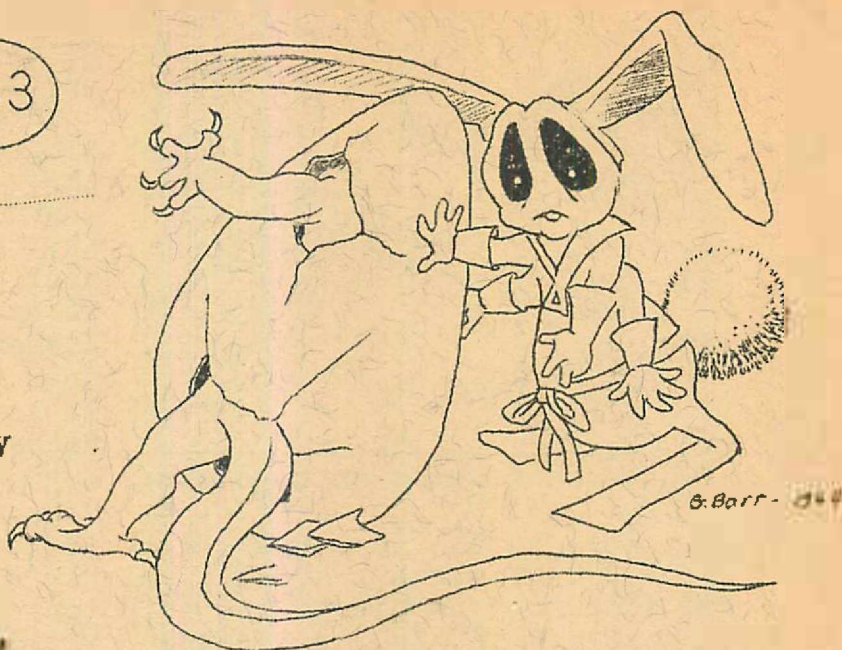


133
KANDRO



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Happiness is enough bookcases

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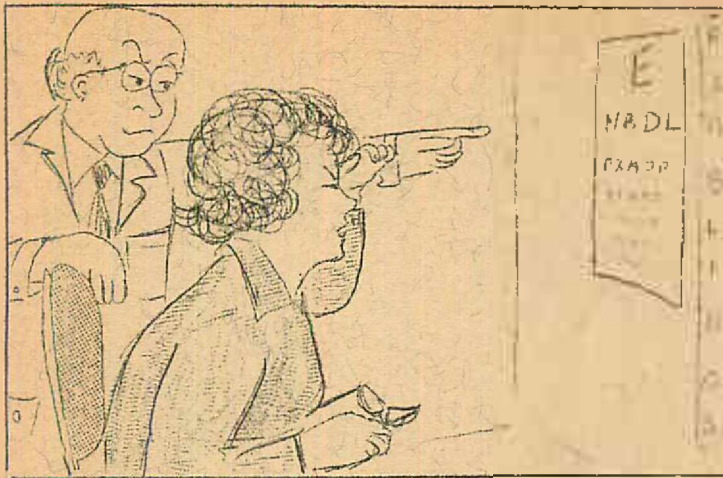
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I'll just have to stumble on some other method to earn undying fame.

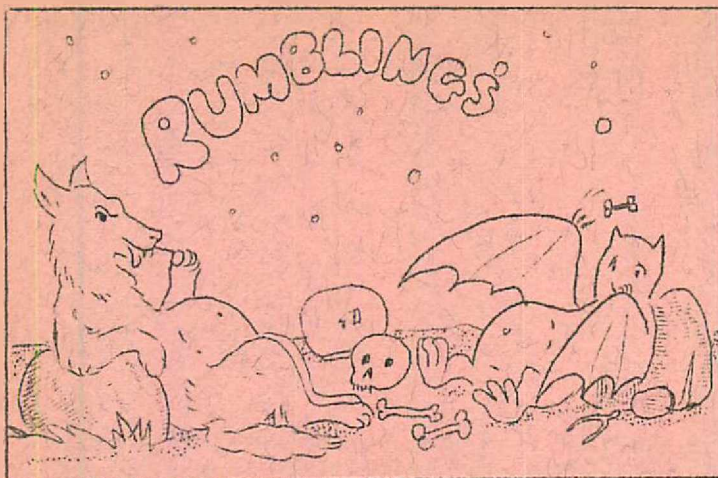
Sometimes I get the idea Bruce watches too many commercials. He brought home two kindergarten style paintings (i.e. - very modernistic) today, and announced he picked the third one to be "hung" at school; this third one was the "white tornado". Stronger than dirt for fast fast fast relief, no doubt. Incidentally, one of the two pictures he brought home he described as "Grennoll's house"; a lot of steps leading up to a perfectly flat plane, and two sort-of figures peering down over the edge. Oh well. The main thing I remember about the Building where I went to the early grades is this endless series of steps that had been oiled to a fine, greasy polish (I'm sure the place was a horrid death trap). I doted on dinosaurs at that age, and Bruce seems to go in for dragons (good heavens! my son, the fantasy fan).

When Don and Maggie Thompson rode with us to DC last August, the back end of the Rambler got pretty full, what with suitcases on suitcases and all the stuff for the artshow too. I sheepishly commented, "This thing rides like a truck." This was particularly noticeable on the Pennsylvania stretch of the turnpike, which apparently had recently carried several bulldozers. Don remarked, "Well, I thought somewhat the same thing, but not looking gift rides in the ankles, and all that..." I'm sure Don and Maggie will feel vindicated to learn the Rambler has two broken rear springs. They knew it all the time, but were too kind to say so.

Gee, you suppose that trip was what did it?

Actually, we're pretty sure what did it, the streets and railroad crossings in Wabash. And let this stand as a warning to sundry fans who might feel like dropping by for a visit. Take it very slowly and cautiously through the town; anyone with a low-clearance car could quite easily rip the guts out of the engine without half trying. It's considered perfectly common to hear people mention breaking a rear axle going over the Wabash cannonball track. (There's one underpass in town; it's in the city park, and the bridge approaching the underpass has been washed-out since last fall).

But of course, all is not lost. If one does break an axle (or a pair of rear springs) on the atrocious local streets, one can always report it to the police. Mrs. Jones of 32a Linlawn reported a five foot deep hole in the street in front of her home. Officers promised to notify the street department. Why do the police get the job of notifying the street department? Because no one else can find it. The suspicion lingers that the police can't find it either. According to their own publicity in this town, they can't find anything else. J.C



Before we get outraged screams from the regular readers, I want to assure everyone that we'll be back to 2-page editorials next issue. This time we are cutting down on the size of the mag, for various reasons. (But mainly because I discovered that due to an error in my checkbook, we have about \$20 less in the bank than I thought we had.)

I generally make no predictions on what will be in the next issue -- mostly because until I rummage thru our files I generally don't know what will be in the next issue. But, thanks

to Terry Carr (Carr, you're a sadist; you know we're trying to hold down circulation), this issue will be going to quite a few new readers. And today we got an installment of Ted White's long-dormant column; this one devoted to tips for would-be professional writers. Since this might well be of interest to a good many people who don't normally get the mag, I'll advertise in advance that this item will be in YANDRO #134. I won't say that this is the best advice to fan-writers that I've ever seen, but it's the best I've seen in a good many years. (I can't say it's the best I've ever seen; I do not recall every article of the sort that I've seen.)

Fandom has developed another juicy scandal, it seems. So far, I've seen Donaho's THE GREAT BREEN BOONDOGGLE and White's MINAC 12. This will undoubtedly not be the end of things. This is a good time to repeat what I said a couple of issues ago -- unless you are well acquainted with the writer, do not under any circumstances take any fan's word for anything (particularly about another fan). We're mildly acquainted with both sides. Breen has been an overnight guest here, and I didn't notice any untoward behaviour. On the other hand, Bill Donaho doesn't strike me as the type who would circulate false rumors just to "get" someone. To date, it comes down to "which side do you believe?" and of the people involved so far, there aren't too many on either side that I'd believe on a stack of bibles. If the original publication had come from anyone but Donaho, I'd probably have dismissed it as another example of West Coast fanec; they're good at things like this. I have more respect for Donaho than I do for most Bay Area fans. However, the whole affair is not really any of my business and I'm going to try to stay out of it. (And I advise you, out there, to do the same.)

Awhile back, I picked up a copy of the Collier pb, The Left Handed Dictionary. It's an amusing book, though not in a class with Eierce's Devil's Dictionary. Chief fault, for me, was the inclusion of large numbers of children's erroneous definitions with the deliberately humorous adult definitions. Intentional and unintentional humor are both enjoyable, but they should not be mixed. There are enough good definitions ("Profiteering -- The fortunes of war". "Liberal -- Anyone whose ideas coincide with yours" -- that's why I'm a conservative; my ideas don't coincide with those of anyone else). It's even worth paying 95¢ for and then rummaging thru the realms of unfunny "humor" to unearth the gems.

I see the National Rifle Association appears to feel that new gun laws are inevitable, and the organization is now trying to influence the type of legislation, rather than trying to block it altogether. Personally, I'm sorry, but I've done all I can, which is write letters. I have no profound objections to the Dodd bill, though I think the section requiring that local police be notified when anyone receives a mail-order gun is as useless a bit of bureaucracy as I've encountered in months. As long as police are not allowed to control gun purchases and/or registration I guess my rights haven't been too badly mangled. But I still don't like it. RSC

A FABLE FOR PROS

fiction by

e e evers

John W. Ghod, Jr. lumbered past two hundred glass cubicles each containing a girl in a beehive hairdo chewing gum and punching IBM cards in the same rhythm. He turned ponderously into the larger glass enclosure at the end of the room and confronted a Crewcut Young Man.

"Good Morning, Mr. Ghod," said the Crewcut Young Man around the pencil he was chewing.

Ghod responded with his customary greeting, "Do you believe in psi?"

