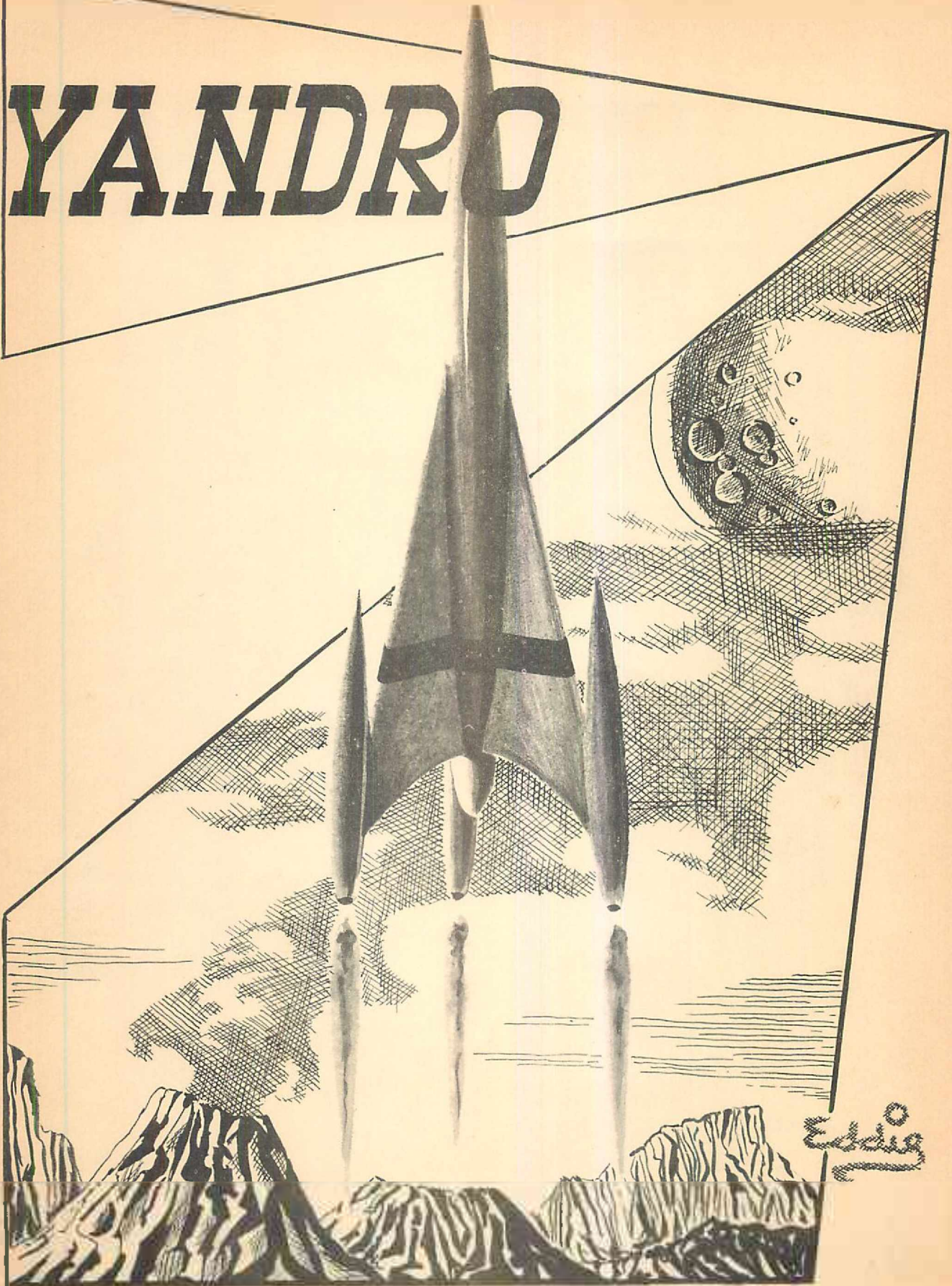
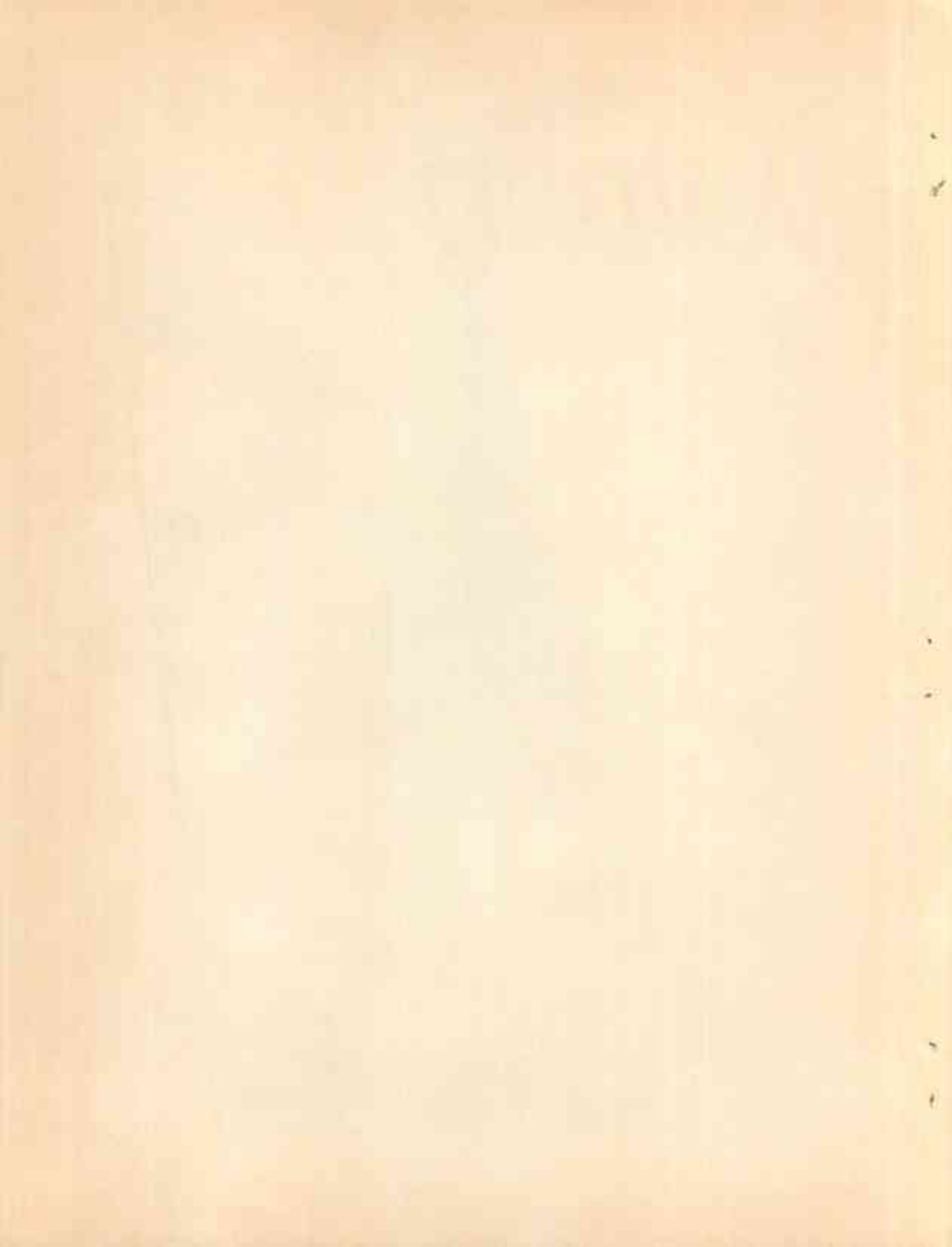


# YANDRO







# yandro

#120

VOLUME XI - NUMBER 1

january '63 — 10<sup>TH</sup> ANNISH

Published twelve times a year by Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route #3, Wabash, Indiana, U.S.A. Price:(USA, Europe, etc.) 25¢ each or twelve for \$2.50 - renewals: \$2.00; England - 1/3 each or twelve for 12/0 (British agent-Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts. England); Japan - 90 yen each or 12 for 940 yen (Japanese agent-Tosio Agawa, Finance Section, Ground Staff Office, Defense Department, Hinokicho, Tokyo, Japan). Trades sometimes accepted.

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The illustrations by George Barr on pages 26, 27, and 28 are an experiment in overlapping indentations which I found interesting. I hope you do, too. These pages are always open for any such experiments which I find interesting and adaptable to the mimeo process (and I'm afraid my arbitrary judgment of "interesting" and "adaptable" is no more definable than the usual "I know what I like". But it never hurts to ask, and we might have some rather fascinating illustrations appearing as a result --value judgements reserved.....something for everybody.....such as a spelling for American readers and one for our British friends).

D.C. in '63, and send in your \$2.00 membership now to:Bill Evans, the 21st World Science Fiction Convention, Inc., Box 36, Mt. Ranier, Maryland. - - - - - blitherings by J W C



Last week was International Printing Week, or so umpteen dozen spot announcements and local color programs featuring multilithers and so forth stated. With luck, I would have finished this issue last week on Friday, but lack of ink, a sudden sinus flareup and a trip to Anderson intervened. Most items seem under control today (Monday), so to work to get this show on the road, and all that. Last week I certainly gave full recognition to International Printing Week - what with annish running and the bibliograph-

ical supplement and all.....but the nice thing about the Gestetner is its counter. For a long time I was skeptical of automatic counters on mimeos, having watched a fellow fan run something on a mimeo with a counter and come up thirty-five or so copies short as a result of trusting the counter. I can only assume, now, that something was abnormally out of whack with his machine and it was not being an average counter-equipped machine. I was not aware counting took so much out of me - nervous department - while running an issue. Of course, I'm sure the Gestetner people would be horrified at my continuing skepticism and stinginess. I run the forward run normally, then, when I jog the sheets down, I flip through each pile and extract all the double run-throughs and blank pages (one and the same thing, 99% of the time)....then I ignore the counter on the back run and feel each sheet as it comes thru to eliminate and catch double feeds, set them aside for refeeding and almost eliminate entirely paper loss.

I know, all the Gestetnerists out there will scream at me that if I have to do that there must be something the matter with the feed...I'm unconvinced - every mimeo I've ever seen occasionally feeds two sheets (or more) at a time.....on a hand crank open drum, you can tell by the sound when this happens.....but on a Gestetner there's so much grunkel-ung going on it's impossible....hence the feeling process.

"You know the sound of one sheet going through a Gestetner - but what is the sound of two sheets going through a Gestetner?"...apologies to Berman...Shelley, that is.

One of the annoying problems accompanying a monthly fanzine is the repetition of communication. I am often inclined to assume that everyone reads what I have commented in my editorial or in the lettercolumn, and neglect to mention the subject in personal correspondence.....or I spend long moments trying to remember if that correspondent does receive the fanzine and if I have mentioned this subject. There is a tendency to feel a monthly editorial substitutes for a letter....that there's really nothing left to say in a personal letter.

And then come the problems of APAs and wonderment over repetition between a genzine and an apa zine and boring recipients of both to tears .....or neglecting to introduce a given subject in one or the other (having previously treated it in the opposite number) and causing consternation and annoyance by readers who haven't received the opposite number and want to know what's going on?

Sigh.



It is a cheery zero degrees outside and a sweltering 60 in the house (with occasional cross drafts) and we are congratulating ourselves on missing the really cold weather. I wish some scientists would let ice age theories just lie quietly and not give mother nature ideas with their "what ifing".

Maybe they don't make cars like they used to, but we must admit that our particular '56 Ford has a remarkably tough constitution. Nothing works but the engine, and it cheerfully starts in the coldest possible weather.....well, not exactly, since we missed the '50 of upper Wisconsin and I don't think we have quite that much anti-freeze.....starts better than the Rambler....but you may freeze to death while you drive the Ford while you're more likely to have heat exhaustion in a Rambler.

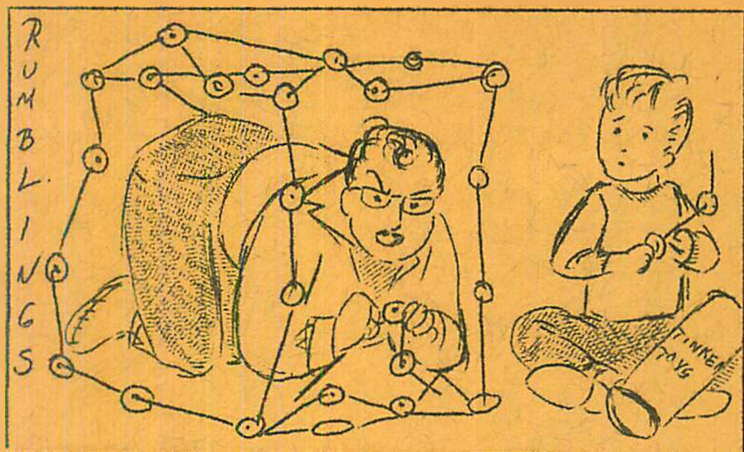
Pyramid seems to be following through on its fantasy classic schedule with LEST DARKNESS FALL being the latest issue. An Emsch cover but an Edd Cartier cut on the title page.....unfortunately, that seems to be the only one. How about a collection of Cartier bems, strange critters, bemused Terrans, Amazonian females and heroes with wall-paper anti-grav pants? Not just a folio, but a whole book, maybe interspersed with some of the more memorable stories? I don't think the field ever had anyone quite like Cartier who, even when illustrating something chilling could bring out the humorous aspects of -- not just people but everything from quizzical dinosaurs to anthropomorphic spaceships, which would seem impossible if Cartier hadn't demonstrated the possibilities.

Rod Serling's new hour-long TWILIGHT ZONE brings up memories and introspection of the drama-form of fantasy, weird, and science fiction. Sometimes it has proved quite effective, as some of the Hitchcock half-hour versions of John Collier's shuddery little items. At other times, particularly when big name dabblers decide to be daring, the result is frequently disappointing to buffs and novices alike. The main problem, I suspect, is in the sets and special effects - the films fare better than the television dramas....because, to be effective, an awful lot of stuffish background must be big.....such as the war-torn Metaluna in THIS ISLAND EARTH, the Bonestell backgrounds in DESTINATION MOON...or vivid....such as the Id beast in FORBIDDEN PLANET. Some of the most effective dramatizations of fantasy and science fiction themes were done on radio; when the imagination was given free rein and prodded by words alone, the illusion could become chillingly effective. Perhaps pictures can't match the human imagination.....perhaps nothing can match it.....I can remember a particular segment of QUIET, PLEASE from radio in the late forties and early fifties...."Isabella"....and the two men who invented a matter transmitter and found themselves on a bitterly cold planet populated by woolly-bear caterpillars who planned to reduce the temperature of Earth to accomodate their tastes....performed in the middle of a bitterly cold winter, the suspension of belief was no problem at all and tended to lead to shivering nightmares.....and it is not mere nostalgia for my neodays; I recall the whiney a-e-i-o-u "cry" of the beasties and imagine myself in that numbing cold (not at all difficult at the moment) and the sensation is still vivid. If the story teller can draw the reader or listener in and suspend belief, this reader and listener will forgive almost any lapses of polish and slick writing.

