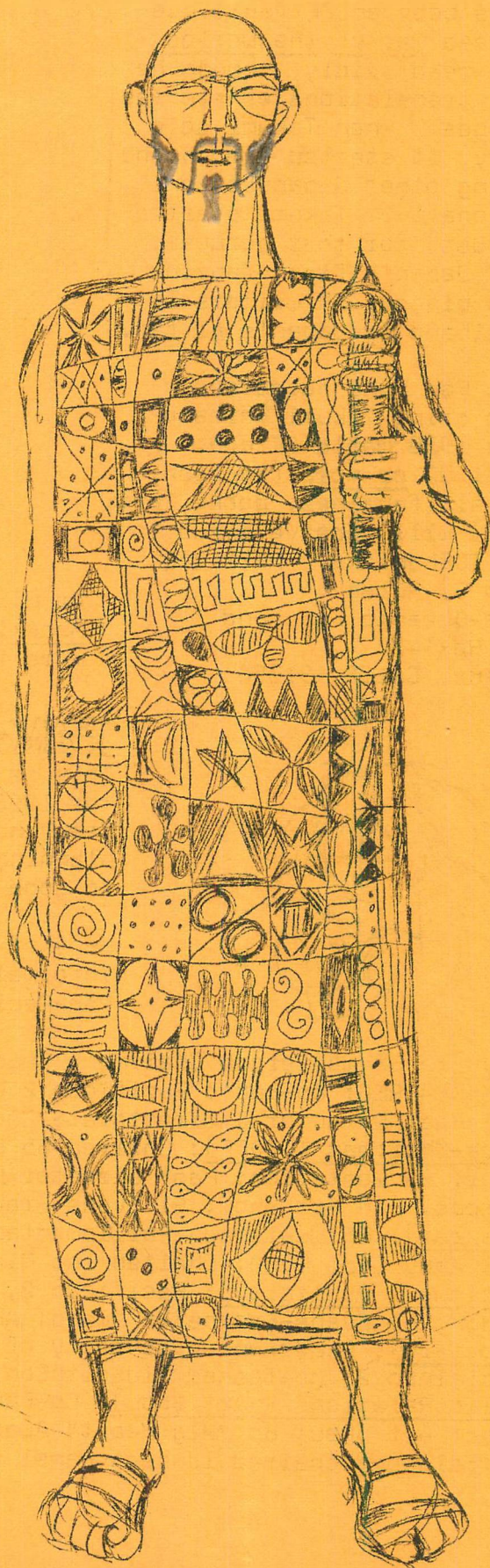


YANDRO
173



TOFF~

Takumi Shibano has been an SF fan since age 14, when he read War of the Worlds; from that time he read avidly, though he had to settle for translations of stories from other languages. When Takumi sold his first SF story, it started him on the road to encouraging other Japanese fans to write professionally. Takumi started UCHUJIN [Cosmic Dust] for that purpose; from the pages of Japan's first fanzine have come today's biggest SF writers in Japan. Takumi Shibano is Japan's #1 fan.

The Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund needs about \$1000 in order to bring Takumi Shibano to the US for the 1968 World SF con. Contributors of \$1.00 or more [in cash, or salable material (fanzines, books, art, mss, comics, etc)] will receive a sub to MANEKI-NEKO, the TOFFanzine. Make all checks to: David G. Hulan
Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund
P.O. Box 422
Tarzana, Calif. 91356



At WESTERCON XX and NYCON 3, look for Maneki-Neko [the beckoning cat] for more information about the TOFFund.



PAN-PACIFICON~

This is the Los Angeles-Tokyo bid for the 1968 World SF Con. The ol' "Shaggy Crew" has recruited assistance, and is planning on utilizing their experience to good use in putting on a great Worldcon.

Many of you already know us, but for the information, here's a run-down on the Pan-Pacificcon Committee members:

AL LEWIS [Chairman]: 62 Westercon Chairman; Seacon, Chicon 3 Auctioneer; former editor SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES; co-pub'd Pacificon 2 PR's & Program Book; Parliamentarian for LASFS; Past Director & Directorate Chair N3F; 59 Evans-Freehafer Award.
JOHN TRIMBLE [Vice-Chairman & TOFF]: Chaired 65 Westercon; Sec'y 62 Westercon; Co-Fan Guest of Honor, 66 Westercon; Past Director LASFS; Hugo Study Comm.; former editor SHAGGY; Treas. Fan Art Show; 61 Evans-Freehafer Award.
DAVE HULAN [Treasurer]: 65 Westercon Parliamentarian; past Director LASFS; former treasurer LASFS & Andy Capp Fund; Chaired 1st MidSouthCon; 66 Rebel Award.
FRED PATTEN [Auctions & Publicity]: Pacificon 2, Tricon costume judge; former Director LASFS, N3F; 65 Evans-Freehafer Award; Active collector & Apa member.
KATYA HULAN [Secretary]: Experienced as Sec'y of non-fan organizations; conducted ISL raffle at Pacificon 2; hostessed MidSouthCon I.
BJO TRIMBLE [Public Relations & Art Show]: Co-Fan GoH 66 Westercon; Founder & Director of Project Art Show; 65 "Big Heart" Award; Organized first WorldCon Fashion Show, 58 Solacon; chaired longest panel in Worldcon history, Detention.

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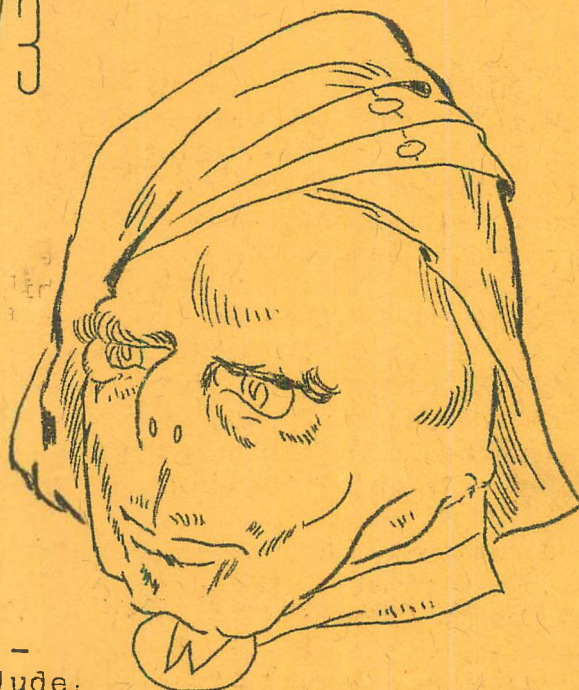
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ARTWORK

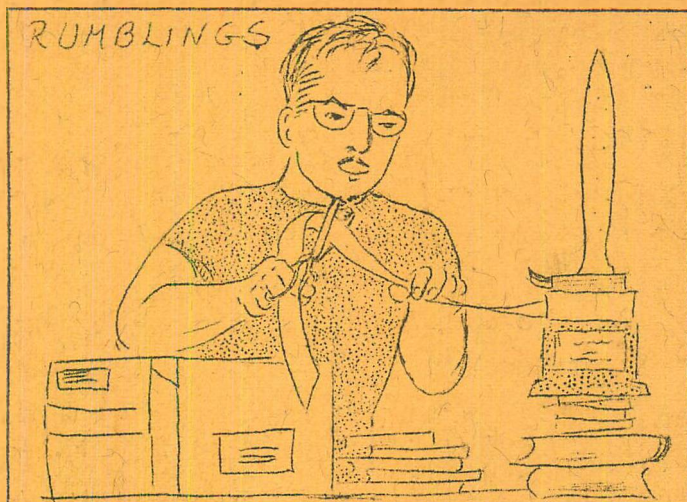
Cover by Cynthia Goldstone (courtesy of Pan-Pacificcon Committee)

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Page 7	DEA	Page 28	Jay Kinney
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RSC



This is being typed August 3rd, 1967, and with luck we'll get it in the mail Saturday the 5th in Marion, Indiana. That way it goes through the Kokomo, Indiana, regional post office - not the unmentionable den of molasses that is the Muncie, Indiana, regional post office. Hopefully, you will receive your copy in time to be reminded to vote in the Hugo balloting. There is nothing sadder than a great amount of complaining about the results followed by a disclosure by the committee that only one

in ten or less of the voters eligible bothered to use the ballots.

(Of course, if the turnout is nice and fat and the results are still utterly incomprehensible, then you may complain at the top of your voices, with my blessing.)

It has been a long hot summer, though not nearly so hot out here in the uncongested hinterlands as in the big cities of the northern USA. When the DeWeeses were last down to visit in July, several weeks ago, bev and I were instantly agreed that the only surprise about the wave of riots and revolts was that they took so long to occur.

Back in the early '50s I was on the campus of the Lynd's Middletown, Muncie Indiana. At that time the last five rows of one section of one of Muncie's better theaters bore eyelets through which a chain passed; if a Negro patron was desperate enough to purchase a ticket for a film, the manager would personally escort the Negro to this section, lower the chain and allow him to seat himself, then carefully replace the chain -- presumably to prevent this savage cannibal from escaping and attacking the white patrons of the theatre. And that was small town, and not so very long ago. A memory that bitter is not easily forgotten with a few long overdue removals of bars to civil rights.

My own awakening was not from prejudice, but from blissful ignorance. I had been raised totally color blind, had gone to an integrated school, but had socialized little, either with whites or Negroes. Then at college I had my first shocking encounter with the stupidity and pettiness of prejudice; I was in a party of four girls driving uptown to see THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, and we stopped at a drive-in restaurant for a snack before the film....at which point we were refused service (in the car!) because one of the girls happened to be from Sierra Leone and noticeably Negro, even to the hidden manager of the drive-in. (He lacked the courage to come out and deny us service, but sent a poor flunky of a car hop to perform the odious announcement.)

After stupefaction wore off, rage set in, and bev DeWeese introduced me to a small campus organization then working to eliminate such inequities. I don't know how much actual good we did; possibly very little, since we were few in numbers -- and at that time civil rights wasn't an "in" cause, so our recruits were painfully few. But I had my eyes opened and my curiosity stimulated: How long would it take for this sort of constant, bitter experience to bear fruit? Approximately fifteen years, as it turned out.

Of course, it's no longer strictly a matter of color. Economics have entered the picture, and I'm afraid it will get a great deal worse before it gets better...particularly if the Federal legislative continues to pull such brilliancies as laughing to death a rat control bill.

The violence is not surprising; only that it took so long to erupt. For a bit of background as to possible genetic causes, I'd recommend AFRICAN GENESIS by Robert Ardrey, Dell/Laurel, 95¢. The author is quick to note he is theorizing, that some of his premises may be demolished by new anthropological discoveries. But in light of current events, his conclusions have a chilling ring of authenticity -- despite the fact that it is a very humorous book. Humorous in style, not in material. But the predator first/brain second approach to mankind is one well worth considering...and I think science fiction has, and still is, even before the theory was so entertainingly formulated.

And along that line I was almost forcibly impressed by two recent sf pbs: Fred Saberhagen's BERSERKER and Piers Anthony's CHTHON. At first glance the two seem quite remote from one another, but upon reflection I find my own opinion being that both are studies (of sorts) of human drive -- only BERSERKER goes outward and CHTHON turns inward (in quite a few senses of that word). I enjoyed both in quite different ways, and I wonder whether I've just been lucky in what I pick to read in the field, or whether all them there critics have rocks in their heads.