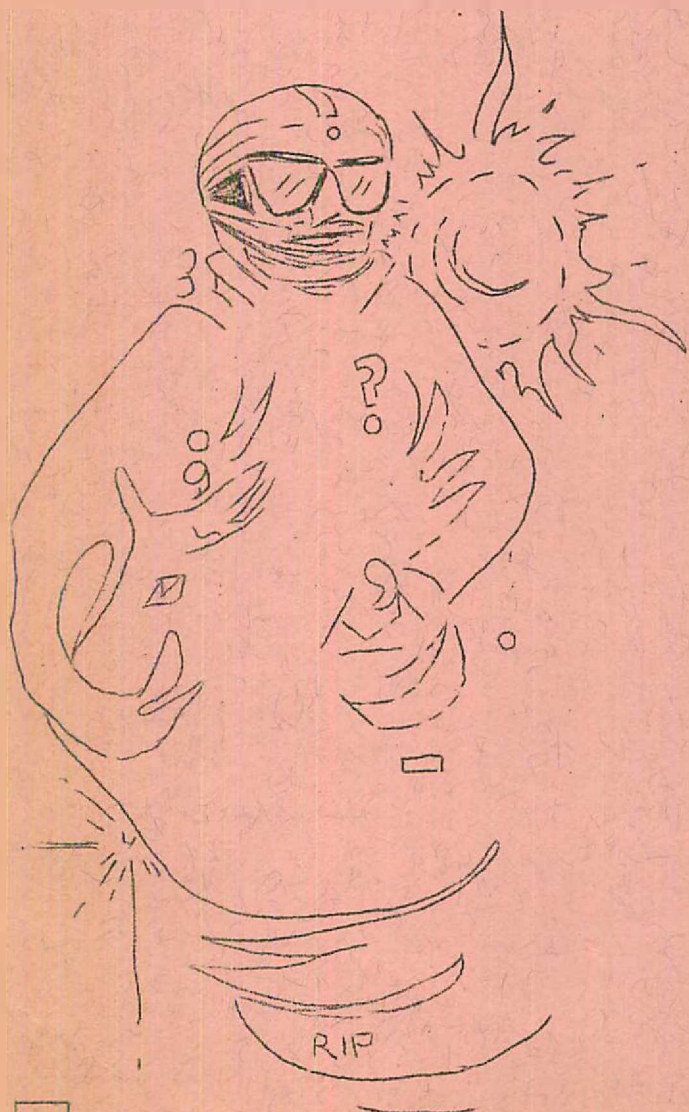
Ghod drew up his shoulders to show the Crewcut Young Man he was really seven feet tall. He stamped each great foot in turn to show the Crewcut Young Man they were firmly planted on the floor. A tile splintered under the heavy blows.

Ghod spoke. "If you don't believe in the law of gravity, why don't you drift over to the window and ride a convection current to the ground? It's only..." he strode to the window and looked down, "about fifty meters."

"Uh...sir..." The Crewcut Young Man tried to break in, failed, sank his teeth deep into the pencil.

"I can prove that psi exists. I am currently conducting a statistical experiment that will prove psi with scientific rigor. A number of subjects have tried to guess a sequence of random numbers, then a computer was programmed to generate a similar list. This will eliminate the usual argument over the statistical evaluation methods employed. The electronic mind of the computer will arrive at the same results as a human mind without psi. The test subjects will, of course, score higher than the computer, thus proving conclusively that psi exists."

"Yes sir, yes sir," the Crewcut Young Man said in a carefully controlled voice, taking the pencil out of his mouth and noting that he had chewed a large hunk out of the side, exposing the graphite



center, "that's how I set up the experiment for you, Mister Ghod. But let me tell you the results."

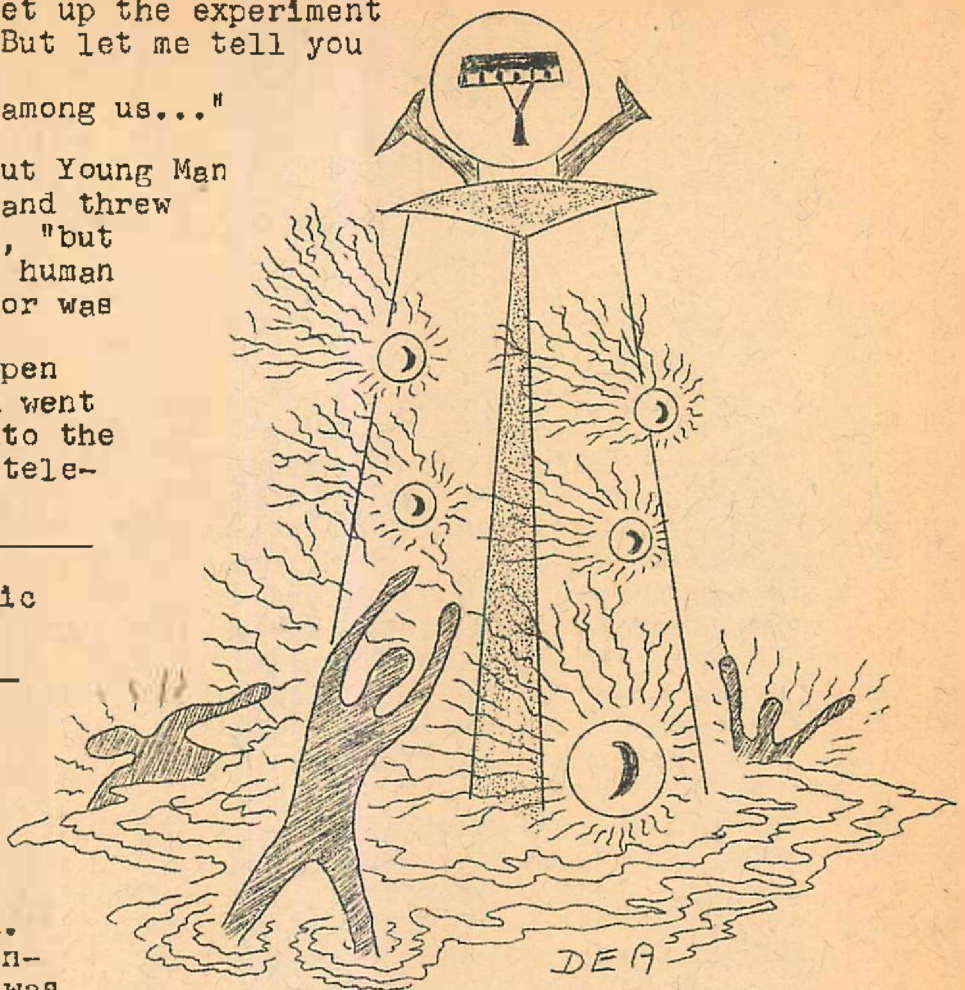
"There are supermen among us..." Ghod went on.

"But sir," the Crewcut Young Man bit his pencil in half and threw the pieces to the floor, "but sir, the number for the human subjects and the computer was exactly the same."

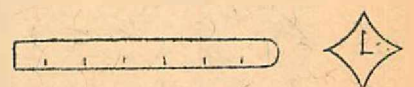
"I knew it would happen sooner or later," Ghod went on, pushing his foot into the floor to the ankle, "a telepathic computer!"

- Happiness is no static
in the mimeo paper -

ADDENDUM: To JWC's remarks in Yan 132 on Charles Erskine Scott Wood's HEAVENLY DISCOURSE. I said I didn't know when the paperback was published. Bob Briney does: "US Penguin paperback (#594) (was published) many years ago. The US Penguin label became Signet sometime in the mid-40's, so the Wood title must have come out in 1945 or earlier. Whoops--according to the Tuck handbook, it was issued in 1946." Now all you need is a time warp.



metal microseconds



THE SCIENCE OF DREAMS, Edwin Diamond, Macfadden, 60¢.

Gene DeWeese tipped us off on this pb, and we're quite happy he did. Ignore the cover blurbs -- they make this sound like dream analysis, or even "Lucky Star Dream Book: or What Number to Play". It's neither. As a matter of fact, it makes a strong companion to the Pyramid "Worlds of Science" book, Pfeiffer's THE HUMAN BRAIN. Starting with historical background and working to psychoanalysis and beyond, Diamond establishes the background for the meat of the book. The last two-thirds of the book discuss what has been researched recently, much of it fascinating. He not only details the discovery of Rapid Eye Movements and EEG waves for dream detection, but goes further forward to the researches by Dement, Wolpert and others, including Lilly (the dolphin research fellow). We have obviously only barely scratched the surface of this field, but this book seems to collect under one cover most of the initial shavings. The science is far more fascinating than the earlier fantasies. Indexed.

Happiness is getting free books for review . . .

EVERYBODY SHOULD WORK FOR A LIVING, WHETHER HE CAN GET A JOB OR NOT

article by ----- LEWIS GRANT -----

While I usually agree with Buck Coulson's ideas, I didn't agree with the rather offhand comment, in Yandro 130, about John Boardman's POINTING VECTOR (a wonderful pun, incidentally), and Boardman's belief in "Providing everyone with a living, whether they earn it or not, and then in wondering why our juvenile delinquency is going up, and the quality of our manufactured goods is going down." (Buck's words)

I won't say that Buck's viewpoint is a good old-fashioned one. In fact, it is a modern viewpoint. It was not typical of either the Ancient or Medieval eras, when suggestions that a free citizen of Athens or Lord Luva duck should "get to work" would not be well received. Work was for slaves and serfs. The modern era, with its Puritan Ethic, was the time for the great belief in hard work, Muscular Christianity, and the White Man's Burden.

However, we are no longer in the Modern Era. It ended with the explosion of the first atomic bomb. We are now in the Post-modern, or Terrene era, and Buck's viewpoint, while still praiseworthy in many respects, doesn't come close to solving problems like juvenile delinquency and the poor quality of manufactured goods.

There are about 192 million people in this country right now. Of these, about 64 million are employed. Or, if you want to put it another way, two-thirds of the population is "unemployed".

Of the 64 million employed persons, I was say that about 16 million are "non-productive". That is, they are entertainers, teachers, social workers, radio and TV personnel, etc. While they would be missed in the long run, the whole bunch could lay off for a month, and American industry would still keep on "producing". This leaves about 48 million "producing" employees, roughly one quarter of the population.

