

WAAAAA

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OLDER MODELS



NEW
COMPACTS
for
'62

YANDRO #106

- VOL IX - NO 11 -

november 61

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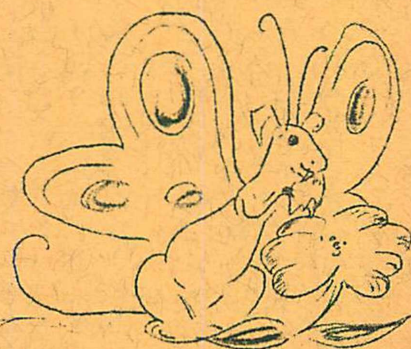


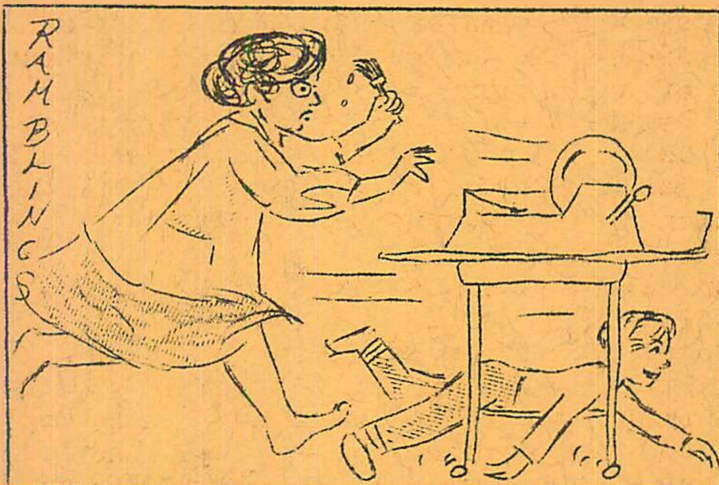
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One of the more recent fannish discussions has ranged over the question of IQ - that is the business of gauging "intelligence" by standardized testing. I've mentioned in our FAIAzine that the IQ test is Education's personal Frankenstein monster. Things would be considerably better if the standardized test had been kept out of the hands of all but qualified persons -- and it certainly hasn't been. Oddly enough, for a change that good old champion of mediocri-

ty, The Reader's Digest, has come up with a pretty accurate article.... in their December '61 issue, they have a short commentary on the IQ test mess, condensed from The P.T.A. Magazine. It leaves a great many things unsaid, and it errs on the side of throwing out the baby with the bath water, but it's a much more sane article than another that recently appeared in the popular press and informed the reader in so many one syllable words or less how to "raise the IQ".

Some months back faned Nielsen (FANTASMAGORIQUE) commented sadly on the "lightness" - i.e. - Light Inked-ness - of some of YAN's illos. I made no particular comment at that time because, quite frankly, both comment and editor slipped my mind.....most fairly new fanzines tend to blend into a large nebulous mass in my feminine thinking, and unless it stays around a while or the editor catches my myopic eye in some way or another, my blissful ignorance tends to continue. FANTASMAGORIQUE has managed to stay around, and the comment dredged up out of my memory. Nielsen has nice, sharp, dark copy - sometimes a little too dark, but on the whole a very creditable brand of reproduction, and quite true to his claims, he digs very dark inking on illos. So do I, on some illos. I well remember the first time I sent someone a sketch I considered, and wanted rendered, wispy; I was horrified when it came out in the final version heavily overinked. I'm no great artist, but in my own little way, I occasionally want something done this way or that, and I try to reproduce the various styles of the artists submitting to YAN as faithfully as I can. I can think of nothing worse than a boldly heavy Barbi or Bjo illo, or a fragile, underinked Adkins. Defense rests.

All you people who wrote in saying you do too enjoy rereading old fanzines.....your privilege, indeed, and mine to think you're harboring a deep dark secret: down in your heart of hearts, you think Fandom Is a Way of Nostalgia.

Little gems crop up now and then on the one-eyed monster. Some weeks back one drama series offered a little comedy on the problems of intellectualism in small university town America versus the Organization Man tendency. On the whole frothy, the script tried to sandwich in here and there, sublimply as it were, cogent little comments on mediocrity and creeping meatballism, all of which served to make the program entertaining despite its fairy tale ending. The least exaggerated

character in the play was a young psychology major called in to tutor the egghead hero in the properly mediocre responses to 'life adjustment tests'. She could have walked out of any classroom in the psych.dept. of my old alma mater (no one knows better than a psychology major that psychology is not all it's cracked up to be); when earnestly queried if the tests would predict the hero's intelligence or true personality, the girl chuckled in embarrassed amusement: "Oh heavens no - these were designed for use with the mentally ill."

Of course, you could argue anyone walking around in this day and age with his neck sticking out is mentally ill.

But I won't. Fallout shelter furor is rather academic to anyone, such as ourselves, living in a rural area and renting to boot. I am stubborn enough and healthy enough that I would not want the quick way out of ground zero. I am the type to keep kicking all the way down, or something. We would have to take our chances with fallout, but in the event things looked bad, my thoughts would be far ahead of radiation. For instance, I would try to buy several bushels of the landlord's field corn, and store other types of seed against next spring. I would purchase as much simple medicine as is possible to keep for a reasonable period - aspirin and other patents deteriorate, of course, but they should be good, tightly sealed, for six to twelve months. I would try to get an old handle pump installed on our well. Actually, some of this is already accomplished: we always have a strong supply of aspirin, cartridges, canned food, etc. on hand. I must confess I am appalled at the shortsightedness of a lot of shelter-owners; the plan seems to be to stock the shelter, and then when everything's over, up we come and take right off again.

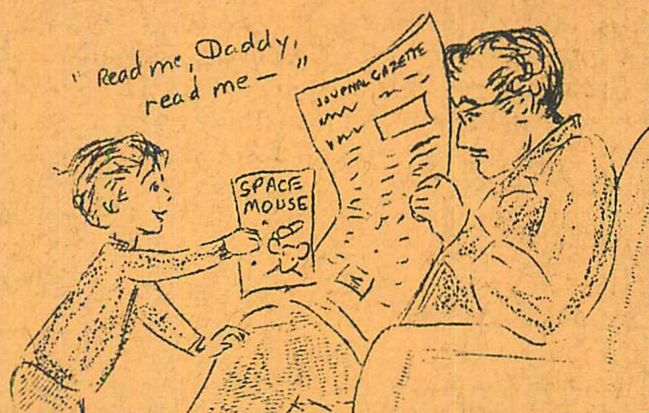
I believe in insurance. Like Davidson (see Grumblings) I optimistically hope mankind would not be so stupid as to cut loose with the megatons. But, just in case, I casually pick up agrarian information here and there. Tucker, let's hope your book remains fiction - I don't think radiation would completely wreck seed germination, but if it should - well I've never had any mental reservations about cannibalism, and I doubt that I'd have any qualms when it right down to the physical, and pulling the trigger.

Oh yes, in the event of the horrible, I would start stowing my cheaters in a mufti glasses case. I mean, I can't get my meat on the hoof if I can't see it.

Having read both STARSHIP TROOPER and the Dickson rebuttal NAKED TO THE STARS, I can't help feeling that while Dickson's point of view is a little more pleasant than Heinlein's, I'm afraid I share a lot of Heinlein's rather materialistic attitude toward humanity. Of course, Heinlein, too, tends to glorify, but unpleasant as it may be to contemplate, I'm afraid I too regard homo sapiens as generally a rather aggressive race. If killing other members of the same race is ever outlawed, I fully expect humanity to exert its usual attitude toward any equal or inferior in strength ETs it happens to encounter. There will be altruists, but I pessimistically feel they will always be outnumbered.

And on that charming thought, cheers.

JWC



So, the Halloween cover is a little late this year; we'd planned to get this issue out sometime during the early part of November, but things are tough all over. I'm hoping to get the next issue out in very short order, both to get it out of the way before the final Christmas rush and to cut the size of it by putting it out before anybody can return any letters of comment on this ish.

This time we have something to go with the cover; I thought that Joe Sarno's poem was quite appropriate for this time of year. (So it would have been more appropriate a month ago; so shoot me.) Next issue we have Tucker and Dodd; probably others will be represented but who they turn out to be will be as surprising to me as it will you.

This time we don't have any "we also heard from" section in the letter-column. Mainly we don't have it because I thought Roy Tackett's comments on fallout would be more interesting, but there is also the point that Gary Deindorfer mentioned something about it being "intensely degrading" to see one's name there. I suppose it could be looked at that way; sort of "we heard from these people but they didn't say anything worth publishing". Anyway, this is a point where the editors don't have any particular opinions one way or the other, so if you readers do, let us know. We're willing to oblige, either by listing the name of everyone who sends in a postcard, or by omitting all reference to those scum who failed to get their comments printed.

We'll never get to the point -- I hope -- where everybody's letter is printed. A few readers have protested mildly about sending in two pages of cogent comments and finding maybe two sentences extracted and published. However, just for example, this issue I sorted thru 85 pages of letters-of-comment to obtain the 15 pages that I published. Usually we don't receive quite that many -- I suppose 60 to 75 pages of comment per issue is about average -- but it isn't often that we run over a 10-page lettercolumn, either.

I trust that everybody out there in the great wide world of YANDRO readers noticed the plugola we got in the Dec. FANTASTIC. Adkins is a Good Man (and almost as nutty as Pearson, too...)

While I'm on the subject of prozines, I see that a few have already listed their average 1961 circulation, and it seems that maybe perhaps we've been counting the prozines out prematurely. ANALOG's circulation this time ran about 3000 over last year's figures, and F&SF went up 9000 (which is something close to an 18% increase....and I just figured this rough estimate in my head, so don't bother telling me the exact figure, Metcalf.) Anyway, we'll print a complete rundown when the rest of the mags publish their figures, but so far it looks like stf might be making a slow comeback. Of course, a gain of 5000 or so is hardly enough to deserve paeans of joy -- but you gotta admit it's better than a loss of the same amount.

A few letterhacks don't have complete addresses listed, due to various causes. Cogswell has mentioned his aversion to receiving "scads of cruddy little fanzines", and I don't know how Asimov feels about the subject. (Anyway, you don't need Asimov's address; I didn't have it when I sent him the issue that he's commenting on.) With Tackett, that military address was too much to tackle on the last page....like, you're living too far out, man. Tackett admirers may send their stuff to Chrystal, whose address is in the fanzine review column. (If Cogswell and/or Asimov want to receive scads of fanzines, they can inform me and I'll pass the information along.)

Book of the month this time is "The American Heritage Book Of Indians" (American Heritage Publishing Co., \$15) As with most Heritage productions, the illustrations are the major selling point, but this time the text, by William Brandon, is also quite good (and I wonder if he isn't related to one or the other of the fannish Brandons....the style of writing is closer to Dean Grennell's gun articles than to any other non-fiction work I can think of offhand.) There are the sudden changes of style which I, at least, find funny: "But the old men were long gone, while wild roved an Indian girl, bright Alfarata, where sweep the waters of the blue Juniata, and she was swift as an antelope through the forests going and loose were her jetty locks in wavy tresses flowing and it would be a safe bet she had never pounded hominy." (For that matter, the tossing in of oddball literary quotes without comment seems a fannish trait, too...and while we're at it, what's the name of the poem about bright Alfarata? It's one of those things that I recognize without being able to put a title to it, while Juanita claims she's never heard of it -- her literary background is sadly lacking in the old cornball classics like "Lasca", "Lure Of The Tropics", "Frozen Charlottie", "Dangerous Dan McGrew" and the above-mentioned Alfarata.) At any rate, the book under discussion is written with a refreshing lack of pompousness - "Studious individuals with their gaze fixed on the past sooner or later go a little nutty; every now and then someone springs up shouting he has found the secret of it all." It's the sort of writing I love; accurate history, quite serious, really, but not ponderous.

Stf books that I've enjoyed recently include Harry Harrison's "The Stainless Steel Rat"; a long way from great literature or even great science fiction, but it's entertaining. Pyramid has also reissued Sturgeon's "A Way Home"; very worth while if you don't have the original. I see Pyramid has joined the parade to the 40¢ paperback; presumably the other publishers will follow before long. Signet, following their tradition of publishing both the best and the worst in science fiction came up with one of the good ones in "Starship Troopers"; I don't quite see what all the shouting was about, but it's a good story. (I agree with Heinlein that most of the critics of his "militarism" either hadn't read the book or hadn't paid any attention to what they read.) Ray Gallun's "Planet Strappers", mentioned last issue, turns out to be a rewrite -- one of the completest rewrites I have ever seen -- of his old SFA novella, "Ten To The Stars". Sort of an adult juvenile, if you know what I mean; the plot and action are strictly out of numerous teen-age novels, but with much more blood and guts than teen-age novels allow. Not really good, but the contrast is interesting and Gallun does come up with original and plausible space-gimmicks. MZBradley's "Door Through Space" (Ace) comes on like Leigh Brackett's Mars tales; good if you like the type, and I do.

