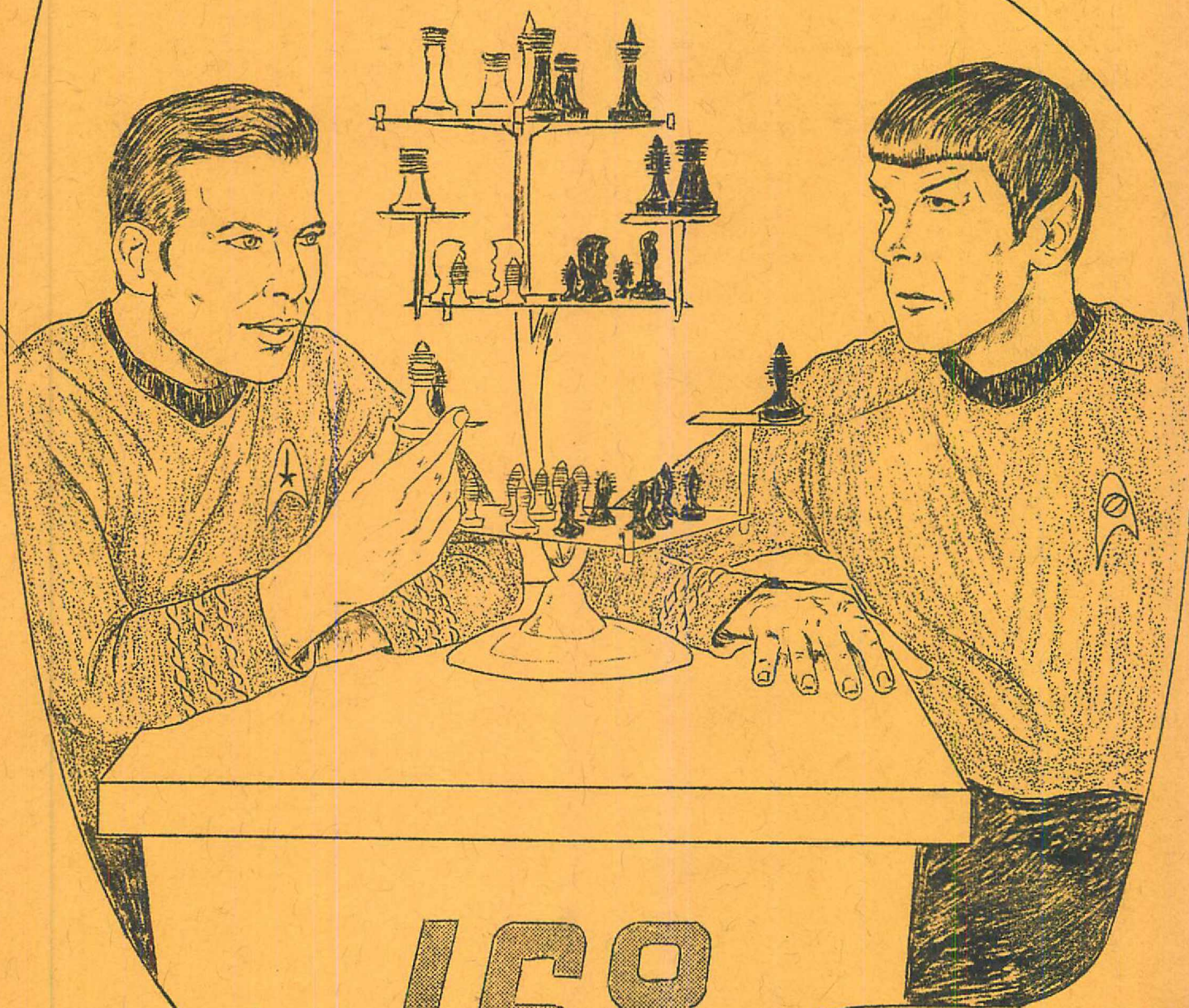


Jackie Frankel

Yandro



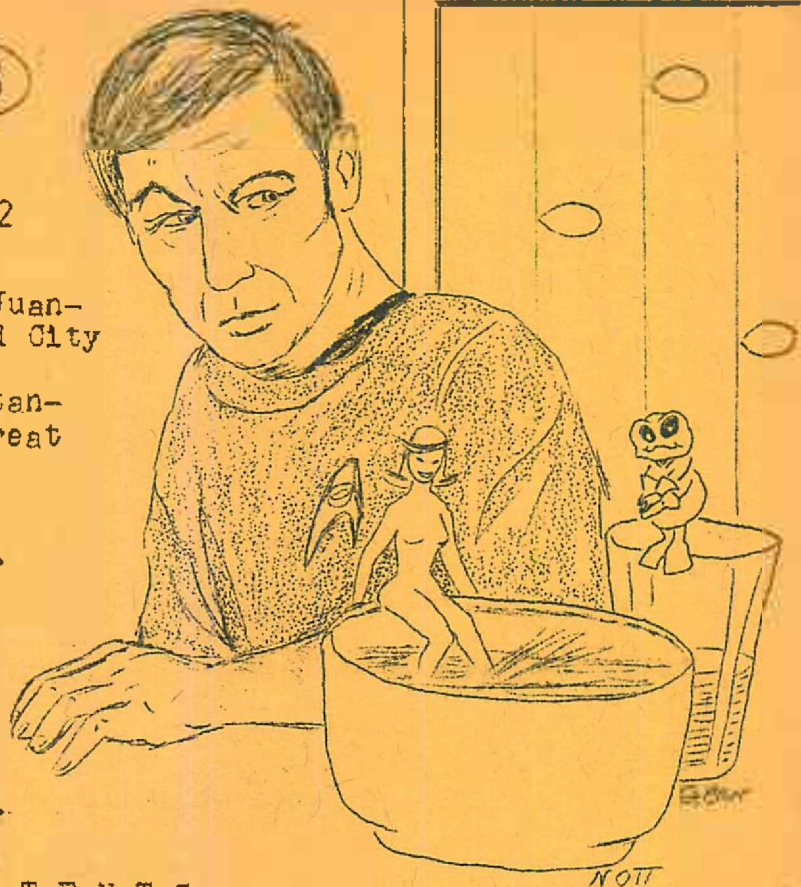
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- A R T W O R K -

Cover by JWC (with many thanks to Kay Anderson & Desilu, for both this and the illustrations in "The Roddenberry Maneuver" article this issue)

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JWC - Pages 2, 4, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22
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PLANET POEMS: 4 The Asteroids - by Rick Norwood

We are the insects,
The butterflies, the fireflies,
Winging in glinting circles
Around the distant, unattainable star.
Pallas, a fat beetle
We, her attendant parasites
Men, squatting on our tiny horizons
To pluck out our marvelous, metallic wings.

RAMBLING 5



So far the production of this issue has been slow but uneventful. This in itself makes me a trifle apprehensive. Last issue turned out to be traumatic, and the confusing though unconnected domestic crises accompanying its production had made me begun to feel like someone, somewhere, had a little doll and was alternately sticking pins in it and dunking it in a bowl of ice water.

As I've said, so far....of course, I have yet to run the issue. With things running the course they've

pursued the last few months, halfway thru the first stencil, one of the Gestetner's side bands will snap, and the recoil will lop up and break my glasses, and probably start my nose bleeding to boot.

For various and sundry reasons, this issue has almost been taken over by STAR TREK, pro and con. Ted's column this issue is the first of two parts (no, the second does not concern STAR TREK), and since I had been planning, with Kay Anderson, to do my own writeup on the series, Ted's column provided a proper springboard.

Why did I do it now? I can hear the questions ringing out there, particularly from a region of New York State which has previously expressed extreme disenchantment with STAR TREK and utter inability to see its appeal.

I am doing it now (the article about STAR TREK -- that's what I'm talking about: pay attention) because Ted did his article now, and because it's time to start thinking about nominations for Hugo balloting. Yes, now it is time to start thinking about Hugo balloting, not July or August; by that time nominations have been made, and the choice is painfully narrowed and beyond a mere editrix's control.

Included with this issue, you will find a nominating ballot. Because a fair percentage of the Yandro mailing list is composed of newcomers and just-dropped-in fans, I would like to explain a few things (Old and hardened fans -- there are others? -- may skip this). You may all help nominate. When the Committee talks about being "known", it is trying to prevent someone going out and bludgeoning his neighbors, relatives, bowling league and coworkers on the assembly line into nominating his particular favorite; the "known" bit means....you actually read science fiction, you actually watch it, you are interested in it, you read fanzines, and you are concerned with the field as a whole. Maybe you have only been "in fandom" a month or so, just subscribed to your first fanzine. But you are a fan, of whatever length of tenure. You are not the second cousin of some character who asks you to write down what he tells you and sign this and he'll mail it for you ("What's this? Some more of that nutty zap gun monster stuff you read? Okay, okay, if it'll get ya offa my back").

Perhaps your name is not known -- yet. Who knows? You may be the Willis or Grennell of the next ten years of fandom. But you are a fan, and to prevent ballot box stuffing and the like, it's important that the Committee know who you are. Someone in a recent fanzine decided he didn't know any-

body, in the sense that he had never met, face to face, all these fans putting out fanzines and putting on cons. Look, kids; fandom is largely a correspondence based venture. There are people in fandom who know each other far far better than 90% of this country's married couples, but perhaps have never met face to face. Fans know each other. You read science fiction, watch it, are interested -- you are a fan. If you subscribe to Yandro, you are known to us. You have proved your good faith with cold hard cash, because that's the type of parsimonious operators we are. You may use us as a reference.

And some of you are just plain too bashful. You'd be amazed how many people read letter columns, what tremendous memories for trivia -- like new names with sticky quarters attached -- established fans have. Don't be shy. Go ahead and send in a nomination -- make sure it gets there before May 1; make the NyCon 3 a happy bunch by giving them a big fat pile of legitimate nominating ballots to paw through. Let them know somebody out there is alive.

Buck has his own pitches for written sf, and I have no quibbles with his choices; he reads far far more than I do. I do the watching. And the thing I have settled on as my particular extreme pleasure is STAR TREK.

Before anyone out there starts quibbling, I would like to bring up a recent bit of fannish history. Last year, at the Tricon, as always, the fans had their various and sundry pet choices and riding-off-in-all-directions attitudes. This is a laudable exhibition of individualism and the diversity of taste that has made science fiction fandom so interesting down thru the years.....I've been in this mess since '52, and I still feel like a neo compared to some of the people on my correspondence list.

Bloc-voting is a nasty word, and there was some squabble about ballot box stuffing at the Pittcon. The fact remains, that one group proved at last year's convention that cooperation in voting and agreement on a choice can swing a Hugo award. I am not disparaging the Burroughs Bibliophiles, though I am quite a distance from ever being in their same tree; I rather admire their ability to organize, and I am awed by their numbers. (Awed? I'm positively shaken.)

Some time back, Dick Lupoff mentioned with worry the possibility that if the BBs got together, they might take over the Hugo Awards. His warning was pooh-poohed on various and sundry grounds. I cannot recall the exact myth name of Cassandra's male counterpart at the moment (and my Graves' mythologies are in the unheated upstairs library, the outside temperature is zero, it's windy, and I'm not going up there to look for them).....but I suspect Dick felt bitterly vindicated at last year's con, and some of his previous quibblers may have felt a cold shiver during the Hugo Awards..

I, for one, would not care to see the Hugo Awards dominated by any one group or bloc....but perhaps that is what we have come to. I hope not. Labor Day this year shall tell.

The scornors of STAR TREK do not seem to have an alternate dramatic piece or stf to offer; they usually do not like anything tv calls sf or f. The supporters of dramatic science fiction seem to feel STAR TREK is worth a bit of loyalty. I hope they see fit to put their loyalty on a Hugo nomination ballot. Otherwise, we just might see a TARZAN episode listed as the Best Dramatic Presentation on the Hugo Nycon 3 hands out. JWC



Note to correspondents; I will not be answering much mail -- perhaps not any mail -- in the next 2 months or so. I will be writing for money. Thomas Stratton, the two-headed author known to veteran YANDRO and EISFA readers, has sold a "Man From U.N.C.L.E." novel to Ace Books. Since one of Stratton's heads is mine (the other belongs to Gene DeWeese), I'll be busy, particularly since Ace wants it by mid-April if we can write it that fast.

Juanita has finished her stf novel for Ace, so maybe she can answer letters. Or maybe not.

There is a paperback book out which lists titles and casts of the movies which have been released to television. DeWeese has a copy, and I was skimming it the last time I visited him. One of the titles is "Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living And Became Mixed-Up Zombies".

