

G. Barr  
1960



**YANDRO**

NUMBER # 93







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An uplifting example of the difference between hackwork and good writing:

"...his ironical eyes were green and ironical." ....Manly Wade Wellman, "The Solar Invasion"

"...he saw that the humiliated creature was so humiliated that he felt suddenly sorry for her." ...Fyodor Dostoyevsky, "Crime And Punishment"



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## ARTWORK

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## Favorite Fan Misspellings, III by Don Franson

I notice "rediculous" quite often, for "ridiculous". This is ridiculous, because the word is based on ridere, "to laugh". Don't all fans know Latin? All you have to do is say over and over again: "Ridiculous! Not rediculous! Get rid of the red!!" If you say this often enough and loud enough, you will not only learn to spell but will have a reputation as a strong anti-Communist.





Again we are producing an issue under rather peculiar circumstances: the Thursday after Labor day, I began classes for fall quarter (working on my master's, again), with last year's wacky arrangement repeated (during the week, I'm in Anderson, Indiana, and most of the weekends, I'll be in Wabash) - and if you think putting out a coherent two-edited fanzine this way is easy, I invite you to try it. I was going to tell people who wanted rush type artwork from me to send the mail to Anderson, but I

know from past experience that I wouldn't get it done any faster anyway, so it might as well be sent to Wabash to avoid confusion.....not that I expect to get anything but the most vital stuff done until the quarter is over (Thanksgiving) anyway.

The glow from the con has mellowed somewhat, leaving the highpoints in glittering nostalgia and the remainder of the events floating in that peculiar vast sea known as con atmosphere. Only to be expected, the event which stands out most vividly in my memory is the all-night folk-singing session in the Sky Room (and what a lovely arrangement for stf cons that hotel was! where else could I play the piano at 4:00 a.m. without complaint from the other guests?).....but why is it - some quirk of our culture or what - that the predominant number of folk songs known to all involved in a hootenanny invariably turn out to be the dirty ones?

This occurred Monday morning, but I attended a smaller but equally delightful session Saturday night-Sunday morning, wherein I first encountered Jock Root's fabulous Travelcon calypso - this has to go down in fannish history. Who's printing it? Somebody, please! I have been humming "I should have taken the plane," for weeks now.

Of course, probably the high event of the convention to the number of fan artists who were there was the Fan Art show. There was a varied, if NSF dominated, assortment (this last is not to be construed as a criticism - after all, it was their idea originally), asurprisingly large, and generous crowd, and I think a good time was had by all (except the poor fans who were drafted to sleep overnight in the room and guard the exhibit - it seems the room couldn't be locked - about the only one of the convention rooms that couldn't, naturally). And I finally got to meet Dave Prosser, Barbi, and spend a bit of time talking to Bjo.

There are always so many things to do and so many people to meet at a convention, and never sufficient time for even half of the plans I have. Conventions should be at least a week long (of course, I have no idea how we would pay for a week-long convention, but the idea sounds terrific) - there should be a schedule of parties: Gilbert and Sullivan one night, jazz another, folk music another, Curtis beerbust, and so forth, with careful sorting out so they didn't conflict (then I could go to all of them - of course, I'd need weeks to recuperate, but what fun while it lasted).

Running down my mental diary of the convention, I come out with some fascinating memories: that cute bridge in Pitt where the highway turned and we didn't; finding out that the whole blarsted convention was on



one floor; meeting oodles of wonderful people, some for the first time and others the old friend type; seeing the Califan movies combined with a floor show of Asimov, Garrett, and Ellison (Al Lewis was apologizing for the "serious" stf movie Califandom did - as far as I'm concerned, I now know what Hollywood spends its money on in stf films - sets); seeing the gorgeous artwork exhibited in the fan art show (and me there on a shoe-string as usual, sob sob!); the masquerade ball - some really cute ones this time, and some beauties - Bjo, Earl Kemp, the Lupoffs, the Curtises; finding out that Les Gerber and I singing rock and roll can empty a suite in three minutes (the Curtises were thanking us while they showed us the door - seems they wanted to go to sleep and had been trying to get people to go for quite some time).....and after all is said and done I am kicking myself because I forgot to take a photo of that hotel marquee saying 'Welcome Aardvarks' (I understand fan hosts were constantly shoos-ing Aardvarks out of fan type parties, where they came in sopping up the free liquor - who were they, anyway?).

Some mighty fine guitar playing in evidence at the folk-singing session, with me shrinking timidly into the background. Maybe by Chicago I'll have had the thing long enough to keep up with youse guys. All of you horrified masculine-type guitar players - horrified by the combination in my guitar of a high nut, narrow neck, and steel strings - will be happy to know I'm getting (or rather, already have) nylon strings. One difficulty, I have to tune the bass string to D instead of E and set my capo on the second fret to keep the thing from flapping rather violently; oh well, details. And another blessing, now my fingers aren't green after every practise session - I guess Indiana's humidity is murder on steel guitar strings.

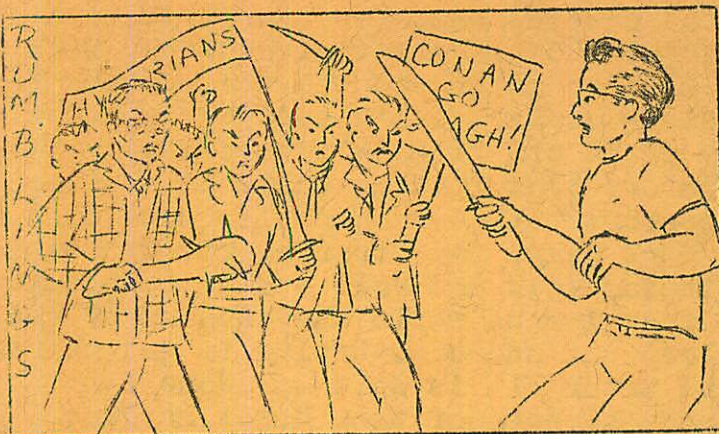
My college classes this fall are Philosophy of Education, Mental Hygeine, and the reading seminar I mentioned last year, major change being a new professor in the last mentioned. Rather than widespread reading in Western literature, we are to concentrate on one author, and, as you may have gathered from the squib on the contents page, my author is Dostoevsky. I should have picked Turgenev - the stuff is shorter. After wading through The Brothers Karamazov, The Idiot, Crime and Punishment, and several biographies of the author, I'm beginning to feel rather of a schizophrenic myself. From the descriptions of Dostoevsky's writing and publishing methods, I would say "Police Your Planet", the serial that didn't know when to quit, had nothing on him.

Recommended reading for this month - The Miracle of Language, by Charlton Laird, for non-language majors and general clods like myself. It's a delightful book that gives one an excuse for forgetting all those grammar lessons because after all it was a declined grammer and we're using a distributive language. As a sample, are you listening, Lichtman?, he asks the reader to isolate the verb in the following sentence: "You'd better start doing something about getting the tire blown up".....just try it without including 'better'.....funfun.....JWC

WHAT IS THIS - A GAME OF 'MUSICAL GUITARS'?







Despite how Heinlein meant "service" in "Starship Trooper" to be interpreted -- and he made it definite that the term covered a good deal more than just military activities -- there is a normal human tendency to treat the unfamiliar in terms of the familiar. And, on those terms, his political setup is reminiscent of this country being controlled by the American Legion, which is a thought to give most sf readers the cold chills. The

story starts out with one strike against it right there, and the concept isn't enhanced by the idea that a serviceman is better equipped for voting privileges than a non-serviceman. He may be more interested in the welfare of his nation -- though this is a long way from being proven -- but is he any more able to distinguish a good leader from an incompetent or a scoundrel? The service organizations were strong backers of Sen. McCarthy, as I recall....and, for that matter, McCarthy himself was a veteran. (Abe Lincoln, by the way, came very close to what would nowadays be called a "slacker", but I don't think this made him unfit for leadership.) Other comments on Peggy Sexton's article follow the article.

Bob Tucker has been sending us goodies lately. First came a couple of book ads, for "Bantan's Island Peril" and "Bantan Incredible". Bantan himself seems a sort of poor man's Tarzan crossed with Doc Savage ("The bronzed giant is...."), but the notable point about these books is that "Bantan's Island Peril" is "the first of the Bantan books to be Illustrated" and the Illustrator (no, I don't know why it's capitalized; ask the publisher) is Jim Cawthorne. "Bantan Incredible" comes even closer home; the illustrator is Dave Prosser. Hooray, and all.

The second item Bob sent was a clipping from a -- presumably local -- newspaper, containing an account of how the New York cops raided the apartment of a writer of stories about juvenile delinquency. They didn't find the drugs they were looking for, but they did find several weapons, including "a loaded revolver". Now, I keep a loaded revolver in the house all the time, but in New York it's illegal, due to the infamous Sullivan Law, so they drug the writer off to the precinct house to be booked.

And the writer's name? Why, Harlan Ellison; hadn't you guessed? Another item to add to fandom's fund of Harlan stories.....I wonder if the cops damaged the door any? Seems like people keep breaking in on Harlan, somehow.....

