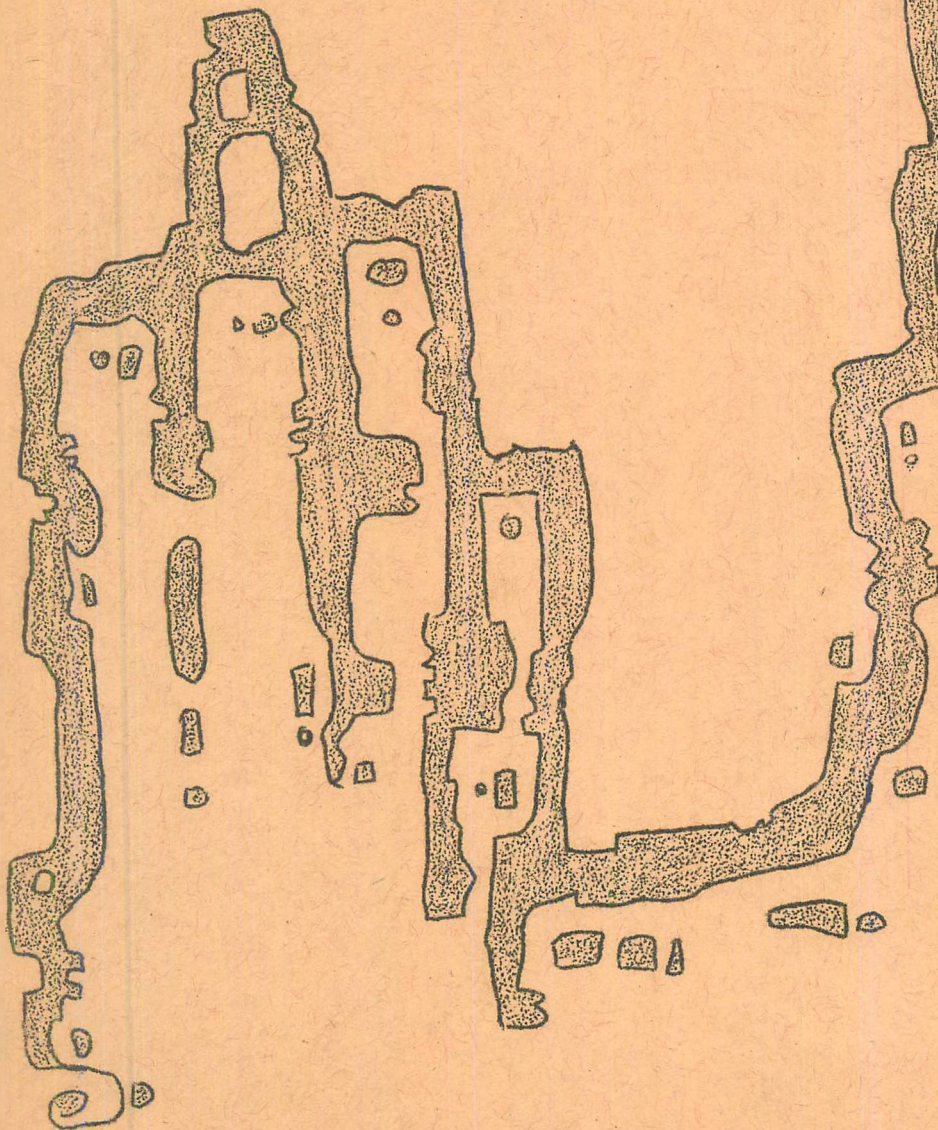
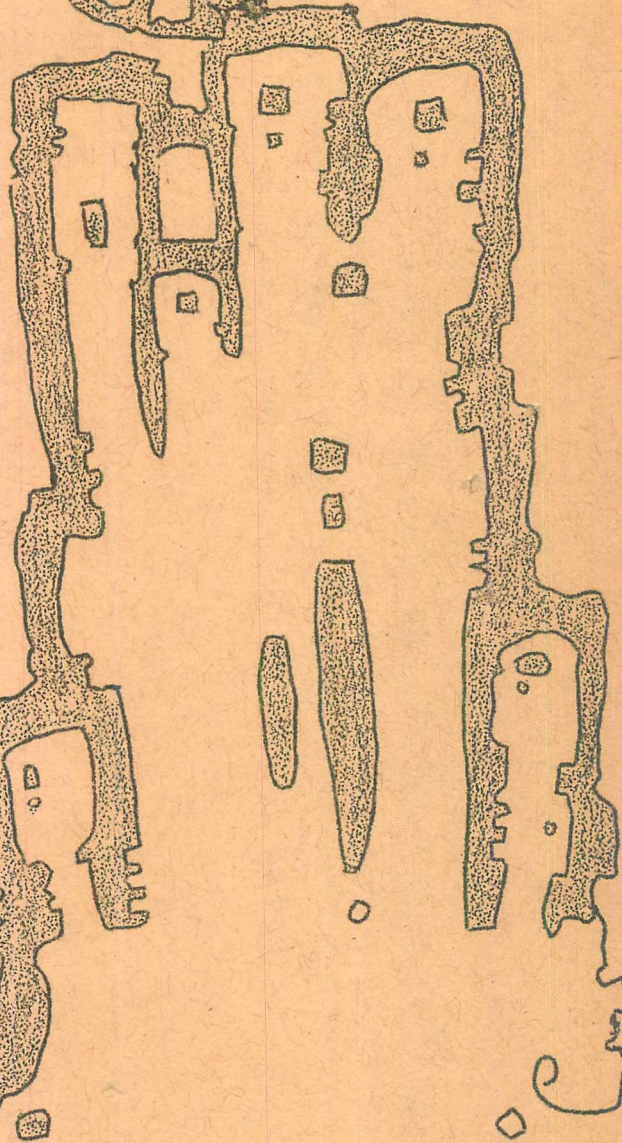


Jackie Frankel

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YANDY



WV





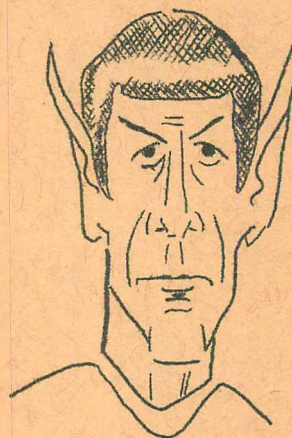


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# YANDRO

MARCH 68 VOL. XVI-NO. 2

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		George Foster
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## STAR TREK File Contributors (not to be confused with ST-Phile):

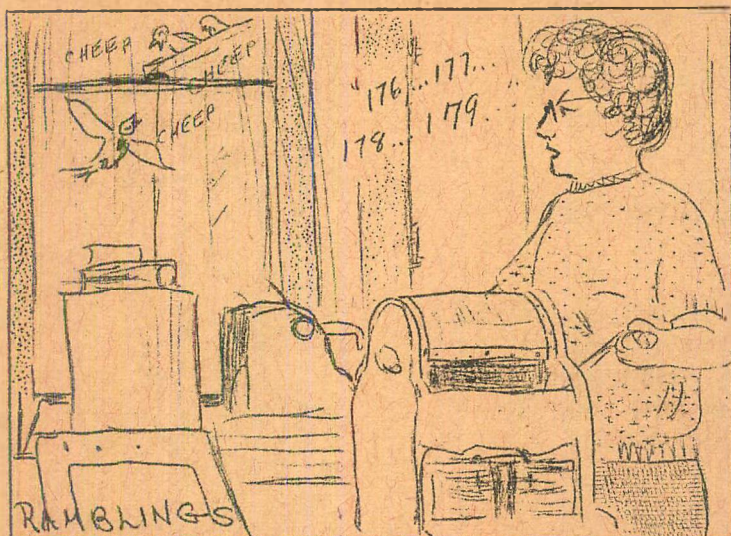
Piers Jacob  
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Robert E. Gilbert  
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Rick Norwood  
George Cloos  
Kevin Harris  
Paul Crawford  
Morris Scott Dollens  
Maureen Bourns  
John McGeehan  
Betty Kujawa

(If we've left out someone, please notify us; we try to keep track, but sometimes forget to note who sent what clipping.)

RSC wishes to add to the list of possibilities for Best Fan Writer Award in the Hugo nominating....Bob Tucker, without whom.....





After five separate requests-to-repair and two different repairmen, I've decided the counter on the Gestetner is utterly shot. Like non-functioning. Not only does it not count accurately, but when it does roll up the end of whatever it's counting (not what I'm running, certainly), it fails to shut itself off. Fortunately, I can fall back on the fairly reliable source of counting I used producing all those Yandros before the fanzine's godfather, GHScithers, gifted us with the Gestetner; however, counting out loud means I just about have to be alone in the house, undistracted.... no radio, no records....and means I get short of nerves very rapidly.

Still, this is the March issue, and coming out not too much later than I expected. For those of you who tuned out several years ago and have just come back in, we no longer try for 12 issues a year. The Annish was the January-February issue, and this is the March issue. It is also, as you will notice, a summation of the previous year issue; it seemed appropriate in light of the Hugo ballot we're distributing this time. Besides, it's worth looking back to see where we've been now and then so that we can take a better aim on where we're going.

There seem an inordinate amount of typos this issue, I note while skimming what's been mimeoed. I haven't been particularly sick, but everybody else in the family has been, which might have been a distraction. On the other hand, maybe I'm just getting old. On the other hand (I have six fingers) I'm getting my eyes checked Saturday -- maybe it'll turn out I need new glasses or my eyes need dusting or some such. It'd be nice if something would cure this case of the galloping stupids I'm suffering.

A sign of the times which irritates me possibly out of all proportion to its importance is the campaign in public service advertising -- going on some time now -- which urges people: Don't Let a Good Boy Go Bad -- Lock Your Car. Pardon me, but this seems just one more example of the creeping tendency to blame victim rather than perpetrator. No particular sympathy for the muggee....but all sorts of recrimination toward Society for creating the Mugger. And now the implication that this joy-ride set-j.d. who swipes your car has been shoved down a path of crime by your monumental error in not locking your car. There are better arguments for locking one's car, certainly - insurance small print, for one. But the one time I've ever been acquainted with theft of a car involved my mother's car -- and it was locked, for all the good it did. I don't deny locking one's car is a good idea; I just resent the finger-shaking exhortation that the reason I should lock my car is prevention of "luring" an otherwise angelic adolescent into law breaking. How about teaching the little monsters to keep their fingers off other peoples' property?

This lettercol (this issue) contains response to my question about male/female protagonists in stories, and identification. More comments came in, and possibly will be used next issue. I'm gratified and interested in the response. The response from femmes has been about what I expected....and sometimes even more vehement than my own: namely that the vast majority of male authors hasn't the foggiest notion of how to depict a female protagonist accurately. The femmes for years have heard from the males that the reverse situation is true, and it's about time our side of the displeasure was aired. I haven't always been satisfied with the women painted by female authors, either -- but at least they oftener come close to the truth; the situation usually falls in the category of -- she didn't depict a female character I can identify with, but at least I know some women who behave like that. Most often, with male authors, my reaction is You've Got To Be



Kidding. Strangely, I was disappointed in SYBIL SUE BLUE, a creation of a female protagonist by a woman author. Rosel Brown was most successful (I thought) in her treatment of the extrapolation of mores and society; but I was quite put off by her catering -- or so it seemed - to the traditional myth of the starry-eyed female in lust with the male and totally unable to assess his character. If Sybil had been an empty-headed ball of fluff, yes, but a sharp cookie like her would still be able to analyze her bed partner even while enjoying him. (Saying she didn't care that he was a rotter is one thing.....saying she didn't know and couldn't analyze his behavior is pretty much outside the characters of the females I'm acquainted with.)

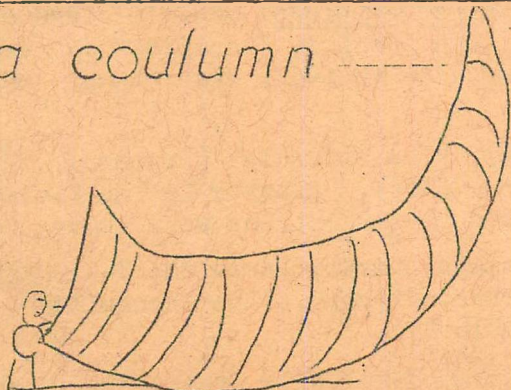
I'd like to note a fanzine factory worth patronizing for ST philes in the readership: John & Bjo Trimble, 417 N. Kenmore, Los Angeles, Calif., 90004.

The Trimbles are serving as a fan information service on things STAR TREK-y, including conducting script and film clip sales. I have a set of the film clip slides, and enjoy them very much. If nothing else, they prove to this non-possessor of color tv that Spock is not green; I had begun to doubt my memory of the Peeples' pilot shown at Tricon, what with scattered reports here and there on Spock's supposedly chartreuse complexion.....I don't know whether color adjustments on the sets or practical joking local tv stations are at fault, but green Spock is not.

The most dismaying information lately is that NBC is still playing musical nights with STAR TREK. The network is once more talking about Friday night, or possibly Saturday night. Frankly, after the false shoes dropped in TVG, Variety and other trade publications all season, I am at the point where I believe none of the releases by any of the networks. I suspect each network has a department in charge of dribbling rumors, counterrumors, reassurances, contradictions and what have you at random to newspapers, magazines and other sources of information -- presumably to keep the ~~viewing~~ viewing public in such a state of confusion they simply sit there and take what's dished out, a la 1984. As some one who has written letters about specials and series, news programs, documentaries, etc -- both congratulatory and scathing -- since I've owned a television set, I'm frankly tired of being massaged by the medium. At least, I want to determine a bit of what and when. Mort Werner's little announcement is not calculated to satisfy me. I don't trust nobody Ikey.

And incidentally, to you fans who are non-rabid fans of ST and occasionally gripe about inconsistencies, plot lines you don't like....or, bits of business or treatments you did like.....we like to hear about them, honest; but we're not in a position to do anything about it. May I suggest instead of mumbling in your beards you write Roddenberry and be specific. Serling let us give him the Hugos, but his contact with fandom was minimal, at least. This time we have a producer who takes the trouble to THANK us for our support, and sends telegrams to that effect. He can't write you all, but asked us to relay his gratitude for your help. I don't know about you, but P.R. gesture or not, I appreciate that. JWC

a coulumn



BRUCE E. COULSON

Well, I'm back again. I've been doing some tramping around the country lately. I've followed a ditch that runs behind the house going north, I think. The source is on one of our bus drivers' land. Some informants told me that he's a mean old man. I followed it the other direction a little ways, too.

The Science Fair is coming up March 6th and Tom Wells and I teamed up on a project which is almost finished. (written March 1, 1968)





Some of you, who look at your mailing envelopes, may have noticed that YANDRO is now officially junk mail (bearing out the prediction of numerous fans....). This bulk mailing permit stuff is great, but with a few drawbacks. Like (a) you have to mail at least 200 identical copies inside the United States - FAPA will never qualify for a bulk permit. Also, there is a \$15 initial charge, a \$30 annual fee, and the cost of the rubber stamp, which for us was \$4.63. It takes a few mailings per year to make back this outlay in re-

duced postage. (Current bulk rates are 22¢ per pound, or 3.6¢ per piece, whichever is greater.) YANDRO will go by the pound rate; I've estimated average cost at 5.5¢ per copy, and hope to save around \$10 per issue in postal costs. This issue may cost a bit more, due to our various riders.

