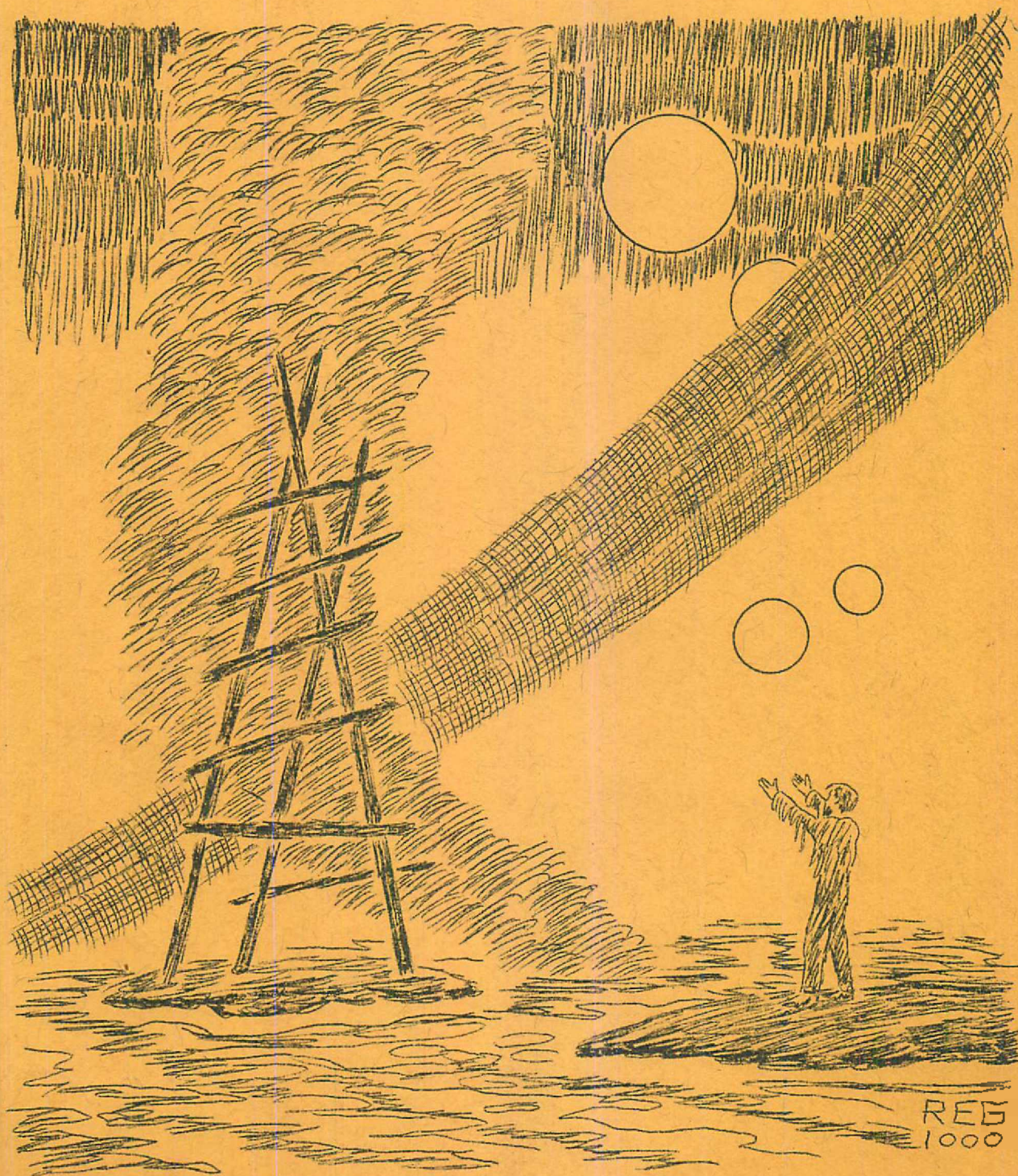


Yandro



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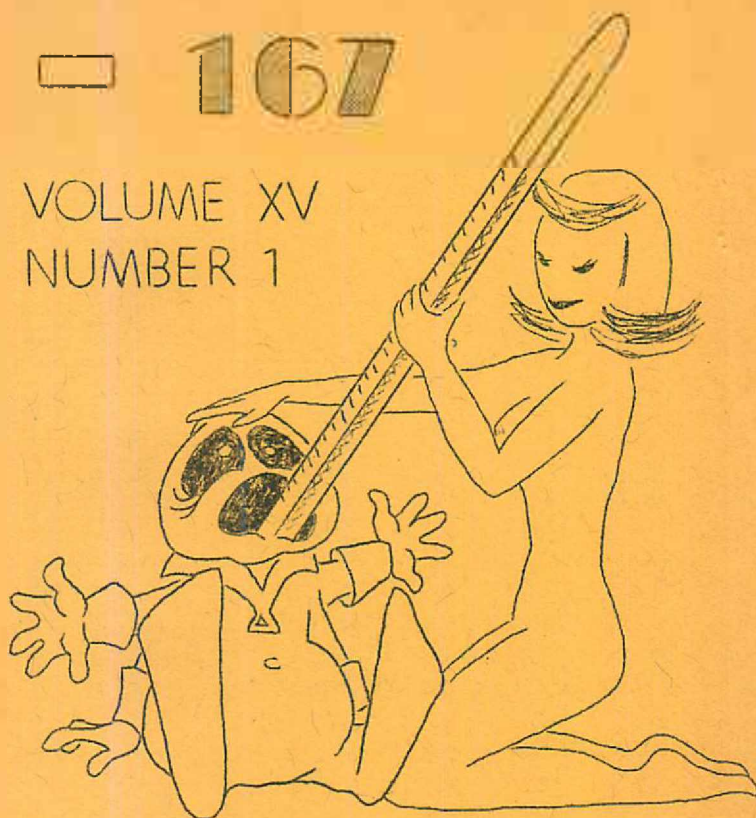
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Thomas Stratton Rides Again!

VOLUME XV
NUMBER 1



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Despite what it says on the contents page preceding, and despite what all logic might tell you, gentle reader, the page opposite this one is not page 3, even tho this is page 2. The page opposite this page is page 4. It's a short, tiresome story, and a somehow disgustingly fitting climax to a very traumatic issue. To a very traumatic month, as far as that goes (for further details, see page 4, opposite, and page 5, two pages further on.)

Mostly, after a long series of goofs, errors, foulups, unexpected obstacles, I forgot to properly adjust the margin when running the first page of Buck's editorial. So when reading, adjust yourselves accordingly, and kindly think of our two heads as just a bit more scrambled than usual.

I don't know whether to hope next month will be better, or just start praying that it doesn't get any worse.

Our own tiny domestic tragedies pall compared to the events at Cape Kennedy a scant two weeks ago. Many months ago, I remarked in Yandro on my ~~amazement~~ that our initial journeys beyond Earth's atmosphere had produced no confirmed fatalities (allowing for Russian censorship - they claim they have had no loss of life, and for lack of definite pro or con information, we must for the time being accept their claim); the earlier deaths, all aircraft crashes, were tragic, but somehow something easier to accept -- military aircraft plow into housing developments, small towns and each other with dismaying frequency. We've almost come to expect it. But up till now, our luck with actual spacecraft has been phenomenal -- and it just about had to run out eventually.

The news hit Indiana particularly hard, because they saw a great deal of Grissom on tv and in the newspapers, as home state boy Who Made Good... whenever he came home to visit, big writeups. He and Gordo Cooper jointly entered a speedboat contest and spent a fair amount of time in Ft. Wayne at a ~~supply~~ specialist of that sort of hardware -- beating off eagerbeaver representatives of the local news media while they made their purchases, engine tunings and whatnot. At one time they were desperately requested by a local tv reporter that if they wouldn't say anything for the station, would they at least rough a little into the mike, just so the audience would know he (the reporter) wasn't making up the entire thing.

I suppose I feel the greatest sorrow for Chaffee, because he never even got into orbit. But for all three, I feel regret; I realized long ago I'd been born a century too soon, and I would never set foot on a planet other than this one -- but Grissom, White, and Chaffee at least had a chance to reach the moon. I know that desire -- a veritable religious passion -- and knowing they might have been able to, and now will not get the chance hurts, very much.

Buck has recounted the domestic crises of the past few weeks, minor, from the point of view of permanency, but pretty wild and woolly whilst they ran.



The story you are about to read is true. Only a few of the details have blurred, to save my sanity. YANDRO is late again, but this time we have reasons! Oh, boy, do we! It all began on a quiet evening not so long ago, when the valve on our gas space heater stuck for a couple of hours one night -- until I went to investigate the funny noise, which turned out to be the stove trying frantically to answer the call of the thermostat. It was a cold night, and by the time I fixed the trouble, some of the pipes had frozen. We're

used to that; we had the defective valve replaced and thought no more of the matter. We also made a cardinal mistake; we left the taps open. It had been below zero when they froze; a couple of nights later the temperature was up to 50°. (Hoosiers like to repeat the phrase, "if you don't like our weather, just stick around awhile".) The pipes thawed, and the drain, which had also frozen, didn't thaw; not soon enough, anyway. On Friday morning I got up as usual, headed, half-awake, for the bathroom -- and on crossing the threshold between living room and "office", stepped into a half inch of cold water. I'll say one thing; it's great for waking you up fast. My screams roused the rest of the house, and we got the taps shut off, and Bruce and I left, he for school and I for work, leaving Juanita to face the mess. It only covered the office and kitchen (bathroom drain had apparently thawed in time), but they're both big rooms.

The next week we had our ice storm. The power considerably stayed on until we'd seen "Star Trek" and Bruce had watched "Dragnet". The lights went out about the time Bruce was getting ready for bed. They stayed out. The stove has a fail-safe rig which ensures that if the thermostat conks out, the stove shuts off, so we had no heat. This happened on Thursday at 10:00 PM. I worked as usual Friday, while Bruce and Juanita circulated around town trying to keep warm. Friday night and still no power; we paid a surprise visit to Juanita's mother in Anderson. Came back Saturday afternoon; power was back on and the temperature in the house was 38°. I plugged the stove back in (I'd unplugged the thermostat connection when we left, since the stove isn't designed for constant running) and nursed the temperature back up; by Sunday afternoon we were back to normal.

Sunday Bruce and I went out to spread bread crumbs for the birds and knock some ice off the corn for the rabbits, and I caught a beautiful cold.

In and around all this, Juanita has been trying to finish her novel for Ace, and Gene DeWeese and I knocked out 3-chapters-and-outline for submission. All in all, it's been a month to remember.

Good news for some readers; after this issue, there will be no more material by or about Stephen Pickering in YANDRO. DEGLER! #164 prints a letter from Forry Ackerman, announcing that Pickering, while a guest in his house, had robbed him of collector's items "valued at over \$3700". (I wonder who valued them, but in any event the exact amount is immaterial.) DEGLER! #165 prints a letter from Pickering, which for outright stupidity and sheer unmitigated gall surpasses anything else I've seen in fandom. Pickering's "defense" is that all the material has been returned (even he doesn't admit it was returned voluntarily, however), that he made a mistake, "like anyone else", and vague threats of legal and perhaps other

THIS IS PAGE TWO OF RAMBLINGS/THIS IS PAGE TWO OF RAMBLINGS/THIS IS PAGE

I have been thru my own little set of ingrown toenail size problems. For the past few months, my nose has been threatening to bleed at erratic intervals -- never developing into the carmine flood that so horrified me last January, but giving my adrenals a jolt and raising my back hair each time a dribble showed. So, having some very simple knowledge of possible causes of nosebleed, I went in and had my blood pressure checked. 180. Take the same pills Buck does and come back in two weeks. I took the blood pressure pills and the Sansert to prevent migraine exactly two days....I went into galloping tachycardia and various other unpleasant side effects and determined I'd rather have a headache than a stroke. I quit taking Sansert and went back (early), to the doctor, pleading for something for migraine type headache which would not elevate the bloodpressure -- and was given tranquilizers. At least, he said they were tranquilizers. I don't feel a bit tranquil -- if anything, more jittery than usual. But when I went back in two weeks, my blood pressure was 125. The doctor stared at the gauge for some time and asked a lot of puzzled questions. I can only warn overweight migraine sufferers to beware of Sansert as a specific for the headache -- apparently it, all by itself, can practically shove the gauge way up.

Not only do tranquilizers not tranquilize me, but I found out some time ago that phenobarbital, on me, acts as a super shot of caffeine. Perhaps I'm an alien?

And speaking of aliens, this issue we have a speculation by Alexis Gilliland on the nature and origins of "Little Orphan Annie". Never having been a Trib buyer or reader, I have encountered that comic strip but rarely, but I was interested in some of Gilliland's conclusions, particularly his speculations regarding "The Asp". At the time Alex wrote this, I doubt STAR TREK was on the airwaves, but now that it is, it's obvious what species "The Asp" is -- he's at least part Vulcanian, obviously.

Two weeks ago, this date, STAR TREK did a time travel episode. Time travel is always a tricky thing to handle -- one must first suspend disbelief about time travel, period -- difficult for me. I tend to think of most time travel stories, short stories or novels, as borderline fantasy....but if one is going to deal with Time travel, one must, as even fantasy writer Bradbury did, accept and deal with the problems of paradox. As far as I have been able to tell, the ABC program TIME TUNNEL has never encountered the word "paradox".....and after some of the weird "historical" adventures the alleged heroes have encountered, Yan reader Kay Anderson wondered aloud: "Have they realized yet that they are in a parallel past, not the past of our Earth?"

So it was distinctly pleasant to see STAR TREK not only accept the problem of paradox involved in time travel, but not try to ignore the whole thing in the assumption that it would go away. "Don't step on the butterflies."

It is amazing, too, that apparently the same mundanes who are beginning to accept and enjoy STAR TREK, to the point of appreciating with chuckles the reactions of 20th Century characters to Mr. Spock, are equally able to accept the xenophobia and All-Aliens-Are-Out-to-Conquer-and-Enslave-Us-All. Fans can switch from Russell's pro to anti human or alien concepts with some awareness of what Russell is playing around with, but I fear that's not what the mundane television audience is doing: I'm not sure what they are doing, but if a pilot is forced to make a landing in a wheatfield some dark night, and knocks on a door for help, I hope he gets greeted as a Spock, and not as an Invader.....

JWC

action (this part is as unclear as most Pickering writings) against anyone who dares make any comments in print. The fact is that Pickering is a thief, and anyone who associates with him in the future does so at his own risk. (This is a public service announcement....)

Of course, other people do make mistakes. I thought Pickering might, with sufficient encouragement, develop literacy, despite his ultra-seriousness and hectoring attitude towards opponents. Forry Ackerman thought he was an admirer. I don't think either of our errors are in quite the same category as Stephen's.

I would have removed comments on Pickering material from this issue, but I don't think he's worth throwing out stencils for, and the stuff was already cut.

Is fandom having more scandals recently, or am I just finding out about more of them? I don't recall anything like the Pickering, Breen, or D. Bruce Berry incidents when I was getting into fandom. Of course there was Degler, but that was a long time ago. (Note to nitpickers; I am listing the Breen scandal with the other; I am not comparing Walter to either Pickering or Berry, personally.)

We continue to get things in the mail, and I continue to lose track of who sent them. Some day I'll get a system. I think it was Mike Viggiano who sent the clipping on Grace Lee Whitney. Incidentally, we welcome any long items on "Star Trek", if you see any in your local papers, and if you have advance notice of any magazine coverage let us know. We found out about the EBONY spread too late to get a copy (see letter column) -- I believe we are going to get one, thru one of our vast number of contacts, but magazines like that aren't available on the local newsstand. (Not much is available except READER'S DIGEST and LIFE, if it comes to that.) Dodd continues his regular supply of cuttings, including a lovely review of "Rat Patrol" in which the reviewer patiently explains that the American slant of the show is perfectly all right for Americans, since it is "no more than cowboys and Indians played out in the sand dunes" anyway. "But who on earth in the B.B.C. thought fit to buy this gritty rubbish?" Who, indeed? It would seem that American tv exports would be restricted to obviously American situations, not by showing a situation that the receiving country handled earlier -- and better -- than we did.

At one time, I actually possessed a list of notes for this editorial. They seem to have gone the way of everything else these past days.

While we were avoiding chilblains in Anderson (after a wild ride down thru a miniature blizzard) I went to the Anderson news stand. It was an error; I came back with \$7.70 worth of books and magazines. One of them was a new Soviet mag, SPUTNIK DIGEST. Due to the name it was located in with the science fiction, but it isn't; it's sort of a Russian version of PAGEANT and SCIENCE DIGEST combined, and a reasonable buy at 50%. Cover features a painting by Fedoskino illustrating, presumably, "The Firebird" legend. Science, geography, psychology, propaganda, an article on "Visitors From Outer Space", and a scathing indictment of Cornelius Ryan's The Last Battle which interested the history buff in me. Look the mag over if you get a chance.

Another book for the history-minded is To Die With Honor, the story of the Jewish uprising in the Warsaw ghetto in 1943, by Leonard Tushnet. The author is no Fletcher Pratt or Alan Moorehead; he moves along in a dry, stolid manner, letting his enthusiasm for commemorating as many individual names as possible get in the way of the story. But the events are dramatic enough. I got it remaindered in Milwaukee for \$1, which is a fair price for it.

