

YANDRO



Dogstar

Morris Scott Dollens

YANDRO #90

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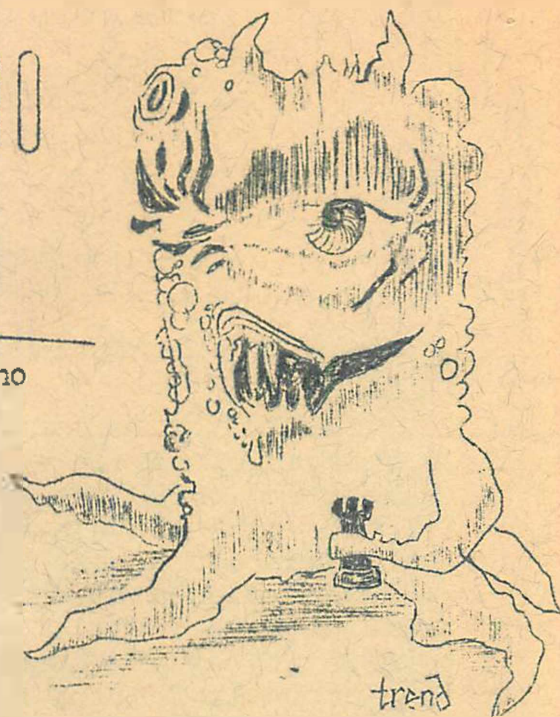
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Trades accepted on a one-for-one basis only; if we like your mag we'll do better than that, but we don't guarantee it.



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ARTWORK

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*The cover was multilithed by Dollens, using a photo by Dollens of a painting by Dollens. A one-man job, like. (In addition, Dollens provided a good share of the ink with which this issue was mimeographed. Dollens is a Nice Man.)



As this, the last stencil to be cut for this issue, slups through the typer, I can inform Morris, and any other repro interested parties, that the Roneo ink works just dandy in a Tower machine. I asked my ever trusty confidant in the office supply store wherst we buy our Twil tone, and he assured me they had some wack of a customer who went so far as to specifically order Roneo ink for his (much more expensive machine - we avoid mention and guard

against charges of payola - yes) model. My faith in others unbounding, I went ahead and tried the stuff. Not the least of its appeals is the neat lil tube-type container (although the first time I opened it, it apparently had been squeeze in transit and came gushing out of the tube like so much maddened black toothpaste - but I finally got it tamed, and now we are on fine terms).

I believe it was at Detroit that Ted White demanded why I did not use Stenofax, probably feeling my devotion to hand-cutting stencils was only overblown pride. It is a bit of that, but it is much more of a feeling Buck once noted to one of our correspondents. It is the quirk of the do-it-yourselfer who carefully selects his lumber, lovingly sands, builds and finishes and after many happy hours of labor, produces a coffee table or whathaveyou. When told by a well meaning friend that he could buy the same thing down town without the need of all that work, the do-it-yourselfer is at a loss to explain to the friend that it really isn't work to the person who likes to do that sort of thing. Buying a ready made coffee table, or getting a stencil stenofaxed, would deprive the budding carpenter and myself of much of our enthusiasms for living. Like, I consider most sports, particularly those involving throwing or batting balls, as so much work - yet apparently a lot of people think otherwise.

Now trampolining - that I dig. Hey, Marion, there's a handy dandy taste of circus for the average citizen. Bruce and I went trampolining on our last trip to Milwaukee and discovered it a delightful, if muscle-wrenching, pastime.

Is anyone else bothered by fannish fever as con time rolls closer and closer? We rarely attend world cons two years in a row - and apparently the glow from Detroit has yet to fade. As the Pittcon nears, I find myself imbued with a glowing urge to pour out fanac and dive into fannish activities. So far, most of this has been burned out in painting stuff for Project Art Show (write Bjo Trimble for information), but now that most of that's done, I find myself feeling nervous, with a mad urge to take stylus in hand and cut illos in every clean Sovereign in the house (which is far too few - we must see about getting some more). If FAPA were my only activity, I would probably be turning out a hundred pager, so for at least once I can be grateful for the frequency demanded by a monthly. (I called it fannish fever, despite an urge to say 'panic grass and fever few' - from Hersey's HIROSHIMA, which is a book I forgot to mention in my earlier catalogue of disasterabilia, and Buck informs me there is yet another out which I must have: FIRE AT SEA: THE STORY OF THE MORRO CASTLE. Sounds like just the thing for someone who fortunately lives a hundred miles from the nearest large body of water, and hates swimming anyway. Last one in is a neofan.) - see you in August. JWD



I trust that all the Harvey Kurtzman fans in the audience have noticed a new magazine called **HELP!** on the news stands. Kurtz has allied himself with James Warren (of **FAMOUS MONSTERS**) and the combination might finally give the **MAD** crew a run for its money. At least this time Kurtzman has adequate backing (which he lacked with **HUMBUG**) without the drawback of a publisher who thinks big, especially in terms of profit (which is what killed **TRUMP**).

The first issue relies heavily (as do all Warren magazines) on captions for old movie stills -- I'm surprised they didn't title it **FAMOUS IDIOTS OF FILMLAND**. Two of the captions are actually funny, and there is some reprinted fiction and other material to back them up.

And speaking of **FAMOUS MONSTERS**, it looks like Ackerman has at last achieved the ultimate in fandom -- he has created his own. Today we received a fanzine titled **TERROR**, which seems to have been inspired by **AckerMonsters**. Not only that, but the mag carries notices of two similar publications, **BEAST!** and **WORLD OF MONSTERS**, and Forry's horror fandom bids fair to rival sf fandom. (Forry has now joined Ray Palmer as a fan who has created a new fandom; I wouldn't at this early date say that horror fandom is superior to the saucerian branch, but it seems to have a better sense of humor, at least.)

Bob Tucker sent along the promotional ads from a trade journal for William Castle's latest stinker, "13 Ghosts". This one makes use of "Illusion-O", which seems to depend on using a red (cellophane) filter in order to see the "ghosts". A special "ghost viewer", reminiscent of the old 3-D viewers, is passed out to movie patrons, and a sample was enclosed in the ad. Some of the recommended promotional stunts in this thing are enough to make one go out and chuck up his dinner. (According to **BEAS**, a **POST** article on Castle in the March 19 issue was titled "Master of Movie Horror". I don't recall the article, but a better title would have been "God of Ghastly Gimmicks".) Castle's success in Hollywood is a damning indictment of the intelligence of movie patrons.

Just for fun, I'm going to predict that **S F TIMES** will win the convention Hugo award for fanzines this year. **CRY** will be second, with either **YANDRO** or **FANAC** third. Last year, I said that **FANAC** would beat **S F TIMES** in a fairly close battle, and it did, with **YANDRO** coming in third. This year, I'm afraid that **FANAC** and **CRY** will split the "trufan" vote and allow **S F TIMES** to win. I don't much care for the idea, but that's the way I think it will turn out.

YANDRO is becoming quite international this issue; we have an article on a French science fiction writer, written by an Italian fan who is residing in Turkey. Next issue will probably feature material by Jerry Page and Marion Zimmer Bradley, and will not be as big as this one. (If the page-count keeps going up on this thing, along with the circulation, then the price will also be rising in a short time. I don't mind fandom being a ghoddamn hobby as long as it isn't a ghoddamn expensive hobby.)

Only about 6 more weeks until the Worldcon; I hope we'll be seeing most of you there. (I hope some of you will be buying Juanita's artwork, so she can afford to buy the Gilbert artwork she's talking about.) **RSC**

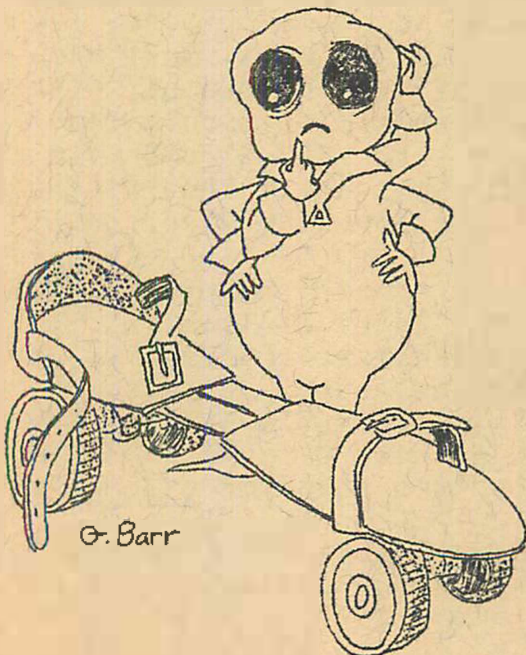
Apprehensions At 34

article by ——— ED WOOD ———

The bewildering change in Astounding's name instituted by John W. Campbell, Jr. is an event hard to understand. A known name of proven worth is tossed aside (slowly it is true, but surely) for one that is puzzling and unknown. If the nature of the fiction used in Astounding or Analog Science Fact and Fiction remains the same, what price the change in name? It is true that as science fiction became popular in the late '40s and early '50s, the term was used as a generic label for enormous amounts of trash. Also there is a fiendish misunderstanding of the term as evidenced by the fact that Ray Bradbury is called "a leading science fiction writer"; this of a man who has had one story in Astounding.

If it is Campbell's intention to convert Analog into another Scientific American or a speculative opinion magazine, he will find it difficult to carry his entire readership towards this goal. Very few magazines have ever found it possible to change directions and survive. It is not impossible -- compare the present Argosy with the Munsey Argosy. Although commercially successful, the present magazine prints an insipid sort of fiction compared to the period prior to 1943. Scientific American is a magazine that changed from a Popular Mechanics type of magazine to its present policy of publishing sophisticated literate scientific articles of exceptional merit. It might be added that it succeeded where another publication, Science Illustrated, failed badly at about the same time. Maybe, enough of the old audience remained to help the new SA in its early formative issues?

The critical acclaim accorded to On The Beach by Nevil Shute contrasts sharply with the neglect achieved by Arthur Wilson Tucker's The Long Loud Silence. Anyone who has read both knows that Tucker's book is so far superior that comparison is really impossible. Yet where are the literary critics? The lying progeny of dubious parentage are at their nefarious business of ignoring worth, praising trash, and accusing science fiction of being unliterary. Perhaps it will be necessary for science fiction to be re-discovered at some future date. It has happened before in American literature. Edgar Allen Poe's reputation was in decline for decades in the land of his birth before he was "discovered" by French litterateurs. The remarks about critics are of course directed at the mainstream critics and not at the few perceptive science fiction critics.



The situation for American magazine science fiction/fantasy stands as of July 1960 thusly:

1. Amazing Science Fiction Stories monthly

2. Analog Science Fact & Fiction monthly
3. Fantastic Science Fiction monthly
Stories
4. Galaxy Magazine bimonthly
5. If Science Fiction bimonthly
6. The Magazine Of Fantasy & monthly
Science Fiction
7. Shock Magazine bimonthly

This corresponds to an annual publication rate of 66 issues a year or roughly 35% of the 1953 rate which was the all time high.

