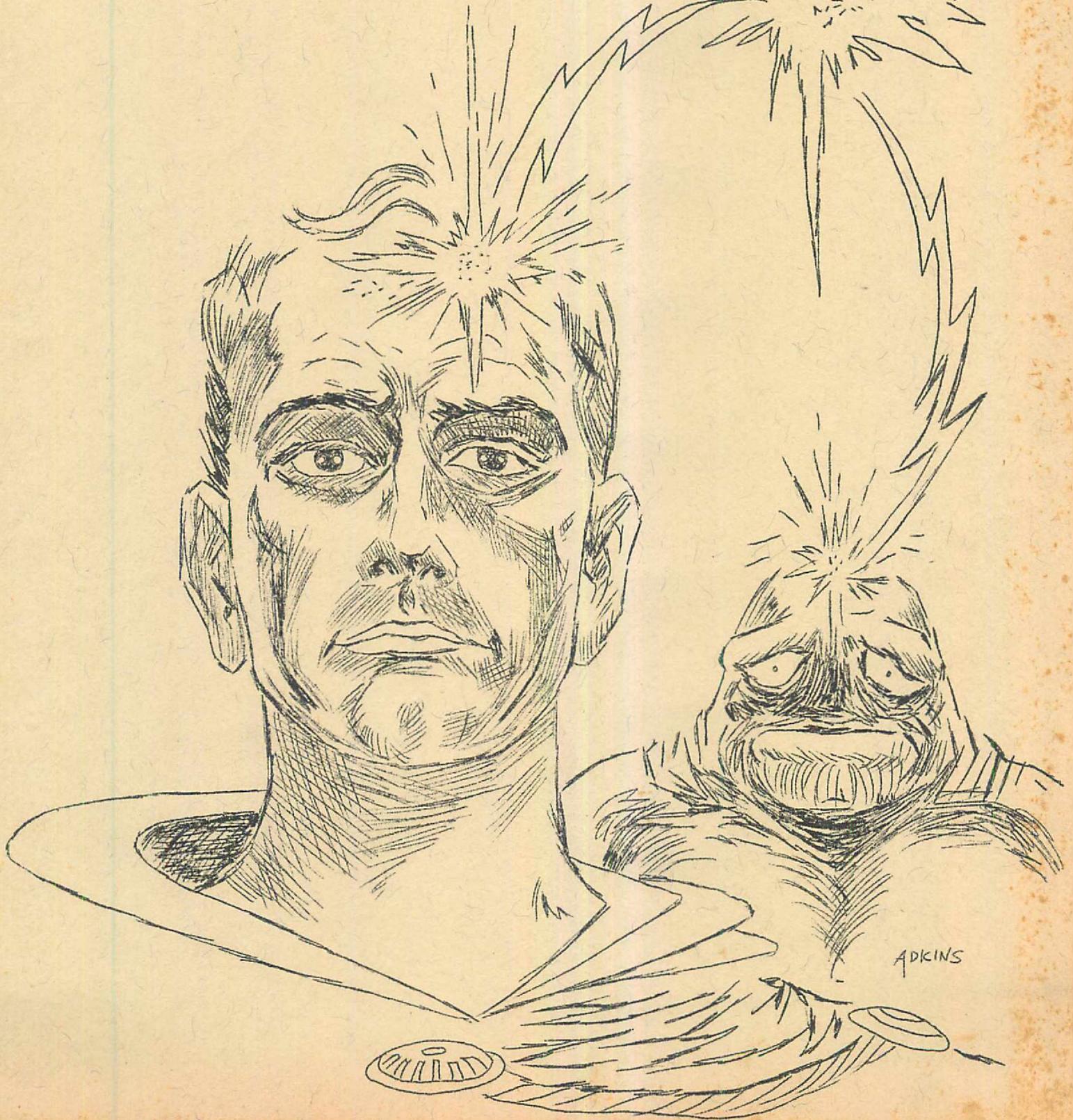
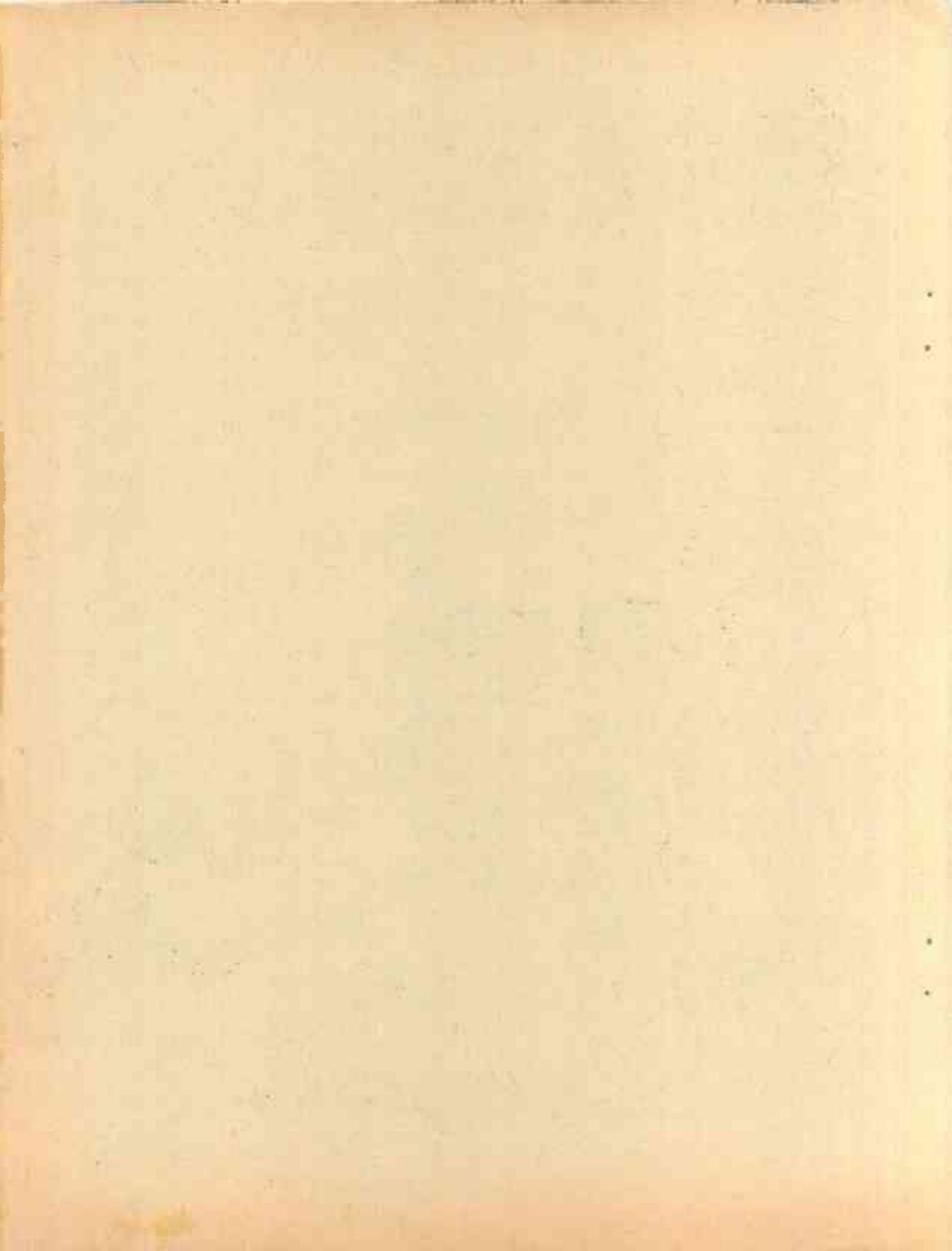


YANDRO

166





YANDRO 166

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- ART WORK -

- Cover by Dan L. Adkins
- Page 1 by - - - Nott & Barr
- Pages 2 & 4 by - - - JWC
- Page 6 by - - - Jim Cawthorn
- Page 7 by - - - Dan L. Adkins
- Page 10 by - - - Arthur Thomson
- Page 11 by - - - DEA
- Page 16 by - - - Richard Flinchbaugh
- Page 17 by - - - Al Davoren
- Page 20 by - - - Robert E. Gilbert
- Page 21 by - - - Dave Prosser
- Page 24 by - - - Jurgen Wolff
- Page 25 by - - - John D. Berry



Well, this hasn't been too bad a mimeographing run so far (it's always possible the machine will have a nervous breakdown in the midst of running these last few stencils).

I might explain, for late arrivals, that the first of the issue is usually the last thing put to stencil --- and particularly my editorial is usually the last thing put on stencil. As it turns out, this time the contents page -- and the two editorial cartoons will be the last things cut.

So far the machine is behaving fine; it's me that's goofing; I tore a stencil for the first time in umpty ump years. Oh, I've torn other people's stencils now and then, usually some weird brand of disintegrate-if-you-look-at-it stencil, or the tag end of an elaborately cut cover illo that shreds away to fairy gold if the least amount of pressure is put on it. Apparently Speedoprint Sovereigns are getting into both categories; they cut beautiful illos, but don't pull them too hard putting them on the mimeo drum (I found out the hard way). The page doesn't look too bad -- correction fluid is certainly a wonderful thing -- but it'll be obvious to the gimlet eyed audience that something went wrong.

We have hopes of getting this issue in the mail tomorrow (says she, giggling and staring at her watch in horror). If it doesn't go in the mail tomorrow, December 30, it'll be mailed in January -- because I have no intentions of hauling 255 copies of this thing up to Milwaukee to mail.

We had Christmas here in Hartford last weekend with the DeWeeses and Bruce's grandparents (one from each side of the family), and now we're spending New Year's in Milwaukee. The four of us do our bit to make the Tri-State Tollway solvent...

Christmas was the usual collection of books, records, and unlikely gifts. I received a Tensor lamp of my own, so I can quit swiping Buck's to do sewing machine work and typing and operating Bruce's microscope....and Bruce finally received a present Hal Annas gave him when he was three years old: a Gilbert Radarscope Erector Set (we thought he was a trifle young when it first arrived). We seem to have permanently warped Bruce: he only asked for one TV advertised gimmick game -- the rest of his loot was books and games, of which there were many. Good thing, too; those things they advertise on TV usually cost out of all reason.

Any chemists in the audience? I'm curious as to why milk products should rot aluminum. Oh, not all aluminum, and I'm not bringing up that old wives' tale about food cooked in aluminum collecting some sort of poisonous substance from the metal and transferring it to the food.

We don't have tv dinners (frozen type) too often, but Buck's dad does; and he discovered I use them as dishes for Bruce. He's at this stage

where he's insistent that every item of food be carefully segregated from every other item -- and additionally he's less likely to slop the stuff all over the table if he's using a dish with a rim, like a tv tray. So Buck's dad made me a present of about five dozen empty tv dinner pans.

Fine, except that for some reason cottage cheese rots holes in the stuff. It seems to have something to do with milk, because I've noticed if mashed potatoes (made with milk) are left in the trays overnight, they too produce large holes. Nothing else, including the acid-reputationed tomato dishes, does this -- just cottage cheese and foods with milk in them.

