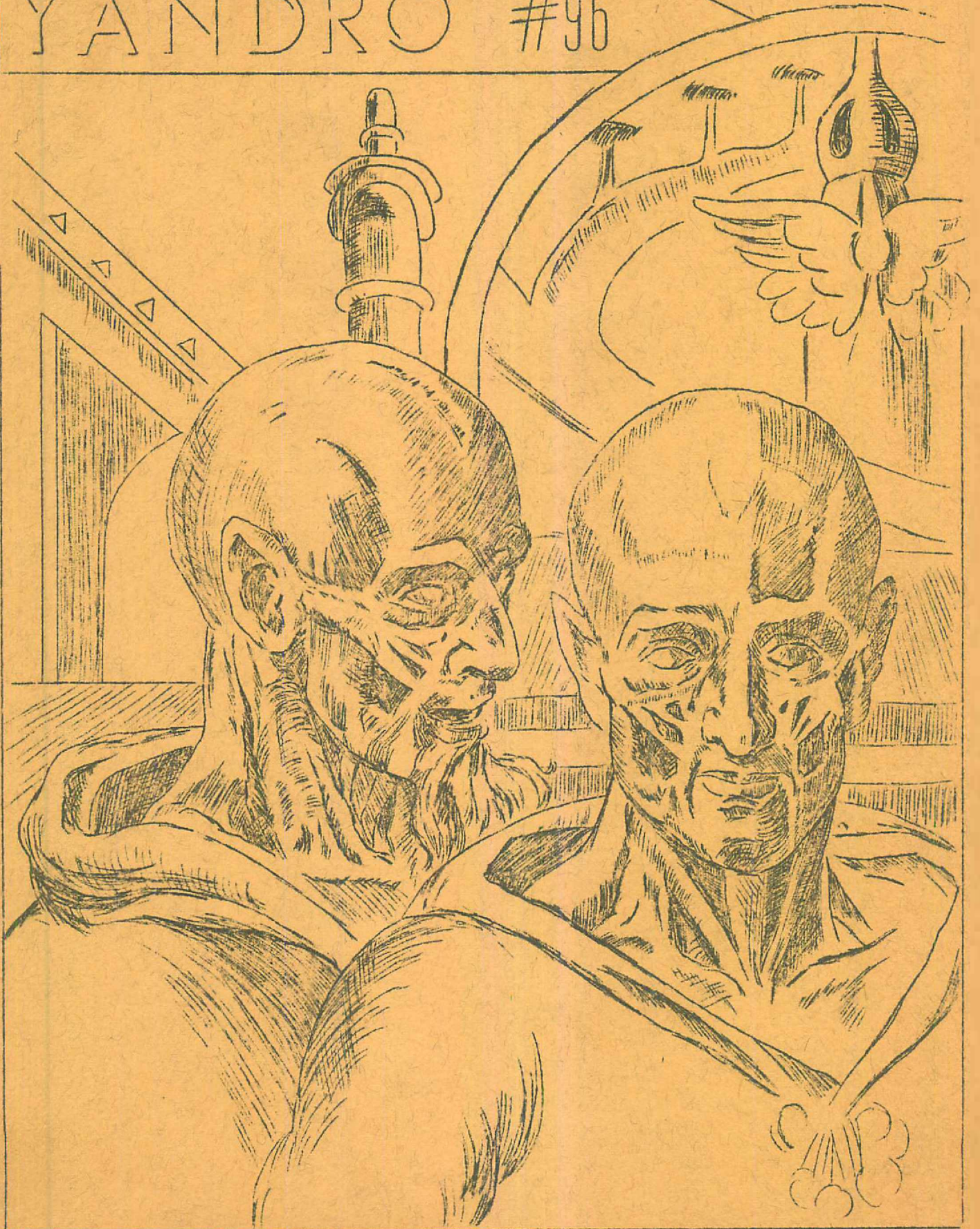
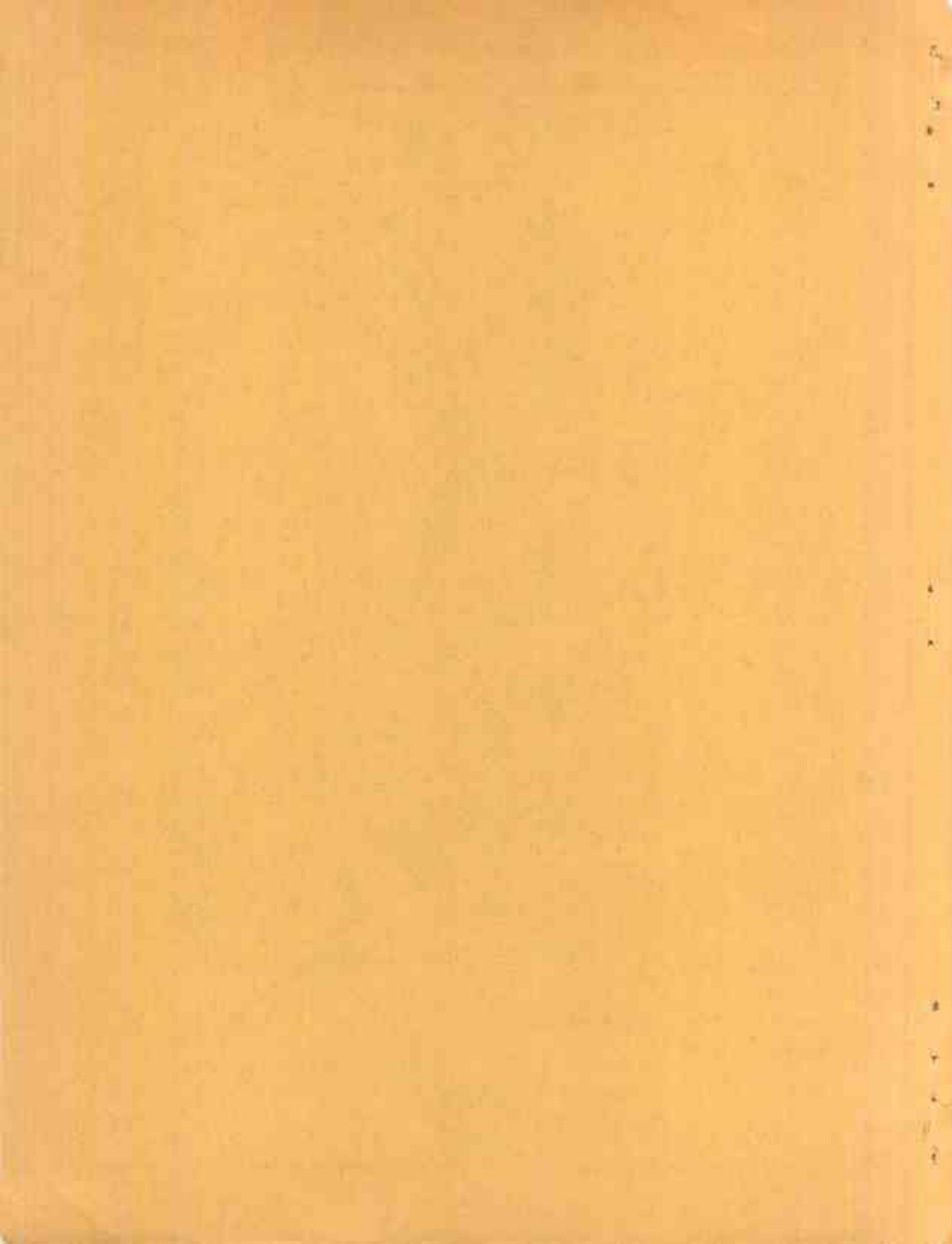


YANDRO #96







YANDRO

JAN.

61

#96

eighth annish

VOL. IX - NO. 1

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Forthcoming paperbacks from Dell Books: "The Fifth Annual Edition of The Year's Best S-F" edited by Judy Merrill, "Shock!" by Richard Matheson (short story collection) and a reissue of Finney's "The Body Snatchers".

I'M A BUGGED  
BUG.



I'VE READ ALL  
THE WESTERNS  
IN THE CLOSET.

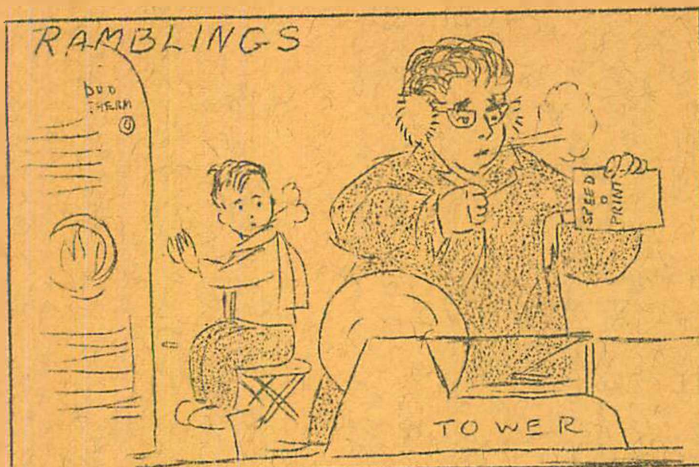


THERE'S NOTHING  
LEFT BUT (UGH)  
SCIENCE FICTION.



OH WELL,  
NEW FRONTIERS  
AND LIKE THAT.





Another year, another annish, or something to that nature....has it really been eight years?! - yes, I guess it has, and whether it is a good sign or no that it doesn't seem that long, it has seemed paradoxically that it couldn't be eight years, while at the same time that first annish is 'way back in the dim distant past somewhere, very nebulous indeed. That first annish, for those many souls who weren't around then, was my point of neofannish pride - cover cut on the very first

QRS stencil I ever saw (ah, the dear deaddays), a whole twenty nine pages, the first really good test of my then four-month-old mimeo. "Had I but known what fannish horrors awaited me I - " would have thrown the entire thing out the window? Hardly. The most startling thing about those eight years is the fact that I still get a bang out of stencilling and mimeoing.

Several items contained herein inspire me to comments which do not necessarily insert very well right in the text (particularly since the remainder of the issue is already mimeoed), so I'll take the reverse opportunity to sound off here.

Firstly, Redd Boggs, in criticising last month's Christmas story, ventures the opinion that the raped woman would not put off her husband but on the contrary want him to "touch" her as soon as possible, in order to fake paternity. My personal opinion is neither a defense or a rationalization, but another interpretation considering what little I know about feminine psychology - some women, after such an experience, would prefer to fake a miracle (assuming they were in a position and time to do so) rather than submit to a further - brace. Whether or not Mike succeeded in characterizing a woman so disposed psychologically, I'm not convinced enough to say.

Some one else commented sardonically about the Immaculate Conception in the context which implied it was referring to Jesus. This is one of the few points of Catholic dogma I comprehend (that is to say, I understand what they are proposing - I don't agree with it) - the Immaculate Conception refers to Mary, not Jesus, and is more concerned with original sin than virginity (of Anna, in that case).

Maggie Curtis' article on Walt Kelly recalls a pleasant blush of nostalgia to these sallow cheeks. All my childhood days I doted on blood and guts adventure comics. I was totally uninterested in any of the "comics" for a very sound personal reason: I didn't think they were funny. Then one day, by some peculiar route, I acquired a supposedly funny comic called, I believe, "Animal Comics". Quite startled, I discovered that I thought it was amusing, very amusing in fact. I showed it to my mother, an anti-comic buff if ever there was one, and she, too, was quite chuckled. We proceeded this way to the inside backcover of the magazine where we encountered a non-dialogue bit of modern Aesopism called "Elefunnies" - involving an elephant and two turtles, if I remember correctly. This was the first time I could ever say I had been reduced to tears of laughter over a "funny" book; I was a Kelly fan from then on. Kelly is the only humorous cartoonist who



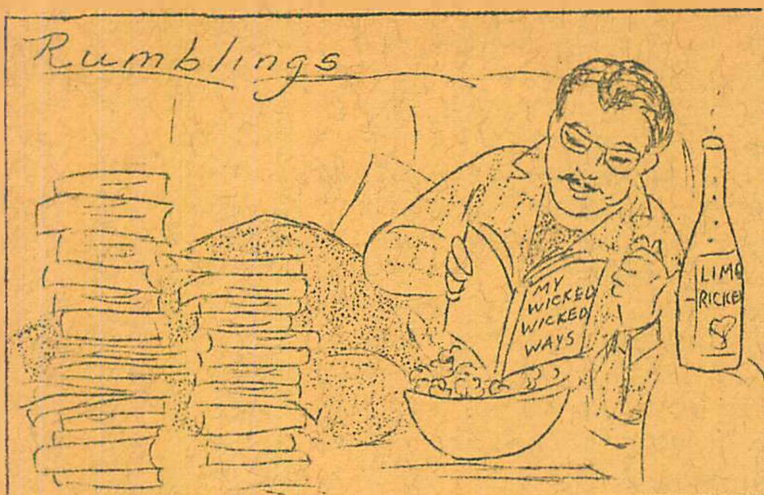
got through to me. "Peanuts" generally eludes me, and while "Gordo" does strike my funny bone consistently, it fails to do so with the ribshaking thoroughness of "Pogo". Albert and Porky are my favorites, as humorous examples of my best-loved character types: the braggart and the dour one who both turn out to have hearts of gold and love of fellow critter.

Ken Cheslin, in a recent letter, underlined in a different instance a matter touched by Marion Bradley in the letter column. In this matter of capital punishment - so much has been done in discussing justice, man's inhumanity to man, etc. In fact, most of the arguments seem to be conducted from two points of view: a) put the criminal out of the way permanently so he won't do it again, or b) no, it's society at fault, and killing him rather than attempting a cure is simply revenge. It is, of course, and in some cases quite an understandable case can be made out for revenge. One may argue that it's society's fault, but when confronted by a remorseless axe murderer who did what he did and doesn't care, it's only human to want to make him suffer a little in revenge for his victim.

But there's a more frightening reason for taking a long second look at the death penalty - the potential victim. As Marion points out, women (who after all should have more to say about the crime of rape, since they're so very much involved) prefer to be a live victim than a dead one. And I can't very much see that the federal death penalty that came in after the murder of the little Lindburgh did Bobby Green-lease much good. If we were wealthy, and if Bruce should be snatched, I personally would feel a lot more hopeful. if the little Lindburgh law weren't on the books. The crimes are going to happen - I'm more concerned with keeping the victim alive than in punishing the criminal - or is there anyone who still feels the death penalty is a deterrent?

One of the worst law-laughing businesses, of course, is the auto killing deal. Apply all the extenuating circumstances you want, call it any degree you want - the person who causes the death of another by car and is personally at fault is guilty of murder. For instance, in Indiana recently some guy hit a little old lady who made the mistake of stepping off the curb to cross the street when this character was in a hurry. He hit her, dragged her a couple of blocks where the poor old gal finally rolled off the bumper into a snow drift (still alive), he gets out to see who he hit, apparently, then gets back in the car and drives off, leaving her there. Several hours later she was found by some passersby and taken to a hospital, where she died the next day, mostly from exposure in zero temperatures our paper implied. The guy turned himself in a couple of days later (nice of him, I'm sure), had his driver's license suspended for a year, a year's jail sentence suspended, and given a special parole officer to report to, since the regular county officer was a nephew of the old lady (the court is so considerate in cases like this). I'm not saying the guy should have been jailed (they're crowded enough), but I am saying the sentence was incredibly light - particularly in view of the fact that he left her there when he could have offered possibly life-saving first aid. The guy who hit a police car and then tried to change his plates before they caught him (over in Ft. Wayne) got every book in the court house thrown at him. I guess a human life isn't as important.

Well, it is some few degrees above zero outside, a few more inside, and about four or five more stencils to go on the annish, and then we can start on the February issue.....JWC



Bob Farnham sent in a letter (which I didn't publish because it was two pages long) concerning his recent anti-Negro letter in RETROGRADE/DISCORD. Mainly, he wants it known that the letter was a gag, and that he does not hate Negroes. It was, apparently, a gag that backfired. Anyway, the letter was intended as a parody and he doesn't want half of fandom mad at him for something he didn't mean.