Well, the glorious Pittcon is over. If anyone is interested in photos of the masquerade ball, we have color shots of Earl Kemp, Bjo Trimble, Pat and Dick Lupoff, and the Curtis family in costume, plus one long group shot. Those named will get free copies of the photos of themselves; if they want pics of anyone else, or if anyone not named wants a photo, the price is 25¢ per print, which is exactly what I'll have to pay for them. And no, even if you know a cheaper place you may not borrow the negatives and make your own prints.

I almost went to the masquerade in costume. I wouldn't have needed any makeup; I was thinking of going as that old pal of Sergeant Saturn, Snaggletooth. All I needed was a bottle of xeno, but.....



I think the high point of the convention for me was Monday morning, when I stood up in front of the assembled members of the Hyborian Legion and told them what I thought of Conan. (This is roughly equivalent to wandering into Red Square and spitting on Lenin's tomb.) Scithers double-crossed me on this, by the way; the night before he said that H. Beam Piper would do the rebutting, but when I actually got there, no Piper was in evidence and the ~~replies~~ replies were started off by L. Sprague deCamp. Fun, though, and it would have been even more fun if I had been wide enough awake to recall everything I wanted to say on the subject.

The hotel deserves commendation. Up till this year, I had thought that the Manger in Cleveland was the epitome of hospitality toward sf conventions, but I think the Penn-Sheraton did even better. The arrangement of giving the entire top floor to the con, so that the folksinging session could go on till 7:30 AM without bothering anybody, the very good elevator service, and last but not least, the fact that I never even saw a house detective throughout the con. (And it might also be mentioned that for probably the first time in history, the best cheap eating place in the vicinity of the con was in the drugstore attached to the hotel itself....a fact which Juanita and I didn't discover until sometime Sunday.)

Just for the record, the Hugo Award winners were: Novel - "Starship Troopers" by Heinlein, Short Story - "Flowers For Algernon" by Keyes, Dramatic Work - "Twilight Zone", Artist - Ed Emshwiller, Professional Magazine - F&SF, Fanzine - CRY OF THE NAMELESS. Heinlein provided the surprise of the con by showing up to take his award in person; Rod Serling sent a flowery letter of acceptance -- which I still think sounded as though he'd told his secretary, "Write this bunch a letter and lay it on thick".

One grudge against the con committee, for shutting off the "Who Killed Science Fiction?" panel off just as Campbell was getting warmed up. The fact that a good many members of the audience would have preferred to hear more of Campbell rather than listen to Harlan Ellison's talk on "sophisticated science fiction" was proved by the number of people who followed Campbell out into the hall rather than stay for the talk. So he had turned the panel into a query on "Who Killed The Dean Drive?" He was still being interesting...I know Harlan is a good talker, but you can hear him any time; occasionally the problem is to avoid hearing him.

Of course, I didn't enjoy having the fanzine editors' panel first set back to a time when panellists and audience were both worn out from 2½ days (or more, in some cases) of convention, and then cut short, but I figure I'm prejudiced there, so my opinion doesn't count. Incidentally, considering the lack of preparation the panellists didn't do too bad; if you'll compare notes on the list of panel members given in the program book and the actual participants, you'll find only 2 names on both lists -- mine and Bentcliffe's. The first intimation that Norm Metcalf had that he was going to be on the panel was when Eric called him up out of the audience 5 minutes before the thing started....I think he did a pretty good job.

We won't be going to Seattle, so for us in '61 it will be the Midwestcon, the IllWiscon, the Economou's New Year's Party, Fran Light's party (she will be giving one, won't she, Earl?) and our picnic, and then CHICAGO IN '62!

See you again next month, but don't expect to be reading anything but fanzine reviews and letters.

RSC



# ODD VEGETABLES

— by — thomas stratton's sons

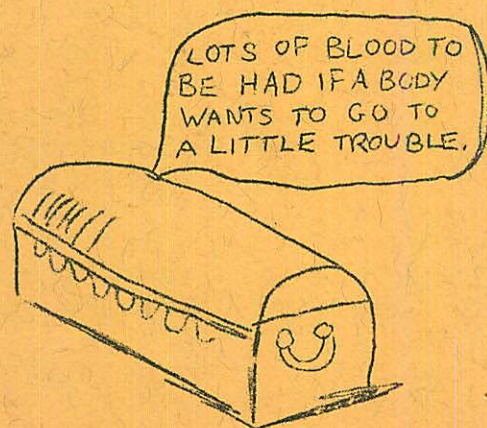
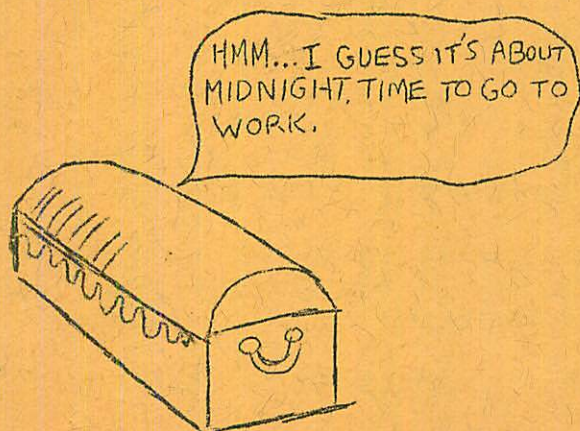
Excerpts From A Year's Fanzine Review Column

January - THE FOSSERANDERAN MORNING NEWS #1 (Johnny Black, 13 Tritonian Circle, Drienquiski, Pa. - 25¢) For a new magazine, this is really magnificent. Photo-offset, three color cover, with a short story by E. E. Smith and an article by Heinlein - the only thing lacking is an editorial. Every fanzine should have an editorial, Johnny; it puts something of yourself into the zine. Rating - 9

March - THE FOSSANDERAN MORNING NEWS #2 (Johnny Black, 13 Tritonian Circle, Drienquiski, Pa. - 25¢) Really a good ish. A short story on parapsychology of the future by L. Sprague de Camp and L. Ron Hubbard, and a long article by John Campbell on the value of the scientific method, are the high points. So-so editorial. The only trouble with this zine is that it's too specialized; nothing but stf. Johnny, you ought to get some fannish material, like guns, music, and all that. Rating - 7

May - THE FOSSANDERAN MORNING NEWS #3 (Johnny Black, 13 Tritonian Circle, Drienquiski, Pa. - 25¢) Johnny starts off thish with his usual editorial, but the real meat of the zine is in Miriam Allen De Ford's article on gunrunning, and Robert Bloch's short story is of course superb. Anthony Boucher contributes an article on early American opera. The trouble with the zine is that it's too heavily dominated by professionals. Johnny bhoy, you ought to get more amateurs writing for you. Rating - 5

July - THE FOSSANDERAN MORNING NEWS #4 (Johnny Black, 13 Tritonian Circle, Drienquiski, Pa. - 25¢) Editorial, a rather poor sercon article by Terry Carr, and a labored fhannish story by Buck Coulson take up most of the space in thish. Jhohnny, that photo-offset looks high-class and all that, but it'd be a lot cheaper if you got yourself a mimeo. And your title is too long, too - you ought to try abbreviating it to FMN. Rating - 3





September - FMN #3 (Johnny Black, 13 Tritonian Circle, Drienquiski, Pa.,  
- 25¢) Editorial, fhannish material, mimeoed. Typical crudzine.  
Rating - 1

December - Things have been pretty confused around here after the mysterious disappearance of my predecessor. I'll start off with:  
The Fossanderan Morning News - Johnny Black, 13 Tritonian Circle, Drienquiski, Pa. - 25¢ /// It's good to see Johnny has brought this zine back to its original high quality - the real high point in this issue is Ray Bradbury's learned discussion on the partial pressure of oxygen in the Martian atmosphere. Very nearly as good is H. P. Lovecraft's wildly hilarious story "Full Circle". The only thing this magnificent zine lacks is an editorial. Rating - 0

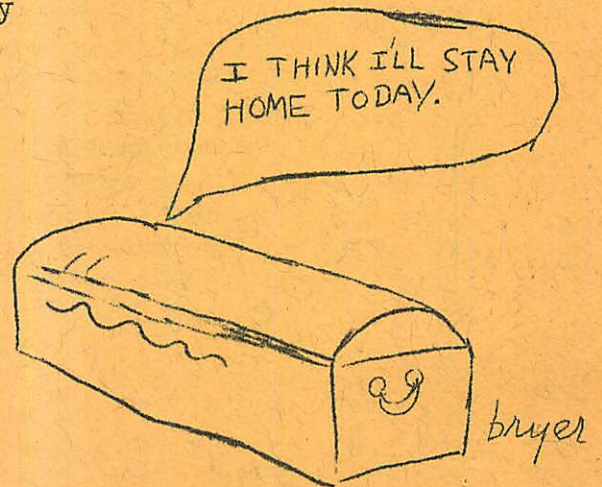
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ABRUPT DESCENT  
by Rog Ebert

Up came the circular seat  
and the silver-green wiggling  
baby alligator  
Was splashed into the  
clear white water.

Dancing in the champagne  
crystal bowl,  
Dancing excitedly on the  
porcelain,  
The alligator slipped  
and slid  
in his funny attempt  
To escape.

Plunge down the handle,  
make the alligator dance  
in frenzied circles  
As the water whirlpools  
down.

Last glimpse  
is of a contorted pencil-tail  
writhing in agony  
In the bowl.