The average "producing" employee works, if you want to call it that, about forty hours a week for fifty weeks a year. We won't deduct for coffee breaks, three or four-week vacations, holidays, sickness, strikes, and phoning the bookie, because some of this will be compensated for by overtime and moonlighting. Forty hours for fifty weeks adds up to 2,000 hours a year, or about 23% of the time in one man-year.

Roughly speaking, then, we produce all we need, and a lot of junk we don't need, in about six percent of the total "man-hours" of the United States. Nevertheless, as any science fiction fan knows, or should, we are at the bare beginnings of the automation era. Actually, what most people think of as automation, giant machines that go "bam, zilch" and shoot out bra cups by the ton, is still rather rare. Most of the improvement in efficiency has been slight but steady change in machines that are still much like they were in 1900. The machines may be a little faster, a little more reliable, a little more accurate, and easier to run, but basically they are the same machines.

Notice, however, a plant on the second or third shift. A blaze of light, isn't it? In 1900 many plants didn't run second or third shifts

simply because the workers couldn't see what they were doing. Production went way down and rejects went way up, or a machinist was apt to slip on a bit of cutting oil, and wind up in the hospital where he spent several months. (No antibiotics, remember.) Or he got boils from the cutting oil. Nowadays the oil gets antibiotics too. If he wanted to mark a blueprint, he whipped out his trusty knife to sharpen a pencil and, oops, wound up in the hospital again with blood poisoning. (No antibiotics, as we said.)

Besides improved lighting and better machines, there are a number of other differences between the plant of 1900 and the plant of 1964. There are a lot of shipping clerks missing due to forklifts, palletizing, door-to-door delivery via truck, etc. In the office, they are chopping away at the production workers needed with critical path scheduling, computer inventory handling, statistical quality control, and a bunch of other techniques never heard of in 1900. It's not "automation", but a few such techniques get rid of a lot of men, and there are several thousand ideas not known in 1900, with a lot more to come.

The next stage of true automation, however, is on its way. There are plenty of next year's industrial miracles already in the labs, pilot plants, or installed in one or two factories. Moreover, there is nothing to tell us that the deluge of new developments is going to stop or slow down. The experts predict that it will speed up for quite a while.

Yet, at the same time, modern medical miracles and safety engineering have kept millions of persons alive to add to the population and the work force, while cutting down on the numbers of replacements needed for dead, injured or sick, or prematurely retired workers. Antibiotics have returned thousands of trained, experienced workers to the production lines in a few days or weeks, whereas in 1900, they would have been off for months, perhaps permanently, while their replacements worked at half speed for many months. Thousands of workers have survived to produce their own children, instead of being killed or crippled as so many boys and young men were in 1900.

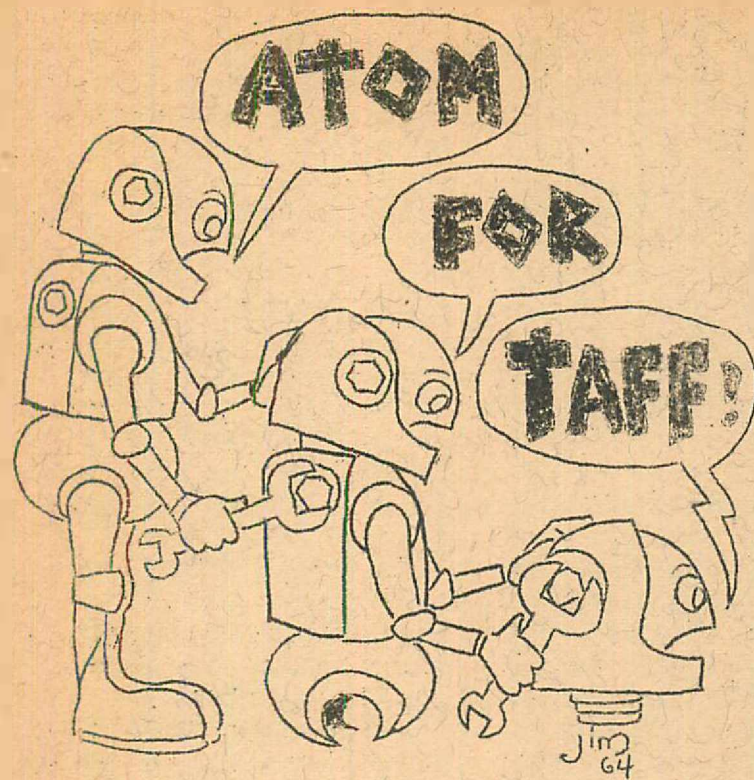
The result is, of course, that we don't have the work to go around even now, and the situation is going to get more critical with each passing month. The problems of automation are going to be the critical problems of the United States in a few years. I suspect that in a few years we are going to have to do something drastic to maintain the snickered-at figure of "sixty million jobs".

This trend is going to be especially hard on the 91 million people below the median American intelligence - the dumb half. There is going to be a shortage of persons with an IQ of 130 and above for quite a while. However, there is a certain IQ needed to hold the average job, and that IQ is going to rise rapidly.

Of course, we can always look at this problem from the "modern" viewpoint: that if a man can't get some sort of job, let him suffer the consequences. However, without mentioning the ethical questions involved in this attitude, there are practical problems involved by the megabunch.

One problem is lack of consumers. As Walter Reuther expressed it so succinctly, robots don't buy cars. Who is going to buy the enormous production that can be turned out by one man and a pushbutton? Our whole economic system has been based on a "quid pro quo" idea, the feeling that the man-hours I put into something will be exchanged for the man-hours you put into something else. This equation no longer holds when one man has harnessed the atom to do his work, and the other has no work to do.

Another problem is plain old-fashioned violence. Lydditism has not appeared in the US as yet, mainly because the average unemployed type has never heard the word. However, while one man or so might quietly



starve to death, ten or twenty million won't be so quiet. There are indications that, in the next decade, ten or twenty million persons will be looking for work, and not finding it. These people will have votes, and they will also have guns. As we have been retaught in the recent past, violence is an old American way of trying to handle a lot of problems, and 15% worth of bullets can do plenty of damage. I note the American Nazis expect to make their move in 1972, which sounds about right.

Aggravating the whole problem is the population explosion. One of the facts of life is that unemployed men don't have much money to spend on entertainment. However, there is one form of entertainment that is available to most married men, and a lot of unmarried ones, and "cheap". (Fly now,

pay nine months later.) Millions of American women are producing children that will never have a decent education, and will not be employable when they reach 20, in 1984. Just what are they going to do in 1984?

One of the first solutions we should try then, is a massive campaign for birth control, stressing quality instead of quantity in children. One child who goes through college will do far more for parents than six or eight who are unemployable.

For the first thing, I suggest that the government set up free birth control clinics, and provide free pills and other paraphernalia. And, until it does, I suggest that those opposing be subject to a continuous barrage of questions about their reasons and their solutions to the coming problems. I also suggest that the income tax be modified to provide a 10% personal exemption, or \$600, whichever is larger, plus a 10% exemption for the first child, and a 10% exemption for the second. Persons who have certain hereditary diseases, likely to show up in the children, should be given free medical care on condition they are sterilized. Sterilization should be performed free for anyone else who wants it.

Second, I am in favor of "legalized gambling". I put the words in quotes because I am in favor of only a certain limited kind of legalized gambling. I propose that the various governments set up gambling parlors all over the nation, equipped with the latest in fancy slot machines. These machines will pay off 101%, over a rather long period of time. What this means is that the longer our surplus citizenry sits at the machines, the more they will come out with, in contrast to the present slot machines. The main problems of the present schemes for legalized gambling, such as handbooks and lotteries, is that the poor and stupid can lose the lunch money awfully fast, while when they win, they look at their winnings as windfalls bestowed by fate, instead of replacements for the children's milk money. What we need is a scheme to keep the poor and stupid from losing their money, but, at the same time, using up gobs of their extra time.

Finally, we need some sort of program of "work for everybody". I am of the opinion that everyone should work for a living, whether he can get a job or not, and I believe that the need for work is an important part of man's psychological makeup. I think that one of the main reasons for juvenile delinquency and poor quality production is the number of things that can be gotten with very little work, or in the case of juveniles, with no work whatsoever. However, we must realize that one just can't get work today because he wants it, strange as it seems. I think that the government should be in the position of providing work for everyone, instead of a dole. It may be makework, but it should be something to fill the time instead of "bread and circuses".

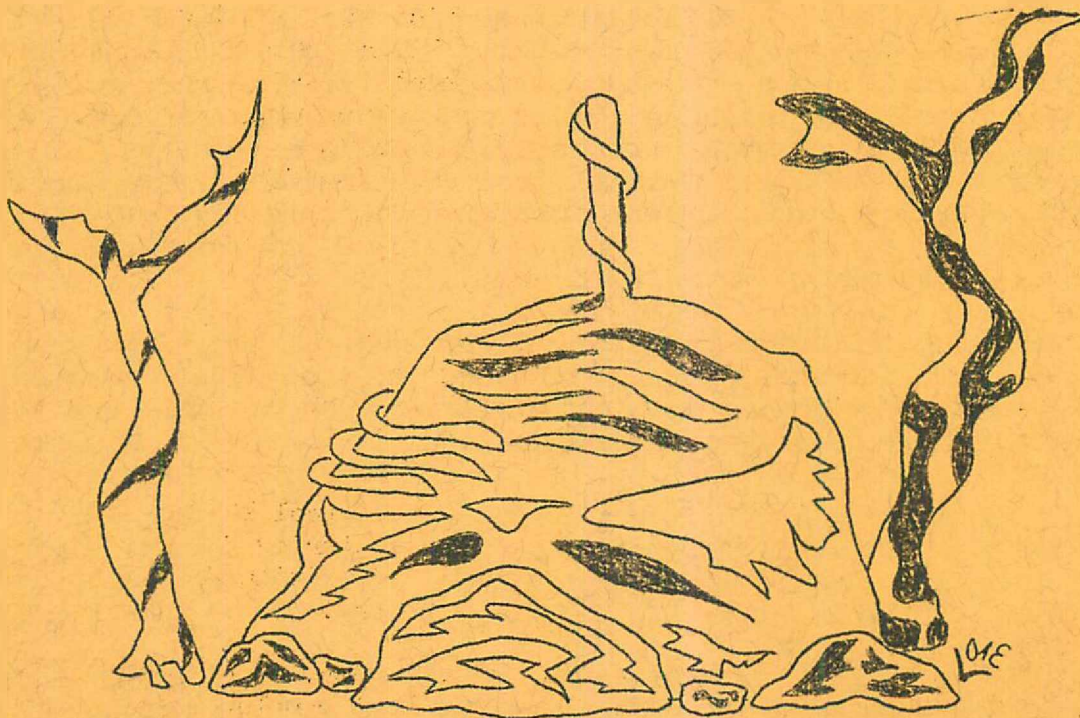
Happiness is a mint set of UNKNOWN

last stand ----- sharon towle -----

Here you will find your quarry, here,
Hid behind Lugo's sudden door;
Hiding behind that sumptuous door
Under a tray of water lilies.