EIRIKSSAGA DRITA: THE ONLY FOLDING

UMBRELLA IN REYKJAVIK

TRANS. & ED. BY CHEZ DORR

(FROM "THE SAGA OF ERIC THE DIRTY")

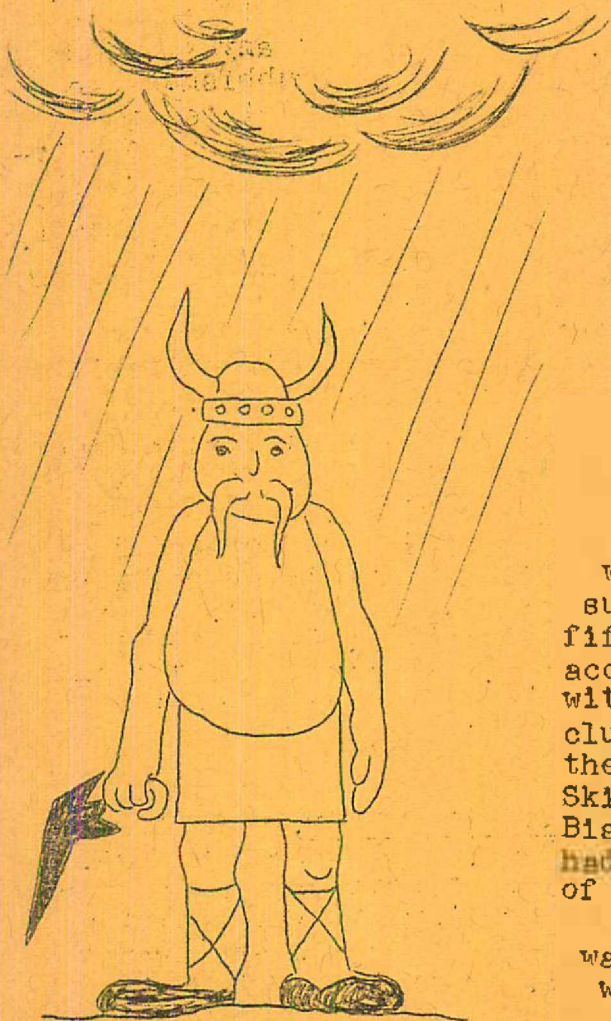
During the third year of Eric's outlawry there was a man who claimed to own the only folding umbrella in Reykjavik and, as any folding umbrella would be held an object of admiration, this fortunate possessor of the only folding umbrella in all of Reykjavik was, as might well be expected, particularly favored by the respect and adulation of his neighboring franklins for miles around. He was, in short, a lion.

He was, in fact, the greatest lion in all the Sunnlentheinga and as a result of this lionization was, you may be sure, feted and banqueted as often as he was able to make an appearance -- which was quite often provided it did not rain. In short time he was known throughout all of Iceland and report of his fame had reached even into the the kingdom of Norway. Rich and content he was the darling of all the Reykjavik maidens, of those that were, and the despair of all the men -- he was a Social Success.

And deep in his hall, in a special umbrella stand richly adorned with enamels and beaten gold, lay the cause of his success: the Only Folding Umbrella in All of Reykjavik.

This umbrella, in fact, was of great antiquity having been originally purchased at a small shop in North-umbria (in the days when quality craftsmanship was prized for its own sake) and carried for many a generation afterward by the man's ancestors. This carrying, too, was most illustrious -- so said Thorkil the Lawspeaker at the Althing that summer but, alas that the things of this world are transitory, this speaking resulted in the ruin of the man. For on the fifth Althingday (a Thursday) it rained. And according to the reliable testimony of the witnesses and bondsmen there drawn up, including Sighvatr the Gimp, son of Sigmundr the Fat, and Ragnarr Shaggybreaks, son of Skirnir the Dirty-mouthed, and Munarvagr the Bishop, and Flosja, daughter of Signy, who had a good head for historical fact, daughter of Nari the Addled, he got wet.

Now in the Icelandic law of the time it was not accounted unusual for a man to get wet. But if that man were the same as he who owned the only folding umbrella in



Reykjavik, and thereby himself an Unusual Man, it was unusual. And so, the contending parties being drawn up, the full story of the famous folding umbrella had at last to be told.

It seemed, according to the Books of Iceland, that the umbrella in question had not, in fact, always been a folding umbrella. It had, on the contrary, been once an ordinary umbrella no better nor worse than any of the four thousand eight hundred ninety-two other umbrellas in the Sunnlendinga region until one day, during the reign of Haraldr Bigfeet of Norway, it came to pass that it was accidentally run over by a horsecart in the vicinity of Helgafell in the Vestfirthinga of Fjorðungr. From that day on, whether by chance or the will of the Gods, it had been a folding umbrella with but one minor defect: it would not unfold.

And thus it happened that during the third year of the absence of Eric the Dirty the only folding umbrella in Reykjavik was sentenced to the major outlawry and shortly afterward made its escape to Denmark. For Thorkil the Law-speaker had wisely deemed that an umbrella, like a tale, is of value to men only insofar as it is unfolded; and quō jaciť glōria umbrellae, hīc jaciť glōria in umbra.

We are still selling NEO-FAN'S GUIDE, by the iminitable Mr. Tucker, and JACK VANCE: Science Fiction Stylist, by Richard Tiedman (with a bibliography by Robert E. Briney). 25¢ each, or the pair for a paltry 50¢. Can you afford not to have them? (You can? I was afraid of that.) RSC

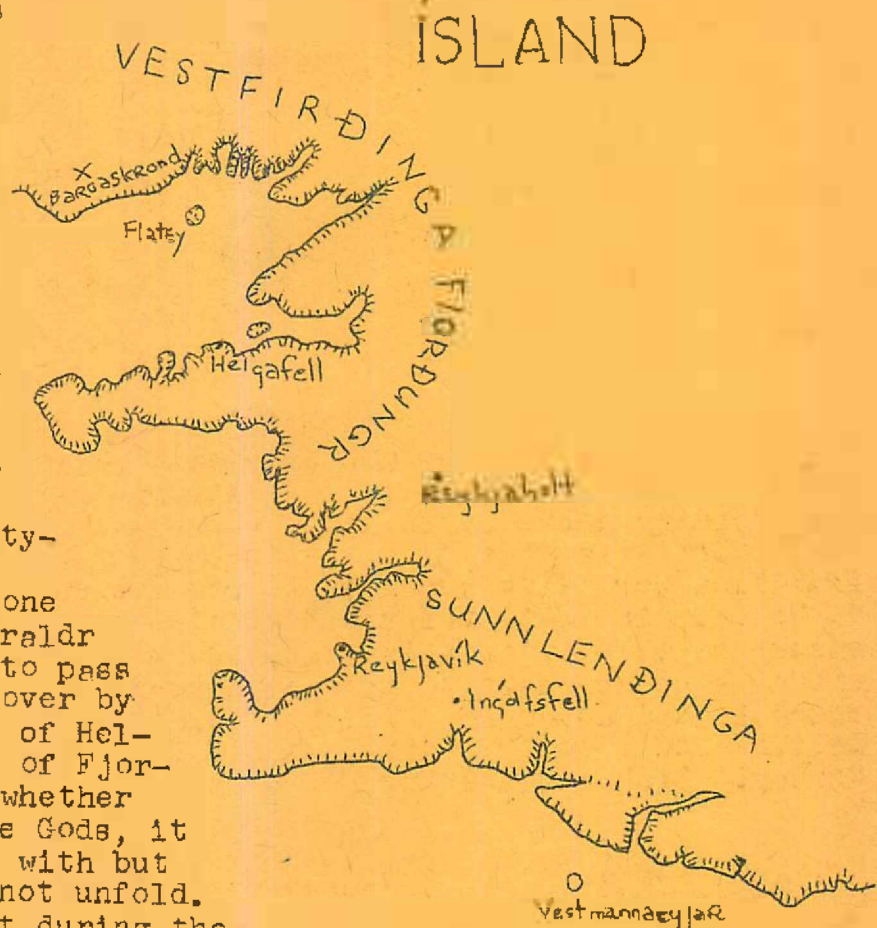
WHO'S AFRAID?

by Raymond L. Clancy

Here I sit, surrounded by phantoms,
Being ridden down by headless horsemen,
Haunted by demons, menaced by ghouls.
And to tell the truth, they are not bad company
While I survey the world of reality.

Don Thompson is gentle with fuggheads.

Bob Tucker says he liked the Panshin and Tackett articles in YANDRO 165, and reports his Florida vacation was great. (Filthy rich pro....)



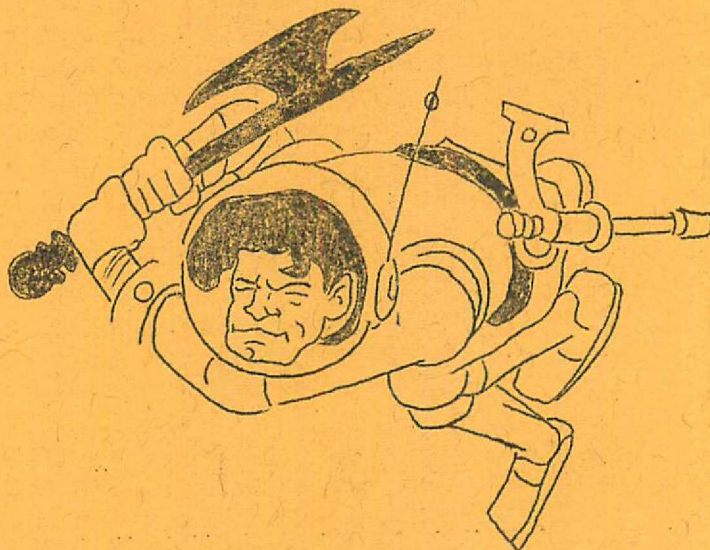
Heroes

In former times, a hero was a model sort of guy,
Of six-foot height, with shoulders broad, and muscled like an ox;
He faced the foe unflinching, and in church he passed the box.
He loved one woman staunchly, and he never told a lie;
Today we call a man like that a square.

The modern anti-hero is a different kind of man.
He cringes to his bosses, while he plots to kill his wife;
He runs from danger, lies and steals and swindles all his life;
He's drunk or doped or chasing boys as often as he can.
For such a jerk we're now supposed to care.

Although the olden hero was a rather stuffy wight,
He was a man and not a thing from under flattish stones.
So out with all these sniveling scum - may jackals gnaw their bones! -
And feckless, false, and swinish knaves. We readers have a right
To heroes who to be heroic dare!

☆ L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP



BALLARD AND FREUD

analyzed by don d'amma

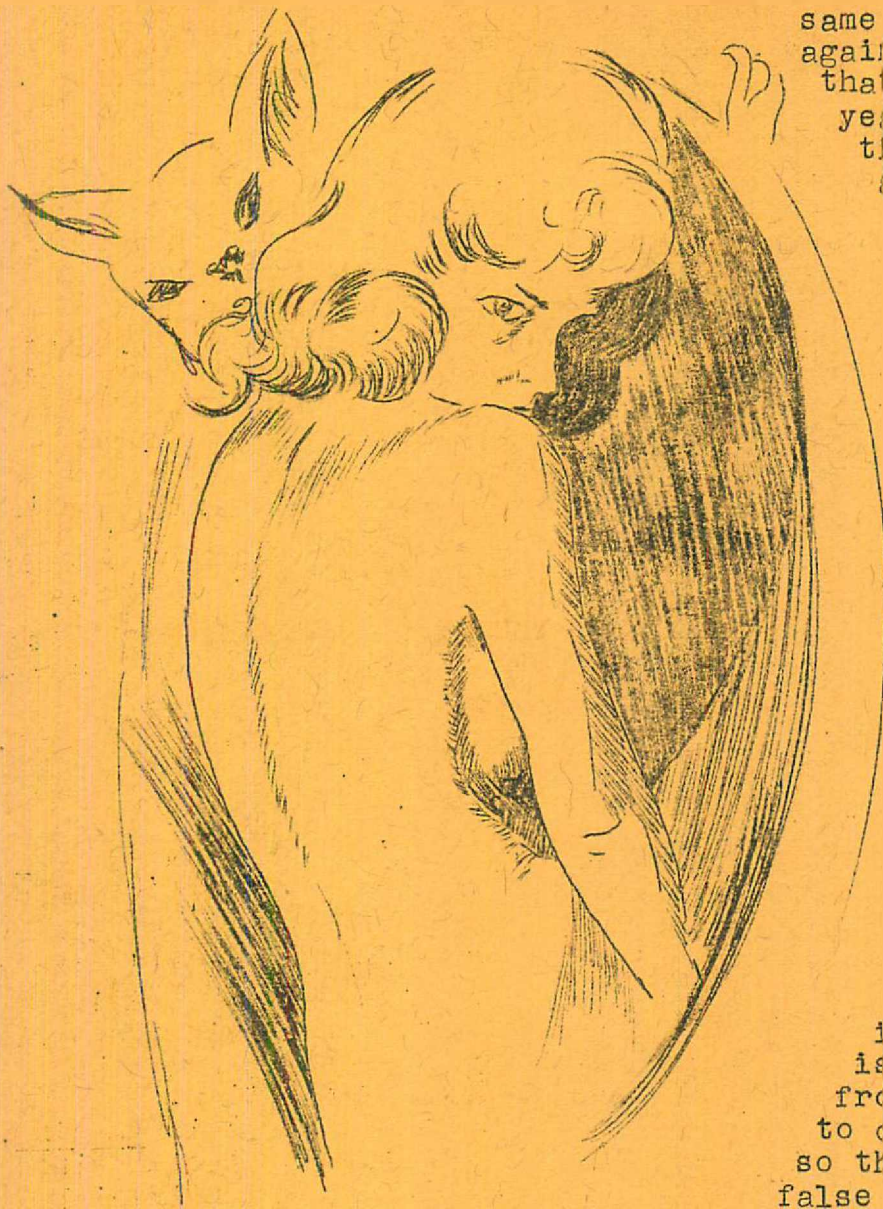
Anyone who has read the works of J.G. Ballard to any extent will have gathered that he is at least moderately well versed in psychology. But unless one has studied Freud himself, many of Ballard's references, and indeed much of his meaning, may be completely lost.

Water and reptiles are two of Ballard's most frequent symbols, and indeed they are among the most frequent of the subconscious attempts to disguise reality. They are most obvious in *THE DROWNED WORLD*, Ballard's best work to date. Water is the symbol of birth, and with the coming of the oceans in the aforementioned book, mankind is reborn into something neither better nor worse than he had been, simply something different. They are also present in *THE BURNING WORLD*, the water conspicuous by its absence, especially when we consider the locale of the story, on a riverbank and later on a dead sea bottom. The importance of the water is stressed throughout the novel. Reptiles also appear profusely, and they, particularly the snake, have always been a male symbol, even in the Bible where the snake imparts the knowledge of sex to Eve.

In *THE IMPOSSIBLE MAN*, Ballard's fifth collection, much evidence of this symbolism appears. In the first story, "The Drowned Giant", a monstrous, but beautiful, human body is washed up at the seashore. Although the water symbol in this case is of minor importance, being simply the source from which come the many good things of the world, Ballard's theme in this story consists of an immense deplorence of the uncanny ability of mankind to pervert and mutilate all that is worth keeping in the world. This ability is emphasized by the fact that human depredations of the body do far more damage than the normal process of putrefaction.

"The Reptile Enclosure", formerly "The Sherrington Theory" in *Amazing*, makes use of both symbols once again. This is the story of the massing of people on the seashore just prior to the launching of an artificial satellite. Light from this satellite, seen unconsciously by the people, triggers an Innate Release Mechanism that plunged mankind back to barbarity many years before when satellites first were employed. With the coming of the satellite, the people promptly march blindly into the sea like lemmings. Here once again, we see water as the symbol of rebirth, for each time the human race destroys itself, a new society springs up, replacing the old. The people on the beach are likened to reptiles basking in the sun, while they are also mentioned as seeming to form into corrals, enclosing one another in little pockets of humanity. Here we see yet another Freudian symbol, for enclosures and containers of any kind are symbolic of the female. Hence, the likening of the people to both males and females leads to an obvious conclusion. On the beach, they have made love; now through their transference in the water, they must give birth to a new society.

The third story continues this same motif. In "The Delta at Sunset" a crippled misanthrope is waiting in a steamy Mexican jungle for his gangrenous leg to cause his death. His wife, whom he married only for her money, is beginning to fall in love with his assistant. The misanthrope hallucinates and sees thousands of snakes crawling out of the river. Toward the end of the story he tries to reach the snakes, even ignoring the fact that his wife and assistant are now sleeping in the



same tent. Using the snake once again as a male symbol, we find that the cripple has begun to yearn for the sexual satisfaction that he could never achieve, avoiding his wife because he never loved her and could never possibly accomplish his object with her. Even at the very end of the story, when his wife has begun to reconsider staying loyal to him, he is more concerned with the snakes than with her, telling her to leave him, as he is. The fact that his gangrenous foot hangs in a cradle points to the fact that he is a child, and the fact that the snakes originate in the river can only lead us to a firmer decision that this reawakening of his sexual urges is literally a rebirth of his personality. This rebirth must by its very nature be a false one, however, for not only is the hero doomed, but there is also the fact that the river from which he imagines the snakes to come has long since dried up, so that the birth is indeed a false one.

"Storm-Bird, Storm-Dreamer" is immensely rich in symbolism. On the surface we are shown three humans in an isolated seaside village who are battling the raids of gigantic mutated birds. Now, birds themselves are a male symbol, and they are made doubly so because the villagers have a superstitious belief that the birds carry long ivory rods in their beaks. These birds attack the ship on which Crispin lives, and the ship, a common womb-symbol, is described as having been damaged in several places (denoting loss of virginity); the birds are driven off, seemingly showing that they never achieved actual sexual union.

In the village there is a strange woman who plucks feathers from the birds and makes clothing out of them, subjecting herself to this masculine construct. Crispin feels that "she was in some way usurping a privilege reserved for him alone". Wearing the feathers, she looks to him like a bird, and later he is convinced that she thinks herself to be a bird, ergo a male.