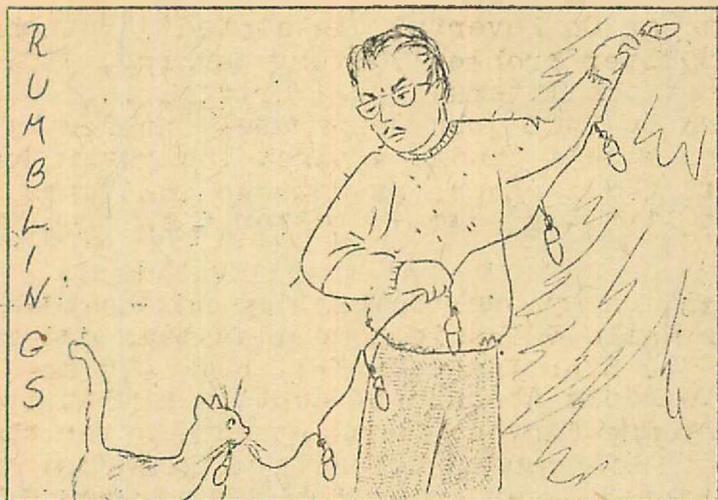
Theories, anyone?

Well someone out there in the nebulous land populated by "They" is listening to me. In the letter column this issue, Buck mentions we received a nice long letter from Roddenberry, and as further part of my bandwagoning, I wrote to Mort Werner, chief something or other in charge of programming at NBC; mostly I was complaining about NBC scheduling a rerun for STAR TREK on December 22, but I sandwiched my complaints between compliments in my best psychologist manner. Back came a very prompt and very polite letter thanking me for my interest, promising me STAR TREK would have a new script come December 29, expressing pleasure that I enjoyed the show, and explaining that network series had to do reruns for various reasons: "bad scripts, illness of a star, weather" etc.

Well, from previews shown last week, I will admit it looks as if STAR TREK may indeed have some weather in the December 29 episode -- but up till now they have been the most weatherless show I've ever seen. Every episode has involved the interior of the ship or obviously painted backdrops or papier mache rocks drumbled all over Desilu's sound stage. We studied that "weather" excuse, and decided maybe one of Desilu's doors got blocked by a mud slide -- or maybe some of the cast and the camera crew got the flu driving thru a cloudburst on the way to the studio... I do see Werner's point, and I'm pleased he took the time to write, but that particular word stood out like a very sore thumb.

None of the domestic crises, that so amuse some of you sadists out there, have occurred, I'm happy to say -- no exploded egg cookers, busted water pipes, mailboxes knocked down by mail carriers. Some one in Hartford City knocked down a concrete wall to break into a supermarket and steal ten cartons of cigarettes, though -- that's all, just cigarettes. Seems like an awful lot of effort to get a smoke; couldn't they have dug ditches for an hour and reached the same end?

I don't think I've used the Adkins cover on this issue before. It came several years ago (Dan tends to send things infrequently but in great globs)...and I think I put it by thinking it was too big to get on the page with a stencil (it may be -- we shall discover when I run the thing later this evening). And it's amazing how much one forgets during 166 issues. I keep coming across illustrations in my "Used" box, and not being able to recall stencilling it, mimeoing it, or seeing it in a finished issue -- but when I go back thru the files for a half hour or so, I eventually find it. I'm taking a chance this time that I won't, and besides, a lot of you are new subbers, anyway...sob sob. JWC



To date, I have received 11 short story lists. I'm waiting until I get a few more (or until I know I'm not going to get a few more) before working out the totals, but some stories have received more than one vote, so there will be a published final list.

We continue to receive things in the mail. Mike Symes sent a copy of FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION, which never did show up around here. (Incidentally, Roy Tackett asked for the address of the publisher -- it didn't show up in Albuquerque, either -- so in case any of the rest of you are

interested, the Lowndes-edited mags -- FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION, MAGAZINE OF HORROR, and STARTLING MYSTERY -- are published by Health Knowledge Inc., 119 Fifth Ave, New York 10003.) Some time ago, Claude Saxon sent Bruce a copy of Cache Lake Country, an "outdoor" book (and a good one) by John J. Rowlands. This one disappeared into Bruce's room and I forgot to mention it. Recommended to armchair naturalists like me.

Reg Smith reports that something titled "Wrestling Women vs. the Aztec Mummy" is making the rounds of tv-movies. (Gene DeWeese simply stared at the title in horror when I showed it to him.....) The Thompsons sent a clipping for a movie titled "Chamber Of Horrors", gimmicked with a "fear flasher" and a "horror horn". Presumably the show is so bad that nobody would know when to scream unless they were told. DeWeese comes up with an announcement of a talk by Professor Yngve of the University of Chicago... on language, not lice. Al Davoren sends a newspaper photo of Tuli Kupfenberg (at a "Love Pageant-Rally" commemorating the California law banning LSD -- I assume the implication is that some people can't love their fellow man unless they're hopped up). Dodd sends a clipping by a British news writer being horrified over the sale of cap pistols. (They're too, too realistic, y'know. That's the sort of thing that makes me oppose restrictions on guns. The anti-gun crowd says current proposed legislation would not hurt honest citizens -- but their implication that they would be willing to stop with current efforts is a lie.) Somebody (George Wells or Phil Harrell) sends an ad for The Rockwell Report -- "George Lincoln Rockwell's Personal News Report To The People". It's published in Dallas, Texas.... I suppose there are decent people in Dallas, but there can't be very many of them.

THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN is now reviewing records, and I must say they have a different type of review. On the Mercury recording of "Wellington's Victory" and "1812 Overture" -- "rings with the thunder of a 12-pound bronze howitzer and two 6-pound field pieces, plus Brown Bess and Charleville muskets." And on the Mercury "The Civil War, Its Music And Sounds" -- "features Battery B, 2nd. New Jersey Light Artillery, of the North-South Skirmish Association". You don't hardly get that kind of review no more.

While I'm on the subject of mundane magazines, I might report the latest example of READER'S DIGEST doublethink. On page 11 of the January issue, in an approvingly quoted article from TIME on "The Truth About Food Prices" is the quote: "Government policy is also a primary cause...A year ago, it reduced the inflow of Mexican braceros who work in U.S. fields and orchards, requiring farmers who hire domestic field hands, who demand higher wages and are reluctant to do stoop labor". And on page 45 of the same issue, in

the article "Laredo Learns About The War On Poverty", is stated: "But what has caused economic havoc is the 'commuter problem'. Every morning, 3500 Mexicans from Nuevo Laredo walk across the International Bridge.....U.S. immigration laws allow these Mexicans to take jobs desperately needed by Laredo men and women." As long as you have a grudge against the government, RD doesn't care if you're consistent. (Or perhaps, as DeWeese mentioned, the page 11 editor failed to consult with the page 45 editor when preparing this issue.)

I have one clipping that I found all on my own. Commenting on the burning of draft cards, etc., it repeats Haile Selassie's mobilization order when Italy invaded his country in 1935. Starting with "all boys old enough to carry a spear will be sent to Addis Ababa." it continues with its disposal of the inhabitants and concludes "Anyone found at home after the receipt of this order will be hanged." Of course, liberals will inform me that Selassie is a nasty old reactionary -- but some of his ideas could be put to good use in this country, just the same.

This is the December issue of YANDRO, and I have hopes of getting it mailed in December, tho you won't get it until January. Next issue is the Annish, and should be larger than usual and contain material by L. Sprague de Camp, Alex Panshin, Alexis Gilliland, Don D'Amassa, James Suhrer Dorr, Bo Stenfors, either Roger Zelazny or Leigh Couch, and possibly a few others. (Note the modifier is "should"; the makeup is not settled as yet.) At any rate, contributors who have wondered what happened to their stuff may be pacified by the announcement.

"Star Trek" appears to be saved. Goodrich and Sieger both quoted VARIETY to the effect that it had been scheduled for the rest of the season, and we have a letter from Gene Roddenberry giving more details. (This will also be in the next issue, unless Roddenberry refuses permission to publish, an unlikely event.) The letters are helping. Keep on writing now and then.

New fans dep't: Don & Maggie Thompson announce an expected arrival next July, and in their Christmas card Dean and Jean Grennell announced the arrival of another boy last October. (You have a long way to go to catch up, Thompsons.)

The only new arrival around here was a contract from Ace Books; Juanita now has until March to produce a novel. (Ace then has 18 months in which to publish it, so don't hold your breath waiting.) We're pretty proud of it -- or at least I am; Juanita is being suitably modest. We can certainly use the money. (Brainchildren have an advantage over the natural kind in that they are profitable.....)

We had our usual quiet Christmas, with an assortment of books and records being exchanged. Bruce has now reached the age where he gets more books than we do, along with an assortment of games. One problem with games; someone has to play them with him, and you get some of the most screwball kid's games these days. "Stratego" isn't so bad, but "Green Ghost" is pretty ridiculous. Oddly enough, the "Batman" game is more adult than the "Wild Wild West" game Bruce got for his birthday, though it's hardly what I'd consider a first-class game. Most kid's board games seem pretty blah, though. Have inventors run out of imagination, or was it really just as bad in the old days and we were simply too young to know it?

Belated Happy Holidays -- Christmas, New Year's, Feast of Tebet or whatever. We'll try to get the next issue out in mid-January, but don't bet on our success.

This Is Science-Fiction?

rebuttal by

STEPHEN PICKERING

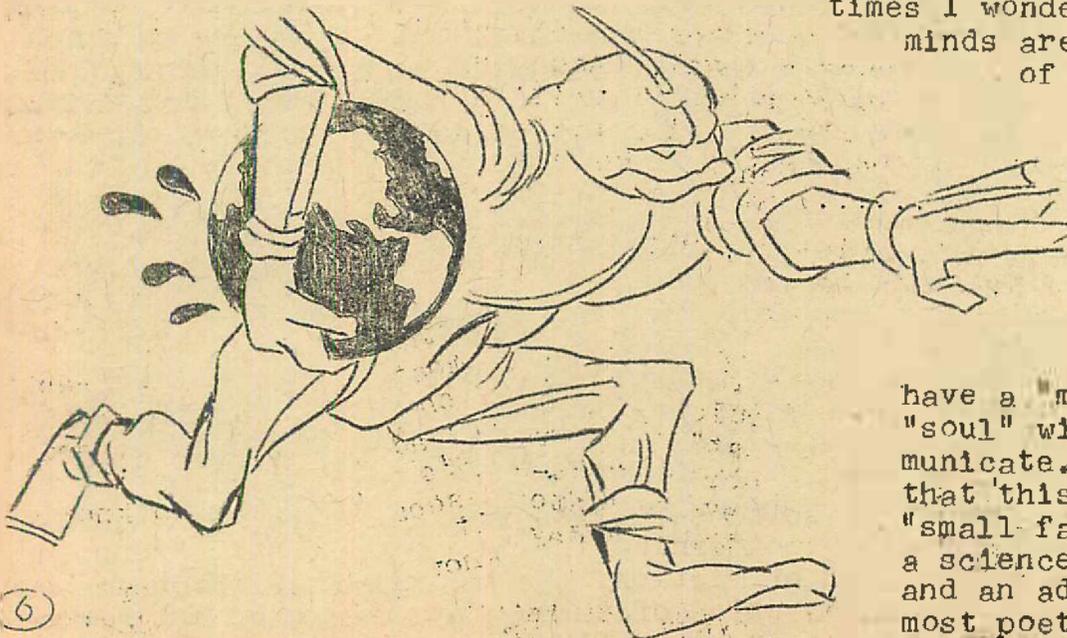
We were quite perplexed by Ben Solon's recent article in Yandro. Whether science-fiction is good, bad, or "significant", the reader is entitled to the services of a critic who knows his subject, has something substantial to say about it, and who knows when to say it. When these tests are failed, then one is favored with little spitballs of superficial, perfunctory rhetoric. And, one of the most disturbing facts about the current science-fiction scene is the fact that critics are no longer critics; they are apologists for prose comic-books in magazines, inanities, and trivialities. And seeing how Mr. Solon is building a reputation for being a cynical apologist in a not-clearly defined school the Yandro article was doubly confusing.

