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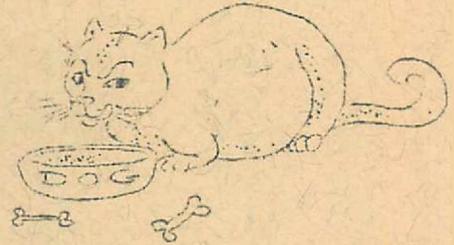


YANDRO

#eighty-one

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CONTENTS

Ramblings (editorial).....	JWC	2
Rumblings (").....	RSC	3
Controversy You Want, Eh? (article) .	Clod Hall	4
Don't Call Us -- We'll Call You (fiction)	Dave Jenrette	7
The Winter Times (verse).....	J. Mehmet Shahnakhiroglu	9
Strange Fruit (fanzine reviews) . . .	RSC	10
Frightful Employment (story behind -- way behind -- the cover)	Herbert Beach	13
World Of Null-F (column).....	Marion Zimmer Bradley	14
Grumblings (letter-column).....		17
A Sort Of Con Report.	Thomas Stratton & Son George	26

ARTWORK

Cover	Herbert Beach	Page 9	Jack Harness
Pages 1, 2 & 3.	JWC	Page 12	Terry Carr
Page 6.	Robert Gilbert	Page 13	Joe Sanders
Page 7.	George Scithers	Page 18	James Adams
Page 8.	DEA	Page 19	Dave Jenrette

Note: It is not advisable to take anything said in the "con report" with an undue amount of seriousness. Thomas Stratton has long been known to have bats in his belfry, and Son George seems to have inherited the family trait.

Once upon a time there was a small birthday party being given the son of a hockey player. The only people present were a priest they had invited, the boy, and of course the player himself; the father, the son, and the goalie host.Gene DeWeese



Hmm, I seem to have left my typer down at Anderson this weekend, so this will be cut on Buck's typer... which Does Not Like Me.....before any eagle-eyes with long memories cut in, I'll confess the two doodles on the contents page are not original to YAN....the burping bat I did long, long ago for Lee Anne Tremper's ISFANEWS, and the bloated pussy I did for Marian Cox's long defunct FEMZINE....still, they are among my favorites of all my own penscratchings, and also rather Halloweeny...

hence the inclusions.....the reason for my typer being at Anderson is the same as stated in footnotes, etc., in the last issue, - my college classes and two graduate course papers, for which I need a typer. This will be my toughest session of Master's work, since I'm enrolled for 16 quarter hours of night classes.....subsequent loads will be lighter, I fervently hope.....the classes are an additional excuse for the meager amount of artwork in this, and probably the November, issues.....I love to stencil artwork, and I love fanac, but something has to be put aside timewise.....unfortunately for the fanac, I didn't pay tuition to get into the institution known as fandom, and I did pay said tuition to the college, and it seems logical to get my investment's worth.....ah me, one of the things I would change if I lived my life over: I would take my Master's work in the year immediately following my Bachelor's, and before I got married.....I mean, family life is all conducive to happiness and like that, but it certainly is distracting whilst trying to study an assignment.....I am betting a small amount with myself that Pete Martin gets letterwise butchered for his interview with Dick Clark in the SatEvePost....sort of like criticizing Dinah Shore....the most one is permitted is a sneering "Goody, goody"; frankly, after being railed at on all sides by high pressure advertising attempting to sell me things I don't need and don't want, it's a definite pleasure to encounter a soft-sell on t-v.....of course, I don't have the attitude toward rhythm and blues and rock and roll held by most adults (possibly because I'm not an adult?).....it's not all bad or all good...but then no type of music is.....no, Howard, I wasn't bothered by committee members wandering around the stage during parts of the program...one expects that there are always behind-the-scenes details to be attended to and one bears with such things patiently.....what set my teeth on edge was the constant banging of that ~~door~~ door....Teddy Bear and Bjo were the only people I remember seeing enter the door and let it close noiselessly...everyone else whizzed in and tromped out.....heaven forbid I should criticize the committee....that was a doll of a con, and the people who put it on are to be congratulated, and a bit pitied.....I bet you're still taking vitamin pills and trying to get back to normal...someone examine what can be found of my brains if I ever got myself on a con committee.....well, it is a sunny afternoon in the lonesome October and I've got the rest of thish to mimeo.....see you in November.....JWC



This announces a change in the Coulson family. Shortly after the last issue was published, Ylla the cat was killed on the highway in front of the house. Shortly before this issue was published, we acquired a female-type dog, who was promptly named Rann. (See if you can figure out where that came from; several fans had trouble with Ylla, which was from Ray Bradbury's "Martian Chronicles". Rann is somewhat more obscure.) Rann's mother is a short-haired fox terrier; her father was

apparently a traveling man. Rann herself is small, black-and-white, and somewhat fuzzy-haired at the moment.

What was probably the last meeting of the Eastern Indiana Science Fiction Association took place at our house last night. Present were the DeWeeses, down from Milwaukee, Dale Brandon, up from Union City, and James Adams, over from Kokomo. (This is included as a matter of historical record; after all, YANDRO did start out as the official organ of EISFA.)

Juanita received a medium-length letter from Howard Devore, protesting that the inevitable behind-the-scenes reshuffling of the program made it equally inevitable that the con committee do considerable running around while the program was in progress. But she didn't object to people coming in and out of the room, Howard; she objected to them doing so without trying to be quiet about it. (Of course, the committee still has an excuse, in that they were in a hurry -- the non-committee people who clomped in and out may have been in a hurry, too, but there was no necessity for them to be.)

The joys of country life include doing work around the house....at the moment I'm a bit sore from my exertions of yesterday. My chest aches because I used it to throw more weight against an electric drill while I was putting in holes to connect our oil heater with an outside tank, and my right ankle is a bit stiff from a poor landing I made in jumping off the front porch roof. (This takes a bit of explaining; I was putting plastic insulation over the upstairs windows, and since I don't have a ladder I did it by crawling out a window onto the porch roof, tacking up the insulation, and then jumping down to the ground. Next time I'll act my age and go borrow a ladder.)

The cover on this issue was not only drawn by Beach, but multi-lithed by Beach and a friend of his who works in (or possibly owns -- I forget the exact circumstances) a printing shop. I am all in favor of fans who have friends in the publishing and printing industries....it simplifies matters so much.

Well, this issue is about out; now I can settle down to reading those NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES that Dodd sent. Maybe I'll even write some letters and send Seth Johnson that package of old faunage I've been promising him for a couple of months. Let's hope that all our readers have a ghoulisn Hallowe'en, and I'll see you again about Thanksgiving, unless some of the rabbits around here learn to shoot back.

CONTROVERSY—YOU—WANT—EH?

by the original /CLOD HALL

This is going to be a son-of-a-gun-of-a-name-dropping bit of crap, padded with snipes and insults, and whetted with insightful reflections. I alone am responsible for all comments herein, because the people I've attributed them to might not have said them at all. Like for instance, Ray Capella, who could have said "Fans are in fandom because they have no place else to go."

Of course, he was referring to fan artists at the time. In particular, we were discussing one Dan Adkins, a used-to-be pro of sorts, who deserted completely (as of this time)/July '59..ed./any idea of striving for acceptance as a valid professional artist and instead seeks the egoboo-busting glories reaped by even a half-assed pencil-sketcher in fandom.

Because Adkins doesn't want to bother with the work and sweat necessary in studying form to become an artist, he goes around claiming you "don't need that sort of crap", and hacks out a few more "swipes" of people sans emotion, sans soul, sans even life. As an artist, Adkins is more of a Vampire.

So, Bill Pearson, whose only artistic skill used to lie in drawing poisonous little toadstools, went out quietly to art school and sketching classes and in a year's time could out-do Adkins.

Pearson can draw big poisonous toadstools now.

Another quote that tickled my old funnybone right smart was when Bill Rickhardt poked one hand in his pocket and gestured magnanimously with a smokeless pipe at Ted and Sylvia White and a couple of other characters from bye-bye land and said,

"Why am I in fandom? Why, these are my friends." He was inventing, in his own fashion, a reason for being a fan.

Proud I be, that I was around when he made that statement.

I've always considered fandom a hobby...something to do to while away what might have otherwise been a few dull moments. The knowledge that some fans have to rely upon fandom for friends didn't shock me -- I merely found it amusing.

Bill Rickhardt, at the time, was staying with Ted and his wife, Sylvia. That, in itself, seems like a rather ticklish situation.

Ted White was hiding behind a beard -- a sloppy beard resembling the north end of a south-bound mutt. A comic-book collector, Mr. White commented that he thought Beatnickism silly and that they were retreatists or something as bad as that.

Sylvia White, gamin-thin, was attired in actress-type leotards and the pixieness of her face was only accented by the elusiveness of her personality.

A couple of weeks later, Ted White and frau again climbed the five flights to the hole in a hole that Adkins used to call (with a smile) "home".

"He said that you were pathologically sick," Bill Pearson told me,

concerning Mr. White's opinion of the Clod.

