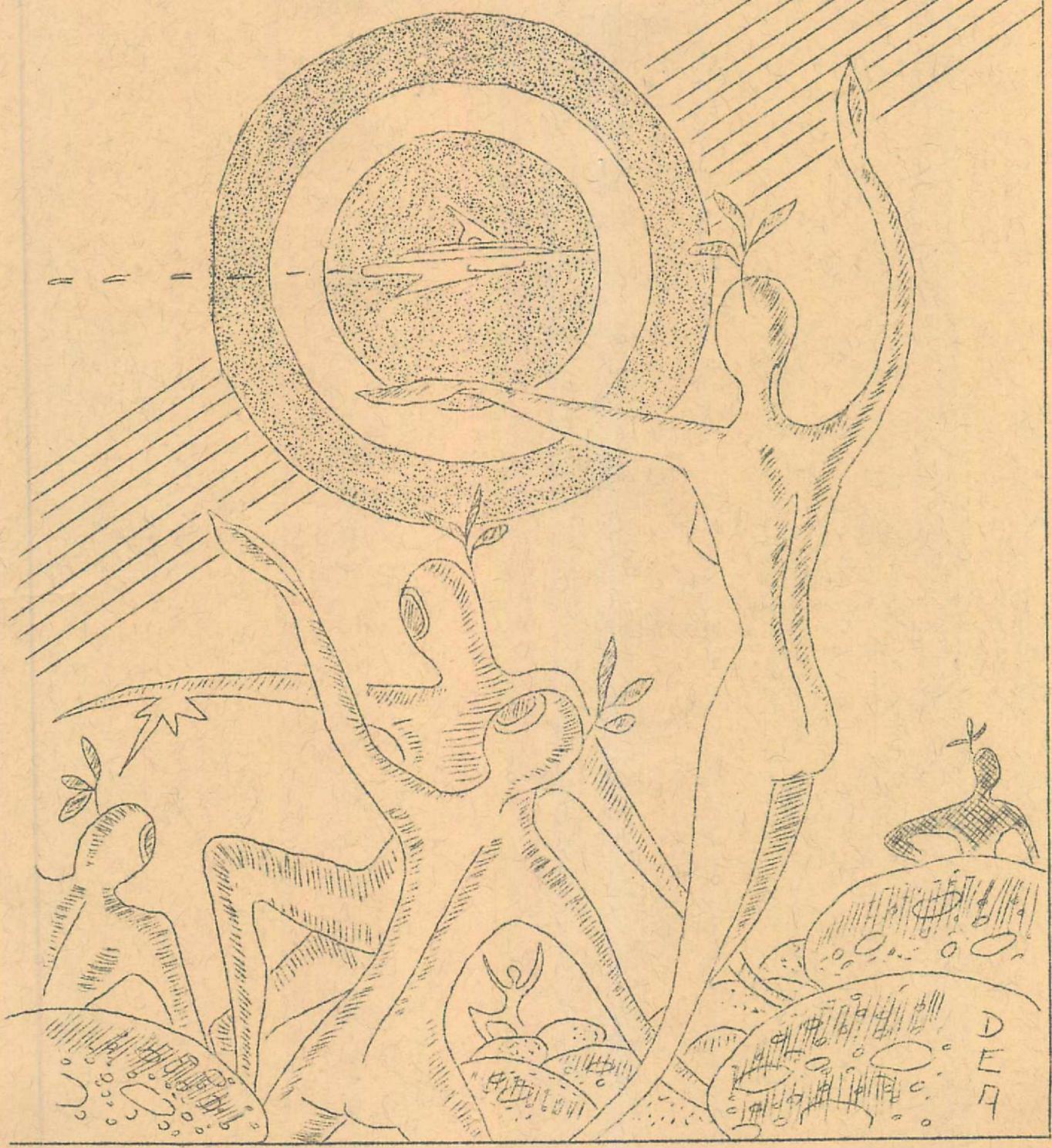


X 212 - 5011 R

YANDRO



DEA



YANDRO

#75

VOL. VII NO. 4

APRIL '59

Published sometime during every month by Robert & Juanita Coulson, from 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana, USA. Copies avail-

able for cash, trades, and anything else we might be interested in. We have, at various times, passed out copies or subs in exchange for Anna Russell records, Dollens originals, copies of FUNCH, HAPNA, and WEIRD TALES, multilithed covers and stamp collecting equipment. But if you have anything out of the cash or fanzine line, inquire first. And we do not make a practice of passing out free copies in exchange for letters of comment. We like your comments, but not that much.

Price, in USA and Canada: 15¢ each, or 12 for \$1.50 Price in England: 1/0 each, 12 for 12/0 -- pay your money to Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts, England. Price elsewhere: 2 for 35¢, 12 for \$1.75.

CONTENTS

Ramblings - - - - -	JWC - - - - -	2
Rumblings - - - - -	RSC - - - - -	3
New York Insight - - - - -	Dan Adkins - - - - -	4
The Shackled - - - - -	Mike Deckinger - - - - -	6
A Doric Column - - - - -	Bob Tucker - - - - -	7
Quotes - - - - -	Gene DeWeese - - - - -	9
Grumblings (millions and millions of letters) - - - - -		10

ARTWORK

Cover - - - - -	DEA	Page 9 - - - - -	Glenn King
Page 1 - - - - -	Terry Carr	" 18 - - - - -	Barbi Johnson
" 2, 3, 14 - - - - -	JWC	" 19 - - - - -	George Barr
" 4 - - - - -	Dan Adkins	" 24 - - - - -	G. H. Scithors
" 5 - - - - -	Ginger Phillips	" 15 - - - - -	Marv Bryer
" 8 - - - - -	Jack Harness	" 25 - - - - -	Gregg Trend

The interlineations on pages 16 thru 23 were inspired by Ted White, in GAMBIT #30 (page 15, if you want to look it up)

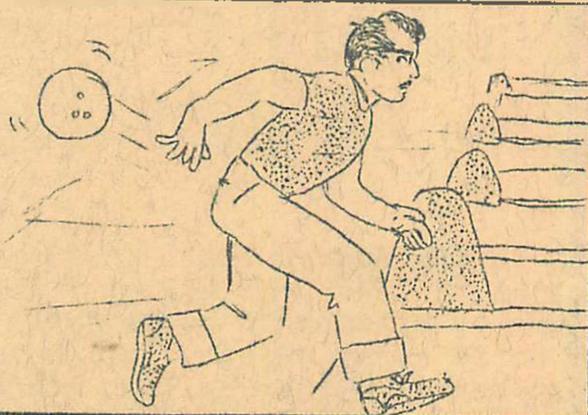
I think it was John Trimble who hoped that we would keep turning out varied issues -- this and the next couple should suit him. When we get this many letters we'll print most of them (well over half of what we received went into this lettercolumn), but I don't intend to turn YANDRO into a letterzine. Next issue will contain another Literary Supplement.



Having been threatened, cajoled, and otherwise ordered, I herewith make announcement of the DeWeese Bumper Slogan Contest...for several years now the DeWeeses have been rambling around in one of those '55 mashie Nashies, one which was always easily spotted in a crowded parking lot by virtue of the bright red fluorescent letters emblazoned on the rear bumper, letters clearly spelling out YOGGOTH SAVES. This was not only a dandy means of quick identification, but afforded numerous

moments of pleasure when speling explanations to non-fan observers - "it's one of the elder gods" - "but - but, there's only one god, isn't there?". Now, however, these times have passed, for the DeWeeses have traded in the old Nash for a new one - one resembling a square forest - i.e. everything about it is green, including the occupants in the reflected light from the upholstery. At any rate, the old slogan was also traded into the dealer (precipitating wonderment over the reaction of the new owner), and now the DeWeeses want a new and appropriate slogan for the rear bumper of the new Rambler. (Just occurs - if Gene uses red letters again, the car will be decked in my high school colors - how loyal!). The new bumper is slightly longer, so a slightly longer slogan is acceptable. The prize? Well, Gene has suggested one of his duplicate '28 or '29AMAZINGS; I had thought perhaps this would tout more fans ~~off~~ the contest than would inspire entry, but Gene thinks someone might like a copy strictly as a novelty. You may send the entries to us, or to DeWeese at 210 E. King, Kokomo, Indiana, and may Mitra bless the winner.....the season rapidly approaches wherein we will be making more use of our own clunker for unscheduled meanderings....we are great devotees of the enjoyment-filled county road tours.....Indiana is dandy country for county and country road excursions, although I've frequently wished on one of these wanderings that we possessed a compass.....a map is not much good, because there are simply too many cow trails and converted wagon runs chopping up the swamp, farm country, and glacial moraine of northern Indiana. A map is even less use in southern Indiana, as we well remember from a day's ramble down yanner a couple of autumns ago.....the roads got progressively smaller and less improved and eventually we were passing people who stared at the Ford as though disbelieving such an invention existed....the roads do not curve. and they do not have the all-too typical right-angle zig-zags common to north-central Indiana....these back-country thoroughfares undulate and wind in the strictest senses of those words...and since we got into this territory roughly around noon, the sun was no help....when we finally did discover a signpost, we were miles from the point we expected, but very near the spot we hoped to reach later in the day.....the area is known as the Devil's Backbone, and during a good share of the trip, we were trying to find this scenic spot, only to discover later that we had been traversing the ridge all the time....maps,fah!.....JWC

R
U
M
B
L
I
N
G
S



This issue we inaugurate a new column and welcome back an old one. Adkins' comments on the big city were well liked before; I hope they still are. Probably neither column will be in every issue; Tucker definitely requested that we not promise a monthly schedule for the Doric column. Both columnists are free to say whatever they like, as long as they don't get us confiscated or sued.

