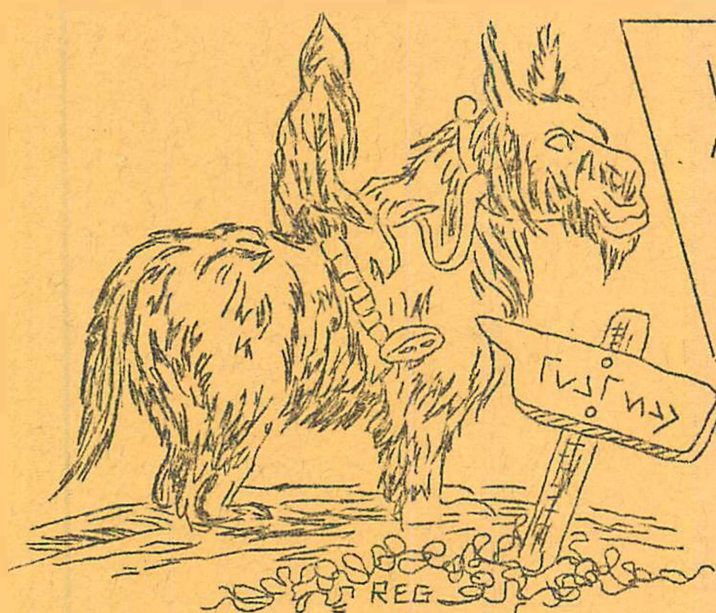


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#97







# YANDRO

## #97

## VOLUME IX

## NUMBER 2

## FEBRUARY '61

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### ARTWORK

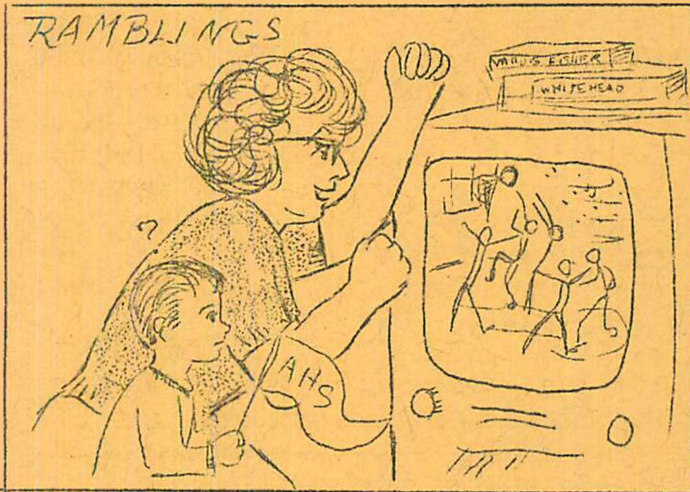
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The ultimate in boundary disputes -- "Meanwhile, the Rand McNally people are calling it all a bad job, and are pretending, on their latest maps of the Middle East, that the seven countries aren't even there. The best that other cartographers do is to draw two or three sporadic borders disappearing into the desert as into quicksand."

...John Sack, "Report From Practically Nowhere"

## RAMBLINGS



If Congress doesn't do something pretty soon, we've decided we don't have to pay any Federal income tax this year....no taxation without representation and all that, and at present there's no Congressman for our district....both the incumbent demo and the supposedly elected republican are claiming they won and apparently Congress is refusing to seat either one of them....Indiana politics is really pretty incredible. I never thought much about it one way or the other till I had

a few talks with out-of-staters who had come to Indiana recently to live. I gather they don't quite equate our political didoes with a 3-ring circus, but we come remarkably close in their estimations. Joe Hensley, watch out for them there shenanigans down in the statehouse, lest you get the reputation held by many an office-holder in this state ....to wit...it doesn't make any difference who wins - both sides are crooked....a very prevalent attitude in this section of the state.

The state has other attributes, too, generally screwball. Several English fans are a bit horrified that we live in the state of the so-called famous 500 Mile race and have never attended.....we don't even usually listen to all of it, though we usually tune in about halfway through to see if anybody's still alive.

To the people living in the state, not only the teenagers, but all (or I would estimate 90% of the hoosier population), the high point of the year is rapidly approaching...the basketball tournament. Other states have high school basketball tournaments, of a surety, but the enthusiasm for the sport is a domantia in this state. Businesses center around the radio or t-v on Saturday afternoon, schools dismiss during the afternoons of the sectional playings, and things generally come to a standstill until the sectionals (the first playoffs) are through and the majority of the teams eliminated. I suspect part of the confusion and foofaraw is due to the fact that unlike most other states I've heard about, Indiana does not have different classes for different size schools; every school, from the 15 student one room building to the 4,000 kid:high school in the big town, is thrown into the same hopper, and surprisingly enough, sometimes the little fellas win.

Size of school has a great deal to do with basic education, too, but not in the way one might think. The state requires certain subjects, and oddly enough Buck, from a town with 400 plus population had a much better scholastic background in these basics (English, History, Science and Math) than myself, a graduate of a large high school bursting at the seams with something like 2100 students. But in the fields of electives, the big school has a tremendous advantage; my school had its own printing press for the school paper, plus two linotypes, oodles of shop equipment, lab equipment, typing rooms, sewing and cooking rooms, music rooms, well-equipped art rooms, the works. There seems to be something amiss here in education in America (besides many other myriad things which we will not mention at present)...the big school skimps on the basics and lavishes on the frills, which is okay for the superior student, but a bit hard on Joe Average, while the small school stints the expensive creativeness of the brilliant kid....sigh...vic.....JWC





Most of you will receive a ballot with this issue of YANDRO. As a bit of added "payment" to our contributors, we ask that the readers pick the best material published during the preceding year. (If you didn't get any of last year's YANDROs, you probably won't get a ballot, either.)

Our irregular book review column is back again. "Golden Minutes" is a sort of catch-all title under which various book reviews are run; past authors of the column have in-

cluded Gregg Calkins, Gene DeWeese and myself. Future appearances will probably depend on how often Vic Ryan publishes my reviews in BANE, since this column is sort of an overflow.

Robert R. Pattrick originally submitted "The Fantasy Of UPA" to DESTINY; the article was accepted but never published. It has not been updated to cover the output of UPA since 1954 because the author died of a heart attack last August.

I work for a company with a feudal employee-relations policy. A recent memo on the bulletin board regarding the practice of having someone else punch your time card ended as follows: "....will be regarded as a serious deviation from company policy and may result in the termination of the employee." I haven't attended any executions yet, but any day now..... If your next YANDRO is late, don't worry about it; it will probably just mean that I've been terminated.

Heard an extraordinarily bad bunch of folksingers on tv the other night. Those of you who think the Kingston Trio or the Brothers Four sound lifeless and uninspired should have heard these boys. In addition, they weren't even good musicians. I think Juanita, Les Gerber and Sandy Cuttrell should try out for a tv folkmusic special. They could do a far better job than this bunch (provided Sandy could be persuaded to sing something besides bawdy songs and anarchist ballads, that is. His standard repertoire is a bit gemy for tv.)

Gene DeWeese and James Adams were over last night, and a rousing time was had by all. Gene reports that Dean Grennell is the Terror of the Chess-board. Seems Gene played him a couple of games awhile back. In one, he was doing rather well until Dean suddenly flang his rook across the board and announced "checkmate!" Gene said he studied the position a bit, wondered how he'd let himself get trapped into the position, and then the two of them adjourned to another room to watch television or load cartridges or some other such sport. "And it wasn't until I was getting ready to leave, half an hour or so later, that I suddenly realized that he couldn't have moved that piece because I had it pinned. He was so confident." This expose is brought to you courtesy of the Wabash Better Chess-Playing Bureau.

Sheesh! And to think I almost gave in to requests and planned a 2-page editorial this issue. Editorials probably will be expanded during 1961, but at the moment I'm recovering from a bad cold and my chief talent seems to be an ability to sit in front of a typewriter and think of absolutely nothing. I'm tempted to let Bruce finish this page.

Bruce Pelz sent us a copy of his biannual index of YANDRO recently. Among other items, I discovered that in the past two years I have reviewed (or at least mentioned) 178 fanzine titles -- not issues, mind, but titles. No wonder I never seem to have any spare time..... RSC



# JUST SMILE AT THE BIRDIE

— article by — mike deckinger

You know how it is when you're watching a tv show and some great performer walks onto the stage; everyone starts applauding. The emcee asks him what he's going to sing (or act or play) and again everyone starts applauding. He sits down in preparation for the event. When he's through he stands up and smiles. Again everybody applauds.

And do you know why it is that he is greeted with this reaction? Is it due to the audience's enthusiasm at seeing a top performer? Generally not. Tv studio audiences are for the most part robot controlled. They applaud when they're told to applaud, they laugh when they're told, they are quiet when they are supposed to be quiet.

