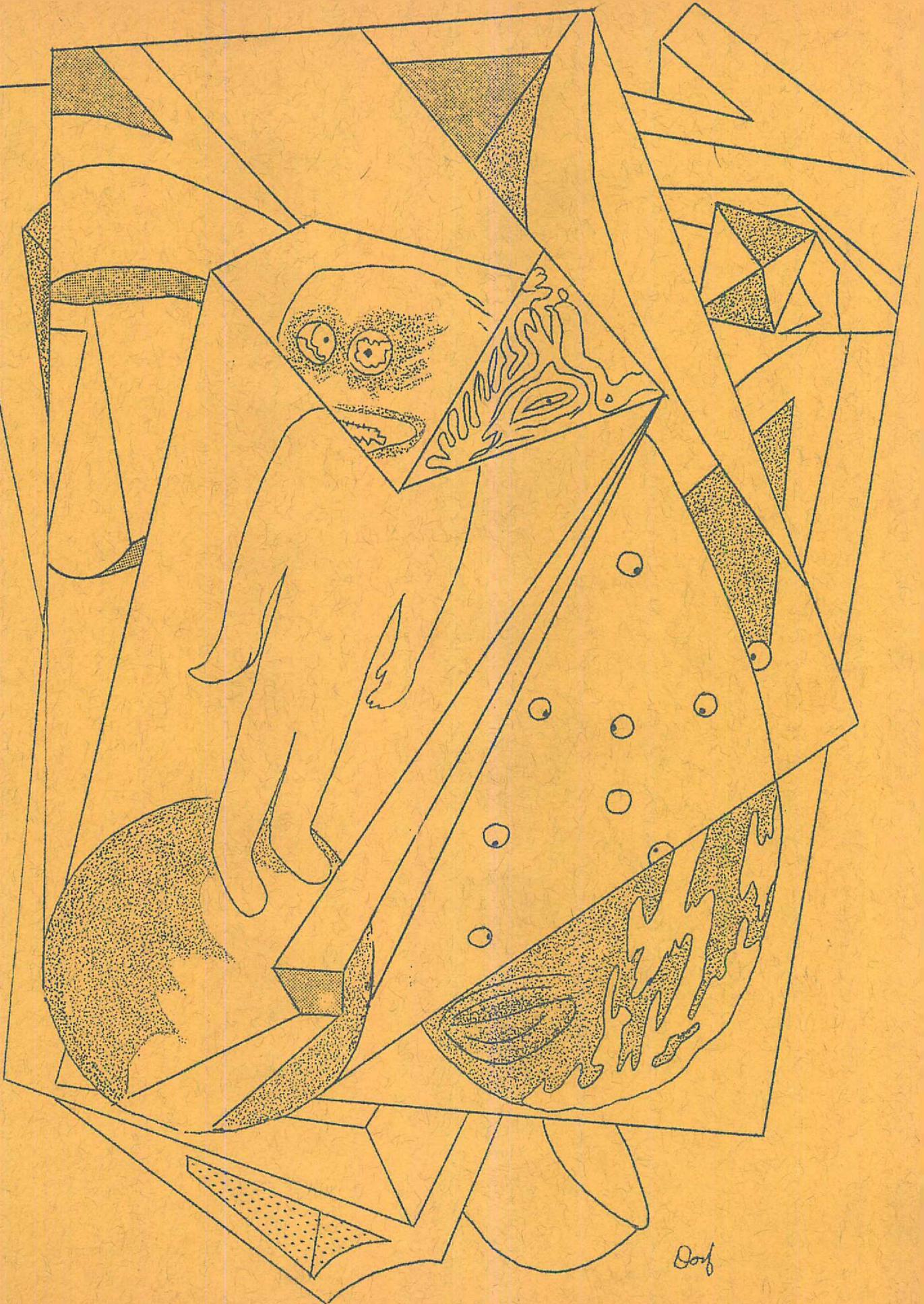


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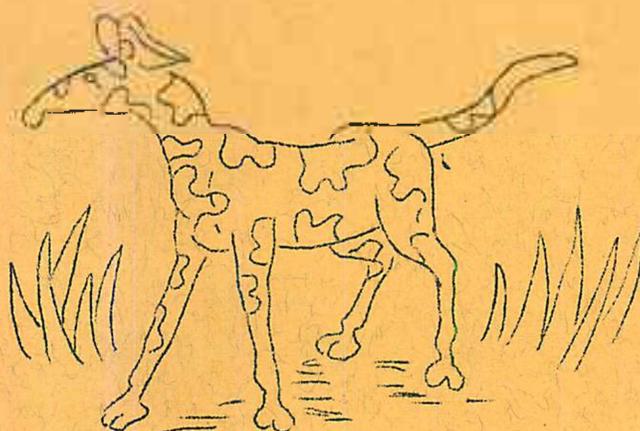


Bob

YANDRO

September #116

VOLUME X — NUMBER 9



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Awful lot of short material in this issue, isn't there?

ARTWORK

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"The only way I had time to join the N3F was to drop all fanac -- completely!" (overheard at the convention by Lee Anne Tremper)



Some of the pages of this issue will have a faintly blue-ish cast.. this is because they were run on a Gestetner mimeograph with a blend of blue and black Gestetner ink (the black ink was already in the machine - the blue came with it)..... The Gestetner was a gift from George Scithers, so, as he expressed it, "you can quit lording it over everyone with that damned little Tower"....

The Trimbles assure me that once I get the hang of it I will love silkscreen mimeography. As of yet, I don't quite

have the hang of it. My major problems seem to be logistic. The only Gestetner-sized stencils I have are from Master products and virtually non-existent in art-reproducing quality....this, needless to say, will never do. We're writing several addresses about prices and soft stencils and like that. Bjo and John also assured me that I could mask out the side strips with masking tape and slam down the little stencil bar to punch holes in the top of regular stencils...

only I didn't hold my mouth right, or something....the masking tape slipped and came off and no matter how hard I slammed, Vari-Color's nice heavy cardboard headings proved impervious to anything but laborious by hand paper punching.

I think I'll get onto it (although when I find out the prices on some of this stuff, I may decide that even with a gift mimeo, I can't afford Gestetnering....

still and all, I have another mimeo to play with, and I've had fun so far and expect to have more in the future....and the idea of having a spare of something so fannishly indispensable as a mimeograph pleases me. Critics of Scithers will receive a deaf ear from this household.

The article by Fritz Leiber (or commentary on an article or review, or whatever) conjures up all sorts of memories. I remember being startled the first time I heard someone pronounce his name "Leeber"....it very well may be so pronounced by the family, but to me the combination "ei" is automatically long i.....the first time I saw Leiber was at the Clevention. At that time I had read a bit, knew of his theatrical background and heard fond mutterings from a number of fans (Marion Bradley after the Detroitcon mentioned she had become a fond fan of Leiber on first sight and was immediately informed by Judy Merrill that she must go to the end of a long waiting line of broken-hearted femme fans with the same attachment).

Fritz Leiber was in the stf parody play at Cleveland, the ill-rehearsed and hastily written one that still managed to be highly entertaining. Bev DeWeese immediately remarked on Leiber's presence - not knowing his identity but her English teacher cum drafted dramatics' coach background coming to the fore in

admiration: "Who is that man? He has such professional presence - he must have a theatrical background." I filled in with what little I knew and remember Bev was pleased she was able to spot a professional sight unheard as it were.

And Mr. Leiber came again to the fore at Chicon III. There was, of course, the entertaining talk on Fafhrd and the Grey Mouser (another Germanic throw-back - I typed the word that way all the way through the article, and I refuse to conflu and type over here too)slightly marred for me because that night I was sick with sinus and an overdose of medicine....and perhaps the most flattering compliment I've received in a long time came during the pre-Masquerade ball session when I tried to sing with Ted Sturgeon and Ted Cogswell (we tried - but were later informed that due to the p.a. and the overwhelming amount of noise in the back of the room that only Cogswell was very audible beyond the first three rows of tables)....

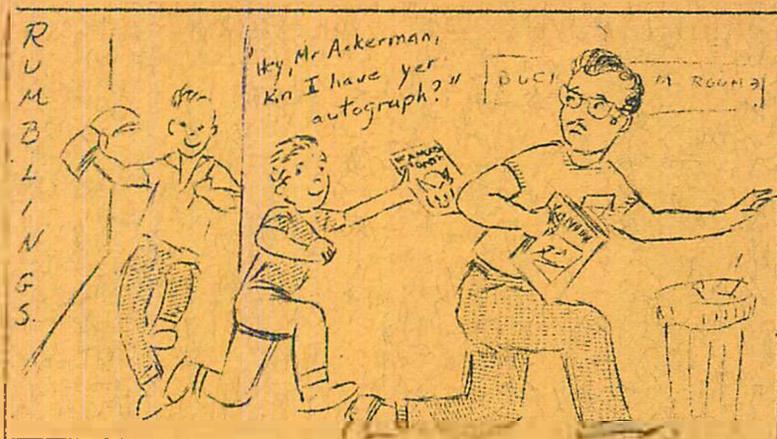
at one point while singing the Martha Keller ballad of Peter Grubb's deal with the devil I saw Mr. Leiber in an attitude of extreme attention, and his applause was quite enthusiastic - so I can assume he enjoyed it.

Fair return - I enjoy his writing - as per the October FANTASTIC - almost the only representative of that genre I do enjoy.....he coins such fascinating words.

My major complaint about the convention was its size - it was simply too big. It evoked memories of my first convention, Chicon II, when I was a rank neo and knew no one. Here I knew people, but there were so many that my contact consisted mostly of "Hello - see you later", and unfortunately, later never came. My reactions are a blur of memories: the horror of the Congress Expressway and its maniac drivers; the YMCA Hotel and its chastity belt regulations on separate floors for separate sexes (I wonder if there are any fire escapes?); lots of fans and friends, the art show, listening to Tom Paley tune his guitar....