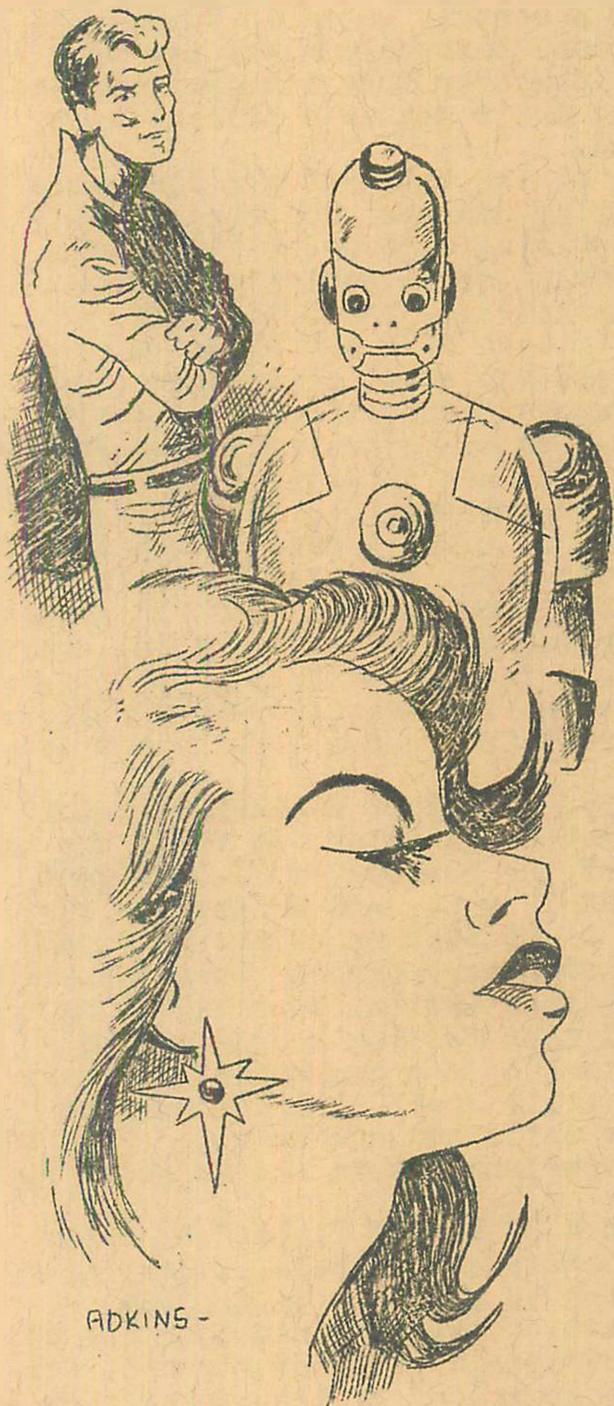
I'm typing this after a strenuous workout at the local bowling alley. Bowling has been quite a pleasant surprise to me; it's one of the few games I've encountered that I can do reasonably well in. (Games which call for physical activity, that is.) I have tried, at one time or another, basketball, baseball, golf, volleyball, and table tennis, and proved pretty much of a dub at all of them. The only amusements I did any good at were the quiet ones; chess, cards, Chinese checkers, etc. (I've had fair success at hunting, considering my eyesight, but that isn't exactly a game.) So my moderate success at bowling is quite startling. I wonder if all fans are non-athletic? No male fans that I know ever amounted to much as athletes. One fringe-fan was on his highschool track team, but most of us weren't good enough for any school team, and some of us went to pretty small schools. It isn't just the old saw about athletic prowess calling for a strong back and a weak mind, either -- I've known plenty of high-school and semi-pro ball players who were as intelligent as the average fan -- but they weren't fans. Is there something about the fannish personality that scorns athletics; or is fandom a haven for physical failures? Or are the fans I know non-typical of fandom as a whole?

Forry Ackerman sent me, out of a blue sky, a copy of HI-LIFE containing one of his articles. I think maybe he proved his point, at that; the man is versatile enough to write exactly what the readers of HI-LIFE want, exactly what the readers of SEX & CENSORSHIP want, and apparently, tho God knows why, exactly what the readers of monster magazines want. And apparently his sticky film reviews for MADGE were exactly what the kids who read third-rate science fiction magazines wanted. Possibly if he wrote more for magazines that I liked, I'd be telling people what a great writer he is, instead of carping that he's a commercial success, but... Oh well, he has talent, but I still don't like the uses to which he puts it. Now I hope everyone is satisfied and we can get on to another discussion. Judging from past experience, this one is about ripe for APORRHETA to take up.

Can any of our readers quote us "The Sword Of Robert E. Lee" by Abram Joseph Ryan? How about some of you unreconstructed rebels...Hickman, Annas, Ginn? Betty Kujawa wants it to send to a friend in England. It always seems harder to fill up the last couple of lines on a stencil. There have been requests for two-page editorials -- I have trouble filling one page, mostly. Also, I generally regard my replies to letters as fulfilling at least part of the requirements of an editorial. RSC

NEW YORK INSIGHT

+ COLUMN BY — DAN ADKINS —



It was August the 18th when I decided to leave the big city and return to Arizona to be with the girl I am to marry shortly (mid-June). It had been a rather hellish summer in New York. Bill Pearson and I had spent 15 weeks in a one room apartment off Times Square, doing wonderful things such as wash dishes, hang clothes across the room, and bitch. It was sweating hot, and stink'n damp at night. I lay in bed, looking out the window at the foolish people going by and wanting to get the hell out of the city, to be with my woman. This was the great city, the big deal. I got up the usual five days a week to go to work at the art studio on Madison Ave. for my \$45 a week. Out of this I managed to save \$163 in 15 weeks. Some other sources of income helped. The magazines. Once I had some silly dreams about the glory of working for such publications. It worked out a little different than my ideas. A steady job was something I needed to stay alive, and I got it. That move stopped my gung-ho movement at being a big pro. I used to sneak up to Larry Shaw's office when I was sent out to deliver artwork ... from the studio I worked for to another one buying the art. Royal Publications' art editor, Howard Winters, would give me a quick sketch of what he wanted and off I'd go. That night I'd do the art and run down to Larry Shaw's apartment with it. That's how I sold my art.

Funny, it seemed nothing to me. Oh, sure it felt kind of good, but I didn't get half the feeling out of it as selling my first stuff to OTHER

WORLDS. I actually had tears in my eyes when Palmer bought my first published art.

And I was doing things I didn't much care for, such as the illustrations for MONSTER PARADE. It was what they wanted. Kids fourteen, who were supposed to buy the magazine, didn't go for good art. That was the pitch.

So there I was, making a lousy \$45 a week at an art studio, and unable to quit and try and become a full time pro. I was beginning to care less about being one anyway. There was no great amount of money in it and I couldn't see doing it for fannish glory. Another Silverberg, another Ellison, another fannish big deal! What's Ellison got out of it, or Silverberg? They still live from day to day with the same problems, the same troubles.

