

Y

A

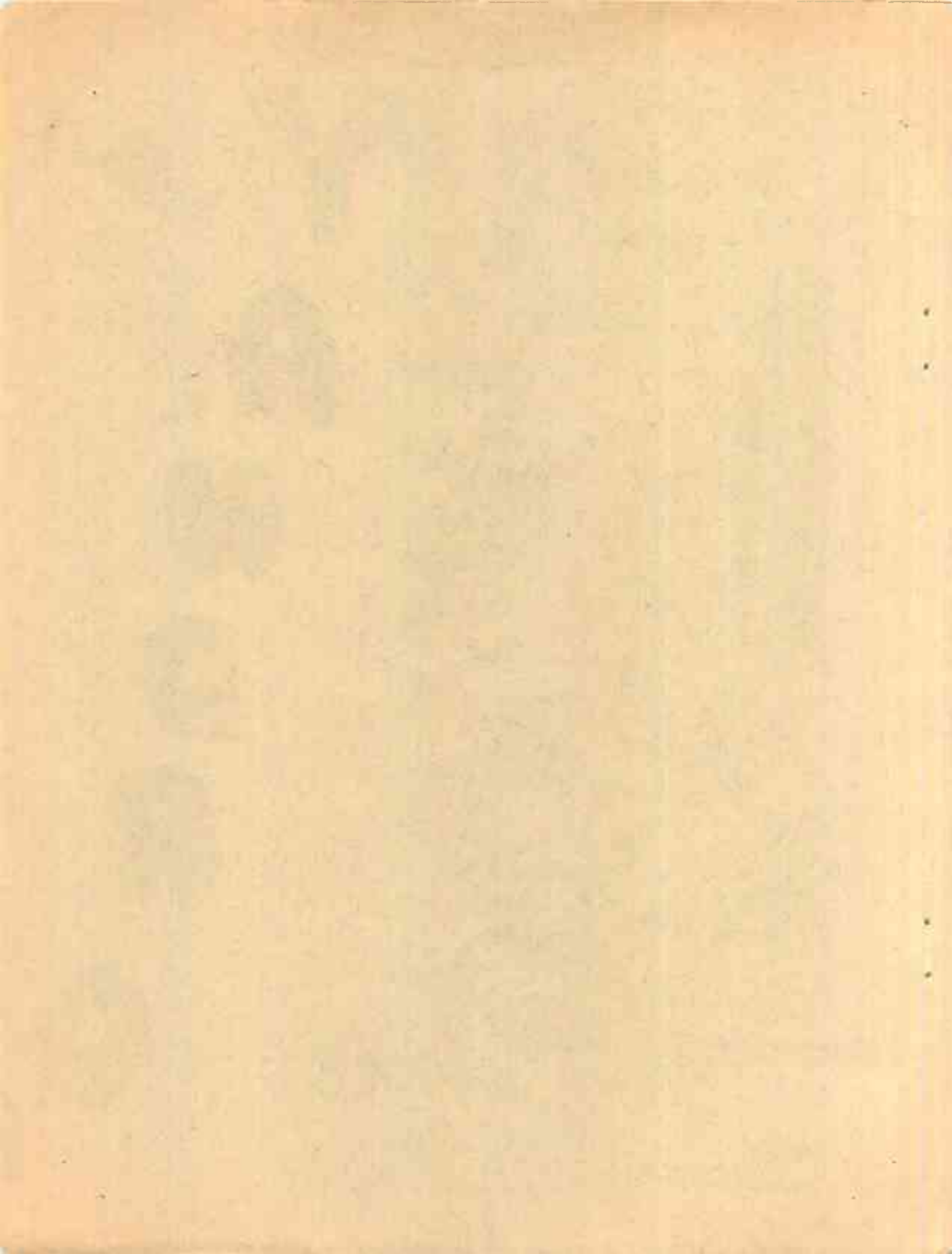
N

D

R

O

#88



YANDRO #88

may '60

VOLUME VIII
NUMBER 5

Published by Robert & Juanita Coulson,
Route 3, Wabash, Indiana, USA. Approx-
imately monthly. British Agent is Alan
Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts,
England. Price: US & Canada, 15¢ or 12
for \$1.50; England, 1/- per issue, 12
for 12/-; Elsewhere, 2 for 35¢, 12 for
\$1.75. Trades accepted, letters of com-
ment accepted, but we don't pass out
copies for them.



CONTENTS

Ramblings (editorial)	JWC	2
Rumblings (editorial)	RSC	3
The Sequel And Series In Science Fiction And Fantasy (article with a damned long title)	G. H. Scithers	4
The Morbid Muse, I (poem)	Alan Burns	8
Virtue Rewarded: And How! (lit'ry criticism)	Gene DeVeese	9
This Is Station... (fiction)	Fog Ebert	11
Strange Fruit (fanzine reviews)	RSC	12
The Unfortunate Affair Of Joe And Melba (verse)	Peggy Cook	15
Grumblings (letters)		16

ARTWORK

Cover	Dave Frosser	Page 9	Dave Jenrette
Page 1	George Barr	" 12	DEA
" 2	JWC	" 13	Dave Frosser
" 3	JWC	" 18	Robert E. Gilbert
" 6	Dan Adkins	" 19	Robert E. Gilbert
" 7	Dan Adkins	" 22	Robert E. Gilbert
" 8	Ginger Phillips	" 23	Marvin Bryer

We got so many letters that some didn't even get into the "short ex-
cerpts" section; thanks also to Paul Shingleton, Craig Cochran, Ken
Adams, Jack Chalker, Maggie Curtis, Dick Schultz, Martin Helgesen,
Ethel Lindsay, Bob Lembeck, Bob Jennings, and Peggy Cook, who sent in
the folksy background of her authentic space ballad. (Anyone interested
in seeing this published next issue?) Happy fanning.

Ramblings



One of my guitar plunking intentions was to set Sara Teasdale's poem "There Will Come Soft Rains-" to music....the same poem that inspired the Bradbury story, and probably the only one of Teasdale's poems that could be set to my brand of music.....and along about the time I'm going good on my arranging of this Atomigeddon theme, along comes the Summit debacle and Nikita's famous performance. This is not the sort of setting one wants for singing post-atomic ballads. For a bit,

we debated stocking up on a surplus of high powered rifle ammo, in case we survived the fallout, and I was wondering if I could figure out how to grind cornmeal from the sweet corn we planted in our garden. Now things seem to have settled back to the "You are--You are Not" level of debate. But I wonder if other fans spend time, for instance--whilst taking a Sunday afternoon drive, discussing what would be needed to survive in post-atomic America (pre-supposing an almost equal amount of destruction on both sides and a resultant lapse into primitive ways)? The fact that such discussions can occur, fairly rationally and with quite a bit of practicality, should be some sort of commentary on our age. (Of course, not everyone can discuss it rationally--a fan of our acquaintance mentioned that he brought up the matter of bomb shelters in a discussion going amongst non-fan friends and immediately became a conversational leper.)

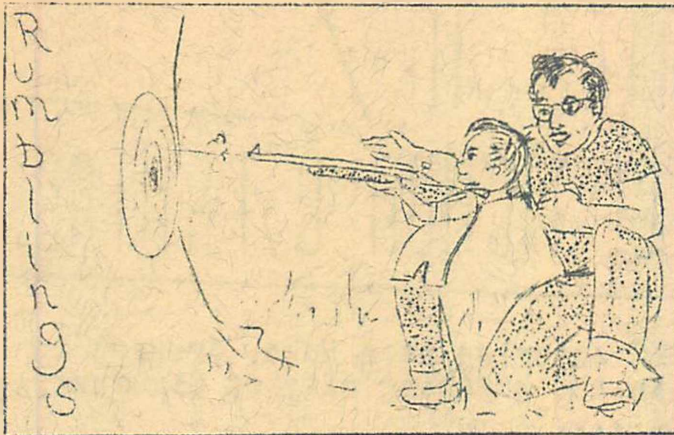
I opened a grocery sack the other evening and found, to my surprise, midst the bread and milk, a Woman's Day. Since I hadn't included this on the grocery list I'd handed Buck, and since I rarely buy the mag myself, I was nonplussed, and pleased in one of those small little ways women are when they feel They Have Been Remembered, even if inaccurately. But it turns out I congratulated myself on my memorability a bit prematurely. It seems he bought the mag for himself, for a handy dandy catalogue to wild flowers included therein. That's what I get for marrying an old Boy Scout.

George Saiters takes up on page 4 the business of sequels and series; quite sensibly, too, he does, but he leaves somewhere in the gold the alleged reader such as myself who reads series because they are series, and cruddy series at that, in preference to good sequel type stories. I grew up on 15 chapter cliff hangers, Saturday afternoon Western series, and I positively dote on those old Cap Future monstrosities. Worse, the more stereotyped and corny the characterization, the better I liked them. A case in point is the fact that I have never cared for Western fiction at all, and my only ventures into that realm have been Gunn's Painted Post series and the Rio Kid series. There is your answer, George -- I don't like Conan because my literary taste buds are dead.

