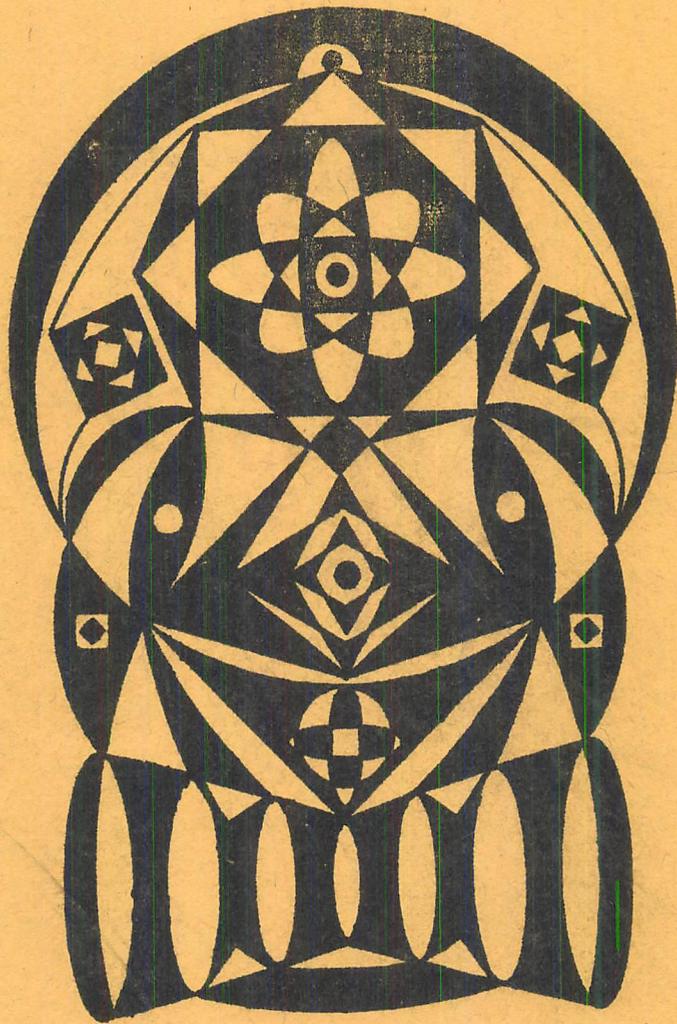


GANDRO



A.O.T.  
G.07 P.H.  
4-6-77





# Yandro 249



XXVII:1 JAN. 80

NO YANDRO  
GOING BUMP  
IN THE MAILBOX.

Joyce  
5.78

GRUMBLINGS \*

Published by Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, IN 47348, USA  
British Agent is Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts., Great Britain  
Price: US, 75¢, 5 for \$3.00, 10 for \$5.00 - Britain, 35p, 5 for £1.50, 10 for £2.50

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### ARTWORK

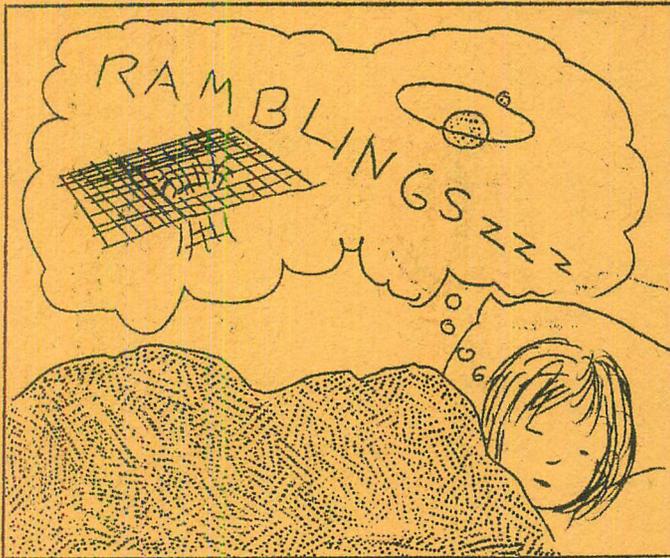
Cover by Fred Jacobic		Cover logo by Dave Locke	
Page 1	Joyce Scrivner (*The State of Reading Yandro; part 2 of a series)	Page 9	Alexis Gilliland
" 2	JWC	" 10	Alexis Gilliland
" 4	JWC	" 14	Al Sirois
" 6	JWC	" 16	Jann Frank
" 8	Alexis Gilliland		

"An Advertisement Brought To You" copyright 1980 by the authors

Irv Jacobs, P.O. Box 574, National City, CA 92050, is planning to dispose of his old YANDROs; by our records, he began subscribing with issue #152, in 1965. He wants 25¢ apiece, plus pos tage, and wants to sell them as a lot.

### NEW ADDRESSES

- Bruce Coulson and Lori Huff, 2454 Indiana Ave., Columbus, OH 43202
- Ruth Berman, 2809 Dewey, #120, Norman, OK 73069 (for college year only; she's teaching Freshman Comp.)
- Jim Turner, 9218 8th. Ave. NW, Seattle, WA 98117
- Hank Luttrell, 2619 Monroe St., Madison, WI 53711
- Lesleigh Luttrell, 514 Stang St. #3, Madison, WI 53704
- Mary H. Schaub, 306 W. Chatham St., Apex, NC 27502
- Ben & Donna Solon, 245 Elmwood, Evanston, IL 60202
- Summer Marie Miller, 352 Killea, Fort Wayne, IN 46807



Felicitations, and a cheery and prosperous 1980 to you all. Very belated New Year's greetings, but still heartfelt and sincere. Still have a fair-sized chunk of year left in which to apply the good wishes, at least.

At this point, I'm not too certain just what's in this issue. I produced it at night -- putting a goodly number of the stencils then, doing all the proofreading and correcting and what art there was in the evenings and all the mimeoing then and on weekends. During the day I work on manuscript. Things are getting blurry, to put it mildly. Some of the pages may be blurry, or smeary, too, unfortunately. We were running out of time and the shipment

of ink hadn't arrived, so I went ahead rassing with a batch of salvaged Speed-o-Print ink we'd (Buck, actually) laboriously and sloppy-messily transferred into previously emptied Rex Rotary ink cans. The SOP ink worked, sorta. But struggling with it reminded me why I went to ink that cost twice as much. It is definitely worth it. Midway through, finally, UPS trundled in with the eagerly-awaited "real" ink and I abandoned the SOP ink instantly. I think the SOP pages are adequate, if not superb. Now, fortunately, we have enough ink on hand to handle the next issue and the trip report. (I'd like to think I won't be doing those stencils by nightlight, too, but I have this sinking feeling that may be the case.)

The manuscripting is on the first in a projected series of four interrelated sf books, a family saga through four generations from Earth's near-neighborhood to colonies some light years distant. I've been buried in background research stuff for many many weeks. Sometimes I wonder if I don't go a trifle overboard in that department. I always research to some degree, but I never dreamed about black holes and L5 habitations and tabular icebergs and com sat networks. Literally dream about them. I always thought one's unconscious was supposed to be an escape valve from waking preoccupations, but apparently it doesn't work that way for me. Ah well. With luck it'll transfer into coherent wordage in fiction, as well as rattling around in my headbone or parts thereof 24 hours a day.

That project is in progress. FIRE OF THE ANDES, the historical mentioned in prior issues, is out on the stands now. The cover's nice. What remains after the copy editors had at it is about 3/4s or less of the original, but that's the breaks. I have higher satisfaction hopes for an upcoming fantasy from del Rey. The galleys were essentially my original copy with a few slip-of-the-finger typos which I and the editors were doing our best to round up and correct. The del Reys nicely sent me an advance copy of the cover proof, and it's quite vivid and colorful indeed and much to my taste. This one's titled THE DEATH GOD'S CITADEL, is in the same universe as WEB OF WIZARDRY, and will be out in June, it says here. I don't dream about the fantasies when I'm writing them; I did all my dreaming about those decades ago, when I was a kid and living in that universe in my daydreams. It is easy to dip back into the wide-eyed mood of that period of my life, which makes writing the things loads of fun. A different sort of challenge from writing historicals or sf. Keeps things lively, I must say. Which foot is the third hat on and which end is up? Watch this space and see if I have the faintest idea about any of that, come next issue.

Occasionally my bitter half schedules weekend jaunts or cons, which also blur pleasantly in the memory right now. These past six or seven months, in fact, have been one immense but pleasant -- for the most part -- blur. It's presumably partly aftershock from the trip to England. That still isn't real and wasn't even when we were there, and the ripples of the excitement and unreality still lap my sensibilities. For a while there I was being swamped in the attempt to digest it and cope with day-to-day events. I never in my life expected to go abroad. That was something

that happened to other people in films and fiction. Discovering new horizons at my advanced age was a thrown-for-a-loop experience. But worth it.

One of the breaks in routine since then was a respite over New Year's no'th to Milwaukee and Chicago to visit the DeWeeses and the Passovoy's. As Buck describes in Rumblings, that trip spawned the re-birth of the Thomas Stratton syndrome. And as he mentions, there'd been a long gap between the last Thomas Stratton epic and this one and I had been lulled into believing the interment was permanent. More dreaming. I did remember, though -- and how -- the only way to lay out a Thomas Stratton feature, one arrived at after much, much cursing and hair-tearing in the early days of Yandro. The footnotes and feetnotes and bastard offspring can only be plotted by typing out the entire damned thing and then carefully separating the entire mess with a scissors and doing a laborious pasteup. It still doesn't come out precisely to match the vagaries of the stencil -- particularly not when you're bleary-eyed from peering at typewritten copy all day and at a lightscope half the evening -- but it's the closest thing to coping with that style I've found. In a way it was fun to go home again and recapture the days when I typed these things out on a tiny Royal portable (made of real metal and owning no tab stops and an excitable shift key). But I think if Thomas Stratton comes up with any more resurrections like this, I'm going to make Stratton do the layout...

The layout for the Anti-Christ's Advertisement was somewhat tricky, too, in part thanks to Gilliland's clever cartoons. Took a mite of juggling to fit everything in more or less order. I'm a bit surprised Alex resisted the temptation to include a "Draw the Devil -- do you have artistic talent?" illustration. Maybe that'll be in the followup ad. Darrell? John? Sandra? Gotta get out there and hard-sell and hook the ~~stackers~~ potential students, right?

In the letter column Gary Anderson details a horror story of air travel. We have our own, coming up in the trip report. Obviously both we and he arrived safely, so it's not that type of Airport 80 horror story. But I suspect if you travel long enough, by any mode of transportation, you're going to acquire a fund of awful adventures amid the ones that go along smoothly and are forgettable just because nothing did happen and you got where you were going with no fuss. Sometimes, when we get cocky, we recall the time it took us 12 hours to travel the 300 some miles from our place to the Thompsons', slightly east of Cleveland.

And speaking of the Thompsons, in this issue also Maggie discusses ROCKY HORROR and, particularly, the phenomenon of the ROCKY HORROR audience. Audiences in general have changed a great deal since my childhood days, I note. The changes have taken place, oddly enough, at both ends of the spectrum and left a large gap in the middle. On weekends, I lived in the movies, often managing three double features with serials and short subjects per Saturday afternoon (if you count starting at the second-run theatre at 11AM as a precursor to the afternoon's entertainment). The audiences were noisy in a different way, and we were very aware of things like broken and out-of-focus film or other goofs by the theatre staff. Heaven help them if they were more than two minutes late starting the cameras; that created a lot of stomping and clapping and whistling until we got results. We expected the trains to run on time, and so did the movies. A drift from focus got instant and loud complaints. At the other end of the behavior pattern, the only reaction accepted during an in-focus and on-time film was normal type human noises -- laughter, excited cries, a few boos, applause. ROCKY HORROR's vulgar talk back to the screen constantly carrying on would have gotten the perpetrators pounded on by others and thrown out by the ushers. On the other hand, modern audiences attending films, at least in this region, are inordinately lumpish about the projection process and -- unless it's a cult film like ROCKY HORROR -- remarkably unresponsive. The film can be five minutes late and nobody does anything but mutter to his seatmate. The film is out of focus and there is no collective howl to remind the projectionist of his job (and my eyes begin to water from the strain as a result). The laughter is restrained. Applause is rare. Etc. I enjoyed STAR WARS precisely because, within bearable limits, the audience got into the spirit and boomed Vader's entrance and applauded the dog fight victories. But still and all, I feel something's been lost. There should be some steady middle ground between ROCKY HORROR and apathy....surely? This granddaughter is really tottering, Tucker, and feeling time has passed me by,

JWC



My New Year's resolution was to stop explaining why YANDRO is late again. So this time I'll explain why it isn't the Trip Report issue. Mostly because this was supposed to be the Christmas Issue, and the Schweitzer/Miesels article was scheduled to give you a bit of extra Christmas cheer. Next issue is the Trip Report, and it will likely be a double issue, with the Report a separate item so that we can run off extra copies for various reasons - to get money for TAFF and DUFF, to send to some of the Coulsons To Newcastle Fund supporters who don't get YANDRO, etc. Next issue will also

include all the letters that were dropped from this issue to include all the outside material in here. The last item obtained is the Stratton Report On SCI-FI. This goes back in format to the really old YANDRO; Thomas Stratton hasn't written one of his footnoted items for over 20 years (and Juanita has been happy that way). This time you get a divided conclusion on the movies, just like Ebert and Siskel on PBS - who says YANDRO isn't educational? Being a two-headed author, Stratton can deliver a split decision all by himself.

Mostly, since we got back from England (and Louisville) we've been hibernating and trying to catch up on work at home. (We haven't succeeded.) Moonwolf talked us into attending the Feast of the Hunter's Moon at Lafayette; it's sort of a combination of historical pageant, craft show, and swap meet. It's also large; a report said they had 40,000 people there last year, and from the looks of it there were more this time. Parking was in a freshly harvested cornfield, and when it started to rain we got out while we could, but we'll be back next year, better prepared. Then we went to Columbus, Ohio; Juanita went for a Starsky & Hutch fandom party and I went to buy books and see Bob and Betty Gaines (and of course an added benefit was seeing Bruce and Lori.) Chambanacon was pleasant as usual. We got to meet a few new people, renew acquaintance with Sam and Mary Long, and be given a fanzine by Ed Connor, who hasn't gaffiated after all. Ed also gave me some absolutely fascinating old (circa 1903) sporting magazines - said he got them at a library sale. As usual on old mags, the ads were more interesting than the articles.... Over New Year's, we resumed our tradition of visiting Milwaukee and the DeWeeses. (The tradition got interrupted last year due to a blizzard, but the weather was mostly good this time.) Mostly, I bought records rather than books this trip. One day we went over to Madison and were guests on Lesleigh Luttrell's radio program. She's a disc jockey, so Gene and I brought some of our weirder records and Juanita brought her guitar. Actually got a few calls about Juanita's singing, including one from a woman biologist who had never heard "Amphioxus" before and wanted to know if she could get it on record. (If the Sam Hinton lp from Folkways is still available, she can...) While in Madison, we also stopped to see Hank Luttrell's home bookstore, 20th Century Books. (Of course; never pass up a chance at a bookstore.) Celebrated New Year's Eve very quietly, with the DeWeeses, Jan Bogstad, and Phil Kaveny. (Which is a bigger party than we usually have; the wicked life of the big cities, you know. Out here it's just us and the hogs on New Year's Eve.) Stopped off to see the Passovovs in Chicago on the way back, and got to listen to some of the master tapes from Filkcon; they seem almost ready to roll on production of copies.

Our local culture was taken care of by going to see a Jimmy Driftwood concert at Taylor University. I talked to him a bit after the show, and he mentioned that his early Victor lp's are now collector's items and selling in the low hundreds of dollars per. (We may show up at the Mountain View Folk Festival in Arkansas this year with lp's in our hands and an avaricious gleam in our eyes.... I enjoy his records, but we now also have very good tape-copying equipment....)

The Milwaukee trip included visits to "Black Hole" and "Star Trek-The Movie"

and precipitated the Stratton article. Since then, I've been reading Roddenberry's ST book. It's by far the best ST novel I've encountered, and includes all the personal relationships beloved by fans of the series. Too bad they didn't film it. Our local MD, Dr. Dudgeon, had seen the film earlier and tipped me off that the climax was quite literally one, but I didn't know what Veeger's internal anatomy was going to be until I saw it. Talk about anthro morphising your aliens....! I'm actually not sorry I saw either movie; they're pretty enough, I wasn't expecting all that much, and I do want a poster-sized reprint of that one scene in "Black Hole", with the ship poised on the lip of the swirling red "hole". Gorgeous shot.

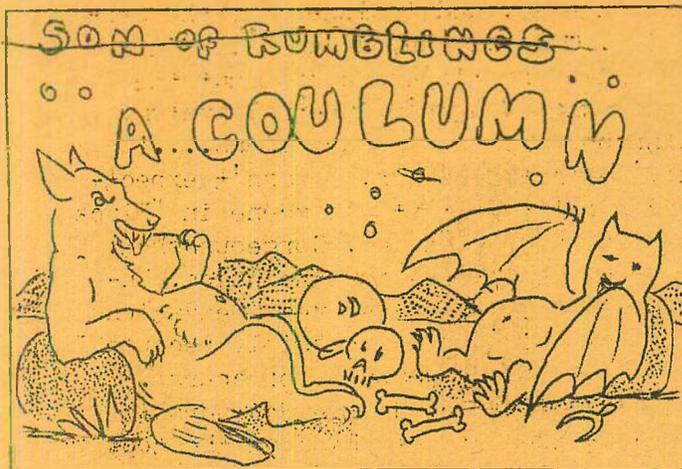
Traditionally, this is where I make a few recommendations for the Hugos. Unfortunately, I am even farther behind than usual in my reading, so recommendations are going to be sketchy, and if I leave out something it's quite possibly because I haven't read it. (It could also be because I thought it was garbage, of course.)