So, some of you say, are you going to pass on this reduced rate to your subscribers in the form of reduced subscriptions? Whassamatter, you got rocks in your head or something?

Since we're including Hugo ballots with this issue, I suppose I should ~~tell you what~~ ~~to~~ ~~indicate~~ my choice of leading candidates. Incidentally, when did this bit about having to be a member of either the NyCon or BayCon in order to nominate start? Did fandom in its collective, ah, wisdom, pass a rule at the NyCon, or is this something the BayCon Committee dreamed up? The back of me hand to them, if the latter. (No, it doesn't cut me out of a vote; we joined the NyCon to vote for "Star Trek". But I do not approve of restricting nominations. Restricting the final ballot, yes. Anyway, if any of you out there are eligible to vote, here are my choices of the year. It wasn't too good a year, especially since two of the leading candidates in the "Novel" category, The Judgment of Eve and Flowers For Algernon, were on the list last year and so are ineligible. However, onward:

BEST NOVEL: The Weirwoods (Thomas Burnett Swann), Lord of Light (Roger Zelazny), Moon of Three Rings (Andre Norton), The Paper Dolls (L. P. Davies) One might also, depending on one's inclination, want to add The Secret of the Marauder Satellite (White) or Chthon (Anthony) None of the above are equivalent to some of our previous winners (or even some of the previous losers) but they're the best we have. Disclaimer: due to bad magazine distribution, I did not get to read two IF serials, Faust Aleph-Null and Ocean On Top; therefore I cannot rate them. At a guess, Hal Clement's novel should be included in the Hugo final ballot; all his other novels are worthy of the distinction, so this one should be.

BEST NOVELETTE: "Starfog" (Poul Anderson), "Weyr Search" (Anne McCaffrey), "Coup" (Guy McCord), "Wizard's World" (Andre Norton), "All True Believers" (Howard Morris), "Home The Hard Way" (Richard McKenna), "Fiddler's Green" (McKenna), "Defense Mechanism" (Vincent King - from Carnell's New Writings; doesn't stand a chance because not enough US fans have seen it), and possibly "Basilisk" by Avram Davidson. More good novelets than anything else in 1967, even though past years have produced better quality.

BEST SHORT STORY: "The Prerogative" (John Brunner), "The Vitauls" (Brunner), "The Doctor" (Theodore Thomas), "Trip, Trap" (Gene Wolfe), "Experts In The Field" (Christopher Anvil). With, I think, the Wolfe and Thomas entries well above the rest.

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: We back "Star Trek" again, particularly the following episodes "City on the Edge of Forever", "Mirror, Mirror", "The Changeling", "Devil In the Dark", and "The Trouble With Tribbles"

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST: Chesley Bonestell, Jack Gaughan, Kelly Freas, Gray Morrow



BEST PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINE: With the rise of paperbacks, this has become a far less meaningful award, but, for what it's worth - ANALOG, IF, GALAXY.

BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE: (ahem) Well, aside from us (and while I'm not overwhelmingly interested in winning a second Hugo I'd like to preserve our tradition of being on every final ballot) I'd be inclined to list AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, AMRA, DYNATRON, SCOTTISHE, and, if they produced the requisite number of issues, LIGHTHOUSE, THE PULP ERA, and SPECULATION. (I don't think SPEC made it; the other two may have.)

BEST FAN WRITER: Loads of names here. Harry Warner, Bill Danner, Ethel Lindsay, Roy Tackett, Alexis Gilliland, Ruth Berman, Pat Lupoff, Carol Carr (and, as the rules are presently interpreted; Ted White, Terry Carr, L. Sprague de Camp and Joe Hensley)

BEST FAN ARTIST: Jim Cawthorn (is he doing any amount of pro work? I haven't seen much), Dave Prosser, George Barr, Arthur Thomson, Bjo Trimble.

The above doesn't pretend to be a complete list, but it includes a few names that I think should be considered. Some of them are very little better than the competition; in particular, there were very few short stories in 1967 that I would rate outstanding, and the novelettes produced a wide and pretty level field.

The Occult Marches On Dep't: Several fans have mentioned receiving an ad for The Universe Book Club; I got one, as well (and I'm preserving mine as an example of the literary curiosa of the 1960's). This gives the sucker a chance to get hardcover books on such subjects as flying saucers, astrology, reincarnation, ghosts, etc. for about \$2.70 apiece (or from 3 to 5 times what Ace charges for their series on the same subjects). Apparently there is an overwhelming desire by many Americans today to get away from it all, and to find an Answer, either by smoking pot or believing in karma (or, occasionally I suppose, both). The same sort who let today's society make them feel mechanized and depersonalized, one assumes. (Rather than breaking with those social aspects one doesn't like, it's easier to let society support you while you withdraw into delusions of one sort or another.) It's somewhat interesting to note that the Universe Club includes R. C. W. Ettinger's The Prospect of Immortality among its selections; whether or not frozen sleep is a fantasy akin to reincarnation or not, the book publishers think it is. (And it certainly holds out the same forlorn hope for a "better world" and an easy out - just go to sleep and forget your troubles.)

Several readers have expressed concern that YANDRO has been so decidedly irregular these past months. This has had a variety of causes - no one of them would have affected the publishing schedule much, but in the aggregate they slowed us down. The publisher has been busy with pro writing, Den Mothering, and involvement with a local art club. The editor has been sick. (Vote for him....) None of my illnesses have been serious, but I have had a succession of colds, asthma attacks, and various minor ills this winter, most of which have struck with unnerving accuracy on weekends. I've been getting in a lot of reading in my spare time, but not much actual accomplishment. And when I did feel up to doing much, I felt obliged to put my pro writing first. (I didn't, much of the time, but I felt that I should have.) In addition, paying for the bulk mailing permit took so much of our ready cash that I didn't have enough left to buy stamps with. Hopefully, most of these distractions will abate; Bruce will be too old for Cub Scouts after this year, the permit is done paid for, better weather should reduce the time I spend flat on my back, etc.

We've had several visits from George Scithers in the past few weeks; after shuttling him to various far corners for years, the military finally put him in Ohio briefly. Fine times were had by all.

In the realm of conformity and loss of freedom of choice, Big Business has finally got to me; they quit making monaural records. 90% of the stuff I listen to does not require stereo (who cares about the banjo and the voice coming out of different channels?) but from now on I buy stereo or do without. Also, our record player is falling apart; the replacement will have to be stereo, at extra cost. Grmph.

RSC



# SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY

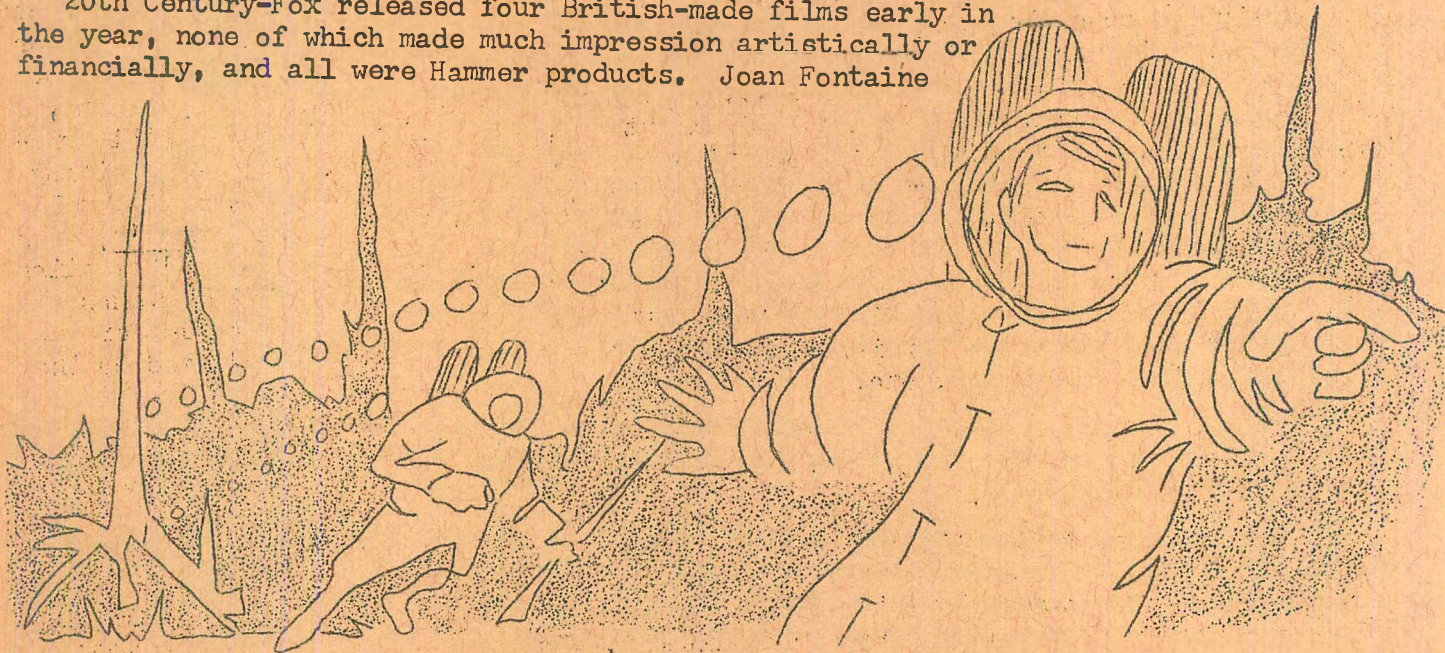
## FILM REVIEW 1967

by RICHARD DELAP

During 1967, approximately 30 or so films in the science-fiction and/or fantasy category found release outlets in the American film market. That so few of them were worth little more than a cursory glance (if that much) is hardly surprising, considering the glut of junk that yearly floods the nation's theatres purporting to be a fair representation of a specialized field. As has been the case for several years, the British have been turning out the largest number of films in the field, but since Hammer Films began grinding out their s-f and "horror" product with preconditioned assembly-line technique, the once-upon-a-time originality and excitement expected from British films has pretty much dwindled to a ho-hum attitude from American audiences.

Nevertheless the year began with a picture that should have created some 'hot' box-office --- Francois Truffaut's filmic rendition of Ray Bradbury's classic FAHRENHEIT 451. The film starred Julie Christie, in her first role after winning an Oscar for "Darling", and Oscar Werner, highly-acclaimed German actor. Universal's soft-sell advertising campaign didn't click, however, and the nearly unanimous blasts from the nation's critics helped the picture along the road to a sad fate...boxoffice flop. Although the film played several pre-release engagements to qualify for Oscar consideration, it received no nominations, as well as losing out on the dramatic presentation Hugo last year (it did make the final ballot). Critics' negative reactions included dislike of Miss Christie playing a dual role (Truffaut's intention of showing the dangers of both conformity and non-conformity in what possibly could be the same person went unheeded) and the director's "sentimental" ending. The film may one day yet prove to be an initially unappreciated classic, a la Welles' "Citizen Kane," for it is a beautifully controlled piece of filmmaking and significant step forward for science-fiction in motion pictures.

20th Century-Fox released four British-made films early in the year, none of which made much impression artistically or financially, and all were Hammer products. Joan Fontaine







struggled desperately to keep a straight face in *THE DEVIL'S OWN*, adapted from Norah Lofts' novel of witchcraft in modern-day England, which must have been a chore considering the farcical black-mass climax that ended the otherwise fairly-interesting fantasy. Absolutely nothing printable can be said about Hammer's *PREHISTORIC WOMEN* (double-billed in most situations with the Fontaine picture). *FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN* coupled with *THE MUMMY'S SHROUD* were yet another of Hammer's efforts to cash in on previous successes in the field, neither of which garnered more than perfunctory screams from tittering teenage girls hoping they remained as beautiful, with their chins thudding on the floor, as the deliciously frightened heroine. Universal Pictures also released a British-made double-bill: *THE PROJECTED MAN* and *ISLAND OF TERROR*. 'Man' was a strictly stock s-f story about transmittance of matter (remember what happened to David Hedison in 'The Fly'?), albeit decked out in some stunningly splashy and garish color. 'Island' featured staunch, stalwart scientist (Peter Cushing) battling some man-eating "things" that looked suspiciously like oversized contents of Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup.

Spring brought some eagerly-anticipated products (again British) that turned out hardly worth the waiting. 20th Century-Fox's release of Hammer's *ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.*, featuring the special effects work of Ray Harryhausen, was notable mainly for the advertising campaigns. Two were devised -- one featuring the dinosaurs of the film to attract the moppet trade, and the second featuring a gigantic picture of star Raquel Welch almost wearing a teeny fur bikini to attract all males with anything even remotely resembling normal sex inclinations. The film scored pretty well money-wise, despite the fact that all the dialogue was variously-tempoed grunts; the film was a remake of the old Mature-Lombard film, and Harryhausen's special effects weren't up to his usual high standards. I kept wondering if Miss Welch's eye cosmetics weighed more than her fur bikini...they looked like they did. Columbia's *CASINO ROYALE* was an expensive film spoofing the James Bond syndrome, which had a few science fictional elements thrown in for bad measure. T'wasn't funny.

Arch Oboler's *THE EUBBLE* tried to bring 3-Dimensions back into vogue, but few theatres were willing to go to the expense of special equipment for a second-rate s-f film. American-International's *THE 1,000,000 EYES OF SU-MARU*, based oh-so vaguely on Sax Rohmer's characters, was so bad I couldn't watch it all. Paramount released a double-bill British program in late spring --- *THE DEADLY BEES* featured a script by Robert Bloch, based on H.F. Heard's *A TASTE FOR HONEY*, which, while never very plausible (well, a crazy beekeeper with a crew of killer-bees is a bit far-fetched) managed to generate enough suspense to keep one away from the flower-bed for a few weeks. *THE VULTURE*, something about Akim Tamoroof being half-man, half-bird, was so awful it was almost good enough to be camp.

Summer introduced what is supposedly Sean Connery's last appearance as James Bond in United Artists' *YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE*, and Roald Dahl's screenplay was loaded with almost as many s-f contrivances as pun-ny dialogue. William Castle offered a light-hearted ghost story called *THE SPIRIT IS WILLING* (Paramount) but, like many of Castle's films of late, it failed to make a killing (or was that one just too bad?). Disney's



THE GNOME MOBILE was an essentially charming fantasy about leprechauns from Upton Sinclair's novel and MGM's English-dubbed Italian import WILD, WILD PLANET failed to disguise a moronic story-line with colorful sets and special effects.

Since Edgar Allen Poe's works have been almost mined-out by now, American-International decided to go big with a Jules Verne piece and spent over a million dollars to make THOSE FANTASTIC FLYING FOOLS. The film didn't go over well on its initial roadshow playdates, so the film was switched to general release. It still wasn't doing too well, despite passable critical reactions, so the title was changed to BLAST-OFF. The last I heard the silly thing still wasn't doing well so I suppose the pic will end up as a company write-off, which doesn't fare well for much more of its type in the future.

