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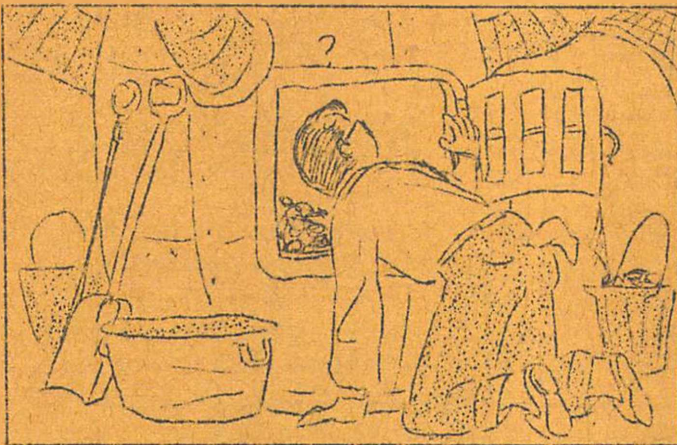
STFINITIONS (by George Spencer, again)

carbuncle.....	dent in the fender	tranquillize.....	placid peepers
plowshare.....	collective farm system	infantry.....	seedling
declension.....	when the hero gets the gal	czarevitch.....	the ruler is really a sorceress
Gemini.....	expression of surprise	subjugation.....	mating of U-boats



There is quite nothing to match the experience of mimeoing with the very dubious assistance of a hyperthyroidic cat and a small urchin who is simply mad about pushing and climbing through things.....just watch it, boy!...soon's you get big enough to reach that crank, you begin to work for your meals around here.....I still think one of the most hilarious editorial comments I ever read on the trials and tribulations of editing was in VARIOSO.. remember shoving the issue in the

face of anyone handy for weeks afterward so that all and sundry might appreciate the situation.....to more serious subjects..the recent demise of Moomaw brings once more to the point of consideration the chemical aspects of mental and emotional upset, further underlined by a personal situation in someone of our acquaintance....deep depression and insanity can be induced by the medical profession, and I can only wonder how long it's going to take the researchers to reverse the process.. if even such a small accomplishment could be made toward lowering the male suicide rate (four times greater than female according to my last statistics available) by some sort of hormone therapy....a great amount of research indicates women don't tend toward suicide simply because the regular cycle of monthly depression-elation prepares them for the really deep emotional shocks that life occasionally dredges up.....an inoculation against self destruction, as it were....I'm also inclined to believe women usually 'attempt' suicide, rather than actually wanting to succeed in the act, whereas men are sincerely intending to finish it completely....something of the difference in methods also seems to indicate men take the most painful and unpleasant ways out possible. Are women more squeamish, or is this some sort of male desire to prove 'manhood', even in death, by bearing pain stoically.....the whole situation is one of morbidity compounded to the degree of extreme disquiet. When a person such as Clarkson dies, the feeling is disbelief, regret, and remembrance...(the last time I saw Dick was at the Detroit con in '54, with a particularly vivid memory of the time we (about twelve of us) drove out to Devore's diggings in Dearborn and were roaming around his fabulous library....Dick was so delighted with one of Devore's Spanish language stf comics....and then, the rather stunning news of his death such a short while later)....but my personal reaction to the taking of one's own life is a sort of withdrawal, a faint sense of horror and inability to understand....life can be pretty horrible and painful at times, but I cannot conceive of a depression so deep it completely blots out all the previous times when things turned upward once more... it will all end ultimately, but there is so much to be done and experienced, good and bad, that death is to be put off as long as possible.. and then, too, perhaps a great deal of that attitude traces back to Mez Bradley's contention that a woman is above all concerned with posterity and the reproductive function - nothing matters but survival of the race, and any loss diminishes the whole.....JWC



It never fails; the furnace will work perfectly all through the cool weather of fall, and the moment the first cold snap strikes, it starts coming apart. This one seems to have decided to go into business as a coke oven; after wrestling with it for 3 days in a row, I could go to a convention as Carl Brandon.

H.P. Sanderson and Ted White seem to have come to identical conclusions about me -- namely, that I am a nasty, unethical sort of person. They could be right, too; who knows what evil lurks in the mind of man? (Apparently none at all lurks in the minds of these shining stalwarts; and they are appalled to discover its manifestations elsewhere.) Oh, I'm a nasty person, all right; I make fun of TAFF, I don't kneel when Belle Dietz walks into a room, I laughed like hell over Sanderson having his name put on various sucker lists.....say, Gene; you could become Sandy's friend for life by telling him about my embezzling the ISFA treasury. And if you told him that I had an abnormal sex life he might even send you a free fanzine. (Of course, it might be a bit difficult to prove anything abnormal about my sex life, but Sandy likes psychological conjectures, providing that they aren't about him.)

There have been several comments lately to the effect that paperbacks may replace magazines, as far as stf goes. The trend is already starting...I recently bought the Cardinal edition of NEW TALES OF SPACE AND TIME, and along with the editorial and 10 stories reprinted from the hardcover edition, there were 3 ads; one for TIME magazine, one for the Doubleday stf book club, and one for "YOUR INCOME TAX - 1959 edition". That's more advertising than some magazines carry....by the time pb's have replaced digests, we'll doubtless be getting truss ads and all the other paraphenalia of the good old days.

We seem to be getting on awfully high-class sucker lists lately. The National Geographic Association cordially invited me to become a member (\$6.50 a year), AMERICAN HERITAGE is practically insisting that I send someone a Christmas subscription (only \$10.95), the Metropolitan Opera Record Club feels that I am the sort of person who would enjoy a membership, the 21 sovereign nations of the Western Hemisphere invited me to subscribe to AMERICAS magazine, and a couple of weeks ago the University of Michigan invited me to become a "patron and founder" of their modern history series (15 volumes at \$6.50 per volume). I even got a circular from a finance company, offering to let me have the cash necessary to indulge in these luxuries. Somehow, though, I don't think I'd enjoy the feeling of having culture running out my ears (though I was a bit reluctant about turning down the Geographic sub). Actually, if I had the money, I'm the type who would subscribe to about every magazine published and buy every non-fiction book printed.....In fact, the only gripe that I have about life is that I wasn't born rich. I think I have the ideal sort of personality for handling wealth -- I'm lazy. RSC

Colonial Excursion

Part III: First Contact — *ron bennett*

Once I was off the ship the atmosphere of the occasion began to catch up with me and I stood confused saying idiotic things as Belle Dietz, Pat Ellington and Bill Rickhardt, who had met me, showered me with an embarrassing show of interest about the voyage over. We picked up my two cases and took them over to a long line of some two hundred people waiting to see the customs officials. I was immediately told to take the cases back and leave them under the sign marked with my surname initial. I did so while the others marked my place in line and then we settled down to a long wait. Pat told me that Dick was waiting outside the customs sheds with Marie-Louise, their two month old daughter, who is known to everyone as "Poops". Evidently Dick hadn't been able to get hold of a pass to the sheds. Time passed and I learned that Bill was working in New York. Pat was suddenly paged over the loudspeaker system and she went off to the gate to find that Dick was wanting to get off to work. Pat returned with Poops, a fortuitous move which should be Standard Procedure For Fans Visiting the USA. After a short while Pat's arms began to ache from holding the baby, and when Poops had been held in turn by Bill and Belle and complaints were ringing in all ears, a kindly police guard took us out of line and to the head of the queue. I didn't think this was cricket of course, but then I'm used to playing rugby, game in which one plays not only against the opposing team but also against the referee. I kept my mouth closed and found myself ushering a portly customs official over to my waiting cases.

I told him I had a camera and a typewriter for personal use and that I wasn't bringing into the country any women for immoral purposes, a gag which tickled him so much that he told me to hurry and get the hell out of there. I picked up my cases and walked out through the gates. Then I turned round to look for Belle, Pat and Bill. They were nowhere to be seen.

I put my cases down again and waited. After a long time watching Americans chew chewing gum in America, and talk with American accents — all the genuine article — I was thinking of paging them, when they showed up intent on paging me. I never did discover just what had happened. We greeted each other like long lost brothers, pointedly ignoring the cliché, and we went under the elevated highway, crossing the road and looking back on the Queen Mary. This was an American sidewalk on an American street and my first impressions were that it was sunny, that it was warm, and that the sunshine intensified the colours of the American scene. Not only that but the scene itself was definitely more colourful than at home. Clothes struck me as being so, and where in England does one see yellow and red taxi-cabs?