Now I feel rather put out that Mr. White didn't find it convenient to talk to me about my pathological sickness. This illness has been kept secret from me in the past -- even by some of my old drinking buddies who happened to have been doctors of psychology. A shame, it is, that I never knew about my being pathologically sick. I think being pathologically sick would make a great conversation piece for parties, poker sessions, and general knock-down-drag-outs.

"Look at my new hallway masterpiece," Pearson said. For a long time -- I guess as long as they'd lived in the Adkins-Pearson Palace -- on the hallway wall hung a yard-square drawing rendered by Pearson himself. That is, the expanse of paper was a yard square. The drawing was just about thumb high. It was a drawing of a toadstool.

So, this time, when I looked, the toadstool had grown considerable. It was now a newspaper ad and the toadstool was a tremendous thing and across the whole page was written, "We are growing," or something like that.

But toadstools will soon no longer grow, either real or art-wise, in the Adkins/Pearson Palace. For one thing, Pearson is going back to Arizona to recuperate. And for another thing, they're tearing the building down.

Adkins, in the process of hunting a living abode and sanctuary for his hi-fi, brought Janette over to meet with my approval. Janette Adkins reminds one of a cute little bored kitten. When asked if he'd shown her any of New York, Adkins replied condoningly, "Yes, I took her to a movie on 42nd street just last week."

With some people, fandom is everything.

A future fan is Louie, a cousin of Ray Capella's. The other day, roasting in the sun at a local swimming pool, Louie commented that he wished the temperature was 10,000 degrees.

"But the water in the pool would steam and we wouldn't be able to go swimming," Capella replied.

Louie, who has the habit of changing the topic of conversation to suit himself, asked, "Do you know why the little moron jumped off the Empire State Building?"

"No, why?"

"To show his girl friend that he had guts."

Later, on the subway back to the center of Brooklyn, Louie swung by the metal hand grips as the subway lurched along, until Capella made him stop.

Ray Capella is a knotty-as-whipcord character who manages, in his own fashion, to be as friendly as a cocker spaniel pup. He's 26 years old, and an oldtimer in fandom since back before Harlan Ellison poked a pipe in his mouth and called himself "The Mature Birdbath".

Capella draws occasionally yet for fanzines. Mostly, he sketches and paints in his spare time off from a dinky factory job he works at.

About the only malfunction he seems to have is that he thinks Jules Pfeiffer is a good artist.

While I'm mentioning shapes, Bill Pearson doesn't resemble an artist at all. He looks like a grocery clerk. Which is nothing odd, since he once worked in a grocery while going to high school.

Dan Adkins is a short loosely strung runt who perpetually needs a

haircut. His main passion seems to be drawing for fandom while listening to the crappiest rock and roll records available. Elvis Presley sounds good; compared to the croakers on the records that Adkins likes. Well, everybody to his own choice, as far as music is concerned..... except that Adkins generally plays his choice so loud, people who live as far as a block away often drop by to complain. Meanwhile, Adkins, with his ears glued to the speaker, turns out art for Twig and Sandro, and probably never even hears the jungle bunny jazz he's playing.

Guess that's the total of the fans I've met since coming to New York. I understand there's a lot more really fannish people running around loose up here.

But as long as they don't bother me, I won't bother them.

"Old MacDonald had a farm, 2.718, $\sqrt{-1}$, 2.718, $\sqrt{-1}$, 0." ...Helgesen

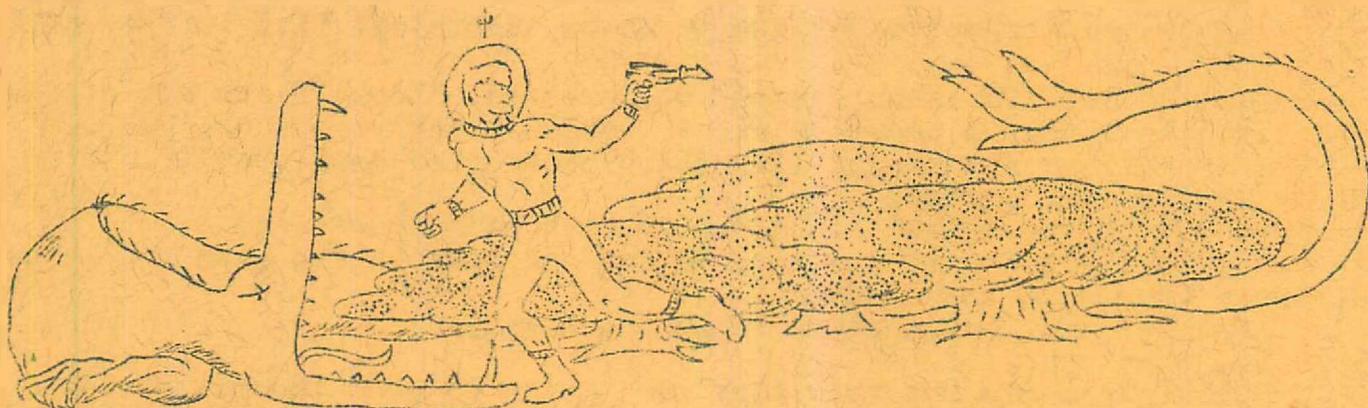
In the early part of 1958, a series of unusual occurrences in the home of James M. Hermann in Seaford, Long Island, caused it to be known as the "house of flying objects". Shortly thereafter, a similar incident took place in the nearby community of Wantagh. Mr. Ralph W. Courtney had invited four couples to join him and his wife for dinner on Wednesday, March 26. While they were eating, a bowl containing gravy took off from the table, flew across the dining room and smashed against the wall. Because of the publicity attached to the Seaford case, the group decided to remain silent about the incident. Although no formal investigation was made, the people involved are sure that one of their number acted as a poltergeist and they are wondering about who soared Courtney's boat.

.....Martin Helgesen

"To understand a Hieronymus machine, one must be symbol-minded"

.....one of the lines (more or less) from the Detention play





DON'T CALL US — WE'LL CALL YOU
by — dave jenrette —

Jonathan Q. Barker entered his four by eight foot office, tore the May 29, 2357 page off the calendar, and sat down at his desk. He beamed this morning, proud, as always, of the unusually large office he had. He loved to read and re-read the words stencilled on his glass door:

BARKER — THEATER BOOKINGS

He decided that it looked better on the outside of the door, but the hall was so narrow that you had to inch along it sideways and looking ahead would give you an aching neck. Jonathan had tried it.

He checked the appointment list and saw that at nine o'clock he was going to face another theatrical hopeful. This one was called Francis Jones and that's all he knew. He hoped that Francis would turn out to be a girl. He recalled with pleasure the ideally equipped young lady who had auditioned for a strip teaser's job only last week. He had been very grateful that his office was an ample eight feet in length.

Promptly at nine there was a knock on the door. In came an emaciated wreck of a man wearing last year's clothes, last month's haircut, and last week's shave.

"I'm Francis Jones," he said, sitting down in the chair provided. He stretched and yawned. "It feels good to get into an open space again."

Mr. Barker was considerably taken aback. Here he had hoped for an outstanding young lady and look what he'd gotten!

"Well, Mr. Jones," he began, "this is a surprise and....."

"You mean -- you know about me?" asked Jones suspiciously.

"Why -- what do you mean?"

"That's what I came to tell you, but if you already know there's no point in that, is there? When do I start?"

"Start what?" asked Barker, wondering what he'd said to provoke this.

"Start working, of course", said the man.

"I don't know if I can use you."

"That's what they all say," said the man, getting up and beginning to pace the room. He took a step and a half in one direction, about faced, a step-and-a-half, about faced, etc.

"That's what they all say!" he repeated, much louder this time. "They

don't realize that they've got the greatest theatrical find in the world in me."

"Really?" said Jonathan Barker, unimpressed. "Look, I can use a juggler, nothing fancy, a two-week stand, wouldn't pay very much, but..." The man turned around and lifted his bedraggled head proudly. "I am not a juggler, Mr. Barker."

"Then what do you do?" asked Barker, becoming impatient.

"I'll tell you," said the man. He dropped down on the desk and leaned across it toward the agent.

"Remember what happened in 1970?" he began.

"Yes, that was...."

"Right! That was the year they were going to send the rocket to Mars. Population was getting heavy. Birth control wouldn't work, because individual freedom was emphasized so strongly. Three years later they finally tried the rocket. They tried two of them. Well, they tried a dozen, but each one exploded when it hit the electrical field surrounding the earth. Some said it was the hand of God, or maybe some galactic empire keeping man on earth. Anyway it was no use."

"Really," said Barker, "I can't use an historical lecturer right now, but if you'll leave your name.."

"I'm not finished yet!" exclaimed the man, pushing his face forward against Barker's. The agent's head struck the back of the wall. The air conditioning units were going full blast, but it didn't help much.

"It was ten years before they gave up," continued Jones, "and in that time, with good food and free love, the population had nearly doubled. No one had worried, because they thought we'd have Mars and Venus to expand to."