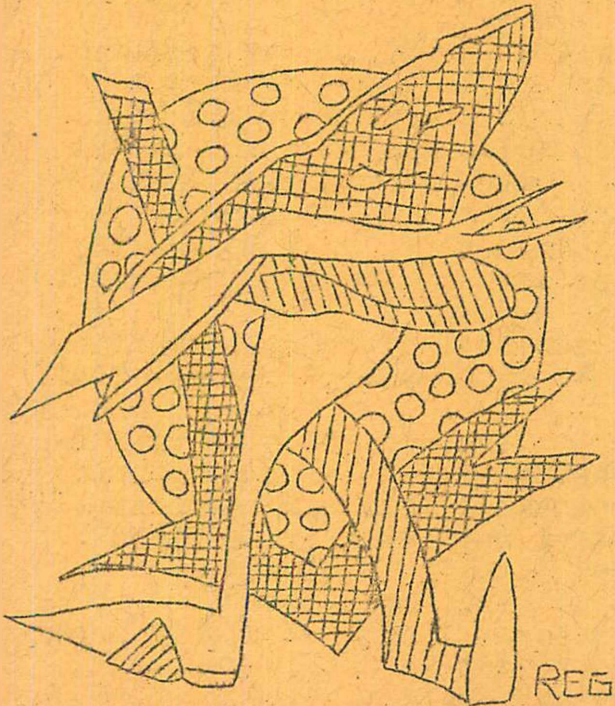
The situation is deplorable, but it's in general praetise. Evidently those in charge of the big shows do not believe that the audience present is possessed of enough intelligence to faithfully express their views. Canned laughter is bad enough, but the manner in which studio audiences are treated is worse. In big theaters, like the ones for the Steve Allen and Ed Sullivan shows, they have signs all around that light up (usually) with the word "applause" whenever the director feels that the home viewers need to know how much the studio audience is enjoying itself (and therefore, how much the home viewers should be enjoying themselves). Even if you don't like this particular act you are obliged to express your opinion by boistrous clapping. It's a case of Pavlov ringing the bell and the dog salivating.

A few years ago I went to see "The Big Payoff" show one Sunday night when it was in New York. At the time, this show was in competition with Ed Sullivan's "Toast Of The Town", and naturally did everything it could to pull some favoritism to itself. The seat we had was in the balcony, but despite the distance from the stage I was able to see all that went

on, as there was a monitor conveniently placed not too far from me. I could see more via the monitor, because of the way the stage was surrounded by mikes, booms, cameras, etc.

For those who haven't seen it, the "Big Payoff" was a quiz show in which contestants won fashions by answering four questions, till they reached The Big Payoff, which was naturally the hardest and most important question. The only celebrity was the emcee; the contestants were usually picked from the audience.

So it begins. The emcee announces the name of the first couple, and as they walk on a sign saying "applause" flashes on and everyone starts clapping. Now I'll wager that no one in that theater was in any way personally acquainted with the two contestants, no one had anything to gain if they





won or lost. Yet through the efforts of a clever tv arranger, it was made to seem that we were all feverishly excited over the two, and as if it meant life or death to the audience if they won or lost. I really didn't care about it a bit. To tell the truth, I was hoping they'd lose, so the emcee (Randy Merriman) could give forth with his phony sad act, telling them what fine contestants they were, announcing the consolation prizes, and leading them off the stage (almost in tears, it seemed), while he called on the audience to give them a big hand for being such sports. I was just as content to sit by myself and watch them being led off, but on flashed that damned sign, and...

And what's more, when a filmed commercial came on to extoll the virtues of some miraculous laundry product, we had to sit through the horrid thing, and as it flashed off the audience was directed to applaud for it! Applaud for a commercial! What could be worse? I wonder if the sponsor had anything to do with this? I can see him sitting there and saying to himself, "Well, if the folks at home think the audience liked the commercial, more of them will go out and buy the product." It's a typical sponsor thought. I'd be surprised that he hadn't tried giving us payola, or bribing us, or maybe blackmailing us, except that he didn't have to. Pavlov could not have done a more thorough job, I assure you. After every commercial the audience was applauding, as if grateful for the fine, well done, miraculously inspiring short message just presented to us.

But there is a more horrifying thought; what if some viewers actually believed all this? I guess there would be people ignorant enough to believe such an incredibility, but I don't know of any.

The cycle is continuing. I suppose there are a few shows free from sponsor control and applause-tampering, but the majority of them are not. When you see an audience wildly cheering on tv for some act you can be pretty sure that the basic motivation for this action is a sign in the studio telling them to cheer. And the same for laughs. I refuse to believe that anyone can sit in the audience of the Jackie Gleason show and actually laugh at him with no further motivation. It's getting so bad that a performer can't even blow his nose on stage without producing a thunderous roar from the audience.

Naturally this set of push-button controls violates one's thinking and makes the average person sitting in the audience nothing more than an automaton responding to a set of controls. A set of controls wielded by a madman, no less. I am disheartened that there are no angry protestations to this practice. I foresee the day when you will sit before a tv screen at home. When a commercial ends a panel will light up, saying "applaud", and you will respond. This is tyranny, mental as well as physical.

Is tv to be the next dictator?

From the looks of things, it seems probable. We are passively letting this menace take over. What else can the outcome be?

1984, here we come.



# LOVE POEM TO MAGGIE CURTIS

—FROM—*rog ebert*—

I don't know you, Maggie Curtis.

I doubt that I ever will.

Apparently.

What's this "engaged" business,  
is what I'm getting at,  
Maggie.

I know I am unlucky in love

and all that

and sometimes

-- in that dark past adolescence

when I was lost and by the wind blown --

I would be dating a girl

who would be dating

the captain

of the football team

(I, then, a freshman or a sophomore)

and somehow

she would not be dating me

any more.

But now

I am in college:

man-of-the-world

Phi Delt

black hornrim glasses

olive-colored pants

Ivy League vest --

man, that stuff is

practically guaranteed,

you know,

especially since I also own

a black Pekinese named Midnight Ming

who they say is "adorable"

and so this

and the fact that the captain of the football team

in college

is one of 21,713,

should, like, give me a...

but then

I write Coulson

and he feeds me this "engaged" bit.

I've never met you, Maggie Curtis,

I admire you via fandom

but

seems to me I was

aced out again

before I hardly got a chance, this time.

Things are piling up, let

me tell you.

Goodbye, Maggie.

Good luck.

"Maggie Curtis is about 18 (give or take a year), a college freshman, very attractive -- and engaged."

-- Buck Coulson (in a letter)



# GOLDEN-MINUTES

ADVENTURES ON OTHER PLANETS, ed. by Donald Wollheim (Ace #D-490, 35¢) Either stf has changed, or I have. When this volume was first issued as Ace #S-133, at a price of only 25¢, I didn't think much of it. However, a recent re-reading makes it seem like a pretty good investment, even at 35¢. Has stf gone downhill that much in 5 years?

The book contains one novelet and 4 short stories. The novelette ("Ogre" by Clifford Simak) is the best story in the collection, despite a highly improbable ending. Simak's alien environment is excellent, and also is the basic feature of the story. His characters aren't so cardboardy as to detract from the story, and the conclusion, while unsatisfactory, isn't as wildly impossible as some I've seen. "Obligation" by Roger Dee, suffers in comparison to other stories on the same theme by better writers, but is probably pretty heady stuff to a new reader. Murray Leinster's "Assignment on Pasik" and Robert Moore Williams' "The Sound of Bugles" are pretty standard action-adventure stf, complete with monstrously evil villains, utterly noble heroes, and aliens who exist only to allow the hero to sock it to the villain. Leinster's story is the better of the two; Leinster can write this sort of thing in his sleep -- and, I suspect, sometimes does. Williams always had to strain a little, even to produce hackwork. We conclude with A.E. van Vogt's "The Rull", which is one of van Vogt's typically well-constructed short stories. (It's only in his novel-length epics where he lost both himself and his readers in his own complexity.)

THE BIG TIME by Fritz Leiber and THE MIND SPIDER AND OTHER STORIES by Fritz Leiber (Ace #D491, 35¢) "The Big Time" won a Hugo as "best novel" at the 16th Worldcon. (The cover blurb says 17th, but that's wrong; 17th was the Detroitcon, and if my memory is correct "The Big Time" won at the Solacon.) However, it did win; the exact time is less important, as is my opinion that the voters had rocks in their heads, and gave it the title out of the love of sheer complexity that causes certain older readers to consider A.E. van Vogt a great stf novelist. The book does have its good points; the setting is original, which you can't hardly get no more, and the combination of characters and setting at times is downright daring. (Though I sometimes wonder if the readers ever paid any attention to this; with all the furor over Heinlein, I find it a bit odd that no fan has objected to Leiber's theory that a Nazi victory in World War II would have been good for the world....of course, I'm not saying that Leiber believes his theory, but he certainly wrote about it with as much conviction as Heinlein did.) I'm afraid that my overall impression of the book is that it is abysmally dull, but I seem to be in the minority.

Some time back, a critic of adventure-type stf suggested that one basic difference between stf adventure and "classic" adventure novels was that stf writers were too grandiose; that if the average stf writer had tackled "The Three Musketeers" the book would have ended at least with d'Artagnan killing Richelieu in fair combat, and probably with the Musketeers establishing a French Republic and looking forward to permanent world peace. Leiber evidently read this criticism. His characters

are all determinedly ordinary people, living out their daily problems, with little effect on the major events. They are very realistic; the unfortunate part is that they are also pretty damned dull. This is overwhelmingly apparent in the short story collection which backs "The Big Time". In addition, most of the items aren't stories anyway, but incidents. The reader comes into the middle of things, and leaves the same way, with no idea of what started the events or what, if anything, will conclude them. Oddly enough, with talk about the "plotless" stories in GALAXY, the only "complete" short story in the collection is from GALAXY; "The Number Of The Beast". "The Haunted Future", from one of the Ziff-Davis mags, and "The Oldest Soldier", from F&SF, provide the reader with enough information for him to construct his own ending, if he cares enough about the story to bother. Two more of the stories, "Damnation Morning" & "Try And Change The Past", are simply incidents using his "change war" background, and might well be fragments of an incomplete or unpublished novel. Or they could be literary doodlings. "The Mind Spider" is more conventional science fiction, with the accent on problem-solving rather than on background. None of the six are examples of great science fiction. Mostly they -- and to a lesser extent, "The Big Time" -- are a tribute to a writing experiment. It's one that I don't care for, but apparently a good many fans do enjoy it.