And speaking of the art show, all non-attendees, take heed to padlock your wallet if you ever stay at the Pick-Congress. Bjo was assured by the management that she was given the only key to the art show exhibit room, and next morning the cash box turned up missing (nothing else - and with such fannish items as all that art and a typewriter in evidence - obviously a non-fannish rotter this); at this point the hotel blandly shrugged and announced there were five other keys held by porters, a little nugget of information that had been rather elusive in the previous assurances. The cash box later turned up in a service area, sans cash, naturally. Be ye warned, fannish types and fringers - even if they say it, Don't Believe Them. This leaves the art show short, as you can imagine, so any listeners out there who'd been thinking of contributing or subscribing, this would be a dandy time to send in your \$.50 to Bjo Trimble, 5734 Parapet St., Long Beach 8, California. SILME, bulletins, and I'm getting up a who's who in fannish illustration and like that.....quick! While you're thinking of it.

You're not thinking? That figures. Or you'd know this is October and what are you doing reading the September issue, you fool?JWC



I should correct a statement made in last issue's comments on A TRIP TO HELL (composing on stencil does have its drawbacks at times). I didn't intend to imply that it was particularly dangerous for fans to consort with Bob Jennings, but that I don't want to have anything more to do with him. Incidentally, I have seen no explanation from Willick regarding his part in the affair; unless one

shows up tomorrow, George's remaining year's sub to YANDRO will be refunded. George may well have an explanation, but the continuance of his sub depended on his making one, to me. I am only too happy to cut circulation by dropping dubious subscribers; anyone who wants to favor Jennings may do so, but he won't be receiving this magazine any more if he does.

An expanded version of Fritz Leiber's commentary on the Mouser will appear in the PROCEEDINGS OF THE 20TH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION (or whatever they decide to call it) under the title "Fafhrd And Me", which was Leiber's convention address. Fritz went into much more detail in his speech, so anyone with questions (such as "who the hell is Harry Fischer?") should write the con committee for a copy of their publication. The remarks here are more of an appetizer than a main course.

As usual, the convention was fun. I don't know how good the program was; I didn't see much of it. I go to a convention to see fans, not speakers, and this time I managed to meet a huge number of people for the first time; Bill Evans, John Boardman, Walter Breen, Charles Wells, Avram Davidson (I'd seen him before but never really met him), Grania Davidson, Walt Willis, Madelaine Willis, Ethel Lindsay, Derek Nelson, Dave Locke, Don Franson, Fred Arnold, John Isaac, Mike McInerney, Jack Chalker, Paul Zimmer, Dave Vanderwerf, Dave Kell (well, we said hello to each other), Robert Heinlein, and others whose names will come to me just as soon as I finish writing the editorial.

As usual, the magnetic Coulson personality was in full control. By sheer awkwardness I managed to give Grania Davidson the impression that I didn't want to shake hands with her; after Bill Evans generously loaned me his room key so I could retrieve my camera I took off with it and didn't return it to him until he'd been anxiously looking for me for some time; I helped out Scithers and Eney at their table in the hucksters room by selling some of Eney's magazines below cost; and after looking forward to meeting Ethel Lindsay I talked to her a grand total of about 5 minutes and even then couldn't think of anything interesting or even sensible to say.

At the next con, any neofans present should watch me closely and then do the opposite of whatever I'm doing.

Several people managed to mistake me for Forry Ackerman, which is pretty insulting to Forry when you come right down to it. I didn't mind signing autographs for him, but when Owen Hannifen tried to sell me an old movie script I decided things had gone too far.

Before I forget it, if anyone knows the identity of the fan who got

the photo of George Price "zapping" John Boardman, will you let me know? I want a copy of that picture; it's seldom one finds such a perfect alignment of costume and personality. (I didn't see who took it; I only know about it because Boardman came into a party chuckling over it.)

I got a chuckle out of one autograph. Betsy Curtis was siccing her youngest on various fans, and one of the first ones approached was me. While I was signing, some individual with a camera -- I haven't the vaguest idea of who he was -- came up, stared at my name tag, shook his head slightly, then backed off and took my picture. He obviously didn't know me from Adam, but if I was signing autographs I must be important. I can picture him consulting his Day Index when he gets home, trying to figure out who the hell I am.

Richard Hickey did me a favor. I had planned to attend the Masquerade Ball wearing a bandana mask and a toy gun -- explaining that I was Earl Kemp. Richard didn't think that Earl would appreciate this bit of sick humor, so I didn't do it. As it turned out, the costume not only wouldn't have been appreciated, it wouldn't even have been noticed in the mob of milling masqueraders, and I'd have looked slightly foolish for no benefit.

Speaking of looking foolish for no benefit -- why, Bob Tucker, did you double-cross F.M. Busby and I at the banquet? I wasn't bothered, but Buz complained that he leaped up and yanked off his tie as per your request, and then you made no comments about it, leaving him tieless and on the receiving end of odd looks from the waiters. (The only person who gave me odd looks was Tom Paley's wife; I was sitting behind her and smoking an asthma cigarette and she obviously felt that the things they say about those crazy science-fiction fans are all true.)

Things are looking out around the Coulson manse once more. (No, I don't mean up, I mean out -- the landlord finally put a glass back in the front door, replacing the plywood panel that I had put in place last November when the glass broke.) The oil tank is standing on its own feet once more, after 6 months of sagging against the house, and the stack of fanzines for sale has shrunk by about one-half. (If you order from that list I sent out with the last issue, just forget about anything priced at over 10%. A few of the dime issues and half of the 5¢ ones are left.)

The acquisition of the Gestetner emphasizes our fixation on having two of everything. Two -- well, actually about 1 7/8 -- cars, two tape recorders, two mimeographs, two refrigerators, two typewriters -- even two dogs, at the moment. Rann has been joined by a stray puppy, referred to at the moment only as Pup-Dog. Considering her habit of playing on the highway, the odds are that she won't last long enough to acquire a more distinguished cognomen. Presumably she was dumped out along the road by some s.o.b. too chicken-hearted to shoot her; she wandered in here and Bruce promptly adopted her. Juanita insists the dogs give the place a baronial air, especially when Fuzzy-Face, (who "lives" and eats a couple of houses down the road but spends most of her time in our back yard) is present. The faithful pack of hounds, lolling about -- Fuzzy in particular lolls beautifully -- waiting for the master of the house to throw them an old elk, or maybe a Rotarian.

Maybe we'll get the next issue out on schedule?

RSC

The Human Equation

— article by ————— JOHN RACKHAM

Margaret Mead is quoted (Yandro #113 from Satevepost) as having written: 'Science-fiction, which has done so much to prepare boys for understanding and participating in scientific activity, is almost entirely written in profound ignorance of human beings as the poet, the novelist or the social scientists know them. So most girls are repelled by science-fiction, and the gap in scientific understanding between boys and girls widens, in spite of higher general education for both.'

Well now, that is entirely too big a statement to be allowed to die in a letter column, or to be dismissed by the readers of the Satevepost with little or no heed. Probably without knowing it, Miss Mead has here uncovered one of the prime sources of misunderstanding about (1) science; (2) science-fiction; (3) women in general. To take a triviality first, she attributes far too much of an influence to s-f, which has a pitifully small total readership. Of that tiny fraction of the whole, only a percentage are boys (Why is it a perpetual surprise to so many people that adults read..and write..s-f?) Cutting down the figure even smaller, of the boys who read 'that kind of thing', only a few go for, and can take, the 'real' stuff. Boys, in the main, are not all that different from men, in that most of them would rather not have to think.

However, even if the influence of s-f is very small indeed, the implication made is worth examining. Consider the phrase 'in profound ignorance of human beings as the poet, the novelist or the social scientist know them'. I would change just one word, there, and substitute 'see' for 'know'. Science-fiction, if it is anything at all, is fiction written with as much devotion to objectivity, and respect for objectivity, and respect for observable fact, as science itself. This, in fact, is the one thing it has in common with science, and its only justification for the class name. Put that another way..science, as an activity, is an attempt to see and understand the nature of things as they are, and not as we would like them to be. And science-fiction, in as far as it is written with any kind of integrity at all, is fiction attempting to illustrate the same kind of objectivity..is fiction which says 'This is the way things will very probably be, to judge by the facts as currently understood!'

But the poet, and the novelist..leave out the social scientist, for the moment..they are much more concerned with how they 'feel' about things. They 'see' things in a personal way, interpret them, and express them in an attempt to convey to other people how and what they feel. The scientist, in any field, is not trying to do that at all. He is trying to estimate the way things are, regardless of how he feels about them. This does not mean that he doesn't feel. It does mean that his findings will be inherently more workable, more valid..and much more generally applicable..than those of the poet and/or the novelist. Again, in so far as s-f has tried to maintain the same standard of objectivity it has come up with an immense string of accurate and near-accurate predictions, whereas it would be hard to find a handful of poetic or novel 'ideas' that have persisted beyond the period written, much less been proved valid subsequently. All of which merely means that science (and

science-fiction) is operating on a much more true-to-life and validly working basis than any poetry, or novel-writing.

It also means, like it or not, that the people who are really writing from ignorance are the poet and the novelists, and that their versions of life, while highly entertaining, cannot be accepted as valid, or workable, or in any way of general significance to the public at large..except as entertainment. With an effort, I can imagine Margaret Mead managing to agree with what has been said, so far, because I have left out, deliberately, 'people' and 'social science'. One of the main reasons why social science has been so slow to develop, and why it is still not regarded, by most people, as 'science' at all, is this business of 'people', and the instinctive conviction held by the very people who ought to know better that 'people' are somehow different from other things.

And that is why I want to change that word. Poets, novelists, and social scientists, tend to 'see' people, to interpret them, according to a built-in set of personal values..not to observe them as they are, which is what is implied by 'know'. You think that's sweeping? All right, try this. Read..again..Margaret Mead, or Malinovski, or any other of that type of social study, done by an individual. And then compare with a research report from, say, the Scientific American, or something of that type, on a physical process. The subject matter, of course, makes a difference, but please look for, and notice, the personal values which come through, the imprint of the personality of the researcher. In the social study it is strong, and unmistakable. In the physical research you can hardly find it.

