

yandro #89



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ARTWORK

Cover by Robert E. Gilbert

Cover lettering - James R. Adams

Cartoon below: idea contributed by George Scithers, doodling by JWC

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Page 6 -----Dan Adkins
Page 7 -----Robert E. Gilbert
Page 10 -----George Barr

Page 14 -----DEA
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It's almost too late, but any fan artists reading this who haven't contacted Bjo Wells at 980½ White Knoll Drive, Los Angeles 12, to find out about Project Art Show -- DO IT NOW.



RAMBLINGS



Profound apologies for the horrible repro on last month's column.... Steve Stiles wanted to know if I was sending out some form of mysterious code. No, fellas, I plead guilty to using an old stencil. Lee Tremper generously gave me some old Q&Ses she still had around from umpteen years ago before the company disappeared into limbo.....I should have known better, but I thought I'd try one for typing as well as for artwork, and you saw the result. This seems to be the way with soft stencils -

when they get old they gradually disintegrate, typing-wise first. As you'll be able to see from this cover, they work quite well for artwork, even when two or three years old. There won't be any more, 'cause I'm now down to the last of the ones Lee gave me.

I sincerely hope the repro on this issue is all right - I seem to have a can of ink that was frozen at sometime or other in its career - it refuses to pour, instead it pops out of the can in inch in diameter..drop-lets? Anyone know if mimeo ink will work on an open drum Tower? Dollens sent us some, but I haven't worked up the courage to try it yet - ink is such a mess to clean up if it doesn't work properly.

The Inchmery breakup has jolted me considerably. I suppose I tend to think of all fan marriages in terms of my own, odd but never dull, and never distinctly unhappy in the way I see many non-fan marriages progressing. News of this sort strikes me the same way a dear friend suddenly dying would - being sorry is no help, but that's all I can sincerely do in a case like this.

It's a good thing I'm not the manicured nail type: between mimeo ink, oil paints, watercolors, and clipping my nails down fine to facilitate guitar fingering, I'd never make a nail polish ad. At the moment I'm up to my ears in painting for Project Art Show (and any fan artists reading this who don't know what I'm talking about, go back and read the notice on the contents page and get on the ball). And mine spouse is most frustrating in this respect - he brought home some discard paper-1 or 2 ply cardboard-from work that turned out to be beautiful for pen and ink combined with watercolor (not a bit of warp) - unfortunately, it's only about 8x10 inches, and here I had in mind doing some big stuff on it. So now I'm going mad trying to order similar stuff from a local art supply store (they are eager, but not very complete, and pretty much in the dark about art stuff anyway - it's a house paint store, predominantly). You just wait, Buck deer, one of these days I'll buy you some beautiful shotgun shells for a .410, and then where will you be?

Our garden is chugging along nicely (now why should a city born and bred gal like me just love to run barefoot through freshly plowed earth?) and it looks as though we might be able to serve tomatoes and beans hot out of the garden at the wabacon II, if I may call it that. We will be getting out more definite information in the future, but the picnic, as of now, is tentatively planned for the last weekend in July first weekend in August (lessee, when is it - last weekend in July, I guess), for the convenience of certain real con going types who are taking in the Midwescon and the Boycon (lucky dawgs)...so until next issue, milidio, JWC



Next issue will be #90, and I hope to make it a bit special. (Anyway, we've had this Dollens cover around for awhile and it's too good to use on just any old issue). First special item will be an attempt to get it out on time, at the first of the month. (This will also allow me to use up the remaining letters and fanzine reviews from this issue.) Featured contributors -- if we can crowd them all in -- will be Gregg Calkins, Ed Wood, the results of the

YANDRO Egoboo Poll -- unless we decide to send these out separately; we might -- Roy Tackett, Jerry Page, Menasha Duane, Kerry Dame and James Adams. Of course, we can't get all of these in one issue, but they're all scheduled and we'll see what we can do.

I should mention for the benefit of those loyal readers who have been advertising for copies of YANDRO #1 thru 50 or so that the first 35 issues of this sterling publication came out under the title of EISFA. There aint no YANDRO #1.

I had intended to publish a couple of "open letters" which circulated between Inchmerry Fandom and California's Publishing Giants, with various way stops in between, but the receipt of a third letter, from Vinø Clarke, decided me against egging the parties on from the sidelines. Briefly, Joy Clarke is leaving Vincent. Presumably she and Sanderson will be coming to the United States. Temporarily, the address for Joy and Sandy is the same as before; Vinø's address is 1 Pepys Road, New Cross, SE 14. I don't intend to publish any more of Vinø's letter because I feel that family affairs should be kept private, but address changes may be needed by some of our readers. (And I strongly urge those readers who do correspond with the Clarkes to keep their noses out of the marital troubles, unless they know the Clarkes awfully well.)

To those people I owe letters to; I'll get around to you, sometime. To those who have contributed material to our files; it will get published, sometime.

I had Juanita worried for awhile last week. There was this ad in the local paper; "hundreds of used books, 10¢ each; records 5¢". So, naturally I told Juanita I was going to stop at the place after work, and I did. Seems that a married couple was moving to New York and disposing of a lot of old material they'd stored in his mother's attic. Anyway, one of the first books I picked out was an old Scott stamp catalog, and since the owner happened to be a stamp dealer the conversation turned to philately, and after a time the man asked if I'd like some old stamp magazines to read. Of course I would. I figured he might have 20 or 30; when I got home and counted them the total was 101. Anyway, he brought down this huge supermarket-type paper sack full of magazines. I bought 5 books and a couple of records, stacked the books on top of the magazines and drove home. Now you get the picture; when I get home, Juanita is waiting for me. She knows I've been shopping for old books. And I get out of the car, reach in and drag out this huge and obviously heavy sack with books falling off the top of it.....I think her first remark was "Good Lord!" I grin weakly. "Well, you know me and old books." "I certainly do -- you don't know when to quit!" (By the way, does anyone want any old copies of AMERICAN PHILATELIST when I'm done with them?)

COMMENTARY ON SEX IN HISTORY

— *from* — SIDNEY COLEMAN —

Read SEX IN HISTORY on your recommendation; I quite agree -- a marvelous book. I had seen it on the newsstands several times and once was on the verge of purchasing it, but was put off by unpleasant memories of earlier books in this sequence, in particular of the Fronhausens' PORNOGRAPHY AND THE LAW, a monument to scholarship and stupidity, hard work and harder skulls. (Digression 1: *demon* claims there is a German word, created in order to describe exactly this phenomenon, which arises with depressing regularity in Teutonic scholarship. I can't remember what it is; I think it is "dumm-something". He says a literal translation is "stupid bright-boy".) (Digression 2: All the way through the first third of PORNOGRAPHY AND THE LAW, I was troubled by something unidentifiable nagging at my memory. The style, the attitude, the selection of material, all reminded me of something I had read not too long ago but could not place. Finally I made the connection. It was the mock-introduction to LOLITA, by "John Ray, PhD". Nabokov -- if you happen to be reading YANDRO -- at that instant my opinion of your talents plummeted. I had thought you had created a masterwork of burlesque; I was wrong. It was only straight reporting.) Anyway, Taylor's intelligence and irony are as far from this as Budrys from Bantshuck.

Howsomever, there are some things in the book with which I don't agree. To wit:

Matrists/Patrists: I don't want to condemn this distinction out of hand; it seems to have led Taylor to some interesting insights, valid in themselves, that I don't think he would have reached without it; also, there is at least one totally new (to my knowledge) relationship -- between fear-of-homosexuality and certain attitudes, and between fear-of-incest and their opposites -- which it leads to directly, and which, to my surprise and delight, seems to be damn near universally valid. Nonetheless, I can't swallow it.

Taylor first makes the matrlist/patrlist distinction with a list of paired opposed characteristics, supposed to belong to the two types of personalities. The patrlist characteristics could have been written down by anyone who was asked to write down the properties of a bad guy, an authoritarian, a "fascist", or a good Christian, medieval style. The matrlist characteristics are likewise those of a good guy, a modern liberal, etc. (Although Taylor occasionally remembers himself and says it's best to be neither matrlist nor patrlist but a balanced personality, it's obvious throughout that the matrlists are the good guys, and the faults of any particular personality of historical period are strictly patrlist ones.) The only exceptions to the preceding are fear-of-homosexuality and fear-of-incest (the latter the only "bad" characteristic ascribed to matrlists), and, as I have said before, I think these are the only two cases where Taylor really has his hand on something.

And indeed, personalities and periods are shoehorned into the matrlist/patrlist pattern. When Taylor first presents his list, he does so with the implicit promise that the things he will examine will fall, in the main, neatly into one category or the other; but, with the exception of the medieval Church (the archetype of the patrlist list), everything he

discusses and is typed as partly patrist, partly matrist. But you can play this game with any two lists of opposites, if you're clever enough; that's why people have been able to analyze human personality on the basis of such diverse systems: four humours, phases of the moon, introvert/extrovert, oral/anal, houses of the Zodiac --- they all work because any such system can be made to work, with enough tinkering.

The argument that the Church lumped its diverse enemies together because it recognized, instinctively, that they were all matrists is equally flimsy. Lumping one's enemies together is the standard demagogic preparation to lumping one's enemies. In our own time we have seen the like of Hitler and McCarthy classing liberals and communists, Jehovah's Witnesses and Jews, as common foes with common purposes, not because they really were such, but just because it made popular hate easier to direct.

