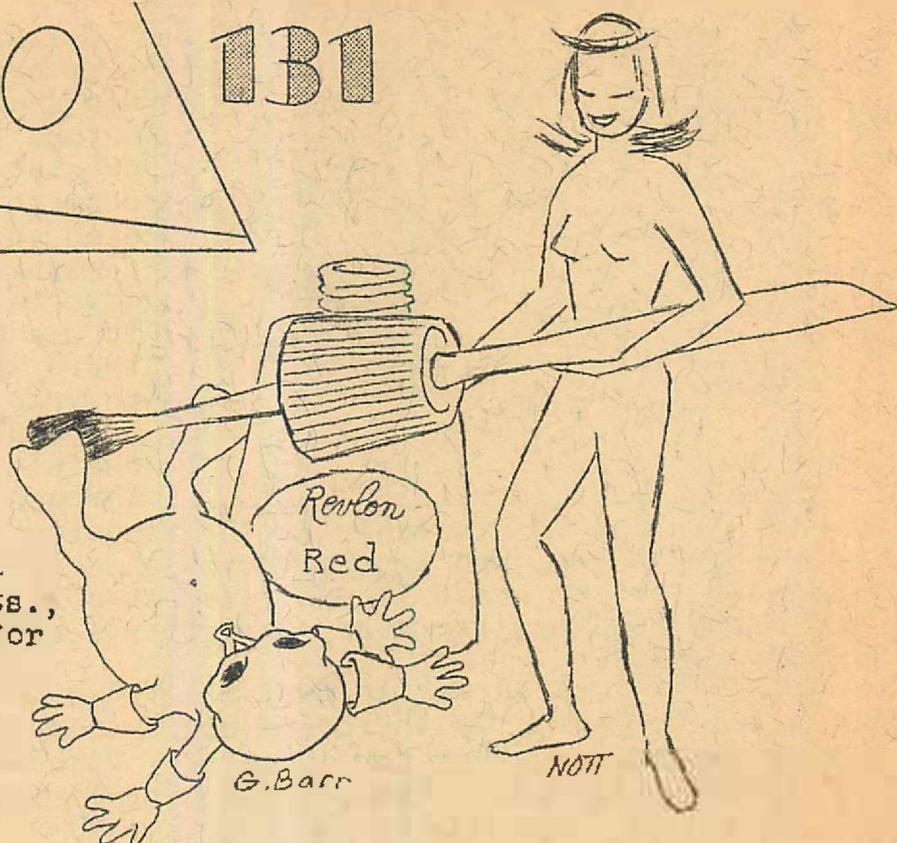


# YANDRO

131



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## ART WORK

- Cover by JWC
- page 1 by Nott & Barr
- pages 2 ~~and~~ by JWC
- page 6 by George Barr
- page 7 by Dan L. Adkins
- page 10 by Nott
- page 11 by Robert E. Gilbert
- page 6 by George Barr
- page 17 by Dick Schultz
- page 20 by DEA
- page 21 by Randy Scott
- page 24 by Atom
- page 25 by Jim Cawthorn



I had one once, but the wheels came off. To wit -- this issue was nearly all on stencil ten days before Christmas, but that was the precise time when everyone got sick. Between visits to the doctor, medicine, hooking up vaporizers and feeling bluh, a number of days got down the drain, and all of a sudden it was practically Christmas and there was baking to do and presents to wrap and cards and decorations and you know the bit.....and after Christmas there was wending our way through umpteen dozen toys and trying

to clean up (and parents in the readership know that bit, too).

So here we are, and ignore the calendar (which there will be none of this year for the above listed reasons--sorry) and throughout the issue read Happy New Year for Merry Christmas. We'll just wish for a happy holiday season.

This issue, as surely in part all the others for eighteen months, is dedicated to George Scithers and his everlovin' Gestetner....I mean the one he somehow acquired for our use. Without it, I would have folded my fannish tent some time during the past months, and certainly never could have continued printing other people's fanzines.

Walt Kelly says 1963 had lumps in it. It was certainly a very mixed year in so many ways. It will become "hip" once more to make sick jokes and b<sup>a</sup> flip about situations, but I know my own attitude will be one of depression for quite some time. This is not because I had overwhelming sympathy for the regime in Washington, love for the Kennedys or flag-waving patriotism. It is partially because any unnatural death, vividly catalogued, is an unpleasant reminder of one's own mortality (and even though one may intellectually accept the fact, I suspect one in love with life cannot, emotionally, delight in such a reminder). Partially it was the utter pointlessness of the entire situation. And most especially, it was because of the children, all of them; Bruce is a bit younger than Caroline Kennedy, a bit older than the youngest Tippit child, and trying to explain the happenings to him put me in a position of proxy anguish for the ordeals of three mothers. In a way, I am sorriest of all for Oswald's children. Whether or not history names him the assassin (I'm willing to wait for the commission and for more detail before making up my own mind completely), his children, human nature being what it is, will carry a stigma all their lives. If anything good might come from this, I would hope it would be understanding and kindness for these innocents (although I must say the interviews and such with Oswald's mother have certainly given the reader an appreciation of why the man may have been unbalanced).

For some time to come, the events of that weekend will return to plunge me into a depression. In time, I suppose this will abate, but at the time, everything seemed to combine to make the events indelible. By one of life's ironies, I was wrapping birthday presents when the news broke, and that evening we were driving up to Milwaukee for a visit with the DeWeeses and Grennells -- and the weather was absolutely hideous, pouring rain, 30-40 mph winds. And we were just finishing packing for the drive home when the Oswald murder happened. I don't

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recall Pearl Harbor, and I remember riding around and around the streets of my hometown in a car with my mother during the three day is-it-or-isn't-it? period after Hiroshima, and I will most vividly remember November 22, 1963 for many years. The worlds of If must spin quite dizzily in many an imaginative fannish brain now.

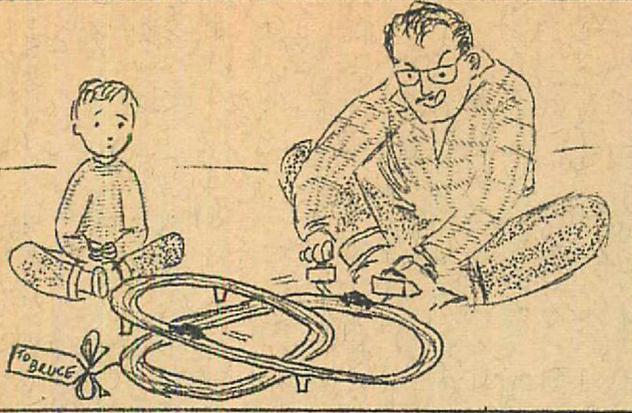
Apologies to the versifiers who may have expected their efforts to appear before Christmas -- but such thought may be even more pungent in retrospect...we hope?

Some of Harlan's other grandiose plans may have come to naught, but I noticed he has his photo in the recent issue of COSMOPOLITAN (a fan-nish magazine in spite of itself - Claude Hall used to work for the publisher). It's a spread about the tv show "Burke's Law", and the particular photo purports to show Aaron Spelling, the creator-producer, "and staff" hard at work on one of the shows; the picture shows Spelling sprawled in a chair trying to look esoterically thoughty, Harlan sitting tailor on the floor with a portable typer atop case before him and scattered about the room various and sundry girls in short shorts and similar working attire. I don't know about the article writer, but I doubt Spelling takes himself seriously -- the show certainly isn't. I rather enjoy it. It has much of the same corny, wise cracking, idiot plot quality I enjoyed in Cap Future, Manning Draco and similar bits of dither. If you enjoyed the same sort of thing, you might tune in one week. Who knows, you might have another opportunity to see Sammy Davis, Jr., playing Cordwainer Bird, or Wally Cox as a mousy Zacherly.

Couple issues back I detailed possibilities that Project Art Show could have stencils Gestafaxed at a very cheap rate. We wondered what the catch was -- we found out. The dealer says, as an afterthought, "Oh, of course I meant to do up at least 50 stencils at a time." Bjo explained fandom doesn't quite operate that way....so hold the stencils until further notice. We'll keep you posted. The styli kits are still quite available, though: \$3.50 each from Bjo Trimble, 5571 Belgrave Avenue, Garden Grove, California, 92641. I'm quite fond of my set, and it's been getting pretty heavy use. There's one broad bladed tool (I'm not sure what it's designed for -- it looks like a shovel, or some horrible dental scraper) that works fine in producing the "scoogy" effect-- just put a writing plate under the stencil and carefully s-c-r-a-p-e across the stencil with this.....looks like charcoal shading.

As I write this, there's one more day to go on 1963 -- and the way things have gone so far this year, I feel a little like holding my breath till the thing's over and done with. But when next I speak, we'll be working on a new calendar, and here's hoping it finds you in as healthy a shape as what's currently on our record player -- Leon Bibb bellowingly driving an ox team.....and may you prove as strong as..

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Sharp-eyed readers will have noted the appearance of elite type in this and the last issue. We do not have a new typewriter (worse luck!) -- this is the beast I use at work. It's a nice machine; I've made Honeywell an offer for it, but they didn't even bother to answer. (Such is life.)

Bob Chazin, Walter Breen and Don Thompson all sent in additional identifications of fans in the Chicon Photo Annual, but unless

lots of you write in and insist I will just pass them along to Klein and refrain from publishing them myself.

Does anyone in the readership know a California fan named Trabor Brazton? He sent in some illos, and gave his address as 17607 Wasco Road, Shafter, California. We kept a couple of the illustrations and returned the others, or tried to. The post office returned my letter with the notation that it had never heard of him. (Is Shafter anywhere close to Mount Shasta?)

