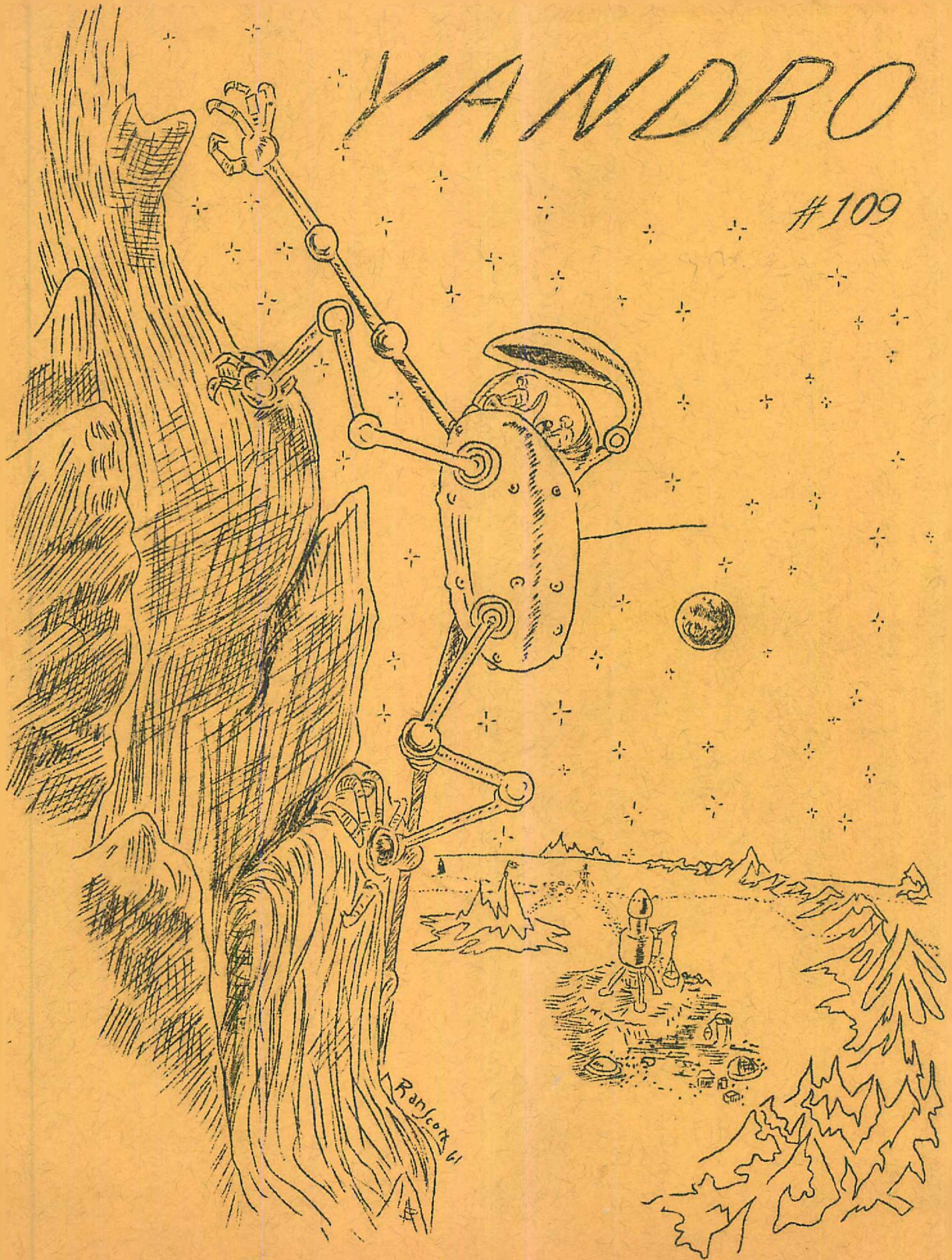


YANDRO

#109



YANDRO #109

-VOL X-NO 2

FEB. '62



Published monthly by Robert & Juanita Coulson,
Route 3, Wabash, Indiana, USA. Price, USA: 20¢
or 12 for \$2. England; 1/3 or 12 for 12/-.
Other places; 2 for 45¢, 12 for \$2.25.

CONTENTS

Ramblings.	JWC	2
Rumblings.	RSC	4
A Doddering Column	Alan Dodd	6
The Fannish Executioner's Song	Marion Zimmer Bradley	9
A Happy Hippopotamus To You.	Lewis Grant	10
Strange Fruit.	RSC	13
Golden Minutes	Nelson, Sample, Dominick, RSC.	14
Grumblings	the readers	16

ARTWORK

Cover.....Randy Scott

Page 1.	Dan Adkins	Page 14.	Bill Pearson
" 2.	JWC	" 15.	Dan Adkins
" 4.	JWC	" 20.	Robert E. Gilbert
" 8.	Nott	" 21.	Bjo Trimble
" 9.	George Barr	" 24.	DEA
" 10.	Lewis Grant	" 25.	Randy Scott

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Despite the rejoinders out there amongst some of the fannish, I am not blase about such things as the Glenn flight. I frankly admit all such things give me a big kick.... not so much from a national point of view as a sense of humanity in general making the big leap out... I would have been equally gleed to watch the Russian shots, but I'm also provincial enough to be happy with the success of this shot. I sat on the edge of my chair during the Shepard and Grissom arcs, but

since this was the first orbital flight I'd had an opportunity to watch from start to finish, I set up the tape recorder and took a few high spots off the television. I'll enjoy listening to them later (I've already played the thing back several times) and it may do Bruce some good in school in the future, refresh his memory as it were.

I don't know how many bobbles the Russians have had, but I must say, in light of past extrapolations and predictions on the part of stf writers, I'm mildly surprised to see so few tragedies on our program so far, and no loss of human life, yet, knock wood.

The people who have sent in chances for the mimeo should be quite happy. Your chances are still rather good - meaning that very few people have actually taken the plunge. But I believe enough have to pay for mailing and leave a little profit for the Willis fund.....but all in all, you scattered few are riding high. Think positively; after all, the fewer people participating, the better your chances of winning the thing. If it wouldn't look so fishy, I'd take out a chance myself. - I enjoyed playing around with the thing on a few pages of BANE and the announcement flyer and all. And there are quite definite advantages to a hand-feed, particularly in registration, the scourge of my mimeoing.

And Eney and Boggs and other commenters on my mimeo - I haven't decided whether or no you boys are really serious in all these comments about automatic counters and starting buttons and all. I believe it was Les Gerber who demanded to see the mimeo when he arrived for one of our picnics....I conducted a tour of my print shop, and he stared in horror at the machine, spluttering "Bhut, it looks just like the cartoons!" It does indeed. It has a drum, and a crank, and a little drive shaft or something that moves everytime you turn the crank and shoves the little feed arm forward - and if the side grippers are right and the stack of paper isn't too far back, it shoves a piece of paper between drum and roller and it prints and falls in the feed tray. I've been using the thing for almost nine years and I have yet to find an electric cord or any sort of button I can push that will make it run by itself. Maybe I should ask for a refund?

Cover lettering this issue by NOTT.

I thought I would have to pass an eye test to get my operator's driver's license renewed this year, so I carefully went in for an exam from the oculist earlier, and then it turned out I didn't have to take the driving exam anyway, - life. But there was good news at the spec doctor's, at least. For the first time since I first started wearing glasses at age ten or eleven, I haven't lost ground...in about four years now, oddly enough. Maybe my extreme myopia has finally settled, or maybe I'm just getting the farsightedness kick back of old age. (Indiana law is set up for license renewal during birthday month - now an old woman of 29.)

I'd do more painting if I didn't get such peculiar comments from the family - such as "What is it?" or "Good heavens, what happened!" Steve Stiles recently sighed unhappily that whenever anyone is characterizing unpleasantly arty beatniks, they always pick on expressionistic or abstractionist painting. The beatnik, by whatever name, in every period of artistic history, has been the experimenter. Of course, the facts are that all but the real stuck in the mud types did experiment - the ones who persistently satisfied the "I know what I like" art buyers were the artists who hid their experiments....or managed to gradually ease them into more conventional techniques.

Of course, my reasoning is more obvious - I don't let people see my experiments because they (the experiments) are such failures.

Actually, I have never understood busy work in the sense of knitting to be knitting, or making lace or something like that. I want an end product. I've occasionally knitted when I saw some yarn that I liked....but once I've made the scarf or muffler (the only things I can make) I'm through. And I want to make it quickly. I guess I have always been impatient. When I'm painting or sketching, if I can't achieve the effect I want, I'm inclined to throw the whole thing out and start over, rather than work over the thing. In playing a musical instrument, I want to produce music right now; if I can learn enough basics to satisfy myself immediately, I will then practise to become more proficient - but I must have some success from the start. If I try a new quirk in singing and find myself unsuccessful, I'm likely to abandon the entire thing.

But when you do get it - when the brush seems to behave just so and the colors blend just the way you planned, when your fingers mind their manners and stay on the right keys or strings, when your vocal cords sit up and do as commanded, this is a satisfaction irreplaceable by any amount of vicarious experience. I'll never be able to achieve the wondrous worlds I visit via stf or the never-never adventure lands of other fields such as flight or archaeology, but when I manage to create something myself on a very small scale, I feel rather worthwhile.

Broyles is gathering data for a second edition of his WHO'S WHO IN FANDOM, and here's hoping more people will respond this time. Maybe now that he's proved he actually means business, more fans will be willing to cooperate - in fandom, nothing succeeds like really doing what you say you will. If you can't find a questionnaire, inquire of Broyles, L.D. Broyles, Rt #6, Box 453P, Waco, Texas.