I notice that I gave an old address for Leslie Sample in the

fanzine review column. Correct present address is: Pvt. William Leslie Sample, RA 14737569, Co. E 1st. Bn., MFSB BANC, Ft. Sam Houston, Texas.

Bob Tucker requested a rundown on the published circulation of the promags, and at approximately the same time Norm Metcalf and Don Franson sent in listings. So here's the rundown, collected by Franson, Coulson and Metcalf (sounds like a firm of shyster lawyers...):

ANALOG (Dec. issue)	74,408
AMAZING (Jan. issue)	48,018
FANTASTIC (Jan. ish)	38,759
F&SF (Jan. issue)	47,574
GALAXY (Feb. issue)	91,000
IF (no data available)	

Come to think of it, I haven't seen a January IF. Did I miss an issue, or did the publishers? One comparison; Metcalf reports that ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE has a published circulation of 135,102. And, just to disappoint everyone, a question of just what these published figures really mean. The general consensus seems to be that these published figures refer to total circulation, but I'm not too sure. It looks to me like they refer to subscriptions only, with newsstand sales still up for guesswork. Why? Well, in MAD #61, the circulation figure given was 48,550. Several fans have commented in surprise on this. However, in the Dec. 1960 issue of BESTSELLERS magazine, which is a trade journal for newsdealers, MAD ran an ad in which it was stated that the circulation of the Oct. '60 issue was 1,354,962, and that 96.9% of this circulation was newsstand sales, rather than subscriptions. The purpose of the ad, of course, was to show that MAD does not short-change news dealers by taking a lot of direct subscriptions (a practice that is frowned upon by the news dealers). For our purposes, however, it is interesting to note that the remaining 3.1% of that 1,354,962 sale amounts to 42,004 copies -- which is pretty close to their "published circulation" figure. It wouldn't be identical, since the published circulation is supposed to represent the average over a 12-month period while the ad concerned only 1 issue. Now, subscriptions probably make up the majority of the sales of stfmags. After all, according to the MAD ad, even such hot newsstand items as READER'S DIGEST and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST sell 84.8% and 79.4%, respectively, of their copies by direct subscription. With the truly horrible distribution and display given stf mags, their subscription percentages may be even higher. But since they don't sell 100% by subscription, I think those people who expected the published circulation figures to end speculation on the subject are in for a disappointment.



And if anyone wonders how I'm glomming onto a magazine distributed to news dealers, Les Nirenberg trades them to me for YANDRO. (Which is a good deal for him, since otherwise he'd just toss them out when finished with them, and a good deal for me because otherwise I wouldn't get to see them.)

Redd Boggs took exception to my unkind remarks about the hektograph process a couple of issues back, and sent me two issues of THE FANTASITE to prove his point. After looking over these mags I have to admit that it is possible to do neat, good-looking work with a hektograph. While the legibility is nothing extra, they can be read, and not only do they lack the slaunchwise printing that shows up on a few pages of most modern hektographed zines, but the color work is equal to the best dittoing; Bo Stenfors is the only editor I've seen who has done better work. So I guess I'll have to back down and admit the hektograph to the circle of acceptable reproduction processes. (But I still wouldn't advise you to dash out and buy one...) Incidentally, these old fanzines raised a couple of questions. First, there is an Indiana Fantasy Association mentioned, headed by Ted Dikty, who was then living in Fort Wayne. Hensley, was this the outfit you were in? Second, I think editor Bronson must have had a time machine. On the contents page of one issue it says "Vol. 1 No. 1 -- November 1940". And on the other it says "Vol 1 No. 2 -- February 1940". Like, hah?

Also, one of them contains a con report by Bob Tucker, and if I owned those fanzines I'd embarrass him by reprinting it in FAPA some time. Interesting thing; fandom may have changed in 20 years, but con reports haven't.

Put a fan in the White House department: Joe Hensley was elected to the Indiana state legislature this year. (The Democratic national ticket in 1972; Hensley and Speer.) By the way, aren't there any Republican lawyers in fandom?

New Year's Eve was spent at the Economus' party. I had my usual attack of asthma (I'm allergic to Milwaukee) but had a good time anyway. Among other treats, Phyllis had one plate of pickled octopus. I tried a piece -- it tasted remarkably like salty rubber, so I declined a second. (Most people declined a first, but Dale Brandon made away with several pieces -- come to think of it, I have yet to find anything that Dale won't eat, and I've seen him tackle some pretty strange concoctions.)

If all you people to whom we owe tapes will be patient, we'll get something done. I'm not sure what; possibly purchasing a new tape recorder. Webcor recently took two months to let me know that a part I wanted was no longer stocked, and I'm about ready to give up on this thing. (One sure thing, if I do get a new one, it won't be a Webcor.)

A few recent non-stf books acquired as Christmas gifts or purchased outright; "Satanism And Witchcraft" by Jules Michelet (Citadel, \$1.45), "Magic Island" by William Seabrook (F&SF Book Co., 50¢), "Report From Practically Nowhere" by John Sack (remaindered, \$1.00), "Murder Out Yonder" by Stewart Holbrook (Christmas gift), "Storming Of The Gateway" by Fairfax Downey (ditto), "My Wicked, Wicked Ways" by Errol Flynn (Dell, 60¢), "The Bull Of Minos" and "The Lost Pheraohs" by Leonard Cottrell (Great Pan Books via Alan Dodd, 2/6 each), "Lucrezia Borgia" by Joan Haslip (Ace, 50¢), and all the Vardis Fisher books we could locate. Then there are the stf books, and quite a few other non-stf, and of course the magazines. I finally gave in and became a member of the National Geographic Society this year; I've been wanting to for a long time. So, until next issue, pardon me while I do some reading.

# 6 SCIENTIFILMS' GRAND DADDY: GEORGES MÉLIÈS

—ARTICLE BY—

*giovanni scognamillo*

Those who have enjoyed the late Mike Todd's "Around The World In 80 Days" will undoubtedly remember that little feature shown as a prologue to it: "A Trip To The Moon".

Directed and produced in 1902 by French film pioneer Georges Méliès, this funny, almost childish, little thing is today considered one of movie history's classics and, as far as we are concerned, the first movie to involve a scientific theme.

Although it is Méliès' most famous production, "A Trip To The Moon" is not the only fantastic picture made by this early French moviemaker.

Born in 1861 in Paris, Georges Méliès had been one of the most famous figures among the film pioneers; five years before directing "A Trip To The Moon" he had built at Montreuil, near Paris, his own studio and was then at the head of a cleverly done, popular, and originally conceived production of small features. A cultured man, a former painter and caricaturist, a brilliant prestidigitator, owner of the "Robert Houdin" theatre, Méliès, who died in misery in 1938, had produced in 20 years of activity more than 4000 pictures of various lengths (but mostly of one or two reels), classifying himself as the first one to consider, in France, film making as a specific, original medium.

Of course, all his productions are directed with a purely theatrical style (and we must not forget that we are only at the beginning of the movie industry), and each scene is elaborately staged as a pantomime, but through all his works Méliès managed to impress the audience with a certain charm; a sincere, primitive genuineness.

Although caricatural and openly childish, "A Trip To The Moon" remains a convincing example of his style and intentions. When filming it, the French pioneer obviously had in mind two famous novels: Jules Verne's "From The Earth To The Moon" (1865), and H. G. Wells' "First Men In The Moon" (1895), but to him these futuristic tales were merely a convenient pretext. Through these modern fairy-tales and considering the theme he had chosen as a logical sequence of Cyrano de Bergerac's and Baron von Munchausen's legendary trips, Méliès is constructing his personal trip to the moon.

A personal trip seen through the eyes of a man who has directed a lot of pictures devoted to such figures as "Red Riding Hood", "Cinderella", "Bluebeard" and the like, cannot be considered with a particular interest toward futuristic probabilities but only as a funny, unbelievable, strange and quiet contemporary tale. That explains why his scientists are freshly taken out of a puppet theatre, the mechanical stuffs devised with humour and all the events and episodes described in a farcical manner. Nevertheless, Méliès manages to give -- and not only to his earlier audience -- an enjoyable, picturesque, most funny little show, full of zest and with some of the best tricks devised in this primitive period of the movies.

Two years after "A Trip To The Moon", Méliès is again adopting a fantastic theme in "A Trip Toward The Impossible" (1904). This



nonsensical trip involves, among other media, a flying train directed to the sun. Flot is, in many incidents, similar to the previous one: we have again a group of silly, caricatural, bearded scientists, a lot of paraphernalia and a journey into space. The train is swallowed by the sun (in "A Trip To The Moon" it was the moon who received in its "eye" the giant space-ship) and the passengers are in danger of being roasted alive. Cleverly they seek refuge in a big refrigerator, then manage to fly back aboard a parachuted submarine. The submarine safely reaches the bottom of the ocean, and meets a giant octopus before exploding. The scientists are rescued and brought safely home, but, angry at losing all their beautiful machines, they ask a certain Prof. Maboulof to bring back the flying train from the sun and the submarine from beneath the ocean. Maboulof agrees and achieves his task with the help of a big electrical magnet.

A submarine is again employed by Méliès in "200,000 Leagues Under The Sea" (1907), where a fisherman is named captain of it by the Witch of the Seas. After a journey under the ocean, the hero is captured by the Fish People, then suddenly wakes from a dream, in his own room. This inconsequential piece, made without talent or inventions, is a crude attempt to attract attention and interest only through a title similar to Verne's novel and a kind of poor-man's submarine vaguely recalling the "Nautilus".

The last of Méliès' work, more or less connected with scientific-reminders, is "The Conquest Of The Pole" (1912). Here we have only some small items, like a brief appearance of some strange and funny airplanes in a scene showing the race toward the Pole, and the farcical figure of the huge Giant of the Pole, who swallows the explorers in his big frozen mouth. All in all the little picture is no more than a compendium, though brilliantly done, of Méliès' previous achievements.

As a conclusion, we agree that only four features may not be sufficient for consideration of Georges Méliès as the "father" of today's scientific films, although we must accept that he was the first moviemaker to indulge in such themes as trips to the moon and sun, all kinds of flying machines, journeys under the ocean, beast-like creatures on the moon, strange lunar scenery and the like. However, in his primitive, fairy-tale manner, the French pioneer deserves truly to be acclaimed, both by movie historians and fans, as the first to bring such items to the screen. It is only after him that, gradually, other ones will seek the interest of moviegoers in such pictures as "20,000 Leagues Under The Sea" (1905, a Vitagraph production directed by Mac Cutcheon), "Frankenstein" (1909/1910, the first screen adaptation made by Searle Dawley), Italy's "An Interplanetary Wedding" (1910, directed by Enrico Novelli) and Britain's "The First Men In The Moon" (1913).

And that's the beginning of scientific films.

-----  
"Smoke Vultures -- for the man who can't think for himself."

.....Betty Kujawa

-----  
A FEGHOOTLING. . . . . by Menasha Duane

Q: Why is it, that although the toilets of the kings and emperors of old were always made of gold and silver and other precious and long-enduring metals, they are invariably found today in an extremely pitted and corroded condition?

A: Aqua regia.



# LATE NEWS: FINAL

— from — bob — tucker —

There are many things that can be trusted to the mails, and some things that cannot be -- a fact obvious to all but the greenest neos (if we may judge them by the contents of their fanzines). Similarly, there are a few things that even the wisest of men will not trust to the telegraph company or to the telephone. The only safe, sure way is to transmit the information face to face in some isolated spot -- preferably a clearing in the forest -- where one can be certain of privacy. There is no forest clearing available to me and so, when either Lynn Hickman or myself have something important to say, we meet in the local poolhall and conduct our secret conversations over the clicking of pool balls. It is an ideal place and we have no fear of prying ears.

Hickman, you may remember, is a traveling salesman and he makes it a point to drop by my place from time to time so that we may keep each other posted. These visits are always conducted under the most innocent auspices -- not even my wife or the children have become suspicious of our activities. (And when you can carry on undercover activities for a number of years without arousing the suspicions of your wife, you're pretty clever. I'm clever.)

One day in early November the phone rang and Hickman spoke two terse words into my ear. "Pool Hall!" he rasped in a sinister manner. I knew at once that something fraught with peril was at hand. Dropping the dish towel and two plates, I ran from the kitchen to meet him. Moments later, over the clattering din of ricocheting pool balls, we met in an historic encounter.

Tersely, he asked, "Read FANAC number 66?"

I admitted that I had not. The guilty admission was barely out of my mouth when he thrust a sheaf of pink and gray papers into my hand.

"Read it now," he rasped tersely. "Front page."

I glanced at the headline and, despite myself, took an involuntary step backward. It was as though I had been struck.

## WARNER ATTENDS A CON

Harry Warner, Jr., after over two decades as an active fan, attended his first convention on Saturday, November 5. The occasion was the 19th Philcon, at the Sheraton Hotel, Philadelphia.

The remainder of the news story was given over to confirmations of this event, as if the editor had not believed it when he first learned of the occurrence and knew that his readers





would be skeptical as well. But it was cold fact. Les Gerber, the Shaws, Eney, Scithers, White, McKnight, Meskys and others all corroborated the startling fact. Hickman and I stared at each other, knowing it had come.

"I am reminded of an old cliché," I said lamely. "If it wasn't in such poor taste, I'd be tempted to say this news will plunge all fandom into war."

"Not funny," Hickman retorted tersely.

"No, it isn't. Just the opposite, in fact." I thought a moment, thought of the length of time I had been active in fandom: thirty years is one devil of a sentence. Not many men would have the courage to see it through. Thirty years of fan wars and uneasy periods of peace, thirty years of fanzines sublime and ridiculous, thirty years of names and faces parading before me like so many wisps of moving fog. But at last the end had come.

"Where do we begin?" was Hickman's terse question.

I gave it a moment's study. "The Westcoast, I suppose. There are too many active, curious people out there -- we don't dare let them go until last. We'll start on the coast and work eastward."

"It will be sticky," was the terse comment.

"Damned sticky," I replied. "But we'll pare the exceptions to the absolute minimum. Those exceptions will be disappointed at the lack of response, of course, but we can't hold all fandom just for them. There are the Coulsons, for example. I've promised them an even hundred issues and I think it best to honor our firm commitments."

"Hundred issues?" Hickman echoed tersely. "When is the anniversary?"

"Next May," I answered, and then smiled sadly. "The maniac wants to do fifty pages -- can you imagine it? I suppose he'd force poor Juanita to crank out a hundred pages if we permitted him to go on to his two hundredth issue. By the gods, what fools these fans be!"

Hickman repressed a shudder. After a moment he said tersely, "Well, get cracking!"

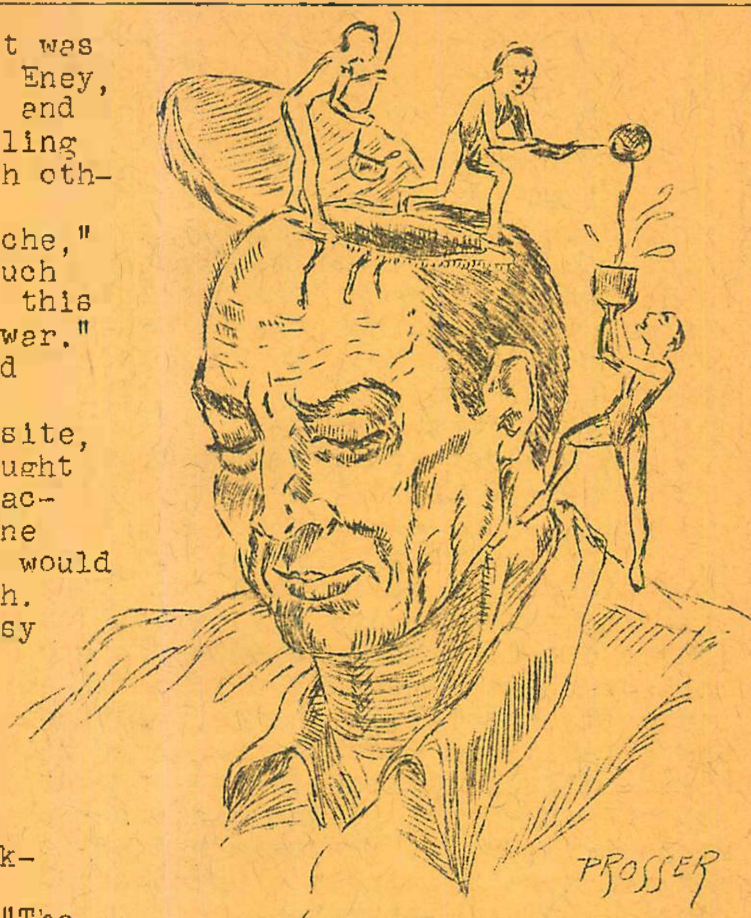
"Right!" I said, and wheeled to the telephone. With most of the nation on direct dialing systems it did not take long. Ackerman was first and I caught him totally unprepared. He hadn't read FANAC either.

