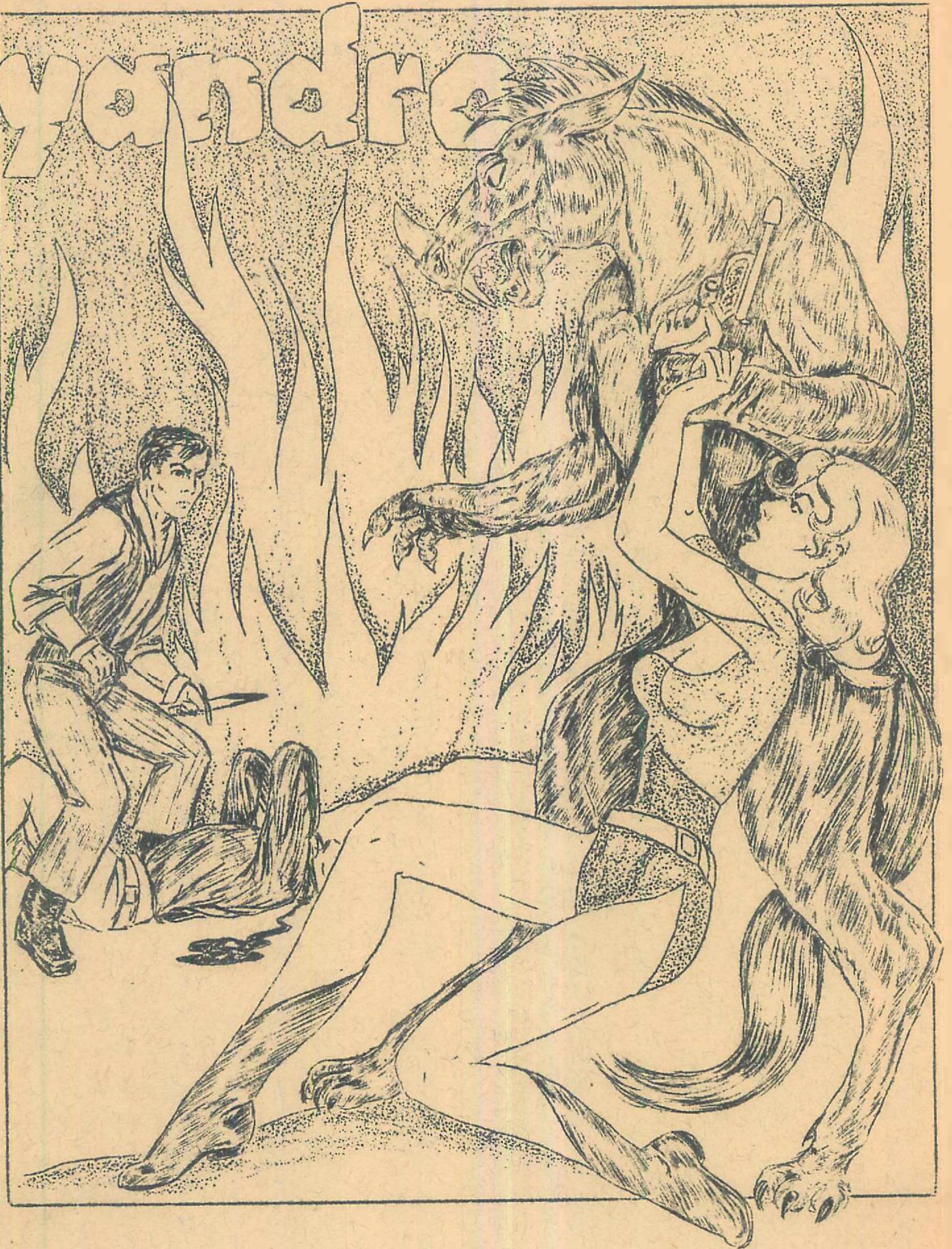
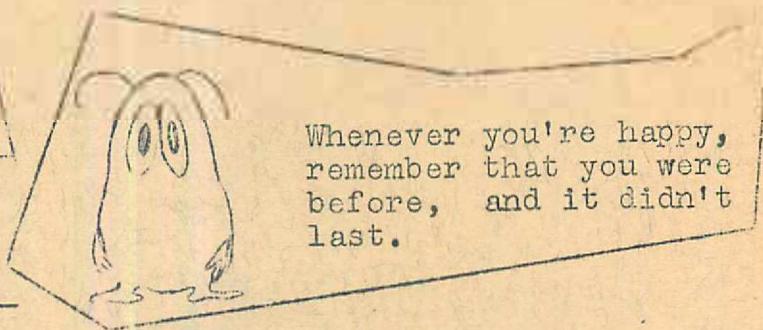


yandrea



# YANDRO

AUGUST '59 #79



Whenever you're happy, remember that you were before, and it didn't last.

— VOLUME VII NUMBER 8 —

YANDRO is published once each month by Robert and Juanita Coulson, at Route 3, Wabash, Indiana, USA. British agent is Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts., England. Price, US & Canada, 15¢ per copy or 12 for \$1.50; England, 1/0 each, 12 for 12/0; elsewhere, 2 for 35¢, 12 for \$1.75. Trades accepted on a one for one basis only; free issues are not given for letters of comment unless we happen to feel like it. We are nasty, mercenary people and proud of it.

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Pittsburgh ad on page 11 by Ray Smith: Cover lettering--James R. Adams

AMRA covers enclosed with this issue are to be considered as advertising, and as a sample of the sort of artwork encountered in AMRA. (Box 682, Stanford, California) These covers are not included in every copy, since Scithers sent only 70 covers and our circulation will be around 130 or 140 copies.

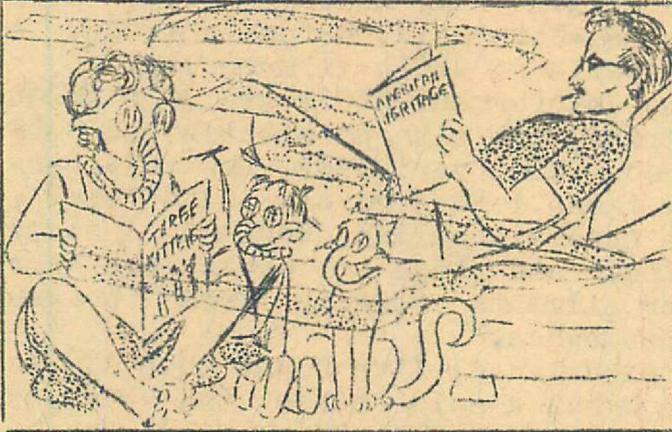
In case anyone (particularly Tucker) was confused by the "reprinted from VANDY" quote appended to his column in the last issue.....VANDY is our FAPAazine, and I was under the impression that the Tucker item in YANDRO #78 had been previously published in VANDY #3. It turns out that I was wrong, and the material wasn't reprinted after all. Apologies, and all that.

What is so rare as a fanzine with no aspirations of becoming a focal point?



August is an awfully bad month, fanacwise, in this household...as a starter, it's hay fever season (evidence offered in the illo o'er yanner)...then, it's also canning season...the canning business is economical and tasty during the winter, but it makes for a grind-some amount of work in August..... on top of everything, August lived up to its reputation with a ven-geance, producing a very ungodly heat wave...and one must experience Indiana's 90 plus temperatures in

combination with 90 plus humidity to acquire a healthy respect for the discomforts of hades.....all of these added up to a very discouraging atmosphere in which to cut stencils.....oh well, here's hoping the issue at least has an August postmark....One of the side effects of the canning contributed another dubious benefit to the act of stencil cutting....peeling and chopping vegetables is not one of my finer skills, and in the process I managed to acquire a number of nicks and slices in my fingers, including a near removal of my right thumbnail... (no comfort to me that I did this last bloody deed as a result of ignoring the cardinal rule of knife handling and cut toward myself for one brief, albeit gory, second).....there is really nothing quite so incapacitated, stencil-cutting-wise, than a two finger typist with both index fingers and both thumbs painfully chopped (I use the thumbs on the space bar).....every so often I read an article on lefthandedness... no matter how tolerant the writer or how insistent on the dangers involved in forcing a southpaw to switch, there is always some oblique reference to the fact that lefthandedness is, supposedly, a handicap in today's culture.....I disagree, reminded muchly of my disagreement by the recent attempt to amputate my fingers....as far as I'm concerned, being lefthanded in today's culture means I have been forced to become somewhat ambidextrous:I use a scissors with my right hand; I use a knife (usually) with my right hand; I toss balls, pennies, cards or whatever with my right hand - but when forced to (as per the damaged right thumb) I am able to perform rather well with my left hand, much better than I have seen right-handed persons attempting a common skill lefthanded.... and some tasks, the southpaw can perform with equal skill with either hand (cranking an eggbeater, for example).....I'm not insisting that any fans with right handed children attempt to convert them into south-paws, but I do think this 'disadvantage' business has been overdone... there are drawbacks...in playing tennis or badminton I must serve left-handed and then immediately toss the racket over to my right hand in time to meet the return....but also, I always eat in the Continental manner, and when I'm through cutting meat, I put down the knife and dig in, without the business of shifting the fork.....it cancels out..... a week from now I will be packing for Detroit and presumably asking George Scithers (who's riding with the DeWeeses and us) if he minds taking time out from fannish conversation so that I may watch Jan Merlin on t-v.....and probably by the time some of you receive this, you'll already be back from the Detention.....I hope you had a good time....JWC



