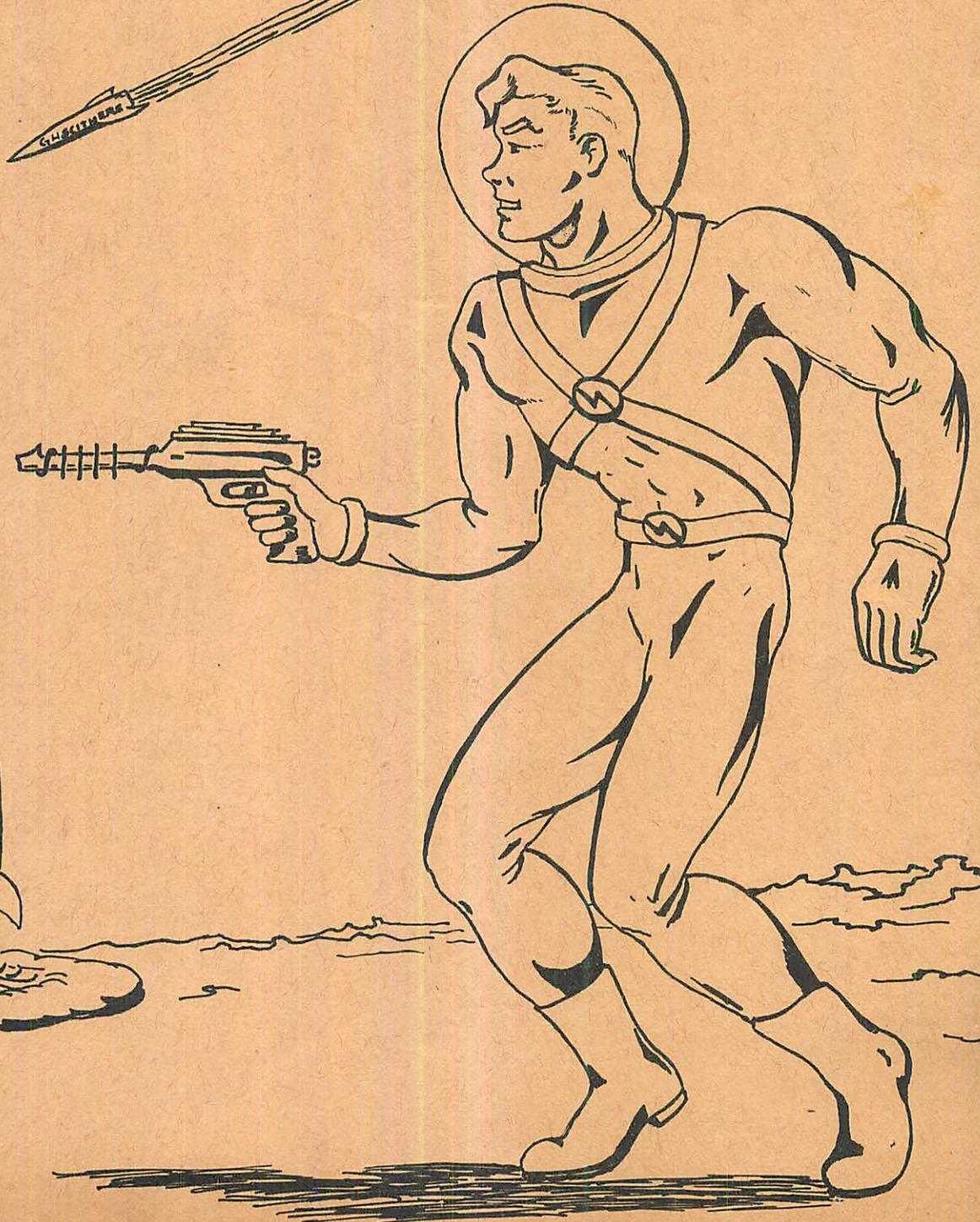
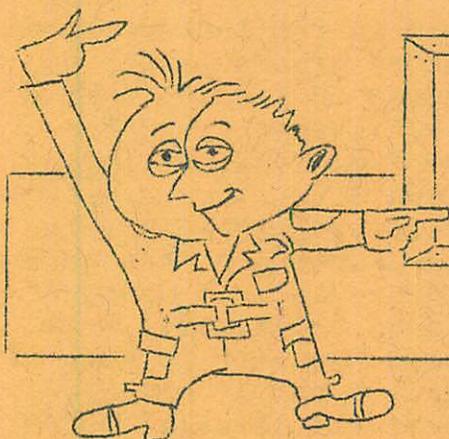


YANDRO





73

VOL. VII

NO. 2

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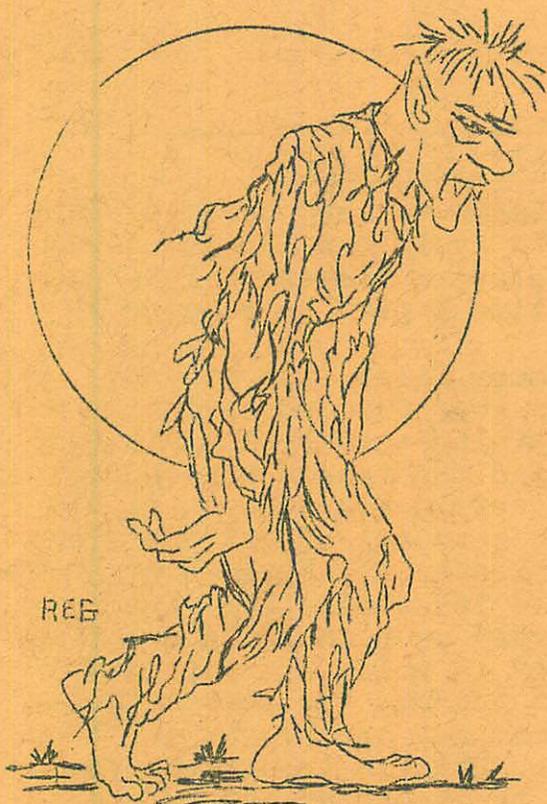
"Whatever you're doing, you don't think you'll get away with it, do you?" ...from the tv SUPERMAN
 "WHOLE EARTH TO BE AIR-CONDITIONED"from HARVEST NEWS LETTER

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Ebert inquires in the letter column as to the nature of arguments and/or disagreements in fannish families.....well, I can't speak for any other fan families, but I can compare our own with other, non-fan acquaintances.....the result seems to be that in comparison this particular residence is in a state of continual wedded bliss.....this is all the more peculiar in view of our rather, to put it mildly, different personalities....I think

it was Gem Carr who described Buck as "Ole Man Placid"...while not completely accurate, that paints a pretty good outward picture...he is, to use a general term, unemotional.....I, on the contrary, have a personality best described once by Stephen Leacock, and paraphrasing roughly, I am the type who goes off wildly in all directions at once.....still, there are remarkably few disagreements, partially I believe because our fan and family activities are pretty thoroughly a result of the "division of labor" theory....the more I consider my weird customs, the more I am convinced that none but a fan-oriented husband of unemotional temperament could put up with me....there is my left-over childhood habit of trotting around the house barefoot, my attitude that housework is somewhat in the category of an involuntary activity to be brushed aside as quickly as possible (not an ulcer producing dedication - an idea seemingly held by a number of non-fan wives of my acquaintance), my penchant for loud, everything-but-the-kitchen-sink music of types most people scorn - i.e. African exotica, rock and roll, movie background scores - , there is my uninspired cooking based on the theory that the chief consideration is ease of preparation and edibility (the latter mostly by my standards), there are my weird personal foibles and phobias: I loathe wearing high-heeled shoes, makeup, and nylons, I love dangle earrings and musk base perfume, I sleep with two pillows - one beneath my head and one over it (sort of an egghead sandwich), I have 16 letter file folders and a large number of notebooks and maps pertaining to an imaginary planet (and about which I'm constantly writing novels, which are promptly filed with the rest of the material).....in short, I think I would probably drive a non-fan husband to either murder or suicide in a short while. Of course, I'm also of the opinion that a non-fan husband would drive me to murder or a sanitarium..... Uncle Alan's remarks in his column on the mysterious death due to tetrachloride poisoning....this may not be too mysterious in view of certain research indicating a number of people have been made rather ill while cleaning rugs and/or upholstery with carbon-tetrachloride base cleaners without having adequate ventilation for the room.....apparently the fumes are quite deadly to some persons, with effects occasionally taking a long time to appear, and then the symptoms being readily confused with other and less deadly ailments....I think I'll stick to using the vacuum cleaner and send the things out for chemical workings-over..JWC



Late again. Well, we'll get back on schedule one of these days. (This catching up is why we sometimes come out three weeks apart, Tucker.)

Two items were inadvertently omitted in the YANDRO Egoboo Poll. "Le Sacre du Printemps" by Hyacinthe Hill received 3 points and Dave Jenrette's "Life Cycle" got 1.

You Publishing Giants aren't up to anything out there, are you? It seems that there is a certain California-published mag titled "21", which in addition to the usual girlie pictures offers quite a bit of stf. Bob Madle was glancing over a copy that Dale Brandon brought to a recent ISFA meeting, when he suddenly yelped as though he'd been stung -- and I guess he had, at that. It seems that a certain article on prophecy in stf by "Professor A. M. Low" was lifted, word for word, from "Did Science Fiction Predict Atomic Energy", by Robert A. Madle and Sam Moscovitz, in the Nov. 1952 SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY. Madle is a bit confused, especially since there is a Professor A. M. Low, who is quite capable of writing his own

articles. Madle wrote Lowndes an inquiry.....no reply as of this writing. "21" also contains an article by Jerry DeMuth on jazz, lifted without acknowledgement from a fanzine -- just which fanzine I don't recall, but I think it's either SIGBO or JOE-JIM. Anyway, they at least gave Jerry credit for writing it.