Only in very recent years are there signs of a growing technique for observing and measuring what people do. What, in fact, they actually do. And that, in fact, is what actually counts, in the long run..not what they think, or say, or say they think, or don't know. It's as simple as that, but it has taken a hell of a long time to get started on, just because of this bug about 'people'. Credit should go, here, to those few pioneers in s-f who have tried to write stories dealing with that kind of social science. Let's hope there will be lots more, now that some of the groundwork is being laid. Let's also hope that some of our poets, novelists..and Miss Margaret Mead..will get the star-dust out of their eyes, and the conceit out of their minds, and start along the same trail. If the human equation is going to be even partially resolved, it will have to be in terms of what human beings actually are and what they actually do.

And that needn't be as dull, cold-blooded and stodgy as so many people seem to think. It might well lead us to building some sort of durable bridge between East and West..some really valid data on which peace may stand..a chart or two where the colour of a man's skin is the least important factor..and his potential contribution as a human being right up at the top.

It might, just by way of a start, point up enough material to justify, even to come around to realizing that women and men are inherently two different things, in design, function, action, and expectation. Then, who knows, they might stop talking rubbish about the 'gap in scientific understanding' between them. They might stop insisting on 'higher general education for both'. They might..let's all dream together..try designing a society that will cater for both, equally, at the same time..instead of the ridiculous compromise we have at the moment..a man-made society being bent and buckled into shape to accomodate women..and being broken, in the process.

Now there's a plot for an aspiring extrapolator. That's a society I would like to see!

THE VANISHING ACT

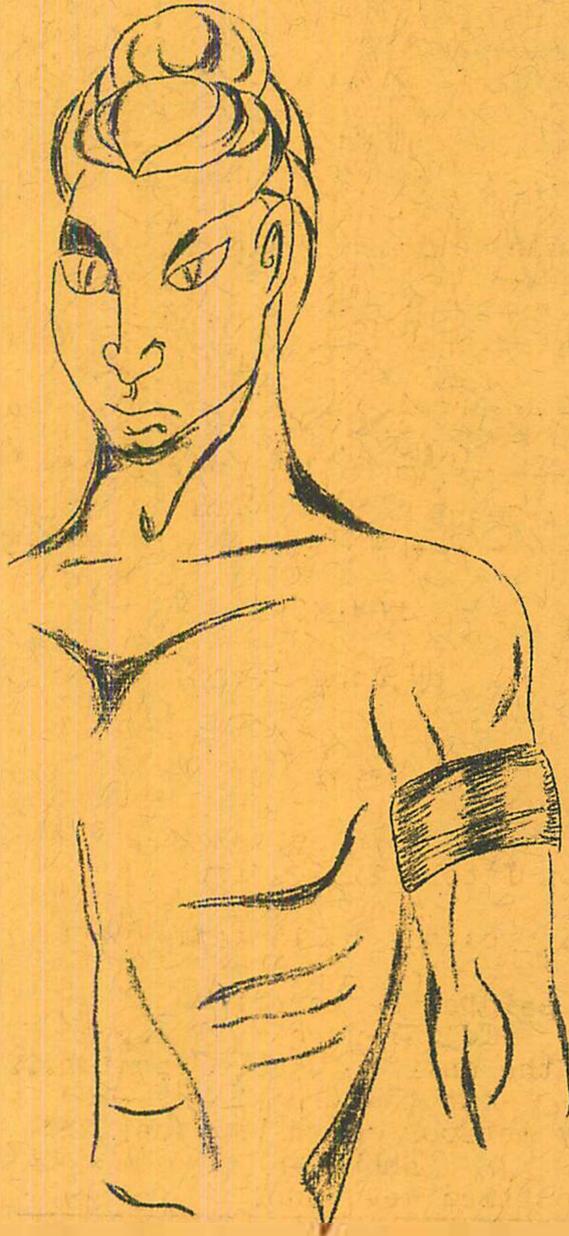
fiction by james r adams

I saw this bit of wizardry at a theater in Chicago, which that day was featuring a variety stage show.

The magician came on following a comedy act, and ran through a routine assortment of legerdemain. I watched it all with half-closed eyes. Here was a mediocre performer, was my thought.

Then came The Trick.

The magician signaled his assistant to bring onstage a caged canary. This he placed in full view of the audience. The bird hopped about, trilling a happy song. I saw nothing suspicious in the fact that it was a basso-profundo.



The magician now held up a large, white linen handkerchief, which was seen to be perfectly ordinary. To remove any doubt, he lustily blew his nose on it.

Draping the handkerchief over the cage, he mumbled a mystic phrase, shouted "Presto!" and snatched off the covering.

The canary and its cage, of course, were gone.

Old stuff. But I saw the magician wasn't through yet, and I remained in my seat.

Without explanation, he held up for inspection a larger handkerchief, brought out to him by his assistant. This handkerchief, like the first, had no unusual aspects, other than that it was the size of a bedspread.

He lowered it over himself like a shroud, and presently was heard--muffled--that same incantation he'd uttered over the canary, followed by the shout of "Presto!" and the whisking away of the cloth.

The magician had utterly disappeared.

I realized I had grievously underrated this craftsman. But I held back my applause, sensing there was more to come.

And indeed there was. For now six men carried forth a handkerchief of tremendous proportions. As before, it was shown to be nothing more than a square of linen. There were no rubber bands affixed to it, no bent pins; and

if there was a trapdoor I certainly could not perceive its outline.

That mighty handkerchief was thrown billowing in the air and settled over and hid from sight the wondering audience. Then the magician's voice, intoning his awesome phrase. With a thrill of anticipation I heard him literally roar "Presto!" and saw the cloth jerked away so violently that it produced a modest thunderclap.

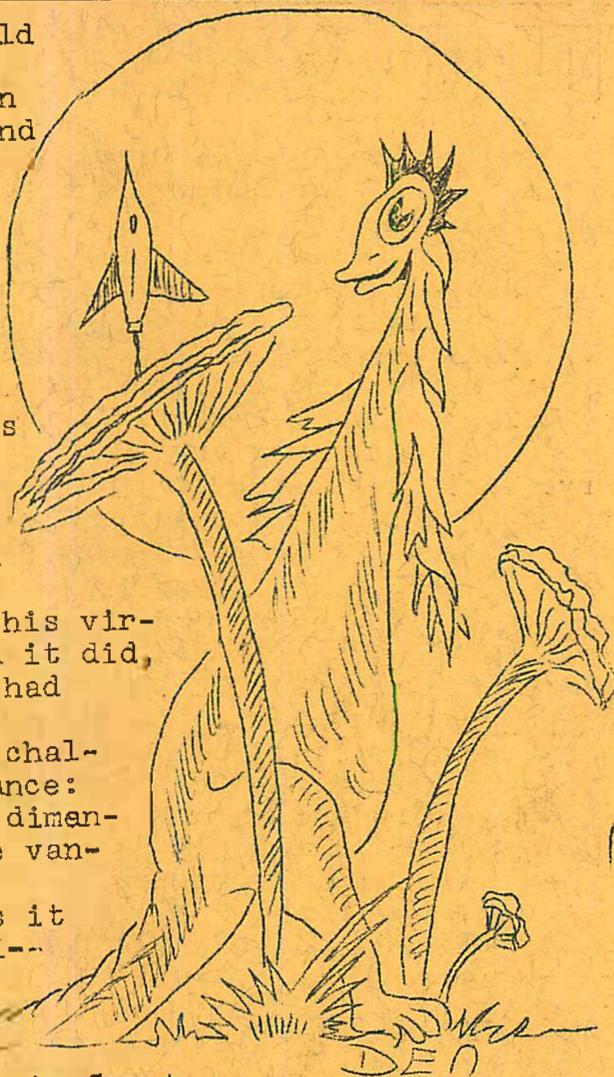
For a moment, then, there was dead silence. When I finally rallied my wits and looked around, I could not believe what my eyes told me was true.

The entire audience (myself included) had vanished, and only row upon row of empty seats met my gaze!

Need I say that the applause for this virtuoso of magic rang the rafters? Indeed it did, for the equal of that fantastic effect had never been produced in any theater.

Nor did anyone there scoff at the challenge he flung to conclude his performance: that, given a handkerchief of suitable dimensions, he could as easily bring off the vanishment of Chicago itself.

Was it all cheap trickery? Or was it something more? There is only this evidence: I haven't been seen or heard of since.



"What, Cassandra, me worry?"

.....Lewis Grant

NIGHT AND THE LAKE

by e. e. evers

The wind dies, tree voices
fade. This black liquid,
more profound than the saddest
of eyes, will soon defect to
the bats, dark thoughts that
plummet to ruffle the black
conscious into submission.
A small campfire stings
the saddle ridge, a pockmark
among the grays, the blue
hazes; the Milk Dipper pours
star streams down the slopes
and will soon quell
man's weak intruder.

LOVESONG

by John Festa

Your metaphors,
all of them,
are riddles. How
can I tell if you love
me
if you say it in sandpaper?

The painter answered:
To caress a wall ...
the sniff of amber varnish...
the textured paint---
my metaphors can breathe, and
ahhh---
puttied devotion.

STRANGE-FRUIT

Received and noted: BIG DEAL (Hale), THE LETTERS (Wells), SKYRACK #5 (Bennett), NEFFERVESCENT 3 (Fitch), IDLE HANDS 9 (Metcalf), SMUDGE SUPPLEMENT (Pilati).

