

YANDRO



Published by
Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash,
Indiana, USA, on what we like to imagine is
a monthly schedule.

AUGUST 1962

Price: ENGLAND - 1/3 each, 12 for 12/0
JAPAN - 95 yen each, 12 for 940 yen
USA & ELSEWHERE - 25¢ each, 12 for \$2.50 (second year, 12 for \$2)

BRITISH AGENT: Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England
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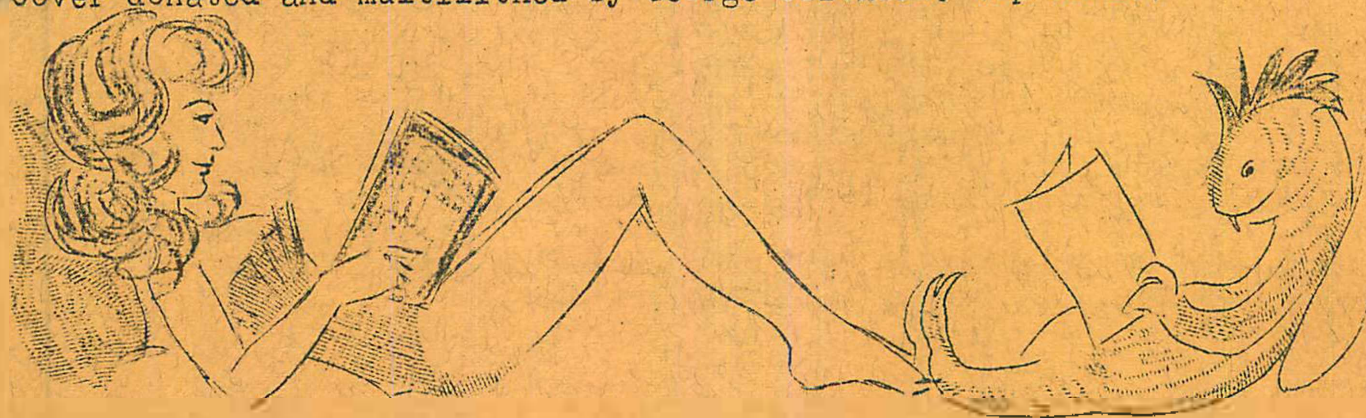
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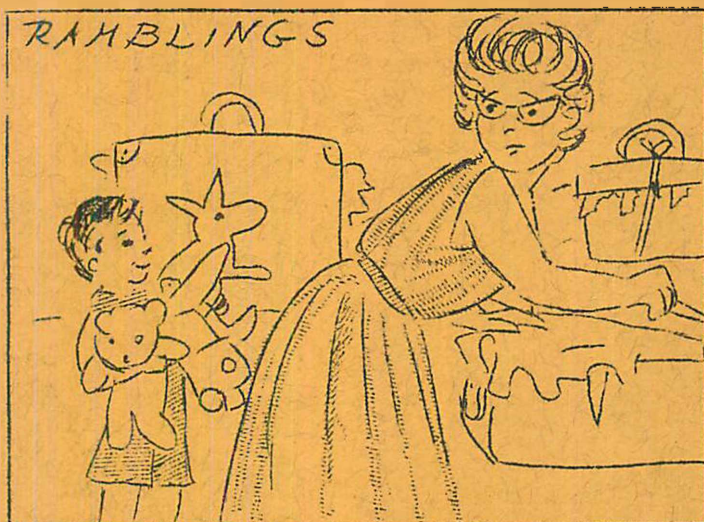
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Cover donated and multilithed by George Scithers. (Up AMRA!)



RAMBLINGS



Since Buck wrote his editorial we've been to a pre-con party in Chicago (assembling this issue has been a long complicated process and at the moment it's almost assured that unless you attend the con, you won't be getting your copy until September...shrug)..... as a result of the party, we feel a bit more cheerful about prospects...

Earl assures us non-attendees of the banquet may still come in and hear the speeches...applause from all us assorted cheapskates... and further we discovered very rea-

sonable rooms at the YMCA Hotel three or four blocks from the con hotel (more reasonable than the Midwescon's North Plaza, in fact).....everyone except the hotel keeps telling us women can't stay there....but all over the place are signs about family rates and like that.....something new, maybe?

In 1846 Dostoevsky hit the Russian market with a little novel entitled THE DOUBLE. It was long in receiving its just due because at that time no one had thought of portraying insanity, accurately, from the inside looking out (Dostoevsky, best described as somewhat unbalanced, was very well acquainted with the phenomena). The most unnerving quality of the novel is its germ of truth; every incident can be seen rationally, as something that happened -- but it is turned inside out and distorted: perfectly normal, casual statements become charged with hidden meanings and plots.....the stupefaction of people to the strange behavior of the protagonist becomes evidence that everyone is "in on the plot". It's a rather terrifying picture, made more effective because the narrator has enough sanity to realize, at times, what is happening, yet is powerless to stop the progress of his descent.

Now fandom has its own little version of THE DOUBLE -- save the literary level is a bit lower -- and further, the author seems to lack even the occasional horrified insight of Dostoevsky's poor victim. Actually, Dostoevsky was dealing with paranoia and schizophrenia, while A TRIP TO HELL by D. Bruce Berry under Jennings' Frank shows little sign of personality disintegration, but plenty of lost contact with reality. The thing reads like a case record from a psych clinic -- the textbooks abound with shorter versions of just this sort of thing. It's all there: attributing deep significant meaning to commonplace remarks by others; assuming a great nebulous collection of plotters whose lives revolve around doing the sufferer wrong; pride in his "exceptionally accurate memory and ability to cite conversations precisely months after the events" (even when statement after statement possesses holes one could sail a battleship through.....anyone in the Midwest remember a midwescon being held in Indiana in 1958?)....

Rather a classic case, and

it's sort of frightening that he's wandering around loose.

Pathetic....I rather liked his art work.

Ordinarily we subscribe to the Fort Wayne Journal Gazette - hardly a metropolitan newspaper....we were amused by some of the lighthearted feature articles and pleased by the amount of national and world coverage.....We hadn't realized just how homey a paper could get. Recently we took out a short term subscription to the Wabash paper in order to get school opening date announcements and that sort of thing. An unexpected bonus was the unjournalistic and folksy tone of much of the local news. A standard item is a short column titled "Police Briefs"....presumably the day's tote from the headquarter's blotter...and it is worded exactly as uttered, with a charming graphic quality: "Received a call from Mrs. John Doe on Stitt saying a man was sleeping in the alley behind her house. Officers found a drunk and told him to go home and sleep it off"; "Service station owner on Manchester Ave complained to police the owner of a white station wagon was giving him a rough time"; residents on Canal Street complained of a loud radio - officers stopped at the house and told the owner to knock it off".....and like that. Sort of a pleasant novelty to discover a paper unregimented by standard journalistic practise, even though the reporting from any area beyond the county border is best described as sketchy.

Illo on page 22 is an experiment. Lo a while back I sent a curious card to Bjo wanting to know what was with this mention of Brush stencils and back came several full stencils and scraps and the goop and instructions and I finally worked up my courage to try the stuff. I think I have a ways to go in perfecting the technique.....though I found the effect rather interesting. It is tricky and deceptive stuff, hard to judge....it either goes on too lightly or all over the place. It is a form of acid which is brushed onto the stencil and then blotted off...presumably where it has been painted it's porous....but not always, for me. Further reports on this as we go along.

The latest Tarzan picture is going the local rounds, and one of the Fort Wayne t-v stations had as guest Jock Mahoney, the new Tarzan. This is one of those informal chat affairs, sports jacket, light trousers...no loincloth. Mahoney is an entertaining and willing speaker, and listening was quite enlightening, even if I'm not a Tarzan fan. He has re-read the Burroughs books (strong stomach, this fella) and insisted on the erudition and fluency of Lord Ereystoke, and as a former stunt man he vetoed a few of the wilder fancies of the director...such as wrestling a tiger bare handed.....Mahoney considered this patently impossible, even for a fantasy, and apparently won his argument in favor of at least a leopard as more a believable size animal. He should be able to do the stunts required, at least....although the Tarzan of my childhood memory shall probably always be Wismuller - inarticulate, paunchy, and non-acting, but to a non-swimmer anyone who can make like that fleshly motorboat is something to be admired.

It is as of now August 29th....and I have been making out lists and lists and lists and I wonder just what it will be that I will remember I forgot to include -- probably about the time we hit the Tri-State Tollway?.....tomorrow, I fondly hope, Marion Bradley will make a pre-con stopover for fannish talk and resting up for the long ordeal... and Friday we start our usual zigzaggy route undertaken for any world con - (not always the same route, but always zigzaggy) - up to Silver Lake to the dog sitter's, back to Wabash for the suitcases, back to Anderson for the baby sitter and to pick up Joe Lee Sanders who's going to Chi from the Greencastle area via Anderson (confusing) and then.... all things willing.....Chicago.....see you in September.....JWC



When the news arrived that Chicago was definitely going to put on the '62 Worldcon, I was immensely pleased. The con would be close to home, it would be run by people I liked personally, and I was looking forward to a great time. Now it is two weeks away, and every Progress Report out of Chicago has diminished my enthusiasm. I'm still looking forward to meeting old and new friends, but I

keep thinking there must be a better way of doing it. I still have a few vague hopes that everything will turn out splendidly and I'll have the time of my life, but they're hopes, not expectations. If the con itself follows the same used-car-salesman approach as the Progress Reports, it's going to be a very expensive method of wasting a weekend.

The other day I acquired a new lp record. This is a documentary, titled "The Space Age", and is a standard 12" lp. The idea was to show the outstanding events of our times, from the 1920s to date. John Charles Daly narrates, and the people and events which the listener hears include the sound of a Model A Ford, the takeoff of a Goddard rocket, the voices of Al Jolson, Rudy Vallee, Mrs. Robert H. Goddard, FDR, Hitler, and King Edward VIII of England, an atomic explosion, the X-15, an electronic digital computer programmed to play music, various industrial noises, Sputniks I and II, and a considerable amount of space devoted to the broadcasts of the Shepard flight, among others. Nothing unusual, you might think -- except that this record was not offered for sale. Instead it was given away by the Raybestos-Manhattan company as part of their advertising. Any of you older fans ever think, back in 1940 (or even 1950) that today an industrial firm would be using rocket noises to promote the sale of asbestos? Sort of a comedown from the glamor of space as depicted in fiction, isn't it? An interesting commentary on the times, though -- and while the record isn't exactly an outstanding achievement, it has some good parts (and it's certainly worth every penny I paid for it.)

