

You're in luck

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YANKEE



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YANDRO #113

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* Dean McLaughlin under the false whiskers this round.

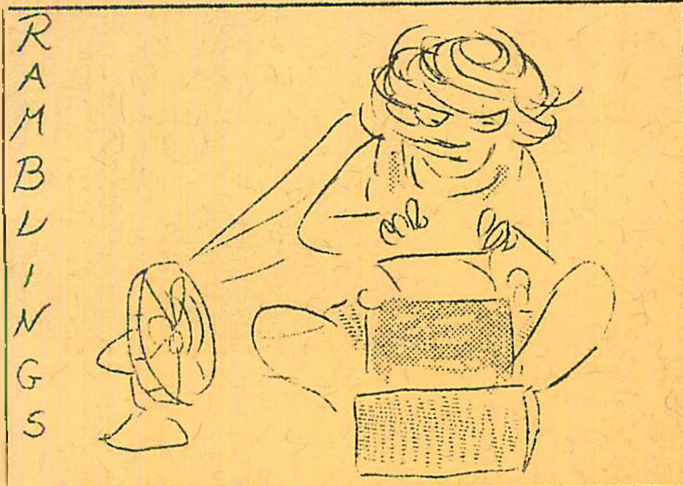
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* Cover and page 1 illustration multilithed by George Scithers

Midwestcon: June 29, 30 and July 1, North Plaza Motel, Cincinnati. We may be there or we may be visiting Milwaukee and Fond du Lac that weekend....it all depends.

Minoru Maeda, Narukawa, Kiho-cho, Nangun, Mie Pref., Japan, inquires as to the name of "the most well-known long novel" of H.P. Lovecraft. A little help from you Lovecraft scholars out there? RSC



This promises to be a fannish summer in the midwest....almost too fannish a summer. Too many things at once. Next weekend, the 22nd or so, we plan to visit Bass Lake, Indiana for the Oz conference....take in the exhibits and (we hope) meet Ruth Berman and Fred Meyer, ozo-philos.....we won't be staying overnite - the rates are much steeper than even the North Plaza....

which will be the site of the Midwescon the last weekend in June and July

1st.....we just discovered this news.....is it just us, or has the Midwescon been less well-publicized this year than most?.....just before receiving the news, we had made fairly complete plans to jaunt northward, Milwaukee and Fond du Lac.....so that weekend is still rather up in the air as of this writing.

And then later this summer we will be having our picnic.....exactly when, we haven't decided. We don't want to interfere with other fannish events, and at the same time we want to get the maximum benefit from our garden produce.

Recently CBS ran a documentary on the problem of Birth Control. Admittedly, a touchy subject, and CBS tried to be unbiased, but obviously had trouble in some of its editing when the anti-factions became their own worst enemies via their own words. One of the principal questions revolved around Cook County hospital in Chicago. Ted Pauls, in KIPPLE, has been raking around the coals the problem of welfare and multiple illegitimacies; but Cook County Hospital has a little different problem, with a fair percentage of the women being married charity cases, and far from indifferent to the breeding treadmill they're on, desperate to get off, but hampered by ignorance and poverty. Probably the most ridiculous excuse of all was offered by (I believe) a hospital director, when informed many of the women said they had begged for instruction during their lying-in periods and been refused by hospital staff - the director petulantly pointed out this was a public-funds operation, and time is money and the staff didn't have time to instruct these women in the basics of contraception.

CBS failed to come back with the obvious question - how long does it take to deliver a child for these women every ten and a half months, probably, for the rest of their childbearing years (or until the woman drops of exhaustion or kills herself)? The argument was so ridiculous as to be infuriating. If nothing else, it would take less than a minute to tell the women the address of a planned parenthood clinic.

With one tongue the red-tape trapped government protests the increasing welfare listings, while with the other it dismisses women on those listings pleading for a half-hour of instruction

which would enable them to escape the trap of welfare.

I would heartily recommend William Vogt's PEOPLE, (Hillman-MacFadden, 50¢). While I don't always agree with Vogt, and I think he goes overboard in some places, there is a great deal of thoughty meat here, and I'm afraid it's reaching only the people who already agree with him.

Certainly no one is recommending that science go abroad forcing contraceptives on unwilling women and sterilizing them if they refuse, but refusing the information to people who want it and are ignorant of any other source of information seems the height of callousness and stupidity.

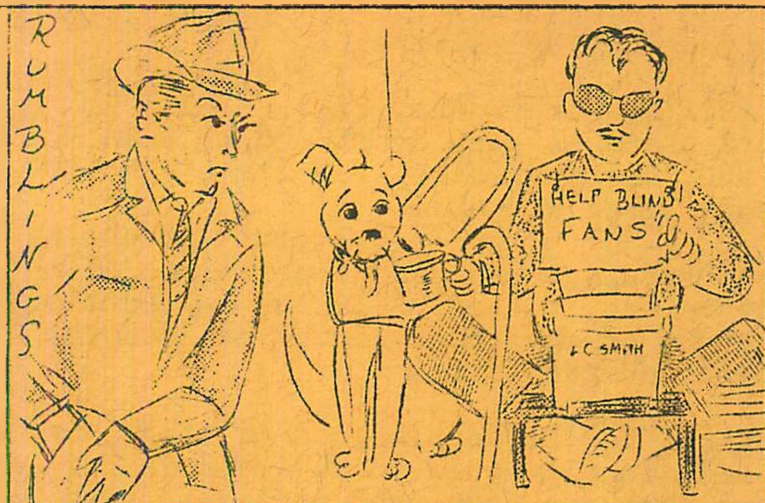
When I first started this fanzine, Bev DeWeese helped me stuff the paper in the school machine (and occasionally pull it out by main force), assemble it when it involved more than one page, and mail it. Then it got bigger, and it got to be more and more of a problem to decide what went into an issue.....and at about this point I got married and discovered that I married someone who enjoyed editing, picking out what was to go in an issue (with the exception of the artwork, a privilege I jealously guarded). Eventually, Buck also took over the typing of everything but my editorial. Occasionally I would type the contents page, but I get confused easily, and sterling compounds the dizziness, so generally I confined myself to cutting illos and mimeoing.

But, as you will discover when you read RUMBLINGS, certain recent events have caused a change in this setup. Now I have no objections to typing, so long as I need not pick out what is to be typed. Editing is still Buck's department. His vision troubles are not so bad as to prevent that. But I have long felt cutting stencils, typing, that is, by artificial light was Not Good. (How am I able to explain the fact that despite years of tedious stencil cutting over a mimeoscope in all kinds of lighting and weather has done nothing to worsen my vision? I'm not. I can only assume myopia is a law unto itself). I'm able to type stencils during the day.....my desk is by a window and buckets of the natural-type light flood in right over my shoulder and onto the typer.... this should Be Better.

We shall see.

Yesterday we decided to get out of the house and visit one of the local state forests for a picnic and hike. Finding a place to picnic was a bit difficult, since everyone in the immediate area seem to have the same idea. However, we finally did find a fairly isolated place to eat in peace. Then our walking took us into the more populous areas and I came across a matter of perpetual puzzlement to me. Picnicing, to me, means little work - you have a minimum of food and preparation so that the housewife has little or nothing to do. And you are out here to enjoy nature - because it is a change from eating at a table in a house surrounded by creature comforts. So when I see people who have come to a beautiful forest area equipped with folding chairs and table, china dishes, charcoal grill and its sundry impedimenta, and a portable radio blaring forth the latest popular tune, I can only stare in wonder.....and smile in sad amusement when I hear the same people try to talk seriously about surviving After A Bomb.

Hoping you do.....JWC



MY GOD, HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN! I foreclosed on a bunch of subscribers last issue, and we have been reaping cash and egoboo (for, as one renewing subscriber mentioned, the best clue as to how well an individual really likes a fanzine is whether or not he is willing to pay to keep on receiving it). Of course, the circulation is still up around the 200 mark, which isn't so much fun, but one can't have everything.

THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE.....A couple of weeks ago I broke the frames of my glasses, and since I'd been having a little visual trouble anyway I went in to my oculist for an eye test as well as new frames. He promptly hit the ceiling (he's an excitable type, anyway) and went to great lengths in explaining just why my eyes were deteriorating far too fast and what was going to happen if the present trend continued (going into a lot of what I considered unnecessarily gory detail about ruptured eyeballs and the like). He then fitted me with a pair of \$43 bi-focals and warned me that I absolutely must cut out most of my reading and other close work. (He didn't mention stencil-cutting specifically because I've never dared tell him about it; as I said, he's excitable and it seemed prudent to ignore mention of fan activity.) Anyway, he convinced me -- over and above the possible loss of eyesight there is the specific loss of \$43 a year for glasses, which I can't afford. (He told me this type of lens was the type he wore himself; I thought about telling him that for what he charged, he could afford the best, but I didn't.) So I am no longer cutting stencils. Juanita is handling all details of composition and layout, as well as correcting the original and unique spelling of some of our contributors. For this lettercolumn, I marked passages for Juanita to type, and wrote out a few comments; presumably she has added some comments of her own (although at this writing I haven't seen the results and I don't really know). I typed the fanzine reviews on paper, and Juanita transposed the results to stencil. One of the major changes for the future, however, is that I am not going to be able to review every fanzine sent to me, because I won't be reading every one. If my reading is to be sharply curtailed, the first things to go will be about 50% to 75% of the fanzines that come in here. I'll mention them, since one of the values of the column seems to be its completeness, but I will no longer read or review them all. Even some of the better zines will be unread; not just the crudzines. If I have to choose between Bruce Catton, Vardis Fisher and Robert Heinlein on one side, and Bob Jennings, Larry McCombs and Jack Harness on the other, there's little doubt of which ones I'll do without. (And those three fans were picked because their material is not the worst that arrives here; not by a long shot.) I haven't made up my mind what to do about trades yet -- there isn't much sense in trading for a zine that I don't read, but so far I really haven't tackled the question of which fanzines I will read and which I won't. I may be able to manage Heinlein and Harness both. If I do decide to quit trading, the editor will be notified privately.

ON A MORE CHEERFUL TOPIC, Ed Wood is the winner of the mimeo raffle. I haven't heard from him about what he intends to do with his new toy. We haven't forgotten about either the YANDRO Eroboo Poll that we ran awhile back, or the list of old fanzines for sale that I promised some of you. On the first, I haven't gotten around to tabulating results, and on the second, we haven't got the list on stencil and run off yet, but both of these should appear before the next YANDRO.

"I AM A RAKE, AND A RAMBLING BOY....." We finally reached the point where we had to have another car for trips; in the summer we had to stop every 30 or 40 miles and let the Ford's engine cool off, and there were too many other things wrong with it to make the purchase of a new radiator feasible. So we shopped around a bit and wound up with a 1959 Rambler American station wagon -- the one which has "a mail-slot for a back door" according to DeWeese. (We don't care, we aren't planning on hauling any particularly large packages -- except for me, of course.) Cute little thing; it's considerably smaller in both length and width than the Ford, but has about as much usable room inside. We still have the Ford, too -- the dealer offered the Rambler for \$950 cash or \$995 if I traded in..... After he made me park the Ford around back of his garage out of sight while I test-drove the Rambler, I sort of got the impression that he wasn't particularly enthused over the prospect of acquiring it, and it will do to drive to work for awhile yet. The Rambler will give us much better chances of attending conventions, fan parties and the like (and the payments will give us much less money to spend after we arrive).

Now we need another back bumper slogan. (For newcomers; the Ford is emblazoned with the inscription "Mammon Spends" -- and if you don't get the point I'm not going to explain it. I do enough explaining to mundane acquaintances.) Since DeWeese isn't using "Yuggoth Saves" any more, we may put that on -- a second-hand slogan for a second-hand car. But we might come up with something original. It's a small bumper, tho, so it has to be a short slogan.

