

YANDRO



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YANDRO #108

ninth anniversary — VOL. X — NO. 1 —



Published by Robert & Juanita
Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Ind.
British agent: Alan Dodd, 77
Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon,

JANUARY '62

Herts., England. Price: USA - 20¢ @, 12 for \$2.

Price: England - 15d @, 12 for 12/- . Price: Elsewhere - 2 for 45¢ or
12 for \$2.25. Price: George - \$2. That's 108 monthly issues since
February 1953, object proof of the insanity of science fiction fandom.

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Vote for Scithers! He's a Good Man...only he isn't a candidate -



Last year Big Hearted Howard printed up a bunch of gag calling cards for Bruce reading: HELP! I AM A PRISONER IN A FANZINE FACTORY! Well, the tad probably truly thinks this by now; since the first of the year, I've run Vic Ryan's BANE, our FAPA zine, and now this....the family phrase is becoming - "Quiet!! Mama's counting!" I'd hate to imagine what the state of my nerves might be by now if I didn't like to mimeograph....I can't imagine anyone doing this if he didn't like it.

I've never understood why I hit it off so well with all machines - except our car. Perhaps it was because I tagged the thing Lucifer last year (well it is a sort of sooty black; less kind types might simply call it dirty, but we know better, don't we?).....maybe it took me seriously. Whenever we are driving anywhere, Milwaukee, fan gabs, Fort Wayne, whatever....if either the car or the weather acts up, it's when I take over the wheel. Buck recounted his misadventures getting to the techwriting conference in Minneapolis, but he didn't add that I was supposed to pick him up at the Fort Wayne airport; as a result of the airline goofs, I drove over there, waited and waited, struggled through two hours of badly garbled telephone messages and finally got the word on what was going on, then drove back, trying to find the correct cut-off on a state highway that was brandnew to me - horrors unbounded. Then the day I was supposed to have my eye exam in a town fifteen miles north, we had a freezing rain and I had a flat tire.

Of course, Buck thinks the car hates him.

Maybe it hates both of us. It just isn't a fan.

Friends, fans, correspondents and similars of Bob Farnham, please see his letter in GRUMBLINGS this issue.

Arrived in the mail today from Don Franson is A KEY TO THE TERMINOLOGY OF SCIENCE-FICTION FANDOM. It is initially distributed to the N3F, but it says here additional or extra copies (presumably for non-members) may be had by sending 20¢ to Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California. It's a half-size booklet, decently mimeo'd, and seems to be a condensed version of the Neofan's Guide. New readers and others confused by elements of fanspeak could do much worse than to send for a copy.....if you're planning to stay around this madhouse called fandom, a ground rule book of the slanguage seems most handy.

Sometime during Phyllis' annual blizzard party (held January 6 this year and very appropriately named - Milwaukee got 14.5 inches of snow that weekend) I suddenly realized that Chicon III will really be a landmark for me. Somewhere in the back of my alleged mind, I suppose I realized the real splash into fandom, for me, began at Chicon II, but it hadn't wandered forward into my consciousness. It was my first convention, and even being as far out of it as the usual neo, I got a terrific bang out of the entire thing. So much of a bang, that by the turn of the year, I'd managed to help form a local fanclub, and by February I had put out the first issue of this.

First issue - one page. One page! The very idea boggles right now. When you enjoy doing something, you aren't aware of the passage of time, or at least I'm not. It hardly seems possible that Chicon III will mark

ten full years in fandom, and close to ten years' publishing activity. It doesn't feel ten years -- meaning I suppose that I feel the same enthusiasm for the field I did in my neoish days. Probably, this indicates a case of arrested development, but as long as it's enjoyable, I hope I never outgrow it.

Now and then young fans coming in and or up ask how on earth do you get a hundred issues behind, or fifty issues, or ten? I imagine Buz and Elinor get the same queries. Frankly, I don't know. I can tell you more or less how we got them, but whether or not it would work for anyone else, I couldn't say. I never liked to edit - not articles, fiction, etc.; I started this whole thing because I found out I liked to cut stencils, I like to handle stencils, I like to print stencils. To me, the most fascinating smells in the world are a freshly opened package of stencils, a just-opened can of mimeo ink, and the faintly sawdusty smell of Twilltone paper fuzz collecting at the edges of the mimeo feed tray. My interest in an issue dies once it is mimeoed.....I don't mind collating, but it is more a matter of manual inefficiency than the actual emotional kick I get from printing. I would enjoy YAN more if I did not have to print quite so many sheets of each page; the number of stencils doesn't constitute work - it is the matter of boredom once one has passed the 75 or 100 sheet mark on each page: by that time I know how the stencil will print and I've ironed out any inking problems and the remaining 100 or so sheets become so much work until I'm ready to put on a new stencil and see how that prints.

In other words, my formula for putting out a lot of issue consistently involves finding someone who hates the mechanics of fanzining but likes to edit, much as Buck took over that annoying chore and left me to my stencil doodling. (and of course marrying this complementary fan who likes the jobs you hate is the surest method of maintaining the association).....and then love to print, to cut stencils and run them.

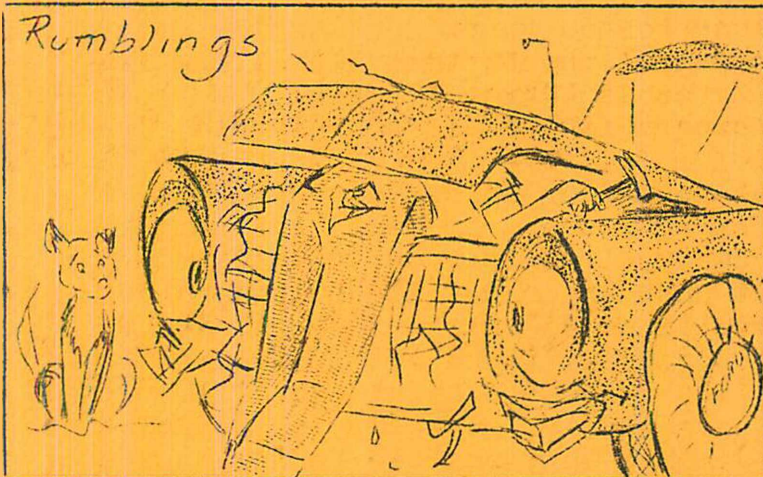
I realize ten years is a drop in the bucket to some of the old-time fans reading this, but I've about decided after this long, if it's still as much fun, it's going to take something awfully drastic, such as the Bomb, to get me out of fandom and fan publishing.

Doesn't it make you feel sorry for mundania?

I think I'd better get busy teaching Bruce there are people who won't understand certain things, or he's going to have a horrible time come school age in another year or so. He's in the drawing picture and have Mama write the name on it stage. Of course, they don't look like pictures to an adult, but don't stifle creativity and all that.....one masterpiece looked like an explosion in a crayon factory to me, but he insisted it was A Thunderstorm, and in the impressionistic sense, it was probably a very accurate interpretation. The one that bothered me was the potato with arms, legs, eyes and teeth, which he insisted I caption a Mama Monster. He has a quite fond attitude toward Bems and Dinosaurs.....many kids do, of course, but unless he has a hep teacher, this may lead to problems in communication....

Fan children learn in odd ways, inevitably. Zotz is interchangeable with bang bang, danger is synonymous with meteor, and because he's learning numbers and number concepts via a deck of playing cards, he has a habit of thinking the number ten is followed by jack, queen, king - I have to do something about this, obviously.

Ten below forecast for tonight, we ran out of mimeo paper, the landlord is on a wrecking binge again and is tearing down his barn with an axe, the wind is west-southwest at 30 mph and I hope you are the same.



If this editorial sounds even more disjointed than usual, put it down to the fact that The Bullwinkle Show is visible and audible at the moment and my typing seat faces the tv set.

The Campbell item in this issue was originally presented as his opening remarks on the "Who Killed Science Fiction?" panel at the Pittcon. When I dashed up afterwards (panting slightly), Campbell informed me that

he never bothered with a written speech or notes, but I was welcome to transcribe somebody's tape recording if I wanted to. Silently cursing all brilliant extemporaneous speakers, I made a deal with Frank Dietz. Frank copied the appropriate section of his Pittcon tape for us, Juanita transcribed the tape, and I cut the results on stencil. A hearty thanks to Frank for getting us the original material.

After getting Ed Wood's article mit graph, I did a bit of correlating of my own. My results: if the population of the host city is over 4 million (total population of the metropolitan area), con attendance will be between 800 and 1000. If the city population is between 1 and 4 million, con attendance will be between 400 and 600. If the city population is under 1 million, con attendance will be 200 to 300. Check it out for yourself; the only exceptions are London (which is a special deal and which didn't work out on Ed's graph, either) and the 1953 Philcon -- and Philly is close to the huge metropolitan areas along the east coast. There's an easy way to settle this, however; wait for the results of the forthcoming Chicon. By Ed's graph, attendance should be no more than last year and probably less; by my chart it should be not less than 800 people. (Attendance will probably be somewhere in between 200 and 800, since there is no such thing as a single cause in any human equation, but if it's over 500 I think that Ed will have been proved wrong. Otherwise he may be basically right.)

Shortly after last issue appeared we received a letter commenting on what has become known as the Lee Thorin case. Unfortunately, it was unsigned and there was no return address on the envelope. Now this may well have been accidental; we often get letters without return addresses and equally often we get letters that are unsigned, simply because the writer forgot to go get a ball-point after typing the thing. It isn't impossible that a writer could forget both. However, I am not about to publish any anonymous letters. If the writer wants his name withheld from our readers, okay; but I have to know who he is, or I don't publish.

Avram Davidson commented somewhere that he got a lot more response to his fanzine writings than he did to his professional work. Of course, if he'd write for prozines containing letter columns he might do a little better.... Anyway, I suspect him of writing "The Hovel on the Alley off Eye Street" (F&SF, Feb.) just to test his readers' reactions. I can picture him twirling his beard and muttering "If they don't comment

on this one, I grannies, I'll give up." The thing reads like a cross between one of his letters to CRY and a fanzine story by Robert Bloch. (With a slight touch of Poul Anderson's translations from Old High Norwegian tossed in.) Or in other words, it doesn't make any sense at all, but it's certainly a lot of fun to read.

Issue #106 of YANDRO apparently disappeared into the cavernous maw of the postal department; we're still receiving plaintive queries about its non-arrival at various addresses. We did have extra copies; quite a few of them, in fact. Unfortunately, we didn't have quite enough. At the moment, Bob Lichtman and Juniata Bonifas are missing their copies; if you have one to dispose of, think of them. (Juniata's address is in the lettercolumn; Bob's is 6137 So. Croft, Los Angeles 36.)

A brief word about this year's TAFF candidates. Ethel Lindsay and Eddie Jones are running; both are good people and I'd be delighted to meet either one of them. Eddie did quite a bit of artwork for us, sending most of his stuff via Alan Dodd. This was several years ago; the pressures of professional work took him pretty well out of fandom for a time and he hasn't contacted us since he returned to the fold. Ethel has been putting out an excellent fanzine for the past couple or 3 years and writing charming letters. I'm afraid it's a case of "what have you done for us lately?" -- I won't be bitterly disappointed if Eddie wins, but I'm backing Ethel. For one thing, I know her better; I never felt as though I was really acquainted with Eddie, even when he was sending us artwork. I don't know how they appear in person, but Ethel comes across much better in print. ETHEL LINDSAY FOR TAFF!

To those of you I owe letters to; the only way I can get an Annish done is to drop all other fan activity and do it. When I take a break from cutting stencils, I have no intention of spending it writing letters; I don't want any reminders of fandom. Once this is out of the way I'll get back to correspondence.

Circulation of all stfmags seems to be up a couple of thousand, with F&SF making the only significant gain. When GALAXY comes out with its statement I'll run a table of circulation; probably in the next issue. (I see that Ackerman's FAMOUS MONSTERS reports 120,000; not bad. But AMERICAN HERITAGE, which costs \$3 a copy off the newsstands and \$2 each if you subscribe, reports a circulation of 331,000. Americans have money to spend on magazines; now if we could only give stf a little prestige....)

Unlike Ted White, I kept my Doubleday book club membership (4 hardcovers a year; that's not too many) and so acquired "Stranger In A Strange Land" at a pretty reasonable price (if a pb edition does come out I'll bet it will be tagged at 75¢ or higher). However, after waiting some time, I gave up on "Starship Troopers" and jumped at the chance to get the British pb version from Antonio Dupla. Naturally, this edition arrived about a week after I'd forgotten about it and bought the Signet. Oh well, Heinlein is worth two copies. (Two copies, that's not too...oh, the hell with it.)

You're getting this issue late; one reason is that I had to spend all our money on auto repairs and didn't have anything left for stamps. Cheers, and may you not have to do the same. RSC

ART'S - ENGINEER

BY *redd boggs*

As loyal sons of the United States, worried silly about Russia's scientific and technological lead over us, I'm sure we all feel that too much attention is being paid to the "Science Fiction" part of ANALOG and far too little to the "Science Fact". I'm sure that we all feel, deep down inside, that we had damn well better start taking notice of what John W. Campbell and his experts have to say or else suffer the consequences. In an effort to help the cause of scientific enlightenment in America I have decided to contribute this disquisition as sort of a footnote to Mr. Randall Garrett's penetrating article in the December 1961 ANALOG, both as an encouragement to Mr. Garrett and to those who faunch madly to discuss science in fanzines.

Remember, however, that -- to paraphrase Mr. Garrett -- I am, primarily, a fan, not a medical man, and I am therefore not fully qualified to evaluate the important psychiatric manifestations that one can detect lying deep within the average ANALOG article or editorial: the wishful thinking, the unconscious substitution, the psychological disassociation that shapes them. I can only hope that what I am discussing it really "Science Fact" and not (as I have a feeling it is) a mislabelled hunk of "Science Fiction".

Not that I want to cast the smallest shadow of doubt on the veracity of the report. Mr. Randall Garrett is well known throughout the World of the Mind (as he, with his gift for telling phrases, might call it) as a model of honesty, integrity, and dependability; his purity of motive, high intellect, and powers of sober observation are beyond cavil second to none. But I do want to point out that, after all, his report is a completely subjective one, an eye-witness report from the viewpoint of a single observer. We all know how prone to error a single observer always is, no matter how honest and intelligent. Thus we cannot in all conscience accept Mr. Garrett's unsupported word that everything in his account must be accounted the 14-kt. truth. To quote Mr. Garrett: "This is what they call science? Heavens to Betsy!"

For those of you who haven't yet read Mr. Garrett's remarkable treatise, I should mention, first of all, that it is a report -- written in the simple-minded naive and slapdash style of Ralph Ingersoll's one-time newspaper PM -- of a trip to Milford, Connecticut, to "dig up more information" about the dowsing rods used by the Milford water works for locating buried pipes. John W. Campbell wrote the first article about them in the issue of October, 1958. The most startling information Mr. Garrett brought back from his recent expedition is that the Milford water department now relies on an electronic pipe-locator which they have found "is superior to these rods", and makes use of the heralded dowsing rods only when the machine "is up for repairs". (They do not say how often this happens. Once very seven years?)

But the most interesting part of the article deals with Mr. Garrett's one-man assault on the ramparts of Yale University, "only a few miles away" from Milford. Seeking to be enlightened "as to how these things work", he gets -- according to the blurb for the article -- "what can best be described as 'a well-documented run-around'" from two Yale professors who consent to give him "a little of their valuable time". Mr.

Garrett recounts two embarrassing encounters where both participants seem to be talking at cross-purposes and are unable to reach a common ground on which to argue. Happily, both professors manage to brush him off before any unfortunate incident occurs, and Mr. Garrett returns to New York, fuming and mumbling.

Now then. As we have already noted, there may be a few facts in this account which Mr. Garrett, with all the good intentions in the world, may possibly have concealed or distorted. Possibly another view of the same events, or part of them, may shed new light on the curious affair. As luck would have it, I may be able to provide such a second viewpoint. At any rate, as my contribution to the cause of American science, I want to read into the record a curious document that reached my hands by devious means only recently. It purports to be the diary of the late Dr. Artemus Clapsattle, a member of the faculty of Fook U, an Ivy League school of international renown located at Ex, Conn. Dr. Clapsattle died of mysterious causes only last month shortly after wildly alleging to the campus police that someone had broken into his office for the sole purpose of stealing some fingernail parings from his ashtray.

Though the names are different, they may well have been garbled in translation -- the diary was written in a difficult code that took strenuous efforts to crack. Although I cannot claim that this document is pertinent and significant, I feel that one entry in the diary is at least suggestive, and I offer it for what it's worth. I refer to an entry dealing with an incident that occurred shortly after the beginning of the fall term. Here it is, without comment or emendation:

October 5th -- Today a very strange thing happened to me during my 1:00 - 2:00 office hour. The four tranquilizers I had gulped just before lunch hadn't seemed to have any effect, and I couldn't even concentrate on the PLAYBOY I had just purchased, although the Playmate was a buxom redhead with green eyes. I have been very nervous and jumpy of late, and I was just wondering if I could get Torkelson to take my 2:00 class so I could slip down to Delaney's for a couple of quick ones when the door was flung open and a burly young man in beard, beret, t-shirt and Bermuda shorts, with an opera cape flying from his shoulders, burst into my office. He looked as though he was an escapee from an asylum, and for all I know, he may have been. Before I could utter a scream he aimed a camera at me and shot off a bulb in my face. The resulting photograph probably depicts me in a very blurred state, diving under my desk, where I remained for several minutes.