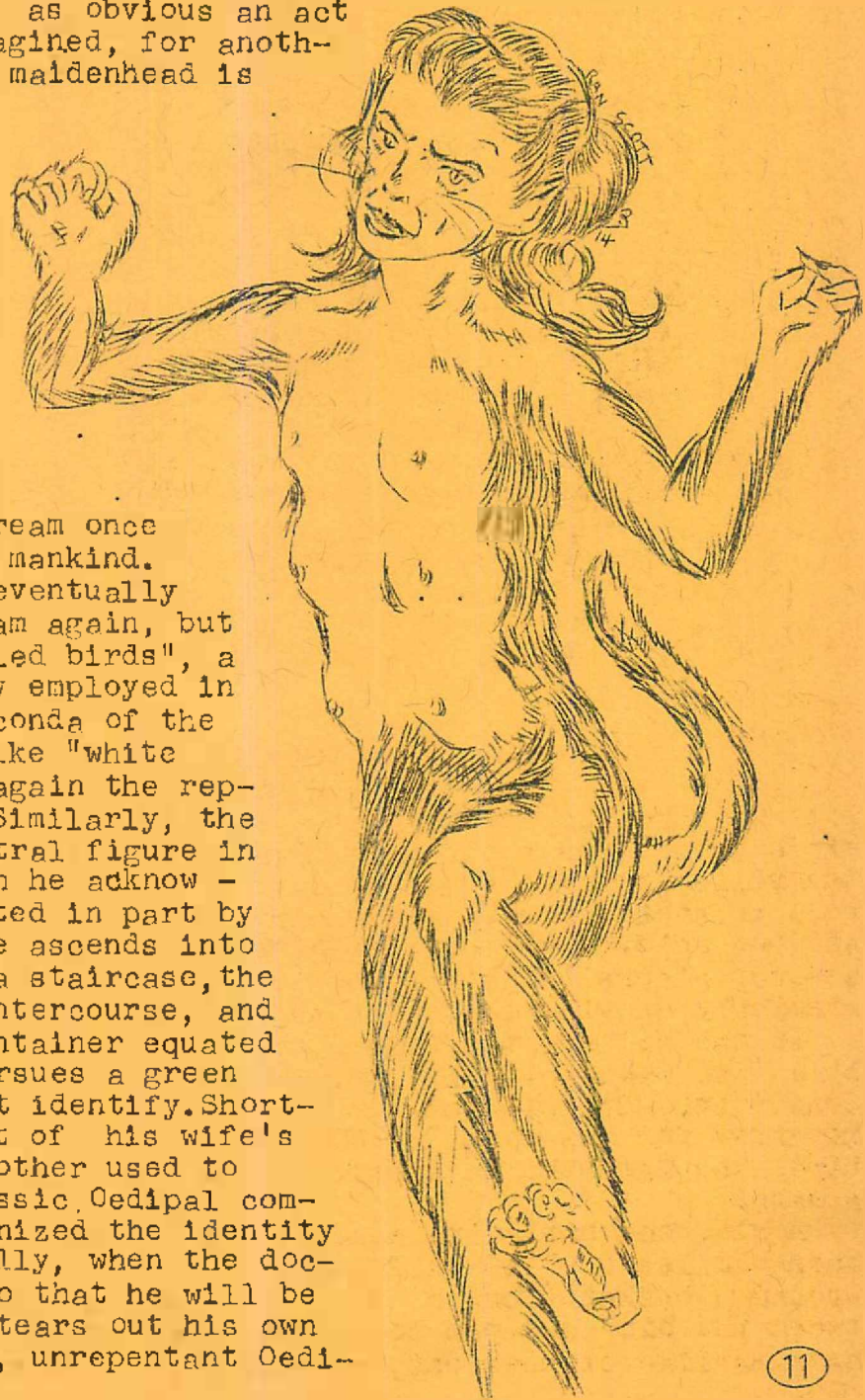
Again, the birds are described as being a "biological accident", as though males or bisexuality itself were an accident. The woman carries around a basket (female) full of feathers (male). More connections between the bird and man leap out. Crispin has a beaked nose, the birds have manlike expressions, and Crispin feels as though he had been "at-

tacked by a race of winged men." Crispin defends himself with male symbols, such as a gun, but more particularly, he uses a three-pronged pitchfork, signifying the tripartiteness of the male sexual organs. The birds are mentioned as being closely related to the reptiles.

The woman, we discover, lost her husband and child to a giant dove. Crispin, in an attempt to get near her, clothes himself in the hollowed-out corpse of a dove that he has killed. When he gets close enough, she shoots him. Then she calmly takes up waiting again for "the great bird that would come back one day and bring back her son."

In "Screen Game" we are presented with snakeline road and "emblems flashing like heraldic serpents". The hero meets the psychotic Emeralda Garland at a Vermilion Sands estate and falls in love with her. Emeraldal, whose name aptly parallels the fact that she is constantly accompanied by jeweled insects, presents the young man with one of her jeweled friends, as obvious an act of subjection as can be imagined, for another Freudian symbol for the maidenhead is a jewel of any kind.

"Day of Forever" presents with a dried up river from which a string of rocks protrudes "like the spine of some ancient Saurian". This is an earth where the earth rotates at a fantastically reduced rate. The central figure, Halliday, comes to a small African town searching for a place where he will be able to dream once again, the goal of much of mankind. The couple he meets there eventually achieve the ability to dream again, but it came to them "like jeweled birds", a repetition of the symbology employed in the earlier stories. "Gioconda of the Twilight Noon" has foam "like "white serpents", repeating once again the reptilian and water images. Similarly, the blinded man who is the central figure in the story has dreams, which he acknowledges as having been created in part by the birds. In the dream he ascends into a cavernlike grotto along a staircase, the latter being symbolic of intercourse, and enters a house, another container equated with females. There he pursues a green robed figure whom he cannot identify. Shortly thereafter, he moves out of his wife's bed and into the one his mother used to sleep in, for with the classic Oedipal complex, he has at last recognized the identity of the dream-wraith. Finally, when the doctor removes his bandages so that he will be able to see once more, he tears out his own eyes and becomes an "eager, unrepentant Oedi-



pus."

Over and over we find the same basic symbols repeated: birds, water, reptiles and so on. And although the stories stand on their own, they have a much deeper level of significance than is outwardly apparent, and it is the deeper level that places Ballard one step above the usual science fiction author.

POEM

leigh couch

When your Daemon is in charge, do not try to think consciously.
Drift, wait, and obey.

- Rudyard Kipling

I wanted to go into space
But my father said, that was for fools.
So I worked in gas stations and slaughter houses
Trying to make it on my own.
And bought "Rockets, Missiles, and Space Travel" with my earnings.
I dreamed of Luna Base while I ate crackers and soup.
I wanted to go to M.I.T.
But how could I do it with what I earned?
And there was my father with his debits and credits and invoices.
He told his friends how proud he was to have a son who would carry on
the business after him.
And I hated, with the black hopeless hate of the slave for the master.
That night I was balancing accounts for the store.
He asked me to get his heart medicine.
I looked out the bathroom window at the stars
And reached for the aspirin instead.
The coroner said he died of heart failure
And I inherited the money.
The doctor at N.A.S.A. said, "Congenital heart defect, acceleration
would kill you."
A cosmic joke that keeps my eyes forever below the horizon.

BURIED CONSPIRACY

by Mike Symes and Mike Ryan

Once upon a time, in Mozamberry, one of the lands that Edgar Rice
Berry forgot, the perfect berry was found. Being judged the roundest of
the round and reddest of the red by the high berry judge, Goon Berry, it
was displayed in the home of the proud owners. Visitors came from far
and wide to see the scintillating symmetry of the super-berry.

The conniving king of Canberry turned a jealous green and hired a
pair of wily wayfarers to steal the berry. The two took the ferry to
Mozamberry and after waiting in line for four hours were about to see
the beauteous berry, but Goon Berry spied the two sly slinkers and asked
them of their visit of possible plunder.

They replied, "We come to praise your berry, not to seize her."

Other fanzines give you filler items out of philosophy textbooks; only
in YANDRO do you get the real genuine shaggy dog stories.....

Buy Asey Mayo mysteries.

IS "LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE" SCIENCE FICTION?

speculation by

alexis gilliland

In 1924, when Little Orphan Annie came on the scene for the first time, she was about nine years old. Today, 42 years later, she is eleven. An elementary calculation shows that she must be aging one year for every 21 that pass...or, instead of being born in 1915, she was, in reality, born in 1735, a British subject.

And what about that gang of extra-terrestrials she runs around with? Punjab -- very big, very light on his feet -- clearly comes from a high gravity planet. The Asp, although more normal in size, has a distinctly unearthly appearance, with those pointed ears and sallow skin. And what about his hands?--a light touch will break the resolution of the most dedicated Commie-rat fanatic, and convert tactiturnity to loggoreah. Definitely some sort of nerve pulsing -- probably combined with telepathy...Aldeberan IV or Kalonia, in all likelihood. Then there is Sandy. He is 44 years old, at least, and getting grey at the muzzle. Very old for a mere dog, and don't forget the Asp's remark: "He is one of us!"

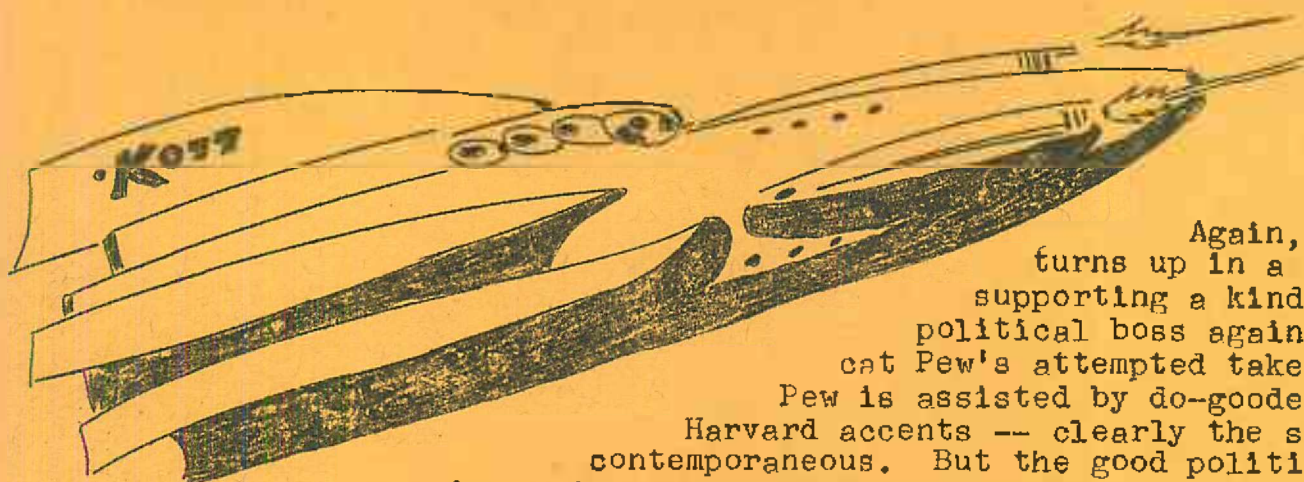
Who is "us"? A team of aliens out to conquer the world is who. They work for Daddy Warbucks, a politically naive financial wizard, who has several times come very close to cornering the money market. With the alien support and backing, Warbucks keeps making comeback after fantastic comeback. If they can keep him on top for one little decade, the aliens will own the Earth by peaceful means.

Who thwarts them? Why does Daddy Warbucks spend so much time in dungeons and crooked booby-hatches? There can be but one answer! -- Little Orphan Annie!

This quasi-immortal Earthling has wormed her way into Daddy Warbucks affections and keeps tabs on him. Every time Warbucks and his aliens are about to really score, Annie turns up--and blam! Pow! Kabluie! The Warbucks' organization is all shot to hell, and everybody goes back to the old drawing board.

Although she receives no credit, Annie has saved the world from an alien takeover not once but repeatedly. When she isn't out world-saving, she is engaged in time travel. Why and How are unknown. We are never shown the means, like Brick Bradford's Time Top, but the fact of time travel, or partial time travel, is indisputable. Consider the episode with Wolf Gnaf, the baddie who looked like Khrushchev. Annie's heroic host has been beating Gnaf all the way down the line, and Gnaf hires a professional gunslinger. All right, we are back in the 1880's. Very good. But the shootout takes place before some wisecracking cynical tourists, who very properly assume that the 1880's decor and costume are intended for their benefit. That the shootout is real shocks them terribly. And where did Gnaf find a genuine gunslinger in the early 1960's? * Partial time travel is the only answer.

* - Actors' Equity is not an acceptable source.



Again, Annie turns up in a big city, supporting a kindly old political boss against Polecat Pew's attempted takeover.

Pew is assisted by do-gooders with Harvard accents -- clearly the scene is contemporaneous. But the good political

boss wins with the support of a slumful of eastern European immigrants, complete with shawls and accents.

The lower east side of New York between 1900 and 1914 is the scene, yet they are voting in 1963. At the end, the day after the election, the GPB gives an immigrant family a good basket, with the remark that politics is a full-time business. And when was the political machinery set up like that, last?

No, Little Orphan Annie has a mission as she goes casting around in time. Holding off alien conquest can only be part of the story...She is a being with a fixed goal. A clue lies in the fact that she was born in 1735. There is really no other supporting evidence, except a word here, a posture struck there, but my own belief is that Little Orphan Annie is seeking to reverse the verdict of the American Revolution. What she really is after is the restoration of the Monarchy.

Observe how, in the current sequence (October and November 1966) Daddy Warbucks is done in. First, "They" know the route which will be taken, a sure proof of inside aid. Second, at the crucial moment LOA throws her beret out of the car, maneuvering Daddy into stopping on the spot marked X, while SHE scampers to safety. Finally, after the explosion "her plans" (blowing up the U.N., Perhaps?) do not call for a long chat with a state trooper. The evidence is admittedly circumstantial, but as Thoreau remarked, "A trout in the milk can be awfully convincing."

Ayn Rand has a new book out, in hardcover, called CAPITALISM, THE UNTRIED IDEAL, or some such. She and Grey, cartoonist and philosopher of Little Orphan Annie, are funny for the same reasons and on the same subjects, another sinister coincidence. Is Ayn Rand the true identity of Little Orphan Annie? Only the eyeballs are different.

"Once price is quoted, then keep on talking....In fact, the faster you talk after price is given, the better." SALESMAN'S OPPORTUNITY, quoted in CONSUMER REPORTS

"If you keep track of non-sf by sf writers, here's a new one: The Wolf Is My Brother by Chad Oliver (Signet D3081). A cavalry vs. Indians novel, and not a terribly good one."Bob Briney

"For the possible benefit of swingers like Gene DeWeese, would u put in a plug some ish for the Classic Film Collector, THE zine for silent cinema buffs? Address: Sam Rubin, 734 Philadelphia St., Indiana, Pennsylvania 15701; price: 4 for \$2. ... Any mag I contrib to must be outstanding."Jim Goodrich

Support STAR TREK

UNREAL REALITY

---fiction by---

JAY L GERST

The ship slowly beat its way to windward in a thundering sea. The wind howled in the rigging and she heeled far over; but foot by foot she pulled away from the hungry rocks of the windward shore.

Lashed to the wheel, Captain Jones fought the ship around as the wind laid her nearly on her beam-ends. The crew had deserted, the spars were unmanned, the sails untended; yet Captain Jones was going to save her. Through his indomitable will he was going to conquer this sea. Nothing could defeat Jones, nothing.

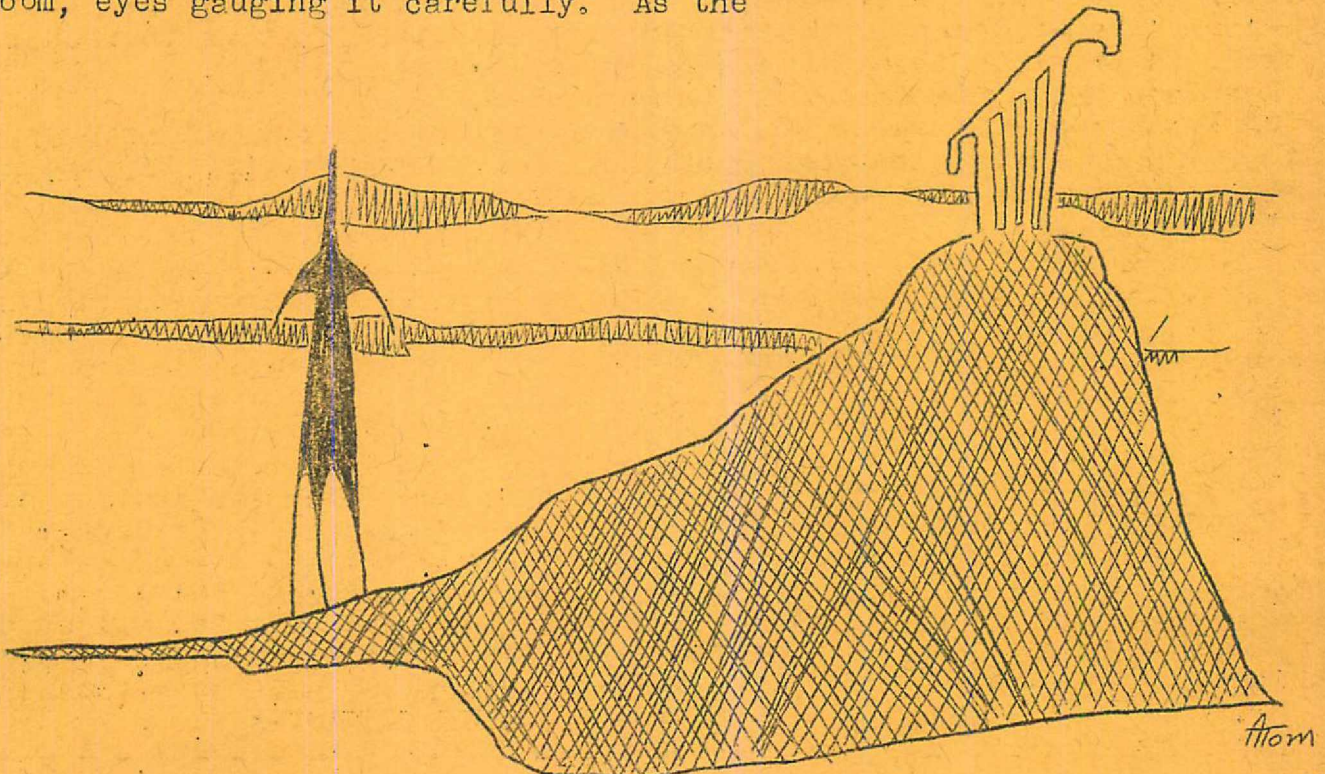
The ship shuddered under the onslaught and paused; too late he saw the jagged teeth of the reef. The wave lifted her high and plunged her down. Timbers shrieked at the intolerable strains, and broke. The sea rushed in to claim him for her own. The waves pounded the hull again, and again, and...

