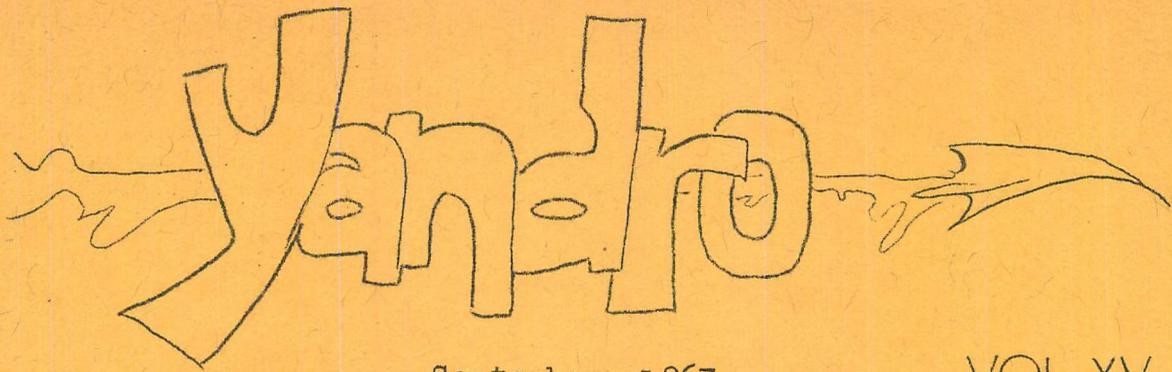




Jim 67



#174

September, 1967

VOL. XV - NO. 8

Published somewhat monthly by Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, Indiana 47348, USA. British Agent: Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts., Great Britain.

Price, USA - single copy 35¢, three for \$1.00, twelve for \$3.00
Britain - single copy 2/0, three for 5/6, twelve for 18/0

CONTENTS

Ramblings (editorial)	JWC	2
Rumblings (editorial)	RSC	4
Author Poll Results		6
Golden Minutes (book reviews)	RSC	8
Grumbings (letters)		12
Strange Fruit (fanzine reviews)	RSC	30

ARTWORK

Cover by Jim Cawthorn (stencilled by Cawthorn)			
Page 1	Arthur Thomson	Page 16	George Foster
" 2	JWC	" 17	Arthur Thomson
" 3	BEC	" 20	Al Davoren
" 4	JWC	" 21	Doug Lovenstein
" 8	Arthur Thomson	" 24	Nott
" 12	Dan Adkins	" 25	Nott
" 13	Robert E. Gilbert	" 30	Jay MacNeal Kinney

Contributors to the bulging file of "Star Trek" trivia this month are: Roy Tackett, DEA, Piers Jacob, Kathy Bushman, Shirley Meech, Don & Maggie Thompson, Morris Dollens, Claude Hall, Joe Kurnava, Bill Pettit, Nan Braude, and Lloyd Hull (who informed us of an ST article in the Sept. issue of PACE magazine). Thank you, one and all.

We got an announcement from Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc., P.O. Box 277, Tarzana, Calif. 91356, that they are publishing a hardcover limited edition of "a hitherto unpublished manuscript" by Burroughs; a historical novel titled I AM A BARBARIAN. 2000 copies only, first come, first served, \$6.00 postpaid. I believe this is the one Dick Lupoff was enthusing about; if reading old stf hasn't completely rotted his brain, his comments could mean that the book is worth the money. Burroughs, Inc. is also selling a batch of fire-damaged books at half price; send for list.

This is being typed on Sept. 6 -- we have heard that "The Menagerie" won the drama Hugo, but no other results. (They'll arrive tomorrow and we'll put them in the next issue.) Material on hand for the next issue includes stuff by Joe Hensley, L. Sprague de Camp, Ted White, Ed Gorman, Alex Panshin, Jerry Page, Raymond Clancy; I wonder which one we'll use? RSC



By the time this arrives, many of you will be finally (hopefully) fully recuperated from the NyCon - lucky dogs! I would like to have been there, very much; I can count on a finger or two the conventions I have not enjoyed, and the causes were usually coincidental and not truly connected with the con itself.

As Buck's mentioned on the title-page, at this stage of the game the only thing we know for sure is that "The Menagerie" won the Best Dramatic Presentation Hugo, happily. And we know that because a nice trio of gals known as Langsam,

Comerford and Berman thought to send a telegram telling us so. Thank you muchly. But no further word on anything. At the moment, the only thing we're really curious about is the site of next year's con...but presumably the news will trickle thru eventually.

And I use "trickle" advisably. Gee, Andy Porter, it's a good thing we weren't attending the con, because your handy dandy substitute reservation sheet that had to be with the hotel two weeks prior to the con arrived here September 1...and we're fresh out of time machines. Oh well.

Every so often a fan artist, usually a newcomer to this madhouse, asks me about Yan's art policy. And generally I sit there with my mouth hanging open trying to think of something intelligent to say in reply. Quite often I end up with nothing more logical than: "I know what I like". But I like quite a variety of things -- from extremely representational to very non-objective to pure design. There is very little of any established art school in me, and I seem to make my selections on the basis of mood and emotion as often as not. Most of the art I use is representational because that's mostly what people send me. (Undoubtedly much of this can be blamed on certain difficulties in rendering farout modernism on a mimeo stencil, but I assure you, kids, if the drawing tickles my fancy I don't care about the style, and I shall do my best to transfer it faithfully to stencil.

But I do have a fair backlog, and I think it only proper to warn people of the fact. More and more I have been forced to reject art not because it displeased me but because I felt guilty about the timelag involved. It's impossible to say that a drawing received on such and such a date will be used in such and such an issue, because we just don't operate that way. As regards layout, I'm probably the most whimsical creature in fanzine publishing...but I hate to accept something from an unsuspecting artist and then find no proper place to use it for 18 months (and such has been the case in the past). So I'm asking the artists: would you rather have me accept something, with the possibility it will not find a happy niche for months and months -- though it will be used eventually -- or would you rather have it back so you could have a chance to place it with a faned less backlogged? As any fool can plainly see, I like variety and enjoy using as many different artists and styles as possible every issue, but I'm beginning to feel like I'm stealing material

from other deserving fanzines (which feature these pitiful pleas for artwork while I've got stacks I won't touch for issues to come).

Some months back I described a consumer's price comparator wheel provided (donated) by Piers Anthony. But when I wrote the company I found it had been run out of business by the Magazine Advertisers' council or somesuch...as a threat to the American businessman and the Better Price Jacking Bureau, presumably. Anyway, Piers sent a clipping regarding another such price-measuring and saving device; I haven't had a chance to check it out, but interested readers might want to write: "Magic Window", American Cylindrical Rules, P.O. Box 725, Annex Station, Providence, R.I., 02901. Price \$2.50, and good luck. I find my original "Dial & Save" gift a valuable tool.

Occasional letters and fanzine comments are beginning to complain about the domination of STAR TREK material in Yan. I both agree and disagree. There is a great deal of material we'd like to cram in, much of it STuff and much of it quite devoted to other topics, and unless we want to go the Niekas route (which we can't afford in time or money), something is going to have to give. As I've stated before, ST gives me far more enjoyment and stimulation than the vast majority of written stf I read, and if the new season measures up, I expect to continue my enthusiasm. I more or less made Yan a focal point and clearing house for ST material because -- quite frankly -- everybody else seemed to be talking but not doing (not exactly a new phenomena in fandom). With apologies to the ST Trivia column in Cosign and squibbets here and there, most of the STrekkers seemed limited to the "I'm going to do something Real Soon Now" school, and I didn't feel like watching things die on the vine. I had the interest, enthusiasm, and the vehicle -- and I may remind you this is my fanzine. ST quibblers may feel grateful I didn't fill Yan cover to cover with ST material. But now I think the time has arrived for specialization. Larry Smith over at Cosign has talked about doing an ST zine, the Ontario club seems interested, I'm lining up some material for a zine of my own later this fall...and the first specialized ST zine has already hit the mails (and a nice job it is, too; Buck will give it a nice review or get peppered RCcola). It's Spockanalia, it's 50¢ from Devra Langsam, 250 Crown Street, Brooklyn, NY, 11225 (and it'd help a lot if you'd include a mailing sticker of your home address and zipcode). And it's a good start for any microfandom..... JWC

A COLUMN ... by Bruce Coulson

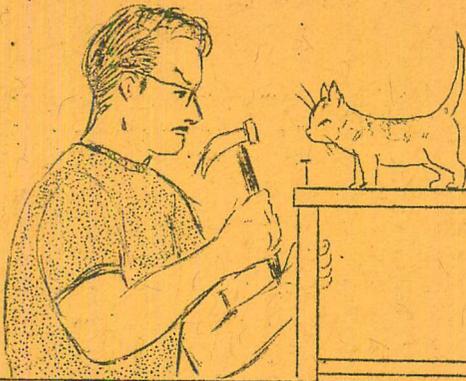
Well, it's been a long time since I've written a column hasn't it? (Don't tell me if you don't know - it means you blinked while reading Yandro!) There's not much to tell except that instead of going to school and then playing I get up and play.

You may think your dog has troubles but ours has three cats to contend with. Their names are Juanda, Vulca and Spock. (V. and S. are outside cats, Juanda is the inside cat.)

I mimeographed the envelopes for this issue.



R
U
M
B
L
I
N
G
S



One problem with these fabulous letter columns is the amount of room they take up. I was planning to save a few pages for Norwood's column (it hasn't arrived yet, but it probably will be in the mail tomorrow), and suddenly Juanita said "we're on page 32 and I'm not done with Ted White's letter". So no column, even if it does show up tomorrow. In fact, I even had to omit one letter (as well as cutting Dennis Lien's). I believe I have finally arrived as an author.

I got this letter from some outfit called Script Associates, saying "We have heard that you are a writer who could supply us with the type of material for which we are presently in the market". The type of material they describe as "earthy" in one spot and "earty" in another. "We use a formula of a minimum of six sex scenes, carried out to the fullest extent in description. We like to encourage authors to use words of a strong and erotic nature...." etc. Yes. If anyone among our vast readership wants to break into this market, let me know. I shall treasure their letter, but I somehow doubt that I'll send them any manuscripts. (All this, just because Ace rejected our dedication for INVISIBILITY?)

Incidentally, a couple of would-be contributors have mentioned things like deadlines -- when do we want the material? People, we aint got deadlines. If something of a rush nature comes in, it is used in whatever issue happens to be in process at the time. If an issue is on stencil, the material is held for the next issue. Our publication date is whenever we get an issue finished -- we try to make it monthly, but there is no attempt to appear on the same date each month. While I'm on the subject, I might mention that it looks like we're skipping an issue for the second year in a row. Eleven issues seems to be the maximum we can produce per year. Okay, we're monthly for 11 months of the year.

The book reviews also got cut short. I wanted to mention "The American Trails Series", published by McGraw-Hill. I have seen three of their publications via a "subscription program" (which I am about to cancel because it doesn't save enough money to be worth the trouble involved). Anyway, I thought The Devil's Backbone, by Jonathan Daniels (a history of the Natchez Trace) was mildly interesting, but not worth the price tag (\$7.95, officially). However, The California Trail, by George R. Stewart, and The Old Post Road, by Stewart Holbrook, were well worth their cost and are valued additions to our history section. Of course, these are two of my favorite authors anyway. Stewart is rather restricted by only 300 pages on the California and Oregon Trails; he's covering 19 years in less wordage than he used on the 15 minutes of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. But he manages to be informative and fascinating, as usual. Holbrook has a trail which is in itself less interesting, but he makes up for it by some fascinating digressions as well as by covering his basic material in the best manner possible. If you don't want to spend \$8 on a book, nag your friendly local librarian into getting copies. (And if you aren't interested in US history, shame on you.)

Juanita's Ace book may be on the stands by the time you get this; her title of Crisis On Cheiron is retained, and she shares an Ace Double with E. C. Tubb. The second "Stratton" novel is titled The Mind-Twisters Affair (which is, if I recall correctly, the fifth title to adorn the epic.) Thanks to Terry Carr for sending the Ace news release which let me know what the

final title was.

Recently the magazine OUTDOOR INDIANA got its face lifted in an attempt to get more publicity for the state and maybe attract a few tourists. From a drab publication almost exclusively devoted to accounts of muskrat trapping and experimental state fish ponds, it has changed to a general-type magazine, with historical articles, items on state parks, a modest color section, etc. It isn't going to compete with ARIZONA HIGHWAYS in the foreseeable future, but at least it now holds some interest for people besides game wardens and conservation clubs. However, I get the impression that the editors are reaching pretty far for some of their material -- perhaps Indiana isn't a terribly dramatic state. At any rate, a short article an issue or so back was devoted to "The World's Largest Sycamore Stump" (truly a natural wonder). In the current issue, one of the articles is titled "Outlaw's Flaming Career". In it, somebody named Marvin Kuhns -- "horse thief, murderer and robber" is compared to "Jesse James, the Reno gang and Sam Bass." I don't think so, however; his saga seems to lack something of the epic quality. For example, in his final, fatal exploit, he "left Kendallville by interurban on June 1, with an apparent plan to steal horses." On being trailed by a posse, "The outlaw opened fire from a thicket, forcing the sheriff to jump from his buggy into a ditch to escape." The story of Marvin Kuhns, travelling by interurban and pursued by Sheriff Hott in a buggy, is not one to inspire the ballad-makers, I think.

