



# YANDRO / VOL. X

NO. 8

#110 MARCH '62



ADKINS

Published monthly by Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana, USA. British Agent; Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England. Trades sometimes excepted, but no apazines, please (unless they are primarily a general-type mag, like WARHOON or SCOTTISHE). Price, USA and Canada: 25¢ per copy or 12 issues for \$2.50. Price, England: 1/3 per copy or 12 for 12/0. Elsewhere: same as USA. Subscriptions which were entered before January, 1962 may be renewed at \$2 for 12 issues.

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In a despotism like ancient Galilee, even a poor carpenter's kid could grow up to become Jesus Christ. ....Dean McLaughlin

Welcome thy neighbor to thy fallout shelter. He'll come in handy if you run out of food. ....McLaughlin

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Ted White, 339 49th. St., Brooklyn 20, N.Y. (What do you know; they ran him clear out of New York.....)

Our St. Patrick's Day quote: (from an old Irish air...)  
"One Sunday mornin', while on me way to Mass,  
I met a bloody Orange man and killed him for his pass...."





Now this is more like it. Getting out the February issue was somewhat hectic, one of those sessions where nothing cooperated and I felt lousy to boot. But the weather since has become warmer and wetter, which for some strange reason is fine both for my sinuses and for Twilltone paper - the static electricity on this run was practically nil ...and that crackling cling effect is enuf to make the most ardent mimeo lover tear hair. Wonder why? The Twill-

ton we get from the dealer in Anderson is sure enough Twilltone, but the reams we get from our homey little bulk dealer in Shawnee, Oklahoma, have the additional virtue of stamping on the outside of the packages - clewing you to the wire side or felt side - a big advantage when we're running illos.

And a recent letter from Terry Carr inquires if I read each and every word of every issue of this monthly catastrophe. We found out long ago that Buck is a lousy proofreader - and further that I'm the type of reader what's absolutely hungup on typoses - to me they stand out like sore thumbs. So I do the proofreading. I read each and every word on every page of every issue, and if typoses slip past, I am to blame; usually, when they do, I was tired or trying to do too many things at once. The place I worry the most is on addresses - in Strange Fruit and in the letter column - I'm very vague on most of the addresses, and double checking each and every one is impossibly time consuming. So I gamble on them looking correct, and hoping. And then, of course, I suffer from the strangely-feminine fault of a lack of sense of humor in word-coining, and have several times only forcibly been restrained from correcting some deliberately mis-spelled funny.....a strange quirk for some one fond of puns...

And then, of course, there is the old problem after several hours of busy stencil work and then proofing, of coming across a correctly spelled word that for some sudden reason looks odd. Such as "orange". Try writing "orange" twenty or thirty consecutive times and it does start looking peculiar - must be something wrong with it.

Dora Holland expressed her thanks for our comments in the last issue and added that most of the remarks anent Ralph's attack were received second hand, that few editors thought to include his closest relative on the mailing list when penning eulogies and after-thoughts - a strange lapse on the part of a fandom which has occasionally cast jaundiced eyes on fans who fail to give free copies of a fanzine for a letter of comment. Human nature, presumably.

Or maybe modern human nature - which seems to be developing some rather lackadaisical traits,

When bev DeWeese started her new job as a copy editor and proof reader, we discussed some of the events and ran into an old problem.... a particularly glaring problem to anyone who has ever been conscientious in the field of teaching....that modern characteristic of ever increas-

ing flight from responsibility - encroaching buck passing. Bev remarked that the young typists in the office started with a sense of responsibility, a will to do well, but weeks and months of general sloppiness and shoulder shrugging from bosses and higher-ups resulted in an eventual so-what attitude. Conscientious people in the field of teaching, and presumably medicine and several other fields, are weighed down with a sense of responsibility - an awareness that what they say and do could conceivably influence a life. Idealistic? Perhaps, but if your eyes are open, you can't help being impressed when a casual remark made before a youngster in a schoolroom sends that child into a frenzy of activity, concentration, and heights of endeavor you had assumed beyond him.....an effect further underlined when a parent drops by and asks you what miracle you performed - that they had been yammering at the child for years to no effect. It can be ego-swelling - and it can also be frightening. Responsibility, in a sense, is frightening. But how could one survive with the knowledge that one was shirking a job?

"They'll never know the difference. This is just a factory job for the government - they got lotsa money." Of course, it's your money they've got, but quite aside from that, you took the job - contract or no, you are being paid to perform it. It's not necessary to fight city hall, certainly, but it does seem not too much to expect to take care of your own end.

After all, the satisfaction should be your own. Perhaps this is why the teaching profession is less bothered by criticism from without than by personal soul-searching and analysis by peers. Every teacher has at sometime or another been the target of attack, either in general "Them teachers don't know what they're a-doing" or personal "How come my kid don't pass, huh? 'Cause you ain't doing your job, that's why?" This is standard. It is part of the job of responsibility - if the criticism is valid, it becomes the basis for revising technique, for intensive self-study, for improvement. If it is not valid, if you are secure in your mind that you have done the best job you are honestly capable of, then beyond soothing the taxpayer who provides your salary or an explanation to a higher-up who does not fully understand the situation, or a rational disagreement of point-of-view with a knowledgeable critic who simply is not in your shoes - what is necessary? It is all too easy to shrug and say "Not my department" - if it is your department, and you've done your job well, criticism doesn't matter - and also, it isn't nearly so frequent.

Spring has sprung, or so they say - though in this section, the boggy ground makes me conclude it's an underground spring they're talking about....and for all the members of Messiah fandom, for next issue, and Easter, I have a special item from George Barr, who emphatically is not a member of M. Fandom....just see what you've done, Terry Carr..JWC

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NOTICE the price increase. Also notice that it does not affect the old regular subscribers. The fact is that, largely due to the nefarious activities of Seth Johnson, we have been having an influx of new subscribers. All well and good; I'm sure at least some of you will turn out to be nice people and great to know, and all. However, the influx also has brought a few problems. First, and less important: From the

first of January, we have spent \$75.12 on three issues of this fanzine. In the same length of time, we have received \$41.91 in dues and cash contributions, plus assorted cumshaw in the nature of pb's, fanzines, foreign stamps and other ephemera. This isn't bad at all, actually, considering that the Annish always creates extra expense, and I'm not objecting to the outlay (I'm keeping track so that I can prove to Uncle Sam, if necessary, that this is a non-profit magazine, and I'm mentioning it to show you cash customers that we aren't getting rich off you.)

There is, however, another drawback to additional subscribers; each new subscriber means another copy to run off, collate, staple, type an address label for, stick in an envelope and carry to the post office. With a small circulation this is no drawback, but when you start pushing 200 circulation each month the prospect of any additional work is not at all cheering. Not counting stencil cutting (which takes the same time whether we run one copy or 500) it takes me one evening to type address labels, it takes Juanita most of a day to mimeo the issue and it takes both of us another evening to assemble, staple, affix stamps and address labels. A total of probably 6 hours work for me and 7 or 8 for Juanita. And while one copy, more or less, makes little difference, Juanita reports that cutting 10 copies off the run (which we did this time; from 195 down to 185) makes a lot of difference in the drudgery involved. (It doesn't get to be drudgery at all, you see, until 100 or so copies have been run.)

So, we are increasing the price and I notified a batch of trades that they would no longer be getting every issue. If necessary I'll cut out more trades; I see no particular reason why I should send out a copy of YANDRO and receive in return a fanzine that I don't even want to read. Some of the fanzines I've been getting aren't worth 5 minutes extra labor on my part. For the present, I'm raising the price for new readers, since they're the ones creating the additional burdens, and allowing the faithful to renew at the old rates. (If you consider this situation unfair, I recommend that you Do Something about it -- like subscribing to some other fanzine instead.) I could, of course, simply refuse to take on any new subscribers; other fanzines have done it. But I figure that if you really want YANDRO bad enough to pay for it, we can send it to you.

IF YOU'RE INTERESTED in reading the sort of science-fiction being published in England today, a good source is Ken Slater. Write to Fantast (Medway) Ltd., 75 Norfolk Street, Wisbech, Cambs., ENGLAND, for a catalog. Ken will take cash or trade for US mags and paperbacks. The

Adkins illo, page 1, multilithed courtesy George Scithers.....skol



British stf mags -- SCIENCE FANTASY, NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES -- are at present the best in the world, and copies of the defunct NEBULA can also provide good reading. You have to watch out for their paperbacks; the good ones are mixed with stuff that is poorer than anything the US ever published, but there are a few good ones, if you know what authors to look for. And British hardcover editions are far cheaper than US ones -- my copies of "The Lord Of The Rings" cost me \$9.25, including postage, as against the \$15 on the US edition. (And in this case the US edition was published from the original British plates which were shipped over here for the purpose, so all you got for your extra \$5.75 was a set of gaudier dust-jackets.)

