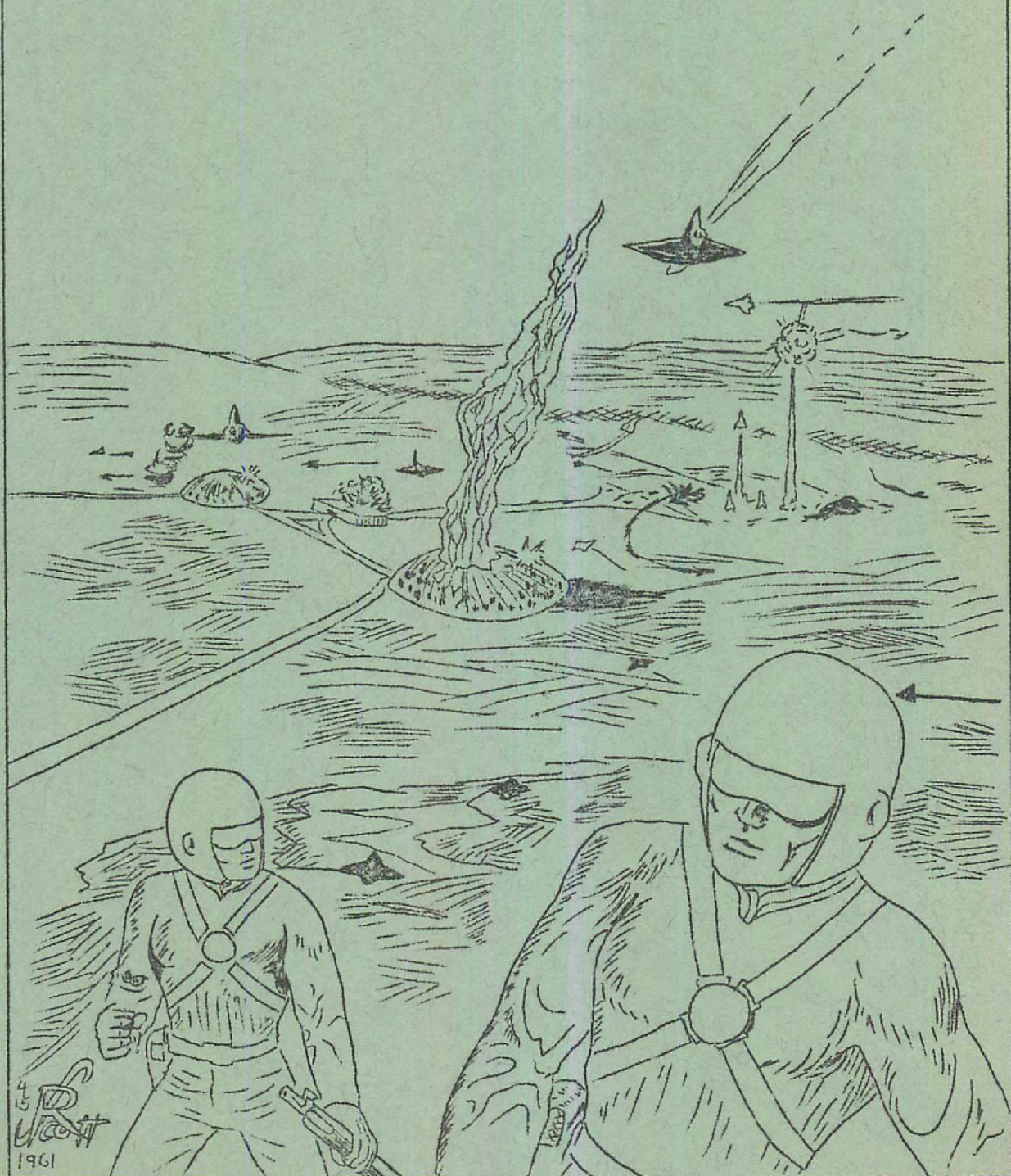


YANDRO

#102



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I think I have a pregnant swordtail.Harlan Wellnitz

Have you heard that the League for Decent Literature has a new and patriotic type theme song - "So Prudely We Hail"?Gene DeWeese

"G H Scithers is sometimes accounted a fan" ...Redd Boggs (PARSECTION)

Sextant -- orgiastic insectGene DeWeese



What does Speed-o-print call these fancy handy-dandy pre-vertically striped Sovereigns, Ted? - columnar stencils?.....these are some I rather roundaboutly traded a school principal some Supremes for....making both of us happy...as might be imagined, he was less than delighted with Sovereign's ripely soft quality.....but they do cut such purty artwork.

I am not ready for the picnic yet, not now.....at least not unless I close off the back room. Is it just my inherent sloppiness, or does everyone who mimeos end up with an unghully mess? Of course, I changed an ink pad this time, so now not only the newspaper spread cardtable is inky, but I'm inky. And surprise of surprises, I have found a use for Mr. Clean, the-only-liquid-cleaner-endorsed-by-yul-brynnner.....it cuts mimeo ink, or at least Impress's print-opaste, which I'm now using, beautifully.....or is that the correct word to use in describing anything associated with mimeo ink?

The promised fannish summer is developing swelteringly. We spent a few weeks' weekend ago in Milwaukee, visiting DeWeeses, Phyllis Economou and the Grennells, then two weeks ago we made the Midwescon for the 1st time in several years.....nothing will bring out the Midwestern fans to their regional cons like a convention on the West Coast, eh?

For some time I have had this thing about folk singing sessions at fan gatherings.....I believe the folkniks and listners should get off in an inaudible corner somewhere for their plunking and yelling. I did run into a few slightly soused types who thought me unduly concerned for the tender conversations of others in this respect, but I insist, I may be a bohemian, but I don't believe in being rude. Counterly, I was a bit annoyed a few times by the reverse...At the North Plaza there is a large, soundproof corridor basement just off the lounge-marine-room-whathaveyou which the folkniks adopted for their singing....fine....we could not be heard in the main room unless the door opened, and the conversational types were allowed to pursue their chatter in peace--unfortunately, occasional fans wandered in to listen to a bit, then decided to converse, but without returning to the main room...making themselves heard over the singing by talking loudly.....when I go to the trouble to be polite, I'm snotty enough to be annoyed at being stung in the bargain.

The convention brought out both an advantage and a disadvantage, in that I had the only guitar. I wouldn't mind loaning mine if the people using it were sober and capable....sometimes they weren't.....there's a new scratch on the poor thing. I have decided Sandy Cuttrell is a fine addition to a fannish folksing IF someone separates him from 1) Ray Doan and his ubiquitous and nauseous requests and 2) that last bottle and or drink which pushes the limit past exhuberence into unbearability. I mean, I hate to be a party pooper, and it was my guitar and the only one they had....but he'd already fallen off the chair once, and this time he had my guitar.

And the most obnoxious types who insist on demonstrating something

at any musical session, not necessarily just folksinging, turn out to have the lousiest voices present, be the least capable musician of the group (including the phonograph players), and be the sort who breaks into every second word with 'let me see now...I forget how that goes... anybody here know how that goes'.....these I can do without.

Some months ago Gene DeWeese was recounting a little family anecdote that would be well appreciated by impecunious chess players....it seems bev was shopping in downtown Milwaukee and noticed an absolutely beautiful chess set in the window of this store that specializes in hand-rubbed teakwood end tables, told Gene about it, and Gene curiously called the store to inquire price. He said he hung up hastily when they quoted \$500. He remarked he was glad it was so high, because if it had been \$100, he might have been tempted, and he didn't really need it.

The same situation occurred to me, only with guitars; this friendly guitar salesman in my hometown of Anderson has been bugging me to buy a Goya (what a novice of my caliber needs with a \$250 guitar, I'll never guess, but then, he does sell the things)...in fact, he wanted me to take one along to the Midwesco and 'try it out'....(probably good reasoning there, after the scratches put on the finish and the broken strings, I'd have to buy it).....needless to say, I didn't take it. But after the wilder folksinging session had broken up & I was hastily storing my little plunker back in its case before anyone else discovered it, George Heep (see Rumblings for further details) showed up with a bee-yoo-tiful guitar.....he had cunningly waited until the drunker and less truehearted sort had thinned out to show up with it.....So we went down to the small alcove by the icecube-making machine and had a small little session for about three or four faithful (to the soft accompaniment of cuhchunk cuhchunk every so often of ice cubes falling into the bin).....the bugging part was the fact that this lovely guitar of George's had all the lovable features of the Goya, minus its one big drawback - that price. George said Hofners sell for \$50-75....

And that's the horrible part. I know I can't afford a \$250 Goya and the very consideration of the idea is idiocy. But \$50.....it's so tempting.....and I don't need another guitar.

I trust all you good little fanartists out there are busy turning out things for the 2nd Fanart show for Seattle this Labor Day Con?..... I've started on my bits, finally, now that school is out of the way for good (and Bjo, I managed to pick up Gesso in Milwaukee; the boards still warp a teensy bit), and even if I can't see the show, sniffle, I feel I should participate for the good and all of PAS. For general information about the show, and the bulletins, and the tentative organization of fan artists, contact Bjo Trimble, 2790 W. 8th St., Los Angeles 5, California. And if you already know and have lost your address of where to send the finished work, it's to go to Burnett Toskey, 7323 19th N.E., Seattle 15, Washington.

Hmm.....wonder if you can use old mince ink like fingerpaint?

George Seithers called up last night to say he'll be here for the picnic, from midnight tonight on, and my mother and the DeWeeses will be here.....and tomorrow's session may consist of these and us and Chifandom,...or, applying some sort of mathematical projection which says we had 20 people the first year, and 40 people last year....ye gods!! How am I going to fix spaghetti for 80 fans?



Enclosed with this issue is a TAFF ballot. At the Midwestcon, Don Ford mentioned that so far he has received only 55 votes for TAFF. This bears out my opinion of so-called actifandom; fans talk a lot, but they don't do much. They bitch like hell when a candidate is nominated who is not to their liking (Ford, Madle, Stu Hoffman, etc.) but when they get things all their own way they don't even bother to vote. It backs up what Earl Kemp said

in WHY IS A FAN? - the ones who yell the loudest when they're ignored are the ones who have nothing to contribute when they're consulted.