And a happy month of Febrarch to you, too.....JWC

Rumblings



Those fans interested in the fallout shelter controversy should try to pick up a copy of the January CONSUMER REPORTS, which carries a good ten-page article on the subject (summed up in their definition of the difference between blast and fallout shelters: "the blast shelter offers protection but can't be built; the fallout shelter can be built easily but offers little protection".) Bob Tucker mentions another good

account in BETTER HOMES & GARDENS; he didn't say what issue, and I have not seen it. Juanita, who has seen it, says she thinks it was also the January issue.

A week or so ago, we dug our set of "The Book Of Knowledge" out of storage -- we got it along with our encyclopedia set several years ago, and Bruce is just now getting to the age where he can appreciate parts of it. Naturally, I never handle any sort of book without reading part of it, so Juanita and I were dusting off the volumes and skimming thru them when I came to a dead halt at an illustration for "The Rime Of The Ancient Mariner". The style looked familiar. I backed up to the first page of the poem and there was the notation, "illustrated by Lee Brown Coye". Talk about nostalgia and sense of wonder! Juanita found a list of the entire "staff" of the set (several pages long) and I noted that Frank R. Paul was also listed as one of the artists, but I didn't happen to run across any of his work.

Some time back I acquired a gun catalog from Service Armament Company. I intended at the time to send it to Alan Dodd, but now I think I'll keep it and get Dodd another one. I can't quite figure out whether the writer knows what he's saying and is being funny, or whether his humor is of the unconscious type -- the grammar in the thing is atrocious, anyway. But -- well, in an ad for Thompson sub-machine guns (in working condition, sold to law enforcement agencies only, he says) there is this little gem: "For many years these fast shooting guns have been a favorite with professional thugs and gunmen in various Police and Military units as well as with notorious criminals." While musing idly on how any police or military readers would react to being called professional thugs, I turned the page and encountered an ad for the German Schmeisser MP40: "Few will deny that this deadly tool has all the specifications needed for mass murder. We are now offering these weapons for Police use...." Anybody know if Dick Ellington is ghost-writing gun catalogs these days?

If I get it done in time, the YANDRO Egoboo Poll ballots will be included with this issue, or at least with those copies of this issue which go to readers who got any appreciable number of last year's issues. If you get a ballot, vote...say "thanks" to the contributors.

The last AXE carried the news of the death of Ralph Holland. Then a few days ago we (and presumably other fan editors and N3F members) re-

ceived a bundle of mimeographed material from Ralph's sister, Dora Holland, including more details of the tragedy. (And his death is a tragedy, particularly for the N3F. There are other members of the organization who are willing to put forth time and effort, but whether any member but Holland is capable of guiding and directing that time and effort remains to be seen.) I don't know if Holland was regarded by anyone as a Big Name Fan, but by his rejuvenation of the N3F he probably exerted more actual influence in fandom these past few years than any other single person. He's going to be missed.

Incidentally, I don't know how interested Dora Holland was in fandom; her picture was among those included in Jay Klein's "Pittcon Convention Annual" and she mentions having "cut a few stencils", but I got the impression that this was more because she wanted to help her brother than because she cared much about fandom. But do any of you out there have relatives who would publish your fannish projects for you (and do a good job of it) if you died? The act may not be unique in the annals of fandom, but I think it's rare enough that Dora Holland deserves a commendation. I've been a pretty active fan for years, and I don't know if I could get out an issue of YANDRO without Juanita around to do most of the work or not.

The US made quite a big thing of its first orbital flight, didn't it? I'm happy to see us get up there and all, but I do think they went a bit overboard on publicity. It seemed to work, though; more transistor radios appeared in the Honeywell engineering department on Feb. 20 than I'd seen since the last World Series, and even more people stood around listening to them instead of working. Cheers and all.

Contributions to fanzines (or at least to this fanzine) seem to run in cycles. Lately it's been poetry; I'll bet I've accepted a dozen short, medium and long verses in the past couple of months, and rejected at least that many. Before that it was columns; we seem to have acquired a lot of rather irregular columnists, though one of them may achieve the distinction of having a column accepted and then getting chopped off the mailing list before he gets around to submitting an installment....

Remember, way back in the dim days when F&SF was just getting started, a story (by Robert Arthur, I think) called "Narapola"? About the man who went to a psychiatrist because he had delusions that people were conspiring to do him good? I'm beginning to wonder....people at work have been suspiciously friendly to me lately. Like the affair of the file cabinet. The engineering department is divided into people with drafting boards, people with desks, and people with desks and file cabinets. I've been in the middle category. The engineer sitting behind me has also been in the middle category, and has been bitching about it; he recently mentioned that he'd had a requisition in for a file cabinet for 8 months. So he wasn't at all happy when the office manager came over to me last week and told me that my file cabinet had been ordered. I was just bewildered, mainly because I hadn't asked for a file cabinet and wasn't too sure what I'd do with it when it arrived. The engineer was mollified, however, when he was informed that two cabinets had been ordered and he would get one of them. Today one of the cabinets arrived and the office manager ceremoniously hauled it into place beside my desk. The engineer is unhappy again, and I'm still confused; all I can think of is that I'm getting this status symbol in place of the raise I asked for. I could tell them that I'd rather have the money, but I don't suppose it would do any good.

A DODDERING COLUMN

— from — alan dodd

"Blofeld's body weighed about twenty stone. It had once been all muscle - he had been an amazing weightlifter in his youth - but in the past ten years it had softened and he had a vast belly that he concealed behind roomy trousers and well cut double-breasted suits, tailored, that evening, out of beige doeskin. Blofeld's hands and feet were long and pointed. They were quick moving when they wanted to be, but normally, as now, they were still and reposed. For the rest, he didn't smoke or drink and he had never been known to sleep with a member of either sex. He didn't even eat very much. So far as vices or physical weaknesses were concerned, Blofeld had always been an enigma to everyone who had known him."

Thus writes Ian Fleming of the latest villain that faces his intrepid hero James Bond. You may recall sometime ago I wrote of Bond's encounter with an ingenious scientific robber named Auric Goldfinger, who planned to rob the vaults of Fort Knox using the atomic warhead of a stolen rocket. In his latest book, THUNDERBALL (Jonathon Cape, Thirty Bedford Square, London), Fleming faces James Bond against not only Ernst Stavro Blofeld but against his "private enterprise for private profit", SPECTRE (The Special Executive for Counterintelligence, Terrorism, Revenge and Extortion).

S.P.E.C.T.R.E. is composed of Blofeld as chairman; Emilio Largo, his No. 2; Kotze, an East German physicist; Maslov, a Polish electronics expert; and 18 other men, divided into cells of three. There are three Sicilians from the Unione Siciliano, the Mafia; three Corsican Frenchmen from the Union Corse, the secret society contemporary with and similar to the Mafia which runs nearly all organized crime in France; three members of Smersh, the Soviet organization for the execution of traitors and enemies of the state disbanded by the orders of Krushchev in 1958 and replaced by the Special Executive of the MWD; three top survivors of the former Sonderdienst of the Gestapo; three tough Yugoslavs formerly of Tito's secret police; and three highland Turks ("The Turks of the plains are no good"). This then is SPECTRE.

The income from SPECTRE is derived from all sources. The recovery of Himmler's jewels from the Mondsee net a quarter of a million, the sale of the MWD headquarters safe from the Russian section of East Berlin nets half a million from the American CIA, heroin hi-jacking in Naples nets another 300,000 when sold in Los Angeles, the British Secret Service pays another 100,000 for the Czech germ warfare phials from the State Chemical Factory in Pilsen, blackmail of former S.S. Gruppenfuhrer Sonntag living under the name of Santos in Havana yields a meager 100,000 dollars ("Unfortunately all the man possessed") and the assassination of Peringue, the French heavy-water specialist who went over to the Communists through Berlin, killed before he had a chance to talk, nets a further one billion francs from the Deuxieme Bureau.

But it is with the final plan, Omega, that SPECTRE, now intent upon winding up the business, is concerned. For an organization such as this a final coup is needed. One that will net 100 million. But where in the world is there a treasure for one group to obtain? What robbery, what scheme can be devised to net this amount in gold bullion, so much money all at once?

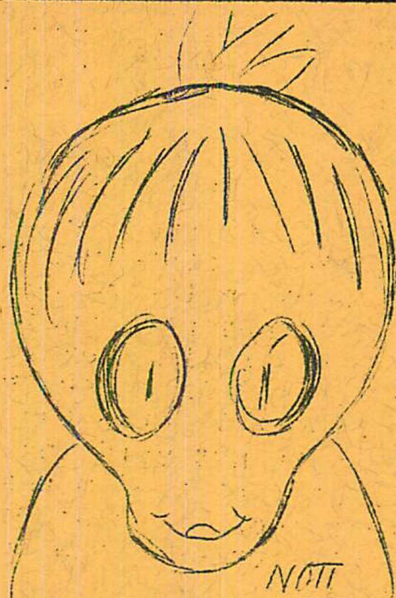
The answer falls to SPECTRE as it did to Goldfinger. There is only one thing worth 100 million to a group of criminals -- A NATO BOMBER WITH TWO HYDROGEN BOMBS ON BOARD!