Embassy Pictures presented two more British films in the fall: THE TERRORNAUTS, based on Murray Leinster's "The Wailing Asteroid" and scripted by John Brunner, and THEY CAME FROM BEYOND SPACE from Joseph Millard's "The Gods Hate Kansas" (a Monarch paperback a few years back). Neither of the films has secured a playdate in this area as yet, but trade reviews have been so-so to OK. MGM released EYE OF THE DEVIL, the film which Kim Novak started in England some time back but dropped out of due to illness, according to publicity handouts. Deborah Kerr (Miss Novak's replacement) and David Niven gave some class to yet another story of witchcraft in a present-day setting, but the film suffered somewhat from an unnecessary artsy-craftsy use of symbolism and confused plotting. Originally scheduled for late release in 1966 under the title '13' (from Philip Latham's 'Day of the Arrow'), MGM kept switching the title with nervous regularity and postponing release. The film ultimately failed and obviously MGM had given up on it long before. Michael Cacoyannis' THE DAY THE FISH CAME OUT (for 20th Century-Fox) bombed out in New York, despite the director's previous success with ZORBA THE GREEK, and few critics could find anything pleasing to say about this story, set in the near-future, of a lost atomic warhead. The film has had very few playdates.

Another British double-bill from Warner Bros.-7 Arts in the fall: IT, a spoofy-horror pic featuring a Golem, one of the few film-monsters not done to death of late, and starring Roddy McDowall giving a witty, tongue-in-cheek performance that makes the film an utter delight. THE FROZEN DEAD, with Dana Andrews, is a ridiculous moron-trade thriller about bringing frozen Nazis back to life. United Artists released an Italian fantasy titled MATCHLESS, an invisible man story unsuccessfully blended with the currently popular spy trappings. Curtis Harrington, who scored several years ago with a modest-budget horror thriller NIGHT TIDE, directed Oscar-winning French star Simone Signoret in GAMES (Universal), a psychological horror-thriller with a plot containing more holes than a Swiss cheese sandwich. Sophia Loren and Omar Sharif starred together in MGM's fairy tale fantasy MORE THAN A MIRACLE, complete with sorcerers, witches, handsome princes, et.al. By carefully skirting the coy, the film turned out refreshingly charming.

Year's end brought Columbia's new Matt Helm spy film, THE AMBUSHERS, starring Dean Martin in another mixture of spies and s-f, and one that again doesn't come off due to grade school humor (despite heavy sexual overtones, it is still grade school humor) and poor plotting. 20th Century-Fox released the big musical film version of DOCTOR DOLITTLE, an expensive roadshow fantasy about the man who can talk to animals. Reviews so far have been passable, if not enthusiastic, but business is terrific.

Perhaps 1967 wasn't a memorable year for s-f/fantasy in films, but 1968 at least promises to be something else. Coming up:

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (MGM) Stanley Kubrick hired Arthur C. Clarke as technical consultant on his film version of Man's epic reach for the planets beyond our own. To be presented in Cinerama and slated for Spring release.

THE POWER (MGM) George Pal's newest, from Frank M. Robinson's novel of a man with super psi powers. Starring George Hamilton and Suzanne Pleshette. February release.

PLANET OF THE APES (20th Century-Fox) Film version of Pierre Boule's satiric novel of the reversal of the roles of man and ape. Starring Charlton Heston and Kim Stanley. Spring release.

CHARLY (Cinerama Productions) Adaptation of Daniel Keyes' prize-winning novel FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON. Starring Cliff Robertson and Claire Bloom. Summer release.

BARBARELLA (Paramount) Roger Vadim's wild sex-spoof of life in the far (40,000 A.D.) future based on the popular French comic strip. Starring Jane Fonda and John Phillip Law. Spring release.

And that's a list to make any worthy science-fiction fan forget the past year's meager helpings and positively drool with anticipation.





## GOLDEN MINUTES...

THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE  
by Jules Verne  
(Ace, 60¢) Another  
in Ace's reprinting  
of the "Fitzroy Ed-  
ition". Not one of  
Verne's better books,  
though as the intro-  
duction points out,  
it's one of the few  
stf books ever to  
be concerned with  
future town planning  
and building codes.  
The between the city-

states is no more improbable than the adventures in most of Verne's books, but the characters are less interesting - partly because Verne deliberately made them into what he conceived to be the French and German stereotypes. Historical value, mostly.

THE STORY OF DOCTOR DOLITTLE, by Hugh Lofting  
DOCTOR DOLITTLE'S POST OFFICE, by Hugh Lofting  
DOCTOR DOLITTLE'S CIRCUS, by Hugh Lofting  
THE VOYAGES OF DOCTOR DOLITTLE, by Hugh Lofting  
DOCTOR DOLITTLE'S ZOO, by Hugh Lofting

Dell has published these five books  
in their "Mayflower" juvenile series,  
at 60¢ apiece, with covers loudly pro-  
claiming their tie-in with the Doctor  
Dolittle movie. Possibly if they are  
a success, the others in the series

will be released. (Anybody know how many Dolittle books there were, altogether? I know there were more, but I don't know the total.) I spent a few happy hours wallowing in nostalgia over these. I would say, however, that anyone who has not already made the acquaintance of the good doctor should avoid these books. They are children's books exclusively - possibly more so even than the Oz books. If you know any children interested in reading, however, you might point out the series to them (provided they aren't over 12 years old). The doctor is a fabulous character, but the names of his animal associates -- Dab-Dab, Gup-Gup, etc. -- are a little precious for older readers, and the plots are too mechanical for older readers. There are occasional sarcastic references to society which readers of any age should appreciate, but there aren't enough of them to sustain adult interest. Incidentally, I have listed the titles in what I think is chronological order of events -- somewhat difficult in that, according to the copyrights, the series was not originally published that way.

THE WITCHES OF KARRES, by James Schmitz (Ace, 75¢) In expanding his novelet to a full novel, Schmitz was less successful than was Daniel Keyes (in Flowers For Algernon). The original story takes up the first two chapters of the novel, and there is a noticeable break between it and what follows. The original story is a humorous and tender account of a man saddled with three unusual children; the remainder of the book is space opera. Very well-handled space-opera, but not quite in tune with the original idea. Despite the flaw, it's an excellent book; if it is not as good as the short story was, it is much better than the average science fiction novel. Recommended, particularly if you have not read the original story. (If you have read the original, read this anyway, but don't expect too much from it.)

NIGHTSHADE AND DAMNATIONS, by Gerald Kersh (Gold Medal, 60¢) A good collection, although the best of Kersh seems to have been collected previously, in Men Without Bones. This one includes three outstanding stories (all of which, unfortunately, I had read before). These are "The Brighton Monster", "Voices In The Dust of Annan", and "Men Without Bones" (the latter a rather startling inclusion, since it was the title story of the previous collection). Any one of these is worth the price of the collection, if you haven't previously encountered it. There are also seven stories that are quite good but not "out-standing"; "The Queen of Pig Island", "Frozen Beauty", "The Ape And The Mystery", "The



King Who Collected Clocks", "Bone For Debunkers", "A Lucky Day For The Boar" and "Whatever Happened to Corporal Cuckoo?" (On second thought, I'd be inclined to put that last item among the "outstanding" stories - its effect was blunted somewhat this time by the fact that I'd read it before.) Then there is one non-story, with a limping ending; "Busto Is A Ghost, Too Mean To Give Us A Fright". (I may be wronging the author here; considering the resemblance to the pointless anecdotes in Burns & Schreiber routines, this story might be a private joke of Kersh's.) There is also an introduction by Harlan Ellison, for those of you who dig that sort of thing; I avoided it. All in all, an excellent book. (If you want to know whether or not you've read the stories before, by sure to read the fine print on page 4; many of them have been retitled -- mostly for the worse -- for this collection.)

THE DOLPHIN AND THE DEEP, by Thomas Burnett Swann (Ace, 50¢) This was a good month for Ace. The book contains two of Swann's best stories -- "The Dolphin And The Deep" and "The Murex" -- and one lesser item, "The Manor of Roses". I am particularly fond of "The Murex", even though it is only "boy-meets-girl, with complications". But what complications! Even "The Manor of Roses", while it somehow lacks the charm of the other stories, is very well done...possibly it is simply that English mythology is more brutal and less elvishly charming than the Etruscan type. (Swann is the only writer I know who not only appends a bibliography to his short stories, but makes the stories so interesting that the reader becomes interested in looking up the books mentioned.)

JINGRIM, by Talbot Mundy (Avon, 75¢) A big fat one; not quite 300 pages. This is a Fu Manchu type; Oriental With Access to Secret Science Menaces Civilization. In one respect it is better done; Dorje is not as overwhelmingly brilliant as Fu Manchu, and Jimgrim is much more intelligent than Nayland Smith ever struck me as being, so the climax in which Civilization Triumphs is somewhat more plausible. (Also, there is very little in the way of explanation of the "science", which, considering the rather improbable nature of the evil devices, is a good thing.) Adventure, rather slow-paced, not as good a book as the author's Tros, but much better than Om.

THE HORN OF TIME, by Poul Anderson (Signet, 60¢) One excellent story, "The Man Who Came Early" (possibly I'm prejudiced because I agree with Poul's thesis that a time-traveler from today, with all his knowledge, would still be at a tremendous disadvantage in any past era). There is also the third story in his Polynesian series, "Progress" (and why hasn't anyone collected that series as a separate book?) "The Horn of Time the Hunter", "A Man To My Wounding", "The High Ones" and Marius" are all good solid science fiction, of the sort that very few people are doing any more. Recommended.

THE YOUTH MONOPOLY, by Ellen Wobig/THE PICTURES OF PAVANNE, by Ian Wright (Ace, 60¢) The Wright half is the better story; pure space opera with a moderately interesting gimmick, only slightly marred by conventional secret agenting. The Wobig part has an inherently more interesting idea - virtually immortal aliens coming secretly to trade with us - but is hopelessly marred by the relentlessly mechanical actions of all the characters, and a background which is not so much unbelievable as unfinished; it gives the impression of a crudely painted canvas backdrop rather than a living society. As crudely as she handles her future material, Miss Wobig would have been better off to set the story in the present - especially since the future society she has laboriously sketched in has nothing to do with the story anyway. Not recommended.

THE PAPER DOLLS, by L. P. Davies (Signet, 60¢) This is a sleeper; it was published by Signet in October 1966, and even after Chet Smith recommended it to me the cover and blurbs were so uninspiring that I put off reading it. (If you go looking for a copy, it will probably be in the detective/mystery section of your friendly newsstand.) The writing reminds me more of William Sloane than it does of anyone else (which won't help much if you haven't read Sloane's two fantasy novels). It's slowpaced, reminiscent of the British detective story, but the writing and description is interesting enough to keep even this pulp-reader interested. (It does lag in sections; Davies isn't quite as good as Sloane was. But it's mostly interesting.) Actually it's also reminiscent of some of John Christopher's novels, except that Davies succeeds and Christopher doesn't.



There is the unexpected event, which turns into a quiet menace, and builds to a fascinating climax. And the explanation makes it pure stf.

STARWOLF #2: THE CLOSED WORLDS, by Edmond Hamilton (Ace, 50¢) This is space opera crossed with the poetic imagery evident in most of Leigh Brackett's work and some of Hamilton's previous stories. It's not high-quality literature, but it's highly entertaining, and it is both better and almost completely different from "Starwolf #1". There was a long wait between books, but it was worth it.

STAR TREK #2, adapted by James Blish (Bantam, 50¢) Better than the first book, at least partly because Blish did less changing of the original scripts. As usual, most of the changes are for the worse, and in at least one case it seems pointless. In "Arena", Kirk makes gunpowder. Now the classic ingredients for gunpowder are sulphur, saltpeter, and charcoal. Roddenberry used sulphur, saltpeter and coal, which I'm not at all sure would work. (Kirk didn't have time to produce charcoal, but why the aliens couldn't have had some lying around is beyond me; it's no more improbable than coal on a newly manufactured planet.) For some unknown reason, Blish changes this to sulphur, saltpeter, and diamond dust. (Diamond dust is carbon, but I doubt like hell that it can be ignited with flint and steel.) In "City on the Edge of Forever" he states that he has attempted to blend Harlan's original script with the finished product. A laudable ambition, if the original had been less pretentious and more in keeping with the show, and the established characterization. The major flaw in the book, however, is that to cram 8 scripts into a 122-page book Blish had to cut the guts out of all of them. We are left with plot skeletons, which have never been the show's strong point -- Ellison comes off much better here than most of the other writers. Whether this gutting was the author's idea or the publisher's, I don't know, but I wish Pyramid was publishing the series rather than Bantam. The books for "The Invaders" have been far superior to the "Star Trek" books, largely because only three stories have been put into each volume. If Bantam's editor was on his toes, he would insist on longer stories; apparently he doesn't understand the appeal of the series any better than Blish does, if as well. The book is for rabid "Star Trek" fans only; as a short story collection it is an utter failure.

WE CLAIM THESE STARS, by Poul Anderson (Ace, 50¢) One of the Dominic Flandry books; a space opera pot-boiler. I assume that "Aycharaych" is a parody of some British detective, as well as being initialese, but I wasn't enough interested to look up the connection. Reprinted from its first appearance in an Ace Double.

THE FLYING NUN: MIRACLE AT SAN TANCO, by William Johnston (Ace, 50¢) I assume this is fantasy of sorts; I couldn't work up the courage to read it.

THE DAY OF TIMESTOP, by Philip Jose Farmer (Lancer, 60¢) I paid out good money for this one before reading the fine print and discovering it is a retitling of A Woman A Day, published as a Galaxy Novel during the time that line was being marketed by a sex-book firm, and which in turn was a retitling of a STARTLING STORIES novel (or was it TWS?) called Moth And Rust. (The original title was by far the best; the current one is, I suppose, more "commercial".) Anyway, it's a good enough story, a sequel to THE LOVERS, and if you haven't read it in one of its many guises, it is recommended.

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #14: THE CROSS OF GOLD AFFAIR, by "Fredric Davies" (Ace, 50¢) This is the one by Ron Ellik and Steve Tolliver (I think the other author was Tolliver?). Not one of the best of the series, but I did think it was superior to McDaniel's last one, at least as far as plot and action go. It isn't as funny as most of McDaniel's books, but there is humor there, and there is a lovely villain.

STRANGE POWERS OF THE MIND, by Warren Smith (Ace, 50¢) Another in Ace's supernatural series. They seem to sell.....

BEAT IT KID... YOU CAN'T VOTE!, by Harvey Kurtzman (Fawcett, 60¢) Not only is this cheaper than most of the odd-sized books of retitled photographs, but it's also funnier. This one is on politics; the front cover is a masterpiece, and some of the interiors are about as good (I was particularly taken with Nixon's "God, how do I get myself into these things", which is especially funny if you've ever handled one of those old muzzle-loaders. They are heavy.)



# The ST Cerberus - 1967

(FEATURING RODDENBERRY, FONTANA, COON, LUCA

tracked to lair by KAY ANDERSON & JUANITA COULSON

A little over a year ago, Yandro published a survey of the episodes of STAR TREK presented during the 1966 calendar year. There were only fourteen of them (counting both parts of "The Menagerie" as a whole), but three made the final ballot and still other were nominated by many fans. "The Menagerie", of course, won the Hugo at NyCon for Best Dramatic Presentation.

Calendar year 1967 concluded with 29 episodes of STAR TREK aired, discounting reruns, and a survey of that year seems in order, particularly since Hugo nomination time is once more upon us.