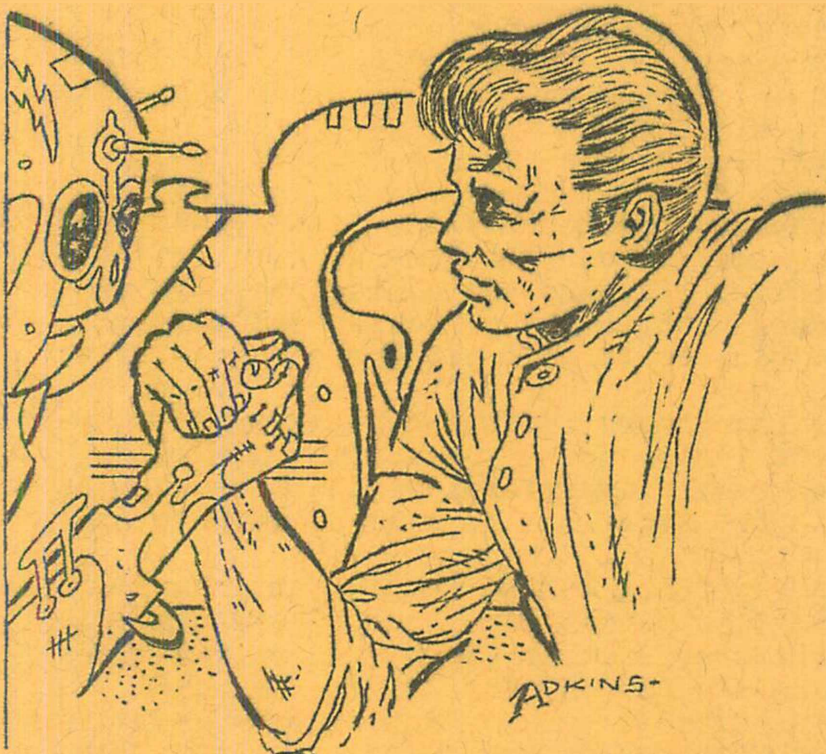
Also, an important test of any theory of social behaviour presumably derived from observations on individual behaviour is; how well its foundations stand, how well they really describe individual behaviour. Well, how many matrists do you know? Since I know many of your friends, I can answer that: damn few.

Horned-God Worship: This is something I find it pleasant, but difficult, to believe in. At the same time people like Taylor have been busy elaborating the top of this structure, another group of more sour-tempered scholars have been undermining its foundations, until, if memory serves, every one of the reasons advanced by Margaret Murray for believing that witches were horned-god worshippers has been demolished. The theory, even though deprived of its support, not only refuses to fall but grows bigger by the day, as the ingenious additions made by Taylor evidence. This is just like general semantics: the physiological evidence for the cortex/thalamus division has been pounded into dust, but each issue of etc. is better than the last.

Sexual Nature of Witchcraft: This is a form of casuistry that raises its head again and again in psychological analyses. In order to prove a hypothesis is true, we must show that no other hypothesis leads to the same conclusions. This we usually cannot do; thus science deals in provisional statements rather than absolute truths. But even if we cannot show absolute truths, we should be able to show we are not talking thru our hats, by demonstrating that there is at least one alternative hypothesis that does not lead to the same conclusion. This the psychologists typically ignore. They show their ideas lead to an explanation of the phenomena, and adduce this as evidence for their ideas, ignoring the fact that any other set of ideas would also lead to an explanation. Taylor points out that the accusations against the witches are all tied up with fertility: drying up cows, causing impotence, keeping crops from coming to harvest. Therefore, he says, the witch mania was a sexual disturbance. But damn it, man, what other misfortunes could they accuse witches of? How many troubles does a peasant have that are not tied up with fertility? I can only think of two, murder and plague, and the witches were accused of causing these often enough.

This is running ungodly long, and I have other things to do. To hell with thinking up a peroration -- they're passing out of style anyway, and if you really think this letter needs one you can always cobble one together out of an old issue of The New York Times Book Review: "Stimulating reading", "valuable contribution to the field", "will reward many rereadings" -- I cut off my stream of consciousness in mid-freshet.

P.S. If you print this monster, make it clear that I speak as the



Pharisees, not as one having authority. My reading in matters scholarly is anything but systematic, and if one of your readers comes indignantly bearing documents showing that medieval peasants were subject to at least 45 non-sexual afflictions of which no witch was ever accused, or that alternate Egyptian dynasties were pure matrism and pure patriism, or that the Dead Sea Scrolls contain new and incontrovertible evidence for Horned-God worship in Western Europe, I am prepared to take it with a smile. Faked, you understand, but a smile all the same.

/Ed. note: With my own even less systematic scholarly

reading, I'm not going to argue with your conclusions; except that the fear-of-incest is the only "bad" characteristic attributed to matrism. Looked at from your point of view, yes; but look at it from the point of view of, say Gem Carr or even Bob Leman (who may be the most noted conservatives in fandom, but who represent a large body of conservative opinions in the general public). You think they wouldn't regard a "permissive attitude towards sex" as bad? Or "welfare more valued than chastity"? Or "hedonism, pleasure welcomed"? I agree that Taylor made out the matrism to be the "good guys", but he played fairer than you suggest. I know Gem's opinions on some of those subjects -- for that matter, I know my relatives' opinions on them. In any event, at least we agree that the book is well worth reading. (SEX IN HISTORY, G. Rattray Taylor, Ballantine, 75¢, for those who came in late.)

From an ad in GUNS magazine, July 1960 issue:
"ANTI-TANK CANNON, 37mm -- Made by Bofors of Sweden, these light 700 lb. Infantry Cannons can be towed anywhere. Used by the Danish and German Army, they come to you completely operative and ready for informal plinking."

Grennell, do you have any suggestions as to what you could use for a target for informal plinking with a 37mm anti-tank gun?

Some weeks ago I received an ad from the Louisiana State University Press for "The People's Choice: The Presidential Image In The Campaign Biography", by W. Burlie Brown. Now, aside from the fact that it sounds like a fascinating book and I wish I had the required \$4 to get a copy, W. Burlie Brown is the husband of Rosel George Brown, who has been hitting most of the sf mags lately and who was nominated in the "best new writer" category on the Hugo Awards ballot last year. Seems as though writing runs in the family. Good writing, too, apparently. RSC

Milestones In Science

THE STORY OF GRAVITY

JAMES
↓
R.
↓
ADAMS

Sir Isaac Newton, an Englishman or a Laplander, discovered gravity quite a few years ago. Previous to that everybody had to peg himself to the ground, like a tent, or find himself floating off willy-nilly into space. Under such conditions social life, as you might suppose, was almost non-existent, since visiting a friend entailed pulling up stakes and hitching yourself over the ground flat on your stomach. When you got there, you were so befouled with earthy accretions that your friend didn't want to see you anyway.

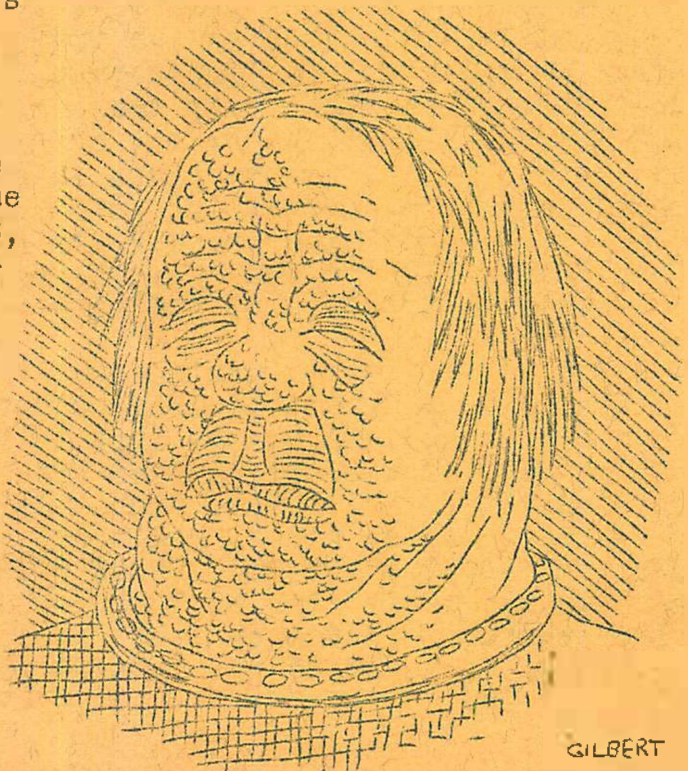
As the story goes, Sir Isaac made his momentous discovery when an apple banged him on the head as he sat beneath a tree. An apple tree, to be specific. Just why he was sitting under the tree, is not clear. Perhaps he was waiting for an apple to knock him on the skull, in which case his sanity is suspect and from now on you can ignore his law of gravitation as the product of a madman's brain. However, he might merely have been hungry.

In any case, the apple itself is given little enough credit for the part it played in the event. To this day no one can say with any certainty whether it was a Baldwin, a Maidenblush, or a Raving Beauty. Was Sir Isaac jealous of the apple, and so concealed its identity in order to gather all the fame to himself? This question may never be answered.

