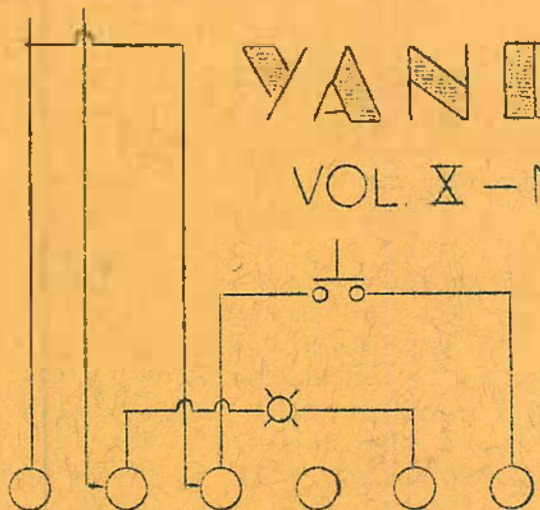




Y A N D R O

#111



VANDRO # 111

VOL. X - NO. 9

Published monthly by Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana, U. S. A

British Agent: Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England. Trades sometimes accepted - no apazines please, unless general in the WARHOON or SCOTTISHE manner

Prices

USA and Canada: 12 for \$2.50 or 25¢ @
England: 1/3 @ or 12 copies for 12/0

Foreign prices excepting Canada and England are the same as USA rates. Subs which were entered before January, 1962, may be renewed at \$2 for 12 issues - a Non-profit (within reason) Publication

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Coming Next Month: Ed Wood, Walter Breen, Terry Carr, Bob Tucker and others too numerous to mention.

MORE FAMOUS SAYINGS REVISITED by Phil Harrell

"Water, water everywhere...." Noah
"I think, therefore I am." Univac
"Out, damned spot!" Mr. Clean
"Cash? Just say the word." U.S. Treasury



The merry month of April is wending its usual confused Midwestern way hereabouts, with alternate balm and blizzard, to the great confusion of my sinus cavities - my doctor has finally decided I have impacted sinuses or something (this gave me a few bad moments, since when I had impacted wisdom teeth, they had to be chiseled out by main force and considerable expense)... but it seems the required course is to simply blitz some sort of imbedded bacteria or virus....not

being fooled by any alleviation of the attack, but continue on the front until all these peach-colored horse pills are gone. This last visit also entailed a long lecture on the nature of antibiotics - people who put them up on the shelf for "the next time" apparently cause hair-tearing on the part of the medical profession.

Some time back we published a vignette of sorts by Rog Ebert, an experimentation in mood called "Night Ride", the which has led to befuddled comments from readers and general conjecture on the meaning of the piece. Until these questions started coming in, I had assumed the main criticism would be on the basis of taste: "I don't like that kind of writing". I hadn't imagined that the events would be confusing. In all honesty, I must admit I was rather surprised, several weeks before the questions started coming, when Buck commented he wasn't entirely sure what had been going on, but had found the item interesting. The first time I read the story was when I proof read it; this involved some extra difficulties in that I had to carefully check the manuscript against the stencil - having learned Buck is slightly style deaf and not wanting a gross misprint to spoil Ebert's intention. At that time, I fully understood what Ebert later explained: this was the experience of an alien trapped in a carnival, and he failed to reach his teleporter or whatever in time.

(Paranthetically, I wish to state that the fact that I grasped this intention of the author and others - quite respected critics in my eyes - did not most definitely did not give me a burst of ego. Quite the contrary, it depressed me. Any discovery that my betters failed to get something I did, or indeed do something so simple as praising me for an effort that required little on my part, such as a gag painting or a singing session, tends to leave me far more thoroughly confused than any of Ebert's critics reeling as it were with a strong conviction that the world is topsyturvy and nothing is dependable.)

I suspect the problem in communication Ebert encountered is the same one Bradbury has occasionally encountered as well at the hands of the fans. A certain genre of writing, particularly in modern fiction, is much more closely allied to poetry than to the standard forms of prose. It is experimental, of course, but then Art is always ahead of its era. Poetry appeals on several levels; I happen to appreciate two of them - the rhythmic and the emotional. The

intellectual branch generally eludes me. Rhythmic poetry has the impact of vocal music - metered, accented, carrying one along. Emotional poetry is more comparable, to me, anyway, to symphonic music - it is a sensation that goes directly from the print to the emotions, quite frequently not only failing to strike the reason, but sometimes ruined by puzzlement and study.

Now I'm quite aware this field of expression has aroused no small amount of scorn as the "garbage pail" school of writing. But it needn't be that. There is no demand for the writer to put down everything that occurs to him. And quite frequently what may seem very spontaneous and emotional to the reader has taken untold sweat and revision on the part of the author.

Perhaps it takes a certain type of emotion to react to this sort of experimentation when it is encountered in prose. Last year I went through a course demanding analysis of the works of Pasternak, an intellectual-emotional poet. When his prose works are striking, they are striking through poetry, and when he loses that particular flow, the styling suffers. Compared to some of his short story experimentations (done in the early part of this century), suffering the additional burden of translation, Ebert's story was so clear it seemed outlined.

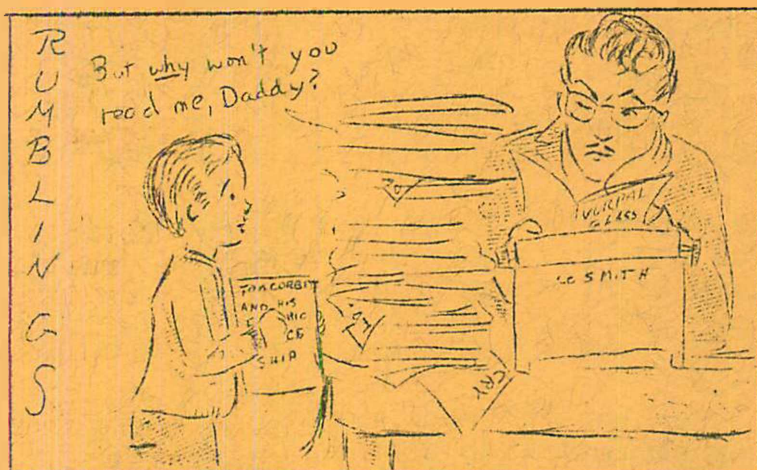
One critic remarked that he didn't like to struggle through a story. I agree. If you have to struggle, either the author or the reader was at fault, but most generally it is a case of the two being on different wavelengths - the reader is trying to absorb the story on a different level, and he simply misses the whole thing.

And I haven't the slightest idea how to tell a reader to shift wavelengths. I only know that I find extremely cerebral, logical fiction as apparently heavy going as the non-emotion tuned reader finds that sort of fiction.

Fandom has been somewhat vocal, pro and con, on the Glenn flight, and I find myself equally annoyed by the extremists of both ends. One pattern seems to run: "What's to be excited about, the Russians have done it all before and better - the Americans are just trying to glory grab." (One reader interpreted my comments in this light). The other extreme, less noticeable in fandom but fairly common is: "The Russians didn't really do it - and we've got proof...I bet their flights were rigged". Gung-ho America, in other words, understandable as an emotion known as nationalism - with us quite a while and sure to continue.

But the point to be made, particularly in favor of those fans who gleed over the flight and were able to take in the New York parade is the sensation of participating in history. Both pro and con seem to ignore the fact that history is not necessarily a single event....it may well be in a history book that way, centuries from now, but to the people living today, history is a continuous thing. Quite without doubting the Russian flights, it's possible to feel a great joy and pleasure in cheering, watching, and vicariously following a man who manages to do what I, as a science fiction fan most of my life, have dreamed of doing. The "You Are There" element made available by the extensive t-v and radio coverage of the Glenn flight undoubtedly helped, but I assure the pro-Russian downgraders that had I been in Red Square following those flights, I would have been equally moved. But I wasn't. So I'll happily take what I can get, and be not a bit ashamed at my lumpy throat when I saw the Atlas lift.

JWC



Phew! We could put out another issue right now, the same size as this one, with just the material I had intended to publish in this issue and which got crowded out. The first installment of a column by Terry Carr, a poem by Betsy Curtis, a story by Lewis Grant, and a good 20 pages of letters.....Next month you'll see some of it.

Response to the mimeo raffle hasn't been too good so far;

deadline is May 31, remember. So far there's only 21 chances in the pot.

I promised some time back to run a report on prozine circulation; S F TIMES already has, but since they had a mistake in theirs I'll give you my researches anyway.

Magazine	1960 circulation	1961 circ:	increase
Galaxy	91,000	91,000	none
If	54,000	56,000	2000 (3.7%)
Amazing	48,018	51,110	3092 (6.4%)
Fantastic	38,759	40,292	1533 (4.0%)
Analog	74,408	77,449	3041 (4.1%)
F&SF	47,574	56,276	8702 (18.3%)

Figures as given by the magazines themselves for gov't purposes. I'd say that the F&SF increase, bringing it from 5th place to 3rd and being quite a respectable percentage, is the only significant one. Anyone want to bet that AMAZING passes IF this year?

Dep't of high-priced pornography: I got an ad the other day for EROS, "A New Quarterly On The Joys Of Love", which, in its list of coming attractions, included such titles as "Japanese Pillow Books As Art Works", "The Devil As A Phallic Symbol" and "Havana's Red-Light District Under Castro". (Actually it wasn't all as unintentionally humorous as this and I might even have subscribed, except that the Special Charter Subscription was \$19.50 for 4 issues.) At least I'm getting on better quality sucker lists; an ad for a set of Civil War books which arrived today sounded very interesting until I came to the line "Send your advance payment of \$338....." At least it's nice that somebody has faith in my financial solvency.

I see we're still having discussions on the Fan Awards. Frankly, these imitations of the Hugo Awards (which in turn are imitations of the Hollywood Oscars) remind me of Jean Bogert's canary that thinks it's an eagle. They say the Germans made ersatz food out of sawdust, but when you start making ersatz sawdust the alleged dignity of the business seems to have evaporated.....

Department of technical English: The other day I was looking over a piece of technical literature written and published by our Home Office,

which I was supposed to use as a guide in writing one of my forms. I was particularly struck by the following sentence: "Find out what the average air velocity through the duct at the point of baffle installation is." (Needless to say, I did not use this particular sentence as a model.)

LOKI #2 arrived, and in view of certain comments in it I hereby retract the belligerent attitude expressed toward Dave Hulan in "Strange Fruit". The facts remain as stated, but I renounce my implication that Dave is a foul reactionary who should be strung up for the good of fandom.

I suppose most people who listen to the radio at all have heard of the pop singer Fats Domino, and probably have heard some of the recent furor over an acolyte of Domino's named Chubby Checker who popularized the "Twist". Looking over the lp rack in a supermarket the other day I encountered a "twist" record allegedly recorded by one Tubby Chess. I don't know where this will all end, but if Tucker has his eye on the ball I expect before long to see an lp record by Hoy Ping Pong, probably inaugurating a new dance called the "Fan".