Gold Key has put out a STAR TREK comic book. I wish Desilu hadn't done that, but I assume the money was attractive. It's worth 12¢ to STphiles for the cover photographs -- including one each of Kirk and Spock featuring their individual "You've Got To Be Kidding" expressions. The art and script are poor to abominable (and I do not speak as a snob who scorns comic books, but as a collector); the story line is xenophobic, totally unfaithful to the characters and puerile in tone....and the cast of characters is notable for the lack of two of ST's principals. Since Uhura and Sulu are shown in the cover photographs, I hesitate to accuse Gold Key of patent discrimination, but I am suspicious. Either the comic script should be improved and beaten into and up to a proper STAR TREK idiom, or this should remain a blessed one-shot and be quickly forgotten. But thank you, Morris Dollens, for sending it to us.

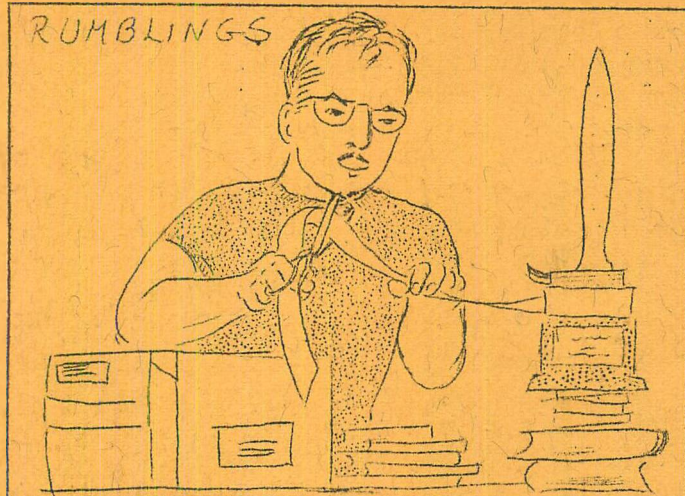
A fanzine devoted to Spock (projected as a one-shot at this date) is in the final-lap stages. I just received some artwork, which I will be putting on stencil for the editors; they hope to have the zine completed by NyCon time, and so far they have kept rather closely to their planned schedule. Most commendable in fandom's Big Promise/ Little Results atmosphere. The fanzine will be 50¢, and may be ordered from: Devra Langsam, 250 Crown Street, Brooklyn, New York, 11225.

Another ST fan, Kathy Bushman, offers to do pastel drawings of Spock from clear, wallet-sized photos. She's charging \$1.50, and the finished drawing is 12" x 18". Not bad, either. Her address is Kathy Bushman, 8 Brookside Dr., Southington, Conn., 06489

Several people have written in to protest the dropping of the Nott/Barr femlin and hexapod from the contents page. It wasn't my idea, people; the supply simply ran out. Nott and Barr said sometime back the idea well was drying up. Supply some fresh ones and you might see some more. I rather like Cawthorn's ET Alexander Waverly on this month's contents page.....anybody else with me?

JWC

RUMBLINGS



The would-be professional writer is always advised to "sit down and write - whether you have anything to say or not". I suppose, then, this editorial can be counted as part of my practice time.

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 Australian Science Fiction Review (John Bangsund)

Lighthouse (Terry Carr)

Trumpet (Tom Reamy)

Yandro (us)

I think that NIEKAS was also on the DEGLER! list, but possibly the editors are sticking by their resolve to not accept the award. As I'm prejudiced, I'm not specifying my choice of fanzines.

BEST FAN WRITER:

Norm Clarke Bill Donaho Alexei Panshin Harry Warner

Paul J. Willis (Oh, come on, now!) At the moment I'm still wavering; I enjoy the writing of at least four of the nominees.

BEST FAN ARTIST:

George Barr (my choice) Jack Gaughan (I'd still like to know what he's doing in two categories) Jeff Jones Steve Stiles Arthur Thomson

Clipping department: Alan Dodd sends a report on one Elphinstone Forbes Gilmour, who is charged with stealing 20, 749 beetles from a museum. It takes all kinds....

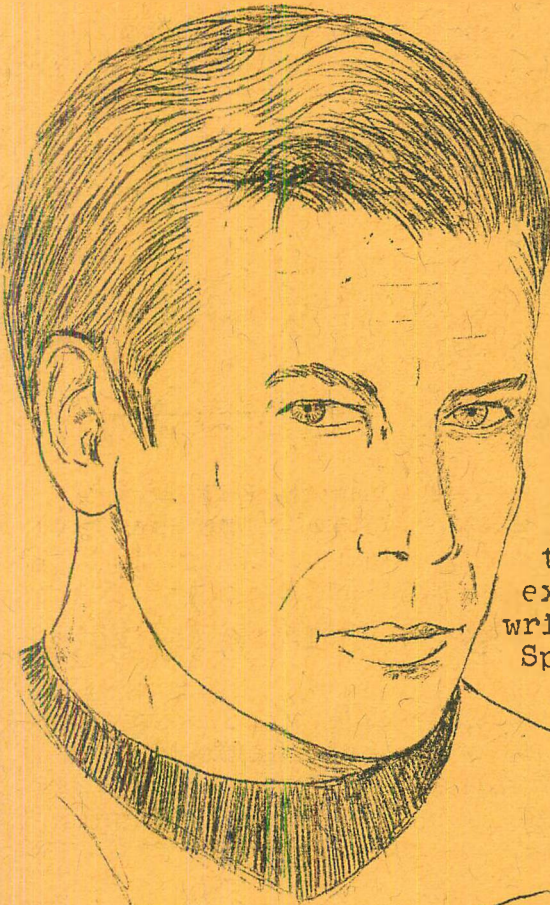
People seem to have stopped sending in favorite author lists, so I'll try to get that poll collated or whatever one does to polls by the next issue. (If I can find where I put the lists.....)

The Invisibility Affair is on the stands. Buy, buy, buy..... We got a nice letter from David McDaniel, and I'm so starved for egoboo that I made 11 copies of it. (Well, actually I didn't check the machine setting when I sneaked in to Xerox a copy for Gene, but it sounds better the other way.) "Thomas Stratton" is now trying to work up something in the science fiction line

Born July 20, 2:45 A.M.: Valerie Lee Thompson, daughter of Don and Maggie Thompson. Congratulations and all that.

Quote of the month department: "...he was a man of great endurance, abounding energy, and unflagging interest in everything that he saw, even if it was only a dead ox to be counted." No, he didn't have pointed ears: this is George R. Stewart's description of a wagon-train captain named J. Goldsborough Bruff (from The California Trail, an outstanding book)

The latest family outing was to Spring Mill State Park, where we toured the pioneer village (restored), bought some corn meal at the restored mill, and Bruce and I got soaked in a sudden rainstorm on our way back from Donaldson Cave. Interesting thing about that cave; there were no guided tours scheduled for that day, so the place was simply deserted. No guards, bars, locks, nothing. Some kids went in with flashlights; Bruce went partway with them. Maybe the cave doesn't extend very far, but I kept wondering how many kids they lose in an average year. Another odd thing about Spring Mill. There is the restored mill, and you can buy the cornmeal that it grinds. There are people working on hand looms, and you can buy products made from the cloth they weave. And there is a restored distillery.....I think they're missing a bet, there. Genuine spring water and all; they could make enough money to finance the whole state park system. But I suppose people would say the Indiana government was in league with the devil (not that they don't, anyway). We came back through Brown County, and stopped in Bean Blossom to buy some sorghum. The real stuff; not this cut-with-corn-syrup variety you can buy out of stores. (Bruce decided that while he sort of liked the flavor, he didn't like that much of the flavor.) You'd never know I was raised in southern Indiana; sorghum, corn bread, persimmons, chicken-and-fried-gravy.....See y'all. RS



STAR TREK BIBLIOGRAPHY

compiled by

RUTH BERMAN

Most of the items listed below are from fan magazines, a peculiar species of journalism which I had always despised without reading, until my fascination with STAR TREK drove me to them. I was surprised by them. They are mostly written badly, as I had expected, but there are large patches of good writing. For example: "Leonard Nimoy: How Outer Space Brought Him Down to Earth!" a dismally dull article in Screen Life attributing to Nimoy speeches of platitudinous morality, appeared in the same issue with an interview with David McCallum, in which the writer gave a sympathetic and wholly convincing portrait of a man weary of publicity, hating his interviewer, and despising the fans who will read the interview. Again, "William Shatner & ESP: A Supernatural Dream Saved My Life!!!" in Movie Stars,

after a silly series of dubiously supernatural events in Shatner's life, has a delightful account, apparently in Shatner's own words, of a small comedy of errors at his wedding ("I'd been best man at my sister's wedding not too long before that when my new brother-in-law fainted in my arms during the ceremony. I was determined nothing like that was going to happen to me. Instead, I ripped Gloria's veil when I lifted it to kiss her after the ceremony. I got my fingers caught in it somehow. Our rabbi's eyesight was failing and he kept referring to me as Duke instead of Bill...").

The fan magazines also surprised me by the peculiar intensity of their morality. They try to sucker in readers with titles implying heinous sins (mostly sexual) among the stars ("The Sin That Drove Connie Stevens into Eddie Fisher's Arms"). Then the article explains that, not only did the star not commit any sin (Connie Stevens' "sin" was that, as a Catholic, she should not want to marry a divorced man), but also the star is a Good man or woman, whose life and words affirm moral values. This need to support Goodness produces some fancy footwork occasionally. Burt and Bonny Ward, exemplars of the power of love to overcome the handicaps of youth and poverty, rewarded at last by fame and fortune, become Burt and Kathy (formerly Mrs. Vince Edwards) Ward, exemplar's of love's determination to find true happiness at last, avoiding past mistakes such as marrying too young.

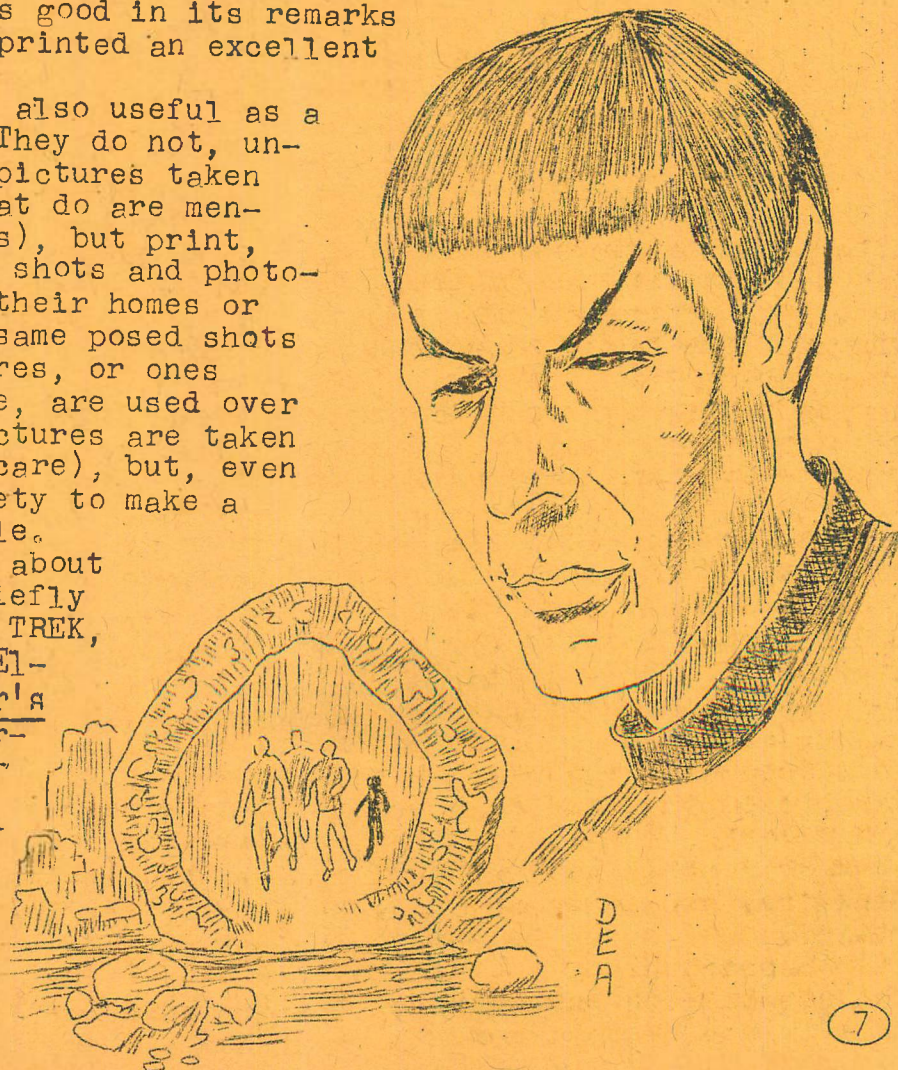
Leonard Nimoy and William Shatner, of course, are very poor copy for the seeming-sin technique. The closest any article has come to it was

