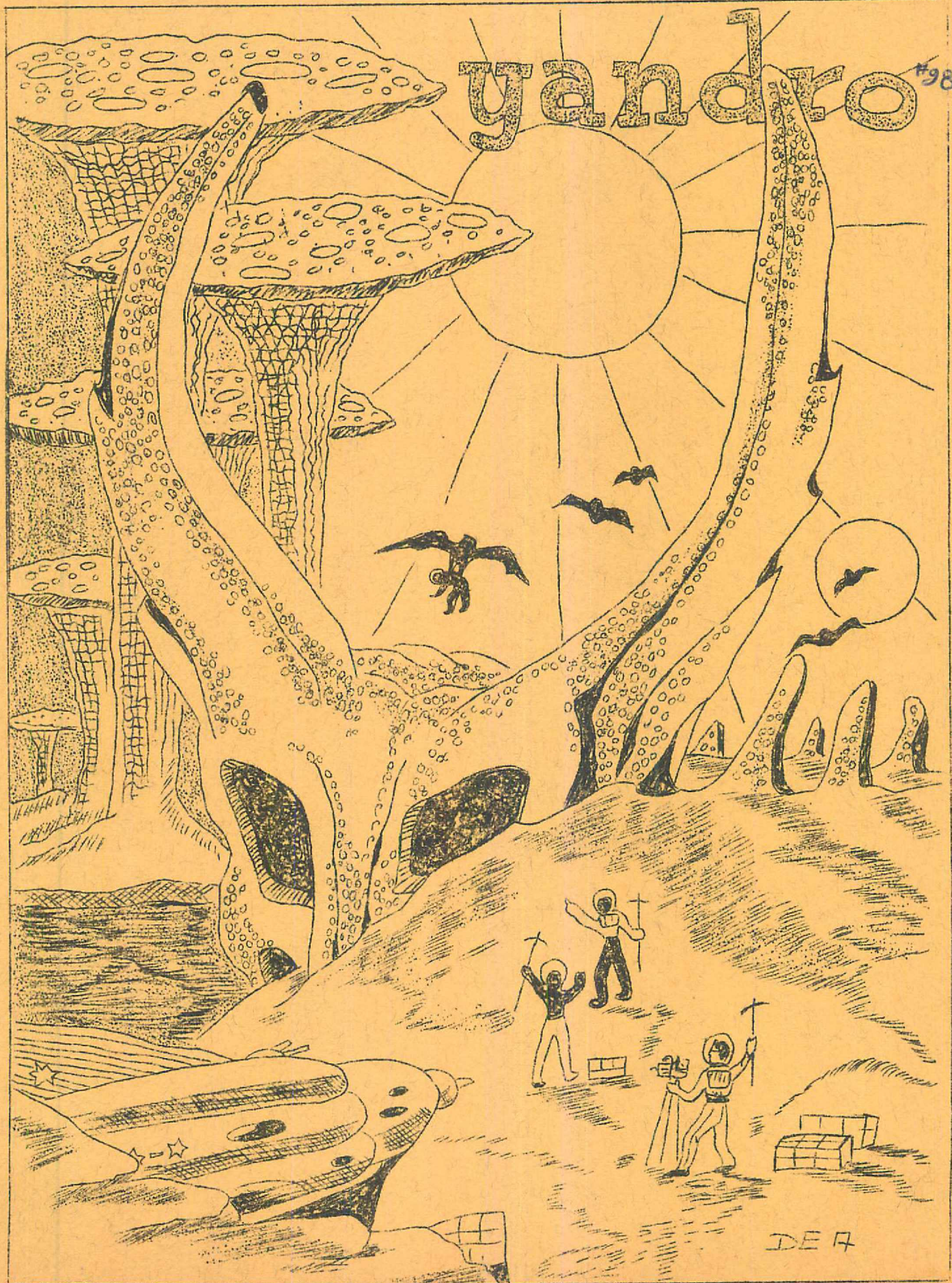


yandro

#98

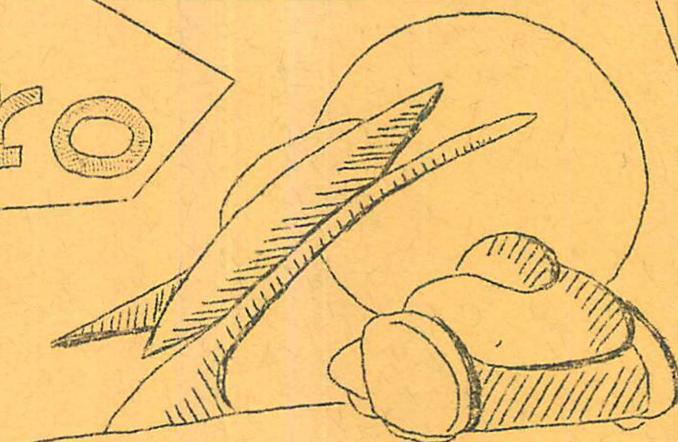


yandro

VOL. IX - NO. 3

march '61

#98



REG

Published monthly by Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana USA. British agent, Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England. Art editor, JWC, text editor RSC, publisher JWC, financial editor RSC, variety editor Bruce Coulson, feghoot editor, Rann Coulson

Price; US & Canada, 20¢ or 12 for \$2; England, 15d or 12 for 12/0; elsewhere, 2 for 45¢ or 12 for \$2.25. Ad rates: full page \$1, 1/2 page 50¢, 1/4 page 25¢. Trades sometimes accepted, no free issues given for letters of comment.

CONTENTS

Page 2	--- Ramblings (editorial)	--- JWC
" 4	--- Rumblings (editorial)	--- RSC
" 6	--- Tell 'em How It Used To Be! (article)	--- Tony Glynn
" 9	--- Impressions On Seeing My First Copy of Air Wonder Stories (article)	--- Mike McInerny
" 10	--- Ode To A Swinging Cover Fainting, Dad	--- Jerry Page
" 11	--- Dripping Drums (fiction)	--- John Pesta
" 12	--- Strange Fruit (fanzine reviews)	--- RSC
" 15	--- Grumblings (letters)	--- the opinionated

ARTWORK

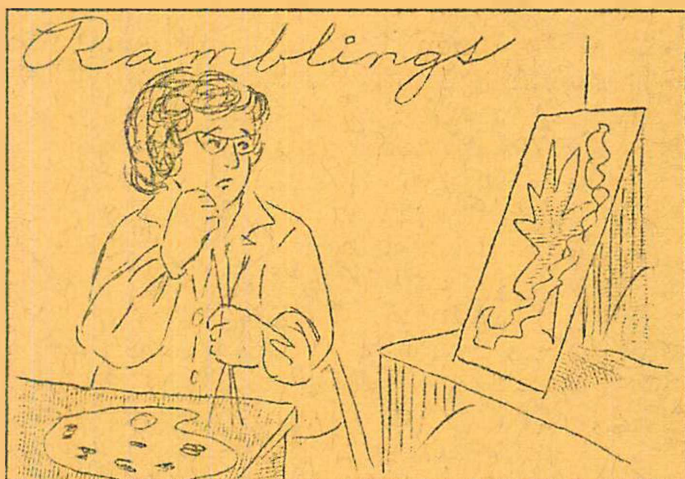
Cover	DEA	Page 12	Randy Scott
Page 1	Robert E. Gilbert	" 13	Robert E. Gilbert
" 2	JWC	" 16	DEA
" 4	JWC	" 17	NOTT
" 6	Dan Adkins	" 22	Dan Adkins
" 7	Dave Prosser	" 23	Robert E. Gilbert

Cover and contents page lettering by James R. Adams

This seems to be our chock full of nostalgia issue; the glory of the good old days and like that. We'll have Tucker snuffling into his long white beard at this rate.

Semantic -- watching a guy with palsyGeorge Willick

New address: Steve Schultheis, 511 Drexel Drive, Santa Barbara, Calif.
MSgt. LeRoy H. Tackett, USMC, H&HS-1 (Comm), MVHG-1, 1stMAW, FMFPac,
c/o FPO, San Francisco (letters only; fanzines to old address)



The tornado warnings are out for our area again, so if the print on your copy suddenly starts going sideways - that's why.

Bjo, I am ready to concede defeat on our what is and isn't impressionism discussion. As a matter of fact I'm ready to concede that I haven't the slightest idea what I'm doing, artwise, at all. The beginning of all this was an alleged modern gag painting I sent to the fan art show at pitt (quite frankly, I was using up some extra paint left over from

other paintings) - not only was it taken seriously, but I eventually sold it to Phyllis Economou, all to the accompaniment of great personal confusion because I wasn't trying to do anything. Now it seems the very same is happening in my mimeo'd representational work. Last issue, I ran short an illo for a certain space - couldn't find anything the size I wanted in my art file - so I vaguely sketched a few lines as an outline for Buck to type around, deciding I'd work out an illo when I got around to finishing the other artwork for the zine. Came the time and I didn't have the time - so I hastily worked out what I thought was a fairly typical girl-type JWC illo, directly on stencil, not particularly trying for anything save my usual standard of beauty crossed with cunning, and thought no more about it. Then we started getting letters of comment, including an inordinate amount of rather embarrassing praise for that girl, not only as good work but as a character study. Vastly confused, I went back and studied my drawing, and I still don't get it. Sure, I was personally pleased with the thing, but....but.....I didn't think it was anything out of the ordinary.....and I wasn't even trying, sob! sob! Now I'll never figure out how to do things other people like!

Redd Boggs, you cut me to the quick. I do too do blondes. If you look back over my work in YAN and FAPA, I'm sure you'll find I enjoy doing all shades of feminine hair. As a matter of fact, the above mentioned illo was a blonde, or at least a gal with reasonably light colored hair.

Which leads me to another art consideration. I worked at representative art very hard as an adolescent, held back by my strong impatience that writhed under any medium but pencil and watercolor. And then when in college, I was called upon to do a number of drawings-paintings in the UPA, studied simplicity style. Feeling extremely uncertain about the entire thing, I tried, and apparently succeeded quite well, receiving compliments from people who are supposed to be good judges of such things. Then I would stand there and stare at my cartoony drawings of turquoise dinosaurs done in what I still consider a sloppy style, listening to praise about 'freedom of line' and 'movement', and I felt terribly guilty, as though I had somehow cheated these good people. Here they were telling me how good I was at expressing myself, and I wasn't doing anything of the kind - I was just slopping watercolor around, and ignoring everything I had ever tried to learn about perspective, proportion, et. al. And way back in my subconscious, there is a sneaky tendency to feel that if I can do that, and be praised for 'line', 'movement', etc., without knowing what I'm doing, then maybe the whole thing is a fake, and nobody in impressionism and modern style knows what he's doing. Shrug.