Fishes splash in the wet, green dark---
Deep in the heart that sparkless spark---
Lugo goes to the wet, green dark
Under a tray of water lilies

Here you will find your quarry, here!
Deep in your heart the sword and spear.
Deep in my heart the starless fear
Under a tray of water lilies.



STRANGE FRUIT



Noted but not reviewed: TIGHTBEAM (N3F), SPINNING WHEELS (Nat'l Paraplegic Foundation), "FANAC 100" (I don't know who sent it and I don't really care), SPELEOBEM (SAPS). Thanks to Joe Pilati, we've received a couple of folkmusic fanzines recently; I don't know what their editors are going to think of YANDRO (and I don't really care) but some of our folk-oriented subscribers might be interested in them.

FOLK REVIEW #1 (13 Kensington Road, Douglas, Isle of Man, Great Britain - 1/- - no schedule listed - editors, John Kaneen & David Callister) No U.S. price listed, either; try 15¢. As this is largely a review of British records and programs, it doesn't have much pertinent information for US folkniks, but I found it interesting. I can't even tell whether or not I agree with the reviewers, however, since I had heard only two of the records reviewed.

SONGMAKERS' ALMANAC, V.2#10-12 (Songmakers, P.O. Box 2188, Santa Monica, California) This is a rather odd little item which lists neither price nor schedule, tho a "membership" is \$2.00 a year. The unstapled pages seem to feature mostly news, with a few book reviews. Emphasis is on California items -- what folksinger is entertaining where -- but some material of national interest is included.

AAR VARK, Winter '62, Fall '63 (Aardvark Publications, 740 No. Rush, Chicago 11, Illinois - quarterly - 6 for \$1.80, 35¢ each) The editor sent me these back issues, so I might as well mention them. The earlier one features a "folk music report" which is about as funny as Allan Sherman's record (that is to say, not very). One item which is funny is an account of one of the editors driving up to the Summerdale police station, leaning out of the car and inquiring "Any television sets for sale?" One of the things that I Wish I'd Said (even if he did spend a night in jail for it). The humor is strictly collegiate-type; one of the rare examples of the type which is funny even in spots.

PANIC BUTTON #15 (Les Nirenberg, 1217 Weston Road, Toronto, Ont., Canada - bi-monthly - 50¢ each, \$3 a year) Les has finally taken the last step, with a newsstand-display-type cover. PB is no longer a fanzine; it is a "little magazine" of social protest, found on the better news stands and the cheaper coffee-houses. A good bit of it is satire, and reminds me of someone's comment on Heinlein's latest epic; "If he's doing satire, does it have to be such damned dull satire?" Even the dirty limericks are dull, which I suppose is a feat of sorts. There is a news article by Jerry DeMuth which is very well written, but seems to have been published solely to bolster up Canadian self-confidence by proving that Canada really does have influence in world affairs. So there, too! Is the Canadian inferiority complex really that deep? There's a good article on "The Yankee Anarchists" for those who haven't already read all the information in AMERICAN HERITAGE or elsewhere, there are pro and con reviews of the movie "8 1/2" for anyone interested, and there is a letter column which is the best thing in the magazine.

MENACE OF THE LASFS #83,84,85 (Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif, 90024 - bi-weekly - 10¢) California fandom is still rolling along. Rubber tips for chairs is mentioned; I think Ann Chamberlain sells those, doesn't she? The club members are still having a great time at meetings and still making me happy that I live in Indiana.

SKYRACK #62 (Ron Bennett, 17 Newcastle Road, Wavertree, Liverpool 15, England - monthly - 6 for 35¢, or 6 for 70¢ via airmail) England's news mag, featuring fan news, professional news, fanzine reviews, and a series of short biographies of British fans. Well worthwhile if you're interested in British science fiction and/or fandom. Rating...6

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #411 (James V. Taurasi, Sr., 119-46 27th. Ave., College Point, New York, 11354 - irregular - 15¢ each, \$1.80 per year) The most complete journal of US professional news. However one may deplore the writing style or the inclusion of trivia, the

fact remains that this is the best place to get all the professional news. I often wish there was a better one, but there isn't. Rating...5

MINAC #11 (Ted White, 339 49th St, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11220 - "frequently" - three 4¢ stamps or 1 unused 4-hole legal length stencil per issue - co-editor, Les Gerber) This time MINAC comes out by itself, without all the riders of sophomore sophistication which usually accompany it. Ted more or less apologizes for the lack; personally I wish he'd "lose" those extras more often. Makes for less trash to dispose of. By itself, MINAC is a reasonably good news-trivia-and-commentary mag. Rating...6

POINT OF VIEW #2, BEYOND #3 (He changed the title between issues - Charles Platt, 8 Solershott West, Letchworth, Herts., England - monthly? - 9d each - send 15¢ to cover the extra postage to the U.S.) BEYOND is defiantly devoted to fan fiction; these two issues include 7 stories and one editorial defense of the genre. There are a good many US fans who claim to like this sort of thing; I trust that they will support it when it appears. There are also a few articles and reviews, but they aren't exceptional in either quantity or quality. The quality of the fiction? Well, the "prizewinning" story in #2 was an elaborate -- and quite serious -- treatment of the ancient "I'm the viper; where's the windows?" joke. I used to think it was real funny when I was 9 years old. Some of the material in #3 is better, though; we can hope for steady improvement. Rating...3

SCOTTISHE #34 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England - quarterly - 50¢ per year - USAgent, Bob Lichtman, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. 90056) SCOT is a rather small magazine, but what's there is generally good. I'm not generally very charmed by the Willis column, but that's because I have very little interest in fan history -- particularly the history embodied in someone else's letter file. This issue also contains material by Brian Varley, Ethel herself, and numerous letter-writers. As usual, Ethel and Brian are in top form. Letter-writers range from Brian Aldiss writing poems to John Baxter (sometimes I wonder about these British fans) to Ian Peters attacking American customs from information apparently gleaned from British Sunday supplements. (He sounds like an uninformed British version of John Boardman, except that John usually has facts to back up his assertions, however much he extrapolates from them.) Rating..8

Al Borse just walked in and told me that he heard an announcement on a news broadcast that a 10-year-old girl had given birth to a baby in a Chicago hospital. He said the program was sponsored by the Junior Achievement Foundation.

SCARR #3 (George L. Charters, 3 Lancaster Ave., Bangor, Northern Ireland - no price or schedule listed) Aren't there any serious Irishmen? (Aside from the I.R.A., of course) It seems that every new fanzine from Ireland, and every Irish fan, is a humorist. Not that this is bad; indeed, I'm all for it. But it seems a bit odd. John Berry, Bob Shaw, and Ian McAulay all write for this issue, but none quite equal the quotes George has lifted from the works of Amanda McKittrick Ros, who seems to have been an Irish forerunner of our own Peaches Watkins. I'm particularly taken by what George claimed is the beginning of an intentionally serious ode to Westminster Abbey: "Holy Moses, have a look -- Flesh decayed in every nook." Not even Peaches Watkins' tribute to Edward VIII surpasses that. Rating...7

WARLOCK #3 (Larry Montgomery, 2629 Norwood Ave., Anniston, Alabama, 36204 - quarterly - 15¢) A small mag -- 15 pages, counting both covers -- but that's about all one can expect for 15¢ these days. Material is that which is horrible to review; not bad enough to tear apart but not good enough to compliment. There are a couple of stories, a review of "Swords And Sorcery" with a short paragraph devoted to each story in the anthology, and reviews of the last Southern Fandom Press mailing. Like the text, the artwork is fair but nothing to rave over. Rating....3

LOKI #7 (Dave Hulan, 17417 Vanowen St., Van Nuys, Calif., 91406 - quarterly? - for trades or contributions) Dave is cutting his circulation to 100 copies; 25 for the SFPA, 43 for SAPS, 2 for his files, and 30 for trades, contributions, and the hell of it. Joe

Gibson will be appalled. I'm rather surprised myself -- I expected him to drop the mag altogether. Aside from a slighting editorial reference to the Narnia series, it's a good mag. It's primarily concerned with serious comment on sf and allied themes (an "allied theme" being something like Sharon Towle's article on the Volsungasaga in this issue), tho Dave says that in the future he'll accept more "fannish" material for publication. I don't know; fans move to California and before long their entire attitude is snot to hell. Something should be done about this. Anyway, this issue of LOKI is as good as usual; for a change we have a serious sf fanzine which features halfway decent writing. Rating..7

CRY #172 (Cry, Box 92, 507 Third Ave., Seattle, Washington, 98104 - bi-monthly - 5 for \$1 - make checks payable to Elinor Busby - or 25¢ per issue) This is a nice thick (but not too thick) issue with exceptionally good material. CRY usually has one or two good items; sometimes more. This time just about everything in it is good, from Rob Williams' biography of Mary Batson to Elinor's operation, and definitely including Berry's humor and Buz' book reviews. (I don't agree with his reviews, but they're good, anyway.) Then there are 16 pages -- half the magazine -- devoted to letters. And the CRY lettercolumn is getting more humor and less embarrassing attempts at humor these days. Rating..8