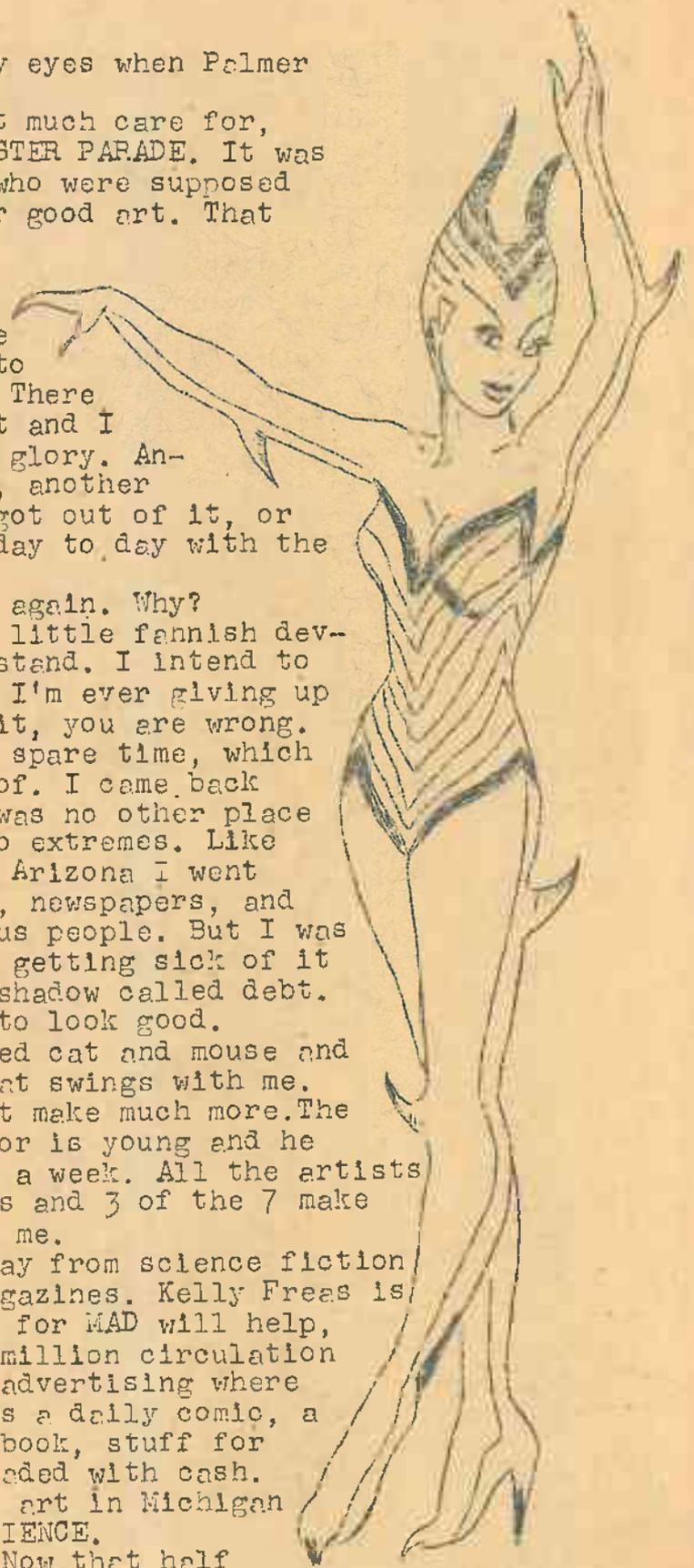
I left New York, and here I am again. Why?

Not to become a pro as all you little fannish devils seem to think. Don't misunderstand. I intend to sell to prozines but if you think I'm ever giving up a steady job for the free lance bit, you are wrong. Magazine selling is something for spare time, which I have little of and want little of. I came back here to the big city cause there was no other place I could get a job without going to extremes. Like doing actual labor. When I was in Arizona I went around to TV studios, art studios, newspapers, and did a little free lance for various people. But I was borrowing money from my folks and getting sick of it all, and going into that pool of shadow called debt. I got out. Even \$45 a week began to look good.

The same old studio and I played cat and mouse and I wound up with \$60 a week and that swings with me. Some of the best stf artists don't make much more. The man that owns the studio I work for is young and he pockets a couple thousand dollars a week. All the artists where I work are in their twenties and 3 of the 7 make close to '200 a week. This is for me.

Ed Emsh is trying to break away from science fiction toward advertising and the big magazines. Kelly Frees is trying the same and hopes working for MAD will help, even if MAD pays poorly with the million circulation they have. Valigursky wants into advertising where there is more money. Wood now does a dally comic, a Sunday comic, a bi-monthly comic book, stuff for GALAXY, and you'd think he was loaded with cash. He isn't. Bill Bowman now teaches art in Michigan but sells art by mail to SUPER SCIENCE.

How are the magazines doing? Now that half



are gone, the ones left sell better. Lowndes is having it roughest I guess, and FANTASY AND STF. For some reason people like to buy thick magazines like GALAXY. It's too soon for them to know if this idea is a complete success, but it'll probably come off well, or seems to be working out. ASTOUNDING still leads and is making money. The whole field will be fun to watch this year cause everyone is considering changes of every nature.

Bob Silverberg can't make a living off science fiction writing now but is still doing fine with other magazines. Hal Ellison gets out of the army next month or shortly thereafter.

On a fannish vein, Ol' Es Adams paid Bill and I a visit this month. /Last month, now. RSC/ He was nice enough to bring along three women and stink'n enough to bring their boyfriends. I furnished the apartment and he bought the booze. It's not a one room pad anymore; kitchen, living room, bedroom, and den. Larry Ivie came up taking photos, and others dropped in. The hi-fi blasted, the drinks poured, and the smoke drifted. Es was quite the swing'n stud in person....just like his writing. And what a southern lip talker!

Next column will have more news and less putting the people straight on ol' Adkins - and the silly world

Into each life a little cross-eyed bear must fall. (JWC)

THE SHACKLED
MIKE DECKINGER

We are the shackled, the chained,
Shackled by unseen forces,
Imprisoned by abstract lusts,
Living in seething pits,
Fighting in seething pits,
Dying in seething pits,
In raging despair,
In hellish disbelief,
Everywhere surrounded,
Nowhere freed,
Release is but an interval,
Time is but a stoppage,
All is but a hell.

"Oh, I've eaten those! They're Egyptian hieroglyphics." bev deweese

The following is an excerpt from the blurb for a story in the January 1934 issue of MAGIC CARPET: "A thrilling tale of the Russian Five-Year Plan....."

The plural of sheriff should be sheriffim. (Shelley Berman)

A DORIC COLUMN

from bob tucker

you offspring of unwed parents, said Al Ashley

Recently our theater played "From The Earth To The Moon", a stirring interplanetary epic in five reels and Warnercolor, whatever that is. I've never read Jules Verne's book but I intend to do so now, just to find out how much may be blamed on the screenwriters. The basic story remained unchanged, I believe.

The picture opens immediately after the cessation of the Civil War; good old Joe Cotton is seen as the devil-may-care munitions maker who waxed rich from that conflict, and good old George Sanders is the staunch Southern manufacturer whose armor plate failed to save the Confederacy. Good old Joe has a young, ambitious assistant; and good old George has a beautiful daughter. With the passage of time, good old Joe invents a powerful force called Power X, and he intends to fire a projectile to the moon to show the cotton-picking world just how hot it really is. In a preliminary test, a small calibre artillery shell filled with Power X completely vaporizes its target and the ground around it. There is a boom and a roar and the familiar mushroom cloud rises over the testing ground. A moment later a couple of hundred observers rush right up to the lip of the crater, shaking their heads at what they've seen. No one thinks to shield his genes.

Or perhaps they didn't have genes in those backward days.

Eventually, good old Joe gets his projectile off the earth, but not before conquering an obstacle or two to pound home the point that he has G*U*T*S. Comes then D-Day. First, the young and beautiful daughter sneaks aboard the vessel and conceals herself in a spacesuit that happens to be hanging nearby. Next, good old George sneaks aboard ship and sabotages it -- but, being a good sport, he decides to go along for the ride anyway. Finally, good old Joe and his handsome assistant climb aboard. All three clasp hands, climb into glass tanks which serve as acceleration couches and boom! off they go into the wild blue yonder. That ole' debbil the mushroom cloud sends them upward and outward.

The projectile, shaped like an artillery shell, roars into space. The mighty force of Power X spurts from its exhaust. Sparks and live coals drop downward. Fiery gases and smoke fly upward. As a matter of fact, I must report that the flames and molten gases appear to be traveling faster than the rocket -- at least, they reach the ceiling of the studio before the ship does. The safest spot in space seems to be immediately behind the maw of the exhaust. Well, no matter, they are off at last, and our heroes emerge from their glass cages to congratulate one another and to open a bottle of champagne. Good old Joe opens a wall cabinet to reveal two tall bottles sitting there on the shelf. The ship is fitted with the best Nineteenth Century elegance; paneled walls, Victorian settees with red leather (or cloth) upholstery, comfortable

chairs, dining tables and so forth. The one meal seen on the screen is complete with table candelabrum.

The beautiful young daughter is discovered after a while, during one of the emergencies which seem to occur every two or three minutes apart. She had fainted in the suit. The terrible shock of blastoff, you know. But now, reunited with her lover, they face the journey together. It isn't a safe journey, by any means. For instance, they run smack into a meteor storm -- the ship shudders and rolls beneath the many impacts as the white-hot molten basketballs hurl out of space directly at them. The deadly meteors hiss, whine and spew fire as they graze the sturdy craft but, thanks to the two inventors, the craft is a sturdy one and they get through safely. Except that two or three minutes later something else happens and the dastardly sabotage is discovered. I'm a little hazy as to just what this sabotage was -- something about cut cables and a missing timer which was supposed to fire the final stage -- something like that, you know. Well, anyway, it can't be repaired or jury-rigged, and the sturdy ship falls into a deadly orbit around the moon!