The publication of Earl Kemp's Who Killed Science Fiction? must stand as a sort of monument to the industry of one man. It is regrettable that it is not for sale since it deserves a wide audience. At least there is admission

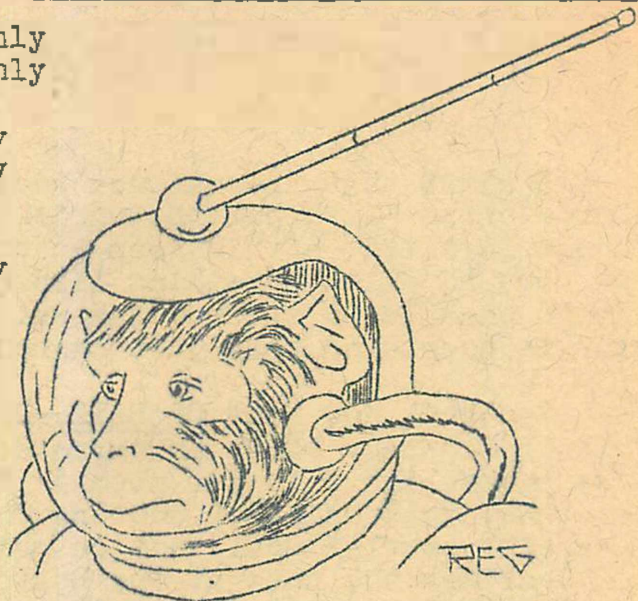
by most of the contributors that a problem exists. While one is impressed by the names of the contributors (Anderson, Bradbury, Gernsback, Knight, Boucher, Vonnegut, Wollheim, etc.), one is dismayed to see no words on this vital subject by Moskowitz, Tuck, Metcalf, Slater, Boggs, Taurasi and others. Of course there had to be some limit to the publication.

Many of the contributors felt that there was hope that paperbacks would continue to maintain science fiction at a high level. While the production of science fiction paperbacks continues at a high pace, one glance at the contents of the bulk of them would convince the reader that the paperbacks are nothing but cullings from the magazines. There must be more original material in the paperbacks before it can be said that the paperbacks are a major source of science fiction. There does not appear to be any paperback editor with the talents that have appeared at times in the magazine field. Original science fiction paperback material has been in the main, poor and lackluster. Besides the lack of talent in the paperback branch of science fiction, one does not see any way by which interest in the field can be expanded. Obviously, the implications for science fiction fandom of a paperback dominated science fiction are sad.

Speaking of paperbacks, one must mention Flesh by Philip Jose Farmer. The Beacon series of paperbacks published by Gulnn and formerly known as Galaxy Science Fiction Novels are putting out novels emphasizing the Spillane school of sex. This is being advertised as a "new form" of science fiction.

Before rushing to acclaim such material as being beneficial to the field, perhaps it is good to read some words by a master of science fiction.

"I have had a certain experience in the writing of wonder stories, romances about some sort of wonder, a visit to the moon, for example, the power of invisibility, the release of atomic energy for mechanical purposes or the like, and nothing is more firmly established in my mind than that these topics can only be successfully dealt with by the completest subordination of normal sex adventure. Hundreds of failures in that line are due to the neglect of this simple prohibition. Either Juliet must have all the stage and limelight, or Juliet (with her Romeo) is merely obstructing



6
the traffic. That is the law of it...."

H. G. Wells

The King Who Was A King

1929 page 30

I admit that "normal sex adventure" is probably not the way to characterize Flesh but the words are interesting nevertheless. One can become involved in this "sex in science fiction" to an obsessive extent. However, to allow something like Pagan Passions or Flesh to be an emulative example to the budding writers of the so-called new science fiction is something that just cannot be condoned.

The book New Maps Of Hell, by Kingsley Amis, is on the whole a friendly if many times inaccurate assessment of current science fiction. More books like this are needed (without the inaccuracies, please!) Mr. Amis has a bad habit of quoting from sources which he fails to identify. A careful scholar would not be guilty of this.

Consider the note at the bottom of page 51:

"Since this was written there has been another drop, viewed in the relevant circles with wonderfully spontaneous concern. Voluble anxiety about its own commercial future has always been a demerit of the science fiction industry, one which may be expected to disappear if the medium attains respectability."

SURELY, WHEN ONE IS STARVING, IT IS NOT A CRIME TO ASK FOR FOOD!

What Mr. Amis holds to be a defect is on the contrary a factor of strength and shows that the science fiction field does not delude itself even if its critics do.

It is always easy to view with dispassion, the turmoil in fields or events which do not involve the individual himself but it is the height of hypocrisy to deny the people directly involved the right to complain. Is it now a definition of respectability that it involves a philosophical silence at death?

"the cartoon.....has about as much freedom today as the editorials in PRAVDA."
.....Dave Breger, "But That's Unprintable"

PITTCON NEWSRELEASE

Earl Kemp will continue the furor aroused by his "Who Killed Science Fiction" by chairing a Pittcon panel in which some of the most vociferous pros and fans who took part in his symposium will have at each other. What's more, Earl is contributing all the original "Who Killed" correspondence in one fabulous auction package, to be sold as a unit. /There's something for you chaps who've been yelling for a copy. RC/

We're sorry to report that unexpected personal business will prevent Philip Jose Farmer from giving his talk on sex in science fiction at the Pittcon. We hope, however, to have an unexpurgated manuscript for auction that demonstrates his point.

A mimeographed list of some of the choicer auction items is being distributed with Pittcon Progress Report #3, to be mailed in August. You will get the list if you've joined the Pittcon (\$2 to Dirce Archer, 1453 Barnesdale St., Pittsburgh 17, Pa.). Use the list to check unusual items you want to bid on, or send in an advance bid. It will be honored at the auction. /If Harlan is auctioneer you'd better impress the fact on him. With a club, if necessary. RSC/

YANDRO EGOBOO POLL RESULTS

(Note to new readers; this poll was taken to determine the relative popularity of the material published in YANDRO in 1959.) Numbers shown are points, not votes; the total amount in each category varies according to the number of entries in each category. The following people returned ballots: Bob Farnham, Bill Connor, Vic Ryan, Don Franson, Harv Bryer, Betty Kujawa, Bob Tucker, Maggie Curtis, George Scithers, Evelyn Hoke, Mike Deckinger, Rog Ebert, James Adams, Ruth Wellons, Ethel Lindsay, Kerry Dame, Martin Helgesen, Clod Hall, Dale Brandon, Bob Briney, Fred Arnold, Bob Lichtman, Herb Beach, Barbi Johnson, Bob Smith, and Jeff Wanshel (who used his to list future preferences). Note; those of you who expressed extra dislike for certain items were credited by having points removed from those items during the tabulation. Material is listed according to the number of points it accumulated; numbers in parentheses show the number of first-place votes the items received.

ARTICLES

- 164 (4) A Sort Of Conreport (Stratton & Scithers)
- 146 (4) Cutting The Cord (Count von Liebfraumilch)
- 145 (2) An Open Letter (Bob Tucker)
- 137 Monster Movie Previews (Tucker)
- 132 (2) Monster Movie Endings We'd Like To See (Thomas Stratton)
- 114 (2) A Fanartist At Work (George Scithers)
- 111 Monster Movie Previews (Stratton)
- 102 (1) Answers And Solutions - of sorts (Ed Wood)
- 99 (2) Some Thoughts On The Nature Of Science Fiction (Bem Gordon)
- 98 Controversy You Want, Eh? (Claude Hall)
- 96 (1) Worst Of The Worst (Gene DeWeese)
- 94 Reviewers Are Human (Mike Deckinger)
- 76 (2) On Reviewing (Vowen Clark)
- 73 Science Fiction Art (Jack Gaughan)
- 53 (1) Reply To Stenfors (Scithers)
- 45 (1) Something About A Natural Mystery (Bo Stenfors)
- 37 (1) Curfew Time; Minds Out (James Adams)
- 27 Fat Trance (Adams)

COLUMNS

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 128 (8) Ramblings (JWC) | 71 (2) The World Of Null-F (Bradley) |
| 127 (3) Rumblings (RSC) | 38 (1) New York Insights (D. Adkins) |
| 122 (5) Grumblings (the readers) | 33 (1) A Doddering Column (Dodd) |
| 75 (2) Strange Fruit (RSC) | 31 Stifinitions, Interlineations |
| 71 (4) A Doric Column (Tucker) | and Filler Material |

FICTION

- 131 (4) The Horror From Below (Robert Bloch)
- 116 (5) Porkins Meets A Monster (Bob Leman)
- 84 (3) Thru Time & Space With Grendel Briarton (Gene DeWeese)
- 78 Don't Call Us; We'll Call You (Dave Jenrette)
- 75 (2) Watch It, Comrade Hacks (Don Franson)
- 63 (1) The Referees Of Null-A (Tom Stratton)
- 56 (2) The Endless Cycle (Les Gerber)
- 49 (1) Frightful Employment (Herbert Beach)
- 44 (1) Symbol (Ron Smith)
- 34 The Sigma Machine (George Scithers)

FICTION (continued)

- 27 Natural Habitat (Gary Deindorfer)
- 27 A Western Tale (Dainis Bisenieks)

POETRY

- 60 (5) Unrequited Love (Bill Pearson)
- 39 (3) Death Of A White Rose (Colin Cameron)
- 52 Genius (John Pesta)
- 30 (1) In Winter Times (J. Mehmet Shahnakhiroglu)
- 21 (2) Philosophy On Writing Poetry (Bem Gordon)
- 19 The Shackled (Mike Deekinger)
- 16 Highway To Oblivion (P.M. Corlew)
- 14 Strange Sister (Andrew Duane)
- 12 Like Mother, Like (Ken Ford)

TYPES OF MATERIAL

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| 174 (9) Editorial Chatter | 83 (1) Interlineations |
| 127 (4) Letters | 67 Humorous Fiction |
| 126 Columns | 63 Faaanish Articles |
| 106 (2) Serious Articles | 50 Faaan Fiction |
| 106 Humorous Articles | 37 Serious Fiction |
- Write-in votes were sent in for: Nudes, Male Nudes, Bitching, News, Poetry (which I should have had on the ballot), Book Reviews, Film Reviews, Artwork and Cartoons

COVER ARTISTS

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| 141 (9) JWC | 61 (2) Wm. Rotsler |
| 111 (4) Dan Adkins | 52 (3) Herbert Beach |
| 91 (3) Robert E. Gilbert | 52 DEA |
| 63 (2) Barbi Johnson | 35 George Scithers |

ARTISTS (Interior Illustrations)

- | | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------|------------------|
| 420 (10) Dan Adkins | 79 Marvin Bryer | 29 Jack Harness |
| 374 (7) JWC | 78 Ginger Phillips | 27 Lars Bourne |
| 295 (3) Robert E. Gilbert | 76 George Scithers | 24 Philip Poland |
| 244 (1) Barbi Johnson | 62 Gregg Trend | 20 James Adams |
| 224 (2) George Barr | 61 Colin Cameron | 19 Joe Sanders |
| 220 Bjo Wells | 53 Les Nirenberg | 17 Steve Stiles |
| 121 DEA | 45 Andy Main | 17 Glenn King |
| 112 Dave Prosser | 32 Terry Carr | |
| 101 Wm. Rotsler | 31 Dave Jenrette | |

A few editorial comments: results in the Articles category were rather surprising, particularly the first two places. I not only wouldn't have voted for the articles in the sequence in which they finished, but I didn't think the readers would, either. Results in the other categories were about as expected, though Bjo, Rotsler and Ginger Phillips all placed higher in the Artists category than I would have expected from the amount of their material that we used last year. (George Barr, too; in fact, since we only used one of his illos in '59 I'm not sure that he didn't place a bit too high. I think maybe he got a few votes because of the outstanding art he had in other mags last year.) Thanks to the 26 people who returned the ballots, and I hope both the voters and contributors (especially the contributors) enjoy the rundown.