Mr. Solon's title hardly correlated with the content of his article. One would have expected to find, at least, an analysis of the trends which have taken place in science-fiction: the Gernsback period of pseudo-science; the intervening period between Gernsback and Campbell; Campbell's early period; and Campbell's subsequent development into an ill-concealed Birchite; the McCarthy era's effect upon the field's rudimentary anti-intellectualism and its suspicion of original thought concerning social change; the appearance of other factors, etc., etc.

Instead, we have Mr. Solon concluding that science-fiction is "entertainment", that it "isn't about the real problems that confront us today", and that science-fiction, as a whole, "just doesn't make the grade" when "judged solely as writing". And, in one minor, but (we think) significant comment, Mr. Solon states: "Fans and mundanes alike love to brag about their open minds, but sometimes I wonder if these open minds aren't the results of hollow skulls."

He concludes with the idea currently popular among the "critics" in science-fiction, that science-fiction writers do not seem to

have a "message", or a "soul" with which to communicate. Mr. Solon claims that this Lack of Soul is a "small favor". Speaking as a science-fiction reader, and an admirer of the field's most poetic writer, Ray Brad-



bury, I would have to say that Mr. Solon's "small favor" is no small disaster.

What is science-fiction?

Space monster? You can find them in Burroughs.

Utopianism? One need only read Golding's LORD OF THE FLIES for a negative view of our humanistic faith in man's "civilized" nature.

Prose comic books? The recent publication of ANDROID A AVENGER

speaks well of its author's "talents" as a writer of dialogue, etc. (which, we have read, he acquired from "fannish humor" magazines, and not tilting at windmills.)

Anti-semitism? Jules Verne has been cited for using the most low of racial stereotypes.

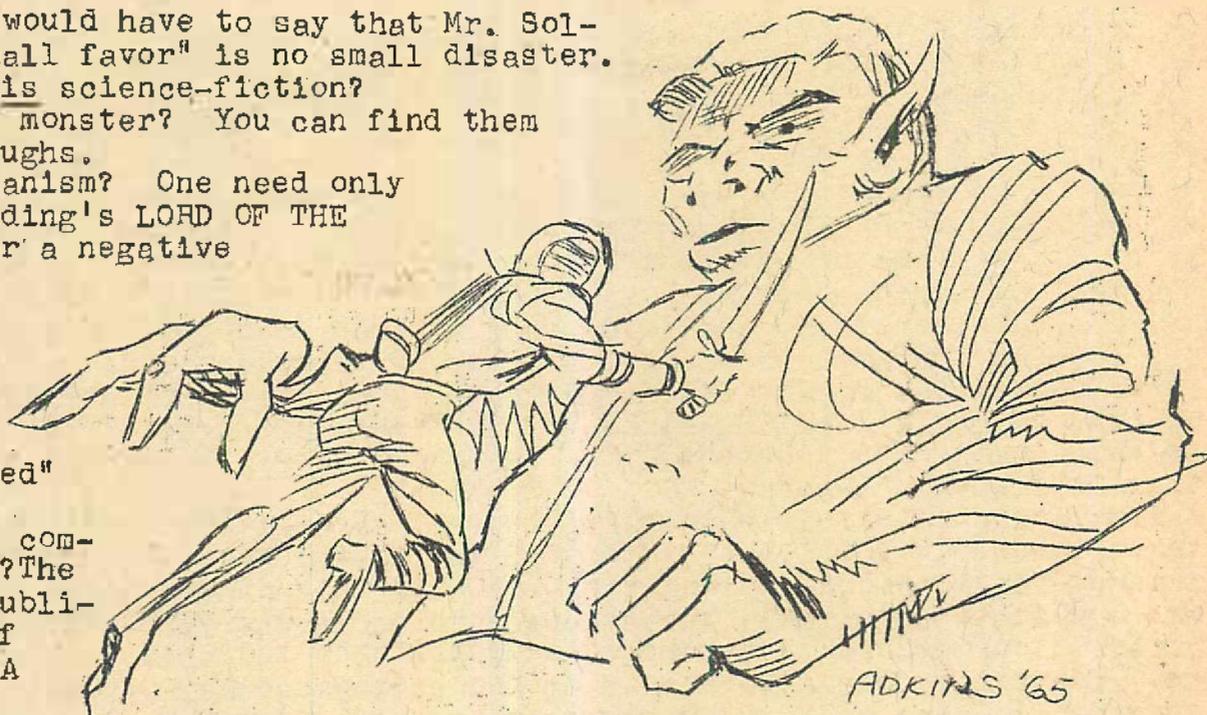
Rightism? One need only read Robert Heinlein for a vilification (so he would have us to believe) of the Left.

Fantasy? Perhaps Tolkien's works (justifiably praised in recent months) or those of Ray Bradbury could be included here.

Ben Solon, then, only reflects his own lack of knowledge, when he bitterly views the fact that significant social commentary is not appearing in science-fiction... but in such writers as James Baldwin, Paul Jacobs, Michael Harrington, etc. They have significant, disturbing Messages. They are writing with their souls, with their teeth on their typewriters. No purple prose. No rhetoric. But, biting commentary, without the cluttering gimmicks of psi, space-ships, and solemn, generally meaningless Analog editorials. But, if Solon wants to draw comparisons with these writers, and the "last stronghold of writers who enjoy telling a story for its own sake", then he is perpetrating a losing case. One almost suspects that Solon (and Ted White, cf. his recent attack against Judith Merrill) is antagonistic toward non-science-fiction writers because these individuals above-mentioned (Jacobs, etc.) are quite concerned with real social issues, and not over some damned squabble about a "real story", with all of the trappings of the "golden era" of science-fiction.

Why is it, for example, that Jacobs, Savio, or Baldwin do not write science-fiction? Baldwin writes, among other things, probing provocative stories, complete with the message that Mr. Solon perhaps does not want to fathom.

The present situation in science-fiction is deplorable; hence, the redundant nonsense emanating concerning the "good old days", "Fannish 'achievements'" in the world of fiction, the many books with comic book plots, and the continuous rejection of those works which do not correlate with idiotic stereotypes of how a literary medium "should be".



Considering the astute analyses written by Judith Merrill, we would have to conclude that the attitudes of so-called "mainstream" writers are not different from those of science-fiction writers, when the latter are not trying to write a "good story" in science-fiction. However, one would have to add a corollary to Miss Merrill's thesis: mainstream writers (the former term is, we think, one of suspicion and inferiority, but we use it for want of a better one) represents the critical, sometimes optimistic, generally cynical element in fiction (and non-fiction). Science-fiction, as often as not, shirks the responsibilities of firm analysis (anyone who could consider Smith's "SKYLARK" series "classics", when such works are naive trash, should go back to school; blind ignorance is hardly a criterion for good judgment), and merely represents the conservative views toward the impact of the present psychedelic revolution. Heinlein's racism, Campbell's psi machines -- this is a "stronghold" for those interested in telling a "good story". Is a good story one in which the writer does not use his senses?

Mr. Solon's article raises, of course, several key questions concerning the science-fiction shene. However, in raising questions, he eradicates the possibilities of rational answers with this nonsense about writing-with-soul not being able to produce a readable story. Perhaps, as Francois Truffaut's FAHRENHEIT 451 seems to masterfully indicate, there will be a new wave of science-fiction during the coming decade. There will not be those sense-less writers (those white-faced priests singing their litanies about "good stories" and "no message" in their prose comic books), but writers who, through their talents and their perspectives, will not only have Messages, but also Souls as to provide examples to live by. If Truffaut and Bradbury can be used as some sort of yard-stick, then the field's present depression will only be an interim to new rejuvenation through their talents, and others inspired by them.

We can only hope so, despite Mr. Solon's smugness.

History buffs and George R. Stewart fans might look up his Committee Of Vigilance, a history of the San Francisco vigilantes of 1851. I got it for Christmas, and it is excellent.

Our special Christmas greeting this time (better late than never) is a Christmas stamp from the National Wildlife Federation. The Federation is an organization worth supporting. It provides wildlife refuges, lobbies Congress for national parks, and in general promotes wildlife and outdoor recreation. The organization magazine, NATIONAL WILDLIFE, doesn't run to any profound articles, but is one of the most beautiful publications produced in this country. (The articles are improving, too.) Sometime when you have \$5 to invest, you might consider it. The group also sells everything from distinctive Christmas cards to children's games. Their stuff is expensive, but worth it if you have relatives who are as hard to buy gifts for as ours are. Address is National Wildlife Federation, 1412 16th. Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20036.



Information for people who are completists; there are 30 different designs of stamps being used here. Have fun collecting them.

THEY SEARCH

The caves are deep
dark
down

into quiet red oblivion.
into horror

The walls glisten
darkly

and only a vision of roses remains

They wait
skin shrivelled in waters falling

Too many dark dreams cross this night
Too many things sound out my soul
They lurk about, Phantasms
Specters
unknown

things

I know too much,
I should not have returned with the things I know.

and the dream carries into the reality

The caves are deep
dark
down

and red oblivion circles into the center
of things seen

The walls glisten
darkly

and only the thought of their coming remains

They wait!
skin shrivelled
in waters falling

I know too much,
I should not have returned. Too many dark dreams. Lurking
Phantasms. Specters.

unknown

They search!

..... *Joseph Adrian Sarno*

A MATTER OF OPINION

fiction by

raymond l clancy

The twirlig was heavy, as heavy as an elephant. Weighing had been a problem because of the numberless spines protruding from the twirlig's globular mass. Those spines were dagger-long, razor-edged, cruelly pointed, and as unyielding as steel.

The twirlig hung heavily, unmoving in the strong sling they had passed around him for the weighing ceremony. But he absorbed the beauty of the desert sunset even while he continued to assess the newcomers who stood about on the colored shifting sands.

They were from Earth, he ascertained, and he remembered then that there had been talk of intelligent life on that planet, whether good or bad no one had ventured to guess. But it had been a long time ago that he went to school.

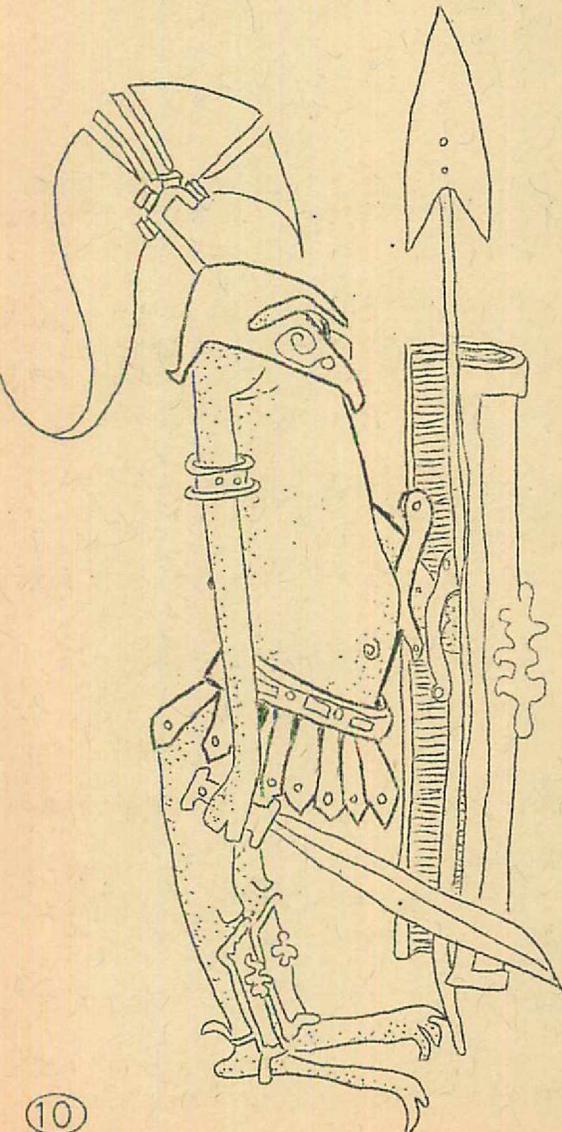
The twirlig gathered that these two-armed bipeds had classified him as a gigantic cactus. Slowly he realized that they thought of him as plant-life, and the realization was very disquieting. It wasn't so much that they might attempt to cut him up for food or for water, or for whatever they used their plant life. It was just the crawling under his skin at the very idea of animal life which did not recognize its own, did not sense its own. The earthlings were intelligent life, but certainly alien, whether good or bad.

