person would have difficulty remembering them. Sullys Hill and Lafayette National Park are new to me. If they are still around, it is either under new names or they have been absorbed by other parks. If you mentioned their locations, perhaps I could figure out what happened to them. Judging by your knowledge of National Parks, that is the subject Gene Wolfe should pick the next time you get together at a party at a convention.

[[If I knew the location I might be able to figure out the parks problems myself.RSC]]

Antonie Dupla, Po. Ma. Agustin, 9, Zaragoza, Spain

So you have now 63 books to read from one Yandro to the following. This and for what you tell domestic and fannish shores. At what rhythm do you read? I consider myself a fast reader but I average no more of one page one minute and my rate of lecture is of course far slower. Or are you a technical "fast reader", by the page or similar? There are some schools of this around here but I never have been willing to pay a lot of money against some doubtful results. Time ago I bought a Penguin book "Read Better, Read Faster" that explains how to do it but I have not found yet time to read it.

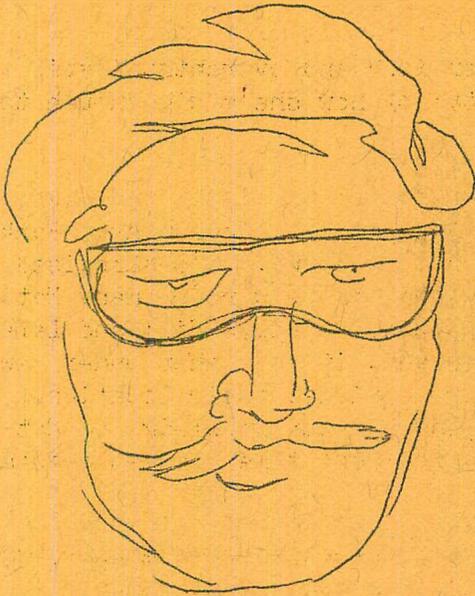
[[Sounds just like my problems. RSC]] [[The only true -- as opposed to performing as a stunt -- speed reader I know is Bev DeWeese. She developed an incredible genuine lightning reading technique during our college years, because she had to in order to get done all the work confronting her. As far as I know she took no courses, just sat down and started fast reading -- with full comprehension -- out of necessity. Interestingly and paradoxically, she tells me she was one of these kids who learned to read very late, something like the third or fourth grade before she started; bored by "Dick and Jane", like the rest of us, but much more practical about avoiding the school primer non-stories. JWC]]

Paul Anderson, address above

Y223: I liked Coney's treatment of the deathless "prose" of the master. However your comment intrigued me as to the literary prowess of the little reprinted gems of Festus Pragnell. I have not found any of his works, which must be brilliant pieces that were well before their time if you were justified in mentioning them with Ballard's mss.

I see that Denny Lien was not too taken with a Sprained Eyebrow as a reason for missing work. A few years ago a raised eyebrow caused a TV interviewer to get on the outer with the government of the day and put his job on the line. So I would not underestimate the seriousness of a sprained eyebrow for the working classes.

I think that I will have to visit the US again soon as I am beginning to forget the taste of a Dr. Pepper. We still have Pepsi on sale in a few stores. I tried a can the other day before a night's overtime, but it is still no match for the Aussie style coke. The Aust Pepsi seems to be far too sweet in comparison with its US counterpart. I could drink the stuff in the US but it's one of the worst on the market here, for some reason.



[[Sounds like you're getting the same sort of Pepsis the US had about 20 years ago -- sort of thin molasses with a little cola flavor.]]

Debbie Frey, 1916 North Street, Logansport IN 46947

Reflecting back on the two "meetings" I have attended, I got the impression that possibly they are more of a group therapy session than meetings. I have yet to see any business, new or old, attended to. But they were very interesting. I was a little unnerved to discover how close to the core most of the people were. They don't seem to be fans of science fiction, it is more like they are science fiction. And authors yet. Now that was something I didn't even know about you and Juanita, except for picking up little bits of information here and there. I think I must be a neo-neo-fan, if I understand the meaning of the word. I would be perfectly content to just sit and listen to everyone talk,

although I found at the last meeting that is a little hard with about four or five different conversations going on. The only problem is that at the stage of discovery that I am in now was passed by most of the others about at least fifteen years ago. I can't catch up. Of course, I'll never be a hard-core fan, and I don't necessarily want to be; there are too many things other than sf that I enjoy.

[[I think that's the best description of an ISFA meeting I ever encountered. RSC]]  
[[But...your last statement proves you are indeed a hard-core fan already. The most impressive credentials include an interest in and enjoyment of almost everything, plus a mentality Kay Anderson and I describe as "a trash-heap mind"...one capable of storing and glomming onto all variety of materials. JWC]]

Roy Tackett, address above

I wondered what had happened to Brannor. His PREHUMAN RELIGIONS is, of course, one of the most illuminatory of anthropology texts. You really must have Carmie Toulouse explain to you the significance of the inverted pyramid.

Back to Bruce Arthurs' letter. I was amused at the recent announcement that the Defense Department had ordered all national guard units to store the firing pins of their weapons at their local police stations. "Sleep well tonight, your national guard is alert."

Joyce Scrivner, 106 Myrtle Dr., West Lafayette IN 47906

I remember Gordie said that you discovered that you could write professional things after several years as a fan. If I can do that it would be great. However I do have something from Clarion that helps: several of the writers offered to criticize mss sent to them. Every little bit helps.

After two or three days at Clarion I know that the idea of having a story up on the slaughtering board was not fun. They crucify the story. A type of Gestalt and you are forced to see that what you write is not what is there. If you don't like getting criticized or arguing about everything that you put in a story never go to one.