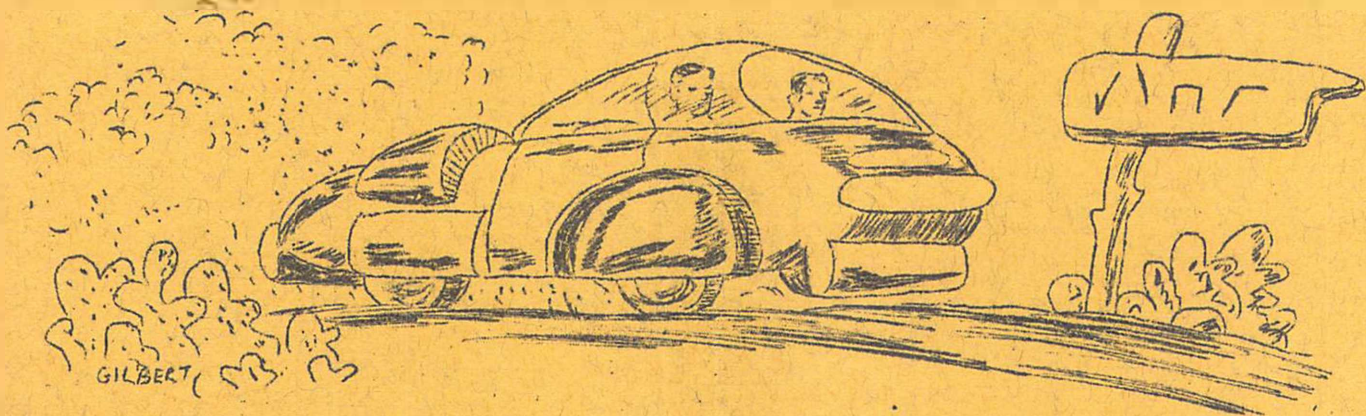
We went into a snack bar and had a round of coffee. I was still feeling a little dazed and I merely had the cup of what Fredric Brown always describes as muddy liquid. I can't understand why I didn't try

some apple pie, pizza or even a hamburger. Belle left us to do some shopping, and Bill and Pat pushed my cases and me into a taxi which drove out to the Ellington's apartment on the east side. Here I met Saddy Ritter, the young lady whose apartment shares the fifth floor with that of Dick and Pat. She served us up coffee, and we sat around smoking and comparing English and American cigarettes waiting for something to happen. We didn't have to wait very long.

Fans began to drop in and out with monotonous regularity and though I was having a whale of a time, meeting more fans than I normally meet in an entire year at home, I'm not too sure I got them all sorted out and the correct names tagged onto the correct faces. Sandy Cutrell came along to see whether I was in any shape to be driven out to Cleveland on the Friday morning. I'd met Sandy in London a fortnight before when he had flown over for a short tour of the Continent, and with Mike Moorcock, we'd spent an afternoon in Soho and at the Tarzan Comic Book offices where Mike had been working. We showed Bill and Pat the Moorcock inspired Tarzan adventure where the Jungle Lord meets Jim Caughran, Lee Shaw and Dick Ellington. Shel Deretchin dropped in to renew memories of the London Convention a year before and I met for the first time such New York stalwarts as Danny Curran, Ian Macaulay, Bill Donaho and Roger Sims of Detroit. I never did find out what part Roger was playing in the New York scene, but he fitted in well. Danny and Bill Donaho are the occupants of the Bowery apartment known to fandom as "The Nunnery", which has taken over the role of the vacated "Riverside Dive" in holding parties. I never really got to know Danny, who struck me as being an easy going personality who should be known. Still, these sentiments were probably true of practically everyone I came into contact with briefly during the trip. I'd be getting on well with them and would suddenly find myself whisked away to meet someone else. That's probably the most regretful thing about a rushed tour like a TAFF trip. Things have to be done by halves or often not done at all. It's a pity where places are concerned, and with people it's just plain tragedy.

Besides Danny, I never really got to know Ian, who I bumped into frequently at one time or another when either one of us was moving somewhere else. We did have one brief chat before he had to duck out on some errand, as had other fans. Bill Rickhardt had to go off to work, at Cushman's bakery, and at one time I was left with Bill Donaho, a frightening prospect for any newcomer to New York. I later christened Bill "Wee Willie" to try and bring his tremendous build down to manageable size. He stands some six foot four, weighs close on twenty stones and every cubic inch of him is fabulous.

In the afternoon I went out shopping with Pat, trying vainly to compare prices of such assorted amenities as soap powder and gramophone records so that I'd be able to dazzle my parents with acquired knowledge when I returned home. We bought some duplicating paper, had a look at a supermarket (this didn't impress me as much as was obviously expected. Why they even have a supermarket near Catford!), and looked in on Steve Takacs, the bookseller on Third Avenue who has attended several conventions and is known to the New York faction as possessing the ability to underemphasize his business successes. Around this time, I was beginning to feel as though I'd been playing rugby for two or three



hours and I asked Pat what the temperature was. "About eightyethree", she replied, carefully adding that it was cool in New York for that time of the year. I tried to think that she was trying to show me that it really was just like home in England, but when my mind went back to the dazzling sixties we experience on rare sunny days, I felt hotter than ever. When we got back to the apartment, I took off my under shirt and didn't wear one again until I arrived back in England.

Larry Shaw later dropped in, complete with pipe. I'd met Larry and the pipe in Kettering two years before when he'd been quickly manhandled from group to group and I hadn't had much time to speak with him there. I sat there watching him blow smoke at the ceiling, feeling the distrust that a fan feels for a professional who is trying, somewhat condescendingly, to be a fan. But it soon dawned on me, Larry's enthusiasm wasn't pseudo-eagerness; this was the real thing. We started insulting one another, calling INFINITY and OMPA Presidents lots of nasty things, and Larry quickly became one of my favourite American fan personalities. And as though it wasn't enough for me to be sitting in New York swapping yarns with Larry Shaw, Dick Ellington came home from work.

For years people have been telling me that Dick is a Good Man, a Great Guy and like that. Now I was to find out for myself. While the TAFF polling was still in progress, Dick had written to me saying that although he hoped John Berry would be elected, if I made the grade he'd be glad to have me stay with him. And now here he was, stuck, and eating his words. He told me about his fanzine FIJAGH and what the Detroit group had lined up in the way of a touring schedule, about New York and what it was like living there, and how the sewers of the city were crawling with monstrous alligators, and of some of the conventions he'd attended and before we knew where we were, we'd had dinner and other fans had begun to roll in for a party which Dick insisted was just a get-together. Dave Kyle showed up wearing an army uniform with major's insignia. He was leaving early the next morning to hitch a ride over to the west coast in an army plane, a procedure which is the done thing with American military. It struck me as strange that I should have met Belle the same morning and have got on as well with her as I was now doing with Dave right then. It wasn't that either side in the law-suiting feud was taking pains to conceal antagonism from me. I'd already stated that I was neutral and I was extremely pleased to see that neither

side held this against me. Dave asked me about Sandy Sanderson and when I told him Sandy had lent me one of my two cases, he insisted on picking it up. "Don't forget to tell him that Dave Kyle carried this around with him," he cracked.

After a while Larry and I found we had a mutual interest in gin and we went out for me to watch him purchase a bottle. We returned to the flat to find Pat going to bed and afterwards a group of stalwarts who were getting steadily drunker -- Bill Donaho, Dave, Dick, Larry and myself, as well as Russell Blackwell who had materialized from nowhere, sat up until four and dammit -- we discussed science fiction. This was only the second time in my life I'd stayed up so late discussing anything discussable with fans, and the previous time, with Norman Shorrock, we'd worked our way through SF then, too. There must be something in science fiction after all. With Dave Kyle the last to leave, well after four, I crawled in a bed kept warm for me by a cat with an unprintable name and despite my mind wandering through the day's crowded events, I fell asleep.

Will Ron ever wake up? For the next thrilling installment of COLONIAL EXCURSION, apply to Gregg Calkins, 1714 South 15th. East, Salt Lake City 5, Utah. Magazine: OOPS!A. Price: 15¢. Part I appeared in PERIHELION and part II in APORRHETA -- see "Strange Fruit" for addresses.

"The equipment for vacuum impregnating is very expensive."

.....from "Design of Direct-Current Machines"

NOTICE: I'd like for every reader, after looking over this issue, to drop us a postcard with his/her choice of the three best written items which have appeared in YANDRO in 1958. Even if you haven't received every issue, pick the 3 best items from what you have received. RSC



LE SACRE DU PRINTEMPS

— by — hyacinthe hill —

"Her name is Astarte," her mother had announced before leaving her at the orphanage and disappearing into the mist of humanity.