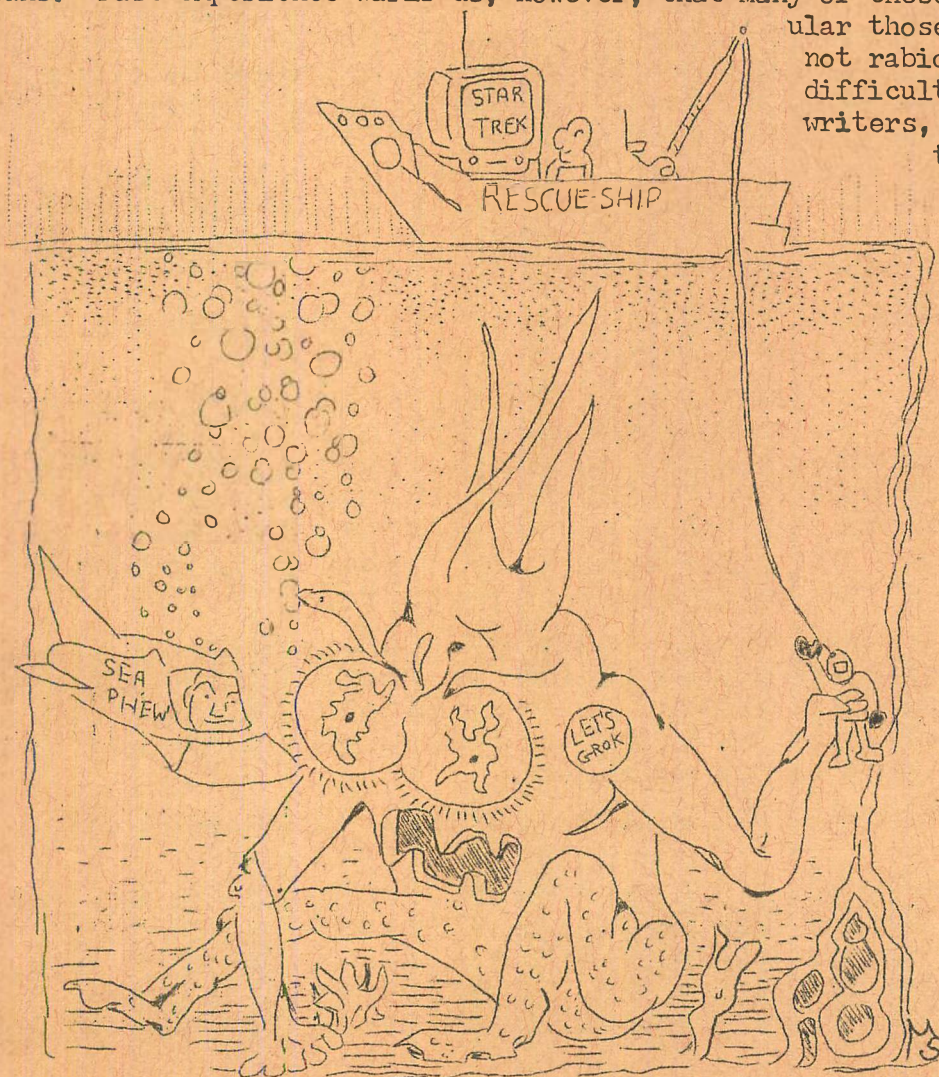
Interest in STAR TREK ranges from fanatadism pro to extreme antagonism against, with many shades of attitude between. But apparently there were more than enough pro sorts to rate the series as Hugo material last year, and if sentiments in letters received here are an indication, STAR TREK is again being considered as award worthy by many fans. Past experience warns us, however, that many of these STAR TREK fans -- partic-

ular those in the "I like it but I'm not rabid" category -- have some difficulty remembering titles, dates, writers, etc. Their descriptions of

their favorites usually approximate: "The one about the Horta," or "The time travel one" (which is not too helpful, since there were two out and out time travel themes on STAR TREK during 1968). So to help jog these dusty memories, we've compiled a listing of the 1968 episodes of STAR TREK, with synopses. The reader may not always agree with our interpretations, but we feel he will at least be able to remember the show in question -- if only for purposes of arguing with us.

## STAR TREK - 1968

Jan. 5 = "The Galileo Seven" by Oliver Crawford and S. Bar-David from a story by Crawford. Spock, McCoy and





three crewmembers are marooned on a planet inhabited by large, primitive uglies, and Spock discovers there are situations not covered by his logic.

Jan. 12 = "The Squire of Gothos" by Paul Schneider. The crew of the Enterprise encounters a planet where a creature with superhuman powers has patterned himself and his dwelling after European Earth of the Napoleonic Period. They discover that despite his powers the squire is only a naughty child who is "not playing nicely with his predators."

Jan. 19 = "Arena" by Gene L. Coon from the Fred Brown short story. Kirk and the reptilian captain of a starship from another culture are placed on a barren asteroid and ordered to duel to the death, with their ships and crews -- and civilizations -- as stakes for the winner.

Jan. 26 = "Tomorrow is Yesterday" by DC Fontana. The Enterprise is thrown into a timewarp and is mistaken for a UFO on Earth of the late 1960s. Their efforts to avoid a time paradox with the anachronism of their presence is complicated when they are forced to beam aboard a USAF chase pilot.

Feb. 2 = "Court-Martial" by Steven W. Carabatsos and Don Mankiewicz from a story by Mankiewicz. On the basis of computer records, Kirk is charged with criminal negligence in the death of a subordinate. He stands court-martial, but is acquitted when Spock and Kirk's lawyer prove the machine in error and Kirk the victim of a frustrated and jealous fellow officer.

Feb. 9 = "Return of the Archons" by Gene Roddenberry. Kirk and Co. deal with a planetary culture which is controlled by a long-dead computer programmer named Landru. Landru has eliminated war by treating dissension and independence as infections, which must be destroyed by "absorbing" the offending dissenter.

Feb. 16 = "Space Seed" by Carey Wilber and Gene Coon, from a story by Wilber. The Enterprise finds an unregistered ship - the Botany Bay - containing, in suspended animation, the bodies of a team of genetically perfect supermen and women who escaped from Earth during the eugenics wars of the 1990s. (Ignoring the paradox that the leader of the supermen appeared to be about 40 and would be at least an infant now in this non-eugenic conscious period.)

Feb. 23 = "A Taste of Armageddon" by Gene Coon and Robert Hamner from a story by Hamner. Kirk and Spock end a computer-waged war between two planets by destroying the computer and forcing the cultures to either negotiate or face the horrors of a real and non-antiseptic war.

March 2 = "This Side of Paradise" by DC Fontana and Nathan Butler from a story by Butler. Essentially the Lotus Eaters in space, and the episode in which Mr. Spock fell in love.

March 9 = "Devil in the Dark" by Gene Coon. On a mining planet plagued by sabotage and mysterious murders Kirk, Spock and McCoy discover silicon life, and through Spock's Vulcan mind-touch are able to communicate with the life form -- the Horta -- and reach a conclusion satisfactory to both silicon and carbon life on the planet.

March 23 = "Errand of Mercy" by Gene Coon. In this story the Enterprise for the first time encounters the menace of the invading Klingons. K&S are trapped during a mission



DEA



to arm and warn the supposedly backward and primitive planet along an invasion route. However, the inhabitants of the planet prove to be non-corporeal beings far superior to both the human Federation or the Klingons, and force both sides to consider less violent alternatives.

March 30 = "Alternative Factor" by Don Ingalls. A confused and confusing episode, probably STAR TREK's worst ever. The Enterprise finds a man with an identical twin in a contra-terrene universe and must protect the existence of both universes by permanently confining both men to a corridor between the worlds.

April 6 = "The City on the Edge of Forever" by Harlan Ellison. While drug deranged, McCoy goes through a time portal to Earth in the 1930s. To prevent him from changing future history, Kirk and Spock must also return to the 30s...and avoid stepping on the butterflies.

April 13 = "Operation: Annihilate!" by Steven W. Carabatsos. Parasites which control victims by pain have overrun several solar systems. The Enterprise crew must destroy them and free the inhabitants of a planet - and Mr. Spock - from the parasites. The show was marred by the choice of ultraviolet light as the device to kill the creatures without harming the hosts.

Sept. 15 = "Amok Time" by Theodore Sturgeon. A journey to Vulcan where Spock is to meet the woman to whom he was betrothed in childhood....and where Kirk is forced to fight Spock to the death to satisfy Vulcan ritual.

Sept. 22 = "Who Mourns for Adonais?" by Gilbert Ralston. The Greek gods, represented by Apollo, evolved on a planet distant from Earth, where Apollo still expects to be served and worshipped by his Earthly "children".

Sept. 29 = "The Changeling" by John Heredyth Lucas. In deep space the Enterprise meets an early probe from Earth...mysteriously altered. It has been damaged and has repaired itself with the help of an alien probe which was sent out to collect and sterilize soil samples. Nomad and the alien probe had bled their directives and Nomad has become a powerful and destructive device which thinks its purpose is to seek out and destroy.. i.e., kill...biological imperfections, which include the crew of the E.

Oct. 6 = "Mirror, Mirror" by Jerome Bixby. Kirk, Scott, Uhura and McCoy are transposed to the Enterprise of an alternate universe in which the Federation has become the Empire, a ruthless and predatory piratical society in which promotion is by assassination.

Oct. 13 = "The Apple" by Max Ehrlich. A garbled retelling of the Garden of Eden myth with white haired natives for the children, sex rather than knowledge the serpent and a computer with an animal-formed, gaping mouthed altar as Jahweh.

Oct. 20 = "The Doomsday Machine" by Norman Spinrad. The ultimate weapon of an ancient interstellar war has wandered into inhabited space. Kirk must find a way to destroy the Berserker-like planet gobbler before it moves into the most populous part of the galaxy.

Oct. 27 = "Catspaw" by Robert Bloch. A heavily Hallowe'en-slanted story about a planet inhabited only by two creatures who have assumed human form. The creatures are ostensibly in search of new ideas, but there is a great deal of magic and much talk of sensation.

Nov. 3 = "I, Mudd" by Stephen Kandel. Kirk and Co. once more encounter interstellar con-man Harry Mudd (who has van Rijn's flamboyance but not his intelligence) -- this time on a planet of humanoid robots following the line of WITH FOLDED HANDS. Mudd plans to maroon the crew there to keep the robots amused, and is humorously thwarted.

Nov. 10 = "Metamorphosis" by Gene Coon. A rather slow-moving tale of the discoverer of ftl who for 150 years has been kept alive on an otherwise uninhabited planetoid as the pet and love-object of a cloud-like creature called the Companion. In the end the Companion assumes human form and the inventor elects to stay and keep her company.

Nov. 17 = "Journey to Babel" by DC Fontana. Spock's Vulcan father and his somewhat strange human mother are delegates to a Federation conference. The journey is marked by character conflict between Spock and his parents, several medical emergencies, attempted and successful murders, and the pursuit of the E by a mysterious vessel.

Dec. 1 = "Friday's Child" by DC Fontana. On a Capellan planet Kirk, Spock, and McCoy become involved in a trading-rights dispute with the Klingons over an only-the-strong-survive culture. They rescue a pregnant queen from her would-be assassin, a young



usurper, and end up in the middle of a political dispute.

Dec. 8 = "The Deadly Years" by David Harmon. Kirk, Spock, McCoy, Scotty and a yeoman are mysteriously aged after being exposed to some unknown quantity on an outpost planet. They must solve and reverse the process before they die of old age, and are not helped by another incompetent superior officer and some touchy Romulan ships.

Dec. 15 = "Obsession" by Art Wallace. Essentially Moby Dick in space, with Kirk trying to expunge an old guilt by pursuing an alien creature which sucks blood from red blooded humanoids.

Dec. 22 = "Wolf in the Fold" by Robert Bloch. An interesting theory of Jack the Ripper being a non-human intelligence which feeds on terror is propounded during what seems an incontestable murder trial for Scotty.

Dec. 29 = "The Trouble With Tribbles" by David Garrold. A lively farce involving incredible numbers of prolific flat cat type critters called tribbles, another van Rijn con man, and evil Klingons, complete with a brawl in the bar of a space station full of vital grain.

STAR TREK's first full year was a trifle uneven, but at least part of this effect was undoubtedly due to a loss of novelty. Still, the series produced some very effective sf drama, including a few themes almost never touched on series tv: silicon life, deep space probes with autorepair systems and parallel universe for example.

The series was not without its faults, of course, one being repetition of the computer-with-a-god-complex plot. This was handled best in "The Changeling" but was also touched in "Court-Martial," "A Taste of Armageddon," "I, Mudd," "The Return of the Archons," and, in '69, "The Ultimate Computer." However, while this is a criticism of STAR TREK, we believe it is one which could also be levelled at any magazine in the field. (Who has not picked up an analog, If, F&SF, or Galaxy and not muttered on opening the mag: "Oh lord, another story about..."?) The fact that the fault is shared makes it no less a fault, and we hope the coming year will see a bit less emphasis on the computer gimmick.

And on the deus-ex-machina. "The Squire of Gothos," "Arena," and "Errand of Mercy" all suffered plot manipulation to put the crew of the Enterprise in a position of complete helplessness from which they had to be rescued from off stage, as it were.

During STAR TREK's first season, when Spock's Vulcan esp and empathy were introduced, I (JWC) took the trouble to write Gene Roddenberry and ask that we have no MY FAVORITE MARTIAN rabbit-out-of-the-hat development. So far, those talents added to Spock's esp repertoire are consistent with previously-laid groundwork, and quite acceptable. (Though now we are seeing a different trend: Spock, who was seemingly invulnerable to physical injury during the first season, has been lately made target for all sorts of damage. It's not only overdone, it's costing a good gimmick its impact. Better spacing of such plots would help.)

Now the ST Syndrome is in evidence again, with fans thinking aloud about possible nominations. Doug Lovenstein in Arioch feels it is time for a Hugo for DC Fontana, not a bad point to consider; Miss Fontana worked with four scripts aired in '68, and much can be said in favor of each -- psychologically, perhaps "This Side of Paradise" and "Journey to Babel" were best.

Understanding we'll be stepping on a few toes we'd like to mention our candidates for the honor: "Devil in the Dark," "City on the Edge of Forever," "The Changeling," "Mirror, Mirror," and "The Trouble With Tribbles" -- "Devil" for its treatment of silicon life (news to most mundanes); "City" as good drama, good speculative fiction; "Changeling" for its science and sfnal aura of anti-gravs, autorepair, etc.; "Mirror" for nostalgia, nothing less than Planet Stories come to life; and "Tribbles" if, for nothing else, bringing humor to tv-sf, which has too often seen the genre as a vehicle only for gloom/doom messages on atomic war.

Certainly several of the above episodes are worth a nomination and a Hugo. We expect arguments of course. That's what the ST Syndrome directs: we like it, but we disagree about what it is we like about it. But we also expect you to vote...for a sf author or for one of the ST Cerberus of Roddenberry, Coon, Fontana and Lucas. You'll receive a Hugo nomination ballot with this issue of Yandro. Argue if you must, but vote before the deadline.



# HUGOS THREE

by

RICK NORWOOD

In 1967 there were a total of 69 science fiction and fantasy magazines published. That is a lot of fiction, around six million words. There were 11 different titles, 9 of which are eligible for the magazine Hugo. They published new material amounting to 18 novels, 9 short novels or novellas, 89 novelettes and 190 short stories. Add to that the many novels and some shorter fiction published outside of the magazines, and you have the field from which three Hugo winners must be chosen.

Amazing Stories printed mostly reprints. Its new fiction had a preponderance of serials. It published some mildly entertaining stories, but nothing that would have been painful to miss.

