

YANZAD

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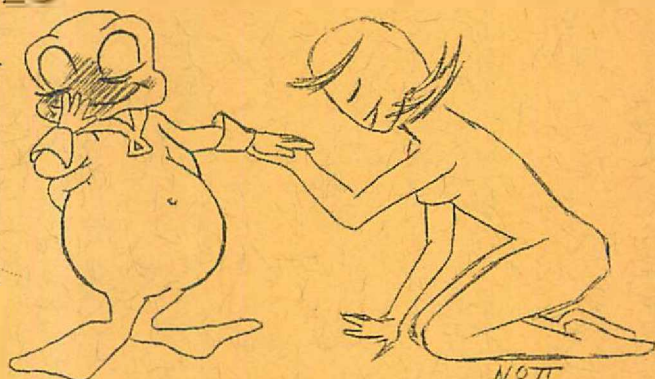


YANDRO #123

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This is the annual too-many-columns-and-reviews issue, especially for James R. Adams.....sorry, Bob.....better luck next time.....

- A R T W O R K -

Cover and bacover by Robert E. Gilbert

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"British engineers of the last century not only seemed capable of appalling mistakes, but were remarkably diffident about them. When a bridge built by Brunel collapsed he is said to have remarked, "I am very glad. I was just going to build a dozen like it,"...And a British engineer in India, who narrowly escaped accompanying his 25-span bridge when the waters of the Berbudda carried it away, observed that the disaster was "a grand illustration of the destructive powers of the elements."

- DISASTER AT DUNDEE
John Prebble



In spring the young fan's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of another crummy death hoax, it appears.. Dave Locke seems to be the recipient of the unwelcome rumor this time.....show what it gets you.... he did the cover lettering this issue and as a result of all this broohaha I forgot to list this fact on the contents page. According to a carbon letter from Dave himself (received this week, by the way) he is at least partially responsible, as a result of a sicksick AprilFool

letter to Bill Plott.....but he is at equal pains to note he stated quite plainly in the letter "April Fool!" My personal opinion is that even as an April Fool's joke, it's pretty blech, but it takes a particular brand of ughishness to pick this up and build it into something that has caused a number of people concern and trouble.....especially in view of the recent (reasonably) news about John Champion and Chuck Devine. It would be nice to discover that these, too, were only morbid figments of someone's twisted imagination--but I suspect not. I confess a total lack of empathy with someone indulging in such humor.

Some time back we mentioned John C. Lilly's MAN AND DOLPHIN (in Pyramid's The Worlds of Science series).....recently Lilly appeared on Jack Paar's tv program, narrating some short film footage showing his group's experiments in communicating with the beasts....rather interesting if not especially conclusive. But the sidelight that most struck me was amid all of Lilly's calm reasonableness and quiet attempts to project sincerity (his project certainly needs money, and such national publicity shouldn't hurt him) came a comment from Paar: "Now I want you to know this man is a genuine scientist--he's not just some nut I picked up." Lilly was torn between embarrassment and hilarity, because it rather accurately described his ambiguous position--the orthodox scientist occupied with an extremely far-out project of pure research that offers little or no material (i.e.--economic) promise. If Lilly can succeed in establishing some form of communication with dolphins, he certainly has a toehold on something that in the long run could prove far more valuable than many material discoveries.

For fellow mimeographers, I would like to recommend Static Eliminators, from the Martin Yale Business Machine Corp., 2450 Estes, Elk Grove Village, Ill. This climate seems a particularly acid test for static electricity, and since I'm one of those people who collects the stuff like a magnet, I fell on the product with glad cries. For a number of reasons, I've had no luck with tinsel - besides, it just gathers the stuff and then discharges it all on me. This other stuff, a spray, seems to get rid of it completely, and I don't get any feedback.

This day has a lot left over from last night, anyway....static is fairly crackling in the air. Last night there was a lightning cracking thunderstorm locally--side effects from a tornado which hit Indianapolis, we discover. It was a doozy, although no bolts hit close by..... the bottom apparently fell out of the barometer in a very short time. I was sitting on the floor watching tv when I suddenly became violently aware my sinuses (which had been behaving well of late) were running wild---somewhat like a needle-filled balloon. Buck remarked that he was suddenly feeling bad, too. I gulped the last sinus pill I had in

the house, watched the last five minutes of my show apprehensively while the electric display outside crept closer, then turned off the set and unhooked the antenna. Buck felt tired and depressed, and I had the jitters, and an aching face. When the worst was over, we both felt better quite suddenly. All I can think of was extreme low pressure....I know it affects my head, but I'd never had it hit so suddenly.

The show I was watching was another of my childhood regressions--a Western. The Dakotas, to be precise. I began watching the thing when I discover one of my favorite villains, Jack Elam, was trying a switch in this series and being a hero. Well, sort of a hero.....he's still a villain, but he's on the law side in this one. Cleveland Amory reviewed the series in TV GUIDE recently, and I must agree with his conclusions that it occasionally has some of the most unlikely dialogue imaginable. My previous favorite had been the scene wherein the marshal barges in on "hanging judge" Everett Sloane during a rushed court session: "Don't interrupt me, marshal, I'm in the middle of a sentence." Deadpan. No followup. It happens all the time in this thing. Last night it was: "I always wanted to see if I could outshoot a full-grown cannery hand." It is beyond me how the same writer can put out some of the godawful platitudes which also treacle through the series.....but on the other hand, come to think of it, they're laid on so thick they're funny, too.

I wonder if Sir Arthur Evans ever cut stencils? For those of you unacquainted with archaeology (poor souls, eh, Jean?), Evans was one of the major excavators and researchers of Knossos at Crete, working in restoring the ruins and de-ciphering the Minoan script. He was very nearsighted and discovered he could focus on tiny details and scribbles on potsherds and broken tablets much easier than others.....and occasionally while cutting some intricate detail on a stencil, I will suddenly discover that my nose is about a half inch from the lighttable and there is barely room for the stylus to work. It doesn't bother me, but it does bother some normal visioned and longsighted people. In one college physics class the prof passed around some lenses to demonstrate focal point, and instructed us to focus on our text book pages and bring the lens closer until the print blurred. After bringing mine up to my nose, I complained the theory didn't work.....the prof inspected the lens and then demanded to see my glasses. He handed them back and went off muttering about "long focal points" and "exceptions" and gave everybody a big lecture on the fact that I was a freak. Strangely enough, I can make out things at a distance, signs, people, etc., further away than can many farsighted people.....I suspect that's that little art training I have showing through, though....conformation and all that.

Sometimes I suspect the "misery loves company" adage is one of the truest. There's one mundania couple of our acquaintance who make visiting an occasional trial. At separated points in conversation they are undated by problems with straightening teeth, correcting children's eyesight, money, and how tired they are all the time, and then...later.....when are we going to "have another"? Mundania is much worse in this respect than fandom. Most femme fans I find are quite content to let you manage your own affairs--if you feel like kids, they do not pry into the facts of choice or chance, and if you feel like remaining childless, they generally accept it and shut up. But mundania seems to have a compulsion to nag at one....never happy--if you don't have any, you should....if you have one, you should have more.....I fail to see their concern. There is never any question of discussions of pros or cons or opinions, simply a buttinski desire to decide the best course for one.....Urg.

And the best course for this fanzine is a gradual creeping back on schedule...look, look---quick!

JWC



More confusion in the postal department. This time Martin Helgesen sent us a note in a stamped envelope of the old 4¢ Franklin type without adding a 1¢ stamp. It got through.

Bruce Pelz asked that I review his SAPSzine, SPELEOBEM 18, on the basis of general interest material in the mag and the fact that he has extra copies for sale at 25¢. (His address is somewhere in the regular fanzine review section.) Despite the

editor's trip report (if there is anything duller than a con report it is a trip report) it might be worth your money. Fritz Leiber's Chicon speech on the Grey Mouser series is included (but it's also going to be in the "Proceedings", when and if they're published, or so I understand). Then comes Madelaine Willis -- with another trip report?!? Oh well, if you like reading about fan trips, here they are.

You know, with all the books piling up around here, I've considered organizing "Bibliophiles Anonymous". Use the same tested idea; when you get this overwhelming urge to buy a book, you call up another member of the group and he talks you out of it. (Or if it's a rare item, he goes and buys it himself....) There was some discussion at work recently about garages, and one engineer mentioned seeing a two-car garage with "His" and "Hers" over the doors (under "Hers" was a gleaming new station wagon and under "His" a beat-up 10-year-old Chevvy sedan). I said something about how with the Ford and Rambler we needed something like that, and Al Borse remarked "If you had a two-car garage it wouldn't say "His" and "Hers", it would say "M to Q" and the cars would be sitting outside".

Honeywell put out its Annual Report recently, and I think one line deserves immortality: "Regardless of the claims of the Department of Justice....we believe that our customers have at all times received fair and full values for the products bought from us."

Then there's the Engineering Data sheet that discusses the control of an octopus discharge.....

The place is no longer going to the dogs. Pup-Dog has been given away, and the litter of puppies has been returned to a none-too-pleased owner (except for one which we kept, mostly for Bruce's benefit). We let Bruce name the animal and after some debate he decided on Shadrach. Shad may be an asset to the place yet -- and he certainly can't be any more trouble than Pup-Dog was.

Ever have one of those days when nothing went right? Monday morning the Ford wouldn't start. Juanita needed the Rambler, so she had to drive me in to work. After this hurry and confusion I decided I needed a candy bar to steady my nerves, so I put a nickel into the machine at work. Nothing whatever came out. With a few curses I stomped over to the Coké machine and put a dime in that. Coke spilled out in a vast stream and I stood there watching it all run down the drain because no cup had been ejected to receive it. Later in the morning I got my paycheck and while endeavouring to remove the stub I managed to tear the

cheek! completely in two in the middle. Nothing much happened that afternoon (what can happen if you stay huddled in your chair in a corner of the room?) except that one of my fingers began bleeding for no apparent reason. Just sprang a leak, presumably. Then Juanita picked me up after work and informed me that she'd pulled the handle off the lawnmower. (Little things like this and her forcible removal of the back screen door last fall seem to be hints that I should take care to not get this girl mad....) This was on April 15 -- one of the engineers suggested that this is what happens to an atheist on the day after Easter.....

Got a letter from Mike Deckinger today, which may be quoted at more length in the next issue (editorials are the last part of the mag to be stencilled). Anyway, he says he was the one who wrote about the address change for Nova that I mentioned last issue. He was absolutely right, too; new address is 7 Grape St., Holborn, London W.C. 2, England. (If any of you sent money to the old address, though, I wouldn't worry about it; unlike fans, magazine publishers usually take pains to have mail forwarded.) On the subject of addresses, Mike also points out that I neglected to give Dave Mason's whereabouts. (The perils of on-stencil composition.) Dave lives at 316 Rutland Road, Brooklyn 25, N.Y., so anyone desiring the articles, linoleum-block covers or other goodies mentioned last issue should apply there.

On the folkmusic scene, we finally got a copy of Dyer-Bennett's "1601" (well after most of our friends had obtained copies -- Joe Sarno picked up a copy at a PX in Alaska a full month before we located one).

It seems that the accounts of Dave Locke's death have been grossly exaggerated. The report was first issued by Bill Plott, as far as anyone knows (if someone hoaxed Plott, it hasn't come to light as yet). Dave was supposed to have died on March 29. I was pretty sure that we'd had a letter from him since that date, but since he never bothers to date his letters and we don't save envelopes, I couldn't prove it. Now comes a missive from Don Franson, stating that he got a letter from Dave which was postmarked April 12, and which mentioned not a word about any death. (And after all, dying is a pretty important event; if you were going to write somebody afterwards it's the sort of news you'd be apt to include.) So apparently Dave is still alive and kicking -- and probably will be kicking harder when he finds out about his demise.