ROGUE MOON by Algis Budrys (Gold Medal #s1057, 354) This is a direct antithesis to the Leiber collection. Budrys has assembled a collection of the most improbable characters I've seen in years, added the handi-cap of dialogue which is personally annoying to me, and come up with something worthy of a Hugo award. The dialogue is the type often affected by "literary" writers; practically dripping with hidden meanings. Two characters can't even say hello to each other without employing language which is supposed to aid the reader (and the other characters) in analyzing their thoughts on Life and Stuff. The result is as stilted and unreal as anything Gernsback ever published.

I think this could be classed as a SCIENCE-fiction novel, also. Where Leiber simply says that there is an object called a Major Maintainer which performs certain functions, not always specified, Budrys allows the reader to look into the operation of his matter transmitter. (Naturally, the explanation isn't too elaborate; after all, he can't interrupt the flow of the story and anyway he hasn't any more idea of how a matter transmitter would work than I have, but the explanation is descriptive enough to satisfy all but the most ardent science fans.)

The conflict of the characters in the story is fascinating; not particularly believable, but interesting. (Possibly he deliberately made his four major characters completely one-sided so that by their conflict he could demonstrate the warring nature of each of us -- this doesn't come out very convincing, either, but is again interesting.) I don't know that each of them is supposed to represent one facet of a "typical" human personality, but it could be. Personally, I found the scientist, Ed Hawks, a hero with whom I could easily identify. Sort of a super-me; what I'd be like if I was a lot smarter than I am, or what I'd like to be like. Anyway, I think this novel is one of the best of the year.

With just a couple of lines left, I may as well mention that Judy Merril's THE YEAR'S BEST S-F (5th Edition) is an improvement over the last two in this series and worth the 50¢ price and that John Wyndham's THE TROUBLE WITH LICHEN is a good solid novel, though not up to John's best.



# The Fantasy of U.P.A.

— article by — ROBERT R. PATTRICK —

Good fantasy may be likened to buried treasure; it's usually hard to find and often turns up in the most unexpected places.

"Boing-Boing!"

Those are the magic words which have opened an Ali Baba cave of choicest fantasy.

"Boing-Boing!"

The odd words first appeared in a Dr. Seuss juvenile book. But in 1950, they were heard by millions of people in an animated cartoon. Produced by a new studio -- "United Productions of America (or UPA for short) -- it gave a new meaning to cartoon fantasy.

"This is the story of Gerald McCloy,  
And the strange thing that happened to that little boy!"

Fantasy is not new to the animated cartoon. It has, in fact, been the integral element of the genre from the beginning. In the early days, though, it was used lavishly and badly. There was no stability, no frame of reference to guide it. Motivation was solely action and the broadest of slapstick humor.

Walt Disney brought coherence and a certain dignity to the field. Ideas were organized and routines carefully planned. The crude sketches gave way to greater and greater realism.

But the pendulum swung too far. Now the great faults were slickness and stereotype. "Cinderella" in 1950 was a great mechanical improvement over "Snow White" in 1938. But in imaginative freshness -- the basic ingredient of fantasy -- it was mere stagnation. And every studio had their particular versions of Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse.

This was where UPA came in.

"They say it all started when Gerald was two.  
That's the age kids start talking, least most of them do.  
When he started talking, you know what he said?  
He didn't talk words, he went 'Boing-Boing' instead!"

"Gerald McBoing-Boing", as a story, is definitely different from the average fantasy cartoon. There are no humanized animals in it, no Mack Sennett chases, no mayhem. Just a little boy and his family. No fairy godmothers, or wicked witches, or magic wands; none of the threadbare plots usually seen. "Gerald" has one -- and only one -- fantasy concept. Gerald speaks in sounds instead of words. And the entire story hinges on this single item.

"What's that?" cried his father, his face turning gray,  
'That's a very odd thing for a young boy to say!'"

But the fantasy of "Gerald" -- indeed, of all UPA pictures -- goes deeper than the story line. It is to be found in every element of the cartoon.

A dictionary definition of fantasy includes the following: "An

ingenious or odd thought, design, or invention."

This is virtually a thumb-nail description of UPA's works. Theirs is a complete break with popular procedures. It is not a return to the old crudities, however, but an entirely new treatment of art and fantasy.

The most obvious (to the viewer) example of this is in the cartooning techniques. The popular cartoon has become more and more realistic, with all form, color and background being as true to nature as possible.

In a UPA cartoon, the objects are line sketches and outlines. Backgrounds are held to a minimum and color is in pastels.

"And as little Gerald grew older he found,  
When a fellow goes BAM!, no one wants him around."

But all of this, different and vital as it is, still does not tell the full story of the UPA technique and its fantasy. It is partially to be found in their approach, which, significantly, is always adult -- never juvenile.

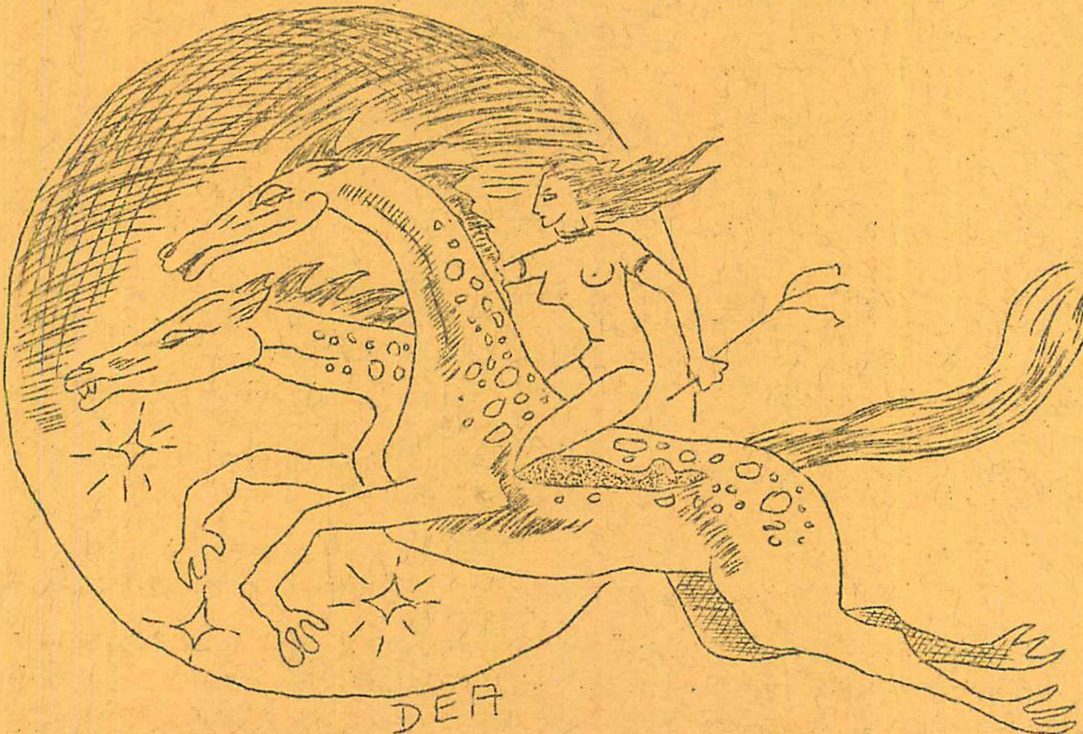
UPA does more than merely use unconventional plots -- it deliberately seeks them out. Their fantasy cartoons have ranged from the satire of Heywood Broun's "51st Dragon" to the grim drama of Poe's "Tell-Tale Heart".

"'Oh, nobody loves me,' he thought with a moan.  
Then climbed out his window and ran off alone."

By using pastels, instead of natural color, emotion may be expressed more forcibly. As Gerald leaves home, the dark and sombre backgrounds leave no doubt of his feelings.

"And onto a train Gerald thought he would hop,  
When the voice of a radio man shouted 'Stop!'"

The line sketches of UPA are more than cartoon; they are caricature.







Caricatures in the manner of Price and Steinberg. Where conventional cartoons establish characters through full animation, UPA uses attitude -- a few simple sketches and motions -- to express a full personality. As Gerald runs for the train, he moves only such parts of his body as are necessary. The way he holds himself, as well as the way he is drawn, tells more than any amount of animation.

Backgrounds are held to a bare minimum. They pop onto the screen only when needed, but with a timing and placement so right as to make it seem that they had always been there. They leave with equal facility

"I need a smart fellow to make all the sounds,  
Who can bark like a dog and bay like the hounds."

"Attitude" is carried one step farther. It also appears in the individual treatment of each film, and character. The Near-Sighted Mr. Magoo is not merely near-sighted -- he doesn't know that he's near-sighted. And his testy self-confidence prevents him from ever learning it.

"Unicorn", as well as the non-fantasy "Madeline", is drawn in the exact style of the original story's author-artist; James Thurber, for the first, and Ludwig Bemelmans for the second.

