

YANDRO

#104



YANDRO #104

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ARTWORK

Cover	Ejo Trimble
Page 1	NOTT
" 2	JWC
" 4	JWC
" 8	Robert E. Gilbert
" 9	Marvin Bryer
Page 16 (2 illos)	George Barr
" 18	Dave Locke
" 19	NOTT
" 22	DEA
" 23	Dan Adkins

*Dean A. Grennell hiding behind the penname, and no, the story is not
a cereal.

**Despite appearances, this was not submitted in reply to Pauls' art-
icle in the last issue.

New Addresses

George H. Wells, 4110 University Halls #4, Cornell Univ. Ithaca, N.Y.
Vic Ryan, Box 92, Bobb Memorial Bldg., Northwestern U., Evanston, Ill.
John Pesta, Room 134, Stanford Hall, Notre Dame Univ, Notre Dame, Ind.
Don Thompson, Room 27, 3518 Prospect Ave., Cleveland 15, Ohio

Addresses of Randy Scott and Maggie Curtis in lettercolumn.

If anyone has a copy of YANDRO 103 to dispose of, Alva Rogers, 5243
Rahives Dr., Castro Valley, Calif. is interested.



One of those days, it seems...at least as far as mimeoing goes. Fall in the Midwest produces peculiar variations in weather...mornings, when I started this issue...are very cool....then it's a good way to get warm, save that my teeth chattering distract me. Then the afternoons become....drowsy?...sluggish?..... much as the flies trapped indoors in this sort of weather rather bumble about, I find myself getting vague over the mimeo crank. This isn't as bad as it would be were I

still counting...fortunately I finished the forward or counting run this morning. Still, on a 180 copy run, which this is, it is impossible, on the reverse side run, to put the entire 180 sheets on the feed table of my dinky mimeo....this means three sections.....and if I'm not wide awake it also means chance of forgetting a section.

Nothing quite so irritating as completely changing stencils and then discovering 60-70 sheets yet to be run on the previous stencil.

I believe it was Ted Pauls who remarked with horror on my editorial cartoon for last month.....feeling such a position for collating would lead to severities of cramps or something. Ted, like most masculine fans I suspect, has forgotten the one major advantage feminine anatomy affords the fan publisher: I have no difficulty whatsoever sitting - for hours if necessary - "tailor", as the position is known. And it is a very convenient means of assembling. Even with my short arms, I can spread ten or eleven stacks-pages around myself in a semi-circle and assemble. Usually, on an issue as large as this (and all of them are getting large - HELP!)....I break the thing into two sections.... seven in one, eight in another, or similar numbers. Once warmed up, I can assemble three or four sections a minute.

Perhaps this is a particularly feminine skill. Buck finds sitting tailor excruciating and he assembles much more slowly than I.

But he can staple faster.

I'm beginning to feel we're the lost fans of the Midwest U.S. It seems, from the straggle of con-reports trailing in, that we were almost the only fans in the area not to make it to Seattle. And I keep discovering area fan parties just after they've been thrown. (Of course it most often ends up when we're invited that we have to say gee we'd like to but we're broke and/or the rear end just fell off the car..... but sometimes we're all ready to party). And snuffle...not even a collect phone call from Ella.....most unhappy that a Britfan came all this way and was only sixty or seventy miles away and I didn't even say 'hello'. I gave quite a bit of thought to calling her at Betty's, but I have some sort of traumatic fear of calling other people; maybe I was taught that everytime I call someone, it should be an emergency because I'm probably interrupting them from some very important activity. At that, I imagine Ella had her nights and evenings quite well-filled with

fan activities without annoyances from me.....and believe me, struggling with our telephone operators is an annoyance from both ends of the conversation.

Honest, Chifandom, we're going to join the can as soon as payday comes!

I suppose my lonesomeness, and it is that, certainly, in the fannish isolation of these sticks is a reaction from those years back when Indyfandom was hyperactive....too active for enduring fannish health, as it developed. At one time there were five organizations and I believe we belonged to all of them. Admittedly, that's too much. But our present distance from both Chicago and Naptown means we are a fandom in ourselves, or a club of two, as it were.

Actually, Fandom Is A Way of Life has come in for both adverse and diverse and defensive comment. I think, certainly, that anyone who must depend on fandom is in a bad way. I have practically no social life outside of fandom, but I don't feel I have become dependent.....I had none before fandom, and if fandom disappeared, I would be saddened, but not lost.

By this I mean that a fan who needs fandom to give his life "meaning" (and I must admit I strongly suspect certain fans of just this sort of dependence), is in pretty sad state.

On the other hand, I feel rather faintly sorry for the fans who....dabble in fandom....just on the edges, never really getting their toes in.

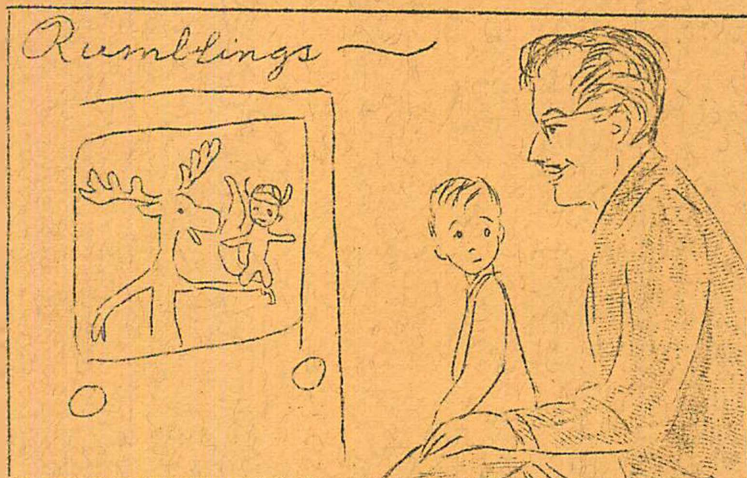
Perhaps they are like certain "fans" in this area who come to mind. One was a young Negro, the other a young college type.....both were very interested in stf, attended club meetings, and seemed amused rather than taken with fandom. Eventually they drifted out, and I gained the distinct impression that they were mentally patting us on the head as charming lunatics who were blowing an interest in science fiction up out of all importance.

Maybe - but ain't it fun?

Now how does Buck expect me to concentrate on writing a serious constructive editorial....playing THE BEST OF PETER SELLERS? We rarely buy "comic" records...we prefer to let DeWeese buy them and then tape his....but we both found Sellers funny enough, and with the music such an integral part of the humor, that a record seemed in order.

Later in the issue Buck mentioned WITH LAWRENCE IN ARABIA, and me chuckling over it. This is, for interested types, a Popular Library edition - '61, reprint of the 1924 volume...no "new material" noted. I was laughing not so much at the adventures of Lawrence as at the ... Thomas-isms. For the first third of the book, I learned little about Lawrence, but a great deal of Lowell Thomas' version of Arabia...and as the sun sinks over historic Mecca".....with Cinerama, I bet. One item rings very false: Thomas is constantly burbling with tales that he assures the reader the modest Lawrence would be loathe to have banded abroad.....yet three fourths of these accounts include only Lawrence and the natives, and could be gained, obviously, only from Lawrence's telling. Either he's not as modest as claimed or Thomas is fabricating. Can't have it both ways, for my money.

At any rate, an entertaining book to these eyes, even at fifty cents...and you can't hardly get a 35¢ pb any more, can you. Sigh...JWC



Industrial Efficiency Dep't: The great electronics corporation for which I work is conducting its business in the usual manner. The other day the question came up as to the legitimacy of a particular part number and I got dragged into the investigation. It seems that the number, 21567, appears in a great number of places on drawings, parts lists, etc., but nobody could locate proof of just what the number designated. The chief file clerk

and I teamed up and began running down references. The first two parts lists we checked assured us that it was a washer. The third showed it to be a nut. I tried the blueprints and came up with one showing 21567 as a $\frac{1}{4}$ -20 hex nut. Unfortunately, at the same time Wilma discovered one which said it was a 6-32 hex nut; a considerable difference in size. We began inquiring of other departments. The Order Dep't. was emphatic; "Of course we've been ordering part 21567. It's a shoulder screw and the stockroom should have some in stock now." Stockroom was equally emphatic; "Sure, we have about 7000 of them in stock. They're $\frac{1}{4}$ -20 hex nuts." An engineer who wandered by was accosted and explained; "Certainly, been using the part for years. It's a hex-head bolt." One of the shop foremen agreed with the stockroom. The official engineering department records refused to recognize the existence of the part at all. At this point we gave up and wrote headquarters at Minneapolis for a blueprint of the part. I'll be waiting for the print to show up; so far nobody has suggested that it might be a rivet.....

Con-tradictions Dep't: Since the first of the month, it seems that every fanzine that arrives has been carrying a con report. In case you haven't seen it, and just for the record, the Hugo Winners are as follows. Novel: A Canticle For Leibowitz by Walter Miller; Short Fiction: The Longest Voyage by Poul Anderson; Dramatic Presentation: Twilight Zone; Artist: Emsh; Magazine: ANALOG; Fanzine: WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION? Ted Sturgeon will be Guest of Honor at Chicago in 1962; send your membership (\$2) to George W. Price, Treasurer, 20th. World S.F. Convention, Box 4864, Chicago 80, Illinois.

Latest fan discussion may be on draft dodging. Larry Shaw objected to fans who brag about it in an editorial in AXE, and Walter Breen took instant exception to the remarks in FIMAC (or rather, exception to the "solemn" manner in which they were made, which would seem to be the height of quibbling, even for fandom). Now, personally, I don't know of any draft dodgers, but if Larry does I think he was 100% right. I'm not fond of military service, and I'm unashamedly happy that I missed it. But I like liars even less. I'm not exactly brave, but if I had been tapped by Uncle Sam (and I thought for some time that I was going to be, back during World War II) I wouldn't have been cowardly enough to lie or run away in order to stay out.

"All the world is queer, save thee and me, and even thou..." (I trust you've all read PODIUM?)

Juanita is becoming the den mother of fandom.

The hay fever season is chuffling merrily along; actually, the worst is over by now. One reason this issue is late is that for the past 3 or 4 weeks I've been coming home from work in the evening and collapsing. I didn't feel like cutting stencils, or transcribing tapes, or making household repairs, or doing anything else except sitting and reading. I finished several stf books and mags (results of this appear in BANE) and finally got around to reading the 13 issues of AMERICAN HERITAGE I got from Ellington 10, these many moons ago. HERITAGE is probably the only magazine we get -- including stfmags -- that I read from cover to cover.