Reviewed for DOUBLE BILL, a forthcoming fanzine edited by Bill Bowers and Bill Mallardi: BANE 7, KIPPLE 28, 29, (Ryan & Pauls, respectively), HAVERINGS ? (Lindsay), XERO 9 (Lupoffs), AXE 30, 31 (Shaws), and SCIENCE FICTION TIMES 391, 392, 393. Since I did not get these reviews in on the date specified, they may or may not see print; I picked editors who wouldn't mind missing one review.

PANIC BUTTON #10 (Les Nirenberg, 1217 Weston Road, Toronto, Ontario, Canada - bi-monthly - 35¢) This has become a semi-professional magazine of satire, sold at the better Toronto ~~bookstores~~ bookstores, with paid contributors, paid advertising, circulation of 1000 or better, etc. I am tempted to remark that it certainly is a wonderful thing...Les has reached the ultimate goal of the fan-editor; he has Gone Professional. Aside from the Harry Warner article, which was great, I can't say I cared a lot for the contents of this issue. So much of it was not just satire, but self-consciously arty satire, as though the authors were smugly aware of the fact that they were penning Ideas Beyond The Understanding of Ordinary Mortals, and I get mildly irritated by this jazz. (An awful lot of people do seem to like it, though...) Anyway, it at least is an adult approach, which is refreshing. Rating..6

SMUDGE #4 (Joe Pilati, 111 So. Highland Ave., Pearl River, New York - quarterly - 25¢ - co-editor, Ken Pitt) SMUDGE continues the humorzine tradition of devoting most of its space to news items and articles about the various satire-parody mags rather than trying to imitate them. A wise choice; you elder fans who object to fan-fiction should feast your eyes on fan-cartoon-strips sometime. I can't say I'm vitally interested in most of the topics in SMUDGE, but they are presented more entertainingly than most fanzines manage. Rating..6

JACK HIGH #4 (Phil Roberts, 283 Hoopingarner Rd, RFD 1, Bronson, Michigan - monthly - 20¢) One of the best items I've seen in a comics-fanzine (meaning about the only one I'd have enjoyed publishing myself) is Joe Pilati's "The Pulitzer Cartoon Farce" in this issue. Otherwise, nothing extra. Rating..5

SQUIRE #2 (Skip Williamson, 1008 College St., Canton, Missouri - 25¢ - no schedule listed) Oh, he says quarterly in the editorial, and he'd rather have comments than money. This kid learns fast. He quotes Redd Boggs as saying that nothing can match the satisfaction one gets from fan publishing. Redd Boggs is a nut. Williamson's own writings are much funnier than those of his contributors. (I have hopes that they are intentionally funny and that I haven't just insulted him...) Rating..3

BIXEL #1 (Alva Rogers, 5243 Rahlves Drive, Castro Valley, California - quarterly, - 25¢) A large part of this is devoted to a con report. I guess it's a good con report; Juanita has repeated the bit about killing

Sid's car often enough, and a brief skimming on my part produced the anecdote of Sid's meeting with Harlan Ellison. Maybe I'll even read the whole report some day. Material by Cleve Cartmill and Harry Warner is good but not outstanding. Rating...4

MIRTH & IRONY #1 (Thomas B. Haughey, 4211 71st Ave., Landover Hills, Maryland - quarterly - 25¢) Generally very well done for a first issue, with fancy colored headings and all. Unfortunately some of the headings are so fancy as to be illegible and the reader has to refer to the contents page for the name of the article, which is a Bad Thing. Artistic headings are fine, but after all their purpose is to give information, not look pretty. Despite the title, the entire mood of the magazine is dead seriousness; if any irony included, I have the feeling that it will be serious irony, with a Message. For once, the fiction is better than the articles, which don't really say anything. (An article on "Missile Glow", for example, tells nothing to anyone who has read a high school physics text -- it doesn't even tell anything new to me, and I never took physics. The editor's article on witchcraft is better, but most of the others are worse.) The fiction isn't bad at all -- providing you enjoy fan fiction, of course. Rating...3

CADENZA #6, (Charles Wells, Mens Grad Center, Duke Station, Durham, N.C. - irregular? - 20¢) Another convention report, this one on the Chicon. (The one in BIXEL was on the Westercon, I neglected to mention.) Well, several members of the Chicon Committee have mentioned that they'd like to read some con reports so they can find out what went on (they're trying to give the impression that they have to work at these things and not just sit back and reap egoboo) so I guess this is for them. I read the letter column. Rating...3

POINTING VECTOR #10 (John Boardman, Apt. D-3, 166-25 89th Ave., Jamaica 32, New York - monthly - 5 for \$1) Primarily a political journal, the comments on science fiction, filk songs, recipes and other matters sometimes intrude. I can't agree with any of the editor's political convictions, but he is an entertaining writer. The illegible dittoing of past issues has improved; if publisher Stiles could be persuaded to stay away from those green masters maybe I could read an entire issue. A must for the politically aware fan (all 5 of you). Rating...7

SALAMANDER #3 (Fred Fatten, 5156 Chesley Ave., Los Angeles 43, Calif. - irregular - 25¢) Fred presents some material on the collective dream-world of several fans -- Coventry -- and requests comments on whether his readers think Coventry is a good or bad idea. Personally I couldn't care less. I suppose I could say that this group dream-world, as opposed to the individual worlds of Marion Bradley, Juanita, and other fans, is an evidence that the participating fans are either so insecure that they want company even in their dreams or so unimaginative that they can't maintain a dream-world by themselves, but I don't really care enough to check on whether this is an acceptable postulate. The editor spends 4 pages in listing the non-stf books of Andre Norton, synopsis-ing the plots and making a few comments on the writing. A good long lettercolumn rounds out the mag. Rating...6

STEFANTASY #49 (Bill Danner, R.D. 1, Fennerdell, Pennsylvania - quarterly? - free for comment) I'm not sure he's accepting new names on his

mailing list or not, but you could always ask. Several years ago, Juanita saw several issues of this fanzine in Dean Grennell's basement, and decided then and there that she wanted to get into FAPA so she could see more of them. (Writing to Danner and asking to get on his mailing list didn't occur to either of us.) STEFANTASY, over the years, has probably maintained a higher standard of humor than any other fanzine, even the Willis, Berry and Leman publications. Rating...9

HOMUNCULUS #1 (Avram Davidson, 410 W. 110th. St., New York 25, N.Y. - irregular - free to people Davidson owes letters to, \$5 to others) It seems that Avram doesn't intend to turn F&SF into his personal fanzine, after all; here we have a genuine badly-dittoed first issue, slightly smudged from its trip from California. (Yes, I said California -- being an intelligent man, Avram is keeping his fanzine production as far away from his professional superiors as is possible. No sense in letting Joe Ferman know of the depraved tastes of his newest Executive Editor.) It's great, but since you can't get copies anyway I won't tantalize you by describing it. Rating...8

FILIKIA #10 (Chuck Devine, 922 Day Drive, Boise, Idaho - irregular - 20¢) Other issues are 15¢, but this one has a Fancy Expensive Cover. (Great fun may be had by thinking up titles for the cover; Juanita decided it was a portrait of Richard Matheson.) Also, there is a page of photos taken at the Seacon. This marks Chuck's return to fandom after an absence of several months; the issue is a bit small but adequate. Mainly fiction, but fans who get worked up about the reasons for becoming a fan should read Chuck's editorial. Rating...4

INTROSPECTION #5 (Mike Domina, 11044 South Tripp Ave., Oak Lawn, Illinois - irregular - 15¢) After looking at reams of badly-dittoed fanzines, it's a wonderful relief to find someone like Mike, who puts out good dittoing. PILIKIA was legible, but even it lacked the sharp clarity of INTRO. The material is good, too. Bob Lichtman deplores the lack of presentday interest in fan history -- he doesn't convince me, but it's a well-written article. Harry Warner produces some lovely froth on the significance of names, and Ray Nelson has a professional-quality story. Letter column is highlighted by an appearance by Harlan Ellison in one of the rare occasions when he sounds sincere. Rating...6

HKLPLD #3 (Mike McInerney, 81 Ivy Drive, Meriden, Connecticut - irregular - 25¢) There's a David R. Bunch story in here, for all you Bunch fans (I understand from the AMAZING lettercolumn that there is some controversy over Bunch's writing ability), and an index to the anthologized stories of Henry Kuttner, for those of you who enjoy collecting indexes (I can't think of any other use for it). Also, Mike has managed to acquire a somewhat pretentious modern verse titled "What Is Jazz" and a hilarious rebuttal of same (also in verse) by Avram Davidson. Coupled with Ron Haydock's nostalgic article on an old movie serial, this puts HKLPLD in the ranks of Better Fanzines. Rating 6

G² #11 (Joe & Roberta Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave., El Sobrante, Calif. - irregular - 3 for 25¢) Joe mentions the Jennings business; I trust he noted that Jennings gave him some of the credit for the decision to actually publish his libel, since Joe called for Naming Names. That is not a result of your article that you can take much pride in, Joe.