One of the problems of living in a family of packrats like this one is that of storage space. Currently we have the space, but it isn't arranged very efficiently; I am in for a period of shelf-building as soon as we get a little cash ahead. I recently built another bookcase. These are becoming fairly standard -- I build them entirely of 1 x 12 lumber, with 6'-0" high sides and 6 shelves, each 3'-0" long and spaced 1'-0" apart. These are placed at right angles to the wall, like library stacks, and books can be put in from both sides. (The one of them, behind my desk, is flat to the wall and used for storing YANDRO files, stamp and coin albums, photo albums, large reference books and other bulky items.) Juanita is in charge of painting the finished product, which is invariably black. These have two advantages over steel shelving; they are cheaper and they have solid ends. (Gene DeWeese uses steel shelving, and had to include a few modifications to keep his books from squirting out the ends.) Our bookcases are a varied lot, reflecting a concern with price rather than appearance. We have 4 glass-front sectionals (two from my family, one from Juanita's, and one that I paid \$12 for at an auction). Then we have 8 of my home-made designs (varying somewhat in size, as some were made before I developed my standard pattern), 3 metal "room-dividers" of the type featured in green stamp catalogs (which is where we got them), and four smaller wooden bookcases, of the type sold to people who have 6 or 7 books and who fill the other shelves with flowerpots and china atrocities. The encyclopedias, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHICs and AMERICAN HERITAGE collection, along with art books and other large items, are in built-in shelving which seems to have originally been designed as a china closet. And we are still using 9 painted orange crates to hold magazines. Bruce, in addition, has one of the metal room-dividers crammed full of books, and a set of shelves for his magazines and surplus books. This isn't a particularly large collection of books, for fans; among our closer friends, the DeWeeses, Thompsons, and Lavells all have more. But the DeWeeses are the only others of those named to be able to put all their books out, instead of packing them away in boxes (and Gene doesn't have a fanzine of his own to brag about them in.) Moral: if you're a fan, plan to live in a large house.

AUTHOR POLL RESULTS

This time, 35 voters picked a total of 125 authors. That's not too many; the Day Index, covering only the magazine field between 1926 and 1950, lists between 1000 and 1500 authors (not counting pseudonyms, people who only got stories in ASTOUNDING's "Probability Zero" column, etc.) This poll was to cover the entire history of science fiction and fantasy; there should be at least 2500 authors to pick from, probably many more. Each voter was to send a list of his 20 favorite authors.

Most voters listed their favorites in order; about 1/3 sent in unranked lists. So I counted both ways; by total votes and by points. On points, I figured 20 for first place, 19 for second, down to 1 for 20th. Every name on an unranked list was given 10 points. Personally, however, I feel that the vote count is more important; getting on anyone's list of 20 favorite sci/fantasy authors of all time is more significant than the exact placement on the list. So I am listing every author who got a vote; even one vote puts an author in the top 5% or so of his profession. (For that matter, there wasn't all that much difference in the two lists.) List by total votes first:

VOTES	NAME	VOTES	NAME
29	Robert A. Heinlein	8	Robert Sheckley
26	Theodore Sturgeon Isaac Asimov	7	Brian Aldiss Algis Budrys E. E. Smith Kurt Vonnegut
24	Poul Anderson	6½	Fred Pohl
20	Arthur C. Clarke	6	Fred Brown Samuel R. Delany Philip Jose Farmer Damon Knight Keith Laumer A. Merritt Edgar Pangborn Edgar Rice Burroughs
17	L. Sprague de Camp A. E. van Vogt	5	Leigh Brackett Edmond Hamilton Frank Herbert Robert E. Howard H. P. Lovecraft C. L. Moore H. Beam Piper John Wyndham
15	Henry Kuttner J. R. R. Tolkien Clifford D. Simak		
14	Andre Norton Ray Bradbury Roger Zelazny		
13	Eric Frank Russell Alfred Bester		
12	Fritz Leiber Murray Leinster John Brunner Cordwainer Smith		
11	Philip K. Dick		
10½	C. M. Kornbluth	4	J. G. Ballard Robert Bloch A. Bertram Chandler Thomas Burnett Swann Avram Davidson E. R. Eddison Harry Harrison Larry Niven
9	Lester del Rey Jack Vance Hal Clement		
8	James Blish John W. Campbell H. G. Wells		

VOTES	NAME	VOTES	NAME	VOTES	NAME
3	Harlan Ellison	2	George R. Stewart	1	Fred Hoyle
	Daniel F. Galouye		William Tenn		Shirley Jackson
	C. S. Lewis		T. H. White		M. R. James
	Mike Moorcock		Jack Williamson		Daniel Keyes
	Chad Oliver	1	Lloyd Alexander		Rudyard Kipling
	Walter M. Miller		Christopher Anvil		Ursula LeGuin
	"Saki"		Algernon Blackwood		George MacDonald
	Manly Wade Wellman		Anthony Boucher		George Orwell
2	L. Frank Baum		Anthony Burgess		Edgar Allen Poe
	Ambrose Bierce		Terry Carr		Thomas Love
	Marion Z. Bradley		Leslie Charteris		Peacock
	John Collier		Lewis Carroll		Fletcher Pratt
	Gordon Dickson		John Christopher		Keith Roberts
	Lord Dunsany		Theodore Cogswell		Gene Roddenberry
	Zenna Henderson		August Derleth		George O. Smith
	Richard Matheson		Thomas M. Disch		Norman Spinrad
	Alan E. Nourse		H. B. Fyfe		Wilson Tucker
	Rick Raphael		E. M. Forster		Jules Verne
	Mack Reynolds		Alan Garner		Douglas Wallop
	James Schmitz		Randall Garrett		James White
	Clark Ashton Smith		Charles L. Harness		Kate Wilhelm
	Thorne Smith		Herman Hesse		Charles Williams
	Olaf Stapledon		William Hope Hodgson		P.G. Wodehouse

One person voted for the Pohl/Kornbluth team; I counted a half-vote for each, and split the points equally. Not everyone sent in precisely 20 names, so the totals won't add up to 35 x 20. In the following list by points, I felt that anything under 50 points was pretty meaningless, so I'm not listing those authors with less than that; they can get their egoboo out of the total vote list. Absolute last in points, if anyone is interested, was taken by M. R. James. (However, with 1/3 of the voters not ranking their lists, small point differences don't mean much.)

POINTS	NAME	POINTS	NAME	POINTS	NAME
453	Heinlein	117	Brunner	71	Burroughs
379	Asimov	114	Cordwainer Smith	69	Pohl
324	Sturgeon	110	Leinster	69	Wyndham
260	Anderson	109	Kornbluth	66	Blish
250	Clarke	97	Leiber	65	Brown
190	Tolkien	92	Clement	60	Howard
185	van Vogt	91	Campbell	60	Fangborn
174	Simak	90	E. E. Smith	60	Vonnegut
163	Zelazny	85	Wells	57	Budrys
156	Russell	80	del Rey	56	Piper
152	Norton	80	Vance	55	Aldiss
150	de Camp	76	Delany	55	Brackett
148	Bradbury	75	Dick	53	C. L. Moore
144	Bester	75	Sheckley	51	Ballard
142	Kuttner				

The voters: J Bangsund, J Boston, N Braude, R Briney, D Brisson, R Brooks, D Cheshire, D Chute, J Coulson, R Coulson, D D'Amassa, H Davis, F Dietz, T Draheim, L Edmonds, A Eisenstein, P Eisenstein, G Fergus, H Gross, J Haverlah, J Kaufman, R Kinney, D Lovenstein, B McDermit, B MacPhee, K Maul, S Meech, R Norwood, R Peterson, D Piper, T Skarda, E Smith, C Turnbull, R Vardeman, M Viggiano.

Golden Minutes

S.O.S. FROM THREE WORLDS, by Murray Leinster (Ace, 50¢) Two short novelets and a long short story from Leinster's "Med Ship" series in ANALOG; "Plague On Kryder II", "Quarantine World", and "Ribbon In The Sky". Improbable characters, but somewhat interesting medical gimmicks. Good space-opera.

TIMESLIP! by Murray Leinster (Pyramid, 50¢) The second book in the "Time Tunnel" series (if you don't count the original novel that preceded the tv show). Again, the book

is better than the show -- and again, that isn't saying much. A fairly standard stf gimmick -- the hero doesn't exactly kill his grandfather, but the results are similar. If you're desperate for something to read...

THE MIND BROTHERS, by Peter Heath (Lancer, 60¢) Not even if you're ASSASSINS FROM TOMORROW, by Peter Heath (Lancer, 60¢) desperate. These are the first two books in what I am afraid is going to be a series. I read ASSASSINS first, as it happened. I was somewhat put off by the idea of someone trying to cash in on the Kennedy assassination by writing a third-rate stf novel about it; I was further put off by the jerky conversation, a lot of which was for the benefit of the reader rather than the characters. Getting your background established via conversation is tricky business; Heath hasn't mastered it. I skimmed MIND BROTHERS; this is a Communist plot plot -- if the good guys didn't cheat by having super powers, this would be a pretty standard spy story. (Oh yes, the villains have super powers, too, none of them very convincing.)

THE WORLD SWAPPERS, by John Brunner (Ace, 50¢) This is a reprint; I did not check, but I assume it was originally half of an Ace Double. I didn't remember the story, and I was somewhat entertained by it. The characters never come alive, but there's enough action to keep it moving.

CONAN THE CONQUERER, by Robert E. Howard (Lancer, 60¢)

CONAN THE USURPER, by Howard and L. Sprague de Camp (Lancer, 60¢)

The third and fourth books of the Conan series and, according to de Camp, the last until some legal difficulties with the hardcover publisher are cleared up. CONAN THE CONQUEROR is the one novel of the series; it was brought out as half of one of the early Ace Doubles some years ago. (It was, unfortunately, paired with Leigh Brackett's SWORD OF RHIANNON, which made it look bad. It reads much better if you haven't just finished one of the best sword-and-sorcery novels ever written before starting it.) USURPERS contains four stories; "The Treasure of Tranicos" from FANTASY MAGAZINE, "Phoenix On The Sword" and "The Scarlet Citadel" from WEIRD TALES, and one original, "Wolves Beyond The Border". The latter doesn't directly concern Conan or have much to do with Hyboria, but it's a pretty good Indians-vs-settlers story. I think I saw something quite similar on "Daniel Boone" once. (The Indians are called Picts, but don't let that fool you; they're typical heathen redskins.) "Tranicos" is perhaps the best of the lot; comparable to some of Edison Marshall's stuff. "Phoenix" is short but has one lovely bit -- "Poets always hate those in power. To them perfection is always just behind the last corner, or beyond the next. They escape the present in dreams of the past and future." "Citadel" fell apart on its 17th page, where Conan is chained up in a dungeon and a madman comes down to kill him. The madman conveniently brings along the keys to Conan's chains. Why? Since he has no intention of using them, the inescapable conclusion is that Howard couldn't figure any logical way of getting Conan out, so he resorted to an idiot plot device.

DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS, by John Wyndham (Crest, 60¢) This is Crest's third printing of one of the most famous "monster" novels of our time. It isn't particularly good scientifically, but it's an exciting adventure story. Wyndham is a little too horrified at methods of survival other than the proper British one, but that attitude is standard in this sort of thing. Well worth reading.

SPACE WAR, by Neil R. Jones (Ace, 50¢) The third of the Professor Jameson series. This contains two novelets which actually make up a two-part story, "Zora of the Zoromes" and "Space War", plus a third story, "Labyrinth". In the two-parter, sex rears a somewhat chaste head for the first time in the series, but the major item is a war between the Zoromes and one of their rebellious colonies. The action is fast, but it failed to excite me because none of the characters were sufficiently interesting to make me care what happened to them. This could be said for the entire series, for that matter. The "science" is minimal.

ONE AGAINST THE LEGION, by Jack Williamson (Pyramid, 60¢) This combines the short title novel with a never-before published novelet, "Nowhere Near". (Nothing is said about whether the novelet is newly written or has been lying around in Williamson's desk since the 1930's.) The reprinted story rather unabashedly stars Giles Habibula; I suspect the readers had vociferously approved of someone a bit different from the typical 99.44% pure heroes of the day, and demanded more of him. It's the best story of the series -- until the climax, where Williamson pulls a rabbit out of the hat in order to wrap things up properly. That left a bad taste; any writer as experienced as Williamson should know better than to conclude a story with a gimmick which has never previously been hinted at. It smacks of cheating. The "new" story is pretty standard adventure. The background of appearing and disappearing asteroids is fascinating and well detailed; the introduction of Giles Habibula is irritatingly "mysterious", especially since the readers all know who he is anyway.

THE X FACTOR, by Andre Norton (Ace, 50¢) I reviewed the hardcover edition back in YANDRO #160 (from a copy loaned me by Alice Hopf, I believe). What I said then still goes. As a believer in property rights, I object to getting the hero to an alien planet by having him steal a spaceship. (I'm not too sure about having spaceships that are as easy to operate as a modern automobile, either, but I'm willing to believe in technical progress, so I won't complain about that.) There is a marvelous alien race, the "brothers-in-fur", with a more detailed background than Norton usually gives. The members of the archaeological expedition were interesting individuals; the space pirates were pure cardboard. I got the impression that Norton was interested in her archaeologists, but tossed in the pirates because she needed a Menace. The plot is fairly involved, but not incomprehensibly so. Despite a few drawbacks, I found it easily the most enjoyable book of the month.

