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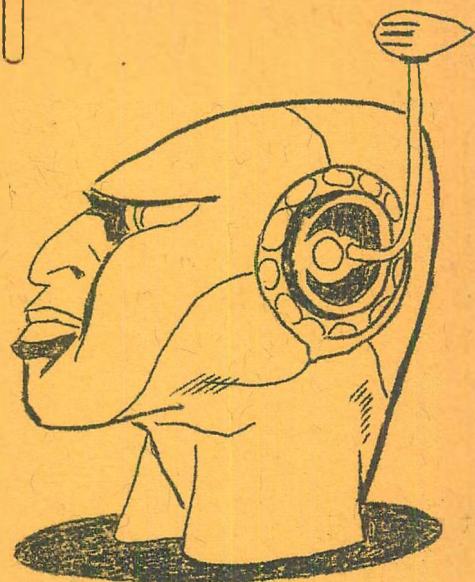
YANDRO #170

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THIS IS THE APRIL ISSUE. It's being published in April (tho it may go in the mail May 1) and if you don't get your copy until July it's not our fault. So there.

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Maybe we should change the name to YANDRO REVIEW.....

ARTWORK

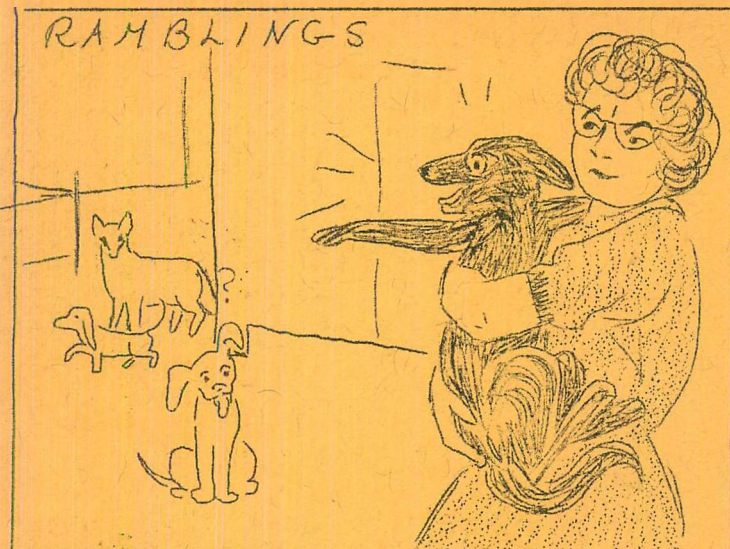
Cover	Steve Stiles	Page 12	Mike Symes
Page 1	Jim Cawthorn	" 13	DEA
" 2	JWC	" 16	Dick Flinchbaugh
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" 7	Jim Cawthorn	" 21	Jim Cawthorn

We found Claude Hall, so ignore the request on page 14. More "Star Trek" clippings, from Derek Nelson, Richard Labonte, and Don Hutchison. Canadian fandom seems to be boosting the show.....

Lately, some fans have started calling YANDRO a "focal point" fanzine (presumably due to the absence of any genuine focal points), and I want you to quit it. Focal points last a couple of years, attract hundreds of readers, and disappear. I intend to last longer than that, and we already have more readers than I really want. At least 100 more. So drop the focal point stuff. If you want a focal point, go read QUIP.

"The February issue, with Senator R. Kennedy on the cover, took a full five weeks to reach subscribers.....If we really wanted to cause trouble, we would, of course, threaten to nationalize the post office."
...from the April RAMPARTS magazine, via Derek Nelson

RAMBLINGS



Ah, it's springtime, and tax time, in the city. How do we know? Because quite abruptly all sorts of stray dogs start appearing in the country...ambling stupidly along a highspeed state highway, killing sheep, getting into garbage cans, alternately being pathetic and a nuisance until they are either hit by cars or shot by irate farmers.

I often wonder about the humanity of someone who would treat an animal in such a way, an animal the person fondly refers to as a "pet". Cats, too, are constantly being dumped in the country, and even

though I am basically more a catlover than doglover I appreciate the cat's fecundity and the fact that many people who put up with a cat in the home for a short while (under pressure from spouse or children) are really, deep down, cat-haters. But dogs? All this talk about man's best friend and how a dog really loves you and is warm and affectionate...doesn't hold much water when the assessor comes around, apparently. People, bah!

Several issues back I mentioned my unhappy experiences with a (supposedly) migraine relieving drug called Sansert. Well, a fellow migraine sufferer, Walter Breen, relayed some hair-raising additional information about the drug which is making me feel quite grateful I got off with nothing more than temporarily elevated blood pressure (at least, that's the only side effect I'm aware of so far). Like a lot of other drugs, it does provide spectacular initial relief (and the migraine sufferer often reaches the state where he or she is absolutely desperate for relief, from any source); but its effect wears off with increasing rapidity, requiring larger doses, negating the use of other medication and causing very nasty complications. Apparently Sansert is almost a migraine remedy version of thalidomide, taken long enough. Government control may be an anathema, and Campbell may feel there is no way drug companies can test a medication adequately before it's released to the public....but to paraphrase somebody -- who's counting when one of them's you?

So, warning: if you suffer from migraine or one of its evil relatives, sansert is only a last resort....and for me, at least, no longer that. In a way, I understand the doctor who prescribed it for me, because I was at the end of a three-week long continuous headache and, to put it mildly, desperate. But if you find yourself in the same position, and sansert is mentioned to you, think very long and hard; I know the pain is overwhelming, but the end result of sansert can be far worse, with effects in some cases seeming to resemble LSD with a supercharger, and no "coming out of it". Caveat.

Yesterday we received Goliard Broadsheet from Karen Anderson, and while it is going to be too late to do any nominating for Hugos when you receive this, it will not be too late to consider votes on the final ballot. Karen's one pager contains some very good points about STAR TREK and the problem: how can the STphiles in the voting audience avoid the scattergun effect they will achieve if each one votes for his or her favorite epi-

sode? Last issue I mentioned the "ST Syndrome", of fans disagreeing, occasionally quite emphatically, about which episodes they preferred, but in very large numbers agreeing they liked STAR TREK as a whole. The way we're going, logically, we're going to splinter our efforts, and FANTASTIC VOYAGE will get the award....Karen comments "Not that there is anything wrong with Gernsback-era science fiction....but STAR TREK is up in the Campbell era, at least." Suggestion? Though many of us are sure Roddenberry has much to do with every episode, there is an episode which is undeniably his: "The Menagerie". The STphiles, STrekkers, whatever you care to call the group, should by now be aware that none of the episodes would have reached the air without Roddenberry; the idea was his, the Spock-like determination to sweat out not one but two pilots, to actually come to the field of science fiction, to enable "our boys" -- Bloch, Sturgeon, Ellison, Sohl, Matheson...etc., to get bylines.

"The Menagerie" was not my favorite, but I agree with Karen that voting for that episode is in effect voting for STAR TREK's creator - Gene Roddenberry. And I think that is a splendid idea. I would very much like to hear from some of you other ST devotees out there. The rules were overhauled to - let's face it - keep TWILIGHT ZONE from copping the award every year. TWILIGHT ZONE was an anthology and quite a different cup of tea. The changed rules work to hurt STAR TREK's chances, but if the fans like the show as much as they claim, I think for once they can bury petty quibbling and cooperate. If they do not, they will prove, I suppose, that they are impressively stubborn - but hardly logical.

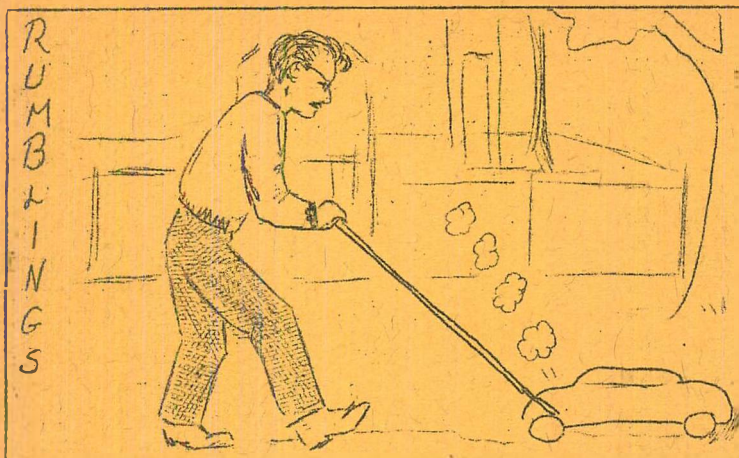
In most of the years of Yandro's publication, I have been largely content to plod along with my styli and mimeo and leave editorial policy and such up to Buck. But I feel very strongly about STAR TREK. I had become, I confess, a bit jaded about sf. Roddenberry changed that, has given me a great deal of enjoyment these past eight months. I don't think I'm alone in wanting to thank him for that. Am I?

As Karen emphasizes, it is not a specific episode we're really plugging (whatever our favorite). None of our favorites would have made it without Roddenberry. Let's get him a Hugo for "The Menagerie."

Incidentally, I have it on good authority that Spock is now a Commander. Are you listening, people over there at Cösign?

In the book department, I might mention that Mary Renault's MASK OF APOLLO (Pantheon) (appropriately enough) struck me as the most impressive thing I've read by her since THE KING MUST DIE. Perhaps it is because I have always been enthralled by the theater of Greece in the fourth century B.C., or perhaps it is just Miss Renault finding the proper tone once more, but I think this one will go on my To Be ReRead Frequently List. Gene and Bev DeWeese made me a Christmas gift of my copy, but if it's not yet out in paperback, and you're a Renault fan and pinched for cash, you might try your local library. I think it will be worth your while.

It seems, in this family at least, that good luck and bad luck run in teams. If so, I hope the good luck is not far behind, because both the car and the mimeo seem on their last gasp. I believe an overhaul may save the Gestetner, but the car may be pranged, to borrow a fine old Britishism. Hoping you are not the same.... JWC



I finally succumbed to bourgeois respectability and bought a power lawn mower. (Anyway, we now have a big enough lawn to make one practical.) One of my co-workers said, "Oh, you'll mow your lawn about as often as before; it will just be easier." I snickered to myself; I intend to get by with mowing the lawn about once a month. The thing is sort of fun to operate, though. Trouble is, now Juanita wants a dishwasher.....

Those of you who like fanzine reviews can gorge yourselves on this issue, because there won't be any reviews in the next issue. Thomas Stratton is preparing to ride once more. (There are a few stuffy little details to be attended to first -- like having Ace and MGM accept our outline -- but obviously this is pure formality.) Anyway, the deadline will be even tighter this time; we are going to be busy. I'm starting off with my usual luck; I slammed a car door on my finger last week, which plays hell with my typing, and I have been informed by my boss at Overhead Door that I will be working one hour overtime every day for the rest of the summer. The money will be nice, but the time..... (I mentioned this to Gene, and he said it sounded like good omens, considering our last effort. It's wonderful to have a sympathetic collaborator.....)

The TAFF ballots in here are courtesy of Terry Carr. You are requested to get out and vote for somebody. I'm really not terribly particular about who you vote for, even if I did help nominate Johnstone. I don't know any of the candidates particularly well this time, though I know Johnstone a trifle better than I do the others. (He was at one of our Wabash picnics some years ago.) He's a nice guy. Presumably the other candidates are also nice people, so pick out one and vote for him. It would be nice if you picked Johnstone, and thus ended my perfect record of having the candidates I help nominate come in last, but I'm not really expecting a miracle. (I warned Pelz.....)

We just received an announcement of the birth of Lora JoAnne Trimble, from the proud parents John and Bjo Trimble. Born April 4, by Caesarean section. 8 pounds, 8½ ounces, if anyone cares. Congratulations and all that. (This is known as bringing recruits to fandom the hard way.)

Thanks (somewhat belated in some cases) to people who sent us in "Star Trek" clippings. Lessee; there was Bob Allen, Marilyn Wisowaty, Ruth Berman, and I'm positive there were two or three others, but we failed to mark down the donors. We really do appreciate it, though; from now on I'll try to take notes as it comes in.

Cub Scouts just had their "Pinewood Derby" (racing model cars down an inclined track -- cars to be of standard size and weight, and built by the boys and their fathers). We use a double elimination tournament; last year's was somewhat confused, and I made the mistake this year of speaking up in a committee meeting and giving my ideas on how the thing should be run. Guess who got put in charge of the event? It came off fairly well, though I can now state from experience that running off a double elimination tournament for 23 contestants is a mess. (Particularly when the number of contestants isn't determined until the weighing-in ceremony just prior to the race.) Bruce suffered from having a father who is a lousy

model car designer; his entry was reasonably fast, but the wheels kept falling off. (He did manage to win one race; his car came charging down the track, hit the barrier at the end, and wheels went in all directions. Having resigned himself to two quick defeats after the first collapse, his obvious jubilation over winning -- "I won! I won!" -- was one of the hits of the evening.)