Alan Dodd sends a clipping concerning a contractor who wanted to know how many employees the CIA had in Langley, Virginia. He called the CIA headquarters, but no one would reveal any statistics to him, even though his firm had contracted to build a housing development which would mostly be used by the CIA employees. Our hero was resourceful, however -- he called the Russian embassy and was cheerfully informed of both the present and projected future employment of the CIA in Langley.

Alan also sent a clipping (pardon me, cutting) of a Peter Phillips review of stf books. Phillips, it seems, likes "Sirens Of Titan".....all right, I'm outnumbered, I failed to appreciate a classic, but I still don't like the book. I do wish Phillips would review less and write more, though -- I still fondly recall "Dreams Are Sacred"; they don't write 'em that way no more.

I finally got around to reading the April ANALOG (two days before the May issue arrived, as a matter of fact; ya can't win). I don't recall that anyone else has pointed out a fact which is especially obvious in this issue. Campbell, for all his "enthusiasm" about boldly introducing new concepts in the face of fannish opposition, has actually regressed to the precepts of Uncle Hugo Gernsback, and this is what's the matter with ANALOG's recent stf. Gernsback believed that scientifiction should present sugar-coated science; Campbell's "new" concept is that science fiction should present sugar-coated sociology. There are four pieces of fiction in the April ANALOG. One of them ("The Circuit Riders", by FitzPatrick) is a science fiction story, and an adequate if not memorable treatment. The other three are fictionalized treatments of Campbell editorials. H. Beam Piper, an old hand at translating mundane concepts into science fiction, manages to make his item interesting. As for the others, if I'm going to have to read a Campbell editorial, I prefer to read one written by Campbell, and properly credited in advance. I didn't like Gernsback's concept, and I certainly don't like modern imitations of it, even by somewhat superior writers.

Why is it that one never runs out of inspiration at the exact bottom of a stencil, but always a couple of lines (or more) above the bottom? RC

THE - WAILING - WALL -

column from ted white

WAR AND PEACE: On the pb stage at last are all three contenders in the "Starship Troopers" fracas. I'm referring to STARSHIP TROOPERS (Signet), NAKED TO THE STARS by Gordon Dickson (Pyramid) and THE STAR DWELLERS by James Blish (Avon.)

As is well known by now, Blish's DWELLERS was written as a reply to TROOPER, and was published by the same hardcover publisher. Less publicized is the fact that Dickson's NAKED TO THE STARS is also assigned as a reply to TROOPER, and, for my money, does a better job of it.

In TROOPER, Heinlein took a young man on the brink of adulthood and ran him through the wringer of his civilization. With considerable facility Heinlein developed his plot, background, and character with simultaneous verisimilitude. By the end of the book, the reader feels he has lived in this world; he has experienced the entire life-experiences of the protagonist. Skillfully, Heinlein has woven in a background of extraneous details so complete that one understands the milieu as well as the protagonist. It is immaterial that we may bridle at various aspects in this milieu; it's there, and it is quite real. So real indeed that I think this may help to explain the opposition to the book -- Heinlein makes it seem so close and solid that material we would tolerate in a less skillfully presented work is made too immediate to ignore.

In writing a "reply" novel, one has several choices. One can take almost identical situations and bend them in the opposite direction, as Dickson did, or one can create an entirely different society as based upon opposite notions of humanity, as Blish has done. The latter method is more sweeping, but a trifle less direct a rebuttal.

Unfortunately, neither reply is as successful as is TROOPER.

In NAKED TO THE STARS, Dickson creates a nearly parallel plot situation, varied only enough to meet his own demands. Even as Heinlein has done, he had loaded his own dice; his aliens instead of being repulsive and spidery are either humanoid or lovable and furry. Indeed, it is the murder of just such a lovable alien which provides the emotional shock to begin both book and plea. Dickson seems to have granted many of Heinlein's basic postulates (including a good portion of his social set-up) for the sake of argument, and most of his space and plot is devoted to showing various objections and loopholes to these postulates. His creation of a second service, pacifistically oriented, and the training required for it, is masterful.

Blish is carefully neutral in his handling of aliens -- balls of energy who arouse little emotion upon sight, but whose speech is largely ingratiating. His social system is less removed in time from ours, and a rather optimistic outgrowth of ours. He has set up a cadet system within the government in order to present a parallel evolution of his protagonist.

Unfortunately, propaganda aside, the Blish is a poorly written book and the Dickson is, while somewhat better, not nearly the equal of Heinlein's.

One reason lies in the shortness of the books. I haven't them handy for comparison, but the Blish runs only 128 pages of rather large (for

pb) type, and both it and the Dickson seem a good deal shorter in scope and length.

A second reason is that the social background of THE STAR DWELLERS is flat and completely lacking those marvelous background "extras" which grace the Heinlein. The characterization is one-dimensional and without growth or development, and indeed leaves a number of loose ends dangling.

Due to the nature of the book they were rebutting, both Blish and Dickson employ polemics to an extent. This is something Heinlein delights in: he will group a teacher with a few students and then set them arguing. His teachers not only seem to be speaking The Gospel Itself, but they hold their own in quite lively discussions. Of course, Heinlein has loaded the deck again -- it's a talent apparently peculiar to him. Blish fails at the whole technique completely, and Dickson manages to succeed by dodging the issue slightly and setting up variations of instruction.

At nearly every point where one can compare the styles and techniques of the three authors, Heinlein comes out ahead.

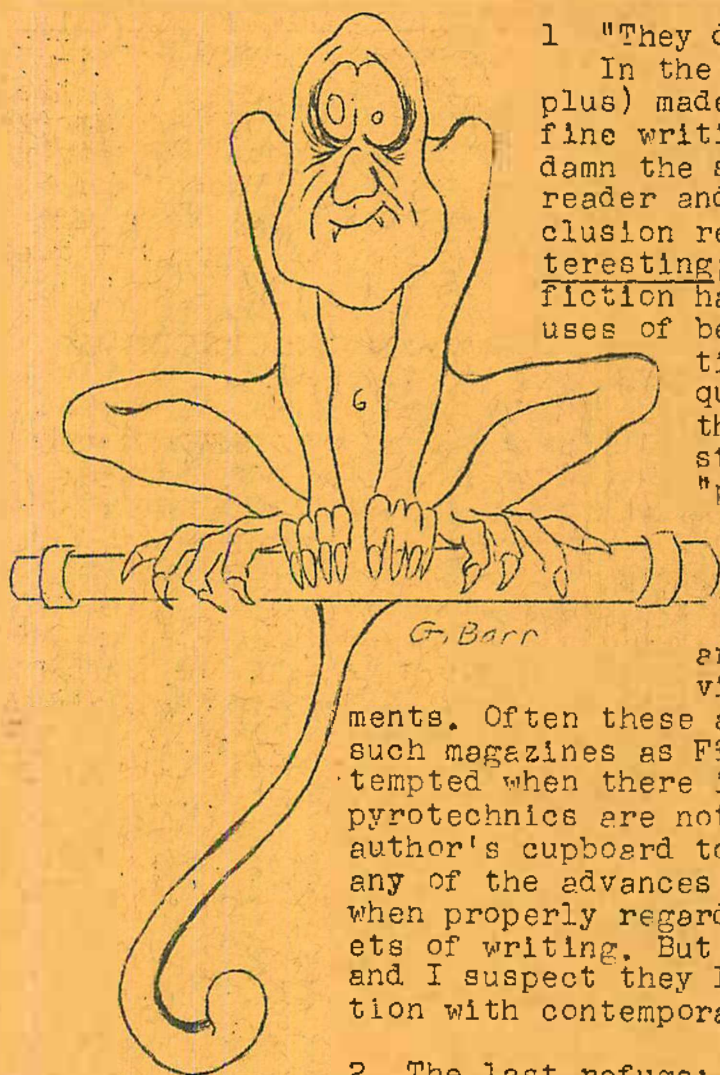
Blish's points are occasionally well-taken, but his presentation tends to flatten them out. He presents no emotional issues of any sort to clarify them or back them up, and this is quite important when propagandizing. Even a cool-headed call to reason when presented in the guise of fiction demands some emotional coloration. But the conflicts presented here are shallow and, lord help me, straight out of ASTOUNDING STORIES OF SUPER SCIENCE. Indeed, I can't help wondering why Blish, with such a demanding task before him, was content to sluff off with a few old and used stock cliches like The Big Industrialist, TB's Pretty Young Hairbrained Daughter, plus The Kindly Father-figure Boss, The Good Uncle (I'm stretching a point, but Langer fills the uncle role perfectly), and The Competitive Chum.

Dickson puts it in simple emotional terms to start with: killing is killing, no matter what the rationalization, and the murder of a good and kindly innocent is a tragedy, whether done as an act of (supposedly) sane war-making or as the outcome of personal insanity. Dickson's protagonist hits up against this emotional fact so hard it jars everything he's been taught completely out of kilter and leaves him wide open to a new philosophy, which Dickson then painstakingly fills in, building a new set of precepts as deftly as possible. The army background, the training camps, all are there, in often astonishing parallel to Heinlein's, but shown in a new perspective, and a trifle more tarnished by it.

My only quibble with NAKED TO THE STARS is simply that Dickson is not quite the master that Heinlein is, and because of this, along with the less space, Dickson doesn't bring his book off quite so well as does Heinlein. And yet, NAKED TO THE STARS is a good book, something I can't, unhappily, say of THE STAR DWELLERS. Too, Dickson has written an "adult" book, while Blish left his unabashedly "juvenile" and perhaps took less pains because of it.

A shame Heinlein didn't write all three.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS: Recently I was sick in bed and took the opportunity to catch up on some books. I read two of Bertram Chandler's Rimworld books from Ace, three short novels by de Camp, and a hodgepodge of others. I have a few observations to make on these.



1 "They don't write 'em like they use'ta": In the days of pulp writing, story (plot-plus) made the thing. Maybe characterization, fine writing, etc., were rudimentary, but by damn the story had to be one to grab the reader and hold him spellbound until the conclusion released him. The story had to be interesting; things had to happen. As science fiction has "matured", it's earned the bonuses of better writing, deeper characterization, and wider-ranging areas of inquiry. But somewhere along the line, the original characteristics of good story-telling -- now identified with "pulpy" and less respectable days -- have been largely abandoned. Now we have the curiously flat and uninteresting fare which clogs 90% of the stf output: stories which

are not stories, but only cute ideas, vignettes, pastiches, or mood fragments. Often these are the featured cover stories of such magazines as F&SF. Often "good writing" is attempted when there is no plot -- and sheer stylistic pyrotechnics are not enough once one discovers the author's cupboard to be bare. Now, I'm not attacking any of the advances we've made through the years -- when properly regarded as additions to the basic tenets of writing. But I deplore them as substitutions, and I suspect they lie behind much of our dissatisfaction with contemporary stf.

2 The last refuge: After reading Marion Bradley's Ace books, along with those of Chandler, Laumer, Temple and a half-dozen others, I remarked to Sylvia that Ace Books was the last refuge for the old-style stf which one once found in the mags of the thirties, forties, and early fifties. The Chandler "Rimworld" stories in particular would have been enjoyable reading back in the days of SPACE STORIES and its more sophisticated sisters, STARTLING and THRILLING WONDER. The laumer is not a good book, but parts of it are very interesting, and the ideas are novel enough to be engaging. Marion's books are not of one quality, but when she is good, MZB is very good indeed. Well, as I say, I had Ace Books pegged for this Last Hope until I realized that a goodly percentage of the best Ace novels come from AMAZING and FANTASTIC. How about that?