"Wh-who are you? Wh-what do you want of me?" I managed to gulp, peeking out warily. The thought flashed through my mind that he was a private detective hired by Anastasia to dig up evidence as to my unfortunate affair with that strip-tease dancer in Jersey City. Miss Meg Aton, as she called herself, a divine creature with cascading red hair and sea-green eyes and -- but I mustn't dwell on an episode in my life that is closed forever.

"Talk inna mike, prof," the young man boomed, holding some sort of humming gadget toward me. "Unnerstan'? Come out of there and take it easy, huh? I come here to innerview you, like. I just come up from the fair city of --"

I have never been in Jersey City in my life," I said with some dignity, wiping my sweating palms on my trousers.

"Jersey City? Jersey City?" The young man's rather stupid face went three degrees stupider. "Who said anything about Jersey City? Nah, I just got in from Izecrium, Conn. Know where that is, prof? It's only a

few miles from here, but I know you PhD types; you get buried in your lab and never get hip to what's goin' on off-campus."

"I know where it is," I said, beginning to breathe a little easier. "I used to live there a few years ago. That was before I met..." I paused cagily. No use giving anything away.

"Talk inna mike, prof. Say that's interestin'. Fine town, ain't it? How come you moved away, prof? I bet it griped you to see them puttin' divin' rods to good use, huh? All you PhD types is ostriches."

By this time I had rallied sufficiently to crawl out from under my desk and stand up. The finger I pointed at him quivered only a little. "Sir, who are you? What do you mean by bursting into my office like this? Will you go quietly or shall I -- throw you out?" I said this last rather weakly, suddenly conscious of the fact that he outweighed me by a good fifty pounds.

"Speak up, prof," he barked. "All this is goin' down on tape, see? My name's Al Rand, aka Phil Marks." He paused after pronouncing each of these names, as if I should recognize one or the other. I didn't. "I got a camera, a battery operated tape recorder, and last but a hell of a long way from least, a whole slew of questions."

Now the thought occurred to me that the fellow might have some connection with the publicity campaign Dr. Ridnikkitsch has recently launched in order to convince the regents that the department should be allowed a more liberal budget next year. "You are a journalist -- a reporter?" I asked.

"Now you got it, prof! These words you're sayin' will be read and weighed by your colleagues, practicin' scientists, and informed laymen -- gentlemen amatoors, we like to call 'em -- all over the world. Do you realize that we sold six copies last month at Oak Ridge? Another was stole off the newsstand."

"Dear me! A magazine wishes to interview me? Are you from FLAYBOY or ROGUE? Or only a cheap magazine like THE NEW REPUBLIC?"

Mr. Al Rand looked annoyed. "Nothin' cheap about my mag, prof. It costs 50¢ a copy. You see, I belong to -- " Here he said the title of his magazine. I forget what it was.

"I'm afraid I never heard of it," I said politely, "but I'm sure you are very proud of it. I must read a copy someday."

The young man frowned and pulled a magazine from the waistband of his Bermuda shorts. "You never heard of this magazine? I should'a known you PhD guys wouldn't read nothin' but the PHI KAPPA BETA JOURNAL or whatever it is. Intellectual snobs, all of you. Hey, give me 50¢ and you can take this copy home and read it. Do you good, dad -- maybe convert you, although, Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle shows there's a chance it won't work."

I glanced at the magazine as he held it up for my inspection, and instantly decided I didn't want to be interviewed by its reporter. It featured a typically lurid cover painting -- a fantastic beast and such fairy-tale stuff -- with a lurid blurb in red letters splashed across it. My eyes were immediately attracted to the name of the editor, mentioned prominently up in one corner. "John W. Campbell," I mused aloud. "Haven't I heard of him before?" I searched my memory. Then it came to me. "Why, he's the fellow who had a whole chapter devoted to him in FADS AND FALLACIES IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE, by Martin Gardner. Do you know him? He must be a riot to talk to. I once knew a chap who's now in the state -- "

My voice trailed away. As I mentioned the title of the Gardner

book. Rand flinched so violently that he dropped his little gadget, which crashed to the floor. As he bent down to retrieve it, a shiny coil of brown tape whipped out and looped around his neck, followed by another and another. In a moment he was festooned in coils of tape, like a mummy in some horror movie. I leaned back and lit my pipe, my fascinated gaze riveted on this novel scene. Finally he managed to grab hold of the little gizmo and hurled it with all his strength at the wall. Plaster, plastic, and metal showered around the room, but the gadget stopped humming and ceased to cast out choking coils of tape. The man tore away the last encumbering strands around him and tottered over to a chair.

"Never - never - say no dirty word like the title of that Gardner book," he pleaded solemnly. "What if Conde Nast read the book and found out he had been mixed up in a thing like dianetics? Now," he said, gaining control of himself by a visible effort, "where were we? Oh yeah. You say you once lived in Izecrium, Conn., prof. I better write that down." He fished a scrap of paper from the wastebasket and a stub of pencil from his sandals.

"Yes, I lived in Izecrium, Conn.," I admitted. "I moved away when the taxes went up again. They've got the highest taxes of any city in New England, you know. The city's notorious for graft and gross inefficiency. Most of the taxpayers' dollars go to line the pockets of the mayor and the city hall bunch. Then too -- are you getting all this down?" I asked, seeing that his pencil wasn't moving.

"Er, I don't guess none of this is important," he muttered. "I don't suppose you knew the head of the Izecrium water department, prof?"

"No, I didn't. Kleinkopf, was it?"

"Yeah, that's the name. So you did know him."

I shook my head. "Kleinkopf was just a guess, but a good one. All the city offices are held by the mayor's family -- all of them incompetents who failed at garbage collecting before the old man bought an election."

A vague look of alarm began to move into the vacancy of Al Rand's face. I went on. "The worst thing about living in that town, however, is that the streets were always dug up. You mention the water department, young man. I never saw a more inefficient gang in my life. Did you watch them at work? No? Too bad -- they're all ex-garbagemen and expert goof-offs to boot, and take five times as long to finish a project as any other bunch I ever heard of. The street in front of my house was dug up for seven months straight while they tried to connect on to the main for a new development. They couldn't seem to locate -- What? Are you leaving?"

Al Rand's face looked a little green. It looked better that way. "Yeah yeah, prof. I think I'll go over to the psychology department. I think this thing is up their alley."

I think so too, and you've got a very good idea there," I said ap-
provingly. "Goodbye, Mr. Rand, and close the door as you leave."

As soon as he was gone, I phoned Dikran Tokrasillo in Psych and warned him to expect a visitor. "...a nut of some kind. Be sure to mention Gardner's book FADS AND FALLACIES to him. I guarantee you'll get a great reaction there for your book on oddballs."

I decided to take my 2 o'clock class after all. The experience with Mr. Rand had cheered me up somehow. Only one thing puzzled me; why had he picked on me? Just because I have an office in the Physics building, do you suppose he thought I was a physicist? It must be; why else would he pick on a poor associate professor of gynecology?

PLAYBOY and the Three Wishes

fiction by — GEORGE SCITHERS —

One moment the room had been dimly lit by the light of two candles, smelling faintly of incense, its single occupant reading aloud as he sat in the midst of a tangle of colored chalk lines on the floor. One moment it had been cold, quiet, and musty — the next, warm, alive and sulphurous as a tall, wide figure suddenly materialized in a swirl of wind.

"Ha-Choo!" the figure sneezed. "Let's have some light around here. I can't see my tail in front of my face in this candlelight."

Mouth open, the room's original occupant watched wordlessly as the figure strode with an easy grace around the room, flicking on the electric lights.

"Hah. That's better." The figure threw himself into a chair, which creaked alarmingly at his muscular weight, sneezed again, ran one finger along a nearby, book cluttered table, and blew the dust from his finger. "No wonder there's dust in the air. Don't you ever clean up around here?" He sprang restlessly to his feet again, stamped over to the fireplace, jerked the screen aside, and started to lay a fire. "Do you always keep it this cold here?" he grumbled. "Get me some more wood."

Too startled to do anything else, the room's owner scurried to obey. He returned with a load of wood in his skinny arms to find six feet of devil comfortably stretched out in front of a roaring fire, lazily paging through a book while gnawing on a ham which had evidently come from the refrigerator.

"That's fine," rumbled the demon. "Toss a couple into the fire and put the rest into the basket."

"Now look," stammered the other. "I — I didn't call you here just to feed you and make you comfortable. You're supposed to do my bidding," he added, his voice growing steadier as he went along.

The demon raised one eyebrow, then rose to his feet to tower over the youth. "I'm supposed to do what?" he growled.

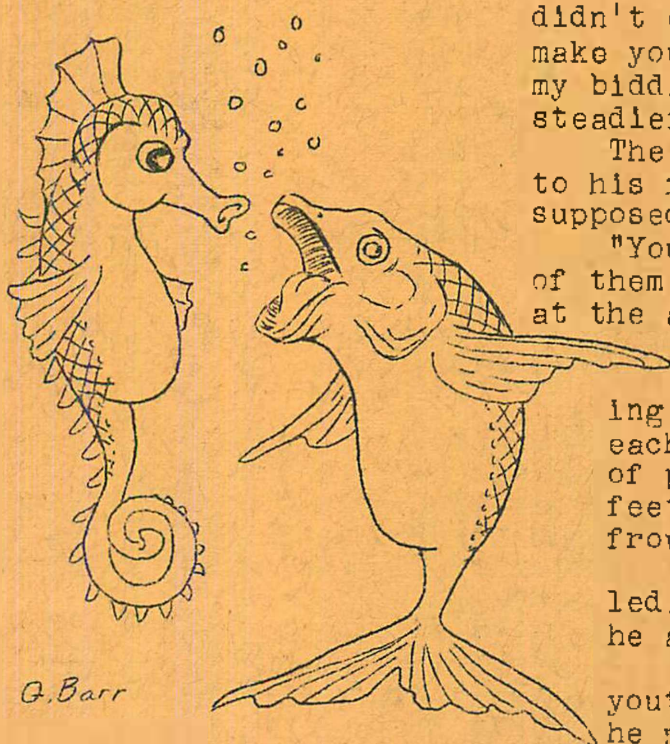
"You're supposed to grant me wishes, 3 of them," the thin youth replied, looking up at the angry face above him.

"Oh, yeah?" snarled the demon.

"Y-yes," stammered the youth, holding his ground. They stood glaring at each other for a long moment, six feet of powerful devil and five and a half feet of puny human. Suddenly the demon's frown relaxed into a broad grin.

"You don't scare easily," he chuckled. "My name's Grelthu, what's yours?" he added, putting out a big hand.

"I'm Ratbammer — Don Ratbammer," the youth replied with a grin of relief as he put out his hand to meet the warm,



powerful grip of Grelthu. "Usually I do scare, but..."

"You'd be surprised how many get panicked," laughed the demon. He retrieved the ham from the floor with a negligent swipe of his tail, sat down in front of the fireplace again, and took a couple of bites. He grinned a bit sheepishly, adding, "Besides, I'm hungry. And it was cold in here. Got any more?" he asked, tossing the bare bone into the fire and jumping to his feet again.

"That was a fifteen pound ham," complained Don, with a good-natured frown. "Would have lasted me for weeks. Besides, it wouldn't be that cold if you'd wear clothes."

"Well, there's more of me to keep fed," laughed Grelthu, slapping his broad, bare, crimson chest. "And I'm not one of those suave characters that mosey around in evening suits. Pitchforking's more in my line." He strode restlessly across the room, perched himself on a table. "What gave you the idea of calling on a demon?"

"I've always had this old book of grandfather's," Don explained. "But I've always been afraid to use it - you know how all the stories go - the demon always wins when the wisher makes some mistake or other."

"Yes, of course," chuckled Grelthu. "I remember one time... but I'd better not. Go ahead."

"And of course there was Grandfather - nobody ever found out what became of him. Anyway, I didn't dare until I found a foolproof method."

"You figured this out all by yourself?"

"Not exactly. I read of it in a story." Don struck an impressive pose as his skinny frame would allow, and started: "For my first wish, I....."

"Where did you say you read this?" interrupted the demon.

"I think I'd better not say until I've wished," said Don hesitantly. "I wish --"

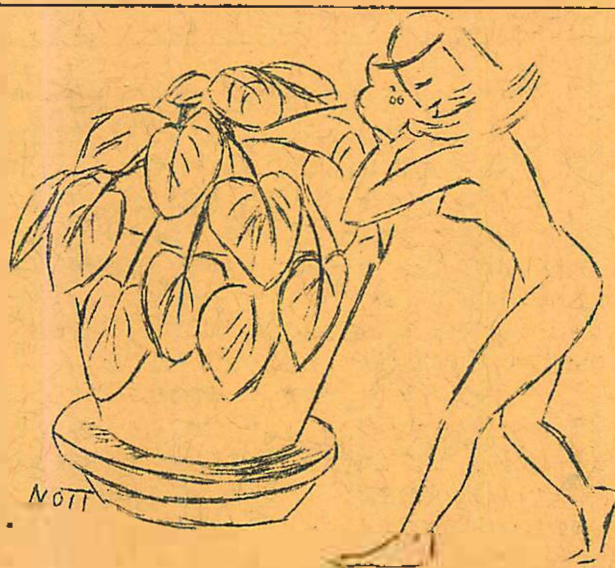
"Very commendable caution," chuckled Grelthu in his deep voice. He jumped down from the table and started to pace the room with a tigerish stride. "First, I'd better read the rules -- saves time and all." He began to read from a piece of parchment that was suddenly in his hands.

"First, the wisher is allowed three and only three wishes. He may ask procedural questions. He cannot, however, obtain good advice except in response to a wish, which will, of course, be charged against his three. Wishes for more wishes are null and void, and will not be charged for. Once the demon is summoned, all three wishes must be made within a reasonable time. The wisher may not be harmed by the demon, (although the demon is allowed to make threats and give harmful, unwished-for advice) until the wishes have been made and accomplished." Grelthu's hands were suddenly empty again.

"And after the wishing?" asked Don, a slight quaver in his voice.

"That depends on the wishes," replied Grelthu with a grin that would have been more reassuring if it hadn't had so many sharp teeth in it.

"I wish you would love me, permanently and unselfishly," announced



Don.

"Granted," said Grelthu. "Where did you say you got this idea?"

Don pointed to a well-thumbed copy of PLAYBOY on the table. "It's in a story called 'Nelthu'," he explained.

"Oh, yes, poor Nelthu. We get F&SF, of course, but I knew Mr. Boucher had sold it to PLAYBOY." Grelthu picked up the magazine, leafed through it slowly. He leaned up against the wall, examining the fold-out page.

"For my second wish," Don paused, then tried again in a louder tone; "For my second wish -- "

"Oops, sorry," said Grelthu, looking up from the magazine, "but that Playmate...." He turned the magazine, and Don grinned appreciatively. "Mind if I take this with me?"

"Go ahead - I'm going to try for real ones," Don replied. "For my second wish I - I wish I was handsome and - and as big and strong as you are," he finished with an envious glance at the demon's powerful physique.

"Granted," said Grelthu, and Don suddenly found himself as tall, as wide, and, after a glance at the mirror to check, as handsome as he could have wished. Unfortunately, he was too tall and too wide for his clothes; his legs were too long for his pants and his newly broadened chest and shoulders had simply burst his shirt.

"Hmm. Looks like you should have got undressed first," said Grelthu. "Want me to fix your clothes for you?"

"Later, maybe. First I want to make sure nothing can go wrong when you're not around to take care of emergencies. I wish that my body will be immediately repaired if anything goes wrong - accident, old age, disease; anything."

"Granted. Let's see now; you've wished, first, that I will love you, permanently and unselfishly."

"But not - ah, you know, not -- " interrupted Don.

"Of course not! What do you think I am, anyway?"

Don started to shrink back before the angry demon; then, suddenly realizing his new strength and stature, he straightened up, looked Grelthu in the eye, and grinned. "A fiend, of course."

Grelthu threw his head back and laughed. "True, true. Now then, by your second wish you are as big and strong as I, and as handsome as you desire -- which is a lot for one wish, but no matter. By your third wish, your body will be kept in perpetual repair. You have your three wishes - but," he added with a wave of his tail, "I have you."

Don felt himself falling - down, down, down into a red-tinged blackness.

He woke to find himself chained to the top of a rude stone table, in a landscape lit by distant, flickering red lights; a table surrounded by demons and Things, some with knives and forks, others too well equipped with teeth and claws to need such artificial aids, and all of them looking hungry.

"As guest of honor, Grelthu was saying to a distinguished looking demon who sat at the head of the table, "Will your wickedness say the cursing before we begin?"

"Wait, wait," cried Don desperately, struggling against his chains. "I commanded you to love me unselfishly. What am I doing here?"

Grelthu chuckled. "What is your favorite food?"

"But what does that have to do -- it's apple pie."

"And how well do you like apple pie?" asked Grelthu.

"I love....."

WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION?

— SPEECH BY — JOHN W. CAMPBELL —

When I originally answered the questionnaire when it was sent, I said, "Who killed science fiction? I didn't know it was dead." I have not found that it was dead. I found that it was doing fine.