"Pull the plug out there," I ordered crisply. "Make certain you take the entire coast with you: Vancouver to San Diego." And I heard his gasp of disbelief.

"My God!" he whispered. "Did it really happen?"

"November 5th. Philadelphia." I allowed him a moment to collect his stunned wits. "Don't allow anyone to escape!"

"But they're planning another Westcon," he pleaded. "Maybe we should....."



"The devil take the Westercon!" I cut in harshly. "Pull the plug! You know Gernsback's rules: fandom is over, done, kaput." And I heard him nod his head as he hung up.

After Ackerman it was the other Old Guard leaders in the several fan centers of the world. Croutch in Ontario; Wollheim in New York; Farnham in the Southeast; Greenleaf in the Deep South; Wiggins in Colorado. A cable went off to Carnell in London, and another to Molesworth in Australia. The day was done. Each of them reluctantly obeyed orders because there was no other course open to them: Warner had pulled the rug from under us all and our thirty-year wait was ended. Our way of life was no more.

I would miss fandom

As my last act I sent a telegram to Gernsback.

YOU RULE THE SEVAGRAM.

-----  
 "Professors of Education, who are the curse of America, do tend to be self-satisfied. I heard the Professor of Education at an important midwestern university give a talk on his return to America from an extended stay in Thailand where he had led a team advising on the reorganizing of Thai schools. He told his audience that Thai schools had originally been modelled on the reactionary British pattern, so that pupils had actually to pass exams before being promoted to a higher form, instead of being democratically promoted regardless of whether they had learned anything. He was glad to report that the American team had changed all that. The team had pointed out to the Thai teachers that it was bad for the morale of pupils if they were not all promoted together regardless of achievement, and now it was possible for all pupils to go right up through the top form of high school; nobody was allowed to fail; all 'graduated'; the only requirement was Sitzfleisch. Thus, he concluded with magnificent lack of logic, all Thai children were now educated, and being educated could stand as a bulwark against communism. (I am not in any way distorting or over-simplifying his argument.)"

And people wonder why we're losing the Cold War. The above quote comes from the BULLETIN OF THE COUNCIL FOR BASIC EDUCATION, by way of THE BORZOI QUARTERLY, Vol. 9 #2 (copyright Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1960) and sent to us by Glenn Godwin. It isn't a report of a rare event, either; the reasoning given is typical of education professors. Ask Juanita.

-----  
 Those of you who wanted to join the Committee For Indecent Literature (which began as a gag but might well have ended as a sercon organization) should be interested in the Freedom-To-Read Citizens Committee. This organization, with headquarters at 244 California Street, Room 711, San Francisco 11, California, is devoted to opposing censorship by private pressure groups. So far their efforts seem to have been directed against the Vigilante Committee For Decent Literature (known in some quarters as the P.P.P. -- Prominent Pushers of Pap). However, I don't think they'll be exclusive in opposing censorship; they should be willing to aid against your local group of Know-Nothings. Leader of the group is Morris Lowenthal. A check with Bill Donaho revealed that Bill's friends regarded Lowenthal as a conservative. (This means that he's probably a liberal Democrat, but at least he can by no stretch of the imagination be regarded as a crackpot or a subversive -- though he'll probably be labelled as such by the opposition.) I urge all you fans who have been talking about censorship to get in touch with this group and do something about it.  
 -----



# LET'S PLAY AUTHOR

article by  
rog ebert

It's one of those paradoxes of modern American literature that only the writing genres that are not accepted as literature concern themselves with their "literary status". The Young Writers group, for example, led by such notables as Mailer, Shaw and Jones, is generally thought to be writing literature. It professes not to care. The fantasy school led by Sturgeon, Bester and Jackson, is also generally thought to be writing literature -- but not science fiction. (Its notables also profess not to care.)

This leaves science fiction -- the genre at hand -- way out in the center field bleachers somewhere. And the stf fans, who seem desperately to cling to any fiction even remotely stfish and drag it into the fold in an apparent effort to raise the fold's average quality, profess to care very much.

An outgrowth of this basically ludicrous situation has become the position of most sercon fans in stf today. They point to this book or that, and cry with equal parts of zeal and missionary fervor, "Look! A good review in TIME. Book of the week in THE SATURDAY REVIEW! It's literature!"

They add solemnly: "Science fiction has come of age." (Incidentally, they usually don't read the book in question. Their main purpose seems to be to get other people to read it. They're a lot like missionaries here, too.)

Their conduct is a classic example of trying for prestige by association. The fen, not content with reading and enjoying science fiction, are apparently victims of some holdover guilt feelings from the days when stf was not "respectable". In answer to questions about the "worth" of such "trash", they seek to prove it isn't trash, it's literature.

This still leaves some question about its "worth".

And they'd probably be more successful with their doubters -- and more truthful -- if they tried to prove it was fun, and not literature.

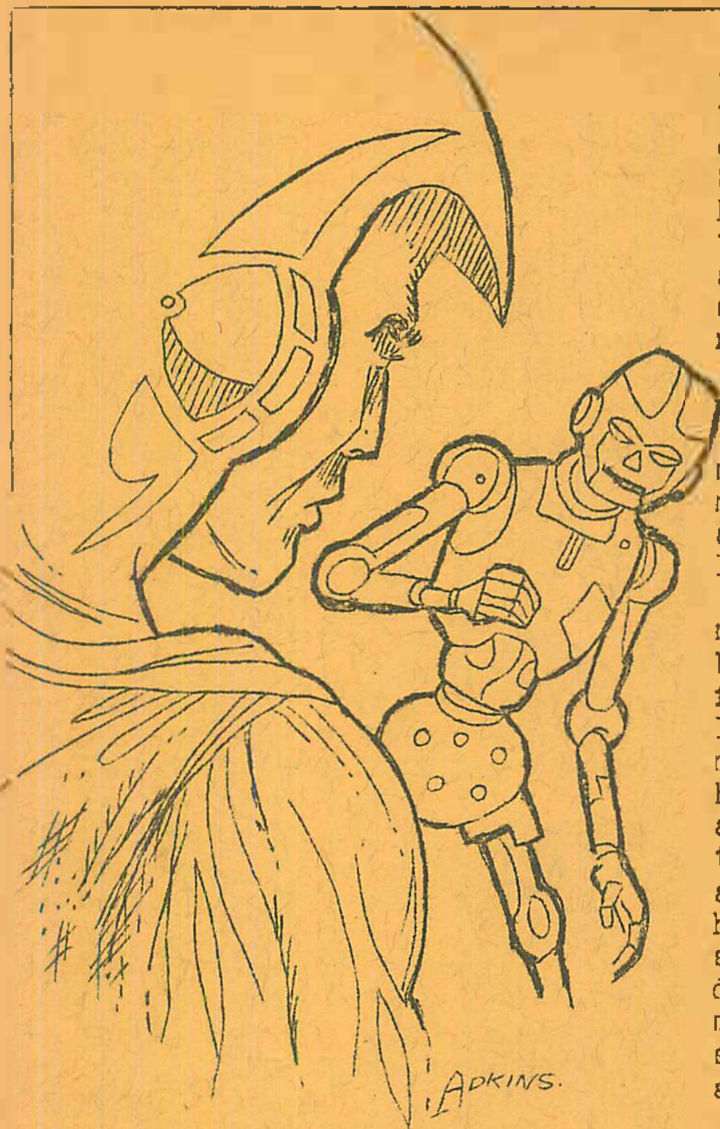
Because the simple fact is, that almost all stf written in the past twenty years wasn't literature, but was fun. And the few stories or books that were accepted as literature were primarily that -- and not science fiction, and maybe not much fun.

It's like asking a Las Vegas showgirl to join your ballet troupe in a featured role. If she's a typical kick-and-grinder, she can't handle the part. If she practices and polishes her talent until she becomes an accomplished ballet dancer, she's no longer a showgirl.

The willingness of too many fen to apply this parallel to stf and try to have both fun and art at the same time has brought about the impossible "literary status" which stf allegedly enjoys today. And we can read articles in the SATURDAY REVIEW about how stf is maturing -- how, in fact, it is coming of age.

The SATURDAY REVIEW doesn't seem to care much that science fiction is also dying.

Studied impartially, the phenomenon of a "fun" literary school trying its best to always keep a straight face and hide its smile while the critics are looking is pathetic. It may someday prove to have sounded the death knell for the genre, too.



Golden Age science fiction (the venerable, greying and honored old-time fan will tell you in a voice quavering with emotion and a double Scotch-on-the-rocks) was once a helluva lot of fun to read. Maybe this "sense of wonder" business amounts to nothing, but that vintage stf was entertaining, anyway, and not so doggoned "literary".

It had a plot, a hero, a motivation, a threat, its solution, and a happy ending. Sometimes one or maybe three of the ingredients were memorable enough to make the story a stf "classic". But no one called it literature.

Nowadays (the veteran fan be-moans) stf is maybe just a little bit literature, but it isn't much fun. At any rate, it tries to be literature, and it has all the gimmicks that most literature seems to have; pseudo-psychological insight, a cynical hero who foils the villain through indirection and indifference, a heroine who realizes the Horror of her Situation in chapter one and stays drunk until it's time for the denouement, and an author who is more than likely to start out with something progressive and brilliant as:

"Willie was a worm. Well, not really. But that's another story. So

is Willie. So, when this broad walked into the Five Planets Bar in Marsport, Willie...."

Sometimes -- you know -- you see the old-timer's point.

When you backtrack a little to really stop and ask yourself just what literature is, anyway, you realize that that's a more meaningful question than the one you've been asking all along; what science fiction is. Because, if you find out what literature is, maybe you can make stf literature. And, as even Damon Knight has sadly discovered, finding out what science fiction is doesn't make it literature.

Literature is basically something that the textbooks call a presentation of a reality, and the reaction of characters to that reality. But this is a stupid definition. The literature part comes in when you start measuring how well the author has handled his reality, and his characters. And this takes an altogether subjective yardstick, and is more a matter of feeling than of textbooks.

Assuming for the moment that you and I know what literature really is (tho very likely we don't), let's ask ourselves where science fiction fits in.

Science fiction is, first, the projection of that present reality into the future, and the reaction of our future characters to it.



(Science fantasy, or just plain fantasy, is often the rejection of reality and the reaction of the characters to that rejection.) Sometimes the projection of our science-fictional reality isn't into the future, but it's almost always into another, largely alien, environment. So far so good. If literature can deal with past and present realities and be good reading, then science fiction can certainly add a few future realities without harm.

Science fiction is, second, in a sort of hangover from the education minded Hugo Gernsback, overloaded with the trappings of that future reality, or civilization. And this is not so good.

Science fiction is, third, sadly enough not so much the reaction of our characters to that future reality that we decided was safe enough but our characters' reactions to the trappings of that future reality.

And this is bad.

Because a story, no matter how well done or skillfully plotted and written, just isn't literature if it deals most of the time with a lot of characters being motivated to react to this wonder, or examine that, or fly off in those, or travel through time in this. It's more of a travelogue. And it's undeniably science fiction, no matter how far it may be from literature.

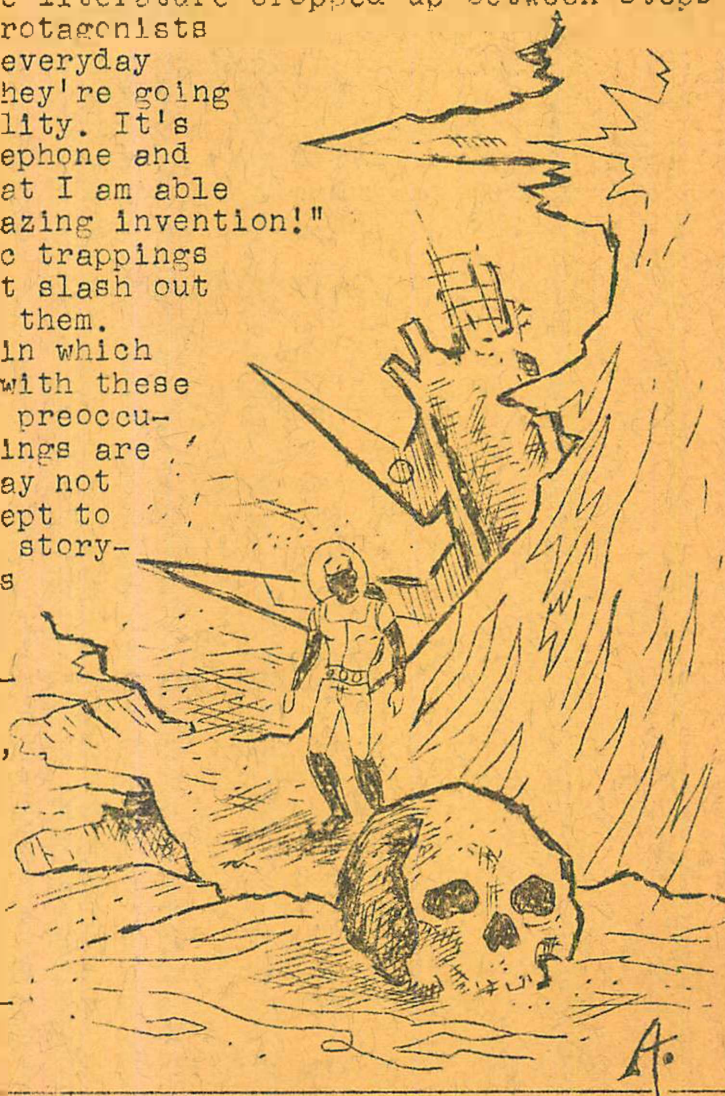
Let's go back a step or so, and see if anything can be done to restore sf's literary chances. Obviously, one of the big faults of science fiction in its drive to become literature cropped up between steps two and three. We can't have our protagonists becoming all preoccupied with the everyday gadgets of their civilization if they're going to get busy and react to their reality. It's just like we don't pick up the telephone and say, "Mabel, isn't it wonderful that I am able to speak to you clearly on this amazing invention!"

So, let's leave the scientific trappings in the story (Hugo be honored!) but slash out the characters' preoccupation with them.

Now we have a future reality in which our characters are all surrounded with these wonderful trappings, but don't get preoccupied with them. In fact, the trappings are altogether in the background and may not even be mentioned much at all, except to get the readers oriented. The main storyline is built around the characters themselves, and their reactions.

Pretty good progress, eh? And we may be well on the way to creating literature.

But let's go one step farther, and maybe we'll come up with a foolproof formula. Let's sort of subordinate those trappings, which are getting in the way of the story, anyway, right out of the story. Now we won't even have to stop to get the readers oriented, and we can begin writing the literature part from the word go, as it were.







Amazing, isn't it? By just a simple manipulation of some simple rules, we have now remade science fiction into literature. We've taken the only real drawback to its being literature in the first place -- the cumbersome trappings -- and thrown them out. And now what we have could be literature, if its written well enough. This might restore science fiction to its rightful status in modern American literature. Matter of fact, it could even be told just as well by one of the Young Writers. It's got to be literature.

There's only one catch.

Ever since we dropped the trappings out, it hasn't been science fiction any more. It's been mainstream. And if we put the trappings back in, it isn't literature any more, we've decided.

Ahem.

It would appear that science fiction, then, that fits the requirements of literature isn't stf any more. And vice versa. Makes all this talk about stf's being recognized as a literary form sound sort of absurd, doesn't it?

