

YANDRO

100



YANDRO #1000

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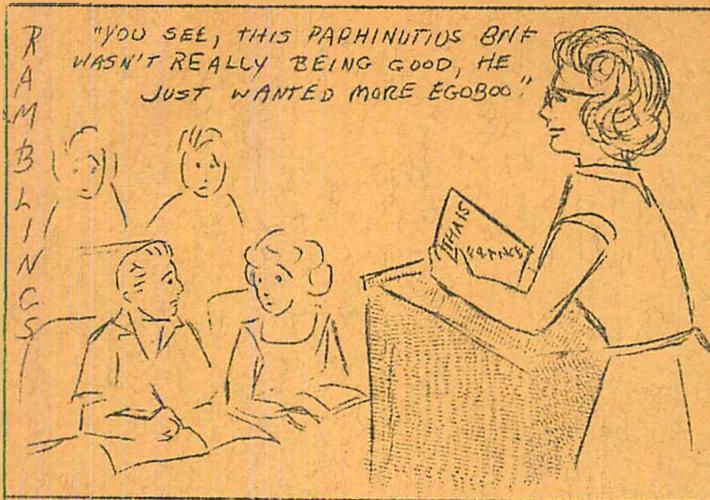
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ARTWORK

Cover: photography by RSC & JWC, layout by JWC, reproduction by the Hamer Printing Company
 Artfolio (in order as they appear) George Barr, Marvin Bryer, DEA, Robert E. Gilbert, Barbi Johnson, NOTT, Dave Prosser, Bill Scott, Ran Scott, Bjo Trimble, JWC

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Changes of Address: Fred W. Arnold, RCA - San Salvador, P.O. Box 4187, Patrick AFB, Florida
 From June 16 on - Sture Sedolin, Vällingby 4, Sweden (And his box at Boden closes July 1, so don't send any more fanzines there at all)
 Bob Smith, c/o John M. Baxter, P.O. Box 39, King St. P.O., Sydney, New South Wales, Australia (And that's a new address for Baxter, too)



"When I was a young fanne/ the big zine was VEGA/ I read all the Madges, the OWs, too. But now I'm much older/ my passion's grown colder/ I'm too busy cranking to have time to rue."

And I am. The reading is sporadic, the pace is hectic, there are about seven stencils yet to run, it's Friday evening, the thing's not done, it's only an hour or so till TWILIGHT ZONE and companion come on, and the thing's only partly assembled, and tomorrow's the genuine fabulous annual

Chicago quick notice party, and we just got the covers today, and I've assembled 180 copies of 40 sheets this afternoon, just finished up a grad paper, and two tests on tap next week and...

What am I doing here?

Exactly. I'm writing an editorial for a 100th issue.
100th issue.

Sigh.

I belong, to borrow a Lehrerism, in a home for the mentally bewildered.

But then, don't all fans? We're, and specifically I'm, just a li'l more so disposed than most. I must be.

I beg indulgence in advance. The issue is being produced under the weirdest of conditions, with Buck typing in Wabash, me and my light-scope and mimeo in Anderson, sandwiching in illo cutting and mimeo runs between book critiques and defenses of kindergartens. Most of this was run yesterday, with a pause for noting pertinent points on Faulkner's AS I LAY DYING for submission to class last night. (I'm still confused). Altogether, it has been wild, and I wouldn't do it again, no matter how crazy I am.

However, barring totally unhekenst. catastrophes, Sunday, June 4th, I shall be out of one half of this ratrace. I shall receive my Masters (or, as Ethel Lindsay calls it - Mistresses) of Education, for whatever that may mean. To me it rather definitely means the completion of a rather dull batch of courses in education, sounding for all the world as lengthy repetitions of undergrad courses in same, and a genuinely fruitful string of electives that will serve me well the rest of my life. I mean this last quite sincerely. I was permitted to elect one course three times, with quite different studies each time; this is a "reading seminar" I have touted so often and highly I no longer have track of the places in which I have mentioned it. But its greatest value lies in the guidance of thought in literature, I know of no other way to describe it. The teachers, two, who taught me do not think for the student, but point out ways of analyzation that do not occur to the average novice, which is definitely me. I have read "great" books before, and felt vastly frustrated because I knew I was missing the author's point. Now, thanks to this course, for the rest of my life I have a means of attack, a logical basis for getting at the root of literature. I will, of course, not be right even a major-

ity of the time, and will not get all, ever. But for my own personal satisfaction I will know I'm getting somewhere - I'm not just reading 'what happened to who'.

If I got nothing else, that indeed was worth - well at least part of my tuition.

One thing I did not learn was how to shell out cheerfully.

In STRANGE FRUIT this issue Buck notes a bit of fan fiction in a zine called CADENZA he touts to me. Having read the story, I would like to commend the author for a cute idea and chide him for a woeful lack of the psychology of prostitution (or maybe he was just being ironic, if so, correction accepted) - but fella, prostitutes, according to all reputable research and the people who should know, are 99 44/100% frigid, not sex happy. I've read and researched so much in this department myself that I tend to forget there are people, particularly males, who have such a misconception of the racket. True, I've even heard prim and proper married women snort over some passing tart and remark they could forgive her anything except her "immodest enjoyment of sex". Honest! And if you told them the gal was more to be pitied in that department, you would be cutting no ice because any gal who would make a comment like that probably wouldn't know what you were talking about anyway.

At any rate - taint so.

It would be possible to fill up a number of pages reminiscing on the years of publishing this thing, but within these pages I have confined this to three pages of generalities. Possibly this is because we are not backwardlooking types. There are some murmured comments that we have nothing to look back to? Well, you're there and we're here and that naturally makes some difference. Sure, I like to flip through old volumes and dote on some favorite illo, but I'm just as happy to wait for tomorrow's mail when my new favorite comes in.

Now all in all, I've had fun in the past, but the get-togethers scheduled for the Midwest this summer promise to be better than ever. I'm sure the party tomorrow night will be a ball, and Don obviously always aims to let the guests please themselves the bestest at the Midwescon, and Lynn will have a jolly time on tap for us in July, and all's told, nice people are doing their finest to make up the necessity of missing Seattle. Every party is the best. Meaning I'm almost never disappointed, and when I am it's my own or Mother nature's..by which read weather..fault.

My third, required, and final grad paper is practically out of the way. Briney will be appalled to discover the paper has been accepted but temporarily returned to me for corrections of typographical errors committed during the extreme haste with which this was written. Topic? A comparison, brief, of characterization in the works of Fyodor Dostoevsky and Boris Pasternak. Result, generally negative, meaning there are very few comparisons to be made. The prof had encountered an article saying comparisons were to be found, and it was a simple matter to assign a Dostoevsky nut like myself needing a paper topic and studying currently Pasternak to the job of finding out whether or no the article writer had rocks in his head. He did, and I have sand in my metaphors or similes in my gasoline or something.

I wonder - should we take the tri-state tollway around or live it up, albeit briefly, and take the lakeshore drive? If I'm not here for issue 101, you'll know what happened.

JWC



Columbia Records has gone stark, staring mad. I picked up one of their advertising folders in a record shop recently (I'll pick up almost anything with reading on it) and discovered the following notice for an lp record:

"Actual outdoor sounds added to the famous GRAND CANYON Suite, THE LURE OF THE GRAND CANYON -- Andre Kostelantz (sic) and His Orchestra with Narration by Johnny Cash". How's that for reviving your sense of wonder, all you music lovers?

And speaking of record companies, I also ordered a record from a mail-order outfit; the record was shipped from the company to the dealer and from the dealer to me, so I don't know exactly who is responsible, but when I got it there was a sticker on the outside announcing: "HELP STAMP OUT HUMAN BEINGS! Contribute to the war effort thru your local tax collector". I knew that Elektra records was a sort of happy-go-lucky outfit, but really.....

George Barr sent us a record of the Salt Lake Symphonic Choir doing "He's Gone Away"..... I think the arranger must read F&SF, because the lyrics were closer to Wellman's version of "Desrick On Yandro" than any other version I've heard recorded.

Gene DeWeese sent a badly mimeographed notice he claims was stuck under his windshield wiper at a Milwaukee supermarket. "WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN FILLING YOUR TANK WITH CERTIFIED AIR FOR SIX MONTHS FOR A COST OF \$10.00? OR FOR 12 MONTHS FOR \$20.00? THIS WILL BE THE TOTAL COST - NOTHING ELSE TO BUY - NOTHING ELSE TO DO - NO GIMMICKS - JUST A REAL MONEY SAVING DEAL - FOR MORE INFORMATION, CALL HI 4-6589 OR WRITE AIR FOOL CLUB, 2936 AND 27 STREET." Does any individual out there in the great wide world of YANDRO readers have the vaguest idea of what this is talking about? It could only happen to DeWeese.....

It seems the Humbert Press, Flora, Indiana, is publishing various religious tracts. For 25¢ you can get "AntiChrist and the Jews" -- I thought Nirenberg or Davidson might want to accept this incredible bargain. Another publication titled "Angels" is devoted to the idea that UFOs are.....exactly. Willick, this should interest you; only 35¢. There are lots of others. We seem to be on all the religious sucker lists now (which again is DeWeese's fault -- oh, we have a lot to thank that boy for).

At the moment, I don't even know what sort of cover we're going to use on this issue. A photo-offset job is at the local printer's now; if it gets done in time and the results are worth using, it will appear on the cover of this issue and will be dedicated to all those people who have asked for photos of Juanita and I and asked questions about the YANDRO "press". (Incidentally, the mimeo in this house is referred to as "the mimeo". It does not have an anthropomorphic title like "Old Ironsides" or a allegedly humorous pseudo-professional title like "Fake-Fan Press". It has responded nobly to this straightforward treatment and looks like it may well turn out more pages of fanac than any other

mineo in the field, before it's done. (It's a Sears Tower, open drum hand-crank model.)

I'm hoping to continue "Golden Minutes" as a regular feature. (After all, Tucker asked for it.) It will be devoted to short comments on various books; preferably oddball and non-stf. (Stf reviews will be welcome, too, but they'll go in a different column.) I don't want people setting out to deliberately write "articles" for this column, but if you run across an interesting book that you think others will enjoy, mention it in a letter. If I agree with you about the interest the information may end up in the column. Type of comments? Well, look at the past couple of columns. (If you really like the book, you'll know what you want to say about it, anyway.)

The Deckinger Controversy (is or is not Mike a decent representative of humanity) is going on, but readers are getting sick of it, to judge from letters coming in. Any future comments will be published on a strictly limited basis. George Barr and Ken Cheslin summed up reader comments neatly. Barr said, "Anyone even slightly familiar with the New Testament should at once realize the basic faults in Deckinger's story. There is so much to disprove, or at least to contradict, his claim, that I can't help feeling that the people who were worried or offended by it ought to be ashamed. If they believe in Christ, they are fools if they haven't studied enough to know the background of their own faith, and if they don't believe in Christ, then what's all the fuss about?" Cheslin feels that Bill Donaho's remarks on the subject "are about the most sensible so far". (Personally I'm amazed at the reactions to a piece of admitted fantasy fiction. I knew some fans took their religion seriously, but I didn't realize just how seriously they regarded their fantasy)

The Ford Motor Company is a nice organization. Recently they gave me a silver dollar just for telling them what I thought of their 1961 model cars. (Of course, they loaded the questions so I could only state what I liked best about them, but who am I to complain about free cash?)

Last issue I was complaining about snow in April. The next weekend we had a real blizzard; 10-foot drifts, 50 mph winds, the works. Trying to get from Wabash to Anderson, we got about five miles before being, literally, blown off the road. Scraped the front end along a fence-row, neatly removing the front bumper, one parking light and shoving the radiator back into the fan. We got the car back in running condition in a couple of days, but believe me, living 5 miles out of town with no car is no fun -- not in a blizzard, especially. The front bumper is still on the back porch; Juanita is considering hanging it over the front door, like antlers. Maybe we'll use it as a sign for the picnic: "Stop at the house with the auto bumper over the door".

The lateness of this issue is due strictly to the fact that I did not get started on it in time. Once Juanita is out of school (she should have her Master's Degree by the time most of you read this) we'll see about getting back on schedule. Next week I'll see about catching up on my correspondence; thank God not much came in this week.

Have you ever tried to put together one of those mail-order kits for model guns? Don't. I recently bought one as an experiment; the ad said that it was a "working model". What it didn't say was that the term "working" modified the builder, not the model. I did get it together; it looks nice, but it don't work. Hoping you are the same.....

NATIONAL-CHARACTERISTICS-OF-CENSORSHIP-

ARTICLE BY—MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY

There is one good, practical way to learn all you need to know about censorship. Write a story and observe what happens to it when it is reprinted in other countries.

Along about 1953, I wrote a science-fiction story called "Centaurus Changeling". A well-known critic has said that most science-fiction is "almost obscenely sexless", but "Centaurus Changeling" was a story with a strong sex angle. Basically, it dealt with a polygamous society on another planet, and with a young woman's attempt to have a child in a hostile environment.

The story turned out more popular than I could have imagined, and was reprinted in British, French and Italian editions.

One can hardly speak of censorship of the original American version, which was printed as I wrote it. Which means that I had, in writing it, been sufficiently aware of American traditions and taboos to induce the editors to take a chance on a story with a strong sex angle.

When "Centaurus Changeling" appeared in a British edition, however, I began to see censorship in action. The story was not merely edited, but gutted.

In "Changeling", the protagonists are a young Earth couple, living on a strange planet, Megsara, which allows adults to exist in health, but -- due to a freak atmosphere -- will not permit children to be carried to full term, or to be born. The first exercise of the censor's blue pencil came on the lines:

"Elizabeth, look at me --" he commanded.

"Didn't you promise --- haven't you been taking your anti shots?"

This deletion of a reference to contraceptive practices makes both characters seem like reckless idiots who willfully defy common sense and sanity. Later, when medical personnel are discussing the heroine's predicament, the paragraph is deleted in which it is explained why therapeutic abortion is not feasible...thus leaving the reader feeling that at least one bet has been overlooked, and that the characters are just suffering along because there would be no story without them.

Later victims of the prissy English censorship are a reference to uterine contractions (simply as an example of involuntary muscular movement), a mention of contraceptive laws (ironclad by necessity on such a planet), and, in general, anything which might give the English science fiction reader the notion that on alien planets homo sapiens might have some control over its reproduction -- or that babies, which may be found in cabbage patches in England, are not so found on other planets.

After reading this, it was a pleasure to read the French version, which was called "La Rau'ad". Nothing essential to the story was deleted, and the French language can speak of polygamy, abortion and contraception without the polite circumlocutions which are necessary in the English tongue. This writer finds it easy to understand why the French language has seduced many great writers and why France is the universal gathering place for the literary world. Strangely enough, one minor deletion was made; a political reference to a government monopoly on transportation. Can it be that politics, rather than sex, is the sensitive area in France?

In Italian, as "Sostituzione Centauriana D'Infante", the story was uncensored in sexual areas, but references to birth-control laws were heavily censored, or deleted altogether. Evidently, even on a planet orbiting another star, these are an offense to the faith and morals of a predominantly Catholic country.

So, as a writer, I can't buy the theory that America has the most severe censorship of all countries. Censorship in Great Britain makes ours look silly. France goes easy on morals, but cracks down on inoffensive political references, and the Catholic church keeps a heavy, watchful eye on all mass media in Italy and Spain. In America -- with curtsy dropped now and again to Mrs. Grundy if she happens to be looking -- the mass-market writer appears to have more freedom than anywhere else. Or so my experience would indicate.

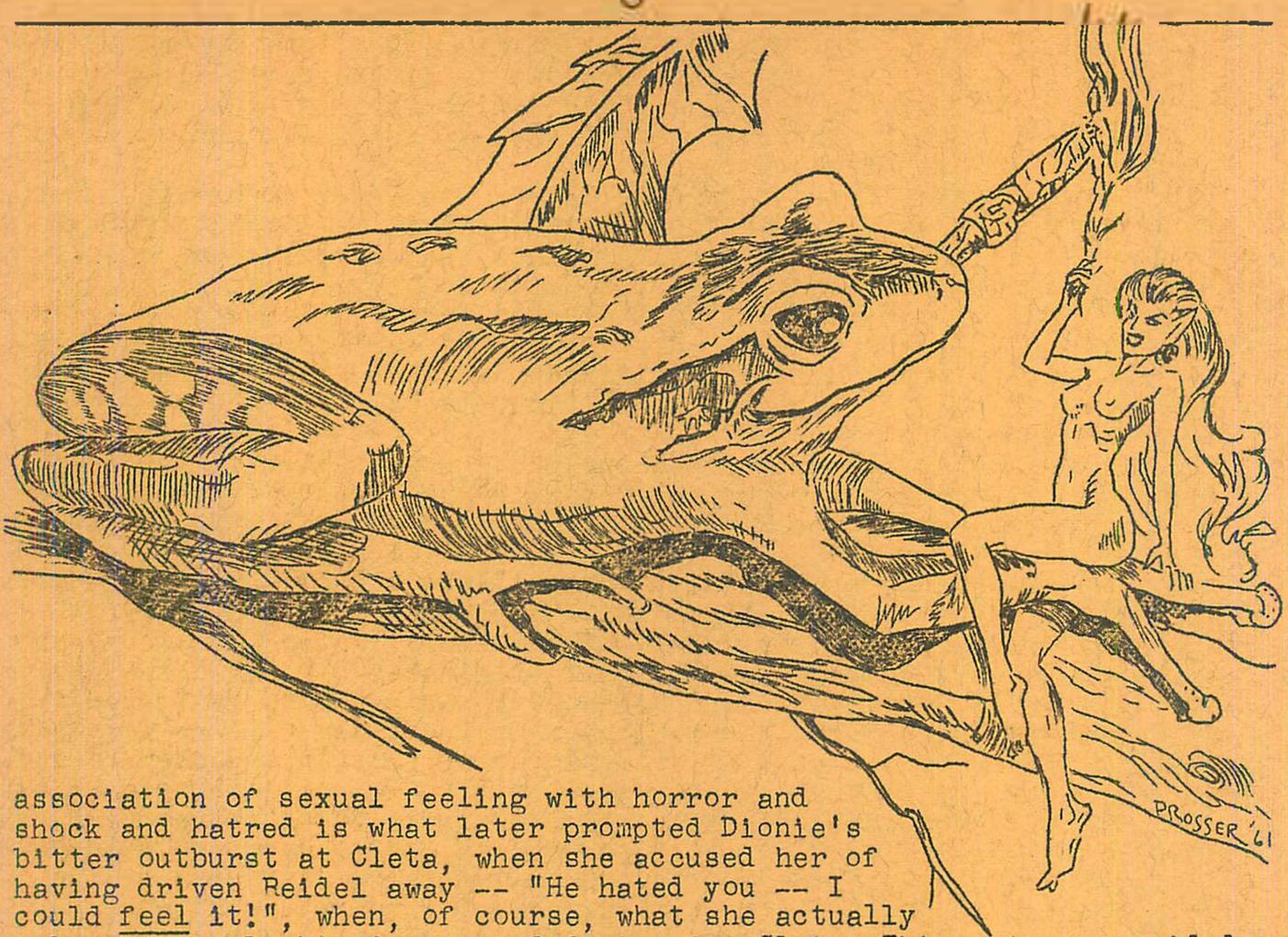
I would like to add that since the above was written, I've had a further experience with the censors both in this country and in Germany.

In my short novel "The Planet Savers" (whose title, I repeat over and over was NOT my choice -- I called and still call it "Project: Jason" but even the German title, "Dr. Allison's Second Self", is preferable), the editors of AMAZING STORIES exercised a blue-pencilling which made one very important facet of the story imperceptible unless one was positively looking for it. As I originally conceived the dual personalities of Jay Allison and Jason, Jay was a deeply repressed homosexual; Jason of normal sexuality. Whenever Jason was normally attracted to Kyla, this sexual stirring aroused fears in the dormant secondary personality of Jay, causing the shift in personality to take place. Regis Hastur, the telepath, aware of Jay's rigid and overcautious attitude to himself (as contrasted to Jason's easy and boyish friendship for Regis), used, at one point in the story, a deliberate ricochet mechanism -- using Jason's normal sexual interest in Kyla to frighten Jay back into dormancy again. By the deliberate excision of half a dozen sentences, the editors of AMAZING STORIES managed to make the personality-shift between the two facets of the dual personality almost completely arbitrary.

However, the Germans went them one better by cutting out all the sexually-oriented byplay between Kyla and Jason, too; hence the various personality shifts became completely reasonless and whimsical!

Bob Mills was indirectly responsible for the appearance of my first novel in hard covers; he cut the bejeepers out of the VENTURE version of "Bird Of Prey", thus forcing me, in sheer self-defense, to restore the cut portions and lengthen it still more. The result was published, by Honne-Verlag, under the title of "Raubvogel Der Sterne" ("The Falcon Of The Stars"). Curiously, in this one, most of the love story was left intact, but an extended and probably pretty sadistic torture scene was excised completely. This is mildly startling; current American paperbacks wouldn't be troubled one bit by the idea of a man being strung up by his thumbs. The scene in which Race was tortured by a Dry-town girl was cut to a bare, brief minimum...but the later scene in which he made love to the girl was retained in toto. No comment.

It was largely space limitation which caused Cele Goldsmith to make a number of cuts in the AMAZING version of "Seven From The Stars"; but she cut one chapter which, to me, practically destroyed the motivation of the last chapter. In this part of the story, the little empath-girl Dionie was attacked by a bracero hoodlum; Reidel and Arran interfered before actual rape could take place, but the hypersensitive child had had a grave shock by feeling the emotions of the would-be rapist. This



association of sexual feeling with horror and shock and hatred is what later prompted Dionie's bitter outburst at Cleta, when she accused her of having driven Reidel away -- "He hated you -- I could feel it!", when, of course, what she actually felt was simply his frustrated desire for Cleta. This, too, provided the basis for the complex triangle of emotions between Reidel, Dionie and Cleta at the end of the story, and Dionie's decision not to return to Dvaneth; which means that most people who commented on the story to me, took it for granted that I had just picked this triangle of attachments out of thin air, without proper plot-construction or characterization.

Basically, that is why I object to having my stories "censored". Not because I want to jam them full of sex, but because I often use the sexual content of a story as the basic motivation. And, if an editor is going to remove my sex, I wish she would realize that she is often chopping out a large chunk of motivation -- and at least give me the opportunity to supply an alternative motive for the behavior of my characters. Of course, I could get around this by using sex only gratuitously, to provide titillation; then, when the sex was removed, the story would be left intact. But when the sexual instinct is used as basal motivation for human behavior -- then an editor who censors a story in the old way, by chopping out the sex, is not cutting -- she is gutting. And there is a difference.