RSC

OF CABBAGES AND KINGS

column by

gregg calkins

A FAULTLESS MONSTER DRAWN It has always been a firm belief of mine that a fanzine with no artwork at all can never be more than half as good as that same fanzine carefully and capably illustrated by Arthur Thomson, William Rotsler, George Barr, or indeed any of the many excellent artists who abound in fandom at the present time. Still, for all of their careful and indispensable efforts in pursuit of egoboo, fan artists are among the most neglected group of contributors in the world, and it has always seemed a grave injustice to me that a shoddy, ill-thought piece of prose might invoke thousands of words of comment from a letter-writing fandom while the beautiful bit of life's blood accompanying it gets no more than a passing mention, if that.

One of the most neglected of a neglected breed on either side of the Atlantic is BASTION-artist Eddie Jones of England. I don't believe I have ever heard anyone utter a congratulatory word in his direction, and yet his work is technically excellent, fannishly humorous, and indeed something to behold with pleasure. In addition to these virtues he also possesses a marvelous technique for the medium of mimeography, and if his three-page portfolio on Heinlein's "Starship Troopers" for BASTION #2 isn't among the best mimeographed artwork this fall I'll be glad to listen to reasons why it isn't.

So thanks, Eddie, for a consistently fine job, and in the words of the old toast, "here's looking at you".

THE TAFFY/TAWFY PULL Now that TAFF and TAWF are both successful for the year, perhaps I might be allowed one or two reflections on the two campaigns without fear of being accused of damaging either one. While TAFF, as I understand it, is a success and a delegate will be going to Britain next year, there is certainly no surplus, and in no wise can TAFF be considered the resounding success TAWF has already become, with more than \$1500 in the bank and still comfortably more than half a year to raise additional funds if they had proven necessary.

It is some sort of reflection upon TAFF that even with its two outstanding candidates last year it still ran a very poor second to a similar campaign in favor of one candidate who had already been awarded the honor previously. Now I would not pretend to be capable of handling the administrative details of TAFF, myself, but I cannot help but notice the fine job Larry Shaw has done with AXE in the promotion of TAWF compared with the sporadic and lackluster job of advertising done by the persons responsible for the other fund-raising drive. Clearly one group of people had their hearts in it, while to the others it was merely a duty.

But fandom is making one mistake with TAWF, too -- we are giving Willis too much money. If we were smart we would give Walt and Madeleine just enough to get over here but not enough to get back, so of course they'd just have to settle down and stay. Irish Fandom's loss would, without a doubt, be American Fandom's gain!

TO DODGE OR NOT TO DODGE Larry Shaw started it all off with a discussion in AXE but others seem bound to continue it, and it's high time I got in my two cent's worth. Military service can be just as agreeable or disagreeable as you choose to make it, as indeed can any other way of spending your time that you can name. For my part I'd rather not go through with it again and I'll frankly admit it, but for me to tell the world that I owe it no debt, or my way of life no loyalty, is the lowest form of rationalization and self-delusion. There is no more worthless person than that one who will go along for the ride as long as it is free but balks at the first hint that he should pay his fare or help shovel the coal, and it is only in this recent generation that this sort of worthlessness has been elevated to the status of a virtue.

It does little good to condemn this or that person or idea, of course, and a moral code once fixed is difficult to change. This is not in the form of an argument of any kind. Still, in times like these it behooves all of us with strong beliefs to take our stand on them in a firm and no-nonsense manner, and kindly let there be no doubt about my position. The dirty work cannot always be for George to do.

THE STRANGE CASE OF ARCHIE MERCER The thirtieth issue of OOPSLA! was returned to me from N. Hykeham last week and with it was enclosed a two-page mimeographed brief to the effect that retrenchment was in order for Archie Mercer and since fandom was too big for him, transatlantic fanac would have to go. Archie says that he has deliberately initiated contact with transatlantic zines in only two cases, including OOPS, and now he wishes we'd all just quietly go away. Well, Archie, you've been writing letters of comment on OOPS since #17 now and if anyone deserves the right to tell me to go away quietly, I'd guess you do. And I will, too....but one thing is puzzling the dickens out of me.

Why didn't you just throw that thirtieth issue away, read, unread, or ignored, instead of mailing it all that tedious and expensive way back to me?

PET PEEVE DEPARTMENT Mailing out this last issue of OOPSLA! returned to mind one of my favorite, almost forgotten characters -- the active or semi-active fan, who, moving, fails to notify the Post Office that he will bear the burden of having his third-class mail forwarded. If he does not, the hapless fanzine which arrives to find him gone must return its weary way and be sent out again at twice the original postage and often in a virgin new envelope, for the old one has been several times ravished by a lecherous mail system.

Now it's true that most fans get a great deal of junk mail by third class -- fanzines included -- but in most cases we brought it on ourselves and thus we should pay for it. A pox on you all, even unto your seventh son. May he be a science fiction fan and thereby suffer all his days.

ALL THINGS COME ROUND TO HIM WHO WILL BUT WAIT It has taken ten long years for me to accomplish the feat, and I'm not so certain it is my doing more than the whim of a capricious nature, but at long last I'm achieving the ultimate fannish dream -- free review copies of science fiction publications! My thanks to the publishers of the "Fantastic Universe Omnibus",



"Rogue Moon" and, recently, "Canary In A Cat House". I hope to do them all justice one of these days, but until then you have my deepest thanks for a fannish dream fulfilled. Science fiction, anyone?

A FRIEND IN NEED Fandom is well known for its generosity. A total of thousands of dollars have been collected for people like Walt Willis, John Berry, Ron Ellik, Ella Parker and many other deserving fans. And yet I find it strange that fandom is so open hearted in the case of the deserving fan and so reluctant to part with even simple things in the case of the needy.

Bob Farnham (506 Second Ave., Dalton, Georgia) is not a writer of the caliber of Walt Willis or John Berry, nor is he a traveling and convention giant like Ron Ellik; instead he's just a nice old friendly guy who has been around a long time and who has fallen upon hard times in recent years. I've known him for over ten years, myself, and we had occasion to meet at the 1952 Chicon...a convention he attended on \$10 or less, including meals, which was more than he really had to spare.

Fans talk a lot about fandom being either just a doddamned hobby or a way of life, but to Bob fandom is almost as important as life itself. Crippled by arthritis and a bad heart, Bob will be confined to his bed for as long as he lasts, his only contact with the outside world by mail, and fandom, I know, provides what he gets of that. Bob always has been as active as he could be in club and convention fandom, particularly in the south, and he's given freely of his time and effort without so much as a thought of getting anything in return.

Well, I think it's time fandom gave him something in return. Not that he's asking for anything -- he'll probably be embarrassed and upset at me for writing this -- but I'm asking for him, and not for much, at that. Send him a copy of your fanzine; put him on your permanent mailing list. Is that so much? He'll be grateful for every copy although he might not be able to write a letter of comment -- he can type, to be sure, but stamps and envelopes aren't always easy to come by. Can't you spare half a dozen stamps, while you're at it? Or a couple of envelopes?

Fandom has expressed much sentiment for the welfare of mankind over the recent atomic threat of total destruction; now it's time to see how much of that sentiment was really for our fellow man and not just self-pity.

I always thought collectives came in soviets.Lewis Grant

UNTITLED VERSE: II
by Kerry Dame

A cold white square of moonlight on my floor,
The sharp and unreal shadow of my bed.
Through the open window a star,
Aloof, but curious, would scrutinize
My dreams.

The Destiny of Fandom: II —

REBUTTAL BY ————— ED WOOD

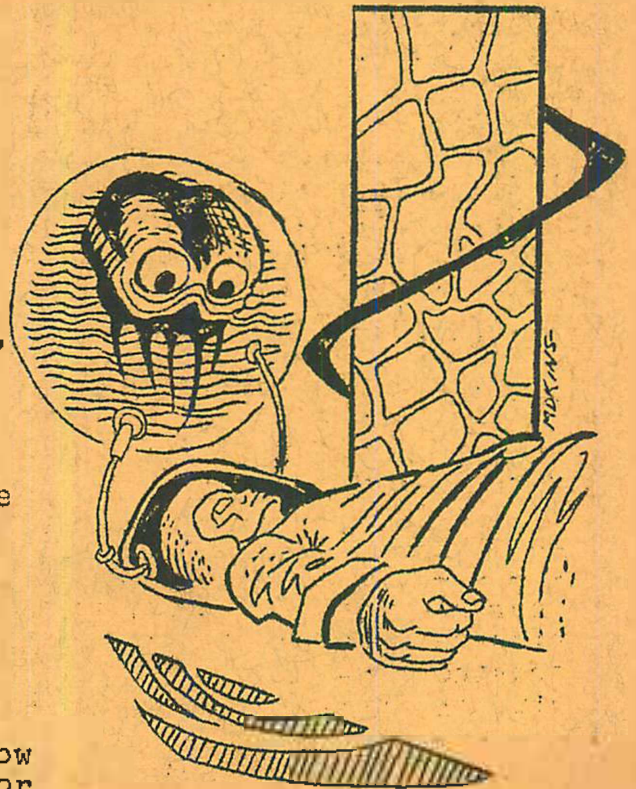
I'm glad Mr. John Trimble replied to my article with his own "Survival Of The Fannish" in YANDRO #105. He has answered me eloquently and without malice. I hope other people will be interested enough to join in and partake of the discussion in the same way. Because people disagree is no reason that a deep and abiding hatred must also be a concomitant of the situation. I respect Mr. Trimble and his opinions.

But what does he say? He says, "An active local science fiction club is able to proselytize." Yes, I agree. So what? The question is not for some local organization to gain a few members after some more or less considerable efforts but can the organization grow and expand to some extent over a period of years? Surely the past members of the LASFS outnumber the present membership by a considerable margin.

I quote, "Bjo ran into at least six people, out of a cast of around fifty, who have been actively reading stf for years. And some of them have never heard of any of the science fiction magazines." Therein lies the seeds of fandom's destruction. Fandom incommunicado. Think of the implications. How would Harry Warner ever have joined FAPA? To whom would Walter Alexander Willis have sent his early issues of SLANT? How would the news of the first national and the first world conventions have been brought to the potentially interested parties? Through slick magazines and books, pocket or otherwise? Think on the past and reflect into the future. Who pays for the World Conventions and publicizes them to an extent not possible by the entire brood of fan magazines? By means of the letter columns and fan magazine review columns, who helped considerably to bring reader and fan together?

If fandom doesn't need the professional magazines then its progress should be independent of that of the magazines. Since the professional magazine field has diminished rapidly since 1958, has attendance at the World Conventions increased, decreased, remained the same? What about the regional conventions? Or take a good square look at the fan magazine field. Mr. Redd Boggs tells me how wonderful the present crop is. Yes, yes, they are wonderful; wonderfully empty of material of lasting worth. One can pick up any issue of FANTASY COMMENTATOR, dead these many years, and find articles of interest to any true fan of today. Of how many present day fan magazines can one say this?

Oh yes, one is bound to hear of how many fine fan magazines we have today or how there are such long waiting lines for



the various amateur press associations as an example of fannish vigor. Rats deserting a sinking ship gather together but the outcome is not affected in the slightest. It is said that light bulbs burn more brightly momentarily before burning out.

Fandom will not long survive the extinction of the professional science fiction magazines and as its unity towards topics of science fiction is weakened and dispersed so proportionally shall its rate of dissolution be that much faster.

If fandom changes to such an extent that it is a stranger to its birthright, then it can no longer be rightly called the same thing as it was formerly but must be considered only a degenerate, debased, even diseased offspring.

As an example of the fanaticism of the early fandom, turn to page 93 of "The Immortal Storm" and read about the inclusion of non-science-fiction material in the SCIENCE-FANTASY CORRESPONDENT: "But what horrified the fans was a section in the rear of the journal titled 'Hobbyana' - and devoted to postage stamps and coins!..."

For the benefit of those who care to know, I have read "The Immortal Storm" in all its installments in FANTASY COMMENTATOR, the mimeographed Burwell edition and of course the present ASFO press edition. I consider it a classic sociological study of the small homogeneous in-group. Mark my words, someday professors will be using it as such. I think that it is an objective study in so far that during the 15-16 years that portions of it have been in print, singularly few errors of fact have ever been found in it. Even Sam Moskowitz's enemies (and they are many) have had to give it a certain amount of admiration. Consider Damon Knight in the chapter "Microcosmic Moskowitz" from his book "In Search Of Wonder": "...This is the moral failure of his book: in spite of an attempt, and I think an honest one, to write impartially, Moskowitz demonstrates that he's learned nothing from his own careful record-keeping." Also keep in mind that as a participant in the very events he is trying to record, Sam Moskowitz is objective enough, never to paint his enemies in the blackest black nor does he make any effort to wear a halo. For those people who fail to understand my point, I suggest they read F. T. Laney's "Ah Sweet Idiocy" and compare that to "The Immortal Storm".