Persuasive bribery of the right pilot and the injection of a cyanide gas cylinder on board enables the plane to be filtered off a standard flight into the general air traffic channels of the world. It could be anywhere, now! Within a few hours the heads of state receive an ultimatum from SPECTRE, quoting the serial numbers on the bomber and other information they could not have known unless they possessed the actual bombs. With the standard warhead removed and a time mechanism substituted, the bombs are small enough to be concealed in a car or speedboat and driven into the target, left, and detonated after the SPECTRE agent has made his getaway. If the ransom money is not paid under the directions given, an installation will be selected at random and the bomb detonated. SPECTRE knows that when the first bomb has gone off the presence of the second bomb in their hands will enforce the payment of the ransom and the bomb will then be returned.

But what is the target? No one knows. Bond himself suspects the bomber has doubled back on its tracks and is in Europe somewhere. His chief does not agree. "I decided that a favourable target for Bomb #1 and Bomb #2 if it comes to that would be in America rather than in Europe. To begin with, the Americans are more bomb-conscious than we in Europe and therefore more susceptible to persuasion if it came to using Bomb #2. Installations worth more than 100 million are more numerous in America than in Europe. Assuming that the plane could not have landed in America itself or off American shores - the coastal radar network is too good - I looked for a neighboring area which might be suitable and decided upon the Bahamas; a group of islands, many of them uninhabited, surrounded mostly by shoal waters over sand and possessing only one simple civilian radar station. South towards Cuba, Jamaica, and the Caribbean, offers no worthwhile targets. Anyway it is too far from the American coastline. Northwards towards Bermuda has the same disadvantages. But the nearest of the Bahama group is only 200 miles - only six or seven hours in a fast motor boat or yacht - from the American coastline."

It is therefore that Bond is sent to the Bahamas where he views the idea of being left out of the vast search known as Operation-Thunderball with very little taste. He considers he has been given one of the backwaters of the search and that the bomber is in Europe somewhere still. He views with even greater apprehension the expected appearance on the scene of his American counterpart, the man from the Central Intelligence Agency: "Bond hoped he wouldn't be a muscle-bound ex-college man with a crew-cut and a desire to show up the incompetence of the British, the backwardness of their little Colony, and the clumsy ineptitude of Bond, in order to gain credit with his chief in Washington." Happily the CIA man turns out to be an old acquaintance of Bond's with a metal claw for one hand - in this worldwide search CIA and all other similar bodies have called in every agent and reserve agent they have to search for the missing bomber.

It is of course in the Grand Bahamas that the missing H Bomber with its deadly cargo is hidden. The bombs have been taken away to an underwater cave in protective containers to await the target and are concealed as is the bomber itself, in shallow water with a tarpaulin painted to look like rocks and weed covering it and fastened down with corkscrew pins. Neath the tarpaulin lies the dead crew floating in the now octopus-infested cabin while under the wing lies the treacherous pilot



with a stiletto thrust in his throat - SPECTRE trusts no one. Even two members of SPECTRE itself are killed before the group moves in to collect the first bomb, pursued by Bond, the one-armed CIA agent and a nuclear submarine, the Manta. In the bay is a yacht; a fast hydrofoil ship whose captain is Emilio Largo.

Within the area that this conglomeration is operating, the man from Central Intelligence has been given five possible targets - SPECTRE has just stated the target will be "a piece of property belonging to the Western Powers". The targets are (1) the rocket base at North West Cay at the eastern end of the Grand Bahamas, (2) Cape Canaveral, (3) the naval base at Pensacola, (4) Miami, and (5) Tampa. One of these is the elected "it" for the first h-bomb.

Finally when SPECTRE clashes with Bond and his associates it is not as one might expect in the air or in the city, but underwater, as SPECTRE, using an underwater chariot, drags its first bomb towards the United States rocket base at Grand Bahama.

Ian Fleming's plot is ingeniously believable, filled as it is with fantastically accurate details of every item mentioned in the story, the descriptions of the interior of a nuclear submarine and the actual operation of a hydrogen bomb are far clearer and more concise than you would expect from any other writer. When Fleming studies something he studies it and his parade of expertise on everything from the technical to the sartorial and the gastronomic adds as always that thick layer of reality, topicality and conviction to the framework that so few other writers seem to cope with. Perhaps it is the knowledge of so many subjects lovingly set down in print that is half the secret of Ian Fleming's success.

It remains to mention the very fine cover illustration on THUNDERBALL, done by Richard Chopping. It shows a pack of cards with a skeletal hand, fingers placed over the card, the Queen of Hearts, and between the bony fingers is driven a knife. Peel back this cover and you will see the actual cover of the book itself. This is black and embedded in this black cover is the sunken impression of the same skeletal hand. It is quite a brilliant combination and only a taste of the excitement to be found within the pages of this, the latest and perhaps best of the books of Ian Fleming.

"We note with interest that Du Pont's 'Freon' Products Division displayed at the recent Western Electronic Show and Convention a tape recorder that plays back perfectly while its hi-fi amplifier is immersed in a tank of liquid solvent. Purpose of the demonstration was to show the dielectric and selective cleaning properties of Freon TF fluorocarbon solvent. However, because we have a close knowledge of a variety of rather odd-ball set-ups possessed by some hi-fi addicts, we suggest that Du Pont should try to broaden the audience for this demonstration - it could lead to a new fad for every home which owns a hi-fi set - a hi-fi sitting in the middle of a tank of Freon TF fluorocarbon solvent in the living room."

.....editorial, INSULATION magazine, Oct. 1961

Fannish Executioner's Song

BY

marion zimmer bradley

As some day it may happen that a victim can be found
 I've got a little list - I've got a little list
 Of fandom's worst offenders who might well go underground ---
 And they'd none of 'em be missed - they'd none of 'em be missed!
 There's the pestilential neofans who boast of autographs,
 All candidates for Worthy Causes, Special Funds and TAFFs,
 All people who yell loudly for more ~~S*E*X~~ in stf,
 And surely every member of the (censored) N3F;
 All FAPAns who on pubbing bibliographies insist --
 And the whole damn' waiting list - I'm sure they'd not be missed.

CHORUS: And the FAPA waiting-list - that blown-up waiting list,
 I really must insist that they'd none of 'em be missed.

There's the filksong serenader, and the others of that race --
 And the Scientologist - I'm sure he'd not be missed,
 And the fans who smoke in smoke-filled rooms and blow it in your face
 And the fake sexologist - I'm sure he'd not be missed.
 And the old-time fan who praises, in enthusiastic tone,
 All the authors but today's, and every mag that's dead and gone,
 And the femfan from the Midwest, who dresses like a goon,
 And butts into the poker games, and giggles like a loon --
 And each misplaced flying-saucer fan and would-be occultist --
 I've got 'em on the list, and I know they'd not be missed.

CHORUS: You can put 'em on the list - they're all upon the list,
 And in fanzines and conventions, I know they'd not be missed.

And the gaunt and bearded nuisance, who just now is rather rife,
 The beat-up Zen Buddhist - he's WAY up on the list -
 And the fannish pornographers who retail their
 private life

To excel as humorists - they dominate the list;
 All apologists for fantasy, in any shape or
 kind,

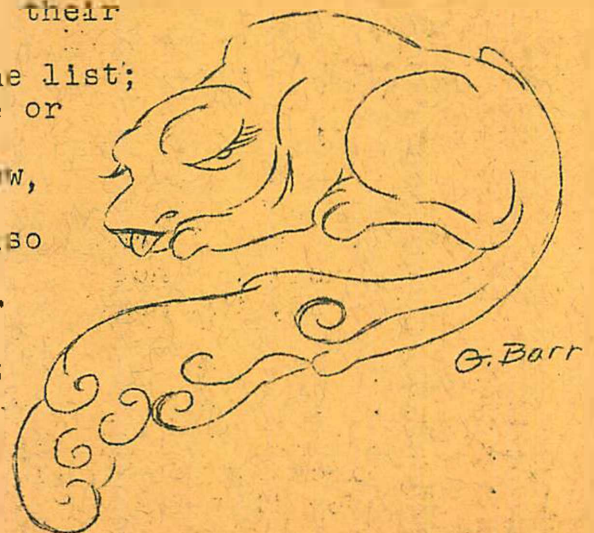
All pseudo-science experts, like You-know,
 and Never-mind,
 And (censored) and Gee Double-you and also
 D N Q,

And also (but I can't repeat her name or
 she might sue)

But it really doesn't matter who you put
 upon the list,

For fandom changes every year and none
 of 'em are missed.

CHORUS: I've got the whole of fandom,
 mighty near, upon the list,
 And I've come to the conclusion that it's ME that won't be
 missed!



A HAPPY HIPPOPOTAMUS TO YOU

— article by — LEWIS GRANT

For all practical purposes, we are using a calendar first set up by Augustus Caesar - except it's not nearly as good. The reason it's not as good is that Gus didn't have to worry about weeks. In 8 B. C. they were only a quaint Jewish custom. His calendar, although it had irregular months and a poorly-placed leap year day, was perpetual. You could chisel it in stone or tattoo it on your chest.

Although Pope Gregory XIII made a change in 1582, it only amounted to one day in 133 years. And with Marty and his boys kicking up a fuss, Greg didn't feel like doing anything drastic.

We had a chance to switch to a modern calendar in 1956, but one country blocked the change. That country was the United States. Pressured by a mounmental letter-writing campaign from fundamentalists, the U.S. Government told the U.N. to drop the idea. After all, we were in the middle of the reign of Dwight I the Good, and who wanted to kick God?

The calendar we should have changed to was the World Calendar, which is based on a simple idea first discussed by a Roman Catholic priest. He noticed that the year is composed of 52 weeks, plus 1,242,19785 days, roughly. If you put this extra day and quarter into a special category of non-week days, you have a nice perpetual calendar. The year always starts on Sunday, January 1, and it ends on Saturday, December 30, with one day shy. You slip this special day, called December W or Year End Day or Terminator, in between Saturday and Sunday.

