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YANDRO

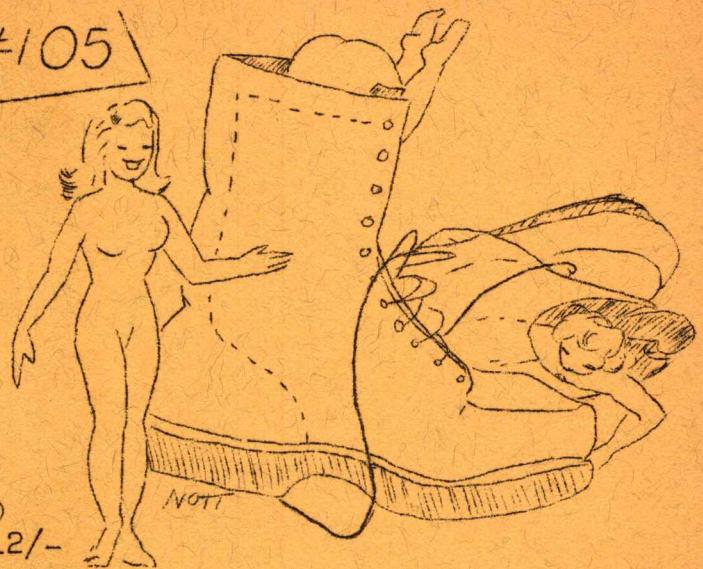
#105

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*Responsible party (well, technically) is Gary Deindorfer.

**I'll be whimsical if I want to be; whose fanzine is this, anyway?

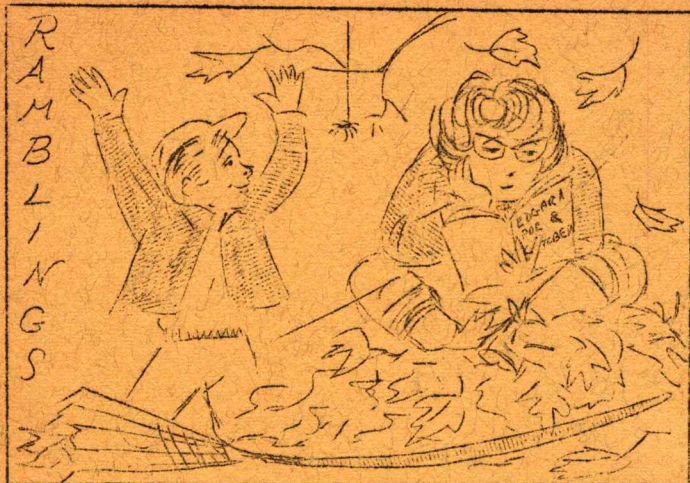
ARTWORK

Cover*** -	- Dan Adkins	Page 12 -	- Chris Miller
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" 4 -	- JWC	" 19 -	- Barbi Johnson
" 8 -	- Dan Adkins	" 24 -	- DEA
" 9 -	- Robert E. Gilbert	" 25 -	- Dave Locke

*** Multilith reproduction by George Scithers (A Good Man)

FAMOUS SAYINGS REVISITED by Lewis Grant

"Good To The Last Drop".	Otis Elevator Co.
"Apres Moi, Le Deluge".	Noah
"Damn The Torpedos: Full Speed Ahead".	Casey Jones
"Down With Burgundy".	W.C.T.U.



As picnic guests will testify, this is a pretty breezy place - so breezy in fact that it seems to have blown several pages of a calendar off the kitchen wall and out into our great agricultural limbo. Since for some peculiar reason, we did not keep a spare, this leaves us (or I should say, will leave - come January 1) with a gap in our files. I'm quite aware some of you chucked the calendar in the round file way back last January, but there may be someone out there still using one, but inclined to dispose of same come

the new year. If so, please think about returning it to us. (But not everybody at once, huh?)

Free Plug Dept: Dave Prosser sends us a flyer on another Bantan novel - this is BANTAN PRIMEVAL, Forum Pub. Co., 324 Newbury Street, Boston 15, Mass. As Buck earlier described these, they seem to be Tarzan-type adventures, and this is the seventh in the series....illoed by Prosser, \$3.00 a copy. I'm not a fan of this type of fantasy, but I'm always happy to see a fanartist busy.