"Fudget's Budget", which concerns the trials of an average family and their budget, is drawn throughout on a graph-paper background. The characters and other objects are stylized graph-lines.

"Tell-Tale Heart" is drawn from the point-of-view of the murderer-narrator (who is consequently never seen by the audience). His unbalanced mental state is dramatically and terrifyingly revealed through the use of Dali-like surrealistic drawing.

"Now Gerald is rich, he has friends, he's well fed,  
'Cause he doesn't speak words, he goes 'Boing-Boing!' instead.

This, then is the NEW fantasy; the fantasy of UPA. Story, techniques, approach and handling all partake of fantasy in their own ways. Two Academy Awards, plus Award Nomination every year since their first

theatrical film in 1948 -- attest to the high standards they are setting. For this, students of fantasy can be grateful.

UPA FANTASY FILMS (1948-1954)

ROBIN HOODLUM	GIDDYAP
PUNCHY DeLEON	WONDER GLOVES
MAGIC FLUKE	WILLIE THE KID
GERALD McBOING-BOING	GEORGIE AND THE DRAGON
GERALD'S SYMPHONY	THE OOMPAS
HOW NOW, McBOING-BOING	THE TELL-TALE HEART
GERALD AND THE FLYING SAUCER	UNICORN IN THE GARDEN
CHRISTOPHER CRUMPET	THE 51ST DRAGON
CHRISTOPHER CRUMPET'S PLAYMATES	HOWDY DOODY'S MAGIC HAT

And the Near-Sighted Mr. Magoo has adventures which, although not strictly Fantasy, are certainly Fantastic!

"What if somebody called you the Gurgle of Sikkim?"

....the Maharaj Kumar, via "Report From Practically Nowhere" by John Sack

# STRANGE FRUIT

Far be it from me to try to find something to fill up this page, especially when there is a 5" stack of fanzines to review.

WARHOON #10 (Richard Bergeron, 110 Bank St., New York 14, N.Y. - irregular - 20¢) Actually, this is sort of an East Coast HABAKKUK. That is, the subjects under discussion range from unilateral disarmament to butterfly collecting, with nearly all the remarks on any subject being interesting (though not always intelligent). The editor has added a few illustrations to break up the solid type, the reproduction is well-nigh perfect, and what more can I say? Rating.....8

SATHANAS #1 (Richard P. Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan - quarterly - 25¢) Anyone who knows Schultz ~~has~~ ~~by~~ ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ knows that any fanzine edited by him would be largely humor, which this is. However, he starts out with what is practically a goshwow review of Project Art Show; those artists in the crowd who didn't attend the Pittcon would be advised to get a copy of this. Terry Jeeves' article on astronomy is what one might expect from an Englishman; after all, fogs and all, you know...they don't often get the chance to study the heavens over there. John Berry describes what they do instead of studying the heavens, in his Goon saga, and Ruth Berman offers hints on constructing a gimblescope. All good. I was less enchanted by Bob Lichtman's faaan fiction and Mike Deckinger's faaan...article? But then everybody knows I dislike this sort of thing. Rating.....5

DISCORD #8 and 9 (Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place, NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota - six-weekly - free for trade or comment) Redd calls it "a journal of personal opinion" and I can't better the classification. Opinions on science fiction, classical music, movies, and Hires Root



Beer. A short and lively lettercolumn follows, and I wonder if I commented on #9? I had several items checked, one of them being Martin Helgesen's rehash of the old superstition that sex criminals are "incited" by pornography (when all the facts point in the exact opposite direction) and Poul Anderson's claim that writing about Hokas doesn't make him one. (But he is; the long thin type, which is the rarest kind.) As an added attraction, Dean Grennell adds a 2-page GOLDEN APPLE as a rider to one of the issues (I forget which one). Boggs and Grennell go together -- like mice and D-Con (and no, I will not state which I think is which.) Rating...9

KIPPLE #9 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Maryland - monthly - 15¢) With Ted's relentless schedule, #10 will probably show up here tomorrow, but... Here we again have a bit of everything. A symposium on the nostalgia of old comic books, an article on Christopher Morley by Ruth Berman, a sneer at the dominant (unChristian) aspect of our modern Christmas by George Spencer, fanzine reviews by the editor and Marion Z. Bradley, prozine reviews by the editor, a couple of rambling columns by the editor and Ted White, reprinted excerpts from a factual pamphlet on nuclear weapons, and a piece of professional-quality fiction by MZB and Redd Boggs. All-around excellent, except for my personal dislike of comic book discussions and some of Pauls' opinions. A thick mag for the money; 52 pages. Rating.....8

FLUSH #1 (Larry Williams, 74 Maple Road, Longmeadow 6, Mass. - bi-monthly - 25¢) More enthusiasm than quality evident here, I'm afraid. Ed Gorman's plea for some real old-fashioned villains and fewer crazy mixed-up kids in juvenile fiction is acceptable, as is the editorial. The general layout reflects possibly no more than enthusiasm for West Coast Zines; there is the same goshwow advertising and reckless use of oversized headings. He should outgrow this, in time. There is more material on comics, a want-ad section (which should be useful; what happened to all the fanzines devoted to trading and collecting stuff?) and some mediocre fiction. For younger fans, mostly. Rating.....2

NEOFAN #1 (Owen M. Hannifen, 16 Lafayette Place, Burlington, Vermont - no schedule - 15¢) Most of this issue seems devoted to the editors' assertions that they are science fiction fans and are publishing a fanzine. There are a couple of pieces of fiction and a few pointed opinions evidently designed to get some discussions going in the lettercolumn. Judgement withheld until I see what they can do.

APE #2 (Ron Haydock, P.O. Box 421, Santa Ana, California - quarterly? - 5¢) Strictly for the hairy set; this one is devoted to Tarzan and imitations such as Bomba the Jungle Boy.

ERB-DOM #2 (Alfred Guillory, Jr., P.O. Box 177, Chataignier, Louisiana - co-editor Gaz Cazedessus - quarterly? - 25¢) Another one for the tree-dwelling fraternity. This is mostly concerned with Tarzan movies; considering their popularity I suppose there are a lot of Tarzan fans around. God knows there seem to be enough comic book fans around, and the literary quality is quite similar. Well reproduced, except for the editors' investment in a typeface which combines maximum exotic allure with minimum readability. Special Interest.

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Sterile pad -- hospital room .....beatnik Ran Scott

CAMBER #12 (Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England - annual - 15¢) Lovely, lovely artwork. George Metzger's "Return To Fandome" is fascinating. Alan mentions the near impossibility of getting this on stencil, and I believe it; the work is not only extremely detailed, but it's 6 pages long. Unfortunately, the results are not an unqualified success, by a long shot. I suspect the mimeographing more than I do the stencil-cutting; my copy was very unevenly inked. A large share of the written material concerns "Psycho", the book and the movie. (Dodd liked the book, thought the movie stunk. Dodd sends me clippings on the sort of movies he sees, so I can deduce that his dislike of "Psycho" is due to the fact that his critical faculties have been numbed by an overdose of grade B movies and "Gunsmoke" tv shows.) Mike Deckinger reviews the FU Omnibus and gives a long detailed look at Zacherly, the epitome of horror-movie emcees. Ray Thompson discusses human communication and Craig Cochran tries to explain Arizona. (But he can't fool me; I've been there and there is no explanation for Arizona except as one of God's oversights.) Rating....5.5

XERO #3 (Dick Lupoff, 215 E. 73rd. St., New York 21, N.Y. - bi-monthly? - free for comment) The leading publication of comic book fandom. In the more adult section, there are book reviews and some comments on writing by Larry Harris, a symposium on the care and feeding of fan clubs in which the editor makes the most sense, a letter column and an editorial which has already provoked Terry Carr into a rebuttal in which Terry implies that HABAKKUK's articles on beatniks have stirred up more interest than the current comic book furor. He'd have a hard time proving that statement; even considering the relative size of XERO and HABAKKUK, the wordage in fanzines devoted to comic books is easily twice that devoted to beatniks. (But then maybe Terry doesn't get all the grubby little comic-book articles that I do; I'd say that fandom was lousy with them, myself.) However, this is a review of XERO, not Terry Carr. Onward. Good artwork, good reproduction. Rating.....6

CRY #147 (Box 92, 920 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 25¢) This is the mag with the above-mentioned Carr commentary. There are also the usual columns by Elinor and F.M. Busby and Wally Weber, plus articles by Art Rapp and Tom Purdom, cartoon by Les Nirenberg, part 1 of a fan-fiction serial by John Berry, and a startlingly small (14 pages, but that's small for CRY) lettercolumn. Rating....7

ZYMURGY (Richard A. Koogle, 5916 Revere Place, Dallas 6, Texas - no price or schedule) Probably the biggest surprise here is that Koogle has learned to spell. He still doesn't proofread too well, but this is a big improvement over his earlier efforts as far as the language goes. (There are still Koogleisms -- such as "a couple of fridge-fans", but these seem to be uncorrected typos rather than bad spelling; I type that way too, but I try to correct mine.) Feature article is by Art Rapp, on how to get good results from a hekto. Marion Zimmer Bradley has an article on why people like fantasy and the editor makes inquiry as to why people like fandom. Earl Nee reviews fanzines, and there is a series of fan-fiction vignettes by the editor, some of which seem to connect vaguely into a longer story and some of which seem to be just thrown in for the hell of it. A reasonably promising start. Rating...3

PILIKIA #4 (Chuck Devine, 922 Day Drive, Boise, Idaho - bi-monthly - price 30 S & H Green Stamps) Artwork and poetry -- or at least, verse.