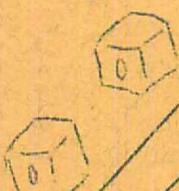
"Juggling isn't difficult to learn," said Barker. "If you can carry a cup on a saucer you can learn to juggle. It doesn't pay much, I'll admit, but...."

"Son, ain't you got any manners?" asked the old man excitedly, grabbing Jonathan Q. by both lapels. "Lemme finish."

"All right," said Barker, trying not to breathe in.

"By that time," continued Jones, "the damage had been done. People had too much freedom and they kept right on having kids, lots and lots of them. Cities joined together, grew higher and higher, and still there was no end. The Democratic Party tried again that year with the platform of Guaranteed Living Space For All and they swept the election. To stay in they had to keep their campaign promises, too.

"Time went by and space became less and less. What we didn't live on we used to grow food. Animals took up too much



DEA

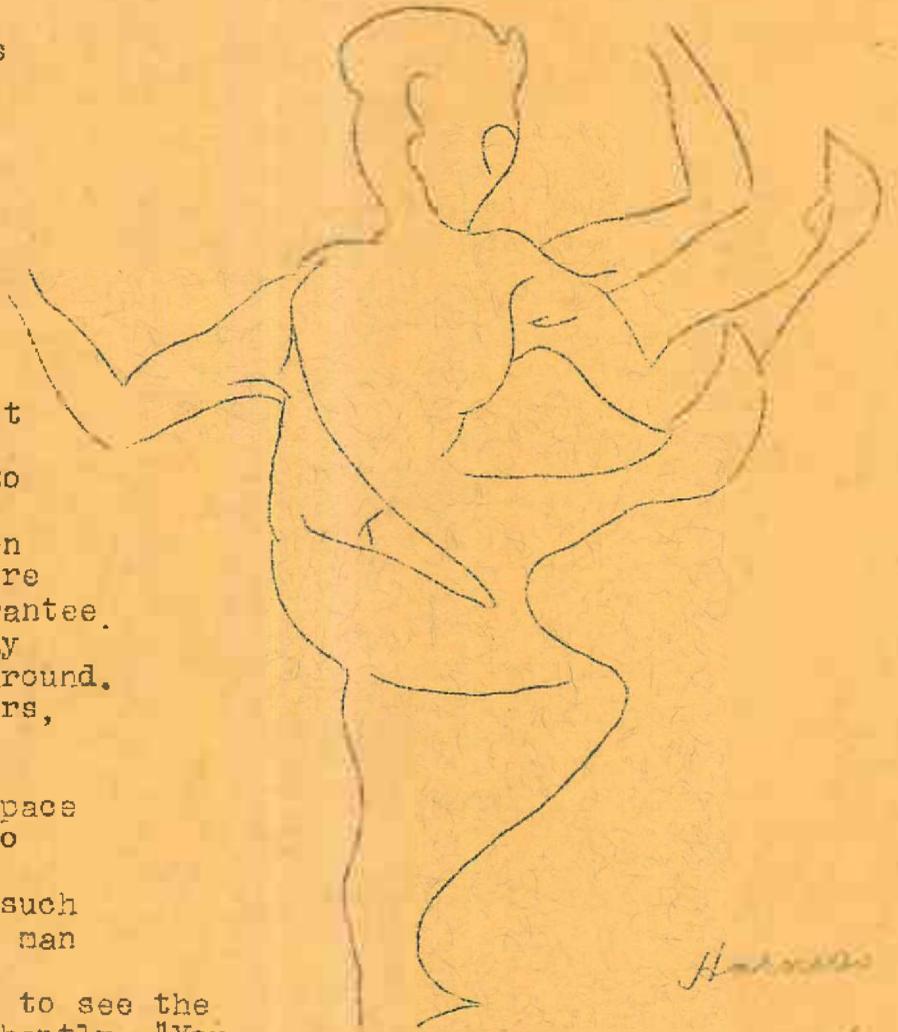
space so we killed them off and grew our proteins out of test tubes and used a lot of plankton. We dug into the ground for space and built high into the sky, but we reached bedrock and thin air. Then we started dividing in on ourselves and now it's reached the limit. The world is just chock full of people, just chock full.

"Are you leading up to something?" asked Barker.

"Of course: this. When I was young my records were all destroyed and my guarantee to living quarters. All my life I've been shuffled around. I've lived in refrigerators, closets, boxes, and some places I wouldn't care to mention. Now the living space is all gone and there's no place I can go."

"I've never heard of such a thing," said Barker, "a man with no place to live!"

"Now you're beginning to see the point," said Jones triumphantly. "You can see why I'll be a big attraction. I'm left over, extra -- in fact, I'm the world's only extra terrestrial."



THE WINTER TIMES

—BY— J. MEHMET SHAHNAKHIROGLU —

In the autumn days those months ago
When distraught destiny came from the skies
All of us, looked vision high, seeing only Cassandra
And saying, this last dimming day -- just lies
While glancing city-wise, murmuring -- just moon glow.

These are the winter times, my poor dear
When the age of man hits the cellar and sterile earth,
As nature hates us more than blinding storm
And the children whom to, should we give birth
Will have no more than dying life on man's last bier.

STRANGE FRUIT

I have 25 fanzine titles to review here, plus lord knows how many letter-substitutes, Cult-zines, odd-ball material and so on. I will be damned if I'll take the time to review all of them...if your fanzine isn't reviewed here, I'll try to make it next month.

PROFANITY #6 (Bruce Felz, 4010 Leona St, Tampa 9, Florida - quarterly - 15¢) This issue had fewer items in it that I liked than most; maybe others will appreciate it more. A nice photo-cover continues the picturing of contributors. Editorial is so-so; mostly about the issue. Someone called Edgar Allen Pogo does a cur-in-check article on chewing tobacco. I liked this; it's the sort of thing I might write. Words and music to "Grand Canal" are published -- words by Heinlein, music by Felz. (I wonder how many people have written music to Heinlein's verses from "Green Hills"? Juanita has, and Felz has, and I seem to recall some other musically inclined fan mentioning the idea.) There is the inevitable John Berry story, and Rich Brown is beginning to hit his stride with "Ichabodings". If an amateur can do this well, maybe I should try "archy and mehitable" again. I might get past page 5 this time. Len Moffatt has an article on convention-attending and George Locke describes a fannish visit. Accounts of fannish visits bore the hell out of me. Al Andrews reviews books, I review fanzines, and there is a letter column which is becoming one of the more interesting ones in fandom. 50 multilithed pages and cover. Rating.....6

FANCYCLOPEDIA II (Richard Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia - one-shot - \$1.25) That's a lot of money for a fanzine...well, 139 pages plus covers is a lot of pages, too. This is as close to a definitive encyclopedia of fandom as you're going to get; anyone who is just getting interested in fandom and is wondering what all the local jokes are about should have a copy. So should most other fans, if only to be able to sneer at the cheapskates who don't have copies. Rating.....10

QUID #1 (Al Swettman, 2336 So. Pasfield, Springfield, Illinois - irregular - 15¢ - co-editor, Vic Ryan) A fairly varied first issue; Ellis Mills writes on touring Europe, one or both of the editors review fanzines, Dave McCarroll writes on home brew -- the only home brew I ever tasted was Ray Beam's. He had a "special recipe"; said the stuff cost him about 10¢ a gallon to make, and it tasted like it. Jim Moran writes on the passing of the old faithful auto. Mike Deckinger writes a piece of fiction which is personally very annoying to me because I have a story by James Adams in my files with exactly the same plot. The editors ask for contributions for the next issue. Rating.....3

MC² #2 (Pete Jefferson, 41 Mary St., Longueville, NSW, Australia - Irregular - 15¢) Roger Horrocks does a history of New Zealand fandom, the editor comments on "papertack rarities" for collectors, Donald Tuck has a column for collectors, David Rankin does a reasonably good mood-

piece, and there is some attempted humor which didn't strike me as being very funny. Plus considerable advertising. Recommended to collectors and those interested in Aussie fandom. Rating.....3

RETINA #1 (Gregg Trend, 20051 Regent Dr., Detroit 5, Michigan - bi-monthly? - 15¢) Gregg is one of these fan-editors who believes in pointing out the spelling and grammatical errors of letter-writers. It would be more effective if he didn't have 4 errors in his own editorial, but..... He also thinks that justified margins are more important than good grammar -- sure, it's his mag, but don't be surprised to find words broken in the middle of syllables in order to make the margins come out even. Fiction and poetry both strive to evoke a mood rather than tell a story; I rather liked Thiel's poem, even if it was pseudo-Lovecraftian -- well, I like Lovecraft, for that matter. The fannish material seemed rather contrived...as though someone who doesn't really care much about fandom had read a few fanzines and decided to write the sort of thing fans like. Nice artwork, good reproduction, but the paper he uses seems to tear rather badly in the mail. Rating.....2