THE WARRIORS OF DAY, by James Blish (Lancer, 60¢) A wild space-opera from the pages of PLANET STORIES' companion magazine, TWO COMPLETE SCIENCE-ADVENTURE BOOKS. I have heard rumors that this was written rather hastily; it doesn't read like anything the author needed to spend a lot of time on. For one thing, the conclusion shows that the entire series of adventures comprising the story were totally unnecessary; not exactly the hallmark of careful writing. But the action is fast and furious and will carry you along if you don't stop to think about it.

THORNS, by Robert Silverberg (Ballantine, 75¢) Another in Ballantine's series of "big" science fiction (considering the format, perhaps "preten-

tious" would be a more applicable adjective?) The focus is not on either the science or the action (or the background), but on the emotional hang-ups of the characters. This is presumably the coming thing in stf; as a device to make the story realistic and of immediate interest, it ranks about with the older gimmick of having the author insist that the story about to be told was originally discovered in a tattered manuscript fished up out of a lobster pot. However, within the modern conventions Silverberg has done very well. The characters are interesting, even if grotesque -- I suppose to some readers they are interesting because they are grotesque--and their trials and tribulations manage to involve the reader, at least to the extent of finishing the book. Which is perhaps unfortunate, since the ending is incredibly contrived and incredibly trite. Hero and heroine literally overcome the villain by thinking beautiful thoughts. There is also a rather startling anti-science bias to the story; science is a horrid monster that does things to people without their consent and makes them unhappy. A thoroughly unpleasant book, but one that's worthwhile reading.

LORD OF THE GREEN PLANET, by Emil Petaja/FIVE AGAINST ARLANE, by Tom Purdom (Ace, 60¢) I think maybe Petaja is learning to write. This one can still offer a sentence like "A booming roar of sound behind him clung him to consciousness", but that could be bad editing. The "science" is as ridiculous as it always is in Petaja novels, but there is less of it, and once he gets into magic he's more at home. This time he deserts the Kalevala and uses a background of Irish myth, and gets a much better result. (Irish myths are more easily turned into modern stories than Finnish ones? Less emotional involvement and more analysis? Or just that he's had sufficient practice in novel-writing now? Take your pick.) The story is a readable, fairly standard adventure-fantasy. Purdom, in addition to telling an adventure story, is interested in the effects of civilization and science upon man's determination. Unlike other writers who pit an atavar or a time-traveler against a decadent civilization (or who simply don't bother about consistency), Purdom's rebels are of the same breed as the rulers; only at the end does one of them learn that you can't win wars by calculating the odds.

SEEKER FROM THE STARS, by James Nelson Coleman (Berkeley, 60¢) I object to cute symbolic names for characters, like "Rydra Wong" or "T'ruth", or, in the present case, "Chris Everman". I also object to a description of emotions that goes "Something happened to her then, something that swelled up inside her at the nearness of this strong man, something that shocked her inside in a deep and painful way. She had never experienced the feeling of falling in love before...." And I don't think much of intercontinental rockets which seem to have as many hallways, staterooms, decks and hideyholes as the "Queen Mary". All this was in the first two chapters, which was as far as I got.

TERROR! ed. by Larry Shaw (Lancer, 50¢) Maybe I'm a sucker for werewolf stories; the two items in here that I enjoyed the most were Bruce Elliott's "Wolves Don't Cry" (a magnificent story!) and P. Schuyler Miller's "Over The River". Mervyn Peake's "Same Time, Same Place" relies on turning the central character into something despicable; a theme I don't care for. (I suppose, if you have a neurotic horror of the grotesque, you might consider it a horror story; I don't.) Bloch's "A Good Imagination" presents the author's usual grisly humor. "Tie-Up", by Edward Wellen, is not only a good depiction of sudden horror in normal life, it's the only good story I've ever read by the man. "The Man Of The Crowd" is a Poe story I'd never encountered before; however, I hadn't missed a whole lot. Fairman's "The

Body Hunters" is one of his best; structured like a detective story, with some good twists at the end. "The Torture of Hope", by Villiers de L'Isle-Adam, is an excellent story, somewhat spoiled for me by my attempts to recall where I'd read it before. (I never remembered.) Robert F. Young's "The Courts of Jamshyd" doesn't remind me of whipped cream as so many of his stories do; it's hardly a horror story, but it's an unpleasant enough extrapolation. de Maupassant's "The Horla" is slightly less well known than Ambrose Bierce's story on the same subject, "The Damned Thing" -- it is also considerably less well written. "Mrs. Bullwinkle", by Wilkie Collins, is neither a horror story nor one with much of a point; I suppose it was terribly sophisticated humor when it was written. Richard Wilson's "The Little Woman" and Lorenz Heller's "A Tasty Dish" are fairly standard examples of the insane and the ironic, respectively. Bierce's "An Occurrence At Owl Creek Bridge" is an oft-reprinted classic. And the final story, Cleve Cartmill's "No News Today", is original and entertaining.

THOSE WHO WATCH, by Robert Silverberg (Signet, 60¢) I just got around to reading this book; it's been on the stands for awhile. If you can swallow three incredible coincidences at the beginning, it's a moderately good story, but I refuse to believe in three stranded spacemen running into just those types of neurotics necessary to keep their presence a secret. Charley Estancia is an interesting character; the remainder are irritating.

IAN FLEMING: THE FANTASTIC 007 MAN, by Richard Gant (Lancer, 60¢) I'm sure the millions of Americans devoted to James Bond have taken this biography of Fleming to their collective bosom. The writing is about average for popular biography. There is the usual claim that Fleming was "anxious that his minutiae be authentic", which strikes me as dubious. Considering that most of Fleming is convincing only if one knows nothing about the subject he is writing about, I'm of the opinion that Fleming ascribed to the axiom that if you speak firmly enough about any subject, you'll be believed.

SOLDIER'S REVOLT, by Hans Helmut Kirst (Bantam, 95¢) A fictionalized account of the officer's plot against Hitler. Most of the characters and all the action is real; the hero has been assembled from a group portrait of several of the conspirators. (According to the author's notes, this was to make him symbolic of the revolt as a whole -- I suspect it was also to enable him to be tailored into a typical Kirst hero.) Worth every penny of the price; an outstanding book for either the history or adventure lover.

DISINHERITED, by Dale van Every (Avon, 95¢) A factual account of one of the most sordid episodes of US history; the eviction of the "Five Civilized Tribes" -- Cherokee, Creek, Chickasaw, Choctaw, and Seminole -- from their eastern homes to their barren Oklahoma reservations. (Where they were allowed to stay only until the white man wanted that land.) This was no mere pushing out of savages; the Cherokees in particular were as well educated as their white neighbors, with their own teachers, schools, written language, newspaper, farmers, small businessmen, etc. It was the product, pure and simple, of southern greed and northern hypocrisy. Even the Negroes got a better deal in this country than the Indians did.

THE ANCIENT ENGINEERS, by L. Sprague de Camp (Doubleday, \$4.95) Not as entertaining as many of de Camp's books -- unless you're thrilled by descriptions of dams and aqueducts -- but a mine of information for anyone trying to write a sword-and-sorcery type novel. In addition to specific exploits, there is an explanation of engineering's relationship to early society, and of the surprising amount of such engineering; people have always built things, and they built some quite ingenious contraptions before our current Age of Science. A handy reference book.

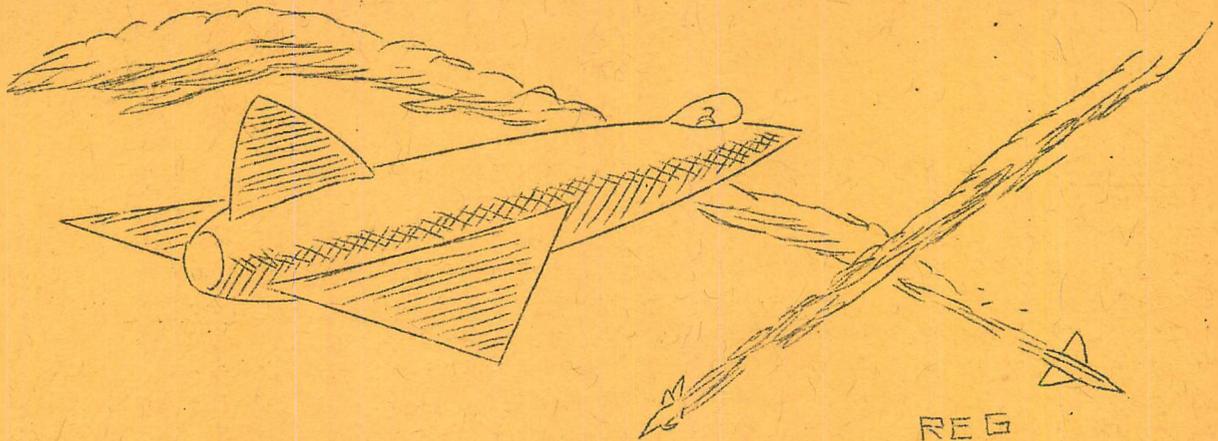
CRUMBLINGS

John Brunner, 17-D Frogna1, London, NW3, England

It's worth noting that writing may look like a cheap business to be in, but as the years go by I find the cost mounts and mounts, until nowadays I reckon to spend some twenty per cent of my earnings on items directly concerned with my profession, sufficiently indispensable to convince the tax-inspector that he ought to allow them as deductions (a reasonable criterion, I think). A good £100 per year goes on books and magazines, for example; I need - and rent because of the tax deductions - five file cabinets and in fact a complete office-ful of furniture (I simply got sick of operating on an amateur basis because I was wasting time trying to keep track of things without a reliable system); making more than three copies of an MS involves disproportionate expenditure of time in hand-correcting the spare ones, and even at British rates a book may easily cost £20 to £30 for professional typing, so I rent a photocopier and if I need spare scripts run them off myself...a net gain over sending it out in terms of both time and money, but of course it does have to be paid for eventually!

The chief increase, however, lies in the scope and ambitiousness of the work one is trying to do. I'm becoming a trifle bored with the kind of novel I could turn out (and did) in huge quantities a few years back. I know more about people and they're complex raw material to work with unless you spend a lot of time and money on endless observation of them - reading, visiting, travelling... I wanted to set the next Doubleday novel in a mental hospital in a particular part of England. I had to go to a real one and talk with the consultant in charge, tour the wards, find out how such a place is staffed, what the doctor-patient relationship is like, how the local inhabitants feel about having a mental hospital on their doorstep, and so on - all things which couldn't be guessed at, but had to be investigated. Even for a recent pot-boiler I turned out, called SHAPECHANGER, I had to go and tour the North Kent coast to check the geology (for plot reasons), talk with local people to get the hang of their idiom, run down country lanes to see how the countryside felt, what kind of crops are grown, how the farms are laid out, even what sort of weed you find on the seashore! (Mark you, I thoroughly





REG
994

enjoyed it all.)

It doesn't all go into the book, but it has to be ready for use if it's needed; I hate to stop in mid-chapter simply because I don't know if you can grow some plant I need for the vill-i-an to hide behind, in the place where I've decided to locate the action.

And it is fatally easy to overlook some point which a carping reader will complain about. I recall someone taking me to task at the Oakland convention for having a guy break into a run along a city street in Quito, Ecuador, without making it clear that he was properly acclimatized to the altitude. He was in fact quite right - Quito is about 9000 feet above sea-level, which was why the story was set there, to reduce the amount of air a spaceship has to blast through on the way to orbit - and simultaneously wrong, in the sense that by the time the story was set one can expect a ready-made cure for oxygen-lack which will probably be bought over the drugstore counter and make the problem irrelevant. I had something of this sort in mind, issued by the airlines flying passengers into the country, but I should have made a point of it.

Ignorance may be bliss, but it can also be murder. Recall a movie entitled PETE KELLY'S BLUES, some years ago, in which Jack (Dragnet) Webb played the leader of a Dixieland band in the Prohibition era? There was a scene in that where after a recording session the clarinetist informed the boss he was quitting. They were listening to the playback of their record while they talked. You couldn't. Playing a direct-cut disc ruined it for making a master from - consequently unless you made a simultaneous recording purely for playback purposes you never heard what you put down before the advent of tape, in other words until after WWII.

I hate getting caught out like that...

Gene Roddenberry, 780 North Gower Street, Hollywood, California, 90038

We are presently at work on a STAR TREK Book and have discussed a monthly magazine. Appreciate your comments on the subject. The book will be non-fiction, a "behind the scenes" look at STAR TREK--the reason it is as it is, a detailed examination of the USS Enterprise, how opticals are made, etc. The monthly magazine would probably follow that general form also, with the addition of "T.V. fan profiles" on the various actors and so on.

As always, Volume XV Number Six of Yandro was read with great interest. I continue to be amazed at the amount of research, correspondence

editing and writing presented by every issue. Congratulations on a superior publication. Of particular interest always is your rundown on new books and stories. Also found Stenfors' article THE SWEDISH SF FANDOM immensely interesting. Has anyone ever written anything on Russian fandom? We continue to enjoy, of course, the comments on STAR TREK, both pro and con. The comments by Boyd Raeburn on the "Kirk-Lizard Man episode" were particularly interesting. We agree there was some technological and scientific inaccuracy as there is in all episodes. As I wrote before, this was not one of my particular favorites; but on the other hand we have just received the ratings on that particular episode and, even on re-run, it was the highest rated show STAR TREK has yet gotten on the air.