Then we've been picking up records, folk and pseudo-folk type. "Civil War Songs Of The North" and "Civil War Songs Of The South" by Ernie Ford, "The Slightly Fabulous Limelighters", "From Bondage To Freedom" by Theodore Bikel and "A Treasure Chest Of American Folk Song", a 2-record album by Ed McCurdy. I have an order in for "Songs Of Woodie Guthrie" sung by Cicso Houston, but as yet it hasn't arrived. (The Anderson dealer said that he'd assumed that anyone wanting songs of Woodie Guthrie would want them by Woodie Guthrie, but I've heard Guthrie sing and I'll take Houston any old day.) All of these are recommended to those who like folk music but prefer good voices to authenticity -- any and all Limelighters records are recommended to Kingston Trio followers in the hopes of weaning them to the support of commercial-type folksingers who can really sing. (I don't object to the Kingston Trio because they're commercial; I object to them because they're poor musicians; Ted Johnstone is as good as any of the group, and Les Gerber, Sandy Cutrell and Jock Root are all better. And I can't see supporting a professional outfit which doesn't sound any better than a bunch of drunken fans at a convention party.)

Ed Bryant, where's that book review?

According to a notice from the Lupoffs, neofan Kenneth Bruce Lupoff was born at 9:26 AM, Sept. 7. (Arriving at an inconvenient time, I see; he's a fan, all right.)

We're still looking for a better tape recorder. This leads to things like me checking all the electronics catalogs that arrive at work. The other day I found exactly what we wanted in one; unfortunately it was an Ampex and priced at \$595. I feel sick.

I see that "profiles" of Ray Bradbury are becoming popular nowadays; AMAZING and ROGUE came out with them almost simultaneously. I suppose I should have read both and provided a summary for the loyal readers, but I don't consider ROGUE worth the money, Bloch column or not. Similarly, I didn't read the story by sometime-stf-writer Hal Anas in SIR KNIGHT. (Dale Brandon told me about it, but I don't think he actually read it either; just noticed it on the stands.)

Did you notice Campbell's editorial where he says that the fact that the Air Force finally gave the Dean Drive a trial "proves" that they have admitted their error in not trying it out sooner? As far as I can see, all it proves is that the boys in blue are willing to cash in on publicity; Campbell must be getting hard up for material to support Dean with.

RSC

The Destiny of Fandom

article by — ED WOOD

On page 12 of YANDRO #92 (Sept. 1960), Norm Metcalf states the following:

"And another item is this feeling that fandom can't continue without zines. Certainly, they help, but they're not essential. Recruiting would be more of a problem but not that much more."

Since Mr. Metcalf and myself had already agreed prior to the appearance of his statement to debate this idea of fandom surviving the extinction of science fiction magazines, I was not surprised at the statement, merely disappointed. I think highly of Metcalf's ability and knowledge but I really think that in this instance he has not thought it out.

When the last science fiction magazine puts out its last issue, and that day does not look so inconceivable as it did a few years ago, that does not mean that the next day the various amateur press associations, science fiction clubs, NFFF, etc., will all disband and be no more. Of course they can continue...for awhile. They can possibly pick up a new member or two by personal contact or other mechanisms. Yet if one looks at science fiction (and other) organizations in a general way, one notices the social equilibrium that exists in all of them. There are people coming in and some of them joining (all those who look in on the organization do not join), and there are people leaving either through disenchantment, death, job changes, interest changes, etc. Without the magazines, the recruitment problem will become just about impossible. I would estimate that 95% of all science fiction fans were brought to an awareness of fandom itself by means of the science fiction magazines. Since the subtraction process will always remain, science fiction organizations will no longer grow but rather dwindle. Then what will become of the regional conferences, the world conventions, the apas? The final result is as inevitable as it is gloomy.

Obviously, all this is conjecture and no one can tell, until the magazines actually die, whether it is Wood or Metcalf who is correct. What a Pyrrhic victory it will be for the one who is correct!

This question is merely one part of perhaps a greater one. The fundamental schism in fandom from its very inception has been: fandom qua science fiction or fandom qua fandom.

When Earl Kemp publishes WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION? at great expense in time and money and then one finds out that many members of the Spectator Amateur Press Society haven't even taken the trouble to read it, the only conclusion I can come to, is that Mr. Kemp is throwing pearls before swine. It is Mr. Kemp's privilege to throw pearls before swine or to do anything else that is legally allowable, but even the greatest enthusiasm must wane before such monumental indifference. If the "fans" won't read WKSF, then what is it that they do read, if indeed they are able to read?

The true fans, and in this case the only true fans are the science fiction fans who read it, criticize it, study it, love it, and cannot desert it, have always been few in number but by reason of their enor-

mous capacity for work have achieved results out of all proportion to their numbers. We happy few, and I'm humble enough to believe that I belong to this dedicated group, do not sway with every new fad that is injected into fandom. Topics such as jazz, beatniks, Pogo, etc., make us smile because we have seen them come and go in fandom. Even the fans who inject such topics come and go in fandom. Yes, even in our microcosm they go. But there are the happy few who possess staying power, and not in some fannish graveyard as FAPA, SAPS, etc., either. Their enthusiasm remains high and constant and of much more importance to the science fiction world than these ephemeral fans who make a big noise and nothing else.

Let me take a particular example and one dear to the hearts of fannish fans; QUANDRY and Lee Hoffman. During the early '50's, she epitomized the situation fandom qua fandom as rarely before and happily rarely after her time. In this deviation from science fiction she was aided by Walter A. Willis, Bob Bloch, and Bob Tucker. These clever people should have known better. This is not to say that Hoffman was without talent or that QUANDRY was evil in deed or intent -- unless one considers a situation evil where triviality is converted into importance, the private ingroup joke is more important than any bibliographic effort, any serious approach to science fiction is termed "sercon" or "fake fan", and the reading of science fiction itself is an occasion for derision.

Yet where is QUANDRY now?

It is possible to quarrel with the fandom qua fandom contingent even on their own grounds. Where in this mush of mailing comments, shallow observations, idiotic humor, and fannish fiction, has there really been an objective study of fans as a group ("The Immortal Storm" excluded)? Here is a fertile field for comment. Seldom can one find such great generosity, capacity for work, and native talent mingled with such equally great instability, rudeness, and egotism. Before I lose the last of my friends among the fannish fans (and I think I have a few), let me say that as a group I do not consider fans to be stupid. The worth of this observation is dubious but the person making it has been exposed to some knowledge of human society ranging from the scum in Army stockades to the Nobel Prize winner in his habitat.

The destiny of fandom is the destiny of man. Before that final day which must come, the workers will work, and the fannish fans will make noise.

EDITORIAL NOTE: The above article was submitted almost exactly one year ago. With it was a note from Ed, saying that he and Norm Metcalf had agreed at the Pittcon to a pro-and-con discussion of the relation of fandom to science fiction, and that this article (if accepted) should be held until Norm's companion piece arrived. One year and a couple of postcard queries to Metcalf later, the companion piece is still missing. Hindsight assures me that it would have been better to publish this last year when there was more general discussion of the subject, but I don't have the required time machine to go back and do it. At any rate, I think it should provoke some comment, even now. The eventual reaction to WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION? has proved to be a bit different from Ed's comments on the original SAPS acceptance; personally I think that anybody who publishes a work of that nature for an apa deserves any in-attention that he gets. RSC

Dialogue from the new movie, "Tarzan Meets The Atomic Man":

"Me Tarzan; U-235"

RSC

A JUNGLE TALE

BY —edgar rice crispies—



Tarzan of the Apes was changing storm windows on the tree-house as Jane, his Friend & Companion, called to him from the clearing below.

"N'pookh myallah boonsi kregth." This is ape-talk, which translates to "I am going for a swim in the lagoon."

"Pfroomph," answered Tarzan, which means, "Okay but watch out; the crocodiles are restless tonight."

So Jane walked to the lagoon, pale, slender and proud in the silver moonlight, paused at the pool's edge and slipped into the water. Stroking gracefully across the placid surface, she glanced over her shoulder and saw the ugly snouts of 19 crocodiles threshing along in her wake. Forthwith, she rang the engine room for Full Speed Ahead and sought the safety of the tiny atoll in the center of the lagoon in a manner very like unto a berserk Evinrude.

Clambering up the atoll to its dubious sanctuary, she called to her mate for succor and assistance, "Kribli Meemo snartch foog!" which means "Hey, come'n rescue me from these furshlugginer crocodiles!"

Tarzen, running to the water's edge, surveyed the situation with a keen eye and called "Umboonga!" which means "Stay there where you are and I will swing over on a vine and as I pass over your head you jump up and grab the end of the vine and together we'll swing back only hold your feet up going over the crocodiles!"

Ape-talk is marvelously succinct in some instances.

Jane answered with "Fumarumi brzl neegh struzli," meaning "Okay."

Ape-talk is not necessarily always succinct.

Moving as swiftly and silently as Simba, the lion, Tarzan swung to the top of a tree, chose a long stout vine, severed one end with a flashing stroke of his long keen knife and swung out over the lagoon bawling "Kreegah!" at the top of his lungs. The cry, in this context, means roughly, "Watch out, youse crummy crocs, here comes the Lord Of The Jungle."

As the Ape-man swung above the atoll, Jane made a prodigious leap and a frantic grab. As they swung back across the seething mass of threshing tails and snapping teeth, Tarzan observed, "Oumba bunga ookaballekonga!"

Translation: "Goddamit, Jane, I tole you grab a-holt of the ~~the~~ VINE!"

 Bob Briney sent in a clipping from the BOSTON TRAVELER; a headline, "Car Hits Man In South End" adjacent to an ad, "Tormenting Rectal Itch Stopped In Minutes". Comment: "How's this for juxtaposition?"

SILVER—SECONDS—

column by #GENE DEWEESE

There's a triple feature on at a neighborhood theater: BRIDE OF THE GORILLA, BRAIN FROM PLANET AROUS, and GHOST OF DRAGSTRIP HOLLOW. A conversation vaguely like this followed:

"Ghost we've seen, but what about the other two?"

"Well, I think Bride was one of Lugosi's last -- or was that Bride Of The Atom? Could've been retitled, though how they would equate an atom with a gorilla...."

"Hollywood could. But I think that was Plan 9 From Outer Space that was retitled."

"That, too; they're a wishy-washy group."

"Brain From Planet Arous..... I've read about it, but.... It wasn't the one with the floating brains with the dangling spines?"