DWE REVOLUTION (John Koning, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio - one-shot - 35¢ and damn editors who stick the price of their fanzines in the middle of the thing where I have to look 5 minutes to find it) This is a John Berry appreciation fanzine, with most of the material either about Berry or the USA, or parodies of one or the other. There is some excellent material included; my favorites being Bob Bloch's salute to Berry, Don Franson's parody, and Len Moffatt's faan-fiction. There seems to be a lot of this serious fiction about fannish doings making the rounds lately; Harry Warner and Marion Bradley are accepted masters of the type, but Moffatt does an equally good job. Rating....3

MAMMON #3 (Jim Moran, 208 Sladen St., Dracut, Mass. - quarterly - free for comment or contribution) By far the outstanding material in this issue is the artfolio by David Prosser, who is a fine artist. His type of shading really reproduces better on mimeo than it does on ditto (hint, hint), but some of the dittoed illoes here are very well reproduced. In the written material, Harry Warner comments on the need for a fanzine index, Alan Dodd presents what he claims is a true adventure, Al Andrews writes one of his better stories, Les Gerber has a column, mostly on sf authors this time, Dodd reviews a movie, Don Franson has a good poem which I disagree with, there are letters, an editorial, and some pretty good artwork by other people than Prosser. Rating.....7

SYZYGY (Goojie Publication #4, Miriam Carr, 70 Liberty St, #5, San Francisco 10, Calif - 15¢ - irregular - British agent Eric Bentcliffe) Kris Neville writes a Wobbly-type story which would be considerably more effective if there had been less recent publicity about unsavory union procedures, Harry Warner writes one of his usual excellent stories about fictional fans, Les Nirenberg writes "People To People" --- a parody of a show I'm not familiar with (thank God), Guy Terwilliger writes what I hope is fiction about his future fannish heir, Ted Johnstone writes about LA fan doings, and there is a good letter-column. A sort of quietly faanish zine. Rating.....5

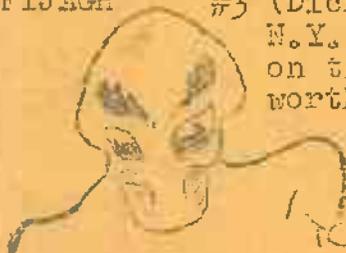
SPECTRE #5 (Bill Meyers, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tennessee - irregular - for trades or comment) Herein is another "Colonial Excursion" installment by Ron Bennett, for completists. Otherwise, Bob Tucker writes -- what? It sounds like fiction, but I'd swear I read that magazine that announced the transfer of the editorial offices to the west coast. (Couldn't find the issue, though.) Intriguing, anyway. Bob Bloch writes about ideas, Harry Warner writes about (shhh!) science fiction, and Ted White decides that Inohmery fandom is irresponsible and lacks a sense of humor. (Not that he doesn't have a good case, but the article does have its amusing aspects.) The editor has a surprisingly entertaining article on a visit to New York. Rating...7

OUTWORLDERS #1 (Bob Lichtman, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif - irregular - trade, comment, contribution or 25¢) This seems to be an "old-time fans" issue. Lee Hoffman writes about Max Keasler, Len Moffat has a column on "forgotten fans of the '40's", Terry Carr and Bob Leman write faan-fiction, Harry Warner writes about Earl Singleton (the best item in the issue). Other items include the editorial, an article by Bill Danner -- the last fannish expert in his field -- on printed fanzines, and a long, and, to me at least, extremely dull column by Ted Johnstone, about an airplane ride. I have nothing against fannish reminiscences, but this time Warner's was the only one I liked. Rating...4

PHANTASIA #2 (David McCarroll, 644 Ave. C, Boulder City, Nevada - no price or schedule that I can find) For a fanzine containing material by Harry Warner, Marion Z. Bradley and John Berry, this one has a remarkably mild impact. I guess an editor has to do something more than just write BNFs for material. A very bad piece of fiction by Bud Berg also interferes with my appreciation, but still.....Warner asks for more originality in promags, MZB writes a very nice eulogy for Henry Kuttner and Berry talks about reproduction (of fans, not fanzines). Actually, I can't pin down any good reason for my complete apathy towards the zine, so you might as well ask for a copy; maybe it's great stuff. But I'm afraid that I don't think so. Rating...3

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #45 (Al Lewis, 960 1/2 White Knoll Dr., Los Angeles 12, Calif. - monthly - no price listed) Wally Weber writes on the Westeron, Marion Bradley takes issue with a previously published Bloch article, "Eustace Plunkett" reviews fanzines, there is a record of a tape recorded question and answer session with Ray Bradbury, and various California fans write about various other California fans. Reproduction is much improved this issue. Pleasant. Rating...5

FIJAGH #3 (Dick Ellington, P.O. Box 104, Cooper Station, New York 3, N.Y. - irregular - don't ask me how to get it; I just got on the mailing list myself and I'm not even sure why) It's worth trying to get, anyway...everything in it, from the fillers reprinted from THE REALIST to the article on peyote by Bill Donaho, is entertaining. Best item -- again -- is by Harry Warner, which says more about people than all of fandom's speculative philosophy. Rating...9



FRIGHTFUL EMPLOYMENT

—by—herbert beach



The somber silence of the stygian black tomb was broken by a sharp creaking noise as long white fingers pushed the lid back from the coffin. A figure slowly arose and moved to a small stand near the box. A scratching noise, a flash of flame, and the shadows retreated as a nubbin candle mounted on a human skull gave forth a flickering glow. Except for the unnatural white pallor of his skin, the figure thusly revealed was a good looking chap dressed in formal attire that charmed the ballrooms of two hundred years ago. Smoothing his mustache and adjusting his cape, the figure walked carefully among the spiderwebs that covered the dusty chamber and went up the stairway and into the light of the full moon.

Years ago, he mused to himself, this night would have been a perfect one for selecting a victim from the shuddering populace as they hid in their homes or hurriedly went from place to place, always looking over their shoulders. Unfortunately, this condition no longer prevailed; and what can you do with people who no longer believe that you exist? He shuddered at the thought of a couple years back when he tried the old way and waylaid that young woman in the darkened alleyway. A judo chop to the neck, a flip over her hip to the concrete, and then she beat him within an inch of his unnatural life with a high-heeled shoe. He shuddered again. Times change, and either one changes with them, or one perishes. Perhaps the way things were new weren't so bad at that; there were some compensations.

Gathering his cape around him, he floated out of the graveyard and then toward the city. The howl of a dog brought a brief smile to his lips; not all living things had forgotten his kind.

Reaching his destination, he entered the second floor window and moved down the hallway with an air of expectation. Opening the door he went in and sat down behind the desk. Yes, there it was as promised; and he drew forth a large bottle of the life-giving red fluid. Raising it to his lips, he let the contents pour down his throat with a deep and contented sigh. When the container was drained of its last drop, he reluctantly replaced it in the desk drawer, and sat back waiting to fulfill his end of the bargain.

Suddenly a large red eye of light stabbed out at him. Assuming his most winning smile, he faced it and in somber tones intoned, "Hello again, kiddies, and welcome to the Channel 11 Horror Show..."

Stfnitions by Martin Helgesen

PSYCHOTIC.....insane insect	SATA.....a mythical demigod
SIGBO.....request for cigarette	PROFANITY.....professional egotism
TWIG.....or tweet	GRUE....opposite of shrank
HYPHEN.....fans who have had too much bheer	
TRICDE.....advice to poet who cannot write sonnet	

The World of Null-F

~~a column by~~ MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY

I first became aware of the existence of Tibet through the novels of Talbot Mundy. This is no fault of my geography teacher. It is hard to get interested in a geography book's average description of a country one has never seen and probably never will see, except as background to an interesting book of some sort or other. The recent re-appearance of Tibet in the news, however, was of great interest to me; because there was a period of time when, as background to these Talbot Mundy novels which had excited my interest, I read everything I could find about that curious country on the roof of the world.

I don't know precisely what first attracted me in the Mundy novels about Tibet. Maybe it was the snow and ice, the thought of impassable mountains shutting off an unknown world. I think myself it may have been the curious isolation of such expeditions as those made by Jimgrim and Ramsden in "The Devil's Guard". After all, tales of polar exploration fascinated me, long before I had become interested in strange stories of men marooned on Mars. So perhaps the fascination in Tibet was the thought of human courage against almost unimaginable odds. Against such a bleak and barren setting, the basic plot of man against nature is repeated again and again.

But this is, of course, a minor point of psychology and has nothing to do with book reviewing as such. Those who have been intrigued by similar tales and who would like to change off and read some genuine real-life adventures for a while, will possibly get the same kick I did out of reading "Out of This World -- Into Forbidden Tibet", an Avon book by the news commentator Lowell Thomas and his son Lowell Junior, who in 1950 or thereabouts travelled to Lhasa and met the Dalai Lama.