The leap year day, called Leap Year Day, or June W or Cumulator, is slipped in between Saturday, June 30, and Sunday, July 1.

This extra day is what bugs the Bible Belters. You see, it breaks up the sacred cycle of seven days that hasn't been broken since God took a day off in 4004 B.C. The fundamentalists are worked up about daylight time already, since it bites a chunk off the "real" Sabbath six months out of the year, and they are determined to keep the whole world moral.

A perpetual calendar like the World Calendar solves a lot of problems, and saves a lot of money, since scheduling can be done once and then forgotten about for quite a while, instead of having confusion every year. If new schedules have to be made up, they can be changed much more easily, since nearly everything else is fixed.

In the WC, the months are trimmed and rearranged so that every quarter and half year is equal. Two dates will disappear: May 31, and August 31, and anybody born on those dates will have to celebrate some other day. Two dates appear: February 30 and April 31, and December 31 is magically transformed into a fairy princess. (She leaves the ball when the clock strikes 24.)

I wonder if the Bible Belters know that April 31 will be Walpurgis Night?

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FEBRUARY						
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APRIL						
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24	25	26	27	28	29	30

OCTOBER						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

NOVEMBER						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

DECEMBER						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Old December 31 as Year Day

While the WC will have four Friday's-the-Thirteenth, they can be put to good use. There is a suggestion Easter be fixed on Sunday, April 8, since there is no real theological reason for the present rigmarole. It was devised so that pilgrims to Jerusalem could walk in the moonlight. In this case, Palm Sunday will be April 1, and it might be a good idea to move All Fool's day to Friday, April 13. The same with Halloween, which would fall on Tuesday every year. It might be better if we moved it, at least for the kids, to Friday, October 13. I am sure they will get a bigger thrill out of Friday-the-Thirteenth than out of the ancient Druidic New Year's Eve.

One of the tragedies of the calendar reform movements is that the proponents of the World Calendar and the thirteen-month calendar thought of their tigers as competitors, and fought tooth and nail. Actually, the thirteen-month calendar can be combined with World Calendar to produce a very useful system.

Thirteen months of twenty-eight days look so nice for business statistics that a lot of companies have inaugurated their own internal system of thirteen pay-periods for accounting purposes. Unfortunately, since they have to have some correspondence with the outside world, special calendars and tables have to be printed, showing what date it is outside when it's Day 13, Month 13 inside. Of course, with our present fuggheaded calendar, all this figuring and printing has to be done over every year. As a result, a lot of companies which tried the thirteen-month idea have switched back to regulars.

Comes the WC, however, and you only have to print special calendars once. In fact, there will probably be some outfit that has the special calendars already printed up, ready to use. (like me)

To prevent confusion when talking about the WC months, none of which will be as short as 28 days, and the 28-day "months" of these thirteen-pay-period calendars, we give them a new name. We call them "comtes" after Auguste Comte, who invented the thirteen month calendar. A comte, then, is a period of 28 days.

A lot of businesses are switching to the natural fiscal year, which means they start the fiscal year after the low period, whenever it is. This cuts down inventory problems, etc. Therefore, we will need a thirteen comte system which can be started on any week in the year. If we draw up thirteen-comte calendars which start on any given Sunday, they all turn out to be special cases of four calendars which start on Sunday, Jan. 1, April 1, July 1, and October 1, the beginnings of the World Calendar quarters. All we have to do is draw up four comtean calendars beginning on these dates, with nice names for the comtes, of animals, flowers, trees, etc., in alphabetical order, and we're in business. You start your fiscal year on Aardvark 1, I start mine in the merry morry month of Maple, and a Happy Hippopotamus to you.

The next suitable date for switching from our present calendar to the World Calendar is Sunday, Jan 1, 1967. This means we have about five years to flatten the Bible Believers. For one thing, in the last vote in the U.N., the United States was a pretty big wheel, and lots of countries were willing to go along with us on such a matter. In 1967, there will be a lot of countries with no liking for fundamentalist missionary types, and not too much interest in any arguments we may have on the subject. I know that Canadians are faunobing to get the World Calendar in during 1967, which is the 100th anniversary of the Dominion

act. It would also make Dominion Day a three day holiday in leap years. What a beautiful way to tweak Uncle Sammy's nose.

The science fiction world can help here in a very simple way. Just put the world calendar in stories. It makes a beautiful gimmick to help set your story in the near future, after 1956. The main differences in the World Calendar are February 30, April 31, and Year End Day. You can also throw in some references to Halloween on October 13, or Washington's birthday on February 11. (He was born on February 11, you know.)

"Mr. Coleridge, I represent the Porlock Poetry Appreciation Society..."
.....Lewis Grant

STRANGE FRUIT

This time, I foisted reviews of DYNATRON #9, CRY #157, SHAGGY #59, AMRA #19, AXE #21, SKYRACK #41 and MENACE OF THE LASFS #37 off on Bill Bowers; that's the way to treat you prolific devils.

THE SOUTHERN FAN #4 (L. D. Broyles, Route 6, Box 4532, Waco, Texas) Actually I'm not too sure how you get this; I'm not even sure how I got it. Presumably available to members of the Southern Fandom Group and possibly for outside trades and contributions.

FLYER #5 (Dick & Pat Lupoff, 210 E. 73rd. St., New York 21, N.Y. - irregular - free) A newsletter, mostly issued to inform their readers that they need a few copies of XERO 7 returned. A few other odds and ends, plus 4 different ballots....fans vote on everything.

SMUDGE #2 (Joe Pilati, 111 So. Highland Ave., Pearl River, N.Y. - 25¢ - bi-monthly - Ken Pitt and Don Dohler, assistants) This seems to be the best comics (all right, so they're called satire mags now) fanzine since Larry Ivie and Ron Parker folded their tents. Of course, that isn't saying much.....still, if you're interested in news of MAD, HELP!, SICK and the other alleged humor mags, this one is for you.

VOID #28 (Ted White, 107 Christopher St., New York 14, N.Y. - almost regular - 25¢ - henchmen, Terry Carr, Pete Graham, Greg Benford, and various lesser lights) After me calling the last issue fannish, they double-crossed me and all the editors became so serious that they even had to import Bill Meyers to write their idle chitter-chatter. I'm not sure how their regular readers will take all this serious science-fictional discussion. A big issue, too.

FADAWAY #13 (Bob Jennings, Box 1462, Tennessee Polytechnic Institute, Cookeville, Tennessee - quarterly - 15¢, except this issue which is an Annish and 30¢) And for 78 pages, a bargain. Cap Future lovers (listening, DeWeese?) should enjoy the 21-page discussion of the good Captain by Jennings. Not being a Cap Future lover, I didn't read it; Juanita says it was a bit dry for her taste. #2 item is a stf story by MZBradley; #3 is a nice cover by Bruce Berry. A good magazine for the serious stf enthusiast; usually it's a bit too serious for me, but then you know me.....

GOLDEN MINUTES



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

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

/Ed. note: the above two reviews were delayed in transmission; mainly because they fell off behind one of our bookcases and were lost for a couple of months or more. RSC/

MARGARET DOMINICK - Before me is a new book (new to me) by Alexis Carrel, MAN THE UNKNOWN. After reading Jane Smith's letter, plus some other letters in YANDRO, I highly recommend to all of us as serious readers or lovers of fine philosophy, MAN THE UNKNOWN. It won't solve personal problems, just give us some light to see ourselves, and answer some important questions.

R S COULSON - Gene DeWeese first aroused my interest in ARSENIC AND RED TAPE, by Edmund Love, by reading large chunks of it at me once when I was in Milwaukee. (I was sick with asthma and

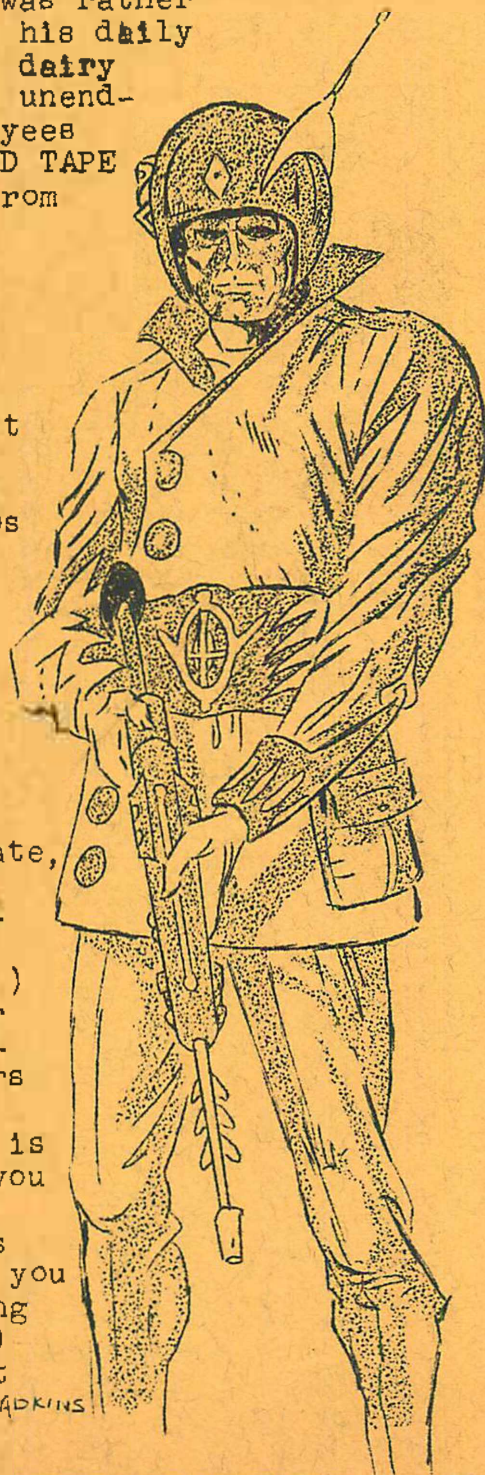


unable to defend myself.) Most of what he read concerned the executive of "Ajax Motors" who audited his department's paper clips, put automatic counters on the typewriters and saved the price of a janitor by having his junior executives pick up waste-paper, open the windows (amount of opening controlled by daily bulletins from his office) and had various other little tricks to keep his employees on their toes. Bev DeWeese's favorite character in the book was the publications department Style Editor who made notes on his necktie, got "the long view" of a publication by viewing it from the top of a stepladder, and never passed a rest room under any circumstances (as he was rather absent-minded about when he had last performed his daily toilet.) I think my own favorite is Oscar, the dairy dep't head of a supermarket, who carried on an unending war against salesmen, customers, and employees of other departments. In short, ARSENIC AND RED TAPE is a very funny book, and it's now available from Signet for 50¢.