"That was something about Faceless Men...."

"No, that was Bixby's rehash of the Mummy -- Curse Of The Faceless Man."

"Oh... Faceless Fiend? From Outer Space?"

"Dammit, we've got to start making a list of the ones we've seen..."

Oh, well. Tomorrow we'll go down to the theater and look at the posters around the box office and see if that will help. Luckily, it's a cheap theater, so maybe we can afford a miscalculation.

We saw one for the second time a few days ago -- on purpose. It's called THE UNDEAD, and it's a pretty good fantasy about witches, demons, and reincarnation, taking place mostly back about King Arthur's time. (In fact, one of the heroes is named Pendragon.) And besides, there was this muddleheaded gravedigger named Smolkin who drives a horse-drawn hearse and continually spouts appropriate verse. Such as:

"Hickory, dickory horse, my passenger's dead, of course. The clock struck two; he's turning blue..."

and:

"Merry, merry, the more to bury, how does your garden grow? With tombstones and ankle bones, and relatives all in a row..."

or:

"Jack Sprat could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean. And so between them both, they licked the coffin clean" not to mention:

"Old Mother Basket opened the casket to get her poor dog a bone..."

And then there was the noble knight who, when beseeched for aid, said, "I cannot help thee; I have troubles of my



own."

And besides all this graveyard humor, there's some time travel, a fair plot, decent acting, some good atmospheric photography, and one of the sexiest witches ever to lose a head (Allison Hayes).

* * * * *

There are two other items floating about, however, which should be avoided at all costs. I went all the way to Kentucky, but still couldn't escape -- at least they only cost me 25¢ there. They're both British, but don't let that mislead you; they're both stinkers, one in technicolor.

DR. BLOOD'S COFFIN concerns this doctor -- who happens to be named Blood -- who wants to bring corpses back to life. For noble purposes, he says. There is a catch (there always is, you may have noticed). To perform this noble revivification, he needs a living heart from a non-corpse. And the supply of non-corpses willing to donate to his heart bank is dishearteningly low.

The good (if mad) young doctor perseveres, however, and manages to snag an odd heart here and there, mostly be some rather gory technicolor operations, complete with the operatee's spasmodic clutching of the edge of the operating table as his chest is sliced open. Dr. B finally manages to reanimate a nice moldy year-old corpse, but it proves hardly worth while, for the hulk hangs around just long enuf to do in Dr. B himself. (Moral: Let sleeping d..... Never mind.)

SNAKE WOMAN, on the other hand, concerns a herpatologist who has cured his wife of insanity by injecting her repeatedly with snake venom. Presumably to prevent a relapse, he gives her a shot of the stuff shortly before she is to give birth to a daughter. The good woman says, as he is shooting her full of the gunk, "What will this serpent venom coursing thru my veins do to my unborn child?"

It does.

* * * * *

We checked the posters at the theater. Bride has Lon Chaney in it, and it looks more like a jungle picture than even pseudo-stf. Brain is the other one about the bare brains with the dangling spines -- the one in which the brain lands in the desert, takes up residence in a cave, and then takes over John Agar's body in order to take over the world. A remarkably poor start, if you ask me.

* * * * *

Just saw an ad on tv for "Imperial size cigarettes -- larger than King size". I don't know what will come after this one, but they'll have to supply a guy wire with each cigarette if they get much longer.

UNTITLED VERSE

by Kerry Dame

I used to hate that house
Because it hid a view
Of meadows and a river mirror.
But when I saw the apple tree
Etch shadow patterns on the wall,
And drop her ruddy apples by the door
I felt ashamed.

"Stop me if you've heard this, Brutus..."Lewis Grant

STRANGE FRUIT

Received but not reviewed: WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP #3, UL #4, FLYER #3, SKYRACK #35 & 36, PITFCS #140.

FANAC #76, 77 (Walter Breen, 1205 Peralta Ave., Berkeley 6, Calif. - irregular - 4 for 50¢ - British agent, Archie Mercer) All the news, rumors, address changes and other vital statistics of fandom. And with both type-faces legible, for a change (mainly because they aren't the same ones as usual). Rating....8

AXE #10, 11 (Larry & Noreen Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, New York - bi-weekly - 10¢ - British agent, Arthur Thomson) Having collected their loot for Willis, they're continuing publication. (The Willis Fund is continuing, too; they have enough in the till to bring the Willises -- or is it Willii? over, but feel that they might want to do a few things while they're here. Like eat.) Not too much overlapping of coverage between fandom's leading newspapers; you can afford both (with SKY-RACK thrown in, if you want British fan news). Rating....8

BANE #5 (Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Illinois - more or less bi-monthly - no price listed; live it up and send him a quarter) Marion Bradley's "Ultimate Fanzine-Revisited" is somewhat misnamed; it sets standards for, not the ultimate, but for an acceptable fanzine. All new and would-be fan editors should read this. It isn't absolutely necessary to follow all of Marion's precepts; I violate one regularly, and she hasn't expressed any violent aversion to YANDRO recently (of course, now that I think of it, she hasn't sent us any material recently, either...) But there's no doubt that following her suggestions would make for improvement. Bob Tucker tells how to make money on Annishes (are you listening, Jack?). Harry Warner brings up some embarrassing fannish predictions about spaceflight, I review books, and the editor pens "The Tell-Tale Duplicator". Unfortunately, all fannish parodies of this sort are going to be compared to Bob Leman's work; Ryan isn't as good as Leman, but he does a very creditable job. And it's a lovely punchline. All in all, an excellent issue. Rating....8

WARHOON #12 (Richard Bergeron, 110 Bank St., New York 14, N.Y. - quarterly - 20¢) Galkins mentioned this in the last issue of YANDRO. I would not, as he did, call it the world's best fanzine, but it's certainly one of the best. It's oriented, by the way, not towards stf or fandom, but toward world affairs. Rating.....9

PARSECTION #8 (George Willick, 856 East St., Madison, Indiana - 20¢ - published every 45 days) But in the editorial he says "every two months" -- I hate schedule changes in the middle of an issue. Generally I like PAR; this isn't a particularly good issue, but it's readable. A fan-oriented issue; Fan Awards, a fan biography, changes in fandom, and two pages that sound like a tape recording of a drunken party. Plus the Willick personality (and boy! has he ever got personality! Repulsive, maybe, but there.) Nice lithographed reproduction, and the back cover sports a Stiles illo that doesn't look a thing like Adkins. Rating.....5

THE PARADOX #2 (Bruce Robbins, 90 Stoneleigh Court, Rochester 18, New York - trade or contribution - no schedule listed) Mostly this is a N'APA mag, but he checked "review", so.... Entirely editor-written, and even the mailing comments are clear enough to an outsider. If you like the personal-expression type fanzine, Robbins is quite good at expressing himself. Rating....3

ETWAS #4 (Peggy Rae McKnight, Box 306, "Six Acres", Lansdale, Pa. - no price or schedule) This one seems a very personal-type zine, also, even though there are outside contributions and letters. Miss McKnight has a strong personality, apparently. Fannish. Rating...3

DYNATRON #6 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd., NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico - theoretically bi-monthly - 15¢) This issue concentrates on Japanese fandom; aside from a small stir over Tetsu Yano a few years ago it's the first report on the subject that I've seen. (Helen Wesson regularly writes about Japan for her FAPA publications, but has never mentioned Japanese stf that I recall.) Apart from the main theme, there is considerable variety, both in subject matter and quality. Rating...6

COMIC ART #2 (Don Thompson, Rm. 27, 3513 Prospect Ave., Cleveland 15, Ohio - irregular - 20¢ - art and ass't. editor, Maggie Curtis) In this issue I gave my opinion of comics, so next issue's letter column should be well filled with invective. Aside from the questionable taste of devoting an entire fanzine to comic books, strips, etc., the mag is pretty good. Nice reproduction, and the editor is more intelligent than one might expect of a comics fan. Letters, editorial and an article by the original Big Red Cheese are all reasonably good. Rating...5

KIFFLE #16 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Md. - monthly - 15¢) I suppose #17 will arrive tomorrow; if it does, it won't get reviewed. One of the better discussionzines, the discussions here being mostly literary. Fanzines, stf, science, newspaper columns, confessions mags -- all sorts of written material comes up for scrutiny. Should be enjoyed by omnivorous type readers. Rating...7

ABANICO #1 (Bill Bowers, 3271 Shelhart Rd., Village of Norton (near Barberton), Ohio - bi-monthly - 15¢) And he says that "near Barberton" has to be added; apparently he lives in one of those towns that nobody including postal clerks can find. I'm not in favor of someone with two months' fannish experience going out and starting a fanzine. Bill does better than might be expected (but don't you try it). None of the material is going to astound you with its brilliance, but it won't stun you with its sheer ineptness, either. Contributions are requested; we'll see how good an editor Bill is next time around. (This time it's all editor-written.) Rating...3

REALM OF FANTASY #6 (Jack Cascio, Box 122, Eagerville, Illinois - quarterly - 5 for \$1) Devoted mainly to fan fiction. It isn't very good fiction, but Jack seems to have an audience for it, so more power to him. Lettercolumn is enlivened by the missives of one Steve Grisillo, who talks about the good old days -- from his knowledge of fandom, he must have dropped out about 1928 and is just returning. (He wants the revival of "the amateur publication, the fan conventions, the fan controversies" and like that.) Rating...2

HARBINGER #3 (Don Thompson - see address for COMIC ART - irregular - free for comment) Editorially written, but not from choice; the editor devotes some space to pleas for material. So send him some; H has nice reproduction and layout and, judging from this lettercol, reasonably responsive readers. This issue devoted almost entirely to fanzine reviews, letters, and a review of the new Regency paperback line. Rating....4

G² #3 (Joe & Roberta Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave., El Sobrante, Calif. - monthly - 3 for 25¢) And if they're all going to be this thick, a bargain at the price. A long, very rambling editorial, and letters. Some realfourse speculative science which is over my head; I'm not one who reads stf for the science content. Entertaining. Rating...4

SCIENCE FICTION-NYTT #19 (Sam J. Lundwall, Box 409, Hågersten 4, Stockholm, Sweden) Price, schedule and everything else in Swedish; we got it because YANDRO was reviewed. Editors might send your zines to Sam; a review in Swedish is fascinating. (Like, YANDRO was called "centralpunkt"; I can only hope that means "central point" and not what it sounds like.)