.....and in that same department, may I underline something from STRANGE FRUIT? Pas-tell, Bjo Trimble, Mathon House, 222 So. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 4, Calif. This is not, as some people mistakenly assume, exclusively for fan artists. It is for people who are inter-ested in fan art, boosting it, encouraging it, and generally helping out the field. It is not a snobby organization only for artists....for one thing, there is no organization. There are fan artists, and there are fan art boosters, all helping toward the annual fantasy art show at the world cons. If you'd like to help, and also get in on the enter-taining bulletins on the ends and outs of the fan art game, please send \$1.50 to Bjo at the above address. Enthusiasm's nice, but Uncle wants stamps.

Correction Dept: I mistakenly informed Buck that it was Armstrong Circle Theater which broadcast the fallout show. Actually (all of this will be explained when you read Rumlings) A.C.T. did broadcast a "Fall-out show" - but that was last year. The more recent offering was on CBS reports.

Also, I'm aware of at least one glaring grammatical error in my article this issue. Ordinarily I do not subscribe to the theory that usage automatically dictates rule. But on this particular rule, subject-verb agreement, I find room for logical argument. I'll be glad to discuss it with frustrated grammarians out there in the audience, but I think I have a valid foothold on this item. Also, Buck and I use a different stylebook, so titles are listed in quotes rather than caps... someday we'll get together between my grad-school form and his do-it-however-I-please-ism.

And finally, I'm quite aware the bibliography is incomplete. I have read a number of Andre Norton's non-Ace works, but this was pure and very simple a matter of room.

DARK UNIVERSE must be vastly entertaining. We thought it was somewhat unusual when the two of us liked it, but a recent letter from De-Weese informs us he too enjoyed same, despite prior prejudice because

bev had also raved about it. The final results demand a response from Briney. Keep tuned to this station.

While being thoroughly in sympathy with the recent plights of Sample and Lichtman in the parental-authority department, I cannot help but remind both of them with some wistful bitterness that they are fortunate to be able to flee - either geographically or into the arms of equally authoritarian but more impersonal Uncle. In this provincial area, it is still quite true in a frightening number of cases, that the young intelligent teenage female has quite literally no place to hide. A male who leaves home is properly asserting his independence - the female who does likely is all too frequently suspect in every dept., including morals. Frequently hard come by adequate employment ("If she's out on her own at that age she's a delinquent or a pushover"), the only way out in far too many instances is marriage, which may well turn out to be a bondage of another sort. Again, not to disparage Sample and Lichtman; I only wish the freedom to escape were universal - and unnecessary.

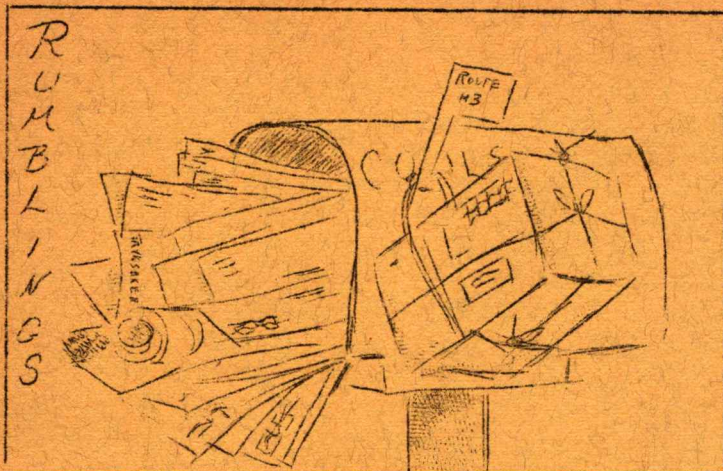
Which leads me to a recommendation of THE SECOND SEX by Simone de Beauvoir, Bantam, 95¢. My prejudices are undoubtedly showing, but seldom have I been so much in agreement with an author. The women will find themselves nodding in pained agreement, even while wincing. It is to the males I especially recommend it, particularly misogynists. It just might give them some different insights.

