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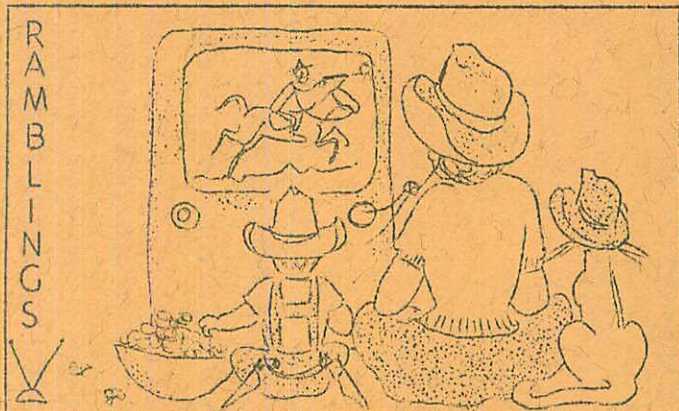
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 Solacon Memory Book -- \$1 from Ann Chamberlain, 2408 S. Grand Ave., Los Angeles 7, California - limited edition of 150 copies - combination of convention reports and various (unspecified) fanzines (unpaid ad dep't)

 The last fan on earth sat alone in a room. There was a Bloch at the door.
Rich Brown

 The Jenrette and Harness illos (and also, I believe, the Jenrette story) were originally submitted to Lee Anne Tremper for MERLIN.



Well, this has been a very good run, as far as lack of difficulties with static filled paper, slippage, etc., are concerned....I managed to get the forward run completed while the tad was asleep (when he's awake he likes to help me mimeo by showing around the typer table the Tower perches on....this isn't so bad on the second run, but it's murder while I'm trying to count..(oh, yes, I have an automatic counter:I automatically turn the crank and auto-

matically count as I do so.)).....apologies to Joe Sanders for attributing his Arkansas disposal idea to DeWeese (although I see the theory has since been usurped by someone on the Jack Paar show)..no matter.... whoever the author, the idea is still laudable.....we have been seriously (more or less) advised not to get an automatic washer, and for very good reason....our refrigerator has to be beaten into submission when, instead of going 'click-click-chugchugchug' when it comes on, it goes {click-bzzzzsfthithj'.....the television (recently acquired) has a channel one (yes, I said one (1.)), picks up channel 6 at two different settings, and draws in two UHF channels at the same setting by the simple device of twiddling with the fine tuning adjustment....twist it to the left, Channel 15, to the right, Channel 21.....and, if these weren't enough...last ISFA meeting at bev's college residence we came trundling in with our 'portable' record player (it has a handle), since there's no phono in the house.....what happens?...we're peacefully playing a monologist and he starts getting answers....yank the needle off the record and the second voice continues....we were picking up a ham radio operator's broadcast.....even worse, it kept up and we had to wait until the kid signed off for the night before we could play any more records (or complete the one we had on at the first interruption, for that matter)....Gene suggested that we probably didn't need to get a t-v set...just buy a picture tube and hook it up to the hi-fi.....now he tells us.....I even have a theme song from the current hit parade for my t-v watching 'My Baby Loves the Western Movies'..(or, as rendered by the alleged quartet on the record - 'West-darn movies'..which is approximately Buck's opinion of them.....it's most unnerving to be sitting there watching an oater, suddenly jolted by a snorting comment of "hah! lever action wasn't introduced on that model rifle until 1910" or some similar criticism).....retrogressing a bit to the vacation bit.....we found out in a tour of Wisconsin that the state is pretty tight as regards state parks....around here you get little printed maps of trails on entering Turkey Run, Spring Mill, whatever...up there they got 'em painted on a board in the middle of the park...result? it's very easy to get lost and find yourself climbing halfway up a mountain in order to find your car...personal experience speaking.....and, By the way, can anybody up in Michigan or Wisconsin tell me what 'hot pasties' are?...not pastries - pasties.....boiled wallpaper glue?.....JWC



an abominable movie. (Of course, I'm not standing on the same platform with the author and screenwriter, either.....) In fact, the only good science-horror movies I can think of have all been British - THE CREEPING UNKNOWN, ENEMY FROM SPACE, etc.

For those who haven't heard him, I heartily recommend the comedy of Mort Sahl, as displayed on a Verve recording. Dale Brandon brought the record to a recent ISFA meeting, and Gene DeWeese bought it from him that same evening. I hesitate to buy any comedy or novelty record, because the humor gets pretty stale after a few repetitions, but I'd almost make an exception for Sahl. The man is terrific. Gene called him "a sort of high-powered Herb Shriner", which is an apt description -- but Sahl comments devastatingly on topics that Shriner wouldn't dare touch, at least in public. In fact, he's the only refutation I've heard of Corey Ford's comments in the Sept. 20 POST, to the effect that humor is becoming taboo in America. (Incidentally, Ford's article is frighteningly correct -- "safe" topics for professional humorists are becoming increasingly scarce, and only the occasional rebel like Sahl dares to stick his neck out by kidding our ever-increasing number of sacred cows.)

I trust that all loyal fans saw Willy Ley split winnings of \$10,500 with his "brawn" partner, Tommy Bolt, on the "Brains And Brawn" tv quiz. Maybe this makes up for the de Camp fiasco and we can hold our heads up again as intelligentsia.

How the government works department. A fellow worker at Minneapolis-Honeywell vouches for this, and says he has the minutes of the meeting to prove it. The results of a certain military contract were being shipped out in cardboard cartons, with "Minneapolis-Honeywell Reg. Co." stamped on each carton. In the course of a meeting to straighten out some minor difficulties on the project, a group of government officials argued for 4 hours -- 8:00 AM until noon -- on whether or not to use periods after "Reg" and "Co" on that shipping stamp. The fellow-worker concludes: "They finally decided to put a period after 'Reg' but not after 'Co' -- I don't know how they came to that conclusion and I don't see what difference it made, anyway." That, fellow-citizens, is the sort of thing your taxes are paying for.

Will some kindly Texfan give us the address of Ted Wagner? We've owed him about 6 issues of YANDRO for approximately 4 years now. RSC

Besides sending us a letter which I sneakily turned into an article, G. H. Scithers also obtained rights to the Bloch speech for us. (I bet you thought that "Solacon Representative" listing a couple of issues back was a gag, but it wasn't. Already he's obtained better material for us than we ever get for ourselves at cons.)

Regarding the Bloch material, I might say that I differ with him on the merits of THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, which I considered

SOLACON SPEECH

delivered by robert bloch

Before beginning my remarks this evening, I would like to express my appreciation to Mr. Ronald Preeby, who was originally scheduled to appear before you at this time. I owe this opportunity to speak to you now directly to Mr. Preeby, who was so kind as to drop dead this morning.