Ken says he doesn't want fanzines, though (yeah, it crushed my hopes too.)

AVRAM DAVIDSON sent us a wedding announcement. (Well after the wedding, so we had no chance of attending, but in time for us to send presents. Humph!) Actually, I'm not even positive that Avram did send it; somebody sent us this spirit duplicated thing, however.

PYRAMID BOOKS, in the person of Donald Bensen, mentions that forthcoming titles will be "Mars Is My Destination" by Frank Long, "Worlds of When" edited by Groff Conklin, a version of the "Queen's Own FBI" stories from ANALOG and says that the company has "acquired a Dean McLaughlin" (do I detect an implication that now they've acquired him they don't know what to do with him?) He also feels that Cogswell is pretty respectable, for an author. I don't know; Juanita didn't actually attend any of Ted's classes, but she was on the same rather small campus with him last winter, and she thinks he's a nut. (A nice, crunchy sort of nut, of course, but still....)

NOTE that there are two addresses given for Ted White in this issue; the one in the lettercolumn is no longer good.

I don't know; I've heard a lot of pros and cons about the artwork of Morris Dollens, but anyone who can sit at a table in California and tell me what to do to repair my tape recorder in Indiana is one whale of a mechanic! We're getting along pretty well with the Pentron now. One of the major problems now is getting our tape collection properly catalogued; I have everything listed, but the lists are on little bitty pieces of paper inside the tape boxes. So to find out where a particular item is, you have to go along opening boxes and reading lists until you come to it. Also, we have a few items copied on two or more tapes, plus stuff taped from tv shows that we later got by the same singers on records; this sort of duplication is Not Good. One of these days when I have some spare time (I keep telling myself....)

I HAD MY FIRST EXPERIENCE with an osteopath today. I'd dislocated a vertebra, or something, and it wasn't going back in place by itself. I'm not sure whether this guy adjusted it properly or simply gouged it clear out with his bare hands (that's what it felt like) but at least I can turn my head now, and the pain is subsiding. I guess they're all right in their place (and their place seems to be Indiana; the woods are full of 'em). I dislocated the thing at work -- I've heard about jobs that give you a pain in the neck, but this is ridiculous!

Hoping that you are the same, I remain, yr. ob't. serv't. RSC

# SILVER SECONDS —

— column from — gene deweese

## MOST UNFORGETTABLE DELUSION DEF'T:

About a year ago, I experienced a prolonged hallucination. It worked with me at A.C. Spark Plug for nine months -- a suspicious circumstance in itself. It had a mustache, British mannerisms, thick glasses, and a metal plate in its head; and it was named Leo M. Carroll. And it worried me. Why, of all possible hallucinations, had my subconscious picked this one? Had 15 years of reading stf finally begun to penetrate?

Why should I imagine someone who:

- 1) Got his nose broken as regularly as defective clockwork, and by such unlikely agencies as his six-month-old son?
- 2) Got his jaw "locked open" when he yawned or bit on toast?
- 3) Got his fingers caught in desk drawer handles every two or three days?
- 4) Once had amnesia for three days, unnoticed? (Even his wife merely commented, when he came out of it, "I thought you were acting a little funnier than usual.")
- 5) Came visiting us one evening, sat around until about 10:30, then suddenly realized he was hungry -- and, once realizing this, remembered that he had left his supper sitting on his kitchen table at home?
- 6) Had the Sprite (a small, tinny British car) which he had bought in England delivered to Milwaukee via the Great Lakes, only to have it miss the city entirely and go on to Chicago? (It was finally sent back up by rail and delivered to some remote unloading area in the middle of a field south of Milwaukee.)

I may never understand why I imagined him in the first place, but I think I know why I quit. Like a soap-opera scripter, my subconscious wrote itself into a corner. It produced a climax and had nowhere to go from there. My subconscious had reached the limits of its idiotic inventiveness and refused to continue the delusion on an anticlimactic basis.

To illustrate the point, I'll give you a few of the highlights of his last week. The week he left Milwaukee for, of all places, New Hampshire -- which I'm not sure exists, anyway.

The week started off on a new high; he caught his fingers in a desk drawer handle twice in one day. The next day, the engine of his Jaguar caught fire. He suspected foul play, but was almost arrested as a nuisance when he reported it to the police.

A day or so later, a noise developed as he drove to work. He stopped in the company parking lot, lifted the hood and looked in. He slipped, the hood came down on his wrist and latched. He couldn't reach the hood release, so he was trapped there in zero weather for an hour or so until a company guard happened to find him.

His final day? Well, it started off when he squatted down to show me where he had been keeping some material in a low file drawer. His pants immediately ripped at the seam. A few minutes later, his jaw



locked open when he yawned; and within an hour he had his fingers caught in a drawer handle. In the afternoon, someone (with whom he had not had the most friendly relations) gave him a gift-wrapped knife as a going-away present. He cut his finger on it the instant it was unwrapped.

To finish things off with a glorious finale: he had loaded his Sprite down with baggage, and had hitched it behind his Jaguar for towing. He pulled away from the curb to the accompaniment of loud huzzahs and faretheewells. There was a granking sound, and he drove away dragging a clankingly disembodied Sprite front bumper.

Now I ask you: would you believe in something like that?

# MODERN FOLK SONG DEP'T:

If you don't believe there are new folk songs being written every day, just listen. Let me tell you about a popular record called "Susie, ForGIVE Me!"

There's this young kid, like unto many a Folk Hero who Did and Died For Love. He's in this auto accident, see, that causes his girlfriend (i.e., lover in the older ballads) to become paralyzed from the waist down. She can walk again only if she has an expensive operation. The Hero bestirs himself and goes out wailing "Susie, forGIVE me!" Like most folk heroes, he is enthusiastic but inept (i.e., stupid). He is caught robbing a candy store, and the police give chase. He ends up being shot on the girlfriend's doorstep. She can hear his chorussing "Susie, forGIVE me!" thru the keyhole, so she momentarily forgets about her paralysis and walks to the door. He sees this, and realizes that, because of him, she can Walk Again. He dies happy, ostensibly, tho he still seems to be suffering from some sort of guilt feelings, checking out bawling a final "Susie, forGI-I-IVE MEEEE!"

-----  
 "Ides of March? Didn't I get rid of those when I changed the calendar?"  
 .....Lewis Grant

-----  
 —untitled verse— BY —john pesta—  
 -----

what if  
 castro converted --

or  
 better yet  
 hung one on

and sank his island  
 by invading  
 montpelier vermont?

undoubtedly  
 mrs america  
 --feeding her canary in Levittown--

would be far more secure

-----  
 Does the Church Of The Way worship the opener? ...Lewis Grant





# CRUSADERS ALL

BY *mike deckinger*

We were all sitting around, getting sharked up but high over Shelly Manne's skin-flailings, when suddenly this sweating fuzz burst in through the front door. He was dressed in the usual blue monkey suit and looked like a queer on the make but Beaver could tell he was really out serious for something. All of us shut up when we saw him make the scene and even Bongo slid away from the voice-box just as the music shook to a climax and I guess kind of shook us with it. All of us except the monkey-suiter, that is. Fuzz aint supposed to dig anything that'll flip them, I guess.

"What's the act, Pop?" Beaver piped up from the sofa, removing his hand from the skinny waist of Mona with practiced ease that spoke well of his experience with her and any other chicks that made the scene. All Beaver would have to say is "Let's fly tonight Baby" and the chick would dig him right off and soon they'd be tossing in the den and all of us would be sitting around really hungrily with our tongues hanging out, and playing like we were vultures after the last scrap. Only there never was a last scrap left for us. Beaver was like that. Only now he was bugged by the fuzz and I think even the boy in blue knew it.

"Some fellow tried to hold up a grocery store down the block. Only he chickened out at the last moment and a by-passer said he saw him dart in this direction." The fuzz took a long, disgusted look around the pad and I swear his nostrils flopped up and down. "I thought he might be in here. Maybe one of you saw him."

"Why Dad," Beaver began real cool and cozy like, "we aint seen no one but no one 'cept for the usual bunch and up till the time you so impolitely trespassed into our private domicile, we've been sitting here swinging with the discs."

"Sure you haven't been swapping some stuff?" This question surprised me and I could see Beaver was struck too. Interrupting The Sounds was bad enough but accusing us of pushing and passing was unthinkable. Beaver told him so as Mona purred encouragement and pulled her sweater more tightly over her jutting bust. That chick is really stacked, and I mean it. And it's all hers, and I mean that too.

"You sure you're clean?" the monkey-suiter asked.

"Search me Dad, if you don't believe me; I'm as clean as a new born baby sucking at its Mammy." Beaver always came up with zingers like that which is one reason why we palled about with the bastard so much.

"Say Dad," Beaver asked the fuzz earnestly, "you dig Gerry Mulligan?"