This time Joe is discussing fandom; I think he had a point to make, but in his usual fashion he managed to completely obscure it. In the letter column, Rog Phillips points out that what pro editors need is the secret of how to hook readers with a single issue, so why were you induced to continue reading stf? (I was hooked by an issue of the SATURDAY EVENING POST with a Heinlein story in it, and let's see you get any profit out of that.) Rating.....5

THE BUG EYE #11 (Helmut Klemm, 16 Uhland St., 413 Rheincamp, Uffort/Eick, Mrs. Moers, West Germany - irregular - 5 issue sub for a copy of EVER-GREEN REVIEW) This issue is mostly devoted to the Nazis and totalitarianism, with articles by Theo Grade and Rolf Gindorf, and numerous letters commenting on Gindorf's article in the last issue. Interesting. Andre Laub gives a rundown on German-language fanzines which seems too brief, but at the same time I can't think what else he (she?) could have said about them. Rating....5

JETSTREAM 3 (Jim Linwood, 10 Meadow Cottages, Netherfield, Notts., England - no price or schedule listed) Major article is the editor's on Richard the Third, which is probably brand new material to anyone who hasn't read Josephine Tey's "Daughter Of Time" or similar professional material on the historical (as opposed to the legendary) Richard. Other material is readable. Rating...4

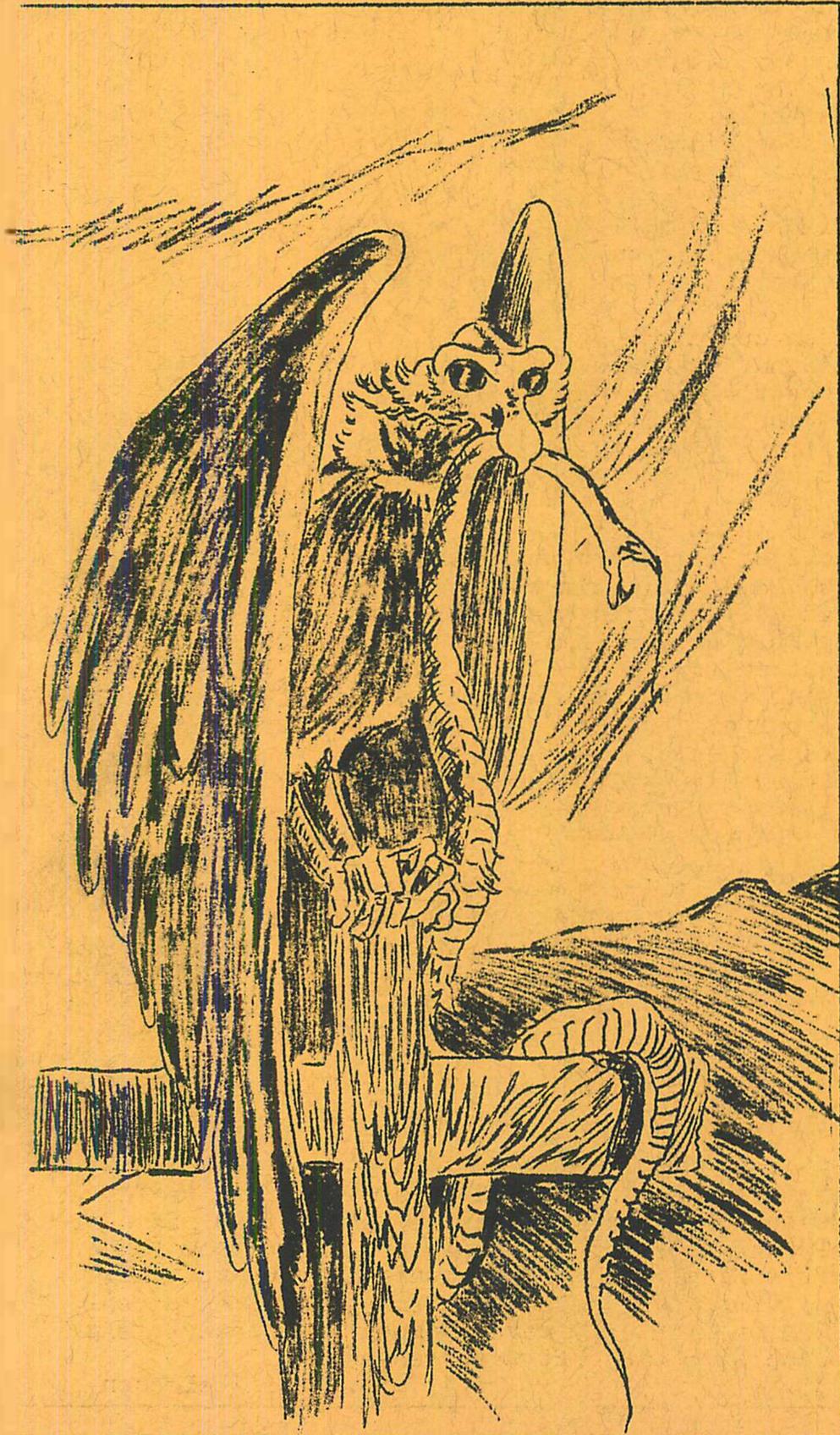
LES SPINGE #9 (Dave Hale, 12 Belmont Rd., Wollescote, Stourbridge, Worcs., England - irregular - 15¢) Another con report -- Harrogate, this time. (Do you sometimes get the impression that fans spend all summer attending conventions?) Ah well, there's some nice fan humor by John Berry and Mike Deckinger, and in the letter column there is even a letter from John Baxter that I agree with! Will wonders never cease? Nice legible mimeographing, too. Rating...5

THE BB sf LETTERZINE #1 (Bo Stenfors, Bylgivägen 3, Djursholm, Sweden - irregular - trades) This is mostly to announce that Bo's new fanzine, NIGHTS OF SNOG, will be out RealSoonNow, to publish some letters of comment on his last fanzine, CANDY F SPECIAL, and to inquire about some US fans who he feels might not have received his last fanzine because the Post Office suppressed it (Bo puts out that sort of fanzine.....) This contains his usual assortment of pretty girls, however, and is worth getting for that alone. Bo is one of the best drawers-of-girls in fandom (and he usually includes art by all the other fanartists in this class in his fanzines.) Rating...5

VOX #1 (Brent Phillips, P.O. Box 22, St. George's, Grenada, The West Indies - bi-monthly? - no price listed) There's an article by Sarge Smith on Heinlein; unfortunately he doesn't say anything that dozens of other people haven't said already. Material is mainly serious commentary on stf, but my own favorite piece was the section of editorial devoted to the defunct West Indies Federation, since I'd encountered comments before on the situation. (Come to think of it, that undoubtedly makes that "West Indies" part of the address superfluous.) Rating..2

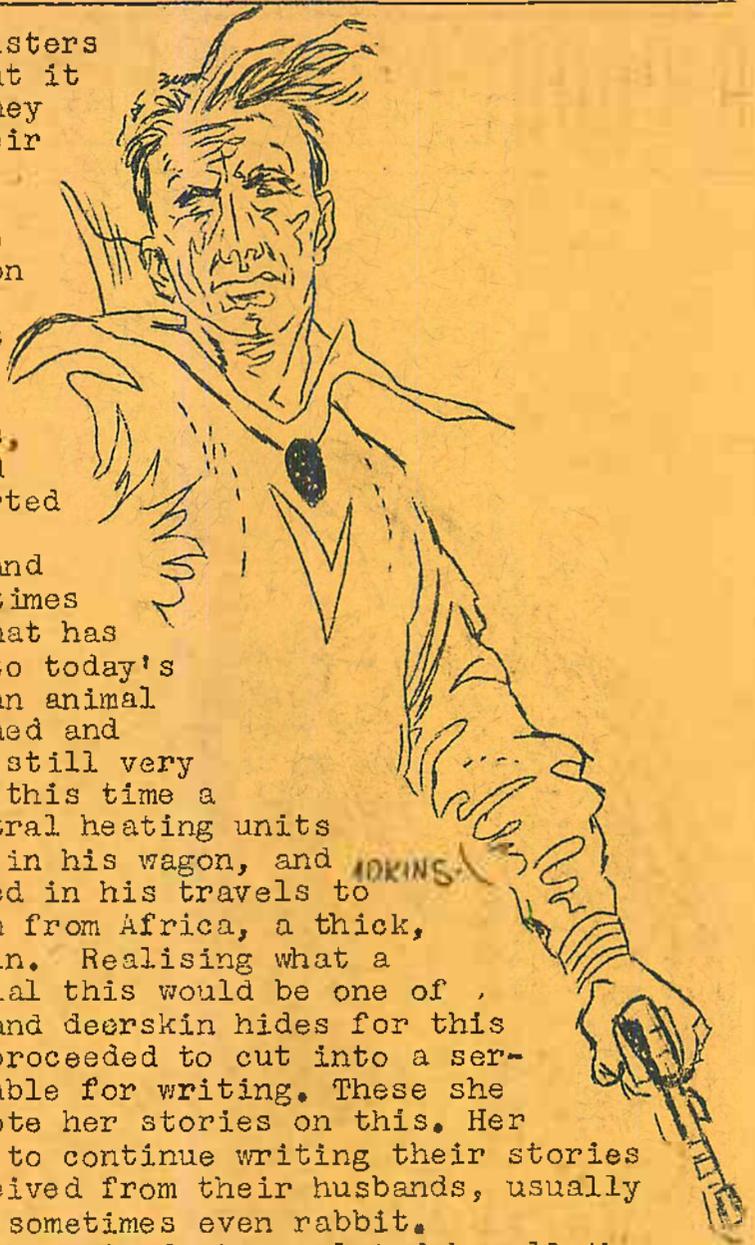
NORTHLIGHT 14 (Alan Burns, Goldspink House, Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2, England - irregular - free) Interesting fiction, but I wonder how many fans will condemn Alan for publishing a "pro-communist" story? Article on a British contemporary of Campbell's amateur gentlemen.

A DODDERING COLUMN *by alan dodd*



It is a little known fact that the earliest fantasy stories were written not by the authors whose names have come to be connected with that branch of literature but by the lesser known Red Indians of North America. In the middle part of the 19th Century the Indian braves were far too busy to commit themselves to writing or drawing and this work was left to the squaws, while they themselves continued the pursuits of providing material for television westerns. The plots they created were quite simple, involving the use of vast areas of scenery and a large cast in almost all cases. They introduced, as did most technicians of any kind, their own vocabulary of words; the two best known "massacre" - which was used when they won, and "victory" - when the other side won. Using this simple formula they thus provided entertainment for a considerable portion of North America for not only their century but for centuries to come afterward. It was, after all, a living.

During this era, a trio of sisters known as the Bronces, decided that it might not be any bad thing if they also experimented by writing their own stories and selling them to the Eastern magazines prevalent at that time. Paper was not too widely used since its preparation was rather long and painstaking and it was found more convenient to use the skin of animals that had been tanned and cured. Using a mixture of coloured dyes, vegetable paints, red ochre, and other ingredients they thus started to write.



