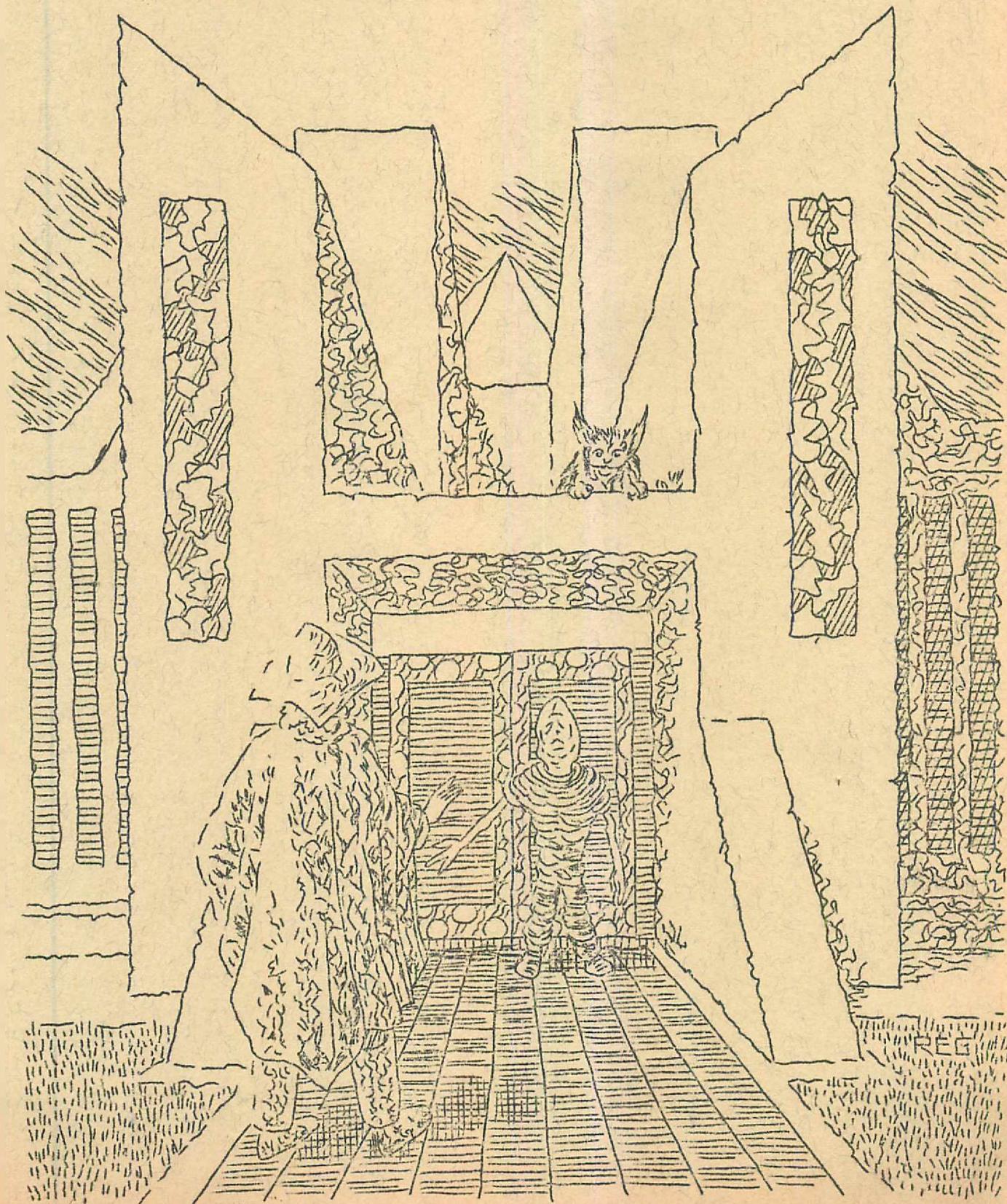


# YANDRO

#99



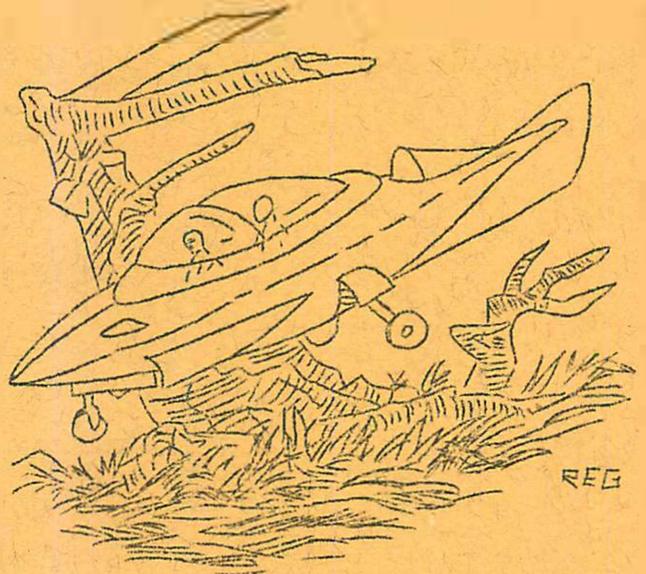


# YANDRO

april '61

#99

VOL. IX - NO. 4



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## ARTWORK

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| Page 1. . . . .           | Robert E. Gilbert | Page 13. . . . .  | Robert E. Gilbert |
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| Cover Lettering . . . . . | James R. Adams    | backover. . . . . | Dan Adkins        |

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Have you heard about the woman who just joined the Justice Society of America? She masquerades as a prostitute in the daytime and calls herself the "Red Light". . . . .the DeWeese family

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The above is our contribution to the comics trend in fanzines. RSC

-----  
"When two persons such as Messrs. Coulson and Deckinger can not conduct themselves as human beings, they can not certainly be called fit members of the human race." . . . .Jack Chalker, MIRAGE

-----  
But is being called a fit member of the human race much of a compliment at that? When you come right down to it, I don't know..... RSC



Quite probably, I will be burbling about Russians for a couple of months (be thankful you aren't part of the family or a long suffering friend who had to go through the same thing last fall). One of my college classes is study of three contemporary Russian Artists: Shostakovitch, Pasternak, and Chagall. And for another of my classes, I am permitted to do my required grad paper on a comparative analysis of the works of Pasternak and Dostoevsky (which is nice of the prof, seeing's I went through the

Dostoevsky mill in my previous class with her; it's a sort of you rub my back and I'll rub yours project - she wants the study done for her own information, and if I have to do a paper, I prefer to do one on a subject in which I have some interest.)

At any rate, in the process of research, I ran across more fuel for my previous arguments that people read into the artist's work things that aren't there. An article in, I believe, The Nation (my cards are at Anderson, so can't be positive) developed a long, involved analysis of the hidden symbolism in Doctor Zhivago, quite to some length, and occasionally so far-fetchedly they lost me completely. Some time later I came across a reporter describing his interview with Pasternak, in which the above mentioned article came up. Pasternak's general opinion seemed to be 'poppycock'; they were reading things into the work that were never there, but if they wanted to do so, of course that was their right, - just so long as they did not try to ascribe the things they found to his intent. The interviewing reporter went on to remark to Pasternak that this was probably simply evidence that here is such raw creative genius that he had incorporated these symbols and structures subconsciously, naturally. Pasternak's replying 'Bah!' was not noted, but I can well imagine it.

My mimeo seems to have developed a rather nasty quirk, and as yet I have not defeated same. You may notice, if you are as much of a bug in reproduction as I, that some of the upper right hand corners on some pages will be faint. Not all. This is anything but consistent. I have changed ink pads, slurped ink until I have black freckles, smoothed and cursed stencils and generally torn my hair. I have finally pinned down the difficulty to the fact that the stencil, after say forty or fifty revolutions, buckles slightly at that point, - result being on every third or fourth turn, it doesn't print. This can (sometimes) be corrected by either inkily pressing the stencil into place or pulling on the backing where it hooks on the drum to straighten the thing out - but this must be done every single time, and this gets a little wearing with a 165 copy run. My next effort will be realigning the ink pad a bit. This just prior to running the editorials - and if that doesn't help, I give up.

Tackett, neither one of us should live in Indiana. I have galloping sinus difficulties, the which have been driving me nuts for three weeks now (it's the type that sits there and hurts, rather than draining or dripping or whatever). And yes, I have heard about Dristan, and

it doesn't do anything but make me sick at my stomach - which is rather surprising, since relatively few things, medicine or otherwise, will. Haysma (and presumably other ephedrine patent medicines) are quite effective for clearing up the sinus trouble, but unfortunately, while they are doing this, I can't do much but collapse in a chair and shake like mad, heart pounding and eyes popping.

My lit teacher can get a bit sneaky at times. The Reading Seminar supposedly implies one can choose whatever books and periods strike one's fancy. But apparently she can't get anyone to read 17th and 18th Century stuff (per personal pet, she did her doctorate on the period), so she assigned Tom Jones as one of the three we must read for class. The other two? Crime and Punishment and The Stranger. I do not get out of part of it simply because I've read Crime and Punishment, but must substitute a 'comparable work' - which will be pretty difficult, considering my passion and admiration for Dostoevsky. Why? Possibly because he was a nut, just like myself. Naturally, some of the characters in class are complaining about being assigned two 'big' books; she oughta really thrown 'em and assigned the Brothers Karamazov, or maybe Kristin Lavransdatter. Ah they don't write books like them any more...besides the paper shortage during the war killed that off (but no one gave Ayn Rand the word).

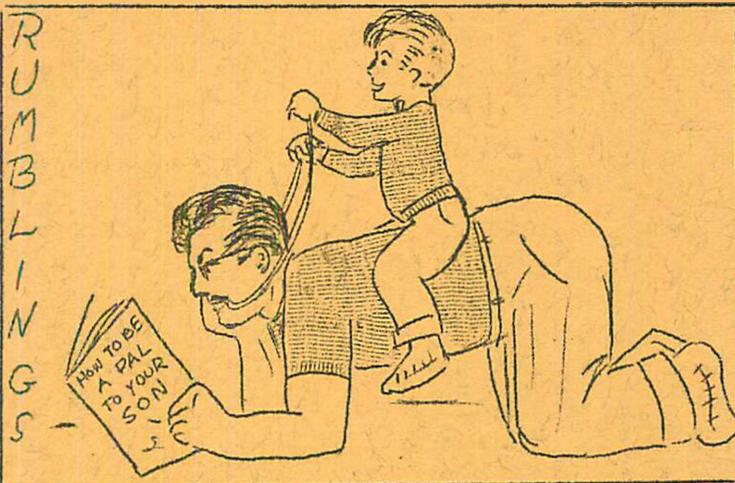
The third class is an Education class, and the less said the better,

The class on Contemporary Russian artists is complicated somewhat by the two garden-variety sophomoric pinks in the back of the room who want to argue political systems, failing to understand that art is art, and the music prof, for instance, is just as appalled by America's serious musicians being forced to write music scores for a living as state dictated musical monstrosities that sometimes come out of the USSR, one he cited being something called The Dnieper Dam. This sounds like a dilly; starting very softly with one held note by an oboe, and then gradually all the other instruments joining in (each on a different note), sustenuto and crescendo - still on the same note. Ten second pause. In comes the oboe again, one note, softly...etc., etc., etc. Urgh.