Thank you, Mr. Preeby, wherever you are.

As I understand it, Mr. Preeby is a member in good standing of the Capistrano Swallow-Watchers Society. Or, rather, he was a member in good standing, but he's lying down right now. Com to think of it, he looks the way Rog Phillips did last night...only perhaps a trifle healthier.

In fact, he looks healthier than Rog Phillips does now.

At any rate, this chap Preeby was slated to give you a talk on BIRD WATCHING IN THE UNDERBRUSH, OR, SIX MONTHS IN BOB SILVERBERG'S BEARD. I have watched Mr. Silverberg rather closely, though, and I've never seen anything enter or leave his beard except the neck of a whiskey bottle. But I'm not going to get entangled here. I am not going to waste your time talking about Silverberg's beard. I have other ways to waste your time.

First of all, I'd like to thank our Toastmaster, Mr. Boucher, for his gracious introduction. But then, those of us who attend these affairs regularly have come to expect Mr. Boucher to speak after dinner; in fact we depend on him. Yes sir, for us old-time Convention-goers there's just two things we need after a banquet - Tony Boucher and a glass of Alka-Seltzer. But I do appreciate his remarks, if only because he didn't try to introduce me as a writer of horror stories. You have no idea how sick I get of hearing this sort of thing. Just because I write about people like Jack the Ripper is no reason that I go around doing such things myself. As a matter of fact, I've only used a knife on one person in my entire life, and that was in self-defense...the guy came up and accused me of writing stories under the name of Jerry Bixby. Well, I was pretty angry and I ripped him - cut him open from neck to navel.

You don't have to feel sorry for him, though. That man is making a fortune here in Hollywood today, posing for Bufferin commercials.

Of course, all this has nothing to do with Serious Constructive Fandom - and neither do I. But I must say, it's certainly wonderful to see such a great turnout of fans here tonight. You know, back in Wisconsin we don't have very many stf fans at all. Actually, there's only six of us who can be called truly active fans; five males and Phyllis Economou. It's chasing Phyllis that has earned us the right to be called active.

Really, though, I'm not an important fan - why, I haven't even been sued yet. You know, it used to be you could become a science fiction fan by taking out a year's subscription to ASTOUNDING. Now you need three years in Law School. Once upon a time, whenever a dozen fans got together they started a club. Now they form a jury.

But at any rate -- and believe me, as a professional writer, I'm willing to take almost any rate these days--I'm really thrilled to be back here for my first visit since the 1946 Convention. It's been 12 years since I was in Los Angeles proper. Or even improper.

And how different things were here in 1946! For one thing, when I attended that Convention, there was no smog. Can you imagine that -- a science fiction convention without a smog-filled room? Those were the good old days. Fans were so young then. Why, do you realize that in 1946 everybody was still a pre-clear?

I remember that early convention very well. It was just a small gathering. There wasn't enough money to have a convention hotel. We couldn't even afford a house-detective. A fellow named Walt Daugherty was in charge of the affair. He arranged for us to hold our meetings in a very swanky place, though.....I think it was called Ciro's. Why, it was so high-class that every time anyone got up to speak, a little man would brush him off with a whisk-broom. It wasn't until two weeks later I figured out we'd been holding the convention in Ciro's washroom.

To make it worse, Dave Kyle had put up a lot of signs saying "You can't sit here."

You know, back in 1946, it was all movies out here. For the benefit of you younger fans in the audience, movies are just the same as television, except that they don't have any cartoons where the animals dance around singing about toilet-paper.

Movies were different in those days. It was so long ago that Gabby Hayes was playing heroes. Hollywood hadn't even discovered science fiction movies yet. The only giant insect in pictures was Hal Roach. The only monster menacing Los Angeles was E. E. Evans. In those days they used to play double-features. Now we get nothing but double-creatures.

But movies aren't the only things that have changed since then. I guess I've changed, too. Why, back in 1946 I didn't even look like Tony Boucher. Actually, I still don't think I resemble Tony very closely, but a lot of people have told me that I do. I never really believed it, though, until this convention.....but I guess it must be so, because of the way the women act. Yesterday all I did was stand downstairs in the lobby, and in three minutes I had my face slapped eight times.

It wasn't just that which made me feel different back in 1946. Then I only got my face slapped four times. But the whole convention had a simpler outlook on things...everything was so informal. As I said in an article in OOPSLA, that 1946 convention really captured the sense of wonder -- we were always wondering what in hell would happen next. /In fact, it was so long ago that that was a new joke then. RSC/

Now we know that conventions form a certain pattern. Last night, for example, I went to a typical convention party. You know what a typical convention party is like. The party starts out with a bunch of fans trying to get John Campbell to revive UNKNOWN. It ends up with a bunch of fans trying to revive John Campbell.

Actually, I'm only kidding. I've been to four conventions with Campbell and I've never seen him take a drink. In fact, I don't think John Campbell ever gets drunk -- except just before he starts to write an editorial.

Of course, who am I to talk? Campbell gets drunk before he writes his editorials; I always get drunk after I read one.



Believe me, it's really an experience to come back here to Los Angeles today and see some of the same faces I saw at the earlier convention. It's a sort of living history of science fiction fandom -- or from Forrest Ackerman to Forest Lawn. You know, some people claim Forry Ackerman is animated by ambition. Personally, I think he's animated by Ray Harryhausen.

And that brings us to this new development -- science fiction movies. That's the big exciting trend out here in recent years. And I've sounded off so much about them in the past that I've been asked to clarify my views.

Now, I've never been against good science fiction movies. What I object to are the phoney films...the pictures which aren't really science fiction at all, but just gimmicks on which to hang an advertising promotion. If you want to know what I mean, just remember what happened to horror movies. Originally, a horror movie was made with just one purpose; to shock, to horrify. When Boris

Karloff stepped into his Frankenstein's Monster outfit he did so because he intended to kill somebody -- not because he had a date with Abbott and Costello.

The trouble was, pretty soon the movie-makers got tired of scaring the pants off fifty million customers. They'd rather lure a hundred million customers into the theatre and leave their trousers alone. If they wanted to take off their pants they could go to a drive-in.

As a result, pretty soon the horror movies changed. They began making pictures where Boris Karloff turned up as a kindly old man -- a sort of Mark Clifton type. And he invented a newfangled machine and just accidentally happened to kill a useless tramp -- a sort of Charles Beaumont type. Then the police would kill Karloff and the picture was over. But the point is, the movie makers were still advertising this sort of thing as a horror film. They tried to let their lurid ads take the place of the real thing -- and eventually the whole horror film business collapsed. It was the old story -- the boy who cried "Wolf-Man" once too often.