THE GREAT AIR CRISIS

revealed by JAME R ADAMS

I don't like to be an alarmist, but there is one thing I've got to know: Is anyone doing anything about the air shortage?

Now don't look the other way and pretend you don't know what air shortage I'm talking about. There is only one, and in this case one's a crowd.

Oh, it didn't worry me at first, either. I read this item about astronomers of Budapest's Urania Observatory reporting the earth loses about 11,000 tons of air each day, and I said "So what?" I had every right to say it, since the astronomers themselves pooch-pooched the 11,000 ton loss as "a trifling amount when the total mass of the atmosphere is calculated at around 5,000,000,000,000 tons." I couldn't have asked for better reassurance than that.

And so I said "So what?" But later that day, while walking down the street contemplatively munching a roast pig, I began to notice small black spots doing a gavotte before my eyes, and suddenly I pitched face forward to the sidewalk. I lay there, gasping for breath, and after a moment a kind fellow came along and rolled me into the gutter where I wouldn't be in the way.

Well, to make a long story, I presently recovered sufficiently to stumble home, where my first act was to dash off a letter to the B.U.O. astronomers. In it I described my harrowing experience and asked for damages in the amount of \$2.00. I pointed out that, while their report was accurate enough in most respects, they had committed one major error. This was the rather common one of using the words "11,000 tons" and "trifling" in the same sentence. But such criticism from a layman must have irked them considerably, for I have yet to receive an answer.

I then wrote the government, insisting it do something about the increasing tenuity of our atmosphere. The reply was that "astronomers of Budapest's Urania Observatory assure us this is a trifling matter".

I have fired off dozens of letters since the day I read that fateful item, all to no avail. Nobody but me seems to care that the air is getting thinner and every day it becomes harder to draw a decent breath. I haven't given up, though, and someday some official I contact is going to realize the gravity of the situation and act on it.

Meantime, I'm storing up tanks of compressed air in my cellar. Anytime you're asphyxiating in my neighborhood, I'd be glad to have you drop in for a whiff.

/Ed note: I, too, have noticed an increasing difficulty in drawing breath -- until this momentous document arrived I had ascribed my troubles to the onset of another hay fever season, but now I realize that a crisis is at hand./

ADDRESS CHANGE: A/20 Norman C. Metcalf, AF 19 606 033

5 July to 20 July: National Matches Support Unit (Provisional), Fort Riley, Kansas ----- 22 July to 26 Aug: National Matches Support Unit (Provisional), Camp Perry, Ohio. "It must be your influence through the NRA..."

"I WAS A SUBSIDIZED TRAVELING GIANT FOR THE USAF"



Golden Minutes

THE FANTASTIC UNIVERSE OMNIBUS

—reviewed by—
—gregg calkins—

From the reviews I've seen thus far scattered hither and yon around fandom, it would seem Prentice-Hall has squandered half of their profit on sales from fandom for free review copies to numerous fan editors and writers. Well, fandom has often claimed (and threatened) that it had tremendous buying power and it's about time the bluff was called, although this really isn't a fair test by virtue of the nature of the book involved.

For as much as I hate to look a gift horse in the mouth, if I had been expected to pay the \$3.95 price-tag on this book I'm afraid there would still be a blank spot where it now sits on my shelves. At \$2.50 the book would be a dubious acquisition to your library (notwithstanding the somewhat goshwow reviews I've seen thus far exclaiming that the Bloch story is worth the price of the book alone--because it isn't) but neither the contents nor the binding rate the fancy price tag.

Hans Santesson, the man with the curious middle name, has presented nineteen stories that appeared in FANTASTIC UNIVERSE from 1956 to 1958 (one in the January 1959 issue) and would seem to have taken a representative cross-section of the magazine. However, the quality of the stories, while adequate for an average sf magazine, is such that they do not bear repeating and Editor Santesson has done an excellent selling job in presenting this package to Prentice-Hall. I don't think Prentice-Hall will be able to do as good a job on fandom.

Of the nineteen stories, I'd rate fully eleven of them as not worth your time or trouble. Asimov's "First Law" is just to take up space and to rate the use of Isaac's name on the cover; Tenn's "She Only Goes Out At Night" should have stayed indoors; Davis' "The Muted Horn," Benedict's "Sit By the Fire," de Camp's "A Thing of Custom," Harris' "Mex," Knight's (David, not damon) "The Amazing Mrs. Mimms," Slesar's "My Father, the Cat," and Boyd's "The Robot Who Wanted to Know" don't even justify their existence; Silverberg illustrates the fact that he's being paid by the word with his long drawn-out and tedious "Road to Nightfall"; and Sam Moskowitz contributes such an incredible clinker in "The Golden Pyramid" that if it had been done by anyone else I would have suspected it were some sort of tongue-in-cheek hoax.

Five stories are better, but still hardly worth the effort: David - son's "Bounty Hunter," Ellison's "In Lonely Lands," a rather pointless tale but written with feeling; Chandler's "Fall of Knight" which is a rather dubious development of a very shaggy pun, Judith Merrill's "Exile From Space," which would have been vastly improved with some other ending 'punch,' if you can call it that, and William Gault's "Title Fight." None of these are really what you would call good reading but they stand out from the first-named eleven stories to a certain degree.

While it is sad to rate sixteen of the nineteen stories the book contains as not really worth the trouble, it is even sadder to realize that the remaining three titles are still lightweights in themselves. Arthur C. Clarke's "The Pacifist" is one of the Tales From the White Hart, but it is either one of the lesser stories of the collection or else it suffers somewhat from being read alone instead of in context with the others of the series, because it doesn't quite come off. And while I can recommend Robert Bloch's "A Way of Life" to fandom as an entertaining fable and one in which many familiar names can be recognized (thanks for the egoboo, Bob!) I still can't recommend it to science fiction readers at large as a science fiction story for which they should purchase the rest of the book. This would have been an outstanding piece in a fanzine--preferably my own--but needless to say I'm happy to see Bloch collecting money for this amusing bit of whimsy rather than merely egoboo.

The best of the book is Harry Harrison's "The Velvet Glove" and, to me, this story shows a lot of promise. I can't say when I've read a robot story I've enjoyed as much as this one and I think the theme and treatment could stand some exploration and development, if indeed the author has not already done so and I have missed the further stories.

Three stories out of nineteen, and those of dubious worth at that, are not sufficient to ring many cash registers to the tune of \$3.95 and I'm sorry that Prentice-Hall is going to have to find this out so rudely. I hope it does not discourage them from printing further science fiction titles, because there are a goodly number of reprintable stories that could stand the light of day once again and had they been published in the place of THE FANTASTIC UNIVERSE OMNIBUS I think the sales reaction would have been considerably different. Too, the day of the mediocre anthology is now behind us, and selections taken from only one magazine, unless that magazine is a truly great one with a long history of publication to draw from, are almost inherently restricted to mediocrity.

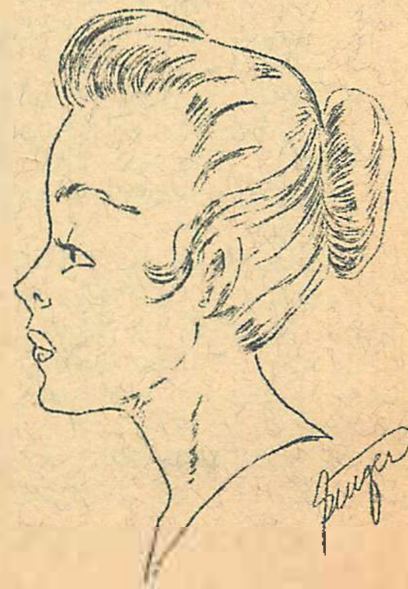
To be honest, I would not, at present, recommend the science fiction book market to anyone as a way to make a lot of money. There is still an honest profit to be turned in book publication--and I think fandom would contribute quite a bit to the kitty, for the right book from the right person--but it's a somewhat tricky road to follow and not one to be embarked upon lightly as Prentice-Hall has done.

Summing up: If you got one of the free review copies, it's nice to have on your bookshelves; but unless you are loaded with dough or Lester del Rey's "eclectic empathy--or empathic eclecticism" save your money until a good book comes along.

THE MORBID MUSE: II — HIGH GALLOWS

Listen, I chose a gallows high,
The ancient ruin on the hill,
With battlements thrusting teeth at the clouds,
And the sprawling town below.
Tied a rope round a central arch,
Old bear's teeth were the rocks below,
Thought of a neat corpse to swing in the wind
But the wretched rope it broke.

- Alan Burns -



STRANGE FRUIT

SPACE CAGE #5 (Lee Anne Tremper, 3858 Forest Grove Dr., Apt. A3, Indianapolis 5, Ind. - monthly, -so far - 10¢ or 75¢ per year) With each issue, this looks more like Lee's old MERLIN. Outside contributions are beginning to crowd out the club members (Indianapolis club members never were noted for volume of writing, and Lee and Jay Crackel were the only ones with any pretense of quality in their work. (This issue features Lee and Jay, plus Mike Deckinger, Bob Lichtman, and a letter column.) 21 pages in all, plus covers. The mag is improving.

EXCONN/INSURRECTION #8 (At least, I think it's #8; it actually looks more like "#8" on the cover - Robert N. Lembeck, 868 Helston Rd., Birmingham, Michigan - irregular - 10¢) I think this was put out mostly to give fanzine editors something in return for their mags; we have 8 pages of fanzine reviews, 6½ pages of lettercolumn, a poem, ½-page book review, and editorial. Ideal for neofans looking for a place to squander their money; 45 mags are reviewed. Otherwise there isn't much to review, comment on, or rate. Lettercolumn and editorial are fair.

WUGGA #1 (Scotty Tapscott, 853½ E. 13th., Eugene, Oregon - irregular - no price listed) About all one can say about an editor-written first issue is that it shows promise, and this does. He needs outside contributions for the next issue; with them, WUGGA could turn into a first-rate fanzine.