"She is very beautiful," said the middle-aged minister's wife who was adopting her. "We will call her Emily. Astarte is...well, it's too flamboyant! I might even say pagan."

"Oh, I certainly agree with you, Mrs. Christopher," said the director, writing "Emily A. Christopher" on the final papers. "I'm sure you will have no trouble. Ast...I beg your pardon; Emily is an obedient child, healthy, intelligent...and, as you say, exceptionally beautiful. I admit we have had a little difficulty socializing her. She doesn't make friends easily with other children and has an over-active imagination."

"You mean she exaggerates -- colors the truth?"

"Oh no, Mrs. Christopher. You will find that she speaks the truth out at all times -- this can be embarrassing."

Mrs. Christopher snorted inwardly at the doubtful morals of the director. "We hope her lonely ways will vanish with the love of parents, a sister and a normal home life."

"Good-bye and good luck to both of you."

Driving out through the gates of Happy Haven, Mrs. Christopher squeezed the hand of the little dark-haired six-year-old. "Now you are free, Emily dear."

The green-eyes turned startled. "But I was always free, Mother. I can climb those gates easily. It just wasn't time to go!"

Mrs. Christopher smiled and said, "Why, of course! You are right." (Telling herself, "I must repeat this conversation to Charles. It is quite charming, and how quickly she has learned to call me Mother.")

"Your sister Susan will be so happy to see you. She has wanted a playmate for so long, and we searched and searched until we found just the right one. Susan is two years older than you and will show you how to do many things."

Susan -- pink, plump and blond -- was jumping up and down excitedly on the porch when they drove up. Emily, the new "little" sister, was noticeably taller and more graceful in build. She had none of Susan's doll-like prettiness, but a quality of build, movement and co-ordination which suggested the quickness and subtle strength of a young doe.

"I will give you whatever you like best," said Susan, displaying her treasures with a reckless determination to be loved that won over her fear that her favorite doll might be chosen. Emily's choice was a jeweled scythe hanging on a delicate golden chain, a gift from Susan's grandmother that had been thrown in a box with the other less costly trinkets Susan used for her adornment.

Late that evening Pastor and Mrs. Christopher were talking about their new daughter and how well she was adjusting; how beautifully the two girls had reacted toward one another, how their opposite physical beauty complemented, what excellent taste Emily had displayed in the choice of the expensive charm bracelet. The doorbell rang. Mr. Ridgely from down the street stood on the doorstep beside Emily, who was stark naked except for her charm bracelet. Mr. Ridgely redly stuttered, "She says she belongs here. I found her in that condition clinging to the big oak tree out front."

Emily, decently wrapped in a warm robe, told her endeavouring-to-understand parents, "The moon put her arm in my window, then she pointed to a big star. 'That is Astarte's (Emily's, dear) star,' she said, 'and that is Astarte's (Emily's, dear) big tree,' and when I went out to say hello, I met my best friend who....(Mr. Ridgely?) No, he had a beautiful music maker and danced with his little hooves. He gave me this rope and told me he would come back for me some day."

"Oh, darling, you are tired. That is mistletoe from the oak tree -- see, it is cut. You must have cut it with your little scythe. You must never go out without our knowing where you are and giving our permission."

"But they called me."

"You must never go outside without clothes on. We don't do that."

"Oh, but you and Daddy are so fat and funny. I look so nice that I want to make everyone happy when they see how nice I look. My friend said he liked to look at me, and he touched me with his hairy hands."

Both parents gasped in shocked unison, "Mr. Ridgely!!!"

"No, my best friend. He left when Mr. Ridgely came."

"Oh, Emily.....!"

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Pastor and Mrs. Christopher talked late into the night and finally decided that Emily was over-excited, and the entire incident with all the imagined details would be better forgotten. Each fell asleep afraid to admit to himself or his mate that he suspected they might have adopted a problem.

*

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Emily looked down at her hand spread hard against the brown earth. "It is like a tree rooted into the ground, and like Antaeus I feel strength flowing up into and through me. Strange that all the religion with which I was inoculated never took. Underneath I am pagan, amoral. Lawless without having broken any laws." She rubbed the chain on her arm. "This scythe is the symbol of my druid nature." Laughing lightly aloud she leaned back against the great oak. "Tree of Jupiter, where have all the male Gods gone....Osiris, Adonis and Pan? My parents went quietly and innocently to their graves, never dreaming that Susan, the genteel wife and loving mother, was a recidivistic back-street adulteress, and dear Emily, their timid old maid poetess who never drank nor smoked, only remains a virgin because all the Gods are dead. No one has seen the tiger in my; no one guessed my eagle, found my oasis. There is not enough thunder and lightning in men nowadays." As if called by her thoughts, the heavens cracked open with a flash. Emily, showered with cooling rain, ran toward the house.

The letter was postmarked Chicago. It read:
"Astarte, (which she now used as a pen-name)

For a long time I have been reading and saving your poetry which I have clipped from various magazines. You handle your sensuality with a restrained voluptuousness that I find exceedingly provocative. Your poem 'Madman' forcefully paints the plight of neglected saints and satyrs like Nietzsche and myself. Casting aside all other considerations, I am coming to New York. If there is any other man in your life, see that he is safely out of the way of my fury by March 21st, when I will arrive to claim you. Write immediately to ---

Pan Perkuns"

At first she shivered, then she laughed. "The arrogance, the egotism!" She found fourteen of his poems in as many magazines. She had to admit they were original, varied, of excellent quality. From their themes she learned that he was on the side of evolution against adaptation; of science against superstition; on the side of men against the angels. There was no clue as to his age, color, position in life. Astarte laughed at herself: "I have always said that love has no barriers -- neither age, color, religion, social stratum, family ties, time plane, sex nor species."

Once she had been in love with D. H. Lawrence. She had considered him more alive in his grave than any of the young men pursuing her. Now why should she be so concerned over the physical make-up of this depraved old man or arrogant upstart? At thirty she was acting like a fidgety old maid titillated by sloppy sentiment. She wrote:

"Dear Perkuns,

My great grandchildren were delighted with your little note. They now refer to Granny as Ninon de l'Enclos. But I said, 'I'll bet Perkuns has a long grey beard.'

If you do come to New York, I will not be able to see you as my health does not any longer permit my having visitors. But if you telephone, perhaps I may be well enough to speak with you for a few moments.

Astarte"

She wobbled the lines a little to simulate the calligraphy of an aged hand.

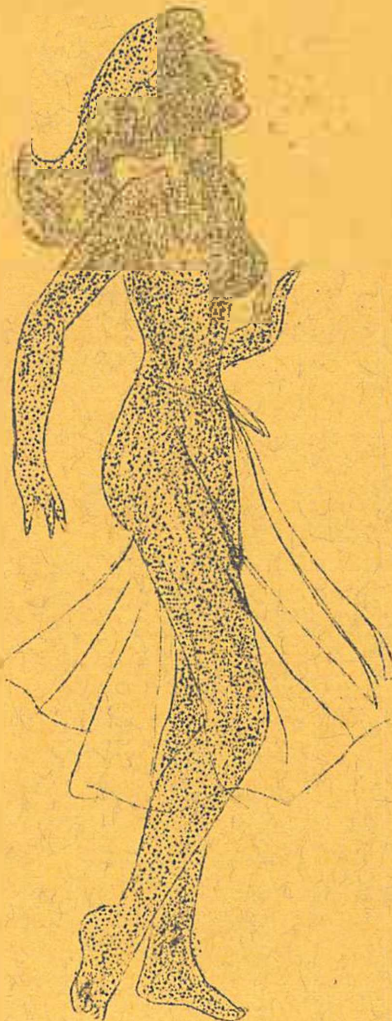
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Two days later the cards started coming. They had weird modern paintings on one side, and always just a line and a signature. She could tell he was on his way east by the postmarks. "He must be driving because he has stopped in so many places." The last card, sent from a monastery in Pittsburgh, stated that he was visiting Verlaine, and ended:

"Affections, confections and affectations,
Rimbaud"



"Well, that does it! He is a very depraved young man -- probably takes dope and has male lovers. I will not waste any of my precious time on his affectations." But she knew that her curiosity would give her no rest if she refused to see him just once.

On the morning of the twenty-first, Astarte -- who was waiting impatiently for the mail -- saw a ragged old man, weighed down by a patched suitcase, stumbling up the long front walk.

"Oh no!" She buried her disappointment under a sigh of relief. "Well, I will have no trouble handling this situation. I will be graciously cold, give him a meal and a few dollars, and make it clear that I am too busy for any further social contact."