The guard was kicking him. Jones opened his eyes and looked at the prison compound around him, bleak walls, endless tedium.

"Dr. Tabber said I should take you to Johnson next time I found you like this," said the guard. "He'll shrink your head good," the goon finished gleefully.

He shoved Jones toward the psychiatrist's office and waved his electric prod meaningfully. Jones went peaceably. There was no reason for resistance.

The prisoner shuffled into the dingy waiting room, eyes gauging it carefully. As the



door boomed hollowly shut behind him, he started toward the inner panel to the psychiatrist's office.

"Sit down," ordered a voice. The room was cold and dismal, with the few seats placed to emphasize the emptiness and isolation.

As Jones sat in one of the chairs, its carefully cultivated squeak reverberating in the otherwise dead silence, the psychiatrist was already taking detailed notes on his behavior. At a touch of a switch the hidden lens zoomed in for a closeup and the twitch of facial muscles was observed. Devices in the walls measured his heartbeat, blood pressure, hormone balance, and everything physical that could be mechanically measured.

Finally Dr. Johnson finished his observations and opened the panel.

"Come in, come in," he called through the door in a warm, human voice designed to be as different as possible from the atmosphere of the waiting room.

Once inside the man began to relax. The office was having the desired effect. Like the psychiatrist, the office seemed to be just the opposite of the waiting room. It was warm, comfortable, cheerfully decorated; and all of it was coldly calculated to put the patient off guard.

Still the prisoner stood uncertainly before the desk.

"Pull up a chair, man," smiled Dr. Johnson. "We're very informal here."

"Thank you, sir."

"Now, what seems to be the problem," asked the doctor, on the rare outside chance that the patient might actually tell him.

"None that I know of, sir. The guards brought me here. I didn't come of my own choice," he added sullenly.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Jones." The man brightened visibly. It had been a long time since any of the prisoners had been called "mister".

"Well, according to my report, you keep falling into what resembles a cataleptic trance -- three times to be exact."

"They exaggerate, sir. I just have a habit of daydreaming."

"Mr. Jones, may I call you Don?"

"Sure."

"Don, there is a great deal of difference between a daydream and catalepsy. Now surely you don't think they could confuse the two?"

"I don't know. But who ever heard of cataleptic trances that lasted from one to three or four minutes? I wouldn't say the doctor made a mistake, but could he have exaggerated?"

"Nothing is mentioned in the report as to the duration of the attacks. ~~But all the~~ classic symptoms listed. There is no possibility of error."

"Sir, may I tell you something in confidence?"

"Certainly."

"I was once a doctor too, and I have helped relieve the agony of some of the more seriously beaten men. For some peculiar reason Dr. Tabber seems to be jealous of this; which, I think, is about as low as a medical man can sink. Dr. Tabber would profit much more by a visit to you than I will."

"Urumph! Yes. But back to your own problem. Why do you have these 'daydreams'?"

"Perhaps I do not like this life. Haven't you ever dreamed of being somewhere else, of being even someone else, perhaps someone famous?"

"I'll ask the questions, Jones," answered Dr. Johnson somewhat sharply. "You say you don't like this life. Are you contemplating suicide?"

"Of course not, doctor. Non-life holds no appeal for me; but I would change my lot if I could. Wouldn't you?" He asked piercingly. "This is obviously not the best possible world, for either of us, doctor."

Dr. Johnson felt something peculiar stirring in his mind, and suddenly didn't want to go on with the discussion. He cut things short, because

he really didn't have enough information to continue, he said to himself in excuse -- even though he did. "This has been most enlightening. I would like to see you again, say ten o'clock tomorrow?"

"Of course, sir," Mr. Jones left much more confident than he had arrived, and this was not as it was supposed to be in a preliminary interview.

As soon as the panel slid shut Johnson activated the communicator. "Give me Dr. Tabber," he demanded.

Whorls of light played across the screen until the connection was made. Finally Dr. Tabber's identification plate flashed on the screen and then Dr. Tabber.

"Yes?"

"Dr. Tabber, about this prisoner you sent over, Jones. How long were the attacks?"

"Very short. Too short for normal catalepsy. But it was catalepsy," he said defensively.

"I wasn't questioning your diagnosis, doctor. I just needed some additional information. Tell me, what was this man's occupation before he was sent here. It might have something to do with his condition." Dr. Johnson knew full well what had been the prisoner's occupation. His complete dossier had come routinely with the medical report. But he was curious as to Jones's hostility to Tabber.

"He was a veterinarian."

"Thank you, doctor. If I need anything else I'll call again."

"That's all, doctor? You don't need anything else?"

"No." Johnson made a show of receiving something off screen. "His dossier has just arrived. I won't bother you anymore."

In his cell, Jones appeared to mark off a point on his fingers.

A guard glanced in and sneered, "Counting your time to go?"

"In a way," he said cryptically.

The clock read 9:50 when Johnson glanced up from his reports. Jones would be here soon. Strange man, that Jones. According to all his information he was unusually normal. All his physical tests had shown nothing and Johnson's preliminary estimate on his mental state showed nothing untoward. Johnson leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes for a second to rest. It was early in the morning and he shouldn't feel tired, but thinking about Jones affected him strangely.

The wind was biting cold but Johnson felt great. Using the tiniest of hand and foot holds, he inched his way toward the summit that towered high above. The rest of the party had long since given up. They said the pinnacle was impossible to climb, but he was going to prove them wrong, he, the world's greatest mountain climber. He clung like a fly to the crevasses of the wind-whipped granite. No other man could have done it. But he kept climbing until there were only a few more feet. He was going to make it. Johnson put his hand on the last ledge and pulled himself up. A place in history lay only an arm's length away. Then the mountain began to shake. He lost his grip and started to slip. The mountain gave a great jerk and he fell.

"Dr. Johnson, Dr. Johnson. Snap out of it."

He groggily opened his eyes. Jones was shaking him. Johnson shoved him away. "I - I must have been daydreaming," he mumbled. Realization hit him. He had just been doing the same thing Jones said he had done.

"How did you get in here?" Johnson asked, trying to distract Jones from his previous remark.

"You left the panel unlocked."

"Oh," he said flatly.

"Doctor, you don't look too well. After all, daydreaming is what you're treating me for."



Johnson neglected to deny that, and merely said, "No, I'm fine. I'm fine," he repeated, not too sure of it.

Unseen by him Jones smiled satisfiedly. Johnson took a deep breath and rose.

"Today I want to run an electrochemoencephalograph test on you. Perhaps it is only a chemical imbalance in your system that is causing this." (Dr. Tabber had already checked this, but Jones affected Johnson enough that he was rechecking Tabber.) "If so, a few injections can correct your condition."

"Perhaps," said Jones enigmatically.

Johnson gestured to a chair that looked for all the world like an electric execution chair. "Just sit there and we'll start."

He deftly made the necessary connections and began checking the machine.

"I'm going to give you a few simple association tests. When I say a word tell me the first thing that comes to your mind." Johnson picked up his note pad and glanced at the tracery of the electrochemoencephalograph. All patterns were regular and normal; all cerebral chemical balances registers nominal.

"Okay," said Johnson. "Here we go. Dog?"

"Run. Escape. Someone is escaping." Johnson wrote something about Jones. Jones made mental notes about Johnson.

"Escape?"

"Men," replied Jones. "Two men are running. One is blind and being led by the other."

"Blind?"

"No, not blind, only blindfolded." Jones looked searchingly at the doctor.

"Life?"

"Blindfold. He cannot escape because of the blindfold," said Jones hopefully. The doctor showed nothing, but subconsciously he was ready.

"Man?"

"Climber."

Johnson started. Just coincidence, he said to himself soothingly. "Climber?" he asked, even though he didn't want to. Jones began to look like the doctor and Johnson the patient.

"Mountain."

Well, that's logical, Johnson thought. "Rock?"

"Handholds."

He's just thinking about climbing for some reason. Coincidence, Johnson said again, defensively. "Sky?"

"Earthquake.. Fall. The climber is falling, falling," concluded Jones and watched Johnson's reaction closely.

Johnson hurriedly switched off and disconnected the machine. "What makes you say that?"

"Nothing in particular. Only you seem the mountain climbing type."

"That's ridiculous. I'm a doctor, and I've always wanted to be a doctor!"

RLF66

"If you say so, sir. You don't have to prove anything to me."

"That's right, I don't," said Johnson uncertainly. "I'm the doctor," he stated the obvious, as if it wasn't.

"Dr. Johnson, psychiatrist; the rugged Rod Johnson, reknowned climber. Which do you think sounds better?" probed Jones.

Johnson sighed, lost in reverie for a moment. "Rod Johnson, greatest climber---" He snapped back to his office and Jones staring at him strangely, as if he could see inside the doctor's tortured mind.

"That will be all, Jones. See you day after tomorrow at ten."

"Not tomorrow, sir?"

"No, not tomorrow," snapped Johnson.

He smiled at the doctor's reaction. Johnson would see him that evening.

The doctor watched almost apprehensively as Jones walked confidently from the office.

Outside, Jones began to whistle as he strolled across the compound. Seeing this, a guard deliberately tripped him. Jones quit whistling, but he still smiled.

Back at his desk, Johnson began to feverishly go over his notes. He cancelled all other appointments for the day. Hours later, he had still reached no conclusion. In an uncharacteristic burst of temper he slammed his notes on the desk. What was wrong? Why did he feel this way? Jones was only another patient, wasn't he? Wasn't he?--his mind asked back. Why did Jones effect him this way? he kept asking himself.

Johnson slumped tiredly in his chair. He was so tired, so tired. He leaned on the desk and slept.

The wind howled as Johnson climbed over the final ledge. He was on the summit, master of all he surveyed. He felt fulfilled. The wind shrieked up the precipitous granite peak in tribute, a grand salute. He turned to gaze in the other direction. Jones was standing there.

"Glad you could make it, doctor." Jones looked about him at the real-seeming mountain. "Not bad, not bad at all. You know, you could become one of us with a little coaching. You like this world, don't you? It would be so easy to make it permanent. All you have to do is join us."

"What are you talking about?" demanded Johnson. Behind Jones, and unseen to him, a black storm cloud boiled and moved closer.

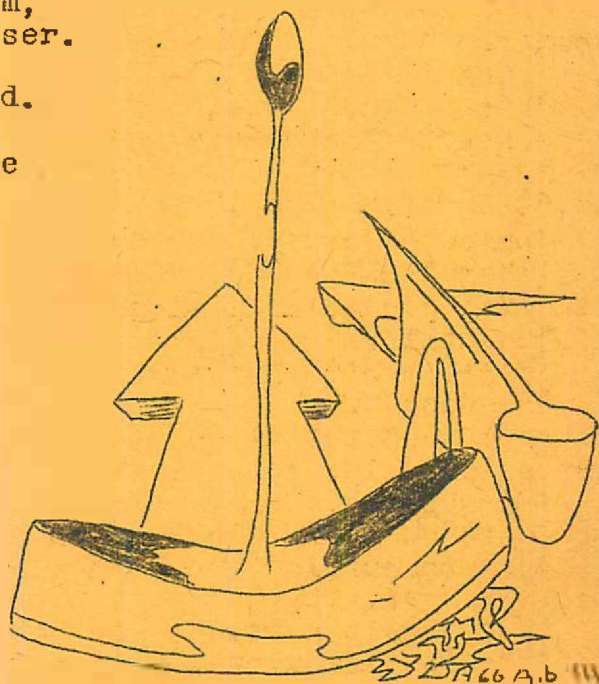
"Simply that we could---" Lightning flashed and struck Jones, who disappeared. The mountain began to ripple from where the lightning hit. It waved like a piece of cloth and the cloth tore. Johnson fell through that gap and --

--woke up. He looked around the familiar office and went from pure terror to merely being scared to death. The trembling ceased and an icy calm descended as logic took over and tried to explain the dream in terms of the sane, normal world. That is, the world in which he was a psychiatrist, he clarified to himself.

Finally he turned on the communicator.

"Send me prisoner 81, Don Jones, immediately."

While he waited he paced the office trying to think of some way to



dismiss all of this as meaningless. He failed totally.

Jones came in with a tight, painfilled expression. "Oh, man, did you give me a splitting headache!" he complained. Dr. Johnson's plans to forget all of this, for his own mental health if nothing else, fell in sundered ruins.

"Then it wasn't a dream?"

"No, it wasn't a dream. It was as real as this office."

"But how could...?"

"Very simple, doctor. You must have noticed the symptoms in yourself before. You are a telepath, and so am I."

"But..."

"Why don't you sit down, doctor, and stop trying hopelessly to disprove this? We've gone to a lot of trouble to get you into our group before we withdraw; I don't like having to play the role of a mentally ill patient, along with having been cut off from the group, and I think if you'll just listen you'll join us. Now, a telepathic group such as the one I'll presently introduce you to can create worlds--worlds just as real as this one. For instance, you know you almost killed me with that bolt of lightning. The only thing that saved me was that I dropped out of your world before the bolt could hit me. If it had, I would be dead. That's how real an alternate reality can be."

"Sorry about that attack. I didn't understand about that world, and when you showed up...well, I panicked."

"That's all right. I should have expected it. We often get trouble with new recruits. I'll forget it if you will."

"Thank you. But what makes you think I'll agree to go?"

"Several things. One: You aren't really happy here. In an alternate reality you could be whatever you wanted to be. Two: scientific curiosity will make you come along, and once there you won't want to come back. And three: With a large group, such as ours, one second in this reality is equal to almost infinity in ours. Therefore, if by some chance you did want to come back you could, and take up almost exactly where you left off. The only reason you kept getting pulled out of your world was that there were only two of us to maintain it. Do you agree to come?"

The image of him on the peak of a towering mountain rose before his eyes. He really did yearn for such a life and if what Jones said was true his dream could become real. "Yes, I'll go."

"Lean back and relax. Until you've mastered the technique, someone will need to aid you."

The office faded from his eyes like a dream, and then they were walking along a tropic beach under a blistering sun that was unquestionably real. Frolicking in the surf, a group of a hundred or so suntanned, laughing people ran toward them to welcome the new recruit.

Dr. Johnson looked about him at the idyllic setting, the happy people, knowing that each could be what he or she most desired; and said to himself: Now this is real.

He would not go back.

If you want to get in ahead of the classics, write the prefaces to them.
....Emile Krotky, from SPUTNIK DIGEST #1

CONVENTION NEWS: Roger Zelazny will be Guest of Honor at Marcon 2 (Toledo, Ohio - April) from Dannie Plachta, 9147 Roselawn, Detroit, Mich.

Boskone IV, April 1 and 2, Statler Hilton, Boston, Mass. Guest of Honor, Damon Knight. Registration Fee \$2.00. Movies: 1920 version of "20,000 Leagues Under The Sea" and NASA space films. Program book ad space available. Leslie Turek, 56 Linnaean St., Cambridge, Mass. 02138

GOLDEN MINUTES

THE PLANET OF THE DOUBLE SUN, by Neil R. Jones (Ace, 40¢) As this is listed as #1, I assume Ace plans to reprint the entire Professor Jameson series. The introduction says that the stories have been "the star features of many science-fiction magazines". Well, according to my indexes (Day, 1926-50; Sieger, 1951-62) there were a total of 21 stories; 12 in AMAZING, 4 in ASTONISHING, and 5 in SUPER SCIENCE STORIES. The series began in 1931 and ended in 1951. This volume contains the first 3 stories; "The Jameson Satellite", "Planet Of The Double Sun", and "Return Of The Tripeds". Quality? Well, I find them pretty poor pickings, but I believe this is Gene DeWeese's favorite sf series; he likes them even better than the Lensmen. Both the plots and the science seem a bit creaky to me. The characterization isn't creaky -- mainly because there isn't any. (I must say I wonder about a man who would devote a lifetime of study to discover a way to preserve his body indefinitely -- I'm not sure that sort of individual deserves to be revived by an alien super-race.) However, this is a good example of the sort of "cosmic concepts" that used to draw fans into the field.

THE SWORD OF RHIANNON, by Leigh Brackett (Ace, 40¢) This is probably the best story Brackett wrote, and undoubtedly one of the best sword-and-sorcery novels ever written by anybody. (I'd rate Lord Of The Rings and Well Of The Unicorn above it, but I can't think of anything else.) It was originally in STARTLING, and reprinted in an Ace Double a good many years ago. If you don't have it, get it; this is the way Burroughs and Kline should have done it. I enjoyed it when I first read it, and it is one of the stories I get out and re-read every couple of years.

THE GATE OF TIME, by Philip Jose Farmer (Belmont, 50¢) An alternate universe story, and much better than some of the things Farmer has been turning out recently. Plot is pretty standard. Hero (in this case a bomber pilot) goes through a "gateway" into a different Earth (in this case, one in which North and South America never formed. I have some qualms about the science -- if the Americas weren't there the general ocean level should be lower and there should be more land somewhere else, for example. And if the early man hadn't migrated to America I doubt if anything like Farmer's pseudo-Indian nations would have developed. But the story is very well told and suspends disbelief (or most of it) while it is being read. Not up to De Camp's "Wheels Of If", but worth your money.

STAR TREK, adapted by James Blish (Bantam, 50¢) This includes adaptations of 7 "Star Trek" scripts; "Charlie's Law", "Dagger Of The Mind", "The Unreal McCoy", "Balance Of Terror", "The Naked Time", "Miri", and "The Conscience Of The King". The book isn't too successful. Blish has on the one hand relied too much on his readers having seen the show; no information is given about many of the characters. They're just there, and the reader who hasn't seen the show is expected to accept them without knowing anything about them. On the other hand, he has made too many changes in the scripts to make the stories valuable "memory-refreshers" for the show. (Part of this may have occurred from Blish's using original scripts with revisions being made in the show after Blish's work was done. And part of it is the same sort of cleaning up of science that Asimov did for "Fantastic Voyage." Part of it is, however, what Juanita described as "taking strong characters created by someone else and making cardboard

out of them.") In at least one case -- "Balance of Terror" -- he has removed the scientific problem of having an empire without ftl drive by restraining the Romulans to one planetary system. Unfortunately, this makes the rest of the plot sheer idiocy. Much simpler to have given them a different type of ftl drive. All in all, I'd say this was only for "Star Trek" completists; if you don't care much for the show you certainly won't like the book, and if you're extremely fond of the show you probably won't think much of the book, either. (But it's better than putting out a comic book based on the show, which so many other tv series have done this year; reinforces one's opinion of the mental level of most tv shows.)