Because, though you could probably bring about a marriage of the two camps, it would be more trouble than it's worth. It would be infinitely wiser to write straight literature without dragging in science fiction's shopworn old props.

And infinitely easier to write science fiction without conforming to literature's inhibiting rules and regulations.

So why do we bother to make it literature? We have plenty of literature already, but we're getting short on science fiction. Let's go back to plain, unvarnished, untitled stf. Let's quit trying to burden the shoulders of an entertainment form with all sorts of fancy responsibilities.

Let's let science fiction relax and be fun again.

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And God spake unto Moses, saying "Take ye these Commandments unto the People and runneth them up the Flagpole, saying 'If ye saluteth not, ye shall have had it'." ...The Madison Ave. Testament, per Gene DeWeese

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In fiction, the writer can produce strictly popular entertainment, as exemplified by the adventure pulps, the SATURDAY EVENING POST, etc. Or he can attempt to seriously present his ideas to the world. If the writer is good enough, his serious presentation may be accepted as "literature". If he is not good enough, it is forgotten even sooner than the writing of the "entertainers". (In fact, if the entertainer is good enough, his writings may become accepted as literature; witness Shakespeare.) I think that part of the trouble with science fiction is that too many inferior writers are attempting serious presentations, and too many others have mistaken social satire for quality. With the result that adventure hackwork by Burroughs is more entertaining and will last far longer than satirical hackwork by Pohl and his imitators. What we need are more writers of good entertainment, such as Foul Anderson, RSC

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"Juanita said that you're different from both of her parents; her father was a man and her mother was a woman." Sid Coleman....isn't it nice to have the sort of friendships that one acquires in fandom?

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"Daddy go tap-tap-tap!" .....Bruce Coulson



# Capture—That—Capsule

(THE WORST OF THE WORST—LIKE WOW!)

gene dewese

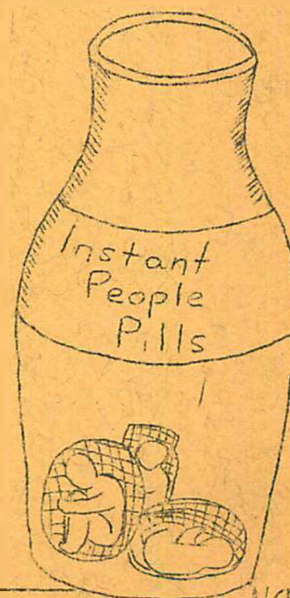
There are these Russian spies, see? And then there is this artificial satellite which just went up from Canaveral. And, finally, there are some FBI agents. They are all idiots, even the satellite.

The spies are after the satellite, and the FBI is helping them, because the FBI is after the head spy and figures that if it gives the spies the satellite, they will lead it to him. So's not to lose the trail in the shuffle, the FBI plants a radio transmitter in the satellite.

The spies lead things off by knocking the satellite out of orbit and into the ocean with a special stolen (they think) radio signal. The satellite comes down conveniently nearby in the ocean, and they set out after it in a motor launch. On the way out, however, two of them get into a fight and one is thrown overboard. No one bothers to attempt a rescue, thus proving that Russian spies are inhuman monsters. The cause of the fight, you ask? Was Stalin or Krushchev insulted? Well, no..... as a matter of fact, the throwee swiped some of the thrower's beer. This may or may not prove that Russian spies are alcoholic, selfish, and snort tempered.

The three remaining spies reach the fallen satellite just as it is picked up by a group of FBI men masquerading as fishermen. (Apparently they don't trust the spies to find the satellite. This proves that spies are inept and that the FBI leaves nothing to chance.) The spies tell the FBI fishermen that they are game wardens and that the satellite looks like an illegal fish lure. They confiscate it, take it back to the shore, and promptly run into some real game wardens, who also think the satellite looks like an artificial fish lure. (No one bothered to consult a fish on what it might think of the satellite's appearance.) In the ensuing fight, the satellite -- which looked more like a round tv picture tube than a fish lure, legal or illegal -- gets battered around and the radio in it quits working. The spies, having won the fight by some suitably underhanded and spyish means, take their satellite and pile into a getaway car.

Now that the radio has quit transmitting, the FBI panics and sets up a batch of road blocks. The spies are stopped, and the satellite, which they had plunked nonchalantly onto the back seat of their car, rolls to the floor and begins transmitting again. Luckily, the FBI car with the radio detection apparatus is at that very road block, and the agents therein take off after the spies. However, one of the spies, a perceptive soul, has recognized one of the agents in the pursuing car. Now the spies panic and abandon their car. They sneak out the back door of some beach establishment, planning to walk 12 miles to their Leader's house. They get tired rather quickly, however, proving that Russian spies aren't very healthy, either.



NOTE



They start to commandeer a tiny sports car parked near the beach, but are interrupted by the owner, a young man with a spear gun. He doesn't have the presence of mind to use it, so he gets shot. His girl friend, however, is brighter, and grabs the gun and plugs one of the spies with it. This is fortunate for the spies, since all three of them would never have fit into that car. Probably, judging from their previous behaviour, they would have had to shoot one of their own number to solve the dilemma and the girl simply saved them the trouble.

Anyway, the two spies take off in the stolen car with the satellite. But they soon spot a suspicious car, one that looks like the one belonging to the FBI agents. They panic again and throw the satellite out of the car, down into a ravine. A few miles further on, they stop and wait for the suspicious car to catch up to them. Stopping the car, they are temporarily relieved to see that a woman is driving (one of the few recorded instances of relief at this disclosure). However, their suspicions are aroused by a mass of radio equipment in the back seat. You see, this is the wife of one of the FBI agents; she'd volunteered to drive the car to lull the spies' suspicions. (Why? I don't know and I refuse to think about it.) They reach in to grab her, but luckily the car has power windows. She drives off, dragging one of the spies by his arm, which is caught in the window. For some reason she lets him go after a few dozen yards, and he rejoins his friend and the two of them go back to retrieve their satellite.

After a mercifully brief Three-Stooges interlude with a small boy and his pet snake, they get the satellite. Then, presumably exhausted, they sit down and discuss their spyish plans. This would be fine, except that two FBI agents just happen to be hiding behind the rock the spies are sitting on. Needless to say, they get a dandy resumé of the spies' past and future activities and some hints about the Leader's identity. When the spies leave, one agent follows them while his pardner starts hitchhiking to a telephone. Naturally, he unknowingly hitches a ride with the Leader, who takes him to his spy-infested home. Not only that, but the agent now makes a telephone call to his office, thus revealing to the Leader that he is an FBI man. He hangs up the phone, turns around, and stares into a gun barrel. Then he has the nerve to act surprised!

The other spies arrive shortly with the satellite, which someone promptly prys open with a pocket knife (!). They play back the tape which was inside it and which has been the object of all this running around. The tape says something like "Well, here comes that signal. Whoops! Here I go! Gee, it's a long way down to that water!" This, I suppose, proves that the FBI has a sense of humor. The spies, a humorless lot, are not amused.

About then, the other agent, who had been following the two spies, arrives in time to save the day -- or at least, his pardner.

If you consider that this story was further hampered by terrible acting, miserable dialogue, and a few other shortcomings, you begin to understand why this was a "sneak preview". They had to sneak it in. The whole audience laughed at it; not just the fans.

To crown the evening, the audience was asked to "record their reactions" to the movie, and were given little cards for that purpose. This proves that the producer had guts. One person listed the snake as the "Most Interesting Character". Another added to the three printed columns of "Good", "Fair" and "Poor", a fourth, "Eech!" and then checked all the Eech boxes. If, when you go to a movie, you like to shake your head and mutter "Oh, no!" over and over, don't miss "Capture That Capsule".



# WALT KELLY - MAN OF MYSTERY

— article by maggie curtis —

"Who dish yere Pocketbook Kelly think he is?"

"Ma sakes! He sort of simple seemin'!"

Thus spoke the swamp critturs about their creator back in 1947.

In the days when I regarded stf as a bane because my parents spent their money on it rather than on comic books, I got an allowance of a dime a week; with that dime I bought a comic book which my mother was forced to read to me every night till I got the next one. One day I came back from the newsstand with a comic known simply as ANIMAL COMICS #25, Feb-Mar 1947. Mom was delighted after the first reading; after the seventh, she was even happier about it. Almost immediately after, I got a second comic, a different comic, a new comic -- Dell Comic #148, or ALBERT THE ALLIGATOR AND POGO POSSUM.

The introduction to this precious volume outlined the manner in which the comic came into being. Professor Rover Boysenmexico was disguised as a stuffed owl.

Unmasked, Professor Boysenmexico showed us a secret compartment in the back of the Owl's head and revealed a Boll Weevil busily kicking the stuffing out of the Owl. The Owl was solid with Albert and Pogo stories! A VERITABLE RUBBISH MINE!

As the Boll Weevil continued to punt the manuscripts out of the Owl, Boysenmexico produced a large revolver and a supply of sandwiches. Then he crawled into the fireplace and threatened to shoot Santa Claus unless another collection of Albert and Pogo stories (the first was Dell Comic #105) was published. He has been there ever since, munching sandwiches and firing at random up the chimney. Random is a thin man and hard to hit. He keeps the Professor pretty busy.

Mother did the honorable thing -- she wrote a letter to the right honorable Walter Crawford Kelly, Jr. Happily for me, he answered the letter. Thus began the Kelly-Curtis correspondence, during the course of which we learned a few things about the Master. Concerning his family in those days he wrote, "There's kids all over the place here -- Three are mine. Another one is my wife. A small furry one lives in the cellar."

On August 9, 1947, he wrote,

There is rather gloomy news connected with Pogo and Albert. The sale of the regular magazine, Animal Comics, has not been so great as to insure its continued survival. It is a pretty sure bet that it will disappear after the first of the year. A number of things are responsible, but the main cause is the prohibitive price and the scarcity of newsprint these days. Unless a magazine is overwhelmingly popular it is better business to devote its paper to extra issues of a top selling comic.

However there is a movement afoot to have A. and P. syndicated and for this reason I have been most happy to get letters...

The Great Man and my father conducted a controversy over the vital



matter of whether or not bats had eardrums; Kelly claiming they did not, Dad (who did his doctor's thesis on them) daring to say that they did, too. Kelly sent us an 8½ x 11 cartoon in which Ding Bat, The Drum Store Man, said to Howland Owl, "Eer drums? No, ah got de snare, bass, oil, conun, hum and a tuscaloosa tom-tom wif side saddle but de ear type isn't in ma line." Owl declared "Ah KNEWED it! Ah KNEWED it!" while the weevil looking on asked, "Is yo gone pee-rade wif fifes, boogles an' all, Owl?" The caption to the cartoon is, "Modest and wif lowered eyeballs us present factuable proof (f'um de hoss own mouf)."

In 1948 I came down with rheumatic fever, and Kelly wrote a sympathetic letter saying that he, too, had had it.

It sort of ruined a part of my childhood, about six months if I remember correctly and then all sorts of dire predictions were made. I got in the habit of holding my breath -- and stood still, with a purple look, until my twenty-first birthday. Then with a gold watch and chain I set out for Venezuela. Years later I was known as Fred Fearless, the Boy Hamster King.

At about this point it came to light that Kelly is a generous soul and a kind one to boot. He twice sent me packages of children's books to while away weary hours. He is a Good Man.

THE CRICKET (which had "the earliest full reference to him (Pogo) in the fan press," according to Mr. Eney's researches) was sent to Kelly and he wrote what might be called a letter of comment: "The Cricket was received here with marked enthusiasm and read with gusto and coffee. It is a nice job, satisfactory in every way and has a lot of chirp..."

As a result of the correspondence, two pilgrimages were made to Massa Kelly. When the subject was first broached to him, he wrote:

Our great grandfather Mecca Kelly was the object of a pilgrimage in 1854 and has never been the same since. It seems that there was trouble about a horse. Several gentlemen representing the law made a pilgrimage to Mecca's stable and for reasons best known to those concerned Gramps is serving a life term in the county jail. Old Kellys never die and it is Mecca's plan to eat the county into a state of bankruptcy.

On these visits, the two who made the trips discovered that Kelly is as sparkling a wit in person as he is in his strips and letters. However, a wire recorder proved his downfall. It was taken along and plunked down in front of him; taken back, he did his best to provide a good example of his noted ability to talk. He tried reading one of his strips but didn't get beyond the third panel; apparently shaking with laughter at his own (considerable) humor, he gave up. The wire, naturally, is still treasured.

Kelly once gave us to understand that one could not depend too much on what magazine biographies had to say about him. He left us with the impression that, as he figured that the reporters wanted to hear



amusing anecdotes about him, he told them amusing anecdotes -- composed of whole cloth. However, according to researches in magazines, the following so-called facts come to light. (Just remember, we can guarantee the truth of none of this.) Kelly was born in Philadelphia on August 25 1913, the son of Walter Crawford Kelly and Genevieve MacAnnula Kelly, but didn't let it feze him. When he was about two years old, the family moved to Bridgeport, Connecticut. His father was a theatrical-scene painter; when Kelly was in Warren Harding High School, he worked on both the school paper and the Bridgeport POST. He worked at various jobs after graduating, ending up on the POST. From then on he was versatily busy. He was a Bridgeport Welfare Department investigator, a window-display painter, and in 1935 became an artist in the Disney Studio in Burbank, California. There he worked on "Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs", "Dumbo" and "Fantasia". He quit there in 1941, emerging "with nothing worse than first degree burns," and went back to New York working in comic books, apparently. In 1943 he became a civilian employee of the foreign language unit of the Armed Forces Institute and created a comic book feature called "Bumazine and Albert The Alligator" in which Pogo first appeared. Later, the New York STAR starred Kelly. On September 5, 1948, he wrote to us, "Kelly is supposed to be in charge of pictures, layout, burglary, cartoons, comics, men's room and related subjects. We have discussed P. Possum and I have finally got it into daily shape. Still not satisfied but may use." Later, he wrote that he was terribly busy with the STAR, "serving as an editor-plus." The STAR started publication on June 23, 1948, and ran until January 28, 1949. Kelly was in charge of cartoons and did daily political cartoons and weather cartoons for it. He won a \$100 Heywood Broun Award for his famous political cartoons, in which Dewey appeared as a mechanical man. The first POGO strip in a newspaper appeared in the STAR on Monday, Oct. 4, 1948 (Kelly did ads for the strip, which appeared a few days previously). POGO was suspended with the STAR, but showed up -- syndicated -- on May 16, 1949 in the New York POST HOME NEWS and has been going strong ever since. (We are quietly proud that the last words of any POGO character in the STAR were those of Porky; "You're hard but just, Curtis.") Dell brought out a series of 16 POGO POSSUM comic books from Oct-Dec 1949 to Apr-Jun 1954. By 1958, according to Stephen Becker's "Comic Art In America", POGO was appearing in over 500 newspapers. In 1952 WK was chosen cartoonist of the year by the National Cartoonists Society and in 1954 became president of the organization. During his reign, he and Milton Caniff spearheaded the cartoonists' successful efforts to work out their own censorship rather than be ruled by government censors. In 1951, POGO was the first of a long series /19 to date, if I counted right - RSC/ of Pogo books, which are still





being published at the rate of two a year.

POGO was not Kelly's only work, by a long shot. He did cartoon strips for such diverse comics as FAIRY TALE PARADE, SANTA CLAUS FUNNIES, OUR GANG COMICS (OUR GANG WITH TOM & JERRY), ANIMAL COMICS, and RAGGEDY ANN & ANDY, and covers for WALT DISNEY'S COMICS AND STORIES. He also did whole comics: CHRISTMAS WITH MOTHER GOOSE, EASTER WITH MOTHER GOOSE, MOTHER GOOSE AND NURSERY RHYME COMICS, ALBERT THE ALLIGATOR AND POGO POSSUM, THE BROWNIES, PETER WHEAT, POGO PARADE and, of course, POGO POSSUM. However, soon Kelly had to decide which was to be his major work -- political cartooning or Pogo. The world might have lost a great political cartoonist to Pogo, but it didn't; somehow, it got both.