Two years ago I received the following note from Ed Bryant: "I haven't found a sf fan other than me yet that has a copy of THE LOVE MACHINE. It was published by Merit Books back in June, 1960 and is by Auren Paul. It's a modern tragedy type thing. Science fiction enters in the form of a device that can play back to the user recorded emotions. Sort of like the machines in THE MAN WHO COULDN'T SLEEP. An interesting book tho not Gheat Literature." Never having heard of the book myself, I requested a more comprehensive review. By now I'm beginning to suspect that I'm not going to get one. Anybody know anything about this one?

Then there is Honeywell, which is still putting out interesting bulletins. The Customer Service Department is the outfit that handles all the correspondence from customers about special orders, replacement parts, etc. -- as far as I know its entire existence depends on fullfilling mail orders. So I was a bit startled to read, in a bulletin issued by Customer Service: "As of today we are operating successfully in all areas with the exception of communications."

A few fans may have been confused by the announcement in FFF to the effect that Joe Fekete was holding a meeting to organize Cleveland fandom in order to make a bid for the '66 Worldcon, inasmuch as Cleveland fandom has been organized for some time for this very purpose. However, Joe was not being a fugghead; he was simply making the mistake of believing what an ex-Cleveland fan told him. Which is a good way to dramatise a warning for new fans; don't believe the unsupported word of anybody (not even me). Actually, I guess there's no harm in believing a fan's word, but don't act on it without getting some confirmation. It can get you an undeserved bad reputation. (And all too many fans who should know better make the same mistake. I do it, too, tho there aren't too many fans whose word I'll take on anything very important.)

I have this habit of saving scraps of paper containing interesting but useless bits of information; they generally find their way into YANDRO eventually. Such as the fact that a group of jackrabbits is called a husk, and the feminine counterpart of misanthropy is misandry. (There, now I can throw that one away....) I don't know why "husk" should be restricted to jackrabbits; the Loyal Genus of Cottontails should file a protest.

Rob Williams sent along a "Final\*\*\*Extra" edition of The Last News, carrying a huge "scare"-type headline: CHRIST IS COMING. This is dated Dec.

4 -- just thought you'd want to know.

The other evening I had nothing better to do than tune in an old horror movie on the tv. (Well, I had better things to do, but I didn't want to do them.) I wasn't expecting much; the title was "Creature From The Haunted Sea" and the cast was nobody that I'd ever heard of. So I was quite pleasantly surprised. Not at first; the credits came on and the only name I knew was Roger Corman, which wasn't exactly encouraging. The only encouraging -- or at least confusing -- part was that the credits were ushered on and off by gimmicky little critters reminiscent of Jay Ward's creations for the titles of "Bullwinkle" and "Fractured Flickers". Then the show began and it is absolutely the most fannish movie I have ever seen. The plot sounds exactly like one of John Berry's "Goon" epics, as does some of the dialog. The whole thing was apparently filmed on a budget of \$50 or so, so it isn't in a class with "The Raven", but it's still fascinating. I cherish lines like "We'll swim to shore...through shark-infested water, so nobody can follow us." Or, "Of course, darling, we'll have to live on the income of an American spy, which is \$41.50 a week." A good share of the film is narrated by a sort of bush-league John Wayne, with rousing descriptive lines such as: "It was dusk. I knew, because the sun was going down." At the beginning the hero, who is the aforementioned American spy, is shown reading a secret message. He promptly eats the message, whips out a huge false mustache and a pair of dark glasses which even make him look a bit like John Berry, and slinks off to the rendezvous. (Eating the message is nothing; later on he eats part of his short-wave radio, which he has disguised as a sort of Caribbean lunch-box.) During the movie the monster -- which is a bad imitation of a monster in another stf movie -- disposes of large numbers of extras. The finish is a shot of the monster, waving cheerily to the audience and then burping. All in all it's quite good fun; if you see it in your tv listings, don't turn it down with the idea that it's just another cruddy horror movie.

The assassination has brought out all the anti-gun nuts from under the woodwork. It figures, of course; guns are horrid things which kill people (by themselves, presumably) and are anathema to all sorts of sanctimonious do-gooders. John Boardman is "amazed at the arrogance of the NRA leadership in continuing their opposition to gun licensing proposals even after President Kennedy's assassination." I am amazed that John Boardman, who once wrote that all segregationists must share the blame for the deaths of the Negro girls in Birmingham, has the gall to say anything about the assassination of our president by a member of the Fair Play For Cuba committee. Do all the members of that committee share the blame, John? If not, why not? (Of course, I know that they don't, but give me an explanation in terms of your so-called logic.) Despite the things you're going to hear from all sides, the method of assassination was secondary; any fanatic with enough determination can kill anybody he wants to, using a hand grenade, rifle, or ice pick. If you don't believe me, read the official statements of the F.B.I. and the Treasury Department. The cure is not to get rid of guns, but to get rid of fanatics. Unfortunately in this case the disease is often placed in a position where it can divert attention from itself to a symptom. (Also, getting rid of guns is easier, and the politician always favors the easy solution, even if it doesn't solve anything.) I have also heard, from various places, that the Radical Right groups favor private ownership of guns, so it must be bad. Which only goes to prove that our oh-so-respectable liberals, with their horror of Guilt By Association, are quite happy to use the weapon they despise on the other side. Hypocritical? Not really -- it's just the old political doctrine: "The other side are a bunch of crooks and we can prove it because they use dirty tactics. Whereas we only use dirty tactics because we have a Higher Duty to Mankind."

Well, with a little luck we'll come out of this with some of our liberties left, so to close on a happier note: Merry Christmas to All.

# AN OLD CHINA HAND

— article by — AL RUDIS

On the week of October 18, 1963, Life Magazine devoted its movie section exclusively to a series of pictures of movie star Tony Randall in the eight different roles he plays in the forthcoming film "Seven Faces of Dr. Lao", based on Charles G. Finney's The Circus of Dr. Lao.

When a colleague jokingly pointed out to Finney that he is nowhere mentioned in Life's spread, the author "shrugged sullenly" and said, "Well, when you mention Hamlet, you don't always drag in Shakespeare, too, do you?"

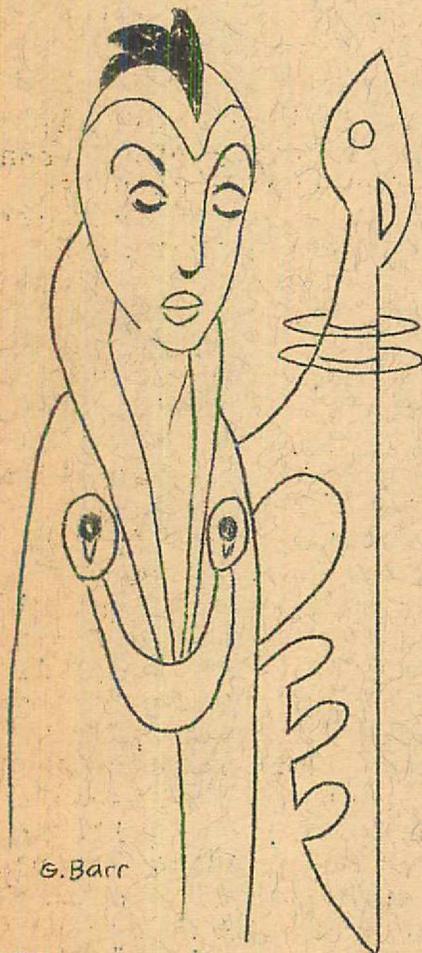
The anecdote above was reported in Tucson's Arizona Daily Star — the newspaper where Finney has worked for 33 years — and elicited an angry response from a reader, who wrote, in a letter to the editor, that it was unfair to use "sullenly" in describing a shrug of the shoulders. The charge was not answered in the letter column, but it was clipped and tacked up on the Star Bulletin board along with a note by the writer of the story which asserted that he had "known Finney for nine years and he is the most sullen person I have ever met."

At first glance Finney does present a sullen picture. He has two shocks of brown hair surrounding a large bald spot on his head, and his facial features are dominated by a huge hanging lower lip in what seems a perpetual brooding.

He is generally acknowledged as the dean of the night desk, where he is known for producing terse headlines with great rapidity. His constant grumblings on such subjects as Republicans are humored and even joked about. He rarely answers these thrusts with other than a grunt and seldom speaks unless asked something. He shares the other copyreaders' mania for crossword puzzles and a word game where each person adds a letter, the object being to not finish a word.

Sitting at this newspaper's copy and proof desks from 4:00 PM to 1:00 AM has been Finney's life for the last 33 of his 57 years. While he is most widely known as an author, his published books number only four and magazine pieces total 13. And most of his reputation rests on one book, The Circus of Dr. Lao, which has sold six printings to date.

Finney's story began on December 1, 1905, in Sedalia, Missouri. He remained at Sedalia through high school and then left for Columbia for one year at Missouri University. In 1927 he left the U.S. for three years of gar-



risson duty with the 15th Infantry in Tientsin, China. Returning to the U.S. in September, 1930, with the Depression well underway, he could only find a job as proofreader at the Star. He went to the copy desk as wire editor in 1945 and stepped down to copy reader in 1956 after a heart attack. He was married in Tucson in September, 1940, and has two daughters.