Of course, the ideal is a compelling story teller who is also professionally polished.

If January comes, can frostbite be far behind?.....JWC





Marion Bradley's article in this issue was originally submitted to CAVEAT EMPTOR; Thiel gave us at least part of his files last summer. So the article is several years old. Marion didn't have time to revise it and trusted my word that it was good enough to publish without revision. So you can argue with her conclusions, but don't complain to her about its age; that's the joint responsibility of Thiel and myself. Ebert's

fiction is also a trifle elderly, though it was submitted directly to us. Remaining material was submitted, at least, within the past year; I don't guarantee when it was written.

Hensley's mention of Harlan Ellison in his...errrr...article? came after a couple of lesser names had been proposed and rejected. I thought of substituting the name Miriam Gardner on my own hook, but decided it would be a little too much of an in-group joke (and besides I wasn't sure how Miriam would take it).

Now that the year is over, we might join in the widespread pastime of mentioning possible candidates for the Hugo Awards (though unless we join the DisCon pretty soon, mentioning is all we'll do about them.) 1962 wasn't a particularly bumper year for stf novels. I keep wishing that Galouye had waited a year before selling DARK UNIVERSE; it would have won in a walkaway against 1962 competition. He didn't, however, so we'll have to make do with what's set before us. Dave Hulan has been boosting A SHADE OF DIFFERENCE, by Allan Drury. I haven't read it, but I'll take Dave's word that it's at least worthy of contention and try to get it read before voting. (If I vote, that is.) Someone -- Crilly, as I recall -- said his choice was Reynolds' BORDER, BREED NOR BIRTH. It's a possible candidate, but has the drawback of being a sequel. I personally favor Reynolds' earlier BLACK MAN'S BURDEN, which began his African series, if it's eligible. (Since the last half of it appeared in the January '62 ANALOG I think it is, but I'm willing to accept correction from a Con Committee member.) I consider it the best-written and most-entertaining stf novel that I've read during 1962. LITTLE FUZZY, by Piper, will probably be a strong contender; it's hack, but it's such entertaining hack.

There's a much stronger selection of short fiction this year. Vance's "The Dragon Masters" leads (I know it was billed as a "short novel", but even READER'S DIGEST doesn't run novels that short.) But there are plenty of other contenders. John Brunner's "The Fullness Of Time" from SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, Brunner's "Father Of Lies" and Thomas Burnett Swan's "Where Is The Bird Of Fire" (both from the same issue of SCIENCE FANTASY!), "Progress" by Poul Anderson from F&SF (I'm still a trifle bitter because "The Sky People" didn't even get nominated in '59; let's do better this time), "The Stars, My Brothers" by Ed Hamilton, from AMAZING (so I'm nostalgic; it was a good story), "Epilogue", by Poul Anderson, from ANALOG, "Stimulus" by John Brunner, "The Streets of Ashkalon" by Harry Harrison and possibly "Remould" by Robert Presslie from NEW WORLDS. (While looking at NEW WORLDS I noted John Rackham's serial, THE DAWSON DIARIES, which might be considered one of the five best novels of the year -- but which probably won't be.)

Best magazines: SCIENCE FANTASY, ANALOG and NEW WORLDS, in that order. The others aren't even close to those three, this year.

Best artist: Schoenherr, by a wide margin. Krenkel, Emsh, Schelling, (if he isn't just another name for Schoenherr; sometimes I wonder), Barr, Brian Lewis and maybe Adkins as contenders. (But Schoenherr is the man, this year.)

Dramatic Presentation: I may vote "No Award" this year. I can't think of anything particularly good that happened during 1962.

Fanzine: Lots of them, depending on your tastes. My personal favorites being (not necessarily in order), XERO, STEFANTASY, AMRA, KIPPLE, WARHOON, BANE, SCOTTISHE, HYFHEN, PANIC BUTTON (or should that be in with the prozines?), VORPAL GLASS, AXE, BASTION, CRY.

Special Awards: Joe Sarno is interested in promoting a special Hugo for P. Schuyler Miller, for his services to fandom and stf. Well, why not? He's far and away the best book reviewer appearing with any regularity, his column is the fan's only refuge in ANALOG, and certainly his reviews have influenced my book-buying more than any other's. (I enjoy Damon Knight's reviews, but I don't let them influence me much. I can chortle gleefully over his acid remarks about a sub-literary item, and then go out and read the book with perfect enjoyment -- and I have, quite often.) Miller's column has been around for so long that fans take it for granted, but honest, now; what's the first thing you read in a new ANALOG? With me, it's Miller's column.

Fandom is just a goddamned expense department: As I mentioned early last year, I kept track of income and expenses for YANDRO last year. Here's the results. Expenses: \$338.00 Income: \$240 cash, plus £3/0/6 to Dodd (about \$8.50), a Gestetner, 6 hardcover books, about 25 paperback books, two 5" blank tapes, 3 lp records, a box full of mimeograph tools, a couple of old promags, and uncounted fanzines. In addition, we netted \$45 from our fanzine sale, added about \$20 from outside mimeoing, and spent about \$24 on FAPA membership and VANDY. All in all, not too expensive a year (though I shudder mildly at the number of 2-year and longer subscribers we have at the moment). Even without counting the fanzines, we came close to breaking even (thanks mostly to Scithers and that Gestetner). I rounded most figures off to the nearest dollar, since income from the sale of single issues at the Chicon is only estimated, and I didn't mark down every time I spent a 3¢ postcard to notify a subscriber that his sub was up.

A look at those figures might discourage a faned or two, though. Our circulation consists of over 50% paid subscribers, which not too many fanzines equal (down, Bennett; down, Taurasi; I said not many). Plus a lot of very nice people who send us more than they need to, plus a hard-hearted editor who cuts off subscribers at the slightest opportunity. Nice friendly souls don't come this close to the break-even point. And we have to take the British subs out in trade, since Dodd can't send us money, either. Mostly we take British stf mags and pb's.

I'm not sure how I rate as a father; I didn't play with Bruce's electric train set at all, but I spent considerable time with his Tinker-Toys. (Does this indicate that fans are young in heart?) The kid is getting to be fast with a comeback. The other day he was pestering me for some old keys, so I asked "What do you want them for?"

"Want to use them."

"But how are you going to use them?"

"Just use them."

"But how?"

Short pause, then, "With my hands, of course."

He got the keys; 5 years old and he can outtalk me already. (Fan kids are all kooks; after a long string of 5-year-old gibberish the other day he ended with "well, now we've got that established.")

RSC



# How to Make 60 Easy Dollars

by JOE HENSLEY

When I awoke my science fiction novel lay under my hand in the paper box--all eight reams of it--my life's work. Today some intelligent and fortunate publisher would buy it and I'd be rich and famous.

It was cold. Some of the newspaper had slid off me and the campfire had died down to ashes. I could hear the traffic beginning to line up on the avenues not far away.

I stirred the ashes and dug in my knapsack, the one man had knitted me. I came up with a can of beans. Man, how I love beans--once I ate a whole case of them, but it took me two meals. I fed the papers I'd used for extra covering into the fire and added limbs I'd cut from the trees. I saved the part of the paper with the comic section and read Orphan Annie with the beans. Annie was still having a heck of a time with some bad guys and Daddy Warbucks had been gone a long time. I finished the beans and then ate my fingernails worrying about him.

A man in a blue uniform parted the bushes and came running toward me.

"Who built that fire?" he thundered.

"I did," I admitted modestly. "Getting pretty good at it, too."

"It's against the law to camp or build a fire in Central Park. I ought to run you in."

"Heck," I deprecated, "we build all the fires we want back in Bean Hook, Indiana. I got an uncle back there builds five or six a day. He's a big man in town. The new hospital's named after him."

The policeman sighed apprehensively. "I suppose he's got a lot of money and I'll lose my job if I pick you up?"

"No sir," I said. "My Uncle hasn't worked since 1921, when he lost his job as a snooker-shark in the first recession. It's just that he burned the old hospital so folks thought he ought to have the new one named after him. Nobody was mad at him except the relatives of the fifty-eight people in the old hospital."

The policeman shook his head. "I'm going to take you down to the station house. You shouldn't be running loose."

I fell to my knees in front of him. "Oh sir, please don't. I've come to New York to sell my science fiction novel and become rich and famous. Please..."

"You're crying all over my shoes," he grumbled. "My feet'll itch all day for one lousy nut pinch."

Slyly, while crying into his shoes, I tied his shoelaces together. I pushed him over into the edge of the fire and left him struggling there. I grabbed my knapsack and skipped through the bushes while he was blowing his whistle.

Sic Semper Tyrannis.

It was a tall building and there were three publishers listed in the main floor directory. The one I'd heard about and dreamed about was Ultra-Ultra Publishers. They were on the top floor. They published only the highest type, scholarly writers in this great American land, people like Joe Smith, who wrote: "How to get along with your Wife's First Husband's Children's Aunts and Uncle and Other Tales." I decided



to give them first chance at my novel.

A dour elevator operator took me up.

"Pssst!" he said. "You a writer?"

"How'd you guess?" Fame, fame. "Would you like to have my auto-graph?" I grasped him firmly.

He struggled, but I managed to sign the front of his shirt.

"Why don't you get an honest job running an elevator?" he yelled.

We arrived at my floor and I finished the signature with a flourish, left the ball point in his navel, and got out.

Abstract paintings covered the walls of Ultra-Ultra. The floor was covered with carpeting so thick that it came up past my knees. Beauti-girls sat at kidney-shaped desks and did their nails in bizarre colors. I went to the reception desk. A tall girl with blonde hair with green shadings in the temples sipped champagne from a bucket beside her desk.

"Pahdun me," she said, "but I didn't hardly have a drop last night."

"I'm a writer," I said, in a hushed voice. "I'm from the great American hinterlands. I would like to show some lucky editor the work of a lifetime--my novel."

She eyed me negligently. She whispered: "Can you write like Hemingway?"

I said: "We had a very brave bull in a nearby pasture. Once, when the sky was grey, I fought him and it was a fine, manly duel. But the buzzards came and before I could get him to the rendering plant they had stolen all of his flesh..."

She nodded. "Can you write like Steinbeck?" she asked with more interest.

"In Bean Hook, Indiana, there is a section of town that is known as Canning Row and there my Uncle Coot and his cronies set up a still in a boy scout tree house, first discarding the boy scouts. The street was soon redolent with the smell of sour mash. My uncle had many friends who came to live with him. One of them was known as "Cross-Hatch" Thompson, having been given that name after he was separated by a Monon train while sleeping on the tracks. The back half of him died, but the front half..."

She leaned forward with real interest in her eyes. "Can you write like Harlan Ellison?"

"Not in front of ladies," I said blushing.

Daintily she swallowed another ten ounces of champagne and I watched her adam's apple bobble.

"I'm afraid we can't use you," she said. "You have no style of your own. You're merely a product of all you've read and seen and heard. A copier. But do leave your name and address. In the event we can't get any more royalties from Mr. Hemingway or Mr. Steinbeck we might call you to fill their shoes."

"Won't you even read my novel?" I asked.

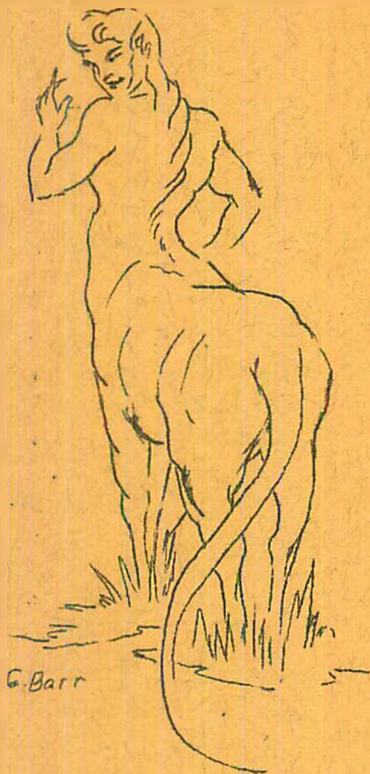
"Quit crying," she said. "You're getting tears in my champagne." She leaned forward. "There's another publisher downstairs. If you have the right requisites you might be able to interest him. Hunkem publishers."

Heartbroken, I buzzed the elevator. The same operator came. I noticed he'd not yet removed the ball point.

"Pssst!" he said. "How about that job?"

"Hunkem Publishers," I said, disdaining further answer.

Hunkem wasn't so fine as Ultra-Ultra. The pictures on the walls were prints of old dollar bills and checks marked "account unknown." The rug was thin, with bare spots in it, as if someone had dropped a coin and searched for it and worn out the rug around it. One lonely girl sat in the tiny ante-room. She had thin lips and a colorful vest and small mustache and was drinking coffee. She was smoking a small, brown cigar.



My heart went out to her. Her gaze was sympathetic.

"I have a book," I said.

Instantly a large cage dropped around me. She pressed at a button on her desk and a man with thick glasses came rushing through a door. He opened the cage door and grasped me with strong, friendly hand.

"An author," he said, kissing my hand all the way to the elbow, while clapping his hands with glee. "Come right into my office," he said, carrying me. "I can give you an immediate reading. I'm Alphonse McAfee, senior editor of Hunkem."

In the small office he manacled me to my chair, but left my right arm free. He felt for my wallet, but I smacked his hands. He opened up the manuscript box and saw that I'd done the manuscript in longhand.

"Uh--tell me about your novel," he said enthusiastically, "and how much you make a year."

"Well, it's about a future war."

"Wonderful," he said. "Now the bank account?"

"And these guys. One of 'ems from Texas and another from Brooklyn and they talk funny, like guys from there. And there's a member of a minority race that everyone keeps picking on."

"Original and fresh," he interjected. "What bank was it you said you kept your account in?"

"And the hero thinks he's a coward because he's been in combat before and he's battle weary and sick of death."

"What power!" he said. "How much is your borrowing power with your bank back home?"

"Then there's these girls and we keep flashing back to them. One of them stays true, but one of them starts running around with slackers and she gets p-g."

He wiped a tear away from his nose with the back of his hand and glanced at his watch.

I thought I was losing him so I went on eagerly. "There's some funny spots too. These guys break into one of those French bistros and get all drunk up and shoot the place up with hydrogen bombs and chase the girls around. Good clean fun."

He laughed until I had to beat him on the back to stop him. He got my wallet, but I didn't really care. All that was in it was an old Willkie button and three play dollars out of a Monopoly set. I got his pocket watch.

He leaned back in his chair, hiding my wallet. "Just hearing you tell about the book is enough. I know we can use it."

"Oh joy," I said.

He ruffled through his desk and came out with a blank check and some sort of papers, very thick. "Just sign this contract and, of course, this check and we'll get right on. Place the name of your own bank on the check."

Eagerly I seized the pen, but then something struck me. "Did you say the contract and the check?"

"Surely," he said, and mused, as if to himself: "Probably sell millions of copies. Movies, Paperbacks..."

"But I thought you'd give me a check."

Alphonse McAfee looked at me in dismay. "We are subsidy publishers," he said ominously.