/Come now, Ed; of how many of FANTASY COMMENTATOR's contemporaries can you say what you did of FC? You can't use your single example as a standard while decrying the examples of others as mere exceptions. According to the Seacon program book, recent worldcon attendance has been: 1953, 800 - 1954, 600 - 1955, 500 - 1956, 850 - 1957, 425 - 1958, 475 - 1959, 371 - 1960, 568. The only correlation seems to be that the bigger and more centrally located metropolitan areas draw more fans. RSC/

James Sieger, S74-W20660 Field Drive, Route 2, Muskego, Wisconsin, is interested in obtaining YANDROs #100, 101 and 102.

Hear about the old-fashioned member of Murder, Inc., who killed his victims only by running them through with a three-pronged spear? He distrusted new-fangled gadgets, so, as he was wont to say, he always stuck with the "trident t'roo" method.Gene DeWeese

Ba AuH₂O - A real scientific politician ...Lewis Grant

I don't mind changes in ANALOG, but did they have to make it look like SPACEWAY? ...RSC

The Horror of a Certain Dream

While in a dream of the unknown
An oboe plays an eerie tune,
Whispering in an evil tone,
A melody to beguile the soul.

On a mountain vague with mist,
I wait in a "castle" darkly kissed;
And all around this nightmare shrine
Loom ebony spires in uneven line --
Loom ebony spires in a mystic line,

Dreaming!

These black stones, standing alone,
Form sepulchres of a curious sight,
And glimmer with an unholy light
In a cemetery of the haunted night.

Across the gulfs the coven came
To this "castle" that has no name,
Milling amidst the towers they plod,
The pagans to call upon their god --
The pagans to honor their evil god,

Flaming!

Wallowing upon its black stone
Glow the monster, slobbering:
Evil, staring; evil, glaring,
Foul being from the gate of Hades.

Freed from Hell for only an hour
The lust of servants it must devour
Drinking dark blood drawn from the blade
While lavishing in nameless hate --
While lavishing in timeless hate,

Simmering!

Foul deeds are done; lust o'erblown,
The evil monster, gone from this tomb,
Has returned to its lair below the loam:
And here I remain, in this, my home.

This dream is reality; reality, dream.
And I cannot escape the nightmare gleam
Of the horror I've known within this stone,
Entombed in the nightmare called "unknown" --
Entombed in the dungeons of "unknown",

Screaming!

Joe Sarno

SILVER SECONDS

COLUMN BY

gene deweese

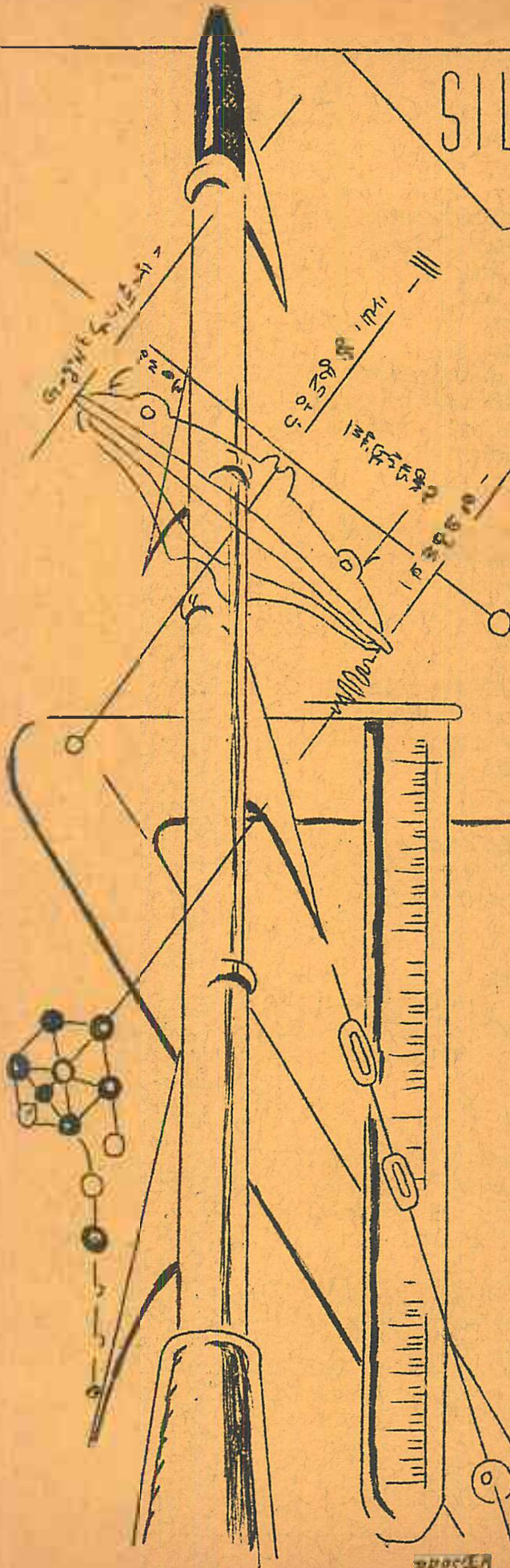
OSCAR BRAND FANCIERS DEP'T: Back in 1946, when the Shaver Mystery was going strong, there appeared in FANTASTIC ADVENTURES a feature novel entitled "Shadow Of The Sphinx", by one William L. Hamling. One of the main characters was a sexy looking resurrected Egyptian a few thousand years old. Her name was Zaleika, and she was continually being referred to as the "key to the mystery". (?)

RED TAPE DEP'T: The other day a fellow worker at AC stopped by my desk. He handed me five sheets of white paper and asked what they were. I looked at them a moment, then told him they were the third carbons of some forms I had made out a couple of weeks previously. The forms were required in order to mail some manuals to the air force.

His next question, logically enuf, was "How did I get them?" I assured him I hadn't the faintest idea, and he left.

I was still curious, however, so I started a bit of sleuthing. First, to the company mail room, which was the last place I had seen the aforementioned third carbons. After a bit of headscratching, the boy in the mail-room said, "Oh, yes. I've always sent those to a Mr. 'X', up in Logistics."

In Logistics, 'X' informed me that, yes, he had gotten these forms from the mail-room, had been getting them for some time, and had never really been sure exactly what he was supposed to do with them. Apparently making the best of a poor deal, he had passed them off



PROSER

to a clerk in my own department.

The clerk had much the same story. He had received several of these things, without ever knowing exactly why -- or even what they were. He had been distributing them. (You may think this was difficult to do, if he didn't know what the things were. But he had a system. On each form there was a description of the manual which had been shipped in conjunction with the form. He would send the form to whoever he thought had been working on that particular manual. Not foolproof, as you can see.) In any event, those forms had been distributed to the coworker I mentioned earlier. A bit more investigation turned up the third carbons of all the other forms I had filled out in the past few months. Practically everybody in the department had one. Needless to say, no one knew quite what they were for, but none had been thrown away. Working for an organization as large as General Motors promotes one's packrat tendencies like crazy....

EDUCATION DEP'T: I registered for a class at the Milwaukee section of the University of Wisconsin a few weeks ago, and I must say they have a rather good screening system. Apparently in order to keep the number of students down, they have a diabolical device known as "registration". Only the most perseverent and determined survive. Let me give you a brief rundown on the two (2) hours it took me to register for one (1) class.

First, there was the line extending down a hall and around a corner. Once thru the line, I was given a "packet", which contained almost no information, but a godawful number of forms. I was given the usual "You-can't-miss-it" type of instructions as to how to get to the registration area. I missed it -- easily.

Stopping at an "information center" set up in a hall, I was told that I didn't really want to go to the registration area yet, anyway. First, I should see my "counselor". And who was my counselor? Well, they weren't sure; what courses was I taking? Just Russian, I said. They couldn't find a counselor for me. Finally, I pointed out that Russian was a Slavic language. They found a Slavic language counselor listed, and they told me how to find her.

After about ten minutes of wandering, I was informed by someone in an office across the hall that the counselor was "maybe still out to supper". Perhaps, however, someone else could help me.

I was directed to the registration area to



look for a Mr. Deptula. The area was a couple blocks away, in a gymnasium. I found a sign saying "Russian", and went up to the man standing under it. I had just gotten underway explaining my problem when he interrupted me: "Don't tell me your problems...I'm trying to register, too." However, he did tell me that I didn't really need to see a counselor. I only needed someone to initial a couple of the forms I had in my packet. There was someone, he said, back in the main building who could initial them, counselor or not.

Well, to cut this short (and to tell the truth, my head is spinning just remembering it), I went back, got the initials, filled out ten forms, went thru two gymnasiums about about twenty tables, each of which had someone who either took a form, or checked a form, or gave me a form, or took my money, or told me what table or gymnasium to go to next... The class itself was sure to be a snap compared to registration.

HAH? DEP'T: Have you heard the latest in planned obsolescence? According to Vance Packard in "The Waste Makers", manufacturers of potato peelers discovered thru research that the most common reason for purchase of new potato peelers was simply that the person doing the peeling would forget and leave the peeler in the sink with the peelings, and then throw the whole mess, peeler and all, out with the garbage.

So, the manufacturers hit on a brilliant scheme to facilitate these losses, thereby increasing their sales. They made the peelers the same color as the potato peelings....

They laughed when I sat down to play.

STRANGE FRUIT

Also known as the Honeywell Five-Foot Shelf of Fanzines. Received but not reviewed: SPHINX #1 (Kaye - NAPA), RESIN #6 (Metcalf - SAPS), QRM #3 (Metcalf - IPSO), IDLE HANDS #6 (Metcalf - semi-FAPA), WATLING STREET #7,8,9,10 (Lichtman - SAPS), SKYRACK #39 (Bennett), UNIPODE (? - German language), LYRA #2 (Klemm - German language), d.o. (Scithers - Cult), ANCIENT MYSTERIES (Mar-Vel-Us Fellowship - crackpot)

AXE #14, 15, 16 (Larry & Noreen Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, New York - bi-weekly - 10¢) Fandom's leading newsletter; the one you should have for fan news, changes of address, etc. Rating...8

And here's another one not to be reviewed; ROPE OF SAND #1 (Jordan - OMPA) For newcomers; I don't review fanzines put out for publishing associations (unless I know they're generally available to non-members) or foreign-language zines. I mention them so that their editors will know that I received them, and for my own records.

MENACE OF THE LASFS #30, 31 (Bruce Pelz, 738 So. Mariposa, Apt. 107, Los Angeles 5, Calif. - bi-weekly - 10¢) Parliamentary procedure gone stark raving mad.

They didn't know I'd stacked the deck. (Lewis Grant)

CRY #153, 154 (Box 92, 507 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 25¢ - British Agent, John Berry) #154 starts right off by insulting Elinor Busby; surely she knows something besides what your trade policy is? Anyhoo, Elinor comes back with a very nice column, devoted to the geometry of fandom. Buz' column is also good, except that he doesn't have the generally accepted definition of the difference between Deringer and derringer; unless you have a flintlock, Buz, you're shooting a derringer, and the hell with what the Colt ads tell you. Lately, CRY has been having the usual horrid covers, the usual wild lettercolumn, and surprisingly serious contents. Good, too. Rating....8

VOID #26 (Ted White and Accomplices, 107 Christopher St., New York 14, N.Y. - irregular - 25¢) You might call this the last of the fannish fanzines; even Harry Warner comes on with a discussion of the fannish bible, AH! SWEET IDIOCY! (I don't think I'd be disappointed if I saw a copy, though, as Harry suggests. Mainly because my preconception of the thing is that it would be dull as hell....I can't even get through THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE.) I dunno; usually I like VOID, but this time I have to agree with Juanita. Chitter-chatter is all very well, but 34 pages of it? Rating...3

SMUDGE #1 (Joe Filati, 111 So. Highland Ave., Pearl River, N.Y. - bi-monthly - 25¢) Devoted to the satire mags; MAD, HELP, SICK (which is perhaps the most apt title I have ever seen on a professional magazine) and so on. News notes, articles, etc. I certainly wouldn't pay 25¢ for it, but it does carry news from the pro publishers, etc. I suppose if you're interested in that sort of thing..Considering its field, it's better than the general run of first issues.

WILD #2 (Don Dohler, 1221 Overbrook Rd., Baltimore 12, Maryland - 15¢ - monthly) Another satire fanzine. The humor is pretty bad, but then the so-called humor in most of the professional satire mags -- including MAD and HELP! -- is pretty bad, too. (Anybody remember CAPTAIN BILLY'S WHIZBANG? At least the jokes were newer then.) WILD is probably as good as CRAZY, when you come right down to it, and it's cheaper.