We were speaking of fan jargon an issue or two back. Just a week or two back I was looking over the plans for a filling station and I decided that fanspeak is really no more obscure than other special terminologies - the building trades, for example. The following words all came off one set of plans (I think they're all nouns, but I wouldn't bet on it). I had heard previously of fascia, sump, lintel, plinth and pilaster, but screed, rake, soffit, nosing, furring, grout, thimble and cove were new to me. I guess "loc" really doesn't sound so bad, after all.

The door business provides some interesting associations. Today, for example, I finished designing a set of doors for the Smithsonian Institute. The prize, however, came a month or so back, with doors designed for the "Hang and Kill Lunch Room", "Evisceration Lunch Room", and "Blood Tunnel". (these were for a frozen turkey processing plant). I suppose you get used to it, but I'd think it would take a pretty strong stomach to eat your noon meal in something called the Evisceration Lunch Room. (The door for the Blood Tunnel was 7 feet high, which is something for the old Sense of Wonder, too.....)

In this issue, the opinions of the writers are not necessarily those of the editors..... Personally, I consider the average "Star Trek" show to be considerably more entertaining than the average written stf story. (This is admittedly damning with faint praise, but it irks me to see fans saying that written stf is superior. Sure, some written stf is superior -- damned little among recent writing, but some. I think Don Thompson said it all in the last issue; written stf provides "the internal consistency of The World of Null-A, the character development of Galactic Patrol, the originality of an Emil Petaja novel". Or if you want to compare with all modern stf, then the plotting of The Star Magicians, the scientific accuracy of The Cosmozoids, the literary pyrotechnics of Watchers of the Dark. If "Star Trek" hasn't reached the heights attained by Heinlein and Sturgeon, neither has it plumbed the depths reached by Frank Belknap Long, Larry Maddock, S. J. Byrne, and dozens of others I could name.) I don't believe in telling columnists what they should write, so Ted's column is carried as written. But I had to overcome a severe temptation to send it back.

The fact that Rick Norwood's item is dated is largely my fault. It arrived just too late to include in issue #166. I laid it out for inclusion in #167, but somehow the entire issue was mimeographed before I noticed

that Rick wasn't present. This was to have been the first installment of a new column; considering the way it was treated, I suspect it will also be the last installment. (A drawback to this sort of column is that it should be timely, and, apart from my own stupidity, YANDRO is published when we can get it done. We can't wait for a writer to get the magazines read and get his column in -- and neither can we give him a definite deadline. It would be a problem, even under the best of circumstances, which these weren't.)

This is Hugo nomination time, so I can use up some space in providing a brief rundown of the material I want you to nominate. Best Novel: candidates would include Day of the Minotaur by Thomas Burnett Swann, perhaps The Long Result and The Productions of Time by Brunner, possibly Avram Davidson's The Kar-Chee Reign. This was a bad year for novels; personally I'd say Swann was far above the competition. The outstanding novellette I read in 1966 was "Be Merry", by Algis Budrys. Swann's "Manor Of Roses" might also be considered. The two best short stories I read were both British and so won't have a chance, but just for the record they were "The Lady Anne" and "Corfe Gate", both by Keith Roberts. Later on I'll rummage around upstairs and see if I can add a few titles.

Best Magazine: The magazines were fairly even in 1966, except for Cohen's reprints. IF, GALAXY, F&SF or ANALOG; I'd have to do some checking to see which I preferred. Certainly ANALOG is upgraded by P. Schuyler Miller's column and IF is downgraded by Lin Carter's, but a trifling superiority in IF's fiction would offset that. Best Artist: Let's give one to Gaughan. I don't find anyone outstanding, and Gaughan is as good as anyone else. Juanita is handling the Best Dramatic Presentation in her article; certainly one of the "Star Trek" episodes deserves the honor.

This year, instead of a fanzine Hugo, the Committee is making fan awards, or Pongs, to Best Fanzine, Best Fan Writer, and Best Fan Artist. Several fanzine editors have objected more or less violently to this; most of them have said that since Los Angeles is planning to restore the fanzine Hugo if they win the bidding for the 1968 site, this will leave some fanzine editor with a one-shot Pong to explain to his friends. (I didn't know fanzine editors had friends.....) I dunno; I'd sort of like to have a Pong, particularly if it's unique. After all, even ERB-Dom got a Hugo..... (Anyway, if you're giving a second-rate award, you want to give it to a second-rate fanzine, right? And nobody has disputed YANDRO's claim to be the world's best second-rate fanzine.) There are some good fanzines around, though. DYNATRON, AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, ZENITH SPECULATION, SCOTTISHE, THE SCARR, PULP ERA, DOUBLE BILL, possibly RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, though I didn't see too many issues of that. If you like newsletters, there were RATATOSK, DEGLER! SKYRACK and maybe SPECULATIVE BULLETIN. Fan writers - unfortunately some of the best fan writers are in the apas and not seen by the general public. (Also, they didn't do much last year, even in the apas.) But try for size Harry Warner, Bob Leman, Bob Shaw, Ethel Lindsay, Alex Panshin, Roy Tackett, Dick Lupoff. Best Artist: how about Jim Cawthorn, Bjo Trimble, Arthur Thomson, George Barr, Dave Prosser, Jerry Burge. (I'd include Dan Adkins, but he hardly qualifies as a "fan" any more; he's more in the pro category.)

This is not an exhaustive list; additions and comments will be welcomed.

I haven't forgotten the list of favorite short stories, but lists are still coming in; I got one from George Charters just yesterday. The final selection will not be in this issue, but, if all goes well with the novel, it may be in the next issue. Send in your lists (25 fav stf shorts)

OF CATS AND KINGS....

a column of magazine reviews by

Rick Norwood

WORLDS OF IF, Jan. 1967, monthly, vol. 17, no.1, issue #110, 50¢
Frederik Pohl, Editor. 164 pages, 157 of new material other than ads.

S-f writers are inordinately fond of constructing imaginary worlds and then taking their readers on extended tours of their creations. They conduct this tour under the pretext of telling a story, by introducing a cipher for a hero. This "hero" is brought up in one culture, but as soon as we have been fed the facts the author wants us to know about this part of his world, the hero is snatched into another culture and that facet of the world is explained to us. This sudden change of scene may happen several times, since as soon as we have seen all there is to see in this part of the author's world, he hurries us on. Nothing ever happens after the stage has been set, except perhaps a gratuitous sword fight. The world is not the setting for the story, it is the story. At the end of the book, the author usually does not know what to do with his hero. The hero has no desires to be satisfied, since a person's goals are usually in terms of his culture, and our poor hero has no culture of his own any more. He can't go home. So he is married off or killed off. It doesn't matter which, since the hero was never more than a device.

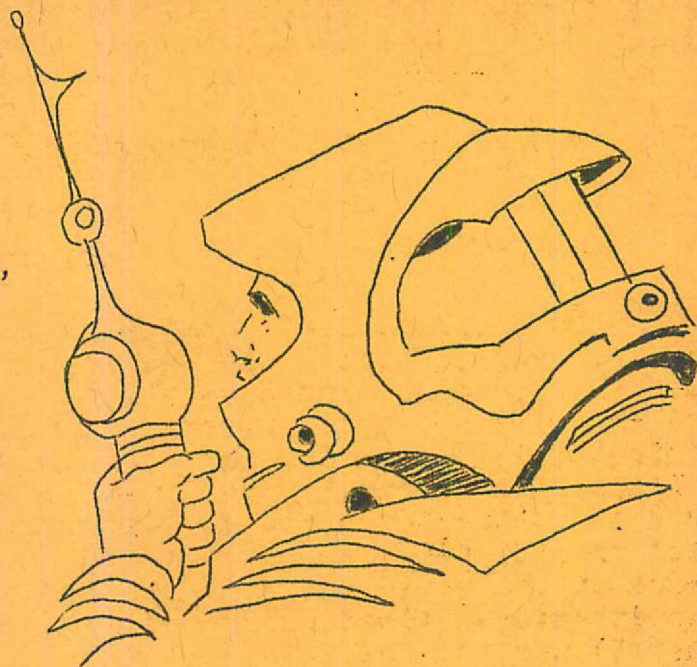
The Iron Thorn by Algis Budrys (the first chapter of three is in this issue) is superficially a story of the general type described above, but the hero, Honor Jackson, is anything but a cipher. He is, for s-f, a remarkably well-developed character. The story is told more in terms of his thoughts and desires than in terms of external

action. The extraneous fight scene seems strangely out of place, an isolated concession to the formula. The reader becomes interested in what Honor Jackson will do, more than in what he will see. Then, as soon as the introduction to Honor Jackson's culture is complete, the snatch occurs and the chapter ends with a new culture ready to be described. In spite of the cover blurb "Epic Novel of a Quest that Transcended Time and Space" I hold out some hope that we will not immediately move on again but will use this composite world as a setting for a resolution of Honor Jackson's ambitions and doubts. One difference between this novel and the formula is that Honor Jackson deliberately seeks out the new culture.

He is not a cipher and he is not a pawn. Unfortunately, though we are told Honor Jackson's thoughts immediately before he leaves home and immediately after, we are shut out at the moment of his decision and by the end of the installment we are still unsure of his motives. Whether or not The Iron Thorn will be more than an



entertaining formula yarn will depend on where the story goes from here. In any case, Budrys is an uncommonly good writer, so don't be put off by the over-written first paragraph. The story is a good one. Gray Morrow's colorful cover combines sfnal and fantasy elements, but if it has anything at all to do with The Iron Thorn, which it is supposed to illustrate, the first part doesn't show it. The three full page Morrow illustrations in the story, which are good if not strictly true to the text, are run in reverse order. All of the s-f magazines make mistakes like this every few issues.



The other serial installment in this issue is the fourth and final part of J.T. McIntosh's major but seriously flawed s-f novel Snow White and the Giants. McIntosh has always been an original thinker. Here we have a time travel novel set uncompromisingly in the present, a "local" catastrophe much more impressive than most world cataclysms or wrecked universes, and a hero who, while gifted with human fallibility, successfully meets a series of mental, physical, moral and sexual challenges. Had McIntosh taken his story a little more seriously he could have avoided a few glaring mistakes, not the least of which is the title, and written a great s-f novel instead of just a very good one. Finish reading it even if the pages of straight exposition at the end of the last chapter and at the beginning of this one put you off. Readers who aren't initiated in the devices of fictional time travel need more explanation than you do, and the author still had a few surprises up his sleeve.

ANALOG, Jan. 1967, Vol. 78, no. 5, issue #380, 60¢
John W. Campbell, Editor, 180 Pages, 172 pages of new material.

In the bad old days, writers took a scientific novelty, like a time machine or a gyroscope hat, and jazzed up their lengthy description of the device by throwing in a mad scientist, his pretty daughter, and a stalwart hero. Sometimes the science in these old stories was accurate, and the adventures were fun to read, but they still weren't very good stories.

Today, s-f has grown up and is tackling deep sociological themes. Sociology is just as valid a field for extrapolation as the physical sciences. Now writers like Mack Reynolds jazz up their lengthy descriptions of future societies by throwing in a mad dictator, his pretty daughter and a stalwart revolutionary. Well, actually it isn't quite that bad, but then it wasn't really that bad even in the bad old days. The formula can be varied quite a bit and still remain a formula, as long as science fiction comes out like a sandwich: one paragraph of science, then a paragraph of fiction, then another paragraph of science.

Amazon Planet, chapter two of which is in this issue, is part of the United Planets series, and is strictly formula stuff. Mack Reynolds writes both science and fiction quite well, and on rare occasions he does combine them. In Of Godlike Power the plot grew out of the basic idea, and we saw what would happen if a world was deprived of its enter-

tainment media instead of just getting a lecture on the subject. Reynolds knows his sociology, is well-read in history, and is particularly interesting when he writes about ancient weapons.

In Amazon Planet we have a fine description of a planet where women completely dominate men. We also have a routine story of a plot to overthrow the government of this planet. The two stories are told side by side but they have very little to do with one another. You might think that in such an unusual society revolution would take an unusual form, but it doesn't. It is just like all the revolutions in s-f have been since Heinlein taught us how it was done.

Why doesn't Reynolds take the time to write as well as he could? Why should he, when he already writes well enough to sell two novels a year to the top-paying magazine in the field? Until s-f readers refuse to buy second-rate s-f, and show that they are willing to pay more money for the first-rate stuff, writers like Mack Reynolds will waste their talents on stories like Amazon Planet.