That is, the screenwriters said the ship was orbiting; and the fearless actors, parroting the words put into their mouths by the screenwriters, said the ship was orbiting. Perhaps it was. Everybody runs to a large window in the observation cabin to watch the orbit. Everybody -- the girl, the three gentlemen, the camera, and you and me -- stand there awe-struck and watch the spectacle outside. First the moon and then the earth swings by in the darkness of space; round and round we go, moon-earth, moon-earth, in an unending circle. I had the secret suspicion that we were merely revolving on our own axis, but the screenwriters and the actors (and Jules Verne?) said we were orbiting, so I guess we were. Well, the view is fine, but we are not to enjoy it for long. Good old George, who has been sweating over his math, comes up with a chilling pronouncement:

The ship is hurtling along at a fantastic speed in an orbit which they lack the power to break. They are generating a deadly friction and it will soon be curtains for everybody! The terrible heat will mount, and mount, and mount until the ship and the brave passengers are incinerated! Watchers on the earth will see a flash in the sky, as of a nova, and a second later the brave ones and their projectile will be but ashes in the cosmos. Oh, woe!

What a sticky end.

But wait! Do not woe too quickly, for the screenwriters (or Verne?) have another trick up the crafty sleeve. Power X is loose! It is boiling over, bubbling and churning in its cauldron, and making ready to blast them all to smithereens! There is not a moment to lose. Good old Joe and good old George put their heads together and come up with a plan -- they will sacrifice themselves for the sake of the young lovers! And they do. No one has thought to mention it until now, but it seems that the great



projectile is actually divided into four parts, or stages, and each stage has its own independent power source. "Secondary system" as they call it. The lovers are sealed off in the upper stage (the one with the window, but also the one without food, water, or toilets), while the self-sacrificing gentlemen go below to await their doom. Dauntlessly. They stand by the reactor, waiting and watching while it boils and bubbles, and by and by it reaches critical mass.

Does it spill their genes all over the cosmos? It does not. The ending is a happy one. The reactor blows up, sending the three lower stages to the moon, and the upper stage toward earth. As we near the end of this thrilling saga we see 3 pinpoints of light on the moon (pinpoints about a hundred miles apart) -- these are signal lights from good old Joe and good old George who rode the ship down. The lovers clutch, stare dreamily toward earth, and the picture fades out as their "secondary system" fires, sending smoke, flame and cinders upward past the observation window.

I recommend this movie as the best comedy of the year.



Receipt of a copy of SUNSHINE & HEALTH from a fellow-worker prompted Juanita to inquire, after looking over some of the photos, "Why do nudists wear shoes?" It would seem a logical question -- don't they believe in toughening their feet as well as getting their overdoses of vitamin D? They a buncha sissies or somethin'?

Some Not So Random Quotes From THE MIND CAGE
collected by Eugene DeWeese

"Feeling singularly blank, Marin left the council room."
(Four lines later): "He wondered, a little blankly..."
"The realization stiffened Marin in a stronger awareness..."
"Dumbfounded, he thought, 'As soon as I change what'!"
"In a what?"
"Did I think that?"
"And then, he felt blank."
"He slept. And woke up. And thought, 'My God, that man is
.....David Marin'!"
"A staggering moment....Recovery"
"What!"
"The Queen had won her victory out of the press of her own
life stuff."
"They what!"

Black magic is the performance of miracles by unauthorized personnel.
.....GHScthers & Dr. ORSowers

KRALCOR!

GRUMBLINGS a letter column

BRUCE PELZ, 4010 Leona St., Tampa 9, Fla. - For DeWeese: telegram from Dad spy sent to see chances of buying multilith cheap from him and finding him a USMC member under 20 who can't possibly be chiseled: "Gene seen, Dean - mean, lean teen Marine; keen clean, green zine machine!" /Okay, Gene; your turn next. RC/

T/Sgt. ELLIS T. MILLS, P.O. Box 244, Carswell AFB, Texas - I note that you did not obtain a copy of "Green Christmas". Freberg would probably flip if he were to find out the use that was made of his tirade against advertisers in this area. A local record store obtained a large quantity of copies and engaged radio station KFJZ to spin the disc several times a day for three or four days just before Christmas. The accompanying announcement was to the effect that Rowland's Record Shop was conducting a "stereo fair" and that visitors to the store during the fair could walk away with a free copy of this sterling record. Needless to say, I was off like a shot. I wandered into the store, listened politely to a stereo demonstration record, signed the visitor's register, picked up a copy of "Green Christmas", told the salesman that I already possessed a stereo tape recorder, and left. That's the last I've heard from them. (Or they from me, for that matter - gyps that pass in the night.)

I see that I didn't stress the hugeness of the family garden. It was as large as several race tracks; in fact it was furlongs to the bottom of my garden. (Didn't it ever get out of hand!)

DONALD FRANSON, 6543 Babcock Ave., No. Hollywood, Calif. - You made some editorial improvements, but you wrecked my title. "Comrade Hacks" was a joke -- remember "Comrade X"? And it was a warning to Russian hacks, not letterhacks.

Every letter of comment isn't a fanzine review, so I won't mention everything. I like YANDRO, dammit, month after month. I can't compare it to GRUE, because I've never seen a GRUE...I only subscribed to it about a year ago. This reminds me of the story of the two stores. A customer complained that the price of whatzits was too high, that the store across the street had them cheaper. "Well, why don't you go to the store across the street, then?" said the storekeeper, out of patience. The customer replied, "Oh, they're all out of whatzits."

Pardon further carping on the slant situation -- the double parentheses show direction of the insert, while double slants still do not, so you can still get confused as to who is talking. /Humble apologies for lousing up your title. It was strictly a mistake; I have been known to revise author's titles, but this wasn't one of them. I didn't think the result looked quite right, but didn't bother to check it. Personally, I feel that even double parentheses are more confusing than slants, because letter-writers tend to use parentheses -- and sometimes even double parentheses -- within the body of their letters. I'll keep my comments short, or within their own paragraphs. RSC/

ROG EBERT, 410 E. Washington, Urbana, Illinois - In my bumbling, friendly, naive little way, I am unable to comprehend the slighting reference to me in the reply to MZB's letter. What's this about me popping up again? So far as I remember, I've never even so much as mentioned Forry to you nor anyone else for ages. Don't really care one way or the other about him, actually...he leaves me cold.

As far as I'm concerned, if I can continue my practice of getting into lettercol arguments an issue late, Forry is an average-or-so writer who has managed to make money out of fandom (and even stf) where others have failed. More power to him for being first on the monster kick -- he's found a field in which average writing pays.

/Apologies again; seems as if I wasn't functioning on all cylinders last issue. Anyway, I typed Ebert when I meant Rich Brown. /

RICH BROWN, 127 Roberts St., Pasadena 3, Calif. - I didn't like Juanita's editorial this time./Dec. ish/ I didn't like it at all, as a matter of fact. I wasn't a close friend of Moomaw or anything, but I did know him, and in many ways I liked him. And, more, I admired him. I don't like the idea of his death being just something to talk about, another statistic to add to something said previously, or something to stimulate an idea for an editorial for a fanzine. To be quite frank about it, for the first time, Juanita's editorial makes me sick.

/Just when did you encounter a death which was not "something to talk about, another statistic"? Frankly, I'm pretty disgusted with this business of Moomaw being considered great just because he's dead. If Ted White feels the need of a memorial volume, etc, all right -- White was Moomaw's friend in life. But this business of people who didn't care about him much while he was alive suddenly discovering that he was a misunderstood genius makes me sick. RSC/

Yes, Gem Carr is world-renowned, by now, at taking down Superfen. Let me tell you a little about 4e Ackerman. 4e produces raves from me because he's a Nice Guy. You look around fandom and see the George Wetzels, who makes his fuggheaded fame from being just the opposite, and at the G. M. Carrs, Ed Woods, Peter Vorzimers and others who get their kicks by attacking people's ideas, dreams, and maybe hopes, and you realize that a Nice Guy in fandom is indeed a rare thing. You see a guy like 4e, who's done more constructive things than any ten George Wetzels, Gem Carrs, Ed Woods, Peter Vorzimers, getting taken down by them, it makes you wonder why they dislike someone merely because others like him, and it gives implications of green-eyed cats that are deep down inside the Wetzels, Carrs, Woods and Vorzimers. I haven't been around fandom but two years, but I've seen 4e taken advantage of, his collection, his house, his time, his work, and I've seen the little thanks he gets; he's been duped, stricken, attacked, borrowed-from; his mags, his furniture, his time, his work has been stolen, stopped, destroyed, ruined, marred, borrowed and discredited; and he stands there looking amiable, whereas Gem Carr or any other of the abovementioned would probably rant, rave, attack, destroy, blow-up, or become embittered. A feat much belittled by Gem.