"Can't say that I do," the fuzz, I knew he was a square, admitted, "but...."

"Pete Candoli, Shorty Rogers?" Beaver continued.

"Johnny Mandel, The Bird?" I cut in, because I felt like saying something cutting to the monkey-suiter in front of the crowd and so maybe Beaver wouldn't be the only top-ace in the pad.

The cop swung around like there was grease in his joints and looked straight at me. Boss, but nobody ever has bugged me with their eyes the

way this fish did and I was beginning to simmer over it.

"What's your name?" he shot out, just like a cannonball from a gun.

I looked to Beaver for assistance but he was sparking up Mona with his left hand, the one that was usually kept buried in her sweater and that made her gurgle and coo out at times so he was no help. I was solitary and alone before a monkey-suited firing squad.

"You can call me Tinker, man," I told the fuzz. If he did he'd be the first one to do so.

"OK Tink," the cop said, making the name sound unclean and square, "just what are you doing here?"

"Getting a charge, man, merely a charge."

"What do you mean?" This guy was a real honest to hung-up-Jesus nosy bastard.

"I was letting The Sounds life me till you came along Dad. I was clouded and hazy and real hung-up. I was drifting and loose and you were a goddamn slick corpuscle that had to screw up the works and release the inspiration and now we're all, every damn one of us, hung up for kicks."

I looked to Beaver for reassurance.

"Keep swinging, man," he muttered. It was reassuring. I felt like letting into this fuzz for everything he had said and everything he had done and all he stood for and all he would stand for and then letting him go shove his nose in that slime and saying real gentle like: "well you see how it is Dad, you see?"

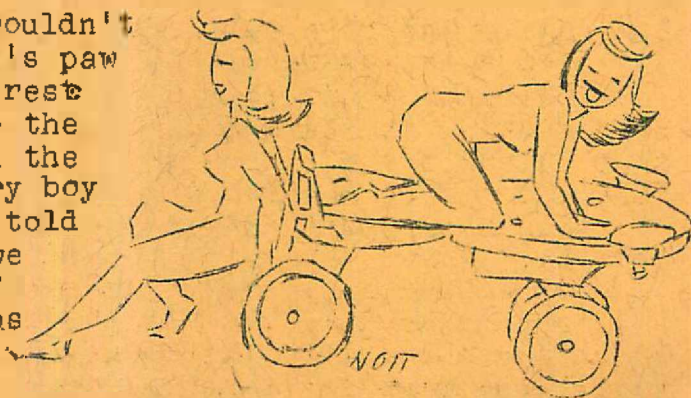
"People like you don't belong in the streets," he said to me, very distastefully and then turned to Beaver so he wouldn't be left out either. So we'd been knocked by a blue monkey-suiter. So what. He probably screwed an iron gate every day just for exercise.

"You won't find us in the streets with the other garbage-eaters," Beaver said very nicely and even Mona squealed with delight whereas usually she just squealed with Beaver. He spoke very nicely then, and told the fuzz to go bury his head back under the dung-heap which he had crawled out of. Things like that always bug squares when someone tells them what they're really, and I mean really, like. They don't like knowing it so anytime they're told they get all steamed.

"I'd better be going," the fuzz said almost in a whisper which sounded real strange after his former talks. He sounded very much like all the others that had busted into the pad.

"You won't forget what I told you Dad, will ya?" Beaver inquired almost politely but that was the way to do it and the way he always had done it.

And I knew the monkey-suiter wouldn't forget it, either. Not by a junkie's paw he wouldn't. He'd be like all the rest of the squares who came here. Like the other fuzz who was first, and then the stuck up housewife and the delivery boy and the half-dozen others who got told off by us. He'd think about what we said and wonder if the cesspool of life would really drag him under as it did so many others. Maybe he'd tell his friends and others would start thinking that way and soon lots and lots of snow-bright squares





would get hip to The Way.

After the fuzz had left we played it cool for a few minutes just in case he came snooping. Then Beaver got up, stretched his arms, and smiled real tender. He smiled at a bearded fellow in the back.

"Nice going Orbie, this fuzz was fine. A bit rough around the edges but then they all are. We'll need another one though, some blue-coat who's got a little more sense than our former friend. OK, sound off, whose turn is it next?"

"I'm hot now Daddy, let me make the connection," Justin said.

"Stow it Boss," I cut in real mean like, "you fished three days ago. Time points to me." I turned to Beaver. "I'll find some cat with a high class mind that can dig like a shovel," I promised him.

"Make it sweet, Dad," he smiled in anticipation, "make it swift and sweet." I smiled too and I guess everyone else did when they saw Beaver and me pleased. Well, like hell, there's some things you just got to be proud about.

-----  
They dropped a bomb so big you couldn't tell Eurasia from a hole in the ground.  
.....Lewis Grant  
-----

## ASTEROID MEN — by — DAVE HULAN —

Pebbles of space, the asteroids,  
Home of riches and home of death;  
Drifting free in a circling stream,  
They wake your greed and they steal your breath.

Strange is the breed who reaps their fruit,  
Shunning Earth and the haunts of men;  
What is the motive that drives them out  
To make a stake and return again?

What is the wealth these misfits seek,  
Braving space in their scarred-hulled ships?  
Many have wealth to fill their needs,  
And end the peril of asteroid trips.

Strait is the way of the planet-bound;  
Here is the love of the rock-rat's life!  
No neighbors, strictures, or blue-clad law --  
But man and space, and eternal strife.

Softly whispering winds of space,  
Sing the song of the Asteroid Men!  
Gather their souls in your cold embrace,  
Keep them ever from human ken.

-----  
Is a laser that emits ultraviolet an ulser? In that case, a laser that emits gamma rays must be a gaser. If it uses a crystal it must be a crystal gaser.  
....Lewis Grant  
-----

# STRANGE FRUIT—

Lupoff requested reviews for XERO by April 1 (a suspicious-sounding date, if you ask me), so if your zine isn't reviewed here, it will probably get a mention in the next XERO. A couple of exceptions are STUPEFYING STORIES #55, from Dick Eney, which was marked "not for review" and SKYRACK #41, from Ron Bennett, who gives me enough trouble about getting the thing, without giving him free reviews.

AXE #22, 23 (Larry Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, N.Y. - bi-weekly - 10¢, or 26 for #2) Worth it, too. All the latest fan news -- keep up to date on lawsuits, feuds, and the latest Worthy Causes which will be after your money. All well-read fans get AXE. Rating.....9

AD ASTRA #5 (Ed Bryant, Route 2, Wheatland, Wyoming - irregular - 15¢) Except for the short letter column, this could be shown as an example of the "typical" fanzine; it's certainly as typical as anything could be in fandom. Reproduction is possibly a bit better than the norm, the average fanzine legibility has climbed a lot in the past few years. There is a good John Berry article (no fanzine could be called typical unless it contains a Berry item) a story with an ending you can spot halfway through, various other articles, a poetry section, fanzine reviews and book reviews, an editorial and a truncated letter column. Nothing outstanding, but everything is quite readable. Especially recommended to newer fans, since the esoteric fannish terms are deliberately kept to a minimum. Rating.....6

MIAFAN #6, (Michael Kurman, 231 SW 51 Court, Miami 44, Florida - quarterly - 15¢) Another typical one, from the movie column (I forgot to mention that AD ASTRA has a movie column, too) thru the telegraphic fiction to the variety of articles, including one on mescaline. A longer lettercolumn, too. It isn't at all bad, but there isn't much I can say about it, good or bad. Rating.....5

KIPPLE #22 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland - monthly - 15¢) This is the controversial one; not only do I write letters of comment, but Juanita also writes them; an almost unheard-of act. The mag is devoted to discussion, with topics ranging from art movies to politics to rock'n-roll to fallout to science-fiction. It is Unconditionally Recommended. Rating.....8

SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES #378 and 379 showed up; if anyone wants to know how to get the mag, write and I'll tell you. Same with MENACE OF THE LASFS #38 (I'll give you boys a review next time, but I get tired of saying the same old things about the mag every month.) CANDY F SPECIAL (Bo Stenfors, Bygglavägen 3, Djursholm, Sweden) is only for trades, according to Bo, but if you like drawings of pretty girls, keep an eye out for a copy (this could turn out to be the biggest fanzine rarity since WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION?). The fiction, by Deckinger and John Baxter, is nothing extra, but it fits in with the illustrative format.



# MEDITATIONS ON LONG SLEEPING

-article by-

ALAN BURNS



One of the troubles with the world today is the obsession with death. People are pretty well scared of it; if they weren't then there would not be the ban-the-bomb marches and meetings, the outcry about death on the roads and life insurance would take a dive. My own opinion is that there is a need for some drastic rethinking about the whole subject.

When you weigh it up there are more abominable practices brought about by this wrong attitude to death than almost anything else.