The artwork, particularly that of Bjo and Frosser, is excellent; Dave's illustration drew one delighted chuckle and a couple of gasps of horror when I happened to leave the fanzine open at work one day. The verse has 85 stanzas, and while I'd be the last person to call it good or even particularly humorous, it gets outrageous enough in spots to present a certain charm. A couple of minor items fill out the issue, and Steve Stiles and Mike Johnson add to the good artwork. Rating.....4

SCIENCE FICTION READER #1 (2537 So. 94th. St., West Allis 19, Wisconsin - 25¢ - no schedule listed -- oops; almost forgot to list William E. Neumann as editor) Mostly I forgot to list him because when a new fan turns up in close proximity to jokers like Dean Grennell and Gene DeWeese, I immediately start suspecting a hoax. However, I guess I'll take William's word for his existence. He opens with a plea for new ideas in stf and new "masters" to write them. This is followed by several stories which dispose of the thought that Neumann might be one of the new masters; his ideas come right out of Gernsback, as does his writing style. One story, with the nostalgic title of "The Inventor Of New Brains For Old", is pretty fair fan fiction; the others are the sort of thing one associates with first issues. Improvement should come with more experience and a bit more variety; this issue is almost entirely editor-written and illustrated. Rating.....2

EFANESCENT #1 (Lee Thorin, 319 N. 18th. St., Philadelphia 3, Pa - Irregular - no price listed) The editor is a bit coy about its sex, so I shall refer to it in the neuter until properly informed. A rather odd assortment of authors in this issue; Bob Lichtman, Gary Deindorfer, Don Studebaker, Dick Eney, and the editor. Either it has availed itself of a manuscript bureau or it is in contact with fans of more than one era. Oh yes, Hal Lynch has an article in here, too; he and Lichtman have the two best that I read. (I didn't read Studebaker's contribution due to poor reproduction.) Nothing extra, but if the editor did glean all these contributions out of a manuscript bureau, it has very discerning taste and its fanzine should improve rapidly. Rating.....2½

CADENZA #1 (Charles Wells, 190 Elm St., Oberlin, Ohio - irregular - 10¢) A new fanzine from an old fan (people were talking about him when I first entered fandom; he left about the time I was starting to get well acquainted -- but I don't think there is any connection.) Small, editorially written, and with a certain aroma of 6th Fandom. I enjoyed what there was of it. Rating.....4

SOLAR #2 (Phil Harrell, 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Virginia - irregular - free for comment) As far as material goes, this issue isn't as good as #1; it seems that Mike Deckinger, George Willick and Paul Edmonds all rolled up together don't equal the writing ability of Marion Z. Bradley. However, the material isn't exactly bad, the hekto reproduction is nicely colorful and there is a fair lettercolumn (which would have been better than fair if Phil had made his comments easier to distinguish from those of the writers. Improvement in this respect is promised for the next issue.) Rating.....2½

SAM #2 (Steve Stiles, 1809 Second Ave., New York 28, N.Y. - no price or schedule) Fannish chitchat. Mike Deckinger writes about an "other fandom" that is really other. Then there are a few filler items and a short lettercolumn. Steve, by the way, is noted as the fan artist whose

drawings do not resemble those of Dan Adkins. Not at all. More like those of Gregg Trend, I'd say. Or maybe Dave English. Or Dick Schultz. But not Adkins. Definitely. Rating.....3

ESCAPE #1 (Ron Haydock, P.O. Box 421, Santa Ana, California - 25¢ - no schedule) This could be the ideal method of introducing neofans to fandom. It's a neat, lithoed, dignified publication, with articles on a variety of subjects, but all understandable to a neo or outsider. The editors intend to explore all facets of fandom, including EC, Tarzan, and horror movies as well as all aspects of stf fandom. (I don't think they can do it, but they will evidently try.) Evidently the format of the articles on various facets of fandom will not be aimed at the specialist in these types (as, for example, the articles in AMRA are intended for those persons with more than a passing knowledge of Conan), but such as to be understood by anyone. The result will be a bit bland for veterans, but ideal for neofans. Rating....6

On to the section of brief reviews and mentions; at least readers will be aware that the following mags are available.

BUG EYE #6 (Helmut Klemm, 16 Uhlandstrasse, Uffort/Eick, (22a) Krs. Moers, West Germany - bi-monthly - free for comment) An international fanzine in German and English. Rating....4

DYNATRON #3 (Roy Tackett, Route 2, Box 575, Albuquerque, New Mexico - irregular - 15¢) Humor, General interest material, and comments reminiscent of DISCORD. Rating....6

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #352 (S F Times, Inc., P.O. Box 115, Solvay Br., Syracuse 9, N.Y. - irregular but frequent - 10¢) The newspaper of professional science fiction. Rating....6

FANAC #70 and 71 (Terry Carr, 1818 Grove St., Berkeley 9, Calif. - bi-weekly - 5 for 50¢) The newspaper of fannish news, setting a record by folding and being resurrected in the space of two weeks. Rating....7

PARSECTION #3 (George Willick, 856 East St., Madison, Ind. - irregular - 8 for \$1) Indiana's most loveable fan strikes again. Rating....7

HYPHEN #26 (Walt Willis & Ian McAulay, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast 4, Northern Ireland - irregular - 15¢) The step from neo to trufan is made by getting on the HYPHEN mailing list. Rating...8

INNUENDO #11 and last (Terry Carr, 1818 Grove St., Berkeley 9, Calif - 25¢) A bit late for a review; my first copy disintegrated in the mail (I received the final 4 pages) and Terry was kind enough to send a replacement. That letter of comment will be along any day now..... One of the fabulous fannish zines, all 68 pages. Rating...10

SMOKE #5 (George Locke, 3 Company RAMC, Connaught Hospital, Bramshott, Hindhead, Surrey, England - bi-monthly - 15¢) A thick general interest fanzine. Rating...5

Also received: EYE TRACKS (Locke), HAVERINGS (Lindsay), HARBINGER (Thompson), SEZWHO? (Wanshel), RESIN (Metcalf), CHIGGER PATCH OF FANDOM (Farnham-Hayes). Left to review next issue: VOID #23, BHISMILLAH #6, WRR Vol. 3 #1.



# GRUMBLINGS

ALAN DODD, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England - I've already mentioned on tape about Gene DeWeese' letter on Hoddesdon and the Rye House plot but I will go into more detail. The lower half of Hoddesdon is known as Rye Park and contains Rye House - I actually live in Rye Park itself. The castle of the Rye House Plot still remains about a mile from where I live across the river. There isn't much of it nowadays, just a section of the main keep and some distance away there is the Retainers Hall - at one time the two were joined but disintegration has taken place and the two look like separate ruins now. A small trailer park was near one side last time I looked, watercress beds another side, a roller skating rink used for dancing on another side and the Rye Meads Sewage Purification Works on another side. It still stands in almost its own land now but no one seems to know who owns what quite. Parts of it are still there though. So is the wreck of an old cottage that once housed the Great Bed of Ware - Ware is another smallish town about four miles from Hoddesdon and I suppose the bed had its origins in that town. The castle belonged to King James and it was there the conspirators met to enter the Houses of Parliament with the only good intentions of anyone who has ever visited the place. They went to blow it up. Failed. And now every November 5th we set fire to bonfires and send up fireworks all over England.

/I recall fireworks with nostalgia. Do you have any societies over there agitating for a Safe and Sane Guy Fawkes' Day? Don't let them abolish fireworks like they did in this country. There seems to be a basic difference between the English and Americans. Can you imagine us making a national holiday out of the day the Puerto Rican nationalists shot up Congress? We take our politics so seriously..... RSC/

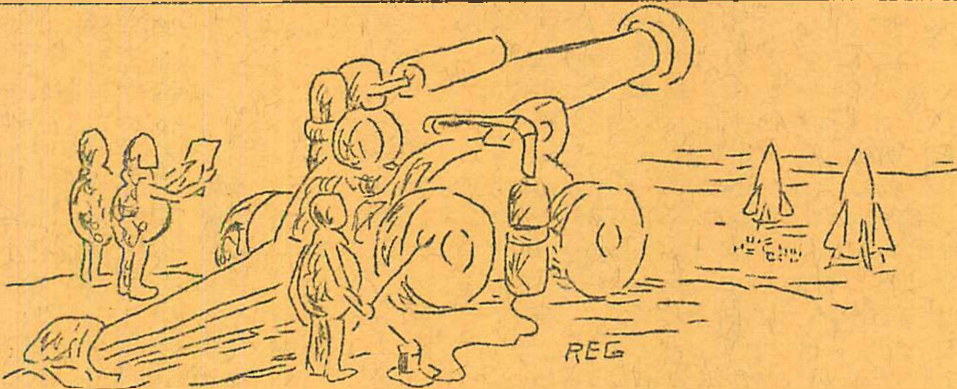
/Since half a dozen people wrote in inquiring about the last sentence of Tucker's piece, and since I didn't know the answer, we now have:/ BOB TUCKER, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois - I haven't the slightest idea what a SEVAGRAM might be.

Van Vogt never told me and I never cared enough about his stories to ask. However: the closing sentence of his novel "The Weapon Makers" is, "This much we have learned. Here is the race that shall rule the sevagram."