She opened the door wide, and using her warmest voice said, "Hello. Come in. I've been expecting you."

The tramp's face lighted up. "You have?"

"Yes, aren't you Mr. Perkuns?"

"Oh no, ma'am. I'm in dire straits just now. I wonder if you could help me out?"

Astarte ran to her desk and returned with a dollar and a red face. She closed the door and leaned against it for support.

*

*

Late that evening she was preparing to retire when the telephone rang, and a voice that sent quivers through her said, "Astarte?"

"Yes, are you Perkuns?"

He laughed. "Call me Pan. I don't believe in standing on formality."

"All right. Pan."

Silence.

"I'm in Penn Station. How do I get to your house?"

"Oh, you came by train?"

"No, I hitch-hiked, but I may have to sleep here if you don't welcome me as your guest."

"Why, that is impossible! Didn't you plan -- make arrangements for such things before you came?"

"No, I wanted to see you, and if I waited until I had the money everything would have changed. Now is the hour! My enthusiasm to meet you has exceeded all bounds! All beauty is conceived in the season of illogical enthusiasm and born in the time of reflective reasoning."

"I'm not sure I want to meet you....(firmer) at least it is impossible tonight!" Then with the haughtiness of someone granting an audience; "But you may come tomorrow at 2:00 PM", and she gave him directions in a cool secretarial voice and said good night.

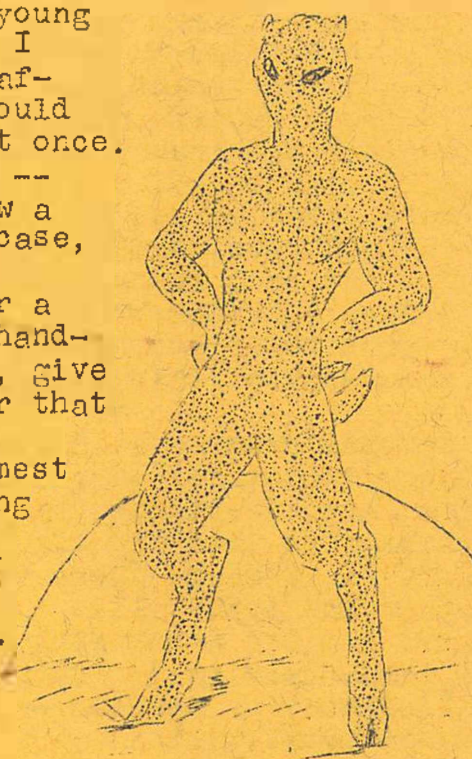
"Astarte..." (The voice was rich with a hypnotic quality, but she was not going to yield to it.)

"Yes?"

"I will dream of you from my bench-bed."

"If you sleep in the railroad station, you'll be arrested."

"My desire shall repel all obstacles."



When she put the received down she pressed her hands against her hot cheeks. "Oh dear, he is someone dreadful -- a gangster from Chicago!" But something inside of her was saying, "You are the wrong one -- growing old, afraid to take chances. There is something vast and heroic about this man." She knew she had been hard, unresponsive, but in this world where the innocent, the sensitive are easy prey, one had to be strong to survive. (But hard?) She was afraid, and she knew fear was not wrong. "Perhaps I recognized my own lack of strength to combat it."

She put an X through March 21 on her calendar and went to bed. The full moon extended an arm across her tossing figure. She turned her face away from the silver light and closed her eyes, laughing, "The full moon is the cause of this madness."

* * *

Something was calling, pulling, calling. She awakened with a strange feeling that this had all happened sometime before -- that she was reliving a past experience. Every few minutes there was a strange low sound haunting the sleeping night. "A saxophone -- oh no, he wouldn't!" She ran to the window. There was a figure under the oak tree, half hidden in shadows and leaves like a Rousseau painting. Fear and modesty yielded to anger. She ran downstairs without stopping for a robe and dashed onto the lawn, leaving the front door open behind her.

"Astarte, my darling -- across a universe of space, evading laws that are not ours....."

She stood still, all aggression and doubt drowned in a flood of knowledge. Before her, arms outstretched, was a magnificent figure -- not tall but broad of chest, with graceful, slender hips, a mass of tight brown curls, an oval face with a slightly pointed chin, high cheekbones, and eyes of green-yellow! She knew him -- had somehow faced him this way before. With one movement they were together; all her tenseness fallen away under the vibrant, hairy hands. She followed his swaying body with contagious abandon, having recognized the music he was purring into her ear as a section of Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps". They danced around the ancient tree, mocking time and circumstance in such a wild swirling that an onlooker might have thought it was the arrival of Spring with a cortege of mad winds and moonlight.

At dawn she started up suddenly, alerted by the sound of familiar footsteps; old Mr. Ridgely walking his pampered collie. She reached for her night dress lying crumpled at the foot of the oak, uncovering an empty wine bottle, "the nectar", and ran happily toward the house.

Beauty, conceived in illogical enthusiasm, would be delivered in due season. Astarte sat at her desk, still unclothed, fondled her charm bracelet and wrote:

"I sit silently thinking
No poem could contain you
One word perhaps
And that ineffable
I sit silently knowing
Your vastness
Wanting to reproduce

In dance in song in color
Leaps have a limited lift
Legs a like extension
Throats too full are still
My brush and pen lack skill
I sit silently dreaming
An image of flesh to express you."

Mimeograph Instructions

john w. thiel

- (1) Put mimeograph in convenient spot. Any good make of mimeograph is shockproof, and can easily withstand being taken up and hurled at the floor, etc.
- (2) Place automatic feeder in automatic slot. The feeder will never work in a million years, but it does contribute to the appearance of the mimeograph.
- (3) Place papers on the left side of the mimeograph. Make certain that the papers all reach the barrel; because if this is not done the papers will not go through the machine. They probably won't anyway, but you should give yourself a fighting chance.
- (4) Place stencil on inked pad. Some machines are equipped with earplugs, which you should pass out to your friends at this point -- preferably before you discover that the stencil is on crooked. If you want to keep your friends, that is. Straighten stencil and remove creases.
- (5) Remove any and all objects which are sharp or heavy and might be put to tragic use in the hands of a maniac.
- (6) Pour ink into the drum. Remember the Second Commandment as the ink saturates the stencil completely, dripping through.
- (7) Count to ten before committing any rash act which you may later regret.
- (8) Swish brush around in barrel. Wait until you are outside among stout trees to give vent to your emotions as the brush topples from the handle into the thick puddle of ink inside the mimeo.
- (9) Turn the crank. The feeder will scrape the surface of the papers several times, finally sending through three or four sheets at once, the first of which sticks to the barrel and the rest of which flutter away in a blast of invective. Do not lose your temper.
- (10) Keep a tall wastebasket on hand.
- (11) try also to keep a straight face as your correction fluid topples over, covering the stencil in a syrupy mess. Put the correction fluid in another room, where it should have been in the first place.
- (12) Avoid fingering your lower lip at such times as when the oil drips down from the upper parts of the machine and covers the first few dozen sheets. Just think -- now you have slick paper!
- (13) Do not become discouraged, disheartened, or neurotic when the printing shows up backwards (you put your stencil on upside down. Ha, ha!) Anyway, if you are like most new mimeographers, the brand of paper you selected will let the printing show through on the other side, so it can still be read. Of course, if you didn't slipsheet.....you may have to get new paper.
- (14) When you spot large globs of ink on the pages coming through, stop the machine, take out the roller and wipe off the ink. Do not hurl the roller into the convenient wastebasket; the mimeo will not work without a roller and by this time the wastebasket is full, anyway.
- (15) Have a good cry.



Sylvester Vigilante

(16) Keep anguish at a minimum as the ink oozes through a hole in the stencil.
(17) Paper dolls are all well and good, but concentrate on the fanzine.
(18) Oh, don't act so irritated. Everything requires a certain amount of time.
(19) Don't let it get you down.
(20) Whoops...pile of paper slipped back...the last fifteen have had the print running off the page. Keep your eyes open, stupid!
(21) A triple axe murder may help a little, but the best advice is to leave the whole mess a few days, not even glancing at it, and begin again in a new, refreshed state of mind. Little troubles, ha, ha. This time you'll make it! This state of mind may not last very long when you discover that the ink has solidified on you, and has collected dust and insects. Maybe leaving it sit wasn't such a hot idea, after all.
(22) You are now ready for color mimeography.

Twilight

— by — ROBERT N. LAMBECK —

There is a time at the close of day when
A strange glow seems to suffuse all the earth,
And all
Is quiet and
Still.