While I was mulling over the current prozine crop, I forgot to mention the article in AMAZING by the Russian popular-science writer and recent editor of a stf anthology, Alexander Kazantsev. The article is interesting enough, but added interest was the fact that it was "translated from the Russian by John R. Isaac". I assume this is the John R. Isaac who is a stf fan, reader of YANDRO, and who I met briefly at the Chicon last fall.....another fan makes good, and all that.

One of the engineers at work loaned me a copy of the hardcover, ARE UNIONS NECESSARY?, by Irving Auerbach. This is a rather horribly written book -- Auerbach is listed as a "motion picture scenario writer and producer", which may help explain some of the cruddy movies they turn out. However, it does have its moments....like the chapter heading, "How To Be A Successful Shop Steward (in 6 easy lessons)". Or this little gem, included in the dedication: "...and to the Union Officers and Members who ordered 4,623 copies of the book and who it is hoped will pay for them upon their receipt..." In the right hands, this book could set the union movement back twenty years. (Which might or might not be a bad idea.....)

RSC

A DORIC COLUMN

from BOB TUCKER

Las Vegas Fantasy

The Union Pacific Railroad has entered into an unholy alliance with the Las Vegas gambling halls. Their pullman train from Chicago arrives in Vegas at four o'clock in the morning and the reason is soon realized. The weary traveler has the agonizing choice of paying for an extra day's room and going to bed upon arrival, or of sitting up in a slot machine filled lobby and waiting for the noon hour check-in. Either way they get you---and that is the purpose of Las Vegas. The slogan seems to be "Take him, he may never come back." In many years of wandering between Halifax and Los Angeles, between Parry Sound and New Orleans, I have at last found the place I never want to revisit.

Las Vegas was astonishing, fascinating and repulsive.

As I told all and sundry at Chicago I had another vacation coming only a few days after the Chicon closed; a week in Vegas as a delegate to a labor convention with basic expenses paid. To my later chagrin I discovered that "basic" was a trifle too basic, considering the Vegas pricing system and the plethora of gambling halls. (I'm a bit of a weak character, you know.) But away! with the speed of a hundred charging horses, diesel type, on the Union Pacific. The cunning railroad magnates had, only Labor Day, consolidated two trains into one and passengers embarking from Union Station found it necessary to walk to What Cheer, Iowa, to reach their proper cars. (The train used four diesel units to pull twenty-six cars.) (And Ted White, there are at least four passenger stations in Chicago, with transfer service available between each and all included in your ticket cost.)

Bill Evans could doubtless have warned me of what I was to discover that first night as I staggered from the club car to the roomette: the beds are exactly two inches too short, no matter what your height. After an hour or two of futilely kicking the bulkhead beyond my feet in an effort to move it, I resigned myself to my fate and got up. Instantaneously, as if by magic, my ears detected the sound of cards slapping a table nearby. Eureka! I thought, my ten of clubs come home to me. Hastily dressing, I fought the door open, fought the zippered curtain open, and sprang into the aisle with glittering eyes. The car porter and a pair of dainty damsels occupied the roomette just across the aisle; the three of them were playing Hearts and damaging the contents of a fifth of I.W. Harper. Great was their joy upon seeing me, for I made a fourth, had the foresight to bring along my own bottle, and obviously was not a railroad agent spying on the porter.

It developed that the porter was well afloat and the young ladies were in the employ of a couple of television producers named Goodman and Todson, or something to that effect; they were being shifted to Los Angeles where a few segments of some fool show was to be filmed. I earned their undying love by stating that television was tainted and that Sunday night panel television had a particularly ripe odor, but they let me stay anyway. Along about sunrise we found that both jugs were empty, the porter had gone to sleep, and Hearts had exhausted itself as an intellectual game. One of the young ladies wistfully mentioned poker and wished we could find a few more players. Recognizing the bait when I smell it, I gallantly sprang to action. A couple of stagehands going to the same convention were sleeping only two cars away, and those of you

who know the theater know stagehands. We tippytoed two cars forward and banged on the proper door.

After what seemed an eternity the door opened an inch or two and a bearded face was seen. The face stared at me with slow recognition, stared at the two women (wearing robes over pajamas) behind me and muttered something indistinct which might have been, "Geez--before breakfast?" I displayed the deck of cards and told the face we were looking for action. The door was flung open, the other stagehand was roused from bed, a table procured from some nook or cranny (this room was large; a bedroom, drawing room or some such) and the action began. It continued until the breakfast call, at which time the girls retired to their car to dress; it continued after breakfast until lunch; it continued after lunch until dinner; it continued after dinner until the club car porter booted us out; it continued in the large room 'til nearly four o'clock on the second morning when someone announced they could see the lights of Vegas on the horizon. I had the ungallant satisfaction of seeing those two Detroit stagehands take the New York girls. Oh, they took me too, but I smiled through my tears with the knowledge that big city slickers can't bait us country boys and get away with it! My parting experience with the damsels was a touching one. The older and married woman gave me her Los Angeles address and a quarter, with the request that I put it in a slot machine and send her the winnings. Later in the week I sent her a postcard, asking for another quarter.

The Con Game

At almost every con fans are heard to gripe about room troubles. There were many complaints at Chicago about lost reservations, higher priced rooms and icy desk clerks. Seasoned con-goers know this to be standard operating procedure on the part of certain hotels: it is a method of extracting more money from unsuspecting guests. Vegas hotel men have refined it down to a vicious practice, and that four o'clock arrival works in their favor. There is but one double-barreled way to buck it. You must have written confirmation of your reservation, on which is given the date and time of arrival, plus the rate to be paid; and you must have the courage and stamina to outlast, out-think and out-shout the clerk. About an hour after my arrival at the hotel I was finally given the room and rate my reservation called for.

But he got his revenge.

Vegas hotels are like nothing else in the mundane world. At four o'clock in the morning the immense lobby of The Thunderbird was an air cooled fantasy world inhabited by half a thousand people with nothing better to do than pull the handles of half a thousand slot machines. The din. was terrific. A small jazz combo to one side of the lobby beat their instruments to wood pulp in a determined effort to drown out the noise of the slots, but five hundred players pulled five hundred handles faster and louder to eliminate them. Behind the slots were crap tables, roulette tables and blackjack tables, each loaded with silver dollars and each ringed with busy gamblers throwing those dollars on the dealers as fast as they were able. I had not been in that lobby ten minutes before I learned my first Vegas lesson: drinks are free, if you are a player. The lobby was shot through with tall, scantily-dressed girls circulating among the slots and tables, taking orders from 'guests'. A moment later the guests were served with the compliments of the management. Hell, the management couldn't lose. Some of the players were so far gone they could win the hotel and not know it. In every imaginable way, the management had method in their madness.

The desk clerk, that prince of good fellows, was hidden in a far corner of the room and a bellboy led me through the jungle, knowing me for



a first-timer. The desk itself was a tiny thing ---a larger one would have crowded out a couple of lucrative slots.

We engaged in the usual struggle, the clerk and I, and after my victory the bellboy walked me up one flight to my room. It proved to be at the very head of the stairs where the sound of merrymaking was always present--this was the clerk's revenge. For the remainder of the night I was entertained by the raucous noise of the jazz combo engaged in the mighty struggle with five hundred slot machines. After listening to my rather naive remark, the bellboy said, "This ain't nothing. Wait until Saturday night when we get them dames from L.A."

The bedroom--or rather, the Bed--was another fantasy, being one of those wild and wicked hollywood things of song and story. After the cramped train I welcomed a bed eight feet long, but stared aghast at the width: three pillows wide. And the bellboy had already heard my naive joke: "Are they his-hers-his, or hers-his-hers?" I wasted perhaps half an hour testing all three pillows, trying to decide where on

that football field I wanted to sleep, and finally settled on the middle one in hopes I would waken the next morning to find the other two occupied by a pair of "them-dames from L.A." I was disappointed.

Wild William Rotsler, boy photographer, awakened me.

A Beardless Prophet

This was my week to stare aghast. I stared aghast at the naked face of Rotsler. He seemed amused. Perhaps it was my pajamas, or my disappointment--I think he guessed what I had been wishing for. He and his business partner in the Rotsler Film Cartel were in Vegas to discuss a business venture close to our hearts; the possible filming of THE LONG LOUD SILENCE. They talked while I listened, staring now with fascination from one youthful face to the other. Rotsler minus beard was a shattering image, and I realized with regret that I had crept into history just a little too late. The other young man's face also attracted me because of its haunting familiarity and after a bit I put aside my impeccable manners and asked him where I had seen it before. Many years ago in his and my youth, he played "Alvin" in the movies--a seemingly endless list of "Blondie and Dagwood" movies cranked out by Columbia studios between 1939-1949. Geez. I wanted to ask Bill a thousand things: whatever happened to Judy and Maggie, to Denver Pyle, to Cake Slice Manor, to the Hooker with the Heart of Gold who formerly lived above him, to the nurse supposed to be in Playboy, to the old walnut ranch??? But alas, the only thing I got around to was Kteic. Where in hell were several issues of Kteic? Obviously some were missing, lost or seized; and he was so busy now he simply could not find time for more issues. 'Tis a sad thing.

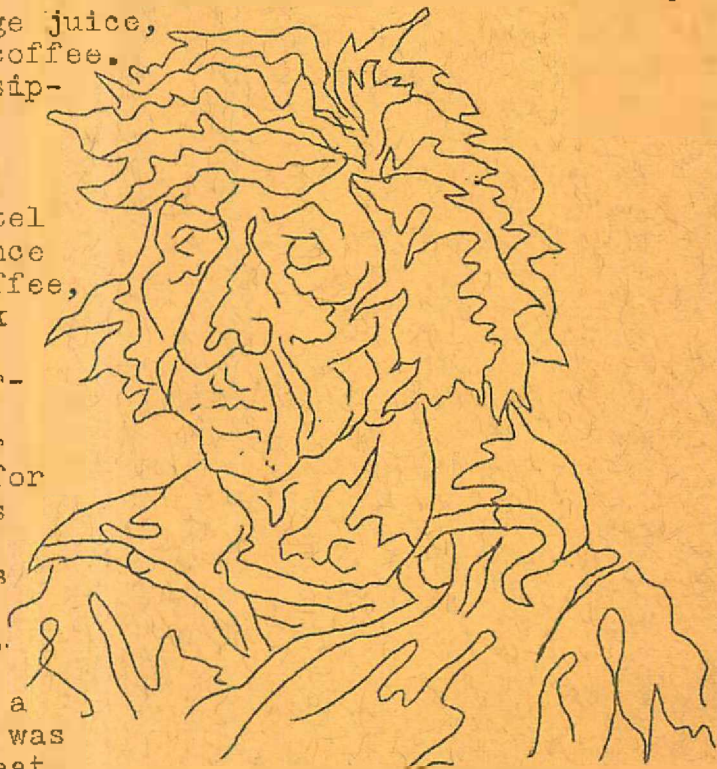
Nothing definite was resolved that morning beyond ways and means of promoting pictures via paperback; it is much too soon to advise you to rush down to your friendly neighborhood theater and queue up for tickets to see SILENCE. Another producer is also interested in the book and is bidding against Rotsler, but again nothing has been resolved. I've developed a lot of patience on this particular matter. The book has been

up for grabs, and has been grabbed at, for about ten years now but it always seems to slip from buttery fingers.