KIPPIE #52, 53 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore, Md., 21212 - monthly or oftener - 20¢) KIPPIE generally runs 24 pages of politics (including local and national censorship, integration, etc.) and philosophy, including occasional reviews of scientific paperbacks. Letter columns are enlivened by John Boardman, A. G. Smith, and other less violent writers. John stands for Principles -- he'd rather have dead martyrs than live compromisers. Smith appears to be about as far right of me as Boardman is left (tho oddly enough all three of us agree that "state's rights" is pure political hogwash). In one of these issues he states that we should be trying to see what we can get out of "foreigners" instead of seeing how much we can give them. This is hardly my idea of "America First" (tho it seems to be a popular one). I'm all in favor of helping everyone else -- after we've helped ourselves. Charity begins at home, and all that. Anyway, if you like political and philosophical bull sessions, KIPPIE is for you. Rating...6

ENCLAVE #5 (Joe Pilati, 111 So. Highland Ave., Pearl River, New York, 10965 - bi-monthly - 35¢ each, no subs accepted) One of today's biggest, most varied, and best fanzines. The variety includes Ted White on jazz, Bhub Stewart on movies, Mike Deckinger on Lenny Bruce, "Jung & Thoughtless" on fanzines, and the editor on attending a meeting of the John Birch Society, plus articles by Don Thompson (examples of kitsch), Maris Cizevskis (Australian censorship) and Ray Nelson (the Utopia of violence), fiction by Harlan Ellison, and letters by all sorts of people. There are doubtless very few fans who will like every bit of this material, but, considering the 54-page size of ENCLAVE, almost everyone should find far more enjoyable material here than anywhere else. It's all well done; I disagree violently with the opinions of a good share of the writers, but they remain good writers (just misguided). My own favorite items are the items by the Thompsons (Don and Maggie; my error up above), Cizevskis, the editor and the letter-writers. Rating...9

MIRAGE #6 (Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights Ave., Baltimore, Maryland, 21207 - irregular - 4 for \$1) This is an excellently-produced magazine devoted to the WEIRD TALES type of story. This issue contains original fiction by Seabury Quinn and Dr. David H. Keller, a couple of articles pertaining to the Lovecraft Mythos, an article by Clark Ashton Smith, and the usual book reviews, editorial, letters, etc. It's hard for me to judge the quality, since I'm not terribly interested in the subject matter. The writing isn't as good as that in AMRA -- which interests me despite the choice of subject matter -- but then very few fanzine writings are that good. I should think that MIRAGE would be a must for any fan who mourns the passing of WEIRD TALES; whether anyone else would like it or not I can't say. The tone is rather pompous -- particularly when Jack proceeds to give us a personality analysis of the "strict agnostic". (It reminded me of the sort of writing to be found in astrology mags; "the Tauran tends to be trustworthy, loyal, helpful, courteous, kind, considerate, etc.!!") Incidentally, this item detracted from an

otherwise reasonably good editorial; provoking the reader to laughter is not the best way to deliver a serious message. Anyway, except for this unfortunate tendency to laugh in the wrong places, I feel that MIRAGE is a pretty good mag. Rating..6

MACH 3 (Kris Carey, 1016 2nd. St., Wasco, Calif. - quarterly - 15¢ or 7 for \$1) A good, general-interest mag. Ed Wood reviews the entire run of RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST in a very good article (marred only by my laughter in one spot where I wasn't supposed to; when Ed, speaking of Leland Sapiro, said "I sincerely believe him to be one of the very few thinkers in science fiction fandom. He works at it." He certainly does; I have the impression that Sapiro comes home from work, eats a frugal meal, and then sits there, thinking about science fiction, until bedtime.) There are articles on stf in Germany, a plea for the return of the goshwow old stories by Austin Hall and J. U. Giesy (a nauseating idea, but well written), a long letter column, etc. Well worth reading.

Rating...6

Along with MACH 3 came a couple of riders; GYRE #2, which seems to be mostly a fanzine review column by P.C. Peterson, and MY GHOD:SPOTS!, a humorous publication by the Society for Prevention of Opinionated Fanzines. (By "opinionated", the Society refers to opinions disagreeing with those of the Society, of course.) I'm not too sure whether this is intentional humor or whether I have hurt someone's itty bitty feelings and he thinks that he is striking back -- either way, though, it's funny. (I've read funnier parodies of my column -- I've published one funnier parody, if it comes to that -- but this one isn't bad. The fault is primarily in using overstatement rather than pointed understatements, but then, not too many beginners are capable of writing really good parody. Bob Leman is the only fan who comes to mind who was great even in his first issue.) You may get this item from P.O. Box 582, Shafter, California, if you're lucky. (The last time I addressed anything to Shafter, it came back.)

MICKEY #3½ (John Kusske, 522 9th. Ave. West, Alexandria, Minnesota - irregular? - no price listed) John says that non-N3F members can obtain copies of this; he doesn't say how, but presumably by writing him and asking for a copy. I can hardly rate this issue, since two of the four pages are devoted to a letter from me and a review of YANDRO, but I enjoyed it. Remaining material is mostly comments on N'APA mailings.

DIE WIS #11 (Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan, 48234 - quarterly - no price listed) I'm not sure that non-SAPS members can get copies, but write Dick and ask, if you're interested. Mostly mailing comments on SAPS, but Schultz's comments are generally of at least some interest to outsiders. There is also a reprint of his sudden fanzine on the Kennedy assassination, and some fanish comments on it. (The comments I've heard have mostly been that if he'd thought twice he wouldn't have published it, but presumably he thought it over before republishing it, so that theory is out.) This is of at least as much interest to outsiders as to SAPS members; it's over-emotional, but then it was written at a pretty emotional moment.

Rating...4

LOG #5 (Tom Perry, 4018 Laurel Ave., Omaha, Nebraska, 68111 - irregular - free to interested parties; he specifically states that it's not for sale) This issue is mostly chitter-chatter -- letters, comments on Ted Pauls' editing, and Joe Pilati's column which is mostly devoted to horrible examples of liner notes on jazz records. (And serves him right for being a jazz fan; folk records aren't nearly this bad, tho a few of the more commercial discs do approach the quality of his examples.) It's all quite entertaining chitter-chatter, which is more than I can usually say for this type of mag. Probably I liked it because it concerned subjects that interested me -- but, when you get right down to it, I can't claim to be vitally interested in Ted Pauls' editorial faults or lack of same, or in the April-May 1942 issue of SUN SPOTS, or in most of the other material being discussed. The discussions themselves, however, are quite entertaining.

Rating...7

Happiness is having John W. Campbell, Jr., ask you for advice.

G² Joe has asked me to stop reviewing this because he keeps getting these unwanted fanzines as trades. Tell you what; if you guarantee to send cash instead of a fanzine, write me and I'll slip you the address and price of G².

LES SPINGE #12 (Dave Hale, 12 Belmont Rd., Collescote, Stourbridge, Worcs., England - semi-annual - 1/6 per issue (send 25¢) but don't send for more than one issue at a time) Dave mentions that "you feel (possibly with certain exceptions) quite buddy-buddy with everyone in an spa". Either FAPA is different from OMPA, or I'm different from Dave; I don't feel any more buddy-buddy with FAPAs than I do with the general population -- why feel chummy with someone just because he happens to be in the same organization with you? Anyway, to get back on the subject, this issue of LES SPINGE is practically crammed with goodies. There is humorous fiction by Berry and Jeeves, a really excellent article by Alan Burns and to balance all this humor, a good (wrong, but well-written) serious article on stf by Mike Moorcock. There are a couple of minor items, and a highly interesting letter column. Offhand I believe this is the best issue of LES SPINGE that I've ever seen. Rating...8

DIFFERENTIAL #18 (Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Sta. C, Ottawa 3, Ont., Canada - monthly - 2¢) Some unusual (for fanzines) and excellent artwork in this issue (maybe I'm perverted, but I liked the horse-heads better than the nude). One can't pack too much material into two pages, but Paul makes the most of what he has. Three items deserve mention: the Referendum for Indecency to Naked Digits, the list of Modern Art Movements (I'm particularly fond of "Cryogenic Neoregurgitationism"), and E.E.Evers' verse, "Riders From The Walls". Rating...6

KNOWABLE #6 (John Boardman, 592 16th. St., Brooklyn, New York, 11218 - irregular - 25¢, or 5 for \$1) This is that rarity; a scientifically-oriented fanzine. Even the humor is occasionally over the head of anyone without a good scientific grounding (an untitled verse in this issue was well over my head -- and then there's the one which is both scientific and in French, which puts it well beyond my comprehension, my knowledge of both French and relativity being minimal). Aside from the science (not all of which is beyond me) there is a Story (continued) which isn't beyond me but isn't very funny, either, except to its authors, and there is a long and excellent lettercolumn. Aside from the Story, what I did understand of the mag was great. Rating...7

POINTING VECTOR #19 (John Boardman, address above, priced as above) This is John's political fanzine. Like KNOWABLE, it's very well written. Unlike KNOWABLE, there is seldom if ever any vestige of humor in it, John being unable to see anything humorous in any subject that he feels deeply about. (Of course, most people do have this reaction; Martin Luther does not seem to have had any humorous feelings about religion, and I've seen no evidence that Dr. Teller finds anything funny about science.) Aside from the lack of humor, there is also the point that John is a radical. (He says he's a liberal, but my dictionary defines "liberal" as "being free from prejudice or bigotry", and John is one of the most prejudiced people I've ever encountered. The fact that his prejudices run counter to those of other people doesn't alter the fact that they're prejudices.) This means, of course, that I disagree with 90% of his ideas; even when I agree with his proposed ends, I object to his means. Of course, this does make for a stimulating magazine, and if one is tolerant enough one can enjoy it immensely. (If one isn't tolerant enough, one will probably end up frothing and gibbering -- I wouldn't be surprised if Foul Anderson frothed a bit after seeing John's smugly self-righteous parrotings of "liberal" philosophy in reply to his seriously-intended letter.) Rating...5

GOLDEN MINUTES



Pyramid has issued an anthology and a collection, each priced at 40¢. The collection, Sturgeon In Orbit, has a slightly misleading blurb; "The first NEW collection in years". Well, yes; it's the first new collection in some time -- but the stories were written between 1951 and 1955 and placed in such out-of-the-way corners as PLANET STORIES and OTHER WORLDS. "Extrapolation" and "Make Room For Me", from the Ziff-Davis mags, are both good examples of Sturgeon. "The Heart", from OTHER WORLDS, is an extremely minor item. Best-known story in the collection is probably "The Wages of Synergy" from STARTLING. When I first read this story, I didn't understand it very well, and I didn't like it. I re-read it in the collection, and discovered that I understand it much better now. I still don't like it, but now I have reasons. (Mainly, the heroine is a type who utterly and completely turns me off; since she's a major influence in the story, I keep wishing that the villains would win, even though I know they won't. Frustrating.) "Incubi From Parallel X" is the entry from PLANET; I disliked it when it first appeared, and I couldn't finish it this time. Still, most fans would consider two good Sturgeon stories worth 40¢.