A heavy
Silence
Presses down upon all the landscape and
All is peace.

Such is it now,
As
Shades of Hiroshima drift serenely through the evening air.

A DODDERING COLUMN

BY

alan dodd

"Your country has made remarkable progress in espionage, my friend," says the female spy as she turns in her jeep seat to look at the steering wheel where the Invisible Man is driving.....

At the turn of the century H. G. Wells, the fore runner along with Verne of science fiction, wrote a story called THE INVISIBLE MAN -- a man whose new found power of invisibility twisted his character to become an evil megalomaniac, a sinister figure bent on destruction.

Dr. Peter Brady, the hero of the television series based on this story, is different.

He is a scientist at an atomic laboratory doing research on electricity and refraction when an agitated voice shrills through the intercom, "Number Three Reactor Leaking -- Emergency Drill!" But he is absorbed in an experiment.

A girl enters the lab in protective clothing and inquires whether everything is satisfactory.

"Fine," murmurs Professor Brady, absorbed in his notes at the desk. But the girl gazes in horror at the Professor and falls into a faint on the floor.

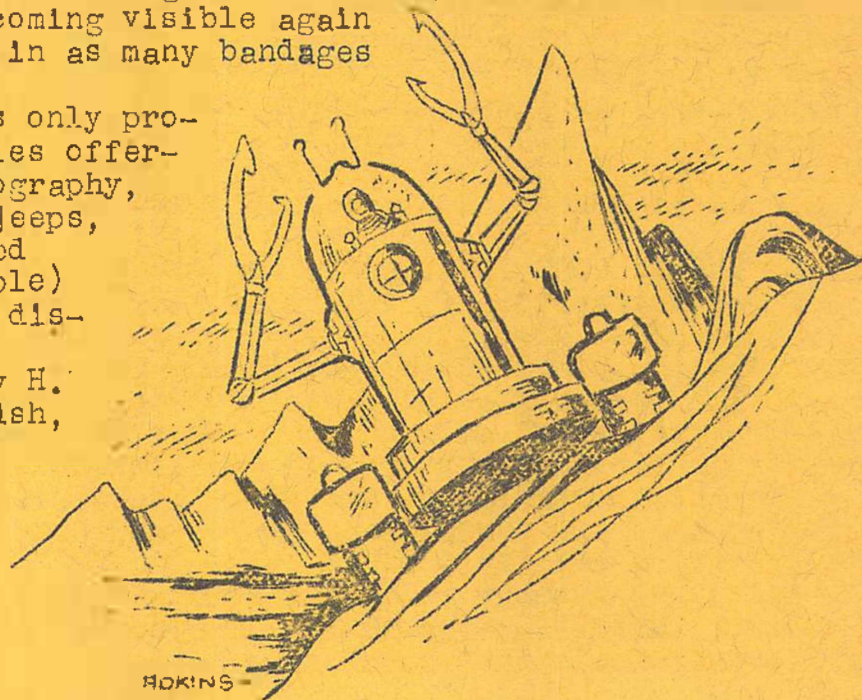
The figure at the desk has no HEAD.

"It's quite simple," says the Professor explaining his accident, "put a jellyfish into water and you can't see it because its refractive index is the same as the water. My refractive index is lowered to that of the air around me. So I'm invisible. See?"

No, of course we don't darn well see - but then we aren't really supposed to, are we? The important thing is that Brady has not worked out a successful formula for becoming visible again without wrapping himself up in as many bandages as Pharaoh's Mummy.

As you'll appreciate this only provides the outline for a series offering all kinds of trick photography, driverless motorcycles and jeeps, suspended telephones, lighted cigarettes, things (and people) sailing through the air and disembodied voices.

And although the story by H. G. Wells was obviously British, the accent of the Invisible Man is definitely American, though he is supposed to be a British scientist in the plot. Oh well, just another concession no doubt to allow the series to be sold elsewhere.



Although the wires that suspend the clubs and guns and bottles in the air are themselves invisible, it is unfortunate that the storyline of each episode is in a condition quite similar to that of the leading character.

And if you should hear any rumblings in the background while this series is being projected I should take no notice. It will only be H. G. turning in his grave.....

"Yea, verily I say unto you -- but don't quote me..." Gene DeWoese

GRUMBLINGS

To begin with, some more of the Ron Bennett letter that got its nose cut off in the last issue:

Since I got back home I've read "The Lincoln Hunters", "Time X", "The Hired Target" and I'm halfway through "The City Under The Sea". Meeting Tucker must have had some impression on me. Actually, I remember very little about it all. I do remember being shoved into the trunk of Fred Prophet's car in the early hours of a Chicago morning, black coffee being poured over my head by Nancy Kemp. I guess I must have slept a little. The next thing I remember clearly is that it was broad daylight and I was sitting at a roadside restaurant somewhere in Missouri, eating a squeelchy hamburger. Nick reached over and pulled a Falasca Fandom membership card out of my top pocket. "Well," he said, looking at it closely, the way he peers at those road signs when he's taken the wrong turning, "what did you think of Tucker?" I felt like marching to London, waving a large banner, "GIVE US BACK OUR ELEVEN DAYS."

And also there's the fact that when we hit Peoria on the return trip we tried to phone the Falascas to get hold of Bob Tucker's number. We rang Cleveland at a dollar forty or so, but couldn't get through. I gather that although Bob Wouldn't have wanted to meet me a second time, particularly as I was now awake, he might have liked a word or two with Sylvia Dees. Heck, in those days she wasn't even Mrs. Ted White to be! /Sounds like Tucker has been taking one of those hypnotism courses advertised in SEARCH. I suppose it's one way to promote sales..... RSC/

F. M. BUSBY, 2852 14th. West, Seattle 99, Washington - Electronic equipment can malfunction in the wackiest ways -- once, down at ACS (where I work) we had a character call in to complain that his Hammond Organ kept telling him "This is the Alaska Communications System" (from our call-tape on the Alaskan radiotelephone circuits). I've never seen anything quite as bad as arguing 4 hours over stamping periods after abbrev's on cartons, but from my own limited experience, I believe.

Thanks for reprinting the Bloch speech; I heard it, but you always miss some of the punchlines, or forget them. Best thing is, reading this over, I get it in Bob's voice-tones. Makes a big difference.

Scithers' summary is delightful, as might be expected.

Buck, I still prefer at-end comments to interpolated-comments in a lettercol. Aside from simon-pure neofen, you and GMCarr are the worst

offenders, for breaking up the tempo of a letter with insistent insertions; the two of you can be depended-upon to make it difficult to follow the text. Why??? (Between-paragraph comments wouldn't be so bad, with you; you're moderate enough on disruptive remarks, but the format makes it baaad.) Bratmon, for instance, was trying to contribute an attempt at analyzing the Beatniks, but who can follow him, through your inserted diversions, to tell whether or not he had anything to contribute? And by gholly, although I have no large arguments to push, DNQ this letter, unless you can mostly stay out of my paragraphs. I'm not kidding; you really kill a letter that way. (And don't rebut me by saying that 'Ell' nor is doing it in the CRY: I'm against her chopping into letters, also, but it doesn't get me anywhere.)

/Okay, no editorial interruptions in your letter. I'm tempted to make the snide comment that you must be a slow reader, but maybe I should wait to see if any of our other readers back you up. My stand is (a) I like editorial comment placed next to what the editor is commenting on, and (b) if I can follow a writer's trend of thought at all, the presence of editorial interjections doesn't bother me. Any other readers care to comment on this? Incidentally, Buz, if that letter had come from someone I liked less, I'd probably have stuck an editorial note into every other sentence, just to see the fireworks. You have received my benediction.RC/

RICH BROWN, 127 Roberts St., Pasadena 3, California - Was FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND really "bad writing"? Well, it was rushed; but it had a lot of Ackermanish puns, which I personally like, and after all, was it really so terrible? From the viewpoint of the confirmed sf reader, maybe; but it wasn't aimed at the confirmed sf reader -- it was aimed at teen-agers and horror-movie enthusiasts. No, I don't think you should refrain from criticizing bad writing just because it paid for a new typewriter for the author. However, I don't think this hell-raising on FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND is justified; would you criticize, say, one of Harold Lamb's books because it wasn't good on the science fiction standard? Would you? If you would, there's no point in arguing, but I don't think you would. Then why is FAMOUS MONSTERS getting all this down-dragging when it isn't aimed at science fiction fans? And if you're criticizing the thing because it isn't aimed at science fiction fans, I can only repeat; he did it for money. Maybe you think it's a horrible, horrible thing, but as I've said before, people, even science fiction people, have a habit of eating -- it's a good habit, and he, along with millions of others, wants to indulge in it at least three times a day. /Are you actually proposing that fans should not criticize (or discuss or praise -- if you do one, you must do all, to be fair) anything not specifically intended for them? All stf movie reviews must be dropped; stf movies are certainly not aimed at fans. Comments on flying saucers, and reviews of saucer books, should cease; we can't poke fun at them because they aren't aimed at us. Brown, you're a party-pooper. And if anyone is curious, yes, I think FAMOUS MONSTERS belongs on the same literary level as the cheaper horror movies, flying saucer books and stf comic books. RSC/