The 100th FAPA mailing arrived, in sections, this week. I'm beginning to believe that bad eyesight is a blessing in disguise, after all.

If you should ever happen to meet Mike Haggerty at a fan gathering, give him your name, rank, and serial number.

In the past I have received one or two requests to write something about folk music, since our fanzine titles, column titles, etc., imply that we are at least interested in the stuff. Bowing to this overwhelming demand -- largely because I can't think of anything else to write about at the moment -- I shall dissertate.

One small warning to begin with; I am emphatically not a devotee of the ethnic caterwauling of moronic mountaineers, Brooklyn beatniks, or Scots street ~~halls~~ singers. There are exceptions, but in the main I demand gusto and a good voice before I bother to listen. Jean Ritchie and the Kingston Trio bore me equally.

The item which brought folk music to mind at the moment is the new Elektra sampler, which I picked up last weekend. Titled "The Folk Scene" numbered SMP-6, and priced at \$1.98, it's the biggest folkmusic bargain in ages. Side 2, featuring Bob Grossman, the Limelighters, Theodore Bikel, Cynthia Gooding, Bob Gibson and Sandy Paton provides an assortment of the best folk music you can find at any price. (Oscar Brand also has a hand on that side, but you can't have everything in a sampler.) There are other folk music samplers on the market, put out by Vanguard, Tradition, and Elektra, and they're all cheap ways of finding out which particular singers you happen to like (which is what they're meant to do) but this is the first one which can hold its own with the full-priced recordings strictly on its musical merits.

Altogether we have 18 lp records by Ed McCurdy, who is my ideal as a folksinger --- after listening to McCurdy do a song, it's damned seldom that any other singer's rendition sounds "right" to me. Ed interprets the songs the way I would if I could sing. His best performances have been for Elektra; the early "Blood, Booze 'n Bones" and the recent two-record set (another bargain at \$5 for the set), "A Treasury Of American Folk Song". I wish he'd put out an entire album of lumberjack songs, tho -- I am not going to buy the Paul Clayton version, and while I have seen ads for Ellen Stekert's album, she is just not my idea of a lumberjack.

I got to hear Bob Gibson sing Ewan McColl's ballad, "Springhill Mine Disaster" (from the lp, "Yes, I See") about the same time that Jimmy Dean was making the lower echelons of the hit parade with "Steel Man". They make an interesting contrast; both are composed songs about the Workers, so the contrast between the "folk" and "pop" traditions is easy to make. It's not just that "Springhill Mine" is a better song -- though it is -- the interesting thing is the differences in the way the authors approached the writing of the songs.

Incidentally, does anyone know if Ewan McColl ever recorded his "Lorry Driver" song? I owe a copy to Ken Cheslin, for ruining his taped version while trying to copy it.

I was happy to discover that Ronnie Gilbert -- the only decent voice in the Weavers group -- had recently recorded her first solo record for Vanguard. I think it's worth the money just for her rendition of "The Golden Vanity"; the most rousing performance of that old favorite that I've ever heard (not to mention that it's the only one in which the "little cabin boy" gets his revenge). Her version of "La Quince Brigada" is good, too, though I'm not sure it's safe to say so -- any Birchers in the audience?

By the grace of God and Ken Slater, I'm completing my collection of NEW WORLDS (which I had stopped getting after issue #99), SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES and (I hope) NEBULA. One thing that struck me about the recent NEW WORLDS is the series of "guest editorials" by prominent (and occasionally lesser-known) British (and occasionally American) authors. Unlike most American ventures in this line, the authors dig right in, voicing their pet peeves, suggestions for improving the field, and so on; the sort of thing American authors only get to do in the relative obscurity of the fanzines. Quite often the editorials are more entertaining than the stories -- and, while I still consider SCIENCE FANTASY to be far and away the best sf mag published, NEW WORLDS is at least as good as the best American mags. If they only wouldn't publish Ballard serials..... See you in Chicago. RSC

Missing - Presumed Dead

—fiction by— DAVE JENRETTE

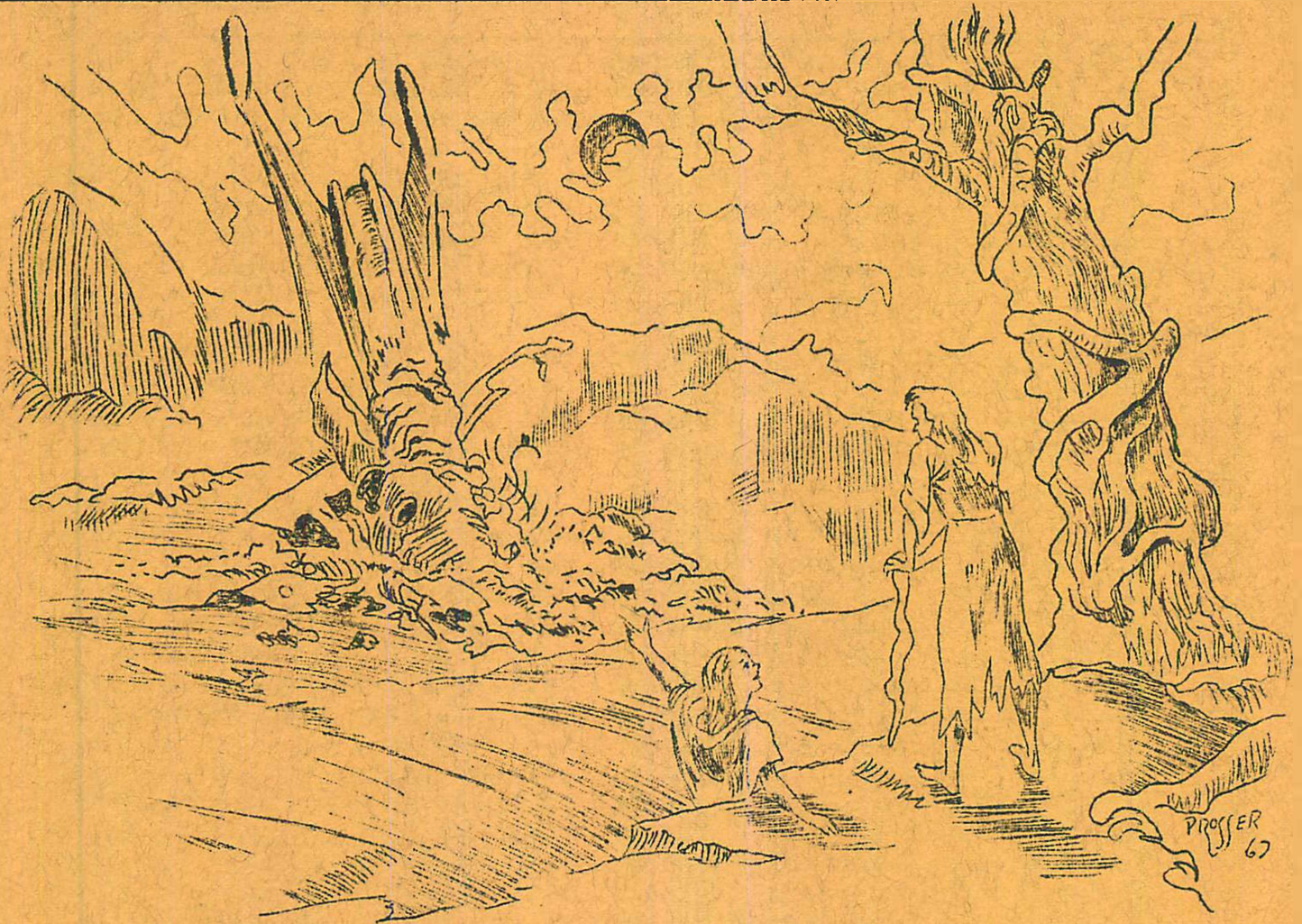
Sam Brent entered the Hall of Life where no earthman had ever trod in the history of Mars. He did not come as the conquering savage with iron-clawed heels to ring upon the marble flags. He came on all fours as came the Martian animals before him.

Sam Brent's back was a mass of blisters and peeling skin from the sun that burned through the inadequate protection of Mars atmosphere. His fingers and toes were dead from frostbite, a reminder of the cold nights. A fever blazed in him and his tongue was swollen in his mouth.

He had come up out of the dead sea bottom, survivor of a spaceship's fall. In the fever-laden moments he had slept the dreams had come to him: vague memories of the death of the space ship, as it fell, over and over, toward Mars. He recalled the shuddering impact and the blood gushing from every orifice in his body; he felt the emotions of terror around him and the screams of men and metal. Somehow he had run from the ship and, seconds later, had seen it erupt in a mountain of flame.

For him it was the end. He knew they would never find him. He had landed in a part of Mars that had not yet even been charted. There was no food, no water, his clothes were in rags, he had possibly serious internal injuries, there were lacerations and bruises on his body. He knew it all, but a man doesn't give up easily.





He had started walking in the night, because it was too cold to rest or sleep. He followed the green star that was the earth until it faded in the sunrise. The sun rose and dispelled the coldness so that Brent was able to sleep at last.

The sun soon burned him awake and made him wish for the chill of the evening. The day showed him there was nothing in the way of landmarks, only powdery, ageold sand. Brent found his feet blistered and walking an agony, but he would not join Mars in its deep sleep, at least, not yet.

It was will alone that sent him onward into the desert-that-had-once-been-an-ocean. His eyes stung from the glare and sand that blew into them, and the diminutive sand storms that brushed away his footprints. There was no vegetation, no life whatever except himself.

His joints were stiff and his vision closed in on him so that it seemed he was looking down a long tunnel. Sweat dried on his body as rapidly as it formed. He cursed the sun that vampirishly sucked the moisture from him, and moved on.

It was no longer stubbornness that moved him. His mind had become blank except for the command that he must not stop. The obsession filled his mind and dominated him completely so that he was no longer a rational creature.

Far off in the distance he thought he saw a rise above the sea bottom, but walk as he might it seemed as though it was no closer.

At sunset he slept several hours. He awoke to find that it was night and that his body was stiff and numb. He was in no pain and realized that he had but to close his eyes once more and he would never open them again.

With great effort he rolled over on his stomach and tried to lift himself onto his hands and knees. His first effort produced no result except to make him realize how little time there must be until the end. He tried again, summoning strength from some hidden reservoir in his body and got to his knees. It was then twenty minutes before he got to his feet.

He realized that he was very near the end, that if he saw the sun rise again it would be a miracle. Yet he determined to live. His only goal was to see the sun once more, the sun that drove away the cold of night. He knew the general direction of the rise he sought and went that way.

Cold such as Brent had never known in his weakened condition assailed him. For a brief ten minutes there was snow, but the wind blew it away before it could strike the ground.