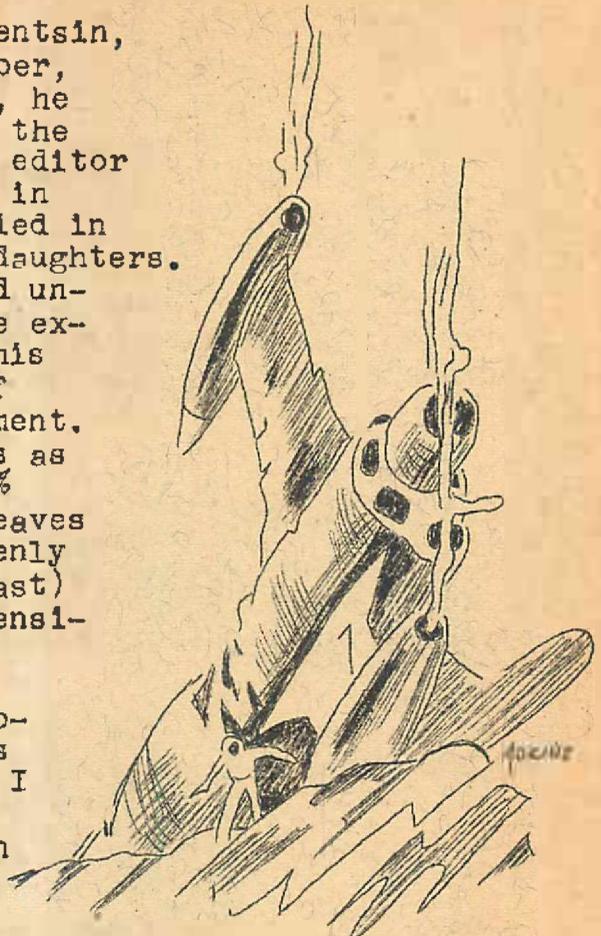
Finney's life has been as careful and unexciting as his headlines. Thus the one experience slightly out of the ordinary, his duty in China, has influenced him out of all proportions to its length or excitement. Finney admits, "I had no war experiences as such in China, the duty there being 100% mundanity. However, when a young man leaves the midwestern corn belt and lands suddenly in China, the effect (in my case, at least) is father profound, and if he has any sensitivity at all it comes as a sort of shock treatment."

It was this shock treatment which produced his classic Circus. Finney admits this but hastens to add, "Certainly, if I had never gone to China, I would never have written The Circus in the manner in which I did. However, I am sure I would have written it in one manner or another." The theme, says Finney, is "that of an artist seeking a sympathetic audience and becoming progressively more baffled. He has his wares to display, but no one cares about them. The people go to see the dirt and are not disappointed; the nuances leave them cold."

Most of Finney's stories are philosophical in nature. In "The Gilshrikes", first published in F&SF, he tells of a strangely moral pair of creatures who ultimately must be killed. In "The Captivity" (F&SF), he tells of a certain kind of prison and how he believes it would affect men. In "The Life and Death of a Western Gladiator", a tale of natural history first published in Harper's, he chronicles the argosy of a rattlesnake who lives happily until mankind arrives on the scene. Mr. Finney's philosophy which underlies all these tales is very simple. He believes: "We are born, we limp along, some -- ignoring the pain -- seeking to create, others to exist as much as possible without pain." His equating creativity with pain probably comes from his own experience. When asked whether he would care to contribute an article or a story to a fanzine he replied, "I don't think I'd write an article for free. It takes too much out of me to write one for pay."

When first exposed to fanzines (Warhoon, Yandro, Bane) and asked his opinion of them, he found them interesting, but thought "the esoteric language rather petty and a nuisance after a while." He went on to say, "The business, to me, carried a faint tang of pen-palship, but I'm sure that's no detriment."

Finney thinks fantasy is the "ideal and in some cases, the only way of expressing one's ideas and philosophy." He prefers fantasy in which the characters are realistic and the environment is fantastic, and points to his favorite works as Alice In Wonderland, Voltaire's Candide, all of Rabelais, Flaubert's Temptation of St. Anthony, Johnson's Rasselas, and Huysman's Against the Grain. In these "the reader accepts the char-



acters as being real and normal in a fantastic setting". Finney reads little present-day fantasy and no science fiction, offering no opinion on either. However, he turns to these classics again and again as models of achievement in fantasy.

At present he has a package of stories, mostly reprints, in the hands of his agent in hopes of publication. The proposed title is The Ghosts Of Manacle, Manacle being the fictitious Arizona town that is the jumping-off point for several of the stories. Meanwhile, he still arrives at work five days a week as the sun is setting, leaves for home in the middle of the night and says, "the combining of newspaper work with creative writing seems now to have been fortuitous; and the two lines of endeavor have seemed to blend rather well."

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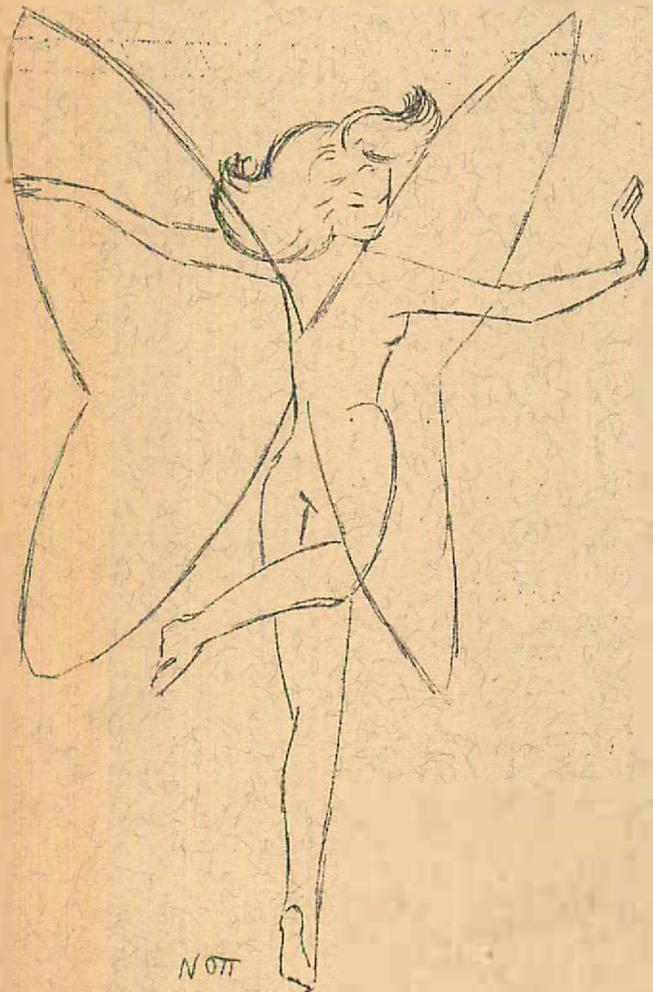
# RECORD OF A HUMAN

fiction by MARGARET DOMINICK

March 3: My name is Alex Morgan. This is my last message. We crashed on this flat, weird-looking asteroid; it came out of nowhere and too fast to avoid it. My partner is dead in the wreck. My spacesuit saved me, but for how long? I'm halfway buried under dirt and wreckage -- how can there be dirt on an asteroid? But there it is. It's like sand. I can't move much; gravity is higher than it should be. I've got a drill bit and the mylar roll from the recorder to scratch the record on. Whoever finds this, take it to my son, Larry.

March 4: Still alive. No pain yet, just feel numb all over. Wish I could stand up and move around a little. Even this writing is difficult, but I have to do something. Don't want to go out of my mind. No hope of rescue, out here. Well, there aren't many on Earth to miss me. Just Larry; his mother is dead. What will he do when I'm gone, too? He's too young...

Something strange; must hold onto my sanity. Nothing could live here, without air, but I saw a light coming from behind me. Not from the stars; a different sort of light. I threw a piece of metal toward it; there's a needle-like rock where the light is blinking on and off. Can't see good.



March 5: I must have gone crazy for a while. Shouted, waved my arms, screamed for help. Of course the shouts couldn't travel across the airless space and there was nobody to see the arm-waving. Nothing is alive here except me, and I won't be for long. I am chained on this empty rock, going around and around with a million stars racing insanely over my head as we race to an unknown destination. A speck of sand with a minute particle of life; how ridiculously uncared and unnoticed by the giant stars. All I want is to sleep now, if that cursed light will let me.

That light; it is searching for me, like a pale finger, reaching me, bathing me with some sort of strange radiation. With chaotic mind I'm waiting; I almost understood the signals. It wants to help me. I tried to lift my body and turn my head. The light is much stronger now. I could see a mirror-like frozen area under a rock formation, not very far from me. There

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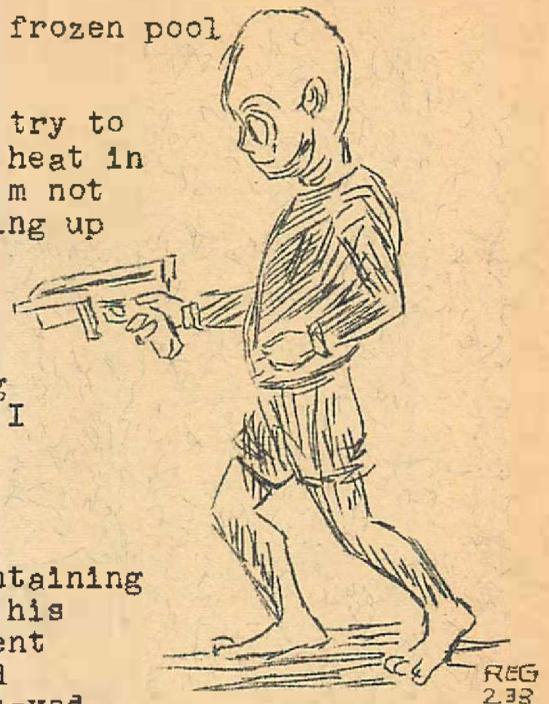
is a pool; what a disappointment! Just a frozen pool of metal or something.

March ?: Must have slept a long time. I try to write; I am not insane. There is no more heat in my suit, no oxygen; I'M NOT BREATHING. I'm not dead; with every pore of my body I'm soaking up more and more of this newly-found life which the pool radiates toward me. I must be insane; can't reason anymore, just scream terrible things toward the pool and try to fight this body from going there. Blackness closing in -- welcome. I can't live like this, as a monster.

\* \* \* \* \*

When they put down the shiny record containing Alex Morgan's frozen body and soul before his Satanic Majesty, even the lesser devils went quiet. "He gave up too easily," explained one devil to his Master. "He could have saved his life, even in the last minutes. He understood the signal that the pool sent. But he didn't accept this life. In the end we had to get him by force. We failed to create a new life form which would be ours. Morgan died still a human."