APE #4 (Ron Haydock, 2795 West 8th. St., Los Angeles 5, Calif. - bi-monthly - 10¢) This is more for the hairy set; Tarzan fanciers and the like. I don't really like it any better than I do the satire mags, but I must admit that the general appearance is far better, and the zine gives the impression of having an editor who knows exactly what he is doing. (He may not, but he appears to.) If you like Burroughs, try it (just don't let me know about your depraved taste.)

AMRA #17 (George Scithers and Imaginary Accomplices, Box 9006 Rosslyn, Arlington 9, Virginia - irregular - 20¢) This is mostly for Robert E. Howard fans - a breed about on a par with the Burroughs group - but is also interesting to people like me who enjoy good artwork and sometimes interesting semi-historical articles, even though they can't stand Howard. Roy Krenkel, George Barr and Jim Cawthorne make up probably the best art trio in fandom. And Sprague de Camp, Poul Anderson and John Boardman are interesting no matter what they write about.

SATA #13 (Bill Pearson, 4516 East Glenrosa Ave., Phoenix, Arizona - highly irregular - 27¢) If Pearson ever makes enough money to indulge his taste for expensive humor, he'll be regarded as a great fan. As it

is, he can't afford to indulge his humor very often. Certainly nobody but Pearson would think of using a professionally-printed fanzine as a vehicle for the material in SATA 13; I hope he creates enough bewilderment in his readership to satisfy him. The new reader will only be confused by the material, but there's some lovely artwork. Rating.....?

PHOENIX #4 (Dave Locke, P.O. Box 207, Indian Lake, New York - irregular - 15¢) "not to be reviewed in the state of Indiana" it says, and after a brush with Jerry Page I have learned to obey editorial dictates, so I won't even rate this one. It's out, if you're interested.

WARHOON #13 (Richard Bergeron, 110 Bank St., New York 14, N.Y. - quarterly - 20¢) One of the better of today's Serious Discussion fanzines. Robert W. Lowndes and James Blish dissect some modern sf novels with a thoroughness that is appalling to a light-hearted amateur like myself, Bergeron dissects Bob Leman and Richard Nixon with equal gusto, and John Berry (fandom's aviation expert) dissects Britain's aviation policy. The letter-writers dissect everything; even Art Castillo comes right out and says something, for a change. To balance all this serious material, we have Willis -- who does a pretty fair job. Rating..9

THE PANIC BUTTON #6 (Les Nirenberg, 1217 Weston Road, Toronto 15, Ont., Canada - irregular - 25¢) As the successor to Nirenberg's Serious Discussion zine and his Personal Chatter zine, this one has variety; from serious evaluations of Moral Re-Armament, motivational research and Ingmar Bergman to re-captioned photos and Colin Freeman's hilarious tale of a lost elephant. Rating...8

VIPER #4 (Bill Donaho, 1441 8th. St., Berkeley 10, Calif. - quarterly - 25¢ - British agent, Jim Linwood) On fans and ASTOUNDING. Not an outstanding issue (it's only 50 pages...) but still worth the money. Anyway, all true fans (except Boggs) should have a complete file of the issues with Alva Rogers' serial-article on ASF. Rating..5

KIPPLE #18, 19 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Md. - 15¢ - monthly) Another discussionzine. #19 is particularly livened by Ted White's column; especially where he defends Bhob Stewart's artwork. Bhob doesn't just hack out his work, says Ted. First he does a rough, then a pencilling, then an ink drawing and then puts the final touches in on the stencil itself. And from all this he gets artwork that only looks like it had been hacked out. (Sometimes I'm happy that Ted has never seen fit to defend me.....) However, this sort of thing leads to all sorts of jolly discussions, most of them interesting and fairly good-natured, as fanzine discussions go. Rating....8

MIRAGE #4 (Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights Ave., Baltimore 7, Maryland - irregular - 20¢ - British Agent, Alan Dodd....don't get our accounts mixed up, for Heaven's sake, Alan) Serious fiction and articles. A regrettable devotion to Lovecraft (fandom is fragmenting -- Lovecraft fandom, Howard fandom, Burroughs fandom, Rohmer fandom....put it all down under the heading of purple prose fandom). The material is improving; recommended to serious-type fans. Rating....4

INTROSPECTION #3 (Mike Domina, 11044 So. Tripp Ave., Oak Lawn, Illinois - irregular - 15¢) Another one that's improving, but this one isn't for the particularly serious-minded. More general-type. Mike seems to be

having parent trouble over his publishing; too bad, since his zine was just beginning to take on a definite personality and starting to get out of the neofan class. Don't send him a long-term sub, though; this could be the last issue. Rating....3½

Due to the fact that I have more fanzines that I can review comfortably, the rest will be covered with a lick and a promise.

VORPAL GLASS #3 (Karen Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, Calif. - bi-monthly? - 25¢) Or maybe it's quarterly; I don't recall. Anyway it's good, so go buy a copy. Rating....7

DISCORD #14 (Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place, NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota - monthly - 15¢) Personal opinion and letters; good. Sometimes Dean Grennell provides frosting on the cake by adding GOLDEN APPLE as a rider; GA #4 comes with this issue. Rating...7

CRY OF THE WILD MOOSE #5 (Don Anderson, 141 Shady Creek Rd., Rochester 23, N.Y. - irregular - free?) More personal opinion; not as entertaining as Boggs & Grennell, but not bad. Rating...4

DYNATRON #7 (Chrystal Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd. NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico - irregular - 15¢) Notable this time for an article on Japanese fandom by a Japanese fan - who should know his subject. Rating...5

ETWAS #5 (Peggy Rae McKnight, "Six Acres", Box 306, Lansdale, Pennsylvania - bi-monthly? - free? I don't know....) One thing I would like to know is how she gets so much material in such a small issue. Nice variety, good quality. Rating...6

NEOLITHIC #19 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17, Minnesota - bimonthly - 2 for 25¢) Redd Boggs' comments on old-time fans in Minnesota should strike someone's sense of wonder. Rating...5½

HYPHEN #29 (Ian McAulay, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland - bi-monthly - 15¢ - co-editor, Walt Willis) After a few slightly disappointing issues, these last two or three have had all of the old HYPHEN charm. Not for serious, dedicated fans, tho. Rating...7

CANDY F #4 (Bo Stenfors, Bylgjävägen 3, Djursholm, Sweden - last issue - free for comment) Bo says there will be a CANDY F SPECIAL, which has to be requested -- I hereby request one (I see Juanita is going to get one; well, one to a family is enough). But you out there request one if you like Stenfors and Prosser art, and send Bo your fanzine in trade (this is another requirement). Rating...5

EAST & WEST NEWS #40 (Peter Campbell, Birkdale Cottage, Brantfell, Windermer, Westmorland, England - quarterly - sample copy free) This issue looks like a fannish DAILY WORKER. Being liberal is one thing; apologizing for Communism is something else. Russian news, si; Communist propaganda, no. Wise up, Campbell; you're being stupid.

I still have AD INFINITUM #2, HAVERINGS #3, NORTHLIGHT #13, LES SPINGE #7, BUG EYE #9, and BRENNSCHLUSS # Godknowswhat on hand, but they'll just have to wait; I am not starting another page of this guff. RSC

TIME TO ADJUST

fiction by ALLEN MARDIS, JR.

Ooark floated toward the broken window. "A man does have to live with his conscience, doesn't he?" The visiting lecturer from Centaurus sat up and leaned back against nothingness.

"Conscience has nothing to do with it," Professor Jaros answered. He pushed out of the wobbling chair. "It's just that I don't want to lose my position."

The Earthling walked to the open window. "Just look out there. Look at that magnificent monument to Man's progress." He pointed to the glittering bowl set on the far horizon. "Two million people, Ooark. No other school can boast a football stadium with that capacity."

"Took me three years....three l-o-n-g years, to convince Dean Bul that Earth Polytech could field a winning football team. Three years to worm a measly ten billion dollars out of that old goat."

Jaros stumped back across the sagging dais. "Now he wants me to vote with him to cut the football appropriation! Can you imagine the gall of that decrepit old despot?"

Ooark paddled lightly against the breeze and came back to the lectern. "As a matter of fact...." he began.

"Just when I line up seven new players. Seven, mind you; seven top notch players." The professor's voice echoed hollowly in the ancient auditorium. "Obrovatz...best center in the Galactic League. Cost us nearly a million dollars to buy him a Doctorate in Physics. Don't know

why he couldn't have picked another field....Ph.D's in Philosophy are cheap enough." Jaros kicked at the battered chair; it tottered precariously on one leg and then settled back. "Best men money could buy... Kevork, Roembke..."

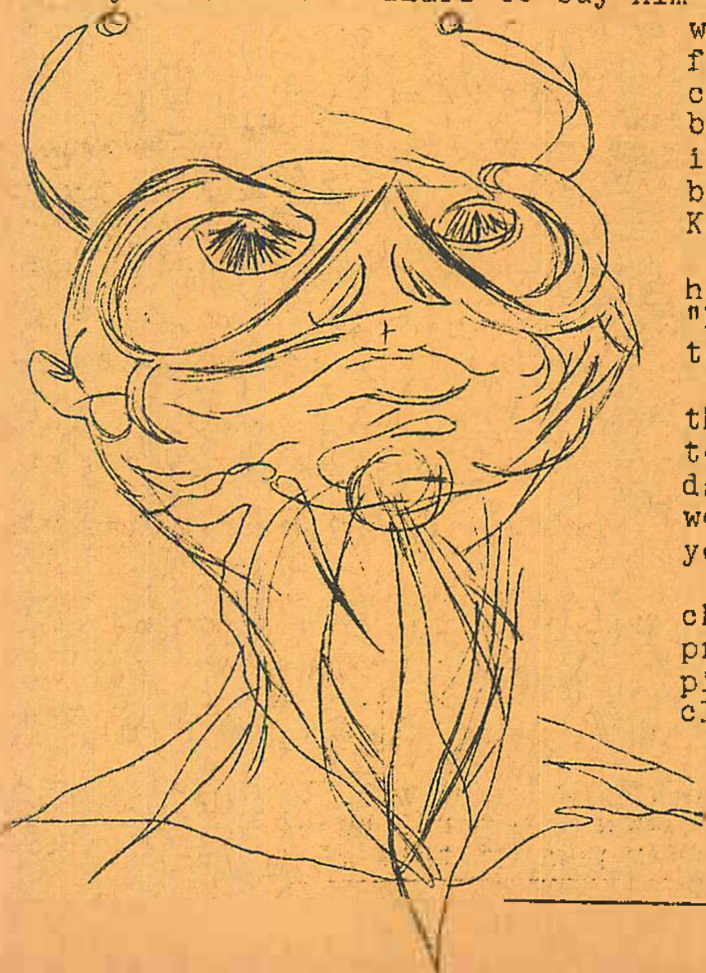
"Roembke?" Ooark rolled over on his back and began to fade a little. "Didn't he discover the anti-gravitation theory?"

Jaros glanced incredulously at the little man. "He can't even factor polynomials. But he's the best damned halfback in the business... wouldn't trade him for a dozen of you theorists."

Jaros threw himself into the old chair. It creaked and groaned and promptly broke into kindling. Jaros picked himself up and kicked the clutter over the edge of the dais.

"And Bul wants to cheat the school out of a man like that!"

Ooark caught himself just short of invisibility. "How can I help you, Professor? I don't



know much about this sort of thing. I'm only a research scientist; I'm not paid to think."

"Yes, I know, Ooark. But I had to talk this thing out with someone. Bul wants my decision at three...wants to present the vote to the Board."

Ooark was fluctuating between light blue and mellow orange. "Exactly what does Dean Bul want to do with this money? I think you could use a few new classrooms."

"New classrooms? Nonsense! There are things we need more than classrooms." Jaros began to pace again. "No, Bul wants the money for jai-alai."

Ooark lit up a bright green, then faded back to translucent blue.

"If I may offer a suggestion..." he ventured.

"If you were to lose your position here, I might be able to get you on at Alpha. They don't have much of a philosophy department, but I understand they were regional basketball champions last year."

Jaros looked up at the little man. "Alpha?" He swallowed excitedly. "Are you serious? I mean...could you?"

"I think so. My brother is a member of the Board of Regents and quite a football fan. I think he told me that there are three ex-professional football players on the Board."

