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YANDRO

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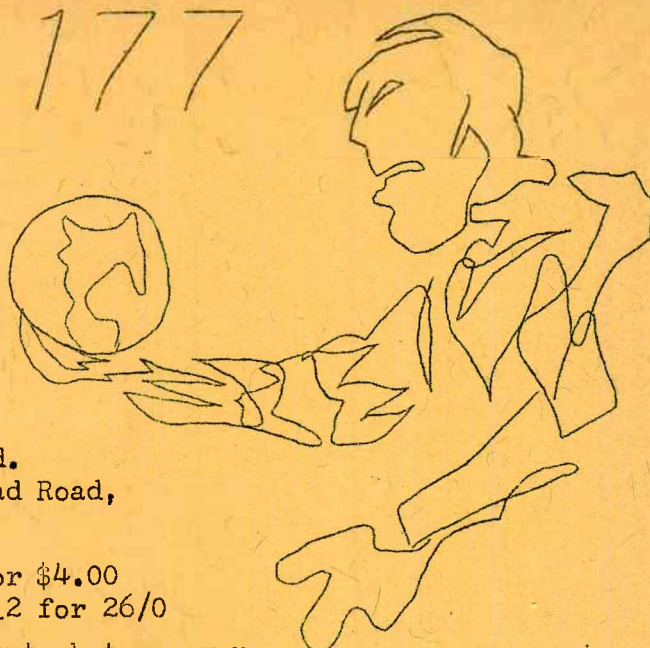


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YANDRO - 177

dec 67 VOL XV-NO.11

Looks like 11 issues a year is all we can make any more -- and we almost didn't get this one out, due to things like the publisher having a novel deadline. Well, published almost monthly by Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, Ind. 47348. British Agent, Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts., Great Britain.



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That may lose us some British subscribers, but what can you do when the US raises postal rates at the same time that Britain devalues her currency? I'm not currently sure what the new postal raise will do to fanzine rates, either foreign or domestic -- the newspapers here haven't said, and our local post office is friendly but uninformative. (They said they hadn't been informed themselves, yet, which I can well believe.) But I suspect they will be raised, and I'm preparing.

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ARTWORK

Cover by Robert E. Gilbert -- Cover Lettering by Arthur Thomson

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"Star Trek" contributors this month were DEA, Morris Scott Dollens (copy of AMERICAN CINEMATOGRAPHER, Oct. '67, with article on special effects), Sue Hereford, Robert E. Gilbert, and Leigh Edmonds with some Australian newspaper/magazine clippings. Plus a batch of pictures from Kay Anderson and a tip about an article in the December POPULAR SCIENCE from both Kay and someone else whose letter I seem to have mislaid.

DAINIS BISENIEKS says I listed the wrong zip code for him in #175; it should be #02740. Rest of the address is correct.



This issue has variegated paper (well, two kinds, anyway) because we ordered Twill-Tone and Mishek's sent Twill-TeX - and lost a carton of the stuff along the way to boot. I had the Gestetner supposedly repaired before running this issue - feed fingers replaced and the counter checked out (it worked fine in the store); the thing is still slipping paper and double and triple feeding now and again, and the counter hasn't worked properly once on this entire issue - I know, because I checked it by counting out loud. Oh yes, I had another sideband replaced on the thing.

And a happy new year to you, too.

Last issue I mentioned THE AVENGERS, and how while I didn't very much dig it and wouldn't miss it I wrote letters to ABC to try to twist vice presidential arms at the network to get the show back on again. I see by the various rumor sheets of the broadcasting industry that THE AVENGERS is indeed returning, so perhaps the letters did some good after all. Obviously the Nielsens didn't impress the powers that be, but perhaps a loud enough squawk via letter campaign can influence minds - assuming there are any up there - and convince tv execs a large segment of their audience will be alienated if the network adheres too slavishly to the great god Ratings. I notice also that Diana Rigg will be leaving the show - saying that the role of Emma is "too limiting, no characterization"; well, I concur, and have since I first saw the show, though I'm sure I'll hear arguments from the readership out there. But I wonder what her departure will do to the fannish adulation of the show?

Howsomever, for those of you who dig THE AVENGERS, "they" say it's coming back, so enjoy enjoy, and I'm happy I was one of the contributors to the pile of letters that just possibly might have swung the renewal. Will you AVENGERS fans return the favor? STAR TREK is faring poorly in the Friday night slot against GOMER PYLE; I watched PYLE a few times during its first season, thought the gimmick wore very thin very rapidly and was sorry to see a capable actor like Frank Sutton trapped in a situation comedy - but the show is popular, certainly in this area, and is praised and rehashed enthusiastically by three sheets to the wind vets and Legion types I can't avoid encountering in supermarkets, laundromats, etc. I realize STAR TREK is not everyone's enthusiasm, just as THE AVENGERS is not mine, but I enjoy the series and rarely find the hour spent watching it completely disappointing, and several of the episodes this season have pleased me very much - and I am certain I want to continue watching the series next year. Which is why I'm writing letters now - since January and February are the critical months during which tv series are given the go-ahead for the following season; I don't like having to bombard tv execs constantly, but if there are fannish Nielsen diarists, apparently their votes don't count for much in the total and the total wields a mighty voice in command decisions on the network level - and it takes a lot of letters to override the Nielsen voice. So, I am writing letters. Will you AVENGERS buffs join me? Now? While it can do some good - not in May or June when the cast and crew have been scattered to the winds and are irretrievable? East Coast: Mort Werner, NBC TV, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, NY, NY 10026. West Coast: Herbert Schlosser, NBC-TV, 3000 W. Alameda Blvd., Burbank, Calif. And I, personally, would encourage you to bug somebody Up There into moving STAR TREK to, say, Monday night - Fridays are simply awful.

Apropos the above, available when you read this - ST-Phile, a zine edited by myself and Kay Anderson. It contains material by Roddenberry (the original STAR TREK idea), Ruth Berman (dramatic structure), Kay Anderson (medicine), the Trimble, and others - illustrated, of course. 52 pp, 50¢, which makes it a better bargain than Yandro, come to

think of it.

I had a lovely holiday season, and hope you had the same. The gifts were many and fine, and too numerous to list here. But I'd like to mention one fannish one. Thanks to Kay Anderson, I now have the rutabaga (of Irwin Allen fame) trapped and at my mercy; actually, it's a blown glass paperweight, and quite beautiful - but suspended in the middle of the colorless glass is the green, frond-drooping head of our old enemy in the rubber suit. It is a charming thing to be able to clutch the rutabaga in your hand and threaten it.

Is anyone else as turned off as I am by cigarette commercials? Perhaps as a non-smoker they irritate me more than some other nauseous ads. I am particularly angered by one spot of a dreamy eyed all American couple out on a vacation, puffing away and being all glamorous - in the midst of sequoias; considering how many forest fires are started by carelessly tossed away cigarettes, it seems the least the cigarette cartels could do would be not to encourage people to smoke in the midst of lovely and irreplaceable combustibles.

The following newsitem from a local town rather interested me: "County commissioners are studying a request to select a suitable hanging place in the courthouse for a portrait of the late Mrs. Sophia Diffenbaugh....Mrs. Diffenbaugh is credited with initiating the movement to install county dumps. She worked on the Sunken Gardens project...." It figures somehow. I'm reminded of Dogpatch and wondering if perhaps her portrait should be hung in the deepfreeze, or in some other cool and aerated spot?

Richard E. Geis's Psychotic #22 (not reviewed in this issue because it just arrived) contains a comment by Geis on Anne McCaffrey's RESTOREE. It largely boils down to a complaint that he can't identify with the protagonist because the protagonist is a woman. I have not read RESTOREE yet, but I found this comment intriguing in a general way. I cannot recall ever identifying with a protagonist in a book, male or female. Empathizing, yes. Caring what happened to the character and engrossed in what occurred, yes. But identifying, no, not in the sense that I found myself in the shoes of that character so thoroughly that I forgot my own individuality. I'm aware this isn't what some people mean by "identifying", but I suspect in that case what is really meant is empathizing. There are some characters it is extremely hard for me to imagine anyone "identifying" with. I have read books in which none of the characters aroused my sympathy, reflected any of my attitudes or emotions, books in which the characters not only behaved contrary to my convictions, but stupidly; yet, I was absorbed by these books, felt better for having read them, considered I had learned something, changed in some way. I have never found identification or even mere empathization with a character a prerequisite for enjoyment of a book. (Enjoyment is not to be taken as synonymous with pleasure, of course; enjoyment can be a total thing, and one can enjoy having one's brain stimulated, even painfully.)

Geis was apparently turned off by the excessively feminine approach of RESTOREE. Does this mean the women who read and enjoy sf are more masculine than ordinary, or merely more tolerant? For the majority of science fiction, as Geis points out, is male oriented, told from a masculine point of view. I have never been troubled by this, and have in fact accepted it as the way things are. I have been annoyed reading sf written by men and supposedly reflecting a female point of view; such books rarely mirror the points of view of any of the females I know, including the females I don't particularly like, and I find myself wondering if the author really thinks women are like that, or if he just hasn't grasped the essence of feminine thought and reaction very well. Can any one truly get inside the skin of someone of the opposite sex, barring esper powers? I'd be interested in reactions of males and females to this problem. How do you react to a book containing a protagonist of your own sex, but created by an author of the opposite sex??



Greetings and ho ho ho and all that. (I prefer yo ho ho -- "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest; yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!") In the interest of good will and the kindly season and public information and filling up this editorial, I have a few announcements which arrived in the mail, which I will now deliver.

There is a Belgian fan-club, named "Club Cosmorama". The letter calls it "the first club of science-fiction"; I assume this means in Belgium, though they don't say. It

is in need of money, and memberships are \$5, payable to DUMONT Claude, 112, rue Wazon, Liege, Belgium (C.C.P. 8498.63 Bruxelles). Never encountered that last on a continental address before...but then, I don't think I'll send them any money, anyway.

Sharon Towle, address withheld by request, would like to contact anyone doing research into white, not black, magic. Send any replies to YANDRO and I'll pass them on. Anything sent will of course be kept confidential as far as I'm concerned; I don't even believe in white magic.

Having some spare time in the reading department this past week, I essayed to read all 12 issues of F&SF for 1967. It was fascinating, in a way, and instructive. Apparently what sells to F&SF these days is tricky ideas. Solutions aren't necessarily logical; they aren't even necessarily there. All that counts is that the original idea be far enough out to class as fantasy. (And, of course, the writing should be competent; F&SF has always been one of the "slickest" of the stf mags.) This is a bit discouraging, since thinking up them crazy ideas has never been my strong point. I have a feeling I won't sell much to F&SF.

A couple of people have enthusiastically recommended Simon and Garfunkel records to us lately; at least one has been amazed by our reply that S & G are all right, but not precisely what we want to pay money for. Juanita commented today that part of the trouble is that today's protest song writers and performers are strictly urban creatures, and their songs are strictly for urban populations. (The anti-war songs being an exception, of course.) Juanita and I have no problems in identifying ourselves; there is pressure toward conformity but it isn't particularly strong; farmers are too busy to get worked up over other people's nonconformity so they are content to mind their own business; we aren't "lonely in the middle of the crowd" because in the first place there isn't any crowd and in the second place nobody who is desperate for communication/attention/adulation/what have you would live out here in the first place. So what's so great about Simon and Garfunkel? If you're a big-city teenager with problems in convincing yourself of your individuality, they may be great. But they just don't apply to us.

I don't think a hell of a lot of protest songs, anyway; nobody ever corrected an injustice by singing about it. (I'm tempted to say that what US teenagers need today is more work and less money, but I suppose that would brand me as an old foggy -- and it isn't entirely true anyway. Work doesn't necessarily produce a sense of responsibility, which is what is needed in many cases. Not among YANDRO readers, of course...)

I did take advantage of a Publisher's Central sale to buy some records, though. One each by Ewan McColl, Liam Clancy, Patrick Sky, and Cisco Houston, Vanguard's second folk sampler (which was mainly valuable in providing me with the names of a lot of singers I don't want under any circumstances) and a couple of Christmas presents for Juanita. These last few years I have concentrated almost entirely on folk music records, on the assumption that we can always buy classics, but the folk "boom" was bound to bust sooner or later. (It has, apparently; only Folkways, Vanguard, and

on rare occasions Columbia seem to be producing genuine folk records any more. Elektra, once the best of the lot, has apparently sold out to the college protest crowd.

Of course, I never liked the popular folksingers, anyway; the ones who were popular with the general public were slick but had no feeling (and in some cases were lousy singers as well), while the ones popular with folkniks were usually fine instrumentalists and lousy singers. Some people seem to feel that no folksong is really genuine unless it is sung by (a) somebody 95 years old who has spent his entire life inhaling coal dust or cotton lint, or (b) Pete Seeger. Anyway, now I'm picking up some of the records by singers I couldn't afford at the height of the boom (because there were just too many records being produced, at usually \$4.95 per crack), and once I get the last of these I can either settle back or try to get some of the semi-classics. Some of my favorites don't seem to be doing much these days, which I suppose is just as well (after all, 21 lp records by Ed McCurdy should be enough for anybody.) The only currently active performers in the folk field I'm much interested in are McColl, the Clancy Brothers, Buffy St. Marie, Ian and Sylvia, and occasionally Leon Bibb. (Bibb has just about left the field, as has Judy Collins, another good singer, and Joan Tolliver, who is good no matter what she does.)

Well, that took up some space; maybe some day, in a moment of desperation, I'll list my choices for a basic folk library. Not this time, though.

Currently, "Thomas Stratton" is inactive. There is an U.N.C.L.E. novel awaiting Ace's decision on what to do about U.N.C.L.E. books now that the tv series is folding (c'mon, fellas; after all, the GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E. magazine is still going....) and a stf novel also awaiting Ace's decision. (But it isn't an Ace type novel, so I won't be surprised if it comes back. I think it's good enough to sell somewhere, though.) Currently, Juanita is typing final copy on her second stf novel, with a deadline coming up, along with Christmas and a YANDRO to get out.

A home carpentry project for the near future is the installation of a screen door across the stairway, to allow heat and people to ascend to the library while keeping the cats out. (Juanda likes to sharpen her claws on old STARTLINGS.) One of these days.....

Richard Delap sent in some information on new films. The two most interesting items seem to be British: "They Came From Beyond Space", based on Joseph Millard's The Gods Hate Kansas, and "The Terrornauts", based on Murray Leinster's The Wailing Asteroid and scripted by John Brunner. Incidentally, I've heard somewhere that The Puppet Masters is being filmed; since The Gods Hate Kansas is an earlier novel on the same theme (and a fairly good one, though not up to Heinlein), I wonder if somebody didn't decide to get in ahead of the more publicized film? In general, British stf has been better than US; they've turned out some clinkers, but their average is higher.

