

LOVE.







# YANDRO (171)

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We have hopes of getting this thing  
in the mail by May 27.

Our thanks to Bob Vardeman, Tom Draheim, Kay  
Anderson, Kevin Maul, John Mansfield and some-  
one else (Richard Labonte?) for "Star Trek"  
material.

## CONTENTS

Ramblings (editorial)	JWC	2
Rumblings (editorial)	RSC	4
A Thesis	Alex Panshin	6
Of Cats And Kings (column)	Rick Norwood	11
With Jaundiced Eye (column)	Ted White	14
Planet Poems: VI - Saturn	Rick Norwood	18
Grumblings (letter column)		19
Golden Minutes (book reviews)	RSC	30

## ARTWORK

Cover	Doug Lovenstein	Page 11	George Foster
Page 1	DEA	" 14	Arthur Thomson
" 2	JWC	" 20	Robert E. Gilbert
" 4	JWC	" 15	Jim Cawthorn
" 6	Mike Symes	" 21	Doug Lovenstein
" 7	Jim Cawthorn	" 24	Dick Flinchbaugh
" 10	Dan Adkins	" 25	Al Davoren

John Mansfield announces that OSFIC will be having an open meeting in  
Toronto on the weekend of August 25th. This will be a kicking off point  
for all those who will be going to Expo first before dropping down to  
NYCON. All those who are interested in coming to the meeting or Expo,  
write OSFIC, 1054 Coxwell Ave, Toronto, Canada. We will provide all the  
help we can regarding accomodations and information.



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S



As any fool can plainly see, this issue was mimeographed under the most pressing of circumstances. Ordinarily, when we order paper from Mishek's/Walter's it arrives promptly - when we haven't the money to pay the shipping charges. This issue we were desperately short of paper and anxiously awaited the shipment because, for a change, we had the ready cash.

Would you like to guess what happened? Do you need to? Quite obviously it didn't arrive. Further, the issue ran longer than we anti-

cipated. If I were in a better mood, I'd simply discount it as a good omen (the Harry Golden theory -- other people too, but I've read it most recently summed up by Golden -- that in order to get something good you have to have something bad occur. I do think we're overdoing it a bit, though.).

Andy Porter's Sf Weekly for May 12 lists the Hugo nominations. I'm glad we don't edit a newszine and get involved in this cutthroat competition to scoop everybody else. (I have enough troubles meeting our own nebulous deadline.)

My first thought on seeing the first page was: "What is this - the Year of the Scattergun?" I can't recall and I haven't the patience to research how long it's been since we've had this many nominees in each category. Novelette nominations are particularly spectacular, of course, but none of the categories is skimpy.

Maybe the fans are finally learning to quit chewing their pencils and procrastinating until after the deadline for nominating? Millenium! There have been years, of course, when there hasn't been much worth nominating; but there have also been years in which a number of good items came out, only to be totally ignored in the puny total of nominating ballots the following spring.

Congratulations, all you characters who used those ballots. We send them out almost every year....and this is one of the few years when the results seem to have paid both printer and distributor (in this case, us) for the trouble. Thank you. I may not agree with your choices...although there is almost enough variety to please everyone...but the fact that you did something besides dither and complain after balloting closed is a mark in fandom's favor.

Buck, in his editorial, will comment too, but I wished to make my own statement here.. I am quite startled, to put it mildly, to actually see "The Naked Time" and "The Corbomite Maneuver" STAR TREK episodes on the final ballot. I had hoped to see them there, but not really expected it. I don't know how many people genuinely remembered those two episodes and nominated them of a good free will, how many had their memories jogged by the article Kay Anderson and I compiled for Yandro #168,

and how many just shrugged and put down what we more or less told them to. I like to hope the first two methods of selection prevailed.

We are up against the rules, again, in the Best Dramatic Presentation Hugo....rules stacked against a television series as a whole. And if one wants to get rules conscious, one might ask just exactly when Fahrenheit 451 was released; it has not been shown in any of the smaller towns in Indiana, I can testify....possibly it reached Ft. Wayne or Indianapolis this spring; but in 45-50,000 pop. towns in the Midwest, as of this writing, it is still "Coming Soon".

Unlike certain segments of fandom, I do not believe in stuffing the rules into a shoebox or throwing the entire process out arbitrarily. The rules are there and not yet amended. I still believe "The Corbomite Maneuver" was one of the best pieces of visual science fiction I've seen in some years; as drama, "The Naked Time" was even better, though one wishes there had been enough time to expound a bit more on the nature of the alcoholic water molecule causing the havoc. But "The Menagerie" is the one I will vote for.

All three episodes have now been rerun (very nice of someone:thank you). On second viewing, I decided "Corbomite" held up least well. It was still effective, but I kept wishing I had a color set....and the show shouldn't depend on color to keep it on its feet. "The Menagerie" surprised me by standing the test of time rather well; I still have a few qualms about seeing Spock as he was before Nimoy had adjusted to the characterization, but in a way it was enlightening to see a dramatic series in progress. One hopes someday Roddenberry will have enough muscle to show us a high-ranking female officer in another episode....perhaps even a starship captained by a woman. Or are the networks ready for that yet?

I hope the other STAR TREK voters feel the same way. We follow the rules. I, at least, feel satisfied to see "Naked Time" and "Corbomite" nominated. The final ballot belongs to the person who made it possible for me to see those two mentioned above.

The omens still ride (see "Rumblings" for further grouching). Not only did we have paper foul up problems....and the Gestetner is acting cute, despite the fact it's just had an overhaul...but last week I locked myself out of this house for the first time in the nearly two years we've lived here. No losing the key, either. Went out to get the mail and quite firmly pulled the door shut behind me, with no key in my pocket or in the lock; and we have taken special pains to make sure this house is proof against anything but a smashed window once it's buttoned up for the winter. I spent an embarrassing hour at a neighbor's house down the road -- naturally, this occurred just at noon hour, when it is impossible to reach anyone by phone at Overhead Door -- chatting with the wife of the state trooper who lives there.

And after I've lectured Bruce so many times to be careful and put the key in the door when he goes out to play, too. Sigh.

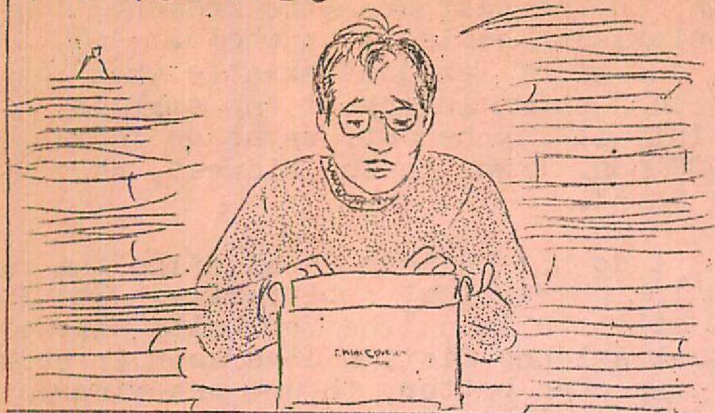
Is it the Year of the Jackpot or just a personal Evil Eye Fleegle following us around.

And if it's Joe Whathisname (with the bad luck clouds) I wish he'd take off his jacket and give it to someone else. Say....how about you there: wouldn't you like a new jacket?

JWC



## RUMBLINGS



Last issue, I mentioned something about "omens". Now, I have no objection to omens, but they're getting pretty pushy around here of late. In the past month we have replaced the clutch plate and universal joint on the car, taken the record player in three times to be repaired and gotten it back unrepaired twice, and now the tape recorder is acting sick and the record player we borrowed from my mother-in-law to tide us over the crisis is beginning to act like ours did. Omens, go home!

There seems to be an aura about this place; our most recent visitor stopped in briefly to borrow a bucket of water because his car was on fire.

S F WEEKLY #182, published by Andy Porter, gives a complete rundown of the Hugo nominees on the final ballot. I won't copy them all this time -- maybe next issue, for record purposes. However, convention members will be getting a ballot, and non-members can't vote anyway, so a full list needn't be a priority project. In an effort to influence a few voters, though, I'll mention the nominees that I favor. I haven't read two of the novels; Witches of Karres and Flowers For Algernon. Of the ones I have read, Thomas Burnett Swann's Day Of The Minotaur is by far the best. I also favor Swann in the novelet category, with "Menor of Roses" (since the best novelets of the year, Budrys' "Be Merry" and Keith Roberts' "The Lady Anne", didn't make the final ballot). I'll be happy as long as "The Eskimo Invasion" doesn't win, though. I've read all the short stories, and I don't really think any of them is outstanding, but I voted for Shaw's "Light of Other Days" on my nominating ballot and I'll stick with it as the best of the year. I'll stick with ANALOG as best magazine, but I don't care much as long as NEW WORLDS doesn't get it. (There's an about-face for me; old subscribers can probably remember my constant -- and futile -- boosting of the Carnell-edited NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE FANTASY for Hugos.) Best Artist: I'll string along with Gaughan. Dramatic Presentation: This is more Juanita's baby, but I guess we're agreed that we vote for "The Menagerie" and get the Hugo for Roddenberry personally, even though that wasn't really the best episode. It's the only way to honor the man who made all the "Star Trek" episodes possible. Best Fan Writer: Damfino who I'll vote for. Warner, Panshin, or Donaho -- probably Warner. Clarke is just as good, but not as prolific, so I'll vote for the one who gave me the most total pleasure. Best Fan Artist: Barr or Thomson. I know Gaughan has contributed art to fanzines, but I don't think that makes him a fan artist any more than L. Sprague de Camp's contributions to ANRA make him a fan writer. They are primarily professionals. (Barr and Thomson have both sold professionally, but I consider them primarily fan artists; most of their work is for fanzines.) Best fanzine; I think this is the strongest field in years. When YANDRO first started appearing on the final ballot (and I recently did some digging and I believe it has appeared there as long as there has been a final ballot), I would look at all the other big-name fanzines and wonder what we were doing there. The past few years I haven't wondered; I've figured that we were just as good as the other finalists and probably better. This year, I'm back to wondering how we ever managed to make it; all the others are excellent. (One sure thing; YANDRO is a cheaper production than anything else up there.)

Bruce Pelz objected to my statement that "Los Angeles fandom" was bidding for the 1968 Worldcon and sponsoring TOFF; he says this is being done by the Pan-Pacificcon Committee and nobody else. Half a dozen people jumped me for saying that "New York fandom" was running the NyCon -- I remember Ted White, Andy Porter, and Dick Lupoff, and I think there were some others. (Porter had the best letter and then marked it DNQ, dammit.) Admittedly, New York fandom is split up into dozens of little competing groups, but I thought that some of their publicity when they were campaigning for the nomination mentioned that this convention would be a unified effort. (Or was that another New York convention I'm thinking of?) Oh well. I guess the moral is that you shouldn't believe everything you read in fanzines.

We couldn't get in all the letters we wanted to this issue; we couldn't even find all the letters. My desk is once again submerging under a pile of mail while I hack out an U.N.C.L.E. novel (or half of an U.N.C.L.E. novel, to be precise. It's sort of interesting to write a novel by starting one's rough draft on chapter 10, going thru to 15 and then back to 9, while one's collaborator is bashing out the first 8.) It will all be over with by the time you get this and I'll see about my correspondence.