The above may give some idea of the difficulty we continually face in walking that thin line between mass audience and specialized audience acceptability. The episode mentioned above, titled "Arena", is out and out action-adventure. We played around awhile with the idea of aiming more at an examination of possible differences in mammal Earthmen and reptilian bipeds, but this kept leading us into it becoming a scientific treatise. On that particular episode we found any mention of that subject opened another subject which required still more analysis, then this created a need to discuss other things - these needs increasing by the square. Perhaps we could have come up with something acceptable if we had had months to write it in and an extra hundred thousand dollars in shooting time available. But we didn't, and our instincts, for better or worse, told us we needed a strong and basic action-adventure to throw into the schedule at about that point.

I can't think of a single one of our episodes which could not have been improved. Every television producer on every show knows he could do better given a little more talent, time and money. Or keeping the talent, time and money as it is, TV producers could do better if the television medium were not constantly a case of "deliver 20 million viewers every week or go off the air". Because it is that, and because of the pressure of production schedules, television is necessarily an exercise in the art of compromise. Whether fans believe it or not, most of us are even more critical of television than they are. We are constantly pushing the network as hard as we can into change and improvement. We have had some failures, but also some successes. Years ago, when I started writing television, it was almost impossible to depict minority group members in television films. For example, the show RIVERBOAT - which took place on the Mississippi River in the mid 1800's - had one cardinal rule which was "no Negroes". Laughable? It was the writers and producers in this town who brought about a change in that attitude. Many of us refused to write shows which violated principles which we own. At times this has been expensive to our families. I was once "in debt" to MGM to the tune of \$119,000, for pushing through an episode which had been turned down by network continuity (censorship) standards. Fortunately their fears were not justified and it did turn out to be a tasteful episode and it did go on the air and I was off the hook. Many other television producers, writers and directors have taken similar risks. I sometimes wish the critics would risk at least more five cent stamps in complaining to the FCC and to Networks when they note outrageous rules or practices. I doubt if this comment would include any of your readers, since they seem to be articulate and not exactly frightened at the thought of stating their own viewpoints. Good for them--even when they are anti-STAR TREK!

And so, although I will defend to the end of my typewriter ribbon Ted White's right (and even duty) to make his thoughts known, let me answer a few of them. First, unless he has some technological innovations to suggest to the most experienced minds in Hollywood (and we have queried all of them on this subject), a "good low budget set to cover the landing of

a shuttle ship" is simply impossible. I think White suffers from a popular misconception that we have all kinds of money to spend. This may be true for motion pictures but it is definitely not so in television. To bring our shows in on budget we get down to the nitty gritty of closely examining even five and seven dollar expenditures on each episode. Creating the transporter system of "beaming down" our crewmen to strange planets was a case of working forward, not backward. This was one of several things we came up with in order to convince the hard-headed business people at a studio that a science fiction show of this type was economically feasible. It was the failure to solve such problems that kept literally dozens of good science fiction ideas off the air in the past.

The criticism that STAR TREK stories too often involve a jeopardy to crewmen or the vessel is a strange comment indeed. All stories from comics to the greatest written classics have in common the fact that all tales involve a need, a need for something to happen or not to happen. Stories come out of attempts to resolve such a need. Now it is true that in some story forms the need (or the jeopardy) can be intellectual rather than physical. Mass audiences, of course, seldom stand still for a show's entire need being intellectual. If White is saying this is bad and television should have more intellectual substance, I agree with him enthusiastically. On the other hand, if he is saying STAR TREK should ignore mass audience considerations, then he is wrong. A television show can no more ignore such things than can a mass audience magazine. Yes, it is too bad television doesn't have specialized audience shows in the same way Atlantic Monthly is put together for a specialized audience in the magazine field. Believe it or not, most of us in television hope that will happen and work and agitate hard for it.

Let me insist again, none of us here for a moment believes that STAR TREK is or should be all things to all men. We often guess wrong, we make mistakes, we make wrong decisions; certainly if we had more talent we would consistently make a better show. But we do make the best show we know how to make within the limits of the time, talent and money we have available. I have no objection to someone else coming along with a television science fiction show and doing even better. In fact, I promise to watch the show and enjoy it. And, like Mr. White, I will probably criticize it where I think criticism is justified.

Jim Cawthorn, 4 Wolseley Street, Gateshead 8, Co. Durham, England

Thank you for Yandroes 165 to, or thru, 171. Having been working in London for several months, I'm just catching up with a pile of fanzines and other mail.

Some nice cover art there - Steve Stiles seems to be producing some of the best of it these days, and I also liked the Adkins on 166. Davoren's illo on p.25 of No.171 almost exactly duplicated an idea I had been holding on to, intending to use some time. Maybe Duke University would be interested?

Re your review of Farmer's THE GATES OF CREATION (No.165) - did you notice that he kills off one character twice? I can't remember the character's name now, but I checked through the story, counted heads, and it definitely happens. It may be a name like Palambron...something like that. It's quite a while since I had the book.

On the conception/abortion debate, my own view is that if it be made legal to murder a person at one end of a life-span (that is, as an embryo) simply because their existence inconveniences someone, then how long will it be before it becomes legal to murder a person at the other end of life, by euthanasia, for the same reason?

[So what's wrong with euthanasia?.....RSC]

James Sieger, P.O. Box 181, Muskego, Wisc., 53150

The blurb page of the Bantam edition of THE BRONZE GOD OF RHODES goes thisaway:

DOWN THE TWISTED RIVER

he traveled, deep into the darkness of Egypt, seeking the stolen treasure that would buy his city's freedom.

At last, in the house of the murderous archthief of Egypt, dealer in plunder and death, his journey ended -- and a nightmare of love began.

For there he met the fiery Amenardis, the dark, haunting woman of every man's dreams, and learned a truth that would torment him all his years -- no man could ever sate the strange hunger that drove this woman!

Ingenious, isn't it? No man can indeed satisfy a nag, and a nightmare is after all a variety of dream...She was certainly the woman of my nightmares.

Remember that fuss about Stephen Barr allegedly plagiarizing stories for fanzine submission? Well, he had an entry in CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS, and besides such things as his birth in England (in 1904) and present home in Woodstock, N.Y., we learn that he was long a commercial artist and architectural draftsman, turning free lance writer in 1955. He also contributed stories and articles to Vogue, Mademoiselle, Atlantic, Harpers, Playboy, and similar such crudzines. My thought is: if he's able to be published there on his own merits, then why should he feel any need to submit somebody else's work -- why couldn't he just submit one of his own? Then the lightning thought: maybe it was his work, published in these crudzines under a pseudonym that your Loyal informer didn't know about. Have you thought of that angle? Has anybody ever asked Barr for an explanation?

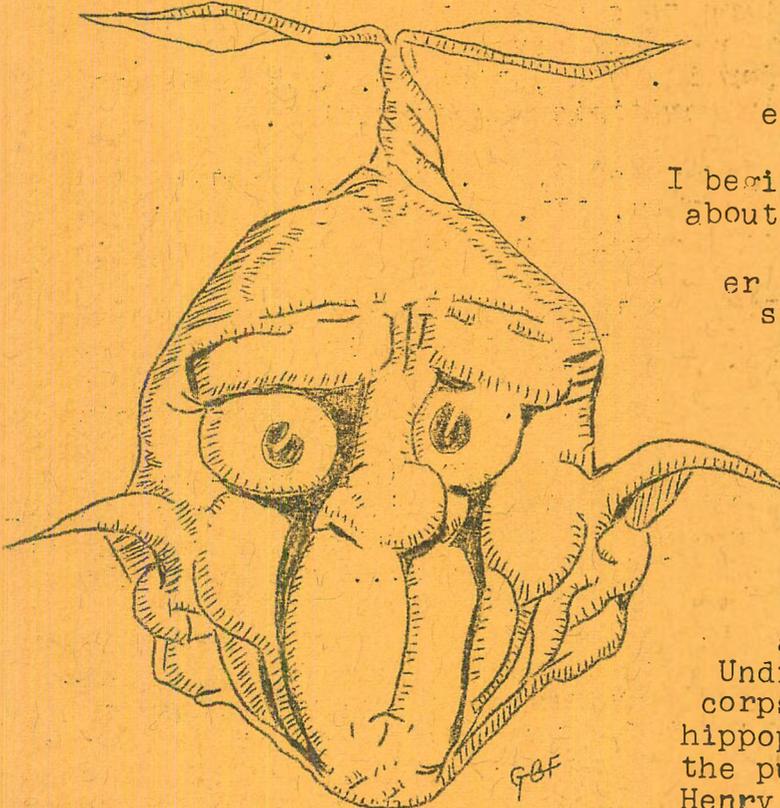
For that matter, have you actually seen and compared the stuff in the mags and fanzines that are supposed to be the same, or did you just take the word of somebody else?

After all those accusations, I begin to feel uncomfortable. How about you? You made 'em in public.

By the way, I found in the Bleiler checklist a number of books by somebody named Coulson Kernahan.

One title was A BOOK OF STRANGE SINS (1894). How appropriate for a Coulson...Another is THE DUMPLING: A DETECTIVE LOVE STORY OF THE GREAT LABOR RISING (1907). That one never fails to croggle me.

"...at Life we publish articles on 'How a Wife Should Undress', and pictures of nudes, of corpses, of snakes, of the rear of a hippopotamus. Evidently it is what the public wants..." -attributed to Henry R. Luce in the latest screed

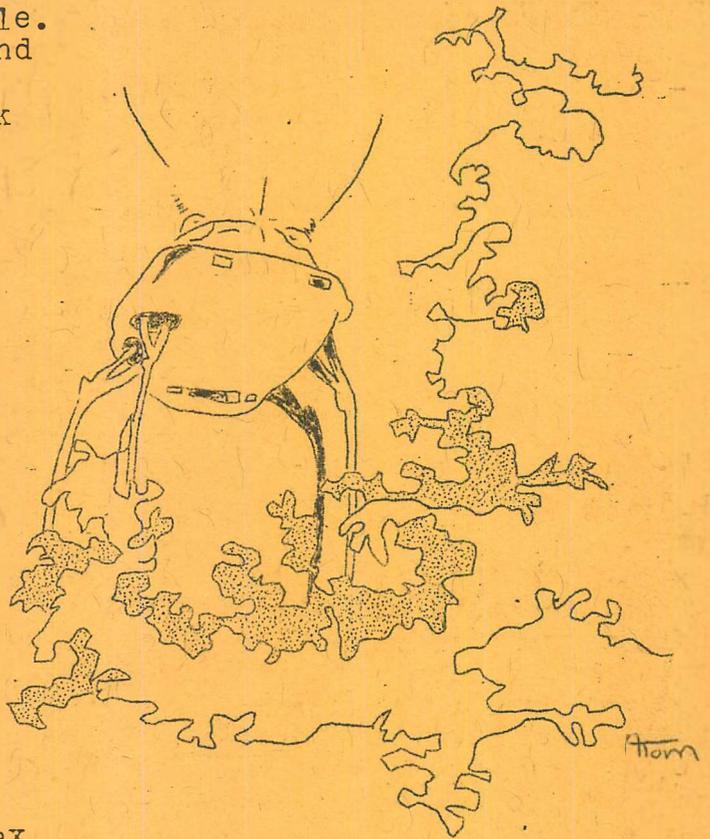


from quote, Fact, unquote, magazine.

This one got me for quite a while. But I happen to collect old mags and recalled that I had that piece on a wife undressing. It was way back in 1938, when Luce was green and brash and his magazine sensational -- and I've no doubt that this speech dates back that far, too. Goes to show just how honest and ethical this Ginzburg is, doesn't it?

There are two (or perhaps more) Stephen Barrs, and the one in fandom is not the one who had material in Vogue, Atlantic, etc. (Just as the Robert Coulson who has had material in Harper's, Atlantic, etc., is not me.) ...RSC

And as the long-suffering soul who put Barr's contributions to stencil, I can testify to an absolutely miraculous sudden elevation of his literary quality -- like from a neo and novice writer who had to have grammar, punctuation and syntax cleaned up (to the detriment of my time and patience) to a polished professional...within the space of a week or two. I was puzzled but delighted -- until we received a copy of Saturday Review which made it graphically plain how the incredibly rapid improvement was made possible.



Atom

JWC/7

Don Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Rd., Mentor, Ohio, 44060

Tch, Buck. A fan as old as you misspelling T O'Connor Sloane as "O'Connor" -- you must be getting absent-minded in your old age.

Ted White is becoming a bit obsessed with his hatred for STAR TREK. Better he save some of that rage for the crap getting printed in F&SF and Lancer Books. I've almost entirely stopped buying sf paperbacks; nearly all are hackneyed and inept and all are horrendously priced. I used to have a rule about buying all books by friends of mine, but that has fallen by the wayside -- too many of my friends have strained the friendship with recent books. Oh, I'll buy your books, but not...no, I'd better not name any names.

Don Franson has a good point -- it makes no more sense to forbid votes for a TV series and require votes for a specific show than it would to require fans to vote for a specific issue of a specific magazine. It's a bad rule; let's change it.

Briney is largely right about FAHRENHEIT 451, but it does have a couple of good touches -- the credits are spoken, not written on the screen, and the books burned include all kinds (GREASY MAD STUFF, for instance), not just classics. By and large, though, it was bad. "Disinterested" is the word for the Werner and Christie performances, too.

I appreciate Kay Anderson's letter -- I've been lying awake nights trying to figure out those Emmys for VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL and now I know. How much does an Emmy cost on the open market, I wonder? I daresay more than the entire sound editing and special effects budget for the show. Irwin Allen knows where to spend his money.

I hope Margulies doesn't get rights to a STAR TREK magazine...God. The Irwin Allen of magazine sf.