3 Who is this Keith Laumer? WORLDS OF THE IMPERIUM is an unusual book in many respects, and were I only in my first year of stf-reading I'm sure I would by now have embraced it to myself quite fully. Such are the disenchantments of Old Age. Anyway, after reading the book (which I recommend -- if you want to read it -- in its FANTASTIC three-part incarnation: the Ace book has had its guts chopped out), I looked up Laumer's other stuff in my files, and I found that his stuff has appeared in the last four IFs, beginning with September, 1961, and yet another novelette of the same series is scheduled for the next IF. These

novelettes all revolve around one of those Incredibly Brilliant single-handed types (a debasement of Poul Anderson's Dominic Flandry) in the Diplomatic Service, who is surrounded by human nincompoops. The stories improve as one progresses through the series, but not much. Certainly they're a big step down from IMPERIUM, uneven as it was. Now, in one issue of IF, a reader says Laumer and Bulmer are the same, implying that Laumer is Bulmer's pen-name. The editor pooh-poohs this, but does not deny it. So, who is Keith Laumer?

- 4 I wish Sprague de Camp was still writing stories like DIVIDE AND RULE, THE STOLEN DORMOUSE, and SOLOMON'S STONE.

Editor's note: Ted and I agreed via correspondence that NAKED TO THE STARS has another fault, and he suggested that this be added to his column. Mainly, when the chips are down, the protagonist reacts to opposition in exactly the same way Heinlein's protagonist does; by using force against force. Of course, he doesn't actually blow up the plateau and kill several thousand members of both humanity and the aliens that he's so fond of, but this is the result of a literary gimmick rather than any intent on the hero's part. He's prepared to kill off a few thousand people in defense of his beliefs, just as mankind has done all through the ages. All that Heinlein ever said, philosophically, is that we're going to have to keep on fighting for what we believe is right; far from "replying" to this stand, Dickson has agreed with it.

I have read some of Laumer's work, and I doubt that he is a pen-name for Bulmer; I don't think Bulmer could write that bad if he tried. RSC

FLASH: We just got a note from Ted Cogswell, objecting to the quasi-quote attributed to him in YANDRO #106, saying that he objected to receiving "scads of cruddy little fanzines". Ted Says: "As a matter of public record, I wish you would make it clear that the quoted words were not mine. I have an extremely strong aversion to the word cruddy; and anyway, the pseudo-quote makes me look like a supercilious SOB rather than the sweet and lovable bastard that I really am."

Okay, folks, consider it made clear. I might mention that the quasi-quote (") seems to be a fannish invention and is intended to mean that the quoted item is not a literal transcription of the stated remarks, but as nearly literal as the quoter's memory allows him to come. In this case, I didn't check Ted's exact statement, figuring that since YANDRO has to go thru the mails I wouldn't be able to publish a direct quote, anyway. RSC



Of-Cabbages-and-Kings

— column from — GREGG CALKINS A

SINCE YOU ASKED ME Howard Devore has done something recently which will, I think, have the most interesting repercussions since a certain New York fan asked a certain other New York fan just how well she played softball.

I presume that most of you are familiar with the George Willick proposal for a series of Fan Awards to be presented every year at the Worldcon -- a proposal not without merit, by the way, but somewhat sticky. The thing that turned me off concerning the project at the beginning was the proposed drawing submitted for the award's trophy. After a thorough study of the rather nasty spiked brecelets and matching twin knives clutched in the nude's greasy fingers I sat down to fire off a letter of protest...and then, after reminding myself that I did not hold a degree in psychiatry, thought better of the idea and instead took the typical fannish way out. I did nothing.

As indicated in AXE #23, Howard Devore thinks it's time we stopped sitting on our duffs and doing nothing about this, and he's submitted a questionnaire to fandom in general asking how it feels about the fan awards. I agree, and if you, like me (and, I suspect, most of fandom) have so far voiced no opinion on the matter I suggest you write to Larry Shaw (16 Grant Pl., Staten Island 6, N.Y.) with a "yes" (if you're in favor of the awards), a "no" or a "more discussion, please" to help get this thing straightened out.

Preferably before the lawsuits arrive.

NEW BLOOD FOR OLD With the gradual passing of that favorite of all fannish institutions, the prozine letter column, fandom has been rightly expressing more and more concern for its future ability to attract new members. It's a problem I'm not prepared to offer a solution to at the moment, but I would like to take exception to one word frequently used in this connection and that word is "recruiting".

Fandom has never really done any recruiting in the past, and I think that if we try to take this tack in the future we will be letting ourselves in for trouble because, basically, it's the wrong approach. Fans arrive in fandom unasked and usually depart the same way. A fan is such a funny breed of guy that if someone came looking for him offering him the kind of relaxation we happen to possess he'd likely take off in the opposite direction. Contrary beasts, that's what we are.

No, what we need is something that will function just like the old letter columns did...more of a deadfall, a mental trap for the unwary set just by the fact of our existence. We don't want organized recruiting. The kind of person you have to recruit to get is the kind you have to appease to retain...and brother, that just aint fandom as we know it.

THE LONG AFTERNOON OF EARTH is supposedly a new Signet pb by Brian Aldiss, one of the best British writers since Eric Frank Russell, but the publishers might just as well have quit with the first three words of the title because if you take the time to read it all the way through you'll find it a mighty long after-

noon.

Perhaps I'm overly disappointed at finding this from the author of "Starship" and "Galaxies Like Grains Of Sand", but I think the real fault lies with the guy who got the bright idea of bringing together these five novelettes from F&SF and remarketing them as a novel possessing a certain degree of continuity. The idea itself is not a bad one -- indeed, at the present time it is just about the only satisfactory way to procure any sort of sf longer than an elastic short story -- but in this case it was a flop.

Essentially the problem is that the five novelettes are not individual enough to carry a theme and wind up repeating themselves ad nauseum for far too many pages.

Still, I hope it served one purpose -- if nothing else, a warning. To Mr. Aldiss, that in order for this expanded novelette idea to be carried out with any success a certain amount of rewriting is an absolute necessity, and to the publishers, that just any old thing called sf won't necessarily sell.

THE BEST FANZINES SINCE LAST TIME	Warhoon 14	g ² 8
	Void 28	Skoan 13
	Cry 155	Bedlam 2
	Bane 6	Halfanthol 1
	A Key To The Terminology	
	Of SF Fandom	Axe

ALL OUT OF THE FALLOUT The question of whether or not to build a fallout shelter is very much with us these days, and in my own foggy way I confess to having given it a certain amount of thought. In the first place, the term fallout shelter is apparently used to designate two quite different things -- the fallout shelter, wherein one lives for an indefinite period of time after a bomb has been dropped in order to avoid the contaminated dust and water known as fallout, and the blast shelter, wherein one dives hurriedly to avoid the big boom and whoosh.

The blast shelter would certainly be a nice thing to have around -- for moral support, if nothing else. I know that my only real scare of the atomic war age came one time in Santa Monica when I was visiting there, and when the sirens began to blow in what I thought was a for real attack, my only real thought was that we didn't even have a cellar to go down into to hide. Of course, if you're being practical even the blast shelter really isn't of much use -- if you're too close to ground zero your shelter becomes just part of an even greater hole in the ground, and if you are far enough away for the blast shelter to be of any use, you are probably just as well off in your basement, anyhow. So while the blast shelter isn't something to scorn, it really isn't worth going to the trouble of building.

The fallout shelter, now, is an entirely different animal. If you are going to build one at all, you might as well do it right. You'll need either a good filtering unit or a self contained air supply -- nothing less will do. Wrap that around a month's supply of food and water for half a dozen people and you have what you need -- a completely independent system which can function for approximately 30 days without interference from the outside. If things are still stormy by that time you might as well resign yourself to not making it anyhow, no matter how elaborate your preparations. But the catch here is the price -- not many of us have that kind of dough to spend on speculation



and if we did we probably wouldn't anyhow.

So I'm inevitably led to my conclusion -- the sort of shelter I can afford isn't worth building, and the sort of shelter I really need I wouldn't afford even if I could.

The conclusion? Find yourself a rich neighbor who is so inclined and persuade him to build a really first-class model. Then when the sirens blow either (a) beat him to it, or (b) invite yourself in, pleading the cause of fellow humanity. If he invites you in, fine, and you can do him in at your leisure unless he is really a nice guy (but keep in mind that it is best to finish him off early if at all -- once you get that door closed after the bomb falls you want to keep it closed). If he doesn't invite you in and even manages to get downright unneighborly in the process, why that makes him a nasty no-good and of course you are perfectly justified in bumping him off and forcing your way in.

This method also has one other advantage. By not building your own shelter, you of course do not have to face the sticky moral question later of whether or not you are going to let your friends and neighbors into your shelter.

I haven't solved that one yet. If the world lasts overnight, I'll start work on it tomorrow.

"Did you pick up that troublemaker, Herod?"

"Yes, Caesar, we nailed him in Jerusalem."

...Lewis Grant, naturally

STRANGE—FRUIT

reviewed by ----- R S C

Reviews of PROBE #2 (Neumann), UCHUJIN #51 (Shibano, I think), THE POINTING VECTOR #7 (Boardman), DISCORD #16 (Boggs), KIPPLE #23 (Pauls), HILLSIDE GRAPHIC (Bjo & Company), NEOLITHIC #21 (Berman), G² #9 (Gibsons), FANAC #83 & 84 (Breen), AXE #24 (Shaws), DYNATRON #10 (Tacketts), S F TIMES #380 and AMATEUR ROCKETEER #9 were sent to Dick Lupoff