This can't be called censorship; it's something else. I wonder if you have a name for it.....because, frankly, I don't.

 Would a fawning acolyte who lived in the tropics be referred to as a hot toady?

IMPROVED COLLECTIVES

— article by — ALAN BURNS —

Initial Questionnaire: Give the collective noun for a group of (a) badgers (b) snipe (c) pheasants (d) lions and (e) bears. (Answers at end of article; don't peek.)

Among the many things lacking in SF and other imaginative writing is originality of word-choice. This, I venture to suggest, is due more to laziness than lack of imagination, and when a story has to be turned out by a certain time then the same care can't be lavished on it as, say, Aldous Huxley lavished on Brave New World. But still, there is a lack, most noticeably in the judicious use of new collectives. We have Earth raided by fleets of spaceships, groups of allens wander around, groups of Terran battleships make a getaway to return as an avenging fleet, and so the collectives, four or five in number, are swopped around in gay abandon. The attention of writers should be drawn to the fact that SF has earned the rights to some collectives of its own.

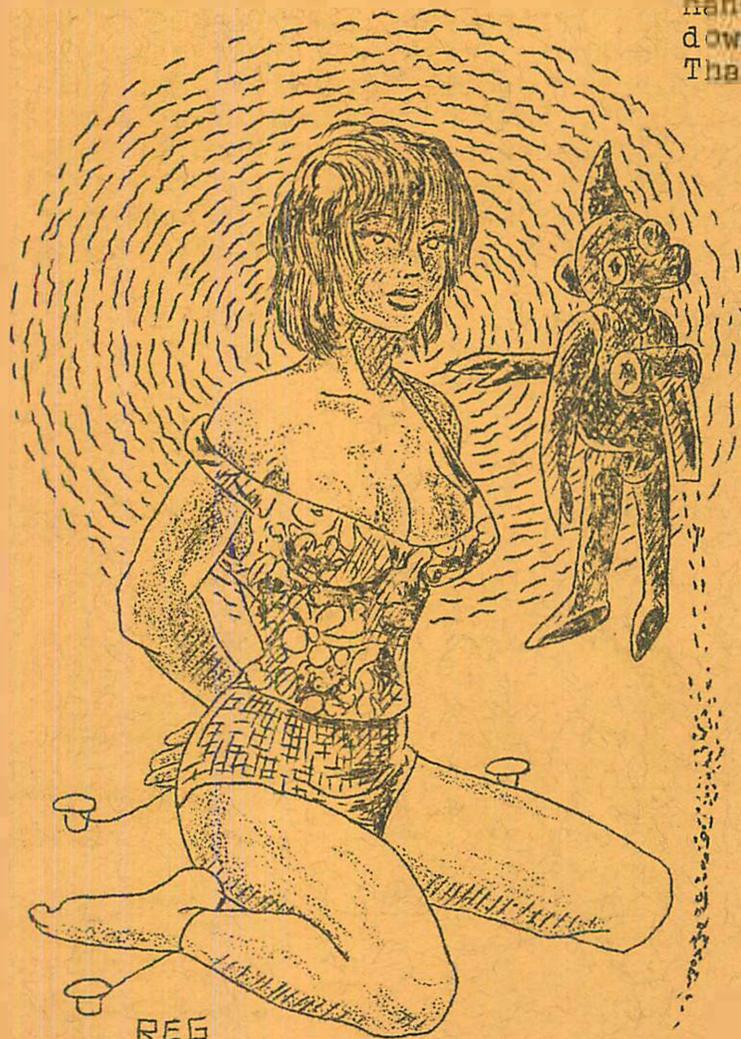
The creation of collectives for SF is not as idle a pastime as might be supposed, since the language of SF is also that of technical literature, and goodness knows there is some heavy going in scientific publications and textbooks. These learned volumes are obviously written in most cases by gentlemen with "smalle latine and lesse Greke" to quote from the biography of Shakespeare, and their faults of English are legion -- and the want ads howl dismally for people to write technical literature, "minimum qualification Ph.D". But to get back to collectives A collective or grouping noun is definable as a discreet word of limited applicability, and the more limited its applicability the better it is, since it can lead to a valuable word economy. To give an example: In a story you might come to the bottom of a page and read, "looking



on the planet Kinnison saw a fleet..." and you have to turn the page to learn whether it was a fleet of spaceships, or cars; but if there was a specific word for a group of spaceships -- such as "warp" for a group of interstellar ships or perhaps "jetting" if they were mere interplanetary tubs -- then you would know and some economy of words would be effected. If at this point someone asks the conventional question about what is to be done with the time thus saved, then they are invited to consult the quote from "Cheaper By The Dozen" for the answer. However, the fact is that the more effective the communication between people, the more rapid the progress, and a high quality technical terminology is very much to be desired.

So this can be summed up as an appeal for a new dictionary of collectives, and to this end I add the following material, which presents a few of the proposed additions for your inspection.

Our warp of ships spun out of the translight field and there in front of us was a G-type star with an orbit of planets. We drew lots and we got the fourth out. It looked inhabited from a casual glance, and so after checking the atmosphere we landed. Before going out we checked our hand units; no sense in taking chances. As we came out of the ship a strangeness of aliens came towards us. We felt a ripple of thoughts. They were telepathic, and we now knew that there was trouble coming our way and they were warning us. Then through the trees came a horror of monsters. The skipper opened up at once and the searing of hand units soon cut the monsters down, leaving a charnel of corpses. That put us in well with the natives.



Of course, the plot of the above is a bit crude, but it does to show a group of collectives with very limited applications. The nouns that they cover could be dispensed with readily and still leave intelligible sentences. The evolution of a whole new series of collectives is long overdue; authors please note.

Answers to initial questions:

- (a) a cete of badgers
- (b) a wisp of snipe
- (c) a nide of pheasants
- (d) a pride of lions
- (e) a sleuth of bears

 Ed note: Let's hope Alan's article brings forth a loc of comments, from an entire optic of readers. (I know of one or two interested parties -- down, Scithers! Down, boy!) RSC

 Levatory -- a place where soap is madeGeorge Willick

The Day of the Cheese

—fiction by — GENE DEWEESE —

The spaceship, which resembled a warped avocado, whirred nonchalantly through space until it came to a little, second rate sun about which orbited, among others, a little, second rate planet known to its inhabitants as Earth.

The spaceship stopped.

Its occupants, two happily itinerant beings from some odd galaxy or other out beyond Andromeda, observed Earth, quietly exploring the minds of the natives.

During this pleasant diversion, they discovered innumerable interesting facts, a few of which kept bobbing persistently to the surface of their minds.

For one thing, the natives were well on their way to conquering space. They had already established two fully manned artificial satellites - named, for some odd reason, "The Donuts" - and were just completing preparations for their first round trip to their only natural satellite. These same scientific natives had, however, for some ages amused the young of their species by telling them all kinds of impossible stories about just that satellite.

After a bit of silent contemplation, one of the beings wriggled a few of his cilia. "Do you suppose we should....?"

The other did likewise. "Why not?"

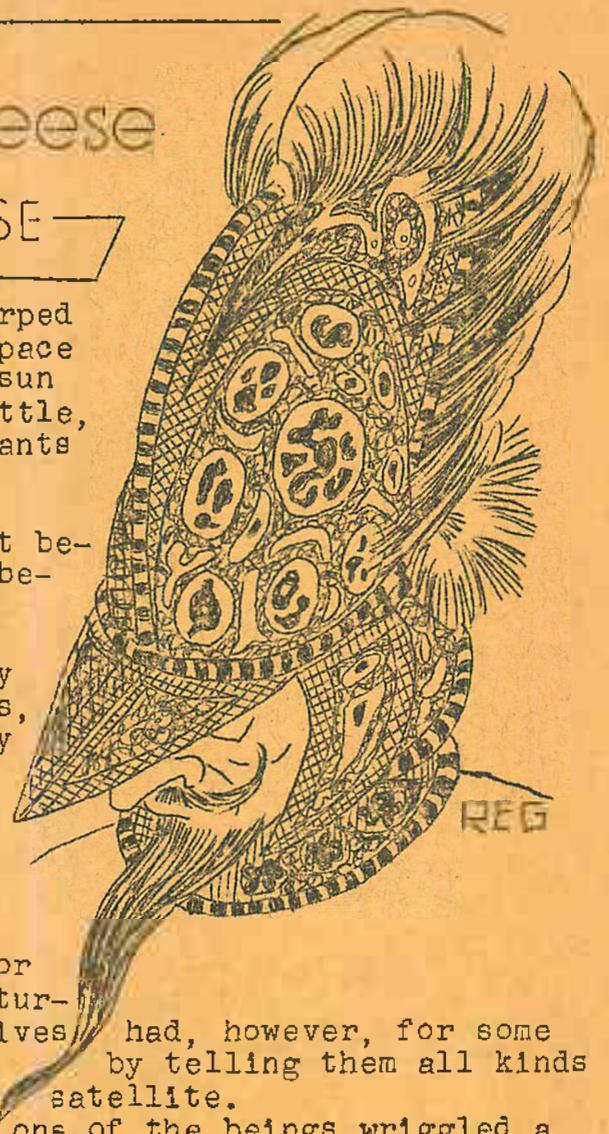
Then both of them stretched their cilia a couple of millimeters in an anticipatory smile.

Harold Kenner was the first man to reach the moon and return. This should have made him very happy, and the thousands of people gathered to watch his triumphant return, and the millions more watching him on tv, should have filled his soul with joy and importance.

But somehow, as he scrambled down the ladder from his ship, Harold's spirit did not seem to be in the proceedings. He didn't even bother to smile suitably for the multitude of reporters and cameramen, but just allowed himself to be surrounded by a dozen or so security officers and shepherded through the wildly cheering crowd.

As it parted for them, molasses-like, Harold had the appearance of one whose mind was a million miles away and was seeing things which made him wish that his body were able to join it.

Behind him, around the now deserted ship, a group of men were milling about, preparing it for the huge vehicle that lumbered across the field. Four others were descending from the hatch, each carrying a case of neatly labelled specimens from the Lunar surface.



At this latter sight, Harold could not repress a shudder.

Up to a door marked "NO ADMITTANCE" the cortege marched; all questions by the newsmen were ignored. At the door, a large political looking man waited. He took Harold's arm protectively, ushered him inside, then turned a smilingly belligerent face upon the crowd.

"As soon as we have his full report on official file, boys, he's all yours. Just stick around a couple hours."

With a final flash of teeth, he backed in the door and let it slam shut against the sea of flashbulbs and faces.

It was two months before anyone outside of that building saw Harold Kenner.

Two hours after Harold disappeared, a discreet telephone call was made to Palomar observatory. The officials there promptly pulled out all the photos they had taken of the Moon Flight, studied them carefully, then sent back an equally discreet, albeit a trifle puzzled reply.

The process was repeated with at least a dozen more of the major U.S. observatories. Fuzzily worded telephone calls and telegrams sped back and forth across the country like a swarm of disoriented bees.

That was the beginning.

Harold Kenner sat quietly, watching several teams of scientists go mad.

The large political looking gentleman, who had, without turning a hair, helped establish the Donuts in orbit, alternately sat, paced, smoked, questioned, cursed and exhorted.

"How", he asked, arms spread wide, "can I possibly make a report like this to my superiors? Do you have any idea of what they will say? Much less what they will do?"

"More funds for this project?" His expression was a marvel of mental agony. "They will undoubtedly demand that we return every cent they ever gave us. Including," he added, looking even sicker, "my salary."

"Now, look," one of the beleaguered scientists said, "Do you think we would've turned in this analysis if you hadn't been standing over our shoulders every minute, not even giving us time to invent a better one?"

"It's there; you have seen it. We have analyzed every specimen at least twenty times, twenty ways. We have even tasted them. We have told you the precise chemical content of every specimen and have given you the common names for those chemical compounds. We have submitted reports, written and otherwise. That is the end of our responsibility." The scientist folded his arms and leaned heavily against a wall. "Do you have any further orders?"

The political looking man sighed explosively, realizing all too well that the man was right. The facts were there, and it was his responsibility to report them to his superiors.

He glared at the neatly labelled samples malevolently. In his rather jittery mind's eye he could see himself, sitting calmly down at his desk and dictating, in a normal, sane voice:

"Gentlemen: The first expedition to the moon has returned safely and has brought with it, as ordered, numerous samples from the lunar surface. Analysis has revealed that these samples consist entirely of cheese, the main type being green, with limburger running a close second. Consult Table I for the detailed list....."

His mind bogged down at the thought.

It didn't seem to quite fit in with the quiet dignity which had come to be identified with the present administration. In fact, it

didn't seem to fit in with anything, except perhaps a nightmare.

He stalled as long as he could, then began sending in filibustering reports in the faint hope that perhaps the cheese would be miraculously transmuted into something more believable, or that the world might come to an end.

But finally the ultimatum came, and he sent in his report. Then he sat down to sweat.

Funds for further exploration? On what basis? Of what possible use was a 2,000 mile globe of pockmarked cheese? Or, more to the point, of what use was a project head who maintained that there was such a thing as a 2,000 mile globe of pockmarked cheese?

The reply to his report came within two hours. Harold Kenner was arrested as a suspected Eastern Powers' saboteur, and everyone even remotely connected with the project was placed under close surveillance.

Then Officialdom descended. Ten congressmen, six generals, an even dozen colonels and majors, four department heads, three secretaries and one scientific advisor comprised the preliminary committee.

They came and looked at the cheese. Then they looked at the scientists, and finally they looked at Harold.

"Where," asked one of the congressmen, one known for his open and frank campaigns, "did you get that cheese?"

Harold told him. "On the moon."

The committee all laughed politely.

One of the generals spoke. "That kind of talk will get you nowhere. Cooperate! We may be able to get you off with a light sentence if you reveal your accomplices and their methods."

The committee nodded its collective head in agreement.

This line of attack degenerated when it was finally established to the committee's satisfaction that Harold's every move for the past six months or more had been made under careful scrutiny, that the ship itself had been inspected minutely and repeatedly, that every ounce of weight had been accounted for at least a dozen times, and that his progress to Donut I, from there to Luna, back to Donut II and from there to Earth had been followed every instant by radio, radar and telescope. The committee was shown all the records pertaining to the situation, in quintuplicate.

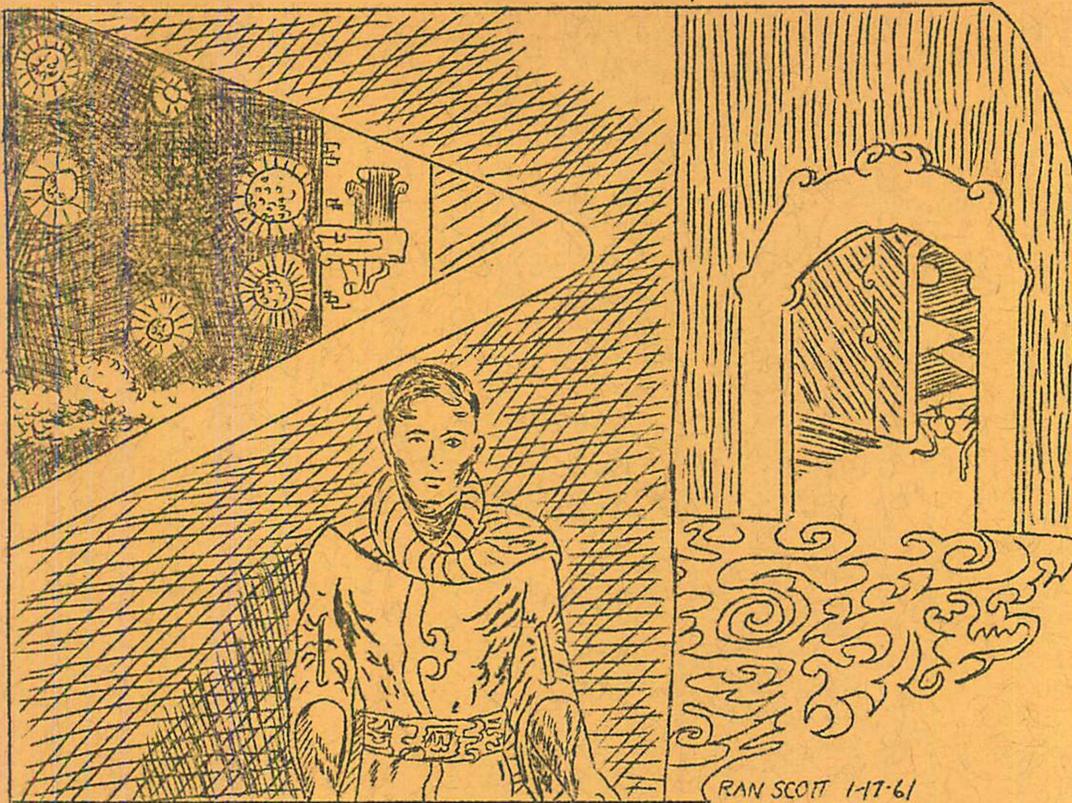
The committee put its collective head together. If Harold wasn't responsible, who was? And how had They gotten the cheese into the ship? And how had They convinced Harold that he had actually obtained it on the moon?

Not finding any answers, the committee went back to Washington and the members reported to their own superiors. By the time the information worked its way through channels to the President, a month and a half had passed since the return.

The President expressed the utmost confidence in the personnel of the project, the investigating committee, and American Know How. He also expressed his belief that one of the country's Greatest Strengths lay in an informed public, and that, therefore, the People Should Be Told of this latest discovery of Science. In closing, he expressed his confidence in the American Public's ability to take this -- or anything -- in its stride.

Not everyone agreed, but no one knew how to place a security guard around the moon, and there had already been a few embarrassing questions from amateur moonwatchers and one or two professional astronomers.

At the end of two months, with no solution in even the remotest offing, it was quietly announced to the news services.



Everyone connected with the project cowered slightly.

A gigantic herd of reporters descended, got as much as they could from the project employees, then went after quotable scientific authorities, mainly astronomers.

After an initial, incredulous announcement of "Impossible!", some of the foremost astronomers -- those who hadn't already noted a few oddities in the course of regular observations -- goodnatureedly aimed some of the foremost telescopes and spectroscopes toward the allegedly erring satellite. At last, they thought, Officialdom had collapsed upon itself and broken a few skulls in the process.

Then they looked at the results of their checks.

They paled slightly, dug out old prints and records, grew even paler and began making their checks over. A day later, an anemic looking group of astronomers announced timorously that, according to their latest spectroscopic analyses, a great many new elements had appeared in the moon's crust in the past few months. Just when they had appeared, no one could say for sure. In answer to more pointed questions, they would say only that some of these new elements were, they understood, present in curdled, bovine lacteal fluid.

Following this announcement, they went back to their instruments, growing paler by the hour.

In the next few days, the most overworked joke in the country was one to the effect that the famous cow that had jumped over the moon had been a phony. She hadn't quite made it, after all.

Despite the levity, however, there was a terrific problem facing the government, namely: what was it going to do with a satellite made of cheese. (The fact that the satellite was as much the property of other governments was ignored, even by other governments. It was, they said, our discovery; it was up to us to do something about it.)

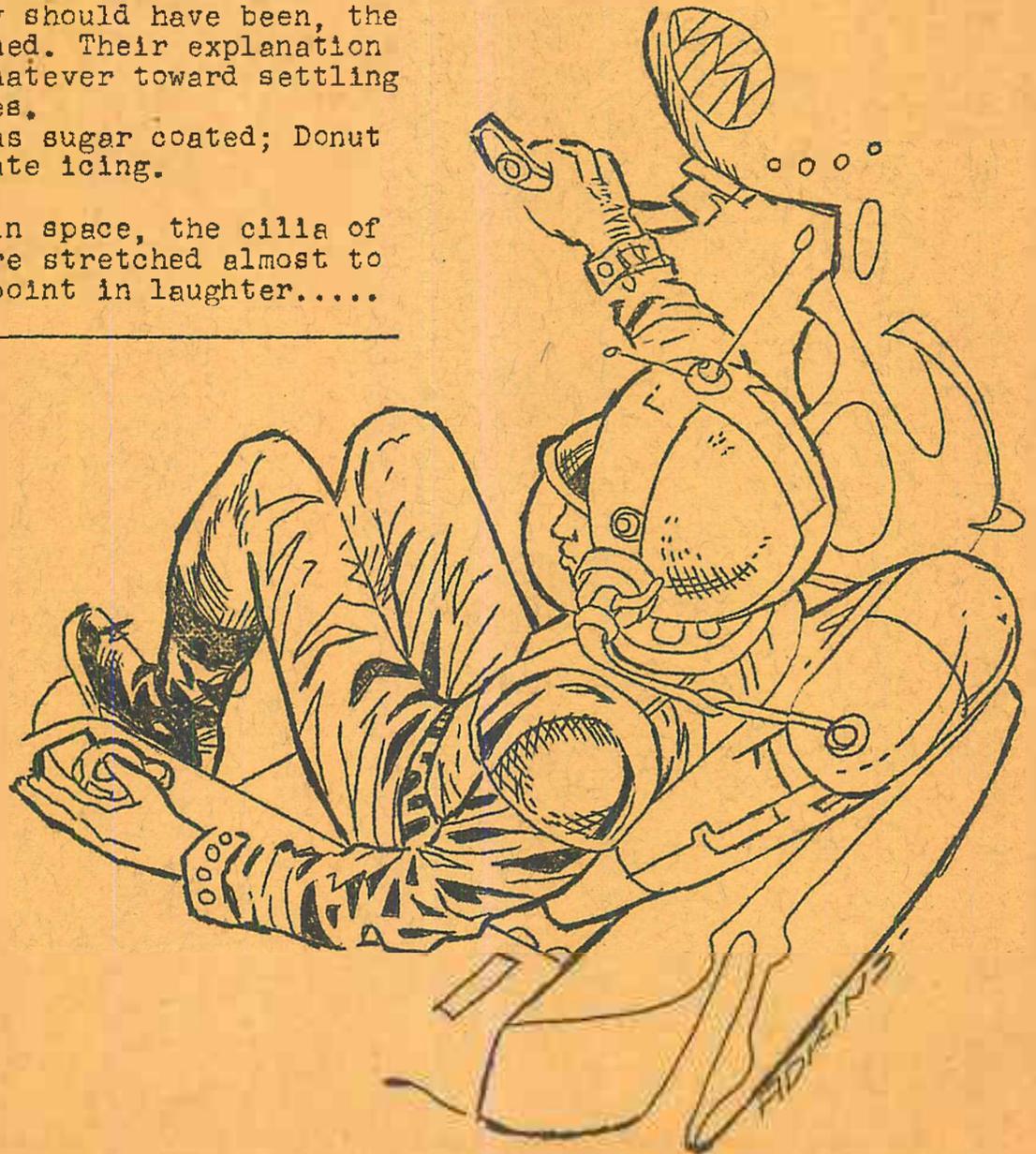
The cheese industry was hysterically lobbying against further attempts at space flight, and trying to promote a "down to Earth" policy in all matters of cheese consuming. Militarists were wondering how deep the cheese went and just what sort of foundation they would have to lay in it to adequately support their rocket launchers. The anti-space-travel fanatics were all quite sure that this was a warning that man should never have left the Earth. No two of them could agree as to what, precisely, the warning said, but they all agreed that it was pretty dire and decisive. The dreamers who had thought glamorous thoughts of space travel ever since they had been old enough to tell a spaceship from a cigar were rather disillusioned. Establishing an outpost knee deep in cottage cheese hardly seemed as dramatic as their pictures of the first lunar base.