But one very nice thing about this class is the excuse to buy some records I always intended to get - someday. We aren't required to buy any, but the college's listening room is a farce, and besides, I've always wanted the Tchaikovsky symphonies. (They are assigned as background material that influenced Shostakowitch). But I must be a musical clod. I have listened faithfully, and I still like the 5th better than the much touted Pathetique

One of the books I read was The Prince, - nice thing about this class, it gives you an excuse to read things you probably have been intending to read for years. Frankly, I don't know why the shrieks of horror from my classmates, or indeed from supposedly intelligent people in casual conversation. You could go through the book substituting 'political head' for 'prince' and 'eliminate' for 'execute' and you would have a perfect description of any major government in the world today, no matter what it calls itself. Perhaps Niccolo was impolite in saying what is supposed to be whispered; oh well, exposés have always raised neck fur, and people seem no more honest now than they did in the renaissance.

And Uncle Alan, and other sterling types, it's a mite interesting to me that when I had to choose my rendition of Tchaikovsky's 5th, I ended up picking Sir Malcolm Sargent and the BBC Symphony over Stokowski....top drawer, those Britishers.....next slide, please.....JWC



Those readers interested in the latest developments of the Great Deckinger Controversy (religion; not bread stealing) should get MIRAGE (Jack Chalker, 5111 Liberty Heights Avenue, Baltimore 7, Maryland - 20¢) This came in after the fanzine reviews were done, but since Jack devotes a two-page editorial to the heinous crime of writing and publishing "Revelation", I thought the least I could do was mention the mag. Aside from these two pages

attacking us desecrators of Christianity, the magazine is devoted to the Elder Gods. (Oops, just a page on us; the second page of the editorial seems to be concerning Yog-Sothoth.)

If any of our fawning acolytes thinks about writing in defending me, my advice is not to bother.

Anybody out there see the debut of the tv show "Way Out"? This is an imitation "Twilight Zone", with Roald Dahl as writer-narrator. Compared to Serling, he's pretty flat on camera, but he's a good writer. The first show, starring Henry Jones in what I will always consider a parody of "Donovan's Brain", was excellent fantasy and the funniest thing I've seen on tv in a long time.

Next issue of YANDRO will be #100, and yes, it will be somewhat of a "special issue". Contributors lined up so far include Marion Zimmer Bradley, Dean Grennell, Alan Burns, Alan Dodd, Joe Sanders, Ricky Ertl, Giovanni Scognamillo, and we'll see who else turns up. Juanita is handling the artwork, so I don't know who's on deck there.

We had a fannish week recently. Kerry Dame arrived on Sunday and left Friday; she was in the process of moving from New Hampshire to Texas and visiting friends along the way. Then on Saturday afternoon Lee Tremper and Jim Lavell drove up from Indianapolis and stayed until quite late (partly because they couldn't get Jim's car started when they decided to leave.) Bruce hasn't been the same since...I'm not sure Kerry has, either, since her bout with the local telephone company.

Speaking of which, on April 16 our phone number will change to 563-2287. Direct dialling system (and boy, I can just imagine the foul-ups that will provide for awhile!) Incidentally, Kerry, in order to call her mother, Juanita now has to dial 112-317-64-25435. How's that for a number?

We just got assessed by a rather disappointed little man -- I don't know if he gets paid by a cut of the take or not, but he certainly seemed unhappy to find out that our car could not be assessed at \$165. Assessors have a rough time around here anyway; they apparently don't have any instructions covering books and we don't have much else for them to put down.

Go buy a book from Howard Devore. He's a nice man.

I now feel much better about not knowing what a Sevagram was; Harry Warner didn't know, either. (So there, Tucker; I'm not just an ignorant neofan, after all.)

Results of the Yandro Egoboo Poll this year will be published in a separate pamphlet, sent to the contributors mentioned and to the readers who returned their ballots. Maybe a short summary of the results will be in YANDRO for the benefit of the rest of you clods who didn't vote. (Don't ask me just when this will occur; we probably have received all the ballots we're going to, but with a VANDY and YANDRO's 100th issue both coming up next month I doubt that we'll get the poll results out then, too.)

Latest pb purchase is "If The South Had Won The Civil War" by MacKinlay Kantor (Bantam 35¢). Haven't read it yet, but it satisfies my desire for both fantasy and history. Haven't read it yet, but while I expect to enjoy it I doubt that it will be anything particularly memorable. Good fun, but there are so many speculations of the "what if?" variety on the Civil War that they've lost the attractiveness of originality (and it's hard to take any of them seriously after you've read Thurber's "If Grant Had Been Drinking At Appomattox"). Also, I've noticed one singular fact; all of these iffy stories concern the possibility of southern victory. Never have I seen one devoted to an alternate world in which Allan Pinkerton was never in charge of McClellan's intelligence service. Without Pinkerton's wild estimates of Confederate strength, McClellan's Peninsula campaign might have ended with the fall of Richmond in 1862. In fact, it probably would have ended that way; despite his natural caution about attacking, without Pinkerton's reports to fall back on, McClellan would have had to listen to the opinions of his own generals, and with a little more speed he could have rolled into Richmond practically unopposed. Could the south have withstood the loss of its capital? I doubt it; this was still the era when occupying the enemy's capital was considered a decisive move...Napoleon had been quite incensed a few years earlier when the Russians didn't follow the rules and surrender after he occupied Moscow. They weren't playing fair.

At any rate, a few signs of intelligence on the part of Union commanders could have shortened the war by years, and what sort of a nation would we have then? The south's power in congress would have been broken, but there would have been no Emancipation Proclamation, no reconstruction period, and Lincoln would probably have served two full terms as president before quietly retiring (and that alone would have incalculable effects on the country). Certainly the differences would be as great, or almost as great, as if the south had won; yet nobody ever speculates about it. (How about it, Tucker; why don't you do an alternate worlds novel in which the Civil War ended in 1862?)

Today is April 9, and at the moment there appears to be about an inch of snow on the ground, with more drifting down. And this was supposed to be a warm weekend....bah! (Also, since Bruce can't play outside, with the snow and all, he's playing inside, with me...I have to keep him out of Juanita's hair while she's running the mimeo. I don't mind a little of this, but I'd like to be able to shoo him outdoors every so often.)

We'll be seeing you next issue; and seeing some of you in person at the Midwestcon (I wonder if there are any cheap motels on Reading Rd?)

# THE MIND THING

a review by — ted pauls —

It was with some anticipation that I purchased this novel last week, my mind conjuring up fond old memories of Fredric Brown's "The Lights In The Sky Are Stars", "Martians, Go Home", and "Star Shine". I expected the Brown that I enjoyed years ago; nothing spectacular, but competent writing and the wonderful ability to hold the interest of the reader which is so much a part of the talent of most of the good writers in our field. When I finally put this book down after 149 pages, I was more than a little disappointed. Brown, I thought, had fallen apart in the years since I'd last read one of his books. Telling myself that my taste had changed didn't help; remembering his earlier works in an effort to forgive this one mistake didn't help; even flipping the pages fast while blinking my eyes didn't help. I was burdened by the conviction that this book was one of the worst wastes of talent I had ever run across.

Fredric Brown has never been a writer of Heinlein's caliber or of Asimov's, but that one talent -- the ability to hold the interest of the reader -- has always made his works among my favorites. In "The Mind Thing", I'm afraid that talent has deserted him. Now that it has gone, one begins to realize that Brown really doesn't have a terribly good writing style, even by science fiction standards, and when it is applied to one of the oldest plots in the field and some of the least logical and most contrived situations this side of "The White Hunter", it begins to look as if this novel actually has no reason for existence. This initial impression isn't too inaccurate, as it turns out, for there isn't even one facet of this novel which could be considered worthwhile; the characterization is excellent for the minor characters, but the characters who remain in the book to the end are cut from thin cardboard; there are enough contrived situations and reactions to make "The Mind Thing" nearly more of a satire on a stf-novel than a stf-novel itself; background is practically non-existent for the alien and even worse for the human characters -- once, in 149 pages, Brown had an opening to really give the reader an insight into the character of the invader by explaining what code of ethics would allow a criminal to be vindicated of his crimes if he was smart enough to devise a plan to return to the home planet...but Brown evidently decided that it would be too much work and so ignored it. I could go on for another page listing the points where this book falls flat, but some specific examples might be of more interest.

Logic is used only when it is convenient to do so without doing much work; otherwise, the characters plainly act and react because that's the easiest way to get on to the next page. For example, Brown devotes quite a bit of verbiage to pointing out that once the mind creature has taken over a "host", the host can be made to do anything which is physically within his (or its) power. This fact is constantly repeated and shown to the reader: a kitten under the control of the creature walks into the maw of a ferocious dog; an owl dives into the wall of a house; a field mouse attacks a teenage couple in order to get killed. This fact is brought up again and again, because it is supposed to be essential to the plot that once the mind thing has taken a host, only death can release it. Yet, when a cat in which the mind thing is dwelling is lock-

ed up in a small cage and fed by force if necessary, it cannot think of a way to commit suicide. Of course, this particular host must remain alive to further the plot, but up until this point the mind of the invader has been keen and I see no logical reason why it should fail now -- except that Brown probably already had the ending mapped out at this point and didn't want to ruin it. Offhand, and with very little thought, I can think of three ways the mind thing could kill its host; using the sharp teeth of a cat, it could gnaw on its own paw until it bled to death; or, since the mind thing feels no sensation of pain anyway, it could simply refrain from any movement at all until the cat's bowels and bladder ruptured. This is a rather lengthy and unnecessarily worrisome method, however; by far the most simple and most rapid method of suicide under the circumstances would be for the creature to halt the breathing of its host for a few moments until the host died of suffocation.