Quite a few of you are sending in your ballots for 20 favorite authors. Several have stated that they prefer to send in an unranked list; if you would rather just send in your top 20 favorite authors (sf or fantasy, alive or dead) without trying to rate them in order, do it that way. If I get enough ranked lists I'll work out point-values and such; if I don't, I won't. (I may even present the results both ways, if I get ambitious.) Anyway, here is a list of my favorites. They are not ranked in order -- I'll rank them later, if enough other people do.

Algernon Blackwood	John Brunner	Hal Clement
Robert A. Heinlein	Thomas Burnett Swann	C. M. Kornbluth
L. Sprague de Camp	Leigh Brackett	Eric Frank Russell
J. R. R. Tolkien	Andre Norton	John W. Campbell
Lester del Rey	Henry Kuttner	Chad Oliver
Poul Anderson	John Collier	C. S. Lewis
Theodore Sturgeon	H. H. Munro ("Saki")	

Okay. I'm not claiming these are the "best" in the field; but they are the ones who have given me the most pleasure. Isaac Asimov is a better sf writer than several of the ones I named, but I've never really been able to get interested in much of his output. The same could be said for several other authors. I'd like to find room for a few more; Manly Wade Wellman, Edmond Hamilton, Jack Williamson. They aren't included because I had to stop somewhere and while they have written some of my favorite fiction, they have also written some abominable stuff that detracted sharply from my reading pleasure.

Bob Allen (who also contributed some "Star Trek" material) asks if this concept of "Band Together, Fans, And Vote For Gene!" isn't precisely what the Burroughs fans did last year and are still being chastized for. Well, yes, it is. But, to quote the immortal Thomas Stratton: "It's all right for us to do it; we're the good guys." However, I might mention that neither Juanita nor I ever chastized the Burroughs fans. We chastized the rest of fandom for letting them boost ERB-Dom into a Hugo, but we never criticized the Burroughs fans who voted. Our criticisms were for the sf fans who didn't vote. Boosting a particular item is perfectly legal; I can't say I care much for the loudmouths who boost their own material, but that's a matter of opinion.



# A THESIS

by

Alexei Panshin

In less than a week, as I write this, I shall be receiving an M.A. from the University of Chicago. Fortunately, since this is one rite of passage I have never had any taste for, I shall be receiving my degree in absentia, having safely removed myself to New York some months ago.

Actually, my patience with school was ended several years ago when I graduated from college at an age sufficiently advanced to make me blush and scuffle my feet on the carpet when people asked me what I did. When I entered graduate school, my main concern was to finish as quickly as possible. My last term I took a heavier-than-ordinary course load, took comprehensive examinations over my course work, and researched and wrote a thesis. Then I left Chicago, and had things like job and apartment hunting and fights with drunken Legionnaires to take the past months out of my mind, thank God.

However, some of that sleepless last term came back to me this past week when I received a copy of my thesis, which, four months after I had submitted it, had finally wound its weary way through the thicket of the acceptance procedure. I'm afraid that my title can't compete with the

glory of Roger Zelazny's master's dissertation ("Two Traditions and Cyril Tourneur: An Examination of Morality and Humor in 'The Revenger's Tragedy'"). Mine was simply "A Critical Examination of Science Fiction Published for Young People". (I did say I was anxious to get done as soon as possible, didn't I?)

So, having a copy of the typewritten typescript I'd paid \$66 for, I sat down to read it. It was, believe me, bloody awful.

The first draft was readable. By 'first draft', by the way, I mean the first draft I submitted for acceptance. It was my usual type of informally-written, quasi-humorous, good-natured argument. It turned out that the University of Chicago wasn't interested in 90-page Yandro articles.

So I had a three-hour session with my adviser. We talked things over and then I went back home and went through the thesis page by page, making it properly unreadable. I took out all the jokes and asides. Every time I had said "I think" I





crossed it out and wrote in "it would seem apparent to the present writer that there is a strong likelihood that the following situation obtains, to wit:".

To quote Heinlein--or Jubal Harshaw:  
"Always give an editor something to change. After he's peed on a manuscript, he likes the flavor better and so he buys it."

I handed in the revised manuscript and left town. And they accepted it. When I got the final manuscript last week and compared it to my original I found that my adviser had corrected one misspelling, for which I offer thanks, and had made a few more changes calculated to thicken the style. But what the hell, they accepted it.

I have every intention of putting the thesis away in the closet and never looking at it again, but before I do, I thought there might be some point in extracting the little that is worth keeping and passing my conclusions on:

Science fiction became a staple item of hardcover publishing around 1949. Before 1952, there were hardly more than ten hardcover science fiction books published for children, half of them by Robert Heinlein. In 1952, a minor boom hit children's science fiction, primarily because of the establishment of the Winston sf line. In 1951, something like five titles were published -- in 1952, approximately seventeen. There was a boom for about three years, and then it tapered off. Since then sf has been a minor, but stable category in juvenile publishing.

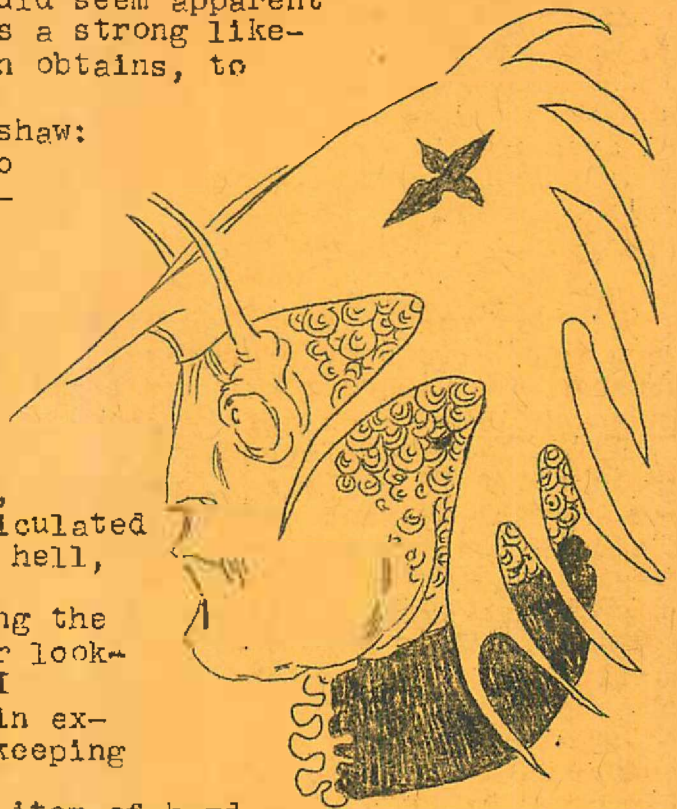
What happened was this: the earliest juvenile science fiction books were written by professional science fiction writers and were passable reading. This was true through the first two years of the boom, and then the band wagon got jumped on by publishers and writers who had no knowledge or interest, but simply wanted to pick up some of the loose money lying around--and that killed the boom.

I was able to locate 247 books for children that somebody was willing to call science fiction. About half of them were written by authors with pro credentials--that is, with magazine or adult sf publication credit.

98 of the books by authors with professional credentials--which is to say four-fifths of the pro books--were published by six of the seven publishers who have published the most juvenile sf. The seventh is Grosset and Dunlap, which has shown its interest in sf by publishing Tom Corbett and Tom Swift books.

By and large, however, the publishers who have published the most sf have published the best sf. The other publishers, something like forty of them, have published a book or two and then quit.

Winston--now Holt, Rinehart and Winston--has shown the greatest continuing interest. In the last half-dozen years, Putnam has been publishing Heinlein, Blish and Piper and seems reasonably serious about their science fiction line. The other large publishers of juvenile science fiction, like Scribners and Harcourt Brace have really been less





interested in sf and more interested in a particular author---Heinlein and Andre Norton.

And the books themselves? There we have a problem. Most of them, judged as science fiction, are pretty bad. The trouble is that young children really don't have the background to read science fiction. Good sf demands a certain amount of education to read, and young children just don't have this. They don't know very much about what is possible, and I suspect the editors of kiddie books aren't always so sure, either, and have to accept what they are given on faith.

So, at the lowest level, we get fantasy in science fiction trappings--pigs and cats in outer space. Freddie the Pig and Space Cat are not science fiction, and when science is dragged into the books in which they appear, it generally is not accurate.

Another problem is that heroes of children's books are almost always children, and in real life children are dependent on adults, limited in their movements and limited in their capabilities. In the real world, moreover it takes knowledge to manipulate science: Ph.D. owners, astronauts, and the like are generally at least thirty years old. The result of this incompatibility is generally deadly to juvenile sf. Reality is abandoned, of necessity. We get children knocking together spaceships in their back yards, being provided with a magic propellant by a spore-man, and hopping off on a Wonderful Flight to the Mushroom Planet - more fantasy. Or we get short circuits in the imagination--I doubt you would believe how many juvenile sf stories have children stowing away on board ships of one sort or another in order to get them involved in science fictional adventure. Or how many first-trip-to-the-moon stories there are. I can even think of about four stories that have children stowing away on the first trip to the moon, which combines stupidity with triteness.

There are a large number of juvenile science fiction books that are not fantasy but are inadequate in their science, inadequate as fiction, or inadequate as science fiction.

In the first group we have books like THE VOYAGE OF THE LUNA I, by David Craigie, which is quite well-written, but shows on page after page the author's ignorance. The Wise Old Scientist tells the boy hero of the book that a rocket that overshoots the moon would probably land on Venus, and says that the reason that temperatures are higher on the moon than on Earth is that "the moon is nearer to the sun than we are". After two children have landed on the moon, they put on oxygen masks and heavy clothing and go outside, and somehow they are able to talk to each other quite easily, and hop around having a high old time.

A more surprising example of scientific inadequacy is Franklyn M. Branley's LODESTAR: ROCKET SHIP TO MARS. The author of this one is or was a professional high school science teacher and has a number of science texts to his name. Chapter VI of this book is entitled "Zero Gravity". The ship has been traveling for six weeks on its "air journey", a phrase that in itself calls the credentials of the author into question, when one day young Jack, the hero, awakes to find the other two crew members strapping themselves down. "We're approaching zero gravity, Jack," says one of them. They reach the zero gravity zone, briefly everything in the ship floats, and then: "A few minutes later both the droplets and the cup, which had been floating in space all this time, settled to the floor, and the crew knew they had entered into the gravitational field of Mars. The zero gravity zone existed at that place where the gravitational field of earth tapered down to nothing, and the gravity of Mars was of such a small degree that it was not effective." --It reminds me of the episode of STAR TREK we were shown at the Tricon with its, "There's a strange object ahead,



men, one light year outside the Galaxy." I wish I could say that they had put Branley back to coaching junior high football, where he might belong.

There are altogether too many examples of the second sort of inadequacy, plain bad writing:

TOM SWIFT AND HIS SPECTROMARINE SELECTOR: "Tension heightened almost to the breaking point: Was the mystery craft a Brungarian submarine waiting to greet them with a deadly fire of torpedoes?" What an interlineation that last sentence would make.