Then, in the midst of the uproar, the replacement shuttles for the Donuts returned from their monthly trips. This time, however, they carried not only the persons who were to have been replaced, but their replacements as well.

In voices that were not at all as steady as they should have been, the pilots explained. Their explanation did nothing whatever toward settling anyone's nerves.

Donut I was sugar coated; Donut II had chocolate icing.

Well out in space, the cilia of two beings were stretched almost to the bursting point in laughter.....



THE FALLEN MIGHTY

Flying Aces Magazine

Article Series by DEAN GRENNELL

I started buying FLYING ACES sometime around the middle of 1936 but it was several years old at that time. I have the impression that it originally started out as one of the conventional shag-edge pulps in the familiar 6 3/4" x 9 3/4" format favored by DARE-DEVIL ACES, G-8, and all the rest.

However, by the time I started buying it, they had switched to the format that was about the same as the ASTOUNDING of the "blanket-size" era; that is, about 8 3/8" x 11 3/8" with most issues running between 80 and 96 pages.

By the time I had read through and accumulated a stack of these about 30" high, there was a war on and the Allies were in such desperate straits I no longer felt I could conscientiously withhold my support. Since I didn't know just when I might be back, indeed if ever, I fobbed off nearly a hundredweight of mint-condition FA's on an old coddger in Fond du Lac name of Billy Something-or-other. He ran a little, fly-specked hole-in-the-wall "restaurant", frying up tiny little hamburgers to order and serving flat, warm cokes in chipped glasses. It was that sort of place; Andy Young would have stamped his approval on it after the hastiest glance. Billy had a few shelves in the back where he kept a few old magazines and I used to buy, sell and swap with him. I don't recall just how many I had nor how much he gave me apiece but I think I netted around 75% in the deal.

Right now I'd cheerfully give 75% to have them back; a buck, even.

A revenant of FLYING ACES still haunts the newsstands in the form of something called FLYING MODELS. I have occasionally flipped through a copy of this but the oldtime magic is gone, all gone.

The old FA had a sort of quasi-fannish flavor all its own. There never was and perhaps never will be another magazine quite like it.

Like a lot of the other pulpazines of that time, they had a club (called "The Flying Aces Club", fittingly enough). You joined by sending a coupon from the magazine with a stamped self-addressed envelope. After you were once enrolled -- and they claimed an enrollment of over 50,000 -- you could then accumulate coupons till you had three, send these with a dime and get a pair of Cadet Wings. Having got these, five more coupons and another dime got you a pair of Pilot wings. Then, if you enrolled five new members, you got an Ace's Star and became eligible for membership in the Flying Aces Escadrille and, once a member of that exalted body, you could hopefully aspire to such awards as the Distinguished Service Medal and the Medal of Honor. Club news, covering a few pages of each issue, ran pix of members decked out in improbable uniforms (of their own design, one presumes) and identified, for instance, as "Captain William Forbes, F.A.C., D.S.M., who represented our F.A. outfit on the recent 'pilgrimage' to Europe made by the American Legion." It sounds corny and perhaps it was but it was calculated to give the readers a sense of participation and it did. I never joined -- not wanting to chop up my magazines, for one thing.

I have at hand only three copies of the pre-war FA: March 1938, August 1938 and September 1940 and perhaps I should say "pre-Pearl Harbor",

since there was some sort of war going on somewhere when all of these appeared. The invasion of Ethiopia, the Spanish Civil War, the Chinese-Japanese fracas (remember the "Panay"?) and, by September of 1940, the opening rounds of WW 2 were well under way...this is a lame sentence... I mean to note that all of these conflicts were contemporaneous with the various issues and received a lot of attention in the pages of FA.

Lacking a larger file, I can only go by these and my notoriously fickle memory in describing the magazine. When I say that I do not remember ever seeing any fiction by anyone except Donald E. Keyhoe, Joe Archibald and Arch Whitehouse in FA -- the blanket size, I mean -- I stand ready to accept correction from anyone who says different.

A glance at these old issues is enough to prove that Don Keyhoe did not have to write about flying saucers to qualify as a dullard and a bore. He contributed a pedestrian and interminable yarn about a trepid birdman named Richard -- sometimes "Dick" -- Knight to each and every issue. They were weary, trite and tedious in the worst pulp traditions. Even in the days when my sense of wonder burgeoned like unto the green bay tree, I couldn't stand the damned things. The mere concept of re-reading one now for the purpose of this article is enough to make me break out in siphuncles. Let us pass quietly over Dick Knight. R.I.P.

Practically anyone who remembers the old FA mags remembers Phineas Pinkham very well indeed. A Pinkham yarn appeared in every issue, illustrated and written by Joe Archibald. The action took place in France in the First World War and Phineas was a Spad-pusher with the Ninth Pursuit Squadron, out of Bar-le-Duc, Major Rufus Garrity commanding. The stories were pitched at a pace of feverish hilarity which strikes my ripened literary tastes as a bit exhausting but I admit that in those days I ate it up and faunched for the next issue.

Pinkham was an ardent practical jokester and in between bringing about the downfall of some arch-enemy among the "krauts" -- in those happy, faroff, unenlightened days when all men weren't necessarily brothers, it was perfectly de rigeuer to refer to former enemies by such uncomplimentary epithets -- he made life utterly damnwell intolerable for his squadron-mates with his exploding cigars and similar devices. Among his peers, Pinkham had a popularity rating considerably lower than that of a mosquito in a nudist colony. Nobody loved him but the readers.

Joe Archibald was a prolific pulpster in those days. He contributed countless dead-serious stories to the numerous sports-pulps and most of his stories were quite devoid of humor but he gave his whimsy free rein and slashed it across the flanks with a buggywhip when he turned to the monthly Pinkham yarn. Broad puns and long-winded similies cavorted capriciously among sly slapstick and hairy hyperbole. I purloined one of Joe's similies once when the English teacher asked for one in a quiz. "Quiet as the main street of Glasgow in a charity drive," I put down. He marked it wrong. "The main street of Glasgow is never quiet," he observed firmly. He had no sense of humor to speak of, that boy.

Every issue featured numerous short pieces and articles on full-sized airplanes; on building model aircraft and on various phases of military and civil aviation. There was a memorable series in 1938 by George Lyle called "Learn to fly with Jack Conroy", which related how, under the tutelage of brusque old Instructor Chet Macklin, Jack eventually won his wings. This was remarkably interesting and it still strikes me as well-written, even today. George Lyle was listed as being a "Transport Pilot and Flying Instructor" -- it may have been a pseudonym -- but I don't recall ever encountering anything else by him. With

a writing style like that, it's a shame he didn't do more.

The Conroy series, as well as all of the Whitehouse stories and several factual departments were illustrated by Alden McWilliams. Science fiction fans will recognize the name as that of an occasional illustrator in the s-f mags as well as the artist for a short-lived s-f comic strip called "Twin Earths". McWilliams was a pretty fair-to-middling draftsman and his pen and ink work had a clean, sure quality I've always liked.

Arch Whitehouse flew in the first World War with the Royal Flying Corps, first as a gunner, later as a pilot in Sopwith Camels, perhaps the most treacherous single-engine pursuit ship ever designed; their heavy rotary engines -- that is to say, a considerable part of the engine went around at the same speed as the propellor, being fastened to it -- gave them a ferocious torque that had to be fought every inch of the way. A moment's inattention and your Camel was spinning madly for terra ever-so-firma and a Camel in a spin had a single-minded strength of purpose not even surpassed by a mink in rut. That Whitehouse, flying one of these fiendish contraptions, managed not only to survive but actually shot down a number of enemy planes establishes his credentials as an authority on combat flying pretty firmly in my book.

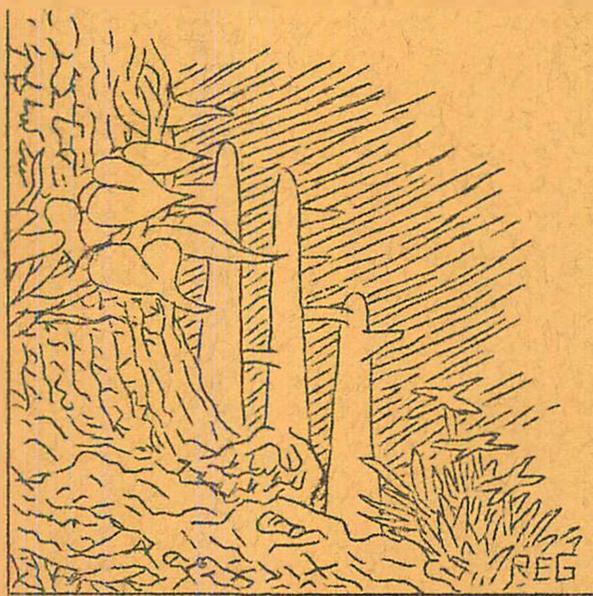
One further scrap of Sopwith Camel folklore that I can't resist quoting here: "If you can take a wildcat and balance him on the bushy end of a broom and balance the other end of the broom on the end of your left index finger which has been liberally coated with grease -- and do this blindfolded -- and carry the whole business without once dropping it clear across a large hangar, the floor of which is covered with broken glass -- and do this barefooted -- then...you might stand half a chance of being able to learn to fly a Camel."

Whitehouse served as a newspaper and magazine correspondent in the second World War and has since written more magazine articles and hard cover books than anyone would care to have to read in a single week. In the pages of FA he wrote on alternate months about a character called "The Griffon" -- of whom more later -- and about a peregrinating aircraft salesman named Crash Carringer. I believe Carringer superseded an earlier alternate named Coffin Kirk but do not have any issues at hand containing a Kirk story so I won't swear to that.

Crash Carringer flew about in, tried to sell and occasionally sold a jazzy little pursuit ship called the Hale Hellion. In appearance it

resembled a cross between a P-38 Lightning and a P-39 Airacuda (or was that the Airacobra? -- my memory really is getting motheaten!)...that is, it had the twin booms of the P-38 with a single pusher prop powered by a motor behind the pilot in the P-39 manner. It was a hot little ship, naturally. The stories were pleasant to read but had no enduring flavor, no prominent features worth commenting on at this late date.

Not so the Griffon yarns! Some continuity characters have a warmth and stature that others can never hope to attain. Holmes and Watson had it; so have Nero Wolfe and Archie Goodwin but Perry Meson hasn't a trace of it. The older "Saint" stories of Leslie Charteris from the thirties and early forties



have it to a high degree; the James Bond books of Ian Fleming have more than almost any continuity-character of the present day.

I suppose if you had to boil down this trait and call it by a single word, you might choose "empathy", a sense of reader involvement and identification. You feel well-acquainted with a character that has this and you can't work up much interest in one that lacks it.

I've heard Holmes fans aver that one of the most enjoyable facets of the Holmes saga is the glimpse you get at the start of each story of the routine, day-to-day life of Holmes and Watson in their flat on Baker Street between cases. In the case of characters having some quantity of inherent charm, such as Holmes and Watson, this is a desirable thing. In the case of characters such as "The Shadow", which are little more than crude mannikins jerkily moving through their roles in some sort of improbable pseudo-life, the less home-life shown, the better.

The Griffon's eyrie was a palatial estate on Long Island called "Greylands." Like all pulp-borne crimefighters, he was quite well-off, financially. Supposedly, he made his stack as a ballistics consultant -- a theory I, personally, find somewhat implausible. At any rate, he Had It Made and there was an adroitly concealed underground hangar and, at the touch of a hidden switch, an innocent-looking rock garden would roll silently to one side and out would taxi an ominous-looking black amphibian called "The Black Bullet" (there were at least two, perhaps three of these, over the years). Its motor would be purring throatily through special Skoda mufflers (how the sound of the prop was silenced was never revealed) and it would taxi down to the water's edge, out into the Sound, the throttle would open up, and with Skoda cut out, the sleek amphib would get up on the step and launch itself into the gathering gloom.

From that time on, such international spies and other malefactors as might be abroad in aircraft of their own would be very well advised to spend their final few moments in putting their earthly affairs into order. The firm of Keen & O'Dare, alias Ginsberg and Pulaski, would take no second place to Burke and Hare as efficient exterminators. Salvage rights to all the shattered steel and dural that dropped in flames before their yammering machineguns over the several issues of their career would net some lucky chap a fortune in scrap metal today.

The Griffon in his battle regalia was not too unlike some of the more subdued comic-book crusaders whose appearance he presaged by a few years. From "Coffin in the Fog", in the March, 1938, FA:

The man at the controls was dressed in a black coverall and wore a scarlet mask of silk and rubber under his service helmet. He was handsome in a cold determined way. His lips were drawn in a hard line, but there was a hint of a smile at the corners.....

Riding back in the rear gun emplacement was another figure, a squat and burly one with a face that bore the tangible evidence of much vio-



lent action except that, on such a foray as this, it was covered by a similar costume.

We might as well introduce the two of them at this point. Up there in the front cockpit is Kerry Keen, primary identity of The Griffon himself (wave to all the folks, Kerry) though when out questing like this he insists that his accomplice (fellow-crusader, if you will) call him by his nom-de-plume of "Ginsberg".

He, in turn, calls the Gunner-guy (as Whitehouse often termed him) by the grossly inappropriate name of "Pulaski". His real name is Barney O'Dare (grin and hoist that bottle of O'Doul's Dew in salute, Barney) and a leading national independent research laboratory reports that, by actual test, he is up to 37.5 per cent more Irish than any leading brand of Paddy's Pig tested.

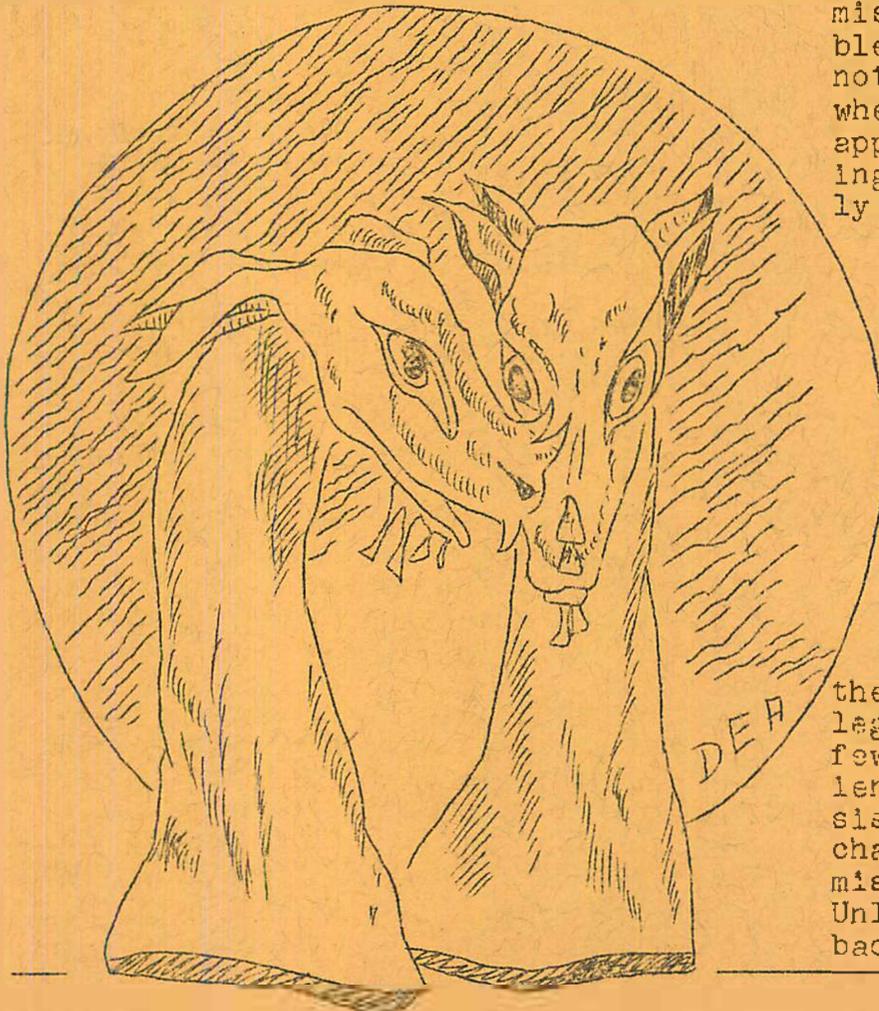
He, O'Dare, is a fair valet and house-boy to Keen between jousts with the ungodly; an indefatigable consumer of Irish whiskey and a damned fine aerial gunner. Given any kind of decent shot at a target, he never missed it and (here your writer speaks with some scantle of authority himself) that makes him either incredibly good or insufferably lucky or both.

This pair, in those days, comprised the entire inner circle of the Griffon's crew since he fell squarely into the category of covert crime-fighters, i.e., those whose true identity was not known to the public at large (FA readers excepted) nor to any duly constituted legal authorities.

Some time later, but prior to September, 1940, a third member was admitted -- admitted herself, rather. This was a pert and shapely blonde

miss by name of Barbara "Pebbles" Colony. I regret I do not have the issue at hand wherein she made her first appearance but I recall reading it off the stands shortly after I had bought and read Charteris' "The Ace of Knaves", and I was struck by the truly astounding coincidence of similarity between Pebbles' appearance in the Griffon story and that of Miss Brenda Marlow in "The Unlicensed Victualers" in the Charteris book.

Like Brenda, Barbara originally appeared to be against the side of the angels and switched allegiance in mid-narrative.... few writers possess sufficient gall to adamantly insist that a beautiful female character can be more than mistakenly supposed to be bad. Unlike Brenda, who dropped back into limbo after that



single Saint story, Pebbles appeared with at least a walk-on part in nearly all of the subsequent Griffon stories.

Certain dour and misanthropic types might have intimated that Whitehouse sailed at times perilously close to the reef of plagiarism; that, while Keen himself did not too closely resemble Simon Templar, O'Dare was everlastingly and forevermore Templar's faithful stooge, Hoppy Unlitz, tricked out in a stage Irish brogue, his beloved Scots Whisky exchanged for Irish Whiskey and his IQ augmented by perhaps a few jots and a couple of tittles. Maybe this is a rank injustice to Whitehouse. Maybe he never in his whole life read a word of 'Characteris'. It is possibly possible.

Add to Keen and O'Dare, later Pebbles, the names of John Scott, "head of the F.B.I., New York Division", and his bumbling but good-natured underling named Drury Lang and you have the complete dramatic personae of the entire series. I do not recollect that The Griffon ever had any dealings with the municipal NY police. Such other casting as seemed necessary -- minor spear-carriers and expendable villains -- was done on a strictly one-shot basis.

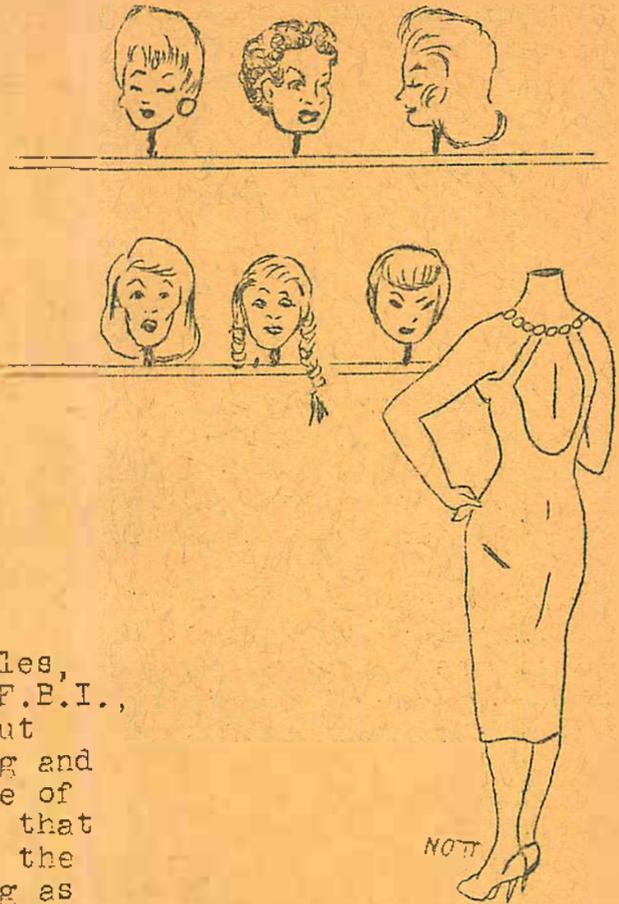
The Griffon and Barney were notable for at least one other thing. I can't recall that they ever got themselves captured, knocked out or tied up although (correct me if I'm wrong) it seems as though Pebbles occasionally got immobilized by the opposition in the time-honored Queen-in-check gambit (chess-friends kindly forgive scrambled metaphor) so dear to the hearts of the pulpsmiths. But for the hero and his henchman to go uncaptured for episode after episode, never walking through a door and "A star seemed to explode inside my head. I felt myself falling in slow cartwheels, down, down and eternally down as waves of blackness washed throbbingly over me, dissolving my very being, etc." smacks so overpoweringly of the miraculous, is so fresh and original, that even the most carping critic is moved to offer such an author absolution for any darkly suspected sin of copycattery in some other aspect. Anyhow, I think so.

It is my opinion, and a purely subjective one, that the Griffon series represents the top highwater mark for all continuity characters hatched by the various air-war pulps. I say this, having also read some of the Bill Barnes stories.

Ed note: further installments of this column, devoted to other of the non-stf pulps, will appear just as fast as I can pry them out of Dean. Look for them about once every two years. RSC

Sandpiper - Scotsman in the Sahara

....George Willick



THE BALLAD OF JOHN KASPER

(TUNE: "JOHN HENRY")

—— lyrics by — JOE SANDERS ——

When John Kasper was a little baby,
 He spit in a n-----'s face
 And looked forward to the day when he'd join the KKK
 To help to keep the n----- in his place.
 (Oh yes, Keep That Dirty N----- In His Place.)