The blurb calls this book "terrifying", but I'm afraid the only terrifying thing about it is the fact that Brown managed to sell it. The book absolutely abounds in contrived, soap-opera situations. In the very beginning of the book, for example, a whole slew of them come rapidly on top of one another: first, the creature lands in a deep woods near a one-horse town; BUT, within a few moments he is in danger of being spotted by two teenagers. The creature can only take a host when the potential host is awake... This makes for a rather sticky situation for the creature and serves as the sole purpose for a trysting scene which occurs on pages six and seven. When I saw this in the beginning of a Fredric Brown novel, I had to turn back to the front page of the book to assure myself that it wasn't a Beacon edition. (One of the teenagers -- a girl -- is bitten by a field mouse which is controlled by the mind thing. Upon removing her sweater, it appears that the mouse inflicted a wound on her left breast. The following conversation ensues: "Does it hurt at all?" She pressed an experimental fingertip just above the nipple. "Just enough so I can tell where it was." She lowered her hand and smiled at him. "You might kiss it and make it well. If you need an excuse.")

Later the reader is told just what the creature is trying to accomplish. It needs an electronics scientist to build a vaguely-mentioned-but-never-explained machine to transport it back to its home planet. By a singularly astounding coincidence, who should happen into town within a day or two but (you guessed it) an electronics scientist. There was no foundation laid for this entrance. In fact, a special point seems to have been made of the fact that the scientist has never been to the one-horse metropolis before in his life and is there because a friend offered him the use of a house for a vacation. This is a most astonishing coincidence, and just about sums up the entire tone of the book by itself: whenever something is needed to push the plot forward a bit, Fredric the Great will reach down into his hat and pull it out by the ears.

The above is by no means the only example of this. When our electronics scientist needs a stenographer, he finds that the only person in town who is qualified is a middle-aged schoolteacher who just happens to be a science fiction fan. With as little to go on as Sherlock Holmes, she immediately concludes that the strange human and animal suicides of late were caused by an alien who can control other creatures. This is the single artistic touch in the entire novel; an example of a small-town schoolmarm who just happens to be an incredibly open-minded science fiction fan. It may not have been intended as humor, but it was



a pleasant relief from the normal plodding course of the novel and it was the only place in 149 pages where my expression of grim despair was replaced by something more presentable.

The interest generated by the action picks up in the last few chapters of the book, but the logic remains its normally uninspiring self. The creature is finally destroyed by the schoolteacher while the hero of the novel (if this book could be said to have one), our fair-haired scientist, battles for control of his mind. The mind thing finds it difficult to take over the scientist's mind, though previously quite a point had been made of the fact that while takeover was in progress, it was the id which was suppressed, not the conscious intelligence. Since the power of the ego need not depend on conscious intel-

ligence, the creature shouldn't have had much more trouble with the scientist than with a dirt-farmer. Again, of course, there wouldn't have been a plot without the difficulty of takeover, since the creature would not have been destroyed.

An author who lets his plot determine the logic of the story instead of allowing the logic to determine the plot outcome, and who floats in situations and characters to "save the day" without laying background for them previously, and who seems incapable of exploiting openings for interesting extrapolation....well, he isn't an author I'll spend money on. Thirty-five cents? This book wouldn't be worth 35¢ if it had 10¢ pieces on both inside covers.....

\*\*\*\*\*"The Mind Thing", by Fredric Brown ----- Bantam Books, #A2187\*\*\*\*\*

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Climax - A piece of mountain climbing equipment .....Jerry Smith  
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THROUGH FERDINAND, FEGHOOT WITH TIEMN SPACE  
by Thomas Stratton's Sons  
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Once, while in Ferdinand, the capital of Feghoot, the newly admitted 147th state of the Union, the intrepid explorer Tiemn Spase found himself without funds. He was forced to take a job selling, through the streets of Ferdinand, the superb tenth anniversary issue of a fanzine published by a twelve-armed Centaurian egalesquitch named Blkk'kk. When Tiemn's friends saw him at work, they were horrified. "Tiemn," they said, "how can an explorer of your stature go hawking magazines through the streets, like a common newsboy?"

"It's not hawking at all," replied the imperturbable Spase, turning to a group of passers-by. "Tennish, anyone?"

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Multifarious - Too many queers in the place .....George Willick  
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: After April 10, Mike Deckinger will be residing at 31 Carr Place, Fords, New Jersey

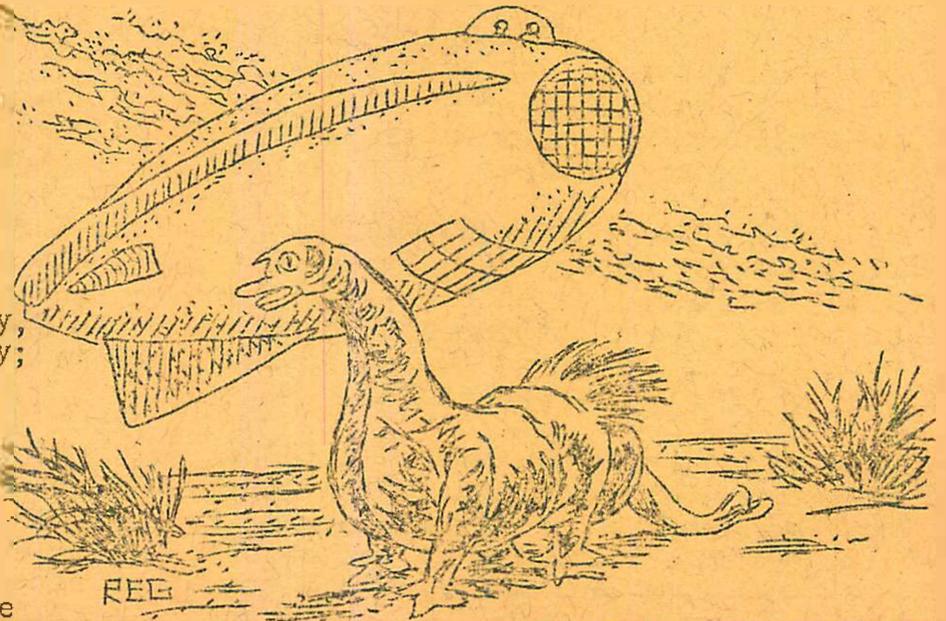
# STRANGE FRUIT

CONVENTION ANNUAL #1 (Jay Kay Klein, 219 Sabine St., Syracuse, N.Y. - annual - \$1.50) Twenty pages of convention photos (191 photos) and 30 pages of description and identification. It's worth the money, either as a memento or as a guide to what those pros and BNF's actually look like. There are probably a couple of hundred fans and pros identified, and more hundreds shown but not identified. Places are left for you to add identification if you know the individual, so as a service I'll add those that I know; other identifications and corrections welcomed here (and by Klein). Photo #14, (individual #1) Dave Prosser (shame on you, Jay). #14 (2) is Dave's wife or girl friend; I don't know if he's married. #19 (3), Bill Conner. #31 (1) Walter French (and how you identified him by one ear in #46 when you missed his full profile here, I'll never understand). - #41 (3) Dave Prosser. #46 (4) Mary somebody; it was Wells when I knew her but has changed since. #96 (8) Bob Lambeck. #104 (1) I don't know who it is but it aint Pat Lupoff. #115(1) Don Thompson, not Jack Harness. #115(2) Ed Curtis. #115(3) Judy(?) Curtis. #115(5) Maggie Curtis. #115(6) Betsy Curtis. #121(2) Ed Curtis. #130(1) Maggie Curtis. #130(2) Thompson, not Harness. #134(2) Ruth Berman. #147(2) Bill Conner. #148(2) Lambeck, not Laubeck. #149(7) Ted Johnstone. #149(10) Ruth Berman. #151(4) Ruth Berman. #173(3) Gene DeWeese. #173(8) George Willick. #185(5) Ruth Berman, again. #189(2) Dave Prosser. #191(1) I don't know his name, but he's a neofan from Milwaukee.

There it is; lest I have sounded a bit smug in my identifications, I should say that Klein has a lot of fans identified that I didn't know at all, though some of the faces are familiar from past conventions.

VOID #23 (Ted White, 107 Christopher St #15, New York 14, N.Y. - irregular - 25¢ - co-editors, Greg Benford & Pete Graham) I should have reviewed this last time, but it got mislaid in my desk at work. Since I'm a bit late, I'll just say that this is the Willis Appreciation Issue, contains some lovely material, and is recommended. Rating...8

ANCALAGON #1 (George Heap, 513 Glen Echo Rd., Philadelphia 19, Pa. - irregular - no price listed) No other method of getting it is listed, either, except joining the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, but there must be a way; we got it, and unless Jean Bogert has been pulling some funny atuff, we aren't members. Aside from news items, the first issue contains some chatter about adventure



REC

fantasy and an appeal for material. This could turn into either another SHAGGY or another PSFS NEWSLETTER, depending on what sort of material is forthcoming and on how much energy is possessed by the editor. Too early to say, at the moment.

SIRIUS #4 (Erwin Scudla, Vienna; American agent, Arthur Hayes, RR #3, Bancroft, Ontario, Canada - 6 for \$1 - bi-monthly - send exchange fanzines to Seth Johnson, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, N.J.) Mostly concerned with international news, and a few reviews. Good repro. Rating.....4

SCIENCE FICTION-NYTT INTERNATIONAL #1 (Sam Lundwall, Box 409, Hågersten 4, Stockholm, Sweden - quarterly - 50¢ for 6 issues) This is the English-German edition of SFN; there is also a Swedish edition. Somewhat more of a bargain than SIRIUS; there is less of the thrill (?) of encountering entirely new fans, but more solid material. (More material, solid and otherwise, as far as that goes.) Rating.....5

THUD & BLUNDER #5 (Paul Shingleton, 320 26th. St., Dunbar, West Virginia - bi-monthly? - 15¢) One of the few digest-size fanzines around. Nice artwork this time, and better reproduction all around. Material; well, I liked it, since a lot of it seemed to be about me. Nothing particularly outstanding to an impartial observer. Not being at all impartial, I don't think I'll try rating it.