And Redd, something else that should have been in the lettercolm but isn't because Buck is handling that - something in my memory says BOUNDARY LINES and its sequel (title escapes me) were by Jam Handy, but my memory is quite frequently wrong. Aunt Evelyn, could you drop me a card to tell me where I'm goofing?

Actually, I do not at all oppose UPA type art if it is designed to appeal to adults. Quite frequently, the excessive simplicity of line is an aid to the effect of the story. I am not so wholehearted in my approval of wild style in conjunction with children's picture books and illustrations intended for young eyes. More than one child in my experience has expressed vast confusion over modern illustrations, and often summed up his objections by saying, "I can draw like that, I want something that looks like something." The kid has a point.

On the literature, s-f business brought up several issues ago and still a subject for discussion, I am on very shaky ground. All I know is what I have been taught, having been exposed several times to a course - if not specifically on literary criticism -- at least carrying within it much analysis of the method. The strongest memory I carry away from those classes was the emphasis that pointed up the difference between story telling and Art - the difference between things just happening, and happening to a purpose. A book, that is a book with anything in it, can't be read just once - not by me. The first time, unless one has prior knowledge, and frequently even if one does, is for the "story"....what happens to the people involved. Then one reads again. If the writer is any good, you got a lot of what he was trying to say the first time around....but if he was any good, there is also a lot more that you didn't get...and sometimes this is more obvious than at others. Having fairly recently been through the Dostoevsky mill, I feel somewhat qualified to announce that he had something to say far beyond telling stories of rather emotional Russian people. At times his symbolism is so obvious it is distracting, but it can also be elusively subtle. And as for the artist knowing when he has done something good, in this case I am willing to concede the artist very well may, despite the critics. Dostoevsky wrote a little book (quite little, considering his wordiness) called THE DOUBLE....my researches disclosed unanimous critical bronx cheers published at the time of its writing....no one appreciated it. The tale of a downtrodden clerk was compared to Gogol's similar studies and found wanting. Freud had not come along - no one understood the painting of a man losing his sanity, and his identity. Dostoevsky said the same thing in other books, but never so singlemindedly -- usually his philosophy could not help being religiously oriented...but in THE DOUBLE it is man in modern society. It is a beautiful little study, and I like to hope it will endure -not just as literature, but as a picture of insanity from the inside looking out. The modern books offer nothing in comparison...you sympathize with the hero, but you know he is going mad, and he knows he is going mad, and while you read, you go a little mad, too, for the sense of outrageous persecution is so very vivid, so very real, you sense that this is what it is like to be losing contact, losing identity, and you are really lost along with the hero.

Or at least I was. Briney, don't tear my analysis into too small a pieces, eh?

Next week, I start the college routine, home only on weekends, a real rat-race for a monthly publication if ever there was one.....but June should be worth it....I get my mistresses degree.....JWC



In KIPPLE #10, editor Ted Pauls devotes a page and a half to comments on the FANAC poll. Mostly, he objects to the requirement that no fan editor can vote for himself or his own publication, and since the Carrs willfully ignored his objections to the requirement, he isn't going to vote.

We might note a similarity here to a spoiled ten-year-old picking up his toys and sobbing his way home because the gang

won't play according to his rules. (Or, more to the point, because the kid who owns the ball demands the right to decide how the game will be played, and Junior, who has never been denied anything before, announces that either they'll play his way or he won't play and then they'll be sorry....) The similarity, of course, may not be too accurate; Pauls is over ten years old.

There is, of course, a question as to whether the rule denying a person the right to vote for himself is valid in fandom. It descends from the old idea of chivalry that the knight (later the gentleman) was an honorable and modest sort who would not think of pushing himself forward. Originally, in the "good old days", laws against self-seeking of this sort were unnecessary, since everyone could see how the principals acted. Laws and rules came in with the advent of the secret ballot; they were required to keep the truly modest on an equal footing with the hypocrites. However, all of these rules pertain to gentlemen, or supposed gentlemen, while Pauls' objections to the FANAC poll deal with fan editors; a group in which the number of gentlemen is statistically minute. Are there, among fan editors, any at all who would be put at an unfair advantage if everyone was allowed to vote for himself? It's a good question. I think there are, at least a few. (No, I'm not one of them; if I think other people are taking advantage of a loophole, I'll do the same thing.) And those few are the ones who deserve any advantages they get.

Pauls comments that the rule was evidently set up because of a misconception that no one can be objective about himself/herself. Nonsense. The rule was set up because if you allow editors to vote for themselves, the ones who can be objective are at a disadvantage when competing with those who can't. And among those who can't, I would place Ted Pauls high on the list.

Ted also brings up the point that "subjective" votes can "distort", the balloting, ignoring the fact that any open election of this sort is strictly a popularity contest -- not to mention the fact that the fanzine which gives the most pleasure to the most readers is the #1 zine, whether it contains material which Pauls would rate as the best objectively or not. Fandom is for fun, and the zine that provides the most fun is #1.

So, Ted, I voted, and I was subjective as all hell, and I don't really give a damn whether you voted or not.

With all the fannish interest in fans who turn pro, I'm rather surprised that no one has mentioned the fact that CAVALIER magazine now

lists among its staff, "Associate Editor, Claude Raye Hall". The ideal spot for the former editor of MUZZY, eh?

Don Thompson (Room 36, 3518 Prospect Ave., Cleveland 15, Ohio) sent out a sort of flyer, titled HARBINGER, announcing a projected fanzine, COM-IC ART. In a direct mail interview, Thompson stated to your reporter that he was not planning to challenge XERO for leadership in the field of comics fanzines and that he was seeking no quarrels. (Lupoff did look pretty rugged in that Captain Marvel outfit at the con, I admit.) Anyway, the zine will be on all types of comics, and the editor requests that anyone interested in receiving and/or contributing should drop him a postcard. Oh yes, Maggie Curtis will be art editor.

And how, I wonder, do I get into these things? I don't like Conan, so I contribute faithfully to AMRA, speak at Hyborian Legion meetings, etc. And I don't like comics -- so, naturally, I offered to do an article for COMIC ART. This is ridiculous.

Note that the item on the back cover is a paid ad -- since we don't run many ads, I wouldn't want anyone to think it was a personal endorsement. (Not that I think there's anything wrong with it, but I don't endorse anything unless I've had personal experience with it. Certainly we could use a good trade mag. I hear Bibby is still operating his, but not having seen a copy for a couple of years I haven't the vaguest idea of what the mag is like, or even where to get it.)

I'm afraid Bruce is going to be regarded as an odd child by the time he gets into kindergarten. I still recall the bemused expression on James Adams' face when Bruce walked up to him, pointed his toy gun at him and said "Zotz!" And Adams is a fan; Lord knows what non-fans will make of this. (Maybe we should train him out of it before he comes in too close contact with "normal" children.) Possibly we should do something about his habit of marching up to doors and shouting "Open Sesame!", too. (He found out that it seems to work on supermarket doors, so with a true inquiring spirit he's trying it on house doors, car doors, manhole covers, and various other openings.) I haven't noticed any odd looks so far, though, so maybe it's safe. And his use of "Abracadabra" is pretty well restricted to family matters, such as getting Daddy up when Daddy would rather lie there and snore. Of course, I'm still looking forward to the time when the kindergarten teacher asks the class for suggestion on what to sing next and Bruce comes up with "Hi, ho, Kafoozalum, the harlot of Jerusalem" -- he doesn't really know the words yet, but it's one of his favorite tunes.

Joseph Vucenic, 1075 Iris, Apt. 24, Los Alamos, New Mexico, has stf mags for sale or trade and wants to acquire copies of EC comics, JET comics, early SATAS, MACABRE and SHOCK ILLUSTRATED #3.

Don Thompson and Maggie Curtis collaborated on a letter to Rog Ebert in reply to his poem in the last issue. If it hadn't arrived after everything else was stencilled I'd print it; as it is I'll just note that they both enjoyed the poem, so Redd doesn't need to worry about Don coming out and beating up on Rog.

Indiana weather; on Feb. 25 we have a blizzard that blocks highways, interrupts the state basketball tourney, causes snowplows to land in ditches, etc. By the evening of Feb. 27 it's all melted and temperatures are up to 60°.

RSG

TELL 'EM HOW IT USED TO BE!

ARTICLE BY

tony glynn

The other day, I realized that I have been in fandom for ten whole years. Strictly speaking, I have been a fan since I got started on Buck Rogers as a youngster back in the latter thirties, and I read what science-fiction was available during the immediate post-war lean years in England, but the fannish hardening process in my life started just ten years ago.

Science-fiction came to fill a gap in the life I was living right after a two year spell in the army. I had a job which kept the wolf from the door -- but he wasn't so far away that I couldn't see the whites of his eyes and I had precious little to spend on luxuries.

I was, however, able to acquire back issues of U.S. science-fiction magazines reasonably cheaply. Pretty soon, I was addicted and, right from the start, I was in spirit with those noisy folk who spread their opinions through the lettercolumns. There are names I remember yet, and, though I never met them or exchanged letters, I wonder what happened to them.....Morton D. Paley and Rick Sneary, Shelby Vick and Lee Hoffman, Ricky Slavin and Bea Mahaffey.... they were always turning up and I enjoyed seeing them in print time and again.

The neo-people, of course, can have little idea of how it was in those days. Well, let's tell them a little of how it used to be. Let's talk about the big boom of the early fifties.