Or page 1 of THE PLANET MAPPERS, by E.E. Evans: "'Leaping tuna! If that isn't fixed quick, we'll lose our air,' was his near-panicked thought. 'We won't be able to get where we're going. Be lucky if we come out of it alive!'" Excitement!

THE ROCK OF THREE PLANETS, by A.M. Lightner, is an example of the third type of inadequacy. This story is not badly written and its science is adequate. It simply is not speculative. All the essential factors of the story have an exact correspondence to present-day institutions or are present-day commonplaces such as peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches.

The story is represented as taking place in the twenty-second century. One would assume that the passage of two hundred years would have social, political and scientific consequences, but none of these consequences are apparent. The only discernible differences from the present are the fact of space travel and the extraterrestrial animal exhibit that is a feature of the early pages. Food, manners, goals and institutions do not differ noticeably from those of today. Even the animal exhibit is in organization and social import nothing but a direct analogue of a standard present-day dog show.

It's not a bad story--it's just inadequate science fiction.

A good bit of the adequate juvenile science fiction that has been published has been merely adequate. The main reason for this, I would guess, is that the top length of 50,000 words that holds for many of the books, plus editorial strictures, have kept the plot lines simple. Also, there has been a universal taboo against sexual involvements. This taboo has been falling in non-sf juveniles where talk of menstruation, attempts to make girls, and even illegitimate pregnancies can be found with relative ease. It still seems to hold for science fiction books, though I wonder what would happen if the taboo were seriously tested.

The most complex, and hence the most interesting science fiction for juveniles that has been published has been the work of established writers like Heinlein, Norton, Piper and Blish. In complexity and depth of thought, in fact except in lack of sex and the ages of the heroes, these books are indistinguishable from science fiction published for adults.

Heinlein has written: "My books for boys differ only slightly from my books for adults--the books for boys are somewhat harder to read because younger readers relish tough ideas they have to chew and don't mind big words--and the boys' books are slightly limited by taboos and conventions imposed by their elders."

Heinlein is actually being a bit ingenuous here, because he goes on almost immediately to say, "Nevertheless the so-called boys' books are usually published in serial form as adult novels and are invariably published as 'adult' in other countries."

This is true of many books published in hardcover as juveniles. Blish's A LIFE FOR THE STARS was in ASF and in paperback as an adult novel. Norton's juveniles are regularly picked up by Ace.

The real point is that children who are ready to read science fiction that is honestly science fiction and not fantasy or watered-down, are





ready to read adult science fiction. And they do. Most of us started reading science fiction when we were ten or twelve or fourteen. The author of an article in the December 15, 1962 issue of Library Journal that described the sf magazines and assessed their respective interest to young adults and to adults was introduced as just fourteen. And the beanie brigade is a commonplace at sf conventions.

I believe that adult science fiction may be of interest to young readers earlier than any other form of adult literature, with the possible exception of the Western. The reason for this is that science fiction is not deeply emotional fiction. It makes no great demands on the feelings of its readers. It aims at the mind instead.

James Blish commented on this in an article on Theodore Sturgeon, a writer who does involve his readers' emotions (which is why I think Sturgeon is of less interest to the younger science fiction reader), and counted the lack of emotional involvement as a failing of science fiction.

He even says that he believes "most s-f authors cling to the genre because it doesn't require them to

reveal themselves."

It seems to me more likely, however, that this lack of emotionality is not deliberate evasion, but a natural consequence of the nature of science fiction. Isaac Asimov has said that because it is necessary to formulate a detailed background in a science fiction story, usually less than half the space is available for such things as characterization. Interplay of emotions is ordinarily an outgrowth of characterization in fiction, and since most science fiction has no room for deep characterization, it consequently lacks strong emotion.

If it can be granted that one thing that keeps children from reading and enjoying adult fiction in general is the stress that it places on untried emotions, then since sf lacks emotional stress, the consequence is that an intelligent child can read it at an earlier age than other types of adult fiction. The one exception that comes to my mind, as I say, is the Western, which is also notable for having a low emotional charge. In my own case, I was reading adult Westerns at nine and adult science fiction at twelve.

By-and-large then, my conclusions are these: young children can't read real science fiction. The majority of the science fiction written for children is fantasy, lousy, or, at best, no great shakes. That juvenile sf which is good is indistinguishable from adult sf on any important score. Children who are able to read good juvenile sf are able to read adult sf, and probably do.

Now, I wonder what happened to Zelazny's thesis. One of these days I'll take the subway up to Columbia University and read it. I want to know if he had to write his thesis in academese before they would accept it.

December 11, 1966

# OF CATS & KINGS

## REVIEWS OF MAY ISSUES by RICK NORWOOD

WORLDS OF TOMORROW - Fred Pohl (Judy-Lynn Benjamin, Associate Editor)

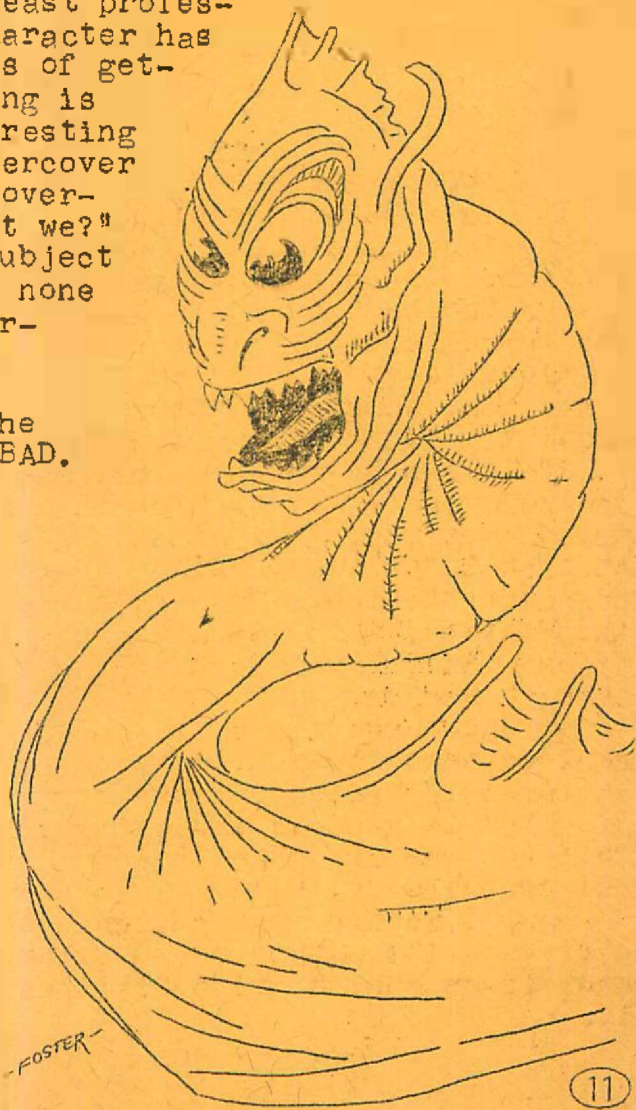
I will not be sorry to see Worlds fold. A steady diet of novelettes is monotonous, especially when the stories cry out to be longer or shorter. "Stone-Man" is obviously the first chapter of a serial and is full of loose ends. "Squared out with Poplars" does not belong in an s-f magazine at all. The writing, uneven but not bad, keeps the reader interested up to the brief, disastrous intrusion of the most hackneyed kind of science fiction. "Base Ten" would have been at home as an eight page story in an E.C. comic. As is, it is overlong and unconvincing. "Whose Brother is my Sister" is also too long. It has some good ideas, but you don't capture a reader's interest by starting a story with a two page lecture.

Mack Reynolds, predictable but at least professional, comes to the rescue. Every character has a speech to make, and the plot consists of getting the speeches said. But the writing is good, and Paul Coslof would be an interesting character if he weren't such a bad undercover agent: "We here are all interested in overthrowing the present government, aren't we?" The speeches in this case are on the subject "What is wrong with America" and while none of them have the ring of personal experience there is enough truth in them to work up a healthy anger in the reader.

The funny thing is that so few of the stories in this issue are out and out BAD. Reynolds' "The Throwaway Age" is fun. "Squared out with Poplars" is worth reading up to page 67. The others would pass the time if you had nothing better to do. But is this what s-f is for?

MAGAZINE OF HORROR - Robert A.W. Lowndes

"Lazarus" is a profoundly depressing story that touches on my personal fears so closely that I found reading it unpleasant. It was a relief to turn to the other two new stories in this issue, a sentimental fantasy by Joseph Payne Brennan and a wry, funny story by R.A. Lafferty. There is a good poem by Robert E. Howard and the features are interesting as always.





IF - Fred Pohl (Judy-Lynn Benjamin, Associate Editor)

Keith Laumer can write action like nobody's business. He can make an alien scene come alive. Unfortunately he can't plot worth a damn. All of his stories read as if he just sat down and started writing, without an idea in his head where he was going. This causes the brief, interesting encounters to be spaced out with some abrupt, not so interesting transitions. And his reliance on coincidence would have caused Edgar Rice Burroughs to blush.

SPACEMAN!, the new Laumer serial, destined to ramble on for an unspecified number of chapters, could be grafted squarely onto EARTHBLOOD! with few changes, just as EARTHBLOOD!, after the exceptional opening chapters, could have been grafted onto the previous Laumer novel. The same hero runs through all of them: young, no home ties, forever in trouble, a failure in our world but a smashing success in space, a cat lover with a name like Billy Danger. This particular novel is a poor man's Robert Louis Stevenson, but it is fun.

The overlapping serial is the conclusion of one of A. Bertram Chandler's best Rim World stories. The synopsis, in a burst of shyness, omits mention of the all-important sex scene at the end of the preceding installment. Chandler is not one of my favorite writers, but I do admire him for writing out in full scenes what most authors find easier to sum up in a sentence. The pace is slow but the stories carry conviction. The Rim Worlds would make a good background for a T.V. series.

The ending of "The Robots Are Here" was bound to be a letdown, because from the first paragraph on, the buildup is tremendous. Terry Carr has written a fine variation on a classic s-f theme.

Someone might explain to the author of "The Long, Slow Orbits" what a Klein bottle really is. I haven't seen such an example of pure ignorance in a story in some time.

One of the marks of a new writer is the self-conscious way he introduces his characters' names. B.K.Filer's lack of professional polish shows, but it doesn't spoil "The Hole", an original and basically well-written story. I have a few quibbles about the ending, which does not seem to follow from the established characters and situation. Russell is jumping to conclusions. Still, it is an outstanding story by a new writer.

It strikes me as unusual that of the six stories in this issue, the first four are written in the first person.

SCIENCE FICTION CLASSICS - Jack Lester (Henry Roberts, Associate Editor)

This is a new, all reprint magazine. At least their reprints are old, and not stories published in the last ten years.