"We have to break the record and release this one," said his Majesty, "But we will watch and try again. Unfortunately this is the only form of material we can use; there isn't any living soul out here, but they don't know that yer. This soul can live out a new life cycle. We can wait for another one; we have plenty of time."



## Christmas

A million partridges in pear trees  
Pop from beribboned boxes, calling, calling  
With the moon-madness of their kind.

And by some uncanny  
Sleight of our so-rational hand  
Each living room  
Becomes fairyland

And windows transform  
Into magical doorways  
To the forgotten elsewhere  
Of ritual---

Sharon Towle

# STRANGE FRUIT

THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FEDERATION (write to Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tennessee, 37754, for information on membership) N3F literature this round includes THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN, TIGHTBEAM, and a membership roster. TNFF is the official organ of the club; devoted primarily to club business, but now including Don Franson's excellent "Information Bureau" column, plus, for this issue, a sort of condensed con report. TIGHTBEAM is a letter-zine; while it's primarily devoted to club matters, it makes rather fascinating reading for an outsider, as well. I file the membership rosters in my address book; they've come in handy more than once.

THRU THE HAZE (Art Hayes, 512 College St., Bathurst, N.B., Canada - Free to those interested, I guess.) This is mostly devoted to Hayes' comments on recent club feuds, and Alma Hill's project for would-be fan-authors (or rather, fans who are would-be pro authors -- nothing like scrambling a sentence, I always say.) Interesting to someone who is an interested onlooker in feuds -- I suppose some of you out there qualify. (Rather frustrating, though, since I didn't get the material being commented on.)

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #408 (James V. Taurasi, Sr., 119-46 27th. Ave., College Point 54, New York - monthly - 15¢) A good newsletter of professional doings, as long as you don't take it too literally. (Example; the headline this issue is "First "Discon" Pictures" -- only they aren't, because DOUBLE BILL arrived two weeks or more ago with a set of Discon pictures. However, the SFT photos are quite good and worth your 15¢.) The news is about 90% about Burroughs fandom and Burroughs reprints, which I suppose is exciting enough if you like Burroughs. I don't.

SKYRACK #59, 60 (Ron Bennett, 17 Newcastle Road, Wavertree, Liverpool 15, England - bi-weekly - 6 for 35¢ - note: Bob Pavlat is no longer USAgent for SKY.) This is the British newsletter. #59 is devoted mostly to TAFF results; #60 to the folding of Nova Publications. (And I wept a few tears when I heard that -- I'd sooner lose any or all the US mags than lose SCIENCE FANTASY.) There is various other fan and pro news; altogether, the mag is well worth your money.

THREAT OF THE LASFS #79, 80 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Cal, 90024 - bi-weekly - 10¢) California fan news, as reported in the minutes of the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society. If this is the kind of magazine you like, this is the sort of magazine you should buy. (Sorry, Bruce, but I'm running out of inspiration.)

FANAC #94 (Walter Breen, 2402 Grove St., Berkeley, Calif., 94704 - irregular - 4 for 50¢) This is the original FANAC, and contains such riders as one-sheets by Elmer Perdue and William Rotsler and a copy of MINAC #8½, edited, it says, by Bill Blackbeard and Redd Boggs. Apparently this is more or less in reply to the Gerber-White MINAC which carried a fake-FANAC as a rider. Frankly! the whole deal strikes me as being pretty much of a drag. Can't you fellows come up with an interesting feud? FANAC contains more or less up-to-date news, though some of the address changes are outdated already.

DIFFERENTIAL #16 (Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Station C, Ottawa 3, Ontario, Canada - monthly - 2¢) One of fandom's smaller news-and-chatter zines. This issue is more philosophical, with one side of the sheet devoted to "The Practical Hedonift", which aside from the antique spelling and capitalization (apparently for humorous effect) is a pretty straightforward and sensible document. (I'm not sure if Paul intended it seriously; he might have meant to poke fun at hedonism. But it sounds quite sensible to me.)

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"Your damned reviews are too short," said Tom cursorily.

RSC

FANTASY FICTION FIELD #19 (Harvey Inman, 1029 Elm St., Grafton, Ohio, 44044 - bi-weekly, - 10¢ US, 15¢ overseas) A belated issue, due to the editor's operation, which apparently consisted of various surgeons probing around and removing anything in his innards that wasn't nailed down. News is less comprehensive but more entertainingly presented than in most of the fan newsletters.

GARDYLOO #4 (Frank Wilimczyk, 447 10th. Ave., New York, N.Y., 10001 - quarterly - 15¢) I wonder if a mandalic Zip Code has any esoteric significance? This is entirely editor-written, consisting of comments on the N'APA mailing and on the world in general. Usually interesting. I would comment on the longbow-vs-gun bit except that the mag I want to quote is at home and I'm at work. Maybe in the editorial, if I don't forget it.

SHAZAM #3 (Don Glut, 3754 No. Magnolia Avenue, Chicago 13, Illinois - final issue - 50¢) A note with this says he has about 200 copies left (and that the price is 60¢; he added 10¢ for postage). This is one of the big fanzines on movies -- serials, horror films, adventure films, etc. Offset reproduction, lots of photos, etc. Looks very professional until you note in the letter column a note from Dick Lupoff saying, in effect, "If you want to send me a copy, I'll look at it". Goshwow, gang, Dick Lupoff is a Big Name, and even if he doesn't say anything worth publishing (which would have been pretty hard even for Dick, since apparently he hadn't seen an issue at the time he wrote) this is a way to make the letter column look real fine by getting a Big Name in it. Articles and so on are pretty good if you go for that sort of thing. Jim Harmon writes another one on Tom Mix -- I sometimes wonder why he doesn't make his adulation pay off by writing a book-length biography of Mix. (Or has he, and failed to sell it?) This mag is generally better reproduced and has fewer errors than Harmon's own RADIO-HERO had; if you like this sort of thing it might even be worth the money.

MASK & CAFE #2 (Margaret Gemignani, 67 Windemere Road, Rochester, N.Y., 14610 - bi-monthly - 30¢) Much better reproduction than the first issue. Almost everything is readable, and some of the illustrations are quite good, now that I can see them. If she would do something about her spelling now, she might have a first-rate comics fanzine. Material seems more or less average; I'm no expert on comics articles, but these seemed as good as most that I've read, and the Burroughs stuff is better-written than the Burroughs material in several stf fanzines that I've seen.

BLACK STAR COMICS #1 (Rick Weingroff - published as a supplement to MASK & CAFE but I think you can get it separately for 30¢; the logo wasn't too clear - Rick's address is 3231 Southgreen Rd., Baltimore 7, Maryland) Spelling is better than on MASK & CAFE, but the reproduction is worse. Material seems about the same; I could do without any of it but I suppose if you go for old comics you'll like it. (Of course, Juanita collects old comics and she didn't like it, but then she's an exception.)

I didn't put any ratings on the above magazines because I didn't feel like it. Complaints will get you nowhere. (Neither will approval; I may rate this sort of thing next time, if I feel in the mood.)

AMRA #26 and 27 (George Scithers, USA R&D Group, APO 757, New York, N.Y., 09757 - irregular - 30¢) This will be the last issue until spring, George mentions; he also says that inquiries about back issues should go to Dick Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Drive, Alexandria, Virginia. Presumably the army doesn't look kindly on an officer and gentlemen lugging around 50 pounds or so of back issue fanzines during his overseas duty. This is the magazine of swords and sorcery -- not only do you get written material by L. Sprague de Camp (and even the prozines don't get his stuff anymore), Fritz Leiber, Poul Anderson, etc., but you get multilithed illustrations by Roy Krenkel, Jim Cawthorn, Harry Douthwaite, Gray Morrow and others of the best artists in fandom (or out of fandom, if you stick to swords and sorcery). Rating....9

Along with one of these AMRAs came a notice that Larry Kafka, 2819 Morris Ave., Bronx 68, New York, will be issuing ISHBAK, an s&s newsletter, @ 75¢ per year.

POINT OF VIEW #1 (Charles Platt, 8 Sollershott West, Letchworth, Herts., England - bi-monthly - 6d or 2 for 1/6, which doesn't make sense - try 15¢) This, according to the editor, is designed mostly for stf readers who are not now fans, and is deliberately unlike the "typical" British fanzine. It resembles far more the typical first issue of a US fanzine, except that the reproduction is good. There is an oversupply of fiction; I know Nova just folded, but this isn't going to replace it. Quality of the fiction is about average, and there is a good "fact article" (always the best kind of article, I say). There is also a crossword puzzle -- fanzines are always bringing out crossword puzzles, for some inexplicable reason. Recommended to young fans who want more fiction in their fanzines. Rating.....2

TENSOR #2 $\frac{1}{2}$  (Langdon Jones, 36 Winscombe Crescent, Ealing, London W.5, England - 15¢ - irregular) The editor got so many letters of comment on issue #2 that he published this effort -- 24 pages of letters and half a dozen or so pages of editorial and other odds and ends. If you're the nosy sort who likes to read other people's mail, you'll love this. It's a pretty interesting letter section, all things considered. Rating.....4

DYNATRON #18, 19 (Roy & Chrystal Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107 - irregular - 15¢) This is usually bi-monthly, but when two issues come stapled together, I say it's irregular. (If new readers want both of these, send 25¢.) This is an extremely general type generalzine -- Dave Patrick is strongly advised to avoid it. The writers get into definitions of science-fiction, childhood nostalgia, the Lost Chord, conventions, and a fascinating rundown on some character who bought up one of Albuquerque's streets (seems the city had never acquired legal title to it). Letter-writers range even wider, even including the comments of a Japanese fan on Italian science fiction. Rating.....6