"Success Has Turned My Marriage Upside-Down" (by giving the Nimoy enough money to live comfortably), in TV Radio Mirror. Instead, the fan magazines frequently try to sucker in the lunatic fringe with titles like TV Star Parade's "The Hidden Thoughts of an Alien," or with articles in which actors on STAR TREK claim to have seen or to believe in supernatural events or flying saucers. Oh, I suppose it's possible that William Shatner thinks the New York City blackout was caused by flying saucers tapping the electric lines for fuel ("Bill Shatner of 'Star Trek' Talks About Flying Saucers!!!" in Phoenix TeeVee Magazine), or that DeForest Kelley would think a show about a space-ship was silly if he had not once seen an UFO himself ("William Shatner DeForest Kelley Nichelle Nichols: How Life Can Be Stranger Than Fiction," in TV Picture Life). Yes, either is possible--but, when both appear among the stars of a science fiction show, I conclude that both are phony.

Nevertheless, a fairly clear picture of the two principal leads on STAR TREK comes out of the fan magazine articles. Indeed, one cause of the occasional good writing in such articles seems to be simply that the writer reported accurately what the actor said. Both Shatner and Nimoy seem to be intelligent, witty men. There are very few articles on Kelley and Miss Nichols (and none that I know of on George Takei and James Doohan), but they appear to be interesting, likable people, although probably not as deeply interested in the show as Shatner and Nimoy, who evidently like and respect science fiction. The fan magazines give a clearer picture of Nimoy than of Shatner. Curiously, TV Guide, which had a rather dull article on Nimoy (although it was good in its remarks on Spock and the show), printed an excellent article on Shatner.

The fan magazines are also useful as a source of photographs. They do not, unfortunately, often give pictures taken from the shows (those that do are mentioned in the annotations), but print, instead, posed publicity shots and photographs of the actors at their homes or at public affairs. The same posed shots and public affairs pictures, or ones which are almost the same, are used over and over (the at-home pictures are taken and presented with more care), but, even so, there is enough variety to make a search for them worthwhile.

There are no articles about Gene Roddenberry, who chiefly deserves credit for STAR TREK, except, in part, Harlan Ellison's article in Writer's Yearbook, and yet the various articles on the actors and the show include enough remarks on Roddenberry to show him as a man of integrity and humor. TV Guide's article on Shatner quotes Roddenberry's reaction to a play Shatner had



written: "'He wouldn't let me take it home to read. He insisted on reading it right there. So I fortified myself with a Scotch and prepared to suffer. But the story flowed and was so damned poetic I caught myself wishing I could write that well....' Did he buy the story? 'No'." Again, TV Picture Life quoted Nimoy in "Leonard Nimoy--The Heart Throb With the Pointed Ears": "I went on the show because of Gene Roddenberry, the producer. I had worked for him before. I trusted his taste. I knew anything he was connected with would have quality. As a matter of fact, sometime ago Gene told me he was planning a science-fiction show, and that if it sold, he had a role in it for me." (TV Guide reports that "planning" in a little more detail: "When Gene Roddenberry, who was then producing THE LIEUTENANT, cast Nimoy in an episode of that series a few seasons ago, he said to himself 'If I ever do a science-fiction show, I'm going to put pointed ears on him'.") Another revealing comment of Nimoy's is quoted, again in TV Picture Life, in "The Tears and Tensions Behind Leonard Nimoy's Triumph": "I thought that the studio was a father figure and would nurse me and protect me. But I was wrong. When I asked them to put a phone in my dressing room, they refused because it wasn't in my contract. That shocked me. I offered to pay for the phone, and they still wouldn't permit it. I finally had to ask the executive producer to go to bat for me, and he got me the phone."

Having now read a good many fan magazines, I can despise them in detail: for the hypocrisy of their titles, for their putting words (especially platitudes) in people's mouths, for their inaccuracy (for instance, some of them say that Shatner has two daughters--he has three), for their repetitiveness, and for their dullness. Nevertheless I am grateful to them, as well as to the articles in other kinds of publications (including--I was surprised to find--the newspapers, which have printed several brief, but cleverly-written, anecdotal articles about STAR TREK), for their pictures, photographic and verbal, of the men who make STAR TREK.

Note on arrangement: standard bibliographical practice is to group items alphabetically by author. However, so many of these entries are anonymous, that it seemed unwise to follow that method. Instead, I have listed them chronologically by magazine (or by category), grouping the fan magazines alphabetically according to publisher. This method has the advantage of showing the relationships between articles and letters of comment.

The chronology also suggests a rough dating for the growth of STAR TREK's popularity. TV Guide had three items on STAR TREK before it became a success, one each in September, October, and November (and a letter from a reader praising Spock in October). My local newspaper, so far as I know, was the first to realize that Spock had become widely popular, with an article about Nimoy on November 18; "Zipcode U.S.A. (a department in a Sunday magazine distributed with several papers called This Week), which answers any reader's question--if enough readers ask the same questions--had a note on Nimoy on December 11; and a syndicated newspaper article on Nimoy appeared late in December (my copy is from the Arizona Republic, December 29). By November or December, then, Spock was popular. In January two articles on STAR TREK appeared, but one, Harlan Ellison's, was clearly written some months earlier, and I cannot tell when the other, on Nichelle Nichols in Ebony, was written. But by the end of January the show as a whole was popular, because in the March and April issues of fan magazines (which began going on sale at the end of January) the flow of articles and notes on Nimoy, Shatner and the show as a whole began, and it has not let up.

This bibliography goes to the beginning of June--which means to the July issues of most monthly magazines and one August issue.

FAN MAGAZINES

16 Magazine - 745 Fifth Ave NYNY 10022

Vol 8 No 11 April 1967

"The Real Nimoy," p.62.

(Dull. Good photos of Nimoy as Nimoy and as Spock.)

Vol 8 No 12 May 1967

drawing of Spock by N. Criss, p. 16; photo Kirk p. 65.

Vol 9 No 1 June 1967

"Letter" by Leonard Nimoy, pp. 62, 63.

(Plugging his record.)

Vol 9 No 2 July 1967

"My Other Life," pp. 26-27.

(Picture article, including two at a recording studio and a colorful one on Spock.)

Actual Publishing Company 880 Third Ave NYNY 10022

Screen Life

Vol 5 No 7 July 1967

"Leonard Nimoy: How Outer Space Brought Him Down To Earth!"

pp. 18, 22, 54. (Awful moralizing article. Photo Spock

with Kirk and Janice Rand.)

Country Wide Publications Inc. 150 Fifth Ave NYNY 10011

Movie TV Secrets

Vol 7 No 8 July 1967

"William Shatner's Personal Star Trek," by Jack McCahill,

pp. 34-35, 61-62. (Dull article.)

Dell Publishing Co 750 Third Ave NYNY 10017

Modern Screen

Vol 61 No 5 May 1967

"When You're Dying--Only Love Can Save You," by Dick Strout,

pp. 48-49, 68, 70. (Mixture awful moralizing and good description of motorcycle trouble.)

Who's Who in Television

Vol 1 No 16, 1966-1967

"Star Trek," p. 5. (Note on Shatner and Nimoy, photo Kirk in "What Are Little Girls Made Of?")

Ideal Publishing Corp. 295 Madison Ave NYNY 10017

Movie Life

Vol 30 No 5 May 1967

in "Hollywood Dateline" by Lucille Burke, anecdotes on Shatner's motorcycle and Nimoy's haircut, p. 76. (Amusing but fake-sounding.)

Vol 30 No 6 June 1967

"Live Every Day As Though It Were Your Last," by Sylvia Resnick, pp. 56-57, 6-, 62, 62. (Article on Shatner. Awful, except for a description of his father. Good photos of the Shatners at an amusement park.)

"Mrs. Leonard Nimoy," by Tony Taylor, pp. 58-60. (Dull article.)

Movie Stars

Vol 19 No 10 March 1967

in "Talk to the Stars," notes on Shatner and Nimoy, pp. 10, 12.
in "Inside Whispers" by Armand Archer, poor photo Shatner with Nimoy, p. 7.

Vol 20 No 1 June 1967

"William Shatner & ESP: A Supernatural Dream Saved My Life!!!" by Sylvia Resnick, pp. 44-45, 69-72. (Awful article--fake, I hope--except for description mishaps at Shatner's wedding.)
in "Talk to the Stars," note on Nimoy, p. 20.

Vol 20 No 2 July 1967

"How Leonard Nimoy Tries to Cope With Teenage Sex and Dope," by Janice James, pp. 22-23, 49. (Awful moralizing.)
in "Talk to the Stars," note on Nimoy, p. 19.
in "The Male Point of View: My First Love," anecdote about Shatner's childhood, pp. 30, 61, 63.

TV Star Annual

No 22 1967

"William Shatner," p. 67. (Note on Shatner with photos of Shatner as Kirk and as David Koster, from his previous series, FOR THE PEOPLE.)

TV Star Parade

Vol 17 No 9 April 1967

"Leonard Nimoy: The Hidden Thoughts of an Alien," pp. 46-47, 55.
(Fairly good. Photos Nimoy as Nimoy, as Spock in "The Menagerie," and as Spock with the 3-D chessboard.)

Vol 17 No 10 May 1967

"William Shatner: Color Him Heroic," pp. 30-31, 65. (Dull. Photos of Kirk and Kirk with Spock and Janice Rand.)
in "TV Off-Guard," by Armand Archer, photo Shatner with Adam West, p. 7.

Vol 17 No 11 June 1967

"Leonard and Mike Come Down to Earth," pp. 52-53, 79.
(Awful moralizing. Good photos of Nimoy and Michael Barrier (Mr. DeSalle) and their wives at Barrier's house.)

Vol 17 No 12 July 1967

"Dressing Room Secrets of Star Trek," pp. 32-35. (Good picture article on how Spock is made up and on Bill Theiss' costumes designs for ST, including shots of characters in costume from "This Side of Paradise," "What Are Little Girls Made Of?" "The Menagerie," "The Conscience of the King," and "Mudd's Women.")
in "TV Off-Guard" by Armand Archer, mention of Nimoy, p. 50.

K.M.R. Publications Inc. 21 W 26th Str NYNY 10010

Movieland and TV Time

Vol 24 No 9 March 1967

in "Hollywood Go-Round," by Victoria Cole, photo Nimoy and wife, p. 18.