In KIPPLE #17 Ted White remarked in his column, obliquely from the consideration of the Fan Awards, that "Nothing is deader than yesterday's CRY or YANDRO". This may give Ted a mild start, but I agree. My only alteration would be to substitute any fanzine you care to name, including the brilliant HABEKKUK, for the titles mentioned. When I came into fandom, I latched onto Nydahl's VEGA; I vastly enjoyed it, thought it a paragon among fanzines. I reread it recently. Discounting a faint aura of nostalgia, there was nothing of real permanence there - save in its relationship to me, personallywhere was I, fannishly, when I first read this or that item? What incidents, what people does this recall. Quite certainly I save fanzines and enjoy rereading them. But I must confess I wonder strongly about the fan coming into the field now reading one of these old zines. Unless one has been personally concerned, the reaction on reading an old fanzine, even a highly touted one of the QUANDARY category, is most likely to be vastly so-whatish? Ours included. I enjoy looking over the back files of YAN, but then I was pretty personally involved. My strong reaction in looking over a fanzine out of whatever numbered fandom you care to name is usually - "Who are all these people?"

And this impression was very strong with a current fanzine, a fanzine not so impersonal. I know the Whites, even seem to get along rather well with them at cons, but VOID 26 left me with a tremendous blank. Quite usually I read White, and whether I agree or disagree with a White publication, I usually admire the end result. It is no secret to Ted, I'm sure, that I do not dig a lot of the material that he does, and quite fairly, he feels the same, I'm sure, about YANDRO. I sincerely hope he has never been quite as - the only word is - bewildered by an issue of YANDRO as I was by that issue of VOID. In-groupism is undoubtedly a fun-part of fandom, but this one was so far in that I'm don't even get my usual feeling of difference-of-opinion. I get the impression it was a fanzine from Mars - fannishMars, to be sure.

Hoping you are the same....

JWC



Half a dozen or so recent fanzine arrivals (plus VOID 26, which is not a particularly late arrival but which I suddenly realized I hadn't read yet) were deferred for the present; they'll get reviewed either in the next YANDRO or in my promised column for ABANICO. I want to comment on one which hit the mailbox today, however. This is WHO'S WHO IN SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM, compiled by Lloyd D. Broyles, Route 6, Box 453p, Waco, Texas, and priced at

50¢. Mostly I want to comment because I am utterly amazed. When I got a questionnaire some months back from a Texas fan I'd never heard of before, I returned it without any expectation of ever hearing from said fan again. It was the sort of grandiose scheme that Orville Mosher was always propounding (southwestern fandom is still living under the shadow of Mosher's various incomplete projects). But, by George, Broyles has actually gone thru with it, the results being a neat, 39-page, digest-sized lithographed booklet with a stiff wraparound cover, which lists names, addresses, and more or less pertinent facts about some 280 fans. It isn't perfect or complete -- one looks in vain for the names of Grennell, Ted White, George Willick, Terry & Miriam Carr, Elinor Busby (though Buz is listed), Joe and Roberta Gibson, Bill Danner, etc. -- but this is probably not the fault of the publisher. The information is the result of a questionnaire; if the questionnaire was not returned the individual wasn't listed. (And while I can't imagine Willick passing up a chance to tout the Fan Awards if he had the opportunity, it is obvious that Elinor Busby could have been included if she'd wanted to be.) At any rate, the next time you get a questionnaire from Broyles, it might pay to answer it; this guy actually completes his projects.

Last issue I recounted the sorrowful tale of the engineering department's search for part number 21567 (variously described as a bolt, nut and washer) and our decision to ask headquarters at Minneapolis for the answer. Minneapolis never did tell us what the part was; they simply announced that it had been obsolete for 5 years and let it go at that. (As of this date, it is still being shown on various prints as a nut, washer, etc....maybe eventually somebody will do something about it.)