BEST EDITOR is going to be an agonized choice this time. George Scithers is still doing very well with ASIMOV'S, Ed Ferman continues to keep F&SF at the top, and now Jim Baen is producing another excellent magazine in DESTINIES. Plus the paperback lines; Wollheim, the Del Reys, Baen again. (And what about Don Grant?) I haven't got to ANALOG yet, so I don't know how Stan Schmidt is making out; I hope he's improving the mag, and I think he probably is, but I don't have any proof yet. However, there are enough good editors around to keep the field in good shape for awhile. BEST NOVEL. I suppose Marion Bradley's CATCH TRAP was the best novel I read in 1979; unfortunately for the Hugos it isn't science fiction. Otherwise...I've read a fair number of entertaining novels during the year, but of those published during 1979, not many of Hugo caliber. Vance's WYST:ALASTOR 1716 is worthy if it's eligible; I'm not sure of copyright date. I suspect Paul Anderson's THE MERMAN'S CHILDREN is the one I'll eventually vote for, but I haven't read it all yet. For shorter works, there is "The Shack At Great Cross Halt" by Keith Roberts, "Skystalk" by Charles Sheffield (the writing isn't that great, but isn't science fiction supposed to be a literature of ideas?), "The Relic", by Gary Jennings, "Loob", by Bob Leman. Sandra Miesel is pushing "Amanda Morgan", by Gordon Dickson, but I haven't read it yet. (It's in THE SPIRIT OF DORSAI - and, incidentally, I just got a note from Jim Baen, saying "It has come to our attention that many people think that THE SPIRIT OF DORSAI is or at least purports to be a novel. It isn't, and it doesn't." "Amanda" is eligible in the novella category, he says - as is THE DEMON OF SCATTERERY by Anderson and Broxon. Which I also haven't read, but it's by two excellent writers and ought to be investigated before one votes.) BEST ARTIST - Vallejo, Hardy, Egge, Freff, Barr, Rowena Morrill, Whelan. FANZINE....I'm becoming less enchanted with fanzines recently, but...STEFANTASY, SCOTTISHE, JANUS, INCA, KICKSHAW. FAN WRITERS - Dave Locke, Denny Lien, Sandra Miesel, Lesleigh Luttrell, Ethel Lindsay. FAN ARTIST - Al Sirois, Lucy Seaman, Jann Frank, Alex Gilliland, Jim Shull if he's still around; I'm not sure I've seen anything by him this past year. Obviously, none of this is in any particular order. I haven't had time to do any orderly review of my ideas; I'm putting down things as I come to them.

I wonder if there is a correlation between fan feuds and sercon fans? Not that fannish fans don't feud, but an increase in the amount of bad feelings in fandom seems to be coinciding with the increase in academic/sercon types and sercon and quite often pretentious fanzines. I suppose, the more seriously one takes oneself and one's hobby, the more violently one reacts to criticism. Of course, it has to do with the sort of emotional type you are, too. (Some people take everything more seriously than I do...come to think of it, most people take everything more seriously than I do.) But one of our more academic types might want to make out a chart correlating the number of vicious statements in print with the percentage of sercon fanzines being published.

I note several midwestern fans sniping at the Louisville club for their handling of conventions. Since Louisville has the most entertaining conventions in the midwest, I can only assume a bad case of envy. (Particularly since the snipers put on notably lousy conventions themselves.) One of the little joys of fandom; watching people making asses of themselves in print.

RSC



Nasfic: The Galt House was certainly one of the plushest hotels I have ever stayed in. It had to be one of those rare hotels in which a person could do everything but be born and be buried, without ever having to leave the hotel itself. I mean, a liquor store inside the Galt House? The con was pretty good, albeit crowded. I spent most of my money on various limited editions of one kind or another, stayed away from the Burger Queen after one adventure, stuffed myself at the ethnic festival on the Plaza, and in general enjoyed myself thoroughly.

Dune (the Avalon Hill wargame, not the book) was being demonstrated at the convention, and I took the opportunity to test it. It turned out to be very well-handled; at least the basic portion of the game was. Some variance from the book was necessary for play balance, but it was faithful to most of the ideas of the book. (Even if the Emperor and Baron Harkonnen won more often than anyone else.) Darkover, by Eon Games (the same people who did the basic work on Dune for Avalon Hill), was something else again. Whereas Dune was a traditional wargame, along the lines of Kingmaker, Diplomacy, and Risk, Darkover seemed to me to be more of a party game, a kind of ice-breaker for stefnal gatherings. It was amusing to play once or twice, but most fan groups don't need an ice-breaker, stefnal-oriented or not. I can see it being sprung upon an innocent group of wargamers for shock value, but not becoming part of the usual fare. A nice game of its type; however I don't see it becoming popular. (I could be wrong; stranger things have happened. Hard-core Darkover fans will certainly buy it. I just don't think too many other people will.)

THE RUNESTONE (Mark E. Rogers, Burning Bush Press, \$5.00) is an interesting offering in the fantasy field. I quibble with some of his ideas, especially that of making a werewolf the traditional Hollywood style one. Werewolves were men who became wolves totally. Check Anderson's OPERATION CHAOS and WAGNER THE WEREWOLF by G.W.M Reynolds for confirmation. Most especially I don't think this one would retain human form. The blurb was lifted from ALIEN rather obviously, but it's still cute. The writing is choppy in spots, and most of the people seem cardboardy (no more so than they are in HPL's works, I'll admit), but Rogers can write some rather powerful sequences to make up for it. All in all, for a limited edition, private-published fantasy work, this isn't too bad, and if there are any left you might want to get a copy.

How powerful is a vampire, anyway? No one in any aspect of fantasy seems to agree on their powers, abilities, and limitations. With the recent influx of Dracula material, the fluctuation has become more extreme. (I do find it interesting that no one, including Stoker himself, has ever used the full range of powers that Von Helsing attributes to the vampire in Dracula. Von Helsing goes through the list, including speaking with the dead, precognition, invisibility, control of the elements, control of the "meaner things of the earth," turning into mist, great strength, etc., and then conveniently forgets about all of them except those he needs for the plot.) The Langella version of Dracula is one of the more powerful ones around, as well as one of the more intelligent. (This is the first cinematic Dracula whom I can believe has been around 500+ years. All the others apparently had forgotten an awful lot when they died.) Hamilton's LOVE AT FIRST BITE is a delightful comedy, and has made quite a bundle for AIP and Hamilton. In another vein (sorry about that), I'm wondering how much longer Saberhagen's Dracula will go on. I liked the first book, enjoyed the second, and the third was adequate, but how many more ideas can you have about Dracula anyway?

Been watching reruns of the SIX DOLLAR MAN on local tv recently. It's interesting to see the evolution of a series compressed within a few weeks. The pilot episode was well-written, suspenseful, with good (for tv) characterization (McGavin as Mr. Spenser, a cold-blooded espionage agent who would send Austin to death if the safety of the world required it, was far more believable than Goldman, an obvious

civil service agent who had never served in the field.). Oh well. The popular taste demanded a cut-rate super man, not an exceptional but fallible person.

"Borrowers are making money when they obtain a loan." Economist

The above was quoted word for word by a news commentator on one of our local radio shows. I dunno; there must be some subtle economic law that I'm overlooking. I never seem to make money that way. Maybe you have to know from whom you are borrowing. Or more likely, you have to borrow some staggering amount, or have some staggering amount in the first place in order for it to work. (I know the latter is true with regards to obtaining a loan...)

Realizing the infrequency with which Yandros have been appearing [[How sharper than a serpent's tooth...JWC]], I thought that now might be a good time to inform you what is in store for the world, according to Criswell: Contraception will be mandatory and be placed in our water supplies by federal authorities (sort of like fluoridation). A Prince of Darkness will arise in Asia and try to dominate the world and put down the word of God. (No, Joe, Criswell didn't say which god, or even in what part of Asia.) Snowstorms in August of 1982. (Undoubtedly, in some regions.) Facelifts for \$5. No newspapers after 1980. A shortage of cemetaries. Alabama will head a financial empire. (?) Virginia will be ruled by a matriarchy. Vermont will be nuked in early 1981 (not by us but by someone else, I hasten to add). New York City will be totally underwater by Jan 21, 1980. (Blew that one already.) And there will be cannibalism in Pennsylvania in late 1980. I emphasize that all of these predictions were made by Criswell. I wouldn't dream of depriving him of the credit for his accomplishments. I also suspect Criswell of being the force behind halting the space program, as he was convinced that all of these rockets we were orbitting were punching holes in our plastic bag that holds our atmosphere around Earth. He didn't say how we were supposed to stop the Russians from puncturing the bag.

The way things have been going, I think Columbus will be underwater before 1980 is through. I have been seriously thinking about buying a boat, or at least a VW.

Part of my current job has me gallivanting around the countryside, which provides better scenery than city driving, at least. On one of these journeys I ran across a little town by the name of Outville OH. As far as I know, it's unincorporated, but it does have a railroad yard and a general store, complete with local post office. I didn't see any cracker barrels when I went in, but the little wooden booth with the bars and the little bronze plaque -- "U.S. Post Office" -- right above the window was just to the right of the front door. I bought some stamps (almost buying the place out, as a matter of fact) and left somewhat croggled. I didn't know places like that existed anymore, at least not within 1 1/2 hours' drive of a major city. (And 15 minutes away from another little post office in Kierkorsville, which also doesn't have a lot of people.)

I haven't been able to catch it often so far on TV, but I did see BUCK ROGERS when it was at the theatres. If it avoids taking itself too seriously in the transfer to the smaller screen (thus going the way of BATTLESTAR GALACTICA), I think it will do well.

Lori Huff and Bob Hillis and I caught the sneak preview of TIME AFTER TIME when it first came to Columbus. Surprisingly good. I had thought from the promo blurbs that it was going to be a godawful mess (H.G. Wells vs. Jack the Ripper?). But it turned out to be well-written, with excellent cinematography besides. I recommend it highly.

Also saw THE MUPPET MOVIE at the same theatre. Only the Muppets could have gotten away with it. (Or gotten so many name actors in cameo roles.)

Until the Muse is resurrected to inspire another Couolumn... BEC

=====

Note: Logo on table of contents this issue is by Atom.

# AN ADVERTISEMENT BROUGHT TO YOU

by

DARRELL SCHWEITZER, JOHN MIESEL,  
AND SANDRA MIESEL ©

DO YOU HAVE A RESTLESS URGE TO BLASPHEME?  
IF GIVEN THE CHANCE, WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO BRING  
DAMNATION TO MILLIONS?

If the answer to either of these two questions is yes, if you have a basic talent for Evil, then you might be the Anti-Christ whose coming is foretold in the Bible! If you are, or even if you're destined to be just one of His helpers, then prepare for the coming battle of Armageddon. It's high time you enrolled in the Famous Anti-Christ's Correspondence School.

It's so simple! To find out if you have damning ability worth developing, send for the School's revealing Anti-Christ Aptitude Test, which you can take in the privacy of your own home, cave, idolatrous temple, coven park bench, or coffin. Then if you pass, and since evil is such a natural inclination in man you can be almost sure you will (Hint: if you look in a mirror and think you see a halo over your head and fear this will ruin your chances, take the stupid thing off -- it's probably just the shiny hors d'oeuvres tray you thought you misplaced at the last orgy), you will receive special lessons plans every thirteen days, with special, more complicated ones each Walpurgisnacht and All Hallows.

Each of your assignments will be examined by an instructor who is a professional Anti-Christ, heretic, schismatic, sorcerer, or at least someone more wicked than you presently are. From time to time, your progress will be evaluated by the Founding Members of the Famous Anti-Christ's School. These include such world-renowned celebrities living and otherwise as: Judas Iscariot, Simon Magus, The Scarlet Woman of Babylon (fornacatrix extraordinaire), Nero, Diocletian, Julian the Apostate, Attila

SURE MOST PEOPLE HAVE  
A TALENT FOR EVIL ...  
BUT THE ONES WITH THE  
DISCIPLINE TO DEVELOP IT. THEY

MOSTLY GO  
IN FOR MAKING  
MONEY.



the Hun (yes, the one, the only, the original Scourge of God!), Frederick the Hohenstaufen, Savonarola, Pope Alexander VI (assisted by his experienced staff of anti-popes and dissolute clerics), Tomas de Torquemada, Sabbati Zvi, Gregory Rasputin, Karl Marx, Aleister Crowley, Eliphas Levi, Wilbur Whateley, Charles Manson, Anton LaVey, Adolf Hitler, Joseph Curwen, Darrell Schweitzer, Sauron, and William of Ceta.

Once you have passed beyond the beginner's level, you are ready for more advanced courses: Quoting Scripture with a Forked Tongue, Writing Scripture with a Forked Tongue, Writing Scripture with a Forked Tongue without Tasting the Ink, Creating and Disseminating Doctrinal Error in Daily Life, and Introductory Economics. You will also be able to earn your tuition selling Famous Anti-Christ brand merchandise:

Anti-Christ Cola. Somewhat darker than the ordinary soft drink. Contains 90 percent carbonated sin, 9 percent bile, .5 percent brimstone, .5 percent supernatural additives and preservatives. For non-cola drinkers, seething Wormwood Water, bottled at our very own hot springs.

Anti-Christ Space Dust. The yummy, blasphemous candy. An obscenity in every bubble!

Handy Anti-Christ Self-Embalming Body Soap. Keeps you fresh a lot longer. Guarantees you'll be around and in good shape on that crucial Last Day.

Little Centurion Kiddy Crucifixion Kit. A wonderfully appropriate gift for the child you love...and the one you don't.

Anti-Christ Tophetware. Invite your friends over. Have a party. At only 30 pieces of silver per set, they'll buy plenty! Especially popular is the Gehenna Microwave Hotplate, which not only gives you a taste of the Hereafter, but is great for frozen entrees, popcorn, sacrificed Christian babies, anything!

Mark of the Beast Rubber Stamps. A wide assortment of profane and obscene designs available. Indelible. No messy ink pad needed.

WELL, SURE, SCHWEITZER'S REVIEWS ARE BAD, BUT HE'S OUT OF HIS WEIGHT CLASS.



HELL YES, ANTI-CHRIST COLA IS THE DARKEST DRINK!

BUT YOU CAN TURN OFF YOUR DAMN CAMERA, CAUSE I'M NOT GONNA DRINK IT!



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Our graduates are successful. Some of them hold positions of immense political power. Some edit publications of enormous influence. Some write for Reader's Digest, Ladies' Home Journal, and Analog. Some ghost-write Jonathan Herovit and Barbara Cartland novels. Some sell pencils on street corners.

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Famous Anti-Christ School  
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Yes, I believe that the road to Perdition is paved with diplomas from the Famous Anti-Christ School and I want one. Rush me, without obligation, your Evil Aptitude Test and Brochure. I enclose a pint of my blood.

Type  A  AB  O  OH  magnetic  non-magnetic  
 luminous  non-luminous  mushroom and pepperoni

I understand that this blood will be returned to me within 60 days if I am not satisfied.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_

Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_

Miss \_\_\_\_\_

Other \_\_\_\_\_

(Circle no more than two. Please print clearly)

Age \_\_\_\_\_ Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_ Date of Death \_\_\_\_\_

Date of subsequent births and deaths \_\_\_\_\_

Do you like seven-headed beasts?  yes \*  no

Street or cemetery \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

\* Special offer for a limited time only: if you checked this space you will also receive free of charge our special booklet, Care and Feeding of Apocalyptic Housepets, along with custom muzzles and flea collars.

AND IF YOU DON'T JOIN THE HERESY OF THE MONTH CLUB AND PICK ONE OF THE NEAT GIFTS...

I'LL COME BY WHEN THE MOON IS FULL AND BITE YOU ON THE NECK!



# STAR LADEN TREK TO A BLACK WORMHOLE

OR:

THEY SPENT \$60,000,000 ON THESE?

OR:

DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL/FORBIDDEN PLANET,  
WHERE ARE YOU NOW THAT WE NEED YOU?

*a few questions by* ..... *thomas stratton*

What's worse than finding a wormhole in space?

Finding half a wormhole, inhabited by an asteroid that won't yield the right of way and surrounded by ninety-nine-and-a-half pregnant pauses (1). Of course, finding a black hole guarded by a derelict spaceship (2) complete with killer robots isn't all that edifying, either, particularly if all you're doing is searching for "habitable life" (3).

However, the most horrendous experience of all is realizing that more than sixty million dollars (4) were spent to make these two interstellar dinosaurs (5).

Not that both movies aren't pretty (6). It's just that, in STAR TREK, all the pretty parts are separated by mounds of supposedly meaningful and/or nostalgic silences (7). In BLACK HOLE, on the other hand, they're separated by even larger amounts of sheer idiocy (8). For instance, the derelict captain, in addition to studying the black hole he's been hovering around for the last twenty years, has

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- Footnotes:
1. None of which give birth to anything (A), unfortunately.
  2. Actually, the captain was the one who was derelict (B).
  3. Which might make sense if you were a flea looking for a friendly dog (C).
  4. Just think of all the starving sf writers a little of that would feed.
  5. Or other animal of your choice.
  6. But not \$60 million pretty!
  7. Which could have been filled with some badly needed explanations and/or character development.
  8. Not to mention a few lumps of opaque idiocy.