The stars came out cold and brilliant and once again Earth was overhead; the Earth that meant warmth and comfort and food and water; not a tired, wornout world that had been sacked of all its riches in the old days. The stars were cold and awful and frightening and Brent was afraid. He staggered continually onward, a gray haze before his eyes, dimming his vision and damning his senses.

He did not know if he was going the right way or whether he was going in circles. Only that at length he broke and he fell onto the sand and lay in delirium until the bright light of day aroused him. He did not try to move, was only conscious of his being still alive and of how close that thought was to being false.

He forced his sand encrusted eyes to open, to see once more the sun he had given up for lost. Then he saw the rise of ground which he had followed. Only it was not a rise; it was a building, a squat sand-worn building huddling low in the sands with small round doorways.

As he watched, a many legged scaly thing crawled from one of the openings, and began digging itself into the sand. Then there emerged a dog-like reptile with long pointed ears and wide pad feet. Its keen eyes immediately saw Brent and the animal came closer. It came within ten feet of the man, stopped and sniffed, turned proudly, and ambled away.

Brent determined that there was something in that building that could save his life. It must be important to the desert animals, he reasoned, or they wouldn't haunt it. He tried to get to his feet, but he could not. He could only crawl, crawl at an erratic pace. It was the only way.

At last he reached the doorway and entered; the building was dark, compared to the outside brilliance, but his eyes soon became accustomed to the darkness. He found himself in an anteroom and knew he must reach the next.

Brent's kneecaps bled from the torture they received, but he felt that what he wanted was within the room. Summoning his last remnants of strength he crawled thru the doorway.

The sand had not blown into this protected chamber, so that the marble flags shown whitely and were in bright contrast to the figure

that was stretched out in death there. It was Reynolds, first mate of the space ship; he, too, must have escaped. Now he was dead, and his body was half eaten.

There was a rustle of skin on stone behind him. Brent turned his head and saw three heads, reptilian, Martian heads, in the doorway. The eyes of the creatures glowed redly and fanged jaws hung wide.

Brent shut his eyes and relaxed.

He had found what he wanted, the subconscious unreasoning desire that took over when he had no chance to satisfy more normal ones. Now he had what he wanted - a tomb.

— descartes —

— JOHN R ISAAC —

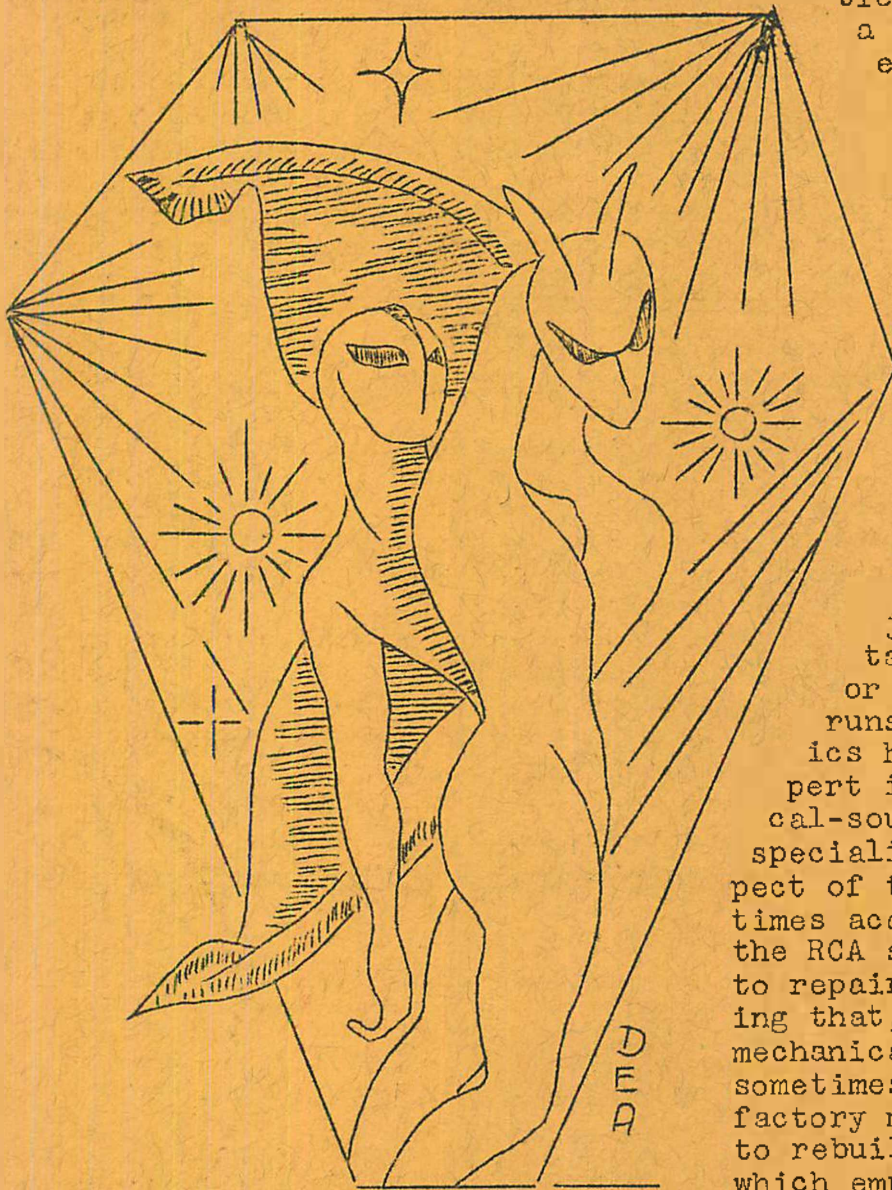
Ithinkiam
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Ithinkiam
chugged the little
philosopher
up to the top
of the great big
Doubt

A DORIC COLUMN

— from — BOB TUCKER —

The following bit of character assassination has to do with a man of about forty possessing an IQ about half that. He is married to a sharp-tongued woman of about the same intelligence and they have two or three children who display no signs of being different. This man is a movie projectionist who has been working with me, or in some nearby theater, for more than twenty years and so I have followed his career with fascinated interest. He is more fun to watch than any bird.

Somewhat dull-witted and now running to excess weight, he first came to my attention when he quit high school in his second year and began working in the theater; his father (another projectionist) got him the job and the boy was overjoyed -- the apprentice pay of about \$5 per day was a tremendous sum before the war, and a colossal sum for a teenager to be drawing in that era. His first paycheck amounted to \$25 or \$30 and the lad spent it, literally every nickel of it, in pin-ball machines at a nearby poolhall. He also shot his meager winnings. As a projectionist he learned little or nothing beyond routine chores: to correctly splice film, to correctly thread the machine and make the reel changes without a blank screen, to compensate for an error in the schedules, and to adjust the sound level as the theater fills or emp-



ties. The other minor things a man picks up in practice escaped him entirely: he still does not understand focus-drift, or the need to match sound levels on both machines, or the way in which a near-focus is obtained before a given reel is shown on the screen, or how to stop a picture from jumping or rocking on the screen. He learned none of these after nearly twenty-five years in the business.

In this trade a projectionist usually gravitates toward one specialty or another. If his interest runs to radio, TV or electronics he becomes a home-grown expert in sound-service and optical-sound repair -- that is, he specializes in the "talking" aspect of talking pictures and sometimes acquires as much knowledge as the RCA service men who come around to repair our equipment. Or, failing that, the man specializes in mechanical upkeep and repair and sometimes becomes as skilled as the factory machinists who are required to rebuild projectors. In theaters which employ two men to a shift it

is the usual practice to team one of each kind so as to provide for any emergency; in other theaters employing only one man, the practice is for each expert to always be on call for any other theater where his skill is needed. Our boy, the subject of this study, learned nothing. He cannot change a tube without burning his fingers -- indeed, he cannot read the available dials and guess quickly and accurately which tube where has burned out; he has to open every cabinet and look at every tube, seeking the black one. Nor can he make the simplest repair on a machine without constant guidance and strictest supervision.

He has never worked in any but a two-man booth. He is aware of some of his limitations and carefully jockeys position so as to always be with a skilled projectionist. For twenty-odd years I've been waiting for him to be caught out alone, and I'm still waiting.

When he was still young he volunteered for service with the Marines. He did that because he has highly inflammable emotions and the Sunday attack on Pearl Harbor sent him into a towering rage. On Monday he went to Chicago and joined up. Thereafter he was away for two or three years and I heard little from him, but eventually he returned to work display-

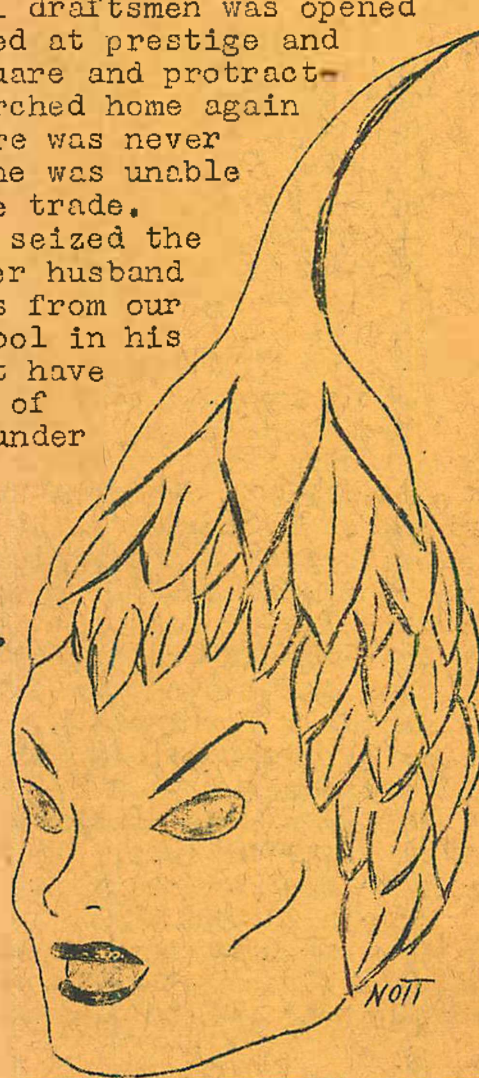
ing a Purple Heart. (I think he caught a stray bullet by accident--he probably put up a finger to test the wind and a bullet happened to be passing by.) The Purple Heart was worn on his civilian clothes for so long afterward that it became the target of open jokes, and he finally removed it only because our laughter penetrated. Also when he was still young, and just before being shipped overseas, he acquired a wife. The story of the acquisition still brings smiles. Being a bright young man in Marine bootcamp, he did what he was probably told not to do: he wrote home one day telling us that he was being shipped out from such-and-such a port on a certain date.