I will say that there were only two or three people there at Clarion who had ever been involved in fandom. The rest of us were there simply because we wanted to write. Comparing Clarions I was told that there was more talent at this one than at previous ones. Why I can't say. (Not that I'm that good -- but some of those people were great.) I know I went because I didn't want to try to write and have anything I said end up in slush piles full of junk. I know now at least how to start writing. And

what things I really do wrong. To me the entire thing is a lesson in life. And then most of us were there for that, too. There were only four people over thirty. The others were in between schools or school and a job or some such. When you give up all of that to spend six weeks spending money with no certainty of where you will be afterwards you certainly want to write. I am going on, aren't I?

[[Since Joyce dissented from my anti-Clarion stand I offered to publish a pro-Clarion article, but I begin to suspect this is as close as I'm going to get. I rather like Heinlein's prescription for writing, though; get it on paper and then keep sending it out until somebody buys it. It isn't quite that simple, as I'm sure any slushpile readers in the audience (Terry Hughes?) can tell you -- but that's the general idea. RSC]]

George Flynn, 27 Sowamsett Ave., Warren RI 02885

I'm not sure where I fall in Juanita's Trufan/WouldBeFan classification. I guess I qualify as a Trufan now in terms of fanac, but I didn't get there quickly. For maybe three years after I got into fandom I fitted the WBF description. Of course, I wasn't your typical neo (being over 30 at the time); but I've never been much of a conversationalist or a letter writer, and I never encountered other fans except at cons. The latter condition has definitely changed of late, R.I. now being something of a hotbed of fan activity. (For one thing, we write about half of Son of the WSFA Journal.) And at cons I attend about as many parties as the average fan. But I still attend all the program items I can manage to get to, so where does that leave me?

I thought THE UNSLEEPING EYE was pretty good, maybe even Hugo ballot quality. But I grant that you wouldn't have liked it if you had finished it, the theme being the usual Humanity-Is-Rotten-and-Innocence-Doomed. The reporter with the tv-camera eyes is a nice gimmick, but having him go blind to expiate his guilt is a bit much. Never the less, Compton does write well.

On Jackie Franke's letter: I suppose people might want to "increase their status in fandom" on the big-fish-in-a-small-pond theory. It's not as easy to hobnob with Important People in the mundane world. Yes, I guess I "faced my mortality" when I was hit by a car at the age of six; I've been very careful crossing streets ever since. "Carol Stafford, who attended his first convention and met her first fans..." He/she sounds like an interesting person.

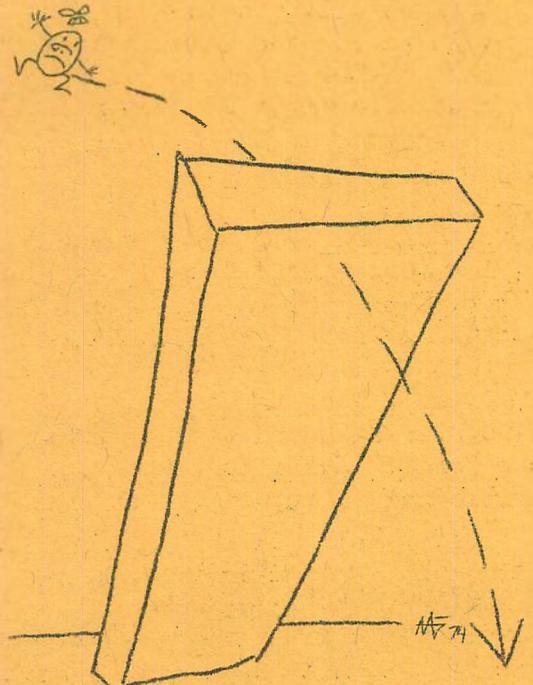
To Denis Quane: Given good indices (such as those published by NESFA, advt.), it's not hard to check out first publication under a given name (though there are tricky cases, like Busby with 15 years between his first and second stories). But nobody has a complete knowledge of pseudonyms. The JWC Award is poorly set up anyway; most writers become ineligible before they're good. Word-count doesn't seem to be that easy, either, judging by the differences between Hugo and Nebula ballots.

Jodie Offutt, Funny Farm, Haldeman KY 40329

Not too long ago I read in some fanzine or other a quote attributed to Robert E. Coulson. It said: "If fiction isn't worth paying for, it isn't worth printing."

Since I have what amounts to a groupie-adulation for this Fan-Ed of Fan-Eds, I took His Word as Gospel and Resolved nevermore to clutter my mind's eye with unpaid-for fiction.

What's the matter with you? Have you been stricken with premature senility, or what? For crying out loud, Buck!



[[This refers to "The Minnieska Incident". I told Jodie that there was always the possibility that I did pay for it, and got my card back rubberstamped "BULLSHIT". (I don't think she believed me...) Anyway, I published it for the same reason I published Sandra's fiction; it was funny.]]

Ross Peterson, 25 Orchard Lane, New Canaan CT 06840

Just wanted to tell you I thought "The Minnieska Incident" was the best thing you've published in years. And that's saying something! I'm still howling...

[[See?]]

Alice Hopf, 136 W. 16th St., New York NY 10001

I don't suppose you know anyone who goes in for pigeon racing? That is one creature I'm writing up in this new book of mine, and while I've read a number of interesting books and articles, they all seem to be 10 to 20 years old. So there are several questions I'd like to get answered, such as does the US Army still use pigeons in its Signal Corps? There used to be a guy at Grey who went in for the sport. He was an sf fan. We used to exchange mags and pbs. But that was back in the 50's. No idea where he is now.

[[I said Andy Capp was the only pigeon racer I knew, but if someone out there is better informed, drop her a card. I don't think she'll have finished her book yet. RSC]]

Alexis Gilliland, 4030 South 8th St., Arlington VA 22204

I must protest the Rahmans' tendentious and distorted account of the Minnieska affair. Anomalies surely exist, but their account glosses them over or omits them entirely. The "powders", for instance, which played so large a role were not from Tahiti as the Rahmans appear to believe, but were transshipped from Mainland China (as we called it in those days). This fact alone discredits the notion that the Communist rôle was negligible.