DOUBLE BILL #7 (Bill Bowers, 3271 Shelhart Rd., Barberton, Ohio, 44203, and Bill Mallardi, 214 Mackinaw Ave., Akron, Ohio, 44313 - 30¢ for this issue, 25¢ for future ones - quarterly - cash to Bowers, trades to Mallardi) This is in the good old tradition of giant Anniversary Issues -- 72 pages of text, an artfolio of 13 full-page illustrations, and a photo-cover containing the first photos from the DisCon. Material runs from average to excellent; I'm not sure how many young fans will get the point of Tucker's parody, but it's pretty funny to the older ones (or to this older one, if we're being specific). News for serious stf fans is a "questionnaire" which was originated by Lloyd Biggle and circulated to a whole glob of professional writers and editors. 17 replies are published in this issue, and more will be along next time, according to the editors. The symposium is even published at the back of the magazine, so you serious fans can rip it off and throw away the remainder of the issue with a minimum of difficulty. At the price, this is the biggest fanzine bargain I've seen for a long time. Rating.....9

KIFFLE #48, 49 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Maltimore, Maryland, 21212 - 20¢ - irregular but averaging monthly or oftener; I'll have to check one of these days) The fanzine of serious liberal philosophy. As long as Ted sticks to segregation and censorship, there isn't much I can say except that I agree with him pretty well. When he gets into scientific and philosophical books I can't say a thing since I'm not interested in philosophy and while I do enjoy some scientific books they aren't the same ones that Ted comments on. I used to disagree violently with him; either I'm getting more liberal or he's getting more sensible. (Yes, John, I'm equating common sense with conservatism. Have fun with it.) One difficulty with the mag is that with the exception of John Boardman and a few others, the letter writers are all calm, sensible, middle-of-the-road types, which doesn't lead to discussions which are ~~enter-~~taining to the innocent bystander. A little violence in the expression of opinions does liven things up; I disagree far more with Boardman than I do with Pauls, but his fanzines are more fun to read. Rating...5

THE TWILIGHT ZINE #11 (Bernie Morris, 420 Memorial Drive, Cambridge 39, Mass - 25¢ - quarterly ) Another crossword -- are there that many crossword puzzle enthusiasts in fandom? "The Vorpall Sword" isn't quite the sort of parody that I dote on, but others

right like it. There is a long, serious, and good critical paper on "More Than Human" which provides a little of that serious criticism that various fans have been accusing fanzines of having too little of. There is also a short review of the first two Vega books (but it didn't do any good, as I see they've issued two more anyway). Mike Deckinger overreacts to Dick Lupoff's suggestion of voting a Hugo to "Savage Pellucidar" next year -- all this fervor over one idiotic suggestion? There is a letter column and fiction and, even if the mag had nothing else in it that I could stand, I would enjoy it simply because of "The New England Weather Song", which is wonderful. Rating....7

CRY #171 (Box 92, 507 Third Ave., Seattle, Washington 98104 - bi-monthly - 25¢) This is primarily composed of columns. Buzby takes up Civil Rights, with the idea that those in favor of them might get more rights if they became a bit more civil. Elinor chats about this and that -- I always find her column fascinating, though I must admit that I seldom agree with anything in it. (My disagreements with Elinor's ideas, though, aren't the sort that lead to name-calling and typewriter-pounding; I just quietly read and renew my sense of wonder.) Wally Weber talks about science fiction and edits the long lettercolumn. (CRY's lettercolumn is probably the most famous and certainly the most discussed lettercolumn in any current fanzine.) John Berry writes what I fervently hope is fiction, but with Irish fandom one never knows. Rating....6

DETROIT IRON #4 (Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Mich., 48234 - quarterly - for comment?) This is primarily an OMPA-zine, but non-members might well be interested in John Berry's fanzine classifications -- or in the entire facsimile edition of VERITAS, for that matter, which Dick includes with DI.

Just got MEIN OMPF #1 from Colin Freeman and MICKY #2 from John Kusske, but I don't think that either is circulated much outside their respective apas. And there was a eulogy for Kennedy from Dick Schultz, but it isn't the sort of thing that one would save extras of -- at least, if I was Dick I'd have sent out every copy immediately.

MINAC #8 (Ted White, 339 49th. St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11220 - bi-weekly - three 4¢ stamps per copy - co-editor, Les Gerber) This has more riders than it does basic fanzine; FANAC from Demmon and White, EGO from Meyers, and SMACK from Robert Bashlow or Baslow (he doesn't seem quite able to decide). I haven't read anything except the two-page MINAC and after skimming the rest I probably won't read them.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #8 (Robert W. Franson, Box 1568, San Diego, California, 92112 - bi-weekly - ten for \$1) Reception of this seems to be rather mixed. Everyone who has commented to me thought it was lousy and my last review of it far too lenient, but since it is still going in offset form, and has even added British and Australian agents, somebody certainly must like it. In fact, a lot of somebodies must. I'm not one of them, but don't let that bother you. This is devoted to short reviews of some of the stories in current professional sfmags, plus a few book reviews. The rating system is still too complicated. (Nobody has given any good reason for having different numerical/letter systems for rating novellas, novelets and short stories, probably because there isn't any.) Actually the material is more nearly plot synopses than it is reviews, but if the editors want to call them reviews I won't argue. If you want to know what's in the current magazines and are too lazy to read them yourself, here's a fine place to find out. Rating.....3

MENACE #81 just arrived from Pelz. Lee Sapiro is still claiming that the comics edition of same damages the LASFS' reputation. Since the last big reputation the club had (fading now, but liable to be revived with the reprinting of Laney's stuff) was that of a nest of homosexuals, I fail to see exactly what damage he thinks can be done to it. Fred Patton sends a fannish one-shot, HEARTS AT MIDNITE. I don't like fannish one-shots.

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Use Timex -- The only watch that's shot from guns!

# MEMORIAL

BY

DEREK NELSON

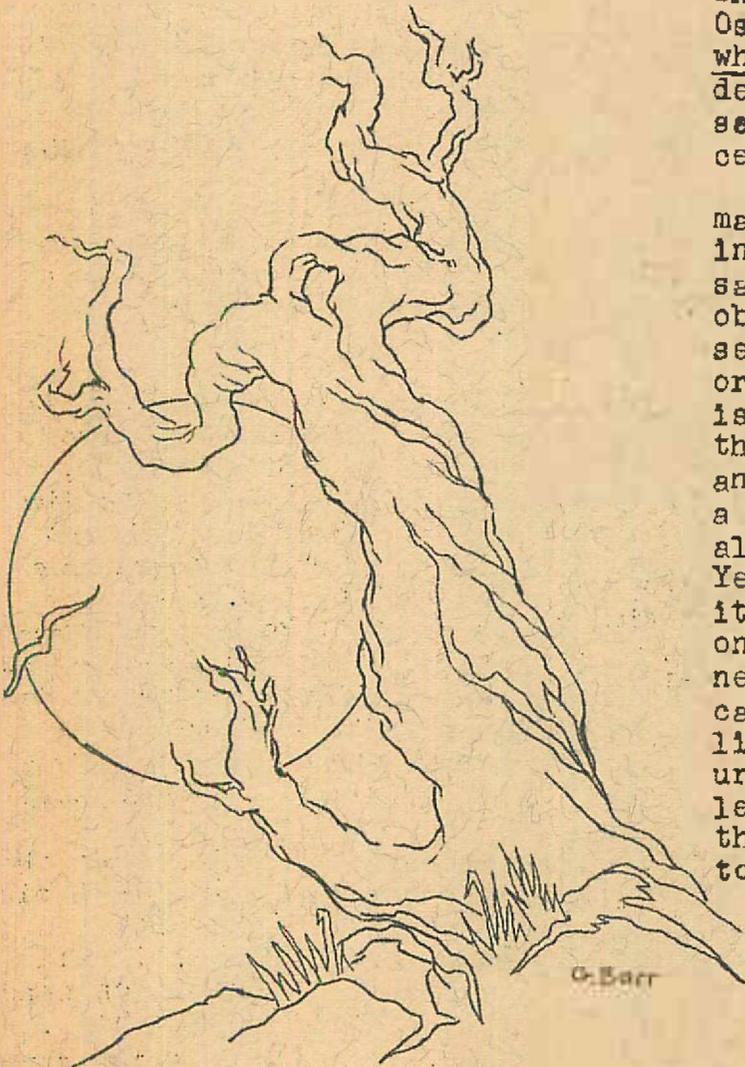
A foul and monstrous crime has been performed. A man is dead. In truth, more than a man died; he was a symbol for a generation, an articulate exponent of a philosophy of a new frontier for Man, an inspiration who held a personal, emotional relationship with all the peoples of the Western World. Even those who disagreed with his policies felt an irreparable, tangible loss, a bitter emptiness in their souls and their hearts when the news -- unbelievable then and even now -- reached them in their homes, on the streets, or in their places of employment.

Little details stand out from those three tragic days: A forgotten bouquet of roses; a television reporter in the rotunda, his voice so choked with emotion he could hardly speak; a young Negro girl bursting into tears and being consoled by a white man in their mutual anguish; a bugler mournfully blowing taps in a last eloquent farewell to a President and a man.

And the brutal, cowardly assassination itself. Who is to blame?

The Secret Service? Lee Harvey Oswald? Or rather should we ask what performed this cruel and despicable deed, this ignoble desecration of the democratic process?

A Cause killed with an automatic rifle, the man was just an instrument. Though considered sane in the legal sense, he was obviously insane in the political sense. Whether he was a Castroite or a Bircher, a Nazi or a Communist makes little difference. When the ego is suppressed so completely, and identity becomes merged with a narrow fixation, then the rational portion of the man is dead. Yet the most horrible feature of it all lies not in one's killing one's own personality, but in the need to propagate the Cause that can lead the fanatic to take the life of another. Any and all who urge a solution to political problems outside the rule of law -- they are the guilty ones; they are to blame.



Detestation of Causes and fanatics of all breeds of men and shades of opinion should run deeper than the mere hatred that drives these excuses for men, and if such reaction is produced by this cowardly assassination, then one -- and only one -- good will have arisen from the death of a man who must be, in the historical sense at least, considered great.