The girl in the case, and the girl's mother, immediately latched onto this information and wired the C.O. or the chaplain or the Red Cross or whatever to Hold The Ship -- this boy and this girl had to get married! Mother and girl left for California at once, arriving just before sailing time, and damned if they didn't haul that brave young Marine off the ship, wed him, and then stow him back aboard. He went on to Guadalcanal, the girl and her mother returned home in triumph, and a few years later when the couple were reunited they got around to having the first child. He probably didn't suspect a thing.

After several years of marriage and an equal number of years of goldbricking in the theater, the wife got ambitious for him and decided that his rightful place in the sun was at least two or three cuts above us ordinary slobs. A school for mechanical draftsmen was opened in Bloomington and the advertisements hinted at prestige and big pay; that was enough! Armed with T-square and protractor our boy marched off to school -- and marched home again four days later. The reason for the failure was never admitted but several of us suspected that he was unable to distinguish between the two tools of the trade. Again, a few years later, the status fever seized the good wife and this time she decided that her husband would become a doctor. This news jolted us from our chairs for we knew that he had quit highskool in his second year. It developed that she did not have medicine in mind; she had located a school of osteopathy in Iowa which would accept him under the G.I. Bill, and off he went to be the world's greatest osteopath.

To his credit, he lasted the better part of six weeks.

The couple manage their financial affairs as they manage everything else: badly. They are always in debt, sometimes desperately so, and he frequently complains to me that he isn't getting enough extra work to meet the needs of his budget--not that he keeps a budget but it's a handy figure of speech. However, this indebtedness has not stopped nor even slowed their desperate drive for status and social recognition. A few years ago they sold the house their in-laws had helped buy, and moved to the East Side. Bloomington's east side is where the moneyed set live, the posh business and social groups who control the



city's wealth and industry; the more easterly one dwells, the higher his relative status. Our gay couple picked out a posh address on a posh street and moved right in, debt and all. It entailed sacrifices, of course. They had to let one of their three automobiles go (one new and two junkers) and it became necessary for the wife to go seek a job. She found one in a local insurance company which paid about fifty a week; he, meanwhile, was earning a hundred and ten at a local drive-in theater. But they soon discovered that this gross of a hundred and sixty a week wasn't nearly enough because that damned government was taking so much in taxes, so our boy sought and found a second job for himself. He landed a dock-walloper's position at the local General Electric factory for about another seventy a week. The last I heard, they are barely managing to struggle along on this new gross of two hundred and thirty a week.

The story isn't yet ended. The wife is still ambitious for the man and after he had been at General Electric for a while she decided that toting crates on the loading dock was a job for bums; her husband should go for the big money and be an electrical engineer. He tried, too. One of my neighbors who is an electrical engineer at the factory came over one night to talk about him; the Genius had given my name as a character reference, and now the e.e. was routinely checking him out. I couldn't help myself, I rolled on the floor and laughed until tears came. (Well, not quite, but you get the idea.) I made a pact with the e.e. I told him to put the Genius to a simple test and if he answered it correctly I would give my recommendation. The question was this: what is the function of a buss bar? (It wasn't an unfair question; all the theaters have them and many are located in or near the projection room. We frequently tap them to string temporary lights.)

Our subject is not now an electrical engineer.

So today (at least during the eight months of the year the drive-in theater is open) my pet Genius plods wearily between his two jobs. His schedule is something like this: up at seven in the morning and to work at GE by eight; home again by four in the afternoon to sleep a bit, eat, and then on to work at the theater. Depending upon the number of feature pictures on a given night, he works until one, two, or three o'clock, and then returns home to sleep a bit more before rising at seven to begin again. He remains as dull-witted as ever, abetted now by his sleeplessness; he would like to cat-nap in the projection room but it isn't permitted by the management nor by the man working with him. He would like to quit the depressing grind but his wife won't allow it, so he plods on trying desperately to make ends meet, trying desperately to gain status in the eyes of his east side neighbors, and probably harboring a secret desire to leave the theater job and strike out into something really big. It is for this last reason that I don't dare incorporate his character into a book. He or his wife would surely recognize him, and I don't have the \$25,000 to spare.

He has a few hobbies; in season he manages to hunt game without blowing his head off (well, thus far anyway); he collects coins but will not pay premium prices for what he wants -- if he can't persuade someone to sell him a rare Indianhead penny for just one cent, he goes without; he once tried to learn chess (!) but gave it up; he carries a silver dollar bearing his birthday and believes it so be "lucky" -- nothing will happen to him while it is on his person; and he reads all the time he isn't watching the movies. His reading matter is confined almost entirely to the male-adventure magazines, especially those mags containing stories about Marine heroes who captured Jap armies singlehanded, or who

lived with female pirates until the end of the war. He thinks science fiction is crazy stuff for mentally mixed-up people and once told me (after my first novel) that any damned fool could write a book -- it was only necessary to steal words from other books.

You may ask what brought all this on, this essay of character assassination? Well, two things....I decided to write a piece with a moral: one doesn't need a high IQ to get rich -- or at least to make money. Secondly, my Genius has just pulled another stunt. The drive-in theater closed for the season and the man automatically fell back to the extra-board; he's now getting three days a week at a small neighborhood house which pays him a total gross of \$33. So a few weeks ago, for his wife's birthday, he bought her fifteen hundred dollars worth of new furniture. On credit.

I love him in my quaint people-watching way.

Summer: Two

It is evening
and the grass licks my bare ankles
with thin wet tongues.
The blue fog hangs in layers
above the slough,
and the new moon
is caught on a star in the west,
swinging by its tip
to spill more rain.
The cottonwood lisps softly
to the creek
who replies.
They are not polite enough
to include me in their conversation,
but I am not offended,
I have nothing to say and must soon go home.

-- Barbie Norris

WANTED: Clayton ASTOUNDINGS & Clayton STRANGE TALES

CONDITION: No: scotch tape (or very little)
broken spines
missing covers
missing stories
candle drippings, etc.

SEND OFFERS TO: Doug Brodwin
24 Mariposa Lane
Orinda, California

With Jaundiced Eye

— column from — TED WHITE

YES, MINNESOTA, THERE IS A ... Redd Boggs is indeed a perceptive and intelligent man. I say this not because he has come right out and said "Ted White is becoming one of the best of fan critics," although I certainly can't object to that insight either, but rather because he has very accurately deduced who Keith Laumer is.

Keith Laumer is...Keith Laumer. He's a Real Guy.

I was in peripheral attendance of the Milford SF Writer's Conference this year, which is a fancy way of saying that I drove Terry Carr up there one weekend and picked him up and brought him back the next. And on the way back Terry deluged me with many delightful and unusual stories, and at one point Terry said, "Oh, I met Keith Laumer, too."

"Tell me about Keith Laumer," I said.

"Well," said Terry, trying to remember just what it was he did know about Keith Laumer--They Drink at these Writer's Conferences, you know-- "He's been in the Diplomatic Service, stationed in Burma. In fact, he's pretty fed up with bureaucratic red tape and all that, and he says he's using the Retief series to air all his gripes about it."

Terry went on to describe Laumer as a medium youngish man, 36ish, personable, pleasant guy who's been writing and selling sf since 1958. I can't recall seeing his work that far back, but this may simply be an error on my part. Terry added that the series in IF is about over, which I guess is just as well, although it had begun picking up slightly in recent months. Terry also said that when Laumer got out of the Diplomatic Service he wrote a novel about it.

"It was just about as he was finishing it that The Ugly American came out," Terry said, wryly.

At any rate, Redd Boggs' educated surmise about Laumer's "inside knowledge" of the diplomatic service is substantially correct, and I can't help thinking of Redd as a very perceptive and intelligent man.



TURNABOUT: For several years I've been bitching about current-day science fiction and what's wrong with it. So finally I've begun Doing Something About It. In my small way I am trying to write the stuff.

I've never been very strong as a writer of fiction and I expect my material will show it, but I have been gaining basic facility for words during my long apprenticeship as a fan and in the last two years of professional non-fiction writing. (Lord help me, I've even turned my hand to advertising copy.)

I'm not good enough to make it

on my own, yet, but I've found a solution for the time being: collaboration. Currently I am collaborating with both Marion Bradley and Terry Carr, both writers whose works I admire.

I believe very strongly in the story-telling aspect of science fiction, but I'm not sure I qualify as a story-teller. So if there seems some disparity between what I write as sf and what I write about it, please bear in mind that Ted White the writer does not yet meet the rigid specifications of Ted White the critic--a hard man to please.

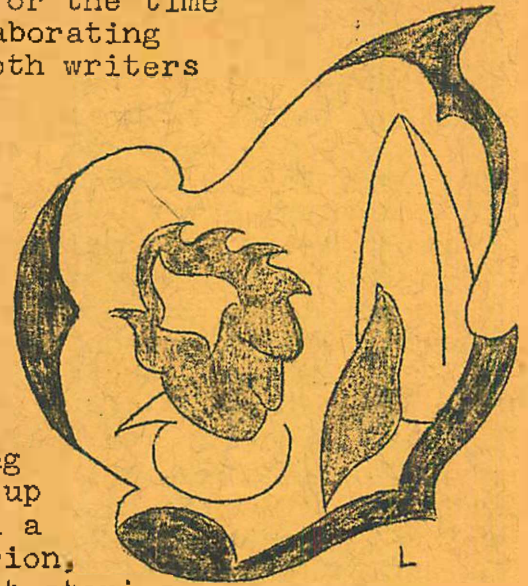
Because my style is still rough, and my hand with dialogue shaky, I've been doing first drafts for my collaborators to clean up and flesh out. So far this has resulted in a short story and a short novellette with Marion, and the first of a projected series of short stories plus a novel with Terry. In most cases I think the overall excellence can be attributed to my collaborators.

Collaboration is an interesting challenge and often an education. My first attempt at collaboration was a story I wrote with Karen Anderson in 1957 for a SAPS oneshot. It was a parody of the Hoka stories, set in fannish terms, and was written on-stencil in the classic I'll-write-and-then-you-write style. I cleaned this up a trifle and it later appeared (in 1959 or 1960) in TWIG. It was a lot of fun to do.

Later I tried artistic collaboration with Andy Reiss when we were both trying for pro work and were making up a portfolio. Most people don't think of me as an artist but I am fairly accomplished technically although unimaginative basically. In this case Andy did the pencillings and I did the inkings. We did two pictures, and each was totally unlike the other and totally unlike anything we'd done individually. It was fun because we each drew inspiration from the other and what emerged was something greater than either of us had visualized individually.