We breakfasted and ogled the amazing girls of Vegas, we sat beside a pool and ogled the amazing girls of Vegas, and when my visitors departed to scout a nearby location for a future movie, I did nothing more than sit on my haunches and ogle the amazing girls of Vegas. One and all, they advertised s-e-x. Hostesses and bar girls in taverns and clubs, in gambling casinos and hotel party rooms all specialized in that one commodity. Most of them were strikingly tall; I found many six-footers. All of them were undressed in such a manner as to call forcible attention to their bodies. The first-time visitor quickly gained the impression that he was living in one vast city-wide bagnio. And they were unionized, every one. My casual researches turned up the probably accurate information that every working man, woman, and child in Vegas were unionized--with one exception. The dealers, the men who handled the money at the gaming tables, were not organized. Their employers had reserved that one right: to maintain direct and undivided control over the money and the men who handled it. Unions agreed, and proceeded to organize the rest of the town. The amazing thing about all this is that Nevada is a so-called "Right to Work" state, wide open to union-busters and those who simply don't want to belong, yet Vegas is more thoroughly unionized than many a large city in the friendlier states. But ah, those girls.

Ouch

Salaries are wondrously high--they have to be because the cost of living there appears to be out of sight. In my own field, movie projection and stage work, the minimum weekly salaries in Vegas were \$125, a little less than twice the Bloomington minimum. The top salary I located was \$350, three times the Bloomington maximum and almost twice the Chicago maximum. Living costs as they affected me and some of the natives were comparable. A shoe shine costs 50¢ plus tip, a haircut \$2.50 plus tip. Breakfast could not be found for less than a dollar, and that consisted of a tiny orange juice, three wheat cakes and one cup of coffee. Coffee, when purchased alone for sipping purposes ran the scale from 15¢ to 30¢ per cup, depending on the hour of day. Beer was 50¢ in the common bars, 60¢ to 75¢ in hotel bars. One couple of my acquaintance paid four dollars for a cup of coffee, and four more for a solitary drink because they failed to note the cover charge at a restaurant offering entertainment. A glittering, spangled joint known as The Silver Slipper offered "all you can eat for 99¢" and did a tremendous business catering to the tourist trade and the local farmers. An incongruous sight here was a long line of men, women, and children in jeans, gingham and overalls waiting to be admitted to the dining room by a maitre d' clad in a tuxedo. This was a cafeteria offering lean, bony meat, a couple of vegetables and perhaps two dozen inexpensive salads--you were al-



lowed through the line once for your 99¢, with coffee and desert costing extra. As usual, the large foyer was packed with slot machines and the diners were made to wait a lengthy time before entering the serving line. Elsewhere, the dinner prices varied from three to eight dollars, sometimes more.

For eight bucks you could eat ham and watch Harry Belafonte play around on the stage; for ten you could eat roast beef and watch an eye-popping French revue, complete with nudes dropping from the ceiling. For four bucks you could drink three or four bottles of beer and watch Minsky's Burlesque; for a dollar you could sip a shot of watered bourbon and watch a stripper peel down to her goosepimples. For nothing other than a few coins in a slot machine, you could haunt all the casinos and clubs and watch scores of vaudeville acts do their worst and their best ---anything from that jazz combo mentioned earlier up to (or down to) a pair of sad male comics playing homosexuals. Perhaps the only thing missing from the gaudy, noisy scene was Madame Pimm and Her Dancing Bears...or the more infamous girl and the bear of yore.

It is understood that Vegas is a trap; everyone except the naive and the stupid realize that, and go anyway. But the natures of the various traps, the clever camouflages of the pitfalls, are a delight to the eye deliberately seeking them out. I knocked around the town with a friend who operates a small private detective agency on the side and we had Fun. Every hotel, club, casino and bar has its full quota of "security officers"---private cops, watching everybody and everything: dealers, players, bar girls, money, cigarette butts, lobby furniture, slot machines. Moochers, pick-pockets and streetwalkers were stopped and turned away at the door. Suitcases and briefcases were watched constantly and not permitted on the gaming floors. A man with his hands always in his coat pockets was an object of suspicion. A gentle jostling by a guard satisfied him that the other man was not carrying a gun in armpit or waistband. Immediately upon our entrance the cops would spot my friend for what he was, and worry why; my buddy could quickly identify them, plainclothes or not. *** Likewise, every establishment from dive to plush hotel had its shills and I soon learned to recognize them because of their failure to diversify.

In the better places, especially the hotels, the shills were men and women who looked like tourists, behaved quietly, never drank, and sat unobtrusively to one side until they were needed. In less fancy surroundings they worked in their shirtsleeves and looked like thugs although the behavior was equally quiet. Invariably, in every place I visited, they were ridiculously easy to spot because they always sat in the same position at every table: at the dealer's far right, being the last person to receive a card or make a wager. In that position, it was easy to decline to play with five or six other legitimate players wagering first; the shill played only when one or two, sometimes three people ahead of him played. It gave the appearance of a happy, crowded table with plenty of activity. When a table was empty except for dealer and shill, the shill played alone and a stack of silver dollars before him always seemed to grow, pulling others to the table. On some few occasions in a hotel I saw a pair of shills, man and wife in appearance, point across the room and marvel audible that that man (the lone shill) was really winning money--and then they would hurry over to the game, a few innocent suckers trailing after. Fun, fellas. Another exciting, noisy con game was the breathless jackpot announcements. "Jackpot", in these instances, meant any amount of money from four bucks up. Let some delirious woman hit a four-dollar payoff and bells would ring, lights would flicker, and a Moskowitz-like voice would bellow over the p.a.

system that "another lucky guest just hit a jackpot!" A tote-board hanging from the ceiling would flash on, revealing that this was the 472nd or 888th big jackpot of the day, and the bedazzled winner, now giddy with excitement, would promptly throw her winnings (eighty nickels) right back into the machine in hopes of getting another four dollars. Winners were always paid in coins which just happened to fit the slot on the machine.

There is a hoary legend in Vegas that once, just once, a man won five hundred dollars and asked for a cashier's check, which he mailed home to his wife. The casino closed for the day.

Iron Pyrites

Perhaps the most astonishing sight of all is that one which may be observed every half hour around the clock at the Silver Slipper---the very same Silver Slipper offering ~~99¢~~ dinners. Each half hour, for a period of three minutes, the house will pay double money to everyone hitting a "jackpot"; if your machine indicates a four-dollar payoff the floor manager will give you eight dollars--in nickels, of course. So far, so good. But these Hot Three Minutes take on the aspect of a launching at the Cape, as the house drums up artificial excitement in an effort to make you pay them twice as much in the same time limit. The period begins with a breathless, bellowing countdown over the p.a. system, an air of feverish expectancy grips the house, fingers are poised over yawning chasms, hands are clenched about handles----and the starting bell explodes with raucous sound! Neon signs flash on, a bell jangles urgently, and the announcer goes mad with a tirade like this: "Three minutes! You only have three minutes to win a double jackpot! Hurry, hurry! Put those nickels in! Faster, put them in faster! Time is running out! Quick, quick, pull, pull! Oh, there's a double jackpot on number nine! Hurry, hurry, get them in, get them in! Only one minute and forty seconds left! There's another double jackpot on number twenty! Quick, quick don't stop! Put them in! Faster, put them in faster, pull those handles! They won't break! Get them in, get them in! Ninety seconds left! Hurry!" And that goes on until the three minutes elapse and all hands fall back with exhaustion. It has to be seen to be believed.

Subtler (?) baits are used by some downtown joints to lure the conventioneer inside and keep him there a long time. Some clubs distribute tickets for free drinks to all delegates; others may offer one or two dollars worth of chips with a certain dinner. The most enterprising of all was the Nevada Club, with many strings to its bow. The club stationed a topographer and a model (tall, sexy, undressed) at the convention hall and took pictures of all who wanted them; pictures were free but had to be picked up the following day at the club. When the conventioneer retrieved his photograph and started for the door he was courteously stopped and offered a free drink at the bar--which he accepted, of course. When he again started for the door he was courteously stopped and given a free ticket for the Big Cash Prize Drawing--which would be held in about an hour. After not winning the cash prize and again starting for the door, he was courteously stopped and given another ticket entitling him to a free souvenir, which proved to be a key chain bearing a set of initials. Of course, it required an hour to have the initials printed on the tag.

It took me two and one half hours to get free of that joint. I came away with a picture, a drink, a key chain, a useless ticket for a drawing, and nine silver dollars. The cost to me was eight nickels.

Gaming establishments do not permit children or teen-agers on the premises, unless there happens to be a restaurant there catering to families. I saw two tall young men stopped, their I.D. cards examined, and almost hauled out of a casino by the scruff of the neck. They were es-

corted back to the food line and kept there by a uniformed cop until they entered the restaurant section. On another occasion I saw three youngsters, ages from two to five, sitting on the sidewalk outside the joint known as "The Mint" playing paper games. It was near midnight. Their parents were inside at the slots and from time to time Mother would come to the door and peep out at them, to make sure they hadn't wandered off. At the Silver Slipper (yes, that same Silver Slipper who...) I saw a couple in their middle twenties madly pulling the handles while their two children stood close by, watching. The woman evidently made a mistake; apparently she was putting in coins so fast she blinked and let a winner get away from her. Her husband saw the error and blew his cork; when the cop came over to stop him he was cursing his wife in a loud voice and beating her arm and back.

(The concluding installment next issue. Will them dames from L.A. arrive on time? Will our hero go home broke? Will Rotsler grow a new beard? Will fandom ever hold a convention in Las Vegas? Be sure to attend this theater next Saturday afternoon!)

CLOVE HITCH

— by — john berry

For many years now I have been a devotee of a BBC programme called 'Desert Island Discs'. It must be about the longest running programme, at least 20 years...

In case there isn't an American equivalent, I'll explain...a celebrity is brought to the studio every week, and he is given the hypothetical situation..."You are stranded on a desert is-

land, and can take eight gramophone records...which ones would you take?" Mundane enough, a suitable gimmick to demonstrate the vast BBC Record Library...but I have always liked it because often there are snatches of music which I want the title of, or which catch my fancy, and it is mostly in this way that I've gradually built up the classical music library I proudly possess now.

Last Monday I arrived home from the office (it's only three minutes from my house now, due to a recent move), and switched on the transistor at 1:10 p.m. There were the opening strains of the introductory music, and compere Roy Plomley introduced himself, and then the week's guest, 'Sir Harry Whitlow--man of affairs, musician, mountaineer and mystic.'



Plomley asked him his age, which he gave as 87. His voice didn't seem that senile, but my faith in human nature is such that I believe anything I'm told, reasoning that what is the point of lying.

"What is your first choice?"

"The third movement of the Brahms Third Symphony," said Sir Harry.

"May I ask why you've chosen that particular part?"

Sir Harry explained that he was the only person Brahms had ever collaborated with. He was nine at the time. (Whitlow, not Brahms.) His mother was a music teacher in Vienna, and she took him along to see Brahms. To quote the gallant Sir Harry... "To a small boy, Brahms was a frightening character with all those whiskers. He had a curious habit of chewing cloves."

I had recently read a potted biography of Brahms, and there was no mention of a propensity to chew cloves. Of course, it was a potted biography, and I've already told you about my faith in human nature.

Continuing, Sir Harry said that Brahms asked him if he'd ever written any piano pieces. Sir Harry said that although he was only nine years old, he had written a few little piano sketches. Brahms asked if he could play them, and as Sir Harry just happened to have the scores, he handed them over, and Brahms duly played. "He played one of the tunes in several different keys, muttering away to himself and spitting out little bits of clove."