Well, I'm afraid the same thing can happen in the science fiction film field. You can't keep on running those big come-on ads about Giant Spirochetes invading the earth -- and then give the audience a picture containing six unemployed wrestlers wearing frightwigs and a paper-maché

model of a California fruit fly.

Now, good science fiction movies have been made. Producers can learn a lesson from pictures like THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL. If they want to mix horror with science fiction, they can take their cue from THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN. The secret of that film was that throughout the picture the leading man actually shrunk. The secret of the bad imitations is that throughout the picture the leading man actually stunk.

Incidentally, Matheson tells me he's doing a sequel to THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN. It's based on Louisa May Alcott's book, LITTLE WOMEN.

But all I have to say is that misleading audiences is bad business. You can't fool them forever with just advertising...and when they wake up, science fiction films may be dead. Unless the producers start deliv-
ering the goods. You know, it's about time the movie-makers stopped worrying about mad scientists and started worrying about mad audiences.

In this room here tonight are some of the people who have contributed to the very best science fiction in the field...and some of the people who have shown the good taste to encourage them; as publishers, as producers, as editors, as readers, as fans. If we all do our individual best to keep working for further improvement, we can continue to raise the level of quality and performance. And I think it's worth doing.

As for me, I'm very pleased and very proud to be a part of science fiction fandom. As usual, I've done my best to insult a lot of people here tonight...but only because I'm so very fond of them. You know, I may sound cynical, but whenever I think of these folks, deep down inside of me -- there's an ulcer.

Fandom has made a lot of progress lately. Just last year, fans chartered a plane for a trip to the convention in London. Who knows? Maybe within the life-span of some of the younger fans present, they'll charter a rocket for the first convention on the moon.

If that comes to pass -- and I hope it will -- I wish you'd please do me one favor.

Save me a seat!

"You know, with the fog and all it looks as if there was land on the other side of the lake -- but I know there isn't." JWC

An old bem on the planet of Zint
Eats young virgins with teeth made of flint;
But a gallant Space Ranger
Saved his girl from that danger
Though the technique is not fit to print.
.....G. H. Scithers

"That sign says 'Hunting, Fishing, and Trolling';
do you want to shoot a troll, dear?" JWC



STRANGE FRUIT

A REAL-FOR-SURE FMZ REVIEW COLYUME THIS TIME

This round, I'll try to give the biggest reviews to the newcomers, as there seems to be an exceptionally large group of first issues on hand.

FAR SIDE #1 (editor, Gregg Trend, 20051 Regent Dr., Detroit 5, Mich, subs to Carole Everts, 732 Seyburn, Detroit 14, Michigan - bi-monthly - 25¢ or \$1.50 per year) This issue contains some really beautiful artwork by Trend, somewhat marred by the worst reproduction I've encountered from a multilith. A few pages are actually illegible. There is the usual fiction, reviews, editorials, etc. What I could read of the editorials reminded me of correspondence with Swedish fans -- as though the editor knows English but has never used it much. The fiction is perhaps above average, though marred by attempts towards original description which produce items like "dire wolves" and "compatriotism". All in all, an above-average first issue, and a fanzine to watch. Rating...4

IMPASSE #1 (John Champion, Fleming House, 1301 E. California St., Pasadena, California - irregular - 10¢ or 3 for 25¢) A new fanzine, but a veteran editor. He's cutting down his mailing list, so if you get a copy be prepared to send letters of comment or otherwise let him know that you enjoy it. The zine is strictly fannish and -- so far at least -- strictly good. Archie Mercer writes on skiffle, John Berry on Stateside visitors to Belfast, Ron Bennett contributes a column, there is a bit of fanhistory, fanzine reviews, and editorials. Rating...7

Next on the pile is an untitled zine, edited by Jim Hitt, 2432 Hillglenn Rd, Dallas 28, Texas - co-editor, Albert Jackson - no schedule or price. This is one of the funniest fanzines to come our way in years, due to various typos, mis-spellings, and exhibitions of downright ignorance of the English language. Sample, strictly sic: "I do belive we are theonly club to ever have a club Chapland. A regular member, who's name I will withhold, was an Episcopalian father. It was Moshers ides, as usual, to create the office of Club Chapland. However this member moved out of town before he could exicute his duties." This is only one example; there are lots more. Stapled with this thing is SPECTRUM, edited by George Jennings, which is at least a grammatical improvement over its mate. I can't rate this -- it isn't a good fanzine, but I don't know when I've enjoyed a zine more.

FANTASY ASPECTS #1 (Alan J. Lewis, P.O. Box 37, East Aurora, New York - quarterly - 15¢ or 8 for \$1) This is a fanzine devoted strictly to re-printing material from long-dead zines; this first issue contains items by Al and Abby-Lu Ashley, R. A. W. Lowndes, Sam Moscovitz, Jack Williamson, Ian Williamson, Willy Ley, and Arthur J. Burks, the original publication dates ranging from 1941 to 1955. Good choice of material; good reproduction. A good job. Rating....6

CONCEPT Vol. 3 #1 (Larry Ivie, 345 W. 23rd. St., N.Y. 11, N.Y. -irregular - "25¢ per newsstand copy; 3 issues per \$1 subscription) Not a new zine, but a reanimated one. Fannish, in that it takes up everything but stf, but generally serious in tone. Largely concerned with EC and other "high-quality" comics, though this issue also comments on philosophy, communications, and Paul Davis' tongue-in cheek masterpiece, "The Andalogent Generation." Special interest, and so not rated.

WUDGET #1 & 2 (Andrew Joel Reiss, 741 Westminster Rd, Brooklyn 30, New York - irregular - free for comment) The first issue is a sort of news-letter type of thing, the second more of a general fanzine. Reproduction isn't good, but is readable. Good material and artwork is requested. Should improve, if Reiss sticks to it. For now, though..Rating...3

SUPER-FANTASI #1 (Sture Sedolin, Box 403, Vällingby, Sweden & Róar Ringdahl, Skogerveien 52, Drømmen, Norway - US agent Jesse Leaf, 4510 Church Ave, Brooklyn 3, N.Y., British agent Alan Dodd - \$1 for 10 issues -- no schedule listed) This issue is about half in English, and future issues all in English are promised. English material by Terry Jeeves, Alan Dodd, John Berry, and Arne Sjögren, and is readable and entertaining. When you get an all-English issue I'll rate it; for now I'll just say that this is one of the best Swedish fanzines for British and American readers. Recommended.