They travelled in all the luxury and comfort which the mid-twentieth century can give its own, of course. In the Appendix, there is even a complete list of everything which you should take with you, should you wish to go and do likewise. But when you travel into Tibet, despite air mattresses, canned pineapple and a radio set, you still leave most of the 20th century behind. The roads will not permit any possible incursion of the motor age; the car, truck or jeep isn't built that will cross the Himalayas to Tibet. Airplanes will -- but the Tibetans have uncompromisingly refused the machine age. They don't want progress. (Maybe the Russians will succeed in cramming it down their throats; no one knows. Perhaps, with modern medicine and foodstuffs, they can even make the machine age palatable to the unworldly Buddhists of Tibet. But this is politics, and, like psychology, has nothing to do with book reviewing.)

The point is this; even in mid-Twentieth century, with all the luxuries and comforts of 1950, when you go into Tibet you ride or you walk -- period. You leave civilization at the barrier of the Himalayas and almost literally travel into the past.

So that even this ultra-modern expedition, by a man who is part and parcel of the radio and TV age, has a sort of pre-civilized charm.

No such luxuries were the portion of Madame Alexandra David-Neel, whose book "Magic and Mystery in Tibet" has just been re-issued by University Press. Around the turn of the century Madame David-Neel, a resourceful and courageous Belgian woman who wished to visit Tibet and study the traditions and customs of Tibet's peculiar branch of Buddhism, found all official roads closed. She attempted several times to cross the border, and was turned back. She applied for a permit and was refused. In the end she disguised herself as an elderly Tibetan-Chinese woman, and went anyhow, with her son disguised as a young Tibetan. This was certainly the cheapest European expedition into Tibet ever recorded, for the two literally lived off the country, begging their way as an elderly people are privileged to do in many Buddhist countries. Perhaps no other European, and certainly no other white woman, ever had such a unique opportunity to study the country. Some readers will be skeptical about her accounts of the magic and sorcery of the lamas (though anthropologists have recounted enough examples of fire-walking and the like; to find them more credible than her turn-of-the-century audience did), but no one will be insensible to the charm and courage of this resourceful woman.

Tibet is now closed to Europeans, but lying alongside Tibet, the almost as high, almost as forbidding country of Nepal has been entered several times in the last few years by mountaineering expeditions, two of which have produced surprisingly good books. One of these is "Annapurna", written by Maurice Herzog, who in 1952 climbed the mountain of that name with a French expedition. I am not sure, moreover, whether Herzog wrote the book unassisted or whether he told the story to a ghost writer of extraordinary skill; in any case, it is a book in whose pages it is easy to become lost. It has a most indescribable quality of induced empathy. All the people of the expedition stand out as individual characters in a way very rare for a travel book; it is perhaps a paradox to say that they seem as real as characters in a very good novel.

This isn't as much of a paradox as it seems. Most writers -- when writing of living people -- tend to respect their privacy and to tell what they did without giving much personal insight into what sort of people they are. The average travel book or account of an expedition simply tells what was achieved and how. The best way to judge "Annapurna" is to read Sir John Hunt's "The Conquest Of Everest". On June 3rd, 1953, his companions Hillary and Tenzing climbed the summit of the highest mountain; but in all the wealth of technical detail about the surmounting of slopes, grades and pitches, the sanitary arrangements in the camps, and the manner in which they experimented with open and closed oxygen circuits, the men are lost. Except in the photographs which adorn the book, it is impossible to discover what sort of men they were -- John Hunt, Edmund Hillary, Tenzing, and the twenty or thirty others. On the contrary, all of Maurice Herzog's companions on the Annapurna expedition are drawn with such distinctness that I honestly feel I should know any one of them if I met him in the street. (And I ought to add that they are the sort of people I should like very much to know -- if I could think of any good reason why they would be interested in knowing me; Such books give me a sly pinch in the inferiority complex.) This intimacy of writing adds a sort of horror, however, an extra poignancy and grief to the story -- for Herzog was severely injur-

ed on the expedition, and the knowledge that these are not just very vividly drawn characters in a novel, but real men who suffered these ghastly things, makes the book an almost painful reading experience. For me, at least.

My vivid sympathy and sense of acquaintance with all the members of Herzog's Annapurna expedition, led me to read "Starlight And Storm", by Gaston Rebuffat -- one of the four men who reached Camp VI on that expedition. In this, a fairly elementary book about climbing, this member of the Chamonix Guides first gives the elementary technical points of how to climb, either on rock or on ice; what equipment is needed; how to get into training, even how to dress for various heights; then, in the second half of the book, tells of his own experience on six of the most famous and difficult Alpine climbs. (E.P. Dutton & Co., 1957)

And for the benefit of those who used to read the old "Story Behind The Story" departments in the old STARTLING STORIES, here I'll come out with a story-behind-the-story of my own. Before someone does a smart piece of detective work, I'll confess frankly that it was my passionate interest in these books which led me to incorporate a mountain climbing sequence in THE PLANET SAVERS (AMAZING STORIES sometime last year). I also confess that I hoped that whoever illustrated the story would choose one of the mountaineering sequences for an illustration. Sure enough, he did. But in such a fashion that I doubt if anyone, looking at the illustration, and -- in the manner of our picture-happy civilization, reading the story in the light of the picture -- could figure out the lay of the land, or the topography I so carefully mapped for the crossing of the trailmen's bridge. One picture, says a particularly objectionable cliché, is worth a thousand words. You bet! Because -- seeing that picture -- even I, who wrote the story and mapped the terrain, still find myself NOW visualizing that scene as the artist drew it -- namely, at the edge of a cliff. And I doubt if Edmund Hillary in company with a whole expedition of guides could surmount the obstacles in that picture.

So if anybody is interested, I'll draw you a picture of how Kyla really got across that bridge.

Meanwhile, will someone go out and strangle me an artist?

A newspaper clipping, which Gene DeWoese claims was sent him by James Adams, reads as follows: "GIVE A PINT OF BLOOD OCT. 6TH - Receive 250 TV stamps - Red Cross Blood Bank". I don't know about you, but to me this seems to be the ultimate in trading stamps. RSC

"The Western Pacific; Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; and Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroads have a very peculiar insistence on cleanliness, and they feel passenger trains should all be washed once a day, whether they have reached their final destination or not." G. Scithers

From "What Your Name Means", a newspaper column:

"Would like information on FANNING" - N.B.

"The Fannings are an English family of Norman-French origin. Their name began as 'Painin', the French spelling of the Latin word 'Paganus'."item reported by Don Franson

"The dining car menu lists "Romaine sliced beats"...evidently the California Zephyr is doing its part to rid the world of the beard & beret set."Scithers, again.

GRUMBLINGS

ALAN DODD, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts, England - About that MAMMON piece of mine - what makes James Adams think it was fiction? Let him come here, revolutionary sword and all and I'll soon show him this little metal tube. Tell him to bring three egg timers while he's at it.

It's a funny thing - presumably Jim sent all the copies of MAMMON out at the same time - yet you had time to read it, mention to me about my article, post your letter which arrived here and I read it -- all before MY copy of MAMMON actually arrived!! How about that then??

/It still can't beat the YANDRO that took 6 weeks to travel from Anderson to Indianapolis (30 miles, for you non-Hoosiers). RSC/

I brought back countless memories of both Spain and Morocco -- but there are too many to get into a column I think - I saw so much, but if you think there are any particular subjects that would form the basis of interest for one let me know what you'd like to know and I can incorporate them into a suitable article. I don't want to ramble through everything but if you can think of any alien facets that would be of interest specially - mention them and I'll work something out.

/Okay, readers; anything you want to hear about glamorous Spain? You write me, I'll pass it along to Alan -- and Alan will probably inform me that he doesn't visit that sort of establishment. RSC/

All the films in Spain are dubbed in Spanish because the literacy rate isn't high enough for subtitles.

Do I detect from YANDRO that the expression "Keep your pecker up" is not one used in polite society then, since you stress it is used so here? I see nothing offensive in our rendition of it. A bird has a beak which it eats with - well, what is the process called when it eats? It's called pecking isn't it? Well, if you peck - then the thing you pecked with - the beak - is called the pecker. And "Keep your pecker up" simply means "Keep your chin up". Of course if pecker in the US has a different meaning then so will the expression.

/I sent Alan the Midwestern slang definition of "pecker" via first class mail -- in a plain envelope. I won't repeat it here; I only hope there are no dirty-minded postal inspectors reading this as it is. RSC/

BOB SMITH, 1 Timor St., Puckapunyal, Victoria, Australia - I couldn't help having a chuckle when reading of yours and Barbi Johnson's adventures with 'idiotic phrases' - you should see (or rather, hear!) the way English gets messed up here in Australia! We too use "I'm waiting on..." for "I'm waiting for...", also "Now wait on..." for "Now, hold on a minute...". A real "bobbydazzler" is "I'm waiting on him to come good...."; that is, "I'm waiting on him to pay up, come across, etc." An Americanism that had me focled for ages was "alright already"!

Ah yes, carbon tetrachloride: I too have had my struggles with this insidious stuff - it's used a fair bit for cleaning in my business, and it's given me headaches at times. That was a most interesting and informative letter.