I imagine that the sentence was intended as a sockdolager, a flag-waving, hair-raising finish calculated to send the reader into an ap-probative coma. It didn't send me; but it did provide the fandom of that time (circa 1943) with a jolly gagline which they tossed about with wild abandon. I simply resurrected the phrase, twisted it to suit my purpose and planted it on you. I felt sure the old van Vogt readers in the audience would find something humorous in the repetition if not in my use of it.

I still don't know what a sevagram might be, but I'm reasonably certain van Vogt's Immortals rule it -- along with Gernsback, of course.

I didn't read Deckinger's story, but gee whiz dad, what a teacup tempest it has stirred up. It is quite possible that I wouldn't approve of it myself -- if I were to read it raw -- but I urge you not to break under the winds of adverse criticism and cease printing unpopular pieces, either fiction or non-fiction. As someone else pointed out



recently, the fanzine is one of the few places left in the world where free speech is actually practiced, and I dread the day when fanzines, too, must knuckle under. I know from experience that free speech is not permitted in magazines

and books, and doubtless many people can show that it isn't permitted in newspapers. The constant prattling of professional publishers (especially newspaper publishers) about "freedom of the press" causes only a painful laugh here. So the fanzines had damn well better hang on to the genuine freedom they have.

One more thought about magazine circulation: a writer's magazine recently said that Railroad Magazine has 30,000 readers. If we may accept this for what it seems to say, then railroad fandom is in far worse shape than science fiction fandom. I don't understand how a prozine can keep going on that circulation and still pay its editor and contributors.

I think you've managed a stellar line-up in this 36th issue; everything was excellent, simply superb, except possibly that Feghootling. I will learn to like these things ad kalendas Graecas. And altho it may seem strange, most of the letters were equal in entertainment value to the matter in the front of the magazine.

The new Administration continues to serve you as speedily as the old: Y86 arrived here Thursday morning, which means that it actually came in on the Wednesday night mail train/truck. And surprisingly enough, my last FAPA bundle about equaled that record; MEZ said she mailed it on Wednesday and it came in here Friday night, for Saturday delivery. I wonder how the British faeans (three a's if you please) view all this talk about speedy mail delivery? It is my understanding that the British postal system regards rapid mail delivery as A Way Of Life, that a letter mailed in London before noon will be delivered to any other point in London that afternoon. It sounds simple enough, but I doubt that any American city can match it. (I once heard of a letter taking three days to travel three blocks down Madison Avenue in New York.)

/Well, we usually get fairly speedy service, but for real speed, see Redd Boggs' letter below. I think fanzines have free speech because they don't affect enough people to get much attention drawn to them. I suppose this is just as well; not many people are interested in free speech, anyway. RSC/

REDD BOGGS, 2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota - Doodling on the envelope that contained your letter of 5 Feb., I noticed that Watash postmarked it three days in the future. Who says time travel doesn't happen?

/The letter was written Feb. 5, I forget just when it was mailed, but the postmark reads "Feb 9, 9-AM", Redd received it on Feb. 7 and answered it on Feb. 8. How's that for fast service, Tucker? Incidentally, Redd and I have been continuing our argument over fandom's reaction



to mass media via letter. It would make an interesting lettercolumn discussion, but unless I summarized my letters, Redd's wouldn't make much sense to an outsider, and I don't have the room for a full summary. (I don't have copies of my letters, for that matter.) Anyway, I guess he's proved that fans aren't unalterably hostile to mass circulation stf -- though they do sound that way. RSC/

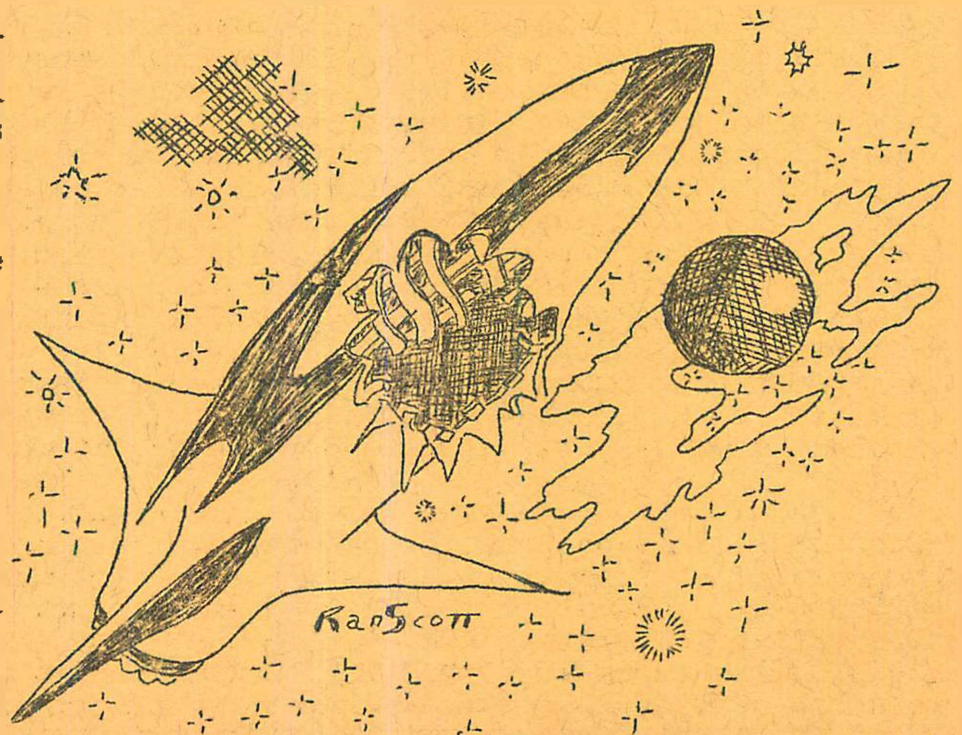
A letter from Bob Bloch mentions the possibility of "Yours Truly, Jack the Ripper" appearing on TV's "Thriller" with a script by Barry Lyndon. Isn't he one of the people associated with the Hammer films? Or have I confused him with somebody else?  
/I don't know. You know him, Dodd?/

GENE DEWEESE, 3407 No. 22nd., Milwaukee 6, Wisconsin -- Have you (or Juanita, more likely) noticed the way the comics heroes get their powers from all sorts of mystical rites? Like the Green Lama and his Tibetan instructions -- same for the Shadow -- and Green Lantern's vows, etc. So, how about a comic hero for one of the other religions, who gets his power from some strange rites brought back from deep in the Kentucky hills? Something like the Purple Revivalist or the Chartreuse Christian? /Or even The Lone Rosicrucian, or SuperUnitarian. RSC/

LES NIRENBERG, 1217 Weston Rd., Toronto, Ontario -- How could I possibly undo the damage that has been caused by Deckinger's article? It seems some people think Deckinger is a spokesman for world Jewry. Rev. Moorhead seems to think so. What would he consider me? I am also of Jewish extraction, but my opinions are exactly opposite to Deckinger's. Furthermore most Jews think as I do about Jesus, the Nativity, and the rest of it, and if confronted by Deckinger's article, would immediately condemn it as the crap that it is.

Deckinger certainly isn't representative of average Jewish opinion. Mind you, there are, I suppose, certain Jews who honestly believe that Jesus was a bastard and that Mary was a whore, but these people belong to, fortunately, a small minority group, within the group.

Just as there are gentiles who still believe that Jews poisoned wells in the Middle Ages and that Jews made matzo's out of Christian children's blood and that all a Jew wants out of life is to screw a gentile girl; then there are Jews that believe Jesus was a bastard and Mary was a whore. Most Jews think as I do: Jesus was a prophet, a wise man, a rabbi, but not the son of God. He taught a wonderful philosophy which has gradually been eaten away by grafting churches,



bigoted clergy, and people who twisted and distorted the original message to suit themselves.

You have two examples of severe IDIOT thinking in your lettercolumn. These examples are Deckinger, who attacks religion for no reason whatsoever, using human weakness as an example that there is no God; attacking a BELIEF rather than a person or an organization. (eg. There is no God because a certain priest ran off with the parish poor box.) What kind of logical thinking is this? Next you have Rev. Moorhead, who appears to be a rabid antisemite. Jesus is NOT considered a bastard and Mary is NOT considered a whore by any Jews other than the nut group I mentioned above. Moorhead and Deckinger are dredging up the rotten old myths that have caused hatred for the past two thousand years.

Deckinger can be pardoned because he is a mixed up adolescent but Moorhead should at least take a serious look at himself. The opinions he has are certainly not Christian.

/Several people seem to have equated Rev. Moorhead's letter with anti-Semitism; some comments will be printed and others won't (we don't have room for all comments on any subject.) However, the reaction came as a shock to me. While I'd never given the subject much thought, it seemed logical to me that Jews, having rejected Jesus as the Messiah, would tend to have a pretty low opinion of him; after all, since he said that he was the son of God, you either have to accept him or consider him a liar at the very least. I just don't see why the Jewish opinion of Jesus, whatever it is, should affect my opinion of Jews. For a similar example, I think the Mormon religion is an example of a nut cult that made good, but I don't dislike Mormons because of that, and I don't expect them to dislike me, and I don't expect to be accused of anti-Mormonism by any Latter Day Saints who happen to be reading this. Of course, I could be wrong, but -- well, did you happen to read the letter in AMAZING where J.F. Bone is accused of anti-Semitism because he happened to name one of his villains Able Feldstein? It's possible to be too touchy on the subject. At any rate, I hope the Jewish position is now explained to everyone's satisfaction. RSC/

BETTY KUJAWA, 2819 Caroline St., South Bend 14, Ind. - Juanita, you know in Russia they had such j.d. messes that some time back they passed a law making every child 12 years of age and up subject to capital punishment if they do a crime for which the penalty is just that??? And that, since then, their j.d. problem has withered away to one of the lowest in the world??? Any comment on why this should be so??