"The annoying thing is that hiccups usually die down soon of their own accord, so that the sufferer often has to endure the triumphant "I told you so" of the egregious ass who frightened him as well as the exasperation of the hiccups themselves." -

Bergen Evans THE NATURAL HISTORY OF HICCUPS

Fan Artists: Contact BJO Wells at 9804 White Knoll Drive, Los Angeles 12, California to find out about PAS-tell and Project Art Show



More ballots in this issue; I believe the Hugo ballot is self-explanatory, with the addition that you do not have to be registered with the convention committee in order to vote; neither do you have to give references. Just mail in the ballot. With TAFF, you do have to give references; if you've been getting YANDRO since Nov. 1959 we'll vouch for you. We aren't sponsoring any particular candidate this year. Juanita plans to vote for Eric Bentcliffe;

I'll probably vote for either Bentcliffe or Mal Ashworth. We aren't particularly well acquainted with any of the candidates; my liking for Ashworth stems solely from the fact that he writes funnier fanzine articles than anyone else in fandom, though he hasn't been doing much of it lately. Any of the three candidates should be satisfactory; Sanderson and Bentcliffe have both been active in fandom recently and probably both "deserve" the honor. Warning; if you're going to vote for TAFF, DO IT NOW. We're putting these out almost too late to be effective.

Speaking of ballots, the returns on the YANDRO Egoboo Poll will be in the next issue. So far, 20 ballots have been returned; I hope that the extra month will allow that number to be increased by at least 10 more; 30 ballots would be enough for some significant results (somewhere over 100 readers have seen enough of last year's issues to have a meaningful vote). Of course, I'd like to see 100 ballots returned, but.....

Don Franson sent along a notice about the article on MAD in the May CORONET. EC fanzines are given a paragraph, and HOOHAH! and its publisher, Ron Parker, are mentioned by name.

An interesting item came in the mail the other day. This was VIEW-POINT, a page and a half (legal size) of news on literary censorship put out by the West Coast News Company, the outfit which distributed the late lamented SEX & CENSORSHIP magazine. This newsletter is "A service of West Coast News Co., Inc. for the magazine and book industry and subscribers", no price is given, and I haven't the vaguest idea of how one gets on their mailing list. But it's an interesting item; primary coverage is given to the test case of Ohio's new law on obscenity. (The book on trial is "Sex Life Of A Cop"; I can hardly say, as did one defense witness, that it is "worthy of attention, interesting and significant", but neither do I think that there is anything in it that isn't fairly common knowledge, however shocked some people may be at seeing this sort of common knowledge in print.) Anyone interested in receiving the newsletter might write to the publisher at 2919 Belmont Ave. E., Fresno, California and inquire about getting it. Donaho, you ought to be interested in this sort of thing.

Sid Coleman sent in a long critique of SEX IN HISTORY: this will be in the next issue, either as a letter or maybe if I get ambitious I'll convert it to an article. Other definitely scheduled items include a new Ted White column and a Dodd column; Gregg Calkins mentioned a review of the FANTASTIC UNIVERSE OMNIBUS but I haven't seen anything of it yet. If it gets here it will be included.

Book of the month is "The Natural History Of Nonsense" by Bergen Evans (Vintage, \$1.25). This is a worthy companion to Gardner's "Fads & Fallacies" and MacDougall's "Hoaxes", covering as it does the false ideas that "everybody knows".

RSC

THE SEQUEL AND SERIES IN SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY

ARTICLE BY
g.h. scithers

"Alexander Jones looked up in mild surprise as a Hoka, dressed in full armor, clanked into his office in the bustling city of Mixumaxu, took off his helmet with a clash, and"

"Verkan Vall frowned as he looked out the window of his office, across the towers and spires of Dhergabar. The report on the desk behind him

"Richard Gregor stamped into the offices of the AAA Ace Interplanetary Decontamination Service, slammed the door,"

And another adventure has started, and started with a rush, for, assuming you read ASTOUNDING, GALAXY, or THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION regularly, you are already familiar not only with the setting, but also with many of the principal characters. This familiarity, on the part of the reader and the author, represents at once the greatest strength and weakness of the sequel and of the series of sequels. Consider these examples. The writers have created unusually powerful and memorable characters and settings, too good to waste by being used but once. The readers, the regulars at least, are already on familiar ground as they begin a second story in a series; they need a minimum of orientation before they are once more a part of Toka, of the First Level, or of the problems of a slightly eccentric partnership.

Unfortunately (for lazy writers), people have a definite prejudice against buying the same story twice. And since similar characters in similar settings tend to have similar adventures, there is a limit to how sequellish a sequel may be. On the other hand, if the elements of the series are changed from story to story, especially in a long series, the characters and the setting often draw away from adventure producing situations.

It is very tempting, having produced one successful story, to reuse as much as possible of that success in another story, and another. But there are, after all, only a limited number of things that can happen to a particular set of people in a particular time and place, no matter how exotic that time and place may be. "Comic" strips are a good example of this; they often repeat, with only minor variations, the same adventures over and over again. This weakness was especially apparent in the strip Alley Oop some years ago, when the activity was limited to prehistoric Moo. Overstandardized characters in space opera will also tend to fall into overstandardized situations; in fact, much of this writing is effectively one series of sequels, even though written by different writers.

A first order solution to the problem of repetition is to widen the range of action to a more extensive setting, with a constantly changing

cast of minor characters, with only the main characters held invariant. Alley Oop is a good example of this, for the introduction of a time machine spread the accessible area to the entire range of history, both real and, when the time machine is on the blink, imaginary. For the real archetype of this type of sequel, however.....

"There was a wild clatter on the stairs, and a pounding on the door which flew open to reveal a disheveled young man in an inverness, dripping wet from the drizzling fog outside.

" 'It is obvious, Watson, that our visitor is a' "

Here is the professional man with a companion or two. These, the principal characters, are unchanged as they meet and solve the problems of the people who flit through the stories and vanish, to be replaced by others, and still others, in an endless stream. Endless? Not quite, for even this arrangement eventually may grow tedious. Conan Doyle evidently thought, and was surprised at how much his readers disagreed with him.

Getting back to the science-fiction-fantasy field, the space medic of Hubbard and Leinster and the space exploration or the survey team of more authors than can be listed in a week are our own professional men, more closely related than most realize to the traditional detective.

In the class of principal character invariant stories there is an exceptionally successful group:

"Mr. Cohan and Mr. Witherwax turned to look at the newcomer as he staggered up to the bar"

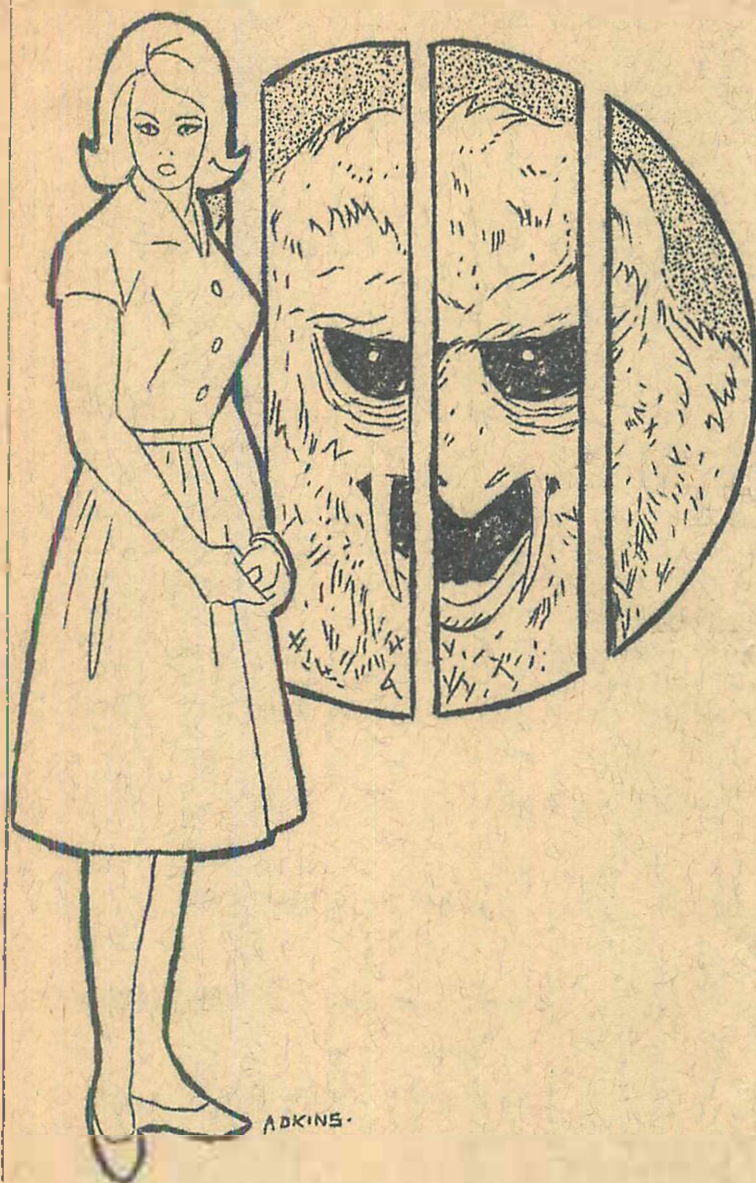
" 'Did I ever tell you the story,' asked Harry Purvis, 'about the North' "

" 'I have,' said Jorkens quietly. The other members of the Billiards Club"

Gavagan's Bar, The White Hart, and the Billiards Club were seldom scenes of actual adventures; rather they were quiet places to talk about the strange adventures of the regular members and their friends. And because these respectable establishments were not so much scenes but rather frames for the action, they limited the scope of the stories told therein not at all.