The men retreated into their spaceship, leaving the indignant twirlig still suspended from the hook of the weighing machine. He tried to find excuses for animals low enough to leave another animal handicapped in the struggle for existence there in the rapidly chilling night air of the desert. Already, cold winds were beginning to blow!

When the door to the spaceship closed, the wrathful twirlig writhed free from the sling and fell with a bump to the sand. Strange creatures, these invaders!

The twirlig burrowed into the still hot sand, flexing his mighty muscles in rhythmic contractions. Soon he was below the surface, enjoying the life-preserving heat of the sub-soil.

Then he remembered with a sickening feeling that he had mentally classified the guests as invaders. It was a thing to ponder. No twirlig's mental processes had



been so upset for countless generations, he imagined. It was a shameful thing, and he felt very guilty. Even as the chilling blasts rose to gale force over his mighty bulk, he re- resolved to make it up to these creatures -- if they were good, that is. Their alien behavior and puzzling thought patterns left some tiny doubts still.

The twirlig slept, conserving energy, repairing internally. He had wonderful dreams of kindness, generosity, learning, wisdom, courage, self-sacrifice, beauty.

It was regrettable that he missed the glory of sunrise on the desert. But it seemed more prudent and in a sense more friendly to remain quietly under the blown, colored sands when the two spacemen descended from their vehicle and walked over to the

weighing machine. Time enough to give these possibly lovable creatures a royal welcome later when both sides had come to understand each other.

The twirlig was suddenly shocked by the angry noises of the two bipeds.

"Damn it all, Hargrove," roared the taller man, "you've done it again! You didn't secure the specimen in the sling, and it must be under these new dunes someplace. We'll have the work to do all over, you numbskull!"

The twirlig's soul was shaken to its depths by the frenzied anger emissions. But worse was to come.

The other man retorted furiously, kicking at the sand vindictively. "I had no orders to secure it! You're so damn smart, why didn't you give the orders? That's why you're in command!"

The dismayed twirlig sensed the red-flushed cheeks of the taller form against the space vehicle behind him.

"I'm in command because I'm the only one with brains enough to get you all here and back!" he screamed. "You don't contradict me! You don't answer me back when I speak -- you -- you pipsqueak!"

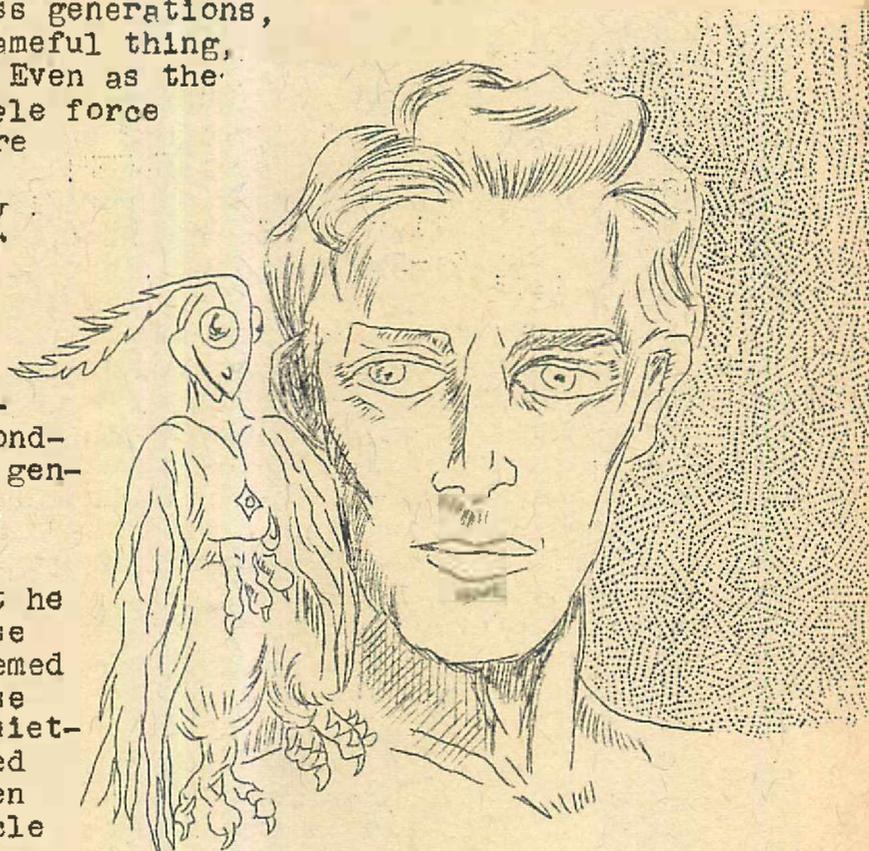
"I've taken enough from you!" roared the shorter figure. "Damn you, anyway!" And he aimed a blow at his companion.

In an instant they were rolling on the sand, kicking, clawing, butting.

The twirlig made his mind up. These creatures didn't even recognize the individuals of their own species. They were mad types, bad! They fought each other. What would they do to his own people if they were given the opportunity?

The twirlig thought of his children, and stirred grimly. If such beings ever got the opportunity, it would be no fault of his.

The sand exploded under the struggling earthlings and the mighty bulk of the twirlig rolled over their bodies, piercing them a hundred times with his deadly spines.



The enraged twirlig hurled his body at the delicately-balanced spaceship and its towering shape toppled to the sand as one of its tripods buckled under the massive assault.

The exit door was undermost. The twirlig paused to consider. He decided that no chances could be taken. Perhaps the others would perish in their long capsule. But they might escape. The twirlig shuddered at the horror of it -- such life at large!

"Danger!" he signaled. "Great danger! Come help me!"

"But will they believe me?" he wondered as he waited, visors never moving from the hate-laden vehicle. "Who could believe it without having gone through it?"

Andy Porter requested that I mention the change in price of his newsletter DEGLER! Now 3 for 25¢ or 15 for \$1.00. (A. Porter, 24 East 82nd. St, New York, N.Y. 10028) So I didn't have a fanzine review column this issue; I need filler.

PLANET POEMS

III: MARS

by Rick Norwood

I am dawn.
The small, pale circle of sun
Long risen
Rides a sky, blue as a swift, icy river
And the still, restless wind
Eager to be away over the land
Whispers to a tiny flower
Snug among the many, varied sand grains
The ancient secrets
Of the young.

Is Congress planning to investigate war games, or something? One of Bruce's Christmas presents was a Milton-Bradley game called "Stratego". The introduction to the rules states "While the pieces have military designs and are maneuvered across the playing board, it is not a war game." (The pieces include Marshals, Generals, Colonels, Majors, Captains, Lieutenants, Sergeants, Miners, Scouts, Spies, and Bombs -- but it isn't a war game.) It will never replace chess, either, but it's not a bad game if you're desperate to get something for a young friend.

WHAT IS LEFT WHEN THE SOUL IS SOLD

by Roger Zelazny

The sting of the startled porpoise,
wetting mulatto the bay's gray belly,
brackish entrails of ocean,
wrapping the mammary reef,
nor all minnow-dried decidua,
festooned of salt excrescence,
shall barter from heaven back
that heaved corpse --
indemnifying eagles
in peristaltic angle --
by felling fleet the flagstaff wing
on folds of stomach slough.

GOLDEN MINUTES

DATING AND MATING BY COMPUTER, by Joan & Leslie Rich (Ace, 50¢) Well, maybe it isn't science fiction, but it's certainly "science-fictional". Rather surprisingly, it's also quite entertaining; the authors provide a brief summary of computer dating in a light, easy-to-read style. Some of the comments are positively fannish. ("And there is the possibly apocryphal tale of a Yale student, one Arnold Follson, who computed out so narcissistic that he was matched with himself." "If you are matched with somebody who digs Cage, you will suffer unless you feel the same way. On the other hand, if you are slightly hard of hearing it will not matter." And a comment on the occasional computer matching of brother and sister: "We don't want to encourage any sibling revelry.....") I expected to give this one a very brief once-over, and I ended up reading every word. Take a look at it next time you're at your friendly local newsdealer's; it may surprise you.

AGENT OF T.E.R.R.A #1: THE FLYING SAUCER GAMBIT, by Larry Maddock (Ace, 50¢) This one, on the other hand, you can afford to skip. I read the entire thing and I'm still not sure whether the author intended to write a humorous novel and didn't quite know how, or whether he intended a serious treatment -- and didn't quite know how. Surely no author could be serious about a line like "Resourcefully, he found a stump and sat down to wait", but unfortunately this was the only funny line in the book, so it could have been accidental. We have flying saucer time machines, secret agents, a friendly alien who attempts the same sort of role as the crow in Peter Beagle's A Fine And Private Place and fails miserably, and all sorts of improbable but unfunny humans.

TIME OF THE GREAT FREEZE, by Robert Silverberg (Dell-Mayflower, 50¢) The first outright stf in Dell's juvenile series. It's fairly standard quality. Not as good as Norton or Heinlein -- for one thing, the characters are too much the boys-novel stereotypes, as is the plot -- but competently written and with an interesting background. The fifth ice age has come and is starting to go, and survivors of nuclear-powered underice cities are beginning to think about coming to the surface again. Worth your time.

INVADERS FROM THE INFINITE, by John W. Campbell (Ace, 45¢) Wasn't it Campbell, some months back, who had an editorial on what a wonderful substance bone was; how it was stronger than steel, ounce for ounce, and so on? Here in the good old days of accurate science (as some fans call them), Mr. Campbell is saying "their bones were pure metallic iron, far stronger than bone." Here is another -- the final, I hope -- Arcot, Morey and Wade novel. Campbell's forte in these early days was that he could write longer and more authentic-sounding descriptions of physical processes than anyone else. They are tedious in the extreme, except possibly to a physicist, but they were perhaps the ultimate expression of the early-day mechanical marvel stf. Every fan should read one, to see what stf was like back then, but if you've read one there is no real need to read a second one.

CONAN THE ADVENTURER, by Robert E. Howard and L. Sprague de Camp (Lancer, 60¢) I have never liked Conan, but after reading sword-and-sorcery novels by people like Howard Cory, Lin Carter, Gardner Fox and Emil Petaja, I begin to see why Conan is so popular. Howard may not be an outstanding

writer, but he's miles above most of the competition. The stories contain enough bloodletting to satisfy the most sanguinary reader, and are free of obvious lapses of logic and grammar. Again, recommended to fans who have not read Conan; fans who have read some of the stories presumably know whether or not they like them well enough to buy more. (I wonder, tho, if someone couldn't make money by packaging Howard stories for the leather-garment-and-whips branch of our deviates -- "Maiden Whipped by Evil Temptress!" "White captive of Negro's Barbaric Lust" "Attacked by Reanimated Corpse!" "Bestial Rites of Acolytes of Lost Religion". No, the themes mentioned aren't dominant -- but they're certainly present, and in this volume they recur often enough to be annoying.

