

yandro





YANFERO

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*Les Gerber hiding under the false mustache this time

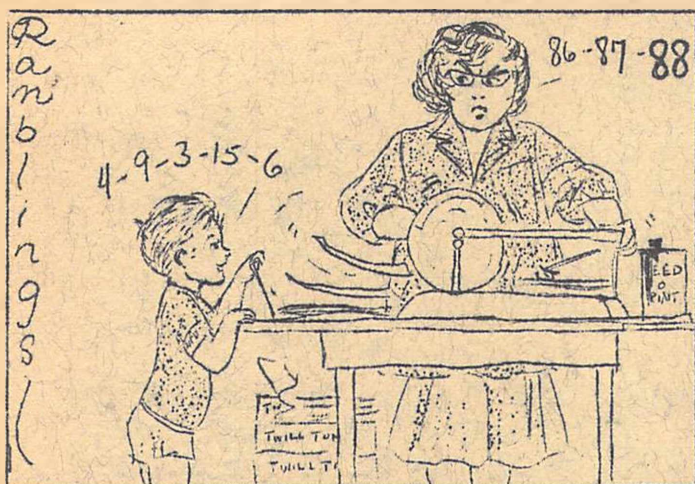
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- - - - - I can think in the key of C.Lee Tremper - - - - -

Apologies to the new readers (we have several, this time) who won't get too much out of this issue, probably. Every so often we get rid of our stack of accumulated letters of comment, turning one particular issue into what practically becomes a letterzine. Next issue will probably be back to an 8-page lettercolumn and (I hope) only a couple of pages of fanzine reviews. But you never can tell. (Or at least, I can't; not in advance.) If enough people write in, we might have all letters next time. One thing I'm planning to run, though, is the first article ever submitted to us by G. H. Scithers (bon vivant, publisher of AMRA, railroad expert and meteor counter). I saw it in the files the other day, and since it was dated October 1957 I thought it was about time to run it.

.....RSC



The fannish season approacheth... George Scithers stopped by for all-too-short a visit on his way from sunny California to chilly New Jersey (he was somewhat appalled when we told him it had snowed the day before his arrival)...George had the usual amount of fascinating material on the Indiana electric railway system, a beautiful new AMRA (hot off the multilith), and a bright red jeepster for Bruce's delight and edification..(the kid goes around peeking under these little weather cov-

ers on little foreign bugs, trying to reach the controls, utterly unconvinced the things are cars)...and we all jaunted down Muncie way to chat an evening away with Ted Cogswell. This is vastly frustrating, to someone with a \$30 Tower, listening to people seriously discussing the difficulties and vagaries of multilith publishing. Bah!

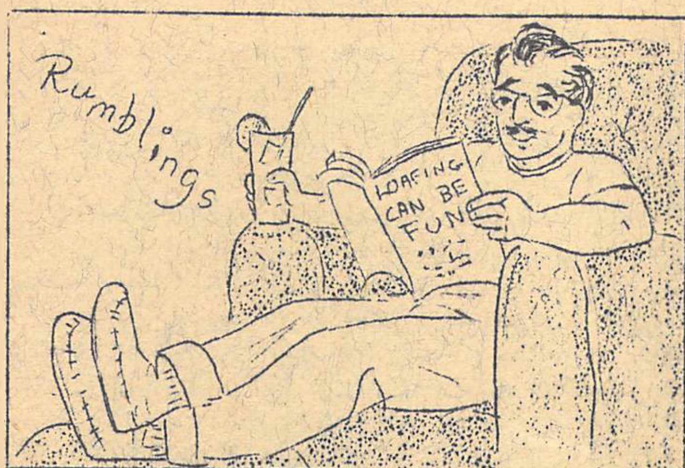
Bjo's PASTell (Project Art Show) should be mentioned as often as possible in hopes of reaching as many fan artists as can be reached in our microcosm. The present deal plans for an exhibit of fan art originals at Pittsburgh, with two sections: For Sale and Not For Sale. The main need at the moment is contact among the artists themselves; so will all interested parties, fan artists and fans who like the idea of being art boosters, please contact Bjo Wells, at 980½ White Knoll Drive, Los Angeles 12, California. All Bjo is asking right now is support and interest, but enthusiasm alone can't pull something like this off - stamps and money are much more likely to impress Mr. Summerfield.

With summer arriving (at last) this means gardening, and eventually canning. My success with canning last summer was rather a startling surprise to me. There are so few feminine pursuits that interest me, and among those, still fewer that I am skilled in performing. My housework involves moving the dust from here to there, my cakes come out of boxes, my pie crusts melt (yes, melt), and the only thing I'm good at sewing is the upper skin layer on my thumb. But at canning I shine; I could say this was merely economic pride (toward the end of the winter month, when the money is mighty short, it's quite handy to peel off a lid that cost 3¢ from a jar that's been in the family since before you were born, and eat the lovingly peeled and packed vegetables you grew yourself the summer before), but I must joltingly admit to myself that I'm quite delighted with the fact that I put these beans, tomatoes, carrots, corn, beats, or pears up.....they taste so much better then, too.

Bob Lichtman remarked regarding my worry over the eye test on my driver's license (I passed it, okay) that he could read signs at long distances, and close up, too, which he imagined I couldn't do. Quite the contrary, as any myope will tell you; without my glasses or with them, I read quite well at a distance of two inches from my nose (I will scorn an outrageous chance here and not say that my focal point is non-existent). Even eye drops don't affect me too much - I had a lot of fun the last time I took these by taking off my glasses when the stuff started to hit me, holding a magazine in front of my nose and continuing to read. Too bad I couldn't watch the expressions around me....happy Mayday...JWC

- "I wasn't trying to be impressed, I was just trying to be friendly."

- Lee Tremper -



the average consumer. According to this, in a typical week the typical consumer (presumably male) spends 40 hours at work, 56 in sleeping, needs 10 hours for transportation, 7 for grooming and 10½ for eating, leaving him 44½ hours of leisure time. (The agency report said 45½ hours leisure, causing a caustic comment from CR about original research producing 169 hours in a week.) In a bit of idle speculation, I tallied my own use of time in an average week, and got the following results: 40 hours for work, 49 for sleep, 6 for transportation, 2 for grooming, and 10½ for eating, leaving me with 60½ hours leisure time, or 16 more than average. It might run even higher, since my estimates for both eating and sleeping are on the high side -- but even 16 hours a week comes in handy.

Gem Carr mentioned in a part of her letter that I forgot to publish that she has 100 pounds of surplus fanzines cluttering up her basement and that she will sell them for the \$10 freight charge plus a little extra to pay for the work of packaging them. She also mentioned that she was also making the offer in N'APA, so they may be gone by now, but anyone interested in acquiring lots of old fanzines might inquire. Presumably the highest bid over \$10 takes them.

Book of the month this time is "Sex In History" by G. Rattray Taylor, which has supplied a few interlineations here and there in this issue of YANDRO. Despite the title and packaging aimed at the sort of people who buy TRUE CONFESSIONS and CONFIDENTIAL, the book is a literate and entertaining explanation of the history of the Anglo-American attitude towards sex. It says nothing about interesting sexual variations employed by the natives of Bali, but it tells considerable about the even more interesting background of our present moral code. Did you know, for example, that at one time the Christian Church accepted both polygamy and "trial marriage"? (Or rather, that each has been accepted in the past; they were not both accepted at the same time.) Did you know that religious persecution reduced the population of Spain from 20,000,000 to 6,000,000 over the course of 200 years? Or that the great religious reformer Calvin had 150 of his opponents burned at the stake during a 6-year period? (Incidentally -- Gem Carr please note -- the author seems to feel that the Protestant Reformation was one of the worst things that ever happened to Christianity.) If you're interested in moral history, with sidelights on heresy, witchcraft, and the idiocy of people in general, then you should enjoy "Sex In History" (Ballantine, 75¢).

Bob Tucker reports: "according to advance information, Joe Fann wrote the screenplay for Bloch's movie, PSYCHO. The credit line reads: Joseph Stefano. I find that suspicious, do you?" It does sound a bit like Terry Carr has been at it again. Next thing we know, Carl Brandon will be doing the screenplay for "On The Road".

RSC

Thanks to CONSUMER REPORTS, I have an answer to the people who ask "How do you ever get the time to publish a monthly fanzine?" (Or, if they are non-fans: "You mean you got time to waste on that stuff?") Of course, Juanita does the biggest share of the work, but as anyone who has published knows, a monthly general-zine is a lot of work for even two people.

In the May CR, there is a quote from ADVERTISING AGE, on an ad agency's breakdown of the time spent by

G R U M B L I N G S

DONALD FRANSON, 5543 Babcock Ave., No. Hollywood, Calif. - Ted White's sf column is good. And I used to think he was against discussing sf in fanzines. Bob Tucker and Redd Boggs are interesting too. The Rifle propaganda included with YANDRO is hereby ignored. I'm even shy of plonker guns. Yes, the right to have arms is the right to shoot one's relatives in a moment of drunken anger. One of nature's blessings, like liquor. Everyone should have his own hand atom-bombs, too, in case he should become annoyed at the world and want to blow it up. We wouldn't want to deprive people of this right. Another reason for everyone having arms is it protects freedom -- we know that the "good guys" are always fastest on the draw. And straight shooters are always straight thinkers -- like the guy that shot Lincoln. I don't see any connection between freedom of speech and gunplay -- you can't create an open mind with a hole in the head.

/I must say you have an interesting method of ignoring an item. Heaven help us if you ever decide to take notice of anything we publish. I also find it interesting that even in drunken anger you have a phobia against stabbing your relatives with a carving knife or beating their skulls in with a Boy Scout hatchet, so that merely locking up the firearms is a sufficient deterrent to your brutal instincts. The epitome of civilized man. I'd like to know more about the logic that says that the way to cure the honest man of losing gun battles is to deprive him of his gun, while letting the dishonest man keep his. (Or do you feel that today's hoodlums are too upright to defy laws about carrying firearms?) RSC/

GENE DEWEESE, 3407 No. 22nd., Milwaukee, Wisconsin - Hearing of the Verwoerd shooting, someone at work said "There was eloquent testimony in favor of compulsory education in the handling of firearms. The idiot should have known better than to try that with a .22!" How does the NRA stand on all this?

/I dunno about the NRA, but I'm behind it 100%. (Incidentally, Franson might be interested in the amount of freedom of speech available in countries with strict -- really strict -- firearms legislation.) RSC/

MAGGIE CURTIS, Fountain House, R.D. 2, Saegertown, Pa. - Now, "Trading Song" I did get a laugh out of. The chorus was the best thing in the song, and the song, and the song itself was quite good. Now, what's the tune? /I'm not about to try to stencil music. Go down to the local record store and ask for either "Richard Dyer-Bennett, Vol. 3" or "A Ballad Singer's Choice" by Ed McCurdy. It's on both records, as "The Swapping Song". Other singers have recorded it -- Burl Ives for one -- but I don't know which of their albums it's in, or what name they call it. Of course, the local dealer won't have either the Dyer-Bennett or the Tradition label, but that's not my fault. RSC/

I have here some "comforting words" for the anonymous Mr. Adams (does he live at 922 N. Courtland Ave., Kokomo?). Being of a slow-thinking, lethargic nature, it had (honestly) not occurred to me that M. James Adams might object to showing Mr. Payne the article. (The grammar there is poor, but it's the thought that counts.) Now for the comforting words: My lethargic nature (yes, the same one mentioned above) has so ruled my

life that I had not copied the article by the time this Yandro had come. Not wanting the excellent Adams to be afraid of colleges for the rest of his life, I shall never send said article to Payne. Please let the good James know this as soon as possible so that he can come out of hiding and resume writing his wonderful fillers (If he has not formed a complex about such articles because of my previous letter). And by all means tell him I regret causing him such alarm.....and it was all Mom's idea anyway....

And you're a raunch, Buck; why didn't you tell me he would react that way? Though, come to think of it, you got a good letter out of it, didn't you, you fiend?

Hah! A common bond! You know your Moran and Mack! We have two "Two Black Crows" records (the one with the line you quoted is one of them), and little Maggie (or Judy, as I was then known) grew up on them. At one point, it got so that Mom and I could do the dialogue without a fault. I loved those records.

/You got a tape recorder? We have 3 Moran and Mack records. (The record dealer in Anderson -- who has 4 -- informs me that there were 6 issued altogether; 4 in the series we have and 2 in which they combined with other comedians of the era.) I could send you the extra on tape. You got the routine about the white horses eating more than the black horses? Not having played them in some time, I forget what jokes are on what records. Adams is simply over-burdened with modesty. (See what you did, Bob? You deprived Mr. Payne of an experience of great therapeutic value; psychologists tell us that it's good for us to release our hostile impulses occasionally.) Hey, Mag; if you have a tape recorder I'll send you the tune to "Trading Song". RSC/

ROG EBERT, 410 E. Washington, Urbana, Illinois - I assume it's just my imagination. But #AA-250 on the cover of YANDRO 85 looks amazingly like Errol Flynn. No? /Well, everyone else thought he looked like Yul Brynner, but everyone to his own opinion. RSC/

Otherwise, I agreed with White. Amazing is about as readable as anything in the pro field today -- if, that is, anything is readable. Sometimes I have my doubts. Characterization is supposed to be the founding stone of all fiction -- yet characterization of any kind is nearly invisible in any stf today. Wooden characters in spades abound. I've been remaining fairly active in Fandom, but my reading has gone steadily downhill. It just doesn't seem as if it's worth the time to read the hacky crap most of the prozines are publishing. And even the books I read for the reviews in PSI-FHI are getting pretty discouraging. I'm about to start SCIENCE FICTION SHOWCASE, for better or worse.

I thought Alan Dodd did an unusually fine job of writing in his epitaph (or whatever) for Nevil Shute. Just saw the movie On The Beach. I agree with Dodd that the movie and book plots were two things apart. But both were good, nevertheless.

This is a movie everyone should see. Ava Gardner plays a dislocated woman.....
-----Champaign High School Chronicle

Poetry in YANDRO? What does Dick Schultz have against it? I agree that some of the experiments are failures; most, in fact. But pure poetry (is there any other kind?) offers a medium of expression more abstract and motional than any other.

/Odd, I've noticed a preponderance of good stf pb's in recent months.



ADKINS-

Things like Oliver's "Unearthly Neighbors", Anderson's "Virgin Planet", Sarban's "Sound Of His Horn" and Vidal's "Visit To A Small Planet" They'll never be classics (though the Oliver should be), but they're entertaining. As for mags, there's the American reprint of NEW WORLDS now. RSC/

ROG EBERT again - Regarding NRA: a good cause and all, but I think both the association and you have taken the wrong tack. No one (much less I), who worked for three years in a sports shop as a salesman would deny that gun ownership is pure fun for most gun addicts. Likewise, the pleasures

of hunting are substantial. Gun collections are fascinating, etc., -- but as for gun ownership primarily to protect a constitutional right in case of invasion or something, I doubt that rifles in the hands of Joe Citizen would be very useful. Especially in the face of ICBMs. Now, if the NRA could become the National Ballistics Missiles Assn. and set up a base in my back yard, I might be more inclined to join.

Interesting speculation: rifles, handguns, etc., were first approved by the Founding Fathers to put the private citizen on the same level with invading troops, so that the citizen could protect his home and loved ones. In this age of nuclear warfare, wouldn't an atomic bomb be the same thing as the colonists' musket -- comparatively?

/Nope. The Bomb would protect a citizen only as long as it was held as a threat but not used. Once used, it would take him and his family along with the enemy. You can't invade a country with ICBMs. You can, theoretically at least, wipe it off the map -- but if you're interested in conquest instead of annihilation you have to depend on human troops. When Churchill spoke of fighting on the beaches, etc., British agents were busily making a collection of American sporting firearms to arm their citizens with. They collected quite a few -- didn't give any of them back, either, by the way. Also, did you take a good look at the recent events in Cuba? Whether Castro was fighting for freedom or not, his army was, basically, a group of citizens with rifles. And he won, against an army equipped with relatively modern US weapons. The trouble with defending shooting on the grounds that it's fun is that nobody cares about depriving someone else of his fun. If the censor produces a Cause, you have to have a Cause of your own in order to have a chance of winning. RSC/

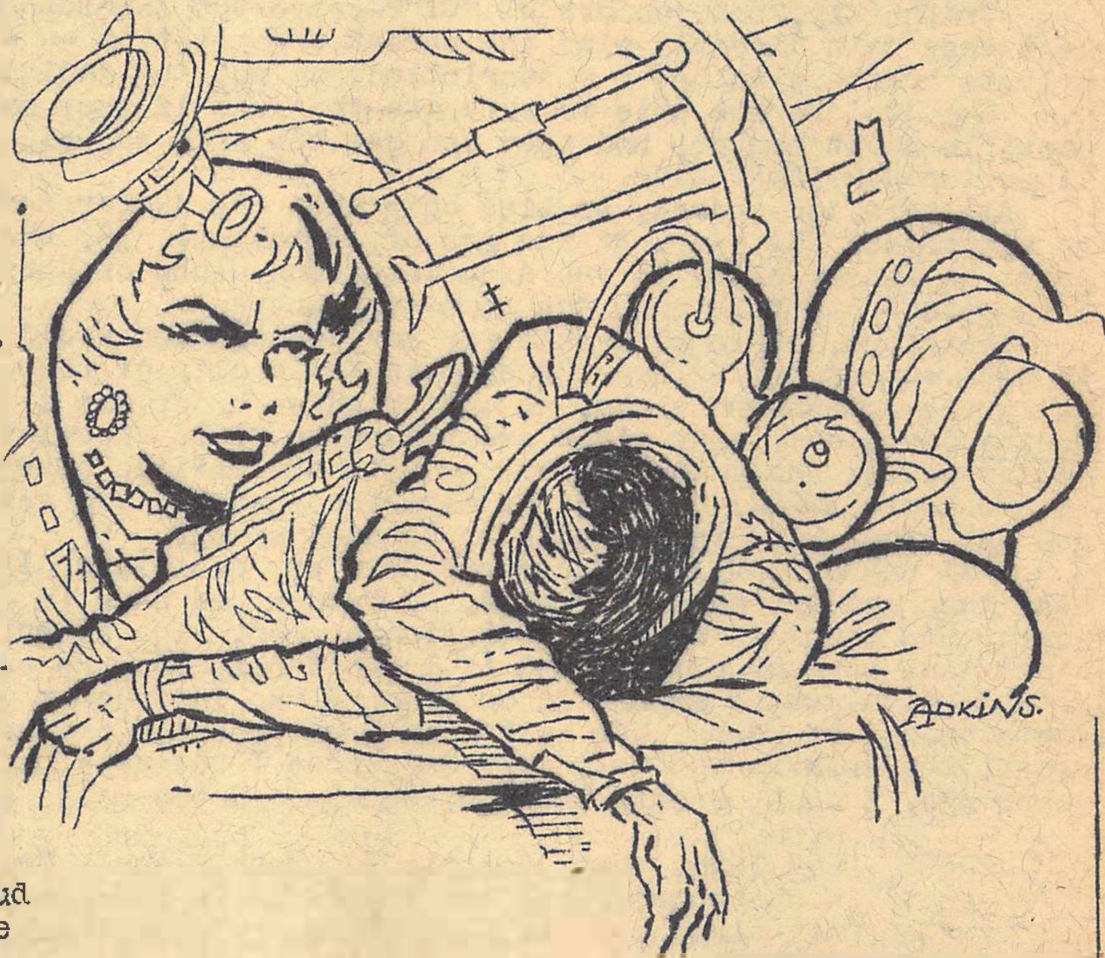
JOHN BOSTON, 816 So. First St., Mayfield, Ky. - I have a bone to pick with Redd Boggs. In CITIZEN OF THE GALAXY, Thorby was not "born on a planet circling a distant star". I am going by the ASF version, and maybe the Scribners version was different in some respects, but the teenagers at whom the book was aimed usually prefer the "hometown boy makes good" approach.

WILLIAM D. STUART, 2241A Hiawatha Park Dr., Columbus 11, Ohio - Don't know where I can get some German science fiction cheap, do you? We have to pass a reading test in two languages. Most of the guys study until they can pass the test and never try to read the language again. This defeats the whole purpose of learning the language. I figure the easiest way for me to stay interested in the language is to have something around that I would enjoy reading.

/Any of you readers know a source of German stf?/

DICK LUPOFF, 215 E. 73rd. St., New York 21, N. Y. - My return to the fold of YANDRO readers came only two issues ago, and in those two issues the best thing you've printed was Alan Burns' parody in #35. Because of the lapse in my YANDRO reading I have not seen the poem which Burns supposedly rebuts, and perhaps it might be nice to see it, but even without the original for context, Burns' job is entirely worthwhile and self sufficient. In fact, if you've ever looked into the beat school of poetry -- and I don't just mean the shlua-for-shlua's-own-sake coffeehouse troubadours of Frater White's neighborhood, but the supposedly worthwhile professional beat poets like Ginsburg and Rexroth -- Burns is a breath of fresh air.

The second most notable material in the two issues is that provided and/or stimulated by the afore-said Mr. White. Now White is a remarkable character. He has a remarkable talent for controversy. He is an accomplished spotlight grabber. Wherever his work appears, he quickly becomes the vortex of a great whirling; emotions arise, mud flies, eyes are



gougued and groins kneed....and when the dust finally settles, the survivors look at each other and say, "Now what was that all about?"

As long as White's column in YANDRO is confined to pro-criticism, the chances are that differences will be polite -- at least moderately so -- and rebuttals restricted to subjects rather than persons. But inevitably, Buck, there is going to come a time when some ad hominum invective gets flung, whereupon...Well, let me say that I hope YANDRO reaches its hundredth issue.

/You forget, Dick, that we were for years members of a fan club that included both Bob Adair and Ray Beam; there isn't much in the way of invective that is going to seriously bother us. In a later letter Dick mentions that he has "revised his opinion" of White since meeting him; however, the above description of Ted's ability to spark controversy seems fairly accurate. Commenting on issue #36, he liked Boggs (as did everyone who expressed an opinion), the feghoot, "Wild Pitch" and the lettercol; disliked "Tad's Child" and "Trading Song" and was rather neutral toward Dodd and the fanzine reviews. RSC/

JACK L. CHALKER, 5111 Liberty Heights Ave., Baltimore 7, Maryland - When I first opened the March YANDRO, I thought I was going crazy or something. /A logical reaction. RSC/ That NRA literature was staring me in the face. Now, to someone else, this would just be mild surprise, but to me, a person brought up in and around the NRA, it was a jolt. I do congratulate you, however, on your choice of NRA literature and your editorial on the importance and advantages of NRA clubs, although you are under a misapprehension about the junior clubs.

Ordinarily, the juniors DO NOT receive the AMERICAN RIFLEMAN (unless they join directly with the parent organization -- otherwise, their private branch club has a subscription and not the individual.)

The juniors are able to purchase the guns if they are with a responsible adult member, and they can get the ammo and all other privileges through their club.

All this, of course, applies only when the junior member belongs to an authorized NRA club. At the age of, I believe, 18, they automatically join the senior clubs in the Associated Gun Clubs of Maryland here, and I imagine that it is much the same everywhere.

Therefore, it is advisable for any juniors who would like to join to seek out an authorized NRA club in their city or town. There is usually one somewhere nearby, no matter where he or she lives (yes, in the junior divisions, many girls are taking up rifle shooting!). If the new junior member has joined direct as with the mailing envelope you supplied in the last YANDRO, he gets the magazine, but, as you said, he does not get any other advantages until he becomes of age.

If any of the junior readers have any questions, I'd be glad to hear them and try to answer them. My father has been in charge of the junior NRA clubs in Baltimore (including many high school teams) ever since they were organized, and if I can't help you, he surely can.

/I'm glad to get an expert in on this; I was instructor of a junior club for a couple of years, but quit when I got married and moved, and I don't recall the details too well now. And since I became a Life member 12 years ago, I don't recall those circumstances too well, either. RSC/

F.M. BUSBY, 2652 14th. West, Seattle 99, Washington - Ted's rundown on "Transient" is quite good, and his theory as to its appearance in Amaz- ing (rather than elsewhere) is most likely correct. (But, as Elinor says,

beauty of it is that we can all think our own ideas on the piece are R*I*G*H*T.) Since the story must almost inevitably be taken to be a running account of a schizophrenic break as viewed from the inside, the ending could equally be interpreted as repressive amnesia or as an indication that the breakdown was preceded by a fugue in which Lampley thought the town was familiar to him. Certainly there's plenty of room for discussion on this one, and the least it does is give me a solid entry on next year's Hugo nominating form (which is more than I have for 1959). Ted's "...Wall" is building well, whether or not it ever spells out a distress-signal for a marooned alien. And come to think of it, I neither enjoyed "Sirens Of Titan" as fully as Tucker did, nor abhorred it to Ted's extent. It's all in how you approach the thing, I suppose; the "incufundibulous" or whatever it was, rather turned me off in spite of the Besterian fireworks, and I wasn't exactly in the mood for quite such a putting-down sort of burlesque at the time I read the book.

I agree with most of your fmz-ratings pretty well (in spite of your engram about conreports, which I love), wonder how many pages that Dick Schultz excerpt was taken from, and find myself all out of comment.

ROY TACKETT, 412 Elderberry Dr., Laurel Bay, So. Carolina - Thanks for the copy of YANDRO. Most interesting. It has been such a long time since I read a fanzine that I had forgotten what fun they can be.

Page 23 was especially noteworthy. Do you realize that page 23 contained 55 lines, two of which were blank? Page 23 also contained, by actual count, 570 words of various lengths. There was also included on page 23, 148 punctuation marks. Did you ever give any thought to the number of punctuation marks that go into making up a page? Page 23 comes out to 2.7924718367 punctuation marks per line. That is if you do not include the two blank lines.

On page 23 we also find mentioned the names of T. H. White, Ted, Ward Moore, Ted, Ayn Rand, Nathan (Sir Henry and Jenny don't count as they are properly titles), Robert Nathan, RSC, Claire Beck, Prosser, Franson, Don, Ken Cheslin, Bob Lichtman, Ted White, Vonnegut, MZB, Archie Mercer, John Festa, DeWeese, Ethel Lindsay, DeWeese, Bradley, Ron Bennett, Alan Burns, Eric Bentcliffe. That's a lineup for you. Page 23 was noteworthy.

I'm sure that the other 22 pages must have been also. I'll never know. You see the postman was poling his boat through the swamp when he struck what he thought was a log -- he was new at the game. The log reared, the boat capsized and the postman, with YANDRO clutched in his hand, spilled into the water. The splashing, of course, aroused most of the alligators in the area. This called for immediate action. Heedless of personal danger I sprang from the porch of my cabin, tripped over an eight-foot moccasin and almost fell into the quicksand pool at the bottom of the steps. (I purposely put the steps there as I find it a great convenience. I am never bothered with bill collectors and such.) Undaunted I continued to the rescue. I plunged into the swamp and made my way towards the struggling postman. I kicked several of the smaller gators aside and success was almost within my grasp when a large when a large bull gator closed his cavernous mouth with a snap upon the first 22 pages of YANDRO. Alas, they are gone. I did manage to cheat him out of page 23 but the others have gone forever. Alas, alas.

I made my way back to my cabin, cleared a space on the porch by kicking several rattlers into the swamp and put page 23 into the sun to dry. This is a long process as the humidity is quite high. Eventually, however, I was able to make out the words and so have come up with this

letter of comment.

ERIC BENTCLIFFE, 47 Alldis St., Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England

I can't let an annish go by without some few words of congratulation on your tremendous regularity. It's a pity your surname isn't Beacham's, really! I don't know quite how you manage to publish so frequently, but I'm glad of it - although I wouldn't rate YAN as one of the top zines, I always find it interesting and entertaining, and I like the general air of the zine. It adopts a 'civilized' attitude towards things.

To be a little more specific: thanks for No. 84, and the calendar that came with it. I think the art, both in the mag and the calendar, is one of the highspots of YAN, and my only moan is that this 'blotting paper' you use doesn't do it justice....now the stock you used on the cover this issue, see what I mean? It seems to give the drawing more depth and contrast. Is this grade of paper much more expensive over there?

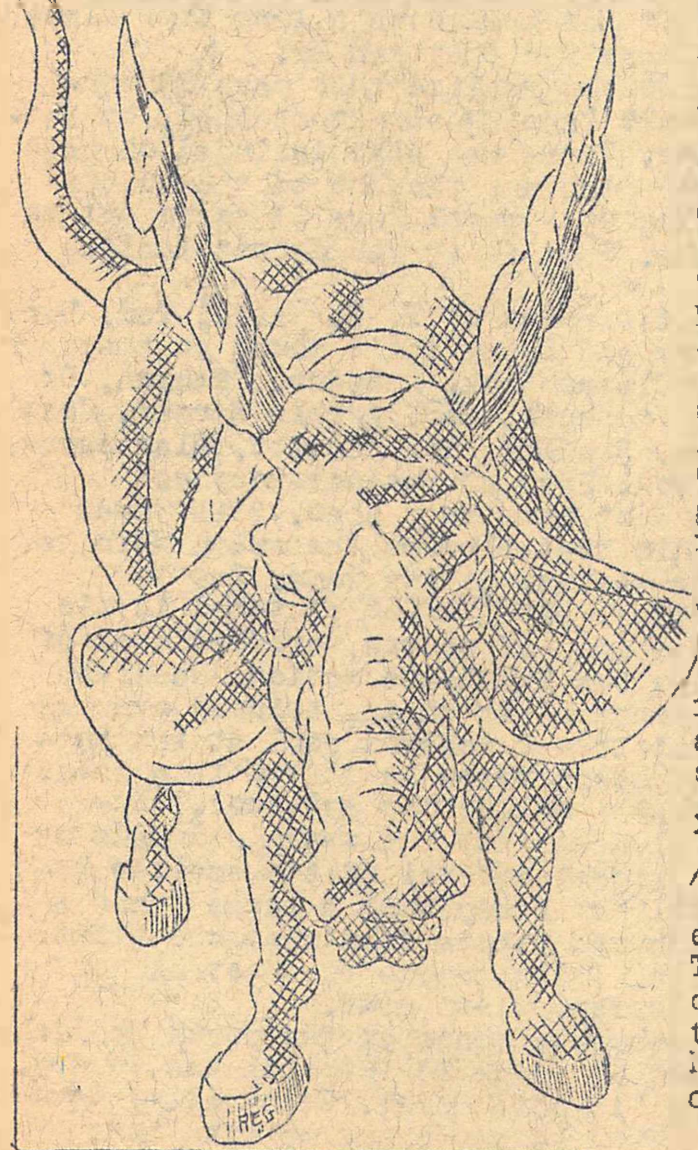
/Not more expensive; it would be fine if we only used one side of the paper. Look at the cover again and notice the show-thru. RSC/

Mez Bradley is one of these (gifted) people who like Harry Warner and Dean Grennell, seem able to write interestingly and intelligently on almost any subject. I've only been to one circus *** in the last

ten years but her article made me faunch for the sawdust smell again. ***This was the wonderful Russian one which came over here a while back - apart from this I think that the average British circus has lost its sense of wonder these days, they are such an insipid creation to what one recalls from childhood that I get no pleasure from them. Ah yes, things aint what they used to be!

Apropos that Tucker article of some time ago and the current natterings, did you know that the British Government has an 'Official Pornographer' and that his collection is reported to be second in size to the Pope's? By his I mean the one which is 'attached' to the title. I believe, at the moment, that the position is held by someone down in Herefordshire, but his actual name and address are rather a closely guarded secret, for obvious reasons! It's his job to pass judgement on stuff which the Courts are wavering about...et al. /Some people have all the luck. RSC/

ANALOG is a nice word but I'd rather have ASTOUNDING, too. I wrote to Ted Carnell a few days ago, and, incidentally, suggested that he change the title of the American Reprint of NEW WORLDS to ASTOUNDING. Any signs on the NW reprint in Wabash?



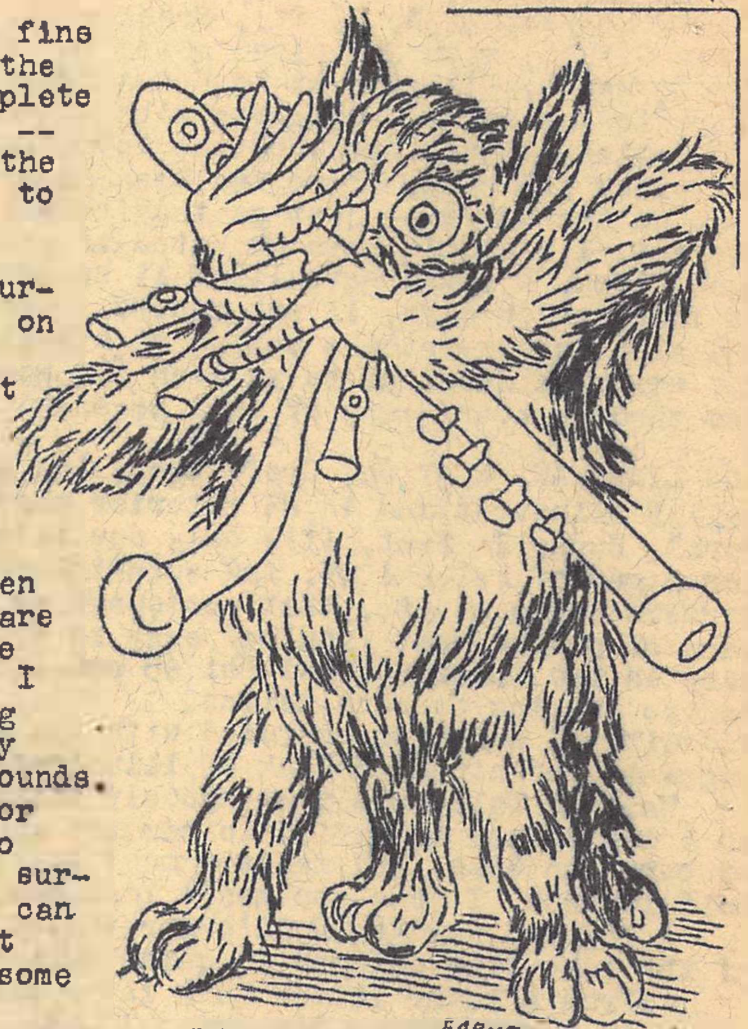
/Oh, it's here all right; getting fine distribution. But I'm stuck with the curse of collectors; I have a complete collection of the British edition -- including the second printing of the first issue -- and I don't intend to switch to the ARE now. RSC/

KEN CHESLIN, 18 New Farm Rd., Stourbridge, Worcs., England - Depends on what you regard as folk music, if it's not only the music itself but also the "story" or history or the way the music fits the background you are interested in then you'll enjoy some things that are regarded as Ghodawful noises, and if it's just the beat you want then the most popular types I suppose are the early jazz rhythms or the type now termed "country and western". I suppose with this Susie Wong thing raging there'll soon be/are plenty of fake Chinese music going the rounds. I kind of like the weird Turkish or Indian music I sometimes manage to pick up on the radio. It's rather surprising when you look for it, you can pick out similarities between most folk music, you should just hear some of the stuff from the Hebrides.

/I have heard it; one of our lp records is "Songs of the Hebrides" by Mary MaKower. We also have "Music of Occidental Africa", "Afghanistan", "Polynesia!", "Drums Of The South Seas", "Drums Of Afghanistan", "Tropic Drums", "Steel Band Clash", "Kabuki", "Songs Of Israel", etc. I don't care much for either early jazz rhythms or country and western music. Or skiffle. There are exceptions, but,... I prefer things like old English ballads, Irish rebel songs, and various working ballads. (Songs of the cowboys, lumberjacks, coal miners, etc.) And I prefer them sung by a good singer, though I'll accept a bad voice if I can't find a good one. RSC/

HELP STAMP OUT ALAN DODD!!! I suppose he must be the Harry Warner of Anglofandom, I can't remember ever hearing of any British fan who has seen him (he's not as good as Harry....but better and more interesting than many, my old mate Didders the quote card fiend). I don't know, in fact I'm pretty sure, that I couldn't have bothered to investigate Shute, maybe that's a good thing about fandom, things like this Shute col, or Grennell and his cameras, most people (me) wouldn't bother to go to a library say, to look these things up, I guess they're a boon. /According to Dodd, Ron Bennett has seen him; according to Bennett, Dodd doesn't exist. Take your pick. RSC/

Inter Dick Schultz.....dick of the mighty long letter, illos done while u wait. Dick could well run his own zine, goodness knows he writes enough, and he his own illustrator, call it Rest In Piece or like. /Ken wrote "Rest In Peace" but I like the typo so I'm keeping it. RSC/



EDMUND MESKYS, 723A, 45 St., Brooklyn 20, N. Y. - High point of 85 was Doric Column, with 2nd place going to Walling Wall.

In March, I'd give it to Rereading of Methuselah's Children altho there is one point I disagree with. I remember that when I came across "Slipstick Libby's nick-of-time invention of the interstellar drive" I certainly did balk. There had been no prior warning that work was being done on the drive -- just as they're blasting off, it's pulled out of the hat. I wouldn't have objected if prior warning on the research had been given, & would have liked it better if they had been traveling for at least a few days, if not months, when it was discovered. /Ed also demonstrated a method of stapling which he suggested we adopt, and which he dared us to publish (it would have involved running 6 staples through every copy of this page and I'm not that foolish). RSC/

BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif - I wouldn't call 9 illustrations in 25 interior pages plus a cover a "lack of artwork", Buck. In fact, it's only one illo less than I used in 39 interior pages of Psi-Phi #5. And speaking of #5 and alluding to your fanzine reviews for a minute, that photopage is most definitely NOT "the same page of photos that /you've/ seen in 5 other fanzines". It's only been used in two fanzines: Psi-Phi #5 and The Speleobem #6. Check your facts before jumping to conclusions.

/Possibly I had them confused with the set by Walt Cole. 9 illos in 25 pages is definitely a lack of illustrations for us. RSC/

Walling Wall made tremendously interesting reading this time; even so I don't feel qualified to comment on it, having ignored Amazing all my born fan days. Ted makes a most interesting columnist -- now that Vold is back, I hope you don't lose him.

Enjoyed reading Dodd's moratorium on Shute. This struck me as one of the best Dodd columns in quite some time in Yandro.

/From a later letter on a later issue:/

It's a good thing I'm under 18, so I don't have to feel obligated to talk my way out of joining the NRA. All I do now is gently point out that membership is limited to people 18 years of age or moreso. Cheer! /But it isn't. The application envelope was for adults, but junior memberships are available. So start talking. RSC/

Wot happened to Juanita should happen to me! Half of it, at least: I've a rather complete set of styli (5 plus shading wheel) but absolutely no shading plates and no money to buy such things. Sometimes such a thing would come in handy but at the price one is forced to pay for the things, it's not worth it. The same thing goes for lettering guides. How in the world someone could price a piece of plastic with machine-stamped holes in it at anything more than 25¢ is beyond me. For \$2 (the price of many guides) I could buy a ream of second sheets and some ditto masters and publish a fanzine. So I don't buy shading plates.

/If you want a cheap lettering guide, try an outfit that handles drafting supplies. For some reason, draftsmen's lettering templates are about half the price of the ones for mimeoing. (I've never bought any, so I don't know; maybe you couldn't get the point of a stylus into the template. But I'll bet you could. RSC/

Rather liked Warner's fiction, though the ending seemed a bit weak compared to what I was half expecting. Franson was very pithy -- excellent syllogismic (word?) item. Gerber would be better if I knew what tune to sing this to. /Check with Liz Wilson; she probably knows./

Ghod, another Feghoot story. The last fanzine I was commenting on,

Bhismillah #2, had one of them, too, and so has about every 5th fanzine these days. Hell, I've even got one waiting for publication in Psi-Phi. This is Baaaad!

/Agreed; especially since I have several on hand that I may be stuck with. But...we got another from Menasha Duane the other day that's a bit out of the ordinary. RSC/

No particular comment on the fmz reviews this time except that you misspelled "Tattooed" twice. Tch!

JEFF WANSHEL, 6 Beverly Pl., Larchmont, N. Y. - TEW's piece was ok, but too long. 7 pp? Not worth it. I don't think any critique is, unless it is extremely good. This repeats itself too much, and is not worth too much to the reader who has not read Transient. Let White continue on his dissections of other stories, but not as long. Pliz.

Poetic Parody looks like it would have been more attention-getting if I had seen what he was parodying. It stands up rather well on its own, though.

The Dodd here is the worst I have seen of him outside of his movie-pun jobs. Here he manages to say a lot of nothing, uninteresting facts about an author who I am sure a great number of your readers do not care about, in a dry unrelieved style.

Tucker, of course, is well written and amusing. I haven't read TSOT or the White back an ish or so ago, but I may pick up TSOT if I see it. It should prove to be an interesting novel, from what Tucker says. (The understatement of the month.)

/Tucker, you ought to charge Dell a salesman's commission. Deluding all these innocent young fans into reading that thing..... RSC/

DICK SCHULTZ, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan - That cover by Gilbert leaves me wondering. Wondering, "What is it?" What is the artist trying to say? Or is it mere hack work without real depth or meaning? It might be the welcoming home of an exploring ship, or a dirigible. Information is requested, please.

/Mr. Gilbert? Do you explain your illustrations, or do you just draw them? /

So who has time for the NRA and Fandom and stamp collecting too? Sorry, but it just isn't for yours truly.

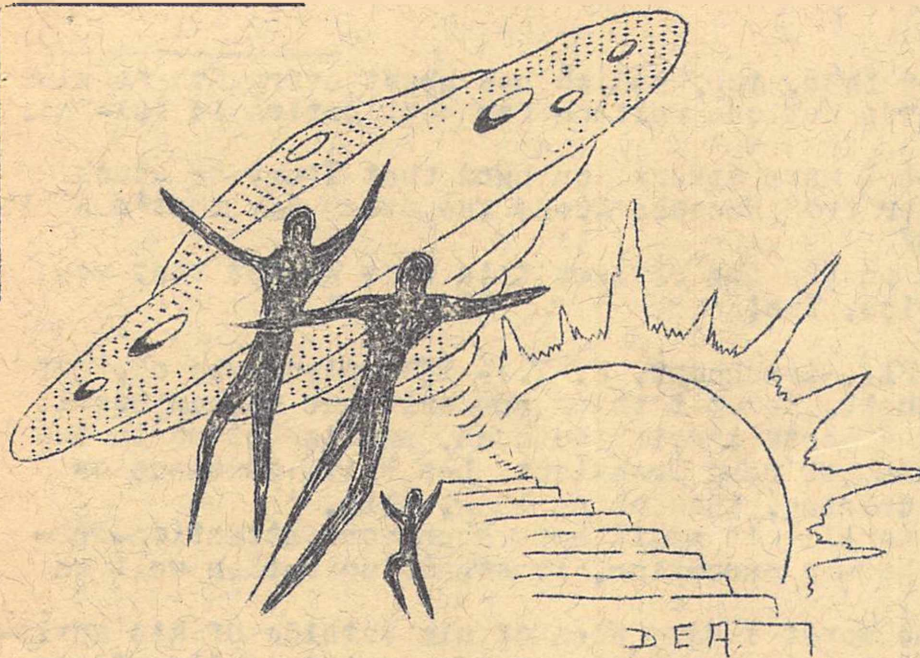
/Well, I'm active in fandom, collect stamps and coins, belong to the NRA, delve into military history, collect folk records -- Schultz, you just don't have the proper stamina. RSC/

Buck seems to be suffering from a defect in bowling in which the player has a habit of throwing the bowling ball across in front of his body, instead of throwing it in a straight line in front of him. From Juanita's illustration I would think that that may be it.

/No, my defect is the one in which the player throws the ball in a perfectly straight line into the gutter. Don't go by Juanita's illos; she doesn't draw from live models, or even photos. The idea comes across, but not necessarily the actual fact. RSC/

Adkins seems to be searching for the dramatic touch. He is still trying to find himself artistically. And giving us some dandy art work during the procedure.

Having been lucky to finish the Astounding version of "Methuselah's Children" not too long before I tackled the latest version, I can back up what Redd Boggs said in every respect. I'm surprised that he didn't try to make anything out of the fact that so much was said about



faith. Faith in the fact that if you Believe, you can live longer. You might say that this is the last story in which Heinlein believed that sheer faith could accomplish seeming miracles. This, in Boggs' estimation then, is the last of his Optimistic stories. And if this is a sign of his approaching maturity, let me say that I, for one, liked him better when he was immature.

When Dodd gets off this monster movie kick he seems to have been on lately, he turns out

some highly readable stuff. This Goodwin Sands has come across this ladie's attention before. There were a few aerial pictures of the sands down at the Photo Interpreters School in Oberammergau, Germany, and a weird bit of seascape they are. In these pictures, some of the hulks had been uncovered, and a creepy spot it was. Sort of depressing to look at all those ships down there, and to think of all the men and cargoes that went down there only to breach the sands again and be visible to the sun again. It makes one wish that one could go down there and walk around. (Some of the sands were showing above the waves, but my practiced eye saw that most of it was too deep for any sauntering around. It might be a thrilling experience if one had a frog-diver's suit and knew that the day was going to be calm, so that one could take a motor launch out there.)

/Dick also liked Franson and Gerber, disliked Warner and the feghoot (which for some reason he attributes to Deckinger). Look at the contents page again; that one was by Scithers. RSC/

RON BENNETT, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorkshire, England --

I don't really think that John Berry raced against all the police in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Our local cop who has been in the Force for years, denies ever having run anywhere, except away from Martin's Bank that night the alarm circuit hit a short at three a.m.

I've used carbon tet for many years and look what it's done to me. Sure, reviewers are human, but they shouldn't be.

I have experienced Tucker's point about pulp writers making good. I once belonged to the Leeds Writer's Circle and mentioned sf there, showing some of the pulps around. I was virtually laughed out of the circle. I've recently started a new school in Harrogate and one of my colleagues is a writer (sic) and tells me that the Circle to which she belongs is looking into modern writers like Bradbury and Clarke.

And gee! PLOY in the Arcana section of the British Museum. I must label the next issue accordingly.

/Don't take Ron's disbelief too hard, John; he doesn't believe in Alan Dodd, either. RSC/

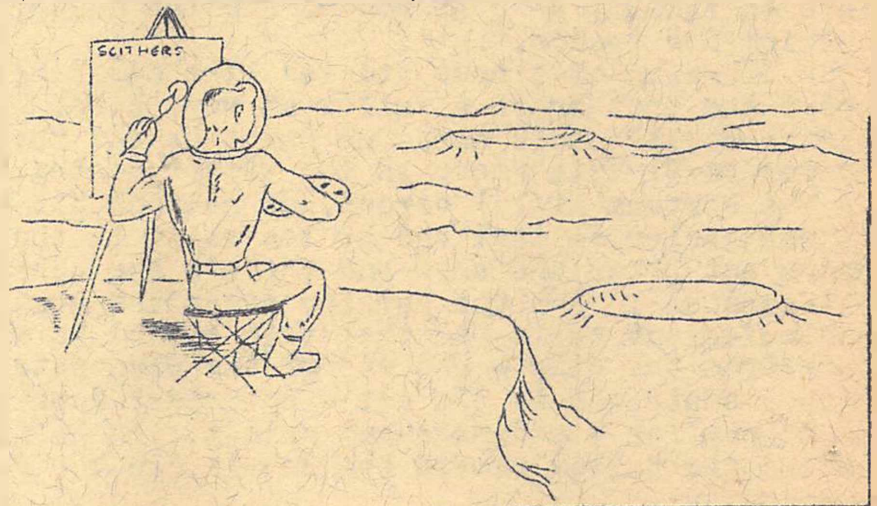
G. M. CARR, 5319 Ballard Ave., Seattle 7, Washington - I like that reply by Alan Burns to Corlew's "Highway To Oblivion". Poetry should be something rather beautiful to read... I hunted up #83 and re-read the original, and Burns' rebuttal looks even better than before. Re Joyce Clarke's "Open Letter", I wonder why the Britfen must go on stewing these long-dead WSFS bones long after the USfen have buried and forgotten them. Why go on fussing about something so worn out as that? It seems like such a senseless gesture....

/Well, some people have a compulsion to prove that they're right. RSC/
 Enjoyed your fmz reviews more than usual because they covered mags I had not already read. I noticed a couple of titles that repose in my to-be-reviewed-when-I-get-time box, but most of them seem to be new to me. It took me two tries to get through Don Stueffloten's letter, but once I got past the second page the writing picked up speed and it turned out to be utterly fascinating. This letter itself should answer the questions about his "style". Whether he wants to face it or not, his fiction (at any rate, all of it that I have seen) has been characterized by a horribly affected imitation-Lovecraft aspect, but this purple tinge is missing in his letter. The latter is colorful, vivid and wholly effective writing without a trace of this prissy "style" he insists is "natural".

MIKE DECKINGER, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, N.J. - Ted White's statement that "AMAZING SCIENCE FICTION STORIES is, by and large, publishing the best science fiction in the magazine field today," is one of the most arguable statements I've heard. I've always regarded AMAZING as Ted mentions, purely as a juvenile adventure magazine. I think though, that it was probably the policy switch to a new novel each month that caused the upsurge in quality. A couple of years ago you very rarely found long material in it. This was partly due to the oversize type that they used in the mag, which practically prohibited the use of any really long stuff, and the fact that the AMAZING hacks seemed to do better with short stories. But with novels; well, they are more difficult to write than the shorter stuff, and thus require more talent and skill in writing. This means that you must necessarily use a "novel" from a better writer and naturally AMAZING had more quality material in it because of that.

/Or, to take another case, fiction is harder to write than either articles or columns, so that fanzine editors must obtain their fiction from better writers and that's why fanzine fiction is better than fanzine columns and articles. RSC/

Dodd's column on Nevil Shute was good, but short, and he neglected to mention one very important point. He says that Shute did not like Stanley Kramer's distortion of "On The Beach", but Uncle Alan should have been more specific. Shute objected to the way the film built up



a big romance between Dwight (Gregory Peck) and Moira (Ava Gardner). He also felt there was too much of a romantic angle as a whole running through it, and ON THE BEACH was meant to be a chilling novel of total human destruction, not a tale of how two lovers face the end together. And this is precisely what Hollywood did. Now I've read the book twice, and seen the movie 4 times, and there certainly are differences, the romantic theme in the movie is played up too much, and near the end it begins to get implausible, with atomic destruction only a few weeks away and everyone is calmly fishing and having a good time. However, it still is a great film. Shute didn't realize that Kramer had to give the film box office appeal, and a sure fire way is through romance. There are other masterful touches in it (the final scene of Melbourne completely devoid of life is one I guarantee you won't forget for a long while), but it is too bad that Kramer had to go to this extent.

BILL CONNER, 155 W. Water St., Chillicothe, Ohio - I have always thought that Redd Boggs was one of fandom's better critics, and his reputation as a critic should be enhanced by his article concerning Methuselah's Children. This is the kind of article that makes fanzine-reading rewarding.

The contrast between an article by Redd Boggs and Alan Dodd's columns is a big one. I usually merely skim Dodd's columns to see if he's got anything to say, but he usually just rambles about trivial things. But maybe I'm prejudiced against Alan; I still pity him for his inability to forgive the former enemies of his country.

/There was more on this, but I don't want to start that discussion again. RSC/

ALAN DODD, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England - In England too the upper balcony of any theatre, the one nearest the roof where the arc beams come down from is called "The Gods" - up there are the two men who operate the slideprojectors during the interval and while the show is going on only the faint light of their passing beams gives illumination to this part of the theatre - surely you've heard of "The Twilight Of The Gods"?

Why has all the machinery like jeeps and typewriters got "Scithers" written on it - he in the manufacturing business these days?

/For shame! Questioning an artistic gimmick originated (I believe) by Britain's own Robert Clothier on the early issues of NEW WORLDS. RSC/

Good to see DEA on YANDRO's cover; she's still one of the best artists in fandom, a great record for the number of years she has been drawing for fandom.

Speaking of circus stories like MZB I have a true one to tell you about the brother of a fellow at work here. He has his ordinary car and also a small bubble car. One night he and the family were going up to London to Olympia where in the winter months they hold in a covered arena the Bertram Mills' Circus. So he took his bubble car with him because it was easier to park and he leaves it in the circus parking ground. He comes out after the show and there's the bubble car with the top of it all smashed in and the parking attendant rushes up to him with profuse apologies and tells him that this ground is where the elephants are led back from the ring - and one of the elephants had been trained to play with a small car in the act - so he sat down on this one! So they offered to pay for the damage and said they'd laid on a car to drive him home but as the fellow wanted the bubble car the following day to get to work

he told them he'd drive it home as it was drivable. On the way home a policeman stopped him and inquired whether he had reported the accident as one is supposed to here, so the fellow said he didn't think he would have bothered to report it - sooo - the policeman wanted to know what had happened and the fellow told him: "An elephant sat on it."

Took him half an hour to get out of that one!

WSFS MAIL

The material below is from a letter from Belle Dietz. (Actually 2 letters, I guess.) I'm doing some condensing and paraphrasing in order to save space: items in quotes are from the letter as written. RSC

In civil law, court costs are paid before the court acts. "Whatever was due from WSFS Inc. to court or sheriff was paid by George Nims a long, long time ago." To back this up, there is a copy of a letter from the St. Lawrence County Sheriff's Office stating that the WSFS owes said office no money, and Belle promises to get a similar document from the Court. "Also, I think George should return Joy's money, because she's just wasting her hard-earned sterling. I don't think Kyle will ever dissolve WSFS Inc."

"Next, the 'expiration' of WSFS Inc.'s 'charter'. It don't got no charter; it got a Certificate of Incorporation signed by a Supreme Court judge and unless otherwise stated in that, its duration is perpetual. If anyone cares to check the NYCon program booklet, where the C. of I. is printed, you'll see there's no 'expiration' date.

"Further, if WSFS Inc. actually did owe money to court or sheriff (which it doesn't) who says its dissolution would cancel its debts? When a man dies, his debts aren't cancelled; they're collected from his estate. In a corporation's case, if it had property and any of its directors disposed of it, that director would be liable for any of its outstanding debts, dissolved or no.

"You know, getting Dave to dissolve WSFS Inc. is as much work as it was to get the London Trip financial report out of him. Which reminds me. He deducted \$50 from passengers' refunds to enable him to publish a 'souvenir booklet' of the trip. Since only 2½ years have gone by, do you think we can ask (without pressuring the man) where it is?"

Belle finishes by saying she's sick of the organization and the wrangling, in which she is undoubtedly joined by a majority of fans.

CENTAUR

Coming out every other month, CENTAUR will present features you won't want to miss! Our first issue -- out around May 31st -- will have as the feature article a delightful piece by John Berry, titled "Air File". You won't want to miss Berry's adventures as a teen-age spy. And our second issue will contain a piece by the late, great master of the macabre, H. P. Lovecraft, which has been out of print and unobtainable for over 15 years! Fans and collectors will want this story.

Due to the cost involved, we must put CENTAUR out as a subzine only! NO SINGLE COPIES WILL BE SOLD. Subscription price for one year is \$1.10 in the U.S., \$1.25 in Canada, \$1.50 elsewhere. Send your money before May 15, 1960 to: The Arrowhead Press, %Harry T. Brashear, 5105 Liberty Heights Avenue, Baltimore 7, Maryland. Make checks payable to Harry T. Brashear. The May 15th deadline insures your getting a copy of issue #1. Mention YANDRO when you sub; it identifies you. /That is, if you want to be identified as a reader of YANDRO. RSC/

SCIENCE FICTIONAL MENOPAUSE

— BY — *rodney waggoner*

Science fiction will never die ... I think.

Not too recently, science fiction flamed to a blazing peak of popularity ... then, like any nova, it lost most of its original intense brilliance and faded. But did not die completely.

Embers still glow in faraway corners -- not so much in Astounding or F&SF as in Playboy -- but even then, good stories are rarely written.

Why?

A drawback to present day science fiction is that fact has caught up with fancy. And writers, regardless of how imaginative, cannot keep up with the pace that science is setting. The "sense of wonder" in stf was there because it kept ahead of science.

Frankly, it almost takes a scientist to write a science fiction story worth half a damn lately -- and the scientists now haven't got time to write. They're too busy doing. Only one out of 8,000 would have the talent which would be necessary to write stf, anyway.

Rocketships, transistors, atomic power, teevee, jockey-straps; science came thundering up on science fiction...and passed it by.

Yesterday, only yesterday, Ford announced that they had a new car with cushion-air-ride in experimental stages. The car, already being tested, has no wheels. It is supported by continuous blasts of air.

Novocain is being used in Germany to erase the tides of old age. I talked only yesterday with a science-writer who'd shook hands the day before with a "youngster" of 112.

And yesterday, just yesterday, polio was conquered, the first man went briefly up into vacuum, and a scientist proclaimed that the near-sightedness trend in man indicates this might be evolution's method of forcing man to learn to see with his mind.

Science fiction, per se, is as dead as yesterday's codfish.

The first indication that science fiction was dying appeared in fandom. Fandom, as most pro-editors realize, is a thermometer to the entire field.

Fans turned to jazz.

As things became worse, they turned even to folk music.

And a few grew beards and hung out in Greenwich Village and said, "To hell with it!"

Basically, there are only four major conflicts which can be used in fiction:

1. Man against man.
2. Man against nature.
3. Man against society.
4. Man against himself.

These same conflicts, individually or combined, are used in all fiction; whether it be western, beatnik, or stf.



Therefore, we can conclude that the fault of most science fiction lies not necessarily in its plotting (excepting hacks like Silverberg and Ellison). In the days of Palmer's *Amazing*, "man against man" and "man against nature" permeated the stories. The present trend is toward "man against himself" and "man against society".

But, in spite of the fact that science fiction basically resembles all fiction, there is something which makes science fiction (and some fantasy) unique; the fact that in every story there is a touch of imagination. If this factor isn't in the story, it isn't science fiction.

Since science is ahead of science fiction, in most respects, we're faced with the knowledge that science fiction is no longer SCIENCE fiction, and perhaps not even science FICTION. Maybe, just "off-trail" fiction.

As for the embers yet a-glow, science has passed science fiction in the major fields, but not all. There remain the social sciences, medicine, business, public relations, finance, architecture, brewing, mining, religion, fishing, transportation, music, etc.

There are many sciences which, if tapped at all, have not been quenched.

Chad Oliver, an assistant professor of anthropology at the University of Texas, once commented that there were many "avenues of thought" left to explore, but that most science fiction writers were interested in making money, not in advancing ideas. He said that the better writers throughout the history of science fiction had written more for the innate joy of expressing an idea than for the money.

Chad often bases his fiction on his own educational background. Various other writers have applied a specialized background to their material; J.V. McConnell, Chuck DeNutt, Frank Robinson, Zenna Henderson, Shirley Jackson....

You can tell the good writers by their ideas, by what they say that's worth thinking about. But the majority of ideas in science fiction stories are stale. The average reader today is forced to sift through perhaps 200 stories to find even one that was worth the reading. The output of good stories in the past five years in science fiction has been sick, sick, sick....

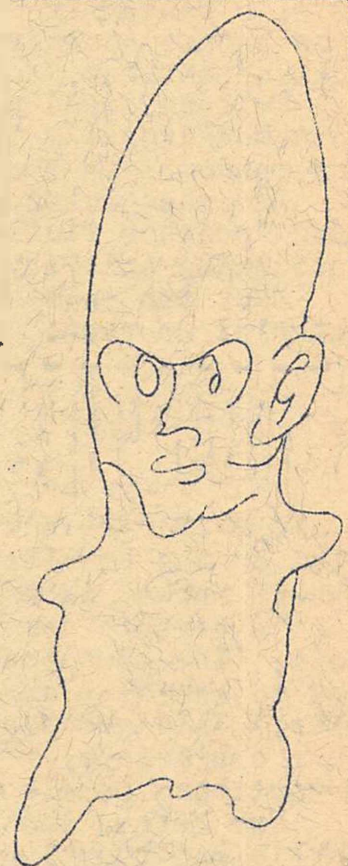
Science fiction has reached the menopause of existence. These are nervous times -- poorly times. The field is all shook up. It's in a state of alteration, of change.

And science fiction, like a baby with dirty diapers, needs a change.

It needs to throw out the hack writers, the writers who can't think. It needs to weed out the poor stories of even the good writers; can them before they see print. Good stories are re-written, not written. Science fiction needs to pay writers enough for their material to make re-writing, and maybe re-re-writing, possible.

Most of all, science fiction needs a change of pace. Like a woman, science fiction needs to mature and become more refined. And become capable of living outside itself.

Too long -- much too damned long -- science fiction has been thought



of as a bastardly form of literature. It's about time that science fiction became acceptable in the same ranks as mysteries, westerns, historical adventures, and the like.

Writers, good writers such as Remarque, James Joyce or Faulkner, will then occasionally turn out a science fiction story instead of discarding any random idea that they might have.

And when science fiction is spoken of as a form of literature rather than "science fiction", perhaps the few emberous coals smouldering in Astounding and Playboy will burst into flame again.

Not the roaring flame of faddism, but the steady warm hue of good material to read.

A WOMAN'S WRAITH—by—JAMES R. ADAMS—

If I ever give up my present mode of transportation (sedan-chair, carried on the shoulders of four white-walled gorillas) and start carting myself around in an auto, I herewith take my solemn vow never to drive past a certain cemetery located outside New York City or Chicago or Gnow-bone. (The newspaper piece was vague on that vital point, and so I'm forced to employ a sharpnel technique in hopes of scoring at least a near-miss.) This graveyard I promise to avoid like the plague is the abode — when she's home, which apparently is seldom -- of one Hitchhiking Hattie, a footloose female ghost.

For better than seventy years Hattie has been clambering out of her coffin and thumbing rides with passing male motorists. This charming habit has won her the title of Most Popular Ghost in America, and next week she's to be introduced from the audience on the Ed Sullivan show.

Upon getting a lift, Hattie asks her benefactor to take her to her home. Arriving, she disappears inside, wearing his sweater. (Seventy years' progress into the spirit world leaves our gal still substantial enough to wear a sweater. She must have the metabolism of a turtle.) She does not come out again. In order not to be the only sweaterless driver on our nation's highways, the man goes to the door to ask for his garment, only to learn from an aged woman that no girl lives there. But there is the girl's picture on the piano! Ah, yes, but the answer is always: "That's my daughter who has been dead a long time."

I, for one, do not find my tear ducts bursting at the seams over this phantom's ostensible devotion to her mother. To me it's a patent deception. For does she ever remain home, once she gets there? Does she even pause to blow the antiquated one a kiss? If only with one finger? No, indeed. It's in the front door and out the back, to scurry right back to the cemetery and start wagging her trusty thumb again. Mama, the old dear, is even denied the small happiness of knowing Hattie is present. No, all this Thing is after is that cozy ride with some handsome young fellow. And his sweater.

Well, Hattie, don't count on adding my oak-paneled cashmere to your collection. Because I'll not be coming by. Or if I do, it will be at ninety miles per hour and with all the windows rolled up and a NO RIDERS sign on the passenger's side.

The cynic will reflect that there is a certain humour in the sight of a Church founded on the command to love one another, destroying by fire and sword hundreds of thousands of persons who may have been attempting to do just that.

....G. Rattray Taylor, "Sex In History"

THROUGH TIME AND SPACE WITH ROBERT M. PILLS

BY *b. g. davits*

The surly prisoner was brought before Justice Robert M. Pills of the Intertemporal Court. Prosecutor John W. Heinz, Jr., limited by law to one minute per charge, explained as briefly as possible in order to avoid angering the judge.

"The defendant, Anthony Voucher," he stated, "is charged with returning to the late nineteenth century and attempting to purchase the rights to one of the most profitable inventions of all time, the mimeograph, from its inventor, Thomas A. Edison, for the ridiculous sum of \$10,000. This is an obvious case of time-swindle, violation of section 7B of the Intertemporal Code."

The counsel for the defence, Horace L. Hafnium, stated that his client would prove that he was trying to aid Edison rather than swindle him. On behalf of the defendant, he waived the right to jury trial. This was a mere formality; there hadn't been a jury trial in Justice Pills' court in over a hundred years. In the first and last case, one of reporting future news events in a publication, Justice Pills had been so insulted that he had directed the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty, and had given the defendant, one James V. Bulli, the maximum sentence.

The prosecution quickly and skillfully established that Voucher had attempted to buy the rights to the mimeograph for \$10,000, that he had been prevented only by his arrest by members of the Intertemporal Police Force, and that the rights to the invention would have been worth millions less than a hundred years later.

In defense, it was established that the inventor had never made more than half of what Voucher had offered from his invention, and that the defendant had been doing the inventor a service, and that in addition, he had jeopardized the future of the invention by changing the ownership and that the investment could have been a total loss.

The prosecution summed up its case in a record short time of 34 seconds, which pleased Justice Pills no end. Then the counsel for the defense launched into an impassioned oratory on his client's philanthropic actions and in amazement that he should be prosecuted for such generous policies.

Finally, Justice Pills could stand it no longer. "Stop!" he roared. "Stop this drivel! The defendant is guilty as sin! He obviously tried to con Edison!"

 "One may thus wonder what patrists have in mind when they appeal for a return to Christian morality. What they really mean by this phrase, one suspects, is the morality of about one generation earlier than their own -- in this case that of late Victorian England. Certainly no one would be more taken aback than those who make such an appeal if they really found themselves subject to the mediaeval code, with its fasts and flagellations, or to Puritanism, with its ban on Sunday walking and its seventeen compulsory weekly sermons."

.....G. Rattray Taylor, "Sex In History"

 "...the institution of a system of censorship, while it fails to eliminate pornography, effectively eliminates the serious literary work which attempts to approach sexual objects realistically." Ibid.

STRANGE Fruit



*A bumper crop
this time -*



JD-A #52 & 53 (Lynn Hickman, 523 So. Dixon Ave., Dixon, Illinois - monthly, 12 for \$1 - upcoming 10th Annish, 50¢) The most striking thing about JD is the beautiful multilith reproduction, together with fine artwork, mostly by George Barr and highly reminiscent of Bok and Finlay illos in the old FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES. Contents include editorials, news of the pro field, short fanzine reviews, and, mostly, letters. The zine is practically being taken over by letters. (I should talk? Well, we have a few other items.) Rating.....5

CACTUS #3 & 4 (Sture Sedolin, Vällingby 4, Sweden - monthly - 10 for \$1 - US agent, Seth Johnson, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, N.J. - scads of publishers, art editors, etc.) This is the best fanzine to come out of Sweden since SEXY VENUS folded -- mostly because it's in English and I can read it. If there is a theme to CACTUS it is that of introducing fans by means of the short biography. John Berry writes 2½ pages on Inchmery fandom, Mike Deckinger reports on an ESFA meeting, and I have an article coming up on some fans or other (I forget who I wrote about, now.) And Alan Dodd writes about meeting Jean Linard. Then there are the usual fanzine reviews, letters, and the best Ray Nelson cartoons I've seen in a long time. Nice reproduction, and a good Stenfors pin-up girl on the cover of #4. Terry Carr writes about a trip to a jazz session, which is very well done and probably highly interesting if you like jazz. It was even mildly interesting to me. Rating.....5½

AMRA #10 (G. H. Scithers, Box 52, Eatontown, New Jersey - irregular - 20¢ or 10 for \$2) L. Sprague deCamp takes advantage of his African travels to explore the history of the real-life counterpart of the "Kush" of the Conan sagas, and Marion Zimmer Bradley takes time to answer what I suspect is one perennial question asked of fantasy authors; "where do you get them crazy names?". Minor items include a poem by W.H. Griffey, an article on Norse poems by Poul Anderson (presented as an introduction to some translations -- and, I suspect, a few Anderson originals -- to appear in future issues), and an index of the first ten issues of AMRA. A major item is some more beautiful Barr artwork, supplemented this time by some of Juanita's. AMRA is at present an 18-page offset zine; it does not present too much material, but what's there is excellent. Rating..8

INSIGHT #1 (Jack Cascio, 401 East Central, Bensld, Illinois - quarterly - 25¢) Except for having good reproduction, I think that Cascio makes every mistake known to beginning editors. The cover proclaims that this is a LIMITED EDITION (this is intended to sound dignified but gives the impression that the mag is so bad the editors can't even give it away). There is a blurb for the next issue beginning: "In the next issue of Insight, a short story none of the big magazines would touch." Yes, Jack; the trouble is that your readers can guess exactly why none of the big magazines would touch it. (If you have proof that they wouldn't touch it, it's known as a professional reject.) He also says "as soon as we build up enough subscribers, we'll take our material to a BIG printing concern and go high-class". This sounds familiar, somehow... The material is lousy, of course. The fanzine editors who talk about going places are always the ones who lack the ability to get there. I hate to turn a cold

shoulder to such enthusiasm, but when the material consists of one imitation of Mickey Spillane, with bad spelling, fumbling grammar, impossible characters and improbable actions ("I hit her with the back of my left hand in a powerful upward swing that lifted her an inch off the rug") there isn't much else I can do. Have you ever tried hitting anyone with the back of your left hand, Jack? Rating.....1

FANAC #53, 54 & 55 (Ron Ellik, 1909 Francisco St., Berkeley 9, Calif. - co-editor, Terry Carr - semi-monthly - 4 for 25¢) Terry says that they aren't a west coast fannish newsletter; they print news from anywhere but concentrate primarily on west coast social events. Which I hope straightens that out; however you cut it, west coast social events have been taking up 50% of the magazine. #53 is the second Annish; a monster of 40 pages, with PLAYBOY-type photo-covers, which presents the winners of their fanzine poll for '59 and gives a general resumé of the year's events. One of the mags that every well-appointed fan home should not be without. (That sentence makes sense if you read it slowly enough.) Following are the usual small newsletter deals. Recommended. Rating...8

HOBGOBLIN #5 (Terry Carr - distributed with FANAC) This time Terry gives a 3½-page review of VOID #19 and 20, plus some short comments.

PAS-TELL #2 (Bjo Wells, 980½ White Knoll Drive, Los Angeles 12, Calif - irregular - free to interested parties, but contributions are requested) A special type zine, devoted strictly to publicizing the fan-artists group and the projected amateur art show at the Pittcon. Any artists among our readers who don't get this zine, should get it. If you're interested in selling artwork, buying artwork, contributing artwork to fanzines or collecting some artwork for your projected fanzine, write for a copy of PAS-TELL. (With the trouble she's having with the post office, Bjo probably won't get your letter, but you can try.) Not rated because of special interest.

SPECULATIVE REVIEW (Richard Eney, 417 St. Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia - irregular - first few issues are samples, he says) Devoted entirely to serious reviews and criticisms of professional science fiction, mostly that appearing in magazines. If you're a stf reader, you should get this -- at least as long as the fool is giving them away. Rating.....6

PROFANITY #7 (Bruce Pelz, 980 Figueroa Terrace, Los Angeles 12, Calif - very irregular - 15¢) Star item this time is Bob Bloch's speech from the 1951 Nolacon, never before published. I don't know if Bruce edited it or not, but it suffers less in the translation from speech to paper than most of Bloch's remarks do. Terry Carr writes some mediocre faan-fiction. Joe Fylka narrates an incident which I've read before, somewhere; are you reprinting from early issues, Bruce, or did he send it to another editor? Al Andrews reviews books and I review fanzines (Andrews' review is up to date; mine, unfortunately, aren't). Don Franson contributes a fannish Gilbert & Sullivan parody, John Magnus gives suggestions on attending a convention, Elinor Poland has one poem and various Californ author another, Les Gerber writes on fannish boxtops, and there are letters. I've heard the ProF lettercol criticized on the grounds that it consists mainly of comments on the last issue -- oddly enough, most of the critics belong to one or more apa groups, where entire magazines consist of nothing but comments on the last issue. Rating....6

EQUATION Vol II #2 (Paul Stanbery, 1317 No. Raymond Ave., Pasadena 3, Calif. - highly irregular - 5¢) This is supposed to be only Part 1 of the issue, which was to be issued once a month, in sections. So far, this section is the only one I've seen. This looks like the typical first-issue neofannish crudzine, but doesn't read that way. Over half of it is editorial; the chatty, informal, lightly humorous type that most readers enjoy. There is a poem by D. B. Steinman, marred for me by poor meter -- he counted out the right number of syllables but forgot about (or ignored) keeping the accent rhythmic. There is also a mediocre story by Barbi Johnson; mediocre for two reasons. First, the plot presents nothing particularly new, second, the story presents the appearance of a professional-length story cut down to fit a fanzine, and the parts that were cut were the ones providing the characters with logical motives for their actions.

Rating.....5

TERRAN DAILY GAZETTE (Sture Sedolin, address above - annual - no price listed) This is a supposed newspaper of the future. (Anybody remember "The Spacean" in the old COMET STORIES? Same thing exactly.) It seems well enough done, and was probably a lot of fun to do, but it isn't the sort of thing that rouses my interest. Not rated, as I wouldn't know how to compare it to a more "normal" fanzine. Probably of more interest to newer and younger fans, but possibly everyone but me likes it.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #137 and 138 (CRY, Box 92, 920 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 25¢, 5 for \$1 and make checks payable to Elinor Busby) A total of 114 pages in these two issues, which is pretty large for a monthly. As #137 is outdated now, I shall only mention one item, "Where The Hell's My MS?" by "Carl Marks", which should be read by every fan-writer and editor in the field. 138 starts out with an atrocious cover, improves rapidly with another installment of John Berry's trip-report, sags slightly with faan-fiction by George Locke, and hits bottom with something by Charles Burbee. (To Burbee-lovers, I should explain that this is solely because the item, whatever it was, wasn't in my copy.) As I got shorted 4 pages, I also missed the first page of F.M. Busby's column. Or editorial, maybe? Anyway, the remaining 3 pages were entertaining, as is everything Buz writes. Nick Falasca has a good two-page joke, Mal Ashworth contributes some rather poor fan-stuff, Wally Weber's "Minutes" and Les Hirenberg's cartoon are good, and there are 21 pages of letters. CRY, by the way, came in second in FANAC's "best fanzine" poll.

Rating....7

HABAKKUK #2 (Bill Donaho, 1441 8th. St., Berkeley 10, Calif. - irregular - no price listed) Bill is expanding. (Which is a pretty frightening statement, now that I think about it.) In addition to his own remarks, this issue contains an article -- or something -- by Art Castillo and a letter column. Also, the editor reviews fanzines in addition to rambling about cats, cars, beatniks and mescaline. I could have done without the Castillo crap, but the rest is enjoyable reading, if a bit over-addicted to gutter language. (I don't object to gutter language, as long as it's in moderation.)

Rating...6



BHISMILLAH! #2 (Andy Main, 5663 Gato Ave., Goleta, Calif. - irregular? - 15¢) Major part of this issue is devoted to the conclusion of Andy's fannisy Odyssey to a

LASFS party, via bicycle. As this installment was mostly concerned with the party itself, I didn't enjoy it as much as I did the first section, but it was okay. Bob Leonard dissertates not too entertainingly on hoax jokes, Mike Deckinger presents a feghoot, and Dot Hartwell has a fannish column from England. It's odd; some writers can ramble on about themselves, their jobs, etc., and it's very fannish, while other people can write about the same things and not be fannish at all. Dot, unfortunately, appears to be in the second group. The mag closes with a few letters and fanzine reviews. Rating.....4



INNUENDO #10 (Terry Carr, 1906 Grove St., Berkeley 4, Calif. - irregular - 30¢) Side note: in FANAC, Terry commented on the fact that Don Ford's various voting breakdowns of the TAFF vote didn't add up to the same amount; now, on the contents page he says that INN has 94 pages and on the bacover he says it has 95. Anyway, it's a lot of fanzine and I don't have the 5 pages it would take to review it properly. The contents page lists Bloch, Grennell, Leman, Willis, Eney, Warner and various other well-known fans. Highlights of the issue, to me, were Eney's humorous photographic captions, Dave Rike's sick cartoon ("Aside from that, Harlan, why do you want a short beer?"), Bob Leman's fannish Mother Goose rhymes, and Harry Warner's comments on "The Immortal Storm". Rating...10

THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN Vol. 19 #2 (Ralph Holland, 2520 4th. St, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio) To get this mag, you have to the N3F; send \$1.60 to Janie Lamb, Route 1, Heiskell, Tennessee if you're interested. The mag isn't the only benefit; since we don't belong I couldn't say what the others are. All I know is what I read in Ellik's column. (Then how did we get the mag? YANDRO was reviewed.) If you're looking for a lot of fan contacts in a hurry, the N3F is a good bet. (I'm not really reviewing the fanzine, you see, I'm just giving the organization a plug. After all, it's an important organization; what would fan humorists do for material without it?) A membership list sent with it shows 156 members at present -- for the benefit of Seth Johnson and others who have wondered just how many N3F members get YANDRO, I checked off 31 names. (Which is more than I thought; about 20% of our mailing list.)

QUANTUM #6 (John M. Baxter, 29 Gordon Rd., Bowral, New South Wales, Australia - irregular? - no price listed) Bowral is 80 miles southwest of Sydney, if anybody cares -- just another YANDRO service; geography free of charge. Major item in the issue is a checklist of Ace paperbacks; best item is a very good short fantasy by Margaret Duce. Then there are fan reviews, ads, and letters. Somehow I don't think I would particularly enjoy conversing with a fan who believes in "the established Moral Code of our culture" and that "Music isn't something you play for fun. It is an involved and highly specialized emotional language which enables a person to express his true feelings through avenues other than the spoken or written word." Emotional hogwash is more like it. But he puts out a pleasant little fanzine. Rating...4½

THE MAELSTROM #3 (Billy Joe Flott, P.O. Box 654, Opelika, Alabama - quarterly - 25¢) The editor evidently believes in having something for everybody. An interview of Jerry de Fuccio of MAD is probably the best part of this issue. Alan Dodd writes on Hammer films, there are book

reviews, fan-fiction, a column on flying saucers and one on comic books, and letters. (That letter column was a bit of a shock to me; I didn't realize there were so many US fanzine readers that I'd never heard of. I counted 29 names that were totally unknown to me.) The mag is rather badly overpriced, but not especially bad. Of course, it isn't especially good, either. Rating.....3

THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST #3 (Bob Jennings, 3819 Chambers Dr., Nashville 11, Tennessee - monthly - 15¢) Like old times to see a Ralph Rayburn Phillips cover on a fanzine; old and rather unpleasant times. (I prefer Prosser.) Still improving. Mike Deckinger comments on stf in tv (but "Men Into Space" isn't science fact, Mike; it's soap opera with a science background). Art Rapp comments on pro-mags (the appearance of same, not the contents), Bob Farnum offers semi-humorous advice to fan-writers and editors, the editor reviews fanzines and Clay Hamlin has a column on "forgotten classics". All these columns on "old" science fiction are beginning to nudge me towards a wheel chair; most of them talk about "the great old stories" which I generally bought off the newsstands. This time it's Jack Vance's "The Dying Earth". Now I'll agree that it's a good book, but a "rare classic"? I have a copy, most of the fans I know have copies, and most of the second-hand book stores in the area have copies which they will sell for 15¢ apiece. If anyone wants to send me a dollar for the book, I'll gladly provide them with a copy. Rating...3½

HYPHEN #24 (Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast 4, Northern Ireland - irregular - 15¢) You're really going downhill, Walt; you even used 4 bacover quotes that I'd heard before. (Or maybe that means that I'm going uphill? It certainly feels that way.) Eric Frank Russell has the best item in the issue; if I get time I'm going to write a bitterly critical letter of comment on that article, but it was well done. Remainder of the issue is the usual "madness" -- which is sort of a giant economy size version of the Wally Weber madness. Rating....7

Now there are three parody-fanzines I'd like to comment on, in a group. I can't tell you where to get them, since I don't know where they come from. First is SKYHACK, a parody of Ron Bennett's SKYRACK and purportedly put out by Ron's elephant, Cecil. It's an enduring sort of thing; I've received 3 issues now. Since I haven't received that many issues of SKYRACK, I can't tell too well how good a parody it is, but it's very entertaining. Second mag is PANAC #99, which is a fair parody of FANAC and which emanates from somewhere in Florida -- the only two Florida fan-eds I know of at the moment are Norm Metcalfe and Dave Jenrette, the latter being pretty much gafia. The parody is a little broad, but not too bad if you're acquainted with the original. Third zine is FANAC #55, an April Fool joke by Les Gerber. Actually, it isn't a parody; it's an attempt to con the reader into thinking that he's actually reading an issue of FANAC, and it pretty well succeeds. (In fact, until I got down to the line saying that Gerber did it -- with help from Andy Reiss and Ted White -- I was under the impression that Ellik and Carr were putting out an April Fool issue and parodying themselves.) I'm not sure of the ethics of using the actual name of another person's fanzine in your jokes, but I guess it's okay for an April Fool. And Gerber certainly has the format and style down pat. The news items, while suspicious, aren't entirely impossible, either. A good job.

In order to finish this stack without going into another page, the remaining regularly appearing -- more or less -- zines will have to get along with a mention and a rating.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #49 (John Trimble, 930 $\frac{1}{2}$ White Knoll Dr., Los Angeles 12, Calif - monthly - 20¢) An extra this time in the form of a beautiful parody of ANALOG's title change and cover policy. Rating.....7 $\frac{1}{2}$

TRIODE #17 (Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St., Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England - US agent, Dale R. Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave., Minneapolis 22, Minnesota - co-editor Terry Jeeves - irregular - 20¢) Mostly light humor and fancish material. Rating.....6

RETRIBUTION #17 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland - 15¢ - almost quarterly) The official organ of the Goon Defective Agency. Rating.....7

SF-WYTT #11 (Sam J. Lundwall, Box 409, Hågersten 4, Stockholm, Sweden - bi-monthly - 10¢) 5 pages by Alan Dodd and one by the Editor in English; the rest in Swedish. Well reproduced.

APORRHETA #15 (H. P. Sanderson, "Inchmery", 236 Queens Rd., New Cross, London SE 14, England - monthly - 20¢) One of fandom's 3 most controversial fanzines. 49 pages of material by all sorts of entertaining writers. Rating.....8

NOMAD #3 (George Jennings, 1710 Pearl St., Bay City, Texas - irregular - free for letters) Devoted primarily to a letter column. Rating.....4

UR #? (T/Sgt. Ellis Mills, P.O. Box 84, Lowry AFB, Denver 30, Colorado - approximately bi-monthly, I think - no price listed) Humor, letters, and a cross-word puzzle. Rating.....5

PEALS #4 (Belle Dietz, 1721 Grand Ave, Bronx, New York - no schedule or price listed) The "Inchmery appreciation issue", with articles on the Clarke's and Sanderson, along with the regular columns by Chris Moskowitz, Les Gerber, Harry Warner and the editors. Rating.....4 $\frac{1}{2}$

VOID #20 (Ted White, 107 Christopher St, #15, New York 14, N. Y. - irregular - 25¢ - co-editor Greg Benford) One of fandom's 3 most controversial fanzines. (The third is GENZINE, if you're curious.) This one is mostly a con report -- and a con report that I enjoyed reading, for a change. (Even tho it did give me an urge to sit down and write a letter of comment on his views of the convention voting that would have plunged us into war -- again.) Rating.....6 $\frac{1}{2}$

S F TIMES (S F Times, Inc., P.O. Box 115, Solvay Branch, Syracuse 9, New York - irregular - 10¢) The one fanzine that gives the news of the pro field. Usually dated, but still news. Special Interest

The following won't be reviewed, for one reason or another, but I'll mention them so their editors will know that I did get them. GROUND ZERO (Belle Dietz), PERSPECTIVE (Joe Sanders), SCOTTISHE (Ethel Lindsay), HUNGRY (Alan Rispin), FANTOCINI (Les Norris), KTP (Bob Lichtman), ONE MEAT BALL (Les Gerber), SPACE CAGE (Lee Tremper), A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN EXILE (BoB Lambeck) and PITTFCS 135 (Ted Cogswell).

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