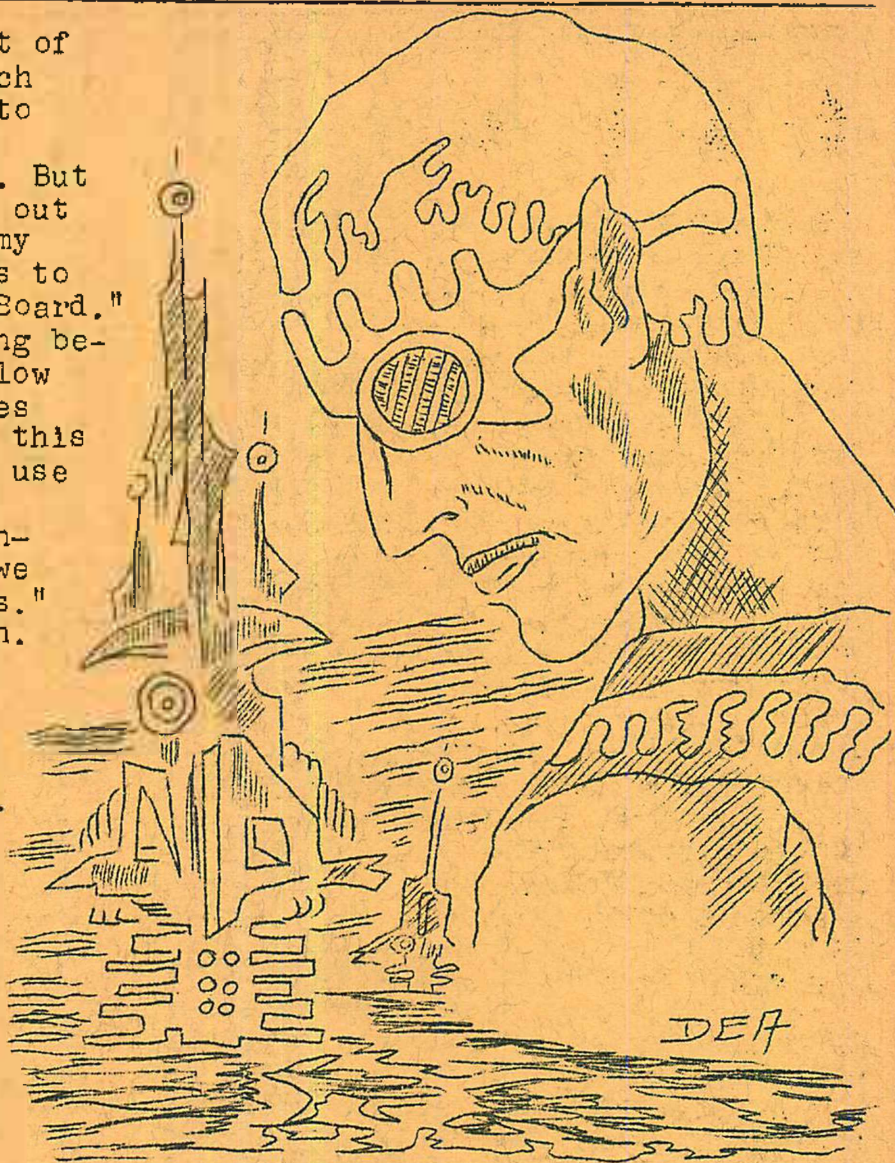
"Well..." Jaros smiled broadly. "W-e-l-l! This is v-e-r-y interesting." He stared at the floor a moment, his eyes blazing with glee. "Do you really think you could do it?"

"I'm certain of it; especially considering the circumstances which will inevitably surround your dismissal."

"Ooark...you're too wonderful for words!" Jaros skipped to the window. He waved his fist at the colossus on the distant horizon. "You'll have your players, by Grange! Oh, what a team that's going to be!"

The professor turned. "Ooark..." he began crisply. "Ooark?" The little man wasn't there. "Oh, damn that Centaurian!"

Jaros ran down the little flight of steps and toward his dingy office. The door creaked on one hinge. He slid behind his desk. "Connect me with Dean Bul's office," he beamed at the videoscreen. "I've something v-e-r-y important to discuss with him."



GRUMBLINGS

ISAAC ASIMOV, West Newton, Mass. - I have just received #105 of YANDRO and I had no trouble at all in turning to page 13, since I could tell at a glance, with my accustomed insight, intuition, and general genius, that here would be something of particular interest to me.

It was a delightful parody. I felt every thrust go through and through me and must admit that every single one of the thrusts was aimed at a fair target. In fact, after reading the article I couldn't help but feel that the satire wasn't as much a satire as an accurate reflection, because I picked up the January F&SF which just arrived in the mail and there was my article, sounding just as though it had been written by Isaac Lassitude.

I trust you have sent a copy to Robert Mills.

/Well, we hadn't, but we will. The January article was sort of extra Good-Doctorish, at that. Oh well; the Asimov column is still the first thing I read in F&SF. RSC/

AVRAM DAVIDSON, 410 West 110th. St., New York 25, N.Y. - Notes on your comment "You can't hardly get a 35¢ pb anymore, can you?" Nope, you can't, hardly, for a fact. And I'll tell you something else, too. It is one of the best-kept secrets that I got two contracts for paperbacks-yet-to-be-written. One is a 35¢-er, tother a 50¢-er. The 50¢-er is going to be no larger than the 35¢-er, the advance is no larger -- in fact it's less! -- and the royalties are lower. So, where does the extra money go? if there are going to be any? you tell me.

And, no, neither of them is sci-fi or sci fant. But some day, kid. I have made notes on a lovely outer-planetary background. Some day I'll write the book. Just as soon as I get a plot.

As I see The Alexandria Quartet mentioned again, I will mention them again yet. As Novels of Character I found them beyond my capacity to analyze, but I appreciated them immensely as Novels of Color. But the other fortnight I was talking to an Artist, and he said, that to an Artist the color in Durrell rings absolutely false. Are there any other Artists who'd care to comment? Had I mentioned that I'd invented something called The Tel Aviv Trio (Lapidus, Bridget, Ellenbogen)? Well, I did, and Ellenbogen was sent to Messrs The Proprietors of Punch. Who replied, "We have all read it, and are afraid that it's much too clever for our poor simple readers." I detect in this the essence of a snide remark. It ranks as Second-from-the-Snideest-Rejection-I've-Ever-Gotten. Snideest was Esquire's Fiction Editor Rust Hill's on "The Bounty Hunters" (published later in FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, RIP) -- which, admittedly, should never have gone to him -- I had a different agent at the time -- quote: "This seems to be some sort of science fiction." I am now reading Durrell's "Prospero's Cell", his only Levantine thing I hadn't so far read. It's about Corfu, in the form of a diary, 1937; early Durrell, but all his characteristics there in small, so to speak. His "Bitter Lemons" both pleased and troubled me; it's a book I should've written myself; I was in Cyprus before he was, but didn't tarry and wrote only a few short pieces about the place. About two years ago or so I had a desire to go to Turkey-in-Europe and tarry in Thrace for c. six months to gether material for a book I'd spend another six months in doing. The eternal

question of funds arose. In my younger days I vagaried 3/4 of the way around the world and visited c. 20 different countries. But the vigor and sanguinity of that time is gone. I consider that I have had diarrhea in my last picturesque country and slept in my last attic, as it were. True, it wouldn't take much to live comfortably in Turkey for 6 months. I figured that, including fares, \$2000 would do it. And had the half idea I might hit up a couple of Foundations. I found out, however, that I had no chance. For to get a grant for fiction one has to show 10,000 words: until I actually go to the place I can't write even 10 words. And as for non-fiction, non-fiction is closed to non-academics, it seems, grant-wise. Scholarly works only, and only scholars need apply. So I gave up the idea. William Tenn had urged me not to go -- "You're not ready for that, yet," he said. "You ought to stick around here at least for the next year or two; I'm certain that something else of greater value is in store for you in that time." Well, I stuck. "That time" has passed, and if something of greater value has occurred to me in that time, damned if I know what it was. I'd ask Tenn, but for the last year or so he has apparently been hanging from his heels in a darkened cavern, emitting, from time to time, tiny minute highpitched radar-like squeals, too shrill for the human ear to perceive.
/Something of greater value, eh? Fandom, maybe? RSC/

Well, I'm sure I hadn't insinuated that "Guy Endore" hid his being a Communist. It was just that I hadn't known it at the time I read the hardcover edition, over 20 years ago, and it didn't (and in retrospect, doesn't) seem like the sort of book Communists write. I suppose one must distinguish between Communists in Communist countries and those outside. On the one hand it can be said that the latter have more freedom -- on the other, that they have just as little, inasmuch as (a) they gotta eat wherever they are; (b) wherever they are they gotta write what stands a chance of being published. Anyway, Mikhail Shokolov's novels got worse and worse...the Don Duo was very readable, but once he got down on that everlovin ol collective farm, it was enough to make you toss your cookies.

Ed Wood's article is quite provocative, and makes me squirm somewhat, too. (Of course, it may just be that the cat was just scratching himself whilst perched on my shoulder.) At Detroit I crashed a session where Randy Garretts were (that plural was accidental, but I guess he rates it: leave it stay) rebuking fans for Neglecting the Classics (Bruce H.: remember "How many tendrils has a Slan?") and other sins, with as much sorrowful solemnity as if he'd learned that someone had swiped his drink or said that Anglican Holy Orders were invalid; WELL sir: I got to my feet and denounced the whole pointed-headed pack of them for putting out fanzines which never even mentioned Science Fiction -- oh maybe there were those which did mention it, & more, two/three years ago, but I hadn't seen them -- Shame, shame, I said. "I asked a science fiction writer who knew fans well, why this was," sez I. "She said, 'They have their own language and they intermarry -- they have each other now, and so they don't need Science Fiction.'" There was what seemed to me to be an amused but approving ripple of comment from the stagnant fen. It stapped me to vitals, as it were. "If you have each other and don't need Science Fiction," I said, rising; "then you don't need me. Good night." And out I walked...Nu, a lot of water has flown under the bridge, and somehow -- to my surprise -- I seem to be back in the vicinage of fandom, for the first time since 1937. Do you know what? I like it. Most of the fanzines I now get, I find delightful.

And when I consider what my letters to them have dealt with, I fear I must confess that I have hardly, if ever, discussed SF. Why, d'you suppose? Ed Wood may be right. I should feel bad. Funny thing is, though, I don't.

Grennell-Crispies's JUNGLE TALE was droll. Good innocent bawdy is hard come-by these days.

/The following is from a later letter -- I have the feeling I should have turned all this into a column..... RSC/

I missed your review on one of the BANTAN books, saw the flyer on the new one, but the flyer on the previous one had to be seen to be unbelievable. I sent it to Ted Coggswell who evidently still didn't believe it. Obviously the books are privately printed, and if the writing is on a level with the flyers, one can only wonderingly inquire, "Who buys them?" And, your goodvrow to the contrary, VOID 26 is quite readable. In fact, a pleasure.

Fall-out shelters. My apt house has none nor likely to have one. If it falls it'll probably fall on NYC for sure -- despite the Nut who demanded in the Village Voice, "Why would Kruschew want to kill the Negroes in Harlem?" Only the Pentagon, he said, wd suffer -- Chairman K presumably being as unaware as the Nut that Washington has over 50% Negro pop. -- in which case (it dropping on NYC) we'll all here be instantly & painlessly be vaporized. But... if I lived out yander... and built one...it would be absolutely purposeless to do so and then let in more than the shelter could hold and still serve its purpose...If I were in a boat way at sea, loaded to capacity, and someone tried to climb aboard, if his weight would sink the boat, I'd club him with an oar. What other conduct would make sense? As for the notion that building shelters will make us Indifferent To The Real Dangers of Nuclear War, I'd ask if building fire escapes makes us indifferent to the dangers of fire?

But the entire problem, not just of nuclear war but of all war, seems little closer to solution than ever. Not a pacifist at all. It just seems so incredible that we go right on having wars, one after another, generation after generation. One is tempted to believe that If Only The Communists Weren't Around... But we had wars before them. Personally, having been in two, I've had all I want. But as for this Better Red Than Dead jazz, "a choice between evils is a choice for evil," and -- Oh well.

An idea for story-background -- "Welch is also against Eisenhower because his mother was a J'h's Witness!" -- a war between the Birchers and the Witnesses for control of the US of A! "Which side are you on?" Damfino. Heard years ago that one section of the underground in the Phillipines consisted of Freemasons who met in Roman Catholic churches to plot against the Nips!

Evan Hunter's real name is now Evan Hunter. It used to be Salvatore Lombini. I love Hector Pessina's info that certain films in the Argentine are labeled "Inconvenient For Minors Under 18". There's something about Spanish -- "Retiring From The Negotiations", now, sounds ever so much better than "Going Out Of Business", don't it? Fitch on Willick on Gerber: "It is what a writer says that is important, and not how he says it." Well, now. After all, there is only so much to be said and it's all been said by now, anyway. You fellas mean you read Shakespeare, Jane Austen, Kipling, Budrys, or Coulson for the plot? That there's no difference between, say, "Caro mi Jesu, nunc libera me" and "For Christ's sake lemme outa here!"? Magnificently-executed cover of a

well-drawn So What? makes me think I'll never, among other things, understand FanArt. Sigh.