# The Clayfooted Troopers

—by — PEGGY SEXTON —

At the present time, no one has done Robert Heinlein, fandom's clay-footed idol, the favor of dissecting his book, "Starship Troopers", and the philosophy contained therein with sound historical and sociological evidence.

There have been charges that the hypothetical society was cruel, discriminatory, fascistic and run by "military minds", and declarations of "I wouldn't want to live in such a society!" in which I concur wholeheartedly.

To date, however, no one has come up with any facts to show why such a social system would by its very nature be doomed to fail although it might enjoy a brief and glorious heyday. The facts exist in Toynbee, J. G. Frazer and other respected authorities.

The book has been thoroughly bludgeoned with emotion, and perhaps the time has come to perform "the friendly office" with a dagger of logic. There were stern injunctions in ancient duelling codes about opponents meeting on the same ground and using evenly matched weapons. Up to now neither the ground nor the weapons have been evenly matched.

What do people mean when they speak of a "typical military mind"? It is usually spoken in a derogatory sense and carries such connotations as an excessive reliance on "the book", blind insistence on forms and procedures, a contempt for originality, love of personal protocol and a tendency to view all problems as tactical exercises.

On the positive side it may be argued, often quite validly, that military tradition breeds respect for authority, fortitude, devotion to duty, courage, and hardheaded logical thinking. Perhaps military virtues and their contrary vices are two sides of one coin which can coexist peaceably in the same mind.

Anyone, if he thinks long enough and carefully enough, can doubtless recall seeing the negative characteristics operate in civilians as stodginess, lack of humane feeling, bureaucracy, etc., and the positive of courage, duty-consciousness, etc., operate in many non-combat situations. Now what becomes of the term "military mind"?

The safest definition would appear to be the previously described set of virtues and vices operating in a military context.

With psychiatry so divided between heredity and environment as prime influences on human behaviour, posing a question like "Is a military mind individual or produced by social forces?" would lead to thinking in circles at best and irregular polygons at worst. It might be safe and reasonable, though, to ask if factors operate in military life as a social setup which intensify military vices. Military life as such has several outstanding characteristics: It is strictly regulated by protocol even during off-duty hours, it is hierarchic in structure, and it is often intensely isolated -- physically and socially -- in the same way that small rural communities are.

These things have several effects. One is that people in the same occupation are thrown together 24 hours a day. They have limited contacts with civilians, and the incomprehensibility of civilian mores and



ways of thinking increases in direct proportion to the extent of isolation.

Social isolation breeds fear of outsiders, a marked clinging to the ingroup, and hostility to the outgroup wherever and whenever it occurs. Sometimes if the groups get to know each other as human beings rather than as preconceived stereotypes, open fighting is avoided. Study anthropology and you will find more examples of this than can be recorded here, one of the most famous of which is the existence of rigid taboos on contacts with strangers.

What happens when political power is concentrated in the hands of a military group? This happened in fact several times before Heinlein was born and with disastrous results each time.

In the sixth century B.C., the Spartans, faced with the task of holding down an obstreperous conquered Greek colony, forged their entire social system into a war machine which had many striking parallels in Nazi Germany, including the Spartan equivalent of a Hitler Youth movement.

All the artistic promise of earlier times broke off, not to be resumed until the second century B.C. when the Spartan system was abolished by a foreign conqueror. The system lasted for two centuries after the colony which it was designed to subdue had been irrevocably lost.

After the Peloponnesian War, the Athenians combined the Spartan social system with Platonic philosophy in order to keep a small empire of city-states under control. They imposed censorship which stifled Greek intellectual life, and they wound up a Roman colony.

The Assyrians, a notoriously efficient group of warriors who refined the arts of war with constant and fanatical zeal, had a temporary heyday which so ruined their economic, political, and cultural life, and depopulated them to such a degree that it was a lead pipe cinch for the Babylonians to overthrow them between 614 and 610 B.C.

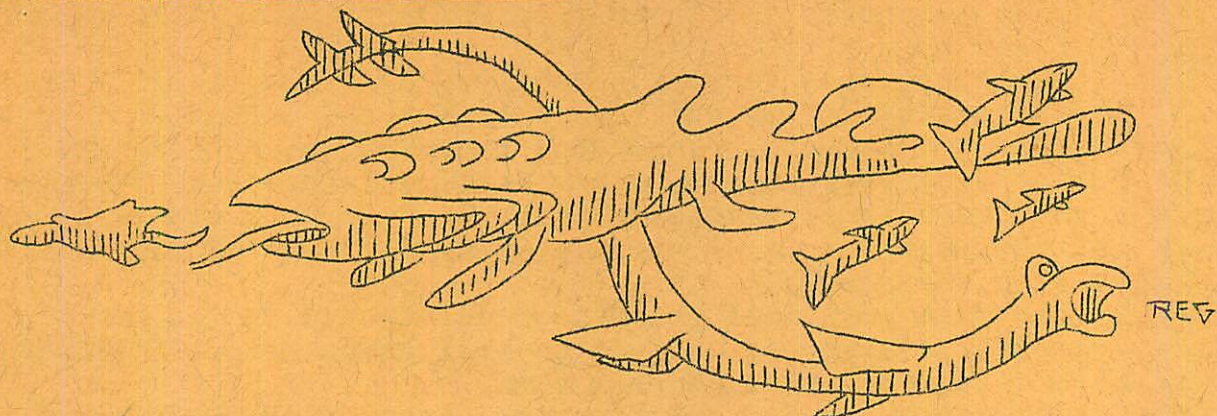
Charlemagne's widespread campaigns in the eighth century A.D. ultimately broke up his own Frankish empire, Tamerlane eventually turned his military prowess against his own people, and the militarism of Pope Hildebrand paved the way for the weakening of the Catholic church, leading to the Reformation. Then there were Mussolini, Attila the Hun, etc., ad infinitum ad nauseum.

There are a few other examples, but this should suffice to show that, in the past, placing absolute political power in the hands of military people is disastrous sooner or later. They seem to eventually fall in love with their own sense of invincibility, and, having control of both the weapons and the skill to use them, they have the ideal means of squelching internal opposition. There is excellent reason to believe in the soundness of Aristotle's advice: "The paramount aim of any social system should be to frame military institutions, like all its other institutions, with an eye to peace-time when the soldier is off duty."

And there appears to be ample historical evidence to support a belief that Heinlein's "Starship Troopers" society would eventually meet a dismal end. The arts of war, as both Heinlein and Schuyler Miller have pointed out, are something to be kept in reserve and used only when needed.

Please note carefully: I have never said that military power should not exist or should never be used, only that total control of politics should not be placed in the hands of those whose profession is the use of military power, and for a completely pragmatic reason; the draining





of wealth and energy from other important institutions in the society.

What about Heinlein's concept of voting? Voting is the means by which a person can have a voice in the operation of government. In non-totalitarian states except Australia, voting is legally viewed as a privilege. There have been various qualifications for acquiring it; land ownership, age, mental competence, etc., and less savory ones such as sex or color.

Heinlein's society is one in which it is a privilege earned by a specified amount of individual effort on behalf of society. He assumes, and probably with good reason, that a person who is too lazy to earn this privilege is therefore too lazy to revolt against the social order. Considering the flaws in our own system, this idea makes a great deal of sense. When an insufficient number of people assume that voting is a duty, we all pay by being governed by incompetent officials. The same thing happens when people consider it such a trivial duty that they discharge it on such superficial bases as how their ancestors voted, purely personal foibles or physical characteristics of the candidates, etc., instead of the issues involved and the solutions offered. And anyone who naively insists that everyone who votes does so in a well-informed and serious way is a babe in the woods of the minus-nth magnitude! Heinlein's basic premise seems to be: Lazy nitwits have no business fooling with something as important as politics. Can any genuinely thoughtful person dispute this?

What is disputable is Heinlein's solution to the situation, namely: Military service is the only way of proving beyond reasonable doubt that one is not a lazy nitwit. Passing an examination on current issues and party platforms? A period of service in public works, education, research, medicine, agriculture or social service? No indeed. That would extend political franchise to such slothful crackpots as Einstein, Schweitzer, et al, who have never fired a shot at anyone, and hence have contributed nothing to society.

And on this wispy corollary, sprouting from a solid base of traditionally good Heinlein logic, careful description and competent characterization, "Starship Troopers" teeters ominously.

-----  
Opium is the religion of the people .....Larry Breed  
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A couple of editorial comments on the above. First to the weak point of the argument: a careful study of past history proves that any political system, military or not, falls "sooner or later". And I don't have room for the second comment here, so look elsewhere. ....RSC



# A DODDERING COLUMN *from* BURCHER DODD

Once upon a time there was in the Deep South of America a farmer named Gilbert who ran a still on the side because he just couldn't make enough money on his cotton. No matter how hard he tried, Gilbert could just not find anyone to pick his cotton for him. He had managed to grow the crop which was even now bursting from its pods - but picking it was impossible.

Then one day he saw an advertisement in a catalog he sent away for; for a build-it-yourself Robot Kit which he ordered. When it came he started to put the robot together - it had cost him two hundred dollars but he considered that the finished result was well worth it. It stood as high as a man and looked like a black metal man with a squarish head. It had no knowledge, but it could be trained.