"Not all conservative people remember, but all people who remember with love must be profoundly conservative in some ways. Their memories themselves are a conservation of what has been." (J. Frank Dobie) Well, I'm a good conservative, and the Christmas season is a traditional time for remembering. (Now if we can just get this YANDRO out of the way so I can sit back and relax....) It's been a pretty good year, all in all. We've met some interesting new fans, like the Couches and Nan Braude, got better acquainted with fans we met last year, such as Kay Anderson, spent time with the Thompsons and DeWeeses, got to renew various acquaintances at the Midwestcon, read a goodly number of interesting books, and even managed to sell a few books of our own. Most enjoyable books of the year have included Hustler's Handbook by Bill Veeck, Clear The Decks by Daniel V. Gallery, The Weirwoods by Thomas Burnett Swann, The California Trail by George R. Stewart, Soldier's Revolt by Hans Helmut Kirst, Disinherited by Dale van Every, Tros of Samothrace by Talbot Mundy, African Genesis, by Robert Ardrey, Flowers For Algernon, by Daniel Keyes, The Nineties, by the staff of AMERICAN HERITAGE, and I just may be reading a final one in Judgment of Eve by Edgar Pangborn; it's excellent as far as I've gone. Not a bad year at all. I'll try to have Hugo recommendations in the next issue, our Fifteenth Anniversary Issue.

LORD OF LIGHT

reviewed by RICHARD DELAP

LORD OF LIGHT, by Roger Zelazny, Doubleday 1967, 257 pp., \$4.95.

Perhaps no author of the past five years has quite so rapidly and deservedly risen to the top ranks of the science-fiction field as Roger Zelazny. His "A Rose for Ecclesiastes" already seems established as a classic work of short fiction, and his awards are piling up nearly as fast as his stories. And now...what happened? LORD OF LIGHT is an inane mishmash incorporating what seems to be various shades of DUNE, the Conan stories, the Holy Scriptures, and a gagging dose of what must be "Aunt Agatha's Handy-Dandy Home Guide to Everyman's Metaphysics". From a lesser author, such an abortive mixture might easily be tossed aside and forgotten, but from Zelazny's credit, such action seems improper.

The story unfolds on some far-flung future world where the masses of man live in ignorance of science while a few distinguished individuals are set up as the "Gods", using their knowledge of super-science to span lifetimes in different bodies and, in the Grecian manner, squabble unrelentingly among themselves while keeping a watchful eye on their mortal "subjects" to prevent any Accelerationism or progress. The plot follows one Mahasamatman (or Sam, among sundry other names) who becomes a sort of pseudo-Jesus, leading the lump of common people, (who never come into focus more than figuratively) into the promised land.

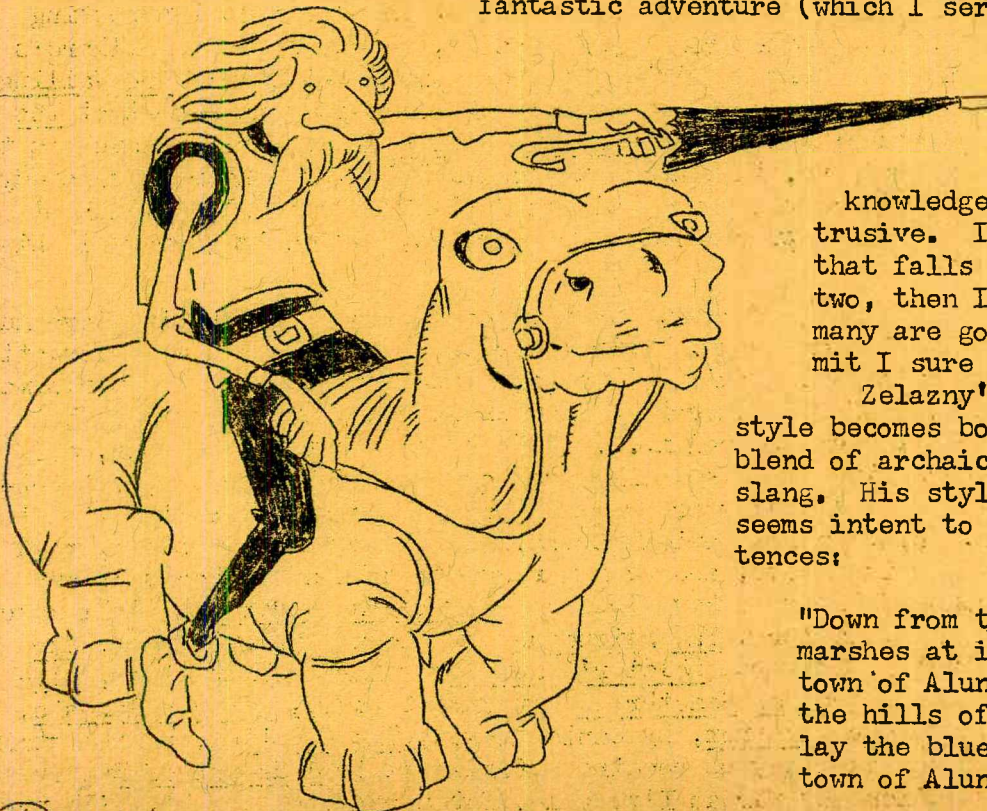
If Zelazny meant his tale as an allegory, then his trappings are far too sophomoric and his splashy sword-and-sorcery, world-of-wondertechniques are distinctly out of place. On the other hand, if he meant the story as nothing more than an action-filled fantastic adventure (which I seriously doubt), his over-

long interludes of character soul-searching and various dissertations on ignorance and

knowledge are unforgivably intrusive. If he meant something that falls somewhere between the two, then I seriously doubt that many are going to grasp it (I admit I sure as hell didn't see it).

Zelazny's usual lyrical, poetic style becomes bogged down in an uneasy blend of archaic wordage and incongruous slang. His style-writing in this book seems intent to overwrite simple sentences:

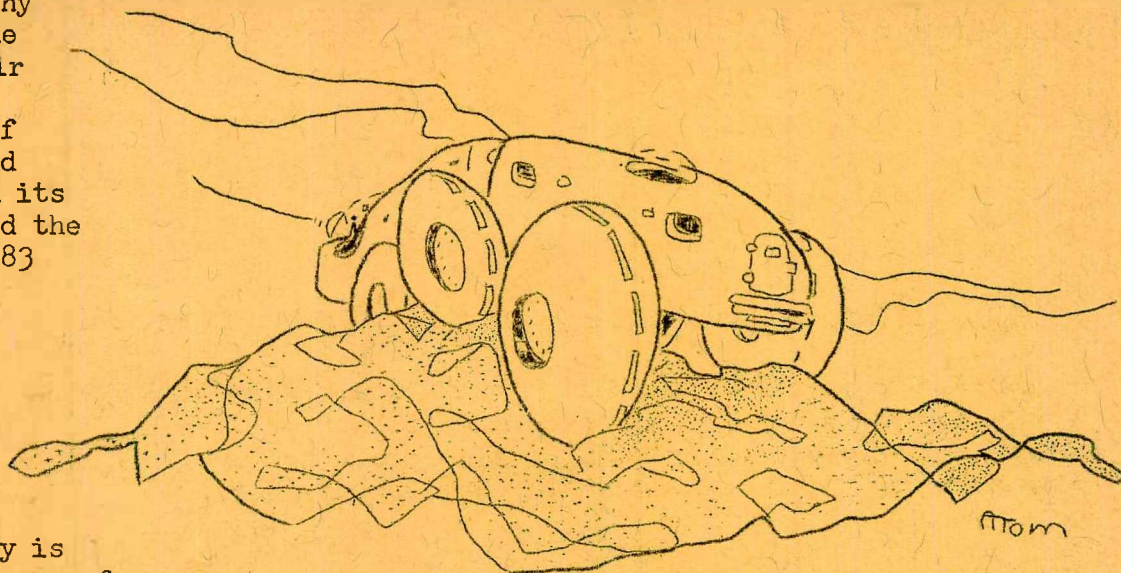
"Down from the grove, with the marshes at its back, toward the town of Alundil, above which lurked the hills of rock and around which lay the blue-green fields, into the town of Alundil, still astir with



travelers, many
of them at the
height of their
revelry, up
the streets of
Alundil toward
the hill with its
Temple, walked the
Buddha." - p.83

and slap out
similes as
fast as pis-
tol-shots:

"The air is
as sharp as a
sword. The sky is
bright as the eye of
a cat." - p. 111



Finally, Zelazny's word-games become nauseously aggravating rather than amusing (which occasionally seems his intent) or rewarding. And from an author who usually excels highly in distinctive characterizations, the aggregate here amounts to the largest collection of fictional paper dolls in recent memory, and the lack of taste shown in the incident of a certain bathroom installation is jarring, and comes off as no more than a poorly-told dirty joke.

All in all, Zelazny fans are advised to wait patiently for his next work and pretend ignorance of the book at hand (and including the probably subsequent paperback). Those who have yet to become acquainted with the author's works are suggested to look for the Ace paperbacks of his previous triumphs. They're better. And less expensive.

Headline in Hartford City paper: STAMPS AVAILABLE AT POST OFFICE. (We have these people, see, who just aren't with it.....)

PLANET POEMS

9. PLUTO

by Rick Norwood

They call me dead
Because my own
Internal life has fled.
And yet the thrusting beast
Has laid me eggs
Which soon hatch out
Devour my fleshy core
And rise, renewed in me,
To climb the well of stars

NEW ADDRESSES

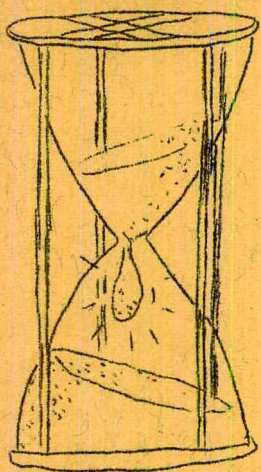
John Bangsund, 11 Wilson St., Ferntree Gully, Victoria 3156, Australia

Art Hayes, Box 1030, South Porcupine, Ontario, Canada

Ruth Berman, 3905 West 1st. St., Los Angeles, California 90004

Billy Pettit, Control Data Holland N V, Stadhouderslaan 114, The Hague, Netherlands

John Berry, Box 6801, Stanford, California 94305 (college only; his home address in Bronxville, N.Y. is still good)



Golden Minutes

LORD OF LIGHT, by Roger Zelazny (SF Book Club, \$1.70) This might not be Zelazny's best book from the standard literary viewpoint (on the other hand, it might be) but it is certainly his most entertaining work. (For an alternate viewpoint, see Richard Delap's review elsewhere in this issue.) The idea of men imitating gods by means of super science and super psi-ence is not new, but Zelazny

handles it well. My knowledge of the Hindu pantheon of deities is not comprehensive enough for me to say how accurate the reproductions are. The book is not a grimly

serious account -- I received that impression on page 65, where occurs the line, "Then the fit hit the Shan." (In the middle of a straight-faced account of intrigue....) Is the whole thing a religious parody? Possibly; certainly it parodies the practices of Hinduism and the founding of Buddhism. (Sam, despite my esteemed colleague's comment, is not a pseudo-Jesus; he is a pseudo-Buddha -- a term whose pronunciation I find rather charming.) All in all, a highly entertaining work and one to be highly recommended.

LORDS OF THE STARSHIP, by Mark S. Geston (Ace, 50¢) In the current boom in sf paperbacks, there is an awful lot of substandard sf being churned out, largely (but not entirely) by writers new to the field. I was therefore amazed to discover that the present book is one of the best new works of the year. The map and foreward gave me the impression that it was to be simply another sword-and-sorcery epic. Not so. It concerns the efforts of a post-civilized world to reverse its steady decline, opposed by certain inimical forces which desire the destruction (or enslavement) of mankind. I won't give away the ending, but it's not the one I expected, and not the one which closes innumerable mediocre sf books. By all means read this one.

WATERS OF DEATH, by Irving A. Greenfield (Lancer, 60¢) This is one of the substandard sf books referred to above. The characters are cardboard, the plot a common one, the background a bad imitation of Arthur C. Clarke undersea novels. None of it comes alive, the central character is a nump, and the meaning not nearly as significant as the author tries to make out with his fancy section titles. The writing, unlike that in some sword-and-sorcery novels, is technically competent, but it is also incredibly dull.

MOON OF THREE RINGS, by Andre Norton (Ace, 60¢) This is possibly the best Norton book since Witch World. It isn't really science fiction; results are achieved by pure magic. But it's lovely fantasy. A minor annoyance is references to the idea that all creatures worship various aspects of the One Supreme Being, but while they are not necessary to the plot (and are therefore propaganda), Norton doesn't belabor them as much as Zenna Henderson did in her "People" series. The background is -- as nearly always in Norton -- excellent, the characters come across as people that the reader can become interested in, and the plot is at least average, and well embellished. (Basic plots aren't all that different anyway; it's the author's ability to embellish them that counts, and Norton has done a good job here.)

THE SECRET VISITORS, by James White (Ace, 50¢) A reprint of an earlier Ace edition. This is competent space-opera; a long way from Hugo-material, but good enough to while away a dull afternoon. A government organization discovers that Aliens Are Among Us, and a young doctor is conscripted into the group in order to obtain information so that Our Side can decide what to do about them. Then he finds that the aliens are split over the question of what to do about us..... There's a beautiful girl, of course.

THE INVADERS #2: Enemies From Beyond, by Keith Laumer (Pyramid, 60¢) Another three stories about (and perhaps from) the tv show. This doesn't seem as good as the first book in the series. For one thing, the basic gimmick -- that Vincent must at the end of each installment defeat the aliens in such a way that he is left with no evidence to prove their existence -- is intolerably restrictive. Nobody could constantly produce good stories when restricted to this convention, and a series of identical endings becomes boring very shortly. As in the first book, however, the book is better than the tv show, and presumably if you like the show you'll love the book, which makes the characters more plausible, the science more believable, and the motivations more logical. Laumer has done a good job with second-rate material -- a far better job than Blish did on his "Star Trek" book.

RESTOREE, by Anne McCaffrey (Ballantine, 75¢) I put off reading this because I had heard bad reports about it. I'm happy to say they were unfounded. I doubt that it will be very popular, but I enjoyed it thoroughly. When I described the plot to Juanita, she said, "Oh, a PLANET STORIES Gothic", which is accurate if not flattering. You have the noble hero, unjustly imprisoned by the villain who has usurped the throne and is too greedy and self-centered to prepare for the forthcoming alien invasion. Hero is rescued by a mysterious woman, regains the throne, defeats the aliens, and falls in love with his rescuer. Standard plot ingredients for dozens of "historical" movies and novels, in addition to dozens of sf-adventure tales. The twist here is that the entire book is related from the viewpoint of the "mysterious woman", who finds herself caring for this obviously drugged patient in some sort of mental hospital, and goes on from there. The background is adequate, and the writing is excellent (with that plot, nothing less than excellent writing would save it). I objected somewhat to the hero being named Harlan (no, not because of Ellison, or at least not entirely that.) For one thing, it seemed terribly prosaic to be used in with all the other Monsorlits and Gletos, and Maxils and Sinnalls and Ittlos and all. I kept wondering what this Kentucky coal miner was doing on an alien planet, and if he'd turn out to be "a union man, or a thug for J. H. Blair". (Anyone identifying that line is a true folklorist and probably liberal.) However, I eventually got used to the name, though it was annoying at first, and it shouldn't stop other people from enjoying the book. However, since the majority of fans are young males without much knowledge of, or interest in, a woman's viewpoint, I don't know how many fans will like the book. The fact that Sara is more of a typical heroine, and not as self-assertive as Heinlein's females (or the real women I know, like Juanita, Bjo Trimble, Marion Breen, Kerry Walker, Kay Anderson, Bev DeWeese, etc.) may help the book's popularity.