FANTASTIC - Sol Cohen (Herbert A. Lehrman, Associate Editor)

"The Thinking Seat" is the only new story in this issue. It is well-written, but in a phony-art style that loses me. The author tries hard to be significant, but he doesn't have much to say. It is interesting as a test case for how little s-f can be in an s-f story. The only reason for setting the story in the future is to have the California coastline altered. On one hand, why not make a story s-f if it adds anything at all, however little? On the other hand, should an s-f magazine, which readers buy to get that special thrill good s-f gives them, print a story with only incidental s-f content?

I try to review at least one story in every issue of every magazine. But a story not worth reading is certainly not worth reviewing. From now on, unless Amazing and Fantastic improve, I won't bother mentioning them. I do read all of the new stories. I don't read the reprints. All of the stories that strike me as worthwhile I review. In the past four months,

There have been only four good stories that were not reviewed because of Buck's editorial pruning: "People of the Black Circle" (Amazing, January) and "The Hall of the Dead" (F&SF, February), both Conan stories, "Ringhost" (Famous S-F #2) a Rim Worlds story, and "By the Seawall" (If, January). I try to mention all series stories and other items of special interest.

F&SF - Edward L. Ferman (Ted White, Associate Editor)

"Planetoid Idiot" lacks credibility, partly because there is almost no physical description and partly because the characters and situation just aren't believable.

Since Fredric Brown pointed out that every fairy tale can be turned into an s-f story, writers have been milking folklore for all it is worth. One horrible example is Robert F. Young, who has turned dozens of good old stories into cute, maudlin science fiction. Now Terry Carr tries his hand at updating a few old myths. Even the outstanding writing doesn't make this work, and the "surprise" ending is no help at all.

There are some plots that s-f comes back to again and again. A. Bertram Chandler, Clifford Simak, and Fritz Leiber have all written memorable "moon walk" stories. The first one I read was ROCKET TO LUNA, a Winston juvenile. Ben Bova's attempt at a moonwalk in this issue is noteworthy only as a sequel to a much better story in Analog about a year ago. The other story must be read first, or the effect is completely lost.

The first half of "Cyprian's Room" is an entertaining, Alice-in-Wonderland look at modern writing and music, which is the only way to look at an art that talks about creating instead of actually being creative. The second half of the story takes itself too seriously. There are such excellent parodies of literary criticism in the story that I would have to laugh at any attempt I made to analyze it. It is easily the best thing in the issue.

I don't think Ron Goulart's Ghost Detective series, represented here by "Fill in the Blank", is as clever as it tries to be. I do wonder whether the setting is supposed to be a parallel world or our own.

ANALOG - John W. Campbell (Kay Tarrant, Assistant Editor)

It is possible for a story to be completely predictable and still be entertaining. In fact, if tv ratings are to be believed, most people prefer their stories that way. The predictable predominates in Analog. Anyone who is up on Campbell's editorials knows exactly what is going to happen next. Exceptions to this rule are particularly welcome. Read "Burden of Proof" by Bob Shaw in which some ingenious uses of "slow glass" are brought to light. "Slow glass", introduced in Analog, August 1966, is one of the most original s-f inventions in recent years. This story alone of those in this issue is thought-provoking as well as entertaining.

There is nothing wrong with pure entertainment, of course, if it is done with intelligence and style. THE TIME MACHINE SAGA, winding up in this issue, is a highly enjoyable example of that.

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"I didn't start out to be a fan at all; I met Ed Meskys at a party, and before I knew what had happened I had a membership in the N3F, a column in NIEKAS, and these recurring dizzy spells." ...Nan Braude  
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Robert P. Brown, 1484 Elm Ave, Long Beach, Calif. 90813, wants to contact someone who collects used plain blocks of US commemoratives. He needs a few 1965 issues to complete his collection.



# WITH JAUNDICED EYE

column by TED WHITE

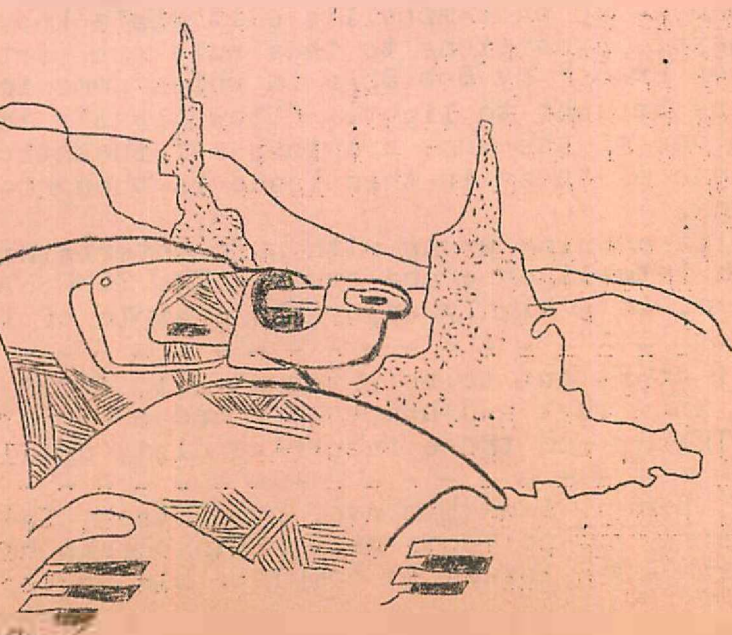
**REVIEWERS REVIEWED:** I'm in a peculiar position these days. I have a number of books up for review (as they say), and I pore over each new prozine which contains a review column with decidedly mixed emotions -- sort of breathless anxiety, I might say. I do this because I am aware that of the three books bearing my name published within the last twelve months, at least two are going to be panned--if reviews elsewhere are any indication--and yet, like a neo faned scanning the fmz reviews in Yandro, I search and I hope that it will be otherwise.

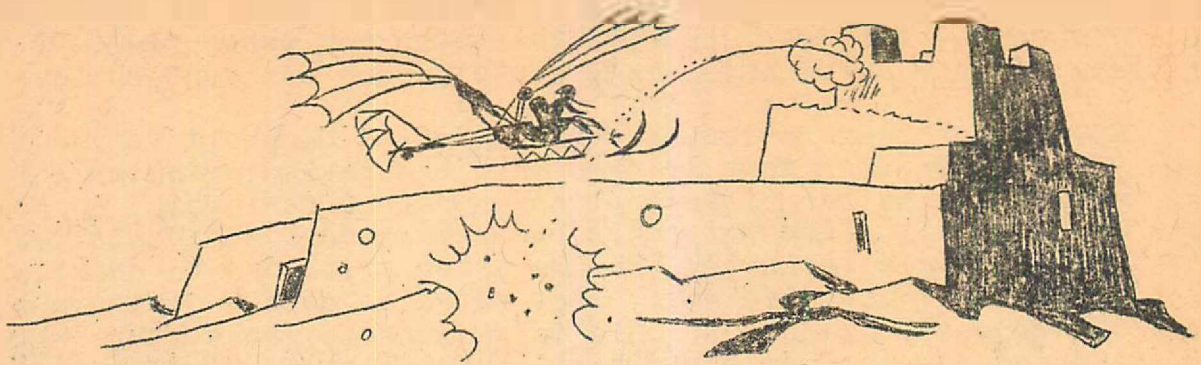
I am prompted into these observations by two almost-unrelated incidents: the review of my hardcover juvenile, MARAUDER SATELLITE, here in Yandro, and the fact that today I bought the latest Galaxy and read Algis Budrys' reviews with a growing feeling of puzzlement.

## Clarification:

I have high hopes for MARAUDER SATELLITE. I am reasonably convinced it's the best I've written to date, and it has scored exceptionally well with mundane reviewers like the Virginia Kirkus Service. It points in a direction I want to pursue--moderately ambitious sf juveniles in hardcover which will, if I am lucky, stay in print for years and make me lots of royalties (to offset the relatively low advances)... A paperback book rarely earns more than its advance, but a hardcover juvenile is--or should be--not unlike a pension plan, earning regularly for its author year after year. This is a real concern for anyone in as unstable a career as mine.

Naturally, I'd like critical recognition for the book, quite aside from its sales (which, at this point, are moderately insured)--because at heart I am a fan, and I thirst for egoboo. I'd like to hear from critics I value that, bighod, I really socked it in there, that time! I'd like to hear that, bigolly, I was finally writing some Decent Stuff.





Name me a writer who doesn't want as much, no matter how undeserving of it he may be.

Digression:

For some reason--perhaps the fact that I started reading Heinlein when I was eight--I've always had a strong affinity for a good juvenile, and for its intended audience. Put one way, you might say I've never entirely grown up. Many of my friends, throughout the years, have been teenagers, from thirteen up. I've never felt an age gap. I listen to rock music, and even occasionally write about it for Crawdaddy. I feel moderately in tune with the audience for sf juveniles. I've been there, and I remember. One of the things I wanted to do in MARAUDER was to do more than tell a simple adventure story. I wanted characterization which would demand the reader's involvement. I wanted to create a secondary plot around the protagonist, by unravelling his alienation as I advanced the story. I brought him to his final confrontation with himself in a pretty literal "dark night of the soul"--when he is adrift in space in his spacesuit--and had him solve his physical problem as he came to grips with the emotional one.

I did not try to write down to my audience, nor did I try to uplift them in any particular way. I just wanted a well-rounded book. I set it in the near-future and made it as solid and real as possible. (I did this almost too well. On page eleven, the narrator says, "I was born in 1966. I used to take a lot of kidding about how unlucky that is for a spaceman--1966 is the year we lost our first space team." I wrote that in June, 1965. I was off by about three weeks. It was one time when I would've settled for being completely wrong.)

In his review, Buck says that he wouldn't have liked the book at "that age"--the projected age of 12-15. As far as I'm concerned the age-limit is arbitrary, and could've been 10-18. But while Buck thinks there was too little action for that age (and maybe he's right that he wouldn't have cared for it at that age), I recall my fascination for Heinlein juveniles that started telling me about atomic power, and embodied chapters without action. In any case, the twelve-year-old son of an acquaintance liked the book fine, offering only that "Chapter Five was a little slow." So I guess tastes differ.

So it's a book I care about, and a book I care about being reviewed. And that brings us back to my topic.

There are three prozine reviewers today. Judy Merrill, P.S. Miller, and Budrys. They all have their faults, but the major one is simply this: there are only the three of them.

It's a dangerous situation. When three editors effectively control the prozines, and three reviewers the review columns, we are faced with a narrowness of taste and opinion that ultimately reflects itself upon us.



The situation with the editors has been dealt with before, and isn't worth rehashing, but let's size up the reviewers. I'll be subjective about it, because, remember, each of the three has three books of mine for review. I know each has; I made certain each was sent copies.

P.S. Miller has been reviewing for Analog and Campbell for so long that many have forgotten that he came onto the reviewing scene only in the early fifties, as one of several now-and-then reviewers, consolidating his position with "The Reference Library" almost accidentally.

Miller is a simple reviewer. He has never pretended to critical acumen, and has rarely revealed any. Most often he does a plot run-down and offers his subjective reaction. His is an amiable prose style without much pretension. One often feels he is ambling his way, smiling now and then, through his column. His major fault as a reviewer is simply that he still thinks like a fan, an enthusiast. He has eagerly followed the published career of a number of eminently forgettable authors, the only one I haven't forgotten being J. Hunter Holly.