On the lighter side, I'm curious about Ron Ellik's platform. "He reads science fiction because we questioned him to be sure he did..." You mean the reason he reads it is that you asked him about it before nominating him? Or in other words, he started reading just to get elected to TAFF? What some people won't do to get votes..... (Now that he's started, I wonder if he'll continue or if Art Castillo will persuade him that stf is a tool of the reactionary capitalist warmongers?) And I'm surprised that you (whoever wrote the platform) didn't use the idea that Ron is a Traveling Giant and a trip to England is right in his field. Or that Eney is an ordinary type giant and the transportation firm will probably charge extra to carry him.

Hey, Dodd, didn't you say that England doesn't have root beer? Don't tell Ellik, or he won't go.....

The other day Gene DeWeese was over. Sitting idly at the typewriter, he typed out the names of Arthur Franz and Eduard Franz. "What's that for?" I inquired (sucker that I am). He looked surprised. "Why, the start of a Franz list, of course." This is the sort of thing we have to put up with from guests.....

Fred Arnold sent in a clipping mentioning how a life member in the National Rifle Association went berserk in the West Bronx and fired "about 100" wild rifle shots before being subdued by police. He claimed he was troubled by communism and was taken to a mental hospital. Well, at least, Fred, you gotta admit that even the nutty members of the NRA are patriotic. Our hero even draped an American flag over his apartment window before he started shooting.

It seems like the vacation went fast. This is Friday; two more days and I have to go back to work. That's the trouble with vacations: once I get the habit of loafing it's hard to break. Maybe next year (if we're still here) we'll see if Ontario has road 17 completed around Superior yet; this year we spent one week shuttling between Milwaukee and Cincinnati (described in the last YANDRO) and this week in doing all those things around the house we'd been putting off.

Speaking of Cincinnati, it was a pretty good con. I got to meet the white hopes of midwestern fandom (Ebert, Ryan and Gorman) for the first time, as well as indulge in conversation with that old, tired midwestern

fan, Bob Tucker. Don Ford had sent us the names of a couple of cheap motels reasonably close to the North Plaza, so we cut our room rent to half or possibly even one-third by staying at the Queen City Motel. I recommend it; it ain't fancy, but it's cheap, and how much can you afford to pay for a room you're only going to be in a couple of hours a night? Lots of nice people were there, lots of jokes were told, and I forget what sort of exposé I was threatening Friday night so I can't do it. For some reason I spent a lot of time talking to Ted White; we get along fine in person, it's just in print that we can't stand each other.

We really should dedicate this issue to George Heap, who shed his life's blood while aiding his friends.....mainly, he gashed his arm while helping us get into the trunk of our car. (Not to mention getting drenched with gasoline while investigating a leak.) Several fans were interested in some old fanzines we had in the trunk. So I went out to open it, and it wouldn't open. After considerable kicking and cursing, George came along and offered his services (and even more necessary, those of his socket wrench). So, with George doing most of the work, we removed the back seat of the car, after which I climbed into the trunk and removed the catch bodily. Then we got the seat put back, more or less, and the trunk has been wired shut ever since. One of these days I'll have to repair the latch. Left to my own devices, that trunk would probably still be locked shut.

All this, and he plays a mean guitar, too.

This week is having its fannish climax. Tomorrow (July 8) is the annual Coulson picnic. We seem to have scheduled it at a bad time; everyone is on vacation and everyone seems to be taking their vacations in Colorado or Los Angeles or places like that. We still expect the faithful Chicago crowd (Chicago in '62!) and Scithers says he'll be here (D.C. in '63!) and I hope some of the old (or ex) Indiana fans will show up. We've already had one unexpected visitor; Claude Hall came by Wednesday and spent a couple of hours with us. Not long enough for a real fannish session, but fun while it lasted. (He said that Pearson is still intending to get another issue of SATA out; I'll believe it when I see it.) Hall is another guitar player; by God we'll overwhelm the jazz fans yet!

Have caught up a bit on my reading; unfortunately, we dumped a load of unwanted books on the Kokomo magazine exchange yesterday and came home with a huge batch of trades.....for some reason, we seem to have acquired just as many books as we got rid of; ordinarily the exchange's "house cut" means that if you trade in 20 books you can only get 10 or so in exchange, which is what we planned on. Now we need another bookcase. (Among other things, we got 4 of your old FA's, Adams.) Biggest haul was a two-volume edition of "Outline Of History" by Wells; something I've been meaning to pick up for some time. Then the Doubleday Book Club editions arrived; "Stranger In A Strange Land" by Heinlein and "Three Hearts And Three Lions" by Anderson. I've barely started the Heinlein; it's 400-plus pages and I'm on page 72. It reads good so far. The blurb made it sound like it would stir more reactions than "Starship Troopers" but I haven't encountered anything yet that would throw all fandom into war.

And I'm all caught up on correspondence; now to finish that tape to Nirenberg and get the one sent off to Chris Miller.....

RSC

THE OUTSIDERS

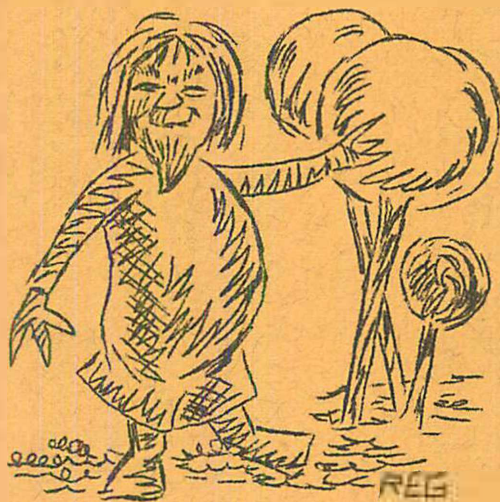
ARTICLE BY TED PAULS

Recently, a correspondent of mine mentioned that he was arachnophobic--that he was absolutely terrified of spiders in any shape or form--and detailed some of his experiences. He had, it seemed, been laughed at during his early years by other boys who considered him a "sissy" to be afraid of "only a spider." In later years, however, he had met many people who also confessed to this fear in varying degrees, and he felt considerably better to know that his seemingly irrational fear was shared by others.

The reaction on the part of his playmates is understandable, if hardly excusable, but my unfailing reaction to anyone who jokes about another person's phobia is "What are you afraid of?" In my opinion, everyone has a phobia of some sort, though often they may not be aware of it consciously. With me it is drowning; some persons fear falling from a great height; some fear electrocution. However, I have found that even those persons who are not afraid of spiders are at least repulsed slightly by them. I have met few persons who didn't at least dislike spiders, even though they might actually have no fear of them.

Several years ago, I read a science fiction story which explained the general dislike of spiders, snakes, and worms was due to the fact that they did not originate on this planet. The story was interesting, and the author backed up this statement with the not-entirely-true observation that spiders seemed not to be linked with any other form of earth-life and instead formed an entirely unique class of their own. This is, as I said, not entirely true, but it does have some basis in fact. Spiders (and related forms) do not really fit very well into any of the six classes of animals which are normally recognized: birds, mammals, reptiles, fish, insects, and worms. Most people normally class spiders as insects, but they aren't; nor do they fit into the classification of worms. Insects are categorized mostly by the fact that they have three body segments, six legs, and antennae. Spiders have eight legs, two body segments, and no antennae. (There are other creatures usually confused with insects, such as centipedes and millipedes. These have many segments to their bodies, and, of course, many legs. They do have antennae, however. Spiders are also related to crabs, lobsters, and shrimp. These normally have ten legs and two pair of antennae.)

As you probably will have guessed, there is much disagreement on where spiders and related forms should be classed. There are even those who consider silverfish to be related to spiders very closely, though silverfish are insects--they

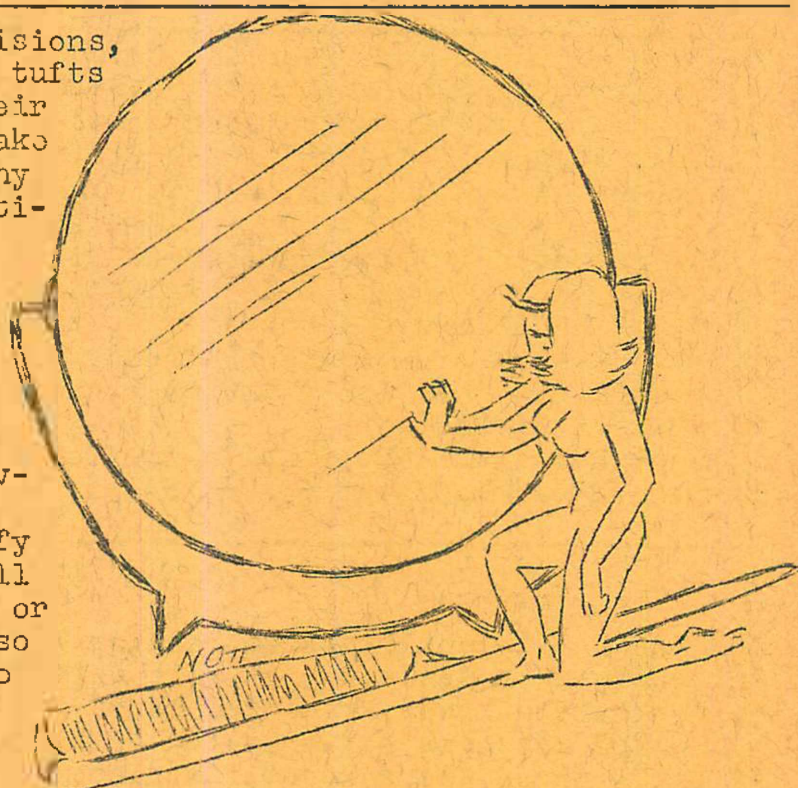


have six legs, three body divisions, and antennae. They also have tufts of hair along the sides of their bodies which many people mistake for legs, and this has led many people to class them with centipedes and millipedes.