DUNE, by Frank Herbert (Ace, 95¢) Worth the money, too; you get 500 pages of novel plus 35 pages of appendices. I had read the two ANALOG serials on which the book is based, and considered them good but nothing to get excited about. The story has far more impact as a single novel; I now see why some fans have called it the outstanding science-fiction achievement of the past several years. It belongs in every library. Oddly enough, I'm not so awed by Herbert's depiction of the planet and people; after all, he simply took the Arabs and their country and made the revisions necessary for his plot. But the book strikes me as being the best depiction to date of the mental superman. In the early books of the type, we are told by the author that Gilbert Gosseyn or John Wainwright or Jommy Cross have superior intellects, but we never get to see these intellects in use. As far as the reader can tell from observation, the mental supermen range from adequately intelligent to downright feeble-minded. But Paul Atreides not only out-thinks the opposition, but we get to watch him doing it. And the opposition is not the usual crowd of mental lightweights, either. A great novel.

ANARCHAOS, by Curt Clark (Ace, 40¢) This wasn't nearly as bad as I'd expected. Unlike most new authors, Clark (who is he, anyway?) knows a little about science fiction. He doesn't seem to know much about anarchy, since his version reads more like unrestrained capitalism -- I kept imagining Dick Ellington reading this and his probably violent reaction to it. The story is about average. There are a lot of adventures, none of them terribly interesting. The hero is more real and less likeable than most pulp heroes, and the rest of the cast are the usual cardboard. An adequate time-waster if you like fast action.

TERROR TALES #1 (Corinth Publications, 60¢) Corinth is finally getting around to some genuine fantasy pulps. TERROR was a Popular Publication of the Thirties; a rather bad imitation of WEIRD TALES. It had a companion mag, HORROR STORIES, which Corinth may get around to eventually. Of the stories in here, "The House Of Living Death", by Arthur Leo Zagat, isn't bad. The short stories, "Blood Hunter" by Charles Wayne, "Dead Man's Bride" by Wyatt Blassingame, and "Hands Beyond The Grave" by Henry Treat Sperry, are bad -- the Wayne story is one of the worst professionally published stories I've ever read. But the Zagat story takes up 75 of the book's 150 pages, so it might be worth getting for that alone. (Or that and the cover, which contains what appears to be an ingroup joke. The scene depicts a cemetery; the tombstone in the foreground is labelled "Here lies Proposition 16". I'm not sure what Proposition 16 was, but I assume it was the anti-obscenity statute which the voters of California turned down last fall.) And you do get real old vintage fantasy. Don't believe the blurb about the stories being "campy" though; that's just an advertising gimmick. The word "camp" is in this year.

THE SCHEME OF THINGS, by Lester del Rey (Belmont, 50¢) Del Rey used to be one of my favorite authors; I wish he wouldn't write things like this. The

plot concerns parallel worlds and lives, with the hero skipping blithely from one to another. No reason is ever given for any of it; for the lives themselves, for his ability to switch from one to another (not even at will; only when the author runs out of ideas for the one he's in), or for the abrupt cessation of the ability and his complete amnesia on the subject which ends the book. (Sure, he has a nervous breakdown. That explains everything.) Pure fantasy, and not even well-constructed fantasy.

REALITY FORBIDDEN, by Philip E. High/CONTRABAND FROM OTHERSPACE, by A. Bertram Chandler (Ace, 50¢) The High half is good stf-adventure -- the invention of a "dream machine" and efforts to combat it have left Earth with numerous independent and totalitarian city-states. Then it is discovered that in Ontario the machines have been accepted and used, without the overwhelming problem of addiction that has appeared everywhere else. The cities react by attempting to destroy the heretics. It's a bit of a disappointment to find out that it's all a plot of evil men who discovered an alien robot (and the final twist isn't exactly sparkling fresh, either) but it's good entertainment. The Chandler half appeared in IF, Sept-Oct 1966, as "Edge Of Night". It's another alternate universe -- they seem popular this month -- and a Rim Worlds story. Plot is average or slightly above; Chandler builds up a lovely mystery, and the explanation isn't too disappointing. One of the better Ace Doubles.

10TH ANNUAL, YEAR'S BEST S-F, edited by Judith Merril (Dell, 75¢) A total of 33 stories, which are certainly not the best of the year but which comprise a reasonably good collection. I count 13 for sources not normally encountered by the stf reader. There is also an extremely irritating summation by the editor, but you can skip that, unless you want to play her latest game of quoting from scientists and stf writers and guessing which is which. Since if you worked hard enough you could probably find similar quotes by Robert Ingersoll and Pope Pius IX, Judith's little game should be viewed as such, without the significance she claims to find in it. You get 370 pages for your money, which isn't too bad.

THE BEST FROM FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION: Twelfth Series, ed. by Avram Davidson (Ace, 50¢) 15 stories, with a surprisingly high percentage of good ones -- surprising considering the general level of Davidson's editing, that is. "Test", by Theodore Thomas (bad propaganda); "Please Stand By", by Ron Goulart (mediocre humorous fantasy); "Who's In Charge Here" by James Blish (less than mediocre fantasy); "Three For The Stars" by Joseph Dickinson (bad humorous stf); "When Lilacs Last In The Dooryard Bloomed" by Vance Aandahl (symbolic as all hell); "Landscape With Sphinxes" by Karen Anderson (pointless); "My Dear Emily" by Joanna Russ (good moody fantasy); "The Gumdrops King" by Will Stanton (cute but not exactly overwhelming); "The Golden Horn" by Edgar Pangborn (the first of the stories that evolved into Davy; a wonderful story); "The Singular Events Which Occurred In The Hovel On The Alley Off Of Eye Street" by Avram Davidson (lovely zany Davidson humor); "A Kind of Artistry" by Brian Aldiss (Fine fantasy); "Two's A Crowd" by Sasha Gillen (idiotic idea but good touches of humor); "The Man Without A Planet" by Kate Wilhelm (rewrite of just what you think, with bathos added); "The Garden of Time" by J.G. Ballard (typical Ballard); and "Hop-Friend" by Terry Carr (good stf).

DARK MIND, DARK HEART, ed. by August Derleth (Mayflower-Dell, 3/6) An anthology of original fantasy. Not available on news stands, but you might get it from dealers for 50¢ or so. Quality ranges from terrible to excellent; writers include Bloch, Howard, Hodgson, Lovecraft, Shiel, Keller, and others. Worth making a try for if you like WEIRD TALES type fantasy; you won't find many of the stories anywhere else.

I recently received a British hardcover edition of Ward Moore's BRING THE JUBILEE from Ken Slater. Re-reading it was a fascinating experience. Probably it wouldn't appeal so much to someone who wasn't a history buff, but I've always considered it one of the best sf novels ever written. Isn't it about time someone brought it out in paperback again?

SEVEN COME INFINITY, ed. by Groff Conklin (Gold Medal, 50¢) Some good fiction here. "The Golden Bugs", by Clifford Simak is an alien contact story of sorts. The science is shaky to the point of dissolution, but the plot and characters are good. "Special Feature", by Charles V. de Vet produces a switch on the Alien Menace; the Menace is treated as tv entertainment. Not exactly a satire; a bitter little story with a lot of loose ends. Eric Frank Russell is busy outwitting the stolid aliens again in "Panic Button". Raymond F. Jones goes in for supermen and communications problems in "Discontinuity". "The Corianis Disaster" is a pretty typical Murray Leinster space-opera. Entertaining, if minor. William Tenn has an interesting satire on the uses of power, or who pulls the strings, in "The Servant Problem". The best story in the book, however, is Chad Oliver's "Rite of Passage". Oliver knows his science, the characters are well-drawn, the plot is interesting. Oliver is one of the few really good science fiction writers; I wish we had more stories by him.

BANBURY BOG, by Phoebe Atwood Taylor (Pyramid, 60¢) This is not science fiction; it's one of the books in my favorite detective series. This is billed as "An Asey Mayo Mystery", which raises my hopes that Pyramid is going to publish the entire series, or an appreciable percentage thereof -- hopefully including the 4 or 5 I don't already own. (Previous Taylor books from Pyramid were in their "Green Door" detective series.) So for heaven's sake go out and buy a couple of copies to make the publication a success and raise my chances of getting more of them. (Ignore the cover; it has no relation to the spirit or contents of the book.) Asey is a sort of fannish detective, anyway. His comment on being locked in a fruit cellar: "Well, well. I wanted a nice, quiet place to think, an' here it is". Or, a bit later, when one of his companions in durance vile wants to know how they are going to get out: "Sooner or later," Asey said, "someone will drop by, an' then we'll raise our voices in song. Somethin' appropriate, but dignified. Like -- let's see. Like 'Let Us From The Darkness Now'." The stories may be a bit slow to people raised on James Bond, but they have their charm. (And, unlike Bond and most of his imitators, they suspend disbelief. The only really good spy stories are the ones like U.N.C.L.E., which aren't supposed to suspend disbelief.)

THE ZAP GUN, by Philip K. Dick (Pyramid, 50¢) The credits say this first appeared in WORLDS OF TOMORROW, Nov. '65 and Jan. '66, as "Operation Flowshare". Apparently I didn't read it there, because the book was brand new to me. This seems to be Dick's attempt to do a Kurt Vonnegut type story; I've seen better. I wish modern writers would spend less time thinking up funny names and more on thinking up funny ideas. The book does have its merits; the idea of the phony arms race is funny enough, though badly overworked, and the climax of discovering where all these weird weapons are really coming from is beautiful. However, the book goes on, downhill, for another 50 pages. Also, Dick seems to have the vanVogt syndrome of working in too much extraneous matter; more attention to the arms race and less to the Sirian Slavers (who don't amount to much, either as Menace or Satire), would have helped the book. Also, the humor tends to get lost in philosophical -- or more properly, metaphysical -- speculations. "I just don't understand where the past goes when it goes." So who gives a damn?

GRUMBLINGS



Gene Roddenberry, Executive Producer, STAR TREK, Desilu Studios, 780 N. Gower, Hollywood, California, 90038

All of us here at STAR TREK appreciated the comments and encouragement in your December copy of Yandro. More, I have read it completely and it is being passed around the office, our highest praise being that we enjoyed the articles and letters which were not about STAR TREK! Although I have been a fan of SF since the 1930's, several people on our production staff have come new to science fiction and magazines like this give them an insight into a whole world of literature and ideas they had missed.

Thanks to Harlan Ellison and the rest of the Committee, the letter campaign is going well and shows signs of snow-balling into something extremely helpful. Our rating profile (whatever that means) seems to be gathering strength, too. Apparently there were large groups of people who tried the show at the beginning, tuned away because they weren't sure, then came back for a second look and stayed. Anything approaching real SF is, for the average television viewer, something very new and strange and sometimes even a bit disturbing. Westerns, Police, Lawyers, and like shows are things within their frame of everyday reference and understanding, and it is not at all strange that attracting the necessary mass audience to a science fiction format would take somewhat longer.

Incidentally, we do read fan letters and comments carefully and many times have been guided by them into interesting areas. At other times, although the idea is good, it may be made impractical by the sheer weight of turning out the most complex and difficult television show ever attempted (the equivalent of one half a motion picture every six days), television budget limitations, and so on. Similar, I think, to what it would be like to put out a full color Fortune-sized magazine every week. Add to that the further complication that this magazine could not be content with simply two or three million readers but must attract between seventeen and eighteen million or it is considered a failure. Consider the difficulties of coming up with even a format for the magazine, the problem of how to select and edit stories that would please the Saturday Evening Post audience without offending the Analog group. This is something of what a television show must do or it goes off the air.

Then add on top of that the problems of commercial censorship which absolutely prohibit huge areas of drama, such as stories dealing with nuclear holocaust, unions versus management, comments on religion, attitudes on politics, comments on sex, and a host of other basic subjects. As bad as television is, it is something of a minor miracle of dedicated work and just plain damned stubbornness that now and then a good show does appear on the glass teet which dominates America's living rooms. God help us if those who are trying give up and move into another medium.

The above is not a STAR TREK commercial. Believe it or not, television companies all over town are staffed with a surprising number of highly creative people who work with as much dedication and integrity as in any other medium. We have our prostitutes, our hard-nosed business men, but so has the science fiction field, Broadway, or even the proud publishing houses.

Incidentally, answering a question in your magazine, STAR TREK uses the "transporter system" of de-materializing people (and objects) from matter into energy, and then re-materializing them again, for a quite simple reason. The cost of landing our space ship on a planet would blow our whole budget in the first scene. Even the cost of small space vessels, miniature or animation, would be prohibitive. The "beaming down" of our landing party avoids this enormous problem, plus has the value of allowing us to get into the heart of our story fast and with a minimum of conversation and detail about hardware.

Do we need the USS Enterprise then? No, I suppose such a transporter system could beam our principals from any part of the galaxy to another. However, this would leave the strong audience identification of a "home base" full of familiar sights and sounds which help bind one episode to another. It would have been impossible to sell STAR TREK without the familiar home base situation, any more than without continuous running characters. At the present time, television networks will not touch an anthology show, much less an anthology science fiction show. I don't defend this; I merely point out that the situation exists at present.

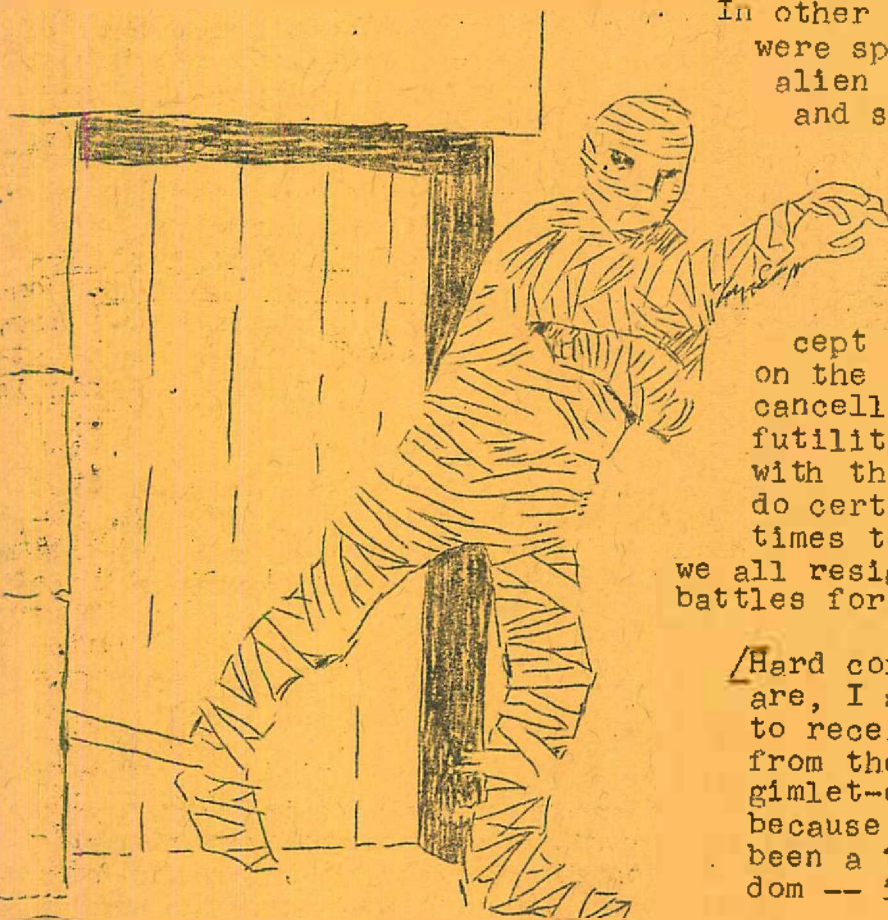
A familiar "home base" and continuing characters does have one advantage for us -- the mass audience can be "lured" into science fiction more easily this way, giving them characters and situations they grow to feel comfortable with, allowing all this to lead this audience by the hand into provocative stories and ideas which otherwise might have confused them. The comment about James Toren's letter was very much to the (television) point. We can't have our characters standing around explaining science. In some of our first scripts received it took two or three pages of complicated dialogue for our Bridge Crew to get the USS Enterprise turned to another course. And we could hear, in our minds, television channels

being changed all over the country. In other scripts, dozens of pages were spent in dialogue describing alien cultures, new social systems, and such fascinating things --

they would have made good scientific papers, but for a mass entertainment medium they were simply bad writing.

For us to write or accept things which would never get on the air, or would see STAR TREK cancelled, would be an exercise in futility. We do have our fights with the network, we do refuse to do certain things, we have many times told them, "This goes on or we all resign", but we must save our battles for meaningful things.

/Hard core sf fans being what they are, I suspect you will continue to receive noisy nitpicking letters from the inveterate screamers and gimlet-eyed snobs; perhaps it is because sf fandom has for so long been a terribly ingroup little fandom -- it is difficult if not im-



possible for some of its members to adjust thinking patterns to the larger scope of material which must appeal to many millions. But partially, of course, the noise will come because sf fandom always likes to yell about something.JWC/

Raymond L. Clancy

I was under the impression that the musket of the Revolution could be loaded and fired more rapidly than the rifle of those days, and also that a wound from a musketball meant the swift death of the soldier stricken, which was not the case with one hit with rifle ammunition. The rifle's advantage was its accuracy, for which reason it was employed by scouts, and I believe, only by scouts.

A thought on ethics -- if someone needs something I produce enough to pay me money for it, the matter should end there. The fact that I have labored to fill his needs should not give him the right to rob me of any further return for my labor. His needs have been taken care of, he has gotten what he paid for. I can see no real reason for a publication buying all rights except that they are granted this power. And not by the writer.