On further investigation into this subject, I did some careful thinking about it, and I believe I can give you some answers as to who killed science fiction. Basically, it seems to me the answer is the hard core science fiction fans are the ones who killed science fiction. It's interesting to have Ted here confirm my feeling, saying he discovered that for six months after coming to a science fiction convention he couldn't write any science fiction.

Let me point out to you - there have been complaints that science fiction has lost the sense of wonder that it used to have. I have observed recently that they're not making the years as well as they used to. They used to last longer. They wore better. They keep getting -- they wear out so much faster now. The summers aren't as long, either. We used to have some really good winters. I can remember the snow used to be over my head. You don't get that any more. Look, folks, you're growing up. You, not science fiction, have lost your sense of wonder. Science fiction isn't dead. It's just as good as it ever was. It's just different.

I run into more resistance every time I try to introduce any change in science fiction. I've been in this field now for over twenty years as an editor and for over thirty years as an author. I am very acutely aware of two powerful, opposing forces in this field of science fiction. One is the opposition of orthodox science - Forrest Ray Moulton in 1930 saying the very idea of interplanetary voyages is utter nonsense, anyone who knows anything about physics is fully aware that it is utterly impossible, and forever will be. The other force of opposition is the hard core fan. He knows what science fiction is. Unfortunately, there is a tendency for that "is" to become an absolutely, rigidly frozen, and solid helium IS, and it won't move. Science fiction is a frontier literature and the essence of any frontier is - it's temporary. It's got to keep moving. There have been many changes made in science fiction in the course of twenty years. Any time it stops changing, it will be dead.

Another item I want to call to your attention - science fiction hard core fandom has many times described what they want in the way of a real, ideal science fiction magazine. It should be slick, large size, illustrated by the old favorites, like Paul, Wesso -- Any of you recognize what I'm describing? SCIENCE FICTION PLUS. It dropped dead. Every science fiction magazine that has run a fan review column, which, of course, all the hard core fans want in a magazine - every single one of them, without exception, has dropped dead.

Now I ask you, on the basis of the evidence, who killed science fiction? The hard core fans. They don't want any changes. They don't want anything new introduced into their favorite field. They gripe, they carp, they criticize whenever anybody introduces anything new. But look, science fiction is a dynamic, frontier literature. No matter what new factor is introduced, they hard core fans gripe. They want it to drop dead and stay where it was - the way they liked it. I'm sorry, but I just can't bring back your own youth. It can't be done. You'll find the years keep getting shorter and shorter, that the old things just aren't



as good as they used to be. The apples aren't as big. Why, when I was a kid, apples were almost as big as my head. They don't come that way any more. Well, catch on to the fact - things have got to change. To the extent that it has not changed, it has indeed dropped dead. I haven't found that science fiction is dead. It hasn't been killed. It's just moved off into a new area. And if it doesn't continue to move, it will be dead.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS: "...Gordon was amazed to find himself slowly being overcome by an emotion of dread so intense that it verged upon sheer fear."

...Hal K. Wells, "The Gate To Xoran", ASTOUNDING STORIES OF SUPER SCIENCE, January, 1931

GOLDEN MINUTES

by RSC

Actually, I haven't been reading much stf lately; just finished Barrie Pitt's "Zeebrugge" (the World War I raid, pubbed by Ballantine) and am about halfway thru Xenophon's "Anabasis" (the W.H.D. Rouse translation published by Mentor). Then there was the Avon edition of Carlos Romulo's autobiography, "I Walked With Heroes", and Tom Scortia's novel, "What Mad Oracle" (published by Regency, and I hereby suggest that it be subtitled "Night Life Of An Engineer"). All of them very fine books (except the last, which might have been good before Regency got hold of it) but not science fiction.

However, a few stf books have been published. Lessee. Pyramid has reprinted THE FALLING TORCH, by Algis Budrys, for 40¢. (And this time, the cover of the second edition is a vast improvement over the first one.) Budrys is one of the few stf authors who is interested in actually saying something. This time, he has comments to make about leadership, power, and the use of violence. While he hasn't succeeded in writing a really vital book, it's a relief to get a story with some meat on it, for a change. A few awkward spots can be overlooked. The characterizations of the Earth Government in Exile and the Underground leaders give one the uncomfortable feeling that they were drawn from life.

Brian Aldiss has let his Beacon success go to his head and perpetrated something called "The Primal Urge" for Ballantine at 50¢. Somehow, sex, stf, and Ballantine don't seem to mix; my prime urge was to chuck the whole thing. A stinker, by any criterion.

Ace has published THE OUTLAWS OF MARS (a sequel to the earlier SWORDS-MAN OF MARS) by Otis Adelbert Kline, in a 35¢ edition. I must admit that I enjoyed this creaky old melodrama, but it's primarily for the very young and the very nostalgic.

NIGHT RIDE

— fiction by — / — rog ebert

The man had beads of sweat standing on his face, and he was shouting at you over the people's heads. You pushed up to the front and saw the thousand wooden boxes of sweet lavender perfume he was peddling, and you felt sick.

It made them think of everyone's clothes closet, and of sugar-water too long in the sun. They thought of dead flowers; it bothered you. They thought of funerals, of weddings, of fresh sticky hair tonic. These things reminded them of lavender, and so did the man.

Someone stuck you in the chest with a lumber company yardstick, and you swung on him. He collapsed, completely, unexpectedly, a blown-out bag of air and you saw through the space which he had occupied into the staring jelly eyes of a little girl. The eyes sprouted paste and began to scum over.

"Get out!" you screamed. "Get out, get lost! Get out!"

Sullenly they took your stock. The air was thicker than red wine, sweeter, making your head tumble in fat lavender dust.

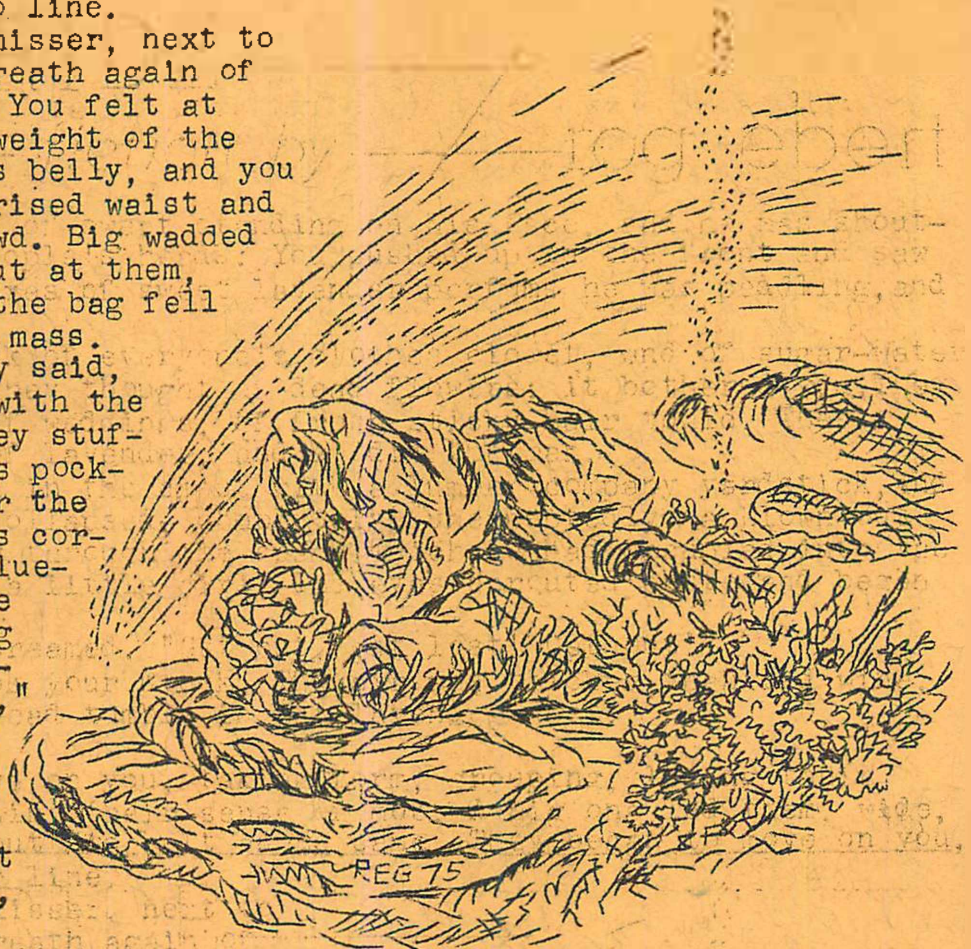
"Get lost!"

They began to move on you, taking form, grouping, losing their identity of wait, gaining their sense of mob. A big one led them, wide, short, mean. He slid out his belt as he came. They began to move on you, grouping, falling into line.

Hisser, hisser, hisser, next to you, was the sudden breath again of the lavender peddler. You felt at once the heavy humid weight of the coin-apron draping his belly, and you tore it from his surprised waist and flung it into the crowd. Big wadded dollar bills sprang out at them, shiny quarters spun, the bag fell into their bridesmaid mass.

"Heyheyhey," they said, "hey!" They grappled with the money, each other. They stuffed it in each other's pockets. They scuttled for the dimes. From your eye's corner you watched the blue-shirt policeman waddle fatly at them, shaking his head in unsure denial of grab. "Hoo-ee," said the fat one with the belt, crunching into the crowd. "Make way! Gimme!"

A string of sweat shot across your back, looped, doubled upon



itself. You turned for the lavender man, clamped his neck, and leap-dragged him into the canvas folds of the booth behind, a hiding place.

"Cough!" you said, "cough it up, down. Get rid of it, kill it!" He roamed stupidly with wide eyeballs. "No...more!" you insisted, shaking his fist in his face. You twisted the string from a dollar lavender sack and blew powder at him. From beneath his heart, he began a pollup of syrupy oil that squirted from yellow teeth and slipped into his shirt pocket.

Ahhiss, ah hiss, ah hiss, he breathed. "Get lost!" He lost himself somewhere in the canvas folds. "Run! Get lost!" you told him again, bleating at the moving signal cloth where he hid. He struggled loose, stumbled back against you in horror, leaped for another fold and disappeared.

Somewhere the girl's screaming was too loud. You could hear her beyond the canvas, snapping your nerves with painted fingernails. "Break!" you told yourself, not paying attention. You pushed up the curtain and ran into the open, yellow night.

"Stop!" you told the crowds outside. They watched you eagerly as you crept onto the red steel arm. The man who manipulated a three-minute hour glass bulged his muscles into the lever he held.

Aaaaarrrrggggghhhh--purple. They shouted, "Rocketride!"

You snatched as it twisted. You threw yourself into the steel. Biting the rivets with your nose, you bleated "No...no...no...no..."

It ground you in chugging exhaust, twirling sickeningly. Past and past again spun yellow lights streaking into static. "Inside," you ordered them. "Away!"

"Out!"

"Stop!"

Their laughing shifted past you, got lost sideways into the ground, attacked from a new swooping direction. CHUGchug. BangCLATTERbang. The ground climbed slowly away before retreating with an oncoming rush.

You clutched tightly with your knees and felt at your waist for the switch to turn everything off. Something stumbled past your hand, slid in a broken half-circle, and engaged.

Between your fingers rested the handle of the turn-off machine. Remembering how to work it again was not the same as biting rivets, but you screamed longly at them, "No...NoNo," and tried to pull it.

A flicker, an instant, their world started to quiver. A second, a space of mind, it shifted pulsingly as the yellow streak spun past their oncoming hilarity.

Then the cold hard snap banged against the red steel arm, and the girder balked into an absolute stop. You felt at first utterly helpless and later crazy as the rivet's pointed end tore the turn-off machine from your harness and it disappeared as you felt yourself flying silently straight up in the air and then straight down.

 "There's Cato, pushing the punic button again."Lewis Grant

An Untitled Verse by Dean A. Grennell

Venusians excrete
 Through the soles of their feet;
 Their tracks are encrusted with feces.
 They've holes in their shoes
 Through which it may ooze;
 All in all, quite a singular species.

A DORIC COLUMN

/ from ——— BOB TUCKER

Nonce.

(Which is not a nonce-word, unless that English Major has checked in and wants to rattle.)

A short, sprightly novel entitled Nonce was published in 1944 by Coward-McCann. It concerns witchcraft, and I would dearly love to know the identity of the genius behind the project. The novel was written by Michael Brandon, which was a pseudonym, of course (and we are already suspicious of that surname, aren't we?) The dustjacket included a photograph of the author, only it wasn't really him, of course, it was a composite photograph of an imaginary author. Even the title of the book must have been chosen with deliberate care to satisfy a precise dictionary meaning, in keeping with the whole. I suspect that an individual genius hatched the entire project and carried it through to culmination, a brilliant literary hoax: title, author, photograph, story and blurbs are of the same cloth.

It was a ripping good yarn, and the jacket blurb was so much fun that I'm reprinting it here. Quote:

"Start this book under no illusion. In its distinguished way it is a real shocker, full of sex, violence, murder, witchcraft, and excitement; it is complex, imaginative, and powerful. It stands outside any familiar category -- a horror fantasy so forcibly presented that you forget it isn't real. Or is it? You may be haunted by that question.

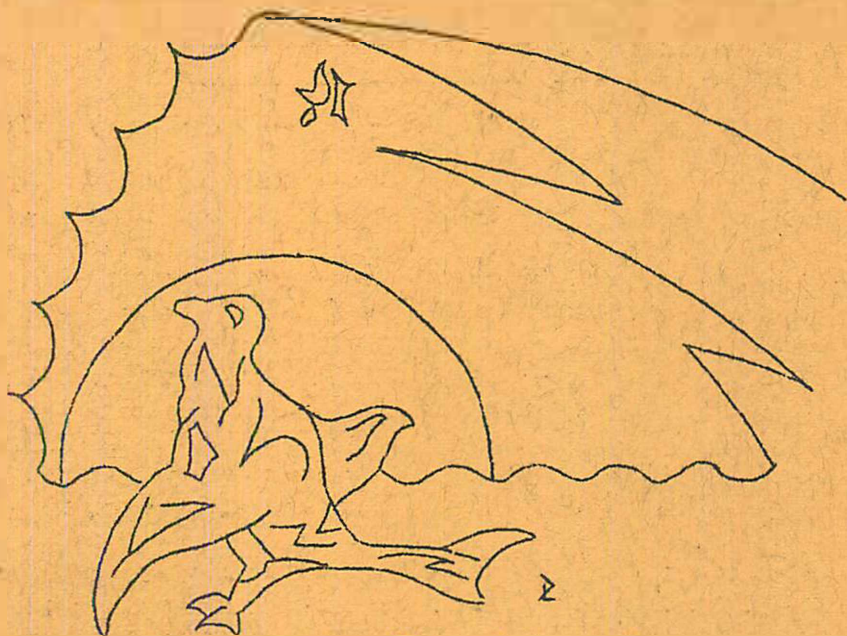
"This is a dramatically written story by a writer who handles his material in masterly fashion. The weird, remote, half-tropical country -- which may be southern Georgia or the Florida Everglades -- affords a fitting background for a tale of passion, murder, and disintegration. It is not reading for the Sewing Circle, but for those who like a story where sex is not treated in a light drawing-room manner, where there is something of the horrible and the supernatural, and where there is both action and psychological insight. Nonce should prove thrilling and rewarding reading.

"Only a man with Mr. Brandon's round-the-world background could have produced this startling novel. To him it is such simple reality that the reader is swept along with him into a fourth-dimensional emotion seldom, if ever explored. The theme is brutal, but its brutality is equalled by and condoned by its blazing sincerity."

So there. And if you are the perceptive type who reads without moving the lips you will have already discovered that this blurb is a masterly blend of hackneyed nonsense. It is a classic example of the blurb-writer's art, a stereotyped come-on usable on almost any book except Dr. Peale's sermons; it reveals almost nothing although it appears to reveal much and promise more; and in itself it is a delightful satire on all the other ridiculous blurbs found on all the other adventure/sex novels. I think it a minor masterpiece.

But the fun continues. It is traditional that first novels offer a biographical sketch of the author on the rear jacket, usually alongside the photograph, and this one is no exception. It is probable that the wit who penned the novel and the blurb also penned the sketch, for it too continues in the satirical vein. Quote:

The Author Of Nonce



"Michael Brandon was born in Birmingham, Alabama, forty-four years ago but has only the faintest recollection of that city. His mother died before he was of school age and his first memories are of following his father, a practical metallurgist, from state to state and later from continent to continent. His longest period of uninterrupted schooling was two years in Paris during which he attended the Lycee-Moliere in the

rue de l'Assomption That interval represented his father's absence to serve as scout with the South African Rifles in World War I and was the longest separation between father and son until the elder Brandon succumbed to dysentery in the Bahr el Ghazal in 1923.

"For years he had been retained by one of the foremost American combines with international ramifications and his son, in spite of his youth, was a natural to succeed him. He was well prepared. He had a facility for languages and his father had trained him thoroughly in realistic mineralogy as well as metallurgy. Thus equipped, Michael Brandon broadened his activities and became a general rumor-shooter with an unlimited expense account. Was there a rumor of virgin copper under the ice caps of Greenland or of the Antarctic? He was sent to run it down. Could millions of acres of Landolphia along the East Coast of Africa compete with the rubber plantations of the Straits Settlements? Brandon was sent to find out. In what regions could oil fields be located that would avoid thousands of miles of carry? What were the possibilities of the famed mountain of iron? Of various placer diamond fields? Of an untouched source of genuine mahogany? Of new deposits of bauxite and the dozens of other minerals that have forced the pace of a mechanistic revolution?