The Pogo comic, it once said in COLLIER'S, took Kelly a week to produce -- in comparison with his daily strip which took an hour and his Sunday page which took him three hours. The week, Kelly must have decided, wasn't worth it.

It takes planning to be sensible and since the comic book is merely a sidecar to the motorcycle I can't at this point take it so seriously that I would waste an idea on it that I could do in the daily strip. The daily strip is no chore, yunnerstan, it just is all too true that if you go to the well often enough you'll fall in one day.

Kelly does not always work alone. He has done illustrations for John Lardner's article in LOOK, "The Young Stay Young At Dartmouth", in the issue for June 2, 1953. He has also illustrated Lardner's "Strong Cigars and Lovely Women" (1951), John O'Reilly's "The Glob" (1952), and Inez Bertall's "Complete Nursery Song Book" (1947). In the fall of 1956, he even went on a round-the-world trip with Lardner for COLLIER'S.

Kelly is now, we understand, quite well to do. So far, he has quite successfully resisted almost all commercial corruptions of his protegee. He has put on the market the Pogo books, the Pogomobile, and Pogo songs which have appeared in a book and on a record. There are also "I Go Pogo" campaign buttons which have appeared in the past two presidential campaigns. He has done "Stay In School" posters for the U.S. Navy, starring Pogo. But there have never been commercially-made Pogo dolls, Pogo games, Pogo movies and TV shows (he does not want to assign voices to his characters) or Pogo ads....

Walt Kelly spoke at the eighth annual convention of the Congress of European American Assns. at the Acropolis in Athens on September 9, 1958. Attention was called to Kelly because of the idea in Pogo about a "Year of Man" in which animals study mankind to prevent cruelty of people to people. The CEAA is devoted to better understanding between Western nations.

Married twice, Kelly had three children in Darien, Connecticut, by his first wife, Helen. The children were the girls Kathy and Tony and a boy, Peter David. In New York Kelly lives with his second wife, Stephanie, at an address unknown to us. They lost their first child -- a little girl -- and then had Stephen, Andrew, and probably lots more whose names we don't know.

Walt recently suffered a heart attack -- how severe I don't know. It was enough to send him to bed for quite a spell; it hasn't impaired his sense of humor, however. "I am as alive and kicking as a Summit Conference", he said in May.

I dare not try to analyse Kelly's humor -- it is a task which should not be attempted for the present. Stephen Becker in "Comic Art In Amer-



ica" classed the audience of Pogo with those of Krazy Kat, Barney, Peanuts, Milt Gross and Rube Goldberg.

Thus the work of six men whose hold on their audience was or is at least partly inexplicable and whose comic strips don't seem to fall into any of the traditional categories. KRAZY KAT is certainly not an animal strip, nor is POGO; BARNABY is not a supernatural strip; PEANUTS may be a kid strip, but it is like not other kid strip; and Milt Gross's work is different from anything else in the history of comics.

Kelly once commented on present-day comic artists, showing his old-time favorites and indicating something-or-other about him:

Some stuff is good...but in my field when I remember how good Billy deBeck (Barney Google) was, how good old Tad Dorgan (Indoor Sports, Outdoor Sports, Silk Hat Harry's Divorce Suit) was, Sidney Smith (The Gumps), Sullivant (cartoonist), George Herriman (Krazy Kat), I get sort of disgusted with the lazy slugs who think that to be good you have to be a genius or lucky.

Kelly collectors have a number of problems -- not at all the least of which are Kelly's hostility to the idea of a Kelly collection and Dell's uninterested attitude about its own products. Apparently, no newspaper in the country will guarantee to carry the full Sunday page every week. It is as good as impossible to get copies of the New York STAR. Without a complete collection, one doesn't know what things Kelly has done and one can't amass a complete collection without knowing what he's done. The writing of this article has crystallised a yearning of mine -- the desire to compile a checklist of the Works of Walt. So I'll close with two pleas for myself:

Would anyone out there contribute information towards a Kelly Checklist? Or would anyone be willing to contribute (or, yes, sell) old Kelly items? I'll be waiting for an answer.

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 "Beauty is skin deep -- this being true, it would seem that the thick-skinned hippopotamus has an epidermal advantage which it has somehow failed to exploit."  
 -----  
 .....Jack Kent

#### ----- YOU FIND FANTASY IN THE DAMNEDEST PLACES DEPARTMENT -----

"What sort of flame does a dead person have, Olaf?" sez Horace. A queer look came into Olaf's face, a half-scared look.

"A dead person has no flame," sez he, with a little shudder. "It is a bad sight. I have watched; I have seen the soul leave. When a man is killed, the savage purple color fades into the yellow of fear, then comes the blue, it gets fainter and fainter around the body; but it gathers like a cloud above, and then it is silver gray, like moonshine. It is not in the shape of the body, it is just a cloud. It floats away. That is all."

"Well, that's enough," sez Horace. "Can you see any flame about a sleeping person?"

"Yes," sez Olaf, "just like about a waking person...."

from "Friar Tuck" by Robert A. Wason, a western published in 1912

# STRANGE FRUIT —

Editors who don't see their offerings mentioned below can look in the next XERO. They may not see them mentioned there, either, but since Dick Lupoff asked me to do reviews for him I'm taking the opportunity to unload a few from this column, which is getting to be more of a checklist than a review column anyway. (The thing is, I don't like to waste space in YANDRO on fanzine reviews, so I keep the verbiage to a minimum while acknowledging everything received.)

FANZINE #1 (Sylvia White, 107 Christopher St., New York 14, N.Y. - irregular - free for comment) According to Ted, Sylvia is putting out a separate fanzine because she doesn't want to lose her identity. (She had a hard time convincing people that she existed in the first place, and she doesn't want all that work wasted.) Anyway, this consists of an announcement of the organization of a fannish fan club in New York, "New York Fandom Blues" by Terry Carr, which is very good, a twist to "The Three Pigs" by Richard Wingate that isn't especially good, and a companion mag, LETTERSVILLE, consisting of authentic antique letters of comment to FLAFAN #2. Interesting thing is that a good many of the letters are still interesting, though I've completely forgotten the material they're commenting on. (Of course, I'm using them as insight into the thought-processes of the writers, so the most interesting are those from fans I know well enough to provide a basis of understanding.) Not much for neofans here; main interest is for those who have been around awhile. Rating.....4

QUE PASADO? #3 (Les Nirenberg, 1217 Weston Road, Toronto 15, Ont., Canada - approximately quarterly - 25¢) Greg Benford parodies the styles of various con-reports; this is excellent. (Of course, I'd like this sort of thing even if it wasn't good.) There is a quiz, "Are You A Fannish Snob" (it appears that I am), and Mike Deckinger has something that must be a parody of somebody, but I couldn't say who. Then there are letters on all sorts of fannish subjects, like Tom Lehrer, homosexuals, "Psycho" and kosher dill pickles. This is a sick fanzine, I tell you. Of course, I like sick fanzines. Rating.....7

KIPPLE #3 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Merldene Dr., Baltimore 12, Md. - monthly - 10¢) This issue is hiding under a cover from TWIG ILLUSTRATED; it's probably meant as subtle satire, but since PILIKIA does almost the same thing the result seems more like Terwilleger is going syndicated. Jim Harmon and the editor write about comic books, which seems to be the latest trend in fanzines. Having worked thru old science fiction, old hard-cover fantasy and old adventure pulps, they're starting on comics. Since I don't like comics and never did, I'll be glad when the trend expires and they go back to old science fiction again -- or even old fans. (Juanita is quite happy with the present situation; but she likes comics. I seem to be the only non-conformist in the bunch.) The editor blasts forced conformity in the schools; from the examples given, either I was pretty lucky when I went to school or things have got worse in a hurry since I graduated. Like, in a mock election in civics class, 25% of the votes went for Norman Thomas, and nobody said boo about it. Now, apparently, we'd all come in for a browbeating. Mike Deckinger gripes



about television again; he seems to dislike it almost as much as he dislikes Christianity. Marion Zimmer Bradley and the editor review fanzine. Various smaller items and a letter column which is generally one of the high points of the fanzine but which this issue sort of fizzles. A nice thick 41 pages. Rating.....7

PILIKIA #3 (Chuck Devine, 922 Dav Dr., Boise, Idaho - irregular - price 30 S&H green stamps) The cover says TWIG; apparently Guy was going to drop the title and then changed his mind after Chuck got the cover done. Or maybe Chuck is pulling a fast one. Anyway, the cover illo by Stiles is quite reminiscent of the Adkins covers of the old TWIG, so it's enough to make the reader look twice. However, once you get behind the cover the resemblance ceases. Unlike the first couple of issues, this one has absolutely nothing that's either good enough or bad enough to comment on. The editor should either get better contributors or write more of his own material. Rating.....2

NONCONN #2 (Alan N. Boatman, 2422 Barnard St., Saginaw, Michigan - irregular - 20¢) Art Rapp's article on fannish minds is readable, Deckinger's fiction is so-so, there is a very good letter column for a second issue, and a plea for material. The editor also has a list of books and magazines "each of which is less than half-way read" to show that he has little spare time -- heck, Alan, when my stack of totally unread books and magazines gets that low I get worried about catching up and having nothing to do. My present stack includes 3 hardcover books, 6 magazines, and 45 paperbacks. You got it made, you have. Rating.....3

VORPAL GLASS #1 (Karen Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, Calif. - 25¢ per issue -- no trades - no schedule listed) Official publication of the Golden Gate Futurian Society. I think the major reason for getting this mag will be the regular column by Poul Anderson. This time he ranges over automobiles, literary criticism and male supremacy, and sounds intelligent even when you know he's wrong. This should spark a good letter column. By contrast, Winston P. Sanders' "Theory And Practice Of Chimaerology" is somewhat ponderous -- a bit like Willy Ley squared. The material is interesting enough, but the presentation is stuffy. The editor and George Scithers collaborate on a fantasy story which culminates in a remarkably bad pun, and Fritz Leiber has 2½ pages of blank verse which may have had all sorts of subtle overtones that I failed to get, but which seemed mainly dull. I didn't like the Ray Nelson cartoon, either, but I still think this is one of the more promising new fanzines. Worth sampling. Rating.....6

WRR #7 (Blotto Otto Pfeiffer, 2911 E. 60th., Seattle 5, Washington - irregular - free for comment) Also known in some circles as CRY, Jr. The boys are in their usual state of confusion; the editorial describes the cover by Ric West, which would be fine except that the cover is by L. Garcone. Varda Murrell comes up with 10 most wanted inventions, and Mike Deckinger (is he in all the rooms?) replies with 10 least wanted inventions. Varda's I liked; Mike reached a bit far for most of his, I think. Bjo Trimble exposes Wally Weber, Weber retaliates feebly, and there is the usual assortment of crazy letters from crazy people. Rich Brown even wants to turn the letter column into a PLANET-type letter column (he should worry about the havoc he wreaks; he's leaving fandom anyway.) Recommended to fans who enjoy wacky type humor. Rating.....5

KALEIDOSCOPE (Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights, Baltimore 7, Maryland - irregular - 20¢) In his editorial and in the lettercolumn of AMAZING, the editor states his belief that fiction should be published in fanzines in order for promising new authors to develop; to give a chance to the amateur writer. The two pieces of fiction in this issue are by H.P. Lovecraft and Howard St. John (which the editor assures us is a pseudonym of "a writer who has sold professionally"). Oh well, we all have days like that. The Lovecraft is a minor piece, but valuable to those Lovecraft fanciers who don't own a copy of "Beyond The Wall of Sleep". I have no quarrel with its publication, though I wish the editor had been a bit more careful about spelling and including all the words of the original; I don't think Lovecraft at his worst would have been capable of writing "...decended" from the gibbous into the lake...". The St. John story, "Conspiracy Out Of Dorwich" is imitation Lovecraft, complicated by mangled English and a truly awe-inspiring number of misspelled and omitted words. (The first paragraph, 5 lines long, contains 7 errors in spelling, grammar and sentence structure.) The author obviously requires careful editing in order for his stories to have their full impact; instead, his own errors have been left intact and literally dozens of others have been added. The results are so distracting that I never did manage to pay any attention to what the story was about. Lots of fanzines have good editors but lack material; KALEIDOSCOPE has good material but appears to need an editor. Rating.....2

The fanzine pile seems as high as ever and I'm running out of patience (never one of my strong points.) A number of zines will get a mention and a rating; look for the others in XERO or the next issue of YANDRO. Maybe I'll get some letters of comment done on these.

KEEPING POSTED (Alan Burns, Goldspink House, Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2, England) A substitute for NORTHLIGHT; letters & reviews.

SF-NYTT #15 (Sam Lundwall, Box 409, Hagersten 4, Stockholm, Sweden - bi-monthly - 10¢) Present issue is English-Swedish; future issues will be English, German & Spanish, with a separate Swedish edition. Rating...4

BUG EYE #5 (Helmut Klemm, Utfort/Eick, (22a) Krs. Moers, Uhlandstrasse 16, Germany - bi-monthly? - free for comment) English and German - about half and half, this time. Rating...4

MONDAY EVENING GHOST #8 (Bob Jennings, 3819 Chambers Dr., Nashville 11, Tennessee - six-weekly, 15¢) Serious-type. Rating...5

SCOTTISHE #22 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England - quarterly - free?) Small but good. Rating...6

LES SPINCE #4 (Ken Cheslin, 18 New Farm Rd, Stourbridge, Worcs., England - US Agent, Don Durward, 6033 Garth Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif. - quarterly - 15¢) Fa-a-anish. Rating...5

THUD & BLUNDER #2, 3 and 4 (Paul Shingleton, Jr., 320 26th. St., Dunbar, West Virginia - irregular - 3 for 35¢) Miniature mag. Rating...2

PSI-PHI #7 (Bob Lichtman, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif. - irregular - this ish 10¢, others 25¢) Fannish. Rating...6



- FANAC #68 (Terry & Miriam Carr, 1818 Grove St., Berkeley 9, Calif - semi-monthly - five for 50¢) The newspaper of fandom. Rating...7
- SI-FAN #3 (Jerry Page, 193 Battery Pl, NE, Atlanta 7, Georgia - bi-monthly - 20¢) General type. Rating...5
- VERT #2 (Ivor Mayne, 33 Chadworth House, Amwell Court, Green Lanes, London, N.4, England - irregular - for trade & comment?) Rating...4½
- RETRIBUTION #16 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland - irregular - for comment?) Unique. Rating...9
- FAN-TOME #1 (William Leslie Sample -- William? oh well... -- 2735 Willingham Drive, Columbia, So. Carolina - irregular - 2 for 15¢) Sort of small, but it's a start. Contributions requested.
- ESOTERIQUE #3 (Bruce Henstell and acolyte, 815 Tigertail Rd., Los Angeles 49, Calif. - bi-monthly? - 10¢) Messy, but improving. Rating...4
- POLHODE #3 (Edmund Meskys, 723A 45th. St., Brooklyn 20, N.Y. - irregular - sample on request) General; mostly serious. Rating...5½
- INTROSPECTION #2 (Mike Domina, 11044 So. Tripp Ave., Oak Lawn, Illinois - irregular - 15¢) Not bad, not outstanding. Rating...3½
- BUNYIP #2 (John M. Baxter, Esq., 29 Gordon Rd., Bowral, N.S.W., Australia - approx. bi-monthly - 15¢) Variety. Rating...5
- CRY OF THE WILD MOOSE #2 (Don Anderson, 141 Shady Creek Rd., Rochester 23, N.Y. - free to N'APA members and maybe for trades and comment - no schedule) Short mailing comments; mostly the mag is equally interesting to members and non-members. Rating...5
- VOID #22, parts 2 and 3, GAMBIT 37 and 39 -- I must have got 38, but it isn't in this pile (Ted White, 107 Christopher St., New York 14, and various co-editors - highly irregular - VOID, 25¢ each, GAMBIT comes as a startling free bonus, more or less) Fandom, jazz, and like that. Even stf gets mentioned. Rating....6
- SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES #349, 350, 351 (Science-Fiction Times, Inc., P.O. Box 115, Solvay Branch, Syracuse 9, N.Y. - irregular - 10¢) All the news of the pro world - a bit skimpy right now, but..... Rating....4
- JOURNAL OF THE INTERPLANETARY EXPLORATION SOCIETY #1 (Interplanetary Exploration Society, 37 Wall St., New York 5, N.Y. -- quarterly, they say -- \$1.25) I'll do a thorough review of this in XERO, but I wanted to mention it here for any non-receivers of XERO who are interested enough in speculative science to pay for it. Special Interest
- Noted But Not Reviewed: SONOMA #3, UL #1 (Norm Metcalf), DYNATRON NEWS-LETTER (Roy Tackett), SPELEOPEM #9 (Bruce Pelz), HAVERINGS #2 (Ethel Lindsay), VTS (Earl Kemp), VIPER (Bill Donaho), and various items like the Watts high school bulletin and a catalog of fishing lures (I'm still wondering why anyone would think that I'd trade YANDRO for a catalog of fishing lures -- I don't even like fishing). This leaves 8 titles for the column I have to do for Lupoff, plus what comes in next week.