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID..... The nominees for the fanzine Hugo are YANDRO, CRY, WARHOON, AMRA, and AXE -- which points up the beneficial aspects of short titles, if nothing else. I suspect that WARHOON will win this year, but I'm going to vote for AMRA -- I've been nominating it regularly every year and now that I have a chance to cast a final ballot for it I don't want to let the chance slip away. Thanks for nominating us again -- that's 4 years in a row, now. (Maybe 5, if we made it in '58; I don't think so, but I don't remember.) Practically a record. Of course, we never win, but I figure it's somewhat of an honor to get on the ballot. In the other categories, I applaud DARK UNIVERSE and STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND among the novels; THE FISHERMAN probably deserves its nomination as one of the 5 best of the year, but it was a long way from the best, and SENSE OF OBLIGATION and SECOND ENDING were mediocre. In short fiction, I suppose I'll have to go with THE HOTHOUSE SERIES, since the others are hardly Hugo caliber. (THE HOTHOUSE series really isn't, either, but it comes closer than anything else.) In dramatic presentations, I don't know whether to pick VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED or THE TWO WORLDS OF CHARLIE GORDON. THRILLER had too many clinkers, I'm tired of voting for TWILIGHT ZONE, and THE FABULOUS WORLD OF JULES VERNE was cute but not great. Among artists I'll take Schoenherr, and of course SCIENCE FANTASY is the professional mag./RSC/

THE CRYPT BENEATH FANVILLE

—FICTION BY—e e evers—



"Come with me," said my host ,
"and I will show you fandom. Yes,
truly fandom floats placidly over
the waters of time like some enor-
mous duck, but now you shall see
the legs which paddle like hell be-
neath."

"Lead on," said I.

My host pulled on a rusty iron
ring which protruded from the drip-
ping stone wall of the basement and
a section let down like a draw -
bridge. We crossed.

"Here is STFdom now dead," said
my host. We passed long rows of
piles, "every ish of every prozine
now defunct." We passed more long
rows of piles, "the bones of every
STFhack now defunct." We passed

one enormous pile of bones, "the bones of every proed now defunct."
Creatures scurried in and out among the piles of bones and books, "Just
researchers and yearners for the Ghood Old Days."

The musty smell became mustier and the damp became damper. We came
to another door in the subterranean corridor. "Here is fandom now dead!"
We passed even longer rows of bigger piles, "every ish of every issue
now defunct." We passed more even longer rows of piles, "the bones of
every fanwriter now defunct." We passed one truly gigantic pile of
bones, "the bones of every faned now defunct."

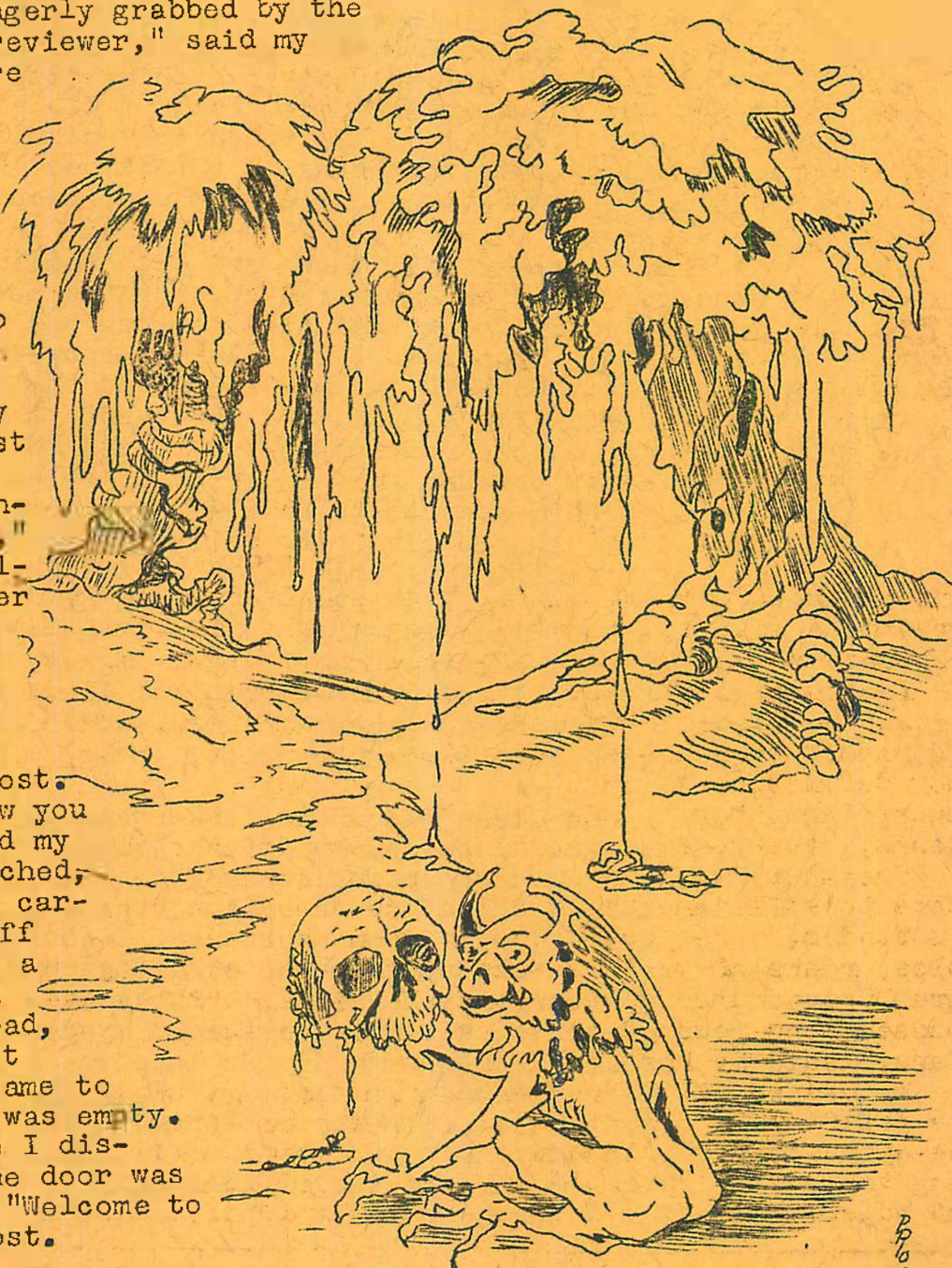
The musty smell became overpowering and the damp became water. We
came to still another door in the endless subterranean corridor. "Here
is fandom." We passed long rows of battered mimeos, empty corflu bot-
tles, reams of yellowed paper, worn-out stencils, broken staplers. Small
grubby creatures moved among the piles. "Salvage," said my host. We
passed long rows of cold, still figures hung on meathooks. "Gafiating
fans," said my host.

We passed still another door, into huge, dimly lit chambers. "This
is actifandom," said my host. There came the click of many typewriters.
We approached to find hundreds of ragged, gaunt figures feverishly work-
ing the keys. "Stencil cutters," said my host. We heard the thumping
of huge machines. "Just the repro crew at work," said my host. We

approached to find more hundreds of the same gamnt, ragged figures chained to mimeos and spirit duplicators and even one honest-to-satan printing press, 1862 vintage. We came to hundreds of barred cubicles. Stooping to pick up a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water from a nearby chute connecting with the mundane world above, my host opened one of the doors. Inside was a beautiful girl chained to a drawing board. "A fanartist at work," explained my host. The artist mumbled something incoherent and my host picked up a cat-o-ninetails and started belaboring her cruelly. "Got to keep them in line, you know." We passed to the next cubicle, this one with its own chute to the mundane world. While we watched a new prozine came down the chute and was eagerly grabbed by the wretch inside. "A reviewer," said my

host. We passed more cubicles containing chutes to mundary. "Article writers," said my host. We passed still more with mail chutes. "Letterhacks," said my host. We came to an enormous room full of chained wretches, completely cut off from the rest of the world, even from the rest of fandom. "Fannish fans," said my host. Finally we came to another row of individual cells, containing only wretches and typewriters. "Fan fiction and verse writers," said my host.

"Come let me show you the last cell," said my host. As we approached, two shadowy figures carried out a cold stiff wretch slung across a pole. "Gafia," said my host, "and too bad, too. One of our best writers." Then we came to the last cell. It was empty. I was inside before I discovered this and the door was locked behind me. "Welcome to fandom," said my host.



"ALAS, POOR YORICK! I GNAWED HIM WELL"

With Jaundiced Eye

— column by ~~—~~ TED-WHITE —

If you are a Regular Reader of this column, you will already have noticed that it has a new title. My reasons for this are at least 50% selfish. When Walter Breen was in New York last month (as I write this; no doubt by the time this sees print the bearded shuttlecock will be back again for another spell) I gaily inquired of him, "Say, Walter, did 'The Wailing Wall' get any votes in the FANAC Poll?" His reply was to the effect that no, it hadn't, and even if it had it wouldn't have. When I untangled the thread of this reasoning it turned out that 'The Wailing Wall' was not eligible to be considered a column, because of the ambiguity of the title.

Boiled down into simple words, there are two 'Wailing Wall's: the one you've been reading, by me, here in YANDRO, for the last several years, and the one in VOID which dates back even further and has been written by a number of people. I confess I am solely responsible for this confusion (when I gaffiated on VOID in 1959 I offered the column which I was then doing for V to Buck for YANDRO, and then kept it up even after reviving VOID and using others' contributions to its "Wailing Wall"), and after an unseemly delay brought home to me by my relative lack of egoboo in the FANAC Poll, I have decided to Do Something About It.

"With Jaundiced Eye" has a nice ring to it, and I wish I could take credit for it, but I can't. The only part of it I can honestly claim as my own is the "With"; the rest is stolen from an old and long-dead column by Ken Beale called "The Jaundiced Eye." If memory serves aright, this appeared in OOPSLA! about ten years ago. I hope that no one objects at this late date to my bit of grave-robbing; I liked the title. "The Wailing Wall" will continue to appear in VOID, which zine after all exercises the final proprietary right over it.

OUR MAN IN SPACE: John Glenn had a big tickertape parade here in New York a month or two ago. I popped out of the subway at Union Square, took a look at the block or so of solid crowds between me and Fifth Avenue, and scuttled off in the other direction (to have Con-Ed cut off the electricity in my ex-office). Upon my return, I found mounted police, barricades and teeming multitudes backed up along Fourteenth Street over half a block east of Fourth Ave. That's a block and a half away from the parade route. Gritting my teeth, I forced myself back to the subway entrance and thankfully popped back inside into the relative quiet and emptiness of the busy station. That was my contact with John Glenn.

Bhob Stewart says he went down to the financial district and climbed a half-constructed building with no front to it for a good view. Andy Main leaned out of the window of the office where he works. According to AXE Bob Shea, Larry Shaw, and Dick Lupoff all joined the shouting multitudes.

Down in the subways, I saw three young girls running through a station shouting "GO, GLENN! GO, GLENN! GO, GLENN!" at the tops of their lungs.

So the next Sunday, at Avram Davidson's, talking to Avram, Boyd Raeburn, Terry Carr, and various others, I naively asked, "Just what did

Glenn do?"

The consensus was that a Russian had not only done it first, but done it better. The subject came around to the American myth that we flew nonstop across the Atlantic first, when in actuality two Englishmen did (we just did it first solo). I am convinced that nine tenths of this country thinks John Glenn was the first Man in Space or some such.