I notice that SCIENCE FICTION TIMES mentions that ASTOUNDING is positively not considering raising its price at this time. I also notice that copies of ASTOUNDING on the local newsstand are priced at 50¢, prompting a remark from DeWeese that he wished they'd do their testing someplace else.

For those readers who asked for it, and have by now given up expecting it, Marion Bradley's column on Satanism will be in the next issue. Seems she'd been polishing up a book manuscript, which is why her YANDRO columns haven't been appearing lately.

I see that "pop" song-writers are back to their old tricks of cribbing again. "Hanging Tree", from an old folksong; "Raspberries, Strawberries", a bastard version of the song written (and beautifully sung) by Will Holt; "Madrid", removed bodily from the opera "Carmen"; "Stagger Lee", a bowdlerized version of an authentic bad man ballad (with the best line, "You can shoot who you want, but don't bloody up my floor", left out). And so on. The old standby, "Buffalo Gals", is back again under a new title which I mercifully don't recall. Not to mention all the songs of the 20's, 30's and 40's which are being dragged back (kicking and screaming, I should think) as rock-n-roll tunes. Don't modern songwriters have any imagination? If I had any teeth left, I'd gnash them. As it is, I'll just bid you farewell until the March issue. RSC

A DODDERING COLUMN

alan dodd

The subject of Horror Films is one that seems to keep creeping into my columns lately, no matter how much I try to avoid the idea of being thought a poor man's Ackerman. However, there are a number of interesting little snippets that come to mind every time I pick up a paper or tune in somewhere.

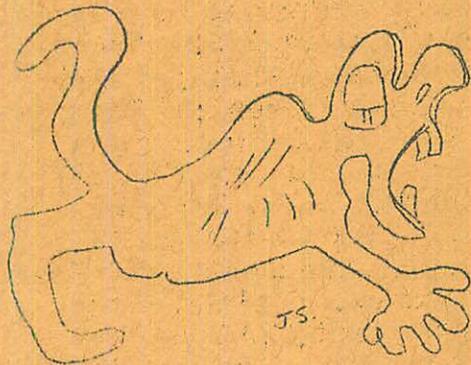
Several U.S. fans have asked me about Hammer Films, the company that produces horror films some seventy miles away from where I live and I've gone through the various phases of explaining them by descriptions of the old house that was their main studio and the reason why so many horror films and British second features are set in old houses and how the company now have new outhouses and studio sets all around the place from the profits of epics like "Curse Of Frankenstein", "Revenge of Frankenstein", "Dracula" etc., and now moving on to less scientific horror subjects with a film based on the Thuggee murder sect in India a century ago and one on "The Hound Of The Baskervilles" in which all publicity mentioning Sherlock Holmes will be eliminated because the younger generation thinks Holmes is old hat. Well, the company has bought all rights in the old U.I. shocker thrillers which British television refused to show, and in the future they intend to dis-inter and remake such old hoary horrors as "The Mummy" and "The Phantom Of The Opera", while I notice another company has Sir Donald Wolfitt mixed up with vampires in "The Blood Of The Vampire".

Now if we could only get Sir Laurence Olivier to get "Macbeth" certified as a genuine X certificate -- no one under sixteen allowed -- monster movie and retitled "The Three Weird Sisters From Outer Space" I'm sure the film financiers would fall over themselves to finance it in expectation of the vast profits that would thus ensue.

I am certain though that it was of all films "The Fly" that heralded the invasion of the large release big studio horror film and I wonder how many noticed the tragic post script to this particular film, concerning its creator, Kurt Neumann?

"Film Director Dies" - "He Made The Fly". "Police and doctors are investigating the death of Kurt Neumann, the Hollywood film director who made the horror film "The Fly". He died on Thursday in a Hollywood hospital where he was being treated. A preliminary post mortem showed signs of tetrachloride poisoning."

"German born Hollywood director Kurt Neumann, aged 50, whose latest film 'The Fly' was a big box office success, died today after being rushed to the hospital. A post mortem will be held. Neumann, who also produced and directed many of the Tarzan films, had grieved, friends said, since his wife's death last July."



In "The Fly", you will recall, the leading character ordered his wife to kill him because of an accident he had caused himself in a matter transmitter which had left him a half-human monster, half man, half fly.

It seems ironical somehow that the man who created this very film, should himself die of an equally mysterious accident - probably due to the carelessness of someone else in the world of medical science.

No one could have chosen a more appropriate way to sign off his life had he picked it out for himself.



"We now left the port-hole open continuously, since the danger from falling meteorites was small, due to their lesser velocity at this distance from the earth...." from "The Outpost On The Moon", Joslyn Maxwell, WONDER STORIES, Dec. 1930. How's that for a sense of wonder? RSC

YANDRO EGOBOO POLL

As I mentioned last month, this year's poll should provide a very small measure of egoboo to a very large number of authors. Note that the points listed are points, not votes. Votes were counted as 3 points for first, 2 for second and 1 for third. The half-point scores occur because the votes of fans who had seen only a few issues of YANDRO were scored at half value. So.....on to the ratings for 1958:

NAME OF ITEM	AUTHOR	SCORE
How To Get Along With Faaans.....	J. Hensley & W. Tucker.....	9
Mimeograph Instructions.....	John W. Thiel.....	8
I Was Attacked By Man-Eating Bluegills...	James R. Adams.....	6
How To Get Along With Editors.....	Joe L. Hensley.....	5
The Wee, Brave Stowaway, etc.....	James R. Adams.....	5
Helpful Household Hints.....	"Aunt Fanny" (Bob Leman).....	4
Stranger Fruit.....	G. H. Scithers.....	4
Keep Your Cotton-Pickin' Hands Offa My Planet...	Joe Sanders.....	4
Wind.....	Don Stuefloten.....	4
The Solution.....	Bill Beard.....	3
How To Define Science Fiction.....	G. H. Scithers.....	3
Realities At Thirty-One And One-Half....	Ed Wood.....	3
The Word.....	Dave Jenrette.....	3
What A Waste Of Godhead.....	Martin Jukovsky.....	3
The second "Ferdinand Feghoot" story....	Rog Ebert.....	2½
Con Report?.....	Donald Franson.....	2
Zoot Soot.....	John Berry.....	2
Stfinitions.....	2
The Wrong Stop.....	Lee Jenrette.....	2
SLAG.....	J. Adams & T. Stratton.....	2
Crucial Decision.....	Elinor Poland.....	1½
Solacon Speech.....	Robert Bloch.....	1
The Final Truth.....	Hal Annas.....	1
Paradox.....	Phyllis Economou.....	1

In addition, Dodd's first letter on Von Braun received 3 points, and the DeWeese epistle on the bund bend bond band bind got 1 point.

Watch It, Comrade Letterhacks

— by — DON FRANSON —

"The Russian newspaper IZVESTIA complains that Soviet Science-fiction writers pay too much attention to future science, practically none to future communism--" (Science Digest)

OHOHOHA YARNA (Preposterous Stories) for Oktobr

"Have Sputnik, Will Travel" - A Serial in Three Parts by Ivan Terrible
Part One/ of a thought-provoking scientific novel.

Captain Blastov announced, "We are approaching the Red planet. At last the dream of Tsiolkovsky has been realized. According to equations 9 to 107 in his book, 'Rockets, Rackets, and Rickets' (a treatise on space medicine and law as well as rocketry) we should circle the planet at a distance of nine and two-tenths parsecs. Or is it per/sec? Can't read his scribbling. We then land on Mars at the 94th parallel. Nitchevo! tovarisches. We are here, while the Americans are still back at Cape Canaveral. Comrade-scientist Boris Stifsky, what have you to say?"

"It is a great triumph for science, Captain Blastov and fellow advancers of Soviet science. Just think, ever since Peter the Great first discovered Mars, we've been wanting to get here. Vernov, Wellsovitch, etc., in fiction, and myself in fact, have pointed the way. Now my finger can get a rest. We shall immediately land and begin our scientific duties. Comrade-scientist Popov, classify the lichens. Com-sci Tannin, investigate the rocks. Com-sci Vodka, sample the atmosphere. Com-sci Lanolin, delve into the magnetic field, etc." He droned on and on, while the others slept. They had needed this rest after the strenuous journey. Bright and early the next morning, the landed on the night side of Mars. (To be continued)

Part Two/ of a significant novel of the Soviet future.

"Now that we have landed on the Red planet," began Captain Blastov, "we are all equal. Who needs a Captain?" and he tore the insignia off his uniform. "Comrades," shouted Com-sci Boris Stifsky, "you are now all scientists. First one to calculate the red-shift of the Stalin Line, solve the mystery of the canals, and synthesize food, gets a medal, and a shorter work-week."

"Synthesize food?" asked Comrade former-Captain Blastov. "Why is that necessary? Didn't Comrade Gourmev, the Commissary Commissar, bring enough food from Moscow? By the way, I haven't seen him lately."

"He was among those you shot during the countdown -- don't you keep records?"

"We can't make the rocket work now, Comrade equal boss, sir," said

a workman.

"Why not?" demanded Blastov.

"It's reactionary."

"Never mind, comrades, let us all drink a toast to our absent friends, play American roulette, and sing 'It's a Long Way to Siberia'." Meanwhile, back at Wall Street and the offices of TIME, plotting is going on. Read the next thrilling installment.

Part Three/ conclusion of the novel of the late Ivan Terrible, by Nikita S. Killov, Commissar of Files.