/Oh, Margulies isn't that bad. Sol Cohen would be closer to the Irwin Allen of magazine sf. (Are the former Ziff-Davis magazines unlucky, or what? With the exception of the Lobsenz/Goldsmith period, they have been afflicted with some of the worst editing in sf history -- and some authors I know wouldn't even except Goldsmith.) ... RSC/

Don D'Amassa, 14 Meadowcrest Drive, Cumberland, Rhode Island, 02864

Rick Norwood's at it again. I'm not about to engage in a spirited defense of modern art and music and literature, partly because I'm not qualified, partly because it would take too long, partly because anyone who think it only "talks about creating" could never understand it anyway, and partly because it needs no defense. But I would caution Rick that when one is ignorant of a field, a cold shoulder is much more effective than a frontal assault. The latter only makes the defense of the other more formidable and does little to aid the attacker's reputation.

Judy Merrill may reek of Significance, but Ted White reeks of Sour Grapes. Since P.S. Miller's reviews are pure synopsis, there is no point in reading them to choose which sf to read. Budrys is unreadable and (according to TW) Judy Merrill is beneath contempt. Then what the devil does he want them to review his books for? If he's a good writer (and judging by AN-DROID AVENGER he's certainly not bad) then his books will be read. One thing he neglected to mention was that Budrys considers the cover and blurb of a book to be a legitimate reason for disliking the contents. Poppycock.

Phil Dick's letter was the highpoint of the issue. Out at MSU I was involved in a lengthy debate with a fan who thought that THREE STIGMATA was full of symbolic meanings. He made the mistake of thinking that a "good" book must be significant (whatever that means), just as the opposite arm keeps screaming that a book is invariably ruined by significance. Didn't anyone ever hear an ancient legend that sf fans were wide open to new ideas?

But at the same time I might mention that T.S. Eliot was once confronted with one of his admirers who had constructed an elaborate explanation of one of Eliot's poems. He asked Eliot if his conclusions were valid; Eliot answered that he didn't know -- he hadn't read the poem enough to decide. If there is someone who finds Significance--whatever the hell that means--in a story, then that story is Significant, at least to that particular person. If Lin Carter's novels have some powerful influence on you, then they're significant.

I'm in complete accord with Dave Chute. FAHRENHEIT 451 is far better than STAR TREK, as much as I hate to admit it. Outside of an anticlimactic ending, it's very well handled.

Although generally in agreement with Dick Lupoff on contraception and abortion, there is one point where I stop. The fetus is not a blob up until birth. Part of the individual's personality is apparently hereditary. There are also definitive studies showing that the fetus has an awareness of his environment through his senses - sound and touch primarily. Contraception seems safer and smarter to me, but I have no objection to abortions for reasons of health, physical or mental.

Ed Smith, 1315 Lexington Avenue, Charlotte, N.C., 28203

I'm fed up to here with those guys and gals saying STAR TREK is inconsistent. How has the character of McCoy changed, Boyd Raeburn?

By the way, Derek Nelson: I have a copy of that "stencilled mag" you read at the Tricon -- it happens to be THE STAR TREK GUIDE, intended for

writers and actors, according to Roddenberry, but it seemed to me, too, that it was aimed primarily at scriptwriters. Gene Roddenberry sent it to me when I told him I was planning a STAR TREK issue, along with an article for my zine. (Which is all a cute way for me to get in a free plug for my fmz--Remember, Alpha. A-L-P-H-A.) He gave me permission to reprint some of the things in it, in small paragraphs scattered throughout the ish. That and a Roddenberry article - wow!

In that giant of American/British sf, COLOSSUS, the only entrance to the computer is thru a door guarded by Marines, but, if you did enter, (Jones says) you would die instantly from radiation placed conveniently inside the door (and which stays there, for some unknown law of physics). To enter, you need nine feet of lead shielding, whereas the opening of the door is only three feet wide. This is supposed to discourage saboteurs, but what's the use of the door in the first place if NOBODY can enter it. And when it's at war, it closes the door. Why? I'll tell you, the whole book went like that. It was great.

Harry Cooper, 3506 W. Wilson, Chicago, Illinois, 60625

What Schonfield clearly points out in his book THE PASSOVER PLOT is that Christ did not die on the cross and that the resurrection never did take place.

Therefore he did not die for our sins - and that he was not the son of God. Exodus 4-22 reads "Thus saith the Lord: (Israel) is my son, My first born."

Schonfield also points out that the Old Testament or the Torah does not testify to the coming of Christ.

/If you're going to go that far, there is no historical documentation for the existence of Jesus in the first place -- if you want to disbelieve the Biblical account, you might as well go all the way. ...RSC/

Hank Davis, Box 154, Loyall, Kentucky, 50854

John Campbell is a hero of mine. (Yes, I am a neofan. How did you guess?) Thus, I was a bit perturbed by Ted White's assertion in Yandro 171 that, with respect to P. Schuyler Miller's column in Analog, "...we have an unparalleled case of a man bending over backwards to scratch his own back. For almost every month, with hardly an exception, the bulk of the reviews are of books connected with Analog."

Upon investigation, this statement turned out to be 100-proof malarkey. I went through all the book reviews in the Analogs from April 1965 (with which issue the mag returned to digest size) to the July 1967 issue. I divided the books into five categories: fact, fiction not previously published in an SF mag, fiction previously published in Analog/Astounding, fiction previously published in mags other than Campbell's, and books by Campbell.

During this period, P. Schuyler Miller reviewed 271 books. Of these, 30 were fact books, one of which was a collection of Asimov's F&SF articles. New fiction not previously published in a mag (to the best of my knowledge) accounted for 174 books. Fiction previously published in Analog totaled 25 books. Fiction previously published in other magazines amounted to 37 books. Five books by Campbell (including the collection of editorials) were reviewed. No books were counted in more than one category. The fourth category includes 12 old-ies, such as 10 (!) originally appearing in the old Argosy and two by Edmond Hamilton, one of them from Weird Tales in the 20s. Off setting

this, however, is the fact that the third category includes four Lensman novels, WALDO & MAGIC, INC., the PB of ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE, PLAYERS OF NULL-A, and DIVIDE AND RULE (from Unknown). In the case of anthologies or collections, I included it in the third category if more than half the stories therein were from Analog or ABF. (For example, six of the ten stories in BEYOND TOMORROW, edited by Damon Knight, are from ASF). Otherwise, I included it in the first category. Since the stories were originally from SF mags, this practice may not make much sense, but I was trying to avoid giving any breaks to Campbell.

Result: 10% of the books reviewed were originally from Campbelldom. About the same percentage were from other mags. So much for Ted White's accusation.

I am aghast at all these people who don't like the film of FAHRENHEIT 451. Gaaaah. It was GREAT, do you hear, GREAT! A friend of mine whom I have recently converted to SF thought it was GREAT! I, a reader of SF for 15 years (big deal) thought it was GREAT! Even a friend of mine who hates SF liked it. You cats who don't like it are out of your tree!

I also can't understand the people who boost STAR TREK, but cut down FANTASTIC VOYAGE. They seemed roughly on the same level to me. ST has better acting, especially Nimoy's, but FV (ya ever notice that their initials rhyme?) had a more imaginative idea behind it than any of the ST episodes that I have seen (or of which I have read descriptions), as well as better special effects (natch, FV had a larger budget, but what has that to do with the argument? It's results that counts, not good intentions.).

And there are people who don't like THE AVENGERS. Gaaah! THE AVENGERS is what the creeps from U.N.C.L.E. try (and fail miserably) to be: a tongue-in-cheek spy show which is both amusing and exciting. April Dancer especially suffers from the comparison. When compared to Emma Peel (alias Diana Rigg) that turned-on A*L*I*V*E gal who effectively convinces me that she could clobber all the villains on both U.N.C.L.E. shows without breathing hard. Dancer shows up as a slightly stale sugar-coated cookie which

had too much sugar on it to begin with. Steed is also an exceedingly cool cat. Anybody want to start an AVENGERS fan club?

I SPY is enjoyable mainly because of Cosby and Culp. The show has one big flaw which renders it ridiculous: the Reds know that those two tennis players are, in reality, spies from Uncle Whiskers.

To Dick Lupoff: For info on Zombies, try THE MAGIC ISLAND (Harcourt, Brace, & Co.) by William Seabrook.

To Jerry Kaufman: Cyril M. Kornbluth did a Freudian analysis of E.E. Smith's Skylark and Lensman series in his essay in THE SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL. I thought it was rather humorous, although Kornbluth didn't intend it to be. He should have reread the Lensman series before he wrote the essay, since he makes numerous mistakes; some that undermine his thesis, in fact. For example, the Eich are not the top dogs of Boskonian and they aren't amorphous. The book is published by those tireless heroes at Advent and is worth the dough for Heinlein's essay alone.



To Doug Lovenstein: Groff Conklin did book reviews for Galaxy once upon a time. He cooled it with the October 1955 ish and Floyd C. Gale took over.

To Irv Jacobs: Your reasoning eludes me. What has Australia's policy toward Negroes, however disgusting it may be, to do with the rightness or wrongness of their actions (or with the actions of the U.S.) in Viet Nam? Incidentally, racism is prevalent in that lukewarm ally of North Viet Nam, the U.S.S.R. Read Victor Lasky's THE UGLY RUSSIAN (Pocket Books, 75¢).

/I don't like THE AVENGERS because after years of reading bad stf, I have become allergic to idiot plots, and THE AVENGERS seldom has any other kind. Also, I like characterization, of which THE AVENGERS had none whatsoever. (It has its good points - humor, sharp dialogue, interesting gimmicks - but they aren't enough to make it a favorite show of mine). RSC

Leland Sapiro, Box 82 University Station, Saskatoon, Sask., Canada

I didn't receive a copy of Yandro #170, but I can infer what you said about (penny-pinching at) Syracuse U. from Nan Braude's reply. And not only can I confirm what you said about Syracuse -- that they'll take any sf you give 'em, but won't buy any - but can testify that Nan is simply wrong about the few universities now willing to buy sf. Hell, the RQ alone has got 23 university subscribers - including Brown, Harvard, Penn State, Ohio State, Cal., Kentucky, & Stanford. There is a miserly library dept. at Syracuse U., & no rationalization can change this fact.

(I say the RQ "alone" in the preceding sentence because I'm sure that Extrapolation -- more or less the "official" sf mag of the Modern Language Association-- has many more U. lib. subs than I do.

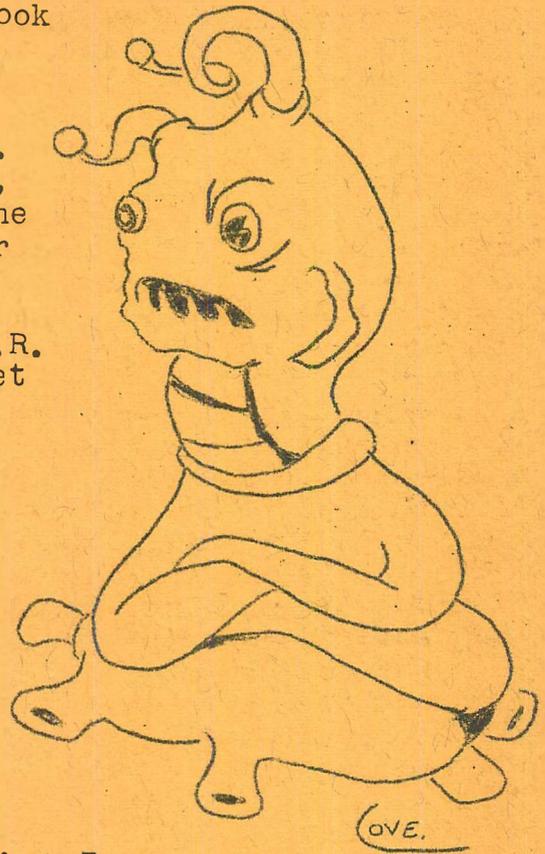
Sherna Comerford, 83 Lincoln Avenue, Newark, New Jersey, 07104

I live in the north part of the city. The rioting has been mainly in the south and west part. There is a poor Negro area starting at Broadway, one block east of me, but so far I can lock the door, and still have a psychological womb to crawl back into at night. I have seen no actual rioting, and I spent most of that weekend in Brooklyn. But Newark is a horror.

Friday - I took the bus (south) to the lab. As we rode toward the downtown area, passengers were craning necks to see. There was no sign of rioting or looting, but several groups of police were in the area. Taverns were closed, and one or two stores as well. Faces were tense, and a few people carried radios.

Lunch hour - I walked down Broad Street. The lab, near Broad and Central, is about a ten minute walk down from Broad and Market, the heart of the business district. Word was some stores were still burning there. I didn't go to look.

Wednesday night I had taken a spill on my little motor scooter. Nothing serious. Now, as I limped along with my bruises and bandaids showing



the usual stares of sympathy were grim. For some reason, I was glad, on the two occasions when people stopped me to ask, to have the opportunity to tell them, "No, you're wrong, I wasn't in it."

At 2:00 p.m., I was in the poster duplicating dept., asking about using their mimeo for the up-coming Spock 'zine. A call came through to go home - the student center was being closed. I arrived back at the lab in time to get the same call. Rutgers-Newark was closing all the way. I left for my usual weekend in Brooklyn two hours early. As I passed Klein's (Broad & Raymond Blvd.) I saw that the florist's displays had been removed from the deep front entrance. Someone was pushing a trundle cart in that direction, with a load of cheap plywood panels.