/Sure, they have cowardly juveniles. Personally I think we need a lot stiffer attitude toward juvenile crime; too many people feel sorry for the "poor underprivileged waifs" and the kids get the idea that they can get away without any punishment. But I'm not sure that extending the death penalty is necessary. RSC/

A drunken driver, to me, is the same as an ass who drunkenly swaggers into a school yard or crowded city square waving a loaded gun with the safety off. By now (except for mental incompetents who shouldn't be driving in the first place) every soul knows the potentialities of drunken driving -- and they deserve just what they get for their selfish going-ahead because they want to.

That Kelly thing by Maggie was wonderful. Have showed it to many Pogo addicts round here -- thusly upping their opinion of fannish me no end. Lucky Maggie -- eh?

I am also repelled by one Rev. C.M. Moorhead and his letter -- I mean the part that I take to be anti-semitic. For why did he drag that



in??? Now I'm ready to stand up and fight-fight-fight for ol Mike Deckinger any time he needs me strong right arm, boy!

Talk about 'poor taste' indeed -- why this asking Mike if he's Jewish??? This is a letter from a Christian minister and man of God -- a follower of Jesus who said 'turn the other cheek'???? What an example for us of our ministers -- and saying there that to the Orthodox Jew, Christ is a bastard and Mary a whore? I have known Orthodox Jews my whole life long -- never ever have I heard one say that -- or ever ever anywhere have I read or heard of the faith's leaders expounding such things.

If this is the majority opinion of our protestant ministers -- this hauling in anti-semitic diatribes -- then include me out of ANY organized protestant Christianity -- I don't want ever to be included with the breed. Oh -- if you print these growls and grumbles of mine to forestall any rebuttals by Rev. Moorhead when he notes that 'strange foreign name' of mine which just might denote I am some radical or anarchist "foreigner" or even a Papist -- you will explain I am 50% Scottish, 50% British and brought up in the Presbyterian Church and a violent Republican, anti-union, lover of capitalism.

/Well, he might have asked about Mike's religion because he was curious, and he might have mentioned the beliefs of Orthodox Jews because he believed it. Ministers aren't always experts on religions besides their own (though perhaps ideally they should be). RSC/

Did j'ever stop and look at this US of ours as it looks to really religious Jews??? The accents -- heck, the overwhelming pressures of Christianity they are inflicted with in city and state run schools? The Nativity Scenes each year on public City Hall lawns or City Squares? The use we (me at least, I'm ashamed to say) often say something like -- "Well that's terrible! It's not only unAmerican but it's unChristian!!" or "He is a Christian gentleman" as if another kind is too dreadful to speak of? How many of us even have the foggiest ideas of what and when their high religious holidays are?

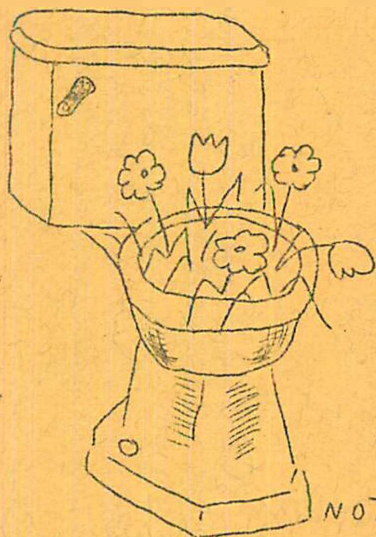
Imagine how offended we would be if they even mildly inflicted their practices or celebrations on us? Hoo boy!

/Well, by definition this is a Christian country; our ideas of religious freedom have never extended to include Moslems or the early multiple marriage practices of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I don't object to public Nativity scenes -- though I do draw the line at the various "Sunday Closing" laws which clearly discriminate against Jews (and against atheists and Seven Day Adventists, for that matter). Then there was the YANDRO reader who wanted to know if "Menasha" was "a good Christian name"..... RSC/

JAMES R. ADAMS, 922 No. Courtland, Kokomo, Ind. -- Needless to say, I hesitated a long time before I opened the package. And if it hadn't been for that explanatory letter, I probably never would have opened it, but would have consigned it to the trash barrel.

You know how it is; first a dead owl, then a dead mouse. I was more than ready to believe that your package, too, contained some deceased creature you fondly hoped would send me into a syncope. Why, anytime now I expect to receive a dead fan in the mail.

PAUL SHINGLETON, 320 26th. St., Dunbar, West Virginia -- DeWeese is too hilarious for words. Is there really a movie like the one he is talking about? I laughed and laughed. The plot sounds like something out of CENTAUR. I must see "Capture That Capsule". Is it for real?



44  
/Several readers wondered if Gene was describing a real movie. I assure all of you that he was. RC/  
Maggie Curtis' bit was interesting. I'm afraid I don't dig Pogo as much as maybe "B.C." This is one hell of a strip, maybe you don't get it? Enclosed is/are one/two for your edification.

Scognamiglio's article was disgusting. Maybe he is a good fan (he writes good letters) but his articles stinketh on ice. Betty Kujawa's interlino at the bottom of the page makes the whole zine worth reading.

/To each his own. The "B.C." strips reminded me a lot of Peanuts; same style of humor exactly. However, I don't go for Peanuts type humor. RSC/

MIKE DECKINGER, 35 Locust Ave., Millburn, N.J. -  
Juanita's interpretation of my story, in reply to Boggs, pretty well exemplifies my own viewpoint. From my viewpoint, the woman of this story chose

to fabricate the lie because of her own guilty feelings (even though she was not to blame) mixed with her indecision and fright at such a thing. Even if she had managed to vanquish her fear and slept with her husband even 2 months after the incident, the arrival of a child 7 months later would have caused him to examine the situation more closely. Another thing, it's entirely possible that the experience could have affected her mind somewhat, so the thought of sleeping with any man, even her husband, would have stirred revulsion and fear within her.

I must confess that I have been internally steeling myself for the onslaught of outraged opinion I felt my story would provoke, and I was not disappointed. Some of the criticisms (such as Ebert's) I consider invalid, and others are more valid.

But I am greatly amused by the general reaction of the critics, who accuse me of practically shaking the foundation of an institution which has been in existence for nearly two thousand years. I completely fail to see how I, through the medium of the printed page of a publication that has a circulation of around 150, can even chip away a minute particle of the whole ideals of Christianity. If the whole religious concept is as sturdy and everlasting as we've been led to believe, the common reaction should be to disregard me as a harmless loudmouth who makes noise and nothing more. As it is, my own personal views of the matter are not completely apparent as some people seem to think.

Incidentally, Rev. Moorhead, in his last paragraph, brings out the main idea which I was trying to convey in the story. I like Don Fitch's opinion too. I had nearly given up hope of finding persons with the open-mindedness which he displays.

/Well, that ought to earn you another couple of pages of invective. RC/

MAGGIE CURTIS, Room 334, Dascomb Hall, Oberlin, Ohio - I have had no time at all to read even such excellent fmzs as YANDRO lately. You did have an article with a couple of items in it which could take some additions. In his ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS, Eney says, "The first mention of Pogo has been pushed back to DISTURBING ELEMENT #1, circa March 1948. Rotsler mentions Burb borrowing Condra's wirerecorder to read Albert and Pogo stories on wire."

And in his last letter theseaways, Mr. Kelly said (in September), "The doctor would like to see my work schedule lightened quite a bit,



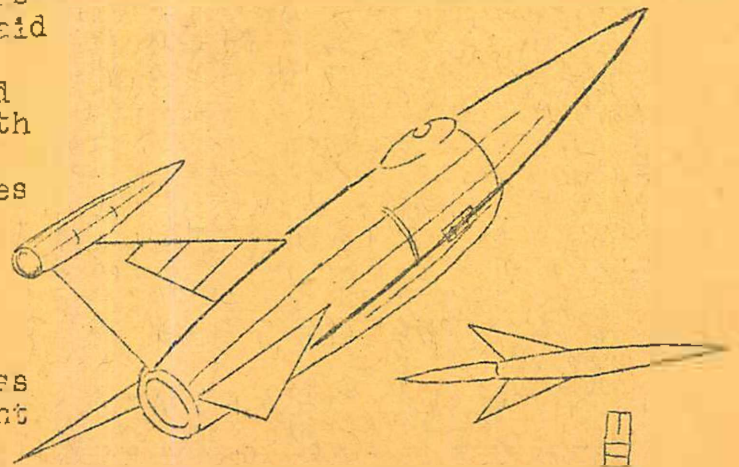
but I manage to struggle along.....sometimes."