EMANATION #1 (John M. Foyster, 4 Edward St., Chadstone SE10, Victoria, Australia - irregular - 6 for \$1) Are all Australian fanzines terribly serious? Apparently, since the editor complains mildly that he couldn't get any other type material. An index to SCIENCE FICTION PLUS, reviews of recent weird-horror books by John Baxter, other book reviews by various people, an article on the "basic stf library" by Donald Tuck, and various other articles and stories. (One unsigned article is listed as a "mystery article" and a prize given for correctly naming the author. I don't know who wrote it, but I don't blame him for not wanting his name associated with it.) Lousy reproduction and a beautiful lithoed cover by Christopher Bennie. 74 pages. Recommended to serious types, but a bit thick for me. Rating...3

CRY #148 (Box 92, 920 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 25¢) Cry contains a bit of everything....a Gilbert & Sullivan parody, a serious article on Heinlein by Tom Purdom, a con report by Terry Carr, funny meeting minutes by Wally Weber, odd letters by everybody; you name it and sooner or later CRY will have it. Probably sooner. Rating....8

PARSECTION #4 (George C. Willick, 856 East Street, Madison, Ind. - published every 45 days, he says - 8 for \$1) Sid Birchby on science fiction, Algis Budrys on UFOs, Rog Ebert on fanzines (a rather lumpy position) and John Baxter discussing odd books and odder magazines. Artwork is improving and the editorial snarl is more polished. The magazine of sophisticated sadism. Rating.....7

BEDLAM #1 (Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey -- see change of address notice after April 10 - no price or schedule listed) Oh yes, there it is; irregular and free. Another of the presently popular opinion journals. Mike discusses fandom's three R's (records, religion and radioactivity) and a few other assorted items. Rating....5

CILN #5 (Ed Gorman, 242 10th. St., NW, Cedar Rapids, Iowa - "published every 5 weeks" - 20¢) Beautiful Barr cover in two-color lithography. Superior features outstanding reproduction and no artwork. Material is good, and varied. Fiction by Marion Zimmer Bradley, articles by Harry Warner, Art Rapp and Vic Ryan, columns by Greg Benford and Ron Haydock, and various filler materials. I disagree with Rapp's idea for a Roll of Honor for stf similar to the Baseball Hall of Fame -- in such a restricted field, sooner or later all the stf authors including Richard Sharpe Shaver would be included, so where's the honor? -- but he makes it fairly interesting. Warner's article on revisions should be read by all would-be fanzine writers and editors (you don't necessarily have to agree with it, but you should read it. Rating.....7

DAFOE #4 (John Koning, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio - irregular - 20¢) This issue, being small, is free -- but not, presumably, to just anyone who writes for it. Regulars get it free; others should pony up a bit of cash. Not too much here -- mostly an assertion that Koning is still alive, a point that I'd begun to wonder about. A few letters, an editorial, a short column by Gene Hryb, and a few Pittcon impressions. No rating, as this seems to be more of a stopgap effort than a regular Koning fanzine. It's worth what he charges for it.

PILIKIA #5 (Chuck Devine, 922 Day Drive, Boise, Idaho - bi-monthly - 15¢) A cover by Steve Stiles, who does not want to be compared to Adkins. Well, then, this resembles the work of Richard Holsinger, or perhaps Richard Schultz. Some nice interior illos; mediocre reproduction. German fan Burkhard Ziegert claims stf is a religion, which is pretty insulting to religion and stf both, when you stop to think about it. Jeff Wanshel proves that he can get trivial humor published (not exactly bad, just trivial). Devine has one of the better editorials in the current stack of zines -- if you do throw away your Gilbert and Sullivan, Chuck, throw it my way, huh? Yma Sumac, we got already. Belle Dietz has an article on the Lunarians which could have been improved by the editor's returning it to bring it up to date. A ~~letter~~ lettercolumn is about average, and a so-called humorous comic strip is well below average (and the average on fanzine comic strips is pretty low to begin with). Ordinarily I am not strong for lots of editorial personality, but in this case the editor writes better than most of his contributors, so how about a longer editorial and fewer outside contributions? Rating.4

LES SPINGE #5 (Ken Cheslin, 18 New Farm Rd., Stourbridge, Worcester-shire, England - bi-monthly? - 15¢) A saucy fanzine (too bad that isn't too accurate a comment; I had to get a pun in somewhere). This is what appears to be the typically British type zine, with lots of ramblings about fans meeting other fans and so on. In addition, George Metzger writes about the forestry service and hotrodding, Mike Deckinger writes about snow, and Alan Dodd writes about 4-D Jones. One of the better issues of SPINGE, even though (or perhaps because?) the middle of Deckinger's article didn't print in my copy. Rating..5

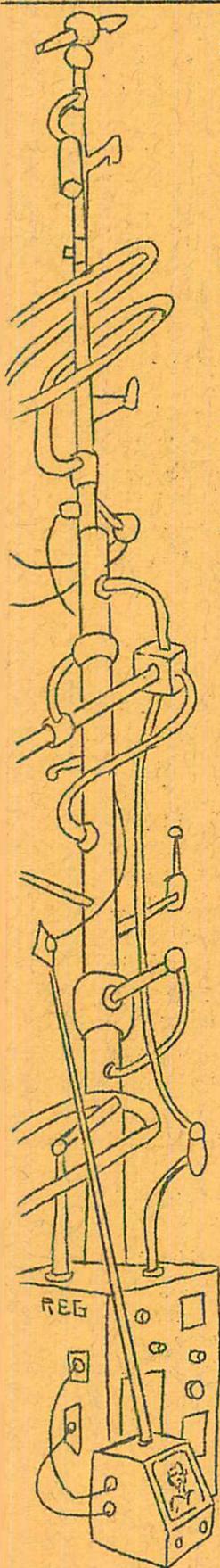
APE #3 (Ron Haydock, PO Box 421, Santa Ana, California - bi-monthly - 10¢) Mostly about movies and an old radio show called "Sky Altitude" that Ron claims was broadcast by WGN in the old days. It's one that I missed, thank God. If you like Tarzan, old movie serials or old radio adventure shows, you may well like APE. Unfortunately, I don't happen to like any of them. Rating...2

ESPRIT #3 (Daphne Buckmaster, 8 Buchanan St., Kirkcudbright Scotland - quarterly? - 20¢) The most entertaining article here is John Rackham's speculation on the Garden of Eden. (It isn't all as unique as Daphne makes out in her editorial, tho -- she obviously hadn't read the March ANALOG yet) Ray Nelson describes absolute solitude, Nan Gerding continues to belabor college students, and there are a few other minor articles and considerable correspondence on previous articles. This is a serious discussion type fanzine. (A few people have remarked adversely on the air of rather belligerent seriousness, somewhat like a Campbell editorial, but then a belligerent air is a natural response to much contact with fandom.) Rating...7

POT POURRI #17 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland - distributed in SAPS, and to some outsiders - irregular) All sorts of things here. One article concerns radiotelescopic proof of the Exploding Universe theory -- John asks if the information got much publicity in America; since this is the first I'd heard of it, I'd say that it didn't. There is considerable talk of airplanes, two pieces of fiction (an excellent stf story and a mediocre western) and various other items about canasta, the theatre, etc. I used to play canasta; trouble was that after several games of the six-hand variety any other kind was too tame, and after the first group broke up I couldn't gather together six people that I could stand being in the same room with, let alone playing cards with. And postal canasta was always a bit beyond me. Rating...8

ROVER #10 (Art Hayes, RR. 3, Bancroft, Ontario, Canada - No price or schedule listed) A long article by R.W. Dickey points out US-Canadian blunders in aircraft and missile programs -- you should get this one, Berry. Some of them I'd seen before, in a fanzine Jan Brodsky sent me a long time ago; the others were new to me. There is a (bah!) convention report by Dickey, and an (equally bah!) installment of a fa-a-an story by Mike Deckinger. Clayton Hamlin does an article on photography, Art Wilson has a too-short article on Laos, and "Notes From Prodom" which range from informally humorous to informally ridiculous ("If a fan editor was capable of professional interpretation, he would be editing a pro magazine." Yeah...and everybody who is capable of swimming is in the water right this minute.) Rating...4

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #54 (John & Bjo Trimble, 2790 West 8th. St., Los Angeles 5, Calif. - irregular - 25¢) Okay, CRY is good. I still say that SHAGGY is the best club fanzine now being published. There is a minimum of serious material this time; reviews of several unusual books and Doc Barrett's proposal to move the date of the Worldcon from Labor Day to a more convenient weekend. I'm with him. In the humor de-





# THE CASE OF THE CURIOUS GRANDSON

FICTION BY

JAMES ADAMS

Harry Burton was going to go back in time and kill his grandfather.

It wasn't anything personal, you understand. It was just that Harry figured it was about time somebody produced an answer to the old paradox of the time-traveler who kills his grandfather and --

And what? Is then never born? So that he cannot go back and kill his grandfather? And so is born --

But no need to go through it all. It's one of the most familiar of all paradoxes, and certainly ranks among the three or four most perplexing. At least Harry had found it so.

"No longer, though," Harry muttered to himself, walking slowly around the time cage in a final inspection. "I'm going to pay a little call on Grandfather Burton;" he patted the pocket containing the small-caliber gun, "and afterward I'll know, if only for a millisecond before I'm snuffed out of existence." A true scientist, Harry shrank not from self-sacrifice.

All ready, he decided. Now to enter the time cage -- aptly named, since it exactly resembled a ten-foot-high bird cage -- turn on the power, and adjust the controls for the year 1890. Harry's father had been born in 1892, and of course Grandfather Burton had to be killed before impregnating Grandma Burton.

"Leave a little leeway, that's the ticket," Harry said with native caution. After all, he might miss the target by a few months, even tho he'd spent weeks working out the bugs. Yes, and his entire adult life had gone into the building of the time cage.

Wonderingly, he said, "My whole life; year upon year upon year. What a pity, if now the blasted bugs botch..." he stopped abruptly. This was no time to get one of those alliterative phrases running through his mind.

Anyway, it was certain that his wife would not miss him much if he failed to return. He had never really given her a chance to develop any great quantity of affection for him.

"Just one more sacrifice I had to make," Harry said.

He closed a switch and power surged through the cage, making its floor tremble noticeably. Excitement gripped the scientist, but he retained enough calm to twist the right knobs and nurse the gage needles into just-so positions.

"Now!" he cried, his finger poised over the button that would hurl him back sixty-eight years. "Now I learn the answer!"

But then he saw the silvery sphere materializing in a corner of the room, and his hands dropped from the controls and he watched incredulously as an aperture opened in the unknown object.

A tall figure, clad in a one-piece, metallic appearing suit, came through the aperture. The figure held a pistol in its right hand.