SKY BIRD #2 (No price, schedule or address; try Ron Haydock, 2795 W. 8th St., Los Angeles 5, Calif.) Another for the comics fans; devoted entirely to a Jim Harmon review of SECRET ORIGINS.

MENACE OF THE LASFS (Bruce Pelz, 2790 W. 8th. St., Los Angeles 5, Calif. - bi-weekly - 6 for 50¢) The printed minutes of the meetings of the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society. Tired of conventional fanzines? Looking for something different?

SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES #365, 366, 367, 368, 370 (S-F Times, Inc., P.O. Box 115, Solvay Branch, Syracuse 9, N.Y. - irregular - \$3 per year) The first 4 of these were mailed out together, so I assume that they're having trouble keeping their bi-weekly schedule again. And don't ask me what happened to #369 -- for that matter, I never got #361 or 362, either. The "newspaper" of professional science fiction; more valuable as a reference file than in disseminating news. Rating...3

GUMBIE #3 (Steve Schultheis, 511 Drexel Drive, Santa Barbara, Calif. - irregular - free for comment) Devoted to the script of "Galactic Gaeties" which was, they say, presented at the Pittcon. (I seem to have mis-
sed it...) Sort of cute, and undoubtedly more fun to read than to try to listen to at a con, with people tromping in and out, talking, drinking, collapsing, etc. Rating...3½

XERO #6 (Dick & Pat Lupoff, 215 E. 73 St., New York 21, N.Y. - bi-monthly? - this issue \$1, others 35¢) This is a special Willis issue; personally I don't think that any fanzine is ever worth \$1, but, aside from the fact that this is for charity, the editors have made a good try at giving the reader his money's worth. For the comics fans, there are Lupoff's short article on the "Seven Soldiers Of Victory" and Dick Ellington's longer one on PLANET COMICS. For the serious-minded there are reviews of books, an article on Jules Verne, etc. For the fannish there are Reiss cartoons, the beginning of "The SLANT Story" by Willis, and an article by Hoy Ping Pong which reveals the true story behind a certain ex-fan's present preoccupation with professional work. 75 pages, plus a couple of fluorescent-green covers. Rating....8

HELICON #1 (Ingvar Svenson, Skolgatan 33 C, Uppsala, Sweden - trades only - no schedule listed) A small, 12-page fanzine, entirely written by the editor. An article on humanity's fear of mutants, as evidenced by stf stories, is well-researched. Fiction and poetry are minor. Rating..2

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #57 (Bjohn Trimble, 2790 West 8th. St., Los Angeles 5, Calif. - sometimes bi-monthly - 25¢) Ron Ellik devotes most of his usually entertaining "Squirrel Cage" to a con report, but to offset this there is an excellent piece of fiction (I can hardly call it "fan fiction") by Alex Apostolides, and Bjo devotes her column to the Japanese section of Los Angeles. There is a good lettercolumn; there is also an "open letter" to George Willick by Leslie Norris, a fan previously noted only for publishing various third-rate fanzines. God knows I think Willick's Fan Awards are stupid enough, but Norris' letter attacking them is hardly in the best of taste, either. (If it had been submitted to me, I'd have damned well removed those last two paragraphs before the "P.S." and I'm surprised at the Trimbles' leaving them in.) Rating 6

CRY #152 (Box 92, 507 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - usually monthly - 25¢) Some preliminary results of the CRY Poll reveal one reason why some of us feel the zine isn't as good as it should be; there are too many cat-lovers among its readers. Otherwise there is the usual mixture; Tom Purdom commenting on Hemingway, F.M. Busby dissecting Heinlein and the Fan Awards, Elinor Busby writing a con report (into which she interpolates a comment on "The King Must Die" -- her morbid streak crops up in everything, it seems). The usual lettercolumn; either you like it or you detest it. Rating.6

POISON #2 (David Crossen, 44 Perry St., New York 14, N.Y. - irregular - no price listed) I suppose the major item here is "The Polarisian Poltergeist", a new Manning Draco story by Kendall Foster Crossen. Personally I never cared much for the old Manning Draco stories, but judging from fannish comments at the time, I was in the minority. The short length prevents this one from being quite as good as usual, but Draco fans should appreciate it. Tom Harper and Seth Johnson dispute the merits (if any) of pulp mags and Richard Shaver, and Ron Haydock discusses African movies. Nice reproduction. Rating..3

PROBE #1 (William E. Neumann, 2537 So. 94th. St., West Allis 19, Wisconsin - irregular? - free for comment) A determinedly serious publication. Neumann's interest in fandom seems to be concerned strictly with the possible ways in which it could be used to improve science fiction. Three pieces of fiction aren't exactly good, but are improvements over the author's previous work in SCIENCE FICTION READER. Articles are on "future wonders" (actually a list of possible plot gimmicks for stf writers) and flying saucers. The results of a poll titled "Youth and Science Fiction" shows that youth isn't reading science fiction. Personally I doubt that Youth is reading any kind of fiction; the child who reads is always the exception. Rating..3

FANTASMAGORIQUE #3 (Scott Neilsen, 731 Brookridge Dr., Webster Groves 19, Missouri - bi-monthly - 15¢) Another serious one, but not so overwhelmingly so. Avram Davidson's history of Webster Groves is excellent. The review columns are so-so, and there is one of the usual fannish arguments going, where everybody talks and nobody listens. There's a good

lettercolumn and a one-page memorial to WEIRD TALES that could just as easily have been left blank. Rating.....4

SO WHAT #3 (Rick Norwood, 3 Ames St., Cambridge 39, Mass. - 25¢ - no schedule listed) Doesn't anybody publish small fanzines anymore? This thing is 45 pages, and includes fiction, a round-robin (or part of one, which I suppose is better than getting the whole thing shoved in one's face at once), letters, a good parody of discussion-type fanzines, and 9½ pages devoted to defining an epic, which the editor tells us won the "Boit Essay Prize". Why, I couldn't say; it's presumably humorous, but a little strained after 9½ pages, and it certainly didn't give me any new information about epics. The fiction by Harry Nelson starts interestingly, if fantastically, but fizzles; with a better ending it might merit pro publication. All in all, the mag isn't very impressive, but I have faith in an editor who can come up with a line like "Faith healers have a right to keep their children from the doctors because the government says 'In God We Trust' so shouldn't it let them, too?" (Quasi-quotes used because I edit everything.) Rating.....2½

ROVER #12 (Art Hayes, Bird's Creek, Ontario, Canada - irregular? - free for comment) A long article on the development of stf, by Charles Waugh, should be interesting to newer fans; the only major fault is that it's been done before. Tim Dumont has a pretty fair article on stf art; I don't agree with his evaluations of all the stf artists, but then, who in fandom agrees with anybody else? Dumont has the advantage of being an artist, so I won't argue with him in public. Art Coulter reports on synergetics, if anyone is interested. Rating.....4

BASTION #2 (Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St., Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England - They say that their American agent will accept 20¢ per issue, but fail to say who the American agent is - send the cash to Bentcliffe - but don't send more than 20¢; issue #1 came out at the Pittcon) The best British fanzine being published today; probably one of the best of all time. Beautiful artwork, especially Eddie Jones' illos for "Starship Troopers". Material by "Doc" Weir, Avram Davidson (his Pittcon speech) and John Owen is all good and as usual the piece de resistance (and no, I am not going back to put in accent marks by hand) is the Harrison story by "Hurstmonceaux & Faversham". It really isn't as good as some of the previous Harrison adventures, but still amusing. A long lettercolumn closes the issue. Rating.....9

WALDO #3 also comes from Bentcliffe, but apparently is available only to OMPA and irate fan-editors who are threatening to strike him from their mailing lists. Too bad; it's well worth getting.

GAUL #4 (Steve Tolliver, Apt. 405, 605 E. Denny Way, Seattle 22, Washington - bi-monthly - no price listed - co-editors, Lyn Hardy and Larry McCombs) Nothing exciting in the way of actual material (though it's all readable enough) but the important point about GAUL is the number of newcomers in the lettercolumn and art credits. I don't claim to know everyone in fandom, but when a zine comes out with 9 artists and 5 other letterwriters that I never heard of before I think it's safe to say that it's encouraging new talent and deserves an accolade. Rating.....5

KIPPXE #17 did arrive; it's good. And I'm not sure if there are any extra copies of JANEY'S JOURNAL and anyway I'm out of space.

SPIDERS IN YOUR BED

— BY — *george barr* —

How often when the day has gone
And night sounds fill the air,
With drowsy eyes and leaden feet
You stagger up the stair,
And drop your clothes upon the floor,
Collapse into your bed,
But just can't seem to get to sleep.
What thoughts then fill your head?

You lie so still between the sheets.
You never twitch a toe.
Your muscles are so relaxed,
Your breathing, soft and low.
And yet, you feel upon your leg,
Or on your chest, or face,
A movement - unmistakably!
Your mind begins to race.

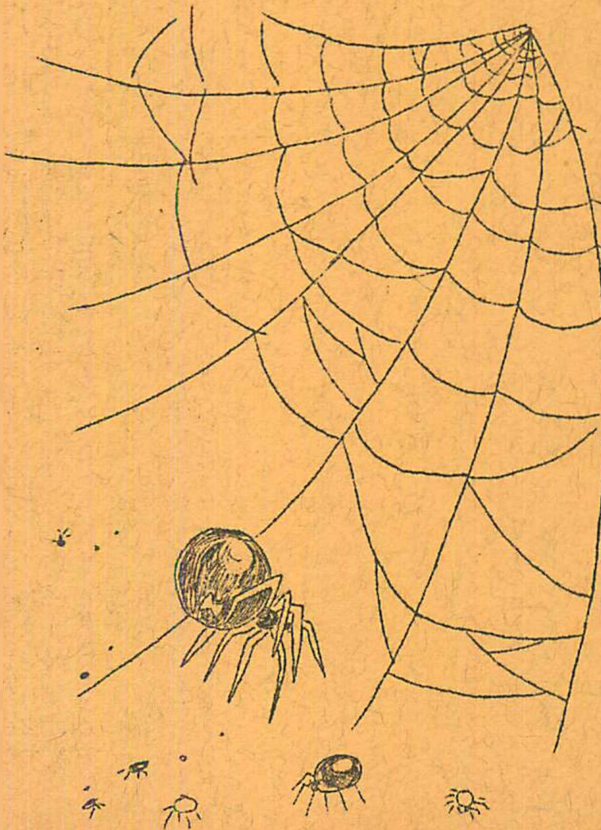
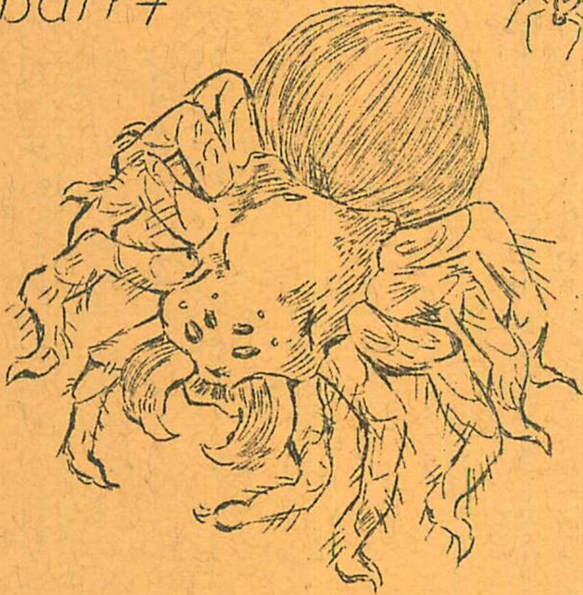
Is something in my bed, you think,
And crawling on me there?
Most likely just the settling sheets
Or, perhaps, a hair.