The only "sour grape" in the YANDRO bunch this time was, to me any-

way, the letter from Johnny Bowles. Buddhism is more than just another religion to me, it's my wife's religion - she is Japanese. Although it doesn't make a lot of noise about how good it is compared to those other "atheistic religions", Buddhism seems to spread a sort of "peace of mind" where ever it settles, and I thought Johnny Bowles' kind of people were at a minimum these days.

#78 was my first meeting with Marion Zimmer Bradley outside of the prozines, and I like what she has to say. Bob Tucker's combination of interest, humour, and information is always welcome. Couldn't get het up over Scithers' "A Fanartist At Work" but the Clark and DeWeese items were good.

/Good old Australian slang....most of my acquaintance with it comes via music and a few novels: "A pannakin of flour and a sheet of bark, To wallop up a damper in the dark"...."And there he sat and whipped the cat" -- now there's a phrase for you! Is it still used? RSC/

ETHEL LINDSAY, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England

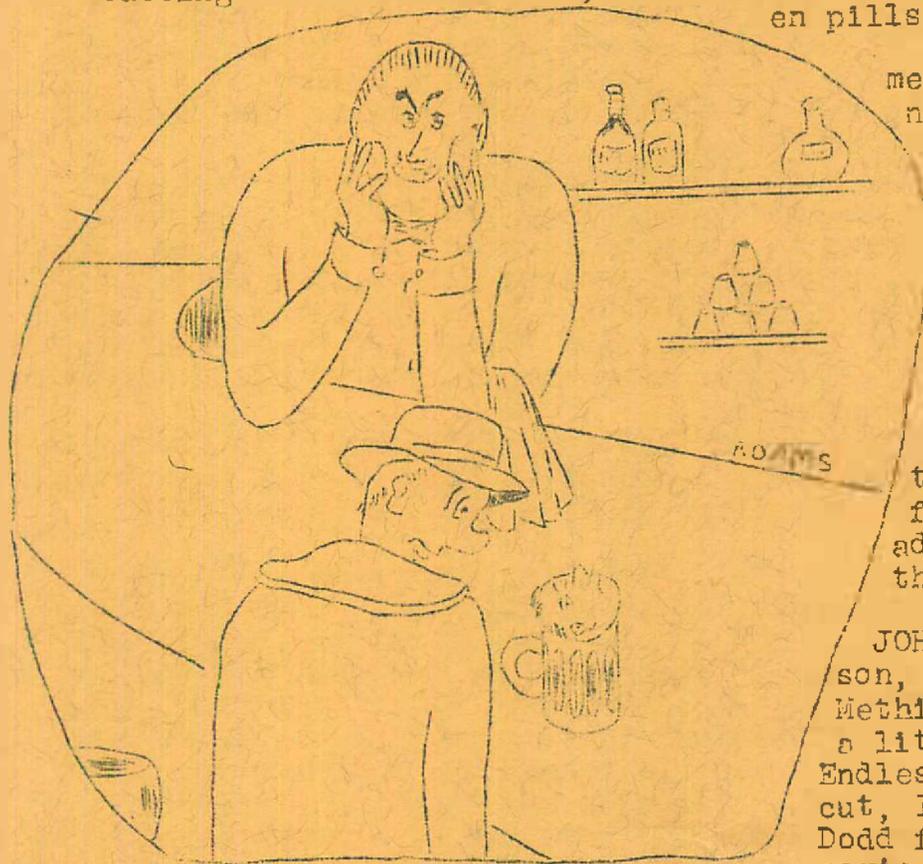
Bob is lucky that he only gets bored with that type of social chit-chat at someone's anniversary. I have to sit through it every day of my life practically. In the hospital diningroom, the Sisters share a table, and the polite conversation is whitening my hair before its time.

"Cutting the Cord" was fun, and I could easily give you another dozen pills.

"The Endless Cycle" made me think with a thunk - but nothing constructive came out - except a giggle.

Very appreciative of Bob's attitude to criticism of neofans, and agree with his sentiments heartily. The older we get, the more we are tempted to blast at youth -- and it's the easy way out. Besides they get over the youthful stage so quickly nowadays, I'd hate to hurry them up any more.

JOHN TRIMBLE, 5201 E. Carson, Long Beach 8, Calif. - Methinks Les Gerber reached a little far out for his "The Endless Cycle", but it was/is cut, I s'pose. And then Alan Dodd follows along with his movie column. Which turns out to be not bad a'tall this time. If Alan will stick to



"Look, friend, you said 'put a head on it'."

this backgrounding, and skip the reviewing of a bunch of lousy horror films e' la Ackerman, he'll be herding an up-coming column.

Bit more on Vorzimer. I only met him once (shortly before he gaffiated), and read not too terribly much of his stuff. I was quite the neo then, and so my recollections are probably not the best of things. However, Vorzy appears in my memory as a junior version of Harlan Ellison. Like, maybe, not loud enough and vibrantly alive enough to make it come off, as Harlan has succeeded in doing. And probably not as much on-the-ball as HE, or as right (you may debate as to whether HE is "right", but he is, for himself, and that's what'll drive him to the top -- or what he sees as the top).

Well well, I see that General Semantics is in the letter column. Or, no, that's Pvt. Noocey Bratmon, isn't it? I was a little misled by the misleading double-talk (or so it looked to a poor uneducated clot like me) in MAB's letter. When someone (even TCarr) writes in with the attitude of "I'm going to tell this guy off...", someone is bound to jump him. So Bjo did. I was about to when I mentioned it to her and found that she already had. Griminy, I'd probably do that even with something like... oh, say MUZZY (gleep!), because I don't care for the attitude.

ALAN BURNS, Goldspink House, Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2, England - Thanks for the YANDRO for August, have just come back from holiday on the Red side of the Iron Curtain (in Jugoslavia) and it's nice to read something civilized that shows freedom of thought, although in Tito's country there doesn't seem to be much thought to have freedom of -- oh well.

May I delicately enquire, Juanita, why you do canning and preserving at home, don't you have stores out your way? Whilst admitting that nothing is nicer than home-made jams and such, in my opinion the effort is just not worth it, the most that is ever done in that way in our house is the making of a little jam.

/All us Hoosiers do our own canning....home canning is a Way of Life. (And I may need some preservative when Juanita reads that line...) RSC/

What satisfaction is there in possessing a Revolutionary War sword, Bob? I mean you can't do anything with it, therefore it isn't utilitarian, and it has not a scrap of beauty and to my mind is quite non-contributory to egoboo.

/I can use it to chop off the heads of people who question my judgement; come over here and I'll show you how utilitarian it is. RSC/



"No - someone has to go out and repair the rocket tube."

Regarding "Cutting The Cord" I recall a story in one of the lesser prozines about that. Seems the crewmen on the first interstellar expedition lived so much on pills and distilled water that when they returned to Terra they had all developed allergies to everything and had to spend the rest of their lives living on pills and distilled water.

The endless cycle -- yes, it probably would.

ROBERT N. LAMBECK, 368 Helston Rd., Birmingham, Michigan -- That cartoon at the top of the contents page is cute.

CUTTING THE CORD is interesting. I wonder what the spacemen will use to wash the pills down, if they are the type that can't just swallow them.

/Well, I believe it was Willy Ley who mentioned that atomic rockets would probably use water as "propellant". RSC/

Leslie Gerber brings up an interesting point. I suppose that a fan-nish case going to court would definitely need a "bi-lingual dictionary" of sorts. Another use for the Fancyclopedia II.

I suppose that Deckinger is correct in stating that reviewers are human...most of them, anyway.

Barbi's drawing on page 16 is very nice. It looks sort of like a cross between a human and a deer, and a better combination I can't think of.

The 3 Twin problem: C and A don't have to be the same to start with. The requirement is that C and B are the same when they pass each other.

DONALD FRANSON, 6543 Babcock Ave., No. Hollywood, Calif. -- The article on space pills by "The Count" was dag-gone good, especially the punch-line. I hope Gerber's article will make for peace rather than stir up additional trouble. /Well, the Dietzes liked it. RSC/

Mike Deckinger's article on reviewing is well-thought-out and well-written but is absolutely wrong, unless you agree with H.L. Gold that a review is an advertisement for the book. But Damon Knight says that it is constructive, not destructive, to pan a bad book, and a critic is useful both to the author and the reader if he denounces something he thinks is bad. A good article, but it deserves rebuttal by the Knight faction.

And why should something "poorly done and extremely childish" be recommended for children as "good and worth seeing"? You don't recommend for them food "poorly cooked and un nourishing" do you?

/Nice analogy, but invalid. A reviewer is supposed to talk about what you like, not what's good for you. RSC/

LESLIE GERBER, 201 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn 26, N.Y. -- "Count von Liebfraumlilch" doesn't have an appropriate meaning for the article. I have a suggestion, though. If they can condense food into a pill, why can't they condense all those pills into a pill? /But could you swallow it?/

I can't bring myself to agree with Mike Deckinger. Having been a reviewer at one time, but an unimportant one, I can vouch from personal experience that it is easy to review any book either way, but I disagree with Mike's conclusions. I've always felt that a reviewer should be honest above all, even keeping the readership in mind. A reviewer, ideally, should try to raise the standards of a low-class audience, and

while he could honestly say "You will enjoy this", he should never say that it's good if it isn't.

