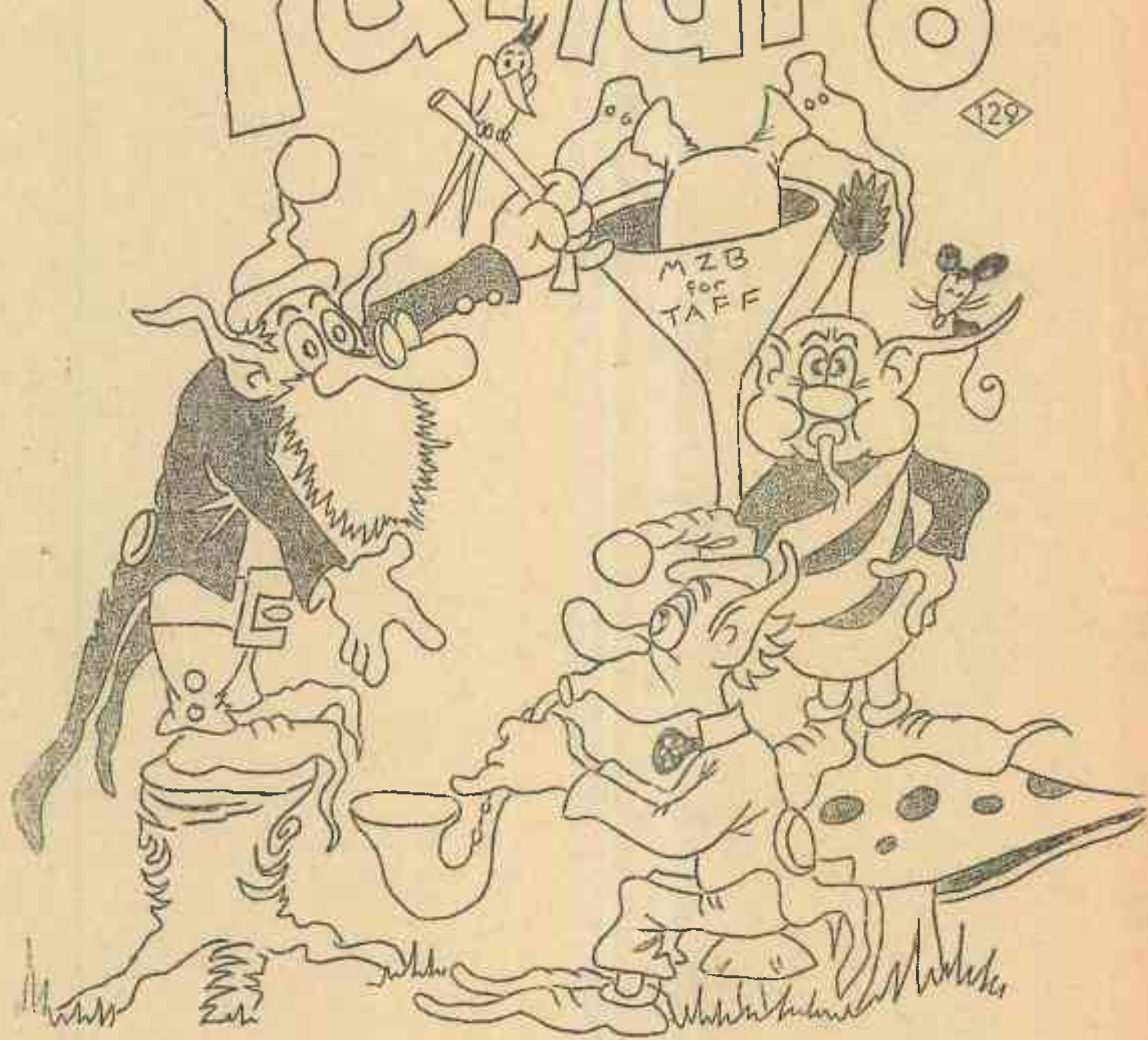


Yandro

129



VANDRO - 129

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WORLD'S BEST SECOND-RATE FANZINE

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MZB

for

TAFF



This is what comes of letting Juanita do all the work; at the moment I'm not even sure of what is in the issue. Now that the effect of the DisCon has worn off somewhat, maybe I'll be more interested in fannish efforts when the next issue appears.

Frankly, I can't tell you if this was a good convention or not -- I may even have to break down and read a con report or two to find out what went on. I spent most of my daylight hours behind one or more tables in the

combined FanArt Show and Huckster's Room. (Giving Ozzie Train a bad moment when he suddenly realized that the suspicious-looking character who was taking his money for a batch of AMRAs was the same suspicious-looking character who had been raking in money on the sale of fan art, Advent books, and Lloyd Eshbach's remaindered Fantasy Press stock. I just smiled sweetly and told him that I was making lots of money this year.) I did see the Masquerade -- in fact, discovering that I wasn't going to be in costume, George roped me in to his little group of sheepdogs detailed to make sure that the masquerading contestants got their proper nametags and were chivvied across the runway in a semblance of order. From the number of officials I saw on the floor -- usually just ahead of me in the performance of our mutual duties -- I suspect that George had an official for every masquerader. Mainly I recall the Masquerade for the startling innovation of a live bagpiper to get the audience's attention and for a running flood of interlineations by Sid Coleman.

"Did you ever notice? The Masquerade brings out more priests than an Ecumenical Council."

....S. Coleman

Mostly, I enjoyed the convention for the chance to meet and talk to people. "Our" con started at about 4:00 AM Friday morning, when Juanita and I picked up Don and Maggie Thompson at an exit of the Ohio Turnpike near Cleveland -- or possibly one might consider that it started even earlier at one of the first stops on the Turnpike when I innocently wandered into the refreshment section and ran into Howard Devore. (We kept running into him at stops, both coming and going; it does make a nice way to break a cross-country trip.) Anyway, with Don and Maggie along the conversation kept us stimulated, (and they were polite enough to not dwell on the fact that a Rambler American is not built for carrying 4 people, luggage for several days, a guitar and several boxes of art show material.) At the con, I managed what seems like a record for first-time meetings: Bem Gordon, Sharon Towle, Phil Harrell, E.E. Evers, Margaret Gemignani, Enid Jacobs, Steve Stiles, Dave van Arnem, Lee Riddle, Lee Jacobs (he claims we've met before, but I don't recall it), Durk Pearson, Harry Warner, Bernie Morris and probably a few others (including one of the committee members whose name I've forgotten already. All I recall is that I'd never heard of him before, he seemed to be someone I'd enjoy knowing better, and he and Larry Breed between them bought all the Atom cartoons at the Art Show.) And it was nice to meet Larry Breed again, even tho briefly, and to get to know Dian Gerard slightly -- all the slush I'd read about her some time back by California fandom had rather prejudiced me against her (I'm seldom bothered by attacks, but people's friends can give me a horrible impression of them). Anyway I'm glad to find out that my impression was wrong and she's one of the nicer people in fandom. I guess the biggest

deal would be meeting Ben Gordon. We've corresponded for 7 or 8 years -- we've been playing one stupid chess game for at least 3 years -- but this is the first time we'd met.

"I'm sick of all these high priests; I want a fantasy story with a rabbi."
.....S. Coleman

For the record, Hugo winners were: The Man In The High Castle (novel) "The Dragon Masters" (short fiction), no award for drama, F&SF (promag), XERO (fanzine), Roy Krenkel (artist), and special awards to P. Schuyler Miller for his book reviews and Isaac Asimov for his line of patter. (I believe it was listed as "distinguished contributions to the field" or something, but that doesn't fool anyone.) Since the word got out, about all I have heard is bitch, bitch, bitch. Ted White claims "Dragon Masters" was not eligible for the short fiction award because it was 30,000 words long and because it appeared "as a complete book". Well, for the record, GALAXY billed it as a "short novel" -- I assume that any fan is aware of GALAXY's over-inflated ideas of what constitutes a novel. Some GALAXY "short novels" would barely make ANALOG's "novellette" category. It also appeared as the short end of an Ace Double Novel, covering a whole 98 pages. Ted's welcome to his opinion, but for my money, 30,000 (or 40,000) words does not a novel make, and it's going to take more than pronouncements from Ace and GALAXY (and Ted White) to convince me. And I think that Ted has been around long enough to recall that the old categories of "Short Story" and "Novellette" were combined into "Short Fiction" some years ago (though some of his readers may not be) so that his diatribe about "matching short stories against fiction of twice their length", or whatever his exact words were, is several years late. I don't recall any anguished howls from him when the official "matching" took place, and it's no good calling "foul" when the rules specifically say that it's fair. Several fans, among them Ed Wood and Ted White, have charged that various recent Hugo awards have "cheapened the value of the award". I'm not surprised at Ed; he's in fandom to further the cause of science fiction, and has never made any bones about it. But I am a bit surprised at Ted; I used to think that he was in fandom for the same reason that I was -- to have fun. When an organization gets so stuffy and self-important and rules-conscious that it can't pass out an award to a deserving candidate for fear of losing some of its ersatz dignity, then what fun is there in belonging to it? If fandom ever comes to that pass, I'll go join the Rotary Club and be done with it. If you're going to be dignified for God's sake, be dignified where it will do you some good. (And I suspect that the Rotary and most mundane clubs are far less status-conscious than some of these fans want fandom to become.)

"We'll put it in the auction that's following Juanita Coulson." ...G. Scithers
.....I never knew Juanita was so popular.....

However, in fandom, all is fire and fury and soon forgotten. George Nims Raybin was illustrating this by saying that just recently he had sponsored Dave Kyle's application for membership in the N3F, and the lawsuit has apparently been washed under the bridge. When I heard this I asked Ted White if he thought the day would ever come when Sam Moskowitz would sponsor Ted's application for N3F membership -- Ted didn't think it would. (I didn't have a chance to ask Sam's opinion.)

Mike Deckinger provided the fascinating information that he has seen a magazine on the newsstand titled TRUE DIVORCE. (I haven't seen one; if I do, I'll probably buy it. Something like that should be preserved for posterity.)

A card from Dave Patrick says that Frank Stodolka and Richard Gibboney are co-workers on ONCE BEYOND THE TIME; I neglected to mention this in the review.

/RSC/



First - EXTRA SPECIAL REMINDER !! Just in case you've forgotten (and I imagine a lot of you have) the deadline for TAFF voting is October 31. Time is definitely flying through day and night in the lonesome October.

And surely, after all the little hints and nudges through the past months, I don't have to tell you what name should go on your ballot. If you are a new reader or a subscriber who doesn't read carefully, I've included a few reminders in this issue to help you out.

And I'll be blatantly provincial and urge all the midwestern fans to come on, gang, got to get out the vote -- you know how cliqueish those west coasters are -- we've got to show a good turnout.

This will be a strange-sized editorial column for several reasons. For one thing, some people pre-bought this issue on the promise we would include the stencil I cut at a Discon demonstration -- on stencil cutting, logically enough. In the cold light of post-con reality, I have my doubts about this arrangement, but at least those few readers will be satisfied and the rest of you will have to bear with us, and after all, it is my magazine.

For readers who didn't attend the Discon, or that particular panel, the subject was a discussion of the techniques of putting art on stencil -- what and what not to do. I was supposed to be moderator (it says here in fine print), but mostly I blundered around in the throes of stage fright, receiving terribly obvious reminders from fellow panelists Ted White and Don and Maggie Thompson, who were undoubtedly spending the majority of their time wondering how they got roped into this.