It is interesting to note that Newton was not the first to take his ease in a way so conducive to thoughts on gravitation. In 1610, one Rhomboid Cole lay asprawl under an apple tree, his mind in that very state that, given the proper catalyst, would surely have brought forth the idea of gravity. Unhappily a large and unfriendly bird reposed in the tree, and what fell on Rhomboid's head little resembled an apple.

Rhomboid arose, drawing his anchoring rope taut, and cursed the bird for an hour, ending with the malediction: "May all your eggs have thin shells!" But his chance for fame was gone. We can only speculate that, had the bird eaten later and the apples ripened earlier, we might now be calling it Cole's law of gravity.

Many eminent men of science have done research into the nature of gravity. The best news from these dedicated savants is that gravity is in plentiful supply and, being fantastically durable, should adequately serve an unknown number of coming generations. As one remarks, "Gravity will be around awhile; it's got lots of pull!"



THE WAILING WALL:

THE DEATH OF (MAGAZINE) SCIENCE FICTION

column by Ted White

Three or so years ago, Larry Stark and I published a long, endless serial with the above title. It was all about how the US won the 3rd. World War, and in the aftermath began cracking down on all liberal minorities. Among these was science fiction fandom. We thought it was a very clever idea, and we told about how we "had it straight from Larry Shaw that the Government was going to censor all newsstand magazines 'for un-American literature and ideas', and that stf was having a rough time. In a month, there wasn't a stf mag to be seen on the newsstands, and precious little else..."

It doesn't look like we'll have to wait for any kind of authoritarian Governmental action. The stf mags have been dying like flies, and if we believe the inside rumors, more will yet fall. Hans Santesson said at the famed Faneds Panel at the Detention that only ASF was holding its head above water -- the other survivors were being carried by sister publications and an occasional sentimental publisher. My private opinion is that ASF is being carried just as surely by MADEMOISELLE and S&S's high opinion of John W. Campbell.

What does this all mean? That magazine stf is just about wiped out, and unless there is a sudden reversal of trends, we can expect the field to keep right on dwindling until there isn't any more to dwindle.

At this point I can see a faanzine fan closing this zine and saying, "Ahhh, so what! There were too many of the ghoddam zines. Now White's making like another Taurasi and touting the death of a couple more zines. Whadda I care if FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION and FANTASTIC UNIVERSE fold? I'm in fandom cause I like it. I don't read stf any more."

Well, I went along with this attitude myself at one time. So what if ORBIT SF and COSMOS SF and VORTEX SF and SF DIGEST and all the other zines of the 1952 boom folded? Who read them anyway? PSYCHOTIC was my meat. Yeah, but along with those zines went STARTLING STORIES, THRILLING WONDER, PLANET, and a lot of fan-based mags. Why, SS and TWS used to feature around twenty pages in small type of letters from the biggest names then current in fandom. I felt it when those zines went under -- and I did miss the quality and type of stf they printed, too. When IMAGINATION folded, few in fandom mourned the loss of the cruddy pot-boiling stories, but how many wept over the loss of Bloch's fine column?

And now we're not paring away the excess, the leeches. I don't think we ever did. Some of the leeches outlasted the good zines by a healthy margin. But now all that's left is the hard core. Seven or eight mags. And not one of them is on firm ground. I think this is a fact to make the fan sit up and think. Precious few of us would be in fandom if it weren't for those zines, and those who came in before the death of SS, TWS, FANTASTIC STORY MAG, SPACE STORIES, and PLANET can look back warmly upon the truly fannish lettercolumns which often gave them their first taste of fandom and the fannish idiom.

These mags formed the impetus for our entrance into fandom. And

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they remain the foundation of fandom. We aren't here because we dig stf as printed in books or pbs, or presented on TV or in the movies. We may, but that which gave us the feeling of in-groupness, and revealed to us an organized fandom was the stf magazine. And the magazine wasn't simply a faceless anthology of new stories. It carried features -- editorials, letter columns, book reviews, fanzine reviews, even movie reviews which made us aware of science fiction as a genre, and gave us a view from the inside. These mags had personality, which sucked us in and made us part of their personality.

So now they're dying, and I think it is high time fandom gave a little thought to the subject.

Why are stf mags dying? Is it due to a general slump in stf sales? I don't think so. I haven't the figures to prove it, but judging by book publishers' lists, I'd say that stf is still selling quite well, in book form. While stf hasn't a huge audience, it receives a favorable reception in the slicks, and the pbs sell nicely. Not only have they a good initial sale, they have a good repeat sale, and re-repeat sale.

No, only the magazines are being hit at all seriously. Why? I think it is a combination of two factors: cost and distribution. To hit cost, first, we are today expected to shell out a minimum of 35¢ for approximately 35,000 words of fiction. For 50¢ we can get maybe 50,000 words. At the same time, the pbs are offering novels ranging from 45,000 words at 25¢ to over 60,000 at 35¢. Ace offers two 30,000 word novels for 35¢ (though recently the earlier longer novels have been split and repackaged at 35¢ each, they still offer close to 60,000 words). For 50¢ we can get in excess of 90,000 words.

That's a lot more for your money. Especially since you need not be tied down to novels any more if you prefer shorter stories. You can find anthologies which contain as varied a lot as any magazine with twice the wordage at the same price. You can pick up single-author collections at the same price. Today in many cases you must buy the pb to get a story you want to read -- several of James Blish's recent novels from Avon never came out in magazine form, and Ace too has been bringing out a number of worthwhile original novels (unlike Ballantine, to whom "original" is an ambiguous and generally meaningless word). All of this means that the consumer, unwilling to part with more money than he has to, will pick a pb over a magazine.

There is also the distribution angle. The consumer can't buy what he can't find, and the pbs enjoy many advantages over the magazines. In 1958, just before it folded, an issue of INFINITY sold about 30% of its print order. A magazine just about has to sell at least 50% of the copies printed to break even, and many stf mags today run under that break-even mark, if not as phenomenally low as INFINITY did. But -- why should INFINITY sell so poorly? It wasn't that bad; even incidental one-shot sales should have been better. I'll tell you why; at least 50% of the copies printed were probably never put on sale.

The problem here is two-fold. First, the stf magazine accounts for very little of the national distributor's profits. He really doesn't give a damn about stf mags. Right now, with the entire magazine industry feeling the pinch (oh, you noticed? LIFE is down to 19¢ and for a short time READER'S DIGEST sold for 29¢; a 6¢ reduction in both cases designed to increase sales, and nothing else; at one point LIFE's circulation slipped below that of MAD...), stf mags are just being squeezed out. The distributor does not have his customers' (the publishers') interests at heart. He is usually a Something-For-Nothing man out after a

faster buck than his brother, the Publisher. His motto is Me First and Screw You. So in this case stf mags are being screwed. He keeps the magazines in a large warehouse for six weeks (the warehouse space costs less than the costs in shipping and handling to individual distribution points) and then sends them back to the publisher unopened. "Your mag ain't movin'," he says. "Make it a monthly, or I ain't handlin' it no more. Either make it a monthly or fold it."

This ridiculous ultimatum was given by PDC to the publishers of SATELLITE, INFINITY and SCIENCE FICTION STORIES. As a result, all went monthly in the fall of 1958. And all three are now dead.

Our story doesn't end here, though. What if the mags make it to the stands? Well, usually a stand where they move is undernourished -- it may get only two or three copies -- while the bulk pile up at a stand where stf mags may sell a total of five copies a month. However, the newsstand owner is rarely sympathetic to the mags himself. They take up display space on an already overcrowded stand. Ergo, they get shoved in the rear. Or maybe the girl who tends the stand in the neighborhood drugstore just neglects to put them up. She doesn't care. She chews her gum, runs the cigar counter, and ignores the newsstand except when the chore is forced upon her.

I remember about seven years ago a drugstore in Falls Church where I ate after school and bought most of my stf mags. The store had two long shelves -- maybe six feet long -- filled with pulps. These were crammed in with only the spines showing. I was very adept at finding a new mag hidden among these zines, which must have numbered 50 titles from Romance to Western to Astrology. Pulp publishers despaired. They weren't getting cover display! So then came the advent of the digest mag,

and the death of the pulps. Within a year, the two shelves were filled with digest zines, displayed side by side, covers showing. Then they were reduced to one shelf, with the covers about two-thirds overlapped. A

year later the digest sized zines, with only their spines showing, were crammed over on another shelf, where they occupied only about a foot of space.

From twelve feet to one foot of mags in about two years. Today the digest sized stf mag is lost on the stand, buried beneath MANHUNT, and SEX, and LUST, and GIRLS and those mags which move.

This shrinkage in size hasn't helped the mag itself, either. The



G. Barr

magazines which once featured a minimum of 60,000 words of fiction now average half that. Magazines which could once publish an honest short novel (say 50,000 words) every issue, plus several short stories and maybe a novelette; in addition to about 20 pages of features, now print a total of less than 30,000 words of fiction and two short letters plus editorial. The mags are cramped. They haven't any room. Space is at a premium, and the personality which built a loyal readership is dumped in favor of more stories, thus putting the mag in direct, and unfavorable, competition with the pb.

