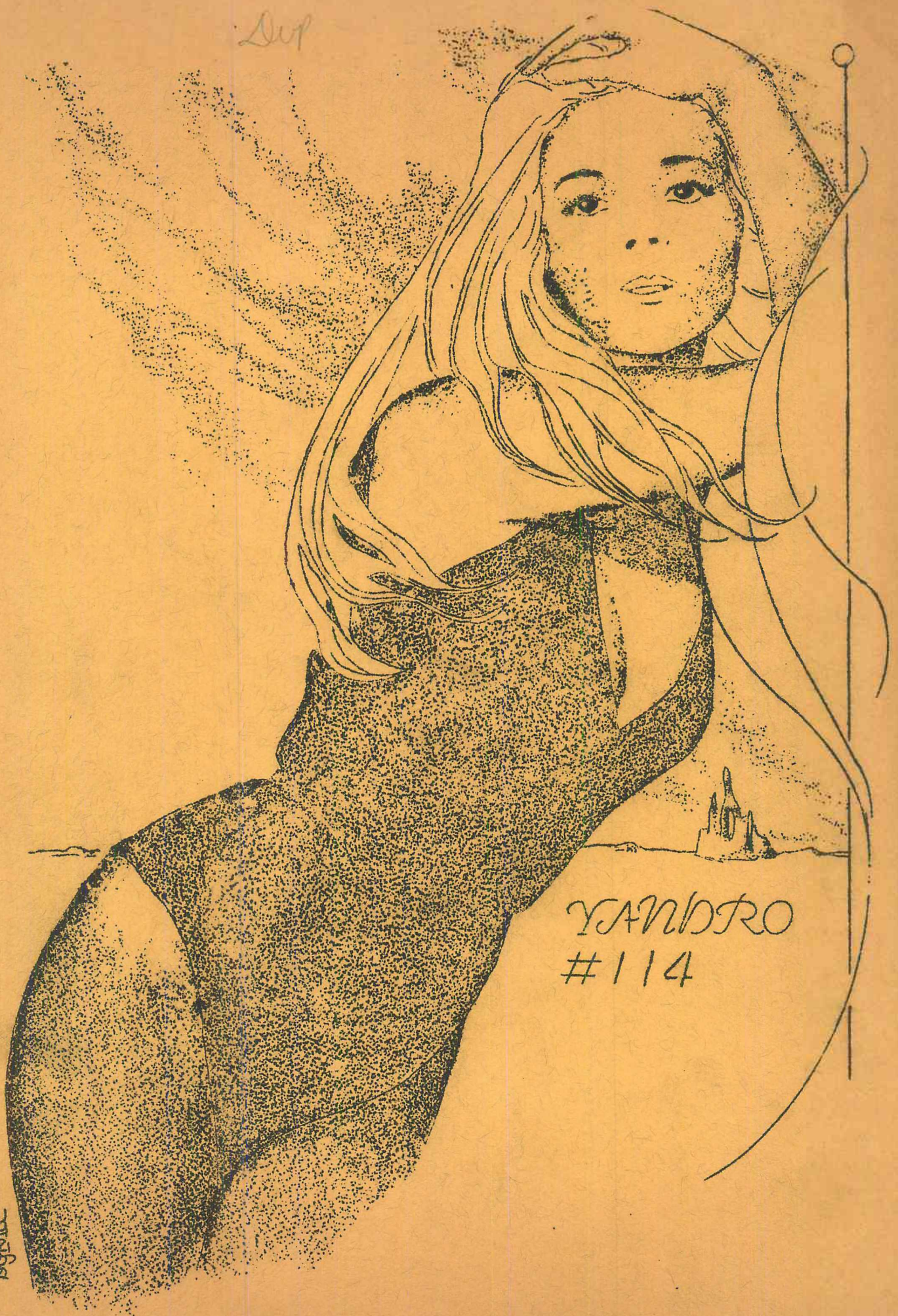


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YANDRO
#114

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YANDRO

114

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- CONTENTS -

RAMBLINGS - JWC - - - - - 2
RUMBLINGS - RSC - - - - - 4
GRUMBLINGS - - letters - - - - 6
STRANGE FRUIT - fanzine reviews-23
SILVER SECONDS -Gene DeWeese- - 27

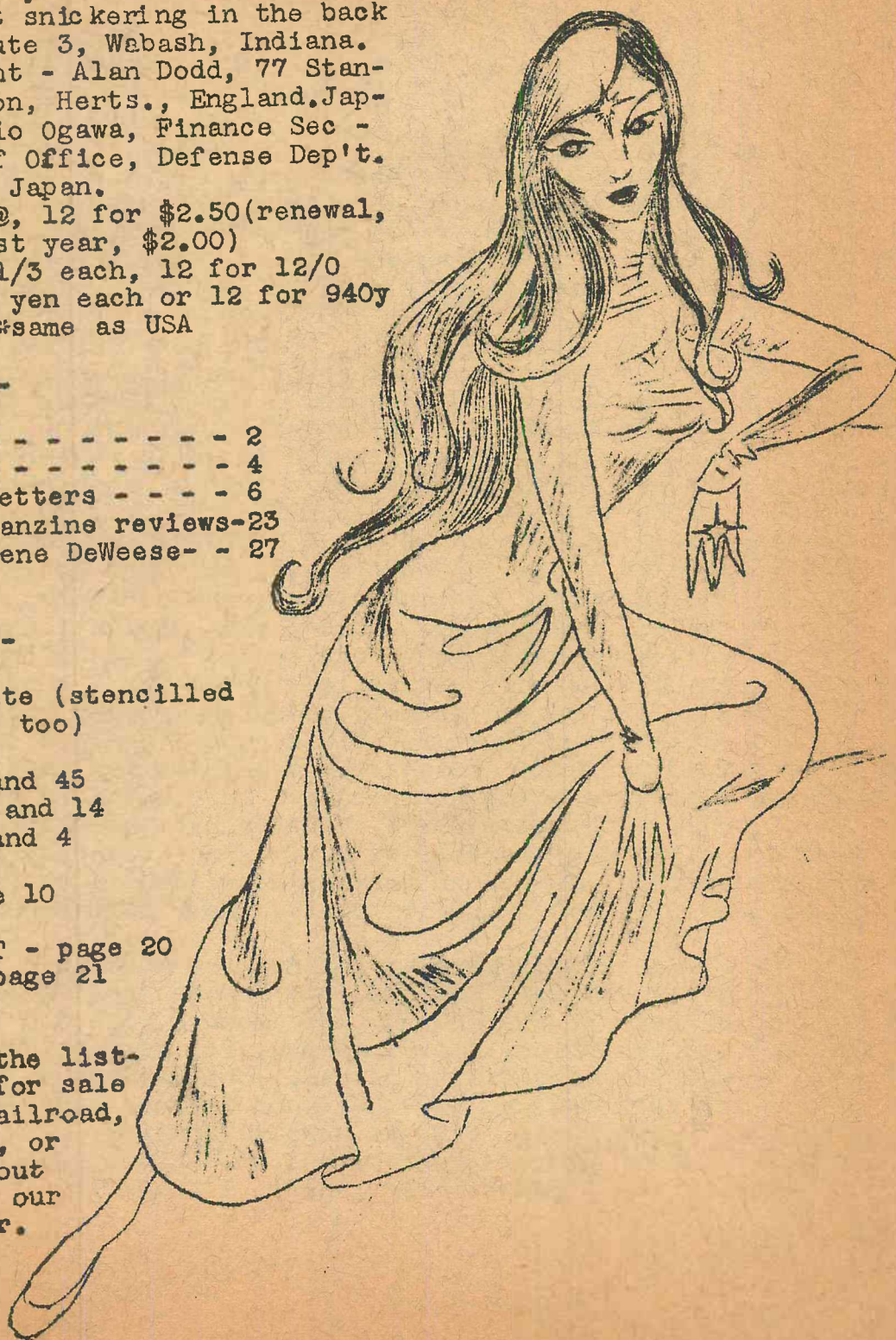
- ART WORK -

Cover- Sylvia White (stencilled by Sylvia, too)

BJO - pages 1 and 45
ADKINS - pages 6 and 14
JWC - pages 2 and 4
NOTT - page 7
DAVE LOCKE - page 10
DEA - page 11
ROBERT E. GILBERT - page 20
BERNIE EUBNIS - page 21

We will get out the listing of fanzines for sale as soon as the railroad, or paper company, or Somebody, finds out what happened to our shipment of paper.

Adiosito till
same time this
month...?





Well, Buck had been muttering about going bi-monthly.....looks like in a way we have.....and for wonder of wonders, it isn't exactly our fault for a change. The railroad or some one goofed....and somewhere between here and Shawnee, Oklahoma, there are 20 reams of Twilltone, probably sitting on a siding getting soggy.....and if there's anything I can't stand, it's soggy mimeo paper.....gums up the machine.

But *SOB* our beautiful schedule ruined...RUINED! I think we

have always managed to get the issue mailed by the last day of the month. If my memory serves me correctly, this is the first time, at least in a long long while, we've had to put out an issue the following month. The stencils have been cut for at least two weeks, probably three....and since then they've been waiting and waiting and waiting...

Picnic time is past once more. Every year while I'm cooking I say never again....and ever year during the conversation and singing and just plain having fun meeting people, I say I'll make it even bigger next year. An addict for fan talk, that's me. We had about 35 here, counting the kids.....who discovered my comic books. I didn't care about the MADS and PANICS, but I was a little uneasy about the mint copies of CAPTAIN AMERICA and early DETECTIVES....and like that. As Don Thompson remarked, "Even if you don't like the things, they're worth \$Money\$!" But they seemed to have survived intact - I mean, after all, these are fan kids, and they treat rare old comic books with the same reverence an average fan would a mint collection of UNKNOWNNS.

It was a very fannish week, and the month itself promises to be even busier, culminating, naturally, in the Con. I was honored with a visit from a real for sure author....Marion Bradley and son Steve were journeying eastward to visit relatives, and I managed to twist her arm sufficiently to persuade her to stop over here for the picnic.....the additional advantage being her presence gave quite a jolt to some of the local fans. Joe Lee Sanders probably had the wildest introduction when Marion introduced herself as G.M. Carr - the ploy didn't carry because Joe had met Gem at an earlier Midwestcon - but when the laughing died, Joe finished it off by asking "Now, tell me who you really are."

For the record and future reference the attendees were, in no particular order whatsoever: Lew and Judy Forbes and little Lew, Earl and Nancy and the rest of the Chicago ~~mob~~ crowd...Dick and Rosemary Hickey, George and Lou Ann Price, Ann Dinkelman, Pat Oswalt, Jon Stopa, Lewis Grant...Martha Beck and little Becks...John Jackson...(these are sort of farout suburban Chi gang)....Lee Anne Tremper and Jim Lavell, Dale Brandon, Joe Lee Sanders, Don and Maggie Thompson, Gene and bev DeWeese, Les Gerber, Marion Zimmer Bradley, and us. And a well spaghetti and fresh corn stuffed time was had by all - I think.

I have been looking forward eagerly to the con as sort of an anniversary - ten years in fandom, and all that.....Chicon II was my first convention. But as the time, and publicity, get closer, I'm feeling increasingly uneasy. Not being a member of the formal or let's-dress-up-branch of fandom, I must say the banquet plans leave me sighing sadly - I had wanted to go.....but we had to get the car so we could go, to the con....and this leaves us on a shoestring.....and the banquet prices are atrocious.....and then, I've never thought much of the idea of a banquet, anyway.....but from somewhere I also got the impression - and I'm hoping I got it wrong....that this will be another You-Can't-Sit-Here deal.....with the poverty stricken non-banqueters kept away from the after meal speakers.

If so, and as I say, I hope I'm wrong, I will be quite sour. I want to hear Sturgeon.....and if you dump at least \$12 banquet fee (not to mention the fact that I would not under any circumstances, even if I could, try to coax Buck into a tie.....we go to cons for fun, not status seeking)...on top of the confirmation card we got from the con hotel of..."\$13 or nearest"....I am very apprehensive. Just once I'd like to go a worldcon with the same sense of take-it-easy-and-relax that we get from the Midwescon or other fan digs.....

I mean, it comes down to the fact that the only way we could rock it and relax at the con would be if we quit publishing YAN two years ago.....isn't it possible to do both?

We'll wait to see.....and no one would be more delighted than we to find that nasty rumors of this sort are exactly that.....some fans have the strangest ideas of humor..

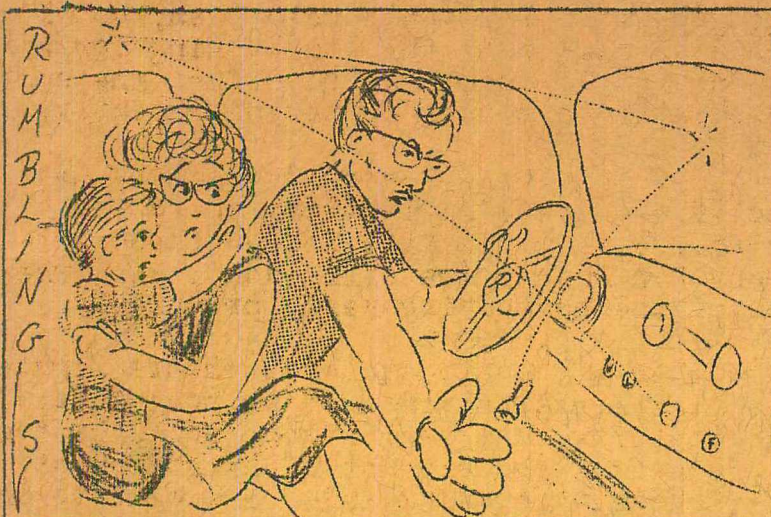
Just arrived from Pyramid SKYLARK OF SPACE by Doc Smith (Powers cover) and DOME WORLD by Dean McLaughlin (cover by Emsch)...the latter being an expanded version of MAN ON THE BOTTOM, naturally. Other acquisitions - THE MAD WORLD OF BRIDGE (being a bridge player - nonbloody type - since age eight, I got a large charge out of this one); THE PROBABLE CAUSE (Ballantine)...on investigating air tragedy, by Robert J. Serling (Rod Serling's brother, for the curious); FEMALE HOMOSEXUALITY (Black Cat - 75¢) by Frank S. Caprio (interesting and fairly impartial); TIME IS THE SIMPLEST THING (Crest, 50¢) Clifford D. Simak; THE FLYING EYES (Monarch - 35¢) J. Hunter Holly; OR ALL THE SEAS WITH OYSTERS (Berkley - 50¢) Avram Davidson - collection; THE WALKER-THROUGH-WALLS (Berkley, 50¢) Marcel Aymé - collection; SCAVENGERS IN SPACE (Ace - 35¢) Alan E. Nourse.....and....

oh yes, HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND, by William Hope Hodgson....from Ace.....as long as they do things like that and printing the Andre Norton novels.....SEA SIEGE the most recent of these.....I'll forgive them a lot of bad novels.

Some of these will be reviewed or commented on at more length in the August issue....which should be out real soonnow.....providing somebody out there gets on the ball and discovers those missing two cartons of paper.

Again our apologies for getting this out so late....we can only be grateful that so little included was dated material....good thing we had planned on a letter heavy issue....I can imagine the screams if we had promised someone his article or fiction would appear in the July issue.....

Who you? You mean we.....gee, fellas.....bye now...JWC



New readers may be relieved to learn that only about once a year do we run this many letters in proportion to the rest of the material; YANDRO is not going to turn into a letter-zine. (On the other hand, they may not be relieved, and on the third hand -- fans are slans -- I don't really care whether they are or not.) Fanzine editors are requested to read an important notice at the end of the lettercolumn.

In the last issue, I mentioned that Robert Moore Williams' "The Darkness Before Tomorrow", for Ace, was the most sickeningly putrid attempt at a novel that I had read in years. Well, the record didn't last long. Pyramid brought out Frank Belknap Long's "Mars Is My Destination", which out-putrids the Williams effort by a good wide margin. It's even worse than Long's previous "Woman From Another Planet" for Chariot, which was hilariously if unintentionally funny. This one is just incredible. Long has made a valiant if rather pitiful attempt to write in the modern style, to get "inside" his characters and show what makes them tick. The trouble seems to be that he doesn't know what makes people tick -- his daring hero, who is trusted by the head of the Mars Colonization Board with the task of saving the Mars colony, is depicted as a fumbling, dull-witted clod who thinks in hoary old clichés and makes speeches instead of conversation. I might consider it a parody of the typical space-opera except that all the other characters think and talk exactly the same way; like actors in a bad Victorian melodrama. "Mars is a new world and on a new world there has to be -- not one, but many beginnings." "I was conscious of the silence again, lengthening, hanging heavy between us, as if we'd each said too much, or possibly.. . not quite enough." Ecch! At that, his dependence on clichés comes out somewhat better than when he tries making up his own metaphors: "But when I do something reckless for complicated reasons, when I've forged ahead despite my better judgment, I'm usually just impulsive enough to carry the folly-ball all the way across the goal line." It goes on like this, for pages and pages and pages. It's the first really bad stf book that Pyramid has published. I'm a bit disappointed in them.

After the Long, it was a positive relief to read "Telepath" by Arthur Sellings (Ballantine, 50¢) and "Echo X" by Ben Barzman (Paperback Library, 50¢). Neither of them is particularly outstanding, and the so-called science in "Echo X" (previously known as "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star") is patently ridiculous, but at least we have characters which bear some fleeting resemblance to real people. (Though somewhat less scientific, "Echo X" is the better novel of the two and, at 248 pages against 154, gives you far more for your money.)

I haven't re-read the Crest reprint of John Wyndham's "Day Of The Triffids", but I remember it from the time it appeared in COLLIERS and later as a Popular Library pb, and if you don't already own a copy, here is a book that's worth investing 50¢ in. Likewise I can recommend without reading the new Ace Double; Andre Norton's "Sea Siege" backed

by the same author's "Eye Of The Monster". I haven't read them, but I have yet to read a Norton book that I disliked, and I'm looking forward to the reading. Both these books should do something to offset the spat of mediocre to bad stf paperbacks which have been appearing recently.

You city slickers don't realize the advantages we rural residents have. Just yesterday Juanita and I received a postcard inviting us to the grand opening of a hog-buying yard..... And we still listen to commercials for State Pilot Candied Baby Pig Pusher (we still don't know when it pushes them; in the direction of the hog-buying yard, presumably.)

Last week I spent a couple of hours trying to locate a cigarette-lighter knob for the Rambler. It had the lighter installed when we bought it; just the knob was missing. I didn't think that replacement would be too hard....hah! You can't buy new knobs; you can buy the heating element, or you can buy the entire lighter. So I tried junkyards, and came to the conclusion that the first thing removed on a junked car is the cigarette lighter. I looked at 75 or 80 cars before finding one with the lighter still in it. After installing the knob (off a Mercury) in our lighter mechanism, I discovered another difficulty; the lighter is over-enthusiastic. You push it in and instead of popping out to its former position it leaps a foot or so out of the socket, bounces on the front seat and usually ends up on the floor. It's getting so that Juanita dives for cover every time I try to light a cigarette. Al Borse suggested that I get one of those long-handled cups that construction workers use for catching hot rivets.....

Borse, incidentally, seems to have a remarkably fannish family. His father had recently been transferred by his company from Minneapolis to Detroit, so Al called him up (at work, since Al doesn't have a phone at home) to see how he was getting along. After a few platitudes, there was a short pause, and his father said "I, ah, don't recognize the voice..."

"Oh, I'm sorry; I should have told you. This is Al."

Short pause. "Al.....who?"

Then there was the time Al explained that he was driving from Wabash to Minneapolis one weekend to borrow \$40.....The entire attitude seems quite fannish (that is, nuts.)

Gene DeWeese describes his new home in his column. Sometimes I wonder what it is about fan residences; it's not so much that they're old and run-down as that they all seem to have unusual aspects. Like Phyllis Economou's glass closet door leading outside the house (on the second floor, yet!) or the place we had where the door to the basement was 4 feet high. Aside from the sparrows nesting in the walls -- other people have mice, we have birds -- this place isn't so unique, though it is somewhat old. A few weeks ago Juanita lowered one of the upstairs windows and the windowsill fell off on the floor. I sometimes get the impression that the only things holding the walls up are the bookcases.

Almost upon us -- it may be upon us before we get this issue out, if we don't hurry -- is the 4th annual Coulson Fan picnic. This looks like it might be a big one; the thing is turning into a small convention. The number of overnight guests looks rather alarming from here; if it expands any more we may need to reserve a motel next year. Those of you who don't make the picnic, we'll see in Chicago, right?

RSC

Grumbings

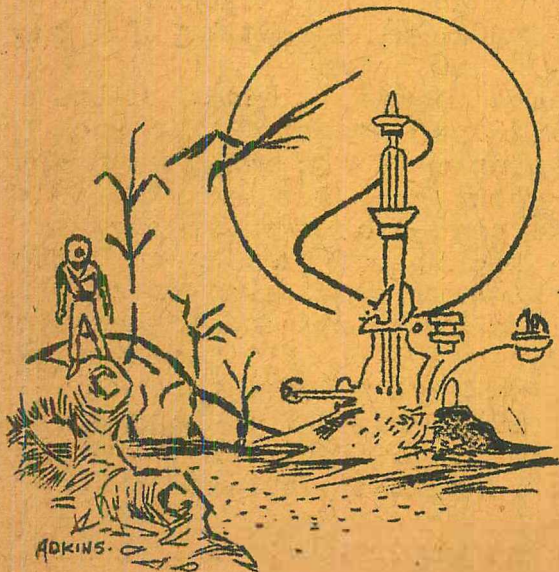
BOB BLOCH: Thanks to both of you, and to Terry Carr, for YAWNDRO #112. Naturally, I'm interested in his "agonizing reappraisal" of my work and would like to alleviate his suffering as best I might by attempting to answer his query, "What in the world is in your mind, Bob Bloch?"

Perhaps one of the simplest ways is to begin with some of the very material which Terry discusses and point out a few of the items which he has either overlooked or does not seem to have understood. If Terry will examine THE DEAD BEAT again, for example, he may discover that the title of the book does not refer to the jazz musician protagonist--who is very much alive throughout the entire book up until the final chapter--but to a junkie bellhop who is a murder victim. If he will do more than "skim" my novel version of THE COUCH, he may learn that the therapist therein is a psychiatrist, not a psychoanalyst.

But these, admittedly, are mere quibbles: Terry seems much more interested in his discovery that "what Bloch knows about psychoanalysis isn't much and what he does know he doesn't understand."

Now for all I know, Terry Carr is an accredited expert in the field. I must perforce take consolation in the opinion of psychotherapists themselves. As far back as 1947, Dr. Fredric Wertham commented favorably upon the validity of my portrait of a psychopath in my first novel, THE SCARF, when he reviewed it in THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PSYCHOTHERAPY--and as recently as 1960, several clinical journals carried equally favorable commentary on PSYCHO. Regarding my screenplay for THE COUCH, Terry may have noted that it derives from an original story by Blake Edwards and Owen Crump. While, in Terry's expert opinion, I may have missed what he terms "the whole goddamned point of psychanalysis", I can only submit the following: (1) Blake Edwards himself spent a number of years in analysis, and upon completion of my screenplay, he had it read, checked out, and approved by an accredited analyst. The star of the film, Grant Williams, took it upon himself to work with a psychotherapist--using my screenplay as a basis,

he and a practising psychiatrist worked out a complete "case-history" of my fictional character and his relationship with his fictional psychiatrist. What I wrote was professionally approved in terms of both ethics and accuracy. And in order to spare Terry the agonies of still further reappraisal when and if he sees my new film, THE CABINET OF CALIGARI, I will state now that the picture was produced and directed by Roger Kay, who happens to hold a doctorate from the Sorbonne--in psychology--and was licensed to practise in France. I cannot, of course, quarrel with Terry's emphatically-stated opinion that I don't know or understand very much



about the field: I can only say that a certain number of psychotherapists seem to think I do.

But doctors, of course, disagree, and I'm sure that Terry could, if he were so minded, dig up a number of therapists who would confirm his own opinion--just as in murder trials, where six medical "experts" will testify that the accused is legally "sane" and another half-dozen such "experts" will testify that he is legally "insane": the only general agreement being that all twelve of these eminent practitioners are equally "expert".



Which brings up another point which Terry seems to have misunderstood--or so I gather from his comparison of my work to THE MARK in which there "are not pat little analyses or even a full solution." If Terry will endure just a trifle more agony in his reappraisal, he'll perhaps discover that while my psychotherapists do indulge in "pat little analyses", they do not "solve" anything; I show them as inept practitioners who should not be venerated or regarded as infallible authorities. In this I differ radically from the writers and dramatists who include a terminal confrontation-scene between the Man with the Pipe and the Patient, in which a five-minute monologue by the therapist Opens The Patient's Eyes and sends him or her off on the merry road to Complete Recovery. The one time I have resorted to this scene (in CALI - GARI) I use it to establish a mocking doubt: perhaps the therapist is no more "sane" than his patient.

Perhaps this is what really disturbs Terry: that I regard psychotherapy as being very far from a "science"; that I agree with men within the field such as the late Robert M. Lidner and Abraham Myerson that we really do not know very much about the human mind and that present therapies and therapeutists are fallible indeed. This belief is implicit and unmistakable in all of my work which Terry has chosen for consideration, and he as much as states that he considers this dangerous and chooses to ally himself with what he refers to as "psychological agencies" which conduct advertising campaigns saying, "The Mentally Ill Can Come Back--With Your Help."

Now I'd be the last to deny him the right to his opinion: on the other hand, I am entitled to mine--and it differs radically from such sloganeering, which I choose to consider as far more dangerous than the depiction of hopeless mental illness in my work.

Here I cannot help but be amazed at the fact that the usually astute and objective Terry Carr seems to have totally misunderstood just who and what I am writing about. It may well be, as he seems to suggest, that I'm such a hack, that my writing "stank" so much, he couldn't possibly interpret it. Naturally, I can't quarrel with his reaction here: I can only consider myself fortunate in having managed to maintain my existence as a writer over the last 28 years in a variety of media and markets in the face of such signal lack of ability. However, I can, I hope, in my limited way, convey to Terry now just what I've been trying to say.

I am not, and never have attempted to, indulge in "systematically painting a picture of mental illness as unvaryingly vicious, unpredictable, dangerous." I do not make ogres out of bed-wetters and hypochon-

driacs and the emotionally unstable and immature personalities--some clinically classified as "neurotic", some as "psychotic"--who can and do recover with, or without, or in spite of, present-day therapeutic techniques. For these troubled people I have both hope and empathy.

But, unfortunately, whether Terry likes facing up to it or not, a rather alarming number of people in our society are, to quote him, "thoroughly frightening individuals, unpredictably vicious." Men like little grey Edward Gein, who lived 35 miles away from me in Wisconsin; a supposedly "harmless" eccentric who often did baby-sitting for his rural neighbors--until they discovered the mutilated fragments of the corpses of 15 women in his house and learned that Gein was a ghoul, a murderer, and a transvestite; possibly a cannibal and a necrophilist as well. Since 1958, Gein has been a patient in a mental hospital, and so far none of the therapists or therapies Terry seems to hold a brief for have succeeded in getting him to "come back". Mr Gein is, I submit, probably a less pleasant individual than my own Norman Bates in PSYCHO--and the full, published factual accounts of his activities make for far more disturbing reading.

At another extreme, let's consider Mr. Herman W. Mudgett, who--operating in Chicago under the alias of H.H. Holmes, as a respected business-man and a charming personality--systematically debauched and savagely destroyed well over a score of victims: his prowess as a "lady-killer" far exceeds the lesser luridities of my Larry Fox in THE DEAD BEAT.

Yes, Virginia, there is a sanity clause: and the prognosis for the "psychopathic personality" is not at all encouraging. I have talked to practising criminologists and law-enforcement officers who had but one regret; that the almost incredible atrocities they encounter in the course of their daily work are so horrifying that the newspapers cannot publish a full report and thus warn the general public against the alarming number of psychos in their midst.

These are the people I write about, and I do not exaggerate either their activities or their potential; if anything, I err on the side of clemency. I write about the mousy little "eccentrics" of this world who do exist and who do not recover, and who--in far too many instances--go unnoticed and unrecognized until it's too late to save their victims. I write about the "charming" and "extroverted" psychopathic personalities (yes, Terry, some of them are "beat" because the so-called "beat" world affords them with a wonderful ready-made camouflage) who constitute an even worse menace. I write about them as I do because I honestly believe they are beyond hope--or at least beyond the reach of present-day rehabilitative techniques. And I do not think it is doing either them or their potential victims a service to advocate a "Take A Psycho to Lunch" week.

The facts are there, in the record; plain to see. Every year there are hundreds of atrocities perpetrated by a large group of "mentally ill" who do not "come back"; to encourage the fallacious belief that they can, and that present-day therapies can protect us against them, is--in my opinion--merely compounding the situation by providing a public climate of complacency and reassurance behind which the psychopathic personality can and does hide.

Sorry, but I don't buy a specious generalization like "The Mentally Ill Can Come Back--With Your Help" any more than I buy Will Rogers' "I never met a man I didn't like" (did Mr. Rogers ever meet Mr. Hitler, I wonder?) or the oft-parroted, "There is no such thing as a bad boy."

I much prefer the axiom, "Don't take candy from strangers", and this is what I am saying in my writing, in all sincerity--however poorly, according to Terry's literary standards.

I believe no reader of my works will make the mistake of confusing my psychopath characters with the "mentally ill" per se. But I do believe that what I write may have a positive benefit in that it serves as a warning to those who are prone to ignore the presence of the psychopath in our society. Yes, Terry, I do believe that this type of mental illness does constitute "a dangerous and vicious thing, a thing to be feared, a thing that goes slash in the night."

Hoping you are the same,...

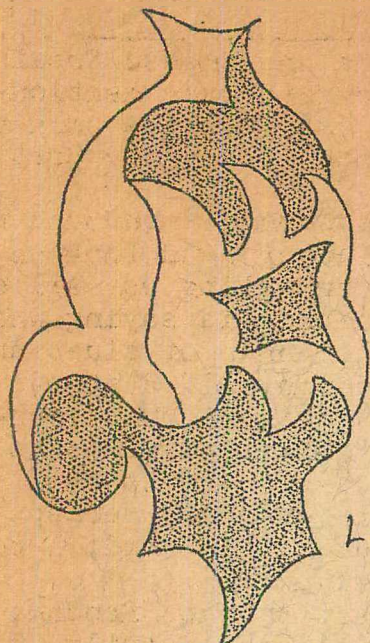
HAL ANNAS: I seem to recall that you, or someone writing in Yandro, was shopping around for a submarine a while back. I don't recall mention of what the underwater ship was to be used for, but I am well enough acquainted with s-f fans to know that their acts are usually based on sound reasoning, and that if anybody can pick up and find a use for a surplus submersible they probably can.

Now that you are a plural car man, it occurred to me that you might care to become a plural warship man, and I am gratified to be able to tell you the Battleship Massachusetts is soon going to be auctioned. I hesitate to contemplate the status that might accrue to a man who not only has two cars in his drive, but has two mighty monsters of war in his backyard. On the other hand, considering that your status, as a publisher and editor, is already sufficient to get you elected president of something or other, if you chose to dabble in politics, and that numerous cars equip you to be an expert on something or other, anything you choose, and to receive honorary degrees from the better schools, if occur to me that you may be surfeited with status and would prefer to hear something of the practical side of owning a battleship.

While I am not a shelter man, and intend to be one of the maddened mob when the time comes (the reason for which I will explain later in this letter), I calculate that a ship with the firepower of the Massachusetts are 16-inch in calibre and can fling considerable explosives quite a distance. The lighter batteries, largely for defense against air-attack, are rapid-firing and so numerous that, all going at once, they would be remindful of a volcano in eruption. If that is insufficient to convince you that you could demand and get toll from anybody who ventured within the 140 mile perimeter which you controlled, and exclude the area to undesirables, I will add that the ship is equipped with missile emplacements which would enable you to reach out to Indianapolis or Washington, D.C., if you wished to be political and influence politics.

While the Navy wastefully requires a numerous crew to operate the ship, operate the firing and maneuver it in battle, it is largely automated, and I figure that, since you would dig it in, rather than maneuvering, you could dispense with the piloting crew. In a pinch, while you as admiral calculated the range and strategy to be employed, Bruce could function as gunner and control all the guns from a central position, provided they were all wired to a control board in advance.

Juanita could take over all other operations, as they are largely housekeeping, and if some vile enemy dropped a bomb too close, and disturbed her cooking and housekeeping, and if she stormed up on deck with



blood in her eyes, determined to clear all the enemies out of Indiana--that is, if all those Ph.D. degreecs haven't modified some of the more admirable female traits in her--you and Bruce could retire quietly to the darkest hold and wait out the storm.

If, as admiral, you felt you needed larger crews for your fleet, you could dismiss the backward Navy way of enlisting and drafting men. Instead, you could simply charge s-f young men and girls to become members of your crews. In view of the power you controlled, and the political influence you would wield, and considering the status, they would gladly pay. You could require them to bring their own supplies and their own shelter--and all you would provide would be protection--an immensely valuable quantity or quality in time of war.

I believe that, with the Massachusetts in your backyard, your shelter would be reasonably secure.

I would come and try to buy myself a job as a swab-man in the crew, except for one thing: I am not a shelter man. For some strange reason, I continue to believe radiation is subatomic and can't be filtered out of the atmosphere and that, if radiation is anywhere in the atmosphere, it will also be wherever humans breathe.

There are some differences of opinion on that. Some hold that subatomic radiating particles attach to atomic particles and that these latter could be filtered out, and with them, the radiating particles. I am reminded that radiation comes down in rain and that many filter-systems use water in the filtering process. It seems to me this phase of radiation, and atmosphere inside a shelter, might be a worthy subject for discussion in Yandro. It may be that some fans have information unavailable to the rest of us.

Until I learn different, I'm going to be a non-shelter man and go on believing--and hoping--that if war-mongers set off another glorious armageddon, for the greater glory of greed, they won't find any place to hide.

[There could be another use for the Massachusetts. The fine art of fillibustering has lately declined to an alarming degree, with even the term being degraded by use as a definition for Senate hot-air contests. Remember, William Walker once took Nicaragua with 50 men and a few rifles. Surely the organized intellectual might of fandom combined with a fully armed battleship should be equal to the task of conquering some small nation--say Cuba. (That way, the government could probably be talked into supplying free ammunition.) Fans are always talking about a retiring to some country of their own, anyway; here's a practical method of accomplishing the task..RSC7

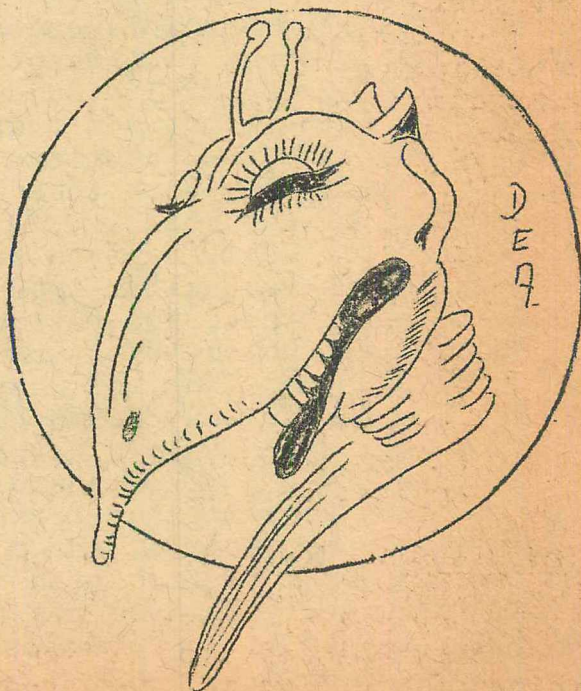
TOM DILLEY: In #111, I see again mention of "Night Ride", and wonder how the devil Juanita figured it out. I could make neither head, nor tail, nor roller-coaster of the demon.

Also elicitive of comment are the remarks on Pasternak. The only thing of his I've yet got around to reading is Zhivago, and the great-

est single impression I received from the reading was an immense feeling of some manner of unsettling. I don't recall Pasternak's ever mentioning, directly, that absolutely everything was disrupted, but the book as a whole leaves one with the idea that nothing on earth is sound. Sort of a socialological Heart of Darkness.

What does everyone out there mean by "having to struggle through a story"? Some of the most profoundly moving things I ever read took an ungodly amount of struggling on my part. But this struggling was all of the sort that is involved in figuring out what the author is saying when he doesn't state directly, but instead gives out all manner of clues and impressions that can only lead to the correct conclusion. If a story requiring such struggle in the reading be well put together, the figuring is always lots of fun if one be successful, and deflating if he be not. Of course, if an ill set of "clues" be presented, there is even more of struggle, a futile one, and one not worth the effort. Perhaps this is what the various commenters upon "Night Ride" had in mind; I do think that the hunts in that story were not good enough.

Re: Calkins, and especially the matter of recruiting into fandom: it should, I think, be done; not for the good of fandom necessarily, but even for the good of those who are missing out on it. But one must be terribly careful about the methods. There are people who can be scared off by anything approaching high-pressure tactics. For example, way back in the days when I was ignorant of the existence of fandom (all the way back in 1960, like) and of the loose and libertine customs therein, I managed to get a letter printed in FANTASTIC. It brought two responses, one a six-page letter from Reginald Smith in California offering to tell me where to get hold of more Lovecraft, and one from Billy Joe Plott of the Confederate States of America asking me how would I like to join Southern Fandom and let's go to a convention, like next week, or something. Frankly, the latter of the two frightened the pants off mild-mannered, drawer-abbired Tom Dilley. And I was terrified by the thought that any day now this big, subversive Fandom was going to send a heavy-set man with a low hatbrim to my chamber door to hand me a small but too obvious pink card and mutter, "We've got you now, buster; obey orders or we phone the Birch Society." It was only after Smith offhandedly referred me to Chalker, who offhandedly referred me to any number of referry offhand creatures, that I found out things were not as high-powered as all that; that, in fact, though I was at last aware of Fandom, I should be able to think as late as June 8, 1962, that the day was still far off when this Fandom, far from being coercive, would be aware of me. Conscriptio necesse est, aber take care. (Of course, there's one thing I had taken for granted, but might actually be raised as a question; how desirable is anyone so easily frightened off?



Vive la Ed Wood. I like that man's opinions. Gee, it's almost as much fun as reading a Chicago Tribune editorial on Social Security.

And if we are to admire Wood's opinions, we must nonetheless bow graciously to Walter Breen; touché.

Oh good Lord, Jennings, a story that a mass audience can't understand is crud? I should be much more inclined to think that the probable worth of a story declines proportionately to the number of millions who understand it completely. The lowest common denominator, corresponding to the entire US population, is still 12 years of age, as far as understanding goes (which, in this case, is not any too far).

Actually, it doesn't even take recruiting to frighten off prospects; the nutty letters in PLANET and the Standard mags in the late 40's discouraged me from finding out more about fandom for at least a couple of years. It wasn't so much that I was frightened as it was that the letters made fandom appear to be a group of egotistical children. (Of course, if is, but some of the members are entertaining egotistical children.....RSC

Pasternak's work is principally cyclic in nature, Tom. Generally he insists that nature is the only truly enduring thing....the cycle of birth, life, death, and rebirth through the seasons and human reproduction. The artificial things of man's creation - governments, politics, nations, etc., are constantly changing, and Man can only make the best of it, with his feet rooted on the steady cycle of nature.....or so general literary study decides in the case, particularly of DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.....JWC/

JAMES SIEGER: I sympathize with the birth control problem. I think that a major part of humanity's troubles were brought on by people who weren't wanted as children. Stop and think. If a couple wants a dozen children, let them, population explosion or no population explosion; but think of the unhappy kids who are born into a family that doesn't want them. This argument influences me a damn sight more than all the asinine foofaraw about contraception being a "sin".

PATRIOTISM & SF: I'd swear I recently read an oldie where the Russians were on top, but don't ask me what or where. By the way, remember that at one time the Futurians were touting Communism alla time, like the dopey kids they were (hear that, DAW?) and stories of Russian triumphs would be natural...

Negroes? Well, can you tell a man's color by his name? Most American Negroes have English-type names, so this'd be no guide...and it might be added that, theoretically, in the future the race may be so unimportant that nobody'd bother to record it...Even so, what about Boucher's "Q.U.R." and "Robinc" where the Boss of the World--I forget his title; I think it was "Head" but then everybody'd accuse me of obscene insults--was definitely a Negro. Read it and see. And Heinlein's juvenile TUNNEL IN THE SKY, otherwise famous in that the hero sleeps in a cave with an acquaintance for a long time before discovering that said acquaintance was female, one of the principle characters is a Zulu girl. She has the role of historian of the colony, if I remember rightly, which offhandedly knocked off the Negroes-are-illiterate stereotype.

One of yer columnists asked who Keith Laumer is. I happen to know that he's an authentic human bean. Asked AMAZING for info & they gave me his address...he's a Captain in the 3rd Air Force. Staff Officer if

the "HQ" in the weird AF address means that. So you can be sure the name's authentic without even asking--the Brass hats don't have any real sympathy with writer's pseuds so his address would have his real name.

[Having read a few more of Laumer's stories, I suppose I should retract my snide comments about his writing. I'm still not everly fond of it, but it's no worse than a lot of other stf these days...RSC]

BETTY KUJAWA: I now must try to exercise 'tact' in commenting on the final part of Ed Wood's article on sf-fandom...needless to say his version of fandom is FAR from mine--his 'term' for fan is not mine..matter of fact the gap is so wide there is no sense in my arguing too much--I'm beyond the pale in too many ways....Local clubs of the type he describes sound too too utterly dull for words...and I'd never be in one of that type...for more than 4 minutes. I have a background of sf reading and collecting--but, dammit, I DON'T want fanzines with pages and pages used up on listings of some ancient pulp writers' works (nor on comic books to any degree); leave that to be put into a special type of zine..waste of space in MY kind of zine. Sadly Ed's use of the term 'task' sums it up--he's making it a task, a tedious unappetizing chore "criticism, evaluation, and definition of sf remains a primary task" he says. Groan... looking at it in that light--as something he thinks we HAVE to toil our way through, that's pretty depressing, don't cha think?? Am in this for enjoyment, not for a hard working duty I must do. And MY interests and enjoyment come first. Dedicated fen are a minimum, I feel..and usually rather dull stodgy unhumorous folks who turn me off....They may go their way--all I ask is they let me also have the right to go mine.

[I think you've pointed out why fans disagree with Wood. He does make fandom sound like work, doesn't he? Of course, with Ed, it's a labor of love; with us, it's just labor....RSC]

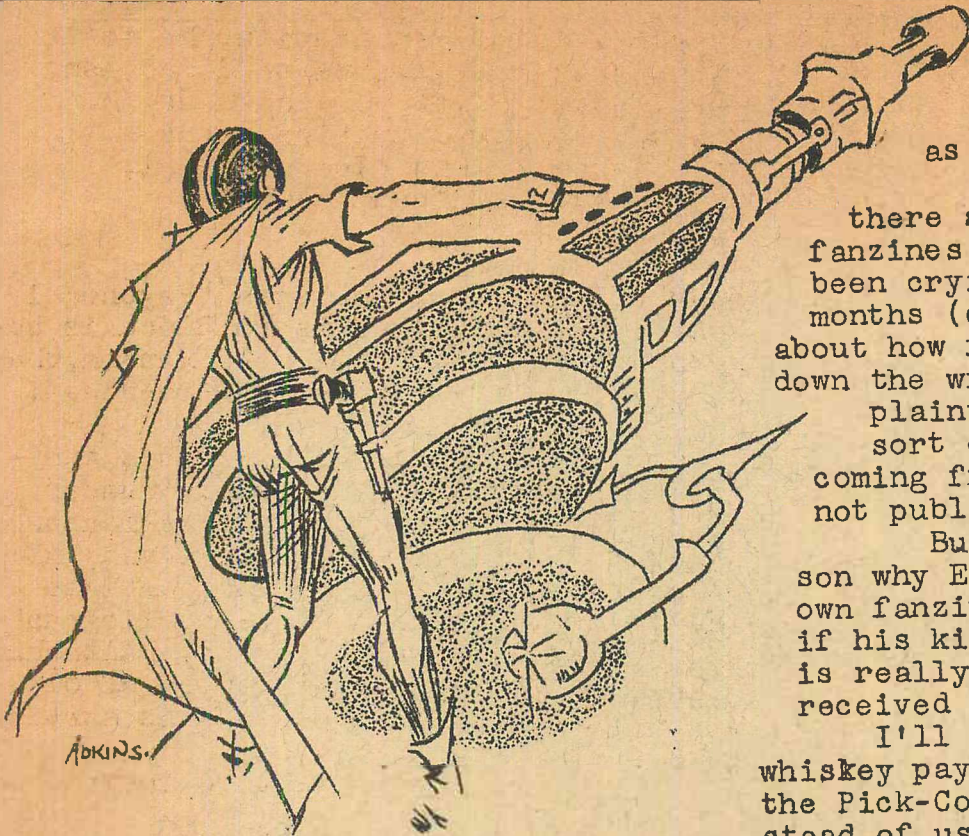
TOM ARMISTEAD: In reply to Ed Wood: most fen just do not have the material to write essays about old stf!

I have a collection of around 100 books, all collected within the 1950's. Any book which I care to review, or any author I should care to do a bibliography about FROM MY RESOURCES could be done 100% better by a Moskowitz type library keeper. I daresay that only a few fen have large libraries, etc., to draw upon as resources. That's why you find raging discussions of Heinlein's STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND or STARSHIP TROOPER: because any sf fan worth his pickles can pick up a copy of the book at the bookstore if he already hasn't read it.

Also, I have noted careful bibliographies of sf authors offered for 10¢ from John Koestner in New York who operates a book shop. It seems if many of the authors have a bibliography done on them professionally it would be a waste to do any by amateurs.

[Of course, the reply to this is "don't rush into fan publishing until you do have a fair library of source material." However, Ed isn't calling for everyone to write serious literary essays; he just feels that there should be more emphasis on them....RSC]

DICK LUPOFF: I hear that Ed Wood has won your mimeo raffle, and I can't think of a more appropriate winner. May I suggest that Ed use his



new mimeo for the publication of a good fanzine?

"Good", of course, as defined by Ed.

By my definition, there are plenty of good fanzines around, but Ed has been crying the blues for months (or should I say years?) about how fanpubbers have gone down the wrong road. Such complaints have always had a sort of hollow ring for me, coming from someone who does not publish a fanzine himself.

But now there is no reason why Ed cannot publish his own fanzine. If he is right, if his kind of "good" fanzine is really good, it should be received with hosannas.

I'll bet you a glass of whiskey payable in the bar of the Pick-Congress Hotel that instead of using the present made-

to-order opportunity to test his ideas, Ed will find some excuse not to use that new mimeo of his, and will instead continue to sit in the corner grumbling and whining that we're all headed down the Path to Damnation.

Stimulated by Terry Carr's column last month I was going to write a long and deeply probing study of the works of Robert Bloch. I outlined my essay and even started writing the first draft. After about a thousand words and just about getting into high gear, I realized that this was a task that would require extensive research and repeated re-writing for neither of which I have time these days.

So instead of the full-scale study, let me just make, briefly, the two points to which all those thousands of words were all preface and/or supporting detail:

(1) What is Bloch now doing? He is making money. "Psycho" hit big and Hollywood wants more-of-the-same and that's what Bloch is giving them. Any talk of artistry, Truth, etc., is window-dressing. And I don't blame Bloch one bit. Maybe Terry feels betrayed, I dunno.

(2) Despite the above, Bloch has achieved at least one insight of the greatest profundity; he expressed it at least as far back as "The Scarf" and has been playing variations on the theme in "Psycho", "Firebug", "The Couch", his recent novel, "Terror", and -- in a somewhat different vein -- in his new "Caligari".

This insight, which Terry's article indicates he sees but does not quite appreciate, is the fact that the world is not full of easily distinguished heroes, villains, and victims...but that we hardly ever know who is the hero, who the villain, and who the victim. In fact, two or even all three of these roles are played by the same individual. And

if Bloch is not the first writer to express this realization, he is at least the most prominent one to arise in/from our genre to do so, and probably the most popular contemporary producer of kitsch to do so.

There's one very good reason for Wood not putting out a fanzine now. That mimeo will produce very nice material, if one has plenty of spare time to hand-feed and hand-crank. I doubt that Ed does....RSC/

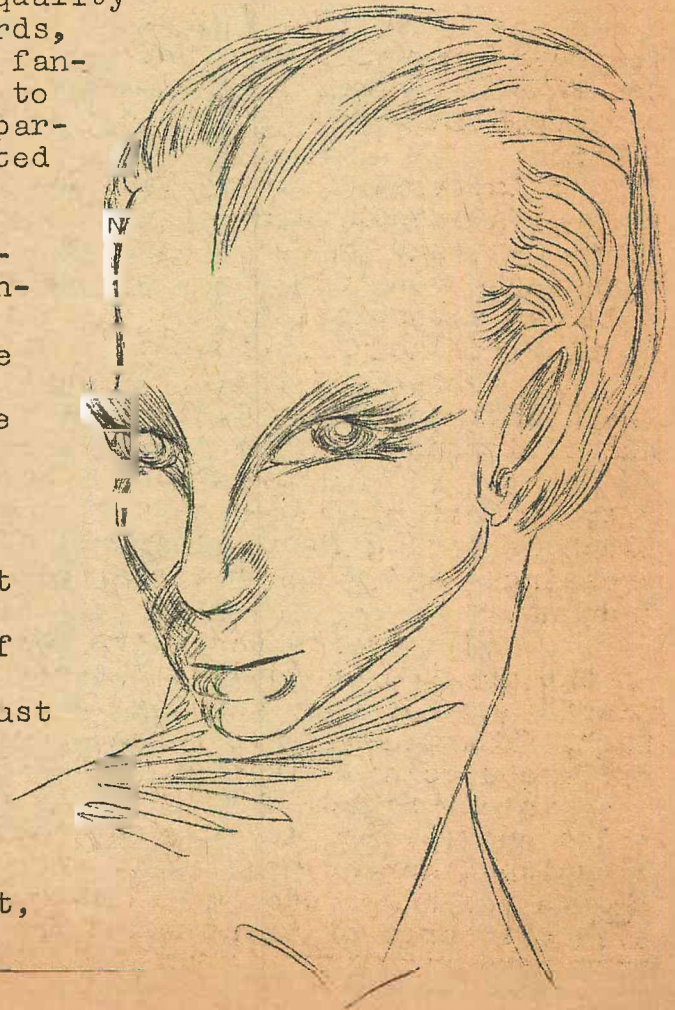
DEREK NELSON: Not having read any of Bloch's stuff or seen "Psycho" I can't comment on Terry Carr's column but I am glad to learn Bloch is human. From what I'd heard he was sort of a Carnegie image to fandom, the little-boy-who-started-with-nothing-and-made-it-in-the-big-time-whee!

ALVA ROGERS: I can't help sympathizing with Ed in general on his concern for the whither of fandom--at least as far as the serious reader and collector of science fiction is concerned. I enjoy in some measure (greater or less as the case may be) most fanzines that I received, no matter what the contents may be. But I'm a sucker for a good article on some aspect of science fiction or fantasy, whether it be bibliographical, critical, review, or personality pieces on writers, etc. Although I unfortunately neglected to get a copy of Bob Jennings' review of Ol' Cap Future, I think he is to be commended and encouraged in this sort of thing.

I might mention, to Ed Wood and anyone else who might be interested, that Rhodomagnetic Digest will be a quality quarterly fanzine of semi-pro standards, which is not interested in the usual fan-nish material but is instead anxious to see well written, serious material, particularly on science fiction or related subjects--mythology, any of the sciences, etc.

Ed's definitions as to what constitutes a science fiction fan are interesting, not without merit, but, really! They're much too restrictive and unrealistic. I pride myself on having a certain knowledge of science fiction, past and present, and a devotion to this peculiar form of literature that will probably last my lifetime, that is every bit as great as Ed's--or even, SaM's. But, I must confess, even to this devoted fan science fiction can become a drag, if too much time is devoted to it.

Ed's ideal of a local club is just that, an ideal. The most successful club in the history of fandom in terms of survival is one that least meets Ed's prescription for survival. It's a club that was and is dominated by strong, even arrogant, personalities, most of whom didn't



give a thought to guiding tender young souls along the road to greater responsibility in the club--they were too busy clubbing each other for control; a club that has a luminous history of power politics and gut-feuding second to none in fandom; and a club which has, in spite of everything, managed over the years to make many worthwhile contributions to fandom, both fannish and science fictional. The club, of course, is the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society.

As Director of the Golden Gate Futurians I run a loose organization, although I attempt to have a program for every meeting. Sometimes these programs deal with some phase of science fiction, even when it comes to playing games. One of our most successful programs (which is usually resorted to when all else fails) is a form of charades in which science fiction titles are used for the charade (take a look through the Day Index, sometime, and imagine your friends acting out some of the titles therein). But to attempt to have every program a science fictional one is just too much of a good thing. Sometimes, even, we just have a quick token meeting and then settle down to an evening of beer and talk. Fun.

My advice to Ed (I just know he is breathlessly launching for advice from me) is to loosen up, not to take it so goddamn seriously. I do think that Ed's articles have been valuable, if only in that they are the honest expressions of one fan's ideas and concerns about fandom as he sees it. Benighted and overly serious he may be, but at least he doesn't deserve to be dismissed with flip comments and name-calling.

Terry's column (is this to be a regular feature? If so, bully for you) displayed his usual smooth competency. I hadn't given much thought to Bloch's books in the sense that Terry examines them, but after reading the article I have to concede that Terry probably has a point.

As a member of some of the most spectacularly unsuccessful clubs in sf history, I will stay well away from this part of the discussion. Terry's column will be a regular feature as long as Terry has any interest in receiving YANDRO, which is about as indefinite as one can get. (I don't expect to see many more installments while he is making a serious effort to crack the pro markets, of course....RSC)

ED BRYANT: This is one fan who is not going to disagree very much with Ed Wood this time. Let's face it; first and foremost, I'm a science fiction fan. In fact I even anticipate an issue of Fantasy Collector more eagerly than I do a copy of Warhoon. What's more, I'd rather have a copy of Yandro than one of Kipple (especially since MZB's column no longer appears in the latter). I can find brilliant articles on politics, the Birchers, fallout, and so forth, in nearly any mainstream magazine. However, I really have to search when I want material on plain old science fiction. That's why I'd appreciate seeing a few more fanzines devoted to science fiction and fantasy fields and fewer to mainstream subjects except when they pertain to sf in some aspect. I'll be glad to relent on the above paragraph when I see TIME publish a series of articles on the little known fantasy periodicals of the thirties, or some similar subject.

By the way, I'm looking for some Good Person who would write some articles for AD ASTRA dealing with reviews of such little-known publications as OUTLANDS, MIND, INC., COPY, MIND MAGIC, THRILLS, etc.

I'm very surprised at not seeing a mention in any fmz so far concerning the latest fantasy prozine. This prozine, of course, is THRILL-

ER. In case you haven't seen THRILLER, it's a slick sized mag, printed in Canada, and has published three issues so far. In addition it contains weird tales and is without doubt one of the cruddiest abominations to be perpetrated in recent years upon the American reading public. I wouldn't be at all surprised to learn that THRILLER's writing staff is made up of sex-starved high school freshmen.

[I've seen THRILLER. So far I haven't found a second-hand copy at a reasonable price (5¢ or so), so I haven't bought any. For that matter, I've seen Palmer's Shaver-fantasy mag, HIDDEN WORLD, but I'm not about to pay \$1.50 per copy for it--anybody got used copies for 25¢? And WEB TERROR STORIES (the one that started as SATURN SCIENCE FICTION and changed to DETECTIVE STORIES) is now putting out the same sort of curd as THRILLER, with an occasional halfway decent story, such as MZBradley's vampire tale in the current issue, thrown in by mistake....RSC]

BOB JENNINGS: I think you are wrong on several counts in your editorial statements. For instance, you blissfully state that the majority of fans today are not collectors and altho they read the stuff, they "don't give a faint damn about collecting it". Well, I must say this is something of a shock to me. I have a comfortable readership for my fanzine, and most of their number (I'd estimate about a hundred of them, from casual mentions in cards and letters) are collectors in some degree or another. That is, some of them specialize in fantasy, some of them generally collect everything related to science fiction, others take care of magazines only, some are super selective, etc., etc., on into the night. But I feel you are wrong when you come forth with the statement that most fans are no longer collectors.

As for not being interested in science fiction background, well, here again I think you have made a blunder. Right off hand I can think of four or five fanzines (make it seven if you care to include two specialty zines) that are devoted to science fiction-fantasy literature. There are undoubtedly (hopefully) more of them lurking about the corners of my memory. These fanzines make it a practise to present historical and biographical material, and speaking for myself, I have yet to hear any great objection from the readership of my own zine on the matter.

Ed Wood is also wrong here on another interesting point. He goes about trying to show us the "elite" of fandom. Perhaps these he mentions are the "elite" of his fandom, but they are not elite to general fandom, or so it has seemed to me. Ed would like the elite group to consist of those fans whose knowledge and interest in science fiction and fantasy is the greatest, in other words, a sort of social status system based on how great your interest in science fiction or fantasy is. This sounds like a nice system to me, and quite frankly, this is what I expected and looked forward to when I first entered fandom. Unfortunately it is not true. The elite of today's fandom are the fans who can write well, not necessarily about science fiction (it seems to me at times that writings about science fiction are in some way disqualified from the running), but about general things.

[I wish people would read my editorials sometime. I said that most fanzine editors were not collectors; I didn't say a word about "the majority of fans". You know about 100 people who are collectors "in some degree"--how many of them are also editors? Sure, I suppose most editors

have a few stf books around the house, and may even buy part or most of the current stf output. That's isn't collecting. How many fanzine editors do you know who are really serious about getting back issues, completing a file of some magazine, etc? Damned few, if you know the same ones I do....RSC/

DAVE HULAN: EEEvers story was OK, but not really up to the usual YANDRO fiction standard - it read more like something that ought to have been in MAELSTROM, maybe. I actually liked it more than some of the other fiction you've published, because I don't like the kind of story Ebert did, or one by Deckinger not too long ago, purely as a matter of taste (I don't like Bradbury or the recent Sturgeon, either, for that matter), but this wasn't a type of fiction I dislike, it just wasn't very well thought out.

Ted White's column, under whatever name, is just as good as ever. If he'd just send me VOID...

Brent Phillips hasn't been reading the same American stf I have, evidently. To go way back, the principal character of van Vogt's "Space Beagle" series, or at least the one who always pulled them out of holes when they encountered some of those fabulous Bems-to-end-Bems, was a Japanese. (vV is a Canadian by birth, of course - maybe that disqualifies him in Phillips' eye). QUR, whose author I've forgotten, features a Negro world President. Mack Reynolds' recent series for ANALOG features a virtually all-Negro cast (certainly all the Good Guys), but then fans don't read ANALOG, do they? I could go on for quite a while - certainly most authors tend to write about their own kind of people, simply because of the fact that they know that kind of person better and thus can write more convincingly about them without extensive research. Authors like deCamp and Anderson, who do extensive research before writing, are rare - I doubt if the general American reluctance to write about foreigners is as much due to chauvinism as to laziness.

I have a bone to pick with you, Mr. Coulson! In your review of GAUL 2/2 you attribute that article on Carr which you sagely agree with to Lyn Hardy, when in fact it was the undiluted work of Your Humble Servant.

George Barr: I liked "The Magic Sword". As a serious fantasy it wasn't much, but it was obviously intended to be a farce and wildly overacted, from the steely-eyed jut-jawed Young Hero to the Sneering Evil Villain, the Pure, Innocent, Swooning Young Princess, and the scatter-brained Sibyl. I thought it was good fun, personally. And I wouldn't be too terribly surprised if that line you mention wasn't intentional - sort of a ploy that wouldn't be noticed by the Pure Young Children but would get a laugh out of Evil-Minded Fans...

Now Ted White sounds like he thinks Seth Johnson is persecuting him. Since I've never seen an ish of VOID, I can't say one way or the other as to whether Ted has been persecuting Seth, or seems to be, but over the past year or so I've probably exchanged more letters with Seth than any other fan, and in all that time he's grotched at White about twice - both times rather mildly, and generally only to the effect that Ted seemed not to like him personally. On the other hand, he has plugged VOID many times as an excellent fanzine, and has expressed an admiration for White's abilities and intelligence on other occasions. Maybe they could both drop it and start over?

/Boucher wrote QUR. Apologies for attributing your art-

icle to the wrong person; goes to show you how thoroughly I read GAUL, I guess. I'm afraid White and Johnson are too dissimilar to ever tolerate each other....RSC/

E.E. EVERS: I wonder about Brent Phillips' comments on Negroes and Orientals in space - if there was no race problem, as will probably be the case in the future, would race differences even be noted? How often do you see the color of a man's eyes given in a story? It would be the same for skin color if there were no prejudice. I notice some form of English is usually spoken in SF stories, but English is almost the universal language now, and as the various peoples of the world pick up our technology they might acquire our language too.

"The Legend of the Pin-Headed Pygmies" is the best poem I've read in Yan yet. The amount of work that went into those 96 lines and getting them in (almost) regular meter, and that rhyme scheme, and everything appalls me.

I get the idea that the cover was intended as an inside illo, but was moved outside, Adkins being pro and all, simply because of his reputation. Anyway, all Adkins looks the same to me - he has to have lots of action cause his characters are all one man.

/Put any irregularities in Betsy's poem down to editorial goofs. I mean, when you leave out an entire line.. Adkins' illo was moved to the cover because that's the way Scithers multilithed it, and anyway it was too big for an interior....RSC/

AL MARDIS: Somehow Yandro seems to ooze invective. I have evidently been away from fandom too long; I felt caught up in a swirl of ambivalence as I read this last issue, torn between sides, and buffeted by the emotional gales that leap out at one from each page.

First of all, congratulations to Barr on a rather cute cover. Did the title wag the artist or did the artist wag the title?

Terry Carr's column was, of course, the hi-lite of this last issue. It's been a long time since I've even heard the phrase "beat movement", but I think I detect something of a defensive note in Carr's criticism of The Dead Beat. Do we have here a champion of escapism? And from whence this adjective 'positive'?

As to The Couch (I am neither defending nor attacking Bloch), let it be said in passing that the exigencies of movie production often require distortion of certain settings, realities, and so forth. As for strict adherence to psychoanalytic technique, let it suffice that even psychiatrists are human and subject to normal emotions. And again, there are schools within schools. Dr. K. Horney opts for directed analysis, taking exception to Freud on this as well as many other technical problems.

I wonder if fans would have appealed to mathematics (Breen's statistics) and psychoanalysis to win their arguments twenty or thirty years ago? How about that, historians? Are today's fans more intelligent, er, better educated (take your pick) than 30 years ago?

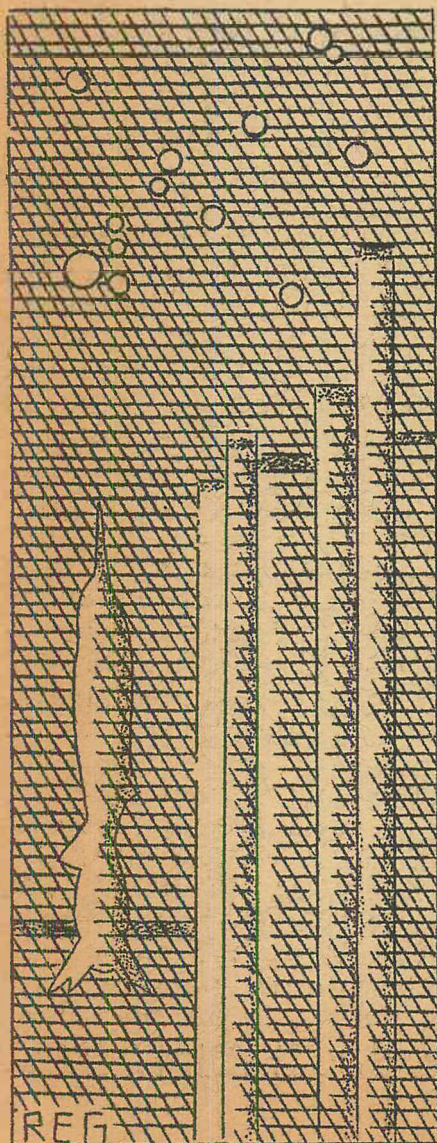
/Gad, you have been away. That oozing invective was just normal fannish difference of opinion...you get used to it after a while....RSC...

Neither title nor artist wagged...
I've been telling you, it's pronounced Yawndro....JWC/

JIM BELCHER: I have a new plan for fanzine reviews. Someone should start a new magazine dedicated to doing nothing but reviewing fanzines. I suggest that two editors trade copies of the 'zines, editor of one reviewing the other. They could then send these reviews to this fanzine reviewing zine, which would, of course, publish them. This would result in not only honest reviews, but such low cuts that if a magazine got good reviews, people would know it had to be good.

In re to the Wobbly review on p. 26: when I applied for a security clearance, I waited five months before I heard anything (since I have a security job, this meant I pulled five months of mopping floors). Finally, when I did hear something, it seemed that they had gotten off on a lead on subversive organizations. They wanted further information on BJPlott's old SF Anonymous. I gave this to them, and a couple of weeks later, they came back wanting to know why I had falsified BJ's address. It seems one of the clerks had made a typo on it; and they couldn't find him. I think I'd still be mopping halls if a major hadn't finally gotten disgusted when I explained to him exactly what sort of organization it was.

[I dislike your reviewing plan. If there's one thing I can't stand it's a review column with more than one reviewer; they invariably use different standards and it's impossible to remember which one of them is prejudiced in which way. With a single reviewer you can quickly find out his personal prejudices and mentally compensate for them. Anyway, there is a fanzine dedicated to doing nothing but reviewing fanzines; HAVERINGS....RSC]



LEW FORBES: Received your letter re my sub to Yandro.

So far Yandro has done me no good at all, earthly or heavenly.

It contains nothing which can in any way further my career.

It is of only momentary--nay, instantaneous--interest, and then it passes away.

It is full of atheistic and agnostic propaganda.

And besides, it costs two dollars a year. With two dollars a year I could buy: two more six-packs a year - five more paper backs a year - ten more packs of cigarettes a year - Etcetera.

But: Because I am an Old Subscriber, I get a Rake Off. I never could refuse a bargain. You have my two dollars, thus saving my 50¢ I don't suppose you'd send me the four bits and keep Yandro thus saving yourself another lousy subscription...

[It's tempting.....JWC]

BOB BRINEY: Liked the cover on YANDRO 112; quite a contrast to the June FANTASTIC cover, which was a fine job, too. Of the innards, I enjoyed Terry Carr's column most of all. Agree with his evaluation of Bloch's recent work; from certain advance reports, the new CALIGARI follows the same Freudian pattern. (I'll always have a soft spot for the movie version of PSYCHO - it was dedicated purely and simply to scaring the hell out of the audience, and it worked! The most satisfactory movie to take a female companion to since THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY...)

BETSY CURTIS: I love seeing "Pygmies" in print-thanks! (Even without line 11.)

✓Sorry, sorry, sorry! It ain't easy to omit a whole line..RSC..

All my red-faced fault...I did catch one error in transferring to stencil which involved the meter within a line, which I had bobbled.. but line 11 slipped right by me..JWC/



MIKE DECKINGER: Terry Carr's point concerning the mediocre trend of Bloch's after-PSYCHO books is something I've noted too, and I'm glad he brought it up. Only one small quibble on it, concerning his opening paragraph in which he points out the uniform excellence of the reviews of the book and film. While I've never seen any book reviews, I am familiar with the film reviews, and it's an interesting contradiction, but while the PSYCHO received almost universal critical acclaim in the U.S., in England the critics did not like it at all (which did not stop it from being one of the top money-makers there, too). As an example, THE SUNDAY EMPIRE NEWS says that "the story is unconvincing, the dialogue poor, the horrors so overdone as to be laughable, the general level of acting low, and the ending... so predictable that you'll wonder what all the fuss was about." THE DAILY EXPRESS said "If you haven't guessed the ending after the first 25 minutes you are a square". (So apparently this country is full of squares). THE SUNDAY EXPRESS said PSYCHO was "...boring and a bit nauseating...", and finally, the EVENING STAR said it was "Hitch's Worst Film." So apparently British film critics have some prejudices against Hitchcock, or perhaps Bloch, or some quality of the film that rubbed them the wrong way. But then the people flocked to see it, so financially, it was still a success.

BOB PARKINSON: To make a specific comment on something within YANDRO; I find that within the only issue of Yandro I have available at the moment (No. 111) Ted White is commenting on the STARSHIP TROOPERS; THE STAR DWELLERS; NAKED TO THE STARS Tric. Now I know that STARSHIP TROOPERS and THE STAR DWELLERS have already been compared in Warhoon, but this is the first time I have seen NAKED TO THE STARS tied in with them too. I'm pleased to see it happen. Unfortunately Ted White seems mostly to have been concerned with who made the best yarn out of the idea (a quite valid question), and the three versions haven't really been

compared on the level which the author originally intended, i.e. on the ideas they contain about the same thing. Actually, what impressed me most about comparing the three books was that Blish named his principle aliens 'Angels', Heinlein called his 'Bugs', and Dickson, taking a middle course, seemed to be concerned with a very human set of aliens. That seems to describe the story-idea as well.

Actually, I would disagree slightly with your interpretation of *NAKED TO THE STARS* that you made right at the end of the article. While the hero of *NTTS* is eventually prepared to kill for what he believes right, he only does it as a last resort; following a point Dickson makes elsewhere in his story. As I remember, he says at some point that while it is wrong to kill in order to force your beliefs and opinions on someone else, it's damn difficult to stop doing just that when the chips are really down. The main thing is that the hero of *NTTS* tried. In the case of Heinlein, it seems that 'Faith and the Sword' is the first thing tried, and "...the contacts team come along later to sort things out.."

Heinlein's theory is not that war should replace diplomacy but that, eventually, war between competing cultures is inevitable. Always; no exceptions. (See page 160, British pb edition.) And while he may be proved wrong in the future, he cannot be proved wrong now because war always has occurred between competing cultures. (Note the modifier; as I recall there have been cultures which refused to compete. They were obliterated quietly.) Heinlein was not, as many readers seem to think, glorifying war; he was glorifying service, and responsibility. He undoubtedly had several reasons for picking military service; one of them may have been to make the point mentioned above, and one was certainly the fact that it's easier to write a dramatic novel about military service. A third could have been a desire to offset some of the multitude of stories in which the military officer is pictured as an irresponsible boob..and about time, too.....RSC/

FRED GOTTSCHALK announces a change of address, to 6716 Sulky Lane, Rockville, Maryland.

A letter from UCLA announces its intention of acquiring a collection of fanzines, and is signed by STEVE SCHULTHEIS, honorary curator ("honorary" meaning he doesn't get paid) of the university's science-fiction collection. Since most fanzine editors will shortly receive an identical letter (if they haven't received it already), there seems little point in publishing it in toto. However, Steve made a few points in a personally-typed P.S. which bear repeating. First, the university is interested in all fanzines, US and foreign, general and spazines. The official letters will go mostly to US genzine editors because they are the ones whose addresses Steve had. If you did not receive an official notice, the university would prefer that you donate a subscription to your fanzine, but they are willing to pay for it if necessary. (I compromised; I offered them a discount on the subscription price of YANDRO) The UCLA fanzine collection will be accorded the same treatment as that received by other specialized collections; if you're interested in having your immortal utterances preserved for posterity, this is by far your best opportunity. Send correspondence and fanzines to: Stephen F. Schultheis, Special Collections, University of California Library, Los Angeles 24, California. The form letter gives details; if you don't receive one within a few weeks, write Steve. (RSC)

STRANGE FRUIT ~

Those of you who dislike short reviews can skip this one. Reviewed in somewhat more detail for XERO were AMRA #21, SILVER DUSK #1, LOKI #3, HKLPLOD #2, KIPPLE #26 & 27, PANIC BUTTON #9, POINTING VECTOR #8 & 9, WILD #8, and FILMINDEX. Received but not to be commented on are ENVOY 6, DUSK 2, OUTPOST 2, SALLY-PORT 1 & 2, HIEROGLYPHIC, THE DINKY BIRD 3, DESPERATION'S DIARY and various taff reports, entry blanks, quizzes, etc.

Jay Klein, 219 Sabine St., Syracuse, N.Y. reports that a supplement to his CONVENTION ANNUAL #1, listing additions and corrections, is available to anyone who bought an annual and will be sent on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope. It lists 2 pages of names, covering over 1/3 of the photos in the annual. A similar ANNUAL will be made up for the Chicon; pre-publication price to be \$1.60, publication to be in December (or maybe February, say I).

NEOLITHIC 22 & 23 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17 Minnesota - 2 for 25¢) These are the last two issues, however, according to the editor; #23 is a one-pager announcing her decision to quit. Too bad; it was a pleasant if not great fanzine.

ERGO EGO (Mike Moorcock, 18 Beatrice Ave., London SW16, England - one-shot) Mike implies that no copies are available and I probably shouldn't review it, but it saves me having to write a letter of appreciation. I am not in the best position to appreciate the parody, not having seen any of the material being parodied, but it's pretty funny anyway. I enjoyed it thoroughly.

MENACE OF THE LASFS (Bruce Pelz, 738 So. Mariposa, Apt. 107, Los Angeles 5, Calif. - bi-weekly? - 6 for 50¢) Issues 45 thru 48 on hand. Los Angeles club news, mildly amusing. Rating...3

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES #382 thru 388 (S F Times, Inc., P.O. Box 115, Solvay Branch, Syracuse 9, N.Y.) With their annual heroic effort, they have the mag back up to date, temporarily at least. There isn't much professional news to give, but at least what's there is fresh for a change. If they keep it up, it's worth getting. (Oh yes, publication is dated bi-weekly but published irregularly, price is \$3 for 24) Rating...4

AXE #27 & 28 (Larry Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, N.Y. - bi-weekly most of the time - 10¢) Fan and pro news, usually fresher than SFT's (but you're slipping; the SFT with notice of the Hugo winners arrived here 2 days ahead of the AXE with the same news). Big news is that a woman writer for COSMOPOLITAN has taken a professional interest in fandom and plans an article about it. The best newsletter. Rating...8

FANAC #86 (Walter Breen, c/o Bashlow, 241 6th. Ave., NYC 14 - irregular - 4 for 50¢) The TIME or NEWSWEEK of fandom; I'll recommend it if it ever gets back on a regular schedule and quits taking polls without publishing the results. Rating...6

QUANTIFIER #1 (Kevin Langdon, 823 Idylberry Rd, San Rafael, Calif. - 15¢ - no schedule listed) The more avant garde fans seem to think that this is a great little fanzine and Langdon is a Promising Talent. Maybe so; I found the whole social protest atmosphere rather dull and not overwhelmingly original. Rating....3

THRU THE HAZE (Art Hayes, RR 3, Bancroft, Ont., Canada - monthly - no price listed - #14 & 15 at hand) N3F -- and some outside -- news, plus Don Franson's "Information Bureau". Especially recommended to neofans, but Franson should be interesting to older ones as well. Questions and answers cover all sorts of fannish and stfnal subjects. Rating...5

SKYRACK #43 & 44 (Ron Bennett, 13 West Cliffe Grove, Harrogate, York-shire, England - USAgent, Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd. Ave., Hyattsville, Md - monthly - 6 for 35¢, CASH ONLY, no trades) The British newsletter, most interesting if you know British fans. He's talking about folding, due to lack of interest. Rating....5

GAMBIT #47 (Ted White, 339 49th. St., Brooklyn 20, N.Y. - irregular - no price) Not exactly a newsletter; more White's opinions of the news.

SKOAN #14 (Calvin Demmon, c/o Knight, 947 University Ave., Berkeley 10, Calif. - trades or comment - irregular) In the past, to discourage subscribers, Cal quoted a price of \$1 per copy. Certain reviewers reported this without explanation, and certain incredibly naive fans sent dollar bills for samples. Anyone want to tell me again about how fans are more intelligent than other people? Oh yes, it's supposed to be *SKOAN*, with the asterisks. I'm always leaving them out; Demmon has never objected personally but Bob Lichtman did once. You can guess how much I cared. It's a humorous fanzine, or so they tell me. Rating....4

REALM OF FANTASY #8 (Jack Cascio, Box 122, Eagarville, Illinois - bi-monthly, I think - 5 for \$1) One thing about Cascio, he's got determination. He's also got lousy taste, but none of us are perfect. As to what the fanzine is like...well, one of his readers called him "another Ray Palmer" and he took it as a compliment. It's that kind of a fanzine. Rating...1½

SAM #5 & 6 (Steve Stiles, 1809 2nd. Ave., New York 28, N.Y. - monthly, or at least it seems like it - no price given) I think #5 is an exceptionally good fanzine in content; I'm not sure because I didn't read much of it. (It can be read, but I'm avoiding eyestrain these days.) #6 is a poetry issue, which is all right if you like that sort of thing; personally I find that one obscure avant-garde poem per issue is enough and more than enough. Steve asks for reactions; mine is "blah".

WITHIN #2 (Paul Williams, 163 Brighton St., Belmont, Mass. - monthly - 10¢) He shows promise, but he hasn't succeeded yet. General. Rating...3

ENGRAM #1 (Ira Zuckerman, 691 Gerard Ave., Bronx 51, N.Y. - irregular? - trades and comment only) A publication from a club feeling its way into mainstream fandom. Nothing exciting, but the editor and Judi Beatty are better writers than you might expect. (She's listed as an artist, which is a mistake; I can draw that well.) Rating..3

Didja notice the stf author who appears in a bathing suit on a pb back cover? Ma-a-an!

SOL READER (Thomas Schlueck, Hannover, Altenbekener Damm 10, West Germany - irregular - 25¢) This is not, as is stated in the editorial, the first German fanzine written all in English. It is the first composed of translations of material written originally for German fans only. It's basically serious, and generally better than the serious-type US zines. Unusual. Rating....6

AMAZINE #1 (Phil Harrell, 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Va. - irregular - 25¢) Devoted to fiction. Rating....4

BRAMBLE #2 (Gordon Eklund, 14612 18th. Ave., SW, Seattle 66, Wash. - irregular - 15¢) Opinions on stf and fandom. Not bad. Rating....4

KOTA #2 (Tom Armistead, Quarters 3202, Carswell AFB, Ft. Worth, Texas - no schedule listed - 20¢) On re-reading, I can't find anything particularly good to say about this, but I enjoyed it when I first read it. Confusing... It's a general-variety-type fanzine. Rating...3?

HAPAPTIT TMOEAD #1 (Mike Haggerty, 10861 So. Reed Ave., Reedley, Calif. - no price or schedule) Since I'm not too sure what the editor was trying to do, I don't know whether or not he succeeded, but I didn't care for the results. Confusing, but dull. Rating...2

SANGSANG #2 (Dian Girard, 4620 Twining St., Los Angeles 32, Calif. - no price or schedule) Like Kevin Langdon, Dian has been ballyhooed by California fandom as a bright fresh fannish personality, which puts me against her right from the start. Dian does give evidences, in here, of being an interesting person to know. But, while the zine isn't as pretentious as QUANTIFIER, it isn't particularly good, either. Rating...3

DOUBLE STAR #1 (John M. Baxter, Box 39, King St. P.O., Sydney, NSW, Australia - irregular - trades and comment only - co-editor, Bob Smith) It is no particular secret that I think Baxter is one of the biggest charges of hot air in fandom, or that his opinion of me isn't of the highest, either. Aside from the alleged artfolio by Phil Baxter, however, DS is a pretty good fanzine. (For that matter, someone who dislikes QUANDRY can't be all bad.) Most material relates to fantasy or fandom, but the best item -- Smith's reminiscences of Japan -- has nothing to do with either. Rating...5

THE FANTASY JOURNAL #2 (976 Oak Drive, Glencoe, Ill. - bi-monthly? - 15¢ co-editors, Jim Hollander & Bob Greenberg) A typical statement here is in a review of Columbia's "The Werewolf". It "has a special quality which is hard to capture". (It does; it's funny as hell if you like unintentional humor. But the reviewer thought it was great stuff.) There's a page by Bob Bloch; the rest can be skipped. Rating..3

CRY #161 (Box 92, 507 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 25¢) Serious stf discussions and offbeat humor. This particular issue is a particularly good one. Ask for it. Rating..9

POT POURRI #23 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland - quarterly - trades only) Almost worth putting out a fanzine just to get this, too. (Not quite, but almost). Editor-written, by one of the best fan writers. Rating..8

ISCARIOT #3 (Al Andrews, 1659 Lakewood Dr., Birmingham 16, Alabama - bi-monthly? - 15¢) General variety; about average. Rating..5

OBELISK #3 (Lenny Kaye, 418 Hobart Rd., No. Brunswick, N. Jersey - 15¢ irregular) Beautiful Bruce Berry cover, report on the British con for those who like that sort of thing, general material. Rating..6

MIRAGE #5 (Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights Ave, Baltimore 7, Md. - irregular - 25¢) Devoted to serious fiction and articles on eldritch horror and puerile defenses of Christianity. (Jack feels that the Christian religion is too weak to withstand attacks in "influential" fanzines -- or maybe that individual Christians lack the faith.) Recommended unqualifiedly to Lovecraft-type fantasy fans. Rating...8

GAUL Vol 2 #3 (Steve Tolliver, 337 W. Riggin, Monterey Park, Calif - quarterly? - 25¢) I've never cared much for GAUL, but everybody else seems to think it's great, so all I can say is get a sample and see for yourself. It's excellently reproduced and devoted primarily to fantasy.

INTROSPECTION #4 (Mike Domina, 11044 So. Tripp Ave, Oak Lawn, Ill. - irregular - 15¢) All sorts of variety, well done. Rating...6

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #61 (LASFS, 1825 Greenfield Ave, Los Angeles 25, Calif - irregular - 25¢) Major item this time is the letter column, devoted to Art; costume balls; cheats, thieves, whores etc. There is stuff on stf, also. Rating..6

BASTION #3 (Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St, Great Moor, Stockport, Ches. ENGLAND - annual - 20¢ - USAgent, Dale Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave, Minneapolis Minnesota) The best British fanzine; mostly serious, but not entirely so. Beautiful artwork. Rating..9

SCOTTISHE #28 & HAVERINGS #11 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, England - no schedule listed - SCOT 15¢, HAVER 10¢ - USAgent, Bob Lichtman, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Cal.) HAVERINGS is devoted entirely to fanzine reviews by the editor and a column on German fandom by Tom Schlueck, with an added photo-page this time. SCOT is an OMPA-zine, but the regular columns by Brian Varley, Walt Willis and the editor are all excellent. (Willis is absent this time, but it's unusual.) Get them both. Rating..8

CADENZA #5 (Charles Wells, 2495 Sherbrooke Drive NE, Atlanta 6, Georgia, USA - irregular - 20¢) Major item (over half the issue) is the editor's "In Defense Of Liberalism", all bibliographed and all. Good, too; as a sort of liberal-minded Conservative I found that I agreed with most of it. (To instill a basic respect for unions, there is nothing like working most of one's life in non-union factories, which I have done. This leads to other liberal ideas.) Rating..7

DYNATRON #11 (Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd. NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico - bi-monthly - 15¢) An easy-going sort of fanzine dealing with all sorts of subjects, which is the type I like best. Material is intended to be entertaining rather than Important, and it succeeds very well. Rating..6

Mail just arrived, with WARHOON, Q.E.D, & RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST. Next time.....

SILVER SECONDS

column by gene deweese

Well, we have ourselves another fannish domicile. One of the spigots leaks, which is a lucky thing--we wouldn't really feel at home with watertight plumbing. Another familiar, homey touch is the enthusiastic flush toilet; it takes a kick or a sharp cuff to make it stop once it gets started (which isn't too easy, either). It apparently likes its work and doesn't want to quit.

The house has (or had, more accurately) seven rooms, five closets, and one and nine-sixteenths baths. This is, there's a full bathroom upstairs (with a window just two inches above the floor), a half bath downstairs, and a stool (apparently connected at one time) sitting next to the furnace in the basement. There is also a piano. Or most of a piano. An inch or so of the lid (or whatever pianos have on top): has been sawed off on each end so as to get it to fit into a little nitch by the stairway.

The last tenants (who owned the place) weren't the best housekeepers, either. They make us look like real antiseptic types by comparison. He was a French tailor, the neighbors tell me, and most of his children were religious-nut types, including a missionary. They left signs behind, like "The De-volution of Evolution" complete with appropriate ape-like drawing. The downstairs windows had not been opened since they had last been painted, and I don't think the storm windows had been off for quite some years. And behind the piano, in a fair-to-middlin' glob of dust, were two books, a toy tennis racquet, a half-pound of hairpins, and an unopened airmail letter dated 1952. (It was from one of their daughters, I think, who was attending some religious school in Providence; the letter began "Greetings in the precious name of Jesus". ((Almost like a draft notice--I can just imagine the hairy-chested Christ from the Easter Yandro sighting along a muscle-bound finger, "God wants YOU!")))

And the basement is full of little pulleys about the size of rusty silver dollars. Oh well, it's big and we have it all to ourselves--when we can keep the local urchins out, that is.

Speaking of urchins: they seem to invade the place periodically--fascinated by people moving in, I guess, especially if they move in with the kind of stuff we do. Like our new "transistorized" radio (we're thinking of having a sign to that effect put on it), which is just slightly larger than an overstuffed chair. Between that and the base reflex speaker, which is about the same size, they're rather confused. They can't figure out why the picture tube in the speaker is covered with cloth.

There's one urchin does little while he's here but repeat over and over, with minor variations, "Man, but you got books!" He seems a bit overwhelmed by the paltry few dozen volumes in the built in book-cases and the Americana Encyclopedia; I don't think he really believes yet that the 55 large boxes in the basement actually contain nothing but more books. Also, he seems rather taken with the idea of his father's having "All those books". "He wouldn't know what to do with them-

just carry them up and down stairs and pack 'em away somewhere," was his last visualization of such a possibility. I'd love to know what they're telling their parents. I halfway expect a delegation of parents to troop over some evening, stand around chatting politely for a few minutes, then chorus, "You don't really have all those books, do you?"

Incidentally, our last memory of the house we just left is typical: We took a long look around to make sure we hadn't forgotten anything, glanced at the neighborhood nostalgically (there's a drugstore nearby that serves very good chocolate sodas), and closed the front door. The doorknob fell off onto the porch.

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Just a few belated words about another good idea done wrong by Hollywood: JOURNEY TO THE SEVENTH PLANET. In bare bones, the plot is a sort of Uranian MARS IS HEAVEN. A resident Uranian takes over the minds of the crew of an exploring-type spaceship from Earth. They see things and people they once knew on Earth, etc.

That's where the resemblance ends. This alien is an idiot, like unto the script writers. For instance; the entire environment of the ship--for a couple miles in all directions--is entirely the product of alien's mind. After some improbable carrying on, the crew breaks out into the real Uranus and discovers the alien. They need something to destroy it, of course. They decide to build an alien-destroying weapon--using, mind you, the material they find in this alien-created, artificial environment. Does the alien simply laugh at them and quit imagining the items out of which they are making the weapon? In a word, hellno! It goes through a long, drawn-out deception (involving some imaginary girls) and steals the weapon.

Normally, I'd say that, with that kind of stupidity going for it, the alien deserves to be knocked off. However, the Hero in the spaceship is John Agar, and he acts (as much as he ever does, that is) as he usually does in these movies (i.e.--like an idiot--a lecherous idiot in this case), which sort of evens things up.

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I realized that one of the things to be accomplished using our artificial satellites was a resurveying of the Earth's shape and size--that by precision triangulations, etc., distances on the Earth's surface were to be corrected and refined. However, I did not realize that our distances had been so incredibly far off to begin with. All I can say is, if the distances were as inaccurate as they seem to have been, it's been sheer dumb luck that anyone has ever gotten anyone near his intended destination. As an example of this: Recently I bought a new Rand-McNally Road Atlas. It gives the distance from Milwaukee to Detroit as 381 miles. The 1957 (pre-satellite) edition, which I have been trustingly using for the past five years, gives that same distance--Milwaukee to Detroit--as 357 miles.

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Did you know that "Cotton-picking" in Russian is (approximately) "Hlopko-ooborachnee?"

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Late bulletin: The Japanese mad scientists have gone the Hollywood variety one better. in THE MANSTER (sic), which I saw about three hours ago, the m.s. has a really dandy disposal for his less successful experiments: a live volcano in his basement.