Now, Johnny got a little older
 And developed a free-flowin' mouth;
 So he bought a carpet bag, just to hold his hard-earned swag,
 And he went to make his livin' in the South.
 (Yes, yes, he went to make his livin' in the South.)

All the people came from the country
 Just to hear John Kasper say,
 "Gonna set you people free from the Yankees; follow me,
 Rest assured I'll be behind you all the way."
 ("Yes sir, I'll back you with my speeches all the way.")

Oh, they pulled John Kasper off his soapbox,
 And they held a Federal trial;
 But ol' Johnny stood up proud, as he faced that courthouse crowd,
 And he met their dirty charges with a smile.
 (Oh yes, he faced their evil charges with a smile.)

Then the time came for the defence case,
 And John Kasper took the stand;
 He said, "I know you hold a grudge, but I leave it to you, Judge,
 Is it my fault if my friends got out of hand?"
 ("Land sakes, I can't help it if my friends got out of hand.")

Then, they took John Kasper to the jailhouse,
 And they threw him into a cell;
 But it certainly was sad — poor old Johnny went stark mad, 'Cause
 he thought he smelled a stinkin' n-----'s smell.
 (Poor boy, all around him was that filthy n----- smell.)

Oh, John Kasper's case is tragic,
 For his mind had run in that one track,
 And he'd broke so many laws for that "Whites Are Better" cause
 That it seemed that everyone but him was black.
 (It's sad, but he thought that everyone but him was black.)

STRANGE FRUIT

Note to the respective editors: Reviews of KIPPLE 12 and 13, HYPHEN 27, ESPRIT 4, PARSECTION 5, DISCORD 11, GOLDEN APPLE 3, COMIC ART 1, SKY-RACK 31 and 32, MI 3, SCIENCE FICTION TIMES 356, UNIFICATION 11 and AMATEUR ROCKETEER 4 have been sent to Lupoff for inclusion in XERO #5.

Not reviewed for one reason or another are PITFCS 139, SPELEOBEM 11, CHIGGER PATCH Vol. 3 #2, ROMP #1, RESIN #4, and QRM #1. And I almost forgot; VIPER 2 was also reviewed for Lupoff.

FANAC #72 and 73 (Walter Breen, 1205 Peralta Ave., Berkeley 6, Calif. - bi-weekly, 4 for 50¢, British Agent Archie Mercer) Biggest news in fandom's newsletter this time in the change of publishers. Terry Carr is still working on the Fannish, but Breen is in charge of everything else. No vital changes in the format as yet, though it is possible to tell differences. Breen is starting out full of enthusiasm, apparently; I cynically wonder how long he'll keep it. However, FANAC is still indispensable for fan news, changes of address, etc. Rating..7

AXE #1 and 2 (Larry & Noreen Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, New York - irregular but frequent - available for donations to the Willis Fund) AXE exists to promote the Willis Fund, and most of its news centers around the fund. But other news notes are also included in this two-pager. Incidentally, in re-reading my comments on the fund in the last YANDRO, I see that they're open to misinterpretation. I think the fund is a good idea. I'm glad Walt refused a TAFF nomination; TAFF was organized to promote a better understanding between US and British fans, and nomination should be reserved for people who have not (and probably never will) been able to make the ocean crossing any other way. But if Walt's friends in the States want to see him badly enough to contribute to a special fund in addition to TAFF, why that's wonderful. Certainly no British fan has done more to deserve a special fund.

ANCALAGON #2 and 3; PANELZINE (George R. Heap, 513 Glen Echo, Philadelphia 19, Pennsylvania - monthly - free for comment) PANELZINE is a one-shot, evidently (and I see there's a 25¢ price on it, too, so ignore the "free" statement above). It is devoted mostly to "fear in science fiction", though the writers wander in and around the subject to their heart's content. (John Berry even gets lost completely and refers to "fans who regard fantasy as being an integral part of science fiction"; you have that statement just backwards, John. Science fiction is a branch of fantasy.) PANELZINE is interesting but not worth quite 25¢. ANCALAGON is a newsletter type which also features short articles (which seem to be drawing quite spirited response). I only wish George would stop gloating over the various folksingers who appear in Philly; I'm envious, dammit. Rating..5

CINDER #2 and 3 (Larry Williams, 74 Maple Rd., Longmeadow 6, Mass. - approximately monthly - 15¢) #2 is not much of an issue; Ed Gorman's column and some of the letters are enjoyable, but nothing is outstanding. #3 is better all around. Gorman's column shows improvement and an article by Billy Joe Plott on a reprint comics firm called Top Quality

Comics is interesting and probably useful to comics collectors; reprints seem to include PLANET COMICS and some of the EC line. Seth Johnson boosts the N3F as the breeding ground of fanzine publishers. A contribution by Rog Ebert is helpfully labelled "humor"; without the label it might be hard to tell. Fanzine reviews are competent and the fiction is not so hot (tho I did get a chuckle out of a nice short piece by Ron Haydock). Worth getting for Plott's article if you like comics and for Gorman's column if you like old stfmags. Rating....3½

CRY #149 and 150 (Box 92, 507 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 25¢) CRY seems to be going in for more serious commentary on stf lately, with Tom Purdom and Buz Busby working over the current books and mags. Very well done. Elinor Busby rambles on various subjects, usually entertainingly. She has the sort of general column that I seem to recall most fanzines used to have and that too few have any more. Various other people, both expected (Les Nirenberg) and unexpected (Avram Davidson) show up in CRY's pages. In general, it's one of the best fanzines around and I really should read more of it. Rating....3

THE BUG EYE #7 (Helmut Klemm, 16 Uhland St., Urfort/Eick, (22a) Krs. Moers, West Germany - monthly? - free for comment - co-editor Rudiger B. Gosejacob) One of the most interesting items in this issue is the photopage of German fans (even if they do look just like US fans). Klemm himself looks rather like a German edition of Les Gerber -- come to think of it, he sounds rather like a German edition of Les Gerber. In addition to being reasonably entertaining, BUG EYE might be considered one of these rare zines that are important to fandom. In sheer numbers, Gerfandom ranks second or third in the world today, yet, except for a few letters and a shortlived column in NORTHLIGHT, BUG EYE is the only place where the writing of German fans can be read by British and American fans. All material is in English, and while the aspect is more "fannish" than the German norm (at least, according to outraged letters from sercon German fans, it is) it is still the major meeting place of German and Anglo-American fandom. Rating....6

REALM OF FANTASY #4 (Jack Cascio, 401 East Central, Benld, Illinois - irregular - he says quarterly - 5 for \$1) A determinedly serious fanzine. Three fiction pieces, none distinguished but only one (by Johnny Slaughter) really bad. The Jerries Page and Burge defend Palmer against Mike Deckinger's attack in a previous issue; they go as far overboard in defending him as Mike did in attacking him, but at least a defense of RAP is a novel approach and very readable. An advertisement for a "Psychoid Headband" is hilarious. A letter from Stephen Grisillo, who knows nothing about fanzines, provokes the editor into a half-page of delusions of persecution, but otherwise there is nothing particularly offensive in this issue. Big-name fans don't went to crush you, Jack; they simply don't give a damn whether you're crushed or not, and why should they? You publish a fanzine, so? So do 200 or 300 others; why should any one care whether one more fanzine lives or dies? If you don't publish a popular-type fanzine, don't expect popular support. YANDRO was almost universally disliked by Big-Name fans for the first 60 or 70 issues, so I am not very sympathetic to editors who complain about being persecuted because they have put out 4 whole issues and nobody likes them. Don't expect everyone to like fan fiction just because you do; their opinions are as valid as yours. Rating....4

...CAN Vol. 2 #1 (Calvin W. Demmon, 1002 East 66th. St., Inglewood 3, California - trades, comment, or \$1 per issue - irregular) This one introduces the editor, who seems to be a friend of Lichtman's. A general chatty format gives the reader a pretty good idea of the workings of this particular fannish mind -- which is interesting to those hardy types who can stand to watch the workings of a -- of any -- fannish mind. A bit like an apazine lost in general fandom, and rather entertaining. Judgement reserved until I see more of Mr. Demmon.

QUE PASADO #4 (Les Nirenberg, 1217 Weston Road, Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada - irregular - price either not listed or stuck off in a corner somewhere) Considering the general quality of the issue, I guess Les can be forgiven for indulging in casual anti-homosexualism. Despite some very good contributions, the heart of this issue is the long, controversial and highly entertaining lettercolumn. In two sections, yet. Editorial ramblings run a close second, and some top-notch fan-writers like Ted White and Boyd Raeburn are good, but outclassed. Despite editorial denials, QP is a discussion zine; all sorts of discussions are going on at once. Like Donaho, Nirenberg seems able to keep his discussions interesting and reasonably good-natured at the same time. (Not an easy trick, as I recently found out.) Rating...9

WRR Vol. 3 #2 (Otto Pfeifer, 2911 N.E. 60th. St., Seattle 15, Washington - irregular? - free for comment) The poor man's CRY is still rolling along. As usual, we have 13 pages of material and 18 of letters. John Berry and Mike Deckinger share top honors as contributors -- or possibly getting my own meals lately, with Juanita at college, has affected my judgment, since both John and Mike are writing about food. (Well, Berry is writing about cereal premiums, which is sort of about food.) The fanzine where humor is stressed...stressed so much, in fact, that I feel I should be writing this review on one of Campbell's strain gauges rather than a stencil. Rating....6

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #55 (Bjohn Trimble, 2790 W. 8th. St., Los Angeles 5, California - bi-monthly - 25¢) SHAGGY is a lot like CRY, only with good artwork. Fritz Leiber defends sword-and-sorcery yarns; it's a good article, but I think he makes a mistake in trying to defend the entire genre (just as some critics err in attacking the entire genre). Some sword-and-sorcery tales are very good indeed -- most of the good ones today appear in SCIENCE FANTASY, but Leiber's own tales of the type are above average and some of Poul Anderson's are superb. Nevertheless, a lot of stories of this type are far funnier in themselves than any possible parody could be; look at Burroughs. Various people review various books, and Redd Boggs has a capsule fictionalized history of fandom that is good fan-fiction and good faan-fiction and should be studied by a few of the fiction-writers for other mags. Rating...8½

MONDAY EVENING GHOST #10 (Bob Jennings, 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tennessee - monthly...err...six-weekly, he says - 15¢) Central item is Mike Deckinger's proposal for a fannish Foundation to which collections of deceased fans would be willed and which would act as a sort of Library of Congress for fandom. Commentary on the article is made by Clay Hamlin, Seth Johnson and the editor; the whole thing runs 8 pages. Gene Tipton and Hamlin both contribute material on Algernon Blackwood and there are the usual letters, editorial, and artwork which is improving steadily. Recommended to serious types. Rating...5½

XERO #4 (Pat & Dick Lupoff, 215 E. 73rd. St., New York 21, N.Y. - irregular - for contribution, comment, or trade) Counting the XERO COMICS section mounted upside down on the back of this issue -- a good location for a comics section, I think -- we have 72 pages plus 2 covers -- pretty good return for a letter of comment. Quality, too; Dick seems to have added James Blish to Larry Harris in the book reviewing department, to that department's great benefit. Bill Donaho and Larry Shaw comment on numbered fandoms. (But Bill, though his remarks on Seventh Fandom are eminently logical, ignores the confusion that will result if we have both a Seventh Fandom Movement and a Seventh Fandom Period - or epoch, if you prefer - on the records. Personally I'd rather forget the whole concept of numbered fandoms -- and Silverberg, who innocently started the whole thing, has publicly stated that he'd prefer to forget it.) I make a stab at longer, unrated fanzine reviews -- well, dammit, fellows, it was a first effort along those lines. Chris Steinbrunner writes 8 pages of nostalgia on old movie serials; a feat which is even harder than writing an equivalent amount on old comic books, in my estimation. The comics section, suitably segregated from the reading material, is turned over to Don Thompson for a review of the wartime super-heroes; Captain America, Sub-Mariner, The Human Torch, etc. Don is a good enough writer, but I've heard about all these characters from Juanita. Endlessly. So.....
Rating.....8

GAUL #2 (Larry McCombs, Lloyd House, Caltech, Pasadena, California - irregular - 15¢ - coeditors, Steve Tolliver and Lyn Hardy) You know, that's the first typewriter I've seen that produces square o's? A lot of the letters concern "The Worm Ouroboros" -- why doesn't some enterprising publisher bring out a pb version of that? Earl? You could make it a prestige-pb format for \$1.50 or \$2; the thing's been getting enough publicity lately, so a reasonably priced edition should sell. There is also considerable verbiage by the editors, Ruth Berman, and others, about something called "Sylvie And Bruno" which I'd never heard of before. After reading the comments on it I conclude that I'm just as well off. I can't honestly say that the editorial comments -- inspired by the nearness of graduation -- of Where-do-we-go-from-here struck any particular sparks of sympathy or nostalgia from me, but then I've always been a rather self-satisfied individual.
Rating.....5

NONCONN #3 (Alan N. Boatman, 2622 Barnard St., Saginaw, Michigan - irregular - 20¢) The editor strikes me as possibly overly serious -- he didn't like the first "Way Out" show, and he reviews the entire stf output of 1960 (mags, books, movies and tv) in 4 pages -- but he'll maybe get over that. Art Rapp has an excellent article on the ideal military punishment; seems the army finally learned something from Daniel Morgan's handling of militia. Deckinger and McInerney don't come off quite so well. Lettercolumn is promising, reproduction good.
Rating....7½

CADENZA #2 (Charles Wells, 190 Elm St., Oberlin, Ohio - but write before June 1, if you're going to - irregular - 15¢) Entirely editor-written (except for the letter column), but this is not necessarily a drawback; Wells is not quite as good a writer as Redd Boggs, but he's better than most. (He certainly has one of the most original pieces of fan-fiction that I've read....Juanita seldom reads much in fanzines, except for a few favorite mags, but I'm going to recommend this one to her.) Small, but it's worth your money.
Rating....6

Fanzines been bustin' out all over, but this is going to be the last page of reviews if I have to cut them to a sentence apiece.

FANFARONADE #2 (Jeff Wanshel, 6 Beverly Place, Larchmont, N.Y. - irregular - 15¢) I was about to sum this up as "small and neat", which shows I've been brainwashed by HABAKKUK; 26 pages is not small. Material is strictly fannish, but it's good fannish, which ain't easy to come by. Top honors to Marion Bradley. Rating.....6½

ESOTERIQUE #4 (Bruce Henstell, 815 Tigertail Rd., Los Angeles 49, Calif. - irregular - 10¢) Has anyone else considered that the above street address is absolutely perfect for a fanzine editor? Other fanzines may have published scripts of radio shows, but Bruce is the first editor to have produced the show in question. (Producing radio shows just to get fanzine material is pretty sneaky, I say.) I'm afraid I'll never care much for ESOTERIQUE; Bruce's tastes are too far removed from mine. (Like, about the time he thinks HELP! really started to get good, I quit buying it.) Rating.....3

CACTUS #6 (Sture Sedolin, P.O. Box 9040, Boden 19, Sweden - irregular - 10 for \$1 - USAgent Seth Johnson, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, N.J.) I think there are more British fans in here than Swedish, though. Nice colored cover by Stenfors. Rating.....3½

ROVER #11 (Art Hayes, RR #3, Bancroft, Ontario, Canada - monthly? - free for comment) One of the more interesting ideas is something called "cross-chess", a variant which the originator calls "simpler" than standard chess (not an improvement, just easier and different). The only trouble is that he does not give enough explanation to allow a newcomer to learn the game. The editor's variety of interests shows up well in the zine; unfortunately it doesn't intersect my variety of interests very often. Rating.....4

HAVERINGS #5 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, England - irregular - 6d - send her a dime, clod) Valuable for neofans and neo-editors as it consists entirely of fanzine reviews and listings, including a batch of German zines.

JD-ARGASSY #56 & 57 (Lynn Hickman, 224 Dement Ave., Dixon, Illinois - irregular - 25¢) Lynn is pulling an SFT on us here and mailing out two issues at once. Some of the best artwork in fandom here, as well as a conreport I enjoyed (consisted of sketches with a few appropriate comments by Dave Prosser). There's a listing of most of the recently published US stf books for those who want to keep up on those things, Giovanni Scognamiglio covers Italian stf, and John Berry continues the Superfan Saga. Lots of letters, mostly concerned with science fiction and Ted White. Rating.....7

PARSECTION #6 (George Willick, 856 East St., Madison, Ind. - 6-weekly - 8 for \$1) Letters concerning Hugo awards (do you want -- ecch! -- more for fans?) and Harry Warner's fannish history cover most of the issue. Nice drawing of the editor on the cover. Rating....6

Left for next issue: HELP #1, FANTASMAGORIQUE #1, POISON #1, JETSTREAM, EAST & WEST NEWS #37, BUNYIP #4, EGO #1. I'm going blind, I tell you!

A DODDERING COLUMN *from alan dodd*

Ever since the late lamented WEIRD TALES ceased publication there has been a search for a magazine of equally specialized fiction to take its place, even though that would be something of an impossible task. I thought recently that the search might have been concluded when I encountered SUPERNATURAL STORIES published monthly by John Spencer and Co. (Publishers) Ltd., 131 Brackenbury Rd., London W. 6. How wrong I was.

The John Spencer Publications including Badger Books have in the past produced not inconsiderable quantities of science fiction, some even illustrated with cover work by former fan-artists like Eddie Jones. Almost universally it has been of low quality, amateurish, poorly written and riddled with the kind of clichés one might have thought imaginative writers would have discarded years ago. The people working for John Spencer are about 40 years behind their time. For example in a 1961 supernatural story I hardly expect to see the Victorian "You unspeakable cad, sir!" quoted by one character as the height of insult.

Not that there are only hacks working for Spencer Publications; there are in fact several skilled writers and artists but their work is so watered-down that it is almost indistinguishable from the amateurs writing the remaining stories. One cannot sift a little good seed from among all the chaff.

For example we'll take SUPERNATURAL STORIES #39.

"SUPERNATURAL STORIES are the thinking man's gateway into the realm of brilliant imagination. SUPERNATURAL STORIES provide a glimpse - an imaginative glimpse into those hidden realms from which mystics and seers bring back snatches of forbidden knowledge." What SS does not provide is an editorial, letter department, interior artwork or columns or articles of any kind. There are two skilled contributors to this issue; the cover artist who remains unknown and the introductory "blurb" writer to each story. Both deserve greater credit than the anonymity they receive.



The cover shows a striking, tawny blonde in shorts and shirt kneeling in the centre of a jungle clearing while surrounding her to the right and foreground are voodoo drums whose players' hands are the bony fingers of skeletons. An excellently coloured picture of the girl in the centre and rich, dark foliage with the drums acting as frame to the picture. Of the "blurb" writer let it be said his skill is vastly superior to that of the writers he introduces thus:

LAND OF THE LIVING DEAD by Leo Brett.

"No birds flew, no animals rustled in the grass. Gaunt THINGS staggered away...."

There's an excellent example of the introductory hook, but the story is strictly from fifty years ago. The action of a full half of the story takes place on the "Light of the Mist" carrying pit props to Iceland with the unlikely crew of Captain Toby Magraw, "short, dour and Scotch", First Officer Lee Hardcastle, "Canadian, dark, laconic and cynical", seaman Grey O'Ryden, "tough Irish etc.", and stoker Hans Jansen, "tough, Swedish etc.". For twenty pages these cardboard characters argue and talk about the sea, the ship, the steering apparatus (rod and chain!) until a storm wrecks them on an uncharted island where Dr. Lucien Deverell lives. "No eyes - only two black sockets" and the power of teleportation to lift his enemies into the air and drop them to their

death unless they agree to help him as part of the experiments he has been conducting on the living dead. These attack the crew and even when hacked to pieces still keep on coming, crawling on. A few holy incantations soon rid the crew of this problem and a lifeboat turns up in time to rescue them. Still, at least it WAS a lifeboat - with these characters I expected the 7th Cavalry at least!

WOLFMAN'S VENGEANCE by Pel Torro

"He saw the outline of a hideous inhuman shape."

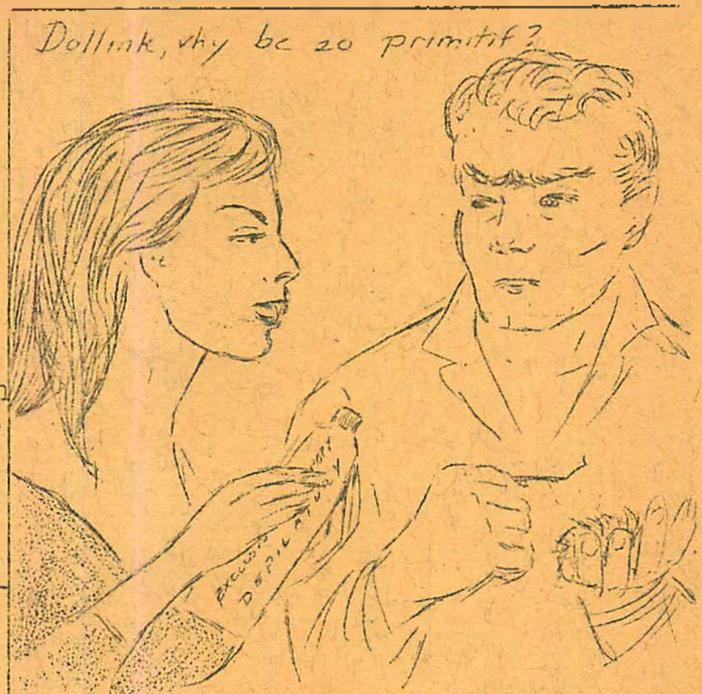
Take the name of the author of this for a start. It's even phonier than some of those you see in fanzines, yet this is supposed to be of professional level! This is ye olds tale about the London P.C. vs. The Werewolf from which I gleaned two interesting facts of lycanthropy. All werewolves when not turning into wolves but in their natural state can be identified by the fact that their eyebrows meet and hair grows in the palm of their hands. Unfortunately the sneaky things have been taking to plucking the hairs out and now who knows, even using electric razors.

The police here spend half the time - as did the crew of the last adventure - in TALKING about the whys and wherefores of the problem in hand before one of the police officials goes out with a Browning automatic (a weapon I doubt very much Scotland Yard has access to) and a route map of the werewolf murders to act as bait. The werewolf nearly swallows the bait too despite the weapon which at the top of page 82 is "the revolver" and at the bottom has become "a useless Browning automatic", several snipers and about 20 policemen who are hurled away "as a heavyweight wrestling champion would toss so many children aside". It remains for the Rev. Duvel and his Holy Water to finish off the creature, who turns to dust.

THE MAGICIAN SLEEPS by R. L. Fanthorpe

"Parchment eyelids fluttered open, a claw stirred in the dust."