Gilbert, an ever patient man, started to teach the robot the art of picking cotton. The robot soon got the knack of things and in a few weeks the robot had mastered the art of gathering the cotton from the plants, putting it into sacks and taking the sacks to the warehouse. In a matter of a couple of months the robot was picking more cotton in a day than ten men.

All Gilbert had to do was oil it.

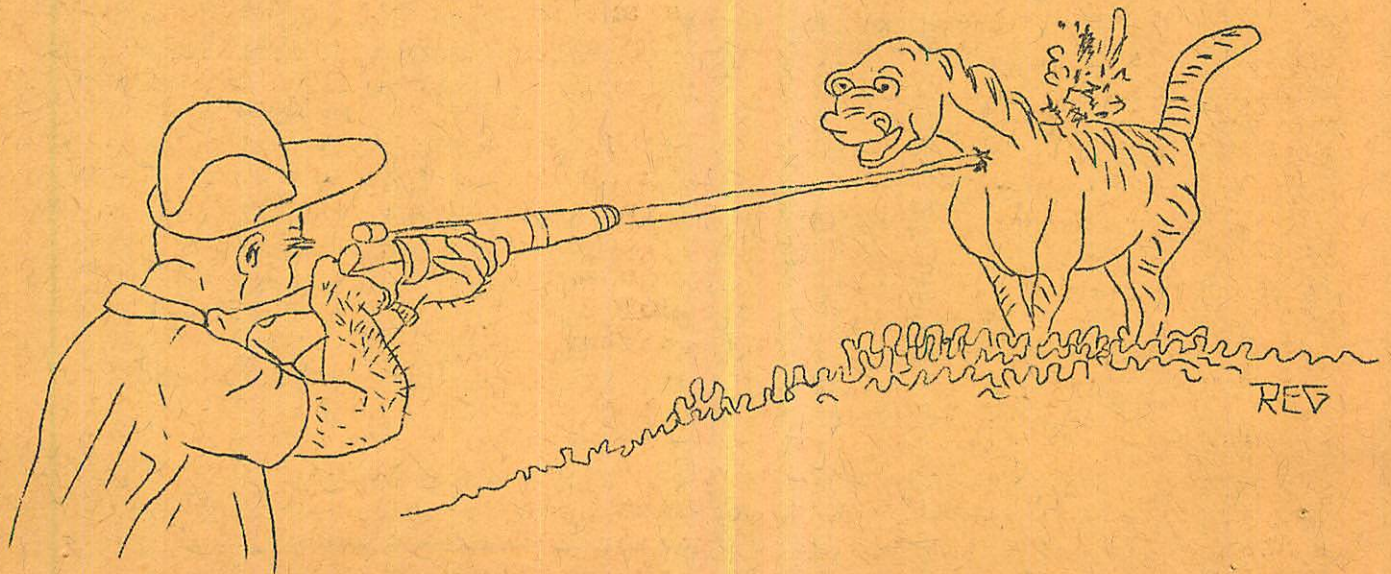
Farmer Coulson from a nearby farm with a little red barn from Indiana, came over to see him one day and seeing the robot working in the field and picking away madly at the crop said, "What's this I hear, you got a cotton pickin' robot?"

"Yes", answered Gilbert proudly, "I got a cotton pickin' robot and it only cost me two hundred dollars. Of course, I had to put him together myself, then I had to train him but now that I've got him working he can actually do more work than ten men."

Farmer Coulson thought this over. Looked at his own crop. Thought of his expended bank balance and went off to the local branch of the Farmer's Truss Bank to see if he could get support for his finances.

"I want two hundred dollars," he said to the bank manager.

"What for?" said the manager, looking up from his mahogany desk.





"I want to buy a cotton pickin' robot," said Coulson, and went on to explain how Farmer Gilbert had bought himself a robot kit, had put it together, trained it and now it was picking more cotton than ten men could do in the same time.

The bank manager thought about this for a while and then he said, "Look, I don't think this is a very practical solution to your problem of getting your crop gathered in. Farmer Gilbert has a cotton pickin' robot -- now you want a cotton pickin' robot -- soon Farmer Ryan will want a cotton pickin' robot -- pretty soon the whole district will be full of cotton pickin' robots -- then some son-of-a-bitch Yankee will come down and free them, and then just THINK of the integration problem!"

-----  
 Peyote is the religion of the non-conformists  
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## STRANGE FRUIT



Since I don't think I'll have space for reviewing everything that came in this month (it seems like everyone at the convention was passing out fanzines -- except for those who were just passing out) so I'll try to hit those received first, plus the newer zines.

PARSECTION #1. (George C. Willick, 306 Broadway, Madison, Ind. - bi-monthly - 8 for \$1) The trouble with this zine is that it's too heavily dominated by professionals. George, boy, you ought to get more amateurs writing for you. Prime item here is Joe Hensley's commentary on what might be called "author's amnesia". Wilson Tucker makes a molehill out of a Cartmill, Dean McLaughlin, Lahoma Heisa (?) and Kate Wilhelm contribute poetry, and McLaughlin, Gordon Dickson, H.L. Gold and Lynn Hickman discuss what's wrong with stf. (How did Hickman get in there? Well, he published the mag, so he probably sneaked in his comments when George wasn't looking.) There is an editorial, but it's only  $\frac{1}{2}$  page, so it needn't distract you from the good things in the mag. Rating.....8

ESPRIT, Vol. 2 #1 (Daphne Buckmaster, 8 Buchanan St., Kirkcudbright, Scotland - irregular - 1/3) For you clods who can't translate British currency, that's roughly 20¢ -- very roughly, but I like even numbers. This is neither a standard fanzine nor a "little literary" mag; it might be called a discussion magazine, or a mail order bull session. Items under discussion this issue include Vance Packard's "The Status Seekers", communication with porpoises, the effect of solitude on the human mind, County Colleges and the sense of wonder (whatever either of those are), and plans for the future of the mag, which seem to include more of the same. ESPRIT is to be a fanzine for the exchange of ideas (specifically for that, as opposed to the "standard" zine in which idea exchange is part of the package), and if you have any ideas worth exchanging you should latch on to a copy. Rating.....8

DYNATRON Vol. 20 #1 (Roy Tackett, 412 Elderberry Drive, Laurel Bay, So. Carolina - irregular - 10¢) Those of you who've been reading YANDRO have commented on Tackett's letters; now for a measly dime you can get a



whole fanzine by him! Run, do not walk, to your nearest dealer. Actually there are only 8 pages here, but they're fascinating. Rating.....6

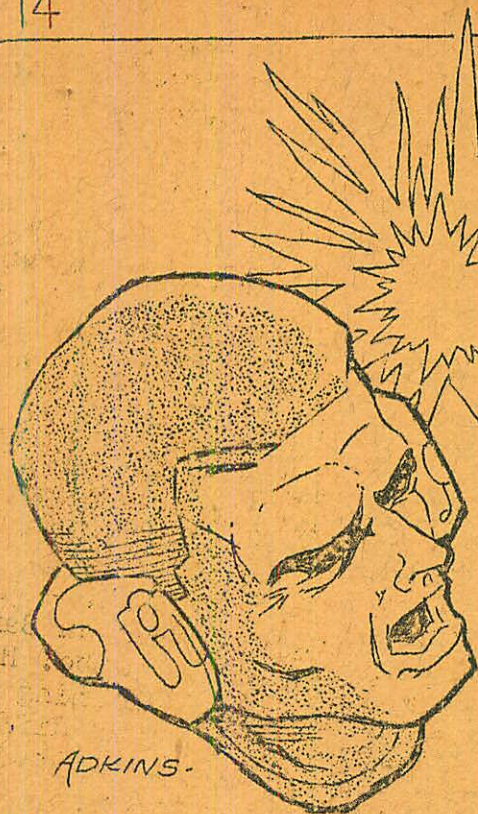
I PALANTIR #1 (Ted Johnstone, c/o Earl Kemp, 2019 No. Whipple, Chicago 47, Ill. - irregular - 25¢, or 1/9 to Ken Cheslin, the British agent) The official publication of the Fellowship Of The Ring, the official disciples of Tolkien. In this issue George Heap and Arthur Weir write their extensions of the "history", while Dick Eney compares Sam Gamgee with a better-known literary Sam; Sam Weller. This is the ideal publication for those of you who want to read more about the lands of Middle Earth which Tolkien created so marvelously. For me, there is the same disappointment that most sequels bring; no matter how dedicated the group, they can't evoke the same magic that the original did. Both Heap and Weir write well, but neither is Tolkien, and I'm afraid that I want the original or nothing. Those who don't share my prejudice on this sort of thing should by all means get I PALANTIR. Special Interest

XERO #1 (Dick and Pat Lupoff, 215 E. 73rd. St., New York 21, N.Y. - irregular - free for comment) Pat Lupoff starts off by commenting on Sax Rohmer, deciding that he is a lousy but entertaining writer. Maybe. Harlan Ellison reviews PSYCHO in the inimitable Ellison manner (meaning that even though I'd seen the picture and knew it was good I had difficulty in refraining from writing in attacking it just because of the way he conducted the review). Pat comes back with an article on Mervyn Peake's books, dealing primarily with the symbolism contained therein. An article I could have appreciated more if I'd read the books. Then, after a crossword puzzle which I didn't bother with, we have Dick Lupoff writing about Captain Marvel, which, according to the editorial, is to be the first in a series about the old comic book heroes. I don't give a faint damn for old comic book heroes, but I enjoyed the article; those who do have a nostalgia for square-built types in tight tunics should enjoy it that much more. Letters appear, commenting on a previous publication, the one-shot RUMBLE. Rating.....6