/Well, not knowing him, I can only agree that he is probably a Nice Guy, and suggest that surely he isn't as wishy-washy as you make out./

Look, old friend, you and I seem to be talking three which ways at once, and what's worse, we're talking back to back and mumbling. I'm talking about FMOF, of course. Look, man, I suggest you look back through the pages of YANDRO, especially one that contained an article by Wood. Therein is the comment that sparked me off; "I wish Ackerman would stop taking down the good name of science fiction and take his mag elsewhere", or words to that effect. Wood was judging FMOF of a science fiction standard, and that was what I was arguing against. If you're not judging FMOF on a science-fiction standard, then good -- I've won you over to my side. "I'm criticizing it..because it's LOUSY WRITING", you say. Well, that's your opinion. Everyone is entitled to their opinion. /Have you read a Campbell editorial lately? RSC/ But, you see, I'm not obsessed with the idea that you're criticizing FMOF on a sf standard, because that all goes back to the BEGINNING and that was when He Wrote the article in all of His Divineness. Ed Wood has a habit of making obnoxious, sometimes fuggheaded statements, and letting them smoulder away without defense or further comment. I wonder, at times, of his courage of his convictions (if he has either courage or convictions) when things like this happen.

Tell me, Bob, are you an individual or a non-conformist? Like, here are all the clods running around doing the same old thing, but none of them like to exercise their fingers and you like to. If, suddenly, all the clods thought, "Gee, we ought to exercise our fingers", and all begin to do it and it becomes The Fad, The Thing To Do; are you going to continue to exercise your fingers (individualist) or stop and run around doing the things the clods left behind when they switched to finger exercises (non-conformist). There is this fine line of distinction, you know.

/I think that's a perfect explanation of the difference between non-conformity and individualism. As for me, I confess to occasional attacks of non-conformity, but in general I'll back my statement that I'm an individualist. (Like, I still like folkmusic despite the Kingston Trio, and I still like Civil War books even though they're popping up like mushrooms.) Just to set the record straight on Ed Wood, I quote from his article (YANDRO, Aug. '58). "From FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND one can only conclude that it was an evil day when Forrest J. Ackerman learned to type. From the insipid photographs to the childish absurd text, the publication was conceived from the lowest possible denominator of customer. As such it is a commercial success. Since success breeds competition, the arrival of WORLD FAMOUS CREATURES was only a matter of time. Unfortunately there will be others. And the saddest part of all is that the horror/fantasy film has a long and illustrious past fully deserving of careful study." And that, by God, was all he said. Now will you kindly point out where he mentioned that the mag. was detrimental to stf? I repeat, you're obsessed. RSC/

TERRY CARR, 3320A 21st. St., San Francisco 10, Calif. - I've been meaning to write you commenting on YANDRO for some time now; and think I'll get to it tonight. Every issue that comes in prompts me to say, "Bighod, I shall write and give this Coulson guy what-for." I find YANDRO itself pretty dull stuff; on the other hand, I find your comments

quite interesting and remarkably often irritating.

For instance, I was irritated by your comment an issue or so ago in TWIG that you didn't give a damn what you'd said to Moomaw. That seemed a blunt way to put it, and in case you're wondering, by "blunt" I mean "lacking in tact", not "admirably honest". Agreed, the hooah and fooforah about Kent's suicide was overdone: for my part, I found Kent promising to an extreme, but never thought a single thing he wrote was much better than "very good". The tears-set-to-print which flooded fanzines after his death seemed to me to be in extremely bad taste by virtue (?) of making him into something that he wasn't: a martyr. Kent was no martyr, he was the sort of fan that many have railed about for years: the introspective, fandom-is-a-way-of-compensation type. It's a sad case, yes, but Kent had the intelligence to do better and he should have. To picture him trapped in a vacuum of intelligent associates, rejected by the proletariat, lacking love and understanding, ad nauseum, is not to do justice to Kent's memory; on the contrary it merely serves ironically as an illustration of how Kent was misunderstood.

But to come out in print and say "I don't give a bloody hell what I said to Kent when I might have helped him keep his interest in living" strikes me as cold and bastardly. I imagine you were just disgusted with the ridiculousness of the several fans who intimated that they were losing sleep nights wondering what they'd said that they shouldn't have and what they hadn't said that they should have -- but you put it so bluntly, with such a manner that Terwilleger should have invented a new reproductive process to capture in print your obvious sneer as you typed it, that I found myself recoiling from such a mind as yours.

I don't believe that you're really such a cold person as that line of yours suggested -- I think you're just thoughtless. And to me thoughtlessness means selfishness.

/Oh well, if I try to be tactful, I'm evasive, if I don't, I'm a monster. Frankly, I don't see any particular need to be tactful in fandom; fandom in general isn't that important. Now, if I'd known in advance that Moomaw was psychotic, I'd have treated him more gently -- but I didn't. And considering that I've said worse things to other fans than I ever said to Kent, I don't give a bloody hell about what I said to him. If he couldn't take criticism, he shouldn't have been so goddamn free in dishing it out. In short, I'm every bit as cold as my words suggested, and if you're repelled by it I don't much care. RSC/

Some of your comments in this latest lettercolumn irritate me, too (YANDRO's lettercol, I mean, not TWIG's). For instance, you mention that you had formerly not used double-slashes to set off your insertions because everybody else was doing it, but now that the practice is no longer common you say you'll try it. Then a few pages later you cast aspersions at the beatniks because they reputedly follow only unpopular causes. I won't bother to try to defend the beatniks against this casual slur (it's not true, but I don't like the beatniks anyway, so what the hell), but I will say that the two remarks of yours don't seem consistent.

/No, they aren't consistent, are they?/

You mention elsewhere that "...the advance publicity and first

comments(on Famous Monsters Of Filmland) made no mention of it being written for 8-year-olds, so I've been criticising it as an adultpublication." Hell, man, some of the earliest discussion on FioF was in FANAC, where it was pointed out early that the mag was juvenile-slanted, and quite clearly so too. Please remember that FANAC is indispensable.

/Don't try to win arguments by cutting my comments. I said "...adult (or at least teen-age) publication..." And "juvenile-slanted" can include everything from a first grade primer on up.....adulthood is not reached until age 18 at least (no matter what teen-agers claim) and sometimes never. In fact, to most people, the term "juvenile" is restricted to teen-agers, even though this is technically incorrect./



Alan Dodd's columns leave me cold, but this one was better than usual, I guess. Franson was amusing in spots and sophomoric in others -- par for the course for YANDRO humor, it seems. I've heard a lot of nonfans say they thought fanzines were composed of college humor, and in the case of YANDRO I must agree. I haven't read a mag more filled with college humor since the last time I read the Cal. Pelican. Ed Wood's piece held my interest, though every time I read an article by him he seems to bring up his disgust with fans who don't read stf -- a critique of fandom which only points out that he doesn't understand fandom and therefore is not a qualified critic. (In case you're wondering: yes, I read stf, and enjoy it. But I see no reason why all fans should. If the True Fans like Wood want the term "fan" to apply only to stf fans they should copyright it, and then see if they do any better than the Coca Cola Bottling Company or Ditto Incorporated has done.)

/I think the trouble is not so much that fandom should be restricted to stf fans; after all, the term "fan" merely means an admirer or enthusiast, and the object of admiration can be anything. In fact, by itself the word provides little information; 99% of civilized humans are fans of something. But "science-fiction fandom" connotes individuals who are fans of science fiction; people who are fans of something else should have another term applied to them, denoting just what they are fans of. Not that it's worthwhile

making a fuss over, but the present situation is illogical. RSC/

MIRIAM CARR, address same as above -

Juanita described herself very much as I imagined her to be, in her editorial, but I'm startled at Gem's description of you, Duck, as Old Man Placid (was she serious?) But from the sound of the editorial, Juanita agrees, and I suppose she should be more of a judge of whether you're broadminded and easygoing or not than I. But in print you sound like the farthest thing from a mild-mannered, easy-going person. Like your reply to who ever it was who criticized your interruptions in Bloch's speech. "Rude, ain't I" ...Hell, I'm completely on the wrong track. In print you are extremely mild mannered. Easy going, too. You don't give an apparent doodeley what you say, who you irritate, who you hurt, who you misrepresent... /Aside from the misrepresentation bit (why bother to misrepresent people? they're quite capable of making fools of themselves without help), you're quite right. As for my comment on the Bloch bit, I'd say my reply was the height of mildness. I didn't defend my right as an editor to make interpolations, I didn't attack the writer (Willis, I think) for daring to criticize me. I simply agreed that I had been rude. What more do you want, for heaven's sake? RSC/

Must you have the letter column all squashed together? I'm sure you could afford the extra 2 or 3 sheets of paper it would cost, to print the letter column so that people could read it with ease.

I think GMCarr is one of the most narrow-minded people in the world, but she is fair to her readers when it comes to the letter-column.

/Why not -- it's all she prints. (Well, not quite, but it's the main part of the zine.) I could change the lettercolumn; if the time ever comes when as many as 5% of the readers object, maybe I will./



MIKE DECKLINGER, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey - You made a mistake on page 24. Sture's address is P.O. Box 403, not 408.