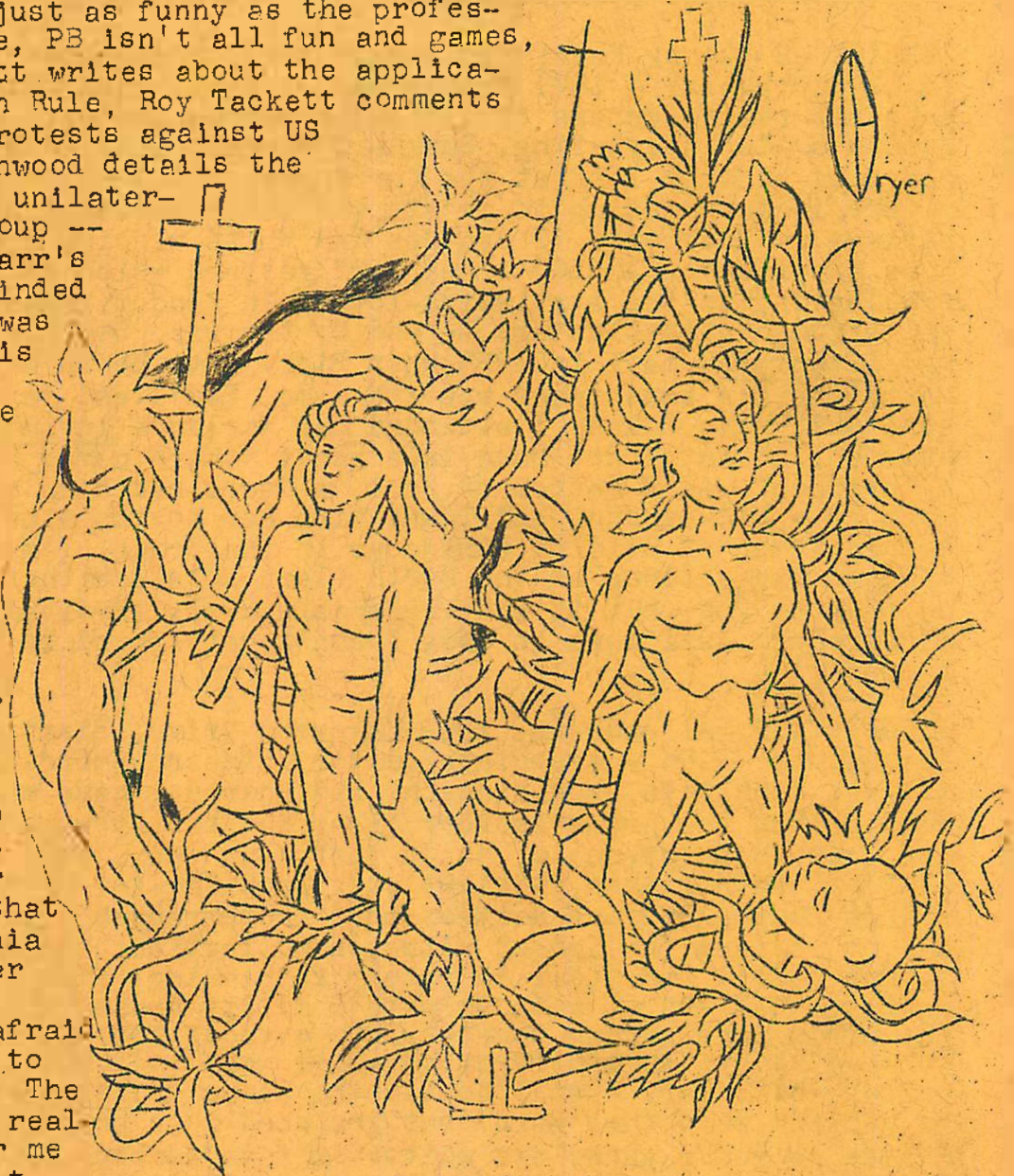
for publication in XERO. This leaves an awful lot of ~~XXX~~ magazines to be reviewed, however. So we'll start with:

JACK HIGH #5 and 6 (Phil Roberts, R-1, Bronson, Michigan -- more or less monthly -- 20¢) This is another of the parody fanzines; not too bad, if you like that sort of thing. Phil changed publishers between issues, with gratifying improvement. The material improved, too. Number 5 -- what I could see if it -- was nothing to get worked up about. Number 6, besides being legible, contains half of an interview with

Al Feldstein, which if hardly great stuff is at least a refreshing change from the usual policy of interviewing Kurtzman and sneering at everyone else. It does point up the fact that Kurtzman and the present MAD crew try awfully hard to upstage one another, and gives the "other side" (which I guess is the one I'm on, since I don't think much of Kurtzman's humor, art technique, or delusions of grandeur). Rest of the material? I've seen worse, but it doesn't quite come up to the last issue of SCRIBBLE. Not rated on the grounds that I don't like parody fanzines anyway and my rating would be biased. (It would also be about 3, if I gave one, but I'm not going to.)

THE PANIC BUTTON #7 (Les Nirenberg, 1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ont., Canada - quarterly - 25¢) Les' recaptioned photos might serve as inspiration to some of these parody-fanzine editors; they show that with the application of time, talent, and the money for multilithing, an amateur humor mag can be just as funny as the professionals. Of course, PB isn't all fun and games, either. Len Moffatt writes about the application of the Golden Rule, Roy Tackett comments on the Japanese protests against US bases, and Jim Linwood details the aims of Britain's unilateral disarmament group -- and if ever Gem Carr's favorite "fuzzy-minded idealist" phrase was applicable, this is the time. Then there is some nice artwork by Eddie Jones and some humorous verse by Walter Breen. Rating.....8

ASYLUM #3 (Kris Carey, 1016 2nd. St., Wasco, Calif. - irregular - 10¢ - co-editor, Pete Peterson) This newcomer seems to be heavily influenced by GAUL, or maybe it's just that good old California air. Since I never find much to say about GAUL, I'm afraid I have even less to say about ASYLUM. The material doesn't really say enough for me to comment, and it isn't bad enough to



tear into; call it the Quiet Fanzine.

Rating.....3

SCIENTILLO #1 (Ron Gallant, 947 Garfield St., Winnipeg 3, Manitoba, Canada - semi-annual - 50¢) Bjo, get in touch with this guy -- he's an artist. SCIENTILLO is to be devoted to science fiction art and Gernsback type science fiction. In view of this, it's not surprising to find a cover looking like a refugee from SCIENCE FICTION PLUS. Well done, too; Gallant seems to have a flair for this type of illustration. For the art-minded, there are bibliographies of the artwork of Chesley Bonestell and of the astronomical art in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, as well as some good-to-poor artwork. (Oddly enough for an artzine, the mimeographed art was very poorly reproduced; however, most of the art was multilithed.) For those interested in scientifiction there are a couple of stories which are almost as good as the 1930 models. (And if you think that's a snide remark -- it is.) Nice art, though. Rating...6

OBEISK #2 (Lenny Kaye, 418 Hobart Road, No. Brunswick, New Jersey - highly irregular - 15¢) Rather surprisingly good. Earl Noë manages to make his reminiscences of his early encounters with stf and printing fandom quite interesting. Burkhard Ziegert's article on Berlin fandom gives us another look at the furriners, and I suppose the editor's con report is interesting to people who like this sort of thing. Alan Dodd reviews an odd movie (I can see Ted White wincing now) and Dave Hulan does a survey of ANALOG's "An Lab" ratings which is probably perfectly fascinating to the statistics-lovers in fandom. Then there are the usual argumentative letters -- and by the way, Boggs, fandom in Argentina was discovered back in 1955 when Ricky Ertl began writing for EISFA, Maury Lubin's zine (what was its name, Bem?) and maybe one or two others. And, Dave Hulan, I attended one Worldcon in the company of two Negroes. So let's not have this about "there never has been a Negro at a Worldcon". As a matter of fact, a Negro has been refused a hotel room at a Midwestcon, and I was with her at the time. So I'm not only not in favor of holding Worldcons in the South, I'm not in favor of holding Midwestcons at the North Plaza Motel, either; it may all be hearsay to you, but it's my friends who are involved, and that makes a difference. (All this in case I don't get around to writing a letter of comment.) Rating.....6

ISCARIOT #2 (Al Andrews, 1659 Lakewood Drive, Birmingham 16, Alabama - bi-monthly - 15¢ - associate editor, Richard Ambrose) I suspect that Ambrose sent this, but since he had Andrews' name marked for replies... Odd, in that the print is very clear but the artwork is illegible. Like, man, cut those stencils, don't just dent them. This one is devoted to fantasy, rather than straight stf. Jack Chalcker spends two pages on Arkham House, Ambrose writes about subterranean crypts, Bill Wolfenbarger reviews the latest Matheson collection, and Andrews presents a horror story. The story is rather intriguing; like some of today's professional stf, I read it with a mildly amused enjoyment of the way the words were strung together but without the slightest interest in it as a story. An odd reaction...for what it's worth, Al, you have a better vocabulary than I do (in the sense of using the words as well as knowing what they mean) but you need more practice in story-telling. And as we leave associate editor Ambrose jumping up and down on his little wooden block, we have a.... Rating.....3½

THE REBEL #2 (John Jackson, RR 7, Box 1374-D, Crown Point, Indiana -

quarterly - 15¢) The reproduction is so good that one expects the material to be better. John Berry's horticultural article is very good, and the rest of the contents are about standard for a second issue. But the general appearance of the mag gives the impression that some elder fan like Gregg Calkins is publishing it, and the material doesn't quite come up to that standard. All in all, quite promising. Rating...4

CINDER #9 and 10 (Larry Williams, 74 Maple Road, Longmeadow 6, Mass. - monthly - 15¢) Major item of interest in #9 is Harry Warner's article on the changing meanings of fannish terms (you neofans who think fan terms are esoteric haven't heard the worst; over the years the esoteric meanings change, too, so you can't just memorize them and forget about it). #10 is a nice big thick issue, and the major item is the letter column, which takes up 2/3 of the mag. None of the other material is outstanding, but it's all readable. A file of CINDER would make a nice study project for some newer editors. Larry started with a zine that was no better than any other first issue, he did not produce any particularly spectacular material, but he has gradually worked his way up into the ranks of the better fanzine editors. Rating...6

POT POURRI #19, 20, 21, 22 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland - irregular? - for SAPS and trades) I don't know if you can buy copies or not; you could ask. It's nice reading (though fans interested primarily in science fiction might as well ignore it) and the Eddie Jones artwork is beautiful. These 4 came all in a clump; I don't know when he published them. Berry has the knack of looking at something utterly trite and coming up with a fresh -- and usually humorous viewpoint. I don't see how he does it so regularly.

SQUIRE #1 (Skip Williamson, 1008 College St., Canton, Missouri - 25¢ - no schedule listed) Another parody-fanzine. Not as good as JACK HIGH (well, it isn't as old, either) but I suppose if you happen to be in high school you might think it was funny. A note from the editor promises improvements for the future.

CRY #158 (Cry, Box 92, 507 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 25¢) Make checks payable to Elinor Busby, he says -- you can get 12 issues for \$2 if you don't like to send 25¢ checks. The usual good material; F.M. and Elinor Busby, Terry Carr, Jeff Wanshel, John Berry, and a long letter from Avram Davidson -- how come you don't send us long letters any more, sirrah? You don't write us, I'll start sending YANDRO to your wife and she'll think you've been reading this sort of thing for years and she'll leave you. Rating.....9

I don't want to run over on another page for 5 fanzines, so: SALAMANDER #1 (Fred Patten, 5156 Chesley Ave., Los Angeles 43, Calif. - bi-monthly - 25¢) A sort of "basic" fanzine; the themes aren't new, but they are well-handled and it's to be especially recommended to newcomers. Rating 5.// HAVERINGS #9 (Ethel Lindsay, USAgent Bob Lichtman, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif. - bi-monthly - 10¢) A fanzine composed almost entirely of fanzine reviews and a column on German fandom. You people who want reviews.....// ORION #28 (Ella Parker, USAgent, Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline, So. Bend 14, Ind. - irregular - 15¢) General type. Recommended. Rating 7.// LES SPINCE #8 (Dave Hale, 12 Belmont Rd., Wollescote, Stourbridge, Worcs., England - irregular - for comment) Oddball humor. Rating 6.// And I don't have room for THE TWILIGHT ZINE, so I'll tackle it later.