"Sir," I said. "I haven't got a Chinese quarter." I drew myself up proudly, carrying the chair up with me. "Only my big, big talent." Sullenly, he unlocked the manacles. "Out!" he said. "No money, indeed. Take this trash with you." He threw my manuscript at me.

The secretary wiped my tears on the way out and whispered: "Bloody Babes paperbacks is in the basement."

My elevator operator was playing with a yoyo when he came to pick me up. "About that job," he said.

"I'm a writer," I said. "To the basement."

Bloody Babes paperbacks was one tiny room hidden near the furnace. There weren't any windows and the flooring was old manuscript pages. I kicked up a barrage of them. Hundreds of busty cover women peered at me provocatively from where they were thumb-tacked to the crumbling walls.

A tiny man sat groaning at his desk. He was drinking wine from a goatskin bag and it dripped from his beard. He cursed me fluently as he spied the box, but I stood firmly in front of his desk.

"I suppose you're another idiot author?"

"No idiot I, sir," I said with heat. "I have here the great novel of nuclear war and heroism and the bleeding flag and the great American way."

He sighed. "Let me tell you about it. Is there a member of a minority race who's kicked around, but comes through to be a hero?"

"Sure," I said, smiling.

"And of course there's a guy from Brooklyn and one from Texas and a tough sergeant with a heart of gold?"

"A corporal," I said.

"And do you flash back to girls the soldiers left behind and some of them go wrong, but some of them stay true?"

"You've got the feeling," I said reverently.

He shook his head. "We used to put out hackneyed, stereotyped stuff like that. But about 1948 the public got so sick of it we had to quit. Last one we did only sold a hundred copies, mostly to the author's relatives. How many relatives you got?"

"Only a few that aren't in jail."

"Sorry," he said and went back to squirting the wine.

Desperately I said: "There's one thing I've got in the book that most books don't have, please sir."

"What's that?"

"I describe in minute detail more than three hundred different sex acts."

His eyes got big. "Three hundred?"

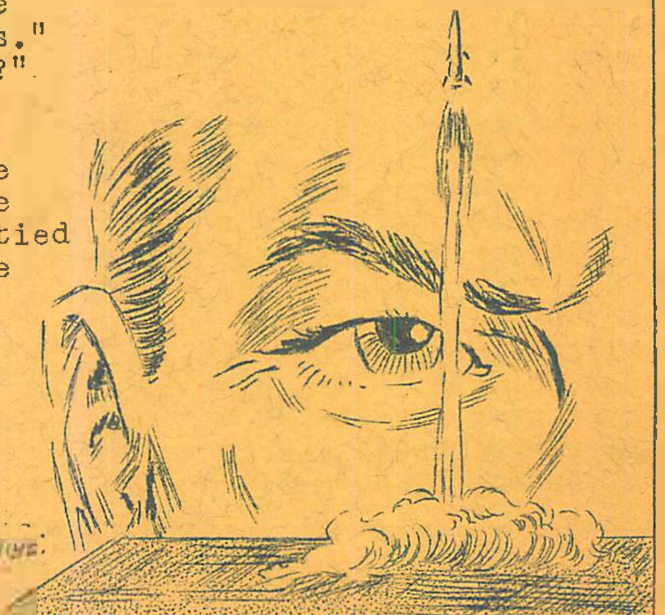
I nodded modestly. "More than three hundred!"

"You've caught the feeling of the market," he said, with exuberance. He offered me the wine bottle and I dirtied myself with it. He said: "We can use your book."

"It's written in longhand."

"I don't care if you did it in shorthand on old scraps of toilet tissue. We'll edit out everything but the sex. Here, sign this contract. Here, accept this advance."

I took the job on the elevator, too. I mean, after all, when they only pay a fifty dollar ad-



vance for a book with the stature of mine I want to stick close and watch the royalties pour in. Besides, the chief elevator operator is acting as my agent and I get ten per-cent of my salary every week.

Just got my first royalties. Didn't exactly get paid, but the editor at Bloody Babes passed out in my elevator and I found \$9.55 in his pockets, plus a quarter goatskin full of wine.

I scrupulously credited it to his account.

-----  
What do you think of the new Lincoln Memorial postcards? Doesn't it look like Lincoln just got shot? .....Lewis Grant  
-----

# STRANGE FRUIT

STEFANTASY #50 (Bill Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, Pa. - irregular - free for comment) But he gets violent about having copies returned, so if you move and don't tell him, you're dead. This issue sports probably the fanciest cover ever to adorn a fanzine; purty, too. The funniest thing in the issue, to me, was the ad for the Strontium remover; it's so blasted close to the things I've done for Honeywell's Activated Charcoal air filters. But the regulars; Dean Grennell, R.M. Radl (?), the reprints from The William Feather Magazine, and the letters are all excellent; one of the best STEF's (and therefore one of the best fanzines) that I've seen in a long time. Rating....9

INSIDE #1 (Jon White, 90 Riverside Drive, New York 24, N.Y. - bi-monthly - 25¢) Jon has started over in the numbering, apparently to emphasize that this is now a new magazine, with a new editor and possibly different editorial policies. At least some of the material (possibly most of it) is left over from the previous INSIDE as edited by Ron Smith, and its collection of still older material from other fanzine editors such as Harlan Ellison and Larry Ivie. As a matter of fact, I swear I've read a condensed version of Leland Sapiro's lead article before, though I can't remember where (WARHOCN or HABAKKUK, maybe?) No previous publication credit is given, which isn't surprising; if Sapiro got tired of waiting for INSIDE to appear and resubmitted his article to another editor, White might well not even know about it. At any rate, this version is every bit as wordy and dull as Sapiro's article a few months back in RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST; I am beginning to dislike Leland just a bit. Bill Blackbeard's article on L. Ron Hubbard is much better, though I disagree with several of his comments. Bob Bloch's "How To Be A Stf Critic" is the shortest article in the issue, and by far the best. It was probably written ten years ago, but it hasn't dated a bit, and it mercilessly (though humorously) exposes the faults of the majority of fan critics (including me -- not that I'm going to change anything because of it). The story and verse which round out the issue are excellent. Rating..7

BANE #8 (Vic Ryan, Box 308, 2309 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Illinois - irregular - 25¢) Two major articles here; the conclusion of Vic's dissertation on the ethics of fanzine editing, and Jerry Pournelle's comments on censorship, which comprise the best arguments in favor of "community standards" that I've yet seen. Bob Bloch presents a minor humor

(continued on page 23)



# FANZINIA REVISITED

by \_\_\_\_\_ marion zimmer bradley

I ought to make it clear from the first that I am writing from memory. Seven years of living in small houses, lacking in storage space, have created in me the firm habit of consigning fanzines to the wastebasket as soon as they have been read. (I confess that some of them reach that destination even sooner, these days. I don't have the time to deal with them as I could wish). This business of throwing away fanzines has spared me the necessity of heart-breakingly disposing of big thriving collections. I've had to do that, too.

In ten years in fandom I imagine I must have seen at least two thousand fanzines...at a conservative estimate, that is. For a time I reviewed fanzines, first for MEZRAB, then for Duggie Fisher, then for Max Keasler, and later for (I think) Harlan Ellison, and more recently for Ted Pauls. During that time my fanzine consumption doubled and trebled and I developed fanzine indigestion, so that even today I tend to look at fanzines with a wary and a jaundiced eye. If all the fanzines ever published were piled up in a single stack, they would fall over.

Which profound observation passed for humor, deep and sarcastic, when I was a dewy-eyed neofan. It appeared, as I remember, in the first fanzine I ever saw--Joe Kennedy's memorable VAMPIRE.

Carry your mind back, if you please, to 1946. Today's neofans were wearing, if not diapers, rompers and corduroy overalls. Serious Constructive Fans were reading ASF, and the newer fans were reading STARTLING STORIES and PLANET STORIES. Ray Bradbury had just sold his first collaboration with Leigh Brackett, a space-opera called LORELEI OF THE RED MIST. Chad Oliver was writing silly letters to PLANET STORIES. Nobody had ever heard of Walt Willis, and even Rick Sneary was still signing himself "The Hermit of the Gate" and had not yet considered the possibility of South Gate in '58. And everybody thought his distinctive spelling was a deliberate gag; the phrase "Snearyism" had not yet been coined. Ray Palmer was editing AMAZING and the fans were furious because in spite of, or because of the Deroes, AMAZING was selling like hot cakes, outselling all the serious science fiction.

What were fanzines like in those days? Well, as today, they came in all shapes and all sizes, but the aforementioned VAMPIRE was a good example. It contained odds and ends of verse, letters, zany headings, fake ads, and articles about science fiction and fandom. If Kennedy had enough money, it usually had a lithographed black-and-white cover, often of the weird or fantastic type.

Another magazine of those Dear Dead Days was TYMPANI, a newsmagazine, mimeographed, by Bob Stein and Redd Boggs. Contents were devoted entirely to news of the science fiction world, both serious and trivial; the appearance of a new prozine, the birth of a child to a well-known fan or pro, the sale of a story by a new author...such oddments of fan-ish or stef-ish news filled up the pages very pleasantly.

Still a third fanzine, published by Langley Searles (and for heaven's sake what ever happened to him?) was the FANTASY COMMENTATOR. This was dedicated largely to fantasy, rather than s-f; and in spite of an occasional serious article on trends in magazine fiction, it concentrated





largely on the interests of the serious collector of hardcover fantasy. In those days it was still possible to buy everything which was issued, in fantasy or s-f or both, within the limits of a modest income, and collecting was a serious, well-regarded facet of fandom.

This lists three types of fanzines which abounded in fandom before--say--1950; the general or miscellaneous type, the newsmagazine, which had such bizarre variants as "Cardzine" - a weekly postcard circulated to all fans with brief news tidbits--and the

serious journal for collectors. There was a fourth type which reached its height in Stanley Mullen's GORGON, a ditto-graphed magazine, half-legalsize, with professional and near-professional verse, fiction, and artwork. Stan, himself an artist, lithographed the illustrations and pasted or "tipped" them in by hand; Phil Rasch's SEVEN KEYS TO MERRITT appeared first in this magazine; there was fiction by virtually every would-be writer in fandom. I have a special affection for this fanzine; I believe it was responsible for my decision to write science fiction.

The change in fanzines came quite abruptly, I think, with the advent of Lee Hoffman's QUANDRY. It became so immensely popular, and was so comprehensible to non-fans, that it tempted all sorts of borderline fans, even those who were not interested in fandom, to jump into the publishing business. Quite suddenly, all fanzines were standardized. The self-styled "crudzine" became the epitome, at which to aim. Self-deprecating satire took the place of serious editorializing; "serious constructive fan" became a term of opprobrium instead of a compliment. Even the format became somewhat standardized.

Exactly how did fanzines of the past differ from those of today? To begin, they were--quite simply--more different, not only from those of today but from one another. The biggest fanzine I ever saw was the full-legal-size VOM, published by Forry Ackerman back in '45 and '46. It consisted simply and solely of letters; letters on science fiction, on fannish fueds, on personalities....on literally every subject under the moon. The smallest (barring a couple of hand-printed oddities in postage stamp size, and one, by Art Rapp, printed on toilet paper) was the quarter-size FANSCIENT, by Portland artist Donald B. Day. This one, lithographed throughout, with beautiful black-and-white illustrations, may have been the most beautiful fanzine ever published....but it had less fame than it deserved, since only those with good eyesight could read it without invoking the aid of a magnifying glass; the type was reduced to  $\frac{1}{4}$  elitesize in printing.

Probably the most painstaking job of work ever done on a fanzine ap-



peared in one of the very earliest mailings of the SAPS, issued by Harold Cheney, and was a little (4x5) mimeographed booklet hand-bound in hard covers and dust-jacketed with blueprint paper; THE HANDS AND OTHERS was the title, and it contained four short pieces of fine fiction, written by fans indeed, but not fanfiction.

Another hard-work fanzine was the first hectographed issue of SPACE-WARP by Art Rapp; this fanzine was hand-printed by hectograph, with hekto pencils, in neat little block capitals; Art didn't own a typewriter, so he lettered his own.

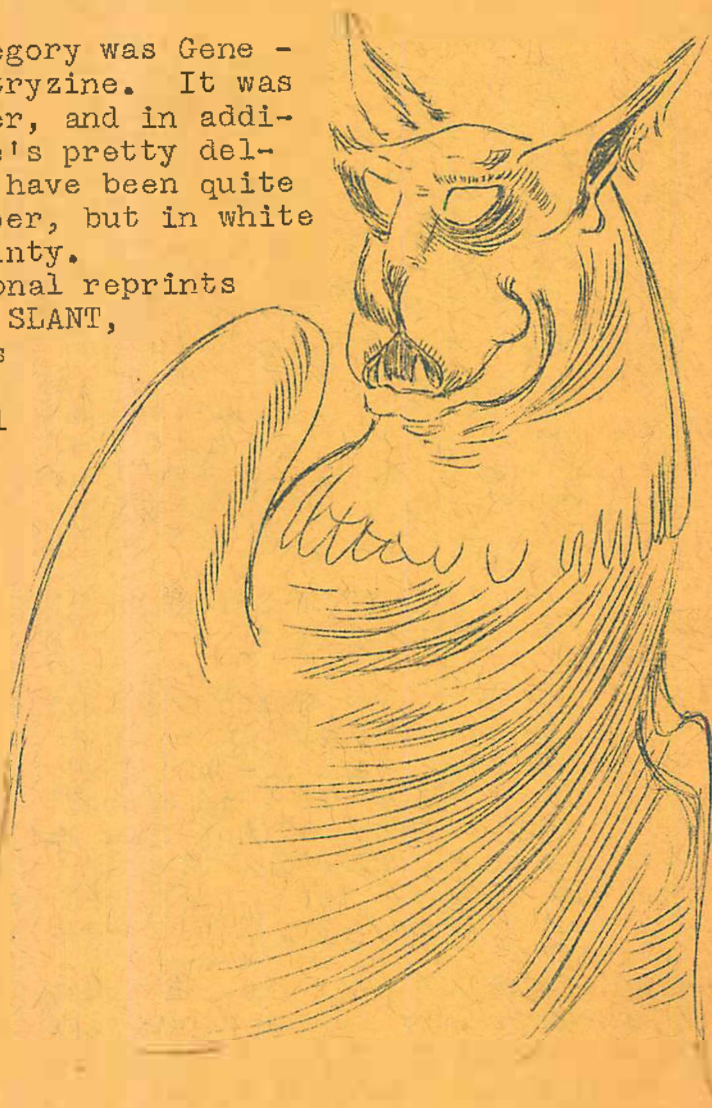
Perhaps the craziest or zaniest fanzine of those early days was the well-named LUNACY, issued by Jawge Caldwell--a guiding spirit of the old Young Fandom. This was the first fanzine, so far as I recall, to use cartoon illustrations and really wacky humor...frequently of the Sarge Saturn type, but delightful anyhow.

The "most unusual" fanzine would be hard to define. Frankly, I'd be tempted to give the prize for an odd fanzine, as regards format, to Bob Johnson, a Denver youngster of the child-prodigy type, who, at fifteen, published the first issue of ORB. Bob, who later choreographed a science fiction ballet, for some convention or other, was a youngster of highly artistic tastes. He called his zine "The FLAIR of fandom", and prided himself on printing every issue with a different format. He used, I think, seventeen different colors of ink; including cerise, chartreuse, and cocoa brown, on all shades of paper from raspberry pink to black.