I have drawn away from the point in the last few paragraphs, however, which was to try to find out why spiders are generally considered repulsive. One reason, perhaps, may be that since several species of spider are poisonous, most people identify this poisonous quality with all types of spiders, consciously or unconsciously. This would also explain the normal aversion to snakes many people exhibit, since nearly every geographic area has at least one species of venomous snake. However, I have in mind a particular example of fear of spiders that this reason would not cover: my own.

During the summer of 1957, I was seriously studying insects and during field trips which often took me 15 miles out of the city, I had occasion to see and handle many different types of spider. I thought they were rather disgusting creatures, but I certainly wasn't afraid of them by any stretch of the imagination. Actually, I was indifferent toward spiders. During most of these field trips, I was hunting for caterpillars of various types, and the intrusion of a spider onto the scene was only annoying at worst. Even after having been bitten by a black widow spider (male, fortunately, and therefore harmless) in the late summer of that year, I was not afraid of spiders. I even delighted in shocking my handy females by picking up large spiders and allowing them to crawl over my hand.

But in August of that year, I was in the basement of a friend at a party. The party had quieted down considerably--it was late, or rather, early in the morning--and I decided to catch forty winks on a handy bed. I stretched out on the bed and was in that wonderful state midway between sleep and awareness when a vaguely-heard comment inspired me to contribute a typically witty remark. As I opened my eyes, however, and began to slowly sit up in bed, I saw a fairly large spider lowering itself down from the ceiling toward my face on a strand of silk. I was suddenly terrified, and uttering a cry midway between a gasp and a groan, I half rolled, half threw myself out of the bed. I have never told anyone of this before, for I must admit that I was (and am) rather ashamed of it, but I must say that I have seldom been more frightened than I was that night. Since then, I have returned to my normal state of indifference toward spiders, and many times I have thought about



that sudden irrational fear and tried to find an explanation for it. I haven't succeeded in satisfying myself with an explanation yet, but the best I have found is this: when I was out on field trips and picked up spiders, or when I did it to see girls shiver and giggle, I knew what to expect; but the spider on this night was totally unexpected, and besides, I was coming out of a half-awake state. The spider, in other words, frightened me because I was totally unprepared for its appearance. Somehow, though, this explanation doesn't really satisfy me. In an effort to discover a better one, I have even considered the possibility that at the time I might already have been very tense or frightened of something. This isn't the case, however; I was relaxed and happy, as a matter of fact.

Maybe now that I've finally written this incident, someone will come up with any explanation for my fear.

GOLDEN MINUTES

JOE SARNO - I just finished reading W. Van Tilburg Clark's THE WATCHFUL GODS; a tremendous book. The main character, a twelve year old kid by the name of Buck, reminded me of you, Buck Coulson. This kid loves guns, and receives a twenty-two on his 12th. birthday. The whole novellette (81 pages) is a beautiful piece of art, the description (and bits of fantasy play a large part in Clark's success in conveying many points to his readers) is out of this world -- interesting, and extremely beautiful.

GENE DEWEESE - Even though I haven't been able to read the whole thing, TURNCOATS, TRAITORS AND HEROES should interest you. I read the first hundred pages, mostly about British spies wandering around making maps of the Colonies just prior to the Revolution. A remarkably inept group who seemed to invariably stop at one particular inn where they were just as invariably recognized as British spies by one of the waitresses who had previously worked in Boston (where the spies were, in "real life", members of the British Army). And then there was their "disguise": It was the middle of February in New England, a blizzard going on, and they were trooping around from town to town, saying they were surveyors... And then there's one chapter later on in the book on Washington, called "The Cherry Tree Hero Tells Some Whoppers". It concerns itself mostly with some of the outrageous phoney information Washington fed back to the British, thru counterspies. And another chapter called "The Paul Revere Gang", which explains the true story of his ride, etc. Oh yes, the book is by John Bakeless.

You read THE ASCENT OF RUM DOODLE, didn't you? That would be a good one for your Golden Minutes column.

RSC - Unfortunately I haven't read THE ASCENT OF RUM DOODLE; I think maybe I started it once, but never finished it. So I'll fill out with THE MEDICINE SHOW, published by the editors of CONSUMER REPORTS and distributed by Simon and Schuster. It's a pb, costing \$1.50, I think. (I got mine at a discount as a CR subscriber so I don't know the retail price.) It's subtitled "Some Plain Truths About Popular Products For Common Ailments" which is quite apt. In addition, the writing is quite fannish: "Only one thing is reasonably certain...TV viewers won't get fast, fast, FAST relief from the insistent commercials..." I have my copy filed with the Dover published FADS & FALLACIES and HOAXES.

A DODDERING COLUMN — FROM — *alan dodd* /

Many years ago I remember with affection in PLANET STORIES the tale of a visiting spaceman who found a planet which did not have any period of darkness and the inhabitants did not sleep. Therefore when he, the spaceman, tried to go to sleep at night they kept waking him up and walking him around because they thought he was ill. The fallacy of course in such a story being that it would not be the lack of a period of darkness that would make the inhabitants want to sleep but rather the fact that they grew tired. Sleep is not necessary just because there is a period of darkness.

This theme of the lack of sleep or the lack of need for sleep occurs in a new science fiction novel recently published; "The Unsleap" by Diana and Meir Gillon (published by Barrie and Rockliff Ltd.) and it explores the possibility of extending the human working life span by a third — the missing third that each of us loses when we go to sleep. The eight hours or so we spend out of this world every day could be added to that available to work or enjoy oneself in. In fact the extra time on one's hands is the problem of this story.

With eight hours extra per day what would one do with it? Work extra time, spend more time in pleasure, or would time become something to kill — or wait for it to kill you?

The setting of "The Unsleap" is in the world of the not-too-distant future where the Cold War has folded. Stalemate has been reached and the Third World War has faded from the realms of possibility. The nations are joined in a World Union over which The Mentor presides. Automation has reached the height of perfection so that the human masters need only work a four hour day. Television has reached the inevitable position of replacing books and newspapers and the latter have become merely telecasts in which the respective editors read their own written material to anyone interested enough to tune into them. A system of Personality Quotient Charts ensures that only perfectly matched couples are married and therefore the need for divorce is ended. Should, however, this arrangement fail, as in such a society it may be bound to, there are Happy Marriage Havens where parting couples may be rehabilitated. In fact this is a "final stage" world. The problems have all been ironed out and it is an uncomplicated world where the fight to exist has disappeared and where the only enemy that confronts the inhabitant is boredom.

A new wonder drug STA-WAKE makes its appearance on the scene to complicate things. A dose of this and all desire to sleep is dispelled forever. As Winston Smith and Julia held out in "1984", so do Peter and Francesca Gregory in "The Unsleap".

Beds are now no longer used for sleeping and they have become not a subject for polite conversation; when Peter Gregory tries to buy one in a store the girl assistant slaps his face. It is the furniture store manager who explains that people have decided not to clutter up their houses with useless pieces of furniture that are only used on occasion. Beds have been replaced by inflatable mattresses easier to store.

The problem of where to obtain a bed in such a society troubles Peter no end. He suggests finding one in a sports store. "No," says the manager doubtfully, "I think you'd do better at a chemists'...."

Francesca meantime has succumbed to an injection of Sta-Wake by a lustful doctor who wants her. "There is a third of your life your husband can't touch -- I only want a third share."

An ingenious idea but is it true that perpetual wakefulness is likely to cause universal licentiousness? Spending 24 hours a day seven days a week with the same person has what effect?

In the World Without Sleep who knows what one might do with the time -- 20 hours of idleness a day.

There's a thought to go to bed on.....

People who want to know what to do with their spare time should talk to a fan.....I could certainly use 20 spare hours a day. RSC

REFLECTING

by LENNY KAYE

I've been in fandom a year now, complete to this date, May 11, 1961. Fandom has been many things to me, completely different from what I thought it would be, yet much better. Before I entered I supposed that fandom was a bunch of s-f fans, talking about s-f, writing and reading it. Strangely enough, it's a hell of a lot different.

When I received letters from Jack Chalker and Phil Harrell a year ago, I didn't know exactly what to expect when I opened them, but they were pretty much up to my expectations as they asked me to join a club and described a few things to me. Then I received TNFF. Talk about surprises!! "Who the hell," I asked myself, "are Bjo Wells, Alma Hill and all these others who turn up in every issue?" Slowly, ever so slowly did the truth emerge. Art Hayes sent me a bunch of fanzines. N'APA 4th Mailing proclaimed one, SAPS 51st Mailing read another. "Now what?" I asked myself. I found out.

In August I considered myself a pretty well-adjusted fan. So naturally I asked someone who should know, Art Hayes, how to publish a fanzine. Art gave me info; so did innumerable others. It wasn't until November that I actually went through with it. As contribs trickled in, I fell behind in my mail because of midterms. This was the first real behind-in-correspondence attack I had had. I finally got caught up in March. I had never cut a stencil before, so it was high time I learned. I cut the first stencil for OBELISK in early April. From April till today, I've managed to stay ahead.

S-F fandom is much deeper than I thought. There still is talk of s-f, but that is in the minority. I've heard talk on the race question, whether Caryl Chessman should have been executed, why R&R is bad, what is God, and various other questions having no remote connection with s-f. Why? Perhaps it's because fen are a certain breed. Fen give a damn about world affairs, fen want to know about the latest events in the world. Fen need to know.

In this past year I've cut my first stencil, I've written 600-plus letters, I've contributed to 15 or more fanzines, I've written letters of comment on every zine I've received. I've had a hell of a lot of fun.

Doesn't everybody???

I dunno; do fen need to know, or do they just need to talk?

RSC

TARDY BELL

fiction by rog ebert

The dog was looking at him strangely.

He made an attempt to smile at it, gave up, and transferred the smile to its owner -- usually a safe enough ploy.

The owner was looking at him strangely, too.

He cleared his throat unnecessarily and started ringing the bell. The crumpled dollar bill and the few dimes and quarters had been in the pot for -- he couldn't remember how long.