"Such missions have carried Brandon up and down and around the world, everywhere save in his native land. For years his reports have been considered masterpieces of concise yet complete information. They taught him to write and Nonce, his first venture into fiction, proves that during his travels he delved not only in the ground but deep into the fundamental strata of peoples, tribes and the obscurity of their most guarded customs. As a result it is doubtful whether any other man, living or dead, has plunged closer to the source of magic, the forerunner of modern psychotherapy, or is better equipped to link it to a thunderous tale." End quote.

All that running up and down the world taught the man the art of fiction, well enough, and in some ways this dustjacket fiction excels the novel inside. What's the story all about? Well, sex, violence, murder, witchcraft and excitement, just like the man said. It's a mite short on witchcraft and a mite long on some of the other ingredients, but why blacken a gnat's eye? You might keep your eye open for the book on the used racks.

THE WAILING WALL

COLUMN BY ——— Ted White

Strange things have passed by in the night since last I set typer to paper for this column. Nobly, I several times resolved to write a burning critique of a number of books among them THE TOMORROW PEOPLE (I would pan it unmercifully), STARSHIP TROOPERS (an agonizing re-appraisal), ROGUE MOON (I would expose its inner workings), and such like. I even outlined one such column to Buck at the 1961 Midwestcon (I blush to admit that the reactions to my last column were coming in as of the 1960 Pittcon...), in which I would review books by fans-turned-pro. I had in mind ROGUE MOON and Tucker's TO THE TOMBAUGH STATION. If I were to still hue to that standard, I would perhaps include Marion Bradley's DOOR THROUGH SPACE. The three would provide a good contrast.

However, the very factor which has delayed my writing such a column is still at work: namely, I have grown lazy on the one hand, and intimidated, on the other, by people like Redd Boggs and Rich Bergeron, who -- to be candid -- can write critical rings about me because they are willing to do the task as it should be done. I have no doubt that Boggs has a bookmark at every relevant passage in the books he reviews. (somehow I cannot imagine him checkmarking or underlining on the very pages themselves), ready instantly to be flipped open to and be quoted. And Bergeron is already famed for his research capacities which allow him to find the relevant passages not merely in the material at hand, but in every scrap of print ever devoted to the general subject.

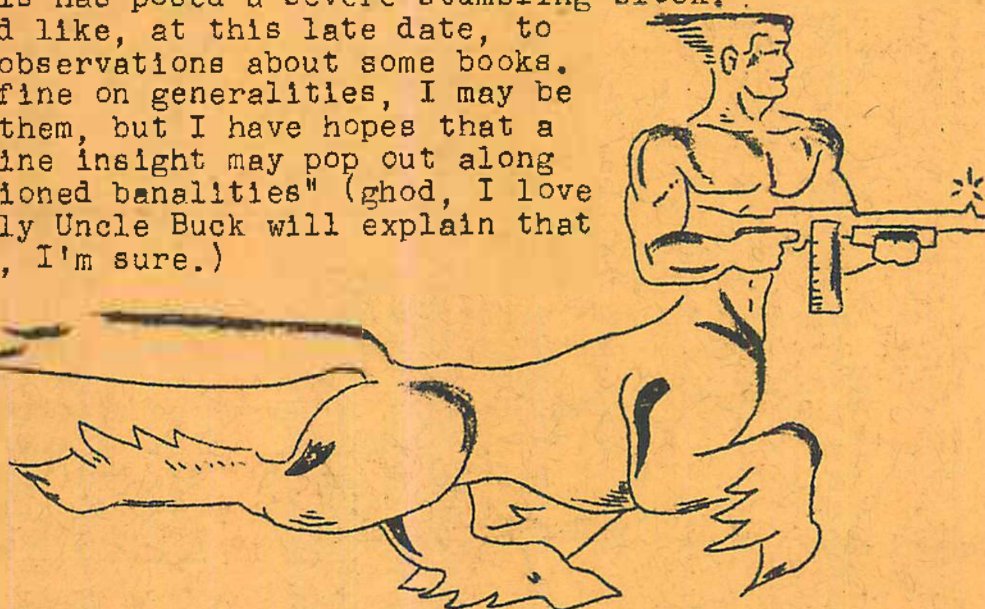
Fellas, I'm lazy. I'm also unorganized, and I don't even have the books I want to talk about right here beside me. I can't tell you that the book I am about to review was published by Snead, Snead, in New York City, 294 pages, cloth-covered (that's each page), at \$1.98, because I don't recall if this is true. And my memory is so shot that for the life of me I couldn't name one of the protagonists in the actual, true, live books mentioned above.

You can see, this has posed a severe stumbling block.

Nonetheless, I'd like, at this late date, to offer a few random observations about some books. Since my memory is fine on generalities, I may be forced to stick to them, but I have hopes that a few kernels of genuine insight may pop out along with the "aforementioned banalities" (ghod, I love that phrase). (Kindly Uncle Buck will explain that ingroup joke to you, I'm sure.)

STARSHIP TROOPERS

is out in pb form from Signet at long last. I am loath to buy hardcover books because inevitably they do come out in pb,



and then I am out the Vast Sum I paid for the "keepsake edition". For this reason, I quit the SFBook Club, and missed their only worthwhile selection of the year, STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, which I was then reduced to obtaining from the local bookstore at an outrageous price which was greater than SFBC's outrageous price. I did this because none of STRANGER appeared in magazine form previously, and my appetite was severely whetted by all the commentary on the book. No doubt next month Signet will publish it.

However, STARSHIP TROOPERS is a very interesting book, and I recommend its pb edition to all of you out there who spent 80¢ on its serialized version in F&SF. The Signet 50¢ version is in fact a must to those who read STARSHIP SOLDIER.

I say this because I believe much of the criticism leveled at Heinlein for ST is mistakenly based upon SS, and written by stingey fans who never even read the book. This is a Big Mistake.

Strictly third-hand, and of doubtful authenticity, I acquired a rumor to the effect that no one at F&SF thought much of the original manuscript, and so they went ahead and chopped hell out of it in an attempt to improve it.

I sometimes wonder about magazine editors, and the things they do to manuscripts. It is not too noticeable in shorter stories, but it plays hell with books. Say an author writes a 60,000 word book. This, despite Ace, is still a respectable size for a novel, and indeed a bit short. But in the stf field it is usually tops. So Author X writes 60,000 words of Finely Polished Navel Rifling. He sells it to pb publisher Y, who demands that it be cut to 45,000 words. This X does, and while he suffers a little, he had some inkling of this, and had padded it just enough so that only 5,000 words of Essential Prose had to go.

Then he negotiates a sale to a magazine. Despite common belief, this is the usual procedure, book to magazine, and not vice versa. At least, these days it is. The magazine editor Z says sure, fine, wonderful, love to use it, but cut it to 20,000 or 25,000 words.

Out come the guts of the book. One of two things happens. Either the Essential Message is preserved, with all its context and supporting structure pared away, or the original plot is sacrificed, and a section of it is used. In either case, no flab was left to surrender.

I point to three examples of the latter practice: ROGUE MOON, TOMBAUGH STATION, and STARSHIP TROOPERS. All butchered for F&SF. Now I don't care who did the butchering, editor or author. I believe both Budrys and Tucker did their own cutting, and I know editors prefer it that way. Scuttlebut has it Mills cut TROOPERS into SOLDIER. The results were similar; well-fleshed novels put on a crash-program through an editorial Vic Tanney's, and emerging into print emasculated.

TOMBAUGH STATION had a simple plot, so Tucker could sacrifice a few scenes (lovingly constructed, but not essential). Budrys stripped much of his supporting dialogue and characterization from ROGUE MOON. And Heinlein lost a book.

STARSHIP TROOPERS presents a person conditioned into a cultural pattern, who -- unlike the run of the mill of these -- does not question it deeply, does not rebel against it, but succeeds in it. It is immaterial whether or not we like the cultural pattern, or believe what the protagonist believes. This is a novel, a work of fiction, not a political tract.

Or at least it was before F&SF got its hands on it. What emerged as STARSHIP SOLDIER was a tract, devoid of plot, lacking in characterization, and dreadfully one-sided, almost to the point of fanaticism.

But, as STARSHIP TROOPERS proves, this was not Heinlein's intention when he wrote the book. It is a novel, with a plot, some real people, and enough contrasting ideas so that the War Is Peace, Fallout Is Glorious message is neither glaring nor fanatically presented. It still contains some highly irritating statements, but I suspect many of them were intended that way.

A shame STARSHIP SOLDIER was ever published.

"ROGUE MOON is unreadable," Terry Carr said to me, after putting the book down about one-third read. I know what he meant, although no doubt it is a curious statement to make about a Hugo contender. Personally I liked ROGUE MOON, but I could not understand the tremendous hue and cry about it. It is a piece of competently written pulp fiction of the BLACK MASK variety, which attempted a new idea and failed. That so many fans were caught up in an unsuccessful technique says a lot for their reading sophistication.

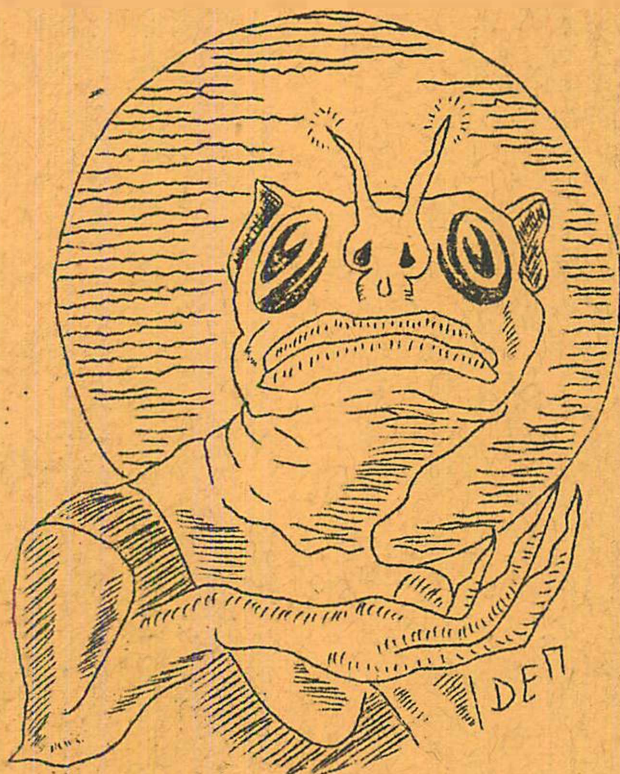
ROGUE MOON was written for Gold Medal books. It was written after AJ Budrys had analyzed the entire Gold Medal line (DUBIOUS #2), and it followed most of the standard G.M. formula. This formula is the standard pulp-adventure formula, slicked up with better writing. (The latter only because pulp writers of the thirties turned out a novel every week to every month, and always first-draft, for a few hundred dollars; these days the same author can do a book every one to three months, for at least a thousand dollars, and can spend a little more time on each one. Quite significantly, one of G.M.'s earliest regular writers was Lester Dent, whose Formula Fiction was famed after his 1939 WRITER'S DIGEST article on the subject. Dent wrote, among many other pulp adventures, most of the DOC SAVAGE novels.)

Reading ROGUE MOON, I was repeatedly struck by the fact that the characters, plot movement, and general air of the book was much more related to the mystery-adventure-espionage field than to sf. I was also struck by a number of badly thought out, or incompletely thought out ideas in the story, and by the absurd motivation, but that for the moment is beside the point. Only the ending, on the Moon, actually had a stfish flavor, and significantly it seemed tacked on. The story as a whole was about present-day people working with present-day problems only coincidentally stfish -- indeed, rather more a "novel of science" (AJ's own definition of a different genre, from his article on the subject in SF FIVE-YEARLY) than "science fiction".

Perhaps fans are so unused to mainstream writing techniques or styles (and I mean by that contemporary mainstream, not the variety taught in high school and college classes) that the use of them in ROGUE MOON won them over. I'd like to think so, because otherwise I shall have to conclude that fans know less about Real People and human motivation than I would have believed possible.

Gang, the motivation in ROGUE MOON is absurd. It is phoney from the word go. How about the scene where the protagonist meets the personnel man? In a few seconds men who've never met are at each other's necks. This is ridiculous. The book is filled with emotional scenes of overpowering intimacy (not sex, emotional intimacy) which just would never have happened in real life or even a book based on different principles.

AJ was trying something new. "You know," he told me, at a Fano-clast meeting, "how in most books the story builds toward physical climaxes? The author writes in terms of physical action. I was trying to write towards emotional climaxes. I was steadily building emotions,



and emotional action." It was necessary for AJ to put in emotional scenes at certain points in the book where they were not justified.

And this is the failure of the book. To anyone as motivation-conscious as Terry Carr, it makes the book unreadable. It bothered me, although when I read the book I was not aware of the fact that it was a mechanical device; it merely seemed wrong.

Scientifically, there are holes in ROGUE MOON you could drive a frozen food truck through, not even considering any of the action on the moon. These clucks had a matter duplicator right there and never realized it. As Damon Knight showed in "A For Anything", the consequences of a matter duplicator are of fantastic immensity. AJ ignored this because it was not germane to the plot.

Okay, AJ wrote a Gold Medal novel, and did a good job of it. But like

most G.M. novels, his book is mechanical, and a failure. Any book where the reader can say, "Why are they overlooking this obvious, glaring point?" or "Why are they acting like that? It doesn't make sense" is an unsuccessful book. It did not successfully suspend the reader's disbelief.

Except that in this case it did, for a sizable number of fans. What kind of clucks are they?

UP TILL NOW, I've been considering mostly books and novels for this column. I probably will never desert that field completely (this is what makes this column distinct from any others I may write), but I'm going to observe a little more flexibility in the future. I promise nothing, of course, except the chance of more frequent columns to come...

 "He delivers trailers the way other people run guns." (Gene DeWeese, describing his father-in-law's occupation)

MANUMIT

by Bill Wolfenbarger

The robot free from master,
 The master free from sin,
 The sin free from disaster,
 With no more grains of kin.

The robot dead from laughter,
 The master ridden of men,
 The sin gone from its master
 So where have you aliens been?

SILVER SECONDS

column from GENE DEWEESE

Many people have asked: "Do you like any stf movies? Or do you just give them bad reviews for the sake of your alleged humor?"

Yes, I do like some of the stf movies; but the good ones I merely enjoy rather than review. In addition to the well-known ones (DM, DTESS, Forbidden Planet, Quatermass, various Hammer films), there have even been a few surprises--like The Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas.

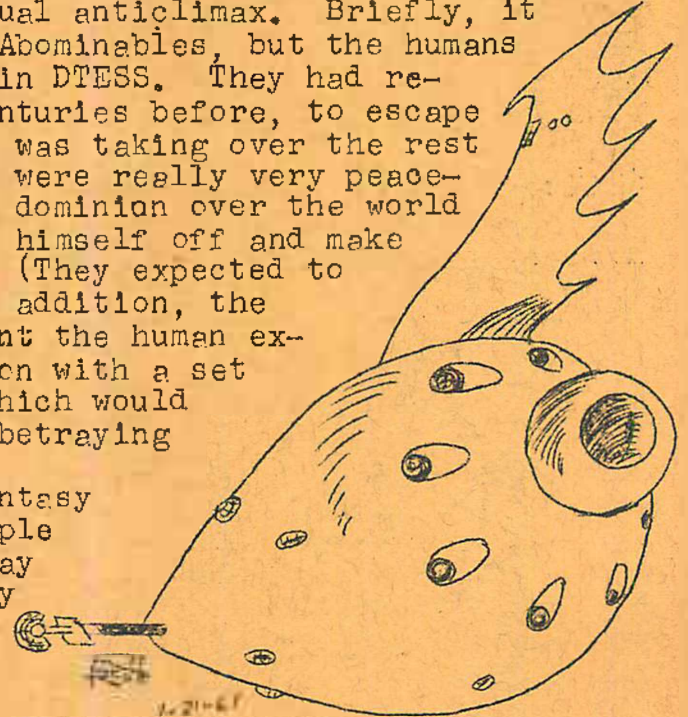
A title to make one cringe, you will admit. In addition, it was released not long after Snow Creature, so the entire subject of Abominable was not the most welcome. It starred Forrest Tucker--but, then, Raymond Burr had been in Godzilla, and my hopes were not high.

It started out typically--an expedition into the remote mountains, hoping to find and trap some Abominables. After a bit of preliminary fooferaw, one of the expedition's traos (set out overnite) is sprung. Various of the expeditioners come bounding out in the morning and make a few exultant noises as they peer into the sprung trap. Then the camera shows us the object of their joy: a puny little monkey, looking uncomfortably cold.

At this point, I resigned myself to the inevitable. They had caught a baby Abominable; it looked like a ratty little monkey; so what could you expect from a picture of this sort? Then came the surprise. The leader of the expedition came out, took one look at the thing in the trap, and said, in effect, "This is no Abominable, this is just a ratty little monkey."