The basic story here is reasonably original. An English archaeologist visiting a Cornish castle is trapped at night and stepping onto a



spring stone is hurtled into a dungeon where the body of Merlin the Magician lies hidden. Seven toots on the ancient horn and a bash on the shield with a sword and Merlin is awake! Then what happens? He convinces the archeologist to leave the Ministry of Works and take up battling evils in boys' clubs in the East End of London - to Make The World A Better Place like his ancestor Sir Galahad. His name is Gale Hadley, you see -- reincarnation and all that kind of jazz. Ho hum. But there are some prickly moments inside that sealed tomb when you wonder how he'll escape. I wonder how many spring stones there are still around in old castles? The most diabolical trap ever created in the Medieval times.

THE DEATHLESS WINGS by Bron Fane

"It struck from the darkness, an evil fury as old as time".

IT is an Austrian vampire who ingeniously hurls one of his hunters into a river to drown, instead of biting him to death. That way his hunter can't come back as another vampire to hunt him down. Further hunters who are friends of the murdered man arrive from England and spend most of their time complaining about the Austrian food that you wonder when they are ever going to get around to firing "the powerful Browning" which is loaded this time with silver bullets.

VOODOO HELL DRUMS. by Trebor Thorpe.

"The dead hands on the drum heads radiated death and disaster across the jungle."

The voodoo drums may radiate death but the central characters of this story radiate nothing but boredom as like the personnel of the afore-mentioned stories they spend half the time tossing back and forth between themselves quotations and stories of voodoo and witchcraft which sound as boring as the Victorian clubs they must have come from. They talk and talk and talk. Among the samples of modern imaginative glimpses into the world of the supernatural comes this 1961 classic:

"You unspeakable cad," said Lance Vining, "I forbid you to leave. Think of Miss Kerrigan and the professor, what will they do without bearers? Without a guide I can fend for myself. It's them I'm thinking about."

But Slade is killed and the body stolen by natives, two black stones placed in the mouth, a few jabbers and it becomes alive. A Zombie.

"Lance Vining broke through the jungle foliage, a revolver (no prizes are given for guessing the make!) in each hand, and Vining was a crack shot."

But it is the faithful bearer who plunges his spear into Slade, who toppled with the stones falling from his mouth as he does, reducing him to death again.

And there -- we have a complete issue of SUPERNATURAL STORIES, a magazine I heartily recommend -- to all employees of the Browning Firearms Co., who evidently must have shares in the magazine from the number of free advertisements they get in each story. Or could it be that Browning are responsible for this sudden decline in vampires and werewolves of late? One would think at least one of the company might have the odd werewolf around somewhere - but this I do know, without Browning the vampires and their ilk would certainly be far more plentiful around these days.

I wonder what they charge for silver bullets?

 Personally I think the shortage of vampires in the general countryside is due more to Hollywood; they've all gone into movie making where they can earn a much better living -- and with all the oddballs in California, who'd notice an influx of vampires? RSC

Look outside: it's creeping again...

—rog ebert—

There is really no describing them,
 these lonesome desert sands,
 when they twist and curl and blow away
 -- and sting your face, and caress-it --
 and pile up against things
 (or undermine them).

Pete has a word for them -- an unprintable word --
 and the Doctor calls them malevolent.

Red says that after all we are on Mars.
 I haven't really thought about it much.
 There is a lot of sand, and it's pretty dry;
 it's finer than earth-sand

(been rubbing together so much longer)
 and a lot of it is just dust, that's all.
 This dust is the stuff that seeps everywhere,
 and makes your bunk sleep like talcum powder
 (of an inferior brand).

It has turned our water supply a little murky.
 Doc says it reminds him a little
 of Mark Twain's writings about the muddy
 Mississippi waters,

and Pete has been working all morning on the
 Remington-Rand computer with detergent
 (avoiding the parts that would rust in our
 still-humid ship atmosphere)

to get it unclogged and in working shape.
 We are careful to close the door
 when we leave, and shut the windows at night
 -- it's close in here! --
 and pretty much given up on keeping
 our fingernails clean

(or trying not to sneeze).
 There is a kind of plant up here
 -- green in winter, and then red in the hot summer --
 that grows on this sand in a funny way.

Doc says maybe it gets its water out of the atmosphere
 (Red points out there's damn little there)

but still has to send its roots in somewhere.
 This plant is a big, cactus-like thing
 sort of hollow

and it grows around the sand, holding it inside
 with its body and crisscrossing it with roots.

We figure this is the way to live with the stuff.
 Doc wants to borrow my last hanky.
 The return shuttle touches down in two months.
 We told them on the radio this morning we were holding out okeh.
 The top port is still clear.

I WAS A FAKE LEGISLATOR FOR THE N3F

ARTICLE (?) BY ——— JOE L. HENSLEY.

I would like to point out to all of my loyal friends that Indiana now boasts the only statehouse in the fifty in which above every urinal in the various men's rooms there is boldly etched: "First Fandom is Not Dead!" I completed this job during the first fifteen days of the sixty-one day session. Thereafter my days always began right no matter where I had to belly up.

I almost pulled off a coup for us. A price control bill was passed by the Senate and I was asked to be the house sponsor of the bill. I read the bill through and heartily accepted. It set out the names and trademark names (in some cases) of various products which could not be sold below a certain price. In committee I amended the bill to add: "fans, big name type". The bill was some thirty pages long and no one caught it or questioned it, but, unfortunately, the bill died in the waning hours of the session. If it had passed, I don't know what the fair trade price of the big name fans would have been, but I do know they couldn't have been sold below that price, which would have been something. So, you can see, I was thinking.

Several mornings a week we would caucus in the governor's office. His room, in floor space, is about the size of my house and my house ain't small, lads. Here would be the governor behind his large, ornate desk, twenty senators or so and about the same number of representatives and we'd sit there and kick it around as to what was in the offing. I managed to control myself until the budget problem came up and we were discussing the massive 120 page budget bill. Various experts were talking about the Mental Health Fund, the highway fund, the conservation fund and the like. I waited till the meeting was over and slipped over to the budget director who was standing by the governor's desk. Loudly enough for both of them to hear I asked: "Have you made any determination yet about the TAFF fund?"

The budget director looked at me oddly and I looked back at him the same way, shook my head at his ignorance and walked on out. I rather suspected what was going to happen and I imagined the following scene:

Governor: "What'd he say?"

Budget Director: "Something about a Tap Fund or a bath fund or something. I don't recall there being anything in the budget bill like that."

Governor: "You don't think he's found that part in the...."

B.D. (hastily): "It can't be found. Even the opposition can't find it."

Governor: "Well, he's the guy who told me, when we had the meeting on how we could get a tax raise through, that the best way would have been to have campaigned for one. I mean the guy's a political idiot. Whoever heard of campaigning for a tax raise?"

B. D. "Well, I'll check it with him again." (Snaps to attention, salutes, leaves.)

Of course, this was only my imagination, but some days later the budget director did ask me what I had reference to.

"Just a particular fund I was interested in. I wanted to know if

there was sufficient money in it," I said vaguely. "I checked with the chairman of ways and means (a member of the loyal opposition) and I'm aware that Indiana is going to give no more help than it ever has."

"Well, if you had a question you could have come to me instead of going to him," he said huffily.

I replied, just as huffily: "Well now, I did ask and you didn't seem to know."

Of course the funniest part of this is I'll probably never know how funny it is. Some clerk is probably still going through all of the various amendments to the budget bill checking for words that sound like what I said, making copious notes.

But it keeps them on their toes.

When the session was done I was appointed to the Legislative Advisory Commission. This is made up of seven senators and a like number of representatives, chaired by the Lt. Governor. It meets once a month and hears and decides on legislation proposed by the various subcommittees that it sets up. It then reports and makes recommendations to the '63 legislature. To be one of the select few is an honor and very seldom happens to a freshman legislator, or so I've been told, but, after all, I'm bright and charming, have some of my hair, can drink like three fish, and can churn a yo-yo up and down with my teeth. With all those gifts, the advisory committee was clearly the place for me. I went to the first meeting the other day and I found something of real interest to all of us: The advisory committee decides what areas of law should be looked into and appoints subcommittees made up of other legislators and lay members to do the looking and reporting.

So I'm thinking.

Next year there will probably be a hard-working subcommittee made up of bewildered legislators and wise-apples like Willick and Coulson, being paid per diem and mileage to determine and report back to me on WHAT HAPPENED TO SCIENCE FICTION?

A recommendation for subsidy will come from the advisory commission for submission to the 1963 session.

See! Thinking, thinking, all of the time.

 ..."I ask you which you prefer...the socialistic romances and the academic ordering of the destinies of humanity a thousand years hence... or do you...prefer a quicker way...They shout 'a hundred million heads' ...but why be afraid of it...? Gentlemen, consider though, is it true that you are all ready?"

(Ready for what? The question was vague, but very alluring.)

Fyodor Dostoevsky, THE POSSESSED

... "civic institutions should be founded on democracy, they should grow up from below...You can't hammer them in from above like stakes for a fence. This was precisely the mistake of the Jacobin dictatorship and the reason why the Convention was crushed by the Thermidorians."

... "We should have thought of it earlier, now it's too late. Now our business is just to fight and push on for all we're worth. How can we turn back, now we've started? We've cooked our soup, so now we must eat it..."

Boris Pasternak, DOCTOR ZHIVAGO

Before and After ??

IT'S A MIGHTY LONG HAUL FROM EISFA
 TO YANDRO, ON A LINE,
 ON AN EIGHT YEAR GRADE...

This fanzine's birthdate was February 1953, but the gestation period covered a good sixteen years (at least, in my case; I cannot speak for Buck - I can never speak for Buck - he does a quite adequate job on his own). Mother read me "Alley Oop" in the funnies when I was four, and I was hooked on imaginative literature, though I felt no life, so to speak, until my midteens.

In February '53 I could look back on a year of teeming fanatic. Of course, I met bev DeWeese (née Amers) in '51 - my first stfnal contact, albeit bev was never a trufanne (as she recounts it, we were sitting in the college cafeteria when she made the mistake of mentioning Heinlein favorably - she avers I dragged her bodily across the table in my usual enthusiasm). The thing lay dormant until I answered that fateful ad in the OTHER WORLDS personal column. Typically, for Indyfandom, the ad was placed by Jerry Hunter and my query answered by Lee Anne Tremper. I discovered bev and I were not alone; I met those kookie letterwriters.

I began to mainline. I attended a Midwescon (the last to be held at Beastley's), and on the literal spur of the moment I made the Chicon II. The Chicon II, for me, was made possible by my ever patient mother, Lee Anne, who made room for me in her cubby at the Morrison, and Evelyn Hoke, my college employer, who decided to fan it, too, and gave me the transportation to Chi.

By this time, the fanzine bug was gnawing feverishly. I'd contributed to Lee's INDIANA FANTASY and Joel Nydahl's VEGA and there was a glint in my eye that should have forewarned everyone, especially mother. I am a creature of enthusiasms. I am a frustrated printer's devil. I am the type who organized a Junior Red Cross club so I could put out a Junior Red Cross bulletin. Here was a new art medium that involved printing. Joy! Rapture!

Illegality. I had no mimeo. But the college did - for Business Ed students only. I know nothing about mimeos, was no Bus Ed student, but I was hooked. bev, fool that she was, volunteered to help me in my madness. We bought a stencil and fifty sheets of paper (remember that 30lb stuff that had you gasping, Lee?), and a pointed Exacto knife stylus because this was idiotically recommended by some supply store moron. We surreptitiously struggled with all the monsterly mismatched stuff, belatedly discovering the chart on the wall was not for the mimeo we were operating, and emerged with fifteen copies of admissable legibility and I was on my infernal route to 100 issues of this thing.

The raison d'etre, as though I needed one, was a club, loosely defined, and even more loosely known as EISFA. Logically enough, the fanzine took its name from the club and served as a club o-o initially, before it acquired delusions of grandeur. The title of both club and fanzine originated in a typically fan-brained way: we knew of ISFA, of course, and yearned for an equally pronounceable club name. We found one, then worked out words to stand for the initials. It no longer matters, but the outcome was EASTERN INDIANA SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION. And I wish to correct an impression of long misunderstanding: I did not dream up that "Cool Stfclub - Fanzine" bit...it was hung on

zine and club by someone else and I was too chicken to resist.

Those first few issues were illegally produced, entirely JWC (then JRW) illoed, generally one or two pagers, covered local club news and writings by the members. Despite the horrorsome summer months when I was without a mimeo but still pubbing bug bit and resorted to the carbon copy zine method, the thing got bigger. My mother finally surrendered and bought me a mimeo.

Ah yes, the mimeo. It was purchased in late August, 1953, a Sears Tower, hand crank, open drum, no counter, lever arm feed, removable roller, and it operated beautifully from the first revolution of the crank because: 1) I believe in reading instructions, 2) the thing was new - it's probably left handed or something, and 3) I'm lucky.

In very short order following I discovered Twilltone paper and a couple of fans who could be bludgeoned into writing regularly - Buck and Gene. I had earlier discovered Hal Hostetler, a Pennsylvania fan then stationed on Kwajalein - he drew charming little whatisits and I wish I knew where he is today, so I could thank him again.

Then I discovered QRS stencils - cheap, and marvelous for artwork. So cheap and so marvelous that I went mad and stencilled a 29 page annish. (The 12th issue, and so identified, but standing instead as Vol. II - No. 1 - and that, in my feminine logic, is that.)

With QRS, Twilltone, Buck, Gene, Thomas Stratton, Muncie club members, and a lot of enthusiasm, I bumbled through the second volume, through graduation, marriage, and some black job problems.

A brief unhappy experiment with white stock on the annish sent me hurrying back to Twilltone for the remainder of the third volume. By the end of that year ('55), EISFA, as a club, had ceased to be, and EISFA, as a club o-o, had not been for well over a year. We made its demise official and announced we would use a new title with the new year and volume, though we knew not what, as yet.

Someone described marriage, ideally, as 50% meshed interests and 50% complimentary interests. Very well, my marriage is ideal; I cannot take 'How Perfect Is Your Marriage?' tests because my score is always "you cheated". Buck likes to edit - I dote on cutting illos and mimeoing. We like guns. We like food (obviously). We like science fiction, collecting, the same type of people, houses, books. We like folk music - we like it exceedingly, and did then, too. Our passion for folk music blended with our passion for stf.

But finding a title that fitted both imaginative fiction and folk music was something else again. Then we recalled Wellman's John the Minstrel series. Overdone, perhaps. Sticky, probably. But there was the essence of both passions Yandro occurred to both of us - "Yonder" - a beautiful song and a descriptive title.

The first YANDRO was January 1956. We did not consider this a new fanzine. Our policy was the same as it ever was: This Is OUR Fanzine. Quite possibly this is why as EISFA it was never much of a club o-o; we considered it too much our personal property. At any rate, we saw no reason why the number should not continue consecutively. I explained, for latecomers from Mari Wolf's column, that this, indeed, was "(formerly EISFA)", and dropped the addendum as soon as possible, as one drops a childish nickname.

By now we were sold on Twilltone gold as ideal for our machine, ink, and preferred readability. We feel the same today.

Artists and writers drifted in and out through the years, for examples, Hostetler and Spidell out and Dea and Adkins in. For a while

I had a spate of English fan artists, but these Britifens keep going pro (more power to them). By the circuitous route of Tennessee, to England, to Indiana, I met Robert E. Gilbert, the beginning of a long and very satisfied artist-editor relationship, on my part, at least.

For a long while (and the flavor lingers, like radishes) Y&N was held in general scorn on the part of quite a few fans properly called DNF's. This did not and does not bother us, and contrary to a few conjectures, such opinion has not caused any change in our material. Like most publishers, I've used some stuff I would not use today; but side by side with those bits are fiction, articles, and illos I would republish today without the slightest qualm.

And maybe I will, sometime.

Now, here we stand at 100 issues (100?! Lor', what have I done? Help, help!). The issues are bigger, the numbers are bigger, and alas, the editors are bigger, by girth and number - from 1 to 3 and assorted pets - and the circulation is much too big.

But strangely enough, when it comes time to put a stencil on the drum, I still get a quickened pulse and a neoish eagerness I felt in the winter of '53 - "how will it print?". The frightening thing about such enthusiasm is its forecast for the future. Will I someday be reminiscing for a 200th issue? Croggle.

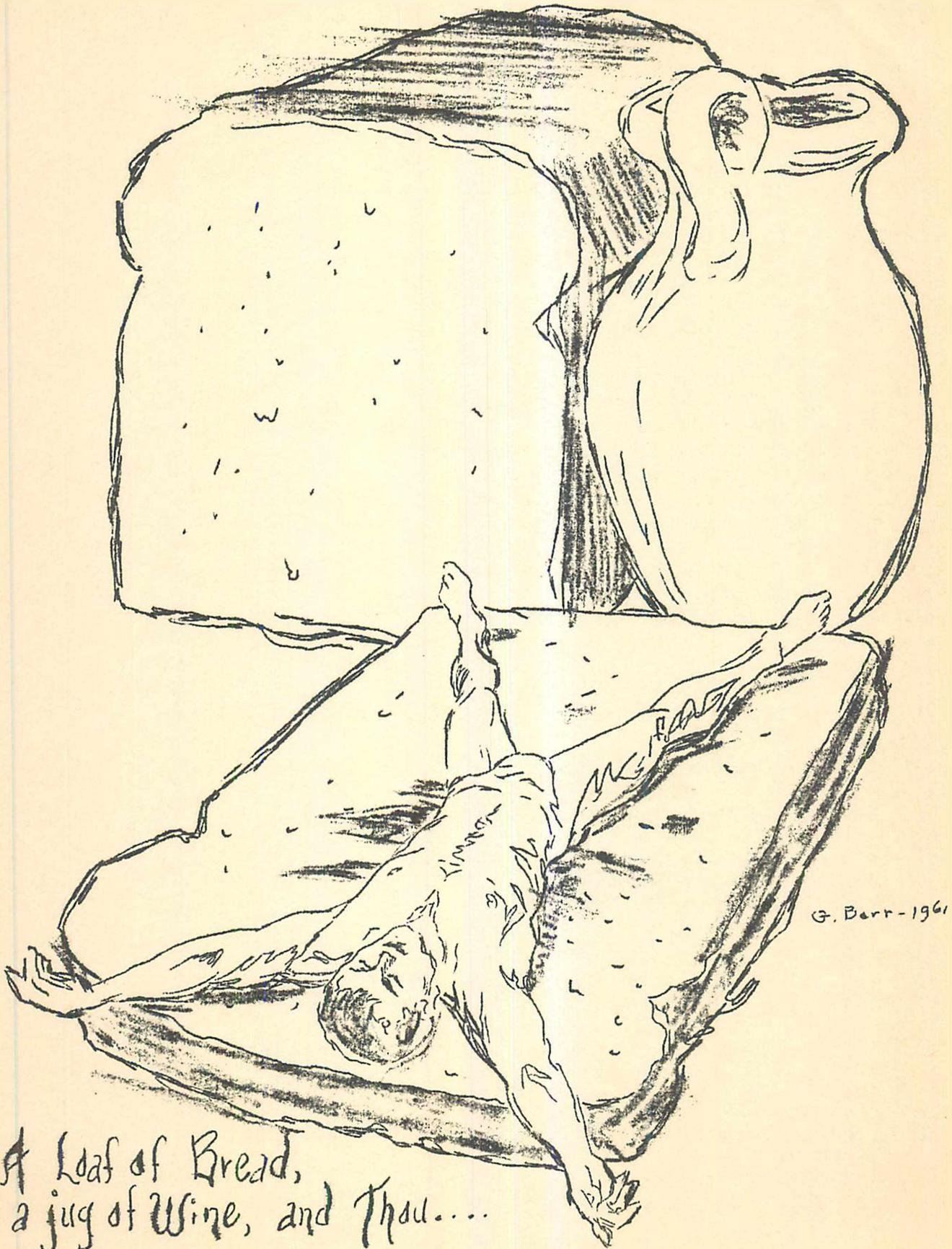
Whenever you want to thank people, you hesitate. You can't remember and you can't list everyone, and you fear the ones left out will be hurt, and that's the last thing on your mind. So in general, I must be general, with a few mentions specifically here and there. Firstly, because it's me writing, to ALL my artists....I love you, platonically, of course...more, more, more. To all the wonderful writers, the slick old-fans (Cere, Adams, Annas) and the upcoming young fellas (Ebert, Deckinger) and the columnists and poets and all the contributors...it's ours, sure, but it's such a drag writing 29 pages a month by yourself. Thanks unlimited. And to our angels, Hoke, Beach, Dale, Pilgrim Falco (we're still using that gummed paper, man), Dollens, Mom, all of you, you're ever-living dolls.

Naturally, I have a personal interest in the artists. That's why I got into this ratrace in the first place. The first Y&NART folio, as such, was published in the 7th Annish. I had wanted to do this for a long time. I would like to do it every isse, but to do justice to the artists such frequency would consume bushels of time, gallons of ink, warehouses of paper, and messes of slipsheets. I do it as often as I'm able. I like these people. I like their art. I don't print art that I don't like, and I don't heed criticisms of the artists by letter writers because...I said it earlier, and I'll add another cliché to sum up a motto for eight plus years of publishing...my publishing, that is..

I Know What I Like - and - This Is Our Fanzine.