The talking was brief, because, like a lot of skills, this is one which much be learned by doing, and once you've covered the basics, there isn't a great deal more you can tell someone. So I tried to show interested parties what we'd been talking about. After the panel, while an auction went on in the front of the room, I set up lightscope and styli box in the back of said room and cut a stencil before the bare eyeballs of a small group of hardy souls. I used illos which had already been stencilled for YANDRO, selected because they demonstrated a variety of techniques and stroke styles, and threw in some doodling with shading styli and templates in the handy-dandy tricks department.

The results (reproduced over page) will be redundant to steady readers and old hat to fellow publishers, but since several of the group of observers were taking notes, I hope this experiment may prove of use and interest to some.

How about that -- a school for stencil cutting. Unfortunately, it isn't the sort of thing one can conduct with any sort of thoroughness as a correspondence course.

I might add that originally the demonstration was made on one stencil, but for space reasons, it had to be separated for printing on letter-size paper. Time elapsed in the demonstration was approximately fifteen or twenty minutes (I think - any hardy types who were there have a stop watch on me?). I made no attempt to be complete or thorough (I say hastily to cover my obvious bobbles) -- I was trying to cover as much ground as I could as quickly as possible, since some

people seemed on the horns of dilemma of wanting to stay and wanting to get to the parties.

For people who were there and would like a bit more depth to the subject, Bjo says she still has some copies of the article on stencilling I wrote for SILME. If you were interested in the demonstration and panel and want to know more, write Bjo Trimble, 5571 Belgrave, Garden Grove, California, 92641. You shouldn't begrudge Project Art Show a quarter for such sterling and immortal literature.

Said Project Art Show was more than of casual interest to me at DC. Before this con, I'd done little but stand around and try to look sympathetic and keep out of the way during the annual art shows. This year I got a large taste of what goes on behind the scenes, and I marvel that no one has collapsed of nervous fatigue all over the hangings and record table -- I would say three cases of shell shock per convention would be forgivable.

We got kind comments and money from the fans and some flattering attention from several pros who said the show really made their weekend. By that time, we could only offer a feeble-smiled thank you and wonder where we could find some toothpicks for eyelid propping-upping.

We didn't spend all our time in the art show - just most of it.

The panel, "What Should A Bem Look Like?", was one of the few program items I attended, and I enjoyed it thoroughly....deCamp, Willy Ley, Leigh Brackett, Asimov, Ed Emsh, and Fritz Leiber discussed and debated the limits and varieties of intelligent beings, possibilities, probabilities, wishful thinking, and just plain speculation. It was far too short, and I kept getting thought-hooks and "What-if"-isms all the way through. All these free plot ideas for budding writers.

And the masquerade was beautifully handled. This time I didn't have to stand on a chair to see the costumes. I don't think anyone did. Of course, I had an excellent vantage point -- right down in front by the stage (being a shortie, I make a beeline for such positions whenever I suspect there will be the slightest difficulty in seeing what's going on). The entire setup, the orderly lineup, the ramp, stage, photogs clustered down at one end where they could blind each other instead of everyone else with those verdammte photofloods -- highly recommended and I hope all future cons find such ideal arrangements. I could have done without the band, but we can't have everything, they tell me. Sniff.

Glory, the sinus shots worked, and I made it through the con with only minor headaches due to lack of sleep. Big improvement over last year -- it better be; the glow has to last three years.

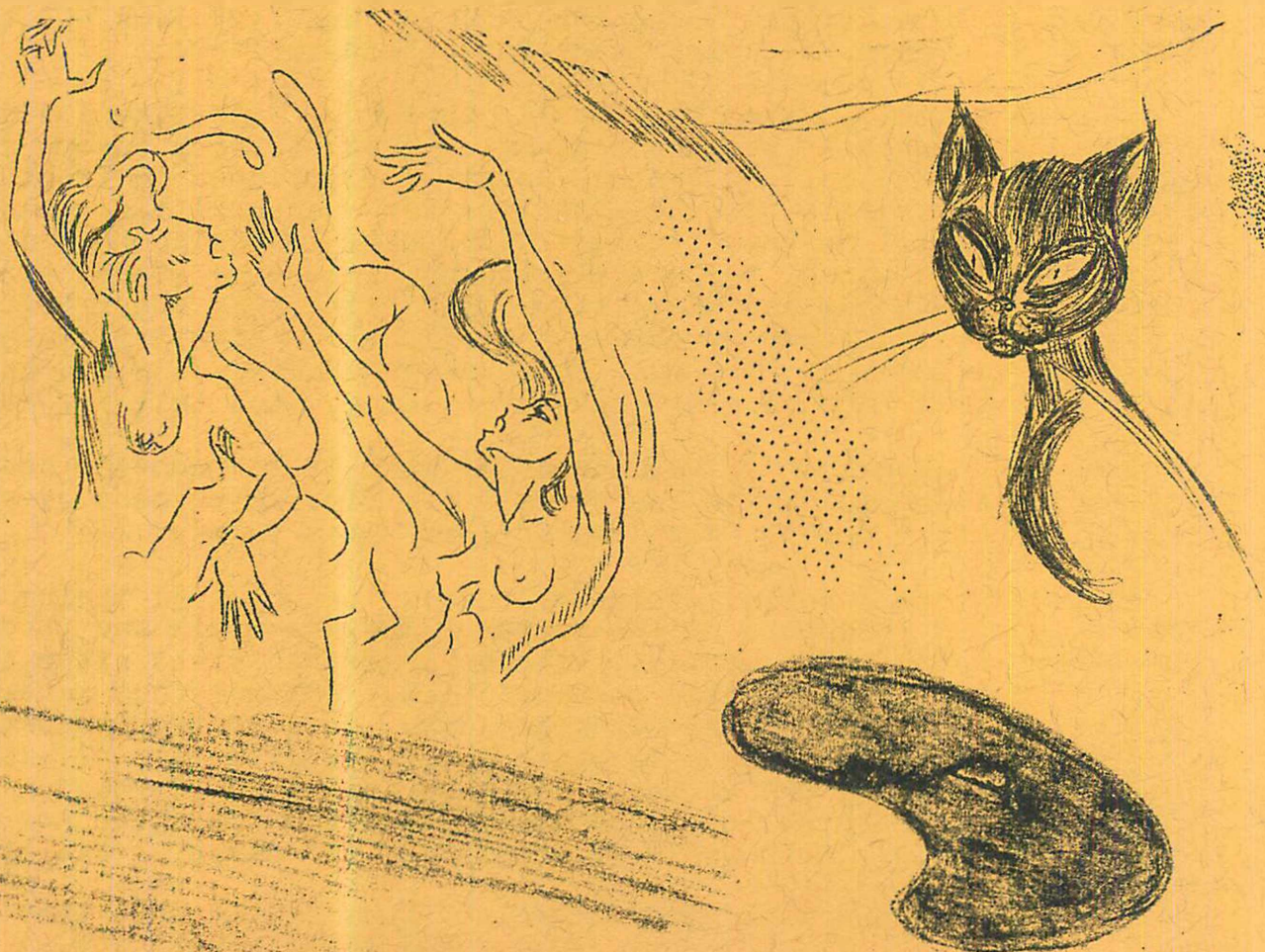
Admirers (and I believe there are some) of our rural living quarters might not be so enchanted at the moment. Indiana is in the throes (with many other states) of a drought, with no relief in sight after eight weeks, to date, of negligible precipitation. Out here our water is supplied by well -- which is slowly going dry. Some of the deepest wells are supposed to be down to a two-week's supply. You city slickers may have polluted water, but at least you have it. Even if you don't want to drink it, you can at least use it to flush the toilet. We may have to move to Silver Lake with its more primitive, but durable, facilities until it rains.

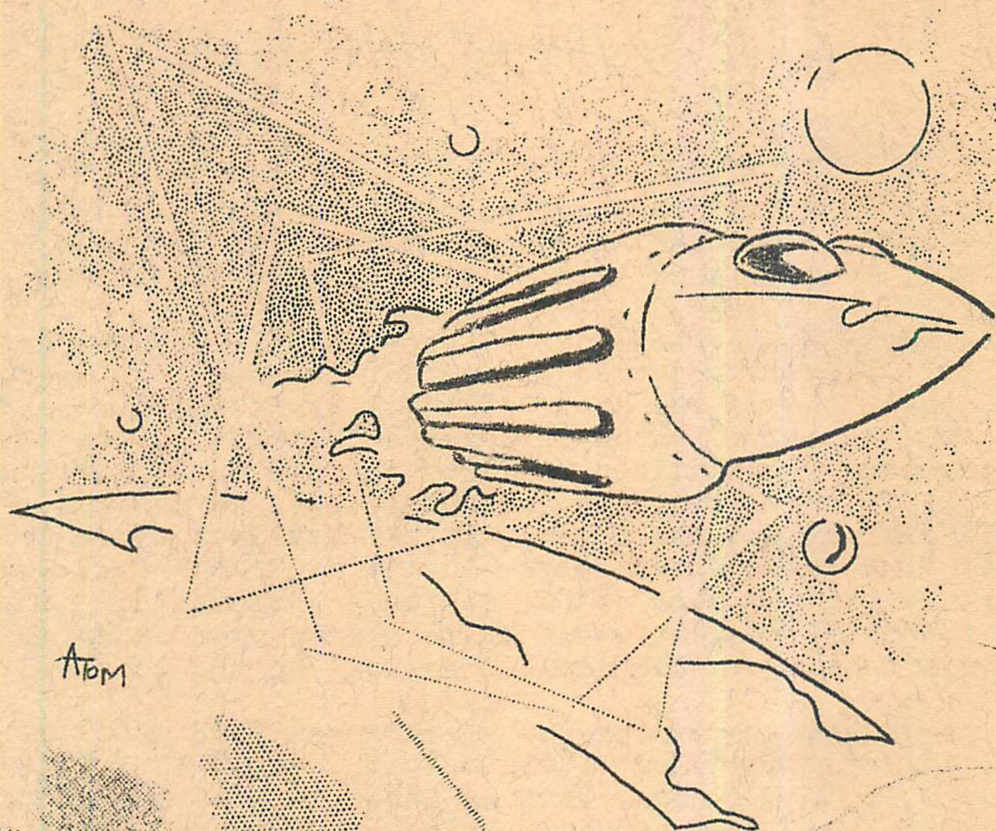
They keep saying it's going to rain. They say it, but they won't do it. They leave it up to the clouds, and there aren't any.

At the Discon panel, I used my homemade styli box, acquired over the years through trial and error and at a cost of 60¢ to \$1.10 per stylus (and some of these styli must be replaced two or three times a year if you do a lot of stencilling). Now you can get a stylus kit from Project Art Show that'll provide you with enough tracing points to last you quite some time. The kits come from Japan, and they come with removable tips; when a point wears out, you take it out and put in a new one from the refill supply included in the kit -- or in the case of special styli like wheel styli, you may get three different, interchangeable wheels. I say may, because the kits vary; mine includes a little template with stars, hearts, arrows, diamonds and so forth, and Bjo's includes a little sharpening stone. How about that? A mimeographer's grab bag! Surprise, merry Christmas. And it just might make a dandy Christmas gift for a fan friend fanned. But order now....Bjo says to allow six weeks for ordering and delivery; she might have some on hand when the order comes in, but don't hold your breath. \$3.50 from Bjo Trimble (see address on previous page) -- take another look up there at my guesstimates on prices and expected life of American styli and consider that these kits include between 26 and 32 points. I consider it a bargain, and I wish I'd had one when I was just getting started.

And people who were interested in Ted White's description of Gestafaxing and Stenafaxing -- PAS can also get this done for you, \$1.50 per electronic stencil (that's 8½ by 13" of art with ¼" between stuff so you can cut it up and patch it wherever you want it in the copy). Be sure to list your type of duper stencil. Order from Bjo.