A copy of the YANDRO containing Alan Dodd's column on the "Surprise Club" was sent to Hugh Paulk, and garnered a handwritten reply, expressing thanks for the kind comments and an invitation to drop in if we were ever in New York, plus one of the Club's gadgets; a four-color pencil which, by deft manipulating, can be made to write in several colors at once for a rather fascinating effect. Seth Johnson, why don't you make a deal with Paulk to distribute your fanzines for you? Circulation beyond anything the Fanzine Clearing House could obtain, with the possibility of hooking "outside" readers who haven't encountered stfmags.

A couple of weeks ago one of the nationally distributed Sunday "maga-

zines" (I forget whether it was THIS WEEK, AMERICAN WEEKLY, or one of the others) ran an article in which the Denison, Texas, high school was praised as being the first school in this country to give school letters for scholarship as well as athletics. Now this grotched the hell out of me. Not that I'm against giving school letters for scholarship; I think it's a great idea, and Denison High deserves praise. But, the article also said that Denison began giving these letters 3 years ago. Now I graduated from the Silver Lake, Indiana, high school in 1946, and I have upstairs in a dresser drawer two school sweaters which I received for scholarship. As a sophomore I received a letter and laid out \$7 or \$8 for a sweater to go with it (this was the Good Old Days, remember) and as a senior I received a letter with sweater already attached. Silver Lake even had a division of letter types; block letters for athletics, script letters for scholarship, and some sort of fancy type for music (I think they made the S into a treble clef, or something). Unfortunately, this was before Sputnik and the emergence of scholarship as a status symbol, and Silver Lake was a small (13 in my graduating class) and uninfluential school, so it never caught on. Denison seems to be starting a trend, and I hope they make it -- but I wonder if they didn't get the idea from a small school which had been using the system for years? That "first" bit bothers me. (I wrote a nasty letter to the publisher which has had no results whatsoever to date.)

One of these days soon YANDRO readers on this continent (and some non-YANDRO readers on this continent) will be getting an official flyer announcing the raffle of a mimeograph. At the Midwestcon, Howard Devore donated a "Rotary Neostyle" brand mimeo to the Willis Fund. Since then Juanita and I have made sporadic efforts at understanding its operation and fixing it up with a feed tray, ink pad holders, etc., which the machine lacked in its pristine state. The flyer will be mimeographed on the machine to be raffled, so you'll know in advance that it can be made to work (and the winner will get a set of instructions with the mimeo). Tickets will be a modest price (I figure on 50¢, but wait until you get the official notice before sending money) and the deadline remains to be announced. All money over and above that required to ship the machine to the winner will go to the Willis Fund (if we don't get enough cash to cover shipping costs we'll call off the whole thing and refund your dough...any money I donate to the fund will be done direct, not in shelling out for shipping costs for a mimeo that I have to work on, box for shipment, etc.) This advance notice is intended to stir up a little enthusiasm ahead of time; a more complete description of the raffle rules and the machine itself will come in the official flyer.

Betty Kujawa wanted to know if we were going to comment on the "Twilight Zone" episode regarding the fallout shelter -- what's to comment? The show was probably the most true to life bit that Serling has done yet (I trust that no fans are naive enough to believe that their neighbors wouldn't act like that?) A couple of days after the "Twilight Zone" show, Armstrong Circle Theater (I think -- or rather Juanita thinks, since I had not the vaguest idea of which show it was) presented a factual program on shelters which emphasized the ideas brought out by Serling -- including one Catholic priest who said, in effect, that it was perfectly all right for a shelter owner to shoot an outsider trying to get in. (That's my idea, too, but I didn't expect anyone to say it out loud over a national network.) Anyway, it won't bother us until we move; we don't own this place and anyway it doesn't even have a basement. RSC

SILVER SECONDS

— column by — gene deweese —

To get this off to a nice, positive start, everyone go get a copy of *DISASSOCIATION OF PERSONALITY* by Morton Prince. It was originally published about 1908, but there's a Meridian paperback (MG-12) available now for only \$1.95. And most libraries probably have it, too, so no excuses.