Sunday night - I am back in Newark. It is about 9:30. The bus lets me off across from Klein's. The store is all boarded up. So are several others. Looking south, the streetlights are all on, and cars are moving, but the neons seem to stop about two blocks down. That would be Broad and Market.

In the distance I can hear gunfire. Volley after volley, like strings of firecrackers.

Jeeps, with soldiers carrying rifles, are going by, mixed with the regular traffic. They go in both directions. At least a dozen of them. A rifle sticks out of the window of a carload of state troopers, one of many such carloads. Some of the rifles have bayonets. Occasionally there are sirens. County Sheriffs' trucks pass with sirens going and lights flashing.

Sometimes the shooting stops, and I can pretend it won't begin again. I finally get a cab. He goes north, taking McCarter Highway to avoid the area where they were shooting earlier. It is north of the lab, but still south of my neighborhood. Many of the stores near me on Broadway are boarded up, but there is no sign of broken glass.

Monday morning--There is no mail delivery. There was none Saturday. Rutgers is open. The bus is running. (It apparently wasn't, last night.) Some of the stores have the words "soul brother" neatly written in soap or crayon on the windows. One has a cardboard sign with these words on it, taped to the inside of the window. I believe that this is "the blood of the lamb on the doorposts of the houses of the Hebrews" (I am Jewish). Yes, I know I'm being melodramatic. This is real, dammit!

In the daylight, downtown Newark is quiet. Many stores are closed.

It is now Monday afternoon. I'm going back to Brooklyn tomorrow to have an impacted wisdom tooth pulled: I may stay until this is over.

Mayor Addonizio has always been a fool. Now he is a moral accessory to murder. It is a fact of nature that if a fire is burning under a kettle of water, it will eventually boil. The man who accepted the responsibility of the title "mayor" has had the fire shown to him, and he has chosen to ignore it.

I make no apologies for the insurrectionists. I do not know enough about the issues involved to suggest what specifically might have been done. I do know, from a highly respected and personally informed friend, that the mayor was warned many times, and concrete suggestions were made as to how he could help douse the fire. I hope now the voters realize that there is a great deal of responsibility to go around, and that the mayor owns a sizeable share of it.

I was just in McCrory's - next door to Klein's. Someone said there was a sniper outside on Broad Street. Governor Hughes just announced that everything was under control, and the National Guard was being withdrawn.

[Is Addonizio's first name "Ralph"...as in "Locher"?.... JWC]

Nan Braude, 6721 E. McDowell Rd., Apt. 309-A, Scottsdale, Ariz., 85257

I see you quoted McLuhan in "Rumblings". You can't trust ANYbody any more. Did you see his article in "The Future of Sex" in the July 25 Look? He mentioned Heinlein.

I think that only a fan could stand being married to a fan. You couldn't expect a mundane husband to put up with stencils all over the kitchen, corflu in the paprika, and lame explanations of how the house hasn't been cleaned since last Candlemas because of apa deadlines. Of course, the poor fellow would look pretty silly filing for divorce and naming A.B. Dick as correspondent...

Here's a direct quote from the July 1, 1967 issue of TeeVee Magazine, a regional, semi-literate imitation of TV Guide:

8 p.m. (12) Star Trek

Sci. Fic. -- "Miri" The USS Enterprise discovers another "earth" whose childlike inhabitants are the victims of an abortive experiment to retard aging princesses.

It's curious to see the non-stfnic topics that become continuing debates in fanzines. There was the discussion of Gnosticism in Niekas, and now Yandro appears to be the voice of abortion fandom. I've always been tempted to put in my 2¢ worth for some time, but have always refrained on the assumption that the subject would be dropped. Since it hasn't been, I may as well fire away. My beef is the theological assumption that an embryo possesses a soul as of the moment of conception, so that an abortion equals murder. Now the soul, whatever it may be (consult the James Kidd claimants for more precise definitions), surely must be considered the highest of created essences, either including or transcending such faculties as reason and consciousness which are the most recent stages of evolution, not the beginnings. So presumably this soul would be the last thing to develop in the unborn infant. Therefore it seems to me ridiculous to suppose that a human soul inhabits a fetus until, at the earliest, the stage at which it is a viable organism (somewhere around the seventh month, I think: I've never heard of a baby more premature than that surviving). And abortions aren't performed that late.

/I think that's a perfectly fascinating idea. Any theologians care to dispute it? ..RSC Though you might want to push back the "viable" point a trifle -- if I recall correctly, there have been a few rare cases of six months' deliveries surviving, and I believe even one or two five-and-a-half-months' living, though these are unusual enough to warrant special medical writeups (which is where I heard of them). ...JWC/

Doug Lovenstein, 425 Coolville Ridge, Athens, Ohio, 45701

In #169, What-Zis-Name (I don't have a copy available right now & I don't remember his name, so I'll call him What-Zis-Name) asks, "Who says LOC?" - Well, I'd like to ask him - who says letter of comment? Everyone I know either says "lock" or "elosee". Rarely do I hear any one say letter of comment.

VOYAGE & TIME TUNNEL are just stupid. LOST IN SPACE, now that's funny. Last one I saw was about a knight from outer space. Let's see any old rutabaga top that. Can't wait to see LAND OF GIANTS.

Good news for you guys. I'm converted. I still think FAHRENHEIT 451 is Great, but I think Roddenberry deserves it more, and it would probably do a lot to preserve this great show, and keep it great, to give them (Roddenberry, Shatner, Nimoy, & everyone else) the award. Yeah, Amen.

/Gee, I say letter of comment now and then. Really. ...JWC/

Ted White, 339, 49th St., Brooklyn, NY, 11220

TV interruptions for news events are a sore point with me, not because I consider the news less important than my momentary entertainment, but because it is handled so terribly unintelligently.

The first time I recall it happening was during a BATMAN segment, during that show's first season. Since I was then under the erroneous impression that I'd be writing a BATMAN novelization very soon, I had been watching each episode closely. It was interrupted several times. For a half-hour show, that meant that little continuity remained.

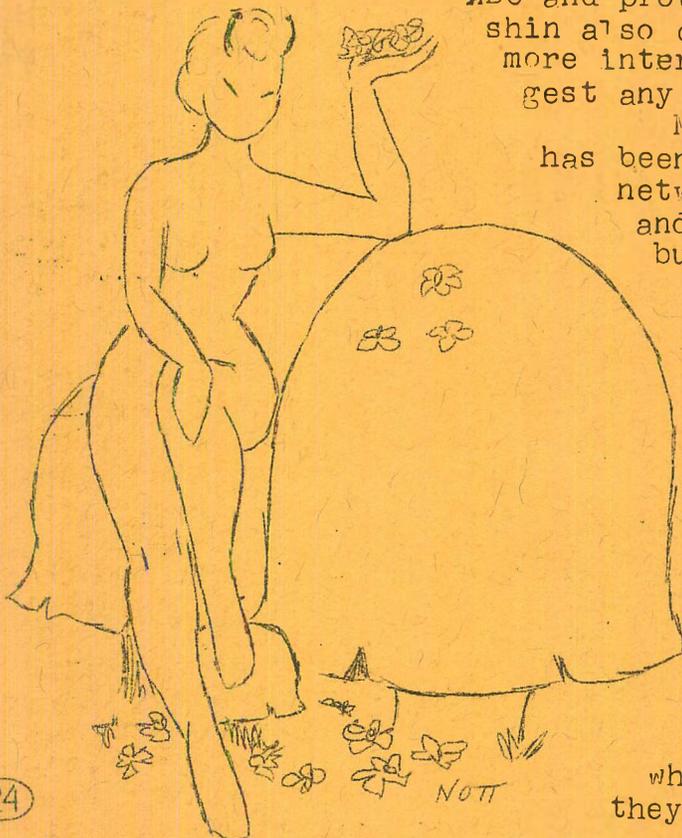
I don't recall the reason for the interruption on that occasion, but not long after that, while I was watching THE AVENGERS, on the same network (ABC), that program was interrupted. The gist of the interruption was: "Something is happening in our space program, but we don't know what. At the conclusion of this program, we'll have news for you." This was repeated for a total of three separate interruptions, none of which conveyed any information except that news would be forthcoming at the conclusion of that show. Each interruption began with a "Stand by for a special news bulletin" card which remained on the screen better than 30 seconds. Each "Bulletin" was one or two minutes long, and consisted of the announcer repeating the same thing several times over in different words. The conclusion was another thirty seconds or more of "we return you to the program" on another card. The total interruptions must have been between six and ten minutes. Since this occurred during the last half of the program (a rather good one, as I recall), the ending was all but impossible to figure out.

Now then: not one of these interruptions occurred during or interrupted a commercial. They were timed solely to interrupt a program which could only be harmed in the process.

This year, THE AVENGERS show, as Lin Carter pointed out in If, was a Fanoclast habit. And again a "news bulletin" interrupted the program. I believe there were two, during the first half hour of the show. I called ABC and protested. After I hung up, Alex Pan-shin also called and protested. There were no more interruptions, although I hesitate to suggest any cause and effect.

My experience with this sort of thing has been entirely with ABC, and it is that network with which I quarrel. However, and this is my whole point, the entire business of interrupting a network tv show with a news bulletin is totally unnecessary. It is equally easy to do, as I believe I once saw CBS do, run a moving line of type spelling out the pertinent details of the bulletin and any announcement of a "news special", across the bottom of the screen, without any interruption.

I am not happy with live pre-emption for news of this sort anyway. If something happens to an astronaut in space, I do not think that I am that much edified by the sight of a news commentator's face while I learn of the news. And until they put live-broadcast tv cameras in the



space capsules, that's about all we can expect (they won't have animations or mockups prepared for space mishaps). Likewise, live coverage of the war in the middle east has some interest, but live coverage of the UN is dreadfully boring, and if it has any value it is a negative one: it increases our contempt for the UN in its ineffectuality.

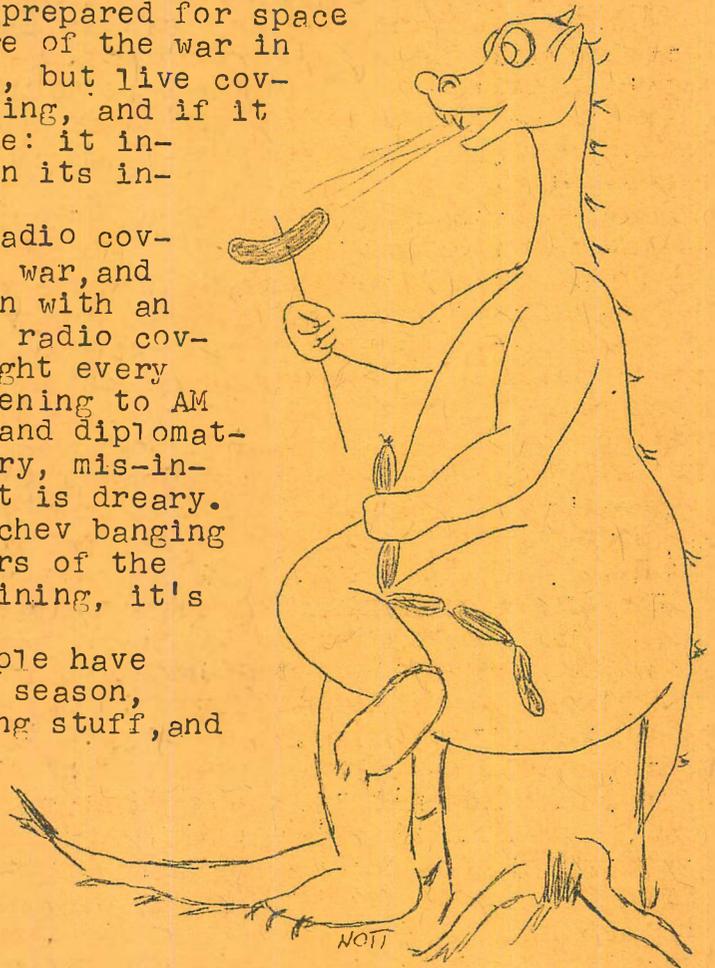
I remember the hours of live radio coverage of the UN during the Korean war, and WINS (the Westinghouse NYC station with an all-news format) had lots of live radio coverage this time, too, which I caught every time I was out in my car and listening to AM radio. It consisted of rhetoric and diplomatic nonsense, as conveyed by the dry, mis-inflected voices of translators. It is dreary. For one priceless moment of Khrushchev banging away with his shoe, there are years of the rest. It is not only not entertaining, it's not news.

Speaking of tv, I hope you people have caught the real sf tv show of the season, 21st CENTURY. This is mind-bending stuff, and invaluable for us sf hacks.

Likewise, ABC's SUMMER FOCUS on the marathon therapy session at Daytop Village, broadcast last week and, hopefully, to be re-broadcast sometime again, is the most important, dramatic, and valid depiction of the human experience I have ever witnessed on tv, and a shattering thing to behold. It really wasn't about drug addicts; it was about people. TV has never before been as honest.

Rumblings: Until I walked into the banquet room at the Midwestcon, I had no idea I was to be a speaker, and until Lou Tabakow asked that I debate him about the Hugos, I had no desire to speak on the subject. My "speech" was extemporaneous, and if I laid into Bill Mallardi too strongly, it was because I had accumulated some two months' worth of irritation with him and his published attacks on the Committee. A loudmouth is a loudmouth, and I thought he deserved proper silencing. At that, at least, I was successful.