I would like to know where Amazon Planet occurs in the chronology of the series. I thought that the alien threat, which is Section G's excuse for illegally meddling in the private affairs of United Planets members, had turned out to be a false alarm. I never believed that a powerful, secret organization like Section G would disband just because it no longer served a useful purpose, but I did think that Ronny Bronston would turn against it when he realized what it was doing. Maybe Chapter Three will provide some answers. It's not really a bad story.

The typical Analog story is not about Galactic Foundations or Gray Lensmen. It is about the little businessman of the near future. Events of earth-shaking importance lend themselves to serious treatment, while minor incidents are best treated humorously. In Analog, these trivial stories are usually deadly serious and dull. "The Old Shill Game" by H.B.Fyfe is about a robot vending machine that is one of the most realistic, and one of the funniest, robots we've seen in the past few years. It is too bad that more of Analog's "little" stories aren't played for laughs.

One way to simplify the difficult job of making a decent living writing s-f is to write series stories. It gives you a dependable format to work with and you get paid for introducing the same set of character again in each new story of the series. In the old "Johnny Mehem" series identical words were used in every story to tell the reader about Johnny's origin and powers. If Milton Lesser got a cent a word or some such rate, those words got to be worth 10¢ each before the series was over. Even so, Lesser left the field for some better paying line of work. (Every line of work pays better than s-f...soon, unemployment will pay better.)

Poul Anderson, like most writers, writes for money. He has several loosely connected series going. The best concerned Nicholas Van Rijn; the worst is about Dominique Flandry. Somewhere in between are stories about David Falkayn, a hero who thinks like a businessman; Chee Lan, a squirrel who thinks like a cat; and Adzel, a dinosaur who thinks like a Buddhist. "Supernova" is a typical story in this series. It is not about a supernova. It is only incidentally about preparation for a supernova, but Anderson is always a craftsman, if not an artist. He has done his homework on the subject of supernovas and his speculation on that subject is more interesting than the story proper. It appears on pages 16 and 17. The supernova itself occupies only the opening and closing paragraphs. There would be nothing wrong with this well thought out adventure yarn about the kidnapping of Chee if Campbell had not advertised it as a story about a supernova. The story remains to be written.

The cover was also highly touted and is also disappointing. It is good, but the artist, Chesley Bonestell, has done much better.

THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, Jan. 1967, vol. 32, no.1, issue #188, Edward L. Ferman, Editor. Monthly, 50¢, 112 pages of new material.

The serial in this issue, The Little People, by John Christopher, has almost the same plot as F&SF's last serial, The Productions of Time, by John Brunner, and yet the Christopher novel is a success while Brunner's was a readable failure. Both stories are about a diverse group of characters, each with a problem, who are brought together in an isolated hotel where mysterious things begin to happen. In the first chapters of each (and this is, of course, all we've seen of the Christopher novel) the fantasy element is slight, while we are introduced in detail to the characters and setting.

Both Christopher and Brunner are outstanding writers. I'll even give Brunner a slight edge in readability, since his prose is fast-paced and melodramatic while Christopher's tends to be slightly slow and old-fashioned. Both writers are taking a stock literary plot, seen most often in detective stories and ghost stories, and adapting it to science-fiction. Since a good percentage of the story is devoted to the problems of the cast of characters, the characterization is at least as important as the writing and the plot. This is where Brunner falls down. His smooth, readable prose and the fact that his stereotypes are borrowed from another media help to hide the shallowness of his characterization, but everyone in The Productions of Time can be described by a label. There is the alcoholic actor on the wagon, the homosexual, the dope addict, the aggressive lesbian, the pure young girl who is given her first big chance to become a star, the gruff business-like producer, the brilliant moody director with a secret, and the inscrutable servant. Once you know the labels, you know all there is to know about Brunner's characters. John Christopher's characters, on the other hand, come alive. They defy the labels you may at first be tempted to pin on them. They hold the reader's interest while the atmosphere of fantasy is introduced slowly, with a minimum of melodrama.

Both novels contain more sex than is usual in s-f, and this is no doubt a good thing, but it is typical of the two authors that Brunner's characters, though they are, for reasons explained in the story, a catalog of perversions, only talk about sex, while Christopher's characters, though they are more nearly normal than Brunner's, have their sexual natures revealed through their actions.

One advantage that s-f had before it started looking for a larger, mundane audience was that the writers didn't have to explain everything. They could trust the readers to catch on with the minimum of exposition. If s-f ever becomes simply enough for the man in the street, who likes his explanations pat and his endings neat with no loose ends to worry his brain, it will lose its specialized audience. None of the stories in this issue of F&SF would look out of place in Playboy or the Saturday Evening Post.

Christopher's novel may yet fall into the same trap as Brunner's shallow entertainment and McIntosh's sloppy but original Snow White and the Giants, by saving to the very end several pages of explanation of what has long been obvious to the "in" reader. But on the evidence of the first installment, I'm betting on Christopher to come up with a satisfying conclusion.

Contributors to our "Star Trek" file this month were Tom Draheim with several clippings, Kay Anderson with bales of material, and Carter de Paul with the WRITER'S YEARBOOK article. Not to mention Desilu Studios, who came thru with material for Juanita and Kay's article this issue. Thank you, one and all.

Justice for Wolfe Tone!

WITH JAUNDICED EYE

column by TED WHITE

The Jaundiced Eye turns this time to scrutinize that sudden hero of tv, STAR TREK.

I saw one of the pilots (the one by Sam Peeples) at the Westercon last year. Since then, at odd intervals, I have watched successive programs in the series. All told, I have watched perhaps a third. Very little induces me to this task: usually I watch the show only when advised that the script is by a particular writer, or when I am utterly bored with everything else handy.

As a result, I have a passing knowledge of the program, but I am not intimately concerned with it. I do not follow it avidly every week.

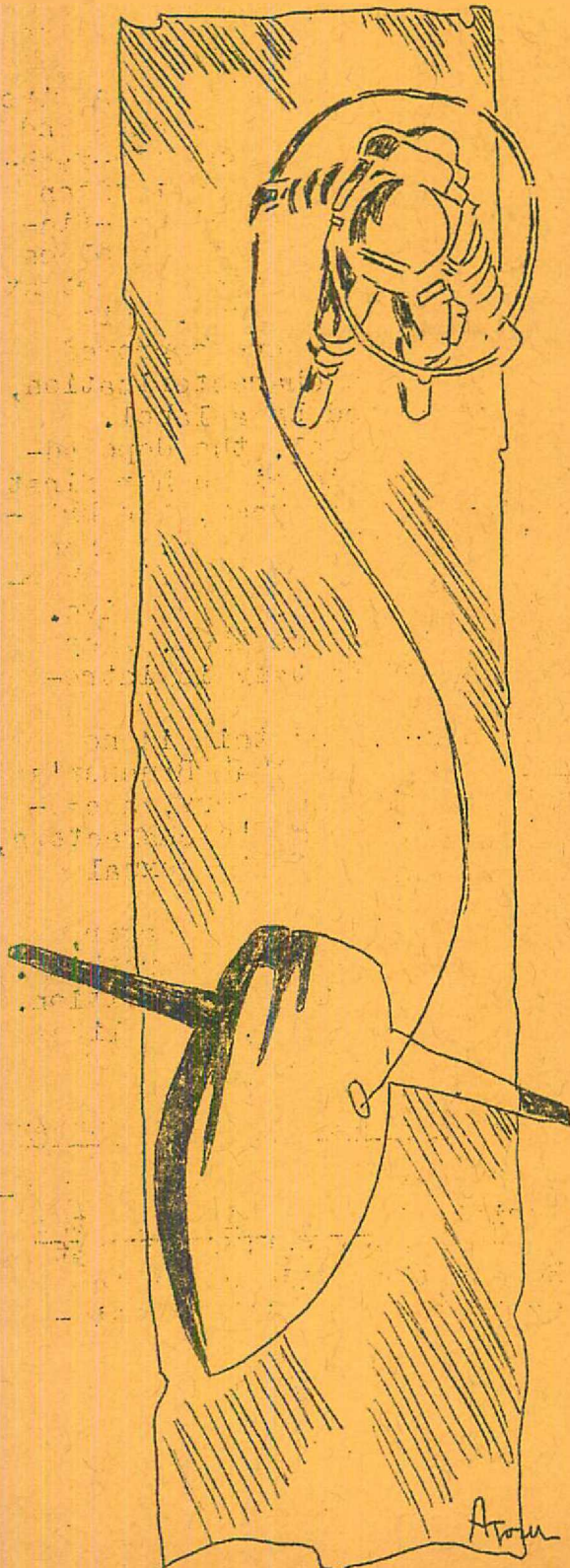
They funny thing is that there are tv series programs which I will attempt to follow each week. The first of these since I got my present tv set was THE ROGUES. Then came I SPY. And, late last year, THE AVENGERS, which I have bitterly regretted missing earlier.

I watch these programs because I like science fiction.

I do not watch STAR TREK often, for the same reason.

In a recent issue of TV Guide, Isaac Asimov took several of the sf shows on tv to task for their elemental stupidities in both conception and execution. It was a fine Asimov article: witty, urbane and quietly scathing. Although LOST IN SPACE and TIME TUNNEL were worst treated, STAR TREK did not emerge unscathed. Ike slugged a couple at that very same pilot show which I'd seen at the Westercon and you, perhaps, saw at the Tricon.

Sam Peeples, who had written the pilot in question, had a letter in the following issue of TV Guide in which he attacked Isaac rather violently and with questionable taste. I was so provoked by it that I dug an F&SF letterhead from my desk and wrote the following letter, which has not as yet appeared in TV Guide's pages, and probably won't:



As a STAR TREK writer, Sam Peeples is a good western writer. In fact, he is a good writer of western books. But his attitude towards science fiction is exactly the sort that doomed STAR TREK from the beginning: patronizing and ill-informed.

Mr. Peeples takes Ike Asimov to task for not allowing his extra-galactic radiation belt as "a legitimate extrapolation upon the Van Allen radiation belt around our own Earth". The explanation, as any freshman science student could tell him, is worse than none, and betrays a total lack of understanding of the Van Allen belt.

But my beef with Peeples and writers like him is not on fine points of science, but for writing badly. The ordinary holes in his logic are enough for a six-year-old to point out. The instruments didn't register that radiation belt? But it showed up visually on the viewscreens? Come on! The heroes of STAR TREK had centuries of future science to draw upon. Where was it? And how come that mysterious radiation worked just like it always does in the grade-Z monster flicks? The story was stupid, the lines banal, and the actors wooden. But when the show goes off, they'll blame it on science fiction.

As you can see, I was still laboring under the misimpression created by Harlan's scream for help that STAR TREK was not long for the air. Actually, its ratings were high enough that I would've been surprised if it had been cancelled.

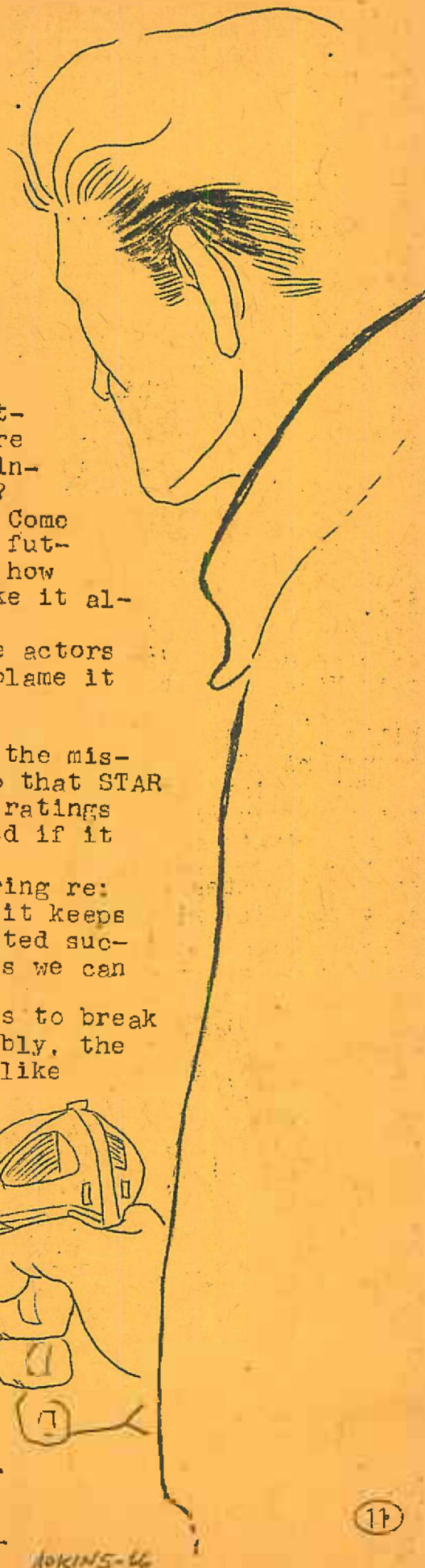
There are two points of view worth considering re: STAR TREK. One is that sure it's bad, but if it keeps going maybe we can improve it. The other, stated succinctly by Alex Panshin, is that drek like this we can do without. Who needs it?