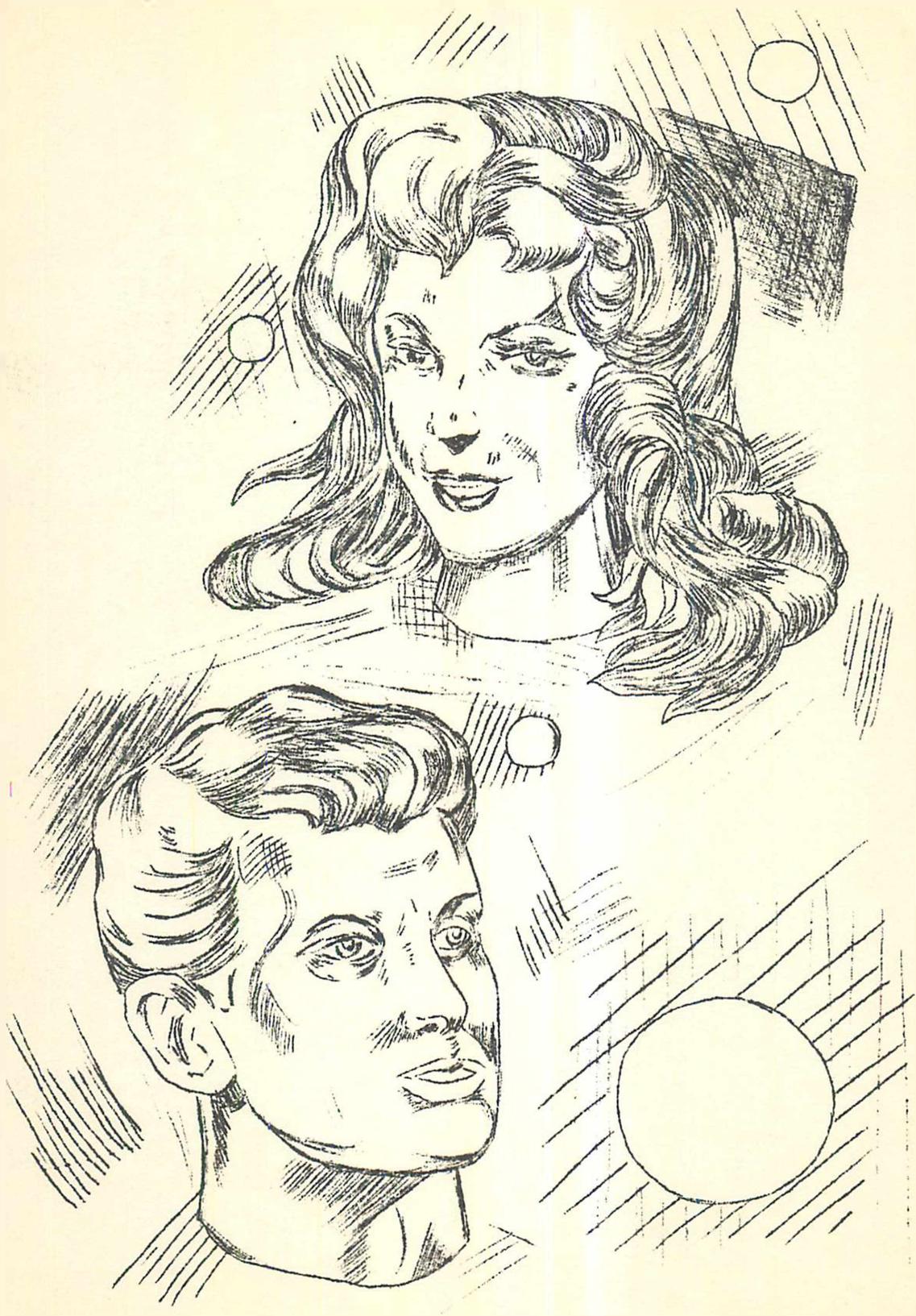
Herewith the artfolio. It is not number because the rest of the ish was completed well ahead of it...you producers of large zines understand I'm sure. If you want to know who did what and are too lazy to recognize signatures, consult the contents page. I am last not out of false modesty or an inadequate knowledge of the alphabet but because I ran out of white stock twenty or so short of the end of my run and I do not want to ruin the color balance on those twenty copies. But I am, egotistically, part of the artfolio.

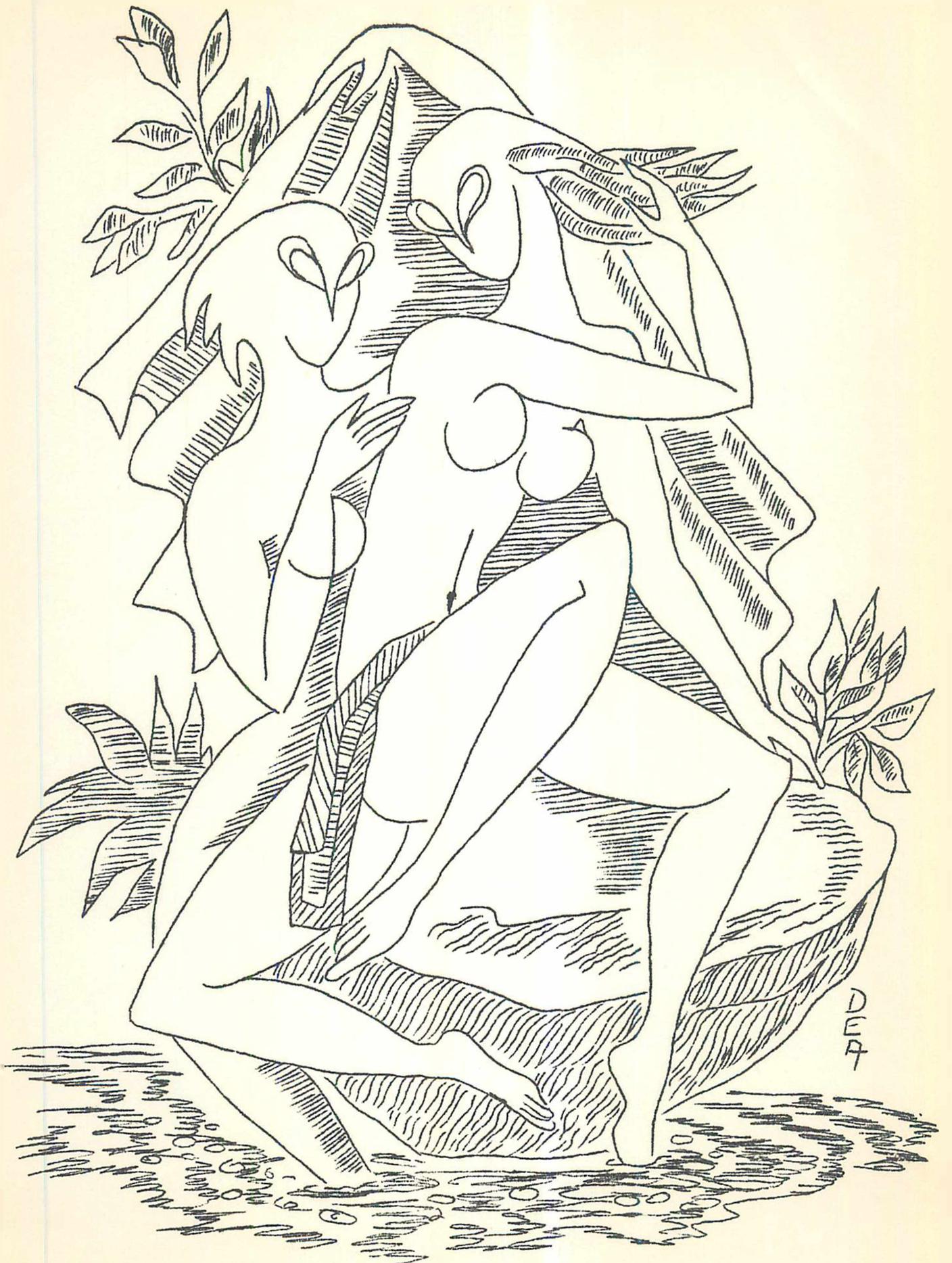
Rnjoy, enjoy.



G. Berr-1961

A Loaf of Bread,
a jug of Wine, and Thou.....

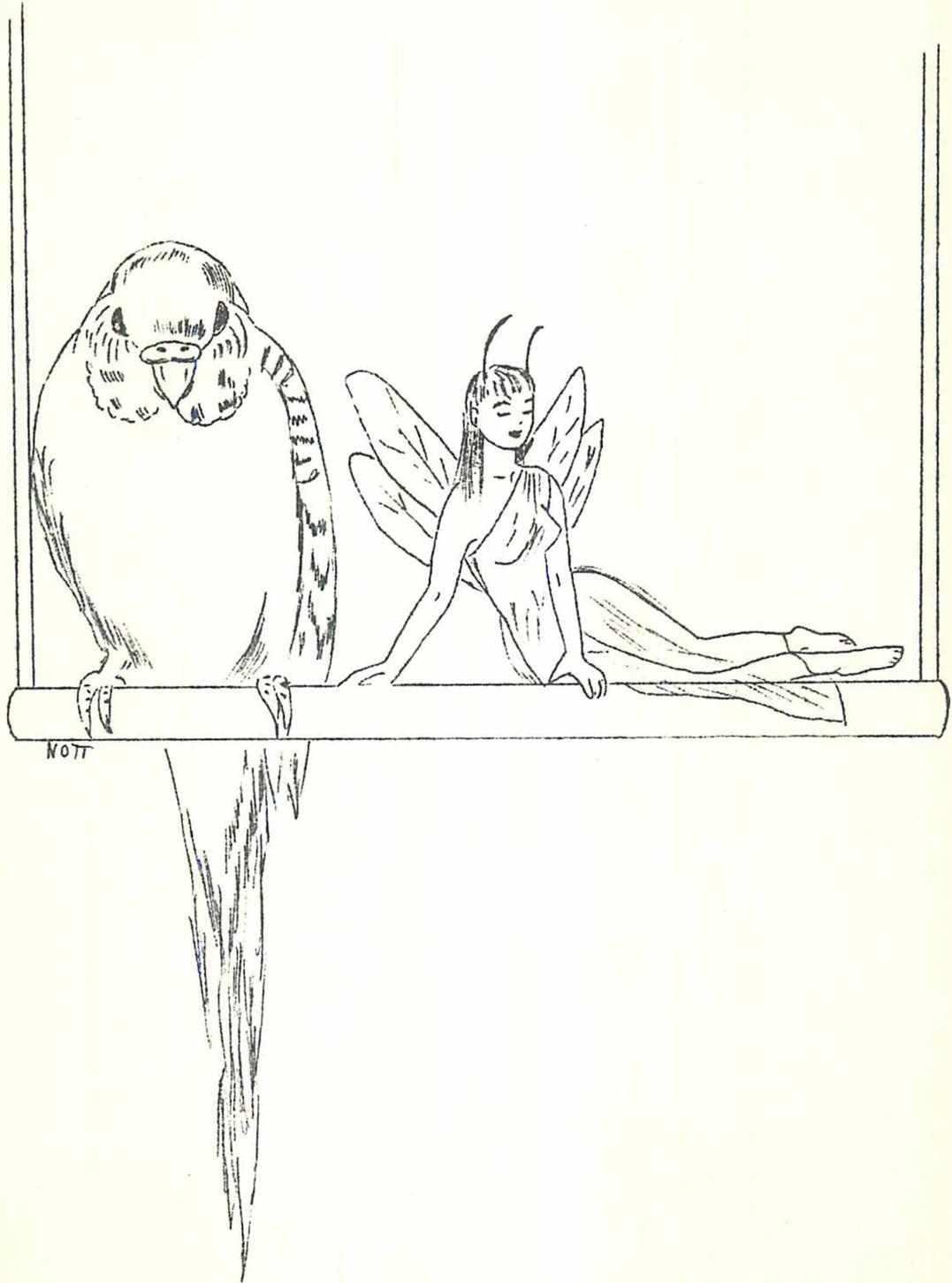






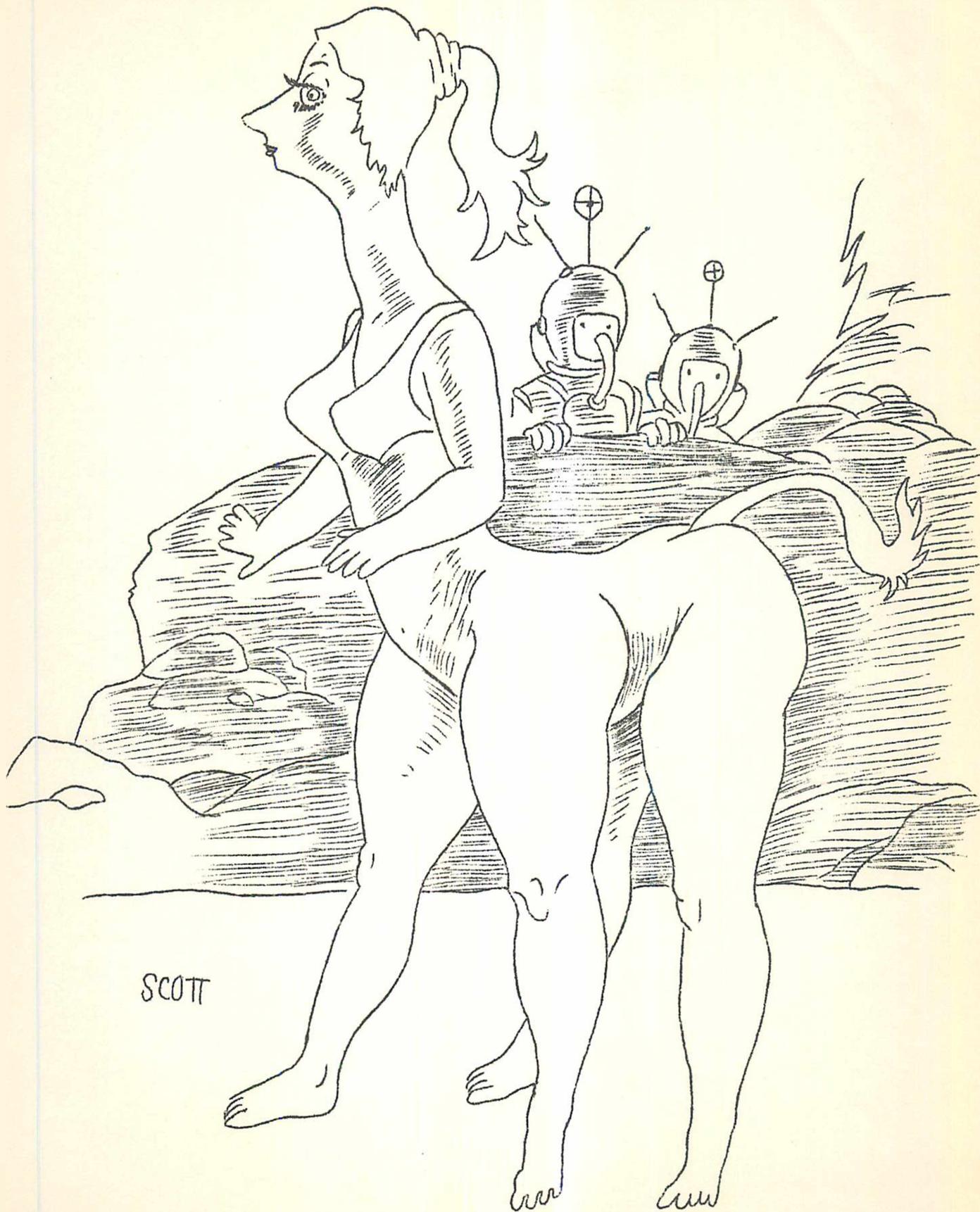
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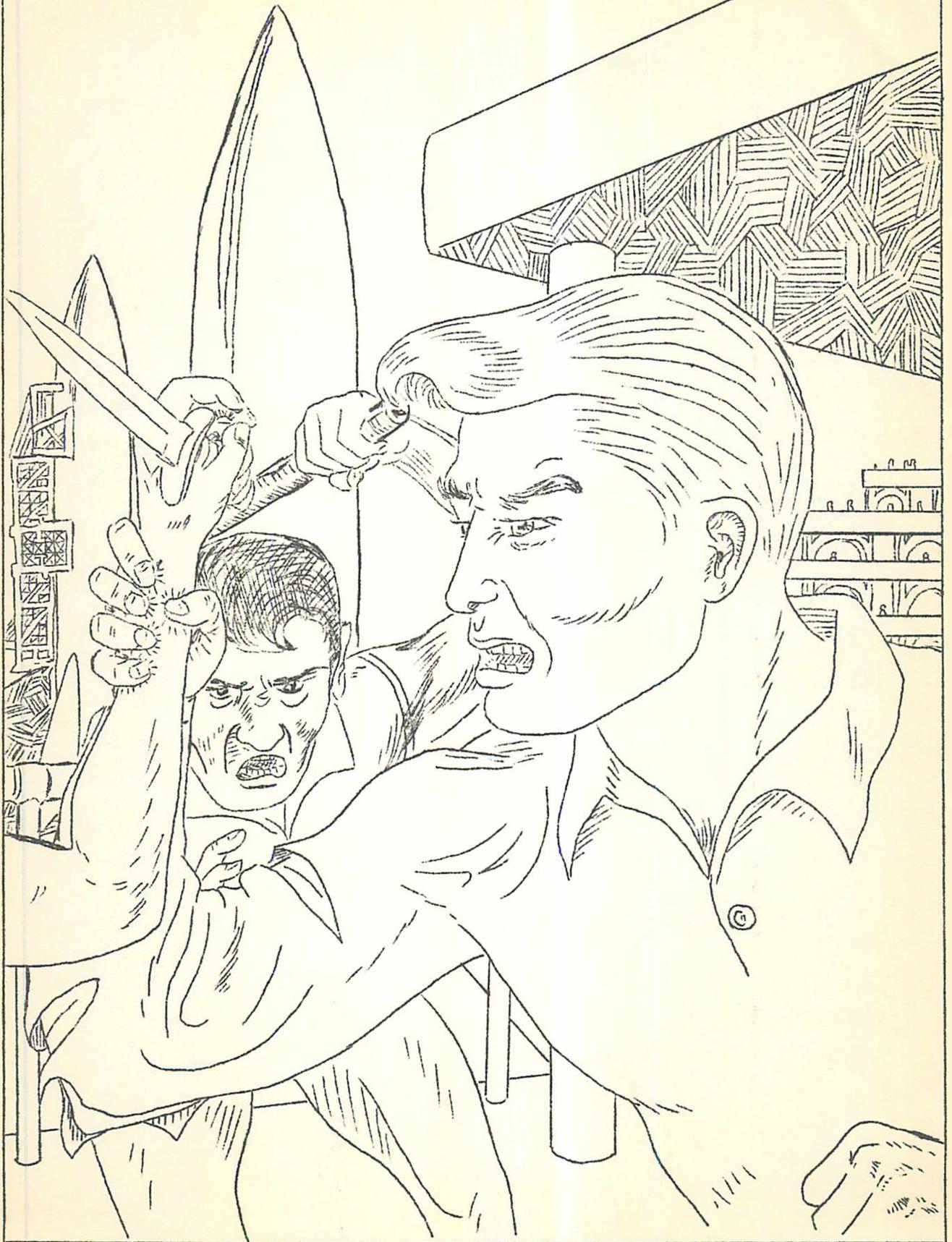


"This must be the sub-planet, Polyandra."



SCOTT

Ran Scott April '61







Golden Minutes

BOB TUCKER - To DAG the hogget: it isn't necessary to buy the book, but newsstand scanners in Fond du Lac and elsewhere will surely be amused and titillated by an episode in Errol Flynn's "life story", MY WICKED, WICKED WAYS. See page 138 of the Dell Edition. Our boy Flynn explains a bit of Australian slang, "to dag a hogget." He was employed for a few days on a sheep ranch, and because he was the new man -- lowest on the totem pole -- he was assigned the dagging job. I'm sure our man in Fond du Lac will welcome this item of information, and perhaps he will join me in seeking ways to apply the slang term to fandom. Random association suggests Los Angeles, as a beginning.

SETH JOHNSON - Two very serious books on that subject /economic imperialism/ by an American professor of economics, Wright Mills; LISTEN YANKEE and CAUSES OF WORLD WAR III. The first one gives the Cuban or Castro view of the late events since 26 of July when Castro took over. And one of them is that Cuba has been deliberately forced into the arms of China and USSR by United States refusal to trade with her. Since she couldn't get the oil she needed from USA she turned to USSR who were of course glad to supply her needs and take sugar in exchange. So whose fault was that? Let them buy and sell here and see how quick the reds get left out in the cold.

BOB BRINEY - I note that the Alexandria Quartet is coming out in pb. Even at 50¢ for a measle 220 pages that's a lot better than the price I paid... If they now decide to put out THE BLACK BOOK and his poetry in pb, my chagrin will be complete. /Ed. note: At the time Bob wrote this I was under the impression that the Alexandria Quartet was an Arabian chamber music group. For any readers who may be as uninformed, it is a series of novels by Lawrence Durrell. At the moment, "Justine", "Bal- thazar" and "Moutolive" have been issued (the latter at 75¢ instead of 50¢) and "Clea" has yet to make an appearance around here. I still have not read them, but the critics -- and Briney -- say they're great. RSC/

 "Where the raiding parties had once streamed along the highways with fluttering pennoncel, now there were merry bands of pilgrims telling each other dirty stories on the way to Canterbury."

....T. H. White, "The Once And Future King"

 And it looks like I finish up the page again. Just picked up a copy of "Bound For Glory" by Woodie Guthrie (Dolphin Books, 95¢). Haven't read nearly all of it yet, but what I have read is good. I'll hold out against all the folkniks that Guthrie was not much of a singer, but he was one hell of a song writer, and his his writing ability seems to carry over into books. This is a sort of an early day "On The Road", written about the days when Beats were known simply as bums and the ones like Guthrie, with literary ability, didn't also have delusions of grandeur about the importance of their streams of so-called consciousness. You'll hear a lot of "work songs" and "protest songs" at stfcons (especially if you're within shouting distance of Sandy Cutrell); here is a glimpse of the times that spawned many of those songs. If you're interested in history or people, it's worth a buck. RSC

GRUMBLINGS ~

GENE DEWEESE, 3407 No. 22nd., Milwaukee 6, Wisconsin - At first glance, I was going to let Pauls' review of Brown's "Mind Thing" pass without comment. (It wasn't as if he'd attacked Clarke....) Just a difference of opinion, I thot; if he wanted to read what was apparently just a good adventure-suspense novel and criticize it for its lack of literary value, okay.

However: One of his comments changed my mind. He says, "Yet, when a cat in which the mind thing is dwelling is locked up...and fed by force ...it cannot think of a way to commit suicide". Now this is pure distortion and makes it sound as if Mr. Pauls did indeed, as he mentioned in the review, "flip the pages fast while blinking (his) eyes". He has, all by himself, added something to the story, and then has criticized Brown for it! At that point in the story, much was made of the fact that the Mind Thing could not commit suicide because protagonist Staunton suspected the Mind Thing's existence, and the cat's suicide would only confirm those suspicions. Any unusual act on the cat's part would do this. So, to quote from one paragraph of the book, "He could only hope (that they were only suspicions) and do his best to make the man think that he was only an ordinary cat after all."

Another minor item: Pauls says "...it was the id which was suppressed, not the conscious intelligence... The creature shouldn't have had much more trouble with the scientist than with a dirt-farmer..." I don't recall any mention of the id at all, but I do recall that near the beginning of the book, when the MT took over his first human, it was established that the difficulty involved in taking over a host was in direct relation to the host's intelligence.

My opinion of the book? Tho, as Pauls said (in one legitimate gripe), a little too much was dependent on coincidence, it was one of the best books of its kind I've read in some time. Smoothly written, held my interest almost every minute, and highly enjoyable.