DEATH IS A DREAM, by E. C. Tubb/COMPUTER WAR, by Mack Reynolds (Ace, 60¢) The Reynolds half is the man-can-outthink-the-computer plot. (Or, more accurately, that independent thinkers can defeat a rigidly structured civilization.) Lightweight, but fun. However, while I realize that Reynolds isn't really trying to suspend disbelief, and is perhaps attempting to imply that he is referring to universal situations, I wish he wouldn't name his countries Alphaland, Betaland, etc. Characters are cardboard, but engaging. Tubb starts from an interesting premise -- if we do achieve suspended animation, who is going to pay for the years of care? Other authors have assumed a pay-in-advance system, limiting the process to the wealthy, or have dodged the question. Tubb assumes that there is still a fee when the sleeper wakes -- and what skills does he have that would be useful in the future? Tubb ties it in with reincarnation (living again, but by two different methods) but not too successfully. Not too bad as adventure, but the Reynolds half is more entertaining.

LOST IN SPACE, by Dave van Arnam and "Ron Archer" (Pyramid, 60¢) In case you didn't know, "Ron Archer" is Ted White. Possibly after his comments on "Star Trek", he didn't want fans to know that he was writing novelizations for "Lost In Space". (Actually, he gave another reason in some moderately recent fanzine, but I forget now what it was.) I will say one thing; the authors have succeeded in capturing the exact flavor of the show, inept dialog, ridiculous science, inadequate motivation and all. Presumably this was the intent; if so, the execution of the task is splendidly done. However, readers

with any taste are not advised to read the results. On page 9, the robot is speaking. "Dr. Smith, for example, will weigh approximately 20.6 pounds more than his normal weight, or 185.6 pounds. He has been overeating for some weeks now, and is some ten pounds over normal. Thus his actual weight will be only three pounds under an even 200...". You boys getting paid by the word, or something? On page 14, we have the statement (on the first line of the page) "The alien death ray was waiting for them when they landed." Then the book goes on about the landing for a page and a half before mentioning the alien death ray again. Nothing like killing suspense. On page 21, there is a list of American presidents --- "Coolidge, Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Lindsay, Taft, Kennedy, Boardman....". Very imaginative, but what happened to Hoover? There are occasional fannish references to liven things up -- oddly enough, all the fanzine titles used seem to be Ted White fanzines..... Even the preliminary list of the cast of characters (for which I presume I can blame Don Bensen instead of the authors) gets into the swing of things by referring to one character as "a young fellow scientist to Robinson..." The stories -- well, they're exactly like the stories on the tv series, and you know what those are like.

TROS OF SAMOTHRACE, by Talbot Mundy (Avon, 60¢ per volume) I have reviewed TROS and HELMA perviously (and maybe even previously); the concluding two volumes are LIAFAIL and HELENE. The series has always been given adulation by old-time fans, even though, strictly speaking, it is neither stf nor fantasy. It is an extremely well-written -- and long -- historical novel. As usual in such novels, the hero is imaginary, and the subsidiary characters -- Julius Caesar, Caswallon, etc. -- are genuine personages. Even the history is remarkably accurate. I'm not well-read on that particular era, so Mundy may have rewritten a few events to suit his purpose, but the general outline is accurate, as is the historical background. The characters are exceptionally well-drawn. Even if it isn't stf, I'd recommend that you do without \$2.40 worth of stf and buy the complete TROS. Surprisingly, for such a long book, it is seldom tedious. Even THE LORD OF THE RINGS becomes tiresome in the middle volume. There are periods of letdown in TROS, but they are of shorter duration.

NEW WORLDS OF FANTASY, edited by Terry Carr (Ace, 75¢) Fifteen stories, all fantasy of one sort or another. Brunner's "Break The Door of Hell" is fairly typical ancient-sorcery, but well written. Zelazny's "Divine Madness" is a gimmick-story. Terry says it "involves you on the emotional level"; I say it didn't involve me on the emotional level (so possibly I'm not competent to judge it, but I'll go ahead and say I didn't care much for it). I am not terribly taken by Jorge Luis Borges, either, though I guess "The Immortal" was good if you care for that sort of thing. "Narrow Valley" is one of the few stories by R. A. Lafferty that I ever thought was funny; it's also original. Ray Russell's "Comet Wine" is a fine story of still another devil's gift; it would seem hard to infuse any originality into that hoary old plot, but Russell manages. Katherine MacLean's "The Other" is more of an emotional experience than a story, and it left me totally cold. Mildred Clingerman's "A Red Heart And Blue Roses" has a lovely twist ending (which I thought was tremendously funny. Now you know what sort of a sadist I am.) Terry Carr's own "Stanley Toothbrush" is sort of cute. Thomas Disch's "The Squirrel Cage" isn't. While it is, as the editor says, "literarily ambitious" and "Kafkaesque", it isn't much of a success in either department. On the other hand, Peter Beagle's "Come Lady Death" is excellent, literarily and otherwise. (And, as Terry says, Beagle's novel was excellent. It was his personal experience book that was lousy.) "Nackles", by Curt Clark, is good, and humorous. I didn't read Ballard's "The Lost Leonardo" and I have no intention of doing so. Keith Roberts' "Timothy" is a minor but entertaining story of misadventures in witchcraft. (It's also part of a series; someone might reprint the entire series and have a better book than some that get published.) "Basilisk", by Avram Davidson, is a never-before-published sequel to "Bumberboom" (and a better story than the previous one, unlike most sequels). And, finally, Alfred Gillespie's "The Evil Eye" is a combination of humor and horror, featuring a not-so-innocent child. All in all, a pretty good collection; if you haven't already read the stories elsewhere, this one is worth your money.

NEW WRITINGS IN SF #10, edited by John Carnell (Corgi, 3/6) This might be reprinted in this country if you wait long enough, but fans are urged to order the series from a friendly dealer like F&SF Book Co. or Fantast (Medway) Ltd. This particular volume features tremendous variety. Colin Kapp's "Imagination Trap" and John Rankine's "Image of Destruction" are "hard science", Joseph Green's "Birth of a Butterfly" is an imaginative description of alien life, John Baxter's "Apple" is an allegory featuring vivid description and ridiculous science, "Robot's Dozen" by G. A. Lack is minor and not very original, but somewhat amusing, Disch's "Affluence of Edwin Lollard" ridicules affluence; it is also somewhat amusing and not terribly original. And "A Taste for Dostoevsky" combines fantasy, time travel (which actually has to be a dream or a trip to an alternate universe) and Aldiss' usual competent writing. Not one of the best volumes in the series, but as good as most magazines, or better.

MAKE ROOM! MAKE ROOM!, by Harry Harrison (Berkley, 60¢) The horrors of overpopulation, which somehow fail to come across too well. Harrison spends too much time on what his characters do (which is no different from what people do today) and not enough on the background. The characters are, in effect, pretty well divorced from the background, which reduces the horrors to somewhat tedious description. A good idea, but not a very good book.

THE RIM-WORLD LEGACY, by F. A. Javor (Signet, 60¢) I kept putting off reading this, but it's not bad at all. More of a detective story than science fiction, but good enough of its kind, with the poor bewildered hero beset on all sides until he unravels the mystery, and is saved by the police at the last minute. (Bit of a let-down, there.) In a way it's an idiot-plot because the hero would have helped matters considerably if he had confided in the police in the first place -- but it keeps you reading.

THE MONITORS, by Keith Laumer (Berkley, 60¢) Mildly humorous story of an invasion of an alien War On Poverty unit and humanity's sometimes violent objections to it. Blurb calls it "funnier than Dr. Strangelove" -- I guess it was to me, since I didn't find Dr. Strangelove particularly funny, but I doubt if the general audience would agree. There is the same attempt, as in Strangelove, to provide plenty of funny names so the readers won't miss the paucity of humor in dialog and plot. If you're desperate for reading material.....

Berkley has also published RETIEF'S WAR and GALACTIC ODYSSEY by Laumer, both originally published in IF (the latter under the title "Spaceman", which the publisher duly notes). If you must try a Laumer book, RETIEF'S WAR is by far the best of the lot; it contains some genuine humor, and is really above average sf. GALACTIC ODYSSEY doesn't really contain much of anything.

THE DOLPHINS OF ALTAIR, by Margaret St. Clair (Dell, 50¢) Bleccch.

THE GREAT RADIO HEROES, by Jim Harmon (Doubleday, \$4.95) Some nostalgia for anyone old enough to remember, and perhaps some information for those too young to remember. This is what radio used to have! Harmon covers the series dramas; "I Love A Mystery", "Gangbusters", "Mr. District Attorney", "David Harding, Counterspy", "The Shadow", "Inner Sanctum", "The First Fighter", "Lux Radio Theater", "Lights Out", "Superman", "Buck Rogers", "Dick Tracy", "Little Orphan Annie", "Tom Mix" (on the subject of the "real" Mix, Jim, read the Dec. AMERICAN HERITAGE article on Bill Pickett and let your blood pressure rise), "Sherlock Holmes" "Ellery Queen", "The Adventures of Sam Spade", "The Thin Man" (and its rival, "The Fat Man"), "Big Town", "The Lone Ranger", "Captain Midnight", "Stella Dallas" and a host of others. There are omissions -- if "Vic And Sade" is given space, why not "Fibber McGee And Molly"? "Grand Central Station" is mentioned, but not "Lincoln Highway". (Maybe Jim doesn't recall "Hello, stranger, goin' my way? East or west on the Lincoln Highway..." but by George I do.) However, nobody could cover all of radio drama in a 250 page book, and Harmon does get in a tremendous number of programs. A more major fault in my eyes is that too much emphasis is placed on what the shows were about and not enough on the characters who made them; actors, writers, producers, etc. I know what the shows were about; I listened to them. But perhaps this is necessary to induce nostalgia in the buying public and to provide information for the younger readers. Anyway, if you have fond memories of the "good old days"

of radio, this is the sovereign remedy. "Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear" as the dust jacket proclaims, and recall the times when we tuned in to hear "And it shall be my duty as district attorney, not only to prosecute to the limit of the law all persons accused of crimes perpetrated within this county, but to defend, with equal vigor, the rights and privileges of all its citizens." Remember? Remember Vic and Sade and Rushmore and Third Lieutenant Stanley? (If you're of the right age and still don't remember, maybe you'd better read this and brush up. If you do remember, you probably won't need my urging.

WE HAVE LIVED BEFORE, by Brad Steiger (Ace, 50¢) Another one. As a fair example, Steiger presents the "Bridie Murphy" case as "genuine" by skimming over the convincing evidence that every accurate Irish recollection the woman had (and there weren't all that many accurate ones) had come to her from the stories of a particular Irish servant girl. In another case, it is considered remarkable that a supposed reincarnate could remember part of the words to the Revolutionary War song, "The World Turned Upside Down", and that researchers had much difficulty in tracing the song. (Implying that therefore it couldn't have been traced by the ~~subject~~ subject.) Since the song is mentioned in high school history books as the one played by the British band at the surrender of Yorktown, somebody is pulling somebody's leg. In the introduction, Steiger says that he has an open mind. Wide open, I would say -- from ear to ear.

WHAT WE REALLY KNOW ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS, by Otto Binder (Gold Medal, 75¢) Saucers are big business again. Binder trots out the usual "proofs". "Are the UFO's illusions? No. Far too many authenticated sightings of solid objects have been reported..." Any reason that you know of why you can't have an illusion that you sighted a solid object? On saucer technology, he talks about Amazon Indians firing arrows at a helicopter and says "because of advanced technologies beyond our wildest drawing-board dreams, the UFO's are invulnerable to our weapons..." I guess he never heard about that Congo native who foolishly shot an arrow at a helicopter (product of a technology beyond his wildest dreams, etc.) and brought it down. His knowledge of elementary science is indicated by a passage which, in discussing a "g-field" which the saucers might generate and which might account for their abrupt turns at high speed, says "The g-field also neatly accounts for the utter silence -- except perhaps for the low whine of its g-field generators -- of UFO's in flight, for the air around the saucers is dragged along instead of roaring past them." Think about that one for awhile, and about the effects which would be produced by having a saucer and a large body of air around it dragged through the surrounding atmosphere. Or does he mean the entire atmosphere is moved by the UFO? Strange that ground observers never noticed any flattening of buildings in their wake. What we know about the saucers is that an awful lot of people will believe in any damnfool explanation offered for them.

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #10: The Rainbow Affair, by David McDaniel (Ace, 50¢) If you enjoy high adventure, don't read this, because it's practically non-existent. Mr. Rainbow tells our heroes in the middle of the book that they are on a wild goose chase, and at the end of the novel we find out that he was absolutely right. However, there is plenty of fun, and guest appearances by every British detective from Sherlock Holmes to Neddie Seagoon, including quite a few that I didn't recognize, since I'm not much of a fan of British detective novels. I think the book is one of the best of the series, but then I think U.N.C.L.E. is supposed to be funny.

EXPERIMENT IN CRIME, by Philip Wylie (Lancer, 60¢) An engaging and not too serious detective novel, here reprinted for what seems like the 5th or 6th time. Minor fun.

THE DIRTY GAME, by W. Howard Baker (Lancer, 60¢) Someone -- Andy Zerbe, I think, mentioned that these "Richard Quintain" novels were actually "Sexton Blake" novels in a clever plastic disguise, and since the Blake novels seem to be popular with some fans, I tried this one. I lasted 8 pages before giving up in disgust. It's too badly written to be believable, and not badly enough written to be funny. If Sexton Blake is anything like this, I want no part of him.

THE SEA IS SO WIDE, by Evelyn Eaton (Lancer, 95¢) As an ex-reader of historical novels

who has been off the stuff for years, I thought this worth a try (since it didn't cost me 95¢). It's not bad; a hell of a lot better than Frank Yerby ever put out, for example. Background is the removal of the Acadians from Nova Scotia, which may or may not move you. (It should be required reading for people like Ian Peters, who think that Britain's colonial administration was "pretty good".) The characters are a bit too much like those in "modern" stuff, though; constantly soul-searching and all that crap.