R.D. NICHOLSON, 24 Warren Rd., Double Bay, NSW, Australia - I suspect from your comments and rifle-club promotion that you sympathise with the "the right to buy weapons is the right to be free" bit, perhaps still thinking of the six gun as the "equalizer". I suggest that the introduction of firearms into the deal merely makes the bully more to be feared, merely raises the stakes, without in any way increasing the "little man's" chance against the professional or experienced handler of weapons. It is reasonable to suspect anyone who takes much trouble to develop fighting skills, armed or unarmed type, of at least a trace of the desire for violence. The fundamentally peaceable man is a bunny in combat almost by definition -- he doesn't like it, and practising it is not amongst his hobbies. The only comfort the peace-lover can get from owning a gun is that if provoked beyond endurance, he can shoot his tormentor in the back. Any suggestion that he may beat him face to face is romantic myth.

/From your terminology, I suspect that you've been seeing too many tv westerns. Whether or not you can beat the villain in a "fair shoot-out" has no bearing on 99% of the present situations in which guns are involved. Incidentally, just how do you propose to reduce the stakes by disarming both parties? You don't really think that anti-gun laws really deprive criminals of guns, do you? The criminals can always get guns if they want them -- John Dillinger didn't walk up and purchase the tommy-guns used by his gang, he got them by robbing a police station. The only thing gun laws accomplish is the depriving of honest citizens of their guns, thereby giving the criminal an unbeatable edge. Hell, half the racketeers in this country -- or more like 90% of them -- have perfectly valid police permits to carry weapons. It's the ordinary citizen who has trouble getting a permit. RSC/

REV. C.M. MOORHEAD, R.D. 1, Box 87, Middle Point, Ohio - I must grudgingly concede a point to you, or perhaps two. Guess I will have to eat "crow" and concede it in YANDRO too. Namely: Castration would work on "normal" males but not on crazy ones. I talked with the head psychiatrist, finally, at one of the State Mental Hospitals for the Criminally Insane, at Lima, Ohio, and he cautiously said that in extreme cases castration would work but not to expect too much of the operation. I figured this man should know more about the matter than 6 ordinary "head-shrinkers". Also the doctor with whom I talked in Van Wert, who is making a study in perversion, and who is a good friend of mine and in sympathy with that which I am attempting to do, said cautiously that castration was being considered as a last ditch measure. Both men said we should have law officers who would enforce the present law and ways to make them enforce it. Both said there was too much bribery going on and sheriffs and deputies were just too damned careless to enforce them.

There is so much rottenness in high, middle and low places that the Crusader has little chance of getting very far, unless he finds out which law enforcement body to contact.



There is one question that has not been answered in the YANDRO comments and that is: "While we are educating the public of the necessity of better institutions and better treatment to effect cures for the sex deviate, what do we do with him in the meantime? While we are raising money for re-education, and until we get better facilities, do we just let him roam at large? I think progress for his future cure is being made here in Ohio, but what are we going to do about him -- NOW!?"

In most of the replies to my letter there is the hue and cry about the inalienable rights of the deviant. Not a damn one of you, except Marion Zimmer Bradley, said a thing about the girl whose life had been destroyed, and nothing about the parents whose lives had been devastated by the crime. For Christ's sake, what kind of people are you?

You who so stoutly defend the deviant, what have you done to make his place in society more tenable? When funds are being raised to improve mental institutions, do you give any sizable amount toward the fund? When a vote comes up to increase state taxes in order to increase facilities or improve personnel in state mental hospitals, do you vote "Yes" or "No"?

I realize that the great and crying need is adequate education. The whole educational structure is remiss in this area, and it will take a generation and more, to eliminate stupidity, prejudice and mental inertia among some parents and some church people. But at least we can begin.

/Well, actually I imagine that we will just let sex criminals run loose until we gradually get bigger and better institutions. We shouldn't, but we will. Offhand, I'd say that anyone who has been convicted of molesting another person should be locked up somewhere -- in jail if the asylums aren't big enough to hold all of them -- until certified cured. Not every sex deviant; we don't have nearly enough room for all of them, even if we had airtight evidence as to what deviations should be regarded as criminal. But when a man has attacked a woman or child, then he should be kept behind bars for as long as necessary to fully cure him; not released after a couple of years to repeat his act. If he can't be cured, then life imprisonment is the only answer. (Not the death penalty; new psychiatric cures are coming along too fast for us to say that a man who cannot be cured today can never be cured.) RSC/

JOHN M. FOYSTER, 4 Edward St., Chadstone S.E. 10, Victoria, Australia - Who in hell is Wm. R. Burroughs? Not William Seward Burroughs in disguise, I trust. Of the matter mentioned by Coleman and Donaho the only thing I can mention is Coleman's equation, erotically stimulating = morally dangerous, and Donaho's failure to pick him up on this point. Coleman lays the problem open when he says "Suppose some Nehemiah Scudder were to decide...." This is the crux of the question and one which is a far better stick with which to beat the censors. It is already widely used. I think every person has their own idea of the difference between "erotic realism" and "pornography". And Coleman, in avoiding this point, avoids the whole question which he is supposedly raising. /I don't follow you. Everyone does have his own idea on the difference, and no two ideas are alike. And all of them are "inexpert opinion" and not worth much in a court. The point of the Kronhausen's book was to establish a legally definable difference, and the discussion was (mostly) on whether or not such a legal definition was desirable. RSC/

ANTONIO DUPLA, Po. Ma. Augustin 9, Zaragoza, Spain - Alan Dodd refers to the law about firearms in England. In Spain, not having penal ante-



cedents you can easily get a permit for shotguns of any type if you are a hunter; and too for a "short arm" as we say, or side arm, but in this case if it is for practice shooting you must leave it at the shooting club or get the arm to and from your home, expending as much munition as you like or can afford. If the gun is for your protection or as precaution (living off town...) you get only a limited amount of munition yearly and you must justify its use if consumed before. Practically you can get as much munition as you like and many people have a gun in the home.

Betty Kujawa forgets the real reason for the society condemning the incest; with marriages inside the house and nobody buying real estate, building materials, furniture and so on, think what a depression would threaten. Businesses are wise.

Good to you in your commentaries to Mike Deckinger; we have one of the richest vocabularies of the western world but also suffer an institution, "The Academy of the Language", which defines by its own power what words are correct to use and this gives to the written Spanish a rigidity that don't exist in English and so the last is, for me, a livelier idiom.

BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif. -- Couple of interesting items in Juanita's editorial. First, I wonder where she picked up the term "my mother was quite chuckled." I've never heard that one before. Maybe it's typo-ese? /No, it's Juanita-ese. She quite happily makes nouns out of whatever words are lying around handy -- if none are around she's capable of making one up, like "synchronate". (It does sound like a word, doesn't it?) RSC/

I read both kinds of comic books when I was a wee tad, but I only bought the funny ones. There was a newsdealer in this neighborhood who used to let us kids come in and read the comic books all we wanted. Perhaps he was being forced to stock them and didn't really care what happened to them--I don't know. But of course I took advantage of his generosity. In the pre-Code days -- I lost interest naturally just after the Code came into effect -- I used to read all, and I mean all, of the horror, sex, and bloody murder comics and got a big charge out of them. But I enjoyed the funny animal comics to much the same degree, only in a different way. Only I didn't go out, as Dr. Wertham would expect me to, and start raping funny animals. I became a fan instead.

Enjoyed the articles by Tucker and Scognamiglio and was pleased to find Rog Ebert writing "reverberations" type articles for other fanzines, though I hope this doesn't mean he's leaving the pages of my general fanzine. DeWeese was rather obscure, but I certainly enjoyed Maggie Curtis' article. I've never been a particularly rabid Pogo fan, though I do enjoy the strip when I find time to read it, but I like the Kelly brand of humor.

How in hell did your copy of KIPPLE #8 get a TWIG ILLUSTRATED cover on it? Mine was just the way KIPPLE always is--contents page on the first page and no real cover. Maybe my "cover" got lost in the mail, but I doubt it. Perhaps your copy had that sheet there for a protective crudsheet?

/Well, as I said in the review, I think it was meant as a gag -- possibly on me, if your copy was normal. I wonder if I fell for it? RSC/

We also heard from: LES SAMPLE, ROG EBERT, HERB BEACH, JOE SANDERS, ED WOOD, DEREK NELSON, DON FITCH, KEN CHESLIN, LARRY WILLIAMS, STURE SEDOLIN, SETH JOHNSON, CHRISTOPHER BENNIE, STEVE STILES, PHIL HARREL, ED



GORMAN and ALAN BURNS. A few of these letters might be in the next issue, which we hope to get out the first week in March.

#### NEWS NOTES

LYNN HICKMAN reports that his ILLWISCON will be held in Dixon, Illinois July 21, 22 and 23. Plenty of motels, he says. BOB TUCKER relays a report from Don Ford that the MIDWESTCON will be on June 23, 24 and 25. Usual spot; North Plaza Motel, Cincinnati. GIOVANNI SCOGNAMILLO informs us that he has (or had) an article in the Feb. FAMOUS MONSTERS. I forgot to look; wonder if it's still on the stands?

To complete our report in the last issue, the March '61 IF reported a circulation of 54,000.

This probably won't reach many of you in time, but according to T V GUIDE, the U.S. Steel Hour will present on Feb. 22 "The Two Worlds Of Charlie Gordon", which is nothing less than an adaptation of "Flowers For Algernon", Keyes' Hugo Award-Winner. Comes on at 10:00 PM around here.

Bantam has published an edition of "A Canticle For Leibowitz"; recommended. Much more impact than it had as a series of novellettes.

BOB SMITH inquires as to how today's younger and newer fans discovered stf in the first place? As hard as it is to find on news stands, how do you do it?

And that's all till next issue.