Let us start with a basic premise. Death, as far as we know, seems to be inevitable. This does not exclude the possibility that research into geriatrics will bring immortality, but even so the advantages would not outweigh the disadvantages, chief of which is discontent with change. We none of us like change — indeed a primary symptom of most forms of insanity would seem to be an obsession for change; change of furniture, change of position, change of post, etc. -- and the older we get, the less we like change. But Death is essentially a change and that is the sum total of it.

So far, there is no proof positive that there is life after death, and the probability that there is life as a personality is so remote as to be improbable. Personality relies a lot on physical shape. Indeed that is the justification for the Italian fifteenth century art of the improvisatori; they cast a man for the part for which he was designed. The thought that a huge and powerful man would behave the same as an ethereal body is laughable. Rather unfortunately the spiritualists believe this, and they get credible people to believe it also. As a Theosophist I won't make any comment as to what we believe, save to say that we try to keep our feet on the ground of as much scientific proof as possible.

Medical science has done a tremendous amount of investigation to prevent death, but digging through medical texts will not produce very much in the way of the actual mechanics of death. Of course if you sever a main bloodvessel and drain the body of blood, death will occur. Sure, the blood conveys oxygen, the cells need oxygen, they can't get it so they die; but after all, you take a car, it runs out of petrol so it stops, you put in petrol and away it goes. But not so the animal life, or plant life. You sever something or stop something, and an irrevers-



ible (or apparently irreversible) process occurs. Now just nobody has produced any good reason as to why this should be, and yet the death of a body is by no means the ending of life; corruption takes place and the elements of the body are reabsorbed into the earth. Even the scattering of the ashes after cremation returns the elements of the body to the earth and atmosphere.

Of course there is the old cliché of the divine economy to deal with the matter of death. After all, if nobody died the earth would soon be blocked solid with people and plants and animals, so accordingly death is a necessity. So why worry about it? Life insurance plays on the fears that when someone dies their loved ones may be left destitute. In a sense these companies are saying that love extends beyond the grave. It's a possibility, but again this presupposes the personality survival, which is completely unlikely.

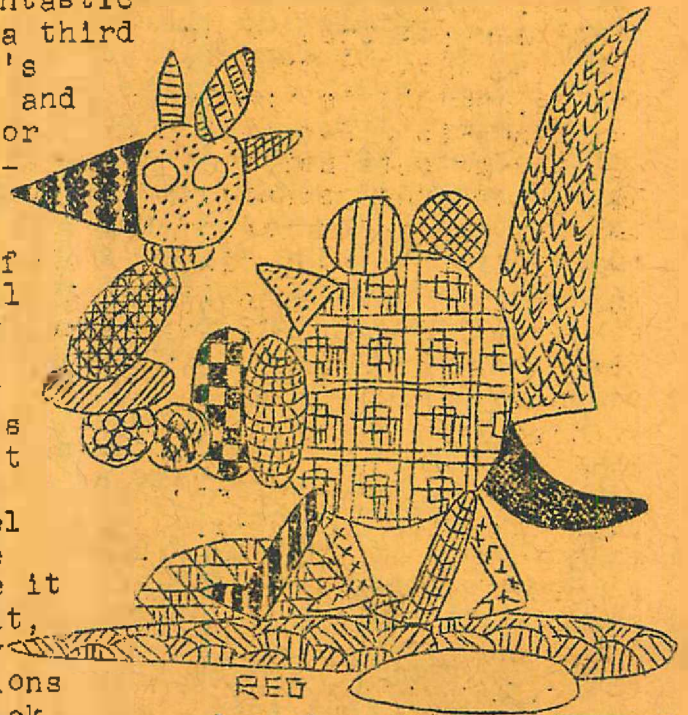
In view of all this, we might as well enjoy ourselves as best we can, and if we want to leave something for those that follow we can leave good works, kind words, and beauty. Mark this well, these are all spiritual things, of much greater worth than mere possessions. Even a fanatic memory can be left, as in the case of Bob Brandorf, a memory of good fellowship that will long survive in fandom.

Ed. note: This article was written some time ago; today we may add the memories of Doc Weir and Ralph Holland to that of Brandorf.

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There is no God but Mammon, and 6% is his profit. ....Lewis Grant  
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GOLDEN MINUTES by RSC

A recent non-stf purchase was "Count Luckner, The Sea Devil" by Lowell Thomas. A fascinating book; at least partly because I hadn't realized that there were so many sailing ships still operating during World War I. The idea of the Germans actually using a former American clipper ship as a commerce raider in 1917 seems fantastic in this era of machinery. Of course, a third of the book is devoted to von Luckner's adventures in earlier days on sailing and steamships; interesting if you care for that sort of thing, and I do. This inspired me to go ahead and read "With Lawrence In Arabia" by Thomas. I didn't like it as well; the mixture of biography, military history and travel in exotic lands was too broad for any of it to be covered adequately. "The Sixth Man", Jess Stearn's highly publicized survey of homosexuality, is out in a 60% Macfadden book. I haven't read it yet, but Juanita enjoyed it. I was a bit disappointed in Lester del Rey's "The Eleventh Commandment". The ending seemed awfully weak. I suppose it could be just that I disagreed with it, but I got the impression that del Rey had ignored the answers to the questions he asked earlier, in favor of a gimmick.



REG



## GRUMBLINGS

ROG EBERT, 410 E. Washington, Urbana, Illinois - Regarding "Night Ride" -- which, I see did not receive an exactly warm welcome -- I must admit I have mixed feelings myself. Of course, there IS a meaning to it, despite Terry Carr's opinion, but that isn't the point. There seems to be some sort of built-in resistance among many readers, stf fen included, against stories which do not move inexorably from beginning to end, with character and plot laid down like bricks and the meaning of the story holding everything together like mortar. I believe that all reality, everything that happens, cannot be expressed in a conventional story.

To make this a little clearer, let me say that "Night Ride" was simply a story about an alien who found himself on a carnival midway. A secondary subject might have been the instinctive hatred which the humans felt for him, and also their greed, which caused them to stop for the coins instead of giving immediate chase. I also wanted to show how an alien mentality might react to a carnival, how utterly mad it would seem to be, and how he might be driven to a frenzied escape. In the closing passage, of course, he leaps in fright to the steel arm of a large carnival ride, which twists him screaming through the air and is finally stopped so suddenly that he is torn off and thrown high into the air at the very instant when his personal teleporter would have removed him from the scene.

So. That's what the story said. I will admit that the story is not well done; I think Sturgeon in particular could have taken an idea like that and made a great deal more out of it. But the meaning is there, I think, and it is written as well as I could write it. It would have been possible for me to use a more normal point of view, instead of trying to get inside the alien's mind, and it could have then been a much more understandable story. But the element of confusion and fear which I wanted to describe would have been missing.

Both of these points of view have their uses. I chose the second, and perhaps it was a little too difficult a challenge for me. I do not agree with the reader who said "Any story in which the reader must struggle to figure out what's going on is, by my dictum, crud." This is not a criticism of the story, it is a rejection of it. Among stf writers, Sturgeon and Bradbury, and sometimes Bester, seem to write very effective stories which require quite a bit of a struggle. On the other hand, all the stories in IMAGINATION were quite understandable -- and quite meaningless.

/Not being able to figure out the description of the physical actions in a story is not quite the same as having to work to understand the meaning of the story. "Night Ride" was closer to Hubbard's "Fear", Ward Moore's "Transient" or "The Summons" by Don Evans than it is to anything I've read by Sturgeon or Bradbury (though Bester is at times a trifle incomprehensible). In any event, I agree that simplicity is not the ideal way to judge a story.

RSC/

MIKE McINERNEY, 81 Ivy Drive, Meriden, Connecticut - Ella Parker: You are correct that some one who didn't read any sf would not be a stf fan. He's be a "fandom fan" and should be referred to as such. I'd con-

sider such a person as a legitimate fan of a lower order than a stfan, but such a person certainly is a part of fandom. From comments made by some WKF I'd say there may be more of them around than most fen suspect. /Or in other words, they're all right in their place, but.... Actually, I've encountered very few fans who don't read and enjoy stf, or at least who did not at one time read and enjoy it; some of them stay in fandom after the stf enchantment has worn off. A lot of them may prefer to discuss other topics, but then anyone who restricts his conversation to a single topic is generally regarded as a bore, anyway. RSC/

JUNIATA BONIFAS, 1913 Hopi Road, Santa Fe, New Mexico - I didn't have many comments to make on #108 anyway. I didn't care for the Scithers story; don't you get tired of stories in which you just know the wishes will be used in vain? In DeWeese's column, when he refers to some well-known films by initials, I can recognize DM as "Destination Moon", but not DTESS. I thought Senor Pessina should get recognition for realizing that Starship Troopers was set 6000 years after the beginning of civilization; the blurb-writer for the Signet edition apparently thinks Sargon the Great belongs in the 20th century, for he places the story "five thousand years in the future". As for Ted White and what's right with the world, I thought Poul Anderson answered that pretty well in the last HABAKKUK.