1967 Annual

in "My Favorite Love Scene" by Alice Tildesley, note on Shatner,

photo Shatner and wife, p. 36.

in "Little Bits," photos Shatner and Nimoy with Nimoy's children and of Shatner's family, pp. 42, 50.

Vol 24 No 10 April 1967

"There's No Place Like Earth," pp. 36-37. (Dull article on Shatner. Good photos of Shatner and his family.)

Vol 24 No 11 May 1967

"The Truth About Leonard Nimoy," by May Mann, pp. 28-29, 68-70. (Mixture "cute" on Spock, fairly good on Nimoy. Good photos of Nimoy at home.)

Vol 24 No 13 June 1967

in "May Mann's Hollywood," photos of May Mann with Shatner and Nimoy on the bridge of the Enterprise, p. 8.

Vol 25 No 1 July 1967

in "10 Stars Reveal: The Thing I Fear Most," note on Shatner, p. 26. (Silly.)

MacFadden-Bartell Corp. 205 E 42nd Str NYNY 10010

Motion Picture

Vol 55 July 1967

"Star Trek's Leonard Nimoy: 'My Children Were Dying-and I Couldn't Afford a Hospital'," by Pat Smith, pp. 30-31, 77-78. (Nebbish.)

TV Radio Mirror

Vol 67 No 5 April 1967

"Success Has Turned My Marriage Upside-down," by William Tusher, pp. 25, 89-91. (Mixture good and awful. Color photo of Spock.)

in "What's New in Hollywood" by Eunice Field, note on Shatner, p. 13.

in "The Best New Shows on TV," photo Kirk, p. 58.

Vol 67 No 7 June 1967

in "What's New in Hollywood" photo of Nimoy and wife and mention of Nimoy's record, pp. 9, 11.

Photoplay

Vol 72 No 1 July 1967

"William Shatner: A Space Daddy's Down-to-Earth Heaven," pp. 70-71. (Icky-poo.)

Super Market Publishing Co Inc 205 E 42nd Str NYNY 10010

Screenland

Vol 67 No 6 June 1967

in "Scoops by Stephanie," photo Nimoy and wife and mention of Nimoy, pp. 16, 17.

in "Your Hollywood Hotline," by Norm Roberts, mention Nimoy, p. 10.

Silver Screen

Vol 37 No 7 July 1967

"Why Leonard Nimoy Hides His Two Children," by James Gregory, pp. 38-39, 63-64. (Mostly nebbish.)

Publication House 260 Park Ave S NYNY 10010

Movie TV Family Album

No 3 1967

photo Shatner and Nimoy with Nimoy's children, p. 56.

TV Picture Life

Vol 12 No 4 April 1967

"Leonard Nimoy--The Heart Throb With Pointed Ears" by Noel Winslow, pp. 32-33, 58-59. (Good article, good photos of the Nimoy's at home.)

"William Shatner DeForest Kelley Nichelle Nichols: How Life Can Be Stranger Than Fiction," by Dolly Berman, pp. 34-35, 60-61. (Fairly good article. Photo of Kirk, McCoy and Uhura.)

Vol 12 No 6 June 1967

"Letters" by Lois Dunlap and anonymous praising Nimoy, p. 6.

Vol 12 No 7 July 1967

"The Tears and Tensions Behind Leonard Nimoy's Triumph" by Paul Denis, pp. 41-43, 72, 74. (Good article with good photos of Nimoy at home, mostly different from those used in the April article.)

Sterling Group Inc 260 Park Ave S NY NY 10010

Movie Mirror

Vol 11 No 6 April 1967

in "On the Hollywood Gossip Go-Round," by Wally Wood, photo of Nimoy and son, p. 14.

Photo Screen

Vol 2 No 7 June 1967

in "TV Bulletin" by Dodie Davis, photo Uhura and mention of Nichelle Nichols, p. 6.

Stanley Publications Inc 260 Fifth Ave NY NY 10016

TV and Movie Play

Vol 1 No 10 August 1967

"William Shatner: 'The Day I Almost Died!'" by Ralph Panley, pp. 20-21, 62, 64. (Awful moralizing article.)

REAL MAGAZINES

Ebony

Vol 22 No 3 January 1967

"New Star in the TV Heavens," cover, pp. 70-72, 74, 76.
(Good picture article on Nichelle Nichols.)

Vol 22 No 5 March 1967

"Letters" by Stu Phillips and Douglas Laurence praising Miss Nichols' work in records and movies, pp. 10, 13.

Vol 22 No 6 April 1967

"Letters" by Nichelle Nichols, thanking them for the article, and by Mr. and Mrs. Loren Meech praising the article and Spock, p.18.

Newsweek

April 3, 1967

in "TV-Radio: The Negro Stereotype," mention and photo of Uhura, p.59.

Phoenix TeeVee Magazine 55 E. Thomas Rd Phoenix Arizona 85012

Vol 9 No 45 April 8 1967

"Star Trek Beams In," pp. 4-5. (Dull article on Shatner, Nimoy and Grace Lee Whitney.)

Vol 9 No 46 April 15 1967

"Bill Shatner of 'Star Trek' Talks About Flying Saucers!!!" pp 6-7. (Awful--fake, I hope.)

TV Guide

Vol 14 No 37 September 10 1966

in Fall Preview Issue, note on ST with photo Kirk and Spock, p. 47.

Vol 14 No 42 October 15 1966

"No One Ever Upsets the Star," by Michael Fessier, Jr., pp. 30-32. (Excellent article on Shatner.)

"Letter" by Judy Pugh praising Spock. (The letter column appears in the program-listing section, which is printed separately for each region. So far as I know, all editions have the same letters in the column, but not placed on the same page, and so I have not listed the page numbers of my copies.)

Vol 14 No 48 November 26 1966

"What Are a Few Galaxies Among Friends?" by Isaac Asimov, pp. 6-9. (Amusing article on errors on tv sf shows, including ST.)

Vol 14 No 49 December 3 1966

"Letter" by Sam Peeples, feebly defending the galactic errors in his ST show.

Vol 15 No 7 February 18 1967

"Letter" by Mrs. Glen Totorich, praising ST.

Vol 15 No 9 March 4 1967

"Product of Two Worlds," by Leslie Raddatz, cover, pp. 23-26. (Good article on Nimoy. Cover of Kirk and Spock.)

"Letter" by Jean Ayers, seconding Mrs. Totorich's praise of ST.

Vol 15 No 12 March 15 1967

"Review: Star Trek" by Cleveland Amory, p. 1. (Imperceptive.)

Vol 15 No 17 April 29 1967

"Mr. Spock is Dreamy," by Isaac Asimov, pp. 9-11. (Amusing.)

Vol 15 No 19 May 13 1967

"Letter" by Janet Little Sun, agreeing with Asimov. in "Who Said TV Has To Make Sense?" by Stanley Frank, mention ST errors, p. 10. in "The Hair-Raising Story of the Hollywood Male," by Dick Hobson, mention of Shatner among the be-wigged, pp. 26-27.

Vol 15 No 20 May 20 1967

in "Review: Second Thoughts," by Cleveland Amory, favorably mention of ST, p. 13.

Vol 15 No 21 May 27 1967

in "Review: The Mailbox," by Cleveland Amory, letter by Rae Ladore protesting his criticism of ST, p. 36. (

"Letter" by Paul L. Klein (an NBC official) arguing that ST does so "make sense".

Worlds of If Science Fiction Galaxy Publishing Corp.

Vol 17 No 5 May 1967

"Letter" by Mrs. Fred Witten praising ST and criticizing Blish's

book of ST stories, p. 162.

Vol 17 No 7 July 1967

"Letter" by James Blish commenting on reactions to his book, p. 162.

Writer's Yearbook, '67

No 39 1967

"The Novelist Comes to Television," by Harlan Ellison and Theodore Sturgeon, pp. 74-78, 132. (Good article on problems of writing for television, with special reference to ST. Mostly written by Ellison, except for two long letters, one from Sturgeon to Roddenberry and Roddenberry's answer. The article includes the Teaser from an early draft of Ellison's "The City on the Edge of Forever.")

NEWSPAPERS

November 18 1966 Minneapolis Star

"TV Radio Chatter: Pointed Ears Win Fans For Spock," by Forrest Powers, p. 23A. (Good article on Nimoy.)

December 11 1966 This Week Magazine

in "Zipcode U.S.A." by Bobbie Ashley, note on Nimoy, p. 12.

December 29 1966 Arizona Republic (King Features Syndicate)

"Pointed Ears Key to First Good Job," by Charles Witbeck, p. 63.
(Good article on Nimoy.)

February 12-18 1967 Kansas City Star TV Scene (reprinted from LA Times)

"Leonard Has Outstanding Points" by Hal Humphey, p. 10F.
(Good article on Nimoy.)

March 12 1967 San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle Datebook

"Captain Kirk, A Man of Tomorrow," by John Stanley, p. 16.
(Article on Shatner, mixture good and dull. Two photos from "What Are Little Girls Made Of?")

April 28 1967 Minnesota Daily (U. of Minn. student paper)

"TV Wasn't Like This Even With Captain Video," by Eleanor Arnason, p. 14. (Good review of ST.)

May 28 1967 Arizona Republic (AP Release)

"His Blood's Green, and His Ears Hurt," by Cynthia Lowry, p. ?.
(Good article on Nimoy.)

FANZINES

(Note to collectors: most of these are no longer available. In this section, with no anonymous authors to worry about, I revert to standard alphabetizing by author.)

Anderson, Karen. "Clerihews", Goliard 841, in SAPS 79, April 1967, p. 6.

(Light verse on ST characters.)

Goliard Broadsheet, April 22, 1967 (one page: suggestion that fans nominate Roddenberry's own ST script, "The Menagerie," for a Hugo Award.)

Anderson, Kay. "Opinion," Swamp Gas Weather Balloons and Venus in the Daytime, in FAPA 118, February 1967, p. 2. (Discussions of ST.)
(See also under Coulson.)

Berman, Ruth, "Star Drek," Pantopon 16, in FAPA 118, February 1967, pp. 3-27. (Short story about ST characters.)
"Kirk and Spock," Pantopon 17, in FAPA 119, May 1967, p.2. (Poem.)

Coulson, Juanita and Kay Anderson. "The Roddenberry Maneuver," Yandro 168 (Vol 15 No 2), February, 1967, pp. cover, 18-22. (Review of ST with brief descriptions of each episode in 1966. Illustrated by Juanita Coulson's drawings of the lead characters.)
(See also various comments on ST by Juanita Coulson in her column "Ramblings," Yandro 164 (Vol 14 No 10), October 1966-present, and various reactions by several people in "Grumblings: letter column," Yandro 165 (Vol 14 No 11), November 1966-present, most notably a letter from Gene Roddenberry (Vol 15 No 1, January 1967, pp.25-26) describing various aspects of producing ST.)

Vardeman, Bob. "An Exploration of the Planet Vulcan," Swamp Gas Weather Balloons and Venus in the Daytime, in FAPA 118, February 1967, p.4. (Speculations on Spock's home planet.)

White, Ted. "With Jaundiced Eye," Yandro 168 (Vol 15 No 2), February 1967, pp. 10-14. (Unfavorable review of ST and praise of THE AVENGERS.)

IN THE NEWS: SHORT QUOTES

April 30 1967, The Arizona Republic

"TV's Roulette Worse Than the Regular," by Richard K. Shull, on the difficulty of a new series getting established, p. N7:

"It's abhorrent to me that my livelihood depends on the whim of an idiot, but that's the nature of this business," William Shatner said, speaking with something less than affection for the fans of his 'Star Trek.' As it turned out, the 'idiot' gave the thumbs-up sign and Shatner will be back for another season next fall.