According to Harlan, we need it. This seems to break down into several separate arguments. Undeniably, the scriptwriters need it. It supplies something like \$5,000 a throw to each scriptwriter (if my general figures are accurate).

But are we scriptwriters?

Fans aren't. The fan needs STAR TREK purely in the sense that he needs sf at all: a source of vicarious adventure coupled with those properties uniquely sfinal, such as the Sense of Wonder to be found in contemplating the future. It stands to reason that if fans need science fiction at all, they need good science fiction: the best a medium may reasonably be expected to supply.

What about sf's professionals? They might conceivably need STAR TREK in two senses. The first and direct need is as a market: they might become scriptwriters for the show. That makes their need identical with the scriptwrit-



ADKINS-66

ers. (Apparently the program is not considering buying previously conceived and published stories for use, which leaves many sf writers out of it.) The second need is direct: the need to foster public acceptance of sf, so that their other markets can grow, and, perhaps, they can Hold Their Heads High.

These are pretty dubious needs. Taken in order, what the scriptwriters need is purely their own consideration. When Sam Peeples isn't grinding out something for STAR TREK, he's grinding out something else, perhaps for WAGON TRAIN...

Fandom doesn't need STAR TREK, because, as I intend to point out, it is not supplying science fiction of any quality -- the actual sf content is not far removed from the shallow wonder of FANTASTIC VOYAGE. Fans need STAR TREK only slightly more than they need LOST IN SPACE, and it should be pointed out that the similarities in the two programs are greater in number than their differences.

Fans used to think that they should promote sf: its respectability might then reflect itself upon them. This is a paranoid concept which withered with the death of the pulps, Bergey covers, and bacover rupture easier ads. The fact is that sf is moderately respectable now (although a recent visitor to this house stared surprised at my collection of sf paperbacks and then asked, "Aren't these mostly juvenile? I mean, they haven't published that much adult sf, have they?"), and indeed, nothing done on television has served to do anything but weaken that respectability. Television has too often been an image-maker: people think of any genre of fiction in terms of its television appearance. For years after sf ceased to be "that crazy Buck Rogers stuff", it was "that stupid Captain Video stuff" for the world at large.

Fans, in any case, rarely enjoy any side-benefits of sf's respectability, and in most cases where "respectability" has been equated with "popularity", the fad of popularity has driven out the good with the bad.

This point hits the pros, too. I've never seen any study that indicated the success of a genre on tv increased its sales in print. Tv shows about private eyes have nearly killed the Chandleresque mystery story. The western shows nearly drove the westerns out of any paperback market. Television creates an exposure which satiates. Many who read westerns or mysteries in print only because they didn't come in any other form have since fallen happily back on tv. Now they don't have to read. I don't know to what extent tv exposure of sf might hurt the sales of magazines and books, but I should like to point out that at least 50% of the sales of the magazines are to impulse buyers who do not repeat regularly. It seems logical that these people might find their needs adequately fulfilled by tv, if they could find enough "good" sf on tv.

So I can't see the sf editors getting too happy about tv competition. They don't need STAR TREK at all. And, inasmuch as this competition hurts the magazines, it hurts those who write for them.

At this point, we can answer the question fairly easily: who needs STAR TREK? Only those who profit from it. And these are a handful. I fully expect that Harlan Ellison will rebutt me by pointing out that STAR TREK pays more money than writing three or four books (on the short term). However, STAR TREK, and tv sf in general, buys very little. If every program was written by a different writer, only two or three dozen writers would have a chance at that money. The paperback market supports many times that number.

So let's return to Harlan's letter "for the Committee". He (and they) have conned the rest of you into supporting a private charity of sorts: of maintaining a specialized and narrow market for them.

And for what. For "good sf on tv"? Don't hand me that. No one who has seen STAR TREK could unblushingly claim that it is "good sf". It can't be.

Look at the format: Principals have been established as continuing characters. So you can neither kill them off or meddle with their established personalities. But all are so banally characterized that they offer you nothing concrete with which to work anyway. So a writer faced with this cast must make do entirely with Plot.

And what has he to work with here? A meaningless jumble of junk technology. A Star Ship which moves faster than light, has control panels which are interchangeable with control panels on a planet installation (do you believe that?), has matter transmission (how keen!), and sliding doors. No thought has gone into preparing an integrated background, either technologically nor sociologically. The protagonists are racially integrated (even to a half-breed between a human and non-human race; how about that for Brotherhood?), but talk and think USA circa 1967. As near as I can tell, Earth has had no history since the mid-Twentieth Century. Even the literary illusions are to things like ALICE IN WONDERLAND: all comfortably within the awareness of any American today.

And look at the plots: Every one involves a Menace. Quite often it is a Monster. Sometimes the monsters are "mutated" shipboarders, sometimes aliens taken aboard. Nothing ever adds up; the ship commander never profits from his last experience with a Monster. Each episode is written in a vacuum.

Now that's a charitable summary. And it presents a worthwhile sf writer with an unsuperable challenge: write a decent story without straying from the Captain Video set-up.

They haven't succeeded. Some of them wrote unfilmable scripts. Others simply knuckled under and wrote acceptable junk.

I watched Theodore Sturgeon's script over at Terry Carr's, with Alex Fanshin. I refused to believe it was wholly his, even after seeing his credit at the end.

The story involves a layover on an uninhabited planet for the rest and recuperation of the crew. A scouting party goes down first. The planet appears idyllic -- at least it would to a crew of ten-year-olds. Funny thing, even before the Strange Things begin to happen, characters remark how Earthlike and beautiful the planet is: the vegetation is like that in a beautiful park: flowers, trees, grass, et.al. But -- how about this? -- their instruments show no living animals or insects.

Flowers, but no insects, no birds? Remarkable! But then along comes a White Rabbit, and a little later Alice, and the story really begins.

The viewer figures it out before any of the characters do: the planet is materializing whatever each character is thinking of. Sometimes scenes from ALICE, sometimes an old school enemy, sometimes menaces, like a knight on horseback or a WWI plane on a strafing mission (shades of Snoopy and the Red Baron!). So there's the menace.

But surprise! Sturgeon has worked a Twist: it turns out these weren't real menaces after all, as a Kindly Inhabitant from beneath the surface of the planet explains in the deus ex machina ending. Everything is Okay. This planet is an amusement park, when properly used. Indeed, it's Made to Order for rest and recuperation. Get it? Wonderful!

And overlooked in the script is the fact that this ship is supposedly on an exploratory mission, and its major contact. But the captain just takes things as they come, face value, and ignores everything else. Oh well. It's only a tv show.

Well, whaddya want for tv?

An implicit assumption in the noble sentiments espoused by Roddenberry and STAR TREK's apologists is that tv is a limiting factor: you can't do good sf on tv, because the people -- you know, the cloddish masses out there who aren't as smart and as hip as you or me -- the people, I say, can't accept it. It's Beyond Them.

That's why the I SPY show has had such good ratings, why ABC is bringing back THE AVENGERS after a flood of letters, Why even THE MAN FROM UNCLE, which ran a Harlan Ellison script superior to anything I've seen on STAR TREK, has been so popular.

Actually, the public is gadget-happy now, and is surprisingly hip to all those old sf gimmicks like time-travel, hyperspace, matter-transmission, and miniaturization. But have you noticed how much more authentic the gadgets look on THE MAN FROM UNCLE? They don't have that cardboard-mockup look that STAR TREK has borrowed from Captain Video and every Republic Serial of the late forties and early fifties.

But most important, the protagonists of I SPY and THE AVENGERS, to name two shows currently popular with both me and The Public, are well-characterized, and shape the situations in which they find themselves.

This is a matter of good acting and good scripting. It also boils down to a conception which allows this kind of by-play. Both programs are intelligently conceived. Sometimes the plots are thin, but they are rarely as insulting to the viewer's intelligence as are STAR TREK's, and there is always the saving grace of lovely writing, beautifully acted. The by-play between Scotty and Kelly is warm and human, often humorous, and sometimes bitter. The by-play between Mrs. Peel and Mr. Steed in THE AVENGERS is dry, witty, and sometimes campy.

The by-play between Mr. Spock and his captain is wooden and obvious, and restrained to the single thin schtick of Spock's lack of emotions.

It seems entirely reasonable to me that had STAR TREK been approached by someone of the competence of a Sheldon Leonard, and worked out as I SPY was, and had it been cast with actors of the quality of Culp and Cosby, and then written with the attention to story, detail and characterization which was languished on I SPY, STAR TREK would be a show worth watching -- maybe even worth writing in about.

I see no reason why this could not have been done. It doesn't require money. It requires only attitude and ability. As nearly as I can tell, no one connected with STAR TREK has either one. Gene Roddenberry has constantly reiterated his love for science fiction, but I see no evidence of it in his work. I see no signs that he has ever regarded science fiction as a vehicle for more than another patronizing piece of hackery. I've heard too many cop-outs on this show: "They wanted something more popular," "the public isn't sophisticated enough for what you or I might like," etc.

Let's face it: STAR TREK isn't good enough, on its own terms, as tv entertainment, because it isn't being approached as first-rate stuff.

If it perishes from the screen at the end of the season, I shall shed no tears. By me, it deserves no more.

A couple of quotes from The Proud Tower, by Barbara Tuchman

"Humanitarian instincts grow fiercer in proportion to the distance by which their causes are removed."

"King Leopold of Belgium.... created a moneymaking empire out of the Congo while British and Americans, busy killing Boers and Filipinos, loudly deplored his methods."

It's a fine book, and the paperback edition is only \$1.25. (Only! I can remember when paperbacks were 25¢.....)

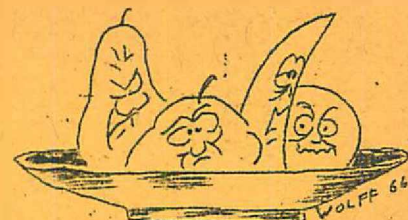
RSC

As long as there is space to fill, let me also recommend The Great Mutiny, by James Dugan. (Fletcher Christian was a piker; Richard Parker and Valentine Joyce between them took out over 100 British ships.)

"Bligh's reputation has suffered less from three English mutinies than from two American movies."

RSC

STRANGE FRUIT



DEGLER! #164, 165, 166, 167 (Andy Porter, 24 E. 82 St, New York, N.Y., 10028 - 3 for 25¢, 15 for \$1 - weekly) And with the next issue it passes YANDRO in numbering (you might at least have waited until we caught up with CRY). #164, 165 and 167 contain the complete story (to date) on the Pickering Affair. Ackerman, in checking the recovered material, has now raised his estimate of Stephen's theft to over \$4300 (not including things like \$8 worth of long-distance calls placed on Ackerman's phone without Ackerman's knowledge). The mag also contains large amounts of professional news; things like a new, "prestige" stf series forthcoming from Ace, the folding of British stfmags IMPULSE and NEW WORLDS, etc. The last few issues have shown DEGLER! to be the primary fan news mag; if you only want one newsletter, get this one.

RATATOSK #42, 43 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - biweekly - 25¢ for 3 issues) Bruce concentrates more on fan and apa news -- since he's official editor of most of the apas, he's on the inside track there. Personally, though, I couldn't care less what happens in amateur publishing associations. He does have some general fan and pro news, though.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #438 (S-F Times, Inc., P.O. Box 216, Solvay Branch, Syracuse, New York 13209 - monthly - 20¢, \$3 per year) A revival of fandom's oldest newsletter, with James Ashe editing and Frank Prieto publishing. This issue is mostly to let fans know that the "new" SFT is a going concern, and to plead for correspondents. Nobody can run a newsletter by himself; he has to have sources of information. The actual news in this issue is mostly reprinted from other newsletters. They'll need a little time to get organized, but there is no reason why they can't publish a good magazine.

Here's a DEGLER! #163 in the pile. Hmmm....

N3F TAPE BUREAU NEWSLETTER #5 (Anne Ashe, R.D. #1, Freeville, N.Y. 10368) Information on stf tapes and fans who have, or want, same. I don't know if this mag is free to N3F members, or free to anyone who shows interest, or what. Write Anne if you're interested.