I got very goshwow when I first heard on my car radio in 1957 that the Sputnik had gone up. My ghod, I thought, They've really done it! I never thought they'd do it, and they actually did do it! I was excited as all hell.

Since then I've witnessed reports of rockets fired at the moon, landing, missing, orbiting Venus, going for the sun, and etc. I've read about a plan to give Earth a ring of needles for bouncing radio waves, and I've read about dozens of satellites, most of them put in orbit by the U.S.

Now, in a carefully planned series of anti-climaxes (our men do less each time than the Russians before them), we're putting men "into orbit". Goody. I'm very pleased that man is going into space, and I have no doubt that by the time I reach an old age (if there's an old age for me to reach by then) we (or the Russians, more likely) will have put men on Venus, Mars, and possibly even further out.

So? I read about this years ago, and I'm sorry to say that the actual events are in every respect more prosaic, and less romantic and/or exciting. Maybe my senses are burned out; it's a cinch that in this respect my sense of wonder is shot to hell.

I'm sorry. But to me John Glenn is just one more hesitant step; not a roaring climax nor a heroic beginning.

LINES I NEVER FINISHED READING: The other day I was quietly snacking on a homemade pizza and reading A.J. Liebling's book, The Press (Ballantine, 284 pp., 75¢) which is a fine book and one which I recommend despite it being overpriced. Liebling was talking about the columnists in New York's Post, and I read that:

Dr. Rose Franzblau, who writes the column called "Human Relations", made me feel even more at home. An only daughter, fourteen years old, had written to Dr. Franzblau to ask what a girl fourteen could do to induce her mother to let her have a dog. Dr. Franzblau furnished a campaign plan by which the girl might overcome her mother's unexpressed resentments, taking into consideration every unconscious possibility except that the mother didn't like dogs. "You may miss not having a brother or

Earl Wilson, the night-club editor, reported as "Today's Best Laugh": "Henny Youngman says, 'I'm gonna invite that Marine quiz winner to my house for dinner--I wanna know what's in that stuff my wife has been cooking.'" It figured to have been a bad day for laughs.

Which is as may be, but I wanna know what was in the manuscript before some typesetter dropped a line from the copy. That fourteen year old only daughter sure as hell didn't miss not having an Earl Wilson, and anyway I'm always irritated by a failure to close quotes, parenthesis, or etc.

Of course, the loss of one priceless line uttered by Dr. Rose Franzblau (which if I really wanted it I could dig up in the files of the



New York Post for 1955) doesn't really perturb me, and even the possibility of having missed one of Liebling's trenchant lines as a followup didn't cause me to gag on my pizza. (It was very good pizza, as is all the pizza I make to my own specifications.)

But what does bother me is that this is a frequent phenomenon these days among the paperbacks. It used to be that newspapers were the only places one found such out-of-place or dropped lines, and this was (and still is) understandable, since newspapers do not observe particularly long deadlines, and the headway between editions is often scanty.

But books are something else. No newspapers occupy my bookshelves (nor do I have any newspaper shelves especially reserved), but books are something, once obtained, that I may refer to many times in the future, often fully rereading. Books bespeak a performance denied ephemeral papers and even magazines--yet the paperback phenomenon has created such a speed-up in publishing that the pbs are often put together as shoddily as any newspaper. Signet books I recall as an early offender, and since then many others have joined them in the creation of typos left uncorrected. I seem to recall On The Road was rather heavily typoed by Signet, and at the time I wondered if the writing style had thrown the typesetters off. Now I can't help wondering if perhaps one of Ballantine's printers is a devotee of Dr. Rose Franzblau or has an only daughter of fourteen who wants a dog.

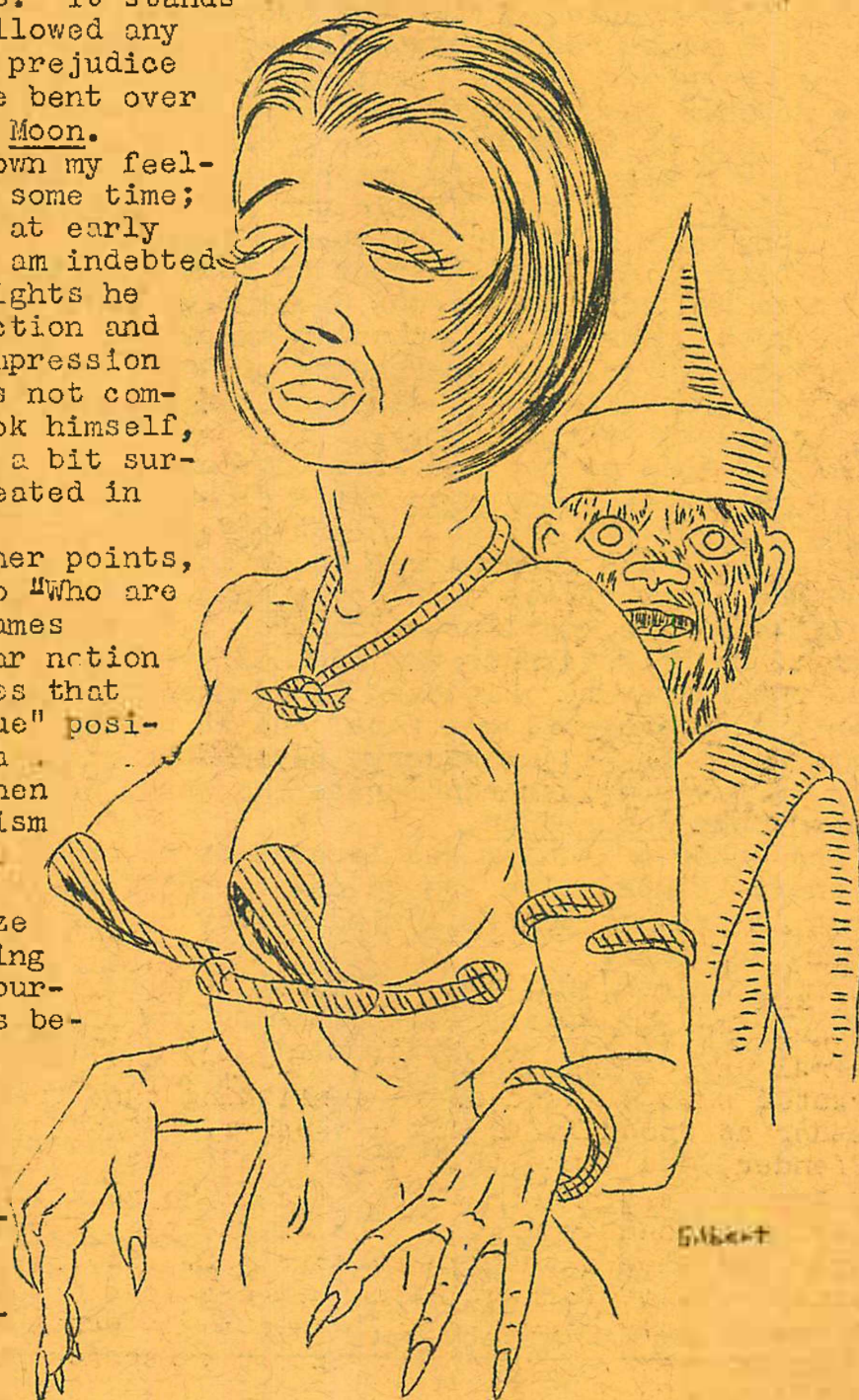
In any case, I view this latest paperback practise with an extremely jaundiced eye.

ROGUE MOON REVISITED: In YANDRO #109, Richard Eney takes me to task for daring to criticize Rogue Moon, and suggests that I "tore into Budrys" because in some way AJ "hurt my feelings" about something. It will not be news to many of you that Richard Eney and I do not see eye to eye, and most of his criticisms can easily be discounted by remembering that fact. But he raised several points I think worthy of reply, if only to clear a somewhat fouled air.

We can overlook the notion that I was getting back at AJ for some imagined slight. The fact is that AJ and I have been on warm terms for a matter of years, and he is currently in addition to being a good friend my editor at Regency Books. It stands to reason that if I had allowed any such extraneous situation prejudice my criticisms I would have bent over backwards to praise Rogue Moon.

The fact is, AJ has known my feelings about Rogue Moon for some time; we discussed it at length at early Fanoclast meetings, and I am indebted to AJ for many of the insights he gave me about its construction and shortcomings. It is my impression (nothing more) that AJ was not completely happy with the book himself, and that he was more than a bit surprised at the furor it created in fandom.

Eney raises several other points, one of which boils down to "Who are we to believe--White or James Blish?" This is a peculiar notion in itself, since it implies that there can be only one "true" position in the criticism of a creative work, and that when in doubt this true criticism must emanate from the critic with the Biggest Name. Of course, I realize Eney did not intend anything quite so bald; his major purpose in citing differences between my views of RM and Blish's was to cast aspersions upon me. Yet I wonder: would Eney have all of us follow the Blish "line" or the recommendations of any critic of repute in place of the formation of our own opinions? Must criticism be carbon-copied? I doubt Blish himself would agree.



Eney is on sounder ground when he states that I cannot simply say RM is bad because it does not include those things which I, as a reviewer, would've substituted for or added to what the author wrote. Quite right; we have to deal with that the author gives us. But, when an author omits a huge chunk of justification from the cornerstone of his plot, it's time to any reviewer to shout "foul!" When all through the plot a bunch of characters are sitting on a matter duplicator and it isn't even explained away, but is just left dangling, it gives the reader (or at least this reader) a very peculiar sensation in the back of his head--rather like when you're reading a murder mystery and you see an obvious clue that the protagonist overlooks (for the convenience of the Plot). In other words, a story must be reasonably self-consistent; its internal logic must jibe.

When he comes to my objections to RM's characterization one moment Eney defends the unusual emotional behavior by grace of the fact that "Rogue Moon is in reality a good old-fashioned Melodrama, which is not depicting a slice of life but playing cat 's-cradle with the emotions of the audience, you dig?" while the next he is prattling about how it "did deal ably with some mundane themes like life and death--and on a hell of a lot higher level of abstraction than the bilge that has been spouted on those subjects during our Great Big Debate on Social Responsibility." Since both these rather mutually exclusive statements ("old-fashioned" entertainment vs. the profundity of Great Themes) are contained in the same paragraph, I can't help wondering if Eney's right lobe knows what the left lobe is thinking...

All of this to one side for the moment, the fact of the matter is that I did not think Rogue Moon was a "lousy book;" as I said originally, I liked it. But on several points the flaws in it jarred me, and since I knew some of the reasons for these intrusions, I chose to write about them and their effect upon Rogue Moon.

If this gave the impression that I violently disliked the book, I'm sorry. One always runs the risk of overbalancing one's case when he does not for every criticism find an equal delight in a book. That I didn't find every flaw a fatal one is perhaps obscured by the fact that I did not think it necessary, beyond the simple "I did enjoy the book despite these", to renumerate the words of praise so many others have heaped upon Rogue Moon.

One other criticism was leveled at me, by Buck Coulson in his reply to Eney. Since we've ironed out our differences on this by correspondence, I present the following merely to tie the last threads of my argument together.

Buck claimed that many of my objections were nullified by the fact that Budrys was trying for something new in RM, and could thus be granted some leeway in his accomplishments. Unfortunately, books are seldom judged by an author's intentions, as opposed to his accomplishments. The criticism of unbelievable characterization is one which can be leveled (if deserved) upon a book of any nature, moreover; inconsistent characterization is, I think, a basic flaw (and a bad one) in any form of fiction which makes use of characters--it's all part of that need for internal consistency again. In the case of science fiction, thought, or any genre which must make a special plea for the suspension of disbelief, lack of internal consistency is of even more importance, since by this slender thread hangs the reader's acceptance or rejection of the story.