Having the hero agree with me was worth the price of the movie right there. But that was not all; from then on, the movie got better. Even the ending was good, and not the usual anticlimax. Briefly, it went like this. There really were Abominables, but the humans were the real monsters, not unlike in DTESS. They had retreated to the Himalayan heights centuries before, to escape that aggressive, warlike beast that was taking over the rest of the world: Man. The Abominables were really very peaceful, and had retreated to allow Man dominion over the world below--and to give man time to kill himself off and make way for the Abominables to return. (They expected to be able to return fairly soon.) In addition, the Abominables were telepathic, and sent the human expeditioners back down to civilization with a set of false memories and suggestions which would keep them from either returning or betraying the Abominables' existence.

Another extremely good one, a fantasy which I stumbled across on tv a couple years ago, is The Uninvited, with Ray Milland. It is simply a ghost story with overtones of possession, but this one actually sends chills up



and down your spine. (Even when the ghostly moans are interrupted every 15 minutes or less by the groans of indigestion and headache misery sufferers. When a movie can sustain a mood ((of anything but idiocy)) thru the segmentation necessitated by tv showing, it's really good!) A few of the elements include: A lonely mansion, high on a cliff overlooking the sea; a room dominated by a ghostly influence; another, seemingly benevolent spirit; moans in the middle of the night, ending at the crack of dawn; the two spirits battling for possession of a girl's mind; and, most of all, good acting, writing, and photography.

Well, that's enuf pleasantries. I saw Mr. Sardonicus a couple days ago.

Castle, the producers, is a happily hammy combination (personality-wise, not talent-wise) of Hitchcock and Vincent Price. He always has a gimmick--remember the "Fright Break" and "Coward's Corner" in Homocidal (surprisingly enuf, a good picture, by the way)? The colored spectacles in Thirteen Ghosts? In Sardonicus, you are given a "voting card"--a luminous thumb which you are to hold up at the proper time, either "thumbs up" or "thumbs down", to cast your vote one the fate of Sardonicus. Castle appears on the screen to count the votes, then cheerfully tells the projectionist to "carry out the sentence".

The movie? There's this peasant whose father buys him a lottery ticket, then inconveniently dies and is buried with the ticket in his pocket. The ticket wins, and the peasant has to dig up his father's coffin to get the ticket back. (According to Castle, this grave offence makes the peasant a ghoul.) The shock of seeing his father's face, decomposed or contorted into a weird grin, causes the peasant's face to become a duplicate of his dead father's. At the time of the movie, years later, he is a baron (a title purchased with the lottery winnings, he says), has named himself Sardonicus, and is desperately searching for someone who can make his face normal again. His last hope, he thinks, is the hero, an English doctor who was once engaged to Sardonicus' present wife, and who has been granted knighthood for his 30-second hot towel treatments and massages.

Well, that should be enuf to pique your curiosity. One other item worth noting is the one-eyed servant of Sardonicus. It is played by Oscar Homolka, six feet past the hilt. His favorite pastimes are grinning sideways evilly, and stringing up a servant girl so he can pour a fishbowl full of leeches on her.

You've heard of walking shoes? I now have a pair. They're very comfortable to walk in, but they start hurting my feet whenever I sit down.

PROJECTARTSHOWPROJECTARTSHOWPROJECTARTSHOWPROJECTARTSHOWPROJ

Fan Artist--Fan Art Booster--Fantasy Art Lover--Or maybe you just need some nice art to fill the bare spot on your wall? In any case, you need SILME, the magazine for Project Art Show. If you're cheap, you can get a single copy for 35¢---but if you're a trufanartbooster, you'll certainly want a year's sub: \$1.50 (checks payable to John Trimble, please)...

That's: SILME - Project Art Show
Bjo Trimble
222 South Gramercy Place
Los Angeles 4, California

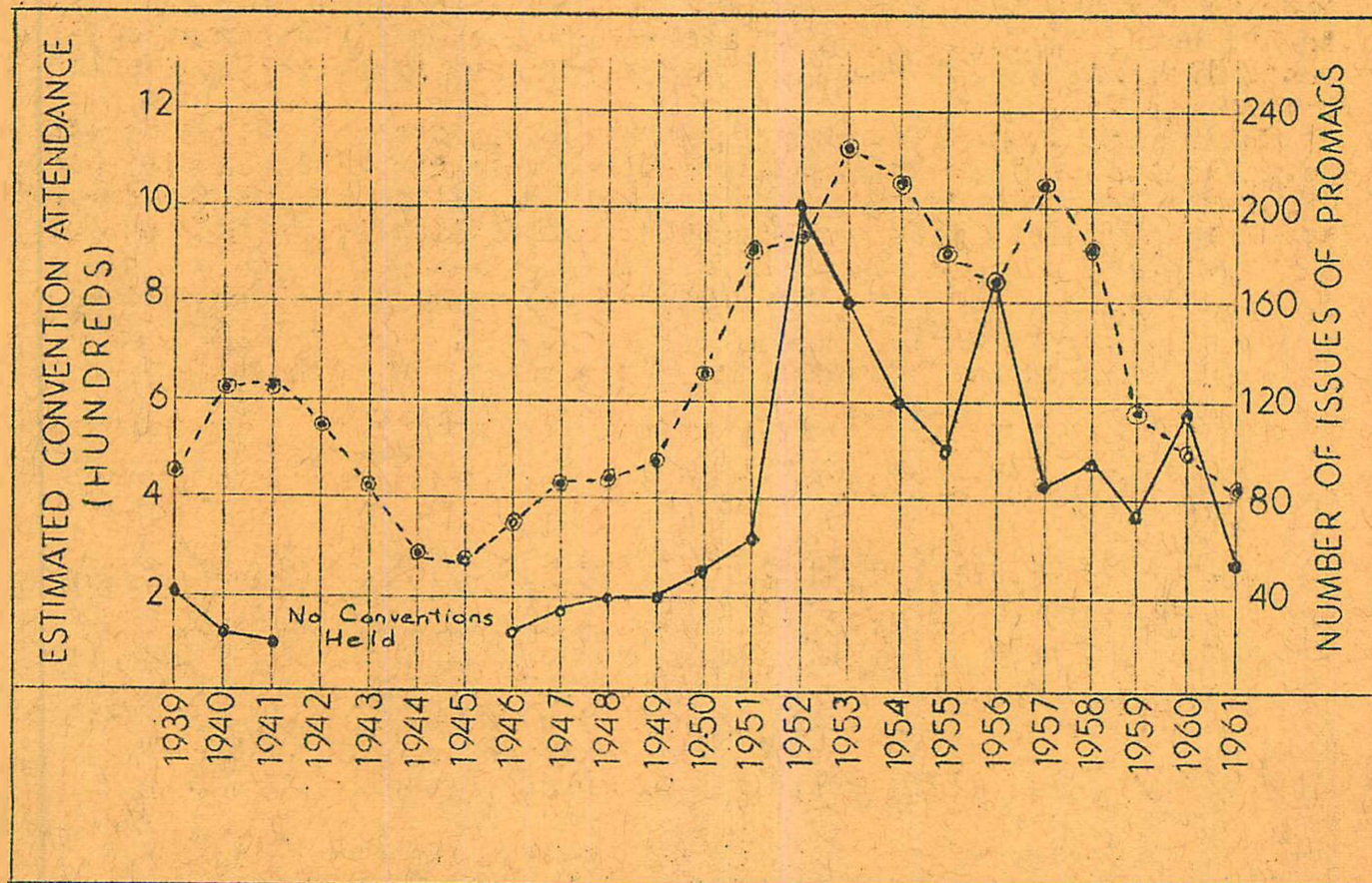
THE DESTINY OF FANDOM: III

— by ————— ed wood

This installment of the series may be considered a rebuttal to the remarks of Mr. Robert Coulson at the close of Part II. I had made some remarks in that installment about the attendance at world conventions in relationship to the professional magazine field. Coulson stated, "...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 biggest and more centrally located metropolitan areas draw more fans." Now rather than argue at unprofitable length I went and graphed the estimated attendance at the world conventions from 1939 to date and from WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION reproduced my curve showing number of issues each year from 1939 to date. The graph is included in this installment and I must say the correlation is so damn good that even I'm amazed! Look upon it Coulson and



weep!

Another remark was made by Coulson, "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." I had said "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?"

Now if FANTASY COMMENTATOR were the only example that I could cite in its time as being so singularly unique, then verily Coulson has made his point and where it hurts. I shall name not one, not five, but ten fan magazines of this period of FC 1943 to 1952 whose contents stand as a stinging rebuke to the fan magazine field of today:

1. THE FANSCIENT
2. THE ACOLYTE
3. THE RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST
4. SCIENCE FANTASY REVIEW
5. DESTINY
6. SKYHOOK
7. COSMAG
8. JOURNAL OF SCIENCE FICTION
9. SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST (Burwell)
10. OPERATION FANTAST

And I haven't even mentioned SLANT, QUANDRY, SPACESHIP, PEON, THE GORGON, SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER, BLOOMINGTON (SF) NEWSLETTER, Ellison's SCIENCE FANTASY BULLETIN, etc., etc. This is not to say that the contents of all the above fan magazines were the same, far from it, they encompassed a great variety of material. I prefer the fan magazine whose editor tries to reach all types of fans. That is why I subscribe to YANDRO.

If any results are to come from this series about the destiny of fandom, I respectfully advise all potential entrants to check their facts carefully before rushing to the typewriter. It is a pity that fandom has never taken to its heart the slogan "Think more, write less."

I don't care how rich you are, Midas, keep your filthy paws off me!

.....Lewis Grant

STRANGE FRUIT

Apazines and stuff received but not reviewed: SONOMA #7, RESIN #7, QRM #3 (Metcalf), BULLETIN OF THE DORCAS BAGBY SOCIETY, TERMINUS, OWLSWICK, & FT. MUDGE ELECTRIC STREET RAILWAY TIMETABLE (Scithers), DINKY BIRD (Berman), ENVOY #3 (Cheslin), SKYRACK #40 (Bennett), GUANO #13, ROVER #13 (Hayes), THE WALL, IV (Donaho), WATLING STREET #11 (Lichtman), FROSE OF KILIMANJARO #2 (G. Locke), A. MERRIT'S FANTASY (Meskys), SHOWCASE #4 (Ackerman...well, we got it from Ackerman, and if it isn't a fanzine it's certainly fannish enough, in a certain sense).

Due to the large number of zines for review, comment will be cut to the bare bone on most of them. Sorry, folks, but you shouldn't send me so much stuff.

MENAGE OF THE LASFS #32, 33, 34, 35, 36 (Bruce Felz, 738 So. Mariposa, Apt. 107, Los Angeles 5, Calif. - bi-weekly, 6 for 50¢) What's going on at Los Angeles club meetings.

AXE #17, 18, 19, 20 (Larry & Noreen Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, New York - bi-weekly - 10¢) The newspaper of fandom; a must for keeping up with address changes, feuds, rumors, divorces, etc. Beginning to get cluttered up with rider sheets, ballots, other fanzines and so on.

FANAC #79, 80, 81, 82 (Walter Breen, 2402 Grove St., Berkeley 4, Calif. - at least I think he's back there - sometimes bi-weekly - 4 for 50¢) More detailed explanations of the stuff reported in AXE -- actually the two mags are fairly complementary; there isn't too much repetition of news. Either or both are recommended for the latest happenings.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #369 (S-F Times, Inc., P.O. Box 115, Solvay Br., Syracuse 9, New York - irregular - 24 for \$3) Mostly concerned with what happened in prodom 3 months ago. Makes a nice reference file.

G² #5, 6, 7, 8 (Joe & Roberta Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave., El Sobrante, Calif. - monthly - 3 for 25¢) Don't ask me how 4 of these accumulated between installments of a monthly review column; I don't even want to think about it. A personality-zine, and an absolute must if you want to know what all the other fanzine editors are grotching about lately. Science articles that are over my head, comments on fandom which seem to irritate an awful lot of fans, and a very good lettercolumn. Rating 6

CRY #155, 156 (Cry, Box 92, 507 3rd. Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 25¢) Good balance between serious and fannish material. I usually don't dig their feature article, but in general it's an excellent fanzine. Rating.....8

KIFFLE #20, 21, 21 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland - monthly - 15¢) No, I didn't make a mistake in the numbering; one of the #21s is actually a parody or pastiche or burlesque (what would you call it, Leman?) put out by the VOID crew. At a hasty skimming I took it for simply a bad issue of KIFFLE; the truth didn't begin to penetrate until I noticed that I had two different issue 21s. A fascinating item. The regular issues are personality-type, devoted to editorial comments on all sorts of subjects, from science books to fallout to integration to convention bids. Usually a few outside articles and an extremely good lettercolumn. I seldom agree with anything in it, but it's interestingly done. Rating....8

VOID #27 (Ted White and chorus, 107 Christopher St., New York 14, New York - 25¢ - irregular) Somehow I think of VOID as the last stand of pure fannishness in our present fandom of comic books and Serious Discussions. (It doesn't make me like it any better, but it does appear Different.) I've given up reading the editorials - they never say anything anyway - but the outside articles and lettercolumn and an occasional cartoon are good. This is the place where you get your pseudo-KIPPLEs, too. Rating....6

SILME #1 (Bjo Trimble, 222 So. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 4, Calif. - irregular - 4 for \$1.50) The fanzine of, by, and for fan artists. A must for them; probably of interest to non-artists, too.

SCOTTISHE #26, BLETHERINGS #26, HAVERINGS #8 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England - quarterly - 15¢ - USAgent, Bob Lichtman) Ethel has given her Ompa mailing comments a zine of their own (Bletherings) where they won't confuse non-Ompa readers of Scottishe. The latter is a general-type fanzine and one of the few that I still read thoroughly. Haverings is strictly fanzine reviews, for people who like that sort of thing. Rating (SCOTTISHE only)....7

SIRIUS #61 (Erwin Scudla, Vienna XVII/107, Roetzing.30/1, Austria - irregular - 6 for \$1) But future publication is in some doubt. General news and material from European fandom; a very small zine for the price.

BUG EYE #9, LYRA #3 (Helmut Klemm, 16 Uhland St., Utfort/Eick, (22a) Krs. Moers, West Germany - free for comment) BUG EYE presents the material of German fans, published in English; LYRA is devoted to translating the works of British and US fans to German. (Well, more or less...) The best understanding we're likely to get of German fandom. Rating...5

NORTHLIGHT #13, THOUGHTLIGHTS #1 (Alan Burns, Goldspink House, Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2, England - irregular - free for comment) I usually find the material interesting, if I can read it; unfortunately, these are, with the exception of Bill Morse's apazines, the worst reproduced fanzines in England. Usually they can be read, if you want to try hard enough, but..... Rating.....4

THE BAUM BUGLE (Fred Meyer, 1620 First Ave. South, Escanaba, Michigan - irregular? - \$2 per year) This also gets you membership in the International Wizard of Oz club, for what that's worth. Fred didn't send this for review, and I'm not an Oz fan, but I'm mentioning it here for those YANDRO readers who do dig Baum. It's a small, nice-looking publication; multilithed, I'd guess. No trades; cash only.

AMRA #18 (George Scithers, Box 9006 Rosslyn, Arlington 9, Virginia - irregular - 20¢) Getting completely carried away by the possibilities of his multilith, George comes out this time with foldouts, 6-color maps, lavender artwork and similar fol-de-rol. Best of the material is Avram Davidson's parody, but it won't mean much if you haven't read Poul Anderson's Norse verse in previous issues. You might say that Avram is giving him a Norselaugh. Rating.....8

VIPER #5 (Bill Donaho, 1441 8th. St., Berkeley 10, Calif. - quarterly - 25¢) Stf and general comments; excellent. Rating.....9

HYPHEN #30 (Walt Willis and cohorts, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast 4, No. Ireland - irregular - 15¢) Sophisticated humor. Rating....8

JD-ARCASSY #58 (Lynn Hickman, 224 Dement Ave, Dixon, Illinois - irregular - 25¢) General stf material, but recently it's been primarily notable for the artwork, which is gorgeous. Rating...6

BANE #6 (Vic Ryan, Box 92, 2305 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Illinois - irregular - 25¢) This has rather rapidly become one of the best general fanzines around. Major item this time is Walter Breen's article on censorship; I don't think it's as epochal as Walter appears to, but it's at least the most comprehensive article to appear on the subject. Various other people (mainly Tucker) are good. Rating...8

WARHOON #? (Richard Bergeron, 110 Bank St., New York 14, N.Y. - quarterly - 20¢) A sort of super-KIPPLE; coverage is mostly on stf and politics, and it's excellent. Rating....10

DISCORD #15 (Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota - bi-monthly - 15¢) Personal-zine, largely devoted to literature, stf and otherwise. Rating....7

NEOLITHIC #20 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis 17, Minn. - bi-monthly - 2 for 25¢) Personal-zine; this one is largely devoted to Boggs' reminiscences about old-time fandom. Rating....5

WRR Vol.3#4 (Otto Pfeifer, 2911 NE 60th St., Seattle 15, Washington - irregular - free for comment) But this is a special Willis issue and costs 10¢, minimum. (For 56 pages, it's a bargain.) The US answer to HYPHEN, the MAD of the beanie brigade. Rating....7

LOKI #? (Lt. David G. Hulan, 228 Niblo Drive, Redstone Arsenal, Ala. - quarterly - 15¢) Devoted to fantasy; nothing exceptional yet, but the editor shows signs of ability. Promising. Rating....3

REALM OF FANTASY #7 (Jack Cascio, Box 122, Eagerville, Illinois - quarterly? - 5 for \$1) This shows no promise whatsoever, but some people seem to like it. Jack has perseverance, anyway; I hope he makes his profit. (But he won't make it off me....) Rating....1

WILD #5 (Don Dohler, 1221 Overbrook Road, Baltimore 12, Maryland - bi-monthly? - 20¢) For the sort of people who think that the various imitations of MAD are funny. Rating....2

DYNATRON #8 (Chrystal Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd. NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico - bi-monthly - 15¢) Japanese fandom, Samurai swords, Russian psionics, fan capitalists; I guess you could call this a general interest fanzine. Not bad, either. Rating....7

THE REBEL (John Jackson, RR#7, Box 137-D, Crown Point, Ind. - 15¢ - no schedule listed) Fantastically good reproduction for a first issue. Fiction, verse, a review of an occult book. A good start. Rating....2

THE MAELSTROM #7 (Bill Plott, P.O. Box 4719, University, Alabama - irregular - 15¢) General; much better than earlier issues. Rating...3

BEDLAM #2 (Mike Deckinger, 31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey - irregular - free for comment) "Interview With A Heterosexual" is very funny if you've read Nirenberg's zines; might seem pointless if you haven't. "Emergency Procedure In The Event Of Nuclear Attack" is by far the best fanzine article on the subject. Rating....5

GAUL Vol.2#1 (Lyn Hardy, Lloyd House, Caltech, Pasadena, Calif. - bi-monthly, I think - 15¢) In keeping with a devotion to fantasy, the mag has a sort of elvish air which most fans seem to think is great. Personally I don't get it, but I seem to be in the minority. Rating....?