May 2 1967 Minneapolis Tribune

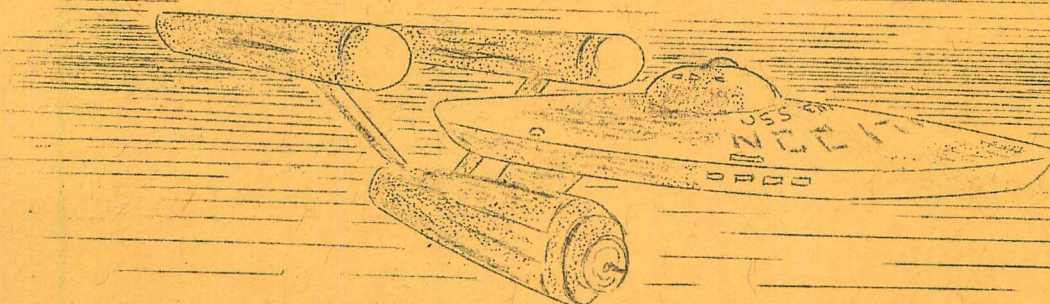
"'66-'67 Emmy Nominations for TV Told," p. 39:

"The competition for outstanding dramatic series featured 'The Avengers,' 'I Spy,' 'Mission: Impossible,' 'Run for Your Life' and 'Star Trek'." (In addition, Leonard Nimoy was nominated for the Emmy for best supporting actor in drama. Neither won.)

May 24 1967 Minneapolis Star

"Pressure of Parents, TV on Children Attacked, p. 9B.

"Mrs. Herman Grant, editor of PTA magazine said TV's current programming consists largely of 'tough private eyes, handsome scoundrels, headstrong mommies and hairbrained daddies, cocky space explorers and their bizarre girl friends'."



OF CATS AND KINGS

magazine reviews by

RICK NORWOOD

F&SF "The Day Before Forever" is set up like a treasure hunt. Each clue leads to another clue. Our hero, who has no character, no background and no memory, goes out to get a clue, winds up with six slugs in his belly, is taken in by a stranger who patches him up, so that he can go out after the next clue and get shot again. When he finds the "treasure" he is given a complete explanation, the key to the city, and the girl (who up to this point had been only a passing acquaintance). The explanation, when it comes, is interesting enough to have made a good, straightforward story. I'm afraid even died-in-the-wool Laumer fans will find both their patience and their credulity tried long before that explanation is forthcoming.

Russell Kirk's excellent and witty prose is wasted, for me, on a horror story. But many people relish horror stories in spite of their limited plot variety, and "Balgrummo's Hell" is one of the best. There is a little too much explanation, or rationalizing, considering that everyone knows what is going to happen.

"Encounter in the Past", by Robert Nathan, is a perfect example of what happens when a "good" writer turns, in blissful ignorance, to science fiction. The story is the prehistoric-civilization-destroyed-by-Atomic-War-story. The plot logic is pathetic and the style is early Gernsback. The story would have been rejected by any respectable fanzine. And Mr. Nathan is doubtless convinced that he has brought something new and wonderful to science fiction. SF has more to offer the mainstream than the mainstream has to offer sf. It is they, not we, who lose by sf's isolation.

"The Master's Thesis" is a story that some will love and others hate.

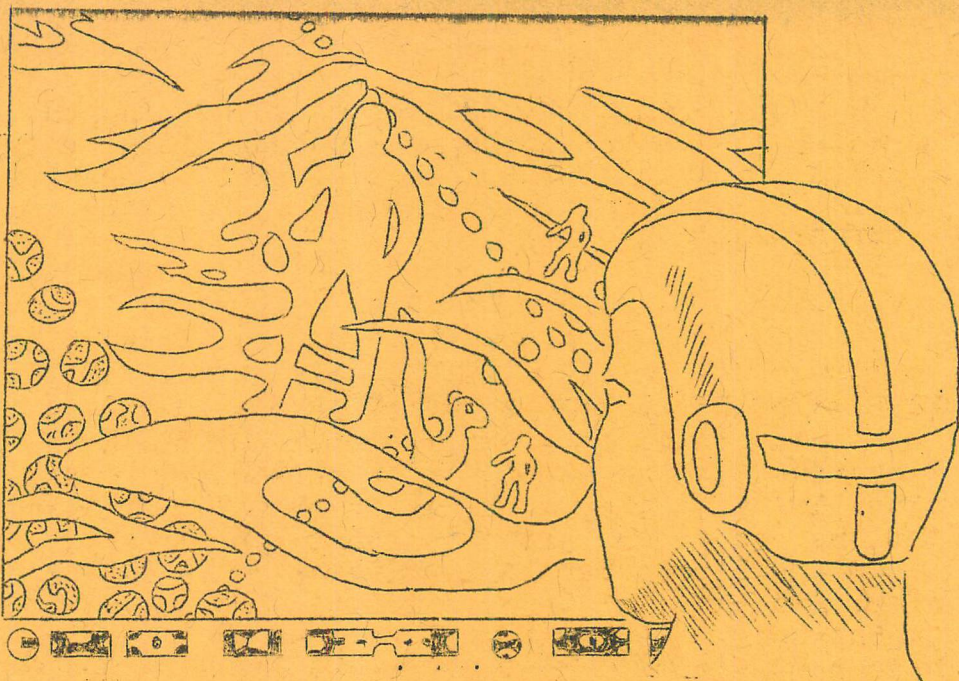
I loved it. But readers who are led on by the fact that it is a funny story may complain because there is no punch line. The author could have tacked on a pat ending, of course, but the story is brilliant as it stands.

IF In his editorial Fred Pohl says: "Would you like to know the definition of a good science fiction story? It is a story that, after reading, you are glad you read. That's all there is to criticism."

Let us suppose that someone comes to me who has



never read any sf and asks me to recommend some good sf. Knowing this fellow's taste in reading tends to movie novelizations and Reader's Digest condensed books, I can be sure he will like Robert Moore Williams more than he will like Arthur C. Clarke. Further, Clarke just might spoil Williams for him forever, while Williams won't spoil him for anything. Do I recommend Williams? After all, reading is a narcotic.



The more you read the more powerful a dosage you require. It is only logical to start with the weakest dose possible.

No! Reading is more than just a fun kick. There are other standards for judging books than immediate enjoyability. Is it memorable? Does it stir the emotions? Does it leave you wiser, saner or more knowledgeable than you were when you began reading? Readability is one standard, but it is not the only standard.

One job of a critic is to point out stories that do more than entertain as well as call attention to stories that are extraordinarily entertaining. If a critic is going to progress beyond the plot synopsis and opinion level his goal must be increasing the reader's satisfaction. At the very best, a critic will pass along some insight that will allow the reader to appreciate a story more fully. Incidentally, the common critical practice of pointing out errors in a story is not justifiable except as instruction to would-be authors. Pointing out errors may make the review more interesting, but it does not make the story more interesting. The critic does this largely for his own amusement.

But someone has to say it. Phillip Jose Farmer to the contrary, you cannot play pool on a boat.

The "Riverworld" series is one of the richest new sf ideas in years. It is a perfect comeback to those who claim there are no new ideas in sf. Some clown will inevitably say that Dante did the same thing centuries ago. He did not. Dante's personages were static and isolated. Farmer is considering the impact of culture on culture, as well as exploring his own creation and the people in it.

A lot of writers are coming up with cute solutions to the population explosion: Aldis a few months ago, Brunner in F&SF this month, and now Andy Offutt. Offutt's suggestion is a little more substantial than Brunner's, though he had made no attempt to turn the raw idea into a story. It is too much to hope for that when they run out of ideas they will stop. Just like the atomic doom story, the pedestrian vs. driver story and the new adam and eve story before it, the population explosion idea will multiply beyond the supply of ideas available to nourish it. None of the recent stories have been as good as "The Door" which Charles Finney wrote in 1962.

In the long run, a story of some substance is actually more entertain-

ing than a story that sets out to do nothing but entertain, just as steak is tastier than ice cream as a steady diet. Still, highly entertaining stories are not so common that "Ticket to Zenner" by the reliable C.C. MacApp, is not worth pointing out as a better than average way to waste a half hour.

FANTASTIC "The Narrow Land" by Jack Vance is a vivid but oversimplified picture of an alien world. We have the standard step by step tour of the place that is the only excuse for the story's existence. It is an acceptable excuse only if the author does more with his world in later stories in this series. The character of the hero, in spite of his alien origin, is standard, as are the situations in which he finds himself. None of the technical problems of life on a planet that keeps one face perpetually sunward are gone into, nor is any consideration given to realistic problems of a society where racial superiority is a biological fact.

ANALOG "The Man from P.I.G." is standard Analog fare, but by the best of the standard Analog writers, Harry Harrison, who has already had a novel, a novelette and a short story in Analog in 1967. Analog relies heavily on its stable of workhorses. Mack Reynolds has had two novels, a novelette, and a short in the first seven issues of 1967, and Christopher Anvil has had four shorts.

Anvil is the writer who hews closest to the Campbell editorial line, without having any of the controversial qualities of the Campbell editorials. "Compound Interest" in the July issue is the same story as "Experts in the Field" of two issues back, told from another viewpoint.

There are three stories in this issue about the importance of breaking the law. This is a recurrent Analog theme. The argument is convincing when the lawbreaking is done by individual initiative to meet a situation that the lawmakers could not predict. "Something Important" makes this point rather well. Unfortunately it breaks another law, a physical one. The translation problem in the story could not be solved the way it is solved. Presumably the author knew this but let the error stand rather than rethinking the entire situation. Here we have another kind of law-breaking: the deliberate disregard for the rules of good writing.

On the other hand, there can be no excuse for an organization that sets up rigid rules for systemically breaking the law, like the one in "Aim for the Heel". If a situation is subject to rules, laws can be made to handle it. But there will always be a romantic liking for vigilantes who punish criminals that the law can't touch. The assumption here is that good guys never make mistakes. We have an organization of lawbreakers who are completely incorruptible, and fortunately all the cases that come its way are clear cut, black and white. The morality here is incredibly fuzzy headed. We have an organization in this country dedicated to upholding morality and executing evil-doers that the law cannot or will not touch. It's called the Ku Klux Klan.

In "Bite" we have the classic case for moral murder. A doctor can save countless lives by taking one. As in "Aim for the Heel" a peculiar moral blindness makes murder by indirection seem nicer than direct murder. I suppose it is easy to rationalize that way, but it is no less deliberate and premeditated. Again the situation is black and white. But what if, instead of Mr. Nasty, the little girl was the carrier, and her parents insisted on taking her home where she would infect others?

Gene Roddenberry,
Executive Producer,
STAR TREK,
Desilu Studios Inc.,
780 N. Gower Street,
Hollywood, Cal., 90038

Thank you for printing
all the comments on STAR
TREK in recent issues. Be-
lieve it or not we study
them as much for the crit-
ical statements as for
the compliments and they
are often quoted by the
production personnel
when arguing or prov-
ing a point in our
staff meetings.

I am, of course,
very grateful to
Karen Anderson and
others for suggest-
ing a vote for "The
Menagerie" is a vote

for the entire series concept. If I should receive a Hugo, I would
feel very honored indeed. Whether this occurs or not, it is most sat-
isfying to be in contention.