Dimension 4 is edited by Groff Conklin, and includes "Won't You Walk?" by Sturgeon, "Trojan Horse Laugh" by John D. MacDonald, "Some Day We'll Find You" by Cleve Cartmill, and "Sense Of Proportion" by E.C. Tubb. The first three are from the ASTOUNDING of the Forties and Fifties; the last one is from the British NEBULA. Sturgeon and Tubb are good; Cartmill is involved, after the Van Vogt manner, and a trifle dull (after the Van Vogt manner). My own favorite of the group is MacDonald's gimmick story. The idea sounds plausible -- in fact, I doubt that our knowledge of the mind is great enough today to state whether MacDonald's idea is possible or not. What'll you bet that the Russians are working on it? (What'll you bet that we are?) It's a nice little chiller.

Pyramid sent along a little newsletter of new releases. The latest in their "Worlds Of Science" series is Conquest Of The Moon by William Hines. Should be of interest to fans. Also I'd like to note that in the past couple of months Pyramid has reprinted two of Phoebe Atwood Taylor's detective novels; Proof of the Pudding and Octagon House. I know there are 3 YANDRO readers besides me who are more or less Taylor fans; if there are any more of you, go out and buy these books. (Buy them anyway; I want to encourage them to publish more, preferably some that I don't already have. Though I'm grateful enough for Octagon House; my old Dell edition is somewhat the worse for wear.)

The other day I fell prey to an ailment George Wells mentioned last issue; buying a book because my parents reminisced about it. I got the Popular Library edition of John Buchan's The 39 Steps. You'll often see this listed by stf dealers -- I don't know why, since it's a perfectly ordinary spy novel, no more fantastic than Merritt's Seven Footprints To Satan (which is also palmed off on unsuspecting neofans as a fantasy). Buchan's novel, while a trifle short and choppy, isn't at all a bad spy thriller -- especially for one written in 1915 -- but don't pick it up expecting any classic brilliance. It's a nice period piece.

And if you get The POST Reader of Fantasy and Science Fiction, DON'T try to read "Doomsday Deferred". For some inexplicable reason, this Doubleday collection cuts the final 4½ pages off the end of this 19-page story, leaving it without any vestige of ending or explanation.

Look Ma, A Good S-F Movie!

review by

E.E. EVERS

"X, the Man with the X-ray Eyes" might be a god-awful title for an SF movie, but it's a god-awful title for the best SF movie I've ever seen. I suppose some Hollywood title-writer is responsible for the name, but the movie-millers didn't mess up the rest of Ray Russell's story.

I heard it was worth seeing, so I spent two bucks to see it on Broadway instead of waiting till it came to Times Square for half that price. And the money was well spent; it's my choice for the dramatic SF Hugo for 1963.

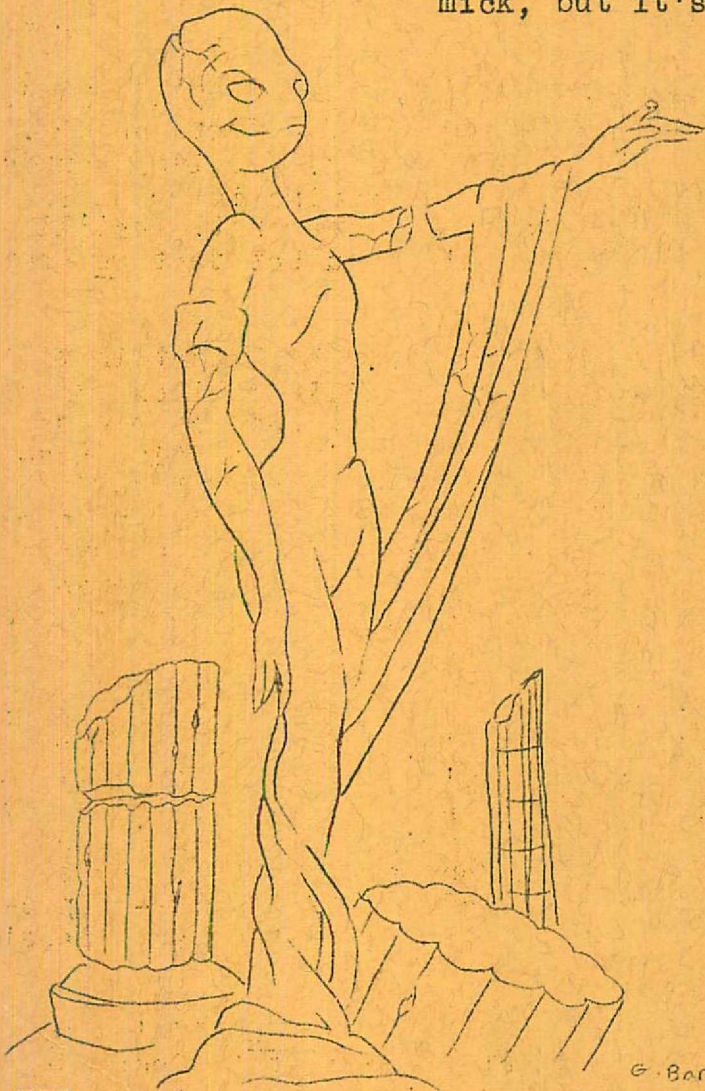
The good doctor X, one James Xavier by name, discovers a method for augmenting human vision into the ultra-high wave lengths, giving himself effective X-ray vision. Just an average gimmick, but it's excellently handled.

The characters are well drawn; Dr. X himself is a perfectly believable medical researcher working under a foundation grant, not the usual bearded misanthrope working in some mansion basement. His actions are perfectly plausible throughout, and the viewer can easily identify with him.

The X-ray-eye treatment is a drug from a medicine bottle, no fantastic computers or artificial lightnings flashing. In fact the whole medical background has a ring of truth that holds the attention, down to the description of the eye compound as "an enzyme, composition to be determined."

If the test of great SF prose is that it has to be SF to present the idea, then the test of a great SF movie is that it has to be a movie to present the idea. And "X" passes it. The shots of the X-ray vision in action are the best special effects I remember from any movie; I doubt if even Sturgeon at his best could describe it as well as the movie shows it.

I don't remember a single SF movie cliché from the whole script



of "X". The doctor is the victim, of course, of his discovery, but he isn't turned into a half-human, slashing-bashing monster. He's even more human in his affliction than he was at the start as a great discoverer. And he's left to face the music at the end; here at last is an SF movie which doesn't take the easy way out by killing its victim-hero at the end.

There are only two phony scenes in the entire movie, and both come early in the script and are co-incidental in the plot. In the first, Dr. X. sees into a patient's body and finds a wrong diagnosis has been made from the X-rays. He can't convince the surgeon who is about to perform a heart operation on her that he's going to open the wrong wrong part of the organ, so he halts the operation after one cut of the scalpel by slashing the other doctor's hand. Then he performs the operation successfully himself. The flaw here

is that the skin had barely been cut through and the operation could have been easily halted right there. I couldn't believe that the rest of the medical staff would let the operation proceed under those circumstances. If the fireworks had been delayed until the chest cavity was well opened, then the nurses and so on would have no choice but to let Dr. X continue, as a surgeon would have been required to close the incision, and he was the only surgeon in the room after the other doctor was injured.

The second flaw is when Dr. X actually kills a colleague, forcing him to flee and avoid the law and so on. It has nothing to do with his X-ray vision, they are just arguing and Dr. X slams the other man up against the window of a modern, skyscraper hospital. The window, aluminum frame and all, breaks, and the other doctor falls to his death. I thought almost anyone knew how hard it is to break clear through the window of any modern building, let alone tear out a whole frame. And X didn't even push the other doctor very hard. They should have picked an open window, or put the scene on a terrace.

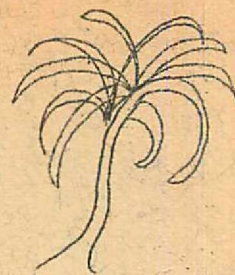
And these are the only two flaws I found in the entire movie. In hiding, the doctor picks the plausible occupations of side-show performer and Edgar-Cayce-type medical practitioner, both well played. There's a minimum of peering through people's clothes, and that which does go on is used as comic relief. There's an excellent scene in which the doctor uses his vision to break the bank at Las Vegas.

The sense of reality and aptness is consistent throughout; you not only get the feeling that this is how it would be if it did happen, but that it is happening. The ending has some real poetry in the dialogue, and is really well done, perhaps the best ending of any movie I've seen, SF or not.

"X, the Man with the X-ray Eyes" is worth what you'll pay to see it. Recommended for the Hugo.