And what of the pb? Seven years ago the pb racks averaged half as large as today, there were fewer publishers and the schedules were less frequent. The pbs have grown enormously, and with good reason. A pb book

sells well. The distributor loves it. It is more compact. And best of all, it can be left on the stands till it sells out. This means that anything but an absolute dog can sell close to 100% of print order. A really good book can be reissued (like Erle Stanley Gardner's mysteries) over and over again until it easily outdistances all but a handful of magazines in circulation. Pocket Books and Gardner have grown rich off the sales of Perry Mason's adventures. Now Pocket Books is reissuing these books again -- as Cardinal books at a price hike of 10%. No doubt the new covers and increased price will start both parties on their next million.

A simple bit of deduction will show that the decline and fall of the pulp and all-fiction magazine (with only stf and a few mystery mags the last hangers-on) correlated exactly with the rise of the pb.

The paper-back book is not a recent phenomenon. Pocket Books, Inc. started out before the war with a 25¢ line of books which were printed in large type on sturdy paper bound in sewn signatures exactly like hard-cover books. As paper costs rose, the type grew smaller, the pages fewer, the binding cheaper, until glue is the usual binding used today. Anyone who has read an old Avon or Dell book knows how impermanent these bindings are. Nevertheless, despite over a decade of growth, the pb is actually a development of the fifties. The big boom came when Fawcett began its Gold Medal line, purchasing exclusively new and original manuscripts, often ones too daring for conservative hardcover publishers to touch. Nearly all the other companies expanded greatly, and the list of first-line imprints nearly doubled. (Some of these, the subsidiaries like Popular's Eagle and Bantam's Pennant, have either been folded or sharply reduced in activity -- however, Fawcett's Crest, a reprint line, seems to be growing.)

The result is that the pb offers the widest range of material ever available in any popular media. We have our important best-sellers released usually by Signet or Bantam; our literate intellectual material from Mentor and Premier, not to mention the more expensive pbs like Evergreen, Vintage, etc; our classics from Pocket Library, Anchor Books,



Bantam Classics, and some of the foregoing; and our popular fiction from nearly all publishers under one imprint or another. In particular, however, we have the Fawcett line, which has promoted a genuine replacement to the pulp.

The Gold Medal line of books, while it has its important book every so often, is usually devoted to mysteries and thud and blunder and (sexual) adventures. But not just isolated books. Authors are developed to turn out either long series of similar but unrelated books (like Wade Miller, whose earlier books for Signet were vastly superior; and John D. McDonald, who is probably the Lester Dent of this decade) or series-character books exactly like the old series-character pulps. Indeed, one "Mathew Blood" was responsible for two books about "The Avenger" for Gold Medal...the Avenger in this case bearing no relation to Kenneth Robeson's character in the S&S pulp of the same name. Among Gold Medal's spectacular successes are Aarons' ASSIGNMENT series featuring Sam Dur-ell, a CIA man who knows less about spy work or espionage than I do; and Richard Prather's Shell Scott books, which are graced with a light touch and a great deal of genuine humor -- they read like burlesques of Mickey Spillane, if such is possible. The value in these books is the pulp touch -- the fast rocking adventure, liberally mixed with sex and adultery. Pennames are created so that one or two authors can handle several series. I don't know who Prather is, but the "Stephen Marlowe" who writes the better-than-average Chet Drum stories is the same as "Ed McBain", author of the 87th Precinct books, and is our old friend, Evan Hunter. (By the way, the McBain stories are not Gold Medal releases; Perma Books got them.) Gold Medal has gone so far as to relate different series with gimmicks like the recent DOUBLE IN TROUBLE, a collaboration by Richard Prather and Stephen Marlowe in which Shell Scott meets Chet Drum. Presumably, if you read one series before, this will lead you to read both in the future. Gold Medal's best author in this vein is William Campbell Gault, who is now releasing his Joe Puma books thru the Crest line. These are occasionally hard-cover reprints, however. Gault has written science fiction, and seems one of the heirs (John Ross MacDonald is another) to the mantle of the late Raymond Chandler.

Thus far Gold Medal's rejuvenation of the pulp scene has stopped at the general mystery-type pulp story. How long till they catch wind of Captain Future or maybe one of Ziff-Davis' characters I don't know.

It would appear that the salvation of the sf magazine rests in the hands of the pb. Unless we can find another merchandising device which pays off (and although the magazine might have had a fair chance, FANTASTIC UNIVERSE is one experiment which tells us nothing), we shall have to follow the lead of Ballantine and its STAR SF STORIES books.

I detailed specifically, in an article written in 1958 and never published by John Magnus, a plan for publishing a pb magazine. I carefully established precedents, and cited market evaluations, and worked out my ideas in length and detail. I mentioned my ideas to Larry Shaw, who thought they were good. I sat back and waited for the article to appear and my rightful egoboo to roll in upon me, innundating me with applause and kudos.

Well, Magnus crossed me up by gaffiating at that exact point, and since the idea was not that novel, nor so completely untried, others have in the meantime broached it, or variations upon it. I remember Ed Wood, among others, in this very zine a year or two ago. Still, I may as well give it a brief outline.

My plan called for five issues a year of an "anthology" of new stories appearing in paperback form. An attempt would be made to keep the distributor in the dark as to the true nature of the publication by calling the editorial a "foreward", the articles, book reviews and other features "non-fiction pieces", and the lettercolumn "readers' testimonials". A definite attempt would be made to contact the reader and draw him into the personality of the mag rather than simply throwing stories at him cold every so often.

On the second year, when issue #6 is released, the remaining copies of #1 would be re-released. With #7, #2, etc. With issue #11, the remaining copies of #1 and #6. In this fashion, it should be quite possible to sell 100% of the print order. In addition, the regular stf books of the pb publisher could be tied in with a blurb running across the cover saying, "A -BLANK- SCIENCE FICTION PUBLICATION" (ala GALAXY..) or something of the sort. This brings in cross sales; readers of the novels would be led to seek the magazine and vice-versa.

This idea isn't totally new; I pointed out in my original article that its origins lay in Pocket Books' PB MAGAZINE, NEW WORLD WRITING, and its imitators, and a very bad line of English stf mags which appeared in numbered pb form -- as well, of course, as Ballantine's experience with STAR and the ill-fated STAR Magazine, which pointed the way in no uncertain terms.

Since then, Great American has tried the idea with the pb SAINT MYSTERY LIBRARY, which reached some fourteen titles at something like two a month before being arbitrarily killed. I felt this series might be being groomed as an eventual replacement to the SAINT Magazine, and Hans Santesson has admitted there was a possibility, but the same caprice which killed FANTASTIC UNIVERSE and NEW WORLDS also did this series in.

The fate of the all-fiction magazine is close at hand, and contained within it is the fate of the science fiction magazine. I can see no other way but to the even smaller size of the pb, and yet I fear that in conversion again much will be lost; that publishers and/or editors will be unwilling to establish any personality in their magazines, and will instead choose to follow Ballantine's half-hearted example. This would indeed spell The Death Of (magazine) Science Fiction.

A couple of weeks ago, when the local newsstand provided absolutely nothing new of interest, I idly picked up a copy of METRONOME, and flipped thru it. And there, staring me in the face, was an article by Ted E. White. With my well-known aversion to jazz and articles about jazz, I didn't buy the mag, but, like, congratulations, Ted. RSC

"Green skin and blonde hair don't go too well together; I know, I've tried it."JWC, in one of her saner moments.

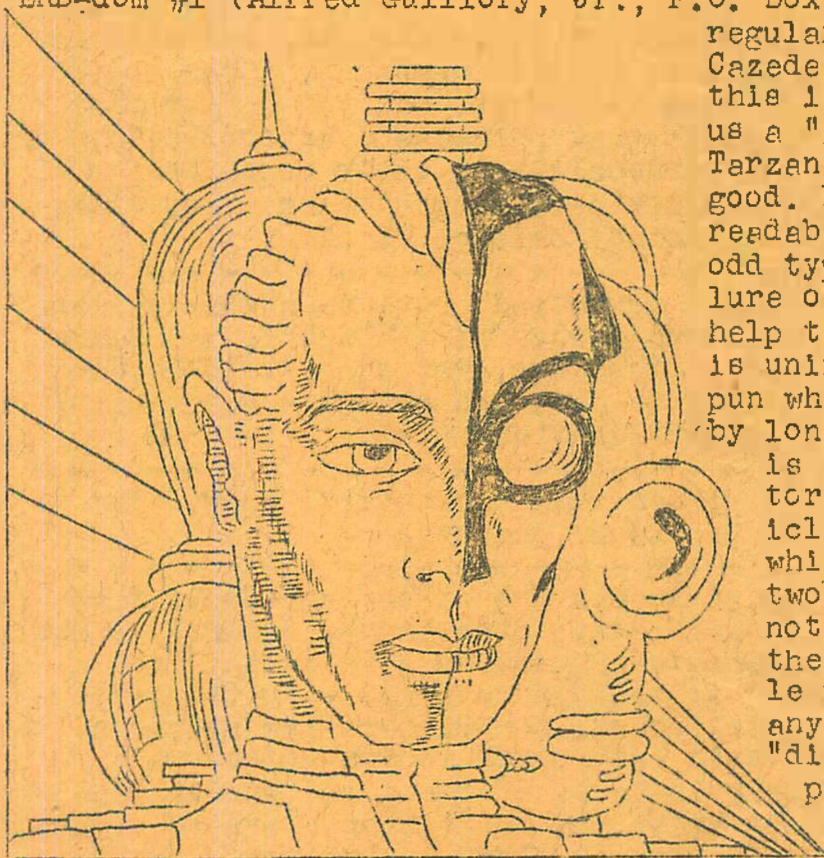
Got a letter from the N3F Manuscript Bureau the other day. Seems that former faned Ed Ludwig (455 No. Tuxedo Ave., Stockton 4, Calif.) is now director, and is engaged in bringing the Bureau to life again. Fan writers and artists are encouraged to send in material -- with particular stress on the work of new contributors. Fan editors are requested to send in their requirements. As I said last month in connection with Rike's bureau, I'm not particularly in favor of the idea, preferring direct contact. But if you want to write and don't know where to send your stuff, try one of the Bureaus. They'll place your stuff -- maybe.