TWIG #18 (Guy Terwilleger, Route #4, Boise, Idaho - irregular - 20¢) Notice the new address, by the way -- I didn't until just now. My apologies, Guy. TWIG appears to be going the way of other fanzines; becoming larger and less frequent. I hope this is due strictly to Guy's work on the BOYCON; I'd like to see TWIG more often. Actually, the letter column of this issue, slightly dated though it is, is the best feature. Here are readers with positive opinions and the ability to express them. The Hoka pastiche by Ted White and Karen Anderson doesn't come off too well (it's hard to do anything with the Hokus, though; I know from personal experience, and am reminded of my half-completed manuscript). Rick Adams and Harry Warner present readable stuff, Bruce Pelz and Renfrew Busby provide another high point with their "Conjugating Irregular Verbs" and Dick Lupoff has a book review column that is well written but still leaves the impression that it should have been better. As usual, illustrations and reproduction are good. Rating.....7

RETROGRADE #3 & 4 (Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota - monthly - free for comment) Redd's comments on fandom, politics, books, movies, etc. are generally entertaining, and are aided by a short lettercolumn. There are a few errors (the Hugo awards and the International Fantasy Awards are not the same thing, for example) and he tends to lecture his readers on occasion (which is mildly irritating to me but may not bother other people) but in general RETROGRADE is one of the best of the newszine/letter substitute type of mags. Rating....7

CRY #141 (Box 92, 920 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 25¢ or 5 for \$1 - British agent, John Berry) Look, fellas, I know you like con reports, and I know Terry Carr is a good writer, but....aren't there any recent cons for him to write about? John Berry, Wally Weber, Mal Ashworth and Les Nirenberg live up to CRY's reputation for humor, while Busby reviews magazines, the Dean Space Drive, and Bill Rickhardt. There is also the usual long lettercolumn. Rating...2

LES SPINGE #2 (Ken Cheslin, 18 New Farm Rd., Stourbridge, Worcs., England - US agent Don Durward - 15¢ - irregular) John Berry's hilarious review of a British tv program makes this issue worth your money. It would be worth even more if a couple of paragraphs hadn't been so mangled (presumably by typos) as to be incomprehensible. ("Presumably the cameraman apoplexy, for, mercifully, the scene ended, because, from somewhere, a battalion of rifle men had appeared....") Ken's biggest need right now is for a good proof reader. A few errors are admissable, but he has too many. Dorothy Hartwell is the author of a rather bad mood piece, including items like the Earth station being unable to locate the spaceship because the radar equipment on the ship had been damaged. Rog Phillips discusses the hunger to write, which confirms my opinion of the origin of his stories, while the editor, Archie Mercer, Alan Rispin, Peter Davies and Jhim Linwood write minor (but reasonably entertaining) accounts of fannish doings. Rating...4

SMOKE #3 (George Locke, 85 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Road, London SW 1, England - irregular - 2 for 1 copy of MAD, FU or F&SF) The editor's military experiences rate top honors in this issue. I've sometimes wondered why fans who are or have been in service don't sell some of these revelations. Stuff like this is popular, and what I've seen in fanzines often equals professionally-written material such as "See Here Private Hargrove" or "No Time For Sergeants" or "From Here To Shimbashi". Vin Clarke rambles about large-size fanzines, TAFF and so on, John Berry recounts the Willis Mission To Moscow, Ken Potter conducts busses (you're lucky, Ken; what if you were in this country and had to drive, too?), Mal Ashworth and Sid Birchby produce what are for them inferior products, and there are the usual letters. Rating...6

BRENSCHLUSS #4 (Ken & Irene Potter, 1 Dunsmure Rd., Stamford Hill, London N.16, England - no price or schedule) Personally I liked the interlineations best of anything in the issue. Life with Juanita makes them sound so familiar, somehow. Rest of the issue consists of pleasant fannishness by various people, marred by a sort of weird double-print effect that makes it hard to read. (Ordinarily I don't read reproduction like this, but this time the contents were entertaining enough so that I worked my way through it.) Rating...5

TIRED FEET #3 & 4 (Suzy & Shelby Vick, 408 Magnolia Ave., Panama City, Florida - weekly - for comment only, no subs taken) Circulation limited to 100 copies, they say, so probably I shouldn't review it at all. Now that I've started, however..... In these issues, the editors seem quite willing to stick to editing, drafting their assistants, Norm Metcalf and Rich Brown, to do the actual writing. Sneaky. One page of chatter per issue (mostly devoted so far to defining what the magazine is).

 "But I'm not being uncheerful. I'm just grouchy."Juanita

SOMEWHATLY #2 (Joe Lee Sanders, RR 1, Roachdale, Ind. - no price or schedule) This, says the editor, is a letter-substitute, sent out to inform his correspondents that he has survived another college year and will be getting down to fanac. Composed of odds and ends of humor picked up in various spots by the editor. Sort of fun.

SATA ILLUSTRATED #12 (Bill Pearson, 90-13 43rd. Ave, Apt.1-R, Elmhurst, Queens, New York 73, N. Y. - irregular - 25¢) The lithoed reproduction is used to good effect to present some very nice artwork, mostly by George Barr, the Finlay of the fanzines. There is serious fiction by Clod Hall and Bob Warner (not bad, but not pro quality) a poem by Barr (ditto), an article by Dr. Raymond Wallace, a column by Es Adams, and a review of "The Romance Of Leonardo da Vinci" and a defense of modern art by the editor. None of the material is particularly memorable (except possibly the front cover) but none of it is boring reading, either. A good mag. Rating.....8

FANAC #61 (Ron Ellik, 127 Bennett Ave., Long Beach 3, Calif. - co-editor, Terry Carr - semi-monthly - 4 for 25¢) Fandom's #1 newsletter. Major items this issue are (a) the notice that Eric Bentcliffe has won TAFF and (b) the cartoon heading by Grennell which utterly ruins the interlineation Herb Beach sent in to us and which I was planning to use this issue. Grmsh. 6 pages of fannish news. Rating.....8

FEMIZINE #? (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England - quarterly - 15¢ - US agent, Betty Kujawa) To all those fans planning to tell me I'm behind the times -- I just got this. The first issue was lost somewhere in transit, so Ethel sent a replacement. Despite the fact that Juanita has an article in this issue, I didn't like the issue as much as previous ones. In direct opposition to the myth that women talk too much, most of the material in FEZ this time is too short; subjects are compressed too much and come out looking more like outlines for articles than the finished product. This is particularly noticeable in Ina Shorrocks' "lowdown" on her husband and Marijane Johnston's feline biographies. However, we can surely expect longer articles in the future. Rating....5

DAFOE #2 (John Koning, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio - 20¢ - very irregular -- in fact, I thought he'd disappeared for good) Major item is Marion Bradley's rueful recounting of the perils of the fan-turned-pro. The sort of underplayed humor that you rarely see in fandom. There's also a long and good lettercolumn, the editor's ramblings, and fanzine reviews by Gene Hryb. Beautiful reproduction. Rating....6

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #50 (John Trimble, 980½ White Knoll Dr., Los Angeles 12, Calif - 20¢ or 6 for \$1 - six-weekly, they say) SHAGGY seems to be taking itself seriously as a club magazine -- not only does Jack Harness provide the minutes of several LASFS meetings, but George Locke sends in the seconds of the meetings of the London stf club. (This could start a trend; next we'll have Weber transferring his minutes from CRY and eventually we could have a fanzine composed entirely of minutes of meetings, with all fan clubs in the world vying to provide the most outrageous material.) Charles Burbee writes what will probably be hailed as a fabulous Burbee-type article. I didn't like it. It was better than Ed Cox's movie parody, however. Ron Ellik's column on the Secret Lore

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of Hitchhiking is the best thing in the issue, followed fairly closely by the reprinted Fanquet speeches of Bob Bloch and Julie Jardine. Fanzine reviews by Lichtman, letters, Bjo's column and the editorial are all good enough, though not quite up to the efforts of Ellik, Bloch, and Harness.

Rating....7

SPECULATIVE REVIEW #3 (Dick Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Virginia - bi-monthly? - 3 for 25¢) Now that he's finally got a price on the mag, what he needs is something to show exactly who's doing the reviewing. I think Eney reviewed the "Fantastic Universe Omnibus" and Bill Evans did the rest, but I wouldn't guarantee it. 27 pages of review and criticism of current science fiction.

Rating.....7

HOCUS #14 (Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey - irregular - 15¢ or 2 for 25¢) Don Franson informs readers how to write a PLANET-type letter -- this is the type of letter which kept me out of fandom for 5 years after I discovered stf, Don. If I hadn't found out that all fans weren't the sort of idiots who wrote these missives, I might never have got into fandom at all. John Berry has another of his spurious book reviews; this one being "The Frontier Life of Les Gerber". Les Nirenberg writes fa-an fiction, Rog Ebert reviews fanzines, and there are some good letters.

Rating.....5

MONDAY EVENING GHOST #4 (Bob Jennings, 3819 Chambers Dr., Nashville 11, Tennessee - 15¢ - bi-monthly?) Mike Deckinger has an article on "The Position Of The Prozines"; main trouble being that the position of the prozines was changing rather rapidly while it was being written. Clay Hamlin makes me feel like an old man with his selection of "Dear Devil" as a "forgotten classic", but then maybe I am. Gene Tipton compiles a sort of checklist of stf and fantasy radio shows, which should spark some nostalgic letters. The editor and Hamlin continue their discussion of today's stf vs. "the Golden Age". Since I don't think much of either today's stf or that of their particular "Golden Age" I'm not much interested in the discussion. One batch of crud may be superior to another, but who cares?

Rating.....3½

NORTHLIGHT #9 (Alan Burns, Goldspink House, Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne 2, Northumberland, England -- anybody interested in a Society to Streamline British Addresses? -- free for comment - bi-monthly?) This contains Laurence Sandfield's Farewell to Fandom; notable in that, unlike most fans who gaffiate publicly, he doesn't spend pages in telling us what a useless pastime fandom is. A new column by Klaus Eylmann gives a rather confusing background for further installments on German fandom. Alan Dodd reviews a movie, Alan (what's with all these Alans in England?) Rispin comments on fandom, the editor comments on Jugoslavia and provides a combined letter/fanzine review column reminiscent of "Inchmery Fan Diary".

Rating.....5

Incidentally, now might be a good time to comment to those fans who seemed insulted by my remark that I preferred Sandfield's positive statements to Inchmery innuendo, during the course of a recent feud. The general idea seemed to be that since Inchmery was Right, they had a right to express themselves in any manner they saw fit. Well, people, Inchmery may have been right, but I'm damned if I see why I should take

Inchmery's unsupported word on the subject. Sandfield made statements that could be proved or disproved -- Inchmery did neither, but retorted with loaded questions. It seems a bit odd that when Willis drops out of FAPA after an exchange with Gem Carr everybody decides that this proves Gem is guilty while when Sandfield drops out of fandom after an argument with Inchmery everybody decides that this proves that Sandfield is guilty. An interesting example of fannish logic, I suppose.

ESOTERIC #1 (Bruce Henstell, 815 Tigertail Road, Los Angeles 49, Calif. - bi-weekly (?) - 15¢ or 8 for \$1) Either there are a lot of typos in here, or California fandom has another Sneary. John Berry discusses the horrors of gafia, Les Gerber writes fa-an fiction, and Mike Deckinger discusses the methods by which Hollywood producers could improve their stf films. Unfortunately he neglects the point that Hollywood producers aren't interested in improving their films; they're interested in making money. He should better address his remarks to the exhibitors at the Cannes Film Festival. Reproduction is pretty poor, but a bi-weekly schedule should mean plenty of practice and rapid improvement. It will also mean that he can use a lot of material. Fanwriters, take note. By the way, Bruce, if you run short, draft your friend Tony to write about folk music. Maybe nobody else will be interested, but I will be.