STYMIE #2 (Rog Ebert, 410 E. Washington, Urbana, Illinois - irregular? - free for comment) Tucker takes top honors this time, with an article on vaudeville, speaking with authority which belies his youthful appearance. Roy Tackett has an article (it's presented as fiction, but I know better) about life in the Great Swamp. Bill Lyon is still trying to spark discussion by denouncing science fiction fandom, but he seems about ready to try something else. There is a page of poetry by Joe Black, and the editor keeps popping up, with poetry, comments on Nelson Rockefeller's political astuteness, fanzine reviews, childhood nostalgia and Thomas Wolfe -- varied, like. While I don't share the editor's evident enchantment with modern poetry and prose, I rather enjoyed the mag. One sore point; Don Martin is bad enough to begin with; imitations of Don Martin are unspeakable. Rating.....4½

KARMA #1 (Earl Noe, 3304 E. Belknap, Ft. Worth, Texas - quarterly - 15¢) Interesting point is a Gestefaxed reproduction of a photo of the editor adorning the editorial. He looks remarkably unhappy -- possibly over the fact that the cover (same process) didn't turn out too well. Design is nice, but the detail got lost in the shuffle. Nice try, anyway.





Hector Pessina relates the tribulations of being a stf fan in Argentina (how would you like to translate all your stf, word by word, with a Spanish-English dictionary?) in the principal item in the issue. Another long one is Dan Martin's story, which wasn't bad, though he telegraphed his gimmick. A couple of short items by Norman Beech, a book review by Clay Hamlin contrasted by a review of the same book by the editor (the book, unfortunately, is "The Moon Pool") and various speearances by the editor round out the is-

sue. Nice reproduction, horrible artwork.

INTROSPECTION #1 (Mike Domina, 11044 So. Tripp Ave., Oak Lawn, Illinois - irregular - 10¢ - co-editor, Bruce Modes) A fairly typical first issue. "Crank Case" by John Berry is good; if you don't have a copy of "The Compleat Fan", from which it is reprinted, you will get your money's worth out of INTROSPECTION, definitely. The editor reviews books and movies, competently but unspectacularly, Les Sample reviews fanzines the same way, and the editors chatter, with Modes' comments on wet ditto masters proving highly entertaining. If he can learn to keep that up for a couple of pages, he might make a Great Fan Writer.

CILN #1 (Ed Gorman, 242 10th. St. N.W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa - irregular - free for comment) A very nice article by Bob Bloch makes the rest of the issue look a bit sad by comparison. Mike Deckinger's article on fannish television is actually pretty good, though his recipe for writing sexy stories isn't as funny as it was obviously intended to be. Like, it don't come off. The editor's comments on the death of the pulps are interesting, if ungrammatical, but his verse is abominable. He should either stick to prose or learn something about writing verse (I'm not particular what he learns; any little old knowledge would help.) However, as long as it's free the Bloch material alone is worth the price of a stamp.

BASTION #1 (Eric Benteliffe, 47 Alldis St., Stockport, Cheshire, England - no schedule listed - 1/6 or 20¢ to the American representative, Dale R. Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave., Minneapolis 22, Minn. - publisher, Norman Shorrock) This is a bit unfair to other first issues, since Benteliffe and Shorrock are both veteran publishers. Perfect reproduction, some wonderful artwork by Eddie Jones (including a two-color cover) and like that. Nice clear page-numbering -- which helped, since some of the pages were



stapled in out of order. This issue is predominantly serious, with Mike Moorcock discussing the current woes of science fiction and Arthur Weir musing on the writings of H. Rider Haggard. Sid Birchby's moans on the passing of the good old days, when money was good hard gold and students got together to sing rousing songs, and John Owen's "Drums Along The Mersey" column provide a lighter touch, though even Owen provides some serious touches. Jhim Linwood provides an interesting hybrid of the strictly "fannish" and the commercial-type sf story, there are fanzine reviews, an editorial, and letters by various people commenting on issues of BASTION's parents; TRIODE and SPACE DIVERSIONS. Rating.....7

BUNYIP #1 (John M. Baxter, 29 Gordon Rd., Bowral, NSW, Australia - "approximately bi-monthly" - 15¢) This zine is so thoroughly -- one might even say "determinedly" fannish, that running across Don Tuck's analysis of the serials in ASTOUNDING comes as a distinct shock. Tuck is scholarly to the point of occasional dullness. The remainder of the issue consists of Mike Deckinger's troubles with subways, fannish-type chatter by Bruce Burn, John M. Foyster and the editor, letters and fanzine reviews. I'm not going to rate it because quite frankly I didn't read much of it. Let someone who likes fannish chatter review it.

HOBO #1 (Daphne Buckmaster, address above - irregular - no price listed) Idea here is that a different editor will put out each issue -- sort of like SHAGGY. The Buckmasters handle this one, the Bulmers the next, and after that they seem to be open to offers; the ideal being 4 editors, each of whom will put out 1 issue per year. (Each editor to be responsible for gathering the material -- and the comments -- for his own issue.) This time, Jimmy Groves looks at possible problems involved in the concept of anti-gravity, Jim Linwood discusses electronic tonalities and other modern music (if you want to call it music...), Ken Bulmer reviews fanzines and a few letters show up.

THE CRUDZINE QUARTERLY #1, combined with COUNTDOWN X-10 (Rich Brown, Box 1136, Tyndall AFB, Florida - bi-weekly - free for comment - co-conspirators, Suzy Vick, Shelby Vick, Norm Metcalf) More wild fannish writing; some of it upside down, even. Sort of like a regular one-shot (if you can imagine such a combination) in that it's put out mostly because the editors enjoy putting it out, and if the readers enjoy it, fine, but not really necessary. For people who enjoy casual informality; the whole thing strikes me as being just a wee bit too casual for anyone to have bothered printing it. An issue of TIRED FEET and something called ONE-SHOT came with this, but got lost somewhere along the line. I bet they were fun to put out....





# M U T A N T -

by count von liebfraumilch

One Sunday afternoon, while loading bareback around the house with a whole lot of nothing to do, I slumped down on the couch--my favorite napping place. That was when I came eyeball to shoulder with "the hair" and discovered that I was a mutant.

Naturally, I was surprised...and pleased. For a long time I'd suspected that I was above the common run of Man. Here was proof.

I looked at the hair. It was about an inch long (longer when I pulled it straight) and looked like any ordinary arm hair except that it was so extra long and twisted. It grew dominantly from just above the white scar on my shoulder where I'd been vaccinated that time.

Out of curiosity, I looked on my other shoulder and found another almost identical hair growing out of the almost identical position.

I pulled both hairs out. Though I may be a mutant, I still, instinctively, seek to remain incognito. After all, I don't want to be rejected by my fellowmen just because I'm "different".

A month later, both hairs had sprouted again and each was approximately an inch long and still growing.

Frightening, isn't it?

Naturally, this gave me a rather morbid desire to find out more information about mutation and evolution. None of this "future" man stuff for me...nope, I sought to find out what's what with you and me right now.

And, after much research, I discovered that both of us would be in an awful mess if it weren't for a few factors we never give much thought.

Do you realize that you possess a genuine "snot diverter"? It's the two little ridges gapping down from your nose to your upper lip, and its greatest value is that it deflects rivers of snot drainage away from your mouth.

This fact, right here, makes one admire all these evolution theories...makes you aware that old Evo knows what she's doing.

Nevertheless, one is always grateful, also, to the people who make handkerchiefs.

Another something we never express much appreciation for is the anthropoidal curve. The anthropoidal curve is that little S wiggle of your spinal column which permits you to sit and stand erect (so we say) rather than hunched over like an ape.

Do you know that when you were born--supposing, of course, that you were--you had a group of spots on the skin back there about the base of your spinal column. These spots are called the Mongoloid Spots. I'm not sure whether mongoloid babies have them or not, but you darned well did. No use running to a mirror and looking to see if they're still there, because they aren't. For some unknown reason, the spots are there but briefly when you're a baby, then they're gone to never return. Still, it makes you sort of wonder...

But, to get back to the back's anthropoidal curve, one comes to appreciate this little S wiggle more when one realizes that such sexpots as Monroe, Bardot, and Marjorie Main would look like without it. Except



for an S anthropoidal curve, women would look like a bunch of cows needing to be milked...not that some of them don't anyhow.

Right about here, since I've exhausted the cow-topic unless I want to dip into vulgarities, I might as well bring up something that's got me completely mystified.

First, consider that Man has two ears. This gives him depth - perception in hearing (stereo). Also, Man has two eyes...which function to produce 3-D vision. But Man has only one solitary nose.

Let's face it...one nose alone is just outright ridiculous. Old Evo goofed. With two noses, Man might have had depth perception in smell. Instead, Man is limited to mono-odor for all of eternity.

If you sit down and think a bit about this lack of depth perception in odor, it makes you just want to bawl.

Until, of course, you recall the neighbor's dog who keeps coming over and making manure deposits on your lawn.