Analog remained dependable but plodding, relying heavily on a stable of regular authors. It is the most predictable of the magazines. Most of its stories are set in an inhabited galaxy colonized by American free-enterprise. It almost never publishes a really bad story, seldom publishes a good one. Their best of 1967:

THE TIME MACHINE SAGA by Harry Harrison  
Burden of Proof by Bob Shaw  
Weyr Search by Anne McCaffrey  
Free Vacation by W. Macfarlane  
Coup by Guy McCord  
Protho Plus by Piers Anthony

Beyond Infinity was easily the worst magazine of 1967. It mercifully folded a after one issue. It published all short stories.

Famous Science Fiction published little fiction of interest except for reprints. The features were usually more interesting than the stories.

Fantastic was indistinguishable from Amazing. The only noteworthy story it published was one written years ago: "The People of the Black Circle" by Robert E. Howard.

Galaxy published the greatest variety of stories, from borderline fantasy to hard science to new wave. It had more bad fiction than it had good, including the real stinker of a short story that has become typical of Galaxy, but it did better on the longer stories and generally avoided stories with nothing new or unusual to offer. Some outstanding stories:

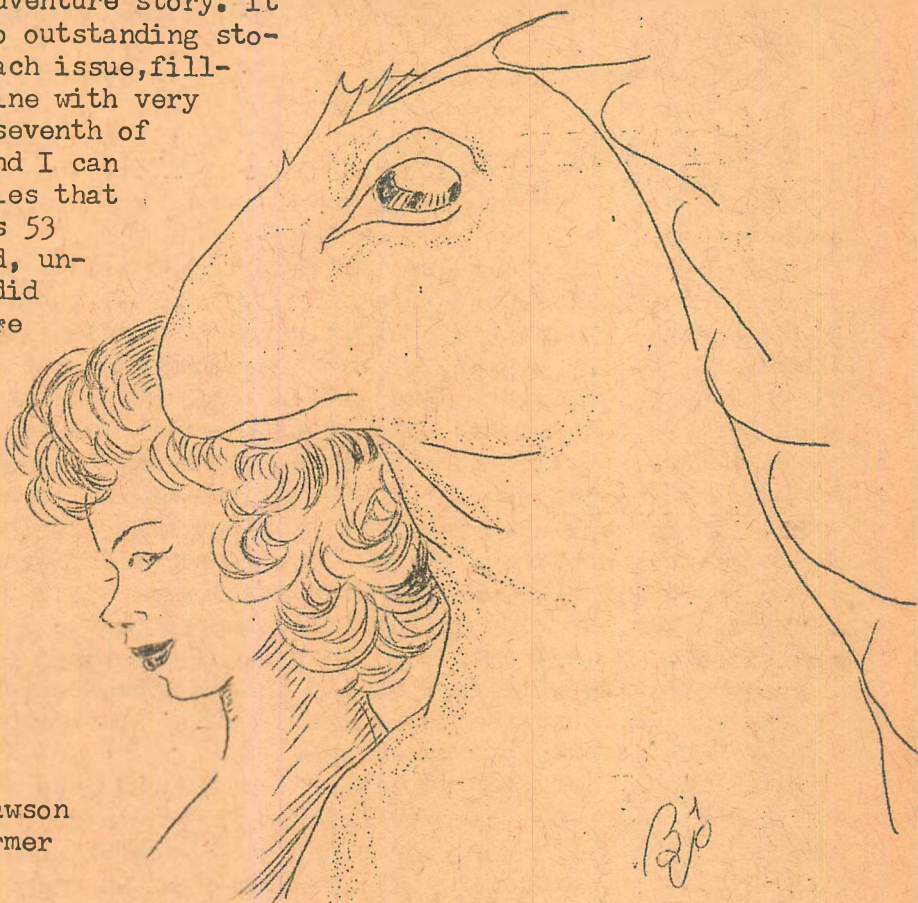
Return Match by Philip K. Dick  
The Adults by Larry Niven  
Hawksbill Station by Robert Silverberg  
Damnation Alley by Roger Zelazny  
Handicap by Larry Niven  
Black Corridor by Fritz Leiber  
The Fairly Civil Service by Harry Harrison.





If leaned heavily on the adventure story. It generally published one or two outstanding stories by big name writers in each issue, filling out the rest of the magazine with very conventional s-f. About one seventh of the stories were memorable, and I can count an equal number of stories that were notably bad. That leaves 53 stories that were merely bland, unoriginal and unexciting. It did published more novels, and more very good novels, than any other magazines. The best If had to offer in 1967:

THE IRON THORN by Algis Budrys  
Forest in the Sky by Keith Laumer  
The Billiard Ball by Isaac Asimov  
Flatlander by Larry Niven  
The Ethics of Madness by Larry Niven  
The Robots Are Here by Terry Carr  
The Castaways by Jack B. Lawson  
THE FELLED STAR by Phil Farmer  
In the Jaws of Danger by Piers Anthony  
ALL JUDGMENT FLED by James White



The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction is the only magazine that regularly publishes good stories by non-ingroup authors. Almost a quarter of the stories it published were outstanding. An equal proportion struck me as very bad indeed, which made reading an issue of F&SF a real chore. Still, F&SF is the last stronghold of the short story, publishing more than a fourth of all the s-f short stories that first saw print in the past year. The other magazines are at their best with novels, which usually appear in paperback, expanded, within a year or two. F&SF published more memorable stories than any other magazine:

THE LITTLE PEOPLE by John Christopher  
Zoomen by Fred Hoyle  
The Long Night by Larry Niven  
Relic by Mack Reynolds  
Dawn by Roger Zelazny  
Problems of Creativeness by Thomas M. Disch  
Randy's Syndrome by Brian Aldiss  
Cyprian's Room by Monica Sterba  
Death and the Executioner by Roger Zelazny  
The Master's Thesis by David Madden  
The Conflict by Ilya Varshavsky  
Earthwoman by R. Bretnor  
Moondust, the Smell of Hay and Dialectical Materialism by Tom Disch  
Quick With His Hands by Avram Davidson  
Donny Baby by Susan Trott  
The Inner Circles by Fritz Leiber  
Corona by Samuel R. Delany  
A Message From Charity by Willam M. Lee  
Cerberus by Algis Budrys



The Magazine of Horror was the only one of the Lowndes trio to publish noteworthy new stories, at least, stories that were "new" in the sense that they had no previous copyright:

The Vale of Lost Women by Robert E. Howard  
Lazarus by Leonid Andreyeff

Startling Mystery Stories has very little to offer in the way of new fiction. Worlds of Tomorrow "combined" with If after two issues in 1967. Except for one short story, it published all novelettes. The short story was bad, the novelettes not much better.

With 11 titles published in 1967, almost all of the worthwhile new fiction was confined to four magazines. From the 309 stories published in magazines, I have selected 46 that were fun to read or that moved me emotionally and which, on reflection, were memorable, controversial, or contained new ideas or new treatments. I can count 53 stories that I consider actively and demonstrably bad. A few of the remaining were good in part but flawed. The vast majority were at best mildly entertaining.

If science fiction is more than just a way of passing the tedious hours between the womb and the grave, then the bane of the medium is not the bad stories but the mediocre ones. My favorite story may be your pet hate and the story I loathe may be one you cherish. To be bad a story must at least be different. But I think we can agree on the hundreds of stories that have nothing new to say and do not say it very well. These stories, like the glut of reprints, appeal to the large turnover audience who, unlike the addict, has not seen the ideas countless times before. I would like to think that the good stories will survive and the mediocre perish. But I have seen s-f classics remain out of print for years while anthologies do not seem to publish significantly better fiction than the magazines.

Only Galaxy and F&SF published less second rate stories than good and bad stories combined. F&SF published by far the most memorable stories. Other magazines were easier to read, and were sometimes more entertaining, but F&SF will get my vote on the Hugo ballot. Considering only stories from the magazines, my favorite stories are those that affected me in a highly personal and emotional way. I have met people who violently disliked each of the three stories I have chosen. And in each case there was a slicker and more popular choice. Nevertheless I will stand by THE IRON THORN as best novel, "Damnation Alley" as best novella or novelette, and "The Master's Thesis" as best short story.

In my year of reviewing the magazines I have tried to emphasize the value of science fiction at least as often as I bemoan its weaknesses. I have found enough fully satisfying stories to confirm my belief that science fiction has a substantial and enduring place in the field of literature. If I have added to anyone's enjoyment, then the reviews have served their purpose.

#### A Listing of Series Stories in Science Fiction Magazines: 1967

##### BERSERKER SERIES by Fred Saberhagen

Stone Man - May, Worlds of Tomorrow

Berserker's Prey - June, If

The Winged Helmet - August, If

Brother Berserker - November, If

##### BEN JOELSON SERIES by Ron Goulart

The Sword Swallow - November F&SF

##### CONAN SERIES by Robert E. Howard

People of the Black Circle - Jan., Fantastic

The Hall of the Dead - February, F&SF

The Vale of Lost Women - M. of Horror #15

##### DAVID FAULKAYN SERIES by Poul Anderson

Starfog - January, Analog

##### GHOST DETECTIVE SERIES by Ron Goulart

Fill in the Blank - November, F&SF

##### GREE SERIES by C.C. McApp

A Beachhead for Gree - February, If

##### MAN FROM ZODIAC SERIES by Jack Vance

The Man from Zodiac - Aug., Amazing

##### MAX KEARNY SERIES by Ron Goulart

Fill in the Blank - May, F&SF

##### NARROW LAND SERIES by Jack Vance

The Narrow Land - July, Fantastic

##### OGBAD-FIEND OF SPACE SERIES by

Christopher Anvil

The Dukes of Desire - June, Analog

The King's Legions - Sept., Analog

##### RETIFF SERIES by Keith Laumer

Forest in the Sky - Feb., If

Retief-War Criminal - April, If

Clear As Mud - August, If

##### RIM WORLDS SERIES by A. Bertram Chandler

Rimghost - Famous Science Fiction #2

The Road to the Rim - Apr&May, If



WATERWORLD SERIES by Philip Jose Farmer

The Felled Star - July & August, If

SILKIE SERIES by A.E. vanVogt

Enemy of the Silkies - October, If

SLOW GLASS SERIES by Bob Shaw

Burden of Proof - May, Analog

STAR KINGS SERIES by Jack Vance

The Palace of Love - conclusion in February, Galaxy

TARZAN SERIES by Mack Reynolds

Relic - March, F&SF

UNITED PLANETS SERIES by Mack Reynolds

Amazon Planet - January & February, Analog

Fiesta Brava - September, Analog

Psi Assassin - December, Analog

VERMILLION SANDS SERIES by J.G. Ballard

Venus Smiles - September, If

Cry Hope - Cry Fury - October, F&SF

The Cloud-Sculptors of Coral D - December, F&SF

WEYR SERIES - by Anne McCaffrey

Weyr Search - October, Analog

Dragonrider - part 1 in December Analog

The following stories by Larry Niven are part of a loose "Future History"

The Soft Weapon - February, If

Flatlander - March, If

The Ethics of Madness - April, If

The Adults - June, Galaxy

Handicap - December, Galaxy

LORD OF LIGHT, a Doubleday hardback, by Roger Zelazny, includes:

Dawn - April, F&SF

Death and the Executioner - June, F&SF

THE ESKIMO INVASION a Ballantine paperback by Hayden Howard, includes:

Our Man in Peking - February, Galaxy

The Purpose of Life - April, Galaxy

"To Love Another" by James Blish and Norman L. Knight (April, Analog) is a sequel to "Crisis in Utopia" by Norman L. Knight (astounding Science Fiction, Jul-Aug 1940)

"Compound Interest" by Christopher Anvil (July, Analog) is a sequel to "Experts in the Field" (May, Analog)

"In the Jaws of Danger" by Piers Anthony (November, If) a sequel to "Prosthos Plus" (November, Analog)

"Fifteen Miles" by Ben Bova (May, F&SF) is a sequel to "Test in Orbit" (Analog, September 1965)

All dates are 1967 unless otherwise specified.

#### NEWS ITEM

Terry Carr passes along a notice that the home of Bob and Barbara Silverberg was badly damaged by fire on Feb. 13. No one was injured, but a lot of books were damaged and some personal records destroyed and others damaged. Terry says "Bob wants people to know as soon as possible why he's not likely to answer letters for a while." I think any fan can realize the amount of work entailed in trying to salvage fire-damaged and water-soaked letters, fanzines, records, and professional work.



# GRUMBLINGS

Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England

I trust you will be able to read my typing this morning only I have just been sticking the stamps on the rest of the mail and licking them. I had been going to use an air mail form to send you this letter but you do not have to stick stamps on air mail letters. This is of course absolute nonsense about the alcoholic contents of our new stamps. Hic! I have been sticking them on all morning but it has not affected me one bit. Hic. Pardon...

Of course we have a breathalyser test here now; for anyone drinking more than so much it turns crystals a different colour in a bag. But I haven't been drinking. Only sticking stamps on. It's lucky I'm not driving as well, though...

Still, it's all part of life's rich pageant. Though I prefer the Monday morning cartoon I saw last week --- "Ah well, another blank square in the rich tapestry of life." That's how I feel today.

In case anyone is confused, I mentioned to Alan a newspaper report on the alcoholic content of the gum on certain new British stamps. RSC/

Jim Kerr, United Kingdom Mission, 37, Rue de Vermont, 1202 Geneva, Switzerland

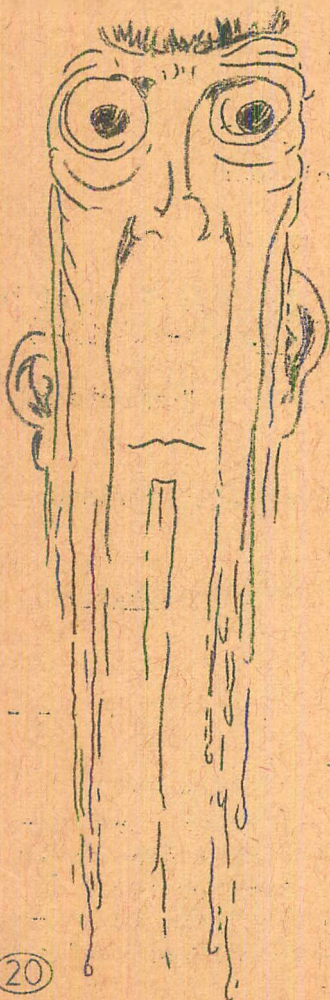
In your letter you asked about the "U.K. Mission" part of my address here. The full title is "U.K. Mission TO THE U.N." - U.N. meaning Uneducated Numskulls. The idea is to send any British cretin with an I.Q. of minus ninety or less from Britain to Geneva (or anywhere), and feed them only on custard and curried gunpowder. It's all rather dangerous especially when one lights up a cigarette. We currently have three idiots in orbit around the (jolly old) Earth, and I am hoping to get the tower of London (which I brought out with me) on the (man-type) Moon soon (the tower in London is only a cardboard replica). The Russian team of cretins in Geneva exist on a diet of gelignite Bombay Duck and frozen beef stroganoff. They currently have an idiot in orbit around the Sun (a member of the Moscow fire brigade) but I consider them rather unethical because they have Swiss-made, built-in stainless-steel bottoms. It must be hell I tell you! What are you Americans doing about this?