K-a #27 (Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio 44060) Official organ of CAFA-alpha, the comics-fan publishing association. Write them if you're interested in joining. (I seem to have received two copies of this; the Thompsons are all-heart.)

BROBDINGNAG #51 (John A. McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - 10¢) A fanzine of postal diplomacy. Write McCallum for information.

We seem to have a copy of Bjottings here; since this is more of a letter-substitute than a fanzine, I won't review it.

RALLY! #17 (Lon Atkins, Box 660, Huntsville, Alabama 35804 - monthly - 3 for 25¢) News of southern fandom, humor of southern fandom, and a news item that Clifford Charles Thomas, the original "Captain Midnight", died at his home in Huntsville recently.

TAFF PROGRESS REPORT #9 (Terry Carr, 35 Pierrepont St, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201 - irregular - free) Notice that nominations for the next TAFF candidacy -- sending a US fan to England, this round -- will close on March 31. And various TAFF Trip Reports are in progress.

AVE, CAESAR! #2 (John D. Berry, 35 Dusenberry Road, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708 - irregular - 3 for 25¢) A small mag of personal opinion -- political opinion, this time. (Moderately conservative political opinion; a rare item in fandom.)

THE WSFA JOURNAL #36 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md. 20906 - bi-weekly - \$2 per year) A fat one this time; 38 pages, with book and magazine reviews, a short summary of 1966 magazine output by Banks Mebane, news items, a con report, notes on forthcoming cons, and local Washington club news. Worthwhile for book and magazine reviews.

HECKMECK #12 (Mario Kwiat and Manfred Kage, Dahlweg 33, 4400 Munster, West Germany - irregular - free?) I hope I have that address right; they have resorted to that idiosyncrasy common to "artistic" layout -- typing over an illustration. (Or in this case, typing the address on top of the hand-cut logo. Very pretty, I'm sure, if you don't mind not being able to read it. Most artists, in and out of fandom, seem to have lost sight of the fact that art is a form of communication.) Fanzine commentary, notes on the proposed 1970 Gercon at Mannheim, artwork. Written in English.

And here's RALLY! #16; these damned newsletters are all over the place.

STOPTHINK #3, DORIE #7 (Nate Bucklin, Dayton Hall, Macalester College, St. Paul, Minnesota) If anyone knows Nat's Zip code, let me know, because he isn't getting a copy of this review until he produces one. Both of these were produced for Apr 45; different mailings. DORIE is mostly mailing comments; STOPTHINK is primarily editorial chatter on various subjects. Free to anyone interested, providing he continues to show interest by writing letters, etc.

SAPSAFIELD #5 (John Kusske, Box 373, UMM, Morris, Minnesota 56267) Published, as the title indicates, for SAPS; a few copies available for outsiders. Mostly mailing comments and fan fiction. Interesting, tho; I should write him a letter of comment. I see he's decided on the Right Way to live. I should have taken up teaching; those 3-month vacations look great from here.

PULP ERA #65 (Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee St, Wauseon, Ohio 43567 - bi-monthly - 35¢) This time there are the nostalgic columns by Wilkie Connor and Terry Jeeves, an article and index to STRANGE DETECTIVE STORIES by Glenn Lord, a bibliography of Theodore Roscoe material in ARGOSY, and a letter column, plus reviews, mostly of the new Corinth publications. Lynn's multilith format allows him to reproduce covers of the publications mentioned, a definite advantage. The only fanzine that I know of which is devoted to pulp magazines in general, not just sf mags or comic books or whatnot.

COMIC BOOK (Alan J. Hanley, 1940 W. Wilson Ave, Chicago, Illinois 60640 - 50¢) No issue number, tho there are letters of comment on a past issue. Hmm. Parodies (or pastiches?) of various comics and artists. The art is good; it's not the perfect mimicry that someone like Will Elder can do, but it's good amateur work. Same with the humor; it doesn't always click, but there are genuine funny spots. Multilithed reproduction. In the letter column, the editor presents me with an idea; maybe I never liked comics because I was never innocent. (That would explain my mild enjoyment of the EC line, too...)

SCOTTISHE #42 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, United Kingdom - quarterly - 4 for \$1, US Agent, Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif. 94701) Ethel's columnists have abandoned her, so this time it's just her own writing and letters. Makes a pretty good

issue, at that. Ethel has a fascinating account of stalking second-hand fantasy at a lending library, culminating in a review of a British book I'd never heard of before; The Brain.

AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #5, 6, 7 (John Bangsund, 19 Gladstone Ave, Northcote N.16, Melbourne, Australia - monthly - \$3.60 for 12 issues) If it's monthly, how come I get 3 issues in between issues of YANDRO? This is devoted to serious discussions of science fiction. Every issue they have page-long (on the average) reviews of a dozen or so books, plus articles on the works of a particular author, and occasional spirited defenses by the authors. Or occasionally an author discussing his own work, as James Blish does Dr. Miribilis in the 6th. issue. Lee Harding has a regular column concerning Australia and Aussie stf, the editor occasionally comments on unusual items, such as Olaf Stapledon's poems, and there are letters from both fans and professionals. Very well done.

THE SCARR #111 (George Charters, 3 Lancaster Ave, Bangor, Northern Ireland - quarterly - no price listed) With the disappearance of MYPHEN, SCARR has taken over as the leading Irish humor magazine. George not only reads more bad stf than I do, he reports on its unconscious humor. There's also an article by Bob Shaw on his boyhood search for a good telescope that I read aloud to Juanita while we both chortled over it. Beautiful -- why doesn't someone write something like that for YANDRO?

POT POURRI #45, 46, 47 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland - quarterly - no price listed) A variety of editor-written material; humorous articles, more or less humorous stories, an article on fingerprinting (John works in the fingerprinting section -- or detail, or whatever they call it -- of the Belfast Police -- or is it the R.I.C.? Peelers, anyone? A police force, anyway.) There are comments on aircraft fandom and the sort of people one sees at a vacation resort. Excellent.

DYNATRON #30 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107 - quarterly - 20¢ in 4¢ and 5¢ stamps per issue) Yep, that's what he says; 4¢ and 5¢ stamps. One of those mathematical puzzles, I guess; What combination of 4¢ and 5¢ stamps makes up to 20¢ exactly? Send in any solutions; it beats me. Roy defends Doc Smith, saying he'll take Smith's works in preference to the latest non-story from F&SF. Personally, I'd rather not take either one....I suppose I'm partly on his side of the fence, though; I do have the Smith paperbacks and I did drop my subscription to NEW WORLDS. There are also letters and alleged poetry. (You think the poetry in YANDRO is bad, Thompson? Read DYNATRON.) There is a long piece of faasan fiction that I didn't read. Despite this, DYNATRON is one of the better things in fandom. How about some of you voting for it for a Hugo? Or a Pong, or whatever.

COSIGN #6 (Robert Gaines, 336 Olentangy St, Columbus, Ohio 43202 - 25¢ - monthly) Official organ of the Central Ohio S F Society. Very well reproduced; some of the best dittoing I've seen in quite some time. There is a little article on the officers' sleeve insignia on "Star Trek", interesting to devotees of the show -- I could never see the damned stuff well enough to know if it followed a consistent pattern or not. The usual variety of material, including no less than 4 pieces of fiction, none of them either terribly good or terribly bad, reviews of movies, books, fanzines, etc., letters, an article or two, and an editorial. About average.

I have on hand ICARIOT #20 and ODD #15, but since they won't fill a page of reviews (and I haven't read them yet anyway) I'll save the reviews until the next issue. Also got S F TIMES #439. This col. typed Feb. 12.

The Roddenberry Maneuver

tracked by

JUANITA COULSON & KAY ANDERSON

Science fiction on American television has rarely been kindly treated. Most often, it's situation comedy with a slight twist (MY FAVORITE MARTIAN or IT'S ABOUT TIME), or it's LASSIE with a twist (LOST IN SPACE substituted a robot for the dog and added Jonathan Harris as a hickory-cured fly-in-the-plot-ointment).

The more ambitious tv stf series offerings in 1966 -- with one exception -- were built around two themes: (1) Xenophobia and/or (2) The Mental and Moral Superiority of Homo Sapiens, particularly the 100% red-blooded American boy branch of that species.

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, in its search for ever more frightening menaces for the crew to conquer with .44 and fireaxe, has dredged the horror film libraries of the 1940's. They have, for one example, temporarily turned Admiral Nelson into a werewolf. And early in 1967, poor Kharis shuffled about the corridors of the Seaview in his continuing pathetic search for the Princess Anankha. That episode, so help us, ended with: "There are some things Man was not meant to know."

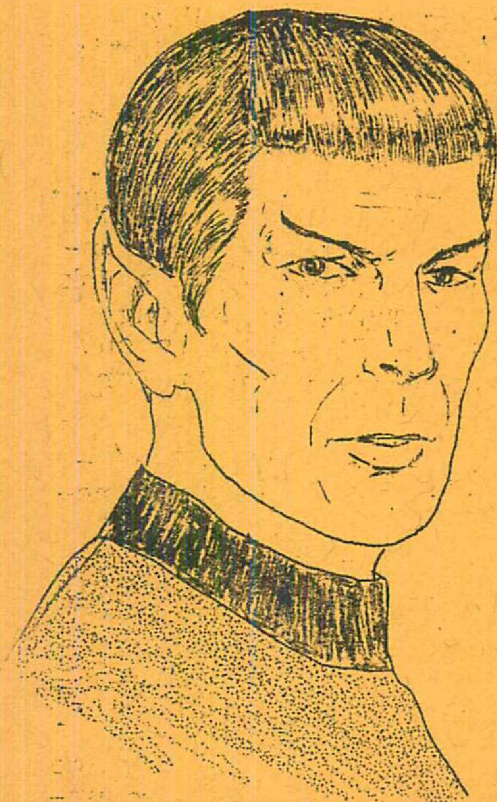
Irwin Allen also introduced TIME TUNNEL, and the viewer might initially gather the idea this is an adventure series set in an alternate time line. That would indeed be a fine, imaginative series -- but the concept is marred by the fact that producer, writers, and actors all seem under the delusion

they are meddling with the events, past and future, of our own time stream. As it is, it's lucky they are in an alternate past, not our own -- for in each episode the heroes tromp with giddy abandon again and again on the butterflies of paradox.

Roddenberry's STAR TREK was the only stf tv series to depart from the twin formulae. On STAR TREK humanity is neither all-villain nor god-like, neither superior nor inferior; and alien life forms display the same wide variety, from primitive savagery to mentally and morally superior beings who look on homo sapiens with pity.

In depicting mankind as sometimes worthwhile, sometimes appallingly clay-footed, STAR TREK not only broke Allen's rules for a successful "science fiction" tv series, but it also proved that Science Fiction could ask far more interesting questions than: "How Can We Conquer This Hideous Alien Menace?"

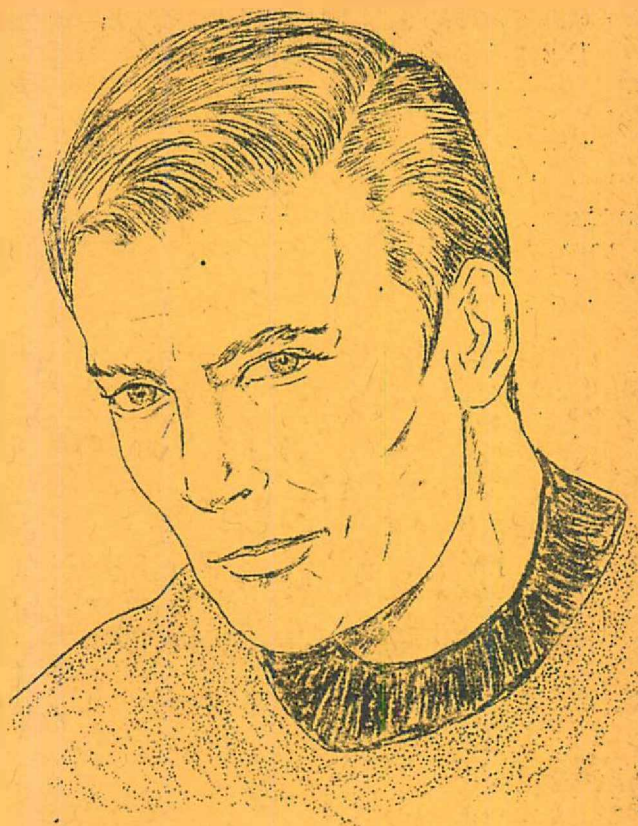
During 1966, STAR TREK tackled plots dealing with such diverse subjects as ESP, drug addiction, futuristic penology and psychiatry, genocide, medical experimentation,



extraterrestrial diseases and chemicals, and the conflict between man and machine. Its aims were frequently very lofty, and it did not always succeed. But surprisingly often STAR TREK matched or even surpassed the efforts of major film companies (who work with comparatively limitless time and budget allowances and big name casts and promotion).