Unfortunately, Miller does not shape his own column, and has less control over it than one might expect.

His method, as it has been told to me, is simple: he reviews books. These reviews are sent, individually, to John Campbell. Campbell orders them into a column, printing only those he chooses or has sufficient space for. Presumably the opening essay review is written closer to deadline for each month, although that is purely guesswork on my part. (However, it is easily substantiated by a recent column in which Miller more or less reviewed the same works twice, once in the lead-off review, and once, later, in a regular review that was probably submitted somewhat earlier and not intended to appear in the same column.)

During the period Analog was large-sized, Miller's column was amazingly complete. Sometimes it took him nine months or more to get to a book (and in the case of paperbacks, the book in question may be off the stands completely by then), but he seemed to get to them all, sooner or later.

Nowadays quite often as few as three or four books may be reviewed--and these are usually totally unrepresentative of current output.

Now here's my gripe: if we assume that Campbell is responsible for the final selection of reviews, we have an unparalleled case of a man bending over backwards to scratch his own back. For almost every month, with hardly an exception, the bulk of the reviews are of books connected with Analog.

The Analog anthologies are religiously reviewed. Campbell's collection of editorials had its rear end well bussed. And what seems like 80% of the remainder will include the identifying line, "Readers of Analog will recall this book when it appeared in these pages last year under the title of -----." If they can remember it that easily, why review it for them? Why not tell them something of the genre as it exists outside Analog's hallowed pages?

I dunno, but Miller has never reviewed anything of mine, I expect he never will--not unless it gets serialized in Analog first.

Judy Merrill has irritated me for years, and I have put this down as a Fact of Nature, in line with such similar phenomena as the fact that Sam Moskowitz also bugs me. I have given up fighting it. One doesn't fight Facts of Nature--one tries to live with them, just as those on the West Coast must live with the terrible knowledge that quite shortly the entire Pacific Coast will shelve off into the ocean. They manage productive lives in spite of this, you see.

Judy Merrill is, oddly enough, the only prozine reviewer ever to review a book of mine. The book was ANDROID AVENGER, and she was careful to be

nice to it...so careful, in fact, that she reviewed a somewhat different book of the same name. She told me later that she didn't expect to review anything else of mine, and thus far she's kept her word. The latest issue of F&SF contains the names of my current three offerings (two Lancer books and MARAUDER SATELLITE) in its We Also Heard From, the "Books Received" listing. Inasmuch as the first of the Lancer books was sent her last June, the second in December, and the juvenile this March, you may wonder, as I did, that all should be listed as "received" the same month.

Miss Merrill's tastes are peculiarly her own and will come as no surprise to those of you who recall my column last year which dealt with her confrontation with Roger Zelazny. She seeks Significance, and she ~~reels with it~~. Her latest column is so Significant that it is all but impossible to decipher which book she is reviewing.

Last year she wrote a column all about her troubles conning Berkley Books into sending her free review copies of its sf. It was unpleasant to read. What she didn't mention was her battle (which, for once, I supported) to review paperback originals in F&SF in the first place. Joseph Ferman feels that paperbacks comprise a direct competition with the Magazine, and for years he successfully resisted their review in F&SF's pages. Judy felt, as I do, that a great deal of what is happening today in sf is being done for paperback originals; the hardcover houses simply cannot keep up with it all.

A glance at her recent columns, and at the appended "Books Received", will indicate that several paperback publishers, Ace and Lancer among them, are sending her their total sf output. Berkley even sends her its Westerns and mysteries.

Today, Judy reviews hardcover books and Berkley Books, searching out that which is Significant, and writing about it almost as gushingly as do the With-it critics who applaud Andy Worhol's latest frauds. I can't expect much from her.

That leaves me A.J. Budrys. Ajay used to be a fan, and he also used to be one of the best sf writers around. (He may still be, but I haven't read his recent pieces yet.) All of this was before he moved to Chicago, where some inexplicable change took place in him which has turned many of his former friends and acquaintances there against him. I don't pretend to understand it, and I don't pretend to understand Ajay, whom I used to admire, and still somewhat covertly admire in my limited contact with him through his column in Galaxy.

I once sat at a bar at the Second City with Ajay, Frank Robinson, a couple of Chicago friends, and the girl I was dating there. It was an amusing hour or so, and Ajay very much dominated the proceedings. After a while it became time to take the girl home, and we left. When I returned to the apartment where I was staying, my friend told me, "After you left, Ajay said of you, 'There goes a guy who'll never be a writer', and a few other disparaging things."

That's stuck with me ever since, and these days I alternately fear and anticipate each new issue of Galaxy, wondering if he'll review one of my books, and if so whether he'll like it. I have the strong feeling that he will sneer openly at my Lancer books, and the thin hope that I might surprise him favorably with the juvenile. But I don't know. I just don't know.

As a reviewer, Ajay clings far better to the center of the road than either Miss Merrill or Miller. Like Miller, he is in and of the field, and has the capacity required to admire well-done space-opera. Like Judy, he has literary tastes and pretensions (and unlike her, he is capable of writing good fiction himself), and can cloak his reviews with both more



opinion and more critical dissection than Miller has ever attempted. He reveals some of the better qualities of Damon Knight, and yet does not succeed so well in rounded judgments concisely conveyed.

That's Ajay's major fault as a reviewer: he is often unclear. Terry Carr confesses he can't figure Ajay out. Recently he wrote a column in which he said that he was not being either a critic or a reviewer, but was just trying to help the reader with some money assess the marketplace. As Terry point out to me, "What does he think a reviewer is?" Neither of us could figure out his point in saying all this; he seemed to be saying he was going to change his style, his methods, or something.

Terry also tells me that he almost always disagrees with Ajay's reviews. I do sometimes myself, but usually I find them the most enjoyable to read. They have that 'insider' quality--almost as though we are overhearing shoptalk not meant for our ears, a private dialogue between reviewer and author--which I have always prized, and which I find increasingly instructive as a writer.

All of which boils down to the fact that I find Ajay the most readable, and most enjoyable of the three critics presently writing. But I have both doubts and fears about his reviewing any of my three books.

I am in an average position as a writer: I am moderately prolific--three to six books a year--but not in the front line of Established Old Pros and Important New Talents. I figure that my career as a writer will parallel my career as a fan in many respects. I started out in fandom at thirteen, and won little repute for the first five years I was a fan. My next five years made me one of the well-known fans of the day, and the most recent five have had the effect of consolidating my position as a BNF without undue effort on my part. Mine was a steady but unspectacular rise, and I once told a younger fan that I could guarantee he'd be a BNF if he had the patience to stick it out ten or more years--by which time he'd be a fixture in fandom to most fans, and an automatic BNF.

I expect I'll do much the same as a pro. I'll write books every year, and the novelty of a fan recently turned pro will wear off, and after a while I'll be a fixture--somebody who's been around long enough that his lowly origins are forgotten. And then--and only then--I expect I'll be regularly reviewed.

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PLANET POEMS: VI - Saturn  
by Rick Norwood

My home is warm.  
My fires are bright.  
My atmosphere  
Is deep and light.  
And I need never  
Fear the night  
That hides above my sky.

The clouds protect.  
The clouds conceal.  
A reef as snug  
As orange peel  
Blocks out the things  
I fear and feel  
Must lie above the sky.

The morning as  
The evening brings  
No change, no change,  
No bites, no stings  
And I can still  
My wonderings.  
That lies above my sky?

# Grumbles

Philip K. Dick

Terry Carr passed your review of my books, THE WORLD JONES MADE, on to me. I am pleased with the review--in general, however, rather than in particulars. What I want to argue back at you about is this statement of yours: "This was written back when Dick was still writing stories, rather than being significant." (Or rather "Being Significant," as you had it--you know, those special caps which reveal the clever sardonic insight of the critic's powerful mind.) It seems to me that you, in your various negative responses to my work, are making the same mistake that some of those who champion and defend my work are doing: namely, assigning a deep and subtle Meaning behind what I write. A sort of, What Do These Symbolic and Cryptic Utterances really Signify? As compared with, for example, their mere "surface appearance." The fact of the matter is this: there is no hidden meaning in my work (for example THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH). As a matter of fact, in a certain sense there is no meaning at all--that is, if by "meaning" you mean something beyond the actual text which is alluded to, pointed to, by the text itself. Frankly, my novels are mere adventures, but inner adventures, explorations, via the mind, of subjective reality with all its shifting forms--dream-like, so to speak, with plastic figures and landscapes which can shift back and forth (the prototype of this is Hubbard's masterpiece FEAR and Fred Brown's WHAT MAD UNIVERSE, the latter having had an enormous effect on me...and let's not forget THE MAN WHO WAS THURSDAY, which is subtitled, A NIGHTMARE). What I do, when I write a book, is to consider certain persons and a particular background, and explore the evolution of the relationship which the characters began to develop vis-a-vis that background. The logic of progression, however, is dream logic (as in ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS, which is really a dream book, as mine are).

Often it has been said that my basic theme is The Search For Reality Past the Mists of Illusion (Terry likes to say that, and so does Walt Breen and Ted White and so on). It is not reality which is being sought, actually; it is merely stability--a point at which the shifting subjective facets of the outside world cease to be in flux. It is as if the dreamer, at long last, has woken up (Andy Main is the only person I know who has guessed this, and he didn't approve of it one bit. "Hell," Andy quoth. "It's just another case of the cornball nothing, 'He woke up and it was all a dream.'" True. But I'm saying: Is it so easy to tell the dream from the non-dream? Is this ancient theme as simple as it appears to be, or isn't the problem so raised rather more complex?

Jung has developed, among much else, the theory of projection; unacceptable parts of a person's mind are projected outward, onto objective reality--coloring it, reshaping it, with that which is actually an interior element. This warpage of the worldview is a form of dream; it is as if we are half-awake at all times, partially dreaming during our entire day. And just exactly what is a dream, now that I've mentioned it. A dream, evidently, is a journey into one's own mind, into the deeper levels; elements of the unconscious appear in graphic form, assuming, as Shakespeare put it, "a local habitation and a name." The



basic flaw in the old "He woke up and it was all a dream" is the assumption that dreams are mutually exclusive with reality; at one moment you are asleep and all is dream; the next, you are awake and nothing is a dream. I write about twilight states, when the light of the inner world is dim but not extinguished. In this hypnagogic or hypnopompic state, half-real, half-dream experiences take place, and these are basically fantasy, either expressed wishes or fears. Hence, in such work of mine as THE THREE STIGMATA, horrid events occur--"bad trip" semi-hallucinations out of which the dreamer tries to wake himself, usually unsuccessfully, at least for a time.

In a sense, what I write is actually not science fiction (in the strict sense) but science fantasy. I am using science fiction, in fact exploiting, if you will, as a vehicle for something else: for the exploration of inner space--in contrast to objective outer space. The background, the "atmosphere," as you put it--it's located partly in the minds of the characters in the book and partly in the concrete, objective reality which they are all facing. I am also writing contrarily toward Aristotle's proposition of logic. "A thing is either A or Not-A," the so-called Law of the Excluded Middle. I claim that, however useful this proposition is in formal philosophical logic, it does not hold true for human experience. Often what we encounter is A (objectively real) as well as Not-A (a subjective projection, hence not "really there").