# G R U M B L I N G S

Due to the number of comments on two items last issue, the letter column this time will be divided into 3 sections; one devoted to comments on Deckinger's story, the second to comments on Rev. Moorhead's letter, and the third to comments in general.

ROG EBERT - In all honesty I must say that Mike Deckinger's "Revelation" was disgusting, profane and tasteless. I'm familiar with the YANDRO policy that goes roughly: "After all, it's our fanzine and if you don't like it you don't have to read it." I don't disagree with your policy, but I seriously question the advisability of running the story, nevertheless. It was well written -- Deckinger has improved his style and treatment greatly in the past year -- but the writing was no excuse for the repulsive subject matter. Please don't think me a prude; I'd rather be called most anything than that. But, on the other hand, don't think me so insensitive to basic good taste that I could stomach such a display of disregard for basic decency. It made YANDRO #95 quite a "Christmas" issue.

If the last paragraph reads rather incoherently, take it as an accurate refelction of my disappointment at finding the story in my favorite fanzine, one that I have been reading for four years with a great deal of enjoyment. I realize Deckinger has an axe to grind concerning religion, and especially the Catholic (or perhaps even Christian) persuasion. The fillers and some of the articles -- notably "Where Was God?" -- in HOCUS indicate that very clearly. Certainly, I would not limit his right to express him opinions in any manner which he might choose. But, again, I question very soberly your wisdom in running the story in YANDRO. As you have pointed out on several occasions, a large part of your fanzine's reading audience is composed of neofen. One of your big arguments against excessive faanishness has always been the convincing one that there should be a regular, readily available and easily comprehended fanzine for neos. While YANDRO, of course, is read by most fen, I think your argument holds true. And I doubt whether I, as a neo-fan of 12 or 13 (I was 15, as a matter of fact, when I first saw YANDRO) would ever want to see another issue or participate too fully in a fandom which featured material like this.

JOHNNY HOLLEMAN - After reading Deckinger's "Revelation" in the latest issue, I have decided that you needn't bother to send the magazine to me any longer.

REV. C. M. MOORHEAD - The story was well written but I take offense to its contents. I think it demonstrates poor taste and is certainly ill timed. Mike, are you Jewish? If you are I can understand this attitude. If you are, why didn't you go all the way in your story? To the Orthodox Jew, Christ is not only a bastard, but was born of a whore. While you are dragging the Christmas story in the mire and muck of depravity, why not take it all the way? Why draw back?

I'm glad, Mike, that you and those who think like you do, are in the minority. I find it hard to believe that everyone who believes the Christmas story is so easily duped. Therefore, your bit of fiction is particularly offensive to me at this time of the year, with all the



beautiful carols, Handel's "Messiah" and the general spirit of good-will everywhere, and, if your story were true, all of it wasted upon a common "whore-son"!

LENNY KAYE - "Revelation" by Deckinger (michod does he write!) was without doubt the best in the issue. It was really terrific.

BETTY KUJAWA - You get many objections to the Deckinger Nativity Tale? Don't expect one from me - cept for the objection to the general writing -- style and that end of it -- that first part hit me as being about as sophomoric a piece of attempted writing as I've seen in many a moon -- not only the first part, now that I glance through it. I guess I don't dig Mike's style -- or attempted style -- but that's just one gal's impression, aint it now?

PHIL HARRELL - I'm not a Crusader, in fact I think they are very uncomfortable people to be around, which is why I've kept my silence up until now, BUT this is just TOO much against my grain from people I expected more of especially here at Christmas. I AM a Christian you know, and when I see something like Mike Deckinger's blasphemous piece of fiction it makes me burn. And to see it printed in one of the fanzines I think most highly of is indeed a cruel blow. I've watched in silence so far as Mike printed all sorts of isolated trash about God didn't do this or One of His servants did this. But I haven't said anything, mainly because if I said something about EVERYTHING that Mike said about Christianity I would soon turn into the Crusader that I don't want to be, but this is just too much. The straw that broke the Camel's back. To take something as beautiful as the Christmas story and turn it into something dirty under the thinly disguised veil of fiction is I think a little below your dignity, and to compound the felony by printing it here a week before Christmas makes it even worse.

You're saying by letting such a thing be printed, whether you know it or not, that Jesus is the illegitimate son of a begging tramp. Now really Bob & Juanita do you think that's the sort of thing to do here at Christmas or even at any time of the year? I've tried to overlook what Mike has said before, but as much as I think of him, and you, I can not let it pass in my usual silence.

REDD BOGGS - Deckinger's story was amusing, but not well enough done to rate much enthusiasm. I didn't think it was very logical that the woman would refuse to have her husband "touch" her; it seemed to me that she'd want him to "touch" her as soon as possible. Feigning virginity is (they tell me) very easy, and the gestation period uncertain enough so that the husband could have been fooled without telling such a whopping lie.

HERB BEACH - In subject matter, this story is a thinly disguised insult to the Christian faith. The idea behind it is certainly not a new one as it has been brought up many times in anti-Christian literature. I like to think of myself as open-minded and tolerant and I enjoy reading items which are "prejudiced for something" even though they may differ from my own views. Unfortunately, this item goes into the "prejudiced against something" category and, for me, this destroys whatever other value it may have possessed. Reading the fanzine reviews, I see that Mike is a regular contributor to many of these, and well he is; as he exhibits good writing ability. However, the subject matter in this story was not in good taste, and certainly not one to be presented as a Christ-

mas story.

VIC RYAN - I could nitpick a little at Deckinger's fiction, but it'd all seem rather petty -- actually, I think "Revelation" might indeed be the best serious, short fiction I've ever read in a fanzine. It's nicely balanced, written in a competent manner, and not only is the climax clever, but beautifully timed and executed. I enjoyed it so much, I won't even castigate Mike for spreading his atheistic views.

DON FITCH - "Revelation" is a rather heavy-handed treatment of an old non-Christian interpretation, marred (for me) by the modern ultra-realistic treatment; Deckinger could have been a little more subtle. I personally don't see any reason to shatter people's harmless little illusions, though I doubt that this will do so (wasn't it a noted Anglican churchman who said "If you can swallow the Immaculate Conception you can swallow anything"? ) and will serve only to infuriate your more orthodox readers.

MIKE McINERNEY - Your zine should not be called YANDRO. It should be called PARADOX for it certainly is a paradox how you can print so much fine material and how you can get all the best art and then print a "thing" like that mess written by Deckinger. He certainly has a right to hold his own religious beliefs and there is nothing wrong with him trying to spread his irreligious beliefs or theories either, but when he writes a story such as this one just to ridicule and slander another person's faith then he gets me mad and the people who print it are just as responsible as the one who wrote it. What is the matter with you people anyway? That story did not have any literary value at all. Even before I got to the end where Deckinger reveals just how bad off he is, I knew that it was very poorly written and if it wasn't for that shock ending I would ignore it as not even worth mentioning.

BOB JENNINGS - Mike's fiction was somewhat interesting. Of course the "surprise" ending was pretty evident from the first few paragraphs, but still, it was mildly entertaining.



/Reply: Redd Boggs neatly picked out the major literary flaw in the story, and it's a fair-sized flaw. However, I think the story was at least up to fanzine standards in quality, and probably better than average. Ebert's moral criticisms were the ones I cared enough about to answer personally. For the rest of you, I'll summarize. 1. I do not completely share Mike's views of Christianity. 2. I don't believe in censorship, which includes rejecting otherwise good material because one does not agree with the subject matter. 3. YANDRO is read by neo-fans, but it is for fringe-fans, if it's for any group. I don't want to discourage any aspiring



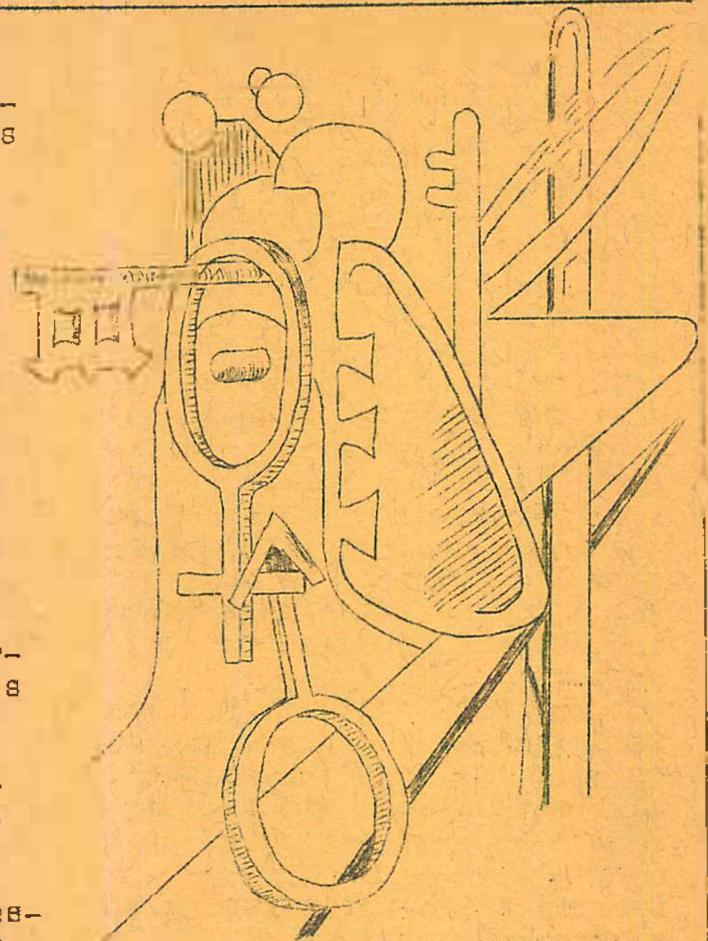
juvenile fans, but the fact is that religion is attacked quite often in fandom and I believe in giving children the facts. I have no compunctions about publishing this sort of thing as far as adult readership is concerned; they aren't required to like it but if they become active fans they will be required to live with violent attacks on any and all of their beliefs. My only apology would be to a teen-ager whose parents read the story and objected to his remaining in fandom; so far I haven't heard of any. RSC/

SETH JOHNSON - Was most interested by letter by Moorhead in current YANDRO on sex criminals. Only wish I had some of the articles that appeared in old New York paper P.M. on this subject. Were written by Albert Deutsch on our mental hospitals and methods of handling emotionally disturbed people. And one of the things that remains in my mind vividly as if I had read it yesterday was the statement that most sex offenders, especially child molesters, didn't get that way overnight, but usually had a long history of public exposure, especially before children, of sex organs, and most had been at some time or other self-committed to a mental hospital for cure.

And these same hospitals turned them loose uncured. Not because cure was impossible to our modern science, but because their beds were needed for cases far worse than they were, and thus they were turned loose to get worse until some child or young woman had to pay for the negligence of society with their lives.

Sex crime could be nipped in the bud simply by adequate psychiatric treatment before the patient ever got that far. It could be stopped now if society was willing to spend the money to treat and really cure and restore these people as useful members of society. If the Rev. Moorhead wants to really stop sex crime he might do far worse than to start systematic organizations lobbying for better and bigger mental hospitals and to staff them with sufficient psychiatrists and trained workers to cure instead of merely making them human filing cabinets to keep these unfortunates out of sight and mind of the public.

MARTIN HELGESEN - In general I agree with Rev. Moorhead's letter. I'd rather reserve detailed comment until I see what others have to say. I remember reading something once to the effect that New York has a law permitting judges to give certain sex offenders an indeterminate sentence, to end when the offender is certified "cured" by psychiatrists. Trouble is that many judges prefer to give short definite sentences because a lack of funds and facilities make such an indeterminate sentence almost the equivalent of a life sentence.





DON FITCH - Rev. Moorhead shows a considerable unfamiliarity with the facts of physiology and psychology when he suggests castration of sex offenders; I am afraid the choice lies between imprisonment and execution. Since imprisonment is an expensive matter and an excessive burden on the taxpayers, the best solution would be immediate hanging (this being the least expensive form of execution; the rope can be used for something else afterwards). I have no statistics on the number of known sex offenders, or of repeaters, but I would suggest to Dr. Moorhead that the execution or imprisonment of one offender who would not repeat such a crime is just as inhumane as the imprisonment or execution of any other innocent person. There is an ancient legal axiom to the effect that it is better for ten guilty men to go free than for one innocent man to be punished. Certainly there is an injustice in a legal system which imprisons for 15 years a man who embezzles \$20,000 and frees, after 3 or 5 years, one who has taken a human life, but Dr. Moorhead's solution, as proposed here, seems to be equally unjust. I think he is very nearly right in saying that the whole blame lies with the people, but I suggest that this is because it is the people who create the culture which produces the bulk of these offenders.

ROY TACKETT - Undoubtedly you will receive much mail bemoaning Rev. Moorhead's inhuman and reactionary attitude in the matter of sex offenders. I can hear the "humanists" crying now that these are poor, misunderstood types who need the services of a trick-cyclist. Better they should have the services of an executioner.

BETTY KUJAWA - This remark about sex offenders and that they should be castrated....shades of the Dark Ages!!! By now I'm sure most of us know that castration certainly wouldn't stop certain deviates for a minute. Anyone recalling the Faulkner book "Sanctuary" remembers "Pop-eye" the deviate and impotent one that got the job done with a corn cob??

This was chatted about just the other night on a radio show -- the Lee Vogel show. Some irate lil ol gal phoned in with that castration solution and Lee politely and delicately tried to explain that to do the job the HEAD not the sexual organs would have to be cut off.

And that is the point I am so muddily aiming to tell Rev. Moorhead -- it's not a case of glands (except in such rare instances that it would hardly be right or practical to mutilate every offender) but a case of mental aberration -- and that even if the male equipment was removed the man would still go on with unspeakable acts using a substitute implement. I'm quite surprised the Rev. doesn't know that most use a substitute to begin with.

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY - I don't doubt that the man is sincere. I don't doubt that he equates the legal concept of "sexual crime" with actual sex crime, and sincerely feels that if everyone who violated our existing sex laws were castrated or shut up, sex crime would cease to exist.

Know what? Mr. Moorhead, it would probably TRIPLE -- and the murders consequent on it would probably increase, since the penalty, growing more fearful, would make the pervert with even a scrap of sanity resolve not to leave his victim alive to identify him. I, personally, would prefer to be a living victim of a rapist than a dead one. Probably Mr. Moorhead regards this, too, as a perversion; the early Christians, with whom I believe he is in sympathy, believed that a truly virtuous woman would willingly die in the defense of her chastity; therefore I, by this statement, have incurred the death penalty by Mr. Moorhead's



standards.

I wish to draw the worthy Reverend's attention to the large body of literature on sexual perversion and crime.

There are a great many people in this country who sincerely and honestly believe that sex crime/arises from sexual freedom; that the rapist is also the seducer, adulterer and fornicator; that the little boy who lifts a girl's skirts and is not immediately beaten senseless will grow up to become a monster lying in wait in dark alleys for helpless little girls; that the little girl who runs about unpunished in her petticoat instead of being covered from neck to knees will become a nymphomaniac prostitute; that the teen-age boy who peers at nude photographs will become a conscienceless revisher of the innocent.

It simply isn't so. Let's look at the facts, Ma'am and sir!