But there is a weakness in the principal character invariant series; a special weakness in addition to the usual hazard of repetition. Real people are not invariant; real people are changed by the events they experience. Hubbard and Heinlein put it that people change status, becoming big shots from little shots or vice versa (the Little Tailor story); people learn from their experience and thereby change behaviour or attitude (the-man-who-learned-better story); and people (male) meet people (female) (the boy-meets-girl story). The boy-meets-girl story is sort of a split category: there is the boy-meets-girl for once and all story; this is certainly a change producing event. There is also the boy-meets-girl for a casual romance; this is good character invariant material, as in the early Conan stories and in C. L. Moore's Jirel of Joiry adventures. Conan and Jirel were almost professional meeters. (Wonder what would happen if our boy Conan met our girl Jirel?)

The series in which people and settings are materially changed by



the action is a tricky thing to handle. For one thing, the change itself, the permanent effect on the characters and setting, is not an easy thing to present. Characters must be more than cardboard, settings more than paint if they are to realistically enter into an action or an event which brings about a fundamental change in their existence - but this is as much a problem in a single story as in a series. The special problem in the series is that having changed characters and setting, they are changed, and are no longer the story material that they were.

Edgar Rice Burroughs' Mars series is a good example of this. When John Carter was first cast away naked on a strange planet, he naturally fell into adventures of the wildest and most swashbuckling kind. But after a few books, he had worked his way up to the job of Warlord of Mars, and Warlords just don't fall into as much hand to hand kind of adventures without a lot of contrivance on the writer's part. So many adventures in the later books start by getting the participants wrecked in remote areas

in fliers or lost in hunting trips that it became a pattern. A happy alternate that Burroughs also used was to center action on an entirely different character who could logically start in a hand to hand adventure and gradually work his way up to a junction with the powerful armies of the Warlord at the end of the book.

The same sort of problem befell Oz. Many attempts were made to capture the Emerald City by one magical means or another. Since the Wizard of Oz generally added the latest device to his store of magic after the eventual victory, the Land of Oz soon became so powerful that inimical forces could only advance by the use of what James Blish has called an idiot plot. (An idiot plot is one that advances solely because of the fact that everybody in the story is an idiot.) This is particularly unsatisfactory when previous stories have established the non-idiotcy of some of the participants. The Oz books made better use of the plot in which some well known characters set out on a quest or a deliberate adventure, and of the plot centered on a new character in the wilder marches of Oz.

Substantially better examples of character development and growth

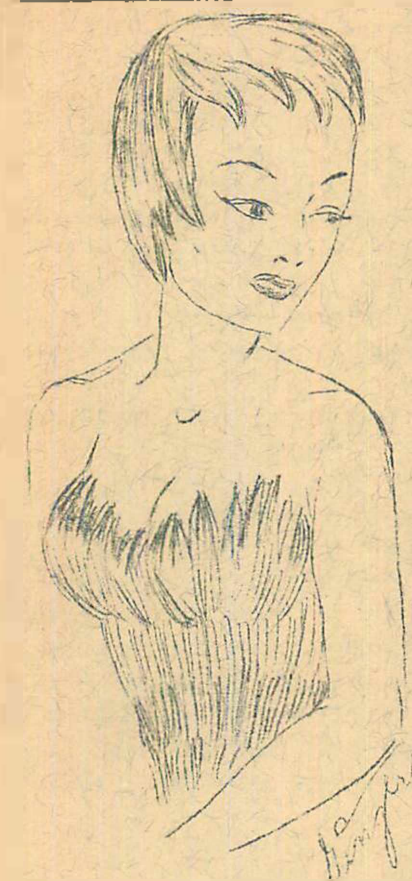
7

are Zenna Henderson's stories of The People and Isaac Asimov's Foundation series. In both of these series each story has its own principal characters, who may appear as subsidiary characters in a later story. The repeating element is not the particular set of characters but is rather the group or the culture as a whole. This is important. The strength of these and similar series lies not only in the excellence of the individual stories, with their deep and sincere interest on the development of the characters in the particular episodes, but also in that the series as a whole has a separate plot line of its own, which is advanced step by step by the component stories. Each story records growth-change-love of a set of characters; the entire series records growth-change of the entire group or culture.

A single story, often even a single novel, is too small to encompass the change of an entire group. And change and development of a large group or culture is something that cannot be easily done directly. An episode in the lives of particular people can show their development and change, can show what their group is at a particular time, but a series of episodes in lives of different members of that group is needed to adequately present any real picture of the evolution of the whole group. To put it another way: it takes but one scene to describe a character, but it takes at least two scenes with intervening action to show evolution of an individual. Apparently to describe a culture or a group it is necessary to show members of that group evolving and responding to some stress situation. To show the change or development of the culture, then, takes two descriptions of the culture with intervening action - and this seems best presented as a series. Of course the same thing, evolution of a culture, can also be presented by discussing the culture as a whole, instead of concentrating on its individuals. But since people are best acquainted with and interested in people, and since a group or culture is just too vast and complicated for easy, direct comprehension, it is in many ways more satisfactory to narrate development of the group through adventures of the members.

The series of sequels, then, can be all things to all men. It can be a prop for the writer who is too lazy to think out a new setting and a new cast of characters. It can be an exploitation of characters and settings too vivid and too valuable to be wasted on a single story. It can be a way of reducing to a minimum the





amount of expository introduction to a fast moving plot. It can be a way of presenting an overall plot line and a development of a group, a culture, or an entire people in a way more effective than any other.

It can be, as demon knight has pointed out, a snare and a delusion. It can be, without careful, early planning of all background material, a hopeless tangle of contradictions, as L. Sprague de Camp has pointed out. Or it can be, in the hands of a master, a magnificent thing. Remember the last drink at the Billiards Club, the victorious return to Helium, the great party in the Emerald City. Look to see the happy swirl of The People as they take to the air, the buildings and gates of Novorecife in the distance, the grand sweep of the Galaxy in the darkness over Trantor. Hear again the barbarian power in the laughter of the Cimmerian, the voice of blind Rhysling, and John's silver stringed guitar. And oldest and best known, with us even in the marches of the Galaxy, a thin figure is saying to his companion, "....Not at all, my dear Watson. It was....."

who believe that their conception of good and God's must of necessity be identical."

....."The Natural History of Nonsense", B. Evans

THE MORBID MUSE, I: WAYS OF DEATH

by Alan Burns

Here is the pool of the quiet shore
Far away from the river's roar.
Think of sweet death in its placid arms;
Gaily Ophelia went this way,
Singing extinction's pleasant charms,
An end to life's long entortured day.

Here is the old strong rafter under
The roof and beyond the rain and thunder.
Here the suicide crept in shame,
And was found the following day,
A lamp a-swinging without a flame;
Gone was the spirit, gone away.

The tiny bottle upon the shelf
Dusty quaint-carven as of elf;
Take it down, put wine in glass,
A single drop is the measure neat.
Fire at first, but it will pass;
Oh here is death, so sweet, so sweet.

Virtue Rewarded - And How?

BY ————— gene deweese —————

PAMELA is a book. It was written circa 1740 by Samuel Richardson and was subtitled "Virtue Rewarded". Those few facts alone are enough to make wary one who is about to read the thing, and when disinterested observers say "But no one reads PAMELA!" the wariness grows to alarm.