No writer should ever judge his own work and I won't attempt to do
that in the case of "The Menagerie". And since I work on all episodes
in one way or another, even if it is just selecting the director and
casting and dubbing in the music and so on, it is hard to have a favo-
rite. However, "The Menagerie" was unusual in one respect--the jigsaw
puzzle challenge it presented in taking STAR TREK Pilot #1 which was
already shot and finding a second story which would fit around it so
that the two could meld into one tale. I've written something over
200 television scripts in my career as a professional writer and this
was by all odds the most difficult and challenging task I ever took on.
Just to get it on the air in any fashion, recouping the enormous invest-
ment on STAR TREK Pilot #1, was acceptable to the studio. The fact we
did manage to make a better than average episode out of it was very
gratifying. With Desilu now merging with Paramount Pictures there is
some talk of releasing it overseas as a motion picture and so it ap-
pears there is some chance that we may some day break even on the un-
usual costs involved in making two pilots.

Referring to the comments on William Shatner as an actor, it should
be noted that he is generally considered to be one of the better young
actors around. Unlike many, he apprenticed in the highly disciplined
Canadian Shakespeare Theatre many years ago. Actually the role of Cap-
tain Kirk is incredibly difficult and would be for any actor. If Bill
plays it too hard, too much the snap/snap ship commander, too realist-
ically, the mass audience would tend to lose sympathy for him. On the
other hand, if he plays it too warmly, full of the mixed weaknesses that
bring any character to life, the audience would tend to say "how did a
guy like that get to be a ship captain?" It may interest many that
Leonard Nimoy credits the stage set by Shatner for the success of the
Mr. Spock characterization. The two work together more closely than any
pair of actors it has ever been my privilege to watch.



You may be interested in the fact we are today sending off to Bjo Trimble a package of STAR TREK scripts, costumes, and other things for the convention auction, money to be used to bring a Japanese fan to the States.

Answering various comments from Yandro readers -- we agree that STAR TREK stories are not always what they should be. While we are generally pleased with our opticals, yes we miss on them now and then too. In fact, the same might be said for any aspect of STAR TREK production. We are constantly meeting, polishing, arguing, trying to get the most out of every dollar and every hour permitted us by television budget and schedule. Forgive us when we miss -- we can only guarantee that it wasn't for lack of trying. All of us here would someday like to have the greater latitude permitted by a motion picture. The idea of having a million or more dollars in the budget is terribly appealing. Maybe someday. For the present, the television is our medium and although we criticize it too, work constantly to do what we can to change and improve it, we must work within existing limits and must bring in a mass audience or we simply go off the air and the whole thing was for nothing.

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

Or: "On absently leafing bassackwards through a copy of Yandro when I ought to be working"...

The sensation I get from a good fanzine is parallel to the one I get from walking past a stand of - let's say - Dover editions: from the books, I discover that I'm interested in a range of subjects I didn't even know existed (my prime example is Faulkner's GAMES ANCIENT AND ORIENTAL, because apart from chess I just cannot bother with games of any kind), and from the fanzines I discover I either know things or have opinions about things which really in the final analysis don't matter one way or the other. Like on page 22 here, where I feel an uncontrollable urge to enlighten Bill Danner, who has doubtless already been told by a dozen other people, that J.I.M. Stewart is better known - to detective story fans if not to students at Christ Church, Oxford - as Michael Innes, and likewise to comment that your description of Catholics as expert nit-pickers is apt but inexact. The technical term is "casuistical", which means the same thing but sounds much more dignified.

I'm much indebted for the quotations from Wells' predictions in the 1890's, by the way; they will stand me in good stead next time I meet a reporter who refuses to believe that we're not in the same business as palmists and astrologers. But elsewhere I run across examples of things which Ought Not To Be Allowed - for instance, if you're going to exercise (apparently justifiable) ridicule on a fuggheaded hack like John Coleman Burroughs you ought to double-check your assertions for fear of being tarred with the same brush. Dachau (p. 8) was not an extermination camp for Jews, but one of the genuine original concentration camps for political undesirables - I know because I'm acquainted with someone who was in it from 1933 to 1939, a member of the then-illegal Social Democrat party.

I mean, like, Pastor Niemöller was in it, and there's nothing very Jewish about him, is there?

Also when you say that the central idea of THE LEGION OF TIME "might yet be made the basis for a fine novel", I think you could mention that it was: Simak's TIME AND AGAIN.

The reference to the Australian brand of "N---- Boy" licorice reminded me of one of my favorite English pub-signs, not far from a town rather charmingly named Leighton Buzzard. The pub is called "The Black Boy and Stomach Ache", and its sign shows on one side a little Negro boy holding a colossal wedge of water-melon, on the other the same kid wearing a miserable expression. I also know a pub called "The Black Beauty", whose

sign shows a Nigerian girl in full costume complete with a magnificent turban arrangement on her head. Pace Mrs. Anna Sewell, and knowing the British, one might have expected a horse! (Come to think of it, we British are lucky - when someone calls me a Limey, I only need to remember that this commemorates our banishment from the sea of scurvy, once the scourge of mariners...)

If only it had a pictorial sign, my favourite of all pub names would be one in Reading, Berkshire: "The Moderation".

Which brings me to Terry Carr's letter, and his reference to my own story THE LAST LONELY MAN. True enough! it was bounced so often in the States that it wound up in New Worlds from necessity, not choice (I mean, without being mercenary, I have to eat!), and has subsequently sold more often - by one time - than anything else I've written, and is currently scheduled for TV adaptation when the BBC series "Out of the Unknown" resumes in the autumn. Being reminded of that prompted me to some rather depressing reflections on the condition of the author, Auct-
or britannicus fictionensis generally and A. b. f. scientificus particularly. (American writers have their own problems, and they're sometimes a lot worse than ours, so I'll be parochial for once!)

LONELY MAN wasn't the only such case in my experience by a very long way. I suppose the star example was a story so short it barely counts - REPORT ON THE NATURE OF THE LUNAR SURFACE - which my London agent at the time sent back to me after six months, coffee-stained and dog-eared, with the comment that it was unsalable. Furious, I fair-copied it, sold it first time out to Analog, had it selected as my first inclusion in a Merrill anthology, and fired the agent... (I now have a good one over here.) But that damned thing has gone into folklore - I've had it told back to me by people who'd forgotten I wrote it!

But it happens with novels, too. I think it's fairly generally known by now that THE SQUARES OF THE CITY was continually rejected for five years before Ballantine eventually bought it (under pressure and protest, by the way - I took a much smaller advance than I think the book rated, just to see it in print). And it was short-listed for the Hugo, received the first-ever New York Times review of an original paperback SF novel - only, I believe, the third SF review of its kind in a decade, too - and is now due out from Penguin in Britain, as well.

Who are not themselves blameless. Last year - more precisely in November 1965 - my London agent (like I said, I now have a good one) secured me a two-book contract from them at very good terms. I told myself, "Now's the chance to write the very best you can!" I took down from the shelf the plots of two novels which I knew would demand every scrap of art and craft I'd learned in eight years of freelancing, which I hadn't previously wanted to tackle for fear of wasting them. I did them, and they're both almost as good as I could have wished. The first was QUICKSAND. They rejected it. The second was STAND ON ZANZIBAR. They rejected it, after four months' delay!

Doubleday are going to do both, which is some sort of evidence that they can't be bad books. Actually, they're among the top half-dozen I've ever written, and ZANZIBAR is probably a long way ahead of my previous peak - so good, I literally don't know at present how I'm going to top it.

I feel as though I'm living on a switchback (US: roller-coaster). I feel giddy and disoriented. If THE SQUARES OF THE CITY had come out at the time I wrote it - the final draft was completed in May 1960 - I probably wouldn't have had to struggle through the intervening five years churning out sometimes as many as eight books in a year, and having to sell six of them, on minimal advances, merely to keep my head above water.

Admittedly, I wouldn't trade problems with anybody I know - it suits my temperament to be able to work when I feel like it instead of when the boss tells me to - but nonetheless I do find myself occasionally wishing for a less confusing profession than writing; I'm always dependent for my livelihood on the whims of people who are beyond accountability, so to speak, in the sense that I have no claim on a publisher who behaves like this (I quote an actual event). March: agents forward MS of novel concerned with an actual event, whose topicality will be lost after the following spring because said event, much publicised, ceases at that time. June: publisher calls author in, says he will publish the novel provided certain changes are made; author promises that given details he will complete the changes in two weeks. November: having heard nothing further from publisher, who has declined to take phone calls, ignored letters and above all sent no contract, author enlists the aid of the Society of Authors and MS is returned with no reference to the publisher's verbal commitment.

Yes, that happened - and my agent says it was the best novel of mine he's ever read. I can't sue the son-of-a-bitch because legally a verbal promise did not commit him. (I couldn't afford to, anyway.)

I am beginning to move towards the formulation of Brunner's Law, which will state that those publishers who are not fools are cowards. It will have a corollary: those publishers whose writers have proved to them that they (the writers) are right and the publishers wrong will reject the writer's next book. So far, in my experience, I've found only one publisher - Ace - who was willing to take more than two consecutive MSS from me, apparently because they don't like authors who diverge from the categories in which they've been pigeon-holed. I like to write SF more than anything else, but I also enjoy (and feel the need to attempt, for variety and to save myself from going stale) straight novels, thrillers and humorous material. I wouldn't mind, if the publishers offered a decent living to their writers on - say - three books a year. But they don't. They merely turn the different book down.

And I have contracts with eleven different publishers to prove it. No, wait a moment: thirteen. Two of them haven't made it on to my shelf yet, but will before the year is out.

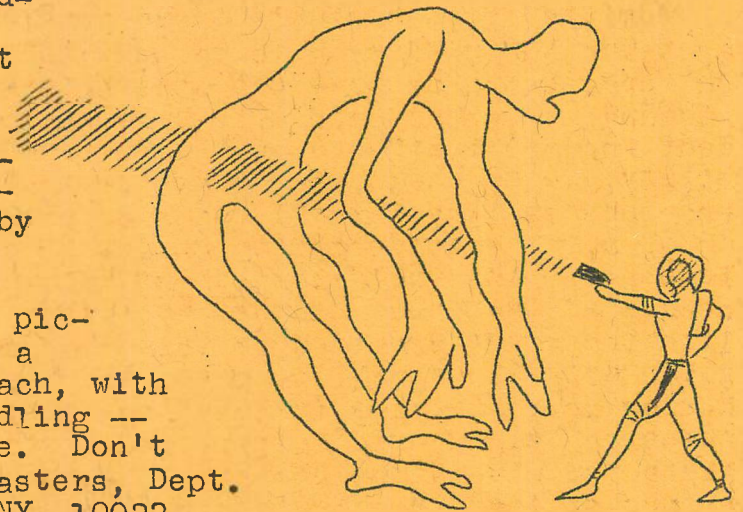
The horns of the dilemma are easily definable: (a) no publisher will give me a decent living out of three books a year, so I write more than three; (b) I get bored writing only the same kind of stuff, so I write something for contrast and they bounce it. They're damned sharp horns. I'm getting sore.

/I'm willing to strike the adjective "Jewish" from my statement: I think there were enough gas ovens, "medical experiments" and the like to qualify Dachau as an extermination camp, even though one not exclusively devoted to that activity. I read TIME AND AGAIN, and for the life of me I can't recall a single thing about it. Which does not incline me to consider it a "fine novel".

RSC/

Larry Shaw, Lancer Books, 185 Madison Avenue, NYNY, 10016

If you feel like mentioning it in Yandro, we have printed a CONAN poster. Basically, it's the cover painting from CONAN THE ADVENTURER, with no type or lettering on the painting itself, 22" by 27½" overall, including a black border and "CONAN, THE WORLD'S GREATEST FANTASY HERO" above the picture. It's laminated to provide a glossy finish. Price is \$1.00 each, with a 50¢ charge for postage and handling -- same 50¢ if you order one or five. Don't order from Lancer but from Bookmasters, Dept. LC, 999 Third Avenue, New York, NY, 10022.