And then, naturally, you're glad you don't have two noses to hold as you carefully clean up the mess and throw it over your neighbor's fence.

There are a few other evolutionary factors that puzzle me. For instance, why do women have two breasts? Seems to me that one would be enough to nurse a baby...unless, of course, twins were the birth fad back a few thousand years ago when Man still had scrapings of tree bark under his fingernails.

But I'm not one to quibble over a breast or two.

However, my own particular problem of the hairs growing out of each shoulder hasn't much to do with the titbits discussed above.

Yesterday, though, I examined the hairs again and doubt arose.

It's an evolutionary fact that Mankind is slowly losing all of his bodily hair (just look at all of the bald women around now days) and someday Man won't have any hair at all.

I wonder, might I not be a "throwback" instead of a mutant because I'm two hairy?

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Mescaline is the opium of the intellectuals  
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OFFICIAL RESULTS OF THE PITTCON BUSINESS MEETING .....from Dirce Archer  
(1) Registration fees for a Worldcon shall be \$2 for North Americans and \$1 for anyone living outside North America; additional fees shall be charged to make a total of \$3 for each person actually attending the convention, no matter where he's from.

(2) The Hugo Awards have been standardized on the basis of the rocket ship designed by Ben Jason. The base upon which the ship is mounted, the number and type of awards are still unstandardized, but...

(3) The Chairman of the Pittcon (Dirce Archer) is to appoint a committee to look into standardization of the award categories and report at the next convention.

(4) The final vote on the awards (but not the nominating ballot) shall be restricted to registered members of the Worldcon -- whether or not they actually attend is immaterial as long as they're registered.

(5) & (6) Motions on alternative times for World conventions and a mail vote for convention sites were tabled.

(7) The 1961 convention will be in Seattle, and while I hope you have fun, the Coulsons won't be there to see it.

/These notes from an official Pittcon bulletin, as reworded by RSC./



# GRUMBLINGS

SID COLEMAN, Norman Bridge Lab, Cal Tech, Pasadena, Calif. - THUS I REFUTE DONAHO: Kronhausens: During the latter part of the nineteenth century there flourished a school of German systematic biologists. A young man who wished to enter this tradition went to a good university, and sometime during his graduate career, selected his subject -- let us say, sea urchins. From this day forward he would devote his life to gathering information about sea urchins. He would publish many papers; perhaps he would even publish a book. It would contain all the facts. After a while he would publish a second edition. By and by he would die.

The wonderful thing about this system is that it enabled someone to acquire authority, respect, and status in the intellectual community without having intelligence, wit, style, originality, or critical ability -- qualities that in less advanced communities were necessary to attain these ends. The method works as well in contemporary America as it did in nineteenth century Germany; the only alterations that need be made in the preceeding paragraph are to read "social sciences" for "biology" and "sex" for "sea urchins".

There is only one circumstance in which one of these tasteless Teutonic tomes acquires fascination. Imagine a kingdom where the king, gripped by religious eccentricities, has forbidden importation, nay, mention, of sea urchins. Information about this delightful creature can only be obtained through shady channels. Imagine the joy of a young person with a normal healthy interest in Echinoidea who finds this eminently respectable volume that tells about them in such fascinating detail. He isn't interested in carping criticism about intelligence or style. He wants to know what makes the spines stand up.

Likewise with "Pornography And The Law". I think this book is by turns dull and ludicrous, its authors stupid and pompous. If T.C. Mits were not so starved for information on erotica, he would have treated it as the trivia it is, a work on the plane of "Flower Arranging At The Crossroads".

One sample: "Pornography And The Law" contains a section on Frank Harris, titled "Frank Harris -- Unholy Fighter For The Holy Spirit Of Truth". This is the same Frank Harris of whom Bernard Shaw wrote: "Frank Harris only told the truth when his imagination failed him."

In fairness to Bill (and fannish advocates of the Kronhausens generally), I do not think it is the quest of erotic information that leads him to support "Pornography And The Law". Rather, it is an attitude of "Any stick to beat the censors." The Kronhausens are against censoring Henry Miller; they have a chance of being taken seriously; to attack them is to attack a good cause. This is an understandable attitude. It is also the attitude that led Sen. Taft to support the late Joe McCarthy.

And what precisely is this wonderful device that will save Henry Miller? It is the distinction between "erotic realism" (Miller) and "pornography" (Akbar del Piombo), and the tests used to separate them. But these magic tests are simply a list of the cliches and conventions of commercial erotica, which is as much a brand of commercial fiction as are pulp westerns or hard-guy detective stories. (Something the



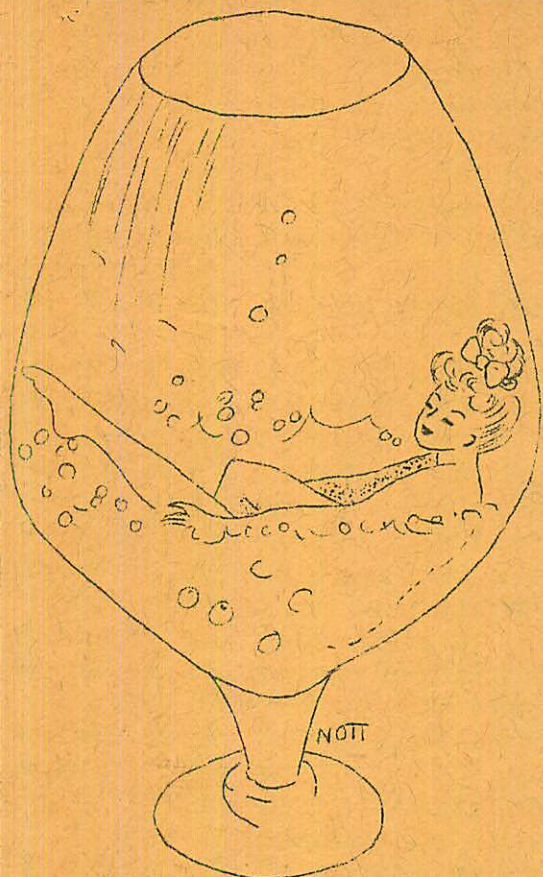
Kronhausens curiously fail to realize.) Suppose some Nehemiah Scudder were to decide that science fiction was morally dangerous, inflammatory to the imagination, a source of cheap vicarious thrills. And suppose that some fool wrote a book attacking this notion, in which he claimed that there were really two kinds of sf, "speculative realism" and "space opera". Space opera should rightfully be suppressed; it can easily be spotted. It always appears in large magazines poorly printed on pulp paper, with a bright three-color cover showing a spaceman rescuing a beautiful girl from a bem, etc. If he could itemize each of his points at sufficient length, he would have an achievement on the order of that of "Pornography And The Law".

No. Henry Miller and Wm. R. Burroughs (or if not them, Sade) are as erotically stimulating, as morally dangerous, as John Cleland and Marcus van Heller. The state should not censor books on moral grounds. (Of course, we will make an exception for "Starship Troopers".) The Kronhausens and other advocates of compromise have tried to get the state to swallow the weaker proposition, "You should not censor good books on moral grounds." But in order to get the state to swallow this, you have to answer the question, "How can I legally tell good books from bad?" The distinction between "erotic realism" and "pornography" is an attempt to answer this silly question. You know the kind of answer silly questions get. And you know the kind of people who try to answer them. THE GREAT MATRIST/PATRIST WARS: I think I made this point clear in my article, and in the note I sent you. Briefly, I do not believe in matrists any more than I believe in men with an excess of black bile. I think the matrist/patrism scheme is an awkward and unnatural way of classifying societies, and this is shown by the number of societies Taylor is forced to classify as matrist here, patrism there. And, most peculiarly for a system supposedly based on individual psychology, it applies even more poorly to individuals than it does to societies. It is true that this is an expected feature of sociological dualisms (e.g., capitalist/socialist), but these do not pretend to be founded on individual psychology.

UNCLE SIDNEY'S ADVICE: Incest is bad, if only from a genetic standpoint. Irrational fear of incest is also bad, as are most irrational fears. The point is academic; I have never met anyone who was harmed by an irrational fear of incest. This could not be said of some other fears our environment cultivates. (Isn't this the sort of answer you'd expect to get from me? "Sid, do you disapprove of X or fear of X?" "I disapprove of both of them.")

WITCHCRAFT AS A SEXUAL DELUSION: Yes, from our standpoint, the charges against the witches were obsessed with sex. But from our viewpoint the entire middle ages were obsessed with Christianity, equals obsessed with sex. (Contrary to Christian myth, this is probably the least sex-obsessed century in the last millenium. Youth-obsessed, health-obsessed, maybe. Sex-obsessed, no.) Sex impregnates medieval tracts and sermons to an extent a modern innocent would find incredible. When Bernard of Clairvaux set up the rules for the Knights Templar he specified that the knights were never to be alone, were always to sleep in pairs, in a brightly lighted room, fully clothed. There is no record that any of his contemporaries thought the good saint peculiarly anxious in these matters. And when Phillip le Bel destroyed these same Templars, one of his main charges was that they practiced the anal kiss. As Taylor himself observes, this was also one of the most common charges against the





witches. Yet I do not suppose Taylor would argue that Phillip's animosity toward the Temple was a sexual delusion.