The owner pulled at a chain and the dog danced skitterishly away, looking back at him. Dogs usually made him nervous, and he supposed it was only fair that he made dogs nervous.

A few minutes later, he first saw the little girl standing in the doorway. She was waiting quietly, perhaps for her mother, and she had retreated into the shadow of the brick wall. She had been regarding him for some time.

He nodded politely to her and she began a careful approach across the downtown sidewalk, removing one hand from behind her back to adjust her sailor cap. He stopped ringing and leaned forward out of the booth.

"Good afternoon, little girl. How are you today?" It seemed to be the correct thing to say, but he suddenly felt on guard.

She stopped in front of the booth without speaking and continued to regard him carefully.

"Well, what can I do for you today, eh?" He tried to ignore the aroma of sweat on his beard and concentrated on the little girl. She apparently hadn't noticed it.

"Kathy!"

A woman broke loose from the stream of passers-by and hurried over to the girl.

"Kathy, where's your mother? What are you doing downtown? Get away from that man; it's not Christmas."

She looked back once as she pulled Kathy away and said, "Some joke. Very funny. Ha."

He stood quietly in the booth, afraid to smile. His breath was coming faster than was necessary, and his palms were growing sweaty. He became aware of the bell in his hand, and rang it for a minute or two before losing his courage and setting it down on the counter. A newsboy on the corner looked over when he stopped ringing, but he pretended not to notice him.

Not Christmas.

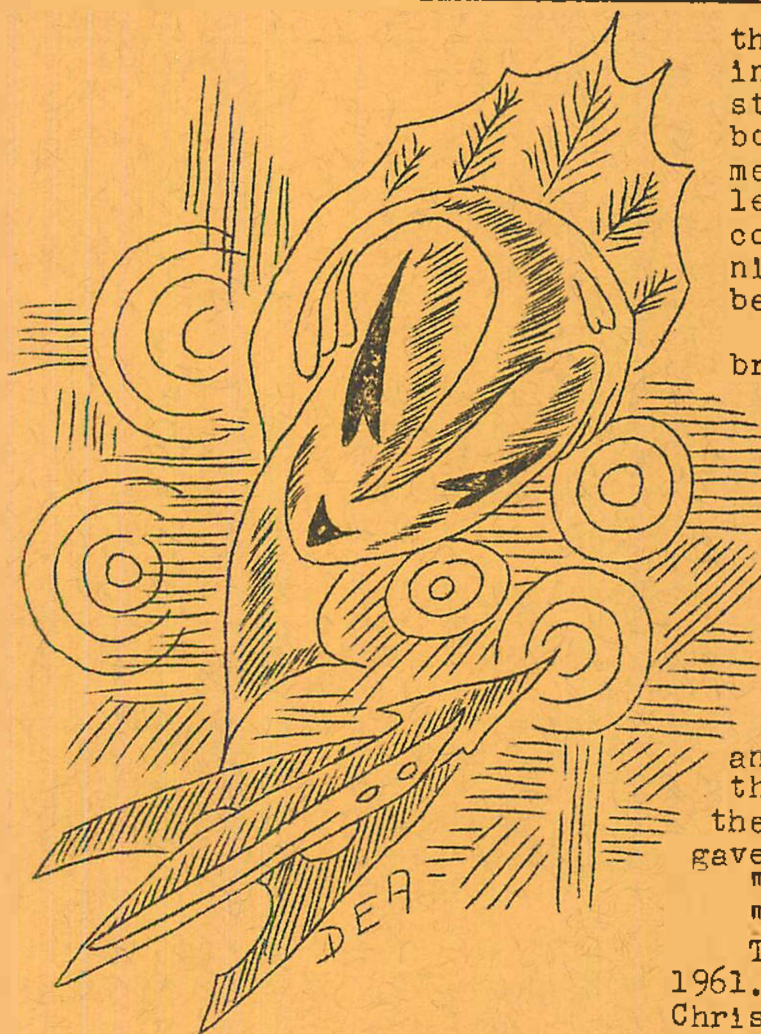
No, apparently it wasn't. The people on the street were in shirt-sleeves and it had been growing increasingly hot in the booth during the past thirty minutes.

Children following their parents continued to look curiously at him, and when a few smiled he smiled back. How had he found the courage to ring the bell -- oh, he hadn't known then that it wasn't Christmas.

Why hadn't he known?

He had the feeling that his head was bobbing automatically at everyone on the street. His smile, fixed on his face, was almost certainly a grimace.

The booth, hot as it was, seemed welcome around him. Looking down at



the ragtag Santa suit he was wearing, he realized that on the open street he would be helpless. The booth, at least, afforded some measure of protection. Perhaps it lent credence to the suit. He couldn't leave the booth until nighttime, when the streets would be deserted.

He signaled to the newsboy, who brought him an afternoon paper.

Spreading it carefully on the counter, he noted that it was the St. Petersburg TIMES.

Well, that would explain the shirtsleeves.

The newsboy was still standing before the booth, waiting. He looked up.

"Seven cents, mister."

There was nothing in the pockets; he had no money. For an instant he considered giving the paper back, and then he lifted the screen on top of the pot and gave the boy a dime.

"Keep the change."

"Yeah. Sure. Merry Christmas."

The newspaper was dated March 3, 1961. More than three months past Christmas.

A pressure against the back of his knees informed him that there was a bench in the booth, and he sat down, spreading the paper out on his knees. He was much less obvious that way. Perhaps if he remained seated...

He reached up to the counter for the bell and discovered two men leaning against the store front and watching him. One was laughing while the other looked at him and spoke. Quickly, he put the bell down on the sidewalk at his feet and held the paper before his face. Unless someone looked directly into the booth, they wouldn't know he was inside. Perhaps they'd think it just hadn't been taken down yet. He would hide inside until nightfall.

"Merry Christmas, pop."

He looked up quickly and saw a teen-ager leaning one elbow on the counter. His head and shoulders blotted out much of the sunlight.

"Yeah, Merry Christmas," the boy said. "Pretty good joke you got going here. I got to hand it to you. You making any money?"

"What? Oh, yes, yes. Good joke, I think, don't you?"

"Yeah, sure. Great joke. Well, Merry Christmas."

He was aware that the boy had taken some money from the pot, but he did nothing about it. Holding the paper halfway down his chest, he watched as the boy joined two friends who were talking to the men leaning against the store. All five turned to look at him, and he thrust the paper up in front of the opening again.

Were there any thumbtacks? He could tack the paper across the opening, like on abandoned booths, and hide inside. His breath was growing short and he could trace long rivulets of sweat on his face as they fell into the beard. The woolen suit suddenly began to itch.

The print on the page before him blurred, became steady again. He tried to focus on it, but could not remember the words of a sentence long enough to finish it. Great dark patches of sweat formed beneath his armpits, and his feet began to itch inside the tall black boots.

He realized that his hands were trembling the newspaper in a sick rhythm. Perhaps he could send the newsboy for some tacks, pay him from the money in the pot...

He crumpled the newspaper in his lap and found that there were more than thirty people leaning against the store front, watching his booth and talking to one another. To one side, a newspaper photographer -- from the TIMES? -- was setting down his gadget bag and approaching the booth.

With an extreme physical effort, he put the paper down on the sidewalk and got to his feet.

"Hiya, Santa. I hurried right over to get some pictures. Great joke. Merry Christmas, huh? You got a bell?"

"No. Oh, yes, I'm sorry..."
He leaned over and found the bell under the newspaper.

"All right, now I'd just like to get a couple of feature shots. Why don't you be ringing the bell, holding it out from the booth there, and looking this way."

The bell hung limply in his hand. Behind the photographer, the curious who are always attracted by a camera were joining the original crowd. He saw the three teenagers retelling their story to a group of girls, and next to them Kathy was standing with the woman.

The photographer was talking and shooting. Spots of blue light formed before his eyes. He found himself ringing the bell, reading the newspaper, patting the little girl on the head. Then the photographer was gone and he found the crowd staring at him. They no longer seemed curious. They seemed to be waiting for something. The teenagers must have gone behind the booth in hopes of



getting in the pictures, and now some of their friends in the crowd were shouting at them. He felt surrounded, protected only by the booth.

He could not smile. He sat down, but he could not remain seated. He knocked the bell off the counter, and it rang hollowly against the sidewalk. He looked over the counter at it stupidly, but no one moved to pick it up.

Suddenly a little boy darted out, snatched it, and raced back to his father. His father took it from him and chuckled. Then he began ringing the bell.

The bell was the signal. The people began to laugh at him, quietly at first. Slowly the laughs built up until they were one laugh, pounding and bouncing inside his head. His knees began to tremble. He wanted to vomit, but his throat was too dry.

They laughed and laughed, and the youngsters pointed their fingers at him. With a moan, he fell against the back of the booth. He struggled to his feet, then pitched forward across the counter. It was hot in the booth. He retched dryly upon the sidewalk.

The crowd was moving closer. He fumbled for the door, but could not find the latch. Behind the booth, the boys were beginning to rock it back and forth. The front edge rocked forward heavily upon his toes, and he stumbled inside, fell heavily to his knees, pitched suddenly against one wall, and then the booth toppled over.

He felt the sidewalk slap against his head through the opening. Then he began to scream. The boys took his feet and pulled him out through the open bottom of the booth.

Memories / BY *phil harrell*

When I behold a leaf of gold,
Or see a robin in the air;
I think of all the times of old,
And the times that had no care.

I think of the raven's jet black wing,
Of snowflakes dancing here and there.
I think of roses in the spring,
And the scent of blossoms in the air.

I think of children's joyous laughter,
Of springtime's air so sweet and cool,
And of the summer that follow's after;
Of bullfrogs singing in a woodland pool.

All these my heart will long remember
When my life has entered its December.

Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis 17, Minnesota, is interested in obtaining a copy of YANDRO #97. We don't have any extras; if any of you readers is considering tossing your copy in the waste basket, toss it to Ruth instead. I expect she'd be willing to pay postage; check with her if you want more than that in exchange. RSC

STRANGE FRUIT

TERROR #4 (Larry Byrd, P.O. Box 714, Costa Mesa, Calif. - irregular - 25¢) I don't know; this one is either starting to turn professional or is aiming at becoming the acme of horror fandom. Photo-offset repro, a 3-color cover, advertisements, horror movie stills, etc. Excellent appearance. In the serious vein, we have a piece of mediocre fiction, some reviews of varying quality, and an interesting history of the movies' treatment of the golem legend. On the lighter side is the outstanding item of the issue; a hilarious parody of movie serials of the "Superman" type. (Thompson, Lupoff; get someone to illustrate this and it would also be an excellent comic-book satire.) Also we have Bloch's "Horror From Below" reprinted from the YANDRO parody of monster-mags. Rating -- Special Interest (it would probably deserve at least a 9 rating as a horror fanzine, but what stf fans think of it will depend on what they think of horror movies.)

SPECULATIVE REVIEW Vol. 3#3 (Dick Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia - irregular - 3 for 25¢ - British Agent, Archie Mercer) Primarily devoted to serious constructive criticism of science fiction; a rare thing in fanzines. Dick indulges in one of my Pet Peeves regarding layout; continuing an item on a page preceding the beginning of that item. Otherwise the technical part of the zine is excellent, and the writing very well done. Rating.....7

XERO #5 (Dick & Pat Lupoff, 215 E. 73rd. St., New York 21, New York - irregular? - "for contributions, trades, letters of comment") 55 pages plus front and back covers; a lot of return for a letter. Dick goes way overboard on layout (or maybe this can be laid to the door of Bob Stewart, boy art editor.) At any rate, between pages 8 and 15 you have to look sharp to see who's writing what, which is ridiculous. Comic books are in the minority in this issue, though Eric Bentcliffe provides an interesting analysis of their British counterparts, the "t'up-penny bloods". Blish and Larry Harris continue their serious stf reviewing, with Blish, as usual providing the better item. (This is the one which was written for XERO, taken back and a "cut" version sold to F&SF, and now the full original appears in XERO.) Harry Warner and Hal Lynch discuss fan movies, which unfortunately seem to be on the increase. Avram Davidson provides a 3-page letter and other minor operators fill out the issue. Well done. Rating.....8

VOID #25 (Ted White, 107 Christopher Street, New York 14, N.Y. - sometimes monthly - 25¢ - with an editorial staff second only to AMRA) Despite part 2 of the Dave English anthology, I liked this issue. For one thing, in "The Spanish Main" we have a touch of the old Willis I remember from my neofan days; this is the best thing Walt has done in years. To balance the Willis humor, Marion Bradley has one of her better serious fan-fiction offerings. Greg Benford's harrowing description of life at an Oklahoma university is also superb. As far as I'm concerned, the rest of the issue is filler, but some of it is fairly good filler. Perfect reproduction, as usual. Rating.....7½

PARSECTION #7 (George Willick, 856 East St., Madison, Ind. - irregular - 20¢ - he says 8 for a dollar, but since there is some doubt that many more issues will be published.....) George takes off on the Hugo nominations in his editorial, which unfortunately is rather ill-informed. The letter column is devoted to discussion of the advisability of adding to fandom's already overwhelming back-patting by adding a set of fan awards to the Hugos. As I predicted, almost everyone is in favor of it; fans are nothing if not egotistical. Good material consists of articles by Sid Birchby on UFO's and Redd Boggs on fandom. One of Redd's sentences deserves repeating: "Interest directed toward a single specialized field can thus scarcely escape from dropping at last to a thin, dead-ended groove, where it will appeal only to a diminishing and increasingly dilettantish group." He was referring primarily to the special Tolkien, Conan, etc. fandoms, but what a perfect description it is of stf fandom as a whole! Rog Ebert closes PAR with better than average fanzine reviews. Rating...7

G² #1 (Joe & Roberta Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave., El Sobrante, Calif. - monthly - first 3 issues free, after that, 3 for 25¢) This, they say, is going to be 8 pages a month of whatever the editors feel like publishing. This time it's a serious consideration of what makes a fan. Good stuff; I don't agree with all of it, but by the time I figure out how to make my disagreement sound vaguely reasonable they'll have another issue out. Rating....4

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #363 (S F TIMES, Inc., P.O. Box 115, Solvay Br., Syracuse 9, New York - theoretically bi-weekly - 10¢ - all sorts of foreign agents) An interesting commentary on our postal service here. This is the First June issue; I can't read the postmark date but it was mailed first-class and arrived July 5. Issues #359, 360 and 361, which presumably were mailed third-class, haven't arrived yet. (Also #362; almost forgot it.) This seems like incredibly bad postal service, unless all 5 issues were published at practically the same time. Unlike the last 30 or 40 issues (or even more) the news in #363 is still fresh; only one item that I'd heard about previously. Rating...5

FANAC #75 (Walter Breen, Basement, 163 W. 10th., New York 14, N.Y. - address good only until Aug. 13 - bi-weekly - 4 for 50¢) All the news of fandom, with occasional pro items thrown in for good measure. Except for that one hard-to-read typeface, I believe I like the first few Breen-edited issues of FANAC better than I did the last few Carr-edited ones. I didn't expect to. Rating...8

ESOTERIQUE #5 (Bruce Henstell, 815 Tigertail Road, Los Angeles 49, California - bi-monthly? - no price listed: try 20¢) Bruce's material seldom coincides with my interest, but Redd Boggs' article in this issue I found fascinating and well done. (For any YANDRO readers who may have seen this; about all I can say is that we don't tinker with our car, either.) The longer editorial is an improvement, and either this installment of "The Great Stf Broadcast" was better than the first one, or I was in a better mood when I read it. One sentence in the editorial reads: "I had somebody proofread this whole issue and believe me there isn't an error in it!" I don't know if this was included intentionally or unintentionally, but either way it's funny. I suspect an intentional gag. Rating....5

WARHOON #11 (Richard Bergeron, 110 Bank St., New York 14, N.Y. - quarterly - 20¢) One of the best of the general discussion fanzines. Politics, spies, criticism and classical music. All thoughtfully done; even the SAPS mailing comments are sometimes interesting to the outsider. The writers in WARHOON give evidence that they have spent some time thinking about their statements; they haven't just tossed off the first opinion that came to mind. Art Castillo shows his infatuation with his own vocabulary, but the others are mostly direct and to the point. Sometimes the wrong point, but we can't all be perfect. Rating..9

NEOLITHIC #16 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17, Minnesota - monthly? - 2 for 25¢) This seems to be a miniature general discussion fanzine; since this is the first issue I've received, I don't know if it's typical. While the content seems as varied as that of WARHOON, the zine contains 7 pages to WARHOON's 48, giving slightly less space for coverage. A good point is the light-hearted atmosphere; Ruth evidently doesn't take herself as seriously as most discussion-zine editors are wont to do. Interesting. Rating..4

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #56 (John & Bjo Trimble, 2790 W. 8th. St., Los Angeles 5, Calif. - mostly bi-monthly - 25¢ - British Agent, Archie Mercer) A fairly typical issue, about equally divided between discussions of science fiction (and fantasy) and the doings of the LASFS. Major discussion is on "sword & sorcery" type fantasy. (Did anyone see the cover of the latest (#47) SCIENCE FANTASY and the Mike Moorcock story it illustrated? Talk about swords and sorcery!) And congratulations to Len Moffatt; he has one of the few reviews I've ever read that made me want to read the book. Rating....5

SI-FAN #4 (Jerry Page, 193 Battery Place NE, Atlanta 7, Georgia - irregular - 20¢ - no long-term subs accepted - co-editor Jerry Burge) Nice artwork this time, particularly the different cover by Prosser and the cross-eyed Fu Manchu by Schultz on the contents page. Material is on science fiction, the old pulp mags, and Vardis Fisher. None of it is either outstanding or unreadable; most interesting item was the letter of publisher Alan Swallow concerning Vardis Fisher's publishing history. A serious-type magazine. Rating....5

MENACE OF THE LASFS #22 and 23 (Bruce Pelz, 2790 West 8th. St., Los Angeles 5, Calif. - bi-weekly - 10¢) This one is unique in my fannish experience, at least; I couldn't say if it's something entirely new for fandom. Ted Johnstone writes the minutes of each Los Angeles club meeting, one of the LASFS artists decorates them, and Pelz dittos and mails out the results. Someone might think that club meetings would be dull; actually I suspect that they are dull and that Johnstone is only making them sound interesting. Mildly enjoyable and I haven't the vaguest idea of how to rate it....try one and see how you like it.

GAUL #3 (Larry McCombs, 2790 W. 8th. St., Los Angeles 5, Calif. - bi-monthly - 15¢ - co-editors, Steve Tolliver and Lyn Hardy) I don't know; GAUL is neat, artistic, contains intelligent comments, and I have to force myself to read it. Once I do read it I usually like it, but there is a definite reluctance to start a new issue. Do you boys put a negative aura on the mag, or something like that? Or maybe it's because so many comments are on material that I either know nothing about, or am

not interested in, or both. Anyway, there is some good material here. The lettercolumn is still featuring discussions of "Sylvie And Bruno" and "Worm Ourobours". I haven't read either one; I intend to read the "Worm" as soon as I can get a reasonably priced copy, and after reading the comments on it I intend to avoid "Sylvie" like unto an encounter with Ray Beam. Rating.....5

VAMPIRE #4 (Stony B. Barnes, USNS Gen. Daniel I. Sultan (T-AP 120), c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif - highly irregular - free for air-mailed comment) Why Stony reprinted a Prosser illo from CANDY F for his cover when he has a perfectly good cover (by Lange?) stuffed away in the middle of the mag, I couldn't say. I question the artist because the pseudo-cover is so much better than any other art in the mag. It's good to see a fan surmounting the difficulties of publishing while on sea duty, even if the publication does consist mainly of fan fiction. Pretty bad fan-fiction, too. Along with this comes a copy of SULTAN GAZETTE, the ship's newspaper. (Surprisingly enough, Stony isn't the editor but is listed as "artist".) Since this is the first ship's newspaper I recall seeing, I found it interesting. Rating.....2