You'll twist a bit and scratch the itch,
And then to sleep you'll go.
And you will feel, oh, so secure.
But - do you really know?

How often when you've made the bed
And pulled the quilts away,
Has there been upon the sheet
Just where your arm might lay,
A cockroach, or a centipede,
Or spider, lying there?
Now think a moment of that itch...
You're sure 'twas just a hair?

You think your house is free of bugs.
You've scarcely seen a one.
You've used the best insecticides -
But listen, just for fun.
There're countless corners in the walls,
And cracks around the floor,
And holes inside the overstuffed,
And space beneath the door.

A million spiders there could hide.
You'd never even know.
And, they could creep into the bed
Where every night you go.



Be glad that so few spider bites,
 Though painful they may be,
 Can be considered dangerous.
 It's lucky, you'll agree.

So, now when you lie still at night
 And think you're safe from harm,
 And there's that tickling itching feel
 Of crawling on your arm,
 Remember what you've heard today.
 Give heed to what I've said.
 You never can be sure that there
 Aren't spiders in your bed.

 Spaghetti makes me blanch.

.....Lewis Grant

GOLDEN MINUTES

DEREK NELSON - A book that I know everyone should read is "On Thermo-nuclear War" by Kahn. The book club editors advocate "everyone should read it", and for once, they're right. Here's the answer to those opposed to civil defense, and also the answer to the "world will be destroyed by a nuclear war" group. There's also a short horrifying glimpse of future weapons technology, and the troubles we're in for. The price is steep, \$10 (\$6.25, Book Club edition) but worth it. Published by Princeton, and Kahn uses the RAND studies.

LESLIE SAMPLE - I have just digested Karl E. Meyer's "The New America" (Basic Books, Inc., \$4.50). The book is politically oriented, while at the same time being light and amusing reading (something not very common in political discussions). "The New America" is primarily a discussion of how the New Deal has been succeeded by what the author calls The Smooth Deal. The Smooth Dealers "...tend to be more fair-minded, better educated, less hysterical, more aware of the limitations of political reform, and more culturally sophisticated" than the New Dealers, while at the same time being more hypocritical and less careful of the way they waste the taxpayers' money.

RSC - "The Press" by A.J. Liebling (Ballantine, 75¢) is a compilation of "The Wayward Press" column from THE NEW YORKER, with some original material, mostly concerned with bringing the columns up to date and providing general topic headings under which they can be grouped. I suppose if you've been much of a NEW YORKER reader during the past 15 years or so you will know what to expect. I haven't been, and I was delighted by the book, which is in the best NEW YORKER caustic-humorous style. (Not to mention that a couple of friends who have had some experience in newspaper work have agreed fully with the author's opinions. In fact, Hal Annas has said practically the same thing in several letters.) Riffing through the book just now in search of a suitable short quote, I didn't find one -- but I did spend 15 minutes browsing contentedly and only belatedly woke up to the fact that I was supposed to be cutting a stencil, not re-reading a paperback. Juanita is chuckling over "With Lawrence In Arabia" by Lowell Thomas, but I haven't had a chance to read it yet....

GRUMBINGS



BOB TUCKER, Box 702, Bloomington, Ill.

Listen, Buck, don't let that notorious old party-poopier DeWeese talk you out of seeing "Voyage To The Bottom Of The Sea". Don't allow it, I say! It's chockfull of scientific goodies that no self-respecting technical writer should miss -- not if he wishes to remain on top of his craft, that is.

Where else can you see the sky on fire, as the radiation belt burns? Where else can you see a dainty young thing running across the deck of a submarine immediately after surfacing, her high heels splashing water? Where else can you see a submarine with four picture windows built into the prow? Or one with twin tail-lights? Where else can you see a nuclear pile in action -- that is, flaming brightly be-

hind observation windows? Where else can you see a "scientist" walking around in a tank, grasping a shark firmly by fin and spine, teaching said shark to swim? Where else can you see a sub surface in the dramatic manner -- that is, leap out of the depths at a 45 degree angle, claw the air in a manner of speaking, and then come down in a mighty belly-flop? Where else will you see a group of "sailors" lounging in the mess-room, sipping their coffee, while the sub is under fire and the "Battle Stations!" signal had sounded several minutes earlier? Where else can you watch a group of "sailors" sass their commander and mutter mutiny, getting in reply little more than a withering glance? Where else will you witness a scene in which the entire crew is on deck, gasping for breath, and the captain phones down into the empty sub for a rescue party to come up on the double? Where else will you find another scene in which a derelict is sighted in mid-ocean, and everybody on board is dead from the searing heat, except an unseen somebody somewhere who keeps blowing a foghorn? And where else will you see several "sailors" leave their sub, to board the derelict, to sail it home again, to join their families before everyone dies from the searing heat? Where else can you see a submarine with an interior large enough to contain your farmhouse? And which carries an admiral addicted to large cigars and a good-sized desk in his "office"? Where else can you see a navy vessel of any shape, size or nature which also carries a sexy young lieutenant, female type, who dances wildly and swings her posterior about in a provocative manner, in the quarters of those peons, the enlisted men?

Be sure to see this picture, Buck. You'll thank me afterward.

Culture note: the current edition of The Circus Review says that midgets are disappearing from show business. The Ringling show this year carries seven males, but females are nowhere in evidence. One authority blames better medical care for expectant mothers, and speculates

that the genuine midget (as distinct from a dwarf) may soon be a thing of the past.

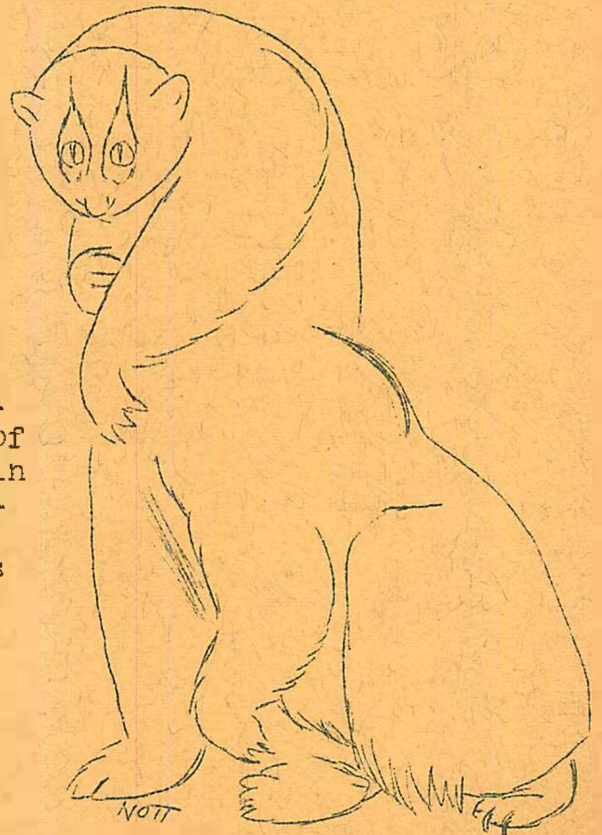
/Lessee...everybody on the ship has died from the heat, so the sub crew boards it to sail back to join their families before they die too. Well, submariners are a hardy breed, I'm told...but I've also heard that land temperature changes faster than water (so that large bodies of water keep nearby land masses from having the temperature extremes of North Dakota or Siberia). So if the ship's crew died from the heat in the middle of the Pacific, everyone on land would already have.....You know, Gene, I think you missed a point there in your review; the producer killed off the entire world's population without knowing it. RSC/

DAN ADKINS, 5308 Beverly Road, Brooklyn 3, N.Y. - George Barr has sold two covers to Ziff Davis. Both are of a fantasy nature. Schelling, a new boy from New Jersey, also sold two. His are better than Barr's... in fact, I like them better than any Ziff Davis has bought in years. Schelling is younger than Barr and I. He's away for 6 months now in the National Guard. My first cover will probably be out late next year on GALAXY or IF. They have said they'll be giving me assignments and taken one cover at present. Ziff Davis has published 44 drawings of mine this year and have at least 30 more at their offices now to be published. But Campbell still says no to me. He said my animals weren't functional or my machines. I told him Douglas couldn't draw any better than a two year old so how does his stuff look functional when it doesn't even look half way real? He had no reply.

/Schelling has had some nice interiors in the Sept. FANTASTIC (and what I thought was a pretty cruddy one in GALAXY. I think pro art is looking up from the days when Emsh and Freas did 90% of it. Not that they were not good, but it got sort of monotonous. RSC/

BETTY KUJAWA, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana - Been reading up a storm - can endorse the following --- THE SIXTH MAN (which makes me feel I have a rare old antique, an American male heterosexual) -- to counteract that I read TROPIC OF CANCER (skip this one), now Universal Library pocket editions have a 1929 bio reprint out -- I recommend it greatly -- best bio I've ever read -- but with the subjectmatter who could goof and make it dull? It's MRS. EDDY by Dakin...fascinating...a most infuriating, pathetic, engrossing and unintentionally funny woman. If the Christian Scientists haven't gotten there first you could check the local library for this, too... talk about an excellent bio -- geeee. /This should have gone in "Golden Minutes", but I overlooked it; better here than noplac. RSC/

There will be raves on the Ebert fiction, I imagine -- to me it was too reminiscent of things read before in NEW YORKERish places or in "little" magazines.



If I hadn't experienced so much of this perhaps I'd enjoy this, but....

DEAN McLAUGHLIN, 1214 W. Washington St., Ann Arbor Michigan (with HOWARD DEVORE, more or less...) Your insinuations on pg. 15, YANDRO #103, that Detroit fandom is always digging up weird-type fans is a vile canard of the worst order. Please be advised that they crawl out from under their rocks with no help from us.

/Abject apologies to Detroit; I didn't mean to imply that Detroit fandom went around turning over damp rocks to add to its membership....only that Detroit fandom seems to hold an attraction for the type. Maybe Detroit is overly sweet (you know, like sugar and flies)? RSC/

Fred W. Arnold, RCA - GBI - Radar, P.O. Box 4187, Patrick AFB, Florida
In the fall of 1957 I sent you a check for (I think) \$1.00. Today I find myself sending you another check for a one year sub, but in the amount of \$2.00. This reminded me of Franson's letter in #100 in which he states YANDRO will Catch Up with CRY in 1986. This is all very well but does Fandom realize just what issue #403 is going to cost them? At the rate of 25¢ increase per year it will cost them 96¢. That's what.. Or perhaps I am wrong. Perhaps the PLAN is to double the price every four years. In that case it would come to about \$10.66. For one issue! /It all depends....in true capitalist fashion, YANDRO prices are regulated by supply and demand. When the demand increases beyond the number we feel like supplying, the price goes up and the trade policy gets stiffer. According to Ed Wood, by 1986 there aint gonna be no fans left but a couple of dozen stalwarts and the price will be down again. RSC/

EARL NOE, 3304 E. Belknap, Ft. Worth 11, Texas - The cover seemed like an extraordinarily *blah* piece of work to immortalize with that high-brow and expensive offset duplication. Its presence tends to give your denigration of Reiss, R. R. Phillips et al a slightly tinny sound back in the lettercol.

/But it wasn't expensive; as a matter of fact, it was free. RSC/

Perhaps to the disparagement of my reputation among those who discuss Serious and Significant things, I have to admit that the thing which most fascinated me about this ish was the drawing of a pipe-fitting on page one. I know fandom has begun to concern itself with all sorts of mundane topics (like guns 'n stuff), but, I croggled, pipe fittings? I studied it for some time. I at last concluded that it must be a psionic pipe fitting, but under no amount of fondling would the handle feel sticky. Then, too, I couldn't quite figure out what it was that this pipe fitting that worked just as well if you only had a drawing of it would channel. Eloptic radiation, perhaps? And then... then, I noticed that the three openings were not apparently connected to anything. Now, I am certain; it's a psionic pipe fitting to facilitate WO3Ws.

At last someone has brought forth a valid proof that Cyrano's stuff really is science fiction! His magnet and plate were an early Dean Drive.

I take exception to Les Gerber's analogy. That Gershwin may not stand comparison with Beethoven is a conclusion I grant might be arrived at by someone erudite in the aesthetics of music, but I do not hold that it is as self-evident as he seems to believe it is. Nor, do I believe that the popular belief that it is will necessarily remain the concensus of posterity.

Ah, here is an undernourished cause I can defend! Keep the apostrophe in N'APA! Or, perhaps, if this movement becomes too well-favored, I can recant and join the "Down With Unfair Punctuation!" movement. If we are to be serious about this important topic, one reason for retaining the spostrophe is that (according to Fancy) it has come to figure in the pronumciation of the apa's name, and its removal would equate to a name change. Also, the members are fond of it. It's about all the tradition this infant organization can boast. During my brief sojourn in N'APA, I began composing the N'APA Hymn (to be sung to the tune of the Dutch hymn "We Gather Together"). It was at this time there was a lot of nit-picking about the by-laws and a lot of ploy and counterploy about Belle's "censoring" the mailings. My unsung lyrics ran:

We gather together to further trufandom,
Our mailings prevailing to ire our OE.
With by-laws discussions' repercussions never-ending,
We are the only APA with an a-pos-tro-PHE.

/Well, there are a few questions; such as how one pronounces an apostrophe (assuming, of course, that one is not Victor Borge) and I thought that N'APA was not the name of the organization but a sort of official nickname, like FAPA or SAPS. However, if the members are proud of it I wouldn't be one to take away their simple pleasures. RSC/

BETTY KUJAWA, again - The head illo on the Dodd column /in #103/ was so startlingly like Alan, wasn't it?? Note the expression and all...yes.

I retorted to Dodd when he brought up that about the U.S. tourists (battleaxe wives and cringing hubbies) that here before knowing Britifens the only contact we have had with Englishmen have been males of the hip-swishing, effeminate limpwrists breed -- all fluttery and flouncy -- I thusly asked him if I then should judge British males by the tourists we've endured???

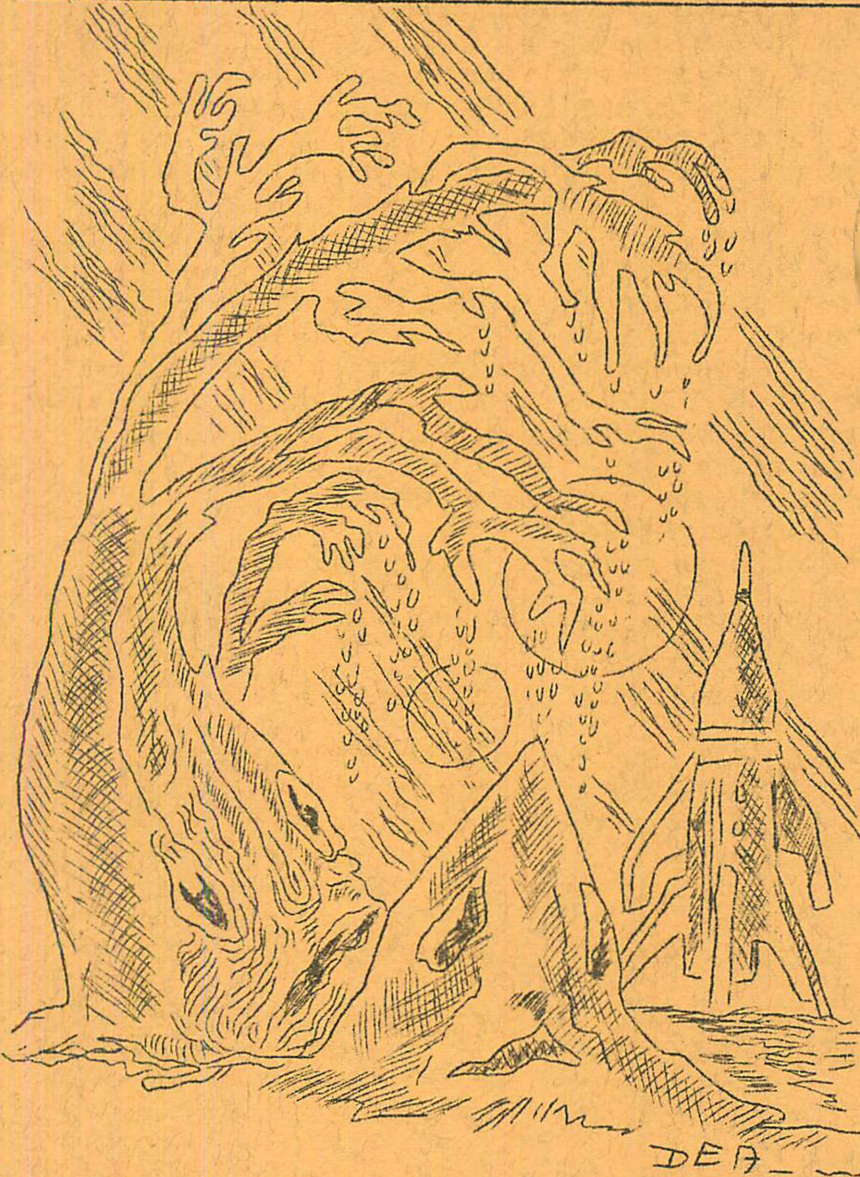
Like Avram Davidson, I remember with delight (and a shudder or two) Guy Endore's WEREWOLF OF PARIS -- I found a pocket book edition about 6 or 7 years back of this -- certain scenes are as vivid now as when I first read them...in fact some of them I'd just as soon forget...for my stomach and my nerves' sake.

REDD BOGGS, 2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota - I liked Jenrette's cover, and I almost said that I think it is one of the truly outstanding YANDRO covers. It is; but this is faint damn praise, since few YANDRO covers are "truly outstanding". I remember Beach's Halloween cover last autumn and Juanita's Christmas cover, but those are the only ones that jut up in memory from a good year or more of YANDRO.

Do you always use such tiny staples? My copy of #103 started shedding leaves as soon as I pulled it out of the envelope. I don't recall having this trouble with YANDRO before.

It's a nice thought and all, but isn't it a waste of time to encourage everybody to "keep smiling" or to "be happy" or to "have fun"? Or, on the other hand, not to "be sad" or not to cry or not to take it so hard? Emotions, alas, cannot be commanded, however reassuring it is to imagine or to pretend otherwise. Nobody ever smiled just because he was told to smile despite all those stories we read in school about pollyanna characters who went around tossing rose petals and optimistic daffodils of thought.

As I've probably said before, your approach to writing, where you find fun in writing a single draft "without even the benefit of notes",



DEA -

and feel that "it's the revisions that make it drudgery", is just the opposite of mine. On many occasions, of course, I write a single draft or, as in much of DISCORD, a single draft only lightly revised, but I consider the real enjoyment of writing to come in the revision. Most of my first drafts are a mere framework, full of approximations and catachresis -- an attempt to get the idea roughly down on paper. The real fun, for me, comes from the act of repairing all the botches, honing away the rough spots, and polishing the finished product.

Tucker was fascinating, though I've read most of this before. What's the objection to "junk mail", though? It's easy enough to throw it away if it bothers you. I must have received six or eight copies of an ad for SHOW magazine in two distinct waves, and have waste-basketed all except the first. In the case of ob-

noxious advertisers, religious or super-patriotic organizations especially, I stuff their propaganda in the postage-paid envelopes provided and return it to them, but I find most ads in the mail of some interest the first time. After all, it's pleasant to be confronted by an ad I don't find myself exposed to against my will. I wonder if that ad Bob mentions for the canful of black-powder reek really spelled it "Deputy Marshalls"?

At last, someone bold enough to call WARHOON "the world's best fanzine"! I've had the same thought -- even before I wrote anything for Bergeron, I hasten to add. It's nice to see Calkins writing a column for you, by the way, and I hope this isn't a one-shot installment.

In "Strange Fruit" I back away from your remark that Alva Rogers' series in VIPER (which I thought was published for OMPA, not SAPS, by the way) "will undoubtedly become the definitive review of ASTOUNDING." It's very pleasant stuff, and I enjoyed reading it, but it's about as much a "review" of ASTOUNDING as those "wonderful year -- 1938" things on the Steve Allen TV shows are "reviews" of a year. It's only a "remember when" session. Nothing wrong with that, of course. But there's still room (about the size of the milky way galaxy) for a real "review" of ASTOUNDING's golden age, and I hope the appearance of Alva's article

will not deter someone from tackling the job.

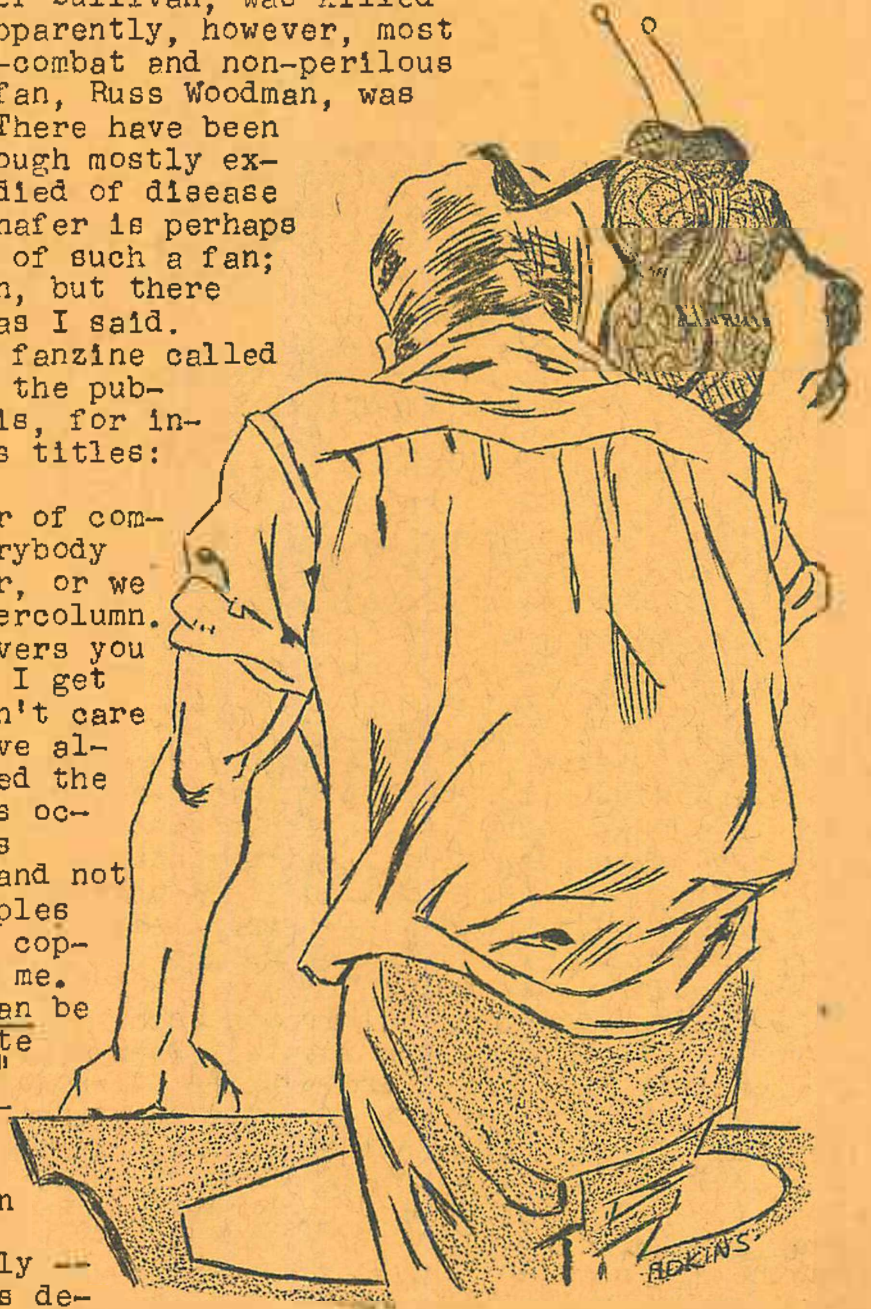
Avram Davidson (and on occasions Ayjay Budrys) seems to have taken it on himself to brighten up the fanzine letter columns that have been lacking a really witty and articulate pro since Bob Bloch got swallowed by Hollywood. This letter is wonderful stuff. Guy Endore certainly did not try to keep his communist sympathies a dark secret; they're prominently mentioned in his autobiographical notes appended to the Pocket Books edition of "The Werewolf Of Paris". (A second paperback edition, from another publisher, appeared six or eight years ago; it was an expurgated edition and probably omitted the notes, among other things.)

In re the Alexandria Quartet: I'm stalled in the middle of Justine, and I doubt whether I've got the necessary fortitude to slog on through this mush of poetic prose to finish the first book, let alone all four.

At least one fan, Walter Sullivan, was killed in the second world war; apparently, however, most fans gravitated toward non-combat and non-perilous assignments. At least one fan, Russ Woodman, was killed in the Korean war. There have been quite a number of fans, though mostly ex-fans and fringe-fans, who died of disease at an early age. Paul Freehafer is perhaps the most prominent example of such a fan; others were less well known, but there have been quite a number, as I said.

I didn't receive this fanzine called SKY BIRD. I'll have to sue the publisher, whoever he or she is, for infringing on two Gafia Press titles: SKY HOOK and UGLY BIRD.

/Now there's a model letter of comment -- thank goodness everybody doesn't write them, however, or we would have an 80-page lettercolumn. Since the "outstanding" covers you mention were all cartoons, I get the impression that you don't care much for art at all. We have always (or nearly always) used the small staples. All fanzines occasionally shed pages; it's caused by postal handling and not the size of either the staples or the fanzine -- I've had copies of FANAC come apart on me. Sorry chum, but emotions can be commanded. Oh, not by polite phrases like "keep smiling" or in regard to one specific event, but an individual can learn to control his emotions. (And I don't mean "suppress" or "conceal"; I mean control.) Not perfectly -- even if perfect control was desirable -- but nobody has to be as neurotic as fans seem to be.



It begins with suppression, of course, but with a little practice one simply ceases to feel violent emotion. Of course, I learned as a child; an adult might find it more difficult (or, since he has a better idea of what he's doing, it might be easier). I suppose all emotion could be trained out, but I don't think I'd like the result. Of course there is always the possibility that someone will improve on Rogers' review of ASF; I just don't happen to think that it's very likely. Since we don't ever watch Steve Allen I can't comment on the analogy. RSC/

WALTER A. WILLIS, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, Northern Ireland -

This last issue seems to me quite superb. I must admit I'm thinking mainly of Avram Davidson, whose letter I read with gleeful delight.

I was interested in your editorial on account of your remark about it on your comments on Warhoon. Actually however your way of writing this and official documents is the same as mine: in both cases we have something to say and it is merely a matter of saying it in the space available. What I was talking about in WARHOON though was how I go about writing something when I have not got something to say. Of course it's not "fun", but having found from previous experience that I can write this way I go on putting myself in the position where I have to because I like having written something, and any extra trouble I take in writing it adds to that pleasure. If a piece is not as well written as one can make it, it is a lasting reproach, like a deformed child, and I can never afterwards look at it without feeling guilty. There is, also, sometimes a sheer pleasure of creation when things are going well... or if creation seems too pretentious for fmz writing, let's say construction -- like building a very good house of cards or fitting together a jigsaw puzzle. What fun would there be in forcing the pieces to fit by cutting them with blunt scissors?

Nice to see Tucker back. What with this canned Hawaiian air, Scotch water and gunsmoke, the canning industry is beginning to sound like a Goon Show, where characters are habitually paid off in photographs of checks and the sound of money. Which of course goes back to the Arabian Nights story, where the cafe owner tried to charge tramps for smelling his food, and the judge ordered him to be paid with the sound of their money. Which was scientifically wrong because the tramps were actually absorbing minute particles of the food, whereas...oh well. Maybe the food industry will yet get round to selling canned food smells for people who are on a diet, like a sort of pronography. There'll be a Smell of the Month Club...and why stop at food. Nothing is as nostalgic as smells; they could sell college changing room smell, and Model T Ford smell. There could be compartmented lp tins which opened in order would tell a story. "Catcher In The Rye", in 12 tins, could top the Best Smeller list again.

/The perfume industry is already doing it; have you read the ads for some of these "masculine scents"? Pipe and/or wood smoke, tweeds...maybe a twitch of alcohol and a sniff of wet dog thrown in for authenticity. I'm afraid that when I don't have anything to say I either don't say anything (in the case of an outside request) or I blather on in my usual on-stencil manner, as in about half my editorials. Which is perhaps why you usually pick up votes in all the polls for "best fan writer" and I don't. RSC/

ETHEL LINDSAY, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England

How I agree with your remarks upon work. Sometimes it seems as if I am surrounded with folks who live to work. When I went to a course on

Hospital Administration there was one of those work study guys lecturing. He said to ask ourselves this question....If you were told that you would be paid what you are being paid now on the condition that for the rest of your life you never return to your present job would you accept? Two thirds of the class said no. Which rather appalled me I confess. After all I know I could still fill my life with all the things I haven't time to do and still include some useful work for the community among them. So those folks who obviously could not think of anything else to do...cor!

Unfortunately I saw "Voyage To The Bottom Of The Sea" before reading that review by DeWeese. I notice he does not mention that the acting performances put on were absolutely shocking, even from Peter Lorre. As for Joan Fontaine, words fail me at such an inept performance.

ROY TACKETT, Iwakuni, Japan - Juanita, have you heard of the famous (yeah, and his name escapes me) Colorado cannibal of the late 1800s? He was finally caught and at his trial the judge condemned him thus: "There was only seven Democrats in the county and you, you s.o.b., you et six of them."

By Ghu, you do have some exciting times there in Wabash. We had the grand opening of the new swimming pool a few weeks ago which was attended by the Station CO, the Mayor of Iwakuni, and three or four Colonels. After the ribbon was cut the station CO jumped into the pool fully dressed because he wanted to be the first man to swim in it.