It is, so far as I know, the first really extensive and popularly written study of split -- or, more accurately, shattered -- personalities. It is certainly the most interesting. Dr. Prince occasionally comes on like John Carradine, what with all the hypnotizing, post-hypnotic suggesting, and general oddball experimenting he relates. I'm not at all sure he mightn't have caused a bit of extra personality fragmentation himself.

One of the incidents read like something out of *UNKNOWN*. Sally (one of the secondary personalities) tells how, when Miss Beauchamp (the dominant personality) had pneumonia and was completely delirious, she (Sally) "came out" and took care of Miss Beauchamp -- that is, Sally took the necessary medicine, rearranged the bedclothes, etc., while Miss Beauchamp was unable to do these things for herself. And Sally was able to explain exactly what Miss Beauchamp "dreamed" while she was delirious.

All in all, a most fascinating book. (At the risk of arousing a certain faction in fandom, I might even say that there was a certain sense of wonder about this book which was not shared by the later publications on the same subject.)

While you're returning that one to the library, you might pick up *MOSTLY MURDER* by Sydney Smith. Smith has been a pioneer in forensic medicine, and the book consists mostly of the more interesting of his cases during the past 50 years. If you like Perry Mason, real-life murders (at a safe distance), or scholarly humor, you should enjoy this one.

Among other things, there's Smith's running feud with a "government expert" whose testimony at murder trials was often at odds with Smith's own. In fact, the two of them agreed on only one occasion in all their years of meetings. "Dislike of admitting an error seems to be a weakness of experts," Smith observed.

There's also some interesting stories about bribery in Egypt, where he was head pathologist for the British government. "Knowing that bribery was rampant," he says, "I asked my confidential secretary how it was that none ever came my way." As it turned out, the local gentry thought of British officials, and Smith in particular, as incorruptable. Besides, the secretary added, to get to Smith they had to bribe the secretary first.

Apparently bribery was rampant, for Smith discovered that his mortuary attendant ("a humble post that did not seem to offer much chance of outside profit...") was getting a bit of extra-curricular loot. The natives' religion frowned on having one's body carved up, and they were willing to pay to keep the bodies of their deceased relatives (accidental death or murder victims) in one piece. The mortuary attendant would check with Smith to see which bodies were not going to require autopsies, then would go to the relatives of these particular bodies and

offer them his services in guarding the bodies against the depredations of Smith's knives.

And then there was the burglar who awakened a lady in her bedroom. She screamed, and he made the mistake of clapping a hand over the mouth. She bit -- when the man was picked up a week later, the police identified him by the fingertip which the woman had turned in to them when she reported the burglary.

And, for the more gory-minded, the gentleman who blew a good portion of his brains out with a .45, then walked about and conversed rationally for about two hours before he collapsed. Which just goes to show..

A somewhat shorter, cheaper, and wilder book is INSIDE THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY by Gene Grove. It is 75% quotes from Robert Welch's writings and those of other Birch organizers, laced together with comments from Grove. If the quotes are all accurate, Welch and his group must be bosom buddies of one Richard Sharpe Shaver and probably of Grey Barker. Welch's "Great Communist Conspiracy" sounds remarkably like Shaver's deros and Barker's "men in the black suits". (I've always thought they had the color of the suits wrong, myself. Incidentally, some Birchers believe that, in addition to the Communist and various other conspiracies, there is also a great homosexual conspiracy...)

A few random items:

Eisenhower developed into a Communist because he has warped and fanatic-type genius, and comes from a fanatic background (i.e., his mother was a Jehovah's Witness).

It was Welch's people who caused the U-2 incident (a strange claim, you must admit) by their overwhelming deluge of mail protesting against the summit conference.

/Ed. note: You mean the Russians tried Powers and called off the conference just to please Welch? Who does he say is being too friendly with the Russians, again?/

He comes even closer to Shaver-Barker thinking when he claims that there are only two possible reasons why the Presidential candidates did not mention the Great Communist Conspiracy during the campaign: "a) The conspirators controlled the nomination of the candidates, or b) the conspiracy is so powerful that the candidates dare not offend it by recognizing its existence."