Now I know why Budrys felt impelled to do what he did in RM (basically to let the plot and form ride right over the characterization and ideas in a couple of spots without so much as a pause for breath), but the fact that he imposed a new mechanical plotting pattern (emotional climaxes) in place of the old (action climaxes) makes that no less a mechanical device and no less obtrusive upon the story itself. By knowing the author's intentions here we have found an explanation for a still-obvious if less explainable circumstance.

I repeat: it is immaterial what AJ hoped for in writing Rogue Moon. The question remains, was it a successful book in itself?

THROUGH TIME & SPACE WITH GRENDEL BRIARTON

by (who else?) ferdinand feghoot

Grendel Briarton was known to all the galaxy as an intrepid bird-watcher, so it should be no surprise to the cognoscenti that he went on his annual excursion to Koldwor VII to study the mating habits of the winged vulture-lizards, in spite of the hostilities which had broken out there as a result of disagreements at a disarmament conference.

The planet was a radioactive ruin. Fallout particles as big as marbles dropped out of the sky by the bucketfull. But, undaunted, Briarton ventured out with his binoculars, notebook, and camera (the latter lead-shielded to protect the film).

Although the land was blasted and lifeless and littered with decomposing bodies, in virtually microseconds Briarton had recorded no less than seventy-eight pairs of vulture-lizards copulating merrily among the corpses. He even spotted a few females---commonly known as biddies, or simply bids---already squatting on egg receptacles fashioned of twigs and bone splinters, while their cocks---the males---brought them choice tidbits of gangreous flesh to munch while they kept their unhatched young warm.

Arrested on the battlefield as a spy, Briarton was hauled before the Jahnbirsh Commander in Chief, General Retal E. Asian and his aide, Colonel Mah Seeve.

"Briarton," said General Asian sternly, "before we execute you, have you anything to say?"

"I was merely birdwatching," Briarton said innocently.

Colonel Seeve gestured to the desolate land outside the window. "How could anything live out there?" he demanded.

"Why," Briarton replied, "it's a well known fact, is it not, bids nest as usual during altercations?"

NBS, Thou Art God

Al Borse, my kookie engineer friend, pointed out the following item in an industrial magazine. It was titled "PRIMARY RESISTANCE STANDARD RE-DETERMINED" and the final paragraph read: "The value of the unit of resistance as found by the cross capacitor agreed, to within a few parts per million, with the value determined by the use of electromagnetic units in which the speed of light was involved. Such agreement also implies that the presently accepted value for the speed of light is not grossly in error." It was written by the National Bureau of Standards, Washington 25, D.C. Al opined that it was mighty nice of the NBS to use their brand new and previously untried theory as a check on the speed of light, rather than vice versa.....

RSC

PATRIOTISM & S-F

-ARTICLE-BY-

brent phillips

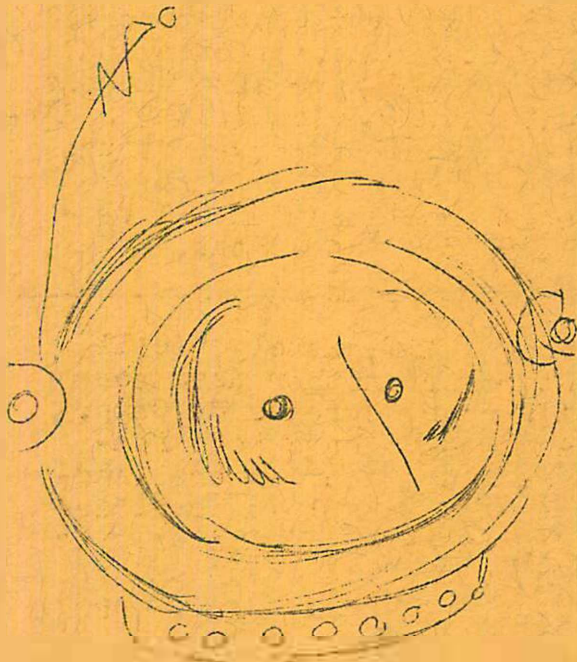
American SF authors seem to suffer from over-patriotism. At least they are much more biased than their British counterparts. The majority of your SF writers imagine that America and the Western world will be supreme in Space. In most of the stories I've read by Americans there is no mention of Russia in Space. Events have certainly proved that the Soviets are ahead of America in Space Technology. They launched the first artificial satellite and the first man into Space. Even President Kennedy admits that Russia is ahead of America at this stage.

However, Americans think that they will pass Russia by 1970 or even before. Some optimists go as far as to predict that America will reach the Moon before the Russians. They usually come to this conclusion because of the following 'facts': First, they say that the new rockets like Centaur, Saturn, and Nova, which are being developed, will be more powerful than Russia's; Secondly, the German scientists captured by America are far superior to those captured by the Russians.

However, in their patriotic zeal they seem to forget two points: First, Russia, who already has more powerful rockets than America, will also be developing new rockets; Secondly, the Russians have long been interested in rocket research. As far back as 1903, the Russian, Ziolkovsky, laid down some of the basic rules of Space Travel. As a matter of fact, the majority of experts doubt that the Germans contributed significantly to the Russian efforts.

Then what about the Afro-Asians and even American Negroes in Space? Surely the U.N. will have a Space Agency. Since the Afro-Asians have the most seats in the U.N. it follows that they must be represented. Yet in the few stories I've read by Americans featuring a U.N. Space Agency I saw no mention of Afro-Asians, while they were mentioned in similar stories by British SF writers.

I can't remember offhand ever reading a story by an American author which featured a Negro as a principal character on a Spaceship. I'm certain that by the time Space Travel



becomes a reality integration, at least in Government programmes, will be complete. Already there is a Negro Army General. In a recent edition of 'NEWSWEEK' I read that the first Negro commander of a U.S. warship had just been appointed. Yet there is no mention of Negroes - even as ordinary Spacemen.

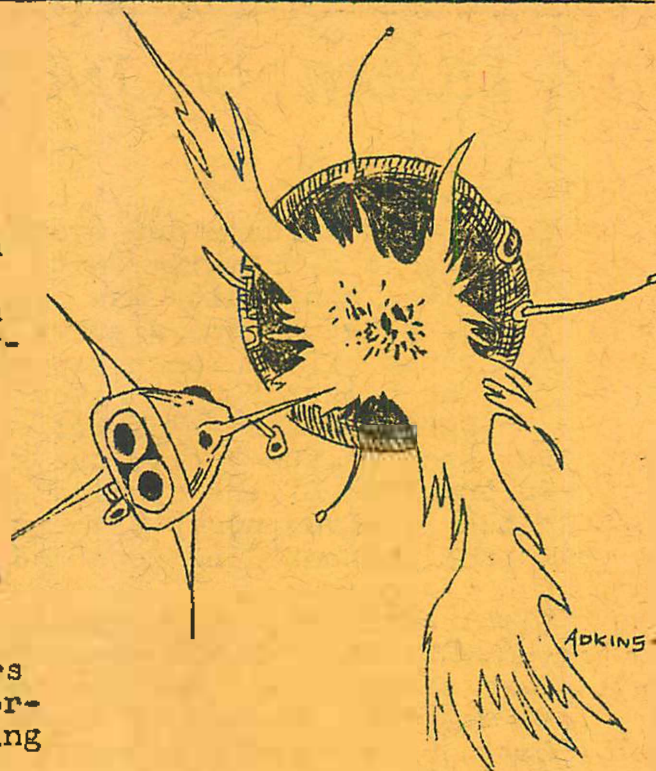
This brings up another point. In almost every story about a future civilization one gets the impression that the only people found on this planet are White. But already they are in the minority. The non-white nations in Africa and Asia all have a much faster increase in population than the white in Europe and America. It follows therefore that the whites will be vastly outnumbered.

In the world of, say, 2,000 years hence as depicted by about 90% of American SF authors, America is the leading world power. This is explicitly expressed in some stories, but it is rather implied in the majority.

However, this assumption is not supported by past history. Rome ruled the world 2,000 years ago, but today Italy is a fifth-rate power. Even England who had a vast Empire at the beginning of the century and was the leading power is now a poor third. Can you imagine America really being any different from these examples? In some 'future' stories, of course, the authors postulate a twopower dominated Earth, but in these stories America always has the edge in power.

In the few stories in which this planet is dominated by a country other than America or Russia this usually comes about by Nuclear war. Such countries as a United Africa, Japan, Brazil, China, or even India have the potential of dominating the world at some future time without nuclear annihilation. In the very rare event that America is the underdog without atomic war, they usually defeat the dominant power at the end of the story.

On the whole British SF is more realistic than American. I believe this is because they have not yet entered the Space Race.



/Editor's note: Without going to any research, I immediately recall four American sf writers who have at some time or another used non-Caucasian, non-American protagonists: Phil Farmer, Sprague de Camp, Poul Anderson, and Andre Norton. Farmer and deCamp have both featured Brasilenos in their future crew and civilization members, Anderson is very fond of Oceania and Polynesian and Mongoloid civilizations, and the only American group Andre Norton has ever featured to any extent is the Amerind, hardly a booster of the white supremacy theme. On the whole, I agree with the writer, but there are exceptions. JWC/

THE LEGEND OF THE PIN-HEADED PYGMIES

verse by

BETSY CURTIS

The Congo's a deep and mysterious river
 With magic a-brimming, with secrets a-quiver.
 (It gives many white men complaints of the liver!)
 There, years before slavery its toll had exacted,
 The banks of the Congo saw drama enacted,
 The banks of this river
 With secrets a-quiver!

Way back in the jungle the kingdom of Su
 In the land of the pygmies saw this drama too,
 Which involved pygmy fathers and pygmy descendents
 To the present King Bopo and Queen Nagabu.

Little M'Bugwe, the blackest of maids,
 (More black than the queen by a couple of shades)
 Came tripping one day through the tropical glades;
 M'Bugwe the Beautiful, Pride of the Nation,
 Child of a warrior lofty of station,
 Black as the ace of spades,
 Tripped through the gloomy glades
 Down to the hut of the wizard, Mum Lee,
 So horribly terribly awful to see.
 When the lass came in sight, on his countenance vile
 He took his best ochre and painted a smile,
 So black and attractive and shapely was she.

She came for a philtre of Karabum juice
 Which, with infinite caution she might introduce
 Into some gumbo to superinduce
 Love in the heart of tall young Toboleet,
 Who stood four feet three in his unstockinged feet.
 With Karabum juice
 Toboleet to seduce.

This filled Mum's old heart with the deepest of woe
 For he wanted the maid and he told her so;
 He made her a very kind proposition,
 But she was not interested in the magician,
 Was impudent, saucy, and answered him no.

He gave her the philtre (shake well before using)
 And told her to go, he desired to be snoozing
 (and all the time madder and sadder at losing
 This maiden as black as the horses for hearses).
 He mumbled and swore and compounded his curses;
 All night he was boozing
 And railing at losing.

All that tropical night he was drunk, in the morning
 Dead sober, he started the job of adorning
 His person with feathers, a parrot's left claw,
 A three zebra bones dipped in the blood of a daw;
 And he yelled and howled to give everyone warning.

He painted his torso and frightened the cattle;
He prayed to the little green fetish of battle;
He danced and he pranced and he rattled his rattle;
He crawled on his belly and wiggled his hips
And astonished beholders with triple back flips.

Then he silenced his rattle
And crept past the cattle;
Far into the jungle he sneaked to discover
The four-foot-three pygmy--now passionate lover
Of lovely M'Eugwe--asleep in the shade.
Of Tobo an accurate model he made,
Which he dropped in the river and let the mud cover.