/Yes, but as de Camp said, the politics were more important than the muskets. Certainly publishers should not demand all rights to a story - but the time to object is at the time of sale. I don't agree to making agreements and then -- after the other party has fulfilled his obligations -- demanding extra concessions as a price for fulfilling one's own part. RSC/

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

Good news. Harry Chalmers has received permission to produce THE PHANTOM by Lee Falk from the syndicated newspaper. THE PHANTOM you know is the Ghost who walks in the Jungles of Africa - and who has the nations buffaloes. It will be produced in serial form with head hunters - and white girls being burnt at the stakes.

/Frankly, I couldn't care less about a visual version of the Phantom. I never even thought much of it as a comic strip. RSC/

Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Handricks Road, Mentor, Ohio, 44060

Ordinarily, it takes a sentence or even a paragraph to convince me that a writer is a fugghead. Stephen Pickering made it with his opening word: "We". Since he's not speaking for anyone else (group or editorial



we) and is not royalty (royal we), this can only be pretentious and precious.

The rest of the article only confirms my original impression.

I think someone once told me Pickering was a college sociology student. God knows he's not an English major. I think he says, on the second page of his "rebuttal", that Burroughs, ANDROID AVENGER, Verne's anti-Semitism ("the most low of racial stereotypes" -- racial? This by a "sociologist"?) and Heinlein's "vilification (so he would have us to believe) of the Left" are "significant social commentary".

Who is Pickering, really? A put-on by some cartel of fannish humorists, undoubtedly, but who? No one in real life writes of "perpetrating a losing case".

James Baldwin uses no purple prose. Uh huh. Ever read any Baldwin? Reads like it was written by someone with his teeth on his typewriter (in a glass of water, set so the carriage return won't knock it off).

Anyone who calls Judith Merrill's pieces "astute analyses" has got to be kidding. Ditto for phrases such as "seems to masterfully indicate", "an interim to new rejuvenation", "redundant nonsense emanating concerning the 'good old days'", ad nauseum.

Please label satires as such in the future. To call this a "rebuttal" is even worse than Galaxy's "non-fact article" designation.

You print the worst poetry I've ever seen. No wonder you don't care much for poetry, if you judge it by what you print.

The people who criticize STAR TREK for not presenting the best sf ever are beginning to bug me a bit. I get the feeling they don't want real sf made available to the public because it would destroy their in-ness. True, STAR TREK lacks the qualities that make "our" science fiction great -- the internal consistency of THE WORLD OF A, the character development of GALACTIC PATROL, the originality of an Emil Petaja novel.

Admittedly, STAR TREK has faults, but I find more entertainment on an ST show than in any recent issue of Galaxy, Analog or If. Only F&SF regularly matches it; only Farmer's "Riverworld" series and Zelazny have surpassed it in recent magazine sf.

This refusal to accept a TV sf series which is merely good somehow reminds me of the jerk who complained to Brunner at the Tricon that sfbooks came out all at once each month, leaving him with nothing to read the rest of the month -- "I read a book a day," he loudly-proudly announced. (Brunner said he couldn't write them that fast and moved on.) A person who brags about reading a book a day and implies that he reads sf exclusively somehow seems to me on an intellectual plane with those who hold that TV sf can't match magazine sf.

And by the way, did you read Harlan's anecdote in the SFWA bulletin about how our pure literary geniuses shafted STAR TREK? Seems they got advances totalling \$12,000 for gems of real sf they were going to write for ST. The stuff they turned in was garbage; slop they figured was "suitable for TV". As a result, ST was out \$12,000 and is now a market virtually closed to sf writers. Roddenberry wanted real sf by real sf writers, but certain sf writers weren't honest enough to turn out their best for a multi-million dollar market and blew it. Unfortunately, Harlan didn't name the jerks responsible. So, anyway, if ST fails to meet the standards of magazine sf, don't blame the show, blame "our" writers. Roddenberry at least tried.

Apparently, you two feel called upon to apologize constantly for your liking for STAR TREK. Which indicates that you've been getting, I suppose, all kinds of letters from nit-pickers and oddly-quirkling fans (what has Alex Panshin got against ST?), complaining about the show. I really see nothing at all to be ashamed/relevant/unhappy about about liking STAR

TREK. Certainly, in the current TV season, there is nothing better (aside from motion pictures) available on television. (Though this situation may shortly change, since The Avengers is returning to ABC...)

I get the feeling that the non-enthusiastic or non-liking fan just finds himself a member of that rather repellent group which claims to find nothing meretorious whatsoever in TV and which frequently prides itself on non-possession of what they originally call "the boob toob". Television has its advantages and its disadvantages, its problems and its triumphs, its geniuses and its hacks -- just as do all other art media. Of course, for example, TV shows don't have the budgets of multi-millioned motion pictures. And of course, they aim at a fairly broad audience (though it is not always the same broad audience, no matter what critics of the medium may think).

But because STAR TREK dresses its characters "in lamé or velours" does not mean it stops there, and it is an injustice to the show to let a critical analysis of the program stop there. (Being mildly involved with the "Galaxy of Fashion" show at the Tricon, let me say that the matter of what is a futuristic costume is hardly a simple matter. And have you, Juanita, noticed some of the hair styles on the program--that painstaking attention to minor detail which, to me, typifies everything about the show?)

We picked up the computer dating book, thanks to your recommendation. We shall see.

(By the way, we keep seeing mentions of the girls in the STAR TREK get-ups as though they were actresses from the show; we've never seen them on the show. Has anyone else?) (I will say, though, that the one who created the real sensation -- ah, the unprintable ballots I counted at the costume ball -- at the Tricon was a very nice girl. Or so she seemed in the moments I spoke to her, backstage at the fashion show. She was willing to help out, in a situation which did not require her to do so...)

The mayor of Cleveland is finally beginning to wake up to the problems the rest of us have known about for years (and which he has denied the existence of) -- racial, pollution, building problems of Cleveland. And he's acting as though all of this is his great discovery. Unfortunately for Cleveland, he's discovered it all a bit too late -- federal funds for most of the racial projects and slum clearances and such have been cut off, because Cleveland did nothing with them in the first year they had them, thanks to the mayor. There will almost certainly be race riots as soon as the weather turns spring-good, thanks to his refusal to listen to all responsible race groups. Pollution (as you noticed) has taken a complete toehold, and it'll be years before things are cleaned up in that respect -- if ever -- thanks to his refusal to enforce existing anti-pollution laws. Etc...

Right you are, Juanita; if the style show at the Tricon had taken just a bit longer, Marsha Brown--for one -- would have come apart. Her body cement, never too dependable, was definitely weakening towards those last moments of being photographed...

Read that last paragraph again. Talk about science fiction...

[Well, you don't have to be insulting about it -- "apologize constantly" indeed! It's just that fandom has so many overly enthusiastic people that I want to make sure I'm not mistaken for one. I don't think STAR TREK produces the greatest science fiction I've ever encountered and I don't want to give that impression. It's merely the greatest stf that has ever appeared on a tv series, and one of my two favorite programs (of any kind) on tv. (The other, of course, is THE MAN FROM UNCLE.

Rick Brooks, R.R. #1, Box 167, Fremont, Indiana

I'll try to get another card off to someone on STAR TREK Real Soon. Now. I liked "Balance of Terror" real well. The Sturgeon one a few weeks ago was pretty good, too. Things are looking up. Surely they can find exotic locations to use. They aren't too far from a redwood forest, I would suppose. Now that would probably be exotic enough, especially if the camera doesn't focus on one. Besides, to most viewers, all other trees would look pretty much alike, excepting when they bloom or change color in the autumn. So they could play things straight for most Earth-type planets and get away with it.

Good cover by Adkins, i.e. I liked it. #166 was good (and don't fold before 188 or I sic the feds on you, but Pickering annoyed the hell out of me. I'm tempted just to write him a nasty letter. It is hard to tell what he believes, but I get the impression that he feels that only social sf is of value. I will give him credit for one thing: this is the first time that he has come out and stated whose writings he considers of value.

Smith's "Skylark" series is a "classic" because it marked a turning point in the field and was a damn good novel for its time. It is hellishly dated by now and its flaws are mainly those of the sf field at the time. To call it "naive trash" that "represents the conservative views toward the impact of the present psychedelic revolution" is sheer bull. The first three stories were all written before 1937. I had gathered that the "psychedelic revolution" had started a trifle later than that. Doc Smith's political outlook in his stories wasn't anti-left, so much as it ignored the left of the political spectrum. His governments are mostly dictatorships. In fact, the extreme right personified by an absolute tyrant was often the villain of the piece.

I read the fan fiction for once. "A Matter of Opinion" by Raymond Clancy is pretty good. Very well constructed. I have read much worse in the prozines.

Minor quibble: In book reviews, you tear down Campbell for having iron-boned men in INVADERS FROM THE INFINITE, and having a recent editorial on how bone is much stronger. INVADERS was "accurate science" for its time. Campbell mentioned that in his editorial too, as I remember.

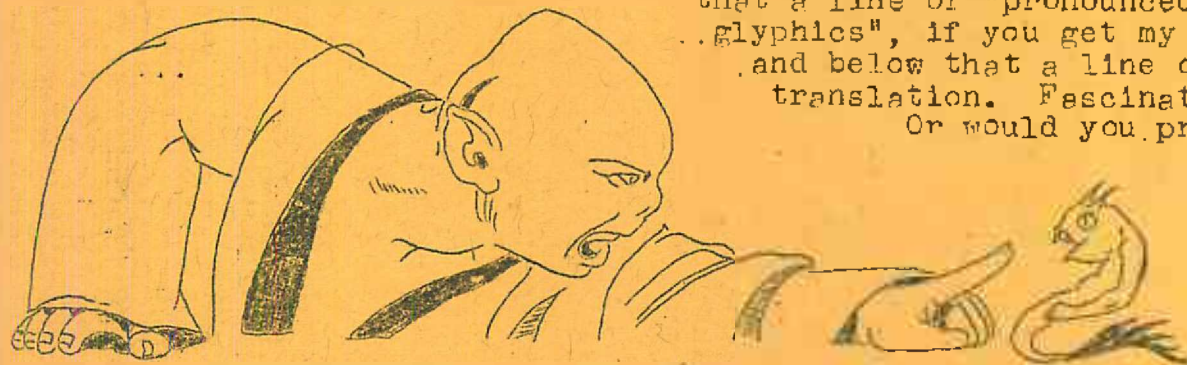
Yandro ought to get a cut from Ace Books. I bought WEIRDSTONE OF BRISINGAMEN only because of the Cawthorn illos. And I didn't realize they were in it until I read your book reviews. Now Terry Carr mentions that EYES OF THE OVERWORLD has an extra story in it, so I intend to buy it.

Question. Are Eerie and Creepie worth buying? I've heard of them, but never seen a copy of either.

Got Dover Books latest listings today, too. For the friend who has everything, I recommend EGYPTIAN LANGUAGE, EASY LANGUAGE IN EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS by Sir E. Wallis Budge, 246 pages for only three dollars. It

has a line of Hieroglyphics, below that a line of "pronounced hieroglyphics", if you get my meaning, and below that a line of English translation. Fascinating.

Or would you prefer COL-



LCQUIAL ARABIC by
DeLacy O'Leary,
which covers
both Egyptian
and Syrian dia-
lects? Not to
mention books
on Japanese,
Yiddish, He-
brew, Esper-
anto (wher-
ever that
is), Per-
sian, and
Hindustani,
not to mention most
European languages.



/If you like mediocre imitations of the old EC horror
comics, Eerie and Creepy are worth buying. Their art-
work is good; their story ideas are hackneyed -- possi-
bly because they all seem to be by the same person. Just
once I'd like to get a complete list of Dover books; I
got their "latest listing" the other day, too, and it
didn't include either of the ones you mention. RSC/

Kay Anderson, 234 Shangri-la NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107

If you can get ahold of a copy at this late date, do try to pick up
the January issue of Ebony. Fred Clarke told me about it and I got the
last two on the newsstand here. The cover has Nichelle Nichols in full
STAR TREK uniform, and inside is a five-page spread on the show. The
article emphasizes her and her role, of course, but is very favorable
toward the show and has 20 photos, many of them taken on the set.

I saw the premiere of THE INVADERS, and I labelled it a complete
stinker. How did you like it? It was hokey and gimmicky and overacted
and full of cliches...Bah. When the saucer landed the hero (?) had a
red light pulsing on his face, but the saucer was emitting a blue light;
things like that. Said hero nearly wet his pants then and later when he
saw the diabolical machines in the hydroelectric station, and when the
girl turned out to be an alien. And this boob doesn't even know why
they're there -- maybe it's an anthropological expedition, or a Sunday
School picnic, or a survey to see if we are mature enough to be warned
of some approaching danger, or invited to join a confederacy. He broke
into the station with absolutely no reason, and ran in utter fear of an
unfamiliar machine. How many grown men get scared by the monitor light
of a machine? The hero's partner wore a look like "Who wrote this?" dur-
ing the whole show. Seems that the distinguishing mark of the beast is
that they have stiff little fingers (no explanation: if they have no
little finger, howcum some wore gloves and some didn't? If they're pos-
sessing humans, howcum they can't work the fingers normally?) and oc-
casionally their faces glow red. I can't blame them -- mine would too
if I had those lines: "There's no use fighting, we're going to win, you
know". As for the finger, I think they had the wrong finger stiffly ex-
tended. Oh yes, another distinguishing feature of the aliens -- they
were better actors.

Incidentally, I saw my first episode of THE AVENGERS the other night,
and it was about lasers, supposedly from Venus. Hmmm. Stf is bustin'
out all over. It also had the best color I've seen yet on TV. The color

quality varies widely: Walt Disney is usually very good and DRAGNET and THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. are often very poor. The movies made especially for TV are quite good, but the theater movies often have funny shades of color as seen on TV. Reds are purple, blues tend toward green, and flesh tones are not realistic. I think it has something to do with the different processes. The Japanese movies have lousy color, mainly just blue sky and strong reds come through, seldom much flesh tone.

I dunno about people. Friends out at work who dote on STAR TREK also have kind words to say about THE INVADERS. In the same breath, yet. I can hardly believe it. I watched that thing again last night, feeling that I should give it one more chance. Yech. Just menace, conspiracy and paranoia. These beings, we're told, come from a dying world in another galaxy. They sure are hard to please, if they come clear from another galaxy just to usurp Earth. That's a far piece. Also, we're told that they possess humans. Then howcum they can't make the little fingers work? The camera practically did contortions to get the aliens' hands in the picture, so we'd know they were aliens. Nothing subtle about this show. Roddy McDowall played the son of an astrophysicist (stereotyped scientist type) who (Roddy) suffered from tremendous headaches throughout the story, apparently a result of possession by the aliens, but actually, I think, the result of having read the script. I notice that no one lasts more than one episode, alien or human, except that panty-waist hero. In one scene the aliens are trying to change hero's brain patterns but are thwarted by his strong will. (No kidding--that's what they said.) The device takes up a couple of rooms and features lots of functionless flashing lights and weird noises; in other words, their devices are everything Roddenberry has made sure his are not, mainly patently ridiculous. On a giant screen is a pitifully misdrawn cross section of human brain in skull, bathed in colored lights. It looks like a sinus-remedy commercial. If the aliens are that poor on miniaturization, how did they ever build any kind of spacecraft, let alone an intergalactic one? The show featured such lines as "My father was an Enemy" (spoken by son of astrophysicist), "There's no use fighting, we're going to win", and "I know how this sounds, but believe me, I'm not insane". (This has been said by just about every human in each episode, and looks like it is going to be a favorite with the series.) I sincerely hope you missed it. Oh yes, the background music has a penchant for going "Pwaaa-anggg" up and down the scale, during dramatic moments, so that you'll know that they're supposed to be dramatic.

The show damn near curdled my brain.

I too have heard that IT'S ABOUT TIME is going off, and it's about time. Dare we hope?

VOYAGE had the menacing rutabaga again, only with the leaves trimmed and called a petrified man. Fah. At least Basehart doesn't take the show seriously. He snickers most of the time, and a couple of weeks ago he didn't even try to deliver his lines, just clung to the door jamb and giggled while Hedison goggled at him. I'm afraid Hedison does take the show seriously.

Did you hear that they are planning a monument to Martha Washington? It's to be a hole, 528 feet deep.

Speaking of authors not checking their work, in THE NAKED SUN or THE CAVES OF STEEL, Asimov at one point has Daneel's eyes blue, and then about a hundred pages further on they are brown.

/This was from two letters, which is why there are two loathing comments on THE INVADERS. We haven't seen the show yet. RSC
And after Kay's comments, I doubt we will; at least, it makes STAR TREK look even better.... JWC7

Jerry Kaufman, 2769 Hampshire, Cleveland Heights, Ohio, 44106

Fiction and poetry - good, except for one wherein the name (whose initials are Roger Zelazny) of the author contains more poetry than does the poem. If he was trying simply to be disgusting, he made it.

What is wrong with "Loc"? I wandered into fandom, and I accepted all these terms as old and established. Now you say it's "repellent" and imply that it's new. It never sounded repellent, only odd like the rest of the slang. And it gives me a feeling of "know". I know things no one around me knows (or cares about, if I ever stop to think of it). Anyway, it sounds fine to me.

As long as Lewis Grant mentions drugs, I'd like to say that I read about a new drug, DMT, which acts in 5 minutes, with effects lasting up to an hour, and is easily made at home with easily-obtained chemicals (anyone, its says, with "a run-of-the-mill" training in chemistry can do it. It's referred to as "the businessman's special."

And as long as you mentioned it, how is J.K. Klein coming with the convention annual from Tricon?

I dunno; how are you coming along, J.K.? "Loc" has been around fandom longer than I have, but I can't say I ever liked it, or much of the other fan jargon. Its main usefulness is to impart an in-group feeling, and I dislike in-groups on principle. (The stuff is insidious however; I find myself using it without thinking about it -- which I guess is the way most fans use it.) RSC7

Ross B. Peterson, 185 Russet Rd., Stamford, Conn., 06903

It's true "The People Trap" was poor, though its rampant technical errors may be taken as simply another facet of Sheckley's Anti-Technology theme (hence anti-logic, hence anti-plots-that-make-sense). "We Are Not Alone" left out the best parts of the book, of course, but then what can you expect from a one-hour popularization? (Incidentally, I've just finished the book and I'm quite annoyed at the way Big Name scientists have been coming up with brilliant "original" ideas on extraterrestrials and space travel, most of which must have been old hat to sci readers 20 years ago. It doesn't take a phd to come up with sweeping generalizations.)