You been licking stamps, too? RSC/

Seth Johnson, 345 Yale Avenue, Hillsdale, N.J., 07205

Something I've noticed....the farkin P.O. is beginning to economize on the glue in stamps so unless you sit on the letter for a few minutes after sealing the thing comes undone. Or the verfluchte stamp falls off altogether and "Uncle" returns it to you for postage.

I've asked the stinkers why when a letter comes to me short of postage I just have to pay the difference or they won't give me the letter....yet when I mail something over the whole continent and forget one lousy penny then sure enough it will come bounding back from the West Coast for that additional penny? I keep asking the Schmoes, why can't we ever settle that somehow? They just smile and shake their heads and make no comment.



*Foster*



/And we don't even have the solace of  
alcohol. RSC/

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

I think I have finally got over the completist stage in sf, at any rate. Especially as regards new paperbacks---half the titles on the stands I just look at and forget about. It's not at all difficult to do, either, especially with ones like THE THIEF OF THOTH. (I wonder if Carter ever spoke that title out loud before tacking it onto the books? "Have you read THE THIEF OF THOTH?" "Yeth?") I have bought, and intend to read, Moorcock's SORCERER'S AMULET and Davies' WHO IS LEWIS PINDER? I recently read Davies' THE ARTIFICIAL MAN, and --- despite the disappointing last half --- liked it enough to look forward to reading more of his books.

/I started on Davies with THE PAPER DOLLS;  
currently about halfway thru THE ARTIFICIAL  
MAN, which is good so far but seems to be  
breaking down into one more future-cold-war-  
spy-story. RSC/

Alice Hopf

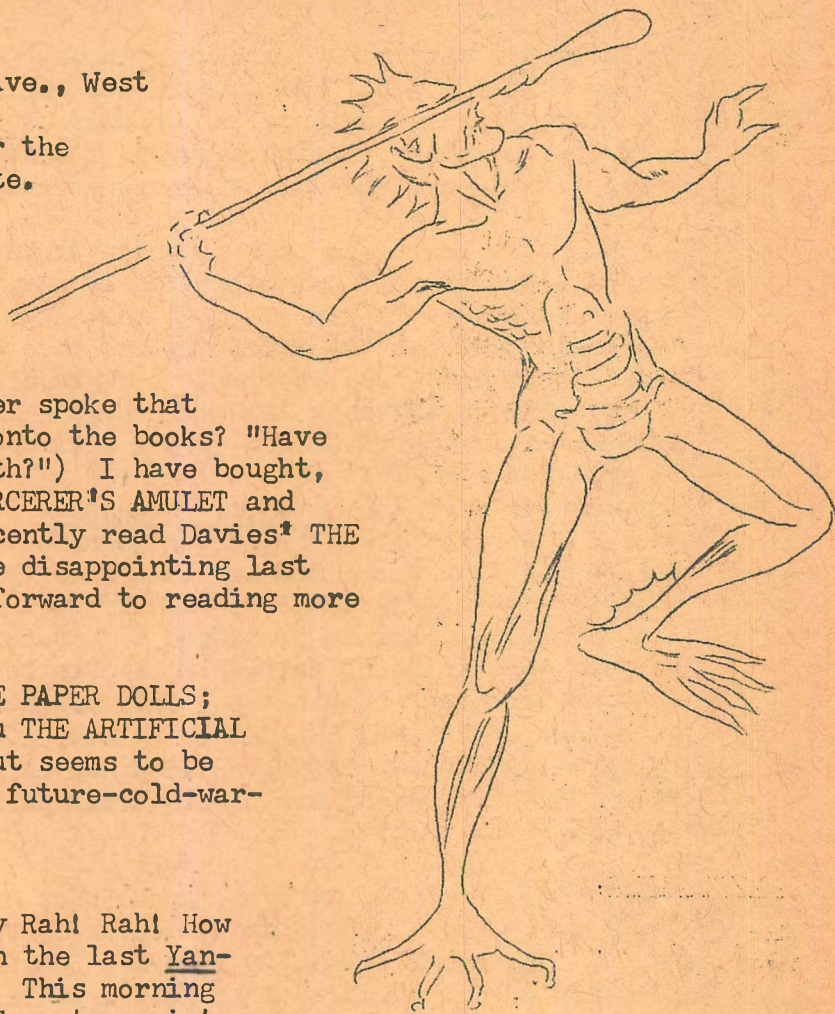
Incidentally, would like to say Rahl Rahl How true! etc., to Brunner's letter in the last Yandro. He sounds like a great guy. This morning the Times carries photos of Viet Cong terrorists being executed in the streets of Saigon -- and it makes me absolutely sick. I have covered it up so I can't look at it. What the hell's the matter with people? Didn't we have a revolution and a Nathan Hale once? Oh, hell.

Robert E. Gilbert, 509 West Main Street, Jonesboro, Tennessee, 37659

Juanita's editorial brings some thoughts to mind. I don't believe I identify myself with characters in stories either. I've never thought of myself as Doc Savage or Conan, and I can enjoy a book when the principal character is a woman. One of my favorite novels is I CAPTURE THE CASTLE by Dodie Smith, and the narrator in this story is a teenage English girl. Of course one of my published stories, "Volcanero", had a woman for the principal character. I don't know how successful it was. It certainly had enough rejections. The men in stories written by women sometimes don't seem right to me. For example in the few Andre Norton novels that I've read, the male leads seem odd, because they never mention women or even think about them. Perhaps it would be better if all writers used the technique said to have been employed by Jane Austen. She is supposed to have always had as a principal character a woman of her own age, and each scene included a female character. I can't verify this, since I've never read any Jane Austen novels.

I liked the Joe Staton drawing on Page 24 very much.

I see you've listed AFRICAN GENESIS by Robert Ardrey as one of your favorite books of the year. After seeing your recommendation in Dynatron, I read this book. It seemed to me that Ardrey did a great deal of speculating about very little evidence. For instance, how could a monkey four feet tall, armed with the leg bone of an antelope, kill a rhinoceros? How big and how heavy is an antelope's leg bone? Did the





four-foot monkey find the bone somewhere, or did he run down an antelope and gnaw the meat off its leg?

You might agree with a Public Library book I read recently. It was MYTHS OF THE SPACE AGE by Daniel Cohen. The author, who calls himself a skeptic, makes a shambles of nearly everything mysterious. He derides astrology, ESP, spiritualism, reincarnation, prophets, psychics, flying saucers, Immanuel Velikovsky, the Loch Ness monster, the Abominable Snowman, pre-Columbian discoveries of America, and so on.

/I thought at least one pre-Columbian discovery of America---the Vikings-- had been pretty well authenticated by now. (For that matter, it was in school textbooks 25 years ago; I must have gone to an advanced school. All they said was that the discovery was made but it didn't count because it wasn't followed up.) Otherwise I might agree with Cohen. I suppose that a monkey with an antelope leg bone could kill a rhinoceros the same way that African natives with wooden spears kill them. Mainly by digging pits, I understand. RSC

Not too long ago the National Geographic featured a semi-humorous series of pictures of Dr. Leakey trying to persuade some local tribesman in the Olduvai region that the flint and bone tools his expedition had uncovered were precisely that, and could be used to good advantage by anyone with patience and practice....and he proceeded to demonstrate by skinning an animal with a stone hand knife (I believe). The tribesmen still didn't believe; like most of humanity, they had not only forgotten the skills they, or rather their ancestors, possessed but had so totally succumbed to the advantages of technology - guns and machine produced knives - that it was incomprehensible to them that hands much like theirs could perform such difficult chores with tools so primitive. JWC/

Steve Lewis, 2074 Pauline, Apt. 1A, Ann Arbor, Mich, 48103

The folk music craze passed me by during my teaching-fellow days; i.e., no money for records. Anyway, I think I'm an urban folk (with some exceptions, but definitely not Ed McCurdy). For example, I bought Janis Ian's first, hardly dirt-country stuff. But then I haven't found any reason for buying Simon and Garfunkle. Lately I've been swept up with this current trend toward rock-pop-jazz (-folk?) groups. It's obvious that the barriers between the different musical fields are disappearing.

Brunner's quick jump on Bill Van den Broek took me quite by surprise. He couldn't have possibly read through the offending sentence--the intention was clear, and conversation with Bill last week confirmed it. Gobs of sympathy. 'Does Mr. Brunner want something else?

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107

I'm trying to remember what I've read by a female author where the protagonist was male. Oh, NWSmith, of course, but that was the great trick of CM Moore's talent...she wrote like a man and consequently fooled the vast readership of all sorts of magazines for quite some time. Brackett also. Other than that....hmmm, I can't remember much in the way of mainstream, i.e., mundane, fiction. Ah, yes, Elizabeth Delehanty wrote something called AWAKE FROM SLEEP, I think it was. No, the protagonist of that was a woman.

I should think it is a matter of how involved the characterization is. Superficial characterization can be handled by either sex but I don't think a woman could write a real gutty story about a male protagonist. On the other hand....

Well, I won't finish that because you and Yandro's female readers would no doubt be after me with all claws unsheathed. I've never been completely convinced that reading and writing are a province for women anyway.

Minimal characterization is not limited to THE AVENGERS. It is difficult to think of many television shows that have developed the characters of the characters to any great extent. Some of the long runs, I suppose like FATHER KNOWS BEST, MAVERICK, GUN-SMOKE, and BONANZA but none of the recent action shows. The highly popular MISSION:



IMPOSSIBLE is straight action and no characterization. The MAN FROM UNCLE had minimal characterization. We observe things the characters do but really have no idea of the motivation.

But then do we care about the motivation?

Buck, your comments on F&SF along with Rick Norwood's reviews convince me that I have missed nothing by not buying F&SF for the past two or three years or so. It is too bad Ted White doesn't have a bigger say in what F&SF buys.

His review of LORD OF LIGHT leads me to the conclusion that Richard Delap is almost completely ignorant of Hinduism and its offshoot, Buddhism. If Mr. Delap had any knowledge of these two religions I imagine his reaction to the book would have been vastly different. As to Zelazny's word games being aggravating rather than amusing...I still crack up at the fit hitting the Shan. Mr. Delap is, obviously, much younger than I. Most people are...except Tucker. Tucker is younger than nobody. He's older than springtime, even.

Inasmuch as I am unable to remember how I voted in the author poll I feel free to comment on it. Generally speaking it stacks up pretty well with what I think about the writers; however I would say that Bester, C. Smith, Dick and Tolkien are rated too high. And certainly I would rate Weinbaum, Quinn and Tucker much higher than your poll does. Weinbaum and Quinn are, apparently, forgotten and Tucker is unappreciated. M'Intosh should be higher, too.

It would have to be an extremely complex illustrated dictionary to teach the Big Bwana to write English. Nouns, ok, but verbs, adjectives, etc...and sentence structure? Most illogical.

Considering Joanna Swenski's comments on "the unnecessarily abbreviated female costumes" on ST, I can understand why she never responded after buying her first issue of Dynatron. I sent her #33. On the whole I think the ST costumes are rather sensible for space voyaging. (Besides, Kay says the Enterprise is a cruise ship and everybody is aware of this but Kirk....) Brunner's letter is interesting but what has it to do with science fiction?

/Well, I knew the characters of Illya and Solo much better than I did Steed and Emma. (Before the books, even...) Illya is intellectual, practical, cynical, and a few other things; Napoleon is an extrovert, a girl-chaser, and -- say, does this remind anyone of a commentary on Spock and Kirk? S&K; even the initials are the same. I hadn't realized this until Kay Anderson started calling them S&K. RSC

....But you just said you liked Moore and Brackett. Did you know they were women when you first read their works? Perhaps that's why so many women use a masculine pen name when writing, in a bitter-minded attempt to have their work judged on its own merits, not the prejudice of masculine readers. And M'Intosh should not be higher on the poll; any author who knows as little -- nothing, in fact -- about females has no business including them so prominently in his plots; his women are not even good robots, and I don't think much of his masculine characters, either. Everybody is afflicted with the galloping stupids in every book by M'Intosh I've ever read. JWC/

Claude Raye Hall, 12 Kenneth Road, Hartsdale, NY, 10530

John Brunner's letter was fascinating, but he made one statement I'd like him to expound on further. He says...."I don't believe that enhancing one's ability to destroy the enemy is a valid principle to base defense policy on. It isn't defense 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."

In my opinion, John, there is no law and order (in these man-to-man dealings in civilized communities) that isn't based on revenge and an eye for an eye. I know of little law that is preventative. Why should international situations be any different? This is not to say that I advocate the bomb. I damned well don't advocate partial war, like Vietnam. In fact, I don't advocate Vietnam (Korea, either, for



that matter); I don't believe the U.S. has any right to be in Vietnam and I'm against the government spending my tax money there. At the same time, I don't believe that marching is going to stop the government from spending my money there. I don't know a solution to the bomb. But I do know that protesting the bomb is futile. Too easy to make the damned things.

I would think a starting place is sterilization of certain elements that are productive without responsibility----namely the people on welfare still having children. Second,

take the children away from people, whether on welfare or making a million dollars a week, who aren't capable psychologically of raising them. Third, quit sending our best to be killed in Vietnam. Do you know that unless you have an education, the army won't take you? Also, the army is not taking people who've had brushes with the law. This means that the worst element of our society is allowed to procreate! While the educated person (or those with higher I.Q.s) is forced to go to Vietnam and get killed in a war he doesn't want to fight.

/Trouble with psychological capability is that psychology is not a science and there is no way to accurately judge psychological capability. RSC/

Ted White, 339 49th Street, Brooklyn, NY, 11220

I've been waiting for fan reactions to the Newark, Detroit and other riots; yours is the first I've seen in print, and one I can't really disagree with. But I don't think that experiences such as the one you describe are at the root of the riots -- they are actually minor indignities, and as such have been plaguing Negroes for the last hundred years.

You can get used to minor indignities, when they are consistent. You may not like them, but you can accept them. But today the Negro has been shown that he needn't accept them, and that will fan his impatience to be done with them.

However, this is still peripheral. Life in the ghettos is such that segregated movie theatres, or refusal of service at a drive-in is meaningless in comparison. I doubt Newark Negroes ran into much of this type of segregation. That's a southern phenomenon, and the riots have been northern. Put simply, life in the slums is bottom-rung existence. It is disgusting, depressing, and degrading. One can live with it if one views it as temporary -- something you can and will escape. But if you know you'll never escape, you have two choices: defeat and apathy, or rage. The riots are the product of rage.

The thing that people keep overlooking in discussing these riots is this: the riots were not created by Negroes, per se, but by lower-class (bottom-class) Negroes. These people don't look upon King, Young and the other Negro leaders as their leaders. Malcolm X might have been able to successfully lead them from rioting, but he's dead. They listen only to visceral appeals to Get the Man -- Hurt Charlie -- Hit Back! -- from men like H. Rap Brown. These are people with nothing to lose. It's another rebellion of the peasants, you might say. And these peasants have been displaced from the labor market by technology.



As far as I can see it, there is no way to stop what is happening short of giving these people something they can lose. In other words: a piece of the action, a stake in the community. The have-nots have got to become haves.

I don't think most of the poverty programs have been consciously geared in this direction, although most of them have it as a vague goal for future generations. But I think more immediate goals are necessary. We're dealing with the present generation.

The best thing that has happened is the generation of co-ops in the ghettos. Most of these have been created within the ghettos by the ghetto people. The most common is the food-buying co-op, and the low-interest financing co-op, since these are the two areas with which the slum-dweller is vitally concerned.