LOCO #2 (Don Allen, 34a Cumberland St., Gateshead 8, Co. Durham, England - irregular - free) This one is editorial comment, fannish limericks, sexy illos, and lousy cartoons. Seems to be motivated strictly by editorial exuberance, and is fun to read. Not rated, as it may well be a one-shot (or rather, a two-shot).

VOID #13 (Greg Benford, 10521 Allegheny Dr., Dallas 29, Texas - irregular - no price listed) This zine is not only the pride and joy of faanish fans, it reads very well to an old fringe-fan like me. For a change, the letter column is not the best part of the mag, though VOID's letters are always well above average. Articles by Harry Warner on libel laws and a Benford parody of Pete Graham are both excellent. I wasn't too impressed by Kent Moomaw's report on the Southwestercon, but then everyone knows that I'm anti-Moomaw. Rating...8

TWIG #10 and 11 (Guy E. Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho - monthly - 15¢, 6 for 80¢, 12 for \$1.50) Somehow, TWIG is the fanzine which reminds me most of YANDRO. Rarely any really outstanding material, but readable, generally (but not always, unfortunately) good reproduction, and an editor who enjoys fandom without being impressed by it. Contributors to #10 are Dean Grennell, Norman Sanfield Harris, John Koning, Miguel Estiveros, Dan Adkins, Gary Deindorfer and Rich Brown; to #11 are Bill Pearson, John Trimble, Colin Cameron and Lars Bourne. A reasonably good, regular fanzine. Rating....6

SPOOF #4 (Doug Brown, 405 Potter Ave., Ann Arbor, Michigan - irregular - 15¢ or 10 for \$1.25) Another comics fanzine, this one concentrating on Kurtzman and the old EC crew. Good, if you're interested in that sort of thing.

AMATEUR'S CORRESPONDENT (John Bowles, 802 So. 33rd., Louisville 11, Ky. 15¢) According to a note from the editor, AC will be revamped and re-titled in the future. This is all to the good -- Bowles has good reproduction, and is a reasonably good writer. But while AC might be okay for the UAPAA the material is pretty poor for a stf fanzine. Rating...3

INTO THE HAZE #2 & 3 (Vince Roach, 3443 So. Sadlier, Indianapolis 19, Ind. - irregular - 10¢) This one is improving. #2 showed better reproduction and material; #3, with items by John Berry and Seth Johnson (the latter a polite swipe at Campbell's "society of gentleman amateurs") continues to improve. Some nice Gilbert illos. Rating.....4

PROFANITY #3 (Bruce Pelz, 4010 Leona St., Tampa 9, Florida - irregular - 15¢ or 2 for 25¢) Another one on the upgrade. Bruce seems to have conquered his repro difficulties, has a beautiful short story by Dainis Bisenieks and one of Dodd's better columns. I don't think he has enough material to balance 6 pages of my fanzine reviews, though. I'd recommend larger issues or shorter reviews. Rating.....4

FLAFAN #2 (Sylvia Dees, Box 6738 Rawlings Hall, Univ. of Florida, Gainesville, Fla. - irregular - 15¢) John Berry writes on the advantages of using guava jelly as fertilizer, Bob Tucker sends a bad luck chain letter, Harry Warner objects to the present literary tendency of making everything -- even fiction -- factual. Lots of letters, and beautiful dittoing, though the red didn't come out too well in places. Rating..6

NEW FUTURIAN #8 (John M. Rosenblum, 7 Grosvenor Park, Leeds 7, England - US agent Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd. Ave., Hyattsville, Md. - irregular - 15¢) 43 pages in this one -- a lot for your money. Mostly concerned with a serious appraisal of science fiction, though there is enough humor to keep the material varied. One of the 2 or 3 best fanzines devoted mostly to science fiction. Rating...8

VARIOSO #17 (John Magnus, 2712 No. Charles St., Baltimore 18, Md. - irregular - 25¢, or 6 for \$1) Aside from John's inexplicable liking for Dave English and Bill Rotsler drawings, he's a fine editor. This time he has a 6-page column by Jim Harmon, which is alone worth the price. Good editorial, interesting letters, though John seems to be taking fandom awfully seriously lately. Rating....6

SIGBO #6 (Jerry DeMuth, 3223 Ernst St., Franklin Park, Illinois - irregular - 15¢ or 2 for 25¢) The usual competent job, but nothing outstanding this time. I review books, Joe Sanders reviews fanzines, Bill Connor review flying saucer enthusiasts, there is a Dodd column and material from two fans I'd almost forgotten -- Neal Wilgus and Jerry Merrill. A letdown after the last issue, but not bad. Rating...5

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #118 (The Nameless Ones, Box 92, 920 Third Ave, Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 25¢ or 5 for \$1) Or is it monthly -- we should have had a couple more issues by now.... A huge fanzine, with something for everyone; Pemberton's excellent criticism, Weber's humor, fan-fiction, loads of letters, a lousy cover..... Rating...6

Now for some newsletters. Rule here is that one or two-page items don't get rated, inasmuch as they're generally distributed with one of the larger zines anyway.

FANAC #25 (Ron Ellik and Terry Carr, Room 104, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif. - bi-weekly - 4 for 25¢, 9 for 50¢) This gives you the most complete news coverage on fandom of any of the newsletters - even better than Jan Jansen got with the old CONTACT. Recommended. Rating...8

RUMBLE #18 (John Magnus 2712 No. Charles St., Baltimore 18, Md. - irregular - free for comment) This is mostly Magnus' ideas on fandom, news-papers, politics, etc. Well written. Rating...8

STELLAR #22 (Ted White, same address as RUMBLE - weekly - free for comment) White's comments on fandom -- a sort of combination of the above formats. However, Ted also occasionally puts out a large issue of varied material. Ultra-faanish. Rating...5

YAARGH! #1 (Jim Caughran, 2216 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif. - mailed with FANAC) Caughran's impressions of Berkeley, and a humorous (for those not involved) incident of the caravan to the Solacon.

BUMBLE #1 (Ron Parker - same address as Magnus - mailed with RUMBLE) One page of ramblings by Parker.

THETA #2 (Jack Harness, %HASI, 547 So. Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles 5, Calif. - irregular - free for comment, contributions or trade) This one is an open letter to Ted White, discussing Berkeley fandom and the history of Flash Gordon. Interesting, but will he keep it up? Rating....4

GLUBBDUBDRIB #1 (Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Pl., NE, Minneapolis 21, Minn. very irregular, if I know Boggs - free) Personal comments, and eulogies on the deaths of Laney and McCain

IMPOSSIBLE #3 (Colin Cameron, 2561 Ridgeview Dr., San Diego 5, Calif - irregular - free for comment) Generally interesting trivia, plus an article on Bill Courval by Bill Courval.

SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES (Science-Fiction Times, Inc., P.O. Box 184, Flushing 52, New York - irregular - 10¢ per copy) Still the leading purveyor of news from the professional field, but only from lack of competition. SFT has been going downhill lately, but it still gives the news, even if often too late to do any good.

APORRHETA #2 (H.P. Sanderson, 7 Inchmery Rd., Catford, S.E. 6 - irregular - free for comment?) Sanderson is rapidly getting himself disliked, but I enjoyed this issue more than #1. Not for neofans, though. This is not a newsletter, incidentally; I ran out of newsletters to review.

THE SCRIBE #3 (Keith Larson, 1453 Loomis St., La Crosse, Wisconsin) An amateur publication which has nothing to do with stf or stf fandom. If you're interested in other types of amateur publications.....

If you sent us a fanzine and it isn't reviewed here, look in the next PROFANITY.

LIFE CYCLE

BY

dave jenrette

The stars twinkled one by one in the indigo sky of the Martian afternoon. Norla's slender, unhuman hands stroked Bill's forehead as he lay beside her. Bill felt very warm and comfortable -- even contented.

The girl roused him from his reverie.

"It's getting late, Bill," she said. "At this rate I won't have a meal ready before midnight."

"My very practical wife," he said, sitting up and turning to kiss her.

They got to their feet and left the bank of the canal, their favorite sunning spot. Hand in hand they walked into the great, silent Martian city. The spires were red in the sunset and the shadows were deepening. Already Orion was in the heavens and a green star that Bill knew was Earth, the Earth that he would never see again.

"That story you were telling me, Bill, about the two young lovers -- how did it end?" asked Norla.

"Oh, you mean Romeo and Juliet? I thought I told you; that was a sad story. They both died at the end."

"Do you really find that sad, Bill? I can't see how."

"Of course. Poetic and sad."

"Among my people," said Norla, for two people to die together is proof of devotion and a reason for rejoicing."

"Well, most Earth people can't see it that way at all."

Norla never ceased to puzzle Bill. He could never completely understand her outlook on life, no more than she could understand his. She was very intelligent, very sensitive, had even learned to speak English from him in the days after the spaceship crash when she had nursed him back to health.

"I wonder why not?" she said.

Bill's first sight of Mars after the crash had been Norla's slender face and bright silver-flecked eyes. They had spent many pleasant summer days wandering in the dead city Norla called Sheinla Mauri. Bill had climbed to the tops of the delicate fairy towers, prowled the dark libraries and museums of dead knowledge, and walked solemnly through the market



squares, the arenas, and the homes. He had hardly dared to mar the dusty grandeur by touching it.

When the Earthman came they would want everything intact for their dissection as they solved the mysteries of Mars. Bill felt he wouldn't have the heart to see it.

Once Norla had shown him the switch that activated some power source and lit up the entire city. The domes gleamed and the towers sparkled with gem tones. Each street was white with illumination. It was very beautiful, but so lonely and silent that they never dared turn on the lights again.



It was better to walk the streets in darkness under the stars and the twin moons and pretend that the city was only sleeping, that in the morning the people would awaken, dress, and begin the hustle and bustle of the day's work.

That had been the summer and now summer was fading. Already the little six-legged amphibians had dug themselves into the mud of the canal. Each day the ice over the canal took a little longer to melt away. It wouldn't be too long before it froze over for the winter, the long winter that would last a year of Earth time.

It wouldn't be long before evening strolls would be just too cold.

"Bill," said Norla, "tonight, now, I want to show you something you've never seen, something I didn't want you to see."

"Tonight?" asked Bill. "Let's wait until tomorrow. We'll have more time."

Norla stopped and faced him squarely. "I want it to be tonight," she said. She looked down at her feet. "Please."

"Of course, baby," he said. "I'm really very curious to see what you've been holding out on me."

She led him into a tall, domed building. It was a kind of church, or temple, explained the girl. At one end of the main room there was a golden disk about ten feet in diameter, a symbol of the sun. Beneath the disk was a doorway leading down, by a spiral ramp, to a vast, low-ceilinged room whose opposite side was lost in darkness.

"This is the place of the dead, T'yrli in my language. It is where the dead rest," said Norla very solemnly.

On low, raised daises were the still, perfectly preserved bodies of untold hundreds of Martians. Nearly all the daises had couples on them, male and female, together to the end. Bill was amazed at the degree of preservation. Except for the thick dust and the skin stretched so tautly over the features, these people might have been sleeping.

Norla pointed to one of several vacant places.

"That is the place I have chosen for myself and for you, if you will." She looked at him very pleadingly. "Will you die with me?"

"You spooky, gloomy thing," he said, and pulled her into his arms.

He kissed her and held her close. "I'd gladly die for you," he whispered in her ear.

She laughed with relief and returned his embrace.

Before Bill opened his eyes in the morning he knew that something was wrong. He sat up, shaking with some yet unknown terror. He shook Norla, but she didn't move. She was dead.

He didn't know how to act, how he could take it. He had really loved this daughter of another world. She had cared for him when he needed it, and was all things to him. She must have known this was going to happen, he decided, and didn't want him to worry about her. Last night she had told him where she wanted her body put to rest. He decided that he could at least grant her last request as soon as possible.

The sun was only a few degrees above the horizon as he carried her down the street, past the yawning empty doorways and the frozen canal. The air was cold and the dawn was gray, just as he felt all days would be without Norla.

Down the spiral ramp he carried her and placed her gently on the dais. He still found himself unable to comprehend the enormity of his loss, but as he turned to go, to leave Norla forever in the dimness, it struck him. He cried like a child and kissed her hair and face.

Later in the day he felt the need for food and went to the edge of the canal to gather some pod plants. He found them black and split from the cold and their fluffy, milkweed floss contents spilled into the canal. It took him half an hour to gather enough of them to make a meal. He ate silently, not wanting to think. He went to bed early and slept huddled under the blankets. In the morning he woke up late and ate what remained of the pod plants.

It took longer that day to find enough food and he had to travel many miles. Each day it became more difficult as the frost killed the plants or spoiled them for food. Each day was colder and Bill had to don heavier clothing. One day the ice on the canal didn't melt and Bill knew that winter was really here.

Bill kept alive by melting the canal ice and drinking the resulting water. His weight fell away and he slept longer hours. Hunger had become a dull ache within him that he felt would never again be satisfied.

At last he gave in to a thought he had defied for two weeks. There was one place where he could get food.