I'm sorry to go into such tiresome details, but I'm fed up with people reading Meanings into my books where no Meaning is intended. In the last analysis, my books simply are. They are not signs pointing at something else, something more significant. They are things-in-themselves, like a lump of coal or a cat's whiskers. You wouldn't ask a lump of coal, "What do you really mean?" would you? My books are Happenings, not symbol. Read them as such--and then, if you wish to, dislike them. But for god's sake, please dislike them for the right reason!

[Apologies. I can only cry that I was led astray by evil companions; while I could never discover any particular subtle significance in your books, I assumed that this was due to my obtuseness and that since Terry Carr and Walter Breen and Ted White found it, it must really be there, somewhere. And, no, I wouldn't ask a lump of coal or a cat's whisker what it really meant. I might mention, however, that I wouldn't pay 50¢ for one in the expectation of being entertained by it, either.

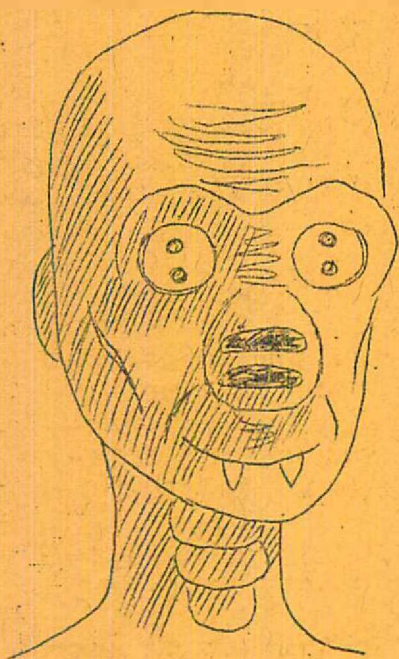
RSC/

Howard Mingus, RD #3, Auburn, Maine, 04210

The gang of us is trying to get up a group of fans who are against the war in Vietnam, to call ourselves Fans To End The War, and represent fandom at marches and such. It would be a big help if you would mention the idea in Yandro so we can see if there's any interest. If not, that's that, but if so, we may really have something.

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

When you dig yourself out from under the current UNCLE book, you might take a brief look at the "Sexton Blake" paperbacks currently being published by Madfadden. You might find them



REG  
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amusing, in spite of your well-known dislike for series books (not including, of course, the series books that you yourself write...?). Any book that takes place in an English village called Nether Bedrock already has something going for it!

You got farther in TREASURE OF THE BLACK FALCON than I did. I was ejected from the book on the crest of a rising gorge along about page 20... Having got all the way through the thing, maybe you can answer a question about the aliens in the book: are the Jogulers vein?

Inform Terry Carr that I have never harbored the slightest intention of writing in with earlier examples of whatever plot he is talking about. I can't speak for the seventeen others...

A minor cavil on Norwood's magazine review column: instead of saying "This issue of Galaxy..." or "The current Amazing...", why not identify the issues by date? Otherwise I enjoy his comments, and have found them on occasion a good guide as to what not to waste my time on.

Re: Danner's letter in Y170: WILD TALENT was, of course, the original hardcover title of Tucker's book; the first pb was retitled THE MAN FROM TOMORROW (because the latter sounded more science fictiony?), and the new edition reverts to the original title.

The J.I.M. Stewart which Danner mentions is the real name of Michael Innes, whom the Thompsons mentioned in Y169. So far he has used the Innes byline for the mystery and suspense novels, and the Stewart byline for more "serious" works. The latter often have an element of mystery to them, anyway.

Did I tell you that I tried Asey Mayo again? BANBURY BOG this time. Didn't get past the first chapter. I guess our tastes in mysteries are still as far apart as our tastes in all books used to be.

Willem Van den Broek, 1128 Birk, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 48103

I think this is amusing. Macfadden-Bartell has come out with a paperback reprint of van Vogt's THE CHANGELING, an oldie from Astounding and also one of the stories refabricated and mashed into that construct under the title of THE BEAST. Listen to their cover blurb:

THE WORLD WAS COMING TO AN END

...but only the toti-potents knew it. They were the instruments of the alien invaders.

Once they had been ordinary men. But when the invaders from space took possession of their bodies, they became immortal and perpetually young; able to read minds and predict and change the future: possessors of weapons infinitely more powerful than any Earth had ever known. And they began to hate men.

But because, outwardly, they still looked and acted like everybody else, there was no way to tell who they were - until they attacked!

You have to remember something about the book for this to be appreciated. As a matter of fact, the world was not coming to an end, there is nothing having anything at all to do with "invaders from space" in the entire book, and they did not hate men in any especially sinister





way. If they were able to predict and change the future, one should surely affirm that this lies within anyone's grasp, 'else why try and do anything? As Kingsley Amis said on a different occasion, this an "interesting sidelight on how publishers feel science fiction is read". Could this possibly be an appeal to THE INVADERS' audience? (I wouldn't know; I've never seen that show.) Anyway, it's rather sad Macfadden apparently thinks that the invaders-take-over-bodies-but-nobody-can-tell bit is so dear to the sf market as to justify twisting the blurb out of all recognition to the story on that account.

Rick Norwood, 640 Linden, Riverside, California, 92507

I have two minor corrections to make. In the March reviews what I call Amazing is really Fantastic, if it makes any difference these days. Also, "Jupiter" is the fourth planet poem, not the fifth.

So you think you have problems with the dear old USPOD. I tried to mail a package of comic strips to a British fan the other day.

"What have you got there?" asks the kindly but suspicious Negro behind the counter.

"Educational Materials," I say.

"What kind of Educational Materials?"

"Printed Matter."

"What kind of Printed Matter?" He is the soul of patience.

"Books."

"What kind of Books?"

Now it comes out. "Comic books," I confess.

He looks like he is sorry for me. "This won't get there unless you wrap it better. You better put some tape around it or something."

I take my package home, rewrap it, and come back the next day. This time there is an old lady behind the counter. "What have you got there?" she asks.

"Comic books," I say, tired of beating around the bush.

"Oh," she says, "Printed Matter."

"Educational Materials," I say. I know my rights.

"That classification was discontinued two years ago. It will have to go as printed matter. But printed matter going overseas has to be opened by customs. You've taped this thing shut. That won't do. It has to be tied with string."

I take my package, tie it with string, and come back the next day. There is yet another old lady behind the counter. This one has a scowl on her face. "Whatta ya want?"

I put the package down in front of her. "Printed Matter," I say.

She hefts it. "Too heavy. Can't go printed matter. Has to go third class." She checks this on Chart B, Table 2, Book 24-1877.

"How much?" I ask.

"Three bucks."

This is about twice as much as I expected. The last package I sent never arrived, so I ask her to insure this one. "Can't" she says. "It isn't wrapped tight enough. If you want to insure it, you have to tape it shut."

"But, I had it taped shut," I protest, "and they made me take it back and tie it."

"That was when it was Printed Matter". Now it is Third Class. Third Class has to be taped for me to insure it."

"Never mind then. Take care of it."

"Sure," she says, tossing the box over her shoulder. "Look, mister, if you want to save yourself a lot of trouble, read this."

She hands me a booklet on postal regulations. It is dated 1952.

So much for the USPOD.

/I've always gotten along fine with local post offices; all one needs to do is be firm and know more about what one is mailing than the postal clerk does. It usually requires two or three arguments to convince the clerk of this, after which he takes your word for things. Our current mailing problems are caused by the regional center in Muncie, which I can't get at. (Actually, the local clerk I deal with the most is pretty sharp, tho there is one old codger in the place that I've learned to avoid. RSC7

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

Hey, don't use junk/occupant type mail for bookmarks and crudsheets! Send it back!..with a vengeance. Like so; throw everything in a small box near the door or wherever it is handy. Then, as soon as you get a return postcard or letter with postage already on it...heh! You take a manila envelope (marking out any other addresses thereon, if you are using a used envelope, and why not?) and fill it full of all that nice junk mail you've got saved up. If you've got more room, throw in some crud sheets, old newspapers, or anything else handy to add weight. With me so far?

Now, tape or paste the return-postage-paid card or envelope on the outside of the manila envelope. Write on it in big letters "Help Stamp Out Junk (unsolicited) Mail!". Now, that may not be enough to classify it First Class Mail, so you also hand-write a li'l note to the effect that any more such mail directed at you will result in even weightier mail being returned; this is the sneaky part...writing on the outside of the envelope (so the PO can see it) makes the whole thing First Class Mail, you see...and the junk mail people have to pay 1st Class postage on that heavy package returned to them!

To show you how effective this is, we have managed to do something which seemed impossible in the normal life span of a human being; we got taken off the Readers' Digest sucker list! Of course, it took two heavy envelopes to do it, and the last envelope did have the threat that the next package would contain a couple of bricks...and I did also point out that I could keep this up as long as they could! Maybe longer..because I had a few more ideas, should the bricks run out...

Oh, you don't, of course, put your return address on the outside. The PO won't usually open a First Class package to see who sent it; they'll hit the other end of the line for the extra postage. Should it get returned to you, of course you refuse it; it's junk mail, and you've the right. Anyway, the people who get it back will know, because of all the other junk mail (addressed to you) which you've thoughtfully added to the package.

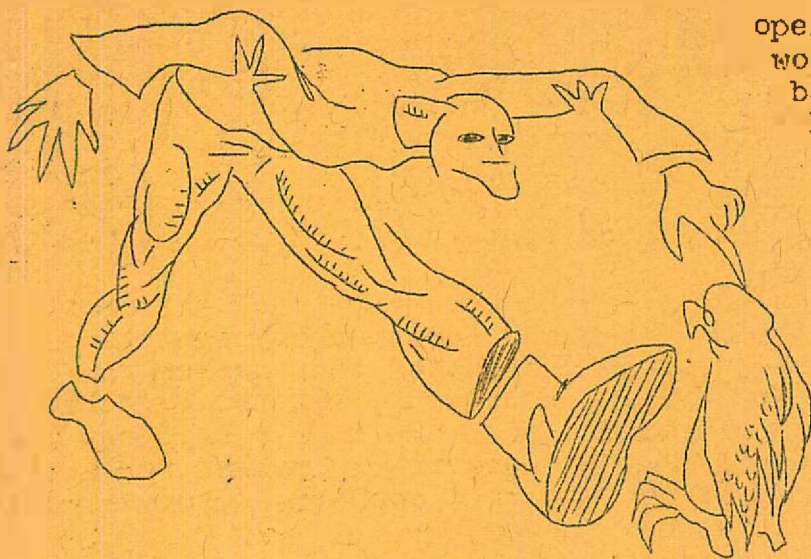
Pass this idea on to your local housewives; you'll be amazed at how delighted most of them will be to be able to strike back!

Watch out for the li'l private type solicitors, such as Bible and Christian organization groups...they have a nasty tendency to strike back by sending you something on which there is at least 8¢ postage due. Now, I ask you, is that the Christian way to do things? Aren't they supposed to turn the other cheek?