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"Passionate hatred can give meaning and purpose to an empty life. Thus people haunted by the purposelessness of their lives try to find a new content not only by dedicating themselves to a holy cause but also by nursing a fanatical grievance. A mass movement offers them unlimited opportunities for both."

Eric Hoffer  
THE TRUE BELIEVER

---

## TO MOST OLD MEN

Mainly  
men are sad creatures  
who have crushed crackers  
beneath dry-yellow  
beer glasses.

Have you heard the trees  
whisper above the heads of  
old men?

I have seen bluebirds  
dying  
in fields of yellow corn  
and carried off by mice.

Frozen time: leaves snarled in ice  
will know no spring.  
Furrowfaced  
glandless-glad  
praying for the last  
stingers of youth:  
not Ishmael, not Cain,  
but once a man died  
forsaken.

john pesta



# Grumbblings

Dick Lupoff, 210 East 73rd Street, New York, NY, 10021

I'm writing this letter and sending identical copies of it (the original to Mike; carbons to the others) in reply to Mike's message which has been appearing in fanzines lately with the regularity of a Campaign. I'm referring to Mike's opinings contra Burroughs in general, Burroughs fans, Burroughs illustration, and most particularly the suggestion of a Hugo for Burroughs' novel SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR.

Mike seems to have three main points, as follows:

I. SF Fandom "permits" Burroughs fans to attend cons, rather as the Vatican Council permits Protestant and Orthodox observers to attend (but not participate in) its sessions. And those damned Burroughs fans had better watch out and not get too pushy, or they'll get shown the door.

II. (I'll just quote Mike's YANDRO letter here): "One condescension has already been granted Burroughs fandom by the Hugo to Roy Krenkel, who specializes in ERB artwork, and is as stylistically retarded as Galaxy's works. Let's keep it at this."

III. (I'll quote again from the same letter): "The Hugo awards haven't been 'cheapened' yet to the extent that they would be were Burroughs' SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR to be given the statue in the best novel category next year, as Lupoff calls for... GLORY ROAD no more deserves the little spaceship than SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR does."

Although the above points are taken immediately from Mike's letter in YANDRO 130, I think he and all others will agree that he says essentially the same thing in CRY 171 CotR, and in his TWILIGHT ZINE article, "The Stolen Hugo".

For all I know he'll be saying it elsewhere too, before long, but those are the only three places where I've seen it to date.

Now, to bring a little perspective to the situation, let me take up Mike's three points, briefly, in the same order that he makes them (or at least, the same order in which I cited them).

I. SF fandom "permits" the Burroughs fans to attend Cons. Is that so, Mike? Who does this permitting, specifically? The Convention chairman? I doubt that. I know the past four convention chairmen -- Earl Kemp and George Scithers fairly well, Dirce Archer and the Busbys moderately so. (All right, the Busbys weren't the Season chairmen -- it was Weber. They're all the same Gang, and I know Wally too.) The point is, none of these chairmen have ever mentioned to me that they were "permitting" the Burroughs fans to attend. The question never arose.

Roughly 60% of Burroughs' works are SF, and if you count in the borderline SF theme of lost races, that figure comes up around 90%. The fact that some fans specialize in Burroughs doesn't make them less SF fans -- there are fans who specialize in Doc Smith, H.P. Lovecraft, Bradbury, Heinlein, etc. That's their business. There is no reason to single out the Burroughs fans for ostracizing...but if there were, prepare yourself ne'er again to see Sprague de Camp, Sky Miller, Ray Bradbury, Heinlein, or a good many others. Some weeks ago John Dickson Carr and I were reminiscing together over the glories of John Carter of Mars. How's that for name dropping!

But to get back to the point, this whole business of "permitting" Burroughs fans to participate in SF fandom is nothing but a red herring.

It's completely meaningless. Forget it.

II. Krenkel's Hugo was a "condescension...granted Burroughs fandom". (We'll never mind about Deckinger's opinion of Krenkel's style -- that's Mike's own business.) But here we again see Mike spouting completely meaningless tripe. Nobody "condescended" to give Krenkel a Hugo as any sop to any pressure group. Roy won his Hugo in the free competition of all SF artists who were active in 1962. It's true that he specialized in Burroughs -- he did one book for us (Canaveral Press) and several covers for Ace -- but he also appeared in ANALOG.

But again the major point is Mike's distorted perspective. There was no question of condescension. Roy won -- period.

III. Mike's continuing campaign against a Hugo for SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR. Well, let me ask one question:

Mike Deckinger, have you read SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR?

I suspect not. And I would be very happy to resume the conversation any time you can tell me that you have read it. (I am referring to the complete novel -- 80,000 words -- not the 20,000 word novelette that appeared in the November '63 AMAZING STORIES.)

As usual, I'm in the middle. I agree that Deckinger overstated his case by a good wide margin, and even threw in completely irrelevant material. On the other hand, I have read ten or a dozen Burroughs books, and SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR could be twice as good as anything else Burroughs wrote and still not be worthy of a Hugo. I won't call foul if it wins; unlike some fans I don't consider it a personal insult if fandom as a whole doesn't abide by my judgment. But I'd be decidedly unhappy about such an outcome. RSC/

Don Hutchinson, 484 Church St., Apt. 916, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada  
In #129 I particularly enjoyed (in order of preference) Katherin MacLean's "Expression of Opinion", the letter section, and Jenrette's longish comments on the Heinlein serial. Since fandom is ostensibly a literary society (!?!?) I believe that publication of two and three page reviews of important stories or writers is an important service. Not that every fan mag should be devoted to criticism or reviews. God knows we live in an age of criticism nowadays. We even get collections of criticism so that it becomes impossible for the critics to criticise the critics. Nevertheless, I still find good reviews extremely interesting.

I liked MacLean's article in particular because it was a common-sense statement on a subject to seldom associated with much sense of any kind. It's a subject which SF should tackle head on but seldom does. Personally, I can't imagine an enlightened future in which religion still exists except in the broadest sense.

The equation of goodness with organized religion and the consequent connotation of evil with agnosticism and freethought is surely one of the best but most unfortunate of PR jobs. It will take a revolution of kinds to change this attitude, or perhaps just the slow swing of time. In any case it is difficult to see any brave new world as long as we hug our ancient superstitions so tightly.

On #130/ Once again I must compliment the two of you on a handsome amateur magazine. The cover in particular is just about the best mimeo work I've seen.

I enjoyed almost everything in the issue with the exception (I'm sorry) of Alan Dodd's over-long holiday digressions. Granted that a fanzine need not concern its every immortal page with sf, I still don't

find a straight journal of this kind all that fascinating.

As for Canaveral's bid to lift SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR into the Hugo nominations: I must admit, I enjoy Burroughs. Probably most of us have at one time or another. He put his (and our) favorite dreams into printed form. But, as Gore Vidal has stated, the grand old fellow was quite ignorant of literature, and the idea of awarding a Hugo to a never-before-published Burroughs reject must surely be questionable to people who believe that Sf has acquired some small amount of sophistication over the years. Of course the genre has lost some of that (quote) sense of wonder (unquote) that grand-daddy Burroughs doled out in goodly measure. But this is only natural and the good stories of today have, in their own way, considerably more to offer than the sword-clanking crudities of yesteryear. To be fair, I could write paean of nostalgic praise; I enjoy that kind of glorious corn. But enjoyment shouldn't cloud perspective, and that goes for the whole of science-fiction literature. Besides which, Canaveral puts itself in the suspicious position of the big movie studios who push their own films at Oscar time...not for the good of the film industry but for the enrichment of their own larders.

Yes, I too saw The Brain That Wouldn't Die. It seemed more like The Picture That Wouldn't End. It was so unbelievably bad that it was enter-

taining...in a perverted sort of way. The "monster" that burst out of the closet at the end was actually wearing one of those cigar store rubber masks and had one real ear sticking out the side. The car wreck scene was executed on a \$1.98 budget by dint of doing a swish pan away from the car at the top of a hill, throwing in a recorded sound effect of brakes squealing and a car crashing, and then having the hero roll slowly past the camera down the hill. When the camera cuts back to the "demolished" car the audience sees only a jagged window (presumably that belonging to the automobile) and a bloody hand sticking up into the air, in the lower part of the frame. Well, anyway, you get the picture...and please take it. So much for the New Wave.

Since there seems to be some discussion afoot about the non-sf reading of youth, I'd like to mention one writer who delighted me as a child and who continues to do so: Mark Twain. Old Sam Clemens is one of my favorite people and I agree with those perspicacious people, noble souls all, who regard him as Ameri-