Also, James Prouse was not executed. He was shot while attempting to escape. The coroner's report states that the cause of death was "...a single .357 magnum silver dum-dum bullet entering his body between the fourth and fifth thoracic vertebrae." Seven bullets? Ridiculous.

Bannon, again contrary to the Rahmans, was taken outside the Biology Lab. Why he was never brought to trial is unclear, but he has recently been given a Presidential Pardon.

The rest of the issue, ole buddy, is not up to the fan fiction. Nice to have seen you, even if briefly, at Discon II.

A very nice Bjo cover. Yes.

Thinking about Discon II, I wonder if fandom is not a way of life but instead a large floating crap game?

Don Grant, Publisher/Bookseller, West Kingston, R.I. 02892

Funny thing about THE TEMPLE OF THE TEN. The old fans love it; the new fans like it; the critics have panned it. And it sold out. Quickly.

[[Just goes to show the power of the reviewer. RSC]]

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

Y226 came on May 1st. Do you suppose there is a message in that?

Running Barr illos is a mistake...unless you run all Barr illos. He's pretty well got the fan art field to himself as far as I'm concerned. Jackie had a nice bit of linework on the mermaid on page 26. Yesterday, I "taught" art and music. I took it for granted that I didn't know anything of either. However, when these little 8th graders wanted to know what I thought of a drawing of a nude, I started in on linework and shading and apparently lost them all in a few words.

I've noticed other subjects where I didn't consider that I knew much, that I've gotten a fair grounding in somehow or other. The return to the earth movement does my ego a world of good as they run on about stuff I tend to take as a matter of course. I hope that you heard about poor Bob Sievers of WOWO. He had a streaker go thru while he was broadcasting and got so rattled that he announced he wasn't even sure if it was a boy or a girl. Three doctor's secretaries called up with offers from their bosses to instruct him on such a complex medical problem.

I disagree with de Camp's remarks on crime, tho I do like the way he qualifies them. He doesn't say so, but his remarks on a lack of a way to rehabilitate criminals and human life being not "sacred" lead to same conclusions as Niven's THE JIGSAW MAN in which replacement organs are needed so badly that even running a red light is a capital crime. Not that that disturbs me too greatly. If we can't rehabilitate them, we don't dare let them out.

But I have faith in BF Skinner. Even if he does operate by reducing out of a human all that makes us human, some of his bag of tricks work. But then Newton's Laws work too, even if Einstein did show that if his theory was right, Newton's Laws were a limited case.

In fact if anything I'm scared the opposite way. Namely that The Establishment will learn to control all of us. Child molesters have been cured (for how long is anybody's guess by negative conditioning, i.e. pictures of children and a powerful shock together).

I heard a real one on the Kalamazoo FM station WMUK. They were broadcasting an interview with a prof from the University of Texas. He was really going after subliminal advertising. Then he got on a kiddie toy advertisement. He says that the subconscious responds powerfully to suggestions of such mysteries as sex and death. Then he mentioned an ad that had S-E-X worked into it. Then an ad for a doll where the little girl holding it had letters printed onto her sleeve. "The K and the C are very clear, the U less so, and the F almost invisible. But the subconscious can and does fill in ably." Or words close to that. He was a nut...I hope.

[Now you know why they say fans have broad mental horizons. It's not that you have a good grounding in any of these subjects -- it's that other people don't have any at all, even in things they're supposed to know. (My favorite illustration being the time I had to explain the Immaculate Conception to a Catholic coworker -- he not only didn't know about it, he didn't believe me until he'd checked with his priest. Or the time Bev DeWeese tried teaching the Bible in her high school English course in a fundamentalist-religion oriented community and discovered that most of the kids had never heard of Noah. You -- and most fans -- probably know more of the theory of art than a lot of the people who participate in our country art shows.) Yes, the major problem with getting real scientific knowledge of how to control criminals is that the controls would undoubtedly work just as well on the rest of us.RSC!]

Ross Peterson, address above

Ever read anything by Edward Abbey? I just read his DESERT SOLITAIRE: A SEASON IN THE WILDERNESS and give it highest marks. It's a 95 cent Ballantine -- do check it out. In his preface he explains the book was written while he was a part-time ranger at Arches National Monument near Moab, Utah, before it was paved over for tourists and otherwise destroyed; "This is not a travel guide but an elegy. A memorial. You're holding a tombstone in your hands. A bloody rock. Don't drop it on your foot -- throw it at something big and glassy. What have you got to lose?"

Bob & Ann Passovoy, 5333 S. Dorchester, Chicago IL 60615

Ann dragged me off to the second annual Chicago Public Library 25 cent a copy used book sale. Even though they moved it across to Grant Park, out of the reach of rabid taxis and other lesser urban fauna, they still managed to underestimate the literate population of Chicago. The line (which we were thankfully in the front of) stretched four abreast for more than five city blocks for both days of the sale. Getting in was

fairly easy. Getting out was easy. Getting Ann out was damn near impossible. I begged, I pleaded, I fell on my knees...she cackled, and with shopping bag in her hand, and a fanatical gleam in her eye, disappeared into the crowd again.// And, waving my grappling hook, defied the world and was victorious. I attended their mizzable sale last year and couldn't get within three bodies of a book. This year I came prepared to go over three bodies if necessary. It was, and I did, and we got some lovely stuff, and I'm !GLAD! HAH!! Just like a huckster's room with no comicks.