GOLDEN MINUTES

—book-reviews-by-I.S.C-&-J.W.C.—

This time we have a major paperback publishing effort to review. Pyramid has inaugurated a new series, "The Worlds Of Science", and published the first six books in the series. The series seems designed to appeal, not so much to scientists or students, but to the interested layman -- and which laymen should be more interested than science fiction fans? The first books in the series cover physiology, astronomy, archaeology, chemistry, biology and natural history; presumably other sciences will be covered in succeeding publications.

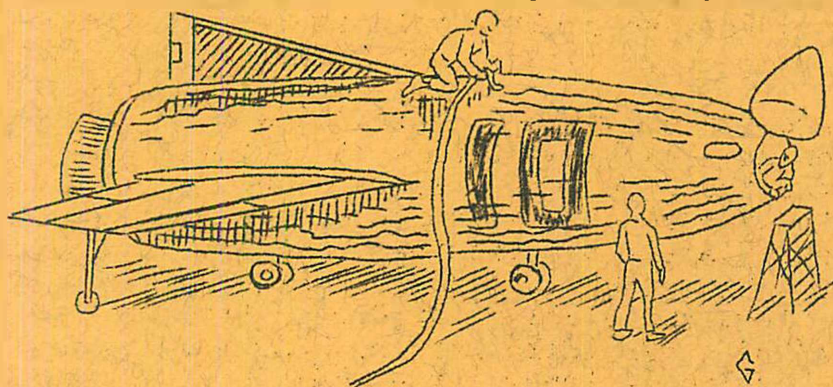
I will have to assume that the books are scientifically accurate; they contain no obvious boners; but I'm not enough of a scientist to judge their scientific content. I can judge their entertainment value, and here they do very well indeed. In general they seem to have been selected for their value as an introduction to the various fields; they provide a broad outline, and concentrate on showing how the various areas of knowledge fit together, without getting technical or telling me more about a specific subject than I care to know.

The matched bindings are attractive, and sturdy enough to survive Juanita's handling, which means they should stand up well under abuse. Juanita commented on the excellent typography; a far cry from the average sf book. The first six books are reprints of hard-cover works; according to the publisher's announcement, future selections will contain some original titles and some reprints.

Juanita and I are dividing the reviewing, partly because there hasn't been time since we got the books for either of us to read all of them and partly because we automatically reached for different titles when we began reading....we will probably both read all the titles eventually, but our first choices are in different fields. The reviews will be initialled so you can tell who is saying what. If your local newsstand doesn't carry these titles, you can undoubtedly get any that interest you directly from Pyramid. RSC

MAYA by Charles Gallenkamp (75¢) I was prepared to be disappointed with this, since I already have von Hagen's WORLD OF THE MAYA, but actually the two books are more complementary than competitive. Von Hagen tells

how the Maya lived; Gallenkamp dwells more on how we discovered the Mayan culture, showing how the isolated discoveries of various expeditions have been fitted together to give us an overall picture of the vanished civilization. It was also amusing to note the mark of the true scientist in Gallenkamp's book; where von Hagen says "the Mayan civilization was derived from the Olmec", Gallenkamp



says "there is a theory that possibly some parts of the Mayan culture were derived from the Olmec, but as yet it hasn't been proved".

Gallenkamp also relates the 1952 discovery which shattered the comfortable theory that a major difference between Mayan and Egyptian pyramids is that the Mayan ones are temples and the Egyptian ones are tombs; it turns out that some of the Mayan pyramids were used as tombs, too. All in all, the book is highly recommended. (RSC)



THE ROAD TO MAN by Herbert Wendt (75¢) This is not so much evolution, as you might think, as a comprehensive view of the interrelation of all life, present and past. Considering the scope of the project, it succeeds remarkably well. A possible fault is that Wendt, unlike Gallenkamp, does not always differentiate between fact and theory, but then when one is covering the entire field of natural history in 250 pages one doesn't have time to stop and explain every detail. In any event, most of Wendt's theories seem quite reasonable; the only one which brought me up snorting was his casual comment that the "Mayan civilization...kept mastodon elephants as domestic animals." Yeah..with feathers. Since it is not particularly important to the theme of the book I'm surprised that none of the various editors excised the passage -- maybe they didn't read it. A few comments like this can throw doubt on the scholarship of the entire book. I'm willing to assume that this was a momentary lapse on Wendt's part (though if he ever starts racing bot flies, I'm through with him.) The book is extremely readable, though; little items like the zoo chimp who liked to feed peanuts to the baboons make it the sort of thing one loves to quote from. (RSC)

LIVING EARTH by Peter Farb (65¢) This is such a perfect match for the Wendt book that I'm slightly amazed. Farb discusses the complicated interrelationships which go to make up the life in our soil; grass, trees, bacteria, insects, moles and other burrowing animals, spiders, nematodes, etc. The book is the shortest in the series, so far; it is also the best that I've read. (Which is surprising -- I mentally put it near the bottom of the list before reading it. Soil is soil is dirt, and I wouldn't have thought that anyone could make a book about it very interesting. Farb could and did.) If you want to see what the series is like and you have no overwhelming devotion to any of the sciences represented, this is the one to start with. The preface and first section, while necessary introductions, are not exactly gripping literature, but when Farb gets well into his subject he's far more entertaining than most novellists. (RSC)

NINE PLANETS by Alan E. Nourse (75¢) Not only of our field, but out of it and from it, with acknowledgments to FM and Elinor Busby and extrapolative illustrations by Mel Hunter (unfortunately, they aren't in color, but they're lookable, none the less). Nourse, as often proved by his fiction, is an entertaining writer, and he manages to make his introductory material fresh even to the much-read layman. As might be

expected, the theme of the book is speculation on future developments and discovery. Once the bare bones of observable fact are filled in, Nourse makes it quite apparent that a great deal of material in the field of astronomy is already speculative; what we are sure about looms so small that speculation about the future seems quite valid, and readable. I've been an amateur student of astronomy most of my life, and the book was far from "old stuff"; familiar ground was covered quickly and interestingly and the new territory explored, looking back now, was rather extensive. (JWC)

This is as good a place as any to mention that all six volumes are indexed, the Gallenkamp and Pfeiffer books contain bibliographies, and the Nourse and Farb books include appendices. Paper back publishing companies have too often been lax in including such material in reprints of non-fiction works, and it's a pleasure to see Pyramid starting the series off so well from the point-of-view of the interested reader who wishes to refer back to specific points and make these volumes part of his permanent reference library. (JWC)

THE HUMAN BRAIN by John Pfeiffer (75¢) This is not the old bit of side-sectioning human, gorilla, and chimp brains and pointing out the various areas. It is less a pre-med handbook than a general survey of research, medicine, and experimentation with the human brain, and as such, quite fascinating. Topics covered include memory and learning, mental illness and its alleviation, epilepsy, emotion, pain, and computer-brain comparisons. One of the old Cap Future stories described the miracle of brain surgery (naturally enough, by the Brain) without cutting the skull; Pfeiffer recounts present research into the use of two directed radio waves which, when crossed, would burn out the diseased area of the brain without the need for surgery - so Hamilton predicted better than he knew. Even when the material is familiar, Pfeiffer manages to throw in a pertinent anecdote to freshen the presentation. (JWC)

CHEMISTRY CREATES A NEW WORLD by Bernard Jaffe (75¢) Chemistry happens to be one of the sciences which has always eluded me; though I am a moron at manipulating numbers, I understand them -- but chemistry is beyond me on both levels. Jaffe is a rather dry writer; I say this not because I'm a dunce in his field, but backed up by the fact that Buck, who has studied chemistry, finds him dull. But he did succeed in making me wish for a child's chemistry set to perform some simple experiments. Perhaps with lab work, I would begin to grasp valences and other puzzling phenomena. The book is concerned primarily with the discoveries of chemistry, the advances in human standards of living made by the alteration of the elements, as in medicine, metals, food, clothing, and nucleonics. Some chapters hold the attention more than others, and I suspect the reader will be held more by his range of interest rather than by the author. But when Jaffe is informative, he is very informative. (JWC)

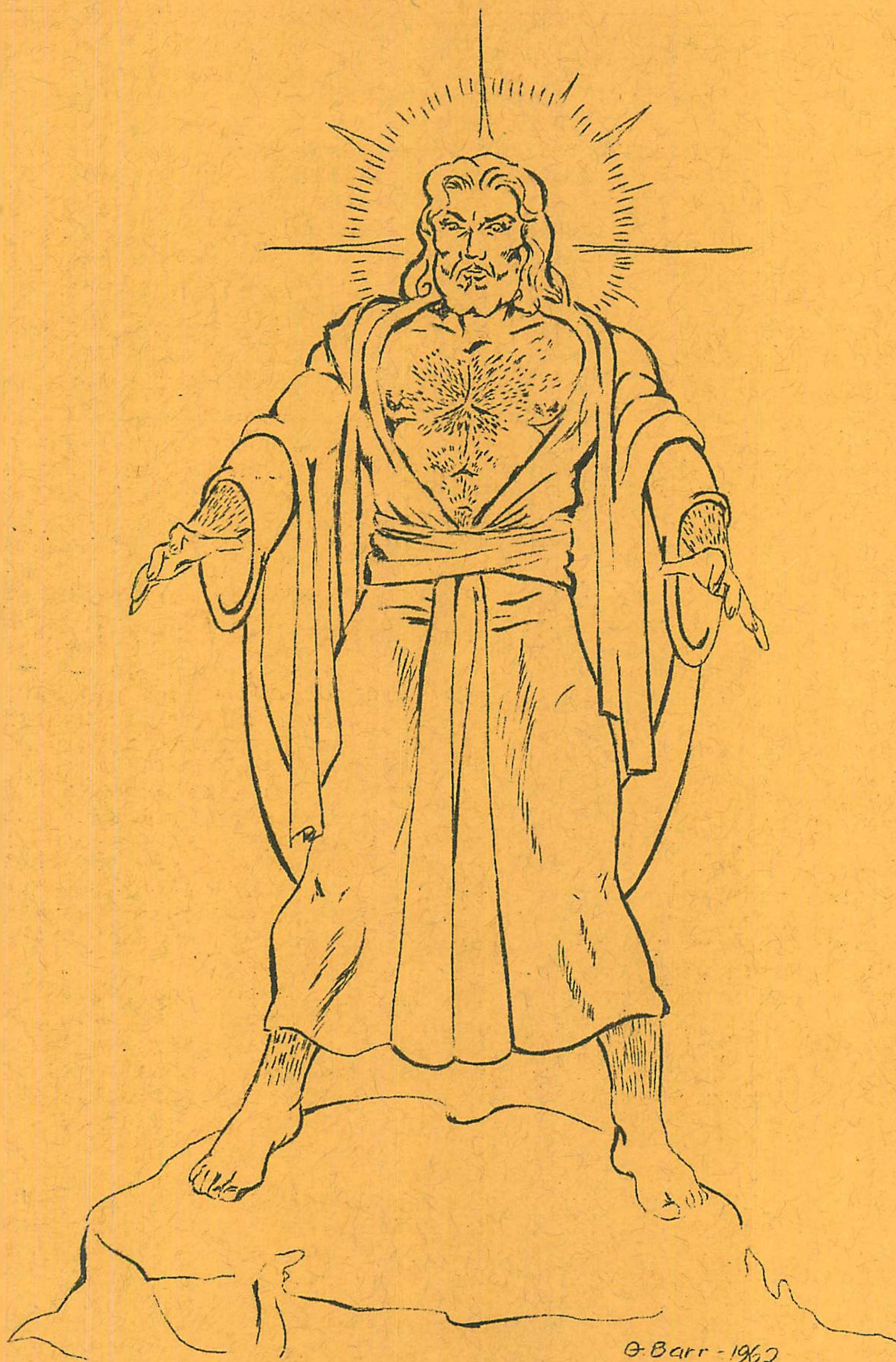
Fantasy fans please note: Pyramid has recently reprinted THE CASTLE OF IRON and THE INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER, by L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt, at 40¢ each. These are not only fantasy classics, they manage to be amusing even if you know nothing about classic literature, and considerably more amusing if you do. A must, if you don't already own the hardcover edition. (Now if Pyramid will just make arrangements with Gnome to continue the series with THE WALL OF SERPENTS.....) RSC