THE MAN WITHOUT A PLANET, by Lin Carter/TIME TO LIVE, by John Rackham (Ace, 50¢) This is Carter's best novel to date; it's about on a par with Gardner Fox or Robert Moore Williams. Plot is fairly basic; Lovely but Misguided Girl holds the fort which guards the one pass by which the Wily But Evil Native Chief can loose his hordes against Civilization. Something by Talbot Mundy, perhaps. Substitute planet for fort, a rift in a nebula for pass, etc. Thoroughly predictable, but not bad fun if you're in a mood for light reading. Rackham makes a gallant but unsuccessful attempt to disguise the fact that the particular mind-substitution which is the entire basis for his plot is totally unnecessary. If the villains of TIME TO LIVE possessed the least vestige of logic, there would be no story. Reading the result is equally unnecessary.

STARSHINE by Theodore Sturgeon (Pyramid, 60¢) A more-or-less new Sturgeon collection. One story, "How To Kill Aunty", is either original or appeared in a detective magazine that I didn't read. (Credits aren't given; shame on you, Don.) It's not even remotely fantasy, but it's good reading. The others are all more or less familiar. "Artnan Process", an early story of interplanetary spies, appeared in Sturgeon's first collection, Without Sorcery. Dated, but fun. "The World Well Lost" appeared in a previous collection, E Pluribus Unicorn, and I believe has been anthologized several times. It's still a good story, and was one of the "taboo-breakers" when it appeared in 1953. "The Pod And The Barrier" first appeared in GALAXY, I believe, during Sturgeon's sickeningly humanitarian period (ugly people have beautiful souls and all that). I'd have been happy to see that one stay buried. "Derm Fool" is a minor but enjoyable bit of nonsense, as is "The Haunt". They're scraping the bottom of the barrel for Sturgeon collections -- but the results are still pretty good. Sturgeon is the one sf writer who actually is as poetic, sensitive, sympathetic and technically skillful as the critics give Bradbury credit for being. Even his worst story (which may well be "The Pod And The Barrier") is worth reading once; his best stories should be re-read as often as you have time for.

UTOPIA MINUS X, by Rex Gordon (Ace, 40¢) I hate novels where the hero spends the entire time battling the entrenched forces of Orthodoxy, only to be utterly defeated and then discover in the last chapter that the whole thing was only a test to discover if he was really Imaginative and Individual and Non-Conformist and Superior enough to be trusted with the knowledge of what's really going on. I didn't find anything technically wrong with this -- except that I'd read it before under about 15 different titles -- but I still didn't like it. Competent, but dull.

STRANGE HAPPENINGS, by Michael Hervey. (Ace, 50¢) "Strange facts". Big drawback is that the author assumes that you know the background of all these happenings, so much of the time he doesn't provide any, leaving me wondering things like who the hell Dr. Gilbert Bogle was, anyway.

GRUMBLINGS

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

One letter of comment deserves another, and since I do have a couple things to say about Yandro 164 I'll pay off in full. (Incidentally, are you as repulsed as I am by the term "LoC" or "loc"? I was talking about this with Ted White recently, and we agreed that it is a vile, an odious neologism -- especially in its verb form, as in "Sorry I didn't loc your last ish." The disturbing thing is that it makes perfectly good sense to shorten an oft-used phrase from five syllables spoken to just one, or from seventeen strokes typewritten to just three -- the same kind of sense that coined "gafia" and "faned" and a host of older fannish terms to which we don't object. Maybe it's just that we were younger when we encountered and got used to those, whereas now we're getting staid and conservative? I'm reminded of a young fan Ron Ellik told me about: a fellow who'd been coming around the local club for maybe three weeks, and who was concerned that he hadn't been invited into the Inner Circle yet. "I know what it is," he said. "It's because I've never pubbed. Heck, I've hardly even loved a single ish, let alone pubbed one." Ron said his head was reeling from the jargon and he staggered off into another room to join a poker game where people would talk English -- i.e., "Hit me," and "Aces full", and "Who dealt this mess?")

Well, anyway, about Y-164:

That Morrow cover on GATES OF CREATION may have been a steal, as Juanita notes, but not in the same sense as Finlay copying photos. Gray is a Gil Kane fan, and he was no doubt just throwing in "The Enchantress" as a side-gag, more a tribute than a steal.

By the way, the newspaper reporter who listed the Tricon chairman as "Ben Jablonsky" was perfectly correct, that being Ben Jason's real name. I'm told his phone number is listed under Jablonsky, which has made it impossible for some fans to get in touch with him by phone, since they always asked information for "Jason".

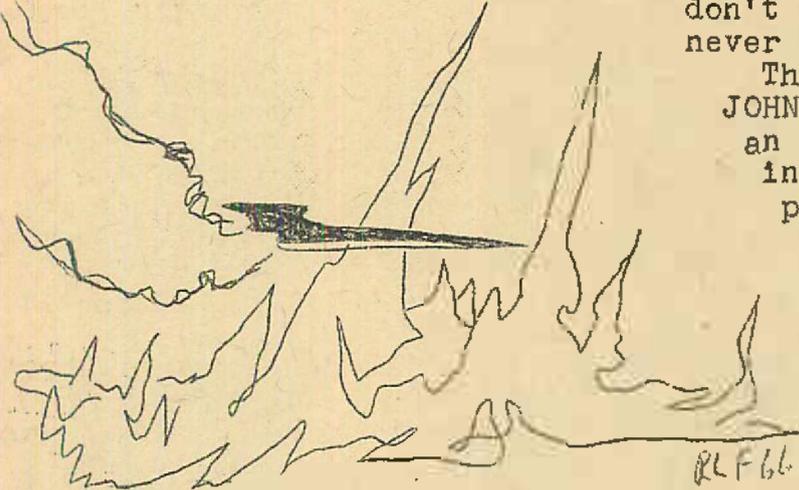
Funny thing about that mixup between McDaniel's U.N.C.L.E. books, which uses Technological Hierarchy for the Removal of Undesirables and the Subjugation of Humanity as the meaning of THRUSH, and the line in a recent Girl From U.N.C.L.E. book by Mike Avallone saying "no one has ever discovered what the letters THRUSH stand for": One reader got so upset about this discrepancy that she wrote frantic letters to both Ace and Signet, to be passed on to the respective authors. Avallone promptly sent the one he got to us, with an acid note telling us, "This is all your goddam fault; you answer her!"

You make a continuing error when you attribute, on page 17, the Ace Star book STRANGE BONDS BETWEEN ANIMALS AND MEN to Don Wollheim. Actually, the Star line is just about completely separate from Ace Books' regular line -- there's a different editor and all. (Evelyn Grippo edits the Star books.) So if you catch any goofs in future "strange fact"

books or any others in the Star line, don't lay 'em at Don's door -- he never sees those books.

That Jonathon Routh book THE BETTER JOHN GUIDE is a sort of followup to an English book Pete Graham spotted in London, THE GOOD LOU GUIDE. Apparently the English guide proved such a success that someone over here decided to try the same thing here.

As for R.F. Smith's comment, "Now if something like Judith Merrill's THE YEAR'S BEST SF came out earlier it might help" in nominating for Best Novelette and Best Short Story Hugos, I



modestly call his attention to WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION, edited by Don Wollheim and some upstart, an annual which appears every March or April, just as soon as we can get it on the stands after reading the December magazines. Not only does it have the time factor on its side, but it's also composed strictly of science fiction -- no fantasy allowed, much less comic strips, poetry, and special space-fact sections. Actually, Don and I started the WBSF series largely in reaction to the Merrill books, because she's been wandering so far afield in recent years that it struck us the field was wide open again for a true science fiction year's best. (This isn't really a complaint against Judy's editing, by the way: a lot of the non-sf and even non-fantasy stories she's published have been memorable indeed, and it's a fact that she's been arguing vehemently with her publishers to take the words "science fiction" off the covers and promotional copy for her books to avoid false advertising.) Now, of course, there's the annual Nebula Awards volume from Doubleday, but again, it comes out much later than our book -- and, with the necessity for printing the short novel winner each year, its wordage for short stories and novelettes is limited to something less than representative. I think there's room for all three books.

[Gee, I didn't realize that Ace was big enough to rate more than one full editor... Actually, now that I think of it, most of the odious retitlings (the ones calculated to appeal to nut cults, as opposed to commercial retitlings which remain more or less true to the nature of the book) have been in the Star line, rather than the sf books. But since Don has a reputation -- deserved or not -- for retitling books, I assumed that the Star title changes were his work also. Apologies.

To tell the truth, I was never much taken with "gafia", either, tho I've used it. Or "thish" or a lot of the other bits of fan slang. "Loc" does seem more than usually repellent, tho; apparently the word simply has an ugly sound to it. RSC

/ It wasn't "Ben Jablonsky" that bothered us -- it was the other things in the article: Roddenberry's name misspelled; reference to "Lee Nimoy"; describing Irwin Allen as gaining respect for sf in drama form (!); categorizing both TIME TUNNEL and STAR TREK as involving movement backward and forward in time -- the article was really unbelievably inaccurate and just plain sloppy writing from beginning to end. JWC/

L. Sprague de Camp, 278 Hothorpe Lane, Villanova, Pa., 19085

The article Mr. Blake asks about (Yandro 161, p. 21) was "You Too Can Be a Nostradamus", published in Esquire for Dec. 1942.

Regarding the American Revolution, many of the rebels fought with rifles far superior to the British smoothbore Brown Bess. But what really did the redcoats in was that British politicians thought of American states as about the size of British counties, & tried to subdue an area nearly 4 times the size of Britain with a couple of little armies of one or two thousand men. The British won most of the battles, but as fast as they stamped out the rebellion in one place it broke out in another, and they couldn't march about the land fast enough to keep it all under control at once.

Readers of Yandro might be interested in the following item of news: the first 2 vols. of Lancer Books' PB series of the Conan stories of Robt. E. Howard are now in press. Frank Frazetta is painting the cover pictures. It is expected that CONAN THE ADVENTURER will appear Nov 22, 1966, with CONAN THE CONQUEROR to follow early next year. The remaining vols. in the series are still involved in litigation between Howard's estate, Björn Nyberg, and myself on one hand & Martin Greenberg and Gnome Press, Inc., on the other. The series will include 6 unpublished stories found by Glenn Lord in Howard's papers, one complete & the rest fragmentary but completed by Lin Carter (1) or me (4).

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

I found Otis Adelbert Kline's JAN OF THE JUNGLE very enjoyable reading. Sorry to say that TARZAN AND THE VALLEY OF GOLD has to be one of the worst Tarzan novels that I ever read. Also think the Tarzan TV series was a big dud -- I don't care for Tarzan's so-called new image. Tarzan belongs in Africa fighting savages and Arabs -- I also think that Ron Ely makes a silly-looking Tarzan with his blond tresses. When are they going to find a suitable Tarzan? One that don't grin all the time. I am very unhappy about the whole situation.