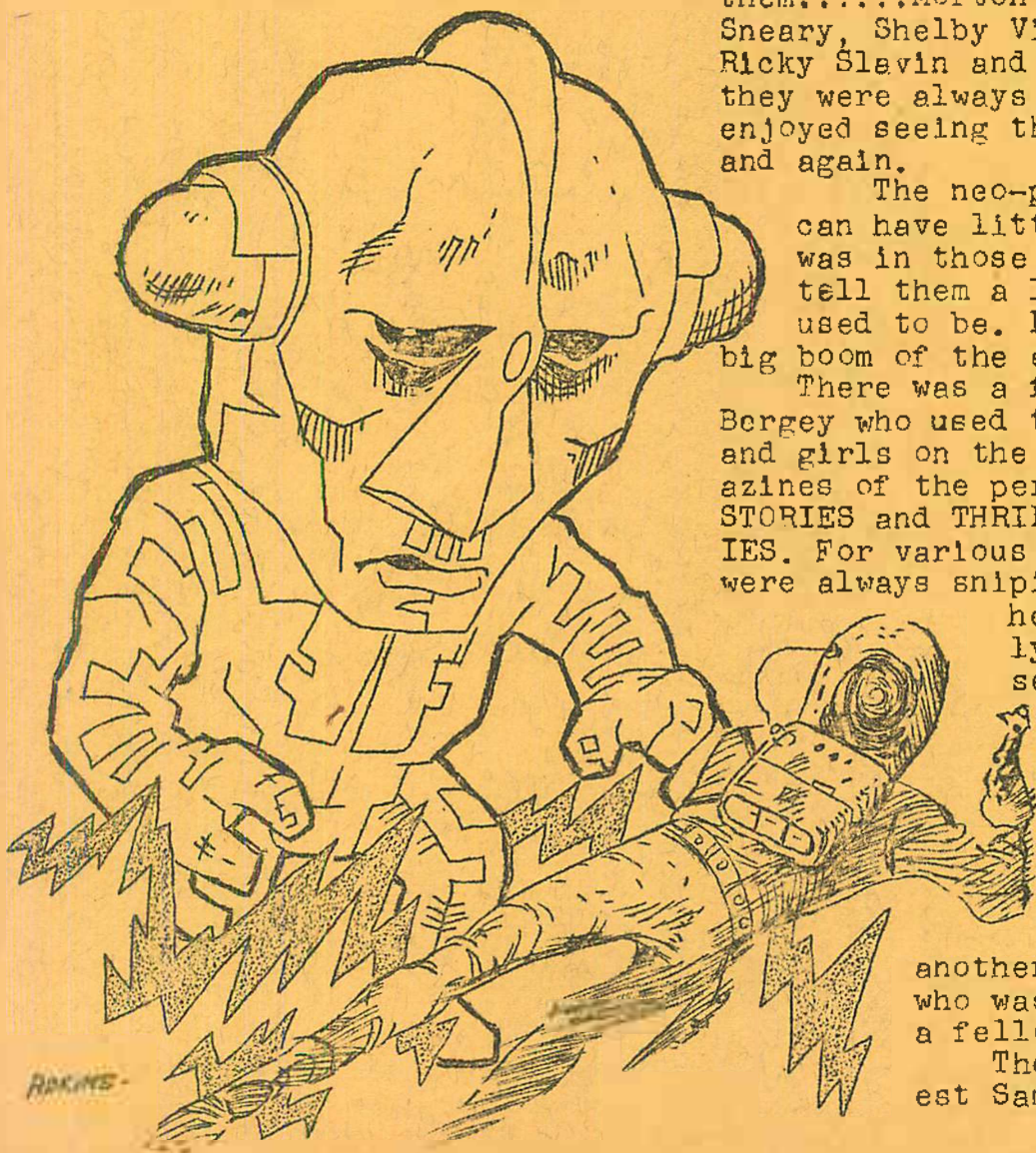
There was a fellow called Earle Bergey who used to paint the bems and girls on the covers of two magazines of the period, STARTLING STORIES and THRILLING WONDER STORIES. For various reasons, the fans were always sniping at Earle. Then

he died quite suddenly and everyone missed him. The editor of these magazines was

Sam Merwin, Jr., a very fine fellow. Sam got the science-fiction bug so badly he relinquished editing in favor of

another Sam; Sam Mines, who was every bit as good a fellow as the first Sam.

They were the two finest Sams in the world.



Everyone said so.....Joe Gibson and Orville W. Mosher III, Marie-Louise and Gregg Calkins, W. Paul Ganley and Jim Harmon.

Sometime in the early fifties, the "Vance is Kuttner" argument got started. The late Henry Kuttner, who turned out science-fiction and fantasy since the middle thirties, used so many pseudonyms that anyone could be forgiven for thinking that every new name in the pulps covered the Kuttner identity. For some reason, the notion that Jack Vance, whose work began to show up regularly at that time, was Kuttner in yet another guise seemed to stick in some quarters and there were long arguments in the letter columns. Kuttner's death in more recent years has settled the matter - or has it? I've gaffled two or three times since the big days of which I write.....can anyone tell me if Vance was Kuttner? On second thought, maybe I'd best not start that all over again, leaving the matter to rest among the copies of magazines containing letters signed by Manly Bannister and Joe Gibson, Chad Oliver and Marion Zimmer Bradley (Hi, Astra!), Harlan Ellison and Bob Silverberg.

Since we are considering the way it used to be, let it be here recorded that the magazines I have mentioned published two of the stories I remember best, "The Five Gold Bands" by Vance, and "The Well Of The Worlds" by Kuttner. Don't ask me what I liked about them. I just liked them. The same two magazines had an editorial assistant named Jerome Bixby doing yeoman work in their latter years. Jerry was such a nice fellow he should have been named Sam.

Jerry used to review the fanzines in a column called "The Frying Pan". The fanzines of the day? Well, Lee Hoffman was putting out QUANDRY, Silverberg was piloting a zine called SPACESHIP, Lynn Hickman was working a Rebel printing press down in the Confederate States and producing the handsome TLMA (for The Little Monsters of America) and THE LITTLE CORPUSCLE, Don Fabun was publishing RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST and Marion and Robert Bradley were producing MEZRAB which wasn't strictly a fanzine but which was extremely interesting (you should revive it, Astra; after all, you were doing a good job on it in those days when Steve was in diapers!)



The year 1952 was remarkable for the fact that the Worldcon was held in Chicago, where fandom at large discovered Lee Hoffman was a girl! And Philip Jose Farmer came out of the University of Illinois with a certain story called "The Lovers".

There was also the dianetics controversy, but leave us not go into that one. Those of you who are neo can remain in the dark about it as far as I'm concerned.

At this point in time, I sometimes wonder what happened to some of the authors who were around the pulps at that period. Where are Erik Fennel, Robert Abernathy, Alfred Coppel and Emmett McDowell, so much of whose work appeared in PLANET STORIES?

The boom was so big, names from other fields were getting into science fiction and fantasy. When Ziff-Davis slicked the old pulp AMAZING and introduced FANTASTIC, they were pulling in Raymond Chandler, Truman Capote and Evelyn Waugh, while Fletcher Pratt, by this time famous for his work in American history, returned to the science-fiction field in which he'd been active in the thirties when he translated works from the French.

Curiously enough, while the name of many a writer has slipped my mind, those of fans in the letter columns remain....Henry Moskowitz and Bob Farnham, Dick Clarkson and Bill Seibel...

And the way new magazines multiplied! Unhappily, they were nearly all mushroom growths. One remembers SPACE STORIES, VORTEX SCIENCE FICTION, and the venture which marked the return of pioneer Hugo Gernsback to the field, SCIENCE FICTION PLUS -- a short-lived indication of how complete the boom was. This last magazine also featured the work of Paul, an artist beloved of the fans of an earlier generation -- who only impressed me with the liberal manner in which he used splatter work to smog up his drawings.

Speaking of the earlier talent in the sphere, the early fifties brought some of their work to the fore by way of the reprint magazines which flourished.....Stanley G. Weinbaum, Paul Ernst, Eando Binder, Arthur Leo Zagat and Raymond Z. Gallun are among the names which come readily to mind.

Strange to think it was all ten years ago -- it doesn't seem so long, but I'm glad I became a hardened fan when I did. Come to think of it, I wonder if there really are any neo-fans today? The science-fiction field seems, from where I sit, to have nothing to catch anyone's imagination compared with the energy, novelty and vigor it had ten years ago. On the other hand, that might be simply the view of one whose eye is jaundiced. Things never are "what they were when I was a boy" to an old-timer, I guess.

All I know is that the genre had something that caught you in those days -- and it caught me. It caught me for good, I think. There is a charming old Russian proverb that says we all go into "the Lord's loaf" together in the end -- just like a handful of currants. If there's any truth in it, I should go in with those soul-mates I met in the letter columns a decade ago...Charles Lee Riddle, Fred Chappell, Marion Cox, Orma McCormick, Les and Es Cole and all!

Had a surprise a couple of days ago. The phone in the office rang and on the other end was Bill Ganley (otherwise known as W. Paul Ganley). I hadn't seen him since the Philadelphia convention in '53.....He was in town for a meeting of the Optical Society (he recently got his Ph.D. in physics, and now works for the Cornell Aeronautical Labs in Buffalo, N.Y.)
....from a letter from Bob Briney, Oct. 1960

IMPRESSIONS ON SEEING MY FIRST COPY OF AIR WONDER STORIES

article by MIKE MCINERNY

When I took the magazine out of the brown envelope that it had been so lovingly tucked into, I received my first impression. The first thing that caught my eye as I gazed upon those hallowed pages was the splendid, full color Frank R. Paul illustration of what looks like a dirigible suspended above a lake. The dirigible is of a reddish metallic color and two wires hang down from it into the lake. There is evidently a spark going between the two wires and this is causing a great turbulence as it decomposes the water into its component envelopes and evaporates the lake. (This cover depicts a scene that I considered rather fantastic as far as scientific accuracy is concerned so I did some quick research and found that even at such a high temperature as 2000° C or 3632° F, only 2% of the water would have decomposed. Therefore I have been reluctantly forced to agree that Gernsback was not quite as scientific as I thought he was.)

But this error in science does not in the least bit detract from the cover. It must have really been something to see when it was first printed 30 years ago, for it still retains enough of its former luster to make present-day covers look pale by comparison. This cover is not gaudy or overdone. It is not a scene of some Bem chasing some girl (who forgot her spacesuit) in outer space. This cover is eye catching, and, most important of all, IT PORTRAYS A SCENE THAT IS BELIEVEABLE AT LEAST AT FIRST GLANCE.