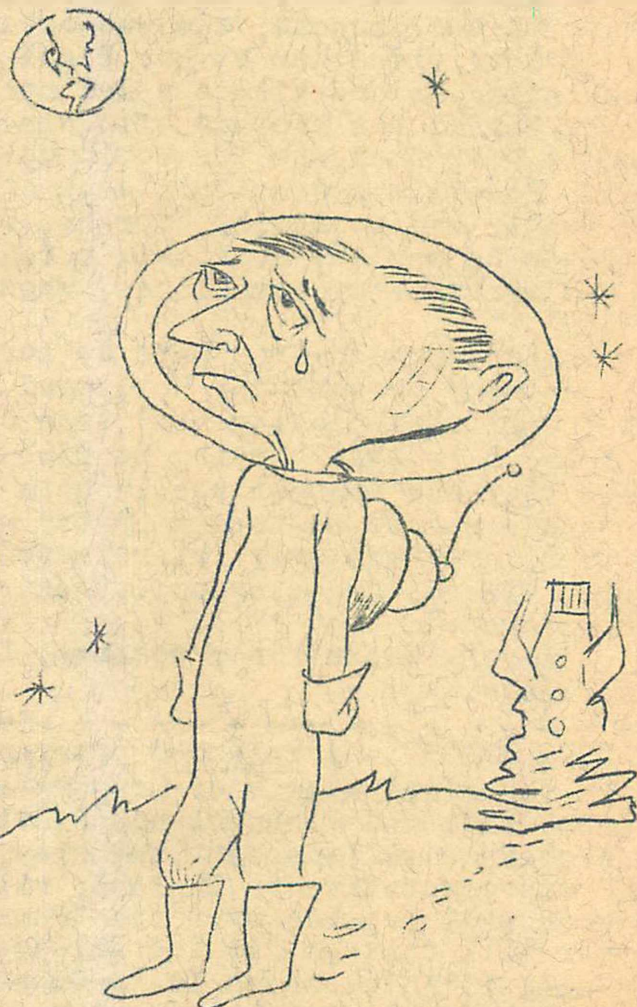
Despite all that, however, I read it: First, because I had already told the English instructor that I would, and second, because, as I got into it, I became fascinated. I thoroly recommend PAMELA to any fast reader in search of a good example of (allegedly) unconscious humor. There have been satires of PAMELA written, but the ones I have seen aren't nearly as funny as P. itself.

The plot: Pamela is an incredibly virtuous, humble and all-round-good-eggish type of girl who is addicted to writing letters to her parents. She works for one Mr. B., who inherited her from his mother. Mr. B. is an all-round scoundrel type who, for the first half of the book, attempts -- most clumsily -- to rape and/or seduce Pamela. He even goes so far as to abduct her to his country estate and hold her incommunicado for some weeks. Somehow, all this leads to Mr. B's reforming, and Pamela's falling in love with him. Needless to say, they are married, and virtue (i.e., Pamela) gets its reward (i.e., Mr. B's money and estates.)

The message: According to Richardson, the entire thing was written not for the money it earned him, but in order to inculcate in the "youth of both sexes" an attitude of virtue. The book was supposed to make all its readers just as virtuous as heroine Pamela.

The result: Not much reading between the lines is required to glean Richardson's ideas on the class system and on money. His practical, mercenary -- tho almost reverent -- attitude shines thru the surface morality several times. As I said, the book was subtitled "Virtue Rewarded", and Richardson, who himself married "the boss's daughter" and thus came up in the world, apparently wanted to be sure that his message got across to even the most mercenary of young sinners.

Pamela's marriage is spoken of as her "exaltation" and her "kindness to her former equals" after her



YOU CAN'T GO
HOME AGAIN

"exaltation" and her "obligingness" to them before are highly commended by Richardson in his final notes. His attitude could be summed up in "Be proud that you are poverty stricken, but don't antagonize anyone who might make you rich," for Pamela is incredibly humble to everyone in sight while she is still a "poor serving maid."

At one point she says in her inevitable letter to her parents (the entire book consists of just this; letters to her parents relating her harrowing and otherwise experiences) -- "bless Providence, which has made me tread the path of innocence, and so amply rewarded me for what it has enabled me to do." And at another time, shortly after the wedding, Mr. and Mrs. B are spending a quiet afternoon at home, discussing money; Mr. B's money, which will soon be Pamela's as well. Mr. B is saying tenderly to Pamela; "I lay up money every year, and have besides large sums in government and other securities; so that you will find what I have hitherto promised is very short of that proportion of my substance, which, as my dearest wife, you have a right to." To this lovely speech, Pamela adds in her letter, "Thus sweetly did we pass our time till evening."

Pamela's practical attitude toward matters other than her virtue (about which she was downright fanatical) was in evidence much earlier, however. For instance, when she was planning to leave Mr. B's estate to return to her parents, she was ostensibly intending to leave behind all the clothes given her by Mr. B and his mother. However, she was still speculating on how rich she and her parents would be if Mr. B insisted on her taking the clothes with her anyway -- after all, she was much too poor to wear them, so she would obviously have to sell them. At another point, Pamela makes quite a show of giving in to Mr. B in an argument. She really had no choice, for Mr. B was quite able to force her to do whatever he wanted, so Pamela noted in her letters: "I might as well make a merit of my compliance, when my refusal will stand me in no stead."

The conversion from hate to love on Pamela's part is about as plausible as many present-day Hollywood movies. "He is a dirty lowdown clod, but I can't help loving him" type of thing. In fact, during the time that Mr. B is still trying to rape her occasionally, she remarks several times that she "cannot really hate him", no matter how hard she tries -- and she seems to be trying pretty hard. These declarations of amiability, however, are regularly interspersed with heated references to Mr. B as "Base, wicked, treacherous..." and "wicked violator of all the laws of God and man."

A lovely basis for a romance. Like John Wayne and his Marine Corps underlings.

 PITTCON REPORT - A balanced program of both fan and professional events is in the final stages of preparation. Bob Pavlat will be moderator of a panel entitled "The Science Fiction Fan Club, Form and Function". The Chicago fans will present the play, "Requiem for a Fake Fan". Don Ford, TAFF representative to England, will give an account of his trip. Lynn Hickman will preside over the "Fanzine Editors Panel". Philip José Farmer will talk on "Is The Science Fiction Fan A Victorian?" The title of James Blish's speech is "A Question Of Content". Earl Kemp has lined up what we feel will be one of the stellar events at the convention but we'll tease you by keeping it secret a while longer. Bjo Wells is heading the Fan Art Exhibit, an event unique to the PITTCON, which should amply demonstrate the artistic talents developed in science fiction fandom.
Dirce Archer; Chairman

THIS IS STATION.....

—fiction by—rog ebert—

I was feeling in a mellow mood. The board was causing me little or no trouble, I hadn't as yet set the turntable for a 45 rpm record when what I really wanted was 33, and not too many listeners had called in asking for pet tunes. Who am I? Pardon my haste. My name is Mike Michaels, The Record Man. Maybe you've heard me once or twice, if you listen to the radio after the Late-Late goes off. My job is to spin the records, give the time and temp, and try, to the best of my ability, to comply with requests sent in by the Most Venerable Listeners. It was in the last capacity that Disaster struck.

Actually, it wasn't as bad as that, but the correspondence course I'm taking in How To Write Salable Short Stories says - check me, page 45 - that you must keep the readers' attention. Anyhoo, I was just finishing announcing the time to be 1:05 AM, when the red light blinked. I looked for a second. For every ring, the light blinked once. I waited for three blinks, then raised the receiver.

"Hello? This is The Record Man? You will kindly take the following request?" This last was in the form of a statement. "To Jamel, from Katwell: All proceeds. X - 42 - A."

"What?" I asked, "what kind of a song is that?"

"Song? You misunderstand. Please simply read over your air. I thank".

There was a click, then nothing. I sat looking at the control board. In this business, you get lots of strange requests. But this? Not even a song, but just a message. I shrugged, and mentally dropped the request into the round file.

Under ordinary circumstances, that would be that. But - not for Mike Michaels. Oh, no! Next night, the light blinked again at 1:05. Lifting the receiver, I got a repetition of the previous night's message. "Also; you will please hurry."

I forgot about it, as a disk jockey learns to do after he has heard the same record for the eleventeenth time.

The next night, I was mad. After a while, you get used to the cornball questions, but this guy must have been off his nut. "Hello? The Record Man? You will obey, please. To Jamel, from Katwell. All proceeds. X - 42 - A. Please use your haste. Recipient going out of phase. I thank."

"I DON'T!" I yelled, and would have said more except for the simultaneous occurrences of him hanging up and my current record ending.

"OK," I said, when the next record was safely on its way, "so I humor him. Then he stops." The next day, the boss wanted to know what gives; but I pleaded temporary insanity. Darned if he didn't believe me, too, down deep inside.

That night, a message lay under my door. "To Katwell, from Jamel: Repeat. X - 42 - A." Sure enough, Old Faithful Katwell was on the line. I wasn't. I hung up on him.