The shouts of wonder in the public press, as reported by Gregg Calkins, are nothing compared to what is going on in the service publications. The Buck Rogers flying belts were discussed about a year ago as a means of getting the infantryman over rough terrain (what do you want to bet that the foot soldier will still be doing it the hard way in 2000?), along with flying tanks which employ the ducted fans. Also, of course, there has been speculation of individual flying platforms as well as one-man helicopters that strap on the back. (I'll let someone else make the obvious remark here.) Can you picture the furor when the troopers appear in those crazy Buck Rogers suits? /I don't think anybody jumped into the Wabash sewage disposal plant, with or without clothes, though it does seem to feature an open tank as part of the arrangement. RSC/

DEREK NELSON, 18 Granard Blvd., Scarboro, Ont., Canada - I note from the Sept. 8 issue of TIME there is a review of Durrell's first play, "Sappho". What interested me was the short portion of the play's poetry that TIME reproduced. It contained some marvelous collectives. Here it is in case you don't get TIME, and I get that impression:

"What are the fortunes of the world we live in?

A glut of gold, a common of tyrants,
A snail of virtues, a carp of critics,
A gape of satyrs, a lobe of lechers,
A deceptions of wigs, a knife of lawyers,
A chirp of whores, and a whole heaving heap
Of ineffably herbaceous Alexandrian hermaphrodites."

Couple of ish back Juanita said something about big nations using little ones as their battlefields being a symptom of this century. Then I agreed but having read quite a bit on Byzantium recently, and remembering the "Seven Years War" in India and America, I'm inclined to change my viewpoint. It's a system used between two equal opponents who aren't quite ready to enter themselves. Yet they always have, eventually.

/Don't think the Seven Year's War would qualify, since it was quite openly a struggle for colonial possessions and involved home country troops, not just a few "advisors" and officers commanding colonial and/or allied armies plus some "volunteers". It wasn't simply a testing ground, as Spain and Laos have been, though I suppose it did bear some resemblance to the Korean War. I can't comment on Byzantium. RSC/

REV. C.M. MOORHEAD, R.D. 1, Box 87, Middle Point, Ohio - The term "Right Reverend" is an Episcopalian one and denotes veneration or deep respect. The term has often been applied to me sarcastically but very few have ever addressed me by that term seriously. The only "Wrong" Reverends I have ever met are those very definitely in the wrong. The title I prefer is "Pastor", and is more nearly correct.

Now, I'd like to ask a question. What in your opinion is a Christian? I ask this because of the aspersive remarks certain persons have made regarding my particular brand of Christianity. Betty Kujawa says she wants no part of the Christianity I represent. Ted White says I am just another reason why he steers clear of organized religion (which I presume includes Christianity) because of my so-called "dogmatic and un-Christian assertions." Tony Glynn follows much the same line of reasoning as White, while Avram Davidson says it doesn't seem quite Christian of me because I loathe certain people.

Am I really unChristian or am I simply going against their concept of a Christian?

Were you to find a composite who would represent what these people think a Christian should be, you would find a Casper Milquetoast type of individual with a weak chin, tearful looking eyes and a protoplasmic mess for a spine!

Christians are not jelly fish, nor is the One who began it, one either. I refuse to be poured into the inconsequential mold in which some of you people wish to place me!

/If any violent act is considered unChristian, I think it's largely the fault of the Christians themselves. What is the image of Christianity which Christians themselves have given to the world? It's made up of the quotes from the Bible which the Christians have repeated until even the non-Christian knows them. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." That's only one of the Beatitudes, but how often do you hear any of the others? "Turn the other cheek." "A soft answer turneth away wrath." "Love thy neighbor." (Nothing is said about only loving those neighbors who love you in return.) Those are the Christian platitudes, and if that's the outside image of Christianity, who is to blame? Naturally when a supposed Christian is not meek, gives a harsh answer and says he loathes some of his neighbors, he is going to be accused of being unChristian. (For that matter, Christ asked for forgiveness for those who crucified him; can't you forgive Avram? What are the duties of a Christian....if they aren't humble and forgiving, what makes them any better than the followers of any other religion?) RSC

RANDY SCOTT, 3248 Porter Lane, Ventura, Calif. - Just before we left Watts -- well, a couple of weeks, anyway -- mother had got out a couple of humorous articles Dad had had published in the St. Louis POST-DISPATCH (I THINK that's the paper) in 1946 or thereabouts. One of the articles was about the perils of streetcar riding, and the other was -- honest to Nirenberg -- an attack (humorously) on casual anti-sailorism. Mainly, the expression "Weaving like a drunk sailor", and its variations.

MAGGIE CURTIS, Room #205 - Fairchild, Oberlin, Ohio - You've got things all twisted around in the matter of the Nott-Neill illo. There was an episode in one of the Oz books from which the Nott illo seemed to be taken. Although Tik-Tok was in the book ("Ozma Of Oz") and was in fact introduced in that book, he was a robot and not the character involved in the illo episode. /Maggie explains the setting and the head-changing character was a sort of substitute-Queen of Ev./ The full-page picture of her in her head-room did have her in a different position from that of the Nott illo. And I liked the Nottpic, no matter what.

The illo on page 10 is the kind I'd like to be able to draw.

AXE, for your information and as you know darn well, will continue publication (and has continued) even after TAWF reaches its "goal". And it'll prolly continue even after the Chicon. So there. Stop misleading people in your fmz reviews.

I hope you're ashamed of yourself for starting this rash of comments on collectives.

/It is a proud and lonely thing to be a collective-collector. The illo on page 10 was by Kerry, so the rest of you artists don't need to flip thru the issue again. RSC/

NOTT - I read Ted White's comment, but never having read the book mentioned I decided not to say anything. A few days after YANDRO #100 came out, there appeared in our local newspaper a cartoon of a rather fat man (sans head) viewing Castro type heads in a store window. Did this artist copy me or did we both copy some one else?

/After years of reading stuff about how Atlantis must have existed because somebody had to teach both the Egyptians and Mayans how to build pyramids, fans have become Diffusionists; they don't believe in independent invention. RSC/

GEORGE WILLICK, 356 East St., Madison, Ind. - Gerber makes this statement: "But it seems to me that, aside from petty arguments about his philosophy of life, it is impossible to deny the value of Hemingway's novels as fiction." Accomplishing the impossible, I must say that it is completely irrelevant as to how good or bad Hemingway's fiction is. I assume we are speaking of literary worth. Fiction is not, nor ever will be, worthwhile. Fiction is simply one of the forms of presenting literary value to the reading audience. This method can be good or bad. For example, Robert Louis Stevenson was lousy when writing fiction. Bradbury is usually superb. Hemingway varies. Even Erskine Caldwell in "God's Little Acre" attained great literary stature...though the fiction was trite and deplorable. In referring to petty arguments about philosophy of life, Gerber has disqualified himself as even approaching the needed knowledge to agree or disagree with Gorman's article.

It just so happens that fiction is the incidental vehicle of these so-called petty presentations of petty philosophies for petty arguments. It is what an author says that is important and not how he says it. (This separates an author from a writer since an author creates while a writer plays upon technique chords and English grammar...this is also the crux of the Lovecraft arguments.)

Literary worth is as much in evidence in the works of John Steinbeck as it is in Hemingway's. The difference lies in that Hemingway was more astute in word application and usage. Steinbeck's "Tortilla Flat" certainly carried as much literary quality as Hemingway's "The Old Man And The Sea"...actually it had more value, since Hemingway accomplished little more than making his readers hate sharks while Steinbeck presented

a unique philosophy of living.

Getting back to cases; we find that Bradbury has as much control of poetic grammar as Gerber credits Hemingway with having. And since Gerber seems to sneer upon content of literary work as opposed to story line then I must simply conclude that he lacks the mature insight into these works at this time.

Of course, Ed's comparison is unequal in that he is speaking of two different authors...in the sense that one has finished his contributions (death did not add this touch) while the other is much younger and has his greatest efforts before him.

Since reading Mr. Joseph Hensley's letter in your fanzine I have begun to take note of this high ranking state official. Just the other day, as a matter of fact, I had to hop a fire hydrant to keep from asking this esteemed gentleman to give way. Previously, I might have shoved him a little, but.... I guess we could tell him that he only made it because of Jack Kennedy...but he might go into hiding and publish a midwestern GALAXY.

/But the only content of Bradbury's fiction is the idea that children have a sense of wonder.....this is important literature? RSC/

JOE PILATI, 111 So. Highland Ave., Pearl River, N.Y. - Your comment on that gala rural event reminds me of our own local daily newspaper. It seems to me that 5 out of every 6 daily banner heads they use is about a sewer. (This is one of the neo-Hearstian dailies using a full 8-column head every day, important news or no. Thus, a new sewage disposal plant and World War III would get about the same size heads in our daily. And the sewer story would get more coverage, too.)

Since all religion and deity-worship is idiocy, why argue about it?

Why does Avram D. capitalize "Werewolves"? Does he know something?

/Oh, there must be something in the universe worth worshipping; mankind can't be that high up the cultural ladder. RSC/

BEN KEIFER, 1440 Inglis Ave., Columbus 12, Ohio - I am evidently getting on somewhere later on the line in this discourse on the parentage of Jesus and/or whether orthodox Jews hate Christians. I had heard of the Roman soldier and also have read recently about a British society which is investigating virgin births and claim to have about a dozen well authenticated cases of parthenogenesis. I would like to ask Avram D. if he has read Robert Graves' "King Jesus", in which he tries to show that Jesus was legitimately the king of the Jews. This is a view which would be anathema to both the Mariolaters and orthodox Judaism, especially because of the paganism which Graves went on to elaborate in his "White Goddess". While I admit that Graves constructs his premise with very possible points, I still don't believe it probable and I don't think he does, either. I think he was just interested in developing his theory of poetry that culminated in the above-mentioned "White Goddess".

/Since I understand that according to present scientific knowledge parthenogenesis can only result in female offspring, the birth of Jesus would seem to be as much of a miracle as ever, despite other virgin births. (Unless...naah, he couldn't have been.) Most scholars seem to feel that Graves' historical fiction is more fiction than history. RSC/

We also heard from - John Pesta, Gary Deindorfer, Phil Harrell, Ted Pauls, Art Hayes, Seth Johnson, Ed Gorman, Don Fitch, Ken Hedberg, John Koning, Herb Beach, Scott Neilson, Vic Ryan, Don Thompson, Bill Bowers, Bob Briney....comments forwarded to the authors, as per usual. RSC