In the course of time Toboleet sickened and died,
And his son was scarce born when they laid by his side
His erstwhile too charming and ebony bride.
Mum Lee, as the wisest old man in the village,
Was given the child and the fields cleared for tillage,

Once Toboleet's pride
Ere he sickened and died.
The baby he christened and named it Ho Chee,
And he laughed and he rolled and he chuckled with flee
To think he had got the child into his clutches;
And now he could work out his vengeance as much as
He wanted, completely unhindered and free.

To insure the good luck of the baby, he said,
And to keep out the ghosts that on babies' brains fed,
He would bind up with vines the new infant's soft head,
And soon vine-twined babies became all the fashion,
Since the pin-headed youngster looked terribly dashin'.

(Vines on the baby's head
Kept out the ghosts, he said.)
And though a few stubborn ones threatened and stormed,
When the old folks died off all the young were deformed
And so horribly dumb that Mum knew he could trust 'em
To think that the binding of heads was a custom
That must not be broken: ah, how his heart warmed.

Now Mum Lee's behavior was very immoral,
Although I forgive him his share in the quarrel,
Since he soon reposed under offerings floral;
For one day Ho Chee, in a half-witted passion,
The head of the witch-doctor happened to smash in.

Now let Mum Lee's quarrel
Point out a fine moral
All you who have beauty or magical skill
I beg you refrain from the doing of ill.
Weigh well in your minds how a small operation
Had awful effects on the next generation;
The pin-headed pygmies are half-witted still.

TO-A-NEOFAN

— article by — B.G. BUBNIS, JR.

What thoughts enter the mind of a new fan who has not yet entered the inner fold of science fiction? Can it really be true that science fiction loses a new fan every month? What can possibly scare someone away from the lifelong hobby or career, as the case may be?

Could it be that he looks upon our yearly conventions as a distorted jam session? The accounts of them which seem to pop up regularly in countless fanzines give an overall picture of a massive hell of a mess. This bit about six or seven to one room shouldn't be revealed to newcomers.

About five times out of ten thirteen or fourteen-year-old kids are attracted to promags by the vivid illustrations both on the cover and in the interior. If we are lucky, they may glance at the first few lines of a story and find themselves unable to put down this particular bit of exciting fiction--truly a new adventure in reading.

He then goes on to discover something else he has never had the pleasure of noticing--the countless fanzines floating around all parts of the U.S., the United Kingdom, and Canada.

From this point he is on his own. After paging through about ten such publications he finds himself being torn between comic books and honest to God fiction. He makes his decision to stick with adult fiction and surpasses his fellow classmates who, by the way, are still trying to learn to read.

We lose quite a few fans when they pronounce the word fugghead wrong and get a stiff punishment from their parents.

He is scared not only of our conventions but of those who attend. What would happen if he attended one and found himself lost among guys who all seem to know each other? What should he do now? He wanders aimlessly throughout the city wondering how he could make such a big mistake and come in the first place.

He doesn't know where to go, what things to see, what events to attend. He doesn't know anyone there. He is lost in a world of never-ending activity. He doesn't seem to realize that science fiction fans are basically friendly.

All of these things add up to one huge complex against science fiction on the part of the fan. He is no longer a fan and he again enters the world outside, never again to return to the fold.

Again, I would like to caution all newcomers to the marvelous world of science fiction not to judge it from first appearances. Give it time to get used to you. Correspond with others. Find out what goes on behind the tough exterior science fiction fandom puts on.

Please, for your own sake, don't just peer through the keyhole. Open the door and gaze upon the world that countless numbers shun, but still exists with a following larger than ever.

Tear yourself away from your comic books for a minute and read one of the stories of today which are destined to be the classics of tomorrow.

STRANGE FRUIT —

Received and noted: THE DINKY BIRD #2, (Berman), ASP #1, (Donaho)

KIPPLE #25 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland - monthly - 15¢) Just the "Quotes and Notes" and the lettercolumn, this time. The loss of Ted White's column has hurt, not so much because the column itself was outstanding (though it was always fairly good) but because KIPPLE needs some "outside" material to balance it and the last couple of issues have lacked it. It's still good, though the letter-writers (even more than the editor) seem determined to turn it into a political journal with small connection to science fiction. Ted still comments on stf, but seldom gets a rise out of his readers on the subject, and in this case the lettercolumn makes the mag. Rating....6

CRY #160 (Cry, Box 92, 507 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 25¢) This is an excellent fanzine. (I have to say that; Buz mentions me as a possible TAFF candidate....I don't object to writing con reports, Buz; it's just the publishing and reading that I dislike. If I write one, then someone else can publish it and I won't have to read it.) Elinor has an exceptionally good column. (The difference between an Ace Star and an ordinary Ace book, Elinor, is usually 15¢.) John Berry's fiction isn't very good, but Buz' parody is excellent, and his column is pretty good too, though they didn't really need to include two copies of it in my mag. Lettercolumn doesn't seem quite as gay and bubbling as usual, though. Rating....8

FICCION CIENTIFICA Y REALIDAD #2 (Hector Pessina, Casilla de Correo 3869, Correo Central, Buenos Aires, Argentina - no price or schedule noticed) Commonly I do not review foreign language fanzines, but Juanita translated some of this for me (occasionally interrupting the translation to roll on the floor and chortle madly). After a serious editorial and extremely serious constructive club activities, we get into movie reviews. The movies are things like "Brain From Planet Arous" (exporting this sort of thing will set Latin-American relations back 10 years) and the general tone of the reviews is remarkably similar to Gene DeWeese's YANDRO column, which explains Juanita's unseemly hilarity. There are fictional items and articles (one of them on Japanese stf, by Den Yoshimitsu), and a stf quiz. The mag appears to be printed, with a nice two-color cover, neat but not gaudy layout, and no illustrations. Anyone want to practice their Spanish? Special Interest

RACKHAMART (John Rackham, 103 Clem Attlee Ct., London S.W. 6, England - one-shot - no price - published by Daphne Buckmaster) Rackham, feeling that fanzine artwork lacks "imagination and inventiveness" has tried to correct the error with a bevy of nudes. Very well done, too, though on the whole I prefer Prosser or Bo Stenfors. I can't say that I find it particularly imaginative or inventive, but it's rather pretty, and worth inquiring about. And for you editors who need artwork, why not try Rackham? He's better than the fannish average. Special Interest

~~~~~  
 "You're fired, Stalin! Turn in your grave!" .....Lewis Grant

THE BAUM BUGLE, Vol.6#1 (Fred Meyer, 1620 First Ave. South, Escanaba, Michigan - \$2 per year - 3 issues per year) The \$2 includes membership in the International Wizard of Oz Club, tho I haven't the vaguest idea of what members receive in benefits besides the fanzine. This issue is devoted primarily to a discussion of foreign editions of the Oz books, and various news notes (one of which I see I should have read before writing Meyer this morning. Oh well....) Special Interest

PANIC BUTTON #8 (Les Nirenberg, 1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ont., Canada - 25¢ - quarterly) Devoted to odd and satiric humor and occasional Serious Constructive Thoughts On Mankind. I don't know if the fact that Les offers to pay cash for humorous contributions but not for serious ones reflects his opinion of their relative worth, or not. Not a bad issue; Norm Clarke's column sort of makes up for Les's infatuation with bad modern verse and the unfunny Rike cartoons (I hope you didn't pay much for those, Les). I suppose Don Arioli is regarded as the living end by some; he reminds me of a professional humorist I dislike, and whose name mercifully escapes me at the moment. Mike Deckinger's expose of HUAC is good but contains little new material for fandom. Worth getting, but doesn't seem as good as last issue. Special Interest

MENACE OF THE LASFS #44 (Bruce Pelz, 738 So. Mariposa, #107, Los Angeles 5, California - bi-weekly - 6 for 50¢) The amusing musings of the Los Angeles club scribe, laughingly termed "Minutes of the Meeting".

JD-ARGASSY #59 (Lynn Hickman, 224 So. Dement Ave., Dixon, Illinois - 25¢ - irregular, to say the least) Featured this issue is Redd Boggs' article on WILD WEST WEEKLY -- I'll have you know, sir, that I started reading stf to get away from westerns; I'll thank you to avoid bringing the two media in contact. There is a beautiful artfollio by Dave Prosser, Lynn and Rosemary Hickey review books, and Lynn makes a few general comments on stf. (Such as praising Avalon Books....I can't really dispute him, since I've never purchased an Avalon book, but then there is the fact that I have no intentions of ever purchasing an Avalon book as long as they continue their present policies....) Nicely done, with more literary comment than most fanzines have these days. Rating.....6

SATHANAS #3 (Richard Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan - irregular - 25¢) But he prefers trades and letters of comment and admits to overpricing the mag to discourage subscribers. A long item by the editor, on the theme that the USA is well down the road to totalitarianism. He makes a good case, too. (But you missed one point, Dick; the Catholic Church would emphatically not "welcome" State control of religion. Religious control of the State, yes; but that's a different matter.) Deckinger's article on how to give Avram Davidson good advice is quite enjoyable. Rating....5

THE TWILIGHT ZINE #6 (Bernard Morris, c/o MITSFS, room 50-020, Mass. Inst. of Tech., Cambridge 39, Mass. - no price or schedule listed) More filk songs, some of which are great. I'm going to take "The Spanish Inquisition" in and show it to our Catholic engineer (that is, he is a Catholic and an engineer; he doesn't engineer Catholics). There is an article on time travel by Rudolph Preisendorfer (oh, come now...) and various other material by Fritz Leiber and Isaac Asimov and some lesser known cats. Rating.....5

SALAMANDER #2 (Fred Patten, 5156 Chesley Ave., Los Angeles 43, Calif. - bi-monthly - 25¢) It seems that this was the fanzine which had the information about the university (it turns out to be UCLA) which has begun to collect stf promags and fanzines. More comments in this issue. Some good book reviews (except that I disagree with them, utterly), a long and good letter column, and various other items. Looks like this might become the best West Coast fanzine. Rating....6

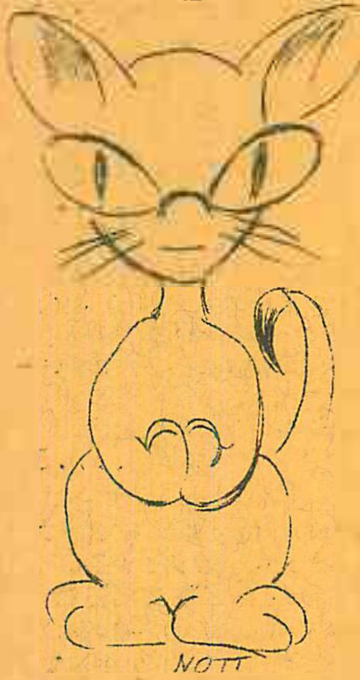
GAUL Vol2#2 (Steve Tolliver, 337 W. Riggin, Monterey Park, Calif. - quarterly - 25¢) People keep telling me that Gaul has a remarkable fey charm, and I keep replying "Hanh?" This time, however, I did get a resounding belly-laugh out of Lyn Hardv's comments on the hazards of telephoning in California, and a sage nod of agreement on his opinion of John Dickson Carr. Remaining material is interesting enough but didn't particularly hit me. Rating....5

DOCTOR PLANTAGENET (John Wolfson, 204 Park St., New Haven, Conn. - one-shot - \$1.00) This was published by the GAUL crew and distributed to GAUL subscribers and N'APA members, which is how I got one. It is 59 pages of fantasy play (which has been performed at least once at Harvard). I'm not quite sure whether it's supposed to be Satiric or Significant; it may even be Satirically Significant. At any rate, I'm sure it will be welcomed by all forward-thinking Creative Artists. (As for me, after the first few pages I started reading every second or third page; it made just as much sense that way.) Special Interest

ORION #29 (Ella Parker, but send US subs to Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline, So. Bend 14, Ind., and UK subs to Ted Forsyth, 11 Ferndale Rd., London, S.W.4 - 15¢ or 1/0 - quarterly) For serious fans, George Locke gives a sort of summary of 19th Century science fiction. John Berry produces still another true ~~story~~ tale of the Irish Constabulary, Roberta Gray writes of a wedding which if not fiction is at least fantastic, and Ella and the letter-writers have at each other manfully (and womanfully, I suppose....) Rating....6

AXE #25B and #26 (Larry and Noreen Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, New York - mostly bi-monthly - 10¢) 25B is the impressive section of the Annish, impressively late. It's really worth waiting for, however; Walt Willis on US tourist literature is wonderful, James Blish's plea (vain, I'm afraid) for an award for the stf opera "Aniara" is moving and all sorts of other writers get into the act. The editorial and letter column furnish good examples of both tactlessness and rudeness; too bad I did not have this issue to point to when I wrote my last editorial. #26 reverts to the normal newsletter format; biggest news being that Willick is dropping the Fan Awards. (I can't gloat, though, because he is dropping them because of personal attacks, and not because he has come to see The Light. Oh well, I told him at the start that fans would be for the awards; the one thing that a fan loves above all else is a chance to pat himself on the back.) Rating....8

I don't want to run these on anotherpage, so the rest of the fanzines I received will be held until next issue for review. At the moment there are 10 zines in the group, but more come in every day. RSC



# GRUMBLINGS

NOTE: Arnold Kruger, 12 Greening Cres., Islington, Ont., Canada, wants to buy, beg, borrow, or steal a copy of PANIC BUTTON #7.

LES NIRENBERG: Was there some Inner reason for publishing Geo Barr's illo of a barfing bem over Mike Deckinger's piece? I think that you were subconsciously predicting the reactions of readers... at least it was true in my case.

/What makes you think it was subconscious?-JWC/

GEORGE BARR: Have you seen the latest sword and sorcery epic called "The Magic Sword"? If you haven't, don't bother. It has one or two good

scenes but most of it is aimed at the six or seven year old level, so what little is good in it isn't worth the tripe you have to sit through. But it did have one line which turned out to be best piece of unintentional humor I've heard in ages. Young St. George is presented with the magic sword. He grasps its phallic-shaped handle, swings it around a bit and enthuses: "It feels like a part of my own body!"

Haven't read NAKED TO THE STARS yet, so I can't comment on Ted White's column. But I can disagree with Greg Calkins a bit. I've never read the stories from which LONG AFTERNOON OF EARTH was compounded, so all of it was new to me. I found it, though a trifle slow and disjointed, genuinely humorous and entertaining. I was a bit disappointed in some of his characterizations and the ending, but it was only because I would have written it differently. And of course, I'm no writer. And, if he had done what I'd have done, I've had known everything before it happened and probably not enjoyed the book at all. I've read hundreds of books I liked better, but I do feel it deserves better than just being called a flop.

I'm sure everyone's going to call you on repeating that interlineation about Herod, so I won't even mention it.

/ Everyone did...RSC/

Incidentally, I hope Deckinger doesn't construe my little illo as an opinion of his story in #110. I rather liked that piece.

/ Something for everybody, and all that jazz....JWC/

ROY TACKETT: Let me point out to Lewis Grant that neither Esperanto nor Interlingua nor any other artificial language is going to be the international language. It is going to be English. Going to be? Pfu! It is English. Buck, you caught this in your review of DYNATRON 10. English is the language used as an intermediary all over the world these days. In Asia, for example, international contracts are drawn up in the official languages of the contracting countries and with an additional copy in English so that it will be understandable to both parties. English is a required subject in schools in Japan, China, Russia, and Ger-

many to name just a few. The government of India recently backtracked on its plan to make Hindi the official language for the entire country and said that since English was now in use as the intermediary language between the umpteen dozen linguistic groups of that country it would remain that way for an indefinite period to come. Yassuh, Lewis, if you are studying Esperanto or Interlingua, quit wasting your time.

The cover--I should think those starfish would be rather painful. After all, the suction applied by the starfish is powerful enough to open an oyster, no easy trick that, and, well....like oysters have hard shells.

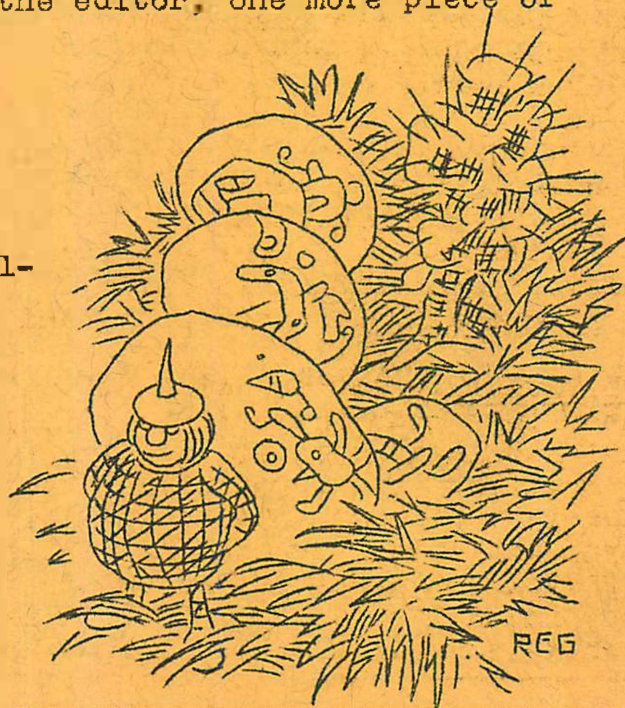
I'm trying to picture this new dance, "the Fan". Undoubtedly it will have such features as making rotary motions with the right hand--to simulate cranking a mimeo-- , holding the forearms out from the body and wiggling the fingers--to simulate typing--and quick dashes about the floor--to simulate dodging process servers.

Hey, now, I find myself in agreement with Ted White. On just about everything he had to say in this installment of "The Wailing Wall". I rather enjoyed NAKED TO THE STARS but thought that as a rebuttal to STARSHIP TROOPERS it was a failure. I haven't read THE STAR DWELLERS and after reading Blish's stories in the May F&SF and the latest GALAXY I doubt that I shall. After reading those two monstrosities I've sworn off Blish. After swearing at him, that is. Blish asked in WARHOON a while back "Is anybody listening?" Yeah, but all I heard was gibberish.

But I have strayed. Ted says what I've said several times that too much of present day stf fails to qualify as stories. The authors are ambidextrous in the handling of words but they are not story tellers. Juanita, you say that this stuff is aimed at the emotions but the only emotion it rouses in me is anger.

/ You got any proof that mermaids don't have harder shells? I'll allow Blish a few experiments; I can always go back and re-read "Testament of Andros" and "Surface Tension". RSC/

ANTONIO DUPLA: In 110 another astonishing cover, and lately you have been running them very good near every issue. But afterwards come: over the lamentable news of the illness of the editor, one more piece of fiction about hips and squares as if from Kerouac to Metzger the matter was not exhausted and a nonsensical article of Alan Burns with more holes than a page of Os. The letters take high place. Ebert explains his story as he sees it but yet so I don't think much of it. The best one, and especially for me, Ted White's with your exchange of views about tactlessness in fandom, simply beautiful! And Dodd about ANALOG editorials and letters is absolutely right but too short as the thing deserves a good writer, as himself, developing the matter at large. Interesting SaM but as it seems I am not this night in a polemic mood and the letter is going to be late I let the matter there.



Only to add that to a newcomer it seems at least risky to make a straight negative comment on some thing that he dislikes when reading it and then finding that the author has been offended or, worse, that is a charming person that later one knows better and feel sorry of what one has said. For you who know well one another, and with this to what extent you can get in your comments all is easier and without those risks. So, what I do say is that if any time someone feels wronged by me is all said with a good and pickwickian intention.

[/ I think this latter point is something one is bound to run into when coming into any new ingrown group, fandom, or what have you. A neo in any fandom is almost bound to make a number of faux pas (falsse pas?) ...avoidable only by not saying anything, which is rather dull. The only recourse is to simply take a deep breath and plunge in, promising yourself privately that fear of losing face is irrational and immature. Naturally the outspoken or more talkative individual will have a red face more often, but he will learn more quickly; the trick should be a careful course midway between timidity and recklessness. Every fan who has been in the field for a while can remember certain embarrassing mistakes from his neoish days.....I once called Joel Nydahl on misspelling "fued", but I learned. The older fan who stomps the neo for making a mistake in ignorance is the older fan not worth bothering with in the first place. JWC/

ROBERT BRINEY: Recent films: WORLD IN MY POCKET, an imitation RIFIFI-SEVEN THIEVES which is still worth seeing for its visual-shock ending, and for the presence of Nadja Tiller. THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES, worth seeing for the scenery, the special-effects involving the colossus (which doesn't look fake at all), and for the large glops of sadism and violence which have been shoehorned into the plot. THE SIEGE OF SYRACUSE, which was billed at a local theater as

SEE!! TINA LOUISE

ARCHIMEDES' SECRET WEAPON!

Comment on the effectiveness of Blish's THE STAR DWELLERS as a reply to Heinlein: until reading Ted White's column in YANDRO I hadn't realized that it was supposed to be a reply. It merely impressed me as a well-done, if somewhat old-fashioned juvenile, about on a par with lesser Norton or Nourse.

On the other hand, NAKED TO THE STARS was immediately recognizable as a reply to Heinlein. Like all replies, it had the disadvantage of coming after the thing it replied to; and when the latter was a Heinlein novel, that's an awful big handicap to start out with.

ALFRED McCOY ANDREWS: Phil Harrell's "Out, damned spot!"....Mr. Clean, really broke me up. It was short and punchy...strange...if I say that about his written line it is quite a complimentary thing, BUT if I were to say: "It was short and punchy, like its author," it uglies up the whole context doesn't it.

Calkins' conclusion in re the solution to the problem of fall-out & blast shelters and "to build or not to build, that is the question" was quite amusing. Perhaps it is a grim subject to find amusing and a serious subject to treat so lightly, but I can't bring myself to believe in a large scale atomic holocaust.....I find a full-scale atomic war untenable both theologically and from a standpoint of effective war tactics. From one point, God as Creator would not allow the complete

destruction of mankind and the earthly habitation; and from the other point of view, a war is committed to gain the produce of a land and the productivity of its people, so of what use is a radio-active, non-productive land mass with a dying population to an aggressor?

"My real name is Jehovah, but all my friends call me God." A clever slice at the Tetragrammaton by McLaughlin. Being a Jehovistic man myself I may offer a variation on the theme. "My real name is Jehovah, but all my old friends call me Yahweh." (Yes, Avram, you can substitute Elohim or Adonai as is your want.) Actually, as a little study of ancient history will show, "God" and "Lord" are titles not names, but they are titles which can be used to refer to Jehovah.

/ Trouble is, the next war is likely to be a religious one (Christianity versus Communism) and these are not waged to gain productivity but to stamp out utterly the opposing ideology. I think it's been proved that neither Christians nor Communists are above the use of fire, sword, or fallout to stamp out the respective heathen. RSC --- Besides, it'll most likely be Western style socialistic-democracy and the coexistent-totalitarian Soviets united against the Marxist-to-hell-with-everybody-else-violently Chinese....there are already distinct signs in that direction. JWC/

MAGGIE CURTIS: (Thompson, probably, by the time most readers get this) Ahhh, yesss...Lewis Grant, Jr. "The first large organized group to insist that kings were no better than anybody else, and in fact, everyone is created equal, were the Americans. They went around preaching that the common man, by getting together with a bunch of other common men, could change history, and change it for the better. This was a radically new concept for 1776 and all the years before it." Well now...

I suppose many people have already pointed out the little flaw in this statement, but in case they have ignored it...

Ever heard of a little town called Sparta? It qualifies as a large organized group, simply on the grounds that it was about as large an organized group as any other in Greece at that time. What happened was apparently that one of their rulers thunk up a constitution--sort of on the "well, let's try this" basis and put it into effect. And it worked. It worked longer, better, and with fewer changes than the other Grecian poleis constitutions did. And it was admired by just about everybody, though the thought was "you wouldn't want to live there." Everybody was just as equal as could be, except for the local slaves--who just weren't anybody--who were considered an enemy, as a matter of fact; war was declared annually on the slaves--who weren't "Spartans". Everyone ate the same place and time and food; everyone was subject to controls. One of the kings, on his return from a victorious campaign--of some months--requested permission to eat at home with his wife that night; he was turned down. "You're no better than the rest of us," they said, and he had to eat at public mess with the others....Can you see that happening to Glenn or Kennedy? Or Lincoln? Or Washington?

SETH JOHNSON: I'm going to quote a paragraph from March 3 Sat Eve Post and let you look it up for yourself if you're interested. The article is by Margaret Mead and somehow I wish someone would confront the proed panel with it at one of the Worldcons. Should be an interesting discussion.

"Science fiction, which has done so much to prepare boys for understanding and participating in scientific activity is almost entirely written in profound ignorance of human beings as the poet, the novelist, or the social scientist know them. So most girls are repelled by Science Fiction and the gap in scientific understanding between boys and girls widens, in spite of higher general education for both."

Personally, I question if sf is all that influential or read by enough youth to be effective even if it did have the effect of arousing interest in science. Yet the fact remains that the overwhelming majority of fans are male.

/ It takes an exceptional female in our society to rise above the conditioning that says that "nice" women are not interested in such vulgar fields as science--or anything with the word "science" connected with it. RSC/

E.E. EVERS: More power to Barr. He not only shows Jesus' pectoral muscles and pictures him as a lusty barbarian, he does it without sacrilege. I hearby defend him in the face of cries of heresy, blasphemy, bad taste that are sure to come. He shows a powerful and beneficent figure, kind of a drawing of a Noble Savage. What else is a man without sin supposed to look like? Is the Son of God supposed to look like a before ad?

ED BRYANT: I particularly enjoyed the excerpts you culled from your Service Armament Company catalog since I've recently seen a like item. It was in a catalog that I purchased for Alan Dodd and came from a company specializing in war souvenirs. In the German medals section, there was printed an affidavit to be filled in & signed by anyone wishing to order these medals. The upshot of the thing was that only people believing devoutly in Lincoln, Mother, Apple Pie, and the True American Way of Life were eligible to buy those nasty Nazi relics. It was a regular loyalty oath.

PHIL HARRELL: Gad! This Leo M. Carroll sounds like a kindred soul. I have some the damndest things happen to me that wouldn't dream of happening to anyone else; who else can be emptying a vacuum cleaner bag and just as they get a great cloud of dust out have the wind shift...or who else can turn their head a split second and by some quirk of fate walk into the owner of the store with a 16 ounce paper cup of water...or who else can have the bottom of their coffee cup drop off when they pick it up and splatter everyone in a five foot radius...or who else can trip the manager with a vacuum cleaner cord...or get a shoe horn stuck so firmly in a customer's shoe that they have to cut the back of the shoe open so they can relieve the pressure...demonstrate how solidly a heel is put on a shoe and have it come off in their hand. I could go on but I weep easily.

/ Perhaps there is a fannish syndrome of strange accident proneness... losing a toenail because you dropped a beer can on it, or a can of mimeo ink (same size and weight), stabbing oneself accidentally with a stylus, running one's hand through the roller on the mimeo while hand feeding paper, and of course Bruce managing to acquire a lovely scar on his upper lip by taking too great an interest in tape recording when he was younger and toppling forward face first onto some of the sharper controls. JWC/

MIKE DECKINGER: When I first encountered the Ebert story that has been raising Cain in the lettercol I had no idea what he was referring to. I was able to detect the inferences to some sort of carnival background, the presence of the rides and the midway, etc. etc. But beyond that, the identity of the main character, and of the situation he was in was completely masked in doubt. But this did not, in any way, detract from the basic enjoyment I derived from the story. As Juanita points out, it pretty fairly hinges on the matter of communication. When a writer literally shoves a story at someone, plot, characters, denouement etc. etc., he is taking the easy way out, in his failure to write a story, rather than relate a series of connecting incidents.

I don't like reading something that precludes the necessity for me to use my imagination or common sense; that, in a sense, says I don't have the proper mental capacity to comprehend what the writer is saying. and so in deference to me (and the other readers) the writer is making it crystal clear so we can't help to spot the plot. Perhaps grade school students need this sort of writing to help develop their powers of reasoning and deduction. Most adult readers do not.

/ But there are so few adult readers, readers capable of reading on an adult level. My lit teacher used to say the really good things were always designed for at least two readings - first for the story, and second for the art, design, structure, theme. If you could get everything on the first reading, it wasn't a very high level of writing.... quite enjoyable perhaps and entertaining, but hardly literature..JWC/

JUNE BONIFAS: The sentence you quoted from the technical literature reminded me of Mark Twain's description of a sentence in German. I believe it was in A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR. He said, approximately, "The German dives into an Atlantic Ocean of words, and you do not see him again until he emerges on the other side with the verb in his mouth." Yet English sentences often conform, rather surprisingly, to the supposedly artificial German rules of word-order. I am thinking particularly of the rule that the verb or copula is the second element of the sentence, declarative sentence, that is. Consider, for example, "Happy is the man who..." and "Hardly had he done this when..."

/ Then there are Juanita's sentences, which don't seem to correspond to any rules of word-order.....RSC

They do too - mine. JWC/

FRED W. ARNOLD: I see that you got in your usual critical word on JWC jr. I also see that the upper left-hand part of your contents page looks a lot like the upper left-hand corner of his cover of a few years back. It seems to consist of the sort of symbols electricians use in their house wiring schematics. I see a push button (or is it a circuit breaker) and maybe a lighting fixture but the logic of the thing is obscure. Could this be what Leibowitz's schematic looked like after a few centuries of monastic copying?

In STRANGE FRUIT you say to Dave Hulan - "A Negro has been refused a hotel room at a Midwestcon, and I was with her at the time." Now, some fuggheaded fan is sure to write to you and tell you that her race had nothing whatever to do with the case, that in fact it was your fault. If you had taken the elementary precaution of picking up a

cheap wedding ring beforehand there would have been no problem. But I wouldn't say a thing like that. Not me!

/ But there were two white, male fans with her, and one wedding ring just won't cover this sort of situation. The symbol is what a Honeywell wiring diagram looks like after a couple of days of Coulson copying...RSC/

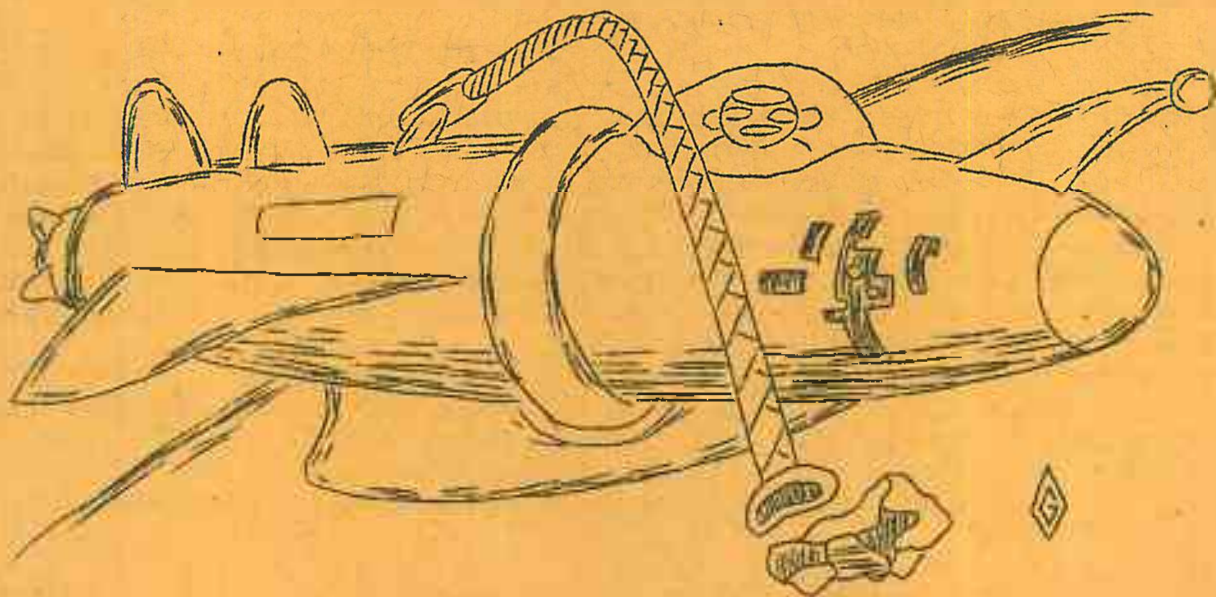
FRED MEYER: Mr. W.B. Thorsen of The American Book Collector is giving serious consideration to an issue devoted to L. Frank Baum. This will probably come out in November. As perhaps you know, this magazine will have a science-fiction issue in September in time for the Chicago convention.

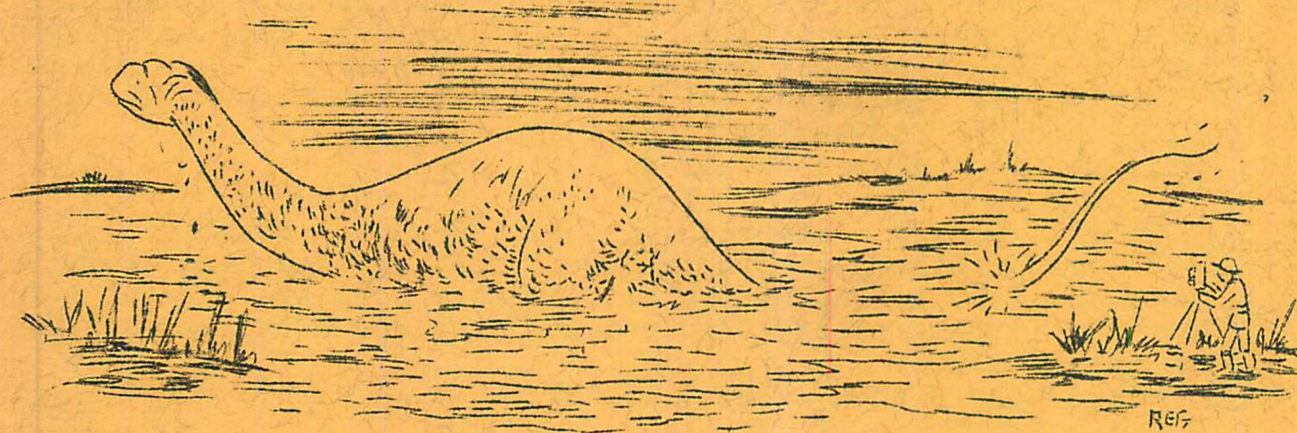