Taking a step forward, the figure said, "Sorry to do this, Grandfather Burton. But there's something I've got to find out."

The pistol came up and spoke thunderously.

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 Editorial quiz: How long has the above story been in the YANDRO files?  
 There's a clue given as to when it was written. RSC

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 "And his Sprite is still in a back yard in Milwaukee." letter, E.DeWeese

## GOLDEN MINUTES

Being excerpts from various letters dealing with literary impressions:

GENE DEWEESE -- Noticed the John Carter story in the anniversary AMAZING? I did, and started thinking it looked familiar. After a bit of thot, I found where I had seen it before: JOHN CARTER OF MARS, Better Little Books 1940, practically word for word.

One interesting commentary on something or other -- perhaps the editorial opinion of the readers' intelligence. In the Better Little Books edition, they use the word "microcephalic"; in the AMAZING STORIES version, they also use "microcephalic", but in AS they insert a footnote explaining what the word means.

SIDNEY COLEMAN - I've recently read Burgo Partridge's (a name as delightful as it is improbable) "A History Of Orgies" (Avon, 50¢), a book that I think will be enjoyed by fans of Rattray Taylor. If you've read it, you probably know it is not a history in any honest sense of the word at all. If history is anything, it is at least a description of events with respect to their relation in time. (Of course, it may be much more than this.) Partridge's grasp of time is so weak that he describes a "Greek sexual view" synthesized from Homer's account of Hector and Andromache, the attitude of the Athenian Republic toward hetaerae, and some travel notes of Lucian. He nowhere mentions the dates of these three pieces of data; I had to go to the encyclopedia and look them up. Homer antedates 900 BCE; the Athenian state was at its height during the Fifth Century BCE ("The Age of Pericles"); and Lucian was writing about 150 CE. The exact analog of this amazing performance would be an attempt to concoct a "British sexual view" out of Druid puberty rites, the home life of Henry Tudor, and the table talk of Queen Victoria.

But although time is central to history, it is of no importance at all to gossip, history's poor but lively relation. (As is shown by the ease with which Bennett Cerf can convert an anecdote about Caesar into one about Churchill.) This is what Partridge's book really is: pure gossip, a lovely collection of amusing (and smutty) anecdotes about famous and interesting people, as much fun as an anthology of DNQs.

(N.B. Curiously enough, one of the best stories of them all, the one about Nero and Sporus, is presented without its punchline. I append it here: "The world would be a far better place if Britannicus had married the same sort of wife.")

And here I thought I had enough comment to fill a page. Live and learn. Well, I'll just see about filling it myself, starting with "Witness To Witchcraft" by Harry B. Wright (Corgi Books, 2/6). I got my copy from Ken Kreuger at the Pittcon for 35¢. The book concerns the author's travels in the jungles of South America and West Africa, with emphasis on his meetings with a series of witch doctors. Wright also mixes in tribal legends and anecdotes about miraculous performances of one sort or another by various native wizards. (And I forgot; he also goes into tribal practices in New Guinea and Malaya.) It isn't a serious attempt to catalog native beliefs or even to probe into the "facts" behind them; it is simply a record of one man's encounters with the unusual. I wouldn't say I learned anything from it, but it was highly entertaining. RSC

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 "Influence of Liquor Ruled Main Factor in Drunken Driving" -- from the Camden, N.J., COURIER-POST, via Derek Nelson

## GRUMBLINGS ~

LARRY SHAW, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, New York - Those published circulation figures you listed are not subscription circulations. The highest subscription figure I ever heard quoted for a science fiction magazine was 30,000. Street and Smith claimed that number for ASTOUNDING a couple of years ago, but everybody in the business who heard it expressed doubt. I have no idea how MAD made their mistake in the published circulation figure, but mistake it obviously must have been, and it would be compounding the error to base any deductions on it. Actually, all of the figures listed seem reasonable for total circulation, although I'm a little suspicious of the 91,000 for GALAXY.

At this point, somebody like Ed Wood usually steps in and snarls that you can check any magazine's circulation figure by referring to STANDARD RATE AND DATA SERVICE. Well, you can't. I did refer to their latest issue. ANALOG, AMAZING and FANTASTIC were mentioned -- but no figures were given because they hadn't replied to the last three queries (apiece) sent them. The other three were not listed at all. The magazines furnish such figures -- either sworn to, or audited by any of four or more auditing outfits -- only to bolster their attempts to sell advertising space. Obviously, these days only ANALOG is making more than a token effort to get anything besides house and classified ads; and I'll bet a crisp new thousand-dollar bill that the ad reps at ANALOG are pretty discouraged right now. There's certainly no sign of those 32-page slick paper sections Campbell claimed would follow if enough advertising forthcame. And he isn't helping the situation any; one of the most astonishing things I've ever seen in any prozine is his putting-down of Edmund Scientific Co., one of ANALOG's steadiest advertisers, in his reply to their ad manager's letter in the March 1961 issue.

Incidentally, though INFINITY may not have been typical, we never had more than 400 subscriptions at any one time, even when total circulation was around 50,000. We didn't want subs. Unless you have a minimum of a couple of thousand, you lose too much money by farming them out to a fulfillment house -- which meant that we handled them in the office. Since we had no clerical help whatever, this meant added work for people like editors. Is it any wonder subscriptions were not exactly efficiently handled?

YANDRO is good. I often find the formal material dull, but I generally like your reviews, both book and fanzine, and you have some real good things going in the editorials and letter column. I don't remember reading the Deckinger story that stirred up all the fuss in #96; from the reactions to it, it sounds typical of Mike's tendency to discover and make a big thing of something I thought everybody had taken for granted for years (like "applause" signs in this issue). But most of the fuss was pretty ridiculous in its turn, and Mike's level-headed reply, and his appreciation of Don Fitch's outstandingly sensible opinion, speaks very well for him.

Tucker's comment on RAILROAD MAGAZINE naturally interested me too. A man who should have known what he was talking about once told me that Popular kept RM going because the editor had been a fixture for so long that they didn't know how to get rid of him, and that when he died (which could be any day now) the magazine would, too. This may not be entirely accurate, but there's no reason why a magazine with 30,000 cir-

ulation can't make a couple of hundred or couple of thousand bucks an issue, if the circulation is steady and the overhead is low. I suspect that 30,000 represents a high percentage of the print order, which -- within reasonable limits -- is what counts. The remaining audience RM has is obviously loyal as hell. In the same vein, I think the comparison with our fandom is invalid. All of RM's readers are fans -- true fans. The casuals of magazines have to depend on, and from whom of fandom recruits its members, just don't exist to any significant extent in the railroad field.

Wish I could write you stuff like this more often. Someday, maybe... /Well, I wish it too; definitely. I stand corrected on the circulation affair. A large number of our readers wrote in, mostly to say that I was wrong; since Lerry has the most authoritative answer I'll let it stand for all of them. I don't know about other people, but I never subscribed to many stf mags because I never had any confidence in their survival. ASF, F&SF, I sub to, and I had a sub to GALAXY in the early days. With the rest, I play cautious, though I might sub to AMAZING now that it's getting readable. RSC/

AVRAM DAVIDSON, 410 West 110th. St., New York 25 - This Sidney Coleman, the poor man's Voltaire, had better watch out what he says about me, the squat sullen bearded man muttered darkly. We all know who he is (S. Coleman, that is); he works for the RAND Corporation, and the rand is the new decimal unit of currency in Suid Afrika: Sidney Coleman is a hireling of Dr. Verwoerd, the Apostle of Apartheid; he is an agent of the gold, diamond, and sjambok interests. Have you never noticed his typically veldt-tanned face, his gutteral Afrikaans accent? Ha! Under guise of opposing English-speaking Christianity he is really -- well, not the Luther, the Melancthon, maybe -- of the Nederlands Gereformde Kirke: in udder words, a Dutch Reformed Jew! Could anything be more sinister? Less dexter?

R. Coleman, I hate to be difficult, but if I am to plunge into the middle of a boiling controversy I must have all the background of it, not just part. In other words, before commenting I would wish to see (a) Deckinger's story (b) Pastor Moorhead's rejoinder (c) the letters of "various liberal readers" (d) anything else bearing on the matter. You needn't sent entire issues, the pertinent pp will do.

As for mine being "an Authoritative Opinion" -- leave me tell you. As is well known, Sidney Coleman, before he became assimilated and changed his name, was known as Sidney Kingsley, and, as such, wrote "Men In White", a popular play and movie of the 30s (in which we knew that the heroine was going to commit copulation with the hero because she sat on the edge of his bed and removed her nurse's cap: talk about symbolism! we got nothing to learn from Swedes and Frenchmen). Alzo, flushed with success, Sidney bought a small pleasure boat and called on his mother, wearing a yachting-cap. "Look, Ma, I'm a captain!" His mother put down her copy of Kierkegard, surveyed him, said, "Sidney, by me you're a captain, and by you you're a captain: but by captains, Sidney, you're no captain."

That's the way I'm a Talmudical Expert. /I like the idea of Sidney as a sort of half-Witwatersrand. I have dispatched a copy of Y#96 (a bad copy that I wouldn't give to a paying customer) to Avram. I don't have a copy of #95 except the file copy which does not leave the premises under any conditions; I've copied Jack Chalker's masterful summary and sent it, but I'd appreciate it if Sid would pass on his own biased observations of the case. RSC/



TONY GLYNN, 144 Beresford St., Manchester 14, England - A good deal of nonsense concerning Christians and Jews is seeing the light of day through YANDRO following young Deckinger's effort to gain notoriety as the author of a latter-day Toldoth Jesu. I don't want to give young Deckinger the impression that his outpouring was of any consequence, but I would like to support part of Les Nirenberg's letter, in which he spoke of Jewish attitudes to Christ and the Virgin Mary and refute the Rev. C.M. Moorhead's highly offensive reference to Christ and His mother and his slur against the people of Israel in general.

As a student of Judaeo-Christian affairs, allow me to point out that an important modern Jewish philosopher, Martin Buber (of the "I-Thou" relationship between people), refers to Christ as "my elder brother"; that the Jewish writer Sholem Asch, provides a near-perfect example of a Jew coming face-to-face with Jesus and Mary without being repulsed by them and seeing them in the roles which Mr. Moorhead would have us believe they fill in the Jewish mind; that one of the most powerfully original of modern sculptors, a Jew, the late Sir Jacob Epstein, had a mind full of Jesus and Mary, whom he brought to life wonderfully with his chisel many times, I will mention his appealing (and beautifully "Jewish") "Madonna and Child" which is nearly 14 feet high and which can be seen on the wall of the Convent of the Holy Child Jesus, London, as only one example.