[[This excerpt is published solely to inform the Lavells that I'm not the only one who does things like that. RSC]]

Thomas Burnett Swann

I hope Leigh Brackett's GINGER STAR turns out to be a good book. I've admired that lady since I was in high school, years and years and years ago. She keeps turning out highly literate screenplays but her name is rarely mentioned in the reviews. I was glad to see her complimented by many reviewers for her script for THE LONG GOOD-BYE. Indeed, the script was excellent. The bad thing was Elliot Gould, who just played himself, as he always does, and he hadn't the style for the script. I longed for Humphrey Bogart.

Eric Lindsay, address above

Do you really think there are benefits to staying in fandom for a long period, Juanita? Maybe it is after all just habit that keeps people there (altho I think back to the people I have met and the fun I've had even over the last few years and decide I wouldn't like to disprove your statement). What will you do when all fandom changes to using automatic typewriters and similar to do their fanzines, an individual version for each reader and all that? Will that be the same sort of thing? Yandro's 40th anniversary issue could well be entirely different.

[[Yandro's 40th Anniversary issue will probably be put out by Bruce, anyway. But fandom is more than ~~a pretty face~~ fanzines; the fanzine is just a method of getting acquainted with interesting people. And since most (not all, Banks, but most) of our friends are younger than we are, it isn't imperative for us to keep finding new ones; we could have a quite full social life if we never met anyone else new. RSC]] [[But it's the anticipation of meeting the newcomers which keeps fandom's spice supply always full to the brim. JWC]]

Joe Hensley, address above

If Bruce sells I think you ought to sign him up in SFWA, You'd be the only family with three members. Then, if someone asked me if I was a member of the Milford Mafia, I could say no, but I'm affiliated with the Hartford City Coulsons, which is kind of the same thing.

[[I wouldn't do a thing like that to my only begotten son...RSC]]

Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., Great Britain

Y226 arrived yesterday. Interesting to see an old Ken McIntyre cover. His style used to come out very well in the old Eisfa, I remember. These large areas of black -- they always did well on this thicker and more absorbent paper. I suppose it is a miracle you can still get the same grade and colour after all these years. I find with supplies in general no sooner have you got used to a certain product over the years than they change it and discontinue the old one. And during the changeover to a new material which may not be as good or may have different characteristics you could well waste a lot of material.

I don't -- as you say on the contents page -- demean myself as to a postal code (neither does Robert Bloch), because I don't think the darn thing helps the miserable mail deliveries anyway. That -- and the fact that the post office circular telling me

what the postal code was some time ago is lost. I don't think it makes much difference. I've been writing Bloch for years to Los Angeles 46, with no zip code, and he still gets the mail as quick as the postal zip code would get it to him.

The requests for Yandro from all the schools which you mention is rather like a friend at work who wrote an article on some chemistry subject for a technical journal and for months afterwards he received requests from all over the world for reprints of the article. From places like Dresden in East Germany, and public bodies from South America, Africa, USA...all over the world. They'd evidently seen a review of this article in another technical publication -- you know, the way you review fanzines -- and so all these requests came in.

Still, in future references for your magazines you can always put -- "As supplied to.." Rather like in England suppliers to the Queen put after their advertising -- "By appointment to H.M. The Queen" and people think what quality the product must be of if this firm is supplying the Queen.

[[Unfortunately the Queen never asked for a copy, and somehow "By Appointment to the West Plains High School" doesn't have quite the same ring to it. Matter of fact, Ken McIntyre's style didn't come across well in the old Eisfa; he never sent us anything back then. (Of course, he didn't send this one, either; I think you did. But it's the first McIntyre cover we've had.) RSC]]

Denis Quane, Box CC, East Texas Sta., Commerce TX 75428

Wellman's article was good. I wonder if Arkham House can be persuaded to release WHO FEARS THE DEVIL?, or if one of the paperback houses will pick it up? I bought the September F&SF today on the strength of a new Wellman story in that series, but I haven't got around to reading it yet.

Interesting short reviews in "Golden Minutes", and I've checked off five non-sf books to be looking for. Looking through the reviews I don't see the review of THE POISON SUMMER by Joe Hensley that I thought was there; must have been in a previous issue. Using your hint as to the identity of the murderer, I was also able to spot him at once, and I don't know Hensley at all, except for the one of his other books I've read.

[[Matter of fact, Ballantine did issue a pb of WHO FEARS THE DEVIL? Maybe we could get them to reissue it, or recirculate the unsold copies, or something. RSC]]

Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey KT6 6QL UK

I figure Bruce ought to do well in writing if he has a mind to, having been caught young into the atmosphere where this is the normal thing to do. I was reading an introduction by Margery Allingham where she described that this was how she got started-- and look where she finished!-- a best seller! I've been re-reading her early books in the light of these remarks, and also the criticism in Julian Symonds' BLOODY MURDER (a history of the mystery genre which I can recommend; out here in pb). It is fascinating to trace from her beginnings what becomes a skilled tool in her hands -- her talent for creating a mysteriously expectant atmosphere. To hark back through to what I started to say, providing the child does not rebel against the home atmosphere the earlier the writing begins the faster it becomes mature. Bruce, taking giant steps, has been every bit as fascinating to watch as Allingham. I've often felt sad to hear of someone who had to struggle against a home that was not only indifferent to books but sometimes even hostile.

I will be very interested to know what you think of SF Monthly. Some of the young blades here have been rather scathing...but it is the only one they have got!

Do you remember Cclin Freeman, who had to live in hospital because he was so physically handicapped? Well, he is out now, still with the same handicap; he cannot bend his spine, but he's now in a house of his own and married to a nurse. He looked very well, too.