IN THE SCIENCE FICTION DEPARTMENT, Pyramid has come out with two very interesting items. The first is THE HAUNTED STARS by Edmond Hamilton, a novel originally published in hardcover by Torquill Books (and the Doubleday book club) but which has not appeared in magazine form. Like the blurb says, Hamilton's stories "bridge the gap between the pioneer space opera of the '20s and today's 'new' science fiction." In short, he's a blood-and-thunder adventure writer who has a good enough grasp of modern writing and the English language to keep adult readers from wincing. I like his stuff.

The other (and better) book is THE WALL AROUND THE WORLD, the first time Ted Cogswell's short stories have been collected in book form. My own favorite is "The Specter General", but that may be nostalgia; at any rate, they're all worth reading. The only error in the book is where the blurb writer calls Cogswell "a respectable teacher of English", (but then I suppose they don't know him like we do.) And this is a good time to commend Pyramid for their practice of identifying their cover artists; it's a practice I wish more pb publishers would copy.

LITTLE FUZZY, by H. Beam Piper (Avon, 40¢) is not an exceptionally well-written book, when you stop to analyze it; the plot and much of the characterization is pure hack. But the Fuzzies themselves are such fascinating critters that you forget about minor details while you're reading it (that is, unless you're Redd Boggs you do.) It isn't one of the best literary efforts that I've read recently, but it is one of the most enjoyable stories. Highly recommended.



GRUMBLINGS —

REDD BOGGS, 2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota - Well, Ted White is right about one thing. After reading the column, I think that's all. Certainly I don't mark or underline any book I review; that would be sheer vandalism. But I don't stick a bookmark at every relevant place in the book either. My Method - guaranteed not to work for anybody else -- is to keep a clipboard beside me as I read and jot down page references as I come to them and often to write comments thereon. By the time I'm finished with the book, I have the review written, except for the task of putting it in proper order. That's difficult sometimes in a complex book like "Rogue Moon" or when I try to tackle a whole series of books, like my article on Oz, or the entire output of one writer, like my projected essay on Marion's sf. In fact, the latter has been stalled for years primarily because of the difficulty of putting into alignment the many pages of notes and comment I have taken down.

I wonder if Ed Wood has ever tried to reread any of those ten fanzines from 1943-52 whose contents, he says, "stand as a stinging rebuke to the fan magazine field of today." I can remember all of them except SF REVIEW, which title doesn't strike a familiar chord. And I confess I don't feel at all nostalgic about any of them. They were all pretty bad. Dull, pretentious, pompous; those words describe most of them. I'll admit that many of them printed an occasional worthy item, though you'd probably be reduced to the stratagem of picking out a good illo or two if you were asked to find something worthwhile in DESTINY, which may be the worst fanzine ever published (in both its incarnations). I cannot believe that SKYHOOK, at least during the period covered, came within miles of the leading fanzines of today. And of course F. Towner Laney repudiated THE ACOLYTE soon after he folded it. I rather doubt whether his own criticism of it has ever been equalled: "succeeded in making a fascinating subject thoroughly dull." Aside from a very few fanzines today, the current crop is incomparably better written, better produced, than any of the ten Ed names -- and the top ten fanzines of the moment considerably outdistance these top ten of the decade Ed refers to.

Ed probably underestimates, in the full fervor of his worship of the past, the amount of science fiction discussion that goes on these days despite the emphasis on politics, fallout, etc. I should think as much discussion of sf goes on these days as there ever did, and a deal more than went on in the QUANDRY era.

JIM GROVES, 29 Lathom Rd., East Ham, London, E.6, England. - This question about post-bomb currency - cartridges would do for some time, even with Grennell type folks coining, they still have to buy materials. Among other things to hoard I'd guess at tinned food as a good bet, specially if fallout mucks up the rest of the grub.

And a hi to Betty K - re Nina Epton's book (incidentally is Nina miss or mrs.?), I gather she'd done a like book on the French and has now turned her attention to the Americans - must have one hell of a sampling technique!

Too true the West is losing the cold war, and for why? Cause America (which is effectively the West) has somehow caught the stiff-upper-lip play-the-game disease from us. Where's the sneaky ol yankee knowhow that tossed us off the American continent? How about using some of that

surplus productivity selling to the Russian black marketeers? Stuff like portable radios, jazz and R&R records, introduce 'em to peyote and pin-ups -- coca cola even! Get some relay satellites up and deluge 'em with "Wagon Train".

/I thought ultimate weapons like that had been outlawed..? RSC/

Pfc Leslie Sample, RA 14737569, R.U.S.A.H., APO 851, New York, New York - It looks like I'll spend just about all of my remaining 18 months in the army here in Puerto Rico. I can't complain any, though - no inspections or anything like at Valley Forge, and the weather is great.
/Are you listening, Joe Sarno?/

DON FITCH, 3908 Frijo, Covina, Calif. - On the whole I think I disagree with Trimble; he's talking about the continuation of club fandom, as someone has pointed out, and large clubs such as the LASFS might be able to recruit from personal contact, but the "loners" make up an important segment of fandom, and a fandom composed largely of people who are "fan-nish" but not interested in (or sharing a common background of) sf would not only be a fandom different from that we know, I think it would not have sufficient binding force to hold people even as long as the current fandom does.

BOB TUCKER, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois - You've heard of things such as stories or pictures "falling between two stools"? It may be difficult to imagine but this movie /he enclosed a huge set of ads for "The Warrior Empress"/ falls between three of them. 'Tis a straight-forward adventure tale set in Lesbos, with chariot races, boat races, wars, rapes, tax-collecting and other merry Roman customs. Sappho pants hot and heavy for the handsome hero and doesn't seem to understand why her room-mate looks at her with longing in her eyes. So the room-mate commits suicide and Sappho marries the handsome hero. Yoiks!

And there ain't no women warriors in the flic. Nor warrior empress, either. Just a nasty old king and his nasty old general.

But there is one hell of a lot of unintended laughs.

Last week we played a good vampire pic called BLOOD & ROSES. You can see the "surprise" ending coming a mile off, but other parts of the pic are worthwhile.

Joe Filati caught me with my coin book upside down, or perhaps it was that I was reading the latest issue of GIRLY STORIES and was merely using the coin book as a shield. I misread the date, or mistyped it; it should have read "precious 1916 dime". This here crazy book claims that a 1916-D dime is worth almost any amount from a low of \$47 to a high of \$400. I'm going to go look for one.

I don't quite know how to break the terrible news to Vic Ryan, but a catastrophe has overtaken a large part of the mimeo supplies he left me. A large box containing reams of paper, a roller, a brush, some ink, etc. was stored in the basement, atop my workbench. I thought it reasonably safe there, and even neglected to cover it over. During the below zero weather a few weeks ago my wife got chickenhearted and permitted the two mangy cats who live here to sleep in the basement. Being housebroken, the cats hunted like mad for a proper receptacle when the time came. When you next receive a fanzine from Bloomington, examine the paper carefully; you may find a distinguished watermark.

DAVE HULAN, 228-D Niblo Drive, Redstone Arsenal, Alabama - Boggs' article - well, I know it's like heresy and all that, but I happen not to

be a Borgsophile. I just don't like his writing style. The idea of this piece didn't strike me, either - I agree that this may well have been the way the thing went, but wotthehell - it isn't that important to waste four pages on.

George Scithers' story, on the other hand, was excellent. Best thing in the ish, for my money. /We try to provide something for everyone...

"Night Ride" - ugh. Any story in which the reader must struggle to figure out what's going on is, by my dictum, crud.

Tucker's column was interesting, but inspires no comment.

Ted White's column was the second-best thing in the ish. I am glad to see that somebody finally agrees with me about STARSHIP TROOPERS and ROGUE MOON. A month or so ago I finally read STARSHIP TROOPERS and was amazed at the difference between what fans were saying about it and what the book really had to say. I never pay any attention to F&SF serials or "novels" because I know darn well they've been cut to ribbons and can't be judged by any reasonable standard. I usually read them, to see if the plot is something interesting, but other than that what judgement can be made?

I might make a snide remark to the effect that it won't take man to render most of New Mexico uninhabitable -- Nature did that long ago. However, I'd probably get such as Roy Tackett and Juniata on my back if I did...