There was a pause for the 6,000,000 listeners to catch up with their breathing, then Sir Harry explained that the upshot was that Brahms incorporated his tune as the cello melody in the Third Movement of the Third Symphony. "Brahms actually sent me a programme of the first performance, with the message "For little Harry, my collaborator, Johannes Brahms," concluded Sir Harry.

The part was duly played...lovely...beautiful music which, until then, I had always been mad about.

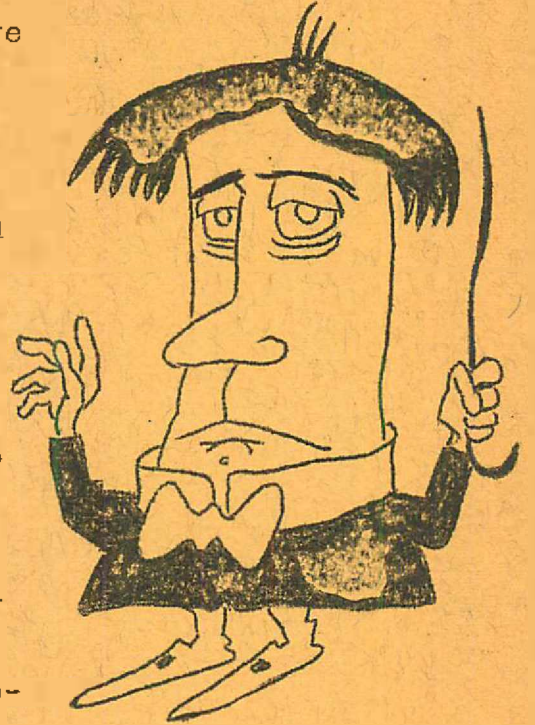
Plomley sort of echoed my sentiments. "I've known and loved that music for years," he confided, "and I didn't realize until now that you actually composed it."

Sir Harry coughed modestly, and then on to the second record. He said he had met a young Spanish composer, and although the music was 'different', Sir Harry thought that in the years to come it would rank as a major classical item, to be played at concerts as frequently as, say, the 1812.

I never heard anything like it before. The best way is to give one of my so-called exaggerated comparisons; it was like twelve men, hopelessly drunk, breaking into a music shop and playing the instruments at random, none of them playing the same tune, none of them having ever actually played an instrument in their lives before. To use the word 'discordant' would be egoboo.

More chatter, during which Sir Harry mentioned the time he'd stayed at a monastery in Tibet...he actually wanted Tibetan music.

When it came on, I switched off.



But I must confess this. I believed every word I heard. I fell hook, line, and the proverbial flippin' sinker for it all. After all, the BBC is world famous, but ever more, it is known somewhat affectionately in the British Isles as 'Aunty BBC' because of a rigid rule, over many years, never to advertise, always to ban pop records if the lyrics are suggestive, etc.

I should have given you the date.

Last Monday was the 1st of April...April Fools Day.

And I wonder can you credit this. Out of a probably 6,000,000 listening audience, only 37 telephoned the BBC to ask "Who is Sir Harry Whitlow?"

NO ONE ACTUALLY DISCREDITED THE BRAHMS COLLABORATION.

They just wanted to know who Sir Harry was. Actually, he was an actor, Henry Sherrik.

The BBC admit it was an April Fool stunt. They state: - "April Fools Day is traditional even to the British calendar. We have had hoaxes before and we will probably do it again."

By tradition, April Fools Day is supposed to end at 12 noon. The programme was broadcast at 1:10 p.m.

I suppose we're just a nation of suckers.

GOLDEN MINUTES : 1



CAT'S CRADLE, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. (Doubleday Book Club, \$1.20) This time, mindful of the reaction to White's disparaging review of THE SIRENS OF TITAN, I wrote Bob Tucker and asked for the benefit of his advice before I wrote the review. His reply? "no, no, I'd much rather you committed yourself first and then I'll jump." These old-time fans are sadistic, don't let anybody kid you. Anyway, once again Vonnegut has written a satirical novel and once again I don't much like it. Mainly, I object to his shotgun technique; he takes verbal potshots at all sorts of things and never bothers to gather the results into coherent order. Maybe this is the essence of modern writing, but it bores the hell out of me. Worth reading, because parts of it are exceedingly funny, but if I had been smart I'd have waited for the paperback.

ARMAGEDDON 2419 A.D., by Philip F. Nowlan (Ace, 40¢) So many of the highly touted stf "classics" have turned out to be unadulterated drivel that it's a joy to find one that is better than I expect. (Of course, I don't expect much, any more, but "Armageddon", stilted dialog and all, is a better novel than anything published last year. In the 35 years since it was first published, there have appeared a few stf writers who are/were superior to Nowlan, but not a great many.

Among the magazines, there are a few items worthy of note. The May ANALOG continues to look pretty, I didn't notice as many typos, and "The Duelling Machine", by Ben Bova and Myron Lewis, is a pretty good novellette, cardboard characters and all. Reynolds' "Expediter" is predictable but mildly amusing. The May AMAZING comes out with an apologetic price increase to 50¢ and a novelet by Leigh Brackett which manages to balance both the extra cost and one of Robert F. Young's stickily sweet items. Young is one of the few stf writers who is getting worse as he goes along, but Brackett is still good. Story of the month, however, is Poul Anderson's "Turning Point" in the May IF. There's a Hal Clement novelet in the same issue, which starts well but peters out at the end, as tho Clement was in a hurry to finish it. Anderson is great.

SILVER SECONDS — a column from — GENE DEWEESE

As the cliché goes: "It was a revelation."

Last fall, I spent a couple weeks in the middle of Georgia--on company business, I hasten to add, lest anyone get the impression that I went there just for the hell of it (although, come to think of it, that's pretty much what I found.). It was mostly sweltering weather, millions of bugs (including clouds of gnats which, quite literally, kept me from finishing a meal by zeroing in on the spoon of food as it went from plate to mouth), and local politicians (who spoiled my appetite in other ways).

There was one in particular, who was running for governor in a most obnoxious manner. His name was Griffith (or Griffin--I'm not sure), and he persisted in buying great hunks of radio and tv time. One of these hunks was a half hour program on a radio station which called itself "Radio Free Georgia"; it used the slogan "State officials should be elected by the entire populace, not just by a select...few." (There was a word between "select" and "few" which I can't remember, but it was similar to "privileged".)

In case anyone cannot immediately identify the "select few", they're the Negro voters in Georgia, what few are able to fight their way to the polls past that "entire populace" (white) by which "State officials should be elected."

And what was this freedom-loving radio station going to do to prevent the "select few" from overrunning the polls come election day? Well, they were going to show what a sneaky, nasty bunch these people and their rabble-rousing, malcontent of a leader, Reverend Martin Luther King, were. The station's pitch sounded not unlike a modernized version of the "Protocols of Zion" and their "Jewish plot to take over this world." Only, due to libel laws (I suppose), they had to be just a little more careful. It went like this:

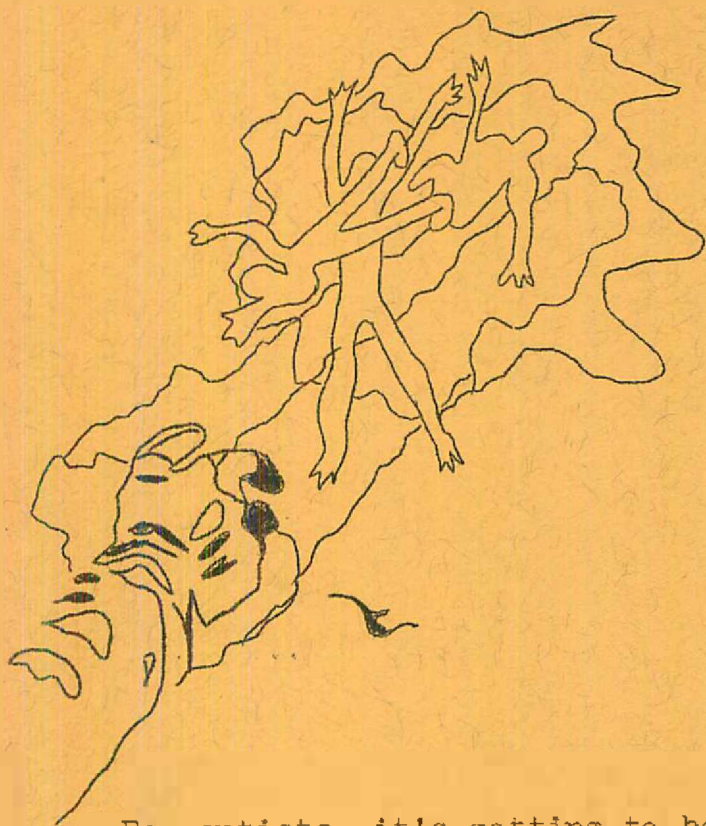
First, there were a few ill-chosen words about the block system of voting advocated by King, and then about the meetings at which King had spoken. Following a few minutes of this, the announcer said, "I would like you to hear what goes on at one of those meetings. Here is a tape recording." There followed the voice of a man speaking and the voices of several people answering. "Now we're gonna g'down t'them poles, an' we're gonna VOTE!" "Yeh!" "Amen!" "You said it, brother!" Like a slightly subdued revival meeting.

Was this King? Could the station say it was without being sued, even in Georgia? Then I realized: they never said it was King.

The announcer had made two separate statements: 1) "I would like you to hear what goes on at one of those meetings." and 2) "Here is a tape recording." Quite carefully, he did not say what it was a recording of. ("Anacin contains ingredients recommended by 9 out of 10 doctors." But what do these doctors recommend these ingredients for? Killing rats?)

The only encouraging thing about the whole affair is that Griffith lost--only 30-40% of the Georgia voters agreed with him...

Another thing I found out: when they say "segregation", they by God mean "Segregation". Driving in from the airport, I noticed a movie marquee listing "The Head"--or something like that; at any rate, it was a monster-type movie I hadn't seen. The next evening, I went up to see it.



I couldn't get past the front door. It was, they told me, "a colored theater". They even gave me directions as to how to find a "white theater" a couple blocks away. (It didn't have anything I wanted to see, of course.)

I was seriously considering trying to get in on the basis of a little Indian blood I have. But then, I wouldn't have been surprised to find that I couldn't get back into my motel if it were found out...

"OATMEAL. Adding chopped raw apple to hot oatmeal greatly improves the oatmeal, as nearly anything does, and it doesn't hurt the apple."

from THE I HATE TO HOUSEKEEP
BOOK by Peg Bracken

Fan artists, it's getting to be that time again--time to start thinking about the art show. (And if you don't know what art show I'm talking about, send \$1 to Bjo Trimble, 5734 Parapet St., Long Beach 8, California--and start getting in on the PAS--tell fun). Remember, this year we're bucking for a full-size photo show, too, so all you budding Yusef Karshes out there get the rules from Bjo and get busy with the lightmeters and whatnot, so I can see the results come Labor Day. The Discon agent is Dick Eney, 417 Fort Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Va. I don't know about developing fluid--but I know the artists had better get on the job now.....it takes paint and varnish a long time to dry.

Marion Z. Bradley for TAFF

In the past there have been "yet, but..." mutters about a candidate for TAFF from this or that splintered quarter of fandom: "Fine candidate, but....1) not well known....2) not really a fan3) a fine fan but can't speak to the pros at a convention... or 4) hasn't earned the honor." Marion is well known on both sides of the Atlantic through a long career as fan and pro over the good and lean years alike.....and it's about time fandom said thank you, from my way of thinking. Like you and I and Joe Fan-In-General, she letterhacked and complained, and then she went out and did something, like writing enjoyable sf adventure professionally, and continuing to correspond and write for fan-zines. She never turned her back on fandom, and considers herself more fan than pro. I consider her both, and think she'd make a very fine candidate for Peterborough in '64. Join me in voting?