Be on the lookout for The Invisibility Affair, by Thomas Stratton, out from Ace in July. This is the ideal time for every fanzine editor who has suffered from one of my reviews to get even. (Just remember that I only did half the work on the book, and you don't have any grudge against DeWeese. Or do you? Come to think of it, maybe I have a grudge against anyone who could listen to a tragic description of a mangled finger and say "That sounds like a good omen".....) Presumably the book will be edited and improved by Terry Carr, as well. Incidentally, neither the title nor the dedication was our first choice, and I couldn't care less. (Though it's the first time I've ever heard of a publisher rejecting a dedication -- Stratton has Done It Again!)

"That lady is a genuine white woman!"

from "The White Slave", a play by Bartley Campbell, c. 1890

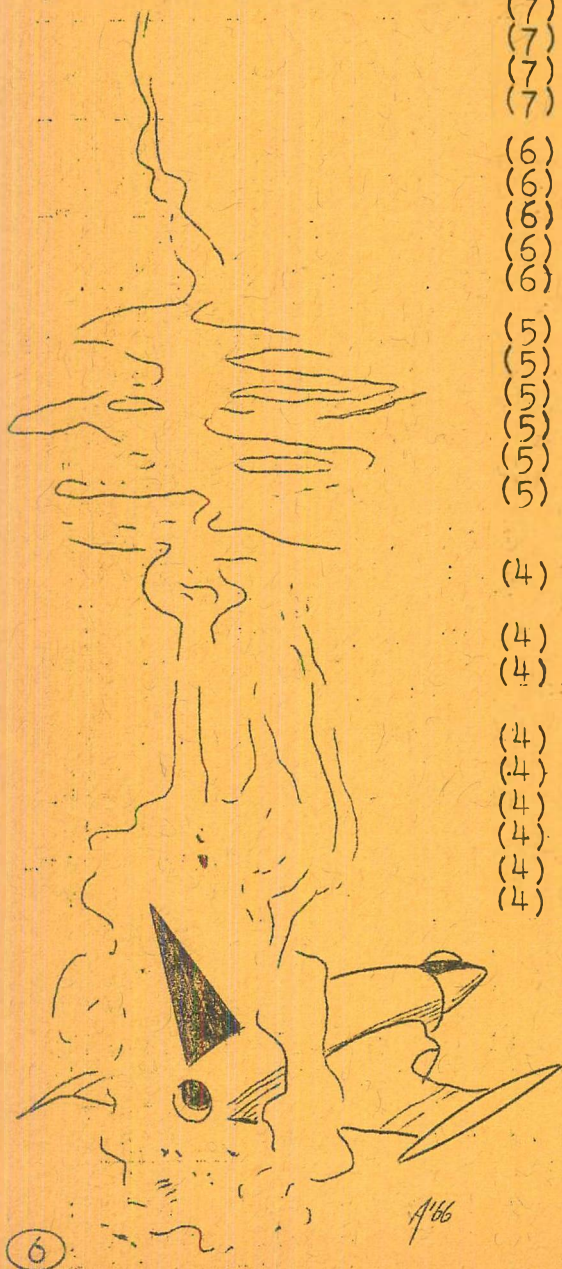
The above line from The Nineties, described as "An American Heritage Extra", an 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 11 book, 140 pages, profusely illustrated. Fans might be interested in a two-page article on the prophecies of H. G. Wells -- serious prophecies, from Wells' articles in NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, not his fictional ones. Some of them are remarkable accurate. On railways: "... will find, in spite of the loss of many elements of their old activity /he's referring mainly to passenger traffic/, that there is still a profit to be made from a certain section of the heavy goods traffic, and from cheap excursions. There are forms of work for which railways seem to be particularly adapted, and which the diversion of a great portion of their passenger traffic would enable them to conduct even more efficiently..." Not bad for 1890. On heating: "The house of the future will probably be warmed in its walls from some power-generating station, as, indeed, very many houses are lit at the present day." On cooking: "With a neat little range, heated by electricity, and provided with thermometer, with absolutely controllable temperatures and proper heat screens, cooking might very easily be made a pleasant amusement..." You may not think of it that way, but I'll bet a large share of the cooks of Wells' day would find current kitchens "a pleasant amusement". On beatniks and stuff: "...for one Morality, there will be many moralities.....there will be a process of moral segregation set up.....The segregating groups will develop fashions of costume, types of manners and bearing..." There are more; that's a good sample, however. I wonder how many of today's science fiction writers really sit down and try to think about what the future will be like? (I mean, of course, among the ones who are still trying to write about the future. Naturally the ones who are primarily intent on expressing their own inner selves don't worry about the future.)

The long-awaited (by some people, anyway) Short Story Poll has finally been completed. I expect a few raised eyebrows at the results, but that's the way it came out. It wasn't necessary to throw out votes for fantasy stories, since most of you heeded my warning that this was for science fiction shorts, and no fantasy (by my definition) received as many as 3 votes anyway. Calculating the total votes for authors was interesting: let's have another poll. Send in your lists of your 20 favorite authors, sci or fantasy, ranked in order if possible. See if the results are similar.

VANDRO SHORT STORY POLL

For various reasons (mostly lack of space), only those stories receiving at least 3 votes are listed. There are 60 of them; that should be enough. Number of votes received are shown in parentheses. 27 voters participated; their names are listed at the end of this section.

(12)	Nightfall	Isaac Asimov
(9)	The Cold Equations	Tom Godwin
(9)	Black Destroyer	A. E. van Vogt
(8)	The Green Hills of Earth	R. A. Heinlein
(8)	By His Bootstraps	Heinlein
(8)	Killdozer	Theodore Sturgeon
(7)	Universe	Heinlein
(7)	The Little Black Bag	C. M. Kornbluth
(7)	Flowers For Algernon	Daniel Keyes
(7)	The Star	Arthur C. Clarke
(6)	Surface Tension	James Blish
(6)	Who Goes There?	John W. Campbell
(6)	Requiem	Heinlein
(6)	To Serve Man	Demon Knight
(6)	Dreams Are Sacred	Peter Phillips
(5)	No Truce With Kings	Paul Anderson
(5)	Arena	Fredric Brown
(5)	First Contact	Murray Leinster
(5)	Plus X	Eric F. Russell
(5)	The Big Front Yard	Clifford Simak
(5)	And He Built A Crooked House	Heinlein
(4)	And The Moon Be Still As Bright	Bradbury
(4)	Rescue Party	Clarke
(4)	The Nine Billion Names of God	Clarke
(4)	Twilight	Campbell
(4)	The Roads Must Roll	Heinlein
(4)	All You Zombies	Heinlein
(4)	The Proud Robot	Henry Kuttner
(4)	No Woman Born	C. L. Moore
(4)	The Undecided	Russell
(4)	Allamagoosa	Russell
(4)	In Hiding	Wilmar Shiras
(4)	How-2	Simak
(4)	E For Effort	T. L. Sherred
(3)	The Last Question	Asimov
(3)	Victory Unintentional	Asimov
(3)	Pandora's Planet	Christopher Anvil
(3)	On The Fourth Planet	J. F. Bone
(3)	5,271,009	Alfred Bester



A66

(3) Farewell To The Master	Harry Bates
(3) The Halfling	Leigh Brackett
(3) Forgetfulness	Campbell
(3) Cloak of Aesir	Campbell
(3) Nerves *	Lester del Rey
(3) For I Am A Jealous People	del Rey
(3) The Wheels of If	L. Sprague de Camp
(3) Lost Legacy	Heinlein
(3) Gulf	Heinlein
(3) Waldo	Heinlein
(3) Mechanical Mice	Maurice G. Hugi
(3) Pottage	Zenna Henderson
(3) The Effectives	Henderson
(3) A Pail of Air	Fritz Leiber
(3) Not With A Bang	Knight
(3) As Never Was	P. Schuyler Miller
(3) Dear Devil	Russell
(3) Metamorphosite	Russell
(3) And Then There Were None	Russell
(3) Hobbyist	Russell
(3) Quietus	Ross Rocklynne
(3) Microcosmic God	Sturgeon
(3) The Witches of Karres	James H. Schmitz

* For you newcomers; yes, "Nerves" was a novelet long before it was turned into a novel.

I guess that proves there is one bastion of conservative stf thinking in the country.... Voters were as follows: John D. Berry, Dainis Bisenieks, John Boston, Rick Brooks, Willem van den Broek, George Charters, Douglas Cheshire, Leigh Couch, Juanita Coulson, Robert Coulson, Fred Galvin, Alice Hopf, Jerry Kaufman, Mark Kennedy, Bob Kinney, Jay Kinney, Dennis Lien, Bill McDermit, Ross B. Peterson, David Piper, John L. Robinson, Jr., Greg Shank, Mike Symes, Roy Tackett, Don & Maggie Thompson, Chuck Turnbull and Bob Vardeman. One thing stands out; a majority of these people who voted the old-time stories into top places are not old-time readers. There are a few ancients like Tackett, but a clear majority are relative newcomers to science fiction. (So much for the people who say today's science fiction is as good as or better than yesterday's.)

A total of 122 authors were nominated; just for fun I shall list the most popular authors, together with the total vote they received for all their stories, combined.

(58) Robert A. Heinlein	(14) A. E. van Vogt	(7) Zenna Henderson
(36) Eric Frank Russell	(13) Murray Leinster	(7) Christopher Anvil
(33) Isaac Asimov	(13) Cordwainer Smith	(7) Leigh Brackett
(26) Theodore Sturgeon	(11) James Schmitz	(6) H. Beam Piper
(24) Henry Kuttner	(11) Alfred Bester	(6) Peter Phillips
(24) Arthur C. Clarke	(10) Lester del Rey	(6) L. Sprague de Camp
(20) John W. Campbell	(10) C. L. Moore	(6) James Ballard
(20) Clifford D. Simak	(9) James Blish	(6) Philip K. Dick
(16) Poul Anderson	(9) Ray Bradbury	(5) Gordon R. Dickson
(16) Fredric Brown	(9) Tom Godwin	(5) Philip Jose Farmer
(16) Damon Knight	(8) Robert Sheckley	(5) Edmond Hamilton
(16) C. M. Kornbluth	(8) Daniel Keyes	(5) Alan E. Nourse
		(5) P. Schuyler Miller



GOLDEN MINUTES



TREASURE OF THE BLACK FALCON, by John Coleman Burroughs (Ballantine, 75¢)
Here is a positive delight for the lover of kitsch (are you listening, Don Thompson?) The characters aren't quite strong enough to be cardboard; tissue paper would be more like it. There are numerous footnotes; sometimes scientific, sometimes irrelevant, and sometimes erroneous. The science is wonderful: "a small telephone...similar in principle to the 'walkie-talkie' used in World War II." "...enough compressed air could be obtained from the water by analysis". "...the Jogulars, being almost entirely brain, require only the barest nourishment..." (even when this brain tissue is scrambling over rocks, engaging in duels, etc.)

The plot -- hoo, boy! In the beginning there is this British sea captain, bringing gold to pay troops in the Colonies, who is lost at sea. It turns out, however, that he has sent a message in a bottle to his little daughter as a sentimental gesture. He's in perfect shape when he sends the message, but in it he mentions a waterspout "moving slowly along the rim of the sea". Immediately, his descendents know that the waterspout mentioned did an about-face and sank the old salt, and since he listed his longitude and latitude in the message, "Never has such a fortune been clearly located!" (Anyone unable to perceive the sheer idiocy of this sort of reasoning can skip the rest of this review and go back to his mindless enjoyment of swords and sorcery.) Anyway, the groom-to-be of the captain's several-times-granddaughter runs across two American submarine commanders while a prisoner in Dachau (very few American subs operated against Germany, even fewer submarine commanders get captured, and Dachau was an extermination camp for Jews, not a prisoner-of-war camp), builds a super-submarine, and goes looking for the treasure. (The super-sub, built to withstand tremendous pressure, and presumably built of the most modern materials, has wooden cabin doors which a strong man can leap through in a single bound. Burroughs calls the doors "hatches", incidentally, leaving me with an indelible picture of Our Hero bounding straight up like a kangaroo and landing on deck with a hatch cover around his neck. Along with the wood doors, the sub contains such modern marvels as gas masks and automatic pistols -- even the hero wonders "What purpose could these /the guns/ serve under the sea..".) Anyway, they locate the treasure ships but disable the sub, with some loss of life (whereupon the captain goes out on the ocean floor in a diving suit, digs a grave, and buries the remains. Later on the entire crew goes out and buries a batch of other people.) Even though the treasure ships have been under water for 300 years, a quick look through a pair of binoculars reveals "without question the unmistakable identity of the ancient brigs". (They have phosphorescent organisms giving light, which is how they can use the binoculars.) This is not the ultimate in our heroes' quick perceptions, however; later on they discover several chests filled with "gold specie, silver coin, and jewels, whose value was estimated to be approximately four million dollars". No consultation with jewel experts, antique coin dealers and the like; right away they know they have four million dollars' worth of loot.