Odd...a couple of years ago, 19 pages was standard size for YANDRO. Now when we run one this size, I feel like apologizing for it. Well, I promise you that next issue I'll cut the lettercolumn first, and fill in the rest of the issue after all the letters are in.

Wisconsin fans take warning; the DeWeese menage will be moving to Milwaukee right after the Detention. Gene, bev, Vanamondi (cat), the hi-fi, and the library.

I am now the proud possessor of a Revolutionary War sword -- complete with an open-toed scabbard -- having traded a portable record player to James Adams for it. (I wonder if all fans conduct this sort of weird trading? DeWeese does; he traded a studio couch to his former landlady for a juke-box. Now he not only has two huge console speakers for his hi-fi, but one of them lights up and says "Wurlitzer".)

I attended a Golden Wedding Anniversary recently (relatives) and came away wondering why people do these things. (Have anniversary parties, that is; not get married.) This was an open house sort of thing; one estimate was 250 guests -- of whom I knew about 50 and was interested in talking to possibly 10. Of course, you never get to talk to anyone at one of these things; you simply stand around for two hours with a drink -- ginger ale and lime sherbet, and a more horrible combination I have yet to encounter -- in your hand (in your hand, because I defy you to swallow the stuff), and then go home. Why? Isn't there an easier way to show one's respect? If I had been the only one there who was bored stiff, I'd simply put it down to my anti-social tendencies. But I didn't encounter over 3 guests who were really enjoying themselves; the rest were there out of duty, and trying to think of an excuse to get away early -- I never saw so many people eyeing their wrist-watches before in my life. As for the host and hostess; maybe it will give them pleasant memories and pride that they could "draw" that many guests, but they were a long way from enjoying themselves while the affair was going on.

There are few things more useless than a party which is given and attended because of social convention, rather than through any great desire of the host and guests to see one another.

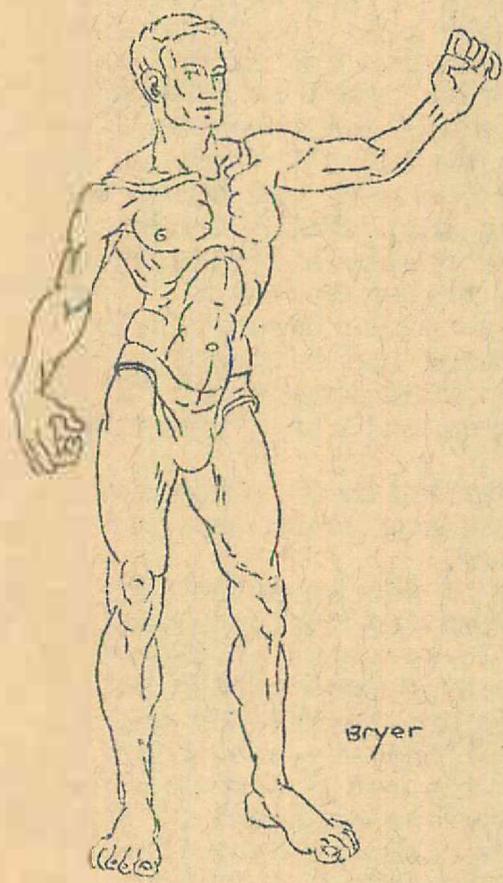
(On the way home we went through a rainstorm, I got an attack of asthma and was off work for two days; a perfect finish for the occasion.)

Someone will undoubtedly inform me that there are a lot of things we do in this world in order not to hurt the feelings of someone we like. Certainly there are, but that's my point; why are there? Why should society prescribe rituals which no one enjoys? And why should anyone of moderate intelligence spend considerable time and money on a project which offers absolutely no return but the nebulous approval of society? Something is radically wrong, somewhere. (I wonder how many "Beats" really enjoy listening to modern poetry read to jazz backgrounds, and how many attend the sessions in order to look hip?) Until nextish..RSC

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The other day I awoke with a slight tickle in the region of my nostrils-- the sure sign of a new-born cold. Before shaving, I popped a couple of APC's in my mouth.

For the uninformed, APC's are just about like aspirins, but with phenacetin and caffeine added. Some varieties, however, particularly those issued mostly in the army, contain a narcotic called Codiene instead of caffeine. And these are prescribed by medics for ailments ranging from broken legs to headaches.

In my experience, I've found that APC 's will also knock a cold before the viruses have time to get a toe-hold on your system.

What I'm getting around to is this: On the way to work, I picked up a newspaper and a story about the most serious problem faced by navy medical men on atomic submarines is the common cold.

So, it seems that as my sniffles develop, I've got something in common with the crew of the Nautilus, the Seawolf, and the Skate.

The medical officer of the Nautilus, Commander R.F. Dobbins, said that cold viruses spread like wildfire in the confines of a submarine. However, after a while at sea, the viruses die or the crew become immune and they no longer have colds.

Then, the confinement creates nervousness and insomnia. So, medics fork over tranquilizers.

Because of the radical change in food served aboard submarines as compared to that on land, the crew goes through a period of stomach adjustment--and the medics treat them with laxative pills.

Have you ever considered just how many pills it takes to keep this crew on their toes?

What's going to happen when the first space ship kicks off toward upstairs? In comparison to a space trip, those submarine voyages are just like a journey into the next room...real nowhere.

Seems as if the first rocket ship into space might have to carry more pills than fuel. And this seems especially true when you consider the results of tests now being conducted at the School of Space Medicine

in San Antonio, Texas.

Dr. Strughold claims that man is not psychologically prepared to go to space. Man doesn't WANT to go.

Cutting the psychological cord that connects man to earth, whether he be 80 stories up in a building or a mile down in a mine shaft, is going to be the greatest problem man has ever faced.

Physicians at the School of Space Medicine believe that snipped this imaginary umbilical cord might cause insanity. When man realizes that the womb of earth is no longer within reaching distance...

Scientists at the School of Space Medicine feel that it may be necessary to drug any man who ventures into upstairs.

So, toss a few more pills into the spaceship, dad.

Then, there's such a thing as acceleration and deceleration. Special pressure G-suits aren't enough--man will need an anti-vessel-dilator drug to keep his blood from slouching around hither and yond in his body. Since liquids would tend to be spilled, or injection equipment would be too complicated, or the effect of the acceleration might be harmful to the liquid, the anti-vessel-dilator will probably come in pill form.

Already, as you can easily see, the spaceman will be surrounded by pills. They'll all have to be in easy reach--and since space will be cramped--the pills will probably be located around him, probably scattered over the floor.

So, man finally gets to a new planet somewhere. During his journey, all of the viruses have died and his immunity to various diseases has relapsed. Before he can step out onto a new planet, the spaceman will need a few dozen kinds of antibiotic pills.

And he'll need some pills for the viruses that we might not know about.