The following are the STAR TREK episodes broadcast nationally in 1966. (The question mark indicates uncertainty about the script writer deserving the credit or blame.)

- 9/8/66: "The Man Trap" - Roddenberry (?)
- 9/15/66: "Charlie X" - script by D.C. Fontana
- 9/22/66: "Where No Man Has Gone Before" - script, Sam Peeples
- 9/29/66: "The Naked Time" script by John D.F. Black (?)
- 10/6/66: "The Enemy Within" -script by Richard Matheson
- 10/13/66: "Mudd's Women" - script by Stephen Kandel
- 10/20/66: "What Are Little Girls Made Of?" - script by Robert Bloch
- 10/27/66: "Miri" - script by Adrian Spies
- 11/3/66: "Dagger of the Mind" - script by Shimon Wincelberg
- 11/10/66: "The Corbomite Maneuver" - script by Jerry Sohl
- 11/17/66: "The Menagerie:Part I" - script by Gene Roddenberry
- 11/24/66: "The Menagerie:Part II" - script by Gene Roddenberry
- 12/8/66: "The Conscience of the King" - script by Barry Trivers
- 12/15/66: "Balance of Terror" - script by Paul Schneider
- 12/29/66: "Shore Leave" - script by Theodore Sturgeon



"The Man Trap", the series' "premiere", was apparently so selected to attract the necessary large audience quickly, and it did make use of that familiar xenophobic theme. Yet, there was compassion expressed for the Alien, and the plot was not a rehash of a werewolf movie, but rather a distillation of "Who Goes There?" and "The Black Destroyer".

Both "Charlie X" and "Where No Man Has Gone Before" (the pilot film) concerned the problems of undisciplined, uncontrolled ESP, and it was unfortunate the episodes were scheduled on consecutive weeks; both lost some effect by the proximity. STAR TREK has suffered several times from this tendency to schedule episodes with similar, though not identical, themes very close together. Perhaps television's time pressures are the culprit.

"The Naked Time" script infected the ship's crew with a bound water molecule from an alien planet, converting the victims into drunks and psychotics -- and coincidentally providing the cast with a field day for character development. The plot posed a believable, soluble problem for the ship's surgeon, and provided a secondary crisis when the mysterious "disease" caused the affected members of the crew to nearly wreck the ship. "The Naked Time" was well directed and acted, tightly edited, and ranks as one of the two best STAR TREK episodes of 1966.

"The Enemy Within" gave Matheson another chance to explore the con-

trast and conflict of Man's good and evil halves. Though having some inconsistencies, it was a considerable cut above the werewolf plot.

"Mudd's Women" concerned a Magnus Ridolf-type con man, drug addiction and mail-order brides. It was the sort of story the Standard mags might well have featured, and it was handled with commendable humorous touches.

"What Are Little Girls Made Of?", though scripted by Robert Bloch, was unhappily one of STAR TREK's two worst scripts. The plot involved androids, a mad scientist, and enough large holes to drive the starship Enterprise itself through. To borrow Roy Tackett's phrase, this time Bloch was not superb.

"Miri" was STAR TREK's second outright failure, and again it is strange to note these episodes fell on consecutive weeks. The opening teaser made much of the fact that the planet of this plot was an exact duplicate of Earth -- then did absolutely nothing further with this strongly established "fact". The plot made the crew seem inept idiots, and the direction was oddly spotty.

"Dagger of the Mind" was a 22nd Century exploration of penology, and the moral question of -- in effect -- prefrontal lobotomy (though the process involved was far more sophisticated, medically and psychiatrically).

"The Corbomite Maneuver" rivaled "The Naked Time" in excellence, and is our nominee for a Hugo for Best Dramatic Presentation at the Nycon this year. Jerry Sohl scripted a fine suspenseful First Contact story that did much to wash away the taste of Alien Menace permeating the airways throughout the tv season. "Corbomite"'s special effects alone were awesome: an alien ship -- a tremendous, spherical, multi-faceted vessel -- was both menacing and beautiful. The diplomatic game of wits between the two captains was an adept treatment of a theme that has long needed doing in drama form.

"The Menagerie" (considered here as one episode) used Roddenberry's original unsold pilot via flashbacks, and in order to do so, had to twist both plot logic and the already-established character of Mr. Spock.

"Conscience of the King" and "Balance of Terror" both took the non-stf viewing audience into the 22nd Century with a minimum of readjustment of thinking on the part of mundania. "Conscience" described the tracking down of a former genocidal dictator, and "Balance of Terror" was "The Enemy Below" with spaceships. Oddly, STAR TREK's experiment with submarine warfare was more convincing and exciting than that generally presented on VOYAGE, despite several large logic holes in the plot of "Balance of Terror".

"Shore Leave" gave Sturgeon his chance to exhibit Homo Sapiens as a peculiar mixture of Savage and Dreamer. It was interesting to note that during the final scenes, when Captain Kirk asked The Keeper about his home planet that alien politely avoided answering the question. Sturgeon created the impression The Keeper was quite willing to play host to these primitives with all the facilities of his planet-wide amusement park, but that he hardly considered them a species civilized enough



to invite as house guests.

In excellent, mediocre and poor episodes STAR TREK has featured adequate, occasionally very fine direction -- one symptom of which has been the fine point honing of the throw-away line, the throwaway business. During an involved scene, an almost overlooked intercom will report some piece of equipment malfunctioning, and mid-dialogue the efficient Scots engineer will depart, muttering, to correct this error while the rest of the cast smoothly dialogues the plot line down a totally different channel. (On VOYAGE, the engineer's reaction and the other characters' comments upon it would consume a minute and a half of dialogue, at a modest estimate.)

The tossed away lines (so quick and subtle as to be easily lost if one is not alert), the efficient bits of business, the impression of believable technical ability on the part of the crew are a tremendous cut above both the directoral and acting techniques of the Irwin Allen series, VOYAGE and TIME TUNNEL. STAR TREK's hardware alone is a very pleasant contrast to the pinball machine impression of Allen's efforts.

In the first episodes, STAR TREK's Captain Kirk came across as a petty, quick-tempered, sarcastic, stubborn, and resentful man. It is, of course, impossible to judge how much of this character creation was the writers', how much the directors', how much the personal interpretation of actor William Shatner. But as the series progressed, and most notably during "The Corbomite Maneuver", Kirk was a much better, more powerful personality -- in command of the situation, quite credible as the captain of a starship. Kirk has done far more with the lead role than did Jeffrey Hunter's Ensign-On-His-First-Adventure portrayal during the flashback sequences in "The Menagerie".

Leonard Nimoy was given an emotionless, half human-half alien executive officer to bring to life, and he was, perhaps apocryphally, quoted as saying the role was "impossible". Thanks to Nimoy, Spock is not impossible, nor even unsympathetic. Far from it. Rather than being emotionless, he has developed as a man of admirable emotional discipline and depth of character. Spock allows us sparse glimpses of this fascinating suppressed character, glimpses which tend to excite the viewer to speculate and extrapolate. To cite but one such tack: Could Vulcans (the race of Spock's father) have non-human emotions which humans, not being able to describe, would deny existed? It would be similar to trying to describe a color without a known color reference. Spock's mannerisms, subtle expressions and enigmatic dialogue invite such ideas, almost involuntarily. One becomes curious about his childhood, his past life. Alien make up quite aside, Spock is now both intriguing and quite likable, and not at all the computer-in-the-flesh of the original Peoples script.

A television series should, fairly, be judged on its total output --

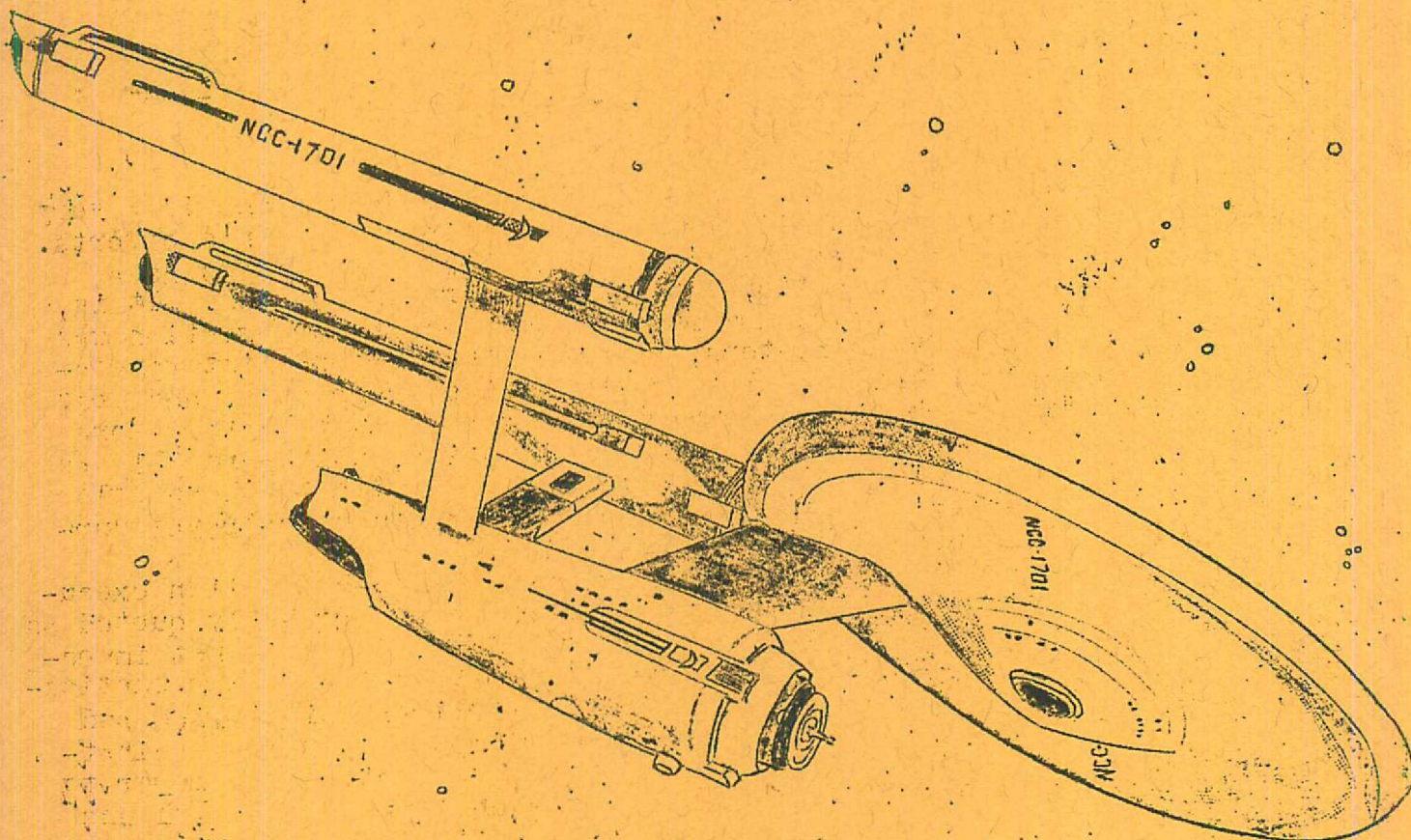


for it must produce thirteen or more complete dramas within the same or less time than that allotted to big name, big budget films. But the specifications for Hugo awards insist that a television series must stand or fall on a single episode.

Very well then: keep firmly in mind "The Naked Time" and "The Corbomite Maneuver", particularly the latter. Those episodes of STAR TREK certainly had no competition from anything else on television during 1966, and they deserve your serious consideration when you are making nominations for Best Dramatic Presentation for the Nycon Hugos.

Any episodes aired in 1967 are, of course, not eligible at the Nycon. But it is worth noting that the episodes of STAR TREK in '67 have kept up the caliber of those released in '66. The series even tackled the very delicate concept of time travel; unlike TIME TUNNEL, STAR TREK's writer, director and producer all seemed quite aware of the immense problems of paradox, and they dealt with the subject with commendable care.

STAR TREK's "The Naked Time" and "The Corbomite Maneuver" stack up very well against their dramatic competition (and a large amount of their written competition as well, in our opinion). Granting Sturgeon's Law, two poor, several average, and two excellent episodes out of a total of fourteen puts STAR TREK above that hoped-for 10% of worthwhile material. We think that excellence should earn "The Corbomite Maneuver" a Hugo, and we hope you agree.