/FanArt depends on the age and emotional makeup of the FanArtist and the fan editor. The white-bearded oldsters (some of them, anyway) belong to the Paul, or super-woodcut, school....I even read some account recently which praised Elliot Dold, surely one of the most incompetent magazine illustrators the world has ever seen. Middle-aged fans and some of the newcomers prefer the pseudo-photographic technique; I come in this category. While the younger and more hip like the far-out renderings of such as Don Martin or even Dick Francis. Whatever school they prefer is the one they emulate...so fan art provides quite a variety.

Spanish isn't the only fascinating language; almost any can be, when literally translated into English. I quote a translation of a German railway coach announcement, c. 1894: "The leaning out of the body out of the window, is on account of the thereby intimately-bound-up-life-danger strengthily undersaid." (Courtesy "Doctor Wood", by William Seabrook.) Apparently the "strengsten untersagt" placards used to be at least as common in Germany as the better-known "verboten" ones. RSC/

TED COGSWELL, Muncie, Ind. - You should mention some place that there was a long article on the Dean Drive in the September POPULAR MECHANICS complete with pictures, diagrams and the usual idiotic reporting. When it comes to the key question -- whether the thing actually does lift or not -- the writer, as usual, reports that Dean said that some time ago he hooked several together and they took off. Eye witness material was limited to what has been covered before (as far as I could determine from a hasty news stand skimming). Anyway, the tone of the article is one of complete acceptance of all claims.

I share Avram's approval of "Werewolf Of Paris", though perhaps for different reasons. One is Endore's stirring affirmation of the belief that incest can be fun, an attitude shared, as I understand it, by a considerable section of the population living south of here, but also one that has been receiving an extremely bad press for some millenia now. It is true that such activity can have tragic consequences -- for example, I am reminded of a friend of mine who suffered horrible frustration all through adolescence and early manhood because of a sister thing, only to discover rather late in life that it was all for nothing, that she was not only unpneumatic but also extremely frigid -- but this does not excuse hasty generalization. Ah Kinsey, if thou wert with us now!

As for Boggs on the Quartet and Willick on Hemingway, I can only suggest to both of them that the absence of light on a TV screen does not of necessity mean that the transmitter is malfunctioning.

And a final amen to the Reverend Moorhead's comments. Kujawa, White, Glynn and Davidson may not approve of his hobby, but let's face it, gang: it does get the kids in off the streets of a Sunday morning. /You sound more and more like one of Phil Farmer's heroes.... But Campbell has proclaimed that it doesn't matter whether the Dean Drive works or not. (He was misquoted; when he talked about the principle of the thing, he didn't mean the principle of the Drive.) Actually, Jawn does have somewhat of a point; if an inventor claims that he's discovered something new, he should be allowed an impartial trial in which to prove his claim. It's just that Campbell always picks these screwballs to use as examples....I'm more inclined to take his pipe locators seriously, but I suppose they'll turn out to be something Randy Garrett thought up in an idle moment. RSC/

GARY DEINDORFER, 11 De Cou Drive, Morrisville, Pa. - Your cover struck me as being rather un-Bjo-like. I dunno; it looks like a cat which has decided to become a second-rate Santa Claus.

"A Jungle Tale" by Edgar Rice Crisples -- one thing about Dean Grennell; he's not afraid to be corny. /Gary liked the title much better than the story. RSC/

"Ramblings" on sitting: it's all right for a woman, I guess -- and for my dog, he sits that way -- but for anyone else it strikes me as definitely uncomfortable.

I must comment on your editorials. They're always interesting, and always folksy, but they aren't grotchky enough to be fannish. These people write PARSECTION and other fanzines, and they lash out. For instance, they print a postcard saying "Dear Moe, please send your fanzine. I enclose 25¢." They print that and then they dissect it. They comment on it. For instance, they print "Dear Moe" and then they say, "Frankly, I wonder what his motives are for saying this. I can see no ..." and then they go on like that, sometimes for 8 pages, and it's really fannish and all.

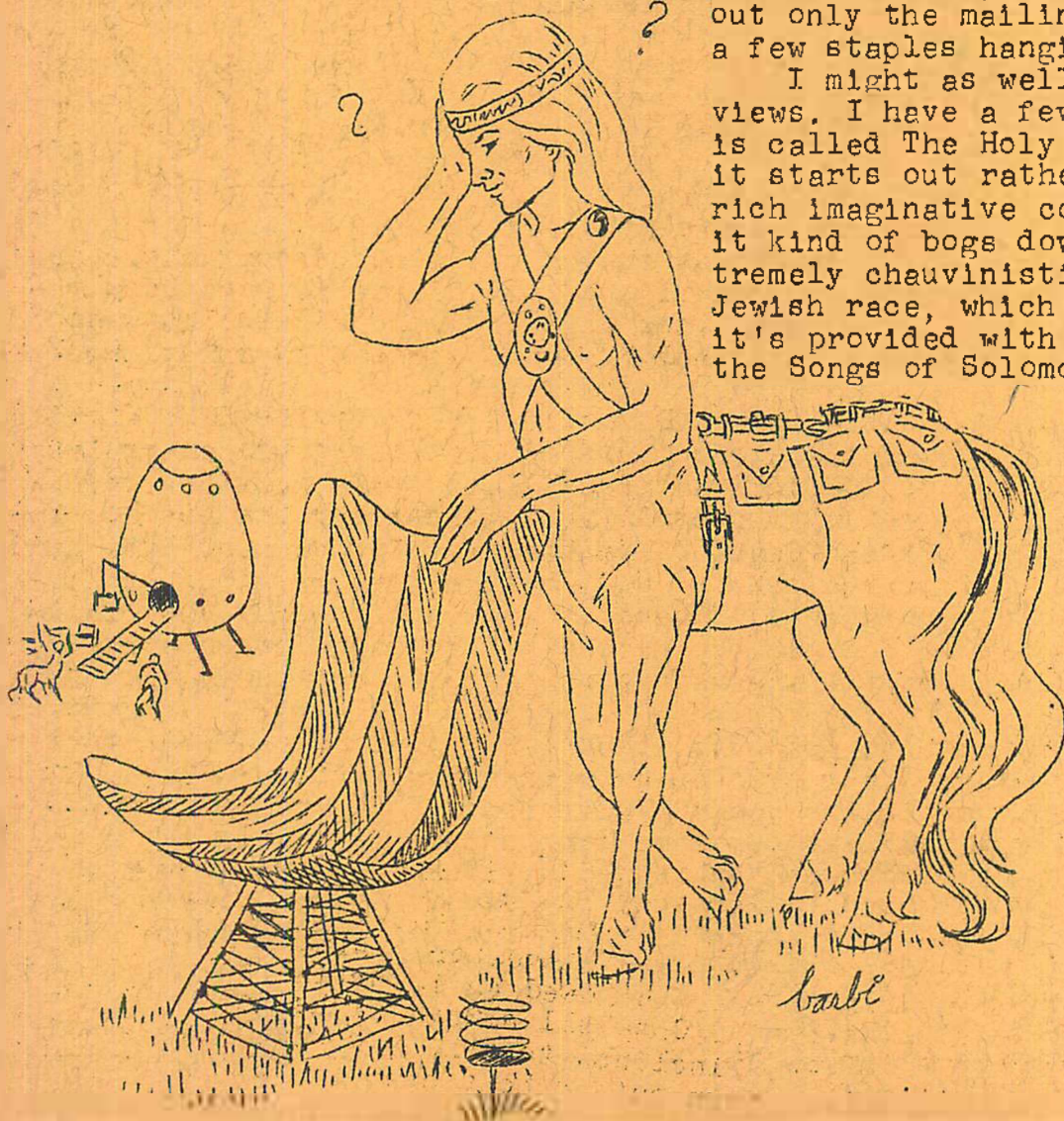
The fruit is getting wilder every day. The titles are wild; fanzines have great titles anymore. I think the best idea for a fanzine title was the one Koning had, called DISCONTINUED, in which he mailed

out only the mailing wrapper, with a few staples hanging on it.

I might as well make my book reviews. I have a few books here; one is called The Holy Bible. And, well, it starts out rather wild; very rich imaginative concept. But then it kind of bogs down in this extremely chauvinistic tale about the Jewish race, which goes on until it's provided with some surcease by the Songs of Solomon -- some of

which swing, definitely; very good ethnic folk songs.

I agree with Redd Boggs that Alva Rogers' reviews are nostalgia. And, speaking of nostalgia...I dunno ...some people complain about YANDRO being too much the same, but I like it that way. Here I've been away over two years and I come back and YANDRO is exactly the same



-- even more the same than it was, if you get what I mean. I think I'm going to defy Redd Boggs and title my first fanzine UGLY HOOK; that'll get him.

George Willick: now here is the letter of the issue. Willick seems to be an angry fellow -- rowf! angry! -- and more or less as a reflex action. Not for any particular purpose; just to be angry. I can't agree with his differentiation between author and writer; all the great authors have had great technique....It's not what you say, it's how you say it, George, you fink! All the great authors down through the ages...Shakespeare, James Joyce...it could be distilled on one sheet of paper what they're trying to say. It's the experience of reading how they say it that makes us consider their works art.

/If the above seems a bit disjointed, put it down to the fact that it was transcribed from a tape recording. I picked out the short, pungent comments, which were easier to transcribe. In addition to satirizing fannish book reviews of non-stf books, Gary put in a plug for "The Silent Language" by Dr. Edward T. Hall, and mentioned "Dark Universe" favorably. RSC/



FRED W. ARNOLD, RCA - GBI - Radar, P.O. Box 4187, Patrick AFB, Florida - I have not seen any late issues of ANALOG, but there was an article in the June 12 issue of MISSILES AND ROCKETS, a trade publication, about a trial carried out by a consulting engineer for the Air Force. It was under the head "Dean Space Drive Labelled Unworkable." The study was made by the Rabinow Engineering Co. Their report was long and detailed but they concluded that, "There is no way in which the principle employed in the device can be adapted to provide a space drive." They went on to say that it was not even a good vibration machine.

ROBERT E. GILBERT, 509 W. Main St., Jonesboro, Tennessee - It's rather odd about my drawings being printed so long after I produce them. Seeing these ancient doodles suddenly appear in the semi-public press gives me a rather odd sensation. Like for instance, my drawing in the latest YANDRO is one I recognize but don't recall. It could just as well be a drawing by someone else that I glanced at once years ago.

Incidentally, I liked the shocking pink Adkins cover on YANDRO. I was proud of the way Adkins solved the old hand problem, too. Not one hand appeared to mar his composition.

/How will you people believe we have a big backlog of material? RSC/

GIOVANNI SCOGNAMILLO, Beyoglu, Istiklal Caddesi, Postacilar Sokagi No. 13/13, Istanbul, Turkey - If you do find a place in YANDRO for some lines about me, do inform the folks that for the time being I'm out of the whole stuff; fandom I mean. Zines are welcome as ever, but there is a 10% chance that I'll comment. One day - as soon as things will be settled for good - I'll return to fandom. But for the moment it's by, by. /He mentions that he works 8 hours a day in a bank, has an extra hobby-job translating movie dialog (about one complete movie per week), plus a movie review column in an Istanbul newspaper which requires him to see 3 or 4 shows a week. As near as I could figure it, he's working an 8-day week.... RSC/

ANTONIO DUPLA, Po. Ma. Augustin 9, Zaragoza, Spain - The articles about S F and fandom are the section of YANDRO that I am always eager to read and consequently, that of Wood. And what he says about the prozines being the introductory means of knowing the existence of fandom is right as far as my case.

Well, I will never tire of amazing at what is found in YANDRO. The tale of Grennell is an amplified joke about which I have nothing to object but I must say it was a surprise when ended. As usually good the fanzine review but at that rate of being born and the season of the year one can't avoid the comparison with mushrooms.

Between DeWeese and now Tucker you are getting a movie critic section as good as it is fun. Here they - the movies - arrive with a variable delay but the ones I have seen makes them - the critics - right. I must say that Willick has let me at a loss with his evaluation of "fiction". When he says that "how" an author writes is not important, I take exception in the name of Proust, Joyce, Mann, Valle-Inslan and a few scores more.