Another in the odd-formats category was Gene -vieve K. Stephens' card-sized poetryzine. It was printed in white ink on black paper, and in addition to poetry contained Genevieve's pretty delicate little sketches; they would have been quite ordinary in black ink on white paper, but in white on black they were exquisitely dainty.

Highest proportion of professional reprints probably came from Walter Willis' SLANT, which appeared about 1950. It was printed--that is, set in type--on book paper, and contained material of professional caliber in every sense of the word. In everything except the monetary sense (it was doubtless published at a terrific financial loss) it was a professional magazine. This was also the case with Manley Bannister's NEKROMANTIKON, the last gasp of the fanzine devoted to weird and macabre fantasy. It featured covers in heavy stock, lithographed or photo-printed; professional quality articles, fiction and artwork, and an adult approach sadly lacking in fanzines of today.

Perhaps that is the major difference between fanzines of yesterday and those of today. If fanzines of the past took themselves too seriously, fanzines





the present go to the other extreme. They publish as casually as the fan of the past wrote letters. Fanzine editors of the past usually considered their fanzines as magazines, and took their editorial chores quite seriously.

It is customary today to deride the notion that fanzine apprenticeship leads to professional authorship. I disagree. Margaret Mead, in the WRITER'S DIGEST YEARBOOK, states that what the budding author needs most is a place to get his early work published and criticized..."magazines that they sit up nights over and mimeograph themselves and sweat over." I think the fanzines of ten years ago, or even of five or six years ago were a valuable apprenticeship for the would-be writer, and many of them graduated to professional writing or editing. About fanzines of today I am not so sure. Today's fanzines encourage a casual, not to say sloppy, and satirical attitude toward serious effort, and the writer who takes himself and his work seriously is almost hooted out of existence. Writers are one class, if not the class, whose overwhelming need is to be taken seriously, if not to take themselves seriously.

Maybe what's needed in fandom is not a return....no one could or would go back to the early days, either in science fiction or fandom...but a revolution. Maybe a few other writers, would-be editors, would-be professionals, serious readers, are fed up with screwball crudsheets. Maybe tomorrow will see the burst on fannish eyes of another fanzine better than NEKROMANTIKON, GORGON, or QUANDRY. Maybe there is somebody in fandom who is dying to edit a magazine that fans will read and exclaim over. Maybe there are some writers who can be funny without being either vulgar or sarcastic. Maybe there is an embryo Heinlein, Bradbury, or Sturgeon wishing he had a place to send the story he's too bashful or diffident to send to the prozines, a young writer who needs fans to write to him and boost his determination with such remarks as "Your poem in ULTIMATE FANZINE was better than anything I ever read in English class", or "That thing you called a story stunk out loud." How else is a writer to know? Professional editors are too busy to help him along. They want him to gain experience and polish elsewhere.

Maybe there are people in fandom who have something to say and would like to have a place to say it by way of letters and articles. Maybe some day the ghost of Lee Hoffman's QUANDRY--which was a marvelous fanzine in itself, but not so good that its memory ought to strangle the thought of any other format--will stop haunting 99% of fanzine editors.

Maybe we'll get a new and healthy crop of variegated fanzines. When that happens, I hope I can get on their mailing lists somehow.

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DEPARTMENT OF FANZINES RECEIVED BUT NOT REVIEWED (included for reference purposes, if you must know):

THRU THE PORTHOLE (Bob Smith.- SAFSazine), NIEKAS #3 (Ed Meskys - N'AFA zine), ALA rums and excursions (Dave Hulan & Bill Flott - one-shot for N'AFA and Southern Fandom exclusively....why sho', I'm a southu'n fan, honeychile), SKYRACK #43 (Ron Bennett - I should pay him cash and send him copies of YANDRO too? Not this kid), VAUX HALL FANATIC (Seth Johnson - N'AFA zine), MENACE OF THE LASFS #58 & 59 (Bruce Ielz - I ran out of room and anyway I don't feel like reviewing it), and FADAWAY 15 (You know who and you know why I'm not reviewing it if you got YANDRO 115).

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GREAT WIDE WORLD DEP'T: The editor of INSULATION magazine reports that the Electronic Tube Division of Sylvania Electric Products is giving S&H Green Stamps to dealers who purchase Sylvania tubes, and that stamps have been used by various companies for employee safety awards and the like.



# EXTENSION SERVICE

— FICTION BY — ROG EBERT

They sniffed like two frightened little girls alone on a subway train, and then the elder smiled bravely and said, "Well, it's best not to worry about the future anyway, Edna; we've done our part for the Extension Service, and it's time we had a rest."

Edna finished mopping at her eyes with a damp handkerchief, and attempted a tremulous smile.

"You know best, Louise, but it does seem hard..."

"Hard? Of course it does! But that's the way life is, Edna." Louise was master of herself now, given a person to advise. "After all, we've been in the Extension Service for forty-two years now, and it's high time we stepped aside to let some of the younger Sisters do good. The Salvation Army has been our home all this while, but that's no reason to weep and be sad now that we've retired. Come on now, let's go up front and have dinner. I hear they have some real fine food on these new space liners."

Edna allowed herself to be steered down the aisle of the ship hurtling toward Sol III, and soon was distracted by the food before her.

"Why, this is good, Louise!"

"And just think, Edna...in three more weeks, we'll be on Earth, where they have food like this all the time. Here, have another drum stick."

"Well,...it is a lot better than you get in the Salvation Army."

Louise was silent for a moment, then briskly said, "You know, Edna, we've given our lives to the Salvation Army. Ever since we signed up together forty-two years ago and decided to bring charity to the outer planets..."

"That's right! Every word!" Edna was swabbing at her eyes again.

"...And you know, I've been thinking. It's high time we had some fun for ourselves, Edna! Bringing aliens to Christianity is good and noble work, of course...but now that we're retired, isn't it time we were thinking about ourselves for awhile?"

Edna looked shocked, then thoughtful. "Why, you're right, Louise! I see it all now! We'll go to Paris and..."

"Isn't this simply wonderful!" cried Louise, oblivious of the stares of the other occupants of the terminal as she hurried through the crowd in her denim Salvation Army uniform. "Just as I knew Paris would be! We must go swimming at once."

Edna agreed, and upon reaching their hotel room the two called Room Service for the latest in swimming suits, "...whatever they're wearing now."

The two lost some of their enthusiasm as they examined the skimpy bikinis Room Service had supplied them, but then Louise nodded primly and said, "Well, if it's what they're wearing now...", and Edna agreed reluctantly.

When the two felt they had their suits correctly adjusted, wherever that might be, they started to leave. Suddenly, Edna stopped short with a gasp.

When Louise turned to see what was keeping her, Edna was staring at her in wide-eyed admiration. "Why, whatever is the matter, Edna?" Louise

asked, one hand on the floor.

"Louise...I never noticed before...without your heavy uniform, you have a wonderful figure."

Louise smiled kindly. "Why, thank you. You do too, Edna, except for one thing."

"Why...what's that?"

"Your belly button is about five inches too low, dear."

Edna looked as if she might cry, then pursed her lips.

"Well, if that's the way you feel," she said in a hurt tone, "then the next time I'll beat the drums and you can carry the flag!"

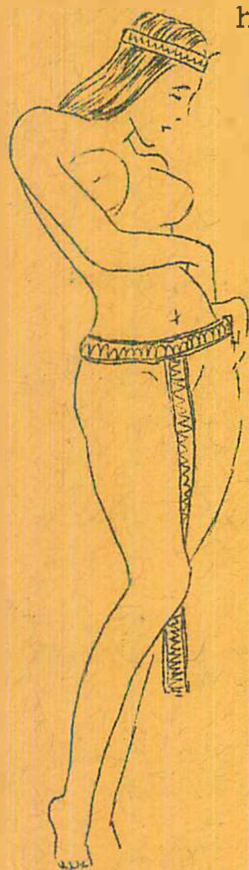
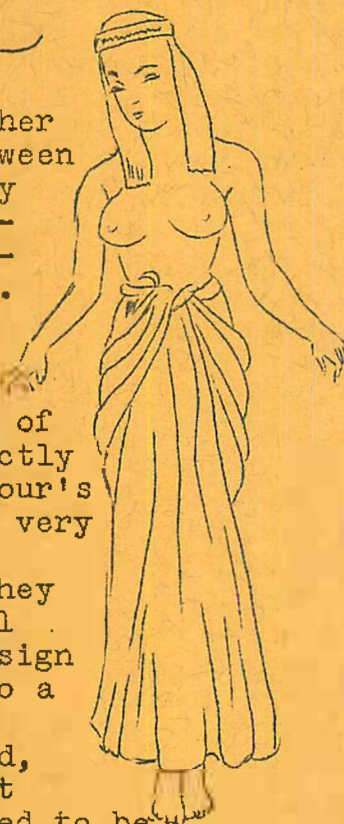
## IT AIN'T NECESSARILY SO

Researching, recently, for more material for another folio, I was struck by the tremendous difference between costumes of the past as they really were, and the way we have been led to believe they were. There are manuals for this kind of thing, used by amateur and professional alike, and they are wrong..or, I should say.. are not accurate. There's no excuse for it, as ancient pictures and carvings are readily available. I was thinking more particularly of Egypt, and Cleopatra...and the lady on the right is wearing a skirt of that time. The sarong as worn in Burma today is exactly like this...and you can forget all about Dorothy Lamour's version. Performers, like the girl below, left, wore very little, and female slaves were entirely naked.

And nobody thought anything untoward about it. They were sane enough, in those days, to admit that we all have bodies, all pretty much the same design and function. And this leads the way to a much deeper question.

Education is pretty much a nasty word, these days, but one of its more pleasant guises is surely "information"? We need to be informed, and this is something the cinema and tv screen can do like no other medium that ever was. If the ancient peoples were saner than us in manner of dress, modesty, and down-to-earth realities, surely this is something we ought to be reminded of. The fabulous film of Cleopatra isn't out yet, as I write, but it's no trick at all to guess that the actors will be wearing "proper" versions of the "authentic" clothes. So much for the greatly touted aim at "realism". And this is not just a plea for "rude" movies. The way you dress conditions the way you behave and think, to a great extent, and it is impossible to present an "authentic" version of the ways of a culture, if you bowdlerise the clothing. Again, there is no excuse for this, because the one thing the movies can do, and do well, is costume. It may not be possible, always, to reconstruct a temple, but a dress is a different matter.

It isn't just a matter of 'approval' either. I didn't "approve" of some of the things that were done in SPARTACUS, and I doubt if I'm alone, but we were shown them, because they were "authentic". I don't know what the answer is...certainly not modesty...because some of the "ap-





proved" clothes we do see are anything but modest. It may be that the visual arts have missed the point...that they exist to inform and enlarge, as well as entertain...and that they are well and truly stuck in the "profit" valence.

That's if you count profit strictly in money. But the people who made THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, for instance, missed a great chance. The film was largely the life-story of Moses and a tremendous amount of time and money was spent in making it as full of "fact" as possible. But did it show you that Moses did, in fact, marry an Ethiopian woman...and what happened to Miriam when she put up a howl about it (Numbers 12)...? And what a blow that would have been on the side of racial equality and tolerance, wouldn't it? I'd call that a profit, myself. A bit of truth for a change.

Why not?

\_\_\_\_\_  
JOHN RACKHAM



## HELP WANTED

\_\_\_\_\_  
FICTION BY

\_\_\_\_\_  
*bobby gene warner*

Ah, come right in young man. Saw the HELP WANTED sign in the window, eh? Well, come right in.

It isn't a hard job, not that you look like you'd mind a little hard work; you've a very strong-looking body. My, but you have a hungry look about you, though. Just get in town? If you take the job, maybe I could give you a little advance on your wages. Stake you to a meal, so to speak. Understand, though, I don't make a practice of giving advances, or loaning money to employees, either. That's always been one of my staunch rules.

If you think you'd be interested in the job, I'll just take a few minutes out to show you around the store; give you the grand tour, so to speak. I'm proud of the store. You could understand that, if you knew how long and how hard I've worked to make it what it is. Came out here to Weeksville thirty years ago, from the East. All the way from New York. I started from scratch, built up this store while the town was still in its infancy. Now the population is over four thousand. I know most of the people here. You naturally get to know a lot of people in this business. You get to know about people, too. Why, I can spot what kind of person you are from a mile off. Confidentially, that's why I'm willing to give you a try at the job if you want it: you're a good sort; I know I can trust you. You see, I'm frank. Sometimes I think maybe I'm too frank...

You see, over here I carry a complete line of farm equipment. This is farm country, you know, predominantly. More than three-fourths of my trade comes from the farm people hereabouts.

Eh? Why sure. You just sit down over there. My, you are pale. I'll get you some water.

Here, drink this. That better? How long has it been since you last had a square meal, son? Whew! That long. Well, you sure need a job, and I'm ready to sign you on if you're interested. I know people, and you're all right in my book. Had a lot of hard breaks in your short life, I'll bet, but you're all right.

What? Oh yes. Heh. I guess I am a little plump and red-faced. No,

I take no offense. Fifty-one years old and in the pink of health, that's me. Haven't had a sick day in a long time. It's this country. Good, clean air. High and dry. Sometimes a little too dry for the farmers, but the land's so darn rich they couldn't do better someplace else if they could call for and get rain whenever they pleased. Yes, this is one of the healthiest climates in the States.

Ah, feeling better now, are you? Fine. Well, just sit there a while and look around. You look like you've had a spell on the road; you're probably just exhausted. Too, this air-conditioning of mine takes a while getting used to.

You'd like to have the job? Good! It isn't too hard. Of course, you'll have to help me lug around a few pretty heavy things, now and then, but mainly you'll be trained to wait on customers. Why, you're a natural customer-getter with that honest, open face of yours. And those eyes of yours--they make a person just want to look into them and relax and take anything you have to say with no backtalk. Not that I want any crooked business practise. No, sir! I've built this place up with a groundwork of honesty and fair-dealing. All I say is you play square with me and I'll do right by you.

Well, come on back into my office and I'll get you signed up. Probably won't be any customers in for a while. There's some political goings-on in the park this morning. We'll get you signed up, then I'll let you have enough in the way of an advance to get yourself a good meal and a room. Got several good boarding houses in town, you know. You see, I'm putting a lot of faith in you, and I don't want you to go running out on me. I'm giving you what's probably the best chance in life you'll ever run across.

Just have a seat there beside my desk and I'll see if I can locate those forms. Should be over here somewhere. Yes, here they are.

What? Why, sure, I'll close the door. Like privacy, eh? Well, to tell the truth, so do I. That's why I hire only one or two helpers at a time. I don't like a lot of people around. Unless they're customers, of course. Heh.

My, boy, but your eyes are going to be good for business. They're so deep. Make a person just want to look into them and relax...

Uhml We'll just get this form filled out. You have a Social Security card, I suppose? Well, no matter right now. Easy enough to take care of that later.