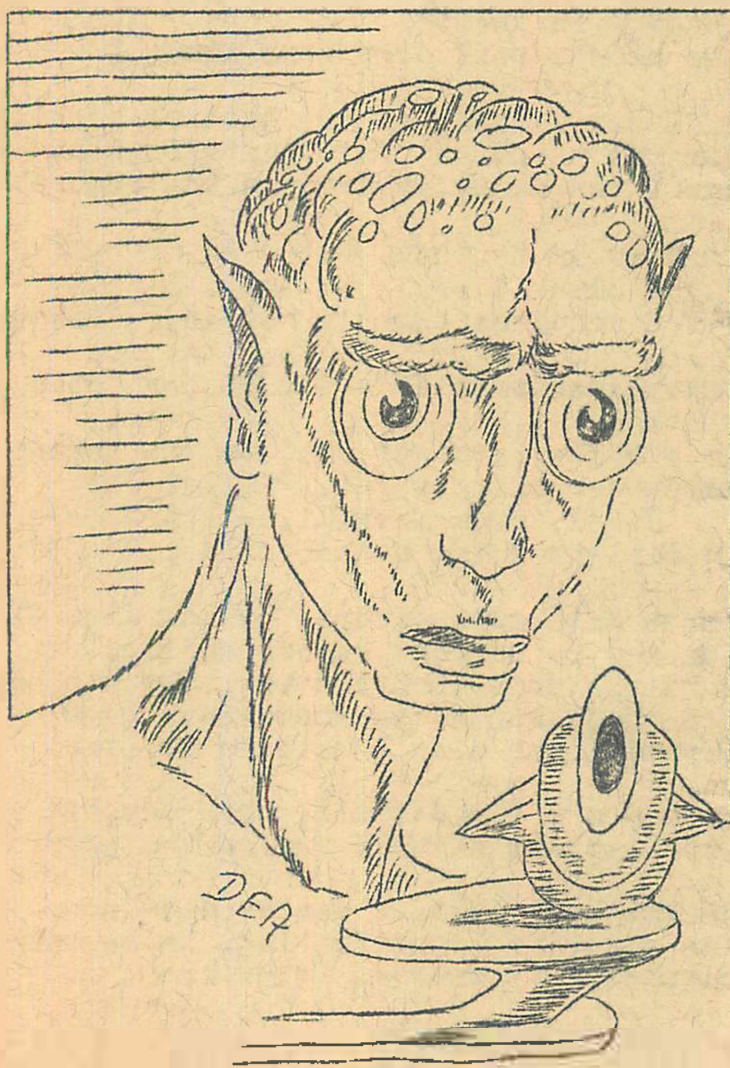
The story, by all rights, should end here. But, I was reading an interesting article the other day, in a national publication. Maybe you saw it too: "How Will Aliens Communicate?" by Homer R. Katwell.

STRANGE FRUIT



A new policy has been forced on me by the sheer quantity of tripe (err...fanzines, I meant) which has been accumulating of late. No more reviews of letterzines, APAzines (unless the editor specifically requests it) or fanzines in Swedish or any foreign language except English.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #139 (Box 92, 920 Third Ave., Seattle 4 - monthly - 25¢, 12 for \$2) It seems that the omission of the Burbee item in the last issue (or rather, the mention of it on the contents page) was one of CRY's little jokes. Apparently the only person who was not taken in and who also made an adequate response was Betty Kujawa. As usual, this issue features some of fandom's better known writers; John Berry, Mal Ashworth, Don Franson, Renfrew Pemberton Busby, Terry Carr and others. Elinor Busby goes into fantasy (I don't think the first part of "Fellowship Of The Ring" is dull, Elinor; it's slow-moving, but then the whole thing is slow-moving.) Highlights of the issue include Busby's (the Other Busby, that is) remarks on fan ethics, Terry Carr's predictions (I don't agree with them, but I enjoyed them anyway) and the lettercolumn, this time featuring baffled readers who wanted to know what happened to Burbee in the last issue. Rating.....8



HABAKKUK #3 (Bill Donaho, 1441 8th. St., Berkeley 10, Calif. - irregular - no price listed) In 3 issues, this has become one of the best (and at 55 pages, one of the biggest) zines in fandom. Bill's ramblings are always entertaining, and this issue are enlivened by a dissertation on the novel "In For A Penny" by Oliver Anderson. (I've read these 6 pages aloud to every luckless soul who has dropped in since the mag arrived; I don't know about the visitors, but I still get a laugh out of them.) There is also the article by Al Halevy on Mesocalin, and more outpourings by Art Castillo, defending the Beats. (Art isn't exactly a beat; he's more of a garden variety egotistical slob, judging from his writing.) There's a very good letter column, too. Rating....9

FANAC #56 & 57 (Ron Ellik, 1909 Francisco St., Berkeley 9, Calif. - co-editor, Terry Carr - bi-weekly - 4 for 25¢) Fandom's indispensable Newsletter, covering all sorts of fannish doings. Rating..9

As a bonus, FANAC often carries riders of various kinds. Recent ones have been AN EGOBOO A DAY FROM ALL OVER (T. Carr) concerning letter response to the Fan-nish; and THE FANZINE MATERIAL POOL NEWSLETTER (Dave Rike, 750 60th. St., Oakland 9, Calif.) This covers the material at present in Rike's pool, which is presumably available to anyone who asks. Rike asks for both submissions to the pool and requests from editors for material. I'd like to add one big warning; if you do submit to the pool, staple your stuff firmly so it stays together, put your name and address on the manuscript, and if you move before your stuff has been published, notify the post office to forward everything. Otherwise, unless you're a well-known fan, you have about 1 chance in 10 of ever finding out what happened to your material. Personally, I am against material pools. Busby mentions that contributions to CRY, if not used in CRY or WRR, will be sent to Rike. I would like to state that contributions to YANDRO, if not used in YANDRO, will be returned to the contributor. I've experimented with passing material on to other editors, and I've come to the conclusion that it's a dirty deal for the author.



SPACE CAGE #3 (Lee Anne Tremper, 3858 Forest Grove Dr., Apt. A-3, Indianapolis 5, Ind. - monthly? - \$1 for a year's supply) As an official club publication, this isn't a big challenge to CRY or SHAGGY, but it's well reproduced, contains some good material, and has been improving steadily. Lee needs material, and can give good display to what she gets. I've been requested not to rate this, so I won't.

VOID #21 (Ted White, 107 Christopher St., #15, New York 14, N. Y. - irregular - 25¢) The editor says it's monthly, but I'm going to wait and see; it's been monthly for two months now. (Oh yes, Greg Benford is co-editor; almost forgot him, since he seems pretty well gafia lately.) Mr. White's article, "A Day With Calvin Thos. Beck", is the high point of the issue and the most entertaining thing VOID has published for some time. The entire mag is good, though; the only bone I have to pick with Ted is his revival of Harlan Ellison's "The Boot" award, wherein some particular individual is singled out for disfavor. I think the entire idea is in bad taste, and Ted's particular picks haven't raised the standards any. The first award was made strictly from personal spite, and the second states that such-and-such happened, when actually the statement is what Ted thinks happened. (He may well be right - but he doesn't know, absolutely and for certain, that he is.) However, this takes up only half a page, so it's a small deficit. Rating..6

JD-ARGASSY #54 (Lynn Hickman, 224 Dement Ave., Dixon, Illinois - monthly - 12 for \$1) Best thing in this issue is the two-color Barr cover; one of the best to grace fanzines in recent years. Contents include book reviews, by Lynn (I guess), fanzine reviews by Vic Ryan and pro news by Les Gerber, all entertaining. (The most startling piece of Gerber's news being the report that the published version of Farmer's "Flesh" was "expurgated"! I'd like to see the original....) This issue also contains the last installment of Bob Madle's TAFF report and the first installment of a series by John Berry concerning the exploits of SUPERFAN. (I must confess that I liked Bjo's SUPER SQUIRREL better, but Berry is good. I don't intend to get involved in guessing who Superfan is supposed to be, though.) Rating.....5½

ROT #4 (Mal Ashworth, 14 Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford 2, England - irregular - according to the contents page he only sends them out in return for letters of comment; how one gets on the mailing list in the first place is something you'll have to take up with the editor) The part of the mag that struck home to me was the "Reveries Of A Semi-Conscious Bibliophile". My own love of books doesn't take exactly this form, but the spirit is identical. And since I've never been able to formulate my ideas regarding book-buying, I'm grateful to Mal for doing it for me. The rest of the fanzine, which includes material by Sid Birchby, Irene Potter and Harry Warner, as well as the editor, is interesting in a British sort of way. (This isn't a veiled insult, but a comment on the fact that all -- or nearly all -- of the British fanzines have a certain air about them; not necessarily better or worse than US zines, but different.) Rating...5

RETROGRADE #2 (Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota - monthly - he says - for trade or comment only) Devoted mostly to editorial ramblings and a few letters. Boggs being one of fandom's better writers, the editorial ramblings are well worth reading, and the letters, being a few selected from a large number available, are also entertaining. Rating.....5

APORRHETA #16 (H.P. Sanderson, "Inchmery", 236 Queens Rd., New Cross, London SE 14, England - monthly - 20¢) For what I believe is the first time in the history of APE, an outsider has a more interesting contribution than Inchmery fandom has. Harry Warner is the author who makes the grade, with a fascinating analysis of the art of binding and gagging, in fiction and real life. Ken Potter tells what happens to people who "go out and sell!", and there are the regular columns by various Inchmerians. One of the best issues for some time. Rating.....8

I have a dozen or so more fanzines on hand, but I haven't read them yet and don't feel like skimming them rapidly for a review. (For one thing, I couldn't -- they average something over 30 pages apiece. Whatever happened to the skinny fanzines of yesteryear?) Trouble is, I got a large number of books for my birthday, plus a larger than usual batch from the newsstand. I've been through "The Natural History Of Nonsense" by Bergen Evans and "Andrew Jackson: The Border Captain" by Marquis James. Next selection may be "Gordon Of Khartoum" by Lord Elton, "In Flanders Fields" by Leon Wolff, "Winter Of The Sioux" by Robert Steelman, or "Woman From Another Planet" by Frank Belknap Long. Maybe by next issue I'll be back to reading fanzines. Or maybe not.