GRUMBLINGS



John Boardman, 592 16th Street, Brooklyn, New York, 11218

I'm not quite sure whether the "Addenda on Fannish Housing" is yours or DeWeese's. At any rate, the papers tacked to the wall will stretch because the paper's own weight sets up internal strains in the paper. To get technical, the intermolecular bonds in the paper increase in length under this weight stress, and hence the paper stretches.

E.E.Evers, Apt 4-C, 268 E. 4th St., New York 9, NY

Rumblings: No chides about lateness thish -- except you should feel complimented that your readers care when you're late.

Silver Seconds: DeWeese ought to write up his "Shrinking Walls" experiences in the same deadpan style he used in his YAN piece and submit it to FATE. They'd doubtless accept it in all seriousness, judging from the stuff they've been running lately.

I'm in complete agreement with Rosemary Hickey's analysis of Lord Of the Flies. I only wish Golding would go back to his scholarly treatises and stop writing grotesque parodies on fiction. Doesn't he know a "symbolic novel" is like symbolic sex -- thoroughly disgusting to outsiders and not very satisfying even to the perpetrator. I put Golding or any writer who chooses a bunch of symbols and tries to write a novel around them in the same class with people who confine their sexual activities to pornography, Peeping Tom activities, collecting women's used undergarments, etc.

I'm also glad the article takes time to point out some of the flaws in Golding's symbolism. Any simple set of symbols is bound to be ambiguous and any set of contrived symbols is bound to be simple.

I wish Golding had realized that to write a deep psychological study of man's nature you have to know people, not psychological theories.

"The Agency": This is good story and I should have enjoyed it a lot more than I did. I have this Overactive Fannish Imagination and it kept finding Deep Serious Meanings in what was obviously intended as frothy humor. Those pseudos who go ape over Golding and cohorts should have Great Fun with this story.

Clancy's sonnet is technically OK and I suppose that should be enough for a fan poem. But my actual opinion of it is unprintable in YAN.

Golden Minutes: It's nice to agree with a reviewer once in a while. Janifer especially is producing some of the worst SF I've seen, yet he was up before ESFA recently ranting about how we shouldn't read bad SF and if we can't get good SF, not to read any. I don't think he bothered to realize where this would leave him -- OUT.

Nettie Ott's telephone memo was OK, but I'd like to see her do a fannish one. I mean none of the items fit the sort of calls I get.

Ed Wood, 160 2nd Street, Idaho Falls, Idaho, 83401

While I'm sure my FFM article has more than a few mistakes I really must apologize for confusing George Allan England's "The Empire of the Air" with his The Air Trust reference 192. The first is about an invasion from the 4th dimension while the second is a socialist novel in

the tradition of London's The Iron Heel in which the good and pure hero defeats the efforts of the nasty capitalists to monopolize the air people breathe.

The Dick Lupoff letter in YANDRO #131 leads me into some thoughts about the Hugos. If a science fiction/fantasy fan really believes SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR to be worthy of a Hugo then by all means he should vote for it, but I disliked the Canaveral ad urging the Burroughs fans to vote for it "just to honor ERB". I'm a member of the BB's and I've read and liked many Burroughs stories and also disliked many of them. An award should be earned, otherwise there is no meaning to the award. Surely people who think a little realize that a dozen votes can win a Hugo for a candidate. Yes, the voting base for Hugos is so narrow that a very few votes can do it. Of course, you should spread the votes of your friends over the voting period so that ballot stuffing is not so obvious. Some very obvious and blatant cases of ballot stuffing have been experienced by some convention leaders. Luckily, they have tried to use good judgment in these cases. One of the categories that is a gift to the fan magazine fans is that of leading fan magazines. Many convention members write in for no award since they don't know what fan magazines are, have never seen one, and truly don't know how to get one. If anyone thinks I am making all this up out of whole cloth, he just has not been in on the inner workings of a world convention.

I am against special awards except under very exceptional conditions. Too many awards again cheapen the whole idea. Perhaps I do make too much of all this, but one has only to look at the "Oscar", "Emmy", and other similar awards to see how a worthwhile idea is commercialized into silliness. I see that "Hugo" award winners get this noted on the covers and jackets of the books they put out. Someone must think it will make a buck.

The death of Nova Publications is a sorry event for world science fiction. I thought Carnell did a decent job with them and removal of 24 issues a year from the slim roster of the year's magazines is noticeable indeed.

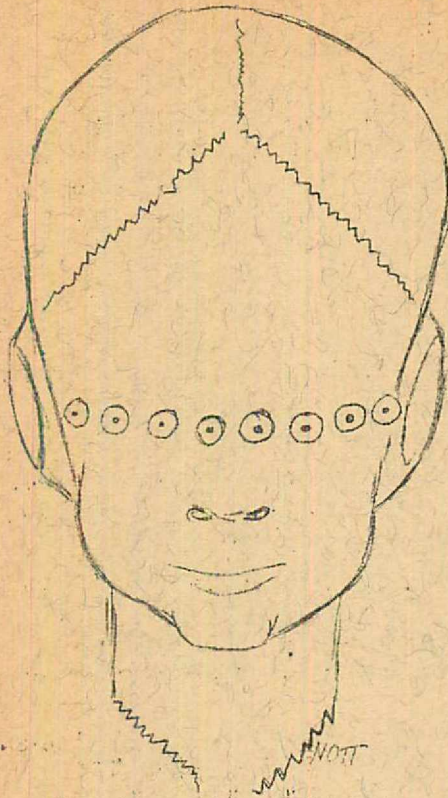
/But is it possible to further cheapen an award which is decided by the votes of a dozen or so fans? I'm all in favor of the Hugos, but let's not lose sight of the fact that in the field of literature, they're small potatoes. If Canaveral Press (or anyone else) went out and bought themselves a Hugo it wouldn't make a lot of difference to science fiction, and it wouldn't even be noticed by the rest of the world. (It would effectively kill the Hugos, of course, so I'm against the idea; I dislike even trivial misdemeanors. But it wouldn't hurt the sales of science fiction a bit.)

RSC/

Robert E. Gilbert, 509 W. Main St., Jonesboro, Tennessee, 37659

Surely you've heard the dreadful story of the medieval serfs who revolted and captured the wicked count who had oppressed them. They subjected the count to horrible tortures in an effort to make him reveal where his treasure was hidden, but the count wouldn't talk. Finally they said, "If you don't tell us where the treasure is, we'll chop off your head!"

Still the count kept his secret, but when his neck was placed on the block, he suddenly cried, "Stop! I'll tell!" It was too late. The descending blow fell, the count's head rolled, and the treasure was never found.



The moral of this story is: Don't hetchet your count before he chickens.

I read THE GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN by Ray Bradbury. He always gives me the impression that he's using twice as many words as he needs to. I wish he would stop proliferating and get on with the story, but when I finally do get to the end, I find there wasn't any story after all.

[I first heard that story from Dean Grennell. I've been meaning to publish it but never got around to it; now is as good a time as any. It's still funny]

Don & Maggie Thompson, 29 College Place,
Oberlin, Ohio, 44074

Maggie recently got a letter from Field & Stream which opened up: "Here's a special money-saving deal for a few men whose names have been given to us as real sportsmen!" I think they'd better cull their mailing list a bit more carefully.

In your mention in YANDRO (Juanita's mention, I think) of the "Burke's Law" article in COSMOPOLITAN, you overlooked one other mention of Harlan (by name, rather than picture), in which Producer Spelling agrees with Gloria Swanson that Harlan Ellison's script is great. We love the show, incidentally.

In your last letter, you complained about the sparseness of your mail one day. Ben Jason one day got just one postcard and bitched loud and long. Then he looked at the card and found that it was from Doc Smith, telling Ben that the newest Doc Smith novel was being dedicated to him.

On the other hand, the only mail we got yesterday was a postcard from you...

Hum. I object to a part of Buck's Hugo ballot, the part where he plugs for Wellman's "Old Devils Was A-Waiting." A good story, which first appeared in F&SF at least three or four years ago. I thought the Hugos were for stories first published during the year we vote on.

The quote at the bottom of page 26 frustrates me. I had intended to pick out one adjective -- just one -- and defend you on that alone. But they're all true; you're every one of those things. Every one.

Tucker's piece was interesting, but I'd rather he stopped trying to bring back the past.

The best thing in the issue was Alexei Panshin's article. I know very little about Panshin, but his fanzine articles are easily the best and most perceptive writings about science fiction to appear, possibly excepting Damon Knight's reviews. He is highly entertaining and surprisingly accurate in his jabs at flaws in the field. He hits many nerves.

[Somebody sent me an ad for a course on how to become more charming and popular...you didn't send my name in by any chance? What is the ruling on Hugos, anyway? Copyright date? "First Publication" would have ruled out A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ -- the stories were

published in F&SF several years before the book won an award. I'm not at all sure what the rules are. Tucker seems quite successful at bringing back the past; you'd be amazed at the number of "Yandro-ettes" that have come in. (You'd be amazed; I'm more appalled, myself.) RSC7

John Kusske, Jr., 522 9th Ave. West, Alexandria, Minnesota, 56308

At least among neofans it has been known for some time that you are an ogre. Some merely say that you can't really help yourself, and the reason you give such bad ratings to some fanzines is because of some unfortunate incident in your childhood. There are those (and these by far make up the majority) who say that you just get enjoyment from seeing some poor new "faned" verbally squirm.

Keep publishing John Boardman; he is good even if I disagree with him. The reason I enjoy sf so much is because of the fact that writers can do anything they want without much research. Going by Boardman's reasoning GLORY ROAD would have been written in King Arthur's day, and the hero (Oscar) would have been a glorified Saint George. An idea can be proposed without all the sweat that normally precedes the publication of a mainstream novel, and this is what I like about sf.