SATHANAS #2 (Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Mich. - irregular - 25¢) General, varied contents. Rating...4

PHOENIX #5 (Dave Locke, P.O. Box 207, Indian Lake, N.Y. - irregular - 15¢) Floyd Zwicky philosophizing, Dave Hulan and Paul Zimmer commenting on sf mags, fiction by Clay Hamlin. Rating...3

FILIKIA #9 (Chuck Devine, 922 Day Drive, Boise, Idaho - irregular - 15¢) A rather good fantasy story (surprise!) and nice artwork. Rating...5

SKOAN #13 (Biff Demmon, 1002 East 66th St., Inglewood, Calif. - irregular - for trade, comment, or \$1 per issue) What might be considered an extreme example of a personality-zine. Rating...3

CINDER Vol.2#1 (Larry Williams, 74 Maple Road, Longmeadow 6, Mass. - irregular - 15¢) Now that you can read it, it seems to be about an average sort of fanzine; a little smaller than most. Occasional comments by Jack Cascio make for a violent lettercolumn; rather more violent than the occasion calls for, as a matter of fact. (But then, with Willick and White, what do you expect?) Rating...4

SCRIBBLE #8 (Colin Freeman, Ward 3, Scotton Banks Hospital, Ripley Road, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, England - quarterly - 10¢ - USAgent, Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd. Ave., Hyattsville, Md.) Mostly humor, and for a change I actually enjoyed some of it. (Previously, I have regarded SCRIBBLE humor as definitely unfunny.) Rating...3½

AD INFINITUM #2 (Ed Bryant, Route 2, Wheatland, Wyoming - irregular - no price listed) A small generalzine, devoted to science fiction (none of this stuff on politics, fallout, etc.) Rating...4

ETWAS #6 (Peggy Rae McKnight, "Six Acres", Box 306, Lansdale, Pennsylvania - no price or schedule listed) When you get right down to it, there isn't very much in here. Mostly talk about fans, with some notes on the forthcoming Chicon by Marty Moore. Rating...3½

MIAFAN #5 (Michael D. Kurman, 231 SW 51 Court, Miami 44, Florida - 15¢ - no schedule listed) About average, aside from my pet peeve of items being "continued" in the back of the zine; in this case the fanzine reviews and the letter column play leapfrog and there's no necessity for it. Bad reproduction, but the contents are better than I expected when I first looked at it. Rating...4

BRAMBLE #1 (Gordon Eklund, 14612 18th Ave. SW, Seattle 66, Washington - no schedule - 15¢) The poor fan's WRR? I don't know, there must be something about Seattle...all these people with the same wacky style of writing..... Nothing spectacular, but promising (in fact, he promises another issue written entirely by himself if he doesn't get some contributions, which should stimulate contris enormously). Rating...3

THUD & BLUNDER STORIES #6 (Paul Shingleton, 320 26th. St., Dunbar, W. Virginia - irregular - 10¢) All sorts of fans returning from limbo; Flott, Deckinger, and now Shingleton. I'm expecting Wells next. T&B is a digest-size fanzine, with good reproduction on the illustrations and pretty bad repro on the print (the top line on the page keeps disappearing, or diving down into the middle of the second line, or both). Main fault, tho, is that there just isn't room for much material in 25 digest-sized pages. (What there is this time is mostly by me or about YANDRO, so I won't comment on it -- or rate it.)

GRUMBLINGS

ROY TACKETT, 915 Green Valley Rd. NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico - Why do you, Juanita, ask me what is the "Messiah's" unique appeal? Well, the question was addressed to the readership and I'm one of the readership. Don't give up the readership, men. Damn the torpedos and full speed ahead. Don't put so much head on the next beer, Charlie, the foam ran over the handel this time. Handel. Oh, yes. "The Messiah". Dear Miz Coulson: I am unable to answer your question inasmuch as I can't recall ever having heard any of this particular work except something called the "Hallelulja Chorus" which is a bunch of people yelling at each other. I probably even misspelled it yet.

/Yes. Well, stay away from our place at Christmas-time if you don't want the full treatment. (I am not a member of Messiah fandom...) RSC/
I think SaM and TEW both should get medals. Fandom hasn't had a good fued in ages. /Two medals coming up - solid brass. RSC/

Memo to Donaho: For some reason or other Buck Coulson is complaining that he can't reach your teeth. Do you suppose that his secret vice is collecting old teeth? Are your teeth old?

Back when I was younger, three of us young type sergeants shared a room with an older type sergeant who owned a complete set of false chop-pers which he would stash on the stand at the side of his bunk each night before retiring and each night one of us young type sergeants would steal his teeth and in the spirit of good comradeship search out sly hiding places for them. Oh, we were gay (no, Nirenberg, not that sort of gay) young things in those days and would hold great contests to see who could devise the most ingenious hiding places for our comrade's teeth. We missed him when he was gone. Starvation, they said.

Dunno why all the pros are complaining about lack of plot material. Buck, all they have to do is read your editorials regularly. As you point out there is fine story material in the increasing isolation of the smaller towns as public transportation shifts its routes and passes them by. Ho, Tucker, write something already.

He did. He wrote A Doric Column all about life insurance and property insurance and such as that by ghu. It is heartening to know that in these days of mounting hysteria over the possibility that the (shhh) Russians are gonna hit us with the atomic bomb that good old American ingenuity and know how is right in there pitching to save us all from whatever it is we should be saved from. I quote: "We are certainly mindful of...the effects of atomic war. The Company is doing several things about it."

I hear tell that several insurance companies have applied to Lloyd's for insurance against atomic war.

Kris Neville says that one of the reasons there will not be an atomic war is that the financial interests aren't going to let those five-million dollar housing developments in Lon Gylant get vaporized and beat them out of all that interest. Or words to that effect.

/But do the Russian financial interests care about our housing developments? Or even in theirs? RSC/

I thought that "nonce" was a sort of medicine. You know, a nonce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Comment on "The Child" by Bob Warner: "I tell you, Mary, he ain't right."

Ah, ha, Alan Dodd. I have figured out the solution to the mystery of how to get rid of the time bomb. Time is the key word here. The assassin moves the typewriter from the floor to his lap, opens the case, inserts a sheet of paper and writes a short story in which the bomb is transported back to the Carboniferous era where it explodes into five pieces thereby giving birth to the Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance. That very story was contained in the first issue of FIVE.....BY FIVE.

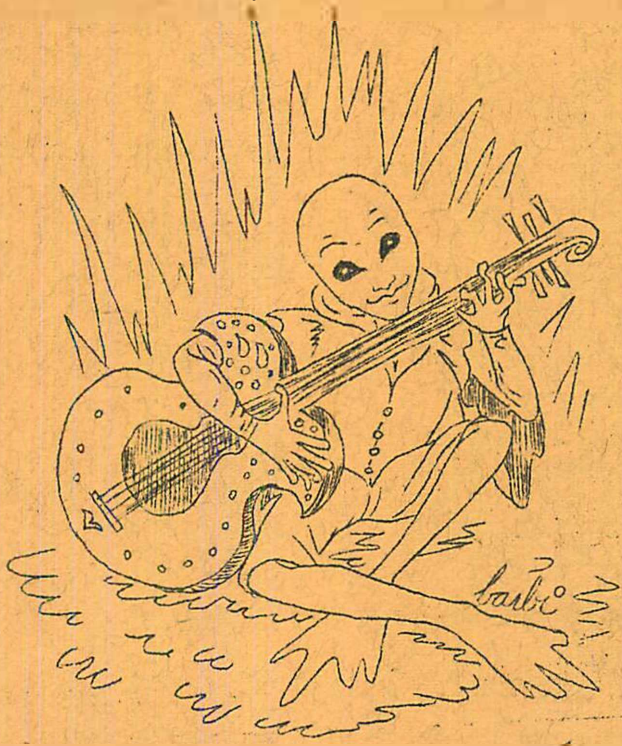
"Les Fanatiques", ha? Sounds like the title of a new fanzine and probably will be by this time.

I'm sure glad that Betsy Curtis told us that "When We Get To Heaven" is to be sung to the tune of "The Derby Ram". Now, does anyone know the tune of "The Derby Ram"? For that matter does anyone know what is a derby ram? Derbys are sometimes called iron hats and the picture of getting rammed by a Derby is not a pleasant one to contemplate. Anyway, I think a ram would look pretty silly in a derby. Most anyone looks pretty silly in a derby when you come to think about it. I wonder if Woodie Guthrie owns a derby? Or perhaps a ram?

"Strange Fruit". So DYNATRON gets reviewed in ABANICO, eh? Well, I suppose that's better than no review at all. I wonder if Bowers owns a derby? Or a ram?

Lewis Grant says "Imagine a country of fifty million people wandering around in the fallout, half starved. Their clothes are torn and dirty, they are living off refuse, and their white cell count is close to zero." I could say that this sounds like some of the new African republics but if I did all of the liberals in fandom would get mad at me again so I won't say it. Sounds like Lewis was here during the depression, too. Lewis, don't worry about them 50 million red soldiers for as soon as they land we will all put on our derbys and ram them.

But he seems to be right about the U.S. reacting whenever the USSR rings the bell. Larry Williams mentions in CINDER 7 that the PA system in his school announced during the first snowfall of the year that the students should refrain from eating snow as it might be contaminated with fallout.



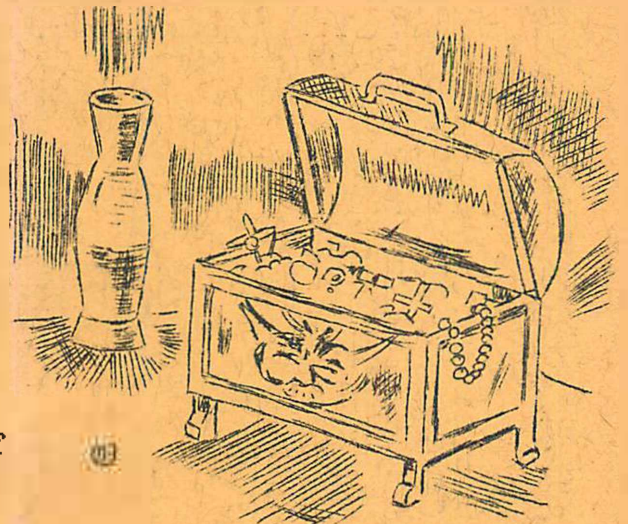
Tsk, all this soulsearching about how to recruit new fans now that the prozines are dying. (Do you suppose that Joseph Ferman figured that A. Davidson was a nonce?) "Tain't no problem at all. All you have to do is go looking for people wearing derbies and leading rams. That's pretty fan-nish."

Oh hell. Here I knock myself out trying to write an amusing letter and then I find out that you've already printed one by Ted Pauls that is a masterpiece of amusement.

Can't win. I'm going to go out and get a derby and a ram and a large supply of salt for preserving meat after the bombs fall. Long pig, that is.

HECTOR FESSINA, Casilla 3869 C.C., Buenos Aires, Argentina - "Survival of The Fannish" by John Trimble. How true are most of the concepts given in this

article. Yes, when one wants to publicize sf and attract people who are not readers or fans, it is very likely he will come across all sorts of crackpots among whom flying saucerians, spiritualists, opportunists, pseudo-intellectuals and the like are the most common. Yet, as he sagely says, a few of them are "genuine enthusiasts" and "stayers" and those are the ones that count, the ones every national fandom needs. We have already "explored some areas"; for example, on December 12th last year, two members of the ASFC and myself were invited to a weekly meeting of a local Rotary Club and after an excellent dinner given in



our honor, they gave a lecture on the physiological problems of space flight - beginning with the first attempts to fly since Icarus and the Montgolfier brothers - and the other one spoke of the far future when the universe is inhabited by our descendants and contact with other cultures and races has already been established. A film, "Project Mercury", in colour and explained in Spanish was shown at the end of the dinner. All the Rotarians were very pleased with this film and the lectures and showed their interest and enthusiasm by staying after 1:00 AM although it was a working day and they all had to go to their work the following morning. This year one of the activities of the club will consist of a sf exhibition of books, mags, pictures, etc. and the showing of films and - probably depending on Mr. Dollens - sf slides at a local public library. And if I have my way there will be a sort of SF week, and the exhibition will be open for a whole week. There will be film shows every day and as many lectures as possible. You must remember that here we must place a great emphasis on science rather than on fiction and try to present our club as a kind of scientific club.

I haven't yet finished reading NEW MAPS OF HELL but I've just finished STARSHIP TROOPERS, the book that makes you feel ashamed of being a civilian. I sincerely hope that Heinlein is wrong in this grim prediction of the far future of our race. If after 6000 years of human civilization we won't stop of warring and fighting against each other or against any aliens who may inhabit other systems the best thing would be to begin throwing hydrogen bombs at each other and finish the world once and for all.

/I can hope that Heinlein's prediction is wrong, but I suspect that he is 100% correct. Humans have been fighting for a good deal longer than 6000 years to date, and the liberals' plea that the "common man" does not want to fight is belied by any police docket you want to look at. The common man may not want to get killed, but he certainly does want to fight. RSC/

CLAUDE HALL (address withheld) - Ray Capella got married a couple or so months ago to a girl named Stella.

Did you know there's a fandom of experimental aircraft builders? Some guys build and fly their own planes - real ones. They also publish a few magazines, professional type.

Had trouble explaining the cover of #107 to my wife, a nonfan.

BEN KEIFER, 1440 Inglis Ave., Columbus 12, Ohio - When your Dec. issue arrived and I started to read Juanita's column, I was playing Handel's "Messiah" on my stereo rig. The next time we meet however I am going to try to convince her that she should try to get acquainted with more of the great choral works. I readily admit the pre-eminence of "Messiah", but also like Mendelssohn's "Elijah" plus Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Bruckner, Brahms' "German Requiem" and especially Berlioz' Christmas work, "The Childhood of Christ" (L'Enfance Du Christ). To concentrate on only one masterwork of music is like reading only one book over and over. /Oh, she does that, too. And she's seen some movies close to 20 times. I imagine she's heard most of the great choral works; she just isn't interested in them. (Except for Carl Orff's "Fraelusio" from "Catulli Carmina", which she is also nuts about.) In fact, there's damned little in the way of music that she hasn't heard at least once. RSC/

JUNIATA BONIFAS, 1913 Hopi Road, Santa Fe. New Mexico - I have thought about the world after the bomb quite a bit since people started building bomb shelters last summer, thinking about it in a practical way, because I expect that most of us in New Mexico will survive. I've seen the fall-out maps that indicate quite a lot of this state may suffer from our many military and scientific bases, but when you go out and look and see how big the outdoors is, it's pretty hard to believe that anything man makes can render this entire region uninhabitable.

Now, I think the answer to the question of a medium of exchange after the catastrophe depends on how many survivors there are, because this will determine whether, in general, we will have an economy of scarcity or one of abundance, and what, if anything, will be in short supply. I suppose, too, that we are talking mostly about the first few years after the bomb, and also that we are assuming the rest of the world is in no condition to interfere further in this country.