He is in favor of South Africa's white supremacy government (they have been "extremely lenient in their repression of violence") and "The Alamo" (it's patriotic); he's against Martin Luther King, Henry Cabot Lodge, FDR, income tax (well, nobody's all bad), "Spartacus", "Inherit The Wind" (it ridicules religion and state's rights), child labor laws and fluoridation of water.

He also says "Join your local PTA. Get your conservative friends to do likewise, and go to work to take it over... When you and your friends get your local PTA group straightened out, move up the ladder as soon as you can to exert a wider influence." (I'm sure this strikes a responsive chord amongst all you teachers -- those PTA groups are pretty liberal...) Oh yes - it's a Gold Medal book.

- - - - -

Do all beginning foreign language courses come up with weird translations? In Russian last week, there was "My brother is a textbook." And I think there's an AC TechRep in Russia somewhere. One of the lessons comes out (for real, not just a mistranslation): "Are you a worker?" "No, I'm an engineer."

Gee, called a notorious party pooper by Tucker.....

STAR MISTRESS — AUTHOR REVIEW BY — ^{JW}C —

For several years now, Ace has been reprinting Andre Norton's "juveniles", until at this writing sixteen have been issued; three singles, two back-to-back doubles and the remainder as halves of double selections. I seem to share with P. Schuyler Miller an inordinate fondness for Miss Norton's writings, but I have seen little mention, other than casual, of her work by other fan writers.

Though it will probably do "fandom", per se, little good, I still feel the boosters of science fiction owe the author a debt of gratitude. Miss Norton is usually classed as a "juvenile" writer - meaning, probably, no love interest, lots of action, and no terrifically complicated ideas - straightforward stf adventure writing, the type of stf writing that will appeal to the young adolescent who knows very little about the field of science fiction but is ripe to be interested.

Having recently been on a midwestern college campus with a laboratory school attached and having an opportunity to notice with pleased surprise the number of young, very young people wandering through the halls with a Norton paperback either in hand or tucked amongst the textbooks, I feel that her plucking of this ripe interest is far underestimated.

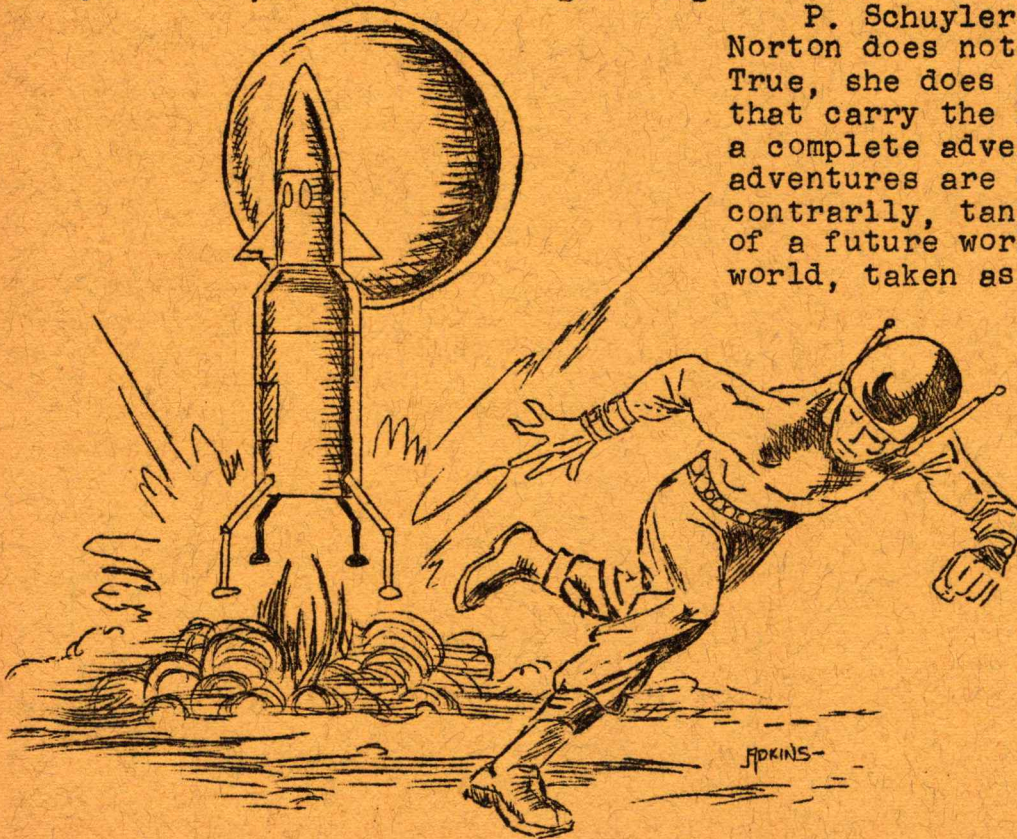
Further, I believe she's vastly underrated as an entertaining writer for the adult science fiction fan.