ESS, ESS, MEIN KINDT, by Harry Golden (Berkley, 95¢) I did pay 95¢ for this, and it was worth it. (Incidentally, I think that only in America could I, with a good solid WASP background, have read a book titled "Ess, Ess, Mein Kindt" while sitting in a restaurant waiting for my pizza to be cooked. Well, I read part of it there; it's a long book.) This is one of Golden's best books; I see that I marked so many passages to quote from that I can't include them all. He has one of the best comments on flying saucers that I have seen. He has the best political joke I've seen lately; "In Alabama, bedfellows make strange politics." He has a good short essay on book-buying, ending with "But how many people buy a book every month?" (I know this sounds strange to most of my readers, but it's another thing that makes fandom a minority, since all the fans I know by personal contact buy 3 or 4 books every month. Or 7 or 8. Or in the case of DeWeese, as many as he can afford on his plutocratic salary.) He quotes Mr. Selwyn Lloyd of Britain on immigration: "Even with no new entrants, the numbers of immigrants here would grow because of their high birthrate." He has a wonderful essay titled "Let Jews Forgive Christians, Too". I won't quote it; buy the book and read it yourself. He has some cogent comments on pride. Exactly what I've always said, except that nobody pays any attention to my advice -- maybe they will to Golden's. (He reaches a few more people, too.) This is far and away the best book I read this month.

AFRICAN CREEKS I HAVE BEEN UP, by Sue Spencer (Bantam, 75¢) The Peg Bracken of explorers. Actually not explorers, either; Mrs. Spencer spent considerable time in Africa while her husband worked as a mining engineer. The book is in the form of letters to her daughters, which is not my favorite style of writing, but she brings it off. If you've read any Bracken columns or books, you know what I mean. (A sort of non-political Mort Sahl; unexpected flashes of humor in daily events.) The book also contains quite a bit of information about West Africa, but that's not why I read it.

MISS BIANCA IN THE SALT MINES, by Margery Sharp (Berkley, 75¢) Miss Bianca fans need only the knowledge that the book is out. It doesn't seem quite as good as preceding ones; the gimmick is a bit thin, and all four of the books in the series have identical plots. But it's still entertaining. (It will be in the juvenile section, if your newsstand has sections, but don't let that fool you.)

KAI LUNG'S GOLDEN HOURS, by Ernest Bramah (Xanadu Library, \$1.45) But some remainder houses are selling it for \$1.00, which is where I got it. (In the mistaken assumption that I was paying only half the original price. Oh well.) This is a sort of Chinese version of the Arabian Nights; a Chinese story-teller presents a new story each day in order to keep the local mandarin from removing his head. There is more of a variety of reasons presented for the continued story-telling than in the Arabian venture. The stories themselves seem typically Chinese; some fantasy, some quite prosaic. (Which in itself is interesting, inasmuch as I believe Bramah was an Englishman.) The book is hardly fantasy; borderline perhaps. It's certainly different from anything else you're likely to run across, though, unless you're a student of oriental literature, and there is a fair amount of humor present.

SWIFT SWORD, by Brigadier General S. L. A. Marshal (American Heritage, \$2.00) A professional review (of a different book) mentioned this as one of the best of the books on the Arab-Israeli war of June, 1967. I couldn't say that because I haven't read the others, but this seems a good account of the strictly military effort -- there is a background of the political maneuvering which led to war, but it is not emphasized. As usual with American Heritage books, it is lavishly illustrated (largely with shots of wrecked Arab equipment, which seemed to comprise most of what there was to photograph). Considering the amount of material you get for your money, this seems much more of a bargain than most of the paperback accounts I've seen.

OF CATS & KINGS...

OCTOBER MAGAZINE REVIEWS

by rick norwood

The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction 7 stories

It is hard to make a statement of fact without some people mistaking it for a value judgment. For example, when I say that there are no heroes in the October F&SF I can expect two unwarranted reactions. Some people will say, "Ah, a good sign that science fiction is outgrowing heroics." Others will say, "No heroes, then why read it? Who wants to read about a bunch of bums and neurotics?" Neither reaction would be justified. Having an anti-hero for a protagonist does not automatically increase the literary quality of a story. And a hero can be a fully realized character, witness Captain Horatio Horablower. As for a non-hero not making interesting reading, this is only true if the non-hero is a complete nonentity. A non-hero must capture the sympathies of the reader, but then, so must a hero. When I say that there are no heroes in this F&SF I simply state a fact that is interesting because the overwhelming majority of science fiction stories do have handsome, strong, intelligent heroes.

You will note that I have not used the meaningless words good and evil. They don't apply. The important contrasts here are between strong and weak characters, between sympathetic and unsympathetic characters.

In this F&SF the lead characters include a murderer, a deserter, a thief, an unscrupulous businessman and assorted neurotics. The stories are interesting only when they find some universal human quality in these misfits that will interest the reader in people who are so different from himself. A hero is also unlike the average reader, and a hero must also have human qualities.

The plot of "Home the Hard Way" is built for a standard s-f hero, at least for the last half of the story. Richard McKenna has made his lead character thoroughly stupid and selfish. He has no redeeming qualities. He finally acts like a hero only when



there is absolutely nothing else he can do. When he is acting like the lout he is, there is some pleasure in seeing him get shot down. Once he starts acting like a hero, there is no pleasure at all in seeing him get away with it. There are certain superficial resemblances between this story and McKenna's excellent non-sf novel, THE SAND PEBBLES, but in THE SAND PEBBLES characters and plot went together. Here, they do not.

Avram Davidson makes the same mistake. His character is simply too stupid for the reader to get interested in. On top of this, the plot is so contrived, to get the ending the author wanted, as to be silly. I am all in favor of science fiction magazines printing unusual stories that are neither s-f nor fantasy if they are good stories, but this is not s-f, not fantasy necessarily, and not good.

Two very fine s-f authors fall flat on their faces because their non-heroes are not interesting. Top honors in this issue go to Fritz Leiber and Samuel R. Delany, who catch their non-heroes at more sympathetic moments. The lead character in "The Inner Circles" is not someone you would like if you had him as a business associate. But, even a man like this can arouse your sympathy when he is in danger of losing his young son to his own fantasy creations. Fritz Leiber has a striking, original idea here. We all have our fantasy worlds. Your fantasy world can't affect me, though, and my fantasy can't affect you. At least, not directly. But what if my fantasy could interact with your fantasy world? It is a beautiful idea and a beautiful story.

"Corona" has a more conventional plot and setting and two very unconventional characters, at least for science fiction. Delany makes his story out of simple things and an unlikely meeting. The wonder is that we not only feel for his characters, we feel with them.

"Cry Hope, Cry Fury!" is J.G. Ballard at his worst. Ballard's characters are never more than puppets. His plots are mere constructions. His virtues lie in his language and in his symbolism. Here the story flounders on the Vermillion Sands, and not even Ballard's singing, sculptured prose can rescue it.

Galaxy Science Fiction 3 stories

You can have fun pasting "hero" or "anti-hero" labels on Hell Tanner. He is the main character of Roger Zelazny's new short-novel DAMNATION ALLEY and when you first meet him, you will swear that author couldn't make him likeable short of performing a lobotomy on him. It will teach you not to make snap judgments. Other authors talk about characterization. Zelazny does it, Lord knows how. Zelazny's major weakness is action. There is a lot of it in this story, and it is the duller part. Some of it comes off, but Zelazny himself seems embarrassed by guns blasting and giant Gila Monsters. I'm a little reluctant to say this, or anything else about this story that doesn't praise it extravagantly. When you've ridden through Damnation Alley with Hell Tanner, you aren't inclined to quibble.

The other two novelettes in this issue are strangely awkward. "The Transmogrification of Wamba's Revenge" is as unweildy as its title. The parts are interesting, but there is no whole. It doesn't go anywhere, and where it does go is not at all



convincing. I'm not sure if the author is trying to be funny or satiric or what.

In George O. Smith's "Understanding," the physics of the plot are clear and mildly entertaining, but the metaphysics are at first vague and later annoying. You do finally learn exactly what Smith means by Understanding with a capital U, but I still don't know what point he is trying to make, if any.

Analog Science Fiction Science Fact 5 stories

"Weyr Search" is the beginning of a series that could prove interesting. Unfortunately it is presented in a highly misleading format, complete with a useless map. If you start reading it expecting an adventure story, you will be sure to be disappointed. It is a gothic fantasy, with at least once scene reminiscent of Melvyn Peake. There are no heroics, only nobility. It is the tale of a girl of high birth fallen into ignoble drudgery and then raised to an even greater state than that she was born into. There is snobbery in this, which Campbell claims is justified. Taken on its own terms, at any rate, the story is moving, and is a welcome change from the typical Analog fare.

The other stories in this issue are pure formula. The detective story where the solution of the mystery depends on the ecology of the alien planet is a more workable formula than most. "The Judas Bug" at least gives the impression of imparting to the reader a lot of interesting information. "Toys" is a police story with lots of violent action. "Pontius Pirates" is a spy story most noteworthy for its lack of violence. My favorite in this issue is "Free Vacation", the only story in which the main character is not handsome, clean cut and heroic. Not that the fat man isn't heroic, in his way.

Amazing Stories 1 new story

Frank Herbert has been experimenting with stylistic gimmicks recently. In THE HEAVEN MAKERS he changed viewpoints constantly, often several times in a single page. In the first installment of SANTAROGA BARRIER he sticks to one viewpoint doggedly, following in minute detail every subjective second of slightly more than one day in the life of Gilbert Dasein. The mystery that Dasein investigates in that day will not seem very mysterious to veteran s-f readers, who are used to mysterious towns full of close-mouthed inhabitants where busybodies tend to meet with "accidents". I suspect most readers will find the pace much too slow, and wind up cursing Dasein for his stupidity. A trained psychologist ought to catch on quicker than he does.

Worlds of If Science Fiction 6 stories

It is hard to believe that OCEAN ON TOP is only Hal Clement's sixth novel. It is enough to say that this is the kind of hard-science story that Clement is famous for. There are so many things you just don't think about, when you consider an object under water. Clement thinks about the, and it is great fun to think along with him. The main character of this story is a hero. If anything, he is too much given to foolhardy heroics, even if he apologizes for them afterwards. Also, he is that rare character, a genuinely intelligent hero. He thinks his way into hot water instead of bludgeoning his way into the soup.

All of C.C. MacApp's lead characters are heroes. All of his stories are adventure stories. He writes the purest adventure stories you can find, also the best, though some people prefer Laumer. His formula is fast action in an exotic setting. His settings are not patchworks, they are carefully constructed so that they hold together. His action is fast, but not furious. It carries the reader along with it, rather than dragging him. The action fits the background and the hero is suited for the action. It all hangs together. Most important, he leaves the reader vivid, visual images, that can be called to mind long after the story is over. In "Winter of the Llangs" even the hero is a little unusual. You see, the hero is a sort of steer.

The ending to FAUST ALFPH-NUL is supposed to be a big thing. It falls flat. This is too bad, because the story has a lot going for it. The technical descriptions of witchcraft are interesting. They had better be, since they take up half the novel. The ingroup, fannish jokes are amusing. The characters are well drawn, and brought together for the big conflict. There is no conflict. There is also no action and very little

incident. We are treated instead to a parade of demons which is about as interesting as a description of a Mardi Gras parade heard over the radio. Witchcraft is a fascinating subject, but in a science fiction story you couldn't get away with a twenty page description of quantum mechanics. It doesn't work any better in fantasy. It is interesting reading, but it just doesn't work as a novel.

A.E. van Vogt is a writer for those who can believe ten impossible things before breakfast. I leave to you the fun of finding the blatant errors in his plot logic, in his science, in his characterization, in his psychology and in his sentence structure. There are plenty of these in "Enemy of the Silkies". If you are willing to ignore them you can squeeze a little fun out of the story. The important thing in a van Vogt story is to have lots of action and lots of ideas. Both are necessary. If you have action without ideas, you lose interest. If you have ideas without action, you stop to think, and all is lost. The trouble with all of van Vogt's recent fiction is that the action isn't fast enough and the ideas are just too hard to swallow.



THE FINAL SOLUTION TO THE YANDRO AUTHOR POLL

By J Bangsund, J Boston, N Braude, R Briney, D Brisson, R Brooks, D Cheshire, D Chute, J Coulson, R Coulson, D D'Amassa, H Davis, F Dietz, T Draheim, L Edmonds, A Eisenstein, P Eisenstein, G Fergus, H Gross, J Haverlah, J Kaufman, R Kinney, J Kurnava, P Krumm, D Lien, D Lovenstein, B McDermit, B MacPhee, K Maul, S Meech, E Meskys, R Norwood, R Peterson, D Piper, J Robinson, T Skarda, E Smith, D Thompson, M Thompson, W van den Broek, R Vardeman, M Viggiano, S Lewis, C Turnbull, R Tackett.

People kept sending in lists after I'd tallied the results, so I decided on one more final tally. Previous tally included 35 voters; this one includes 45. Not too much difference; biggest change in the top authors is Roger Zelazny's jump. This time I am counting total votes only; not points. (For newcomers; the voters were to list their 20 favorite sf and/or fantasy authors of all time.)