We would like to express our appreciation to Frank Wright of Desilu for his valuable assistance in preparing the above article.....JWC and KA.

GOLDEN MINUTES --J--

THE BEAST OF THE HAITIAN HILLS, by Philippe Thoby-Marcelin and Pierre Marcelin (Time Reading Program Special Edition) Here's one I haven't seen mentioned anywhere. I picked it up at a secondhand book store. It's borderline fantasy. The brothers Marcelin set out to portray Haitian peasant life -- which, of course, includes beliefs in gods and spirits. So the "cigouave" is presented as though it really exists, although the reader is supposed to understand that it's all superstition and, in the case of the protagonist, just a touch of delirium tremens. (But I suppose you don't have to understand this, and if you want to read the novel as a straight fantasy, more power to you.) The plot is fairly simple; the characters are as exotic as anything you'll find in GALAXY or ANALOG. Keep an eye out for it; you might enjoy it.

WORLD WITHOUT STARS, by Poul Anderson (Ace, 40¢) This was originally in ANALOG -- in a two-part serial if I remember correctly -- as "The Ancient Gods". It's one of Anderson's better recent stories; there's a well-depicted alien race, a problem or two for the humans (how to get off the damned planet and how to stay alive until they do), some intriguing characters, and even a bit of balladry that is better than you'll find in most literature. There is also a bit of mawkish sentimentality, but that only keeps the novel from being a possible Hugo contender; it's still entertaining and worth your time.

LEST EARTH BE CONQUERED, by Frank Belknap Long (Belmont, 50¢) This one isn't. I will say Long's characterization has improved. It starts out as a fourteen-year-old boy narrating his discovery of aliens. After a few pages of the narrative I decided that this kid was a lot more alien than the people he was spying on --- and by God, he is! Or at least as much so. However, characterization isn't helped by having every character in the book, regardless of age or sex, sound like a garrulous old man. The plot isn't bad, but the writing is God-awful. "It was a frightening discovery. The man and woman living in the Jonathan Oakham mansion weren't human. Don't ask what made me so sure. There are some things you can't explain, can't analyze." (Any "discovery" can be explained, on that level. The author meant that his protagonist had decided the people were aliens.) "Behavior patterns that weren't human were bound to be erratic ..." (Why? Because the author says so.) "A slight wisp of smoke arose from the percolator as she set it down in front of him." (I don't know about you, but I don't want any of that coffee.) Then the hero's suspicions are aroused by one of the alien's actions. "...once again I'd caught her in a bad slip." What was the bad slip? Shading her eyes with both hands instead of one. Honest! Long has written some mediocre fantasy, but he has yet to write a stf novel that is worth reading. This one is about average for him.

TARNSMAN OF GOR, by John Norman (Ballantine, 75¢) This one is the prize of the month for idiotic dialogue, however. I quote a sample:

"You are my son, Tarl Cabot."

"I am Tarl Cabot," I said.

"I am your father," he said.

To be fair, the rest of it isn't quite that bad -- almost, but not quite. The back cover blurb announces that the author "has read little fantasy"; after reading the book, I can believe it. He'd do better to quit writing (23)

and start reading.

FOUR FOR TOMORROW, by Roger Zelazny (Ace, 45¢) This one includes "The Furies", "The Graveyard Heart", "The Doors Of His Face, The Lamps Of His Mouth", and "A Rose For Ecclesiastes". "The Graveyard Heart" I didn't like -- in the introduction Sturgeon goes on about how wonderful it is, but I can't see that the characters represent anything particularly important, and they are impossible to sympathise with personally. "The Furies" is better; about average for Zelazny and much better than almost anyone else's average. I believe that both of the other two stories were Hugo contenders in their respective years, and deservedly so. A Zelazny collection is one no well-read fan should miss.

WILD TALENT, by Wilson Tucker (Avon, 50¢) A reprint of Tucker's 1954 novel of the psiperman. I wasn't terribly impressed by the plot when I first read it, but re-reading it was one of the more enjoyable occasions of the past month. A pioneer psi story, it hasn't been outdated by more recent books on the subject; instead it looks even better in comparison. This was also, I believe -- correct me if I'm wrong, Tucker -- the first novel which included what became known as "the Tucker syndrome" (naming the characters in a novel after fans). The mysterious villain is Walter Willis, an FBI agent is named Ray Palmer, other characters include a Conklin, Grennell, Carnell, etc. (And can we say Tucker used clairvoyance, as well as writing about it, when he named his hero "Paul Breen"?) If you don't have the earlier editions, get this one.

TALES OF THE FRIGHTENED, by Michael Avallone (Belmont, 50¢) Apparently these vignettes were written for the express purpose of having Boris Karloff read them for an lp recording. I can't say how the record came across, but reading all 26 of the stories in one sitting makes them seem overpoweringly banal. A good vignette is terribly hard to write, as it must depend entirely on a "twist" ending. When none of the endings are terribly original, and all of them have a final, identical twist (presumably as a "theme" for the record) the stories fail. I will give Belmont credit; they put Boris Karloff's name on the cover in letters several times as big as the author's, but they did put Avallone's name on. I've seen books like that where the author wasn't given any cover credit.

THE GENETIC GENERAL, by Gordon R. Dickson (Ace, 40¢) This was also an ASTOUNDING/ANALOG serial (in 1959; I guess it was still ASTOUNDING then), named "Dorsal!". Incidentally, Ace gives magazine publication in both this and the Anderson book; they're finally doing right by us. It's reasonably good stf adventure; I never cared much for it, but it was popular with a good many people. Another superman; the woods are full of them these days.

THE LEGION OF SPACE, by Jack Williamson (Pyramid, 60¢) Another of stf's somewhat creaky classics. This one, however, has a certain low charm about it, largely due to the character of one Giles Habibula, who steals scene after scene from the nominal hero, John Star. (Shed a tear for poor John; like all heroes of the day he was noble, virtuous, strong, brave, clean and reverent and nobody remembers him. The entire Pyramid blurb is devoted to his fat, drunken, whining companion, Giles Habibula. John got the girl, but since she was as noble and virtuous as he was, even that probably wasn't much fun.) I first read this in the old GALAXY NOVEL series; it's also been published as an ASTOUNDING serial in 1935 and as a Fantasy Press hardcover in 1947, but none of these editions are particularly easy to get. And it deserves reading; it's one of the most entertaining of the old stf "classics". The plot isn't terribly good, but there is enough of Giles to keep things reasonably interesting.

THE MUTANTS, by Kris Neville (Belmont, 50¢) With a little decent editing, this could have been a good novelette. As it is....., well, let's say it's a good idea with a few flaws in it. One flaw being the fact that someone seemed to think that its potential audience was 10-year-olds. On page 72, the central character has just attempted to kill the heroine and she has made him look silly. "He felt humiliated and helpless. 'Darn you', he said." I haven't seen "darn" used in that sort of situation for 15 years; I thought we'd grown up. It's used more than once in here, tho; mustn't damage the tender ears of the little kiddies. There are other flaws. The super-weapon that will destroy the mutant's powers is developed offstage, somewhere between pages 137 and 140. Characterization of the military is, I suppose, intended to be funny (why I don't know; it isn't a particularly funny book) but is simply incredible. The interminable chase scene in the front of the book isn't either funny or exciting; it's merely dull. Belmont should hire a science fiction editor who knows something about science fiction.

THE ENEMY OF MY ENEMY, by Avram Davidson (Berkley, 60¢) Here's some sociological science fiction; I hope Pickering reads it. The purists who insist that stf should have science in it will probably say this isn't stf at all; every problem is produced and solved as a racial and/or national problem, by violence or discussion. It's on an alien planet, if that helps. Once I got past the involved introduction (which I think could have been simplified) I enjoyed it, since Avram is at his best when writing about people rather than gadgets or arcane spells. Enjoy it while you can: I have a suspicion that Avram is on his way up and out of the stf field.

TERROR TALES #2 (Corinth, 60¢) More reprints from the old pulp. Not as good as #1; the short stories are better than in the previous collection, but there is no adequately good long story to balance them, and they aren't really outstanding fiction. If you like the WEIRD TALES type of story, however, here are a batch of mediocre ones that you probably have not read, and you don't hardly get that kind no more.

SHOCK WAVE, by Walt & Leigh Richmond/ENVOY TO THE DOG STAR, by Frederick L. Shaw, Jr. (Ace, 50¢) The Richmond half is much better than I expected it to be from the cover. There is a lot of rather dull running around at the end, but the central plot, consisting of the efforts to outwit a super-powerful but literal computer, is quite good. But as for that abomination of a cover -- who is "Hoot von Zitzewitz", really? I gave up on page 29 of the Shaw half where the hero says "here I am in the middle of the constellation Canis Major". It hadn't been very good up to then, either; the hero is a disembodied dog's brain, but he sounds just like all the shucks-I'm-just-an-ordinary-red-blooded-American heroes that used to appear in GALAXY during its lowest period and in most of Fred Pohl's novels. Treating a constellation like a star cluster was merely the last straw.

THE UNIVERSES OF E.E. SMITH, by Ron Ellick and Bill Evans (Advent, \$6.00) Following a rather maudlin introduction by James Schmitz, we have a concordance to the "Lensman" novels, by Ellick, and to the "Skylark" novels, by Bill Evans, with several pages at the last devoted to a Smith bibliography by Al Lewis. I'm sure that every name and term used in the series is in here, somewhere, if you really care. The book also features a good portrait of Smith and some remarkably bad illustrations of the characters in the series, all by Bjo Trimble. C'mon, Bjo; you don't really visualize Kimball Kinnison as a fat, pug-nosed teen-ager, do you?

VOLCANOES AND EARTHQUAKES, by Elliott Roberts (Pyramid, 75¢) Another in their "Worlds of Science" series. This is one of the good ones; the writing is a bit condescending in the early parts, but after a time Roberts gets interested in his story. The book covers both the mechanism of volcanoes and earthquakes -- or as much of it as we know -- and some of the spectacular results. I thought I had a fair layman's knowledge of the causes, but I haven't kept up on recent developments and quite a bit of the later parts of the book were new to me. Some of the results were new, too, and even more spectacular than the ones I knew about -- like the 1958 earthquake wave in Lituya Bay, Alaska, which swept an entire forest off a mountainside to a height of 1800 feet. Recommended.

THE LAM FROM U.N.C.L.E. #8: The Monster Wheel Affair, by David McDaniel (Ace, 50¢) The latest and second-best in the U.N.C.L.E. series; The Dagger Affair is still the best. A drawback is a larger than usual amount of violence; I conceive of Solo and Kuryakin as more cunning than violent, and it's much more entertaining to see the villains outwitted than to see them shot down. But there are some good touches, and for once I was happy to see some authenticity in gun descriptions. (Not that I believe for a minute what was done with the Gyrojet -- "show us how your toy operates" indeed! -- but the description of the guns themselves seems accurate.) If you want to try the series, this is a good one to start on.

WORLD OF THE WEIRD, by Brad Steiger (Belmont, 50¢) This one seems about par for the course of true weird books. The writing is adequate, and quite a few of the incidents are brand new to me. (I wouldn't guarantee that Steiger didn't make them all up, but they aren't rehashes of the same old thing).

SOUVENIR OF MONIQUE, by Marion Zimmer Bradley (Ace, 50¢) Ordinarily I don't read gothic romances, but since it was by Marion....it's the second of hers that I've read, and it's much better than the first one. The cast of characters in a gothic romance is pretty standardized, but Marion has managed to breathe life into most of these. Aside from the hero, who is moody and mysterious because he's a gothic hero, the people generally have reasons for their actions; a welcome surprise in this field. The background is France; date isn't given. I'd guess sometime between the turn of the century and World War I. Mysterious chateaus and crumbling towers don't seem quite so improbable in that setting.

FIGURE AWAY, by Phoebe Atwood Taylor (Pyramid, 60¢) The second in Pyramid's reprints of the Asey Mayo detective series. This seems one of the best of the series to me, but perhaps Indiana's Sesquicentennial last year made me more receptive to a novel in which the detective has to cope with Billingsgate Old Home Week as well as the murders. A drawback -- which I didn't notice when I first read the books at age 15 or so -- is that Miss Taylor is more than a little provincial. ("...her mother went off and married a fat Argentine, or some sort of Spig") But there are good items, and the usual wild chase scene. ("Red lanterns!" she howled accusingly at him. Red lanterns! The sign said 'Road Closed'!")
"We ain't on the road."