Furthermore, I should like to mention the fact that Jewish artistic genius has been inspired by the figure of Christ in the case of the painter, Marc Chagall, who has painted a series of crucifixion scenes wherein Christ is wrapped about with a tallit (prayer shawl) and in which little Jews are shown in the background, running from violent persecution and bearing the scrolls of the Law. All this is meaningful within the mystic vision of Russian-born Chagall.

Let me also make mention of a Jewish thinker, Simone Weil, who was on the fringe of Christian thought (Catholicism, to be specific) and who is having an influence on many young intellectuals in Europe at the present time. Simone Weil was French, a brilliant scholar, who died in England at the age of 34 in 1943. She was a product of certain European events which have influenced my generation of European to a greater or lesser degree: the industrial strife of the dirty thirties; the rise of Nazism; the Spanish Civil War (in which she served) and the second world war.

It was Simone Weil who said: "Our love should stretch widely across all space and be as equally distributed in every portion of it, as is the very light of the sun" and she went on to say that the world of the present day has need of saints of a quality it has never before seen. She was not talking about people with haloes painted on stained glass windows when she mentioned "saints"; she meant all of us. Since I believe that we all belong to each other, whether we're Jews, Gentiles, Catholics, Protestants or Chinese laundrymen, I count myself among those influenced by Simone Weil's thought.

All of which might sound very retrograde and "European" to many of

the products of the American species of fascism out there in the YANDRO audience, with their chromium-plated materialism and their pathetic faith in the magic qualities of psychiatry, neither of which would offer much inner defence against the encroachments and attacks of something so powerful and single-minded as the Marx-Engels-Lenin thing which we will be fighting for the rest of our days.

I've probably started something but the real object of this letter was simply to point out that there are spiritual, philosophical and artistic areas in which Christian and Jew come together for the benefit of both. And I wanted to do it before those living in intellectual mud-holes began dragging their pimply opinions all over your pages. /I quite agree with Simone Weil's analogy -- noting, of course, that far larger concentrations of sunlight fall on objects nearest the sun. Personally I've never found any need for faith in anything as a defense against any sort of encroachment. I don't care that Communism is opposed to religious faith; I do care that the theory is impractical and the practice oppressive. I don't need any help from God to strengthen my opposition to such a system. RSC/

MIKE MoINERNEY, 81 Ivy Drive, Meriden, Connecticut - I was just reading my article in YANDRO #98. There is a typo that I don't think I made. 8th line where it says..."as it decomposes the water into its component envelopes". Envelopes should have been "elements". Apologies. RSC/

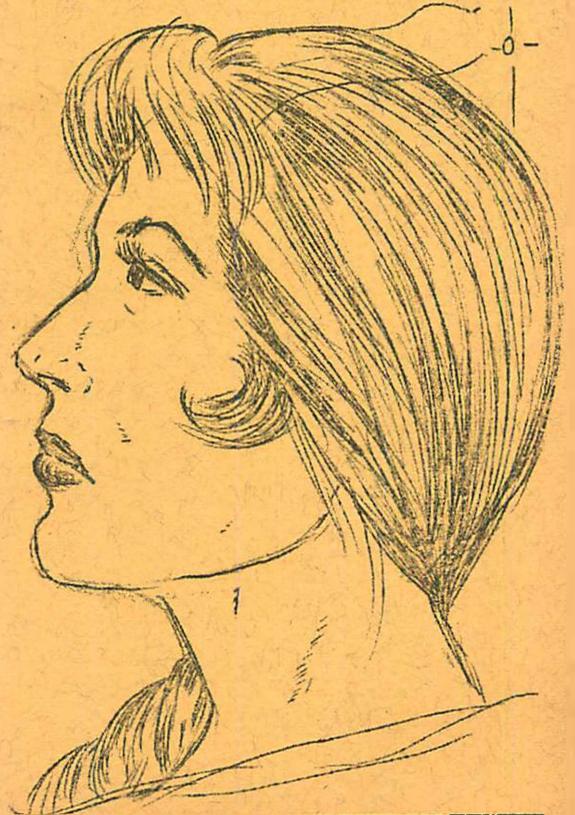
GENE DEWEESE, 3407 No. 22nd. St., Milwaukee 6, Wisconsin - This Carnegie class is getting out of hand. Whenever a speaker gets up, we're all required to applaud like idiots. It's becoming a conditioned reflex, almost. I damn near applauded an act on Paer's tv show the other nite....

The week at AC got off to a rousing close today. At about 4:45, I heard the rumor that Howard Kunde's tie had been cut in two. I wandered over to see if this were so -- knowing Howard -- Well.... Anyway, it was; there he sat, his tie stapled together with a couple small wire staples.

How?

Well, the mystery was solved by degrees. First, someone told me that the guy sitting in front of Howard had snipped off the tie. Why? Well, Howard had dared him to do it. Why would anyone soberly at work writing technical manuals for the air force dare someone else to cut his tie in two? My question, exactly....

A few minutes later, someone finally explained. It goes like this: Howard's tie clip wasn't working, so he took it off and stapled his tie to his shirt. The guy sitting in front of him noticed this and remarked that the tie would now stay on, even if it were cut in two. Howard said "yes, but who would cut a guy's tie in two?" The other one



said "I would."

"You wouldn't...."

"I would."

"I dare you!"

He happened to have a pair of scissors in his hand, and snip!

A five page article on your next trip to Milwaukee? "We arrived in Milwaukee about 12:30 Friday nite. After some scintillating conversation we retired around 3:00. We were up bright and early Saturday morning. Shortly after breakfast, I began wheezing, and I wheezed, etc., etc..." /Did any of you medical experts out there ever hear of anyone being allergic to a city? I am, to Milwaukee; I think I should turn my lungs in to a medical society. RSC/

MARVIN BRYER, Flight 61-13, Box 1545, Lackland AFB, Texas - I came close to having my copy of YANDRO confiscated. That's especially funny considering the fact that I just finished reading your letter column where someone mentioned about shake-downs. Well, we had a shake-down. I put my copy of YANDRO, along with a copy of GALAXY, on the bed. The copy of GALAXY was immediately confiscated. Then the sergeant came to the copy of YANDRO. He picked it up and thumbed through it. He was quite bewildered. "Airman, what is this?" I replied, "Sir, it's an amateur magazine." His lips puckered in contempt. "So you're an amateur." There was only one reply; "Yes, sir!" When he left I had the feeling that I just wasn't worthy.

/Let's hope he doesn't read this issue; you might be up for revealing military secrets. RSC/

CLAUDE HALL, address withheld - In regards to PLAYBOY's care with undressed females in the early life of the magazine -- Hefner was probably fighting for display. Clubs shouldn't bother the editor much; in fact, their disapproval would most likely aid him because he could always properly ignore them with a suave shoulder (the old "I look down on you" approach). But the personal taste of drugstore and supermarket owners means quite a lot. Most will not display a mag that might embarrass or chase away a customer. Mother might raise a ruckus if she left Junior looking through a comic book at the magazine rack only to return and find him eyeballing PLAYBOY. May sound silly, but it's true. PLAYBOY can be a little indifferent now because of their circulation. CAVALIER, on the other hand, is actively striving for larger circulation, so we cut our cheesecake section entirely. Instead of circulation dropping, we gained because more display was granted to the magazine in more drugstores and supermarkets.

Would like to hear what Harlan Ellison has to say about ROGUE's circulation.

/Well, whatever he said wouldn't be up to date, since he isn't with the mag at the moment -- anyway I don't know his address and wouldn't send him a free YANDRO if I did, so we likely won't hear from him. RSC/

RANDY SCOTT  
7-1-61

REV. C.M. MOORHEAD, R.D. 1, Middle Point, Ohio - I read with considerable interest the article "Tell 'Em How It Used To Be." I dug out some of my old SS and TWS magazines and re-read some of the letters in 1952 & 1953 written by then familiar individuals whom fandom seems to have lost. Some of the names were John

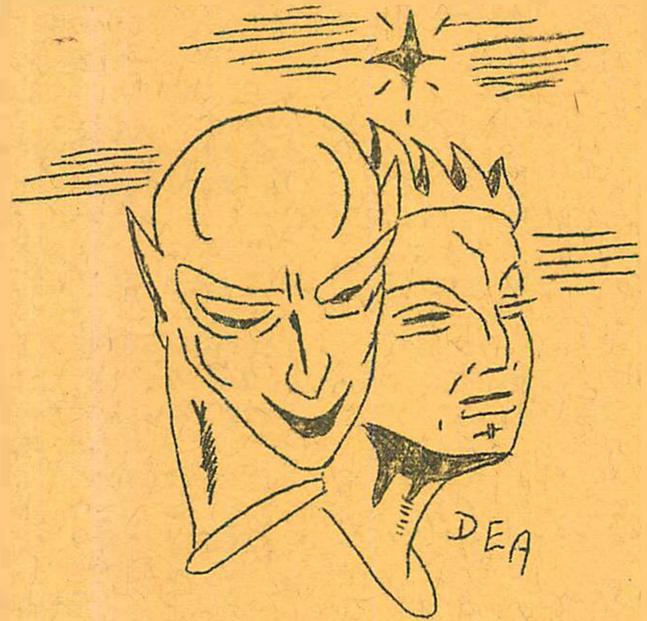
Snell, Lewis Sherlock, Richard Harter and Norman J. Clarke. Tony mentioned William Seibel. Was he the one affectionately dubbed "Snarly Seibel"? There was a boy who could stir up a ruckus in short order! He also mentioned Dick Clarkson. I suppose most of you know that he died sometime during 1954 of cancer? Here is another that stirred up a tumult: William Deeck. Some of the girls called him "Deeck the Geek." Everybody hammered away at him and he always came back for more. Ah yes, sweet memories. Thank you, Tony, for that article.

While I was in a nostalgic mood I looked over some back issues of YANDRO. I re-read Rog Ebert's "Sudden Descent" with relish and fiendish glee. I pictured certain fans -- names withheld -- being flushed down the crapper with the alligator and hoping, as they tumbled end over end down the sewers, that they would keep the poor little fellow from being lonely!