AXE #6 (Larry & Noreen Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, N.Y. - bi-weekly - obtainable for a donation to the Willis Fund) This one was published at the Midwestcon. It's mostly concerned with the con and the Fund, but has a little "outside" news, too. Rating.....3½

SAM #3 (Steve Stiles, 1809 Second Ave., New York 28, N.Y. - irregular? - free) This sort of thing used to be called a letter-substitute. Now that the editors are taking more pains with them they're known as personality fanzines. (And they're more entertaining, I must admit.) Steve goes have an engaging personality; he even makes a record session with Mundell Lowe sound interesting. Rating.....4

SCRIBBLE #6 (Colin Freeman, Ward 3, Scotton Banks Hospital, Ripley Rd., Enderborough, Yorkshire, England - irregular, I think - 6d -- Americans ~~try 10¢~~) A humor mag in which none of the humor appeals to me. (But go ahead and try a copy; you can only lose a dime and maybe you have broader mental horizons than I do.) Rating.....2

THE RED CUBE #1 (Ron Haydock, 2795 West 8th. St., Los Angeles 5, Calif. - quarterly - free for comment) Cover illo shows a green cube, making me wonder if this is subtle Haydock humor or if he's colorblind. This issue is devoted to a short survey of movie serials. Sorry, Ron, but I don't like movie serials, either. Recommended to individuals who do feel a nostalgia for this sort of thing, and especially to anyone who would appreciate a sort of checklist with short descriptions of some of the films. Rating....Special Interest

Received but not reviewed: FIRST VENTURE (Still don't have an address; where are you, Randy?) Antique Gun List from Sidney Ballard (or possibly Vic Ryan) and on second thought I will review the next one:

THE PROSE OF KILIMANJARO (George Locke, 24 Field Ambulance, B.F.P.O. 10, ...I guess we should add "England" to that, but it still doesn't seem like a proper British address; not long enough - irregular - free but a limited edition) Another personal-type zine, mostly fmz reviews and comments on gliding, and Africa. I liked it.

GRUMBLINGS

JOE SARNO, 8663 No. Oketo Ave., Niles 48, Illinois - Went through YANDRO #100. Many items of interest, but one that really got me thinking was Grennell's article, especially pp 18 and 19, dealing with empathy with, and continuity of characters in adventure and comedy series, that lead to their success. This is true of many great series including "The Lord of The Rings", Tarzan, Dobie Gillis; and I would include a few cartoon series. As a kid I was more interested in the trophies in Batman's Bat-cave than in the adventures included in those comic books. One of my all time favorite episodes was a Dick Tracy adventure where Junior begins going steady with a girl whose brother is the hoodlum currently bugging Dick Tracy. There were many "home life" scenes of Dick, Tess, some big brute of a dog, and Junior in their new residence. This strip goes back about 6 or 7 years and I sincerely believe that DT has deteriorated considerably since then (or maybe I've just lost my sense of wonder).

CLAUDE SAXON, Jr., RR 2, Paris, Tennessee - Congratulations on your hundredth issue. The commercial cover didn't come off too well, I'm afraid. Glad to see the photos, though. My memory of you two had blurred a little since we met at the Midwestcon in '59.

MZB and Burns both wrote articles which were up to your usual standards, which is to say they were unusually good. The MZB article was especially interesting.

Gene DeWeese's piece of fiction was more than interesting, it was downright enjoyable. I'll be looking forward to more of his work.

"The Fallen Mighty" was the best thing in the issue. FLYING ACES was one of my favorite air-war mags. (Still is, for that matter.)

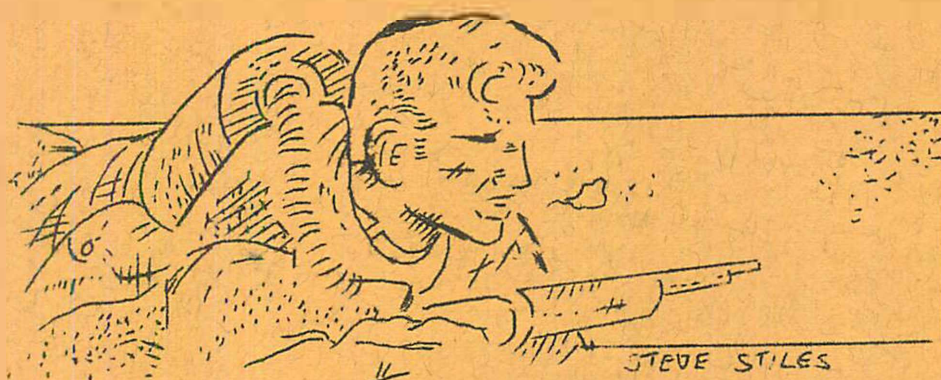
And the Griffon was one of my favorite characters, although I also enjoyed the adventures of another set of Griffon alternates, "Tug" Hardwick and "Beansy" Bishop by name, who did their flying in a weird-looking Northrup tandem monoplane.

Dean seemed to be a bit hazy about some details. With your permission I'll fill in a couple of them: to begin, there were two "Black Bullet" planes. The first was a single-engine, two-seater amphibian fitted with an Avia motor which suggests Polish, or at least European, manufacture. The second "Bullet" was a twin motored amphibian, somewhat similar in design to the Black Widow night fighter of World War II. This plane, originally known as the Doyal Destroyer, first appeared in November 1939, after the original "Bullet" was destroyed. (This took place in the "Television Tracers" episode, Sept. 1939.) Also, Barbara "Pebbles" Colony made her debut in "Birdman's Booty" (May, 1939), in an episode involving stolen diamonds.

(A Proposition for Grennell: I have three copies of F.A. which contain Griffon stories -- as well as several which do not. If you'd like to make a temporary trade for reading purposes, drop me a card. While you're at it, whatever happened to that article on Doc Savage you had in the works? I never did hear of your publishing it.)

From the way Dodd describes SUPERNATURAL STORIES, it must have gone down hill since '56. They were publishing some rather good ghost stories then. The change in publishers probably had something to do with it. Too bad; it was a good zine.

Rog Ebert's poem was very good. Ordinarily I don't care much for



fan poetry, but this one, besides being well done, struck my fancy. Hope that you find more of this type poetry in the near future.

Hensley's article was well done and mildly amusing. I wonder, though, how much time he put in on mundane legislating.

The artfolio was quite good, with the exception of that Prosser. The blasted thing makes me feel queasy every time I look at it. Prosser is a good artist, he's just too damn bloody-minded for my taste.

One last thing before I close. Have you noticed any change in Tucker's manner lately? The enclosed clipping (from the "U.S. News" section of a British modeling magazine) indicates he may have changed hobbies. /The enclosed clipping was a photo of a model airplane, identified as the "Tucker Special" with a note saying it had been designed by Bob Tucker. The boy has a multi-faceted personality, it seems. Prosser is not too bloody-minded for us; we're sadists. Grennell mentioned to me that he was holding on to the Doc Savage installment with the idea that he might revive GRUE some day. And I didn't think of it until right now, but it suddenly strikes me that your memory of us is considerably blurred, because we didn't attend the Midwestcon in '59. Another year, or a different publisher?
RSC/

HELMUT KLEMM, 16 Uhland St., Utfort/Eick, (22a) Krs. Moers, West Germany - Thanks very much for YANDRO 100 and the kind words about BUG EYE. It isn't monthly, though...it's quarterly at present. I don't know Les Gerber, have never corresponded with him but what I've heard and read about him, has confirmed the impression in me that Les has the same character as I. By the way, I have been fired from school recently too! I'd delivered atheistic speeches, you know....I'm in a girl's school now...Only five boys in the class and 25 gals! Ha!!

I've always thot, only in Germany was there censorship, but now it seems you have the same trouble over there too. But indeed, in Germany almost any s-f novel is shortened! The reason? Well, s-f pocket books are unknown here. We only have these damned pulps (64 and 100 pages). Those pulps publish mostly translations from American novels. Thus, for instance, Tucker's "The Long Loud Silence", Rinehart & Co., 217 pages has been pressed in a 90-page German edition! Imagine that! And so it goes on. Marion Zimmer Bradley's wonderful novel "Seven From The Stars" appeared recently in an 80-page German edition! After reading it you'd say "what primitive nonsense".

/On fanzines -- other editors note! -- if a schedule isn't listed on the masthead I take a guess from the number of issues I've received lately (and it seemed like I'd had a lot of BUG EYES). If a schedule is listed I go by it unless I recall pretty definitely that the mag in question isn't following its announced schedule. So the schedules listed in "Strange Fruit" are always mere approximations.
RSC/

BOB LIGHTMAN, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif. - After noting the title of Marion's article, I half expected to find another long, expository discussion of censorship in much the same manner that Marion has carried on discussion in the lettercol of HABAKKUK. So I was pleasantly surprised to find what I did. As for what to call this "gutting" of stories, why not just be coy and say it's "editorial prerogative"? I know I wouldn't like it were I selling to any of the pros, stf or no, but it's something one apparently has to live with, at least in our ridiculously double-standard day and age.

For instance, this business now of the Subcommittee in the Senate investigating Juvenile Delinquency. They've landed on TV "violence and crime" as a scapegoat. The committee is headed by Sen. Dodd, so what can one expect but idiocy? Even moreso than is usual in the Senate. It's all part of a Communist Plot, they'll say next. Then Dirty Reds In The TV Industry Are Corrrputing Our Youth, is about the way it'll be put when the JBS catches on to it. After all, the very same Birch Society believes that all sad books are written by Communists or their "unwitting dupes" (if I were a dupe, I'd be a witting one!) to "make us unhappy and lower our morale, thus making it easier for them to get across their anti-American propaganda." Phooey!