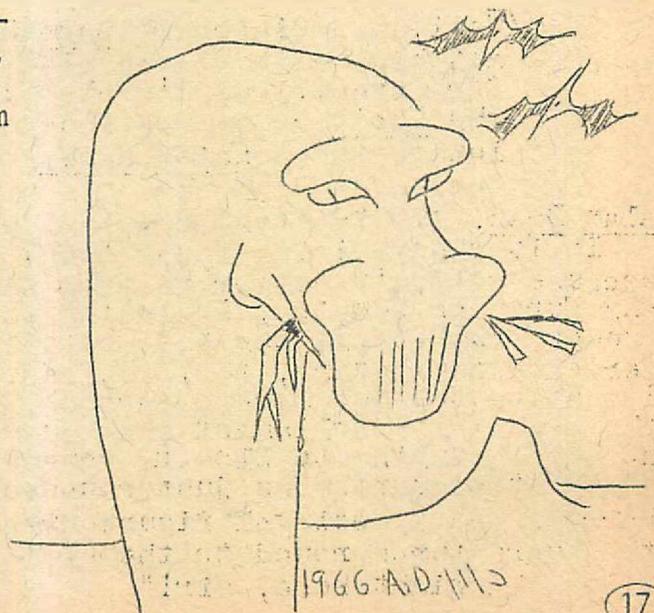
J.A. McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada

Many thanks for Yandro #164 received today. Please tell Ruth Berman that the answer to her question in the letter column is "No"; and that the same question has been asked by at least 10% of the active Postal Diplomacy players in the country. Although David "Iilya K." McCallum comes from western Scotland as did my grandfather; however, that is not surprising, as all McCallums, MacCallums, M'Callums, McCollums, and other variant spellings spring, eventually, from Argyll.

∟ And as I believe the prefix "Mac" or "Mc" translates roughly as "son of", and as the name seems to have various spellings, I wonder if the original might not have been "Gollum"? Any hobbits in the family tree? RSG

John Brunner, 17d Frogna1, London, NW3, England.

Thank for Yandro. Usage regarding possessives on proper names... Correct



is to put the 's after any singular name where you'd do so on an ordinary word (e.g. Mr. Jones's hat, the boss's left foot, Moskowitz's loud voice, a jackass's bray); and the ' after any plural (e.g. the Joneses' new car) - except, says the "Rules for Compositors and Readers at the University Press, Oxford", where this would result in three consecutive zuzzes: i.e. i.e. you write 'Moses' beard, not Moses's beard. As for sewage disposal, someone must tell the good folk around Arthur Kill of the neatest, most economical sewage purification system I ever heard of, which I ran across in New Scientist lately. You mix with seawater and drop in two electrodes; the salt electrolytes and the chlorine does your disinfection. Cost for chemicals, nil. But you need a lot of current, of course.

Terry Carr (address earlier)

Hey, Buck, since you were one of the people complaining when Ace didn't give specific original-publication credit on serials reprinted from magazines, you might at least pay attention when we do take care to be exact. Most of THE EYES OF THE OVERWORLD was in F&SF, yes, but one of the chapters -- Chapter Two, GIL -- was left out of their series. That's why we were so specific about naming each chapter they'd used. And actually, I think the chapter they dropped was better than a couple they did use, so the Ace book has a small bonus over the F&SF series.

/Why do you keep expecting me to be fair and honest and above-board?
RSC/

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

In your review of Zarathustra in Y163 you mention the article on the mathematical theory of big-game hunting... Somewhere or other. I saw a copy of the fanzine, and noticed this article. I also noticed that (at least in the copy I saw) there was no acknowledgment of the fact that it was reprinted from one of the professional mathematical journals of about 20 years ago. I first encountered the article when I was an undergraduate; it is quite widely known among mathematicians (and you are right, it is funnier to a mathematician than to a layman). There was a corresponding article in one of the Physics journals, giving applications of various physical theories to the big-game hunting problem.

What do you think of those Frazetta covers on the current issues of Monster Mania and Eerie? Wow! I even bought a second copy of Monster Mania to get a copy of the cover for framing.

/Well, my opinion of Zarathustra just went down several notches. I'm all in favor of resurrecting things like this for fandom, but I'm also in favor of being honest about it. The Eerie cover was indeed lovely, I don't share your opinion of the Monster Mania one, tho.
RSC/

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

Is it Thanksgiving today then? I never can remember that and Hallowe'en because we don't celebrate them here; we have less public holidays than any European country, including the Communist ones. I did read with the squeeze and everything they are discouraging any look at longer holidays here for the future, too. Unless anyone assassinates the government. Did I mention the Guy Fawkes cartoon, which showed the traditional search under the Houses of Parliament each Guy Fawkes Night, November 5th, to insure no one is trying to blow up Houses of Parliament as he tried to do? And one of the guards has just rounded the corner to find a pile of gunpowder barrels and a Medieval figure dressed up, lighted fuse in his hand -- and the guard turns round to the officer way back behind him and sez: "Everything all right here, sir!"

There was an episode in THE GIRL FROM UNCLE - "The Mother Muffin Affair", with Karloff playing an old lady and set in present-day "London": with gas-lit streets, police in 1900 vintage uniforms, trucks with left hand drive steering wheels, a London bus with no roof on and people sitting up on top (Circa 1914, I guess), and there was a slot machine operated by a halfpenny! I'd like to see you get anything that could be operated by a halfpenny here today -- including a public toilet. What a quaint olde place this is I live in; I'm really glad the old lamp-lighter comes around at night, otherwise I'd never be able to see my way through this endless, cor not 'arf I wouldn't like.

John L. Robinson, Jr., 8 Porter Avenue, Rumford, Maine

No, the Jim Williams of ConFame, or infamy -- take your pick -- and James W. Williams, Jr. are not the same person. JWW, Jr., my co-editor, (of an ish we hope to have out in January), continues to be assailed with comments such as -- "Say, weren't you in fandom in the 50's", or "...obnoxious at the '56, '57, '62, and '65 conventions?" Uh-uh, another guy is this Jim Williams. There's another guy running around claiming to be John Robinson, a Prof or something; note the absence of a middle initial or Jr. (he isn't my father, or grandson, for that matter). No connection whatsoever. At least he hasn't given me the bad name the other Wm: has put on Willy.

Note: why don't they change the name of that series to Smith & Robot and get the whole bunch back to some kind of civilization?

On robots: It's a crime that U.S. movie makers haven't been able to do something with Asimov's robots. Fans will most likely scream that the robot themes and the laws of robotics would be demolished by Hollywood; but what is this in comparison to the Soviet film now being made that is taken from an Asimov story, featuring Robbie (again, no relation) -- speaking English, no less, while the rest of the cast speak Russian.

I found your #163 issue almost uneventful. Anything by Stephen Pickering is enough to anger me. Like Marshall McLuhan he has some good things to say and an egotistical, and vague, way of saying it. How about some good 10% words and phrases?

In #164: EEE spent too much time on the fire. I think Ultimate is a better choice for a boycott, because there are more injured parties, for one. Who was going to put out ERB and JRRT in easy-to-get editions before Ace? Legal or immoral? The ERB image was probably raised by pbacking and Tolkien's was lowered by the 15-25's.

Fandom seems to run to doubles; two Al Lewises, two John Berrys, a current and an "ex" Don Thompson, an Ian Macaulay and an Ian McAuley, and now two Jim Williams and two John Robinsons. RSC/

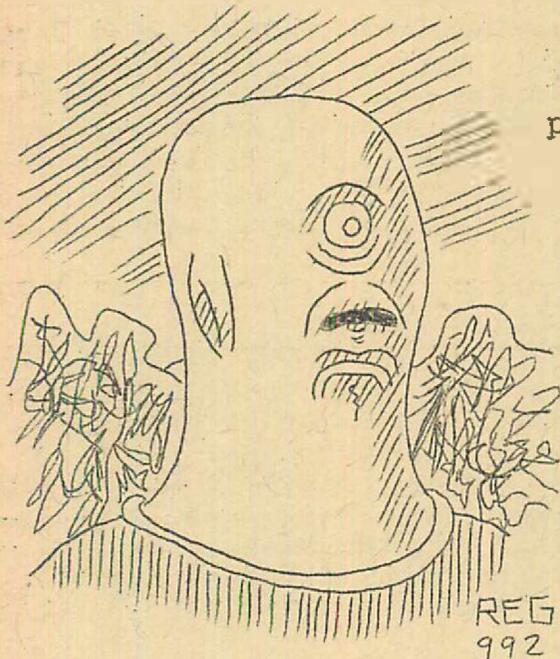
Lewis Grant, 5333 S. Dorchester Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, 60615

I was reading a fashion writer who said that the development of new synthetic fabrics was causing the converging evolution of lingerie, swim suits, sports clothes. You will see a young lady in a spotted or striped suit, and you won't know if it is a lycra swim suit or if she has stripped down to her jocks.

Did you hear about the new birth control devices Westinghouse is working on? They are called "hair brakes".

In the last Yandro, someone commented that a lot of the young hip types were sitting at the feet of Marshall McLuhan, and Timothy Leary. I can see why; they are giving answers to the confusion that the younger generation is in, and people like this, even if the answers are no good.

I have heard McLu and Leary speak on FM. After roughly a year of



trying to figure out what McLu is talking about, my opinion remains the same; he is a man of great perception who has made some very interesting observations, but his brain power is not sufficient to explain those observations. I think of him as another Mesmer, who observed hypnotism, but didn't know what it was. The fuds of the day attacked Mesmer because he had the obviously wrong answer, but they never got around to coming up with the right answer. As a result, we still don't know much about hypnotism.

As for Leary, I think he is a dangerous man. He is fooling around with a dangerous drug, and getting other people to warp their boxes. I think the government should rush investigations into LSD and all the other psychedelics, for one reason: The govt. will not be able to stop their production or importation, so they will have to be handled on another basis than prohibition. While LSD is harder to make than some people think, it is easy enough so that quite small

labs can turn enough out to send the whole country off on a joyride. And, there are other psychedelics, such as dimethyltryptamine and friends, which are a lot easier to produce. I read one article in Science which said that there are about two to three hundred hallucigens known, and more getting off the boat every day. For the past hundred years or more, chemists have been making new drugs and trying them on rats, etc., They were then tried on human beings, and three days later tossed on the shelf because they caused hallucinations. Now, they're pulling these things off the shelf and going over them to see what kind of hallucinations they cause.

Leary made a comment that we don't ban alcohol, even though it is a dangerous drug, so why should we ban LSD? I agree that alcohol is a dangerous drug, and I am sure the reason the last ban didn't stick is because it is too easy to make. As the joke went in 1933, some still had a little, and some had a little still. But I don't think it is too logical to say that as long as we are letting the kid play with matches, why not give him a stick of dynamite.

I have pessimistic thoughts that maybe one reason we haven't (I think) been contacted by some interstellar race is because the chances are high that every sentient race capable of building starships is composed of complex carbon compounds, and for every such race, there are two or three analogs of LSD, which they get to first.

One thing I thought up while writing an aborted paper on the SST is that the electric media make communication competitive with transport. Before the telephone you got a call for help from someone out in the field. You sent him a message telling him what to do. However, before he got the answer to problem A, it had evolved into problem B, and he sent off message B about the fact. You never had a real feedback loop, especially when letters took two weeks or more to cross the Atlantic. The only thing to do was to get on a train or a boat and get close enough to the problem to produce an answer before the problem changed. Now, you are close enough 12,500 miles away.

Another thing electric media have done is squeezed the present so it disappears. A hundred years ago, "the past" was a region of time well before your time, and the "future" was well ahead. The present was a long

time. You were born in the present. The future would begin right after you died.

Today, with our different way of looking at time, we think of the past as a tenth of a second ago (as Asimov pointed out in "The Dear Dead Days" if that is the proper title) and the future is quite soon. In fact, the theoretical limit of this is where there is no real present! it is a dimensionless epoch between the past and the future. Everything we know, see or hear is in the past, because it took a finite time to get us from when it started, and everything we do is in the future, because our motor nerves take a finite time to act. Wake up, Americans, stop living in the present!

I hear Macbeth won a pile at Baccarat last night. He kept looking across the room and shouting "Banquo!"