RITUALIZED VERNAL EQUINOX DEPT: (by JWC) Back in the December issue I made what I foolishly supposed a casual comment on "Messiah" fandom - that nebulous group of people with no common bond save a mutual devotion to Handel's Oratorio. This led to an inordinate amount of comment from readers--Messiah fandom crawling from der voodvork out--culminating in a comment by Terry Carr: "I have been considering suggesting...a fanzine devoted to it...but I rather fear the consequences. Would it have a column called "And All in Stereo For \$4.98, Less Discount?" Would it have drawings by Jim Cawthorne of Jesus as a lusty barbarian, or by George Barr of Jesus' peitoral muscles...I don't want to think about it." Too late now, Terry. You have already inspired Barr (see lettercol to discover he is not a member of Messiah fandom - just an artist with a sense of humor)....and overpage you will find YANDRO's Easter contribution for Messiah fandom, alternately titled "Come Unto Me" or "Heaven Wants You".

night questions

— BY — *rog ebert* —

in the silence,
 in the moonlight,
 while the waiting
 shadows sing,
 can the watchers,
 in the shadows,
 hear the magic
 moonlight brings?
 can they shift
 to vagrant breezes,
 wafted somewhere,
 no one knows,
 so that later,
 in the silence,
 other watchers
 softly flow?
 in the bushes,
 brushed by leave-tops,
 do they ever
 turn to see
 silver edges
 on the shadows
 of the moonlight
 as it flees?
 when the sunshine
 cracks the nighttime,
 when the raindrops
 cause the mud,
 does the crinkling
 of the stalk-ends
 sound like draining
 of their blood?



GRUMBINGS

NEWS OF THE MONTH SECTION:

DIRCE ARCHER: It has been reported to me that a certain individual is now claiming that FANAC won Pittcon's fanzine Hugo, and that he and Lynn Hickman "witnessed" an occasion when a stack of ballots naming FANAC were destroyed "on the grounds that the handwriting is similar".

This story, the last in a series of vengeful attacks upon our group is entirely and totally false and with no basis whatsoever.

- 1) I have never met this man to my knowledge and do not even know what he looks like.
- 2) Lynn Hickman was not in Pittsburgh at any time during the year prior to the convention and, since ballots must be counted weeks before a convention so Hugo plates can be engraved, he could not have been present at a ballot counting session. Lynn's character is such that it is not even necessary to check as to whether he had any part of this malicious gossip.
- 3) Even Pittcon committee members' wives and husbands were excluded at ballot counting sessions -- as at all business meetings. It would be ridiculous to share knowledge of the most carefully guarded secret of any convention, the ballot results, with outsiders.
- 4) FANAC, although tops in nominations, did not win a Hugo. In fact until the last seven days before the deadline SF TIMES was leading and we expected it to win. In the last seven days four of the five nominees changed places.
- 5) Pittcon did toss out some nominations, but with excellent reason. We received 78 ballots -- packaged, not sent separately -- each nominating the same novel, short story and publisher, with an accompanying letter saying "These are all bona fide nominations, as are attested by the individual names and addresses." They nominated a single author (author of the novel and short story) totally unknown to our committee, whose stories appeared in an obscure British publication (not Nova Publications) which was nominated for best magazine.

Surely no one would expect us to believe that one English village of something under 7,000 population contains upwards of 60 bona fide fans, many with identical handwriting, seven with identical addresses and last name (the author's) and all with identical nominations! It was our belief that duty required we discard these obvious attempts to stuff the ballot box. We would do the same thing again under such circumstances.

I trust, for his own sake, the fertile imagination of this individual will be kept under control in the future. We deplore legal action and have ignored previous slander, but there is a point of no return in these matters. We could and would take steps.

/Ed. note: I stand by my previous statement that nothing of this sort justifies legal action, though I could think of several other steps I would be inclined to take. However, until receipt of this letter I had never encountered the rumor -- nobody tells us anything about these juicy scandals. Discrimination, I calls it..... RSC/

BOB TUCKER: Stop Duper! Dean Grennell has just notified me that he is suing me for \$83,000.47, for certain defamatory remarks in the last VANDY concerning furnace men. He stands an excellent chance of collecting the 47¢. His quote: "Nothing personal, mind you --- it's just that I need the money."

DONALD FRANSON: Is Yandro a news-zine? If it is, maybe this will be interesting news: The new N3F President, appointed by the Directorate to fill out the unexpired term of the late Ralph Holland, is Art Rapp. I don't suppose I have to explain who Art Rapp is. Albert Lewis will be OE of The National Fantasy Fan.

DEAN McLAUGHLIN: If the truth be known, Pyramid doesn't know what to do with me -- but I've a hunch what they'd like to do. We're scuffling politely over title right now -- I favor A DIFFERENT KIND OF SKY, and they seem to prefer DOME WORLD. Alas, in spite of my persuasion, it will probably wind up as the latter. Oh well.
/Ed. note: I don't like either title. How about BOTTOMS UP! ? RSC/

My real name is Jehovah, but all my friends call me God. ...McLaughlin

COMMENTS SECTION:

REDD BOGGS, 2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota - "Sam woke -- " and not in a very good temper either. As you point out in your editorial comment on his letter, I really should sue Sam Moskowitz for libel and defamation of character, since lawsuits are in these days, but I'm much too flabbergasted and pleased to find Sam still alive. I haven't heard an outburst like this from him since Ricky Slaven tore up the dust-jacket of The Outsider and Others. Having great respect for Sam's contributions to Fandom in the past and having fond recollections of Cincinnati and Toronto where Sam was a good and amusing companion, I have always queried visitors from New York about him, but the replies were always the same: For club meetings and conventions Sam is revived with ~~pepp~~ strange drugs, typos, flashing lights, and bubbling vats, but otherwise he has been drowsing since 1954 over his bound files of Helios.

And here, all of a sudden, we find him tramping the earth again, like the last dinosaur revived from eons of slumber in glacial ice by the experts of the frozen foods industry. The last dinosaur -- raging in brute fury over the discovery that his beloved jungles have vanished while he was dreaming in cold storage. Well, it's a natural reaction, I suppose, and it produces certain excesses which I'd just as soon ignore, specifically the charges of lies and hypocrisy. Like Professor Higgins, I'm a most forgiving man, and I'm sure Sam won't use terms like that when his annoyance wears off and he's wide enough awake for his mind to start functioning again. I hope he stays awake awhile, and takes a look around while his eyes are open for the first time in years. Who knows, once he gets acquainted with the current scene, he may find it almost as "exciting" as the good old days.

Your editorial comment, remarking that a person's opinions change over 14 years and his preferences in 1948 may not be those he has today, makes one of the most important points in reply to Sam. But there are at least two other important points that should be made:

(1) The reviews of the top fanzines of 1948 which Sam quotes from The Fantasy Annual (published in summer 1949, not 1948 as Sam says) were annotations of the winners of the Dreamland Opinionator poll taken by

Don Wilson and Howard Miller. This is no occasion for adversely criticizing the fanzines, any more than the Hollywood Academy Award presentation is the occasion for remarking on the winners' total inability to act, learn lines, or show up sober two days in a row. Thus it's hardly surprising that the review of The Fanscient contained "no criticism whatsoever". We tried to keep our criticisms to ourselves. I don't know where Sam gets the strange notion that "where there was a difference of opinion or degree of opinion" Wilson and I "did not hesitate to state so". We kept our opinions to ourselves and, so far as I recall, did not disagree on any major point even in private.

(2) In any case -- and perhaps this is even more important -- I did not write any of those approving words about The Fanscient, Fantasy Commentator, Science-Fantasy Review, etc., which Sam quotes so thumpingly and attributes to me. Don Wilson did. I wrote most of the brief reviews for fanzines that wound up in the 11th to 25th places, hence my share of the byline to this section in the Fantasy Annual, but Wilson wrote every word that Sam (and Ed Wood himself, in a private letter to me) trots out to confound me. When Wilson's reviews were written, most of the first ten places were pretty well set. I filled in the rest when the other finalists were ascertained.

I remember Walter Gillings' printed fanzine under its original title, Fantasy Review, rather than Science-Fantasy Review, as it later became; hence my brief confusion as to what magazine Ed Wood referred to. I agree that it was a very fine fanzine, and it's one of the era that I'd exclude from my description of them as "dull, pretentious, pompous". I would also exclude Fantasy Commentator, but after all, it wasn't one of the ten fanzines I was referring to. I should also point out that a paragraph of my letter printed in YANDRO #109 was omitted, and in this paragraph I praised some of the fanzines Ed Wood mentioned as an afterthought -- Slant, Quandry, Spaceship, Feon, etc., as "unquestionably very fine and deservedly popular fanzines." Thus I don't think I can be accused of dismissing past achievements with an airy wave of my hand merely to be able to praise current efforts.

While I made some attempts to properly appreciate The Fanscient, I deplored the fact that it wound up #1 in the Opinionator poll of 1948, and it's not only in hindsight that I find it dull and pretentious. When Don Day published a negligible leaflet called Post-Mortem on The Fanscient (FAPA, spring 1951) I remarked in a mailing comment that it was "almost as interesting as the fanzine itself", and Walt Willis correctly detected that this had all the earmarks of a dirty dig.

Don Wilson's own fanzine, Dream Quest, still remains one of my all-time favorites. I also feel nostalgic about Leeh's Quandry, Art Rapp's Spacewarp, Burbee's Shangri-L'Affaires, Warner's Spaceways, and Bronson's Fantasite, to name a few. But I have little doubt that quite a number of fanzines being published today will also rate on my all-time list: Warhoon, Hyphen, and Kipple to name three of them.

Speaking of current fanzines, I was elated to discover, from a passing remark in his letter, that Sam has evidently received and at least glanced through all those issues of Discord I've sent him. First I knew that these free, gratis, complimentary copies hadn't all been lost in the mail.