The writing was often crude and difficult to understand and at times totally illegible, a practise that has continued through the years up to today's fanzines. However, writing on an animal skin, even when it has been tanned and cured as finely as possible, is still very difficult. Luckily round about this time a travelling salesman selling central heating units for wigwams happened to come by in his wagon, and among the things he had collected in his travels to New Orleans was an imported skin from Africa, a thick, smoothly tanned hippopotamus skin. Realising what a splendid piece of writing material this would be one of the sisters traded her buffalo and deerskin hides for this very rare skin, which she then proceeded to cut into a series of useful-sized pieces suitable for writing. These she fastened up into a folio and wrote her stories on this. Her two sisters, however, preferred to continue writing their stories on the other skins they had received from their husbands, usually the hides of deer, buffalo, and sometimes even rabbit.

When a series of stories had been in fact completed by all three sisters they were sent by Wells Fargo to an Eastern magazines publication, but the material by the two sisters who wrote on buffalo and deer hides sold only three stories between them. The sister who wrote her stories on the hippopotamus hide, however, sold six stories alone - twice the amount by her sisters.

Which proves, of course, that in fantasy and science fiction writing the squaw on the hippopotamus is equal to the sum of the squaws on the other two hides.

Finally tiring of his travels F F retired to a small farm on Terra. Among the livestock was one calf which he kept as a pet in a pen near the house. Unfortunately the calf had the habit of leaping the fence and nibbling on his wife's flowers. One day when this happened, his wife announced that if it happened again, the family would have veal for dinner. From that day on, the calf never jumped the fence to eat the flowers. He knew which side his butt was breaded on.

.....Martin Helgesen

SPECIAL BOOK REVIEW

REVIEWED BY ron ellik

COMMENTARY BY

NIGHT'S BLACK AGENTS &
TWO SOUGHT ADVENTURE

fritz leiber

Editor's Note: The following work was originally scheduled to appear in John Thiel's CAVEAT EMPTOR. John sent it to us recently, and we decided to print it because, goshwow, we get to put a pro author's name on our contents page. (Besides, it isn't bad writing, there are still copies of the Ballantine reprint of NIGHT'S BLACK AGENTS floating around the newsstands and magazine exchanges, and Fafhrd and the Mouser have taken a new lease on life in the pages of FANTASTIC.)....RSC

Here we have roaring adventure, subtle intrigue, superb craftsmanship and every now and then a subtle social prediction or criticism. We have two lead characters--a more improbable pair is not to be found outside of Cervantes--we have an unutterably fascinating world--most of which still needs exploring, and offers mortal danger to the explorers--and we have, best of all, that not-to-be-found-in-mainstream-literature-element, magic, with its attendant folklore, dangers, and ghosts.

Some of the stories originally appeared in UNKNOWN, others in SUSPENSE, and one, I believe, in a Palmer magazine. Regardless of their chronology, they remain today as a compact and yet horizon-bursting series that is required reading for anyone who enjoys Conan, Tarzan, or Harold Shea.

Fafhrd--the large one--rides, fights, eats, and lives in a heavy-handed, BIG way. His partner, the Grey Mouser, slinks, stabs and connives. And yet both of them are perfectly agreeable friends, and their very incompatibility as sidekicks makes their surroundings more real to the reader. They each take the limelight from time to time, as when the Mouser gets trapped in a thieves' citadel and must get out by his own methods, and fears--yet all adventures are completed by the two together, and the wondrous blending of such skills leaves a careful reader scratching his head, or mayhap gaping.

At any time, I would recommend these books, or any other Leiber story, to anyone interested in the field who had a good imagination and a stomach for high adventure.

.....Ron Ellik

No, there are no other Fafhrd stories beyond those in the two books.

Editor's Note: Leiber's letter was written Nov. 12, 1958. There are other Fafhrd stories now.

There are fragments of stories, unpublished of course, both by myself and by Harry Fischer, discoverer and co-historian of the two adventurers. There are two (I believe) sonnets by myself about the Mouser, which saw print in one of Laney's Acolytes. There is a war game called Lankhmar,

involving the two characters as members of a special class of pieces called heroes, of which Mr. Fischer has the only board.

Oddly enough I started writing stories of these two rogues with WEIRD TALES in mind as a market, but not one of the stories was ever published in that magazine. This in spite of WT's history as bringer-to-the-public of King Kull, Conan, Clark Ashton Smith's adventurers (particularly that pikeman and bowman team of "The Black Abbot of Puthuum"), Jirel of Joiry, a Pictish hero-pair of Henry Kuttner, and I imagine others I can't recall at the moment. But Farnsworth Wright rejected an early version of "Adept's Gambit" as being too experimental--which it probably was and certainly too long for him to take a risk on. (Wright was very careful to keep the more literary and bizarre stories as short as possible and balance them with a good deal of down-to-earth horror and sadism.) Later editors (who never understood what WT was all about) rejected two or three of my shorter Fafhrd-Mouser yarns. And to complete the anecdote, when John W. Campbell, Jr., accepted "Two Sought Adventure" (later titled "The Jewels in the Forest" in the book) he prefaced his acceptance by writing, "Though this is really a story of the Weird Tales type..." Incidentally, that was the first story I sold UNKNOWN and the second I ever did sell. (The first was "The Automatic Pistol"--to WT.)

I intend to write more stories about the two characters, though it won't be easy to find a market. Tony Boucher has a settled detestation of anything remotely resembling a Conan story. Probably FANTASTIC UNIVERSE would be the best bet.

The chief literary forebears of the Fafhrd stories are probably the tales of R.E. Howard, James Branch Cabell, and Eddison, with generous doses of Norse and Irish folklore. In addition I will note that, while I am 6ft. 4½in., Mr. Fischer hardly manages to be that many more inches than 5 ft. tall. He is both strong and agile--he has danced semi-professionally in ballet--and while I'm not much of an athlete I was a pretty good fencer at college; so it takes no great leap of the imagination to see whence came some of the characteristics of the Gray Mouser and his large comrade!

.....Fritz Leiber

THE HOBO'S DREAM
by Bill Pearson

Tit Whittle Lollipop
Hung Diddle Boo
Forty-Three Elephants
Boiled In A Stew.
Braising Impossible --
Baking is too;
Roasting Too Messy And
Broiling Won't Do;
When They Ask "Wot Iss Dis",
I'll Give Them No Clue
Save
Tit Whittle Lollipop
Hung Diddle Boo

1962 Convention Report

FROM *bob tucker*

Robert A. Heinlein trod on my toe. Yes he did.

And really, that is about all the convention report I care to offer to a waiting public. Every other event of that memorable Chicago weekend pales to insignificance by comparison. Seemingly, there were five hundred different things happening there in three short days, but none of them were as important as that one signal occurrence. Robert A. Heinlein stepped on my toe.

I was standing at the lectern on that long raised platform where the Holy Ones were privileged to eat -- you will remember that elongated "speaker's table" where the chosen few got their meals free. I was standing there giving my all plus a few old Bloch jokes when Robert A. Heinlein strode into the room. Earl Kemp dashed up, moved me away from the microphone with a straightam maneuver and made the breathless announcement. Fans stomped and cheered and whistled. The rafters shook. Robert A. Heinlein strode across the room to the speaker's table, strode across the long platform, stepped on my toe, and clutched Ted Sturgeon in that fond embrace routine. Thereafter he made his graceful acceptance speech and strode away.

The following day while I was milling about the anteroom outside the convention hall proper, a messenger came up and said that Robert A. Heinlein was holding court in room 801. Furthermore, the messenger said, Robert A. Heinlein sent down word that he wanted to see me, as he'd heard I was attending the convention. Thank you, I told the breathless messenger. I continued to mill about the anteroom and hall until late in the afternoon, favoring my wounded toe. At train time I left the city of Chicago.

And that is all the convention report I can offer.

- Bob Tucker

 ILL WINDS
 by Lewis Grant

"Hope you don't mind if I make a pig of myself, Circe."

"Don't blow your stack Al, it's only a knot."

"Please, Leander, not tonight; I have a horrible headache."

"Careful, Mrs. Bradford. Don't step on that rock; it's slippery."

"Please wake up, General Grant; the President is here."

"Dear Mrs. Boone:

I am sorry to have to tell you that Daniel cut spelling class three times last week and went hunting."

GRUMBLINGS

GARY DEINDORFER: What do you mean you don't have a fantasy-story sort of house, Buck? On that tape you sent me a long time ago Juanita mentioned being able to look down through the living room floorboards and see daylight coming up from the cellar. And this was at night. If that's not a fantastic house, I'm sure I don't know what is! It is rather common in space opera of the stereotyped sort for one of the crew members to be Japanese. I can't think of any story offhand where the lead character was Japanese, though. The Negro in a science fiction story who stands out most clearly in my mind is the girl jaunting teacher in Stars My Destination.