It is my further impression, that the average person of January 1930 would look at this magazine with a polite interest at first, and then he would begin to look through the zine, and the next thing he knew, he would be buying it. He would not be scared off by some idiotic drawing which is supposed to be a cover. One of the troubles of modern day sf is that potential customers are scared off by the thought of "But what will people say when they see I've been reading that monster stuff?" (Perhaps it would not be too far out of place to say that ANALOG is trying to not scare off its readers now, and maybe this just might help it out a little bit.)

One thing that the stories in this mag have in common that has impressed me was their "sense of wonder". They were concerned with things that were new and marvelous and things were done in a grand manner. But the things that impressed me the most about this magazine were the illustrations.

These illustrations were full page (and the pages were 8½" wide and 12" high, and the zine itself was almost 1" thick!) These Paul illustrations appeared with every story and enhanced the beauty and quality of the magazine. If I ever hear another crack about "those early pulps with the Bem's, I'm prepared to fight!

Gernsback's AIR WONDER STORIES far outshines anything that is on the stands today and as far as I'm concerned will never be matched unless Hugo Gernsback decides to come out of retirement and start publishing science fiction again.

ODE TO A SWINGING COVER PAINTING, DAD

BY

jerry page

Tuesday,
 Like it's Tuesday,
 Like it's Tuesday and I make the scene, the newsstand scene
 Daddio,
 Like Tuesday it
 Is
 Like, and I make
 The scene,
 The way-out scene, the swinging scene,
 The every single Tuesday-Thursday newsstand scene.
 And there they are, by the carload, in piles on shelves, in hot, clammy
 hands, square hands, hands of squares digging; squares digging who
 don't dig nothing, hey, man, but me, I dig, I dig the most:
 Gladmags--
 Wow.
 And then I see it, and it hits
 Hits, hits, hits,
 Hits me, man, like a pizza,
 Big round pizza off the top of a sky-scraping
 Sky-scraper
 That scrapes the sky
 That reaches obscenely for a milk-blue sky with an out-stretched,
 Sky-scraping
 Flagpole. Just begging to be carried off this vale of tears;
 It hits me the most.
 I apologize, like,
 And she walks off, her nose in the air.
 Then---
 I see the magazine.
 The magazine.
 THE magazine.
 Jelly doughnut, daddy, fix.
 With a front, what a front, with a front set out from all those Hustlin-
 Hershey fronts,
 A frantic front by Frank R. Paul,
 A frantic front that makes me frazzle,
 Razzle-dazzle,
 And frizzle,
 Sizzle--
 I like it;
 Wow....!
 There it is, but it is gone, but real, and I dig, dig, dig it the most,
 and it
 Dig, dig, digs me the most: We corruscate and blend
 and bend

And send
 Unbend
 Descend
 Wow.
 That swinging cover by
 Frank R. Paul,
 That swinging, crazy cover.
 Way out.
 Kerouac with paint and brush; Algren on canvas.
 Pure.
 It sings, it swings.
 It makes me want
 To run downtown,
 To the men's store and to the pet store, and to a mirror, just to see
 How I'd look in
 Pantaloons and a fishbowl.

 "The unusual is all around you in Southern California"tourist ad
 in NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

Remember way back when: "But I also agree with Louis in that 128 pages
 isn't enough for 20¢." ...Sylvester Brown, Jr., COMET, May 1941

DROPPING DRUMS

-----fiction by JOHN PESTA-----

He never had too much of the sounds but if you looked real close you
 could see them coming like far off down some long boulevard with lights
 and neon signs but no cars just chariots (he was a real gladiator) but
 without a sword: instead he used drumsticks/

THE YELLOW NICKEL he played at with Geen, Max, Gobs and the other
 new kid they picked up who had a harp and played it like an organ: Max
 said it'd lend class to the group and Max was boss; at least he started
 it all with his High Hopes and empty pockets and dented flute/

Hell it was a wild combo/

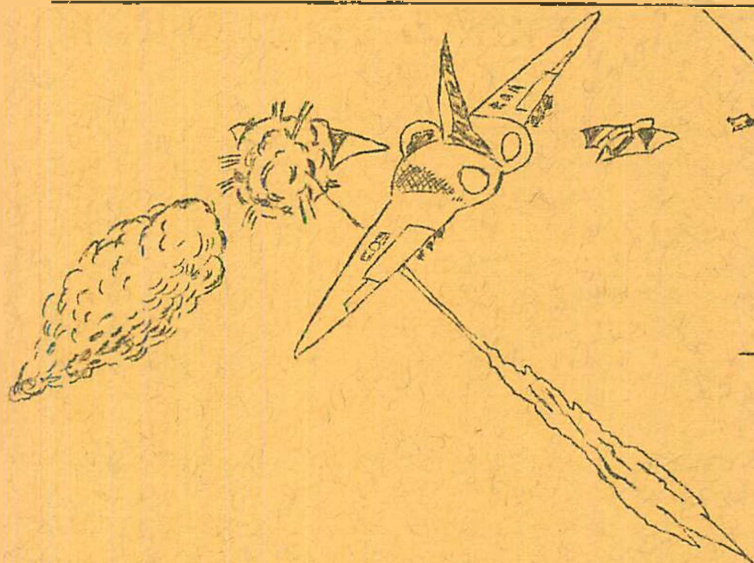
Flute-horn-board-harp and the drums and what drums/

The kid was always on, a real joker & if it wasn't too hot slippery
 on the laughs but if it was hot he'd curl up inside a filter tip and
 wait for the smoke to go away; he always liked playing outside in the
 air where the smoke wasn't because he could hear better and the drums
 were brighter in the sun/

We all felt bad when he got roughed up behind TYN and died still
 owing; Max said it really hurt us but we'd make out if we spilled
 real MUSIC but that he admitted it would be harder without the canvas/

So we went up on the stand next night feeling like prunes and right
 off knew it wasn't really us but we were smart enough to know that
 lots of combos fold after some genius goes and so we tried but it made
 every one of us pretty sick when there we were spilling out our most
 and all of a sudden the drums start bleeding blood and spilling it
 all over our shoes/.

 Newspaper headline: "Fire Destroys Fan Factory" -- I always told you
 those characters weren't human.



STRANGE FRUIT

—reviewed by-RSC—

AMRA #14 (George Scithers, Box 9006 Rosslyn, Arlington, Virginia - irregular - 20¢) The original Bold Heroic Fanzine. And of all the scholarly art-

icles and beautiful artwork, I think I got the biggest kick from the inclusion, as staff members, "Head of the Committee on Horses, Tam Pearce; Members of the Committee on Horses, Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Dan'l Whidden, Harry Hawk, Old Uncle Tom Cobley, et omnes." It's so right for this type fanzine -- though I wonder how many readers understood it. Then there's the rules of the 18th Worldcon translated into nordic-type English -- "A foresetting to name a sair out-chosen to forthlay choosy times for the yearly Forgathering, other than the Work Day weekend, was boarded until the 1961 Business Moot." Juanita was practically hysterical by the time she finished this. In a more serious vein, we have articles on Howard's Other Hero, Solomon Kane, on the Tatar god Erlik and one by Redd Boggs, who feels that disliking Conan may be a good thing but that I do it for the wrong reasons. Poul Anderson translates another bit of Norse verse, and a short article explores the possible influence on Howard of Talbot Mundy. As usual, the artwork is outstanding. Rating.....10

CANDY F #3 (Bo Stenfors, Bygglavägen 3, Djursholm, Sweden - irregular - trade or contribution only) The Playboy of the fanzine world. Gorgecus babes by fandom's best artists. This time (Prosser fans please note) there are 8 Prosser illustrations included, along with Cawthorn, Rotsler, Joni Cornell and others. Bo limits himself to one drawing this time, but it's a beauty. In a way it's too bad that the artwork so overshadows the written material, because Mike Deckinger's fiction is at least as good as some of the fantasy I've seen in the men's. mags. Rating.....7

SPECULATIVE REVIEW, Vol 3 #1 (Dick Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia - irregular - 3 for 25¢) And a bargain at the price. This is entirely concerned with discussions of science fiction, primarily magazine science fiction. You can't hardly get that kind no more. Rating..6

PAS-tell #? -- she's lost track already..(Bjo Trimble, 2790 W. 8th. St., Los Angeles 5, Calif. - irregular - no price listed, but try 25¢) This is the fanzine by and for fan artists. This issue features a fullscale review of the Pittcon art show and organizational questions on the Fan Artists' group; future issues will include tips on where to get art supplies, how to put illustrations on stencil, new gadgets for artists, how to sell your old paint rags as examples of impressionism, etc. This

is special interest, but a must for practicing or prospective artists.

BJOTTINGS came this time as a rider with PAS-tell. Sort of a letter-substitute, telling of Bjo's trials and Trimbulations.

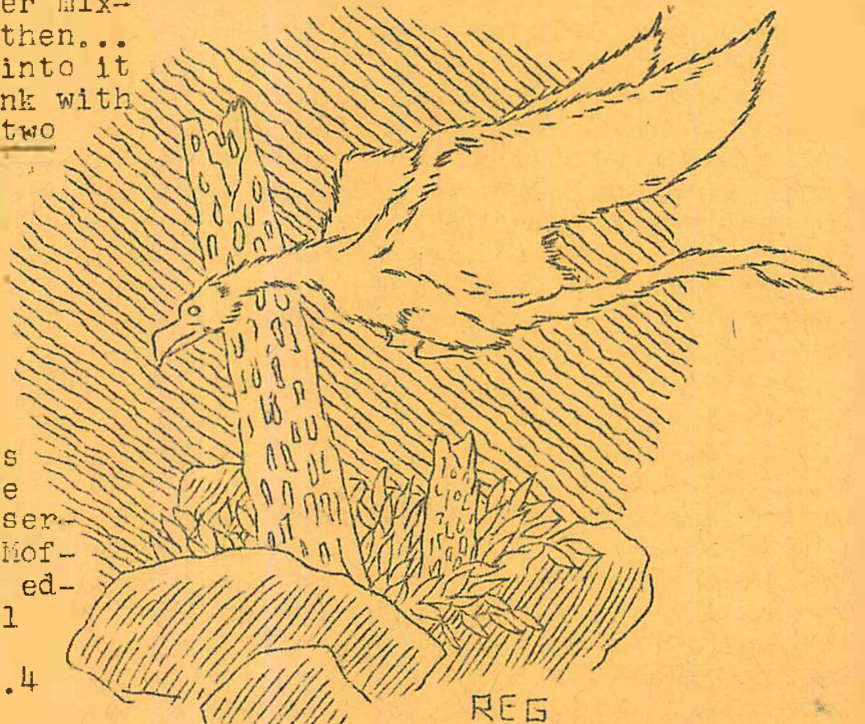
KIPPLE #10 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Maryland - monthly - 15¢) There always seem to be a lot of reviews in this zine; fanzine reviews by the editor and MZBradley, prozine reviews by the editor, a review of "Night Of The Auk" by Peggy Sexton. Then Ed Gorman discusses Campbell, Mike Deckinger compares Bradbury to Steinbeck and Hemingway and MZBradley depicts the annoyances of writing for money. This issue didn't seem as good as previous ones; possibly because I'd read Marion's piece in FAFA and none of the rest of the material was particularly outstanding. Rating.....6