/Serves you right for sending out free, gratis, complimentary copies./

JUNE BONIFAS, 1913 Hopi Road, Santa Fe, New Mexico -- Now as to your defense of the Scithers story on bargaining with a demon, perhaps one reason I dislike stories in which you know the wishes will be wasted

is because life is so full of disappointments, why should they also be a set pattern in a species of fantasy? But accepting your comparison to detective stories in which one knows the murderer will be caught, was "Playboy And The Three Wishes" a good story? The idea of the gustative meaning of "love" has been used before, in the last chapter of The Screwtape Letters, but C. S. Lewis did not attempt to make much out of such a flimsy idea. Words are such slippery things, that you must have good faith on both sides in any Faustian bargain; otherwise the mortal is simply foolish, in trying to get an airtight agreement with no ambiguity that the devil can twist to his own purposes. After all, the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman, and should be above twisting the meaning of words.

I beg your pardon, but the duodecimal system has several inherent advantages over the decimal system. The best-known advantage is that 12 has more factors; twice as many, other than 1 and the base. This means that many more commonly used fractions can be easily expressed in percentages (or "pergrossages"), and that long division can be avoided in most problems; also, multiplication tables are simpler to learn. Besides, any number system with a higher base can express irrational numbers to a greater accuracy in a given number of places; this can be rather important with such numbers as logarithms.

/If there's one thing I hate, it's getting into an argument with someone who's smarter than I am. I scoff at this "devil is a gentleman" propaganda (why should he be any better than I am?) -- the devil is a businessman when he haggles over souls, and twisting words is an ancient business practice. RSC/

BERNIE BUBNIS, Jr., 65 E. Walnut Ave., E. Farmingdale, L.I., N.Y. - Somebody started a club for fan artists called the "Future Artists Of America". By some "twist" of fate I managed to make their Senate. What my official duty as Senator of the club is, was not disclosed to me yet. I figure on getting up a movement to remove the President. Contact Ric Ornberg, 1239 Harding Ave., Des Plaines, Ill. No dues.

Planning a few zines. One will be devoted to science fiction conventions. It will contain all reprints of stories, articles, and photos devoted to sf cons. Would like any comments from your readers concerning this; also any convention material. Another one will be devoted to my artwork. It will be distributed free. After we get on our feet the mag will be open for stories and artwork from others.

I tried corresponding with a guy who wrote into ANALOG. I got a 1500 words essay on the development and mating habits of earthworms. /Bjo, someone is muscling in on your racket. I gave Bernie my comments on a convention fanzine privately, since they aren't printable. RSC/

BILL WOLFENBARGER, 602 West Hill St., Neosho, Missouri - The YANDRO lettercol is always new and pretty choice, but if you could only leave out that Talk about draft-ditching and the like, YANDRO would be a real sf fmz.

/But we like being an imitation stf fanzine.....RSC/

FRED W. ARNOLD, Grand Bahama Island - Radar, P.O. Box 4187, c/o Patrick AFB, Florida - I would like to take a few snips at Dodd's review of "Thunderball" in the Feb. issue. He said the story was filled with "fantastically accurate details of every item mentioned", but Fleming seems to have slipped on a few things.

For one, his information on the Bahamas is out of date. This is

one of the most radar-saturated areas on earth. There are a lot more than one radar station (6 on GBI alone); they are owned by the US government and they are damned well not simple. This is due to the fact that the Bahamas constitute the northern end of the Atlantic Missile range, in combination with Cape C.

The nearest of the Bahama group is not 200 miles from the U.S. More like 50 miles.

We don't have a missile base any place in the Bahamas.

I was interested by Lewis Grant's statement that a monumental letter writing campaign on the part of "Bible Belters" blocked the World Calendar in 1955. I heard of the UN action at the time but didn't know about the letters. I would like to get his source on that.

/My own opinion is that Fleming doesn't know a damned thing about what he's writing about, but he sounds convincing to anyone who doesn't know any more about it than he does. RSC/

ED WOOD, 160 2nd. St., Idaho Falls, Idaho - Reading YANDRO #109 I was disturbed to find that no one had bothered to point out a major blunder by J. W. Campbell in #108 when he stated so authoritatively that "Every science fiction magazine that has run a fan review column, which, of course, all the hard core fans went in a magazine - every single one of them, without exception, has dropped dead."

Doesn't anyone remember "The Clubhouse" by Rog Phillips in AMAZING from 1948 to 1953? Or doesn't Campbell consider AMAZING a science fiction magazine? Let's nail these falsehoods and errors before they are transformed into truth.

That Francis T. Laney repudiated his THE ACOLYTE is about as meaningful as the repudiation of Ray Bradbury's FF (ok fans what do FF stand for?) by himself or an author's discarding of his early works. Redd, I'll pay you or anyone who wants to sell me #1, #2, #9 and #12 of THE ACOLYTE, \$1 each so I can complete my set. Fair deal?

Anytime, Redd, you want to match article against article of your first 10 of today (covering a period of a year's output) against my first 10, say so. I insist upon only one small, trivial restriction; the topic must be science fiction and/or fantasy and must not be about the world situation, liquor, music, beatniks, sex (except as these are treated as science fiction or fantasy topics).

I cannot agree with your statement in Yandro #110 about "if there was more good science fiction being published today there might be more fans who were seriously interested."

When in the days of the thin 30's we had ASTOUNDING STORIES OF SUPER-SCIENCE, WONDER and AMAZING we had TIME TRAVELLER, SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST and slightly later FANTASY MAGAZINE. These fan magazines were literally superior to the professional magazines of the time and provided a fertile ground for future professionals.

In his introduction to "Prologue To Analog" he says: "the Clayton Publishing Company started the processes needed to bring out a new magazine - ASTOUNDING TALES OF SUPER-SCIENCE." I have in front of me the first issue and it says on cover and contents pages ASTOUNDING STORIES OF SUPER-SCIENCE. Careless, careless, careless.

/For that matter, AMAZING ran a second fanzine review column, "The Revolving Fan", by "Roger de Soto" from May 1955 thru Feb. 1957, and various other fan items after that. But stf didn't have to be good in the Thirties; it was new (effectively new, that is). Now that it's no longer the latest intellectual fad, it has to improve. RSC/

SETH JOHNSON, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, New Jersey - When did Juanita start raising spiders for fun and profit? Her column really struck a spark in me somehow, for this lackadaisical so what attitude she mentions seems to be fast becoming the American way of life. New machines can no longer be depended on to operate without breaking down. Motor manufacturers used to allow new car dealers a certain amount of money for servicing under new car guarantees. And usually they were able to pocket this with little or not outlay in repairs or parts. Today they are more likely to spend above the allowance than below. And the same thing applies to radios, television, household appliances and almost any manufactured product you care to name.

And then sometimes, I wonder if it shouldn't be just as hard to get marriage licenses as to achieve teacher's diploma. After all it's the parents who have more influence over the kid than anyone else.

You can tell Ted White that Chris Moskowitz has SaM's full and undivided support in the lawsuit. As to printing my letters intact he never did. Every darn thing he ever pubbed was out of context and made to look as guffheaded as he could possibly make it. Frankly I suspect Ted has equated me as the horrible example of N3F and projects all his antipathy and hatred of N3F upon me. The one time I ever spoke to him personally he literally snarled at me.

/Requiring a little training for marriage might stop a few divorces, too. Not all of them, of course, but those where the kids get married when they're 17 and divorced at 18. RSC/

COLIN FREEMAN, Ward 3, Scotton Banks Hospital, Ripley Road, Knaresborough, Yorkshire, England - I was interested in the remarks you both made about the "space race". Agreed particularly with your remarks, Juanita, that it was not so much a national achievement as something done by Homo Sapiens. The Russian and U.S. space shots thrilled me equally, although I derived much more satisfaction from Glenn's little trip because of the day-long commentaries coming over our radio. We were "allowed to participate" in history in the making. Believe me, in spite of what you may have heard of anti-American feeling and jealousy over here, the majority of people were listening to the broadcast and rooting for him all the way. If anybody told me that the Americans aren't doing so well because they are a few months behind the Russians sending a man into orbit I'd just laugh at them. When you consider the whole of man's history and then compare the progress that's been made in the last few years it's beginning to make the international tensions seem rather petty. I believe that in a few years' time, when we are on the moon and reaching beyond, the cold war and East-West friction will diminish and assume much less frightening proportions.

I'm one of those faanish fans and not really an S-F fan. I hadn't read any S-F at all a year ago. I now read and enjoy



the few S-F books that Ron Bennett brings in to me, but I don't go out of my way to get hold of the stuff. I don't agree with Ella Parker here. If one can derive something from fandom and give something to fandom does it really matter that they are not avid S-F readers? The answer to that is that it matters to you and Ella P (you consider me a fake-fan) but it doesn't matter to me. I'm not a convention fan or a party fan or a drinking fan, either. I'm a fanzine-trading fan, a tape-sponding fan, a letter correspondence fan. I don't believe that Science Fiction is the real mainspring of fandom today. I think there are several different things holding it together, the most powerful of all being the desire of most fan to escape from mundania.

Still with Ella P, she states that Englishmen can't be so cold and uncaring in the bedrooms or we wouldn't be so overpopulated. This doesn't necessarily follow. You must often have observed members of the canine community mating. To my untrained eye, at least, there is a minimum of affection involved, yet the almost inevitable result is another litter of puppies. However, I'm inclined to agree with Ella fundamentally. Englishmen don't like to look "soft" and they pretend to be casual about sex in public, but in the bedroom it is rather a different matter.

I've been thinking about Juanita's advice for 10 years continuous publishing; to marry a complementary fan who likes all the jobs I don't. I've found such a fan, but quite frankly I don't think that Ron Bennett will marry me.

/Try him; maybe he's the Sixth Man. I'll be hanged if I could be casual about sex in public; I'd be frightfully embarrassed. You're not a stiff fan, eh? Well, let's say I'll enjoy corresponding, but I won't vote for you for TAFF. RSC/

TERRY CARR, 56 Jane St., New York 14, N.Y. - Those quotes from Service Armament Company's catalog seem too good to be true, Buck. Personally, I think the most amusing thing about them is the implied testimonial from "professional thugs and...notorious criminals". This could get to be a big thing if Madison Avenue ad agencies get hold of it. "After a fast bank-job I always like a tall cool glass of Blatz beer." "Jergen's Lotion keeps my trigger-finger soft and always ready for action."

Or perhaps we will soon be seeing the backcovers of F&SF filled with notables of the Mafia. "Plus ça change, plus c'est la meme chose -- that is an old French saying meaning There's One Born Every Minute. The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction is published every month, and I like to 'keep my hand in' by lifting a copy of each issue."

Mike Deckinger: okay, let's quibble some more. I suppose you're right that that film was known as "Diabolique" in this country and as "Les Diaboliques" in Europe. Now tell me how you can call the abuse of authority on the part of teachers "parental tyranny". Quits?

Thomas Dilley: The more I read old fanzines the more I realize



that ASTOUNDING was never "what it used to be", at least as far as the fan-reviews went. All through the Golden Age you can find reviews in fanzines which say, "The mag ain't as good as it used to be." Honest. They did gripe then.

Easily the best thing in #110 is DeWeese's column, which I find quite amusing this time. If that character ever existed, he must have been a real accident-prone type. Which, to inject a note of serious reality into light foofarah, probably argues for a whole lot of guilt feelings on his part subconsciously. The guy sounds like an absolute mess. The rest of the material can be passed over fairly briefly: Deckinger is passable this time, Hulan and Burns wretched, and Pesta's untitled verse amusing.