In the peaceful People's Republic of Mars, all was calm and quiet and peaceful. Nothing happened and everybody was happy. Why not? The revolution was assured, there was no war, capitalism, enemies of the people, or people. No people on Mars? Of course not. Why should anyone leave the glorious Soviet Union? Aren't you happy? Why are you reading this magazine? It's escape literature, isn't it. Why do you want to escape?

"Yes, unfortunately Hannes Bok is still alive." ...from a letter to us

PRESS RELEASE #1
THE FEDERATION OF EAST & WEST

The above Federation is an international community designed to promote the common welfare of all life.

Founded in June 1958, it had on January 1st this year fifty-eight members in nineteen countries. Though started on a small scale, its international, non-partisan character has aroused enthusiasm and magnificent support from people of many races and viewpoints. All agree that, regardless of its present moderate size, it has enormous potentialities for the advancement of World brotherhood - in social, religious and cultural spheres.

During 1959 an increase to five hundred members is projected. As Europe is already well represented, the F.E.W.'s attention is chiefly directed towards the gaining of more supporters in the Americas, Africa, Asia and the U.S.S.R.

The F.E.W. charges no membership fees, but depends entirely upon voluntary contributions on a "Pay As You Like" basis. All members receive the magazine EAST & WEST NEWSCAST; other services include an International Postal Library, a Contact Bureau, Globago and Esperanto Language Bureaus, etc. For the benefit of small-scale club organizers and publishers of duplicated magazines, an Organization Bureau has been set up to facilitate pooling of information.

Further particulars from Peter Campbell, Federation of East & West, Birkdale Cottage, Brantfell, Windermere, Westmorland, England

/Ed. note; in the accompanying note, Peter mentioned that membership has now increased to 92, including 18 in Turkey./

"I noticed the misalignment of your heads, too." G. H. Scithers

STRANGE FRUIT

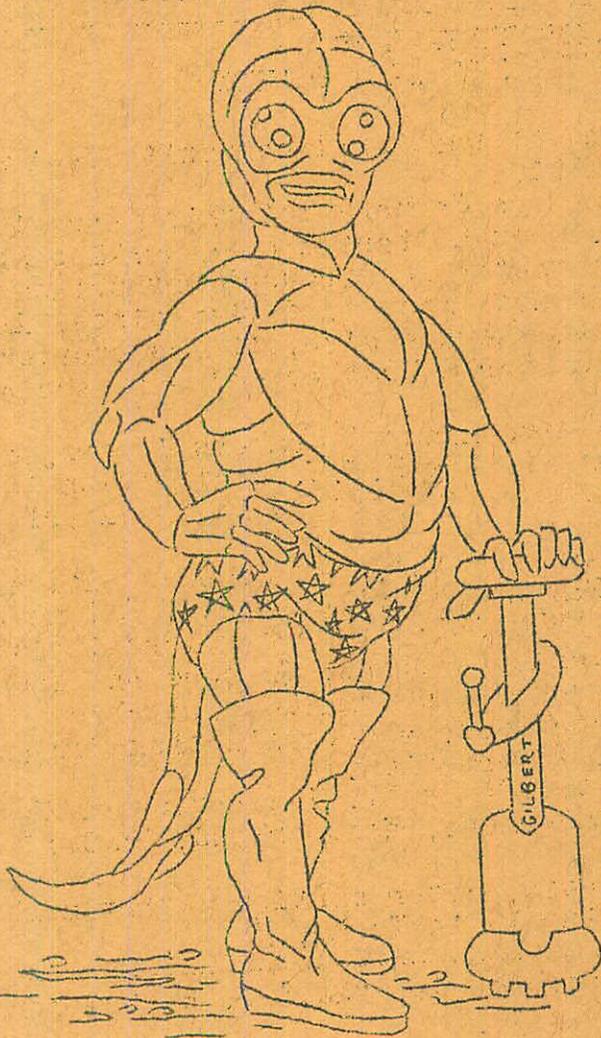
Huge pile of fanzines this time, so I'll spend most of my time on those which are new to me and/or particularly interesting.

AMRA Vol 2 #1 (G. H. Scithers, Box 682, Stanford, California - irregular - 20¢ - free to members of Hyborean Legion) This is an unusual deal all around. Size is 7 x 10, reproduction is a very professional-looking multilith, and the contents are devoted to Conan the Cimmerian and his creator, Robert E. Howard. (Future issues, it is promised, will occasionally deal with other of the early-day stf epics, but the emphasis will be on Conan.) The editor also deplores the lack of humor in this issue, and hopes for more in the future. Authors in this issue include Poul Anderson, Glenn Lord and Elizabeth Wilson. Despite the fact that Conan never particularly fascinated me, I thoroughly enjoyed AMRA.

Special interest and not rated, but if you don't enjoy it I wash my hands of you.

SATA #10 (Bill Pearson, P.O. Box 171, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N.Y. - very irregular - 25¢ in US, 35¢ elsewhere) The first photo-offset issue, featuring the brilliant artwork of George Barr and an outstanding piece of fiction by Bob Leman. There is also a competent story by Bob Warner, a good article by Larry Shaw, and a separate section for fannish material which would seem to be a mistake. Either don't try to combine sercon and fannish stuff, Bill, or don't have such an obvious difference in quality. The Leman story is probably the best serious fiction I've ever read in a fanzine. Despite the fanstuff; Rating.8

THE COMPLETE FAAN (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland - one-shot - 35¢) This is the sort of fanzine that you put up on the bookshelf when you're done with it, rather than tossing it in a box (or wastebasket, if you're that kind). 48 pages of Berry, bound in stiff covers. 10 stories, reprinted and new, plus 9 pages of Berry opinions and reminiscences. I disagree with most of his opinions, but his writing ability is outstanding. Rating.10



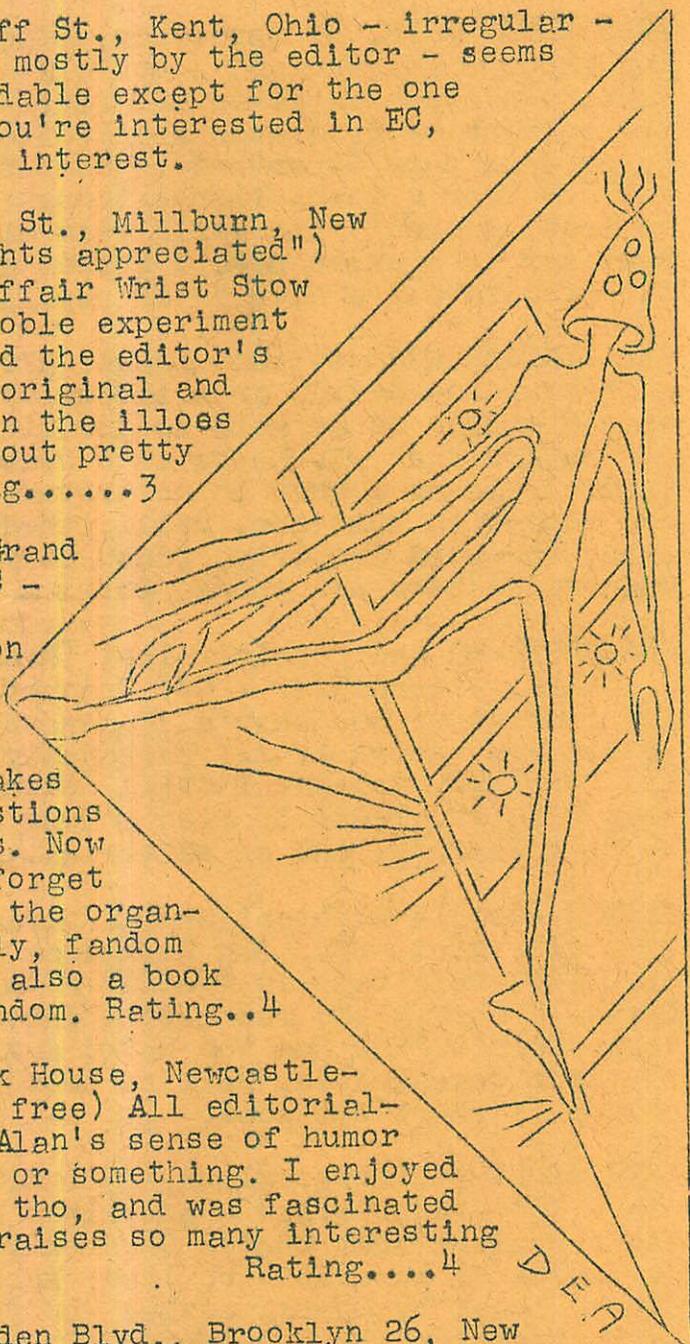
FANFARE #1 (Martin Pahls, 720 Stinaff St., Kent, Ohio - irregular - 15¢) Another EC fanzine. Material - mostly by the editor - seems about standard, reproduction is readable except for the one dittoed sheet, and in general, if you're interested in EC, here's another one for you. Special interest.