STRANGE FRUIT

HABAKKUK #1 (Bill Donaho, 1441 8th. St., Berkeley 10, Calif. - irregular - for trade or comment) The mag is bearing more and more of a physical resemblance to the editor; 80 pages this round, with at least 70 of them outstanding. Right after I've commented to GMC that nobody seems to be doing much about investigating Communists in government here comes Bill with the dope on the real wild San Francisco doings -- well, what I meant was effective investigations, but I'm still left munching my toes and looking foolish. Jerry DeMuth makes like a poor man's Mort Sahl, but includes some good bits; various other writers discuss various intellectual (more or less) topics, and Ron Elik comes along with "The Ballad Of Andy Young. ("Oh they've got no room for glory in astronomy...") which is wonderful if you've been around enough to dig most of the allusions. Then there are 45 pages of letters, any one of which is worth the price of the magazine. This one is great. Rating...9

BANE #1 (Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Road, Springfield, Illinois - irregular - 15¢) Top item here is a very good Dodd article, titled "You, Too, Can Be A Post Office Robber". Harry Warner explains how to run down fannish hermits, Archie Mercer has a shaggy dog story, George Locke has a long, rambling column and I review books. Then of course there is the editorial and a short letter column. Worth getting for Dodd and Warner (and me, of course.) Rating...5

ERB-dom #1 (Alfred Guillory, Jr., P.O. Box 177, Chataignier, La. - irregular - 25¢ - co-editor, Camille Cazedessus) If I remember correctly, this is the individual who promised us a "good Christian fanzine" on Tarzan, and I do believe he has made good. Reproduction is sloppy but readable; the editor either has an odd typeface or has succumbed to the lure of a varityper, which doesn't help the readability a bit. Artwork is uniformly Atrocious (which is a pun which will be appreciated only by long-time YANDRO readers). There is a reprint article on collector's items of Burroughs, an article on who wrote and illustrated which Tarzan comic strips, and two movie reviews. Since I had not seen the movies I considered the reviews only dull and a trifle pompous (nobody ever shoots anything; arrows and bullets are "discharged" like to many incompetent employees). However, Gehe DeWeese had seen the movies, and he thought the reviews

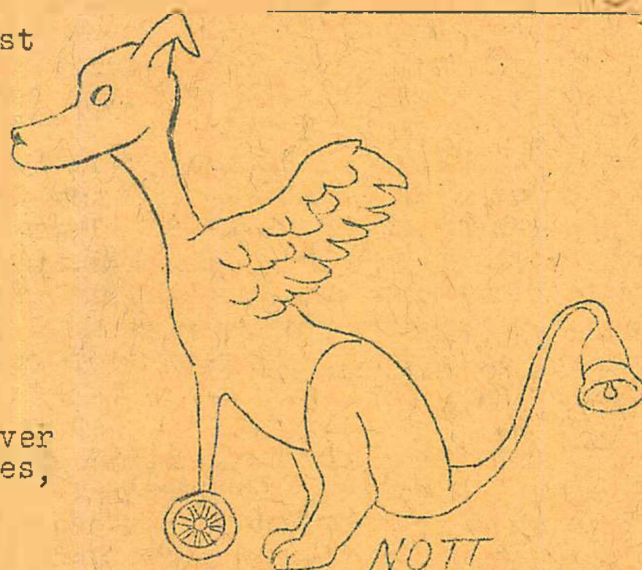


DEA

were hilarious. Rating: Special Interest

APORRHETA #17 (H.P. Sanderson, 236 Queen Rd., New Cross, London SE 14, England - monthly - 20¢) This - which may be the last APE for some time - begins with a long and good "Inchmerry Fan Diary". Bob Tucker follows with an article disparaging the imagination of sci writers (seems that in over 3,000 story titles in the Day Index, only 11 different stars were mentioned -- of course I don't recall Tucker himself ever mentioning any stars in his story titles, but I guess that's different. Maybe I shouldn't have brought that up, Bob?)

Dr. Paul Hammet argues further against H-bombs, there are the usual columns by Joy Clarke and Penelope Fendergast, and Penny's imitator, Canteloupe Flabbergast, tries to spark an argument by stating that fandom doesn't need new blood. The mag finishes with another reprinted column by Dean Grennell, this time on photography. 51 pages. Rating.....3



FANAC #59 and 60 (Terry Carr, 1818 Grove St., Berkeley 9, Calif. - bi-weekly - 4 for 25¢ - co-editor Ron Ellis) Fandom's fabulous newsletter has added an irregular column by Walt Willis to its regular features, but the outstanding single item in these issues is Ray Nelson's cartoon heading for #60. A rarity; a fan cartoon which is actually funny. There are the usual number of riders; one by Carr and one by Ray Nelson this time. Rating.....9

SPACE CAGE #4 (Lee Anne Tremper, 3858 Forest Grove Drive, Apt. A-3, Indianapolis 5, Ind. - monthly - 1 year for \$1, samples on request) Material is mostly by Indianapolis club members (that's one reason why it's being published, after all) but Mike Deckinger gets in with an article and Peggy Cook with a poem. (Though come to think of it I met Peg. at a club meeting; maybe she's an out-of-town member. That would make her wa-ay out, I guess.) Best item is Jay Crackel's book review column. I'll duck out of rating this by calling it Special Interest.

CANDY FANTASI #1 (Bo Stenfors, Bylgiavägen 3, Djursholm, Sweden - irregular - for trades only) Stenfors is back with his pin-ups. If you have something to trade, I think you'll find it worth while.

CENTAUR #1 (Publisher, Harry T. Brashear, 5105 Liberty Heights Ave, Baltimore 7, Maryland - Editor, Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights, Baltimore - bi-monthly - 25¢) Aside from the fact that it's badly overpriced, this isn't a bad first issue. John Berry contributes one of his better articles to head the issue. Mike Deckinger has a fairish horror story, Chalker comments on fanzines, Brashear writes on UFO's, and one of the staff tries to classify fans as either Christians or atheists (are you listening, Lambeck, Lupoff, Smith, Bennett and the rest?) Reproduction is poor, but readable. This could become either a good fanzine or another production of what someone (Vic Ryan, I think) called "crudzine-fandom". It might be fun to follow it and find out which way it goes.

Rating.....3

ORION #25 (Ella Parker, 151 Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London, NW 6, England - USAgent, Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Ind. - quarterly - 15¢) Someone was mentioning recently how English fanzines don't run the gamut of quality from outstanding to miserable like US zines do; they're all good. Of course, this discussion took place in a British fanzine, I believe, but it's correct; British zines are all good. (They're also, with a few exceptions, remarkably similar, but...) This round, Ella has a good pre-Con report, Rory Faulkner has a better-than-usual column, and John Berry again hits his best form with a sordid tale of the Irish Constabulary. There are lots of other contributors; Terry Jeeves, Len Moffatt, Joe Patrizio, Paul Enever, Arthur Thomson (as fanzine reviewer as well as chief artist), George Locke and Ken Bulmer, and while none of them come up to the first three, they're all readable. Rating...7

VOID #22 (Greg Benford, 10521 Allegheny Drive, Dallas 29, Texas - Publisher Ted White, with assistance from Walter Breen - irregular - 25¢) This is only the first part of VOID's 5th. Annish; its 23 pages will be followed by two other sections. (They say--the last EQUATION was supposed to be published that way, too, but I've only seen one section in the past 3 months or so.) "Happy Benford Chatter" tops the issue, followed by Walter Breen's article discussing the whys and wherefores of fandoms; all fandoms, not just ours. (This would make a dandy foreward for that one-shot collection of the series I'm trying to get Ted to publish.) Remainder of the is devoted to Andy Reiss, Les Gerber, publisher White, and letters. Good stuff. Rating...6

CACTUS #5 (Sture Sedolin, Vällingby 4, Sweden - USAgent, Seth Johnson, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, N.J. - 10 for \$1 - mostly monthly) This is the first annish (it hasn't always been monthly) and is another monster, running 74 pages plus backcover and front photocover. There are good articles by Harry Warner and Archie Mercer, bad articles by Paul Rehorst (who, with all of E. M. Forster's stories to pick from, chooses "The Machine Stops", the one most familiar to sf readers) and Clayton Hamlin (part of the fault here apparently being the editor's, as the middle section of the article seems to be missing), a column by Bob Lichtman, humor by Ken Cheslin and Michel Boulet, some alleged humor by me, lots of letters, Les Gerber's fanzine reviews, and some stencils originally cut for SFAIRA and rescued by the editor at great peril, etc. This is Sweden's best English-language fanzine. Rating..5

QUANTUM #7 (John M. Baxter, 29 Gordon Rd., Bowral, NSW, Australia - irregular - 15¢) Quite possibly the best item here is the section parodying Aussie fanzine ETHERLINE, but not being acquainted with the material under assault I can't tell. Don Tuck has a long review of STARTLING for serious-type readers, there is a pretty good editorial, a short story by Bruce Burn, and 9 pages of letters. (The editor says that this letter-col is "one of the longest ever published by an Australian fanzine"... (Send him a copy of HABAKKUK, Bill.) Whassamatter, don't Australian fans ever write letters? Rating..4

CRITIQUE #1 and BB #3 (Paul Shingleton, Jr., 320 26th. St., Dunbar, West Virginia - irregular - 10¢ for CRITIQUE, BB is 4 for 25¢ to Tony Rudman, 142 No. Brandywine, Schenectady, 7, N. Y.) At 6 pages apiece, these together make one small fanzine. Material in the two is quite similar.