Anyway, they have various mysterious experiences and eventually discover this dome of air (or gas) bubbling up from the ocean floor and holding up the water. They don't know whether it's really air or not, so of course they check by opening their suit valves and breathing some of it. When nobody drops dead, they know it's air. Anyway, there are aliens who

look like people inside the dome. (They really aren't people, though; they are made up of solid brain tissue. Head to foot and including clothing. You wouldn't think they'd be able to walk, let alone flail about with swords and engage in revolutions and such. No skeletons, you understand; just brain tissue. They act just like ordinary people, though.) Anyway, there are naturally two factions among these individuals, and the Villain from the submarine hooks up with the Villain from the aliens and they plague the hero something awful. He gets out of it, though, helped by a buddy who teaches the alien metalsmiths (their science and technology is about that of our 17th century) how to make submachine guns. Now there is a real scientist -- in a couple of weeks he whumps up gunpowder, high-pressure steel, brass for cartridges, tools, micrometers, etc, etc. Then there is the big fight with the villain at the edge of the cliff. Our Hero is knocked over, grabs the Villain's ankle and pulls him partway over. (Get the picture, now; Villain is slowly sliding over the edge, Hero is clinging grimly to Villain's ankle by one hand, having been shot in the other arm.) So the heroine strolls up, shoots the Villain, then "Just as Dirk's fingers slipped from their hold about the dead Jogular's ankle, he felt the girl's hand clasp his wrist." That girl must have arms like an orang-utan. It's a great book; I haven't laughed so hard since I read People Of The Comet.

CITY OF ILLUSIONS, by Ursula K. LeGuin (Ace, 50¢) This is a sort of sequel to the author's previous Planet of Exile, when descendants of the colonists of that story return to a strangely changed Earth. As usual with LeGuin stories, the background is fabulous. The plot is simply that of the Great Quest, but it's well-handled. This is the sort of borderline sword and sorcery story that I appreciate.

TO OUTRUN DOOMSDAY, by Ken Bulmer (Ace, 50¢) This was a major disappointment, since it looked interesting and I like Bulmer's work as a rule. Another strange world; once again the background is interesting. But the protagonist isn't. He's different; far different from the normal "good guy" hero of this sort of thing, or the big dumb hero of J.C. Burroughs' story. But unless you have a hero you can at least like, there is no point in reading an adventure story, and Jack Waley is never likable, and Bulmer's practice of referring to him as "lucky Jack Waley", "robbed Jack Waley", "arrogant Jack Waley", etc., ad nauseum, doesn't help matters. Jack does change during the book, putting him one up on most heroes, but while the book may be technically successful, it's a flop as entertainment.

THE PRODUCTIONS OF TIME, by John Brunner (Signet, 60¢) In AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, Brunner says "The text...has been - not edited, - but - mutilated. I have neither the time nor the heart to count all the changes, but there are fifty-five in the first chapter alone... Errors not only of usage and language, but even of story detail, have been put in which weren't there before. I can't find one change which is an improvement over what I originally wrote." Purists may wish to skip the Signet and get the Penguin edition from a British dealer; Brunner says the Penguin "will be set from my original typescript". I read the Signet version before getting ASFR, and about all I noticed was that it was somewhat different from the magazine version, which I expected, and not as much improved over the magazine version as I had hoped for. It's still good; if you can't get the Penguin edition, which will be out in a few months, you'll probably enjoy the Signet. But the Penguin edition is the one the author wants you to read.

THE DOUBLE INVADERS, by John Rackham/THESE SAVAGE FUTURIANS, by Philip E. High (Ace, 50¢) The Rackham half is pretty standard sf adventure. It will entertain you while you're reading it, which is all it's supposed to

do. A plot patterned after Eric Frank Russell, with a meek and mild invaded populace reacting unexpectedly and bewildering the invaders. The High half is somewhat greater in concept and lesser in execution. Two separate groups are trying to rebuild Earth after a great disaster. For some reason, a civilization of super-scientific microbes intrudes on the plot; since it has no bearing whatsoever on the main story, I assume it was thrown in for padding. (It has the appearance of being the central idea of another novel, which High felt was too good to go to waste when the other novel was rejected.) The super-scientific gadgets aren't too believable, and the original disaster, when revealed, is totally unbelievable. (As the start of a satire, yes; as a serious explanation for world-wide disaster, no.) And the Moral is moth-eaten.

THE LEGION OF TIME, by Jack Williamson (Pyramid, 60¢) This contains two long novelets; "The Legion Of Time" and "After World's End", both published originally in 1938. Neither is particularly inspiring, although the background of the title story -- a war between the civilizations of two possible futures for control of the point in time which means existence for one and elimination for the other -- is quite interesting and might yet be made the basis for a fine novel. Historical value, mostly.

THE BIG TIME, by Fritz Leiber (Ace, 50¢) I didn't like this when it first appeared, and I don't like it now. But it won a Hugo, so despite my opinion that it is without doubt the poorest novel ever to win the award, somebody must have liked it. This is the sole novel so far (and let's hope it's the only one) of Leiber's "Change War" series. Someone -- Damon Knight? -- once said that sf adventure heroes were characterized by doing too much; not content with merely killing a few rustlers or righting a personal wrong, they had to Overthrow The Dictator, or Improve The Universe, or some other grandiose scheme, which any rational reader could see was beyond the power of any single man or small group of men in actuality. (Well, who said sf readers were rational?) Anyway, whoever made the comment, Leiber obviously took it to heart. Here he has produced the novel of utter futility, in which nobody can affect anything; every character is a small cog in a vast machine. I'm sure it's very realistic, but if I want to read about something like that I can look at the daily paper. For entertainment, I want characters who can do something besides wallow in eternal stasis for 125 pages.

WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION: 1967, ed. by Don Wollheim and Terry Carr (Ace, 75¢) Twelve stories from 1966. I did not like all of these stories when the first appeared, but I remembered every one of them. Even if not the absolute best, they are among the most memorable and interesting. Contents include "We Can Remember It For You Wholesale" by Philip K. Dick (the ultimate in armchair tourism, with a gimmick); "Light Of Other Days" by Bob Shaw (sentimental, but the sort of sentiment I like); "The Keys To December", by Roger Zelazny (does a god decide in favor of his own kind or his worshippers?); "Nine Hundred Grandmothers" by R. A. Lafferty (humor, but not my kind); "Bircher" by A.A. Walde (future detective story made controversial by use of controversial names); "Behold The Man" by Mike Moorcock (another time-traveler visits Galilee, this time spouting psychology along the way -- someday before I die I hope someone proves that psychologists know as little about life as I think they do); "Bumberboom" by Avram Davidson (fascinating alien society); "Day Million" by Frederik Pohl (a Gernsback-type article thinly disguised as fiction); "The Wings Of A Bat" by Paul Ash (time-travelers and the humor of a cute little pterodactyl); "The Man From When" by Dannie Plachta (a genuine new twist on time-travel - amazing); "Amen And Out" by Brian Aldiss (worship the robot

gods, who can deliver miracles to order); and "For A Breath I Tarry" by Roger Zelazny (another one on What Is Man? and more robot gods.) The best? Maybe. Worth your money? Definitely.

THE LAST CARD, by Hans Hellmut Kirst (Pyramid, 75¢) One of Kirst's early books, only recently translated into English. This is, according to the blurb, fictionalized fact. As I know nothing of any of the events described, I couldn't guess on what is fiction and what is fact. The story is of a German newspaperman who operates a Communist spy ring in Tokyo before and during World War II. As in all Kirst books, the characters are brutally real. However -- possibly due to the factual basis -- the central character, Richard Sorge, is far less likable than most of Kirst's heroes. He presumably has charm, but it isn't the sort I admire. The action also contains less humor and more brutality than in most of Kirst's books. It's the poorest thing I've read by the man, but it's still worth reading. Kirst's poorest is still above some writers' best.

YANKEE GHOSTS, by Hans Holzer (Ace, 50¢) Another in Ace's supernatural series. Holzer is grimly "scientific" about his investigations, but he fails utterly to convince me of anything. The book might be useful research material for a weird story writer, I suppose.

THE ARABS, by Anthony Nutting (Mentor, 95¢) An excellent short (400 pages) history of the Arabs, from Mohammed to Nasser. The profusion of unknown names like Abu Muslim, Muawiya, Abd el-Kader and so on tended to throw me, and the early history tended to get confusing (not as confusing as a short history of Ireland that I have, however). There is an index for looking up material, however, and the accounts of the later times provide an excellent background for viewing the Near East. (Nutting is violently pro-Arab, but then it's about time the Arabs got their side of the story before the public.)

W. C. FIELDS: HIS FOLLIES AND FORTUNES, by Robert Lewis Taylor (Signet, 95¢) A very funny book about a very funny man. Fields is the sort of man who is tremendously interesting to read about, but who you wouldn't want to invite as a house guest. Or at least, I wouldn't. Long-range viewing is preferable. Most of the really funny accounts are too long to quote, but the book abounds with them.

SLEEPING PLANET, by William R. Burkett, Jr. (Paperback Library, 75¢) This is a big one; I thought it must have been enlarged since its appearance in ANALOG, but I couldn't see any important difference in the versions. It's still a moderately good imitation-Russell story about aliens being outfoxed by smart-operating humans.

CLEAR THE DECKS, by Daniel V. Gallery (Paperback Library, 60¢) An account of Gallery's career as a naval commander in the anti-submarine war in the Atlantic in World War II. Gallery is a good writer -- good enough to have had several pieces of fiction (and at least one science fiction story) accepted by various markets. The general tone is humorous, although there is some serious commentary as well. The climax, of course, is the capture of a German submarine; the first time the US Navy had "boarded and captured a foreign enemy man-of-war in battle on the high seas" since 1815. Some of the material, including an earlier version of the submarine account, appeared in the SATURDAY EVENING POST 15 years ago. Gallery's opinions on religion and Communism will bug most "liberal" fans, but you can put up with that for the humor. (Or if you can't, your sense of humor is defective.) I suppose my favorite tale is the one about deflating the mine, but the background intrigue in naming ships was also excellent.

OF CATS & KINGS

magazine reviews by

rick norwood

GALAXY - This is an issue full of flawed stories. There is a sentimental, coincidence-ridden Keith Laumer novelette; a well-written but one-sided short by James McKimmey; and a story by Harry Harrison with a totally unsatisfactory ending. "Ballenger's People" by Kris Neville is the best of the lot.

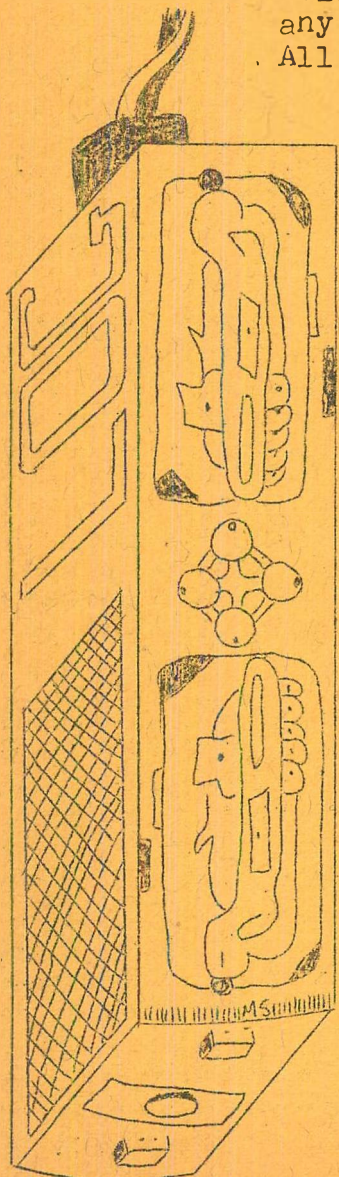
More than a third of this issue is taken up by the conclusion to the Esk series. It has been a disorderly series, and the author has unnecessarily added to the confusion by using run-on sentences and sentence fragments, apparently under the impression that this is artistic. The whole thing may be an enormous put-on, with patches of superficial imitation of Ballard, Zelazny and company. None of the characters seem to have any motivation for their complicated and expensive actions.