/That tape must have been made when we lived in Wabash. it would be even more fantastic out here; this house doesn't have a cellar....RSC/

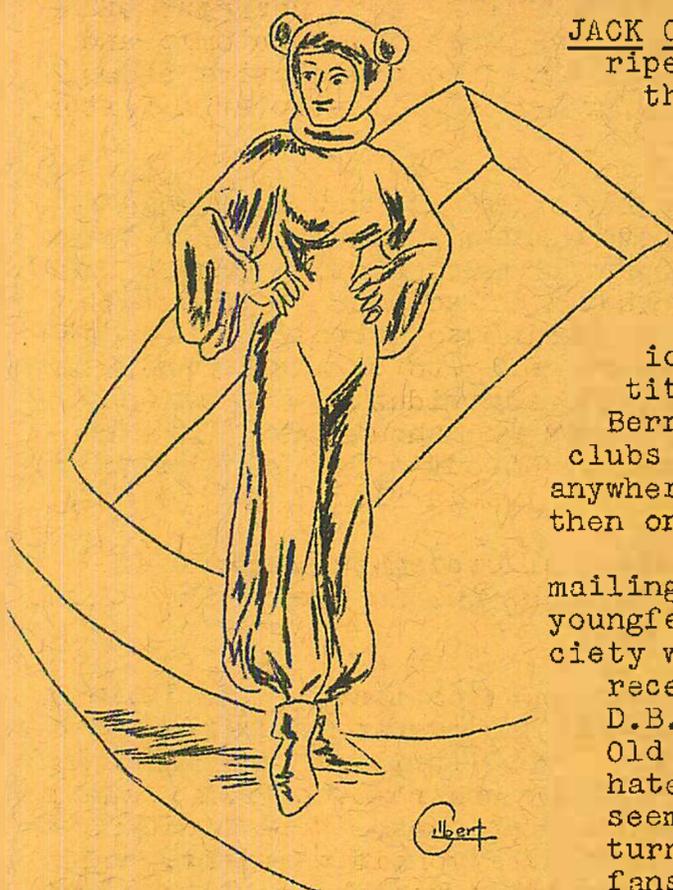
NORM METCALF: I don't know what grand old days Ted has his jaundiced eye fixed upon. In my grand old days 33,000 words was not billed as a long novelette. It was a short novelette. Even twenty years ago ASF and UNK had the potential of printing 154,000 words of fiction. Some just plain novelettes ran 25,000 to 35,000 words long. And twenty years before that ADVENTURE was running close to 200,000 words of fiction per issue with novelettes of at least 58,000 words. These days GALAXY has "novellas" (which are supposed to be longer than "novelettes" by GALAXY's standards) which are all of a tremendously long and reader-straining 6,000 words. The actual method of determining story "length" in GALAXY is the author's name.

As for THE SKYLARK OF SPACE Doc Smith says that when Pyramid asked him to revise it for pb publication he sat down and re-read it for the first time in over thirty years. He thought it stunk after thirty years. So he revised and abridged it. He's now much happier with it. (Source of information, a talk Doc Smith gave to the LASES on 12 Dec 57.)

I don't see why you're worrying about A Trip To Hell. I read it through with Pat and Dick Ellington and Bill Rickhardt. We all had fun picking holes in Berry's logic and citing instances where we knew he was wrong.

(And while I think about it someone ought to find out George Willick's discharge date from the USAF. I knew some people at Tyndall who'd been stationed with George in North Carolina and remembered his reading tastes. It's rather hard to do everything I've heard George accused up when you're in the USAF. And I'm fairly sure he didn't get out until the summer of '60, just before the Pittcon.)

/It's the neo and fringe fans who don't have any way of checking who believe Berry. As far as I know, Willick's first contact with fandom came in April or May 1960, when he met Joe Hensley (which is a pretty traumatic way of starting out, and probably explains a lot of the succeeding actions....)....RSC/



JACK CHALKER: This D. Bruce Berry thing is ripe, but I'm not getting involved; the thing's too hot to touch for my blood, other than a token condemnation of Jennings for publishing and a short note to BJ for publication on the fact that the thing should not be taken as truth, but even if it were truth (which it is not) the experiences are no more typical of fandom as an international entity nor is the U of Chicago club a la Berry any more typical of local fandom clubs than Laney's LASF~~S~~ of the 40s was anywhere near typical of all local clubs then or now.

However, Jennings has on his mailing list a number of fringe-fans and youngfen of the Truth and Light Sercon Society who also get MIRAGE, and who have, in recent letters, told me that they took D.B. Berry as Gospel and what a Nasty Old Son of a So-And-So Kemp is. I really hate to see this, since that booklet seems to be the item most instrumental in turning away Unknowing neofen and fringe-fans from fandom, poisoning them against SF clubs, and slandering good names in

the process. Kemp, of course, but did you notice also that Berry at the start of the thing makes known his dislike of Harlan Ellison, proceeds to crucify him as one of the thieves that Robbed Poor Old Unsuspecting Naive D.B.B. throughout the entire book, and then, in an almost hidden passage near the end which I myself almost didn't see, produces Ellison's vindication notice, but in such a manner as to make no impression of vindication?

JUNE BONIFAS: I don't know of any general feeling in our society "that says that 'nice' women are not interested in such vulgar fields as science". I was not ostracized by my schoolmates because I subscribed to "Things of Science" for a year - that service that sent every so often a little package containing interesting samples of lamination, insulation, little experiments, etc.

Al Borse' experience reminds me of that story in FANCIES AND GOODNIGHTS, "Ah, the University", in which the father had forgotten his son existed when the latter called up from Paris to ask how to play a poker hand.

We had a character around here something like Edward Gein. One time he placed an ad in the paper, seeking a home for some kittens. Then one day he took a rifle and shot up everyone he could see from his window. When he was finally subdued and incarcerated, he was observed to fill a washbowl with water and pat it lightly, then snap back and give a Nazi salute.

I don't quite follow Hal Annas' reasoning concerning fallout. Of course the actual radiation is subatomic, But these particles (and rays) come out because they are in an atomic nucleus which is unstable because of the number of neutrons

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and protons in it. They would not radiate if they were not part of such a nucleus, hence it is misleading to say they are subatomic and for that reason cannot be filtered. Of course the radioactive atoms must be aggregated into larger moles before they will stop at a filter, and I believe they usually are.

LEWIS FORBES: First. I'm damn' glad SOMEONE finally got the sense of Starship Trooper. I was about to have to join the fight myself. Not only is war not glorified, Juan Rico (protagonist) himself made a few unhappy comments on war. And anybody that well adjusted (I HATE the term "well-adjusted") to a society is not going to attack its foundations. The point of the book is: There is going to be war if there are two races, two cultures, two cities, or two individuals. Those who do the fighting and take the risks are the ones who should get the advantages won. Or at least the cream thereof. Nobody's forcing you to fight, but if you want to be a citizen, not just a "legal resident", here's a rifle.

Personally, I think the social system outlined in the book is a Hell of a lot more sensible than the one in use in the States at the present time.

On that subject: There seems to be a sad failing among lawyers to grasp the intent of the Constitution. Not all lawyers, just certain of the more vocal ones. The guarantees were never meant to protect the guilty from the innocent. It is as much the duty of the DEFENSE counsel to see that the guilty are removed from society as it is their duty to see that the innocent are not. Note I did not say punished. I said removed, like you remove typhoid carriers, and for the same reason: to protect society. The lawyer who connives and schemes to free a man he knows is guilty is just as worthy of imprisonment as the man he is wrongly protecting. By the way, I'm speaking of felons: murderers, rapists, arsonists, and such. I am not speaking of traffic violators, or people who keep library books beyond the allotted thirty days (now a misdemeanor ((like petty larceny)) in Naptown).

You comment (in a fmz review) that "-nothing makes you love unions like not having one." To which I retort, nothing makes you love not having a union like having one. I've belonged to three. The only thing they did was collect dues and set my employer's mind against me because I was a union member. They never did me a damn bit of good. I'll take my chances alone, thanx. Not belonging will be as much help as belonging and a lot cheaper. "The Union Makes Us Strong." Us being Reuther, MacDonald, Meaney, Hoffa, etcetera. It just makes the rank and file weak.

Hal Annas has some interesting comments on shelters, but hasn't made my objection to them yet: I'm not convinced they'll be either necessary or useful. I'm rather in agreement with Mr. K (or Chairman K., if you want to be boringly correct) when he says peaceful coexistence is possible. When he says this, he means our courageous government will hand the USof A over to him without a war, without waiting to surrender, and, from the way things are going, without very long a wait.

In re how much better and sooner the Russian Empire is than the US in the space-race. I'll put a man on the moon inside of a twelvemonth if I have unlimited supplies of money (like, I controlled the entire economy), and no worries about safety (like, if it works, headline it. If it doesn't work, bury it with the unfortunates and try again.) The US must go slow because their every move is watched. Not by spies, by newspapers. The

Russian Empire has no worry about unfavorable publicity should they kill a few Cosmonauts.

Proof? Inductive. Have you ever heard of a Soviet rocket which was not an unqualified success? And can you believe that at this state of the art, every shot will be an unqualified success? If you do, you've probably bought the Brooklyn bridge a time or three, too.

/Sure, people are no damn good. If you're lucky, the union will protect you against management, and the management will protect you against the union (not that either one gives a damn about you, but they worry about each other). Of course, if you're unlucky, you've got two groups on your neck, but that's the way the ball crumbles....RSC/

NETTIE OTT: I really like the cover. I think it's the best one this year. The stenciling job is just wonderful. Makes me wish that I had done it.

Love that Gene DeWeese! I'd like to meet him and see if he's as fun in person as he is via column. His housing business sounds like what we've gone thru 8 times in the last 9½ years.

The first apartment we ever had had 18ft ceilings and such a slant to the kitchen floor that we had to put 2 inch blocks under the front of the range to keep it level. And we had to share the bath (we were always locked out). No wash basin, either. Everything had to be done at the kitchen sink. And then there was the three room bungalow - converted chicken coop papered in newspaper - complete with an outdoor john. Housing in Georgia was critical at that time. Then we finally did get one with a decent bathroom - but we had to walk thru a t-v repair shop to get there. We just moved from a nice old barn. Eight and ½ rooms plus 2 baths. It had 16 ft., ceilings and an 8 inch drop off into the bedrooms. Every time a truck went by all the windows in the place rattled. But it was big - almost to the point of being too big. Living room 15 x 30, dining room 11 x 14, kitchen 14 x 14 with breakfast nook 6x8. Even with 7 of us plus pets, we just rattled around.

I looked for the Bjo illo on page 45. My YANDRO only had 28 pages so I guess that Bjo must have done the one on page 15.

I also took a liking to the DEA on page 11. I guess its eyes got me.

Our weekly neighborhood newspaper came out with other day with the item that Dave Prosser gave birth to a baby girl. I know it's not the same Dave, but I laughed about his doing it anyhow.

/Now if I could find a job in Utah, I wouldn't mind moving into that barn you moved out of, sixteen-foot ceilings or not. It sounds like just the right size....RSC/

TOM DILLEY: I don't know about fannish residences, but I have the most unusual fannish closet in the world. I keep clothes in it.

From the writing in the first letter, I can see the reason behind "Bloch was superb." That letter was one of the best, one of the most complete, and, at the same time, one of the most reserved-sounding cutdowns I've ever seen. Many people try to use the "Of course, I don't necessarily know

what I'm saying; it's only that Einstein thinks so..." attack without success, but Bloch is very good at it. I do wonder, however, what would happen if Carr were to give up on the psychology and go to work on the writing quality. I haven't read enough of Bloch (or, at least, of recent Bloch) to say anything myself, but it seems to me that the two of them could go around and around for quite some time over Bloch's technique.

Well, OK Betty Kujawa, we'll not let those "pages and pages used up on listings of some ancient pulp writer's works" clutter up your kind of zine, but I do wish that there were more people around to compile bibliographies and reviews for my type of zine. I don't really think that there's a surplus of reminiscent and bibliographic material these days; on the contrary, there's a shortage, and I think it's deplorable. (The logical reply to this is, of course, "Then why not write some?", to which, in turn, the only reply is that the original publications for article-writing and bibliog.-compiling is even more scarce than are reviews, etc.)

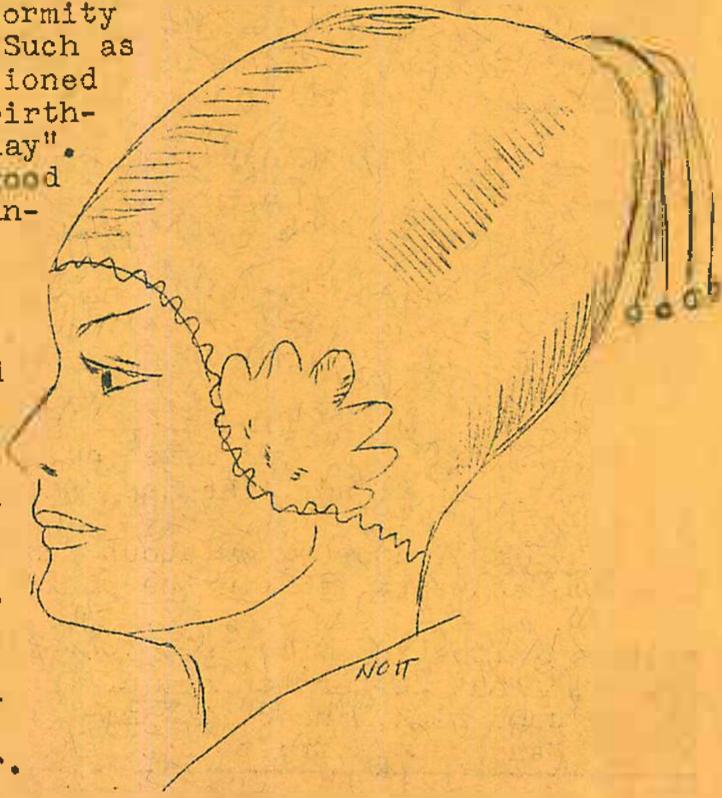
Sieger: It is certainly true that nonconformists can have all manner of difficulties, such as near-ostracism, people who suspect that every nonconformist will eventually turn out to be a dangerous psychotic, et., etc. But usually it is either the unobtrusive sort, who insists upon no more than going his own way, or the crusading sort, who openly despises all forms of conformity, that has the trouble. If one manages nonconformity properly, it is possible to get everyone not only to indulge the lack of common customs but even to consider the Outsider's strange ways and opinions as puzzlingly great at best and entertaining at worst. Nonconformity need not necessarily bring with it avoidance and fear on the part of the world at large. Actually, I guess all one need do is convince everyone that he's not psychotic at all, merely neurotic.

/The ideal method of non-conformity is humorous non-conformity. Such as today (Sept. 25) when I mentioned at work: "One of my wife's birthday presents arrived yesterday".

"Oh?" said Al Borse (a good straight man as well as a fan-nish comedian), "When's her birthday?"

"February 12."

This sort of thing, if it happens often enough (and with most fans this sort of thing does happen often enough) convinces everyone that you're a nut, but harmless.....RSC/



ED BRYANT: In rebuttal to your reply to Bob Jennings in which you inferred that very few faneds are collectors, let me say that I happen to know that George Bibbey is a collector and so is Jack Chalker. Then there is Phil Harrel for in-

stance, and myself of course. Why there are 4 collector/faneds right away. Now let's see, ...subtract these from about 120 faneds and..uh...

/Hmmm...you're collectors, but are you sure you're editors?
I don't know about Bibbey, but how many issues would you say that you and Chalker and Harrell have put out this year...? (Cr is that hitting below the belt?)

LARRY CRILLY: I take issue with you about publishers not being collectors, Mr. Robert S. Coulson, Sir...as you can see I'm going to be quite active in publishing, yet I buy two issues of every prozine being pubbed today (except for the U.K. ones) plus two books a month from Marty Greenberg's Pick-A-Book (got a nice letter from him the other day....) plus older mags like Redd Boggs' near-mint AMZs, FAs, PLANETS, &c., plus a whole slew of stuff I'm ordering from Rick Minter right now. I'm also reading RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH by Shirer, and will go on to RUSSIA AND THE WEST UNDER LENIN AND STALIN by George Kennen (both BotM-Club selections) plus and Saint story by Charteris I can get my hands on; I got nine of Fleming's James Bond stories in Signet books the other day too; I read Time magazine every week, plus a comic called FANTASTIC FOUR every month, starring a character called Human Torch with Prince Namor, Sub-Mariner.

Do you like KIPPLE?

/I don't know, I've never kippled. (I've been waiting for someone to feed me that line....) I used to read like that, but I had to quit. Blind, you know....RSC/

JAMES SIEGER: I like the cover of 115, Krenkel has Talent. But then I like his work, so I'm prejudiced.

That was deliberate, too.

Haven't seen that "Trip to Hell", but I wonder offhand whether this chap Jennings hasn't successfully pulled a lot of legs.

The fiction is the best I've never read.

I think Tucker's poor friend ought to be put out of his misery. That sort of thing makes me wonder what the human race is turning out to be. Me, I've done foolishness in this line too, and I'm not above doing a little bit to impress the Joneses....but going idiotically in debt for that purpose? Of course, I am idiotically in debt, but not for that silly reason.

/No, you're idiotically in debt for other silly reasons. I doubt if Jennings is leg-pulling, but if he is I will laugh dutifully when he explains the joke, agree that he's one up on me, and keep him off the YANDRO mailing list anyway. I got a letter from him, though, saying that he still believed Berry. He's got faith--not much sense, but a lot of faith.....RSC/

ALAN DODD: During the weekend a convention was held as you may have read, with a visiting American BNF appearing - er not the fans that is, the British National Socialist Party had a convention in Gloucestershire, a county that invented the order of St. Fanthony among others, and has the Cheltenham Group - but this weekend Colin Jordan's National

Socialists (i.e. The British Nazi Party) held a camp meeting there and guest was George Lincoln Rockwell, the "Fuehrer" of the American Nazi Party. Well--what I was wondering was, do you suppose there is a TAFP fund for Nazis as well? Rockwell flew in by a little used route via Shannon Airport in Eire. There is a Customs but not immigration check between the Republic of Southern Ireland and England, so he got in even though there were orders to keep him out. So next day Giles has a cartoon in the Daily Express showing a couple of Irish Customs officers looking at a huge group of fully decorated Ku Klux Klansmen carrying buckets and spades while the caption read "More American tourists to see the sights of England I suppose..."

After which Scotland Yard and the news papers got Rockwell and deported him during which time he paid his own fare with a bundle of fivers which must prove there is more money in Nazi fandom than there is in SF fandom. Hmmm. It takes all sorts to make a world. One thing struck me as somewhat amusing was that apparently the headquarters of the American Nazi Party is in Arlington, Virginia - shouldn't it be under Arlington? I wonder if George Scithers knows about all this?

I saw my favourite cover title in TODAY this week - it read -- "I Hit Elvis With a Wet Fish Says Anna Helm".

It was rather odd watching the Telstar broadcasts when Walter Cronkite started talking about "this sunny afternoon"; you see in England it was 8 o'clock in the evening and I had been home for three hours already so I could watch it. You of course were flogging yourself to death on technical drawings in the middle of Wabash at the same time.

I thought though the return show from Eurppe to America was terribly pandering and pompous and I shudder to think what Americans must have thought if they saw asses like Richard Dimpleby and Eamon Andrews as the selected announcers from England -- ghaah. Let's have more imagination by all means. I look forward to seeing the Mardi Gras from New Orleans, Prison riots from San Quentin, KKK lynchings, Chicago gunmen shooting up the place, Rodeos from Wyoming, the Moonlight on the Wabash, a trip on the Wabash Cannonball - even the next SF convention.

THE MARK which Terry Carr mentioned in YANDRO 112 was refused a circuit booking in England where it was made and very few people have seen it. The subject was one that the exhibitors didn't think suitable for a large scale release. So we never saw it. Also on the banned list is Joseph Losey's THE DAMNED - Hammer-Columbia film made here a year ago which tells of a group of children survivors of a leak from an atomic station, they are those born after the accident. Kept away from the rest of society they are trained to become survivors of the nuclear war to come, but a group of normal children stumble on the place -- and they have to be killed off. MacDonald Carey is the star, but there is no sign of it being released yet.

I know a pharmacist who collects old prescriptions just for the weird handwriting. He has a whole file case full. Calls it his cabinet of doctor calligraphy.Lewis Grant

Re-quoted: "And we...men walk under his huge legs." ----- Don Ford
contributed by Lenny Kaye