THE CHIC CHICK SPY, by Bob Tralins (Belmont, 50¢) The blurb says "This is the most absurd book you will read this year." Not strictly accurate; I gather that that distinction goes to Tralins' alleged science fiction novel, The Ccamozoids. This one is moderately absurd; it isn't, unfortunately, very funny. A second-rate U.N.C.L.E. imitation.

COOLMAN, by Jane Shepard (Belmont, 50¢) This one has a perfectly beautiful idea; this super character from another planet who is a mild-mannered

elevator operator until he changes into costume and who gets into all sorts of improbable situations. The execution isn't up to the level of the idea, however. First, somebody decided that the funny situations should be funny sexy situations; Coolman's whole schtick is that he likes women. (This needn't lower the level of the humor, but it usually does because everyone is expected to snigger about the sex and the actual humor is skimmed.) The book is better than the cover led me to believe, however; I should think most comics completists would want it as a Superman parody, and if you're the type who does snigger at sex I'm sure you'll think it's great stuff. I thought it was mediocre with a few bright spots.

A HISTORY OF EROTICISM, by Lo Duca (Collectors Publications, \$1.95) The history is fairly complete but sketchy; the author calls it an "outline history". It seems to have originally been a serious work, but it's being sold here because of the illustrations. (Which aren't really that good; they're all fuzzy enough, or reduced enough in size, to get by the censors.) Actually the serious writing is the best part of the book, though I can't imagine anyone buying it for that. If you can get it the way I did -- free -- fine; but I wouldn't pay cash for it.

THE NIGHT OF THE WOLF, by Fritz Leiber (Ballantine, 50¢) This consists of four totally unrelated stories which for some reason Ballantine has seen fit to retitle and present as a connected series. Originally they were "The Creature From The Cleveland Depths", "Night Of The Long Knives", "Sanity", and "Let Freedom Ring". Three of them I recall as pleasant but unmemorable; "Night Of The Long Knives" struck me as outstanding sf adventure when it was first published. It seems shorter in the book version, but I can't point to any specific place where it's been cut. Still good, however.

OUT OF MY MIND, by John Brunner (Ballantine, 60¢) Thirteen of Brunner's short stories. One of them -- "The Nail In The Middle Of The Hand", from SAINT MYSTERY -- was new to me but not terribly good; others have pretty well mined the literary gold from the Crucifixion. Others may be new to you; two are from NEW WORLDS, two from the old FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, and one from MAGAZINE OF HORROR, in addition to the more common sources like ANALOG and IF. (A third story from NEW WORLDS, "The Last Lonely Man", was in a recent pb anthology; Judy Merrill's, I think.) The NEW WORLDS entries, "Prerogative" and "The Fourth Power", are quite possibly the two best stories in the book. Almost anything by Brunner is worth getting, these days. He wrote two or three terrible novels for Ace, but his production both before and after that period has been outstanding.

GOLD IN CALIFORNIA, by Todhunter Ballard (Ace, 75¢) Ace has been publishing some good westerns in their Star series. Bob Briney recommends the earlier books by John Culp; Born Of The Sun and The Restless Land. (I haven't read them, but I pass on his recommendation.) Now comes this 300 page novel, which according to the cover was awarded first prize by the Western Writers of America. The main plot concerns a young man going west and growing up in the California goldfields. There are numerous subplots; a couple of them could have been excerpted and sold as short stories. The only comparison I can think of is with Taylor's Travels Of Jamie McPheeters; there are similarities in the characterization and warmth of the writing. If Taylor's characters are a shade better drawn, he slows his story by separating his characters and writing about their separate adventures in alternate chapters, which infuriates me. Ballard tells his entire story through the viewpoint of his central character. Jamie may have been more popular, but I believe this one is just as good. (27)

GRUMBLINGS...

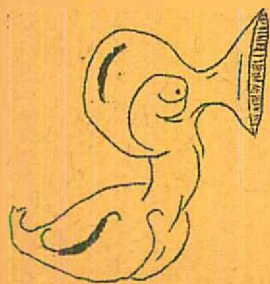
Terry Carr, 35 Pierrepont, Brooklyn, New York, 11201

It's nice to see at least one article in a fanzine from this side of the Atlantic that's less than hysterically anti-Ballard, but I wish Don D'Amassa's Freudian explanation of the Ballardian chronicles were more effective in its (implied) praise. You can't defend anything or anyone in fandom by harking back to Freud, or indeed any established psychologist, because by and large fans seem determined to deny the fact that they have a subconscious -- or, if they do, that it contains anything other than dreams of used book stores or endlessly turning mimeo cranks. (Book stores, since they're containers, are of course female symbols...and as for mimeo cranks, I leave you to work that out for yourself.) To win the approval of the average fan in an argument you have to appeal strictly to his intellect, of which he's inordinately proud; of his emotions he's obscurely ashamed. I suspect that when the comments come in on D'Amassa's article you'll find the criticism of Ballard rivaled only by the scorn expressed for Freud.

All that aside, there are some serious flaws in the piece anyway. D'Amassa says, "unless one has studied Freud himself, many of Ballard's references, and indeed much of his meaning, may be completely lost." Well, in the first place Ballard is a self-professed Jungian, not Freudian, and there are differences. But even if we substitute Jung for Freud in that sentence, it still begs the question of who's at fault if we don't understand Ballard's writing.

The whole idea of psychological archetypes is that these are universal symbols, working in everyone's subconscious. If this is true, then a writer who employs these symbols properly doesn't need to explain them... they should work subconsciously. At the end of a Ballard story we should say to ourselves, "By damn, that was an evocative story...strangely chilling/exciting/disturbing/etc." If we don't feel the emotional undertones, then all of D'Amassa's talk of snakes and birds and water goes for nought...obviously the universal symbols haven't done their work on us. And although it's sometimes possible to go back to a Ballard story, using the psychological symbol key, and analyze successfully what the man was trying to say and/or do in it, this is meaningless in itself. Unless the story communicated by itself, without the footnotes, it failed.

It's also tricky trying to deal with psychological symbols, because there's a temptation to be simplistic about it; I think D'Amassa yields to this temptation. Water is certainly a symbol of birth, yes...but it can be more, depending on how it's used. In THE DROWNED WORLD, for instance, it's used as a symbol of retreat to the womb -- a negative, rather than positive, act. (This is Ballard's most successful use of symbolism that I know of, by the way, and it's certainly more Jungian than Freudian: the reason water symbolizes birth, after all, is that as fetuses we exist in a liquid environment, running through the entire evolutionary history of the race from water-dwelling creature to man. In THE DROWNED WORLD Ballard takes us right back to the ocean, and his characters act like primordial water-basking creatures. This makes for a pretty dull book, in my opinion, but at least the symbolism works in this one.) Well, enough about Ballard; I'm sure you'll get loads of letters about him, fans being what they are, and there's



not much point in my swelling your pagecount with more on the subject. It's really too bad that Ballard has become the prime symbol of the so-called "new wave"--- his work is more experimental than most, it's true, but there are better writers in the modern manner who are showing what new techniques can do in sf when they're under control. Yet the entire movement gets criticized for Ballard's failings and excesses.

Your review of the 10th Merril annual is disappointing -- a one-line summation of it as "a reasonably good collection" followed by six lines of argument with a minor editorial discussion. Yes yes, but what were the stories like? ...By contrast, your review of the 12th BEST FROM F&SF was fine, especially the last two words.

Can you document your assertion that "'Loc' has been around fandom longer than I have"? As far as I know it was coined within the last three or four years; certainly it hasn't been in common usage previous to that.

Andy Porter: "Howard L. Cory" is not Larry Maddock. This is a little confusing, but let me try to sort it out. Well...once upon a time, there were two L.A. fans named Jack and Julie Jardine, a married couple. Being L.A. fans, they took fannish pseudonyms: He became Larry Maddock and she became Corrie Howard. They used these names on professional stories and articles, mostly in the sexy-schmexy mags I gather, in addition to fandom. Later, they turned to writing science fiction, in collaboration, for Ace, and for the two books they wrote they chose the penname Howard L. Cory. After the second book, the marriage broke up (it had nothing to do with arguments over these collaborations), and Jack Jardine then went on writing for Ace under his earlier penname of Larry Maddock. All straight now? I hope so, because I'm not sure I could tell the story twice in the same way.

Oh balls--I see here that Roy Tackett says, "Science-fiction properly concerns itself with the mind and the intellect, not with the soul." Why? And if you really think this is true, then why were stories like Heinlein's JERRY IS A MAN, Russell's DEAR DEVIL, Keyes' FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON and many others so popular? The latter in particular is a good test-case: it's a story concerning intellect, but it's about man's personality and aspirations as a whole. And it's one of the most popular sf stories of all time.

Sorry about the Gil Kane/Jack Kirby mixup in my last letter. The explanation for my goof is simple: I couldn't care less about comic books, and I have no idea who either Kane or Kirby is. I repeated the information from what Ted had told me, and botched it in the retelling. Sorry; remind me not to write about comic books in the future.

/"Loc" is listed in Don Franson's KEY TO THE TERMINOLOGY OF S-F FANDOM, published in 1962, so it was in common use before then. I had the impression it was in Tucker's original NEO-FAN'S GUIDE, but my copy of that is in the summerhouse and I'm not going out there in zero weather just to prove a point. Tucker, what do you say?

The only emotional undertones I feel when reading a Ballard work are boredom mixed with a mild sense of wonder that anyone published this crap. But presumably he gets through to some people.

I'm not about to give a comprehensive review of a collection of 33 stories, but you're right; I should have said more about Merril than I did.



Thanks for the Cory information; I'd read in some fanzine -- Ratatosk, maybe? -- that "Cory" was a pseudonym of the Jardines, but this was as much hearsay to me as Porter's account, and remembered rather vaguely, anyway. RSC7

Robert E. Briney, 176 E. Stadium Avenue, West Lafayette, Indiana, 47906

The January Yandro may have been a trial to produce, but it is one of your most enjoyable issues. Or maybe I was just in a good mood when I read it... (Nothing like spoiling a compliment, is there?)

While you are waiting for Pyramid to reprint the Asey Mayo titles that you don't have, I will wait for them to reprint the John Creasey books that I don't have, and also the Anthony Boucher novel (THE CASE OF THE SOLID KEY) which has eluded me for many years.

Have you seen the first few titles in Bantam's new series of supernatural fiction? Two of them are excellent books: William Sloane's TO WALK THE NIGHT and THE EDGE OF RUNNING WATER; the other two are so-so--- a collection of Ray Russell's pseudo-Gothics, and a reprint of Rod Serling's horror anthology TRIPLE W. The posed-photo covers on three of the books are laughable, but the one on TO WALK THE NIGHT is sort of effective (although inappropriate to the book).

I notice that you did not answer James Sieger's question about the Lancer CONAN volumes, as to whether they are reprints of earlier books. Most of the volumes in the series will contain material never published before, such as the story "Drums of Tombalku" in CONAN THE ADVENTURER (written by deCamp from an outline and partial first draft left by Howard); deCamp has completed one or two other Conan stories, and Lin Carter is supposedly working on another one. There are also several Conan stories which were completed by Howard before his death, but have never been published. I think one of these "new" stories will be in the third Lancer volume. (And unless the legal tangle between the Howard estate and Marty Greenberg is resolved, that third volume may be the last to appear for some time...)

[Sometimes if I fail to answer a question, someone who knows what he's talking about will answer it. RSC7

Carter de Paul, Jr., 375 N. Oraton Pkwy, East Orange, NJ, 07017

For two issues you've been discussing the use of "Loc". I frankly don't care, really, but I wish someone would just mention what in hell the word means. You have no idea how irritating it is to have everybody talking about something that you might have an opinion about if you knew what they were talking about... ((Now I'll embarrass myself and admit that after two years of Yandro, I still don't know what STF means. I have a good guess, but it's probably wrong))(((Science thriller fiction?))) Ok, I'm ignorant.

Leigh Couch's poem was frighteningly good. So what did you do? You put "Buried Conspiracy" after it. Ye Gods, talk about contrast. You might call that page an example of Crime followed by Punishment. Symes & Ryan made Caesar turn over in his grave, after, of course, proving that he was properly berry'd. Sorry.

Just watched this week's STAR TREK. Wow. Quotes from Milton, no less. Roddenberry had better watch out; he might educate somebody. Not one of the better episodes, tho.

[I believe I saw that the Franson pamphlet mentioned above is back in print, for your information. In any event, "LOC" is defined in the second edition of NEO-FAN'S GUIDE, for sale by yours truly for a paltry quarter. "Stf" is a contraction of "scientifiction", Hugo Gernsback's original term for the genre7