WITCHCRAFT AS HORNED-GOD WORSHIP: No one has ever denied that there were many pagan survivals in the middle ages. Some of them are still with us, maypole dances and Christmas trees. As in the secular and churchly life, so in the goetic: names from Gnostic angelology and Thessalonian witch-charms are found in medieval grimoires. But the belief in the witches as horned-god worshippers, as the direct descendents of a Dianic cult, which Taylor treats as established fact, and of which Donaho says, "I had thought it was generally accepted that what little genuine witchcraft there was was a religion..." is something different. It is the work of one person.

Margaret A. Murray published two books advancing her notions, "The Witch Cult In Western Europe" (1922), and "The God of the Witches" (1933, recently republished by Anchor). She also wrote the article on witchcraft in the ill-starred 14th edition of the *ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA*. (Quoted by Taylor, by the way, as an independent au-

thority.) Her books were greeted exactly as Velikovsky's were to be greeted a quarter-century later, as Donnelly's were greeted a quarter-century before. The popular press and the literary intellectuals said "brilliant and imaginative"; the scholarly journals said "shit". (If you think I exaggerate, see the reviews by G.L. Burr in *AM. HIST. REV.*, 40, 492 and 27, 280.)

The chief objection to Miss Murray's books at the time of their appearance was that they engaged in blatant selection of evidence. Paragraphs from old witch-treatises that advanced her theories were quoted, and adjacent paragraphs that contradicted them were ignored. Out of tens of thousands of witch-trials, she selected a few dozen where the confessions fit the pattern she wished to establish; the rest she ignored. She trusted confessions obtained under torture, and even confessions later repudiated. (She used as evidence the confessions at the Salem witch trials!) Also she advanced strange auxilliary speculations: Joan of Arc and Thomas a' Becket were members of the witch cult, etc.

Since that time graver charges have been made. Several of the documents she used as evidence of a coven of twelve witches plus a "devil" have been reexamined, and it has been discovered that in summarizing them, Miss Murray misinterpreted them to the point of falsification. (See the article on "Covens" in Robbins' "Encyclopedia Of Witchcraft And Demonology". I have not had the opportunity to examine the original papers by Keller and Ewen referred to here -- I tried to obtain them while writing this letter, but copies are not to be found in LA -- so these last comments are made on "hearsay".

Unfortunately, none of this has stopped psychologists and anthropologists, who have explained all manner of phenomena through the survival



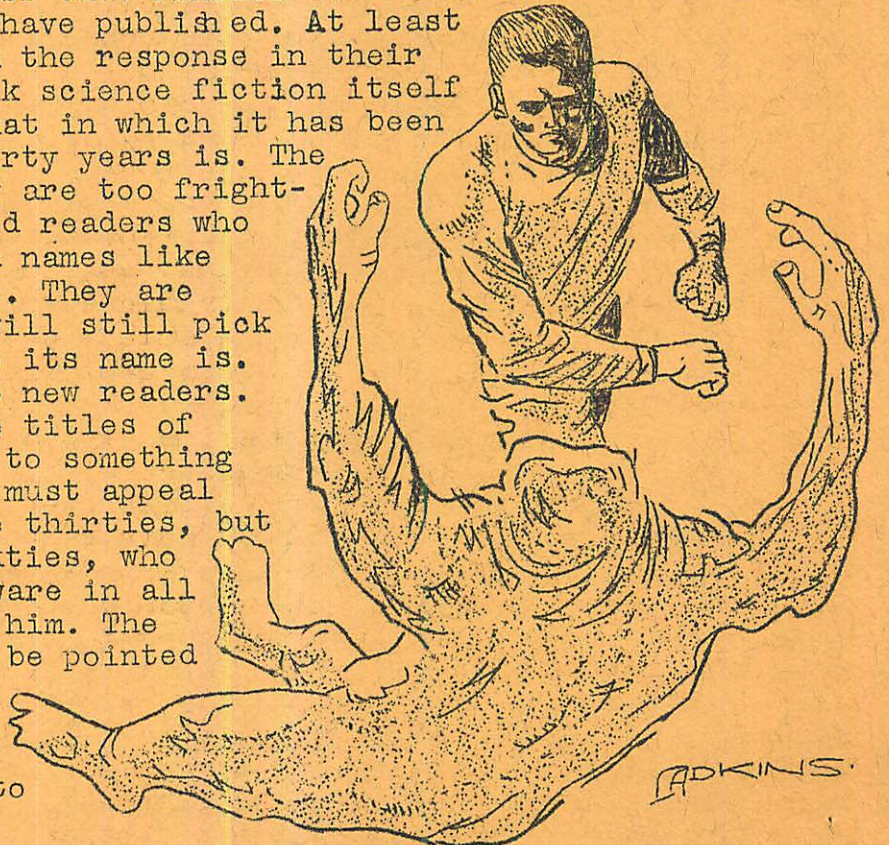
of horned-god worship, and who have devoted considerable ingenuity to the explanation of the details of Miss Murray's non-existent Dianic cult. (There are thirteen people in a coven because that is the largest number that can conveniently dance in a circle.) I am sure there is a moral here somewhere, but I am too depressed to extract it.

LES NIRENBERG, 1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ont. Canada - Page is right about the digest size zines; they're nothing but a big headache. Very few of them are actually sold, and those that do reach the public are usually stolen. The greatest offenders are the little girlie books, which I believe depend more on circulation through theft than through sales. Because these small magazines are easy to steal, the retailer treats them all with contempt, including the stf ones. He realizes that he must handle them because he does get a certain amount of call for them. Because they are hard to display, and also to lower the incidence of theft, he lumps them all together with only the bindings showing.

The titles of most stf zines too, I think, don't help their sale much. The name ASTOUNDING or WEIRD, or FANTASTIC, immediately gives the buyer the impression that the stories contained in the mag are of the Buck Rogers type stuff. What would happen if somebody with a little money and imagination happened to buy the name TWILIGHT ZONE for use as a magazine title? He could make a mint pubbing stf under this title. Even if people didn't associate the name with that of the t-v show the title would still go over. So I think Campbell is wise in changing the name of his zine to ANALOG, and the quicker he omits the ASTOUNDING from the title, the better.

Science fiction and fantasy are going over with the public. This can be seen in the great success that PLAYBOY and ROGUE have had with the stf and fantasy that they have published. At least this is what I gather from the response in their letter columns. So, I think science fiction itself isn't dying; only the format in which it has been presented for the past thirty years is. The editors of stf zines today are too frightened that they may lose old readers who are used to seeing the old names like FANTASTIC, ASTOUNDING, etc. They are wrong. These old readers will still pick up the zine no matter what its name is. And the idea is to attract new readers. If this is to be done, the titles of the zines must be changed to something more mature and hip; they must appeal not to the teenager of the thirties, but to the teenager of the sixties, who is, let's face it, more aware in all ways of everything around him. The big promotion of stf must be pointed at the teenager and it must be done intelligently.

After having appealed to the buyer, the publishers





must then do something which will appeal to the distributor and the retailer. These middle men may be (and usually are) uneducated clods, but nevertheless you can't sell stf without them. They're interested in making money and if an attractive magazine with some class can be presented they'll go for it. How do you give a magazine class? The above paragraph gives the first step; change of title. Then the format must be changed from the small, hard to display, thick pulp zine, to a larger, slick magazine of the PLAYBOY type. There should be more use of photographs, too, because these are what catch the reader's eye when he thumbs thru the zine. These could be incorporated in the fact sections. Also, the fact sections should not be segregated from the fiction, but rather interwoven through the zine. Then the photos would be spread out and alternated with illos and would be more of an attraction to the browser. If the zine was turned into a slick mag format it might be possible to sell them at 50¢ each; the customer wouldn't feel gypped. A lot of people don't like the idea of paying 35¢ or 40¢ for a small pulp zine that they used to get for a quarter. With a prestige magazine people don't mind paying more. (PLAYBOY, for instance, which just went up to 60¢.) Also, it should be presented, not as Science Fiction, but just as good stories. The average guy doesn't really class "Twilight Zone" as stf. Ask him and see. And it is the average guy who must be appealed to because he is the potential buyer.

Science fiction has grown up; it's about time it changed from knickers to long pants.

/The average reader doesn't class second-rate stf novels like "On The Beach" as stf, either -- but boy how he reads them! I object to paying 50¢ for a slick mag with maybe 80 pages in it; but I'm afraid that Les has a point, and if I want to continue reading stf I'll have to start doing it. (I may become one of those faneds who never reads the stuff./

BOB BRINEY, 10 Fairfield St., Apt. 8, Boston 16, Mass. - Y#90 had the gem of the year, as far as I'm concerned: the Ferdinand Fugghead item. It has succeeded in reducing about a third of the MIT summer mathematics staff to helpless laughter for varying periods of up to five minutes. Where did Menasha come across the reference to the use of group theory in reorganizing the marriage taboos of primitive societies? By any chance in DAEDALUS, in late '58 or early '59? I recall seeing an essay in that magazine about that time which mentioned the subject (as one of several examples of the application of mathematics to the social sciences). I was particularly startled to find that some work had been done on the subject by Andre Weil, who is one of the chief deities in my own particular branch of mathematics.