I might disagree with you on THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN if I knew what you disliked. It followed the book fairly well, leaving out the sex,

but then, they always do that, for some reason or other. Of course, it wasn't too good of a story to begin with, and the movie added a few more cliches than the story could stand. And the technical effects might have been improved a bit....say 700%. Still, it was head-and-shoulders above the average glee from outer space. /My objections? First, the alleged science was as bad as that in the worst Hollywood potboiler. Second, the hero never put enough life into his role so that I ever gave a damn what happened to him. Third, the film was disjointed; items such as the girl midget had nothing to do with the story as shown, and failed to get across an emotion, if that was what they were intended to do. Fourth, the big scene -- the fight with the spider -- was awkwardly staged and dull, since we knew how it was going to come out and didn't care much anyway. And fifth, that ending soliloquy was the worst mishmash of sloppy sentiment and bad science that I have ever encountered. And finally, with all those defects, I don't think it was head and shoulders above the average Hollywood product. I think it was just about par for the course. RSC/

It's good to see Bloch's speech in print. The only thing unfortunate about hearing anything good is that it has just been spoken; you can't go back and chuckle at it for a second or third or fourth time.

And magnificent might be strong enough to describe Jenrette: at first I thought this was going to be on the Bella Donna line, but it wasn't. This is a very clever piece -- I'm surprised Dave didn't try to sell it; and if he did, why it didn't.

Scithers only made one mistake -- it wasn't John Larkey that acted the part of the mad high-priest, but John Lakey.

/In order to shorten the letter column somewhat, I'll just mention here that everyone who wrote in thought that the Bloch speech was wonderful. Add another 15 points to your egoboo, Bob. RSC/

G. M. CARR, 5319 Ballard Ave., Seattle 7, Washington - Agree with your comments about hard-to-read fanzines. There's very seldom any fanwriting so utterly fascinating that it's worth struggling through something like pale purple on pink hekto, or un-slip-sheeted or underinked mimeo. (Not that I have any right to carp about lousy mimeo, after the loused-up job I turned out last time! I shudder every time I think of it, but am too stubborn either to throw away the blotched and smeared sheets, or do them over.)

The Hal Annas story is just a little toooo far-fetched. Somehow I just can't imagine men fainting all over the joint, no matter how beautiful women might become in some future date. If he was inspired to do a take-off of Moore's Northwest Smith story about the "Minga girls", it just didn't come off as far as I'm concerned, although I must say it was well written.

Get a kick out of your comment about Burnett Toskey "After all, what can you expect from a man who likes AMAZING STORIES?" Believe it or not, Toskey is a University Professor -- teaching mathematics, no less! But no matter what his professorial erudition may be, he still fans pure Essence de Neocrud and there doesn't seem to be any hope that he'll improve with age. /We've already received comments to the effect of "What's wrong with Amazing Stories?" from a couple of our younger (I think) readers. Unfortunately, it isn't a question I can answer in a 20-page fanzine. RSC/

Also second your comment about Ackerman. This phenomenon that insists that Ackerman is a sort of Superfan is one that I cannot understand. Sure, he's a nice guy. Sure, he's been around fandom a long, long time. But he absolutely cannot write for beans, and I mean his lack of writing ability approaches vacuum, both as to coherence and interest-value. Likewise his fanac -- mostly it consists of standing around and looking amiable, which is a nice thing to do, I'll admit. But still I can't see any reason why it should produce raves... Make no mistake -- I'm not "attacking" he, nor starting a "hate campaign" against him. /You're just getting mellow in your old age. RSC/ I just can't see where all this adulation has any basis in fact. And even his much-vaunted collection looks more like the back end of a junk-yard, with much not catalogued or even properly stored. Smiling amiability and a pack-rat instinct for acquisitions are OK in themselves if a guy has a yen for it -- but why make a project of Hero-worshipping them? It doesn't make sense, says I.. /Maybe he has a good press-agent. RSC/

JOHN KONING, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio - And here lyies another ish of YANDRO, looking as dead as ever in its moldy yellow paper. Symbolic cover this, wow. My sharp eyes have percelved the DWE on the knight-damon's breast, gee, look how famous it is becoming. Nice to see it, even if only about 50 fans would understand much of it, and some of them may not be on your mailing list. /Oddly enough, Juanita isn't one of the 50, either...~~or~~ she wasn't when she did the cover. RSC/

I never did get my Solacon Programme Booklet, even though I was member #132, with card and all. Damn, and we, the DWE, even laid out 1½ rocks for an ad, and I don't get to see it. Curses. A Dana Andrews on you, Concomittee, and a double on you, PO. /Any leftover program booklets floating around? Don't throw away your old program, send it to Koning! RSC/

I thought the Creeping Unknown was fully as cruddy as most Amfilms. /You Midwesterners have no taste. RSC/

The last fan on earth sat alone in a room, slowly revolving. ..Rog Ebert

GENE DEWEESE, 210 E. King, Kokomo, Indiana - Have been reading up on transistor theory at Delco the last couple days, and am finding several mentions of valence electrons, energy gaps and bands, valence bonds and a certain low energy level (an electron volt or two) to which the electrons fall when they are taken into a valence bond between two atoms, called the valence bond band....A hypothetical situation occurs to me... A physics lab, a rebuilt German Bund headquarters at a curve in a German river, is doing much work in this field, but has come to a sudden standstill due to a seemingly insoluble problem involving said energy levels; known, of course, as the Bund Bend bond band bind.....

NEW ADDRESS: Joe Lee Sanders, Lamda Chi Alpha, Greencastle, Indiana - Joe also asks that we mention that he's way behind on answering mail, but that he is still alive, and has enjoyed all your letters, fanzines, etc.

"I'm known as the Mad Mudlark of the Mississippi."Nelson Eddy

ALLEN MARDIS, JR., Univ. of Illinois, 216 Lundgren (MRH), Champaign, Illinois - As RSC states, "we're going to need some definitions." So I'm going to define.

BOHEMIAN: An individualist oft classified as a non-conformist who has definite tendencies toward an existentialistic philosophy.

PSEUDO-BOHEMIAN: A highly superficial person who attempts to be classified among the Bohemians.

EXISTENTIALISM: See following discussion....

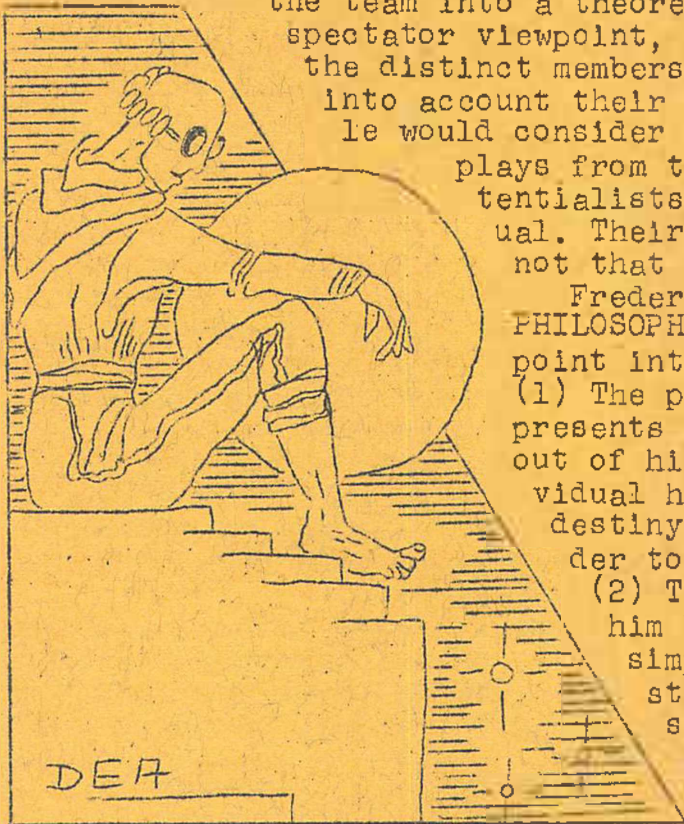
The term existentialism has been rather loosely thrown about so far by its users in Yandro. To date there has been no definition of this philosophy and, except for Cameron's casual mention of Jean Paul Sartre and John Kerouac, only vague generalities and indistinct implications of the term have been used in connection with the Bohemians. But, if I am to define the term, from whose concept shall I draw my conclusions? Shall I draw from Sartre, Heidegger, Kierkegaard, Jaspers, or Marcel? While each has been called an existentialist, it can be shown quite easily that each has certain tenets of philosophy which are as different from all the others as black from white. However, let us assume that their philosophies do meet at some point in abstraction and proceed from there to form a generalization which enfolds all five.