Speaking of catalogs, as you are in the current Rumblings, the Edmund Scientific Company catalog is full of typos and mistakes, but none so colorful as those plugs for guns.

Lewis Grant's article on the World Calendar was interesting. Were all the other countries really ready to adopt it? The other day I read an Esperantist's description of the hassle at Montevideo over the OAS' (I don't mean "Secret Army Organization") giving some kind of endorsement to Esperanto, and it didn't sound as if the statesmen cared much about such reforms, though they finally adopted some kind of recognition for it. And then there's the duodecimal system; read the literature of the Duodecimal Society, and you wish that computers had a natural affinity for this instead of the binary system -- probably nothing else could break the decimal system's hold on us. There's an idea: an eight-sided crystal happens to be just the thing for computers, one face for input and one for output, the other six for numbers -- but I can't get a story out of it.

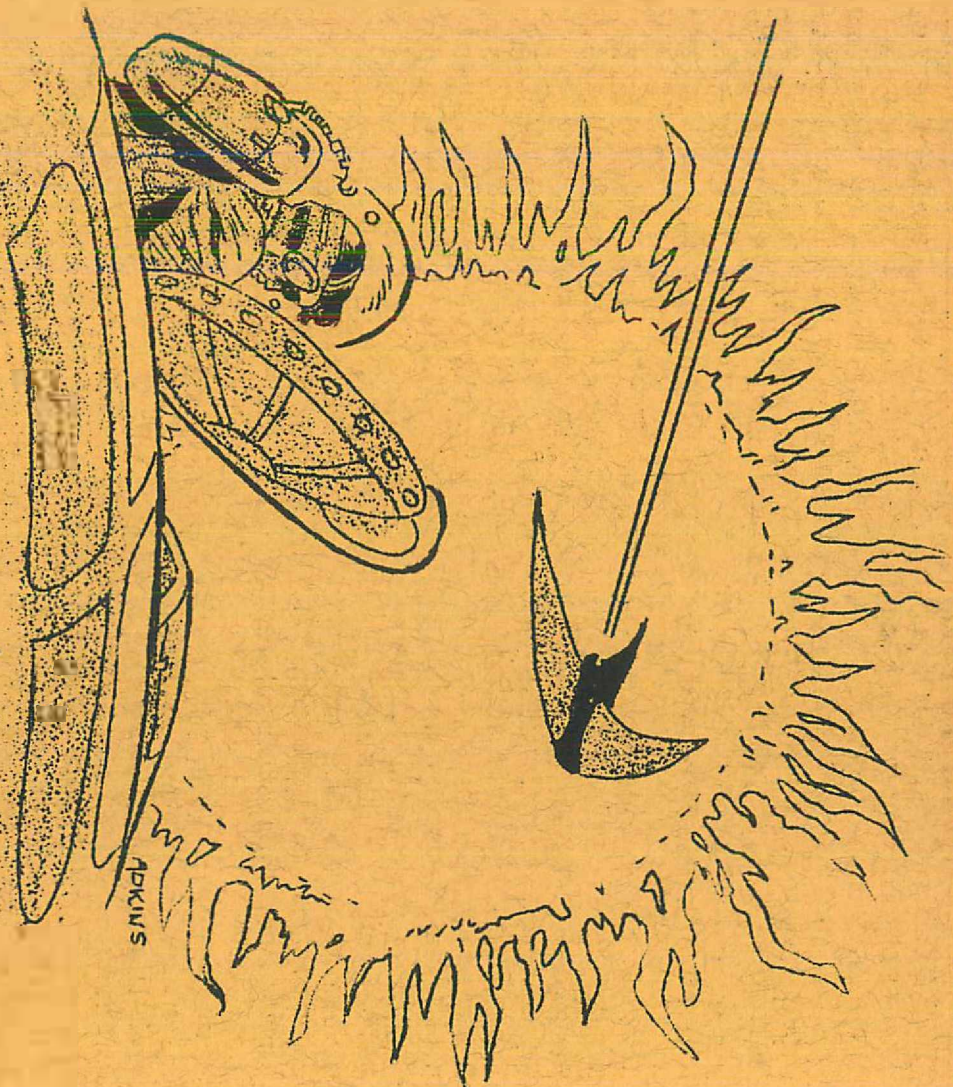
/I still read mystery stories on occasion, even though I know that the murderer is going to be caught -- it depends on whether I find the characters interesting and whether the author's previous solutions have been entertaining (even though expected). DTESS - "Day The Earth Stood Still" (still the best science fiction movie ever filmed). The blurb-writer for the British pb edition of Troopers also called it "five thousand years in the future". I'm quite happy with the decimal system, myself; our trouble isn't that it has a "hold" on us as much as it is that we try to combine it with remnants of what appears to be an ancient duodecimal system, with dozens, halves, quarters, thirds, etc. If we stuck to the decimal system and listed everything in decimal instead of "common" fractions, there'd be no problem at all. RSC/

TED WHITE, 107 Christopher St., New York 14, N.Y. - Response on the lawsuit question has interested me. In a letter to Larry Shaw, Alma Hill says that SaM is not feuding with me, he's "trying to stop crime". She also thinks Dick Lupoff should be sued by Moskowitz for "criminal libel". In AXE Archie Mercer wonders why people jump on SaM when I am the



reel low down  
villain.

Sometimes I wonder, myself. You say (in reply to Seth Johnson, whom I'll get to in a minute) "I suspect Chris' fine hand behind the lawsuit; surely Sam knew what the fannish reaction would be, and "Moskowitz has no valid defense for his actions." All of you are over-  
looking the fact that indeed it is Christine who has threatened me with suit (and may yet push one thru), and that Sam has (as yet) made no public stand on



the case. I suspect Christine thinks the Dietzes and Raybin came through their suit with enhanced prestige, so I don't know how much that affair would've influenced her.

Now of course one presumes Sam has taken a private stand, and inasmuch as he was a very active participant in the pre-suit "tactlessness" it is logical to assume he stands with Christine on the matter.

Before this entire affair had begun, I hazarded a private theory that Christine was needing Sam about his fan contacts. I based this on her statements that she disliked having fannies lying around the house where her friends might see them, as well as on many of her privately and publicly expressed opinions of fans, fan organizations, and fandom. I thought perhaps Sam's rashness at the Seacorn was an outgrowth of a defensive feeling forced upon him when he was actually himself dissatisfied with current-day fandom. In general, I was inclined to give Sam the benefit of the doubt and assume that most of the nastiness he has lately indulged in was the product of goading and pressure from Christine.

However, I suspect I have been too charitable. I was told by an eyewitness that at a recent ESFA meeting Christine claimed Sam had suggested the idea of a suit to her, and Sam's reported subsequent actions (malicious slander, which wouldn't do him any good if his wife does go to court) including his latest -- egging others with private peaves against me to sue me -- pretty well rule out Sam's lack of involvement in the affair.

Now then, as to my tactlessness, or lack thereof, as brought up by Seth Johnson: It was never my understanding that a lack of tact made



one open to suit. I presume Seth is referring to the gentle ribbing he gets in VOID -- ribbing which usually consists of simply printing his letters intact. But quite certainly I can't deny the charge of tactlessness. I am often tactless. Sometimes inadvertantly, sometimes quite deliberately. On the other hand, so are many others in what Seth so quaintly calls "fangdom". For instance, Ron Bennett, in the latest SKY-RACK, reacts with a rather surprising lack of tact to Pete's editorial in VOID #27. (I think he was extreme in his reaction, but I don't plan to sue him.) You, Buck, were rather tactless in your review of VOID #27, too, although in a different respect. Had you read the editorials you might have encountered one of us "saying something" -- because we did. But no, I have no plans to sue you yet, either. You're safe.

Tactless? We all are, including Seth Johnson. It's damned hard to avoid without simply shutting up tight like a clam.

What bothers me, though, is the relative thin-skinnedness of some present-day fans. These fans are quite willing to dish it out, but utterly incapable of shrugging off the inevitable reactions and replies. Touch them and they scream. One of the things I like about you, Buck, is that while I can (and do) disagree with you over specific points, often to the point where neither of us respects the other's position, it has never brought us any undying enmity, and indeed I like to think that such conflicts aside we get along pretty well -- for such tactless guys.

A careful examination of the record will show that my female opponent has a three or four year record in fandom of nearly unparalleled tactlessness and thoughtlessness. I suggest that those who feel like making value judgments in this current affair do so only after thoroughly familiarizing themselves with the context of the dispute, and its origins. Okay?