But equally important, to my thinking, is the eradication of the slums themselves, and I can't see this happening through "urban renewal" as it's presently practiced.

Recently Mayor Lindsay proposed a number of low-income housing projects for the Bronx, Queens, and Brooklyn, to be located in middle-class residential areas. There was an immediate storm of protest from the residents of those areas, who picketed city hall. On the news telecast one picketing woman said, "We saved our money and moved out of the slums and bought ourselves a house in a decent neighborhood. Now they want to bring the slums to us again." I understood her feeling. It's one reason the middle-class is deserting the cities.

Housing projects have been called "vertical slums." I agree. I've been in several. The ceilings are low, and the halls much more narrow than you'd think. All walls in public areas are tiled with the same "lavatory tile" they use in the subways, and the floors are naked concrete. The buildings are tall -- fifteen and twenty storeys -- and without balconies or relief from starkly functional design. (You can always tell middle- and upper-income housing from the lower: the buildings have balconies and set-backs for terraces.) They look like prisons.

You can't help but feel depersonalized in a building with no architectural character, "A" areas, "B" areas, etc., and a floor plan that is indistinguishable from the one across the dead plot of grass. Very quickly, the kids have scrawled obscenities and nonsense on the walls with magic markers (the bane of the subways, as well), and the place looks shabby even if kept clean, and if you're a resident your pride in the place has slipped yet another notch. Soon the halls will begin stinking of urine. Eventually, someone will be mugged or knifed in one of the self-service elevators.

People transplanted into these buildings have not been helped. They've had yet another wall erected between themselves and society. And the surrounding neighborhood quickly begins to deteriorate, the streets become unsafe, and a new and growing slum has been created.

I saw a documentary recently about a house on 110th street -- in Harlem. It was built before the turn of the century, when 110th St. was almost a rural area. The house was intended to be an upper-income building. It was classy for its time -- but today it is a typical slum dwelling. It has had many owners -- I forget whether the figure was twenty-five or fifty, but it was plenty high -- and each has taken out as much money in rents as he could with minimal maintenance, and then sold it. It was most recently sold for \$30,000. It makes over a twenty-percent profit on that investment each year.

Slum dwellings are slum dwellings for two reasons: First, the owners are





not interested in maintaining the property as a decent place to live. Second, the residents have no interest in the upkeep of the building.

Both of these problems could be licked. The obvious answer is to sell the buildings to their residents, as co-ops. \$30,000 is not a lot for a house. If the rents paid were instead installments of a mortgage, it could be purchased in less than five years. And for another five or ten thousand, such a building could be refurbished and turned into a really nice building in which to live. (Recently in demonstration, a lower-east-side house was completely refurbished, with a totally new interior, new wiring, new plumbing, new heating, new walls, new kitchen and bathroom fixtures -- all in twenty-four hours, for a remarkably low cost.)

Another example: I live on the border of a slum area. My area is not Negro -- it's Puerto Rican. I live on 49th St between Third and Fourth avenues. Below Third, it's solidly Puerto Rican. On my block it's mixed (Italians, Scandinavians, even a few WASPS like myself). Above Fourth, between Fourth and Fifth, there are less Puerto Ricans, more Italians.

On my block there is only one apartment building, and it is a small one. The rest of the houses are two- and three- family houses. With rare exceptions, the owner lives on the premises or next door. It is a clean street. The houses are well kept up, the front yards neat.

Up the street, above Fourth, the block is made up of about fifty-percent apartment buildings -- tenements, with perhaps eighteen or twenty apartments in five or six storeys. The block is a slum. Chalk scrawls all over the fronts of the buildings, kids massed along the sidewalks. There is always at least one car disemboweled at the curb.

This spring, the slums came to our block. The building two doors down from mine had one floor rented out to a welfare family with fourteen children(!). The floor above it was rented out to another family with ten children. Suddenly the area teems with over twenty children with nowhere to go and nothing to do. The landlord is one of the rare absentee ones. My landlady complained to him about what he was doing to the block, but he was indifferent.

The children run across the hoods of cars (I've found footprints on mine), scrawl on cars with magic markers (it won't come off), line up broken bottles in the gutter to rip tires, and generally perform acts of vandalism and childish maliciousness. I was forced to rent a garage two miles away, at \$20 a month, just to preserve my car.

These two families are Puerto Rican, and speak next to no English. I could easily decide I hated PRs because of them. Yet, the little grocery one door further down the street was owned by Juan Castro for thirty years before he retired, a couple years ago. He gave me credit when I needed it, and his successors have been good and honest storekeepers.

Those who own property here take pains to keep it up. Those who do not, destroy it wantonly. It seems to be a pattern.

Well, that's more than I intended to write on that subject...

It's leaked out that a) THE AVENGERS tv show has been getting good ratings all along, and b) was never in danger of permanent cancellation. The facts are: the show, during its first half-season was, as it had been before in Britain, in black & white. ABC (the American one) demanded color for future seasons. This was not immediately possible, and thus the second half-season, beginning the following January. The show had first been imported as a "backstop" show, designed to replace the failures (one of them) of the first half-season. It was used the same way the second time (last year). And that worked out so well that ABC has apparently decided to use it this way every year. Word was out to the knowledgeable that it would be back in January, and that Diana Rigg was bowing out, back last July. In fact, I was surprised to find Diana in the first eight weeks of the new "season".

My own personal reaction is that since the move to color and American audiences, the show has been grossly diluted. There were some good ones last year, but nearly as many as the year before, and none of the high quality of the first I saw (the one where Mrs. Peel is trapped in an automated house). The opening show this year was something of a dog, but I have hopes for improvements.

Regarding both Juanita's editorial and the Thompsons' letter, where did this rumor



about STAR TREK get started? NBC doesn't know anything about it. Both SFT and TVGuide checked the story out with NBC and found it basoleless. On the other hand, I understand there will be a shift to Monday night, so your prayers are all answered -- in advance.

I can accept a female-viewpoint story without breaking out in hives or checking periodically to see if I'm still male where it counts! In fact, when I was a kid and ran out of anything else to read, I read Nancy Drew books and the like. Pallid plotting, to be sure, but.... I prefer that a female-viewpoint story have for its protagonist an interesting female, but you're right that not many male authors have succeeded at this. What do you make of Heinlein's girl-brat? I refer to the heroines in "The Menace From Earth," PODKAYNE OF MARS, and HAVE SPACE SUIT, WILL TRAVEL. Personally, I think she's a good example of Heinlein's alienation from young girls. Very tom-boyish, oversmart, coyly cute, addicted to using engineering terms where a girl would more likely use emotional terms, etc. Good reading, but not very real....

RUMBLINGS: I've never thought of Simon and Garfunkle as "protest song writers." But then, I like them. I like them as composers and performers of music, which usually has relevant lyrics. The first album (the folk one) was rather dull, but the next two are richly musical, and have become favorites in this house. Of course, I have always suspected that a folk-fan is more interested in the lyrics than in the music, which is the opposite of my own interest. Alex Panshin and I get into this frequently. Alex is uninterested in music qua music -- quite uninterested in classical music of any variety than I can determine, and hostile to jazz. So when I got Paul McCartney's soundtrack album for THE FAMILY WAY, I found it cliched, dull, and essentially derivative - it didn't even make much use of Paul's melodic gifts - while Alex was enchanted by it. Alex comes to rock via folk; I come via jazz. And when I told him I thought Van Dyke Parks' SONG CYCLE was the finest album of either 1967 or 1968 (a point I reiterate for Yandro's pop-rock fans), he said he'd found it bland and dull. \*Sigh\*...

Richard Delap is a dunce. I hate making categorical statements like that about someone whom I know not at all, but it takes a dunce to write a review as assinine as his LORD OF LIGHT. Since you review it, Buck, only a page further on, I don't feel the need to specifically rebutt him. LORD OF LIGHT is not an easy book for grade-school readers, but it repays attention. It has its failings, but they aren't the ones Delap ascribes to it, and they are minor -- more sins of omission than commission. Delap is also blessed with a tin-ear for metaphor if "...a sort of pseudo-Jesus, leading the lump of common people...into the promised land" is any example. It was Moses who did that sort of thing, and, anyway, as you point out it was Buddha that Sam was attempting to model himself on.

I thought that Sam's sermon in chapter one was brilliant, myself. But then, I have a little knowledge of Hinduism and Buddhism and suchlike. I guess Delap doesn't.

Reviews: Well, yes, "Ron Archer" is nominally me. But my reasons for using the name boiled down to the fact that I did not -- repeat: not -- write one word of LOST IN SPACE.

In January, 1967, my agent called to ask me how busy I was. I was pretty busy. "Don Bensen is looking for someone for LOST IN SPACE," he said. "Forget it," I said. "I can't even watch LOST IN SPACE. Why not try Dave? He needs the work." "Don wants someone with a little more name than Dave, for CBS." "Okay, tell him I'll do it with Dave. Dave can do the writing."

Which is pretty much what happened. Out of the \$1,500 or however much it was (well \$1,350, after you deduct our agent's fee), I took \$100. Dave got the rest. Dave actually started watching the show. (I tried one; it was awful.) I picked up a LOST IN SPACE COMICS. I discovered that only the basic situation was shared; the cast of ~~characters~~ is quite different. (The comicbook, you'll recall, was first.) Dave wrote an outline. After some deliberation, Don told us that what he had in mind was more of a series of adventures, rather than just one.

I'd originally thought it would be nice to "camp it up" a bit -- throw in a bunch of hoary old sf cliches which would be amusing to sf readers and novel to LOST IN SPACE tv fans. Since Don wanted a couple additional episodes, I made my sole real contribution to the book. I outlined the first two adventures -- the one with the planet run by robots and the one with the telepathic pandas (shades of the Hokus, eh?). Dave's original plot was tacked on afterwards. This outline was approved. Dave wrote a



first draft. I read it and made a few suggestions. Mostly they concerned less muddy passages. Dave typed up a final draft. And that was the book.

Originally we'd planned to use the byline of Dave White. It certainly wasn't a book I intended to point to with pride. It was a money project on which I was a middleman. But Dave was so happy with the Panda episode (which I agree is quite well-written, and which capitalizes best on the characterization of Smith) that he decided he wanted his name on the book.

So I said, "Okay, let's make it 'by Dave Van Arnam and Ron Archer'." At the time we still expected our earlier Pyramid book to be out first. (This is the much-talked-about and little-seen WHEN IN ROME; it is now, finally, coming out this spring as SIDESLIP.) The hero of SIDESLIP is Ron Archer, dig, and it's written by Ted White and Dave Van Arnam. The love interest is an alien girl named Sharna. So we dedicated it "For Dorothy Cramer (Dave's mother-in-law, a LOST IN SPACE fan), in hopes she'll like it - and for Sharna, who won't." All of which is a pretty clear indication of who "Ron Archer" is.

I've made no effort to hide my participation in this book; I agree it "succeeded in capturing the exact flavor of the show," and I agree that this is both its strongest and weakest point. Personally, I hate the show, and while I admired Dave for recreating the flavor of the show, I would not, myself, read any book which did, if it was shoved under my nose at a newsstand. The book is for ten-year-old LOST IN SPACE fans.

But my participation in LOST IN SPACE is minimal. The fannish references, allusion to old fanzines I once put out, etc., are all Dave's. So is all the blame and praise for the book.

I wouldn't bother going into this but for the fact that your review lends ammunition to people like John Hatch, who, in this same issue decides I'm a paradox because I don't like STAR TREK and yet, "he writes 'Lost In Space' novels." I don't write LOST IN SPACE novels, and that is the whole point of putting Ron Archer into the by-line instead of Ted White.

By the way, Dave inscribed my copy of the book, "To Ted -- Well, it's not STAR TREK, but then, what is?"

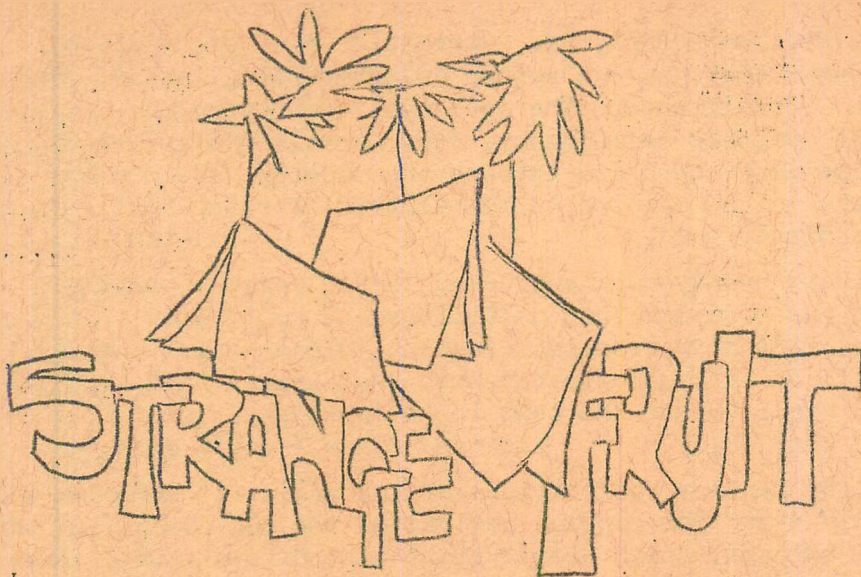
/I wonder about people who have so little personality of their own they can feel depersonalized by concrete floors. However, the co-ops are probably the only solution in the long run. It's probably too late to try to teach respect for someone else's property to any large group of Americans. Rich or poor makes no difference there; the other guy's property is to be used, abused, and stolen if possible. (If you don't believe that, try living in a summer resort. I did, for 20 years. The "summer people" obviously had enough money, even in the Depression, to own a summer cottage, or rent one, and they'd steal you blind if you gave them a chance. Farmers have at least a small respect for the property of others; city dwellers have none whatsoever.) So, give them an incentive by making it their property. They'll turn conservative so fast they might even vote Republican.

Podkayne seemed believable enough as a tomboy. Such critters are rare in feminine circles, but they exist. Heinlein's trouble is that it's the only kind of female that he can write about; if his females aren't tomboys, they're background.. RSC

For that matter, the girl in the "Menace From Earth" reacted very much as I did at that age -- until she began getting jealous about the alleged hero. And I have heard other females remark that Podkayne was convincing until she started getting cute and theatrical in her diary...and emotional. I'm of the opinion that a great deal of female emotionalism is theatrics for the benefit of males whose egos they're trying to boost...and thereby snare for themselves. (Now I will be lynched as a traitor to my sex by hordes of mouse-squealing, fluttery, poor-little-old-me females....and worth it.)

Rumors or not, TVGuide relayed from NBC varying reports from week-to-week, from snide cracks about "sci-fi mags" and "the show is in no trouble" to, a bit later "the show is, according to NBC, borderline". You aren't going to change your opinion, obviously, Ted; but then neither am I. I don't trust any American tv network's word or code of ethics -- or does anyone think it was an "accident" that the video and audio on the Shirer special THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH disappeared during the fatal word "Wolkswagen"? JWC/





SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #451  
S F Times, Inc., P.O. Box 216,  
Syracuse, New York 13209 -  
monthly - 30¢) Ann Dietz is  
"managing editor" (and if you  
don't want me to mention Jim  
Ashe, why do you keep his name  
on the masthead as editor?...  
variant of the same syndrome  
that has the mag continuing  
Taurasi's numbering system  
while repudiating his debts,  
maybe.) This is a good multi-  
lithed news mag, with consider-  
able professional coverage.