I notice you always use the granite mimeo paper, as do many other fan-eds. I was under the impression that this was the most popular paper because it was the easiest to get, and if the other states don't have a monopoly on it, then it must be harder than I thought. I went to at least a dozen stores down in Newark (stationery stores that is) searching for this granite paper, and either the stores didn't have it, or I was told that it requires some complicated processing or something like that. Now what I'd like to know is, why is it so easy for others to get the paper and so hard for me? Maybe the deros have it in for me. /Maybe you don't have a sensitive fannish face.....how about some veteran east coast faned telling Mike where to go? RSC/

A faaaan is trustworthy

ELIZABETH WILSON, 1543 W. 5th. St., Livermore, Calif. - Green Christmas did quite well out here. I think that some of the radio stations banned it, and perhaps some stores refused to carry it, but it was hard to get only because it was almost everywhere sold out. I saw a copy in Capwell's, one of the big department stores out here, and found that almost any place would order it, though as I say likely didn't have any unsold copies.

That comment about misaligned heads makes one wonder about your plumbing.

Non-conformity is a farce. My observation has been that those who talk the most about nonconforming are those who have the least idea of who or what they are, and who are simply trying to give themselves some sort of personality to conceal their own inadequacies.

A faaaan is loyal

BOYD RAEBURN, 9 Glenvalley Dr., Toronto 15, Canada - I kept telling myself I should comment on Yandro 72, and today Yandro 73 arrived. On 72: was pleased to see both of you taking more space for your editorials - I wish you wouldn't normally confine yourselves to just one page apiece. The Stratton was well done and amusing. Didn't finish the Gaughan - the style was just too much for me. Didn't finish Bisenieks, either, for halfway through I knew that that hoary old gag was going to rise again. Was the Smith (ron) story intended as a satire? It read like one. #73. Was the cover done by stencil? You got those solid black areas with a mimeo? Gad. Carbon tetrachloride fumes are deadly to all, if enough is inhaled. It attacks the kidneys directly. So, ASF is flirting with a 50¢ price. Since Galaxy raised its price I've been looking at it on the newsstands, thinking 50¢? phooey, and not buying it - but then, I've not been buying ASF lately even at 35¢. After all these years of buying asf, I've finally stopped, but I've been so choked up with good reading matter lately, and so often lately ASF has been so dispensable, I just haven't bothered to get it. I guess Marion Bradley would call this a "furious denunciation of science fiction". Oh well.

It's pretty shocking to read Roger Ebert on Freberg's Green Christ-

nes - this sort of suppression speaks pretty poorly for, well, the general state of things where it took place.

Two of the privately owned radio stations in Toronto are the sort which play nothing but the "Top 60" heavily interlarded with commercials - the real breathless, anything for a buck type station, and yet they both gave a heavy play to Green Christmas, and one seemed to make a point of playing it after a commercial which went "Well ho ho ho here's old Santa with his bag full of ----- cigarettes". Canada is a Free Country. Buck, I fully agree with you regarding the teaching of religion in schools. It is a Bad Thing.

/You haven't heard the worst; according to Herb Beach, AMAZING is also testing a 50¢ price. Cover on #73 was done on a multith, by Scithers. After my commenting last issue that almost nobody noticed it, we began to get all sorts of comment on it (before I mailed the last issue, that is) making a liar out of me. I'll see about adding a page apiece to the editorials, though quite often I have trouble filling one page. Maybe after some FAPA experience..... RSC/

A faaaan is helpful

BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif. - I think you typo'd on my slant-suggestion. If I remember the thought right, I meant that slants be constructed something like /~~this~~/. And that way you can dispense with the "RSC" at the end of each interruption, because the hyphens indicate which part of the context is the editor butting in. But the best way is the plain old double parentheses like ((this)) like the Busbies use in CRY.

/Objections to the parentheses already noted...and while the hyphens would tell which part of the context is the editor, it wouldn't tell which editor, and Juanita has at times handled the lettercolumn and for a time we caused untold confusion by not stating which one of us was answering. RSC/

If this were a CRY letter, I'd digress to making answers and comments to the various letter writers, but it isn't, so I'll refrain... /Go ahead and make comments to letterhacks; I won't promise to print them, but I don't automatically cut out such references. RSC/

A faaan is friendly

GREGG TREND, 20051 Regent Dr., Detroit 5, Mich. - The book Juanita is trying to think of is Berton Roueche's THE INCURABLE WOUND, the actual source being the section called, "One Of The Lucky Ones". I still disagree with you on your comment in the 73rd edition of Ramblings where you say, "apparently the fumes are quite deadly to some persons" -- the gaseous fumes are deadly to anybody!

/We found THE INCURABLE WOUND in a pb edition shortly after mailing the last issue -- and incidentally it's a book I would heartily recommend to any reader who hasn't discovered it for himself. RSC/

Speaking of magazines that aren't sold in certain areas, there's a "little" mag called SERENDIPITY published in Detroit by a group of "Angry Iconoclastic People" that I haven't seen cover nor staple of since

their press release in the rotogravure section of the Sunday paper.

To Alex Bratton: The Beat Generation is not the same movement (I use the term loosely) as the Existentialists in France (the philosophy of existentialism has been written on since 1885 - it is nothing new, nor iconoclastic. It's about as new as Freud or Jung), or the "Angry Young Men" of England, who are, by the way, writing about class distinction in a "classless" society, not of the "Why-What-How" philosophy of the Beats. I don't consider Cameron a Beat, at least not from his correspondence, since he doesn't express his thoughts like one. A Beat is not only synonymous with "lethargy and passiveness" as is the opinion of the slick journalists, but rather they think and converse about relatively ultimate things like "Why are we here?", "Where are we going?", "What is infinity, the Universe, and God?", "How was matter created?", "Where did atomic particles come from?", "What is time?", "What is space-time continuum?", and so on. Beatness is "beautiful", it is the state in which the mind is aware of a wide vista of events and occurrences and questions... and people.
/It isn't the questions that bother me....I thought that any philosopher worked over the same questions....but the conclusions that the Beats seem to reach. RSC/

A faaaan is courteous

ROBERT KVAMBECK, ET3 /and isn't it nice that fandom at last can claim a genuine ET?/ Communications, USNS Navy #103, FPO New York, N. Y.

Both the editorials were interesting, but I'm going to have to say that Juanita rambles a little better than you do. After all, who wants to hear all that stuff about stf, when they can read about Juanita's interesting quirks.

/But every time I reveal one of my interesting quirks I get a letter like the one from Terry Carr. Would you have all fandom regard me as a monster, just so you can read about my repelling quirks? RSC/

Alan Dodd's column was interesting, but it didn't seem as good as some of his writing. He seemed to be forcing himself to write.

Don Franson's story, or whatever, was very good.

The article by Ed Wood was very good, and I was glad to find out just how the prozine field is doing. I'm slightly out of contact with all but a few of the prozines, and I like to know what kind of a choice the Navy Exchange is selecting for me. I can't say I'm too enthusiastic over the prospect of paying 50¢ for all my magazines, but if it comes to that I certainly won't stop getting them. I'm certain that going to paperbacks



is not the answer, though. Although the distribution may be better, it will probably cause a decrease in circulation, rather than an increase, because less copies of paperbacks are stocked than magazines, and they are much harder to find in the overcrowded book-racks of most dealers. I've found this out when searching for some of the latest Ballantine books. Going to a larger size would at least make the magazine more conspicuous and harder to hide behind other things.

/As for distribution, Ballantine is a poor example, since they have the best quality material and the poorest distribution of any pb publisher I know. As for number of copies; most of those racked-up copies of stfmags aren't sold, anyway; they're returned for credit. Fewer magazines in more places would certainly increase sales. (The question being, would the magazines be able to effect better circulation if they did go to pb size?

The big publishers, Bantam, Signet, etc., get far better circulation than the mags, but how about the little outfits?) RSC/

Juanita really did a good job when she thought up (and, presumably, drew) those cartoons on your trials and tribulations with your son. Or are they true? I thought the one where Bruce was getting the magnetized hand was especially funny.

/Well, let's say that they're based on fact. Bruce hasn't got his hand caught in the taper yet, but it hasn't been for lack of trying. RSC/

While I like letters, it seemed like there were just too many. Ten pages? /What do you think of this issue? RSC/



A faaan is kind

CLAUDE RAYE HALL, McBurney YMCA, #516, 215 W. 23rd. St., New York 11, N. Y. - I'm typing this on the kitchen table and Bill Pearson is eating his supper across from me. Bill has been lamenting the fact that too few people appreciate SATA. I'm using Dan's typewriter and some of his paper. In the back room, where Adkins does his artwork and has a hi-fi set turned up as high as it will go all hours of the day and night and which walls are decorated with illustrations and where Dan occasional sleeps, he's piddling around with some TWIG artwork.