WHR Vol. 2 #5 (B.O. Pfeifer, 24304 59th W., Mountlake Terrace, Washington - irregular - sample copy in return for a 4¢ stamp) And here we are, complete with a lousy expensive cover left over from SINISTERRA, and a new member of the editorial staff named Pat Stenek (oh, I almost forgot, Wally Weber has something to do with this thing, too). Actually, though, since they admit that Pat only cuts stencils for the zine, she really isn't an editor at all, but a stenekgrapher. Hal Shapiro slices into fanzines with his typical arrogance. (He comments that if he makes an ass of himself it's because he's typing directly on stencil -- or, in other words, because he lacks the facilities to cover up the fact that he is one.) The editors request that fanzines be sent to Hal for review, but I don't send YANDRO to even good reviewers unless they pay for the copy; I see no point in sending a copy to Shapiro. A feghoot by Deckinger and a wacky CRY-type lettercol round off the issue. Somehow I didn't like this issue as much as I did the last one. Weber isn't up to par, for one thing. Rating.....4

POLHODE #2 (Edmund Meskys, 723A, 45th. St., Brooklyn 20, N.Y. - 10¢ or 3 for 25¢ - quarterly?) Big item is L. Sprague de Camp's '59 Philcon address, "paraphrased by the editor". And not copyrighted; I didn't think you could even paraphrase deCamp without getting a copyright. Jean Bogert reviews movies, Art Rapp tells faneds how to make a profit, Mike Barnes has a veddy, veddy serious poem, and, more interesting than any of his contributors but deCamp, the editor traces his connections with John W. Campbell's "society of gentleman amateurs". There are also mailing comments on N'APA, but they don't take up too much room and can be ignored by the non-member. Rating.....4

Received but not reviewed: GLAMDRING (Bruce Pelz), SF-NYTT (Sam Lundwall), LRAEH (Pierre Lundberg), SONOMA (Norm Metcalf), SPICA (Robert Brandorf), RUMBLE (Walter Breen and Dick Lupoff) and BALLAST (Don Thompson). This stencil is being typed July 10; fanzines received after today will have to wait until the next issue.

A DODDERING COLUMN — ALAN DODD

Harry Dean went missing in 1939 and when the police found him after a search he was at the bottom of a quarry at the foot of a large boulder -- strangled.

He had climbed the boulder to look around him, and had fallen in such a manner that he was strangled by the constriction of his collar and tie. But was this all there was to the story? Or perhaps -- perhaps there was something about that weird boulder -- that old stone balefully looking out over the quarry -- the ancient "Bambury" stone used for human sacrifice in the black magic rites of the Middle Ages. Had some sinister entity, some malevolent emanation from the horror steeped stone clutched at the throat of Harry Dean?

After all, the boulder from which he was supposed to have fallen was only -- three feet high.....

And the greatest mystery of all -- the MARY CELESTE, derelict at sea and navigated into the harbour at Gibraltar by the mate of the DEI GRATIA and his captain who claimed they had found the ship abandoned at sea. The cabin windows were battened up, there were possible bloodstains on the deck planking -- but of the captain, his wife and child and the crew -- no trace at all.

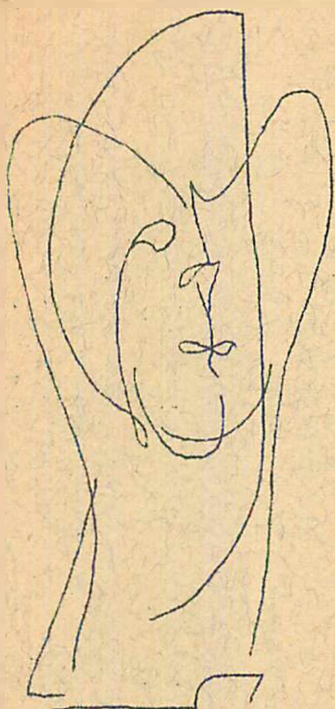
Many theories to this classic mystery have been evolved -- a mutiny and murder of the captain and family, a sudden abandon ship in haste for fear that an explosive mixture of air and alcohol from the cargo had been formed in the hold of the vessel -- or was it possible that the salvagers themselves had decoyed the crew aboard the DEI GRATIA and murdered them for their valuables and the salvage money?

No one really knows for sure, but a man who has spent a lifetime in keen research on these subjects, Harold T. Watkins, has just completed a book on these famous fantastic mysteries called MYSTERIES: SOLVED AND UNSOLVED and published by Odhams Press of London.

There is the Great Shepton Mallet mystery of 1768 where old Owen Parfitt, a totally crippled man seated at the doorway to his cottage, vanished into thin air -- teleported by supernatural influence into another dimension of time and space -- who knows? There is the unspeakable horror of the Cracow nun walled up in an airless hole four feet by two feet in a nunnery of the mid-nineteenth century, rotting and starving for twenty-one years until her wits left her -- all this because she was alleged to have broken her vows of chastity. The mystery and terrible solution are documented as if it had been the sole subject of a master's thesis. The facts are crammed into each narrative with incidentals and counter allusions in detail. The whole in a fascinating collection of stories embracing all that has perplexed and mystified us through the ages.

In one volume, who could ask for more?

S F TIMES reports a proposed amendment to the US Post Office rules which would revoke the second class mailing privilege of any magazine which did not sell 70% of the magazines distributed by second class post. Loss of second-class entry would kill most of the remaining sf-mags. Write to Mr. E. Riley, Director of Postal Service, Bureau of Operations, Post Office Department, Washington 25, D.C, to oppose this amendment.



A Sequel To Verne: Maurice Renard

ARTICLE BY

— GIOVANNI SCOGNOMILLO —

Remember "ORLAC'S HANDS" ? In 1934 Peter Lorre gave one of his best performances in this fantastic story of a famous pianist who, after losing both his hands in an accident, replaces them with those of a notorious criminal (incidentally, the late German actor Conrad Veidt was also at his best expressionistic manner in director Robert "CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI" Wiene's first filmic version of the same story, back in 1926 in Germany).

Well, if you don't remember it, just ask Forry (Famous Monsters) Ackerman to refresh your memory.

That's not the point, of course; I only wanted to mention "ORLAC'S HANDS" as an introduction to some notes on the early French SF writer Maurice Renard. Renard wrote, among others, the original novel for this film; but if this was the only one (if I'm correct) of his works to be brought to the screen, it was also merely one of his secondary works.

Renard (1875-1940) has often reminded me of Wyndham and Sturgeon. Today the old French master may be considerably outdated, mostly in his technical inventions and assorted paraphernalia, nevertheless one can find in him the first consequential traces of a particular touch of poetic fantasy and (why not?) poetic horror. As an example, his first short stories, mainly those included in his collection titled "Fantoms and Puppets", are written under the influence of Poe and De Regnier, but gradually a slight correlation between him and Wells, through a more subjective consideration of some fantastic themes, appears in his later works.

The reference to Wells may seem to some almost controversial: Renard has not that pungent, polemical, prophetic touch of the great British writer. His works of SF (that is a kind of SF ante litteram) are more a search toward the "scientific marvels", as he calls it, than a symbolic presentation of the future; nevertheless we must accept his fantastic extrapolations as the logical consequence of Verne and of Wells' style.

Renard's conceptions are, best of all, demonstrated in such novels as: "THE BLUE PERIL" (1912), "DOCTOR LERNE, SUB-GOD" (1908), "THE COUNT ERFEIT MAN" (1912), "THE MONKEY" and "THE MASTER OF LIGHT" (1920).

In the first one Renard tells of the struggle between humans and "sarvants" - a specie of invisible spider-like creatures of the deep spaces. According to the narrator, men and "sarvants" have always lived together, in a coexistential way, without knowing it. Oneday by a pure coincidence the two races are put one in front of the other. But this

is a revelation only for the humans: "Sarvants" have for centuries used the inhabitants of our world as experimental pieces for their laboratories.

Despite his title, "THE BLUE PERIL" doesn't indulge in a panorama of a declared conflict or invasion: humans are, have been, and will be subject to "sarvants". Man is not the only master of this world - he is enjoying it only because another species has given him this right. Renard is merely stating a fact, nothing else, but he evidently admires the "sarvants", a kind of biologically unique race that has achieved a high degree of social life.

Often, in reading "THE BLUE PERIL", I have thought of Murray Leinster's "WAR WITH THE GIZMOS". Here also "gizmos" and humans are sharing the world. Humans have known for centuries the impalpable presence of "gizmos". Legends, old tales, traditions are full of them. From the other side, "gizmos" have taken advantages of humans and animals, then one day war is declared, without mercy. "Gizmos" are defeated, "sarvants" are not; here lies all the difference.

A controversial theme is the one involved with "DOCTOR LERNE, SUB-GOD". Lerne is not a second Doctor Moreau; he is trying to change nature's laws without confining himself to a single species: he mixes animals with vegetables, and vice versa, gives life to a tree and changes his nephew into a bull. Lerne's theory is that soul is an independent part of the body, one that can be transported into other shapes. In the final pages of the novel Lerne transmigrates his soul into a car, thinking to achieve immortality. Unfortunately, when the car is impregnated with life it becomes perishable and dies, and so does Lerne. This animistic tale is truly a strange, bewildering, and iconoclastical one. Renard often risks becoming ridiculous, but he manages valiantly to interest the reader.

I remember that in his "THE ETERNAL RETURN", a filmic modern version of Tristan and Isolde's legend. French academician, writer, poet and director Jean Cocteau has also given independent life to a car and a gun, but this was pure poetical fantasy, without any psychological implications or conclusions. Renard tries to convince us of Lerne's point of view, although condemning it.

Another of Renaud's inventions is, in "THE MONKEY", the multiplication of human beings through a process called "consistent photography", although here scientific themes end in a common and rather poor thriller.

Maurice Renard, an almost forgotten name in early SF history, although outdated in his style, and in his inventions, remains among the first Continental writers who tried to give an intellectual quality to a narrative form dangerously sliding.

Renaud is a primitive, but he deserves to be studied again: some affinities between him and contemporary SF writers are too interesting to be neglected.

 "Report all obscene mail to your Postmaster; he thrives on it."from the Greenwich Village VILLAGE VOICE, via FWA



THE ADVENTURES OF FERDINAND FUGGHEAD II

—by—menasha duane—

The third Galactic Empire was almost unique among human institution for its high and rigorous morality, which it would on no account compromise; so it is not to be considered surprising that even the legendarily ingenious and tactful Ferdinand Fugghead was able to obtain a franchise for his Greater Galactic Trading Company only upon the stringent condition that the technical information which he intended to supply to backward planets would in no way disrupt their indigenous cultures. Fugghead proceeded in this matter with the utmost care, well aware that the source of his fabulous fortune would be cut off in a trice and a half if so much as one native woodcarver fell victim to GGTC-induced technological unemployment.

The reader can thus well imagine his horror when, returning from a strenuous mission reforming the mating taboos of the aboriginal Ap-Arrujans with the aid of group theory, he was greeted by a trembling vice-president.

"FF," he expostulated, "Disaster has struck the Fat Cybele project!"