I'm surprised to see you, Buck, making the reply you do to my letter. Now, it wasn't immediately obvious to your readers, perhaps, but you yourself read my piece in LIGHTHOUSE about responsibility to society, and I think you may have noted that I clearly stated I was quite dependent upon modern society. I have not made any attempt to divorce myself from society. I am a registered voter, I've signed up for jury duty (and Sylvia has done hers already this year), and I Write Letters to Authorities, all the way from congress-





men to record companies, agitating for programs that I'm in favor of. I said, in the letter you printed, "I don't claim that's my way of thinking, but it is a valid one." You should've observed that admonition; I am advancing a point of view in the letter with which I can find no flaw, personally, and which I've heard voiced, either in part or in whole, on many sides, right and left wing. I advanced the philosophy in answer to Calkins. It is not my own, at least not totally, and I don't care to have my own performance evaluated by it. This is a calm, rational discussion, isn't it?

/Well.....Actually, while I did a bit of gemcarring in regard to your disclaimer of personal agreement with the philosophy, I simply did not recall your LIGHTHOUSE article. Oh, I read it, but good heavens, man, that was 3 months back! (Or maybe even farther; I never have got around to looking it up.) OK, let's say that the point of view expressed in your letter is one which I have never heard expressed by anyone who had made a serious effort to disassociate themselves from the society they profess to dislike. If it was made by such a person, I would respect it; I do not respect it coming from the people I've heard it from.

Everybody may be tactless occasionally, but a tactless individual is one who seldom if ever bothers to be tactful. There aren't too many fans in that category; you, me, Pete Graham, Gem Carr, George Willick, Bob Jennings, maybe a few others. (I don't include either of the Moskowitzes because I've seldom encountered them firsthand, so I don't really know.)

I suppose the thin-skinnedness is a result of insecurity. Obviously Christine feels that her professional reputation is so fragile that it could be damaged by what you said about her; otherwise there would be no reason for the lawsuit. She could even be right; I wouldn't know. You and I have enough confidence in ourselves not to be bothered by what the other one says, but we seem to be exceptions; Americans as a whole don't seem overly endowed with self-confidence these days.

I wouldn't call some of the comments in VOID about Seth "gentle ribbing".  
RSC/

ALAN DODD, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England - I played the tape on Friday evening and it sounds just fine on the new Pentron machine. Sounds rather like a medical term don't you think? Or science fictional -- "Hand me the Pentron energy blaster", said Crash Carew, his lean face growing grim....

Don't suppose you read of the recent terrible crime of an attempted robbery of an armoured car here? Not that the robbery was the crime -- the crime was that the guard of the car actually had the dastardly effrontery to shoot one of the robbers!! Actually wounded him! So what happens? The police want to take away all the firearms certificates of the currency guards; they want to stop all guards carrying guns because they fear that this will provoke criminals into carrying guns, and then that'll mean they -- the police -- might have to carry guns and they don't want to do that, most of them have never seen a gun.

Incidentally do you know anyone who understands either (a) the editorials (b) the letter column of ANALOG -- I'm beginning to think it's me. But what the heck have warring tribesmen, Colonial policies and the Civil War in editorials got to do with science or fiction I'd like to know? And if I ever read any more psi stories where the "hero" puts a TK lift on the villain's heart I shall SCREAM! Everytime I get indigestion nowadays I think someone is putting a TK lift on me somewhere.

Bob Tucker's column with your discussion of a suitable currency after a nuclear war was immensely interesting and something that has not

been gone into before I'm certain. You have a definite point - cartridges. However -- what do you do in a society where you cannot buy a bullet unless you have a firearms certificate and an ammunition book which are issued by the police only in exceptional circumstances? I couldn't buy a bullet if I tried and finding a shop that sells them is like finding candlelights shining through the sycamores in Wabash. What then do I use for currency? I thought about it and I decided the alternative is knives. I have a pretty good collection of them myself -- knives have always had values and that's what I'm stocking up on.

/Mr. Dodd, meet Mr. Schultz...../

There is another point about seeing the names of Bob Tucker, Avram Davidson etc. in YANDRO - tell me, when you read a book by someone you know -- are you always convinced it's real? When you read Tucker's story of the horrors after the war, can you really be part of the story like you are with other writers -- or do you think, well, this is just a lot of words written by an old friend, or this is dear old Bob's work, or isn't this clever, or isn't this unrealistic? How can you be convinced by the realism of a story, when you know the author himself has got nothing to do with the kind of events that happen in the story? If the author is a stranger you can believe more easily in the events that happen -- but when you know the author, how can you be convinced on so many subjects when you know that it's just a series of words he created? Do you think knowing an author lessens the realism of any story he may write?

/I could be snide and say that Tucker, etc., aren't very convincing to begin with...but I won't. Actually, I don't notice any difference with fiction by Hensley, Cogswell, Davidson, Robert Abernathy, Bradley, or the authors I know less well, such as De Camp, Silverberg, Bulmer, etc. Tucker's use of fan names provides humor which is unconnected with the plot and I suppose might be distracting, but then he does it mostly in space operas which don't have to be realistic to be enjoyable. Otherwise I don't think about Tucker while I'm reading one of his stories anymore than I think about Heinlein when I'm reading his stuff. I think about the authors afterward. The one author whose fiction is unconvincing (and unreadable) at least partly because I know him personally is Harlan Ellison. I've heard him spout off too often; he can no longer convince me of anything, spoken or written, and that's because what I've read by him has been in the same exact bombastic style he uses at convention parties; I can't help thinking of him while I'm reading. (Of course, I doubt that I'd think very highly of his writing if I'd never met him at all, but knowing him does detract from his work.) RSC/

Pvt. JOE SARNO, RA16712311, Box No. 1041, Hqs. & Hqs. Co., Yukon Command, APO 731, Seattle, Washington - I remember disagreeing violently with Campbell when he made his little speech. I don't remember my actual thoughts now, but I think that free will, and choice of the author had something to do with it. And that the stories are different today. That the changes in the country (the U.S. as a whole) has something to do with the changes in SF. Pick up a few Latin American magazines someday, not necessarily SF either; if they don't remind you of the type of magazines published in the U.S. back between 1920 and 1940 I'll eat them.

Appreciated Boggs' satire. "Playboy..." was interesting.

DONALD FRANSON, 6543 Babcock Ave., No. Hollywood, Calif. - Interesting article on the World Calendar, Stf did mention calendar reform -- in



JWCampbell's 1930 "Piracy Preferred" (the magazine version). "His vacation began the first of Sol, and as this was the last of June..." Sol was the proposed name for the extra month in the 13-month calendar, between June and July. Of course the "modernized" book version of 1953 changed Sol to July. I once worked out a Martian calendar for a story which is still unfinished. The Martian year is twice as long as ours while the day is nearly the same. Other Martian calendars always had 12 looong months; I made it 24 normal-sized ones. Hard to remember their names? Not if alphabetical and named after gods; Apollo, Bacchus, etc. It'll be years before the story is in print if ever. I want my egoboo now....

GARY DEINDORFER, 11 De Cou Drive, Morrisville, Pa. - I liked the Adkins cover -- which means, I think, that I am finally getting used to Adkins and his Steely Young Men. As for the ninth annish overall, it was the best issue of YANDRO you have published since I have begun getting them again, in my fantastically humble opinion. The only soil on the vision was the Ed Wood piece. Along about now I am ready to say to Ed Wood, with desperation in my tones, "Yes, Ed, you and your fifteen YANDRO rebuttals and your graphs have proved your goddamn point. Now will you please go back to doing news items for SCIENCE FICTION TIMES?" I mean, I have had enough of Ed Wood to do me for the rest of my life, thank you.

I note that Redd used the name Dikran Tokrasillo in his piece. This, if you remember, is the name he mentioned in DISCORD #14 as having come to him in a dream. I thought that he would unload it somewhere. Crafty fellow, that Boggs.

I was bemused to note that quite evidently John W. Campbell, Jr., talks the way he writes. Gads, I might have known. Incidentally, Scott Neilson recently told me that every time he hears the name of John W. Campbell, Junior, he gets this mental image of a middle aged, crew cutted man sitting on the floor playing with an erector set and drooling with glee. Rather apt, I think.

"Nonce word: a word formed and used for one occasion." "Nonce: the one, particular, or present (occasion, use or purpose)." Damn, who but Bob Tucker could be cleverly sneaky enough to write one whole installment of a column around this? My open-mouthed awe for Bob Tucker has increased still more as a result of this column. The temerity of the man; obviously only he could get away with so filling up two pages.

I am glad to see Ted White doing Wailing Walls again. Criticism has always been the area wherein he writes the best, both jazz and science fiction. /And people? RSC/ I hope I am correct in inferring from Ted's closing paragraph that there will be more Wailing Walls for YANDRO. Am I? /Got one for the next issue, in fact. RSC/

You have a very good letter column this time around, notable for top letters from Tackett, Carr, and White. I was particularly glad to read the Carr letter.