All the elaborate plots of the earlier stories come to nothing. The hero has been placed in the command center in Peking by the secret masters of the United States to do nothing more than helplessly watch the place fill up with Esks. There are good ideas here, but they are buried as deeply as the hero is. The story doesn't really move until the hero begins to dig his way out. Don't look for any explanations.

AMAZING - At last Amazing has a lead story worth reading. Frank Herbert's "The Heaven Makers" is a standard We Are Property plot, except that we aren't property, we're entertainment. The story is fleshed out by extended scenes from the alien's point of view, and therein lies its virtue. For once the aliens have a believable reason for their interest in Earth.

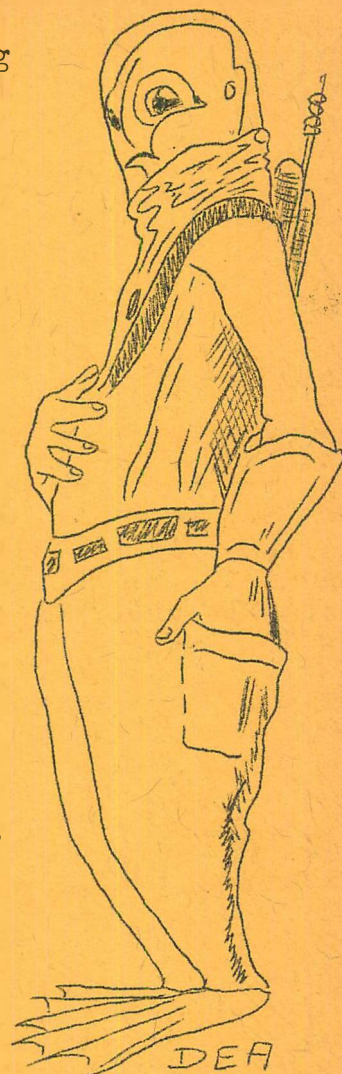
Herbert's writing style is almost unique. He shifts rapidly back and forth between a number of highly personal points of view, but, except for a rare slip, never intrudes with an omniscient note. We pick up the background by watching it through an informed observer's eyes. There is no obvious tv dialog: "Well, here we are in Dodge City in 1860." "Yes, the sheriff just broke his shootin' arm and Black Bart is riding into town." The reader is informed subtly. But the situation is always defined before it has progressed too far. If Herbert's technique were carried to extremes, we would have stories like those in Galaxy's middle period, when you never knew what was happening until the story was over.

This is part one of two parts, There are many typographical errors.



IF - In the first half of a Rim Worlds serial, A. Bertram Chandler goes to greater lengths than most sf writers to motivate his main character into following the dictates of the plot, but it still doesn't come off. The Retief novelette in this issue is second rate. Retief does nothing but wander around making clever remarks. Larry Niven fleshes out his future history with a story set after interstellar travel but before ftl drive. The plot has potential, but it is never moving, because Niven is interested in his characters rather than really involved with the them. Still, there is enough interesting detail and speculation for a dozen ordinary novelettes. "The Accomplice" will be of interest to Middle-Earthers.

Algis Budrys proves that a novel can wander through diverse settings and characters and still be unified by theme. But even he stops his story dead to fill the reader in on the new background. Older writers could take a chapter out for pure description. Modern writers, such as Frank Herbert, have developed techniques for setting the scene subliminally. In THE IRON THORN, Budrys delivers a lecture while pretending not to, which slows the story down suddenly at the beginning of this concluding chapter. Fred Pohl better have had a darn good reason for breaking this into four parts. I don't want to dwell too long on a minor flaw in a major novel. Budrys demands intelligent participation on the part of his readers, and the abrupt ending should force most people who read the novel to stop and think. After some reflection, Honor Jackson's motives become clear, and the parts of the novel fall into place. Jackson is the exceptional man, dissatisfied even in paradise.



ANALOG - All of the stories in this issue are readable formula yarns. The best is "To Love Another" by James Blish and Norman L. Knight. Apparently it is loosely connected with a much older story by Knight, and it is part of the recent series of Blish-Knight collaborations as well. Since its virtues are obvious from the pleasure it will give some readers I will concentrate on its faults. The collision of the Earth and an asteroid is mentioned in passing and is never followed up. All of the undersea people are good and gentle, while most of the land dwellers are mean and nasty. At the end of the story is a moving scene where the land girl is given a great honor by the sea dwellers, but nothing in the story shows why she is worthy of such an honor. She is not the good, white doctor lady type, thank God. Throughout the story the solution to some very real problems is pulled out of a hat. If a foundation has been laid, it is other stories in the series. The middle section of the novelette is best, but none of it is really satisfying. I've tried to give some reasons, but of course the dissatisfaction came first and the analysis afterward.

F&SF - This issue of The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction is fraught with puns. "Dawn", by Roger Zelazny, is both an outstanding sf story and the longest Feghoot ever written, though the punch line, an old standard, comes well before the end of the story. This and other

Zelazny effects could have been "cute" in the hands of another writer, but they don't turn out that way. The novelette is very like "...And Call Me Conrad", but better, being less episodic. I suspect that the book version will make the sf background more explicit, which will weaken the story for the fan.

Most science fiction stories are entertaining without trying to be anything more. "Problems of Creativeness" by Thomas M. Disch, while readable, does not have enough variety to be outstandingly entertaining. It is, however, both thoughtful and thought-provoking. The future it depicts is much more probable than most utopias and anti-utopias. Every world is a Utopia for some and a Hell for others. The editor is to be commended for leaving the language uncensored. One four letter word, (No, not that one. The other one.) appears for what may be the first time in an sf magazine. The story is very realistic, and to have watered-down the language would have detracted from the realism.

"The Sword of Pell, the Idiot" is the world's least funny and second longest Feghoot. I only mention it because the labored pun is of marginal interest to Burroughs Bibliophiles. I would not inflict the whole story on even the most fanatical Burroughs fan, so rest assured that the only reference to "the master" lies in the name "mahar" and in the concluding paragraph.

"Randy's Syndrome" by Brian Aldiss has a hilarious premise and some amusing word play, but it is an overpopulation story, and after that very little good can be said for it.

TIPSY TANGERINES

Just remembered I promised Bill Donaho to review HABAKKUK (Twice, yet.) So: HABAKKUK, Chap. II, Verse 3 (Bill Donaho, P.O. Box 1284, Berkeley, Calif. 94701 - quarterly? - for trade or comment) This is another Big Fancy Fanzine -- 67 pages plus covers -- with colored illustrations and headings and stuff like that. This seems to be the patriotic issue; Steve Stiles, Gordon Eklund and Colin Cameron all write service anecdotes. Cameron's was the most interesting, but then he's in Viet Nam. Not quite half the mag is devoted to lettercolumn, with a stellar assortment of writers; Damon Knight, James Blish, Jack Williamson, Charles Platt, Jack Gaughan, Don Wollheim, Stephen Pickering, Brian Aldiss, Ken Bulmer, Andy Offutt, Walt Willis, Banks Mebane, Greg Benford, Terry Jeeves -- quite a lineup. The editor's comments on the fan scene in San Francisco make me extremely happy to be here in the midwest; I like Bill, but I don't think I could stomach most of his friends. Anyway, it's a great fanzine.

NEW ADDRESSES

BOB LEMAN, 2615 Broad St, Bethel Park, Pa. 15102
JOHN L. ROBINSON, JR., 145 Montgomery St, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. 12602
Anyone know the whereabouts of Claude Hall? The post office didn't.

"A Mississippi bookstore has finally agreed to stock Lord of the Rings, after much pressure by local fans. A clear case of Tolkien integration."
....Fred F. Jackson, III

Ballantine has published The Worm Ouroboros. Format and illustrations seem much the same as my Xanadu Press edition; presumably both copied the original hardcover. (I didn't buy the Ballantine; my opinion is formed by glancing at a copy on the news stand.) This novel has been somewhat over-rated by certain segments of fandom, but it is a good book and well worth your money, all 95¢ of it. Rumor hath it that this is the first of a series, which is happy news, since I've never been able to afford the hardcover editions of the other books in the set.

RSC

GRUMBLINGS

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

I must confess that we had thought about the chance fandom has to rip apart a Coulson book. Keen thought. Fandom, hell, How about us...?

Quote from a letter just received from Australian fan John Brosnan: "Due to the prices wrangle between the American TV networks and the Australian buyers, no new U.S. TV series have appeared in Australian cities for some time. But for some reason I don't quite dig, a few of the new shows are permitted to be shown on country town channels. So I was rather pleased to read that STAR TREK would be shown in a town not far from Perth whose TV station I can sometimes pick up on our set. It never started. Why? (This will kill you)) The first four episodes have been banned by the censor! I wanna immigrate!"

Interesting. Poor old Brosnan's sufferings intrigue us. What on earth was there to censor about those shows? --Unless. Do you suppose Uhura killed the bit? I suppose a check on I SPY and MISSION:IMPOSSIBLE might answer that question. I know the Aussie public print type attitude towards racial relations are a bit -- ummm -- poor.

(Like that great ad which runs on the back of many Australian comic books for N----- Boy licorice, complete with stereotyped drawings of cute little N----- Boys running about happily with NB licorice. N----- BOY LICORICE is good for your health...YOU TOO WILL SAY.. "I love Nlg-ger Boy". INSIST ON THE BRAND-ASK FOR THEM BY NAME AND LEARN THAT, "N----- BOY GIVES ENDLESS JOY". How about that?)

/Jesus.I get one of the, biggest laughs of my life when I read about Australian students marching to protest U.S. "racial" policy several months ago. What's John Brosnan doing in Australia? He's supposed to be pitching for Boston (or somebody in the American League). RSC7

Milton F> Stevens UoS.S. Coral Sea, FPO San Francisco, California, 96601

My,impressions of STAR TREK have undoubtedly been affected by having seen it in the ward room. In this sort of setting, the comparison between our real ship and their fictional ship is inevitable.

For one thing, Captain Kirk is not a believable captain. A captain has the responsibility for and the authority over his ship. As such, he stays in one place and makes the ship revolve around him. Captains are often petty, quick-tempered, sarcastic, stubborn' and resentful men. In other words, they know how to make men jump when they say jump. In a more ideal (or possible idealized) case, they would be men like Mr. Waverly in the UNCLE series. Under no circumstances, would they be constantly going on landing party operations as Kirk does.

Mr. Spock is slightly more emotional than our current executive officer (which doesn't mean that he isn't alien enough in his own right, I suppose). Since he supposedly doesn't have emotions (or at least not many), he was probably never able to generate enough fear to study seriousSyDlmnSch?ol' This explains why he has to fake all his science.

XTAR TREK is probably the best dramatic presentation of the year and probably the best tv science fiction series. If FAHRENHEIT 4-51 had been

released a few months earlier, I don't think that STAR TREK would have a chance in the world of winning a Hugo.

[Kirk may not be believable to a serviceman, but compare him to other commanding officers on tv shows -- Admiral Nelson of VOYAGE, say, or McHale or anybody else in MCHALE'S NAVY, or Hogan, or whoever the hell is supposed to be in charge of RAT PATROL, or....Anyway, you get my point. Kirk may not be much like a real captain, but he's closer to it than anybody else on a tv series. RSC

And to put in my two cents, Waverly may indeed be the idealized commander, but you notice who's starring in the UNCLE series....it isn't Leo G. Carroll; if you believe one could have a successful tv series based on a hero who stayed put and never got where the action is, you have a very strange idea of the mind of the general television audience. Spock has considerably more emotional depth than most of the humans surrounding him, but with commendable alien logic doesn't feel his personal reactions have anything to do with his work, or are anybody's else's business. JWC/

Joe Hensley, 404 East Main Street, Madison, Indiana, 47250

Anent the STAR TREK whooptedoo, I think I'll vote for the show. I think the thing is remarkably good. I've seen maybe two thirds of the episodes and liked almost every one. I thought Harlan's recent script was excellent.