Joe Pilati's remarks recall to mind again one of my pet peeves - the narrow-minded provincialism of most big-city dwellers, especially New Yorkers and San Franciscans (don't know why they're always the worst, but they are). Most of them seem to think that nothing worthwhile ever comes from anywhere else. While I have gone on record as being against fanzine reviews as such in the prozines, I do think that some sort of department devoted to fandom, or at least in which fans' names and addresses appear, is almost indispensable if fandom is not to be eventually almost an exclusively big-city affair. The lettercols in the Z-D zines are the main recruiting element now, it seems - I became a fan through writing to a few people whose names appeared in them, and since then I have recruited two new fen myself because I went on a jag of letterhacking the pros during the summer, had six or eight letters printed, and was contacted by SF enthusiasts who had heard of fandom and wanted to know how to get active. Remove this source and how would these potential fans, from north Alabama, central Ohio, and such non-metropolitan areas be contacted? Granted Ella Parker's point that if the prozines disappear, fandom is powerless to do anything about it, still one can at least hope for the survival of the prozines....

Pretty good idea E.E. Evers had, about putting copies of good fmz (not necessarily YANDRO - to the uninitiated, a good bit of YANDRO as well as many other top fanzines would be incomprehensible - I rather tend to favor AMRA or NEW FRONTIERS, though the latter zine I haven't seen a copy of in a year) in the libraries. In fact, if I can bring myself to part with a few of my own, I think I'll take them downtown to the city library and see if I can work something out with the librarian.

LEWIS GRANT, Jr. (Genius - Reasonable Rates - I Furnish Own Pencil)
5810 So. Harper Ave., Chicago 15, Ill. - What I want to know is, what did Rog Ebert have for supper that night?

Quick, get Aesculapis, he's seeing snakes!

Ted White's letter expresses the current American mood very well and

I therefore find it screamingly funny. Sardonicly, that is. A large part of the trouble we are in is due to our own little selves not bothering to do anything about our previous troubles. I think the feeling that Ted expresses is one reason for the switch to the conservative side in this country. The damned old twentieth century won't work like it should, so let's go back to the nineteenth.

The main problem of the world today is that just about everyone has suddenly switched to the American world view; the American idea of history, since it has obviously worked so well for the Americans.

For ten thousand years or so, since society was stratified and specialized, the common man has had the idea that he didn't "make" history. History was made by kings, emperors, generals, and such like. The common man just shuffled along in his furrow until they deepened it some and shoved him in it. Not only did the common man feel that he was of a lower order, by birth, than kings, emperors, etc., he often believed in Regress. The World Was Much Better Back In The Good Old Days, and will continue to get worse until it gets so bad it just collapses. This was a world view which didn't promote much change. First off, you couldn't change it, that was the job of the generals and warlords. Secondly, as any fool could plainly see, just about every change was worse.

The first large organized group to insist that kings were no better than anybody else, and in fact, everyone is created equal, were the Americans. They went around preaching that the common man, by getting together with a bunch of other common men, could change history, and change it for the better. This was a radically new concept for 1776 and all the years before it. Unfortunately, a lot of other people, like in South America, Russia, Indonesia, China, the Congo, etc., listened.

The funny part is that Americans have lost this feeling that the common man can do something. We might as well be back under a king.

While reading about lasers yesterday, I thought of using a laser as a weapon. Not as a death ray, tho it might work that way, but for portable use. You can be blinded very easily if you get hit in the eye with a blast from a laser. A couple of men were blinded temporarily already. Suppose you have a light power pack like an electronic flash pack, and a laser "gun". You keep snapping at advancing men a mile or so away. The enemy would either have to keep his vision averted, wear special goggles, or take the chance of getting hit in the eye, which would be painful and disabling. Of course, if they got too close, the laser would be a very good target, but you would have to quit at the appropriate point. It would be a good anti-riot weapon, anyway.

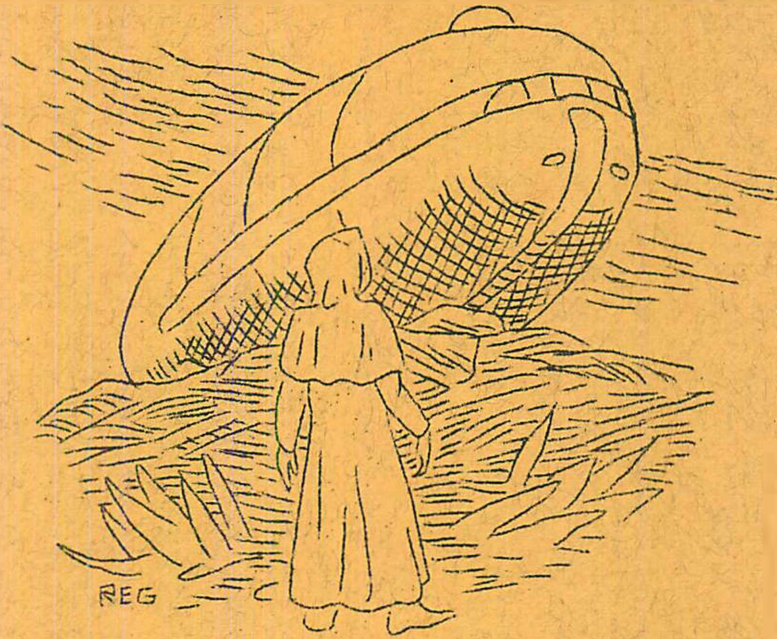
Just thought of another weapon. I read in SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN that surgeons have to use a stainless steel screwdriver when they tighten stainless steel pins in a bone. Otherwise the minute particles of different material set up a battery action which causes pain. Ha, so we galvanize half of each buckshot!

DICK ENEY, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Virginia - Good lord, does Juanita have to stand by and count for the machine before pressing the button that turns it off? /You're joking, of course..... RSC/

You know, one almost forgets what a lethal sense of humor Redd Boggs has between appearances of stories like "Art's Engineer". All to the good; it keeps us from wearing out our sense of wonder.

So does Campbell.

For that matter, even Ted White manages it at times. My first curiosity, on finding him tearing into Budrys, was how AJ had hurt Ted's feelings; but actually we needn't look for a remote motive. Pointing



out that gosh all the fans who fell for that silly Rogue Moon are slobs is simply a sweeping one-upmanship ploy which, happily, has a couple of barn-sized holes in it. One of them -- that anybody who appreciates RM is an ignorant slob -- is sort of a matter of taste, but if we may take a poll...? All right, gang, how many of you want to be sophisticated wits like Ted White, and how many want to be ignorant slobs like Jim Blish? Thank you... Getting back to the story, the other hole is in accepting the notion that Rogue Moon is a novel, and should portray Realistic Motivations and Three-

Dimensional Characters and Sound Science and other weedy things. As I've explained elsewhere, Rogue Moon is in reality a good old-fashioned Melodrama, which is not depicting a slice of life but playing cat's-cradle with the emotions of the audience, you dig? The important thing is what we feel, not whether Budrys left unexplored some byway of the plot that the reviewer would've made much of had he been in AJ's shoes. Ignored the possibilities of Hawks' device as a matter duplicator, did he? True, but AJ did deal ably with some mundane themes like life and death -- and on a hell of a lot higher level of abstraction than the bilge that has been spouted on those subjects during our Great Big Debate on Social Responsibility. After all, we should let that excuse his lack of Technological Insight, Mr. Camp....uh, White. You can't expect these pros to be fannish all the time.

/My, you and Ted do disagree on occasion, don't you? After all, he might have taken a swipe at "Rogue Moon" because he thought it was a lousy book. My own objection to Ted's review is that, after admitting that Budrys was deliberately building toward an emotional climax, his main objection was that the emotions presented weren't entirely realistic. Now if we had been considering "Rogue Moon" for a Nobel Prize in literature, this would be a serious drawback, but the competition for a Hugo is not quite that keen. Personally, I think that Budrys succeeded in what he was attempting to do as well as the authors of the other Hugo contenders succeeded in their intentions. And if what he was trying to do was less familiar, and the results seem a bit more odd -- well, what else is science fiction good for? God knows I've read enough objections to the trite (in other words, familiar) novels of other authors. And, of course, considering technological drawbacks in a novel based on emotion is akin to objecting to Tolkien because his novel is at odds with history. I agree with Ted that "Rogue Moon" wasn't a great classic sf novel, but we're lucky if we get one of those once in five years or so. RSC/

BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif. -- Though I'll agree with Juanita that the Fandbook that Franson wrote is probably an invaluable guidebook, or something to that effect, I find myself reading through it somewhat incredulously. I mean, I don't use all this

crap in my writing, and I don't know many fans outside of the very new or very affected that do. The other day, I had occasion to present one of these booklets to a friend of mine who was finding difficulty in deciphering some of the terminology that cropped up from time to time in the fanmagazines I was supplying. But before I did, I went through and thoroughly annotated it, and upon presentation I said, "Just use this to look up specific definitions, because a lot of this stuff is utter nonsense."

I don't blame "Jane Smith" for using a pseudonym to write this letter. I don't know who she is, but if her thought in writing was to get readers to empathize and sympathize with her former plight, she has certainly succeeded. I've never seen quite such a semantically loaded letter, even though the events described are sickening enough in themselves. The problems "Jane" faced are similar to those I had to contend with before I left Los Angeles only in that they have handicapped her in certain fields of endeavour. I don't propose to enter into any sort of discussion about this here, however.