[[Being in a home atmosphere where reading is a normal activity is a step up for a writer. Juanita and I both had that. My mother used to fiddle around with writing mysteries. I don't know if she ever actually submitted one to a publisher (or if she ever completed one); I do know she never sold anything. (And I suspect she rather desperately needed fandom as an emotional outlet -- and didn't have it.)RSC]]

Manly Wade Wellman, Box 744, Chapel Hill NC 27514

I don't want you to struggle in the coils of terror. THE PINEYS is based on a scary yarn I heard a nice old man in the North Carolina longleaf country telling some kids, including my own son, and I felt obliged to say it was just a tale, though I wasn't too damned sure. The place it happened, next to Downing Creek in Moore County, was still shaggy with pines the last time I passed it this summer. If you got down here, I'd show it to you. How about staying there all night? You, not me.

One thing bothers me in "The Minnieska Incident", as it has bothered me elsewhere. "...the dreaded Maleus (sic.) Maleficarum by the mad monks, Sprenger and Kramer." MALLEUS MALEFICARUM was a sort of legal text used in establishing guilt for witchcraft, and I don't think it was dreaded except by defendants in such trials. There's been a lot of arbitrary reference to it as though it was a grimoire of some sort. As to Sprenger and Kramer being mad, they were mad only in the sense of being angry at witches. At the time, this was a crime as fully recognized as murder or hog theft, and Sprenger and Kramer were reckoned sane, erudite, and useful commentators. My own copy of the Montague Summers translation has a good introductory rundown on them. Most big libraries have it, I think.

[[I think a lot of people class the MALLEUS MALEFICARUM along with THE NECRONOMICON (though since the Rahmans were using it as a parody it doesn't necessarily mean that they don't know what it really is). I've never read it, though we have -- or did have at one time -- two copies. (I ordered a British paperback edition, and then picked up the Dover edition before the British arrived because I'd forgotten about ordering it.) I thought it would give Juanita some authentic background for her gothics. There's been enough published about it, however, that most fans should know what it is. RSC]]

Mike Kring, PSC #1, Box 3147, Kirtland AFB, NM 87115

I don't know about Gene Wolfe's complaints about fans, if they're really valid. Buzcon 6 has been finished for about a month now, and I look back on it with obvious fondness, for it was a really fun con for me, even though I was the interim chairman. Lots of neat people talking about all sorts of things. I mean, sitting between Vardeman and Ed Bryant, listening to them discuss their were-ashtray story, is enough to make a con memorable. Then they thought of a title for a story actually using the stupid idea: I Was An Ashtray for the FBI. Vardeman keeps threatening to actually write the story. I shudder. And most of the people didn't discuss how much time they hadn't had sleep; you could tell by merely counting the bags under their eyes. And having FM Busby as our GOH added a lot to the fannish quality of the con. Hot damn, I'm already looking forward to next year, especially if the wanted GOH agrees to come.

[[I seldom have any trouble with people boring me at cons -- but then I'm not a nice pleasant person like Gene is. RSC]] [[Sounds like you're hooked, Mike. Welcome to the club. JWC]]

Eric Lindsay, address above

One of the disadvantages of the "entertain me" syndrome is that so few people really can entertain. In a situation with more interaction there is a much greater chance of turning the whole sequence of conversation to a topic (or more likely, several topics) of interest and amusement to the participants. This chance is almost absent in a lecture situation, which is what the "entertain me" fan expects.

We started a second meeting each month at one of the universities here, and on the

first night we settled in this large room (which most of us outside fans hadn't been in previously) with a large round table for us to sit at. Naturally, the first 15 minutes were taken up with impromptu Round Table jokes -- who's looking after the dragons? Is Bill rescuing some distressed maiden, or is he distressing some poor maiden? And other second-rate jokes, puns, and verbal junk. The poor people from the university club didn't know what to say, and stayed silent through most of the night. Shock, I suppose.

Keeping up with the Juneses in a Coney fashion leads to many, but not all, of these camping problems. There is a relatively popular camping spot in a National Park not far from Sydney. In an attempt to stop people destroying vegetation by using cars to get into the area the Park trust put in a road, and a kiosk, and a car park, and the whole area is covered with litter and crowded with bodies. That is Wattermalls. About two miles further down the coast towards Sydney are two beautiful beaches, one suitable for swimming and the other somewhat unsafe; a mile inland is a small freshwater lake. Neither can be reached by car from Wattermalls, although you can get a car into them via dirt tracks (or could before they banned cars completely on the tracks). We used to catch the ferry to the town across the headland from them and hike in with everything we needed to spend the weekend there, with hardly another person in sight.

[[Unfortunately, camping the right way requires time, which all too many people don't have. At one of Jackie Franke's parties, Jim Hansen gave a talk -- with slides, even -- about backpacking in the Grand Canyon. I agree perfectly that this is the way to see the Canyon, but I have this feeling that I'm never going to have two spare weeks that I can devote to the journey. (One week inside the Canyon, and half a week each to get there and return home.) RSC]]

Michael G. Coney, 1016 Cypress Road, RR 1, Sidney, B.C., Canada

Thanks for Y228 -- and others unacknowledged. Oh, God. My best excuse is that I've been all tied up with writing recently and only yesterday surfaced (thanks to a blonde sex-symbol who offered to retype the latest novel for me -- saving me weeks of hard labour)... This is a big one, by the way; perilously close to 100,000 words and entitled BRONTOMEK! until the publishers get their hands on it. By the way, I was pleased with the Freas cover for MONITOR FOUND IN ORBIT; have you seen it yet? Plug, plug...

To a strange coincidence, I was reading Bruce's Column when my eye fetched up short against the title MOON ZERO TWO. It sounded so goddamned familiar that I searched the bookcase and sure enough, there it was, an ancient British edition that I'd never read. And among the fools claiming credit for the authorship of this thing the name of Gavin Lyall stood out.

Gavin Lyall...?