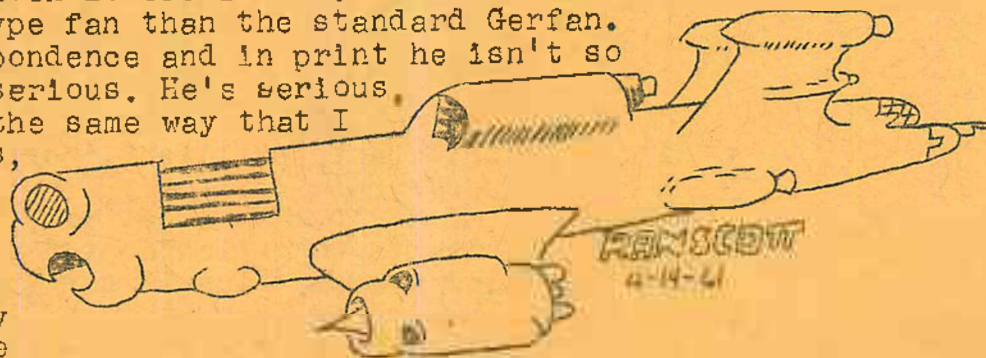
Burns' article is sort of ho-hum. Who really cares whether or not every word has its own collective. Considering that YANDRO has had yellow paper for such a long time, I suppose that a complete file, or a bundle of the magazine, would be called something like "a sunflower of Yandros". Hmm..."a kennel of Shaggy's", "a bucket of Vinegar Worms", "a rigamarole of TNFF's", and "an octave of Discords". This does have possibilities.

/A vale of Crys, a constellation of Orions, a house of Kipples, a field of Cacti, a bottle of JDs, a partition of Gauls...all sorts of ideas here. RSC/

DeWeese's fiction was really brilliant. About the highest compliment I can give is to say that were SLANT still being published, this story would have likely been grabbed up for publication on the spot.

"The Fallen Mighty" is a wonderful addition to your pages, even though I think this particular installment is a slight cut below any of the others. Maybe it's just because I've only read this one once, while I've read the others all at least thrice. I'm too lazy to re-read it to find out right now, but it seems to me that somewhere along the line, Dean sidetracked from FLYING ACES onto a discussion of a character called the Griffon.

Now that you mention it, I guess The Bug Eye is a more important fanzine than I'd given it credit for. Klemm seems to be more of an American/English type fan than the standard Gerfan. At least in correspondence and in print he isn't so bloody stuffy and serious. He's serious, of course, but in the same way that I am. Fannish-serious, like.... You forgot to put the asterisks on the title of *SKOAN*, the Vital Fanzine. They (the asterisks) are Essential. Silverberg



didn't start numbered fandoms, as I'm sure others will have pointed out to you. To my knowledge, Jack Speer was the one who started the confounded things. I'll bet he's repentant.

Dodd's column was semi-informative -- now I know that a magazine called Supernatural Stories is being published -- but was otherwise dull. Ebert's poetry was quite absorbing, but easily forgotten. Hensley's article was ephemerally hilarious. And then, the Art Folio. What can I say that will express my appreciation for this? It was excellent, excellent, but I'm not an artist and my appreciation is likely quite subjective. Top drawings were the ones by Barr, DEA (quite out of her normal style and better for it), Barbi, Bjo and Juanita. Juanita's is especially good: it looks almost as if it were done by hand, so fine is the stencil cutting. But why isn't the girl smiling at least a little???

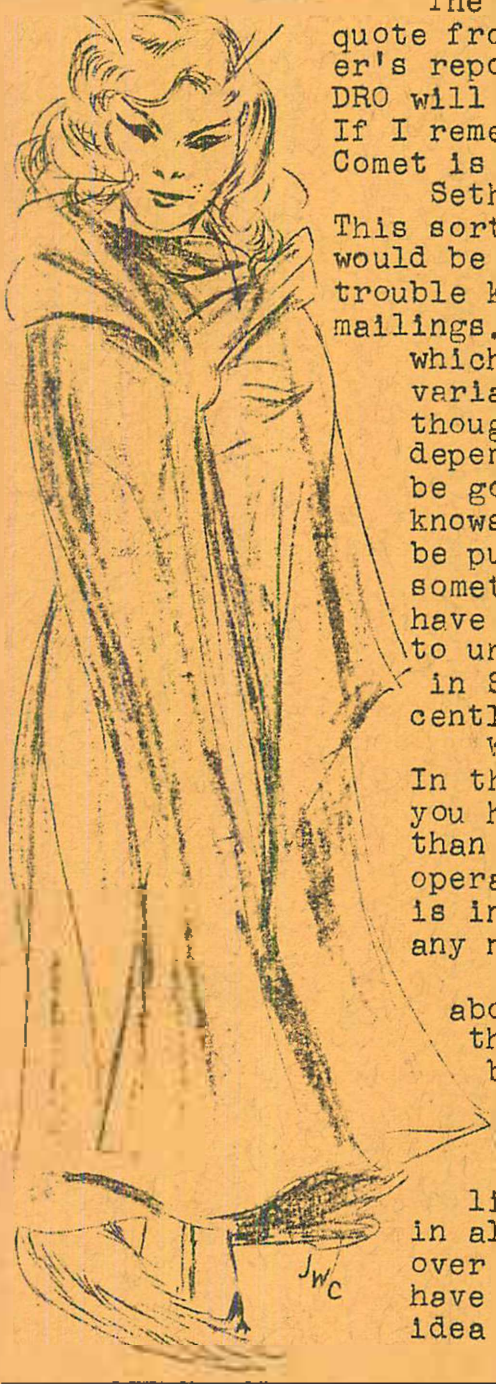
The best thing on the Golden Minutes page is the quote from "The Once And Future King". Next comes Tucker's report. It's sort of interesting to note that YANDRO will catch up to CRY in numbering in August 1986. If I remember correctly, that's the month that Halley's Comet is due to come around again.

Seth Johnson makes another impractical suggestion. This sort of thing wouldn't work too well because it would be uncoordinated...IPSO is having much the same trouble keeping people on the Assigned Topics in the mailings. People keep wanting to do mailing comments, which of course strays from the topic. A slight variation of Seth's suggestion has been worked, though; an editor sends out stencils to selected, dependable and worthwhile people who are known to be good writers. The theory is that if the writer knows that whatever he puts on the stencils will be published in a very short time, he'll write something good and send it back to the editor. You have to be very selective in whom you send stencils to under this system. Burbee used it a lot of times in SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, and it's been used more recently in the Cult.

What's Phil Harrell complaining about DDD for? In the first place, it's only a total of 10 digits you have to dial, not 15, and I'd rather do this than bother with small-talking to a bunch of stupid operators with twangy voices. My number, if anyone is interested, is 213-AX-24459. Call after 7 pm on any night except Wednesday and Thursday.

Antonio Dupla must be a genius. His comment about "perhaps castrating the driver (of the car that collided) his behaviour will improve" is brilliant, brilliant. More from this fellow, to be sure!

/I don't know about you, but we have to dial 3 digits to get connected with the Direct Dialing system, plus 10 for the number, making 13 in all. Around here, though, it is an improvement over the operator system -- anything would be. (We have the General system, not Bell.) I think Seth's idea was for the actual publisher to coordinate

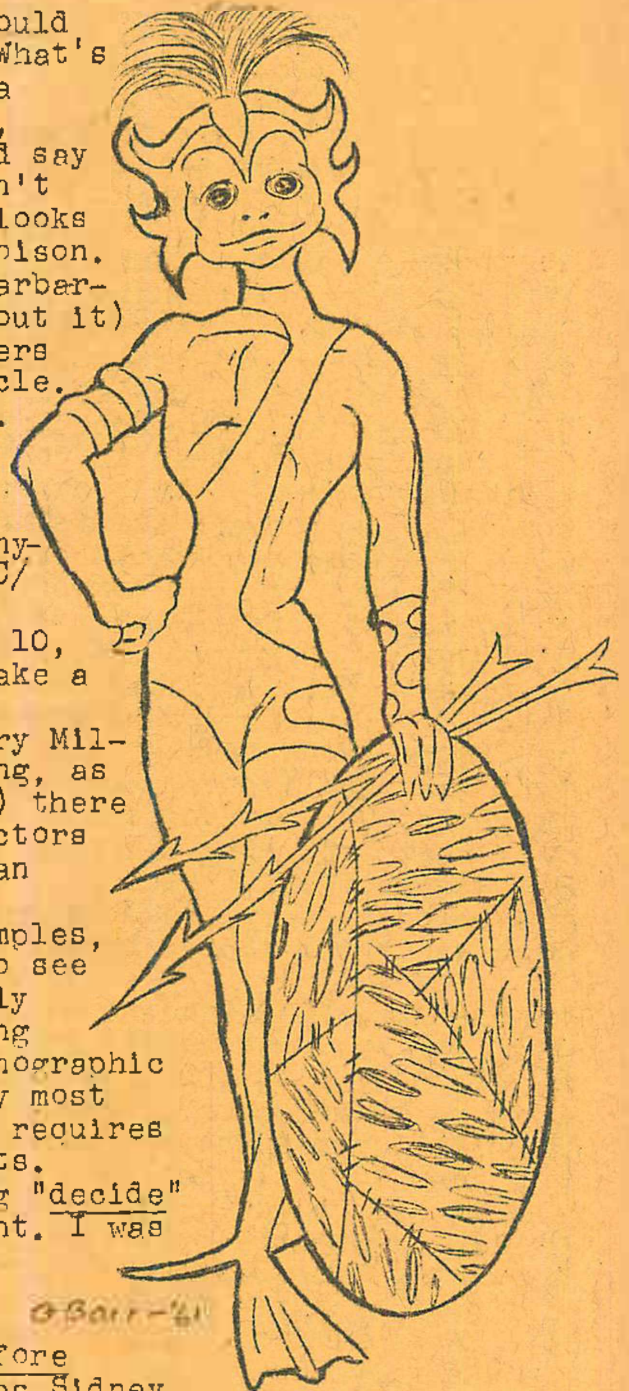


things, tho I'm not sure that too much would be necessary. (So you get 7 articles on What's Wrong With Science Fiction; run them as a symposium...) I can't answer for Juanita, but from my knowledge of her spasgals I'd say the girl isn't smiling because those aren't really grapes, but a native fruit which looks like grapes but is in reality a deadly poison. (She's dedicated to getting rid of the Barbaric Earthman, you see, and very sercon about it) Apologize to Demmon for me. Several readers commented on the title for Marion's article. Blame me mostly for the over-seriousness. It was originally scheduled for pro publication (the mag folded); Marion suggested that I change the title when she sent it to us, but I couldn't think of anything suitable, so I left it alone. RSC/

JOHN FOYSTER, 4 Edward St., Chadstone SE 10, Victoria, Australia - I think I better make a weedy sort of comeback to Coleman.