She has had romantic interest, albeit of the sterile sometime-in-the-future style of the older pulps, plenty of action, and, despite the onus of "juvenile", some rather engrossing theories and writing gambits.

P. Schuyler Miller says Miss Norton does not write sequels. True, she does not write sequels that carry the hero forward into a complete adventure. None of her adventures are complete; they are, contrarily, tantalizing sections of a future world, or alternate world, taken as the hero sees

them, with lots of intriguing loose ends dangling, making for a sense of wonder with a vengeance.

Given the ripe opportunity, this sort of tantalization is going to "hook" young adolescents on science fiction. Whether it will be Miss Norton he reads to explore those not-quite-explained loose ends, or one of



the more adult writers, he is going to find himself on a spiraling ramp up into more and more nebulous realms of speculation.

As an example of the Norton "loose end" technique, study a very popular juvenile series, probably her best known; the 3 Dane Thorson books. The first one, "Sargasso Of Space", is typically pulp adventure with a juvenile slant; the young, inferiority-complex-style hero (and she is quite competent at depicting the feelings of the young outcast - i.e., adolescent) accompanying his ship's crew on an exploration of a planet, discovering a nest of hijackers, calling in the Patrol and...no, everything doesn't end happily ever after. There are all sorts of loose ends... including where does the crew go from there? They go to the second volume, "Plague Ship". Here the crew



is taking advantage of a trade contract they obtained by some tongue-in cheek double-dealing back in the first volume; they get their cargo and become involved in a suspected plague, leading to a horrifying study of futuristic Terran politics, past history on Terra....and end up with no cargo, but a deal for a future cargo that carries them into the third book, "Voodoo Planet". The third volume is a trip to an African-colony planet, complete with all her fascinating theories on psycho-medicine and the influence of belief on man - mind over matter - psi powers on a primitive scale.

Throughout the Thorson series, the reader gets a kaleidoscopic view of Thorson's world, the set-up of interplanetary and intersystem shipping, economics, politics, religious beliefs, cultural development... none fully explored (does one fully explore the similar departments of one's own world?), but all touched and dangled before the reader for momentary interest and speculation, then snatched back, leaving the mind in a beehive of wonder. For the reader who only wants action, this sort of writing gets in the way... "her books are too long". For the reader who loves to become, for a brief space, part of this fascinating alternate world, her books are far too short; each little side avenue that is passed begs to be explored further.

The young reader of imagination will find much to identify with. Most of her heroes are young. They are not terribly capable as a general rule - just earnest young men bumbling along trying not to foul up the unit they fit into, occasionally advancing the plot by unintentional heroics. (By this I mean that they rarely set out to perform heroism; they get involved in something through curiosity, or are pushed into a corner where they must fight for life, and in the struggle they emerge victorious and heroic through no particular ambition.) These young men are not stupid, hands-hanging-down types, but are usually in a plot

wherein they are made to feel inferior either by small physique, comparative youthfulness, downtrodden economic or rate status, or merely the fact that they are surrounded by older, more competent people.

In short, her heroes are generally in the position of any intelligent youngster during adolescence. The closest approach Andre Norton makes to describing a juvenile delinquent is her characterization of Joktar in "Secret Of The Lost Race"; waif of the streets, cutthroat type. But it turns out, naturally, that his behavior was a survival device.