He stood looking down at Norla for nearly an hour, but couldn't force himself to touch her. He turned and left her, vowing never to return.

He kept his vow for six days. He stumbled down the ramp, staggering and falling. His body was withered, his beard and hair long and unkempt, his eyes bloodshot. He panted and gasped and his hands shook. He advanced across the room to where Norla's white corpse lay and stood looking down at her. Even at his present extremity he still hesitated, but knew he had to be strong. If he went hungry now he knew he would not have the strength to climb the ramp again. He fell across the girl and his teeth touched her throat.

One day the ice melted from the canal. Within a week tiny green pod plants grew with their bulbous unripe fruit. The six-legged amphibians freed themselves from the mud and began their chirruping whisper to

spring.

Norla's eyelashes quivered and then revealed her eyes. She sat up and wondered why Bill was not yet awake. It was time to begin another year.

Give me a place to stand and I will move the WSFS, Inc. ...John Koning

CRUCIAL DECISION

— elinor m. poland —

This shrivelled ball of mud
Is now your booty,
Space pilots. Will you loot
Or face your duty?

These trembling Otherworlders --
Will you enslave?
Marking each planet-day
With new-dug grave?

It lies with you to set the pace
For future trips --
Will you greet each new-found world
With smiles -- or whips?

Can you shake the mud from boot
And blood from hand
Coming clean and friendly
To each new land?

Mayhap your flights in space
Are one last chance.
To wipe away the horrors done
With lead and lance.

So Ponder well before you choose,
Oh Men of Space....
The wrong decision may very well
Condemn your Race!

"He reflected that Snork and Juggens were two of the most desperate wretches that belonged to the gang." from THE HEART OF OAK DETECTIVE, by Edward S. Ellis.....a heart of oak and a head to match.

Letter Of Comment - G.H. SCITHERS (from yan's solacon representative)

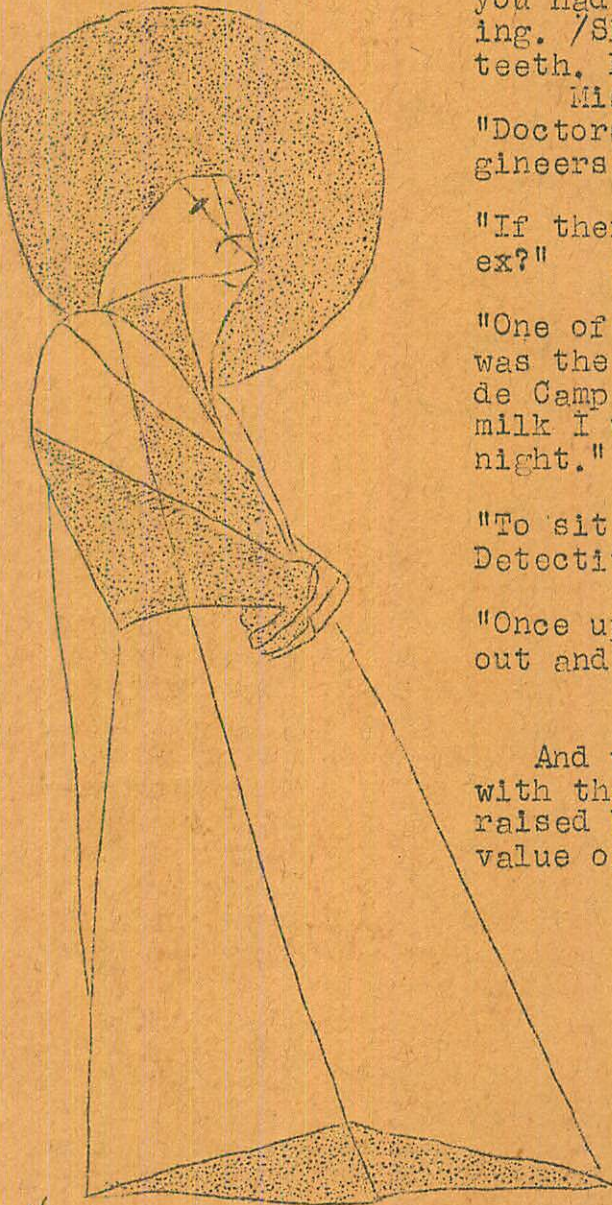
Dear Juanita:

I have just discovered what it was that surprised me so much when I spoke to you on the telephone from Chicago: I had, before then, unconsciously thought of you as a long, black haired woman (the hair being long, not necessarily the woman) with a rose in your teeth, a mantilla in - or on (whichever way mantillas are worn) and a Spanish accent. And of course in our telephone conversation you didn't sound at all as if you had a rose in your teeth. Very disappointing. /She probably had a Coke bottle in her teeth. RSC/

Miscellaneous quotes from the convention:
"Doctors and lawyers bury their mistakes, engineers mark theirs CLASSIFIED." ...Ed Wood

"If there's no God, who pulls up the next Kleenex?"unknown fan (at least I didn't)

"One of the greatest disappointments of my life was the discovery that it was not L. Sprague de Camp who had been drinking the saucers of milk I used to set out on the back steps every night."Poul Anderson

"To sit on the stairs - not allowed."House Detective, Hotel Alexandria /KYLE MARCHES ON!/


"Once upon a time a large hotel was built without and bathrooms. It was positively uncanny." ...The Honorable Mayor of Southgate

And when Ray Bradbury was asked what he did with the weeds in his garden (the question was raised by Ed Wood when Ray was defending the value of mediocre writers), Ray replied, "I make dandelion wine, Ed."

The riot occurred when John Larkey dressed and acted (and his acting was superb) the part of a mad high priest, not only at the masquerade ball, but also after he had won a prize, in Pershing Square. His costume was an affair of sack cloth and tatters, he carried a bowl from which came impressive clouds of smoke, and he preached his message, blessed his converts, and

cursed the unbelievers in an unknown tongue. All very effective. After a few minutes of preaching to the assembled multitude in Pershing Square (there wasn't a multitude at first but one assembled in a hell of a hurry) he returned to the hotel. His new congregation followed him. The resulting commotion attracted the attention of the conventioners in the hotel, who went out on the fire escapes to see what was going on in the street. Naturally, anybody in the street who hadn't stopped to watch already did then, since the conventioners were dressed as Vampires, BEMs, spacemen, et al. When Anna Sinclair Moffatt tried to get the house detective to pull people back in the windows, he was too overcome with laughter to do anything - all he could say was that it was the funniest thing he had ever seen. Eventually a couple of Los Angeles policemen came up and told us whatever we were doing, stop it because it was blocking traffic.