The typical sex pervert is the one who was reared to believe that sex was nasty and unspeakable. He usually has a "good Christian mother"; one and all, sex perverts when examined tell the tale of having little or no reliable information about sex. The very word pervert refers to a person in whom the normal sex drive has been perverted -- altered -- driven into other channels because normal outlets have become impossible for him. Usually his sex drives have been rammed down into his unconscious; believing that "normal" sex is somehow wrong, and yet feeling the human drives and compulsions as much or more than any other person, he must relieve the tension somehow -- and this drives him to seek satisfaction in ways which do not conflict with the rammed-in inhibitions of his childhood.

William Heirens, the notorious sex pervert and criminal, was given extensive psychiatric examination and it was found that his many brutal murders were sexual, and a result of a tension mechanism like this. Under sodium pentothal it came out that from his childhood training (and the newspapers were puzzled because he had "good parents who knew right from wrong") he honestly, unconsciously believed that murder was not so much of a crime as sexual intercourse.

The rapist never, or hardly ever, has a history of freely consorting, extramaritally, with a variety of fascinating women. (I am not speaking of the more or less "accidental" rapist who, after having been teased, excited and treated to seductive displays by his steady girl-friend for three months, one night discovers himself unable to stop short at the arbitrary line she draws and finds himself charged with statutory rape.) I am speaking here of the man who lies in wait for strange women, assaults and half kills them; or prowls into their dark houses to take them by surprise in bed. This rapist is the man who has been taught that it is wrong to seek openly to satisfy his sexual hungers with consenting women. In fact, if you were to ask him why he didn't ask some willing prostitute, doubtless he would flare up and tell you he wasn't THAT kind of man; to him, a woman who would consent to sex is a contamination too terrible for him to face; yet the hungers of his body remain, driving him to crime.

The various other sexual perverts show similar histories. The man who strips toddlers is acting out a pattern of behaviour which, with understanding parents, and a logical program of sex education, he would have outgrown by age five....he is the man whose natural curiosity about the bodies of his playmates was punished with such severity that it was driven back and repressed -- to come out, abnormally, when he reaches an age of extreme sexual tension.

No, Mr. Moorhead. Before you start inflicting the death penalty for such things, and enforcing severe punitive laws, you must first make

sure that no one will incur those laws. The man who will be deterred from a murder by the thought of the death penalty is the man who can reason cause and effect; the rational man. Chances are he will not commit a murder anyway, except for cold financial gain. Most sex-pervert types are incapable of this sort of cause and effect reasoning.

As for severe penalties for "all known sex deviants" it is a question of where to draw the line. Doubtless there is a large segment of the population which would willingly arrest everyone who had any form of sexual contact other than heterosexual coitus after the sacrament of marriage, and a few crackpots are still capable of arresting their spouses for an unorthodox coress. With the hair rising on my forehead, I heard of an excellent "Christian" orphanage where boys were severely beaten for nocturnal emissions. (Masturbation, of course, was almost a hanging offense in such a place.)

Having demolished, I hope, Mr. Moorhead's theory about how to stop sex crimes, I offer the following alternate selection:

Complete, compulsory information in all schools about the reproductive system of male and female, conducted in mixed classes so that the sexes will not feel there is anything "secret" or "mysterious" about this information. Obviously, standards of sexual behaviour cannot be taught in schools at present; the parents and churches will have to continue imposing their standards on the helpless children. But at least this would eliminate misinformation, or total LACK of true information.

A more permissive attitude toward nudity in mixed company, at least among young children. This would wholly eliminate one class of perversion.

A total, sweeping change in our sex laws, so that no man's private behavior should be of interest to the police unless it involved children, or the use of force or violence. This would take a load off the overburdened police, who now use up a sizable part of their valuable time, when they could be preventing crime, in "vice squad" activities, in the deliberate entrapment of prostitutes and homosexuals, and in protecting harmless adults from blackmail.

A permissive attitude toward harmless sex contacts in children and adolescents....which would not necessarily mean immorality; it would simply mean that minor normal curious behavior would not be treated as a traumatic offense, on a level with mayhem.

And -- my personal viewpoint -- compulsory prison sentences or death sentences for any mother found traumatizing her child by punishing masturbation by threats of castration, threatening pre-teenage daughters with pregnancy from harmless kisses, and in general creating psychosis by irrational fears and threats. This would also apply to fathers, ministers and teachers. I also believe that the revivalist ministers who visibly have orgasms while shouting Hallelujah in the pulpit should be locked up as an offense to the public decency...and preferably given psychotherapy which would permit them to find sexual satisfaction elsewhere than in church.

Obviously, children have to be protected. Lone women should be able to walk down dark streets without fear of brutal attacks. But severer penalties will not ameliorate the crime. Only prevention and public education can do that.

/I think maybe we'd better start with some of Seth's extra psychiatrist though; we have a large percentage of the present generation to get straightened out before we can do much with the next one. RSC/



Looking thru the letters, I notice that Ed Gorman's article drew about as much comment as Deckinger and Moorhead but I'm tired of special sections so Ed will have to get along without the added egoboo.

SID COLEMAN, Norman Bridge Lab, Cal Tech, Pasadena, Calif - Ebert's story was good. What has happened to your fiction standards?

About the most interesting item in the issue was Bob Briney's letter. I have never failed to be interested in his conversation and writing on almost any subject.

/I don't mind you and Bob patting each other on the back, Sid, but I wish you'd quit using 2¢ postcards to do it; I had to pay postage due on that thing. RSC/

MARTIN HELGESEN, 11 Lawrence Ave., Malverne, New York - YANDRO arrived today with a regular (undated) Wabash postmark and with a rubber stamp reading "PASSED FREE U.S. CUSTOMS AT DETROIT MICH. DEC 18 1960" Howcum?

I'm not exactly sure why, but I dug Ebert's story.

When you said CRY was worth a quarter did you mean a quarter of a bread thief?

What is Don Thompson so upset about? Didn't he ever hear of the Power of Positive Finking?

/I knew the rest of the country didn't think much of Indiana, but this is going too far! Customs, indeed! I'm against quartering bread thieves, at least on my property. Let them sleep somewhere else. RSC/

SATA BILL PEARSON, c/o Larry Ivie, Apt. 5, 31 W. 76th. St., New York City - As far as that kat in your lettercolumn who was telling about the pippie in his office, I'll bet I've got him at least tied.

We've got one old guy (he retires next year) who plays the cello (and occasionally takes a turn on the bull fiddle, I've heard) and also writes music. When you least expect it, this fellow will shuffle up to your desk and hum an entire symphony. Even if he's ignored or pushed away he manages to get in a chorus or two. Then we have 2 drunks. One of whom goes into an advanced state of the DT's at least once a day and is forced to take long walks up and down the aisles. Then there's Vince, who sits next to me, who counts the times the guy walks by out loud and with the proper finger extended in the air.

Then we have an old guy (must be at least 108) who's never told anybody how old he is so can't be retired. The rumor is his wife died six years ago and he's now living with a young mistress. Then we've got 3 teenage messenger girls who completely run the office. One looks like Laurel, one looks like Hardy, and one looks like a Jack Cole special. They play rock and roll and giggle all day long. They're really loud; completely drown out my little portable.

And I'm not even going to mention our all drum band (about a half dozen jazzed-up paste-up men who beat in fantastic rhythm on wastebaskets and glue jars -- led by a grey-haired hepcat who I just know cavorts as a beat in his off hours.) Or our erotic photography dept. (The girl's can is thru this dimly lit set of rooms and any gal what takes this route is taking her \_\_\_\_\_ in her hands.....

LENNY KAYE, 418 Hobart Rd., Sutton Terrace, No. Brunswick, New Jersey - I hope to publish a fanzine CBELISK and I need material. Anything, especially art will be welcomed. /Send him your next anti-Christian diatribe, Mike; I'm not sure our readers could take another one. RSC/

JOE HENSLEY, 404 E. Main St., Madison, Ind. - I can't recall who wrote same in the current YANDRO, as such is not with me now, but I agree that Brown's "Lights In The Sky Are Stars" is literature. It's my bread in book. If I find an intelligent reader who gags when I mention science fiction I dare him to read the book and loan my copy. Most of them come back for more.

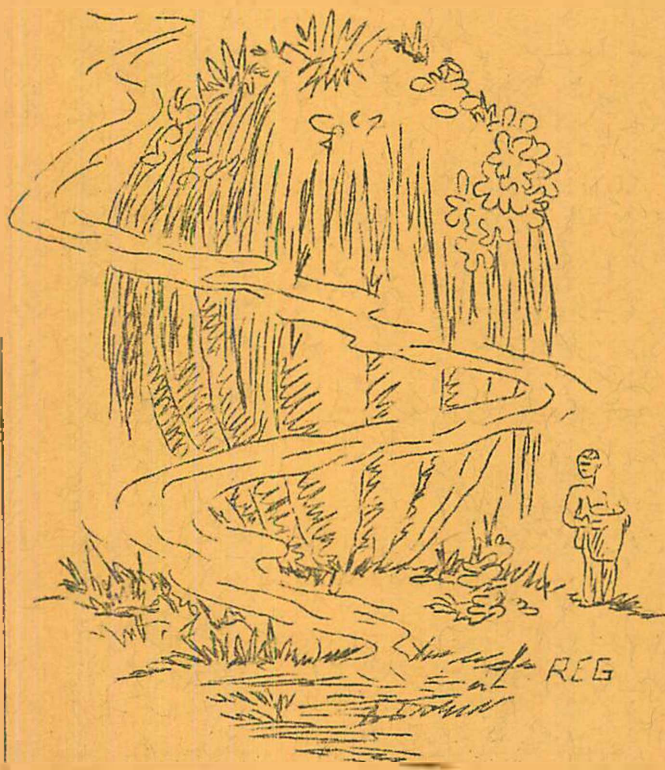
VIC RYAN, 2160 Sylvan Rd., Springfield, Ill. - Ed Gorman's article is sound, and, in addition, offers an explanation as to why he so enjoys Bradbury; hell, if all I was looking for was something a little different in the way of a plot, I'd write my own book, without bothering for coherency or any literary value -- but, by damn, my opus would have a different plot! (Incidentally, I agree more with Ed's choosing of Blish as our Messiah than your picking Sturgeon.)

HERB BEACH, 315 East Common St., Waterville, Minn. - I enjoyed Rog Ebert's little fantasy, and I'm happy to know at long last "Where The Yellow Went". My feelings on the thoughts expressed in Ed Gorman's article parallel yours to a certain extent. My requirement of science fiction or of any other form of reading that I do for entertainment is simply the last. Is the enjoyment of reading there; and, if it is, I am pleased with my purchase and what more matters? The only reason I read more sf and fantasy than other forms of fiction is that I find more enjoyment there in a higher percentage compared to other types. In short, I am probably a typical sf reader, and have been for 17 years. True, after that length of time, the good yarns seem to be fewer and further between, but I think that I enjoy those few much more than when I was first starting out.

PHIL HARRELL, 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Va. - Now "The Drip Next Door" was fiction after my own heart, can't recall when I've gotten such a chuckle at the way a story ended, makes you wonder tho if M. Havlesheck was able to make a "three inch sphere of glowing yellow material hanging without support in the middle of the room" that emitted square drops that polished, couldn't he also get it back? Without having to go in the other room, I mean.

/Phil also likes Bradbury and feels that his edition of "Dark Carnival" will be worth more in the future than Gorman's copy of "The Lights In The Sky Are Stars". Well, I'll go along with that. It'll be worth more -- whether literary critics will consider it a better book or not is debatable (but hardly worthwhile, since probably the critics will ignore both books and we'll never find out which they'd pick.) RSC/

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Biased - Having two orifices for elimination of solid wastes...Ran Scott



REG



ROG EBERT, 410 E. Washington, Urbana, Ill. - I thought Ed Gorman's article was certainly impressive. His thesis may be arguable, but the writing and documentation is very sound. The only point at which I violently disagree with Ed is, I suppose, a minor one. I hold the conviction that good dialog would very possibly make a story into serious fiction, and I offer as evidence much of the work of Salinger and Herbert Gold. Admitted, their novels can not be expected to survive on dialog alone, altho they contain quite a bit else, too. But several of their short stories -- Gold's "The Heart of the Artichoke" in particular -- may just make the grade on that criteria alone.

Lin Carter's contribution was lightly and amusingly great. I doubt rather seriously that it was translated from the Chinese, however.

Don Thompson is right when he surmises that the baby alligator in my poem didn't drown. In fact, I did get the idea for the thing in a GALAXY which I believe came out last summer.

DON FITCH, 3908 Frijo, Covina, Calif. - Ebert writes somewhat better prose fiction than he does poetry (and I like a few of his poems very much), so maybe fanzines will get some of this good fan fiction the editors are always asking for in first issues; provided Ebert doesn't go pro, which is a distinct possibility, judging from "The Drip Next Door".

The translation from Tu Fu by Lin Carter seems to be quite good; I can't say how accurate, since I haven't the "T'ang Shih Chi Shih" at hand, but it certainly captures the aura of a whole batch of his work during the period of lonely exile -- a sort of "alone, powerless, and afraid, in a world I never made" mood which is as appropriate today as it was during the T'ang Dynasty, if not more so.

You'll probably get considerable agreement with your backing of retaining the present voting system for the Hugo Awards: I'm not sure, even, that I like the idea of restricting it to fan who have paid their \$2 convention fee, though a good argument could be made for this. /Don also offered a transcription of a LASTS tape on the qualities of good science fiction; I think I neglected to mention this in my return letter, but if the Trimble's don't use it I'll be glad to see it. RSC/

BETTY KUJAWA, 2319 Caroline, South Bend 14, Ind. - /and I forgot to include in her comment to Moorhead that she says she checked her opinions with two doctors, a psychiatrist and a psychologist before writing in. Apologies for not putting it in the proper place./ - By the way, Juanita,





your illos of the Coulson clan in this issue were most charming! We agree, I see, on that Purex Special series on American Women -- the last one on the bored house-wife had me in stitches -- I kept muttering about fandom and fanac and like that. Pish on them bored wives.

And, Buck, I'm loudly with you on this Hugo Awards getting waylaid into a deal where a panel decides for us -- nuts to that!

REDD BOGGS, 2209 Highland Place, N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minn. -- There's some odd reasoning in "Rumblings" (which of course is not at all unusual) and obviously it was meant humorously to some extent, but I will take it seriously. In the first place it is probably not true that fans are automatically "dead set against anything which caters to large numbers of people". Fans have expended a lot of energy over the years in selling science fiction to more people. And of course it is not the mere fact that a thing appeals to more people that makes it poor but the fact that a mass audience, to be held, must be catered to in the broadest possible way and I think it is undeniable that this does cheapen a magazine or a performer. I don't know much about folk music but even I can tell the difference between the records Burl Ives was making 12 or 15 years ago and the ones he made later, after becoming a hit in movies and on the stage. In the case of CRY, bien entendu, the leveling process could well begin on account of its Hugo triumph, but is not likely to while the circulation stays at "a little over 100", which is what they claim it is now.

I don't quite understand your remark that you look with disfavor on proposals to revise the Hugo awards because "they are paid for by all convention members" and you "like to have a voice in the disposition of (your) money." If the trophies were abandoned and replaced by suitably inscribed scrolls (costing 10¢ apiece), would you feel more sympathetic toward making the Hugos mean something more than they do now? Of course I've never won such an award, but it seems to me that the actual physical award, the trophy, is the least important part of it and that the fact of the award is what is important. The prestige of the award does not rest on the amount of money spent to cast a suitable trophy but on intangibles, not the least of which is the history of the award. If the award has been given to worthy competitors in the past, then it's going to mean something; if not, it doesn't mean much no matter how pretty the trophy looks on your bookcase. Of course, as Don Thompson points out in the letter section, the Hugo will never loom very large in the world in any event, but I think that it could be made to mean more than it has in the past merely by figuring out a way to award it to the most deserving people. So far it must barely escape being considered a joke by most people, including winners. There must have been some awfully cynical smiles on the faces of winners in the past. I'd like to see these smiles erased in the future.