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

About all those Hugo nominees...

Last year the nominees were first revealed at the Disclave. Ben Jason mentioned having received less than sixty nomination ballots after sending several thousand. I suspect one of his problems was that he insisted on Tricon membership as a qualification for nominating; without any passed-on funds from London, he was really scrambling to build up his membership. In any case, the list as he read it to us consisted of only three nominees in most categories.

I took a look at that list and decided that I just wouldn't vote that year. In most cases the choice was so narrow that I didn't feel happy with any of the nominees of several categories. I protested to Ben, and so did several others. The upshot of it all was that when he got home Ben retabulated and lengthened the number to five, which is more traditional, and we all felt better.

But Ben had very few ballots to work with; after the two or three top-runners, I imagine everything else got only one or two votes.

We got 279 nominating ballots, and I don't imagine the Fan Awards controversy hurt any. But at least we had a decent cross-section for our nominations. I'm glad we restricted each category to one nomination; as it was, it took seven or eight hours for the Committee to tabulate the ballots.

The first thing we decided was that we would not be arbitrary about the number of nominees. We would look for the natural break-point between heavily nominated and lightly nominated items. We would try to insure a variety within each category, so that voters would have a fair choice. And, to our surprise, we found that in several cases an author was so popular that he was competing with himself (Zelazny in "Novelette"; Harness in "Novelette"). For that reason, there are nine choices in both "Novelette" and "Short Story" -- and deservedly, I think, since these two categories encompass the greatest number of sf stories written. On the other hand, "Best Artist" had only four nominees because of a really sharp break between these four and the next-highest nominee. Clearly, these are the most popular artists.

Whenever "No Award" is found on the ballot, it represents a strong vote for that category. For instance, "No Award" came in second in total nominations in the "Short Story" category and third in "Best Drama". This makes "No Award" a legitimate contender.

We also had a problem with disqualifications. It was pointed out to

us before we tallied the ballots that several novels would be in contention, and that inasmuch as two members of the NyCon 3 Committee were on the staff of F&SF, it should not be eligible.

Well, fanzines have been disqualified before because the editor was on the Committee, and at least one professional author has resigned because his story was nominated on the final ballot, but clearly Andy Porter and I couldn't resign the NyCon3; while at the same time neither of us is directly enough involved with F&SF to make it seem fair to us to disqualify it. I mean, the editor is Ed Ferman, and with a solid year working for him, there was no honest reason to deny him his chances for a Hugo.

But we also know damned well that if F&SF appeared on the final ballot, there would be cries of "Foul!" from Vaux Hall, NJ (after all, Uncle Seth got himself in a tizzy because my old Void co-editor, Greg Benford, won an F&SF contest; I didn't judge that contest, by the way), so we took the question to Ed, and he agreed that F&SF should not run this year. So, although F&SF was third in popularity among nominees, it is not on the ballot.

Likewise, we were advised of two rules regarding novel eligibility. One, boiled down, says that a novel (or story) can't compete twice. The second says that a serial is eligible for the year in which the most installments appeared. And, as a corollary, cover dates are used for reference, all other dates of release being variable. So, okay, Heinlein's "Moon" was on the ballot last year, but had most of its installments published during the qualifying year. And I suspect many didn't vote for it last year because they expected the opportunity to vote for it during its "proper" year. When two rules conflict, you use common sense. It's on the ballot.

"Flowers for Algernon" won a Hugo for short story; we were told it should be disqualified. There were also some rumblings about "Witches of Karres" already having competed as a short story.

The Committee's ruling was that a novel, by virtue of sheer wordage if nothing else, is not the same as a short story, and cannot be disqualified because a short story of the same name either ran or won before.

I'm sure some people will note my hostility to "Star Trek" and suggest that I made sure three episodes would compete in order to deprive the series of a Hugo. In actual fact, two of the episodes were first and second in number of nominations, the third ranked between "Fahrenheit 451" and "Fantastic Voyage". In addition, "Balance of Terror" and "Where No Man Has Gone Before" received a significant number of nominations, but less than the others on the final ballot. Five "Star Trek" episodes would've been too many, I think.

So that's it on the Hugos. If a Really Good item isn't on the ballot, it's because too few recognized it for What It Is. This year's ballot certainly represents fandom's rather broad tastes better than any previous year's, and contains a number of fine items that I wouldn't mind seeing win. In fact, I'm glad I can't vote this year; I'd have a hard time making up my mind in several categories.

Oh, Buck, how could you? We campaigned for New York by saying NY fandom was "unified" behind it? Listen, we went out of our way not to say that. The 1956 Con was a "unified" effort that brought together several diverse elements which stayed at each other's necks for the next three or four years. We made a point of the fact that our Committee was composed exclusively of Fanoclasts, and was within itself unified; not the result of unifying all of NY fandom. There are no major feuds brewing in NY fandom these days (O happy day!), but there are plenty who a) have no hand on the NyCon 3 and b) don't like what we're doing with it. (One of the most vocal critics wanted to run the con himself, back when the idea was first discussed in 1963, and refused to have anything to do with it thereafter.)

Point is, NY fandom is Big...bigger than any other metropolitan area's. To expect any kind of real solidarity of thought from something in excess of two hundred fans (yes, that many!) is absurd, no matter what geographical breakdown you're discussing.

As a footnote to my column on reviewers, I should say that I subsequently discovered the "We Also Heard From" listing after Judy Merrill's column in F&SF is not Miss Merrill's. It is a listing compiled by Ed Fer- man of the most recent arrivals for review, from which Judy requests those books she wants to review. However, and despite this, she did not see fit to request for review any of the three I had on that list.

Fortunately, after several hours of haggling with Ed, we agreed on something of a compromise situation. From now on, for every two columns Judy writes, a third column will be of guest-reviewers. The first of these will appear in the October F&SF, and will include reviews by Terry Carr and myself. Since Judy usually takes the best and/or most intriguing books for herself, you'll not find many New Classics reviewed in that issue. However, Terry is reviewing my juvenile, MARAUDER SATELLITE. I hope he will be kind; if he is, it will be the first of my books he's liked.

I wish Dick Lupoff would use the same amount of care in reading my stuff that he does with others. It is defeating to write a reasonably logical criticism, only to have someone ignore half of what I say and then categorize the rest as "violent inconsistency". Sure, it's inconsistent if you ignore the consistencies...

I did not say STAR TREK was bad because it was "a series show". I said that as a series conception it was bad, because it was limited. My whole point in contrasting it with two other series, I SPY and THE AVENGERS was to show what a series could be capable of. (Of course, the producers of THE AVENGERS crossed me up with a generally inferior season this year... *sigh*) I don't feel like going back and documenting this, quote by quote, nor do I feel like another protracted argument over STAR TREK. But, Jesus Krist, Lupoff! If you're going to spend half your time searching out errors and inconsistencies in what I write and do, you oughta be able to do better than that.

Lloyd Hull, 2532-9th, Great Bend, Kansas 67530

Something happened in Oklahoma City recently that would compete with horror or mystery story. It seem that at the Pepsi Cola plant there a Negro worker suddenly disappeared. The management looked and looked, but they couldn't find where he had gone. His landlady said he had not been at his apartment for several days, so they just figured he had in some way got into trouble and forgot about him. Days went by, still no sign of him.

Well, at the plant they use extremely large vats to make the Pepsi Cola in. Probably as large as the average sized water tower. Anyway the Pepsi is allowed to set (I suppose to ferment or something) and sometimes it sets for long periods of time before they bottle it. Well, a few weeks later they did bottle it, and it was sent out to retailers. Guess what they found? You guessed it. They found the workman at the bottom. He had fallen in and he couldn't swim. His body was ate up by the acid so badly that he had very little skin left. His body didn't float to the top because it seems Pepsi does strange things to the human body.

By the way, just in case you were wondering, the stuff bottled at the plant in Oklahoma City is sent out to the entire United States and Canada. They were going to call back the bottles but they would lose a lot of money and besides the brass figured that no one would ever know. Luckily the newspapers found out about it. I don't know about you, but

I'm not going to drink Pepsi for a long, long time to come.

/I suppose that's proof that old stories never die, they just shift a few company names. Last time I heard that, it was about Coke; maybe they decided to get even by circulating the same tale about Pepsi? Oh yes, and the one about the field hand who got chopped up in the tobacco shredding machine and was made into cigarettes. JWC7

John Berry, 31, Campbell Park Avenue, Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland

The power of Yandro was well demonstrated this morning. I was in the centre of Belfast with my wife, trying hard to stop her from shopping, when we met Bob Shaw. Quick as a flash I whipped out a red-hot bit of info I read in the latest Yandro, which arrived this morning... "Congrats on being anthologized, Bob," I said. My wife, who isn't too well briefed in literary jargon, looked concerned, and said she hoped it wasn't serious... she hoped it wasn't that operation. Bob, mystified, asked me how I knew, and I said I'd read it in an Income Tax file. This set him back, he blanched somewhat, and then I said I'd read it in Yandro. So you may not hear from me very often, but I can assure you I'm your most avid reader.

Dave Jenrette

I am really fascinated by VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. It is absolutely unbelievable. One sequence had the crew members all fainting in sequence, like ballet dancers moving together. The cast members are always staggering around in some sort of daze or trance and always doing something completely illogical. Also, how many places are there to hide on a sub? Quite a few perhaps, but I don't think anyone ever really looks. I think the characters are in a strange kind of dream world, prisoners, perhaps, doomed to walk unseeing through their sub-sea corridors. Why is it, by the way, that there is such a large crew, all busy with dial-watching, but, when they all faint, or are unconscious, no real malfunctions develop?? I just can't get over it. It's too wonderful.

George Scithers, Box 9120, Chicago, Illinois, 60690

In the matter of Mr. Mingus' Fans to End War -- I certainly don't want him to represent me -- and I'd like to know how I can avoid this involuntary representation.

/There is no possible way of keeping fans from being idiotic. RSC7

Alice Hopf

Well, I feel as though I have finally arrived, to be mentioned in an M.A. Thesis! You might tell Alexei Panshin that he's really lucky he got his at a place that does some editing. My niece got hers at the Univ. of Arizona - on Mexican Literature. Apparently they never heard of editing anything there. She gave it a title that had something about "Indigenist Literature" in it, and the powers that be never batted an eye. That's how it was published, and when we later pointed out to her that there is no such word and it should be "indigenous" she was quite mad!

Anyhow - I don't entirely agree with what Alexei says. I feel that the future must have its roots in the past, and that future pet shows will doubtless be run much as Westminster is now. (Having the exhibition animal talk back to the judge would seem to be futuristic enough!) and that future politics will not be entirely unrecognizable. A Roman Senator would probably be at home in our Senate, and Asimov's politics in the Foundation series are not entirely divorced from terrestrial history. This is not to compare myself to the masters, and I realize it is better to be hissed and missed, as they say!

Billy H. Pettit, C/O Control Data, 1010 Holcombe Blvd., Houston, Texas, 77025

The check is for a couple of years of subscription to Yandro. I'm still trying to complete a set for binding. I do have all volumes from our on bound by years. It makes a beautiful looking set. I've even read most of them. I'm not sure that's good or not. I did enjoy most of the material. And I still need a few issues. that I will pay very very good prices or trade for them. I do have lots of old Unknowns including the first two issues for trading stock. The issues I need are: 2-3, 5-7, 10, 13-14, 20, 27-31 or a total of 14 issues. If I could buy all at once, I would not consider two dollars each to be too high. If I can only get them a couple at a time then I'd have to lower my offer to a dollar apiece. They will be bound into the rest of the set so would not be lost.