As for the incorporation: there was some disagreement between the lawyers, the senior Mr. Kyle and G. Nims Raybin, on the proper procedure for dissolving a New York corporation. In any case, the Falascafaction pretty much had things their way. The incorporation was spoken against by both Chicago and by Detroit in their convention bid speeches at the business meeting. The business meeting continued with an announcement by George Nims Raybin that he was resigning as Legal Advisor. Belle Dietz raised a point of order, to wit that the meeting was not a legal meeting of the WSFS Inc. since the London meeting was not a legal meeting. Anna Moffett overruled on the ground that the current meeting was a meeting of the seventeenth (or whatever number it is) World Science Fiction Convention. Donaho introduced a "petition to the Board of Directors" requesting that they dissolve the incorporation. There was a momentary silence, Don Day called for the question, it was put to a voice vote, and carried by what seemed to be a large majority. The principal problem remaining is just who constitutes the legal board of directors. Since the charter and the bylaws of the corporation disagree on the number of directors - three or six - there was, the last time I discussed the matter with any of the principals, a question as to which board should decide to disincorporate; the original Kyle, Raybin, Saha board, the six man Kyle, Evans, Ackerman, Dietz, Taurasi, somebody else whose name I have forgotten, or the three man Kyle, Evans, Ackerman board.



By now the matter may be straightened out - my impression of all the parties concerned is that they are all reasonable, well meaning and honest people. They are all likeable, and it is possibly unfortunate that some of them do not get along together.

GRUMBLINGS

BOB TUCKER, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois - The 68th YANDRO arrived here yesterday and once again I am astonished by the rapidity of your publishing and delivery efforts. Oh, I'm quite used to a monthly YANDRO arriving every three weeks thru-out the year, but this time you (and the postoffice) outdid yourselves. (And I'm somewhat worried about the co-operation of the postoffice; I think it bodes ill.) Well, anyway, what I'm raving about is this:

Only eight days after a certain meeting occurred, I read the full and gory details in YANDRO. This is two weeks faster than FANAC and two months faster than SCIENCE FICTION TIMES. Have you thought of going into the fan-newspaper business? I understand it is chock full of fame and fortune, especially fortune. /At the moment, it also seems to be chock full of newsletters. RSC/ I'm referring, of course, to the details of the quick trip to Chicago to meet Ron Bennett. That meeting happened at about 3:30 AM on Sunday, August 24th. You wrote it up, went to press, mailed it off and the postoffice got it to me eight days later, on Monday, Sept. 1. I suspect that the Detroit Con next year will give you the Hugo Award for general excellence in news reporting. /I think he meant Hugo, but who am I to edit Tucker? RSC/

Permit me to add a Faaanish postscript to your Chicago meeting. I met the same burly crew for breakfast, about four hours later that Sunday morning -- but it wasn't easy. By cutting across country, I was able to head 'em off at the pass. I had previously furnished the Falascas with a map and careful instructions, telling them to take the by-pass around town and rendezvous at a certain highway restaurant on the south side. Did they follow the map or the instructions? Hah.

So, at the appointed time, I sat in the restaurant parking lot and watched the faaanish cars whiz by me in all the wrong directions; as one of them turned about and whizzed back, I even got out of my car and waved at them, but still I was ignored. I felt like a proud and lonely thing, believe me. Of course, they hadn't followed the by-pass and so missed the pre-arranged signal. But eventually, after about thirty minutes of charging hither and yon, the miracle happened: all the cars and all the occupants managed to find themselves at the restaurant at the same time, and we had breakfast. Bennett was dead on his feet, and I expect he slept thru the con, but before he left he was initiated into Falascafandom, whether he liked it or not. (He probably didn't know anything about it until he awoke five days later and found a membership card in his pocket.)

I expect the Fields-Tucker debate may as well be discontinued because of built-in frustration. I seem to be unable to communicate my

ideas in a clear and concise manner, and we appear to be talking about different concepts.

FRED W. ARNOLD, RFD 15, Box 368, Richmond, Virginia - As soon as I got the September issue of Yandro I sent away for the three fan-zines reviewed in "Stranger Fruit". However, for some reason, all the letters came back. One of them had two strange notes pencilled on the back, apparently by two postal workers. One was "Here's another one, Mort" and the other one "Dig this!" Now I ask you, what kind of talk is that?

Since I can't get to them I wonder if you would act as my agent in this matter. I will be glad to pay upon delivery. /Since this note was typed on the inside of the envelope, I suspect that Mr. Arnold is not being entirely serious. Later, we received another letter. RSC/

A few issues back you listed as recommended reading the book FADS AND FALLACIES IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE. Well, I got it and read it and, in spite of several swipes at S.F., liked it.

The section on medical quacks reminded me of something which happened to me a few years ago while traveling on a bus through your own state of Ind. It's a good illustration, I think, of just what the author is talking about, not to mention being one of the funniest (?) things I ever heard.

I fell into conversation with a man who called himself a "licensed herb doctor". It was the theory of his profession that in the beginning God put on Earth a certain number of diseases. He also put here a cure for each, in the form of a specific herb. It seems that all we must do is match the right herb with the right disease and we will have it made. As the ride wore on he began telling me what some of the matches were, and while doing so he said, "Cancer and diabetes are about the same thing and I use the same treatment for both". /Oh, we've got a state full of 'em. According to Gene DeWeese, there's a drive-in palmistry place somewhere near Kokomo. And I used to work with a guy who could stop bleeding by reading a verse from the Bible. RSC/

JOE LEE SANDERS, RR 1, Roachdale, Ind. - Juanita: It was not DeWeese's idea -- IT WAS MINE! Growelrowell.... /See "Ramblings", last issue. RC/ Dick's fable is good. So is Scithers' delightful satire -- even though your reviews didn't really need satirizing. /You're a nice man. RSC/ Fields has some good points, but they are almost completely hidden under all those words....I still agree with Scithers.

RANDY SCOTT, Route 2, Watts, Oklahoma - I have a problem. My pet bat (flying kind) has developed the bat habit of loafing most of the day, and then during the night he has insomnia and won't stay in bed. Would you try to find out if anybody has any idea how I can make him change his schedule while he (I THINK it's a he) is still young? /From a later letter/ I sat up watching "Son Of Dracula" one Saturday night with the bat. Next morning the bat was dead. He'd been bitten by a spider. I hope to get another bat in the future, though. /In case he does, anyone have any information on the care, feeding and training of bats? RSC/

SEND YOUR WORLDCON MEMBERSHIPS (\$2 each) TO JIM BRODERICK, 2218 Drexel St., Detroit 15, Michiganinformation courtesy Dainis Bisenieks

ALEX BRATMON, 281 Norton St., Long Beach 5, Calif. - I too agree that the pseudo-Bohemian has got to go. Not only because of his own unvirtuous self, but also because there is a great deal of mistaken identity where he is concerned.