I dug Pessina's "STARSHIP TROOPERS, the book that makes you ashamed of being a civilian." I don't agree with its sentiments at all, but his quote has a nice sort of a ring to it.

I must sympathize with Jane Smith...or perhaps I should make that "Jane Smith", having a rather good idea just who she really is. And having that idea, I must say that I am very glad that she was able to become the valuable human being she is.

If you and Juanita want to have an unparalleled musical experience, I suggest you get hold of Works of Lili Boulanger, Everest 6059, and

listen to the last piece on the record, "Pie Jesu". This is the most profound, the most beautiful, and yet by far the most frightening musical creation I have ever heard.

ROBERT E. BRINEY, 319 Beacon St., Apt. 10, Boston 16, Mass. - Recently borrowed Poul Anderson's two mystery novels from Sid Coleman, and read them both in one evening, with much enjoyment. Also read Jack Vance's mystery novel THE MAN IN THE CAGE (borrowed from the same source), with virtually no enjoyment at all. Pfui. He should stick to sf.

Also read del Rey's THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT. Found it fairly enjoyable (and quite good in spots) until the ending. That spoiled the whole book. Sid was so upset by the ending that he felt impelled to call me up and scream when he finished the book (at somewhat after midnight, a few days ago...)

/So two of the Terrible Three agree on the del Rey opus. DeWeese? I suspected that this sort of ending was coming -- he was playing it so strong that there almost had to be the gimmick of a reasonable explanation for everything at the end. Only trouble being that I can't see that the one he gave was reasonable -- or that it explained anything, for that matter. RSC/

DICK LUPOFF, 210 E. 73rd. St., New York 21, N.Y. - The item about movies and the Fantasy Film Club didn't seem to arouse much excitement, but then I didn't think it would. The most interesting response was Seth Johnson's wherein he complains that I didn't give information on how to contact the group. I suppose he could just write me a letter and ask...

...but frankly the club is not recruiting. On the contrary, our problems are more often on the order of, Where are we going to put these people? Every piece of furniture that can possibly support a human derriere is being sat upon, every square foot of floor space from which the screen is visible is being sat upon, and we still have four more members to seat.

A similar group called the Modern Film Society is run by Fred Von Bernewitz, a fringe-fan you may have heard of. The society does not restrict itself to imaginative stuff, but they do show a good percentage of it.

Liked your annish immensely. Wood's theory is most interesting, and the Chicon will indeed prove a test of his theory. The strange thing, to me, is that Wood seems like such a sensible, calm and reasonable individual in person. Then in print he comes on such a complete fugg-head. Not that his basic thesis is so far out. On the contrary, about all he's saying, really, is that without the prozines to recruit for fandom, fandom is likely to lose members more rapidly than it can recruit for itself. You can agree or disagree with him (it happens that I agree) but either way, it's not an unreasonable position to maintain. But how he rants and raves!

/Okay; is the Modern Film Society recruiting? You keep leaving out these little points..... Incidentally, I trust that nobody took my theory on convention sizes to heart. I don't even believe it myself, but it was a handy method of indicating that any old theory can be made to look valid by the methods Ed used. RSC/

DEREK NELSON, 18 Granard Blvd., Scarborough, Ont., Canada - Say, wasn't that Cult illo in color? What's wrong, you cheap? /You catch on quick./

I'm intrigued by this argument over the death of science fiction,



how fandom has turned from the true faith, and how to get new readers and members. Seriously, does it really matter? If a person is going to read stf he is going to read it, fandom or no fandom, prozines or no prozines. As for non-stf fans, well, it's a big world and maybe fandom is evolving (shades of JWC Jr!) and that's where the new generation is coming from. (I don't mean mine, or the next maybe, but doesn't it seem, from what I can gather of fandom's rather wild and tattered history, that more and more non-stf fans are entering all the time? I stand willing to be corrected, if proved wrong.)

This talk about starting over after an H-war and some things are worth more, etc., is for the birds.

The destruction, in any full-scale war, would be so great the country would come apart at the seams. Like say a bomb hits your city in the middle of winter (the obvious time for assault); what happens? You sit in your shelter and freeze to death, if you've got a shelter. Or if you don't freeze, what do you eat when you come out? The communications system would be a wreck, even if there are food dumps hidden away, getting supplies rolling would be near impossible.

As for the countryside, if you escape fallout you'll be in danger from any roaming band of city-folk or even army deserters or anything similar. And how many farms have enough food stored for the winter?

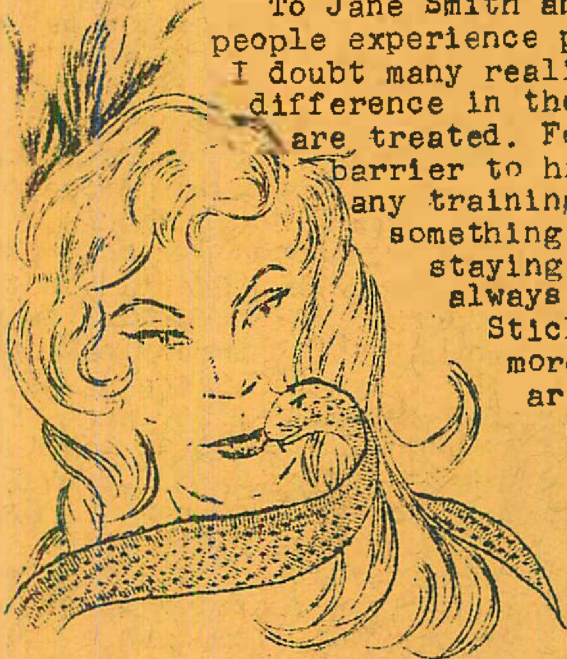
No one would use cartridges for money; they'd be too valuable. Besides, what could you buy? Food? Some hope; the other guy wants to eat like you.

/If a bomb hits your city you won't need to worry about survival; unless you have a blast shelter you've had it, and anyone with enough money to build a workable blast shelter can also afford to stockpile food and fuel to last several years. Any small city which only has to worry about fallout will have food and fuel for a few days; after the first day the smart ones will be in the country, anyway. As for the farmers; why store food when you have those "roaming bands of city-folk" to pick from? meat on the hoof, like. The more squeamish (if there are any left) can find something to live off of in the country; animals, grain stored for animals -- some may be contaminated, but it all won't be. RSC/

To Jane Smith and Walt Breen and everybody; I think most people experience parental trouble when they're young, but I doubt many realize, till they're at least 10 or 12, any difference in the way they're treated and the way others are treated. For the male, when 17 or 18 there is no barrier to him leaving home; for a girl, if she's had any training, there is always secretarial work or something similar. That leaves only 5 to 8 years of staying at home; and if things are tough you can always do what I attempted; ignore my parents.

Sticking it out may be tough, but it takes more guts than running away; after all. They are doing what they think is best for you and this usually includes putting you through school. That by itself is worth staying home for.

/I think we'll only get into trouble in this discussion....the thing is, no two sets of parents are alike, and no two children are alike. From what little I know of both Jane and her



parents, I expect that she was 100% correct as far as her own situation went. I was wrong when I said that it wouldn't hurt any bright child to stay at home; she is equally wrong when she says "flatly" that any child who doesn't rebel against neurotic parents is "committing emotional suicide". (Make that "any bright child" and she's still wrong.) My point is that the bright children who really are being mentally and emotionally crippled by their parents are a group of minute size when compared to the ones who only think they're being mistreated. Not that this makes them any less deserving of help, but it means that the help they get must be weighed carefully to make sure that it won't damage the larger group. RSC/



SAM MOSKOWITZ, 340 7th. Ave. West, Newark 7, New Jersey

Whether one does or does not like certain types of fan magazines is to a large degree subjective, though it is possible to acknowledge that a periodical does a first-rate job in its area of specialization even if you don't happen to like that particular zone of emphasis.

Boggs regards Wood's 10 choices.....as "dull, pretentious, pompous." He is entitled to his opinion and possessing my own opinions I would question the long-range idolization of some of the titles, though I am in agreement with what Ed Wood is attempting to do: establish standards of achievement for modern fan magazines to rate themselves against.

But I dislike hypocrisy and in my opinion a great deal of it is displayed here merely for the dubious value of winning an argument. Redd Boggs states: "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."

Redd Boggs published in 1948 an extraordinarily fine review called 1948 Fantasy Annual, 120 pages of surveys and reviews of outstanding points in every phase of the fantasy field for that year. A survey of the best fanzines of the year was included and Don Wilson and Redd Boggs wrote the summaries of the winners, offering their own opinion regarding them. Where there was a difference in opinion or degree of opinion they did not hesitate to state so, at least Boggs didn't.