In Y#91, the cover takes all prizes. I'm becoming more and more convinced that P rosser is the best thing to hit the fanzines since Jon Arfstrom. Also enjoyed the article by Jerry Page, though I disagree with some of his comments, particularly concerning artists. The reason Freas "abandoned" the field is the same reason that Cartier left several years ago; to make a living. And as for Freas never having been really suited to sf illustrating...I'd say that at one time or another Freas has beaten every other sf illustrator (except Bok and Cartier) at his own game. His covers on PLANET, for example, had every bit as much excitement and flair as those of Anderson and Bergey, and had the advantage of superior technical skill.



BOB TUCKER, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois - I may decide to hate you for that editorial note on page 6. You aren't supposed to hoist me on my own petard. I'm really a lovable type dirty pro.

The idiotic thing was the way my split personality betrayed me: as a fan, I researched the titles and then wrote the piece with gleeful malice aforethought, Pointing the Fingerbone of Scorn. Not until you had your say did I realize that I had completely forgotten my own pro role in the scheme of things.

Bloch sends word that Paramount has announced that PSYCHO is its biggest grosser since TEN COMMANDMENTS. There's a moral there somewhere... /If Bloch starts wearing a dirty bathrobe I'll resign from fandom. RSC/

SID COLEMAN, again - Sf may not have matured since its creation, but fandom certainly has. Imagine having a fangathering of 30 adults and 9 children and calling it a "picnic". Why, if there had been a gathering like that a generation ago they would have called it "The First National Science Fiction Convention". (Whoops! Just checked in my IMMORTAL STORM. There was, and they did.)

There's no reason to be ashamed, Buck, about getting worked up over a book that was published 6 years ago; why, just the other day some people came to my door who were terribly enthusiastic about some book published over 1900 years ago.

BILL CONNOR, 155 W. Water St., Chillicothe, Ohio - I must gaffiate now that college is about to start. Getting a degree in physics at Ohio U. is getting tougher and tougher. Now I won't start lamenting my gaffiation by uttering nonsense about how I must concentrate on mundane things to make bread, and so forth. There is nothing mundane about physics, and I am more interested in physics than fandom, and more interested in science than science fiction. I always have been more interested in these things, and now I find that my interest in science necessarily requires me to become much less interested in fandom.

If any fan editor sends me his mag free, I won't guarantee that I will even read it, much less comment on it. So I am giving fair warning to fan editors; I won't want them to waste a fanzine on me. Fanzines take too much time, money and effort to waste.

One thing I am not about to do is denounce fandom as a waste of time. It is a waste of time in a way; wasting time is good for the mind. It is relaxing. But fandom has also been very stimulating intellectually to me, and Ghod knows it beats the hell out of watching television. And it is also a hell of a lot better than only reading intellectually stimulating things without commenting on these things; fandom gave me a means of expressing myself. I have no regrets.

MAGGIE CURTIS, Room #334, Dascomb Hall, West College St., Oberlin, Ohio  
The cover on issue #91 was excellent; I like Prosser's work and this is darned good P rosser. For some odd reason, I like the fillo on page 8 and the one on page 16 was even - and very much - better. WHO is NOTT? (Gee, that sentence has a suspicious flavor to it. Maybe I should just say, "Who IS?")

Of course, there have been numerous Alice parodies, extensions, etc. Has Edward Hope's "Alice In The Delighted States" been mentioned? Of course, that's outdated, having been printed in 1928....



HERB BEACH, 315 E. Common St., Waterville, Minnesota - I found the most interesting item in the current issue "The Death (Wall) of Science Fiction", particularly the item by Les Nirenberg. (Wasn't he the fellow who sat in on some widely publicized trials some years ago?) When we enlarged the store into supermarket proportions last spring, among other lines that we picked up was an eight foot section of newsstand. In the short time that we have had same, I have learned the following:

(a) In taking on the magazines, the distribution firm did not tell us which magazines to display prominently, nor did they specify the amount of space that they would want to provide us service. (This is not intended to refute the statement of Nirenberg - he did not say that all distributors acted in this manner - but merely to show an example of where it was not done.)

(b) We must do some censoring of material that is placed upon the rack. Our primary business is the selling of food. There is a lot of stuff that Mrs. Housewife would certainly take offense at -- and the few cents one makes on a questionable magazine doesn't make up for one lost weekly customer. The distributor has been pretty good about the material that has been included, with most of the rough stuff omitted; and what does sift through is tossed into the returns (after careful examination by some of the stockroom crew.)

(c) I have asked for science fiction titles to be included in our shipments -- so far, in one month's time, the only SF that has appeared were two Pyramid pb's (which I purchased, more because I wished to offer encouragement than from an honest desire to read the books) and three issues of the current IF, two of which have been sold to date (I was guilty of one, so there must be some other simple-minded soul on the loose) and the remaining copy stands right out in front where it can't help but be seen (Horace, please note). I specifically did ask for a copy of AMAZING (as I let my sub lapse) but this we did not get this month.

To date the best selling material has been TV GUIDE, female sex mags (TRUE CONFESSIONS and crap like that) and then weeklies such as LIFE, POST, etc., in that order. Pocket books seem to sell fairly well, considering the poor display they get -- maybe there's something to this pb-SF idea at that.

GEORGE BARR, 2480 So. 5th. East St., Salt Lake City 6, Utah - The Salt Lake Symphonic Choir, of which I am a member, last year sang and recorded a song called "He's Gone Away". It mentioned the desrick on Yandro's High Hill. Is this the song from which your zine derived its title? /At last! Someone who at least has heard the song....I'm beginning to believe that nobody but Marion Bradley and ourselves read the Wellman story in F&SF. RSC/

I enjoy Marion Zimmer Bradley no matter what she writes about. I don't always agree with what she says, but I have to admit that she says it interestingly.

Jerry Page's article I found the most interesting item in the issue. I miss the old pulps - especially WEIRD TALES. And I can't help but wonder, since there seem to be so many who feel the same, wouldn't WT be a success if it were started again? And if not, why not? All of the griping and moaning going on today must be an indication of something more than belly ache. I bought FANTASTIC UNIVERSE as much for its nostalgic "pulpy" appeal as for what it contained.

Perhaps I'm one of the juvenile type readers F&SF doesn't want, but



nothing - not an author, publisher, or whatever - affects my decision of whether or not to buy, as much as the illustrations. True, once in awhile Summers, Varga and Grayam turn out something worthwhile, but it's so seldom that when I look at the contents page to see who does the illustrating, those names will make me drop the zine to hunt for something else.

Emsh's color work and Finlay's pen and ink are about the only thing I get any satisfaction from any more -- other than the occasional Bonestells and Hunters. But even Finlay, as good as he is, is a disappointment when I compare his present work with some of the achingly beautiful things he did a few years ago. His illustrations for such stories as "Slan", "The Sound of Willow Pipes", "More Stately Mansions", "The Spiral of the Ages", "The Lotos Eaters", etc. ad infinitum, are among the prizes of my file. I've seen originals by other artists that I'd give away before selling the reproductions of some of the marvelous old Finlays. Am I the only one who feels this way about art in magazines? If there are others, why can't something be done? I'd write pleading letters every day if I thought it would do any good. I can't believe that people have changed so much in so short a time that they'd rather look at the dung-smears in today's magazines. Who or what has caused the change?

/The change is due to the same cause that affects other items in the mags; lack of income. You just can't get good artists to work for the money that mags can afford to pay. The only way stfmags can get decent artwork is for them to latch onto a promising youngster who is just starting and willing to accept less money in order to have a regular outlet for his talent and to help him build a reputation. After they become well known, then, like Freas, Bok, Cartier and Frank R. Paul, they go out and get higher paying jobs. (I don't know about Finlay; he must simply work in the stf field because he enjoys it -- for the same reason that Poul Anderson, bless him, writes for ASF when he could be turning out bed-and-bored historical epics at twice the money.) RSC/

I'm quite interested in hearing how Roy Tackett's experiment comes out. I remember the Heap from the comic books back when I was in the third or fourth grade. I liked Kerry's poem also.

PETER B. HOPE, 435 Riverside Dr., N.Y. 25, N.Y. - What comic book did the Heap appear in, and when? I remember (it, him) well - I even used to have nightmares that I was turning into a Heap.....  
/Any of our readers have the definite information on this?/

We have more letters, but we're running out of room. Next issue will probably be mostly letters and fanzine reviews; I'll hold over the more interesting of the present crop until then. A couple of short comments; Chris Miller, 44 Wheatclose Rd., Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs., England, is interested in receiving any fanzines from editors willing to accept letters of comment in place of money. And about 6 readers, including Deckinger, explained to me what a K-turn was. So I've learned something -- I'd never heard of the term before. Letters of comment on YANDRO being held for possible inclusion next time include those from Jeff Wanshel, Mike Deckinger, Bob Lambeck, Rog Ebert, Steve Stiles, Bob Lichtman, Peggy Sexton, George Wells, Dick Schultz, Jerry Page, Craig Cochran, Ed Gorman, Dean Grennell, Paul Shingleton, Roy Tackett, Ed Wood, Chris Miller, Bob Farnham, Norm Metcalf, Tom Milton, Dan Adkins, Bob Smith, Don Thompson, Bo Stenfors, George Locke, Ken Cheslin, Ethel Lindsay, Alan Burns, Doug Nicholson, Sture Sedolin and Antonio Dupla.



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