Guess wot we saw last week? "Satan's Satellites" and "Missile Monsters"! Oog! They turned out to be a couple cut up, spliced together Republic serials. One of them, I think, was "King Of The Rocket Men". Truthfully, I can't imagine standing these things even in 15-minute chunks.

And then there was "From Hell It Came!" I have a couple notes here scribbled on the back of a laundry check. Among other things, the chief scientist was going to "stimulate the adrenal gland" with 750 volts at 1000 amps. Boy! Would that gland be stimulated!

Interesting day, yesterday. The furnace blew up, sort of. Bev was lighting it, only something went wrong, and blooie! Some singed hair in front, and eyebrows, but nothing else. And then when the man who installed the furnace came over, he told us that the relighting instructions on the front of the furnace were wrong -- and the instructions one of his employees had given us were wrong. Sheer luck, he said, that the whole house hadn't gone up before this..... Interesting?

We found a bag of toilet paper hanging on our doorknob last week. A free sample, I guess. All down the street, little bags of toilet paper on doorknobs.....

Have you seen the new Flying Saucers? Palmer's finally done it -- a

realforsure fanzine. His own printing process in the chicken house, etc. /Having read "The Mind Thing" (at least DeWeese and Pauls got me interested in the thing), I can vouch for the fact that Brown did actually explain all the apparent lapses that Ted noted. How well he explained them is another matter -- but then, never having been a Brown fan, I wasn't looking for anything more than light entertainment. RSC/

DCW FRANSON (Reprinted from Tetrahedron #Iota, April 1961)

"On the Banks of the Wabash, I agree with you, Robert Coulson. You say, in Yandro #99 that you've given up sending out letters criticizing faneds or their friends because you've encountered too many editors who wouldn't print them, and if you have something that you want to make

Yandro #99???? At this rate, with Cry only ten issues a year...

 sure gets published, you publish it yourself. Bravo! I wish I was able to do the same, and it is quite frustrating to work hard on a criticism, making sure that it will stand up even in court, and finding that the faned doesn't print it anyway (and if you toss it off he will be sure to print it). It's even more annoying when the faned holds it until it no longer means anything, then prints it....so I sympathise with your

 ...and now number 149, Yandro will catch up....

 resolution to refrain from depending on someone else's mimeo to play fair, and I applaud your courageous determination to publish your own critical remarks, regardless of cries of unfair! imperialist! and Viva Castro! I would write you a letter telling you this, but you don't print my letters."

with number 403, in August, 1986.

 /But, gee, Don, I printed a part of one of your letters in January, and almost a whole one last September, and...well, golly, what more can I do? RSC/

TED PAULS, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore, Maryland - Your lettercolumn is going to be bristling with angry Fredric Brown fans next issue, as a result of two mistakes in my reviews. If you have read the book by this time, you will have spotted them too.

The sentence which begins on page 6 and runs over to page 7 reads: "Yet, when a cat in which the mind thing is dwelling is locked up in a small cage and fed by force if necessary..." This should read: "Yet, when a cat in which the mind thing is dwelling is faced with the prospect of being locked up in a small cage and fed by force if necessary.."

Then in the next paragraph, the line "The creature can only take a host when the potential host is awake..." should read "The creature can take a host when the potential host is asleep..."

I don't have a carbon of the draft of this review that I sent you, so I don't know if these mistakes are mine or yours. I do know that on the first draft, both lines are correct, so either (1) on copying the article onto the final draft, I left out six words in the first example and inserted the wrong word in the second, or (2) you copied it wrong when stencilling.

/Since I don't keep manuscripts after publication, I can't prove anything either; if it was my mistake it's not the first (or the last) so

I'm willing to take the blame for bad copying. Franson can attest to the fact that I do make occasional errors in copy, eh, Don? RSC/

AVRAM DAVIDSON, 410 West 110th. St., New York 25, N.Y. - "Aren't there any Republican lawyers in fandom?" I don't know, but there's at least one in prodom, viz. Theodore Thomas, alias Ted, alias Leonard Lockhart. Betty Kujawa's "Smoke Vaticans -- for the man who can't think for himself". Again, rather tasteless, not too very clever, and what the Hell place has it in a fanzine? unless you are flying the No Popery banner. "Menasha Duane's" Feghootling leaves me cold, but does remind me of a verse I read in Gernsback's old Science & Invention: "They poured acid down the villain's throat/They poured acid on his face/ But he neutralized it to a salt/ Because he was so base."

You ARE fit to eat with the pigs, aren't you?

My use of the name "Juanita" in current F&SF story, by the way, purely coincidental, story was wrote before having been apprised of you folks. Things like that happen alla time. But you got to name the characters SOMETHING, no?

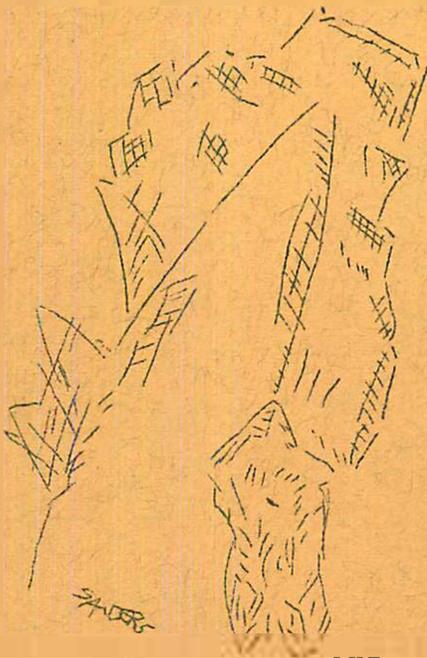
/Oh well, we've been immortalized by Tucker, anyway. Davidson is one of these writers who fills two pages with screamingly funny comments and then marks all the best ones D&Q. Frustrating, for a faned. Wish I knew what in particular prompted the pigs line; maybe I should keep carbons of my letters. RSC/

RALPH M. HOLLAND, 2520 4th. St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio - The lettercol doesn't particularly send me, since readers recently seem to be trying to turn it into the poor man's Psychopathica Sexualis. Am rather amused by those who justify their discussion by saying that it is the main urge in life. I am expecting almost any day now to have some fan use the same argument to support a detailed article on defecation -- with particular emphasis on its abnormalities.

Am somewhat inclined to agree with Rev. Moorhead's demand that sex criminals be sterilized. It won't prevent their crimes, of course, but it will at least prevent them breeding more like themselves, since I am convinced that most such are the product of either heredity or faulty environment -- both of which go beck to the parents.

On the matter of sex crimes, however, the thing that has always wondered me is why the girls' phys-ed classes in schools and colleges don't teach them how to cope with a would-be rapist. Then those who didn't want to be raped could defend themselves. It is so very simple -- even leaving out a few simple judo tricks which almost everyone could learn. But aside from that a sharp blow to the groin with the foot, knee, hip, elbow, fist, shoulder or head -- whatever part of the body is left mobile -- by even the weakest girl can put an attacker out of action for a long time.

/And there's the recent item in a Fort Wayne paper about a man who broke into a girl's apartment "with intent to commit assault"; they had to postpone booking him until he'd recovered from several stabs from an ice pick. We need more girls like that. RSC/



EMILE GREENLEAF, 1303 Mystery St., New Orleans 19, Louisiana - I second the motion: C'mon, Tucker, write a novel about an alternate world in which the Civil War ended in 1862.

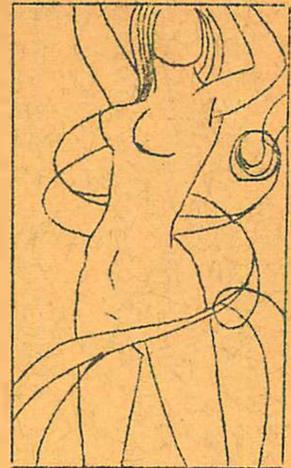
I am sick unto death of this warmed-over war which is being called a Civil War Centennial. They may need to be reminded of it up North; down here they need something to make them forget. I have long maintained that one of the things wrong with the South is that they're still feeling sorry for themselves for having lost the Civil War. And this damned Centennial caters to that feeling. I get the impression that a lot of the people down here kind of hope that this time around, the South will win!

Adams had a clever short. Last sentence seemed a bit clumsy and rough, but the idea was amusing.

Rog Ebert seems to have flipped over Maggie Curtis. And, I assume, he doesn't even know what she looks like. Wait till he sees a picture of her. Poor Rog will probably drink corflu in sheer despondency.

Tucker's to blame for my not writing. He told me to pull the plug. I did. I sat back and began reading science-fiction, assuming that there would be nothing else to do, since fandom was no more. But fanzines and letters kept coming. Then when the next YANDRO came, I began to wonder. Could it have been a joke? If it was, somebody better tell Tucker that I need help down here, and pretty damned quick.

You see, when I pulled that plug, I forgot where I put it. So, Tucker had better tell me where to get another plug from.



DON THOMPSON, Room 36, 3518 Prospect Ave., Cleveland 15, Ohio - I've been trying to figure out the system of choosing the messages which appear on the postmarks of letters. Some urge me to "Pray For Peace", "Keep Maryland Beautiful" or "Give To The Red Cross" but most of my mail from fans seems to bear some more esoteric reference. All last fall for instance, I was constantly exhorted by the PO to register my aliens. I told them I don't got no aliens, but it didn't stop them. The funny thing is that my letters from mundane folks, such as my mother, just suggested that I pray for peace -- letters from fans were unanimous in insisting that I register my aliens.

The cover of #99 -- well, I don't like it. I don't like most of Gilbert's art (his stories pleased me immensely; he should write more and draw less), so I'm prejudiced. No further comments on the issue, except that it was good.

SETH JOHNSON, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, New Jersey - Wonder if it would be fun to participate in a cooperative fanzine in which a whole gang sent their contribs on stencil plus sufficient cash to cover outlay for ink and paper plus their share of postage. Would have some of the characteristics of an ape group and some of the characteristics of the round robins. And might be lots of fun to boot. Not suggesting that you do it but just an idea that might stand a little kicking around. /Well, we definitely won't do it, but if any of you readers have an overwhelming urge to do something different, here's an idea for you. As for me, I spend too much time on fandom now. RSC/

Corrugated.....Blimey! The little blighter gobbled up the carpet.

.....Gene DeWeese

HERBERT BEACH, 315 East Common St., Waterville, Minnesota - Now how could you let a little gem like Adams' languish in the files for three years! Best item in the issue! On the letters, Larry Shaw's was quite informative. Up to now, I thought I was the only one who was surprised at the way Campbell handled the Edmund Co. in ANALOG's letter pages. On Claude Hall's remarks concerning CAVALIER -- Your policy may have helped you in the drug stores, but at least one supermarket that I know of doesn't handle your mag yet. And, quite frankly, it wouldn't do much good if it did, for the ones that we do get are invariably returned at the end of sale period with all copies intact. Outside of an occasional TRUE, ARGOSY or SAGA, I haven't seen any of these so-called men's magazines go through the checkstands. Oh, yes, if we receive CAVALIER, it will be displayed; but I can't recall that we ever had any in the bundles. For that matter, outside of the ones that I purchase, I don't believe we sell any of either...oh well, when the tourists come in the summer perhaps all this will change.

Received my last copy of FLYING SAUCERS the other day (seems my OTHER WORLDS and IMAGINATION subs have finally run out) and the mag is now printed by Palmer as well as mostly written by him. The circulation listed in this issue (apparently, the general one used in other years and which he tried to use recently just isn't allowed anymore) is 28,100 -- considering the fact that the material contained in the magazine is mostly free, I imagine that even at 28,100 Ray is doing pretty well on this mag. However, as much as I enjoy his editorials, I'm afraid that I just can't see paying any money out for this stuff he prints. /Clod, you'd better have the publisher check his Minnesota distribution before the tourist season. Palmer has been publicly "regretting" that he can't afford to publish a stf mag; probably he can't publish one because he couldn't get enough free material in the stf line to keep it going -- though I suppose he could crib from old, uncopyrighted fanzines.... RSC/

LENNY KAYE, 418 Hobart Rd., Sutton Terrace, No. Brunswick, New Jersey -- Pauls had a nice little review there on "The Mind Thing", and I suppose I'll have to run out and buy it just to compare. "Thru Ferdinand Feghoot", etc. was pretty good, though I've noticed of late that these pseudo-Feghootlings are swamping the fanzines. "Case Of The Curious Grandson" was pretty good.

"Grumblings" is a very good lettercol..Speaking of high prices and the like, it costs \$1.75 for a lousy haircut out here. Heck, I could almost buy a sub for YANDRO with that. Of course, I wouldn't want to waste my money like that!

You can reach Harlan Ellison through Ted White. Howcum you're so against him???

LesNi had a point there about "Casual anti-semitism". On the lighter side of this though, how do you think dogs feel when expressions like "It's a dog's life", or "I'm dog-tired" are used?

/Or "I'm sick as a dog", or "you son of a..." well, maybe I'd better not finish that one; some of our readers might take it personally. I'm not against Harlan; I'm just not for him. My remark about sending him no free copies could be made about anyone else -- I don't send out free copies, period. I wouldn't refuse him a copy if he paid for it, and I wouldn't reject a contribution from him out of hand (though from what I've seen of his writing ability I probably would reject it as being the sort of stuff I can't stand.)

How much does a good haircut cost in New Jersey?

RSC/

MIKE McINERNEY - "The Case Of The Curious Grandson" has been in your files since late in 1959 or early 1960. Right? /Wrong. It's been there since sometime in 1958. (Correct answers, by the way, were sent in by Beach, Don Thompson, Eddie Bryant and I think a couple of others but I can't find their letters now.) RSC/

BOB FARNHAM, 506 2nd. Ave., Dalton, Georgia - I liked that piece by Ted Pauls -- "The Mind Thing" -- it has so much of interest and, as I see it, good sense, it ought to be a reading must for all fans.

The father of Jerry Page passed away March 19th. Would appreciate a squib of sympathy next issue of YANDRO... /I'm putting it here in the letter column, Bob, because too many things that I set aside, intending to mention in the editorial or elsewhere, get forgotten completely. I'm not particularly good at writing sympathy; so I'll do better by just mentioning it and stopping. RSC/

KEN CHESLIN, 18 New Farm Rd., Stourbridge, Worcs., England - Basketball, Ah, I like that...the first live game I saw was back in 1954, at RAF Cardington...two teams of American servicemen came over to use one of our hangars (converted to a gym) to play off a match...like gosh, some of them were 7 feet tall. They wore these shiny silk shorts and before that gym suits, track suits?, of the same material...one team in a flashing electric blue, the other in a chromium bright silver outfit.

A couple of the lads were so tall that they just stood on tip-toe and kinda placed the ball in the basket...all of us were very impressed by it all...and by a few of the USO or whatever they are girls...in fact the British attendees spent half the time watching the match and the other half watching the ladies. They all seemed taller, stronger and a darn sight more "bossy" than English girls...and their "war paint" was used in a most professional way...not like most British girls who look upon powder, lipstick, etc., as a disguise rather than an aid... Yup, we were impressed....

Anyhow, to get back to this basketball thing...from then on I was a basketball enthusiast...and, when I got posted to my permanent station, spent many a summer day off in the gym. We played with more enthusiasm than skill, and, as none of us was more than about 6'3" we were pretty evenly matched....it was fun. (I'm only 5'8"....)

I went to a small school, 120 to 130 pupils at the time I was there. They taught a pretty good English course, maths that stopped b4 algebra, History Geography and so on...no science tho'...pity.

Mike on "Clap you stupes, clap!" Ok, so it amounts to brainwashing; what can we do about it? (Applauding commercials yet! Migod!) Of course it would be nice to infiltrate a large number of unconditioned types into the studio...deliberately there for the purpose of not clapping..har...The studio type holds up a sign, APPLAUD, and the audience holds up one, GET LOST...heh, heh, drive the sponsor up the wall.

I'll say we have societies who want to abolish Guy Fawkes Day, they say something like "it doesn't show proper respect for Our Glorious Parliamentary System, blah, blah, blah"...In spite of the fact that this "Popish Plot" to blow up Parliament is anti-state religion, etc., most Britishers, I think, look upon the failure with something like "pity they didn' get away with it", and the Guy Fawkes celebration, which started out as a commemoration of the fact that Parliament escaped (Guy Fawkes was burnt at the stake) the custom now has the attitude of, almost, paying respect to the good bloke who nearly blew all them damn politicians to hell and gone.

BETTY KUJAWA, 2319 Caroline, South Bend 14, Ind. - For 23 years I said my mind on prejudice, etc., and was heard with courtesy --- then upon gaining a "strange sounding name" I found animosity, suspicion, and downright bad manners over anything I had to say on such matters. Since the Reverend seemed to be asking Mike his origin from an ordinary name like Deckinger (which never struck me as any particular nationality or religion) I, quite rightly from past experiences, expected something of the same from him.

REV. C.M. MOORHEAD, R.D. 1, Box 87, Middle Point, Ohio - Les Nirenberg, you are the king of hair-splitters! I think you have a neurosis on the subject of anti-anything. Anyone who is looking for something at which to be offended, usually can find it.

Tony Glynn, why not come up-to-date? In my letter to YANDRO #98 I admitted I was in error to imply that all orthodox Jews were Christ-haters. You need your bifocals changed.

/Ed. note: It's quite possible that Tony hadn't seen your letter in #98 when he wrote his. British comments are generally a month behind those from US fans, due to the time involved in overseas mailing of third class matter -- something like 3 to 6 weeks, I believe. Of course, it's also possible that seeing it wouldn't have changed his mind, but that's pure conjecture on my part. RSC/

PHIL HARRELL, 2632 Vincent Avenue, Norfolk 9, Virginia - We get DDD here Oct. 15...and to think that it used to be a joke to see a comedian dial fifteen numbers and look up and say, "I'm dialling long distance". Twas just prophetic. And they say it's faster. I remember when it was real slow. Then you only had to tell the operator the number you wanted. The efficiency began to creep up and we got the dial system -- our number then was 355⁴⁷ which took all of 4 seconds to dial. Then more efficiency crept in and we got exchanges and our number was MA-7-0727 which only took 10 seconds to dial and 2 years to memorize -- now they've changed again last year to the number we now have, UL-5-2⁴³⁹ -- same amount of time to dial but now that I'm finally getting it memorized they decide to change again to make things even faster by giving us a 15 cipher number. Yes, sir. Great thing, efficiency; if it keeps up we'll have to have an electronic brain to remember the number. Don't believe me? Well, they're now planning on WWD or World Wide Dialling, which I hear will require half a dozen more ciphers, then there'll be transplanetary phoning (TFP) and TransSolarDialling (TSD) and we'll end up with something like 111-1346-3536-56468-345357-3456-246-2794-689-2457-784-009-1313-5675-12425-333-4635-998 and then is when I get rid of my phone and send telegrams -- it's easier, and it'll probably get there before you can finish dialling.

BETTY KUJAWA, again - Stuefloten living off the Aussie government sort of fills me with glee and happiness -- you know?? I mean all our tax money we've shelled out to nation after nation everywhere this side of the Iron curtain -- and Good Old Don starts a trend by turning tables and living off of THEM for a change! Good-o for him!

SETH JOHNSON again - Seems to me Ted Pauls was using an awful lot of words without really saying or informing very much. To read his talk about Brown you'd think someone had been nominating Brown for a Hugo or something. Brown has always been a pretty good run of the mill author and no one has claimed any different from what I can see.

/Well, Ed Gorman was claiming more than that for Brown a few issues back -- and getting some agreement. RSC/

JEFF WANSHEL, 6 Beverly Place, Larchmont, New York - With #93, you turn out one of the worst issues I have seen from you. As for your artists, from the current run, Adkins seems to be regressing; his aliens in this are less creditable. DEA is getting downright sloppy. REG's overall quality is improving muchly, even tho he still turns out a dog or two here and there. Frosser is really developing, and shows signs of passing them all.

Both the articles in thish are a large waste of space; both bored me to tears. Jerry Page should write articles instead of poetry; he does muchly better. Festa's fiction sort of cushions the effect one harvests from the rest; I believe this is the only piece by him that I've ever liked, and I really like this one. Without the use of the / bar things would be improved; but the general tone and writing ability displayed bodes well for the future.

I see nothing wrong with blazing away at a target off-stage; there are lots of places where it is necessary not to identify who is being shot at in the story, and in the case of BEMS, it is always easier to let the readers supply their own type; everyone has his own picture of horror, and where the BEMS are supposed to be ugly, everyone has his own picture of ugliness.

Yeh! You think your mail is slow? The New York system is so goddamn sluggish that I feel like sending the postmaster a bomb. I phoned White on the day he happened to mail VOID to me - I timed it. Larchmont is 21 miles from the Village, and the zine got here in exactly 7 days. Three miles a day!

Gee, I'm only 13, and I remembered the Sevagram bit; perhaps I should join the oldtimers? But then, I always had unusual empathy for the Weapon Shop series.

I think I ought to know Don Thompson better; I disagree with both things he says here. For one thing, I do get mundane things; let mundania stick to mundania, and let fandom stick to fandom; I can get either if I like, and I don't particularly like to see things intermeshed, unless it is in the New Trend way. And Adkins' illoes for FANTASTIC (Lauer's WOTI) are much better and clearer than the current crop in Yan.

Your headings are too restricted; the thing for DeWeese's piece /in #96/ looked just like ten others I've seen in Yan. Try a KIPPLE-like format, why don't you? Love his layout... (but keep the illoes!) /As far as I'm concerned, a heading is supposed to tell you the title, author, and the place where a given story begins. If Pauls wants to go to a lot of fuss over layout, fine; I'm not interested. (One thing that I violently object to in these fancy layouts are the ones that are so complicated that the reader has to look hard to find the name of the author, or reads half a page before realizing that he's now on a different article. Ted White was always pulling stuff like this; Pauls doesn't do it nearly as often, but several issues back he had one that bothered me, as I recall.) RSC/

BOB JENNINGS, 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tennessee - This article by Tony Glynn doesn't impress me an awful lot. I have little to say about it, except that Vance does exist; he resides somewhere in the great mysteries of the Southern California wilderness. The Prosser on page 7 is inferior; Prosser does better when he stencils his own work. For anyone who happens to like remembering, this article would be OK. I

suppose, but the remembering is a trifle drawn out....

I shudder in horror. Any day that a copy of AIR WONDER STORIES compares favorably with today's science fiction mags, the field must be in pretty miserable shape. The feature today's stf doesn't have that them there olden types did have is the artwork. Paul was the best stf artist ever produced, and I'm afraid there are few competitors to his fame. Mike seems to have been noticeably impressed by the artwork, I wonder what he thought of the stories.

Jerry Page's poem was wild. I liked this, mainly because it was a satirical type of free verse. I'm dedicated against free verse poetry in most every form.