HOCUS #4 (Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust St., Millbunn, New Jersey - irregular? - free - "comments appreciated") This issue is mostly notable for "Affair Wrist Stow Ray" by Marvin Rivers, which is a noble experiment in something (I'm not sure what) and the editor's "Clean Story", which is reasonably original and reasonably funny. Stencil cutting on the illoes is atrocious, but the typing comes out pretty well. Rating.....3

GROUND ZERO #3 (Belle Dietz, 1721 Grand Avenue, Bronx 53, New York, Apt. 4C - irregular - 15¢) This one bore the ominous comment, "Solacon Issue", on the cover, and sure enough the biggest article is Ted Johnstone's con report. There is also an article on the WSFS, in which Belle makes one of the very few sensible suggestions to come out of the whole sorry mess. Now if everyone, including Kyle, will forget their injured dignity and let both the organization and the lawsuits die quietly, fandom will be a lot better off. There is also a book review and a column by Inchmery fandom. Rating..4

NORTHLIGHT 4 (Alan Burns, Goldspink House, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2, England - irregular - free) All editorially written. Somehow I gather that Alan's sense of humor is on a different track from mine, or something. I enjoyed the account of meeting Appeltofft, tho, and was fascinated by the Octopus Duplicator Ink. It raises so many interesting questions. Rating....4

UMGLICK #1 (Leslie Gerber, 201 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn 26, New York - quarterly - 10¢) More or less readable (reproduction-wise, that is) material by Larry Shaw, Dave English, Jerry Sohl, Marlin Frenzel, Stony Barnes and me. (You must admit, he has variety.) Some moderately good artwork. Gerber is plugging for Dave MacDonald for TAFF, because he feels that Terry Carr represents only "a small, exclusive segment of fandom". Well, Carr isn't my idea of the ideal TAFF candidate, but he comes one hell of a lot closer to it than MacDonald does. In fact, just what has MacDonald accomplished lately, besides touching off the Kyle fracas? And what does he represent besides a small exclusive segment of New York fandom? Rating.....4



APORRHĒTĀ #7 (H. P. Sanderson, "Inchmery", 236, Queens Road, New Cross, London S.E. 14, England - monthly - 15¢ or a letter of comment) One of England's more controversial fanzines. There are items included besides the columns by Sanderson and Penelope Fandergaste, but somehow they never seem very important in comparison. I take issue with Penelope and her New Year's resolutions, though; in the words of W. S. Gilbert, more or less, "doesn't the world seem miserably flat when you've nothing whatever to grumble at". I seldom agree with anything Sanderson says, but he puts out a nice thick regular fanzine. Rating...6

THE VINEGAR WORM #4 (Bob Leman, 2701 So. Vine St., Denver 10, Colorado - irregular - \$22.50 or a letter of comment per copy) Somehow this didn't strike me as well as the first 3 Worms, though the mimeoing is far better than #3. Maybe it's because Leman's humor is becoming more predictable as I grow in understanding, or maybe it's because he had a con report in this one. Still, there are his parodies (and if I'm not using the word properly, foosh to you), and little bits of the totally unexpected here and there. Still a good magazine. Rating...8

FRAMISHED #2 and possibly last (Rich Brown, 127 Roberts St., Pasadena 3, Calif. - irregular - 5¢) Undoubtedly the best part of this issue is the reprint of Bob Shaw's "Fansmanship Lectures". There is also a rather old con report by me; personally, I like it better than the one I did for TWIG, because I still detest the North Plaza Motel, and all that goes with it. There is also a long letter-column, some alleged poetry by Bill Pearson, and an editorial. Rating...4

UNEVEN (Goojie Publication #3) Miriam Dyches -- now Miriam Carr, 3320 "A", 21st. St., San Francisco 10, Calif. - irregular - 15¢) Highlight this time is "CASPER FOLLICLE; or: Alone In Chicago" by Bob Leman. Probably the funniest thing I've read in a fanzine this year. Terry Carr's "The Fan Who Hated Quote-Cards" is also good...after that, the zine degenerates. Califens seem to just love con reports. Letter column is short but good. Rating...7

IMPROBABLE #3 (Vowen Clark, 2561 Ridgeview Dr., San Diego 5, California - 15¢ - quarterly? - associate editor is Colin Cameron, and I suddenly realize that that's Cameron's address up there) Somehow, this issue seems to be mostly reviews; AckerMonsters by Clark, VANGUARD by Clark, books by Clark, movies and fanzines by Cameron, and "The Stars My Destination" by Bob Tucker. Of course, there are other things; letters, a short story by John Flinn that was sort of cute, and "Three Sci-Fi Fables" by John Mussells, who seems to be better as an editor than as a writer. Guy Terwillegger discusses fan types. Rating....4

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #308 (S-F Times, Inc., P.O. Box 184, Flushing 52, New York - irregular - 10¢) Supposedly, this comes out twice a month, but they've kept their technical schedule this past year by such stratagems as publishing and mailing 5 issues at once. An improvement in schedule is promised, and the mag does provide the only adequate pro coverage in the field. This issue, for example, is concerned mostly with the fact that Robert Guinn of GALAXY has bought IF. Special interest.

FANAC #32 (Publishing Giants Terry Carr & Ron Ellik, Apt. 7, 2414 Virginia St., Berkeley 4, Calif. - bi-weekly - 4 for 25¢ - British agent, Archie Mercer) The fanzine that is indispensable to anyone interested in learning about or keeping up with fandom. Four to six pages of comment on fans, fanzines, fan projects, changes of address, etc. Should be in every well-appointed fan residence. Rating.....10

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #123 (The Nameless Ones, Box 92, 920 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 25¢ or 12 for \$2) This is CRY's 9th Annish (we're going to have to hurry to catch up with them) and is appropriately filled with better-than-average material by John Berry, Don Franson, Archie Mercer, Terry Carr, Jack Speer, Renfrew Pemberton and Wally Weber. Pemby has his excellent prozine review column; Weber does tricks with the minutes of Nameless meetings. Probably the best item outside of these regulars is the kick in the teeth that Franson gives John W. Campbell, Jr. Terry Carr's new column looks promising, and the CRY lettercolumn is better than ever. Rating.....7

JD-ARGASSY #40 (Lynn Hickman, 304 No. 11th. St., Mt. Vernon, Illinois - monthly, more or less, 12 for \$1) Single issue prices are rather complicated, depending on the size of the issue. This one would be 20¢. This issue contains another installment of Bob Madle's con report -- which begins to look like it might turn into a permanent column. Also a well-written report of his European tour by Jim Caughran, a too-short letter column, and a letter exchange between Madle and Willis. Rating..6

GYRE #1 (Steve Tolliver, 909 So. Madison, Pasadena, Calif - mailed with FANAC) This one is a 2-pager entirely devoted to a story. At the end, Steve asks the readers to guess what it was about and if he was serious or writing a satire. Frankly, I didn't much care.

GAMBIT 25, 26, 27 & 28 (Ted White, 2712 No. Charles St., Baltimore 18, Maryland - irregular - free for comment) This is a very hard zine to comment on or rate. For example: #25 is a 23-page fanzine containing articles on Washington fans and jazz, with a huge lettercol -- even huger because it's done on the varityper equivalent of micro-elite type. #26 is a one-page newsletter (legal size, to boot), #27 is a fairly "standard" fannish newsletter, and #28 is a 7-page report of the Philadelphia Conference with 3 pages of news appended. One thing about the mag -- it gives you plenty of variety. As to whether you'll enjoy the variety or not....that depends strictly on how faaaanish you are. (I'm not very.) The zine is probably worthwhile, just for the experience of getting acquainted with Smiling Ted White. Rating.....5

QUOTH THE WALRUS #6 (Ralph M. Holland, 2520 Fourth St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio - irregular - free) Turned out mostly for the NZF, and a few outsiders like me. Strictly comments by the editor....this round, on the Solacon and the WSFS. The con report was better than average (which isn't really saying much, since the average for con reports is regrettably low), and the comments on the WSFS quite rational -- though I don't happen to agree with any of them. Rating....4

Answers and Solutions - Of Sorts

ED WOOD

The erosion of American magazine science fiction continues at a steady pace. The writer of this article in a previous summary of magazine science fiction ("White Paper: 1953-1954" in DESTINY #11, Fall, 1954) postulated a number of reasons for the halting of the great magazine expansion of the late 40's and early 50's. It is with regret that one surveys the present situation and sees that nothing has been learned from the past.

Some readers of my previous articles in YANDRO have felt that I only state the obvious. In this they seem to read something dreadful as if it were some crime to speak of the obvious. The simple is not always simple nor is the obvious always so obvious.

I read all the science fiction magazines and have done so since the end of World War II. I have kept tolerably detailed notes on the magazines since 1951 to supplement Day's magnificent index. I believe that my enjoyment of my hobby is increased and aided by my increased knowledge of it. When someone brags that he reads as little science fiction as possible yet insists upon belonging to science fiction fandom, I can only shake my head in the sincere belief that such an attitude cannot help anything connected with science fiction.

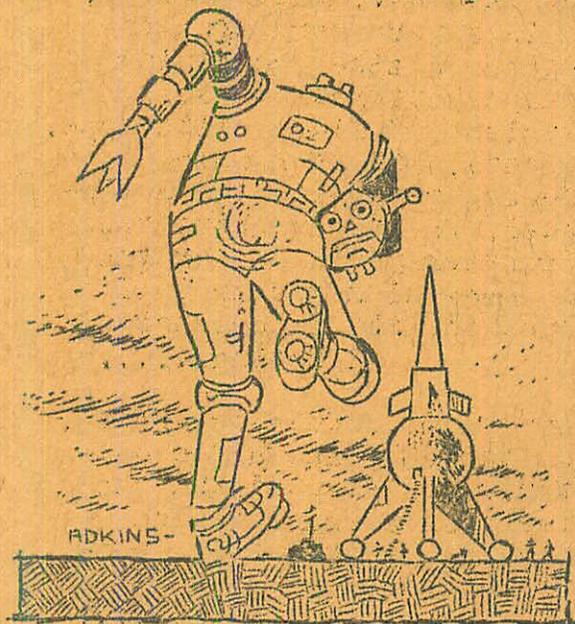
As of mid-February 1959, I count 11 science fiction titles (American) and if each publishes its full quota for 1959 and no new publications enter the picture, 6 monthly and 5 bi-monthly publications should put out about 100 issues in 1959. Compare this with the peak year of 1953 when 40 American titles put out 186 issues.