/Well, Don didn't produce his "fandbook" as a thesaurus of phrases for budding fan-writers; or at least I don't think he did. Except for "heesh" (surely this was a typo?) and a couple of the more obscure club initials, I've seen every phrase Don lists used at one time or another, so there is a legitimate reason for their inclusion -- I use a lot of them myself, primarily because they save space. RSC/

MIKE DECKINGER, 31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey - Adkins cover was good except for one thing. Due to air requirements and the necessity of conserving oxygen, I don't think that most spaceships will allow smoking, as the two characters on the cover are so brazenly doing.

Boggs' article was a lot of laughs. Yes, I suppose things would be a bit like that.

And Scithers came up with as neat a punch line as I've seen in a long time in an sf story. The only trouble is the tale was basically humorous. I'd rather see a story employing this ending be written in a serious, maybe even dead-pan style, so that the effect is heightened by the build-up.

Ebert, as usual, is responsible for some excellent off-trail fiction.

I've always been fond of DeWeese's reviews because at one time I was quite a fanatical sf film-goer myself (the urge has quieted down somewhat). The Forrest Tucker epic he mentions was coupled with two others: "The Crawling Eye" ("The Trollenberg Terror" overseas) and "Cosmic Monsters"



("Strange World of Planet X" overseas) as film versions of popular British serials, like the two Quatermass films, for instance. I've seen "The Uninvited" several times, and while there were some good effects, I was pretty bored with it. I would suggest as one of the best sleepers in the fantasy line the British made "Three Cases of Murder", particularly for the first of three tales that comprise this package. Castle's "Mr. Sardonicus" was simply awful, except for the ending which showed a little ingenuity. Castle has just finished a comic version of "Zotz" with Tom Poston and Julia Meade and is working on a remake of "The Old Dark House". And Gene DeWeese, shame on you for applauding "Homicidal"; it was one of the phoniest takeoffs on "Psycho" I've ever seen.

The letter by Jane Smith has one comforting note to it; only a small majority of parents are the aggressive, dominating type that she was forced to contend with. I've been fortunate in that my folks are completely tolerant towards fandom and sf, and my father even went so far as to urge me to go to the Seacon, so that I would have a good time. Frankly I experienced more of this mental domination in school, with teachers who refused to believe I was capable of reading and understanding certain books, or who were so infused with a John Birch type of Americanism that any dissenting opinions immediately labelled you as a communist. And which type of parental tyranny is worse; that practiced by the parents, who have to raise the child, or that practiced by the teachers, who are paid to educate and teach a child?

To Terry Carr: In the U.S. the film was known as "Diabolique"; overseas it was "Les Diaboliques", if I'm not mistaken. /I trust you meant "a small minority" instead of "a small majority"; if I really thought any kind of majority of US parents were like Jane's, I'd emigrate to Canada (or Sweden) immediately. RSC/

CHARLES WELLS, 190 Elm St., Oberlin, Ohio - I felt kind of cheated at the end of the Scithers story. The twist at the ending is a rather weak play on words; in pacts-with-the-devil stories, one wants the devil to wiggle out of his agreement by the application of sheer logic, not by a pun.

/But what could be more logical? Isn't the direction of Hell given as "down"? And isn't the pun the "lowest form of humor"? Ergo..... RSC/

All this talk about Bach and Handel is interesting, especially as I am a rabid Baroque fan, but I am somewhat bothered by the fact that all anyone said about them boils down to a recital of likes and dont-likes. I have just finished a music-appreciation course at Oberlin, and it was a good music-appreciation course, too, taught by one of the people from the Conservatory, which is supposed to be one of the top three or four in the country. I got a lot out of the course; I acquired considerable vocabulary for describing music and learned something of the history and sociology of music (and I never even knew music had a sociology). But, dammit, the only change I can detect in my musical conversation is that now I can go into more detail about what I like and don't like; instead of saying "I like Bach", I can give out with things like "I like Bach's clever way of handling sequences in his fugues" or something. But I still cannot find any way to discuss good and bad music objectively. I am beginning to wonder if there is any way to do that. I know Foul Anderson had some good ideas in an article recently in one of Donaho's fanzines about that, but I can't apply any of his ideas. It's sort of sad to think that all musical aesthetics boils down to is "I like this and I don't like that".

Mind you, I'm not talking about performance, but the music itself.

Performance does have objective standards, to a point: an opera singer who sings off-key is not a good singer. But even that is a standard within the field, for an Indian singer who uses quarter tones (forbidden in opera) is doing what is expected of her in that field.

Dave Locke's letter: I don't know about him, but it does not "grotch the hell" (whatever that means) out of me when an editor prints an article by me and then immediately follows it with a rebuttal. And I say this just after Marion Bradley did that very thing to me. Why should I object? It's her fanzine, after all; furthermore, I almost expect a faned to do that if he/she disagrees with me.

PEGGY RAE McKNIGHT, "Six Acres", Box 306, Lansdale, Pennsylvania /and I must say that's about the right size post office box for a fan/ - Campbell's speech was also welcome. And I agree with Buck when he says down with speakers who don't need notes. But isn't it wonderful, and aren't we jealous? I am.

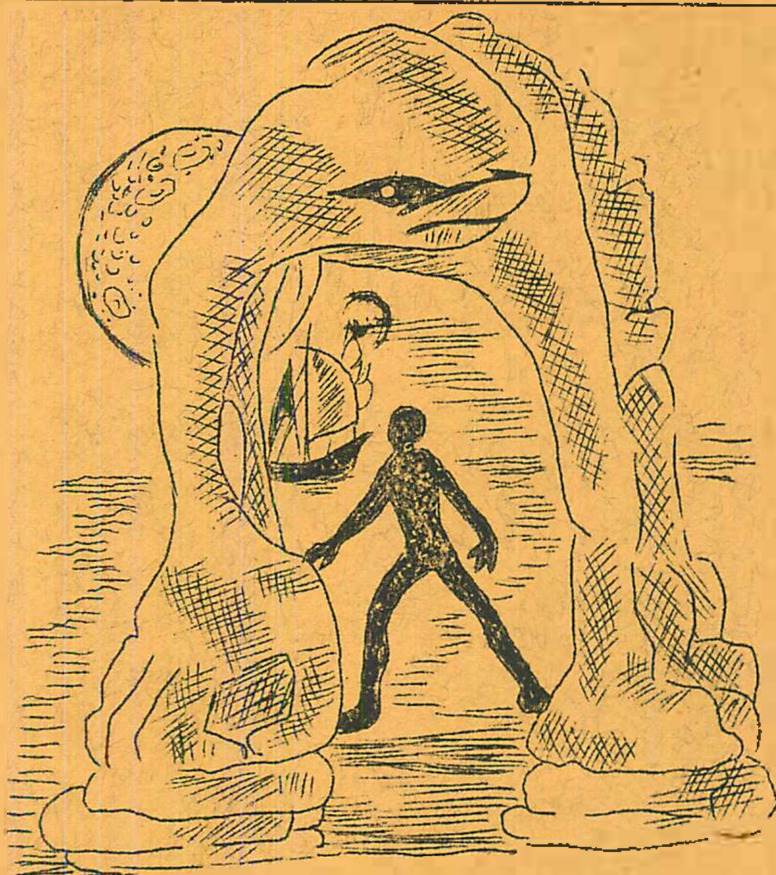
George Scithers turned the looking glass in still another direction and came up with yet another bit of fun. Wish I could think of things like that. /So do I. RSC/

Now, may I please complain a small bit. Everytime you review ETWAS you say that no price or information is given. But, heaven only knows how often I have said that ETWAS is completely irregular, even in its recent regularity.

I have also made a bit of fun out of my lack of bookkeeping talents in saying that I didn't intend to get all muddled up with money and then have to put out an issue when I didn't want to put one out. /Well, what's wrong with a statement -- a whole sentence, maybe! -- on the contents page of every issue for the benefit of us absent-minded reviewers? Sure it looks monotonous, but your regular readers won't read it anyway (I recently had a regular subscriber ask if Alan Dodd received YANDRO; he's been the British Agent for 6 years) and reviewers will appreciate it. RSC/

THOMAS DILLEY, Box 3042, University Station, Gainesville, Florida - The transcription of the Campbell speech was very interesting indeed. C. presents an extremely logical argument which, within itself, holds together. But I wonder -- I am not at all up on recent science fiction and have not yet read enough of the older variety. But within a very limited experience, I have been much more fascinated by the older fiction -- and I wasn't around "back then"; I am not fondly looking back upon "my youth" -- indeed, part of my lack of qualification in this matter lies in the fact that I'm still too much in my youth -- though, after all, this last may be no disqualification, for Campbell seems to say that the "hard core" fans, as he calls them, were correct in their youth and are now blind in their old age.

As to reluctance toward change: if everyone is so adamant, so reluctant to change, why was the (so I hear) monumental change represented by ASTOUNDING in the early 40's greeted with praise and happy circulation figures? Why wasn't all this griped about, carped over? Perchance it might be replied that the present "hard core" was in its youth then, that this youth heralded the then pioneer sf, and that there was not a large enough hard-core-for-20's-and-30's-fiction to stop the whole Glorious Thing. All of which is fine. But where are today's youth, rushing in to stop the hard core from clogging the works? All I see are some rather discouraging circulation figures on some discouragingly few magazines with fiction of (largely) discouraging quality. And I'm a



youth, and I'm supposed to like this stuff. No, science fiction has not been killed, and it's not dead, but, by Gernsback, it's dying.

Mr. Tackett's pun on p. 31 came upon me while I wasn't looking, and hit so hard that I reacted rather violently. I had thought that my only audible evidence of pain was a muffled gurgle, but apparently not; the rest of the household rushed to the WC with the pumps, etc., thinking the toilet had overloaded, flushed, and exploded again.