The first possibility to consider is that there may be only a handful of survivors, a few thousand people, say, in the length and breadth of the land. If this is the case, there will be a superfluity of nearly every kind of goods for them, in the portions of the cities that physically survive the blast and soon become cool enough to re-enter, and in smaller places that were not targets but have been emptied of people by fallout or followup such as gas and germ warfare. In that event no things, currency, coin, jewelry, bullets, or anything else suitable to symbolize value, would be scarce enough to serve the purpose; a person wishing to become wealthy would need only to go into deserted houses and stores and help himself. What would be in short supply would be personal services of all kinds, and in small organized communities no doubt they would find a way of exchanging labor. Probably they would keep a record, debiting and crediting each person or family for work received and work given. Something like this is being done in Denver now, among students and others. I forget the name they have for it, but you can see the same thing in action in any neighborhood where mothers organize to exchange babysitting on a multilateral basis.

The second possible situation is where a considerable fraction of the population, say one-fourth, survives the destruction. There would be a sufficiency of most goods, but a need for orderly trade in perishables, chiefly food, but also such commodities as unspoiled photographic film. There might also be a shortage of some highly specialized things such as radio transmitter parts, computers, and so forth, but these would mostly be things used by a few people on behalf of everyone. Therefore none of these scarce goods would do as a medium of ex-

change. With this many people around, and no easy escape, you might have some authoritarian economic system and not much need for money or wampum. However, assuming some money was needed, gold and silver would probably serve the purpose very well. There is not a great deal of this scattered around in a city to be picked up by looters. There is not too much in bank vaults and Fort Knox; the only way it serves as a medium of exchange now is by being expanded tenfold through the issuance of paper money and bank credits under the fractional reserve system. If still more money was needed, the survivors might honor paper money, which is hard to counterfeit and not terribly plentiful (compared to bank balances), perhaps reducing its value by some figure such as 90%.

The third possibility to be considered is the survival of most of the people, but a considerable fraction being lost, say one-fourth. In some ways this would be the hardest to adjust to, for most of the brains needed to run complicated social machinery would be lost in the cities, yet we would probably try to carry on much the same as before. It would be hard to decide how far to go in canceling old rights -- life insurance, loans, and so on. And since the degree of destruction and demoralization would be very different in different places, it would be a puzzle to make a general formula for canceling or reducing old rights. In Santa Fe, life might go on much as before, while in the Chicago area conditions might be similar to the first possibility I mentioned. (In that event, many people from undamaged sections would probably go treasure-hunting in the gutted cities.)

In summary, I don't think there's anything it would pay to hoard, other than the necessities of life for the transitional period of a few weeks. The one thing that is really worth saving is your education, your skills, your health, your life.

/Tucker, if you write another post-war novel you should get Juniata to look it over for technical defects before submitting it to a publisher/

DICK ENEY, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Virginia - All this worry about the insurance companies paying off after Atomageddon slips by one important point -- knowing that sneaky ol' Tucker, I bet he passed it up just for the sake of discussion-raising. Most life insurance policies (and all the short-term ones, like the quarter-a-flight air insurance things) provide that no benefits are payable if death occurs as a result of enemy action in time of war. I recollect a couple of cases in which the principle was almost applied; fairly recently....say five-six years ago...in Pennsylvania. Some company wanted to refuse payment because the insured got scragged in combat in Korea. The state court wouldn't allow it, because Korea was just a police action; I don't know if that point was reversed on appeal, but if they'd try it on a dubious case like Korea you betcher sweet life in anything like an ICBM bombardment of the continental US they'd apply it without hesitation.

Know what I think would be a nice possibility for post-bomb emergency currency? Stable oral antibiotics. Stable so they could be used (lots break down over a period of time, as do other complex organic chemicals like, say, human beings); oral so you wouldn't be afflicted with the need for keeping up a supply of needles and syringes in order to make your currency negotiable.

What we'd need would be anything intrinsically useful out of proportion to its diminutive size, for a general circulating currency... your cartridges, drugs, probably odd items like small steel needles (the Rebs had a hell of a time replacing those during the Civil War,

remember?) and screws that couldn't be easily improvised by blacksmithing techniques, and very possibly specialized-use valuables like lenses and radio crystals....hell, they'd maybe be best of all, since they'd have value without being the sort of thing the holder would consume in use.

Locally, now, I'll make a little bet with you that the neighborhood source of necessities has a system of scrip in operation pretty fast. Obvious things like tickets representing valuta, naturally, but also scrip for services -- "This entitles the bearer to one hundred gallons of decontaminated water/a dozen aspirin/one data sheet"...hey, did you think of that last? We folk with substantial libraries will be able to trade information for goods and services. While you're thinking of it, why don't you prepare for atomic war by cutting and running off a few hundred fact sheets on flint-knapping and field sanitation? There's nothing like looking forward, you know.
/Drugs would be a good bet; they can't be produced outside of large city laboratories, and we don't have large stockpiles on hand, as a couple of recent epidemics and vaccination-stampedes have proved. RSC/

JANE SMITH (Address withheld) The comment that "any bright child... knows what he can and can't do under his parents' roof...and it won't kill him to put off his contact with new ideas for a few years" is regrettably true, I suppose; but if it won't kill him, it will kill his creativity, enterprise and initiative. By the time the bright child is legally of age, he has usually "adjusted" to his life, he's bright, but he's withdrawn. For the rest of his life -- even if he doesn't settle down and accept the rut his parents live in -- he will hang on the fringes of the world, unable to accept the society of his peers as he was unable to accept the world of his parents.

I have come to the conclusion that the kid who DOESN'T rebel against sick parents is worse off than the kid who does.

Take me, for instance. My mother flatly refused to let me have anything to do with boys. Oh, there were other girls in that predicament. They went out the window for sneaked dates. They said righteously "Well, what should I have done? Mama wouldn't let me have dates, so I had to sneak them." Back then, I said, "Well, you could go without, couldn't you?"

I went without. I believed that "Mother knows best", so I stayed home, believing what she said...that after I finished school was time enough to meet -- not boys -- but men.

Know what? I married, reasonably well and as happily as most -- but to this day I am absolutely at a loss in the company of people my own age, unless they are similar out-of-age-group misfits.

My parents didn't approve of parties and dancing; I stayed away from them. I should have gone -- fight, lie -- anything; I NEEDED people, but I obeyed.

I disobeyed only once. My parents disapproved of fandom. My mother begged and implored me, with tears in her eyes, to give up "this nonsense". My brother, somewhat older than myself, took me gently aside on my 18th birthday and gave me kindly advice to "make an effort to give it all up now" -- as if he were advising me to give up bed-wetting, marijuana puffing or some other unsuitable perversity.

I think I knew, instinctively, that fandom was my one real point of contact with people -- and contacts with people were the one thing which my, I now realize, VERY sick and neurotic parents were trying to

keep me away from. At the age of seven my mother mourned because she had to send my brother and myself to school, rather than teaching us at home with Calvert School. She felt that every outside friend we made weakened family ties. "Why do you want somebody to play with? You've got each other to play with!" Yet, despite this unhealthy closeness between my brother and myself, we were so smashed-down and inhibited about body-consciousness and prudishness that we never even played the games which "all children" are supposed to play. We'd have been healthier if we had.

In sixteen years I can remember having a playmate in my house exactly three times as a guest. Now and again we were permitted to go, for a carefully measured clock-hour, to the home of a neighbor, or to have a neighbor's children to play in our yard for an hour; but "Don't bring them in the house. Nobody wants other people's children under foot." To this day I am physically incapable of entering another person's house without a really pressing invitation; I always feel *persona non grata*... as if I were simply being permitted to enter because the recipient of my call knew no polite way to keep me out. Dear mother's work.

If I put on lipstick, my mother jeered "Look who's trying to get the BOYS to look at her!" and when I docilely played with other little girls, she preened herself on having a nice daughter who wasn't boy-crazy... "like those girls!"

As I say; when I discovered fandom, it was like being let out of a smothering cage. And when my parents tried to force me to give it up, I fought like a tiger. Literally. I think I knew it was almost my last chance to establish real contact with real people; my last chance -- and I don't think I'm putting it too strongly -- for sanity. For me, literally, fandom became a way of life, because it was the only door through which I could escape the literal prison of family into the real world.

In the fields where I rebelled, I developed creativity and a full life. In the fields where I passively accepted that "Mother knows best", I am still struggling against the neurotic strictures she forced down my throat. My father was drunken and brutal. He was almost worse than my mother; but I could rebel against HIM without feeling guilty. Every time I tried to defy my sweet, saintly, long-suffering mother, I destroyed myself with guilt; I only defied her successfully where fandom was concerned, and it was my salvation.

With this in my mind, I say flatly that the child who accepts the strictures of his neurotic parents is committing emotional suicide, in all the areas where the strictures apply. And until some suitable mechanism of successful rebellion is made possible for boys without joining the army and for girls by rushing into marriage, our bright children will be wasted and wrecked. I said to my mother when I was seventeen "I'd marry the devil to get out of this hell-hole." I didn't, quite; and I was too bright to marry a sailor who asked me. Some girls would have. Many girls have. And without parental pressures, my life would have been different; but I owe fandom what little emotional freedom I did achieve. Hence my sympathy with Lee Thorin. Of course, some smart-alecs will rebel against decent non-confining parents, and we should distinguish. But even where parents are noticeably sick, the law can't do anything. Even raped daughters -- father-raped -- have been forced to return home, and horsewhipped sons. Where the beating and ravishing is emotional, the kid is just out of luck.... I KNOW.

/You say creativity is destroyed, but just how much creativity has been



shown by those girlfriends of yours who did rebel against parental authority? More than you? The same amount? Any at all? They're undoubtedly better adjusted socially, and probably happier, but (a) that has nothing to do with creativity, and (b) why this concern for adjustment to a society which you don't think much of in the first place?

God knows some parents are abominations, but as I said to Breen, I have yet to hear of a workable alternate that would be an improvement. If you can come up with one, I'm all for it (but I stress "workable"; you can't remake society in your own image, even if that was desirable.) You admit that one must distinguish between overly repressive parents and overly rebellious children; my question is simply, how? If you have an answer to that, then I'm with you. RSC/

REDD BOGGS, 2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota - I liked the cartoon cover, of course, but what's a "canaveral"? /a sort of cloak -- or cape. RSC/

I usually listen to the "Messiah" at least once a year, at Christmas, and enjoy it. But not this year. On Christmas Eve I heard part of Bach's B Minor Mass -- not all of it, alas, because I had to leave to attend a Christmas party -- but the recollection of that mighty work stayed with me all day Christmas, and that evening, when I sat down to listen to the "Messiah" on KJFM, I found that Bach had succeeded in diminishing Handel to, say, the level of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. I hardly enjoyed even "He shall lead his flock" and by the time Part 2 ended, I was too sunk in ennui even to notice the Hallelujah chorus till it was almost over. What is "Silme" for the god sake? Is it a typo for "Slime"?

Tucker. The Minneapolis paper, a month or two ago, ran a story on the civil defense preparations of various business firms, and the story pointed out that banks and savings and loan associations were planning to send their records, or rather copies of their records, out of town for safekeeping. I believe some savings association actually claimed to be sending weekly copies of records to somewhere in Montana, perhaps Helena, which presumably is considered an unlikely target for an H-bomb.

Elsewhere in the issue: Fred Patten is not Frank's brother? But who is Frank Patten? The general in WW2? No, that was George Patton. Maybe Frank is famous, but I can't think of who he might be. A sf writer? Say, there was a sf writer in the Palmer Amazing named Patten. Is that the guy? I hadn't thought of him in years. /That's the guy; actually the name was one of Palmer's pseudonyms. See "Strange Fruit" for "Silme"; see Tolkien for the derivation of the name. Personally, I think Bach and Handel are both pretty dull. RSC/

VIC RYAN, Box 92, 2305 Sheridan Rd., Evanston, Illinois - I hope you read that Nov. 11 POST, or have it on tap, since it contains a most excellent article on Ayn Rand, most anti-intellectual, but pretty fair to her, as a whole - probably more so than she deserves.

Pvt. WILLIAM E. PEARSON, US56337294, U.S.A.G. 4009, Fort Polk, Louisiana - SATA #14 will be out soon...Be much obliged if you could mention my new address in YANDRO.

AVRAM DAVIDSON, 410 West 110th. St., New York 25, N.Y. - The last I heard of Dold was 11 yrs ago from Forrest J. who said that he'd heard, many years prior to that, that Dold was going blind. De gustibus and such, but your refusal to place him among the outstanding sf artists of the day surprises.

I've heard that Redd Boreas was bashful.

Your comments about the increasing difficulty of getting to small towns by public transportation is too sadly true. My idea is to place a high tax on private cars. Give much for my chances?

/Hah. We got a high tax on them now, in Indiana, at least. You know, I always wondered if Dold didn't have bad eyesight... Seriously, I do consider him to be one of the outstanding sf illustrators of his day; it's just that his day was such a miserable one. (I've always contended that Paul achieved his legendary stature simply because, no matter how bad he was, he was superior to the competition; I wouldn't put his stuff in a fanzine today.) RSC/

TERRY CARR, 56 Jane St., New York 14, N.Y. - I usually feel like commenting on Yan when an issue comes in, but one thing or another always stops me; either I forget to bring a copy along to the office (there's no typer at my apartment) or I remember that last time I wrote a few comments on the zine I didn't even make the WAHF column. You may think it's "intensely degrading" to land in the WAHF's, but consider how much worse it is to be rejected from it. "Dear Sir: We have read your letter of comment carefully but we regret to say that we are not presently in need of hearing from you. Yours sincerely..."

YANDRO 107 is a particularly good one, I think; there were quite a few items of definite interest in it. Juanita's brief notes on "Messiah" fandom, for instance. I have been considering suggesting to her that she start a fanzine devoted to it (well, if Tolkien, Burroughs, Howard and Bagby can have fanzines, why not Handel?), but I rather fear the consequences. Would it have a column called "And All In Stereo For \$4.98, Less Discount"? Would it have drawings by Jim Cawthorne of Jesus as a lusty barbarian, or by George Barr of Jesus' pectoral muscles? Would the first issue feature a scholarly article comparing "Messiah" with Hollywood's new version of "The King Of Kings"? I don't



want to think about it.

Tucker's column is one of his best, a delightful thing. Pearson's poem is, like, feh. Warner's story is curiously disappointing; I remember when I was a young'un in fandom (nigh unto eight years ago, man and boy) Bobby Gene Warner was one of my favorite fanfiction writers....he and Don Howard Donnell were going at it hot and heavy trying to see who could outdo the other at imitating Bradbury, and I just ate that stuff up (and did a little of it myself, of course). Now here he is years later with an excellent shortstory idea, and he's writing badly. I thought anybody who'd been writing seriously for as long as Warner could write better than this. Not that it's too bad, but it's hack amateur stuff in all too many places. Like, he really started to grab me with "It stood beside the gaping hole from which it had emerged, a huge mass of darkness, monstrous. It was not a creature meant to live on the surface of the world", but then he had to ruin it all with that hackneyed rationale, "...where there was light; it shrank perceptibly from even the wan light of the moon." Phooey.

Nonetheless, this is probably the best fan-fiction of the year; at least it has a good idea and a little imagination.

Betty Kujawa ("Golden Minutes") irritates me. She certainly is a cackling type, isn't she? /Well, no.....RSC/

Dodd's column interesting this time; I want to see "Les Fanatiques" after reading this. A quibble: the title of that French film which received quite a lot of attention from fanzines a few years ago was simply "Diabolique", not "Les Diaboliques". Discounting the nominal similarity of titles and the fact that they're both French and both rely on suspense (but "Diabolique" was a horror film, not a suspense film), I don't see any reason why Dodd should draw a parallel to "Diabolique" over, for instance, "Rififi" or "Orpheu Negro", the latter of which is the best film to come out of France in a long time and is certainly of major interest to fans, being a classic fantasy. Not that I see any reason why Dodd should have drawn a parallel with either of them, either, but...

Lewis Grant's letter scares the hell out of me. I hadn't thought I'd ever find myself wishing I could go back to comfortably considering the consequences of a simple all-out ICBM attack. # John Trimble makes a lot of sense on the matter of fan-recruitment. # I was amused by Ted Pauls' fishing for compliments on KIPPLE by saying Aw shucks it ain't that good, apparently in hopes that you would say, Sur it is, it's just wonnaful. A nice example in how to get double-egoboo from one review. # If I say I think VOID isn't even nearly as good as KIPPLE, will you explain to us all in print about how good it really is? Or, more likely, will you chop me into little ribbons? All right then, I won't say it. Anyhow, VOID is a lot better than KIPPLE, so foosh. /Let's just say that I've never (not even when it was all Benford's) fully appreciated the quality of VOID. RSC/

STEVE SCHULTHEIS, 511 Drexel Drive, Santa Barbara, Calif. - High spot of the issue was the letter col. Each and every letter was either a gem or exceedingly interesting, and I'd rate them roughly in order of appearance. News that Avram's taking over F&SF was greeted here with much rejoicing, and I've even been ordered by the other half of the team to start buying the magazine regularly again.

RUTH BERMAN, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis 17, Minnesota - Everyone

should be grateful to Andre Norton - isn't she the same as Alice Norton, who wrote the wonderful Borrower books?

Barbi Johnson's drawings are too pretty. I love them anyway. Why doesn't she illustrate children's stories professionally? Or does she? /Never heard of the Borrower books, but since Andre's real name is Mary Alice Norton I expect she's the same one. RSC/

BOB FARNHAM, 506 2nd. Ave., Dalton, Georgia - The tremendous response to Gregg Calkins' letter has verified my belief in Fans and in Fandom, and has solidified my faith in human nature as well. Despite the arthritis pains, I read every one of the zines that have come in.