THE MAGAZINES

AMAZING SCIENCE FICTION STORIES	(M)
ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION	(M)
GALAXY MAGAZINE	(B)
FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION	(M)
FANTASTIC UNIVERSE	(B)
IF SCIENCE FICTION	(B)
FANTASTIC	(M)
FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION	(B)
SCIENCE FICTION STORIES	(M)*
SATELLITE SCIENCE FICTION	(M)
SUPER SCIENCE FICTION	(B)

*Actually will probably only put out 10 issues - possibly less.

Let us, perhaps wrongly, restrict any discussion to the economic. Science fiction magazines are unprofitable. They are poorly distributed.



Readers cannot buy magazines they cannot find. This is such an obvious statement that I'm sure there are many who have not realized this simple fact. Of course magazines can be obtained by subscription if one is aware that they exist. Certainly many magazines can be obtained second hand. These do not add a penny of profit to the publisher, editor, writer, distributor, or newsdealer.

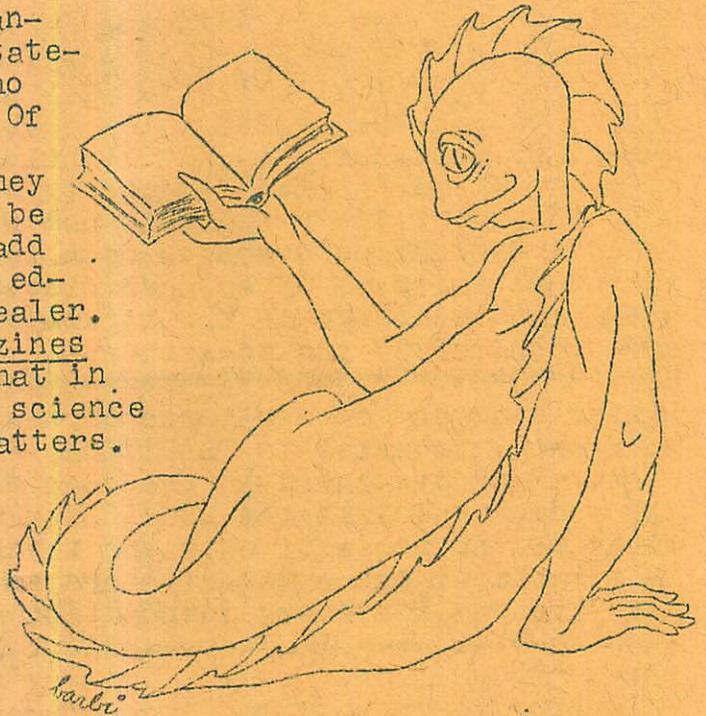
Raise the price of all the magazines to 50¢. It is nonsense to believe that in such a limited specialist market as science fiction magazines that unit price matters. Would the sales of science fiction magazines increase greatly if the price were 25¢, 15¢, 10¢? If science fiction magazines could sell for 20¢ in 1940 when the average factory wage was \$24 a week, then 50¢ is not too much to ask when the average factory wage is almost \$80 a week.

With an increase in price comes the method of distribution. The magazines can (a) remain in the digest size; (b) go large size; (c) become paperback books.

(a) The digest size which was popularized by ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION in the mid-and-later '40's was pioneered by MARVEL TALES in the early '30's. (There is such a thing as being too far ahead of time.) The digest size was a novelty and received much better display than the pulp size magazines. This very same thing has now happened to the digest size magazines as regards the large size magazines and paperbacks. Only in a few selected places do the digest size magazines get their covers displayed. More often one finds only the spines. Magazines have to attract steady readers. It is evident that the digest size will not accomplish this today.

(b) The early science fiction magazines were large size and perhaps the cycle has now returned. Many will point to the SCIENCE FICTION PLUS venture of Mr. Gernsback in 1953 as proof that this is not the way. One dish does not make a meal nor does one experiment constitute everlasting proof. The enlargement of SATELLITE SCIENCE FICTION will be interesting to watch. Again it is the distribution that is important and not necessarily the size. The large size magazine does possess a certain class and it does attain a measure of display (among the girlie and movie fan magazines).

(c) I believe the inevitable fate of the magazines is transformation into paperbacks. There are more commercial outlets for paperbacks than for magazines. That is the short and sweet of it. Science fiction reached its highest development in the magazines and the field of science fiction will be the poorer for this change in its seminal source. Note how the paperbacks (and others) leech upon the magazines. It is



ironic to see how the magazines have aided and abetted in their own destruction. Certainly those marks of personality which have made the magazines so individualistic will not easily be transferred to paperbacks. One of the traits which mark the magazines is regularity of schedule. Continuity is not lightly to be sneezed at. No paperback even of a so-called "series" enjoys this. Then what of the reader departments which solidify the readership and from which originated science fiction fandom? Can anyone conceive of a fandom born out of paperbacks? If this is indeed the path of science fiction in the future, it will result in a tremendous change in the nature of science fiction as heretofore characterized by the magazines.

Editor's note: For a glimpse of the possible future of science fiction, a magazine to watch is TRADITION. This is a 96-page magazine, paperback size -- and displayed in the same racks as paperbacks -- which sells for 50¢ a copy and imitates AMERICAN HERITAGE (rather poorly) as regards material. At present, only two issues have appeared, and distribution is erratic, but the magazine promises a monthly schedule, and may well pave the way for other journalistic efforts -- including science fiction.

SPECIAL REVIEW by rsc

SEX & CENSORSHIP #2 (693 Mission St., San Francisco 5, California - bi-monthly - 50¢ per copy or 12 issues for \$6.00) Rather surprisingly, the second issue of this magazine not only appeared on time, but proved better than the first issue. Fandom is already infiltrating the mag; Forry Ackerman has two articles in this issue, one on censorship of burlesque ads in L.A. newspapers and one on that rarity of pornographic and fantasy artwork, "The Art Of Rosaleen Norton". (Anyone remember when this was being ballyhooed in fanzines? I wish now that I'd bought a copy when I had a chance.) And Helen Urban attacks both censorship of children's reading and "permissive" child rearing. Ackerman's articles are a revelation to me, at least; the first indication I've seen that the man really can write creditably, when he wants to.

There are two articles on motion picture censorship; a good general article by Lawrence Lipton, and a short article dealing with the legal tribulations of the French film "Fire Under Her Skin" by Bob Pike and John Schmitz. Manfred Wise comments on "Lady Chatterly's Lover", and René Guyon writes on "Human Rights And The Denial Of Sexual Freedom". Neither article was particularly interesting to me, but I suppose some people go for them. On the sex side, we have "Prostitution Re-assessed" by Dr. Harry Benjamin; an excellent article, whether you agree with all of his conclusions or not. I could have done without the Albert Ellis article on the vaginal orgasm and the short story by Evelyn Lawson, but then no magazine is perfect. Add an editorial, a news section, a letter column, some excellent photos and some moderately good artwork (improved over the first issue) and you have a magazine well worth getting.

IT CAME FROM INNER SPACE

"Yes, yes - when you're old enough you can lick the stamps."

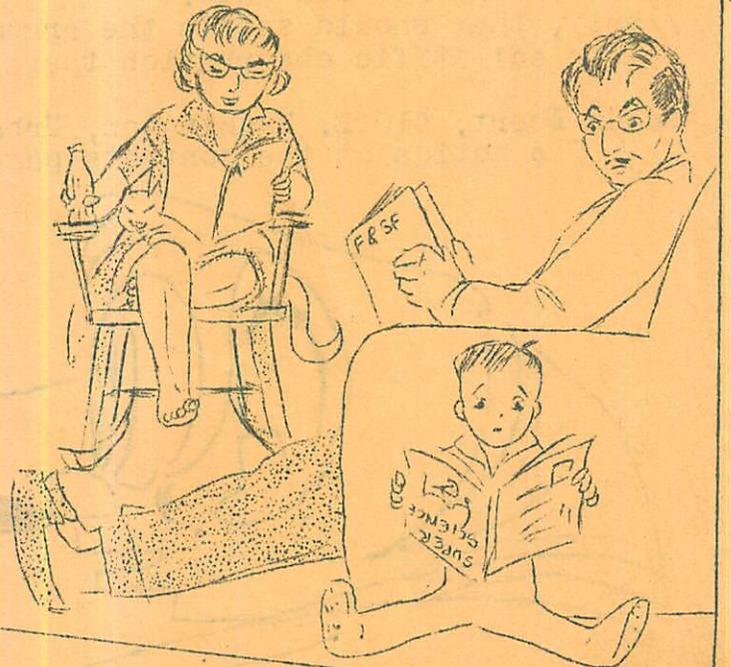


9! 20 4 8 12



"Look at it this way, Bruce: you'll be the only kid in the neighborhood with a magnetized hand."

"Yeah, I know what he's looking at; Figured he should start at the bottom and work up."



GRUMBLINGS

Fred W. Arnold, 1615 W. 48th. St., Norfolk, Virginia

You all have been kicking around the pros and cons of THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN for a year or so now, and if it's not too late I would like to get in my bit.

I don't think that any one has approached the problem from the "where did it go" angle. Where indeed did the 1/7 inch that our hero lost every day go? Since he lost weight as well as height, we have a problem of mass to deal with (about one pound on the first day.) There are two possibilities: (1) It was converted to energy and radiated as some form of electromagnetic wave (heat, light, what have you). (2) It was eliminated by way of the bowels and pores.