BHISMILLAH! #6 (Andy Main, 5668 Gato Ave., Goleta, Calif. - irregular - 15¢) He says material is desperately needed. The idea of an editor of a 43-page fanzine saying he desperately needs material is rather crogging; maybe he's trying for 60 pages next time? This time we have more comments on Dallas fandom by Greg Benford; good. Ted Johnstone's "Hobbit On The Road" is continued from CRY and the next installment is scheduled to appear in PROFANITY (don't wait up for it). The first 3 pages, dealing with his job at a tourist resort, are good; the remainder of the article is probably good if you like accounts of fans going on trips, visiting other fans, etc. (Next time I go to Milwaukee I'm going to write a 5-page article about it.) Lettercolumn and editor's pages are good, as usual. One small drawback; Andy is experimenting with all colors of ditto ink and paper. The result is colorful, but not the easiest reading in the world. Rating.....5

WRR Vol. 3 #1 (Otto Pfeifer, 2911 E. 60th., Seattle 5, Washington - bi-monthly or something - free for comment) This time they have the promised Ric West cover. Good, too. John Berry's "Shading Plate Mystery" covers one of those mail-order mix-ups we all get into now and then... though few of us get as far into it as John does. Deckinger, drunk with power and stolen bread, has two items in this fanzine. Then there is a lettercolumn full of letters, fiction, insults and all that kind of jazz. Recommended to fans who like this type of fanzine.

Rating.....5

AFFAMATO #1 (Ernie Wheatley, 2790 W. 8th. St., Los Angeles 5, Calif - no schedule - free for comment) Three stories; serious by Jerry Stier and Len Hoffatt, fannish by Ed Cox. The editor discusses music and Bill Rotsler says stf heroes are queer. Rating..4



REG

GAUL #1 (Larry McCombs, Lloyd House, Caltech, Pasadena, California - irregular - free for comment - co-editors, Steve Tolliver, Lyn Hardy) In case the editors are curious as to why I listed McCombs as chief editor, it's because he sounded like the one most likely to appreciate and acknowledge letters of comment. This issue is staff-written, with each editor running his own section. The result is three rambling-type columns, interesting enough if not outstanding, but leaving no foothold for a reviewer. Rating.....3½

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #353, 354 (S-F Times, Inc., P.O. Box 115, Solvay Branch, Syracuse 9, New York - 10¢ - dated bi-weekly, apparently published monthly) Anyway, you seldom get less than 2 issues at a time; with this kind of numbering system, YANDRO could be past its 200th issue by now. In addition to providing the pro news of the moment, S F TIMES has another advantage; a file of the zine provides the fan writer with the easiest method of determining what happened when in the pro field. I refer to my file (which starts with #141) whenever I want to comment on some writer who has claimed that FANTASTIC is the same magazine as FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, or to decide just when some of those promags dated "Spring" or "Winter" actually appeared. Rating.....6

DISCORD #10 (Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota - six-weekly - free for comment - co-editor, MZBradley) Riding with this is Grennell's GOLDEN APPLE #2, a delicious publication. Boggs' opinions on science-fiction and statehood and the readers' opinions of back issues. Fine stuff. Rating.....8

Now we have a large mess of stuff which leads me to believe that Chris Miller has entered a sub for me to SKYRACK (Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorkshire, England - USAgent, Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd. Ave., Hyattsville, Maryland - 6 for 35¢ - no schedule listed - issue #28 at hand) The title mag in this miniature apa is a 4-page news letter, the British equivalent of FANAC. If you're interested in British fan news, this is it. As riders we have SCRIBBLE #4, MI #11, LOCKJAW (a one-shot), a special announcement from Ella Parker and two ballots, one for TAFF and one for the SKYRACK poll. LOCKJAW announces mostly that George Locke is no longer at the Connaught Hospital and fanzines and mail should go to his home address (85 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Rd. London SW 1, England), where they will be presumably sent on to him at his new post in Nairobi. Good luck, George, and remember, Africa for the Africans. Ella announces that anyone wanting the ATOM ANTHOLOGY should send \$1 to Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline, So. Bend, Ind. MI presents Eric Pentcliffe commenting on movies, books, etc, and SCRIBBLE is a more-or-less (mostly less) humorzine edited by Colin Freeman, a patient at the Scotton Banks Hospital. If you get six mailings like this for 35¢, SKYRACK is one huge bargain. Rating....5

There doesn't seem to be room here for the Feghoot I had planned, so I'll save postage on a letter by commenting to Bennett. You get this issue of YANDRO, Ron, but no more; if I review you again you'll have to read Chris Miller's copy. You see, I'm trading with SKYRACK despite your refusal to trade; I'm sending YANDRO to Miller in return for the sub to SKYRACK that he put in for me. (That is, I assume he put one in for me; that was the deal, though I haven't heard from him directly on it.) Play hard-to-get with me, will you?

Grumbings

SIDNEY COLEMAN. - Wm. S. Burroughs, of course. I blush. (Prettily.)

I think Foyster has gotten tangled up in my syntax, something for which I can hardly condemn him, since I do it so often myself. I never meant to equate moral danger with erotic stimulation, merely to point out that both occurred as often in "erotic realism" as in "pornography". They are certainly not the same thing. American slick magazine fiction, during the early part of this century, in its cultivation of an unworkable code of values, and also in its encouragement of such incidental tendencies as chauvinism and anti-intellectualism, was probably among the most morally dangerous literature of modern times. Yet it is as erotically stimulating as Ed Wood naked on a tigerskin rug.

However, I think he raises a real issue later in his letter, when he remarks that I have avoided "the crux of the question" -- that there is no objective method of telling the difference between "erotic realism" and "pornography", and therefore that censorship is merely a matter of opinion. Indeed, I avoided the line of argument; I think it contains a logical fallacy. Since the fallacy is one that seems to occur repetitively in fandom, I might as well spend a few paragraphs trying to squash it.

Instead of talking about "literary virtue" or "being pornographic", let's talk about Property X. (There is a weak double entendre here, but I suspect only half your readers -- those on the other side of the Pond -- will get it. A three-halves entendre?) What do we mean when we say, "to say something has Property X is a real distinction"? I think we mean something like this: There are at least two people in the world who claim to have the ability to distinguish Property X. If we place them in a situation where they cannot communicate, and show them the same group of objects, they will agree on which objects have Property X and which do not, significantly more often than they would by chance.

The only thing in this definition which is not perfectly operational and well-defined is the phrase "significantly more than chance". This is pretty much a matter of taste. If our two hypothetical observers agree 99 times out of a hundred, most of us would say "Property X is a very objective property". If they are only, say, half a standard deviation away from chance, we would probably say "Property X is pretty much a matter of opinion."

Note that the definition does not demand that everybody can make the distinction, or even that the observers can explain the basis on which they make their decisions. Color-blind people can not distinguish the property of "being red", and, until recent times, there did not exist any "objective" explanation of what "being red" meant. Yet I think we agree that to say something is or is not red is to make a real distinction.

In fact, this is the sort of definition that we use when we criticise literary or artistic movements. The standards dear to Sturm-und-Drang novelists or Lovecraft imitators may be misguided, but they are real. Enthusiasts all over the world are in substantial agreement, without previous consultation, on whether the latest addition to the Mythos has the necessary eldritch quality. When we say a movement like abstract



expressionism is phoney, we mean its standards are not real; that its followers do not know whether the latest de Koonig is a masterpiece until they find out what ART NEWS has to say on the subject.

Anyway, by this definition, there is no denying that the distinctions made by Mrs. Grundy are real. Give clubwomen all over America a page of Henry Miller and they will agree instantly that it is pornography. (In point of fact, sometimes the censor's standards are so "objective" as to be ridiculous. For a long period, PLAYBOY magazine did not print any photographs that showed the human female tit. Indeed, in one photograph of a playmate where the young lady had held her arm a trifle too high, the offending organ had been air-brushed out. Curious about this phenomenon, I asked a friend of mine wise in the ways of the jerk-off books for an explanation. He said that women's clubs across the nation had engaged in a crusade to push objectionable magazines off drugstore racks. An objectionable magazine was defined as one which displayed a

woman's nipple.) The crux of the question is not whether the distinctions made are genuine, but whether the actions performed on the basis of these distinctions are wise. Nazi Germany's definition of a Jew was as precise as any definition in modern law.

I am happy to see the Great Deckinger Controversy settling down to a rational level. For a while there it had a certain frantic revival-tent atmosphere: SINNERS, MAKE YOUR DECISION! JESUS OR DECKINGER! (Perhaps the most unpleasant choice since the last presidential election.)

On this matter of the Orthodox Jewish attitude towards Jesus, I am afraid for once, Rev. Moorhead may be right. In the absence of a Jewish equivalent to the Pope, there is no precisely defined orthodox dogma, but if we take the Talmud as the essence of Orthodox Judaism, then it is true that the book contains scurrilous references to the birth and life of Jesus. I can't find exact citations in the Caltech library (curiously deficient in rabbinical lore), but these wisecracks were one of the pillars of Nicholas Donin's successful attempt to get Gregory IX to order the burning of the Talmud. Jewish historians are suspiciously evasive on the nature of the insults. Graetz says that they are nothing compared with what the Fathers of the Church said about Judaism, but anyone who knows the Fathers knows that is a defense as strong as saying that McCarthy was not so bad, compared to Hitler. The four rabbis who disputed with Donin took the line that the Jesus referred to in the Talmud was not the founder of Christianity at all, but a couple of other guys, which does not make things look too good.