GRUMBLINGS

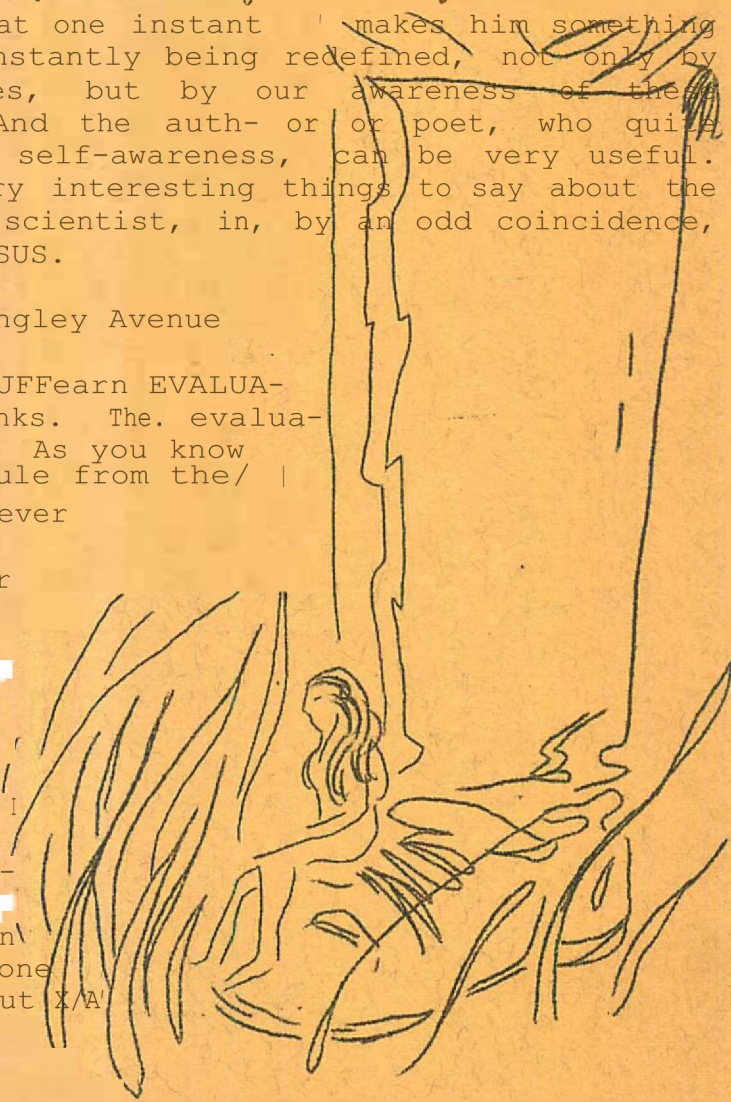
Tom Dilley, Box 3042, University Sta., Gainesville, Florida

(Continued from last issue....) Juanita ought to compile a complete list of auxilliary uses of the Gestetner. In addition to "development exercise for the pectoral muscles", I envision such applications as clothes-wringer, confetti manufacture, monogrammed peanut-butter sandwiches...there are doubtless many more just as startling. You ought to apply to Hugo Gernsback for suggestions. He's still turning out science-fiction, as you must know if you've read any of the editorials in his Radio-Electronics magazine. He is very interested in trying to predict possible outgrowths of each new scientific development, and he enjoys a fair degree of success. Many of his editorial surmisations have been even more successful in anticipating research than was RALPH 124C41/. His magazine also runs, every April, an April Fool article by one Mohammed Ulysses Fips, I.R.E., outlining the invention of a thoroughly ludicrous amazing device which, unfortunately, must always be suppressed because it would destroy some aspect of the economy of the world. Gernsback must write those "articles" himself, as they show such a great deal of imagination; often they are quite humorous indeed.

Eney takes Rackham well to task. Precisely: the very act of a human'sebeginng aware of what he-is at one instant makes him something else the next instant. We are constantly being redefined, not only by the effects of outside influences, but by our awareness of the effects; Sartre, and all that. And the auth- or or poet, who quite often concerns himself with this self-awareness, can be very useful. Good ol' Joseph Conrad has some very interesting things to say about the task of the author vs that of the scientist, in, by an odd coincidence, the preface to N----- OF THE NARCISSUS.

Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue
Surbiton, Surrey, Great Britain.

I've had two YANDROS and the JFFearn EVALUATION since I wrote last. Many thanks. The evaluation was particularly provocative. As you know Fearn never had anything but ridicule from the/ British fans, and indeed I cannot ever recall having read anything by him that I'thought worthwhile. However the spate of criticising him died down after 'the fans met him at the Maneon. He was 'such a pleasant, modest and goo'dnatured person that I think everyone felt they had been a bit unfair. The Manchester/ club folks (like Frances and Brian Varley) got to know him better. Some of them were once shown a fantasy film that Fearn had directed and they raved about it. He was an amazing worker. He used a dictaphone and as one story was being typed out X/A



from the tape, he would be atwork on another. I still have one copy of the Vargo Statten magazine but I must immodestly confess I keep it because there is an article about me in it.

I very much liked the fine cover in 120. I read keenly Juanita's remarks on counting with a Gestetner. Now I'll confess...I do exactly the same thing! I wonder is this a female compulsion? For Ella Parker told me once that Norman Shorrock was horrified to learn she 'counted'.

Sure fan kids are fun not kooks. Heather Thomson can say FANDOM IS JUST A GODDAM HOBBY and Ewan Peters thinks Ted Forsyth was invented just for him to practise acrobatics upon. And it tickles me pink that Bruce outtalks you--

So Bob Tucker wants to know why I was watching him when Heinlein walked thru the door...what a silly question!

That sure was a good letter column. Onwards and upwards to 121... so in fact that's two good letter columns...and I have been so interested in reading them that I have forgotten to stop and make some comments! Will say, however, that I am glad to see some political discussions (now that WARHOON has taken to films) and on the whole I tend to agree with your remarks most. Dunno really how the US could justify an invasion of Cuba at least at the moment. The infiltration of communistic propaganda could in itself hardly be enough. And frankly I just can't see Castro attacking the US in any other way...though nothing is impossible I suppose. But he must know surely that he'd be clobbered! The propaganda bit I feel can only be fruitful if there are conditions of poverty for it to take root in. The religious argument I'll leave... no one seems to be saying anything particularly original. Lately we have had a book published by a bishop called HONEST TO GOD. It has provoked quite a lot of theological argument as his premise was that it was time the Church admitted that the idea of God being "up there" or "out there" was old-fashioned.

/Pshaw! Here I've got 6 issues of the Vargo Statten magazine (under its various titles) and I can't stand Fearn's writing. After all these years, is there anything particularly original about religion left to say?.....

RSC/

Fred Hunter, 13, Freefield Road, Lerwick, Shetland Islands, Scotland.

Incidentally, mentioning currency restrictions back there brought to mind something I saw in the last issue of YANDRO--that is, the last issue of YANDRO to reach me, 'I don't have the zine with me but I think you said something about it not being possible to send money out of Britain. Well, that isn't quite correct. It is possible to send money out by way of an International Money Order. It isn't easy, mind you. I know. Dick Lupoff got some lettering guides for me some time ago and I used the I.M. O. system to get the loot across to him. Anyone with an afternoon to spare and a yen for form-filling...tsk, tsk, paper forms, that is--can easily get money over to the USA. A tedious process forsooth, but Lupoff got the dough. Which goes to prove something or other.

/Maybe you're just lucky. Dodd said something about one stage of the transaction having to be "approved" by someone (The Chancellor of the Exchequer or someone like that) and he never seemed to get his approved.....

RSC/

Gene Crutcher, 2008 Magnolia Avenue, Birmingham, 5, Alabama.

a couple of years ago, while I was working at the post office, I saw a copy of YANDRO. I wrote down the address, sent you a check and was rewarded with some of the most amazing reading I've ever seen.

/Now there we have a fine example of an unsolicited
testimonial....I think..... RSC/

Charles Wells, 200 Atlas #1, Durham, N.C.

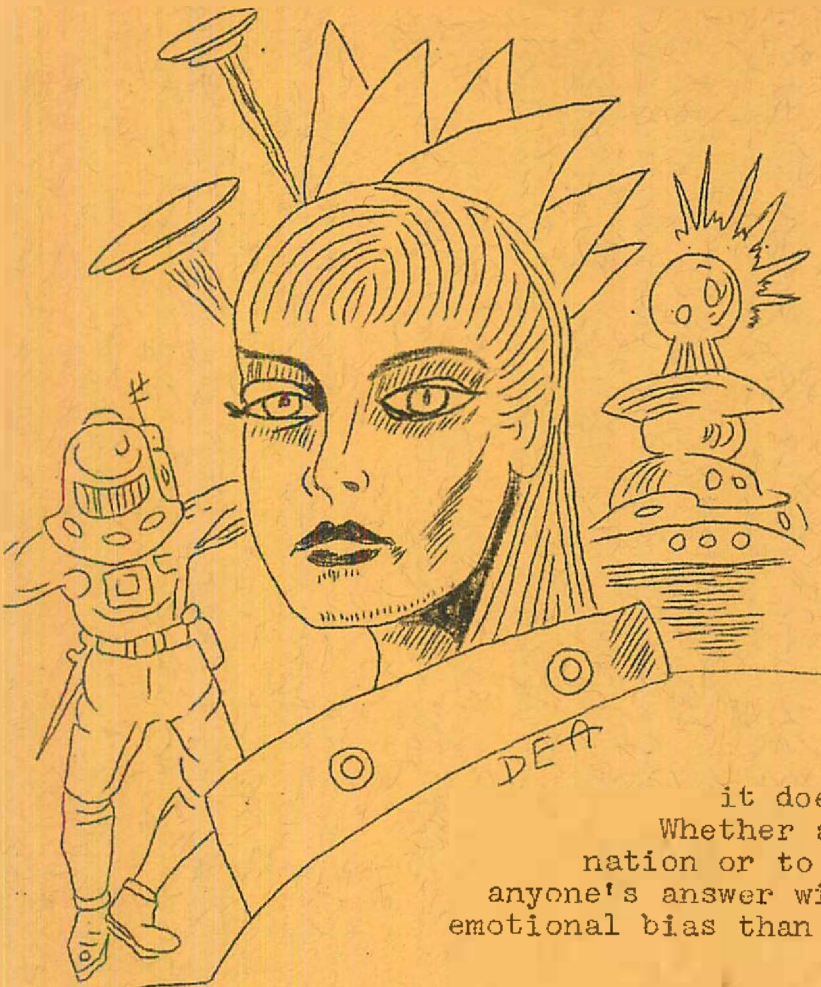
YANDRO #121: I agree with Juanita about ANALOG. By the way, is it true that Conde Nast has threatened to scrap ANALOG if the revenue does not improve? I had been under the impression that it was making money, albeit a small amount. It rather irks me that a company would scrap a magazine that was making money because it wasn't making enough. ...It can't possibly do them any good; all that will happen is that they will lose the small amount of revenue they were getting.

Dodd's column reminds me of the time (on my way home from being stationed with the AF in Turkey) I was on the Acropolis. Scattered among the various buildings are little outhouses the same color as the stone to blend with the scenery. I have a beautiful picture of the Parthenon from an angle NOT usually seen in encyclopedias, with an outhouse complete with half-moon prominently displayed in the foreground.