Let us consider the radiation idea. The mass lost on the first day would be about one pound. Now a look at what Asimov calls THE equation tells us that he would have had to put out energy at a rate of about 400,000,000,000 watts during the first 24 hours. You could use this boy to light Indiana! No, this amount of energy dissipation, in any form, could not pass unnoticed. Since in the story it did pass unnoticed at first, we must go on to the bowel theory.

At first there would be no difficulty, but as the ratio of our hero's mass to the mass to be eliminated gets smaller the situation begins to look bad. I ask you now to picture, if you can, the conditions that would prevail on the day when that ratio reached unity!

On the last page of the book our hero talks about how strange and different the world looks now. I think that this is a clue. The world might very well look strange and different to a man who had just inverted himself through his own anus.

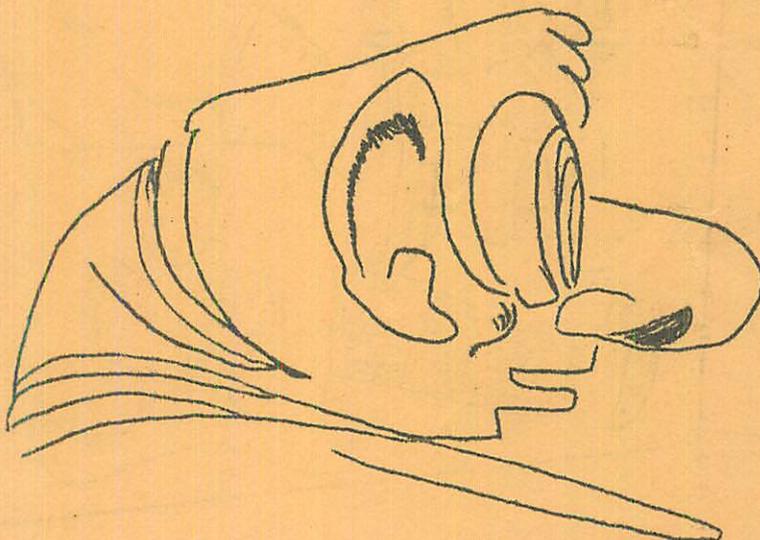
//Well, that should settle the arguments on that. I believe you have an astute scientific observation there. RSC//

Roger Ebert, 410 E. Washington, Urbana Illinois

The notice on the contents page that the opinions herein are those

of the authors, not necessarily that of the editors indicates a singleness of thought in the Coulson manse. Never any arguments? Or is your basic policy well formulated by now? //Well, actually that wording was a slip of the typewriter, but we very seldom disagree, particularly on fannish matters. RSC//

Stratton's dissection was deftly done -- familiar satiric grounds, but he unearthed some new Vogtcliches. The Gaughan article was well written; by its nature uninteresting to mebut good.



And I'm afraid that "Western Tale" is a bit old. You'll find the pun in one of the Bennett Corf collections. //Oh, it's an old joke - but I like it. RSC//

I take issue with Ed Wood on the admittedly morose magazine situation. The end of the medium, Mr. Wood, is not in sight. It is upon us.

The desperate format changes, price hikes, and elongated schedules don't seem to be doing much good....and frankly, I'll be surprised if we finish 1959 with F&SF, SFS, and IF still among the extant. I'd add INFINITY, except that I think it's already folded. //It has; likewise IF has folded and been resurrected already.//

The concept of a pocket size magazine is not too frightening to me; the pb format makes the copy easier to read; //?!?//easier to store; more compact; more attractive; and more durable. Right? And more marketable, the publishers must be praying at nights.

Isn't the new STAR pb an extension of the unlamented magazine? They included the mag-sized STAR in the list of previously edited works by Sir Pohl. Maybe Ballantine is cogitating such a switch right now. //It would be more accurate to say that the mag-sized STAR was a mutant version of their pb anthologies, since there were 4 STAR pb's issued before the mag came out. RSC//

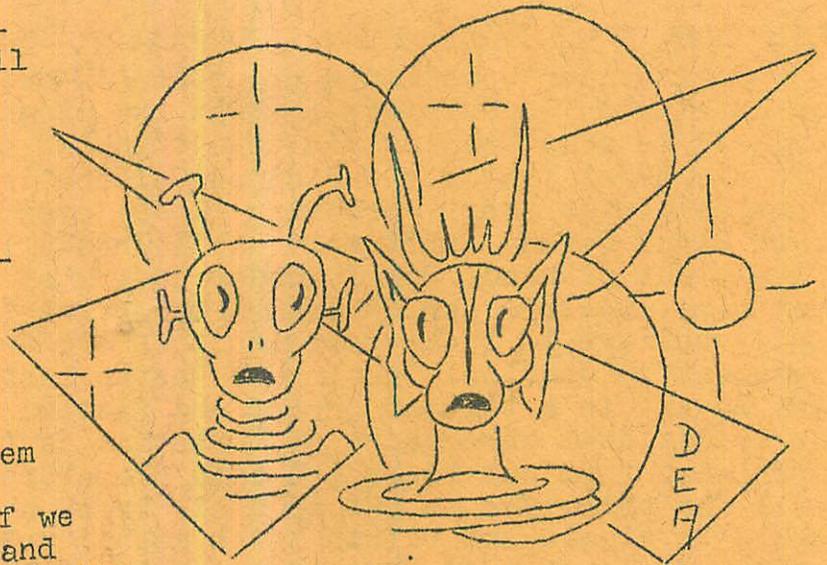
Stan Freberg's "Green Christmas" was met with such a vicious storm of criticism from advertising and from local businesses that it had to be pulled by Capitol.

I work for the Champaign News-Gazette, and ride to the out-of-town basketball games I cover with the Gazette's WDWS. In the course of a recent trip, we were discussing the disk...and the disk-jockey-cum-sports-caster at the wheel revealed that after playing "Green Christmas" very early one morning, he was stormed by irate businessmen.

Result: ban on "Green Christmas".

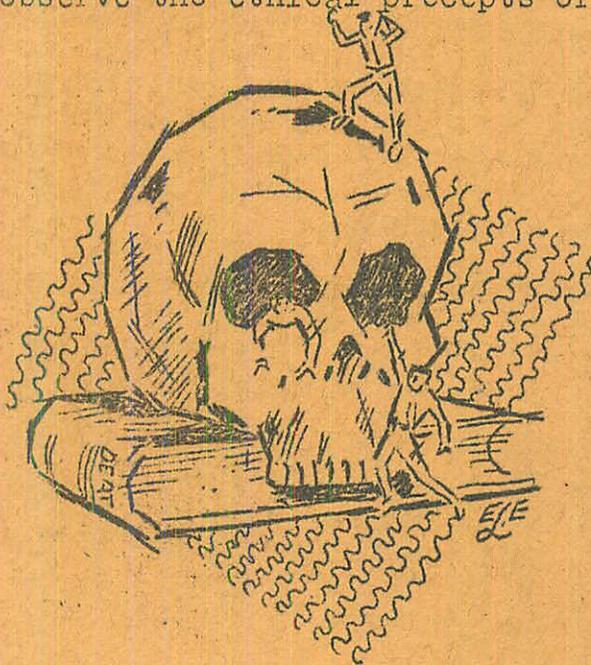
It seems to have been the same all over the country. I have one of the few valuable bootleg copies of the record that managed to get sold here in town. Vance Packard might have bean right when he implied that advertising can stand little criticism...the ad-men certainly opened up on Freberg!

//Now that's one I didn't know about. I did know that the record didn't get much of a play on the radio, but there were big banners featuring it in Joe's Record Shop, in Anderson, Ind., for awhile. (Joe has the record shop in the state -- if he doesn't have something, it isn't available outside of New York or Chicago.) I didn't get a copy...I always get in too late on these things. Maybe I can tape DeWeese's. You ought to write SEX & CENSORSHIP about this. RSC//



G.M. Carr, 5319 Ballard Ave., Seattle 7, Washington

Bill Connor's comments about the JW-nut that came around on Christmas morning to expostulate against the paganism of Christmas celebrations reminded me of something I'd been thinking about along that same line. It's no secret that the Christmas Celebrations have gotten out of hand. When the stores start sprouting tinsel even before Hallowe'en, and the Santa Claus Parade can't wait until Thanksgiving, even, things are definitely out of hand. But I wonder just what is the source of all this excessive pressure for Christmas Observance? It isn't the people who really believe in their religion that are doing it -- as witness the statement by Cardinal Cushing of Boston last year, reminding Catholics that Advent is a time of prayer and fasting similar to Lent, and that the traditional observance of Christmas is the 12 days afterwards. He admonished them not to be led into premature celebration, but to wait until Christmas Eve to put up their tree, not open their gifts (which should be simple and within their means) until Christmas morning, and to observe the period of Christmas for the full 12 days and then clean up and put the decorations away promptly. Likewise, several Protestant Church Leaders issued pleading statements to good Christians everywhere to refrain from going overboard with these charge-account gifts; to stay away from Christmas cocktail parties; to take it easy with drinking and driving, and, in short, to "put Christ in Christmas". It isn't Jews who are pushing this Christmas stuff -- as witnessed by the recent announcement in several newsmagazines that there will be a concerted effort on the part of Rabbis and religious leaders among the Jews to persuade their members to protest to School Boards, etc. against the encroachment of Christmas celebration and "religion" in the schools. (This is a protest that could easily be misunderstood: Children need religious instruction in school and no reasonable parent could object to them being taught to observe the ethical precepts of the 10 Commandments, nor introduced to