THE UNFORTUNATE AFFAIR OF JOE AND NELDA

(SONGS OVERHEARD IN A VENUSBURG PUB BY *peggy cook*)

Old Joe Dexter worked his claim in the hills near Venusburg,
And he'd come to do the town each Friday night.
He would go to Logan's Bar, though he had to travel far,
Just to see his sweetheart Nelda, and to fight.

Well, sweet Nelda tended bar for the spacemen in the town,
A native gal from out the hills above.
She was one gal in a million (and good Lord, was she mammilian!)
And she was Joe Dexter's one true lady-love.

Though they knew they couldn't marry, what with all the laws and all,
They made plans about how they would live in sin.
So old Joe would drink his whiskey, though he knew it would be risky,
Since sweet Nelda drank straight nitroglycerin.

One night, as they were heading for their shack back in the hills,
The Venusburg police put Joe in jail.
It seemed he jumped a claim under someone else's name,
And poor Nelda, left alone, began to wall.

She cried so hard, the hiccups jarred the nitroglycerin,
And up she sailed, never to come down.
If she hadn't been so loaded, she wouldn't have exploded,
But her broken heart had flattened half the town.

So the moral—if you ever come to Venusburg some day,
Please don't fall for the lovely nitro-gals..
Since poor Nelda couldn't absorb it, she is now up there in orbit...
And it's safer with some less explosive pals.



GRUMBINGS

LES GERBER, 201 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn 26, N.Y. - While I don't mind your pun-name changes in my Feghoot, I wish you would make it clear that you committed those puns. My reputation is bad enough!
/I should have mentioned it at the time; all names in the feghoot in the last YANDRO are a product of the fertile Coulson imagination and rapier-like wit. Les used the real names of the individuals, but I was chicken./

ROBERT F. SMITH, 1 Timor St., Puckapunyal, Victoria, Australia - Thanks for the explanation of "Menasha" etc; slightly involved, as fandom sometimes is, but it's satisfying to know. A friend, who considers me an oddball but occasionally stoops low enough to flip through my fanzines, demanded an explanation of "Ferdinand Fugghead" just last week. He left looking baffled, but I'll put his mind at rest now.

Ramblings: Ah, there's no doubt that someone in the Coulson household sees things others don't...where'd those little green critturs come from on my Christmas card?

Enjoyed Ted White's column this time, and agree with him regarding the recent rise in quality of both AMAZING and FANTASTIC. The mags appear fairly regularly on the stands here, but way behind the US dates, of course. I am at present waiting most impatiently for that Feb. ish of AMAZING, so's I too can form an opinion on "Transient".

Alan Dodd's column was interesting, but, once again, not a lot that I didn't know already. Being almost a "local", Shute has had quite a bit of publicity out here. Many Melbourne-ites have picked out obvious faults in the movie, mainly dealing with locales, which won't worry overseas viewers unduly, I imagine.

I wonder if we can count on Bob Tucker "going to town" over every Ted White column? I must rush to renew my sub.....

BOB BRINEY, 562 Newbury St., Boston 15, Mass. - Note MZB's question in her AMRA article about the pronunciation of "Wilidh". If you give it the Gaelic or Welsh pronunciation, as the spelling suggests, the closest English approximation is simply "Willy". Disappointing, no?

And did I tell you about the annotated copy of Farmer's "Flesh" that I found in the Public Garden? I thought of sending it to Farmer (anonymously), but decided it was too precious to let out of my possession. You'd have to see it to believe it!

THE DYING EARTH may be available in the mag stores in your part of the country, but in five years of prowling through the ones here in Boston and on occasion in New York, I've never seen a single copy. Remember, when the book first came out, it remained in distribution for less than three weeks! It was pulled off the stands by the publishers, along with the third issue of WORLDS BEYOND, before the title had even a faint chance of selling. As it was, I had to hunt all over town to find a copy; if I hadn't known the book was out, and gone looking for it specifically, I probably would never have seen a copy at all.

/Vagaries of distribution; I didn't know it was out and had no trouble at all in getting a copy. Actually, I haven't noticed copies on the used mag stands recently, but then I haven't been looking for it. It was in plentiful supply the last time I paid any attention to it. RSC/

ROG EBERT, 410 E. Washington, Urbana, Illinois - In my 'umble opinion, the letter by Roy Tackett in YANDRO #37 was one of the funniest things (including letters) that I've read in a fmz in a long time. I've never heard of Tackett before, but I wonder if he could do an article that funny. Maybe?

I don't know about anyone else, but my practice in filling out these egoboo polls and answering the Hooper Rating Service and everything else like that is to try to stimulate future performance, not reward past effort. In other words, I don't need to vote for Strange Fruit because I know you're going to keep it in YANDRO anyway. But I do have to vote for Alan Dodd because he always seems almost on the brink of extinction by everybody. Or don't you want to start that discussion again?

When you get right down to it, the big reason for hundreds and maybe even more (did someone, somewhere once estimate fandom at 3,000?) fans going on plugging away is because eventually someone will say nice things about them in print.

/Well, let's say one stimulates future performance by rewarding past efforts. Which implies that the future efforts will also be rewarded.RC/

TED WHITE, 107 Christopher St., New York 14, N.Y. - Brief suggestion: Why not put the number of the issue on the cover? It would save me much time in filing back issues and aid immeasurably in making references to past issues.

/We may just do that. If numbers start showing up on future covers, It's White's Fault. RSC/

I'll go along with the NRA and its aims (The Right To Buy Weapons Is The Right To Be Free!), but I can't see the expense of a virtually empty (to me) membership right now, nor the addition of yet another hobby. I used to enjoy target shooting, with my single-shot Remington .22, but I no longer have a gun, or the place to fire it, so joining something like this wouldn't do me much good. I mean, ghod Ghod, my present hobbies are too damn expensive to support!

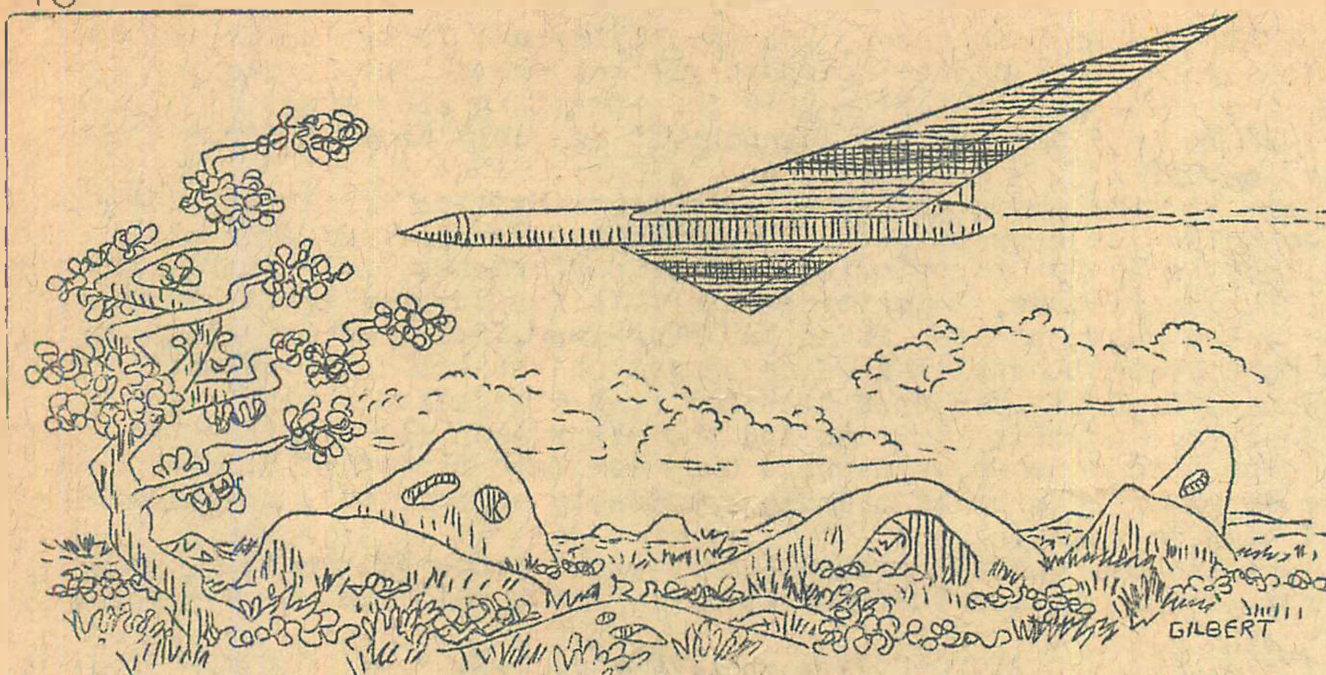
Boggs' article certainly climaxes the current wave of stf critiques in YANDRO marvelously. How can I follow something like that? I find that Redd is rather brief in what he actually covers -- I wish he'd discussed the worlds the Children visited, and the implications of those settings -- but what he does discuss he does so in a model style for any would-be critic. It's stuff like that which inspires me in my own small efforts.