THE FANSCIENT, one of the "dull, pretentious, pompous" bores, came out first in a fannish survey. Here is what Boggs/Wilson said about that publication: "The Fanscient is not a fanzine which builds its reputation on a carefully established policy of all bibliographical material, all steinal, no fiction allowed, or the like. In its pages can be found material ranging from serious articles on fantasy straight through serious fiction and poetry down to humor and satire...Virtually every article or story it runs is illustrated by a leading artist, often of professional quality...To sum it up, the PorSFans and Don Day have presented in this sterling little fanzine a unique contribution to the field and one which will take its place as one of the outstanding fan publications in many years. Fanscient is a must for anyone who is seriously interested in fan publications." The review took a full page and no criticism whatsoever is to be found in it.



Here is what Boggs/Wilson thought of Fantasy Commentator: "...Fantasy Commentator is probably the most serious and scholarly fanzine of all time...Each issue of Fantasy Commentator is distinguished by its amazing quantity of scholarly and erudite articles on all branches of fantasy...Fantasy Commentator is an absolute must for anyone interested in fantasy from a literary viewpoint."

Fantasy Advertiser: "Casually interested borderliners as well as act fans will find FA of very considerable interest and value."

There is not enough space to try to get Boggsian views on all the 10 that Wood mentions, but one more magazine deserves special note: That is the one that Redd Boggs can't remember, Science-Fantasy Review. During the period he was reading it, here's how dull he thought it was: "I am going to throw editorial caution to the wind here and insert opinion into this listing: Wilson thinks the Fantasy Review should have rated at least in the top three. We must admit, however, that this magazine does not, because it is published in England, reach a large audience, and also it is conceivable that many people rate it a semipro."

"Excuses or not, however, Gillings' Fantasy Review can't be forced into a back seat by any of our current fanzines, or by very many old-timers...Its editorial slant is the most mature of any fanzine."

If Boggs can't even remember a fan magazine that he thought as highly of as the above statements indicate, how well can we trust his memory on those he does remember? If he does actually remember those others as being "dull, pretentious, pompous," I can only ask: "Redd, were you telling the truth then, or are you telling the truth now?"

There are vogues in fan magazine publishing just as there are in professional magazines. During the forties and early fifties, there was a revival of interest in collecting, particularly book collecting. A number of fan magazines reflected this interest. A group of specialist limited edition fantasy publishers came into being followed by the general publishers, fanning this interest. Scholarly essays, book reviews, authors biographies, bibliographies were exciting reading during that period. To decide that magazines that ran that type of copy were dull, just because that isn't the vogue now, is simply not the fact. The type of copy produced then, because it was basic information about the field tended to have a lasting interest. I have all of those magazines /Fantasy Commentator, Science-Fantasy Review, Science Fiction Advertiser, Acolyte, Chanticleer, Bloomington News Letter/ professionally bound as reference works which I constantly refer to.

Currently, the vogue in fan magazines is different. The fan magazines are more like one round-robin letter than publications. The few articles up front are merely fuel to give the letter writers steam to offer their views. You take many of the most popular fan magazines today and you find the major focus of interest in them is the letters column. Letter columns have never been so long, on the average, as they are in fan magazines today. Choose your fanzine; Cry of the Nameless, Yandro, Habbakuk, Viper, Discord, J-D Argassy, Hyphen or G2 and the letters make up from 25% to 70% of the total content of the magazine.

There is a relationship between this fact and FAPA, SAPS and NAPA where comments and comments on comments make up a conservative 70% of the material in the mailings. Even the professionals, when they decide to talk shop in their own fanzine such as PITFCS run 80% or better letters.

There are psychological facts that encourage this. Fans have always been great letter writers and interested in the opinions of others.

Great letter columns existed from the earliest magazines. Letters are easy to write. You don't have to worry about organizing your material nor carefully select your words. You can ramble at will. The casualness of the letter form permits a diplomatic retreat if you are wrong.

From the fanzine publisher's standpoint letters are wonderful. They are his major reward for publishing. It certainly isn't profit and it has been many years since dedicated men published magazines like Fantasy Commentator to actually perform a service and add something to the knowledge of the field. Letters assure the fanzine editor that people "care". They are also wonderful for filling space. No worries about getting material. No worries about editorial balance or content. No worries about format or layout.

For the readers, letters provide the feeling of "belonging". The informality permits a hairletting which can sometimes prove interesting. His letter among them provides a sense of community. While he obtains the egoboo of appearing in print, he also has the protection of the herd, coupled in with the other members of the fan community. It provides easy conformity under the pretense of being individualistic through informality.

Perhaps the diminution in size and in interest of the professional magazine readers departments have brought this situation to bear. Perhaps if 10 pages in small type were the average readers section in the average magazine, the emphasis would not be on letters in the fanzines. For then, you see, there would be the additional ego and dignity of print.

Concurrent with this trend there is the beginning of a movement towards highly specialized fanzines. "Specialization" 10 or 15 years ago in a fan magazine usually meant a magazine printed nothing but fiction or nothing but articles or only material about the literary side of the field. Today specialization is highly refined and usually leans toward the literary side.

For example: There are two magazines which specialize in Robert E. Howard... Anra and The Howard Collector. There are at least two magazines that specialize in Burroughs: Erbania and The Gridley Wave. There is a fan publishing house specializing in booklets about the fantasy of A. Conan Doyle, the McCordle Press, adjunct of The Professor Challenger Club. There is at least one fan magazine specializing in L. Frank Baum, The Baum Bugle. The Wellsian in England stresses H. G. Wells material exclusively, and there are several other publications with specialities.

No one has any exclusive option on worthwhile material, even worthwhile material from the standpoint of reference, but in the long pull, the specialized fanzines are going to prove immensely more valuable for one with a serious interest in the field than the letterzines which possess a more immediate entertainment index but a more ephemereal one as well.

The decision to accept or reject what is offered is a personal one so I offer no judgements except to say that the easy way gives the more immediate satisfaction and correctly applied discipline the more lasting. Few fan magazines seemed more in vogue than Quandry when it was in flower, yet at the Seattle convention, many fans I spoke to had never heard of it and collectors are rarely spotted bidding furiously to possess a set. Yet, it was in a very real sense more fun and entertainment during its time than most of the leaders today.

In a debate on the relative merits or lack thereof of old or new fanzines, let's not try to win arguments by running down something that



has been good enough to stand the test of time. Rather, let's utilize them as a standard and show in what manner a current magazine is superior. Fanscient admittedly had the following positive points, you might admit, but a current effort has even more, and name them.

/It seems like a perceptive comment on fanzine differences. However, since Redd's adjuration to Wood was to re-read the fanzines in question I fail to see that Redd's opinions circa 1948 are pertinent. Presumably in the past 14 years Redd has changed his mind about a lot of things... people do, and it's even considered a mark of maturity in some circles. Incidentally, you do have your gall; calling a man a hypocrite and implying that he is a liar is sometimes considered libel and defamation of character. Especially when it's done in print. However, possibly I'm overly cautious about the subject.

Another point is that if there was more good science fiction being published today there might be more fans who were seriously interested. There's nothing as discouraging to the serious student as reading the latest IF.

RSC/

A/2C THOMAS G. MAYLONE, AF16638932, 4137 Strategic Wg., SAC, Box 301, Robins AFB, Georgia - I think that Charles Wells is wasting his time trying to explain music in the objective because it is subjective. It can be described in allegros, codas, minors and G flats. But those words are flat, ugly even. How can you explain a feeling? Maybe in the psychological sense: "Mendel tickles my id." Or: "I like Kabalevsky because once a kindly old man bought me an ice cream cone while a car blew its horn during my youth. The two pleasant incidents created a reaction, a favorable reaction within my subconscious, which, combined with dirty bathroom towels...."

THOMAS DILLEY, Box 3042, University Station, Gainesville, Florida - As is often the case, your lettercolumn seems the most provocative section of the magazine (though the remainder of the material, which is responsible, ultimately, for the presence of most of the letters, is not to be minimized).

Even at this late stage in the game, I cannot enter the battle over the Elder Fanzines versus the "modern upshots" with full fervor, being familiar with only one of the publications on Mr. Wood's list, FANTASY COMMENTATOR, and that only to the extent of five spotted issues (temporally random and water-spotted both). But I should be willing to defend to the death that magazine against any of today's I've yet seen. More than that, I am willing to defend FC at the risk of my pocketbook, as shown by my having paid an average of \$2.20 per copy for the things, more than I could ever be induced to shell out for any present publication. Being a Lovecraft fanatic can do that to a man.

/I've yet to see any fanzine and damned few prozines that I'd pay \$2 a copy for. However, I'm not a Lovecraft fanatic; I used to be, but I outgrew it (about the time I re-read some of his stories, as a matter of fact.....). Tom also commented at length on the objective discussion of music; maybe I'll publish it next issue, when I have more room and when maybe I'll have figured out what he said.

RSC/

"I keep tellin' ya, Daedalus, you'll never get it off the ground."

.....Dean McLaughlin

In this era of electric air conditioning, it is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan.

Ed Bryant, Jr.