/Campbell's remarks about "hard core" fans are more pertinent when you consider what he means by the term. When he talks about hard core fans, he obviously bases his statements on the fans he knows. How many of you fanzine editors out there include Campbell on your mailing

lists? I don't (he's getting this issue because of the comments on his material, but he won't get the next unless he pays for it). What fans does he know? There's Taurasi and the S F TIMES crew; with the emphasis on pro news, they should circulate their mag to the pro editors, and I assume that they do. There are a few other of the more serious zines of the past and present; Ed Wood may have included JWC on his mailing list when he was publishing, and I believe that Sam Moskowitz mentioned something in "The Immortal Storm" about sending Campbell his zines. In short, I doubt that Campbell's idea of "hard core fans" is nearly as broad as that of the rest of us; if he knows Gregg Calkins or Harry Warner I'll be surprised, and if he knows F.M. Busby, Ted White, Bruce Pelz, Rich Bergeron, Bill Donaho or myself I'll be amazed. The fans he knows (whatever their private opinions) do fill their public utterances with nostalgia for the Good Old Days. RSC/

TERRY CARR, 56 Jane St., New York 14, N.Y. - That cover is hack Adkins work, but I'm tasteless enough to like it a bit anyhow.

Juanita's comments on how to publish umpty issues of fanzines, despite their over-the-border lyricism in places, are well-taken. Personally, I don't much like running mimeos, and during my 12 fanning-years have owned only one - that one for about a year, and it was a gift. I've had hektos (hate 'em and haven't touched one for years and years, though when Andy Main brought out his a coupla months ago I had to admit the gelatin-odor was sense-of-wonderish) and a ditto, which I rather liked running, but on the whole the mechanical end of fanac leaves me cold. Hey - have you ever heard of any fan who liked collating and stapling? I haven't.

But I love stencilling artwork and doing layouts. It seems to be, with me, something like knitting with some women; it relaxes me. We'll

ignore the fact that I'm just a frustrated, no-talent artist, because there's not much parallel with Juanita there, but I can thoroughly understand and appreciate her feelings regarding the stencilling of artwork. Hell, sometimes when I just want to sit down and think (plotting a story, deciding what I think of some idea I've encountered) I'll grab an Atom or Adkins drawing and spend an hour copying it onto a stencil, and enjoy it thoroughly. And I've been involved in something like 250 fanzine issues.

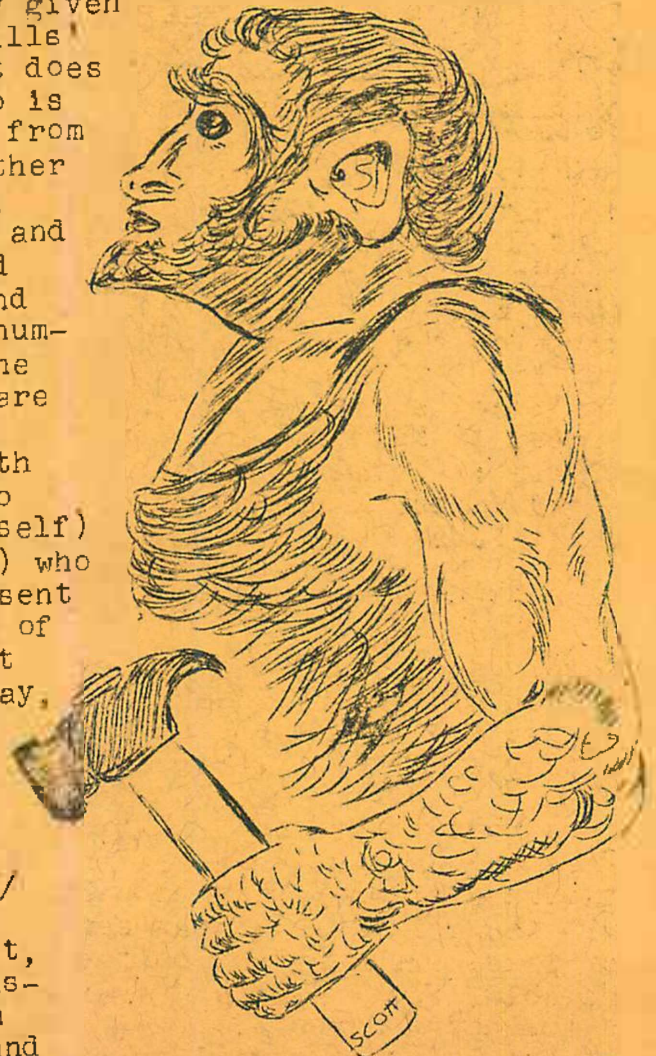
Scithers' story is interesting, but the ending is invalid -- the wish was that the demon love the guy unselfishly, and you don't love a food unselfishly. It's a red herring, I say. (I don't think I like her ring.)

Campbell's point has been made often, but there's a grain of truth in it. I think the classic statement of it was Pete Graham's "The Golden Age of Science Fiction is between 12 and 13".

Rog Ebert's story makes absolutely no sense, and I hope both you and he realize it. Phosh! /I smile enigmatically..... RSC/

I think you've answered Wood's first point pretty well in your editorial, Buck, but his second section deserves a rebuttal too: it's just begging the question. He names 10 "contemporaries" of FANTASY COMMENTATOR which were top-quality zines, true to the letter of your challenge, but all he's proven is that a survey of the best of 10 years can just about always beat the best of any given year. (Compare the latest F&SF with Mills' "A Decade Of F&SF", for instance; what does it prove?) What Wood really objects to is non-stf-centeredness in fanzines, and from the decade (approx.) of fannish and other non-only-stf zines I'll give him... Oh, HYPHEN and WARHOON and GRUE and A BAS and APORRHETA and INNUENDO (well, he named DESTINY!) and HABAKKUK and HORIZONS and Enever's ORION and PSYCHOTIC and any number of others. Those were good zines he mentioned, for the most part, but so are the ones I mentioned.

/Campbell's theory has a grain of truth in it, but there are too many fans who discovered stf about 1950 (such as myself) or even 1960 (see Tom Dilley's letter) who still prefer the older stf to the present variety. (Though again, there's a bit of anthologism creeping in; there weren't any more good stories published in, say, 1945 than there were in 1961. But the early '40's were better than today, even on a year-by-year comparison, and a lot of today's best stories never appear in the magazines, which are the items under discussion.) RSC/



Sgt. ROBERT F. SMITH, 1 Amenities Unit,
Victoria Barracks, Sydney, N.S.W., Aus-
tralia - Betty Kujawa's extracts from
that curious book on the Englishmen and

love has by now, I imagine, brought forth most of YANDRO's British readers from their usual staid, tea-sipping shells with roars of wrath and fiery brandishing of the TIMES. Speaking as an Englishman (although I shouldn't really call myself one anymore, I suppose) of some thirty-two summers I am inclined to view her ideas with hostile contempt, and a suggestion that she mind her own business...

I didn't particularly agree with Ed Wood, and I'm not too sure that John Trimble's viewpoint is any too appealing to my easy-going picture of "fandom", either. This "recruiting" attitude definitely isn't. Fandom is not some "way of life" or "a goddamned hobby", nor is it some high-minded form of cliquish press-gangery. How the devil would one know when fandom died, anyway? On whose sayso would you, Buck, cease publication of YANDRO?

/Well, that's easy; when we didn't have anybody to send it to. Not likely to occur, as far as we're concerned, tho someone like Wanshel might live to see the day. REC/

FRANK WILIMCZYK, 447 10th. Ave., New York 1, N.Y. - Ted White's complaint about magazines cutting down books is justified, certainly, but his explanation differs from my understanding of the situation. A friend who worked on slick magazines, where the serial rights business is standard procedure, told me that the shorter magazine versions resulted from other reasons than space limitations. His explanation was that when a magazine publisher contracts to publish a novel prior to book publication, one of the stipulations made by the hard-cover people is that the novel be cut down. The gimmick being that the hard-cover edition is the complete version, and the magazine version a watered-down one. That this policy is a sound one (from the publisher's point of view) is evidenced by Ted's admonition to read STARSHIP TROOPERS rather than SOLDIERS.

/Sounds reasonable; any professional editors in the audience care to comment? Larry, Avram, Don, John? RSC/

Ella Parker's addendum to Tucker's analysis of post-bomb conditions is most interesting. The initial idea is, logically, that money is valueless in a situation in which a societal structure no longer exists. But here Ella's friend's reaction suggests that money will retain its value, at least for a short time. It's going to take at least a few days for most people to realize that they're dealing merely with pieces of nicely printed paper. If you want to clean up, pile up all the cash you can ahead of time. During that short period of readjustment, money will retain its previous identity, and anyone with a goodly amount of cash on hand will be able to buy up anything in sight. Spend ever buck you have on hand, load up, and take off for the hinterlands before the enraged clods you've hornswoggled realize they've been took. Incidentally, it might be a good idea to print up a lot of counterfeit money well ahead of time; I'm sure most of the Treasury Bureau people will be reduced to whatever they can be reduced to during the blast, and the remainder will not be issuing bulletins on how to spot a fake three-dollar bill.

/Have mimeo, will travel? Just in case any legal authorities are watching, leave it be known that I am not now and never have been advocating the counterfeiting of money. Embezzlement is far less work. RSC/

/And we still have letters, including a couple of non-topical comments by Randy Scott and Alan Dodd that I've been holding for a couple of months already....one of these days I'll publish them. But not this month. RSC/