It appears that the next SATA will be a comic book...at least they're working on some comic junk around here whenever the mood hits and that doesn't appear to be too often. Pearson hasn't done one fannish thing since I got here. Adkins has been busy as hell doing illustrations and putting other people's work on master.

Silence.

Dan's noise machine musta broke down. I'd just become immune to it, too. Or maybe deaf.

Both Pearson and Adkins are about the same height, that is, knee

high to a dead grasshopper. Pearson wears glasses and habitually needs a shave. He attends art classes a couple nights a week, doesn't drink or smoke. Adkins wears glasses, smokes, and liked the loudest damned records he can buy at 9¢ each, of which he has over 500 45s, a dozen or so lp 33s, and godalone knows what else. He's the snarling type and just about as cynical as myself. He certainly doesn't appear like you'd expect from his letters.

/Some inserts, hand-writ by Adkins, are stuffed in among the typewritten material..."let's get the facts down here.....Hall is over 6'11". Dan also corrected a bit of the above, claiming to wear glasses "at times" and revising the record count to 433 45s and 19 lps./

A faaan is obedient

BILL CONNER, 155 W. Water St., Chillicothe, Ohio - It appears that G. M. Carr considers everything pagan evil. I wonder if this can be classified as religious intolerance? I quote, "The way Christmas is currently being celebrated certainly IS 'pagan ritual...and therefore evil'." "The same is true of the pagan sunworship of the Easter Morning "Sunrise Service" which is certainly NOT Christian in origin!" I was surprised to hear this. Sunrise services are Protestant traditions, G.M.; the sunrise service is only a way that the Protestants celebrate the Resurrection; there is no special ritual connected to these services. A sunrise service is merely a Protestant worship service held outdoors on Easter morning. The services are much less ritualized than the Catholic Mass. It seems very narrow-minded to call these sunrise services "pagan sunworship". So what if a Mayan tribe may have also worshipped a sun god with sunrise services? Does this mean that all sunrise services are evil? Fie. Personally, I think one of the worst evils is religious intolerance stemming from a lack of understanding, or from the desire to try to understand another person's religion. I have no quarrel with people who have widely different religious beliefs from myself. But I am definitely against people and religious groups or sects that believe that theirs is the only religion, and that all other beliefs should not be tolerated. This is why I dislike the Jehovah's Witness sect. G.M. Carr's remarks seem to be those of a Catholic who has feelings of animosity towards Protestants. But I prefer to think that she only got carried away with emotion against the un-Christian elements in the celebrations of Christmas and Easter.

I think that G. M. Carr should look up the definition of "pagan" in the dictionary, and then decide whether all things pagan are evil or not. Too often, the word "pagan" is used simply to indicate a person who has other religious beliefs than the person using the word. I also think that condemning "pagan" religions as evil is wrong. The worship of Thor and Odin may have been crude and barbaric ways of expressing religious feeling, but it was all that the worshippers of Thor and Odin had until the Christians brought their religion to these people. Who can say that the worship of Thor and Odin did these people more harm than good? Indeed, who can say that the Catholic church has always been free of evil elements? I always thought that Christians believe that there was only one Perfect Man. A church is but a group of men organized for worship, and since no man is perfect, how can evil be eliminated completely from

the work of even a church? The Inquisition certainly was no demonstration of the teachings of Christ. But it would be as ridiculous for me to criticize the Catholic church for this as it is for G. M Carr to criticize protestants for holding Easter morning sunrise services!

By the way, Buck, you consistently misspell my name. It is Conner, not "Connor".

I just finished reading "On The Road". It is one of the most unusual books I have read, because I was both fascinated and disgusted with Kerouac's view of life as interpreted by his beatniks. Kerouac's beats are philosophical anarchists; they do not seem to believe in anything, but seem to be searching for something to believe in. If this book is the "bible of the beats" as the blurbs claim, then the beats must be a sorry group of people. It seems to me that a beatnik is a defeated man, as the name implies; he has been "beat" in the game of living by forces beyond his control.

The biggest error Ackerman made in FMOF was trying to shift from a "straight" tone to his "pun-in-cheek" tone and back again, without much of a transition. This has the effect of annoying the reader. (At least, this reader.)

/Oh, Gem Carr has feelings of animosity towards just about anything you want to name. (So do I; that's why we get along so well together.) One of the principal tenets of any Christian church is that Christianity is the "only" true religion; it's one of the reasons that Unitarians aren't accepted as Christians, and one of the reasons why I do not belong, officially, to a church, though I'm all in favor of Christ's teachings. Apologies for the misspelling. RSC/

A faaan is cheerful

LESLIE GERBER, 201 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn 26, N. Y. - I find your reviews quite interesting sometimes because the numerical ratings sometimes produce some pretty funny results. I notice that, although it meant resorting to the publication of your material, I finally rated higher than a 2 (aw, you know I don't mean that. I mean worse.) But it feels kind of funny to be rated equal to GROUND ZERO. ... Good God, man, do you realize what you're doing. FANAC gets a 10? Are you kidding? Drunk? Did you type an extra zero by mistake? Not that FANAC deserves a 1, but I think anything above a 6 is far too much for a zine put out as haphazardly as FANAC and with such little effort. (Although they do come out bi-weekly, more effort goes into a serious monthly or even a not-so-serious monthly. Of course, this doesn't mean that fanzines should be rated solely on the basis of the effort required, but to rate anything above a 6, a fanzine should have a lot of work in it and outstanding material. The material in FANAC is far from outstanding. It is fairly consistently interesting and rarely dull, but to rate it on a par with "The Complete Faan" and fandom's finest, or even above THE VINEGAR WORM or CRY OF THE NAMELESS is pretty ridiculous.

/I calls 'em the way I sees 'em. Admittedly, you've never yet produced anything as legible as GROUND ZERO, but on the other hand, GROUND ZERO has yet to produce anything that I enjoyed reading. Anything above a 6 should be exceptional? Foosh... a 6 rating is barely above average. As

for FANAC, it got a 10 rating because it's one of perhaps 3 or 4 fan-zines that I read as soon as it arrives, and one of the very few zines that I don't consider 90% waste paper. RSC/

Ed Wood raises a lot of interesting points. Some science-fiction magazines do make a profit, and at least two of them, GALAXY and ASTOUNDING, make enough money to be their editors' sole support. AMAZING and FANTASTIC also earn money, especially AMAZING.

I would say that the magazines could go paperback with no increase in price, and possibly make money, but I doubt the feasibility. In New York, at least, digest mags get far better display than large size mags, which are displayed in huge cluttered racks with only the title or part of the title showing. Paperback racks are getting more and more crowded, and doubling the number of s-f paperbacks won't help book sales any. I think that a price increase wouldn't do any good either. From what I've heard, and it may be wrong, F&SF isn't doing too well at 40¢. Of course, 192-page 50¢ magazines might sell better, but I'm not sure that all of them would. In short, I don't know what the hell to do. I don't think paperback or 50¢ or large size will work, but if they won't, what will? /Les also registered a protest against illos in sfmags, thinks that pb's are easier to read than digest mags, defends Ackerman, doesn't like my writing "care of" as % -- apparently he's never seen it done this way before -- and thinks I ought to say why I disagree with people's opinions once in awhile. He's probably right, there. He also says that if anyone will let him know that they're willing to tape "Green Christmas" for him that he'll send the tape and return postage. RSC/

A faaan is thrifty

G. M. CARR, 5319 Ballard Ave, Seattle 7, Washington - It looks as though Fanslang is about to be enriched with another fanspeak term; "Gemcarring" -- Hmm. What does it mean - at least, what did you intend it to mean?

/Well, the way I meant it was "making a derogatory comment about a letter-writer, on grounds that one does not really believe in, in order to provoke discussion." Ordinarily it would be considered equivalent to "kidding", but fans react so explosively, as a rule, to kidding, that I decided on a new term, which fandom could understand. RSC/

Enjoyed MZB's article on Witchcraft and Satanism immensely. Especially the preliminary disclaimer at the start. It's a good thing she took the time to spell it out in words, because even so there is almost certain to be scathing letters denouncing her attitude.

Myself, I've never been able to understand the appeal Satanism must undoubtedly have for somebody... Anybody that actually believes in it, enough to expect any benefits from it, must certainly believe in the entire dogma regarding Satan, i.e., believe in God and eternal punishment and all the rest. Anybody that would be fool enough to deliberately choose an eternal punishment in Hell -- a Hell they obviously believe in if they believe in Satan at all -- merely for a brief human lifetime of dubious physical satisfactions (dubious in that even the most dedicated Satanist suffers hangovers, etc.) -- well, I just can't see it!

/Oh, there's always the fellow who thinks that he can "get away" with defrauding anyone -- even Satan. Gem also sent in a postcard on censor-

ship which left her wide open to attack from at least three positions - and I lost it! The best chance I'll ever have to win an argument decisively from you, and I muff it. Phoo. RSC/

A faaan is brave

BETTY KUJAWA, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Ind. - Am still having a happy happy glow from the M Z Bradley article -- she could have gone on for twenty more pages as far as I'm concerned. And having about every book she mentioned (and well worn from reading) I enjoyed her comments on them.