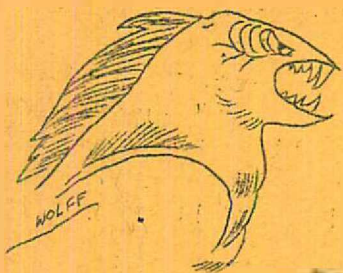
STAR TREK is way ahead of the other programs, all right, but it still has its faults. Monster-Aliens seem to be prevalent; their ship has a very strange and unlikely design. Why distribute personnel sections in connected saucers -- there ought to be a better explanation than that it looks particularly futuristic and streamlined (in a vacuum?). Their biggest asset is the "beaming" apparatus, because it facilitates trickier plots and eliminates time-wasting shots to show them in transit to new destinations. The major fault, however, is this: to create the illusion of speed, they show the ship whizzing between stars in the animated sequences on the ship viewscreens. How can this be? Even if a valid explanation were given, it would hardly justify a "five year mission" - at the apparent 2 light years per second, they could cross the whole galaxy in a little over eleven hours.

Excuse my ignorance, but what's The Overhead Door?

Who illustrated THE GATES OF CREATION, anyway, Morrow or Finlay?

THE WM. MCKINLEY FANCLUB - Superb! I want to join. Where can I get in touch with Derek Nelson, or whoever is in charge of membership applications? (Note on the article: the 10-foot wall idea was originally postulated by Mad magazines in an article on Our Father Barry.)

"Gormanis" was effective, and true. Gorman's English professor evidently read Ellison on the same superficial level as other Literateurs



like Judith Merrill.

It seems to me your little puns ("Universe...one stanza") were funny for a while, but the idea is tired now. Space Fillers, anyone?

We stayed up to see the Leonids shower, but only a half-dozen or so were seen before the cloud cover obscured the heavens completely. The next day, predictably, The New York Times, which the day before had devoted much space to helping people prepare for the meteors, had a laughably big spread on how disappointed the watchers in Central Park were. A couple days later, just as if nothing had happened, the Times printed a prominent article about the Astounding Meteor Showers seen by students in Arizona. Well, thanks a lot!

Juanita can now be smug about all the things City People miss. (I think I've converted her to a more violent advocacy of country life than I have myself.) GATES OF CREATION was Morrow; sorry if my mental gear-shifting bothered you. I suppose the explanation of the speedy spaceship is that it has to move against the stars if it's shown at all; what excitement is there in a spaceship that apparently just sits there?

I do wish, though, that Roddenberry would tell his art director, music director, animator or whoever to quit adding a "Whooshing" sound when they show the ship zipping by under the opening credits. It's the one totally inaccurate thing about the show, and it irritates the hell out of me. R&C JWC/

Andy Porter, 24 E. 82nd St., New York, New York, 10028

I feel I must find fault with the idea of three separate markets for SF. Given the successful author, we generally find a case (Heinlein is a good example) where the book is serialized in the magazine, published in hardcover, and, 8 months later, published in paper. It's not that there are three separate markets for sf, but rather that there are more or less successful authors who are able to crack one, two, or all three areas with the same book. Of course, this doesn't apply to such considerations as anthologies and collections, although for that matter I don't see why someone like Carnell who did an original collection couldn't sell some of the stories for magazine appearance before book and paperback publication. It's a thought, at least, and would seem to benefit everyone, save the publisher who wants to claim "1st appearance; all stories original."

Concerning "Serconism--Russian Style", I might say that if all goes well, the NYCon may possibly have several Russian sf writers and critics at the convention. So far, though, all this is very tentative. The current state of Russian science fiction leads me to believe, however, that Hugo Gernsback could start another 1926-type sf magazine in Russia right now and no one over there could tell the difference. In 40 years, Russia may even have its own JWCampbell and a Golden Age of Goshwowskii Stories...

We were dissecting WORLD OF PTAVVS last night, and I regret to say that in almost everyone's opinion it could have been cut by at least 300,000 words-- in other words, it should never have been written. Too convoluted, with the characters being pushed into situations that they could have circumvented by acting like normal people, abrupt changes of scene becoming more and more frequent as the book progresses, and a final ending in which the hero (who has been made paralysed by the Alien, but who Gets Around It) simply pushes a button on the Alien and Turns Him/It Off. The book turned me off, too.

Howard L. Cory is actually Larry Maddock, author of porny novels for

half a dozen years. He's the one who wrote the porny novel that uses fans' names, "Lesbo Lodge". (and tell your readers you saw it first in Degler!)

An article in the Times about a projected rise in postal rates (2nd, 3rd, and 4th class -- fanzine editors please hold your breaths) noted that the reason for the mail jam up in Chicago is that the Central Post Office was built above the railroad tracks at a time when there were 10,000 mail cars in use (1931) so mail could be funneled directly into the Station from the RR cars. Now there are only 300 railway mail cars, and the Central P.O. gets most of their mail from trucks, which get caught in traffic jams and unloading delays. Also, the overland mail goes by shorthaul carrier, and the USPOD is too cheap to negotiate long-life contracts with national cross-country carriers.

British subscribers might be interested to know that the NYCity Post Offices handle more mail per day than the P.O.'s in all of Great Britain! So I guess our service is pretty fair.

Re: Fred Clarke: Under the rules adopted in 1963, only specific episodes of a series are eligible for the Hugo Awards

/Gee, I'd heard that Cory was a couple of other people. I can believe he's Maddock, though; the writing is equally bad. RSC

Okay, kids -- get your pencils and papers ready, because next issue you are going to get specific episodes of STAR TREK thrown at you, complete with script writers; so get ready to get on the stick come Hugo nomination time. JWC7

Leigh Couch, Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri, 63010

I found one interesting Christmas item for my son, "Foo Choo Magic Fortune Telling Sticks". I presume it is adapted from the I Ching, or Book of Changes used by Phillip K. Dick in THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE.

"A Matter of Opinion" by R.L. Clancy was enjoyable, but I have a nit-picking question or two. What does the twirlig eat, the sub-soil heat, perhaps? What are those spines for, physical leftovers from a violent period of his development, perhaps? He seems much too goody-good to have all that natural hardware.

Terry Carr: my son Chris showed a copy of his Apazine to his English teacher and the first comment was, "Explain the lingo." Said teacher had never heard of SF fandom and only knew of Bradbury and no one else. Why is it that other people know Bradbury and no one else? The good gentleman has promised to read some Science Fiction if Chris will lend it to him. "Loc" does have a harsh sound. I inevitably think of the scottish word for lake.

Lewis Grant: Pope Paul indeed does have a hang up with the birth control issue. Most Catholics have settled that for themselves by now. Since Pope John stirred things up but good, I think (I hope) people are becoming aware that Roman Catholicism is not a united front organization (common noun). There are liberal and conservative R.C.'s. (Yes, I am an R.C., of the ultra-liberal variety). The Latest Survey indicates about 60% of Catholic wives use birth control. Of that 60%, close to 50% use artificial means, loop or pill. Information from survey printed in St. Louis Archdiocesan newspaper. The Roman Catholic church has already lost a lot of members, and oddly enough, since the modernizing movement, the percentage is going up. Many of these people are throwing up the catechism and starting to think for themselves and so



they get out. Me, I prefer to stay in and fight it out. Under current ground rules I believe I am classed as a Waldensian heretic, but who knows what tomorrow will bring out of Rome? Paul will accept the bitter pill; he has to.

/That subject went around fandom awhile back: what to loan to a friend who is interested in science fiction but has never read any. I'd tend to plug for the first sf anthology I read, THE HEALY-MCCOMAS ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE. Or maybe some advanced juveniles like NEEDLE or THE ROLLING STONES or BEAST MASTER. Though of course if he's an English teacher, something by Zelazny or T.B. Swann or Cordwainer Smith might be appropriate. RSC
If Chris's teacher is an English teacher and hasn't read Huxley's BRAVE NEW WORLD and/or isn't aware the novel is sf, you might point it out to the gentleman; you needn't add I don't think much of his training in either case. JWC7

John McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada

Re Juanita's problem with the plates from TV dinners. I asked one of the chemists here for his views. He thinks that the plates are likely coated with a very thin layer of varnish. The varnish, being organic, would be dissolved by the protein and fats in the milk, thus getting through to the metal and allowing the lactic acid to go to work on the latter. Tomatoes, on the other hand, containing little except their acid, and water, would not dissolve the varnish and so would have no opportunity of attacking the metal beneath.

It occurred to me it would be quite easy to partially test this theory. Scrub the bottom of one of the plates with sand-paper or steel wool. That should get rid of the varnish, in places, anyhow. Then put stewed tomatoes in the dish and allow to stand the usual time and see what happens.

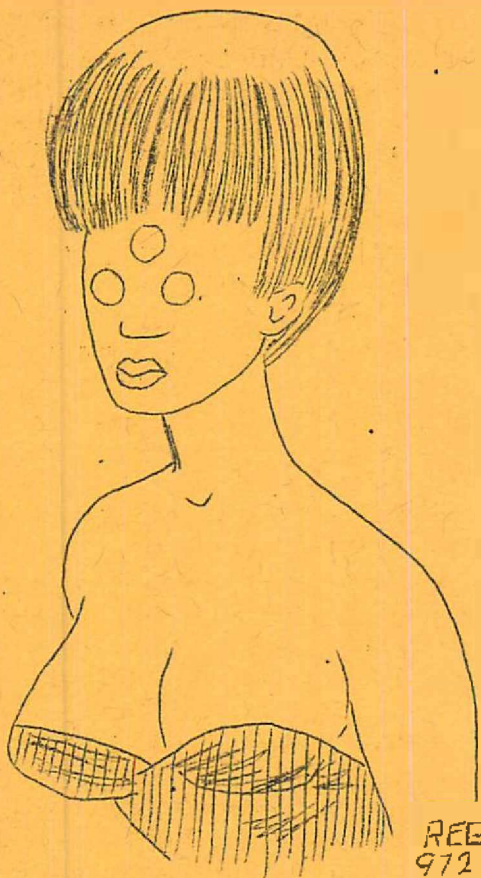
If he is right, I can't say that it has increased my fondness, never high, for TV dinners. Dissolved varnish is not my idea of a proper meal.

Bill Connor, 4905 Ridgewood Rd. E., Apt. F, Springfield, Ohio, 45503

I don't think there is anything like a psychedelic revolution going on today. Sure, some college students are trying it out, but they've been doing some silly things all along -- they used to swallow goldfish, raid girls' dormitories for panties and see how many kids they could stuff into a telephone booth. But no one ever sat around worrying about the "goldfish revolution, the panty-raid revolution, or the telephonebooth-stuffing revolution." Sure, now that we've got LSD and since it is easy to make, it looks like we'll always have the LSD junkies around. But not everyone, or even a sizable minority of people in our affluent society are going to become acid junkies, no more than they are going to become alcoholics.

So, in my opinion, the so-called "psychedelic revolution" isn't going to have much of an impact on society in general, despite its popularity on the campus. And to judge from some of the half-baked ideas emanating from some of the converts to LSD, I don't think we're going to see any great intellectual breakthroughs made through the use of this mind-bloating drug.

I was glad to see in the Jan. 3 issue of the Los Angeles Times that STAR TREK had been confirmed by the network for 30 more episodes. This should take the series clear through next fall. I also saw in the same newspaper that Christopher Lee and Vincent Price will co-star in HG Wells' "The Sleeper Wakes". Production to begin in London in May.



Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107

No theories, really, but I would suggest that Juanita do some further experimentation with aluminum-eating dairy products. Tv pans are rather thin stuff and it would be interesting to see the effect of cottage cheese, etc., on heavier grade aluminum. Do you have a heavy pot or frying pan you could experiment with? How long, I wonder, would it take cottage cheese to eat through a Wearever skillet? Have you tried yogurt? Does the brand of milk make a difference? Have you checked the radioactivity of the milk? Does the Spearmint lose its flavor on the bedpost overnight? Is this phenomenon restricted to cow's milk or does it occur with the milk of other dairy animals such as goats, sheep and yaks? Come now, where is your scientific curiosity, Juanita? Do you realize that there is the makings of a great stf yarn in this?

REG
972

Did Gene DeWeese ever find out the names and numbers of the magazines with the Zor-ome series in them? Did he ever get a copy of STAR MAKER? Is Bob Briney still partial to monster stories? Whatever became of Michael Wigodsky?

The Lion of Judah's mobilization order keeps popping up once a year or so. Amusing. And makes much sense, too. I admire it because it is not a halfway measure -- everybody goes.

By Klonos' cast-iron cojones I never thought I'd see the day when Stephen Pickering attacked science fiction! That is, apparently, what he is doing in his rebuttal to Ben Solon. Let me get this straight now -- rather a difficult thing to do -- science-fiction, according to Pickering, is that fiction which concerns itself with social problems, changes and theories. All else is anti-intellectual trash. Man, we got to get them there messages. (Hey, I'll bet the Ethiopian citizenry got the message when the Emperor published his mobilization order...was that science-fiction?) I got a message for Pickering--sociology isn't a science.

Ben Solon is quite correct in stating that (modern-day, at any rate) SF is simply entertainment. Escape fiction and nothing more. The modern school of writers, particularly those of the "Ballard" and "Milford" schools and, to a lesser extent, the "Ellison" school do not write science fiction but rather turn out a variety of fantasy of little import. I think the attitude of most modern writers is summed up in a statement by Langdon Jones that "science fiction is much easier to write than mundane fiction because it does not require any research; all that is necessary is to imagine a situation and put it down on paper." This type of fiction is nothing more than entertainment and escape; it offers no message and nothing to stimulate the intellect. Pickering classifies Doc Smith's Skylark yarns as naive trash which, according to all the literary rules, they may well be. I do not, however, judge stf by literary rules but by a science-fictional yardstick. Bad writing though they may be, the Skylark yarns are vastly better science fiction than the majority of the stories in Judith Merrill's latest collection.

There is no reason why SF cannot be a message story and good stf at the same time. It has been done, but by stf authors who took the time to do

their research in both the scientific and sociological aspects of the yarn. There's not many of them around any more. Boucher is, of course, quite correct in stating that many of today's writers are scientific illiterates and the publishers don't care. What makes it rough is they are trying to write sociological fiction and they're sociological illiterates as well as scientific illiterates.

Ah well, the point I'm trying to get across amidst all this confused verbosity is that Pickering's intellectual (what?) social fiction is not stf...at least not my kind of stf. Or hardly anybody's.

Oh, me, I just turned the bloody page. Let me reiterate that science-fiction should concern itself with science and not sociological hogwash or messages from the soul. Science-fiction properly concerns itself with the mind and the intellect, not with the soul.

Good poem by Joe Sarno. Good imagery. Very visual type poem.

Not a good poem by Zelazny.

I find it difficult to substitute planets for fort and rifts in the nebulae for passes.

Ah, Grumblings. Tsk, Terry Carr, poker players don't say "Hit me", that's blackjack. I really don't see anything wrong with using fanspeak in correspondence since it does shorten things a bit. It is rather startling though, when one first hears it used verbally. And LAFandom actually talks that way.

The round and round of names in fandom is rather spooky at times: Willis is an Irish fan by Lyle Gaulding lives on Willis Lane. Here's John Robinson on Porter Avenue. Pete Westen lives on Porlock Crescent which is too fantastic to think about. And on and on. There are numerous repetitions.

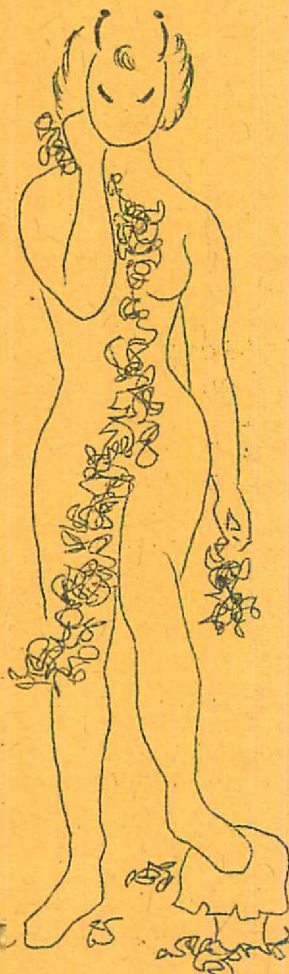
Oh, ghod! I am out, out, out. I've heard of McLuhan only vaguely through fmz and wasn't Leary the guy who was picked up in Texas for smuggling marijuana? Or was that somebody else? The last Leary I knew lived in Chicago and had a cow...or was that O'Leary? I don't suppose it really matters a great deal.

Toasted hexapod?

Green yet. Like Dynatron. I have discovered a new supplier of Twilltone for future issues. I'm tempted to do one in gold--with the title like so: DYNATRON.

I could mention STAR TREK but I think Kay has probably said everything there is to say about it from this end. Oh, yeah, about the Bloch script --I agree, Buck, he should have known better. And besides not one of those creatures was an android --most definitely robots. Androids are, by definition, man-made flesh and blood types (remember Otho?) and the beings in Bloch's story were full of electronic components and wires and all like that. In this instance Bloch was not superb.

Rather enjoyed the Sturgeon entry as well as the last one where Mr. Spock had the lead. (How come they didn't use the shuttle the time Sulu and the others were down there on that planet where the temperature was 70 below?) I've looked over the character and general outlines for the series and can see why there are contradictions when there are a variety of writers doing the series. One wonders what became of



Janice?

You have, I presume, seen the Blish adaptations? Poor. Very Poor. The scripts deserved better treatment than that.