the spiritual grandeur of the Bible -- but every parent would do well to object to the kind of "religious" thinking which gives to the tremendous drama of the Incarnation the same treatment as Hansel and Gretel!)//Schools have plenty to do without teaching religion. This business of the schools teaching "citizenship" is so much hogwash. If parents want their children taught religious precepts there are plenty of churches ready, willing, and expressly designed to do the job. RSC// In my opinion, the recent over-emphasis of the two great Christian holydays -- Christmas and Easter -- is not due to the religionists themselves. It is another instance of the Pagan world trying to tell the Christians how they should worship; the non-religionists jumping on the bandwagon and trying to make a fast buck out

of it! By pretending to "celebrate" Christmas and Easter, they are smothering them under a blanket of artificial snow and/or easter egg dye. It is an insolence utterly unparalleled that the two greatest human concepts (the very raison d'etre of Christianity, the concept that the Great Primal Cause could compress itself into a Human Body in order to lift mankind to a realization of his own Potential Divinity; and the concept of the Resurrection, the Christian hope for all mankind) should be degraded into an occasion for buying and selling. And it is an even greater insolence that it should be the non-Christian world that is calling the tune and the Christians who are meekly dancing to it. The real tragedy, however, is that the resentment being engendered among the religionists (i.e., those people who take their religion seriously enough to fight for it) is being turned against each other. Christians blame Jews for this indecent commercialization, Jews blame Christians for this overwhelming "celebration" of a religious concept which is an affront to them. I sympathize heartily with the dilemma of parents who try to explain to their children the meaning of Christmas when, to them, it has no meaning. It must be awful for them to see the jovial "celebrations" on every side and have either to give into it for their children's pleasure, Santa Claus and Christmas Tree and all the trappings except the Christ, or else deny the Children participation in parties and fun for no reason that the children could understand. Too bad the people who revere God and take their worship seriously cannot join together against the pagan world that sees in religion merely some pleasant "myths" and "colorful traditions". Let the pagan world celebrate the Winter Solstice with Yule Log and Wassail if they want, but keep their Christ Mass holy as it should be -- not stuck up in store windows as an additional inducement for Christmas Buying! That old Jehovah's Witness geezer was right at least in one thing. The way Christmas is currently being celebrated certainly IS "pagan ritual...and therefore evil". The same is true of the pagan sun-worship of the Easter Morning "Sunrise Service" which certainly is NOT Christian in origin! //The trouble is, the churches accepted all these rituals at first, when they thought that they would benefit by absorbing pagan customs such as the "Christmas tree", and now they're stuck with them. The explanation that the customs are pagan, while certainly true, raises the question of just how sincere is a religion which accepts or denies on the basis of convenience. And, for that matter, we're told that "majority rules", and a majority of the people in America are atheists, no matter how often they protest their "faith". If they really believed in God, they wouldn't be so quick to cheat on their income tax, steal from hotels, chisel their employers (or employees, as the case may be), and lie about their brands of merchandise. Christmas celebrations are doubtless pagan, but I doubt if there are enough real Christians in the country to do anything about them. RSC//



Donald Franson, 6543 Babcock Ave, No. Hollywood, California

The history of YANDRO is interesting but it does not say how it got

its name. It seems that esoteric fanzine names are deep, dark secrets not to be revealed to neos, but we can guess. It can't be from "Way Down Yandro in New Orleans" can it? Does anyone know the meaning of COPS LA, SIGBO, APORRHETA, FIJAGH, SATA and SCIENCE FICTION TIMES? In return for this information I'll explain the meaning of BRILLIG, MIMSY, SIGMA OCTANTIS, JD, MOOR PARK and NEMATODE. //Gee, nobody's ever called us esoteric before. Other things, yes, but not esoteric. Actually, we explain YANDRO fairly regularly....."I'll build me a desrick on Yandro's high hill, where the wild beasts and turtle doves can hear my sad cry.." Sound familiar? I thought not; read over your back issues of F&SF, with emphasis on Manly Wade Wellman stories. As for SIGBO, it was originally two separate fanzines; the first issue after the consolidation carried the unwieldy name of STF-IN-GEN & BOLIDE; I believe I have the honor of first suggesting the shortening to SIGBO. RSC//

"The Referees of Null-A" good. A.E. Van Stratton wouldn't be A. E. Van Coulson? //Not entirely. RSC//

"...from the files of DESTINY" sounds so important and dramatic and all. But must you mix these in with YANDRO-slanted stuff? Why not put out another DESTINY for Kemp and get rid of them all? I don't think the INSIDE material is apt, either. Is YANDRO the garbage-dump of fandom? //No, we're just more honest about specifying where we get our material. I took the DESTINY and INSIDE stuff (and you should have seen the amount that I didn't take) because it was better than the serious material being submitted to YANDRO, and while I prefer to run mostly humor I want some serious articles and fiction for variety. We get plenty of serious stuff submitted, you understand; but most of it isn't much good. RSC//
YANDRO consistently misspells Moskowitz. //Sorry.//

I'm an individual; just like the rest of the crowd I go with. ..Franson

Robert A. Madle, 3608 Caroline Ave., Indianapolis 18, Ind.

Much as I hate to disagree with both you and G. M. Carr, I certainly must come to the defense of Forrest J. Ackerman. In the current issue I notice that G.M. Carr has modified her comments considerably. Even so, however, I don't agree that Forry can't write. I always thought he had a clever fannish way of writing. Perhaps he overdoes it at times, but, in general, I have always felt that Forry has lots of talent. The thing that has bothered me during the past few years is the way he is suddenly attacked by someone with whom he has no argument whatsoever. Perhaps this is caused by jealousy, for there is little doubt that Forry is one of the very few top fans of all time, if not the top fan. He has done more for s-f and fandom than any dozen active fans and he certainly deserves a better lot than he has been getting. In this respect, I agree 100% with Donald Franson in the current issue. The birds who evaluate a person entirely on what he has done during the past six months should wake up and realize that fandom has existed for almost thirty years. //Well, personally I've never criticized Forry as a fan, that I recall. But since I haven't been around fandom for 30 years I have to judge his writing on what I've seen, and at the time I commented, everything I'd seen by him was a combination of juvenile humor and "preciousness". Since seeing his work in S&C #2, I'll revise my stand to say that Forry can

write well, it's just that he so seldom does. (Incidentally, you have now finally made the YANDRO lettercolumn...cheers.) RSC//

Bob Lichtman, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, California

One thing, I can't figure out why all the reviews I've seen of your zine have been so lousy; it's not a bad zine, if you like a lot of fiction and sf-al material. //It's easy, you've just been reading too many Ted White fanzines. RSC//

Just thumbing through before I had read the material, I noticed one thing in which you far surpass CRY: your artwork. I sadly notice, tho, that Buck fails to make proper credit of the various illoes on the content page.

Now, your written material. It is mostly good, some a little juvenile in structure, but, like I said, mostly good. And from me, this is a compliment, as I don't usually rave over zines that feature a lot of fiction.

I'd like to give you an arguement about putting phoney names on a few of your features. I mean like, why do it? I don't think it's especially funny or clever, and unless you have the permission of the contributors concerned, I doubt if they appreciate it, either. //What do you consider phoney? If you mean the Scithers item, it's what he gets for sending an untitled story to a fanzine with two editors. If you mean the Stratton, he appreciates it; he doesn't dare do otherwise. RSC//

I don't like your slant parentheses either; if you must be different on the slant idea, why not use something like //? That way you can tell which part of the text is you and which is the writer's. //Well, mostly I used a single slant because everyone else used a double one. However, the double slant now seems to have dropped out of favor, so since about 6 readers have suggested it, I'll try it this issue. RSC//

I've heard what you said about someone who wrote in some years ago complaining about MZB's column, so if I've said anything to offend you, please forgive. //You heard an incorrect version, it appears; I have never objected to anything written to me about YANDRO; what roused my ire was a reader who wrote directly to MZB about her column, demanding that she drop it. I feel that it's the sole privilege of the editor to decide whether a column is kept or dropped. RSC//

Do you give free copies to successful letterhacks like Busby? //No//

Marion Zimmer Bradley, Box 246, Rochester, Texas

To me the only apology necessary for Ackerman's Monster mag comes from my son, who lies on the floor reading it and literally rocking with mirth at Forry's puns, which he loves, and oohing and ah-ing over the movie stills. No apology is necessary for anything which gives so much real, genuine pleasure to anyone, even eight year old boys. My son knows nothing of fandom. He knows only vaguely that Ackerman is my agent. He only knows that this magazine, for him, is the real livin' end in amusement. //You have presented the first cogent argument in favor of Acker-Monsters that I have heard. Of course, the advance publicity and first comments (in S F Times and other fanzines) made no mention of it being written for 8-year-olds, so I've been criticizing it as an adult (or at least teen-age) publication. But quite possibly I've been wrong -- and before Ebert pops up again, I realize that Forry was not responsible for the publicity. RSC//

Allen Mardis, Jr, 216 Lundgren Hall MRH, Champaign, Illinois

I am very sorry to hear that a number of the fans misinterpreted my letter. I did not defend the Bohemians in my letter...nor did I attack them. I merely attempted - evidently in vain - to present existentialism from an unbiased point of view. //In fandom, this only gets you hated by both sides. RSC// I was simply setting up a basis for some intelligent discussion of the matter. Now, I have been drug across the coals as "a dyed-in-the-garrett existentialist". I heartily decline the title. I don't believe in existentialism but I like to discuss philosophy.

John Trimble, % Ron Ellik, (address below)

In the letter section, I found that Jim Caughran's letter sparked comment. Where he says that you live in America and would probably like to do so all your life. I've seen Japan, Formosa, and Korea, and none of Europe. I've always wanted to see "the Continent", but.... And I think I might like living there as much as I'm sure I'd like Japan or Formosa. But only on a standard of living as high, or nearly so, as that to which I am accustomed. For me to go to Japan and live on the Japanese standard of living...well, I know people who've done so (and are doing so), but it's not for me.