"How could it?" replied the shocked Fugghead. "I set that project up myself. As I remember, the priests of Ba'al on Fat Cybele were attempting to create a gnostic syncretism, but they were unable to reconcile the contradictory local fertility myths. Their Ecumenical Congress was on the verge of ruin. Why, when I offered to teach them Hegelian dialectic, and guaranteed it would enable them to reconcile any number of contradictions, they fell at my feet with joy and promised us a two hundred year lease on the vrilbar mines and unlimited use of the temple prostitutes. It was a triumph."

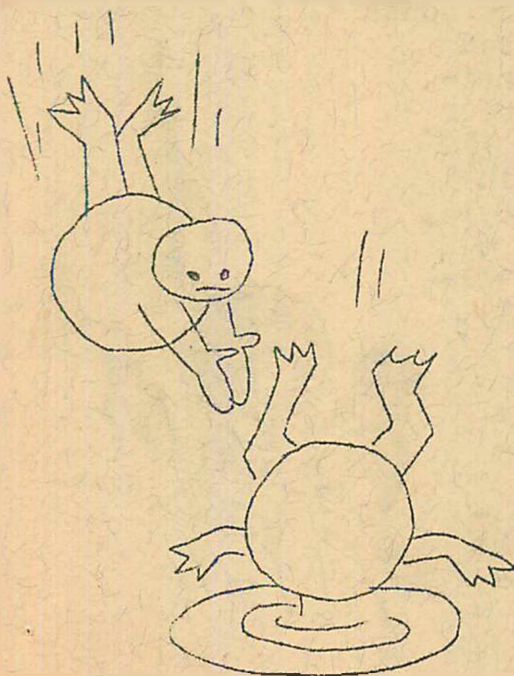
"It would have been a triumph, FF, except that a horrible error was made: Instead of a set of Hegel, the Fat Cybelians were sent one of

Descartes. The temple prostitutes have all read the Discourse on Method, and, instead of attending to their duties, sit around all day saying to themselves, "Cogito, ergo sum — or do I?" The priests are enraged, the Fat Cybele libido balance is upset, the culture is headed for doom, and the goose is cooked!"

"You idiots!" screamed the enraged Fugghead. "If I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times — Never set Descartes before the whores!"

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"You haven't lived till you've run a rat through a meat grinder." Theodore Cogswell

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On "Moment Of Fear", Aug. 19, NBC-TV will present "Caves Of Steel". It's been "adapted by James Yaffe", but still....."Conjure Wife", on the same show July 15, was quite well done.RSC



GRUMB LINGS

ROBERT E. BRINEX, 10 Fairfield St., Apt. 8, Boston 16, Mass. - Announcement of a new book that might interest you and/or YANDRO readers: LINCOS, Design of a Language for Cosmic Intercourse, Part I (North-Holland Publishing Co., P.O. Box 103, Amsterdam, Netherlands; \$6.00). "The author has tried to design a language for cosmic intercommunication to be called Lincos (lingua cosmica), which could be deciphered by mentally humanlike receivers in remote worlds. He was led to this specific problem by the realization that less than full use has been made of the logistic language available since the end of the 19th century; that mathematical languages as far as used in textbooks and papers are excessively parasitic upon natural languages; and that the intrinsic features of logistic language could only be determined by a thorough-going attempt to extend its field of application as far as possible. As the linguistic vehicle of Lincos he proposes to use radio signals, though he has refrained from entering into the technicalities of communication. Logistic syntax has been used and expanded to fit the needs of Lincos, and a vocabulary of a few hundred words has been developed. The four chapters thus far completed bear the names 'Mathematics', 'Time', 'Behavior', 'Space, motion and mass'. With the means now available in Lincos not only the fundamentals of mathematics and mechanics can be described, but also many features of human behavior. The work is to be continued so as to cover the whole of human experience."



It is perhaps necessary to point out that this is a serious work, and not a hoax or campbell-gunther idiocy. The author, H. Freudenthal, is professor of mathematics at the University of Utrecht, the Netherlands, and is a well-known logician and mathematician. Holland is currently (and has been for years) the center for research in metamathematics and logic, and all of their major works are published by the North-Holland Publishing Company.

/Sounds like a must for stf authors, at least. RSC/

BILL DONAHO, 1441 8th. St., Berkeley 10, Calif. - I haven't read "The Natural History of Nonsense" but I have read Gardner's "Fads and Fallacies" which was a useful and entertaining book. However all books of this type suffer from the drawback that they reflect current authoritative opinion on things. So while they are certainly 90% or more valid they peddle some misinformation themselves. For instance in debunking Gaylord Hauser (who of course is a crackpot) Gardner proved that he didn't know any more about nutrition than Hauser does. But I suppose that things like this are unavoidable and not too bad, as long as one doesn't begin to set up the writer of this type of book as the final authority.

As one who is very fond of series stories I naturally liked George Scithers' bit on them. I usually like a bad series just because it is a series, even; but am most unutterly bored by some of the ones he mentioned; Conan, Gavagan's Bar, The White Hart and the Billiards Club. Add to

those the Viagens series and you'll have all those I don't like.

Gene DeWeese's bit on PAMELA was very good. An extremely well-done book review. And of course he is right -- PAMELA is a scream.

Sid Coleman's commentary on Sex in History wasn't too good. (At least I disagreed with him.) To begin with I thought Pornography and the Law was a pretty good book. Dull, but useful and really not all that dull, just not too stimulating. I thought the distinction the authors made between pornography and sexual realism was quite valid both in itself and as a firm line to draw in fighting censorship. Of course I would prefer not to have ANY censorship, not even of pornography, but unfortunately that seems impractical at the moment. Quite possibly also this "stupid bright-boy" approach will be the best method of approach to the legal profession. From seeing the way that even intelligent and witty lawyers present their cases I can well believe it.

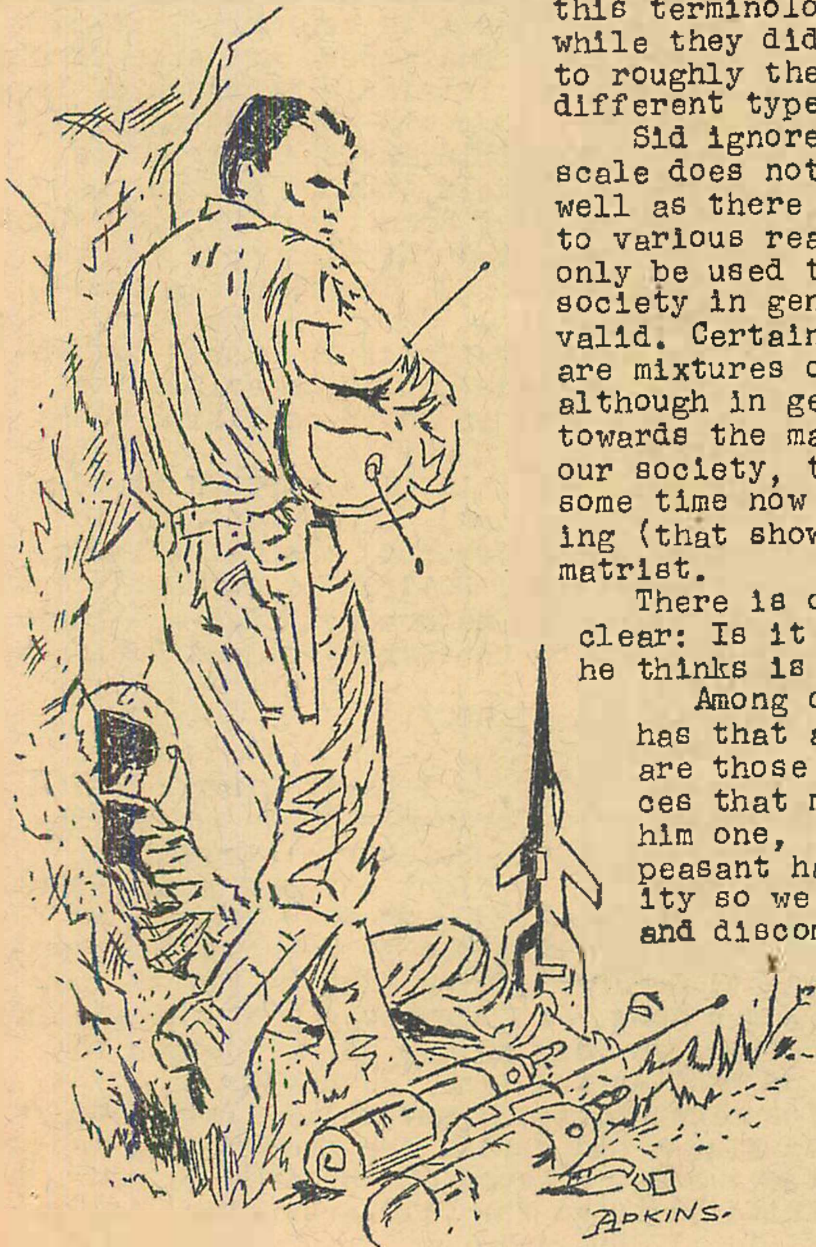
I was especially pleased by Taylor's Matrist/Patrist terminology. Other psychologists and anthropologists I have read who have made points similar to Taylor also floundered around with matriarchal/patriarchal and matrilineal/patrilineal, causing a great deal of confusion which

this terminology solves. These writers, while they did not use matrist/patrist, came to roughly the same conclusions about these different types of society that Taylor did.

Sid ignores Taylor's point that the scale does not apply to individuals very well as there are all sorts of mixtures due to various reasons and that it can really only be used to apply to the attitudes of society in general. As such it is much more valid. Certainly all of the people I know are mixtures of matrist/patrist attitudes, although in general fans seem to lean more towards the matrist side. When one looks at our society, though, it is obvious that for some time now it has been steadily progressing (that shows MY bias) from patrist to matrist.

There is one thing that Sid didn't make clear: Is it incest or fear of incest that he thinks is bad?

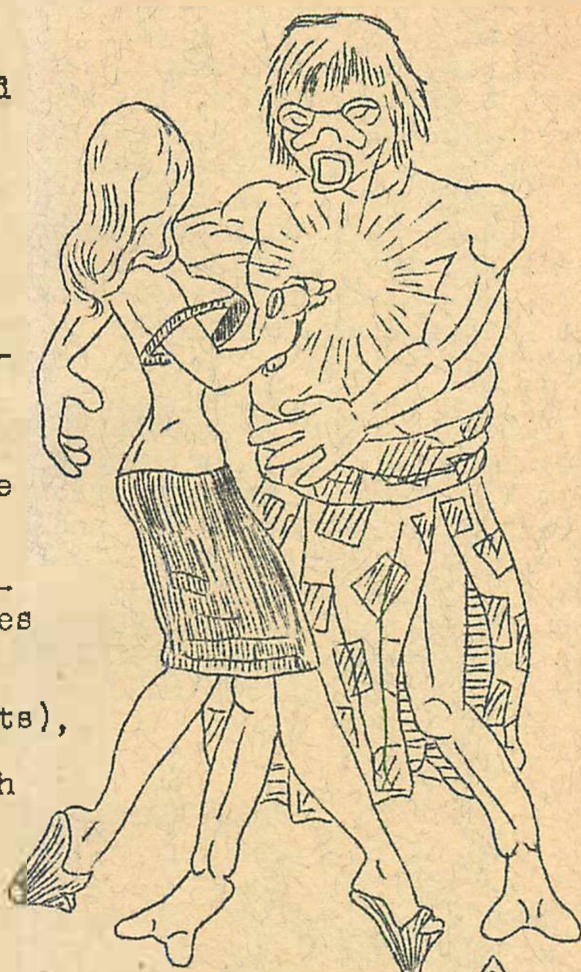
Among other troubles that a peasant has that are not tied up with fertility are those economical and political forces that make him a peasant and keep him one, (Naturally his being born a peasant has something to do with fertility so we can ignore that;) sundry ills and discomforts that his environment puts him to (those not connected with agriculture of course), the general burdens and duties his society puts on him, accidents, and aggression from other people. I could think of more I'm sure, but you get the idea.