Thanks for a pair of honest reviews of my books. I must quibble with you about the "big fat flaw" in JEWELS OF ELSEWHEN, though. It ain't. First off, there is a deliberate ambiguity: is the world of Ficarra the "real" 1967 or just an artificial world that is actually existing side-by-side with 1512? One begins the book believing that 1967 is our 1967. The characters have some background and depth; they have no reason to believe they have been in existence only six years, and indeed from their point of view they have not been. From the point of view of the Jewel Masters, their world is, well, a sham. But when Arthur and Kim return to "1967" again at the end, it is real...indeed, so real that they find the Jewel buried where they'd left it in 1512. So what's "real"? (Sorry about that, Phil.) As I see it, since their world was the projection of a 1512 in which the Jewels were unexploited, it must be an exact duplicate of our real 1967 (if ours is real). In this case, the master Jewel would have to exist where it had been buried centuries earlier, and it



would not be surprising if various "slave" jewels were also floating about. Besides which, Kim's jewel, "in the family for generations," is not a master Jewel, but is also at the same time not one of the slaves deliberately sensitized to a master Jewel.

It's a matter of subjective vs. objective reality. But, basically, no matter if their world was six years old, if you're in and of it, it has always existed.

Arthur's fever was the product of shock and exhaustion. Remember, he'd had far too little sleep and very little food, had gone through a bewildering series of inexplicable adventures, and had fallen some eighteen feet out of the air after which he'd picked up a grown woman and run with her. The fever didn't exactly just go away, either. His metabolism slowed somewhat, he cooled off, but he was obviously incapable of functioning at intercourse.

Buck, you remember when paperbacks cost 25¢? Then do you also recall that most had no price printed on them? The two-bits was so completely the accepted price that no one felt it necessary.

I don't understand Willem Van den Broek's bit about "the kind of message you, Dick and Ted White blow off about..." The last time I spent much time in Yandro, as I recall, trying to decipher a story's message, was Ward Moore's TRANSIENT. When was that? 1960? Sure, I've remarked in passing at one time or another that Phil Dick seems to show a preoccupation with reality and unreality (I think he was the most explicit in THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH, the title of which sums it all up in that regard), but that's not why I dig Phil's stuff. Actually, I'm not sure why I do like Phil Dick's novels. I'm generally opposed to novels about disagreeable or unlikeable people, and I don't like many of the aspirations of the current "new wave" in sf, and I am starting to look askance at "psychedelic" sf, but somehow Phil Dick hits me where I live. Maybe it's just because he's a damned fine story-teller. Maybe it's all those lovely, imaginative bits of business he throws in (a psycho-kinetic pianist, for ghod's sake, or classical jug music, or flying bug-like commercials, or...just marvelous!). Maybe it's because I share some of Phil's doubts about the way man is learning to manipulate reality and Truth. I dunno. I've never tried to really analyze my delight with Phil, and I don't know whether I can. But it sure as hell isn't his "messages".

Willem also makes a basic confusion of purposes in contrasting my "stated intentions" in writing a juvenile book with Alex's thesis on what younger sf readers like and want.

There are several ways to look at it. One is that Alex believes kids want what he wanted as a kid. And I think they want what I liked as a kid. We're both right. But since I'm me, I write to meet my set of standards. However, I should point out that Alex liked MARAUDER SATELLITE very much, and gave it a fine review in Ben Solon's unspellable, unpronounceable fanzine. So we couldn't have been as far off as all that.

A key phrase in my remarks was "I did not try to write down to my audience, nor did I try to uplift them in any particular way." Therefore, the statement that "Ted wrote specifically for a young audience" is at least misleading.

What Willem, and I imagine many people, misunderstands is that while kids of all ages may be sampling material for all ages, both above and below them in intended age-level, this is not what publishers publish for. As a kid I began reading Heinlein at age eight or nine. Within a couple of years I was also reading Groff Conklin anthologies, but I continued to read Heinlein's juveniles. (And I still read them. Most are fine books by any standard.)

The Heinleins were in the juvenile section of the town library, the only

section I was allowed to borrow from at that age. I read just about everything in that section, several times over. The Conklin anthologies, even if they'd been published, would have been out of my reach unless I had parents or older brothers or sisters who read sf (I didn't) to take them out and expose me to them.

Publishers publish for categories. My juvenile is labelled for 12-to-15 year olds. That's not my choosing. But that is what I must, perforce, write for. In other words, I must meet certain standards which my editor feels are appropriate to the age-group in question. If I do not, then I stand a good chance of not seeing the book published.

But while I pay lip-service to these rules, I am writing to please the kid inside me who wanted to read that book years ago. And to him I am not patronizing. The science in my juveniles is "harder" than in my adult paperbacks. The characterizations are, I suspect, better realized. The story is genuinely dramatic, but without great melodrama. I believe in involving my readers because I am firmly convinced that anyone who reads fiction for pleasure wants to be involved in the book he's reading-- Alex's thesis be damned. I won't preach to my readers, because that's patronizing, but if I can tell them something that's true, that they had not before known, I will be very happy. And I am trying to give them sf that will not only attract them to the field of sf as a whole, but to me as a writer -- books that will make of them regular Ted White fans, just as I was a Heinlein fan -- because that is where my living is as a writer. Those are my "rules".

Will someone show Doug Lovenstein some of those old Galaxys with Groff Conklin's "Five Star Shelf" in them?

Pasting a return-addressed business-reply card or envelope on a brick is quite legal, and the addressee must accept the item at first-class rates plus a surcharge for the privilege of using business-reply services. Furthermore, he cannot refuse the mail, having already tacitly accepted it by paying for it. That permit he took out guarantees he'll pay for and accept all mail addressed to him with it. The P.O. won't kick, because they make money on first-class mail, and a brick weighs enough to make them a lot more money than usual. So Bjo need not worry.

But I worry, though. What does Kay Anderson mean by that peculiar sentence about Heinlein's twins, and Simak's "next in front yards, backyards, and bathrooms?"

I agree with the Thompsons about Norwood's magazine reviews, which I notice are absent this month. In a fat fanzine, like Cry used to be or the WSFA Journal usually is, prozine reviews don't bulk out too much and can be interesting. But unless they venture solid criticism of at least one story per issue, they are of pretty thin value.

Jim Blish not only did a STAR TREK book for a low flat fee, but, after that book sold phenomenally well, contracted for a second for the same flat fee. (This means he makes no royalties and the profits from the book's high sales will not come to him.) I asked him why. He told me that he had twenty-four other books in print which stood to profit. I think he may be right. He says he received a great deal of mail on the STAR TREK book and that many of them asked him what else he'd written. He replied to all of them and, I should imagine, appended a list of his other books. Right now Lancer has WARRIORS OF DAY out and Avon has done all the Okie series, so these books are readily accessible.

But I wonder: how many of these STAR TREK fans, most of them teenaged or sub-teenaged, by Blish's report, will enjoy his other books? Blish is a sometimes difficult, often dry writer. How many will buy another Blish book, start it, and lay it down to return to gawking at tv? And how many will go on buying and reading sf as a result? We'll know in a

few years. But you can guess my prediction.

Maybe it's time Kevin Maul tried a Heinlein juvenile.

For F. Schuyler Miller's information, that "equally grim story" of "a rather quiet teen-age girl out with the gang on a wild night of speed and drugs," is Richard Matheson's "Dance of the Dead" in Star Science Fiction Stories #3. And he's right: it's set in the St. Louis area.

Several other of our readers also recalled the Matheson story; Hank Davis, Rick Brooks, and I think a couple of others whose letters I can't find. ...RSC7

John & Bjo Trimble, 243 Santa Rosa Avenue, Oakland, California, 94610

I'm very impressed with the fact that all ST people we met (at the Westercon) knew about TOFF. The two women who showed up to watch HMS Trek-a-Star (a script co-ordinator and an effects artist) asked me how the TOFFund was doing, and I crogged. "Scotty" was the fashion show announcer (he's a doll!) and when I sold him 10 tickets for the Spock-ears raffle, and started to explain about TOFF, he said he knew it was for the Japanese fan...and then went on to complain that he could get all the old sweaty used Spock ears he wanted, and how had I managed to sell him chances on some? He gave the tickets to ST fan #1, Dorothy Jones, who didn't win the ears, but will probably frame the tickets!

Poetic Justice...Forry won the ears. Wouldn't you know it? - BJO

John speaking now...I find ST interesting, and much more worth watching than much else on the tube. I am not as enthusiastic about it as is Bjo, and damned-sight less rabid than a lot of ST Fans I know. I haven't been interested in watching re-runs of programs I've already seen, but a couple of ST programs have impressed me as being pretty fair stf; easily as good as 90% of what has been appearing in the prozines over the last half-decade or so. That doesn't make STAR TREK great stf, or even very good stf, but it's a start, f'Ghu'sake, and I think it deserves more than the blasting Ted White and some others have given it.

I disagree, for instance with Harlan's claim--at Westercon XX--that it is s--t...better grade s--t than we've ever been given as stf on teevee previously, but still s--t. But I do agree with his solution to the "problem"; write in, and demand better stf. I suggest that the best way to get results from such writing-in is to praise what has been good about ST, and to ask, suggest, even plead for higher-grade stf.

This I disagree with Ted White time, I guess, but I've another bone to pick with him. First off, I don't think most fans who have objected to the "Pong" Awards have been objecting to the "loss" of the fan Hugo. Sure, some have, but I think they're the "vocal minority" Ted referred to. From what I've read (and I think I've read most of the HUGO-"Pong" controversy bit), and the letters I've received as part of the HUGO Study Committee for '67, I'm really convinced that most fans who objected to the NyConCom's actions were objecting to the methods used, rather than the actions taken.

That is, most of us do not feel that the NyConCom was in fact being honest, "open and above-board" in their actions. If they'd wanted to act in such a manner, they'd have brought the matter up at Tricon and -- in all probability--have had their changes approved pretty much as they'd have proposed them.

John, as far as I can see, Harlan thought STAR TREK was the greatest show on Earth when it bought his stuff, and s--t when it failed to produce his stuff in the exact manner in which he wrote it. (I keep recalling the incident a couple of years ago when Harlan insisted that some

fanzine editor refrain from changing one immortal syllable in some story Harlan gave him, and then when the readers wrote in to say the story was lousy, Harlan agreed with them. He apparently can't stand revision of his work, even when he knows it's crap.) ... RSC7

Dennis Lien, Lake Park, Minnesota, 56554 .

During the 4th of July weekend I started re-reading my old Yandros - I discovered I now have slightly over 50, what hath Ghu wrought? - and have so far got up to early '65. In the process, I discovered that I've only had four tocs printed in Yandro in all my many (well - four) years as a faithful reader, and that said four letters, plus two parodies and some comments upon them, plus your review of my one-shot of 1964, Fiasco, constitute my total egoboo for said 50 issues. A hell of a note for the relationship between the world's best second-rate fanzine, and me, one of Cry's best second-rate letterhacks in its last year, and formerly the Burroughs Bibliophile's 219th-rate most reliable member. (I could be talked into selling my old BB zines, by the way, if you know of any ~~subscribers~~ buyers).

So, I thought, Bush me lad (that's my current nickname and indicates an affectionate reference to my gorgeous beard, it does), I thought, write a parody for Yandro. You know, something you've read lately.

But I haven't read anything lately.

So, I thought, Obscene old boy (that's my ex-nickname, 'cause it rhymes with my surname, it does) I thought, write a story for Yandro. Your know, utilizing one of your sparkling ideas.

But I didn't have any sparkling ideas.

So, I thought, Denny old thing (and that's my real name, and it's awfully dull), I thought, write a letter for good old Yandro. A few natterings, a few comments, a little hair of the apple that polished you and once more fame and glory can be yours, and John Kusske can stop asking someone at Morris who knows someone at Moorhead State who knows me whatever happened to good old Denny Lien, sometime letterhack, parodist, and one-shot publisher? (Well - John wasn't all that worried, I don't think. But anyway, now He Knows. Or will, if you publish this))

In about six weeks, I receive my B.A. from dear old Moorhead State and take off for the U of Arizona for grad work in English literature (no, not John Brunner, worse luck) for from one to three years, depending on draft status. (I have high hopes of flunking the physical, if it ever comes to that. Even for a bearded bespectacled sf fan, I'm in pretty rotten shape). My fellowship will pay up to three years which (cross fingers) will be just enough time - with luck and sweat - to get my PhD. So by summer of 1970, I should be either PFC Lien or Dr. Lien, or dead, or some combination thereof. Assuming I learn to spell, of course.

Is Fandom Ready For Another Goddamn English Lit Major?

I can honestly say college has been far and away the greatest time of my life, but then I've led a pretty lousy life. (All 22 egocentric years of it). I'd better like it. I plan to spend the rest of said life in academia, one way or another. Knowledge Is Just A Goddamn Hobby.

And public apology to you, sir, for mislaying your letter when I was tallying the Favorite Author poll. Dennis's list was, in order, Heinlein, Thorne Smith, Lewis Carroll, Poul Anderson, Merritt, ERBurroughs, Leiber, Vance, Zelazny, Cordwainer Smith, Brunner, Sheckley, Brown, Tolkien, Lovecraft, Dick, Kuttner, Norton, Russell, and Chandler. ..RSC7

STRANGE FRUIT



S F WEEKLY #190, 191, 192, 194, 195 (Andy Porter, 24 East 82nd St, New York, N.Y. 10028 - weekly - 3 for 25¢) The most regular of the newsletters; a way to keep up on what's going on in the fan and pro ranks. Occasional books reviewed, market reports (stf, not stock) and other items. Usually consists of two pages.