The Sun-Times today had an interesting report from South Africa. It said some doctor was putting women in vacuum suits which made their babies brighter. (I found the clipping, so it is enclosed). The only trouble with letting them wash the family car at 2½ is at 5 they'll be borrowing it.

Can you imagine what will happen if the thing really works? One reason I am interested in it is because I saw the same report at least a year ago, so if it is still going after a year there might be something to it. Also, if it is true, I suspect that the change is permanent. I can't think of anything which would make you brighter for 2½ years, and then go pop, while I can see that giving the brain better blood flow, more oxygen, etc. would make it develop better. The present model baby was designed two million years ago to be viable in a mother that had to run from lions, etc. Modern science should be able to make some improvements.

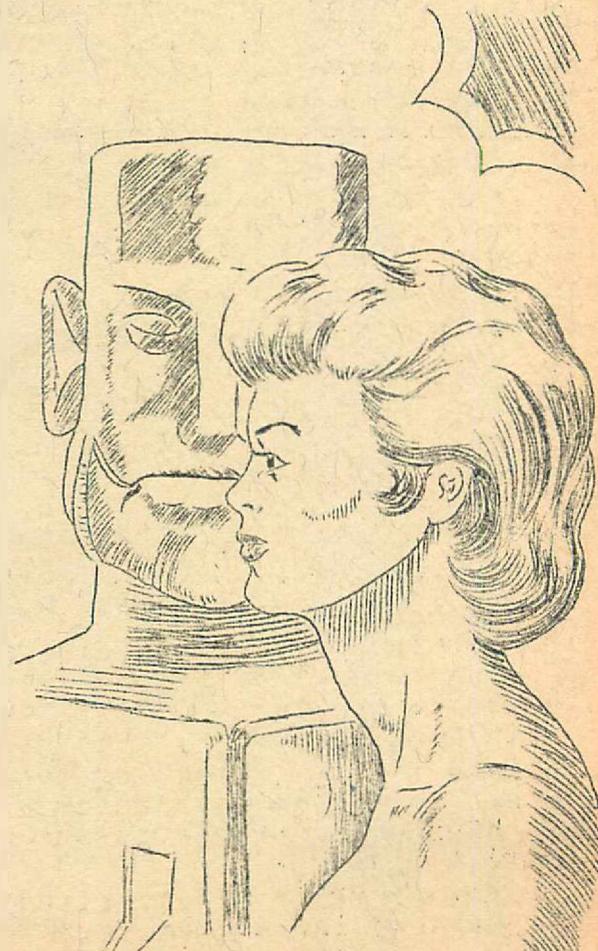
When you combine this with "pressure suits" which squirt the baby out in record time, with less brain damage (and which might be the same suit with controls changed), the 1967 model baby might not be just a facelift.

Very irritated at the RC because it didn't push calendar reform fast enough. The next date to change to the World Calendar is 1967, and I don't think we are doing it in less than a month. The next date is 1973, which is a long time to wait, unless we change in the middle of a year.

The current Look has a very good article on the RCBC problem. To wit, if Pope Paul comes out for birth control, he loses a lot of Catholics. If he comes out against, the Church loses a lot of other Catholics. If he says nothing, there is a big uproar. Maybe the best thing for him to do is visit the Holy Land again and try and get a sunstroke on the road.

Mike Symes, 26 Cedar St., Mattapan, Massachusetts, 02126

Although I think that more fans read the prozines than the ordinary



stf reader, who concentrates mainly on paperbacks, I don't think fandom could make a sizeable dent in Ultimate, because not everyone would join the boycott. I will for my own satisfaction, futile tho it may be; and despite the SFWA ban, I'll bet some pros (particularly the obscure ones) will still write for them.

The girl on the cover of THE GATES OF CREATION is not quite the "Enchantress". The clothes she's wearing are the Enchantress's, but if I remember correctly, the Enchantress is blonde. This girl has black hair.

While I'm at it, I may as well say I hate the new method for cover illos on paperbacks, the messy chopped-up photo and op art design. Take a look at the cover of Bulmer's WORLDS FOR THE TAKING, the new Ballantine edition of A CASE OF CONSCIENCE, THE LONG RESULT and a few others. They look like some 3-year old was let loose with a pile of back issues of Life, paste and scissors. I guess the reason for this is that at present this type of ~~XXX~~ art is "in". I hope it's soon "out". Two copies of Galaxy pub. co zines have covers using photos; the August 66 WoT and Dec 66 Galaxy, both done by Wenzel. Wenzel used someone in a spacesuit for both illos, or rather photos of the same person in the same suit, but in different positions. I must admit that the effect the Galaxy cover makes is good, but this isn't one of the messy types.

The latest, #3, issue of Flash Gordon is written by Bill Pearson, who from my ~~XXX~~ miniscule knowledge of past fandom, edited Sata with Dan Adkins. Anyway, one of the characters is named Cazadessus. I'm surprised at the number of names from the SField that filter into comics, especially those written by Gardner Fox.

THE WANDERER is as good as anything Heinlein wrote. I can't say much for THE BIG TIME, which I thot was pretty bad. THE EYES OF THE OVERWORLD has the rottenest ending, tho it may have been well deserved by the hero/villain, since DREADFUL SANCTUARY; otherwise it's a fairly good book.

Liked Juanita's dog-deer on the cover. Strange that Jerry Sohl, who wrote that 'First Contact' story for STAR TREK, also wrote Frankenstein Stomps on Obscure Parts of Japan.

THE WANDERER is not neither as good as anything Heinlein ever wrote, so there. Sohl is gradually learning how to write, and about time. His earlier stuff is incredibly bad. RSC7

Mike Deckinger, 25 Manor Drive, Apt. 12-J, Newark, NJ, 07106

"The People Trap" was inept and in no way comparable to STAR TREK, but it had a few good moments to it. The biggest fault was not permitting Robert Sheckley to write the script, and instead using the questionable talents of Earl Hamner, Jr., who mesmerized Rod Serling into allowing him (Hamner) to grind out half-dozen trite and trashy tales for the late TWILIGHT ZONE. However, in the interest of fair criticism, have you ever tried to climb up, over, and down a two-hundred story apartment building in three hours. Let's maintain a level of reasonable consistency -- don't blame someone else's lack of achievement before trying the same thing yourself.

The play deserves some kind of award; if not for quality then for sheer bravery. In one swift scene you can see the words "birth control" on a banner. Getting television to admit that the overpopulation problem exists and to further offer the only solution, albeit hastily, is victory on a minor scale, but victory nonetheless.

"Gorman" by Ed Gorman had a nice glib title that was better than the varied content. The first anecdote made practically no impression at all on me. There's hypocrisy all over the place and searching it out is unnecessary; inevitably it comes to you, as Ed shows. The incident should have been more candid, longer, and with a less frantic writing style. For-

get the rush, the speed, the overpowering push to get everything down on paper before it's forgotten. Similarly, the "ad" was a complete failure because the "sonofabithr" is an incomplete depiction of Paul's reaction. All the things that could have generated the epithet: Paul's discovery that he's on the road to cultivating lung cancer, that he's stubbed his toe, that someone has discovered an LSD/nicotine derivative, and he's just been flung on a smoke-induced trip that has him delirious with delight and surprise, are open questions. What's with Paul, anyway? Is he afflicted with a compulsion causing him to shout profanity into tv cameras?

Earl Evers takes the long way around before making his point, and then repeats himself a few times. But I think his point is valid and I share his sentiments as to the value of a boycott. I also tend to question whether or not the SFWA has the right and jurisdiction to order all members of this group not to submit anything to Ultimate Publications. What happens to the write who objects to this restriction, sends a manuscript to Sol Cohen, and has it accepted? Does Damon Knight dash over to the residence of the offending author and smash his typewriter to little pieces? Boycotting a publication, in the sort of situation Evers describes, can primarily result in the personal satisfaction of knowing you are not contributing your 50% to the publisher, but I'm sure these isolated cases have no effect of economic pressuring.

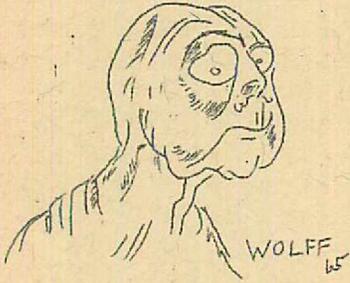
Did you know that there is a do-it-yourself kit for the moppets, which they can make shrunken heads with? Evidently you pour some gunk in a mold, and when it hardens you get the head, which miraculously shrinks to less than half its normal size ("just like the way it's really done"). When this delightful change has occurred, the heads can be painted with the watercolor sets supplied with each kit. You get some facsimile hair that can be attached to the scalp, and presumably an aerosol spray to give it the homey, putrifled stench that no shrunken head can be without. Then it's up to the toddlers to take their prizes and use them as decorations, good luck charms, or just to wear around the house.

You may not realize it, but one of the unique delights of Yandro is Gene DeWeese's film reviews. The moviemakers turning out cheap and worthless flicks are actually doing us a service, because they give De Weese an opportunity to write a review that is undoubtedly far superior to the film in question. (Though I recall Tucker had a pretty good one of VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA about 1961). If you ever reprint anything, reprint DeWeese's letter in which he reviews some Marty Robbins' western.

Television has always been a static, imitative medium, and I can't foresee the evolutionary trend progressing to an adult sf series in 20 years, which Claude Saxon optimistically describes. If TIME TUNNEL is a success (and it probably will be) then in the succeeding years we will probably see the advent of new series of identical natures, on the same mental level as the prototype. The only progression may be in the superficial elements of the stories, the basic level will of necessity remain the same, since a dosage of adult programming would alienate too large a potential buying audience.

I have worked my way thru three solid city blocks of packed humanity during holiday rushes, and I still insist the two characters in "The People Trap" could have worked their way around the building -- instead of climbing over -- in considerably less time. (Not as stupidly dramatic that way, admittedly, but much more practical and logical.) And as far as I know, SFWA is asking its members to boycott

Ultimate, not ordering them. JWC7



Ben Solon, 3933 N. Janssen, Chicago, Ill., 60613

Off hand, Buck, I'd guess that there are two reasons for the stf field's shift in emphasis from short fiction to novels in the last few years: economics and maturity.

With the current boom in stf book publishing, it is far more practical (to say nothing of profitable) for an author to write one full-length novel than it is for him to write five or six short stories. A novel can be sold to a magazine for anywhere from \$1200 to \$2000; hard-cover publication may bring anywhere from \$500 to \$1000; book club sales another \$500; and pb publication yet another \$500. That's \$1700, a tidy sum in any language. Short fiction, on the other hand, is rarely seen outside the magazines; for every short story anthologized, ten or more remain buried in The Stacks.

And the field is maturing; stf writers are dealing with themes which demand greater plot and character development than is possible within the framework of a short story; some ideas can't be compressed into a few thousand words...

I heartily applaud Ted White's comments re Roger Zelazny's abilities; truer words were never written. His remarks on significance, however, are a horse of a different hue...

Now I don't hold with the idea that a writer has to be Significant before his fiction is worth reading; story-telling ability, as Ted points out, is far more important than the author's message. But significance isn't an unmitigated evil, either.

If a writer has something to say about our society or about the human critter in general, and if he can make his pronouncements within the framework of his story and in an entertaining manner, he should by all means speak out. Social criticism is a legitimate direction for stf to travel in. What I think Ted objects to is not significance par se, but significance as an end-in-itself. And here I agree with him; significance is bad only when the message becomes more important to the author than the vehicle for that message, the story.

Willem Van den Broek seems to have missed the point of my article. I quite agree that there are no absolute standards by which a book can be judged; I also agree that there are many stories--stf and otherwise--which have little or no merit by orthodox literary standards but which are enjoyable nonetheless.