[No, I really hate to see "some poor new faned verbally squirm". In fact, I hate it almost as much as I hate reading the tripe that commonly appears in new fanzines. Believe me, if I can find anything nice to say, I say it. It's just that finding anything is so difficult. RSC7

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107

It has been some time since I read "Lord of the Flies", although we recently saw the movie, so I suppose that to be strictly fair I shouldn't make any comments about Rosemary's commentary. I cannot recall the book with any clarity; however, it didn't appear that all this symbolism was present in the film. Maybe I've conveniently forgotten it since Freudian symbolism is, in my opinion, so much garbage. (Rosemary thinks I am wrong in my opinions of psychiatry, but if she wants to accept their fantasies I don't object, I just shake my head and smile knowingly. Rosemary will hit me when she comes this way next summer.) A double-ended stick. Think of how much more symbolic it would have been if it had been a single-ended stick. Be a damn good trick, too. A burly fisherman might have been more symbolic? Ah, no. Ethical society (as represented by Ralph?) has always been saved by the naked force of the military, not by burly fishermen. Throughout history whenever the outposts of civilization have been threatened by the restless natives it has always been necessary to put down the restless natives (should that be upper case?) with the short sword of the long bow or the rifle just to show them that civilization is not to be trifled with. (Except these days, it seems. Lee Hammer tells me that in Africa these days civilization is being shown that the restless natives



are not to be trifled with. This is because civilization has become more civilized.)

"The Hunter" by Paul Gilster is pretty good fiction. I think you're right in that the average of fan fiction is up some.

I didn't care much for "Space Viking". I don't think I finished it. But rewriting history as sf is not at all new. I suspect that most sf authors have indulged in it. Asimov's "Foundation" series is the fall of the Roman empire from a somewhat rotated point of view. I would agree with Boardman on the social impossibility but not about the scientific impossibility. No, make that improbability. It is unlikely that such as "The Sword Worlds" could develop, but not completely outside the realm of possibility. Damn. I suppose I should go read the blasted story now.

Who's Alexei Panshin and how long has this been in the file? I ask the latter because he says it's too soon to judge Avram Davidson as an editor, and Uncle Avram's been on the job for a while now and it sure isn't too soon to judge and I have, and quite frankly although Uncle Avram is a fine fannish fellow and BettyK tells me that if I ever met him I would love him as a brother, Ol' Uncle Avram leaves something to be desired as an editor. Like I thought almost anyone would be an improvement over Robert P. Whatzisname, but except for long story introductions I can find little difference. FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION. Haw. FOOLISH & SHAGGY DOG STORIES.

However, I cannot emulate Mickey Spillane and write the yarns I like to read because I'm not a writer by any definition. I'm a reader and I I'm not happy with what I have to read. Well, there's always the Golden Age Astoundings.

Alexei Panshin forgot to mention that A SHADE OF DIFFERENCE is also simply dull.

If the general public is deeply suspicious of the military they are so with reason. The military has grown overly large, not altogether a sin, and overly influential. A great deal of reorganization is needed in the military establishment. The Air Force, for instance, should be abolished as a separate arm and returned to its former status as the Army Air Corps. The Marines, bless 'em, need a big shake-up and reorganization. Did you know the marine corps has in the neighborhood of 75 general officers? What, for ghu's sake, is an outfit with a strength of 175,000 doing with 75 generals? Ridiculous.

I couldn't get all enthusiastic about "Dune World". The treatment of Arrakis was too superficial with too many loose ends left over. "Dune World" seemed to me just another of those re-written historical yarns. It could have been an exciting sf yarn or a good story of Renaissance Italy. It was neither. Herbert never succeeded in giving me the feel of Arrakis.

[On, don't cut the Marine generals down yet. My cousin has worked up from private to colonel, and I'd like to see him go all the way. After that, you can cut down on the generals. DeWeese agrees thoroughly with you on "Dune World", from what he said when we were up there. I wonder if some of the background wasn't cut for magazine publication? It seemed awfully choppy in spots.RSC7]

Alexei Panshin

I will defend you to the death. You are not abrupt, blunt, blustering, bold, brusk, coarse, uncivil, discourteous, flippant, impolite, frank, inconsiderate, open, plain-spoken, rough, rude, and unmannerly.

Now do me a favor. Please don't drop sentences from paragraphs so

as to make me seem duller-witted than I am; please...

/All my fault--ten lashes with a chown mein noodle, and I've got to quit reading Dostoevsky...I keep wanting to write your name "Alyosha"... JWC

Apologies. Readers; at the end of Panshin's article last issue, the lines should have gone: "You see, there's this guy and he's got this giant brain growing in his basement, and it's a boy brain. And this other guy next door, he's got a giant brain growing in his basement, and it's a girl brain." Anyway, it doesn't make too much difference, because John Rackham wrote the story "The Dawson Diaries") in 1962. RSC/

Rick Brooks, R.R. #1, Fremont, Indiana, 46737

I'll go along with you on Ace. I had a higher opinion of Burroughs when all I had read were his Mars stories and some of his Tarzan yarns. However, Ace is putting out all Samuel R. Delany's tales. If this isn't a pseudonym, he is the best new author in the last ten years. In fact, I was tempted to rate Captives of the Flame over Witch World right after I read it.

Silver Seconds: I make (or rather made) my bookcases out of hardcover books on farming and mysteries with boards from a fallen shed for the shelves.

A Doddering Column: The Spca will not let you inflict this kind of stuff on fans. I rather liked it.

Alexei Panshin has a well thought out article. However, I find that I can read almost anything once. Almost fifty percent of them are worth reading again. I don't ask much more of a story, than that it be readable.

Bob Briney: I liked Dune World. I would have liked it a lot more if the ending didn't seem like half of it had been edited out.

Dick Schultz: I agree with your reasoning on the assassination, but being a right winger in some ways, I dislike the way everybody jumps on us because of a few bad apples. Glory Road was written by a Name, so it got published. I think a few thousand words of it are worth saving, and would make the basis for a good story if Heinlein would buckle down and start writing again.

/In defense of DeWeese's ingenious streak, I might mention that he used to make bookcases from old packing cases from the Rochester, Indiana newspaper. Then he moved to the big city away from such luxuries; now he has to buy them. JWC
Oh, you're the one I swiped the idea of editorial cutting on Dune World from. I'll forward your comments on sociology to Boardman; publishing them would only lead to 5-page rebuttals and YANDRO is not going to be turned into a political mag. I agree somewhat; people are mostly fit to govern themselves, but they are mostly not fit to govern their relations with other people. Delany is good, and improving. Jewels of Apor was poor to mediocre, but then Captives of the Flame was excellent, and Towers of Toron was mediocre to good, which is about all one can expect of a direct sequel (by which I mean one using the same characters; an indirect sequel is a novel about the same general background but with different characters). RSC/

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

Re this "sending money from U.K. to U.S.A." bit, I dug your comment at the end of Alan Dodd's letter and promptly decided to find out just exactly "what sort of lies I tell the Postmaster-General", by sending 7/- to you in the form of an International Money Order. A sub extension, of course. To YANDRO, of course.

I ambled across to the Post Office. "I want an International Money Order, please," I said in my clear, high tenor. The scratching of pens, the rustle of Postal Orders (Inland), the thump of parcels down the parcel chute and the soggy crunch of elbows digging ribs as the queue at the Stamp Counter jostled for position, all stilled and everyone looked. Some did so furtively; a quick glance through down-swept eyelashes. Others, more brazen, moved quite openly to a better viewing position and stared. The girl behind the counter, however, was unmoved. "To where?" she queried cryptically. "Uh... United States...Indiana, in fact," I said. She flipped open a volume and ran her finger down a column of place-names. "Yup," she grunted. "Indiana's O.K." "It is? I thought that was Oklahoma," I said wittily. She focussed a stare on me which frost-coated the metal bars of the counter grille. "Do you require an International Money Order for Oklahoma?" "Nunno," I hastened to confirm. "It was just that you said 'Indiana's O.K.' and, just as a joke, I said that Oklahoma was.....aw, forget it, huh?" Her look of distaste grew slightly more pronounced as she reached into her drawers... the ones under the counter, I mean.....and produced two forms. "You will require to complete Forms P 2229 G and P 810 H," she snapped, sliding the aforementioned documents under the grille.

Form P 2229 G, I found, was a Declaration Form for Money Order Payable in Countries Outside The Scheduled Territories and the reverse side of said form was plastered with Conditions of Issue. I was intrigued to note that I could send you up to £250 a calendar year where hardship existed with the proviso that the money be for maintenance payments. I could also send you money in settlement of a commercial or professional debt up to £250. I could even send you up to £10 being payment for holiday accomodations booked in advance. Eventually I settled for Section D which was "Subscriptions and Entrance Fees to Clubs and Societies - up to £100 a calendar year". I scrawled "Yes" in the little square provided, gave my name and address and yours where required and indicated that this was a true declaration and that I could produce documentary evidence if necessary. (Yeah, I still have that postcard you sent stating that my sub was overdue. Don't worry, though, I'll block out all the four-letter words before I show it around.)

Form P810 H was quite straightforward being an Application For Money Order Payable Abroad. Back to the counter I went and handed over the completed forms. She scribbled all over three other forms, then said, "That will be 9/- please." "Nine shillings! I screamed. "How?...what?...why?... She smiled sweetly. "Poundage charge," she purred, obviously deriving huge enjoyment from my discomfiture. "Suppose I'd sent 14/-," I parried. She smiled even more sweetly. "A poundage charge of 2/- is applied to all orders under £2.10/-," she said. "Between £2.10/- and under £5 the poundage charge is 3/- and an Order over £5 but under £10 carries a poundage charge of 4/-." I did a few quick calculations. "Naw," I muttered, "Coulson doesn't dig long-term subs and, anyway, I haven't got £10. Come to think of it, I'd probably expire long before the sub." I handed over nine shillings. She gave me a receipt, silently forming the word "cheapskate" with her sweetly smiling lips and I left. All I wanna know now is...didja get the dough? I have a nasty, sneaking suspicion that mebbe you have to know the name of the sender before your P.O. will cash the Order.

/After all that work, I hate to mention this, but, no, we haven't received any money from England recently. Are you sure that silent word she formed was "cheapskate" and not "sucker"? R.S.C.7

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