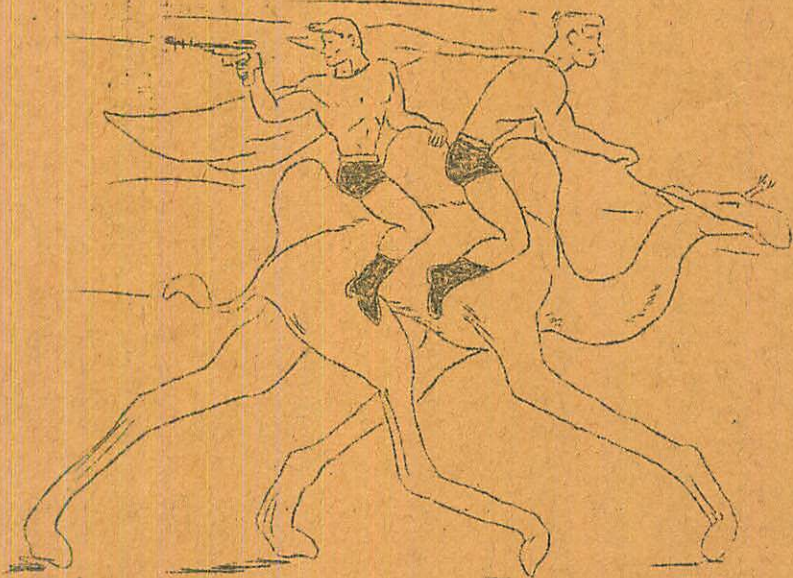
Everyone nearly, if he reads magazines, newspapers, listens to radio or watches TV had heard of the "beat generation". And most of the people I know condemn it on the basis of what they have learned. From what I gather they know practically nothing more than what they have read or what they confuse with pseudo-Bohemianism and furthermore don't care.

I don't think that most of them should care either, because it is something that is completely out of their line. Let's face it. The "Beat Generation" is a catch phrase, and if there is anything worth while behind it, then that something won't need a catch phrase to set it apart or preserve it. I think that there is something behind all this hokus-pocus. /I'm not too sure, myself. RSC/ Not a new name for Juvenile Delinquency as I have seen some newspaper articles try to infer, nor even a name for a period in which we can't find any other name to fit. /The people who call themselves "beat" don't seem to have enough energy or ambition for delinquency -- but possibly they're the "pseudos". RSC/

The "Beat Generation" is generally admitted to have started in France. It started with existentialism, spread to England as "the angry (not so) young Men", and came over here at first as phases of these; became "Beat", reaching its height in San Francisco, and spread back across the Atlantic again by the ever present American commercialism. /You mean we're exporting the whole bunch? Good for us! RSC/ Existentialism arose out of the same rejection of rationalism as did pragmatism. In fact, pragmatism could be said to be an existentialist philosophy. But most of existence can neither be computed nor tossed around in the manner of either James or J.P. Sartre. I for one feel that Existentialist doctrines are pretty one or two-valued. I mean by that that they are pretty much for the birds, and that I personally feel that Non-Aristotelian logic puts their ideas into a better form - when those

ideas resolve out, that is. It is recognized by modern philosophers that they have to be on the lookout for false problems, that is those problems that are a matter of form presentation instead of an "actual" existing problem. / Anyone wanna argue Existentialism? We could use a good hot discussion in Grumb-lings. RSC/

Did you know that Perri, that great film of togetherness, was given the equivalent of an X rating in Sweden? /I think somebody's crazy...adults only for Perri? Gah!/
What I actually saw with my



own eyes: Ron Ellik making dogburgers. Ron's mother had brought home some hot dogs from the restaurant of a friend for their dog Minnie. Minnie ate a few weiners, but then Ron objected. It seems that Ron thought she should have some biscuits too, since he considered hot dogs too rich. He must not get the same kind of hot dogs we do -- ours got biscuits built in. RSC/ Ron tried to give her some, but she wasn't having any..So... Ron put some biscuit into each bit of hot dog. Therefore the main difference between a normal hot dog and a dog-burger is that the bun is on the inside.



Well, I look at Grumblings and am amazed. WSFS is dead, and the reason it died was that GWF was right. WSFS had so little power, and its officers were so divided, that it only seems natural to me that the thing ended as soon as a negatively aimed group of people got together.

CAPSULE COMMENTS: JOHN KONING says "I tyre of Dodd." He also says I am wrong and he did find Dana Andrews sexy but he still didn't like "Curse Of The Demon". He is also afraid that if I publish the bit about Andrews people will take him seriously -- do people ever take anything in YANDRO seriously? He also wants to know how Adkins is going to do a column called "New York Inside" while he's in Arizona. Simple; matter trans-mitter. VINCENT ROACH wants us to print the last letter we got down-grading our reproduction and/or layout. People don't send us those letters; they send them to Magnus. DAN ADKINS explains: "Three stripes in the Air Force is often referred to as Buck Sergeant, as I used the term. Bob Warner is correct as the rank of sergeant starts with 4 stripes. The Air Force doesn't use Buck Sergeant except in slang terms." /A look at the column in question shows that I was instrumental in fouling things up, by a typo which omitted the word "buck". Subconscious modesty, probably. (All my modesty is subconscious.) RSC/ GEORGE SPENCER mentions that we are "pleasingly undemanding" about comment -- I hate to say this, George, but unless another OUTRE is forthcoming pretty rapidly you'll have to take back your praise...when I don't get an issue for 6 months or so, I decide that you've stopped publishing altogether and you get dropped -- and then, of course, another issue comes out. He liked Adkins' column, agreed with Juanita on pseudo-Bohemians, and wonders how one differentiates between pseudo-Bohemians and real Bohemians; or if there is a difference at all. G. H. SCITHERS says "The reason that GHScithers draws stretched out animals is that GHScithers lives with Barf, a dachshund by trade, and his animals are either very like or very unlike her stretched out self." He also wants material for a Conan fanzine. PETER FRANCIS SKEBERDIS (new address, 401 Hallisy, Ferris Institute, Big Rapids, Michigan) mentions a firm in Flint offering to insure his typewriter for theft for only \$57.50 a year, wonders why half the fen he knows claim that conventions are liabilities and lose money and the other half say that conventions are big money-makers, and asks if there are any other fans in the vicinity of Big Rapids./Till Next Time...

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