I can't see fans running the PO; can't you just hear the excuses now... "Well, last month's mail is around here somewhere and I'll mail it out Real Soon Now..." "I'd send on the mail, but I spent all the stamp money on food for the baby..." "Joe Fann was supposed to help me deliver the mail, but his car stopped and..." If we went back to carrier pigeons, now.

Buck, we realize that fandom probably can't support two funds such as TAFF and TOFF. I don't know what solution will eventually be reached,





unless TAFF is eventually opened to fans all over the world (in which case, it may become TOFF, who knows?).

But we are not trying to push anything like that; if there is a demand for it, fandom will see that it comes about, later. Right now, we (speaking for the "LA in 68" bidding committee) just hope to have a one-shot TOFF bit for Takumi Shibano. Anything more than that will be up to fandom.

A quick note on Heinlein's females; I don't think they are unbelievable,

and I've often wondered why so many males seem to think they are! I've asked other gals about this, and most of them seem to think Heinlein's gals are pretty good. Is there something about them being able to take care of themselves, that hurts the average male ego, or something? An interesting line of thought; so long as Panshin doesn't try to follow it! I'd like to hear from other women on this, myself; long ago it was made clear to me that what men saw in a female and what that female was actually like were two entirely different things.

We didn't get the issue of Yandro with the Star Trek illos by Juanita and the article by Ted White; if you've an extra copy, we'd like it. But Felice phoned me (for another reason entirely) and Played the Game with me, too...Same results. When John got home from work, I told him that Ted White had an article on Star Trek in Yandro, and got the same answer as usual. As you say, Ted has a distinctive (or do we read "predictable?") writing style.

Can we vote some sort of award to Norm Clarke for "Nit" Pickering?

I (upon reading Donaho's letter) started thinking about my reading. I've a very catholic taste in reading matter, I guess; anything that comes along...even cereal boxes, dictionaries, or phone books if nothing else is available. Not counting magazines, I average about 4 books a week, now. What with nursing, I can get a lot of reading done, since Lora needs to be fed about every 4 hours and I have to wake up to some degree, even at 3 a.m....so maybe I'm getting in more reading than 4 books a week at that. I don't keep very close track, nowadays. I used to read about 1½ books a day, along with magazines, and other readable material; even on the farm as a kid, I'd read while feeding chickens, stirring jam, or even washing dishes (this is a soggy process, but sure gets a lot of reading done!).

John here: Sort of a preliminary report on this Hugo vs. Pong business: the mail response to HUGO REPORT #1 has run to being about equally divided as to the merits of the Fan Achievement Awards idea, but almost totally opposed to the method whereby the NYCon 3 Committee (Ted White) established the awards. I'm really very much afraid that Ted has done his cause (and a worthy idea) more harm than good in this. And that the "Pong" stands a very good chance to be a one-shot odd-ball; all three '68 bidders plan to go by the rules in awarding the Achievement Awards, and if the rules aren't amended at NYCon to include the Pongs, then the Fanzine Hugo will be reinstituted in '68.

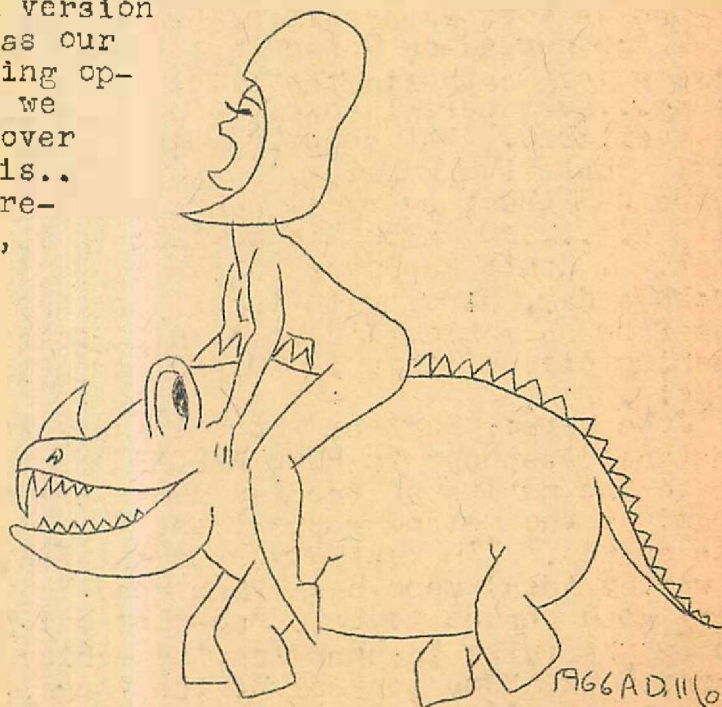
Dave Hulan has an article coming up in the next Quip (#16), which rather nicely delineates the two functions of Convention Committees: 1) putting on the con, in which function they are responsible to no one but themselves, and 2) awarding the Hugos and the next con-site, where they have rules to go by, which are some kind of collection of fannish thot (however incomplete they may be, they are still a distillation of fairly diverse opinion). I think, and so do most others I've either talked to, or corresponded with, that Ted and the NYCon 3 Committee have these two confused, or lumped into one, and I hope that they come to, and rectify the situation before Labor Day.

But then, New York WorldCons have always been known for this sort of thing, haven't they. Guess that NYCon 3 shouldn't be any exception.

Back to Bjo: I've forgotten just who designated the monster on VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA as "The Walking Rutabaga", but the term has caught on in Apa-L. I am rather reminded of a mandrake root I saw in a Chinese herbalist's office, once. (I had gone there looking for golden-seal, in case you want to know; it used to be a country-doctor remedy for canker sores...I didn't find any.)

Re the UFO program, I am reminded of an old newspaper or magazine article I read once (it may have been the same publication containing the article titled "Why All Women Will Wear Trousers Within 20 Years" and a dreadfully scientific analysis of why nobody could stand speeds (in an auto; trains were OK, for some reason) of more than 30 miles an hour without suffocating). Anyway, some character suggested that we all combine efforts, pick out a huge area of land (he suggested Siberia, which nobody used for anything else, anyway) and plant something there in the shape of common mathematical symbols so that the mature plants would form the symbols several miles in width and length! The idea was that anyone on one of our other planets would be able to see these symbols (are you still with me?) and since the language of mathematics surely must be not only universal but at least interplanetary, we'd have this great method of letting our neighbors know that Earth was inhabited by an intelligent specie or two, see? He offered no suggestions as to the types of plants that might survive a Siberian winter or two, but did come up with a simplified version of the idea (still using Siberia as our "blackboard", which shows a charming optimism, if nothing else) in which we planted something like wheat all over the entire area and then...get this.. cut down certain parts of it (thereby supplying food for the workers, I guess) to leave the huge mathematical symbols standing. How is that for an idea?

I fail to understand this antipathy to "junk" mail. I find it occasionally helpful, often amusing, and seldom any trouble. In some magazine recently, a woman complained about accumulating "a one-foot stack" of junk mail. So? I get that much at least every week, and so what? That's a totally insignificant percentage of the





trash that accumulates here and which I burn every week. I am incensed by newspaper accounts saying that the postage on it only pays about half the cost of delivery, but that's easy to correct, if anyone really wants to. As for the stuff itself...well, I just got a coupon entitling me to a FREE sample of Conwood Chewing Tobacco, "In the Revolutionary Foil-Fresh Pouch!" Doesn't that inspire your sense of wonder? It does mine. (Did I send for the free sample? Damn right. I'll use it, too; nicotine is great for stopping a toothache, whether decay or sinus-caused. I'll bet it would even work on your canker sores.)RSC

Heinlein heroines: just as an unresearched reaction, I recall identifying with the Tomboy on the Moon (don't recall the title)...until she started acting like an idiot over the hero; and the Empress in GLORY ROAD pleased me, too (although I certainly couldn't identify with her); as for RAH's religiopolitical novels, the girl in TROOPERS made no impression at all, the girls in STRANGER were no different from any other male-utopia's harem girls (that I could sense), and Barbara Whatsername must have been kind of a shnook to be attracted to Farnham in the first place. I do recall liking some of Heinlein's earlier heroines. The two heroines created by male writers I have admired most and felt most real are Russell's "Lena" and Asimov's "Susan Calvin". And I first heard the reference to VOYAGE's walking rutabaga from Kay Anderson of Albuquerque; it immediately seemed perfectly descriptive, and not only do I now call it that, but so does Bruce -- he spotted it on a LOST IN SPACE episode and giggled over its appearance (he doesn't take either VOYAGE or LOST IN SPACE at all seriously, but is enthralled by ST, even though some of it needs explaining to a nine-year-old; I'm afraid he's going to be pretty cynical about monsters in rubber suits from now on). JWC/

Don Hutchison, 147 Leacrest Road, Toronto 17, Ontario, Canada

I'm enclosing a clipping or two from the Toronto Globe for Juanita's STAR TREK file if she wants them. Nothing very informative, I guess, but I got a kick out of the guy who was "not usually a crusader" raising such a fuss because the show was pre-empted for one week. Also note the number of people who phoned in to plug the program. Looks as if the vocal support is not limited to faaans. One friend of mine (who doesn't read sf) claims it's the only tv show he watches. Would you believe two or three more seasons?

Buck, I'm disappointed in you. I thought we were sympatico. I not only enjoy your book reviews but actually hold up buying some questionable items until I see what my first reader (you) has to say about them. I'll bet you didn't know you had such power to ~~wax~~ sway men's minds. I bought Delany's EINSTEIN INTERSECTION when it came out, though, read it, and thought ha! ha! Wait till old Buck sees this one. I mean, knowing what you think of Ballard and the school of symbolic sf I could hardly wait to see Delaney get his knocks. But hold! Not only do you regard the book as sf (I don't.) but you're actually touting it for a Hugo. Mind you, I knew others probably would; anything that smacks of literary quality, whether it's entertaining or not, has a good chance for Hugo nomination. Maybe I'm just jaded by precociousness, but I'll say one thing for Delaney (other than that I enjoyed some of his earlier books): it takes a good writer to write something as stylishly bad as THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION.

Which is where I'd like to put in a good word for Phil Dick. I think Dick is still writing good stories. The fact that he also has something to say (and something genuine at that) is merely an extra bonus. Unlike EINSTEIN INTERSECTION or Ballard's ASSASSINATION WEAPON, for examples, Dick's stories are clearly sf, the difference between them and Sturgeon's other 90% being in the high level of imagination Dick possesses and the

brilliance with which he executes his work. He's still writing SCIENCE FICTION however, and he's still writing STORIES, the plots and subplots intricately woven, the characters well realized, the dialogue convincing and relevant. Well, as I say, we seem to agree on most other things, though. Particularly on Brunner, whose current work is outstanding and is also science fiction.

/While the Delany book has handicaps (the most prominent being his damned author's notes), I still think it was a pretty good story. I guess my problem with Dick's latest books is that I'm not interested in other people's nightmares. His technical ability -- the way he can use words -- makes me somewhat envious, but I don't like what he's doing with it. RSC/

David Chute, Box 101 A, RFD #3, Auburn, Maine, 04216

I get a little irked at the obsession some fans have with STAR TREK. Sure it's good; I watch it when I can, but best dramatic Hugo?, you gotta be kidding! Did any of you see Fahrenheit 451 or that Chrysler Theatre story about the land race in the overpopulated future? (from a Sheckley story I think)? I really worry about fandom when things like that happen! One of the nice things about STAR TREK is the fact that I can do something else, like read, write, draw, while I'm watching and not miss a thing. Try doing that to F.451. Is anyone besides me pushing that film?