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- Feetnotes:
- A. Except for a few musical abortions, that is.
  - B. In his duty, that is, having refused orders to return to Earth some 20 years ago.
  - C. Which, come to think of it, is what the audience did find -- a big, expensive dog.
  - D. Comic Relief Robot.

whiled away his time by building a platoon of shiny black robots who, in turn, while away their time by practicing fast draws with their laser pistols (9). There's even one that not only has lasers but also retractable eggbeaters in place of hands. And one must not forget (10) the Mandatory Meteor Shower That Arrives At Just The Wrong Moment (11). I can't remember if they wooshed or not, but they did glow like a bunch of transparent orange nightlights, and one of them even slowed up long enough to roll down the middle of the spaceship like a monster bowling ball.

In STAR TREK on the other hand things weren't quite so blatantly idiotic, though a lot of questions were raised in the viewer's mind (12). Such as: why does an Admiral (or Captain) who has announced firmly and frequently that he Must Get Aboard His Ship Immediately, As There Is No Time To Lose, then take a leisurely circumnavigation, or tourist's tour, of the ship before boarding? Why is a starship, in drydock in airless space, surrounded by what looks like banks of lamps to dry the new paint (13)? Why does an interstellar ship have running lights (14)? Why does the new woman on the bridge announce to all and sundry that she has taken her vows of chastity (15)? Why did they virtually sideswipe Jupiter on the way out of the solar system (16)?

#### THOMAS'S ENDING

I have to admit, though, that I enjoyed ST about as much as I did STAR WARS, which I wasn't too crazy about either. There, instead of pregnant pauses, it was all the imitation WWII dogfights that pushed me over the boredom threshold about halfway through. And actually, aside from the above "questions" and the

#### STRATTON'S ENDING

I, on the other hand, wouldn't compare any of these turkeys to STAR WARS; SW was intentionally funny in about as many places as these are unintentionally so. Of these two, I prefer BLACK HOLE. For one thing, it's shorter, leaving less room for ridiculous plot elements (though it takes full ad-

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Footnotes: 9. No kidding. And if that's not enough, the CRR (J) sounds like Slim Pickens (E).

10. Though one dearly wished the scriptwriter had.

11. Any moment would be the wrong moment.

12. Many of which were answered in Roddenberry's novelization of the script. One wonders why the director and/or film cutter weren't required to read it. The answers would've fit nicely into all those pregnant silences.

13. For that matter, why does a ship need an actual drydock (F)?

14. So Klingons will pass on the right?

15. She was afraid of a pregnant pause?

16. They didn't find an orbiting slab (G), but they did zip past a couple of moons with their crescents facing in opposite directions (H).

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Feetnotes: D. Comic Relief Robot.

E. Perhaps because it was Slim Pickens.

F. Nobody heard of synchronous orbits?

G. Watch for an upcoming analysis of sf film trends, entitled "2001 to ALIEN: From Slabs to Slobs."

H. Wrenched out of shape, no doubt.

abominable pacing, the only thing really wrong with ST was the fact that it took an old short-story gimmick (already used in the series itself) and tried to promote it to the level of serious "philosophy." It was sort of like finding Hugo Gernsback (17) at the other end of 2001's Star Gate.

As for BH, it was all done a hundred times better (despite Robbie the Robot and Earl Holliman's drunken cook) twenty-some years ago in FORBIDDEN PLANET. It was a sort of technicolor KING DINOSAUR crossed with THE LOVE BUG, all played out against some beautiful Bonestellian backgrounds. It's just unfortunate that everything in the foreground was -- in the worst sense of the term -- totally Mickey Mouse.

vantage of the time it has). For another, it's much prettier, and the special effects are better done. I rather admire STAR TREK's gall in having a climax that is one in more than one sense of the term (how many of you noticed certain familiarities in Veeger's anatomy?), but it was hardly worth sitting through the preliminaries for.

Actually, it might have been better if certain features of the two movies could have been combined. Certainly Doctor ~~Franken~~ Reinhardt and his killer robots would have livened up ST's plodding plot, while a scientist who can't predict a meteor storm after 20 years of studying the area could have used a lot of advice from Mr. Spock (18).

- Footnotes: 17. Or Grego Banshuck.  
18. Or from almost anyone.

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SPECIAL BOOK REVIEW

SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY LITERATURE, by Robert Reginald (Gale Research Co., 2 volumes, \$64.00) A list of almost 16,000 first editions of stf books published between 1700 and 1974. English-language first editions, I should have said. In addition, there is a list of biographical information of over 1400 authors. The book list is arranged by both author and title, with both pseudonym and real name of author listed where applicable. There are separate lists of series books, Ace and Belmont double volumes, science fiction world conventions, SFWA officers, and various awards, plus a sampling of science fiction art, as applied to book covers and dust jackets. Together, the books run almost 1200 pages, in 8½ x 11 size. The books covered are restricted to prose fiction plus critical/bibliographical works; no plays, poems, or art books included, and authors who appeared only in magazines or anthologies do not appear here. (If a book of their short stories was published, then they're included.) Basically, I would say this set is for college libraries. Something like SCIENCE FICTION ENCYCLOPEDIA covers more material useful to the average fan, and does it cheaper. But if you need a definitive bibliographic work on science fiction books, here it is. I haven't checked it for errors - I couldn't check 75% of it if I wanted to. But it is an exceptionally complete coverage of the field, and errors should be well below average for this sort of work. Certainly you won't find a more thorough bibliography anywhere.

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Convention Notes

Hoosiercon I, South Bend, Indiana, Feb. 29, March 1, 2. GoH Bob Asprin, FGoH, myself and Juanita. Membership \$7 - write Lenny Kush, c/o Michiana Science Fiction Society, P.O. Box 354, Mishawaka, IN 46544  
Minicon 16, Minneapolis, MN, April 4, 5, 6. GoH C. J. Cherryh, Jon Singer, Ken Fletcher, Nate Bucklin. Membership \$8 until March 15. Write Minnesota Science Fiction Society, Inc., P.O. Box 2128, Loop Station, Minneapolis, MN 55402

# GRUMBLINGS...

Gary Anderson, 8386 Hollister, Ventura CA 93003

Well, this was a red-letter day at work. They dedicated the new head down at the waterfront. No kidding. For a couple of years we have only had a makeshift chemical toilet at our test site on the oceanfront, and so finally Something Had To Be Done. So they did it. The full resources of the military-industrial complex were brought to bear on this problem, and, after many agonized budget sessions, with at least three engineering studies, we obtained, for a mere \$28,000, a properly-enclosed, OSHA-safe, brown-painted...SUPER CHEMICAL TOILET!!! Gee, ain't that grand. Just think, some of your hard-earned tax dollars went to pay for a real, brown-painted... Yup. Now a project of this magnitude and significance could not be completed without some official notice. So we had a dedication ceremony. Complete with: a) cake (chocolate swirl, what else), b) punch (limeade), c) ribbon cutting (actually, a length of toilet paper strung across the entrance), and, last but not least, and highly appropriate, the Commanding Officer himself. He made a speech which only served to underscore the fact he thought all of this was serious, and went on a ceremonial tour of the structure. Mighod. Several of us had to go back inside the site to keep from cracking up in front of His Nibs, and since they had some damfool official photographer there taking pictures, we hardly wanted to be immortalized on film howling with laughter at our putative boss.

Even if they had built a real head, linked in to the sewer system just like real indoor plumbing and all, it wouldn't have been so bad. But another chemical toilet?

Other silliness. They moved us out of our offices temporarily to lay carpet. Since we were only going to be gone for a few days, they didn't move our phones, or the computer link, or much of anything else. That was three weeks ago. A lot of agencies who regularly call us had to be called and notified that our numbers had "temporarily" changed. They told us today that it will be another month. Yeah. Lessee, if three weeks ago they said two weeks, and then they say a month, hmmm. Diverging series. The place we're in now is a total madhouse, with everyone jammed in elbow-to-elbow, and not enough room or privacy to do any real work, and two phone lines for ten phone lines worth of people. Government at its most efficient, folks.

They finally laid the carpet, though. But someone forgot to tell the partition movers that the carpet layers were due, So the carpet layers cut lots of little, and

some not so little, holes in their carpet to accommodate the office partitions. Unfortunately, that wasn't where the partitions were supposed to go. Later the partition-movers arrived, and started to blithely move the partitions over and cut new holes in the carpet. One of the secretaries saw them and halted proceedings long enough for the so-called boss to get over and stop them...he explained he didn't even know the carpeters had been there, so he hadn't stopped the partitioners. We voted to promote the secretary to his job, on the spot. He didn't think it was funny. We didn't either; we were serious.

The trip I got to stop off in Northern California and sing during was incredible. I left on Wednesday, for New York, got there and had meetings on a Thursday, then went down to the airport to catch a flight for Frisco which no one ever takes, figuring on sleeping, since I was coming down with a cold and



OSIRIOUS 80

needed the rest to be in shape for the filksing on Saturday. No sweat, I get into SF at 11, to my motel at 1145, sack out, and be up at 7 for meeting, then lay over for the Saturday fannish festivities. Yeah.

The flight from Rome was late. 247 people on an L-1011. They had budgeted for 100 or so. We left the terminal like a bunch of sardines. And taxied. And...and finally stopped. And sat. The air conditioning doesn't work very well on those planes when they are on the ground, and those folks had been straight through from Rome. The captain comes on the PA. There will be a slight delay of two hours while they change a tire, he says. We sit back in the confident expectation of free drinks, with only a few comments like "Why didn't they notice this earlier? Like at the terminal, so we could disembark?" But no, we sit. No drinks. Not even soft drinks. Finally the animal noises coming from all over the compartment cause the dispensing of a few soft drinks. The air conditioning still doesn't work, the temperature is in the 90's, and the plane is rocking funny while they monkey around with the jacks under the plane. Some of the passengers look a little green. Two barf bags are used. And we aren't yet airborne.

Three hours pass in this hell on Earth, with another tire being changed, and very few drinks. Even so, the potties are incredible. They can't bring anything out to the plane because of some obscure Port of New York rule, they say. Sure.

Finally we take off. It is after midnight. They serve another round of soft drinks, with hard stuff available, and announce they are in danger of running out of soft stuff. That's all right, because a goodly percentage of the passengers are going straight to the hard stuff, do not pass go, and next stop oblivion. I am not so lucky. I am between someone who has a noticeable liking for garlic and someone who has eaten a lot of beans or equivalent. I don't drink; can't, but I will never come closer. All around me, people are blissfully dropping out. They go to serve our snack, a glorious beef sandwich. Well, worta. Actually, you see, they weren't prepared for that many folks, and there weren't enough to go around. I hadn't eaten, thinking I would do so on the plane. Maybe just as well, being as I couldn't fly swacked.

But at last, we reach SF. Off the plane we stagger, to the baggage area. It is 2:30 AM, 5:30 AM New York time. We have been awake or crocked for a looong time. The baggage starts arriving. By bits and pieces, it starts. More wait. Ugly looks by passengers toward the baggage personnel. More wait. A few more bags. Inquiries are greeted with an expressive shrug, implying, "I don't know, go away and die or something."

I finally get my bag at 3:20 AM. This is 6:20 AM NY time, and I am incoherent. I get into my patient rental car and depart for my motel. Why? Because I guaranteed that room, that's why, and I am at least going to visit it and shower.

At 4:20 I check in. The night man is understandably incredulous. At 4:30 I hit the bed and sleep. At 7:00 my boss calls me to tell me they decided to meet early for breakfast, so could I bop over there to give them the package for the Commander? I tell him what he can do with breakfast, airlines, the package, and the commander. But now I can't go back to sleep. The cold is worse. I get up and trudge off. Boy, am I in good shape for uglying contractors. The next thing I know it is 9:30 next morning and I feel terrible. But filking conquers all. I dose myself to the eyebrows with antihistamines and head out. I think I recovered sometime during the next week. I think.

We don't have any serious cap pistol collectors who are willing to 'fess up in public, but we did have a guy trying to sell his "incredibly complete collection of airline barf bags, dating back at least ten years, with many rare and unavailable examples. Must see to believe." I'll bet. I would have thought it was a joke, but I



know this guy. He works about twenty feet down the hall, and he is serious. Wanted bids, and was upset and disappointed when all he got was a series of joke calls and a guy from the paper trying to make a "man bites dog" story out of the whole thing. Wanted to know if the bags were new or used, etc. George hung up on him. I didn't have the heart to go down and torment this humorless individual; it was too much like shooting fish in a barrel. Did bring out the fact that the apparently normal guy you work around might have a few undetected manufacturing faults in his cranium and no warranty.

[[Actually, I understand the desire to collect something different from what everyone else is collecting. Trying to get money for it presumably indicates a lack of knowledge of the law of supply and demand. Intrinsically, collecting barf bags is no sillier than collecting Mickey Mouse watches; it's the assumption that anyone would pay money for the results that's a bit screwy. RSC]]

Susan Shwartz, D 206 University Park, Uptown Road, Ithaca NY 14850

So that's how Bob Tucker manages it! I wish you could have seen the faces on the liquor store staff when we kept on coming back and back and back for more bourbon...especially Jim Beam with Remington Indians and cavalry, or something equally colorful painted on the bottle. We finally exhausted their stock and had to resort to other, less desirable stuff. Now Bob Shaw is going to explain his collection of empties to customs I don't know; he was quite taken with the bourbon bottles, though he himself drinks Scotch. No one listened at all seriously to my idea that we chip in for the one, ludicrously-priced, 22-karat gold statute-of-Elvis bottle and set up (after emptying said bottle) an award called the Elvis, to be given to...about that time I was shouted down. But think of it. One could give the Elvis to the perpetrator of the rottenest pun, or the rudest filksong, or whatever.

[[The Elvis Award should be given to the author (or fan) with the best record of self-promotion. Harlan springs to mind immediately, but promoting one tv script into a career should put David Gerrold in the running, and of course having a science fiction magazine named after you should account for something. (Though unless it was Isaac's idea I suppose it shouldn't be considered.) Maybe we could have an Elvis for the pro category and an Elwood for the fans. RSC]]

Sandra Miesel, 8744 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis IN 46240

The new "illumination" Lost Dorsai was suggested by Kipling's "Guns of the Fore and Aft," so I had to read it. The introduction to the anthology that contained it made the interesting observation that the British soldiers were never known to act like the ones in Kipling stories until after he'd written them. Then they started imitating their fictional counterparts. In other words, Kipling invented the "Tom-mie". (Or is that "Tommy"?)

Saw something in the used book store of bizarreness suitable for you, except at \$25 it was too expensive for a joke: DERMA-SURGERY, a handbook of 19th C. undertaker's techniques, with a grotesque ad on every page for "wound wax" and stuff like that. Must be seen to be believed.

John saw a listing in an ag journal for something called "machismo disease" in soybeans; now he's trying to find out what it is. The possibilities boggle.

[[A Kipling soldier is a Tommy. A Tommie is a gazelle, as I recall. Soy beans that go around beating up on bindweed? RSC]]

Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor OH 44060

We were saddened to read Dave Locke's column on attending THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW -- saddened because it's a pity that the smarmy audience turned Jackie and Dave off a movie they might otherwise have enjoyed. And it's an even greater pity that they'll never be able to enjoy the show now. We wouldn't be able to enjoy it if we'd gone to see it in one of those midnight yell-and-throw-fests. Heck, I saw it just after seeing a piece on those audiences and that five-minute essay almost killed the movie for me. But we saw it via a cable TV broadcast, rather than in a

crowded, noisy theatre -- and found it a rich delight.

What ROCKY HORROR has to offer is a take-off of a vast variety of topics at once -- musicals, horror movies, rock-'n'-roll films, SF, idiot protagonists, villains more interesting than heroes, and so on. It is, generally speaking, tightly written and imaginatively photographed.

And that won't do poor Jackie and Dave a bit of good. They'll never be able to forget the chanting crowd or the imitators of the screen figures, dancing on the stage and getting in front of the picture. They can't have heard the script -- if they heard half of it, they're rare, indeed.

We'd like to campaign for amnesty audiences for ROCKY HORROR: matinees during which the audience is required to sit down and listen and watch. We've suggested it to RH fans we know and they looked thoughtful and admitted that, yes, they'd like to know what was really going on in the movie and would gladly pay to see it quietly.

Or look at it another way.

Lots of critics seem to feel that CITIZEN KANE is a really fine film.

But suppose it developed a ROCKY-HORROR-type status. Suppose that before the glass-ball-with-snow falls, the entire audience screams out, "Watch out! You'll drop it!" Suppose that before Kane murmurs, "Rosebud," the entire audience shouts, "Speak up!" Suppose that, when someone raises the question of what "Rosebud" meant, the audience yells, "It's a sled, dummy!" Suppose that when Agnes Morehead sends Kane away, everyone calls out, "You stupid mother!" And on and on and on and on.

There is not, in short, a movie ever made that will seem to an outsider to be worth watching during this sort of treatment. Nor will that outsider ever be able to watch any movie subjected to that treatment, even if he sees it in peace and quiet months later. He'll not be able to forget that incredible audience.

If you attend THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW, you're not attending a film.

You're going to a party to which you weren't invited.

You're going to a party at which you know no one.

And you're going to a party at which everyone else is drunk -- and you are sober.