BOB JENNINGS, Box 1462, Tenn. Polytechnic Institute, Cookeville, Tenn. - It seems as tho everybody in most fmz these days are disagreeing with Redd Boggs. Do you suppose a New Trend has started? Could it be that the latest in fannish fads, the latest in a long and inglorious line, is to heckle this veteran fan? Could fans have sunk this Low? So, I'll go with a fad, anything for a laugh. I'm with Boggs when he says that articles need to be rewritten. Of course I don't usually do it much, but I basically agree. Unfortunately up to this point in time I have never gone beyond one rewriting for any material I've ever done. But all is not lost. No indeed. I'm working on some stuff now, which I'm rewriting several times. It seems to read better than the spontaneous stuff (naturally) so what the hell, when I do a really serious article (of which I've done none up til now) I need to rewrite. So Boggs likes junk mail. ~~So Boggs likes junk mail~~ You learn all sorts of things about fans, I suggest. he write Seth Johnson and Seth will put him on some really weird mailing lists. I agree with Boggs on the ASTOUNDING thing too, /you would.. RSC/reliving pleasant memories by revisiting each and every year of ASTOUNDING's past may be nice and all, but it sure as hell isn't The Definite Article on ASTOUNDING. Sure Bob, you can conceal your emotions, sure you can, but who the hell wants to? I'm tired of doing that sort of thing, it's my opinion that the world needs more Honesty, and we might as well start by being honest with ourselves, and our emotions. /I didn't say "conceal", buddy boy, I said "control". Fandom could stand a little emotional control; the average fan seems prone to temper tantrums worthy of a ten-year-old. I can get quite livid over some minor

incident, if I want to. If I don't want to, I may start getting excited, but I'm capable of convincing myself that (a) it's really funny, or (b) it isn't worth bothering about. (Of course I'm helped by the fact that most things fans do are funny, if looked at in the proper light.) You have benefitted from the talent, for that matter; I may make occasional fun of your Fantasy Foundation, but I'll never get all het up and call you a fugghead over it. RSC/

Hooray for fuggheaded Ed Wood, who managed to tromp on more toes than anyone else could even by trying, and he means every word of it, too, it seems. Good deal, I agree with him on any number of points. Like, I'm beginning to get damn sick of this New Trend mess, I mean, things were fins when there was only DISCORD, HARAKKUK and GEMZINE to keep us aware that a mundane world existed. We need some sort of ropes to keep us from floating off on our own fannishness, but when there are as many zines as there are now, and as many fringe benefits like lettercolumns in most respectable fmz telling us that we need to solve the problems of the world, well, I begin to think I need to find my escape somewhere else. Man, I know there is an outside world; I know it's got problems. I know they seem very weighty and important, I know they are troublesome and need some intelligent discussions, but man, I also know that the world has been having these same problems for a couple of centuries now and there have been few new things learned, only new perspectives. Unless there is a war or something rather serious happening in the world around me, I ignore it, it'll burn itself out sooner than you think. For six months once I followed the news like the cleanest hound you would have imagined in your worst nightmares. I listened to the radio news at least three times a day, I watched three television news pictures, I kept abreast of the local gossip, I read the newspapers. I even read old back issues of the famous news magazines. I was hot after that news, man. And after awhile I became depressed, because I was always involved in some brand spanking new crisis. So after another while I said to myself that the whole mess wasn't worth the effort. I could only remember two events that stuck in my mind; one that first Berlin deadline, and another some character in Georgia was executed for stealing a dollar and eight some odd cents worth of merchandise. The rest of it was so insignificant that it resolved itself in short order.

Today the whole sickness has swept the world, from a nation of baseball idiots, we have changed our national pastime to politicking, and I want nothing to do with it. I'll agree that there are certain fundamental problems affecting the world around us, problems that even complacent ole me can't ignore, but...I'm sick of the rehashing, I'm sick of new trend zines that center on little earth shaking events that don't mean a thing. I want a fandom that does not remind me so much of the mundane sheep following the same shitty neverending circle.

/Actually, the main trouble is that fans are overenthusiastic (no emotional control, you see.) If an interesting fanzine comes out on a new topic, everyone wants to do the same thing -- not just for egoboo but because they enjoy the discussion and consider their views important. So you get a fandom that runs in cycles. If all this enthusiasm was spread out to leaven mundane complacency, it would be great; but concentrated as it is, it gets a trifle wearing at times. Certainly all US citizens need to be more politically aware than they are, but somehow I doubt that fanzines will help matters much. RSC. Note: the following is from a later letter/

Fallout shelters are becoming big business across this state. Oh yes, hardly a day goes by now that some firm or company doesn't offer

free fallout information with the usual bit of what they can sell you to make that little cozy home shelter complete. Harvey's (Has Everything) offers to build you one complete and stock it for some outrageous price. Several people have had 'em built around this area and several more have raised hell with complaints. They leak air and light. One photo which managed to hit front page here showed a wall on the inside of the shelter, with at least six light leaking spaces left in the block wall. A single block wall at that.

Here I am in college taking two years of ROTC and wondering if I ought to take the additional two years. I have heard ugly rumors that after you take your four years, and if you are invited to join the regular army on two-three year basis, that the majority of these college second louies get busted down after six or seven months and run out their time as a buck private. Now if this is the case then I will not bother to waste mine time on the army ROTC leadership program for the last two years of college. If there is more than a good chance that these are just Evil Rumors dreamed up by the Reactionaries, then I'll take the rest of the stuff. Nowthen, some of you kindly YAN readers fill me in on the details of What Happens to the College Second Louies...

Juanita's article on Andre Norton's stf books was good, but too short and incomplete for my slightly perfectionist tastes. I wonder if Juanita knows that Miss Norton also writes hordes of westerns, mysteries and several damn fine historical novels, in addition to some factual material. /Yes. RSC/ Len Collins, East Tennessee fan, has more than a running acquaintance with Miss Norton and feels that she is more fond of westerns than of stf.

John Trimble proves once again that he can be fully as fuggheaded, by reversing the serconnishness expected in fuggheaded articles, as anything fandom can produce. I prefer Wood's little thing to this one. Trimble is rationalizing. As for these personalized recruits, they are almost necessarily confined to clubs, and how many people brought in thru personalized recruiting are interested in writing letters, or going to conventions, or in reading or publishing or writing for the fanzines? Your initial take is going to be murderously small, the final percentage of fans as we know them today will be so small as to be almost discounted.

/But do we want a large percentage of fans as we know them today? RSC/

BILL PEARSON, 4516 East Glenrosa Ave., Phoenix, Arizona - I'd be mighty obliged if you could sneak in the info that future SATAs will include one checklist per issue. Proposed outlines: PLAYBOY, ADAM, PLANET, MAD, TARZAN, etc... And that issue #14 will be another comic issue, and that subscriptions and back issues can be obtained thru Danny Pearson, 4516 Glenrosa, etc. (I knew that little brother of mine would come in handy someday!)

Do you realize that I have every single YANDRO from 38 to 99 except for issue #63 and that I have an extra 43 and a 33 that I don't particularly care about and that I'd give my left nipple for #63 and how are you doing these days on the rag anyhow? Furthermore do you realize that I only need one louzy PLAYBOY to complete my collection? (Vol. 1 #2) /Bill also mentioned that he finally got drafted, after waiting anxiously for five years. RSC/

JIM GROVES, 29 Latham Rd., East Ham, London E.6, England - Main thing this time is "The Destiny of Fandom" by Ed Wood. The first point worth

making here is that fans are selected, by and large, from sf readers, not just sf magazine readers. Therefore loss of the magazines does not entail loss of potential fans. What Ed Wood is contending is that it entails loss of recruiting contact. Possibly that may be true in the States but here we have, in the BSFA, an organization which recruits sf readers and in which they can contact fandom. Thus as long as there is any sort of sf produced, magazines or books, then readers can become fans (if they so wish). Sf organizations can advertise in books like everyone else; every time I open a book half a dozen leaflets fall out!

ETHEL LINDSAY, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England - Like Juanita, collating does not bother me; but when it comes to stapling, how I wish I had a man around the house! Is Juanita interested in Lawrence of Arabia? He has had a mild fascination for me as a puzzle for years. There is a new book about him just out over here. The theory this time is that he was a masochist. The reason why everyone must keep trying to puzzle out Lawrence is because no one can understand a man who had power and then gave it up.

In Ed Wood's article I am croggled to read that some SAPS did not bother to read WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION? I wish that one of them would let me have their copy, I'd love to read it! On the whole I do not agree with Ed's article; this business of dividing us into sf fans and fannish fans is a lot of hooley.

/I agree with you there; especially since the sf fans think Juanita and I are too fannish and the fannish fans think we devote too much time to science fiction. RSC/

FRED HUNTER, 13, Freefield Rd., Lerwick, Shetland Islands, Scotland - Ed seems to want fandom to be 100% sercon; sercon sf wise, too. This seems to me to be practically impossible. After all, sf fans enter fandom because they have found a group of people with a similar interest in sf. When they have found out a little about fandom they realize that many fans have other interests and, because of this, the neofan discovers a greater compatibility with a certain group. So, he subs to their zines and talks about and writes about half-a-dozen subjects other than sf and Ed Wood sniffs, "Hah....a fannish fan, egad!" Nevertheless, the "fannish" fan came into fandom because of his finding kindred spirits. And, when you come to think of it, any subject, when concentrated on to the complete exclusion of all else, usually turns out to be a damnable bore.

I'll bet that the Rev. C. M. Moorhead's letter elicits more comment than any other "Grumblings" column entry. I look forward to reading his answers to the questions you posed. Mind you, I go along with the Rev. when he says "Christians are not jelly fish" and I, for one, have never held this view.

/Rev. Moorhead did answer, but said that since nobody in recent issues had roused him to any particular ire, he would prefer to dispense with the public discussion. So I didn't publish his answer, or the comments of various other people on the subject. Betty Kujawa said her comments in #105 would be "final", so I am assuming that the subject is dropped./

WALTER BREEN, 2402 Grove St., Berkeley 4, Calif. - Scithers may be a Good Man and all that, but on that cover someone's color sense went awry -- the pink and tangerine swore and screeched at each other. Unforgettable...but hardly suitable for framing, I fear.

I have no doubt that some intelligent teenage females have fled to

convents as an escape (albeit frying-pan and fire variety) from hostile parents. One doesn't know whether to pity more those or the others who fly to a hasty marriage. I have long deplored the absence in this society of something like the medieval sanctuary where hunted persons could find shelter. You, Juanita, talked of Lichtman and Sample; I am surprised you didn't mention Lee Thorin, whose parental situation was little short of criminal but about which nothing could be done because her father had a local judge in his pocket, not to mention worse connections. You are absolutely right about the Noplace To Hide situation ...but it isn't limited to girls. To me one of the biggest tragedies is that of the bright youngster (of either sex) stuck in a biblebelt environment with rigid parents who resent the kid's wish for independence. And nothing can be done about it, while for maybe four to eight years they continue to be subject to day and night pressure to surrender to the old routine of obedience and biblereading and giving up all this newfangled nonsense and adult friends who are full of dangerous ideas. (Your cue, MZB.)

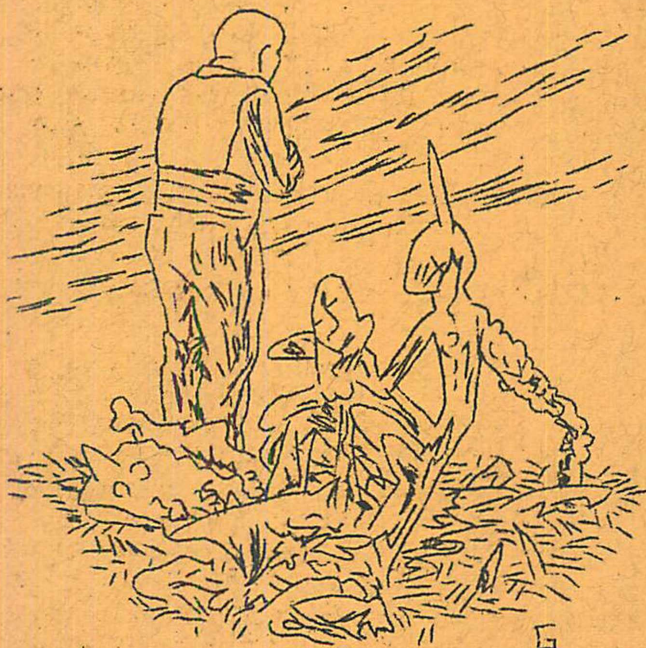
Oh, come on now. I bought a mint run of QUANDRY at the Seacon, and found tremendous delight in reading the things. I didn't read them to find my friends' names -- I read them for the splendid bits by Willis and Tucker and Bloch and the rest. I've repeatedly gone back to other old zines with beautiful material in them. The so-whettish reaction can come from crudzines of any age, but somehow I can still retain a Sense of Wonder about the classics.

The best thing I've seen about fallout shelters is in a pamphlet, "Community of Fear", available free from Center for Study of Democratic Institutions, Box 4068, Santa Barbara, Calif. (No, it's not a commie front thing; it was started by the Fund for the Republic.) It gives a convincing line of reasoning showing that shelters won't protect people for long enough afterwards even if (which is doubtful) they might protect some from immediate Ground Zero death. No, shelters aren't the answer; it has to be the conference table and some kind of supervised disarmament if we're to escape death by either blast, fire, suffoca-

tion, fallout, or starvation from crop destruction by fallout.