/Realism often seems odd to perfectionists. Whether it's 10¢ or \$10, it is still my money, dammit. However, if you prefer I'll reword it to say that the Hugo is the award of the World Science Fiction Convention, and it is the prerogative of Convention members to decide who gets it. We're giving the damned thing; if you don't like it, go give one of your own. Revive the IFA; they certainly had lots of prestige -- of course, nobody paid much attention to them, but they had prestige. As for the past of the Hugos, I don't think it's all that bad. Maybe the best items in each category didn't make it every time -- or any time -- but are you going to say that you can tell, even now, what the best item in each category was for a given year? I'd prefer to wait a few years, myself;



judging contemporary literature is largely guesswork at best. Sure, maybe a panel of experts can pick better material, on the average. Maybe they can even pick the best material. But the Hugos are the fan's awards, not the experts'. If fans have bad taste, that's too bad, but it just could be that their taste isn't as bad as you think; just a bit different. At any rate, if anyone wants to give suitably inscribed scrolls to material picked by a board of experts in addition to the Hugo awards, I say it's a fine idea. Just don't try to dictate who shall receive the awards of fandom. (Incidentally, this overly vehement diatribe isn't directed solely at Redd; he unfortunately happens to be the only proponent of changing the awards who has stuck his neck out in the direction of the YANDRO lettercolumn. I don't really think he's an evil old man who is planning to take all our toys away from us -- but I don't think he's right, either.)RSC/

The fiction by Rog Ebert was fun -- Ebert seems to be one of the more talented of the younger fans.

Ed Gorman's article was well done, for the most part -- and impressed me more than Gorman's fanzines have, to date. I liked "The Lights In The Sky Are Stars", too, but I don't think it went very far toward being "lasting literature". There are all sorts of bones to pick with Gorman; for example, his remark that the dialog in Moby Dick was "true to the ear", whatever that may mean. But the only one I want to consider is the one where Ed says "criticism and critics" have to grow, or to help sf grow -- I'm not sure which. He says Damon Knight "usually gripes because he obviously feels that it is the critic's job to do only that". It crows me, as it did Boucher in the introduction to "In Search Of Wonder", to see anybody say that Knight "usually gripes". If anything, Knight was much too lenient, and since Gorman says sf isn't as good as it should be, I should think that Ed would want Damon to gripe a lot more than he did.

I chuckled at the paragraph in Deckinger's letter where he talks about the Aardvarks... "a group of nature lovers who stuffed and mounted animals... Did you see the ridiculous coonskin caps they were wearing?" I pictured a parallel paragraph in THE AARDVARK AMATEUR or whatever, running somewhat like this: "From what I heard at the hotel, the faans (I saw it spelled with two a's too) were a group of pseudoscience addicts who read Buck Rogers fiction and play with dowsing rods or something like that. Did you see the ridiculous helicopter beanies they were wearing? It looked like a meeting of the Mickey Mouse set."

Incest taboos. I don't remember what the discussion on this matter was, but it's certainly not true (as Betty -- Kujawa? -- seems to have already pointed out) that inbreeding causes degeneration; it merely intensifies the inheritance of traits, whether good or bad. In any event, incest taboos can hardly have existed for the purpose of prohibiting inbreeding because, in the first place, it exists in places where the tribe is ignorant of the relationship between sexual intercourse and pregnancy, and in the second place, incest is defined differently in different places. In one place it is "incest" to marry a parallel cousin but permissible to marry a cross cousin, and another place just the opposite. In many primitive societies it is incest to marry a clansman, no matter how remote he may be genealogically, and perfectly okay to marry a close relative in another clan -- in fact, it is often mandatory to do so.

At any rate I believe Sid Coleman is correct in saying that the point of incest is not to discourage mating with someone close to you but to encourage interfamilial relationships. The custom would make co-

operation among clans extensive and intimate, and thus would make friends among people who would otherwise be rivals and enemies. Thus life would be a little more secure than otherwise.

/People get the attitude that Knight gripes because his gripes are so entertaining. They make a much bigger impression than his praises. Similarly, Heinlein's commendations on military life made a bigger impression than his statement that "service to one's country" covered all types of service, and now alleged critics are yelling that he said that only soldiers were fit to run the government. It isn't the amount of Knight's griping that impresses people, it's the method. RSC/

ED MESKYS, 723A 45th. St., Brooklyn 20, N.Y. - Main item was, of course Ed Gorman's "A Polluted Premise". (Ups, is that "Premise" or "Promise"? One thing is on the article, the other on the contents.) /Should have been "Premise". Bad proofreading. RSC/

Right off, I disagree with his first paragraph. As far as I can see, the attitude of "Science Fiction Has Come Of Age", that it is "the lit ... (er, sorry) the Literature of the future" has not been pushing around in fandom for quite a while. On the other hand, a number of items like his examining what must be done to stef for it to be taken seriously have appeared. The best of these, of course, was not an article but a speech; the one given by James Blish at the Pittcon banquet, and soon /hah! to be reprinted in NEW FRONTIERS.

Yes, sf is judged almost exclusively on plot (and enjoyability) -- even by Damon Knight. As you remember, most of his reviews concerned themselves with picking apart flawed plots and, except for rare exceptions, didn't concern themselves with characterization.

I remember the basic plot of "Lights In The Sky Are Stars" and I remember that I enjoyed the book when I read it but I can't say anything about the characterization or examination of character. The first time I noticed characterization in a book was in the case of Budrys' "Who?" where, to me at least, Martino really came alive. Now Gorman points out something else I should watch for -- examination of character. I haven't read any stf in the few days since I read the article, but I will keep an eye open for it. But just plain characterization which is halfway decent is still rather rare in sf, so I suppose this examination of character must be just about as rare as Ed says it is. But I know of one author who tried it in at least one book, altho he admits that he failed. At the last Philicon AJBudrys told me that in "The Falling Torch" he tried to examine what makes a mediocre man suddenly turn into a powerful leader.

As for where stef should go, I certainly see no objections to a large part of it being literate. You say that it doesn't bother you whether it entertains the next generation or not -- just as long as it entertains this one. So since there is nothing wrong with it entertaining the next generation, why shouldn't it?

/Well, I have no objections, but the number of authors capable of writing enduring literature is a small percentage of the number of people writing books. If stf can come up with more than its share (its share would be about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of one author) I'll be quite happy, but I'd like more amusement on the order of "The High Crusade" or "The Pirates Of Zan" while I'm waiting. RSC/

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 "I'd like to see a fanzine keyed to the menstruation cycle -- 13 issues a year and every time it was two weeks late people would begin worrying ...."  
 ....Ted Cogswell



BOB JENNINGS, 3819 Chambers Dr., Nashville 11, Tennessee - I would agree with you on the Hugo awards discussions. The main shakeup seems to be that the more vocal acti-fans have been expressing verbal and printed opinions on the stories they thought should get the awards over the past year, and were met by agreement by more of the same type of people, so that over the year they have accepted their own personal choice as the sure winner. Unfortunately for these persons the rest of active fandom outnumbers them, and their lengthy discussions have done little to change differing opinions. I was personally very satisfied with the choice of the Hugo winners, and believed that in most cases the winners deserved the awards. However Redd Boggs made an interesting observation in his discussion on the situation; that generally speaking the awards are chosen on the basis of popularity. While the popularity of a story generally attests to its superior quality, there are times when a superior story alienates most of its readers and what chance will it have when the final ballots are counted? I doubt tho that there is anything that can be done about this.

/Any award is based on popularity; the only difference being whether it has to be popular with a selected panel of judges, or with the general population. (Or, as in the present case, with a specific section of the population.) RSO/

While it is certainly nice that science fiction has finally gotten around to discovering the human element, that human beings can make interesting stories as well as situations and backgrounds, I'm not sure that science fiction should mold its stories around this newfound quality. For the past dozen centuries or so mainline writers have carefully constructed stories that expose the human and mental values of various characters. It is this quality that makes the common mainline novel what it is. I for one would not like to see my science fiction revolving around the emotional buildup of the hero, no matter how exposing or how enlightening it may be. Science fiction was meant to be the literature that doesn't explore the human angle; it was meant, I think, to work out fictional relations between humanity and science, and the problems arising from science. If science fiction decides to sit down and put away its gadgets and explore the human angle, then it is no better off than mainline writing. It will cease to be science fiction and become mainline with offtrail backdrops. I for one don't want to see that happen. Human problems are important, of course, but there are ~~issues~~ of competent mainline writers who can dissect and examine the differing human types when they come in contact with frightful problems. Science fiction should concern itself with the solutions and examinations of the problems of the future, and leave the psychological dissection to people who enjoy and can handle that sort of thing.

DONALD W. ANDERSON, 141 Shady Creek Rd., Rochester 23, N.Y. - It seems to me that the basic premise of the problem of the working mother was a little off. In my level of the Social Strata, for example, damn few women work simply because of boredom. The reason that the vast majority of them work is simply -- money. The image of the independent woman has been pounded into them for so many years, by Hollywood and the women's publications, they they are simply not willing to accept the so-called secondary position of the housewife dependent on her husband for support. Advertising has convinced her that a good many unnecessary frills are indeed indispensable, and since her husband's salary may be insufficient to give her every electronic bauble she sees in the pages of HOUSE AND GARDEN, she feels that to do her part in maintaining their

position, she must go to work.

/You obviously haven't encountered the women we have; the newly married ones who quit their jobs with wild squeals of delight -- and then come back, a couple of months later, muttering about not knowing what to do with themselves when they were home all day. Or the elderly ones, coming back to work after their children have all married because they "need something to keep them occupied". It's partly money, but not all.

I'm not too hot for any radical changes in the Hugo balloting myself. If some changes are to be made, however, I'd like to see some setup such as ANALOG's Analytical Laboratory. That is, a proportioned standing taking into account the number of first, second and third place votes, and not the first place votes alone.

/Don also commented on the Moorhead letter, pretty much going along with the idea that "known sex offenders" aren't all potential rapists, that psychiatry is better than punishment, and that the viciousness of the punishment is not a factor in deterring the crime./

NORM METCALE, Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida - I first read "The Organization Man" while in basic training and a more appropriate place I can't imagine. It was quite easy to compare Whyte's ideas with the actual practices going around you. While I still had the book in my locker we had a shakedown and I feared that the book would be seized. The sergeant looked at it and asked "What's that about?" I said that it concerned psychological aspects of personnel engaged by large corporations and he must have been snowed because he just sort of grunted and looked blank and then started looking at the Lensman series.

To get back to the subject I also read "The Lonely Crowd" at the same time. Those two books made me even more aware of just what was going on around me. Like you I was scared stiff of what's coming in the U.S. With an increasing amount of brainwashing by the military (even though it's only a small percentage of the total in the military who succumb) we might achieve "1984" by Fabian tactics. Another disquieting sidelight is that some of those who reject the herd-instinct when presented by the military, fully accept it when practiced in civilian life.

To join in on your discussion of where sf should be going I'll kick in 1.99 cents worth. First, I'm in favor of better writing. Second, I like plots in most of the stories I read though I can think of a few exceptions. Third, I'm in favor of science fiction with equal emphasis on each word. I'm against slick writing without substance, pseudo-science, and idiot authors who try and make a fast buck from their cruddy novel. The type of sf I'm in favor of will never be popular with more than 200,000 or so readers which is about tops anyway. And I'm definitely not in favor of a story which can only appeal to 1,000 or so readers. Mainly because I feel that I'd probably be one of those 199,000 others. (This is excluding fmz material in case you're going to make some crack about faan-stories.)

Tucker: You had better communicate the fact that the Egyptians couldn't speak English to Hollywood immediately. You see, they've been making all these movies where Egyptians can speak English and you wouldn't want to have the movies giving the populace erroneous ideas, now would you?

DON FRANSON, 6543 Babcock Ave., No. Hollywood, Calif. - Rog Ebert's story was interesting, but didn't the protagonist accept the fantastic thing too matter-of-factly, just like all the characters in "Li'l Abner" do?



Gorman's article was good, but the old saw of "Literature vs. Plot Formula" doesn't apply. The trouble with a lot of stf is that it hasn't got a formula plot, and therefore isn't even entertaining. Certainly some of the best literature is entertaining and has plot elements. If not, it's usually not really fiction, but the story of the author's life and philosophy with names changed, which can be entertaining too, of course. But it's not Plot vs. Literature; it's lack of both that we must protest against. We're doing it by talking about it, while others just don't buy. Why not harp on scientific flaws? Stf is not Literature if you think Literature means writing about today for tomorrow's readers. Stf is supposed to be writing that is about tomorrow for today's readers. I also question the pat statement often made: "What lasts is Literature". Read "1984" and then think about who decides what is to last? Big Teacher? Stf hasn't got a chance. It's all trash, naturally. /I don't think Authority has quite that much influence in selecting the "classics". But I wouldn't be much surprised to learn that the literary savants of 2500A.D. had decided that Mickey Spillane was the outstanding writer of our era. Contemporary critics who try to say what will or will not "endure" are in some ways similar to the originators of Seventh Fandom. RSC/

ROY TACKETT, Route 2, Box 575, Albuquerque, New Mexico - Do we want stf to become serious literature? Not particularly. The search for science fiction's place in the sun has been going on for years. The early Futurians thought they had a message and a crusade to try to make the world over in the stfictional image. Fandom is a way of life and all that. Can you picture the world run by fen? Come to think of it it might not be so bad at that. However, I don't care whether or not stf becomes great literature. I want readable and entertaining stories and if they revolve around robots from Mars battling Bems from Pluto I won't bemoan the lack of heart and soul so long as there is thud and blunder. Oh, sure, I appreciate good stories but I read stf for amusement and not to find some earthshaking message. Where should stf be going? Back to two bits per copy, that's where.

PARAPHRASING: JIM GROVES objects to Rev. Moorhead's ideas on castration and suggests that while the only practical method of halting sex crimes at present is execution of offenders, we had better start looking for a cure. KEN CHESLIN thinks that deliberate cruelty to children by parents is far commoner than sex crimes and how about doing something about that first? He liked Deckinger's story but thought the ending illogical. He also suggests public executions; maybe England is getting hard up for entertainment. ED GORMAN is (or was; letter is dated Nov. 9) interested in a co-editor. Write directly to him, not me; his address should be in the fanzine reviews or somewhere. RAN SCOTT asks for a revival of Dan Adkins' "New York Insight" column. BOB LICHTMAN thinks Mirenborg had a great idea for a prozine titled "Twilight Zone" and why doesn't someone like Lowndes start one?

Several people mentioned that (a) lots of people other than fans misspell "missile" and (b) that the Beach cover on #24 was an example of magnificent printing. KEN HEDBERG wonders if the Heap would be interested in joining the NZF. EMILE GREENLEAF, speaking on censorship, asks, "What are you going to do with millions of people who are not only happy and smug in their ignorance, but don't even realize that they are ignorant, and are highly suspicious of any scientific inquiry into the nature of man?" I dunno; shooting them seems a bit extreme....



As usual, a lot of interesting comments don't even get a mention; this time, however, I am definitely going to forward all comments which did not get printed to the appropriate contributors. Since the letters in the stack ranged all the way back to comments on #91, quite a few correspondents are going to start getting letters from me filled with clippings.

The fact that this page contains an Adkins illo and various comments instead of a mailing label may be attributed to George Scithers, who supplied the envelopes. Thanks to George, YANDRO will be going out in envelopes to all readers, not just the overseas contingent, for at least a year.

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 "Compared with many filter-tip brands, both regular and king-size, the yield of tars and nicotine in the smoke of Brand "X" was comparatively high; by the same measuring method CU has used since 1958 it was 24mg. of tars and 1.1 mg. of nicotine. But, among its direct competitors - the six regular-size, non-filter-tip brands - it turned out that Brand "X" was precisely second best. What else?"

....CONSUMER REPORTS

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 "After all, who else eats nuts with a swizze stick?" ...Ted Cogswell, talking about Juanita

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 "Maybe all that I am in this world and all that I have been and done comes down to nothing more than being a touch of color in a prosaic world. Even that is something." ..Errol Flynn

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 And I can't locate another interline at the moment, so.....  
 .....long.

