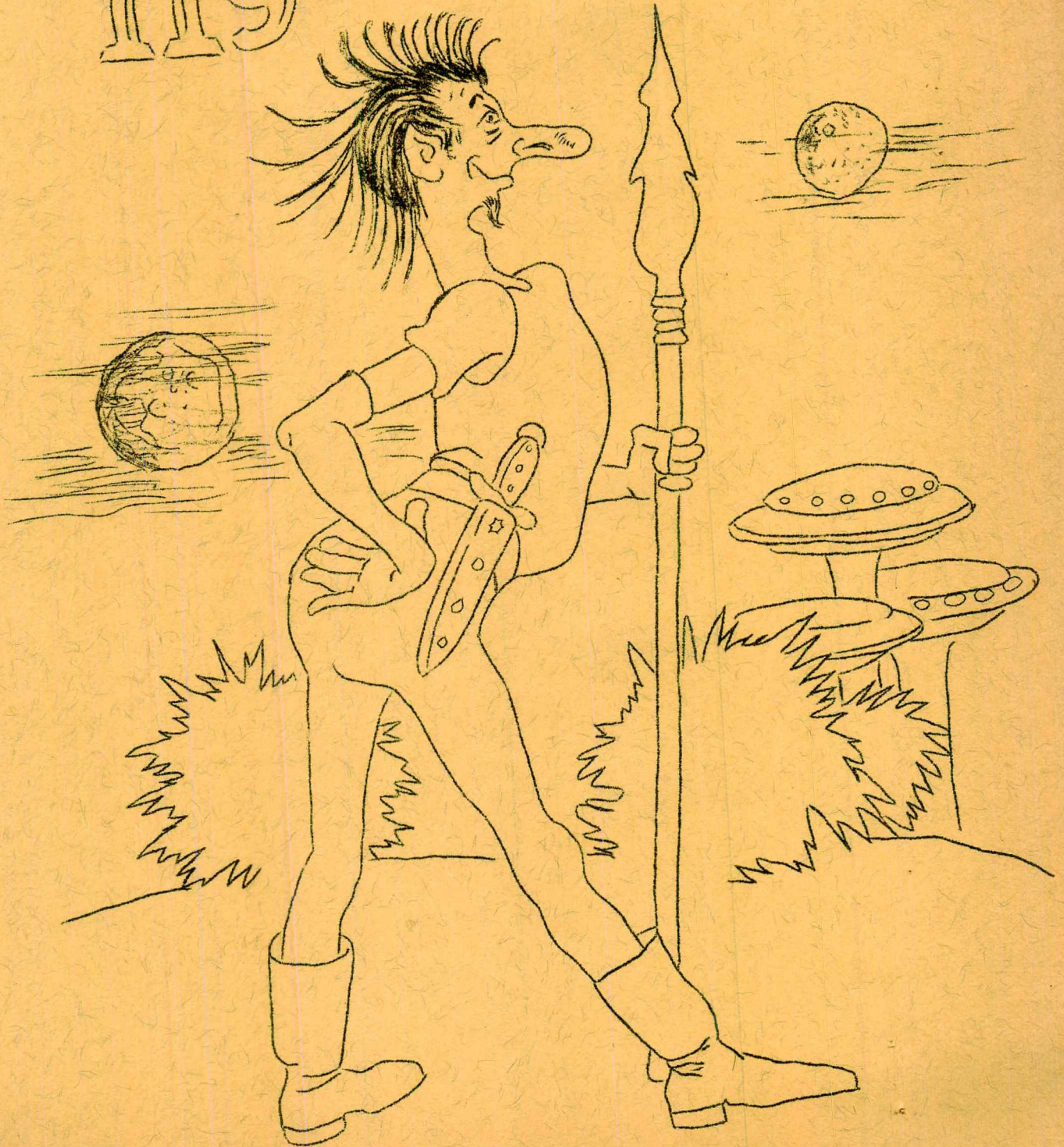


# YANDRO

119









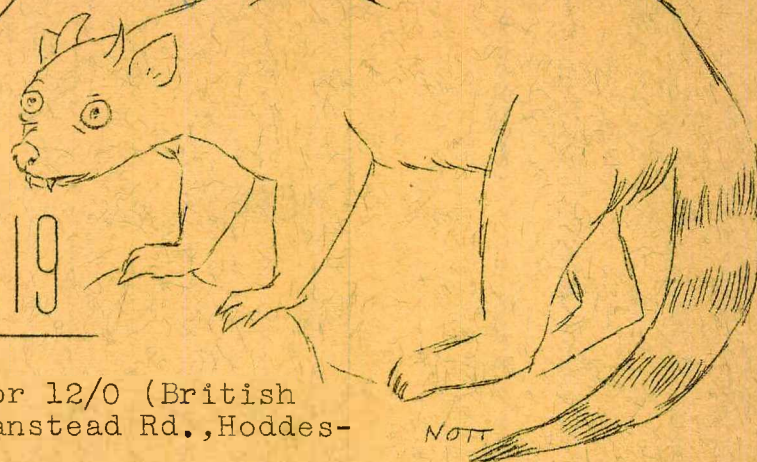
# YANDRO

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Belated credits for November issue: multilithing, artwork,  
ink, and paper supplied by George Scithers (see Ramblings  
this issue for further details and comment).

Department of They're-Out-But-We-Won't-Opinionate: THE WAY OUT WORLD ,  
Long John Nebel (Lancer - 50¢); FIRST THROUGH TIME, Rex Gordon (Ace-40¢)  
THE JEWELS OF APTOR, Samuel R. Delany & SECOND ENDING, James White (Ace-  
Double - 40¢); THE DOOMSDAY MEN, J.B. Priestley, (Popular Library -50¢)





My typo and error-laden editorial last issue is probably the most graphic evidence of the power of my sinus medicine....and also an explanation of why I do not like to drive or do anything very dangerous while taking these. My comments about my sinus difficulties brought the usual helpful suggestions from fans trying to "help me breathe" - the effort is appreciated, folks, but you have the wrong ailment...even my doctor is

a bit puzzled; my sinus problem is not difficulty in breathing - I can breathe just fine even under the worst attacks.....occasionally I can't see of course, but I won't suffocate. Mine seems to collect in little hidey-holes in my skull and sit there and play viral tenpins or hockey or something quite violent and painful. Unlike the Dristan ads, when I start getting relief, it isn't "Ah, I can breathe again!" - it's "Ah, my left eye is focussing again!"

I've been getting some tongue-in-cheeky compliments on my "stening" of the cover last issue. All right, all you smart alecks - so I forgot to give this fan's best friend, Scithers, proper credit after all these months. As I said, I was in somewhat of a fog during the finishing stages of last issue. Better luck this time....although I've already noticed during the mimeoing that I forgot to correction out a half-line at the bottom of one page....a line that was started, then decided I was too far down the page for another line and had better start a new stencil.....life.

Some fans have been jovially inquiring ~~when~~ Bruce will be putting out his first issue. Well, it may not be long now. While running some of this issue, Bruce kept asking for the inky backing sheets as I tore them off just prior to the run. Finally he managed to coax one, and the first thing I knew, he had spread out one of the discarded blue wrapping papers from the Twilltone, put the backing sheet inky side down on it, and began alternately walking and pounding on it - then peeling it off and announcing happily that now he was making a "magazine" too. Competition from my own flesh and blood, yet. A homemade flatbed mimeo.

We've mentioned before the SAC base at nearby Bunker Hill and how it bothers us when they come lumbering over the house in a banking climb, low, and seem to be laboring. It's not so bad that they're big monsters and look like any moment they're going to drop like rocks (on us), but we have this haunting suspicion that the reason they're having such a hard time is that fact that they're just loaded to the gun'sls with H-Bombs, or whatever they're hauling now. This leads to chewed fingernails, lifting gestures, and useless demands that they get it up there.

The delta-wings offer another kind of nervewracking. There is all of a sudden this B\*L\*A\*M like a train dropped on the roof, then a super screech like a king-sized piece of chalk being scraped down a big and rough blackboard. By the time you've recovered enough to go look, they probably have already landed.

Then occasionally they're on maneuvers or green alerts or something and both kinds zigzag all over the place. I get the impression this



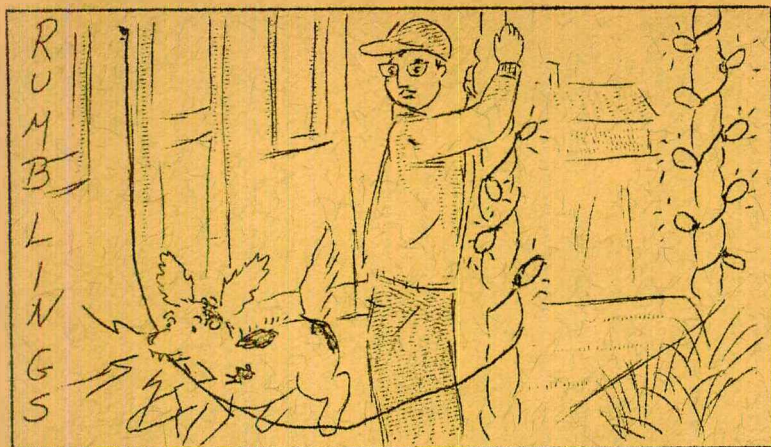
corner of the township is some sort of holding area or rallying point for these behemoths. Sigh.

We use principally two kinds of stencils...maroon ones for artwork and tougher yellow ones for pages of solid type. Everytime I use a lettering guide to cut a heading on one of the yellow ones - such a heading for GRUMBLINGS or STRANGE FRUIT, I swear never again. And the next issue I get out a maroon stencil and look at it and I can't bear to waste one of my art stencils on a little dinky thing like a heading when the whole rest of the page will be type.....so I get a yellow one and then spend my time mending tears and cursing while I letter the heading.