This has been another service brought to you courtesy Project Art Show. You fool you, you thought this was YANDRO, didn't you? JWC





Atom



G. Barr



vote for TAFF.... MZB of course!

WAS THE GLORY ROAD MORE OF A DEAD END THAN SUPER HIGHWAY?

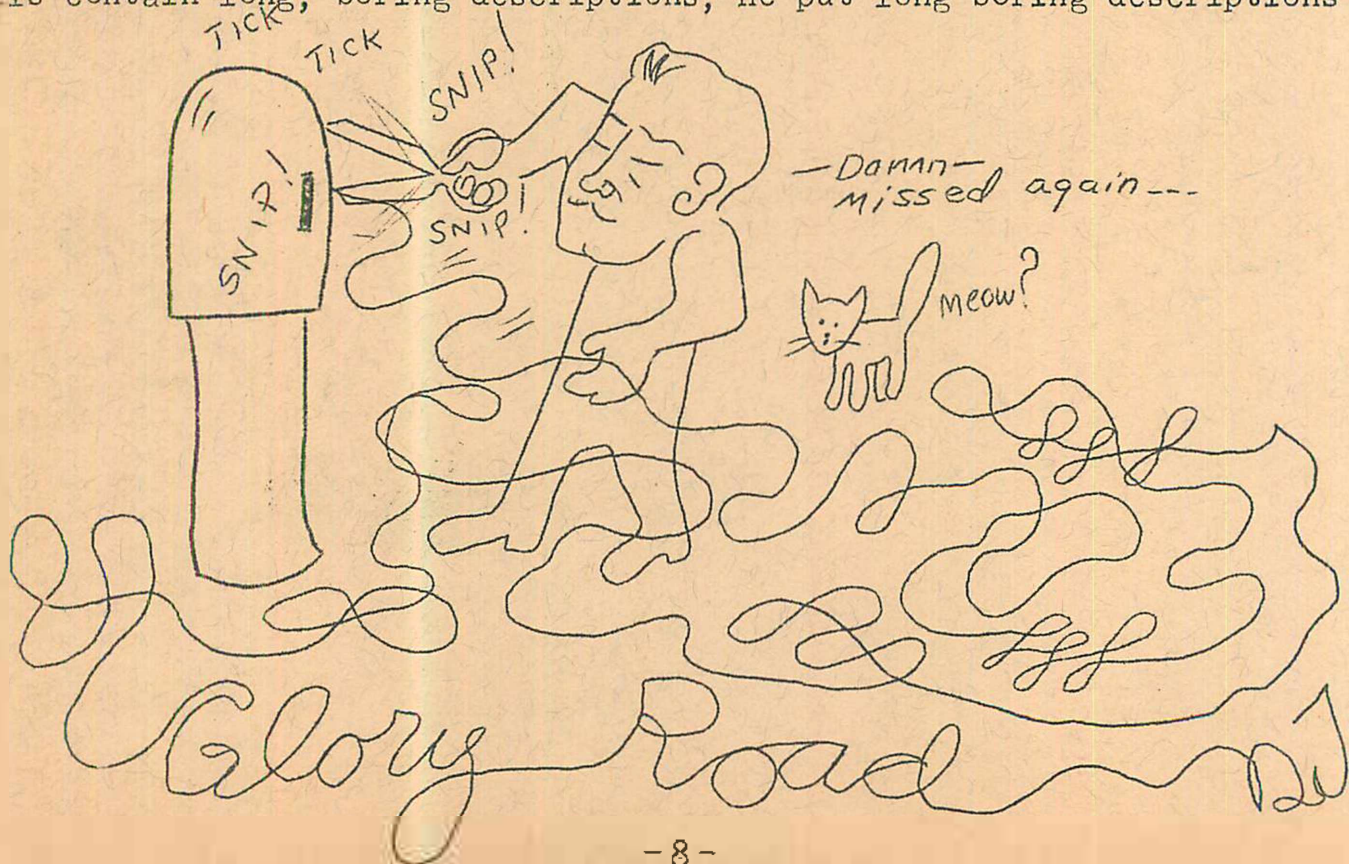
— article by — DAVE JENRETTE

The last page of Heinlein's most recent novel GLORY ROAD as published in F & SF (July-Aug-Sep '63) had the announcement that "an expanded version of this novel will be published this fall by G.P. Putnam's Sons, in a case-bound book priced at \$3.95".

My first reaction was a nose-wrinkling. "Case-bound"? Printed in a box? Was it worth it? Then it occurred to me that perhaps that was the point of the story, the cream of the jest. This is an attempt at a critique, an analysis, of the story. Does it deserve that box or not?

In reading the prologue (that editor Davidson insists on tacking on all F & SF stories) it becomes painfully aware that AD's perception of the story, as stated, is not the one I get. Either Davidson misread or deliberately mislead (the third alternative—that I am wrong—will not be discussed here). Davidson's most sinful sentence: "Social and political points it makes indeed, a-plenty—but it is also a good, rousing adventure story, and a romance in the ancient as well as the modern vein."

I would like to argue that to some vague appearances this story is "a good, rousing adventure story", but it is mainly, and primarily, an anti-adventure story. In other words, it's as thorough a satire as one could hope for (or dread) and, I'm afraid, a bit too thorough. That is, it doesn't hurt, but it makes its point and makes its point and makes its point etc. Robert Ruark once wrote a satire on historical novels called GRENADINE ETCHINGS. To make fun of the fact that historical novels contain long, boring descriptions, he put long boring descriptions



in his book--only he made them twice as long and three times as boring.

GLORY ROAD took up about 200 pages of F & SF. It required 26 of those pages to get the hero on the Glory Road; that is, to depart earth and arrive at his first trans-dimensional destination. Then begins the hero's wandering (accompanied by female and servant) in the quest of the Egg of the Phoenix (a kind of animated WHO'S WHO). After the successful conclusion of the quest there still remain (count them yourself) 59 pages of story in which the hero does very little except expound Heinlein's political and philosophic message to the world.

We all know that Heinlein is a good enough story teller to know that you can't ramble on for 59 pages with no story; therefore he must have done it for a reason. The reason seems to be to reveal what the "and they lived happily ever after" can be like. In other words, when a hero is not out doing in his daily dragon, time hangs heavy. In doing his satire to death, Mr. Heinlein gave this reader the same ennui.

Let's consider some of the other satirical elements. In an adventure fantasy story (see Edgar Rice Burroughs, Otis Adelbert Klein, A. Merritt, etc.) the female lead is chaste and fairly defenseless. Star, Heinlein's heroine, is a million miles from chastity and not planning any detours; she is also not fragile. It turns out, during the end of the adventure, that she is a high thing (Empress of the 20 Universes, no less). As usual, there is a comic relief element: Rufo.

Only Rufo doesn't stay that way: he's too savvy; it turns out that he is even a close relative of the Empress. The hero's character and personality, in spite of Heinlein's relentless exposition of data and such, remains about as vacant as you expect such adventure-type heroes to be.

The book is lacking in the one element that often unites such a tome: a real villain. There are little obstacles to be knocked out of the way ---this is one of those looseknit wandering type things---but there is no baddy; at least there is none onstage.

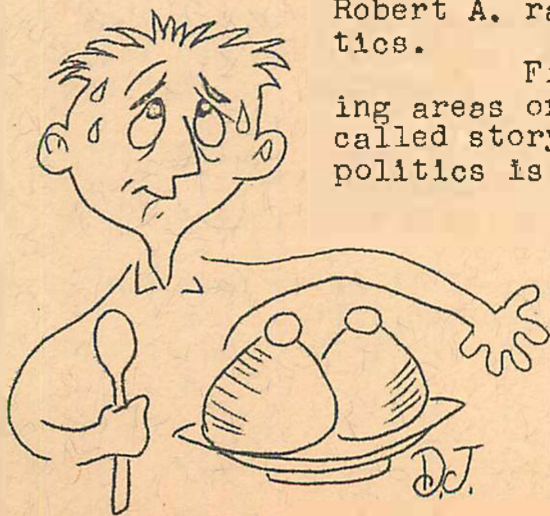
Howabout the philosophy and politics? Heinlein is busy pushing the arch-conservative far-right line. I'm not arguing his "right" to do it, but I resent being given speeches of the sort masquerading as part of a story. A lot of this stuff is in those last 59 pages. It is as though

Robert A. ran out of story before he ran out of politics.

First, I resent the inclusion of great sweeping areas of political bombast in the midst of a so-called story; second, I don't think the quality of the politics is consistent or reasonable. To cases...

Heinlein repeats, more than once, that the best government is the least government. I agree, but modify that with "the least government necessary to protect the rights of all". Heinlein exhibits several planets and civilizations superior to ours and with less governments--unfortunately the systems he advocates don't seem applicable to human beings.

On the "capital" planet, the people



have discovered a method of producing immortality; obviously, if they allowed everyone on the planet to share it, it would result in gross overpopulation; the rule then is that you only get your longevity pills if you're emigrating.

That rule, you see, insures outward flow, colonization, etc. But that system only would work with completely sane, honest people. On earth the politicians would see to it that they were so important that naturally they had to have shots, etc., etc. The point is, and Heinlein himself says it elsewhere, that, with reasonable people, any system of government is good.

Another fault that Heinlein seems to have is that his endings on many of his stories are not satisfactory; he doesn't know when to stop. It is as though he kept banging along on his typer and then decided to stop; sometimes this results in chopped off endings (SIXTH COLUMN) or long drawn out ones (STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND and GLORY ROAD). It seems like Heinlein's stories are like a paper strip coming out of a ticker tape machine. He lets them run and then cuts at intervals. This fault is not apparent in his short stories, however. In GLORY ROAD, when it comes out in expanded form, R.A.H. can easily insert as many separate little episodes into the book as he wishes; if he wanted to shorten the story he could clip off about the first 20 and the last 50 with no visible damage.

My conclusion is that GLORY ROAD is a failure as an effective satire on the adventure story; also, it is a failure as a pure adventure story. It fails as satire because of its stifling length; it fails as adventure because it doesn't follow a reasonable pattern for same. It can't be both and ends up as neither.

Then there is the sexual element. The parts are not necessarily pornographic (that depends partly on you), but they seem to be put in for just a titillating purpose rather than as functional parts of the story. It is almost as though Heinlein were writing them and thinking "There, that oughta suit the publisher's request". Example: "Her breasts -- only her big rib cage could carry such large ones without appearing too much of a good thing. They jutted firmly out and moved only a trifle when she moved, and they were crowned with rosy brown confections that were frankly nipples, womanly and not virginal."

Rosy brown confections, indeed! Pure formula stuff, comparable only to some of the juicier pocket books available these days; comparable to the old spicy pulpzines, the reading of which Bob Madle once described as being "The art of holding your magazine in one hand and your--" you get the idea.

Reading those parts tended to embarrass me; not because they were necessarily embarrassing, but I felt like ol' Heinlein was feeding me a goody to keep me interested (rosy brown confections) and not really writing the best kind of story he could.

How long should a satire be? As a pure satire, a satire should be about as long as a verbally told joke for maximum effect. A novel, with a good story, can have satirical elements, but a satirical novel is not a satire.

Heinlein is always interesting reading--I'll never pass him by--but this story is just too many things and yet too little.

mzb for taff

EXTRA-SPECIAL SUPER-DUPER ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME-OR-SO ANNOUNCEMENT

BARFLY SWINGS IN!

(PRESS AGENT: *dennis lien*)

Yes, Ballandchain Books is proud to announce that we have completed arrangements with Ervin Price Duckworth, Inc., to publish, in order, all ninety-three volumes of that writer's "Barfly" series, in (Wowee, Gang!) "Authorized Editions".