ETHEL LINDSAY: Yes this business of trying to retain a culture whilst advancing it is a tricky one. It ought not to be beyond the ingenuity of man to figure out some way. For this way only leads to a militant nationalism at some stage or another, and the remnants of the culture that is left are rarely of any great value. Usually they are the outward trappings - like the Scottish kilt. With fast communication getting faster all the time, soon it will be one world to all outward appearances. I think it will be deadly dull then. As it is I notice that go to the North of Scotland then go to the South of England - and there you will find exactly the same trinkets and mementoes for you to take home with you. Churned out like wax images.

/ Okay, there's a free plot for some budding author. Just work out a plausible solution and you're all set for a sale to ANALOG..RSC/

DAVE HULAN: I hope you keep Ted White appearing in YANDRO as often as possible. "The Wailing Wall" is the best book review column I've seen in a fanzine to date. The fact that White's opinions are almost always in accord with my own has nothing to do with it, of course....

"Night Questions" doesn't make much sense, and he so consistently tries to rhyme non-rhyming syllables (i.e. sing-brings, knows-flow, see-flees) that it looks almost deliberate, but the whole thing flows along nicely and has some evocative image-words. I enjoyed it, even if





I don't know what it meant.

This bomb/fallout shelter controversy which has been going on in most fanzines practically ever since I've been in fandom reminds me - have you read the latest SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN? There's a most interesting article in it by Blackett (British Nobel prize winner in physics, probably best-known in fandom for being the source of the spin-magnetism-gravity equation on which Blish based the spindizzy) which indicates that the Soviets have only built their nuclear forces up to the retaliatory level, which essentially means that (a) they aren't planning a surprise nuclear attack on us, and (b) if they should start slinging the hot stuff, it would probably only be at the major cities, and most likely only bombs in the 10-megaton-down range. If this is true, it means that it would behoove anyone who lived outside the 25 or so largest cities to build some sort of fallout shelter-it might quite possibly come in useful. In any case, I recommend the article to all fans. I find that most people are far too prone to think in terms of what is the worst thing that could happen, rather than what is likely to happen in view of the known situation, and then to base all their action and talk on this worst-possible eventuality. Blackett's article contains much good sense, I think.

JOHN JACKSON: Gad, I see you too are starting in. Dave Hale said the same thing to me about REB. He said I should try to get rid of the gold paper, and try some new experiments in repro...try to get away from the YANDRO type. Now you come in with the same general thing. Because of my repro, the zine looks like it's been put out by some BNF or something, but since the material (so you say) isn't that good, ~~fen~~ are disappointed. Hell, do you want me to turn to ditto, or something, so it will look like it's been put out by a 10-year-old, so you can be pleasantly surprised when the material isn't that bad? Growf, spit, slash...Well, REB #3 will be on white paper, multilithed, so that should shut somebody up. Now who will I be like?

/ Well, I didn't mean it quite that way.....tell you what, next time I won't say a word about the reproduction. RSC/

LARRY CRILLY: On page 9 you say, in referring to Laumer's work: "I don't think Bulmer could write that bad..." If you're talking about Laumer's Retief series in IF, you're wrong about it being bad. It's

straight mystery-thriller stuff, lifted on an interplanetary scale, and really easy to read. If you've been having as much trouble wading thru some "stories" in various mags as I have, you should welcome the return to stories that have no purpose except entertainment.

By the way, why is issue #109 Vol. X, #2, while issues #110 and 111 are Vol. X, #8 and 9? You trying to pull something?

/ No, we just get confused occasionally....RSC/

VIC RYAN: This is really a startling issue, you know. Firstly, you sign your editorial with "Your obedient servant", or something disguised as that; then you give a fanzine you deliberately term typical (AD ASTRA, a rating of "6"; is this to say that you now consider a typical fanzine to be about that stature?

/ Fanzines are better than ever.....RSC/

REDD BOGGS: Has anybody noticed yet that Ted White is becoming one of the best of fan-critics? I noticed it, even though I'm slightly bemused to discover that Ted wished De Camp were writing stories like "Divide and Rule," "The Stolen Dormouse," and "Solomon's Stone," none of which I was ever able to finish. I agree with him, though, about the science fiction of Marion Z. Bradley and Keith Laumer. Laumer's surely an American and quite probably has been in the diplomatic service; both "Worlds of the Imperium" and "Retief of the Red-Tape Mountain," his most ambitious yarns to date, have concerned life in the consular or foreign service, and exhibit an inside knowledge of such a career.

Would "Messiah" fandom really publish a fanzine with Jesus on the cover? Offhand I don't remember any science fiction fanzine with a picture of Einstein or of Newton on the cover. If "Messiah" fansom followed the pattern, it wouldn't even picture Handel himself on their fanzine cover, but might picture some prominent "Messiah" fans in cartoon form or a well-undraped angel caroling the Hallelujah chorus. Barr thinks Handel, Bach, "and a lot of Brahms" (a rather strange grouping there) is "Interesting to sing" but he feels "sorry for the people who have to listen." If I had to choose just one composer to listen to for the rest of my life, I'd unhesitatingly choose Bach. Of course, I'd rather not give up the music of other composers, but Bach wrote more that I'd hate to give up than any other composer, including Beethoven, Mozart, and even Richard Rodgers.

Ed Wood says Laney's repudiation of The Acolyte "is about as meaningful as the repudiation of Ray Bradbury's FF...by himself or an author's discarding of his early works." Why, yes, exactly. Bradbury's Futuria Fantasia and, for example, Eugene O'Neill's early plays richly deserved repudiation. The fact that Ed is willing to pay \$1 for various issues of The Acolyte proves nothing about their intrinsic quality. I've heard of people who will pay thousands of dollars for little pieces of colored paper that cost only a few cents at retail.

Ed must be kidding when he says the fanzines of the 1930s were "literally superior to the professional magazines of the time." It might be more accurate to say that one was about as bad as the other. Both prozines and fanzines had their moments of glory, but I don't think any amateur magazine is going to prove itself superior by featuring the prize stories of Amazing Detective Tales, triumphantly revived from the dusty files of that defunct magazine and printed about five years after the contest was held. The fanzines of the 1930s are strong on ephemeral stuff like news-notes and fragmentary biographies of obscure authors.

The fanzines of that era present a grey, Victorian-Sunday world, and I often wonder what might have happened if a Charles Burbee, Terry Carr, or Bob Leman had attempted to let some light and color into that world. Julius Schwartz would probably have quietly fainted to receive the MS of "I Was the Captain of a Spaceship." Bob Tucker, hardly the Bob Tucker of later years, came briefly into that world and had to die and be reborn later to find his proper milieu.

/ Perhaps I would care more for Bach if I hadn't had to study umpteen different things by him on the piano in my student years. Great for developing dexterity and control, naturally, but the thing one is required to do, even on mastering an instrument one loves, leaves a sour taste for that composer ever after. I acquired from my study of Bach some fancy fingering and a permanent conviction that everything the man wrote was a piano exercise, or organ, or some sort of instrument's practise session..JWC/

TED WHITE: I don't believe I've ever printed any single Seth Johnson letter in its entirety, but after all, two pages of Seth Johnson is a bit strong for any fanzine. On the other hand, when I've printed his letters, I've never shorn any of his statements from their supporting arguments. Seth writes in short paragraphs, rarely more than a paragraph per topic. I have edited out dull topics, but when I printed "Who is Lee Hoffman?", believe me, that's all he wrote. Likewise his other most famous topic, "Why don't I dump all my artists and get Barbi Johnson?" has never been abbreviated. When Larry McCombs was here, I dug out my complete file of VOIDS, and went through them for Johnson letters. I also dug out his last letter and showed Larry exactly how it was edited. Larry had to agree with me that the reports of our dealings with Seth have been greatly exaggerated--and mostly by Seth. Careful research shows that we have largely printed his letters without comment (and the earliest ones, which drew the most editorial comment, did not present Seth in a bad light), and that our statements about Seth have been mild (in my editorial I said of Seth only "He must be putting us on," while in a fmz review Terry Carr compared him, facetiously, with Willis), and that even our readers have been easy going with him (Lee Hoffman, among others, asked "Who is Seth Johnson?"). Perhaps the only dig at Seth of any depth was Deindorfer's cartoon in V27.

Under the circumstances, I'll have to say that Seth's statement, "Every darn thing he ever pubbed was out of context" is simply and baldly untrue. I think that Seth's memory is playing him false, here, and if necessary I can dig up his old letters to prove it.

Seth has apparently dropped the plaint that I persecute neos (which has been refuted in CINDER) in favor of another piece of self-deception: "Frankly I suspect Ted has equated me as the horrible example of N3F (sic) 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."

I'm familiar with the latter charge, because it is the one Seth has been circulating to his correspondents to buttress his previous charge that I "bite people's heads off." And it just ain't so. As anyone who has ever met me knows, my "snarling" is pretty exclusively restricted to the typewriter, and I am relatively meek and innocuous in person. As far as Seth goes, I have never spoken to him, much less "snarled" at

him.

/ Refer to my comments to Antonio Dupla and you will have a fair comment on my opinion of this misunderstanding. As for the "Who is Lee Hoffman?" question that struck VOID crew and faithful readers as so hilarious, it strikes me as perfectly reasonable. She used to put out QUANDRY, she used to put out CARAVAN, the folk fanzine, she occasionally puts out a FAPazine which I personally find only mildly interesting most of the time, and I met her once at a Midwestcon. To someone not hippped on fannish history and closely with it on the east coast scene, such a question might well have seemed as likely as a question on the identity of any name seen in print and treated with obvious reverence when the person was unknown to the newcomer.

And why don't you get rid of your artists and get Barbi? Not really, because I like most of your artists most of the time.....I like nearly all forms of art, but I feature in YANDRO artists and forms that I personally like the best and have been called numerous uncomplimentary names for doing so and received over the years uncounted blunt suggestions that I get hip and junk my contributors and start fresh with.....supply the names of any particular group of artists dear to the writer's heart that suit..... I didn't consider the suggestions a reflection on the taste of the commenter (though the tone of the suggestions occasionally made me want to recommend a quick dive in a bucket of vinegar).....soft answer, and all that jazz, and the polite "Well, that's your opinion" have worked rather well for me.....JWC/

BOB SMITH: The March issue of YANDRO arrived during the last three weeks sometime, but as I've been away on leave the heavier mail just waited until I got back. ...Next time Deckinger writes something like that little effort how about including a brief glossary of the far-out language used? I am by no means "square" and even dig Shelly Manne and The Bird, but if the entrance to the "Way" is through that garbled, mixed-up kind of prose I'll never make it. Deckinger has been reading some Kerouac, has he..? The Burns' article was interesting, and a welcome change from his "witchcraft" type of material. Of course, after reading Rog Ebert's description of his own story I went back, read it again, and muttered "of course, yeah...now I get it, etc...", but it's too late then, isn't it? Oh well. The only time I had trouble keeping author and book separate was whilst reading Bob Tucker's THE LINCOLN HUNTERS; wasn't just the brief reference to "ghoodminton" or the use of Bloch as a boozy time team member, either, but because I knew he was writing about his own town. Didn't stop me from thoroughly enjoying the book, though. Does Joe Sarno mean that the Latin-American magazine published today resemble the pulps of yesteryear? If so I feel for'em. Science fiction fandom has "evolved" into something that quite possibly doesn't deserve the title anymore, I think, and this may be due to the enormous number of fans corresponding with each other or exchanging fanzines, etc. The science fiction club groups tend to remain predominantly science fiction minded - at least the few that exist in this country appear that way.

Finis