VOTES	AUTHOR	VOTES	AUTHOR	VOTES	AUTHOR
38	Robert A. Heinlein	7	Brian Aldiss	2	L. Frank Baum
33	Theodore Sturgeon		Samuel R. Delany		Ambrose Bierce
32	Isaac Asimov		H. P. Lovecraft		Marion Z. Bradley
31	Poul Anderson		Thomas B. Swann		Lord Dunsany
22	Arthur C. Clarke	6½	Fred Fohl		Zenna Henderson
	Roger Zelazny	6	Damon Knight		Alan E. Nourse
	L. Sprague de Camp		Leigh Brackett		Rick Raphael
20	A. E. van Vogt		Edmond Hamilton		Olaf Stapledon
	J. R. R. Tolkien		C. L. Moore		L. Ron Hubbard
			H. Beam Piper		Lloyd Alexander
18	Henry Kuttner	5	John Wyndham		Christopher Anvil
	Clifford D. Simak		Robert Bloch		Thomas M. Disch
	Andre Norton		A. B. Chandler		Alan Garner
	Alfred Bester		Avram Davidson		Herman Hesse
17	Eric Frank Russell		Harry Harrison		James White
	Ray Bradbury		Thorne Smith	1	Algernon Blackwood,
	Fritz Leiber		T. H. White		Anthony Burgess, Terry
15	John Brunner		Jack Williamson		Carr, Leslie Charteris,
	Cordwainer Smith	4	J. G. Ballard		John Christopher, Ted
	Philip K. Dick		E. R. Eddison		Cogswell, August Derleth,
12	Murray Leinster		Larry Niven		H. B. Fyfe, E. M. Forster,
	Jack Vance		C. S. Lewis		Randy Garrett, William
	H. G. Wells		Chad Oliver		Hope Hodgson, Mark Twain,
11½	C. M. Kornbluth		Walter Miller		H. L. Gold, Fred Hoyle,
11	Lester del Rey		Manly W. Wellman		Bob Silverberg, Shirley
	Hal Clement		John Collier		Jackson, M. R. James,
10	A. Merritt		Gordon Dickson		Daniel Keyes, Rudyard
9	John W. Campbell		Richard Matheson		Kipling, Ursula LeGuin,
	Robert Sheckley		Mack Reynolds		George MacDonald, George
	E. E. Smith		Lewis Carroll		Orwell, Thomas Love
	Philip Jose Farmer	3	Harlan Ellison		Peacock, Fletcher Pratt,
	E. R. Burroughs		Daniel Galouye		Keith Roberts, Gene
8	James Blish		Mike Moorcock		Roddenberry, George O.
	Algis Budrys		Edgar A. Poe		Smith, Norman Spinrad,
	Kurt Vonnegut		"Saki"		Wilson Tucker, Jules
	Fred Brown		James Schmitz		Verne, Douglas Wallop,
	Keith Laumer		Clark A. Smith		Kate Wilhelm, Charles
	Edgar Pangborn		George R. Stewart		Williams, Seabury Quinn,
	Frank Herbert		William Tenn		F.G. Wodehouse, J. T.
	Robert E. Howard		Anthony Boucher		McIntosh, Nelson Bond,
			Charles Harness		Carol Kendall, N. S. Grey,
					Sax Rohmer, Stanley
					Weinbaum, James Gunn,
					Charles Beaumont

GRYMBLINGS

Robert E. Gilbert, 509 W. Main St.,
Jonesboro, Tenn., 37659

What did you think of the Doomsday Machine on STAR TREK? Why didn't they make it look like a machine? It looked like a dead fish. It seems unlikely that one spaceship could kill it. If it ate up whole planets, that would mean hydrogen bombs and all with-

out ill effect.

Don't see why an alien machine shouldn't look like a dead fish if it wants to, but the science there wasn't of the best. (Still, the interplay of characters was good.) Robert also sent a newspaper page on abortion -- with sidelights on compulsory sterilization for people who keep having children they are unable to care for. RSC/

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

The group of anti-war businessmen is called Businessmen Against the War. (Well, that's approximate, but they do specify "Businessmen" in the group's name.)

The only two reasons I can think of for using a special-interest group name in an anti-war group would be 1) to show that the group has special knowledge or credentials or 2) to show that the group has power to be reckoned with.

The first type would be, for example, military experts, social science professors, and ex-residents of Viet-Nam.

The second type would be of a much wider variety, since anyone that votes has power politically and anyone that spends has power economically. The most effective would be groups like Democrats (or Republicans) Against the War, Labor Leaders, Millionaires, Americans, Citizens, etc.

But "Fans"? Fans, as fans, have neither knowledge nor power beyond the most basic. As a group, Chute-Mingus might get from 25-75 members. Even some of the university groups are bigger, and students per se have little more knowledge or power than fans. (And about as much influence. The Chicago meeting of 500 elected Democratic officials to support McCarthy will have many times more influence than all the anti-war student activities combined.)

George Heap, Box 1487, Rochester, N.Y., 14603

Herewith some comments on the reviews in Yandro #176

First on ONE MILLION CENTURIES; shooting kumquats via arrow doesn't seem all that improbable, the weight on the point shouldn't make the flight waver, and the whole apparatus (let's assume small kumquats) shouldn't be any more trouble than the flaming arrows of historical usage (if you're interested, I have done a little archery). I thought Lupoff went to a fair amount of trouble to indicate, ahead of time, that the juice of his kumquats would attract any number of butterflies. Apparently the fruits on the trees didn't have as strong a smell.

As far as the language of the Relori (the descendents of the cast-off infants) is concerned, Lupoff has one of the characters (Kaetha) give what amounts to a Relori legend of their origin. Whether the Founder was really raised by a wild animal is legitimate speculation for the reader. The Founder could have been a Terasian renegade (or family of renegades), a Terasian hunter could have "adopted" a cast-off child to the point of teaching him (or her) the language. The point is that Lupoff doesn't, on this point, write from the omniscient point of view and tell you what really happened.

Tarzan, by the way, learned to write English from what amounted to a child's illustrated dictionary. Judging from real-world decipherings of dead languages, this shouldn't be entirely impossible. He learned to speak the language from Lieutenant D'Arnot. You may be confused by Burroughs giving Tarzan chivalrous instincts because of his noble blood. This is damned unlikely, but apparently a certain position of the

reading public accepts inherited "instincts".

MISTRESSES OF MISTRESSES is a fantasy in that the world of Zimiamvia was prepared by Aphrodite for Lessingham. She, in two incarnations, was his wife and mistress on Earth; and both of them appear in various persons in the new world. There are also other fantasy elements: Anthea and Campaspe are really oread and dryad, and shape-changers to boot. Then there is the magic leaf that Vandermast gives Lessingham (it opens locks and such). Perhaps the story is more enjoyable if you ignore all this.

I tend to call THE MENZENTIAN GATE, FISH DINNER IN MEMISON, and MISTRESS OF MISTRESSES a trilogy in that they all tell part of the history of Zimiamvia. THE WORM OUROBOROS uses Lessingham in the prologue and mentions Zimiamvia, but other than that seems laid in an entirely different world. The fantasy and supernatural plays a much larger part here

- (a) Would flaming arrows reach targets that were almost out of reach of ordinary arrows? (b) You ever see an untended orchard where there wasn't - in season - a lot of smashed fruit on the ground, and juice and smell all over the place? (c) If the language relationship isn't as related, why bother with mentioning it at all? Books aren't supposed to reproduce every groping wrong answer of a culture, or at least fictional books aren't. RSC

As a former teacher and someone who has read TARZAN OF THE APES may I say that no, it isn't entirely impossible that Tarzan could have learned to write English from a child's illustrated dictionary - just almost impossible. I will only be convinced if I can be shown a child's illustrated dictionary a great deal more comprehensive than any which have come to my attention so far. JWC/

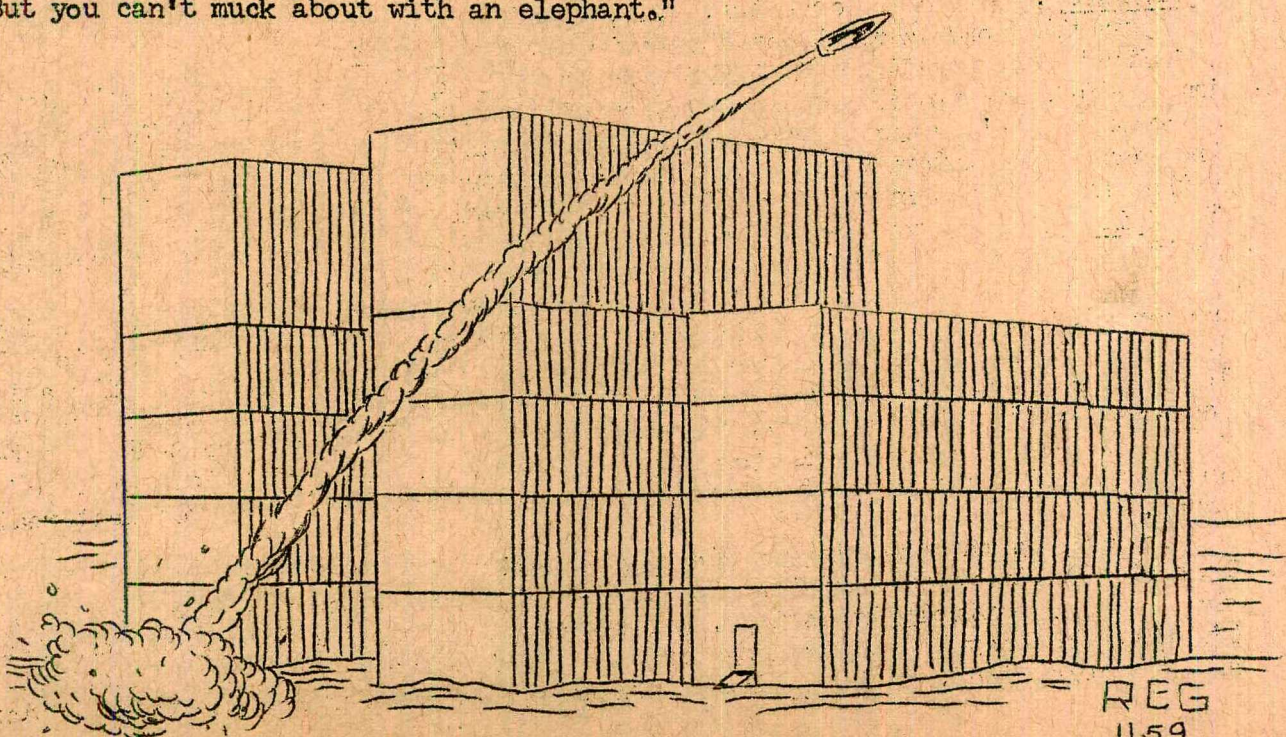
Don & Maggie Thompson, 9796 Hendricks, Mentor, Ohio, 44060

STAR TREK, I hear it rumored, is heading for extinction at the end of the season (save for reruns). Now might be a good time to remind people to keep on writing letters.

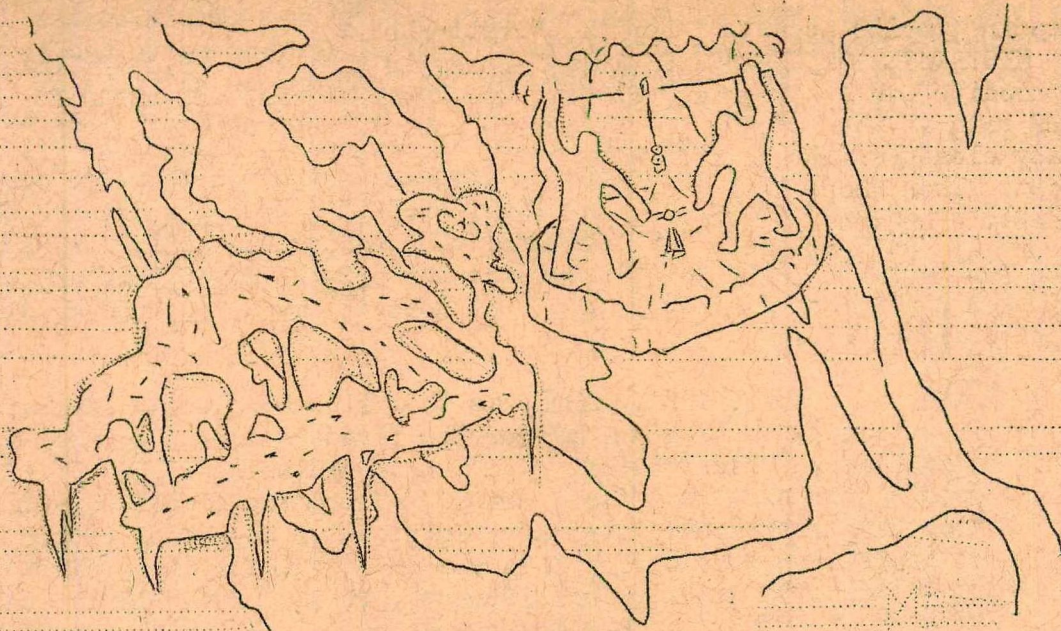
I would imagine the ceiling fell in on you because of the weight of all those doors overhead...

Came across a poem in a review of ANIMAL GARDENS (apparently it is quoted in the book from a sign on the Zoological Gardens in Ceylon):

"East is East and West is West,
Though this may not seem relevant.
We all know how to milk a cow,
But you can't muck about with an elephant."



REG
1159



I hope deCamp saw that.

Gene DeWeese, 2718 N. Prospect, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 53211

Speaking of Ace, have you read LORDS OF THE STARSHIP? I haven't decided yet, but I think it's the best thing I've read since CITY AND THE STARS. There are a few jarring notes, but not many--not many author-inserted ones, that is. There are some whoppers due to the typesetters, tho--like one paragraph repeated in its entirety. I just wonder if there was another one left out.

And I see that Edmund Cooper has delusions of John Christopher in ALL FOOL'S DAY. (Pretty tricky, the way they hid the alien spaceship that caused the suicides in the sun....)

Has word of Groppi's latest word (the obscene one, that is) on live radio reached Indiana? In case you haven't heard, he is supposed to have said on a St. Louis radio interview, in quoting what a Milwaukee policeman said when arresting him this summer, "...you (obscene word for intercourse) white n-----." At least, this is what it says in all the papers. Needless to say, he is being investigated. (I wonder how one goes about investigating something like this? Interview listeners, asking if they did indeed hear the word in question?) Seems to have stirred up quite an uproar around here--he should get the full fine and sentence, he should be barred from radio and tv, he should be defrocked, he should apologize. But then, that's about what most of the local types were saying before this anyway. A couple of things worth noting, tho. In all the talk of apologies, no one has suggested that the policeman who originally said it should apologize to anyone; apparently obscenity in the line of duty is all right. And I have yet to hear of any of the supposedly "shocked" pop-ulace who weren't fully familiar with the word.

Just thot: If the wombat butts the chief Thrush, we don't need the pouch-concealment business at all.

The omen doesn't count. You left the room before the ceiling fell down. For it to count, you would have had to remain there and let it fall on you.

Joanne Swenski, 628 Seventh Avenue, Iron River, Michigan, 49935

The main complaint I have against STAR TREK is its inconsistency. On a week-for-week basis, MISSION:IMPOSSIBLE deserved the Emmy Award for best dramatic series. However, at least the off-beat episodes keep the show from getting into a rut like VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM is in and give the regulars a chance to show what they can do. If Leonard Nimoy doesn't win an Emmy this spring, there's no justice in the universe.

Another poor point is the lengthy love scenes and unnecessarily abbreviated female costumes. This cheapens the show, but I suppose the male viewers like it, For in-

stance, the only weak point in "Mirror, Mirror" was Kirk's scenes with Barbara Luna.

When you consider the low grade of science fiction we've had to be content with in movies all this time, I don't see why the fans are so critical of STAR TREK. I suppose they want nothing less than the quality of the published SF classics. However, since the movies seem to be just now taking SF seriously (FAHRENHEIT 451, 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY), I don't think we'll be seeing anything better on the home screen for quite a while. We should be glad we've got STAR TREK, even if a few episodes are bombs.

Nobody ever mentions THE INVADERS, even though the acting and scripting are excellent each week. I suppose it's because the critics won't take anything with a science fiction background seriously, while it doesn't have enough SF or diversity of plot for the hard-core fan.