17

(At least, I think it is; blurry reproduction on BB made my eyes water, so I didn't read it very thoroughly.) In CRITIQUE, Bill Terry inquires as to just what is this "neoish crud" that he keeps hearing about; the readers say his stuff isn't, but what is? (A good question.) Tom Harris has a fair article defending scientists; trouble is that unless Paul's readership is far different from that of the average fanzine, he's saying it to the wrong people. They're already with him; what he needs for this article is a high school newspaper. Rating: BE 2; CRITIQUE 3

PILIKIA #1 (Chuck Devine, 922 Day Dr., Boise, Idaho - no price or schedule) The editor says "We are NOT Twig Jr.", but the mag looks a bit like it; partly due to the Stiles cover, which is remarkably similar to Adkins covers on TWIG. (Not an imitation of Adkins, but the same general style and effect, only not quite as good.) Here in the editorial a price of 20 green stamps is listed; now the ads that say you can get anything with stamps are correct (or at least, you can now get anything with stamps if some of the dirty cartoons on the subject are also correct). The editor also says that special thanks are due to Guy for "loaning" (?) him much of the material. Somehow I doubt this, since by far the best material in the mag is that written by the editor. Particularly "The Real Twig", which even Bev DeWeese said was "sort of cute" (and she doesn't think much of any fanzine material). Rating...4

SPACE DIVERSIONS #11 (Norman Shorrocks, 2 Arnot Way, Higher Bebington, Wirral, Cheshire, England - irregular - no price that I could find) This is the last issue of SD; a new mag, edited by Eric Bentcliffe and published by Shorrocks, will be forthcoming. They used to just change editors every issue; now they're changing titles too. I was especially pleased by the inclusion of 3 postage stamps commemorating the various satellites; one from Japan, one from Hungary and one from East (or maybe West, I haven't kept up on stamps lately) Germany. There is part 6 of Bennett's "Colonial Excursion (finally! The part where I'm mentioned!)" but seriously I think Ron should recall any installments still outstanding and get it published by itself. The original system has broken down entirely. There is also a Solacon Report by Terry Carr (I mentioned that publication was irregular? Well.....) and comments on the Bennett visit by Bill Donaho. Good enough, but slightly dated.... Pete Daniels and Bob Richardson have a particularly British item, Eric Bentcliffe writes on an Other Fandom, and Patty Milnes says she likes fans but not stf. Rating...7 if you like stf and stamps; otherwise 5

TRIODE #18 (Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St., Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England - 25¢) This is also the last TRIODE, what with Eric joining forces with the Liverpool group and co-editor Terry Jeeves getting married. Too bad, in a way; I've previously characterized TRIODE as a forgettable magazine, but it's worth while -- for the Harrison stories, if nothing else. I hope they'll be continued in the new mag; they are to E. Phillips Oppenheim what the Goon series is to Mickey Spillane and cohorts. As usual, there are various contributors; Terry Carr, Mal Ashworth, Penelope Fandergast. And as usual, Hurstmonceaux and Faversham take top honors with "The Splendidist Adventure", a story of arch-villainy and knightly resolve. ("You're a thoroughbred, Adela," said Harrison between gritted teeth; "you're white all through. But I'd be a hellish sort of cad if I let this -- beastliness continue.") Rest of the material is overshadowed by Harrison, but still good. Rating.....7

TESSERAFACT #2 (Walter J. Breen, 311 E. 72nd. St., New York 21, N.Y. - irregular - 20¢) Though almost entirely editor-written, this one has some wild variations in quality. Mostly humorous, but the humor varies from hoary old clinkers culled from old Sunday supplements ("Argument weak here. Yell like hell!" -- you know, that kind) to little gems like one cover quote ("Pucon whom?"). Actually, most of the cover quotes are good, and most of the interior work, but every once in awhile he hits a snag. There is a serious and quite good criticism of Blish's "A Case Of Conscience"; it suffers from the writer's opinion that everything in the book is symbolic of something and may be analyzed to reveal the author's True Beliefs, but otherwise is well thought out. (Like, just because Father Ruiz' beliefs are channelled by Church orthodoxy it doesn't follow that Blish's are, too.) Worth getting. Rating..5

BHISMILLAH! #3 (Andy Main, 5668 Gato Ave., Goleta, Calif. - irregular - 15¢) And here is Dodd's "You, Too, Can Be a Post Office Robber" again. (Or, since BHISMILLAH! came out first, here is the article which was in SANE again.) Either way, Alan, you should know better than to put the same article out to two publishers. Stories by Ken Cheslin and Mike Deckinger and an incident by Jeff Wenshel are nothing extra. Les Gerber has some fair fanzine reviews and Jack Chalker does book reviews. (Hard-covers too -- I wonder how he gets them? I can't buy all that.) Dot Hartwell's column seems to be improving, as is the editorialettercol. (A combination, like.) Some good Stiles artwork, what there is of it. Good reproduction, except for one page. Rating...4

INSIGHT #2 (Jack Cascio, 211 No. Fourth St., Benld, Illinois - quarterly - 25¢) Nice neat reproduction, justified margins, and some good artwork by one Frank Kalaskie. The fiction is better this time, too. It isn't good, but it's improving. "The Secret Of Dr. Orenbach" succeeds in capturing the essence of the fiction in the pulp AMAZING; I suppose there are people who like that sort of thing. (I wish I could be sure Tucker isn't pulling a hoax; that story could be a beautiful parody...) "A Moment Of Deviation" comes closer to catching the spirit of INSIDE DETECTIVE, and I suppose there are people who like that, too. I don't happen to be one of them, however. Rating...2

GIMBLE #2 (Ted Johnstone, 1503 Rollin St., South Pasadena, Calif. - one-shot?...or, more properly, two-shot? - no price listed) My main trouble with Johnstone's stuff is that I never know for sure when he's being serious and when he's kidding. In short, I haven't the vaguest idea of whether this is pastiche or parody, and I'm damned well not going to rate it, but I'll advise anyone looking for the unusual in fanzines to pick it up.

METROFEN #4 (Les Gerber, 402 East 4 Street, Bloomington, Ind. - approx. quarterly - 10¢) Note new address for Les; good until Aug. 12, he says. Reprints from John Berry, Walt Willis and Dean Grennell, and you can't hardly get that kind no more. "Meskys' Mutterings" is good enough, but I think he used micro-micro-elite type; readability is improved by a good strong magnifying glass. Some highly entertaining letters, including one from Ken Beale that should produce some outraged howls of protest. An average fanzine for the veteran, a fine one for the beginner.

Rating.....5

A DODDERING COLUMN

alan dodd

"There's no escape from the sea", said the Admiral floating lazily, "once you're on it you may as well be in it."

Sounds familiar I think?

You'd probably say on the face of it the line came from Lewis Carroll's ALICE IN WONDERLAND or THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS and you'd be about right -- almost. It comes as a matter of fact from a new book called MORE ALICE which isn't by Carroll but by a South African painter and author, Yates Wilson.

Yates Wilson, happily married with three young daughters, faced an incredibly difficult task in not only copying Lewis Carroll's style but also in drawing his illustrations on the lines of the original Tenniel illustrations. Maybe Alice will complain on the gatecrasher in her territory but I'm sure most readers will appreciate the latest adventures even though some are just a trifle too modern.

Alice, with Simple Simon and the Pieman and the Admiral mentioned above attend the School of Unlearning where she commits the unforgivable crime of trying to think! Now where have we heard that before, I wonder?

More amusing a lesson is taught to her by an infuriated chameleon who shows her how to go from green to orange and through red into deep purple with anger and passion. Further on in the book Alice encounters more fascinating creatures still.

There is the cultured Flypaper with as many arms as an octopus which shows her how to fly around and catch and ensnare an elephant and there is a house more crooked than a gambling casino where a stream of tea from a pot does a couple of U turns in the air before reaching Alice's cup.

It was Yates Wilson's three daughters that inspired this sequel to ALICE IN WONDERLAND and although there are those who may complain of the imitation, it is certainly an ingenious one.

And who after all, would have the nerve to follow Lewis Carroll in the first place?

What is a Bradbury? This was a question I came across the other week and it appears there are a couple of answers to it at least. Apart from the better known Ray Bradbury with whom most of us associate the name there is another meaning of the word. A Bradbury is a pound or a ten shilling note which was issued by the British Government during World War I. The notes took their name from Sir John Bradbury of the Treasury, whose signature appeared on them.

They remained in circulation until 1933 when the issue was withdrawn. You'll still find a few "Bradbury's" in existence and would be honoured in full if presented at a bank. But alas - a Bradbury is still only worth its face value.