I agree with Milt Stevens, Kirk is not a believable captain, and Shatner is a pretty poor actor. Since I myself am planning a career as an actor, it bugs me to see no talent pretty boys like that get so much praise. You want to see a good actor at work see Olivier's Othello, or The Crucible as it was recently shown on tv, with George C. Scott, the best American actor, without doubt. You seem to be making the connection, "If he's in a science-fiction play, he's good!" Silly of course. Stephen Boyd is lousy too, so's Raquel Welch, while Julie Christie and Oscar Werner are superb.

Terry Carr is wrong! THE LITTLE PEOPLE is a great book! The reason he doesn't like the characters is because they're not cardboard. How can he possibly call them stereotyped? Since most SF characters are either brilliant young scientists, young military men, or little kids, he really has no cause to grumble. Like many another person, he is very much afraid of anything different, or new. As for voting NO AWARD for drama Hugo; you must have thought something was better than the rest? So vote for it!

Jerry Kaufman knows that POGO is the best comic strip anywhere. Did any of you see the recent bit about the UFO?

The thing I don't like about Catholicism is the way Catholics knuckle under to the Pope. I've heard that the main reason the Pontiff doesn't want to change the birth-control ruling, is that it will throw a bad light on previous Popes who have upheld the doctrine. Let's face it, we can't let the population increase at the rate it is now; if we do we'll be smothered by our own weight! I agree with you, Bob, that whatever method is used the intent is the same. Maybe they think they can outsmart God. Nuff said, hope you print this!

/Being basically a kindhearted soul, I ordinarily wouldn't have printed your letter, but since you asked...William Shatner spent several years on the stage, where he received plaudits for his acting from people who know a lot more about acting than you do. I haven't seen "Fahrenheit", but people whose opinions I respect tell me it's not what it's cracked



up to be. I did see "The People Trap", if that's what you're talking about -- it was ABC STAGE 67, not Chrysler Theatre -- and it was about as sorry a lot of tripe as the average ABC STAGE 67 program. Quite possibly Terry Carr called the characters stereotyped because they are stereotyped. The fact that you didn't recognize the stereotypes presented doesn't mean that they aren't there, you know. In an earlier letter, you said Christopher was consistent -- that I'll admit. He's so damned consistent that he's written the same book about four times now.

RSC7

J.A. McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada

Once when reviewing one of Boardman's Diplomacy zines several years ago you stated that every move in the game was preceded by treachery, or words to that effect. Really good players rarely go back on an agreement; the rare occasions when they do so are chosen, however, with care. Derek Nelson and Charles Wells, for example, would be on most lists of top players; I have never known either of them to break an agreement in the game.

From the printed comments in Diplomacy fanzines, I got the impression that the game wasn't much fun unless you got to doublecross someone. Maybe they exaggerate.

RSC7

Dick Lupoff, Merry Hill, Poughkeepsie, New York, 12603

When Buck wrote his review of J.C. Burroughs' TREASURE OF THE BLACK FALCON he seemed to miss one of the most golden opportunities that a reviewer ever faced. Let me see how I can adequately express this. First of all, these aliens, the Jogulans, as I recall, although described as being made up purely of brain tissue, were not made of wholly undifferentiated -- homogenized -- brain tissue, i.e., there were also fine blood vessels running through them, if I recall aright. Also, didn't they go around injecting one another with drugs? Well now, if those drugs had been in the form of gas rather than a liquid...that is, as the aliens in their strange obsolete form of speech might have called "vapours" or "Humours"...did the injection of the dope not then constitute: H\*U\*M\*O\*U\*R I\*N A J\*O\*G\*U\*L\*A\*R V\*E\*I\*N ?

Listen, Coulson, I've been sick.

Hey, I saw the Truffault flic of FAHRENHEIT 451, and ya know what... it was lousy! Wassa matter you, Milt Stevens? The film is dull, flat, unconvincing, uncompeiling and ultimately, unfortunately, plain uninteresting. It is also quite faithful to the book. Which leads me to wonder if Bradbury is just unsuited to dramatization. His effectiveness, such as it is, as a writer, derives to so great an extent from his actual writing style, his "wordsmanship", that once those words themselves are taken away, the printed page removed, and a moving, human image substituted, that the whole thing collapses. Well, maybe THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES will be better. But I'm leery.

I see the STAR TREK controversy rages on in Yandro, largely in response to Ted White's attack on the show, I think, rather than the various pieces praising it. What surprises me is that no one seems to have picked up on the violent inconsistency in Ted's attack, in that he holds that STAR TREK must be a bad show because it is a series show. That is, it has the same central characters and basic rationale week after week. He then says that THE AVENGERS is a good show...completely overlooking or ignoring the fact that it is also a series show with the same central characters and basic rationale week after week. I'm not really rallying for or against either show (in fact I like both although not exactly

equally well), just trying to wave a banner a bit for logical consistency.

Book note: I'm just finishing reading VOODOO FIRE IN HAITI by Richard A. Loederer (anybody with those initials...) I'm doing a little digging in preparation for my next science fiction novel, to be titled WAR OF THE DOOM ZOMBIES, and the Loederer book was recommended.

Well, unfortunately, the information on voodoo in general and zombies in particular is discouragingly generalized and skimpy -- I was after authentic formulae, incantations, etc (and any Yandro reader who can supply same...) -- but the book itself is by far the finest travel book I've ever read, and anyone looking for exotic atmosphere might do well to try it. Loederer visited Haiti, travelled around by small commercial boat, rowboat, and on foot, trekked through the jungle, met the classical White-Man-Gone-Native, lived on the native cuisine, patronized a native pleasure house, visited a voodoo shrine (of course!), rode on the incredible toonerville trolley of a narrow gauge railroad that traversed the country (Compagnie Nationale des Chemins de Fer d'Haiti), and generally did the Whole Bit.

Then he went home to Vienne and wrote his book, containing many illustrations by himself (he was basically an artist rather than a writer to start with). It's a marvelous book; for once the translation does not detract as it does in too many books, especially, it seems, those translated from German. The translator deserves a bit of credit too: his name is Desmond Ivo Vasey.

Even though the book was published in 1935 (Loederer (according to Jack Tannen, who recommended the book, it's pronounced Leed-er-er) made his trip in '32), it isn't too hard to turn up. It's a handsome book, nicely printed on creamy paper with Loederer's illustrations showing up well with the strong blacks that he favored. Loederer also provides an end-paper map...which can be useful if you're interested in following him geographically as he travels about.

And I swear, with minimal changing, the whole thing could be a 1930s type Thrilling Wonder Story set on Venus.

I have to take issue with your reply to Marty Helgesen, where you say "The object of contraception is to prevent children from being born." Well, almost but not quite. And while you may accuse me of being a nit-picker, you can hardly call me a Catholic (or even a Christian).

The purpose of contraception is to prevent children from being conceived...your definition fails to differentiate between contraception and other ways of preventing birth, most notably abortion. In the one case, the fetus is not formed. In the other, it is destroyed - killed.

So hokay, so So what? So this: depending upon the matter of when the fetus becomes a person (Religious read: when God invests the fetus with a human soul), abortion may constitute murder. Maybe. My own attitude is that contraception is perfectly acceptable, by anyone, by any means...

I think that a fetus, right up to birth, is an unconscious, unknowing, unthinking blob, and certainly not a person. In fact, I'm not even certain that the "person" appears, instantly and miraculously, at birth. Maybe "personhood" develops gradually over a period of time... But here I'm really on uncertain territory.

/I see your point, but when I said "nit-picking" I was including arguments about when a fetus becomes a person. Conception and birth are the only two definite points; the fetus develops gradually. So either it isn't a person until birth, or it's a person as soon as it's conceived. If the latter, what's the moral difference between murdering a person and preventing a person? The result is exactly the same; the reasoning of the individuals involved is precisely the same.



# GOLDEN MINUTES ♦

WAR OF THE WING-MEN, by Poul Anderson (Ace, 50¢) I like this reprint better on rereading than I did when it first appeared. Anderson has tried to implant a few ideas here; that heroism and heroics have little in common, that heroes need not be cleanout young men with Anglo-Saxon names, and that once in awhile a woman might prefer intelligence to muscles. These are pretty radical ideas for adventure fiction -- the last one is pretty radical for any sort of fiction, which generally seems to imply that the men women really go for are emotional, neurotic louts. The story carrying these ideas is adequate if not inspiring. If you haven't already read the book, you should. You might learn something (tho judging from some of the recent letters from new readers, I doubt it. Well, from one new reader; let's not exaggerate.)

THE SUNLESS WORLD, by Neil R. Jones (Ace, 50¢) The second book in the Prof. Jameson series. Hardly as good as the first one. Jones displays his knowledge of physics ("To find the mass attraction, we must find the dimensions of the lithosphere...or at least gain a workable average of the ocean's depth" -- this is the mass attraction of a planet he's talking about), biology ("It was apparent instantly that they were of a higher intelligence than the Uchke. Their heads and bodies were more in accord with each other" -- the Uchke having larger heads, in proportion to body size, than humans, and therefore being obviously stupid) and English ("And are you the real figurehead, the ruler of this planet's destiny?"). I'm willing to accept that the phrase "The outer planets, with the exception of Mars and the Earth" is a typo from Ace; surely not even Jones would imply that Mars and Earth are outer planets. The book contains three stories, "Into The Hydrosphere", "Time's Mausoleum", and "The Sunless World", all of which first appeared in AMAZING STORIES in 1933 and 1934. They should have stayed there.

I HAVE NO MOUTH AND I MUST SCREAM, by Harlan Ellison (Pyramid, 60¢) This includes seven stories, "Big Sam Was My Friend", "Eyes of Dust", "World of the Myth", "Lonelyache", "Delusion For A Dragon Slayer", and "Pretty Maggy Moneyeyes", in addition to the title story. There is an introduction by Sturgeon, who feels that Harlan is on his way to becoming a fine writer, perhaps a Great Writer. Only two of the stories first appeared in science fiction magazines, so most of them will be new to you unless you habitually read KNIGHT. (I don't; maybe you do.)

THE GNOMOBILE, by Upton Sinclair (Tempo, 50¢) I thought this was just too, too terribly precious, and written-down to the point of nausea. However, it's written for young children, and when I asked Bruce for his opinion, he said he thought it was pretty good. So consider it for small children, but don't buy it for yourself, even if you sometimes like juvenile fantasy. (It's about these revoltingly innocent gnomes who want to save the redwood forests, and the terribly cute little girl who discovers them, and her rich friend who just happens to be the heir to a lumber empire, and.....it nauseated me, and I'm an ardent conservationist.)

WARLOCK OF THE WITCH WORLD, by Andre Norton (Ace, 50¢) A fairly big one for your money, as those things go these days. This is the fifth in her "Witch World" series, if I counted right, and a direct sequel to Three