Main thing about THE INVADERS is that it's completely impossible; after the first couple of clashes, either The Invaders are in control or the world knows about them. This constant skulking is ridiculous. RSC MISSION:IMPOSSIBLE indeed had an excellent first season, overcoming almost non-existent characterization with incredibly intricate plots; but I have been rather disappointed in some of their offerings during this season - obviously they can't maintain their high standards with unerring consistency. It was particularly annoying when two weeks in a row the M:I team had their problem solved for them by the identical deus-ex-machina of having the "good" ruler shoot the "bad" guy. Even ST has never been quite so painfully repetitious. JWC/

Mike Deckinger, Apartment 12-J, 25 Manor Drive, Newark, N.J., 07106

Yandro has lately been turning into a praise-STAR TREK/pan FAHRENHEIT 451 type publication. I can well agree with the thoughts of the pro-STAR TREK crowd, although there have been disappointments. I don't think FAHRENHEIT 451 is quite as bad as the continuous attacks lead one to believe. Better casting, and a tighter script would have done wonders, but it still contains much to be thankful for. Books aflame are viewed in a slow motion, poetic manner that replaces the hasty directness of the plot. The ending fulfilled all the emotion that the film had created; I did not find this maudlin, sentimental or implausible. If anything was regrettable it was Trouffaut's desire to achieve a commercial as well as a visual success, by miscasting Julie Christie twice.

I'm surprised that everyone has been accepting THE FANTASTIC VOYAGE so calmly, even to the extent of voting it a much undeserved spot on the past Hugo ballot. FV was a dreadful clinker. Once you looked past the dazzling special effects there was nothing but trite acting, mediocre and cliched dialogue, and a cop-out ending easily suited for the moron-trade which the film was intended for. The producers lavished their fortune in perfecting the interior anatomy scenes, and seemed to disregard the budget from that point on. A little extra money might have bought the services of a competent script-writer, and a cast of qualified actors who didn't stumble around and mumble their dialogue with warranted shame.

Last issue you referred to a Harlan Ellison story which he first gave a big promotion to, and later agreed, after everyone read it, that it was pretty bad. Was this "The Little Boy Who Liked Cats", from Joe Pilati's Enclave of about five years ago? Pilati, by the way, has been straddling the heights: an issue of the East Village Other about a month and a half ago had an article by him. And in last Sunday's local newspaper, an interview from London with Warren Beatty was credited to Roger Ebert. I have no way of knowing if this is former fan Rog Ebert, but I wouldn't be surprised if it was.

Bob Briney failed to mention the ultimate indignity thrust upon the NyCon attendees. On the last two days of the convention the lunatic fringe, in this case the scientology nuts, crawled out of the woodwork and held a gathering in the hotel, always within close range of the sf crowd. Pamphlets were sold, a party was held (with an admission charge, of course), and tapes made by L. Ron Hubbard were played (again, the admission). This was designated as a world-wide Sanity Congress. Hubbard spoke against it.

We were boosting STAR TREK for a Hugo; I had no intention of being impartial

about FAIRENHEIT 451. (And I didn't have to be, because almost all our letters about it were opposed.) The Ellison story was in Enclave; I didn't recall the name, but presumably it's the one you mentioned. RSC/

Felice Rolfe, 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, California, 94301

Juanita, I certainly sympathize with the problem of backlogged art. Niekas has it too; and you can imagine the layout problems we have, coast to coast. Either both of us get art for a particular piece, or neither. Among other things.

Buck, I like your book reviews...the attitude that "science...does things to people without their consent" is not only startling but absurd. Science has been trying to do things to people for years; such as make them more rational, more healthy (but they still smoke), more safe, etc., And has failed. Which pleases me, in a way. Science can help people do things both good and bad - but make them? Hah.

What do y'all STAR TREK fans think of Chekhov, Sulu's new assistant. Somebody speculated, at a party a couple of weeks ago, that he was put in to appeal to teenagers. I got news; he appeals to us over-30's too (eh, Juanita?). The character seems sharp, a bit cheeky sometimes, cynical as only kids can be; in short, enjoyable. Competently acted, too. (I continue to wonder about the Space Service training programs. What turns a bright kid like that into a predictable, unimaginative, sometimes hysterical commander? We've seen 3 of them now and Kirk isn't alone in this.)

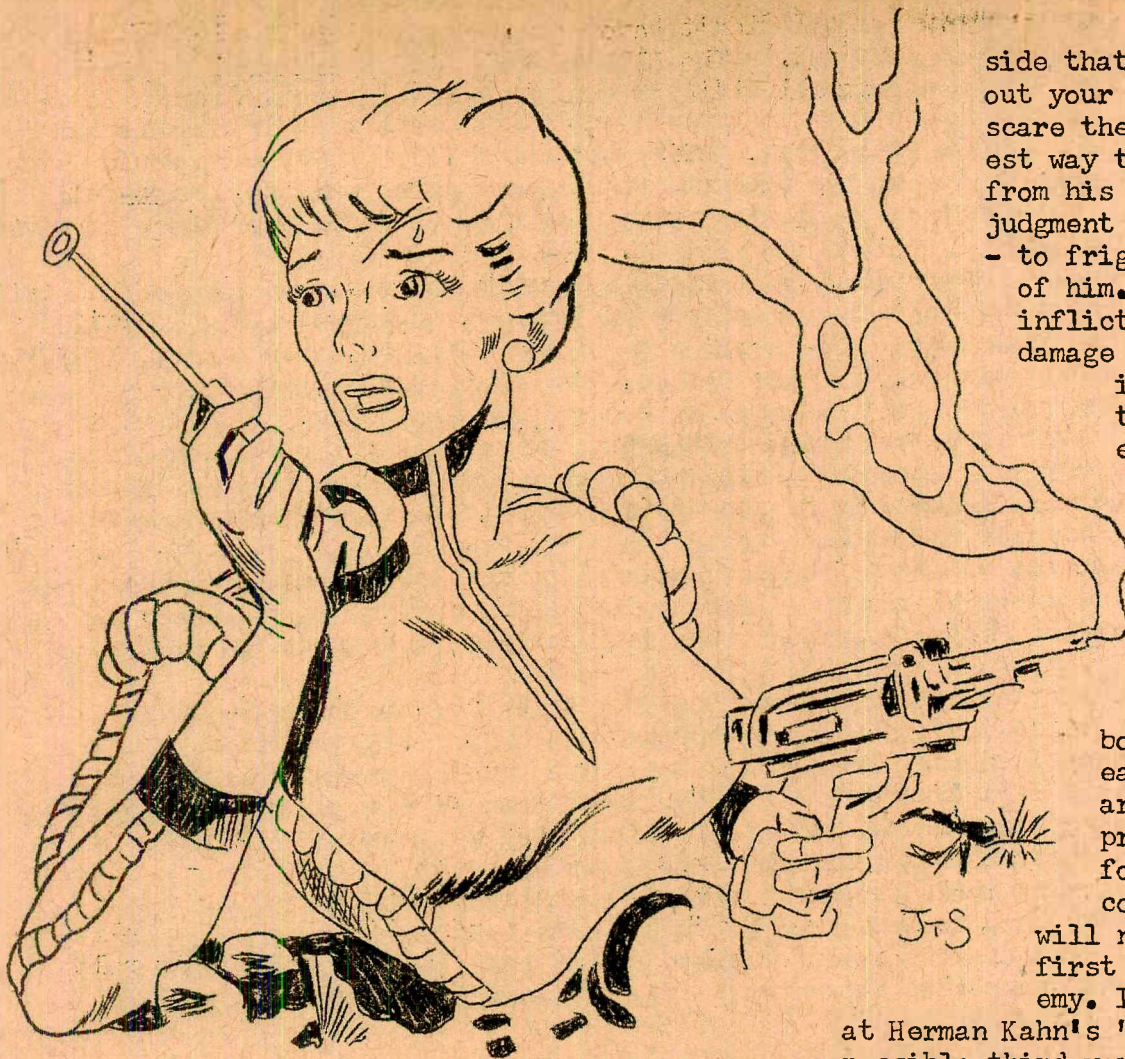
Chekhov is not only a big fat nothing of a character, he is beginning to upstage Sulu, who is one of my favorites. (Spock, Uhura, and Sulu, with Scotty and McCoy close behind. Kirk has been laboring under bad -- for his character -- scripts.) RSC I'm afraid Chekhov has not impressed me much. I concur with Buck that he has taken part of Sulu's role, and I don't like that; however, Chekhov came in to his own twice for me - in "Mirror, Mirror" and "The Deadly Years" (I particularly sympathized with him in the latter, having gone the "this won't hurt a bit" routine myself enough times). I have nothing against Koerig the actor, but I wish his role had not been created at the expense - as it seems to have been - of Sulu's. JWC/

John Brunner, 17d Froggnal, London NW 3, Great Britain

My definition of a good fanzine, goddamit, is one which forces me to write a letter when I ought to be writing a book, and this bloody thing of yours does it every time nowadays. (Not to worry - I have precisely one deadline to meet, and that's 31st May 1968, so I have a little leeway...) In any case, there were two or three things which sparked my mind on the first run-through, and having completed the draft of a talk for the Nottingham University SF Group and come back to them I still feel they need commenting on, so I won't discipline myself and shut up.

It seems a little weird to be addressing someone in London W 4 through the medium of a fanzine published in Indiana 47348, but I do want to correct the statement in David Piper's letter that I "used to be a Ban-the-Bomb merchant". There's no "used to" about it - though I don't do nearly as much for CND as I formerly did (having served as secretary, chairman and bulletin editor for my local group, as a member of the London Regional Council and later a member of the National Executive Committee), I still am on the editorial board of its monthly journal SANITY and contribute regularly to it, like about nine months every year. And this not because I would contest your own view, Buck, that the essence of banning bombs is to get both sides to do it, but for the reason which was nicely summed up by Michael Mitchell Howard, who used to act as Chief Marshal for the Aldermaston protest marches (and of whom, by the way, one newspaper remarked that no one had moved so many people on foot for such a distance since Napoleon marched on Austerlitz) and had formerly been a colonel on Montgomery's staff in North Africa: that nuclear weapons have introduced a reductio ad absurdum into the military argument.

The deterrent argument seems to me to contain a fallacy of the same order as the statement, "My leg has never been broken, therefore it is unbreakable." The so-called balance of terror is an unstable equilibrium; in order to convince the other



side that you can carry out your threats, you must scare them, and the quickest way to part a human from his rational power of judgment is precisely that - to frighten the hell out of him. As the power to inflict unacceptable damage on your opponent increases, so does the temptation to exploit any margin of superiority over him, and this works equally for either side (as witness far too many generals

both western and eastern who have argued for the pre-emptive strike) for fear that your country literally

will not survive the first blow by your enemy. If you've looked

at Herman Kahn's "scenarios" for possible third world wars, you'll

have noticed that they all are prefaced with the qualification, "The enemy is rational" - and I simply do not believe in the continuance of the human ability to conduct rational analyses while being bombarded with ICBMs carrying nuclear warheads.

In fact, there was a very charming SF story not long ago, whose title I've forgotten (and the author - shame on me!) which exemplified this beautifully: the Russians lost Kiev through an accidental strike, and were offered a correspondingly-sized American city in compensation, which they took - and then they remembered that Kiev was a major centre of the movie business, and suggested that they ought to have Hollywood as well...

And so on.

Even in strictly military terms, the development of nuclear missiles has proved self-defeating. I remember hearing Raymond Fisher, who's a close associate of Liddell Hart and a member of the Military Commentators' Circle, describing very sadly the way in which sensible development of missiles such as Honest John designed to cope with Russian tactics like the famous Lake Ladoga breakthrough in WWII, which the Russians specifically abandoned as dogmatic military teaching - yet, because the development of such missiles represented such a colossal investment, they could not simply be left in the warehouses. Whereupon their deployment itself began to sabotage the strategic thinking of the field commanders, as Ray Fisher proceeded to demonstrate.

No, there's an element of irrationality here which I can't. I'm not a pacifist because I haven't a pacific temperament (I have a dreadful bad temper, for one thing), but I do believe that one must draw the distinction between force, which is controlled by reason, and violence, which destroys it. The former is sometimes unavoidable - as for instance the classic cliché about the homicidal maniac attacking your sister - but the latter is purely terrifying because its poison is so visible in the present-day world. Without the debasing and demoralizing effect of WWII, for instance (of which it has rightly been said that my country began it with leaflet raids and ended with the atom

bomb), we could never have learned to ignore the wholesale slaughter of civilian populations which the use of nuclear weapons implies.

Once more, I cite someone I've heard talk well on this: Lt. Col. Patrick Lort-P hillips, a defence spokesman for the Liberal party, who said that if someone had told him in 1938 that there would come a time when the British government would predicate its defence policy on the declared willingness to annihilate cities-full of noncombatants, he'd have said, "You're crazy! Maybe those Nazis over there in Germany - but never us!"

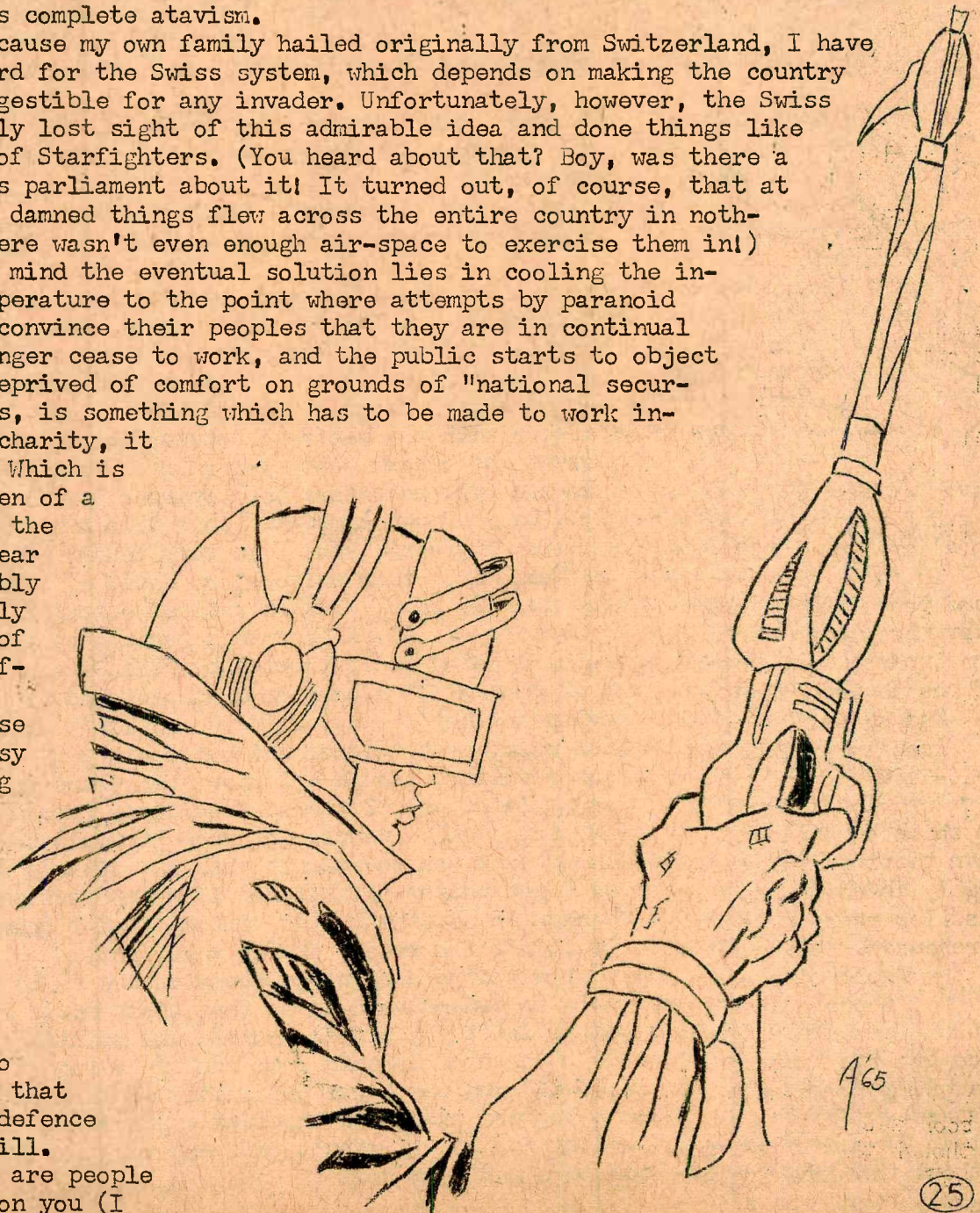
In any case, since every advance in nuclear weapons (or other weapons of massive extermination) tends to make the balance of terror swing more wildly from side to side, and human beings pace Harman Kahn are not wholly rational creatures, I don't believe that enhancing one's ability to destroy the enemy is a valid principle to base defence policy on. It isn't defence, anyhow - it's simple revenge, and in man-to-man dealings in civilized communities this has been successfully abolished as a custom. Now we haul people who do it into court and punish them. This is a type of thinking which belongs to the days of the Martins and the Coys, and between modern nations it's complete atavism.