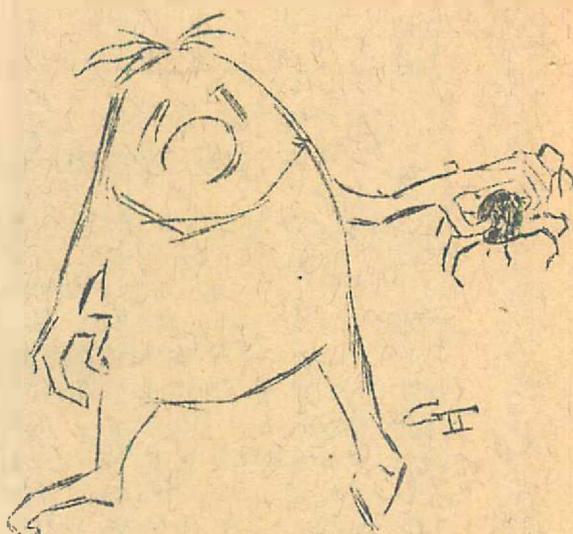
If he wanders far from his ship, he'll need food concentrates--more pills.

To keep him awake and alert until such time as he has time to sleep, he'll need some caffeine pills.

If he stubs his toe, he'll need a pill to ease the pain. To postpone normal sex drives, he'll need a pill. To save weight (tv, books and projectors would be unthinkable), it's possible the spaceman will take a mescaline pill (mescaline, a derivative of a Mexican cactus plant, produces hypnotic hallucinations) in order to entertain himself. Along about here, the pill situation gets a little ridiculous--yet, I can easily think of a dozen more things which might come up that could only be conquered by a pill.

Relaxing just a few moments ago, sipping at a can of beer (one thing I hope they never pill), I arrived at the conclusion that's it's much more comfortable to sit at home and read about space travel than it would be to get up and go out and do it. Maybe those scientists are right about this umbilical cord situation. The stars have never looked particularly inviting to me anyway, regardless of how many stories play them up.

Let some pill go to space.



# THE ENDLESS CYCLE —

LESLIE  
GERBER

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: This story is intended as a fannish allegory, and is not to be construed as political propaganda.)

One bright spring day in 1964, in a Bronx County courtroom, the Kyle vs. Dietz-Raybin feud came to its climax.

Four years ago, Dave Kyle had succeeded in having his suit placed on the trial docket, and now its time had come.

After the opening procedures, Arthur C. Kyle, Sr., acting as attorney for his son, waived the right to jury trial. However, George Nims Raybin, acting as attorney for himself and Frank and Belle Deitz, demanded a jury. The selection of the jurors took less than an hour. None of the jurors could possibly have had any prejudices because they hadn't the slightest idea of what was going on. Only one juror was disqualified--Dick Ellington, who had somehow gotten on the jury panel. (It is still suspected that some one with a sense of humor and a knowledge of fandom was behind it, especially since Walt Cole was also on the panel and only chance prevented him from being called.)

After the jury was sworn in and the suit officially begun, Dave Kyle took the witness stand in his own behalf. He was sworn in and then questioned by his father. The questioning opened: "Dave, what was your situation in fandom before the WSFS feud?"

"Excuse me," said a lady in the jury (her name, Mrs. Edith Finklebaum, is unimportant, but her memory is forever blessed), "but what does 'fandom' mean? And what is the WSFS?"

"Well," said Dave, "fandom is a group of science-fiction fans..."

"Fan?" interrupted Mrs. Finklebaum. "You mean like movie fans?"

"Well," continued Dave, "sort of, except that instead of going to movies, they go to cons, pub fanzines, taperespond, go gafia..." Dave stopped. The lady was glaring angrily at him.

"I didn't ask you to make fun of me, sir," she huffed. "I merely asked for a simple explanation."

"But I was just trying to tell you," pleaded Dave. "It's just our fanspeak."

"Well, I never!" shouted Mrs. Finklebaum.

At this point, George could restrain himself no longer. "Excuse me, your honor, but Mr. Kyle has been using some of our particular jargon, which is not known by people outside our group. I think that a knowledge of what we call 'fanspeak' would be necessary for someone to fully understand the situation in question."

"Would you care to read a list of definitions into the trial record?"

"I'm afraid that the list would be too long, your honor, and too much to remember. The list would have to be available for easy reference or the trial would have to be interrupted too often." George had a sudden thought. "I could have a list mimeographed; the defendants have the necessary materials at their disposal, and we could write out a list with the approval of Mr. Kyle and have it mimeographed by tomorrow."

The judge looked at Dave. "Does the plaintiff agree?"

"It's an excellent suggestion," said Dave. "I think it would be very helpful, and I would be glad to assist Mr. Raybin."

"Then it's agreed," said the judge, and recessed the trial until the next day.

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By that evening, the work was nearly completed. They had worked all afternoon, talking as little as possible to each other, up in the Dietz's apartment. Dave and George had typed the stencils, Frank and Belle had run off the pages on Frank's electric mimeo, and they had all written the definitions, with Ruth Kyle doing the alphabetizing and layout, Dave was typing the last stencil, while Frank and Belle were running off the next to last page.

Ruth walked over to the mimeograph. "You know, Belle, I'm sick of this whole business."

"So am I," said Belle. "These last five years have been an awful mess."

"And now we're a public farce," added Ruth. "I wish we could call the whole thing off."

"So do I," said Belle.

"So do I," said Dave.

George dropped a can of mimeo ink. Frank stood paralyzed while the mimeo ran off an extra hundred copies of the page. Belle sat down on a lettering guide and snapped it in half. Finally, George recovered his wits enough to stammer, "Wh-what?"

"Yes," said Dave, "I'm sick of the whole stupid business. I'm sick of feuding. I wanted to forget the whole thing a long time ago, but I didn't want to back down. Now I don't care. This idiocy has gone far enough."

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The next morning, when the session began, Dave told the judge that he wished to dismiss the suit. The whole thing was over in less than five minutes. Dave, Ruth, George, Frank, and Belle left the courtroom, five jubilant friends.

Dick Ellington sent a telegram to Terry Carr.

Five days later, fandom at large received a special Extra edition of PANAC. It was devoted entirely to the dismissal of Dave's suit against the Dietzes and George Raybin, and accused all the participants of carrying on one gigantic hoax for five years, in an attempt to ruin the organization of fandom and to take over as the heads of fanzine fandom.

Two weeks later, all of fanzine fandom and every nationally known fan received PANAC, a 50-page publication from the "Kyle-Dietz-Raybin Press" made up of articles by Dave, Ruth, Frank, Belle, and George, detailing PANAC's part in the feud and accusing Terry Carr and Ron Ellik of fanning the flames and inciting all of fandom.

PANAC countered with another Extra issue, this one longer than the annual FANNISH.

SCN OF PANAC followed another two weeks later.

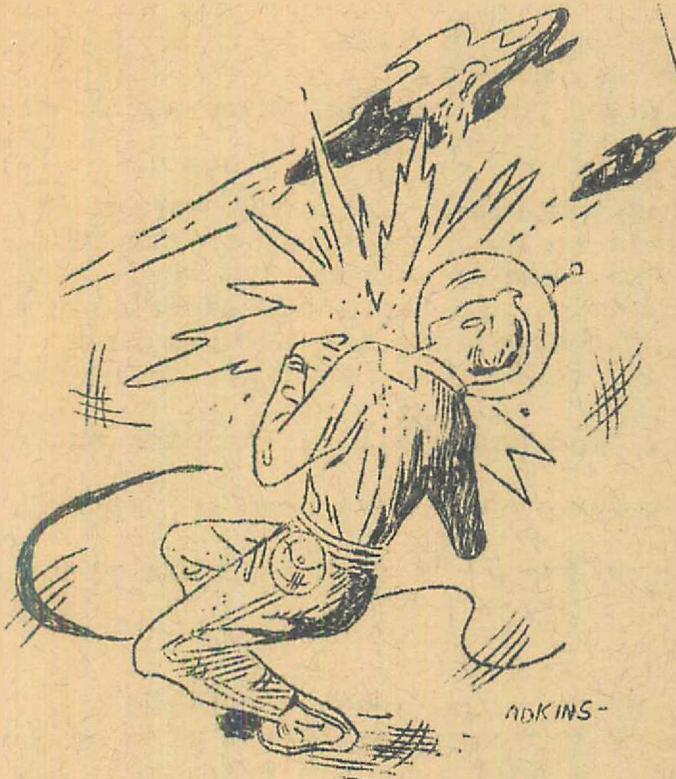
The Kyle-Dietz-Raybin vs. Carr-Ellik feud was on!