Dave Hulan says, "To have failed to have experienced something is not at all the same as to have experienced its non-existence." Now just what does THAT mean? What does "to see not-God" mean and why does the fact that an atheist can't see not-God make his faith blind? Surely Hulan does not seriously believe that to assert the nonexistence of something has ANYTHING WHATEVER to do with VISION. And if he is speaking in metaphor, then what he says proves just what any metaphor proves: exactly nothing.

No one (referring to Sieger's letter) is required to join a labor union in any state. Nor is he required to join the AMA. The qualifying phrases are essential: In a union shop, a person who takes a job must join the labor union to keep the job (if it's covered by the contract). And to be a doctor in some states, one is required to belong to the state medical association. I can't see that either is a violation of freedom: the union shop cannot in theory be forced on a company (it can in practice where labor unions are very strong) without the consent of the workers--and I'm not attempting to justify the practice; if I had my way elections would be held every few years in every union shop to see whether the workers wish to continue it or not, and the elections would be supervised by someone unbiased. What I am attempting to justify is the THEORY of union shop, which I think is not necessarily subject to the abuses which in practice it seems to be. As I say, the union shop cannot be forced on the company without the consent of the workers. Furthermore it cannot be forced on the company by law (except in the case of the railroads) without the consent of the owners of the company. Of course it CAN be forced on the company if the workers band together and refuse to work unless they get it. Why shouldn't they have the right to do that? The company (in general) has the right to shut down if it doesn't like labor's attitudes, after all. Why can't we have freedom for both sides?

And finally, the worker is not forced to join the union. He is merely forced to choose between not being a member and keeping his job. Some companies require that its employees pay for group medical insurance if they want to keep their jobs. If one is unfair, why isn't the other?



Well, I'm inclined to think both practices are unfair (though this is the first time I've heard of being forced to join a group insurance plan--I wonder what the AMA thinks of this brand of "socialized medicine" ?) Basically, it all comes down to the question of whether a group of people has the right to force conformity on everyone associated with it. And that, of course, depends on the nature of the group, and the type of conformity required. A nation has the right to enforce its laws, even when dealing with residents or tourists who are not its citizens. The KKK, on the other hand, does not have the right to enforce its dictates on non-members (though it does it often enough anyway).

Whether a labor union is closer to a nation or to the Klan is debatable, and anyone's answer will be decided more by his emotional bias than by logic.....RSC7

Don and Maggie Thompson, 29 College Place, Oberlin, Ohio

There is a very simple solution to the dilemma mentioned by Deckinger. Washington will have an ideal opportunity to squelch for all times the canard that "H.B. Fyfe is H. Beam Piper". Both men, I believe, live in Pennsylvania and both could easily get to the Discon. Piper, in fact, will be there to pick up his Hugo for LITTLE FUZZY anyway, leaving only Fyfe to be invited, cajoled or whatever. Then both men can be publicly introduced together--something which should have been done with Jack Vance and Henry Kuttner.

Collier Books has made some recent additions to its SF line (not recommended due to ridiculously high prices--usually 95¢). One is pretty interesting in appearance: Asimov and Conklin's FIFTY SHORT SCIENCE TALES, a collection of 50 short-shorts ranging from 300 to 3000 words each (according to Conklin's intro). I've read every story in it, but it might even be worth the money to newcomers to SF.

What I really wanted to mention here, though, is that they (Collier Books, of course, pay attention) have also published two (2) anthologies edited by Sam Moskowitz, Chris' husband. One is called THE COMING OF THE ROBOTS and the other is EXPLORING OTHER WORLDS. Giving weight to my theory that Sam quit reading SF when SFPLUS folded is the fact that the newest story in either collection is a story from, ahem, the last issue of SF PUS. (Whoops! Well, let it stand; it's not far wrong.)

On the back cover of THE COMING OF THE ROBOTS, it says: "Sam Moskowitz is a science fiction connoisseur whose own stories have been published in every leading magazine in the field." On the back cover of the

other book, it says his work has also appeared in "many anthologies."

Well, those of us who considered F&SF, ANALOG or GALAXY to be leading sf mags sure were wrong, weren't we? In fact, the only leading SF mag being published in this country is AMAZING STORIES. F&SF and FANTASTIC have a meager toehold on immortality by virtue of having published articles by SaM, but no stories.

As for the "many anthologies", counting on my fingers, I come up with two. One of these is EXPLORING OTHER WORLDS, the other THE FANTASTIC UNIVERSE OMNIBUS. Admitted, I may have missed a couple, but not "many". And if you eliminate EOW, I'm afraid I can only give SaM one finger.

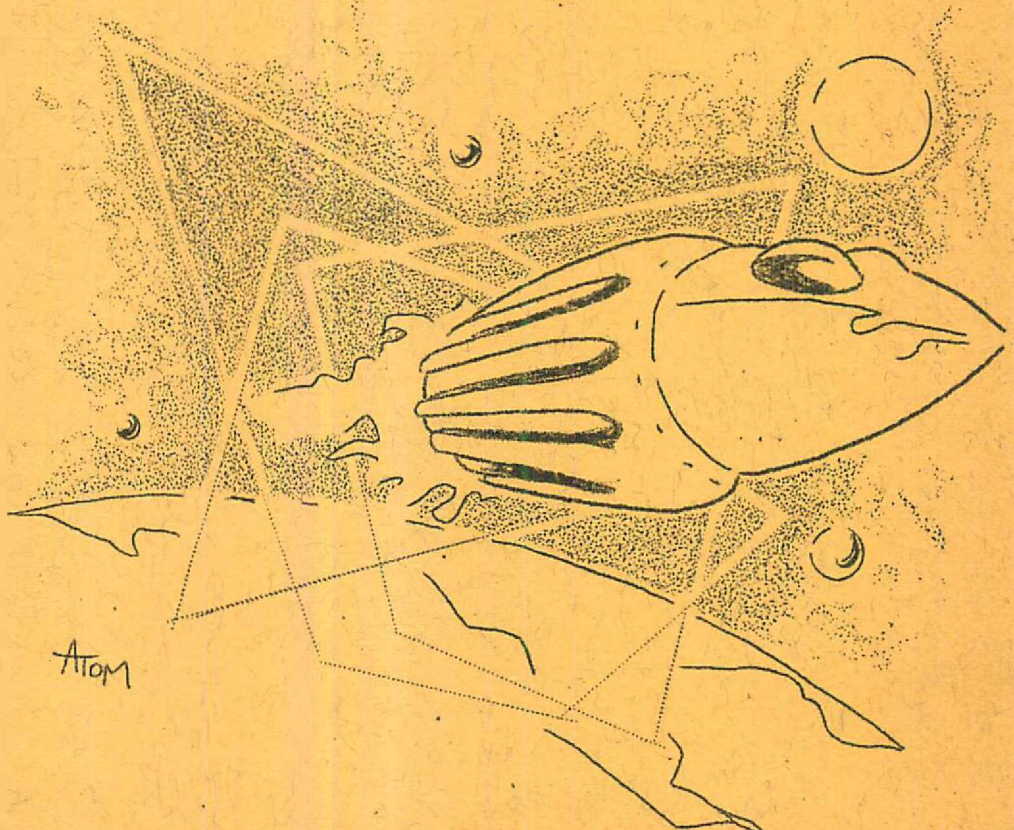
[I'll have to let Ed Wood check the facts on that; SaM's fiction was never memorable enough for me to know where it's appeared. The only Collier anthology I have is GREAT SCIENCE FICTION BY SCIENTISTS, since that's the only one I've seen for half price in a second-hand book store.....RSC]

Dave Locke, P.O. Box 335, Indian Lake, NY

Dave/Hulan/ and I are having a helluva lot of fun with this discussion on religion. We've gone over all this material before, but we decided we'd get together and Help Buck Coulson With His Lettercol. You know.

But in the main, his arguments are fallacious rather than irrelevant. I submit that those people who have outlined the beginnings of religion, and pointed out the ways in which man adopted a god, or gods, have presented a better type of evidence than any religious person can produce for his affirmation. I'd also like to point out that it's not true that Dave is

"not asking" me
"to believe one damn thing." He is asking me to believe something: that atheism is a "blind faith." I don't think it's a faith at all; I call it an opinion, but I don't think it's a blind opinion. Dave himself admits that you can't prove that there is a god. You also can't prove that there isn't, he says, but the burden of proof does lie with the affirmative and thus makes his opinions much more blind than mine.



Dave's stating of atheistic views is mere semantic quibbling, and are rebutted simply by pointing out that they are such.

Regardless of what he says now, he was using the age of a person to refute that person's opinions, as anyone who reads the last part of his article can see. And by attempting to deny this, it's obvious that he knows he was wrong.

Chay Borsella can indeed be thankful I'm not marking his term paper...

Juanita has neatly refuted Chay's explanation "for the 'sophomore atheist' phenomenon", and I'd like to add something to that. As close as I can figure it, I rejected the idea of a god when I was ten or eleven, despite what my mother and our church thought (my father didn't give a damn; he never even talked about religion). Since I was not "generating" my "own power" at that age, I would be another exception to Chay's theory. As for my needing a "crutch", I've survived an accident which almost claimed the eyesight of one eye, near-death by disease, and the loss of my father just last year; religion never entered my mind in any of these instances, and yet all three affected me a great deal. Maybe when I'm older I'll find a need for religion, but right now I don't give a damn about it except as something to kick around in a discussion.

/I think My Lettercol has had about all the help it can stand from you two, as far as religion goes. What, in your estimation, is the difference between a faith and an opinion? I don't see that Dave was using the age of a person to refute that person's opinions, and I further think that anyone who does see it is being pretty sensitive about his age. So there. RSC/

James R. Adams, 922 North Courtland, Kokomo, Indiana

Just a brief note, to let you know how much I've enjoyed EISFA - YANDRO through the years.

Looking back at the very earliest issue of EISFA I have, I find it to be an undated, unnumbered one with a cover by Chuck Spidell. It was, I remember, one of the back issues supplied me by the editors on my first trip to Huntington.

A Man From Yesterday was present on page 4, offering predictions such as, "A sudden shortage of hamburgers and malted milks in 1961 will cause Gene DeWeese to starve to death"; "H.L. Gold will challenge John W. Campbell, Jr. to a duel"; "Chuck Spidell will become America's top fan artist"; The Man was very proud of his record of being 100% wrong. However, he probably spoiled it with the pronouncement, "Bev Amers will learn to spell." I imagine she really did.

In The Creature From The Purple Puddle, by Thomas Stratton, there was this: "...and staggered in pursuit, brandying a brandish bottle. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$." But, alas, in the Footnotes there was no 22 $\frac{1}{2}$. Needless to say, my life will not be complete until Stratton publishes that lost half a footnote in YANDRO.

In the January '54 issue, there was a story reprinted from the February '53 issue--the only case in YANDRO's history, I believe, of an item being given a second printing. Wellawell, a lot of material has gone through the mimeo since then, and surely some of it deserves presenting again. Maybe an item every four months, say, starting with stuff from EISFA's first year.

Thomas, by R. Coulson, rates right up there with the best serious fiction the 'zine has run.

The Topping of Private Past, by Gene, after all these years remains

one of my favorite funyarns. I've reread it any number of times, and I still laugh.

It's interesting to note that in this, the first annish, almost the entire contents were done by then-editors Juanita and Bev, editor-to-be Buck, and Gene. The only items by other writers were fiction pieces by Kay Kinerk and Robert Adair, and a short article by Delray Green.

The September '54 issue had more predictions by The Man From Yesterday. I liked this feature. Maybe it will return sometime?

In The Things That Never Were, the incredible I. Ismad gave to the world the classic lines: "...for the room was completely obliterated" and "I enjoy nothing but the worst of health." I'll never cease to marvel over them.

These early issues contained a great number of illoes by Hal Hostetler. Maybe Hal wasn't the artist that some of the present YANDRO illustrators are, but his little cartoony creations were always interesting.

A special editorial in the October '54 issue reported the suspension of five E.C. comics due to social and religious pressure. Wonder if it made any difference in the juvenile delinquency rate.

I Remember Yucca Flats was Thomas Stratton at his funniest. Even though Tom's halves are now widely separated, couldn't he work up a story now and then via mail? Juanita's full page illo for I.R.Y.F. is also a favorite of mine.

Reviews (prozone, fanzine, book, movie) during this period were at a minimum, a condition which I long to see re-established.

In Subtract, Lee Tremper, being hypercritical, said the Stratton stories weren't stories at all, but just words hung on a gimmick. Well, hell, who cared? They were funny, and that's all that mattered to me.

The November '54 issue sees the first mention of one of the better writers to appear in EISFA-YANDRO--James R. Adams. A note in Rumblings promised (threatened?) a poem by him in the upcoming annish. Turned out the poem wasn't printed until March '55, but before it came a story, a cover and a cartoon. That Adams was a versatile boy. Whatever happened to him?

In January '55 came the second annish, containing H2O From Down Below, a sequel to I Remember Yucca Flats. Funny and punny.

There were several good things in this annish, thought the interior art still was skimpy, mostly consisting of eight of my own drawings for De Polished Man, and seven by Juanita, three of which illustrated Scrambleux! Someone named Sarsh did the one illo for H2O, and Hostetler had four of his little gremlins bunched on the contents page and one heading Ramblings.

Ed McNulty had an article, the STF Movie, in which he expressed the opinion, "When Hollywood runs the present man-monster formula dry and sf becomes more popular, the film writers will have to rely less on hack writers and more on the stf masters." Well, it was an interesting theory.

There was an article in the February '55 issue, Pistols At Dawn, which nearly frightened me into hysterics, and greatly slowed my head-long rush (meeting four fans in eleven years) into fandom.

The Spaceship Boys on Titan is another Strattonyarn that holds a top spot on my list. I've been waiting seven years for the sequel, The Spaceship Boys on Venus, or: The Clue of the Dying Swampland. I'm beginning to suspect you're not going to print it.

Joe Hensley's How To Get Along With The Pros, and Thomas Stratton's Footprints, made the March '55 issue one of the best. Footprints was simply terrific.

Then there was that thing of mine in the June '55 issue, He'll See You In Your Dreams. Including the Spidell illos, it covered nine and a half pages, probably the lengthiest piece of material ever to appear in

EISFA-YANDRO. It was pretty bad, and I can't understand now how you ever agreed to print it. Well, you were young then, and probably impressed by the fact I was a PRO (yuk).

So You Want To Write Stf, by Joe Hensley, still is one of the few things among the 'zine's serious material I like to reread.

The August '55 issue proved that not even the great I. Ismad could write an interesting con report.

I marvel anew every time I read Stratton's Tularemia, in the September '55 issue. What a masterpiece of punnery!

Nope, nope. He'll See You In Your Dreams wasn't the longest thing to appear in the 'zine. There was a ten-page con report in the October '55 issue. Ten Pages! How could you do it?

A couple of very good illos were those by Spidell illustrating The Ghoul Digger in the November '55 issue.

A review is a useless thing, in my estimation. But Gene's movie reviews, which began showing up along about now, were and are highly enjoyable.

The December '55 issue came close to perfection. In it were Private Past Meets The Spaceship Boys, by Stratton, This...Is It!, by Murry Linestar, A Scholarly And Penetrating Analysis Of The Works Of Thomas Stratton And Their Impact Upon Western Civilization (whew!), by Ed McNulty, Snow Creature, a movie review by Stratton, and the hilarious but for real ad, Live Through Or Die In The Great Flood. And it all came graced by a cover, Christmas-type, by Juanita. Even most of the annishes haven't matched this one.

And speaking of annishes, here's one now for 1956. The first issue under the YANDRO title. A good one, with my favorite item being, of course, Atrocious Of The Apes, Gene's takeoff on Tarzan. And an interlineation by Dale Brandon, yet. Can't recall ever seeing anything else by him.

Fine editorial in the February '56 issue, concerning Child Raising By Committee.

Alan Dodd's column made its first appearance in the March '56 issue, and since that time Alan has turned out a lot of enjoyable wordage. Unfortunately, though, it seemed to start a trend in YANDRO toward more and more columns. Ramblings, Rumblings and Grumblings were enough, to my way of thinking.

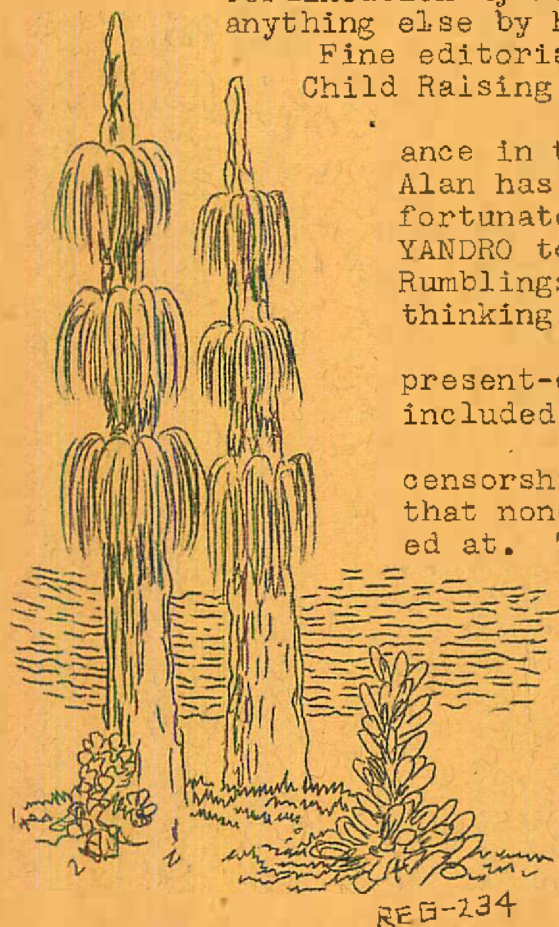
By May '56 some of the best of YANDRO's present-day artists were being published. These included Adkins, DEA and Gilbert.

And still another scathing editorial on censorship in the June '56 issue. The pity of it is that none of it ever reached the people it was aimed at. That is, unless you sent some copies to the various groups concerned.

Coming? by Buck, was a funny take-off on the prozines' next issue previews.

I'm still laughing at John Carper And His Electric Barsoom, in the July '56 issue. Juanita's illos didn't hurt it any, either.

But, oh, that October '56 number! Practically the entire issue devoted to a con report. Don't ever do that again, you hern me? (Being by Briney, though, it was a reasonably good con report.)



REG-234

One of YANDRO's best editorials was the one in November '56 on mongrelism.

Ah! Marvin Bryer's January '57 cover. A thing of real beauty.

This issue also had Gene's Atrocious The Revolting. And that's worth having. I'll repeat: Thomas and Stratton are two of the best humorists, in or out of fandom. I really believe that.

The Wreck, by R. Coulson, was one of the few verse offerings I've liked. I'm just not a poetry lover. A Movie Scenario, by Stratton, was another enjoyable item. All in all, the fourth anniversary was all that an anniversary should be.

The March '57 issue brought the photo-cover of Spidell's spaceship models. A good idea that didn't come off too well. I'd like to see tried again. Come to think of it, it was tried again, with the editors as models.

I look back at the August '57 issue with some nostalgia, because my own little typer did part of the work on it. Naturally, it had to be a con report.

Pencilled on the cover of my copy of the October '57 issue is this: Not a boy!! Not a girl!! But a YANDRO!! This was just before Bruce was born, of course, and I think Gene brought me the copy from Wabash. But I don't remember if he or one of you made the notation.

The January '58 issue had a wonderful Dollens cover. Here, also, we have Dodd's column about Mr. Gibbon's Balls. Funny! Same for Hensley's How To Get Along With Editors. Slag, of course, was mostly me. But Gilbert's illos and Stratton's The Jeep That Sank Two U-Boats played a big part in its success.

Then came July '58, and Little Billy Rumbleguts. I still can't figure it out. I got the distinct impression this was thoroughly despised by the readers, yet it came in tied for fourth in the egoboo-poll for that year. The inscrutable ways of fans.

I loved Don Franson's Con Report, in the July '58 issue. How To Get Along With F-a-a-a-n-s, by Hensley and Tucker, also rang the bell.

By September '58 more good artists had come along: Barbara Johnson, with her clean, sensitive style, G.H. Scithers and his dragons, Richard Bergeron and his wispy work.

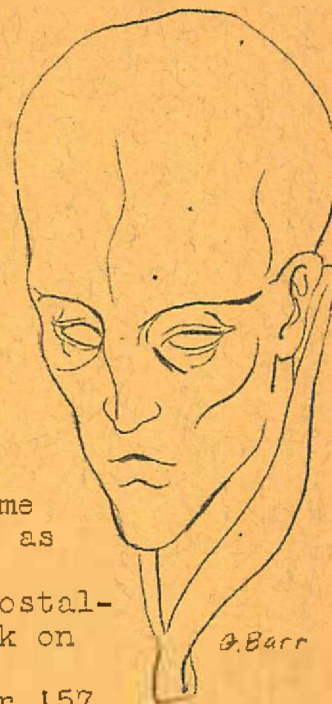
There was an abundance of capable writers: the editors, Gene, Alan Dodd, Don Franson, Bloch, Tucker, Hensley, Annas, Ed Wood, Dave Jenrette, G.H. Scithers, Bob Briney, M.Z. Bradley, Ricky Ertl, Dan Lesco, Ben Gordon, Joe Lee Sanders, Neal Wilgus, Dick Lupoff, Ron Parker, Ron Bennett, and others. True, not all of them were my particular cup of Postum, but then everyone can't write just to please me (although I don't know why not.).

Bill Beard's The Solution, in the September '58 issue, was a nicely done bit of f-a-a-n fiction.

Solacon Speech, October '57, was jis' chockful of clever quips off the old Bloch.

Adkins' cover for the January '59 issue was an ocular feast. The topflight stencilling job undoubtedly helped make it such.

The same number contained Stratton's takeoff on van Vogt, The Referees of Null-A, and one of the few things in YANDRO that has gotten me hot under the collar--Science Fiction Art by Jack Gaughan. Gaughan says Mr. Average Mag Reader isn't qualified to pass judgment on the illos. But the reader is exactly the one who must pass judgment, because he has



plunked down his money and may reasonably expect full value in entertainment. If the stories, or art, do not entertain him, then he has a right to complain (or quit buying the mag until matters improve from his point of view). No, now Mr. Gaughan should be informed that he can't just pass off a few pen-scratchings and say, "Here, take it, you slobs--it's Art!"

Creatures And Stuff, the May '59 literary supplement, was monstrously good. I particularly enjoyed The Horror From Below, by Robert Bloch, Luke Shipwreck's Extra Super Special Monster Movie Preview, and of course the illos.

In June '59 appeared the first of my series of fillers based on newspaper items--which turned out to be even more disastrous than Bill Rumbleguts. Sometimes I think I'm just not funny. But then I think again, and realize it is the readers whose humor is deficient. Of course.

The July '59 issue had A Fanartist At Work, by G.H. Scithers. A funny piece (the article, not Scithers).