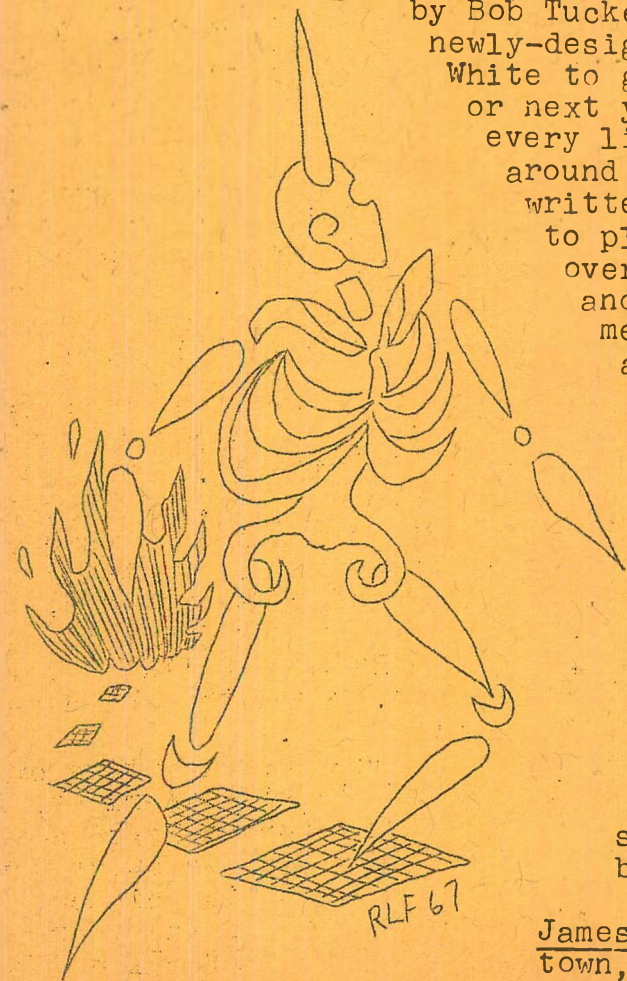
It's great to be out of the prosecutor's office. I've even found myself writing again and I've stuff coming up in F&SF, next month's Swank, and a few others.

On these "Pong" awards: haven't you heard that all this is merely a trick by Bob Tucker? He's trying to use fandom to sell his newly-designed, patented pants. He's gotten Ted White to go along, probably having bribed same. Now, or next year, whenever the idea really catches on, every little stud in high school will be going around in Tucker's pants, with the word "Pong" written boldly across the fly. Asking a girl to play pingpong will take on slyly sexual overtones, the world will break out in flames and a great war will come in fandom. It merely goes to show what I've always said about Tucker. He's a cruel, crude coniving prophylactic who'll do anything for money and who hasn't paid my attorney fees for the patent search yet.

[Harlan's recent STAR TREK episode was one of the best the show has had. However, I have seen his original outline (which was awful) and I have heard rumors to the effect that Roddenberry made so many changes in the script that Harlan threatened to leave Hollywood, and I wonder how much of that excellence was Harlan? Not much of it, unless he changed his outline radically before submitting the script (which is, of course, quite possible). RSC/

James R. Goodrich, 5 Brewster Drive, Middletown, NY, 10940

I certainly do want u all to complain to E.



M. MacKinnon, American Broadcasting CO., 1330 Ave. of the Americas, NY 10019, re the shelving of THE AVENGERS for possible replacement use later! If 1 of their many cruddy shows doesn't tickle the unwashed! Too bad sf fandom can't be rallied to the cause a la ST.

[I couldn't care less about THE AVENGERS, but I'll try to write in to help a friend. (I certainly wouldn't object to its being on, since ABC isn't likely to come up with anything better. I don't need to watch it.) R3C7

Chuck Turnbull, 301 Maple Street, Kearny, NJ, 07032
The articles on STAR TREK, both pro & con, were very good. Though, Ted White's article angered me somewhat it was intelligently written. I really like STAR TREK, though I'll admit it has its faults. Last week's "The City on the Edge of Forever" was the best one I've seen. I liked the way the humor was handled, especially when Kirk was trying to explain Spock to the policeman. (In LOST IN SPACE the humor is unintentional. Last week the Robinsons were threatened by an army of 6-inch tall robots.) I'll agree with you that STAR TREK is better than most of the magazine sf being published today.

Terry Carr, 35 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, NY, 11201

You remember when I did that F&SF article on fanzines a few years ago and recommended Yandro among others, and you got dozens of requests and went around cursing me for months? Yeah, I guess you remember that. Well, I thought I'd let you know you've had your revenge. After your review, an issue or two back, of Lighthouse 14, I have been deluged with sticky quarters and dollars for subscriptions; I guess it must be up over thirty people by now, and they're still coming in. It's truly awesome, the pulling power of a Yandro review.

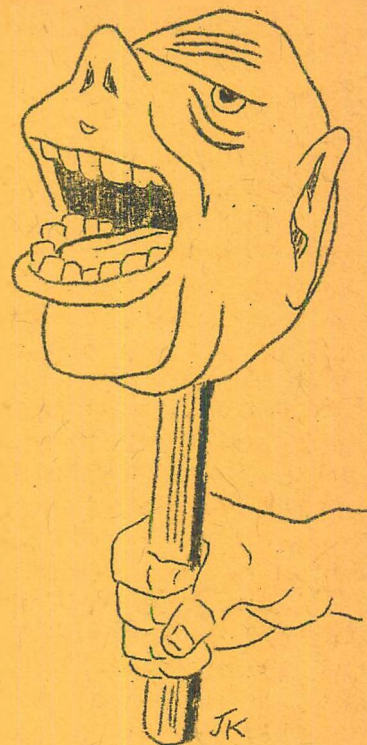
And you know, I have a suspicion they're all the same people you got from my F&SF recommendation. Just brief notes from unfamiliar names, and no letters of comment coming in after I've sent them their copies of Lths 14.

Serves me right, I guess. The trouble is, though, that this issue cost me about \$1.00 per copy in publication expenses, so I'm losing 75¢ on every one I send out for a quarter. Next issue I'm raising the price to 50¢ and holding down the extra expenses; I'll still lose money, but not nearly so much.

Meanwhile, I'm all out of copies of Lths 14, so I'd appreciate it if you'd put a word in Yandro to let readers who sent me quarters or subs and didn't get a zine yet know that I've got them on my list (oh yes, I've Got Them On My List) and they'll get the next issue in a month or so.

So. On to Yandro 168.

I like Rick Norwood's reviews quite a bit -- some good points about sf authors throwing away their carefully-built background worlds, and the Mack Reynolds switch on the old mad scientist-pretty daughter-stalwart hero formula. Apropos of revolutions in sf, though: I know Norwood was just tossing off a flip line when he said "Heinlein taught us how it was done," but you know who really seems to have done it first? The-revolution-against-a-society-of-tomorrow. I mean, in the modern magazine sf



manner. John W. Campbell did it, by ghod, in Amazing back in 1935, in a novel titled THE CONTEST OF THE PLANETS, or THE CONQUEST OF THE PLANETS, or maybe MOTHER WORLD. (The first title was given on the first two installments, the second on the third installment, and the third was listed in parentheses as a subtitle on all installments.) It was an uprising-of-the-workers novel, I swear, with all the liberal trimmings...and Campbell wrote it. Fascinating. Well, actually, it was a pretty lousy novel, but it was fascinating that Campbell wrote it. Maybe someday we'll reprint it at Ace (but Not Likely) and you can see what I mean, if you're interested.

And yes, I know Briney and seventeen other fans are going to write in with earlier examples of this plot. But I doubt any of them, whether THE REVOLT OF THE PEDESTRIANS or whatever, really anticipated the whole formula was thoroughly as did Campbell.

A couple of criticisms on Norwood's column, though, one minor and one of more substance: If he's going to list comparative amounts of new material between magazines, it would be sensible, rather than just to list page-counts, to list wordage-counts. Last time I checked, for instance, IF was getting about 570 words per page and Analog got about 500. Analog's 172 pages then, translates to about 86,000 words -- while If's 157 pages comes out to over 89,000. The page-counts are deceiving.

More importantly, I wish Norwood would concentrate more on the shorts and novelets rather than the serials. The serials will all turn up in book form soon enough and will get reviewed then, but at the moment the only review of the shorter magazine fiction is Banks Mebane's column in The Wsfa Journal, and Banks usually holds himself down to a line or two per story, never going into the kind of thoughtful criticism which Norwood seems to want to employ.

Oh, a further comment on Norwood's remarks: Christopher's characters in THE LITTLE PEOPLE may not be such out-and-out cliches as Brunner's in THE PRODUCTIONS OF TIME (I wouldn't know; I haven't read the latter), but they're not all that original, either. There's the Conscience-Ridden German and his Martyred Jewish Wife, and in particular the American couple, who seem to be drawn directly from George and Martha in WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOLF? Though some of the others do come out more interestingly rounded; particularly the heroine (disclaimer, dammit), who's an intelligent, capable, pretty nice girl, only slightly a bitch. On the balance, I think the characterization in the book is interesting enough to carry the ending, on which all depends.

Ted's dissection of STAR TREK is cogent and pungent, as usual - or at least it seems to be, from the three or four shows I've seen. My own position on the show is that, yes, it's the best sf television has every offered us, and now that you've said that, what've you said? And yes, you're right, Buck, that it's better than most magazine sf - and now that you've said that, what've you said? I'm neither for the show nor against it; I'm glad it didn't die ignominiously in the ratings, but I think Ted has a good point about television fads killing their book and magazine counterparts. And I voted NO AWARD for the Drama Hugo.

A side-thought: It is a bit curious to see Ted chopping up STAR TREK when he's such a rabid comic book fan. But I'll bet if we asked him why, he'd have a carefully-reasoned, 2,000 word reply, so let's not ask.

Re your Ace reviews this time: You note re our reissue of Dickson's THE GENETIC GENERAL that "incidentally, Ace gives magazine publication in this...they're finally doing right by us." But that was reprinted from the original plates, so obviously we were doing right by you back when it was first published, too. (A check on this month's reissue, Leiber's THE BIG TIME, shows the same to be true.) Ace was just inconsistent about it, on other books, that's all.

As for "who is 'Hoot von Zitzewitz,' really?" he's really Hoot von Zitzewitz, a man I've never met but who's described by our Art Director as a genial nut. He's going most of the collage covers appearing on Ace and particularly Berkley sf books recently. (Podwil did one or two, and Gray Morrow seems to have been infected, because he just turned one in.) I don't like most of them, but do think THE BIG TIME cover is attractive.

Later, reviewing Brunner's Ballantine collection, you say, "'The Last Lonely Man' was in a recent pb anthology; Judy Merrill's, I think." Yes, and also -- first -- that is -- in WORLD'S BEST SF:1965. John told me at the Tricon that that story had been bounced from all the U.S. magazines, so had had to be sold to New Worlds. So much for editorial infallibility, on anyone's part.

W.G.Bliss, 422 Wilmet, Chillocothe, Illinois, 61523

The '67 Writers' Yearbook (F.&W.Publishing Corp., 22 East 12th St., Cincinnati, Ohio, 45210) has a very comprehensive article on STAR TREK, "The Novelist Comes to Television" by Ellison & Sturgeon. In this same issue under "News & Views '67 - Government and the Writer" -- (National Council of the Arts Lit. Awards) mentions a \$55,000 grant for an anthology of the best poetry, fiction, essays and criticism published in the "little magazines". (Each author whose worksis chosen will receive \$1000.) "George Plimpton, editor of Paris Review, was selected to prepare the anthology." (Gosh!) Could that include fanzines?

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

Now that Freud has been linked (and rightfully, I guess - no sense otherwise) to Ballard, we need a mock-link with, say, E.E.Smith's work, just to keep our senses of humor right way up. Getting too deep into this sort of analysis can be very depressing.

Gilliland was funny. I gave up LOA when I was old enough to enjoy POGO

C.M. Moorhead

I've never seen one single episode of STAR TREK. I can get only 2 stations -- both of which are out of Toledo, and neither one carries it. We can get only TIME TUNNEL (Erk) and THE INVADERS (2 Erks). My wife and Barbara watch both--I do when I can't find anything else to do. I am constantly amazed at the manner in which the consoles blow out, shooting fireworks all over the place, and in the twinkling of an eye are operative again. I suppose they'd answer that they have two, so that when one goes they have the other to fall back on. GAAHHH. (I'm talking about TIME TUNNEL.) VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA is about as bad.

I liked that picture of you at the typewriter with a cat on your shoulder. What sort of cat is it? Barbara and I have a cat apiece. Her's is a beat-up ragged looking tom cat with the characteristics of the devil himself. We tolerate each other, but he simply adores Barbara. He looks tough but he's smart and endowed with a streak of low cunning that croggles me. He's a bad habit that'll be his finish some day, tho. If I do something that angers him, he switches ends and pees against my trouser leg. He knows there's a foot attached to that leg and he gets away in time.