It's a pity Avram Davidson doesn't like your kind of fanzine. He could probably produce the necessary quotations in three minutes flat,

whereas if I want to find out what the Talmud says (the obvious quotations for next year's Xmas card), I have to travel all the way to the UCLA library and spend a day looking it up -- probably in order to find that their only reference is in Aramaic. Bitch bitch bitch.

Cheers on your reply to Nirenberg. It is amazing how many otherwise intelligent and courageous Jews have this peculiar attitude toward Jesus: "He was a great man and a wise teacher, who taught a wonderful philosophy, and although I don't believe he was the son of God, I think it's sort of sad he wasn't, because he was so goshwow in every other way." It must be some sort of strange defensive posture. As you point out, it's only tenable if you haven't read the Gospels.

I remember reading somewhere that "sevagram" was a name for some kind of Indian agricultural community that vV picked up from a book of Gandhi's speeches. This is a typical vV tendency; he was always using words in other than their proper meanings because he liked their sound. /Well, can we say that Jewish opinions of Christ are strictly individual. There doesn't seem to be too much agreement here..../

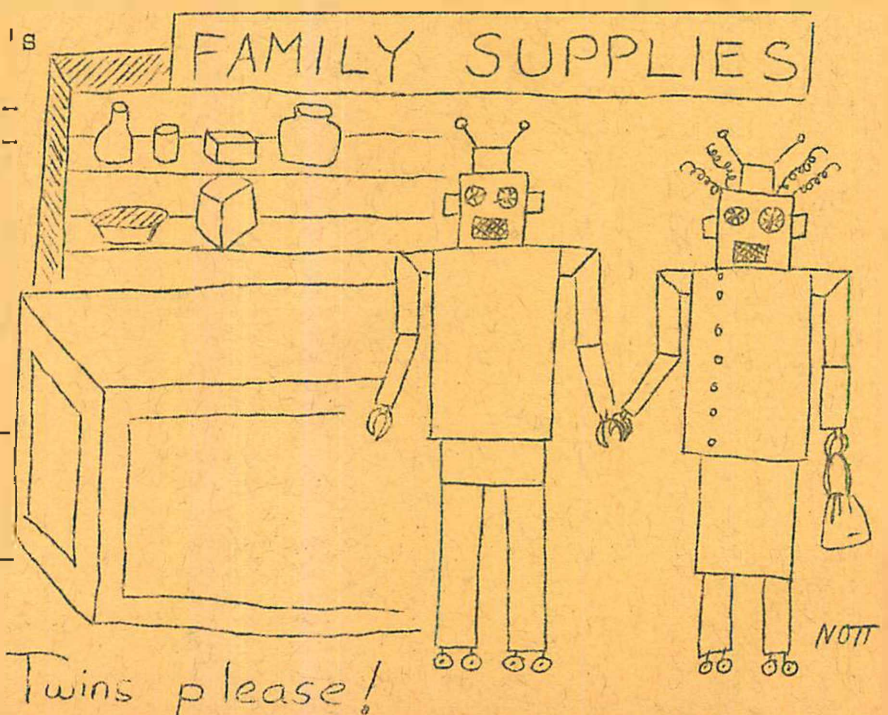
BILL DONAHO - I find the hoo-haw over Deckinger's Christmas story quite amusing. I dare say there are few people in fandom as anti-church as I am but I found the story unreadable and never finished it. I had barely started it when I knew what the ending would be, turned to look, found out I was right and went on to something else muttering something about all these religious atheists....this thing has been done so damn much. I should think that if these "skeptics" had done any reading at all on the question of the historical Jesus they would have found that he had a perfectly respectable lower-middle class background (as we would classify it), that divine parentage was something tacked on to all eminent men in the Greco-Roman world, a sort of convention of the times, and had nothing to do with the actual circumstances of his birth. For that matter it has never been satisfactorily established that when Jesus said "I am the son of God" he meant any more than "all men are the sons of God".

Rog Ebert's poem is excellent. As far as I am concerned Rog is the only poet in fandom. I liked Patrick's UPA article, but didn't find it too stimulating.

I don't know whether it's where van Vogt picked up "Sevagram" or not, but Sevagram is the name of an Indian village and Gandhi used to repeat ad nauseam, "The universe is contained in Sevagram."

Evidently Ted Pauls is having a big ball with the covers of PIPPLE. Each Berkeley copy of the last three issues has had a different cover.

DON FORD - Congratulations on spelling Cincinnati correctly on the back page! I think this is a first in the history of YANDRO, isn't it? /Awwwww.../



Twins please!

BOB BRINEY - Re Barré (not Barry) Lyndon -- he was co-author with Jimmy Sangster of the screenplay of "The Man Who Could Cheat Death" and also of the novelization of same which Avon published. If memory serves, he also wrote the stage play and screenplay for the original version of "The Man In Half-Moon Street" (ca. 1945, starring Nils Asther). It must be ten or twelve years since I last saw this, but I remember it vividly. Lyndon also did the screenplay for a couple of the Pal sf films, as well as several non-sf items.

REV. C.M. MOORHEAD - What a shocker "Grumblings" was to me in YANDRO 97. I anti-semitic? You can tell where some people have their skins, can't you? I never dreamed my remarks to Mike Deckinger would lead any reasonable person to surmise that I hated Jews! My remarks were made to one man, and only one man; they were not made to all of Jewry. And anyone with any sense surely could have seen that!

What kind of minds would dredge up all that sort of muck and accuse a man of the things that Les Nirenberg and Betty Kujawa accused me of being?

I went too far when I implied that all orthodox Jews held the opinion of Jesus' origin. I know some do for I have met them. I loathe them, but just them, certainly not all Jews. Some of the greatest men that have ever lived were Jews.

While we are on the subject of Jew hatred and Christ hatred, let me point out something that indicates that I do know something about the subject. Out of the following certainly could come the thing that I said in my letter. For your information I quote from Ben Hecht, who in his book, "A Jew In Love", on page 120 said:

"One of the finest things ever done by the mob was the crucifixion of Christ. Intellectually it was a splendid gesture.

But trust the mob to bungle. If I had been in charge of executing Christ, I'd have handled it differently. You see, what I'd have done was had him shipped to Rome and fed to the lions.

They never could have made a Savior out of mincemeat."

If this isn't hatred, what do you call it?

My opinion is that if you two had any sense at all, you would know that I could not consistently hate the Jews. Christianity had its birth in Judaism. Christ was a Jew and so were most of the Apostles. I detest people who "emote" all over the place and throw good sense to the winds. Mr. Nirenberg, your trouble is you are just too, too touchy! While Mike and I will never agree over Christianity, I have more respect for him, than for some of the rest of you who jump to conclusions which have no basis in fact and blow up over something that was never intended in the first place.

Mrs. Kujawa, I never gave your name or origin a first thought, much less a second. Furthermore, I don't give a damn about either, but since you brought it up it has an interesting psychological connotation. It may trouble you, certainly not me. I doubt that Christianity would lose much if you did quit it, if you ever were in it!

Both of you were either too blind in your rage or prejudice to see this statement in my letter: "I'm glad, Mike, that you and those who think as you do are in the minority." How in God's name, then, can anyone who is reasonable say I am antisemitic?

/Well, in the first place, the entire Jewish religion is "in the minority" in this country, so your quoted statement is no particular clue to anyone, reasonable or not. Second, at least half a dozen other readers mentioned your "anti-semitism", so the inference was there, even if not

true, and even though I didn't see it myself. Either that, or a fair percentage of our readers are particularly touchy on the subject, and I doubt that. Any statement is open to various interpretations, and your inference that slurs upon Christ were a part of the general Jewish religion was evidently interpreted as anti-Semitism by quite a few people. (Do you really think you should chide other people for being overly emotional?) RSC/

LES NIRENBERG - But, Rev. Moorhead must have some deep-rooted anti-semitism if he came up with a crack like that. I can understand it if some slob said it, somebody who is uneducated. But Moorhead is supposed to be an educated man. Not only that, but his profession is one in which he is supposed to teach people about God, Life, etc. A man of God is supposed to harbour no hate. He is supposed to teach love of God and Fellow Man. If he harbours a deep rooted hate of some particular people, he certainly isn't going to be able to teach love of fellow man, at least not of that particular people.

I realize some people are oversensitive. Believe me, I am not. I don't really care if Moorhead is anti-semitic or not. I couldn't possibly change his way of thinking anyway. But I am alarmed that he is a clergyman who is supposed to TEACH. It doesn't take much to teach a child a little hatred. It only takes a couple or three phrases like "Dirty Jew" or "Don't Jew me" to fall on the kid's ears to keep anti-semitism (even if it is only casual anti-semitism) going. Know what I mean? /Well, frankly, no. I've heard the phrase "jew him down" used as a synonym for haggling all my life, and probably used it more than once myself, and I'm damned if I have any deep-rooted (or shallow-rooted, for that matter) anti-Semitism.

I think the general name-calling on this has gone far enough. Rev. Moorhead should not have implied that all Jews were anti-Christian, and has admitted it. On the other hand, you and Betty were altogether too harsh in your rebuttals -- and I do think that Rev. Moorhead uses pretty strong language for a preacher in his present letter. Now if anyone wants to shed any information on what the orthodox Jewish attitude toward Christ is (considering that you and Sid differ rather substantially), then I'll print it. But no more argument on who is or isn't reasonable, because in my book none of you have been very reasonable. RSC/

MARTIN HELGESEN - Scognamillo's article was interesting but not particularly exciting. However, I was delighted by one phrase. It was, "such figures as 'Red Riding Hood', 'Cinderella', 'Bluebeard' and the like." Like, huh?

Tucker sent me to FANCY II and, even so, it has been so long since I've read the book that I still couldn't fully appreciate his article.

The note on Thai schools was suitably sickening.

I enjoyed Maggie Curtis' article very much. I have no idea how I got it, but I have a copy of the ALBERT THE ALLIGATOR AND POGO POSSUM comic which she mentioned.

I was a little surprised (pleasantly, of course) to see the number of protests about Mike Deckinger's story. I've been trying to figure out why I thought pro-Christian fans were so rare. (Of course, they may still be rare. The lettercol is not likely to be a statistically valid sample.) Phil Harrell seems to have part of the answer. If a person answered all anti-Christian slurs in fandom he would soon be denounced as a Crusader. However, those making the slurs, who deserve the title far more, would not be so labelled. This fact would naturally lead to a les-

ser amount of pro-Christian writing than would otherwise be the case. Another point is that it is easier to be entertaining attacking something than defending it. An example is Betty Kujawa's lino. The implication is false to the point of absurdity. However, the lino was a moderately clever twisting of the Viceroy commercial and was able to stand by itself without any special background or introduction. I think that there is more than my lack of talent involved in the fact that I cannot think of an equally brief and clever reply expressing the truth of the matter. Furthermore, while someone more clever than I might be able to think of such a reply, I am sure that it would be virtually impossible for anyone to think of a lino expressing the truth which could stand alone, as Betty's did, without replying to a specific attack.

I was interested in your answer to the anti-Deckinger letters. I personally would have considered "rejecting otherwise good material because one does not agree with the subject matter" as editorial freedom, not censorship. However, by calling it censorship, you have accepted the definition of censorship which I offered a couple of years ago, and, in fact, have extended it to include an area which I had not considered, although I do not reject the extension. I feel that the point I made then, that even anti-censorship people will approve of some types of censorship. In other words, I think that I could come up with some hypothetical submissions (of a type which has appeared in other fanzines and which would not get you into trouble with the Post Office) which you probably would reject because of subject matter even if they were well done.

I think that the best solution to the problem presented in Rev. Moorhead's letter is a law such as the one I mentioned, with two changes. There should be a lot more money available to cure these people. Also, judges should be more willing to impose indeterminate sentences even if they do mean life sentences. Don Fitch's objection about letting ten guilty men go free rather than punish one innocent man is irrelevant. The persons affected by such a law would be those who had committed crimes which often are precursors of violent sex crimes. Therefore, their imprisonment could be considered a quarantine.

Marion Zimmer Bradley's theory on how to stop sex crimes was very interesting. Most of her suggestions were adopted in Sweden some years ago. Sweden now has high rates of suicide, divorce, and premarital intercourse. In fact, Sweden's reputation for moral decay is so widespread that, when several years ago President Eisenhower, without naming names, referred to moral decay in parts of Europe, there was indignation in Sweden. They assumed that he was talking about them. Of course, I do not say that the adoption of Marion's suggestions is the only, or even the primary cause of Sweden's problems. There are many factors, including a highly developed welfare state. However, I think there is a definite connection. Her final suggestion, that parents, etc., who cause traumas should be imprisoned or executed, if it were meant to be taken seriously, is beautifully inconsistent. Doesn't she realize that, by her own arguments, these people are merely passing on the traumas they received from their parents and are therefore no more responsible than the actual sex criminals?

/Um-hmm...according to the Encyclopedia Americana, suicide rates are linked closely to education -- and Sweden has no illiteracy. (Apparently you need an education in order to think about killing yourself....) And I've yet to see proof that premarital intercourse is always, absolutely, evil (though I'm quite willing to admit that it does much more harm than good in the present-day USA.) You have a long memory, but I'm

not going to let you get away with equating magazine editing with school teaching. I oppose religion in schools for the same reason that I oppose courses in basket-weaving or our present emphasis on athletics: it detracts from the school's job of giving basic instruction in education. I do not extend censorship to the exclusion of subjects or ideas which are detrimental to the job being performed. But the job of the magazine editor is selecting material which he feels is good. (I'll bet money you were thinking about con reports in my case, and you're wrong; I'm quite willing to publish con reports if you provide some which I think are good -- I've never seen one by Jim Harmon, for example, which I wouldn't have been glad to publish.) But the editor goes by his own opinion, necessarily; even if he wants sincerely to please his readers, he has to pick from material that he thinks will please them. (No, I didn't think Deckinger's story would particularly please the readers, but I did think it was well done. I may have been wrong; readers whose critical abilities I respect have said that I was. But that doesn't affect the basis of my choice.) Furthermore, if you come up with any interlineations attacking Protestants or atheists, I'll publish them -- if I think they're funny enough.

People who attack Christianity aren't considered crusaders, no; they just risk losing their jobs, and occasional physical violence. If they are more loudly critical in fandom, it's compensation for the fact that they aren't allowed to be vocal outside of fandom in our "free" country. In organized Christianity, it isn't the Christianity which is evil, it's the organization which quite often is very evil. RSC/

REDD BOGGS - NEW REPUBLIC for 6 Feb. has a review of Alan Sillitoe's "The General" in which the reviewer (T. J. Ross) refers to sf as "sci-fi" -- My god, d'you suppose we're stuck with that horrible term?

The girl in the cover pic has the long legs of a typical Juanita model, but has some small differences of technique and subject matter (Juanita never draws blondes), and I wondered if she was changing her style, after all. But no, I see it's by somebody else, though undoubtedly someone of the same school. While the girl is pretty enough, the depiction of somebody pointing or shooting a weapon at somebody or something beyond the edge of the picture is one of my pet peeves. Adkins does this quite often; in fact, as I recall both pix he did for "Worlds of the Imperium" (part 1) in FANTASTIC show somebody blazing away at a target off-stage. Ugh.

Deckinger's article on "robot controlled tv audiences" was amusing. But of course the same procedure was used for many years with radio audiences, so I don't think things are getting any worse. Incidentally, Randy Merriman quit or something network TV a few years ago and came back to his old home town of Minneapolis, where he now has a number of TV shows on local stations. I've never seen him, though.

Rog Ebert's "Love Poem to Margie Curtis" was great. But let's hope Don Thompson isn't a very hefty guy.

Patrick's "Fantasy of U.P.A." was adequate, as far as it went. I read through it to see whether U.P.A. was credited with the production of a film called "Boundary Lines", which I saw a number of times circa 1950. It was a non-commercial film promoting brotherhood, and was done in what I'd call U.P.A. style, but it isn't mentioned. I think I wrote a review of this film about ten years ago, but I can't remember where, and I'd like to renew my recollections of it. Patrick thinks the technique of animating only the parts of the body that are necessary in showing somebody running is a triumph of cartoon art. But that's something

that always criped me a little in U.P.A. cartoons; I always felt that the artist was faking it a little. The latest U.P.A. cartoons I've seen were almost as dreary and stereotyped as the average Disney or Disney-imitation. A full-length feature with an Arabian Nights background and starring Mr. Magoo was pretty awful.

I'm surprised that people no longer remember what a Sevaqram is. As for same-day mail delivery, I'm sure that it takes place occasionally in the U.S., but only in the case of business mail, since businesses are the only ones that get two deliveries a day anymore. Some mail is occasionally delivered within minutes. At a branch post office in slack times they sometimes go through mail deposited in the slot and postmark and distribute any that's destined for the boxes in that office. I b'liev that in small towns drop mail, as it's called, costs only 2¢ or 3¢, and some of it is undoubtedly distributed within minutes of mailing.

I don't want a gun in my house unless I'm going to live somewhere a lot more perilous than this quiet suburb. I figure that the danger of me or somebody in the family getting shot by his own gun, accidentally, is a lot greater than that of being attacked by a hoodlum with a gun under circumstances where I could defend myself. So what's the joker in the law that allows 90% of the racketeers to carry weapon permits while the average citizen has trouble getting a permit? You mean all the police departments are run by racketeers or their puppets.

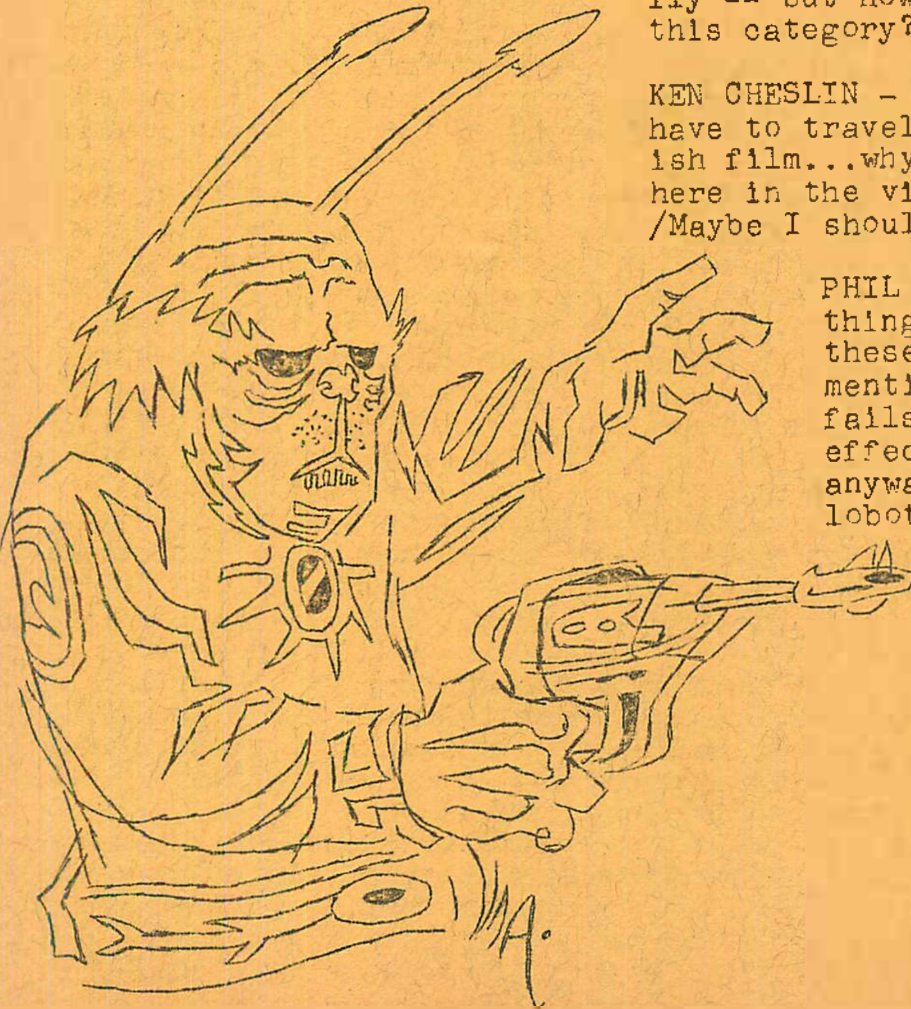
/No, no; not all of them. Just most of them. Actually, it isn't a case of criminal or honest man, it's a case of money. The honest man who has as much money and/or "influence" as the hoodlum can get a permit as easily -- but how many honest men come in this category? RSC/

KEN CHESLIN - Strange that you should have to travel 50 miles to see a British film...why we get all sorts right here in the village.

/Maybe I should emigrate? RC/

PHIL HARRELL - It's a funny thing but in talking about these sex offenders no one has mentioned a cure (if all else fails) that has proved quite effective for all I've read anyway, and that is frontal lobotomy or surgical removal of one little bit of a front lobe of the brain. Frontal lobotomy has been used to some extent before with perfect success and the only danger is if the surgeon happens to cut just a little too much.....

/But I understand that even a successful operation, while nice for society, it a bit rough on the patient....RSC/



ED WOOD - The article on Georges Melies was interesting but as a sidelight it might be added that films were sold at so much per foot and so could be duplicated (today this is a Federal offense) by people who did not have to foot the production costs. The fame of Melies is well established by film historians but he was essentially a stage-dramatist who while discovering and inventing many film tricks did not think in a cinematic way as did Griffith, Kuleshow, and others. Some interesting facts about Melies can be found in "French Film" by Georges Sadoul.

The valuations by Rog Ebert in "Let's Play Author" are valueless. This bad - this good -- by what standards and in what frame of reference? Ebert is entitled to his opinion but it should be made clear as to what he is claiming to be fact and what is opinion. As to all this "literature" crap I say nonsense - I read science fiction because some of it is enjoyable and some parts of it have reached truly significant heights of prophetic insight. So piss on all these "guilt feelings".



DON THOMPSON - Who in hell is Giovanni Scognamiglio? His article on Melies was interesting, though I found nothing new to me. I'm always grateful when information of this type is put into fanzines or prozines, rather than forcing me to keep mundane mags and books lying around just so I'll have the same info at hand.

Funny how Adkins illos for YANDRO always look so much better than his pro work. Part of the credit must go to Juanita for her superior work in transferring them to stencil, but some credit must go to the fact that the fanzine illos are a labor of love. It shows.

HERBERT BEACH - I checked with Al on the matter of circulations listed in the annual who-owns-what in the various mags recently, and he agrees with the general opinion that in the case of the sf mags, this is a true average circulation including both sales and subscriptions. As to MAD, I didn't see the particular copy with the statement in it; but Al thinks that the publisher may have just stated subscriptions.

/I think that the law is worded ambiguously enough so that a publisher could state either total circulation or subscription circulation in the belief that he was complying with the law. RES/

Mildly curious, I checked through some of the comic magazines on the rack just to see what sort of figures they gave. Highest listing was UNCLE SCROOGE with well over a million, but then Dell has excellent distribution, and each issue of this mag is on the stands for up to three months. SUPERMAN seems to retain his popularity with over 300,000 circulation on an 8 issues per year basis.

I found the article on early stfilms interesting, and the items by Bob Tucker are always worth reading. Rog Ebert's article is very well expressed by his closing statement -- Me, I'm for fun, man! Sounds as though Gene DeWeese had a lot of it at the movie he reviewed....

The item in the issue that I enjoyed the most was the article on

Walt Kelly.

The more I think about it, Buck, the more of a master showman you show yourself to be-- if you'd have run Deckinger's story six months ago or six months from now, you wouldn't have received nearly the amount of comment that you did (it actually wasn't worth it). But at Christmas time! Better drop what you're doing at Honeywell and scoot up to advertising and promotion; they need you, man!
/Aw, shucks, now.....RSC/

ALAN BURNS - This Scognamillo guy seems to be coming on in the fannish world. I quite enjoyed the article and didn't know about the submarine epic. My sister tells me something that is almost as good as the article about the Prof of Educ. (My sister's a headmistress). There's a certain inspector of schools who comes into junior classes and roars like a lion. If the children sit still and look at him as if he was a shambling idiot then the teacher gets told off for having her class too knowled down; the kids are supposed to shoot at him, look scared or do other things to show that they are mobile -- oh well, education gets that way.

Rog Ebert's article will provide me with interest for some time, when I'm not doing advanced chemistry I can keep my mind exercised by trying to figure out what its meaning is.

SETH JOHNSON - Did you ever read that the best place in old London for picking pockets was at the hangings of pickpockets where large crowds gathered to watch and made ideal places for pickpockets to work? No criminal does commit his crimes with any idea of being caught. Each and every one of them takes it for granted that he couldn't possibly get caught. So there just isn't any penalty whatsoever that will stop him. The only thing that will stop him is to catch him while still a child and nip the criminal instinct right in the bud.

ED GORMAN - Scognamillo was good, though not outstanding. Tucker deserves credit for another one of his highly quotable anecdotes. DeWeese was funny.

Rog Ebert, to me, because I disagree with him, held down the best part of the annish. Rog certainly is polished for his age, and with a few more years hard-labor in style training and general English composition, he should turn into a fine pro. But -- his "Let's Play Author" began on a sour note. His point that "The Young Writers group...is generally thought to be writing literature. It professes not to care." is erroneous.

Having just finished Barbary Shore and Advertisments For Myself by Mailer, and "Two Weeks In Another Town" by Shaw, I don't see why, as in Literature, stf and serious matter cannot be set together. Therefore, by Rog's reasoning, literature and entertainment cannot be blended together. This is the typical criticism of our peers. One must be one way or the other, there is no compatible ground for a plot novel and serious ideas. That is why Bradbury fails to be recognized as a Serious writer. That is also why Capote isn't known as a Literary writer. In our age, with such literary gremlins as TIME, Orville Prescott (who is at best, "liberal") and Alfred Kazin to mist over the scene, we find it necessary to divide, find the core, and then to classify. One writes entertainment, one writes (or attempts to) Literature, one writes of war, one writes of slums, one writes of religion. This is our system of criticism. We seem unable to realize that the productivity of any given writer often is in discord with his past work and with his past thinking.

Barbary Shore was in such a position when compared to "Naked And The Dead". The critics -- the mainliners who infest HARPER'S, TIME, etc. (only NEWSWEEK has a decent book section) -- had already "classed" Mailer, and because he'd strayed from their previous, and banal, conceptions of Just Where He Should Be Going, they gave the thing bad reviews.

The same attitude is easily found in science fiction. We seem either too unconfident of what we have, or too afraid to be proud. Why isn't such a combination possible? Didn't Hemingway combine the serious and popular novel form? Didn't Dreiser entertain, as well as educate? Didn't Tolstoy in "Anna Karenina" tell a tragedy, while simultaneously boring through the then-current Russian society? All these entertain, but they are also literature.

Certainly, stf will not be stf if it ever becomes wholly "mainstream". But do we think ourselves so incompetent that we cannot form a "literature" of our own? Stf will never make the bestseller category, but neither does the true literature of our generation -- James Baldwin, Saul Bellow and William Styron. The race for Great Literary Fame between Jones and Shaw and Mailer is largely ego-centric. Whoever says the loudest "I Am The Best" seemingly becomes the best. And, in their works, this attitude carries over. Mailer classifies every story he does -- this is "entertainment" or "this is literature", he states. Why? How can he do it? Can any of us tell what is/isn't lasting right now? I don't see how.

It takes an honest writer to write Literature. It takes a writer who is not so involved with himself that what he wants to say must remain within him because he doesn't feel that it is Literature. The same applies to the science fiction writer. I feel certain that Sturgeon or Bradbury will produce Literature, but if they do, it will be uncorrupted by their own personal conceptions of what will or will not get past the critics.

I liked the bulk of Rog's piece: as I mentioned it was a very enviable piece of writing. But I think that those stipulations he set up are a bit too totalitarianistic to be seducing literature with, whether popular or serious. If such rules were applied to stf -- if such prohibitions as, "Well, if you write this story with this philosophy, it'll be serious. And if that's the case, buddy, I'm not going to run it in my magazine!" -- if such comes to be in the stf field, then we too will become slipshod, self-conscious, and never produce a book that's worth a tinker's damn -- and if such a book should come along, by Rog's reasoning, we couldn't even claim it!

/How many writers in a generation are going to produce lasting Literature, Ed? Two or three, maybe? Now, maybe there's no reason why one of those shouldn't be a stf writer -- but is there any particular reason why he should be? Freedom of expression? You can still be pretty free in the mundane field, if you're good enough....and you don't have to worry about the added burdens that stf writers have. Bradbury and Brown have already pretty well deserted the stf field for general literature...if either of them produces a work of lasting literary merit I'll bet money that it won't be science fiction. (For that matter, Bradbury never did write much science fiction; he wrote fantasy.) RSC/

A quick paraphrase: BEM GORDON liked Deckinger's story, but doesn't think that I should have published material which I knew some readers would object to. On sex offenders, he points out that the harsher the penalty, the more difficult it is to get a conviction. And he wants to know where Moorhead got his ideas on Jewish religious beliefs.

BACK ISSUES!

Those back issues you need are probably listed in the 1st BIG issue of "The SATA Trader". An initial monthly circulation of 3,000 active collectors or a refund given. 5 issues for \$1, 10 issues for \$2. FREE! A 50 word AD (\$1 value) with a 10 issue subscription. Use a fairly new BLACK typewriter ribbon and type the AD in the form of a rectangle, 5 lines deep by 41 Pica or 50 Elite spaces wide. Charter Subscribers will receive 1 FREE issue with every 5 purchased at the regular price. YOUR support NOW will make it possible to serve you BETTER in the FUTURE. Send \$1 for samples of today's 3 BEST lithographed fanzines. Send your unwanted S-F to be distributed to fans overseas.

"The SATA Trader"
Dept. 24
P.O. Box 400
Los Alamos
New Mexico

P.S. If you have purchased a prozine in the last few months you should have seen the above ad. When we conceived the idea of a widespread S-F trading 'zine we decided that 3,000 subscribers would be necessary if the mag was to benefit the advertisers. So if you reply to the above ad please indicate if you want a refund in the event that the set goal isn't reached. The 'zine may be printed for less than this number of subscribers strictly to test the results. For those interested, the 3 'zines in the package deal above are "ESCAPE" - 25¢, "MACABRE" - 40¢, "SATA Illustrated" - 25¢, plus a handling and postage charge of 10¢. Should you want samples of one or two, just send the price of those wanted and the postage charge with your order. Due to a natural delay it may be 4 to 6 weeks before you receive the first issue of the "Trader". As an added bonus any charter subscriber will be given the benefit of 1 FREE issue with every 5 on re-subscriptions, too.