Recent reading for me: MISTRESS NELL, F.W. Kenyon (Berkley - 50¢).. light, first person biography, easy way to kill some time in a waiting room; THE ANCIENT KINGDOMS OF THE NILE, Walter A. Fairservis, Jr. (Mentor - 75¢) including geology and very ancient history and some angry verbal footstomping at all materialistic clods - Western and Eastern - who are not contributing to the campaign to save the Valley of the Kings from the dam; LEONARD BERNSTEIN, John Briggs, (Popular - 50¢) I enjoyed it, but the author admits his subject is controversial; WHAT'S GOT YOUR BACK UP? Bill Mauldin (Popular - 40¢) I've liked Mauldin since the Willie and Joe days, and this collection of his political cartoons, complete with background and side comments by the artist, will be another favorite of mine over the years; THE NEW PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH COOKBOOK, Ruth Hutchison (Paperback Library - 50¢) - possibly of little interest to the masculine reader, but then I like to eat well enough to dote on cook-books.....one evidence of discrimination bev DeWeese and I have noticed in the field of cooking.....there are two basic types of dumplings, but you will look in vain for rolled dumplings in any cookbook - any good-sized cookbook will give one or more recipes for dropped dumplings, but apparently you have to learn the other kind from your mother or you're out of luck.....and the worst part being I like them better than the more favored kind...I suppose they're more for the peasants than for the gourmets who spend 50¢ on cookbooks? ; THE TWENTY-SEVENTH WIFE, Irving Wallace (Signet - 75¢)....this is not a fictionalized version of the mormon movement and the big flareup caused by Ann Eliza Young and her divorce action -- the author has tried to be impartial and assemble his facts in an interesting but non-committal fashion....and perhaps an interesting sidelight, particularly to fans, is the fact that Ann Eliza, sometime early in the century, apparently performed a "walk around the horses", and the author's research has turned up totally conflicting hearsay and blank walls....since she dabbled with Christian Science after her break from the saints, I have this picture of her being snatched from earth and being picked and argued over by Mary Baker Eddy and Joe Smith, possibly with a medical-smocked Jesus and the angel Moroni as referees.

At this stage of the issue, it's not sure whether calendars for long term subbers will be included with this issue or the next, but whichever, calendar time always gives me a feeling of timelessness each year. While it's bitter cold and snowing and a Christmas tree is up, I'm stencilling the month of June or August and imagining the frontdoor wide open to catch the breeze, swatting flies, and so forth. 1938 was the first year I recall attempting to keep track of the passage of time ....I can remember sitting at the table eating lunch (noodle soup, I believe) and looking at a calendar hung on the wall to my left and trying to grasp the concept of seasons, time, and turning pages...nearly twenty-five years later, the world still seems as interesting, and I hope to find it so many more than another twenty-five.....JWC





Nostalgia Dep't: When, a few issues ago, I remarked on discovering Lee Brown Coye among the illustrators of the children's encyclopedia set, THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE, the most common reaction was "Who's he?" (This is the sort of thing that sets Ed Wood to tearing his hair.) Anyway, I trust that now that Ziff-Davis has resurrected Coye with suitable fanfare, he is known to most fans. Now I have another one for you. I

recently purchased a copy of the 1963 GUN DIGEST (as a Christmas present for Dad). This issue is dedicated to the late Col. Townsend Whelen, and inside the front cover is a reproduction of a portrait of Whelen, "done in oils by Graves Gladney of St. Louis". Old stf illustrators never die?

We recently received a tape, a letter, and about 5 lbs. of clippings from Alan Dodd. One clipping refers to what appears to be the name of a British tv program: "Kingsley Amis Goes Pop". Now I think that is a fine title; ever since receiving the clipping I have been sitting here with the mental image of an overinflated Kingsley Amis bursting with a suitable noise. (Yes, dammit, I know what the title means, so you literal types needn't inform me; I still prefer my version.) Another clipping seems typically British. The Woking Urban District Council has decided to use Horsell Common as its new rubbish dump and the Horsell Common Preservation Society is up in arms about the decision because Horsell Common is the site of the Martian landing in WAR OF THE WORLDS and they want it preserved as a memorial. Britain has the true stf spirit; can you imagine U.S. fans doing anything similar? Or being taken seriously if they did?

Note to Les Gerber and others interested in scholarly bawdy works; Richard Dyer-Bennett has issued a record of himself reading Mark Twain's "1601", "with songs in the same free spirit". I don't have it yet, but I expect to have it by the time the next YANDRO appears. (Of course, I'm getting it more because I'm a fan of Dyer-Bennett's than because I enjoy Twain's literary practical joke. But I'm getting it.)

Speaking of music (well, more or less) I heard a good one on the radio the other day. The Fort Wayne station had apparently played an original Hank Williams record some days previously, and received a letter of comment on it, which they read. This was from some woman in, as I recall, some little town in southern Michigan, and she was quite enthusiastic over their choice. "I'm so glad you didn't pick the one by Jo Stafford. I get tired of these longhairs messing around with our good country music." (Well, Jo does have long hair, in comparison to Williams.....)

Last weekend we listened to a tv program featuring "Peter and Isabel, The Gardners". Folksingers, and quite good in a Dyer-Bennettish manner. They have a record out for Prestige International that I'll have to look up.

If you have trouble understanding my editorials, don't worry about it. Al Borse recently ran across an article on the "Fog Index" in an engin-



earing mag, and promptly tried it out on a "Rumblings" column. (The only previous mention of Fog Index in fandom that I recall was in a GEMZINE about 3 years ago. For you newcomers, the Fog Index is a method of determining the relative difficulty of understanding various pieces of writing. Judgment is based on number of words per sentence, ratio of 3-syllable words to shorter ones, etc. If you want the exact formula, write and ask.) At any rate, Al came up with a Fog Index rating of 17 for "Rumblings" -- meaning that the average person would need 17 years of formal education (halfway between a B.A and an M.A.) to understand my editorials. Since I'm writing the things with only 12 years of formal education, you can see why I must occasionally decline to explain my comments.....

Some company named "Old London" (British import, maybe?) has been running tv commercials for its products, which appear to be snack-type edibles. The two getting the biggest advertising are Cheese Waffies and Corn Doodles. Now honestly; could you eat something called a Cheese Waffle without getting sick at your stomach?

Addendum: We got a charity pitch from the Federation of The Handicapped in addition to those mentioned in the last VANDRO, as well as second appeals from several of the others. (For the detail-minded; the one whose name I couldn't think of was the St. Labre Indian Mission.) And the World Clothing Fund sent along an audited account of their expenditures; evidently some of these articles about phony charities have done a little good.

I've had a demonstration of the efficiency of the Organization of American States. After repeated ads, I finally succumbed and subscribed to AMERICAS magazine. Part of the deal was that I was to get, free, my choice of any three descriptive booklets on American nations. I picked Mexico, Cuba, and Argentina. After a suitable wait, the first issue of the magazine arrived, together with booklets on Mexico, Guatamala, and El Salvador. One right out of three; that's not too many.

This sustained pitch about shopping early for Christmas is finally doing me some good. Last year Harry Warner mentioned that in Hagerstown the stores had begun discounting Christmas merchandise as early as 10 days before Christmas, instead of after. This year the phenomenon has spread to the midwest; some stores in Wabash are already selling toys and such at a discount from list price. (This is Dec. 15.) Since I never buy any presents until the last minute, this is fine with me. Shop Late For Christmas -- you may not get as wide a choice, but it'll be a lot cheaper. (I'm even getting my cards -- the non-fannish ones -- at half price. Of course, the delay means that we have to airmail our fan cards to foreign countries, which cuts into the savings....) Of course, our primary reason for shopping late isn't to save money; it's the fact that we always put everything off until the last minute and then finish it up in a mad rush. It's a Way of Life.

Mention of AMERICAS magazine up there: the December issue contains an article on yagé, which seems to be a sort of super-peyote. Not only do you get colored hallucinations, but the article claims telepathic properties; some users' hallucinations have proved to be actual events occurring at a distant place. Sounds like somebody could work that into a story for Campbell.

To climax the Christmas season, I give you this thought: "Bah! Humbug!"



# The Blind Faith of Atheism

A seasonal article by

DAVE HULAN

Throughout fandom I have heard many times the statement, "I am an atheist." I have often wondered how many of these people have seriously considered the implications of this statement, and how many are doing it because it's the fannish thing to do. I personally believe atheism to be an irrational world-view, and in this article I intend to explain why.

First, as in all good arguments, the terms should be defined. By "atheism" I mean the positive belief that there is no supernatural being who created the Universe or who is in action today (thus excluding Deists and pantheists as well as conventional theists and agnostics). Note that this implies a statement of non-existence, not of uncertainty - I have no bone to pick with agnostics.

A statement of this nature cannot depend on a priori reason, since it involves a statement about the external world and not simply about a proposition. Therefore it must be reasoning from experience which leads to this conclusion. Where does the atheist find evidence to support his belief?

Before deciding this, let us look at the other side for a moment. Where do theists find evidence for their belief? They are constantly being belabored by atheists for their "blind faith"; is this an accurate appellation? No doubt for many it is; they've never bothered to investigate evidence for their faith, since they have been brought up in it and any other belief seems blasphemous. For these I hold no brief - it reminds me of the passage "the worst treason - to do the right thing for the wrong reason." But there are many intelligent and thoughtful people who nevertheless believe in God - why? There are a number of common arguments which are used; Thomas Aquinas covers this ground quite thoroughly. Aquinas' "proofs" also lack validity - about the only thing they show is that there is as good evidence for the existence of a God as there is for His non-existence. It is no more difficult for me to imagine God pre-existing the Universe than to imagine an infinite series of effects following causes without a First Cause - and both are pretty difficult. To my mind, the only important evidence for God is the mystic experience - that many, many men throughout history have claimed to have contacted God personally. There is difficulty in this, true; two major ones. Many such claimants (such as, I feel, Joseph Smith, with apologies to any Mormons in the audience) are obvious crackpots - how do we know that all of them aren't? Second, there are almost as many variations in the description of God as there are mystics who claim to have experienced Him - why? In answer to the first, I can only say that one must rely on his own judgment of the person claiming the experience. This is comparable to the question of whether Ron Bennett exists - picking Ron at random because he's a well-known fan whom I've seen mentioned many times, but whose personal writings I've never seen. Many people, whom I have no reason to disbelieve, have mentioned Ron, therefore I won't hesitate to believe in his existence. On the other hand, I would no doubt have believed in the existence of Carl Brandon, too, had I been active in fandom at the time, and would have been very wrong because my



informants would have been either mistaken or deceiving. But on the balance, I will continue to believe in Ron Bennett's existence, because the odds are strongly for it. It is on evidence of this same sort that I believe in God.