Let us first describe the philosophical approach to problem solving that is manifested in the works of Aristotle or Plato. These philosophers thought in terms of detachment from the human race. Assume you are a spectator at a football game. You can think out logical plays, knowing a little about the sport, and pretty well grandstand-quarterback the team into a theoretical win. However, in assuming this spectator viewpoint, you lose contact with the individual, the distinct members of the team. You can no longer take into account their individual needs or worries. Aristotle would consider the team as a whole and build up his plays from that point. For the most part, existentialists are concerned only with the individual. Their point of view is that of the player, not that of the spectator.

Frederick Copleston in his CONTEMPORARY PHILOSOPHY divides the existentialistic viewpoint into three basic points:

(1) The problem considered by the philosopher presents itself to him as one which arises out of his own personal existence as an individual human being, who freely shapes his destiny but who seeks clarification in order to do so.

(2) The problem is of vital concern to him because he is a human being, and not simply as a result of accidental circumstances. Copleston clarifies this statement by using the example of a Soviet scientist working on a problem. While he is concerned with solving this problem, its import-



ance to him is indirect in that if he does not find the answer he may well find himself in the salt mines. He is not directly in need of the solution for his own use.

(3) The attempt to philosophize from the standpoint of a player demands that one does not attempt to solve the problem by forgetting oneself and one's personal involvement by trying to adopt, for instance, the standpoint of the spectator.

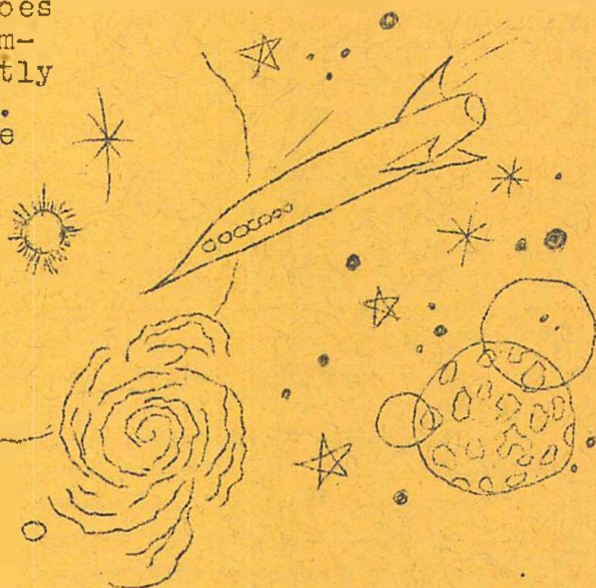
Now, the philosophers previously mentioned do not all follow this pattern, that is, philosophizing from the standpoint of the player, but in all cases they do show a definite concern for the player as opposed to the team as a whole.

Also, existentialists are those who are not concerned with man's ego but rather his place in the world. Such things as hope, love, and fidelity, which involve the relationship of one human to another and not as those things which are unique to the individual, that is to say, his ego, are those which the existentialist is concerned with.

Existentialism strives to illuminate human freedom and, according again to Copleston, "its implications with a view to promoting authentic choice." Whether one conforms, that is, follows a pattern of life set by others, and therefore is not fit to be classed as an individual, or whether he shows himself for what he really is, an individual related to God, is a problem which can be solved only by existentialism, not by Aristotle's "spectator" method.

Cameron tries to compare Sartre and Kerouac, yet does not. The good Mr. Coulson frowns most emphatically upon the idea of reading the material of either, yet allows the discussion to go on unchecked. What is the matter with their writing? Hasn't anyone read and enjoyed *ON THE ROAD*, *THE SUBTERRANEANS*, or *THE TOWN AND THE CITY* by Kerouac? And what's so terrifying about Sartre's *EXISTENTIALISM AND HUMAN EMOTIONS* or Kierkegaard's *UNSCIENTIFIC POSTSCRIPT*? Kerouac carries over in his novels the story of the Bohemian and Pseudo-Bohemian and much of their philosophy, which, in the case of the Bohemian, is very similar to that of the philosophers of whom I have been speaking. I can hardly see where a distinct comparison can be drawn, except that Kerouac writes novels while Sartre writes pure philosophy.

While I agree with Lars Bourne that the Beats are conforming to a minority, I don't agree that they aren't for the most part Pseudo. As a matter of fact, I believe that the majority are as superficial as any group can be and that the minority that they are conforming to is the hard core philosophers of their breed. This core -- the true Bohemians -- does not choose non-conformity for the sake of non-conformity, but rather because they truly believe that their way is best. /I don't frown on other people reading Sartre or Kerouac; I merely implied that studying their writings would bore the hell out of me. Allen also included the



complete poem, "Looking Back From 1984 Or 85" by Paul Friedman. It's an excellent poem and I urge all of you to read it if you get a chance, but I'm not printing it here because I don't know its history and some people can be quite nasty about copyrights. RSC/

FRED W. ARNOLD, RFD 15, Box 368, Richmond, Va. - A few issues back you said something about a column on Demonism. If you want the real living thing, not the classical stuff, you should have a column on the Assemblies of God. These people believe it! They exorcise demons as a common thing. Every now and then a report of a person saved from demon possession, by the hand of the Lord, finds its way into the Evangel, and there are so many physical healings that they have a special column for them every week.

But, perhaps I am being too hard on them. I don't know that this stuff won't work, do I? There should be some way to check on it. I have it! If you can find any sick women around, just send them down to Richmond and I will lay hands on them and we shall see what develops.

/Ladies - do you have that tired feeling? Nagging backache? Lack of pep and energy? Don't despair -- try Fred Arnold immediately! Fred also reported that the Assemblies is reputed to be the fastest growing religious organization in the country...naturally; you don't see any miracles being performed in Methodist churches, do you? The Assemblies must have the real stuff! Incidentally, did you know that there is now an ORAL ROBERTS READER on the newsstands....? RSC/

CAPSULE COMMENTS: SETH JOHNSON remarks on the amount of comment from England and wonders what percentage of our circulation goes overseas. Figuring it up, I make it 10% to 15%; 6% or 7% to England, 2% to 6% to Sweden, and 2% elsewhere. (The variations due to the fact that some trades do not get every issue of YANDRO.) British fans average many more letters of comment than do those of other countries. Seth liked the Hal Annas story and mentioned that about six other femfans had remarked on the attitudes of neighbors. He's also interested in obtaining a fan news column for an American-published, Swedish-edited fanzine. Address is 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, New Jersey, if you're interested. BARBARA JOHNSON liked the Annas story and mentions the "purple sneers some girls drew on their faces". VIC RYAN wonders what the DEA cover on the last issue is symbolic of. DEA says that the last cover is "too over-styled" (we'd had it so long that she'd forgotten what it looked like). And here's another letter from F.M. BUSBY that just arrived a half hour ago - I commiserate with your poor ol' ethics, which seem to be in such disfavor lately. First, there are a couple of folks who go all stricken at your cynical power-mad attitude of admiring Dave Kyle's strategy for its own sake. Then, incipient-bridegroom Ted seems to fail to recognize a bit of grim humor while using almost precisely the same brand right back at you. Jim Caughran probably hadn't seen that Texzine that was entertaining by its sheer idiocy, or he'd have seen what you meant. Jim: it was horrible, but it was entertaining. I believe the high spot was the ridicule of Richard Koogles star-nisbegotten spelling - the crowing over Koogles was spelled just as miserably but much less imaginatively than Richard would have done it. Right, Buck? /Right...there may be more of this letter on page 25, if I have room for it. RSC/

STRANGE FRUIT

OOPSLA #25 (Gregg Calkins, 1714 So. 15th. East, Salt Lake City 5, Utah, -- bi-monthly -- 15¢ or 8¢ for \$1) This is the sort of fanzine which makes me vaguely ashamed to charge 15¢ for YANDRO. Walt Willis, Robert Bloch, one of the best John Berry pieces that I've encountered recently, an, uh...educational? piece by Bill Morse, a good lettercolumn, and a good editorial. All this and good reproduction, too. Rating.....9

Note to Bob Leman: Did you notice that I'm using "uh" instead of "err"?

SICK ELEPHANT #5 (George Horace Wells, River Avenue, Box 486, Riverhead, New York - irregular but frequent - 10 for \$1) Poor reproduction; I thought for awhile that my copy had a blank page in it, but on close scrutiny discovered some faint printing on it. I didn't scrutinize that page closely enough to read it, however. Best thing in the issue is an article on "How To Write A Factual Article" by Peter Skeberdis, which contained a few chuckles. There are 3 pieces of fiction; I have more kind thoughts toward the serial than to the other 2. (I didn't read the serial.) Wells manages a lighthearted air in the editorial and fanzine reviews; he can write better than most of his contributors. He asks for material; let's hope he gets something besides bad fiction. Rating...2

PERIHELION #4 (Bryan Welham, 179 Old Road, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex, England - quarterly - 15¢ or 3 for 35¢ - US agent Ann Bowman, 5318 Flamingo, Houston 21, Texas - co-editor, Barry Hall) This contains part one of Bennett's "Colonial Excursion", "Astronautical Fallacies" by Arthur C. Clarke, an article on Lumenology by Vinz Clarke, a column by Penelope Fandergaste (whoever that is -- it writes a good column, anyway), there are a couple of editorials and some letters. All very well-done and well reproduced; entertaining without being outstanding. Rating...5

APORRHETA #5 (H.P. Sanderson, 236 Queen's Road, London, S.E. 14, England - monthly - 15¢ each or \$1.50 per year) Part 2 of "Colonial Excursion", articles by Bryan Welham, Barry Hall and Sanderson, columns by Joy Clarke and Penelope Fandergaste, the beginning of the "Atom Alphabet", Sanderson's original mixture of lettercolumn, fanzine reviews, and editorial comment, and some more typical Sanderson mudslinging. (Don't get me wrong, though; Sandy is a grand fellow as long as he gets everything his own way.) Probably the best actual writing in the issue is by Penelope Fandergaste (there, dear..now you have some egoboo), but Sanderson's "Inchmerry Fan Diary" creates the most interest because of Sandy's comments. (Moral: if you want letters of comment, don't be entertaining -- be belligerent.) Excellent reproduction. Recommended for those argumentative souls who like GEMZINE. Rating.....7

NOTICE: Worldcon memberships may be obtained for \$2, from Jim Broderick, 2218 Drexel St., Detroit 15, Michigan. Get 'em while they're hot.

THE DEVIL'S MOTORBOAT #1 (Nick & Noreen Falasca, 5612 Warwick Dr., Parma 29, Ohio - irregular - free for comment, "cannot be purchased" - or traded for) In this issue, a statement of not-policy, a more or less authentic account of the Solacon Caravan (group of cars, that is; "caravan" seems to mean "trailer" to British fans), "The Truth About Carl Brandon", and an ad for the John Berry Trip Fund Committee. In the next issue, who knows? Good reproduction. Rating..4

MOOR PARK, Goojie Publication #2 (Miriam Dyches, 882 Florida St., San Francisco 10, Calif. - irregular? - 15¢, 2 for 25¢) A mildly interesting column by Ted Johnstone, a very interesting article by Robert Bloch, and 9 pages of editorial ramblings and newspaper quotes, which are the best part of the zine. (An obvious advantage; an editor who can write this well never needs to accept second-class contributions.) Rating..6

HYFHEN #21 (Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, Northern Ireland - more or less bi-monthly - 15¢ - co-editor, Chuck Harris) Somehow, this issue seemed a trifle disappointing; still funny, still one of the best fanzines obtainable, but lacking some of the usual "sparkle. Tucker, Bloch, Bob Shaw, Mal Ashworth, Sid Birchby, the Willis family, Vin Clarke, and an outstanding letter column. Plus, as usual, an entire back page full of interlineations. (Or can they be interlineations if they aren't interlineated? Well, you know what I mean.) And even a "disappointing" HYFHEN is better than most other zines. Rating..9

DISTAFF #1 (Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, England - no price or schedule listed) Actually, this is the old FEMIZINE, retitled and with a new editress. All feminine contributors; Madelaine Willis, Roberta Wild, Belle Dietz, Joy Clarke and Pamela Bulmer in this issue. The Willis item was the only one I personally found interesting (the whole damned family are geniuses!), but two of the items were con reports, which I personally loathe, and anyway I probably don't appreciate the feminine point of view. According to the editress, this mag will be more fannish than science-fictional. Rating...4

POLARITY #3 (F. M. & Elinor Busby, 2852 14th. Ave. West, Seattle 99, Wash. irregular - 25¢) This issue is not only completely taken up with the Busby's view of the Solacon, but there is a horrifying announcement that there will be conreports in most future issues, too. Such beautiful reproduction, wasted on con reports! Sad.... At least, they write pretty good con reports, if you care for that sort of thing. Well-rounded and all; program, parties, and odd little incidents like sobbing brunettes and verbal and pictorial descriptions of fans. Rating...5

EQUATION, Vol. 2 #1 (Paul Stanbery, 1317 No. Raymond Ave., Pasadena 3, Calif. - irregular - 25¢) A big mag for a newcomer; 63 sloppy-looking pages. A large part of the mag is fiction; the editor requests long fictional items in the future. There is a reprinted round-robin story by 5 professional authors, which is at least historically interesting. The modern fiction isn't historically interesting. There are book reviews by Glenn King, fanzine reviews by Paul Stanbery, "A History Of Equation",

a couple of editorials and some other articles. I think at least one of the articles was supposed to be funny. There is also some fairly good poetry, by Rockwell Schaefer. (?) Well, it's a big magazine, almost positive to improve, so if you like fiction and have good eyesight you might well enjoy the next issue. For this one, though.....Rating...2

VAMPIRE TRADER #10 (Stony Barnes, Rt. 1, Box 1102, Grants Pass, Oregon - bi-monthly? - 6 for 50¢) I dunno; we're supposed to be trading for this, but we've only received about 4 issues.... Besides ads, there is the first of a series of long, detailed fanzine reviews by John Mussells. A very good idea, though I find that I disagree violently with Mussells' opinions. A valuable mag for collectors.

NEMATODE #1 (2701 Vine St., Denver 10, Colorado - published for SAPS and "a few connoisseurs") The Leman who writes seriously on the exact definitions of parody, satire, burlesque (no, not that kind!), etc., soon gives way to Leman the humorist, with a letter-exchange with one Mervil Culvergast, flying saucer believer, and a commentary on the Beat Generation. Even the mailing comments are interesting, and while MAD scooped him on one cartoon, the one on "The SAC Look" was excellent. Rating...6

There is still a huge pile of fanzines here, but since I can't recall which ones I reviewed for PROFANITY I'll let them lie for the moment. If I skipped anyone, I'll catch up.....sometime.

"....and Moses spake unto God, saying, 'Hah!'" Gene DeWeese

GRUMBLINGS, continued from page 22; F.M. BUSBY, con't. from Seattle
Annas' "The Final Truth": why is it taking Hal so long to go through puberty, for Freud'sakes? The ideas in this are smothered beneath the early-adolescentisms. I like ol' Dodd except when he gets on the ver-schtunken movies.

Nobody dissolved the WSFSinc, dammit: the assembled Solacon petitioned the Directors to dissolve the Damn Thing, so the Directors resigned in order to avoid carrying out the mandate, and Uncle George (sic, Sandy) resigned so's he wouldn't have to help. Right now, if any of the crying-towel contingent wanted to act in good faith, the Thing could be dissolved, but good faith is just what you won't see peeking out at you from behind all that "Ooh, look what they did!" verbiage. Did you ever in this life see a Wheel voluntarily dissolve the vehicle that gave him his Wheelship? No, and you won't. /From my experience, Sandy sics very nicely without any help, Buz. RSC/

Hey, I'm reading a book by an Existentialist-psychologist on sex (well, it says it's on sex, and I suppose the author will get there eventually). So far, this guy is the Texifan of psychiatry; things are "heart rendering" and like that. Anyhow, I am coming up with a snide surmise as to where Hubbard got his last few ideas. I tell you, with a couple more books like this, we could talk Beat Generation with the best of them.

Red Faces Dep't: F&SF reprints "Quest Of Saint Aquin" for "wider circulation" at the same time Pocket Books reprints the original publication.

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