Newspaper Headline: " 'I've Never Had A Dull Moment' Says Enthusiast Of Flower Arranging" . (Honest; from the Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette)

GRUMB LINGS

BRUCE PELZ, 980 Figueroa Terrace, Los Angeles 12, Calif - It's been said many times, but it's the esotericisms and in-group jokes (like the Duanes) that make fandom fun -- well, they're one of the largest contributors to the fun, anyway. The other night at LASFS, one of the old-time members - a real creep - showed up after the business meeting had been adjourned. He'd been in once before this year, so we recognized him; his entire purpose in coming seems to be to talk to Ackerman about some oversized art books, and his high, slightly lisping voice, combined with short stature and a wispy mustache, makes other wonder if he was one of Laney's targets. Anyway, he'd been showing his art books around for a while when Ted Johnstone turned to me and said "Quick, drop a slide rule!" About a dozen others heard it, but I was the only one who got it -- the other probably hadn't seen either the original quote or its repetition on the HYPHEN 24 bacover.

BOB SMITH, Puckapunyal, Victoria, Australia - Redd Boggs was of interest, but I blush to admit that as yet I have not read "Rethuselah's Children". However, the pb is now available in Australia, so Redd can console himself with the fact that at least one fan will buy and read and enjoy this novel for the first time! I did enjoy the trio of goodies on pages 12-13, though! Alan Dodd was more enjoyable in #86, but he rarely talks of anything that is new to me.

The new Vonnegut book is also around, I notice, so must get a copy. By the time I've read it no doubt all the furor will have died out of YANDRO, but the zine is responsible for my awareness of SOT, so something has been accomplished.

NORM METCALF, Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida - The Dying Earth can be found in most used book and magazine stores in California for anywhere from 50¢ to 1.50 (or at least it was in 57 and before).

As for breakdowns on time spent in various activities it stacks up to 34 hours/week spent on the job (this is subject to fluctuations depending on the supervisor, etc.) and 56 hours/week spent in slumber. This leaves 28 hours/week for fanac, etc. Bah, humbug.

To perhaps anticipate Ted White I'll stick my neck out and predict that fandom can quite well outlast sf (making the rather improbable assumption that it ever disappears). Recruitment would be a problem but then those of us that have been recruited by personal contact can perhaps more readily conceive of this method working although I'd say that it's more dependent upon chance than finding new blood through the pro-zines.

/You mean they let you Air Force people sleep? I think this is a threat to National Security and should be investigated. Ed Wood should have something to say on the fandom outlasting stf bit, but he'll probably have to wait until after the Pittoon to do it. RSC/

EARL NOE, 3304 E. Belknap, Ft. Worth, Texas - The main thing which beguiled me, besides the Adkins art, was the Seithers piece, which, though not epochal, was quite readable, particularly to an old graduate of Holmesiana and a former OZophile.

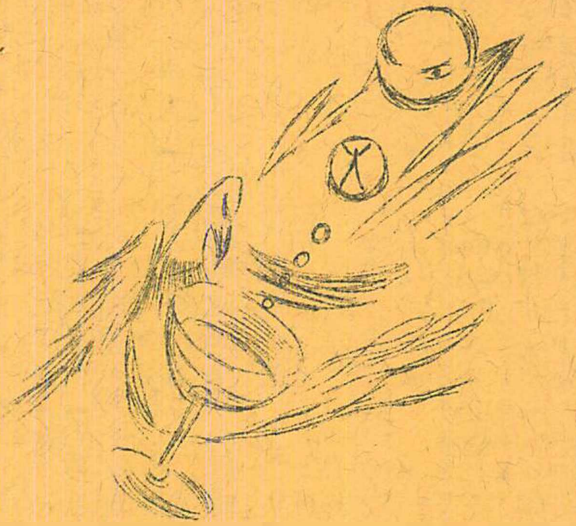
I might suggest, if Scithers is interested in pursuing the subject of the "series" or rather, interrelated type of novel, the "Beau Geste" trilogy and various other novels and stories of P.C. Wren. These adventure yarns, woven in and out and around the French Foreign Legion, are rather a tour de force in this type of writing.

MARTIN HELGESEN, 11 Lawrence Ave., Malverne, N. Y. - While discussing censorship with Alan Burns in the YANISH you said, "if the Legion of Decency had been active at the time of Shakespeare, the bard would never have got a line published." Of course, you could have picked that name as a "typical" sounding name of such a group, but, if you weren't, the only group I know of with that name is the Catholic group which judges movies. First of all, the LoD reviews only movies, not plays. Because of the differences between plays and movies, there is no comparable group for plays. Therefore, if they had been around then, or if Bill were writing today, they probably wouldn't be interested in him. However, that isn't too important. The main point is that, contrary to what you apparently believe, the LoD has nothing to do with censorship, unless, of course, you use a very broad definition of censorship, similar to the one I offered in a previous discussion of the subject. The LoD does not censor, it reviews. It does the same thing that is done by the newspapers' movie and drama critics, by Damon Knight, and by many other people, including the guy who does Strange Fruit. That is, they examine various endeavors, evaluate them according to certain standards, and make public their evaluations so that anyone who cares can consult them and use them in any way he sees fit. The Legion has no way to force anyone to follow, or even to consult, its ratings. /After a comment from me to the effect that I understood that any Catholic who saw a movie condemned by the Legion did so under penalty of sin, which I considered a quite forceful argument, at least for Catholics, Martin replied with the following./

A Catholic who sees a condemned movie will probably sin but not because of the condemnation. Any movie bad enough to merit a Condemned rating from the Legion is almost certainly a serious occasion of sin for the average Catholic. (An occasion of sin is some external circumstance that leads one to sin.) A Catholic would not sin by seeing a condemned movie because the Legion condemned it, but rather, the Legion condemned it because he would sin by seeing it. Drinking poison will not kill me because someone put a skull and crossbones on the bottle, but rather, the skull and crossbones are on the bottle because drinking poison would kill me.

The only way you could claim that the Legion is "closer to censorship" than it is to the reviewing of the average drama critic is to say that if the Legion condemns a movie, theater owners may decide that since many Catholics will remain away from it, it will be unprofitable to show it, so that, indirectly, the Legion prevents the movie from being shown. However, this argument is invalid for two reasons. First, because Catholics are obliged to avoid immoral pictures whether they are condemned or not. The Legion just helps them. Second, because the power indirectly to prevent or cancel performances is not peculiar to the Legion. If the drama critics on the seven New York dailies all pan a Broadway play it may close after two or three performances.

The Legion has no power not mentioned above and therefore cannot forbid Catholics to see specific movies. However, confusion may result



from the fact that a bishop can forbid Catholics in his diocese to attend a specific movie under pain of sin. This has nothing to do with the Legion because most condemned movies do not rate this treatment.

/Of course, you realize that you're arguing from the premise that "the Legion is right" -- that is, that any movie condemned by the Legion is actually too depraved for a Catholic to see. Which is certainly not a premise that I agree with. However, I think I was attributing the bishop's powers of actually forbidding church members to attend the movie with the Legion's "reviews". So I'll withdraw the censorship charge -- of

course the Legion listings furnish a handy-dandy guide for local censorship groups (and are quite often used as such) but I can't attack freedom of the press on one hand while defending it on the other, so I won't object to the Legion activities, except to oppose its point of view.

As for them not being interested in Shakespeare if the Legion had been active then or Bill was writing today; if the Legion had been active then it would have had to be interested in plays, since no comparable entertainment then existed. And if Bill were writing today, he'd probably be doing so for movies and tv; he was nothing if not commercial. What "differences between plays and movies", by the way? RSC/

JERRY PAGE, 193 Battery Place NE, Atlanta 7, Ga. -- I see you feature a Prosser cover. Gad, but that boy's good. Ever consider what an excellent faned that babe on the cover would be? In addition to the fingers for typing, the tentacles would be excellent for holding material for copying, cranking and otherwise handling a mimeo, lifting a bheer can (or glass, if she's cultured), reading (with an extra set of optics that would solve all sorts of problems).

Do you use sandpaper for a shading plate? /No. Used to, but Juanita finally held a gun on me and made me buy her a regular shading plate./

George Barr is another Great artist. Have more, much more by him. Gilbert's excellent, too. And Adkins is much better than average thish. (How, oh how, do you get black on a mimeo?) Dea has been much better in the past. (How long has she been active?) The Jenrette I liked very much, tho normally I detest a cartoon caption that isn't dialog. /You get solid -- or nearly -- black on a mimeo by using a soft stencil, cutting it to shreds and then being very careful that the shreds don't give way when it's run (in which case you get solid black all over the page). Dea has been active longer than we have, so someone else will have to answer that question. RSC/

"The Sequel and Series In Science Fiction And Fantasy". Although he dealt primarily with magazine fiction, I wonder what George would say about Cabell's Biography of the Life of Manuel? After all, in 21 books Cabell follows the Life of Manuel, developing one premise overall (by exploring its facets one at a time in the various books, and by turning it around a lot). Much of the series is laid in medieval Poictesme, and some in 20th Century America. But every single bit of this series deals with what happens to the Life of Manuel (though not always

to Manuel), and does so superbly. No, I'm not asking Scithers why he didn't take up Manuel, but I am curious to his reaction to it. (Of course, I doubt that many fans have read any of it, much less the complete thing. I know I haven't read it all, nor have I read the Storj-sende edition. I'm just curious.) Scithers' article seemed to lack a proper development of evidence into conclusions or something.