/Cal also mentions a review of MUZZY by Ger Steward, but let's not start that again -- we have enough arguments without letting Raeburn and Hall have at each other in YANDRO's pages. Deeck was writing letters to CRY a couple of years ago, but I haven't noticed him recently. RSC/

DON STUEFLOTEN -- c/o Mr. Ken Wasley, Box 220, Renmark, S.A., Australia -- It seems I'm in Australia. Canberra, to be exact, staying in a workers' hostel along with about 600 other immigrants, mostly Poles and Germans and Italians. Another fellow, DeForrest Martin by name, and I came over together from the States, and we are the first Americans ever to stay in this hostel. It seems to be a very strange thing for an American to come to Australia (or anywhere, I suppose) without a great deal of money and/or a very good job all lined up. I arrived in Sydney -- God's truth -- without a penny to my name, in fact about five dollars in debt, having borrowed that much from DeForrest in Honolulu to buy a book -- a copy of "Gargantua and Pantagruel" by Rabelais. However, there is a fly in all this pretty ointment, namely that after a week Down Under I got hold of the Immigration authorities and they paid me £71, or about \$160. So I am not destitute after all. It is very discouraging. I suppose I should have turned the money down. Think how interesting it would be to be destitute in a strange country, 8,000 miles from home. What a subject for a story! I can see the title; "Destitute Americans Down Under"! To be followed, naturally, by a sequel; "Destitute Americans And The Case Of The Missing Money!" "Return Of The Destitute Americans!" "Son Of The Destitute Americans!" "Grandson Of The Destitute Americans!" And the final, "Deportation Of The Destitute Americans"?

About Australia. I must say I'm not much impressed by it, thus far. I expected the people to be a lot ruggeder and the whole country to be a bit wilder. Of course, New South Wales is the section most built up. When we get out to the west, and the Northern Territory, I imagine it will be a lot different. But the people are friendly, those we've met, and honest. Our first day here (Dec. 30) we met a couple blokes who were



on their way to Queensland -- and off we went with them, for four days, as far north as Brisbane. Interesting country. Queensland is somewhat tropical in spots -- lots of palm trees, thickly overgrown -- especially, this, in a couple of protected areas we went through. Most of the rest of the country is gum trees, a sort of Eucalyptus. Forests of gum trees. Near us, in Canberra, they also raise pine trees. Row after row of them. It is very strange to see a forest of pine trees growing in straight lines. One thing -- you could never get lost in there. Just follow one of the rows until you're out.

Must mention this job we have -- Gentle Laborers. Tender pick and shovel men. Mostly we put in curbs and driveways and such for the Department of Works. The people -- four of them -- we work with are very interesting. None is native to this country. All four are from the Ukraine. All four of them speak broken and splintered English. But I must say we have learned something about Russia -- from big red-faced Alex: "In city begger than Canberra, maybe one million people. Half Russia, half Ukraine. Engineer, lawyer, doctor, all Russia. Teacher, all Russia. Ukraine, nothing. Ukraine, pick and shovel. Maybe old man, not work too good, go to Siberia. My father, he work thirty year, pick and shovel." Alex lays down his head. "My father, he go to Siberia. My father, he dead, in Siberia. In Ukraine maybe seven million go to Siberia, all dead. Maybe more. In Siberia got nothing. Live in little shack -- you understand? -- make from bark of tree, and dirt. Winter, snow on ground, got no clothes, no food. Maybe today you eat, tomorrow no. Old, you die. Russia no good."

I don't think I'll go to Russia for awhile.

On the way over here, on the Orient Line's Orcades, we stopped at Honolulu, Fiji, and Auckland before hitting Sydney. The city of Honolulu didn't interest me much (even less the hula dancers that greeted the ship) but once we got away from the town it proceeded to get fascinating. But I haven't room to tell it all. Fiji is a beautiful place -- I'll go back there some day -- like Tahiti a bit -- made me homesick for the south seas. Auckland was a clean quiet city, and the surrounding countryside is green and provoking. The city of Suva in Fiji is a wild place. Indians and Fijians and Europeans. Australia is the 7th country I've been in now -- so many more to see, or see again! No time ....no money....

/And there's another installment from our Roving Reporter. After all the fannish bitchings about aspects of US life that I've read, it's refreshing to find one fan who got off his tail and went to see what other countries were really like. RSC/

DON THOMPSON, Rm. 36, 3518 Prospect Ave., Cleveland 18, Ohio - Since fans are always concerned with the PO, that you might like to know about an item in today's Press.

There was an automatic PO in Providence, R.I. called Turnkey which opened in October. At that time there were 1400 humans on the payroll. Now there are 1507, mostly to handle corrections on Turnkey's mistakes. 25% of the first-class mail is rejected; electric eyes which are supposed to throw out improperly stamped mail chuck out colored and window envelopes, metered mail and mail with advertising printed on the envelope.

A Congressional committee has written the experience off as a failure. The item does not say what the machine did with fanzines, but I'm sure they received fairer treatment from Turnkey than from the boys in blue.

GEORGE C. WILLICK (G for Cheerful Charlie), 856 East St., Madison, Ind. - If a faned makes a statement that you disagree with, I was under the impression that you write to him, state your disagreement, and (if the faned is worth his salt) see the letter published in that editor's lettercol. You don't seem to think that this system is fitting. Why did you hit Pauls and KIPPLE in your editorial, Buck? I was disappointed to see you take unfair advantage of Pauls' statement, especially when many of your readers do not take KIPPLE. Your axe jobs are too effective to unleash with only one side of the argument presented. Pauls is just a talented boy, Buck. That he would want to vote for his own fanzine is understandable and it is also understandable (in boy logic) to refrain from voting for any other fanzine as long as he feels that his is superior to others. It certainly isn't something to take as a battle standard.

Jerry Page is a talented fan. He writes good articles and publishes a fairly good zine (though it's a little stiff in spots). What he doesn't do is to write poetry or, as is likely, even a poor satirical poem. Free verse is not Page's talent.

I see Ed Wood has a slovenly mind to match his appearance.

If you or anyone else knows what it takes to write literature then you are a writer of literature. Therefore Gorman, I feel that you don't know what you are talking about. Undoubtedly there is SF that is literature but finding it is another problem. Time usually decides these things.

There will always be sex offenders...so long as there are sex laws. In a society of free love, a person who didn't practice it would be a sex offender.

I guess after comic books, there will be Japanese toys...then after that maybe baby bottles. You know...plastic nipples versus rubber. Then someone will probably be accused of prejudice if he brings in breast feeding and be kicked out of fandom. Now don't get me wrong, I read DONALD DUCK avidly...even have my blue towel clutched tightly in my pink little fisty for security.

/Yeah, you write a letter to the editor, and that's the last you hear of it. Now, I'm not saying that Pauls wouldn't have printed my comments if I'd written them; never having written him a letter of comment I don't know. I am saying that I've given up sending out letters criticizing editors or their friends because I've encountered too many editors who wouldn't print them; rather than trying to decide who will print them and who won't I don't send them to anyone. If I have something that I want to make sure gets published I publish it myself. Pauls himself has nothing to do with my policy; serious blasts anybody will be made in YANDRO.

Exact knowledge does not correspond to ability. I know exactly what it takes to become an expert pistol shot, but I haven't won any meets lately...for that matter, with a little effort I could learn the exact process necessary for the formation of a hen's egg. Want to come up for an omelet? (Don't complain that my analogy is invalid, either; the best critics are not usually the best writers. Look at Damon Knight) The subject of toy guns has already been broached in FAPA. RSC/

ROG EBERT, 410 E. Washington, Urbana, Illinois - Jerry Page removes just one month after I was given it the title of "fandom's only poet". Don-aho may mean well, and all, but this "Ode To A Swinging Cover Painting, Dad" is good. The mood, rhythm, content and style fit in very well together.

The Pesta story is well done; it didn't need to be any longer, and I'm glad he resisted the temptation to keep going. Kerouac's trouble is that he does keep going like this, for books and books.

The article by Tony Glynn caught for me the funny little sense of being in on something good that I've felt when reading back issues of those golden fifties pulps. I wasn't around then, of course, but maybe he'll be glad to hear that the sense of...something...is still there for someone reading those magazines ten years later. And it isn't there in the current mags. Okeh, shoot me.

Harking back to Gorman's very intelligent criticism of "Let's Play Author": I was not necessarily criticising the current trend in criticism to Divide and Classify. This is probably true in the case of an author like Norman Mailer, but the real greats - Faulkner, Hemingway, maybe Wolfe - in recent times have defied classification. Someone wrote recently that Mailer had given up writing for showmanship, and I think maybe this is true. He has certainly never written anything remotely as good as "The Naked And The Dead", and perhaps the success of that first book was his undoing. Maybe he can be classified; I don't know. Certainly most of our authors can be classified as "science-fiction authors", or with Bradbury "fantasy authors", and so we haven't gotten around the stf tag. Everyone is classified anymore, as Boucher points out in the "Modern Science Fiction" symposium.

What I was driving at was that when a great, literary science fiction novel is written, it won't be called science fiction. Science fiction is per se not literature, but science fiction. No one tagged Ayn Rand's "Atlas Shrugged" science fiction, but it technically was. When a novel steps beyond the standard boundaries of writing and walks along the truly great paths of literature, it cannot be classified as anything. This, I tried to point out, is why it is ridiculous to ask if stf is becoming literature. Even Miller's "A Canticle For Leibowitz" was specifically termed not stf in the TIMES and most other places where it got such good reviews. "It has the trappings," they said in effect, "but it goes far beyond..."

And this is as it should be. So Gorman's criticism is well-done but unfounded, I believe. Science fiction itself should attempt to be nothing more than fun. Stf literature should not attempt too enthusiastically to be science fiction. There isn't really any reason to.

I did not say that literature and entertainment cannot be blended together. I suggested that entertainment is entirely a secondary part of literature, which must be present but is taken for granted in the face of many more significant elements.

ED GORMAN, 242 10th. St. NW, Cedar Rapids, Iowa - I disagree with you about Sturgeon and Bradbury choosing stf as "just another minor literary form". I would say that both do their best work in this media. For instance, "The Martian Chronicles" taking place on Mars and using various inventions to reflect against was more than coincidental. The background was well suited and adaptable. Here I agree with Bester: stf writers contort and build worlds of their own. What they don't enjoy in our own society, they do away with in their writings. Bradbury is limited in this sense; for proof look at "Dandelion Wine". The novel suffered from lack of scope, and after reading it one was left with a feeling that it was all a myopic dream told in terms of reality only thru its sentimentality. What is vague to Bradbury in realistic terms (this is applicable to any stf writer) can quite easily be supplemented with contortion of facts. Leeway is great, actual restrictions few. The same

(though in a much lesser sense) suits Sturgeon. True, they both hammer home noble thoughts but I fail to believe that they could do much of this outside stf. Fred Brown is another matter entirely; he is artistic in that he is artless: there is neither style nor concrete thought to prohibit him. He shifts through several phases in much of his work, and I honestly believe that he is too impulsive ever to be saddled. Over Bradbury and Sturgeon, I place Brown and for this very reason: because he can purport in secular terms what they do only in rigged forms.