As Kay Anderson has remarked to me, at least on STAR TREK shorting out computers and other equipment are treated with respect and the personnel get out of the way. On VOYAGE the characters remark "Hey, the computer's doing it again..shrug...and walk thru the flying sparks." JWCZ

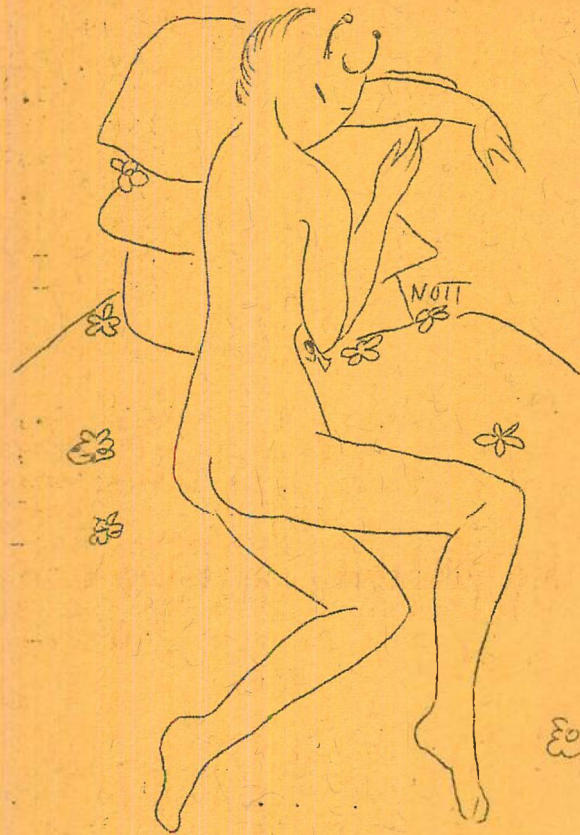
Frank Dietz, Jr., K.S.F., 1750 Walton Ave.,
Bronx, N.Y. 10453

We got Wally Wood to draw a new emblem for us, [one of Wood's little critters, spacesuited, sitting on a crescent moon and reading a book] but just threw the rest of the letterhead together because we desperately needed them for our correspondence this spring. We think the fan artists could design something more suitable to go with the new emblem, and so have thought of a contest for selecting a design. A prize (a year's sub to any SF magazine was suggested) would be offered.

Only sketches need be submitted, so that only the selected design would need to be turned into a finished drawing. It should be designed for two colors, expecting the finished drawing would be done separated.

We'll send a copy of this letterhead to any artists interested upon request, to me.

[This is an old letter, and they may have their letterhead by now, but you could try and see. RSC/



Mike Symes, 26 Cedar Street, Mattapan, Mass., 02126

With this recent spate of rowing 'cross the Atlantic feats, why not use TAFFund to buy and supply a good rowboat? The TAFFan could sell a portion of his TAFF report to National Geographic or somesuch, maybe even work in an Atlantean episode and sell it to Belmont. Due compensation for 2 months of rowing.

Wish Rick Norwood had made some mention of the short fiction in his magazine reviews. I read the serials anyway, and would like to know of the cruddier short fiction so I could avoid it. If's covers don't correspond with the stories they're supposed to illustrate because Pohl's publisher, Robert Guinn, likes covers which have nothing to do with the material inside the zine. Covers for selling the mag, not illustrating the stories in it. Some of the stories are written around the covers; for example, a forthcoming Hal Clement story in If is written around a Hector Castellon cover showing a man in a diving/space suit with bubbles emanating downward from it.

John Kusske, Box 373, UMM, Morris, Minnesota, 56267

It's obvious that you are going to get tons of letters attacking Ted White for his snobbish criticism of STAR TREK. (Yandro looked like the official organ of the Star Trek amateur press association that month; I wonder how Ted liked that?) I can certainly see your reasons for almost cutting his column, although it's not so much his opinions but his attitude that rankle me.

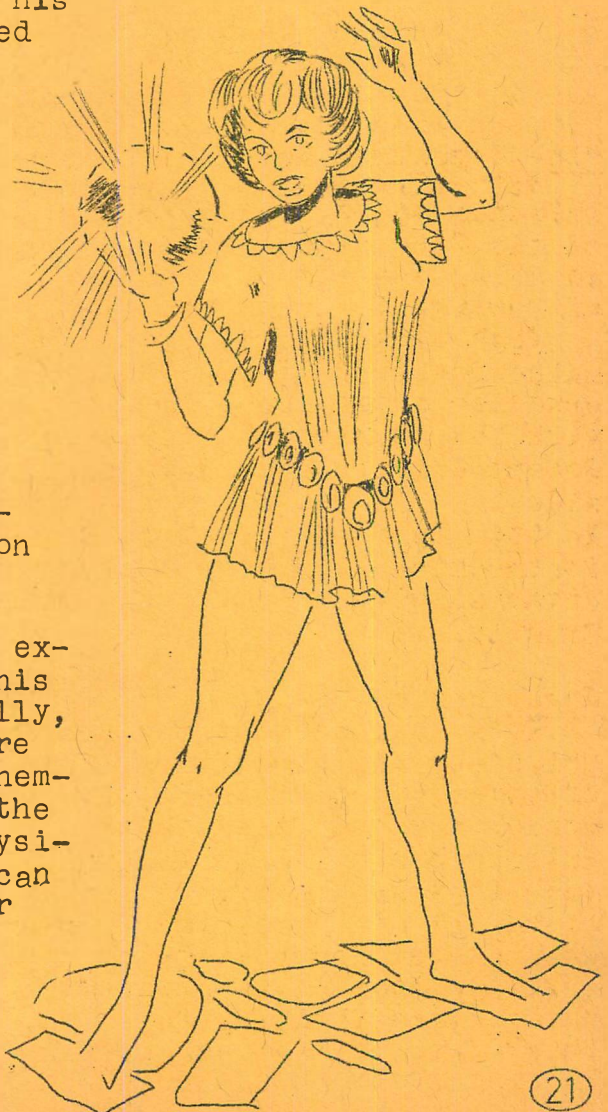
In all of my reading I have never come across a person who throws more unsupported general statements at the reader than Ted does. "...the similarities in the two programs (STAR TREK and LOST IN SPACE) are greater in number than their differences," he says. Does Ted bother to try to prove this? No, he mentions nothing else about LOST IN SPACE. Well, maybe he's leaving it to the readers' intelligence to make the comparison; everyone

should be familiar with the inherent rottenness of LiS by now, the thinking is. Ok, what's wrong with STAR TREK that is also wrong with LOST IN SPACE? Poor special effects? Ted tells us that the special effects in STAR TREK have "...that cardboard-mockup look." Who says so? Ted does, and we poor fans are supposed to take his word for it. I think that STAR TREK's special effects are some of the better I've seen on TV (except for a few poor cases). I can't prove what they are, but my word is just as good as Ted White's. What does he want? Real spaceships? Ted also complains that STAR TREK's plots are poor and full of holes. Granted, most of them are. But 90% of written sf suffers from the same fault, and 99% of the normal tv shows do. How many series-episodes of any series can Ted point out that do not have weak plots. (I SPY is just as bad as any ...the heroes regularly escape from the villains in unbelievable ways, and THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. hasn't had a credible plot yet.) Ted will have to go a lot further than this to convince me that LOST IN SPACE and STAR TREK are comparable. True, his whole article doesn't depend on the contention that they are, but this is only an example of his unwarranted-general-statement making.

I don't dispute Ted White's right to hold the opinions that he does, but I do question his trying to pass them off as legitimate and thoughtful criticism. And his attitude that everybody but he is either deluded or motivated by financial self-interest is disappointing. He should, if he disagrees with our taste, at least allow us the intelligence to know our own minds. His insinuation that fans are being hypnotized by a small number of pros is odious.

Marty Helgesen, 11 Lawrence Avenue, Malverne, NY, 11565

In these days of near universal omniscience, when almost everybody knows what the Pope is going to do, or, at least, whay he had bloody well better do, I am going to be old fashioned and offer some opinions identified as such. I am, of course, thinking of the recent comments about birth control. A while ago I saw a televised discussion involving several leading "liberal" theologians (Rahner, Kung, John Courtney Murray). They were asked about this question and the consensus was that contraception will continue to be forbidden, but there will be a far more precise definition of exactly what constitutes contraception. This applies particularly to The Pill. Actually, of course, there is no such thing. There are several pills containing different chemical compounds which act differently in the body. The Pope's commission included physicians and scientists because before one can judge the morality of taking a particular pill one must know exactly what it does and how it produces the end result of no pregnancy. It is possible, therefore, that some pills might be permitted while others continue to be forbidden. Theoretically, the Pope could



go quite a bit further, because it is questionable whether any earlier statements on birth control fulfil the technical requirements of an infallible definition. However, Catholics are not free to reject all teachings which have not been defined infallibly by Pope or Ecumenical Council. Because of the weight of theological opinion which exists which I do not, as a practical matter, expect any revolutionary changes.

The survey Leigh Couch cites, which claims that about 50% of Catholic wives use artificial means of birth control, does not impress me. First, the figure is questionable. The survey has been criticized on various grounds, including ambiguously worded questions which, for example, did not distinguish between permitted and forbidden uses of "the pill". I have not yet read the Newsweek survey of American Catholics, but press reports quote a figure of around 30%. (These same reports also indicate an appalling amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of the Church's teachings on doctrinal as well as moral issues. In many cases people are accepting or rejecting doctrines which they don't understand in the first place. However, the main point is that the figures don't matter. Moral standards are not determined by majority vote. To use an obvious, extreme example, Hitler's extermination camps would have been no less immoral if they had been overwhelmingly approved in a freely conducted referendum. The same principle applies to less dramatic questions as well. As Winston Smith put it, "Sanity is not statistical".

My own opinion is that Catholics are expert nit-pickers. The object of contraception is to prevent children from being born. Whatever means is used, the objective is identical, and the mental attitude and intent of the user is identical. (Or if it varies, the variation does not depend on the method used.) The concentration on means puts God on the same level as a smart corporation lawyer; it's perfectly all right to violate the "spirit of the law" as long as one follows the "letter of the law", taking advantage of legal loopholes. RSC7

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

THE PASSOVER PLOT by Hugh J. Schonfield is one of the most daring and sensational novels to appear in some time. Schonfield has documented proof that Jesus had planned and plotted his own crucifixion and resurrection. Read the book first before reaching any conclusion. It is a most interesting book to say the least.

William M. Danner, R.D.1, Kennerdell, Pennsylvania.

In connection with "Golden Minutes", I wish to hell that paperback publishers would stick to the original title when reprinting bound books. I recently picked up that new edition of WILD TALENT, thinking this to be one of Tucker's I hadn't so far read. When I got home I found it on the shelf with the title MAN FROM TOMORROW. Perhaps this custom is just a gimmick to sell more copies...I have at last gotten DUNE, and when I get around to tackling it will know what all the fuss is about. I hope its quality is commensurate with its length; it's even fatter than O'Hara's THE LOCKWOOD CONCERN, which I finished just a few days ago. Quite a novel; have you read anything of O'Hara's? He's a very fine writer.... Kindly Ethel Lindsay just sent me a couple of paperbacks: FANNY HILL, in the expurgated English edition and something that may or may not be a whodunit: THE LAST TRESILIANS, by J.I.M. Stewart. Do you know anything about this author? I sent Ethel a copy of Twain's LETTERS FROM THE EARTH last year, and this makes four books she has sent in exchange. She must really like the Twain as much as I do.

Since I consistently ignore the Hugo business it can't make any difference so I might mention my feelings about STAR TREK. Twice I have watched the first half and was happy to change to the THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIE at nine. I had no regrets at missing the latter half in either case; another time when I found the movie to be something I didn't want to see I watched the last part of STAR TREK. It didn't make me sorry to have missed the first part and I cannot now remember anything at all about any of the three episodes. Perhaps they were all below-par episodes but they certainly did nothing to change my habit of watching only the better movies and certain programs on the educational station, WQED. There are a few exceptions, of course, such as MARK TWAIN, TONIGHT!, which I hope you didn't miss. I'll readily agree that ST is far better than the other so-called sf on tv, but this is only to damn with faint praise. For you who like the program I hope it continues forever but I've no desire to see it myself. Such things as TIME TUNNEL and IT'S ABOUT TIME (I watched each once) make me agree wholeheartedly with Ernie Pittaro about the garbage that makes up tv programs. I wouldn't be without tv because of the good movies that are making their way into the programs of all stations, But there is too much good music on fm to waste time on tv at other times.