Just to get things started right, we are issuing the first forty-nine titles this month. The rest will be published as soon as our proof-readers, linotype operators, binders, etc., come down from the trees in Central Park (where they have been since midway through the thirty-seventh volume, gibbering idiotically, eating bananas and searching each other for lice).

Buy these books now! Only a limited number of copies (80 or 90 million) will be made available of each title, and they are sure to become collectors' items in the near future. (Collectors' items, yes; readers' items, maybe not.)

Just a few of the fascinating titles now ready:

BARFLY OF THE BABOONS - Tells of the abandonment of the baby Lord Gaystork at the squirrel cage of the Bronx Zoo when his parents are mugged by a roving band of disgruntled New York Mets. The squirrels kick him in the gut and throw him out, but the child is adopted by a frustrated mother baboon in the next cage, and grows up to be the mighty Barfly! Included also is Barfly's romance with the beautiful June, who is living with the sparrows in the bird house.

THE RETURN OF BARFLY - Barfly and June fight their way out of the zoo (past the squirrels), and go uptown, seeking Civilization and what it's all about. They find a copy of Panic Button lying in a Brooklyn garbage can, read through it, run right back to the zoo, and lock themselves in.

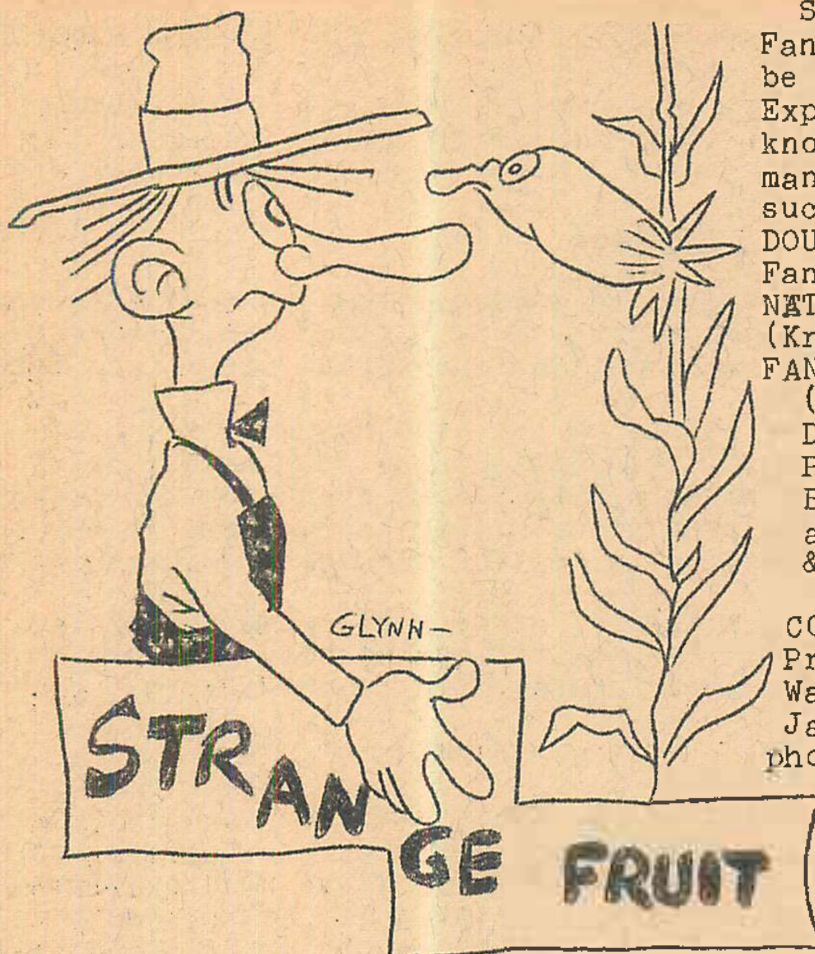
BARFLY AND THE ANT(OR MAYBE TERMITE) MEN - Barfly penetrates the great thorn forest at the back of his cage, to find an entire country of men only six inches high. Barfly retreats, swearing off "Old Jungle Juice" forever.

Other titles include BARFLY THE BILIOUS, BARFLY THE TICKLISH, and BARFLY AND THE LEOTARD MEN (beatniks in the zoo....). Also still available - The John Cartwheel novels, including that great classic, THE WARMONGER OF MARS. Can you afford to pass up bargains like there? Can you? Ah, come on now fellows, be serious, can you really?

Only \$1.50 each. Available wherever books are sold -- drug stores, supermarkets, service stations, taxidermy shops, houses of ill-repute, etc. Maybe even an occasional book store.

Now if you'll excuse me, I think I'll run right down to Central Park and join the others. The editor is reserving a branch for me...

marion --- A FINE AND DANDY --- *bundle for britain*



September seems to be National Fanzine Publishing Month. Or maybe Joe Gibson's Fan Population Explosion is beginning. I don't know when I've encountered so many ~~good~~ literary efforts in such a few weeks. Reviewed for DOUBLE BILL were the Southern Fan Press Alliance mailing, THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN, OUTRE #1 (Kracalik), G² V2#11 (Gibsons), FANTASY FICTION FIELD 15 & 16 (Inman), SKYRACK 57 (Bennett), DETROIT IRON 3 (Schultz), POINTING VECTOR 17 (Boardman), BANE 9 (Ryan), KIPPLE 45 (Paul's) and MENACE OF THE LASFS 74, 75, & 76 (Pelz). It's a mad world.

CONVENTION ANNUAL #2 (Frank R. Prieto, Jr., R.D. #1, Box 255, Warners, New York - \$2 - editor Jay Kay Klein) Containing 263 photos of the Chicon, with accompanying captions, indentifications and comment in a separate section, this is well worth the money if you want to know what fans look like, or want photos of fan

acquaintances. As usual, there are a lot of people not identified. Don Franson promised to send is a list of corrections and additions to the identification, and I have several of my own. The next issue of YANDRO will contain a list of additions from myself, Don (I hope) and anyone else who cares to send any to us. (The lists will of course be forwarded to Klein, who may wish to put out his own addenda page, for the ANNUAL -- he was going to do this for the #1 Annual, but I don't recall if he did or not. I marked in the additions in the spaces left in the original annual, so I didn't keep the correction sheet if it was issued. I have a hazy memory of receiving one, but I'm not positive.) Anyway, there are an awful lot of fans and professionals indentified, even without any additions.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #1 (Box 1568, San Diego, California 92112 - bi-weekly - 10¢ - editors, Robert W. Franson and Dean M. Sandin) This first issue is a nice neat printed format, twocolumn with semi-justified margins, and copyrighted (Why anyone would want to copyright amateur book reviews I wouldn't know). The bi-weekly format is intended to keep them up-to-date with reviews of magazines still on the newsstands. (I can't imagine a fan who would choose sfmags on the basis of reviews in a fanzine, either, but if there are any such this is the ideal mag for them.) There will be reviews of all magazines, possibly all pb books, and all reviews will be keyed to a terribly over-complicated rating system. Quality of the reviews is mediocre. I've read much worse, but these can't be compared to Renfrew Pemberton's old CRY column, and aren't as good as the present reviews in SPECTRUM, though they are more timely. The project seems rather pretentious, but if you're interested in reviews here's a whole fanzine full of them.

Rating.....3

ONCE BEYOND THE TIME (David K. Patrick, Wesleyan U., Box 136, Middle - town, Connecticut - no price listed - one-shot) Dave makes a primary error in not listing price, date, or even his own address anywhere in the mag. I was lucky enough to notice this when I first glanced at the issue and I saved the envelope; if I'd followed my usual procedure, I wouldn't have enough information on the mag to make it worthwhile to review it. This is devoted to fiction and verse. The quality varies, from some of near-professional caliber (though this isn't as complimentary as it once might have been) down to a couple of items that are bad even by fan standards. In general, though, if you favor amateur fiction you'll probably like this. A wrap-around cover made from a file folder is an interesting idea, though I don't think Dave did quite as much with it as he could have. Rating4

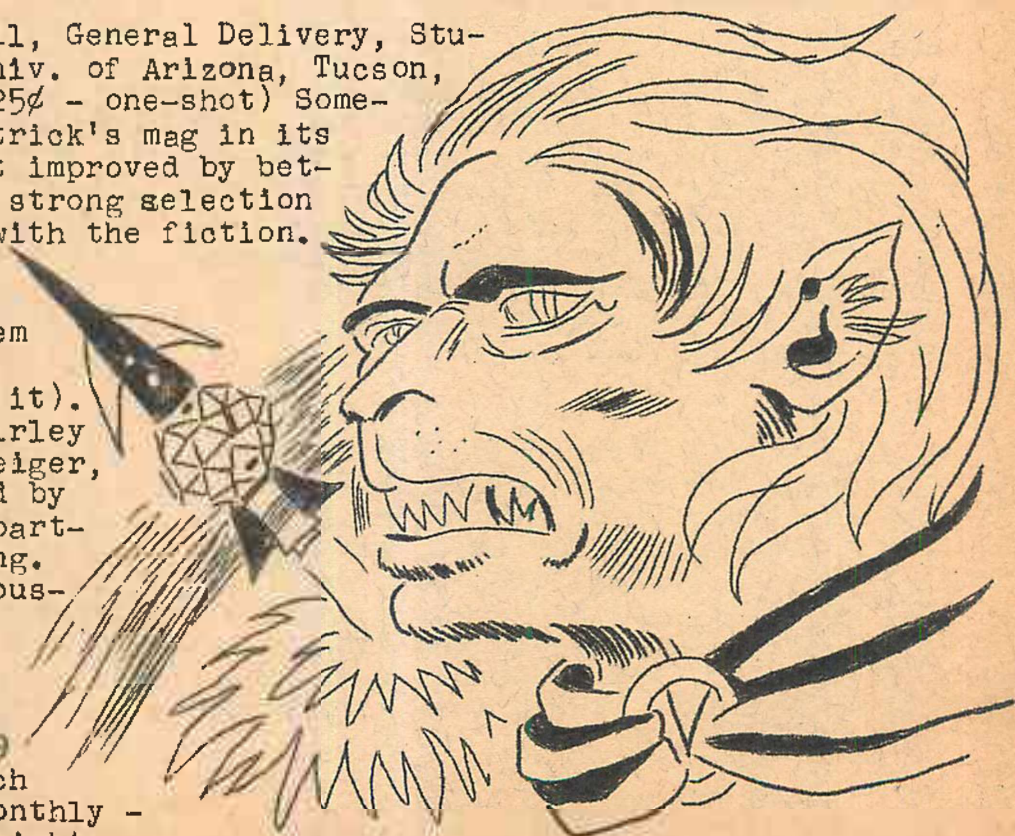
MICKEY #1 (John Kusske, Jr., 522 9th Ave., West, Alexandria, Minnesota - no price or schedule listed) This is a NAPA zine, and editor-written, though he requests outside material for the future issues. A story by David Patrick is the only outside material this time. There is a variety of material; reviews, articles, fiction. Rating2

JARGON #1 (Dave Van Arnem, Apt. 353, 1730 Harrison Ave., Bronx, NY, 10053 - 25¢ - no schedule listed) Despite the 32-page length, this is mostly just to announce that Van Arnem is going to be putting out a fanzine, that he wants material (and has little or no restrictions on length -- after all, if he can put out a 32-page announcement...) and that he's capable of putting material received into a neat, readable format. The only major outside material in this issue is Ted White's "Postmortem" on the last Willis Fund, and while it's fairly long and well-written, it doesn't really say much. However, with XERO dead, I expect that Van Arnem will be able to attract quite a few first-rate contributors for his next issue. Rating4

CHIRON #1 (Dave Keil, General Delivery, Student Union P.O., Univ. of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona - 11375 - 25¢ - one-shot) Somewhat similar to Patrick's mag in its serious intent, but improved by better material and a strong selection of articles to go with the fiction.

(One can sometimes find a means of improving an item by discussing it; never by imitating it). The material on Shirley Jackson by Brad Steiger, and on J.G. Ballard by Mike Moorcock, is particularly interesting. Primarily for serious-type fans. Rating.....7

GALAXY REPORTER. #4 (Dwain Kaiser, 2349 Canehill, Long Beach 15, California - monthly - 15¢) This hit me right



in the old nostalgia; it reminds me of many of the fanzines I used to receive 6 or 7 years ago. (Like, it's bad.) As in the promags, there is an editorial, fiction, an article, book reviews, a "Coming Next Month" column, and a letter column. (All in 12 pages.) Even the letters are bad. The editors do have enthusiasm, and I hope that too many bad reviews don't dampen it, but it takes more than enthusiasm to put out a readable fanzine.

Rating.....1

DOUBLE BILL #6 (Bill Bowers, 3271 Shelhart Rd., Barberton, Ohio, 44203 - quarterly - next issue will be 30¢, 25¢ for the following ones - co-editor, Bill Mallardi) On re-reading, there really doesn't seem to be any outstanding material here, but I enjoyed all of it on first reading. Terry Jeeves' article on space warfare tops the issue. Mike Shupp's article isn't anything extra, but he has a good book review column. Gem Carr has an anti-integration article which does make some good points but unfortunately is as full of factual misinformation as most of Gem's writings. Mike Deckinger's fiction is one of those rare items -- a well-written story in a fanzine. And if you haven't seen enough of my fanzine reviews by the time you finish this, I have more of them in D-B. Good letter column.

Rating.....6

FANTASY NEWS #11, 12, and 13 (Ken Beale, 115 E. Mosholu Pkwy, Bronx 67, NY - weekly - 3 for 25¢ - publisher, William Sykora) I still don't think there's enough news in stf to make a weekly newsletter worthwhile, but I'm outvoted; everybody else thinks the idea is wonderful. Probably you will, too; go ahead and buy a sample and find out.

Rating.....5

DIFFERENTIAL #13 (Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Sta. C, Ottawa 3, Ontario, Canada - monthly - 2¢) Fandom's smallest genzine; an editorial, verse, humor and letters, all in two pages. Again somewhat outvoted, I doubt that two pages is enough to get much of interest said, but at least the price is right. And an amazing variety of people seem to like the mag.

Rating.....4

STEFANTASY #52 (Bill Danner, R.D. 1, Kennerdell, Pa. - irregular - price 60 pesetas) I used to think he was kidding about that price, but a letter from him says he's not. (Incidentally, I just happen to possess a 500-peseta note, if you want to shake him up with a long-term sub....) Another full-color cover courtesy of the Horseless Carriage Club. More contemporary Americana, together with a surprisingly long letter column for STEF. I didn't feel that the contents were quite up to the level of the past few issues, but then even a country this size can't be funny all the time.

Rating.....8

MINAC #4 & 5 (Ted White, 339-49th St., Brooklyn, NY, 11220 - bi-weekly - two 4¢ stamps per copy) #4 is half-size, 3 1/4 pages, and largely done in micro-elite type, which allows an incredible amount of wordage per page. (It isn't recommended for most fans because it takes perfect reproduction to make it readable; Ted has it). #5 is back to a more normal 8 pages of elite, and has a rider in Bill Meyers' EGO. Fan news, comments by the editors on stf and fannish matters, fanzine reviews by Terry Carr in #4, and letters. Very readable, even when I don't agree with the sentiments (which is a good share of the time).

Rating.....7

SAM #9 (Steve Stiles, 1809 Second Ave., New York, NY, 10028 - irregular - free for comment) Well, at least here's somebody in fandom who can get decent reproduction out of a spirit duper. Inside he says

he's thinking about charging 10¢ for the mag, but he doesn't tell us what, if anything, he decided about it. (I keep thinking of this sort of snide comment and I shouldn't, because everyone tells me that Steve Stiles is a very nice fellow and I'm even coming to believe it. But he leaves himself so wide open to baiting; even more so than Seth Johnson does. Like, on the back page he gets somewhat annoyed with me for making cracks about his artwork looking like Dan Adkins'. And we have on hand this letter from Dan, saying he hasn't been getting his copies of YANDRO. Now, my immediate reaction is to print the letter and ask if he's checked with Steve recently; maybe the post office is delivering them to the wrong address. I even told Don Thompson that I was going to do this, and he gave me an odd look and said "Go ahead; throw gasoline on the fire!" However, I got a noble impulse and told Steve about it instead. I'm going to try to Quit Kidding Steve Stiles, but it's going to be difficult. He comes across so serious in print; a serious young man who is Trying Hard To Be One Of The Fannish Boys. I hear that he is not like this, but that's the impression his writing gives.) Anyway, now that I've probably insured myself of not getting any more issues of SAM, I might say that it's a pretty mag, and while I don't consider the material anything extra, it's readable enough (especially after some of the other stuff that I've waded through this month).

Rating.....5

INTROSPECTION #7 (Mike Domina, 11044 South Tripp Ave., Oak Lawn, Ill. 60453 - irregular - 20¢) Mike, you think I'm going to give you a good review when you hand me a copy with a blank page in the middle of Tucker's article, you got another think coming. Of course, he was talking about an old fanzine, but Tucker can sometimes make even that dull subject interesting. Whether he did this time or not, I couldn't say. Anyway, here is someone else who puts out nice-looking dittoed fanzines; this Barr cover is quite striking, as is some of the interior work, particularly that by Steve Stiles. Outstanding item in the issue is a letter from Harlan Ellison, explaining Harlan Ellison. It's great, if unintentional humor. Harlan not only believes in taking everyone including himself seriously, he also believes in allowing his emotions to spew forth like unto the aftermath of an overdose of bad liquor. The results may on occasion produce great fiction; they definitely produce fascinating letters. I hope Ted White reads Mike's editorial paragraph on the Hugos.

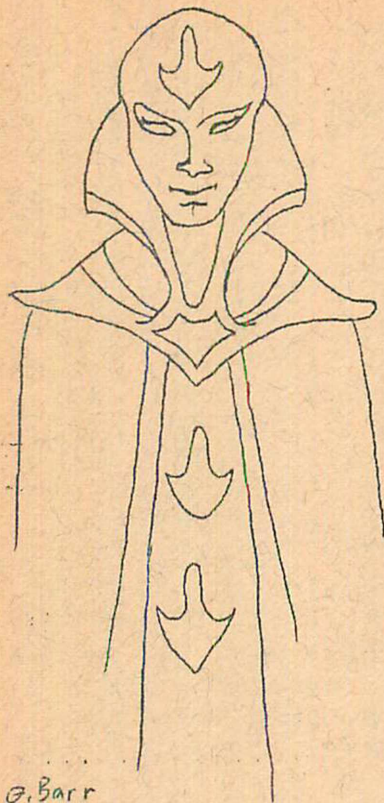
Rating.....5

NORTHLIGHT 15 (Alan Burns) arrived with a back-page commentary which leads me to believe that he wouldn't appreciate a review. So I won't give him one, and good for him.

And STUPEFYING STORIES #68 (Dick Eney) seems to be mostly a Cultzine (I thought that ape had folded by now).

YAHOO #1 (Phil Roberts, 124 - 22North St., Apt. 4, Toledo, Ohio -25¢ - irregular) This is to be a fanzine in the style of THE REALIST or PANIC BUTTON, but it hasn't made it yet. There is the usual problem of eyestraining reproduction, and an even worse problem of trivial material. What I could read of a conversation between the editor and a true-blue Conservative was good, but the remainder of the material was hardly worth preserving in print.

Rating.....2



G. Barr

THE FREE HUMANIST, V5#9 (P.O. Box 4661, Baltimore, Maryland, 21212 - monthly - 25¢ or \$2 a year) I was going to write them a letter of comment about their definition of agnosticism in this issue, but as usual I forgot about it until too late. (They say that an agnostic believes that the nature of God cannot be known but that there is a God; or that this is the "popular" definition. Since this is the first time I've ever heard that particular definition given, I doubt its popularity, and it definitely isn't the dictionary definition. The agnostic stand is that the existence, not just the nature, of God is unprovable and unknowable. Of course, Mrs. Murray is not one to extend any charity towards her opponents; and she seems to feel that anyone who isn't unquestionably for her is an opponent.) I keep wondering why the HUMANIST spends such a large part of its space in vilifying Catholics. Of course, the Catholic Church is the best organized and most formidable, but the majority of attacks on atheism that I've seen have come from Protestants; the most rigid Catholic is quite tolerant in comparison to Protestant fundamentalists. (Maybe there aren't so many fundamentalist sects in Maryland.) SPECIAL INTEREST

LUNA #3 (Franklin M. Dietz, Jr., 1750 Walton Ave., Bronx 53, NY - 15¢ - irregular) Devoted to publication of convention speeches, and a fine idea. Fritz Leiber's talk at the '51 Worldcon didn't come off so well -- I finally gave up and skimmed it -- but the Del Rey-Garrett "debate" from the '62 Lunacon was excellent. I wasn't really much of a debate, but it provides an outstanding outline of the way to write science fiction, and I hope it's read by all the fans with aspirations of professional writing. Rating.....6

THE SCARR #2 (Geo. L. Charters, 3 Lancaster Ave., Bangor, Northern Ireland - no price or schedule listed) Ireland's humorists are off again. (All the jokes, however, can't make George's account of the loss of sight in one eye anything but tragic -- though possibly I'm a bit more sensitive than most people are to eye troubles.) Rating.....6

THE PINK PLATYPUS, THE GREEN GIRAFFE, AND THE POLKA-DOTTED PANDA #4, and PIED TYPE #69 (Tom Armistead, Quarters 3202, Carswell AFB, Ft. Worth, Texas, 76127 - for SAPS and N'APA, respectively) I don't know about your problem in re-reading your old writings, Tom; I'm fascinated by mine, but I suspect this is merely a sign that I'm egotistical. Not too much of interest here for a non-member.

HKLPLD # (Mike McInerney, 81 Ivy Drive, Meriden, Connecticut - irregular - 30¢) What kind of ink you using, Mike? A little greasy stain is slowly spreading out from all the dark spots on the cover. Mike has some good material; a previously unpublished vignette by Clifford Simak is, of course, somewhat superior to the average fanzine fiction. There are speeches on Kuttner, made at an ESFA meeting by Sam Moskowitz, I. Sprague DeCamp, C.M. Kornbluth and Larry Shaw; the main drawback to these being that I've read them before. (I can't recall where; I thought it would be in LUNA, but they aren't there.) There is also what I fervently hope is the last con report about the Chicon, but then

one can't have everything.

Rating6

SCIENCE FICTION CIRCULATING LIBRARY (P.O. Box 1308, So. San Gabriel, California, 91777) This is mostly a catalog of books and magazines available, with brief regulations appended. The deal is, you pay \$3 for a membership -- this is a deposit in case you gaffiate with your selections. Then you pay a specific amount (hardcovers rent at 3 for 50¢) for the privilege of having a certain number of books and mags in your possession for 3 months -- which certainly should be time enough to read and return them. You can select from some 700 paperback books -- possibly more by this time -- approximately 100 hardcovers, or a few hundred magazines, dating from 1950 to the present. (If you want to visualize this, and have been in our house, the SFCL has about half as many books and maybe one-eighth as many magazines as we do. But you can't borrow ours.) As you might guess, I'm not at all interested in making use of the Library, but if you're just starting to read the stuff and don't have a decent public library in your town, this might be as good a way as any to find out what you like in the field. (I assume that any true fan will want to buy at least his favorite stf epics, but I will admit that buying all of them gets a wee bit expensive.)

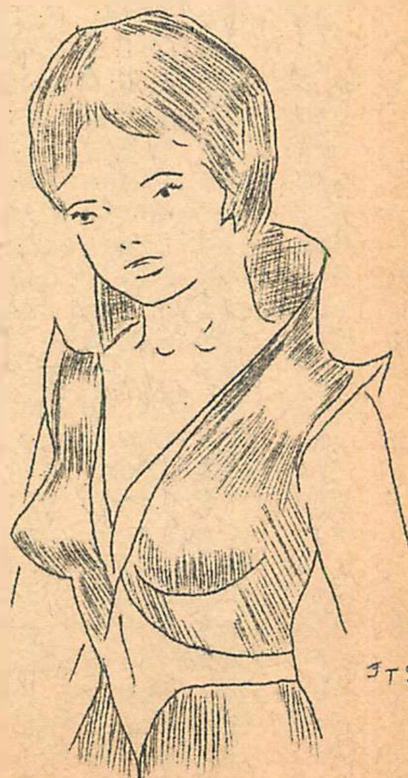
SF ART (Koichi Awatsu, c/o Mr. Ikeda, 53 Kugahara, Ohta-ku, Tokyo, Japan - no price or schedule listed) I'm not sure who is the editor, but we got our copy from Awatsu. This is composed of Japanese fan art, and is quite intriguing. It was produced by "electronic copier", which is a new one us -- it looks somewhat like spirit duplicating, but not quite. Some of the art is pretty crude -- though no worse than in a lot of American fanzines -- but a few items are extremely good. You'll have to ask Awatsu about price, schedule, and other little details. Possibly you'll get translations of the captions for your troubles -- we did.

LOVECRAFT: AN EXPLANATION AND A WARNING

This world has never loved a tortured soul
Except inside some Bedlam-cubbyhole
To visit only when you want to view
Some bastard more unfortunate than you.

- EE Evers

mzb — *milder, much milder*



JTS

AN EXPRESSION OF OPINION BY

katherine maclean

Sometime around August 1st I received in the mail a mimeo copy of Forrest J. Ackerman's eloquent declaration of belief in atheism and freedom of thought. I approved the letter but was confused about what I was supposed to do about it, since there were no covering remarks and no return address inside.

Now, acquiring an old copy of Yandro, the mystery thins a little. R & J Coulson's names I dimly remember from a lost envelope, are ye eds of Yandro, and probably wish a comment. I apologize for the slow reflex time. As a recent ex-pro, I am only a novice fan.

Re Forry's position: I agree wholeheartedly with most of it, only would not say it as emphatically as he says it, because I am chicken. However, put on the spot to agree or disagree with Forry, I line up behind him.

First; I'll agree that no organized religion, or organized church, with the possible exception of the Quaker and maybe some Buddhist monasteries I haven't seen info about, are in practice serving the religious belief they are supposed to serve. Second; that all large organized religions, on the record of history of the behavior of the organization and its members, seem to be acting directly against the beliefs of their founders. (Quakers excepted.) Christianity, founded on "Thou shalt not kill" and "give away all ye have" and "a rich man has the chance of entering heaven a rope has passing through a needle's eye"-- Christianity has rolled up a history of bloodshed and inhumanity, greed and the accumulation of wealth unparalleled by the others.

Third; that the popularly accepted versions of God, and the presently accepted creeds and dogmas of right and wrong, are so ludicrously distorted in order to condone the behavior of those who control and support the church, that, as a six-year old child, I was unable to find any point of belief in these religions which could not be laughed at by that same six-year old child.

Fourth; that on further investigation of the original sayings of the founders of these various religions (giving the most reasonable interpretation to these somewhat foggily reported and translated sayings) I have found considerable beauty, logical consistency and useful philosophical advice about healthy ethical attitudes and emotional attitudes to hold towards ordinary events. But the accompanying theology is non-materialistic and therefore suspect, and the history of belief and believers through the eons throws suspicion on the possibility of human beings ever being correct in any philosophical belief at all. Historical hindsight demonstrates the more intense the belief, the deeper the error. And the more likely the belief is to cause intolerance and murder of "unbelievers".

Fifth; Friends often try to back "~~atheists~~" away from calling themselves by such an unpopular name by pointing out that they might be willing on evidence to admit the existence of some God or guiding spirit or other, and this makes them "Agnostics". Well, there's damn' little evidence except of psi effects. On grounds of evidence I lean toward Jung's Group Subconscious of Man, which fits moderately well with some interpretations of Buddhism. But being interested in evidence for some form of God does not make me agnostic in popular terminology, for the agnostic says "Well maybe yes maybe no" about Christianity. I am not

undecided. I am absolutely convinced that the popular interpretations of "Gods" in every religion are impossible. Some arbitrary power figure who deals this mess, who has to be placated, and who will do you favors or grant you exceptions to his laws if you get down on your knees and grovel and flatter him! Illogical and humiliating, even ludicrous.

I am absolutely convinced of the untruth of the idea most churchgoers hold when they say "God".

But I would not ever pass a law saying that the children of churchgoers would be forced every morning to renounce their gods in the schools. The worst of errors is to use personal belief to attempt to restrict the free thought of others. There are various symbolic ways of expressing the truth of attitudes of love and acceptance towards life. That all men are brothers, or that we are all children of the same Father, are two ways to say to a family ingroup culture that strangers and outsiders can feel pain, and have rights as much as your own kin and kind. The understanding of symbols depends on the backgrounds of the listener. And the meaning of symbols depends on the backgrounds of the user. And a true expression of attitude can be mistaken for an untrue expression of fact. One man's road to truth can be another man's error.

"Judge not that ye be not judged. The kingdom of God is within. In my Father's house are many mansions." said one founder.

"Many roads lead to truth." said another founder.

Possibly this is because people start from many biased starting points and far-out misconceptions. The truth lies East for one and West for another because they are starting from opposite directions.

The religious words are symbols. And the words atheist and agnostic are also symbols. I do not consider most churchgoers to be religious, but knowing the attitude of the American world toward non-churchgoers and non-joiners, I choose to call myself an atheist. I live in a century in which the study of symbols approved the technique of defining a word not by its nearest logical approximate, but strictly by its meaning in usage. Usage is determined by how the majority uses the word. An "atheist" is someone who doesn't go to church and isn't ashamed of it.

To those confused people who incline to confuse atheism (a religious belief) with communism (an economic belief), with dictatorship (a political organization) --

I. In the economic area, I am a dedicated Hamiltonian capitalist, old style, believing that part of the freedom and all of the economic strength of the country is founded on free investment by individuals, free competition, no price fixing, diversification at the initiative of individuals, success and business reward as a result of the choices of the consumers, and a strict and careful enforcement of the laws against monopoly or whatever diminishes competition and consumer choice. Also careful government encouragement of roads and transportation to encourage private investment in areas with good resources.

II. I also believe that our freedom of thought is dependent on diversity of opinion, and encouragement of outlets for same, and a resistance to the natural tendency of the less educated masses to legislate against and attack opinions that differ from the majority. The First Amendment should be enforced.

III. For a political system, I prefer an elective democracy with the maximum of local autonomy and decentralization, a system that was initially called Federalization; that is, the system of keeping local governments, federating them, and passing on to the federate central government only those functions which have to be dealt with nationally,

with the central government staffed by representatives of the individual states.

Right now in popular anti-government Republican talk, "Federalization," and "creeping Federalization" seems to mean centralization. Oh well.

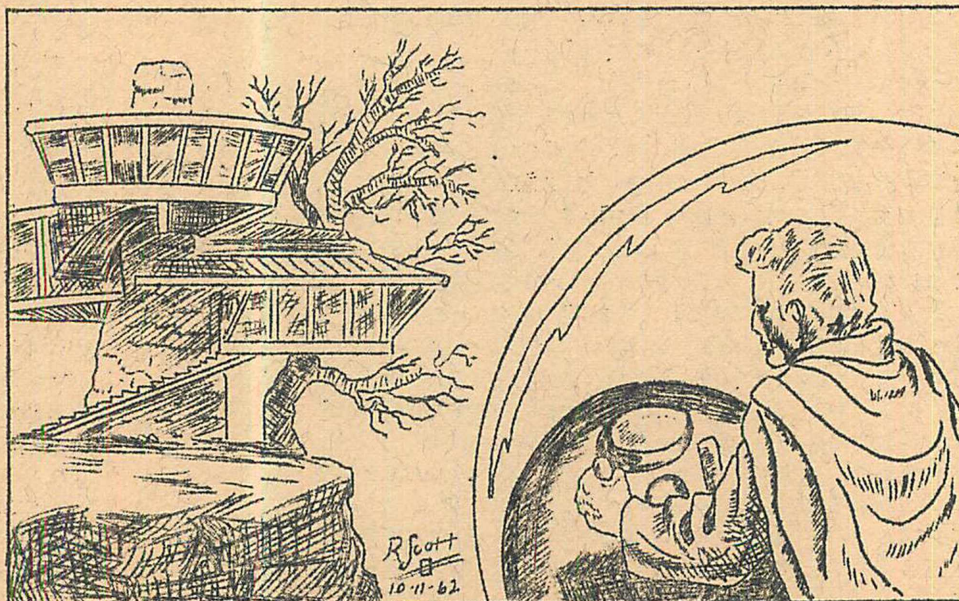
IV. Also, among the reasonable services of a Federal Government, I list social insurance. A social insurance government that protects its clients against the disasters of floods, illness, industrial blight, and other forms of starvation is called a Welfare State. It was invented by the Egyptians or some earlier government, and in its simplest form is just buying up surplus grain during good harvests and distributing it free or at minute prices to the needy -- and keeping a good stock of it in storage to carry the populace through bad years.

For the confused who think communist-welfarestate-atheist is one word the Welfare State is perfectly compatible with any form of religion, including the worship of Baal Murdoch, and any form of government, including monarchy. This is because it has nothing to do with religion, nor political election.

V. The Welfare State is what we have in the United States today, and I approve of it. (That makes me a Conservative, wishing to conserve what is.) It was also a going thing in Bismark's Germany, and the Mayan Empire, and is the going thing in England. If we judge by the early examples, it might have a disadvantage of training the populace to be too peaceable, orderly, and trusting, and unaggressive, especially towards those in authority, because the Germans and Mayans seemed to be inclined to follow trustingly any ridiculous or suicidal orders coming down from the top, and therefore were pushovers for a coup-de-etat by a small force of invading lunatics. It's a good Q for social science research.

VI. In all the things I believe are good, the current state of affairs and current trends favor me. I am pleased with the US the way it is and the way it is going -- except it needs a little more pushing in the direction of freedom of thought, by those who like to honestly say what they believe.

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Rosemary Hickey, 2020 N. Mohawk,
Chicago, Illinois, 60614

A couple of words in a letter you published in this issue provided me with a recall...of when I was very young and the first story about non-urban people introduced me to the need of a well and the search for water and the importance of the reliable water-diviner. That's what they called him in that story and he used a divining rod. It wasn't called a dowsing rod in that story.

At that stage in my infancy, I didn't know about "role-taking" but did appreciate the man's worth and decided it was important to understand and to feel like that socially necessary person. My search of the barren lawn in front of the apartment building in which we lived produced one dry, small branch -- not too evenly forked.

Can't you picture this half-pint walking lopsided making like a water-diviner ought? ...on the lawn, of course, not on the sidewalk...which was quite a courageous act since I had already had my Experiences with the janitor. But nothing happened. No janitor and no wiffle of the twig. Well, the branch was dry. It was dead. It couldn't possibly sense water. So I reached up into an enormous bush (no tress where we lived) and broke off a live branch - with a better fork so I needn't walk lopsided ...and tried again.

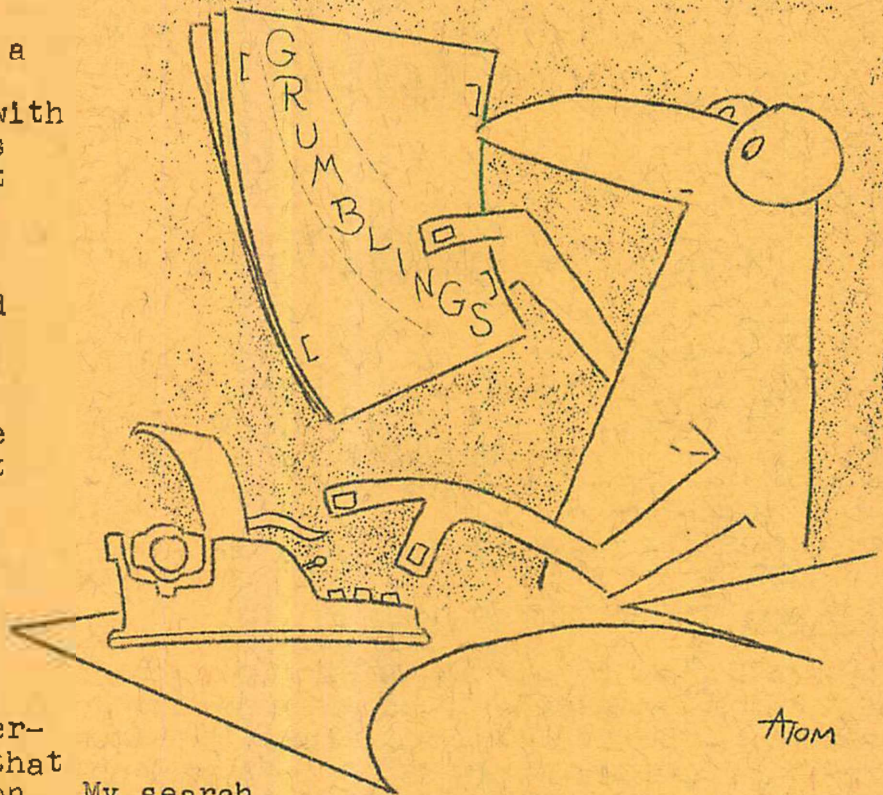
This time there seemed to be a response but then the futility of it all struck home. Who in the city wants or needs a well? And, even if I were a real good, reliable water-diviner like the man in the story, all I would be locating would be water mains and sewers. So I threw the branch away - walked across the street and got into a game of Red Rover - and never thought of that experience again until the words of Sharon Towle "Tell you a lil story about dowsing rods" pulled the whole sequence into front and sharp recall.

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

You just can't imagine the amount of implied egoboo I extracted from your innocent comment that you "accept articles, too; especially if they're funny". I capered in ecstasy for a moment or seventeen then rushed to my buddy, James G. Irvine. "Look at this," I screamed, thrusting the p.c. into his hand. He read it. "Well," he said, "is he asking you to write an article for him or, rather, for his magazine?"

"Not in just so many words," I admitted, "but don't you think there's a sort of hint he might, following some highly bizarre set of circumstances such as all his other contributors dropping dead or something, just conceivably accept a few scribings from me?"

"I think you're reading too much into a perfectly straightforward comment," J.G.I. said. "I suppose you'll be dashing off a twenty-page



opus by return post all the same."

"Heavens, NO," I said, all aghast. "You don't understand. YANDRO is Big-Time. YANDRO is read by all the Top People. In the unlikely event of a single mediocre word sliding by the eagle eye of the Editor and Editress, the writer of the aforementioned mediocre word would be mercilessly dissected by the Best Merciless Dissectors in the Business."

"So..."

"So whatcha going to do?" he asked.

I smirked. "I'm going to write him a humbly apologetic letter pleading lack of time, lack of inspiration, whitlows on me typing finger, anything which can possibly prevent me from writing as much as one leetle word. Y'see, the way I figure it, these wunnerful people have a suspicion I could write something for their zine. Why should I commit the unspeakably vile act of proving them wrong?"

I moved towards the door. "Fandom is tough, buddy-buddy," I said, opening the door. "A guy sticks in his own league, he does O.K. He moves into the Big League before he's ready for it and, BAM, he's dead."

I went out and started to close the door then popped my head back into the room.

"But dead," I said firmly, and left.

E.E. Evers, 118 W 83rd St., NY 24, NY.

To Dave Locke: I know it was pretty fannish of Walt Taylor to challenge you for exclaiming "God" after saying you're an atheist, but defending yourself with "You misprinted it, I really said 'Gad'" - God! I mean do you realize that Gad, quasi-quoting from a book ghost-written for a dead man named Webster, is "a corruption of God, often used as a euphemism"? A euphomism! In other words a usage for those who quake in fear and cringe from violation of propriety at Taking the Name of the Lord in Vain.

Now all this seems pretty pointless and fannish but there's a serious kernel submerged here. English has no proper meaningless interjections. There're plenty of words to express definite, specific emotions: "Ouch", "Hogwash", "Boo", "Yay", etcet but nothing all purpose enough to stick in when you just need a word. And if you think such words aren't necessary, check your own writings and count the times you use God, Hell, damn, obscenities, euphemisms for obscenity, or profanity.

Let's face it, we all use interjections when we don't want to express anystrong emotions. Obscenity and profanity then are too strong for such a use - leave them until you want to shock or offend. Yes - of course there's no reason why they should, but they do, and since most of us need to shock or offend people occasionally, we might as well leave them for that. I don't like euphemisms at all -- they don't have the force of their stronger ancestors. But most people know the derivation, so using euphonisms makes you seem prudish.

So what's left when you want to express slight annoyance or pleasure? There's nothing in the dictionary, but completely made up words come and go. A girl in my high school used a word "grum", with its forms "Grum-my" and "grumly" for adjective and adverb. I don't use it because it's too close to "crumb", "crumby", "crumbily" - euphemisms for vulgar synonym for excrement. (Note - "excrement" is not really a euphemism, it's simply a respectable synonym. A euphemism has to be a form of the original word, a "bad sound" converted to a "good sound") So if anyone has some good interjections without any meaning - a mundane word like "cornflakes", while neutral, just sounds sill) let's hear them.

Listening to a Met game on WABC I gathered another interesting bit for the book I won't write about Mad Ave conmen. (I won't write it be-

cause I couldn't get anyone except Khrushchev to publish it and even he's on a peace kick these days). America's drink of Moderation, in the guise of Rheingold Beer, sponsors the Met broadcasts. (It's lousy, by the way, like all the ratpiss they brew in New York). Every half inning the announcer says, "Now's the time to open up or order up a Reinegold Extra Dry." If you took them literally you would drink eighteen cans in two hours. Sheesh or something. No wonder the Met fans throw eggs, garbage, paper, fireworks, etc on the field. In fact, it's a wonder they don't just come flooding onto the diamond, a huge gurgling liquid. Then there's another beer designed specifically for getting drunk on -- "The one beer to have when you're having more than one." I think it's time we resumed the Big Discussion on commercials and ads in Grumblings -- this is a subject that has everything -- immediate interest, practical implications (like to the pocketbook), Deep Philosophical Overtones, not to mention humor.

Gluing GRUE, YANDRO CREW, to your mag made me think the better of you.

"I've been run over by a steam-roller," stated Tom flatly.

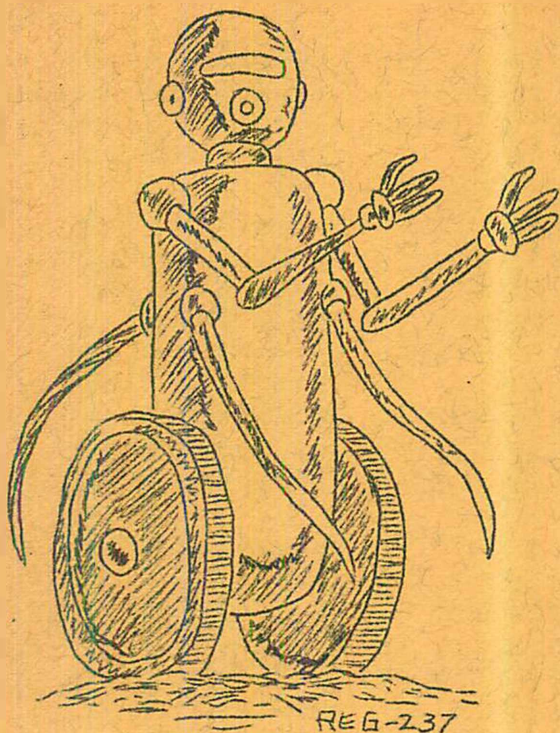
"The climate of this planet is perfect," said the alien good-naturedly.

/There is also the consideration that one man's euphemism is another's meaningless word....some people can find a dirty word hiding no matter how meaningless the symbols strung together. For instance, I tend to use profanity when mildly irritated -- cutting my finger or having some nut run into the car. The profanity is pretty meaningless to me, since I don't believe in a Zeus-type god sitting up on a cloud waiting to throw a thunderbolt everytime someone says God damn it..... I would have just as much sensation of wrong-doing if I simply screamed at such moments, but I'm not the screaming type. I reserve personal cursing for moments of extreme duress -- which means practically never....s.o.b. or bastard for instance. This, in our culture with its emphasis on family and legitimacy, used in a cursing manner (and not in the jolly hilarity of working men who use a deliberately rough vocabulary as the language of trade and proof of virility) is expression of contempt ultimate, the insult to honor. Even though I have no ethical feelings one way or the other about legitimacy -- it's the sentiment and intent combined that counts. JWC/

Mike Deckinger, 14 Salem Court, Metuchen, New Jersey

CATCH 22 is completely unclassifiable when it comes to assigning a rigid classification to it. But it's closer to a war book than anything else, so I think calling it a "war novel" is acceptable. Structurally, its diverse lay-out may not even qualify it as a novel, but once again, it's closer to a novel than anything else I can think of. BATTLE CRY seemed to have been initially conceived for filming before Hollywood bought it.. Uris has all the maudlin stereotypes that the fickle public dotes on crammed into it. His treatment of war is a glorification rather than a condemnation, unlike Mailer's and Trumbo's. Too many of today's modern novels are being written with the Midas-wealth of Hollywood in mind.

The pre-screening gimmick that Earl Kemp describes so lushly has had its counterpart on the East Coast (and I presume still does). About three years ago, the auspices of Arthur Kingsley invited me (and about 100 others) to a preview screening of 20th Century Fox's THE LOST WORLD. The picture itself was an insufferable juvenile treatment that should have remained lost along with the world. The audience was composed largely of fans, to the extent that even Papa Hugo was present, only three seats away from me. Surprisingly enough, the attendees were very



well behaved. I heard no overly-loud snickers, no hasty boos, no muted groans.

On the other hand, an edited program of the early Buck Rogers/Flash Gordon films, shown at a New York theatre specializing in older bills, provided some unmatched moments of delight. Buster Crabbe's heroic lines drew the biggest laughs, though Ming's sneering asides had good response, too. Seeing these pictures again showed me a lot of things I had overlooked during my indiscriminating days when I gobbled overloads of these melodramatics. Ming doesn't look nearly as evil without his hair as he does with. His daughter's vocabulary seems to have been confined to endlessly repeating the sentence: "If the Earthman lives he is mine." And poor, dependable, bleached-blond Flash is often depicted in postures suggesting complete boredom with what is taking place around him. His ennui might have been more meaningful

if Dale hadn't waved her fluttery eyelids at him each time Ming's daughter sidled up to him.

The blurb "The Birds is coming" is not ungrammatical. "The Birds" refers not to the collective noun but the single title of the film. It's no more wrong than saying: The film: "The Birds" is coming. It may not sound right but I'm sure Webster's Collegiate wouldn't go into a fit of apoplexy over it.

Another fairly reputable firm that Ed Wood neglected to mention is Ken Kreuger's of Hamburg, New York. I ordered a carton of old pulps some time ago, and the price quoted was remarkably good.

Adkins may be doing artwork as good as Clod Hall says, but I haven't seen it anywhere. If indeed he is capable of outstanding work I wish he'd go ahead and do it. Most prozine artwork today is just a shade above mediocre. Finlay's return to the field has resulted in two or three good pieces, and a volley of poorly executed drawings that bear just a shade of his talent. If the old masters aren't up to matching their past performances it's time the newcomers were to intrude.

There have been a couple of Ivar Jorgenson novels out in pb. Silverberg did the first one a few years ago for Ace ("Starhaven") and I would assume, judging from the intros, that Paul Fairman has returned to write some of the later ones. I don't know why there's a sudden pall whenever the Jorgenson byline is brought up. Those early stories that Fairman wrote under the name were no worse than most of Ziff-Davis' material, and in many cases were superior. What they've become today is another thing entirely.

[Yes, but when Fairman was writing those early Ivar Jorgenson stories, the average Ziff-Davis material was unreadable. (Say what you want about the sf field going downhill, AMAZING has for the past 3 years published better stories than it ever did before -- and yes, Ed Wood, I've read quite a few of those old issues -- and FANTASTIC has done better than any time since the first six issues.)

R3C/

Dr. Antonio Dupla, P.^o M.^a Agustin, 9, Zaragoza, Spain

12th. - Deckinger this time has hit just in the bull's eye; such re-

views of the trash known as s-f movies are not rare, but he has given the touch necessary to bring forth an excellent article. As it is. Is due to lack of valor that that monster at the end of page 8 has been published without title nor honorable mention of the author? That old friend Gilster, whosoever whose pseudonym be it, has written a very good introduction, but at the end falls flat on his face, a pity. "All Quiet On The Western Front" was the first book by a German to depict, not the merry and glorious war, but lice, hunger, and so on. And, yes, it was bad as a book "Going on", but what a book. Its impact was enough for every militaristic minded country banning it absolutely. But the masterpiece from Remarque is the short prologue to "The Rains Came". Do you know it?

125. - After the fascinating review of v. Vogt, the verse of Clancy can but be retitled "Son of Clane". Only a minor point to DeWeese: collectors buy books and magazines to save and cherish, period. A splendid mood issue for the rest including the Nicean declaration of principles of FJA.

126. - Arrived today and this time I am going to answer fast as lightning (this I think then). What have I been saying for so long? Now in Anderson you were mistaken for a minister; more time to pass and we shall see... Another picnic, the third I read about and each time you say less and less about it. Boardman this time is both fun and good in his pastiche. Congratulations in being congratulable for once. A first rate letter that of Sharon Towle that furthermore can be the source of a new and welcomed polemic; I am for her views.

127. - And now it's true that it arrived today and today is 11 is when this letter is going to be finished. Now you have overmade your punctuality in publishing as Juanita says that 127 is the July issue put out in July but in the contents page it figures as the August issue. Really you must speed down, if not you will pass CRY before 1964 is over.

Well, we are near the last straw speaking about fans. Nothing is so fascinating as to speak about oneself and, accordingly, all type of classifications, opinions and juices have been put out on fandom. But Enid Jacobs has a rare view indeed; individualistic = fan is all right, but fan = misfit = unsure of himself and so individualistic = misfit = unsure of himself is too much for me. It is true that in my country the "togetherness" and "ingroup sense" are not very much valued but to qualify the individualism of which all Spaniards are so proud to the other things is too much ever for a Spanish fan, the only one in 30,000, 000 of them, a rare quality.

This Whiteman, (who is he, Governor Wallace?) has a simple plot but very expertly handled and written. I liked it though its sciencefictional dress was absolutely superfluous. ROY: THE NAKED AND THE DEAD far inferior to BATTLE CRY? All opinions (or near all) deserve respect but the first was a fair study of some characters who in all events acted according to what was told them. In the second was depicted an outfit of supermen, the toughest of the toughest Corps



but when the moment of truth came near and men began to die they wrinkled as every son of neighbour making the thesis of the book - that hard training makes irresistible fighters - absolute nonsense.

A good idea to put GRUE riding with YANDRO. Next time, why not the whole FAPA mailing in order to know it?

/Don't say things like that; you'll be giving FAPA members ideas/

Robert Joseph, 16411 Nicholas Ave., Cleveland 20, Ohio

Enclosed is check for year's sub to YANDRO. What converted me is John Boardman's Opera in Four Acts - Josef Notgudenov. I haven't laughed at anything so much and so hard in years - and I'm not easily amused.

The way he tied together recent history, current personalities, older history and Moussoursky's opera together with digs at political and cultural attitudes make the work a small gem of satire. And, by golly, only in a page and a half.

It deserves a much larger audience. Try selling it to Playboy or High Fidelity.

/I have doubts that our common run of wacky by unsophisticated humor is going to satisfy you, but we can always hope. .
RSC/

Peter Singleton, Ward Two, Whittington Hospital, Near Preston, Lancashire, England.

Your miniature Midwescon report was amusing. Never been to a con at all myself. I don't mix with crowds easily is the main reason. By the way, what's a schnook?? I was once called one six times in a row by the agent (or whatever he was) of an American singer who was doing a one-night stand over here. He got himself all worked up because I was on the stage taking photographs. However, I had obtained permission from the manager of the place and when this important factor was proved (previously unbelievably) the outcome was an even more heated argument between the agent and manager. Afterwards the manager even apologized for the agent's abuse, which did much to stabilise my hurt feelings. In any case, I don't like being called something I don't understand - especially six times (I was too busy counting to say a word myself).

A sudden turning to page ten gave me quite a start when REG's illo leered out at me. It deserves full marks for effectiveness. I also liked George's on page 11 and Tony Glynn (who I don't recall hearing of before) gave me a real laugh on page 14. DEA was good, too (page 17). Passable illos were on pages 6 (the black stripes on the head-dress were too strong and unbalanced the whole effect - otherwise the illo would have had top rating), 16, 24, and 25. All the rest I just didn't like, including the cover. Page 7 was below average Atom - a very rare event and I'm an Atom fan, too - very much so, in fact. It's Atom for Taff sure enough, when the time's ripe!

The more often I see the slogan MZB for TAFF the better - it's just about the best idea since "WAW with the crew in '52"!

So Dennis Lien "embraces" water-witching? I thought I'd heard of 'em all, but this is a new one on me!

MZB for TAFF ----- (specially for singleton)

Having Your Cake And Eating It Too

The above phrase describes the pleasure one derives from having a unique "science fiction" hobby. Many people have large collections of magazines, paper-backs, and regularly published books on science fiction. Even publications of 20 years ago and longer are "available". My collection is much more illusive--tape recordings of science fiction broadcasts.

While all of us have been enjoying the magic of TV, radio dramatic broadcasting has faded away. Just one year ago "Suspense", the last of radio's dramas, left the air and hardly anyone even noticed. Gone is the art form which to my way of thinking was the best way to really enjoy a science fiction story.

Those of you in the 35-and-over age group may have "cut your teeth" on radio's Buck Rogers. Or perhaps your interest in science fiction may have come from the famous broadcast by Orson Welles, "War of the Worlds". (I have this recording in my collection.) For the younger generation, you will remember Captain Video as well as X Minus One and Dimension X on radio. Yes, there is a quality about radio drama that is missing from motion pictures and TV. That quality is your own imagination. Hollywood can spend thousands of dollars creating an illusion of a rocket ship cruising in space, but for me the same effect on radio can be achieved more convincingly by jets of compressed air and my imagination.

Realizing too late that this material might be gone forever, I started 3 years ago trying to preserve what I could find that was still in existence. Thus far I've been able to find approximately 40 hours of science fiction dramas. Still, I'm afraid it is only a drop in the bucket.

Besides the aforementioned "War of the Worlds", I managed to acquire 40 programs from "X Minus One", 8 "Suspense" stories, 2 "Lux Radio Theatre" shows, 12 BBC science fiction dramas, plus other bits and pieces. My prize recordings are those in which John W. Campbell served as narrator. His comments about the stories give them a magic quality.

I would be interested in hearing from any science fiction fan who might have recordings or know where some might exist.

And that's where the title above comes in. You do not have to give up anything -- merely make a copy of what you have on tape. Most people have gladly traded their recordings for some of mine. I might be willing to purchase material if needs be.

If you would like more information on my collection or would like to offer comments on it, please write me or send a 3" voice tape. All inquiries will be answered promptly.

Edward J. Corcoran
7 Brian Rd.
Wapping, Connecticut

GOLDEN MINUTES

book reviews by ----- I.S.C. -----

THE WEIRDSTONE OF BRISINGAMEN, by Alan Garner (Penguin, 4/-) And a little note on the back says, "For copyright reasons this edition is not for sale in the U.S.A.", so you'll have to get your copy the same way I did, from a British dealer. (Mine came from Ken Slater.) This is a Puffin (juvenile) edition; the blurb says "for boys and girls over eight". I guess I qualify as a boy over eight, since I found the book delightful. It reads considerably as though Alan Garner had read some of Tolkien's works and thought "Gee, I can write that stuff". Rather surprisingly, he can. The names -- Durathor, Stromkarl, Earldelving, Gondemar, Cadellin, Fundindelve -- seem almost deliberately imitative of Tolkien, and the cast of dwarves, elves, wizards, trolls and the Lady Goldenhand increase the resemblance, as does the general plot of the story, which involves getting a Magic Stone to the proper party and thus thwarting the lords of Evil. (The hobbits are replaced by human children.) But, while it does suffer somewhat in comparison with Tolkien, it's an excellent story in its own right. Garner has toned down the bloodshed, in deference to his juvenile audience, but there are still plenty of adventures, and the author hasn't completely removed the suspense from his fairy tale, as too many American authors do.

6 X H, by Robert A. Heinlein (Pyramid, 40¢) Heinlein must sell pretty well; Pyramid has reprinted this collection just two years after their original publication. If you don't already have the original edition (or the hardcover, published by Gnome Press as The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag), by all means get this one. Six stories; "The Man Who Travelled in Elephants", "All You Zombies", "They", "Our Fair City", "And He Built a Crooked House..", and "The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag", the last-named taking up a bit over half of the book. Heinlein's strong point was never fantasy, but he could -- and still can -- write it well enough when he wants to. Devotees of pure science fiction should probably avoid it; only three of the stories -- the shorter ones -- could be called science fiction by any stretch of the imagination.

SUPERMIND, by Mark Phillips (Pyramid, 40¢) This is the final book in the trilogy which has probably received more fannish condemnation than anything else written since the Shaver Mystery. It isn't really that bad, either; it just doesn't live up to the artistic pretensions of the average fan. This particular book is the poorest of the lot; the gimmick was wearing thin, and the author has to grab for wilder effects to put it over. However, it does complete the series, and as a collector I'm very happy to see Pyramid put it out. If you have the previous novels (Brain Twister and The Impossibles, both from Pyramid), you should get this one to complete the set. If you don't have the previous books, you should probably get at least one of them and try it before tackling this. You may agree with most fans, that they're abominations on the fair name of stf -- or you may agree with me, that they're sort of fun, in a mediocre way.