I fail to see the pretentiousness of "literate stf", either. I do understand, and agree, with what you imply, but not to the same degree. I think that superficially we must remain a bit uppety. This will attract new readers. For instance, if I were to recite the plot form (and semantics) used in the average stf novel, I would lose a reader before I gained one. But if I were to point up the literary ambitions and heights of a Bradbury or Brown or Sturgeon, I think that my listener would be interested enough to examine my claim further. This has happened to me -- both instances -- several times.

/Take another look at "The Martian Chronicles". "Ylla", "And The Moon Be Still As Bright", "Night Meeting", "Way In The Middle Of The Air"; most of the stories included could have been written as straight fiction, in an Earth setting (exotic, of course; Oriental or Amerind or Polynesian, depending on the story), without changing the story line or the "message" one bit. The only change would have been to replace stf gadgets like spaceships and blasters with sailing ships and pistols or arrows, and since Bradbury never visualized his gadgets anyway it would be the easiest thing in the world. Probably the only reason they were written as stf in the first place is because Bradbury had graduated from fanzines and WEIRD TALES; he was used to the stf field and hadn't mastered the art of selling to the slicks. Now that he has, there is no reason for him to continue to write fantasy -- and his fantasy output has decreased accordingly. RSC/

STEVE STILES, 1809 Second Ave., New York 28, N.Y. - Gene DeWeese should be informed that there was a super type hero for our local religions; he went by the monicker "Churchman" and appeared in a fabulous college magazine, the name of which escapes me. Churchman had his own Shazam, and went throughout the world fighting those evil "freethinkers". (The author must have really thought of himself as quite a young rebel.) One adventure which really amused me was when one of the "freethinkers" turned out to be a gorgeous babe -- Churchman had to duck behind a bush and take a swig of "holy water" to buck up his courage, piety, etc.

LES NIRENBERG, 1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ont., Canada - I'll try to explain what it is that I don't like about this casual type of anti-semitism. This can be anti-Negro or anti-oriental or any damn thing. For instance people who own black dogs -- called "N-----" -- people who casually use the following language without thinking: "n----- in the woodpile", "jew me down", "work like a n-----", "Chinaman's chance". I know there's no malice meant, but it still tends to downgrade the group referred to. If you have used this language in conversation within ear-shot of your children then I feel you are contributing to building up and/or maintenance of the stereotype of the Jew/Negro/Oriental, or whatever the case may be. Although this is not antisemitism or anti-negro or anti-oriental it certainly doesn't help STOP any of the anti feeling. Right? If anything it HELPS the anti Semites and Jim Crow types.

I don't think you'll ever find "the orthodox Jewish attitude toward Christ" because no such attitude exists. You'll find plenty of individual opinions, but not a single attitude that all Jews are expected to follow.

/Oh well, I'd be hard put to find the orthodox attitude towards anything in fandom, but it's fun trying (especially if it produces kooky letters from Avram Davidson). As for your casual anti-semitism, I'll admit the "jew him down" phrase and the dog named N-----, provisionally at least, but just where is the derogatory Impact of the other phrases? Oh sure, if you know the history of Intolerance you know what they referred to originally and can see the meaning, but how many people can do this? Why, for example, should "Chinaman's chance" be considered derogatory to the Chinese? What evil does it imply about them? None, that I can see. Possibly you consider the term "n-----" derogatory in itself (so does the NAACP) but for someone who isn't well informed on prejudice the terms cited have no particular meaning at all when associated with the Negro race. I think this "casual anti-semitism" is part of man's personal egotism, and you can't erase that, so why try? That is, the individual believes himself supreme. His family is slightly inferior to himself, but superior to others. His community is inferior to his family, but superior to other communities. His nation is inferior to his community but superior to other nations, etc. Like charity, love begins at home and radiates outward. If the individual is white Protestant, then Jews, Negroes and Catholics are not members of his family and probably not of his community, and therefore they're inferior. He may not hate them, but his own ego will refuse to allow him to believe that they are his equals. There is the root of "casual anti-Semitism", and it's one that will still be there long after you and I are gone. There is enough belligerent anti-Semitism to fight; I can't see bothering the casual type. RSC/

MSgt LeROY H. TACKETT, USMC, H?ch3-1 (Comm), MWHG-1, 1st MAW, FMFPac c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif. - Buck, why wait till 72 to run Hensley and Speer? JFK will, of course, be the candidate in 196^ but he will be ineligible in 1963. Eight years should be sufficient time to publicize these sterling aspirants. A catch phrase is necessary - something like Sneary's "South Gate in '56". How about "63 is the year for Hensley and Speer"? Think of the possibilities with a fannish president. Government subsidies for the prozines; fanzines could be classed as educational material and get a reduced postal rate. Instead of silk hats or homburgs they could wear propellor beanies to the inauguration. Fascinating. We might make a real campaign of this thing. This could be blazoned^on each and every fanzine. Many fen take active part in political rallies and such and they could do much for the cause, ah yes. 63 is the year for Hensley and Speer. I wonder....

/The trouble is that the more I see of Speer's political ideas, the less I like them. I'll make some sacrifices for fandom, but.... RSC/

Your small piece on education stirs a memory. I was once in the recruiting business in Ogden, Utah. We had many applicants; fine, clean-cut, red-blooded, American, high-school types, for whom the writing of their names was a laborious process and the reading of the various and sundry application documents an insurmountable' obstacle. I had the opportunity to question the principal of the school about this. Why is it that these boys can reach the age of 13 and be seniors in high school and still remain uneducated? His answer: The law requires them to attend school until they reach 13 and there is no sense in retaining them

in the same grade year after year so they are just passed along until they finally pass out of the system and into the cold cruel world. Or words to that effect.

Ridiculous. These boys were not by any means stupid. The potential was there. It was never developed.

One comment elicited by the fmz reviews. Buck, you should look on Arizona in a more favorable light. You sit there in the Midwest and complain about your asthma. Arizona is a fine place to go for relief from that particular affliction.

I will quibble with R.D. Nicholson. (A great number of Aussies showing up in YANDRO recently.) I am a fundamentally peaceful man. I enjoy peace and quiet. I also have some moderately developed fighting skills, armed and unarmed type. I do not have any desire for violence. I will admit to advocating the use of force at times, but only to restore peace and quiet as rapidly as possible.

/Roy also had a page on sex criminals, but if he doesn't mind -- or even if he does -- I'll boil it down. Briefly, he feels that MZB has a noble idea but one that is completely unworkable in our society. Also, he doesn't feel that psychiatry is at present able to deal with the problem. So, the only recourse at present, whether we like it or not, is to lock up sex criminals -- permanently, if necessary. Or execute them -- also permanently.

I've been to Arizona. I'll stay in the Midwest and wheeze, thank you. Besides, who's complaining about asthma? I get quite a bit of enjoyment out of it, even though it is annoying at times. If I could just control the timing of my attacks a bit better things would be perfect.

PHIL HARRELL, 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Virginia - I also remember back when ANALOG was called ASTOUNDING and sold for 35¢, when you could ride a bus for a dime and buy a loaf of bread for 8¢. Also you could get enough candy to share with a friend for a nickel and have some left over, and you could also get something for a penny...what this country needs is a good five cent nickel. Why I remember the time when you could go in a store, order a Coke, give the clerk a dime and still get change back. I also remember the time when you could go in a store, buy a bag of groceries about a foot high and get back change from a five dollar bill. Now it's almost a \$5 cover charge to walk into one.

/Come out to the midwest, Phil. I still get change from a \$5 bill on my bag of groceries...well, sometimes, anyway. Of course, I don't buy any meat.... And the other day I got a haircut for 65¢; for a minute I thought I'd stepped into the Twilight Zone. RSC/

And that's in, people. We have lots more letters; 6 pages from Jeff Wanshel, 4 from Bob Jennings, 8 from Alan Dodd, but no more space; not even for the Derek Nelson letter I fully intended to include this time and just discovered on the bottom of the stack. Maybe I'll hold over a few again, just in case nobody writes any comments on this issue. Thanks also to Don Fitch, Don Franson, Bob Farnham, Alan Burns, Randy Scott, Leny Kaye, Redd Boggs, Mike Deckinger, Sture Sedolin, Ken Cheslin, Ben Gordon, Seth Johnson, Daphne Buckmaster, Bob Smith, Paul Shingleton, NOTT, Mary Quinn, Giovanni Scognamillo, R.D. Nicholson, Jean Linard, George Scithers (blast! I was going to use the postcard of George's, too...), Harry Warner and anybody I've overlooked. Unpublished comments will be sent to the writers who were commented on. RSC

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'68 is the year for Hensley and Speer!  
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## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

The 14th Annual Westercon will be held July 1 and 2, at the Leamington Hotel, Oakland, California. Fee is \$1 before June 1, \$1.50 afterwards. Write to Miriam Carr, 1818 Hearst St., Berkeley, Calif., for information. Fritz Leiber is guest of honor; Jack Speer is fan guest of honor.

Howard Devore, 4705 Weddell St., Dearborn, Michigan, has a new list of books and magazines for sale, at his usual ~~fair~~ fair prices. He might have just what you're looking for. (If you write him, mention YANDRO; he might stand me a drink at the Midwestcon.)

Walter Willis refuses to run for TAFF again (rightly, I think), so a movement is afoot to drag him over, kicking and screaming, by means of a Special Fund. Information from and US donations to Larry Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, New York. Sterling area funds to Arthur Thomson, 17 Brockham House, Brockham Dr., London SW 2, England.

Ed Gorman reports that CILN has folded with issue #5 (there was no issue #4) and all manuscripts and subscriptions are being returned.

Ed Bielfeldt will change his address to 2834 Golf Road, Glenview, Illinois, on April 22. Seems he's getting married; congratulations and all that.

Dick Ellington, 2162 Hillside Ave., Walnut Creek, Calif. is selling out part of his stf collection, plus mags like FILM CULTURE, ONE, AMERICAN HERITAGE and SING OUT. Prices on request.