Perhaps because my own family hailed originally from Switzerland, I have a sneaking regard for the Swiss system, which depends on making the country completely indigestible for any invader. Unfortunately, however, the Swiss army has recently lost sight of this admirable idea and done things like buying a batch of Starfighters. (You heard about that? Boy, was there a row in the Swiss parliament about it! It turned out, of course, that at top speed those damned things flew across the entire country in nothing flat and there wasn't even enough air-space to exercise them in!)

No, to my mind the eventual solution lies in cooling the international temperature to the point where attempts by paranoid governments to convince their peoples that they are in continual and imminent danger cease to work, and the public starts to object when they are deprived of comfort on grounds of "national security". That, alas, is something which has to be made to work indirectly; like charity, it begins at home. Which is

why, as a citizen of a country that in the event of a nuclear war would probably vanish completely from the stage of international affairs (if any survived) because we'd be too busy squabbling among the ruins for a crust of bread, I do my best to argue people out of reliance on H-bombs for security and to persuade them to accept the idea that the only sound defence is mutual goodwill.

Sure there are people who will tromp on you (I



quote) if you don't watch out. But, hell's bells, we in Britain are only about 140 years away from the last time they had to send troops from London to quell riots in Yorkshire by force of arms, and no more than 40 since the threat of the army was last used to drive strikers back to work (under the orders of Winston Churchill, by the way, which might indicate why some Britons don't share the common American adulation for him). Moreover, we had a revolution and chopped a king's head off before the French did so, and we had a short-lived republic which didn't work chiefly because it was too damned authoritarian and gave new restrictions instead of the promised freedom, thus pre-dating by several centuries the Dictatorship of the Proletariat which has made life so peculiarly uncomfortable in Russia and China! Somehow, though, we came out more or less in one piece and have now (I hope) settled into a comfortable decadence. I like decadent societies; they don't meddle in other people's affairs. And I fervently look forward to a nice decadent world where everybody can be lazy and self-indulgent and grow too cynical to work up a head of steam such as you require to go and risk your life on a battlefield.

The day will come, I feel sure, when dropping napalm on people who want to organize their economic systems differently will seem as ridiculous as burning them at the stake because they want to run their church services differently. Anything which will stave off an irremediable disaster until we've acquired that much wisdom has my fervent support.

Okay; enough of that. I've been conducting running arguments for the past few years with Sprague de Camp and Poul Anderson and others and the results have been inconclusive. But at least we're still here, so far...

I ought to say, however, that I was pleased and flattered at the nice things David Piper said about my writing. Writers are vain people; we live off egoboo more than money, I think.

Having been driven over to a third sheet (migawd, what's that at three cents a word?) I'm very tempted to ask what the hell Mr. Van den Broek meant when he said his first reaction to my (admittedly repetitious, but the bastards won't stop doing it) complaints about incompetent editing was that if I wrote crap I had myself to blame. At the very least I do want to stress that a major reason why so much SF appears to be crappy is due to ill-conceived interference with the material between the moment the writer packs it up for mailing and the moment the reader sets eyes on it. That, though, I'd have thought was clear from the Tricon talk he refers to. Apparently it isn't. How strange!

But, with further reference to your own comments (this time arising from the note appended to the letter from Ross Peterson), yes, I am very touchy about sloppy editing. And I complain more about it than many other writers, no doubt of that. It isn't that I suffer more (except insofar as I do have a higher rate of output than the average, which presumably exposes me to more of it); I know this because at the 1966 Milford conference the subject of authors being badly treated by PLAYBOY came up, and the discussion went completely out of control as even such distinguished figures as Jim Blish recited the horrifying experiences they'd had, which you wouldn't expect to be meted out to a fourth-grade English essay by a teacher who hated his job!

I've worked as a publisher's editor, though - I spent two years in the job. I didn't forget the experience I'd accumulated when I turned freelance. Pressure of economic circumstances sometimes compels me to mail a manuscript when it would benefit from being left to cool until I could come back and re-read it with an editor's detachment, but such occasions grow rarer as I get better established in my profession, and in any case if there are going to be changes in something I've written I want them to be improvements, not new blemishes. (Wouldn't the reader prefer that, too?)

Those editors I've dealt with who've had the courtesy to ask me to make the changes they wanted, and who were able to demonstrate to me that these would improve the product, can I think testify that I don't fly off the handle and maintain that what I first set on paper is flawless. Don Bensen of Pyramid once sent me a report on a novel which had been serialized in NEW WORLDS and was hence presumably of marketable quality; as a result I rewrote the whole thing and added ten thousand words of new material, and the book was a hell of a lot better for it. (I wasn't paid any more for it, of course, even though the rewrite job took me a month or so.)

And it's always true, of course, that there are some people who are especially knowledgeable about the potential audience for a story, or a script, whose expert advice is well worth having when one ventures out of one's own field. When I scripted a picture called "The Terranauts" last year, I wasn't very proud of what I'd done because I'd never written a complete movie script before and the novice's failings were (to me) horribly apparent. When the producer said, from expert knowledge, that such an episode wouldn't work because it wasn't sufficiently visual, or that such another section would prove excessively costly - couldn't I figure out an alternative? - I was very happy to profit from his suggestions; without them, I'd have been completely at sea. I heard from him yesterday evening, when I ran into him at the National Film Theatre where we'd both gone to take another look at "Fantastic Voyage" (better the second time, because you know when the nonsense bits occur and you can shut off your mind in time!), that it got marvellous reviews in the American trade press and is doing good business. Well... I'm pleased, but I'm still not proud of the thing. Next chance I get to do this guy a script, I shall know what I'm about, and the result may perhaps be worth having.

Oh hell! When I get stuck into a subject like this, the incidence of the capital letter I makes nonsense of the ordinary frequency of vowels in English. I ought to shut up. If a writer has to explain what he was about to someone who's read his work, he failed to get it across in story form. In other words, it's an admission of incompetence on his own part. Try again...

It was very kind of Bob Briney to single out my contribution to the Nycon program as "very good", but - please, credit where credit is due. It wasn't a solo talk, but a joint venture with Fritz Leiber, and I say emphatically that if you want to mount something like that Fritz is the most stimulating and co-operative partner you could possibly hope for.

And, to conclude: I hope lots of people spotted the flaw in Mr. Dorr's astonishing bit of special pleading (apart from his lousy Latin - the adjective in the title must be in the ablative, not the nominative case: Braudense) - to wit, that the term soul is capable only of the single classification "it exists". For anyone who accepts as I do the alternative, "it is imaginary", this was so much wasted paper. Sorry. And "capable" up there should read "susceptible". I'm late for lunch and having to hurry.

Well, if we got more letters like that, we'd have a big fat fanzine and be appearing quarterly. (But it would be nice...) Comments more or less in the order of your letter... I would be quite happy with some sort of graduated disarmament -- that is, we quit testing and see if the Russians quit, then we destroy part of our stockpile and see if they reciprocate, and so on. Should be coupled with some sort of inspection (or is that implying that our current spies are inefficient?) But I don't believe in mutual goodwill among nations -- or among people, for that matter, except special cases. (I have friends, but I refuse to be friends with any clut who wanders by.) Certainly we now "haul people into court" -- but the courts and laws and the power to enforce them came before large numbers of people were ready to substitute them for revenge. (And how many men, even today, are convicted for shooting their wives' lovers?) You produce a court and laws and enforcement that will work on nations and I will be prepared to beat my sword into a legal brief. You believe in cooling international tensions -- well, so do I, I guess, but I'm convinced that it's going to be a long job and can't be done by renouncing the use of any specific weapon. Incidentally, MacNamara initiated the sort of graduated arms reduction that I approve of, and the Russians responded, but the bastards wouldn't support him and it wasn't followed up. I sort of got the impression that we were dropping napalm on people who wanted to organize their neighbors' economic systems differently; not quite the same thing. (And the main

reason that nobody is burning heretics anymore is that the heretics got numerous enough to fight back.) In defense of Dorr, he was replying to a statement which assumed the existence of the soul; therefore his own assumption was perfectly correct. A different assumption would have made it a different argument. RSC7

Bill Danner, R.D. #1, Kennerdell, Pa.

Too bad you don't watch movies on tv for you miss some good ones. Be on the lookout for an English one called "Dead of Night". If you haven't seen it I guarantee you will like it. It qualifies in a way as science fiction (or at least it comes as close as many things so labeled) and is a genuine chiller. Mervyn Johns, Michael Redgrave and Googie Withers head a large and excellent cast. It was produced in 1946; in case you like such things it has a Garrison finish.

I had intended to send you a list of favorite sf authors, but it's probably too late now. I will say, however, that van Vogt would have had no place on it; I had a tough time wading through WORLD OF A and gave up halfway through the first installment of the sequel, whatever the hell it was called. If I ever make such a list it will definitely include Mark Twain, Marvyn Peake and Alan Griffiths. The last, in case you never heard of him, wrote the funniest fantasy I ever encountered: "Strange News From Heaven". It's one of the few books I have reread several times and enjoyed every time.

John Hatch, 12 Pine Road, Glens Falls, New York 12801

After reading many of Ted White's letters, I've come to the conclusion that Ted is a paradox. He constantly blasts ST, yet he writes "Lost In Space" novels. Ted is, I think, a very good writer, yet how he holds such a high regard for Philip K. Dick I'll never know.

After hearing about how good "Amok Time" was supposed to be, I was really quite disappointed after seeing the show. I had expected to see much more of the Vulcan culture. But the show picked up with the Apollo episode, "Mirror, Mirror", "The Doomsday Machine", and finally "I, Mudd", a quite humorous episode. All of those mentioned, with the exception of the latter, would make good Hugo nominees.

Recently I have heard that Stranger In A Strange Land is becoming quite popular on campus, and may eventually surpass The Lord Of The Rings. Do you know where I can obtain information on past Hugo recipients? Also, would any fans like to start a correspondence?

There are, or have been, numerous lists of Hugo winners, but I don't know which are still available. (If any reader has one, you have a customer.) RSC7

Doug Lovenstein, 425 Coolville Ridge, Athens, Ohio 45701

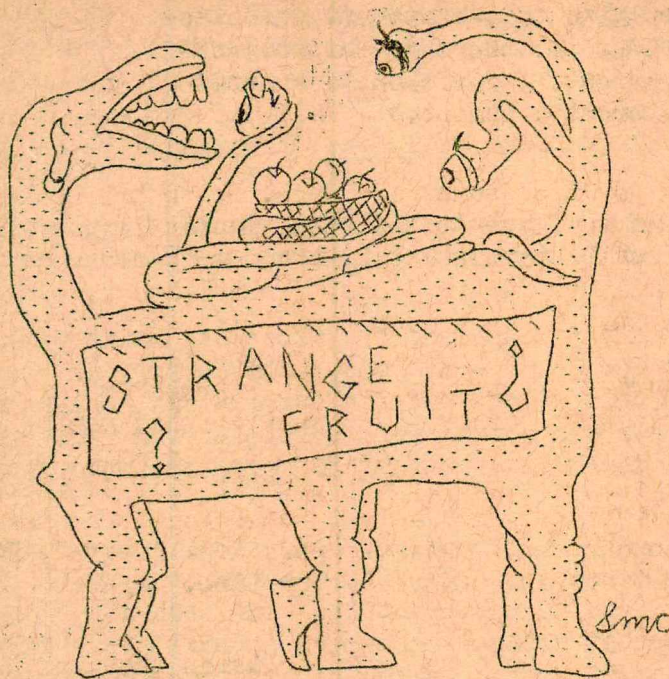
Well, the author poll was interesting, but, again, it doesn't signify much. 35 YANDRO readers can hardly speak for all the SF readers in the world. They can try, though; they're pretty arrogant. RSC7

I'm sure everyone realizes the idiot plots on "The Avengers", but it's the unique way in which they are presented that makes it so popular. I agree with you, tho, on lack of characterization. It would be quite difficult for someone to describe the actual personality of Steed or Peel.

What ever happened to "Land of Giants" and "Colony One"? I don't really care about the former, but the latter would be rather interesting. "Second Hundred Years" is also bad news. I can't get over the fantastic overuse of the term, "Not bad for a hundred and one!" He must have said this 20 times in the first two episodes.

Really now. Aren't you stretching the laws of possibility (if there are any)? Nobody can review a zine like NIEKAS in 4½ lines. I can try, though; I'm pretty arrogant. RC/ Excellent cover by Cawthorn

We had some more letters, but passed them up due to lack of room. Next issue is the Annish; we should have lots of room, and will include some older letters as well as the comments on this issue. RSC7



Received but not to be reviewed; RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, SHAGRAT, NEWFANGLES, and (ahhahahaha) SFWA FORUM.