Jack Hayden, 140 E. Mayfair, Orange, California

Glancing through my recent issues of YANDRO, I came upon the story "The Solution", by Bill Beard. I chuckled at this humorous piece, tho many of its subtleties escaped me. Soon a frown of contemplation crossed my face as a thought struck me. I asked myself, "If the blog is carried to the Troitfen outpost in pipes, is it not logical to assume that the blog is under pressure?" And, "If the blog is like water //well, it's liquid//, it must be under at least twenty lbs. per square inch pressure in order to be effective, must it not?" Yet, Mr. Kemp successfully coped with this problem. I find that to be awe-inspiring -- to say the least.

The last beatnik on earth was not alone in his room. There was a Kerouac on the floor.
.....Hayden

Ellis Mills, P.O. Box 244, Carswell AFB, Texas

Thanks for YANDRO #72. This is the first whole copy I've seen of your zine. A friend of mine had one earlier issue that he had used for slipsheeting and I managed to salvage a few readable pages but it certainly is nice to have one in all its pristine glory. //What's the name of this dirty dog who uses our deathless prose for slipsheeting? A pox upon him -- may his mimeo develop warts! RSC//

Your PALS comment brings to mind one I received lately; you will not get such an offer, I am sure, due to your policy of published rates. However, I have not published anything prior to possibly the last issue of UR which would be worth charging for and have in consequence not asked anything more than a letter of comment. One kind chap wrote for a copy of #74 after reading the CRY review, then responded to it by offering to "pay any amount, up to five cents, for any future issues."

As I had just finished mailing out UR 5 at 4½ cents per copy I was not too pleased by this oh, so generous offer.

Uncle Alan Mac Dodd was gently amusing and once more a mist of nostalgia drifts across the scene. Upon this hazy cloud is projected a memory of the garden we kept on the farm when I was a youth. It was quite large and each spring, when it came time to break ground, Dad would borrow his Uncle's plow and There Were Furrows At The Bottom Of My Garden.

I really don't dig this DESTINY type poetry. The rest of the magazine affirmed my desire to get more of this effort of yours.

Gene DeWeese, 210 E. King, Kokomo, Ind.

But wot I wrote about is for one Mr. Pelz.

Suppose him to be a book salesman, specializing in older science-fiction, one who has disagreements with his boss occasionally, especially concerning which are the most popular authors. He particularly likes Verne, thinks his books make more money for the company than do such things as "War Of The Worlds", etc. The boss disagrees, calls him into the office one day, to say to him, sometime during the conversation, "Hell's bells, Pelz, Wells sells!"

F. M. Busby, 2852 14th. West, Seattle 99, Washington

No, Buck, "being lazy", you do not have the ideal personality for handling wealth, but for dissipating it.

Thanks for not succumbing to temptation to butcher my anti-insert propaganda with inserts; naturally I had considered that possibility, but was counting on you to rise above temptation, like. Was surprised to see conjecture that I might be a slow reader, as actually it's well toward the other extreme, so took a think about the problem. And I guess that maybe the trouble is my fast reading habits -- according to communication theory, ordinary text has considerable redundancy. Thus, it can be skimmed at fairly high speed and still convey meaning to the reader, because there is considerable continuity of thought even under the skimming process. INSERTS BREAK THIS UP, and leave the reader floundering as unto having fallen off a surfboard, so that he must needs pull back, regain his balance, and start all over again.

If the "Shrinking Man" movie followed the book, than that's what's wrong with the science.

Allen Mardis takes a good try as explaining Existentialism to the Philistines. I still don't dig it, but am willing to read on without scoffing; I don't necessarily expect to agree with these people, but would not be surprised if they come up with some illuminating ideas. Phrases like "strives to illuminate human freedom" say n-o-t-h-i-n-g. Incidentally, I read "On The Road", and it made more sense than I expected it would, in terms of personal and observational experience. I won't really hold that semi-illiterate Fabian Press stuff against the Existentialists just yet. //Personality: What's wrong with dissipating wealth, anyway? It strikes me as the ideal way to handle it. Reading: I'll have to check myself sometime and see if I read fanzine letter columns at the same speed as straight fiction. Probably not, though I expect that comparative legibility slows me down more than inserts, but

I suppose the difference between us is that I don't mind being slowed down. If you want to compare notes, my reading speed is 800 words a minute on fiction; whether this is above average for fandom or not, I don't know.

Sture Sedolin, P.O. Box 408, Vällingby 4, Sweden

Will you please note my new US-agent: Seth A. Johnson, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, N.J., and the rates //for SUIER-FANTASI// are still 10¢ a copy. Perhaps there are some fans who have sent money to Jesse Leaf, and never heard from him. I haven't too, it was my friend and former co-editor Alvar Appeltofft who suggest me to make Jesse to agent. I have however got a fanzine, ENIGMA, from him. But Seth and I exchange one or two letters a week, so fast we can with air mail and he has now taken over my agency "over there".

Howard Devore, 4705 Weddell St., Dearborn, Michigan

Hold the presses! Want to distribute a ballot via Yandro. All of fandom is being invited to nominate for HUGO awards; they fill out the nomination ballot, we select the top choices and they vote via a second ballot we'll send you. Will all include addressed envelopes for returns. Nomination deadline May 15th - please ask every fnz editor you know to reprint the ballot. Give us a plug please as we are runnin' outa drinkin' money. Fake up copy from DETENTION #1 and run it as news release. Toastmaster - ASIMOV, play him up. //Well, I'm much too honorable to do anything like faking a news release. However, for the record, the WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION is being held in Detroit this year. You may receive further information from Devore (provided someone does not provide him with more drinkin' money) or by being extravagant and sending \$2 to James Broderick, 2218 Drexel Ave., Detroit 15, Mich., you may become a member and receive all sorts of weird literature and fantastic propaganda. Juanita and I have sent in our memberships and plan on being in Detroit come Labor Day; go thou and do likewise. RSC//

Jim Caughran, 2315 Dwightway, Berkeley 4, California

This issue is good, better than most, but it still has that depressing air of sameness that is the worst feature of your mag. You should change something, sometime -- try different paper or something of the like. Somehow, with this air, it resembles, except for the lack of goshwow enthusiasm, neofannish crud -- the material isn't that bad, but the impression still hits me. //Just offhand, I can't think of a single fanzine which has published over 10 or 15 issues that doesn't give an impression of sameness. One issue of HYPHEN, for example, is much like another issue -- all of them good, you understand, but nothing wildly unexpected after you've read 3 or 4. Look at CRY -- or GRUE. Pretty much the same format every issue. A better format, possibly (undoubtedly, in the case of GRUE), but still a standard format. RSC//

I sat and laughed and laughed at Leman -- that man is the best thing to hit fandom in years. //Agreed.//

I would say that everything that we do is because we ourselves want to do it -- it gives us pleasure, or at least more than the alternative.

If one is forced to conform, to go along with the crowd, he does it because he prefers it to the alternative. Anything you or anyone else does is "exactly what I want to do". //You're quibbling, but if you prefer, I'll say that my choice, in any given situation, is totally unaffected by the relative popularity of the alternatives. My chief difference of opinion with Gem Carr is that I object violently to anything that restricts my choice, whether it be censorship of comic books or laws against miscegenation. And I'm damned well not going to restrict my choices to the popular alternatives, as do the "squares", or to the unpopular ones, as do the beatniks. RSC//

Ron Ellik, Apt. #7, 2444 Virginia St, Berkeley 4, California

Another Califan you've met, Buck -- I should think -- is Ackerman himself. Unless, of course, you missed the MWCon he was at or the Clevention. Sid Coleman was at the IllWiscon in '58 if you recall; he's from Chicago originally, but lives in Pasadena now.

So Stop using false arguments to avoid legitimate criticism; you've met more Calfen than you realize. //Caughran also wondered if I'd forgotten meeting him....so okay, I've met millions of Califan. But you're the only one who comes across as a distinct personality (doesn't that give you a warm glow, though?); after all, merely saying "hello" does not give one a very deep insight into another individual. I never think of Coleman as a Califan; Sid is a Law Unto Himself.//

Djo Wells, 2548 W. 12th., Los Angeles 6, Calif. (incidentally, all of these last 3 letters arrived in one huge envelope decorated by Ellik; the postman has been giving us odd looks ever since it arrived)

The cover, except for the excellent monster, looked so much like a very good DEA that I was quite surprised to find it was an Adkins. It just somehow misses, and I'm trying to figure if it is Adkins' or the stenciller's fault. I realize that all artists are guilty of doing somewhat mediocre work occasionally, for I have done that, myself.

Actually, I'm not picking on your cover. It is a very good cover. But it's not a very good Adkins, if you follow me. //I follow you, but none of our other readers did; most thought that it was an exceptionally good Adkins. RSC//

The article, "Science Fiction Art" by Jack Gaughan was good, as far as it went. Certainly, he didn't say all he wanted to, nor did he put any definite point across, unless it was that artists should create, in spite of patterns put down for them. Since that is an accepted fact with any artist, it was hardly anything new.

That does it for now; there are another dozen or so letters here, but this is enough and more than enough pages. On the Annish, the Doddering column and the van Vogt parody received the highest praise; the Bisenleks shaggy dog story and the Duane poem received the most panning. Robert Lambeck and Ralph Holland both suggested ways of coping with hekto gelatine (different ways, I might add), Holland and Bob Briney both corrected the rumor that Hannes Bok had died. Ella Parker agrees with Busby on editorial inserts (I still don't). A couple of people have complained about a lack of humor in YANDRO; apparently they don't dig anything but faaanish stuff, and I don't dig it, so.....long. RSC

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