This is all beside the point.

The point is this: There is a large body of fictional technique available to any would-be writer, the competence of a writer--aside from his talent--is measured by his mastery of this technique; his talent is measured--in part, anyway--by how much he adds to the existing body of technique. Now God knows I don't expect every stf story I read to be written in singing, flawless prose and plotted with attention to the most minute detail; indeed, some of the finest stories I have ever read have little or no plot at all: Vance's DYING EARTH tales and Zelazny's THIS IMMORTAL. What I do expect is that a professional writer will know no less than I do about fictional techniques.

I don't ask for perfection, just minimum competence.

I think you'd better check your addition there--or maybe what you intended to say wasn't what you said, inasmuch as book club sales are even less universal than short story anthologies and collections. RSC7

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road, NW, Albuquerque, NM, 87107

I'll tell you about this boycott Ultimate thing--I feel about it the same way I felt about the boycott Ace thing: Bullish. If Ultimate comes up with something I'm interested in I'll buy it. I don't know what Cohen's Ultimate goal is (other than to make money) but I do know that he kept two sfzines from being discontinued for which I offer him thanks. If the pros have a beef about his payment policies, they can take legal action; but that's their problem and no reason for me not to buy the zines if they interest me.

Trouble is that Fandom is becoming infected with organization men. They're always trying to organize us into something. Let 'em go join NSF.

/Personally, I would have been happier if Cohen had let the mags die. Now I refuse to pay his outrageous prices for the sort of crap he's publishing, while my collector's soul writhes at the thought of all those issues not being added to the collection.

RSC/

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

Agree with Deckinger about TIME TUNNEL, But: the things he picks on them for aren't legitimate gripes. Of course the Tunnel doesn't work too well and is not ready for use. That is exactly the point the entire first episode made. It was only this idiot Darren who jumped the gun, not the people in charge of the project, as Mike seems to think.

You saw "The People Trap"? Did it strike you that, if we get into a situation like that, it will be people like the hero and his wife who will cause it? Rather surprised they had that unhappy/happy ending.

Leland Sapiro, Box 82 University Sta., Saskatoon, Canada

Earl Evers and I both agree that the policy of Amazing Stories is morally wrong, even if it's legal. Concerning the fan boycott, however, we differ in attitude. My attitude is: let's try because we might succeed; Evers' is: let's give up because we might fail.

In any case, the important thing is to do what's right--and on that basis the boycott is justified whether or not it succeeds.

A final word: Evers says that boycotting Amazing is like trying to extinguish a fire by pissing on it. But you'll recall that Gulliver once put out a fire which would've destroyed a city by doing precisely that. True, we're not in Gulliver's original country; but Sol Cohen and Company surely are moral Lilliputians, which is what counts here.

/I'm not entirely convinced of the moral issue; after all, these writers are trying to coerce a publisher into paying them more money for story rights which have already been purchased. (I believe that Ziff-Davis purchased all story rights; correct me if I'm wrong.) They agreed to the bargain when it was first presented to them; now they are trying to welsh on their solemn agreement. Admittedly they were paid a pittance for their work, but they know that when they made the agreement. Frankly, I don't much like either side. However, Leland is quite correct on his main point; one should do what is right, not what is expedient. No if I could just decide for certain what is right...

RSC/



L. Sprague de Camp (address earlier)

For Mr. Tucker's information (p.29): if I am correctly informed, the shortages of arms that afflicted the Tsarist army in WWI occurred in the early stages of the war, 1914-15. Then there were a few (or perhaps more than a few) cases) where men were sent into action without rifles & told to grab one off the first corpse they passed. But this was not universal, & by 1916-17, on the eve of the revolution, the Russian army was reasonably well armed & clad. When they would fight they couldn't & when they could fight they wouldn't.

Bob Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth, Illinois, 61745

There's a goody for astronomy fans and other moon-watchers in the December Sky & Telescope: the center spread is a 12 x 32 foldout photograph of the back side of the moon, with the Earth hanging high in the sky. Lunar Orbiter took the picture about 760 miles above moon's surface, if my arithmetic is reliable--which it probably is not. (1,197 kilometers.) Unlike those early Russian photographs, this one is remarkable illuminated and detailed, showing craters apparently no larger than prairie dog holes. Please note I said "apparently". Some craters appear as old as time, with eroded and "soft" walls, while others seem clean and crisp as if made yesterday.

/Yes, Gene DeWeese brought down that issue, and I for one was fascinated. I am especially drawn by an effect which looks as though the surface were a pock-marked frozen sea -- much more sea-like than any of the mare on the Earth side. JWC/

Alex Panshin, 139 Joralemon St., Brooklyn, NY, 11201

I'm beginning to think that science fiction is not really suited to television. That TV sf that I have seen has mainly been basically hollow like TWILIGHT ZONE, or basically stupid like almost any program you care to name. Low budgets and the popular nature of TV - which is to say the limited audience for difficult ideas - are enough to make good sf really impossible. And I have to say I suspect any medium whose vision of the future is to dress characters in lame or velours and stop there. I don't think there is any future for sf in TV, so I can't say I'm particularly moved by Harlan Ellison's frantic appeal for help. I guess I just don't care if STAR TREK dies.

/I dunno -- anyone who could look over the stories nominated for the next Nebula Award and then complain about stf on tv just doesn't think the way I do. If this crap is the best written stf of the year, I'll take STAR TREK any old day.RSC/

Jay Kay Klein, 302 Sandra Dr., North Syracuse, NY, 13212

Well - surprised to receive a not from you. Of course, STAR TREK is an important subject. Yes, I received a letter from Ha. (and "The Committee"), and I took notes at the recent STAR TREK - six sponsors, which I will mention when I write. I think I will write NBC in NYC - I dunno if writing Desilu direct is a good thing - looks like a "put up" job. Also, even if we have a write-in campaign now, these characters (sponsor's ad agencies) look to a steady flow of letters - and not from the same persons.

Our own company's ad agency is like that. I just was touted off one good magazine and onto another, which I know is bad, simply on the basis of some figures supplied by the magazines themselves. So many thousands of these, and so many thousands of those kinds of readers, etc. Except that judging from the editorial quality, and the quality of business ac-

counting (bill screw-ups), and the printing foul-ups, and the lateness of the issues, I am sure the recommended magazine gives subs to janitors and then lists them as "important purchasing influences".

Trouble is, I'm not supposed to fight the "knowledgeable, with detailed studies, media selection experts" of the ad agency. Otherwise, I can be held accountable for ignoring good and wise counsel, and spending the company's money on non-recommended publications.

So, if a Nielsen rating shows that a TV show gives fewer viewers per thousand dollars, it has to be dropped for another show that is cheaper in advertising cost. Or heads will roll at both the agency and the sponsoring company. However, if everyone involved sticks together and uses the same criteria, even if these are deadwrong, no one can get hurt -- except, of course, the company which might actually get a worse deal.

TV is set up now where only mass-audience oriented programs can survive (and this leaves me out in general) and only mass-type products can advertise (leaving out a whole lot of products). Of course, something is wrong here. And eventually Congress will wake up to the horrible fact that many companies are being deprived of their American right to advertise on TV.

Curiously enough, a few years ago the Voice of Firestone was cancelled by the network even though the company wanted to continue it. Mrs. Firestone had her husband run the program for years, even though it did not pull very well in the ratings. Since Harvey Firestone owned the company, he didn't have to worry about being fired. However, the network finally decided this cultural loss-leader couldn't appear on the air anymore because it upset the viewing patterns; the mass audience generally sticks to whatever channel happens to be set on the TV set already. When the V of F came on, millions switched channels, at great effort and to the detriment of many millions of minutes of TV commercial watching time, and then continued with the other network the rest of the evening. So V of F had to go!

Having watched STAR TREK with great admiration, I was immediately struck by the thought this can't last! As a matter of fact, when I sent Gene Roddenberry some photos he'd requested, I told him I thought the production was excellent, and only hoped its excellence didn't get in the way of its continuance.

Well, we have a letter from Roddenberry (which I'll publish if I get permission), saying the letters helped, and Sieger and Goodrich both mentioned that according to Variety the show has been scheduled for the rest of the season. (Surprised me; I never had any real hope that the show would be saved at all.) You have one very important point -- sponsors and ad agencies look for a steady flow of letters. Okay, the current crisis is past. Anyone who wants to keep the show on, get it renewed for next season, etc., keep writing. You wrote some letters; fine. Write another one, now. You don't need to write every week, but once a month or so won't kill anyone. RSC

As a recall, the networks pulled the same cancellation stunt on ARMSTRONG CIRCLE THEATER, notifying the company after the fact, and refusing to put the show back on even though Armstrong insisted it didn't mind picking up the tab for a small audience, that they felt they were reaching the type of audience that would buy the product, and that the program itself was enhancing its image far more than a situation comedy or shoot-em-up. JWC

Gene DeWeese (address earlier)

Somebody must be confused. Did you notice in the last Tv Guide (Dec 17-23) that the "programming head of NBC" was predicting a long run for STAR TREK?

Well, I didn't get a whole lot of work done for AC last week, but... If everyone who accepted a card/cards sent them in, STAR TREK got about 45. If everyone who said they'd have their friends and relatives also write in on their own cards, did, they got maybe 60. Plus half a dozen from ourselves.

As for the "posters", who knows? I got two up at Marquette, two at UWM, a couple at Harnishfegger, one over the stf section of City News, and one in the middle of the stf section of the public library. (That last one may not have lasted long; I just taped it up to a shelf at eye level and left it. I suspect the first person in authority who saw it took it down) At the newsstand, I got the owner's permission...

How about STAR TREK this week? I thot it was one of the best they've had. At least the most "believable", insofar as the "battling with and defeating the aliens" went. They didn't have to depend on luck or legisla- tion, but actually won legitimately, unlike "The Menagerie" and "Corbo- mite" episodes. The Romulan ship, tho, did bear an unfortunate reseme- blance to a German submarine. But that's nitpicking.

The thing that probably jarred a lot of people who expect happy end- ings was the death of the prospective bridegroom. I must check tomorrow with one guy at work whose wife used to hate "EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE be- cause they didn't have happy endings.

/And there are some ideas to get letters if you don't want to write them all yourself. Don't let up; the better the ratings, the better the chance that we'll keep a good show. RSC/

Alan Dodd (address earlier)

All those horrible Xmas painting 3d stamps you didn't like by the way were a sell out at the post office as they are being used to send out Xmas cards which is the price they cover. Treasure them as it has been announced we go over to a decimal currency in 1971, something I personally dread. So all the songs about pennies and sixpences will no longer mean anything; who wants to sing about 4.28d and things like that? What with that and metric systems and centigrade and a few other things I am not at the moment finding any relish in the prospect of the future.

You don't watch Batman? But then you don't realize all the hints on how to be a good American citizen like putting coins in the parking meter because it helps the economy to build fine roads and how even when pur- suing criminals one must not drive dangerously - I mean, he's a sort of walking American Bible, isn't he?

/I'm disappointed to hear that the British are switching over, too. It always gave me a little glow to think that I under- stood British currency (well, more or less) and could trans- late from British to American and so on, while my neighbors wouldn't know a guinea from a florin. RSC/

"I have one complaint about your fanzine reviews. They aren't hardly worth a damn."

.....Vern Bennett

Mark Kennedy, 68 Old Mill Road, Toronto 18, Ont. Canada

George (you met him at Tricon) wants to get one of those Convention Yearbooks, the one with all the pictures and, I guess, con reports. Can you help him?

/Tell him to write Jay Kay Klein, address in this letter column. (A public answer because I kept forgetting to write you a letter).7