CAPA-Alpha #36, 37 (Fred Patten, 1704-B South Flower St., Santa Ana, Calif. 92707) This is a publishing association for comics fans; actually I got this from the Thompsons, but they said let Fred answer the questions from now on. (You didn't tell me Fred was one of the Flower People, though.....) If you want to know any more about the organization; ask Fred.

S F WEEKLY #202 thru 206 (Andy Porter, 24 E. 82 St, New York, N.Y. 10028 - weekly - 14 for \$1.00) Most consistent of the current newsletters. A fair amount of news of the fan and pro fields. With this batch came various extras; Dave van Arnam's personal-zine, FIRST DRAFT, and John Boardman's Eleven-Foot Poll (for stf you wouldn't touch with a ten-foot poll). As I am opposed in principle to singling out any one story (and particu-

larly any one individual) as "worst of the year", I always ignore these.

BROBDINGNAG #72, 73, 74 (John McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - frequent - 10¢) A mag devoted to Postal Diplomacy, which is a game. If you want to know more, consult John; I've never played it. (Just found #75 under the pile.)

I have here a list of 27"x41" posters from various movies being sold by Fred Clarke, 7470 Diversey, Elmwood Park, Ill. 60635. I'm sure if you want to buy a movie poster, Fred will be happy to send you a list.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #447, 448 (James Ashe, R. D. #1, Freeville, New York - monthly - 30¢) A bigger mag than S F WEEKLY, with perhaps more emphasis on pro news, and a fair number of book and movie reviews, and even an occasional article. If you really want to be up on the stf field, get both.

WSFA JOURNAL #48, 49 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd, Wheaton, Md. 20906 - monthly - 5 for \$1.00) #48 is concerned entirely with Jay Klein's con report, which I didn't read. #49 is back to the usual excellent reviews, occasional news, and letters. Worthwhile.

DIPLOMANIA #18 (Don Miller, address above - monthly - 20¢) Another Diplomacy mag, which in addition to reporting on a particular game carries general news of Diplomacy fandom in general.

HAVERINGS #29 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, United Kingdom - 6 for \$1.00 - irregular - USAgent, Redd Boggs, Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif. 94701) Ethel says this isn't a "proper" issue, since she only lists the 41 fanzines received, rather than making lengthy comments on them as usual. If you're new in fandom and want to know where to get more fanzines, by all means sub to HAVERINGS.

CINDER #11/02/67 (James Ashe, address above - irregular - free for comment) A personal-type newsletter from the editor.

OSFAN #30 (Hank Luttrell, 49B Donnelly Hall, Blair Group, Columbia, Mo. 65201 - 10¢ - monthly) News -- emphasis on midwest fandom and pro news -- with fanzine reviews by Chris Couch. (Thanks for the review of NEOFAN'S GUIDE; will you review JACK VANCE: Science Fiction Stylist if I send you one? I still have some I'm trying to get rid of.)

BAYCON PROGRESS REPORT #1 and 1½ (Baycon, P.O. Box 261 Fairmont Station, El Cerrito, Calif. 94530) A "supporting" membership is \$2.00; make checks payable to J. Ben Stark.

This gets you the progress reports and program book of the next Worldcon. If you actually attend, you'll have to fork over an extra dollar when you get there. The next worldcon will be held in the hotel Claremont, in Berkeley. The progress reports will give you an idea of the program, so you can see if you want to attend. (I don't attend worldcons for the program, and I am not attending this one at all. If we go west next year, it will be to see the scenery and talk to fans at length; I hate all those 30-second conversations at conventions.)

THE GREEN DRAGON #3 (Tolkien Society of America, Belknap College, Center Harbor, N.H. 03226 - irregular? - 10¢) Society news; free to members. This issue includes a membership blank, if you're interested.

AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #11, 12 (John Bangsund, 11 Wilson St, Ferntree Gully, Victoria 3156, Australia - bi-monthly - 6 for \$3.00 - USAgent, Andy Porter, address above) This is the fanzine I consider the best of the lot for serious discussions of science fiction. Professionals discuss their own works; fans criticize and review; numerous people write informative letters. A thick mag, running 50 pages or better per issue. Highly recommended.

PERIHELION #3 (Sam Bellotto Jr, 190 Willoughby St, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201 - bi-monthly, I guess - 40¢) This has the appearance, somewhat, of TRUMPET, and the quality of some of the early issues of TRUMPET. In addition to two comic strips (one moderately good sword-and-sorcery, one an atrocious attempt at satire) there are several short stories and articles on television stf and a Lovecraft rehash featuring old news tricked out in modern critical jargon. Beautiful presentation, though. The mag claims 3,000 readers; I guess it provides more for the money than BEYOND INFINITY does, at that.

AIRA #44 (George Scithers, Box 0, Eatontown, New Jersey 07724 - irregular - 50¢ or 10 for \$3.00) The one outstanding current fanzine devoted to swords and sorcery, and probably one of the best fanzines, of any kind, of all time. In addition to fabulous artwork, this issue provides Harry Harrison speculating on space weapons, somewhat tongue in cheek (if Thomas Stratton ever does a space opera, some of those are going to have to be included), Dick Lupoff has a long critical article about Leiber's more or less recent Burroughs novel, and the letter column ranges from information on how to make swords to information on where R. E. Howard got them crazy names, plus an excellent example of L. Sprague de Camp cutting an opponent into verbal ribbons. Great.

SCOTTISHE #45 (Ethel Lindsay - address and agent's address above, under HAVERINGS - quarterly - 4 for \$1.00) Primary items are Ethel's discussion of some of the books she has read and a long lettercolumn covering everything from what makes a BNF to the plight of the American Indian population. (The latter sparked by a fan who is so far "left" that in this issue he berates John Boardman for being a Tool of the Establishment. I'm eagerly awaiting the next issue -- oh yes, I dashed off a letter of comment defending John, which will undoubtedly shock him if Ethel prints it.)

AMPHIPOXI #2 (Billy H. Pettit, c/o Mrs. Grant Harmon, 3211 Uvalda, Aurora, Calif. - irregular - no price listed) With Bill gallavanti about Europe, there may not be many future issues. This is a fanzine for fanzine collectors (yes, there are such creatures). It's devoted to bibliographic information about old fanzines. This issue includes fanzine checklists for the years 1931 and 1932, the contents of the four AIA-apa mailings in 1966, a reprint of Juanita's article (originally published in our January 1955 issue) about the early issues of what was then EISFA and is now YANDRO, and an article by John Berry on the early days of Irish fandom. A must for fannish historians; a maybe for others.

ARIOCHI #1 (Doug Lovenstein, 425 Coolville Ridge, Athens, Ohio 45701 - irregular - 35¢) Most first issues show the results of the publisher's struggle with his equipment and his contributors, and this is no exception. (However, I can hardly complain about the reproduction, since I sold him the mimeo, and his contributors are at least as good as the average first issue; maybe better.) Artwork is good, as it usually is when the editor is an artist. Written material -- reviews, fiction, an editorial -- is average or above. Looks like a promising new fanzine.

NOLAZINE #2 (Nolazine, 7365 Ruston Drive, Baker, Louisiana 70714 - no price or schedule) Apparently a budding humor mag, though there's hardly enough of it to tell. Outstanding item is Stan Taylor's back-page cartoon. Only 6 pages, but what do you expect for a lousy postcard of comment?

PSYCHOTIC #21 (Richard E. Geis, 5 Westminster Ave, Venice, Calif. 90291 - irregular? - 25¢) I have this memory of Geis leaving fandom some years ago with the explanation that fandom is so childish and he had discovered the real adult thrill of writing sex novels. Here he is back, presumably in his second childhood. In the old days, PSYCHOTIC was one of the top fanzines; presumably it will be again. He has a good start here. There is quite a bit of comment on "Star Trek"; Geis seems to be few commenting fans who see that the series has good and bad shows (he emphasizes the bad ones, but then writing criticism is always easier than writing praises; faults are obvious, but explaining why we liked something calls for a degree of self-analysis, and very few critics -- myself included -- are very good at it.) The writing is good; Ron Cobb's cover is excellent.

GENOOK #3 (Bill Kunkel, 72-41 61st St., Glendale, New York 11227 - bi-monthly - 20¢) An aside to those fan editors who worry about show-thru in their mags; GENOOK is mimeoed on what feels like light weight cardboard (28# paper, maybe?) and there is still some show-thru. Not enough to be objectionable, but it's there -- it simply can't be avoided on white paper unless you have a very exceptional machine. (The reproduction is pretty good; I had just noticed a couple of other editors muttering about switching to heavier paper and I wanted to warn them it won't completely eliminate the problem.) Material isn't outstanding, but there are some original ideas and enough controversial comments to give me the urge to write a letter of comment. (Yeah, just as soon as I get time.....well, I thought about it, anyway.)

NOUS #2 (Jean Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd, Minneapolis, Minn. 55417 - quarterly - 25¢) This is a great fanzine if only because Ruth Berman mentions The Invisibility Affair in more or less the same breath as Barth's Giles Goat-Boy and even if she didn't mean they were of equal quality I can interpret it that way and be smug. She also has some fascinating comments on the trials of a would-be writer meeting friends of the family. A major item is Len Bailes' "The Fandoliers". I can't say how close the parody is to Gilbert & Sullivan because that's not an operetta that I know very well. But it's funny. Lon Atkins provides information on working for NASA, or why those rockets cost so damned much. This is one of the best things to arrive in the mail this month.

THE PROPER BOSKONIAN #0 (Cory Seidman, 20 Ware St, Cambridge, Mass. 02138 - quarterly) The official organ of the New England Science Fiction Association. For \$2.50 you get a subscribing membership and are entitled to all the publications of the Association whether you want them or not. Presumably a show of interest will get you at least a sample copy of something. This is mostly a short con report (the best kind) and an announcement that the club (and its vast numbers of publications) exists.

SANCTUM V3#1 (Steve Johnson, 1018 No. 31st St, Corvallis, Oregon 97330 - quarterly - 2 for 25¢, no checks or money orders) A few years ago I would have laughingly inquired who makes out a money order for 25¢. Since then, I've found out. All sorts of people. This seems to cover stf via magazine, comic book, and movie. Apparently the editor is switching from an all-comics mag to one with more stf content, which provides a somewhat startling lineup of articles and reviews of stf combined with a letter column dominated by comics fans. (Not bad, but unusual.) Personally I could do without the comments on pop music, but I'm sure I'm in the minority there. About average.

QUARK #4 (Lesleigh and Chris Couch, Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri 63010 - quarterly - for letters, contributions, or 25¢) Primarily published for Apa-45, this is available to outsiders, and presumably at least some future issues will be, also. This starts off with a con report by Lesleigh; most of it is pretty standard conrep, but it is enlivened by things like a description of the Empire State Building tour as "the most marvelous view of dirty buildings in the world". Lesleigh also has a column of general comments; some of the most general comments I've ever seen, in fact. Enjoyable if you can follow the train of thought. Jim Schumacher contributes an experimental story. I didn't like it, but it's the sort of thing that makes fanzines worthwhile. 31

the author can experiment all he pleases and if it's good, fine, and if it's a bomb nobody is excessively disappointed.

I get the impression that I'd be done with this column a lot sooner if I'd read the mags before sitting down at the typewriter. (Well, I've been busy....) I'm a firm believer in composing reviews on stencil, but this is carrying it too far. At least, the comments are fresh; in most cases I've just finished reading the fanzine a few seconds before starting the comments.

FOOLSCAP #2 (John D. Berry, 35 Dusenberry Road, Bronxville, New York 10708 - price and schedule undecipherable) Actually, the reproduction is pretty good except for the first couple of pages, which are unreadable in my copy. Most of the material is by the editor, which is good because he's an entertaining writer. He can even do fanzine reviews that aren't too bad. There is also a good lettercolumn. Recommended.

LES SPINGE #10 (Darroll Pardoe, 38 Perrins Lane, Stourbridge, Worcs. Great Britain - irregular - sample issue free, after that you must comment) Very little about stf; some good comments on pop music, somebody's stream of consciousness, a reprint of a fannish parody by Doc Weir, a few letters, and some good artwork. This is also, the editor says, going to be the last issue for some time. Too bad; SPINGE was never one of my favorite mags, but it did have its own particular aura.

THE TWILIGHT ZINE #22 (Leslie Turek and Cory Seidman, 20 Ware St, Apt. 4, Cambridge, Mass. 02138 - irregular - 25¢) One of the better issues, meaning that it contains more humor and less mathematics than the last one did. (The math may have been funny, but only to another mathematician.) TZ is one of those fanzines that is a law unto itself; to properly appreciate it, you must get several issues and get acquainted with the MIT club atmosphere. (I'm not sure exactly how many issues is required; I've only received 22, and I have a way to go yet....) Actually, I enjoy some issues immensely, while others leave me with a feeling of "huh?" You may not like the same issues that I do, but I'll bet you like some of them.

STROON #9 (Anthony Lewis, 124 Longwood Ave, Brookline, Mass. 02146 - 25¢ - no schedule listed) Only an MIT fan would have the imagination to provide a con report by Mark Walstead. The ultimate in con reports. Rest of the mag includes an article on rapid transit systems, a Sherlock Holmes parody reprinted from PUNCH, letters, another Cordwainer Smith checklist (chronology, this time), etc. Just about every issue can be counted on for Holmes, C. Smith, and rapid transit systems. And humor.

OXYMET #2 (Charles Hutler, 9 Sheridan Ave, Kearny, New Jersey - bi-monthly - currently 15¢ but future issues will be 25¢) There is a short "comic strip" by Gene Turnbull, plus some artwork by him. Gene reminds me of a young Dan Adkins. Chuck Turnbull is a good book reviewer (meaning he likes the same books I do). Major item is fiction; none of it is terribly good, but I've read worse. If you enjoy amateur fiction (or amateur artwork) you should by all means get this.

Just got a new S F TIMES (#207) which reports Darroll Pardoe's new address: 95 East 12th St, Columbus, Ohio 43201. So scratch the one given under LES SPINGE. Also ignore Jim Ashe's address given under CINDER. CINDER #12/03/67 gives his address as 305 Oak Ave, Ithaca, New York 14850.

TRYPD #1 (James Koval, 7626 Balfour St, Allen Park, Michigan 48101 - quarterly - 4 issues for \$1.20) Moderately good amateur fiction, for those who enjoy it. Good reproduction.

HYBORIAN TIMES #1 (George R. Heap, Box 1487, Rochester, New York 14603 - irregular? - 20¢) This issue was also distributed with SCIENCE FICTION TIMES, but you can get it separately if you want to. News of sword and sorcery; Conan, Norton's Witch World series, E. R. Eddison, Tarzan imitations, etc. There's a short review of Lloyd Alexander's books -- when are you going to do that definitive account for us, Maggie? Recommended for fans who enjoy sword and sorcery.

Any fanzine arriving after Dec. 9, or which I've overlooked in the rush (like DYNA-TRON; sorry, Roy) will have to wait until next month.