/This, ideally, calls for a lot of tact. That is, the reviewer can't just say "Well, this is actually a pretty bad book, but you clods out there will probably like it anyway." RSC/

I think I'm qualified to testify on the unwisdom of picking on young neos. I was a young neo (I may still be; I'm still young, anyway) and I made plenty of mistakes, but you, F.M. Busby, and a few others, rather than ridicule me in public, wrote privately to me and tried to explain what I shouldn't have been doing. If I'd been ridiculed as a neo, I probably would have dropped out quickly. I'm not saying it would have been fandom's loss, but it certainly would have been mine.

Dan wasn't really attacked with squirt guns; it was very hot and we were just trying to help him cool off. Dan's out a year off my age. I'm 15 and I'll be 16 in November.

Anthony Boucher, who normally dislikes Ian Fleming, had nice words for "Goldfinger", too.

Beatniks, I'm informed, have written some pretty fine stuff, although I've never read any of it. A primary reason for this is that most of what is supposed to be the best beatnik writing is unprintable (that is, the law won't allow them to print it). Someday I'll get to read some of this stuff, and if it is good, I'll say it should be published and maybe even print some of it myself.

/Gee...an intellectual juvenile delinquent.... RSC/

I have another idea for clearing up the backlog. Why don't you get an elite typer?

/That's the most expensive suggestion yet. Seriously, I'm looking -- not too hard -- for an old typewriter to be used exclusively for stereo-cil-cutting. Price is more the object here than typeface, but if it turns out to be elite I won't object. (Of course, right now I can't afford anything, but some day....RSC/

Hollywood (or at least one producer) may be turning out good s-f movies soon. Forry Ackerman was in New York and came to the last Metro-fen meeting. I asked him if he knew about the future of "The Demolished Man" as a movie, and he said it had been bought by John Payne and will be filmed with Payne as producer and possibly director. He also said that Payne is an avid s-f reader and that he is planning to retire as an actor and start producing movies, probably exclusively films made out of good s-f novels. There's hope yet, friends! If you don't trust his taste, look at his first pick.

/I'll wait to see his first pick. "Who Goes There?" was a wonderful story, but "The Thing", which was supposedly based on it, was a long way from being a wonderful movie. RSC/

Will it be considered goofing off if I say GMC is sinful and YANDRO is sinful = Connor is sinful & religion is sinful & smoking in bed is sinful & smoking is sinful & being in bed is sinful &... Seriously, I can't understand why a Sunrise Service is nearly as "pagan" as the brand of authorized Christianity practiced by the pre-Civil War American slaves, the inhabitants of various Pacific Islands in the past and even in the present (the best evidence I have of this is the account given in "Ahu-Ahu" of the present-day "Christian" worship of the Easter Island natives), and indeed the "Christianity" practiced by almost all convert-

ed groups (not individuals) of "pagans", which, although merely the same primitive religion with "Jesus" substituted for "Ug" or whoever the former god happened to be, is usually sanctioned and regarded as the same Christianity.

VIC RYAN, 2160 Sylvan Rd., Springfield, Illinois - Mike Deckinger's article was very good, and well written. It showed a lot of thought. Probably the best item in the issue. But a reviewer can only give his own opinions, which he can readily determine...how can he speak for his entire audience? Mike has the point that you appeal to your audience. All right. But you can't appeal to everyone. You have to state the contents/material, and give your opinion.

I see you feel much the same about Manka's reviews in FANVIEW as I do. I'm confused half the time. I can't see why the things are called critiques; Manka doesn't even tell what the contents are, just uses the stories as vehicles for hid puns. He can't be all bad, tho; he likes my book reviews.

BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif. - Would Count von Liebfraumilch be Don Franson, by any chance? It sounds like something he would write, even to the ending. Obliquely on the subject, I was pawing my way through the local newspaper the other day, when I ran across something of stff-ish interest in, to my utter surprise, the women's section (& don't make snide remarks about me looking through that part of the paper; it's usually the most humorous section of all!) Here was this article about how the ideal space-ship crew may be two men and a woman, complete with cartoon heading of two short be-spacesulted space pioneers, leering at a woman, dressed in much the same things as the gal on this issue's cover, who stands at least 2 feet higher than them. The gist of the article was then men Get Lonely in Outer Space, and that a woman along may, er, help them overcome their repressions and boredom. The woman who was writing the article sounded as if she was drawing her information from some popular science article, and she had the overtone of utter horror at the very thought of the whole thing. I think it's a good idea, myself.

/I would hope the ratio of females is better than 1:2; I can get awfully lonesome.....RSC/

Anyway, I liked the article.

Which is more than I can say for this abomination of Leslie Gerber's. Although parts of it could happen (most notably, having to prepare a junior FANCY for the jury), the whole thing is highly improbable. Is this the first piece of faan fiction that's ever appeared in Y, Buck? If so, I'd suggest you drop it again unless something slightly less obnoxious comes along.

Dodd was very interesting this time. I must admit that I was appalled at the way the local advertising for this film "The Fiend Who Walked The West" was handled.

Deckinger's article is just as ridiculous as the one it's meant to supplement. In the first place, his line about how "reviewers should realize...that it is not their job to give their own candid opinions of how they felt about the object of their review, but how they consider their readers will feel" is a completely foolish one for fanzine reviewing. Ad-

mitted, that the adult reviewer of films or books for a children's mag should follow this rule, but it just isn't necessary for fanzine reviewing. It's quite impossible to slant your reviews that way when you're writing for a general fanzine, since all manner of fans will get the zine and read the review. It isn't a case of fandom being split into, say, a situation where this "A" group of fans will receive fanzines A, B and C, while group "B" will not receive them, but will get fanzines X, Y, and Z, which group A will not get.

/I'm not too sure about that. Oh, of course there is considerable overlapping, but there will be a considerable variation between the mailing lists of, say, YANDRO and AURA on one hand, and FANAC and VOID on the other. (I can back this up; at least 50% of the people who voted in the FANAC poll early this year had never received a copy of YANDRO in their lives and I know of several YANDRO readers who do not receive any other fanzines.) Of course, I picked a fairly extreme situation, but slanting is possible.....actually, it isn't so much a case of deliberate slanting for a specific audience as it is of reviewers picking magazines to write for (or editors picking reviewers) where the opinions of the audience and the reviewer coincide. RSC/

Seth Johnson makes somewhat of a point with his comment about a femme fan who "resorts to some form of correspondence to substitute or sublimate her lacking sex life", but actually, fandom would seem to be just one of those ways. A look at the abominably obese, hatchet-faced women who romp through the social section of the newspapers is enough to convince me that half of them (at the very least) are using this method of activity for just the same purpose.

This Bjo illo on page 15 is one of the best I've seen where she represents herself. She does look like that, from that angle, with the exception of the longish hair. And Juanita is one of the few who can really do justice to the stencilling of Bjo's work, besides Bjo herself.

SENSITIVE DICK SCHULTZ, 19169 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan - What is so rare as a fanzine with no aspirations of becoming a focal point? A neo-fan with no Great Plans for his Quick Rise to BNF-hood.

To which I have to plead innocence. For I too have Great Plans. A logical one, too. Listen closely; it's the secret of success.

All I have to do is to stay active in fanzine, and maybe con, fandom for six years. If in that length of time I haven't made myself obnoxious to everyone in fandom, I will be a WKF. Because only the BNFs and Dedicated Souls would stay in fandom that long. Too many neos want to become BNFs in a year or so, and become bitter when they aren't. (I'm bitter already.)

/A good plan, and I can personally guarantee that it works....if you won't object to some advice from One Who Knows, marrying a fan-editor who likes to crank a mimeo doesn't hurt a bit, either. RSC/

Vo be der Count vom (NOT VON, STUPID! LIEBFRAUMLICH IS RHENISH. AND VON IS INCORRECT. UNLESS YOU'RE A 6TH GENERATION DEUTSCHEMAN. THEN I COULD ESCUSE YOU. DUMMKOPF!) Liebfraumlch? Sounds like a WKF like you or Archie Mercer or Earl Kemp. /Like me or Mercer, maybe, but definitely not like Kemp. Earl is much to nice a guy to be Liebfraumlch. RSC/

Leslie Gerber has talent.

"Sex starved" in a woman is a misnomer. No female need be lacking in

that commodity. In the Army, I found guys who'd take on anything with skirts except a Scotsman. And sometimes I wondered.... But the ugliest of women can find someone, easily, if they want to. The "sex starved" woman is one who is afraid to. See your local headshrinker for at least twenty dozen inhibitions he's found in women about sex.