About Horned-God Worship, I don't know. Haven't seen one of the things "undermining the foundations". Sid, could you name some? I'm interested. I had thought it was generally accepted that what little genuine witchcraft there was was a religion, with some reversing of Christian symbols of course, but with many pagan survivals. I even read one anthropology survey of its survival into the 20th Century in Scotland. Maybe somebody's leg was being pulled, though.

Ted was very good on "The Death Of Magazine Science Fiction", but I agree with him so completely that I have little to say.

/Evans makes an error or two in "Natural History of Nonsense", but the book is entertaining reading anyway. One the troubles not tied up with fertility that you mentioned, either witches were accused of causing them (ills, discomforts, accidents), or the peasant doesn't regard them as troubles (duties of society, forces which make and keep him a peasant, etc.) Peasants, as a rule, are proud of their duties and prefer to maintain the status quo; it's the better-educated laborer who revolts against his lot. RSC /



LES NIRENBERG, 1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ont. Canada -

I remember when I was a kid rushing to the Saturday matinee with my six cents (yes, it cost six cents to get in) clutched in my feverish little hand. I remember sitting on the edge of my seat watching the Don Winslow of The Navy series (do you remember them?) Don Winslow rushed around madly chasing German and Jap spies and catching them of course. I remember one particular thing about these "chapters", as we called them. Whenever the German spy wanted to escape to his hideout he had to go into a subway tunnel. In the tunnel there was a trap door. He went through the trap door, which was between the tracks, down into an underground laboratory. Now this was no ordinary laboratory but a lavish type workshop complete with gigantic radio sets with guys bent over them uttering such words as "obermeister", "donnerwetter", "mache schnell" etc. This lab always had about sixty or seventy rooms where spying in one form or another was carried out, but what stands out in my mind is one room in particular. This room had wall to wall broadloom, Scandinavian furniture, invisible sliding wall panels, a huge bar, an equally huge desk and an even huger bodyguard. We imagined that this was the place where "Mr. Big" intended to entertain Adolf Hitler when he invaded the states. But since Adolf Hitler wasn't in the states yet, this room served as a good place to torture Don Winslow's girl-friend. (Y'know, the usual cigarette near her face and this dialogue: "I would hate to ruin such a pretty fess. Pliz tal os di plens or ve vill be forced to use it.") What I couldn't figure out was, did all American subways have such swingin' pads under those tracks? Whenever I go into our lil ol' Toronto subway I can't help but wonder.

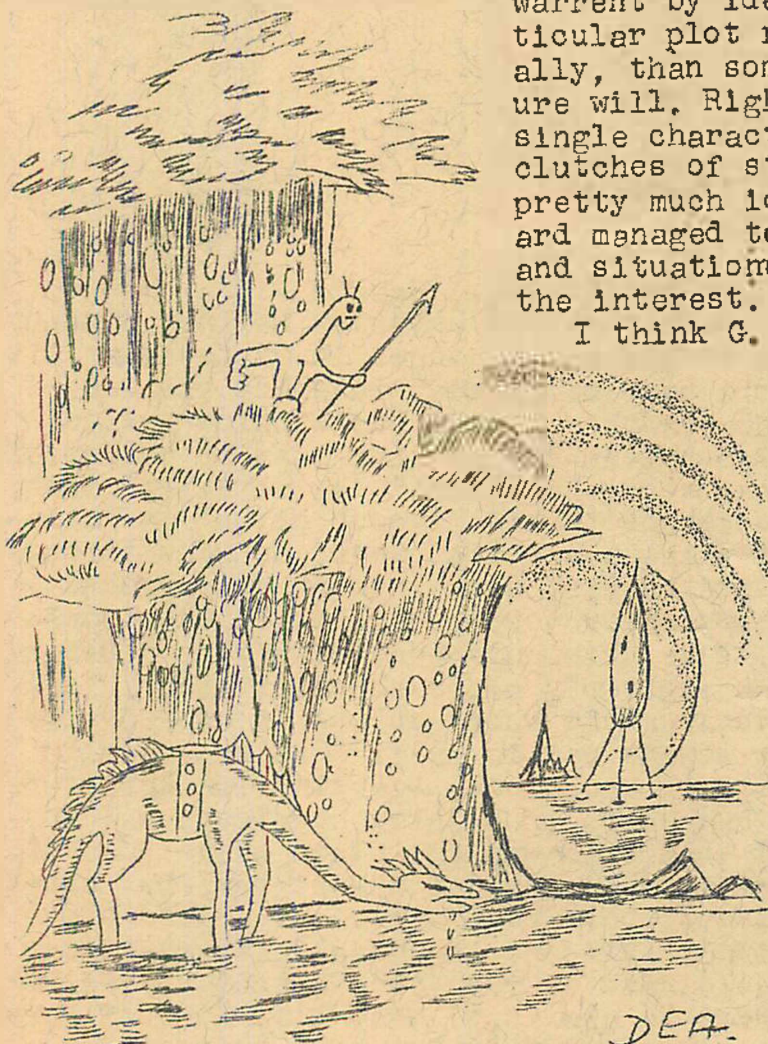
BOB JENNINGS, 3819 Chambers Dr., Nashville 11, Tennessee - I somehow gather that Mr. Scithers is not overly liking to series characters. I think he misses most of the whole point with sequels and continued characters. The plot and all else are NOT the main points in the sequels, or are they the reason that series characters exist. The character is what makes a sequel. If an author is clever enough to create a character that is unique enough to hold reader interest, and this character is too interesting, too remarkable (and I suppose you can interpret that many ways) to be left in one adventure, then there will be sequels. It is not necessary for one character to deteriorate into an uninteresting piece of hackwork. As long as the author can manipulate his creation so that his advantages are shown the readers with as little duplication of plot as possible, there will continue to be character series. Unfortunately many characters DO disappear into the abyss of stereotyped plotwork.....All too often you can see a character that begins his life as an adventure character, pure simple SO, and of course there are not too many ways you can vary the plot of such a character. The character who drops too deeply into his own type will probably die rather quickly. Of course there have been exceptions, Captain Future is the first thought to cross my mind, and more recently there is Sir Dominic Flandry, all hackish in the best traditions. But other series characters who have not signed their own death

warrant by identifying too closely with a particular plot role have lasted longer, generally, than something like Flandry or C. Future will. Right at present I can think of no single character that has managed to stay the clutches of stereotyped plotwork. Conan is pretty much identified with his role, yet Howard managed to create enough new complexities and situations to vary the story line and hold the interest.

I think G. H. Scithers also favors the story sequels like those done in the Gavagan's Bar series. I don't particularly favor those above the characters myself. The "club" series doesn't involve any real series play, just a collected group of interesting stories, usually vaguely humorous, and not often remembered with any serious consideration.

I'm afraid the most Mr. Scithers has done is to point out in more words than are needed that characters in series stories should not use the same standardized plot. Which we already knew.

/Since Mr. Scithers publishes a fanzine devoted to Conan, I rather doubt that he dislikes series characters, or prefers the "club" series. Maybe the reason you couldn't think of a non-stereotyped series character is



DEA.

due to the fact that there aren't any. Bob also expresses dislike of the DeWeese and Ebert items, thinks Ted White is our best columnist, says there are no copies of DYING EARTH in Nashville and comments that YANDRO's lettercolumn "ought to be the liveliest part of the zine." Why? RSC/

E.E. GREENLEAF, Jr., 1309 Mystery St., New Orleans 19, Louisiana - Ginger Phillips draws a sexy-looking exotic female on page 8. I like. More of the same, please.

Juanita brings up a good point about surviving an atomic war. I personally, living in a city which would be one of the prime targets, have adopted a fatalistic attitude. I shall not participate in any asinine "evacuation plan". Hell, you should see how people drive in the evenings when there is nothing more important at stake than getting home five minutes earlier for supper. How do you think they would act when it became a case of survival? Half of them would be incinerated in their cars, as they sat, tied up by traffic caused by breakdowns, wild drivers, and just plain sabotage.

Looks like the Pure in Heart are out to save the souls of us sinners. Down here they've started a Citizen's Committee for Decent Literature. Tossing around all the unsupported, unscientific, emotional mumbo-jumbo which is not supported by reputable workers in the field of human psychology. Had a new Anti-Obscenity law passed by the City Council. Full of the usual vague, undefineable terms. I am waiting for a really good test case to come up. So far, PLAYBOY is still being sold, and no one has tried to put a smock on the copy of the Venus de Milo in the art museum. But how long before the really sick ones take over? I've been thinking of starting a gag organization, the Citizen's Committee for Indecent Literature.

Scithers covered his subject skillfully and intelligently. I can find no criticism of such a well-written article.

I have long thought that if more people kept guns in their homes and places of business, and knew how to use them, there would be a considerable decrease in the crime rate.

/Anyone for starting a National Citizen's Committee For Indecent Literature? We could make Henry Miller honorary president, and..... There are such fascinating possibilities. I like it. RSC/

CRAIG COCHRAN, 467 W. 1st. St., Scottsdale, Arizona - You might as well have a review of "The Fantastic Universe Omnibus" in YANDRO for it seems like everyone else is reviewing it. I will have to buy that book for FU was my 2nd. favorite prozine. I really was sorry to see that mag go.

About that story Glenn Godwin told. I think the elephant was trained to sit on a red stool when a whistle blew and the small VW was red and the elephant mistook it for a stool. That is the way I heard it. It is more logical than training an elephant to sit on a car every time a



whistle blew.

/It's more logical that way, but I'm still not sure I believe it. You can buy your FU Omnibus through the Book Club now, I see. Craig also liked Scithers, Ebert, Peggy Cook (their material, that is) and liked Burns' poem "a little". RSC/

ROG EBERT, 410 E. Washington, Urbana, Illinois - Good Ghod, man, where did you find that story by me that you printed this issue? I didn't even remember the title, and it took a re-reading before something, somewhere in the dim dark past of my neodays, reminded me that I had written it. I can recall that you used to greet my submissions with the warning that YANDRO was backlogged clear into next year, but..... It's an eerie feeling, believe me, to read a story by yourself and wonder how it comes out. /I hope future contributors take this to heart; when I say we have a big backlog, I aint kidding! RSC/

The article by Scithers was sort of pointless, I thought; I couldn't see what he was driving at. This may have been my fault, of course.