Yes, it is awfully quiet in here. What's that? Come to think of it, I am a little sleepy, although I slept more than nine hours last night.

Why, you're right, boy; we haven't even introduced ourself. I'm Matthew Andrews, and I'm right proud to know you. Sure, I'd be glad to give you my hand--Say, now, let's look at your palm. Looks like you have little suction cups in your palm. Oh, that's right, it's not important. Your eyes are deep. I feel strange, sleepy, heavy. Strange.

Here's my hand. Proud to know you, Mr.-- I didn't get your name. So sleepy all of a sudden. Must be this air-conditioning.

Leech? Mr. Leech. Yes, the name does fit you. Glad to know you, Mr. Leech. Ah, that's what I like; a man with a firm handshake...

NEWS ITEM: Beginning this week, the Bronx has its own central post office. Mail addresses to New York zone numbers greater than 40 should now be accordingly addressed -- that is, "New York 62, N.Y." becomes "Bronx 62, N.Y." information from John Boardman

NEW ADDRESS: Bill Donaho, P.O. Box 1284, Berkeley 1, California  
NEW TITLE: former Pvt. Joe Sarno is now SP4 Joe Sarno; same address



# GOLDEN MINUTES



THE GIRL, THE GOLD WATCH & EVERYTHING, by John D. MacDonald (Gold Medal, 35¢) MacDonald, who used to work for STARTLING and ASTOUNDING on occasion before he discovered a gold mine in detective fiction, has returned, more or less, to the fold. Fantasy addicts will have to look sharp for this one, since the cover looks like any other oversexed detective novel. It's a genuine fantasy, though; even the gimmick, while not new, isn't one that's been overused. Never having read Thorne Smith, I can't make a comparison with the humorous treatment of sex. Aside from the sex and the fantasy, however, the book bears a remarkable resemblance to something by Clarence Buddington Kelland. Certainly the brave but inept hero (who Comes Through in the pinches) would feel at home in a Kelland novel, and the plot is typical of Kelland or one of Philip Wylie's potboilers. (Not that it's necessarily bad; it's slick and fast-paced, and if the whole plot seems as improbable as the fantasy parts, it's still good fun.) If you think stf should be Great Literature, you probably won't like this one, but if you enjoy lightweight amusement here's some of it for you. And you can't hardly get stf for 35¢ no more.

WARLORD OF KOR, by Terry Carr/THE STAR WASPS, by Robert Moore Williams (Ace, 40¢) Major interest here is in Terry Carr's first novel. It isn't anything extra, but it's adequate stf adventure in the traditions of PLANET STORIES; reminds me considerably of some of Edmond Hamilton's older works. And it's certainly far superior to the novel that backs it. The blurb for the STAR WASPS says that Williams has been a "high-rated" stf author: it doesn't say which group of mentally retarded readers ever gave him this high rating. His characters never converse; they make idiotic speeches at one another. When they aren't making speeches, they are thinking in platitudes, and when they aren't doing either the author is describing them and their ambitions in a perfect flood of uninspired rhetoric. "It seemed to her that she was a part of the green planet now dropping away into space, that it was a part of her, and that both she and the planet were torn by the pangs of separation. The planet was losing a daughter. It was sad about that." Of course, it isn't all this bad; I just chose a passage at random. Some of it is worse. I'd reject this sort of bilge if it was sent to YANDRO, but apparently some of our forward-looking stf readers like it. If you do, here it is. If you have taste, you may still want the Carr novel, but 40¢ is a bit high for 92 pages.

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM BOMBADIL, by J.R.R. Tolkien (George Allen & Unwin Ltd., 13/6 -- or \$1.89 plus postage) If you have a child who likes odd poetry, and you can afford to pay this much for about 50 pages of it, you might well like this. If you're expecting anything similar to THE LORD OF THE RINGS, or even THE HOBBIT, skip this. Tolkien's verse was never his strong point, even in his classic works; an entire book of it comes out pretty bad, if you're expecting adult fare. As a sort of Child's Window-Box of Verses, it may be quite adequate; I'm no authority on children's verse, and I haven't tried any of it on Bruce yet. The illustrations by Pauline Baynes are excellent for a children's work, but will probably outrage dedicated Ring fans. If the price was lower, I'd recommend it as a juvenile, but there's hardly enough of it to justify that price tag.

# THE INTERNATIONAL FANTASY AWARDS

- article by \_\_\_\_\_ robert coulson

- 1951: fiction - - - EARTH ABIDES, by George R. Stewart  
non-fiction - THE CONQUEST OF SPACE, by C. Bonestell and W. Ley
- 1952: fiction - - - FANCIES AND GOODNIGHTS, by John Collier  
non-fiction - THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE, by Arthur C. Clarke
- 1953: fiction - - - CITY, by Clifford Simak  
non-fiction - LANDS BEYOND, by L. Sprague DeCamp and Willy Ley
- 1954: first prize - MORE THAN HUMAN, by Theodore Sturgeon  
runner-up - - THE DEMOLISHED MAN, by Alfred Bester
- 1955: first prize - A MIRROR FOR OBSERVERS, by Edgar Pangborn  
runner-up - - MISSION OF GRAVITY, by Hal Clement

The International Fantasy Awards originated during a conversation among fans and professionals at the then-famous "White Horse Tavern" in London in April, 1951. Leslie Flood, who reports the incident in NEW WORLDS #15, was one of the originators, along with John Beynon Harris (better known under the pseudonym John Wyndham), G. Ken Chapman, and Frank A. Cooper. It was decided that the "First International Convention", to be held in London on May 12, would be the ideal place to present the first awards in the series, and Flood admits that the Awards Committee (apparently self-appointed on the spot) was somewhat rushed to make the deadline. The trophies were not completed in time (a situation which has also faced Worldcon Committees with regard to the Hugos) and had to be forwarded later, with facsimiles being presented at the convention.

Originally, it was planned to have the Awards cover books, short stories, films, artwork and possibly other sf activities, much as the later Hugos have done. However, due to a lack of time and funds, the first Awards were restricted to fiction and non-fiction books, and these categories were followed in succeeding years. The only change came in 1954, when the non-fiction category was abolished (due to the difficulty of deciding which books were eligible for a category of "non-fictional fantasy") and a Certificate of Merit was presented to the second-place entry in the fiction category. This system was repeated in 1955, the last year for the I.F.A.

The first Awards in 1951 were based on the first British publication of the books, in 1950. Following Awards were restricted to the





first book publication in any country in the preceding year. Any fantasy book by a single author was eligible; short story collections and novels competed on an equal basis, with only anthologies being barred. Magazine publication did not count; eligibility was restricted to books.

Each trophy consisted of a spaceship (based, says Carnell, on the ship shown in the Bonestell cover of the Feb. 1951 GALAXY) mounted on a wood base, with a matching Ronson table lighter. The "fiction" Award used chrome-plated metal and oak wood, while the non-fiction award used the combination of bronze and mahogany. They were about 20" high, overall. No description of the Certificate of Merit presented to the 1954 and 1955 runner-ups is available; presumably it was a paper or parchment document.

The I.F.A. was not, as are the Hugos, an award bestowed by general fandom. It was envisioned as the supreme award of the science-fiction field, to be based on literary merit and awarded by the decision of experts in the field. While there may be some quibbles about the relative expertness of the judges selected as opposed to other eminent stf critics, by and large the Awards Committee did a pretty fair job of picking its judges.

The 1951 Awards were presumably judged by the original four Committee members, since no other judges are mentioned, and in any event it would have been difficult to contact anyone else in the short space of time available.

Fifteen stf personalities were asked to judge the 1952 Awards. They were: Anthony Boucher and J. Francis McComas (casting one ballot as a team), August Derleth, Everett F. Bleiler (then well-known as editor of Fell's BEST SCIENCE FICTION annual series), Judith Merrill, Groff Conklin and Basil Davenport from the U.S.A.; J.M. Walsh (a well-known British author and fantasy fan), John Carnell (Nova Publications editor), Walter Gillings (ex-editor of SCIENCE FANTASY), and fans Fred Brown and Walter Willis from Great Britain; Sigvard Ostlund ("foremost Scandanavian fantasy bibliophile") from Sweden; and Georges Gallet (editor) and Igor Maslowski (book critic) from France. The original members of the Awards Committee apparently did not vote, though they continued to do the work of compiling records, contacting trophy manufacturers, collecting money, etc.

No list of the judges for the 1953 Awards is available; Nova Publications was having a crisis which included a long hiatus in publishing, and no other stf publishers ever gave the I.F.A. much publicity.

In 1954, however, judges Derleth, Davenport, the Boucher-McComas team, Conklin, Carnell, Brown, Gallet, and Maslowski are still functioning, being joined by P. Schuyler Miller, Hugo Gernsback, Forry Ackerman, Robert Frazier (book reviewer for FANTASTIC UNIVERSE) and Don Wollheim, all from the U.S.A.

The complete panel of judges for 1955 is not listed. Boucher, McComas (apparently with a vote apiece, this time), Derleth, Miller, Conklin, Carnell and Gallet are mentioned as participating in the voting.

Flood ends his report on the 1955 Awards with the comment that he is "looking forward to the 1956 Award". 1955, however, was the last year for the I.F.A. I've been no explanation as to the reason for its dis-



appearance. A lack of interest doesn't seem likely, although the Awards never did receive their proper share of publicity, either in fandom or in the professional mags; only NEW WORLDS supported them adequately. A lack of funds seems more likely; the Awards Committee for the I.F.A. had to depend on donations and its own resources. It did not have World Convention funds to draw upon, as do the Hugo backers. Or quite possibly the I.F.A. supporters felt that in the future they would be "competing" with the better-publicized Hugo Awards and dropped their own idea to avoid friction. Certainly the handling of the Awards, and the caliber of the winners, can reflect nothing but glory for the originators of the I.F.A.

NOTE: This article based on articles by John Carnell and Leslie Flood in NEW WORLDS #11, 15, 18, 22, 27, and 39.

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### FRANTIC FUNGUS

(Being a glop of fanzines discovered by RSC when he was looking for something else entirely.....)

REBEL #1 (John Jackson, RR 7, Box 137-D, Crown Point, Indiana - irregular - 20¢) Two items of fiction; the editor's fairish sword-and-sorcery piece and Bill Plott's story, which has the big drawback of characters who make speeches at each other rather than conversing. (Of course, it's a drawback common to more exalted writers than Plott; Ayn Rand's works have exactly the same faults, and with less reason.) Best material is Dave Hulan's review of A SHADE OF DIFFERENCE and Mike Deckinger's true (?) story of his friend who practised a little voodoo on a sidewalk evangelist (I'd have enjoyed being there). There are other things; it's a thick issue, and a fairly good one. Rating....5

TWILIGHT ZINE #8 (Bernard Morris, 420 Memorial Drive, Cambridge 39, Mass. - quarterly, or so he says - 25¢) Best part of the mag is still the filk songs (and they claim they aren't fannish! Hah!), with top honors this time going to "Alcoholics Anthem".....sounds like something I'd like to hear sung by the Chad Mitchell Trio. There is a lo-o-ong article on Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., and the editor gets excited about Campbell, again. (But didn't you know Campbell didn't graduate from M.I.T.? It didn't offer enough of a challenge to him, he says....Yes, he does say it. I heard him. There's something you gotta admire about a man like that.) Rating....4

THRU THE HAZE #19 (Art Hays, RR 3, Bancroft, Ont, Canada - monthly, I think - no price listed) Fan news and Don Franson's information column. HAZE is one of those zines I plan to file where I can locate it again when I need information. (When I get the files built, that is....) Rating....5

CRY #165 (Box 92, 507 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - bi-monthly - 25¢ - British Agent, John Berry) Now that it's bi-monthly, YANDRO should pass CRY in total issues in just under 8 more years....hmmmm. This is not one of their better issues, materialwise. Despite my haphazard interest in stamp collecting, I thought John Berry reached altogether too far for the jokes in his story on fannish stamps. The first installment of Jerry Pournelle's article on thermonuclear strategy is a trifle dry, but still interesting; best thing in the issue. Second best is the letter column. Rating....5



(STRANGE FRUIT, continued from page 10)

piece, I review books, and the readers have at censorship, pornography and the like. Rating....8

LOKI # (Lt. David G. Hulan, 228-D Niblo Drive, Redstone Arsenal, Alabama - quarterly? - 20¢) Seriously devoted to fantasy; here is an index to AVON FANTASY READER (why?), long reviews of WATCH THE NORTH WIND RISE, REBECCA, and THE HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE and a letter-column largely devoted to discussing sf books, and suchlike topics. Nothing on too exalted a level, but generally entertaining. Rating....6

DYNATRON #14 (Roy & Chrystal Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico - bi-monthly - 15¢) Personally, I enjoy DYNATRON mostly because I like the editors (which is also a main reason for my appreciation of LOKI) but it does have a few attractions besides a pleasant editorial personality. This is mostly fan-centered, tho Tom Armistead does type a brief goshwow review of Pangborn's WEST OF THE SUN (I'm not being derogatory; the novel deserves a goshwow review, and unless I did one for Lee Tremper's mag it probably didn't get one when it was published). And Rick Sneary writes about a visit to a "Twilight Zone" set. Rest is concerned with fandom, including Takumi Shibano's column on Japanese fandom. Rating....5

KIPPLE #32 (Ted Paule, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland - monthly - 15¢) Ted generally devotes his journal to science and humanity. The past couple of issues, humanity has been winning out, with discussions of what is and is not permissible in human behaviour. There is even a reprint of some balderdash by Roy Finch about a "power-free society" which seems to rest on the rather shaky scientific premise that everyone really is equal; "every normal man is a genius at something" (with the topper than if you show up with several thousand individuals who aren't even of average competence at anything, then you just have not found their area of genius. Maybe they're geniuses at ornamenting buggy whips; how do you know till you try them at it? And if you don't have any buggy whips for them to ornament, that's the fault of Society -- which is, as always in this sort of writing, depicted as a bogeyman entirely separate from the individuals who comprise it.) Reading this sort of thing gives me a sneaking sympathy for Ayn Rand, who is certainly no more idiotic than Mr. Finch, and helps balance him out. Still, KIPPLE is an exceptionally interesting fanzine, for all my disagreements; probably the most entertaining of the political-humanist zines. Rating.....7

SCOTTISHE #30 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England - quarterly - 15¢ - USAgent, Bob Lichtman) SCOT has been taken up with such things as the Common Market and Scottish Independence lately. I must say I've found out more about the CM from SCOT than from anyplace else (largely because it's more entertainingly written there and since I figure that it's none of my business anyway I don't intend to devote deep study to it). Brian Varley's fiction and Brian Aldiss' verse both edge Walt Willis's column this time, which is unusual. Rating....7

DOUBLE BILL (Bill Bowers, 124 6th. St. NW, Apt. 2, Barberton, Ohio - bi-monthly - 20¢ - co-editor, Bill Mallardi - this is issue #2) I think Clay Hamlin has one of his best columns in here; unfortunately, my copy only contained the first page of it. This is definitely a general-type

fanzine; we get book reviews, fanzine reviews, fiction, verse, letters, editorials, and articles on everything from Negro criminals to Mike Deckinger's heartening assertion that the quantity of bad sf movies is on the decline. I should think that this would be an ideal fanzine for a neofan to pick up; not too sophisticated or in-groupish, and not an insult to his intelligence, either. Rating...5

SATHANAS #4 (Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Mich. - 25¢, and no guarantees of publication beyond #5) I don't care if Dick Schultz was the first fan I saw at the Chicon (barring Joe Sanders, who rode up with us); he didn't need to write a 38-page con report. That's all this issue is; if you like con reports, go to it. I skimmed it; it seems to be pretty fair, as con reports go. No rating, on the grounds that I am Exceptionally Biased. (No, Schultz, that does not mean that I have two big ones.)