Forget it.

Don just got a publicity release from Gresset & Dunlap -- plugging THE CONQUEST OF PAIN (\$7/95) by Samuel Mines. It says:

Samuel Mines' writing specialty is in the field of medicine. For the past 15 years, he has been a senior writer for Pfizer Inc. In his leisure time, Samuel Mines pursues a strong interest in ecology and conservation. He is an active member of the Sierra Club, the Audubon Society, The American Forestry Assoc., The National Parks and Conservation Society, Environmental Defense Fund, etc. A former editor at Collier's and a Washington Post book reviewer, he has written over 300 short stories, many newspaper features and magazine articles. He is a resident of New York City.

Is that THE Sam Mines?

[[I saw part of ROCKY HORROR on a very bad illegal videotape at some convention; don't even recall which one, now. I didn't like it well enough to stay long. (Besides, Juanita told me that I wouldn't like it.) But the audiences certainly aren't helping it, as far as the general non-cultist public goes. Anybody know for sure if this is "our" Sam Mines? I suppose with that sort of background he wouldn't publicize having edited a couple of pulp magazines even if it is the same one. RSC]]

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All you people whose letters got left out may still see them in print; I'm holding all unused letters for possible use in the next issue. RSC  
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A note from AMERICAN HERITAGE magazine said that in their new improved format for the 1980s, they are going to "flexible" covers. When inflation kills the hardcover AH, it's time to get serious about things..... RSC

THINGS THAT GO BUMPI IN THE MAILBOX

Mary Long is indirectly responsible for the following list; she sent me a clipping about someone who complained about getting 400 pieces of junk mail a year, or something like that. You see filler items like that occasionally. And I sneered and said, "Hell, I get more than that, and I don't dislike junk mail." And I sat down and kept a record of the mail received by Juanita and I (not counting what Juanita's mother gets, or what is sent here for Bruce, etc.). Time period was mid-April to mid-October, so no Christmas cards, Christmas sale catalogs (well, some of the latter had started coming) or other holiday mail was included. List of mail received as follows:

Letters 324 Postcards 26 Books 305 (this tally includes the total number of books themselves, not just number of packages) Magazines 193  
 Fanzines 115 Catalogs, ads, junk mail 815 Bills 83  
 Bank Statements 8 Congressional flyers 10 Misc. packages 36  
 Mail returned to me by post office for one reason or another 11

And people complain about junk mail! Counting Mrs. Wellons' mail, we easily get over 2000 pieces a year here - and I still enjoy it.

The US Department of Commerce has heard of YANDRO and has requested us to publicize the 1980 Census. I'm sure most fans already know about it - but they're also the most likely to object to it as an "invasion of privacy". They like to use the results ("women/black/Indian/whatever oppression is documented by the 1980 census, which shows...") but some of them may object to providing the material. Fandom contains a fair share of idiots among its broad mental horizons. They sent along a sample questionnaire and I don't see anything I object to answering. I do see a few I'll have difficulty in answering, as being required to check one only on the type of heat in this house (downstairs is an oil furnace, upstairs is electricity. Flip a coin?) Incidentally, you won't get visited by a census taker unless you fail to return the form mailed to you, so if you (and the post office) do your job, you can save some government money. (If you want to know anything else about it, I have all the information, and even more propaganda.)

We also got a promotional ad for "Future File", a syndicated radio program offered by 135 stations nationwide. It seems to be a non-fictional look at the future; if you want to know what station in your area carries it, write Golden Egg, 1373 Westwood Blvd., Suite 202, Los Angeles, CA 90024. (Surprise them and mention YANDRO)

Back to the weirder aspects of the mail. Juanita got an ad for a filksong book (of Trekkie songs) from Caterpillar Music - which listed neither the price of the book or an address to write to and ask. That's not the best way to use direct-mail advertising, people.//FORRY ACKERMAN sent along a Xeroxed newspaper clipping about his donation of his collection to the city of Los Angeles. (That's weird-weird, as apposed to the usual funny-weird material here...)//The Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette carried a local Hartford City item headlined "Cornell Wilde Play Scheduled" so, not knowing Cornell was a playwright, I read it. Lead sentence was, "The Masque and Gavel Club will present Cornell Wilde's play, "The Importance of Being Earnest"...". Yes. You know you're out in the sticks when...//A new POCKET BOOKS flier advertises a book about "true accounts of possession and exorcism by such famous exorcists as Oral Roberts." Didn't know old Oral had turned Catholic.//Know how the big businesses sometimes put a list of their business offices on their stationery? "Offices in London, Toronto, and Faulconbridge Australia"? I got a note from the Wabash County Farm Bureau awhile back, and down at the bottom it said "With Locations At Wabash, Speicherville, Treaty, Roann, Servia and North Manchester". You know you're in the sticks when...//Got a big ad for a "Positive Thinking Rally"...boy, did they get a wrong number.//JOANNE SWENSKI send one from the Pepperidge Farm catalog...for the person who has (almost) everyting: a tin of Lady Godiva chocolates, delivered in person by Lady (or Lord, if your taste runs that way) Godiva, "suitably attired in a flesh bcdy suit" (does that say what I think it does?) "She will be astride either a white Arabian steed, or a most suitable stand in, if delivery point precludes the use of a live equine." Price? "under \$3,000"//ALAN DODD sent a cutting of Britain's

newest tour offers; bargain-price trips to the US. If the dollar keeps falling, it could make the US the new Majorca....//BETTY KUJAWA sent an article on the "Great Lakes Triangle". More ships have sunk or disappeared there - 1093 in one 20-year period. But I particularly liked the rumors of secret underground connections between Lakes Erie and Huron.//DODD sent several clippings about Seacon. I particularly enjoyed Colin Lester's explanation of the differences between sercon and fannish fans; "...fannish fans, who are mostly involved in socializing with the star writers and the glamour that attaches to them." (I think he has fannish fans confused with academics...//SANDRA MIESEL sent some clippings about the Michigan county which attempted to secede and join Indiana. (Local newspapers gave it a fair amount of space before the news value wore out. Reasons given were primarily the difference in taxes - Indiana's being about a third as much as Michigan's.) Our Lieut. Governor got into the act with a statement saying Indiana would welcome refugees from other states.// I guess our con hotels aren't doing too bad on prices. The April 1979 SALES & MARKETING MANAGEMENT ran an ad for Americana Bal Harbour hotel, listing per-person prices for "meetings" with a minimum of 25 people; they showed several hotel prices, with themselves, of course, at the bottom at \$66 per person per day. High was the New York Hilton at \$114 per day. (That does include the banquet ticket and three "lunches" as well as the room.)//You can tell who rates around here. Juanita got an invitation to a "Birch Bayh Birthday Celebration" staged by the Bayh for Senator Committee. Only \$1000 per couple. I didn't get invited....//ROGER WADDINGTON sends a column from a British magazine about strange notices in the national press. I enjoyed the psychological one: "A woman's relationship with her partner had 'deepened and matured' since she stuck a kitchen knife in his chest." That's the way to handle MCPs.... And "Good home wanted for pedigree nine-month-old red settee, inoculated, house-trained, good with children." An astonishing piece of furniture. And "He had a bachelor's degree in social sciences, a master of social work from University of Toronto and a diploma in alcohol and drug addictions from Yale." I always wondered about those Yale students.//One reason we get all that mail is that I'm a militant moderate and thus get financial requests from both sides. On the same day I got one request to donate to SANE ("excessive arms spending weakens civilian industry and is a major cause of inflation and unemployment" and one to join the AIR FORCE ASSOCIATION ("...U.S. strategic airpower ... still the most important deterrent to war".) Of course, I didn't join either one....//BRUCE COULSON sent some headlines. "EQUATE YOUR WISHES WITH WILL OF GOD" - actually, I've never had any trouble doing that... (Do you suppose they meant "align", or do they really want everyone to be like me?) And, "FTC MAY USE FORTUNE COOKIES TO GET MESSAGE TO SMOKERS". If they're smoking opium, maybe...//Quote without comment from an old movie - "The Island of the Burning Doomed" - on tv: "Earth will become a hot, barren planet, like so many others in our constellation."//RON SALOMON sends one about a city ordinance in Arvada, Colorado; if a pet picked up by the city isn't claimed within 24 hours, the city will dispose of the owners. Should be more effective than most pet ordinances.//LAURINE WHITE sends a notice on the high cost of horse-and-buggy transportation, if gas prices have been getting you down. Initial investment includes \$1500 for a horse broken to harness, \$300 for the harness he's broken to, \$100 for equipment for the stable, and \$2500 and up for carriages. Plus fees for stabling, caring for the horse, and removing solid emissions. Writer notes that on Mackinac Island where no cars are allowed, a common phrase is, "Don't step in the exhaust."//BOB BRINEY sends a postcard from the new Biltmore Plaza Hotel, where the World Fantasy Con was held. The card calls the hotel "A Providence Tradition since February, 1979".//RON SALOMON sends a Yellow Pages ad from Framingham, MA, for "One of the largest selection of erotic Fish and Plants".//MAYDENE CROSBY with a note about the woman who said she felt perfectly at home with a full-grown baboon, "having spent over 15 years in India with her husband". //And why do I get an ad for a new magazine which states in big letters at the top, "FOR WOMEN ONLY"? (Is there something Momma didn't tell me?)// This summer I picked up a flier for a tourist attraction called Roscoe Village, in Ohio. That's one up for Roscoe; I don't think Ghu has his own city as yet.//And I have a whole boxful of these things left; more next issue.

# GOLDEN MINUTES

AN HOUR WITH RANDALL GARRETT, interviewed by Vicki Ann Heydron [Hourglass Productions,  
AN HOUR WITH FRITZ LEIBER, interviewed by Randall Garrett 10292 Westminster Avenue,  
AN HOUR WITH DAVID GERROLD, interviewed by D.C. Fontana Garden Grove CA 92643,  
AN HOUR WITH KATHERINE KURTZ, interviewed by Mary Drayer \$5.48 each, by mail]  
AN HOUR WITH STEPHEN GOLDIN, interviewed by Kathleen Sky  
AN HOUR WITH KATHLEEN SKY, interviewed by Stephen Goldin

Mail price includes 50 cents postage per tape. These are cassette tapes, each containing a short introduction to the author being interviewed, plus the interview itself. Or at least, most of the tapes include the introduction; the one of Gerrold started off with the interview, had a long blank at the far end of the tape on both sides, and side 2 seemed to cut off a bit short. Something slipped in copying? Most of them were very well recorded, though. Leiber was interviewed at a fantasy con and the result is not of too high a quality; Leiber's voice apparently overloaded the tape. (Garrett is also interviewed at a convention, but with excellent fidelity in this case.) However, while a bit annoying, the Leiber tape is perfectly comprehensible. I'm not sure how many fans are going to pay the money for a taped interview, but Juanita suggested that these cassettes would be a godsend to a high school or small college science fiction course; one could obtain the entire set (including the Asimov and Bradley tapes, reviewed here earlier) for much less than the price of one live speaker. Of course, one wouldn't get any interaction between speaker and students, but from my small experience in speaking at schools, you seldom get much of that anyway. And the interviews do cover a lot of ground on how the "real pros" operate.

THE SCIENCE FICTION ENCYCLOPEDIA, edited by Peter Nicholls [Doubleday, \$24.95, hardback, \$12.95 Dolphin pb] A 670-page book that deserves the title. There are omissions, but on the whole this seems to be the most complete coverage of the field so far. I found very few errors (one of them was my birth year, which was amusing but hardly of earthshaking importance; for the record I was born in 1928, not 1924). Lyle Kenyon Engel is credited with writing the "Richard Blade" series; he may have written some, but I believe the major author of the series to date has been Roland Green. Engel "produced" the series. "SF" is called "the only contraction used by science fiction fans"; I can appreciate attempts to down-grade "sci-fi", but "stf" is still used by a few of us right-wing traditionalists. I spotted only one major omission: the Ziff-Davis Amazing Quarterly is not listed, although the Fantastic Adventures Quarterly is -- there is more need for mention of the Amazing one, to differentiate it from the Gernsback Amazing Quarterly. Ed Emshwiller's "Emsh" signature is listed, but not his others from his early days: Emsler, Willer, etc. Morris Scott Dollens is given favorable mention under Gamma and Spaceway as an artist, but has no separate listing. Dr. Wertham is omitted, but possibly because his book was about fanzines rather than science fiction. Tuckerizing isn't mentioned, and it seems to be an expanding sport (you have to name your characters something, and you're less likely to get in trouble if you use your friends rather than picking names at random). As you can see however, these are mostly rather minor details -- and to compensate there are dozens of names and even a few magazines included that I never heard of before. A "must" for science fiction teachers; probably worthwhile for most fans.

FLIGHT OF DRAGONS, by Peter Dickinson [Harper & Row, \$17.50] Dickinson's speech at Seacon was taken from this, and after listening to the speech I then went out and bought the book more or less immediately. A hilariously deadpan dissertation on the genus dragon, including explanations of how such a huge beast can fly (indeed, why

it must be a huge beast in order to fly), how and why it breathes fire, why it devours maidens in or out of season, and why it has left no fossil remains for museums to puzzle over. Illustrations by Wayne Anderson are acceptable, but this is one coffee table book you buy for the text. And you should buy it; it's marvelous.

WHO GOES THERE, by James A. Rock [James A. Rock & Co., Publishers, P.O. Box 1431, Bloomington, IN 47402] And no price on it, and I can't recall what they were selling it for. Write and ask if you're interested. This is a directory of sf authors; name, confirmed and unconfirmed pseudonyms, first publication, and a complete list of sf books plus a representative list of other books. A 9x12 paperback, which is an awkward size to shelve (but easy to find when you want it). There are some omissions, but Rock seems to have been very careful and I spotted no errors. (I suppose one could, if one had the time, energy, and interest, crosscheck this volume and Nicholls' ENCYCLOPEDIA and come out with more information for each book and a few discrepancies. Don't wait for me to do it.) For academics, philologists, and sercon fans.

NEW DISCOVERIES FROM OUR SOLAR SYSTEM, by Wernher von Braun and Frederick I. Ordway [Doubleday, \$24.95] The up-to-date book on our solar system. I was mildly amazed at the number of facts discovered since I went to school or read any similar work (not to mention all the things I learned at school that aren't so). Highly recommended to fans interested in space flight, astronomy, or accurate backgrounds for their fiction. (If you can't afford a copy, bug your librarian into getting one.)

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE FICTION, by Lester del Rey [Ballantine, \$5.95] Intended as an introduction to the field for the beginning teacher, student, or fan. I can't say there was much in it that was new to me, but I enjoyed Lester's comments on various facets of the field because I agree with so many of them. A few quibbles, most of them minor. Robert Bloch has said that he had sold stories before he ever heard of fandom, so he's not a "fan-turned-pro", however joyously he joined our subculture after discovering it. Book title of "Malice in Wonderland" was TOMORROW AND TOMORROW, not TOMORROW'S WORLD. I counted 53 magazine titles in 1953 instead of 36, but I was including fantasy and Lester isn't, which probably accounts for most of the difference. I'm so fully in agreement on such diverse topics as dowsing, "Star Trek", writing workshops and the New Wave that I recommend it unreservedly to anyone who needs a good basic history of the field.

THE UFO HANDBOOK, by Allen Hendry [Doubleday Dolphin, \$8.95] Rather surprisingly, this turned out to be both interesting and enjoyable. Hendry, who spent a year on the receiving end of a UFO "hotline", is interested in differentiating between "real" and "false" unidentified objects as an aid to serious UFO researchers. To do so, he breaks the sightings down into categories, and explains which objects in each category (nocturnal lights, daylight discs, radar sightings, and various categories of "close encounters") are most likely to be mistaken for a UFO, using his own experiences as examples. (He claims about 8 percent of his calls remained unidentified after his research.) The fun comes in some of the more hilarious examples; as his section on nocturnal lights and the number of times they turn out to be Venus. ("There is a well-known story concerning the naval vessel U.S.S. Houston, which during World War II tried to shoot down Venus. As the crew fired 250 rounds at the planet, the gunnery officer kept shouting, "Lengthen your range, lengthen your range!") Or the man who saw one of the night ad planes that use lights and said "I had the strange feeling it was trying to tell me something." (Well, as a matter of fact...) Overall it's a serious book, and presumably useful to anyone trying to work objectively with UFO reports. But it's also fun to skim through if you're a hardened skeptic.

MOTEL OF THE MYSTERIES, by David Macaulay [Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95] A large sized but skinny trade paperback, containing a hilarious parody of an archaeological tome.

The U.S. has been literally buried in pollution, and an expedition in 4022 discovers an intact tomb... It's fully illustrated, and one has to match the text to the illustrations to understand the humor, which makes it hard to review. But if you see a copy, look it over, and if you're the right sort, you'll want it. If you don't think the "museum reproductions" in the back of the book are tremendous, you don't see as many museum catalogs as I do.

GRIMUS, by Salman Rushdie [Overlook Press, \$10.95] I hate to give a bad review to the first book sent to me by a publisher, but really... On the cover, Ursula le Guin is quoted as saying "A fireworks of a book: beautiful, funny, and endlessly surprising." And showing about the same amount of intelligence and logic as a fireworks display, too. The blurb calls it "a surrealistic tale of a quest for the meaning of life," which it may well be; too bad the quest is unsuccessful. A book for people who would rather feel than think.

HAWKS OF OUTREMER, by Robert E. Howard [Donald M. Grant, Publisher, West Kingston RI, \$15.00] Howard's "Cormac" series of stories set in the time of the Crusades: the title story, "The Blood of Belshazzar," and "The Slave-Princess". Stories seem a bit above average, although (or because) they aren't fantasy. Hero is Irish, which I suppose is as close as Howard could come to a barbarian in that setting. Artwork is strange; the black-and-white illustrations are quite competent, and the color work is mostly terrible.

DARK WING, by Karl West and Katherine MacLean [Atheneum, \$8.95] One of those rare juveniles which is excellent for readers of any age. The first couple of chapters are awkward, all about teenage feelings of rejection and alienation that I never had and never sympathized with. But once this obligatory guff is out of the way, the story is excellently plotted, the characters at least reasonable, and the background of a future metropolis absolutely horrifying. (Even some of the things that I think were meant to show improvements over the present day horrified me; I don't ever want to live in a place like that.) And the conclusion, while generally upbeat, contains some rather grim statements. Highly recommended.

BLACK HOLES, by Walter Sullivan [Doubleday Anchor, \$17.95] An outstanding explanation of the most recent theories in astronomy. Sullivan's explanations are as lucid as Asimov's; he starts each section with the basics and progresses logically, largely by giving a sort of history of modern astronomy and showing how each discovery fits into the framework of one or more current theories. (He obviously prefers the black hole theory, but describes the various competing ideas.) Extremely interesting.

A CONTRACT WITH GOD, by Will Eisner [Baronet, pb \$4.95, hardcover \$10.00] An attempt at a really adult comic story -- or series of connected stories, actually. Background is New York tenement life in the 1930s. The whole thing reminds me strongly of the EC comics; overly melodramatic but a vast improvement over the average fare (and over any previous "illustrated novels" that I've seen). I don't think it entirely succeeds as art, but it's a very interesting experiment.

THE REVENGE OF DARCULA, by Peter Tremayne [Don Grant, #15.00] A moderately ingenious account of another Englishman who met Count Dracula and more or less survived. A fair amount of the history of the "real" Dracula (will the real Dracula flutter up?) is included. I'm not much of a fan of the various Dracula presentations; this one seems perfectly competent and much less boring than the Stoker original and I would assume that people who like vampire stories would enjoy it.

THE WOLF BELL, by Shirley Rousseau Murphy [Atheneum, \$8.95] Lovely dust jacket by Mariano. The book has some excellent characterization and plot involvements, but no

real conclusion; I suppose it's going to be another 3-book-long novel miscalled a "trilogy". The hero's mother is certainly one of the more fascinating characters in fantasy fiction; few writers would even attempt a character combining a genuine and sometimes unselfish mother love with ambition and a total lack of principle in any other areas. It makes Tayba convincing if not all that likable. The usual psi powers and barbarism in the background.

THE LOVERS, by Philip José Farmer [Del Rey, \$8.95] I guess this is an expansion of the original novelet, though I couldn't see where much had been added. (Well, it's been a long time since I've read it, and I didn't dig out the original to compare.) In any event it's deserved hard covers for years and I'm glad it finally got them. This is the first of the "alien-sex" stories that made Farmer's reputation, and one of the few serious science-fiction novels based on biology. The sex is treated almost clinically, but it's fascinating. The theocratic background is fairly common, but well enough done. A classic that deserves the appellation.

LOVECRAFT'S PROVIDENCE & ADJACENT PARTS, by Henry L. P. Beckwith, Jr. [Don Grant, \$10.00] A guidebook for pilgrims to the holy shrines. Includes maps of Providence, several suggested tours with descriptions of the places to be seen and photos of some of them, and descriptions of "additional odd spots" connected either with Lovecraft or with his fiction. Descriptions are keyed to specific Lovecraft books and page numbers. If you're enough of a Lovecraft fan to want to tour Providence just to see places where the Master walked, this would seem to be an ideal guide. Nobody else will have any use for it.

EMPIRE OF THE EAST, by Fred Saberhagen [Ace, \$6.95] The author's "Broken Lands" trilogy assembled in a huge trade paperback and somewhat revised. Revisions seem to be pretty minor and more concerned with style and literary content than with any actual changes in character and plot. Essentially, it's the same story -- and a pretty good one. Background is a future barbarism where the few remaining machines from the past have become "magic" -- along with, presumably, psi powers. Recommended.

THE HUNTERS, by Burt Wetanson and Thomas Hoobler [Doubleday, \$7.95] Aliens coming to Earth in hunting parties. Plot is the familiar White Hunter saddled with a party of spoiled rich kids, except they're all aliens, and the human "animals" organize to fight back. Competent if unexciting.

SHADOWS, edited by Charles Grant [Doubleday, \$7.95] Original horror-story anthology. Includes "Naples" by Avram Davidson, "The Little Voice" by Ramsey Campbell, "Butcher's Thumb" by William Jon Watkins, "Where All The Songs Are Sad" by Thomas Monteleone, "Splinters" by R.A. Lafferty, "Picture" by Robert Bloch, "The Nighthawk" by Dennis Etchison, "Dead Letters" by Ramsey Campbell, "A Certain Slant Of Light" by Raylyn Moor, "Deathlove" by Bill Pronzini, "Mory" by Michael Bishop, "Where Spirits Gat Them Home" by John Crowley, and "Nona" by Stephen King. Davidson is original as always, Lafferty is typically outrageous, and Bloch typically wry. The rest are competent and well crafted and not very interesting to me.

PREHISTORIC AVEBURY, by Aubrey Burl [Yale University Press, \$19.95] Excellent book on the Avebury stone circle. Burl is agreeably (to me) conservative in outlook; he mentions some of the more outrageous theories about the megalith builders and dismisses them with well-justified sneers. I think this would be interesting to people who haven't seen Avebury; it's perfect for those who have and were impressed. Highly recommended.

SMALL SHADOWS CREEP, edited by Andre Norton [Dutton 1974, remaindered] Stories of child ghosts and ghoulies. Includes "Saloozy" by Margery Lawrence (an evil invisible playmate), "Herodes Redivivus" by A.B. L. Munby (a schoolboy and a strange bookshop

owner), "The First Sheaf" by H. R. Wakefield (the old harvest gods), "How Fear Departed From The Kong Gallery" by E.F. Benson (child ghosts), "The Old Nurse's Story" by Mrs. Gaskell (belated vengeance), "Lost Hearts" by M.R. James (another one of posthumous vengeance), "A Little Ghost" by Hugh Walpole (love after death), "Playmates" by A.M. Burrage (ghostly playmates), and "Faithful Jenny Dove" by Eleanor Farjeon (love after death). All by classic writers, stories fair to excellent, though they may be too sentimental for some tastes (not for mine).

THE 13 CRIMES OF SCIENCE FICTION, edited by Isaac Asimov, Martin Harry Greenberg, and Charles G. Waugh (Doubleday, \$12.50) The science-fiction detective story, one for each of 13 categories. There is "The Detweiler Boy" by Tom Reamy (hard-boiled detective), "The Ipswich Phial" by Randy Garrett (psychic detective), "Second Game" by Charles V. de Vet and Katherine MacLean (spy story), "The Ceaseless Stone" by Avram Davidson (analytical detective), "Coup de Grace" by Jack Vance (whodunit), "The Green Car" by William F. Temple (whydunit), "War Game" by Philip K. Dick (howdunit), "The Singing Bell" by Asimov (inverted), "ARM" by Larry Niven (locked room), "Mouthpiece" by Edward Wellen (cipher), "Time Exposures" by Bob Tucker (police procedure), "How-2" by Clifford Simak (trial), and "Time in Advance" by William Tenn (punishment). I assume the categories are more or less standard; I'm not that much of a detective fan. I think I could have picked better stories for one or two categories, but no matter; these are all acceptable, and several are classics. I doubt if the book inspires any mystery fans to read more science fiction, but it's an acceptable anthology of the field. Worth reading if you don't already know all the stories -- I remembered all of them except the Temple, and enjoyed re-reading it. (Enjoyed re-reading some of the others, for that matter.)

WHO'S WHO IN SCIENCE FICTION, by Brian Ash [Sphere, 95p] A large but not complete list of authors, illustrators, and editors in the science fiction field from the early pulps until the late 1960s. All of the big names seem to be present, and a fair number of the minor ones. (Author indicates that cutoff date is 1976, but information on people I know was obviously obtained no later than 1969. Some info may extend into 1976, but definitely not all of it.) The book's usefulness has been eclipsed by Nicholls' ENCYCLOPEDIA, but this is a popular-priced pb and may be desired by fans who don't want to pay for the bigger book. Not really recommended, however.

COMPANIONS ON THE ROAD, by Tanith Lee [Bantam, \$1.95] Having disliked all of Lee's books until now, I was agreeably surprised by this one. It contains two novelets, the title story, and "The Winter Players". Both are swords and sorcery with the emphasis on sorcery, and both are quite entertaining. Recommended.

IMAGE OF THE BEAST, by Philip José Farmer [Playboy Press, \$2.25] Farmer's two classic pornographic sf novels, IMAGE and BLOWN, under one cover; as they seem to have been originally intended to be. Actually, it's another of Farmer's alien-sex stories, with the sex being considerably more sensational than it is in THE LOVERS. (The explanations are considerably less believable, but that didn't matter to the original audience.) Overall, there's a much stronger story there than I expected, and it's worth your time and money, more or less despite the sex scenes.

THE OLD GODS WAKEN, by Manly Wade Wellman [Doubleday, \$7.95] The second book, and first novel, about John the Minstrel. This time he tangles with some modern Druids, and has the help of a Cherokee medicine man. It's not as good as the best of the short stories, but it's still excellent reading. The mountain phraseology seems a bit overdone in the first chapter, where Wellman is setting the stage, but it's all accurate enough. (What do I know about mountain dialects? Well, aside from reading, I went to school with several Kentucky boys who'd moved to Indiana. I think one reason I like Wellman's John so well is that he reminds me of all the times I ran

around with Heburn Caudill. It was Heburn who first told me about all the haunts and sperrits that Wellman works into his stories.) This is a fantasy, naturally, but very well grounded in both folklore and archaeology. Recommended.

THE THIEF OF KALIMAR, by Graham Diamond [Fawcett, \$1.95] A fairly interesting, wide-ranging swords-and-sorcery novel. I was a little unnerved at one point, where "soldiers came running, pants unzipped". Unzipped? In a barbaric kingdom? Wellll... maybe... However, the characters are perhaps a bit better than normal, and action and plot adequate, which makes it a fairly enjoyable adventure.

THE ALIEN, by Victor Besaw [Fawcett, \$1.75] Plotting isn't exactly great here; I object to a girl being brought into the story in the last chapter just so the hero can go into a clinch at the end. The entire book is episodic, which is not too hot in a short book. Background, though, is excellent, and would have been outstanding if the author hadn't thrown it at his readers in patches. And the characters are good enough when they are on stage long enough for the reader to get acquainted with them. Wait for for the next book and hope Besaw has learned to plot by then.

BLIND VOICES, by Tom Reamy [Berkley, \$1.95] Sort of a combination of Ray Bradbury and Charles G. Finney -- but mostly Finney. A carnival and freak show with real freaks, run by a genuinely evil superman. Only one of the freaks is a good superman, so... It sounds silly -- and it is, really -- but Reamy makes it remarkably enjoyable even if I never believed a word of it. Recommended.

APOCALYPSES, by R.A. Lafferty [Pinnacle, \$1.95] Two novels packaged together -- and both of about average size, for a change. "Where Have You Been, Sandaliotis?" concerns this land which appears in (or under, or over) the Mediterranean and the people who go to investigate it and those who live (?) there. Mostly allegorical, I would assume, but I'm not up on Catholic symbolism so I'm not really sure what it's about. Entertaining, as always, but not one of Lafferty's best, in my estimation. "The Three Armageddons of Enniscorthy Sweeny" concerns this brilliant but perhaps evil composer who creates three grand operas which vast numbers of people come to believe are real. (The reader realizes well before the end of the story -- or should realize, anyway -- that the operas concerned are World Wars I, II, and III.) Symbolic as all hell, and a bit different from the usual Lafferty fare, and excellent. (When I got Lafferty to autograph my copy at some con this summer, he mentioned that the second half of the book was the best; I thoroughly agree. But the first half is well worth reading.) The book has unfortunately been around awhile before I read it, which is a shame; "Sweeny" should have had a Hugo nomination.

BEAUTY, by Robin McKinley [Pocket Books, \$1.95] A retelling of the fairy story of "Beauty and the Beast" in modern terms. (By which I mean the description and dialogue is modern; the setting is the same enchanted forest and castle.) It comes across much better than you might think; I enjoyed it. There are a few changes in what I recall of the original, as far as Beauty's family is concerned, and the book does read like the ultimate gothic romance, but it's exceptionally well handled.

NIGHTMARE EXPRESS, by Isidore Haiblum [Fawcett, \$1.95] An involved, van Vogtian-type time travel story. The time travel is eventually exposed as the side effects of a more or less sane doctor's attempts to thwart an alien invasion (so you have all sorts of humans and aliens hurtling back and forth thru time). This sort of terribly complicated novel isn't my favorite by a long shot, but this seems to be well handled. (Almost none of the protagonists know what they're supposed to be doing, but it's all explained, more or less neatly, in the end.)

THE ROAD TO CORLAY, by Richard Cowper [Pocket Books, \$1.95] Lovely cover by somebody

-- Maltz? A more or less barbaric future where a higher sea level has split Britain into an archipelago. The Hugo-nominated novelet, "Piper At The Gates of Dawn", is the prologue; the novel continues the story of religious repression and revival, with a mental time-traveler thrown in. Recommended.

MISTRESS MASHAM'S REPOSE, by T.H. White [Berkley, \$2.25] A sparkling juvenile novel in which a ten-year-old English girl discovers Lilliputians at the bottom of her garden, and they help one another against her wicked guardian. Amusing, and as suitable for adults as children.

THE SIEGE OF FALTARA, by Arsen Darnay [Ace, \$1.95] Nice Vallejo cover. The plot of future science disguised under medieval pageantry, with a tyrant staying in power through hidden science and trickery while an agent of the galactic empire works with the rebels to bring him down. A good adventure novel.

TO ESCAPE THE STARS, by Robert Hoskins [Del Rey, \$1.75] An exploiter becomes imbued with the majesty of the universe. A well-handled story, but not particularly memorable; I forgot it between the time I read it and the time I sat down to write the review, and had to look it over again.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE TALISMAN, by Clifford D. Simak [Del Rey, \$2.25] A religious quest in an alternate world, where demons and witches and Evil and the True Life of Jesus have physical force. The questing group is the kind of ill-assorted group favored by Simak for these things, and it's well-handled as always. Recommended.

THE SANDCATS OF RHYL, by Robert Vardeman [Major, \$1.50] Space opera of the Planet Stories variety; not terribly memorable but a lot of fun to read. Normally I don't even bother to pick up Major Books, but I couldn't resist seeing how well Vardeman did his. He did it very well indeed; I was always a sucker for Planet. (Maybe Bob will become the next Leigh Brackett?)

THE WAND AND THE STAR, by Pat Wallace [Pocket Books, \$1.95] A sort of occult fantasy, of a gorgeous never-never land with beautiful princesses, impossibly noble and ridiculously evil wizards, and so on. "With an anguish of tenderness, she heard his words tumble out with the eager openness of a child's." I had enough of that sort of description well before the book was over, or even fully begun, and the dialogue is worse. Written for -- and possibly by -- romantic teen-age girls.

CITY OF CAIN, by Kate Wilhelm [Pocket Books, \$1.75] A telepath opposing a tyrannical US government. The first of Wilhelm's novels (since the first one, anyway) that I have disliked. She must be learning to adapt the literary charm of her short stories (which are idiomatic) to her novels.

DYING OF THE LIGHT, by George R.R. Martin [Pocket Books, \$1.85] A long and expertly crafted novel which I haven't liked in any version. I'm not sure why, but probably because none of the characters seem quite human; they behave more like Norse (or perhaps Greek) myth than anything else I can think of. The critics liked it; it contains a lot of psychology and symbolism to be interpreted and argued over.

THE FANTASY WORLDS OF PETER S. BEAGLE [Ballantine, \$6.50] Two novels, A FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE and THE LAST UNICORN, plus two short stories, "Lila the Werewolf" and "Come, Lady Death," in one omnibus volume, with a rather nice cover and story headings by Darrell Sweet, plus an introduction by the author that makes me recall why I didn't like his more or less nonfictional I SEE BY YOUR OUTFIT. (or MY OUTFIT? That's what happens when you throw books away; even the worst ones you suddenly need later.) The novels have been reprinted frequently; I've never seen the short stories before. "Lila"

kept reminding me of a Marx Brothers movie, particularly in the climax. Beagle's characters, like those of R.A. Lafferty, have the facility for taking the outrageous for granted; one doesn't think of werewolves as having Jewish mothers, but why shouldn't they? "Lady Death" is considerably more philosophical (and did I read it previously in F&SF? It seemed vaguely familiar.). It's also the poorest of the stories in here. Best is A FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE, which I first read years ago when it was a Delta trade paperback; Gene DeWeese brought it to my attention. On third reading it's not as good as it was the first time around, but the mixture of humor and philosophy holds up rather well, at that. (And I like the raven; one of Beagle's best characters.) Michael is somewhat of an asinine teen-ager -- but then so is Shakespeare's Romeo.) UNICORN is a rather dreamy ode to life and love; quite readable and enjoyable the first time around, but unmemorable. On the whole, A FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE is or should be a fantasy classic, "Lila" is almost as good, and the others readable. A bargain if you don't already have the novels in earlier editions.

TORNADO ALLEY, by William Tuning [Ace, \$1.95] A book based on speculative technology; bombing tornados to dissipate them. Most or all of it was in Analog some time back, as I recall. Characters are pretty much stock, but the story is interesting and the action is at least different. Recommended moderately.

THE EMPIRE OF TIME, by Crawford Kilian [Del Rey, \$1.75] A fairly interesting time-travel and secret agent novel. (Since I generally hate secret agent novels, the previous is to be considered praise.) Humanity has discovered that Doomsday lies ahead, and the government is trying to avert it (difficult because they can't discover what caused it) and Our Hero discovers they're going about things in the wrong way. Well put together.

NIGHTWORLD, by David Bischoff [Del Rey, \$1.75] Fantasy caused by superscience; mechanical vampires, atomic-powered dragons, electronic werewolves, And, once he has found out that the minions of Satan are metal and plastic, our hero takes up a Quest to discover what's behind it all and put a stop to it. Very intriguing idea, but somehow the book wasn't all that thrilling; acceptable but not brilliant. Nice cover by somebody.

HESTIA, by C.J. Cherryh [DAW #354, \$1.95] Good action-adventure novel of humans in contact with an alien culture. Cherryh makes a good but successful try at having the humans more than cardboard figures, but the natives are interesting enough to carry the story. I wish the villain had been more believable, but the book is well worth reading.

THE SPACE MACHINE, by Christopher Priest [Popular Library, \$1.50] A retelling of "The Time Machine" and "War of the Worlds" as connected stories, from a single viewpoint. However, if one is going to rework the classics, one should have some idea of improvement, or at least something new to say. As far as I could see, Wells did the stories much better than Priest does.

THE ION WAR, by Colin Kapp [Ace, \$1.95] Space-opera; the revolt of the supermen, with planets destroyed and spaceships boarded and the lot. Totally unmemorably -- another one I forgot between reading and typing the review -- but enjoyable enough while I was reading it.

THE WIZARD OF OZ, by L. Frank Baum [Del Rey, \$1.95]  
#2: THE LAND OF OZ #3: OZMA OF OZ  
#4: DOROTHY AND THE WIZARD IN OZ  
#5: THE ROAD TO OZ #6: THE EMERALD CITY OF OZ  
#7: THE PATCHWORK GIRL OF OZ

A lovely package, with a promise of the next seven in the series to follow. Del Rey has new covers on all these, by Michael Herring -- faithful

to memorable scenes from the original editions, but made more vivid by enchanting color and detail. If you remember Oz, the names of the special characters we meet for the first time in these books is recommendation enough. Jack Pumpkinhead, The Sawhorse, Prof Wogglébug, T.E., General Jinjur, The Hungry Tiger, Tik-Tok, The Nome King, The Shaggy Man, Patches, Polychrome, Button Bright, The 'Woozy, The Glass Cat, etc. If you don't remember Oz, it's difficult to say if you can go back again and capture that delight and charm we fans first found when we were children and read these. But you ought to give the kids you know a chance at it, and this set would make a nice gift. (If they don't appreciate Oz, they're probably not the right sort anyway...) The original interior illustrations are included, and most don't lose much by being reduced. I'm an oddity in that I'm not a Denslow fan, but Neill illustrates all but the first volume, of course. I wouldn't even count it as a heresy if in some future edition Herring did new interiors, too. I think he's caught the flavor of the fantasy world very well. Recommended for kids of all ages who love or will love Oz. [JWC]

HAN SOLO AT STARS' END, by Brian Daley [Del Rey, \$1.95] These are somewhat better than I expected. Solo is the "charming scoundrel", a type exemplified by Rupert of Hentzau in PRISONER OF ZENDA and its sequel, and as a series character he's far more entertaining than Slippery Jim diGriz (science-fiction's other recent example of the type) or Dumarest or most other series heroes; if not superior to Commodore Grimes, he's at least as interesting. The stories rely on involved machinations and a lot of action and seem well worked out; I didn't read very carefully, but I didn't notice any loose ends. The problem of having a romantic interest without tying down the hero has been handled by Han's girl-in-every-port philosophy and by having the women smarter and more ambitious than he is, a novelty in this sort of adventure series. All in all, the books are good enough action-adventure reading.

WYST: ALASTOR 1716, by Jack Vance [DAW #312, \$1.95] Vance taking a scathing look at enforced equality, of a type envisioned but not achieved by communism and achieved briefly by various cults here and elsewhere; the sort of society our left-wing radicals are working for. Our artist hero is attracted by the idea of the society, but discovers on arrival that people remain people, whatever rules they happen to be living under. He becomes entangled in a plot to overthrow the government and ends up disenchanted with almost everyone. But the process makes for an excellent book. (Ignore the cover; none of the women involved really have tentacles instead of arms.)

THE STARFOLLOWERS OF CORAMONDE, by Brian Daley [Del Rey, \$1.95] Sequel to DOOMFARERS OF.. One of the more interesting current series; if it ends with the next book I'll be quite happy with it, though I doubt that it will. The common idea of Earthmen (several of them, in this case) transferred to an alternate world where magic and swordplay are the order of the day. The battles are handled well and the characters are at least a good grade of cardboard. Recommended.

HELLO, LEMURIA, HELLO, by Ron Goulart [DAW #331, \$1.50] Touted as a satire based on the Shaver Mystery, but it isn't. It's one of Goulart's usual Secret Agent stories; moderately funny and worth reading, but with no more connection to Shaver than a paragraph or two on page 18. If you like Goulart, you'll enjoy it anyway, though.

THE FACE IN THE FROST, by John Bellairs [Ace, \$1.75] A reasonably entertaining wizardly fantasy. I particularly like a magic mirror that sings bad parodies of 1940s' (I think) pop songs and shows images of a 1943 Chicago Cubs baseball game. There are also references to other well-known fantasies; between humor and illusion, the book keeps the reader interested. Recommended.

DR. SCOFFLAW, by Ron Goulart & OUTERWORLD, by Isidore Haiblum [Dell, \$1.95] Another reincarnation of the old Ace Double idea. The Goulart is a Barnum System story, and the Haiblum is an excellent parody of all the hardnosed private eye stories you ever read. Together, they provide enough humor to be worthwhile. Jim Odbert does interior illos for both stories.

THE GENESIS MACHINE, by James P. Hogan [Del Rey, \$1.75] Starting out as a fairly near-future story of physics, astronomy, and unified field theories, with government interference holding everyone back, it ends up with the World-Saving Invention. I didn't particularly care for it, but it's well-handled. Government security is excessively evil, but I expect a lot of scientists feel that it's that way now. Hard-science books are becoming even more scarce than they used to be, and the science in here is quite good.

A DIFFERENT LIGHT, by Elizabeth A. Lynn [Berkley, \$1.75] The Artist Who Risks His Life For A Vision. The characters are quite different from the usual sf stock ones, but I can't say I found them any more interesting. Plot is adequate. I gather a lot of fans consider this an outstanding book -- so you ought to try it -- but to me it's competent but unmemorable.

THE PLEASURE TUBE, by Robert Onopa [Berkley, \$1.75] A science-fictional version of a famous Bierce story, a display of the not-very-interesting mind of a future spaceman, and an attempt to fictionalize recent theories of astronomy. The whole thing gave me a vast pain, but if you enjoy combinations of sex and modern prose, you might well like it.

STARTOONS, edited by Joan Winston [Playboy Press, \$1.95] Sff and Trekkie cartoons reprinted from various fan publications. Cartoonists include Steve Stiles, Stu Shiffman, Alex Gilliland, Phil Foglio, Michael Goodwin, Marc Bilgrey, Michael Braun, Gordon Carleton, Cory Correll, Cecilia Cosentini, Connie Faddis, and Amy Harlib. A few of the cartoons -- mostly by Gilliland, Goodwin, and Carleton -- are very funny. Most of them aren't. (And a lot of them will be hilarious to people who were there at the cons Foglio is commenting on, and incomprehensible to anyone who wasn't. I come somewhere in between, having heard a lot of verbal accounts; the cartoons are comprehensible but not very funny.) Recommended to ingroupies, who will buy it anyway.

THE BEST OF HAL CLEMENT, edited by Lester Del Rey [Del Rey, \$1.95] Since the best of Hal Clement comes in novels, the editor had a problem here. Included are "Impediment," "Technical Error," "Uncommon Sense," "Assumption Unjustified," "Answer," "Dust Rag," "Bulge," "Mistaken For Granted," "A Question of Guilt," and "Stuck With It," plus an afterword by Clement and an introduction by the editor. These are generally problem stories, solved by logic or science or both (or occasionally not solved due to lack of science or logic or both). Not Clement's best, but quite readable. Recommended.

THE BEST OF POUL ANDERSON [Pocket Books, \$2.25] Includes "The Longest Voyage," "The Barbarian," "The Last of the Deliverers," "My Object All Sublime," "Sam Hall," "Kyrie," "The Fatal Fulfillment," "Hiding Place," and "The Sky People". Not precisely what I'd pick, but good enough, and I'm glad to see "The Sky People" getting reprinted, and "The Barbarian" is certainly one of the better Conan parodies. Each story has an introductory note by the author. Backgrounds range from hard science to pure fantasy, and the themes nearly all tend toward TANSTAAFL. Recommended.

THE BEST OF RAYMOND Z. GALLUN edited by J.J. Pierce [Del Rey, \$1.95] There's an editor's introduction, explaining who the author is, and an author's afterward, explaining why he is. Stories are "Old Faithful," "Derelict," "Davey Jones' Ambassador," "Godson of Almarlu," "A Menace In Miniature," "Seeds of the Dusk," "Hotel Cosmos,"

"Magician of Dream Valley," "The Shadow of the Veil," "The Lotos-Engine," "Prodigal's Aura," "The Restless Tide," and "Return of a Legend". Copyrights run from 1934 to 1954, and few of the stories have been previously reprinted. Writing style is antiquated. Most of the story ideas were original when they were written; a few remain surprising. Gallun was never a top-ranked author, but he was solid and dependable. Recommended to anyone interested in the better-than-average stories of the Good Old Days, as opposed to the brilliant ones that are regularly reprinted.

THE BEST OF JACK VANCE, [Pocket Books, \$2.25] Stories include "Sail 25," "Ullward's Retreat," "The Last Castle," "Abercrombie Station," "The Moon Moth," and "Rumfuddle". Not "The Dragon Masters" and nothing from THE DYING EARTH, which means that whatever it is, it's a long way from the best of Vance. However, "The Moon Moth" and "The Last Castle" provide fair samples of Vance's exotic backgrounds, and "Ullward's Retreat" is a nice psychological story. It's a good enough book even if it doesn't live up to the title. Introduction to each story by the author.

THE BEST OF FRITZ LEIBER [Del Rey, \$2.25] Includes "Gonna Roll The Bones," "Sanity," "Wanted - An Enemy," "The Man Who Never Grew Young," "The Ship Sails At Midnight," "The Enchanted Forest," "Coming Attraction," "Poor Superman," "A Pail of Air," "The Foxholes of Mars," "The Night He Cried," "The Big Trek," "Space-Time For Springers," "Try and Change the Past," "A Deskful of Girls," "Rump-Titty-Titty-Tum-Tah-Tee," "Little Old Miss Macbeth," "Mariana," "The Man Who Made Friends With Electricity," "The Good New Days," and "America the Beautiful". Intro by Poul Anderson and afterword by the author. At least, the Leiber stories that I consider the best ("Coming Attraction," "A Pail of Air," "The Night He Cried," and "Friends With Electricity") are all here. Nothing from his best-known series, though; copyright problems? Stories are mostly good; overall the mood is irony.

THE BEST OF JAMES BLISH, edited by Robert A.W. Lowndes [Del Rey, \$1.95] Included are "The Box," "Citadel of Thought," "There Shall Be No Darkness," "Surface Tension," "Testament of Andros," "Common Time," "Beep," "A Work of Art," "This Earth of Hours," "The Oath," "How Beautiful With Banners," and "A Style In Treason". Intro by the editor, afterword by the author. Well, my three favorites ("Darkness," "Surface Tension," and "Andros") are here. Of course, "The Box" is also here, and my opinion of that is it should have been quietly buried; it's too damned similar to an earlier story by another author. However, "Darkness" is one of the few -- perhaps the only -- science-fictional werewolf story, and "Surface Tension" is fascinating enough to be worth your money all by itself. The rest of the stories are competent and unmemorable; the book is recommended.

EYES OF AMBER, by Joan D. Vinge [Signet, \$1.95] Includes the title story, "To Bell The Cat," "View From a Height," "Media Man," "The Crystal Ship," and "Tim Soldier." A bit of a comedown from all the above "best" collections, but a good enough beginning. Though I suspect that Vinge, like Clement, is going to be better at longer lengths. These are good enough, but don't equal her novels.

CONVERGENT SERIES, by Larry Niven [Del Rey, \$1.95] "Bordered In Black," "One Face," "Like Banquo's Ghost," "The Meddler," "Dry Run," "Convergent Series," "The Deadlier Weapon," "The Nonesuch," "Singularities Make Me Nervous," "The Schumann Computer," "Assimilating Our Culture," "That's What They're Doing!," "Grammar Lesson," "The Subject Is Closed," "Cruel and Unusual," "Transfer of Power," "Cautionary Tales," "Rotating Cylinders and the Possibility of Global Causality Violation," "Plaything," "Mistake," "Night on Mispes Moor," and "Wrong Way Street". Some have been previously reprinted; some haven't. (If you have THE SHAPE OF SPACE, you have about half of them.) All are reasonably good, none are exceptionally good.

VECTORS, by Charles Sheffield [Ace, \$2.25] Includes "What Song the Sirens Sang," "Fixed Price War," "Marconi, Mattin, Maxwell," "Power Failure," "Killing Vector," "Dinsdale Dissents," "We Hold These Truths To Be Self-Evident," "Skystalk," "How To Build A Beanstalk," "Transition Team," "Bounded In A Nutshell," "The Long Chance," "The Reasure of Odirex," and "The Dalmatian of Faust". All copyrights from 1977 to 1979. Mostly -- but not entirely -- gimmick stories; mostly they involve speculative science. (The "beanstalk" is extremely speculative, and one of the few really new ideas in the field in recent years.) Mostly they are competently if not excitingly written.

THE STAR-SPANGLED FUTURE, by Norman Spinrad [Ace, \$2.25] Includes "Carcinoma Angels," "All The Sounds of the Rainbow," "The Perils of Pauline," "The Last Hurrah of the Golden Horde," "Holy War on 34th Street," "Blackout," "The National Pastime," "It's A Bird! It's a Planel," "The Entropic Gang Bang Caper," "The Big Flash," "No Direction Home," "Sierra Maestra," "A Thing of Beauty," and "The Lost Continent," plus a fair amount of explanatory wordage by the author. Most of the stories have been previously published in two other collections, but a few (okay, 4) are new to book form. All the stories are very good. I've never cared much for Spinrad's non-fiction (or for his person, for that matter), and I don't think highly of the story intros here, but the fiction itself is fine. If you don't already have the earlier books, get this one.

RETIEF: EMISSARY TO THE STARS, by Keith Laumer [Pocket Books, \$1.95] I keep thinking this is a reprint, but if it is I never bought the earlier edition. Includes "The Hoob Melon Crisis," "The Garbage Invasion," "The Troubleshooter," "The Negotiators," "Giant Killer," "The Forest In The Sky," "Trick or Treaty," and an excerpt from RETIEF AND THE WARLORDS. I've never been all that fond of Retief, but this brand of diplomatic farce has in general been quite popular. Try it for yourself and see.

THE LOST VALLEY OF ISKANDER, by Robert E. Howard [Berkley, \$1.95] Three novelets (in the introduction, Darrell Richardson calls them "novels," but they're not) of an American adventurer in the Afghanistan and India of the last century. Pretty fair pulp adventure, though not precisely memorable.

THE GODS OF BAL-SAGOTH, by Robert E. Howard [Ace, \$1.95] An assortment of Howard stories; adventure, horror, and swords-and-sorcery. Novelets are the title story and "Nekht Semekht," shorts include "Casonetto's Last Song," "King of the Forgotten People," "Usurp the Night," "The Curse of the Golden Skull," "The Shadow of the Beast," and "Restless Waters." and there is about a half of an incomplete novel, "The Isle of the Eons". Aside from the last, they're all good examples of pulp fiction, and show the variety of Howard's talent. (And the sameness of it, too.)

THIEVES' WORLD, edited by Robert Asprin [Ace, \$1.95] Asprin (and friends) devised the background and the continuing characters; then an assortment of s&s writers were provided with the package. Stories include an introduction (presumably part of the original package) by Asprin, and an afterword about the making of the book by him. Stories are by John Brunner, Lynn Abbey, Poul Anderson, Andy Offutt, Asprin, Joe Haldeman, Christine DeWees, and Marion Zimmer Bradley. All fit the background nicely, and some (particularly Andy's and Marion's) are almost advertisements for the particular writing styles of those writers. I suppose Marion has the best story of the lot, but the others are acceptable, with Brunner, Offutt, and Asprin particularly good for s&s.

WIZARDS & WARRIORS (Flashing Swords #3) edited by Lin Carter [Dell, \$1.25] "Two Yards of Dragon," by L. Sprague de Camp (a funny and relentlessly logical Quest), "The Frost Monstreame," by Fritz Leiber (Fafhrd and the Mouser), "Spider Silk," by Andre Norton (the beginning of a Witch World novel?), a Lin Carter story which I

didn't read, and "Caravan to Illiel," by Avram Davidson (a journey which moves along smoothly until Avram flicks the reader with a bad pun or a bit of absurd logic). Overall, quite good.

BARBARIANS AND BLACK MAGICIANS (Flashing Swords #4) edited by Lin Carter [Dell, \$1.50] "The Bagful of Dreams," by Jack Vance (Cugel the Clever), "The Tupilak," by Poul Anderson (mermen, Norsemen, and a northern monster), "Storm In A Bottle," by John Jakes (Brak the Barbarian), "Swords Against the Marluk," by Katherine Kurtz (a prelude to the first Deryni book), and "The Lands Beyond the World," by Mike Moorcock (Elric). Overall, the poorest volume of the series; Anderson has a good story but the others I could well do without.

ANDROMEDA 3, edited by Peter Weston [Orbit, 90p] Stories are "Not Absolute" by Tom Allen (fairly interesting combination of tough-guy secret agent and extrapolated relativity), "Connections" by David Langford (the case for suppression of research -- or is it?), "Silver Paw" by William F. Wu (a nasty future and an unbelievable ending), "Brother Ape" by David Redd (business more or less as usual between men and their conquerors), "The Cremation" by Christopher Priest (sexual symbolism), "A Time-Span To Conjure With" by Ian Watson (worries about reality), "Black Glass" by Fritz Leiber (a dream-image of pollution), "Wanderers and Travelers We Were" by Darrell Schweitzer (the beautiful people of the future), and "Flare Time" by Larry Niven (man against planet, and, is pleasing the public worth the cost?). A fairly interesting original story anthology, about equivalent to an issue of one of the better magazines.

NEW WRITINGS IN SF 30, edited by Ken Bulmer [Corgi, 95p] "The Shack At Great Cross Halt" by Keith Roberts (a new revolution of the People's War, and a girl who has been made unhuman by the last one), "And The Moon Says Goodnight" by Martin I. Ricketts (scientific brilliance coupled with emotional problems), "The Game With The Big Heavy Ball" by Brian Aldiss (symbolism and the mental aspects of immortality), "Read Me This Riddle" by E.C. Tubb (an infinity of alternate problems), "My Sister Margarite" by Chris Morgan (a man living in two worlds - symbolic as all hell), "Notes From The Android Underground" by Marie Jakober (governmental and revolutionary intrigue), "The Roentgen Refugees" by Ian Watson (problems of faith after a disaster has virtually depopulated Earth), and "Amsterdam" by Ritchie Smith (cultural shock -- between art and science). One problem with New Writings lately is that everything has to include symbols and/or allegory. When there's a story, too -- as in the Roberts and Morgan and Tubb stories -- the results are the best you can have in fiction. When there isn't much of a story, the result is literary posturing. NW generally has a few stories better than anything in the competition -- and a lot of literary garbage. Recommended, though, for the good ones.

UNIVERSE 8, edited by Terry Carr [Popular Library, \$1.75] "Old Folks At Home" by Michael Bishop (the future of old age), "David and Lindy" by Cynthia Felice (problems of telepathy), "Vermeer's Window" by Gordon Eklund (artistic individuality), "Scattershot" by Greg Bear (the continuity of society), "The Ecologically Correct House" by Charles Ott (nature in the raw), "Hunting" by Michael Cassutt (the ultimate generation gap), "Nooncoming" by Greg Benford (ivory tower vs. the real world -- and somehow Benford writes it so I sympathize with the tower, which I wouldn't do normally; and I don't think he meant it that way), and "Selenium Ghosts" of the Eighteen Seventies" by R.A. Lafferty (the first television in Lafferty's weird world, and the problem that all the world's a stage). The Lafferty story is the only reason for buying this one.

THE HOWARD COLLECTOR, edited by Glenn Lord (Ace, \$1.95] A collection taken from the well-known Howard fanzine; stories, story fragments, articles, verse, and letters by Howard, and articles and verse about him by various writers (though mostly by E. Hoffman Price). For the dedicated Howard fan.

BLACK HOLES, edited by Jerry Pournelle (Fawcett, \$1.95] Articles on the subject by the editor (3 of them) and Robert L. Forward; verse by Peter Dillingham (2) and Michael Bishop; and stories by Larry Niven, "The Hole Man" and "The Borderland of Sol"; the editor, "He Fell Into A Dark Hole"; Poul Anderson, "Kyrie"; Charles Sheffield, "Killing Vector"; Grant Carrington & George Zebrowski, "Fountain of Force"; R. Bretton, "Papa Schimmelhorn's Yang"; Gail Kimberly, "Gloria"; Mildred Downey Broxon, "Singularity"; Dian Gerard, "The Nothing Spot"; and Greg Bear, "The Venging". I'm not fond of theme anthologies, but the stories here are all reasonably good. A few seem to be original for this book. Mildly recommended.

NIGHTMARES, edited by Charles L. Grant [Playboy Press, \$1.95] "Suffer the Little Children" by Stephen King, "Peekaboo" by Bill Pronzini, "Daughter of the Golden West" by Dennis Etchison, "The Duppy Tree" by Steven McDonald, "Naples" by Avram Davidson, "Seat Partner" by Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, "Camps" by Jack Dann, "The anchoress" by Beverly Evans, "Transfer" by Barry Malzberg, "Unknown Drives" by Richard Christian Matheson, "The Night of the Piasa" by Geo. W. Proctor & J.C. Green, "The Runaway Lovers" by Ray Russell, "Fisherman's Log" by Peter D. Pautz, "I Can't Help Saying Goodbye" by Ann MacKenzie, "Midnight Hobo" by Ramsey Campbell, "Snakes and Snails" by Jack C. Haldeman II, "Mass Without Voices" by Arthur L. Samuels, "He Kilt It With A Stick" by William F. Nolan, and "The Ghouls" by R. Chetwynd-Hayes. Mostly very short horror stories; "The Duppy Tree" is one of the longest, at 27 pages -- and definitely the best of the lot, though Davidson's grim little tale and Dann's longer one of mixed identity are both good. The others range from readable (Haldeman, Yarbro) down to pretty bad (Etchison's inherited cannibalism), and one (Matheson) where I identified entirely with the Menace. Overall -- not all that great, but readable if you really like horror stories. The McDonald should get noticed in some "Best Fantasy" collection next year.

THE WEIRD GATHERING & OTHER TALES, edited by Ronald Curran [Fawcett, \$2.50] I remember when you could get a good hardcover book for \$2.50...still, you get 560 pages for your money in this collection of classic supernatural tales. It's an academic anthology, depicting female villains in the popular fiction of the first half of the 19th century. "Popular literature viewed in this way provides a microcosmic view of the ethos of the culture which informs it." Somebody could get a good article for Janus out of the book, but I can't imagine anyone reading it for pleasure; some of the stories are still quite readable, but most are only there to be studied as representatives of a culture.

THE GREAT SF STORIES 2 (1940), edited by Isaac Asimov and Martin H. Greenberg [DAW #350, \$2.25] The cream of the classics: 1940's best includes "The Dwindling Sphere" by Willard Hawkins, "The Automatic Pistol" by Fritz Leiber, "Hindsight" by Jack Williamson, "Postpaid To Paradise" by Robert Arthur, "Into the Darkness" by Ross Rocklynne, "Dark Mission" by Lester del Rey, "It" by Theodore Sturgeon, "Vault of the Beast" by A.E. van Vogt, "The Impossible Highway" by Oscar J. Friend, "Quietus" by Rocklynne, "Strange Playfellow" by Asimov, "The Warrior Race" by L. Sprague de Camp, "Farewell to the Master" by Harry Bates, "Butyl and the Breather" by Sturgeon, "The Exalted" by de Camp, and "Old Man Mulligan" by P. Schuyler Miller. It was also supposed to contain 3 Heinlein stories, but "arrangements for their use could not be made". (Money, perhaps?) It's still an outstanding collection, and it and its predecessors and successors should be ideal for teachers looking for stories for their classes. And for new fans looking for a place to find the good old stories.

THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION NOVELLAS OF THE YEAR #1, edited by Terry Carr [Del Rey, \$2.25] A new entry in the "best" field. Includes "The Persistence of Vision" by John Varley, "Old Folks At Home" by Michael Bishop, "Shipwright" by Donald Kingsbury, "Seven American Nights" by Gene Wolfe, "Fireship" by Joan Vinge, and "The Watched" by Christopher Priest. Well, say 3 out of 6; the Varley, Wolfe, and Vinge. I enjoyed Kingsbury and Bishop, but I don't think I'd call them the best of the year. Overall, it makes a quite readable volume.

THE YEAR'S BEST FANTASY #2, edited by Terry Carr [Berkley, \$1.95] The Carter has THE YEAR'S BEST FANTASY STORIES:4, edited by Lin Carter [DAW #318, \$1.75] 11 stories in 203 pages; the Carr has 9 in 298, plus another 10 pages of fantasy news by Susan Wood. There are no duplications, probably because Carter's year in 1977 and Carr's is 1978. Three of Carter's stories have not been previously published; they are at best mediocre, though Pat McIntosh has an interesting series character. There is one excellent story: Avram Davidson's "Hark! Was That the Squeal of an Angry Throat?" Tanith Lee's "Odds Against the Gods" is good; "The Tale of a Hawk" by Poul Anderson is an acceptable Norse saga; Phyllis Eisenstein has an Alaric story, and the Howard/Offutt "Nekht Semekht" is okay if you like the Howard brand of barbaric horrors. Overall, I've read a lot better; I think the series is going downhill. Carr has two excellent stories: Avram's "Sleep Well of Nights" and Lafferty's "Selenium Ghosts of the Eighteen Seventies," and reasonably good ones in Stephen Donaldson's "The Lady In White" and Raylyn Moore's "A Certain Slant of Light". If you're only going to buy one fantasy collection, buy the Carr.

THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR #8, edited by Terry Carr [Del Rey, \$2.25] A pretty good selection. (I'll forgive Terry one or two of his selections for including Donald Kingsbury's "To Bring In the Steel," which I was beginning to think only I liked.) There aren't really any brilliant stories in here, but the Kingsbury, Leiber's "Black Glass," Vinge's "View From a Height," Schenck's "The Morphology of the Kirkham Wreck," James Patrick Kelly's "Death Therapy," and John Varley's "The Barbie Murders" are all good, and the rest are readable. Twelve stories in 363 pages, which allows for some fairly long material. Moderately recommended.

FIRE OF THE ANDES, by Juanita Coulson [Ballantine, \$2.25] Juanita isn't too happy with this one, mostly because they first asked for an enormous book and then cut out about 40,000 words, leaving a merely large one -- and, of course, what was cut out was the history and background culture she'd worked in. Background is Peru during the Spanish Conquest -- 1569 is the year given. Pizarro is dead and his followers have carved out semi-independent fiefdoms, but there are still unconquered Incas in the hinterlands. As published, however, the book is more romance than history. The cover is much better than her last historical, though.

MINOR MURDERS, by Joe L. Hensley [Crime Club, \$7.95] A chilling account of a juvenile accused of murder -- and of the sort of "foster homes" and juvenile "delinquents" one gets in the smaller towns of the midwest. (Smaller towns of 10,000 to 20,000 population, I point out, as opposed to what I consider a small town, which is anything under 1500 or so people.) Considering the story, the ring of authenticity it carries was enough to make me shudder a bit. Highly recommended.

MAYHEM ON BEAR CREEK, by Robert E. Howard [Don Grant, \$7.00] Seven more of Howard's farcical "Breckinridge Elkins" western stories. The humor is a bit broad for my taste, but it does present an entirely different side of Howard's writing.

THE DICTIONARY OF FOOD, by Barbara Levine Gelb [Ballantine, \$2.50] The nutritional content of everything from apples to zweiback, along with tables of average daily allowances of practically everything. Seems useful for duffers, who seem to include the bulk of the population these days (though how many of them are serious enough to use a book like this is debatable).

MYSTERY OF THE EAGLE'S CLAW, by Frances Wosmek [Westminster, \$7.95] A fairly good juvenile mystery, aimed primarily at girls 9 to 12 or so. (Or maybe even younger, these days, since there's no romantic interest in it.) Protagonist is an American/Vietnamese girl.

DUNKIRK: THE GREAT ESCAPE, by A.J. Barker [McKay, 1977] I got a remaindered copy, from Publisher's Central, I think. It's one of the odd-sized illustrated histories, but it's an excellent book and the text is well worth your money. Barker describes the evacuation in meticulous detail and puts in a few speculations as well. (What

would have happened if Guderian had been allowed to cut the British off from the Channel ports and surround them inland? Barker feels he could have done it if he hadn't been ordered to stop short. Or what if Karl Student hadn't been injured and had convinced Hitler of the advantages of his plan to land glider troops in the British ports during the evacuation? Even if he couldn't establish a firm bridgehead, he could have created enough chaos to incapacitate the British army for months -- and Erwin Rommel and his tanks would have been in Russia instead of having to fight the British in North Africa.) Aside from the alternate-world possibilities, the book is an excellent military history of a very important campaign.

THE BOG PEOPLE, by P.V. Glob [Cornell, 1969] Archaeological books on Danish bronze-  
THE MOUND PEOPLE, by Glob [Cornell, 1974] age and iron-age residents. Excellent-  
ly translated from the Danish by Rupert Bruce-Mitford and Joan Bulman, and recently  
offered by the Natural Science Book Club. Outstanding accounts of the lives -- and  
deaths -- of the people who lived in northern Europe from about 1000 BC to approxi-  
mately 100AD. Due to the lack of oxygen in Danish bogs and burial mounds, many of  
the bodies have been preserved, along with clothing and other normally "perishable"  
items. A good look at some of your ancestors. (Or at least, some of mine, if not  
necessarily yours.)

THE WARS OF THE IROQUOIS, by George T. Hunt [University of Wisconsin Press, \$2.95]  
This has the dry tone of a doctoral thesis, but the facts covered are interesting  
enough. The "wars" covered are those against other Indian tribes (with conflict with  
the French included only as the French supported the Iroquois' opponents). And the  
author's theme is that these conflicts were entirely economic in origin, that the  
tribes fought strictly for commercial gain -- primarily to become "middle-men" in the  
trade between whites and the tribes farther west. To do this, the Iroquois extermi-  
nated the Eries, stormed the fortified towns and artillery of the Susquehanna, and  
tried vainly to destroy the Ottawa, who remained prudently out of reach. It's an in-  
teresting counterweight to the volumes on Indian spiritual superiority that have be-  
come common lately.

PIECES OF THE FRAME, by John McPhee [Farrar Strauss Giroux] This was a special offer-  
ing of the Quality Paperback Book Club, so it doesn't have a price on it. It contains  
a variety of magazine articles McPhee wrote, mostly for the New Yorker. Subject mat-  
ter ranges from a basketball game in the Tower of London to background information on  
"Monopoly" to people who make their living by picking up dead animals off highways to  
cutting firewood to tennis to Loch Ness, Birnam Wood, and authentic Scots whisky.  
It's all interesting; I even read 38 pages on tennis, a sport I wouldn't watch if you  
paid me. McPhee is one of the most fascinating writers in the business today.

WAIT FOR WHAT WILL COME, by Barbara Michaels [Fawcett, \$1.95] A gothic romance, in-  
teresting because the climax of the book involves a selkie, or selchie, if you prefer.  
(Also interesting because Michaels is a very good writer.) The fantasy in it is gen-  
uine and well-done, if not the major emphasis of the book.

#### SHORT NOTES ON REPRINT ITEMS:

FAHRENHEIT 451, by Ray Bradbury [Del Rey, \$1.95] The classic of bookburning and cen-  
sorship; this seems to be the 48th printing. But it if you don't already have it.

SILVERLOCK, by John Myers Myers [Ace, \$2.50] The journey through the Commonwealth,  
where every character and event is a literary allusion. You can read it as a story  
(fair adventure) or have fun finding out who all these people really are, or do both.  
It's not the marvel that the Andersons, Niven, and Pournelle claim it is in their in-  
troductions, but it's quite enjoyable and recommended. It's also quite long.

THE WELL OF THE UNICORN, by Fletcher Pratt [Del Rey, \$2.25] Another big one. This  
is the only epic fantasy I've read that stands up to a comparison with THE LORD OF  
THE RINGS, though it may be too realistic for some LOTR fans.

LEST DARKNESS FALL, by L. Sprague de Camp [Del Rey, \$1.95] The time traveler who attempts to avert the Fall of Rome. Excellent reading.

QUAG KEEP, by Andre Norton [DAW #353, \$1.95] I guess this is the first pb edition, at that. A fantasy based on a war game; I wasn't too taken with it because the action seemed to jerk along rather than flow; Also, the characters didn't seem nearly as interesting as Norton's average.

WARM WORLDS AND OTHERWISE, by James Tiptree, Jr. [Del Rey, \$1.95] An excellent short story collection.

ENDLESS UNIVERSE, by Marion Zimmer Bradley [Ace, \$1.95] An episodic novel of a starship community, essentially cut off from the rest of mankind by the time differential. This edition is larger than the previous publication; 30,000 new words are advertised. I'm not sure I thought it was any better, but then I liked the original pretty well.

HOSPITAL STATION, by James White [Del Rey, \$1.95] The first of the "Sector General" series, if I recall correctly. Very good stories based on space medicine.

THE IMMORTALS, by James Gunn [Pocket Books, \$1.95] The curse of immortality; not a great book, but an interesting one.

SHOCK III, by Richard Matheson [Berkley, \$1.95] Another collection of fascinating short stories, plus one poem. They're not all shocking, but they're all pretty good.

THE WAY TO DAWNORLD, by Bill Starr [Del Rey, \$1.95] #1 and 2 in the Farstar  
THE TREASURE OF WONDERWHAT, by Bill Starr [Del Rey, \$1.95] and Son Series -- and if we're lucky, all of it.

HOME FROM THE SHORE, by Gordon Dickson [Ace, \$2.25] A well-illustrated novelet; came out originally as a trade paperback. For once, the reduction in size doesn't spoil the illustrations; due to Jim Odbert's blocky style, it helps them, in some cases. This is a prequel to THE SPACE SWIMMERS; mankind learning to live under the sea. Good.

THE SPACE SWIMMERS, by Gordon Dickson [Ace, \$1.95] Healing the breach between land and sea dwellers; a good enough story. This edition has 16 new full-page illustrations by Steve Fabian.

ON THE RUN, by Gordon Dickson [Ace, \$1.95] We have met the superhumans and they are us.

SEVEN FROM THE STARS, by Marion Zimmer Bradley [Ace, \$1.95] An alien spaceship crashes on Earth and the aliens go into hiding. Typical story, except this is told from the point of view of the aliens.

THE STATUS CIVILIZATION/NOTIONS UNLIMITED, by Robert Sheckley [Ace Double, \$2.25] A novel of the ultimate establishment, and a collection of wry stories. Sheckley was never one of my favorites, but he was a competent writer and his themes are more modern than most of the fiction in the 1950s.

A SCANNER DARKLY, by Philip K. Dick [Del Rey, \$1.95] A morality play from Dick's drug-culture period; lots of critics liked it and I never finished it.

THE RIME OF SPACE/THE SHIP FROM OUTSIDE, by A. Bertram Chandler [Ace Double, \$1.95] Two of the Rim World novels featuring Derek Calver. Competent.

THE FEAST OF ST. DIONYSUS, by Robert Silverberg [Berkley, \$1.95] Five stories, none of which I liked. Since this does seem to be the first pb edition, I'll list them: the title story, "Schwartz Between the Galaxies," "Trips," "In The House of Double Minds," and "This Is The Road."

A PLAGUE OF DEMONS, by Keith Laumer [Pocket Books, \$1.95] Secret agent science fiction; entertaining action.

THE MAGIC GOES AWAY, by Larry Niven [Ace, \$2.25] Illustrated novelet; originally a

trade paperback, now in standard size. Again, the illustrations aren't hurt by being shrunk, mostly because they weren't all that great to begin with. Excellent story, though.

THE GREEN BRAIN, by Frank Herbert [Ace, \$1.95] One of Herbert's poorer novels.

THE TAR-ATYM KRANG, by Alan Dean Foster, [Del Rey, \$1.95] A boy and his minidragon; generally enjoyable adventure.

FLOATING WORLDS, by Cecelia Holland [Pocket Books, \$2.95] Good writing; poor sf.

FOUR-DAY PLANET/LONE STAR PLANET, by H. Beam Piper [Ace, \$2.25] Standard adventure on a weird planet, and a parody of a Western novel. Trivial but amusing.

THE STOLEN SUN, by Emil Petaja [DAW #356, \$1.95] Also includes TRAMONTANE; both are short novels based on the "Kalevala". Petaja is not that great a writer, but he did his best here, and the material is unusual.

WALK TO THE END OF THE WORLD, by Suzy McKee Charnas [Berkley, \$1.95] The first of a series of novels about feminist revolt against a barbarous culture.

THE LUCK OF BRIN'S FIVE, by Cherry Wilder [Pocket Books, \$1.95] Essentially a juvenile novel of an alien family who rescue a human. Culture is well done; speed of the human assimilation is unbelievable.

THE UNIVERSE MAKER, by A.E. van Vogt [Pocket Books, \$1.95] Time-travel; written to be bewildering, and not all that good.

STAR RANGERS, by Andre Norton [Fawcett, \$1.75] A ship of the Galactic Patrol is stranded on an alien planet during the breakup of the Galactic Empire. A juvenile, and a very good book.

THE GENOCIDES, by Thomas M. Disch [Pocket Books, \$1.75] Two of the author's early ECHO ROUND HIS BONES, by Disch [Pocket Books, \$1.95] novels, neither of which I liked.

THE DYING EARTH, by Jack Vance [Pocket Books, \$1.75] The book for which the term "science fantasy" might have been invented; Vance's most brilliant success at creating a sense of wonder.

EMPHYRIO, by Jack Vance [DAW #365, \$2.25] Another tyranny destroyed; Vance handles it well.

E PLURIBUS UNICORN, by Theodore Sturgeon [Pocket Books, \$1.95] One of Sturgeon's better short-story collections, and Sturgeon is one of the few brilliant writers the field has produced.

THE COSMIC RAPE, by Theodore Sturgeon [Pocket Books, \$1.75] Not one of his better books; readable, but not brilliant. A novel of alien invasion and human fulfillment.

THE DIRDIR, by Jack Vance [DAW #347, \$1.75] Third and fourth books (the last half) of the novel PLANET OF ADVENTURE. (I do wish someone would publish the novel in one volume sometime.) An excellent adventure story, with some nice van Dongen covers on this edition.

THE SILVER STALLION, by James Branch Cabell [Del Rey, \$2.25] Three episodes in the DOMNEI, by James Branch Cabell [Del Rey, \$2.25] Chronicles of Poictesme.

THE HIGH PLACE, by James Branch Cabell [Del Rey, \$2.25] Cabell is a witty and sophisticated writer, using his prose to point up the inconsistencies of the human condition. I don't like the books much -- Cabell may well have originated the "anti-hero" -- but they're well-crafted. Try them and see what you think. (Don't bother trying to read the series in order; it's not necessary and Ballantine doesn't seem to be publishing it that way, anyway.)

AT THE NARROW PASSAGE, by Richard C. Meredith [Playboy Press, \$1.95] The three volumes of the VESTIGES OF TIME, by Richard C. Meredith [Playboy Press, \$1.95] Timeliner Trilogy. It's a very involved long novel, too long -- the whole thing runs about 700 pages -- to sustain my interest. But the plotting and characterization are competent enough for adventure fiction. So if you like long novels, try it.

THE GINGER STAR, by Leigh Brackett [Del Rey, \$1.95] Brackett is the best of the sf adventure writers, but this isn't her best work by a long shot. Actually, these books are about 2/3rds of the novel; presumably Del Rey will be reprinting the remainder. Swords and starships fiction.

THE FOLLOWING BOOKS ARE NOTED; I haven't read them and don't intend to.

HEROICS, by George Alec Effinger [Doubleday, \$7.95] "Humor, philosophy, and symbolism"

HOW THE GODS WOVE IN KYRANNON, by Ardath Mayhar [Doubleday, \$7.95] "Written in the high tongue of Kyrannon".

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS, by F. Paul Wilson [Doubleday, \$7.95] Same background as HEALER]

WEB OF SAND, by E.C. Tubb [DAW #348, \$1.75] Dumarest #20

IDUNA'S UNIVERSE, by E.C. Tubb [DAW #363, \$1.75] Dumarest #21

THE BROKEN CYCLE, by A Bertram Chandler [DAW #360, \$1.75] Commodore Grimes.

A SWORD FOR KREGEN, by Alan Burt Akers [DAW #352, \$1.95] Dray Prescott #20

A FORTUNE FOR KREGEN, by Alan Burt Akers [DAW #366, \$1.95] Dray Prescott #21

KING'S DAUGHTER, by Jane Gaskell [Pocket Books, \$1.95] Prequel to ATLAN

DAY OF THE KLESH, by M.A. Foster [DAW #357, \$2.25] Sequel to GAMEPLAYERS OF ZAN.

THE TALL STONES, by Moyra Caldecott. [Popular Library, \$1.95]. "The Stones Trilogy" #1.

CASTLE ROOGNA, by Piers Anthony [Del Rey, \$1.95] Sequel to A SPELL FOR CHAMELEON.

KENSHO, by Dennis Schmidt, (Ace, \$1.95] sequel to WAY-FARER.

THE SURVIVORS, by Marion Zimmer Bradley & Paul Edwin Zimmer [DAW #320] Sequel to HUNTERS OF THE RED MOON. (This may be a perfectly adequate adventure novel; I didn't read it because I wanted those characters left where the previous book ended.)

THE TIME DWELLER, by Mike Moorcock [DAW #355, \$1.75]

THE BEST OF NEW DIMENSIONS, edited by Robert Silverberg [Pocket Books, \$2.50]

CORIOLANUS, THE CHARIOT!, by Alan Yates [Ace, \$1.75]

THE SANDIFER EQUATION, by Richard Pickens [Pocket Books, \$1.75]

THE PARADOX OF THE SETS, by Brian M. Stableford [DAW #358, \$1.75] A "Daedalus" novel.

JOURNEY TO THE UNDERGROUND WORLD, by Lin Carter [DAW #362, \$1.75] A new imitation Burroughs series begins.

MOTHERLINES, by Suzy McKee Charnas [Berkley, \$1.95] Sequel to WALK TO THE END OF THE WORLD.

BEYOND CONTROL, by Dr. George Leonard [Pocket Books, \$1.75]

THE RETURN OF NATHAN BRAZIL, by Jack Chalker [Del Rey, \$2.25] Well World #4

CONAN THE SWORDSMAN, by L. Sprague de Camp, Lin Carter, and Bjorn Nyberg [Bantam, \$1.95] New Conan stories.

A FIRE IN THE SKY, by Walter Kendrick [Ace, \$1.95] Novelization of the tv-movie.

THE DOSADI EXPERIMENT, by Frank Herbert [Berkley, \$2.25]

# STRANGE FRUIT

THE DUNGEONEER #13 [Judges Guild, 1165 N. University, Decatur IL 62526, \$2.80] A semi-pro publication of Dungeons & Dragons fandom. Fiction, "scenarios," articles on creating characters. Not being remotely interested in D&D, I have no idea of its relative worth. (Bruce said it's a decent supplementary mag, but not the best in the field. I didn't even know there was a field.)

MEGAMART #1, 2 [P.O. Box 1248, Inglewood, CA 90308 - \$1.00] Subtitled "The Advertising Newsletter," but it's more articles on stf in movies and tv than anything else. Some material on books and fandom, but mostly for media fans. Seems quite good for that audience, which is not really one I'm a part of.

AUSTRALIAN SF NEWS #10 [305/307 Swanston St., Melbourne 3000, Victoria, Australia - \$5A for 10 issues] Title pretty well covers it; both fan and pro news included. Interesting enough for anyone interested in Australian fandom. Rating . . . 5

SEAMONSTERS #3, 4 [Simone Walsh, 7a Lawrence Road, Ealing, London W5 4XJ, Great Britain - for a show of interest] Done just before Seacon, these show a lot of worry about possible differences between British and US fan contingents. (Being quite willing to differ with anybody on either side of the Atlantic, I tended to sneer at this.) Major flaw, in my estimation, was the number of con reports included; otherwise, it's neat, legible, somewhat insular, and somewhat interesting. Rating . . . 5

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #33 [P.O. Box 11408, Portland OR 97211 - \$1.75] Actually, this is a professional magazine, but in a fanzine format; letters, book reviews, editorial ramblings, the occasional article or column or interview. Well done, well printed. Rating . . . 9

SF ECHO #26 [Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria IL 61604 - \$1] Another fanzine resurrected from temporary hibernation. If Ed had published this issue three years ago, he could probably have got a rousing feud going on the value of the fan Hugos and Fan Awards. (He may anyway, of course, but I won't join in -- I've had my say.) Thick, half-sized fanzine. Material this time is somewhat dated. Interesting enough at the time, and if he keeps going, it will presumably be interesting the next time. Rating . . . 4

BARDDONI 3 [Pete Presford, "Ty-Gwyn", Maxwell Close, Bwcle,, North Wales (Clwd), Gt. Britain -- for a show of interest] Poetry fanzine; I loathed most of it, but then I loathe most modern poetry. If you like the stuff, here it is.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #5 [339 Newbury St., Boston MA 02115 - 50 cents] A professional science fiction newspaper, from the publisher of Galileo. 24 tabloid-sized pages. Large amount of pro news, long interviews, markets, book reviews, a brief fanzine column, a story (why?), photos. Supposed to come out monthly come January 1980. Seems to be a proliferation of newsletters recently. This is a lot like the parent magazine: adequate, useful, but somehow not very inspiring. (I would definitely prefer it to Locus, however.)

Scandinavian fandom seems to be rising again: I have several fanzines here: NEWS AND SERCON ZINE #9/10 [Roger Sjölander, Bällingevägen 18, 125 41 Älvsjö, SWEDEN] Everything -- including price -- in Swedish, except for an Alex Panshin article reprinted from Yandro (with permission, I hasten to add). Looks like it could be very interesting if I could read it.

DO NOT LAUGH #1 [Ahrvid Engholm, Blötviksvägen 39, S-162 40 Vällingby, SWEDEN -- 3 for \$1] A determinedly fannish fanzine. Only 4 pages (and if he's going to send it airmail it's not going to get much bigger) of largely nonsense

items. The sort of fanzine that could grow on you, especially if you enjoy fannish nonsense. (I must admit that I've never been that fond of it.)

FANDHOME 1: MIMEO-

GRAPHED DOLLAR BILL #1, 2; WHEEKS ADVENTURES #33 [Anders Bellis, Vanadisvägen 13, 113 46 Stockholm, SWEDEN] WA is apparently normally Swedish but in English this issue to commemorate a Forry Ackerman visit. (Swedish title, VHECKANS AVFENTYR, is a parody of an...umm...notorious? Swedish prozine of yore, and the material mixes news and humor.) All in all, fairly well done. The others are short, composed of fannish humor and nonsense. US fannish types might well try a sample issue.

CHUNDER! V3, #6 thru 9 [John Foyster, GPO Box 4039, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia -- 10 for \$2 -- monthly] A news and opinion journal, covering apas, awards, fanzines, and conventions -- but mostly conventions, since they provide more to ~~write~~ write about. Nice feud getting aired in the later issues over Quasarcon. Editorials, columns, and letters. . . . Rating . . . 6

JAG AR EN GURKBIT #1 [Roger Sjölander, address above] Small, English-language fanzine featuring faaan fiction.

STARLING #37 [Hank Luttrell, 20th Century Books, 2619 Monroe St., Madison WI 53711 - \$1.50] The pop culture fanzine; material on stand-up comics, children's tv, underground comic books, hardboiled detectives, etc. (My favorite article is Bev DeWeese's attempts to get some popular literature into the Milwaukee library system.) Mostly, I am not thrilled by discussions of pop culture, but Starling is frequently entertaining. . . . Rating . . . 7

TRAVELLING TIME STEP 4 [Lesleigh Couch Luttrell, 514 Stang St., Apt. 3, Madison WI 53704]- Personalzine, given wider circulation this time to publicize the change of address. Future issues may be very irregular. (Gene DeWeese muttered recently that "she's home about 20 minutes a day to feed the cat," which doesn't leave a lot of time for fmz production.)

HONOR TO FINUKA #1 [Martha K. Koester & K. Cockrum, 3491 Iowa, Roverside CA 92507 - \$1] A Jack Vance fanzine. Moderate size, good office-copier reproduction, presumably of interest to Vance fans. (I can't think of any single author who interests me enough to make me want a fanzine about him/her.)

WAHF-FULL #1, 2 [Jack R. Herman, 7b Kingsbury St., Croyden Park NSW 2133 Australia - 4 for \$3A] A moderately interesting fmz, balanced between serious and fannish material (unusual for Australia). #2 has one of the few interesting interviews I've ever read, because Herman asks Gordy Dickson an intelligent question and then sits back and lets Gordy talk. (Of course, stopping Gordy from talking might have been harder ...) #1 has 25 pages; #2 has 15. I hope #3 won't have 5. I know overseas postage is high, but... . . . Rating . . . 6

INCA #1 [Rob Jackson, 8 Lavendar Rd., West Ewell, Epsom, Surrey KT19 9EB, Great Britain - \$1 for a sample; after that, show interest), I have never quite understood fan editors who find it necessary to change titles in order to change their fanzine, but then I've never been one to ascribe personalities to inanimate objects (or to give a damn for complaints that what I want to publish isn't suitable for my fanzine). Anyway, Jackson, worrying that Maya wasn't producing the image he wanted, killed it and produced a new title. Oh well; he always seems to manage to include something in his fanzines that I find remarkably stupid, but overall they're pretty entertaining. Inca, like Maya, is quite fannishly oriented (which is probably the source of my dissension; I'm not), well reproduced, and generally interesting. . . . Rating . . . 6

THE RUPTURED ROO #1, 2 [Mark R. Sharpe, PAO/NCS, Harold E. Holt, FPO San Francisco CA 96680] Join the Navy and see the world; Mark is currently based in Exmouth, Western Australia. I assume the "Harold E. Holt" is a decommissioned garbage scow being used as a base for Navy PR men. A thin, xeroxed publication (I can tell by the way the artwork isn't quite there), mostly about one or another aspect of science fiction. Not bad. . . . Rating . . . 4