Rating.....7

Oh yes; I decided to reintro-  
duce the rating system. For  
newcomers; ratings run from 10

(stupendous) to 0 (abysmal). Very few 10 ratings are given; so far I have never given a  
0 rating, but I might, one of these days. 4 to 6 can be considered average. I will prob-  
ably give more high ratings than low because I have a restrictive trade policy and nat-  
urally the mags I decide to trade with are the ones I like, whether they are actually any  
better than the others or not.

S F WEEKLY #216, 217 (Andrew Porter, 24 East 82nd. St, New York, N.Y. 10028 - weekly -  
12 issues for \$1.00) Smaller publication than S F TIMES, but more frequent appearance  
provides approx. the same amount of news per month (though news items in the two mags  
do not overlap to a great extent). Riders include FIRST DRAFT #200 and 201 by Dave van  
Arnam, and TAFF PROGRESS REPORT #10.

Rating.....7

NEW FANGLES #6 (Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Road, Mentor, Ohio 44060 - bi-  
monthly - 10¢) A single-sheeter, similar to S F WEEKLY. News of fans and pros in the  
comics world. I have no way of knowing how efficient it is, not being a comics fan,  
but it seems to cover the ground thoroughly.

OSFAN #33 (Hank Luttrell, 49B Donnelly Hall, Blair Group, Columbia, Missouri 65201 -  
monthly - 15¢) Pro news, St. Louis fan news, fanzine reviews.

Rating....5

WSFA JOURNAL #52 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md. 20906 - tri-weekly - 5  
for \$1.25) East coast fan news, book, magazine and fanzine reviews (all good; get the  
mag for these), and occasionally, as in this issue, extras. (This time letters and an  
article on the scarceness of intelligence in the universe. I certainly agree, Alexis;  
when you consider how rare intelligence is on this planet....)

Rating.....6

SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER #10 (Don Blyly, 825 West Russell St., Peoria, Ill. 61606 -  
10 for \$1.25 - 20 issues per year) This is the official organ of the Peoria High School  
Science Fiction Club. Rather than a news-type newsletter, it consists of short fiction,  
short articles, and short reviews. Seems fairly typical of the early issues of most fan-  
zines, except for the reproduction, which is multilithed and well done. Rating.....2½

CINDER #4 (James Ashe, 305 Oak Ave., Ithaca, N.Y. 14850 - monthly - no price listed) A  
personal-type fanzine, with comments on everything from fanzines to what I assume is a  
facetious explanation of the term "degree-day". Personal-comment fanzines are unrated  
because they are published entirely for the editor's benefit and only he can gauge their  
success. (All fanzines are published mostly for the editor's benefit, but not entirely.)

BROBDINGNAG #80 (John McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - irregular but frequent - 10¢)  
A fanzine devoted to postal Diplomacy. If you don't know what that is, write McCallum  
and find out. (I'll give you a clue that it's a board game.)

And here is S F WEEKLY #215, left out of the above review, with FIRST DRAFT #199.



STEFANTASY #62 (Bill Danner, R.D. #1, Kennerdell, Pa. - irregular - no price listed) You get this one by convincing Danner that you can return an interesting letter, contribution, or fanzine. This time Dean Grennell enters the junk mail controversy, R. M. Badl discourses on the good old days of juvenile delinquency, John Carroll has an article on the IBM Selectric Composing machine, and there are letters and MAD-type ads. In one way STEF is unique; it is the only printed (as opposed to multilithed) fanzine that I know of. It is also humorous, and exceedingly good. Rating.....9

UCHUJIN #118 (Takumi Shibano, 1-14-10 O-okayama, Meguru-ku, Tokyo, Japan - monthly - price unknown) This may also be typeset rather than multilithed; I don't know that much about Japan's printing facilities. It's a professional-looking, digest-sized magazine. This issue has an article on the Tokon III, illustrated with photographs that prove that fans look much the same the world over. (Since the text is in Japanese I can't tell if they sound the same, but I assume they do.) Unrated, since I can't read it.

ETHERLINE #1 (Leigh Edmonds, Amateur Fantasy Publications of Australia, 19 Somerset Pl., Melbourne 3000, Australia - monthly - 10¢ per copy) A revival of the old ETHERLINE, which ran 101 issues (unlike certain US editors, Leigh didn't start his numbering with 102). This is a small digest-size mag, containing reviews, Melbourne club news, information on the coming Melbourne convention, etc. A good beginning. Rating.....4

TANSTAAFL #1 (John Godwin & Gary Grady, 2426 Belvedere Drive, Wilmington, N.C. 28401 - irregular - 20¢) In an accompanying note, Godwin says "The purpose of the first issue is to let people know that we are pubbing and to allow ourselves a creative outlet. We realize the quality is rather low. Later issues will be larger and of better quality." That's fair enough. Reproduction seems fairly good except for a couple of pages; the editors did switch typewriters after noticing that one wasn't cutting decent stencils, and I can hardly blame them for not throwing out already-cut stencils and starting over (I wouldn't have done it, either, though it would have improved the appearance of the mag). This is mostly editor-written; contributions are requested. There are promising signs for future issues, but this time.... Rating.....2

ETERNITY #3 (Stephen Gregg, P.O. Box 8, Sandy Springs, So. Carolina 29677 - bi-monthly - 30¢) 28 digest-size pages; a bit small for the price. Good reproduction - I don't care much for the appearance of script typewriters in fanzines, but a fan editor has to use what he has. Reviews by the editor; fiction by various fans. (I'm not certain of the taste of someone who thinks that all the stories in BEYOND INFINITY were "good", but to each his own.) Artwork is atrocious - partly due to bad stencil-cutting, I suppose, since there is one Gaughan illo which isn't much better than the others. Fiction is about average for fancom. (Tho anyone who writes about Vikings should know better than to spell it "Lief" Ericson.) The editor prefers to publish fiction. Rating....2½

NO-EYED MONSTER #13 (Norman Masters, 720 Bald Eagle Road, Ortonville, Mich. 48462 - trimestrial - 30¢) Another fiction-mag, this one providing about twice as much for the same price. Artwork is generally better, though Fred Phillips should stick to writing; he draws figures about the way I would. Writers are not necessarily any better than those in ETERNITY, but the longer stories give them more to work with. Rating....4

ECCO #3 (Randy Williams, Box 581, Liberty, Mo. Carolina 27298 - quarterly - 25¢) A veritobobble fannish resurgence in the Carolinas. Another digest size -- don't they sell 8½ x 11 paper down there? -- but this one has almost 100 pages, with good artwork and reproduction. Again, it's mostly fiction, but with a few other things -- reviews, columns, letters, etc. Adequate but not outstanding. Rating....5

THE NEW UNKNOWN #2 (Norman Masters, address above - irregular - 25¢ - editor, John Merkel) All fiction, dittoed (not very well), rather small. Rating...2½

QUARK #5 (Lesleigh and Chris Couch, Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri 63010 - quarterly - "available for a letter, contribution, or any similar show of interest.") Leigh Couch has a parody con report -- it seems complete, even including the breakfast menu. (I have never understood why con report writers think other people are interested in what they had to eat, but most of them seem to think they are.) There is material on



rock music, identity and communication, Ravi Shankar, even fiction. Rating.....7

ALPHA #21 (Ed Smith, 1315 Lexington Ave, Charlotte, No. Carolina 28203 - monthly - 20¢)  
A little of everything; fiction, a crossword puzzle, a review of the 1967 prozines, a letter column. All moderately good. Rating.....5

KALLIKANZAROS #3 (John Ayotte, 1121 Pauline Ave, Columbus, Ohio 43224 - quarterly - 35¢)  
This seems the best of the fiction fanzines that I've seen. In addition to the stories, there are articles and commentaries designed to assist budding authors in constructing their epics. (But why does a beard hint at incompleteness, Don? As a natural growth, it should make a man more complete.) Rating.....6

FANTASY NEWS #6 (Harry Wasserman, 7611 No. Regent Rd, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53217 - 35¢ - quarterly)  
Primarily movie and tv news, with book and fanzine reviews and a long letter-column. Seems well enough done, but I don't really know (or care) enough about movies and movie fandom to rate it. (If you do care, by all means try a copy.)

PSYCHOTIC #23 (Richard E. Geis, 5 Westminster Ave, Venice, California 90291 - monthly - 25¢)  
Harlan Ellison tells us how terrible a book Dragon In The Sea is. As usual, he overstates his case, but once you've discounted the Harlanisms, I think he's probably right; the book was no better than a dozen other novels of the same year (well, maybe not a dozen other; there weren't that many novels being written back then). Harlan, of course, says it can't be a novel because it's about machinery; he really believes that emotion is all, and that John Campbell is currently a debit to the field because he no longer publishes fiction that Harlan likes. But you can ignore all that; the meat of the article is that Dragon isn't all that great, which is true. Then Harry Warner defends fan grammar, Earl Evers has a long review of Dangerous Visions, Ted White comments on why promags sell (and why they don't, which is more applicable lately), and there is a long letter column. Excellent. Rating.....8

NIMROD #9 (Al Snider, Box 426, West Covina, Calif. 91790 - irregular - 35¢ and no long-term subscriptions accepted - co-editor, Dwain Kaiser)  
A little of everything; an article on mescaline effects, a con report, fiction, fanzine reviews, a reprint of a quite good Ted Johnstone speech about writing, and long, photo-illustrated reviews of CAMELOT and FINIAN's RAINBOW. Rating.....6

BIAS #2 (Paul I. Lewis, Apt. 9G, 89-15 Parsons Blvd, Jamaica, New York 11432 - monthly - 30¢)  
Pity - after the recent "Eric Blake" fiasco, everybody in fandom who has a Jamaica address is going to be suspected of being a pseudonym of John Boardman; particularly when he publitical/social/etc. fanzine.\*So far it seems to be a pretty good mag; for one thing, it hasn't been around long enough for the arguments to have become repetitious as they have in KIPPLE (give it long enough, and they will), and for another the editors specialize in reprinting news items which are humorous as well as unexpected. (Or at least, I think they're funny.) Rating.....7

\*Just noticed that "publitical" up there. I meant "publishes a political..." and I am not about to corflu out an entire review just to change it.

SPECULATION #16 (Peter Weston, 81 Trescott Road, Northfield, Birmingham 31, United Kingdom - irregular - 2/6 per copy, no subscriptions accepted)  
This issue contains the proceedings of the 1967 British convention; Mike Moorcock's statement on the New Fiction, the Pro-Panel Discussion (Aldiss, James White, Merrill, Moorcock, Disch and Brunner), a review of an Emstwiller film, and the guest of honor speech by John Brunner (who is a lot more convincing in his defense of the new fiction than Moorcock is) The last few pages cover some brief book reviews. Rating.....9

RADIOPHONE #? (Steven Johnson, 1018 No. 31 St, Corvallis, Oregon 97330 - irregular - no price listed)  
A small mag, with more or less light-hearted commentary on sf and related subjects like "Bonnie & Clyde". Could turn into something quite good. Rating 3

NOLAZINE #3 (John H. Guidry, #5 Finch St, New Orleans, La. 70124. - no price or schedule)  
This issue is a memorial to Rosel G. Brown; I'm not sure if extra copies are available or not, but if you're a Brown fan you could write and ask. Short, but well done.



GLAMDRING #4 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024 - monthly - no price listed) This is a checklist of fanzines received; not a review. You can receive it by sending in your fanzine, or by being a fanzine collector, since it is aimed more at collectors than readers.

LOFGEORNOST #5 (Fred Lerner, 98-B, The Boulevard, East Paterson, New Jersey 07407 - irregular - no price) Personal opinion thing; editorial comment and a few letters. I enjoyed it.

THE PULP ERA #68 (Lynn Hickman, 413 Ottokee St., Wauseon, Ohio 43567 - bi-monthly - 50¢) The only fanzine that I know that deals with the entire spectrum of pulp mags; adventure, western, detective, general fiction, etc. (Stf pulps are usually avoided, due to the numbers of fanzines devoted to stf exclusively.) Major item this issue is a review of the Ace Magazine line (forerunner of Ace Books) by Don Wollheim. There is also a review of the book Pulpwood Editor (written by Harold Hersey, published in 1937) and a list of the Hersey magazines, air nostalgia by Terry Jeeves, an article on crippled detectives in the pulps -- thus omitting one of the most famous, Baynard Kendrick's blind hero, Duncan MacLane (or McClain, or something like that) -- another installment of Mac McGregor's survey of THE SPIDER, and letters. Multilith reproduction, with fine artwork (though Prosser's covers, originally in color, didn't reproduce too well in black and white).  
Rating.....8

AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #13 (John Bangsund, 11 Wilson St, Ferntree Gully, Victoria 3156, E.S.W., Australia - bi-monthly - 40¢ - USAgent Andy Porter, address under S F WEEKLY) Probably the best place for serious discussion of stf. This issue turns out to be mostly reviews -- including some Danish and Spanish publications -- but with some articles and letters. 40 pages.  
Rating....8

GRANFALLOON #1 (Linda Eyster, Rm. 5B7, 1060 Morewood Ave, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213 - 30¢ - irregular? - co-ed, Suzanne Tompkins) Editors are looking for material, and are interested in stf (particularly Heinlein, Norton, Tolkien, and "Star Trek") and U.N.C.L.E. (I hope you sent a copy to Ace; they could use a prod in the direction of more U.N.C.L.E. books.) Fiction, reviews of books and fanzines, letters.  
Rating.....4

SOL #43 (Thomas Schlueck, 3 Hannover, Georgswall 5, West Germany - irregular - free for trade or comment - co-editors Mario Kwiat, Guntram Olmacht, Ernst-August Püsse, and Wolfgang Thadewald) Published in English. A sort of review of German fandom: 1967, an article on the Trieste Film Festival, and some more or less personal comments to various people by the editor. Keep up on your international fan news.  
Rating....6

THE NEW NEWPORT NEWS NEWS #3 (Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St, Newport News, Va. 23605 - irregular? - no price listed) A lot of Sharon Towle's poetry (which is not my type - but she does know more about writing the stuff than most fan versifiers do). Also fiction, fanzine reviews, letters.  
Rating...3

ARGH! #1 (Chester Malon, Jr., 4413 Blair Ave, St. Louis, Missouri 63107 - quarterly - no price listed) Oddball humor. Juanita said it reminded her of early Thomas Stratton; I thought it closer to some of the M.I.T. publications. Fannish; somewhat mildly related to science fiction. I generally approve of fan humor -- even bad fan humor, and some of this was reasonably good. Perfect reproduction.  
Rating.....5

Today is Feb. 25; fanzines received after this date can wait for their reviews. I see a few flaws in the rating system; I tried to do away with half-point ratings after the first page or so. Comments are always welcome, but won't change my mind in the least.

#### FOR SALE BY YOUR FRIENDLY EDITORS:

ST-PHILE #1 (50¢) Fifty pages of "Star Trek" material, including Roddenberry's original presentation to NBC. Future issues are under consideration, but advance orders are not being accepted. We have plenty of copies left of this one, however.

JACK VANCE: SCIENCE FICTION STYLIST (25¢) A few copies left of Richard Tiedman's terribly polysyllabic study, with bibliography by Bob Briney. A collector's item?

NEO-FAN'S GUIDE TO SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM (25¢) Bob Tucker's, of how fans got that way and how you, too, can be regarded by your friends as a nut.