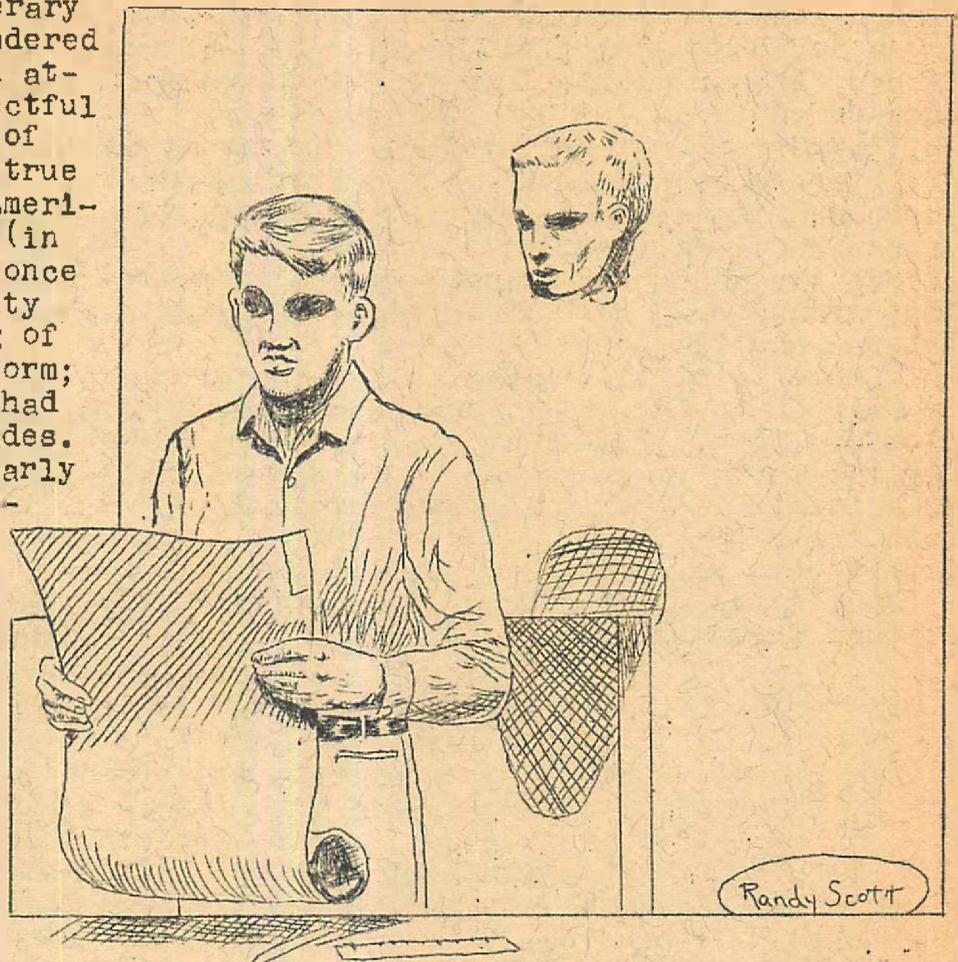


ca's one authentic literary genius. I've often wondered how many fans have been attracted to his disrespectful humor and lively sense of invention. As for his true worth in the field of American letters, Hemingway (in a paroxysm of modesty) once disclaimed responsibility for the revolutionizing of the English narrative form; he admitted that Twain had beaten him by many decades. And with a style not nearly as self-conscious, I believe.

Oh, DeWeese enjoys all those bad films, or at least the ones that are especially bad. (I do too, but any more I don't have time to sit thru all the ones that are just dull in order to enjoy the unintentionally funny ones.) I can't

say that Juanita and I are real gung-ho Twain enthusiasts, but she does relish his demolition of James Fenimore Cooper, while I enjoy most of his articles that I've read.

RSC



E.E. Evers, 118 W. 83rd St., New York, NY, 10024

Nott's little hexapod peering out of Barr's fishbowl fits the YANDRO dual-personality perfectly, just the thing for the two-editor zine. I don't remember seeing combo-illustrations in any other fmz, did Juanita invent it?

DeWeese's Skylark review is, I suppose, an accurate appraisal of the series, but I'm prejudiced and can't possibly agree with him. Every fan has to be nostalgic about some SF and I cut my SF'al teeth on the Doc Smith books. (I almost phrased that "on Doc Smith" but caught myself; no sense inviting some fannish comment like "Did it leave scars?") I'll admit the Skylark stories aren't Great Literature, but I'll still recommend them to any youngster starting SF.

The Jenrette poem didn't move me at all - the theme is all right, but the vehicle for it is all wrong. Why use an imaginary setting on Mars when any ruin on Earth accessible to tourists would do as well? If you use an SF'al setting, you have to go to a lot of trouble making that setting come alive to the reader, and Dave doesn't do this in "Ruins..." Fan writing (and Pro SF too) has altogether too many flippant references to the "Grand Canal" et al as a hedge to writing background. He'd do better to describe a bunch of poetic shardhunters sifting through the ancient garbage dumps and public latrines of Troy or some other terrestrial ruin than writing about a Mars which he doesn't bother to convince me exists.

Alan Dodd's vicarious package-tours gives me the impression that I don't need to visit any of the places he describes - he's already told me everything I'd see there. Not everything I'd like to see, but all I would see.

"Nott's Bury Farm" is a nice bit of cleverness. I like illos that invite a second glance and a bit of thought to appreciate, even if the result is only a bad pun. I guess this type of illo might be called a disguised cartoon.

"On Schedule" is a pretty small poem even for four lines, but it does have some semblance of form and meaning, and that puts it above fanzine average.

So you print the parts of our letters that make us look like fugg-heads, heh? You might have trouble finding parts of my letters that don't. Probably because I am one, and proud of it. Most of the the un-trammelled thinking in fandom is called fuggheadedness; guess that proves fandom isn't so Very Different after all.

[But Jenrette's verse was making fun of all the "flippant references" to "Grand Canal" (specifically of Bem Gordon's "I Walked Along the Banks Tonight" in YANDRO 127, which was the latest example of the genre that Dave had seen.) I was going to say that Juanita didn't invent combo-illustrations; Nott and Barr did. But I believe Juanita has combined work of other artists which didn't come in that way. For that matter, so did Vic Ryan in BANE (on covers yet!) and I've seen it done one or two other places. RSC  
I'd like to point out that the little girl-critter is Nott's creation, and the little hexapod Barr's. JWC/

P.F. Alderson Smith, Whitelaw House, 4, Hillmorton Road, Rugby, Warwick, England.

Many thanks for YANDRO 129, which I received a few days ago, and which I found pretty good, though not quite up to the standard of the few other old YANDROs that Alan Dodd has sent me from time to time. I am probably in the minority by liking E.E. Evers' poem better than anything. I'm rather intrigued by the title, though: it does not make it clear whether it refers to Lovecraft himself or his characters, but I should not have thought it was really applicable to either. "Poe: An Explanation and a Warning" would be much better, in my opinion.

Re Katherine MacLean's "Expression of Opinion", I almost agree with her religious views, (I can't stick bungled quotations, though, especially from such a handy reference volume as a Bible: Matthew XIX 24 says, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God", not, "A rich man has the chance of entering heaven a rope has passing through a needle's eye"), but honestly, I just don't like to see this sort of thing in a nice, happy, jolly, unserious, public zine like YANDRO. I may be laying myself open to jibes of "Typical British reserve", but I just don't. It's like pissing in the street. But as regards Federalisation--accepting your definition, Katherine--it was this policy that was responsible for your Civil War, your current integration problems, our past and present Irish Troubles, and the desire of Federalisation for our present Welsh and Scottish nationalist troubles, which are slight now but could become great, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. If you give a state some powers, it will claim, and demand, more: it will resent direction from above as interference. No nation can be fifty states and one at the same time without internal strife.

Very good illos, especially the one on page 55, by Adkins.

[Trouble is, any Biblical scholar will tell you that the bungled quotation is in the King James edition of the Bible, not in MacLean's article. The Jamesian scholars made an incorrect translation of the original; I assume that the widely-heralded new translation corrected this, though I admit I haven't seen a copy to find out. I dunno; I think Lovecraft was as nutty as Poe. RSC]

Tony Glynn, 144, Beresford St., Manchester 14, England

Me not knowing nothing about religion or things like that, I'm not going to say nothing that'll get me in deep with clever people like K. MacLean. Tell you a funny thing, though. Forry Ackerman said he felt that "many fans, pros or people" didn't give a damn about what he believes. Yet he seems to have mimeo'd his credo and sent it out to people. I thought that was a funny thing. Very.

George Barr and Nettie Ott, 2480 South Fifth East, Salt Lake City, Utah, 84106

I liked very much Dave Jenrette's RUINS. I recognized the cover as a Bjo! If I tried to do something scribbley like that, it would turn out looking just scribbley. (If that's miss-spelled, it's Nettie's fault; she's dictating.) Usually I enjoy Alan Dodd. (!) But this time I was very glad when his fourteen day vacation was over.

Until just recently, I thought that E.E. Evers was a not-person. Like A. Nony Mouse. And that you gave him credit for things you wouldn't blame on anyone else. My apologies to Mister Evers, whoever you are.

Can't think of anything else to say, and besides George's finger is getting tired.

[E.E. Evers is a freckle-faced New York hillbilly. If he had a guitar he could go on "Hootenanny" tomorrow, if he could sing. (Or, come to think of some of the people who have been on that show, whether he could sing or not.)]

John Kusske, Jr., 522 9th Ave., West, Alexandria, Minnesota, 56308

You were a little off-base in your criticism of Kaiser's reprinting. The fact that he reprinted my story was totally my fault, and I feel that it is justified. MICKEY is an spazine. I send ten copies to Seth Johnson, and a few to suckers who request the thing, which isn't many. I don't know to whom GALAXY REPORTER goes, but I'm positive that none of the ones who get MICKEY also get GALAXY REPORTER. Is it wrong to try to get people to read one's stories?

Your cover was the best thing I've seen on YANDRO so far. That semi-abstract stuff, or whatever it is called, appeals to my sense of wonder. Get more of that type if you can, please.

The article about Skylarking was mildly humorous. I just finished SKYLARK THREE, and didn't like it at all. Readers must have been very hickish in those days. What got me most of all was the dialog. Sort of like a western, with the hero on one occasion a rough cowpoke, and letting the world know by his speech, and on another occasion a gentleman and speaking in the best drawing-room language.

Dodd's column was too long and boring to get much interested in.

Join the N3E F. There is a good spot awaiting you. Our motto is: A Place In The Feud For Every Neo, No Matter How Enthusiastic He Is

About Science Fiction.

[Okay, I apologize to Kaiser for saying that he shouldn't have reprinted Kusske's story. (I repeat, however, that he shouldn't have reprinted Boardman's.)

Rob Williams, 420 South 4th Street, Elkhart, Indiana, 46514

Issue #2 of Gammazine of F&SF showed on the stands a few weeks back. Their binding is still lousy, but I'm impressed by the zine's contents. You mention in your letter about both the editor and the publisher doing a "first" by including stories of their own in Gamma #1. If I could think of a comment to make on #2's inclusion of stories by the editor, pubber, and ass't

editor, I'd make it. But I'm speechless.