The NRA controversy goes on. It seems to me to be a miracle of Modern Fandom that so many people can get so interested in a subject that they had maybe given no thought at all to previously. Now they're already taking sides; by the next issue I expect to see two clearly defined positions firming up, and by August the controversy should have reached personalities and some poor fan reader of YANDRO who thought that maybe guns were a good thing will have to go gafia because his fan reputation has thereby been ruined. For months, fan will gobble joyishly in review columns about Joe Fan's mythical back-yard cannon...someone will start a fmz called Bang-Bop, and a motion to allow firearms at the next convention will be introduced at Pittsburgh. The convention funds will disappear in the controversy, someone will pub an anonymous one-shot proving that Kent Moomaw died of gunshot wounds inflicted by a fellow (NRA member) fan, and Ted White will visit the home of Ted Trueblood to lay out the next issue of FIELD AND STREAM in Trueblood's basement.

And, about this time, Coulson will insert some propaganda about stamp collecting in a YANDRO, and....

/That cannon may not be mythical; Grennell and I are both trying to promote the \$300 necessary for the purchase of one of those anti-tank guns; Dean likes the idea of shooting gophers with a shell that would go right down in the hole with the beasts. RSC/

DICK LUPOFF, 215 E. 73 St., New York 21, N. Y. - WOMAN FROM ANOTHER PLANET, in case you haven't read it yet, is about a group of
MARTIANS

who plan to invade Earth because they lust after
EARTH WOMAN

whom they find much more attractive than Martian woman. Their Great Plan is to create

1000 ANDROIDS

Half of them male and the other half female, all so attractive that they shall bind into

LOVE SLAVERY

the 1000 most influential men and women on Earth, thus causing Earth to
SURRENDER

to the invading Martian fleet of

FLYING SAUCERS

They fail, however, because they select as test subjects for their an-

droids a pair of lovers from Greenwich Village, and, as you are well aware,

TRUE LOVE

conquers all obstacles. Oh, incidentally, the Martians from the Flying Saucers all speak English because for Two Years they have been monitoring our

RADIO PROGRAMS.

Scithers' article on sequels and series was the best thing in #88. But the four-and-half pages -- allow for the heading and illos and it's really only three-and-a-fraction -- were hardly enough.

There are two reasons for this: one is that Scithers was discussing something that he seems really to know about, and which he really had something to say about, and I wish he'd said a great deal more about it, for it seems that he had just about sketched in his position when he finished writing. I wanted to hear him expound on his ideas, fill in with more examples, and in general say about three times as much.

Second, it was just good, interesting writing, and I wanted to read more such.

/When George sent that in, I think he'd only been in fandom about a year (had been subbing to YANDRO less than a year) and I think he was a bit dubious about the possibility of getting a long serious article published. RSC/

BOB LIGHTMAN, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif. - /comments on issue #87/ - This cover is good anyway I look at it (meaning the soak-through is such that I can see it on the reverse side of the sheet) and I'm glad to see that Adkins is back in the illustrating business again. Did Dan put it on stencil himself or did Juanita take the (?) honors (?) If it were dittoed I'd know Dan had, but mimeo work is harder to tell. It looks good enough so that he may have stencilled it himself. /To date, Dave Prosser's illo in the annish artfolio is the only one put on stencil by the artist. (Some lithoed work has been (mastered? matted?) by the artists, but no other mimeoed work.) Unless we say different, stencilling of artwork is all by Juanita. RSC/

Is that illo heading Ramblings actually what your mimeo machine looks like? For \$30 I guess it couldn't be much more than that. And you certainly have gotten your money's worth out of the machine, haven't you? I can see your point in sitting around listening to George talk about the problems in multilith work. It's about the same feeling I got when I attended the LASFS Gestetner meeting and listened to them talk about the LASFStetner. At that time the only duplicators I had ever operated were a hand-feed hand-fluid-feed Ampeco spirit duplicator and a rather worn-out ABDick 90.

I guess I wasn't too clear in my comments about reading signs and all. By "far away" I meant a block or so away. And "close up" wasn't two inches from my nose, it was more like sitting in your car looking out at the sign on the corner. But I could read it two inches from my nose, I suppose. At least I can read Yandro two inches in front of my nose, but it's somewhat of an eyestrain. (I just tried it.)

Urk, you have a split infinitive in the third line of your first editorial break on page 8! Aren't you as split-infinitive conscious as I am? Can't stand the things, even though I may occasionally use them. /Evidently I'm not as conscious of them, because even on re-reading the item in question I don't see any split infinitive. Looks like this is something you'll just have to put up with, like as how. RSC/



Wonder why British fen have these engrams about our fibrous mimeo paper? Maybe because it's not available over on their side of the Pond. Another reason you didn't mention to Eric for using the "blotting paper" is the matter of offset. If you used white or colored bond you'd have all sorts of trouble with offset unless you took the pain and time necessary to (ugh!) slipsheet.

Have tried draftsman's lettering templates -- I have one that's 3-in-1 for \$2.20 -- that is, there's three sizes of vertical capital letters -- and I don't think they're much cheaper, if at all, than mimeoing lettering guides. And you can fit a stylus through them -- at least I can. I use a fine-point drawing stylus rather than a special lettering stylus. I don't have any lettering styli, anyway; seems a waste of money to me for one of them. But maybe not -- does Juanita use any special lettering styli? If so, what does she think of them?

/Juanita says she uses a Speed-O-Print #32 lettering stylus for letters under 3/16" and a medium ball stylus for larger letters. She further says that a fine-point stylus "rips hell out of the stencil" if used for lettering. Maybe you got different quality stencils. RSC/

Is Rodney Waggoner for real or is he a penname for a Coulson or some other creature? I must confess I've never heard of him before. His article goes pretty smoothly and I agree with him. I'll bet this was written at least 10 months ago, though. With the present state of the field it couldn't have been written just the other week.

/Waggoner is a pen name for some other creature. (Count von Liebfraumlch, to be exact.) And the article was actually written sometime in 1960 -- I don't recall the exact date. (Or at least, we received it in 1960; I guess I can't guarantee that it was written then.) RSC/

MIKE DECKINGER, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, N.J. -- also on #87 -- Does Bruce engage in this business of repeating random numbers often? And what kind of genius is he anyway -- actually being able to count up to 15. You haven't been secretly slipping him mescaline, have you? /Oh, he doesn't count up to 15. That is, he knows quite a few number-words, but he's pretty shaky on sequence above 4. So the numbers he repeats are likely to be random as the devil. RSC/

As for the licenses, I took the tests for mine two months ago, and I was frankly amazed at the ease with which I breezed through it. I don't know how it runs in Indiana, but here we first take a written and eye test to get a learner's permit, and then the road test for the actual license. Beforehand I was briefed by others telling me how difficult it was, but it was a cinch. The written test consists of 25 questions taken practically verbatim from the manual, the eye test has you distinguish red, green, etc. and is designed to ferret out the color blind, not the nearsighted or farsighted. And with the road test, all I had to do was drive a short distance, turn, make a K turn, come to an intersection, and drive back. I honestly think they must go out of their way to make it easy.

/Oh, I dunno; them K turns are the hardest kind. (I guess you meant U turn -- or is it something that I call by a different name altogether?) Actually your test sounds about average; our road test is sometimes a little harder (though not always), but the written test is probably easier. We don't have as many questions, at least. RSC/

DICK SCHULTZ, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan - This little fan doesn't spend any time talking with others about the possibility of surviving fallout. Did a lot of that in high school and got the rep of being a worry-wart, a nut, a defeatist, and all that. Nowadays I just keep my pistol packed and make sure we always have plenty of canned goods in the cellar. Have rigged up a primitive sort of shelter, which while good protection against blast is lousy protection against fallout. For some reason I don't think much of fallout shelters. Not when the fallout is apt to have a half-life running into the centuries. I'd just as soon try to make tracks out of town away from the path of the worst fallout and take my chances with my progeny, future ones, that is.

Have a pack, all packed with a change of clothes, underwear, and food. Keep my Army boots in good shape, can throw a knife fairly well and can hit what I aim at with me bow and arrow. Have a few really good maps of Michigan at hand, and have a few places that I'll stop by ~~and~~ ~~blindly~~ on my way out of town.

/Just don't come too far south out of town; I mean, we're friends and all, but I'm not one to let friendship stand in the way of a square meal. And unless you're lucky in your plundering, I'll have better weapons. RC/

I'd be interested to know whether George Scithers had to dump some of his verbage before he submitted the final manuscript. In other words, what did George cut out of that superb piece?

/Well, there was no editorial request for cutting; I don't know what if anything he cut out before sending it in, and I doubt if he recalls at this late date. RSC/

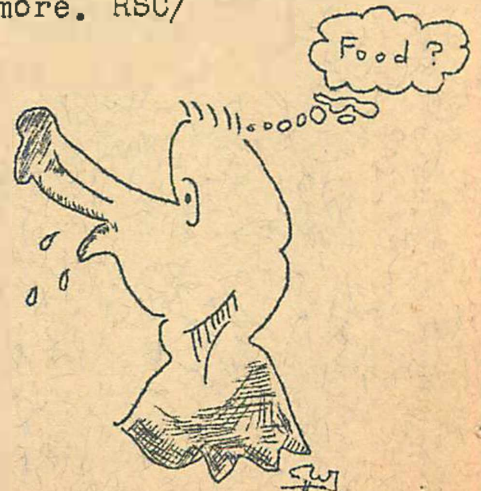
I found Laurel Bay on a map of S.C. the other day. By God, he is in the midst of miles and miles of swamp!!! Can it be that he wasn't exaggerating.....? And while I don't approve of the chappie he mentions, I do think that possession of a weapon is a right of the free Yankee (now are you satisfied, Boyd Raeburn?) that is a powerful deterrent to the would-be demigog and dictator.

Don Anderson is beginning to sound like one of the year's best New Fans. Ha! Another stamp collector in fandom! Welcome to the Shorrocks & Schultz Philately Circle.

Why don't you team up with Dean Grennell to produce monthly GRUES? Then you could even swamp FANAC in the Fanac Poll....

/I'm trying to team up with Grennell. He's weakening, too -- but it will still be a long time before I can come up with any of that wonderful material, I'm afraid. I keep hinting that we give out free contributor's copies, and he keeps sending money. Dick (and several others) complained about the 16-lb white paper we used in #38. Sorry, people, but we ran out of paper. I'll try not to let it happen anymore. RSC/

ALSO HEARD FROM: Betty Kujawa, Norm Metcalf, Les Nirenberg (again), Leslie Sample, Bob Smith, Bill Conner, Maggie Curtis, Earl Noe, Vic Ryan, Herb Beach, Paul Shingleton, Mary Quinn, Phil Harrell, Billy Joe Plott, Randy Scott, Sid Coleman, Jeff Wanshel, Ken Cheslin. As usual, ~~excerpts~~ ~~from~~ some of these will appear in the next issue. I hate to go thru editing letters as though they were articles, but it's the only way to operate; we can't afford 50-page issues. Today is July 13; we might get this issue out in July, yet. RSC



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