This seems to be what happens when two writers collaborate, one of them "pencilling" the first draft, and the other "inking" the finished draft. The style is often totally new and the actual product of neither writer, while the ideas are also a new sort of hybrid.

I find this very educational, because I view Marion and Terry as writers much better versed in their craft than I am and it teaches me much more to see how they rewrite my story than for one of them to simply say "this here ought to be changed and that there is wrong" etc. As I learned in my early days from the way my articles were edited in professional publication (for instance: the massive cleanup job that Frank Robinson did on my first piece in ROGUE, which not only taught me a great deal about constructing a general article, but also gave me a great respect for Frank as an editor), I am learning now about writing fiction.



WARLORD OF KOR: One of these days a new book will appear from Ace, with the above title and the by-line of Terry Carr. I don't know what the release schedule on it is, or how long something like this takes from approval to distribution, but it will be out not

before December.

I'm sort of proud to have "discovered" Terry, although in no real sense have I discovered him to the professional world. Terry has been writing fiction with an eye towards professional publication off and on for many years now, and it has always seemed inevitable to me that he would eventually Make It.

However, since 1959 I'd been urging him to come to New York and concentrate on writing, and when he finally did, a year or so ago, I commissioned and bought his first story, a jazz story. That was his first sale, but in short order he sold WARLORD to Ace (on the basis of two chapters and an outline), and a succession of short stories to F&SF, one of them under the by-line of Carl Brandon.

WARLORD OF KOR is a short novel (33,000 words as delivered) or what in the grand old days would have been considered a long novelette. And it does read like one. My primary impression of it was that it was two thirds of a novel, basically constructed like a full novel but a trifle short. However, this seems to be what Ace wants these days; the era of two 60,000 word novels for 35¢ seems gone for ever.

In style, Terry has written a Leigh Brackett Mars story, but set it on the planet Hirlaji in another stellar system. This has required him to throw in a few extra details, but once he gets moving there's that same feeling of dusty antiquity, unfathomable ruins, and dying race of Others...

The basic plot revolves around the attempt by Lee Rynason to plumb the minds of the Hirlaji for the secrets of their history: a new form of archaeology available for the first time since this is the first time a) a living race of intelligent extraterrestrials has been found, and b) they are telepathic and thus transmit to each the history of their race in the form of telepathically shared racial memories.

Then there's the attempt by the villain, a power-hungry earthman, to pull a coup and become Governor of the planet by fait accompli - by uniting the other earthmen under him to wipe out the Hirlaji--which Rynason must foil. Throw in the existence of a great interstellar culture which had once controlled the Hirlaji and which has left traces on countless other planets, and you have the usual space-opera plot-in-depth.

Naturally, Rynason wins out and Saves the Day; this is an Ace book. And, unfortunately there are a couple of places where Terry sort of shmoorged over the plot to help him. For instance, psionic machines are conveniently brought in so Rynason can effect a mental hookup with one of the Hirlaji and tap his memories (since there seems to be a memory block at a crucial point of the history), and there is no difficulty tapping in on the brain waves of a total alien...a point which I felt should at least have presented half a chapter of difficulties. Then too, at a crucial point Rynason cuts the wires to the speaker of a great computer and speaks through it himself. The way this was presented I found just plain unbelievable; I'd rather he'd found a way to hook his radio-communicator to it at least.

But these minor cavils aside, it's a rousing action story with a more plausibly worked out background than usual, and some very nice mood effects. Not a story of Significance, but not a pot-boiler either. As Terry's first work of any length it shows a great deal of promise, and I think bodes extremely well for his future work.

In postscript, I might add that the novel was plotted and outlined last fall, as Terry's first pro sf attempt after arriving in New York, and it was deliberately aimed for Ace and modelled on the Brackett-type story, which Terry digs. Terry's subsequently written shorter stories (which have appeared in F&SF and will be appearing there and elsewhere) show a versatility and catholicity with the sf and fantasy medium which promises much for his continuing output.

MUCH ADO ABOUT TITLE: Terry Carr (with whom this column seems to be increasingly concerned) informs me that not only did I swipe (with modifications) the new title of this column from Ken Beale, but that I also swiped it (with modifications) from Terry, who had himself swiped it (without modifications) for the title of his fmz review column in HABAKKUK.

"I want you to understand that I swiped it first," he told me, "and you have no right to the title." However, what with the publication schedule HABAKKUK is currently enjoying, I don't think the confusion of "The Jaundiced Eye" and "With Jaundiced Eye" will be widespread.

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO...? Does anyone remember Lyle Kessler? He was a Philadelphia fan during late 6th and early 7th fandoms...say around 1953. He published at least one issue of an extravagantly produced fanzine, hobnobbed with the great and the near great (he once wrote me about something Sam Moskowitz had said to him) and then disappeared. I remember Lyle, because he was one of the few (about 30) to get the first issue of my fanzine.

A couple of weeks ago I attended the Film Makers' Festival at the Charles Theatre here in New York, where all the young modern types were exhibiting their films--most of them shorts. The show was being programmed and handled by Bhub Stewart and Fred von Bernewitz, who were interviewed for his radio program by Chris Steinbrunner, and in the lobby I almost immediately ran into Bhub (who was exhibiting his "The Year The Universe Lost The Pennant"), Dave McDonald, Ken Beale, Walter Breen, Jock Root, and Andy Reiss.

Even so, this concentration of fans did not prepare me for the small surprise I got when I glanced at the credits for the first film of the program, "BBC Presents", and saw the name Lyle Kessler. When I queried Ken Beale afterwards (knowing that of all the fans there if anyone knew it would be Beale) he said that indeed this was the very same Lyle Kessler who, and "He's the one who was splashed by the Volkswagen..."

You ever have the feeling that the universe around you is so small that every so often one guy has to play several bit parts...?

 "It looks swell, Betsy. Now let's run it up the flagpole and see if anyone salutes."
Lewis Grant

 Alan Dodd sent a newspaper cutting which includes the following quote, from an interview: "Demand for our products is briskest from Africa, since so many countries there are now policed for the first time and are becoming more civilized."

(The product being discussed was leg-irons.)

 Then there was the guy who caught his hand in the covering of a ventilator shaft and was heard to call "Let me go, louver!" G. DeWeese

STRANGE FRUIT

Acknowledged: THRU THE PORTHOLE #4 (Smith, SAPS), Westercon Program Book, Chicon Progress Reports, etc.

SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES #389, 390 (S F Times, Inc., P.O. 115, Solvay Br., Syracuse 9, N.Y. - irregular - 24 for \$3) They've been holding to their twice-monthly schedule lately, tho, and coming up with occasional news that is still new. Some unintentional humor is also included, as when the editors gripe about AMAZING trying out a 50¢ price for a 130-page mag and then on the next page run an ad for their science-fiction mag, which gives you a whole 50 pages for 50¢. Rating.....5

JACK HIGH #7 & 8 (Phil Roberts, 283 Hoopingarner Rd., RFD 1, Bronson, Michigan - irregular - 20¢) Phil is aspiring to more than just printing bad comic strips (he prints bad fiction, too). It does begin to show possibilities as a humor mag, though. Stf fans who have seen the Lupoff report about the Camper Menace may be interested to learn that JH publishes long, revealing letters by Fred Camper. When you realize that this is the kid whose mother is writing up fandom, it'll probably scare the hell out of you. Rating.....3

N3F Literature (See Janie Lamb, RR 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tenn. for information about joining) We don't have to join; we get all the stuff anyway. This time we have FANDOM & NFFF, which seems intended as a give-away at conventions to explain fandom to the non-fans; TIGHTBEAM #14, the official letterzine, and THRU THE HAZE, the unofficial newsletter and information mag. HAZE is unreservedly recommended to all stf-oriented fans because of Don Franson's information column; you can get it from Art Hayes, RR 3, Bancroft, Ont., Canada. The others are of more interest to members.

WOBBLY #2 (Dick Ellington, 1818 Hearst St., Berkeley 3, Calif. - irregular - 6 for \$1) Bill Rickhardt is listed as editor, which doesn't increase my opinion of the mag (or of the I.W.W.) a bit. They're still busy quoting Rousseau, knocking down capitalist straw men and the like. As usual, the workers are being exhorted to get out and fight for their "freedom", whether they want to or not -- like all reformers, they know positively what's best for everybody.

AXE #29 (Larry Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, N.Y. - bi-weekly - 10¢) Fan news; devoted mostly to the Midwestcon this time. Oh well, maybe next issue they'll have something interesting. Rating.....7

MENACE OF THE LASFS #50 (Bruce Pelz, 738 Mariposa, #107, Los Angeles 5, Calif. - I don't see a price and I'm not going to look up a back issue to find it) Pelz doesn't like Reynolds' African series in ANALOG; the back of me hand to you, bhoy. Rating.....?

PROSE OF KILIMANJARO #3 (George Locke, 85 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Road, London SW 1, England - quarterly - free for comment) This is a SAPS zine, but outsiders are urged to get it just for Brian Varley's column. The editor's comments are interesting, and Fred Brown displays

some of the unusual mental characteristics peculiar to the hardened bibliophile. (I think we should be tolerant, though....) Rating.....5

WARHOON #16 (Richard Bergeron, 110 Bank St., New York 14, N.Y. - quarterly - 20¢) According to Walter Breen's column in this issue, WARHOON won the FANAC poll this year. While this doesn't increase my admiration for Breen -- poll-takers who coyly reveal partial results in advance of general release can take their polls and put them up the well-known cavity -- the win is undoubtedly deserved. Emphasis has always been on the political and mundane discussions in WARHOON, but it has probably presented more good discussions of science fiction this past year than any other fanzine. It has good serious discussions in all fields. Rating..9

RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST #22 (The Little Men, 1855 Woodland Avenue, Palo Alto, Calif. - irregular? - 25¢) This revival gives fandom the first Fancy Expensive Fanzine to be seen since the last issue of NEW FRONTIERS a couple of years ago. The level of the material is high, though Leland Sapiro tends to get a bit carried away with his own writing and comes out rather dull. However, the reproduction is very poor for multilith, and isn't helped by the practice -- it must be a California syndrome -- of running black print over colored illustrations, to the detriment of both legibility and functional layout. Worth the money, tho. Rating..7

Q.E.D. (Miriam Knight, 947 University Ave., Berkeley 10, Calif. - one-shot - 10¢) A slim art-zine, each illustration an artist's conception of a particular fantasy story. Different, at least.

FANTA SE (June Bonifas, 935 Jefferson N.E., Albany, New Mexico - irregular or one-shot - no price listed) Moving cost her a pun -- she did live in Santa Fe. Good semi-pro fiction and an exhaustive article that told me more about the stock market than I really wanted to know. Editors of fiction-fanzines should get in touch with her (single male fans will get in touch with her, after seeing the photo appended to the editorial.) Rating..5

MIAFAN #7 (Mike Kurman, 231 SW 51st. Ct., Miami 44, Florida - irregular - 15¢) It's improving. Leland Sapiro's article on literary ability and critical judgment should be read by all writers and editors of fan fiction. While it concerns professional stories, it graphically illustrates many of the faults of fan fiction (which is commonly akin to bad professional stf, only worse). Rating..4

CRY #162 (Elinor Busby and cohorts; address CRY, Box 92, 507 Third Ave, Seattle 4, Washington - mostly monthly - 25¢) Too many con reports for me, but Terry Carr has a fabulous H. Allen Smithish sort of column on frustrated writers he has known; excellent. Rating..6

THE FREE RADICAL #1 (Judi Beatty, 2486 Elm Place, New York 58, N.Y. - irregular - 20¢) Mostly an introduction of the editor and contributors to fandom -- most of them seem to be newcomers. Complete with photos, which remind me of the old ISFA meetings. Rating..3

MICROTOME #2 (John Koning, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio - irregular - 10¢, don't send more) Eugene Hyrb does all the work -- if he exists, that is -- but Koning gets the credit. Clever. The last of the fannish fanzines. Rating..3

LYDDITE #3 (Gary Deindorfer, 121 Boudinot St., Trenton 8, New Jersey - irregular - 30¢ but he'd rather have a letter of comment) Jazz, folk-music, Stiles cartoons and a surprisingly good piece of faan fiction. Thin but good. (Not to mention that Lee Hoffman's article assures me that I must have quit sending money for CARAVAN at exactly the time it folded, which makes me feel smug.) Rating....5

MAELSTROM #8 (Bill Plott, P.O. Box 654, Opelika, Alabama - irregular - free for comment) Mostly enjoyable for Charles Fortier's review of Ballantine's sex and sadism series, one of the most enjoyable -- and best selling -- pb series ever issued. The reviews themselves aren't particularly incisive, but the idea of reviewing that series is great. A long poem by John Pesta contains some good lines. Rating....5

THE BAUM BUGLE Vol.6 #2 (Fred Meyer, 1620 First Ave. South, Escanaba, Michigan - \$2 per year for membership in Oz club) Which includes 3 issues of the BUGLE. A slim, offset magazine, this time devoted to Oz on stage, screen, and radio. Numerous photos of various productions.

THE REALM OF FANTASY #9 (Jack Cascio, Box 122, Eagerville, Illinois - bi-monthly? - 5 for \$1) Most of the issue is devoted to a medium-long story by Johnny Slaughter, who needs desperately to read Sapiro's article in MIAFAN. Best thing, though, was an ad for the Bantan series of imitation-Tarzan books, showing Our Hero looking noble and absent-mindedly stabbing himself in the leg. You should get reprint rights for AMRA, George. Rating...1

STAR*DUST #1 (Bill Bowers, 3271 Shelhart Rd., Village of Norton, Barberton, Ohio - irregular - 30¢) Large zine, devoted mostly to verse and fiction. Not bad. Jack Chalker's article should stir up the lettercolumn in the next issue, and Ray Nelson's story could well grace a little literary magazine. Rating....4

CAMBER #13 (Alan Dodd, address on our contents page - annual - 25¢) Notable for the pages and pages of incredibly detailed George Metzger drawings, marred only slightly by large blank spots in the Xeroxing. (That is pretty good repro for Xerox, though.) Kendal Foster Crossen states that communication in stf is all one-way; everyone talks and nobody listens. He's got a good point there..... Rating...7

AMRA #22 (George Scithers, Box 9006 Rosslyn, Arlington 9, Virginia - irregular - 25¢) Even if you can't stand the Conan, Tarzan, and associated series (I can't), AMRA is worth your money for the quality of the artwork and writing displayed. Rating...9

ANDURIL #1 (Marion Zimmer Bradley, Box 158, Rochester, Texas - irregular - 25¢) This is based on Tolkien (as is AMRA on Conan) but like AMRA it expands to include other romantic fantasies. Despite the cover, ANDURIL concentrates on the sorcery, leaving the sword to AMRA. Rating..7

REBEL #3 (John Jackson, RR 7, Box 137-D, Crown Point, Indiana - bi-monthly - 15¢) An improvement on the first issue, though running a bit heavy on mediocre fiction. Beautiful Krenkel cover. Rating..4

I have an issue of something titled MIRTH AND IRONY here, but no space for a review. Next issue. RSC

GOLDEN MINUTES

—book reviews by-r s c—

TIME IS THE SIMPLEST THING by Clifford D. Simak (Crest, 50¢) This is a retitling of the current Hugo contender, "The Fisherman". Re-reading it I got a lower opinion of it than I did the first time around, but then very little stf improves on re-reading. It was definitely one of the best novels of 1961, and if you don't have the magazine or hardcover version, you'd better pick it up. Even though I didn't think it was great literature on the re-reading, I kept going until I'd finished it; I didn't put it down when I was halfway through, even though I knew how it was going to come out.

SKYLARK OF SPACE by Edward E. Smith (Pyramid, 40¢) I'm prejudiced here; I don't like Doc Smith's fiction, never have and never will. But it is a stf classic, and anyone who claims to be a stf fan should read at least one or two Smith novels (on the off chance that he'll get into a conversation with Ed Wood or something) and this is as painless an introduction to Smith as one is apt to get. Also, I've been corresponding with a teen-ager who thinks Smith's stuff is great, so his appeal isn't just to the old fogies who remember stf's "good old days". The Pyramid edition has been "specially revised by the author" -- as far as I can tell it hasn't been improved any, but I could be wrong. It may have been condensed a bit, which would be an improvement of sorts, I suppose.

DOVE WORLD by Dean McLaughlin (Pyramid, 40¢) This was originally written as two novellettes. The first one, "The Man on the Bottom", was published in ASTOUNDING in 1958. The sequel to it, titled "My House In Order" in the book version, has never been previously published, as far as I can tell. Both are pretty good stories. I'd have preferred a bit less emphasis on intrigue and more on the difference between surface-dwelling and McLaughlin's undersea dome cities, but then very few authors write a story exactly the way I like. This one is worth the money, definitely.

EYE OF THE MONSTER/SEA SIEGE by Andre Norton (Ace, 40¢) This one is even better. The first story is a novellette which I suspect was commissioned by Ace, since I've never seen anything else by Norton which was this short. (Since the credit just says "First Book Publication", though, it may have been in BOY'S LIFE or some similar mag.) It's typical Norton; adventure, aliens, a massacre, the hero and a couple of friendly aliens battling their way to safety and the cavalry arriving at the last minute. A stereotype, really -- but, dammit, it was enjoyable. SEA SIEGE is a reprint of a hardcover novel. I really think Miss Norton piled on the Menaces a bit thick -- I mean, I can take an atomic war, or undersea volcanoes causing tidal waves, or intelligent octopussies riding up out of the seas on creatures taken directly from page 116 of "The Lungfish, The Dodo, and The Unicorn" and attacking mankind....but all of them in the same story? Still, over-Menaced or not, it was fun to read. Incidentally, previous praises of Miss Norton's writing have brought some rebuttals from various fans, who don't think she is much of a writer. I wonder, though, what people with such high literary

standards are doing reading stf in the first place. Her novels have all the "Sense of Wonder" of the early "classics", plus far better writing technique.

THE HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND by William Hope Hodgson (Ace, 35¢) This is one of the old classics I've been meaning to read for years, but never managed to acquire. A vote of thanks to Ace. Of course, now that I have read it, it's a bit of a disappointment, but because I was expecting too much, not because the book provided too little. The writing style is rather archaic and may grate on the nerves of some modern readers, and the story isn't quite as thrilling and wonderful as the cover blurbs try to make out, but it has its moments. If you enjoy old-time fantasy at all, this is one of the best.

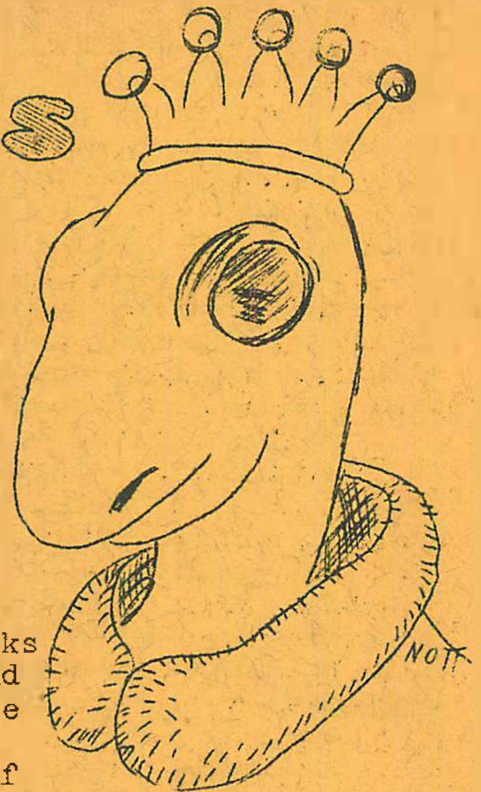
It seems quite the thing for fans to list their recent book purchases somewhere in their fanzines. Okay, then, here are the additions to the Coulson library since the last issue of YANDRO came out. SNAKES OF THE WORLD by Raymond Ditmars (Pyramid, 75¢), AGENT OF VEGA by James Schmitz (Permabook, 35¢), WITCH HOUSE by Evangeline Walton (Monarch, 35¢), THE REIGN OF TERROR by Cleveland Moffett (Ballantine, 50¢) /Great bloody fun in a chronicle of a period of history few people would have cared to live during...JWC7, UNWISE CHILD by Randy Garrett (Doubleday, \$1.20), THE GREAT EXPLOSION by Eric Frank Russell (Doubleday, \$1.20), THE SPACE-BORN by E.C. Tubb (Digit, 2/6), NEXT OF KIN by Eric Frank Russell (Mayflower, 2/6), THE TRIAL OF TERRA by Jack Williamson (Ace, 35¢), THE DROWNED WORLD by J.G. Ballard (Berkley, 50¢), THE SURVIVOR AND OTHERS by H.P. Lovecraft and August Derleth (Ballantine, 35¢), THE RED PLANET by Russ Winterbotham (Monarch, 35¢), FOR PASSION, FOR HEAVEN by Vardis Fisher (Pyramid, 75¢), THE GREAT CONFESSION by Vardis Fisher (Pyramid, 75¢), THE MIDDLE MIST by Mary Renault (Avon, 60¢) /Poor typography and impressive, and disturbing, writing -- recommended....JWC7, THE NATURAL HISTORY OF LOVE by Morton Hunt (Black Cat, 75¢), THE CUBAN INVASION by Szulc and Meyer (Ballantine, 50¢), and SPUTNIK INTO SPACE by M. Vassiliev (Badger, 2/6). A bit heavier on the stf than usual. Not all of these have been read, and probably none of them will be reviewed, but we considered them worth the money or we wouldn't have purchased them, so this can be considered as a qualified recommendation.



NOTICE: Back issues of YANDRO are wanted. Gordon Eklund, 14612 18th Ave., S.W. Seattle 66, Washington, and Phil Harrell, 2632 Vincent Ave. Norfolk 9, Va., require copies of #113. (If you prefer, you can send these copies to me and I'll pass them on. I'll pay 20¢ for good copies; I don't know what sort of deal you can make with Harrell and Eklund.) Enid Jacobs, 2913 Gwynn Oak Ave., Baltimore 7, Md., will pay cash for a copy of #95. Sharon Towle, 325 Great Mills Lane, Lexington Park, Md., wants to borrow #95 - if you want to talk her into buying one, that's your affair.

Grumbings

JOE SANDERS: The most striking thing in #114 is Bloch's letter, of course. Beyond the obvious comment that a favorable review by Dr. Fredric Wertham may not be something to throw in the face's of one's detractors, it seems to me that the letter states a reasonable position reasonably. It does so far better than any of Bloch's fiction. Bloch is basically a writer of horror stories, whether presented as fantasy or as psychological thriller; it's a simple matter of substituting "mental illness" for "ghoul" in the plotline. Bloch's subject is fear, and for his purposes a monster serves as well for a villain as a man. A monster works better, in fact--I'm glad to see that Bloch and Carr agree that what Bloch is writing about are things that go slash in the night.



Bloch's letter is something else again. If this is the point he's been driving at in *PSYCHO*, et. seq., I'm abashed and surprised. The trouble is, as I've mentioned, that Bloch is not just dealing with people, if he's dealing with people at all; he's dealing with fear. He's an experienced writer in stimulating blind, horrified fear in his readers. When I read Bloch and see the monster--the thing that slashes at me from the shadows--I don't stop to think about mental illness as such or about much of anything; I want to slash back, kill the thing, destroy it. Which is what Carr is talking about.

That's about all I can think of to say about the issue except, for the record, GEEZ, WHAT A FINE COVER!

P.S. Of course, I wouldn't want to slash back at a Bloch monster until after I got tired of running from it.

/I asked Bloch the same question, and he said his point was that if Wertham couldn't find anything wrong with his stories, then they must be pretty innocent. Logical, you gotta admit....RSC/

JAMES SIEGER: Methinks Bloch is overlooking a matter himself: it is not us intelligent, fannish geniuses who will be corrupted by his psycho stories, since most of them will or should get what he said...But Mr. Averageman will not dig the subtleties and will hereafter demand that all odd-looking or odd-acting people (such as that hideous, ski-nosed creature at 4245 Vantage Ave., Studio City, Calif.) be locked up "because *PSYCHO* showed that nonconformists are dangerous and should be locked up before they kill somebody". I've never read those Bloch books (not sf, hence not worth reading) but can be sure that he didn't intend that interpretation. But so what? This is an age of conformity, and the Average Man will inevitably, no matter what Bloch says,

pin the label of Psycho on the nonconformists, which the conformist is suspicious of anyhow. It always seemed to me that the rigidly respectable and conventional soul is far more likely to suddenly go blooey and start chopping up people, than the one who allows himself to let off steam in various ways.

...Bibliographical articles in an ordinary fanzine are a nuisance, because when you want to refer to them later you have to dig through oodles of old fanzines trying to find the damned thing. Better to have bibliographic articles in some particular fanzine so you'd know where to look. Preferably one which publishes an index to its contents! Otherwise, fanzine publishers would do well to make checklists of stories etc., in separate supplements so they can be put away separately...where they can be found when wanted.

Collecting. I must regretfully claim that Ed Wood is somewhat out of his mind, in saying that any complete collection of magazines can be stored in an ordinary closet. (1) What collector sticks to only magazines? An ordinary pb collection might take up almost as much space. (2) What good would a collection do to anybody, stuffed in some moldy old closet? A collection is made to be admired, used, or at least gloated over in private. But how can you gloat over what looks like a pile of junk? Furthermore, how many modern apartments have even "ordinary-sized" closets, these days?

/You mean a respectable, home-loving tech writer like me is more apt to go berserk than a wild-eyed, cellar-dwelling anarchist like you? Horrors!..RSC/

GENE DEWEESE: Is the National Barn Dance still being broadcast anywhere? That old radio of ours picked it up last Saturday nite around 10:00 p.m. Had it for about a half hour, then the radio conked out and hasn't made a sound since....And on the car radio, just a few minutes later, I couldn't find a trace of the program.

BERNARD MORRIS: On tew and his ~~sealions~~ dislike for Our Hero Glenn; he should remember a couple of things before taking off like a bat out of Newark, firstly, Glenn is a symbol. It would be difficult, to say the least, to put all the scientists (Yay for Our Side) and engineers, etc., in the Public Eye. So a glorified acrobat is put in their place because the public loves heroes. While tew, and myself for that matter, does not like hero-worship, it is a fact we must live with. Secondly, we, the Great American Public, does not give a hoot for space exploration as such, youandi do, but as eecummings said, youandi are not most people. This is why Glenn gets what Titov and Gagarin do not, Our acclaim. This acclaim is reserved for Our Side. If the visitors set a new record in a football game, the home team may be amazed, but it will not go out and celebrate the new record. This is Life.

I've just been reading some old Tarzans and have noticed something that didn't occur to me ten years ago, Burroughs is a White Supremacist. This is terrible, he should be banned. Nonsense. It would make no more sense to ban him than it would to ban THE MERCHANT OF VENICE for anti-semitism. I bring this up by way of saying a few words on "Patriotism & SF" "Man made God in his own image", this truism can be re-worded to say "Men make heroes in their own images". A story that takes place in the future should no more be expected to give a rigorous account of the race of man that is Up There than a poor author is expected to give equations governing spindizzies and hyperspace. These

last two are thrown into stories merely in order to make plausible the action, they themselves have nothing to do with the story and are not to be questioned. With the exception of stories like Anderson's Mauri series where the whole plot revolves around conflict of races/locales, there is no reason why an American author should not people the spaceways with his countrymen. British authors do it, so do Russians. So did Verne and just about everyone else, too.

/More and more science fiction, however, is emphasizing sociology instead of physics, so race does have a bearing. Not that it needs to be emphasized except in special cases, but a little care could be taken. (Such as Juanita having to do some frantic name-changing when she realized she'd given German names to the entire crew of her spaceship.) A little variety doesn't cost much, and is more believable...RSC/

BOB BRINEY: Enjoyed reading Y #113, with the usual exception of the feghoot. Especially enjoyed the opening paragraph of "The Crypt Beneath Fanville;" the piece deteriorates as it goes on, but not much. "To a Neofan" must be a joke! The style, though not the sentiments, make it seem as if Bubnis is a penname for EdWood...

Regarding non-American, non-Caucasian protagonists in sf, how about Heinlein's STARSHIP TROOPERS? Juan Rico is a Filipino, though the reader doesn't find this out until almost the end of the book. (Remember he mentions Tagalog as being his native language..)

/I think Bubnis is a real live person, though I suppose he could be composed of an intelligent type-writer and a bottle of red ink. RSC/

JIM GROVES: Once again I am prodded into commenting on YANDRO. Cheers all around, or something. That's a lovely put down from Walter Breen re Ed Wood's graph. Another beautiful theory slain by an ugly fact! Why doesn't someone invite Margaret Mead in to do the final, definitive job on fandom?

And now to the main attraction - Terry Carr doing a knife job on Bob Bloch. I like the question he poses in his final sentence "What in the world is in your mind, Bob Bloch?" and I think I have an answer. It takes the form of a little parable.

At the Harrogate convention this year the guest of honour was Tom Boardman. He is not only a well known critic but also a publisher of sf, among other things. His speech was somewhat of an eyeopener for some. Briefly he informed us that publishers don't publish sf because it is great literature, or because they love it, they do it to make money! Wow, and like that! Now we come to Bob Bloch. Hollywood is at the moment on 'psychos are individualists/individualists are psychos' kick. They need writers to write such material. They pay good money. Bob Bloch, being human, wishes to eat. Therefore we have PSYCHO and its sequels. Do I detect a slight trace of envy?

.../From a later letter/...On the subject of birth control, I've just had an idea, and I'm wondering how long it'll be before some government has the same idea and uses it. Briefly it is that contraceptive drugs be added to the water supply (on the lines of 'fluorides to protect your teeth, and drugs to protect your standard of living'). Not enough to stop reproduction altogether of course, just enough to give

the population graph that stable look.

Note to Ted White - you are not alone. I too have this lack of goshwow SoW at the space programme (Russian and American). Of the London fans Ella is the only one I'd say was reacting in the expected fashion. I'm beginning to get exasperated with the whole business. Do you remember when the Russians crashed that rocket on the moon and scattered all those octagonal plates with CCCP on them? I cringed in a corner after that half expecting an alien to turn up with a summons. You know the sort of thing, a little list - unprovoked aggression, unauthorized entry, assault with a deadly weapon, driving without due care and attention, offenses against the anti-litter laws etc. etc. And now I see that some clot is proposing that we send a rocket to Venus loaded with samples of our flora and fauna so that the place will be acceptable to us when we get there. Talk about asking for it!

Dave Hulan - Blackett must be out of his mind if he thinks that "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." Maybe they will only use the 10-megaton-down range of bombs, you don't really need much more, but they sure as hell won't be slung at the major cities. After all, if you want to cripple a tiger, you don't paint out his spots, you cut off his claws and pull his teeth. And they won't just blot 25 targets out, either. What they will aim for will be every nuclear base, every other military base, all airfields, and the major industrial areas. If, after that, they want to get the general public, on a make-quite-sure basis, then ordinary explosive, gas, fire, and bacteriological bombing raids will do. Of course the Russians aren't planning a surprise nuclear attack, they don't need to. All they've got to do is wait for America to turn itself into a Dictatorship and then a small coup d'etat will give them the reins with no trouble at all. From where I'm standing the idea looks only too plausible.