I thought this issue's cover was good Bernie Zuber, even though the contents page tells me it's good Bjo. Well, my sharp artistic eyes have been rather bemoted lately.

Len Bailes, 27 Split Rail Pl., Commack, NY, 11725

How can Jenrette be so sure that GLORY ROAD was a satire? It's just possible that Heinlein meant the thing as a straight story. It could be described as a Burroughs yarn making sense. The impression I received after reading the thing was "Here is what John Carter's adventures might be like if he was a normal human being and if his friends and foes also behaved as people. I look at it as any attempt to logically extrapolate how a sword and sorcery hero MIGHT behave if the whole thing was really dropped in his lap, and of course, what happened after the evil ogre was slain. The book was no masterwork, but it did deserve reading. I'm not sure exactly what Davidson did mean by his blurb, but maybe he didn't mean anything really. I have a hunch he writes them without even reading the story involved. There is something to the gov't Heinlein set up. It sounds like an attempt to practicalize the John W. Ghod wise, benevolent, competent dictator theory.

Barfly swings in was simply beautiful. How about a corresponding write-up of Ace, with Heartburn of Venus, Escape from Burroughs, Lost in Burroughs, and Back to the Stone Age?

I think that Miss MacLean has overlooked some of the tenets of the Judaeochristian ethic. What she describes is pure Animism, and sadly, the state of many Ministers, Rabbis, Priests, and whathaveyou is similar to it. But that doesn't change the theology. Sure there are contradictions in specific rituals, but the rituals of a religion are merely in-built pacifiers for those who can grasp no other form than idolstry. The idea of a Sentience greater than ours who created the world out of sheer love is to me a beautiful thought. I can't say that what the organized religions have become foster this idea, but one may learn much by examining basic beliefs of them. An atheist might call a religious person superstitious or insecure emotionally, but then again, one might call an atheist immature in that he is incapable of believing that an

intelligence greater than his exists, or that there is any authority he must obey. Each of these statements are equally facetious. As for me, I simply don't know, which puts me into the Agnostic category. I want to believe, but I not quite sure what I want to believe in.

Bill Pearson, 4516 E. Glenrosa, Phoenix, Arizona, 85018

I'm doing my best to keep forcing myself to keep working on various projects, among them another SAFA. Next issue will feature, among other goodies, a six-page sequel to CAPTIVE BRIDE OF THE CAVEMEN. (My god, you mutter, won't he ever grow up?!) Neverneverevernev.

There are a few old fanzines that I would pay good money for, or trade something for, or something. Namely, zines that included material by me, or reference to me in some way (OH GOD THAT EGOBOO) and that I somehow or other missed or have lost. Have you got, and would you under any circumstances part with any of the following?

YANDRO 63  
AMRA 1, 4, 15  
INSIDE 16(50), 14(48), 12(46) down  
FANAC 1 thru 6, 35, 41, 44 up  
HAMMON 1  
ABERRATION 3

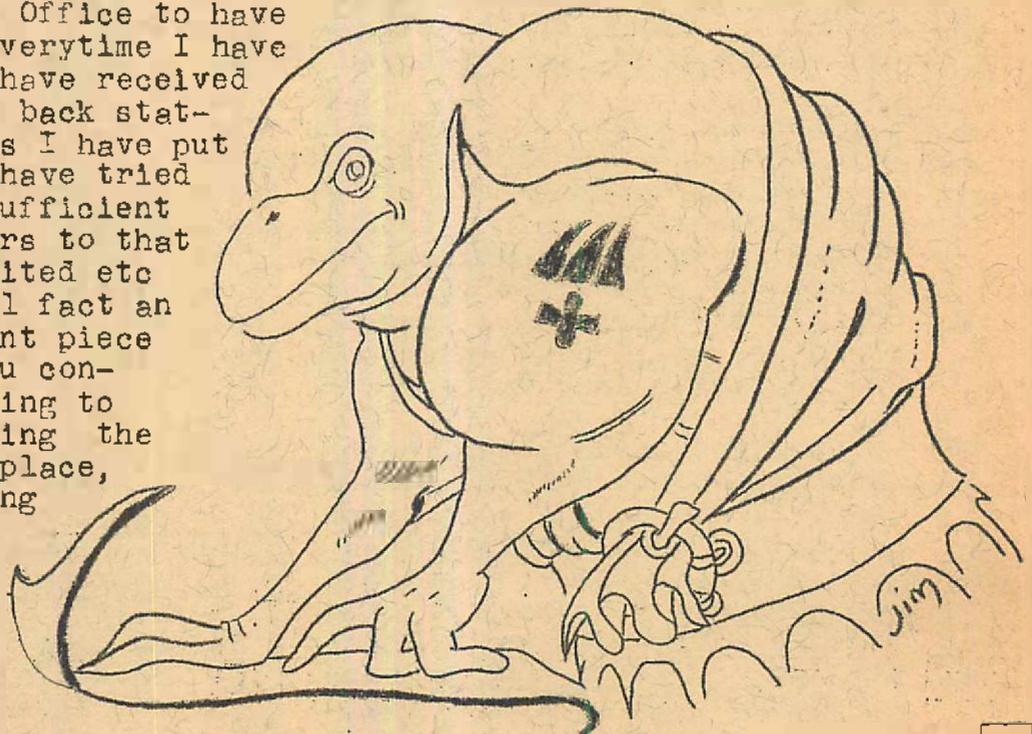
TERROR 1, 2  
BRILLIG 2, 3, 4, 7, 11, 12  
SPECTRE 3, 4  
QUIRK 4  
TWIG 1, 2, 3, 4, 17, 19 up  
or any LITHOED fanzines.....

[/We either didn't have them or intend to keep them; does any of our vast readership have any of the mags mentioned?/]

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

Gary seems an unusual choice for an SF meeting. I've always had impressions of a hive of steel-pouring and machine clanging nest filled with tough steel workers. I thought if you wanted to get into Gary you had to brandish a hunk of steel pipe threatening before you could even pass through the city limits. They must be getting soft letting fans in.

I should tell you a little more about this International Money Order system Fred Hunter mentions because he makes it sound easier than it is. You fill in a form in order to get the permission of the Accountant General of the Post Office to have this money order. Everytime I have sent the form in I have received a curt printed note back stating that the reasons I have put on the form (and I have tried them ALL) are not sufficient and that money orders to that country etc are limited etc etc. It is in actual fact an extremely impertinent piece of printing when you consider you are offering to pay them for supplying the order in the first place, as well as depositing your own money with them. Of course at odd times you might find some excuse will slip through, but I would say on the average 99% are refused.



Okay, Hunter, what sort of lies do you tell the Accountant General? Gary is pretty tough; you should see Martha Beck swinging that pick-handle...../

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107  
Tsk. Just an issue or so ago you almed in at Bowers and Mallardi for still making with the "why is a fan?" bit and here's Enid Jacobs. Yes. I suspect that your answer -- that we are all here because we are not all there -- is mostly correct. But Enid's arguments are good although her introduction wasn't necessary. WHO AM I? I know who I am. Who are you? IS THERE A PURPOSE TO BEING ALIVE? No. WILL I PROVE ADEQUATE AS A PERSON? I have to my own satisfaction and that's all that counts.

Auto-analysis. OK, so I'm a misfit. My original reasons for entering fandom pretty well jibe with what Enid says. In my earlier days I didn't fit. I was intellectually ahead of my schoolmates and our interests were not at all similar. In fandom I found companionship, albeit only thru correspondence.

Fine. But this doesn't explain why I'm here now. I left fandom of my own accord and got along just fine without it for several years. I did not need the companionship of fandom -- and could probably do without it now if I so desired -- and generally fitted in quite well with mundane society. I will grant Enid's arguments and propositions applied to me, neofan. They don't apply to me, elderfan. But if I were to classify myself as either FIJAGH or FIAWOL it would have to be FIAWOL. Most definitely. Which doesn't jibe with Enid's conclusions.

Er, "literary" nostalgia. I must disagree with the good Harry Warner. I can get nostalgic about the works of Halliburton, about Terhune's dog stories, about Ditmars' nature books, about "The Life of Helen Sefaris", but I don't get nostalgic about stfantasy. I do get nostalgic about the old magazines but not about the yarns. I like the old stf stories best because they were, generally speaking, vaster in concept than the stf of today, because they were social commentary mixed with high adventure instead of the pallid social commentary we get today and because they were startling in their ideas which too many of today's yarns are not. I'm not knocking all of today's stf -- there are some good yarns showing up now and again -- but too many of our writers concentrate on the literary craft instead of the story-telling craft. I still have my sense of wonder although it isn't aroused too often these days.

/I generally agree with you about stories; I only hope we're talking about the same era. I find the stories of the Heinlein/DeCamp/Kuttner/Del Rey era gripping, stimulating, and all that sort of thing, but the yarns of the earlier Doc Smith/Cummings/Coblentz era mainly arouse my Sense of the Ridiculous, and I'm afraid the present Pohl/Cordwainer Smith/Dick/Sharkey era bores the hell out of me. Oh well, there are still Poul Anderson, John Brunner, Andre Norton and sometimes Jack Vance. RSC/

SHORT NOTES: Next issue being the Annish, a lot of left-over letters will suddenly appear. RAYMOND CLANCY mentions that "short growth" was treated in one of the volumes of The Golden Bough. Thanks. BRUCE ROBBINS mentions that Macmillan has published a batch of little-known stf novels at \$3.50 to \$4.95 apiece: Dr. Ox's Experiment (Verne), A Voyage to Arcturus (Lindsay) /not Ethel, surely?/, The Welgher Of Souls and The Earth Dwellers (Maurois), Before Adam (London), The Star Rover (London), and The Hopkins Manuscript (Sherriff). Nice for rich fans. I remember the last one; read it before I found out about stf mags and all. As I recall, it wasn't very good. ....RSC....

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