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"What's so bad about Gem Carr, other than that she's dogmatic?"  
.....one of our readers

---

"Irish Setters do not seem to have the skill for typing....."



## A DODDERING COLUMN

alan dodd

I hope nobody is going to be fooled into believing that **THE FIEND WHO WALKED THE WEST** is another of the current science fiction horror films, for the title surely implies the grisly threat that a booted and spurred Frankenstein is at work down the gulch.

The producers would certainly have us think so, but alas, the title is no more than a ploy to unite in one big box office queue the followers of the sage blue Western with the supporters like ourselves of the vampire red creepie. The film is itself rather a second rate Western

interspersed with so many sadistic incidents that the British film censor evidently thought it wise to ban it to anyone under sixteen years of age.

About eleven years ago a newcomer, Richard Widmark, had his first big success as the maniacal killer in a New York gangster picture called **KISS OF DEATH**, and last year when it was decided for some unknown reason to refilm the plot it was decided to shift the setting out to the Wild West of the 1870's as gangster films were then not in vogue so much. An interesting sidelight to note is that shortly after this decision and the film was made, the gangster vogue came right back, bringing with it items like **BABY FACE NELSON**, **MACHINE GUN KELLY**, and **THE BONNIE PARKER STORY**. Jumping on this bandwagon too was Samuel Z. Arkoff, that balding stoat of a producer who made the **I WAS A TEENAGE** - series. Surprisingly, I found both latter gangster films mentioned (which he produced) to be far more superior products than his science fiction horror series.

Again on the same sideline, in my review of **THE WEREWOLF** a while back, I made mention of Steve Ritch, who played the title role. I saw Ritch again recently in an unpretentious second feature called **PLUNDER ROAD**, of which he actually wrote the story. This was a masterly "Big Crime" story worthy to rank with the classics of the cinema in sheer suspense and sweating frustration. I must have lost at least four pounds of fingernails just watching it.

It would appear, then, that both Arkoff and Ritch have no place in the science-horror field in which they have both shown their incompetency-, though admittedly a great deal of profit, which is undoubtedly of more interest to them, but have actually found their own vogues in an entirely different field. If crime pays for them in that, with a bit of luck

they shouldn't wander back into our own specialised field for quite a few long years yet.

Before THE FIEND was finished properly though, Hollywood was bitten by the irresponsible appetite for terror films brought on mainly by the heavily distributed Hammer Films and Kurt Neumann's THE FLY, and orders must have no doubt gone out to exploit this particular film on the lines of the latest craze. Signs and posters screamed at all and sundry--- "Don't be ashamed to scream" or "He breaks a neck and laughs - watch out for yours!"

Neither lusty enough for a real Western, nor eerie enough for Monster thrills, this screen hybrid should disappoint both publics. And you have been warned.

It is an incident that must become a classic in the annals of the way Hollywood tries to pull the wool over the eyes of its customers. Were YOU fooled???

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Don't count on me -- I'm not an abacus.

Liz Wilson

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Seth Johnson, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, New Jersey, is trying to organize an amateur art exhibit for the 1960 Worldcon. Any fan artists interested in showing and possibly selling some stf paintings should contact Seth, the sooner the better. Drop him a card, or look him up at the Detention. (You may have to look hard; I think he said he would be there, but I'm not positive.)

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Tarzan, finding a weird-looking craft landed in the jungle, naturally pointed and said, "Me Tarzan, yew spaceship." Have you heard the publishers of that Mechanics magazine intend to bring out a companion to it? It will be called Poplar Spaceships.

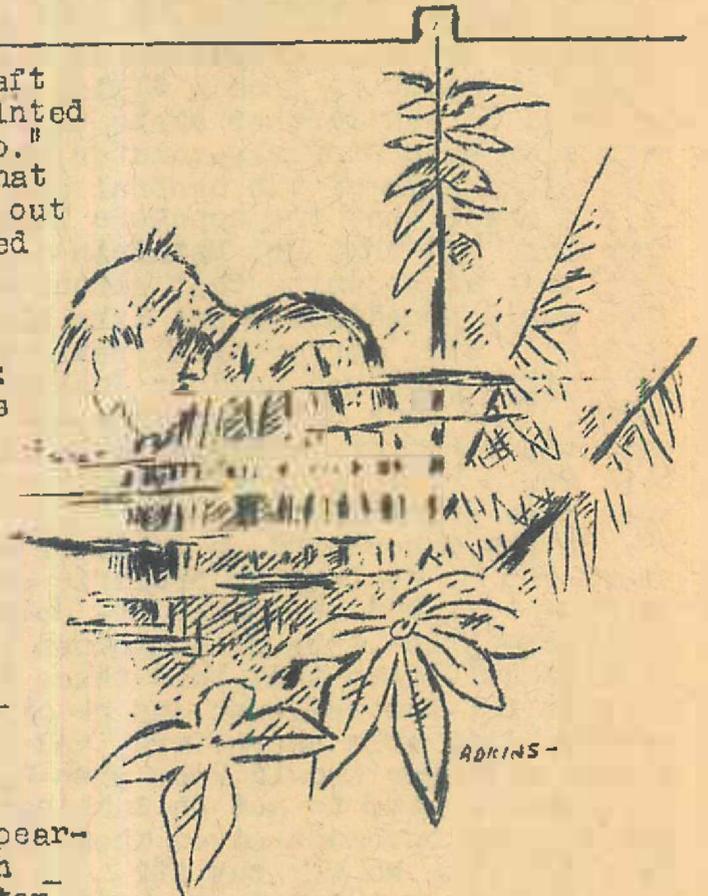
As the German scientist said when asked how much help he had in constructing his interplanetary craft: "None, mein herr. Mitt my own hands I have built alder spaceship."

Also, when asked if his ship was a small one, the German scientist said: "Nein! It is a larch spaceship."

Guy refused to take his dog on a boatride with a friend because, he said, "My dogwood rocket."

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The above...things...are all by James Adams, they arrived, each on its own postcard, a few days apart (to lessen the shock) and their appearance here shows the depths to which I will sink in order to fill a quarter page. RSC



# REVIEWERS ARE HUMAN

mike  
deckinger

In the July YANDRO, Vowen Clark brought up the subject of reviews, and I'd like to elaborate on some points.

First, reviews are intended to serve primarily as an added inducement to persuade the readers to buy the book or see the film which has been mentioned. At least, this is how 90% of the reviews are intended. Look at the reviews of books in ASF for instance. Miller is sent those books by the publishing houses in the hopes that he will find something nice to say about them. And he very frequently does. Some say that to pan a book, whether it is justified or not, can require some courage, since publishing houses are naturally wary of writers who continually bring up the bad points of their products.

And, emphasizing bad points can be misleading. A reviewer can pick a book or film which most of his readers would enjoy, and, by painstakingly dissecting every bad point, give the impression that it is a bad book. Very few books are entirely good, just as very few are entirely bad.

To illustrate this point, let's say a reviewer for a prozine has chosen "The Puppet Masters", by Robert Heinlein. If our reviewer has the proverbial chip on his shoulder, or bears Heinlein some grudge, he can state in no uncertain terms that the plot of alien invasions of earth, by monsters from a flying saucer, is one of the oldest in s.f. history. He can further state that "The Puppet Masters" follows the course of every formula-monster picture; that of the monsters briefly dominating some of the central characters before they are destroyed. He can argue that the monsters immediately set out on a course of destruction, and that Mr. Heinlein makes the same mistake that H.G. Wells did; that of assuming that aliens who could create such marvelous machines would immediately act like bloodthirsty barbarians on Earth. And, to top it off, our mythical reviewer could state that an almost entirely similar plot was used by Joseph J. Millard in his '41 STARTLING novel, "The Gods Hate Kansas". And thus any neo who is not acquainted with the works of Heinlein would deduce that this almost plagiaristic book would be a waste of time, and Heinlein and Doubleday would be out some more profits.

On the other hand, a reviewer who is out to sell this book could start off by saying the prolific and indefatigable (when it comes to turning out good material) Mr. Heinlein has done it again, with this suspense-filled tale of the human race's encounter with alien beings. He does NOT state that this theme has been used before; he merely says what it is. The reviewer can go on to compliment Heinlein's ability to create believable characters, and mention a few highlights of the plot. A good reviewer should know when he is revealing too much of the plot; the readers like to get an inkling of what takes place in the book, but telling too much gives them the idea that they know what the story is all about, so why buy it?

One thing that film or book /or fanzine..ed./ reviewers should realize is that it is not their job to give their own candid opinions of how they felt about the object of their review, but how they consider their readers will feel. If a film reviewer sees a film that he considers poorly done and extremely childish, but is reviewing for a pub-

lication which is read mostly by children, he will deliberately state that it was good and worth seeing. He may think that it's a run-of-the-mill western, but if his readers enjoy run-of-the-mill westerns, then they'll think that it is well worth seeing.

But the gap between reviewing westerns and reviewing s-f films and books well is large, and sometimes I wonder how many prozine and fanzine writers cover the latter field as well as they can.

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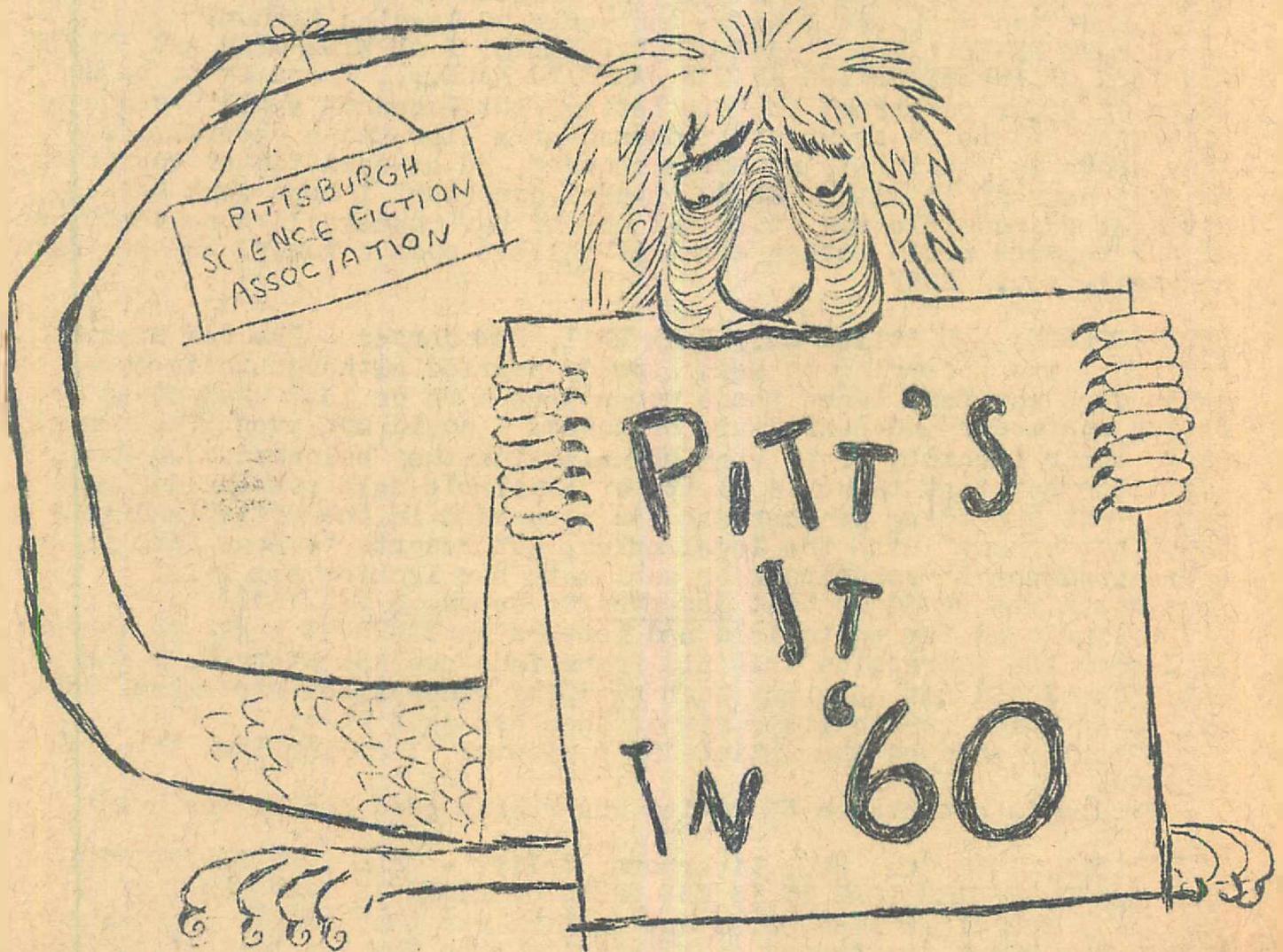
Why is your eye fuzzy?

DeWeese

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CLOSEOUT SALE OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY MAGAZINES, BOOKS, AND COMIC MAGAZINES. Most items in good condition; those waterstained or missing covers are priced accordingly. Fill in the gaps in your collection at bargain prices. Send for free price list.  
Herbert E. Beach, 210 W. Paquin, Waterville, Minnesota  
Editor's note: I can't vouch for his stf mags from personal experience, but the comic books Juanita bought were quite satisfactory. RSC

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# GRUMBLINGS

BOB FARNHAM, 506 2nd. Ave., Dalton, Georgia - I have received from a reliable source the information that some one is attempting to 'blacken' my name with the rumor that my wife is rich and I'm in no need, really, for anything.

This is an outright lie! ...we are both living on pensions -- my railroad and the wife's old age pension, and when the absolutely necessary bills are paid, we seldom have enough left for an even half-square meal. It's this reason, plus a diet, that caused me to lose 107 pounds in 10½ months ... we have a monthly outlay of 140 dollars before we even have time to sign our pension checks....

Ever since I lost my job (was pensioned off account of total deafness and inability to do any work), I have dreaded such a thing when gifts came to me, and to realize that somebody is trying to make me out a liar and a cheat, who is "using" my friends to get them to "donate" is almost too much and I am on the verge of leaving Fandom.

I HAVE NEVER LIED! I HAVE NEVER CHEATED! I AM WIDE OPEN AND INVITE ANY TYPE OF INVESTIGATION ANYONE CARES TO MAKE.... There is to be no trace of anger construed in this letter, but I cannot avoid a sense of bitterness at being so unjustly damned as a liar and a cheat.....

/The above is published, at Bob's request, as an open letter to fandom, or that part of it which YANDRO readers comprise. I hope that the individual responsible for it is not one of our readers; I hope that none of our readers would either start of believe such a rumor. But you never can tell..... RSC/

SETH JOHNSON, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, New Jersey - The sex starved fem fen I was referring to were already married although their husbands were not fen. Since these women have more or less used me as father confessor and confidante of course I could not even give a hint as to their identity or to what organization they belonged. You are quite correct that there is plenty of available male company for any femme, but the thing is that she has a husband in the offing and thus dares not consort with the local males, but resorts to some form of correspondence to substitute or sublimate her lacking sex life.  
/Any woman who would do that deserves to become a fan. RSC/

Having read the editorials and letters in YANDRO I begin to wonder if I gave the impression that all femme fans are sex starved. I can only hope I did not make any such sweeping generalized statement. However I am quite sure quite a few of them are just that.

I really enjoyed the article on reviewing. I am inclined to agree in toto.

Bradley's article on SF movies was really good and to the point.

LIZ WILSON, 1461 5th. St., Livermore, Calif. - TELL YOUR DAMNED FOOL UNEDUCATED READERS THAT IT IS THE SPEED OF LIGHT IN VACUO THAT IS A CONSTANT! You might also point out that unless they really know something more about the theory of relativity than the "fact" that the velocity of light is a limiting constant, they best keep their pointed heads at home. I speak with some authority, inasmuch as my father is a theoretical physicist, and I had two years at the U of California as a

physics major, during which time my grades were somewhat better than acceptable. In case someone suggests that I might be misremembering, I should add that I just looked this matter up. Incidentally, electrons which enter material at a velocity greater than the velocity of light in the material quickly lose energy by radiating photons -- this form of radiation is known as Cerenkov radiation and is well documented in such publications (admittedly cheap, worthless things) as THE PHYSICAL REVIEW.

After a fellow got torn up by a shark and died the cops had a little trouble with the college boys here. They were posting signs on the beaches: "Don't Feed The Sharks", I gather that the cops never did know quite what to do with them, tho they arrested them. We thought that it was a pretty good idea, ourselves.  
/You're bitter./

ETHEL LINDSAY, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England  
Just received YANDRO 75 and 76 for which thanks very much.

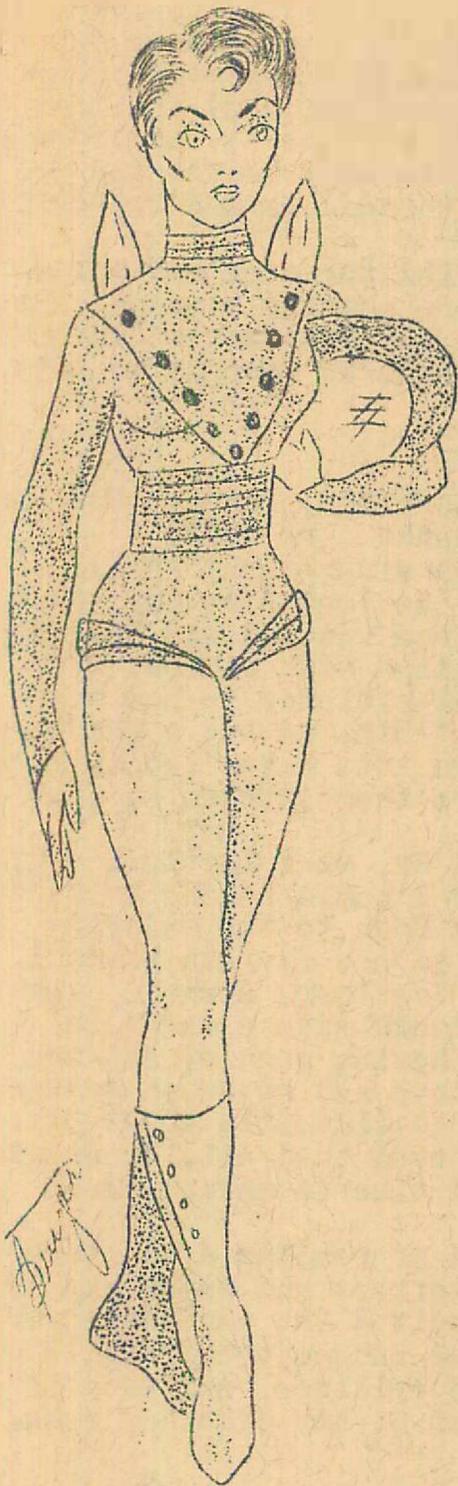
Your remarks that a Nice Guy surely isn't as wishy-washy as all that - gives me pause to think. Oh yes, I'd say he (and Nice Guy, that is) is wishy-washy compared to an ordinary guy who watches his "rights", won't be put upon, and is aggressive in his dealings with others, even if only slightly. A Nice Guy is one with eternal patience in his dealings with other people. No matter how they treat him, he has a fundamental love of human beings which he cannot turn into hate. People like this are very much in the minority, and I admire them intensely. Just to know one is a privilege. I know one.

About this First Fandom thing...I collected Sf, what little I could get, in 1938, and if that definition means that I could belong to First Fandom then it seems to me that it must be wide open to the majority of actifans today. I always thought I belonged to a very late fandom!

I always pick up my ears at the mention of Vorzimer. A whole class of school in my home town of Carnoustie corresponds with a class in the US because of him. His mother wrote to me, having seen my address in a fanzine, and asked me to arrange this. I have had no other contact with them, but have often seen derogatory remarks like this about him. I am beginning to wonder if the boy really deserved them all. He sounds like a neo-fan who got busted out before he had time to mature. Am I wrong?

/All my personal knowledge of Vorzimer consists of reading a couple of issues of his fanzine, and half a dozen or so letters and maybe and article or two in other fanzines. From this, I received the impression of a typical conceited teen-ager, full of criticism and empty of knowledge. However, the impression is based on very little evidence, and even if correct, it's nothing more than could be said of plenty of other fans. Any further opinions on Vorzimer? RSC/

BOYD RAEBURN, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 15, Canada - That was an excellent column by Miz Bradley. Gad, but that was good. But I note with glee the sentence, "Most science fiction is B-level fiction." By her own estimation, she is now the leader of the furious denouncers of science fiction. Tucker was fine, as usual. Is Tucker to be a regular columnist? If so, I rejoice. The Scithers item was pretty fair. Johnny Bowles sounds very young, doesn't he? I think you should print letters like these - such exposure is good for the writers, and provides endless hilarity for the readers.



/Well, as a rule I'd prefer to land on a neo in person, rather than expose him to the hilarity of our readers. Sometimes I say the hell with it and publish something by an uninformed neo, but generally I prefer to do my public arguing with people like White, Sanderson, Gem Carr, etc. -- people who are handy with their own criticism and who should have been around long enough to take care of themselves. Let other people ridicule neos; I don't think it's sporting. RSC/

Martin Helgesen, 11 Lawrence Ave., Malverne, New York -- After thinking about the matter some more, I have realized that, using my broad definition, it is impossible to talk about the growth or decline of censorship and that the question must be the growth or decline of different types of censorship. If Boyd Raeburn doesn't like my definition he is welcome to offer a better one, but the example he challenges is censorship by my definition. It would appear that he defines censorship as an evil but approves of the attempt to censor prayer and therefore does not consider it censorship. He sounds like the person who says that no science fiction is good literature and then replies to a mention of something like "1984"; "That's not science fiction."

Even if the actions in question were for the purpose of preserving religious freedom they would constitute censorship, but I don't think religious freedom is involved. I said in my first letter that the minority of parents who did not want their children to take part in the prayer could have them excused by sending a note to the teacher, thereby protecting their freedom of not worshipping. Only if the school board attempted to force all students to pray would there be religious persecution. I am completely in favor of minorities having equal rights, but Raeburn seems to reject the idea of majority rule and seems to say that if a majority and a minority disagree, the majority should yield in order to avoid persecuting the minority.

/Well, whether it's censorship or not, you don't really expect liberal groups to jump in on the church's side, do you? When the church leaders have, in the past, backed a good many of the censorship and "blue laws" that the liberals object to? Sure, it would be the honorable thing to do -- but it wouldn't be human nature; not by a long shot. RSC/

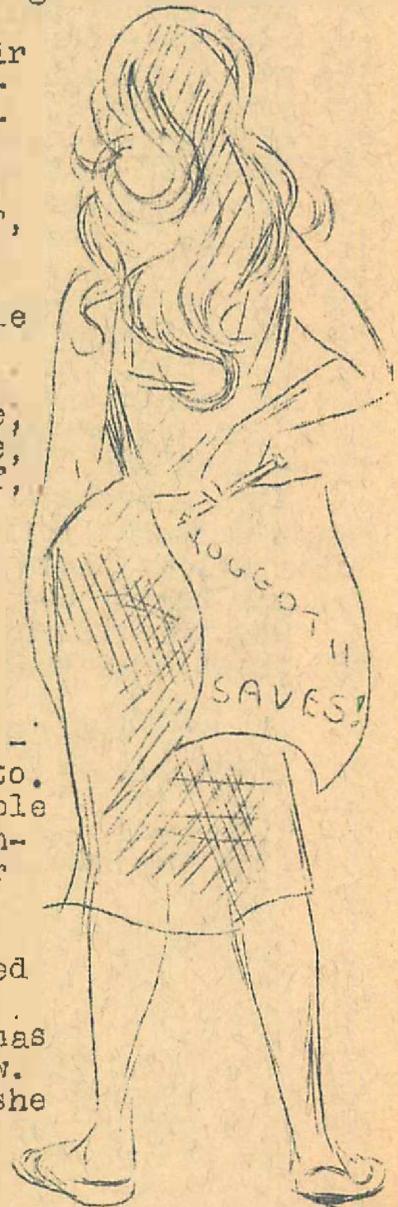
TED WHITE, 107 Christopher St. #15, New York 14, N.Y. - Agree fully re: comic censorship. I had this out in detail with GMCarr a couple of years ago, without so much as impressing a single fact upon her. She quoted me a ridiculous list of banned comics (PARENTS mag) published in 1950 (this was in 1957, and maybe five titles of the fifty or so cited were still in existence) and admitted she had had no first-hand knowledge since she last glanced at a comic in the late 1930's! (At that time, of course, most comics were illoed by young teen-age artists of far less ability than Adkins, and the comic mags had no resemblance in art or text to today's comics...)

/Oh, I don't know; from occasional newsstand browsings, I'd say that most comics today are illoed by artists of less ability than Adkins, and the stories couldn't be much worse. Whatever else the Comics Code did, it effectively killed the first faint stirrings of artistic writing and illustrating in the comic industry. RSC/

Recently GM wonders why some people lose their tempers with her. It's frustration, pure and simple. The frustration of her inability to communicate, or absorb what is being offered. She says (in the latest GEMZINE) something about always keeping everyone else on the defensive. In answer, I believe, to you. "How else can I win my arguments?" she asks. This is the key to GMCarr. To her, fandom is a battleground of arguments. People never discuss things in her world; they argue them. Of course, once committed to an argument GM wages a full-scale battle. A creature of pride, she will never admit error -- which is, of course, to her, defeat. She does often contradict herself, as the perusing of several years' worth of GEMZINES will show. She often loses the thread of her argument, and argues on the other side. Once in awhile she will make a great show of backing down on an inconsequential point, to show how Magnanimous GMCarr is.

But, of course the central problem remains; GMCarr will not knowingly communicate -- discuss -- a subject in print. She argues. She takes issue to. She inevitably enters into battle. She is incapable of a mild discourse on any neutral subject. A con-report brings forth recaps of arguments told over again -- with her interpretation. (Her report of the Westercon is comprised solely of invective and recrimination -- much of which seems misplaced and uncalled for.) A visit to an art show brings forth an attack upon whomever among her readers has openly admitted a liking for whatever art she saw. No matter how innocuous, how innocent a subject she takes up, she will at least contrive to insert a blast at someone, be he Harry Warner, Boyd Raeburn, or myself.

Well, with an attitude like this, you may win



some friends, and at least an equal amount of enemies, and whatever you do, you're going to stir up tempers. Some people become angered when they discover that another person, while pretending an open-minded discussion, is actually not listening to what has been said, or has chosen to reinterpret it out of context with a kittenish "Well, now if you leave me any loopholes, I'm going to use it against you...all's fair in love and war...sure, I know it was meant as a joke and was probably received as such, but as long as there exists any leeway for me...." Languages being what they are, spoken and written communication will of necessity be inexact. Most people try to overcome this by listening sympathetically, digging what the speaker's intent seems to be, the context involved. They'll stop the discussion for a moment to iron out different interpretations of a word or phrase, and then, surer in their understanding of what is being said and meant, continue.

GM does not do this. She heckles. She will deliberately provoke an argument over the misunderstood phrase. She isn't interested in clearing it up, though she professes to be; this is obvious from her occasional gleeful admissions of deliberate misunderstandings. She doesn't want to discuss things in a rational manner. This is understandable if we keep in mind her age, which is greater than most fans', and her experiences as an adult. She is by no means senile, but she is inflexible in her beliefs and her understandings of "facts". "Unlike some of you loudmouths", she is wont to say, in a discussion of religion or the mercy-killing discussion of recent months, "I've had the experience; I know what I'm saying." How common a refrain this is among older people. They may have faulty memories, a lack of knowledge of recent events and changes, but they know, because they're older, and have more experience, and thus more wisdom and knowledge. And, more often than not, they're wrong.

It's a frame of mind. Like I said, an inflexibility. A closed mind which pretends to itself that it need not listen because it already knows all it needs to know, or at least more than that young whipper-snapper barely out of diapers. A Divine Right of our Senior Citizens.

And this is why GMCarr is what she is: a snappish old grandmother who knows more than the rest of us, and is proud (do ya hear! PROUD!) of it. It's no wonder some of us get tired and angered by it until we realize the frustrating uselessness of it.



/Well, while I agree about Gem's propensities for argument, I've never noticed much of this open-mindedness you attribute to other fans. The free discussions occur mostly when one side -- or neither -- has no fixed opinion on the subject. When you, or Warner, or myself, has a fixed opinion, we're just as stubborn as Gem; it's just that she has a fixed opinion on everything. (And I can point out in GAMBIT where you changed sides in the middle of an argument at least once.) Still, I think that you've pointed out the best way to argue with Gem; misunderstand her first. Don't say her statement is wrong; ask her what she means by it. And a note to neofans; don't get in fannish arguments with any-

one unless you're prepared to defend yourself. Gem is the acknowledged expert and foremost practitioner of the art of word-twisting, but other fans can be quite nasty, also. RSC/

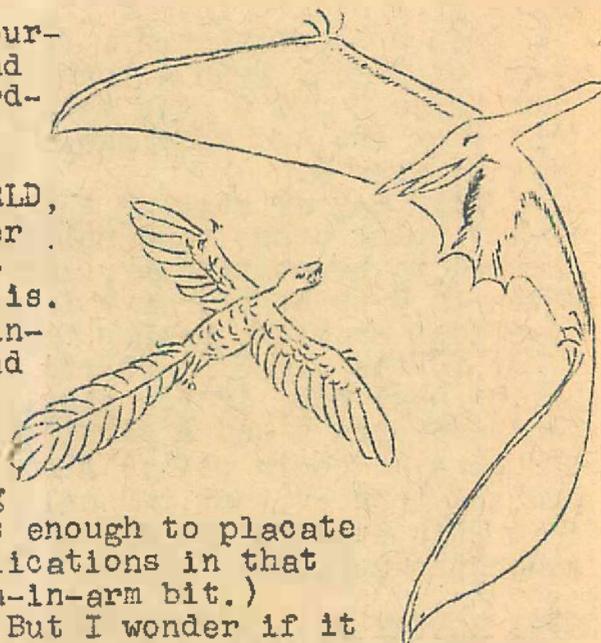
I wonder what MZB thinks of THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL? It has all her ingredients for a good stf film-mitout-der-label, and in fact, that's what it is. It wasn't perfect. I found portions painfully weak. Others were hurried over and ignored. The acting was uneven (sometimes Belafonte sounded like he was reading his lines for the first time), but spectacular in portions. The ending was properly up-beat but just ambiguous enough to placate the South (unless they dig all the implications in that one-girl-and-two-men-go-happily-off-arm-in-arm bit.) Certainly this show has paved the way. But I wonder if it is significant that its first run was at one of the smallest, least prepossessing of the first-run houses in Balto....?

I wish Tucker had gone into his subject a bit more thoroughly. As a heavy mystery reader (they outnumber stf maybe ten-to-one), I dig such "inside" dope.

I realize that you have your own personal tastes, but why is it that a fanzine with material of high quality by Willis, Bill Evans, and Ron Bennett (we won't mention me) which you admit liking, gets a rating only one higher than something like DAFOE? Do you rate by the "promise" or "spirit" shown? And why is DISJECTA MEMBRA unrated? It is a letter-zine. What's so Special Interest about that?

/I don't know about Marion, but I wish wo'd get a chance to see "The World, The Flesh, and the Devil" sometime. About 8 people have written in so far, praising it. On the fanzine bit; after the way Bennett's con report has been mangled by editors (not White, I assure those not in the know), it isn't going to get a good rating from me. Each installment is an isolated incident, without enough interest to stand on its own, and with no connection to other installments -- or at least none for 75% of fandom, which hasn't seen the other installments. And I happened to think that DAFOE was the most entertaining first issue I'd seen since Bob Leman appeared. I liked the personality and the humor. Several fans have disagreed with that review, but that's still the way I'd rate it. As for DM, the special interest was strictly a loophole to avoid giving it a low rating, since it was a mag that a lot of fans liked and which I didn't care much about at all. RSC/

ROBERT N. LAMBECK, 868 Helston Rd., Birmingham, Michigan - There's what is known as the "Twin Problem" in relativity; i.e., one twin is stationary, and the other twin travels away from him at near the speed of light. Then the twin (the one moving) jumps onto another ship traveling the opposite direction at the same speed, and gets back to his twin, and has not aged as much. There is one fault in this "paradox"; that there is a stigma attached to the younger twin. He changed ships. There is another way to state this that brings out the whole thing much more



clearly. I didn't invent it, but I call it the "Three Twin Problem".

Twin A is stationary. Twin B travels away from him at near the speed of light. Twin C travels toward Twin A at near the speed of light. When twins B and C pass each other, they look at each other and see that they are the same age. Then, when twin C reaches twin A, C is younger than A.

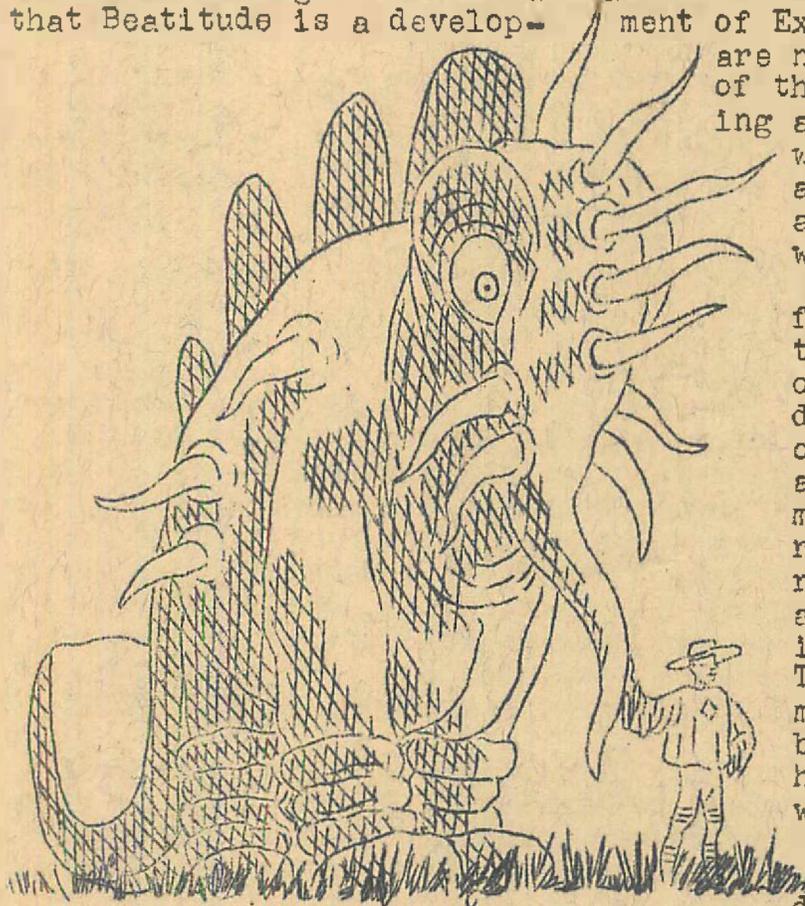
This way of stating the problem does not attach any stigma to any of the twins other than relative motion, and any of the twins can be assumed to be stationary, and C is always younger than A. /Even if C is stationary? I can see one stigma attached to this as a practical problem, rather than a theoretical one. Namely, how did Twin C get to the place he starts from, without perturbing the time factor on the way? (Or, if you simply assume that he is where he is, then you can't observe C and A simultaneously to make sure that they're actually the same to begin with.) Also, English teachers in the audience would probably prefer that you call it the Triplet Problem. RSC/

This reduces the paradox to a mere inability of the human mind to understand what hell is going on.

PVT. NOOGEY A. BRATMON, RA 19632855, 3rd. ETD, OGMS, Mail Room 1, Redstone Arsenal, Alabama - Gregg Trend brought out a good point when he said that the Beat Generation and Existentialism are not the same thing. But then I thought that I had said something like that when I stated that Beatitude is a develop-

ment of Existentialism. After all, men are not chimpanzees, even if some of them do have a habit of monkeying around. I might add that the way a problem is handled is as important as the answers, and in fact determines the answers in a majority of cases.

In #75 there was a letter from Terry Carr and in #76 there was a reply from the other TAFF proponent, Bjo. I detect slightly political overtones, and the semantic arrangement of her letter left me in doubt as to the prime referent. Was it Terry or Terry's letter. When you break an attack of this type down it turns into the ridiculous. That poor, not overly bright man who was so untactfully embarrassed, publicly yet, just happened to be the same man who had impoverished a nation, caused famine in the land and the usual blight of plagues, dragons, etc, through the ex-



use of the public coffers to literally line his own pockets.

And who is stupid? Kent, because he was more sensitive than most; Terry, because he objected to a viewpoint that to him seemed to misrepresent something, or Buck, who in his maturity can not regret living?

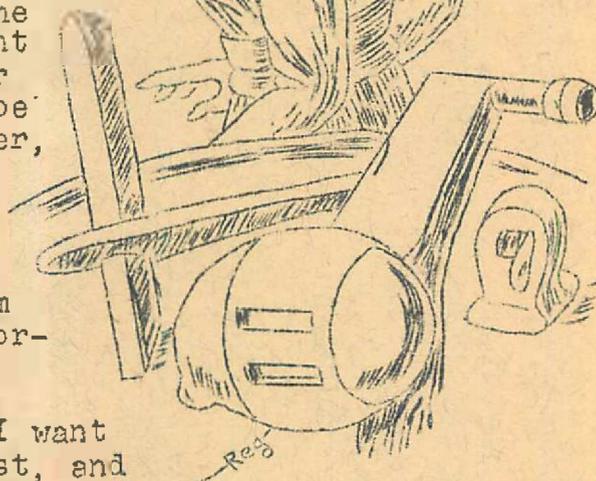
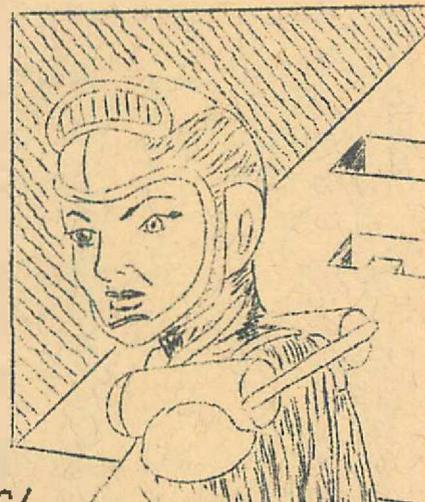
/Well, if Kent was more sensitive than most -- and that's a big if -- then he was stupid for getting into fandom. Outside of the NZF (and that is not a derogatory comment, Seth), present-day fandom is a poor place for the sensitive, easily-hurt personality. There are too many loud-mouthed egotists and contemptuous critics around. RC/

As for "unmasked-for criticism", I think that I just have to say that you have missed the whole point of Fandom, if indeed the sharing of Ideas no matter how divergent and strange they may seem and the sheer enthusiasm for growing can be said to be the point of fandom. And for that matter, who are you, or I, or anyone to say what is unconstructive or not?

/Everybody else says it, why not Bjo? There is a difference between sharing ideas and criticism, though; and fandom contains more of the latter than the former. RSC/

There are dozens of letters left, but I want to get this issue out sometime in August, and it's the 25th now. So a few brief notes:

BOB LICHTMAN reminds me of an error in my fanzine reviews; THE DYING OCEAN was illustrated by Jim Cawthorne, not Jim Caughran. How come some of you other eagle-eyes didn't spot that? Also, that his comment on Bjo in #77 should have been "she can do a damned good job of writing, if you people would all stop asking her for artwork" -- not "asking her for articles" as I published it. Apologies all around. ALLEN MARDIS wants to know what Johnny Bowles' arguments for teaching religion in the schools are. TED PAULS resents the question mark I put after the "monthly" schedule of DM, and announces that DM has folded, to be replaced by a more general-type (I assume) fanzine called BROADSIDE. Also, he missed Adkins in the last issue. So did I, how about it, Dan? HERBERT BEACH feels that it would be a better world if people would begin practicing religion instead of arguing about it. But arguing is more fun. Agreed, though, that if everyone did really practice the religion they nominally subscribe to, it would be a vast improvement. GEM CARR has a total of 8 pages here; most of them will be in the next issue, which will probably be mostly lettercolumn. Can't even name everyone else, but thanks for your letters, and if things work out you may see parts of them in print yet. Adios until September. RSC



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