"The Morbid Muse" is loused up only by the inadequacy of "Ways Of Death" as a fragment title. I liked it. I would have published it if I edited a magazine that could go out and get Graves and all those poetry hacks like that. Give the boy a gold plated cigar.

"Virtue Rewarded -- And How!" I'd like to point out that books like that were considered social criticism. However, today they are regarded as unconscious humor and sheer money-grubbing. Somebody well known to us all has been trying to convince me that Bradbury is literature because he is social criticism. I somehow think that his premises will be as laughable to our descendants as Richardson's are to us.

"This Is Station...." This might have been saved by having someone tell this at a neighborhood bar; but as straight narrative, it isn't a story. It lacks a premise, it lacks characterization. It also has one serious flaw; if Katwell spoke pidgin English all the time, how come he knew enough to write an article for a national publication? /Maybe he learns fast? RC/ Also, since "national publication" somehow means slick mags like SEPOST and LOOK and CORONET (instead of magazines like ASTOUNDING which obviously are not national...?) then how come the title of that article was "How Will Aliens Communicate" instead of "Men From Mars Will Send Messages With The Great Wall Of China"?

"The Unfortunate Affair of Joe and Nelda" brings up three questions. (1) Is this plagiarism? (2) Will they have pubs on Venus? After all, we call them saloons, and we seem to be ahead of the British; I'm not really sure what the Russians call them. And (3) What's happened to me? After the glowing disgust with which I tossed down fmz poetry in the lettercol I find myself praising both poetic items to high heaven.

/ (1) Folk ballads -- even Venusian ones -- are in the public domain, naturally. (2) Briney, what's the Russian for "establishment-which-serves-liquor?" Incidentally, you may call them saloons; most of my friends call them bars (a few of my friends call them dens of iniquity, but I suppose that doesn't count). (3) You've been brainwashed. RSC/

Comment on Donald W. Anderson's comment: You can buy a used good-condition TV these days for less than you can buy a reconditioned mimeo. I got a very good reduced price on my mimeo (due to political contacts) and it still cost more than that \$72 Tower mimeo.

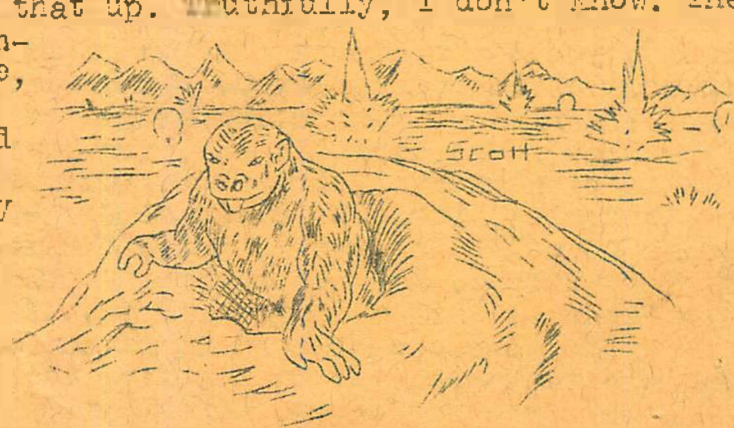
As for the NBA bit, isn't it a felony to carry firearms in England? How's the crime situation over there?

/I was afraid someone would bring that up. Truthfully, I don't know. The last I heard the crime rate was under-ours but climbing. -- of course, ours is climbing, too. (I believe the lowest crime rate in the world is still in Switzerland, where it is practically mandatory for every male to own at least a military rifle.) RSC/

"Where's the bomb computer?"

"On the Pogo books."

actual conversation at DeWeese's.



You can inform Rog Ebert that I used to live in So. Carolina (in Greenville -- and I later lived in Augusta which is on the Ga. - S.C. border) and Roy Tackett's letter is amazingly true to life.

ALAN BURNS, 6 Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne 2, England - Re your drawing, Juanita, and the book on how to train spiders. I once read an article on gunsights, and it seems the cross-hairs therein are in fact single strand spider webs -- that should be of spider webs. Now I was with the author about the advantages until he said that in the event of a cross-hair breaking on the battlefield a gunner could quickly find a spider and get a strand from it to replace the broken crosshair. Certain technical difficulties present themselves I believe. I once tried to take a war surplus camera to pieces and they are easy compared to gunsights.

/Technical difficulties, yes; not the least of which is that, except for a relatively few sniper rifles, military weapons don't have cross-hairs. (I can just see the sniper's equipment, though; extra cartridges, a few cleaning tools, and a tame spider. RSC/

I have the faculty of never being able to find anything to disagree with in George Scithers' articles, but I like the series style, because you can develop your characters in a series of complete episodes, so that you don't get bored of seeing the same unfinished work time after time as you do in an ordinary novel.

/Odd; it's seeing the same unfinished work time after time that does make me bored with series. RSC/

"The Unfortunate Affair" -- was an unfortunate affair. I don't think that a nitro-drinker would live long enough to develop hiccups, although as a chemist I've met men who drank some curious things. The worst of the lot were the meths drinkers. At one place I worked at I was one day entrusted with the key of the methanol store and checking round I found one part of the corrugated iron wall loose, so I went to the shop manager with a request for a fitter to fix same. He said that it was intentionally left loose because the meths drinkers would get in anyway, and leaving the sheet loose prevented their damaging the building in their desire to get in.

/Well-l-l-l-l..... Anyway, the poetic nitro drinker was an alien, so how do you know what her metabolism was? RSC/

ETHEL LINDSAY, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England - I am just back from the con here at Easter /Ed. note: this is an old letter/, and thought I'd use up some space to tell you about it. The biggest hit of the Con was Don Ford, just everyone liked him immensely, we all fell in love with his accent (which was the most infectious sound, listen to him any length of time and you found yourself trying to copy him!) and he set us all laughing with his wit. There were huge oohs and aahs of admiration at his colour slides. This con seems to have been a sparking-off one, for by the last day, everyone had become filled with enthusiasm for organizing the next con; Kettering was everyone's choice, too. One clear memory - the party in Don's room, 3am. The atmosphere hot and smoky, entry of Dave Kyle who rears back affecting to be overcome. Don looking down at him from across the room and drawling "It's all right up here, Dave..."

Monday I was on the steps of St. Martins to see the arrival of the Aldermaston marchers; at one time or another about 20 of the con attendees appeared there too. Don was wandering around Trafalgar Square

having the time of his life with his camera. They reckon there were 10,000 people there; it took 2 hours for the procession to march up Whitehall. Only the bannerholders could get into the square, it was so tightly packed with spectators. The marchers were a very mixed bunch, but the majority were young. I was very affected by the sight. I saw John and Marjorie Brunner; John was carrying one end of a banner. Also spotted Dr. Paul and Joan Hammet. They were at the very end and looked pretty tired. They probably had a lot to do in giving medical help.

ROY TACKETT, 412 Elderberry Drive, Laurel Bay, So. Carolina - As H. L. Gold is wont to say, "There are aliens among us." I, loyal Earthman that I am, have uncovered their sinister presence and, at great risk to myself, will expose their evil plans.

I feel safe here in the great swamps for I have cleverly changed the signs that mark the only safe path leading into my retreat. This presents somewhat of a hazard to the ordinary traveler, of course (so far a poll-taker and two encyclopedia salesmen have unsuspectingly stepped off the path and disappeared into the bubbling ooze) but I know that I am safe from THEM.

I shudder to think that I may already be too late in my attempt to alert the population to this alien menace for I have evidence -- incontrovertible evidence -- that these foul fiends have already penetrated to the core of our national government. They have taken over the Post Office Department!

I began to suspect this a couple of months ago. Now at last I know it for fact. This horror from space is here and is firmly entrenched with its tentacles spreading through the United States mails. And for what evil design? Ah, I have discovered the answer to that question. It appears that these monsters have seized -- infiltrated is better -- the Post Office Department as this is the easiest way for them to fulfill their horrible obsession. An obsession so terrifying that I hesitate to mention it. But I must. It must be exposed to the full light of truth so that all may be warned. These fearsome creatures have an obsession for the first 22 pages of YANDRO!

This I know to be true for today I received my copy of the latest issue of your excellent magazine. To be more specific I received once again page 23. What other explanation is there for the missing 22 pages? I can picture these horrid creatures lurking in the dim recesses of the post office. When YANDRO is deposited in the mail they rush forth and violently rip off the first 22 pages which are dispatched by their faster-than-light ship (driven, of course, by some means we cannot understand) to their home planet on the further side of the galaxy, there to be used for some purpose which we of this planet can only surmise. Perhaps the true fen amongst your readers can, in their great wisdom, deduce the answer.

Baffin Land in the Canadian arctic is named for English explorer William Baffin.

/To all this I can only query: Was your mother ever frightened by a Sergeant Saturn column? I know Jerry Greene used to say YANDRO was edible, but.....And as for taking over the post office, I think one of Mort Sahl's lines might be adapted. "Why don't you overthrow the government? Because I can't find it."

I have 45 pages of letters left (not counting the ones which aren't specifically comments on YANDRO). Excerpts from most of these will, I hope be in the next issue (see editorial.) For now, so long. RSC/

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