RATATOSK #47 (Bruce Peiz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - irregular - 3 for 25¢) Similar to the above; somewhat less regular about publication dates.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES, #7, 8 (S F Times, Inc., P.O. Box 216, Syracuse, N. Y. 13209 - monthly - 30¢, or \$3.00 per year) A somewhat bigger newsletter; both of these are 10 pages, and one includes George Hear's HYBORIAN TIMES as a rider. Essentially the same type of news as above, with more emphasis on professional coverage and book reviews (the latter often reprinted from PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY).

CINEFANTASTIQUE #3, 4 (Fred Clarke, 7470 Diversey, Elmwood Park, Illinois 60635 - monthly? - he says bi-weekly but they haven't been appearing that way - 3 for 30¢, "large issues 30¢") The leading - as far as I know - newsletter about fantasy films, with some comments on film magazines such as CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN included.

SKYRACK, #94 (Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire, Great Britain - irregular - 6 for 50¢ surface mail or \$1 airmail) Reports of SKYRACK's demise in some fanzines seem to have been greatly exaggerated. Ron included a letter with this one, and said nothing about dropping SKY -- instead he talked about dropping his FAPA membership and reviving PLOY (but without positively committing himself on either). However, he is moving, so I would refrain from sending subscriptions until he gets settled, possibly some months from now. This is devoted primarily to British fan and pro news. Oh yes, I'm the US agent, so if you do send money, send it to me. (With luck, SKY may become the first newsletter produced in Singapore. With lots of luck....)

OSFAN #24, 25, 26, (Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Sta. Rd, Kirkwood, Mo. 63122 - monthly - 10¢) Primarily St. Louis club news, but with some general coverage. Mildly amusing as well as informational. "King Con"???? oog.

HUGO REPORT #2 (John Trimble, 243 Santa Rosa Ave, Oakland, Calif. 94610 - irregular - free for comments on the Hugos) Various opinions and comments on the Hugos, possible means of "improving" them, etc. John is doing a service to fandom by printing this, but I think that on the whole the Hugo Award would be a hell of a lot better off if fewer people talked about it and more people voted on it.

HAVERINGS #27 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, United Kingdom - bimonthly - 6 for \$1 - US agent, Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif. 94701) If you like my fanzine reviews, by all means get this. 11 pages devoted to nothing else, and Ethel's reviews are good, meaty, and informative. Even I like them, and I can't stand fanzine reviews, including my own.

CAPA-Alpha #32 (Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio 44060) - The official organ of a comics publishing group. For further in-

formation, talk to the Thompsons, not me.

Just got OSFAN #27, together with the program book of Ozarkon #2.

Dave Hulan, P.O. Box 422, Tarzana, Calif. 91356, is circulating information about a mail auction of such items as brass Tolkien figures, original comicbook panels, etc. Deadline for bids is Oct. 1.

BROBDINGNAG #65, 66 (John McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - 10¢) A journal of the game Postal Diplomacy.

For some reason, I have a copy of METEOR, "the newspaper of the 1968 British science fiction convention". You can get all issues by sending 7/6 (\$1.05) to Bill Burns, 13 Swanage Rd, Winton, Eccles, Manchester, Gt. Brit.

REALSOONNOW #1 (Banks Mebane, 6901 Strathmore St, Chevy Chase, Md. 20015 - "unobtainable by any rational process") which should make it easy for any fan to get. This is a con report, published apparently on lightweight cardboard. Why for you waste that fancy paper on a con report, Banks? Incidentally, I don't think Mark Irwin was "exulting" over having recorded any of Juanita's singing; I think you have him confused with Rick Brooks. Mark was bitching because he hadn't recorded any of it, not having been able to find us.

FOOLSCAP #1 (John Berry, 35 Dusenberry Road, Bronxville, New York 10708 - bimonthly - 25¢) John is trying for a "fannish" fanzine. Since I regard the fannish fanzine as pretty trying to begin with, the results aren't entirely to my liking. Arnie Katz' "filksong" is the best item in the issue, and John's editorial is reasonably good. There are also quite a few fanzine reviews.

SAPSAFIELD #7 (John Kusske, Route 2, Hastings, Minnesota 55033 - quarterly - sample issue, 10¢) Rich Brown is the star here, with a lovely bit about how he's writing a novel. It won't tell you anything about novel-writing, but it's one of the funniest bits I've read recently. There are reviews, parodies, an article on professional wrestling, etc.

10 POEMS (Telloyan Press, 8663 No. Oketo Ave, Chicago, Ill. 60648 - 50¢) This is more of a pamphlet than a fanzine; printed, high quality paper, slick cover, etc. Material is by Joe Sarno. I liked it much better than I usually like modern poetry (which probably doesn't mean much, since I usually hate modern poetry like poison).

I'm going to have to do something about this typewriter, I see.....

OCIMET #1 (Chuck Turnbull, 301 Maple St, Kearny, New Jersey 07032 - 15¢ - bimonthly) Editor-written, with a plea for outside material. Some very good artwork. "Star Trek" fans may appreciate Gene Turnbull's illustration of Yeoman Janice (but why her? -- I'm an Uhura fan).

SANDWORM #1 (Bob Vardeman, P.O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87112 - free for comment) Editor-written - comments on fandom, science, science fiction, and fanzines. A bit skimpy this time, but still worth every cent you're paying for it.

LOKI #10 (Dave Hulan, P.O. Box 1032, Canoga Park, California 91304 - 25¢ - irregular, or maybe quarterly) The major item here is a parody play, combining fandom, Fu Manchu, and Gilbert & Sullivan. Not bad. Lon Atkins includes some chess anecdotes that I'm not sure I believe, but they're certainly funny.

DYNATRON #32 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, N.M. 87107 - irregular - free for comment?) Roy is selling old fanzines. OLD fanzines -- you didn't believe it when I called him "ancient", did you?

Bob Vardeman eyes the new tv season reproachfully, and there is one of fandom's better letter columns. (Poo on C.W. John, though. Man originated in Africa. Read AFRICAN GENESIS.)

AUSLANDER #4 (Ed Cox, 14524 Filmore St, Arleta, Calif. 91331 - irregular - 20¢ - no long-term subs accepted) Major items are a Kris Neville speech - lovely - and the letter column, though there is also a con report. I've wondered for some time -- why are writers of bad science fiction like Kris Neville and Robert Moore Williams and Lin Carter and Emil Petaja such nice people in private life while the greats like Heinlein and Walter Miller, Jr. turn out to be s.o.b.'s? It doesn't seem right.

HECKMECK #13 (Manfred Kage, Schaesberg, Achter den Winkel 41, Niederlande; and Mario Kwiat, ⁴⁴ Münster/Westf., Dahlweg 33, West Germany - free) All editor-written (and everything is signed "M.K."; helpful). Mostly reviews of German fanzines, plus comments on Heidelberg, where the next German convention is being held. English-language; a glimpse of German fandom.

UNIVERSE #5 (Joe Krolak, 490 Cordova St, Winnipeg 9, Manitoba, Canada - monthly - 3 months, 60¢ - no shorter subs accepted) The official publication of the Science Fiction Fans & Comic Collectors of Winnipeg. Club-sponsored fanzines seem to be on the increase; well, that's the way YANDRO started. Primarily fiction, but there is an article on the club's presentation at a local "science fair" that might provide ideas to other clubs with similar intentions. Very poorly reproduced, but presumably they will improve with practice.

THE BRYTHUNIAN PRINTS #1 (Greg Shank, 204 W. 8th. St., Perrysburg, Ohio 43551 - 15¢ - approximately bimonthly) This is Hyborian Legion stuff; swords, sorcery and all that. Not too bad.

Incidentally, when a fanzine sports a large "staff", I try to list only one name -- either the person who is receiving sub money, or the one I assume sent it to me, or something. Too many names in a review are confusing and my reviews are undoubtedly confusing enough.

TRUMPET #6 (Tom Reamy, 2508 17th. St, Plano, Texas 75074 - quarterly - 60¢) The ultimate in fanzine reproduction -- better printing than most professional magazines. Largely fiction this time; since the only article is one of Pickering's diatribes, articles must have been in short supply this quarter. A prime item is the artwork, however. The bacover features Jim Cawthorn's drawings of hobbits (which are the only depictions I have encountered which agree with my visualization of hobbits). George Barr has a long segment in his illustrated version of THE BROKEN SWORD. And Earl Noe contributes photographic impressions of "Mr. Tambourine Man" -- well, the photos are interesting. The fiction is mostly good by fan standards; not quite professional.

FANTASY NEWS #4 (Harry Wasserman, 7611 No. Regent Rd, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53217 - irregular - "available for anything you can think of") This seems to cover three of our main "fandoms" -- science fiction, comics, and horror movies. Reviews, letters, a Bond parody, etc. A thick one; over fifty pages for your money (or whatever you send). Emphasis this time seems to be on movies and comics fanzines.

THE SELDON SEEN #2 (Sam Bellotte Jr, Box 10 E, 190 Willoughby St, Brooklyn, New York 11201 - irregular? - no price listed) The official organ of the Harry Seldon Foundation Society. (Harry Seldon???) Very neatly done, and a lovely photo cover, but the contents are mostly average quality fan fiction. Of course, if it really has "over 2000 readers", mostly in the New York area, it's aimed primarily at non-fans who aren't already up to their ears in amateur fiction.

NIEKAS #18 (Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, Calif. 94301 - irregular - 50¢ - co-editor, Ed Meskys) A little of everything; the transcript of an interview with Tolkien, the text of John Brunner's speech at the last Worldcon, some more of that damned Middle Earth glossary, letters, etc. A huge fanzine; over 60 pages (which makes it a smaller than usual issue, I believe).

SANCTUM #8 (Steve Johnson, 1018 No. 31st. St, Corvallis, Oregon 97330 - irregular - 25¢) Previous issues, I guess, have been comics fanzines. This is a general rambling sort of thing, with comments on movies, pop music, spy novels, etc. Promising.

GRIMWAB 4 (Harry Bell, 28 South Hill Road, Bensham, Gateshead 8, Co. Durham, Gt. Britain - quarterly? - free for comment) Very neatly done; good illustrations. Varied contents; fiction, verse, columns, and another article comparing fandom and jazz, which as a jazz hater I could do without.

LES SPINGE #18 (Darroll Pardoe, 11 Cheniston Gardens, London W.8 "until Sept. 1967" -- that's a hell of a note -- irregular -- no price listed.) I suppose first class mail will be forwarded; if I find out where he went I may even send him a YANDRO. Especially since this is a pretty good fanzine. (Provided, of course, you don't object to fanzines which say nothing about science fiction but have articles on British plant life, computer dating, and personal recollections.) The writing is very well done; I could do without "artistic" excesses like printing one sheet in yellow ink on black paper, but it is legible. Good artwork.

SCOTTISHE #44 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, United Kingdom - quarterly - 4 for \$1 - USAgent, Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif. 94701) Ethel's fanzines are about the only ones anymore that I read as soon as they arrive. In a microcosm which seems increasingly afflicted by dull writing, her material is interesting. (Well, I did skip "Thomas Hardy In Japan" in this issue, but the remainder was interesting.)

AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #10 (John Bangsund, 19 Gladstone Ave, Northcote N.16, Melbourne, Australia - bimonthly - \$2.40 per year - US Agent, Andy Porter, 24 E. 82nd. St, New York, N.Y. 10028) Well, I read part of this when it arrived, but it's an anniversary issue and runs over 90 pages, and... As the name implies, this is devoted primarily to review and criticism of science fiction, and presents probably the best such material currently available. This issue has some fiction (and an upside-down page, which I showed to Juanita to cheer her up about the one in YANDRO recently.) One of the best fanzines you can get.

STARLING #10, (Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Station Road, Kirkwood, Mo. 63122 - irregular - 25¢) With Richard Gordon, Leigh Couch, and Joe Sanders, Hank has finally got contributors who can write as well as he can, and in consequence has a quite good fanzine. Two objections; I hate to see the censorship argument go around fandom again (even tho I may contribute by writing a letter), and I prefer headings that I can read to "artistic" ones that I can't. Otherwise it's an excellent fanzine.

SYNCOM #1 (Jeff D. Evans, 6825 S.W. 80th St, So. Miami, Florida 33143 - irregular - 25¢) This one is designed to flush Florida fans out of the swamps and hotels, so the approach is a trifle elementary for veteran fans. However, the explanations of science fiction, fandom, the Hyborian Legion, and the list of fan terminology could make it valuable to newcomers.

This leaves me with STROON 7, ODD 17, and COSIGN 12, and they will just have to wait, since I'm not about to start another stencil.

BURKE'S BOOK STORE
634 POPLAR
MEMPHIS, TENN. 38105

GOLDEN AGE PULPS FOR SALE
SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINES FROM 1927 TO 1942

ASTOUNDING
AMAZING STORIES
CAPTAIN FUTURE
FANTASTIC ADVENTURES
PLANET
WEIRD TALES
UNKNOWN
SCIENCE WONDER QUARTERLY
WONDER STORIES

AND MANY OTHERS

PLUS

BLUE BOOK AND OTHER ADVENTURE PULPS

BURROUGHS MATERIAL

AND (LAST BUT NOT LEAST)

BIG LITTLE BOOKS

WRITE FOR OUR PRICE LIST

BURKE'S BOOK STORE
634 POPLAR
MEMPHIS, TENN. 38105