DEREK NELSON, 18 Granard Blvd., Scarboro, Ontario, Canada - While I'm at it I might as well say a few things about Mike Deckinger's "Revelation". In my last letter I said it was a good story. I still think so, and at the same time I'm wondering why such a fuss was raised over it. After all, it was only a story. However, I take issue with Mike's comment that Fitch was open-minded in his comments. Like Deckinger, he seems to have little use for organized religion and states it openly, in a half-patronizing, half-sarcastic attitude that seems to imply that all who believe Christ is the Son of God are a little dull and suffering from illusions.

/Well, he agreed with Mike; don't you consider that the people who agree with you are noble, open-minded individuals? It's the ones who disagree who are bigots. RSC/

When I saw the reaction to the story I passed a copy around to my fellow travellers, etc., in the age group 16-19 at school, just to find out their opinions. Not very surprisingly, comments ranged considerably. Atheists, agnostics and other of that general religious (or non-religious) grouping thought it was fabulous, in one case "true" and in another "funny". (So help me, these are exact quotes). And these were from so-called Christian Protestant families. Two RC's who read it thought it was a good story, a bit sickening and not too well written, and most important, they did NOT object to it being written. There were a few middle-of-the road opinions and a few Protestants called it sick

and "pure filth". (And I didn't expect such reactions from them, they're that type.) The few girls who read it also thought it was sickening and one who heard of it refused to read it.

What the above paragraph proves I don't know except opinion of all types comes from the most unexpected people.

This has nothing to do with the last few issues of YANDRO at all except in a vauge way to refute those who want you to censor what you publish, and some mention of censorship that I can't trace lately, in YANDRO. Three and a half years ago the employees of Lever Brothers went on strike for the usual demands. Normally the newspapers would report the strike at least in the labour section, or on a slow day possibly the front page, as Lever Brothers is no two-bit company. There was some violence against strike-breakers and their families, too. But Lever Brothers told the newspapers point blank that if one word was said of the



strike they would cut off all advertising to them. To get word to the public the strikers finally resorted to a raid on the plant where they tried to besiege themselves (..err, how do you do that? They tried to lock themselves up, I mean) and destroy the boilers. The point is, a company that makes soap was able to dictate policy to three newspapers to suppress the news. (The account is from the strikers' viewpoint but the facts seem to have supported them.) although this happened nearly four years ago it could happen anytime, and probably does.

You can tell Smith that the younger fans of today do not get interested in sf by reading the promags. I didn't, and I don't know anyone else who did. My first contact was something called "The Voyage of the Luna-I" around Grade Six, and from then on I was hooked, something like a hashish smoker. The same is true of most of those I know who read sf. We start in the juvenile side of the library with books like the Winston series mixed with the usual adventure, etc., crud. Then, when librarians judge us mature enough we get a white adult card and get to grab the adult sf legally. After that come the paperbacks and the promags, which can be found if you've heard of them (like through the "East of _____" anthologies).

The US Steel hour last Wednesday showed their opinion of the intelligence and sensibility of the US public. Called the "Oddball" it was a play that showed how silly and hypocritical the modern cult of conforming is in a comical and satirical way. Written by a Torontonian (YEAH!) it was originally produced on the CBC last year at which time there was no inclusion of either the beatnik doll or the mention of Toronto (actually a suburb but the city was mentioned also) in the Canadian version.

The reason for the inclusion of the locale as Canada was given by the author's wife to the Toronto Telegram: "The sponsor wanted to promote a certain image of the American people and anything that doesn't conform (to this image) isn't acceptable" and since the oddball hero didn't conform the sponsor insisted the play be identified with Canada and not the US...."

/Nothing like making a play about non-conformity conform to an image. The American public isn't quite that stupid, but American sponsors are. I note here that Nelson also correctly identified the Adams story as having been written in 1958.....The idea of YANDRO being smuggled to Canadian high school students is sort of startling. The boy who said Deckinger's story is "true" is bats. RSC/

BOB TUCKER, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois - Does any of this sound familiar: goshwowboyoboy! It's the besta of the mosta or maybe the other way around and I do mean that great big bulging friendly 99th issue of YANDRO, the poor man's CRY. One of two reasons is responsible for the warm, cheery glow (or whatever this itchy feeling is) received from reading this issue:

- a) it achieved a maximum of friendly, informal communication, or
- b) I was bored silly with noble John Wayne suffering all over the Texas plains. We've played "Alamo" for two weeks now, and I'm beginning to think a good case could be made for the Mexicans.

I would like to see "Golden Minutes" continued because (as in this issue) pieces of information on books and stories I will never have



time to read are bound to keep bobbing up in the column.

And I kept expecting another, different twist to the Adams' story about Grandfather Burton. There is at least one more unusual ending to that situation, you know.

/Duhhhh.... Tucker also enclosed a magazine clipping stating that Duane Eddy "has been signed to write and record three original folk songs for the film..." I expect Donaho will be happy to know that this sort of thing is a bit too commercial and unethnic even for me -- the film in question is "A Thunder Of Drums", if you want to make a note to miss it. RSC/

GORDON EKLUND, 14612 18th Ave. SW, Seattle 66, Washington - Steve Stiles' comment on super-type religious heroes reminds me of this combination Moslem-Negro group going around now. It is formed entirely of Negroes who, I believe, want a section of US land laid aside for use of the Negro. Where they're going to get it from, I don't know. Also their leader is named Mohammed something or other and the religion itself is very much like Moslem, from what I have read about it. /You'd think that anyone could look at the plight of the American Indian and see the flaws in this separate land business. RSC/

DAN ADKINS, 5808 Beverly Rd., Brooklyn 3, New York - I think some fool wrote in asking for another NY INSIGHT column didn't he? That was nice, but I can't help the boy much. The only thing I know about that perhaps he doesn't is that Larry Ivie has sold to ASTOUNDING, IF, GALAXY, and I haven't. Campbell turned me down flat. That could have been because I went to see him with a twelve day beard, wearing khaki pants, a turtle neck sweater and sat on the edge of his desk and asked him "How cum they got you and your sec stuck back here in this little room, Big Daddy?" Then it could have been that he had broke his glasses and couldn't see my art, or my selection of art samples. I forgot to take out the ones that were meant to be shown only to the girly mags. He did say something about these having a little too much imagination in them... I've yet to see IF or GALAXY since 3 years ago. Now they have a new art editor. I've shaved off my beard and shall even put on a suit to see John again. I haven't been satisfied with my published illos, but now that I've got over the nervousness that comes with beginning pro work, I think the art will get better. I sort of held back on what I wanted to do in order to conform with what the other artists had been doing. Now I feel I can let go and come up with some good stuff.

/My fault entirely for not publishing this last month, when the info about Ivie would have been news. I like the picture of you confronting Campbell, though. GALAXY may have a new art editor, but it has the same lousy art. And how about the Wood illo on page 15 of the July IF? The man isn't even trying... Craftint, yet! It's the sloppiest thing I've ever seen by Wood. RSC/

CLAUDE HALL, address withheld - Juanita, I enjoyed your editorial in the 98th issue. Your comments about art jabbed a particular spot on my funnybone. At a party last Saturday, I noted that the apartment of the girl was decorated with symbolic so-called paintings featuring swabs of lines and colors. I made a remark about them something to the effect of "Good Lord!" Another person commented on them wisely as art, having the bitter gall to ask, "Don't you like them?" The girl's relatives run an art gallery here in town. Supposedly, she'd know about

artwork. But you couldn't prove it by me.

GEORGE C. WILLICK, 856 East St., Madison, Ind. -- Look, dammit, C does not stand for Cheerful Charlie...it stands for Christomighty. Kindly take heed.

Now, how do you know that you know what it takes to be an expert marksman? Maybe you don't hold your tongue right, or think right, or maybe you have a subconscious desire to mess yourself up (the latter happens to me in bowling all the time...I can feel it work.)

There are certain things to which analogies simply do not apply.

It was after liking this issue so much that I discovered it contained mostly reviews and letters. I'm one that holds YANDRO written material as dull. It would seem that we are in the majority.

I liked Ebert's letter where he praised Page's poem. I won't say anything else.

Oh well. Tonight I seem depressed or something...comes from reading your fanzine.

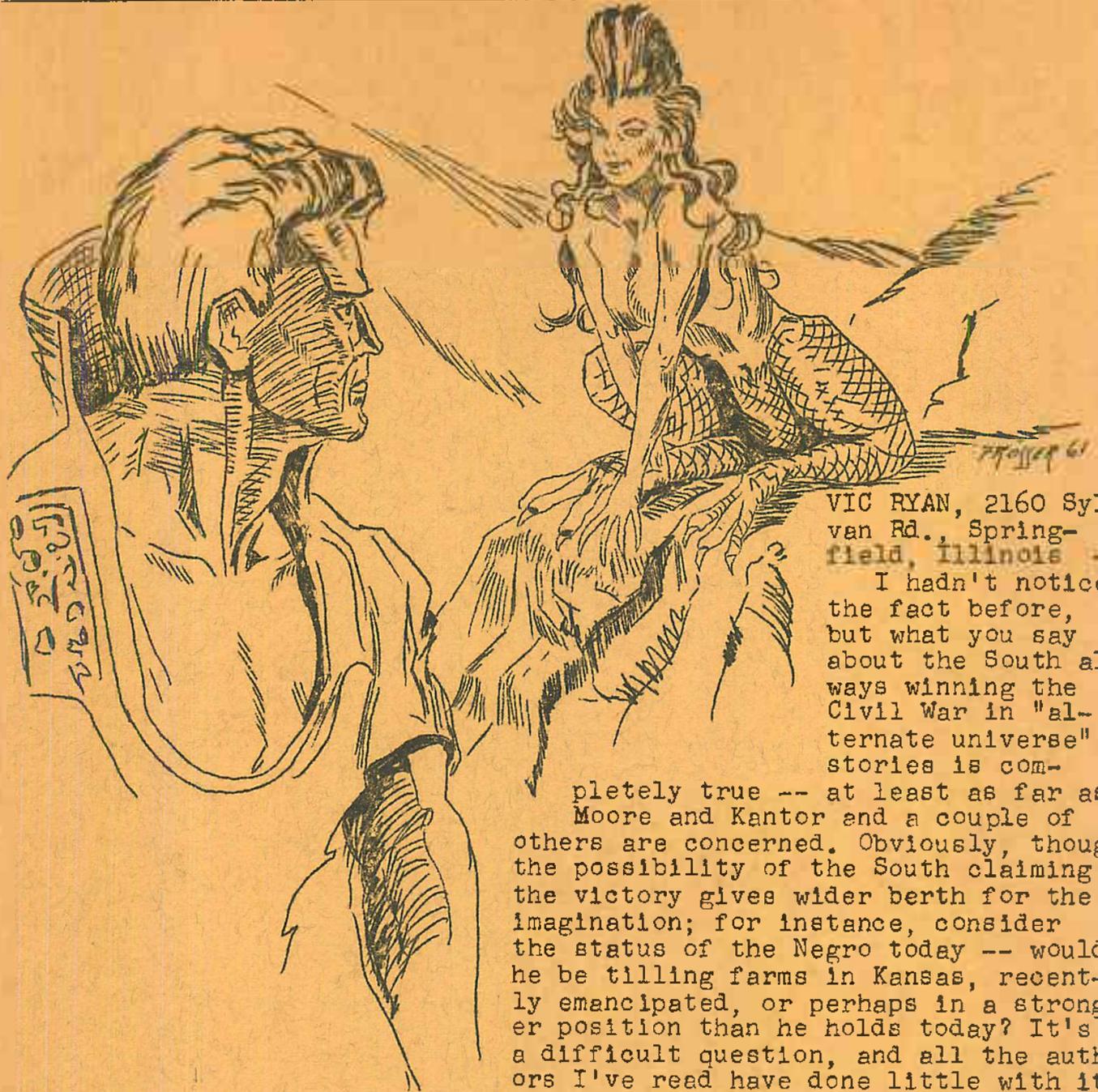
/You and Tucker get together and compare symptoms. Maybe you aren't depressed; maybe you're ecstatic and don't know it, never having encountered the feeling before. One thing that it takes to be an expert marksman is practice -- lots of practice. This would also hold good for bowling or writing literature. Kerouac may be able to sit down at the typewriter and bang out things like "On The Road" without stopping, but you can bet that isn't the way Joyce wrote "Finnegan's Wake". Practice is a big factor. Yes, there are things to which analogies do not apply. Your statement wasn't one of them, however. RSC/

ANTONIO DUPLA, Po. Ma. Augustin 9, Zaragoza, Spain - In #95 a straight "good" to what Juanita says about the pseudoneed of fulfillment of some women, it supports my opinion perhaps wrong that in your country what is needed is less theoretical psychology and a little more of the real troubles that in most of the world are plentiful. Ebert is a name not lost to view, better each day, and fine Gorman. You get in me a "yes" for the reviews of books, first for the value of the critic and second as an index of the last published; this section is one of the reasons I regret not getting more BANEs. In this issue were born two of the more hardly discussed themes I have seen. The theory about sex offenders of the Rev. CMM is exactly what, for other reasons, was applied in Nazidom and, as then, never justifiable and never, as the death penalty too, effective. As for the story of Deckinger I only wish to express that it is difficult to get a good opinion of someone who uncalled-for and deliberately say things that offend his friends or public; is a matter of politeness. And my stand has nothing to do with religion: I am a Roman Catholic and some of my best and more intimate friends are as anti- as MD but our friendship has never been hurt.

In Y 96 I get a shock of the story about the car collision in Indiana, not a nice one, but...perhaps castrating the driver his behaviour will improve. Ebert go on as good and fun till hurting /is/ DeWeese.

In Y 97 a splendid artwork by Juanita and a sound article by Deckinger; the roots of this and other close matters was studied at his best many years ago by our philosopher Ortega y Gasset in "The Revolt Of The Masses".

And in Y 98 most enjoyable the candid avowings of Juanita about her artistic expressivity. It was a mood issue, with the pieces of Glynn and McInerney about the old SF. Plenty of good both.



VIC RYAN, 2160 Syl-
van Rd., Spring-
field, Illinois -

I hadn't noticed
the fact before,
but what you say
about the South al-
ways winning the
Civil War in "al-
ternate universe"
stories is com-

pletely true -- at least as far as
Moore and Kantor and a couple of
others are concerned. Obviously, though,
the possibility of the South claiming
the victory gives wider berth for the
imagination; for instance, consider
the status of the Negro today -- would
he be tilling farms in Kansas, recent-
ly emancipated, or perhaps in a strong-
er position than he holds today? It's
a difficult question, and all the auth-
ors I've read have done little with it.

Bryer's account of the gestapo des-
cending on his barracks is most amusing, but the fact that the officer
asked "So you're an amateur" makes me wonder just why no one has ever
come up with this line before. I've never seen it; in fact, since I
have an almost complete file of FAN-DANGO, I'll have to assume that it
hasn't appeared -- or Laney would have used it instantly.

"So you're an amateur." That breaks me up.
/I'm not sure that a southern victory in the Civil War does give the
author a wider scope. It gives him an easier task; the changes are more
obvious. But consider. If the north had won in 1862, the Negro would
not have been emancipated; the Emancipation Proclamation was a war mea-
sure issued in September of that year. Northern industry would have re-
ceived much less stimulation; the foundation for the "robber barons" of
later decades would not have been laid. Reconstruction would have been
avoided; the nation was not ready for such extreme measures in 1862.

Lincoln would have been a hero, of course; but so would Gen. McClellan a Democrat. Republicans would not have dominated the nation for the following 60 years, as they actually did. And what was looked upon as "the American Way of Life" in 1860 would not have been changed beyond recognition by 1865. There are lots of possibilities. RSC/

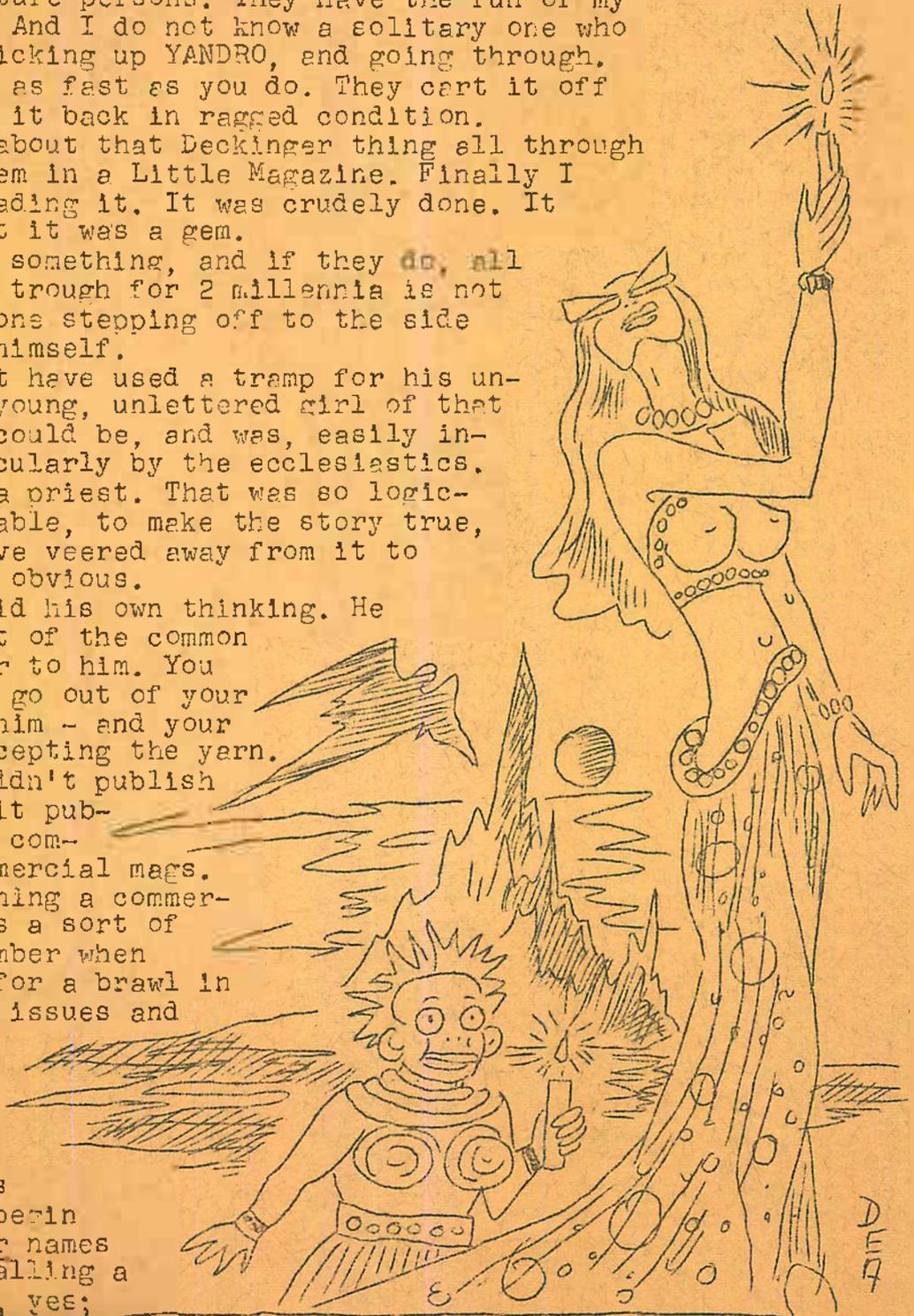
HAL ANNAS, Virginia - I finally got into that Mike Deckinger gem. You probably know that your mag here has a fantastic circulation. It comes to me. I'm not alone in the world. Pushing 60, I associate almost exclusively with mature persons. They have the run of my house and office. And I do not know a solitary one who has ever missed picking up YANDRO, and going through. Some of them read as fast as you do. They cart it off and I finally get it back in ragged condition.

I was hearing about that Deckinger thing all through the New Year. A gem in a Little Magazine. Finally I got a crack at reading it. It was crudely done. It was haphazard. But it was a gem.

semantics mean something, and if they do, all eating out of one trough for 2 millennia is not as good taste as one stepping off to the side and choosing for himself.

Mike should not have used a tramp for his unnamed villain. A young, unlettered girl of that era, as in this, could be, and was, easily influenced -- particularly by the ecclesiastics. She was raped by a priest. That was so logical, and so reasonable, to make the story true, that Mike must have veered away from it to keep it being too obvious.

Anyway, Mike did his own thinking. He didn't take it out of the common trough. More power to him. You won't be amiss to go out of your way to encourage him - and your own ideas - in accepting the yarn. Where, if you wouldn't publish it, would he get it published? You can't compete with the commercial mags. You're not publishing a commercial mag. Yours is a sort of specialty. I remember when you were looking for a brawl in some of the early issues and couldn't get one going! Don't get conformist now! /I don't object to the criticism, particularly; it's when the readers begin calling each other names that I consider calling a halt. Discussions, yes; ricts, no. RSC/



BACK-ISSUE
COMIC MAGAZINES

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BACK-ISSUE
COMIC MAGAZINES

Back issues of all types of EC COMICS, MAD COMICS & MAGAZINES, TARZAN COMICS and POGO COMICS. I also have many, many comics published by the following companies -- D.C., DELL, A.C.G., ATLAS, LEV GLEASON, HARVEY and others.

Send me your exact want list of comics including exact name and date wanted. I will only answer those letters that include an exact want list of comics. When sending payment for any comics you may buy, I suggest you send a money-order as this is the best and safest way to send money. The minimum order is one dollar (\$1.00) due to the high cost of postage and handling.

THE HUGO COMMITTEE:

The following people have accepted appointments as members of the Hugo Committee: Howard Devore, Lynn Hickman, Hal Lynch, Bob Pavlat, Steve Schultheis, Noreen Shaw. Dirce Archer is Committee Chairman (and workhorse) without a vote except in case of a tie.

Numerous points -- some quite unexpected -- have been discussed, with several already agreed upon. A meeting will be held at the Midwest-con, where it is felt the majority of the problems that have arisen can be settled with the committee in actual session.

....announcement distributed by Dirce Archer

AXE #3 arrived May 18, with the announcement that (a) the total cash collected for the Willis Fund so far amounts to \$280.98, a pretty good start, considering the length of time it's been in operation. But there is a long way to go yet; the Fund Needs You! (b) The Shaws have a few copies of Earl Kemp's latest symposium, WHY IS A FAN? which they will give to the next few people who donate to the Fund and specify that they want the mag. (But don't send in a sticky quarter and expect to get a mag out of it; there's a \$1 minimum on these donations -- after all, copies of Earl's first symposium were fetching \$2 a copy shortly after publication, so getting this one for a \$1 donation is pretty much of a bargain. Don't be a cheapskate; send in a couple dollars.) There is no minimum price for donations if you don't want the magazine.