"Tad's Child" is superior writing for fanzine-fiction, but the subject matter is not handled at all imaginatively. This sort of reminds me of the stuff Warner wrote (I believe he was one of them) for the dear departed BREVIZINE (ADVENTURES). I think maybe this story might better suit VIEWPOINT, with its pretentious outlook -- though I have only that PSI (which everyone has distributed -- I have at least five copies) and this ad. Appropriately placed, that ad...

Franson's short item is kind of clever, but in a way I don't dig. I don't see much in items like this which subtly sneer at fandom for its covert hostility and "messiness" and which actually, in their vagueness, contribute towards this... I mean, if Franson thinks fandom is "messy" and dominated by such "bubble"-types, let him name names, and go on a crusade or something. Actually, this is quite a departure from the Franson I Have Come To Know And Enjoy, and I suppose he was probably just depressed the day he wrote it....

Gerber's item is nice. He seems to be steadily improving, of late.

In your review of VOID, you make at least one error. The "Circus



Fandom" article by Werner was not part of an "Other Fandom" column by Warner -- the general heading of "Other Fandoms" is wide open to any contributor. Bill Evans had one on "Rail Fandom", and Tom Condit is preparing one on "Subway Fandom". I'm a member of the latter....

I didn't reply to the previous issue, but I may as well say that Tucker made a lot of good points about SIRENS, and if I hadn't read the book, I might have run joyously out to buy a copy. But it still struck me as a drag. Probably I simply erred in stating my reasons why I thought it was a bad book. I enjoyed portions very much, but it was the sort of book I couldn't enthuse about at all. It forces the reader to remain at least at arms' length away. There's nothing there to get into. I mean, the story bugged me, and if I had wanted satire (alright; burlesque) I would have preferred something straighter and less diluted by what portions of Story are there.

The comments on my review of "Transient" were very interesting. Both Steve Schultheis and Elinor Busby bring up some good points, which only goes to show how "deep" the story was; their explanations do not fully agree with mine, nor with each other. Depends, I suspect, on the frame of reference of each reader. As to the castration fear, or sexual-guilt feelings of the Governor, I thought that was obvious. It pervades most of the first three-quarters of the book. I mean, his guilt at violating a virgin, his feelings that he must substitute for his aborted wife on the operating table (cut out the baby in a woman -- cut what from a man?) And the symbol of the unicorn -- virginity -- and all the frantic feelings Lampley felt.

Anyway, these interpretations are at least as valid as my own, and I certainly enjoy seeing them.

/Admittedly, membership in the NRA is of less benefit to someone without a gun. Since we own 15, we boost the organization. But maybe Franson didn't want to go on a crusade. You don't have to dislike something in order to poke a little fun at it; Don's article was hardly in the Denouncing Fandom category. (As to his opinions that it's "messy", you must remember that he's a CRY letterhack and you know how environment influences people.) Apologies on the other fandom's bit; I didn't check my memory. (And, now that I re-read your letter, apologies on cutting out

your comment that Dodd was "deadly dull". Skipping that paragraph was unintentional, but I'm not going to go back and put it in now. RSC/

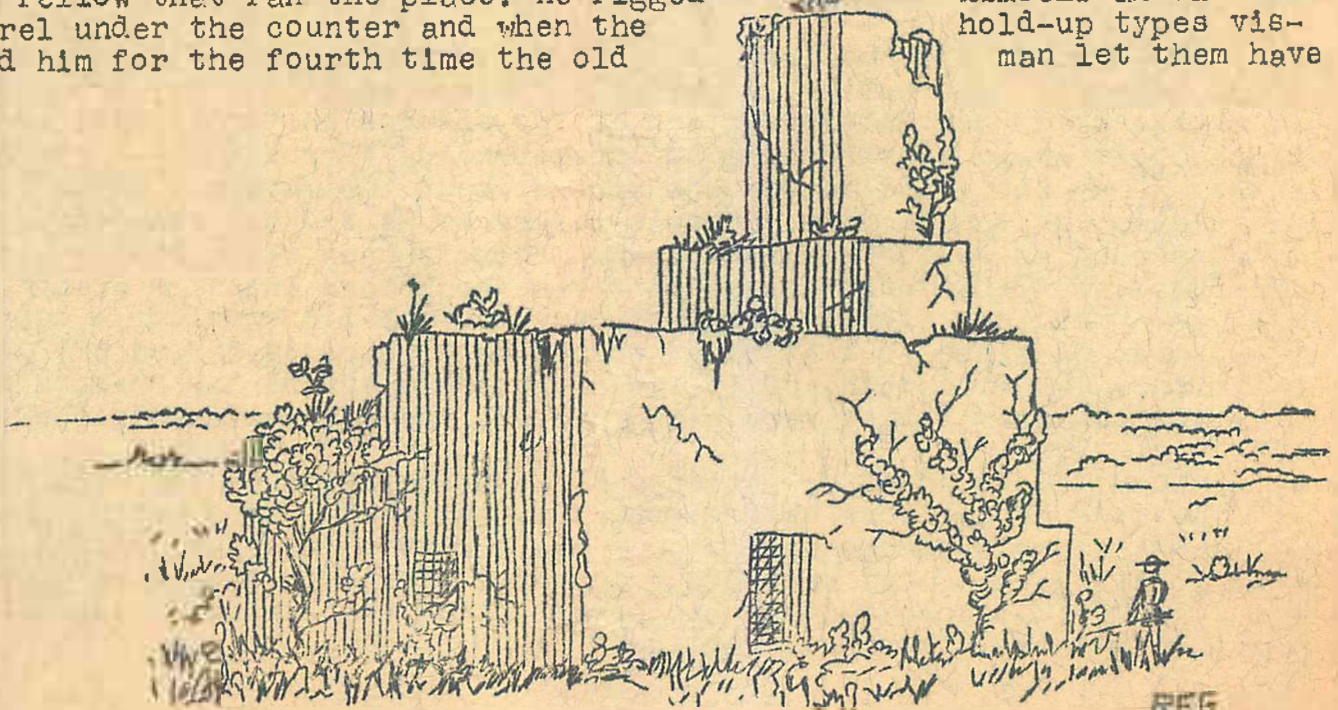
ROY TACKETT, 412 Elderberry Dr., Laurel Bay, So. Carolina - There was a survey party through here last month attempting to do the impossible; to wit, chart these swamps. They weren't too successful but they did manage to get a few maps out before succumbing. (You're wrong if you think I left off the end of that last sentence; Webster defines "succumb" as "to sink down".) Enough charts were made to enable the new postman to make his way as far as my mail box. This he did one day not long ago and left the two copies of YANDRO.

Inasmuch as it is rather late for comment on 86 I'll say only that I enjoyed the article by Boggs and the column by Dodd.

This typical consumer figures his week out something like this: 40 hours, work; 10.5 hours, eating; 38.5 hours, sleeping; 7 hours, grooming; and 5 hours, transportation; leaving me with a theoretical total of 67 hours leisure time. But the figure is deceiving and obviously incorrect. A goodly portion of those 67 hours are given over to chores around the house, shopping, taking care of private business and sundry other matters along that line. On the whole I'd say that the 44½ hour figure is closest to being correct.

/But the 44½ hour figure also included time spent shopping, doing chores, etc. An advertising agency would be particularly interested in time available for shopping, as well as time spent in watching tv commercials. Even "home chores" often involve buying something. RSC/

Lots and lots of letters. Do enjoy the letters. As a matter of personal opinion (and isn't that all most of us have to offer) Franson's comments are way off base. I'm not a member of NRA but heartily endorse it. Granted guns are used on occasion as he indicates but they also provide a good deal of pleasure to the many people who participate in target shooting and hunting. Also a gun in the possession of an honest citizen is a powerful deterrent to those who are not quite so honest. Case in point: In one of these small southern towns a store was held up three times within a year and this was, to say the least, most annoying to the old fellow that ran the place. He rigged himself an old two-barrel under the counter and when the hold-up types visited him for the fourth time the old man let them have



REG

both barrels. Result is that the old fellow has peacefully conducted his business for several years now without being bothered and the world was enriched by the demise of one punk.

Adams' (?) was interesting and Waggoner's article was amusing. Fanzine reviews interesting and decorations decorating.