First: when a statement is made (Henry Miller and are as erotically stimulating, as morally dangerous, as John Cleland & Co.) there is at least a suggestion that the two factors have some connection - aside from American slick fiction. Coleman was using Miller, Burroughs, Cleland and van Heller as examples, not American slick fiction. Er..I fail to see anything erotically stimulating or morally dangerous in Burroughs' concept of pulling one's self off with steel wool - now pornographic - but certainly a phrase to be removed by most censors. Coleman's argument in Yandro 98 requires that a morally dangerous literature exists.

Second: I thought that by underlining "decide" I would have avoided this sort of argument. I was disagreeing with the concept of an arbitrary decision, not of whether there was any way of distinguishing between erotic realism and pornography and therefore censorship is a matter of opinion. Perhaps Sidney should not have used Nehemiah Scudder? However Coleman goes on in Yandro 98 to say that the argument above (please note: not my argument) contains a logical fallacy (unstated) and that he will devote a couple of paras to squashing it. Sid then talks about "Property X" (I have my own opinion of people who talk about Property X's and I doubt whether anyone will fail to get that), going on to show that since a large number of people can distinguish this property one may say that the distinction between X and X is a real one. I don't exactly agree 100% with the argument but let that pass. The distinctions made on pornography are, as he points out in his arty para, phoney. He claims that the crux of the question is whether the actions performed on the basis of these distinctions are wise. Since he has shown himself that the distinctions are



false it will require some pretty powerful logic to show that any decision made is wise. And if this is the crux of the question what in hell was Coleman talking about in Yandro 93? I think it should be noted that Coleman wrote here of X and \bar{X} , not X and Y.

I think the emphasis on decision answers your own query.

YANDRO #99: No Prosser. That's twice this year already. I'd watch for that sort of thing. Oh, yes. In re your answer to Gorman on p.25. Name me three stories (stf) which couldn't have been written as straight fiction and without changing the story-line or the message... /I assume you're hinting that Bradbury isn't the only author whose fiction could be transplanted from stf to mundane -- even at that you're on my side instead of Gorman's. However, just to please you, I'll pick "More Than Human", "The Long Loud Silence", "Bring The Jubilee", "City", and "Venus Plus X". Then if you include short stories, try changing "By His Bootstraps" into a mundane story. The "message" in stf is often the same as in mundane literature; after all, there are only a certain number of messages that can be used. But the story-line is something else again. As for your comments on Coleman, you still aren't getting thru to me, at least; Maybe Sid knows what you're talking about. You don't approve of anyone making a decision between pornography and "erotic realism"? Well, neither does Sid, so what are you arguing about? Donaho and I were the ones who were defending "Sex And Censorship", which is the book that attempted to make the decision. Sid's entire argument has been that a real decision could be made, but shouldn't be. My argument -- and Donaho's, I believe -- is that while decisions should not be made, they are being made and we'd better face facts and back the most favorable decision we can find, since we don't have a Chinaman's chance (sorry, Les) of getting the ideal program adopted. And if that doesn't straighten things out, I give up. RSC/

PHIL HARRELL, 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk, Virginia - Crazy about that cover! You two make a nice looking couple. Gee isn't Juanita pretty tho. That's one of the most pleasing faces I've seen in a long time. You're no slouch when it comes to looks either, remind me of a banker. /At last! Someone who appreciates me! RSC/

I mean to tell you Y#100 was Tremendous! I'm terribly afraid you're going to ask me which was my favorite in it, and it had so much good material in it it's practically impossible to pick a favorite. And after reading Gene DeWeese's story I thought my cilia would burst. Altho I did feel that the title was a wee bit revealing when I started, it added to the ending, as that wasn't what I was expecting. Marlon's article was very much enjoyed as was the whole zine, and I hope I'm around to read Y#200 and hope it will be just as good if not better than this one.

Say!! Does that happen to you too??? I mean getting manufacturer's mistakes. I seem to be a clearing house for that sort of thing myself. I mean this typer here is one example; I've had it worked on 5 times but the UPPERCASE is still UPPER and the repair man finally gave up on it saying "It's the damnedest thing I've seen in the fifteen years I've been working on typewriters." It's gotten so that I've come to expect something wrong with everything I get. I even bought a can of chicken noodle soup one time that turned out to be either corned beef hash or dog food. Some people are good luck prone and some bad luck prone; me, I'm bad product prone.

/My reproduction of Phil's upper case isn't 100% accurate, but he definitely has something wrong. I have good luck on rare occasions....RSC/

A HANDBOOK OF SCIENCE-FICTION & FANTASY

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U.S. AGENT

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The two volume set, (Tasmania; 1959) contains 396 pages, eight by thirteen inches, neatly duplicated on 20 pound paper, securely bound in heavy paper covers.

The book, intended originally as a library reference work, has proven very popular with fans and professionals alike. It is available in a third printing, when this printing is exhausted it will probably remain O.P. until the third edition is published. (Tentative plans call for the next edition to be published in 1965.)

The main text is arranged in the form of an encyclopedia. This text, containing over 23,000 cross-indexed entries, presents a tremendous amount of material covering the Science Fiction and Fantasy field, as well as many related subjects.

In addition to the main text it contains five appendices on various specialized branches,

1. Magazine publication data; a listing by title of 213 magazines with world-wide coverage.
2. Magazine checklist; a listing by date, volume & number of all issues of the 213 magazines, through 1957
3. Pseudonym listing; over 700 are cross-indexed. A quick check will reveal the real name or pseudonym.
4. Connected stories; (series & sequels), although largely covered in main text all series are listed by title with appropriate references.
5. Paper bound books; covering approximately 1,300 books by title and author. Additional listing includes publisher's address, publication number, price, number of pages, etc.

All entries are in ten point type, the following entries (slightly modified) appear on pages nine and ten -main text.

ARNOLD, EDWIN LESTER, (born ? died 1935) Listing incomplete

Fiction; Phra The Phoenician, (also as: The Wonderfull Adventures of Phra), published by Harpers: NY 1890, 329 pages, \$2.50, Burt; 1897, 451 pages, \$2.00
illustrator J. Watson Davies Putnam; NY & London, 1917, 380 pages, \$2.50,
illustrator H.M. Page Reprinted in Famous Fantastic Mysteries, Sept 1945

Synopsis; A man lives many lives through the ages before re-uniting with his true love.

ARNOLD, FRANK EDWARD, British Stf fan and author; his story "Mechanica" (Cosmic '41 Mar) could be included as a related story in the collection below.

Fiction; Wings Across Time (Pendulum 'Spacetimes series #1) London, 1946, 120 pages, two shillings.

Science Fiction collection of four stories; Wings Across Time (from Stf Qrty 1942 Win), The Mad Machines, Endless Dimensions, The Twilight People (from Comet '41 Jan)

This book is now a collectors item.

Continued on back

ARNOLD, KENNETH (born 1915 ----) U.S. author, selling fire equipment in U.S., Flying his private plane to rancher customers, on June 2nd 1947, sighted a chain of nine mysterious, saucer-shaped objects and with Ray Palmer wrote about these and similar phenomena, thus starting the chain of "flying saucer" sightings.

Nonfiction; CRASHING OF THE SAUCERS, THE. (with Raymond A. Palmer), a private publication by Arnold, Idaho, 1952, 192 pages, \$4.00, illustrated.

A documentary report on sky objects that have mystified the world.

ARRA PUBLICATIONS, Formed from the staff of THE TIME TRAVELER (fanzine) (Julius Schwartz, Mort Weisinger, Conrad Ruppert, Allen Glasser), about 1932-1933 printed these pamphlets; Cavemen Of Venus by Glasser, Price Of Peace by Weisinger, Through The Dragon Glass by A. Merritt

First two items are original stories, the third a reprint.

ARTHUR, ROBERT U.S. Sci & Fantasy author, known as a master of chills and suspense on such radio programs as THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER and MURDER BY EXPERTS. He was editor of THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER MAGAZINE.

He wrote many stories for Argosy in 1940-1941, including the series below, also appeared in some Science Fiction magazines.

Series, Morkis Murchison

Postpaid To Paradise - F & STF '50 Win (originally titled "Postmarked For Paradise" Argosy 15/6/40), Wilfred Weem, Dreamer - F & STF '51 Aug. (originally titled, "Just A Dreamer", Argosy 5/7/41)

ASBURY, HERBERT (1891 ----) US biographer and historian; reared in the strictest puritanism and reacted against it in adolescence, Newspaper career interrupted by World War I in which he rose to 2nd Lt. Infantry and was badly gassed; On staff of Colliers magazine 1942-1948.

His special field is the portrayal of the shadier side of the past of great American cities; his works include THE LIFE OF BISHOP ASBURY 1927 (biography of ancestor); THE FRENCH QUARTER, 1936; THE GREAT ILLUSION, AN INFORMAL HISTORY OF PROHIBITION, 1950

Anthology

NOT AT NIGHT (Macy-Masius 1928 15-286)

Collection of weird Tales, contents unknown

ASH, ALLAN (no data) British author

Fiction; Conditioned For Space, Ward Locke 'Modern Novels of Science and Imagination'; London 1955, 192 pages, ten shillings & six pence. Also issued as British pocketbook * see appendice #5.

Synopsis; Pilot crashes and is entombed in polar ice for 100 years, revived with changed form he undergoes various adventures.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE If this book fails to satisfy you completely return the book undamaged and I will refund the full purchase price. This book will not appear as a book club selection and can be purchased only through an authorized agent at retail price.