I wish I could say more about Yandro, which you may be sure I always read from cover to cover (now that you have stopped publishing Pickering) but all I can say further is that I thank you for continuing to send it for so little in exchange...Oh yes. The cover on #168 is certainly a fine bit of mimeo art; Juanita is a master of the medium. Little as I have seen of STAR TREK I can recognize the characters, but is that supposed to be some sort of three-dimensional game they're playing? If so the "beard" seems highly unlikely; it looks more like a sort of display rack for the pieces.

/To each his own; I have no interest in 99% of the movies shown on tv. (Or in those not shown on tv, for that matter.) A chess expert says that board on STAR TREK is one of the variations of 3D chessboard being used today. RSC/

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

/Re STAR TREK'S "City on the Edge of Forever" episode/ If they had to have McCoy give himself that much of an overdose of cordrazine or whatever they picked a good place to do it. Not a good way--that was fudging, but if the man had to squirt himself full of a tremendous overdosage better there than in a soon-to-be-gangrenous arm. That area is known as the great omentum, meaning apron, and an injection of some drug would do about the least possible damage if it was squirted into there. I saw a movie on abdominal surgery once, in bleeding color, and the surgeon was lecturing and parting muscles with faultless technique, and when he got down through the lower muscles he stepped back a little, cut through them, and all this yellow fat welled up through the wound. "The great omentum" he announced, like you would say "The neighbor's damned kid". Then he hacked through it, cut a gob out and threw it away, remarking that it would grow back.

/And here I had thought our giggling sadist of a family doctor was a bit unique. "You can get rid of migraine if you really adjust; after all, it's all in your head." At any rate, I don't think I'd care to have your medical film surgeon sawing away on me -- no telling what else he might throw out that I just might find useful now and then. JWC/

STRANGE FRUIT



DEGLER! #168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176 (Andrew Porter, 24 East 82nd. St, New York, N.Y. 10028 - weekly - 3 for 25¢, 15 for \$1) Turn your back on the damned things for a month, and they breed on you. Each of these is a one-sheet fanzine. 7 of these are newsletters, one contains a book review, and one reprints sf markets information from the SFWA Bulletin. At the moment, this is the most reliable and frequent newsletter. Here I first read of the Nebula Award Winners, the folding of WORLDS OF TOMORROW and its replacement this summer by INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION, etc.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #439, 440, 441 (S F Times, Inc., P.O. Box 216, Syracuse, New York 13209 - monthly - 30¢ or \$3.00 per year) In the latest issue, the editor says he assumes no responsibility for issues which were to have been prepared by his predecessor -- in which case he should have changed the name of the publication and publishing firm. Continuity of title is generally assumed to go with continuity of responsibility. Anyway, this is a fatter mag than DEGLER! There is much news reprinted from other fanzines, but the editor is beginning to develop his own contacts and the mag is steadily improving. . . .

THE WSFA JOURNAL #37, 38, 39 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Md. 20906 - bi-weekly - \$2 per year) Washington and east coast news, book and magazine reviews, letters and occasional articles. Valuable to the general reader mostly for the reviews (especially if you prefer longer reviews than the ones I give).

BROBDINGNAG #54, 56 (John McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - monthly? - 10¢) A postal Diplomacy fanzine. If you still don't know what Diplomacy is, it's a war game featuring alliances, threats, broken treaties, etc., and enlivened by press releases, arguments, and nitpicking over the rule-book.

RALLY! #18 (Lon Atkins, c/o Dave Hulan, Box 1032, Canoga Park, California 91304 - monthly? - 3 for 25¢) The newsletter of southern fandom, published in California (at least, it's southern California....) Primarily regional news.

SEVAGRAM #? (Riccardo Valla, Fermo Posta, Torino, Italy - price and schedule unreadable) The magazine is very neatly produced; I just can't read Italian. (Issue number seems to be 15, I see, and the price is L.250, which I guess is 250 lire which is about 40¢. I assume that's for one issue.) A big thick one, all in Italian. (I see the term "perche Coulson" in here, which presumably translates to "there's something fishy about Coulson".....)

UCHUJIN #106, 108 (Takumi Shibano, 1-14-10 O-okayama, Meguru-ku, Tokyo, Japan) The usual reaction to this digest-sized, printed magazine is "that can't be a fanzine; it must be a professional mag". The appearance is slightly more professional than that of most US promags. I can't vouch for the contents; my knowledge of Japanese is even less than my knowledge of Italian.

I have a few mimeographed news items. Syracuse University sends out a circular announcing that it is now collecting science fiction (records, manuscripts, promags; nothing about fanzines). They aren't paying for

this, you're expected to donate. (If I ever donate anything, it will be to UCLA, which subscribes to YANDRO.) Stif fans are still so desperate for recognition that they're expected to hail the development with delight; a university is actually condescending to accept donations of science fiction! Up yours, Syracuse. Norm Metcalf says he is compiling an Index To Science-Fiction and Fantasy Magazines, 1923-1966, and wants lists of title-changes and author pseudonyms for cross-checking. Uh-huh. I'll believe that one when it sees print, if it ever does. Dave Kyle sends out an account of his recent auto accident. (Only a fan would have an auto wreck and put out a fanzine about it. Someone said "instead of going to the hospital", but I guess he did that, too.)

HUGO REPORT #1 (John Trimble, 243 Santa Rosa Ave, Oakland, Calif. 94610 - irregular - sent for a 4¢ stamp) This one contains the current Hugo rules, a statement on Hugos and Pongs by Ted White, and comments by the Hugo Study Committee. Get the background here for the next big fan hassle.

THE BEM-AND-EYE #1 (Bill Mallardi, 369 Wildwood Ave, Akron, Ohio 44320 - irregular - free) A personal-type fanzine, devoted to unusual experiences and objections to the Pongs.

SAPSAFIELD #6 (John Kusske, Box 373 UMM, Morris, Minnesota 56267 - sent for a letter of comment or contribution) A major portion of this consists of mailing comments on SAPS, but even here there are gems. ("I've never seen The Avengers. I read the comic, though." This is the sort of rebuttal to Avengers fans that I wish I could think of.) Iowa is not neither barren of fandom, John; Ed Gorman is in Cedar Rapids. Of course, he's not what you could call active, but he's there.

TWILIGHT ZINE #21 (Cory Seidman, 56 Linnaean St, Cambridge, Mass. 02138 - irregular - 25¢ - co-editor Leslie Turek, send summer mail to P.O. Box 430, Cambridge Mass. 02139; that's after May) The official MIT fanzine, edited by two refugees from Radcliffe. I suppose the best single item this time is the two-page spread of Jack Gaughan cartoons. This is a humor fanzine. The humor is usually blended with one or more of the sciences; this time it seemed a bit too top-heavy to be really funny most of the time. (Tho I'm sure a science grad would appreciate it more.) Try it anyway; there aint anything as funny as humor, as James Adams used to say.

S F BULLETIN #2 (Erwin S. Strauss, 116 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass. 02142 - monthly) This is an advertising fanzine; if you have something to sell, send 1250 copies of your ad and \$4.50, or a standard stencil and \$4.50, or 1250 copies and \$2.50 if you only use one side of the sheet, and you are guaranteed a circulation of 1250 copies. (With that sort of circulation, S F BULLETIN may win the "Pong" this year...) This one has book and fanzine publishers advertising in it.

INFINITE FANAC #8 (Mike Ward, same address as above - irregular - no price listed) More humor, with the robot psychiatrist coming out tops, along with the MIT cheer. Lovely. By all means ask for a copy of this.

STROON #5 (Anthony Lewis, 124 Longwood Ave, Brookline, Mass. 02146 - quarterly - 25¢) More MIT humor, plus Cordwainer Smith material, the last word on street railways, etc. (The "etc." covers things like a list of the boroughs of Alaska - not an Edgar among them - and some of the damndest book reviews I have ever encountered.) This time my favorites were the filk songs and the book reviews. An excellent mag.

QRM #1 (Edwin W. Meyer, Jr, c/o MIT Science Fiction Society, Room W20-443, 77 Massachusetts Ave, Cambridge, Mass. 02139 - 15¢) Does anyone else get

the feeling that the MIT group is taking over fandom? This one is rather small, the main item being a piece of faan fiction reprinted from TWI-LIGHT ZINE which I didn't read. The editor's main project is to get 10 or so amateur authors together and have them collaborate on a science fiction novella. Not my idea of fun, but it will provide writing practice, which is the main thing amateur writers need.

Just got RALLY! #19 -- scratch that address back there for Atkins. New one is: Lon Atkins, Box 1131, Canoga Park, California 91304. This issue adds magazine reviews, by Ed Cox, Al Andrews, and the editor.

LES SPINGE #17 (Darroll Pardoe, 11 Cheniston Gardens, London W.8, United Kingdom - irregular - one sample copy free for request) A wide variety of material, generally very well done. Terry Jeeves lists his pet peeves as a fan artist, Mike Ashley has an article on the origin of words (generally fantasy words like "wizard" and "robot", but with enough others thrown in to make me suspect he just finished an etymology course), Pete Weston describes a fan party, and Ken Cheslin nostalgizes. Recommended.

CLASSIC FILM COLLECTOR #15 (Samuel K. Rubin, 734 Philadelphia St, Indiana, Pennsylvania 15701 - quarterly - \$2.00 per year) For the benefit of our foreign readers, no, Mr. Rubin does not live in two states. In this case, "Indiana" is a town. This would seem to be the ultimate publication for old film fans. This issue contains 40 pages of newspaper tabloid size (about twice the size of a YANDRO page) and is presumably multilithed. (He talks about wanting to have the thing typeset, but I can't see why, unless it would be less work.) There are articles, accompanied by photos, on old-time films and the people who made them, news items, ads, reviews, letters; the lot. Anyone interested in the old movies should definitely subscribe.

GIALLAR #7 (Randall Harris, 5331 Howard, San Antonio, Texas 78212 - irregular - 35¢ but #8 will be 50¢) A somewhat less ambitious film effort, featuring some spectacularly bad reproduction. (The extra tab for #8 is for "offset contents and increased size", and will probably be worth it.) The writing is much better than the reproduction, even if it is mostly about horror movies. Anyone who likes "Star Trek" can't be all bad.

ON THE DRAWING BOARD #57 (Robert Schoenfeld, 9516 Minerva, St. Louis, Mo. 63114 - monthly - 25¢) Small (9 pages and cover) but the wordage is increased by microelite type and multilithing (or possibly it's typed normal size and photographically reduced). Anyway, it's quite readable. News of US and foreign comics, an article on Italian comics, etc. One rather amusing item consisted of a blast at something called DCTC (which may or may not be justified; I know nothing about the situation). The amusing part is that following this page listing DCTC's shortcomings, the editor says "The above is not intended to stipulate an attack on the person of Mr. Lanz." (chairman of DCTC). Comics fans must have terribly tender feelings.

HAYERINGS #25 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, United Kingdom - irregular - \$1 per year) I am sometimes amused by the unconscious arrogance of Britons. It's the only country in the world which doesn't put its name on its postage stamps; inferior races are supposed to recognize a British stamp simply because of its aura. Now British fans, objecting to using "England" as an address because some of them are Scots, Welsh or Irish, and scorning "Great Britain" for some incomprehensible reason, is using "United Kingdom" as an address. Only united kingdom that ever existed, obviously. Now that I've finished kid-

ding Ethel, I might say that HAVERINGS is a fanzine devoted to comments on other fanzines, and an ideal way for a newcomer to find out what he might enjoy in the field. Particularly for those who object to my biased and ungrammatical reporting (sorry about that verb-noun disagreement back there). This issue covers 28 different titles; several issues of some. (Each issue covered separately; not lumped together the way I do it.)

AMRA #43 (George Scithers, Box 9120, Chicago, Illinois 60690 - irregular - 35¢ or 8 for \$2.00) The magazine of swords and sorcery. Even I like it, and I don't even like swords and sorcery much. This time Jerry Pournelle discusses arms and armor of the "Faerie Queene"- "Incomplete Enchanter" period, Bob Leman does a parody of Conan and swords and sorcery in general (a lovely bit), John Boardman talks about Lars Porsena and other works of Macaulay, and L. Sprague de Camp contributes a poem, an interesting item on Howard nomenclature, and a devastating review of something subtitled "Evidence of Advanced Civilizations In The Ice Age". Artwork by Krenkel and Cawthorn round out an excellent issue. There's a cover by Barr which didn't move me much, though it's technically well done.

AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #8, 9 (John Bangsund, 19 Gladstone Ave, Northcote N.16, Melbourne, Australia - monthly - 12 for \$3.60) One of the best serious fanzines around. Primarily reviews and articles concerning stf, with occasional outraged rebuttals from the authors reviewed. (Or by their editors, as when Mike Moorcock defends Ballard -- Mike's attitude seems to be that, after all, he has already presented The Revealed Word on the subject and that further talk is therefore useless.) The issues contain, respectively, 44 and 36 pages, and every page is well worth reading. ASFR is presenting some of the best commentary on science fiction now being written in the fanzines.

SPECULATION #15 (Peter Weston, 81 Trescott Road, Northfield, Birmingham 31, United Kingdom - here's another one - quarterly - 5 for \$1.50 - US agent, Al Lewis, 4600 Kester Ave, Apt. D, Sherman Oaks, Calif.) Here is ASFR's chief competition for "best analytic fanzine". More reviews, a short article by Fritz Leiber about his "Change War" series, Bruce Pelz tells you how to collect fanzines (but neglects to say why anyone should want to), F. M. Busby and Carl Brandon comment on criticism in general, Bob Silverberg gives some of the background on his recent series in GALAXY, and I do a short article on British potboilers. 51 pages in all, and well worth getting.

MANEKI-NEKO #1 (Pan-Pacificon Committee, P.O. Box 422, Tarzana, Calif. 91356 - 4 issues for \$1 contribution to the Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund - a lifetime sub for \$5 - make checks payable to David G. Hulan) This issue gives the background, explaining what TOFF is (a plan to bring Takumi Shibano to the '68 Worldcon), who Takumi Shibano is (the leading Japanese fan), what Japanese fandom is, who the Pan-Pacificon Committee members are, and also includes an article by Ed Cox on the wonders of the Los Angeles area. (I was in the Los Angeles area for two days -- I'd intended to stay one day but I got lost and took an extra day to extricate myself....) Send some money. It's a worthy cause, and you'll get as much for your dollar as most fanzines give you. Maybe more.

DYANTRON #31 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107 - 20¢, cash or stamps, or 5 for \$1, with subscriptions going to TOFF) I'm not sure I approve of Roy's retitling my con speech "Rob

Coulson"; it sounds unpleasantly suggestive. Otherwise, however, this is a very entertaining fanzine. There are reviews - from the April 1933 WEIRD TALES to current tv efforts, there is an interesting lettercolumn and an equally interesting editorial. One of the better fanzines.

ISCARIOT #20 (Al Andrews, 1659 Lakewood Drive, Birmingham, Alabama 35216 - no price or schedule listed) More reviews, an index to VORTEX SCIENCE FICTION, some comment on Gilbert & Sullivan by Dave Hulan, and a quiz by the editor.

BOROGOVES #2 & MINAC-MANIA #2 (B. Philip Walker, 809 Romney Lane, Virginia Beach, Virginia 23455 - quarterly - 35¢) MINAC-MANIA is a postage-stamp sized mag mostly of interest as a gimmick; BOROGOVES is a fairly decent beginning publication. More fiction than I really like, and none of the material was outstanding, but layout and reproduction is neat and the mag seems the sort to attract good material, given a little time. Currently it's about average.

HUGIN AND MUNIN #2 (Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Road, Ottawa, Ont. Canada - irregular - 25¢) This is a fanzine for non-fans, circulating primarily to Carleton University students (200 of them, according to the editorial). As the editor says, the fans will have to "hang on for a while until we educate the Carleton student body". It might well be a good choice for other newcomers to fandom (or it might not -- but you won't know until you try.) General type; fiction, articles, etc.

ODD #15, 16 (Raymond D. Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Missouri 63108 - bi-monthly - 50¢) ODD strikes me much as G₂ does. It's a well-reproduced, well-written fanzine that I just can't get much interested in. There is a lot of humor that I recognize but don't laugh at; it isn't bad, it just isn't my type. (An exception would be Ray Nelson's story in #15; I enjoyed that thoroughly. Oddly enough -- because I usually like him much better -- the Tucker story in the same issue didn't produce a single smile.) I was rather surprised to find the Fishers taking the first fan notice (that I've seen) of Al Capp's recent activity. I had expected outraged howls from all the ultra-liberal fans who enjoy poking fun at the squares but see nothing funny about their activities. (It isn't nearly as much fun to be on the receiving end, is it, fellas?) At any rate, with over 60 pages (multilithed) in each issue, ODD is well worth trying -- especially if you don't care much for my sense of humor.

ALGOL #12 (Andy Porter, 24 East 82nd. St, New York, N.Y. 10028 - irregular - 50¢) Another fat one; 70 pages. This is a Harlan Ellison Appreciation issue. (Harlan politely requested me to not review his books; I don't know if this extends to fanzines or not.) Anyway, there is a lovely front cover of Harlan in repose by Jack Gaughan, and a fair back cover of Harlan in action by Gray Morrow. Inside is material about Harlan by some of those who know him -- William Rotsler, Lee Hoffman, Ted White, and Bob Silverberg, plus Harlan's guest-of-honor speech from the 1966 Westercon. It's a typical Harlan speech. There is also more on the Ted White-Steve Pickering hassle, though I expect that's pretty much a dead issue by now. (How does it feel to be universally admired, Ted?) Dick Lupoff spends several pages reviewing some of the kookie books he reads; I guarantee that these reviews won't be of books you picked off the news stand and read yesterday. A fine issue, particularly if you're interested in Harlan.

PAS-TELL #22 (Bjo Trimble, 243 Santa Rosa Ave, Oakland, Calif. 94610 - irregular - 5 for \$1.00) This is the fanzine that should be subscribed to by every fan artist or would-be artist. It is largely devoted to news

of the annual Fan Art Shows, but there are also tips about drawing, painting, fanzine reproduction, etc. This issue begins a column by Jack Gaughan on art; the first installment covers personal experiences and questions what the readers want to know about art. You'll never have a better chance to find out what you want to know.

KALKI #4 (James Hall, 202 Taylor Ave, Crystal City, Missouri 63019 - irregular - free to members of The Fellowship of the Silver Stallion, 75¢ per copy to others) The Fellowship is a club devoted to the works of James Branch Cabell. Dues are \$2 per year, payable to Hall. Every time I get one of these I remind myself to read some Cabell. Hall makes him sound interesting. So far I've been too busy to carry out my resolution, but I'll do it, any year now. Aside from the purely Cabell material, there are poems, stories, reviews of fantasy books, etc. I suspect that KALKI aspires to do for the poetic fantasy fan what AMRA did for the blood-and-guts fantasy fan. It hasn't made it yet, but it's coming along.

THE VILLAGE IDIOT #3 (Paul Shingleton, Jr., 874 So. Walnut St, St. Albans, West Virginia 25177 - irregular - comments or two 5¢ stamps per issue) Aside from a Pickering article, this fairly thin mag is composed of minor but enjoyable material. The editor reminisces over the "good old days", when he had plenty of time for fandom but no money. (Now he has money but...) Steve Stiles has a convention report. There is a short letter column, John D. Berry talks about fanzine titles (without really saying anything about them), etc. One correction, Paul; it isn't model airplane fandom, it's full-sized airplane fandom.

STARLING #9 (Hank Luttrell, Box 625 Thomas Jefferson Residence Hall, 202 West 18th. St, Rolla, Missouri 65401 - irregular - 25¢) As usual, Hank is his own best contributor, though Joe Lee Sanders does a good job on book reviews. Major items are editorial and letter column (Jack Gaughan, who seems to be in all the rooms this month, turns up with an excellent dissertation on Lawrence, Finlay, and art, disguised as a letter). A small issue, but a very good one.

DOUBLE BILL #16 (Bill Mallardi, 369 Wildwood Ave, Akron, Ohio 44320 - "mildly irregular" - 30¢ - co-editors Bill Bowers, Earl Evers) A little of everything in this big one. Derek Nelson -- the only literate conservative who does much fan writing -- starts with comments on Viet Nam and politics. Ben Solon follows with a column concerned this time with various types of sf writing. Harry Warner tops them both with a - reprinted - article on (of all things!) Post-Atomic America. Dwain Kaiser and Dick Glass collaborate on a "Letterhack Primer" which is funnier in intent than in execution. I do fanzine reviews (about which much the same might be said). There is a 20-page letter-column. One of the better fanzines. Somehow I keep thinking of it as a "new" fanzine; it's hard to remember that it's been going for years and is by now an old stand-by. It hasn't become dull over the years, certainly.

COSIGN #7, 8 (Bob Gaines, 336 Olentangy St, Columbus, Ohio 43202 - monthly - \$2.50 per year, 25¢ per copy) The official organ of the Central Ohio Science Fiction Society. This sort of fanzine is valuable because it unearths new talent. As even fan writing takes practice, individual issues may not be as good as those of some fanzine relying on established "names" in fandom -- but you get to see the "names" of tomorrow developing. (Along with, it must be admitted, a great number of young fans who will leave fandom before producing anything significant.) Material - articles, reviews, fiction - is generally short, giving space for quite a variety in each issue. Nothing is outstanding, but nothing is terribly bad, either.

Here's DEGLER! #177, along with THE SF CRITIC, a rider reviewing The Einstein Intersection. Still good.

THE SCARR #112 (George Charters, 3 Lancaster Ave, Bangor, Northern Ireland - no price or schedule listed) Either George got a bad set of books this round or he's getting grotchier in his old age; the hilarious comments seemed to be toned down. There's still something called When The Moon Ran WILD, though, in which a 10,000 megaton bomb is detonated "near the bottom of the satellite", causing all sorts of problems. James White tells a Willis story. Not one of George's best issues, but still highly enjoyable.

SATYR #4 (John D. Berry, 35 Dusenberry Rd, Bronxville, New York 10708 - irregular? - 25¢) Aside from one page of film reviews by Gene Klein and a page-and-a-half parody of van Vogt by Don D'Amassa, this is all editorial and lettercolumn. Oops; there's also an article on sex films by Dave Szurek; I forgot that because I didn't read it. The letter writers are mostly worked up over the censorship articles in the last issue; fans seem to have a low boiling point on censorship. John is developing into a pretty good writer. Everyone reads fanzines for the editorials anyway, and here is a nice long one.

NO-EYED MONSTER #10 (Norman E. Masters, 720 Bald Eagle Lake Road, Ortonville, Mich. 48462 - quarterly - 25¢) This is published back-to-back with UNKNOWN #7, edited by John Merkel. Both mags feature fiction, but MONSTER also includes a verse, a Pickering article, and letters. (One of the letters is a dilly; somebody is defending Pickering's "excellent and erudite" vocabulary. This must be a put-on, since the writer uses his own vocabulary correctly and thus must be aware that Pickering hadn't the vaguest idea of what some of the words he used really meant.) Primarily for people who enjoy fan fiction, however.

QUIP #5 (Arnie Katz, 98 Patton Blvd, New Hyde Park, New York 11043 - bimonthly - 50¢ - co-editor, Lon Atkins) QUIP is the current example of the Fabulous Fannish Fanzine. It is not a breed that I am much interested in. (At the Tricon, Terry Carr came up and complained because I had said that QUIP was the best of its kind since INNEUNDO, while I had never given INNUENDO a good review while it was actually being published.....) Oh well. I'm pretty sure that a real gung-ho faan will love QUIP, and if you consider yourself in that category you'd better try a copy. But I'm afraid I skimmed most of the hundred pages in this issue, rather than reading them. The technical quality of the writing is excellent; I just don't care for the subject matter. Authors included here are Len Bailes, Pete Weston, Bob Bloch, Ross Chamberlain, Harry Warner, Ed Cox, Calvin Demmon, Arnie Katz, Lon Atkins, Bill Bowers, Wally Weber, F. M. Busby, and Greg Benford, plus a reprint of the fan classic, "Purple Pastures", by Terry ("Carl Brandon") Carr. (As I recall, I didn't read "Purple Pastures" the first time it appeared, either.) There are some fabulous fan names in there; you owe it to yourself to find out if this is your idea of great fan writing.

TRUMPET #5 (Tom Reamy, 2508 17th. St, Plano, Texas 75074 - irregular - 60¢) This one still looks like a professional magazine. It starts off with the best kind of con report; all photos and no words. Tom has managed to get most of the fans in characteristic poses -- Lynn Hickman holding a beer bottle, John W. Campbell lounging and expounding, John Trimble selling artwork and trying to look innocent about it, me raking in money, Andy Porter talking, etc. (He does have a rare shot of Juanita with her mouth closed, though.) I see I'm out of room, so I'll just say it's a fine issue even if it does contain too much fiction.