I do wish she had said more on the STYLE of Jules Michelet --- struck me as witty and charming and, at times, highly hilarious.

A faaan is clean

JOHN TRIMBLE, 5201 E. Carson, Long Beach 8, Calif. - Re FMOFilmLand: Maybe it's just from attending LASFS meetings now and then, but I thot that the word had gone out about the time Dick Lupoff referred to FMOF as "Forry's Folly" that the zine had been written for the nine to eleven year old market. Forry has stated this in person, partly as a reason for the prose being at the level it was, and partly to state his surprise that it sold so well.

Bigolly, MZB's column made interesting reading this time around. I've been interested in magic and such since I don't remember when (tho not the stage type -- I mean the real stuff; black, white and chartreuse)

I'm sort of glad to see Alan Dodd missing this time. Sure, his "Uncle Alan McDodd" bit was pretty good, but -- on the whole -- Dodd columns are something that could be done without. Now, if he'd (or they'd, if anyone insists) only cut down on the out-go, and take more time with a couple of columns....

/Well, if I did read anywhere that Ackermonsters was for pre-teens, I don't recall it. I read his defense in SHAGGY or some Califanzine, but as I recall, his main argument there was that it made money so it must be good. However, I'm quite willing to drop the discussion on the note that the publication is enjoyable reading for 9 to 12-year-olds. RSC/

Afaaan is reverent

MARTIN HELGESEN, 11 Lawrence Ave., Malverne, N. Y. - In your annish review of SEX & CENSORSHIP, you say that at least 75% of fandom is interested in retarding the growth of censorship. I disagree with that statement, but before I tell why, I think it would be a good idea to define censorship. It is a loaded word and most people include favorable or unfavorable opinions in their definitions. I remember reading someplace the definition that censorship is the power to disagree and then enforce that disagreement by some authority, or, in other words, censorship is control. This seems like a good, neutral definition and will be the one I'll use.

In Rumblings in YANDRO #74 you point out that "like anyone else, fans are broad-minded as long as you agree with their own prejudices."

My point is that since most people, no matter what they say, do approve of censorship, according to the above definition, most men are in favor of censorship.

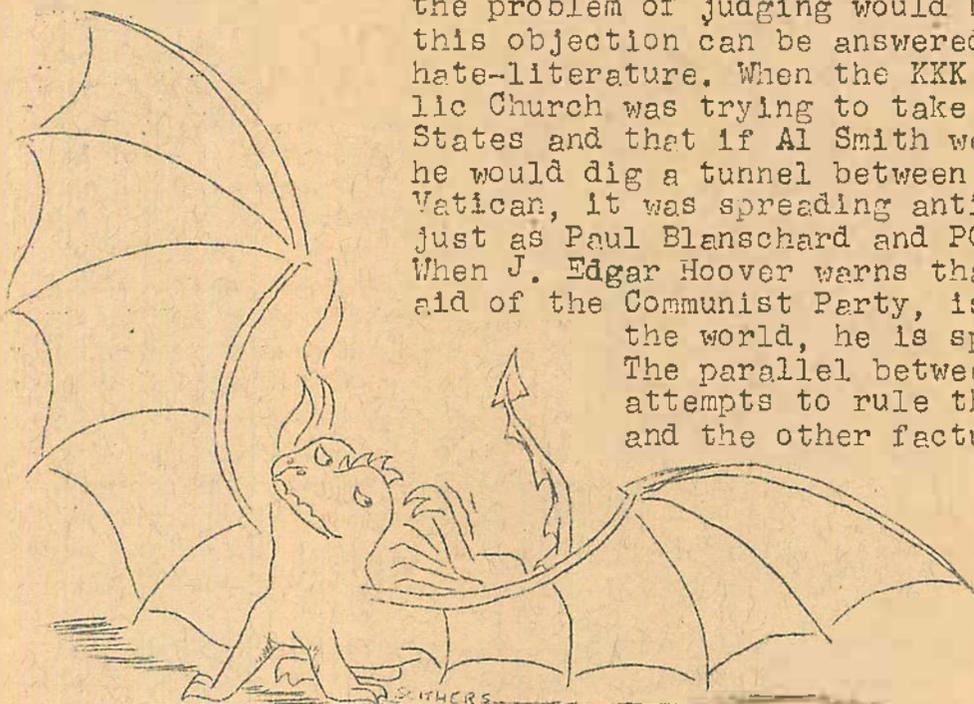
One example of attempted censorship which is currently in the news here on Long Island is not concerned with sex or something similar, but with prayer. A local school board attempted to have the children say a short, non-denominational prayer, which had been approved for such circumstances by the state authorities. They even made the provision that the minority of parents who did not want their children to take part in the prayer could have them excused by sending a note to the teacher. Immediately a number of groups protested. Among them were not only groups opposed to God, but groups which spend most of their time fighting censorship in regard to sex, etc., such as the local branch of the ACLU.

Another, more widely publicized, example of those opposed to censorship in one field approving it in another followed the bombing of a synagogue in Atlanta. The papers were full of stories about the bigots who flood the mails with hate-sheets, and several congressmen announced plans to introduce bills restricting (censoring) them. Again many anti-censorship forces either were silent or praised the idea. This presents several interesting questions. First, if it is admitted that hate-literature can incite violence such as temple bombings, how can it be denied that obscene literature can incite rape, murder, etc.? Seduction of the Innocent (which I didn't read but only glanced through) seems somewhat exaggerated, but does have a number of case histories bearing out this point. Secondly, if hate-literature can be controlled without destroying our basic American freedoms, why isn't the same true about obscenity? And thirdly, if hate can be defined for legal purposes, why can not obscenity be defined? In relation to the last point, some might object that a work containing sex, etc. could be either art or pornography and

the problem of judging would be too great. However, this objection can be answered by going back to hate-literature. When the KKK said that the Catholic Church was trying to take over the United States and that if Al Smith were elected President he would dig a tunnel between Washington and the Vatican, it was spreading anti-Catholic hatred, just as Paul Blanshard and POAU are doing today. When J. Edgar Hoover warns that Russia, with the aid of the Communist Party, is trying to conquer the world, he is spreading the truth. The parallel between two warnings of attempts to rule the U.S., one bigoted and the other factual, and two works

containing sex, etc., one obscene and one artistic, is obvious.

/Not to me, it isn't. Just how do you propose to decide the "truth" of



a work of fiction? Anyone with access to a source of facts can judge hate literature; if it's false, or if the truth has been distorted, then freedom of speech simply does not apply. With a little practice, you or I could do as good a job of judging it as anyone. But you or I are not competent to judge works of art, or to draw the line between deliberate pornographic distortion and a writer who is honestly telling the truth about the world around him. There is a question as to whether anyone is fully capable; however, this is purely academic, as literary censorship groups are not -- to put it mildly -- noted for their reliance on expert opinion. Or even common sense, as the continuing attacks on MAD magazine prove.

And to go back to your second paragraph, there is a vast difference between approving of censorship, which you are defending, and approving the growth of censorship, which is what I said. Most people will agree that some controls are necessary in any society, but your assumed implication that if one control is good, then 10 are 10 times as good, simply does not stand up under examination. I'm quite willing to agree with you that fandom does approve of some sort of censorship, but the point simply has no bearing on my original comment. Also, your implication that fans approve of censorship because they're prejudiced is rather questionable. The fact that I disagree with Ted White doesn't mean that I'd favor a law designed to abolish fannish newsletters, or that he would favor one to abolish fringe-fans. (On second thought, that implication was probably unintentional. However, if the intention was to show that fans approve of censorship because they're like people; remember that while they're still prejudiced, at least 75% of them are younger and more idealistic and less practical than the national average.) RSC/



Short comments to finish this out: BOB LAMBECK reports that the new title of "Buffalo Gals" is "Plain Jane". BOB PAVLAT sends a card saying that the Washington Disclave has been indefinitely postponed, due to the loss of their motel. ALEX BRATMON sends his new address, good for "10 or 11 weeks": Pvt. Noucey A. Bratmon, RA 19632855, Co. P, USASCS Regt., Ft. Monmouth, New Jersey. /And if I misspelled your first name, it's because I wasn't sure what that one letter was./ LIZ WILSON drops a card saying "Have you heard about the milli-Helen? It's obviously the amount of beauty required to launch one ship." WALLY WEBER and OTTO PFEIFER send another Westecon Progress Report. This one delves into prices about as thoroughly as any publication I've ever seen; not only do we get room prices and meal prices, but there is an entire page devoted to the price of drinks in the bar. (But Wally - you know Howard Devore is too busy with Worldcon plans to attend the Westecon.....). And that's it, fringe-fans.

R. & J. COULSON
105 STITT ST.
WARASH, IND.

Bob Tucker
Box 702
Bloomington
Illinois



MIMEOGRAPHED MATTER ONLY
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED