

# YANDRO

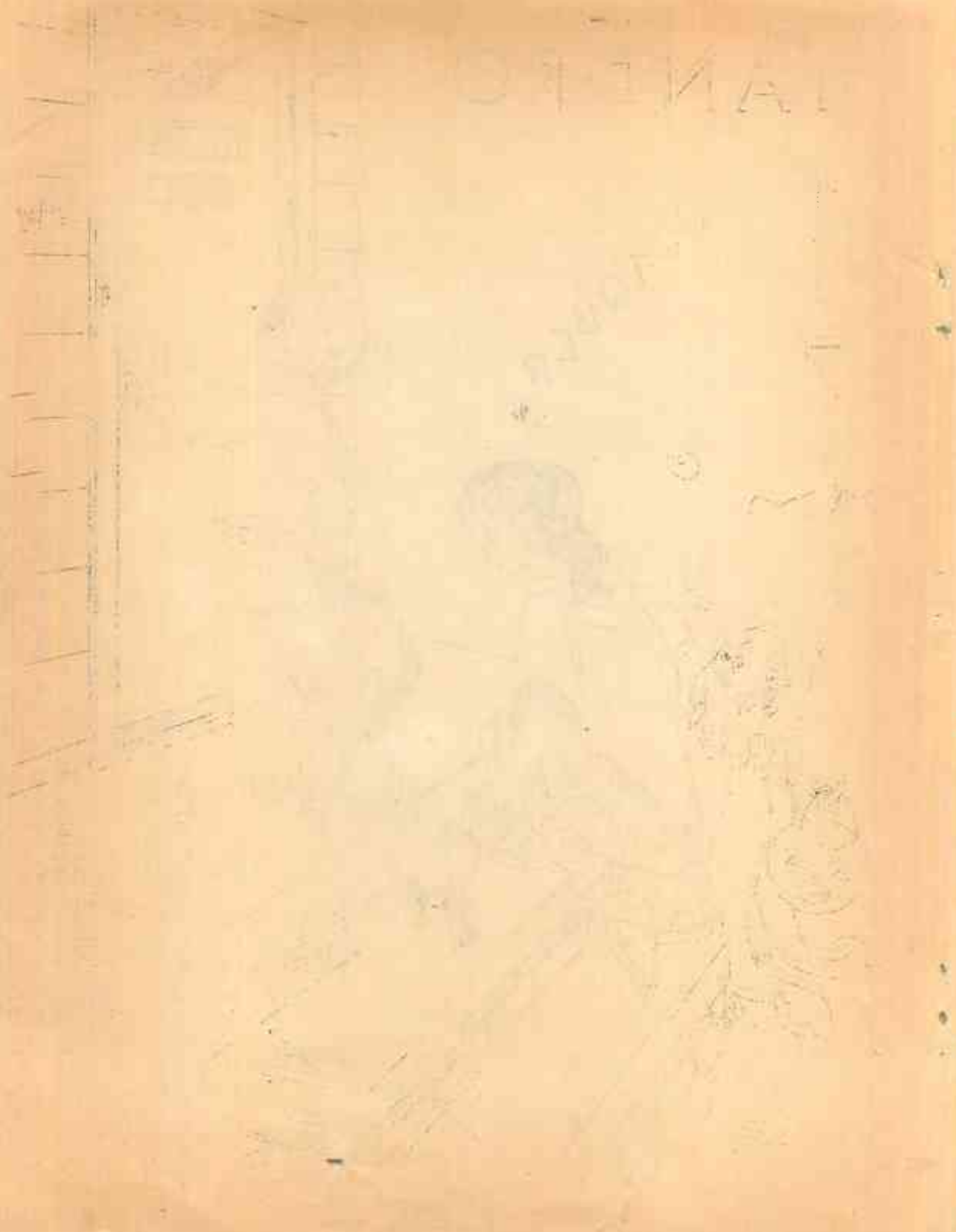
1  
1  
7

OCTOBER



ORIGINAL

1000





# YANDRO #117

London  
in 1965

1  
9  
6  
2

VOLUME X  
NUMBER 10

October

Price: England-1/3 @  
12 for 12/0  
Japan-90yen @  
12 for 940yen

Published twelve times a year by:  
Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3,  
Wabash, Indiana. British agent-Alan  
Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon,  
Herts., England. Japanese Agent is  
Tosio Ogawa, Finance Section, Ground  
Staff Office, Defense Department,  
Hinokicho, Tokyo, Japan

Price: USA, EUROPE, etc. :  
25¢ each, 12 for \$2.50

(Renewal after first year's subscription - 12 for \$2.00. We're generous)

## - CONTENTS -

Ramblings - - - - -	editorial type thing by JWC - - - - -	2
Rumblings - - - - -	mustache mutterings by RSC - - - - -	4
Ah! Sweet Idiosyncrasy! - - - - -	article by Vic Ryan - - - - -	6
The Scrupulous People - - - - -	fiction by James R. Adams - - - - -	11
With Jaundiced Eye - - - - -	a very short column by Ted White - - - - -	13
Strange Fruit - - - - -	fanzine reviews by our own RSC - - - - -	14
Wake Up, America! - - - - -	article by Derek Nelson - - - - -	17
Reflections on the Fugghhead - - - - -	column-verse by Marion Bradley - - - - -	18
verselet - - - - -	e e evers - - - - -	19
Golden Minutes - - - - -	book reviews by RSC - - - - -	20
New Addresses Department - - - - -	- - - - -	22
Grumblings - - - - -	letters - - - - -	23

## - ART WORK -

Cover this issue by Barbi Johnson

Arthur Thompson - - - - -	page 1	JWC - - - - -	pages 2 & 4
Jim Cawthorn - - - - -	page 8	Randy Scott - - - - -	page 9
DEA - - - - -	page 12	Dan Adkins - - - - -	page 13
Robert E. Gilbert - - - - -	pages 25 & 18	Richard Schultz - - - - -	page 19
Dave Prosser - - - - -	page 24		

Just arrived in the mail: a note from Enid Jacobs, who was mentioned in an earlier issue as wanting a copy of YANDRO 95. Seems we got her street address wrong -- should have been 3913, not 2913. However, this is a minor fault since she's in college now anyway and anyone wanting to communicate with her should address her at Box 257, Towson State Teacher's College, Towson 4, Maryland. (That address sounds familiar, somehow; there must be some other fans at Towson.)



R  
A  
M  
B  
L  
I  
N  
G  
S

October has assumed a special place in monthhood for me over the years. As a child, it was my favorite month, partially because of Hallowe'en (with possibly an undercurrent being the fantasy element of that holiday) and partially because of an attachment to the cold and crisp fall weather. In my romantic adolescence I discovered Edgar Allen Poe was similarly fascinated by the month and I was equally fascinated by his poetry..... Sputnik I was launched in October, Bruce was born in October, and now

October, 1962, will probably assume a mingling of pleasure and apprehension throughout the future.....many nice things and many nice people have been on my mind this October, and two days ago Kennedy made a (to me) chilling announcement to the effect that our state department is ready to lob missiles if things get any nastier over Cuba...and I am alternately being pleased with the crispy weather and happy personal experiences and looking for a handy hidey-hole everytime I hear that high pitched scream until I identify it as one of the delta winged SAC supporters from twenty-five miles west. Signs of the times?

I could be coy and ask old timers to guess how this issue was reproduced, save that the difference is probably even more obvious to readers than it is to me. In some respects better, and in others not so hot. The entire issue was run on the Gestetner, and it's obvious I still have a few tricks to learn...watch this space.

But with the help of lots of nice people, the path to Gestetner hood has not only been smoothed but strewn with red velvet carpet.....by George Scithers who gave me the machine in the first place, and Don Fitch and the Trimble who sent me instruction books (Fjo and John first sent me a set for an electric, then when they learned it was a 120 sent me a book for that, complete with handy-dandy additional fannish type instructions inked in here and there....those things like 'it's easier if you do it this way' ..which you would have discovered for yourself after pulling out half your hair), and Ted White who gave me lots of advice on masking the silk screen for narrow stencils and four-button stencil fixing bars and like that and how to give a snow job to the suppliers. To everyone fervent thanks, and honest, I'll get onto the inking procedure after awhile and indicate your kindnesses.

I'm still a bit leery of the reproduction qualities of the Gestetner as regards illos. I can't get as black a tone as I'd like. I can see it now - each issue I run the solid type pages on the Gestetner and the illoed pages on the Tower.....and go broke buying ink.

One benefit the entire family has enjoyed already - thanks to the counter, we can play records or tapes during the run without me screaming for silence because someone made me forget my place... although I'm still suspicious. The Gestetner is very sneaky and I suspect some stuck-together pages may have slipped through. On the Tower I can tell by the sound and the feel immediately when two sheets go



through together....but with the Gestetner the only way to spot it is with the nekkid eye....and my eyes aren't too hot after the first five pages or so.

Wonder if any of the bust-conscious Hollywood starlets who go in for publicity photos cracking bull whips and the like have ever thought of Gestetner cranking as a development exercise for the pectoral muscles?

It will be interesting to see what reaction or comment we get on Derek Nelson's article. A week ago I would have bet on a lot of wholehearted approval and paper handclapping. Now I'm expecting shudders and 'do you want your daughter to marry an ICBM?' responses. We shall see.

Politics is all the thing in Indiana now, and most other states as well. I have an uncle running for appellate judge, and in the past I have considered myself a Republican because of my attitude on government control, unions, and similar conservative topics. But particularly in fandom there seems to be a type of critter known as the independent conservative. When it comes to civil rights, I'm probably considerably left of center - I have yet to read a Republican candidate with a stand strong enough to satisfy me, and as far as I'm concerned, the administration was a bit too timid in Mississippi.... and living in a rural area and hearing about me the attitudes of the farmers themselves, I must agree with their dog-eat-dog desire to drop all supports and let the inefficients and incompetents break themselves out of the business entirely without government interference.....on the other hand, I'm in favor of the government getting into the education business, because the states aren't handling it and (here goes that old bugaboo of personal involvement) the teaching profession and the education of the young is too important to be left to the tender inexperience of the county trustee system or similar backwoods administrative monstrosities.

I think perhaps some of the European countries have the right idea in nomenclature - maybe I should be known as a radical conservative or conservative radical, or something.... printable, preferably.

The biggest private laugh in Indiana politics (which involves such horrors as singing commercials for the candidates and t-v films of businessman type Capehart looking solefully at an ear of corn) is one of the campaign slogans for Birch Bayh...."A Vote for Bayh Is a Vote For Action"....which sounds like a normal slogan until you realize Bayh is from Terre Haute, notorious even outside the state for its wide open gambling and gansterism....they aren't advertising it, but they request sotto voce at least when bandying it about in a national magazine like SatEvePost..... I can see it now...Bayh gets in and immediately out-of-state visitors to DC look him up and want to know "where is this action, hey?"

Difference of semantics - the Trimbles told me if I "slammed the fixing bar" on the tops of standard stencils....it would punch holes. Well I tried slamming, to no results at all. So I discovered what they meant was locally "leaning" - and leaning hard....like you force it down, and then you force some more, and then you find a small hammer and give it forty...uh...well, a couple of whacks just to be sure...

and then it slips out of place the second revolution.....oh well.

The Discon already sounds like a good deal, so be sure to read Buck's column and get the address for your membership....

And look - LOOK - this actually has an October postmark on it!....JWC



R  
U  
M  
B  
L  
I  
N  
G  
S

Ted White sent this column installment in as a postscript to his "regular" column. However, we'd already decided to postpone his column to next month in order to include Vic's article and my book reviews -- you think I'm going to include my book reviews and Ted's book criticisms in the same issue, you got rocks in your head. So we went ahead and ran Ted's PS as a full column, tho it wasn't intended that way.

Seems like Kennedy took Derek Nelson's article to heart -- before it was published, even. You can't get no faster reaction than that.

I've done it again. For God's sake, people, when you submit material to YANDRO, put your name on it! Sometimes I remember to add a missing name, and sometimes I accept material and put it in the files without even noticing that it isn't signed. For now, will the authors of "Return Engagement" (fiction; will be credited to e.e. evers if I don't get an answer) and "Isn't That Cute?" (also fiction, and I don't really have the vaguest idea of who wrote it, tho if I were to take a wild stab I'd guess Allen Mardis) please drop me a card and claim their offspring? I'll try to get them published fairly soon after finding someone to ~~place them on~~ credit them to.

Having our record player and Pentron tape recorder both working at the same time (a rare occurrence these past few months), we've begun to make inroads on our accumulation of tapes -- if we owe you one, you'll be getting it before long. We've also got our own tapes somewhat in order (just in time, since DeWeese showed up last weekend after a vacation in New York, with a score or so of records that I'm itching to get my phone plugs into). Of course, Gene managed to make me envious; I wish I could afford to spend a week scouting New York's book and record stores.....

Hearing rumors that we are folk enthusiasts, Bill Plott generously sent us the ads for a special 4-record set issued by the Book-Of-The-Month Club, featuring excerpts from various Vanguard folk records and offered to get us a set if we wanted it. As it happens, we have a pretty fair stock of Vanguard records and there was too much duplication for us to want this set, but it's a good one for anyone wanting to expand a small folk-record collection, and the price is very good. (There's an interesting list of photos of the performers included in the ad -- I note that all the singers were photographed in the act of singing except for Ewan McColl, who seems to be scratching fleas, and John Jacob Niles, who is apparently weeping over his guitar; possibly he had just broken a string, and those silver strings cost money.)

Recent record acquisitions here include "Folk Matinee" by the Lime-lighters, "Sometimes I Feel Like Cryin'" by Odetta, and "Thar She Blows." by McColl and Lloyd. (The latter is recommended only to confirmed addicts; Lloyd's voice is enough to send dabblers in the field running back to the Kingston Trio.) A couple of records that DeWeese had and that I will have as soon as I can afford them are "An Irishman In Americay" by Tom Kines, and "Almost Authentic Folk Songs" by Dolan



Ellis. Ellis has some of the most beautiful folksong parodies that I've yet heard.

According to Dick Eney, you can send your \$2 for DisCon membership to Bill Evans, The 21st World Science Fiction Convention, Inc., Box 36, Mt. Rainier, Maryland. (He doesn't actually say that Bill will send back a membership card in return, but I think it's safe to assume.) He also says that so far the program includes a Saturday night costume ball and a Sunday afternoon banquet for less than \$5. (Surprisingly good price, but I still don't think I'm going.) Nominations for the Hugo awards will be restricted to members of Chicon III and the Discon; final voting restricted to Discon members only. They have various other ideas, but nothing else definite, or at least they aren't admitting that anything else is definite.

Nostalgia for old radio programs seems to be an accepted part of fandom any more; I might as well toss a few out and see if I get any response. Anyone remember "The Grouch Club", with Ned Sparks? (For that matter, anyone remember Ned Sparks?) Or the singing trio of Tom, Dick and Harry? They used to be among my special favorites, with their versions of "Abdul, Abulbul Ameer", "The Girl Friend Of The Whirling Dervish", "Eleven More Months And Ten More Days", etc., and their pre-Freberg commercial-parodies. How about the old Rudy Vallee Show, with Rudy, John Barrymore and Groucho Marx all trying to out-talk one another? And can any Midwestern folkniks tell me what happened to Doc Hopkins, "America's Favorite Singer of America's Favorite Folk Songs", who used to have a 15-minute morning show on WLS? I used to listen faithfully; he usually stuck to standard items, but I recall I first heard "The Ship That Never Returned" on his show.

Robert Brown, 1484 Elm Ave., Long Beach 13, Calif., is interested in obtaining back issues of SHAGGY; he missed out on the ones we sold.

We just got a new price list from Publisher's Central (which is a good place to get cheap records if you know exactly what you're looking for). Juanita was being croggled at some of their book titles, such as "A Treasury of Driftwood Arrangements" -- can you imagine paying \$2.95 for a book that tells you how to arrange driftwood artistically? I think that "Romance Of The Patchwork Quilt In America" is a pretty fascinating title, too. (I may have to pick up some of their records; Dominic Behan's "Songs Of The I.R.A." and the latest Archer and Gile selections. And I'd almost buy one of their classical discs just to have a record by an orchestra conducted by Sir Eugene Goossens -- there's a name to conjure with....)

Juanita bought "The Earl Of Louisiana" by A. J. Liebling. It's worth the money; any account that can make Indiana politics look good by comparison is always worth 75¢. Somehow the idea that the Longs were among the best of the Louisiana politicians is enough to give you the shivers. It even makes me feel better about Indiana's senatorial race this year (though not much....when I said I'd be willing to vote for anybody to get rid of Capehart I didn't think they'd take me so literally.)

Juanita and I are now charter members of a Chicago stf club -- the north side of Chicago, no less. Try that one on your sense of wonder. / Since I can't think of anything either pertinent or impertinent to sign off with, I'll just quit.

RSC

# Ah! Sweet Idiosyncrasy!

an article from

VIC RYAN

It might be proper for us to shed a crocodile's tear or two for a grave injustice. Fran Laney devoted a good portion of his fan life to making some rather ill-founded observations about the fan personality, but it wasn't until years after his death that anyone bothered to collect data sufficient to justify some fumbling conclusions. This September in Chicago brought the usual raucous living for which science fiction fans are noted, but it also marked J.E. Pournelle's administration of a rather innocuous little tool known as the Edwards Personal Preference Schedule.

Something less than a couple of hundred people had sufficient interest to take the test, which was given both Friday evening and Sunday morning, in conditions far from ideal, to fans that weren't in tip-top shape themselves. Very simply, the Edwards test, which was developed in 1954 by a professor at the University of Washington, consists of 225 items, each one a pair of statements. The person taking the test is supposed to choose the statement which comes nearest to describing his personality, as he pictures it. What I suspect might bother Laney is that no one could validly claim this test to be diagnostic; it's simply a very useful aid in making certain inferences about a person's behavioral pattern, and it's only in certain absences or excesses that "abnormal" behavior might logically be suspected.

There is one thing about this particular test which makes it more worthwhile than most; it makes great strides toward negating an item that's always proven noisome to social scientists: that of "social desirability." Imagine a pair of statements, of which one -- supposedly the most accurate -- is to be chosen:

"I like to be loyal to my friends."

"I like to avoid responsibility."

Your imagination will no doubt suffice to inform you which of the statements will be overwhelmingly chosen. Our society happens to reward loyalty among friends, condemn the opposite and frown upon the "immature" person who sidesteps responsibility. In such a case, the item's answer is meaningless, for even where the person's anonymity is guaranteed, there's a mechanism which is likely to cloud his introspection. However, take two statements such as these:

"I like to ask questions which I know no one will be able to answer."

"I like to tell other people how to do their jobs."

Here the factor of social desirability can be all but eliminated. If the choice is between bestiality and flagellation, the person may as well answer truthfully as his own mental configuration will allow. Since the choice is rarely so stark, this is accurate enough for our purposes.

Eventually I was left with some 86 tests from which to make some inferences about fan personality. A number of the tests were thrown out at the time of scoring, for the simple reason that many people failed to complete the questionnaire, and the test configuration prohibits telling the person what 5/32nds of his personality might be. I had to throw away a further number, simply because the sex was left unindicated, and there are no normative groups for anonymous samples. The final group



consisted of 64 men and 22 women, and they're the ones who are profiled on the final chart.

I. (The theoretical distribution is from 0 to 28.)

<u>Variable</u>	<u>Low score</u>	<u>High score</u>	<u>Mean</u>	<u>Percentile</u>
1. Achievement	M: 5 F: 8	27 22	18 16	74 79
2. Deference	M: 3 F: 3	21 20	10 11	43 41
3. Order	M: 2 F: 5	19 17	10 10	54 55
4. Exhibition	M: 6 F: 9	25 24	15 15	62 63
5. Autonomy	M: 6 F: 9	25 26	17 18	76 92
6. Affiliation	M: 7 F: 10	25 24	14 16	45 41
7. Intraception	M: 7 F: 11	26 24	16 18	51 58
8. Succorance	M: 1 F: 1	24 23	12 11	65 44
9. Dominance	M: 3 F: 2	24 24	15 12	32 36
10. Abasement	M: 0 F: 6	22 24	11 13	45 37
11. Nurturance	M: 1 F: 5	24 23	13 13	46 26
12. Change	M: 4 F: 11	26 26	16 17	57 52
13. Endurance	M: 5 F: 6	27 24	14 14	64 63
14. Heterosexuality	M: 0 F: 0	28 24	17 12	45 38
15. Aggression	M: 4 F: 5	25 19	13 13	57 74

## II. Frequency Distribution

<u>Variable</u>	<u>0-25th%ile</u>	<u>26-50</u>	<u>51-75</u>	<u>76-100</u>
1. Achievement	7	19	19	41
2. Deference	31	19	21	15
3. Order	16	22	24	22
4. Exhibition	15	23	26	22
5. Autonomy	6	11	16	53
6. Affiliation	27	25	12	22
7. Intraception	16	22	25	23
8. Succorance	15	28	18	25
9. Dominance	30	30	15	11
10. Abasement	26	19	21	20
11. Nurturance	28	17	23	18
12. Change	14	27	19	26
13. Endurance	16	18	25	27
14. Heterosexuality	34	10	20	22
15. Aggression	14	18	20	34

The Edwards Personal Preference Schedule measures a person's relative interest in fifteen variables, those listed on the graph. It should be readily obvious that there's little or no point in comparing your scores to those of your neighbor; there are 420 responses which can be split up among the fifteen categories, so the factor of importance here is a person's allotment of what's termed "psychic energy". A score of 16 on a variable might indicate fully as much interest as one of 20, but a still greater interest in other responses. Since our interest lies more in the whole profile, this is relatively unimportant.

The chart above contains all the raw information from which one could draw some healthy conclusions, but perhaps some explanation is in order. The first section lists, variable by variable, the range of scores, the mean score and the percentile on which that mean falls. The second section indicates how many scores for each variable fell into four broad percentile categories. Theoretically, this second group, if plotted on a graph, would form a nice, neat, bell-shaped curve--but our sampling was relatively small, and it's in these lopsided results that our interest lies.

I suspect a blow-by-blow interpretation of the results would be as uninteresting to read as it would be boring to write. A sturdy dictionary and a little imagination should suffice to pretty well interpret the results for anyone who has the chart and sufficient interest. However, a few comments are probably in order, since there are certain difficulties in semantics and values that might best be cleared away now.

"Achievement" is the variable which measures a person's orientation towards success in certain meaningful areas. As anyone can see, the scores here were quite high, with almost half the people taking the test falling into the upper fourth of the population in their desire for achievement, not necessarily on the value or magnitude of their achievements, per se. It's probably significant that the people who were able to wield a pencil at all Sunday morning must be more ambitious than those who merely slept it off. Don't let those scores on

"Order" throw you; they fall somewhat above the national mean, but this is quite possibly as much guilt as actual practice, or so the fan who receives his share of crud-dy magazines will tell you. Also, this isn't strictly "order" as it's usually conceived; the item was once termed "compulsiveness", and I'm hard-pressed to think of anyone much more compulsive than the editor who justifies the margins of his fanzine text, the reader who wades through reams of crud monthly, or the collector turned completist.

The scores on "Exhibition"--the desire to be the center of attention, to say witty and clever things--were surprisingly low, considering that fans often get together only once a year, and then there's a discouraging amount of talking to



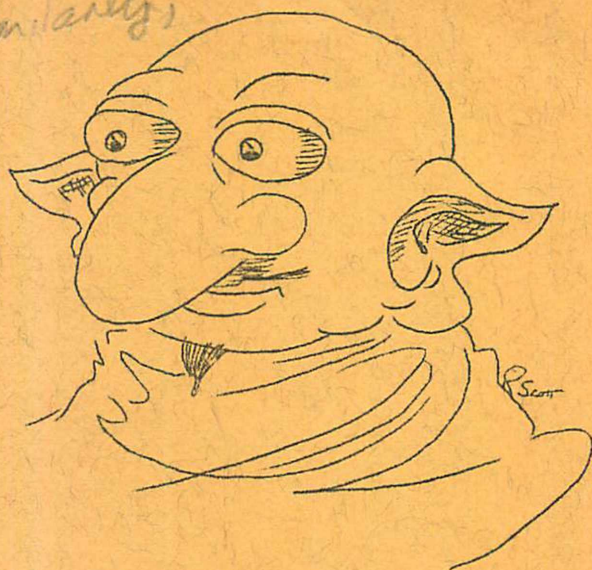


be done. Laney might have been particularly interested in the scores on "Intracception", since he was chronically worried that fans simply didn't realize the truth about themselves. I can hear Fran clamoring that Daugherty be given the test, simply because it contains a little item called "Endurance", which supposedly quantifies a person's interest in finishing those things which he starts.

One's willingness to accept the blame when a mistake arises, or to feel guilty over an error, is what's being measured by the variable of "Abasement", but the item doesn't necessarily measure one's interest in open confession, which many people visualize when confronted by the word. An often-spoken inference that simply isn't supported by this test is that fans, who are generally somewhat liberal politically and certainly change addresses faster than the average group of similar size (as only a long-suffering fan editor can fully appreciate), are, by and large, interested in "Change". Apparently they aren't at all this concerned, since the scores for both sexes fell in the range of the fiftieth percentile.

I wanted to discuss two items--autonomy and heterosexuality -- at length. The former is roughly a measure of one's independence, one's desire to come and go as he wishes, and do whatever his little id pleases. Here lies the only completely significant and above-board fan-nish score: the males' mean falls on the 76th percentile, while the females' is a rather remarkable 92nd percentile ranking. There are annoying factors in operation, of course: the convention attendees, generally, are older people, with a greater need--and amount--of freedom than their brethren that stayed at home. A large number are professional people or students, two groups that generally rank rather high in autonomous interest. Still, the score for women, at least, is so high that there aren't enough factors, singly or in combination, to completely explain it away.

The score in which fans are probably most interested is that of heterosexuality, since this was one of Laney's favorite subjects, and the inevitable crux of anyone's argument to the effect that fans are maladjusted. Heterosexuality, on this test, attempts to measure one's interest in the opposite sex: dating, kissing, loving; and appearing attractive to its members. The male scores ran the theoretical gamut from 0 to 28, from no interest to that of a fanatic. The female scores ran from 0 to 24. Here there are very definitely faults in the sampling: many of the people taking the test were at the extremities of age, either very young or ~~very~~ elderly. Their sexual interest is obvious. Secondly, it's very easy to lie on this item, since it's probably the most transparent, and that most touched by social desirability. The greatest danger, however, is not that extraneous factors will throw doubts upon the scores, but that overly-zealous fans will ruin the re-



sults for them. A score of 0 here most definitely does not indicate that the person is a homosexual. About all that can be said of the person is that he's denied himself any heterosexual interest, at least under test conditions. Such an absence of interest might be indicative of homosexuality, but that's a matter for qualified analysis, not our naive guesses.

So, you ask, what does it all mean? I'm afraid I don't have the answers, but I can present the standard interpretations for what they're worth. Within their own structure, they do have some value: in a series of fifteen identical items, most fans answered better than twelve consistently, which is somewhat less fickle than the national normative group proved. Internal consistency is measured in terms of reliability, for each variable, with the range being from a healthy  $\sqrt{.60}$  for deference to a very definite  $\sqrt{.87}$  for heterosexuality. Apparently the test measures these factors consistently over time. An equally meaningful term is validity, the index of a test's performance in those areas which it claims to quantify. Obviously this is hard to test, but the Edwards Schedule correlates rather exactly with self-ratings made by reasonably normal people, and from all indications, very well with what the observer believes is the personality of the person in question.

The test isn't completely representative. The fans who took it were probably older than the national norm, although no figures were made, and, had they been taken, the women would probably have lied even where their anonymity was guaranteed. They were probably more independent, simply because they're the ones who made it, while others were perhaps compelled to remain at home. Still, we might make some reasonably valid generalizations about that vague fellow, the "average fan".

The male fan is a little less startling than his female counterpart. He's very much the product of a middle-class outlook on achievement, and he's probably independent enough to have a chance of going places. Similarly, he's somewhat less interested than the average fellow in making numerous and close friendships, while he's only slightly interested in having others help him, and, in theory at least, very much disinterested in helping others. He's only a little more aggressive than the average person, and a little less interested in the opposite sex.

Where the fellow is somewhat indefinable, the gal is well-outlined. She's very independent, perhaps overly so. She's much less interested than even the male fan in caring for others, and apparently she couldn't care less if anyone succors her. She's similarly low on affiliation. The obvious question concerns her femininity, and I'm hesitant to mention it, since I'm not at all sure I can without any glaring value judgments. It appears she's somewhat "man-nish". Her independence is an index of this, as is her almost 80th percentile ranking on achievement, her remarkably high ranking on aggression and her interestingly low score on heterosexual interest.

Then, most of the things you've assumed about fans are quite possibly true: somewhat less bound by convention than the average Joe, somewhat slower and more hesitant about making friends, a measure of introversion, among other things. I'm sure Fran would be disappointed, but he was looking for things the Edwards Schedule either doesn't measure, or results which I'd be afraid to infer. The ~~are~~ are there, and if you care to live with the clanking of Laney's chains, do with them as you please.



# THE SCRUPULOUS PEOPLE *-fiction by* james r. adams

"Go pick us a gloonk for dinner, Drill," said Twi-Lee, placing a clay pot of water over the fire-pit.

Her husband made a grumbling noise, laid aside his mirror puzzle and stood up.

"Gloonki, always gloonki," he said. "I wish we'd have something else for a change."

Twi-Lee poked the fire. "And then you'd say, 'What's this tasteless mess? Where's the gloonk?' Go pick the gloonk."

He went. A few moments later he was back, frowning.

"There are no gloonki left," he told his wife and slumped on a stool.

She waited, staring at him.

"All that's there," Drill explained, "is a tall metal thing. Fact is, it's a spaceship. When it came down it burnt up every gloonk in the patch."

"So that's what made that terrible racket a while ago." Twi-Lee pointed at him accusingly. "You said it was thunder."

"I thought it was thunder. It sounded like thunder. Somewhat."

"Very little, very little. As a matter of fact, it didn't sound like thunder at all. I recall distinctly that it didn't."

Drill sighed.

"The water's boiling," she said, glancing at the pot. "I wish I'd saved some of yesterday's gloonk. We can't eat a spaceship."

Seeing he was expected to say something, Drill offered, "There are people inside it. Well, not really people; not like us. The form is sort of like ours. But where they have things, we don't, and where they don't, we do. When I was partway home, I looked back and saw them coming out."

Twi-Lee shrugged. "We can't eat them either, much as they deserve it. But they have food in their ship; go make signs and them and tell them we want some of it."

Drill lurched out, muttering. He returned bearing a double armload of packages which he dumped unceremoniously on the floor.

"There. Lots of food. We'll have something besides gloonki for a change after all. I didn't have to make signs at them. They put a helmet on me and we communicated by thought. Tickled. They're from some planet called Terra. Said they're sorry about burning up the gloonk patch."

Twi-Lee selected a package, opened it and looked doubtfully at the contents. Experimentally, she tore off some of the red, rubbery substance and dropped it into the clay pot.

"Sorrow helps a lot," she said. "Can we eat sorrow? Can we sell it to the city dwellers for money to pay our taxes, buy our clothes?"

"No," Drill admitted. "But they seemed really put out about it. Down-right miserable. I didn't want to make them any more so by getting angry with them."

"Now you listen to me, Drill, this calls for firmness. You go tell them we'll have to have damages."



"We've already got the damages, dear. What we want now is repairs."

Ignoring him, she hurried on, "Now let me see. Each gloonk is worth fifty values. Estimating the number of gloonki in our patch at..." She snatched up writing materials and employed them busily. At last she handed the sheet of figures to her husband. "Here. This is what they owe us. Don't take a value less!"

Reluctantly, Drill started on the errand. His viewpoint was that it was a matter not worth making trouble over. His brother would loan them seeds to plant a new gloonk patch. But he knew better than to argue the question with his mate.

Half an hour passed.

Drill came in, fished a crumpled sheaf of papers from the folds of his robe and extended them to Twi-Lee. He collapsed on his stool.

"What are these?" she asked suspiciously, fearing he had been got the better of by the space travelers.

"Why, legal papers, of course," he answered. "Perfectly valid, too, so far as I know. The Terrans assured me they had the authority to do it."

"Do what? Drill, make sense."

He fed a few chips of dried moss to the fire and peered hungrily into the pot. The Terran food floated there, as red and as rubbery as when new from the package.

"Ugh!" he grunted. "I don't know if I want to eat that. Anyway, we'd better give it back to the Terrans now. They'll need it. Twi-Lee, there is a people too scrupulous for their own good, though they tell me their ancestors of two thousand years ago were exactly the opposite."

She gave him a look, but Drill was not to be hurried.

He continued, "It seemed to me like we wasted an awful lot of time out there settling up for some cremated gloonki. But the thing is, we first had to figure out a rate of exchange, I think they called it. It was all nonsense to me, but they made a big to-do about it."

"Well, when it was all said and done, they found out they didn't have enough money to pay for our gloonk patch. So they went into conference and drew up these legal papers, signing over to us the only thing they had of equal value."

He picked up his mirror puzzle and gave it a hopeful twist. Studying the result, he said, "'Terra' is a catchy name, to my mind. But by my mother's tail, Twi-Lee, what are we going to do with a whole planet of our own?"

She considered a moment, then announced with happy decision, "Rent it out, of course. You see Lalla the painter first thing tomorrow and have him make us a nice 'For Rent' sign."



# With Jaundiced Eye

A COLUMNETTE FROM

ted white

YOU READ IT HERE FIRST, Dept.: Remember back in 1960, when I commented in YANDRO on "The Death of (Magazine) Science Fiction"? (Sure you do; there were so many replies and comments that the next issue Buck had to run a forum to contain them.)

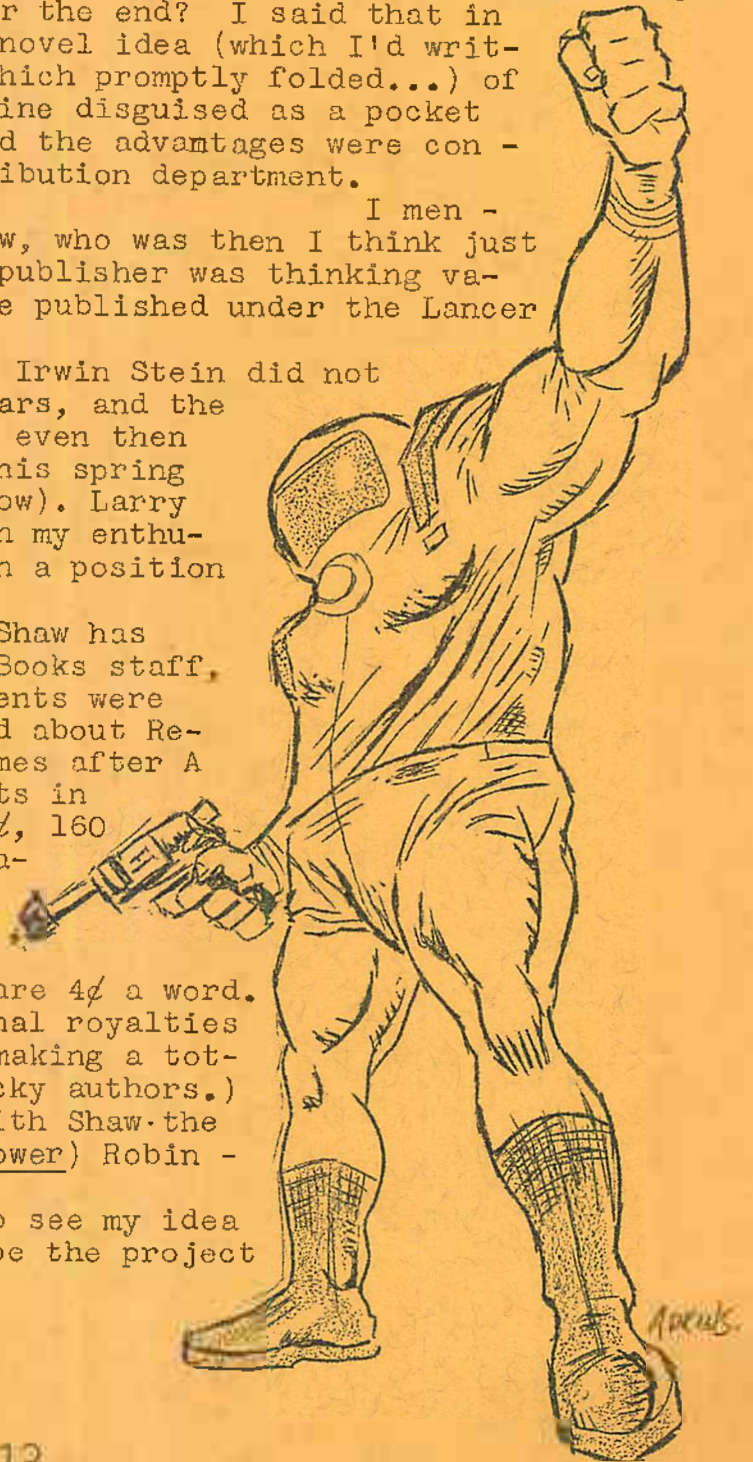
Well, do you remember the suggestion I made near the end? I said that in 1958 I'd come up with the not-too-novel idea (which I'd written up for John Magnus' VARIOSO, which promptly folded...) of publishing a science fiction magazine disguised as a pocket book? I had it all worked out, and the advantages were considerable, especially in the distribution department.

I mentioned it at the time to Larry Shaw, who was then I think just finished with INFINITY, and whose publisher was thinking vaguely of a line of paperbacks to be published under the Lancer Books imprint.

Things move slowly. Irwin Stein did not launch Lancer for another three years, and the science fiction classics Larry was even then planning were not approved until this spring or summer (the first two are out now). Larry liked my idea then, and agreed with my enthusiasm over it, but he was hardly in a position to implement it.

He is now. Larry Shaw has joined A.J. Budrys on the Regency Books staff, and science fiction writers and agents were just (as I write this) circularized about Regency's "Project C" ("Because C comes after A and B and we have two other projects in the works..."). Project C is a 50¢, 160 page paperback science fiction magazine published whenever sales and copy warrant issues. Sales of over 100,000 (maybe even 200,000) are envisioned, and initial rates are 4¢ a word. (If sales go over 100,000, additional royalties accrue, namely another 6¢ a word, making a total earned of 10¢ a word for the lucky authors.) Apparently Budrys is the editor, with Shaw the assistant editor, and Frank (The Power) Robinson a "project advisor".

I'm glad to see my idea taking such fertile seed, and I hope the project goes over big.



# STRANGE FRUIT



SILME #2 (Bjo Trimble, 5734 Parapet St., Long Beach 8, Calif. - irregular) This is also the last issue; the mag in the future will be merged with the other Fan Art zine, FAStell. I'm not sure what Bjo plans to do about dues/subscriptions, but send \$1 and I'm sure she'll tell you when it runs out. Fan artists should be interested in the various discussions of Fan Art Shows and the like; fanzine editors will be more interested in Ted White's article on the use of electronic stencils, covering advantages, drawbacks, how to do it, inside tips, etc. Since my only contact with electronic stencilling has been with the products thereof (or "spoor" as we big game hunters call it) I can't vouch for the accuracy of the article, but Ted should be as much of an electronic stencil expert as fandom has. Also, Seth Johnson suggests that the FAS group act as a clearing house for fan art, and Bjo says that maybe perhaps the unsold work sent to the FanArt "sketch table" might possibly be sent to fan editors if the artists agree, the editors are interested, and a method can be worked out. Rating...6

Noted but not reviewed: WHY NOT #5 (Al Lewis -- I don't care if you do send us 2 copies, I'm not going to review a N'APAZine that's mostly con report), REAL SOON NOW #1 (Crilly), ENVOY #8 and SALLY FORT #3 (Cheslin -- though that fancy hand-colored cover really should rate a few points all by itself...even if it is a Schultz illo), UNIPODE (Ewart -- if Hel Klemm or Thea Grade will give me his address I'll send him one issue of YANDRO, but I'm really not interested in trading for a fanzine that I can't even find the return address on. I know the address is there, I'm just not sure how much of that line is address and how much is German fannishness).

MENACE OF THE LASERS #51 thru 54 (Bruce Pelz, 738 So. Mariposa, #107, Los Angeles 5, Calif. - bi-weekly - 6 for 50¢) All the news from the Los Angeles homos. (Sapiens, of course....you have a dirty mind, sir!) I eagerly await the next issue. When is Joe Sanders going to attend a meeting? When is Joe Sanders going to send me his address? Tune in next month.

SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES #394 & 395 (S F Times, Inc!, P.O. Box 115, Solvay Branch, Syracuse 9, New York - bi-weekly - 12 for \$1.75) All the news from the pro front (and some of those pro fronts are pretty newsworthy). Like Galaxy coming out with a new companion magazine and a revival of Galaxy Novels, and a huge headline, "IF" TO BE PEPED UP! Going to turn it into a confessions magazine, I guess.

I have a whole batch of N3F stuff here, and I'm not sure which came as a rider with what, so I'll put it all under THRU THE HAZE #17 (Art Hayes, RR 3, Bancroft, Ont., Canada - monthly - ask Art about price and he'll be happy to sell you an N3F membership) HAZE is a must for collectors and stf readers because of Don Franson's information column, which covers any question you may have about stf, fandom, or the N3F. Also in the pile is a con report by Harriett Kolchak, a con report by Dave Keil, THE GARDEN GHOULS GAZETTE #9 by Dave Keil (38 Slocum Crescent, Forest Hills 75, N.Y.), containing reviews and another con report and DIFFERENTIAL #2, by Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Station C, Ottawa 3, Ont., Canada. Paul seems equipped with a built-in persecution complex,



as he takes comments by Lupoff and Harry Warner about there being "too many fanzines" and builds up to a tirade about how the "Establishment" shouldn't try to stop newcomers from expressing themselves. Since neither Lupoff nor Warner made any suggestions about stopping any of today's fanzines, Wyszowski's exhortations look pretty silly. (He also asks "which ones...should not be published?", which is a poor question, since somebody might tell him.)

AXE #32 (Larry & Noreen Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, N.Y. - monthly - 20¢) But either write them quick or wait until you see a new address for them, since they're moving to Chicago, with Larry joining Algis Budrys and Earl Kemp on the editorial staff of Regency books. (Say, fellas, you haven't got room for another editor up there, have you? I always fancied myself as a pro editor....) AXE is beginning to run regular columns as well as news. The big news this time is George Willick's letter, explaining his side of the Berry-Jennings libel. Since Kemp has yet to say anything publicly, George's statement is the first believable bit to appear from an "insider". Rating...7

SKYRACK #46 (Ron Bennett, 13 West Cliffe Grove, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England - USAgent, Bob Favlat, 6001 43rd. Ave., Hyattsville, Md. - 6 for 35¢, or 6 for 65¢ if you want them airmailed - more or less monthly) All the news on British fandom, with occasional comments on the US variety. The really sophisticated fan should get AXE and SKYRACK both.

LOKI #4 (Dave Hulan, 228-D Niblo Drive, Redstone Arsenal, Alabama - 20¢ - quarterly, I think - 25¢ for this annish) Beautiful bacover by Katya Hulan. The double editorials are the best items; I'm sorry to note that Katya's won't be appearing in the future. (Get her one of those Indian cradles, Dave; then she can type and hang the baby over the back of the chair.) I don't think I should write letters of comment on fanzines; whenever I send off a two-page letter of comment -- as I usually do on LOKI -- I can never think of anything to say in a review. (Not to mention being afraid of contradicting something I've said in the letter...) Anyway, this is a nice thick issue, concentrating on fantasy rather than stf, and I recommend it. Rating...7

DYNATRON #13 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico - bi-monthly - 15¢) Hmmm; I commented on this one, too... At least Chrystal is upholding the cause of Fan Wives by managing a two-page editorial. More interesting editorials, news of Japanese fandom, and a lovely short fantasy story written (according to the editor) by a mystery writer who has yet to crack the stf field. I don't see why; I've read poorer stories in F&SF. Rating...6

SCOTTISHE #29 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England - USAgent, Bob Lichtman, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif. - quarterly - 15¢) I just noticed; while Ethel has, if I recall correctly, mentioned that she is partial to discussions of science fiction, her lettercolumn is taken up with discussions of the Common Market, Scots Nationalism and socialized medicine. (Indeed, SCOT seems to be getting the same sort of intelligent discussion that Daphne Buckmaster's mags had for the few issues she published.) Rating...7

GARDYLOO #1 (Frank Wilimczyk, 447 10th. Ave., New York 1, N.Y. - 15¢ - quarterly) All editor-written except for a very funny reprint of an article by T. Bruce Yerke. (A reprint of a very funny article, I meant.

sorry.) Best single item, though, was the editor's acid comment about "revealing the real YQU" in mailing comments. I don't altogether agree, being a practitioner of on-stencil composition, but the comment itself was beautiful. Rating..6

(Gad but I'm in a mellow mood tonight.....)

KIPPLE #30 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Md. - monthly - 15¢) The best issue in some months. Or maybe I just think that because Ted objects to the same things in John Boardman's writing that I have objected to. Ted also has a long discussion with himself on whether killing in self-defense is morally justified (I think he means ethically justified, considering his opinion of religion). This happens to be one point I have never worried about; I don't go around assaulting other people and anyone who assaults me when I have a weapon handy is quite literally going to be taking his life in his hands. (Of course, if I don't have a weapon handy, assaulting me might be pretty safe.) As far as I'm concerned, anyone who deliberately attempts to injure another person deserves anything he gets, up to and including a bullet in the head. An aggressor forfeits any claims to fair treatment. Rating..7

G<sup>2</sup> (J & R Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave., El Sobrante, Calif. - monthly except for being 5 issues behind - 3 for 25¢) And a bargain at the price. I didn't think much of Joe's fannish movie script, possibly because I don't think much of either fan movies or old flying mags, but I did enjoy Robbie's dissertation on odd animals, particularly the tv-watching cats. (I always wondered who did watch some of those shows.) Joe, with his usual logic, blames fannish DNQs for the Jennings libel. But Joe, you said that victims should name names. And Berry considered himself a victim, and he named names. The fact that he libelled Kemp, two lawyers, two Chicago judges and the super of the Elgin State Hospital is incidental; he followed your instructions to the letter. Rating..5

CRY #163 (Box 92, 507 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 25¢) I chuckle evilly over the notice that CRY cannot cash its own checks. ~~YANDRO~~ ~~cashes its own checks~~. Cash, cash, cash. YANDRO cashes almost anything. We do business with a nice bank. Nice, nice, nice. A cover made up of con photos, and innumerable con-reports inside, make for a certain atmosphere. (Luckily, my nose is stopped up.) I'm disappointed in Elinor's comments on neofan projects; they sound too much like Gem Carr's statements about this pushy couple in Seattle who weren't willing to let their elders handle things. Rating..5

UCHUJIN INTERNATIONAL #1 (Uchujin Club, 118 O-o-okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan - quarterly - 25¢ - USAgent, Roy Tackett) Primarily fiction, and news of Japanese fandom. I can't honestly say the fiction is particularly good, but it is "different" and interesting, at least for one issue. And the more international contacts we have, the better. Rating...6

DOUBLE-BILL #1 (Bill Bowers, 124 6th. St. NW, Apt. 2, Barberton, Ohio, and Bill Mallardi, 214 Mackinaw Ave., Akron 13, Ohio - bi-monthly - 20¢) Trades and comments to Mallardi, subs and material to Bowers. Outstanding for a first issue; of course, Bowers has put out fanzines before, which is cheating, sort of. No single item is particularly great, but the overall impression is very good. The editors hope to have a combination of serious and fannish material, and do very well this time. Rating..5



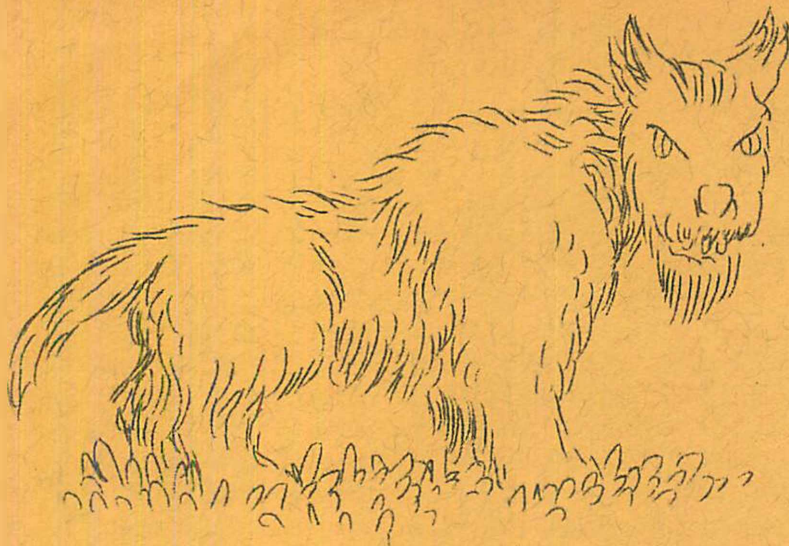
# Wake Up, America!

ARTICLE BY *derek nelson*

This is being written half in anger and half with a deep sense of frustration with the foreign policy of the United States as it has been evidenced in the last few years, and especially in the last few weeks over Cuba. The United States of America is the most powerful and richest nation in the world today, yet she crawls before the lunatic ravings of Russia and anti-white prejudices of a score of Afro-Asian nations. She is the most humanitarian of all the nations that have existed on the face of the Earth. She can give 88 BILLION dollars in economic and military aid, generally without a word of thanks, and more often than not, receive in exchange diatribes on "economic imperialism" and a host of similar anti-American cliches. She is the object of scorn and contempt in many capital cities, for it is a recorded fact of history that America's enemies get just as much, if not more aid, for their rantings and hostilities, than her friends. She is the major bulwark of the free world, her armed might unequalled by the total military resources of the rest of the planet, and yet she will act cowed before a Russian threat (forgetting previous obligations if necessary) or stand for the demonic squealing of a madman 90 miles off her coast. She has repealed the Monroe Doctrine, the SEATO shield over Indochina, many of the western rights in Berlin, the principle of self-determination of peoples (in New Guinea) and the right to strike first in war even in the defense of the United States.

It is time America woke up and stopped listening to the modern - day Chamberlains, the advocates of massive appeasement. When the US is faced with a problem, she should decide it on the basis of how it will affect the US, not some piddling banana republics or Afro-Asian creations. I'm a Canadian, but I'm also an anti-communist, and I am sick, sore, and tired of seeing a mighty power like the United States knuckle under to the likes of Khrushchev, Castro, and Sukarno. So what if you adopt some policy that has the UN hopping mad; you too have the veto. For example, the abolition of Cuba would be a simple job for the massive military power at your disposal. Cuba is a base for international communism, and more important, is only 90 miles off your coast. Therefore, why not do what Teddy Roosevelt would have done--remove it. The "neutralists" would riot, the Russians would rumble, and your allies would gasp in horror, but Cuba would no longer be a threat to the Western Hemisphere. That is the way a great nation would react, the present--and past--foreign policy of America would point the other way although unfortunately it is based on the easily debatable premise that all other nations are as law-abiding, honest, and freedom-loving as yourselves...they aren't, you know.

Even your closest allies, like Canada, although generally anti-communist and pro-American, are very prone to stab you in the back. Canada lets Russian planes stop at Gander on the way to Cuba, and to assert our independence we continue to trade with the island. If I were an American I would take violent exception to this. It is contrary to American interests, and therefore, something like a stiff tariff against Canadian lumber and butter would follow in retaliation unless Canada refrained from these anti-American acts. No other nation (except England) has ever taken the insults, slander, and threats that you have without reacting



violently, so how about some reaction? In fact, ANY reaction would be welcome other than the usual brave but empty words that Eisenhower and Kennedy have uttered. Take your place as leader of this planet, show it the old image of a tough, rich and confident nation that was America even in the days when it rested under the protection of the British fleet, and has existed up till at least 1934, and possibly as late as 1952.

Wake up, America, it's

your world, and you're losing it by default.

## REFLECTIONS ON THE FUGGHEAD

A COLUMN

IN VERSE

FROM MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY

Speak gently to the fugghead, Oh my son

You must never let your feelings be perturbed;  
If he feels that Shaver's deroces are the greatest of all heroes,  
He is us-u-ally mentally disturbed.

If he follows you around at a convention  
With a look of worship blazing in his eye  
Don't commit assault and battery--it is a form of flattery;  
He thinks you're Emsh or Heinlein, and he's shy.

If he sends in ten-page-letters to your fanzine  
In purple ribbon single-spaced and dim,  
Think twice before you snicker; although a sneer is quicker,  
Think what effect you may have had on HIM.

Fans are funny people, even when they're nicest;  
You're crazy, or you wouldn't be a fan;  
There's always some repression that you try to give expression,  
Or you'd simply be an ordinary man.

When you stop and think how crazy is our culture,  
You'll admit, my son, it makes it sort of rough;  
While mundane folks turn schizoid, we assign a meaning psychoid  
To our worship of "that weird Buck Rogers stuff."

For each fan has SOME of fugghead in his nature;  
If he finds a channel suitable and right  
For friends and creativity in happy fan activity,  
Then he's a B.N.F. and he's all right.



But if there is some hindrance to his passion  
To find a realer world in fandom's realm,  
With all his pent-up ardor, he just works all the harder,  
And there's another fugghead at the helm!

So when you meet a boor, a bore, a fugghead,  
You needn't clasp him warmly to your heart  
You needn't go in cahoots, or involve yourself in lawsuits,  
But it won't hurt, if you sometimes take his part.

If he's young, he might grow and be quite human;  
If he's old and foolish, where would be the kick  
In giving some poor oldster a well-organized cold shoulder  
When he's lonely, friendless, paranoid, or sick?

There may be no excuse for his behavior  
But you ought to thank whatever Gods there be  
For giving you just "fannity" instead of mild insanity  
--just think of all the mundane clods you see!

For the world is mad, my son, and getting madder;  
And as the cranks and fuggheads dodder by,  
Think twice before you snicker, though I know a sneer is quicker,  
There, but for the grace of (a good IQ, a balanced mind, articulate-  
ness, healthy contact with reality, friends who accept me and an  
acceptable outlet in fandom for all the quirks I can't use in  
mundane society and my daily life ) go I.

"The Hobo's Dream" prompted me to write  
the following verselet on a typical prac-  
tice which mildly annoys me and I suppose  
every other folk fancier too:

In "Tit Whittle Lollipop  
Hung Diddle Boo"  
I can't find a meaning  
Whatever I do,  
And I'll bet a plugged nickel  
That neither can you.  
'Cept that writers of folk songs  
And filk poems too  
When lyrics are scanty  
Or rhymes are too few  
Sing  
"Tit Whittle Lollipop  
Hung Diddle Boo."

ee evers

NEW ADDRESS:  
Redd Boggs, 444 So. Burlington, Los  
Angeles 57, California

And the westward migration continues.



# GOLDEN MINUTES <sup>by</sup> I. S. C.

We have an assortment of books, which were acquired in assorted ways. Some of them I even paid money for; all of them are worth a mention or two. So, in no particular order, we begin with:

THE EIGHTH STAGE OF FANDOM by Robert Bloch (Advent - hardcover, \$5.00, paperback, \$1.95) This is of, by, and for fans. There has been some effort to include pieces with a minimum of in-group terminology, and a fair share of the book should be understandable to veriest neofan, but there are passages which will be missed by the tyro, and a reference to Jerry Bixby's piano playing brought me to a sudden realization of the time that has passed since Bixby attended his last convention (or had any other contact with the field). The really great material in this anthology, however, is that which should leave anyone rolling on the floor with laughter, even someone who knows nothing at all about fandom. Things like "Second Coming", "The Lomokome Papers", "Children of Blunder", "McGuffey's First Science Fiction Reader", "Immodest Proposal" and most of the filler ads are first-rate humor by any standards, and it sort of revives one's sense of wonder to realize that they were first published in fanzines. (I notice that Bloch is selling the same sort of thing to ROGUE now, so fanzine editors aren't getting as many high-quality handouts.) I don't know how many fans--even today's affluent variety--can afford to shell out \$5 for fannishness in hard covers, but for \$1.95 the pb version is a steal.

THE DYING EARTH by Jack Vance (Lancer-75¢) Here's a reissue of an authentic fantasy classic, in a better-looking and somewhat sturdier edition than the original. The original Hillman edition only cost 25¢ new, but it was pretty shoddy-looking even for a paperback, and the distribution was spotty in the extreme; some places were flooded with copies (some still are) while fans in other localities couldn't find the book for any price. In general Lancer has done a nice job (though they stuck some cheaper paper in the middle of my copy) and Vance's book is worth just about anything you have to pay for it. It is not for the lovers of "pure" science fiction (whatever that is) but it's one of the best collections of fantasy stories ever written. (It isn't a novel, but a collection of short stories using the same basic background, and it is perfectly fascinating.)

BRAIN TWISTER by Mark Phillips (Pyramid-40¢) This was originally "That Sweet Little Old Lady" in ASTOUNDING, and Pyramid gives credit to the previous title, for which bit of honesty they should be thanked. (They should also be emulated, but I doubt if they will be.) This was the first--if I remember correctly--of The Queen's Own FBI series, and it received a very bad fan press, for reasons I never quite understood. It isn't the greatest epic ever written, but it's readable, and funny. For some reason, though, the same fans who delight to read old Bob Hope gags in a fanzine article by Bloch are affronted when they read old Thorne Smith gags in a professional story by Randy Garrett (who is half--or more likely three-quarters, by bulk--of "Mark Phillips".) However, you newcomers can pretend you didn't know that fan critics didn't like it and you can enjoy it anyway. It's a lightweight, amusing yarn; noth-



ing that you'll want to treasure and re-read regularly, but quite enjoyable the first time around.

LORD OF THUNDER by Andre Norton (Harcourt, Brace - \$3.25) This is a sequel to The Beast Master, with Hosteen Storm and his animal team returning to explore another mystery of the Sealed Caves. (I understand that another book, Catseye, is in this series; I haven't read it and it appears to have a different central character, so that it isn't precisely a sequel.) It's a juvenile, meaning plenty of fast action and no great philosophical content--considering some of stf's philosophic works, this is probably all to the good. It comes close to refuting one of the basic laws of writing by being almost as good as the original, and in one respect it's even superior. While reading The Beast Master I was occasionally amused to note the similarity to the classic Western novel; each succeeding cliché (rustlers, "Injun trouble", The Mysterious Stranger, The Noble Horse, etc.) brought a slight distraction as I compared it to its Western counterpart. Lord of Thunder bears no such resemblance, though it does contain elements of the classic boys' adventure novels. (Well, so do Heinlein's juveniles, for that matter.) For the average junior high or even high school student this novel would be heady stuff and is ideal as a method of getting intelligent children interested in science fiction. The fan of some years' standing may find a few flaws in it, but it's at least as good as the average "adult" science fiction in the current magazines. Since Ace has been reprinting all of Miss Norton's stf novels at a steady pace, you don't need to dash out and pay \$3 for the hardcover, but grab it if and when you see an Ace edition.

WAR WITH THE ROBOTS by Harry Harrison (Pyramid-40¢) These stories first appeared in FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, F & SF, and, I think, NEW WORLDS, in '56 thru '61. I read them when they came out, but I didn't realize that they fitted a pattern which could be used as the framework of a pretty well integrated book. Harrison traces the development of robots from the early robot trainers thru the "artificial man" period to the return to specialized devices. Short authorial "bridges" between stories provide the required consistency. The book isn't entirely a Mechanic's Mecca, however; while all of the stories contain robots, only about half of them are really about robots. It isn't a prize-winning collection, and I wouldn't recommend reading it all in one sitting, but it's good enough. Harrison has never been a first-rate stf writer to be ranked with Heinlein, Sturgeon, del Rey, and Russell, but he turns out competent if unexciting material.

MISSION OF GRAVITY by Hal Clement (Pyramid-40¢) Here's another authentic classic back in print. It's appeared often enough before; as a serial in ASTOUNDING in 1953, as a Doubleday hardcover in 1954, as a GALAXY NOVEL in 1958 (this was in the brief period after GALAXY had adopted the standard paperback, rather than the digest-sized magazine for its novels, and before the deal with Beacon which provided impurgated sex for them) and now here it is back again. Which is perfectly all right; this is one of those few stf novels which deserves to be kept permanently in print for the edification of each new stf reader. The cover quotes a Boucher editorial calling Mission "one of the most fascinating science-fiction novels ever written"--a statement with which few fans would care to argue. Clement's forte is the scientific, logical depiction of alien environments, and Mesklin, with its variable gravity, liquid methane seas, etc., is about as alien as you can get. (Of course

anyone, even Burroughs, can depict an alien environment; Clement's superiority lies in making his environment both alien and scientifically accurate, not to mention interesting.) As a contrast to the environment, the thought processes of Clement's aliens are as engagingly human as any of DeCamp's or Russell's creations. (Technically, this is a flaw, since environment helps determine personality and a real Mesklinite would probably be beyond a human's powers of comprehension, but nobody seems to mind, and it makes a good story.)

THE CAVES OF STEEL by Isaac Asimov (Pyramid-40¢) I'm beginning to wonder what's going on here; this was also in ASTOUNDING in 1953, a Doubleday hardcover in 1954, and was published as a paperback by Signet in 1955. I can see resurrecting a former Galaxy Novel; they are no longer being published (though I hear that a new series will be starting soon) and they didn't have either good distribution or large sales when they were published. But I don't quite understand the idea of Pyramid reprinting from Signet. Certainly there is reason enough to reprint the book, but I should think that Signet would do its own reprinting. Anyway, while I have personally never liked THE CAVES OF STEEL, Asimov's detective story of the future won a large following during previous incarnations and I fully expect to be in the minority again. The fact that I find the plot, the characters, and the writing supremely uninteresting doesn't mean that you'll do the same. (Just the same, I won't recommend the book; if you want to read a classic, read MISSION OF GRAVITY.)

13 GREAT STORIES OF SCIENCE FICTION edited by Groff Conklin (Gold Medal-40¢) In these days of "theme" anthologies (science fiction by scientists, deals with the devil, deals with the finance company, adventures on other planets, adventures on this planet, invisible men, great science fiction stories embodying the Freudian significance of haunted elevator shafts and the like) it's pleasant to find one where the stories are just supposed to be good and not necessarily all concerned with the same subject. With becoming modesty, the title doesn't even say "Greatest"; just "Great". (Even with this I could quibble, but I don't suppose a title like "13 Fairly Good Stories of Science Fiction" would have much impact.) Unfortunately, some of my benevolent mood is shattered by the introduction, which seems to have been left over from an anthology entitled "Great Inventions In Science Fiction". Some of the stories--"Volpla" by Wyman Guin, "The Light" by Poul Anderson, and possibly Damon Knight's "The Analogues"--deserve the appellation "great". Edmondson's "Technological Retreat", Gehman's "The Machine", Wyndham's "Compassion Circuit" and Budrys' "The War Is Over" are well above today's average, and the rest--"Silence, Please" by Arthur C. Clarke, "Allegory" by William Powers, "Soap Opera" by Alan Nelson, "Shipping Clerk" by William Morrison, "The Available Data on the Worp Reaction" by Lion Miller, and "The Skills of Xanadu" by Sturgeon--are the sort of stories you find in the better magazines. At 190 pages, it's not a bad buy at all.

\*\*\*\*\*

\* \* NOTE WELL - NEW ADDRESSES \* \*

Bob Briney: 459 Littleton Street, West Lafayette, Indiana  
Earl & Nancy Kemp: 4925 North Washtenaw, Chicago 25, Illinois  
Ed Bielfeldt: 606 C South Blvd., Evanston, Illinois  
E. Joseph Fekete: 826 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 5, Illinois



# G R U M B L I N G S



JOE HENSLEY: I note that you libeled me on page 19, and were it not for the fact that I represent you (because of the magnificent retainers you have paid me) I would sue, sirrah! However, seeing that truth is a defense or at least a mitigation of damages, I prefer to defend rather than sue. So if anyone sues for me, I will defend you. This could lead to a rather hilarious trial scene.

DON FITCH: ...wasn't it in Yandro that someone (A. Rogers?) implied that LASFS was full of power-struggles and the like? Not so, in my experience--they always have a heck of a time finding people willing to run for offices, and frequently have to elect someone not present to defend himself. The behind-the-scenes struggles for dominance are something else again, and are largely limited to attempts at individualistic personality domination.

/But didn't you know that all power struggles are carried on behind the scenes in smoke-filled rooms?...RSC.....

And please, nice people like Don, please - no more instruction books for Gestetner 120s...like I've been inundated and now have enough to start my own branch office....JWC..thanks/

DAVE HULAN: Tucker's column was good, as usual; Ted White is still your best, though. I'm most curious to see what Terry Carr's novel will be like--it sounds as if the trend back to sword-and-blaster epics is under way again; MZB just had a couple out in an Ace double, and I've seen some others besides. For which I say cheers; I am basically an adventure-fiction fan, who reads SF because it's darn near the only imaginative adventure-fiction published any more; I like good historical or mystery novels as well, but these are more and more tending to be concerned with sex and little else. I like sex fine, but why read about it? So any trend away from extrapolative or scientific stuff doesn't bother me a bit; long live Leigh Brackett and Co.!

And I still rather like EE Smith--true his dialogue is one step below BOY'S LIFE, and his characters bear no resemblance to people, but even so I get a charge out of his books somehow. Probably because of the gigantic scope of the Lens epic--what other stuff work runs 600,000 words? And it isn't dull, whatever else you may think of it.

Jim Groves: I suggest you read Blackett's article before criticizing it. Naturally I couldn't reproduce all the arguments in a several-page article in a simple letter of comment. Blackett's point was that the Russian nuclear capability, according to US and British intelligence estimates, was far too small to use for a "first strike", which would necessitate hitting our SAC and missile bases. But for a "second strike" you don't need to do that--it does no good to destroy a missile base whose missiles have already been fired. In that case, cities would be the prime target. In other words, your statement is correct, but it was in fact the heart of Blackett's argument--that if the estimates of Russian nuclear capability are correct, then they cannot be planning a first strike, because there's no hope of its coming off. Only the United States has the nuclear capability to deliver a first strike, and he wondered if this was necessary unless we were planning a preventive war. I wonder too....



Well, of course I'm pretty well inured to epics. If Juanita ever finishes her trilogy, I'll let you know; the first book ran to 300,000 words. Unfortunately, it isn't commercial, and can you imagine sending something like that to a vanity press? (Although, while I may be biased, I do think it's better than Doc Smith.)...RSC/

TOM DILLEY: I am beginning to think that I'm developing a most horrible attitude toward sf & horror reading (and, upon occasion, toward other types of reading, too ); I find myself wading through piles and piles of stories because I feel I ought to read them, not so much be-

cause I enjoy reading them. This approach, it seems, came out of my having bought about 170 issues of WEIRD TALES, and feeling obligated to go through them all. As soon as I encountered piles upon piles of Seabury Quinn, or, worse than all the de Grandin tales in one sitting, two "stories" by Randall Garrett, my overall sentiments and motivation changed from one of enjoyment to one of duty; somehow I have to go through every blessed word. There are, however, compensations; those old WTs did contain quite a few nearly tremendous tales, such as the first half of Sutter's "Abyss Under the World" (though not the second), George F. Elliott's "Copper Bowl", etc., and I seem not unable to enjoy these. But I read Bloch's Psycho out of duty, and failed to be terribly taken with it.

As I diagnose it, you've become addicted to reading. This, especially when coupled with an addiction to collecting, can become serious in its later stages, leading to things like requiring a 6-room house for a family of three and to purchasing a stack of old magazines with the money budgeted for next week's pot roast. However, it can be cured if caught in time; I recommend that you go out for all the contact sports at college--football, boxing, etc. Absorbing enough hard blows on the skull should produce a cure for reading; if everything else fails, hire your roommate to hit you on the head with a hammer twice a day.....RSC/



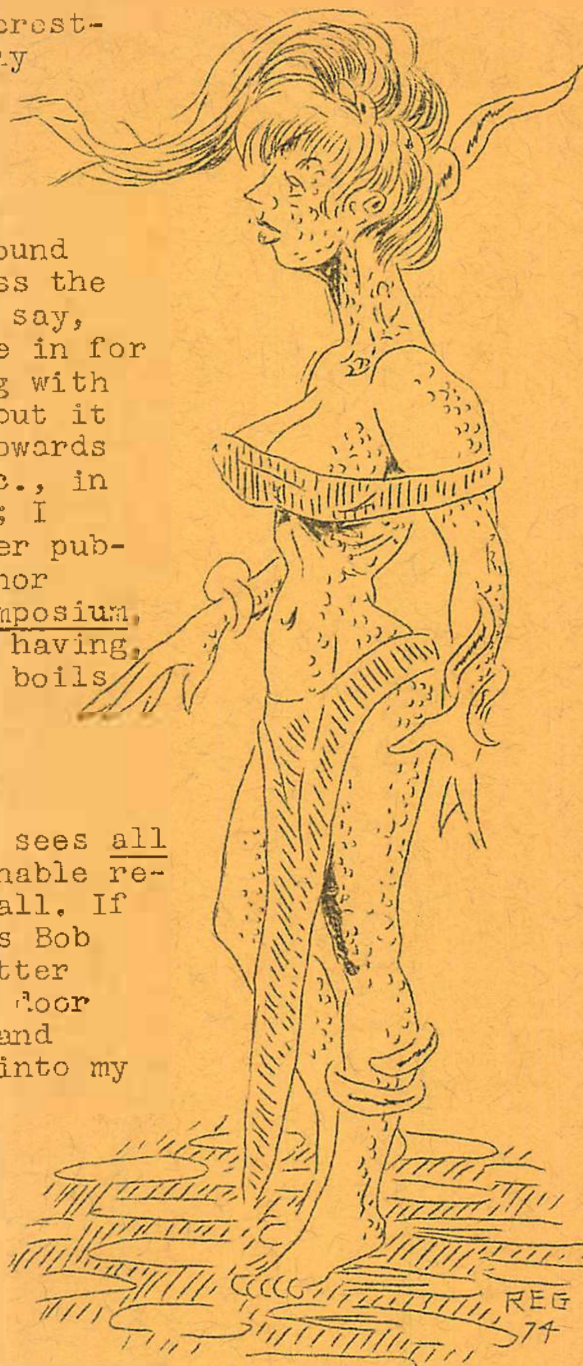


ROBERT SMITH: Yandro 114 made quite interesting reading (and considering it was mainly letters I imagine you're sneering "oh yeah?", but it's true), and I see that Ed Wood is still having to 'duck' all the missiles whanging his way. Umm... I'm inclined to think that the amount of "serious literary essay" type material found in fandom these days is sufficient; unless the author is fortunate enough to appear in, say, WARHOON, with his labour of love he'll be in for some disappointment. I am not disagreeing with Betty Kujawa's views on Ed's sf-fandom, but it does appear to be the general attitude towards anything of a bibliographical nature, etc., in our microcosmos. It's a shame, in a way; I considered Ed's own zine one of the better publications of his day, and Don Tuck's Author Story Listings, Kuttner biblio in the Symposium Handbook, etc., are valuable works worth having, but...today, who cares...? Guess what it boils down to is that fandom has changed-Ed hasn't. In this respect Don Thompson is being a mite unfair, I feel. Ed Wood did publish a good fanzine.

Amazing. It seems that Mike Deckinger sees all the English newspapers! PSYCHO got reasonable reviews in Australian newspapers, as I recall. If it's female reaction you want, though (as Bob Briney mentions), I can think of much better movies...watching THE THING one evening, door opened and there's the 'thing' snarling and spitting...girl three seats away jumped into my lap. Delightful.

[You're lucky. I saw all my horror movies either with a group of boys or with Juanita, whose reaction to monsters is either to criticize the animation or to say they're "cute". (She thought Lon Chaney Jr. made a perfectly adorable werewolf.) But then, what can you expect of a woman who keeps a pet spider in the bathtub?...RSC]

ANONYMOUS: After reading the letters in re Bloch and those in re Berry I'm getting a bit worried. Have you noticed the possible applicability of the former to the latter? Like, here we have one D. Bruce Berry (and thank god there is only one! Could you imagine two of them?) who has been Plotted Against by Fandom for the last 10 years or so and suddenly realized this. So he writes an expose revealing all, but is Fandom grateful for this? No, they treat Him and His publisher with Scorn and Derision...They even Laugh at Him! (Never mind the fact that if Fandom were plotting against him it most definitely wouldn't be grateful for an expose of the fact...the important thing is that they didn't pay attention to His warning.)



And when do you suppose this little paranoid friend of ours will start to go slash in the night? Or firing a gun into the audience from the balcony during some SF convention?

/The individual above requested that his name not be used; as long as I know who he is, I'm willing to go along. It's only when letters are sent to us anonymously that I refuse to print them. RSC/

DAVE HULAN: Is Alan Dodd trying to set a length record for Feghoots? I'll admit it's the longest one I've seen. Fairly funny, too.

Ed Bryant: I'm a collector of sorts, and a faned - who has published on the order of 15 or 16 things so far this year. Unfortunately, most of them had nothing to do with collecting, several being N3F Welcomittee zines, and most of the rest being mailing-comment type apazines. Four issues of LOKI are all I can be said to have contributed to the literary scene - but if anyone has anything written along the SF-fantasy oriented line, I'll publish it if it's worth publishing. Unfortunately, from my experience most collectors not only don't publish, but they can't write very well either.

You have two of everything else, why not two kids?

/I was afraid after I typed that editorial that someone would ask that question. Mainly, I don't think I could stand two children; sometimes I'm not sure I can stand one. RSC/

DICK ENEY: I think Rackham, in the last YANDRO, quibbled at the wrong spot of Margaret Mead's statement--her inclusion of poets among those who know humanity--but that's aside from the point. The really important thing he misses is that in communicating with humans you must go through a process in which they perceive, apperceive, and find a personal reaction; and in verbal communication, like science-fiction, you can concentrate on any step of this process. By playing on this fact the poet and novelist, and to a degree the social scientist, get through to us in a different way from the non-affective objective communication that Rackham seems to be identifying with the scientist's method. In fact, as I claimed elsewhere, the best results seem to be obtained by a mixture of the objective realistic style of that idealized scientist with artistic selection of affective matter...but there, I'm getting away from Rackham's thesis again.

His other dubious point lies in his claim that facts about people are no different from other sorts of facts about the universe. That's true in a strictly literal sense, of course, but when it's read as a claim that people can be or should be dealt with in the purely objective cold-blooded fashion we employ toward, say, nitrogen atoms or tanks of butane, it becomes misleading. As for our ability to do so, the quantitative problem is enormous; I think it far surpasses the degree at which quantitative differences become so great they have to be treated as qualitative distinctions. If chemistry worked with such small numbers of entities and so many wildly uncontrolled variables as the social sciences are lumbered with, we wouldn't yet have evolved a phlogiston theory of combustion; if physics were so hampered, we'd not have workable cantilever bridges yet. As to the desirability of such an objective treatment even if we could manage it, we've got the problem that "people" really are different from other objects of investigation; people care what the results are. I shall leave you to imagine



the results of our nitrogen atoms getting annoyed because the chemists insisted on maintaining social distance, or butane molecules avoiding combustion because they felt electric heating was ethically superior to the use of fire.

NETTIE OTT: I enjoyed (huh?) the Bob Tucker in 115. I know a girl, who spent one year at the University and two more in business college taking basic English and math, and she still can't spell coffee or soup. But my husband was very upset over the column. It seems he can't stand to have anyone poke fun at a person who tries to better himself.

Then there was the rabbit who washed his thing and couldn't do a hare with it.

Somehow I don't quite consider that being pushed into doing things that one doesn't want to do, by a wife who is trying to improve her social status, can be called "bettering oneself". Or even "trying to better oneself". RSC

BOB BRINEY: YANDRO is assuming an air of Class: two pro authors in one issue, not counting Tucker. (Hm. That doesn't sound very complimentary. Okay: three pro authors in one issue, including Tucker. That's better.) Rackham's article is especially interesting. And Tucker's soon report should get some sort of prize... But he should be glad that Heinlein only stepped on his toe: he could have dropped the Hugo on it.

Rather a poor clutch of illos this time, it seems to me.

On the illos, everyone to his ragout, or something... JWC

SHARON TOWLE: I must quarrel with "The Human Equation". Science fiction has certainly been more successful than any other form of literature in predicting technological developments. It has also, I think, often accurately portrayed the reactions of masses of people to set hypothetical situations.

But the mainstream novelist writes, not as a statistician, but more as a clinical psychiatrist. He deals, like the psychiatrist, with a few individuals in all phases of their existence; though, unlike the therapist, he must deal with healthy individuals as well as sick ones. And most science-fiction authors are woefully incapable of creating believable individual human beings; this I believe is the primary reason why mainstream critics largely scorn the field.

BERNIE MORRIS: I was completely croggled by John Rackham's article. At first I thought he was defending stf, then defending science, then defending objectivity in general. His final conclusion seems to be that we, through modern psientific methods, solve the "Human Equation" and all of our problems. If that is his conclusion, this scientist is in complete disagreement. Though it may be possible for social science to analyze human behavior to the point of completeness, ie, to know when Jon Jones is going to blow his nose. I will dogmatically state that this knowledge won't make a bit of difference to the world in general. Look at History. For hundreds of years we've known such comforting facts as; it is impossible to have a static, peaceful world for any length of time, all arms races lead to war, rich nations grow fat and decadent, etc. But do we believe that this can happen to us? Hell no. What I'm saying is that, the larger aspects of behavioral science, History, is known, and that as Hegel said, "the only thing we learn from History is that we never learn from History".

"The Vanishing Act" was wonderful. It reminds me of "Ralph W. Hedges, a Memoir", or something along that line, in its humor, and it has the additional benefit of having no "in" (in the case I mentioned the "in" is Lovecraft) requirements.

I have a little list, like the JBS's, of people who are going to get the axe when I take over. Near the top are people who write long, elaborate stories that end in long, elaborate puns. Have you no sense of shame? Poor Pythagoras.

JOHN RACKHAM: I noted a query point, in your talk about Mahoney-Tarzan. You say he claims to have read all the relevant books on T. So did I, years ago, and there was no need for him to protest against wrestling a tiger on size. The books give him a leopard in so many words, and there ain't any tigers in Africa, anyway. Like you, though, I doubt if they'll ever better Weismuller, and, what's more, there'll never be a Jane to touch Maureen O'Sullivan. I fervently wish they would reissue Weismuller's 'first', just to see her again...

where crazy mixed-up characters are concerned, in mainstream fiction, well, maybe it's me. I read a little mainstream...and see far too much of it, on TV and so-forth. And it leaves me with a bad taste. Look, I'm a semi-skilled worker. I work with, live with, and know, the so-called 'lower classes'. I also have quite a deal of contact with very high up there scientific people, and I am a member of an ultra-high I.Q. group. Views from all angles. And I have never met any of these tortured, twisted people. Not one! My private suspicion is this, that the really mixed up people are the writers themselves, who see what other people do...and try to understand and interpret and explain...why. Now you, me, or anyone else, can only do that by guess, only don't try to tell the psycho-analysts that. They prefer to think otherwise. And there's the whole nub of the matter. Also my small quarrel with Maggie Mead and her kind. As a group of trained observers, retailing factual events...fine. But when they come to explaining why...nuts! They are interpreting, in their own terms, or by some fancy theory dreamed up by Freud, or whoever...and they torture the facts to make the theories fit. Neither you, nor anyone else, can ever know why I do thus and so. You can observe what I do, in fact, do. You can compile a series of such events, and derive some statistical averages. This is precisely what the sociology boys do, people like Packard. And their results, their findings, are hard reading, are often ridiculed. Because people would rather believe themselves to be this way...although they can be seen, and shown to be, that way. All the mainstream writer does, in his so-called portrayal of real people, is to pander to the current dream of what people want to believe they are like.

/I should have made clear in my editorial that this particular Tarzan movie was being made in India....just what is mainstream? What is real and unreal? If unreal, why does a married woman reading Kristin Lavransdatter bite her lip in agony of remembrance when the heroine stumbles into a quarrel with her husband, and for the same petty, childish reasons the reader herself did as a newlywed?.....

As for knowing why another does as he does...perhaps not - but many married couples who blesh find they can finish each other's sentences, anticipate thoughts and wants, from habit and proximity, even when the childhood and background of each is quite different.....is empathy knowing why? JWC/