There are so many that I would have to sit up to the table and itemize them to be able to answer them, which, at the present time, I'm physically unable to do. The pains are abating but can change to a storm in half an hour.

So I wonder if you would let me run this letter to say Thank You to each and everyone who has sent fanzines, stamps and cash.....Forry Ackerman sent 3 of his movie zines and 50 stamps, so this letter was made possible. Ann Chamberlain sent stamps and a card...of the others I remember only one, Larry Williams; later I'll write to each one. I fully expect these pains I have now to extend until next June...the damp weather we had all last year prevented a relief spell.

But the BIGGEST job of good these fanzines and fans did was to yank me out of one of the worst spells of depression I have ever known. I'm more cheerul now, and climbing back to good nature again. My heartfelt thanks to all of you.

ROY TACKETT, again (earlier letter) Bob Jennings seems to think that fandom is a place to hide; people become involved in the microcosm for the strangest reasons. The only comment I'll make on his letter is that he evidently wasn't paying too much attention to all those news broadcasts and newspapers since he managed to get the Georgia story garbled. Surprising, too, since this particular case became a great cause. I don't recall what the final outcome was, whether the guy was actually executed or whether his sentence was changed to life imprisonment, but he wasn't tossed into prison for theft of a paltry amount of merchandise. He was convicted of armed robbery and assault and the robbery netted him the dollar eight or whatever it was. The victim was, as I recall, an old woman.

GORDON EKLUND, 14612 18th SW, Seattle 66, Wash. - Gad, it is just like Tucker to bring up the thought of what will happen to insurance companies after a war. I don't suppose that too many people will be worried about collecting life insurance for their dear departed after the big bomb but I suppose it is possible that at sometime things may get back to a state of near-normalcy and people will begin to wonder. Hmmm...if Tucker is correct and paper money becomes useless, I wonder if life insurance companies will have to pay off policy holders with horses, bullets or something along the same line. I thought it was only in westerns that people were paid off in bullets.

JOE PILATI, 111 S. Highland Ave., Pearl River, N.Y. - Some blasted pro-zine had better start plugging fanzines, or just the opposite of Wood's views may become reality. I am only basing this on personal experience, but what else is there? Eighteen months ago, or so, I picked up a copy

of Ackerman's moronic monster pub, and noticed a letter designed to recruit members for a club to knock the crap-on-celluloid purveyed by most horror-film producers. I wrote to the address given, began corresponding with this guy, was given the address of another guy, wrote to him, was given the address of another guy (finally, this one a fan, at least nominally) who told me to send for a few fanzines, including yours. As for the club, it is now withering with three members, one in So. Carolina, one in Chicago, and me.

This seems to indicate the difficulty of all potential fans not living near clubs or writing to anyone even vaguely connected to fandom. And I don't believe I'm wrong in assuming that these people comprise most fans. Help, Avram Davidson. F&SF has always seemed like the least likely pro to further the cause, but now...?

YAN has never been much of a crusader against censorship, at least the nine issues I have aren't crusading, but perhaps this item would be of interest:

"CENSORSHIP MEETING SET

LONDON (Canadian Press) - Municipal councillors from all over Britain will gather here in December to see brutal and sexy scenes cut out of movies while censors explain each case. The object is to end conflicting decisions among local authorities."

...New York TIMES, 11/13/61

Skip the "We also heard from..." Use more Lewis Grant stuff in the leftover lines.

/We're against censorship, but we don't crusade for much of anything. Censors are sort of like cockroaches; you stomp on them when you can, but getting hysterical about their presence doesn't help matters. I'm not in favor of a fanzine review column in the pros; what I'd like to see is something like Lester del Rey had in SFA; a short article each issue on some phase of fandom, each article written by a different well-known fan. A few fanzine addresses were usually included. RSC/

PHIL HARRELL, 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Virginia - I'd love to write a brilliant sparkling LoC but every time I try I come out with gibberish. I like to read the whole thing before undertaking an answer; I mean if I'm going to sound like a nut I want to sound like a nut that knows what he's talking about. And "Who is this King of Glory?" Juanita "Every Valley Shall be Exulted", "And the rough places plain" and if I'm not mistaken right between "lift up your



head on ye gates and be ye lifted up
ye everlasting mountains and the King
of Glory shall come in. Who is this
King of Glory? Who is this King of
Glory? The Lord of Host..." and I wish
you hadn't started that as now I've
got a whole 100-voice choir going in
my head not to mention the orches-
tra that goes along with it. Yes,
Juanita, I'm a Messiah fan, too.
OH GHOD GRIEF, my Father just
came in and heard my mother rummag-
ing in the attic and let out with
"Juliette!" "Whatta you want?" "Jul-
iette? Wherefore art thou?" "I'm up
here in the attic looking for a
spread" and all this in the middle
of Saint-Saens second piano concer-
to. My mother by the way is named
Minnie. Like you said, Messiah fen
crop up in the weirdest places.

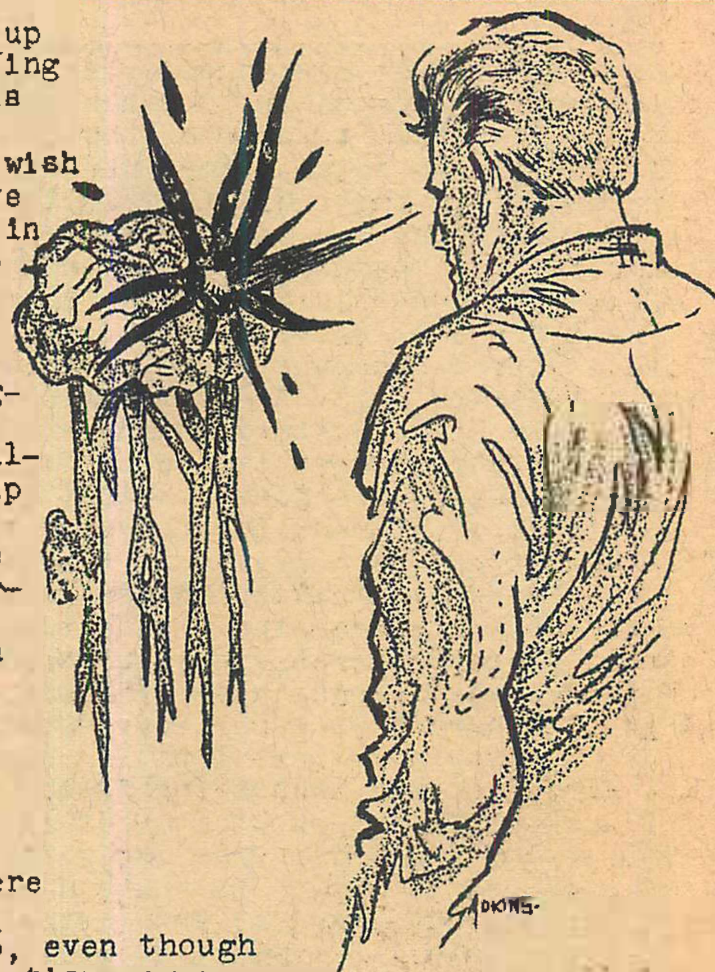
ETHEL LINDSAY, Courage House, 6
Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey,
England - Mildly quirked at Don
Fitch's comments on Lawrence; he
writes about him as if Lawrence were
still alive, for goshsake!

Nice to see Gregg back in 106, even though
I cannot understand why Archie's actions over
OOPSLA! puzzled him. He has surely met some polite folks before? /In
fandom? Don't be silly. RSC/ I'm glad he told us about Bob Farnham.

I suppose Ed Wood has reflected that if the SF magazines disap-
pear, there won't be much that fandom can do about it! But I smiled
most at the DeWeese story of papers in General Motors. My, he should
see our papers - the forms in triplicate which shower upon us, and no
one will give us the all-clear to destroy any of them. One day the hos-
pital will disappear.

ELLA PARKER, 151 Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London NW 6, England -
Isn't that front cover this time the truth? What with all you fen pro-
ducing your own neos fandom won't have to bother about the demise of
SF as re Ed Wood-Ted Pauls, which brings me neatly to a question I'd
like to ask you and your readers. Do you feel that those who come in
to fandom never having and never wanting to read SF really 'belong'?
Don't you feel way down inside that they are cheats, fakes, if you
like? After all, this is supposed to be Science Fiction Fandom, isn't
it? Fair enough, if you become really bound up in fandom to the point
where your interests are extended, you may have less time for reading
the stuff but, given some worth reading, you can still enjoy it. Of
what are those who don't read it, fans? Party fans, drinking fans,
what???? They sure as hell aint SF fans.

Juanita: can I join your Messiah club? Well, actually, I have been
a member for years. We have a performance of it every year just before
Xmas on the radio. My brother and I usually arrange things to be on our



own that night so we can enjoy it without interruption. Fred has sung parts of it, in a choir to which he used to belong. It is nice to find someone who doesn't sneer at thoughts of listening to it.

Tucker, as usual, comes up with some thought provoking ideas. Odd, how impossible most folk find it to imagine that money as a means of exchange may one day have no use. I have a non-fan friend who sometimes reads my SF. I was talking to him something along those lines but he laughed me to scorn. "Of course money will always be valuable," he said. I posed the problem of me with good food available and him with only hard cash and no shops at which to spend it. That was an easy one. He would offer me some of his money for some of my food. He was flabbergasted when I told him I would refuse his kind offer. I don't think he has yet resolved that little problem to his satisfaction. He still refuses to forget his money, that I know. Bullets are eminently practical; how about those with stocks of clothing in good condition? Bulky, maybe, but not as heavy to cart around as cases of shells. Most valuable obviously would be things like heavy shoes and boots for bad weather or long tramping with a lesser value for the smaller items like socks, etc. Of course, those with the will to live are going to work at getting used to doing without those things, and the sooner the better. A pair of hard feet never wear out.

To Betty's letter: I would answer that her quote about English men not daring to buy undies for their women no longer applies. Hell, yes, they are still shy about it, but it is easy for them to give a description of the woman for whom the gift is intended and the assistant does the rest. So it has to be changed later for something more suitable but he has made the attempt. The rest of the quotes she makes may be trueI wouldn't know except to agree maybe with the remark about men and alcohol, if what I see at fan gatherings is anything by which to judge. There's certainly plenty of 'touching' and 'stroking' goes on there! Actually, you know, I think most Englishmen are hypocrites when it comes to women and sex. They may appear restrained, cold and uncaring on the surface, but, does this hold true in the bedrooms of England? I doubt it, else howcome we are so heavily overpopulated? /I don't consider the non-stf-readers as realfansure fans. I mean, I'll be generous and patronizing and all and allow them to appear in fandom, but I have my doubts about them. Of course, I don't even dig the real "fannish" fans, who write and talk mainly about fandom. God knows Juanita and I spend as much time on fandom as anyone, but if we're going to converse with someone for any length of time we'd prefer someone who can comment on "Dark Universe" and "Black Man's Burden" to one who only knows fans. RSC/

BOBBY GENE WARNER, 5316 Old Cheney Highway, Orlando, Florida - I've never done an actual fanzine review, subjective or otherwise, but do a bit of (mental) evaluation of each and every fanzine that finds its way to my mailbox...and I honestly believe, after reading several thousand (perhaps a trifle exaggerated) zines in the past 12 or 13 years, that it is difficult, to say the least, trying to rate one fanzine over another in any other manner than that of an issue-for-issue one. The average fanzine fluctuates greatly, even after it has established a valid "personality" of its own; even the "hardcore" zines find themselves hard put at times to find enough good material to fill an issue. I'll agree with your in principle view that a fanzine should be reviewed from its entire output; but with the sheer bulk of fanzines being

published now (and that have been published in the past), what reviewer among Ye is thoroughly familiar with every issue, or with most of the issues of EVERY fanzine you review?

Maybe I'm looking at this thing from a one-sided view, myself, and am assuming other fan read fanzine reviews for the same reason I (most of the time) do: To get an idea of what is being published currently in Fandom, to obtain names and addresses of new faneds (so that I might bombard them with sundry stories, illos and the like) and to get a by proxy capsule reading of many of the 'zines I wouldn't otherwise see.

To Bob Tucker: While home on leave in Texas this past October, I heard several unsubstantiated rumors that many people were having great difficulty getting any sort of damage settlement from their insurance companies because the most, or all, of the damage they sustained was due to flooding -- for which type of damage they weren't covered. And if you want to take that a step further: How many people nowadays are covered for "damage by thermonuclear weapons"? All conjecture aside, and to be utterly provincial: I hope we never find out, because I hope it don't never happen!

/Well, I probably could be thoroughly familiar with the total output of every fanzine I receive, if I wanted to be. It's too much work, though. Sometimes I wonder why anyone reads fanzine reviews. RSC/

SETH JOHNSON, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, New Jersey - Sometimes I wonder if fangdom isn't being just too too tolerant with Ted White. Not that I'm taking sides in his feud with the Moskowitzes, but just the same that guy is lacking in tact and that's the least I can say.

Cheer up about transportation. If the population explosion keeps on at present rate according to PEOPLE by William Vogt, you're sure to have a subway entrance near your house before the kid grows up.

Tucker's discussion in insurance interesting. Only thing that occurs to me is there won't be many heirs left to make claims.

/No-matter how tactless White is, Moskowitz has no valid defense for his actions. He had his own fanzine to reply in, to exactly the same people who read White's comments. I suspect Chris's fine hand behind the lawsuit; surely Sam knew what the fannish reaction would be. He knew the reaction to the Dietz-Raybin suit, and they had more valid grounds than he has. RSC/

The following letters are all commenting on earlier issues; they've been saved for one reason or another.

TED WHITE, 107 Christopher St., New York 14, N.Y. - I've had my say about "draft-dodging" (an inappropriate term) and social responsibility in FAPA, but Calkins brings up the point that -- supposedly -- this attitude ("why should I join the army?") is common only in the most recent generation. I think he's overlooking a few points, like the Draft Riots a century or so ago. But his big point is supposed to be that today's generation does not want, or accept -- or something -- responsibility for things in the world as it stands.

That seems a fair summation. Take a sweeping look about us, and tell me what you think is right with the world, Gregg. Our lives are daily threatened with wholesale extinction (a thought which bothers me less that a lot of otherwise sane types I know, because I'm blase about death), our economy is almost certain to crumble in ten years -- although it might last twenty somehow; it certainly can't keep expand-

ing for another twenty years -- our lives are growing daily more regimented on the one hand, and more dependent upon butt-kissing on the other and...fill in a long list of What's Wrong With The World.

It doesn't take a lot of looking at the situation to grow discouraged with it. It can discourage one just observing such petty facts as that the Kennedy Administration has only dug us a bit deeper into the deep hole the "diametrically opposite" Eisenhower administration started. One grows cynical. "What difference does it make, who we elect?" a man might ask. "Nothing intelligent is done." And from this attitude, disillusionment and disaffiliation are only a short step. "I can't detect a rational move my leaders have made in years," our protagonist mumbles to himself, "and they've been leading us all strictly downhill. If they won't take any responsibility for my welfare, I'll be damned if I'll support theirs."

I don't claim that's my way of thinking, but it is a valid one, and one I've heard expressed in varying degrees by a lot of people. Now, before Gregg shouts "Welfare State!" at me, I suppose I should clarify that last bit of monologue. The Welfare being ignored is that of society, not that of the needy bum on relief. We've been sticking fingers hither and yon into a crumbling earthen dam, without any realization that a new one might be needed.

Our social structure, and our political system are both outmoded and inadequate. They do not reflect the responsibility of society today. I doubt they ever did. But with things under stress it is growing more obvious. Our "leaders" aren't attempting the solution, because they are committed to the essential rightness of the wrong path. I doubt a single one of YANDRO's readers agrees with the foreign or domestic policy of our government, and I doubt a single one of them hopes his opinion will change anything. How can we feel responsibility for something we can't control?

I don't feel I have any voice in the destiny of our nation, so why should I defend it? Maybe it would be better to sink the ship. Eh?

Careful, Gregg...you're being baited...

I do, however, quite agree with Gregg about those on my fanzine's mailing list who can't be bothered with address changes and such. It costs me sometimes 5¢, sometimes 9¢ for these people, depending on whether VOID is forwarded or returned. A pox on 'em, I say!

Ed Wood is his usual assinine self. Any points he had to make were made the first time around. However, as one who has read both IMMORTAL STORM and AH! SWEET IDIOCY!, I am prepared to testify that Laney too "is objective enough, never to paint his enemies in the blackest black nor does he make any effort to wear a halo." I suggest Ed Wood try ASI again sometime. He'll find Laney is hardest on himself, and always leans over backwards to be fair to those he dislikes.

/With the new postal regulations, it'll cost you 8¢ for return and another 5¢ or so for re-mailing. If a copy of YANDRO is returned, I make no effort to find out the correct address. If the reader inquires, I remail the issue; if he doesn't I keep the balance of his sub and the hell with him. It's up to the readers to keep the editors informed; I have fanzines (and, unfortunately, junk mail) forwarded when I move, and others can do the same thing.

Your statement of policy sounds nice, but it falls apart. Have you ever tried to have a voice in the destiny of our nation, aside from voting? (That is, do you write letters to your representatives? They aren't telepathic, you know, and they do pay attention to their