As a young boy I was a notorious delinquent and, as is the way of things, I found myself among kindred spirits. As a juvenile gang we would terrorise ancient janitors and lurk in dark corners, threatening elderly passersby with mayhem. Sex we had not discovered yet, since the oldest of us was twelve. (We were slow starters, back in those days.) I found these antics vaguely dissatisfying, craving more exciting things, like arson. I'd always wanted to be the cause of a raging inferno. (Did you know I work for the B.C. Forest Service? One of these days, by God...)

I fell in with a lad named Ernst who was of like mind, and together we roamed the neighbourhood. Ernst's real name was Ernest, but Ernst sounded more Teutonic. Our elders and betters told us that Germans were six-foot thugs with thick necks and sneaky blue eyes, jackbooted and armed to the teeth with an artillery of diverse weapons which they would not hesitate to use on man, woman, or child. Small wonder that Ernest was proud to be known as Ernst.

Before this rambles on any further I will reveal that Ernst was caught by the law, matches in hand. He was wearing his school uniform, like we did in those days. Within half an hour I was rounded up too, in similar uniform and of similar size -- therefore certainly an accomplice, to the legal mind. We stood before the police officer.

"What's your name?" he asked Ernst.

"Gavin Lyall," he said quickly.

"Michael Coney," said I, little realising that these two names would march together down the highway of literature.

Afterwards, my alibi proven and Ernst let off with a severe reprimand, I asked him where the hell he'd got that weird name from. Nobody was called Gavin. Guys were called Bob and Dave, Pete and Mike. Even, rarely, Ernest.

"There's a kid at school called Gavin Lyall," he said.

They tackled Gavin Lyall at school the next day; apparently the police thought this sort of thing should be stamped out. He denied it and the whole thing filtered back to Ernst again, who got into bigger trouble with the school authorities than he had with the police, and was within a hairsbreadth of being thrown out of the school -- a terrible stigma in those days. I forgot the whole nasty business, and the name of Gavin Lyall.

Until a year or so back, when I saw the name on the cover of an adventure story. I bought the book and enjoyed it; a well-written thriller. And the Gavin Lyall was the same guy; it mentioned in the blurb that he went to King Edward's School, Birmingham England.

Weird story, huh? But true, I assure you.

Re Gene Wolfe: when I get an acceptance I assume that the publisher is so close to bankruptcy that he just doesn't care anymore. (A theory given credence by my late agent, Ted Carnell, who never used to notify me of a sale until the money was actually in his hands. He said he hated to see a good man cry.) The trouble with this attitude is that you never get that moment of elation. When the cheque arrives, my only emotion is relief. When the book is published, I get bitchy about the cover artwork. When the royalty statement comes, I feel like calling my lawyer.

[[When DeWeese and I get an acceptance, the publisher is so close to bankruptcy he doesn't care anymore. (Keep a wary eye on Doubleday for the next few months...) Same with Juanita; Lancer has two of her novels. (They very nicely offered to let her buy them back, but an advance in the hand is worth two at the publishers.) RSC]]

Ross Pavlac, Apt B-10, 4654 Tamarack Blvd., Columbus OH 43229

I think that Tubb intends to eventually complete the Dumarest series. As the books progress, he seems to acquire more hard facts that lead him to his goal than is the case in most other open-ended series.

I don't know the address of the Flat Earth Society, but there is another odd group (from England, I believe) called the Duodecimal Society -- a hardworking group trying to get the rest of us to convert our numbering system to base twelve (presumably because 12 is divisible by 2, 3, and 4 -- three very convenient numbers to have a number be divisible by). I don't have their address, but I'd be interested in seeing some of their literature if anyone else has or knows of any. I myself am not a sympathizer; we computer programmers are normally in favor of either base eight or base sixteen over base ten. Having programmed in both, I unequivocally feel that base sixteen is by far the nicest numbering system to have. And the forthcoming conversion to metric would provide an opportunity to convert to metrics and base sixteen simultaneously! Of course there is the minor task of redesigning the metric system to conform to base sixteen concepts...

Re Gene Wolfe's remarks on con conversation topics -- the "how long have I gone without sleep" conversation for n greater than 24 hours (where n is the number of hours since last waking) seems to be conducted by the person in question solely for the purpose of keeping awake for a little longer. One 14 or 15-year old neofan who was at a party that I happened to be part of at Discon was going on 39 hours. His reason for keeping awake at that point seemed to be that Discon (his first sf con) was "the greatest thing that had ever happened to him" and he didn't want to go to sleep because he might miss something. He strongly resembled a zombie at that point. Mercifully he drifted off to sleep a few minutes later.

Oh, Columbus fandom has not yet committed mass suicide over its loss of the worldcon bid. Instead, we are going to take the offensive and build up the Marcon into a larger, more structured regional that it has been in the past. A progress report will be mailed out later this year.

Columbus fandom has pretty much given up the idea of worldcon bidding. What with the current growth rate of Worldcons, by the next year that the Midwest could hold one (1979) it will be too big for even our two hotels. In fact, barring a change in fandom's attitude toward multi-hotel worldcons, there will be no more Ohio Worldcons -- there isn't a city in the state that will have the hotel facilities as of 1979.

Robert Smoot, Three Churches, WV 26765

According to US News and World Report, the fiasco in Kanawha County has involved complaints over a book offering all of six different theories on the origins of speech and different languages. Seems the fundamentalist diehards are sticking true and gung ho for the Tower of Babel story. Fear of opposing viewpoints seems the cause of the uproar. Alas, the protestors, those opposing the books, seem 1) to view toleration of an opposing viewpoint as an admission of validity on the part of the other party and/or 2) to lack confidence in that which they cling to as "truth", so much so that they believe their children will fail to accept their parents' "truth" over the suggestions in the school textbooks. Am glad to see that the county's school officials voted to keep the books. Some, tho, will be used only by those students with written permission from their parents. Fortunately, methinks, only a few of the books are restricted to the permission-only shelf.