I would like to see Norwood start giving a brief synopsis instead of the this-is-bad-and-this-is-good type of review. And he should include the rest of Lowndes' stuff. Or maybe he doesn't count them as sf. But for May I also picked up Startling Mystery, and Famous Science Fiction. Plus the Palmer pubs and the five Cohen pubs. Ah. I see where he mentions Science Fiction Classics. I don't get too enthused about the material although it is better than 80% of F&SF's little gems. But have you seen the production? It is neatly laid out, with very good copies of the original illustrations, good paper and neat printing. Lowndes is really slipping in his production. Many pages in the current issues are literally unreadable because of ink smears and misregistration. I still buy them, as I buy everything the field is producing. But I'm very unhappy at the extremely low quality of printing. It is the worst of any magazine I know of in print.

Ted White is reviewing his critics. It looks like he is trying to get the jump on them. Do onto others before they do it to you. Oh well. I played the Ted White game in Atlanta. The answers were the same. "He didn't like it", and "What didn't he like about it?" And now we know that he really Cares about his writing. And that if he waits long enough he will be a good writer just like he is now a good BNF. Sheesss. He has a hell of a long wait. And first he has to meet some real people so he can create some real characters. It's hard to believe he ripped into the Mark Phillips stories after reading White's stuff. He is better than some of the current published authors. But what kind of compliment is it to be better than J. Hunter Holly or Gardener Fox? I think I might even enjoy a Ted White story if he hadn't already told me how great they are and what a clod I am if I don't like them. Keep waiting Ted and maybe you'll be a fixture. When are you going to become an author?

I've used a slight version of the Trimble technique for junk mail. I put it in an envelope with the sender's address as the only thing other than a "first class" rubber stamped on it. Then mail it. I've gotten off several neighborhood lists that way. Most of the people in our little complex have started the same thing. It's too soon to tell the effect, but it should give somebody pause. Or a big postage bill.

I hope your paper problem solves itself. The multicolored paper is not Yandro. I like the dog vomit yellow. Passionate pink Coulson. No.

If any of your new fans ask, you can give them my name as having lots of fanzines for sale. I finally got most of the Hickman collection sorted. I do have about 130 different duplicate issues of Yandro. Plus many other of the better zines.

GOLDEN MINUTES



THE WEIRWOODS, by Thomas Burnett Swann (Ace, 50¢)

My choice for the best story of the year. Of course, it really isn't "of the year", since it was first published in SCIENCE FANTASY some time back, but apparently very few US fans read it there. A fantasy dealing with an Etruscan city, a wandering Gaul, and certain - inhabitants - of the nearby forest. Swann has a genius for creating characters who are different enough to seem alien while still being somewhat comprehensible. And his humans are amusingly human, while his historical background (and legendary background, too) is thoroughly researched. There are no real villains; every character simply follows his own ideas, all with the best of intentions, and somehow the result is conflict. One of the best fantasies of this or any other year.

STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, by Robert A. Heinlein (Avon, 75¢) I can't imagine a reader of YANDRO who doesn't already have a copy of this book, but if you don't have one, you should have. I won't quite go along with the cover blurb ("The most famous science-fantasy novel of all time" -- somehow I think a few items like "War of the Worlds" and "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea" and a dozen or so others are more famous.) It's not even Heinlein's best novel, as far as entertainment goes. But it is quite possibly his most important novel, and the only one he'll be remembered for outside the sf field. It deals with basic human ideas and emotions. Valentine Michael Smith is Heinlein's idea of a modern Jesus, and I suspect that Heinlein's idea might not be too far wrong. Anyway, the Christian parallels are interesting whether you agree with them or not. Avon even has a better cover on this reprint than on their original pb edition.

BRIGHT NEW UNIVERSE, by Jack Williamson (Ace, 50¢) Williamson has made a valiant attempt to provide a more "modern" writing style for his new novel. It isn't totally successful - some of the characters and some of the description are wooden reminders of the good old days - but it's a good enough try. The plot is a trifle confusing. Not complicated; I just kept wondering if all these people were really necessary. But it's a good average-quality adventure novel.

DOLPHIN BOY, by Roy Meyers (Ballantine) At the Midwestcon, someone -- Lee Lave'll, I think -- said this was the worst science-fiction she'd ever read. It's not really that bad; it's no better and no worse than Tarzan Of The Apes. As a matter of fact, it is Tarzan of the Apes; slightly condensed, but with no important part of the plot missing. Meyers might even have put in a few more incredible coincidences than Burroughs used; it's been a long time since I've read Tarzan. Replace the apes with dolphins, the lions and other predators with sharks, and the elephants with whales, and Tarzan has been translated into a brand-new sea epic. Of course, if you've read the original, there really isn't much point in reading the copy.

THE COMETEERS, by Jack Williamson (Pyramid, 60¢) The sequel to The Legion

of Space. Giles Habibula is still around. One of the classic characters of science fiction, he keeps the book from being an utter drag. But I'm afraid that vintage Williamson (with exceptions such as The Humanoids) doesn't read nearly as well as, say, vintage Hamilton or Weinbaum. You know the plot; evil aliens are intent on wiping out humanity and the Legion, with Habibula and the son of the "hero" of the first book, stop them.

THE LAST CASTLE, by Jack Vance/WORLD OF THE SLEEPER, by Tony Russell Wayman (Ace, 60¢) The Vance half is one of his best novelets, based on the sort of exotic-civilization background that Vance is so adept at dreaming up. It won a "Nebula" award (tho I must admit there were better stories in contention) and is well worth your money. The general "aura" of the book is similar to The Dragon Masters, although the stories are nowhere similar in detail. I must confess that I didn't read the Wayman half. On the first page I ran into "This face now animated itself in response to messages from within and the lips of the almost too-wide mouth parted in a yawn which seemed about to dislocate the jaw buried somewhere under the brown Vandyke beard: a Vandyke however which was personalized by the continuation of its upward reaches into the moustache, and the absence of it from the lower lip." (All right, that's on page 2. But it's all like that, with the author minutely describing every event and presenting his philosophy in extremely erudite terms, presumably to provide a distinctive style and perhaps to disguise the fact that the plot is inadequate - a deduction from the fact that his extended verbiage leaves very little room for a plot - and while I am not one to disparage an individual style, I was never an admirer of A. Merritt and Mr. Wayman's sentence structure is somehow reminiscent of the intricacies of the Merritt style of prose.) Anyway, I can't read all this crap, and this seemed to be a good one to miss.

WORLDS OF THE IMPERIUM, by Keith Laumer (Ace, 45¢) I have heard younger fans go into rhapsodies over this novel; now that I've read it, I can't imagine why. Oh, it's a good enough adventure novel; lots of thrills and jumping back and forth between worlds and fighting and so on, but it's not really any better than a couple of dozen others. In a week, I'll have forgotten utterly what it's about. I would recommend it as a good buy for someone wanting to kill a dull afternoon.

SWEENEY'S ISLAND, by John Christopher (Fawcett, 60¢) This seems to be the month for imitations; this is an "adult" version of Lord of the Flies, with the literary quality replaced by sex scenes. The plot is somewhat different from Golding's book, but the setting and "meaning" of the two books seem identical. The Sweeney of the title is undoubtedly symbolic of something - but from here it looks like he's symbolic of the *deus ex machina*. After the beginning, the only times he appears are when the author needs to give the plot another jolt. Not one of Christopher's better books.

THE EMERALD ELEPHANT GAMBIT: AGENT OF T.E.R.R.A. #3, by Larry Maddock (Ace, 50¢) This series seems to be steadily improving -- perhaps because it couldn't go any other way. This is set in Mohenjo-Daro, with, of course, the two time-traveling organizations squabbling over the spoils as the early civilization goes down before the Aryan invaders. Like the Laumer work, it's good enough light reading if you don't expect too much; if I had to choose I'd take Laumer, but there isn't really a lot of difference.

NEW WRITINGS IN SCIENCE FICTION - 9, edited by John Carnell (Corgi, 3/6) One of the better efforts in this series of original-story anthologies. It may be reprinted by Bantam in time, but Carnell is perhaps the best

in the world today, and I don't like to wait for anything that he has a hand in. You can get a copy from friendly British bookdealers such as Fantast (Medway) Ltd., 75 Norfolk St., Wisbech, Cambs., Gt. Britain. This opens with a novelet by John Rackham; good solid science of the ANALOG type, with perhaps more human-emotion problems than ANALOG would permit. Douglas R. Mason writes on the problems in accepting the "benefits" of a superior civilization - in this case as offered by a left-over robot of that civilization. Arthur Sellings contributes a lightweight item about the mysterious appearance of incomprehensible materials; a long-time reader should be able to figure out the answer before it's revealed. "The Long Memory", by William Spencer, paints a horrifying future and investigates the nature of man's mind, but fails to tell much of a story. Jerry Page's "Guardian Angel" is a humorous little item. The blurb refers to an "insidious" takeover, but it's hardly that; it's quite blunt, as a matter of fact. Good fun, anyway. Eric Frank Russell's "Second Genesis" is hardly a new story (copyright 1952 by, I believe, BLUEBOOK), and it isn't even a particularly good Russell story, but even poor Russell is worth reading. Vincent King's "Defense Mechanism" is probably the best story in the book. Another exotic civilization (you've noticed I'm partial to them?) with some interesting new twists. All in all, an excellent buy.

FLYING SAUCERS ON THE ATTACK, by Harold T. Wilkins (Ace, 75¢) Saucers are in the news again, apparently. Here's one of the poorer of the early (copyright 1954) books about them. It's a notch up from the books by people claiming to have ridden in saucers, though.

INTERPRET YOUR DREAMS, by Alan Levy (Pyramid, 60¢) Surprisingly, an entertaining book. Levy doesn't take his dream interpretation too seriously, and includes numerous quotes from a "friend" who I assume is fictional but who is a man after my own heart. "Nonsense," Carberry replied. "I dislike most people regardless of race, creed, color or sex." The first two-thirds of the book are devoted to the history of dreams, examples of famous dreams, and irreverent comments. The final third is a somewhat updated version of the common dream-interpretation manual.

THE INVISIBILITY AFFAIR, by Thomas Stratton (Ace, 50¢) Well, I liked it. There is a shortage of action, particularly if you think U.N.C.L.E. books should be exciting. But then, Gene and I didn't write it for the sort of clods who think U.N.C.L.E. books should be exciting. It's funny; I hope it's funny enough to be enjoyable to fans. I'd like to commend Ace for (a) minimum editing -- any faults of the book are those of the authors, not of the editor; and (b) leaving in our cynical ending, which I fully expected to be cut.

If you're hesitant about reading it, I might point out that it is science fiction; invisibility machines have been in the genre since H. G. Wells. And I hope you have as much fun reading it as Gene and I did out of getting paid for it.

CHTHON, by Piers Anthony (Ballantine, 75¢) I was beginning to wonder if Ballantine had quit putting out good science fiction. This is not at all my favorite type of story, but it is well written. It reminds me somewhat of Zelazny's writing; the same air that the author has in every case chosen the one word calculated to produce the precise impression he wishes to convey. I can't say I understood all his symbolism, but then I can't say that I tried very hard. I guess my only major objection would be that the book seems too well-planned in a literary sense to appear very real. But whether or not this is a flaw depends on what you expect your books to provide. Chthon is certainly well worth reading.