For the edification of your readers the peculiar critter portrayed on page 11 is the Carolina Hornpipe (Horriblae Flutius Noisium). This strange little sextopod is indigenous to the swamps of the southern Carolina low-country and is noted for its peculiarity of constructing reed pipes during the mating season, which lasts from January to December, and using these pipes to produce a sort of low grade music (something like the moanings of the current crop of teenage singing idols) which is purportedly used to attract its mate. Unfortunately this piping also attracts certain large saurians abundant in the area and the concert is usually terminated by a "snap". The Carolina Hornpipe is quite rare.

DONALD FRANSON, 6543 Babcock Ave., No. Hollywood, Calif. - Interesting mathematical computation of hours spent in a week; bringing up a picture of a hard-working, sleepy, speedy, ill-groomed, well-fed, leisurely YANDRO-publisher.

Nice long letter column, fairly controversial, always interesting, even if some of them seem to drift away into odd corners of controversy. I will not argue further on rifles; you know most of my arguing is of the one-shot type. Roy Tackett's letter was the most entertaining.

Who is Rodney Waggoner? And why? I hate articles that say "science has caught up with science fiction".

When you spoke of the "three most controversial fanzines" I thought you were going to include YANDRO. I was thinking about controversial material, not editors, of course.

/Oh, your lovable old editor is controversial at times, too. I mean, who else in fandom admits to liking both Gem Carr and Claude Hall anymore? But actually I never think of YANDRO as being "controversial" -- or as being "humorous" or "dignified" or "undignified", or any other particular label, for that matter. It's just the monkey on my back. RSC/

STEVE SCHULTHEIS, 477 Woodlawn, Apt. C, Springfield, Ohio - Elinor's letter was very interesting, especially contrasted to my own. I'm still not convinced by her interpretation of the savages on the island, but her insights are a further help in understanding "Transient" -- especially the cancer bit. Glad to see she agrees about the governor never having been in the town before. Moore's story seems to have stirred up more interest in AMAZING in fandom than there's been since Palmer left. Let's hope the Ziff-Davis zines don't sink back down into the slough. I think the field has finally narrowed down to what I'd consider a comfortable number of zines, but it's few enough that we can't afford any dogs in the lot. (Come to think of it, we never could afford the trash zines, no matter how many titles were being pubbed. One cruddy zine is one too many.)

I'm tempted to join the National Rifle Association -- but it's the same old case of no loose change around -- not that I even own a firearm, let alone know how to use one. I just might want to someday, though. But so many little (and big) pressure groups are trying to take away our basic rights, these days, that any organization that tries to preserve even one of them is worth supporting.

RANDY SCOTT, Route 2, Watts, Oklahoma - It appears as though we have acquired a personal ufo or ghost, or perhaps whatever-it-is merely commutes past our house. My almost-13 year old brother told me that several nights when he had been watching tv a bright light or object had flown past the window. Saturday night I was watching Ernie Kovacs with my 5 year old brother, and the rest of the family and their company were in the living room watching the other tv. Then I caught a sudden impression of a ball of light the size of my fist flashing past the house. I jumped to the window, but I didn't see it again. My little brother saw it, but no one else was in a position from which they could have seen it.

I know it's a little late for this, but: When Castro banned Saint Nicholas from Cuba, he became a Rebel Without a Claus.

Much to my surprise, I greatly enjoyed THE MYSTERIANS and the 4D MAN. Were they really good or have my criticism glands been dulled by all the comics I've read lately?

/From your letter, they've probably been dulled by all the tv shows you have watched lately. The casual way you tossed in that "other tv" bit is positively frightening to someone who only grudgingly purchased a used set a year and a half ago. RSC/

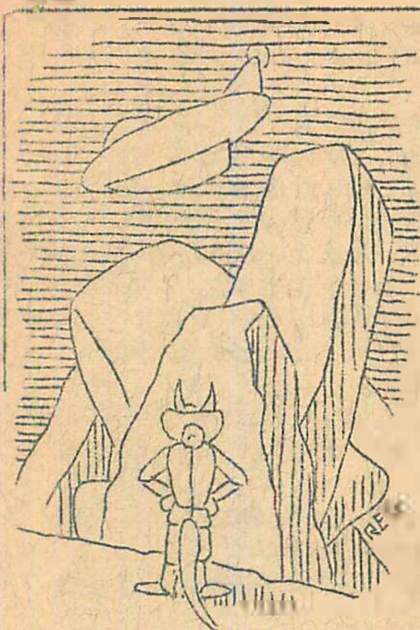
GLENN GODWIN, P.O. Box 368, Binghamton, N.Y. - Waggoner's article poses a question that I have often wondered about. If Science-Fiction disappears, whither fandom. /See Ted White's column next issue. RSC/

There's something that sounds familiar about Alan Dodd's story on page 16 (in a letter) about the elephant that sat on a car. Within the past 6 weeks or so I heard the same thing from another source, only action was supposed to have taken place on the Continent, in France I think. I could be wrong on that. Anyway a lady was waiting in her car at an intersection for a group of elephants to pass by on the cross street. The policeman, it is alleged, blew his whistle. An elephant, trained to sit on a car when a whistle was blown, promptly sat on the front of the lady's Volkswagon.

I suppose it could happen, but it is beginning to sound apocryphal. For one thing, can a circus afford to have a car smashed at every performance? It sounds as if it could be a bit too expensive. Maybe MZB or other circus fans among the readers of YANDRO will write in and comment. /How about it, Marion? Did you ever hear of a circus training elephants to sit on cars, or is this simply an elephantine revolt against mechanization? Glenn also included a quote from THE BORZOI QUARTERLY which may get mentioned somewhere in YANDRO in the near future. It certainly deserves mention. RSC/

DONALD W. ANDERSON, 141 Shady Creek Rd., Rochester 23, New York - As one of the new readers that you mention on the contents page of YANDRO 87, I can't think of anything further from the need of apologies, than the fact that this issue is almost wholly a letterzine. As a neo, one of the things that is most important is an insight into the personalities of the other fans, and this is best gotten from their letters. Articles and stories are interesting, but letters are much more personal.

Juanita mentions a \$30 Tower mimeo in her editorial. How on earth did you come by that. The last time I checked Sears (yesterday), the cheapest one they had was \$72. I also checked the local Gestetner dealer, and he must have had experience with amateur publishers before. He had the smelling salts handy, and I couldn't have been out for more than a couple of minutes.



What with being on medical leave from my job, I find that my time breaks down just about as follows: 70 hours sleeping, 0 hours transportation, 1 hour grooming, 0 hours at work. That leaves 97 hours for leisure and eating, which in my case seems to be one item.

I have missed the article that brought on the letters about guns, but this is an item on which I have strong feelings. It is a right, and not a privilege, for a responsible citizen to be able to bear arms. The key word here is "responsible". I have seen the extremes, from Alaska, where anyone who can plunk the money on the counter can buy a gun, to here in New York, where considerable red tape has to be gone through to purchase a concealable weapon.

Europeans will tell you, nothing is handier than a strict firearms registration law for finding out who has the guns. If the registration lists fall into the hands of an invader, it puts a serious crimp into the possible operations of an underground movement. On the other hand, some control should be exercised by the authorities, to see that as few concealable weapons as possible fall into the hands of the lawless. New York has a pretty good system. In order to purchase a concealable weapon here, you must get several recommendations from other responsible citizens, be fingerprinted so that you can be checked for a criminal record, be photographed for the same reason, and have the request signed by a State Supreme Court judge. Now this may sound complicated, but I managed to get it all done in one day, and I have no special influence. Non-concealable weapons require no special permit. Till I entered fandom, my spare pennies were being saved to purchase a Ruger Bearcat .357 magnum, for the main purpose of self-defense, just in case.

As far as folk music goes, I have never gotten beyond Pete Seeger and the Weavers, and here I am most happily stalled. While the Weavers have been frequently criticized as being overly commercial, I have always been fond of them.

Just in case someone there might be interested, the following items are offered for sale, (I need a new typer):

A c-tenor Goldon recorder. Absolutely like new - \$8.00

A collection of US airmail stamps. All singles except c13-15, full OG except c18 no gum. A few blocks and pl blocks of recent issues. All mounted in a White Ace album, in acetate. Present market (not catalog) value approx. \$35.00. Sell for \$50.00.

/I only wish I had \$50, but I don't, and won't have in the foreseeable future. We have nothing against the Weavers, except that there are other groups (notably the Easy Riders) and individuals (notably Odetta, Cynthia Gooding, Ed McCurdy, Richard Dyer-Bennett and Leon Bibb) who sound better to us. Personally I think New York laws are too strict on guns. They do hamper the honest individual, and the fact that they do very little toward keeping guns out of the hands of the lawless is amply attested by New York's crime rate. I'll go along with the idea that some control is probably a good thing, but New York overdoes it. How do I catch whatever you've got? That 97 hours leisure sounds fine. The answer to the mimeo question is easy; Juanita bought her machine 7 years ago. They might have discontinued the model, but it was selling for around \$45 last year. RSC/