Re Juanita's note on how "orange" begins to look strange if you write it a few too many times: check upcoming issues of F&SF for a story called "Stanley Toothbrush", which will probably be under the byline of Carl Brandon; I used such phenomena as the basis for the story.

Rog Ebert: "Night Ride" may have been legitimate as an expression of how an alien might feel if he found himself in a carnival midway, but there was no key in the story or title to suggest this interpretation and I think it's one of the wildest ideas I've ever heard, for you to expect people to give this interpretation on the material offered. I mean, if you ran into a mass of seemingly-unrelated, nonsensical wordage, would you be likely to sit back a moment and then say, "Oh, of course, this is simply a presentation of the feelings of an alien who has found himself in a carnival midway"? I mean, like wow.

I don't know if Von Vernewitz' Modern Film Society (which has Bob Stewart as associate) is recruiting, but last week they showed the Chaney "Phantom of the Opera and the seats and all floor-space was/were packed.

Sam Moskowitz: Your letter showed more understanding of today's fanzine field than I might have expected, but a couple of points need additional clarification. First, when you write of "the field" it's obvious that you mean only the field of science fiction and fantasy. Obviously, considering the diversity of topics in present-day fandom, sf-and-fantasy is not the only field of interest, so while it's perfectly true that fanzines leaning toward bibliographical and critical articles will prove "more valuable for one with a serious interest in the field", it's not necessarily true that they will be of lasting - or even passing - interest to fans who are more deeply interested in politics, humor, or fandom itself, for a few instances.

Following this point, I think you must have spoken to the wrong type of fan at Seattle. QUANDRY is, though perhaps not in your circle, one of the four or five best-known fanzines of all time, along with LE ZOMBIE, THE FANSCIENT, SLANT, and SF ADVERTISER. I paid a dollar for my copy of its first annish, and that was about six or seven years ago.

Your evaluation of the facts at your disposal seems fair and reasonable; I think your facts are simply incomplete.

/The carnival midway bit of Ebert's story wasn't hard to figure out; not for me, at least. I confess that the "alien" part was tougher, mostly I think due to the second-person style of writing; even sf readers are not used to thinking of themselves as aliens. I never did get it; I assumed a description of a nightmare which included a carnival (and which was ended by falling out of bed?) RSC/

DAVE HALE, 12 Belmont Road, Wollescote, Stourbridge, Worcs. - Believe me Juanita, I very rarely think "oh you wonderful lot of humankind", but

this time I did, after hearing about Glenn. I was positively jubilant for days afterward, maybe because it was a US project, maybe because I didn't really think it would happen, but probably because of the intense feeling of participation with Glenn and the whole mercury team. Publicity has its drawbacks, but your scientists and public relations people are doing a great job in educating the masses at the dawn of what's likely to be an era of limited experience for them. Space is for the few in reality, and a feeling of participation is one way to foot the bill. Far more exciting than any real goshwow western or crime show.

And now we find we are to get James Bond in films. Goshwow. His books are fantasy, well done fantasy at that. The fantastic thing about them is that people take them seriously. Stealing a corporal atomic war-head! Killing Dr. No by dropping bird dung on the poor sap! Small mistakes they make where they put beautiful girls out to be eaten by sex starved crabs...then find they've made a mistake...the crabs are vegetarian! Bond is a fabulous character rivalling Harrison or even the Goon. Yes, providing we keep a sense of proportion.

ANTONIO DUPLA, Po. Ma. Augustin 9, Zaragoza, Spain - #106: Calkins is an excellent acquisition who writes interesting things with a fine pen. Wood cites an example difficult to admit. I know none of the older fan-zines he speaks about but "The Immortal Storm" I do and calling it "an objective study" is an overstatement; but he is right on the "small" homogeneous group. Some of the battles that gave name to whole chapters were fought by two against five people. This is smallness for sure.

#107: The prying intents of Tucker conduces to the most hilarious and unexpected results. Ref. insurance it's at least doubtful if after a nation-wide catastrophe, the remainders will honor their policies. In the dubious case of having the means to pay, in the little print sure there shall be some clause protecting them! That was the norm in Spain after the civil war. Pearson is fun and Warner's fiction very good; in it Ted White has found some drawbacks but if he went through any literary work could with all probability find some. Far worse pieces are anthologized and Derleth must include it in the next one, were he going to edit another. (But, is this praise?)

Dodd makes the film a thing to see but he forgets to name the director. Is, as in "Les Diaboliques", Clouzot; he and Pierre Fresnay make an irresistible combination.

#108: Boggs is simply riotous and more so if reading him against the original piece. If the dowsing rods signal not only pipe, perhaps the picking on a gynecologist was due to his frequent contact with amniotic water. /Sheesh! RSC/ Scithers has taken one of the most beaten themes in literature and has come out with a new and original (as far as I know) twist. JWC has made a very fine speech plenty of sound and good ideas. Is that the same man who writes such indigestible things in ASF? Then, coming down of the highness of the editorial chair becomes him. And, if I am not wrong, AMAZING has outlived a fan column.

I have read three times the fiction of Ebert and given up. Some brilliant dissector in Grumblings shall give me the key to understand what it means but now I can't make head from tails. Is not necessary to agree with all points sustained by Ted White for acknowledging that he has written an excellent article, deep and deserving plenty of attention. Perhaps best thing in the issue.

The verses short but frivolous and fun. Less short but as fun DeWeese. The third installment of Ed Wood has given YANDRO a solemn look worthy of the most select slick. Statistics and one graphic! From this

to FORTUNE the path is straight and one-step long.

The letter of Tackett is the most disjointed thing you have put in print but funny as they come. My daughter took a startled glance to my laughing and made some comment about the I.Q. of her father.

J. Bonifas is thinking in deep but she assumes too much. The bombs, if, are going to be the first act of a war; what the others will be is open for anyone to every speculation but it can be taken for granted that, broken as the fighters may be, the war shall proceed till one side wins it and so the end is yet more unforeseeable.

You make some down-to-earth comments to the high emotionally charged letter of "Jane Smith" but hers is undoubtedly one of the finer letters you have published. The cover by Adkins deserves the highest mark; much better than many of pro zines, but anew, is this a compliment?

NETTIE OTT - Had I not known better, I'd have sworn that the Pearson on pg. 14 belonged to me. Even my husband wanted to know why I hadn't let him see it before I mailed it to you.

I guess I must be part English. Every time I read WC (for World Calendar) I thought water closet. I'll vote to change the calendar. But which nation will win the fight to name the thirteenth month?

GEORGE BARR, 2430 So. Fifth East, Salt Lake City 6, Utah - I've sung in the Messiah - coast to coast radio two years ago - but with all due respect to dear Mr. Handel, I don't care much for it. Handel, like Bach and a lot of Brahms, is interesting to sing, but I feel sorry for the people who have to listen.

I felt the same way Nettie did about the Pearson drawing. And even funnier is the way I felt when I saw the Barbi thing on page 32 of #108. I sat for about fifteen minutes racking my meager brains trying to figure when I'd done it. Finally, I thought to look for the date, as I usually date my stuff. I didn't believe it at first when I saw Barbi's name on it. I've seen scads of pictures I've wanted to claim, like nearly everything Adkins or Prosser ever did, but this is honestly the first time I ever really believed I had done someone else's work.

LEWIS J. GRANT, Jr., 5333 So. Dorchester Ave. - A question was raised as to whether the other nations in the UN were really in favor of the World Calendar. As both a World Calendar enthusiast, and an inter-linguist of some parts, I know something about the Esperanto declaration. It is not what a number of Esperantists have touted it as. As I remember the wording (not having read it for a couple of years), it said that Esperanto was a useful language in international communications, and used around the world, and Unesco or something should cooperate with the Esperantists. Are there any Esperantists in the crowd who would like to elaborate? Anyway, it was not the same thing as the interest in the World Calendar. The various delegations were pretty thoroughly convinced the calendar needed reform, and the World Calendar was the most logical system. The attitude of the delegations was generally an "I will if you will" attitude, which is necessary for a quantum-jump type operation like changing the calendar. In the case of Esperanto, there is no real necessity for such a massive movement. Two people can use Esperanto quite well, but two people don't get much use out of the World Calendar.

The problem of poor old Esperanto was that it is a good enough language for international communication, and for quite a while was the

best. Unfortunately, during that period it suffered from enthusiasts who alienated all sorts of influential people. The main problem of Esperanto has always been Esperantists. If it had not been linked with a peculiar philosophy, and had been handled by someone with as much genius for public relations as Zamenhof had for languages, everyone might be speaking Esperanto today. Of course, in the intervening years, better international languages have arisen. When Zamenhof developed Esperanto, in the 1870s and 1880s, the international vocabulary was composed mainly of words either from the original Aryan, or Neolatin and Neogrecian technical words. It didn't matter too much if these had the final o slapped on them. In the last 75 years, however, a whole bunch of real international words have been adopted by countries all over the world, such as baseball, hari-kiri, sputnik, bureau, lock-out, etc. Esperanto has not been internationalized as fast as most other languages have been internationalized. And today, when we have languages like Interlingua, which have been very carefully and thoroughly internationalized, Esperanto is slipping.

 Did you pick up that troublemaker, Herod?

I just read a very interesting story about some Mexican who was exploring a cave in Yucatan, and found a burro wandering around in it, five miles from any entrance he knew of. After trying to find out how the burro got into the cave, the Mexican led it to the entrance (apparently a pretty tough job) and took it home. Later he told a couple of American archaeologists about it, and they wanted to get hold of the burro, in order to examine it. Unfortunately, it seems the Mexican had turned the burro in with several other burros he had just bought, and he couldn't tell his ass from a hole in the ground.

 Yes, Caesar. We nailed him in Jerusalem.

Saw a very interesting theory about our sexual morals recently. Some anthropologist says that in studies of morals in many societies, he has found that cultures in underdeveloped areas with plenty of room tend to have very strict, puritanical morals, with adultery strictly punished. As the area gets overpopulated, the morals start going down; homosexuality, adultery, etc. are condoned. Apparently people everywhere feel that a woman has only so many children she can bear, and if you can use ten or fifteen kids, any children born out of wedlock are a waste, since they have less chance of survival. When you don't want ten or fifteen, use your sexual energies for anything but big families. This explains the "degeneracy" which many cultures have gone through.

This reminds me of the article in Scientific American about the aberrations in overcrowded rat colonies. The experimenter found that it produces homosexuality, asexuality, juvenile delinquency, poor mothers, and "prober rats", who rush hither and yon, investigating everything they can get their noses into. I wonder if the psychologist ever thought of himself as a kind of prober rat?

Well, among the remaining letters we have a total of 10 pages (several letters) from Ted White, 9 pages from Bob Jennings and 22 pages from various other people. Walter Breen lists a group of "rebels" who do show creativity, in support of Jane Smith -- now I'll question: does rebellion against parental tyranny aid creativity, or does the creative urge inspire rebellion against parents who try to restrict it? RSC