Ethel Lindsay - better only deadly world than one dead world. At least then there is a chance for improvement. Anyway a culture is a coherent whole, you can't chop bits off. If the other cultures in the world want our science they can't help also getting the rest of the deal. As an example - if you want factory produced goods you have to accept the factory and all that it implies - like the end of the craftsman's satisfaction in a job well done for most people. If you want better public health you can't afford to allow disease ridden sacred cows wander at will. In India for instance they will have to junk their absurd inheritance system if they want to use modern agricultural techniques. The trouble with all these different ways of life is not that they are different (Switzerland manages quite well) but that each different way considers itself to be the only way, and is prepared to ram that solution down everyone's throat.

/Despite wails from the extreme left, I imagine the Russians would have a long wait if they expected to take over the reins of an American dictatorship. We're too well off economically, and too inured to political scare tactics, to provide very fertile ground for a Leader.....RSC.....Besides, these fans are more likely to succumb from sonic-boom broken glass from our own windows, thanks to the "Sound of Security" from a nearby SAC base....JWC/

PHIL HARRELL: I remember when I first got my mimeo. (How could I forget? It was a traumatic experience.) I had just read the AXE annish and was idly toying with the thought that "My it would be nice to own my own mimeo wouldn't it?" and this led me to call ABDick. (which is a story in itself) Come to find out after much beating around the bush that they had a mimeo like I wanted for only \$45.00, a Roneo 150 which sold for \$175.00 new, and man was it ever as is. It had ink everywhere there could possible be ink and some places where there couldn't be, not only that it was full of ABDick liquid ink when it was supposed to be and was a paste ink machine. At this point even Roneo wouldn't claim it. Fortunately I have a friend who is service manager of a Roneo outlet (one of the 8 in the US I hear) and so he completely cleaned it up and sent it back. I then used up the ABDick ink in it (while the machine devoured paper by the stack sending out nicely folded and/or shredded paper on the other side...I now have cornered the market on Crudsheets and Confetti...) uttering unkind things at it all the while and at times beating it with its on crank handle in sheer maddened rage. All in all by actual count it crudded a ream and a half of paper. It was at this time that I decided to call it the Disenchanted mimeo that was sicksick sick! At any rate the ink ran out at about the same time my patience did and right in the middle of a run on AMAZINE on of all things page 13 (I ran one side of the sheet first then came back on the other) and so I took it back and he cleaned off the drum, threw away the old pad and put a new one on, plus putting some more ink in it. I took it and a week later it had a complete breakdown (all over $\frac{1}{2}$ ream of paper). I took it back and it was given a complete overhaul. It now worked perfectly, not crudding paper anymore or any of that. I need a new impression roller (which it needed when I got it and didn't show up until I washed it) but that can wait. When I get that my mimeo will be perfect (except for the counter which doesn't work because it got ink in it.) and once I get a steady job my zines will be monthly. (Gasp)

[Anybody who can recite that list of woes and then talk about going monthly deserves either an award or a free psychiatric examination...RSC]

ANTONIO DUPLA: Well, Juanita, didn't you know that the books reproduce themselves? It's a well established and scientifically proved fact. If you have any doubt (and some free space), put two (not one, they are not parthenogenetic) books and forget the matter. In a couple of weeks go to see and is sure that you will find at least both books plus a booklet and past one year there shall be no less of four books. And if the place where you put the books is a closed one the outcome is exactly the same. Is a case of selective condensation of predetermined particles.

In your views on Wood article I see myself classified as an aspirant to collector/scholar of SF and fandom. Your classification and views can be right but I agree with the basic premises of Wood. A question: is Breen tactless, rude, or normal? Please, Walter, don't slap a suit on me as I take exception based on my pertinent explanations published in YANDRO 113, Grumblings section, page 24, and I ask this in order to have a pattern of reference; and I am already prepunished not getting FANAC from 83 on.

Evers has given the best faan fiction in many a time. Only he has forgotten that well in a corner at left, full with a viscous and mephitic substance: the neofans.

Your objections are true but the thesis of Brent Phillips is overwhelmingly so; it's tiring to say the least, but when SF was introduced for the first time in Spain it was in a piratic collection whose heroes were Spanish and the world capital sometimes Madrid. And there is no doubt about the chauvinistic slant as I have located and read many of the originals.

Bubnis is too emotional, he gives a so pathetic view of the poor neofan that in comparison Nellie, that sickening-sweet creature of "The Old Curiosity Shop" seems to be a god's loved child. And so paternalistic cautions about the falsehood of the though exterior of fandom!

NOTICE TO RECIPIENTS OF "A TRIP TO HELL"-----

This piece of garbage, published by Bob Jennings and allegedly written by D. Bruce Berry, showed up in our mailbox the other day. Some YANDRO readers also got it, no doubt, and a few who lack the facilities for checking this sort of tripe might be inclined to believe it, lacking any contrary evidence. I won't go into Berry's obvious paranoia, since others probably will. However, the entire story is based on the statement by Berry that Earl Kemp held him up at gunpoint during Labor Day weekend, 1958; Berry's entire diseased output falls apart when this statement is proved a lie. And it's very easy to prove; on Labor Day weekend, 1958, Earl Kemp was in Los Angeles, a couple of thousand miles from the Berry holdup in Chicago, talking to several hundred fans attending the South Gate convention. In MOONSHINE, Rick Sneary mentions that Kemp delivered the nominating speech for Chicago during the voting for the '59 con site (Chicago lost to Detroit). Berry says Kemp was in Chicago; several hundred fans -- any one of whom is more trustworthy than Berry -- say he was in Los Angeles.

Berry can perhaps be forgiven; he is not responsible for what he says. I can well believe that he was committed to an institution; the frightening fact is that he managed to get out again.

Jennings, for publishing libel without even bothering to check on the facts, is considerably harder to forgive. That's not plain stupid; that's ugly stupid. I doubt if Earl uses the quite valid grounds he has for a libel suit; I hope he doesn't. On the other hand, anyone who is willing to associate with Jennings after this does so at his own risk. I'm not willing; this is the last time I will mention Jennings' name in print, and the last copy of YANDRO he will get from me.

Incidentally, George Willick seems to have more sense (and fewer ethics) than most people credit him with. According to an excerpted letter from him in this thing, he had all this material, and tried to blackmail Earl with it -- but when it came down to the mark, he had better sense than to publish it. (George, considering the general truth of the rest of this thing, you can offer reasons why the rest of your subscription shouldn't be refunded -- if you hadn't hinted to me that you "had" something on Earl, I'd ignore the mention of your name altogether. As it is, you have a choice of explaining yourself or getting a refund.)

I suppose a few fans will chide me for taking this too seriously, but I'm not one to overlook the opportunity to cut circulation by dumping a couple of lice.

RSC

WESTERCON OR BUST!

Westercon XVI (Baycon II) will be held in the San Francisco Bay Area over the week-end of July 4-5-6-7, 1963. Pro Guest of Honor will be that well-known pro, fan and good-man-at-a-party, Kris Neville. He drinks, you know. Fan Guests of Honor will be those fun-loving convention fans, club fans, fanzine fans, apa fans, all round fans, F. M. and Elinor Busby. We're going to have a ball.

We haven't yet come to a final agreement, but it looks almost certain that the BayCon will be held in a motel, complete with swimming pool and other appropriate facilities.

We are doing our best to put on a leisurely, relaxed fan gathering, a four-day party with just enough program to provide change of pace and provoke interest. The Program will begin about 2:30 P.M. each day and ~~1~~ until about 5: P.M. A Masquerade will provide a Thursday-night ice-breaker; the banquet will be on Saturday and movies will be shown on Sunday. Naturally science-fiction will not be forgotten, but the Program will also contain items having nothing to do with stf, but which nevertheless are of interest to fans. But we'll tell you more about that in our Progress Reports.

The main idea throughout will be to have fun. In so doing we want to make the BayCon a fan convention. We are not interested in recruiting; we are not interested in publicizing the cause; we are not interested in having a three-ring circus. We are throwing a party, a get-together for our friends, for fandom. All fans are faunch-ed for. All neo-fans are invited. Likeable strangers will be made welcome.

Brian Donahue will be editing our three Progress Reports and the Program Booklet. They will be multilithed and since Brian is a very fine fan artist, the publications will be beautiful as well as utilitarian. Brian is majoring in printing in college and wants to make each booklet an integrated whole, working the text, pictures and ads into one harmonious design. They will be something special and even if you can't attend the convention, you should join it in order to get them.

And naturally we are selling ads, with the rates the same for each Progress Report and the Program Booklet: Full Page (4-1/2" x 7-1/2"), Pro rate: \$6.75, Fan rate: \$4.50; 1/2 Page (2-1/4" x 7-1/2" or 4-1/2" x 3-3/4") Pro rate: \$4.50, Fan rate, \$3.00; 1/3 Page (4-1/2" x 2-1/2"), Pro rate: \$3.75, Fan rate \$2.50; and 1/4 Page (2-1/4" x 3-3/4"), Pro rate: \$3.00, Fan rate: \$2.00. Copy deadline for the first Progress Report is November 1; the second, February 1; and the third, May 1. The deadline for the Program Booklet is June 1. Send only text and roughs of illos as Brian will do all final design. Finished copy will not be accepted.

Join the BayCon now! Your membership will help us to prepare a better con for you. Send \$1.00 to BAYCON 113 Ardmore Rd. Berkeley, California; make all checks and money orders payable to J. Ben Stark. Send your copy to the same address. ss

'63 WESTERCON COMMITTEE

Al haLevy, Chairman
Bill Donaho
Alva Rogers
Ben Stark

Ray Nelson

'64 FRISCO OR FIGHT!!

Berkeley wants the 1964 Worldcon. We are going to fight and to work like hell to get it. When we get it we are going to fight and work to put on a good convention.

The '63 Westercon is shaping up into a real swinging affair. The '63 Westercon Committee will be the '64 Worldcon Committee. You know us. You know what we can do. The worldcon will be larger than the Westercon of course, but as far as possible we are going to put on the same kind of con:

- (1) Relaxed, informal--in a motel with a swimming pool.
- (2) A stimulating program with science-fiction topics of interest to readers and all types of fans, interlaced with interesting, note-worthy mundane subjects.
- (3) All the extras we can provide.

Los Angeles is also bidding. We know we can put on a better con. San Francisco is "everybody's favorite city"--a much better site than L.A. But more than that, L.A. had the worldcon in 1958. San Francisco hasn't had it since 1954. It's our turn.

We are a strong, united group. We have all worked together on major projects before and we know how to cooperate most efficiently to get the job done. We can and we will put on a fine con.

'64 FRISCO OR FIGHT!

'64 WORLDCON COMMITTEE

Al haLevy, Chairman
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Ben Stark