Havent' heard the outcome yet, but the school board in the Maryland county that recently banned the Encyclopedia Britannica file, "The Lottery", is receiving urgings for a panel with parents that will have say over what material will stay in, or be allowed in, the public schools. Ah, the confidence in today's youth!

You read National Geographic? The Jan. '75 ish has a fascinating article by Alexander Marshack on early man. Marshack uses the microscope, infrared light, and uv light to date anthropological artifacts, plus "discover" new data on early man. Is sound brainfood, whether or not sound science.

[[Since I know, via letter or in person, a lot of today's youth (you, Bruce, Leah Zeldes, Sandy Franke, Larry Downes, etc.), I feel qualified to say that all this lack of confidence in today's youth is entirely justified. RSC]]

Brian Earl Brown, 55521 Elder Road, Mishawaka IN 46544

I didn't read "The Minnieska Incident" until after I had written my Cap Kennedy parody. I don't know if it would have helped if I had read "Minnieska" first. It is the kind of story that does the form so well that it serves as a model on how to write a parody. My favorite line in it is from the second section: "When Cushing returned he seemed refreshed, but different. He was a good inch and a half shorter, loathed the daylight, and was suddenly vulnerable to the Elder Signs." The understated way all this ominous information is handed out is hilarious.

I was greatly impressed by Ursula K. LeGuin's THE DISPOSSESSED, as I have been with most of her works. The theme of the book seemed to me to be on the nature of revolution and how they always seem to stagnate halfway to their idealistic goal. Anarres is not so much a communistic state as it is a tentatively realistic version of a non-sexist society. The people are not being dedicated to the state, but are taught to live in a non-aggressive-egoistical manner typical of patriarchal societies.

All the people I talked to seemed to agree that KWestcon was an utter bomb. I enjoyed myself, and I think that if I had gone to a big, lively con first I would have been so petrified that I would have dropped out of fandom immediately.

[[No, I wouldn't say KWestcon was an utter bomb, at all. It wasn't the best con I've ever been to, but I had some fun and met some interesting people. RSC]]

Paula Smith, 127 Catherine St., #1, Kalamazoo MI 49007

The Yandro arrived today safely, altho it looks like someone at the PO had been drinking coffee all over it. Thankee muchly for the notations on KWestcon (and the personal boo -- starts the year off right). "The Canadian Swept Down Like a Wolf On the Fold" was pretty good, but what the hell, I read The Canadian Corner in the Nat Lamp, too, though Miesel is far better than that. But while -- or in spite of the fact that -- I am part Canadian (2nd cousin on my father's side), I don't quite see the need for Canuck jokes.

[[But with Canucks in the readership there is obviously a need for Canuck jokes; you wouldn't want them to feel slighted, would you? RSC]]

Gene DeWeese, 2718 N. Prospect Ave., Milwaukee WI 53211

Working on this ms for Harlequin...started with chapter 1 Sunday evening and finished it Monday evening. Mostly expanding, mostly by sticking in more "Ross reactions" to things and hopefully making the things he does and says a little less far-fetched. It came out to 13 of the computer-type pages, which means probably 16 or 17 standard ms pages, maybe a 20 percent expansion. Now if the later chapters work out likewise, maybe we'll even be able to drop a little of the padding from the later chapters.

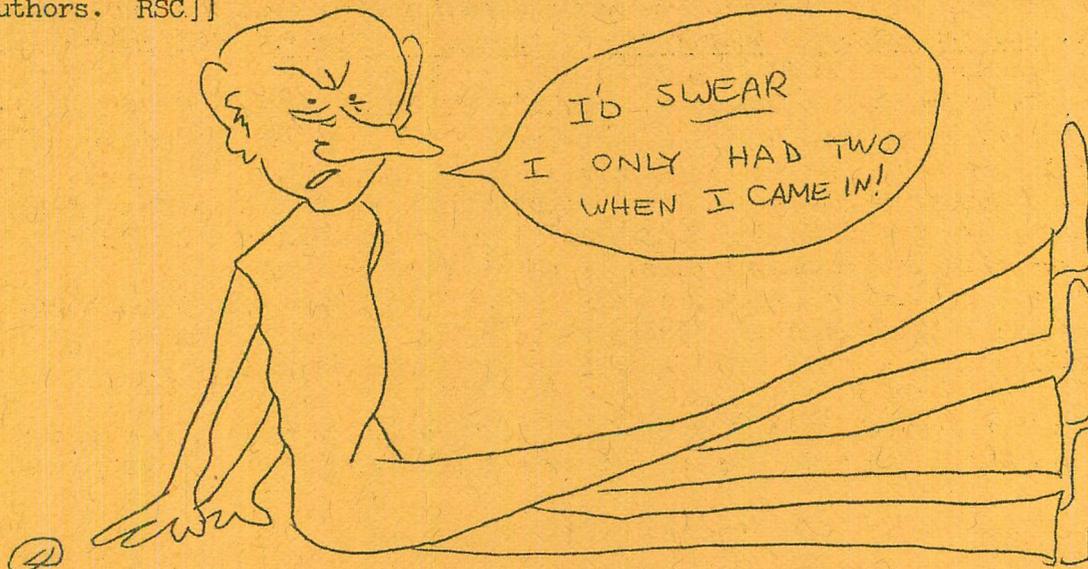
Of course, you may want to go back to the original chapter one...