Buck, on the draft dodger issue, please read my bit in FANAC 80 and the article in DAY*STAR; the issue isn't as simple as either you or Larry Shaw would have it, and it's far too big to go into in a few sentences. Betty Kujawa ought to listen to Heinlein -- he is anti-draft, too, suggesting that in a real emergency people would volunteer (and thank ghod we aren't in a real emergency yet).

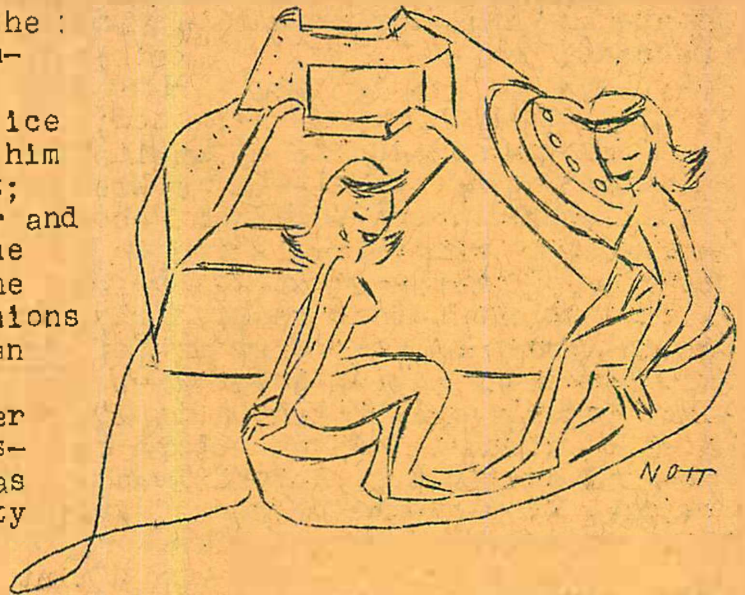
/The draft problem is every bit as simple as I made it out; it comes down to whether or not fans are going to obey the laws of the country or only those laws that they happen to approve of. I've never said that I think the draft is a good idea, or that fans shouldn't work to repeal



it. But while it is in effect, the fact that somebody considers himself too valuable to society to waste as a mere soldier cuts no ice with me. If society agrees with him and gives him a deferment, great; but then he isn't a draft dodger and I wasn't talking about him in the first place. The schnooks are the ones who consider their own opinions of themselves more important than the opinion of anyone else.

I don't recall that I've ever seen a QUANDRY; none of the classic fanzines that I have seen has impressed me, nor have a majority of the reprints of material by people like Laney or Burbee.

I have sympathy for the bright kids, but I have yet to see an alternate to the problem that's an improvement. Besides, even bright kids need parental discipline, though God knows a lot of it is carried way too far. Unless you overturn society completely they're going to have to learn how to appear normal, in order to get along, and they might as well start practicing with their parents. Any really bright child should know by age 10 what he/she can and can't do under the parental roof and it won't kill them to put off their contact with new ideas for a few years. (I repeat, it isn't good for them, but on the whole I can't think of a practical alternative that would be an improvement.) It's a tragedy, but unless the parents are actually sadistic about their punishments it isn't an overwhelming one. All we know about Lee Thorin is the account in FANAC which was sort of bare-boned.



DAVE LOCKE, P.O. Box 207, Indian Lake, N.Y. - George didn't think quick enough. He should have said to the priest: "Yes, but if you're wrong you've lost everything, and I've at least had my life." And isn't it carrying religion a little too far to feel that you have to sacrifice a good life on Earth in order to reach heaven, or nirvana, or whatever?

Dorf Lassitude's little satire was good, but I don't quite dig why he threw Campbell into the story. The Good Doctor-Kindly Editor bit is between Asimov and Mills.

I'd like to get a copy of YANDRO 100, if one of your readers would sell it to me.

REDD BOGGS, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota - I could wish that this cover was something intrinsically more impressive than a rather conventional Adkins, but it looks fine anyway and the use of those two colors of red is kind of daring, I think. I wish Juanita hadn't written that article on Andre Norton. I think Andre Norton compresses everything that is wrong with science fiction in one small package, but I was happy to ignore her stuff till this article. A few more like this and I will be stung into revealing Andre Norton to be the hack she is! I liked the parody of the Asimov column. Makes me feel rather sad to think, however, that the Asimov column is

frequently the only item in a given issue of F&SF that I find worth reading.

/Trouble with you is, you've lost your sense of wonder. RSC/

Robert E. Briney, Dept. of Math., 2-174, M.I.T., Cambridge 39, Mass. - Well, apropos of Juanita's comment in "Ramblings", the returns are unanimous. I liked DARK UNIVERSE too. In fact, her comment was what stimulated me to read it -- I'd been putting it off, along with a pile of other sf. It was good enough so that it didn't scare me away from sf (as a couple of other recent books tended to do), and I've now gone through about half a dozen of the accumulated books.

Liked the Adkins cover on the latest YANDRO, though it shows his usual lack of conviction in drawing people: they don't look like people, but like drawings of the outsides of people. If you know what I mean. Freas people, and even most Emsh people, have personalities, and are not just stereotypes of Hero, Maiden, Villain, etc., as Adkins' are. But the bem was cute. Looked like Porky Porcupine after having shaved....

DEREK NELSON, 18 Granard Blvd., Scarborough, Ont., Canada - On the Seven Years' War, Buck, you comment it was quite openly a struggle for colonial possessions using home troops and not just colonial/allied led by home country officers or a testing ground like Spain and Laos.

As you've probably guessed, I'm going to be obnoxious and disagree. Point: Laos, Cuba and so on are quite open struggles for "political and economic" colonies between the West (USA) and East (USSR-China). Everyone knows the sides and what they stand for. Up to 1756 (after Braddock got cleaned) the majority of troops in America were colonial militia and/or native Indians led by home country officers. The French used French led and armed Indians; the British used Indians and colonial militia and in India native troops were over 90% of all armies and sometimes 99%.

I agree whole heartedly with Juanita when she says one has to be personally involved to enjoy an old fmz. Very true. I just got a carton of old zines -- not really so old now that I think of it, just the last few years -- and sat down to read them. The majority I found boring. There were a few really good ones, among them SCRIBBLE, DESCANT, SHAGGY and a couple of others; a few somewhat confusing like VOID and then the rest.

What is that thing by Lassitude? It's really good in a whacky sort of way. Point: what's with this underlining albeit and emphasis on it. Are you Kindly Editor or is Deindorfer? Point is I used "albeit" on an English Composition for "even though" and she crossed it out as not existing. Same with the phrase "little own" for "never mind" in a different comp. I was peeved at her.

/"albeit, conj. /ME. al (all, even) be it. Cf. although/ Even though it be; even though; although." "New Century Dictionary", 1952. (Damn stupid teachers....mutter, mutter.) Deindorfer wrote the entire piece; underlining is the accepted typing equivalent of italics. "Little own" must be Canuck; I never heard of it before. RSC/

Larry Williams is the exception. I'd say a maximum of 5% of students read stf with any more fascination than they read westerns.

Pessina is right. I happen to be an exception up here; the average reaction to Cuba among liberal nationalists up here was horror and condemnation for the US, plus rejoicing when the invasion failed.

/I think I'd better surrender on the French & Indian War. RSC/

BETTY KUJAWA, 2819 Caroline, So. Bend 14, Ind. - You know I have a feeling that that deal of letter sweaters for scholars was done in our county here and there -- could swear the kids down at Central High who had done something special in higher math (forget the details) had letter sweaters...course the glee club and the band members and the cheer leaders did, too. Gene had letters coming out of his ear from the swimming victories -- me, nope, no letter for me. (No quips now! About Hester Prynne or anything.)

As I always do I enjoyed ol Gene DeWeese -- his bribery in Egypt at the mortuary etc brings to mind Chicago and more recently Denver where any D.O.A. gets (or got) relieved of any cash, bills, watch or what have you upon arrival at the morgue--that really turns me off, you know? Like these ghouls who (remember one case up in Minnesota) rush to a plane crash and strip the corpses of jewelry and cash in the twinkling of an eye -- to me that's unspeakable.

Thanks for the Norton review, Juanita -- have been buying her books for children of friends for years now -- but must admit I haven't read any myself -- did read one of her westerns once, which wasn't bad at all. The spoof by "Isaac Lassitude" was a real darb, kids! Delighted by the Lupoff article-column -- you know me and movies. Yes, Maria Ouspenskaya -- though frankly to me she always played herself and didn't really "act" a role -- so I would say that in films she wasn't a convincing actress.

/Betty also threw in some comments on "Love And The English" which I think I'll save for the next "Golden Minutes" column. RSC/

LARRY WILLIAMS, 74 Maple Rd., Longmeadow 6, Mass. - I don't think that the prozines help fandom much anyhow. They sometimes tell of a con, but a person who knows nothing of fandom will probably just be bewildered by the mention of a con. They don't review fanzines, or devote editorials to try and get recruits. In general they stay very clear of fandom and any mention of it, with the exception of AMAZING. Fandom and fanzines are often mentioned in its lettercol, but the editor never makes an effort to tell readers what this fandom is all about. I believe that we would exist just as steadily without the prozines as we do now.

Since I'm associated with fandom I hate the post office. You've got a problem there, Phil Harrel. I've had similar experiences. For instance, Ron Haydock sent me six copies of his ESCAPE, one after another, when each didn't get here. I finally told him to give up when the sixth copy didn't get here. This is no simple error. He sent them every possible way, but I received not one. And Jennings' GHOST #12 didn't get here either. Damn that Post Office.

SETH JOHNSON, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, New Jersey - I personally have no use for fallout shelters and would like to remark that most families stand a 30% chance of being too far away at the time of bombing to take advantage of them anyhow. When sleeping they could readily not hear the alarm, when awake chances are they would be working, going to school, shopping or otherwise engaged beyond shooting distance of their shelter.

Really enjoyed Hector Pessina's letter very much. Only why didn't you pub the thing as an article in the first place?
/Cause we need a good lettercolumn more than we need articles. I'd certainly never hear an air raid alarm if I was asleep; fortunately Jua-

nita has fabulous hearing and is a light sleeper. I can sleep through anything; once I even fell out of bed and didn't know it until the next morning. RSC/

LENNY KAYE, 418 Hobart Rd. Sutton Terrace, No. Brunswick, New Jersey - DEA's drawing on page 24 was exceptionally good...reminded me of an old Tibetan priestess. I'd like to send her some issues of OBELISK in an effort to get some artwork from her.

And Kerouac is one of the best modern writers so nyah to you, too. /God help modern writing..... RSC/

A/2c Thomas G. Maylone, AF16638932, 4137 Strategic Wg, SAC, Box 301, Robins AFB, Georgia - Judging from your letter column, you seem to have a wide variety of personalities. Willick doesn't agree with Gerber. Therefore, Gerber is immature. Pilati thinks that everybody who believes in God is an idiot. Everybody has a right to their opinion, but why call names?

I noticed that the spider on page 16 had 10 legs. Another had 3 body sections. Can't help wondering where Barr got his models. /Oh, I got lots of personalities; they're making a movie of my life and calling it The Three Faces Of Adam..... Fans enjoy calling names; works off their everyday frustrations, like. RSC/

GEORGE WILLOCK, 856 East St., Madison, Ind. - What gripes me a little is that I withdrew from the religion fight back there several months ago because you said it should stop and then it went on....sooo I thought I might as well join in...and WHAM the knife.

/A little persecution is good for the soul.....RSC/

I received the Who's Who circular as probably did the rest of the fans you mentioned. I didn't send it in for one reason; on the top was listed a deadline for return...it was already a month past. So I filed the form in the can. Possibly this happened to others.

John Trimble makes two very interesting remarks. "And while we'll get some flying saucer nuts, spiritualists, opportunists, pseudo-intellectuals, and the like...." and then follows this with "We certainly aren't going to lose anything." So true. He knows his club better than I.

/George has lots more comments but I gotta cut somebody. Make a note, Broyles; if you put a deadline on your circulars you gotta send them out before it's past...or at least cross it out on the ones you do send out afterwards. RSC/

ROY TACKETT, Iwakuni, Japan - I'm a little bit dubious about all this flap about fallout shelters. It strikes me as more of a propaganda and/or moneymaking gimmick than anything else. No expert on fallout am I but the training I've had in radiological defense causes me to view the whole thing with a bit of suspicion. From what I have been taught, the radiation from such as fallout is, in the main, alpha and beta particles which are something less than penetrating; both can be stopped by the skin. The danger from these lies in getting them inside the body where they can do all sorts of damage to the soft tissues. Some sort of air conditioning should be necessary but other than that a house should be protection enough against fallout. Precautions have to be taken with food and water, of course. As for gamma radiation, which is going to come right on into that concrete hole in the ground anyway; if one is close enough to ground zero to get a heavy dose of gamma one doesn't have to worry about it; one is in the blast area anyway.