ISCARIOT #5 (Al Andrews, 1659 Lakewood Drive, Birmingham 16, Alabama - bi-monthly - 15¢ - co-editor, Richard Ambrose) Ambrose' article on the unicorn is probably the best thing in this issue; unlike most fanzine articles on science and mythology, it told me some things I didn't know previously. Considering Bergen Evans' statements about wolf packs, it might have been fitting if Larry Montgomery had made Evans the hero of his little tale.....It's not a bad story, and neither is Ed Gorman's, but neither is anything extra, either. A nice 3-color Christmas cover emphasizes the pains the editors take with layout and artwork. Rating..4

CANTICLES FROM LABOWITZ #1 (Gary Labowitz, 8233 President Court, Kansas City 31, Missouri - irregular - price not defined) An article on Arianism does make various religious controversies a bit more clear, if no more sensible. Of course, the Rev. Zieglmeyer is starting with the assumption that Christianity is true, which isn't so obvious to some of us. A couple of pieces of not-quite-professional fiction and a verse by Stanton Coblentz fill the issue. For serious fans. Rating.3½

MACH-1 (Kris Carey, 1016 2nd.St., Wesco, Calif. - irregular - 20¢) This seems more college-oriented than anything else. Nothing special except for Ed Wood's fanzine reviews; anyone knowing Ed's views on the subject of fanzines should be interested in a review column by him. He believes in reviews in depth (another place where I don't agree with him) and does a very good job on S F TIMES. The rest is the usual mixture of fiction (very short), columns and articles. Rating..2

G<sup>2</sup> Vol.2#4 (Joe & Roberta Gibson, 5380 Sobrante, El Sobrante, Calif. - irregular - 3 for 25¢ - British Agent, Colin Freeman) This is mostly devoted to comments on TAFF, and I fully intended to write a letter of comment and didn't. One thing you could do to get more candidates is to drop the \$5 "entrance fee". I still feel that being nominated is an honor, but I'm damned if I know anyone I want to honor that bad. I was instrumental in nominating Ed McNulty the one year we had 8 candidates, simply because the nomination was an honor. Nobody expected Ed to win; probably nobody felt that he really deserved to win. But he did deserve the nomination, and we had hopes that he wouldn't come in last (he didn't...quite). But that time I had a local club that I could talk into anteing up the \$5; I wouldn't have paid it, then or ever, because I have better uses for what little cash I have. I'll go as high as \$1, and that's it, and I expect a vote in return for that. /G<sup>2</sup> is interesting mostly because of the arguments Joe starts. Rating..5



SPECTRUM #1 (Lin Carter, Apt. 4-C, 2028 Davidson Ave., New York 53, N.Y. - bi-monthly - \$1 per year - no trades) Here's one devoted entirely to book reviews, mostly but not entirely by the editor. I disagree with his conclusions almost 100% (anyone who can seriously say that A.E. van Vogt and Doc Smith are two of the three finest stf authors of all time, that Blish's "A Life For The Stars" is the best stf novel of 1962 and sneer at Sturgeon isn't going to get along well with me.) Still, anybody who dislikes Bradbury can't be all bad. And this is a step forward for those who have been demanding more science-fiction in fanzines. Even if the comment about "the coveted SPECTRUM trophy" makes the whole thing sound a bit neofannish. Not rated, as whether you like it or not will depend mostly on how interested you are in book reviews.

COMIC ART #4 (Don & Maggie Thompson, 29 College Place, Oberlin, Ohio - irregular - 50¢ or 3 for \$1) Send money; Don's newspaper is still strike-bound according to reports and you wouldn't want the editors to starve to death before they could get out another issue, would you? Major item is a 19-page article on Ed Whelan's "Minute Movies". This is a bit more about "Minute Movies" than I care to learn, not being a comics fan, but it certainly seems definitive. Various minor items back it up; this time there isn't much for an outgroupier like me, except for the sheet of genuine Puce Stamps included in my copy (and presumably in others as well, though since the inclusion isn't mentioned I'm not certain). With XERO and SMUDGE announcing the end of publication, COMIC ART seems to have no competition for the #1 Comics Fanzine slot. Special Interest

THE PANIC BUTTON #12 (Les Nirenberg, 1217 Weston Road, Toronto 15, Ont., Canada - bi-monthly - 40¢, or \$2 per year) The Fanzine That Made Good is looking more professional with every issue. Unfortunately, while it's professional, it isn't nearly as funny as the last issue. Somebody's review of "Phantom Of The Opera", Gary Deindorfer's reprinted piece, and Jerry DeMuth's survey of the Minutemen are all good, but I'm afraid the rest of it struck me as pretty much of a drag. (Tho I suppose I should except "Medopoly", one of Arioli's cartoons and one or two of the re-captioned photos from this category.) Notice to newcomers; PANIC BUTTON is devoted to humor and serious thoughts about our society and like that; it has nothing to do with science fiction. Rating...6

FANAC #87 & 88 (Walter Breen, 2402 Grove St., Berkeley 4, Calif. - irregular - 4 for 50¢ - British Agent, Archie Mercer) Still putting out interesting fan news and commentary, but don't depend on it for the latest news anymore; address changes, in particular, are often out of date by the time the issue arrives. Interesting reading on what's been going on in fandom, though. Rating...5

FANTASY FICTION FIELD #1 (Harvey Inman, 1029 Elm St., Grafton, Ohio - bi-weekly - 13 for \$1 - co-editor, Julius Unger) Tucker probably recalls this as a revival of the FFF that Unger published 20 years ago, but to me it's a brand new newsletter. There are promises to cover both pro and fan news, plus promag indexes. This first issue is mostly to let people know they're back in business; presumably they'll get under way with the next one. I'll rate it.

STARSPINKLE #1 & 2 (Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 25, Calif. - bi-weekly - 3 for 25¢) Another fannish newsletter, this one with some news that was brand new to me. Has the feel of the early FANACs -- it should be a top newsletter for as long as Ron retains an interest in it. Rating...5



# GRUMBLINGS



Gary Deindorfer, 121 Boudinot St., Trenton 8, N.J.

/comment on issue #116/ I was kind of surprised to find that your cover was drawn by me. I had forgotten what it looked like. Anyway, Juanita did a nice job stencilling it. Kind of a weird thing, isn't it?

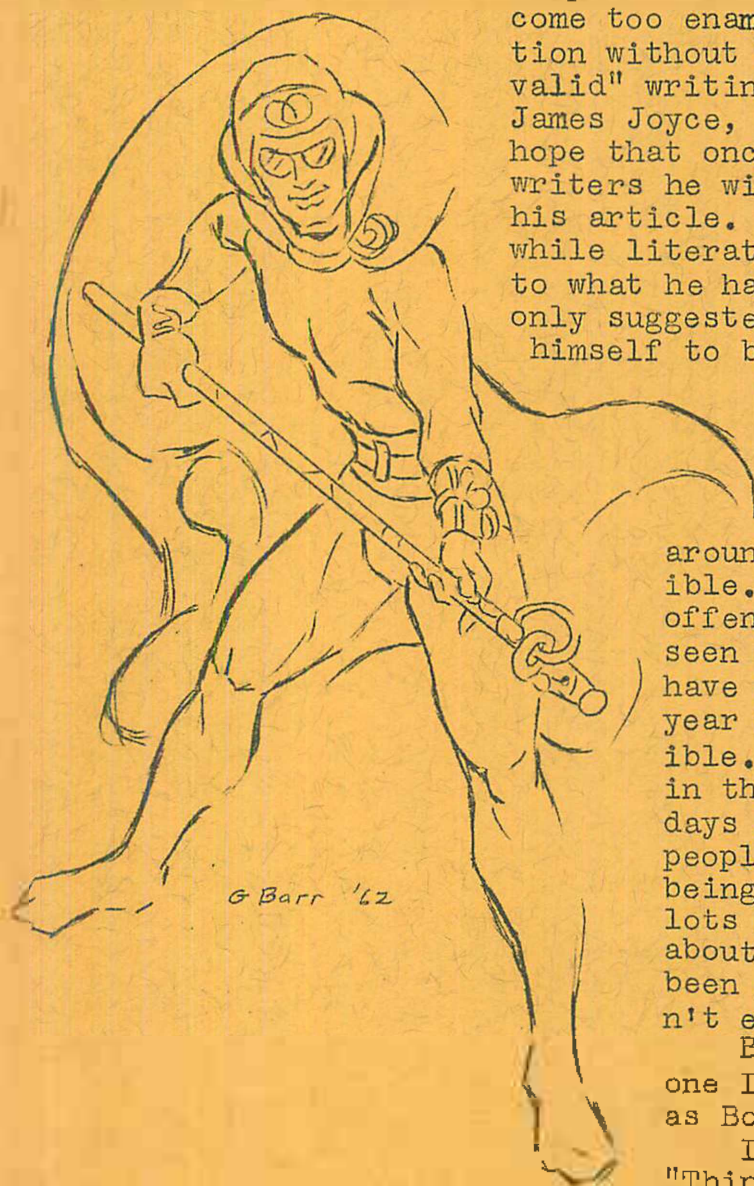
John Rackham's article began promisingly. I thought to myself, "Rackham is going to proceed to dissect Margaret Mead's quote to devastating effect." Thus, I was disappointed to see him go on to insist that the poets and novelists have been wasting their words, and that all their work must be tossed out as invalid, since scientists are just beginning to really learn about those things that the poets and novelists have been dealing with for centuries. This, of course, presupposes that whatever is learned about human beings through John Rackham's precious laboratory methods will necessarily render all that the poets and novelists have said as invalid. I suspect that Rackham has allowed himself to be-

come too enamored of science and science fiction without having troubled to read the "invalid" writing of such people as Shakespeare, James Joyce, Joseph Heller, J.D. Salinger. I hope that once John Rackham discovers there writers he will reconsider what he has said in his article. If, after having read some worthwhile literature, he persists in subscribing to what he has said in his article, then I can only suggested that he will not have allowed himself to be receptive to what was said in that literature.

Alan Dodd contributed an enjoyable little column, but I take exception to something he brought up--that the fanzines around today are still sometimes illegible. Perhaps I'm not receiving the offending magazines, but I have not seen one fanzine among all those which have drifted in here in the past half year which I could honestly call illegible. Fanzines have improved greatly in this respect since my neofannish days five years ago. Of course, you people receive damn near every fanzine being produced today, while I, like lots of other people, only receive about half of them. So maybe you've been seeing illegibility which I wouldn't even want to think about.

Bob Tucker's con report is the best one I expect to read this year. A gass, as Boyd Raeburn and I say to each other.

I had completely forgotten about "Things of Science" and its science





packets until June Bonifas brought the whole thing up in the letter column. But now I remember that group; I was a subscriber to their science packets many years ago. Their third packet contained a miniature life synthesizing kit. Everything after that was rather an anti-climax. Gee, that reminds me of the time when I used to observe fish-scales under my Gilbert microscope. Occasionally I focussed on a fly's leg or something of that sort, but mostly I was a fish-scale man. They looked about as stupid and nothing under 100x magnification as you might expect. Ah, the beauty of a child's constant questing for knowledge!

/Fanzines do seem to have improved in legibility in the past few years; we should be grateful for our blessings, I guess. Ah, the things I missed as a boy. I couldn't afford a microscope, even when I wanted one...all my cash went for .22 cartridges and .410 shotgun shells....RSC/

Harvey Inman, 1029 Elm St., Grafton, Ohio

I am still naive enough to believe an article in a fanzine should have some remote connection with the fantasy field or the fans thereof, so I did not think very much of Coleman's effort. The letter column was interesting, and I am in accord with your comments regarding the far right versus the far left. I also agree the Dupla concerning addresses with the letters. Addresses are a valuable service to us neo-fans.

/But Coleman's effort was connected with fantasy fans....RSC/

Bertil Martensson, Spangatan 31, Halmö C, Sweden.

Our only magazine "HÄPNA!" had a very fine October issue, with stories by Bradbury, Anderson, Clarke, Wyndham, and a danish talent, Edmund W. Hansen. I hadn't read one of the stories before. VERY unusual.

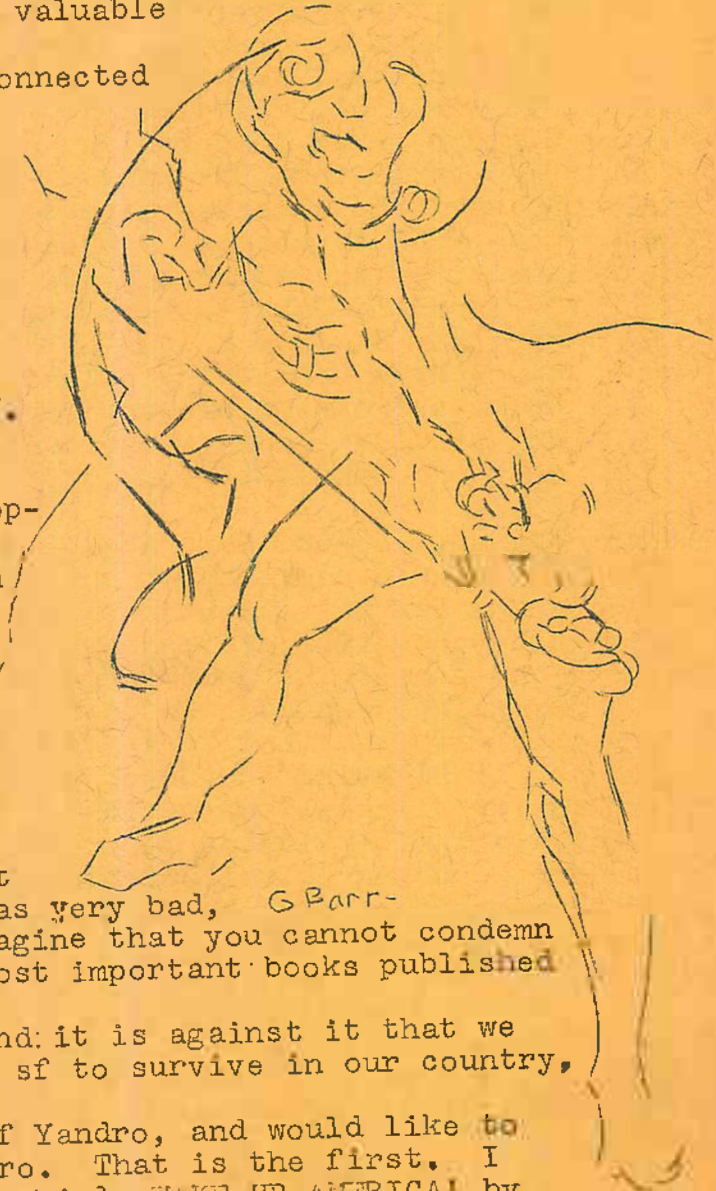
Maybe there still is room for optimism regarding sf in Sweden.

But it is a fight to publish an sf magazine here with only 7.6 million people. Of who very few know what sf is really.

Those who have heard the term before think that it is only space-heroes and voluminous queens of Mars. There was an attempt in a high-brow literatur magazine called BLM some eight years ago to analyse sf, but it was very bad, G Barr- indeed. Non-sf-critics cannot imagine that you cannot condemn a genre without having read the most important books published within the field.

It is a very corny attitude, and it is against it that we Swedes have to fight. If we want sf to survive in our country, and we all want that.

I have now received 2 issues of Yandro, and would like to send a few comments. I like Yandro. That is the first. I have also a short comment on the article WAKE UP, AMERICA! by





Derek Nelson. Now, if America is to accept the role as world leader, will it not have to consider "the piddling banana republics or Afro-Asian creations"? I don't think Mr. Nelson would admire such a leadership if he had opportunity to study it in practise.

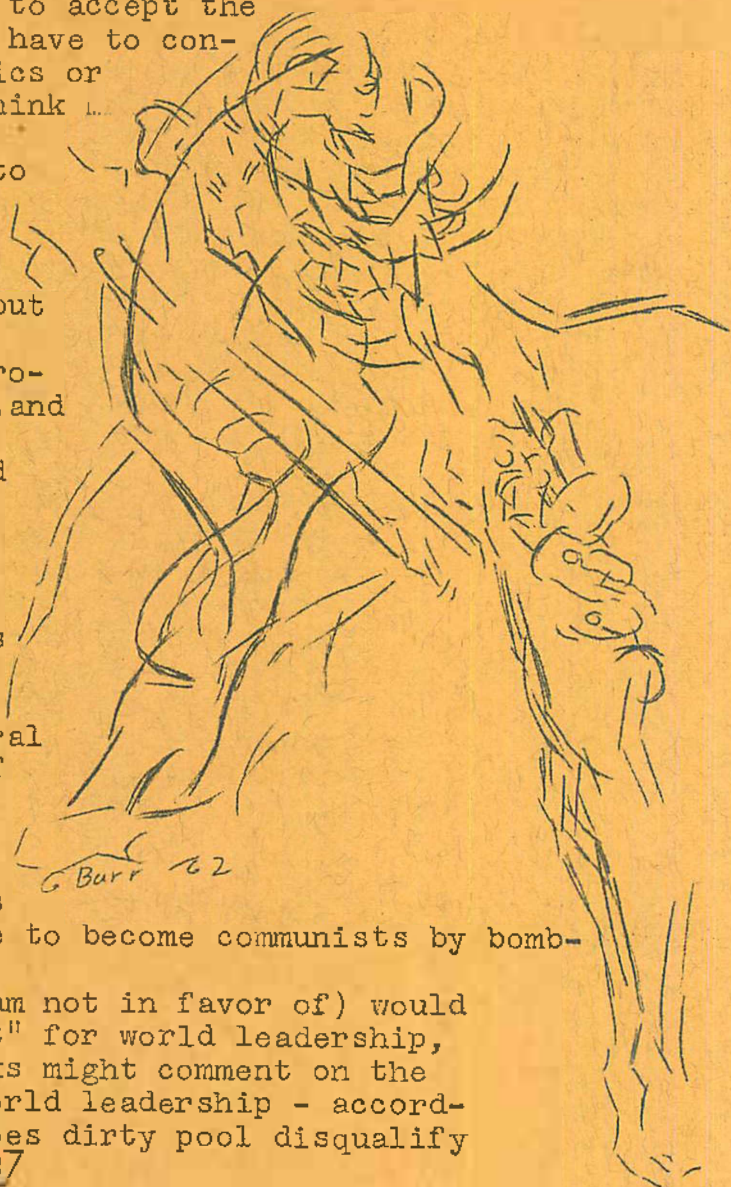
Then other questions arise. Is USA the most powerful nation of the world today? I have no data but I think the answer is negative.

The Russian total industrial production is growing amazingly fast, and the Russian potential capacity IS larger. Then, if USA wants to lead the world, she must consider the smaller nations, and build a bloc of her own.

I think Derek Nelson's article was very partiotical (though he is a Canadian) but it was not very reasonable. If USA should solve the Cuban problem by blowing several millions of innocent people out of this world, it would definitely NOT be fit for world leadership.

But I DO agree that USA many times has been too tolerant versus Sobjet, but that to prevent people to become communists by bombing them out, is too large a step.

[If invading Cuba (which I am not in favor of) would bar the USA from being "fit" for world leadership, perhaps any remaining Kulaks might comment on the "fitness" of the present world leadership - according to your thesis. Why does dirty pool disqualify only one candidate?.....JWC]



John Boardman, 166-25 89th Ave., Jamaica 32, New York

Lewis Forbes's comments on unions are monumentally irrelevant, to judge by the current situations in New York and California. Last fall, the United Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO) in New York City had to stage a one-day strike just to get a grievance procedure established, and a pay raise. In most industries, grievance procedures are taken as a matter of course. New York's older and smaller independent Teacher's Union is now fighting the Board of Education on the discharge of some teachers for alleged "subversion". The UFT is also engaged in a fight for the civil liberties of its members, supporting a teacher who was fired for opposing "civil defense" drills. The teachers of New York need these unions, and the rank and file are strongly interested in and support their leadership.

Hospital workers in the city are also getting organized against tremendous odds. Wages in the city's private hospitals are so low that some men can do better on relief. They are also having trouble getting recognition, and are facing the same problems of blacklisting and labor-law-by-injunction that the older unions faced long ago. Here, too, the picture of a few labor bosses shafting the rank and file is false.

In California, migratory workers are being organized. Without unions, their wages are at the bottom of the economy. Here, too, they are



facing law enforcement agencies controlled by the factory-farmers of the Central Valley.

And this says nothing of the South...

I missed #117 and Derek Nelson's piece, but I gather from the comments approving and otherwise that it was the usual farrago of nationalistic nonsense. DAW does a good job of putting this sort of thing into historical perspective. The upshot of the whole Cuban situation seems to be that the President has neatly pre-empted the middle of the road. He has destroyed the Republican argument that Democrats are "soft" on Communism, and he has decreased public sympathy for the peace movement by creating a war scare. This is why the Democrats gained votes last month at the expense of both other factions. As H. Stuart Hughes, one of the victims of this strategy, said, "We will survive every crisis except the last one."

All right, Lynn Hickman, just what freedoms and rights have we lost since the New Deal? With the exceptions of the Taft-Hartley, McCarran-Walter, and McCarran-Mundt-Nixon-Ferguson Acts, all of which were passed over the veto of a Fair Deal president, I can't name any. Can you? - And I'll bet that every "freedom and right" you name in this connection involves the liberty of a wealthy man to use his wealth to obtain power over others. These are the sort of "rights" that the New Deal invaded. ...and the millionaires who held parties to celebrate Roosevelt's death knew it, too.

/But what makes you think that because the unions you name aren't being shafted by their bosses that the ones Forbes belonged to couldn't be. You have a tendency to infer that because your side is right once, it's right all the time.

Well, bully for Kennedy; it's about time that somebody destroyed the argument that the Democrats are soft on Communism, and I can't quite see how anyone can withdraw support from the NAACP because it refuses to support defensive action and be so all-fired vociferous in favor of "peace" movements which do exactly the same thing. You're all in favor of peaceful settlement until you have to give up something because of it--well, so am I, and so are conservatives everywhere....RSC/

Harry Warner, 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland.

I must admit that I am enjoying Yandro immensely, and I must warn you that this is partially a reason why you will not receive letters of comment on it. For the past decade or longer, I have run off at the mouth after reading every fanzine that arrives, either through a letter of comment to the editor or mailing comments in an ayyay mailing. Now comes Yandro and for the first time in many years I find myself back in the happy, innocent days of neofanhood when I could read a fanzine, ponder it a while, and then turn my attention to other matters. This is a splendid sensation and I refuse to spoil it by grinding out a letter of comments on each issue, even though I automatically put a piece of paper into the typewriter and prepare to set down my reactions after finishing each issue.

This has not been a letter of comments.

Enid Jacobs, Box 257, Towson State College, Towson 4, Maryland.

The humorous tone of the two articles--Bill Pearson's "The Oddball" and Sidney Coleman's "Aquatic Sportsman, What Are You Doing?"--in #118 was in interesting contrast to Derek Nelson's very emotional "Wake Up, America!" (about which Donald Wollheim said all that needs to be said

in 19117.

Pearson has the gift, like James Thurber, of describing a wild, unusual, offbeat situation in calm, casual, matter-of-fact tones, while Coleman exaggerates ordinary--well, almost ordinary--situations, so that they seem hilariously wild and exotic.

Speaking of interesting contrasts, it's interesting to compare Mike Deckinger's comment that "fandom is not that unique a body to attract individuals with attributes dissimilar from those of non-fans..." with Bill Pearson's underlying belief in the "proudness and loneliness" of being a fan. Actually, although Ryan's test was interesting, I don't think anyone can discover much about personality traits of fans and/or how these compare with those of people in general on the basis of just one test. To get a REALLY good idea of fannish attributes, one would have to enlist the services of a team of psychologists and administer a whole battery of ink-blot tests, word-association tests, sentence-completion tests, Thematic Apperception Tests, and self-answer, paper and pencil tests, over a period of time, to a random sampling of fans believed to be fairly typical of the whole culture of fandom. Even if this could be done, I don't think the results would mean very much. For one thing, the solemn, unimaginative, often narrow-minded way the responses to the questions are considered might work against us. In the word-association test, for instance, there are certain "typical" responses which the psychologist expects from "normal, well-adjusted people": "house--home" might be one, or "table--chair". Imaginative people (and this includes most fans) would be more likely to make far-fetched, unusual responses which seem perfectly meaningful to them, but baffle the test givers, or at least lead them to the conclusion that the person is "blocking"--subconsciously throwing down a red herring to cover a conflict or neurosis. Examples of "atypical" responses might be: "lamp--turkey", "smell--sauerkraut", or even "month--fanzine". (Okay, so I made the last one up!) Thus one of two conclusions is usually drawn, these being (a. The variety of unusual responses renders the interpretation almost meaningless or (b. the people who made all these unusual responses are not quite all they should be, emotionally--thus fans would probably seem predominantly neurotic.

As for question and answer tests (such as Ryan's was, I believe), it is all too easy for fairly intelligent people (again, this includes most fans) to "fix" them. Most tests of this type (No offense meant, Vic Ryan) ask the questions in such a way that it is not hard to see what any response will indicate about one's personality. I'm looking at a "neurotic behavior" test right now; here are some of the questions: "Do you have difficulty starting conversations with a stranger?" "Are you troubled with shyness?" "Do you have ups and downs in mood without apparent cause?" People being great rationalizers and self-deluders anyway, it is probable to expect them to "give" themselves a slightly modified, toned-down, or conventional personality. I know. I've done it.

Then you aren't entirely typical as a fan. A lot of the fans I know would tend to overbalance the other way.... consistently give the neurotic answer just to be contrary. I believe it was Busby who commented that whatever his "normal" personality might be, on the test, after a night of partying, he undoubtedly came out as the most anti-social neurotic around, answering such questions as "Do you like to be around people?" with a resounding "No" (and probably an added order to quit stomping your feet and get out of hearing before a quick punch in the nose). Then, too, many fans have extensive background in clinical testing and automatically go into such an experience cynically....JWC/



Lynn Hickman, 224 Dement Avenue, Dixon, Illinois

With all of the means we possess to learn or find the meaning of words and phrases, it is sometimes difficult to reach a common understanding with others in the thought expressed through the words used.

The double talk of the diplomats is beyond the understanding of a good many of us who are not given to talking around a point without getting down to the issue.

Or, to allow what is not said to convey an answer which might better have been given in direct terms

Don Wollheim would do well as a diplomat for some country (not ours, I would hope). When he can take Derek's article, compare it with "Germany, Awake" and leave Derek hanging in comparison with Hermann Goering, that is really talking around a point without even hinting at the issue.

Why not go the other way, Don, and say you think Chamberlain was right?

Dave Locke, P.O. Box 335, Indian Lake, N.Y.

Got the humbug issue of YANDRO. I see that Dave Hulan is peddling his same old bromide again. It's always easy to find flaws in another fellow's beliefs when you state them in your own terms. For example, he says: "it is quite impossible to experience the non-existence of God--" This is similar to what he told me once before: "The atheist says that he has seen not-God, which is an amusing statement!" You're always leaving yourself open for attack when you try to set down someone else's views in your own words, but when on the topic of religion Dave seems determined to hand you a loaded gun as well. Now, as an atheist I could stack the deck and come up with something like this: "the religious person has seen a God which does not exist," and "people have experienced the existence of God, who does not exist." But I'm not quite that narrow-minded, so I would really say: "The religious person has experienced a God which he believes to exist, & atheists haven't experienced what religious persons call 'God'." Anyone can quibble semantically, and state someone else's views in a manner more favorable to his own positions, but why Dave Hulan would do this (and, for that matter, think he could get away with it) stumps me. And as for "where does the atheist find evidence to support his belief?", I suggested that Dave trundle down to a bookstore and pick up a copy of Thomas Paine's THE AGE OF REASON. The facts and logical proofs are there. I've discussed religion with Dave before, and have gotten him to admit that the only 'proof' of a God are accounts of people having 'experienced' a God. I believe that this isn't proof at all. Yet here I find him touching upon the question of 'what started the Universe'. You see, it's a common belief that since there is no scientific explanation as yet for the creation of the Universe, that in itself is proof of the existence of a God. I submit that the lack of an answer does not give anyone the grounds to pull an 'answer' out of nowhere and display it as an obvious conclusion. I don't know what kinds of rocks and minerals the moon is made out of, either, but that's no reason for me to believe that it's made out of green cheese.

Perhaps the most illogical part of the whole article is contained in the last two paragraphs. Here he spends a not inconsiderable amount of time explaining that teenagers are immature and that therefore their atheistic beliefs are invalid. He realizes that not all atheists are teenagers, and dismisses these adults with a 'they should know better', and a 'some are cases of arrested development'. The age of a person who holds a belief cannot add or detract from the inherent worth of the belief itself, and until Dave realizes this I'm sure that many people will pay little attention to any of his arguments, which state differently.



I've seen few religious people who can walk a logical white line when talking about religion, but Dave doesn't even seem to hit his usual average with this article. He's done better in correspondence.

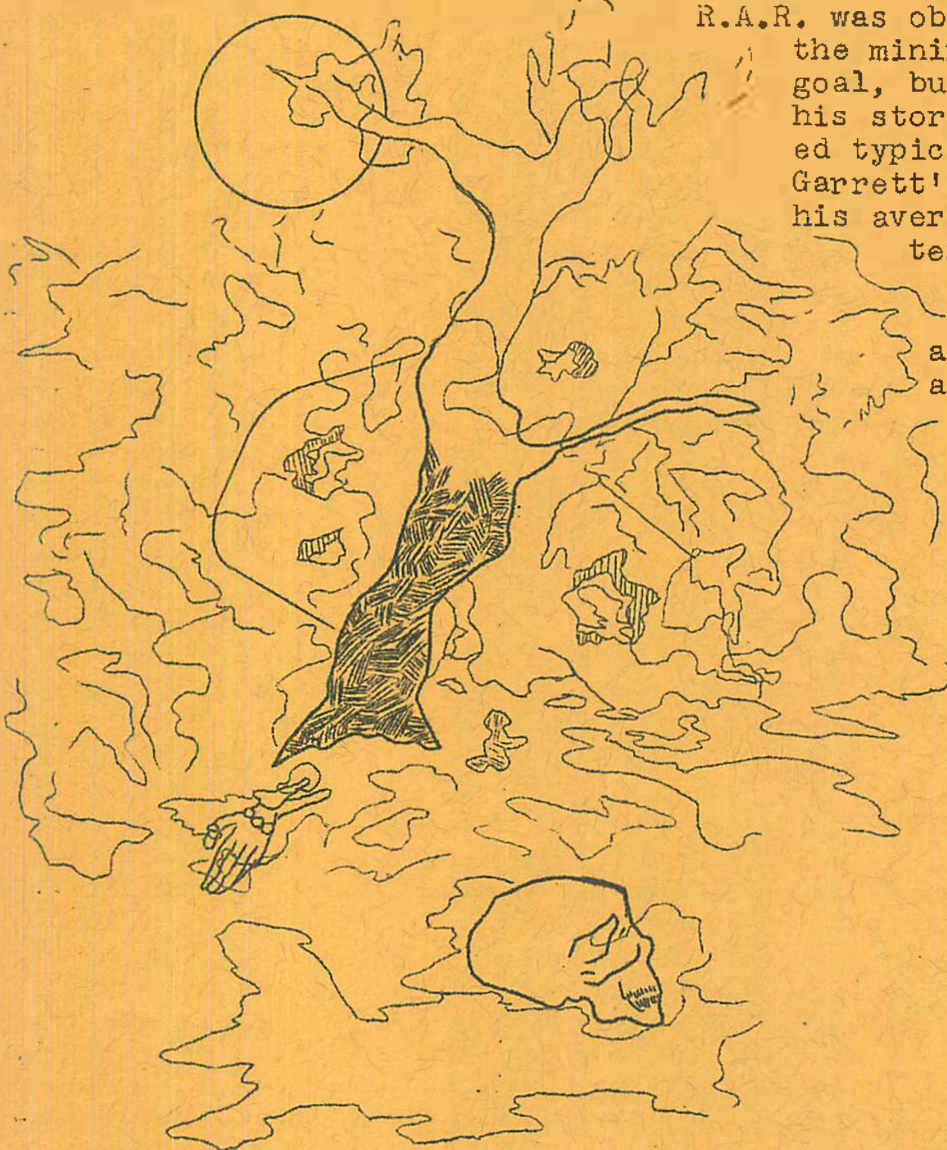
Clod Hall's article was indeed a wonderful thing. This was written ostensibly to show us the true worth of a sentence from a Randy Garrett short fiction, mainly to show us what Clod Hall thought of Randy Garrett, actually only to have something, anything, to write about. He's trying to tell us that this is a typical Garrett story, I would suppose, when actually nothing could be quite that far from the truth. This attack on Garrett is a little strong if you're going by the forcefulness of the writing, but extremely weak when you look at the fundamental points. READY, AIM, ROBOT! happened to be written when AMAZING was in the process of getting over its thud-and-blunder space-opera kick, which for some reason had started in 1953 after a handful of really excellent issues. The six-year period which followed failed to produce more than two or three stories worthy of anthologizing (or reading, for that matter). '58 and '59 were the years when AMAZING started climbing toward better stories. But it was a slow climb. And you know Garrett; 80 % of the time he doesn't write any better than he has to to make a sale to the magazine he's writing for at any particular time. 20% of the time, which I'll admit is a liberal figure, he'll turn out something that is better than the minimum standards that a publication sets.

R.A.R. was obviously written with the minimum standards set as a goal, but this isn't one of his stories that could be called typical. I'm no fan of Garrett's, but I'll admit that his average story has been better than the one Hall used as an example.

And if Hall has read as much science fiction as he would have us believe, he would realize this. By the way, was this written in 1959 or is Hall a casual reader who happened to find an old copy of AMAZING and decided he'd do an axe job on an author whose three or four stories that he'd read hadn't been liked. That's a hell of a sentence, isn't it? I wonder what it's Fog Index is?

300page novel in 200page installments? pg. 24.

I've heard that an attack on Cuba is nearly impossible. Recently the old US





has been stressing long-range guns and missiles. The shortest range weapon that we have has a 1500 mile range. We haven't got a gun to fight Cuba with....

[No, Paine nor nobody else proved that God doesn't exist. The best that can be done is to prove that God's existence is not necessary to explain the universe. You can argue that the Christian concept of God is wrong if you want to, but even if you could prove Christianity wrong you wouldn't be a step closer to proving the non-existence of God. Hall's article was written at least two years ago; my fault for not printing it earlier....RSC/

Seth Johnson, 339 Stiles St.,  
Vaux Hall, New Jersey.

I think the Better Business Bureau could put you in touch with the organization which investigates charity schemes. I suppose your method of sending it all to Mutual funds or something is the best. Got a new one in the mail the other day. GIRLS TOWN OF NEW YORK. Next thing I suppose will be a coed institution. Come to think of it this wouldn't be a bad idea at all since both boys and girls should learn how to handle each other or perhaps understand would be a better word than handle.

Suggest you number your pages. Trying to figure out if contents page was page 1 or the back of front cover. In any case I liked the stout fellow adorning contents page.

I wonder if Juanita read THE GIANT KILLER, a historical novel about David that came out about thirty years or more ago? Most vivid description of those times and the characters of Joab and David I've ever read. And somehow I empathized and sympathized with Joab throughout. He had to do the dirty work while David got the egoboo.

[Oh, I dunno; I think "handle" is a pretty good description. But we do number our pages. In that particular issue all you needed to do was count back from page 6. Or note that "Ramblings" started on page 2 and count back from that. I don't think Juanita ever read GIANT KILLER, but I did and enjoyed it immensely. Forget when...fifteen years ago, at least, but I still remember it. ....RSC/

Al Rudis, 6026 East North, Tucson, Arizona

I hope to break into mimeoprint early next year with a non-sf oriented fanzine which will be called Apath. I trust you are looking forward (now that you know) with great curiosity to the advent of this new concept in zines. It is bound to revolutionize fandom by the very fact of its existence. Who ever heard of a fanzine that had absolutely nothing to say?

gunno; some times I find it hard to discover a fanzine that does have something to say (or at least something worth listening to....RSC/

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico

YANDRO 119. John Rackham is right about one thing--he does leap around. Being somewhat on the dull side I had to read his item three times before I finally found out where he was going. I think I've got it (please, no remarks about what I should do to get rid of it). Now as I read it, John is saying that "science" (whatever that is) could solve the problems of understanding human behavior if "we" would allow the scientists free rein to do so but that "we" are afraid to do this since we're afraid we might find out we're not the pink-cheeked angels our rose-colored glasses have lead us to believe we are. (Back in the lettercol another John, name of Boardman, seems to agree with the first part of that anyway.) Hmmm.

The good Doctor Asimov, back in the good-old-days when he was writing stf, postulated that when the human population reached upwards of one trillion--most of them probably living in southern California--it will be possible for science to give an educated guess as to the general trend of human behavior. (Unless, of course, something like The Mule comes along to mess it all up.) But, said the good Doctor Asimov, only the general trend and the actions of individuals or small groups will still be unpredictable.

I laid aside my rose-colored glasses a long time ago and a positive discovery by science that people are no damned good would only confirm a suspicion I've held all along. I don't claim any knowledge of why man behaves as he does, but I should think that the one predictable thing about human behavior is that it will be somewhat obnoxious. Particularly in large groups.

Anyway, I'll wait patiently for John Rackham and John Boardman to work out their equations so they can tell me how I'll act tomorrow. Haw!

Our rabbits now have rabbits. We had just about given up on the damned things. Had gone along for a year without any proof of the rapid rate of reproduction rabbits are reputed to possess. Was getting ready to prepare roast rabbit when I discovered that the rabbit I was reaching for had twins. Her partner in the next apartment has octup .. lets now. I was beginning to think my buck wasn't right. Might even have provided material for an article for PANIC BUTTON. Can you picture it? "An Interview with a Queer Rabbit?"

Dick Schultz, 19159 Helon, Detroit 34, Michigan

...back when I was developing a lot of things for the Army, I was in SAARSCO at Kapaun Kaserne in der Rhineland, ja. SAARSCO stand for Seventh Army Aerial Reconnaissance Support Company and what I was developing was aerial photographs.

Kapaun is west of Kaiserlautern and as Ron Parker can tell you it is smack dab in the center of what must be the godawfullest concentration of interceptor/fighter/bomber bases in Western Europe. We've got Bitburg to the west of us, Baumholder and Ramstein and about six more, all throwing up its daily concentration of this and that. Normally all we'd get is an occasional Va-a-a-a-arBBRRUmpB0000mmsssssst as they'd fly through the sound barrier within a near distance. But every once in a while, to remind us that they were there, so to speak, we'd get a jolly old surprise. They'd practise hedgehopping.

We were on a hillside, quite literally, so we'd have no warning. They'd just bloody well sail over that hill and be floating over and



be halfway down to the Landstuhl road before you got over your shock and the sound hit you. It used to be downright dramatic. One time I was lolling out the windows of the barracks (we were in modern three story permanent barracks) and one really low came around the bleeding hill from Hohenekken (where he must have frightened half the old men in town) and flew just over the stumpy pines that Joe Comrade had planted there. I swear to Christ, he wasn't four stories above ground and coming at three story buildings. He must have been lifting because he flew just above the whole Kaserne and was gone. In a second the shock waves swung half the loose windows in the barracks open. (It was summer and they were mostly open anyways.) I just stood there in shock. It isn't often a jet plane comes seemingly directly at you. He had on a blue helmet.

That beats seeing one go by overhead anyday.

Les Nirenberg, 1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada

In case you didn't know it, the NATIONAL INFORMER is doing more for fandom than all the fanzine columns ever printed in sf prozines. In a past issue (Oct. 21, I think) they printed a column by me on Canada, and the Code of Juvie, by Dick Ellington, that originally appeared in HAB-  
AKKUK. They also want me to do a twice-monthly column on Canada, n'the next one should appear soon.

/Onward and upward with yellow journalism?.....RSC/

Bob Tucker, Box 478, Heyworth, Illinois

Ethel Lindsay's cryptic remark in 119 leaves me with the feeling that I don't want to know what she means. But it would be fair to ask her a pointed question.

Why was she watching me instead of Him when He walked in the door?

Meanwhile, back on page twelve Clod Hall said something that deserves repetition. I would put it this way:

MOST CHILDREN Dept: "Most children are taught English of better caliber even as far back as the third or fourth grade. It's indeed a pity that Mr. Garrett never received the opportunity for a formal education."

/It's your fatal charm; all the women were watching you up there on the platform. Now I'm trying to figure the ulterior motive behind your cryptic quote.....RSC/

Larry Crilly, 951 Anna Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey

On this Cuban discussion I'd just like to say I wish people like Charles Wells would realize that the Monroe Doctrine has other little notations in it besides the two he seems to think comprise the entire statement. He forgets (if he ever knew) that we also have the right to intervene in European affairs when it's necessary to protect the security of the U.S. I suppose Mr. Wells feels that Russian domination of Europe wouldn't affect us in the least. Since the Monroe Doctrine applies only to further colonialism by European nations I doubt we'd be obligated to invade the Guianas.

/With all this egoboo for Mr. Monroe, I keep wondering where I should send his copy....RSC/

Joe Sanders, 1101 Indian Hill, Claremont, California

Jerry Pournell's letter is lucid, reasonable, and rather ugly. I'm upset, for one thing, at the absolute distinction suggested between private and public moralities; one gets the picture of a man, coming home from a hard day's work at the nerve gas plant, pausing at the door of his home to switch on his (transistorized) Christian principles be-

fore he goes in to be with his wife & kids & pets.

Of course, Christianity is not a practical way of life. The religion's Founder was put to death like a common criminal. To the hard-headed realists of the time the theory and practice of Christianity appeared irrelevant, irresponsible, and/or dangerous.

I'd better stop here, before I get too worked up at the implications I see in Pournelle's letter. I'm not, I hope, screaming at Pournelle himself; but I think it's a bad thing, this separation of personal beliefs from whatever one sees happening in the world.

Still on the subject of religion, Dave Hulan's article was (pause for several minutes) okay, I suppose, though too over-simplified/condensed to be much more than an argument-rouser. "Faith" is blind almost by definition; Christian faith merely recognizes blindness as a necessary part of the human condition.

If "I'll Bury You Back" was written since the other Ebert stories you've published, I'm disappointed. I don't know enough about ham radio to understand the conclusion, and the story up to that point didn't interest me enough to inquire into it further. Perhaps Rog was trying to write a short story in an easily understandable style, to overcome some of the criticism of his past work. Okay; so what?

Hall's article is interesting but much too short and dealing with too small a sample of prose to even make a point, let alone prove it.

Er, in regard to the first paragraph of "Strange Fruit": I haven't decamped yet. (Guilty conscience....guilty conscience....) Somewhatly has been slightly delayed, that's all.

"You don't need to hear a new Joan Baez album; you know it'll sound just like the last one." Sure--beautiful!

[I can't vouch for when Ebert wrote the story. I think it's one of the best he's done, though (even if it is understandable). Separation of personal beliefs from national policy is quite possibly evil. Whether it's necessary or not depends on whether you prefer to be a live coward or a dead martyr. (Of course, my personal beliefs are hardly generous enough to count as much of a drawback to policy....RSC/

JOHN BOARDMAN, again - When I was in high-school debate club I learned that the burden of proof lies with the affirmative. It's not enough to tell an Atheist, "Well, you can't prove God doesn't exist!" He doesn't have to prove a negative. Hulan does have to prove a positive. Let's hear it.

[I might suggest that the rules of high-school debate class .. might not be ideal for world or even religious problems. But it's even easier; Hulan isn't particularly interested in proving the existence of God. (He said he had no quarrel with agnostics.) He's interested in pointing out the emotionalism of atheists. Which is certainly present.....RSC/

VIC RYAN, Box 308, 2309 Sheridan, Evanston, Illinois - Even though I find it hard to understand why some youngfan would question Pournelle on religious ethic with such authorities as the meeting Catholics or Mike Deckinger about, the question was certainly a good lead-in to some interesting comments.

[We have some more letters, but I don't feel like running any more. Some of them will be in next issue -- that's one advantage of a monthly. Maybe next issue will be all letters; you can't maybe sometimes always tell. RSC ]