Agreed, but it has no bearing on whether or not there are sex starved femmefans. I've never met an inhibited femmefan, but there must be some/

I've felt facetious all day long. And she's getting tired of it, too. If you want to, I can write a 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ page effort or more (please, more) in which I could pick beatnickism apart. Intelligently, giving a complete reason for each and every statement. Like: Beats are neo-conformists, not non-conformists. To be a "beat", you have definite rules to follow. You must "rebel" by wearing soiled, or at least "out" clothes. You must speak the idiom, or at least one no one but you can fully understand. But be sure to speak a "weird one" language as if it's "too good for the clods". You must experience, or pretend you have experienced a type of illegal or immoral sense heightener of some kind. Alcohol is generally permissable as a beat rebellion symbol. But you must use something to rebel with.

The music ~~and~~ literature that "sends" you is definitely outlined. To "dig" or enjoy anything other than what is allowed automatically puts you in Coventry. Usually for the length of time it takes you to get in-to print, in a beat fanzine (yes, FANZINE) usually, about how "hicksville" your ex deviation is. Or was.

To be promiscuous, or at least say so, is generally required. The an "expensive habit" will sometimes incapacitate you for anything but a "kick" or two.

Thievery, hoodlumism, mugging, near anything is socially acceptable. To have to stoop to such a thing is common among bums like these, so they make it "cool". In fact, to be independently wealthy is a stigma. Something to hide. Any writers, artists, accepted in the "square" world always does do under a carefully concealed pen name. If one of these aliases is discovered, the excuse that he or she has to make a living is not considered good enough. You should steal before you work!

Naturally, bumping cross-country is the thing to do if one wishes to move.

Beards are desired by the males. Sometimes to the extent of wearing false side-whiskers and/or moustache. (Sometimes a fem or two has a better beard than the males.)

No one, but no one, wears new levis. Only faded ones, please.

A rebuttal about your bit on the con site voting. There were some 45 or 50 Detroit area fans. I knew that fandom even existed. I, myself, met four out-of-state people who knew nix about fandom. So God alone knows how many came to the con strictly from promag ads. And some of 'em, at least, got in the voting without even knowing the contending cities' names till the last moment. It is for those that the speeches were made.

/Anyone who made up his mind on the basis of those speeches should have his head examined. At least, the formalities could have been cut down a bit. RSC/

Actually, the NZF has a right to be sensitive. We treat them like the mundane world treated stf fans in the thirties.

BOWD RAEBURN, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 15, Canada - Gerber's item shows some talent, although having Kyle use "fanspeak" is very bad characterization, even though a large part of his item hangs on this. Another big mistake is having FANAC talk about "an attempt to ruin the organization of fandom and to take over as the heads of fanzine fandom". Carr and Ellik would never be guilty of such muddled thinking. In my weakened state I'm just not up to tackling the idiocies in Deckinger's "Reviewers Are Human" and in any case, Boggs does a pretty good job in #50.

Re Vorzimer, your "typical conceited teenager, full of criticism and empty of knowledge" covers it pretty well, but to this must be added "belligerent". Perhaps Vorzimer's conceit and belligerence were the reason for his apparent stupidity. He was very prone to misunderstand simple, straightforward statements by others, and on the basis of this misunderstanding launch into tirades. Any effort by well-meaning friends to put him straight on anything merely brought the Vorzimer wrath on their heads also, with the result that Vorzimer was fighting just about everybody. All this made ABSTRACT a very lively magazine. I don't think that fandom has since had such a consistently entertaining fugghead.

I'm not going to argue definitions of "censorship" with Martin Helgesen. Dictionaries are easily accessible, and, as I said before, there's no point arguing with him when he makes up his own definitions to suit himself, for only by making up his own definition for the word can he class secular education as "censorship". Sure, any parents who don't want their children to take part in class prayer can have them excused by sending a note to the teacher. These kids are thus proclaimed to be "different" and prone to discrimination and possible abuse by their happy little playmates. I'm not just theorizing here. I've noticed several Jewish leaders writing with great concern on the subject, and citing actual examples.

As remarked previously, Boggs' letter was very good, but I quarrel with you, Buck, in your final comment on it. How can a "reviewer" tell his readers whether or not they will like a particular book, film, or whatever? His readers consist of people of widely varying taste, and what one may like, another may loathe.

/Naturally, no reviewer can please everyone. But a professional reviewer had better please the majority of his readers, or start looking for a new job. In fandom, it's mostly a case of deciding what faction you want to please, or at least finding a faction which agrees with your opinions. I could, for example, write fanzine reviews which would -- most of the time -- please people like White, Pauls, Benford, the Carrs, etc., and if somebody was paying me to write reviews for primarily this sort of audience, I'd do it. Since I'm writing them for the fun of it -- or as a reluctant obligation to editors who send me fanzines -- I write them to please myself and my friends, most of whom are fringe-fans. As I said, though, it's mostly a case, even in pro circles, of finding reviewers whose tastes agree with those of their principal audience, rather than trying to get someone to slant his reviews towards an audience whose taste he doesn't agree with personally. RSC/

Well, as usual, there are a lot of letters left over. Some of those that aren't dated too much by then will be in the next issue. Happy Hallowe'en.

A SORT OF CON-REPORT

BY—thomas stratton & son george—

Our trip to the Detention started a bit badly when Juanita Coulson mistook an oil refinery tower's lights for those of the convention hotel, and while the total absence of elevators wasn't any real surprise to an experienced convention-goer, the complete lack of a house detective seemed to indicate that something had indeed gone awry. Oddly enough, when we did find the hotel, it turned out that there wasn't any house detective there either, and it was with great difficulty that Juanita was finally persuaded to enter. It was a good deal more difficult to persuade Buck to come down off the ceiling when he found out what the hotel was charging for rooms, and if the hotel hadn't provided cheaper accommodations, we probably would have gone back to the oil refinery.

The high point of the convention was John W. Campbell's annual speech on Peonios (yes, there is so a John W. Campbell Sr.); during the height of the discussion, somebody attempted to throw a chair at Campbell and was teleported instantly ten feet into the air. He might have been their yet, but Theodore Cogswell so effectively proved that teleportation was impossible that the man came down rather suddenly. (Fortunately, he landed on Ed Wood, and so escaped injury.)

The bidding for the next convention site followed the usual lines; one group pointed out that although their city had been the site of innumerable conventions, this would be an entirely new affair since none of the convention committee had any experience. The other group explained that while their city had never put on a convention, their committee was possessed of a wealth of experience.

The third group won.

Harlan Ellison's performance as an auctioneer was unusually spirited: the convention committee was barely able to restrain him from getting so carried away with the spirit of the occasion as to sell tickets to his own lynching party and auction off the job of hangman.

While at previous conventions, such things as bathtubs, people, and other sundry impediments had been thrown from the hotel windows, this is doubtlessly the first one at which runes were cast from the windows. Poul Anderson was the principal caster.

The convention beer party was also a resounding success, since the committee, celebrating the discovery that they had not lost their shirts in putting on the convention, sent hordes of waiters, armed with pitchers of light and dark beer, to seek out beer drinkers and pour them full. So zealous were these waiters that they even got some into Ron Elik,

though two had to sit on the struggling squirrel while a third poured.

A group of conventioners, engaging in their usual sidewalk discussion of where to go to eat, had their talk broken off short by the local police, who mistook them for wishy-washy Communists. (It seems that Bob Briney was in the center of the group, and the police thought he was on a soapbox.....)

The success of the Auction Bloch at this convention was at least partially due to the presence of artist Ed Emshwiller. Auctioneer Sam Moscovitz brought up the idea that a bidder could buy the time of both Emsh and Ike Asimov, have Emsh do an original painting on Ike's back, then skin the beast and have a real con souvenir. This was all in good fun, of course, and Sam even suggested that for an extra fee he'd throw in Harlan Ellison's hide for use as a miniature.

I noticed that next day, Asimov was wincing whenever someone slapped him on the back, though.

The Detention Play spent a good deal of time on the subject of the Hieronomous Machine, but was brought to a tragic close shortly after Randy Garrett, playing the superman-type editor, had revealed the purpose of the machine. A violent explosion sent the actors scurrying for cover, and in the midst of the wreckage a ghostly cigarette holder was seen ascending towards the ceiling -- or possibly Heaven -- while a huge voice rumbled "Postage stamps, indeed!"

On the way to the convention, George Scithers became convinced that the city of Detroit was plotting to dispose of all the convention attendees by sending them through the tunnel to Canada. He did not become convinced of the sincerity of the city fathers until the hotel was actually reached.

George was last seen disappearing through a tunnel towards Canada, riding a wolverine.

One fannish advanced thinker became so stimulated by the intellectual discussion at a party that he became quite groggy, and had to be carried home by his father.

At one point, there were rumors that a fire had been started in the meeting room. Investigators pronounced the situation under control, however. The rumor had been started by a nervous fan's first encounter with one of Buck Coulson's asthma cigarettes.

Coulson also was quoted as saying that there is no truth to his previous suspicions about the existence of Djinn Faine. In an exclusive interview he made the following statement: "Boy, does she ever exist!" Following remarks were incoherent, sounding like "ubba-ubba-ubba-ubba".

"Christ? You mean J. Christ of biblical fame?" ...attributed by Gene DeWeese to one of his co-workers

It is dangerous to touch the river water in Central Africa.

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