Probably the best thing about the January '60 annish was the Artfolio. Adkins, Barr, Gilbert, Barbi, Prosser, Bjo--a lot of talent there! and Franson's parody poem and Gene's two items, The Yawn and The Son Of Eagle: Feathers, were the cream of the word crop.

Fine cover by DEA for the February '60 issue.

Same for April '60, this time by Adkins.

Then came Morris Scott Dollens' multilithed cover for July '60.

And Dave Prosser, for August '60. But the most fascinating thing about the issue was John Pesta's new word, etiquettily.

Juanita's September '60 cover and George Barr's for October '60 joined the parade of outstanding cover art. Meanwhile, the interiors were also becoming more pleasing, if that's possible. Odd Vegetables, by Thomas Stratton, October '60, was funny, but it wasn't typical pun-loving Stratton by any means. Mutant, by Count von Liebfraumilch, who I think turned out to be Clod Hall, got several belly laughs.

I was surprised by the violent reaction of some readers to Mike Deckinger's Revelation, December '60. But I should have known; even fans seem touchy on pretty much the same subjects as is the rest of the populace.

The Drip Next Door, by Rög Ebert, was a smoothly written story, and upon rereading I would say it's one of the best ever to appear in YANDRO.

In rereading the eighth annish, January '61, I got to wondering how many of the people represented in it (other than the editors) were around for the first annish in '54. Well, Gene had items in both, although he had dwindled in quantity by '61, having only a movie review as compared to a story, an article, and a poem in '54. And, and--? That's it! Gene should be given some kind of medal for longevity.

The eighth annish was a bit overloaded with letters, but there was still an abundance of good material. Such as Walt-Kelly--Man of Mystery, by Maggie Curtis, and Capture That Capsule! by Gene. And a great cover!

With material such as Gene's Day Of The Cheese, The Fallen Mighty, by Dean Grennell, The Ballad Of John Kasper, by Joe Sanders, I Was A Fake Legislator For The NSF, by Joe Hensley, and the Artfolio, YANDRO #100 was darned near the best one of all. Just an almost-perfect issue.

The color combinations for Adkins' October '61 multilithed cover was garish and nightmarish, but I liked it. Gary Deindorfer's The Chance-Like Workings Of Chance was a marvelous parody.

I've been working on this, on and off, since early June...by no means have I covered everything I enjoyed or everything I disliked....as for 1962, I'll make a separate report on it. When I recuperate.

/If you've recuperated by now, you can fill out the enclosed egoboo poll, and the rest of you out there can too.....JWC7

GOLDEN MINUTES:2

SLAVE PLANET, by Laurence M. Janifer (Pyramid, 40¢) Better known as Larry M. Harris; or, of Mark Phillips, Janifer has received mention -- mostly bad -- in fanzines before. This original novel is, as far as I know, his first to be written all by himself. It reads remarkably like something written to the specifications of John Campbell's "pro-slavery" editorial some months back. If it was, it was rejected by Campbell, probably because it doesn't come up to ANALOG's literary standards. It isn't particularly good; Janifer never makes his characters interesting enough so that we care particularly what happens to them. It has some things to say about slavery, but they've been said before, and aside from raising John Boardman's blood pressure a few points I don't see much benefit to them. In its favor, it has plenty of action, and is interesting enough to keep me reading, at least. It may be just the thing for newer and younger readers, but few of the YANDRO readers are in that category. For the veteran; it will probably keep you entertained if you want something to read, but don't spend a lot of effort to find a copy.

BOGEY MEN, by Robert Bloch (Pyramid, 40¢) I suspect that many of these have been culled from WEIRD TALES, and some of the older fantasy mags. I recognized a few, but most were brand new to me. The one I recalled best, "The Man Who Collected Poe", is quite interesting as a literary experiment, though not much of a horror tale. It is, quite simply, a "modern" version of "The Fall Of The House Of Usher", done to see if Poe could be transposed to the present. (Not too successfully, as this story and a couple of recent movies have proved.) The other stories in this volume are mostly typical Bloch and pretty good. As I've said before, one always can count on some reaction to a Bloch story, though the sheer grisliness may produce nausea instead of horror. The only exception is a short stinker exhumed from the late unlamented SUPER SCIENCE FICTION; this is strictly from hunger, but it isn't long enough to spoil the book. If you want a few sharp chills these warm spring days, try this.

LORDS OF THE PSYCHON, by Daniel F. Galouye (Bantam, 40¢) This is one of the rip-roaring alien conquest plots that Galouye used to turn out for MADGE in its palmerier days. (Not strictly true, since Palmer left the mag before any Galouye stories were published, but I can't resist puns.) It isn't deep, significant, or thought-provoking, but it has lots of action, slick writing (Janifer should study it), and is lots of fun if you like plenty of action. I don't think it's a very good stf novel, but I enjoyed it while I was reading it.

WITCH WORLD, by Andre Norton (Ace, 40¢) Andre Norton's first "adult" stf novel -- first that I've read, anyway. And it's good. It isn't really science-fiction; it's the sort of science-fantasy that Leigh Brackett used to turn out. As it happens, I think this type of story is my favorite form of fiction. I think this is the most entertaining novel I've read since DARK UNIVERSE came out two years ago, but then I admit to being prejudiced. If you liked Brackett, or Marion Bradley's Darkover stories, or Norton's juveniles, you'll want this. As for me -- I probably won't vote for it for a Hugo; but I'll re-read it oftener than I will the novel that I do vote for. Keep on printing stuff like this, Wollheim, and I'll even forgive you for publishing Robert Moore Williams.

STRANGE FRUIT



I'm faced with a stack of fanzines and a vast disinclination to review them. So they get a list and a rating; if you want to know what's coming out, it's as good a way of listing as any. Readers never pay any attention to reviewing comments anyway; all they want is the address and price. Reviewed for DOUBLE BILL were PANIC BUTTON 13, FANTASY FICTION FIELD 3, 4 & 5, AXE 34, SKYRACK 50, MOTL 62 & 63, SCOTTISHE 31, KIPPLE 35 & 36 and G2 Vol.2#6. Noted here but not reviewed at all are SKYRACK 51 and 52, and BLUSHING CREDENTIALS #1 (for FAPA and waitlisters and Ellington's friends).

DOUBLE-BILL #4 (Bill Bowers, 3271 Shelhart Rd., Barberton, Ohio - 20¢ - bi-monthly - co-editor, Bill Mallard) General type; regular columns on stf books, fanzines, stf classics and stf movies, plus articles, fiction, and outburst-provoking editorials. Rating...5½

UNIT ORDERS #2 (Pfc Mark Irwin, RA16713872, Btry C, 2nd. Mpl Bn (NH) 57th Arty, Jackson Park, Chicago 37, Illinois - irregular - 10¢) Editor requests that you leave the fanzine title off any letter sent to him; the service doesn't approve of Pfc's being editors, or something. A major item here is the publication of the rules for "Interplanetary" for the games-minded. I'll stick to chess, but some fans dig these quaint in-group contests. Rating....4

CRY #167 (Cry, Box 92, 507 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - bi-monthly - 25¢) CRY has become an institution (fannish or mental; take your pick). If you haven't seen a copy, you just aren't one of us 102% fans. So get with the crowd. Rating....8

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #67 (Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 25, California - irregular but approximately bi-monthly - 25¢ - editor, Steve Tolliver) Personally I don't think the rapid turnover of editors in the past year has done the mag a bit of good. A couple of years back I thought it was better than CRY, but not recently. There's usually at least one outstanding item per issue; this time it's Bjo's "Fallen Angelenos" column....beautiful. Rating....6

AXE #35 (Larry & Noreen Shaw, 1235 Oak Ave., Evanston, Illinois - monthly - 20¢) News, reviews and Walt Willis; worth the price any day. Rating..7

KIPPLE #37 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Maryland - more or less monthly - 20¢) Politics and philosophy. Generally interesting opinions on both. Rating....7

DYNATRON #16 (Roy & Chrystal Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico - bi-monthly - 15¢) General type; pleasant. Rating...5

KNOWABLE #3 (John Boardman, Box 22, New York 33, N.Y. - irregular - 5 for \$1) Good writing rendered -- in this issue, at least -- completely illegible by bad reproduction. If I could read it, I'd probably give it a good rating. As it is, I say no fanzine ever published is worthwhile if reading it is a struggle. Rating....2

"Will members of the Church Of The Way be known as Sons of bishops?"

.....Lewis Grant

AD ASTRA #7 (Ed Bryant, 300 Park Ave., Wheatland, Wyoming - 15¢ - very irregular) Beautiful cover, tho it looks vaguely familiar...didn't I see it on GALAXY once? Material about average. Thin issue. Rating...4

LYDDITE #4 (Gary Deindorfer, 121 Boudinot St., Trenton 8, New Jersey - irregular - free for comment) The last of the Fannish Fanzines. (Note my superb handling of capital letters for Humorous Effect, Gary...and just ignore that LYDDITE is probably the third or fourth fanzine that I've described with that phrase.) It is Funny. Rating...7

FARRAGO #2 (Larry Grilly, 951 Anna St., Elizabeth, New Jersey - irregular - 15¢) Mostly lettercolumn; the editor comments that he can't dig up enough material. C'mon, fellas; the mag isn't that bad.... This issue is rather confusingly stapled, and a bit small, but what's there is readable enough. Rating...3

ISCARIOT #6-7 (Al Andrews, 1659 Lakewood Drive, Birmingham 16, Alabama - quarterly - no price listed - publisher, Richard Ambrose) Fairly average material; notable mostly for the good layout and the use of color mimeography the way it should be used; none of this half-assed candy-striping that everybody seems to have picked up from Lupoff. Rating...4½

STARSPINKLE 7 & 8 - Good, but Ellik doesn't want any more subscribers, so no reviews. Borrow somebody else's copy.

FANTASY FICTION FIELD #6 & 7 (Harvey Inman, 1029 Elm St., Grafton, Ohio - bi-weekly - 13 for \$1) Fan and pro news. Rating..5

MENACE OF THE LASERS #64, 65, 66 (Bruce Pelz, 738 So. Mariposa, Los Angeles 5, Calif. - bi-weekly - 5 for 50¢) LA fan news and occasional other topics. I liked the report of Harlan Ellison illustrating his comments on science fiction by reading from his own unfinished novel. It's so Harlanish. (So is the novel, apparently.) Rating..2

POT POURRI #25, 26, 27, 28 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland - quarterly? - no price listed) Do you publish in globs like this, John, or do you just save up my copies until you have a clutch to send all at once, thus saving postage? Not that I really care; Berry is readable any time and I don't demand my fanzines hot off the presses. Rating..7

NFF Material (Write Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 365, Heiskell, Tennessee about membership fees) I'm not sure if all this glob came at one time, or not. Anyway, we have the 1961 Story Contest Winners (our reason for getting the stuff, since Juanita illustrated one of the stories for this publication), MOTLEY #2, THE NATIONAL FANTASY TAPER #3 and THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN Vol. 22 #1. At least, this illustrates the variety of official publications. Mildly recommended for new fans, though you can learn about fandom about as fast by subscribing to a variety of fanzines.

THRU THE HAZE #22, 23, 24 (Art Hayes, RR 3, Bancroft, Ont., Canada - monthly - free) News, A stf information column and a column purporting to help would-be authors. Rating..6

DIFFERENTIAL #8, 9 (Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Station C, Ottawa 3, Ont., Canada - rider with HAZE) Well, Paul, I finally must admit to liking #9; I've read the "humorous" metrical article several times too often, but SINA and the page 1 poetry were good. This advertises as "fandom's smallest monthly fanzine" -- 2 pages. Rating..3½