To take the second objection - the views of God presented by most mystics, when the probably unreliable ones are cast aside, are not so very unlike after all. There are differences in detail, but God is, if we believe their word, infinite, and the portion of the infinite perceived by one finite mind can only be a part of the whole. This is something of the analogy of the blind men and the elephant - allowing for the inevitable distortion resulting from passing through human minds which inevitably have a "set" in one direction or another, there are no irreconcilable difficulties. Forming an opinion of God's nature from mysticism is a task indeed; the evidence for His existence is strong, though not conclusive. Certainly I would not characterize belief of this nature as "blind".

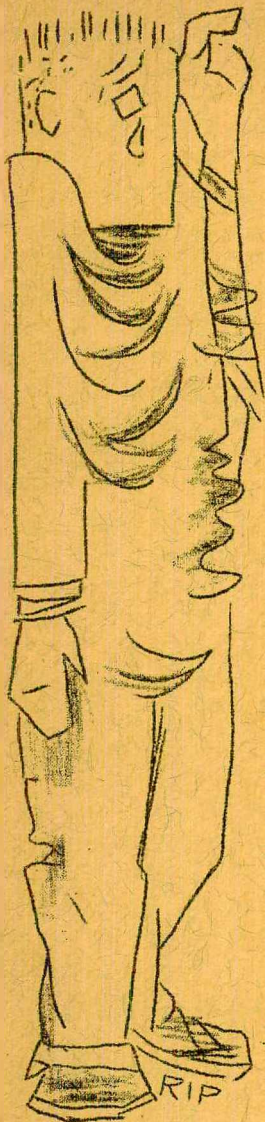
Now to the atheist. What can he use as evidence against God? Aquinas' proofs come into their own here, for they show the numerous difficulties encountered by the "no-God" school. They are not insurmountable, but then neither are objections on similar grounds to God's existence - the one is roughly equivalent to the other. Bertrand Russell, one of the greatest logicians of all time and a violent antagonist of religion, nevertheless lays claim to nothing but agnosticism. If Russell cannot support the atheist view from external experience, I feel reasonably certain that it can't be done.

External experience aside, we once again are forced to the other method of experience - mysticism. And here atheism has no ground - for while it is possible to experience the existence of God, if He exists, it is quite impossible to experience the non-existence of God if He does not. This is the true "Blind Faith" - not faith in that which one is convinced he has seen, or in something which someone he trusts has seen, but faith in something which he has not seen, which no one has seen, and which no one can ever possibly see!

Why, then, do so many fans call themselves atheists? Here I'm on more shaky ground, yet I'd like to put forward some tentative ideas on the subject. Atheists, search your minds and see if the shoe fits...

I think that the biggest reason is that they are trying to shock someone. I may not know a representative cross-section, but it seems to me that the great majority of those who claim atheism are in the teen-age group. By and large, they have been brought up in a home which gave at least lip-service to religion, but which usually has no real understanding of the subject. Fans, in general, seem to think more (if not necessarily better) than the average non-fan, and anyone who thinks much is going to hit upon religion sooner or later. There are many knotty questions which come to mind immediately, and which are difficult to answer if one is not very thoroughly grounded in the basic ideas of religion. Most parents aren't, so all they can do is deplore this irreligious attitude and in extreme cases even threaten dire consequences if this nonsense doesn't cease. Reaction is inevitable - and here is fandom, which consists in great part of unbelievers of various types who not only do not discourage anti-religious attitudes, but in most cases positively encourage them. With such backing, they feel more secure, and glory in the security by announcing their total atheism. Probably the majority, when they have had a chance to mature a bit, will shift this uncompromising attitude into the more reasonable position of agnosticism, or in some cases even return to religion (though seldom the one they left). Thus in this case atheism is seen as a phase of growing up, as rock and roll is to other teen-age





roll is to other teen-age groups - something worthy of a smile, perhaps, and that's about all.

But not all atheists are teenagers; there are those who are old enough to know better. Some are simply cases of arrested emotional development-they have never passed out of the phase mentioned above, though the reason for its existence has long since passed. Some are unable to see the logical flaws in their position - some of these might even be convinced, after reading this article, that they are only agnostics after all, and not true atheists. Who knows? Some don't really understand what atheism means, and should call themselves agnostics. And some can't bear to think that there may be some Being of a higher order than themselves, and out of fear they violently reject the possibility. There are probably other reasons, but all are emotional. Here is the true "blind faith".- a faith based simply on emotional acceptance without a shred of evidence - the blind faith of atheism!

-----  
Why do I keep thinking of oxygen as an eight-sided gas?  
----- .....John Rackham

#### DYINGTIME

by E. E. Evers

"God is dead, God is dead."  
the darkbirds cry  
he who fell so long  
and slowly down the pit  
of sky has skewered  
on the saw of peaks  
and now his blood goes  
welling out across  
his empty way.

Earth lets out a breath  
and darkness belches out  
from below.

-----  
Did you know you call pigs in Latin? Sure, you yell "Sui!", that's the plural of sus.  
----- .....Lewis Grant

-----  
"He was the man of two planets, drawn through the blackness of space to save a nation from ruthless invaders. He was Yandro, the Stranger of the Prophecy...." ...the story blurb for a yarn by Manly Wade Wellman in the Summer '44 PLANET, passed along by Bob Briney.  
-----

Did any artistically inclined fans note the item about the Mexican burro in the Baltimore zoo who painted an abstract canvas good enough to fool an art school instructor? Anyone want to tell me again about how these modern painters are communicating their emotions? Oh, they're communicating -- but what's on the receiving end?  
----- .....RSC



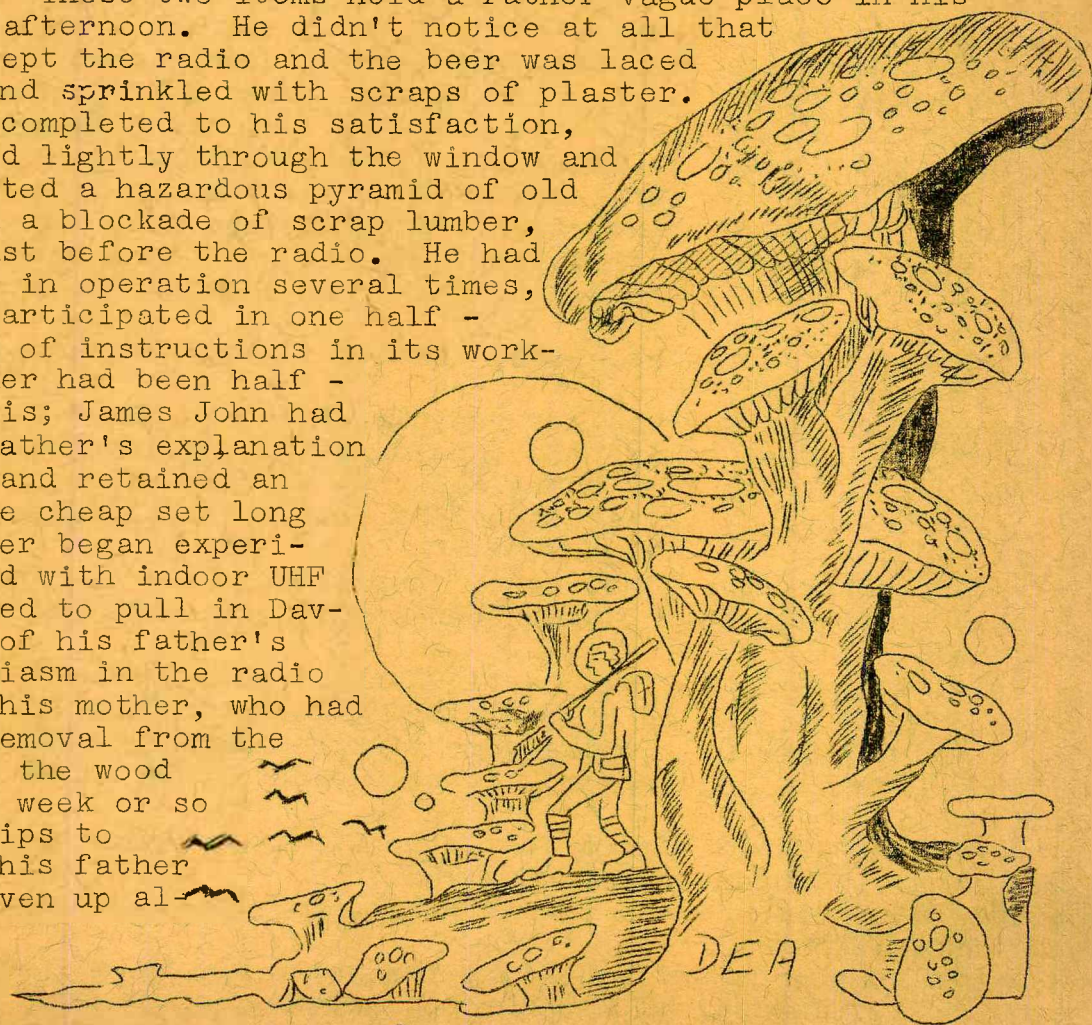
# I'LL BURY YOU BACK

— FICTION BY ————— rog ebert

Not, of course, that his father hadn't forbidden him that very morning to enter the woodshed; but it was afternoon now, and a very hot one, and it was such a small woodshed that maybe it wouldn't make any difference. Lodging this logic somewhere in the back of his head--for future recall, if necessary--James John Harris picked up a strong-looking stick and began to pry at the window frame to gain the necessary half-inch of finger room. It took him nearly three minutes to open the door, while the window was almost no challenge and had the additional advantage of being out of sight of the kitchen.

The window open, James John used an old orange crate as a step and managed to force one leg over the window-sill. Boosting himself up with a hand inside the sill, he paused in this position for a quick survey of the gloomy shed interior. There wasn't much to look at. He noted without too much interest a file of old Reader's Digests, a bicycle without its seat, the framework for a canvas lean-to, and three red gasoline cans,. He noted with a great deal more interest four cardboard cartons of Schlitz six-paks and a short-wave radio on the small bench near the door. These two items held a rather vague place in his plans for the afternoon. He didn't notice at all that everything except the radio and the beer was laced with cobwebs and sprinkled with scraps of plaster.

The survey completed to his satisfaction, James John slid lightly through the window and carefully skirted a hazardous pyramid of old Mason Jars and a blockade of scrap lumber, standing at last before the radio. He had seen the radio in operation several times, and had even participated in one half-hearted course of instructions in its working. His father had been half-hearted, that is; James John had followed his father's explanation quite closely and retained an interest in the cheap set long after his father began experimenting instead with indoor UHF antennas rumored to pull in Dav-enport. Part of his father's loss of enthusiasm in the radio was caused by his mother, who had directed its removal from the dining room to the wood shed. After a week or so of sporadic trips to the woodshed, his father had finally given up altogether.





The radio itself was the least expensive kit model supplied by United Radio Supply's local store. His father had fitted it together himself, with assistance from a brother-in-law who was a garage mechanic. Although it was not put together exactly as the United Radio Supply blueprints indicated, it was quite serviceable and included such extra parts as an old roll of baling wire which served as a unique antenna. There was also an electric alarm clock intended to turn the radio on and off automatically, although in practice the radio governed the clock instead. This was one of the bugs his father had been working on before and during the enforced removal from the dining room. The clock was stopped at midnight, an indication that his father had it ready for another trial run when he got around to it.

James John searched around for an old linoleum rug to stand on; he was not sure of the reasoning behind this, but his father had always muttered something about electrocution. His mother had muttered a great deal about electrocution. James John placed the linoleum rug in front of the radio set, turned it on, and after a moment's reflection also plugged it in.

While it was warming up with a rather anemic series of cracklings and pops, he reached hesitantly to the top of the beer supply and selected a can from one of the Six-Paks. He remembered, prudently, to take a middle can from the Six-Pak and place it in the open end, leaving the vacancy concealed. This had worked before; his father never particularly bothered to count the cans in a Six-Pak. Then he returned to the linoleum rug and listened critically to the impressive roars now being issued by the set. The tuning knob was the first on the right, easily recognized because it had a cork stuck to its metal stem. The calibrated plastic knob supplied with the set had disappeared during assembly.

James John balanced the cork between thumb and forefinger and turned it gingerly. Flashes of music, far-away voices, busy Morse signals approached and receded as he worked his way cautiously up the short-wave band. Then, without warning, a deep voice pounded from the set, almost causing him to step backwards off the linoleum rug. Working quickly, James John turned down the volume, adjusted the band selector, and listened as the voice continued to count, in English, backwards from seventeen.

When the voice reached zero, there was a short pause and then it said, "Did you read me?"

James John scanned the set rapidly, found the Send-Receive switch, and flicked it. After a moment's consideration, he answered: "Yes." He took a deep drink of the warm beer, and then another sip as he waited for a reply. Finally he realized the Send switch was still on, and corrected his error.

"Four, three, two, one, zero. Any closer?"

"Not particularly," James John replied, remembering to flick the switch.

"What do you mean, 'not particularly,' buddy?" the voice shot back. James John took a drink of Schlitz and listened with interest. The voice had paused, apparently while some background-noise task was being completed. Then it came again: "It should have been an extra three-tenths, anyway."

"No difference," James John said firmly. He had not noticed any difference. "Three-tenths of a what?"

This time there was a longer pause, and the voice came quite slowly: "Who is this?"

James John considered telling the voice who he was, but decided against it. The signal was strong; probably close by. There could be



repercussions if he was speaking to one of his father's ham-friends.

"Why?" James John finally asked.

"WHY?" This time the pause was only long enough for a short breath. "Look, whoever you are, let's stop playing around. I know you're not the Cape; you sound like a kid or something. Now I don't know how you got into this, but believe me you had damnwell better get out. In a hurry."

"Where are you speaking from?" James John asked politely. Warm beer in a hot shed was not the best of combinations, he was beginning to realize.

"Oh my God." The voice made it a statement, without punctuation of particular emphasis. "Look, are you listening? I'm up above you somewhere, in a sort of rocket plane. You know, a space ship? I'm ready to come down, and I've got to talk to my control headquarters. I was, until you broke in. Now please get off and let me talk to the Cape, eh? I may have lost too much time already."

The voice, James John reflected, was remarkably well controlled. He attempted to imitate the clipped style in his reply. "Yes, sir," he said. "I'm sorry. Could you send me your picture, maybe a letter, when you..."

But James John had waited too long. With an unexpected heave, his stomach began to empty itself, to his horror, all over the radio set. He felt very sick. Forgetting to finish his sentence, he reached out and twisted at the cork knob and then ran to the window, heedless of the Mason Jars. He had both feet over the sill when he became aware of two things: the cork had twisted off the set and he still held it, and his father was approaching across the lawn.

Thinking fast, he dropped the cork back inside the shed and slid to the ground, his stomach still retching. His father reached him just as another heave spilled over, and began to pull him roughly toward the back porch.

"Go in the shed, will you, after I told you not to? Dammit, you've got to learn to mind...get back here!"

But James John had twisted loose and was running toward the shed as fast as he could. He knew why the cork had come off in his hand; he had twisted the control knob the wrong way.

His father reached him just as he worked one leg over the window-sill, and carried him screaming back toward the house.

A far-off keening trembled in the sky.

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Phil Harrell is in the market for a copy of YANDRO #115 - his address is 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Virginia  
Terry Carr is in the market for a copy of YANDRO #108 - address is 56 Jane St., New York 14, N.Y.  
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Jay Klein mentions that publication of the Chicon Convention Annual has been delayed, but it should be out by February (just what I said in the beginning, remember?) Seems a batch of photos was lost, and he had to get more printed. He's looking forward to a Discon Annual next year (tho he didn't say whether the look was hopeful or fearful).  
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new addresses:

Marion Zimmer Bradley, 1674 Simmons Ave., Abilene, Texas

Bill Donaho, 1526 Arlington Ave., El Cerrito, California

Larry & Noreen Shaw, 1235 Oak Ave., Evanston, Illinois

June Bonifas, 1913 Hopi Road, Santa Fe, New Mexico (this isn't a new address, but there was so much confusion about it.....)



# AMAZING EXCERPTS IN THE HALLWAY

—ARTICLE BY Clod Hall \

"Graydon had been number one on the little list that Thursday had had in his desk," (AMAZING STORIES: July 1959, "Ready, Aim, Robot!" by Randall Garrett, taken from page 27.)

It would be unfair to "lift" passages from the labors of most writers, for some words are written to read only in context. And when you hold these particular words before the light of critical truth, they glitter falsely.

However, my excuse for lifting the sentence quoted above is that Randall Garrett is not a writer. The sentence I quoted proved that beyond doubt.

The question then arises: What is he?

In answer, I dub him: Word thrower.

He doesn't put words gently down with the poise of a writer building a story--as does a bricklayer creating a house. No, Mr. Garrett slings words about as if they were something repellent to him, as if he hated their sight and, as a result, tried to get rid of them as soon as possible. Because of this extreme aversion for words, Mr. Garrett's final creation resembles the structural stability of something thrown together by an imbecilic child.



Therefore, under no circumstance, would it be fair to writers to consider Mr. Garrett in their group.

In the sentence quoted, we find a total of 16 words that Mr. Garrett put on display for us. To substantiate my claim that Mr. Garrett, even at best, is only a poor word-thrower:

Out of these 16 words, 18.75% of them are had's. This is a rather high percentage. It's possible, I suppose, to design a sentence with more had's than his odd conglomeration, but I seriously doubt the feasibility of any sane writer doing it intentionally...much less allowing it to be crassly displayed before the public.

Most children are taught English of better caliber even as far back as the third or fourth grade. It's indeed a pity that Mr. Garrett never received the opportunity for a formal education.

Even so, there's no excuse for flinging this many had's at readers...not with thousands of crisp, sharp action verbs available in any dictionary.

Next, consider the adjective little, for this is the all-descriptive term used by Mr. Garrett upon every possible occasion.



Good solid (for his mental level) adjectives such as little, large, small, gigantic, tiny, and huge, Mr. Garrett uses for padding. Paid by the word, he no doubt uses whatever pops into his head. This, of course, isn't much. So, we'll pardon Mr. Garrett for his obvious lack of adjective poise and lack of skill which necessitates the need of adjectives at all.

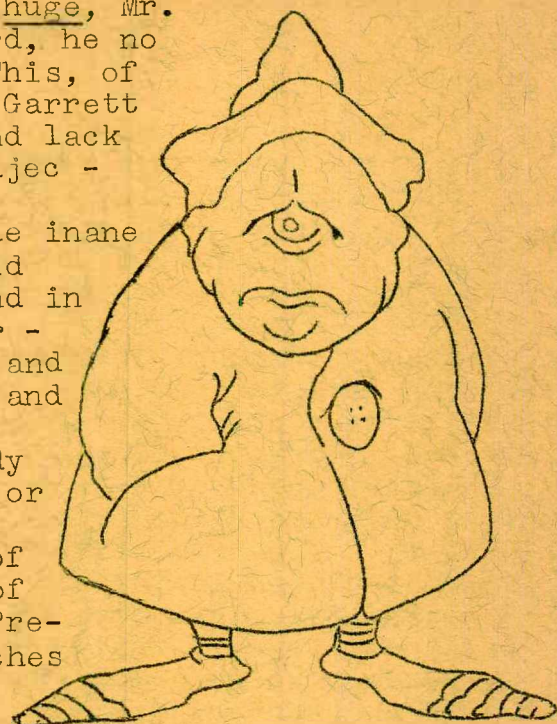
However, I see no reason to overlook the inane names of his heroes and villains. Good old Graydon and Thursday! Names commonly found in any cruddy story of the caliber of Mr. Garrett's. A telephone book at his disposal, and he chooses to name his characters Graydon and Thursday. Whathell's wrong with the name Stowski, or Kappan or Coulson? Not everybody in this goddamned nation is named Graydon or Thursday or Friday!

The rest of Mr. Garrett's sentence is of no value. The readers knew the location of the list and Graydon's position on same. Pre-supposing that our intellectual level matches his own, Mr. Garrett chose to hammer home these completely irrelevant facts (which mattered not in the consequence of the story).

Most astonishing factor involved in Mr. Garrett's 16 words is that they impressed me so much I wrote all of these which you've just read... only to realize the uselessness of the project. After all, the readers of YANDRO are "above" reading AMAZING STORIES.

Probably not a soul read Garrett's idiotic epicsoda.

They were luckier than I.



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## *blithe spirit* — BY — JOHN PESTA —

we planted an aluminum hedge  
to go with our  
aluminum xmas tree  
and you should see the  
paper-mache santa  
we got to climb down our  
split level chimney  
at the office we had one  
come in from the salvation army  
of unpaunched santas  
we all toasted the false-bearded santa  
but

what the hell  
Mollie cried -  
his face cracked and two black  
marbles (you know) rolled out of  
his eyes.  
anyway next year John says  
we're going to try for a  
prefabricated baby



# STRANGE FRUIT

I'm not too sure whether some of these are meant to be reviewed or not, so I'll start out with a very brief once-over of several items. STUPID STORIES #57 presents the private fantasy-world of Dick Eney for the edification of SAPS members and a few outsiders. If you're interested in imaginary worlds dreamed up by fans, here is one. (I'm not including his address because if you don't already know his address you probably don't know him well enough to get a copy anyway.) It seems more interesting than what I've read of Coventry, but it's more in Juanita's line than mine. NIEKAS #2 is put out by somebody named Ed (Meskys, I think). I hate people who don't put their names on their fanzines! It's for NAPA (and apparently for a few outsiders, since we got a copy). I'm rather intrigued by the two pages run off on an ammonia-process office copying machine; aside from my own limited-edition one-shot SINCERE PEACHES it's the first time I've seen the process used. (Oh, here's Meskys' name, hidden in the middle of the back page.) SAM #7 (Steve Stiles, 1809 Second Ave., New York 28, N.Y) is a 4-pager put out to inform people that Steve is really still around and will be putting out a big issue as soon as he can afford to have some artwork Gestofaxed. Also, we received a one-pager from Joe Pilati announcing that SMUDGE has folded and subscription money is being returned. Considering the number of fan editors who preach inner nobility and then decamp with subscribers' money and contributors' material, it's nice to find an honest fanned for a change. Maybe fandom is better than ever.

PAS-TELL, Vol.2#1 (Bjo Trimble, 5734 Parapet, Long Beach 8, California - irregular - 6 for \$1 - no trades) This is the first issue combining all Project Art Show publications into one magazine (except for endless series of questionnaires which Juanita seems to be embroiled with). This issue is pretty much strictly for fan artists, with reports on the PAS shows at the Westercon and Chicon -- who exhibited, who won, who sold paintings, etc. -- plus a warning about the ethics of a non-fan art dealer who had handled some fans' work. Special Interest

Incidentally, Juanita has published a 1962 ARTIST CATALOGUE, listing names and addresses of fan artists, prizes won, and information of interest to fan publishers such as whether or not the artist is willing to work for fanzines and if he has any restrictions as to what kind of fan art work he'll do. Price is 25¢, if any of you art-starved fan-editors are interested.

SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES #397 (James V. Taurasi, Sr., 18-36 129th. St., College Point 56, New York - monthly - 15¢) The first of the officially monthly issues; I have some hopes that he can stick to this schedule. The usual news items; nothing particularly vital. In addition, the mag is a bit thicker than formerly and contains a few extra articles. The only interesting one is Seth Johnson's explanation of the Fanzine Clearing House; this should be of interest to any fan editors desiring increased circulation (suckers that they are....) SFT shows promise of once more being worth its price. Rating....4

GARDEN GHOULS GAZETTE #12 (Dave Keil, 38 Slocum Crescent, Forest Hills 75, New York - monthly - free, I think) To date, this has been the of-



ficial organ of a medium-sized (70 members, he says) club of horror-movie fans. Not much in it for stf fans, unless you also dig that crazy Lon Chaney stuff. Special Interest

MENACE OF THE LASFS #56, 57 (Bruce Pelz, 738 So. Mariposa, #107, Los Angeles 5, Calif. - bi-weekly - 10¢) The Adventures of John Trimble And His Electric Slanshack, or: 1601 Revisited. Mainly it's the reports on L.A. club meetings, with occasional news items sneaked in when the publisher isn't looking. Rating...3

GARDYLOO 2 (Frank Wilimczyk, 447 10th. Ave., New York 1, N.Y. - quarterly - 15¢) A personal-type fanzine, featuring this time a lettercolumn and an article that I bet Larry Shaw wishes had been left to moulder in in PARADOX. (Or maybe not; it's a trifle eager-beaverish, but it's a pretty good article and worth remembering because it's the only profile of stf editor W. Scott Peacock that I ever saw.) Rating...4

THE SOUTHERN FAN #14 (L. D. Broyles, Rt. 6, Box 453P, Waco, Texas - bi-monthly) Presumably the only way you get this is to join Southern Fandom or become a big-name fanzine reviewer like me. (Well, I am; I review some of the biggest-named fanzines in the field.) Mostly letters, and mostly concerned with the club, this time. A roster of members is appended (but I don't see Marion Zimmer Bradley's name. Aren't you a Southern Fan, Marion?) Special Interest

MAELSTROM 9 (Bill Plott, P.O. Box 5598, University, Alabama - irregular - 15¢) Main items are stories by John Festa and Mike Deckinger. Both of them try to live with fanzine length restrictions by writing emotionally meaningful vignette, which is a type of story I generally detest. Probably Loubel Wood's verse is the best thing in the issue, particularly since it seems to have been inspired by a lettercolumn discussion in the previous issue. Rating...4

WITHIN #3 (Paul Williams, 163 Brighton St., Belmont, Mass. - bi-monthly, I guess - 25¢) Some rather interesting items here. "The Awful Truth", by Lenny Rothenberg, depicts a philosopher who kills himself upon realizing that all mankind's accomplishments have been made for personal pleasure. The realization would seem to be obvious, and what of it? I'm interested in the discovery of an author who would consider this idea shocking or thought-provoking enough to base a story on it. Cliff Simak's "work sheet" for a short story should interest would-be writers (and possibly already-successful writers, for comparisons). Walter Breen's commentary on NEW MAPS OF HELL is quite erudite, but more than a trifle dull -- as a matter of fact I started it 3 times tonight and wound up skimming it, which is not the best way to read Breen if you want to know what he's talking about. The long editorial has something for just about everybody. (But what's wrong with the way Damon Knight has been treated? You know any other stf critic whose book reviews have been published in a hardcover book?) Rating....5

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES #62 (Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 25, Calif. - irregular - 25¢) But Al Lewis writes the editorial; apparently old bushy-tail is merely raking in the loose quarters. Major items include reprints of a couple of speeches ("Fandom As A Way Of Life" by Alva Rogers, and "The Mythological and Romantic Elements of Modern Fantasy" by Al HaLevy....gad, and I thought Breen was erudite but dull... wow!) Rogers is interesting, anyway. Ellik has the first installment of his TAFF report, for people interested in those things. Rating....5



# PSCIENCE? article by \_\_\_\_\_

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JOHN RACKAM

Once you start defending yourself against criticisms expressed about a previous piece of writing, you're in danger of starting a destructive spiral, and you can wind up like the fabulous Ozlum bird, which flew in ever diminishing circles, backwards...remember? Something like that came to mind when I read the comments on 'Human Equation'...and I hesitated. If, like me, you have a sort of compulsion to work out ideas in words, on paper, you're unwilling to let go of a stimulating idea..but there's no sense in being futile. And the editor is apt to grow tired of overworked material, too.

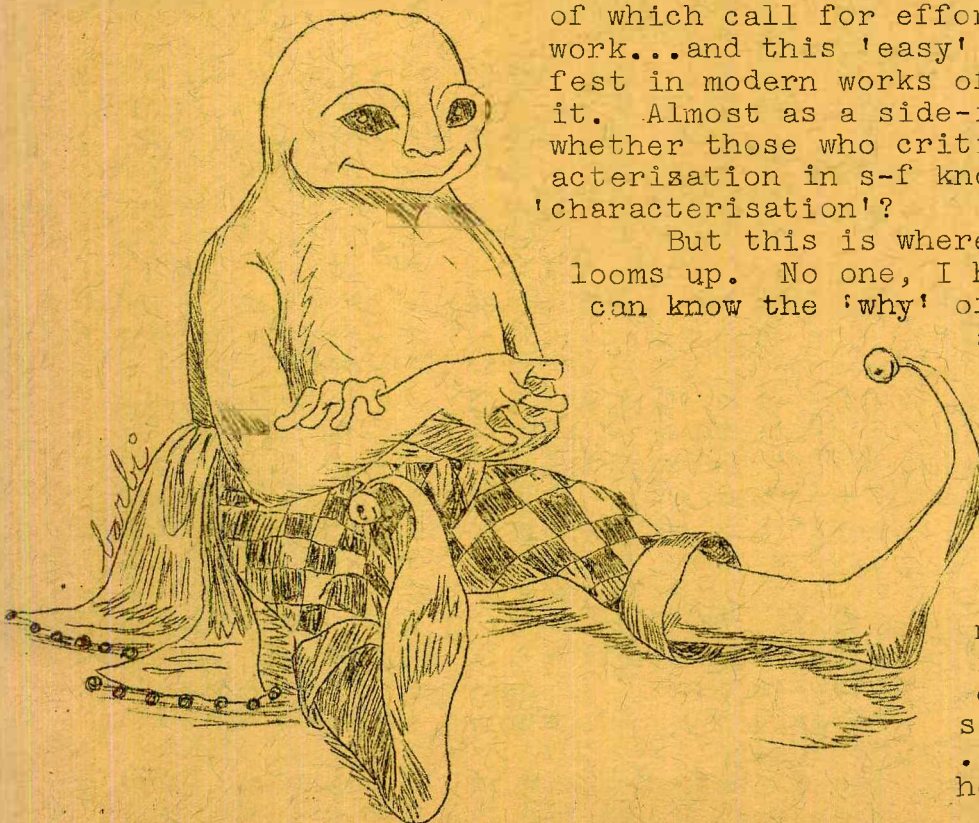
But, while I was rereading those crits, I saw something else, the shadow of a larger question, over and above the relatively minor one of characterisation in fiction. In any thought-process, one is apt to make flying leaps from one concept to another, and it isn't always easy to reconstruct the in-between steps. Perhaps the best way to start is to recapitulate what I was trying to say about 'character', very briefly.

All I wanted to point up was that 'character drawing', in any fiction, should be, and can only be, honestly, on the basis of what the character says and does...not 'why' he does it. The hard fact is that no-one, fiction-writers or anyone else...knows 'why' a person is the way he is. Various theories compete for our attention and admiration, but not one of them has produced anything like a satisfactory set of results, yet. So the writer who purports to tell us 'why' his characters do what they do is kidding us, or himself, or both.

Unhappily, this kind of characterisation is fashionable, is a cheap substitute for thorough observation and effecient communication, both of which call for effort, discipline, and work...and this 'easy' way can be seen manifest in modern works of art, also. I deplore it. Almost as a side-issue, I was asking whether those who criticise the lack of characterisation in s-f know what they mean by 'characterisation'?

But this is where the bigger question looms up. No one, I have said, and repeat, can know the 'why' of another. Empathy,

as our editor pointed out, and quite rightly, is something other than knowing 'why'. There is a great mountain of solid evidence for the fact that, so far, we have no workable method of understanding the other person, except in terms of observation and attention ...what we can see and hear. The rest is high-





ly unreliable surmise. But this is a very very unpopular state of affairs. Yandro readers, in the main, refused to accept it...and that is fairly typical of most other people. Apparently is one of our more cherished beliefs that we have a 'gift' of understanding, and we cling to it no matter how many times it is proved wrong, to our sorrow. I have yet to meet the adult who does not think he is a 'good judge of character'. Yet the social world remains full of thieves, rogues and con-men, broken marriages, misunderstood kids, and so on.

And here comes one of the leaps. We have, in recent decades, developed a first-class method for getting workable answers to questions. We call it science. Some people have been so foolishly optimistic as to call this the scientific age. Others shudder, violently, and accuse science of bringing the ultimate end closer, faster. 1984 and all that. What they are talking about is

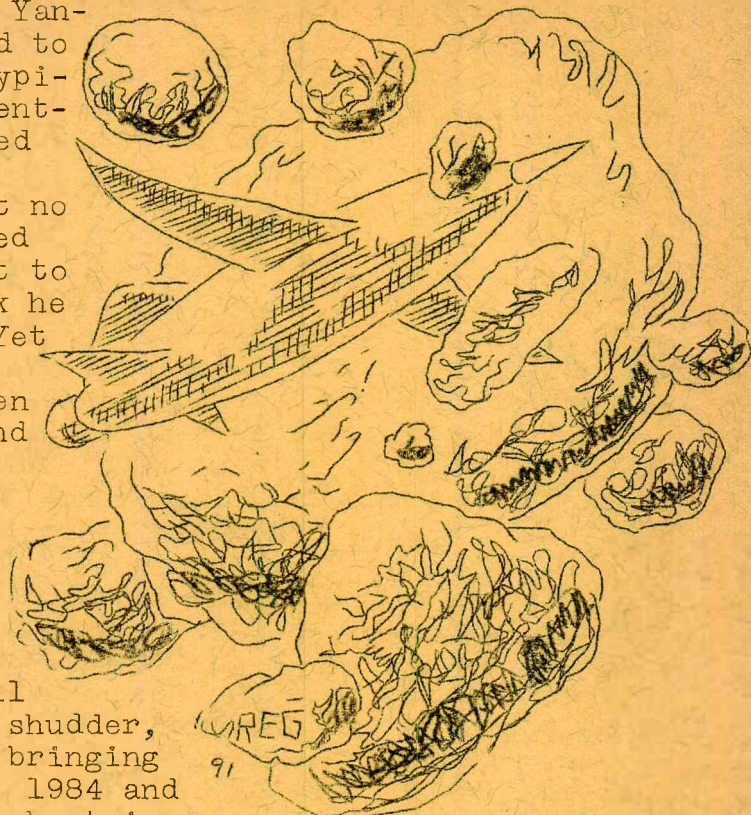
'pscience'. If I may use a trivial analogy, like a knife....? The idea that an edge will cut things...is the science. The knowhow which makes the edge, and the knife, is technology. The decision to put a switch in front of it and sell it to a moron is psience. Production, progress, profit, percentage...phooey! Science will tell us how to get what we want, faster, bigger, shinier, richer, easier...and that's all, brother.

Let the boys stay in the back-room. We will decide what to do with the stuff they send out. What do they know about how it should be used? They are scientists, aren't they? What do they know about living? About values? About human nature? Nothing at all. And you better not ask them, boy, because they might just get us all bottled in test-tubes, and then what?

This, somewhat exaggerated, is the typical fear-reaction to objective measurement...and possible exposure...of all those irrational beliefs we hold so dear, and which are, currently, providing the muscles which are rattling the bombs. Science is some cold-blooded sort of going-on, it's materialistic...it's nothing to do with hope, fear, love, affection, enthusiasm,...and so-on.

That this is nonsense should hardly need saying. Just for one instance, science is the only human activity which begins with, and never departs very long from, the idea of 'truth' as a basic datum. Can you test it, can you prove it, does it work in practice...? These are the basic questions of science. Those who say...and there are many...that science cannot solve the 'human equation', are the very people who don't want to see it tried. As Bernard Shaw said, a long time ago, 'We don't like calling in the experts, because we are afraid they might find out that we are wrong, and we wouldn't be able to argue, because they are the experts'.

Don't get me wrong on this next bit...I'm no Marxist...but I did read, in an official Soviet publication, the results, to date, of a series of





experiments the Soviets are carrying out, on telepathy, The material was, to put it mildly, astonishing. Apparently they have developed predictable, controllable, telepathy, and are trying presently to discover some way...any way...of shielding it off. They have tried the obvious 'Faraday cage'...and an extension of it, in solid lead, all without avail. Now...I'm not bothering to quote the sources, nor do I claim the report to be authentic. It may be a pack of lies, who cares? The point is this...that the report did appear, in a reputable Soviet publication. In fact, materialistic science seems to be able to do something that the so-called free democratic way of life can't, and that is to see something happening, and deem it worth investigating, even if it is slightly fantastic. I don't know of any comparable investigations being carried out by Western science. I guess this is because 'our lot' have already decided that it is just so much nonsense...that this is a field better left to poets and dreamers.

Isn't that the way it was, not so long ago, when our own Astronomer Royal said 'Space travel is utter bilge!' ? And isn't that the way it still is when JWC tried to point out, flatly, that 'psionics'...however much you may not like the idea...is a demonstrable fact? And isn't this the same reaction when it is pointed out that the one discipline,sofar, that has a ghost of a chance of 'understanding' human nature is applied science? Isn't this the fear-reaction, again? Science is fine, so long as it stays on the production line, and makes us a fast buck, or a faster car. But when it is suggested that science may be able to determine just what makes us tick, and why...we get scared. I wonder why? I wonder what we're all afraid of?

I suspect...and it is just a suspicion...that we know, subconsciously, that a scientific study of human nature will, like religion, find us all out to be miserable sinners, leaving undone all those things we ought to have done, but unlike religion, it will be able to prove it...and offer no forgiveness.

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 Who looks good in the fifth race, Madam Blavatsky? .....Lewis Grant  
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## WAR OF THE CHILDREN

by Raymond L. Clancy

A toad-like form is hopping  
 Over the moss-covered stones,  
 Over the sad little grassy graves  
 And their treasure of dead men's bones.

And it hums a weird little tune,  
 Cocking one yellow eye  
 Above at the gray and rainy,  
 The weeping summer sky.

"They have gone to their god like children,  
 Each in his finery dressed.  
 The last of the living have buried these dead,  
 And I shall bury the rest."

A toad-like form is singing  
 In a voice that is weak and sick  
 A funeral dirge that is mingled  
 With a Geiger counter's click.



# GOLDEN MINUTES

— book reviews by — I S C

THE LONG WINTER by John Christopher (Doubleday Book Club, \$1.20) This is a heck of a book to start reading just before and during a sub-zero cold spell, I guarantee you. I could give a more hearty recommendation to this tale of a new ice age if it had appeared in mid-summer..... One nice thing about Christopher; his characters are believable. Despicable, but believable. None of the four major characters in this novel are worth the powder and shot to blow them to hell, but they all embody traits of individuals I know personally. The only likeable character in the entire book is the Nigerian, Abonitu. Christopher gives the rest of the bunch a far better finish than they deserve; if the protagonist evoked more sympathy it could be called a happy ending, but as it is it merely emphasizes a point that Christopher has made before -- that selfishness is a survival characteristic. It's a depressing book, but on the whole a successful one. I was rather hoping it would be of Hugo caliber; it doesn't quite reach that high, but it's not bad. (Although, if you should feel sympathetic toward the protagonist -- as I did for the first part of the book -- then you may consider it merely another watered-down, SATURDAY EVENING POST type fantasy. The impact that the book possesses is due entirely to the hero's character faults.)

JOYLEG, by Ward Moore and Avram Davidson (Pyramid, 40¢) is the exact opposite of the above novel. This is a lightweight, lighthearted fantasy in which everyone is just wonderful (except for the Villain, who has every trait of despicability except a moustache to twirl, and some comic-opera Russian agents and State Department employees). The major excuse for the book appears to have been to let Avram spout forth a flood of ecawds, dammes, and other such historical-type language. I don't know who wrote the plot, but the dialogue is pure Davidson, and as much fun to read as one of Avram's letters. (Of course, it makes about the same amount of sense, too.....) According to the cover blurb, this is an expanded version of the serial which appeared in FANTASTIC. Most of the expansion seems to have been in the nature of dialogue, making the book version more enjoyable even if no more sensible. You may never want to re-read it, but it's fun the first time around.

D-99, by H.B. Fyfe (Pyramid, 40¢) is a rather odd book. Fyfe uses as his background an agency devoted to getting humans out of serious troubles in a non-human galaxy. (Like, when the locals arrest a human, we don't send a gunboat up their river, we just bake him a cake with a file in it.) The novel documents four specific exploits of the agency, but instead of handling them in succession, as is normal for this type of book (mostly because this type of book is normally assembled from a series of short stories), all four operations are carried out concurrently, and the reader is constantly being switched back and forth among them. To underline the the theme, during the entire course of the book the agency staff is trapped in its own office building by a power failure. You'd think that a book about an outfit that couldn't break out of its own offices would be handled as comedy, but as a rule this one is not. In fact, of the four prisoners being "sprung", two get out successfully, one project fails, and one prisoner's fate is still unsettled at the end of the book. It seems more realistic than the average stf story, but even so it isn't a whole lot better. Fyfe appears to have tried



several variations on a common theme; all of them are partially successful and none is completely so. Maybe next time.

Now is as good a time as any to remark on Pyramid's universal format for stf books. I don't know if other fans have noticed this; nobody that I know of has mentioned it. The format is a variation of the old inverted-L cover popularized by GALAXY, but the almost-solid color stripe up the side of the illustration gives it a distinctiveness possessed by no other paperback series and few of today's magazines. (Well, I guess the format of the Ace series is pretty distinctive, too, so I should modify my comment -- the Ace series isn't as attractive, but it's as distinctive.)

KINGDOM OF THE OCTOPUS, by Frank W. Lane (Pyramid, 75¢) This is another in their Worlds Of Science series. I mentioned MAN AND DOLPHIN last month (if you still don't have a copy, go buy one). This one doesn't hold the same interest for science fiction fans, but it's good enough. I occasionally got the impression that I was learning more about the octopus than I really cared to know. However, since the author mentions that this is the first book on the octopus written for laymen that has appeared since 1875 (and the second to ever appear), I suppose he felt he had a pretty large gap to fill. It does give you the facts; everything from mating habits to recipes for octopus pie. Some of the factual recitation gets tedious if you read straight thru the book, but it should be an ideal reference volume. And there are a large number of anecdotes to liven things up.

Among other books, I recently read OPERATION TERROR by Murray Leinster (Berkley, 50¢) and THE FLYING EYES by J. Hunter Holly (Monarch, 35¢). The latter came out some time ago but I just got around to it, and I'm rather sorry I did. The author's first two books were pretty good, but this is about the caliber of a Hollywood stf movie.

OPERATION TERROR isn't even that good. Leinster doesn't often write a really bad story, but when he does he can put out some of the lousiest material to ever have paper wasted on it.

THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, by Philip K. Dick (Doubleday Book Club, \$1.20) Complete with a photo on the dust jacket which looks remarkably like Andy Main. It's a better book than I expected when I looked it over. The alternate world in which the Japanese and Nazis won World War II isn't exactly a new plot, and Philip K. Dick has written so much for GALAXY that I tend to forget that he's written some pretty good stuff, too. (In fact, he's even written some good stuff for GALAXY, which aint easy, these days.) Somehow Dick manages to infuse a little life into his characters, particularly Mr. Nobusuke Tagomi of the Trade Mission, with his collector's passion for American trivia, and Frank Frink, Jewish refugee from the Reich-dominated east coast, industriously counterfeiting American trivia to supply the taste of Mr. Tagomi and similar Japanese officials. And there is one big point; this is the first story that I've read of a foreign-dominated United States where nobody is plotting a revolt against the masters (or at least, nobody in the story is plotting). The way in which some stf heroes get accidentally mixed up with revolutionaries, you'd think that 90% of a conquered population spends its time plotting. Also, Dick has things to say, about people and idealism, and for the most part he gets them said without interrupting the story -- tho the philosophy does come on pretty strong at the end. It's one of the year's better novels.



# GRUMBLINGS

J.E. Pournelle, 7831 5th Ave., NE, Seattle 15, Washington. I was more than pleased with the writeup of the personality test results as it appeared in YANDRO. Vic managed to pack the relevant points into a rather small space -- a surprising accomplishment, as Edwards himself takes about twenty pages to convey the same information.

There is only one factor missing in Vic's interpretation of the results: given the rather trying circumstances under which the test was administered, I am not at all surprised that those who completed every item scored high on need endurance. I suspect that those who had no such drive were among those whose papers could not be scored.

After my address at Chicago, a young fan took me aside and asked me, in a selfrighteous tone, when we would admit that this was not a Christian nation. I was intrigued by the question, and it has haunted me ever since, even though I find that few others see what a strange inquiry it is.

My answer to him was that this is certainly not a "Christian nation", and no great Power in history has ever been a "Christian nation", no matter what the religion of citizens. We are, perhaps, for the most part a nation of Christians, but that is another thing entirely.

Great nations cannot decide questions of high policy on the basis of a simple personal morality. The consequences of a course of action must be taken into account, for if they are not, the most monstrous of evils will often result from the best of intentions. When one declines, as a statesman, to do that which is necessary but which no private man would ever do, one may be condemning millions of persons to degradation, death, and slavery. When one has the power to prevent great evil, it is not a Christian act to refrain from using that power because some evil must result from its employment.

People are fond of saying "the end does not justify the means"; but this is untrue. It is always a matter of which means, and for what ends. It is clearly wrong to shoot innocent people; yet in every armed conflict good men are killed on both sides. When these United States broke away from England, British soldiers whose only crime was patriotism and fidelity to their King were killed; we knew that in the event of a conflict they would be; we attempted to prevent conflict, until pressed to a point at which we could not hesitate; and the end was great and the means necessary.

This does not imply that all ends justify any means. Prudence must be exercised in the selection of means and the adoption of ends. It is unfortunate that people attempt to reduce such complex questions to simple maxims. "The ends never justify the means", they cry; and use this pitiful phrase to excuse inaction while malefactors thrive. "You cannot make omelets without breaking eggs", screams another, and proceeds to break every head in sight. It appears that homo sapiens has an aversion to thinking.

The courts of law are famed for their reluctance to decide questions on the basis of principle without regard to a pending case. Great jurists have always known that general principles can be applied only so far, and past that point each case is unique, requiring judgment and prudence. Yet people continue to do for the complexities of the great affairs of state that which the most learned men will not attempt for



private law.

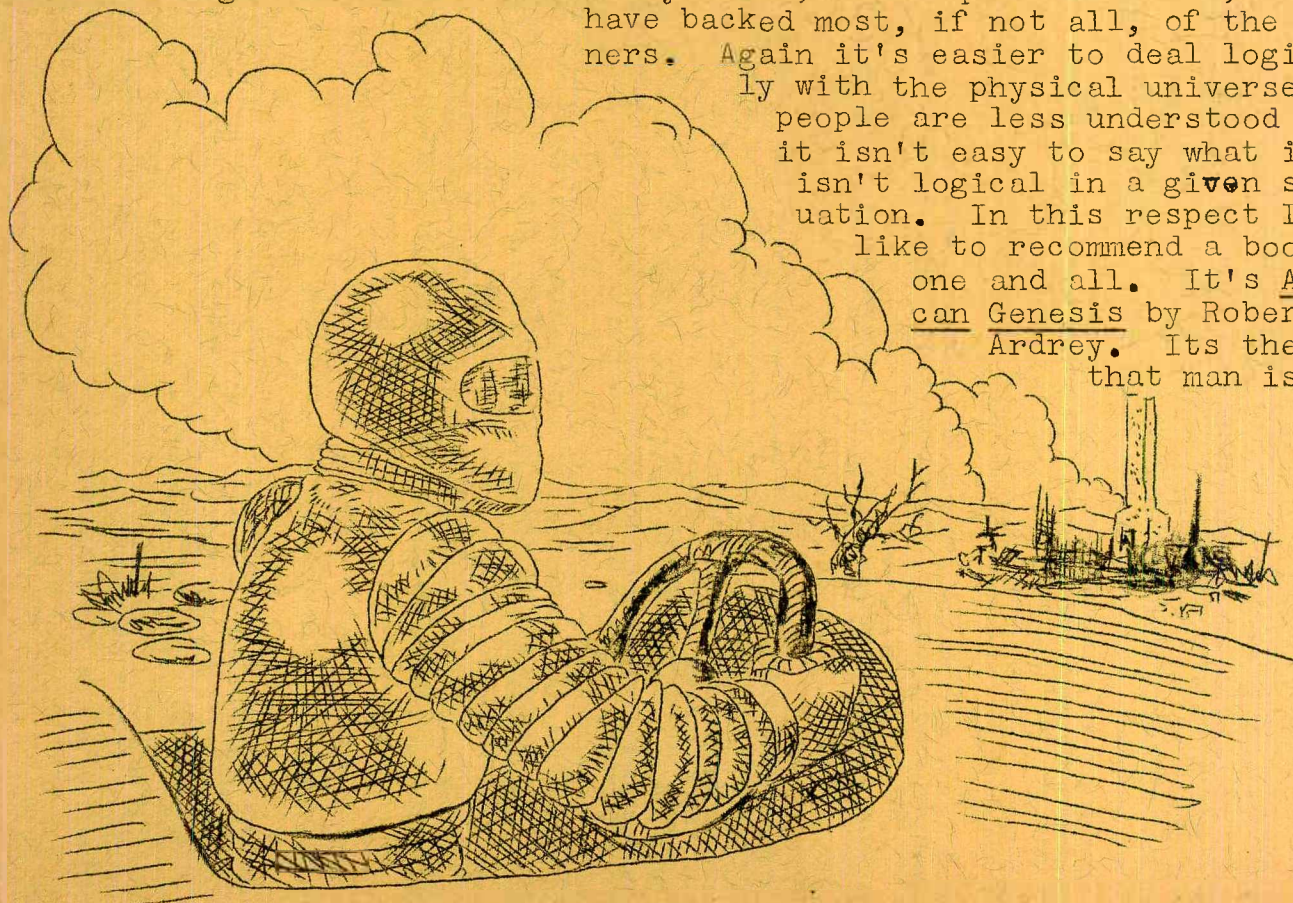
"When will we admit that we are not a Christian nation?" -- as if such an admission were an open confession of atheism and outlawry. Well, there are some great principles of state to which we, like other nations of Christians, subscribe; but if by "Christian nation" is meant that we must apply to our international acts those same principles which we are commanded to apply to our private lives, then I say Thank God we will never be a Christian nation; for to be "Christian" in that sense is to cease to be a nation. I, at least, will continue to advocate that we use our power, not stand by while others more evil than we flow into the vacuums we create.

[Of course people have an aversion to thinking. That's why every politician must be labelled (Republican, Democrat, liberal, conservative), why codes of honor are so popular, why any nation's legal code eventually becomes incredibly complicated, why there is a "Negro question". Treating every individual and every action on its own merits is too complicated....RSC/

Jim Groves, 29 Lathom Rd., East Ham, London E.6., England: -

And so to 116. The main comment hooker here is John Rackham's article. There is a tendency on the part of sf devotees to exalt it above all other forms of fiction. Quite understandable of course, I've done it myself often enough, especially when confronted by one of those irritating people who think of it as 'that crazy buck-rogers stuff'. The trouble is, we go to extremes. Naturally we have come up with more workable predictions than mainstream fiction, after all we deal in predictions to a greater extent than they. And, to re-quote Heinlein, we

have backed most, if not all, of the runners. Again it's easier to deal logically with the physical universe, people are less understood so it isn't easy to say what is or isn't logical in a given situation. In this respect I'd like to recommend a book to one and all. It's African Genesis by Robert Ardrey. Its thesis, that man is a







that man is a born killer, descended from Cain rather than Abel, is well documented, if a trifle overstated. It's good reading anyway, and Ardrey's solution to it all falls well into our territory.

Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif.: -

Your comments on Elektra Folk Sampler SMP-6 are well-taken. I don't think it's as good as SMP-2 (which has 2 McCurdy bands!), but it's quite good. I absolutely detest the rendition of "Bowling Green" that starts it off, though; my favorite ("right") version is the one of the Kossoy girls on the album of the same name (Bowling Green). Do you actually like Cynthia Gooding? Her renditions of songs always sound, well, insincere to me. And Jean Ritchie I can stand almost not at all; I think it ought to be prerequisite that folksingers have voices worth listening to, instead of just being part of a well-known folksinging family. New Joan Baez album out for us eclectics, but I've not gotten up the \$3.49 to get it at discount yet, nor've I heard it.

[You don't need to hear a new Joan Baez album; you know it'll sound just like the last one. Cynthia insincere? Well, when she's doing things like "Naomi Wise" maybe - but who could be sincere about that song anyway? Personally I think the Kossoy sisters belong on the National Barn Dance, but then so does "Bowling Green"....our folk tastes seem to be neither alike nor opposed, but at right angles to each other.....RSC

And by voices "worth listening to", which branch of song do you mean? Classical? Blue grass. Mississippi blues, Israeli? north woods? Mormom?.....JWC]



Dave Hulan, 228-D Niblo Dr., Redstone Arsenal, Alabama

A SHADE OF DIFFERENCE was #2 on the best-seller list the last time I looked - I expect any library at all would have it, even the drugstore rental libraries. If you have drugstore rental libraries thereabouts. Wait till you read my magnificent review of it in REBEL 4 (whenever John gets around to publishing it - if he isn't gafia; I haven't heard from him since he wrote asking for my column back about two months ago); you're sure to join the Book-of-the-Month Club or something just to get it. Sure you will... Seriously, it is very good, I think, and I'm trying to bring it to the attention of fandom because I think it should get a Hugo (Ghod, talk about run-on sentences - let's start a new one...) If it isn't brought up in fanzines something like LITTLE FUZZY will win, and while I liked LF fine it just isn't in the same class. Actually, unless something comes out in the next month with a big bang I don't know what will get the Hugo; nothing has gotten the sort of discussion in fandom so far that the last two or three winners got - at least, nothing that I can think of. (except A Trip To Hell...?)

I like epics - why don't you print Juanita's so I can read it? Almost anything of vast scope appeals to me as long as it isn't so artistically written as to be hard to read rapidly. For instance, I've never been able to read THE WORM OUROBOROS, though I've started it three times and know it's supposed to be a great classic. (Have you ever tried to type with an affectionate cat in your lap? I don't find it easy...) Eddison tries too hard to be stylistic and ends up being hard to follow. Smith, whatever you may say about him, isn't at all hard to follow, even if you get nothing when you do follow him.

[For all those fans (Hulan and Jim Cawthorn) who asked us to print Juanita's epic -- do you realize how long it would take to run a 300-page novel in, say, 200-page installments? (I was a little high in my estimate of wordage, since not even Juanita gets 1000 words per page, but it's long enough.) Not to mention what we'd do about other material during that time...RSC

Actually, it isn't quite 300 pages, or an epic -- yet; you see, it's part one of a threepart epic.....JWC]

Jim Cawthorn, 4 Wolseley Street, Gateshead 8, Co. Durham, England

Nice cover by Barbi, but the interior illos, apart from the Adkins spaceman, seem to lack something. Wake up, America? Gives me a glowing mental picture of Teddy Roosevelt and his Radioactive Rough Riders...

Found myself, too, a victim of compulsive prozine reading about three years ago, and was saved partly by the sheer physical limitations of the storage space available (I had collectors complications, too); so I'd advise Dilley to get a smaller room; it's preferable to concussion.

[But Ed Wood says a complete magazine collection can be stored in a good-sized closet...RSC]

Antonio Dupla, Po Ma Augustin, 9, Zaragoza, Spain

The article of Derek Nelson, author of that long remembered and excellent one about Laos some issues back, has been overrun by the facts. But doing without those and read in itself, is a passionate and emotionally charged allegation about things that can, maybe, hurt you americans, but, for all I know and for myself, are near axiomatic in Europe. The U.S. is a country deserving many - or near all - the praises presented by Nelson, but it lacks (as in all its modern history) the men with deep and sound criteria that can give it a consequent policy in foreign affairs. The nation that leads today the world acts always wavering and often funestly. I am speaking only of that matter, I will make it clear,



but any European statesman, and Franco the first, though with occasional blunders, could give you left-handed lessons.

/I think any faults are due not to our statesmen but to the inefficiency of the field men who are supposed to be gathering the information the statesmen need. Aside from the U-2 incident, our diplomatic blunders have stemmed mostly from inaccurate information....RSC/

Charles Wells, 112A Elf Street, Durham, N.C.

Ted White irritates me a little, blatantly taking credit for the idea behind Regency's new line of pocketbooks. Even if he deserves it. He should be a politician. Maybe he would lose elections, but he should be a politician.

I wish people like Derek Nelson would realize that the Monroe Doctrine had TWO parts, and would quit fussing about its "repeal" without realizing what carrying it out would entail. The "other" part was that, while enforcing our policy of making Europe keep hands off America, we would ourselves not intervene or take sides in Europe. If we enforced THAT half of the Monroe Doctrine, we would withdraw from Berlin, from NATO, and from CENTO. While at the same time we would invade not only Cuba but French & Dutch Guianas (and the British part if they don't hurry up and leave that country to its Marxist politicians). I'm TIRED of people expecting the United States to be bound by a policy enunciated by a minor administration politician in the 1820's. Surely we have more flexibility than that!

It is far far shrewder of the United States to allow these various small nations to let off steam by insulting us than it would be to retaliate to every real and imaginary blow to our pride. We aren't going to be hurt by Canada's allowing Russian planes to stop at Gander, or by references in the British Tory press to American "barbarism". And we would certainly not be practising democracy if we forced every country that we think of as an "ally" to pursue in detail the exact policies we lay down for them. And we would bring down on us a real hair-raising depression if we tried to do that -- for we, like every country, are economically dependent on world trade.

Besides, when some country does something that hurts more than our pride, we generally take quite forceful action. Witness Cuba, Guatemala, Korea; and on a milder note our recent threats of retaliation if the Common Market adopts policies that seriously hurt our agricultural export market.

Is Fekete's address 826 or 836 (page 22)? You are in disagreement with AXE.

I wish I could write you a loc sometime in which I talked about something else besides politics.

/I can't check the address; I'm mostly surprised to discover that someone actually cares....RSC/

Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, England

That sardonic con report from Bob Tucker precisely matches the look I spotted on his face as Heinlein marched in. Personally I think Tucker is at the wrong end of the camera.

/I wish I was sure what that phrase meant....RSC/

I'm glad Juanita mentioned politics in 117...that's one interest I picked up over there. Came back with some pocketbooks which have been completing my education in US system. Notably THE MAKING OF A PRESIDENT. Fascinating! Your politicians seem to work much harder than ours do... I guess one of your politicians' day's work would like to kill old Mac



(not that I'd weep). Incidentally I am looking for titles on this subject.

Naturally I was greatly interested in Vic's article on the personality tests...and his summing up sounded, on the whole, fair to me. I wish he had gone onto say outright what he thought the test showed about the females' "femininity". Of course this is where tests like this can get snarled up...If the only way you equate "femininity" is with a need to succeed!

Gary Deindorfer, 121 Boudinot St., Trenton 8, New Jersey

Fred Galvin sent me that "Bems, Please Write" ad as an enclosure with a letter. In a letter to Bob Lichtman I happened to mention it and he said that it was the doing of fringe-fan Chuck Doehrer; Wobbly, and occasional contributor to the INFORMER.

I wonder whether or not Derek Nelson would have been willing to go to Cuba with US invasion forces had it been decided that we would invade that island. It's easy, I suppose, for him to say "you US people should do this, that, and the other about Cuba and the Communist threat."

Just as easy as it is for US liberals to say we shouldn't provoke Russia because it's better to give up than to take risks (and then wonder why America is going soft). RSC7

Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico

It appears that we're in for some discussion concerning the recent Cuban skirmish. I'm in agreement with you, Buck, that when they start pointing their missiles in our direction we are quite within our rights should we find it necessary to forcibly remove them. Other than that I don't get particularly overwarm about Cuban internal affairs. If the Cubans are damnfool enough to put up with Castro and his policies that's their problem. Maybe one of these days they'll get fed up with it all and there will be still another Cuban revolution. (Ho-hum. Another?)

John Boardman, 166-25 89th. Ave., Jamaica 32, New York

Nothing but applause for John Rackham's assertion that people as the subject of social science are not substantially different from the subjects of other sciences. A lot of fugg has been perpetrated by the assumption, tacit or explicit, that there is some mystical quality in human beings that renders them free from the operation of the universe's laws. The causal system is more complex, but it is still a causal system with natural laws as knowable as Maxwell's Equations.

"More complex" is about as much of an understatement as I've run across lately. Scientific equations remain the same whether you're dealing with one molecule or a couple of tons -- care to predict when we'll have social equations that will be valid for any group from one family to the city of New York? (I held it to "molecule" and "family" to undercut any quibbling about equating individuals with various theories on atomic particles. RSC)

John also had considerable to say about unions, but we're running out of space. Maybe next issue; it'll be the 10th Annish and we have all sorts of gala plans. Space will be no object and all that. For now I'll just ramble until the end of the page. I meant to review Andre Norton's CATSEYE, which is now out in an Ace edition, but forgot it. Anyway it's a good book and I recommend it. Just finished reading THE LION, THE WITCH AND THE WARDROBE, by C. S. Lewis, which is a children's fantasy. It's put out by Penguin, but you'll have to get it from some British fan since the edition is "not for sale in the U.S.A." due to copyright restrictions. RSC