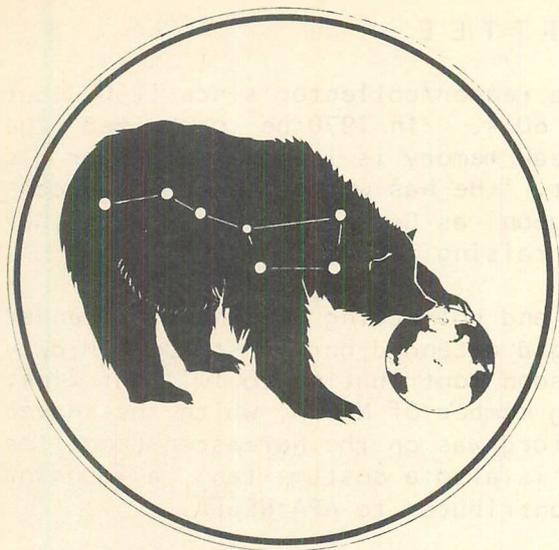
Anyway, I won't bother sending any rewritten chapters, since you probably won't read them until after you finish your rough draft, which will certainly be no sooner than the convention. I have hopes of having at least the first six, possibly seven chapters redone by the time we come down Wednesday evening/night.

Guess the layoff is official, sort of. My supervisor, who had been on vacation for a couple of weeks, came around Monday and told me that he had been told that I should go back to personnel and talk to someone. I did, and the someone gave me the preliminary exit interview, explaining the benefits, etc. (Or rather, he tried. He couldn't answer any of the basic questions, like how would unemployment compensation and severance pay be affected by the fact that I would be taking in occasional money from publishers, etc.) Also, he told me that I had had an appointment with him for the previous Friday (this was Monday afternoon). Unfortunately, nobody had bothered to tell me about it... After the interview I went back and asked my supervisor if that made it official. He guessed so, but... If they call me up the Tuesday after Labor Day and want to know why I'm not at my desk, I guess I'll know it wasn't official after all.

I'm not sure, of course, but I suspect I'm the first employee ever to have an exit interview without having been told officially that I was laid off.

[[The first part of the above is printed for the edification of those would-be writers out there who want to know about the discipline and dedication practiced by real, live authors. RSC]]





# 7 FOR '77 ORLANDO

VOTE ORLANDO FOR THE 1977 WORLDCON

AN EXPERIENCED COMMITTEE

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DON LUNDRY, Chairman  
SUFORD LEWIS  
ELI COHEN  
RUSTY HEVELIN  
BRUCE NEWROCK  
ELLIOT SHORTER  
JOANN WOOD

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**VOTE ORLANDO IN '77**

## THE COMMITTEE

DONALD LUNDRY, Chairman -- Don has been a reader/collector since 1950, but was only drawn into active fandom in the 60's. In 1970 he organized the Heicon flight; doubtless his notoriously weak memory is responsible for his current involvement in the Aussiecon flight. He has worked on numerous cons and chaired the 1972 Lunacon with Ted Sturgeon as Guest of Honor. His other hobbies include restoring player pianos and raising redheads.

SUSAN LEWIS -- Suford has been reading and collecting SF since the tender age of nine. By 1961 she had joined LASFS and attended her first con. Midway through college she joined MITSFS and was soon contributing to Twilight Zine, Stroon, and TAPA. In '67 she was a founding member of NESFA, which she served as Clerk, Vice President, and President. Suford was on the Noreascon Committee and in 1973 was chairman of Boskone X. She is also a costume fan, a founding patroness of Georgette Heyer fandom and a contributor to APA:NESFA.

ELI COHEN -- Cut his teeth on *The Spaceship Under the Apple Tree* and *The Magic Ball From Mars*, which did little for the books, but turned Eli into a fanatic Science Fiction reader. In 1967, he discovered fandom in the form of Nycon III, and two years later started publishing AKOS. He was a founding member of the Columbia Univ. SF group, running the club as its Grand Marshall from 1969 to 1973. He met Don Lundry in 1970 through the Heicon flight, and wound up as treasurer of Don's Lunacon; a definite example of the hazards of air travel. Currently, he publishes KRATOPHANY, which LOCUS # 163 called "Canada's leading fannish fanzine."

RUSTY HEVELIN -- attended Denvention in 1941 and plunged right into the wide world of fanac: co-editor of *Fantascience Digest* with Bob Madle, editor of NEBULA - *The Fantasy Fan Record*, president of the PSFS, traveling jiant and director of the NFFF. He's been a minac member of FAPA three times, cliff hanging 12 years the last time (1958 - 1970). Rusty has one of the major collections of SF magazines, other pulps, and fanzines of the 1940's. Since 1965 he has zeroed in on attending conventions, but joined SAPS last October. In both 1973 and 1974 he was co-ordinator of Pulpcon.

BRUCE NEWROCK -- first got involved in fandom when he helped found an SF club at CCNY in 1961: he served as Treasurer and Student Council representative for it. In 1967, he attended Nycon III, and has been a confirmed fan ever since. Bruce was co-founder of BRUNSFPA, first King of the Eastern Kingdom, worked on the 1972 Lunacon and many cons since. Aside from fanac, he also enjoys model railroading and photography.

ELLIOT SHORTER -- is one of fandom's natural wonders and resources. He's always there to help out at every con with whatever needs doing. Even a partial list of his activities is overwhelming: TAFF delegate to Heicon, Vice-President of ESFA, Seneschal of the Eastern Kingdom, perennial worldcon trouble shooter, masquerade judge, Westercon art auctioneer, huckster, filksinger ... the list is endless. Why, there was even one Boskone when he was Isaac Asimov!

JOANNE WOOD -- first joined fandom with the Cincinnati Fantasy Group, and helped put on the 1966 Midwescon. In her travels she has joined the Little Men and NESFA, helped to found PENSFA, worked on the Baycon. Joanne wrote her Master's thesis on Science Fiction Fandom as a Social Movement, and is now completing her Doctorate. She can usually be found at the Advent table in the hucksters room with her husband, Advent partner Ed Wood.