/I don't wonder what's become of Janice; I just thank God that something has happened to her. Maybe she won the title of Miss Sulky Pout of 1966 and went on tour. Maybe her wig slipped and smothered her. Maybe she absent-mindedly showed an expression and cracked her face. Who knows? You have the right Leary (not to be confused with Avram Davidson's friend, the deadly leeris)! Lin Carter doesn't find it hard to substitute planets for forts and rifts in nebulae for passes; why should you? RSC/

Vern Bennett

Okay, on to Y-166: First, Juanita shouldn't underestimate the acidic qualities of milk and related products. It's pretty rough stuff. News items: A local dairy farmer has begun to feed new-born calves a 50/50 mixture of milk and red wine. The result: a flat 50% reduction in calf mortality rate. Now, was the milk that bad for the calves, or the wine that good?

Please tell all the letter writers not to let up, but to increase the flow. According to TV Guide, STAR TREK's renewal after 30 segments is "iffy".

About Reader's Digest; did you read the line in the article (or whatever that slanted thing was) on gun control? It went something like this:..."The Secret Service can protect the president from window weights ..." (etc.) The Australian who bounced a can of paint off the President's car could have substituted a bomb. From what I've read, I gather that bomb-throwing was once used as a sort of instant impeachment.

In Steve Pickering's article, I assume the "we" referred to a split personality. I'm sick of people yapping about "psychedelic revolutions" and the like. If people want to put their garbage in an sf wrapper, fine. But do you have to print it?

"They Search" was quite good. My peasant background often shields the message (if there is one) in something like Zelazny's "What Is Left When the Soul is Sold", for me. Same with some of the stuff Sapiro runs.

The fiction was pretty good. I usually pass over fan-fiction. Yandro's is quite good, tho short. Two or three pages should be devoted to fiction & verse. It balances out the magazine very nicely.

Grumblings was tops this issue. Personally, I don't mind the term "loc". At least in its written form. When my typing finger gets particularly battered and bloodied, I even use a 'zine or "mag". It does cut the repetition down a bit. However, I draw the line at "ish". To me, ish was what you found on top of a fried egg. My sheet may lay an egg, but I'll be damned if I'll publish one.

I'll amen Lewis Grant's remarks on the spread of hallucigens. Gee, all kinds of new ways to chemically blow your brains out .

Ted White, 339, 49th ST., Brooklyn, New York, 11220

Enclosed is another column for Yandro. I'd certainly appreciate it if you didn't sit on it for three or four months. If it can slip into the Annish, fine; otherwise, how about the next issue? I've been slightly annoyed about your holding my review of TIME TUNNEL until it was on everyone's screens (a preview is then worthless), and this column is, I think, even more pertinent to the here and now.

All of that aside, here are a few comments on 166 --

I don't expect the Stephen Pickerings of this world will ever under-

stand that everyone does not think and view the world in blacks and whites. We are not all quite so sophomorically driven to carry the banner of "intellectualism" against anti-intellectualism, nor liberalism against conservatism, even if we consider ourselves, basically, intellectual or liberal (and not everyone does). Ever since I started tromping his more outspoken asininities, Pickering has been singling me out as a Bad Example. I suppose I should feel flattered. However, I consider myself as intellectual as he (I imagine I'm more intelligent: most of us seem to be, if manipulating simple logic is any test), and all that there. But somehow I can't get wrought up about how much more Message there is in mainstream writing. Most mainstream writing leaves me completely cold, anyway. I've never regarded fiction as a pulpit for sermonizing, and Pickering seems particularly exercised on this point.

Terry Carr may or may not be right that Gray Morrow is a "Gil Kane" fan," but Morrow surely didn't take The Enchantress from Kane. She is the creation of Jack Kirby, of whom Gray is also a fan. Last time he was here, I dug out a few old items from my Kirby collection for him to dig, in fact.

I have another set of fannish doubles for you: Ted White. When I first entered fandom, I found out that a Canadian Ted White had been active in the N3F in the forties. So I used my middle initial in my name for the first six or eight years I was a fan. By then I figured everyone knew pretty well which Ted White I was.

So last week I got a letter at F&SF from a Canadian fan saying "Remember old times?" He went on for pages about his doings since last we'd met, in the forties. *Sigh*

That's not the only point of confusion. When I was active in jazz circles, there was a jazz fan in St. Louis named Ted White, who had frequent letters in Down Beat. Later he, or someone, came to New York and used my name and credits in job applications. I found out about it only when the prospective employers checked back with Metronome, for which I was a staff reviewer. There's also a Ted White in television, who won a Grammy award a couple years back, and Theodore H. White, and T(errence) H. White, with whom I have not often been confused. But I call myself "Ted" professionally just to avoid confusion with Theodore (my proper name). Also, other Whites have lived at at least two of my addresses (107 Christopher and Towner Hall on West 10th St), causing mail foulups when either I or they moved. Oh, it's a complex world, it is.

The Bill Pearson who wrote Flash Gordon #3 is the very same Bill Pearson who has also written stories for the Tower Comics group, and is a good friend of Archie Goodwin, the editor of Creepy and Eerie. Archie wrote Flash Gordon #2. I see them monthly at the Comic Art Group meetings. Dan Adkins, by the way, is working for Marvel Comics now, and has done several Sub Mariner stories. He also has a beautifully done story in the current (as I write this) Eerie, with a splash panel that looks etched.

Ben Solon is right. Of course I don't object to significance in stories. I object to Significance. I object to an author trying to be significant, and usually failing at all else. I object to critics tampering with writers like Zelazny, too, in order to make them Significant. I think Roger says a great deal about a great many things in the course of his better stories, but this is a natural by-product of his writing ability, and not a predetermined injection of Content. Fortunately, I don't think Roger is in any danger of being spoiled by Significance-seeking critics.

The choice was not between having Sol Cohen publish Amazing and Fantastic or the death of those two titles. Mercury entered a bid for them which was rejected by Ziff-Davis, for reasons unfathomable. You can bet

that had we gained the titles they would not have sunk to their present abysmal low.

/5 or 6 people jumped on Terry for confusing Kane with Kirby. RSC7

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

You've told us everything about CONAN THE ADVENTURER except what counts to us other collectors: is it a reprint, which we may not need, or a new, retitled book? How much did Lancer pay you to avoid that question, eh?

"Loc" has an ugly sound to fans, because of its similarity to "lock" that great frustrater of the fannish practice of "borrowing" everything not nailed down.

De Camp: I understand that one reason the Hessians were brought in was in the hope that their rifles could compete with those of the rebels. Apparently the British didn't have the time to re-train their own troops to use them.

Regarding the Great Ilya Questions: (1) The "Ilya of Murom" referred to in an earlier letter was Ilya Murometz, the bearded, homely hero of THE SWORD AND THE DRAGON. An old Russian folk hero. (2) No, the McCallums have no Gollums in their ancestry. Simple deduction: The Duke of Argyll, chief of the Clan Campbell, has as Celtic title MacCaileann Mhor. This is pronounced "MacCallum More", and translates as "Son of Colin the Great". Ergo, "Callum" is simply an archaic form of Colin. Too bad.

Dodd: I vaguely remember that cartoon. In Punch, perhaps? And how come there's been no attention to that splendid piece in #6574 (Sept 7)? It concerns one of the most fascinating cases of poor translating I've ever seen: the program for "Carmen" in a Paris opera house, in a version translated into English for tourists.

Samples: "Carmen sees her death in cards and Don Jose makes a date with Carmen for the next balls-fight."### "Act 4, a place in Seville. Procession of balls-fighters, the roaring of the balls heard in the arena. Escamillo enters (Aria and chorus: 'Toreador, toreador, All hail the balls of a toreador.') Enter Don Jose (Aria: 'I do not threaten, I beseech you.') but Carmen repels him, wants to join with Escamilion now chaired by the crowd. Don Jose stabs her (Aria: 'Oh, rupture, rupture, you may arrest me, I did kill der.') he sings "Oh my beautiful Carmen, my subductive Carmen."

Now, I'm not one of those oafs who think "balls" is screamingly funny, but in this situation, well. I keep thinking of those haughty grande dames of operagoing, peering at the program through their lorgnettes and seeing...

And to think there are people who never read Punch. They miss life.

According to Variety, the Hell's Angels are suing AIP and Roger Corman for invasion of privacy. They want \$4,000,000. How's that for your sense of wonder?

Margaret Dominick, 55 Plum St., New Brunswick, New Jersey, 08901

On #163 the cover was terrible. One of my friend's kids found it before I could hide it and asked me: "What is it? A boy, a girl, a man or a woman?" Honestly, I couldn't say what it was myself; it looks like a breastless female; on the other hand, it looks like a confused male (but something is missing, I'm sure of that.) #165 Cover by Steve Stiles was hilarious. I wish I'd had this idea myself. He should work the drawing over, slick it up and get money from some promag.

STRANGE FRUIT



DEGLER #157, 158, 159, 161, 162 (Andy Porter, 24 East 82nd. St, New York, N.Y. 10028 - 3 for 25¢, 15 for \$1.00 - weekly) I thought I got a copy of #160, too, but it doesn't seem to be in the stack. Probably around somewhere, unless the post office snaffled it before it arrived here. This is currently the most reliable of the newsletters as far as rapid and regular publication goes. All issues are two pages - one sheet of paper. News includes everything from magazine circulation and markets for would-be writers to the attendees of New York fan parties and the page-total of the latest FAPA mailing. (Or from the sublime to the....yes.) Recommended.

SKYRACK #93 (Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorkshire, Great Britain - more or less monthly - 6 for 50¢, or 6 for \$1 if sent airmail - USAgent, me) Airmail sub recommended if you are interested in fresh news; third class takes up to 6 weeks just crossing the Atlantic. (Of course, YANDROs have been known to take 6 weeks to travel from Hartford City to Milwaukee, too....) The publication for finding out what is going on in Britain. Don't send him a long sub, though; he warns that he may have to fold before too many more issues have appeared.

RALLY! #14, 15 (Lon Atkins, Box 660, Huntsville, Alabama 35804 - irregular - 4 for 25¢, no amounts larger than 25¢ accepted. - co-editor, Al Andrews) Primarily Southern Fandom news; enjoyable enough if you are interested in southern-fandom.

THE WSFA JOURNAL #35 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md. 20906 - mostly bi-weekly - \$2 per year) Washington, D.C. and east coast fan news, magazine reviews, book reviews, and a short rundown of the "Tarzan" movies. Especially valuable for the magazine reviews.

NATIONAL FANTASY FAN Vol. 25 #6 (National Fantasy Fan Federation -- write to Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tennessee 37754 for information on dues and stuff) Every so often the NFF indulges in a spurt of activity; Don Miller, who publishes this NFF, seems to be doing his best to nudge the club into another one. The club has all sorts of bureaus, more or less active; some of the more valuable ones seem to be the Information Bureau, which answers your questions about sf and fandom, the Collector's Bureau (self-explanatory?) and the annual Story Contest for budding authors. (There is also a Birthday Card Project, for anyone who is that desperate to be noticed.....)

HAVERINGS #24 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, United Kingdom - bi-monthly - \$1 per year - USAgent, Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif. 94701) 6 pages of comments on and reviews of fanzines. If you're looking for more fanzines to subscribe to, here is an excellent place to find out which ones are worth your time.

BROBDINGNAG #50 (John A. McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - 10¢) This is a Postal Diplomacy mag; if you don't know what Postal Diplomacy is, write McCallum, not me. All I know is that it is a game which seems to provide endless opportunities for argument, discussion, and plain old nitpicking. Not to mention bombastic pronouncements of one's intentions. I've never played a game, but most fans seem to think it's great fun.

CAFA-Alpha #26 (Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio 44060) The official publication of a comics fandom publishing association. Write the Thompsons for information if you are interested.

FILM FORUM #1 (Roar Ringdahl, p.boks 495, Drammen, Norway - 4 for 1.40 - irregular) A small printed publication, written in English. Reasonably well written if you're that interested in movies. Provides more wordage and fewer pictures than most recent movie fanzines. However, some errors creep in (and when I spot errors in a movie mag, they are pretty obvious.) Mostly by implication, such as saying that the Penguin editions of the first two Quatermass books contain "photos from the original films". Well, they do, but the author neglects to say that the "original films" were British tv serials, and the photos in question are not from the movies made from these same books. (Also, why omit mention of the 3rd Quatermass tv serial and book, and the 2nd Quatermass movie?)

ON THE DRAWING BOARD #55 (Robert Schoenfeld, 9516 Minerva, St. Louis, Missouri 63114 - monthly - 25¢) Small in page-count, but multilithing and microtype increase the wordage somewhat. This seems to be a newsletter for comics fandom; I can't say I'm terribly enthused by it, but the level of presentation seems to be pretty high by comics standards and if you're a comics fan you should ~~xxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ get a copy for a trial. You might find it indispensable; stranger things have happened.

That takes care of the newsletters and stuff; now for the ones I'm going to have to -- ugh! -- read before reviewing.....

AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #4 (John Bangsund, 19 Gladstone Ave, Northcote N.16, Melbourne, Australia - quarterly? - 30¢, 6 for \$1.80) Not quite half of this issue (18 pp) is given to John Foyster's article on the editorials of John W. Campbell. Foyster has done a good job; his article may not be quite as interesting as the editorials themselves, but it is well done and not nearly as one-sided as most recent Campbell criticisms. Reviews, letters, and an editorial make up the rest of the issue. One of the few fanzines being published that sticks to serious discussions of science fiction. Very well done.

SPECULATION #14 (Peter H. Weston, 9 Porlock Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham 31, United Kingdom - quarterly - 30¢, 5 for \$1.50 - US Agent, Al Lewis, 4600 Kester Ave, Apt. D, Sherman Oaks, California) Perhaps the best of the serious stf fanzines. This issue is turned over almost entirely to Alex Panshin for an installment of his Heinlein volume - 36 pages devoted to it, with only a few left for letters, ads, editorial, etc. (Former issues of this mag have been titled ZENITH; this was changed to ZENITH SPECULATION and now to just SPECULATION.)

MOONWEB #1 (Vern Bennett, P.O. Box 705, Hawthorne, Calif. 90250 - quarterly - 25¢) A good editorial, letters, and magazine reviews. I can't say the reviews were written in a style I like, but they were at least different from most of the ones I've seen. Small but promising.

SIRRUISH #3 (Jim Hall, 202 Taylor Ave, Crystal City, Mo. - 25¢ - irregular) An official publication of the Ozark Science Fiction Association, which is backing a worldcon for St. Louis in 1969. Okay, I'll buy that. A con report, reviews of books, records and movies, a few incredibly bad limericks, and an excellently edited letter column (anyone who edits out "a long section on Bob Dylan" is an excellent editor). Produced by multilith. Not really good multilithing, compared to AMRA or PULP ERA, but still equal to the best mimeography.

NYARLATHOTEP #4 (Ben Solon, 3933 No. Janssen, Chicago, Illinois 60613 - irregular - 30¢ or 4 for \$1) This mag reminds me more and more of Vic Ryan's late lamented BANE. Maybe it's the green Twill-Tone, but I prefer

to believe that the contents have something to do with it. There's a lot in here; Lewis Grant recommends short-wave radio to the people who don't believe the newspapers anymore (you get all sides via radio because you can get different countries -- though personally I've never quite understood the theory of arriving at the truth by listening to lies from both sides). Bill Bowers, Dean Natkin and the editor all have long columns devoted to anything that interests them; censorship, the air force, the last Hugo awards, fannishness, religion, etc. Ed Wood has a con report; I read a couple of paragraphs. I've read worse. Alex Fanshin reviews various books at some length and there is a long letter column. A very good fanzine, but Ben is either going to have to use less material or get a bigger stapler; 58 pages and covers is a bit too much for the one he has. Reproduction has improved since last issue; quite well done this time.

HIPPOCAMPELEPHANTOCAMELOS #5 (Fred Hollander, c/o Lloyd House, Caltech, Pasadena, Calif. - irregular - 25¢, no more than one quarter accepted at a time) What with the word being popular and all, Fred, why don't you shorten your title to "Camp" -- you could probably start selling them on the newsstand with a sharp title like that. (Or should that be a cool title? Campy title?) A large part of this is devoted to Jean Berman's con report. Pretty good, as such things go; I even read most of it. It even makes the rest of the issue seem rather minor.

MELIKAPHKHAZ #7 (Lon Atkins, Box 660, Huntsville, Alabama 35804) This is one of those that you get if the editor feels like sending it to you, or if you are a member of the SFFA. Mailing comments, fiction, editorial ramblings, and a good if somewhat fuzzy article which works at an attempt to define "good writing" with concrete examples -- mostly from the mystery field.

LIGHTHOUSE #14 (Terry Carr, 35 Pierrepont St, Brooklyn, New York 11201 - "25¢ per issue, four for \$1.00, but letters of comment are preferred.") Aw, c'mon, Terry; what's this 90 pages for 25¢ jazz -- you trying to make me look cheap? Everybody write in for a copy; he'll go broke just mailing them out. He has a pretty good lineup of contributors, too; Philip K. Dick, Thomas M. Disch, Greg Benford, Jack Gaughan G. C. Edmondson, Alex Fanshin -- almost everybody who wants to sell things to Ace books, in fact. Benford has a good long dissertation on the low grade of humor in stf, and Edmondson thoughtfully provides an example. Pat Lupoff provides a good brief summary of western outlawry, if you're interested in such things (I am, but I don't know if you are). A George Metzger column; I don't know why it is, but George has the ability to describe perfectly fine people that he's fond of and make me dislike them without ever having met them. Even when they are the sort of people I would normally like. (Ted White has some of the same ability, but not nearly so pronounced.) All in all, however, I believe my favorite article was the one by Jack Gaughan. (Now if I didn't say something different in that letter of comment to Terry, I'm okay.....) This is a great fanzine, and I don't really believe that Terry twisted arms to get contributions. Not very many arms, anyway.....

LORE #5, 6, 7 (Published by Jerry Page, but send subs to Jerry Burge, 1707 Piper Circle SE, Atlanta, Ga. 30316 - irregular - 3 for 50¢) The prime reason for LORE's existence is to answer your questions about stf; things like who was Garret Ford really, or what was the first stf tv series? There are also reviews, letters, comments, AND, #7 is devoted almost entirely to 12 pages of professional pseudonyms. A must for anyone who wants to know the real identity of names like James Colvin, Andrew Duane, John Christopher, Ralph Milne Farley, Greno Gashbuck, Robert Fuqua, etc.