Her characterizations are deceptive. Most of her heroes are not adolescents, or if so are in late adolescence. Her other prominent "jd" type is a former paratrooper in the Time Traders series.

And here occurs another favorite gambit of the author. The reader is never sure of the hero. The action, the events, are more important than the eye of the beholder. Thorson is a passenger and observer throughout much of the series. In her two Time Traders novels, one hero is dominant through the first book and takes a complete side seat to a new central character in the second. In the Ad Astra series (my own designation, since none is given by the author) the hero of the sequel is the descendent of the hero of the first book.

Common elements run through many of the books not at all related by characters or events: her system of spaceship trade, her interstellar service organizations - "Patrol", "Survey", "Council". In addition to the young, inferiorly placed hero, her favorite other plot elements are Amerindians, Nordic-types, human-animal telepathy, service rivalry and snobbery, the "long trek across country in face of difficulties" and alien races predominantly water-living and telepathic.

She weaves these elements together often, and well. In her latest work from Ace, "Storm Over Warlock", she manages to combine all of them, and despite the fact that I've read all her Ace books and several of the others --all I could get my hands on - and might well have expected each device as it cropped up, I found it the most entertaining book she's written yet.

It must be possible to have nostalgia where no prior memory exists. Had Miss Norton been writing when I was a young adolescent, I would have gobbled her books with cries of joy. The amazing thing is that, coming in late as it were, a jaded long-time reader, these books still have the power to recapture that sense of just discovering distant and future worlds, the...trite, true...sense of wonder.

Her young readers will probably never join fandom, but they will have their mental horizons vastly stretched, and be entertained into the bargain. And - you, the jaded long-time reader, devote forty-five minutes or an hour to reading a Norton novel if you haven't already done so. You just might find yourself recapturing a pleasure in stf reading that you thought you'd long outgrown.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

(Ace Novel numbers shown in parentheses)

Dane Thorson Series:	Time Traders Series:	STAR GUARD (D199)
SARGASSO OF SPACE (D-249)	THE TIME TRADERS (D461)	STAR HUNTER(D509)
PLAGUE SHIP (D345)	GALACTIC DERELICT (D498)	THE SIOUX
VOODOO PLANET (D345)		SPACEMAN (D437)
	Not in a series:	THE BEAST
Ad Astra Series:	DAYBREAK - 2250 AD (D69)	MASTER (D509)
THE STARS ARE OURS! (D121)	THE LAST PLANET (D96)	STORM OVER
STAR BORN (D229)	THE CROSSROADS OF TIME (D164)	WARLOCK
	SECRET OF THE LOST RACE (D381)	(F109)

Survival Of The Fannish

BY

john trimble

I'm afraid that Ed Wood has let his strong preoccupation with the current sad state of the science fiction magazines interfere with his better judgement in his article in YANDRO #104.

When the last stf-zine dies -- and when seems more appropriate than if -- fandom may suffer some discomfort, but it won't be a mortal wound. Not if we take advantage of the other avenues of publicity/recruitment available to us. And I don't refer to such things as LIFE's idiotic blatherings.

The LASFS used a city-wide Hobby Show to good advantage a year or so ago, picking up a dozen or more interested parties. The three or four people from that group who stayed on have become active, valuable members of the club. The LASFS could have done the same in '58, via the SoLaCon, except that the members failed to take advantage of the golden opportunity for publicity on that occasion.

We plan to explore many areas in publicizing Westercon XV; the L A Chamber of Commerce, the Southland newspapers, Saturday Review of Lit., VARIETY, etc. And while we'll get some flying saucer nuts, spiritualists, opportunists, pseudo-intellectuals, and the like, we figure that if we come up with a few genuine enthusiasts and "stayers" of the calibre of Don Fitch or Blake Maxam, it will have been well worth the trouble.

We certainly aren't going to lose anything!

And we stand to gain folksingers, artists, actors, budding writers, and who knows what -- people whose main interests aren't concerned with science fiction, but all folks who read the stf.

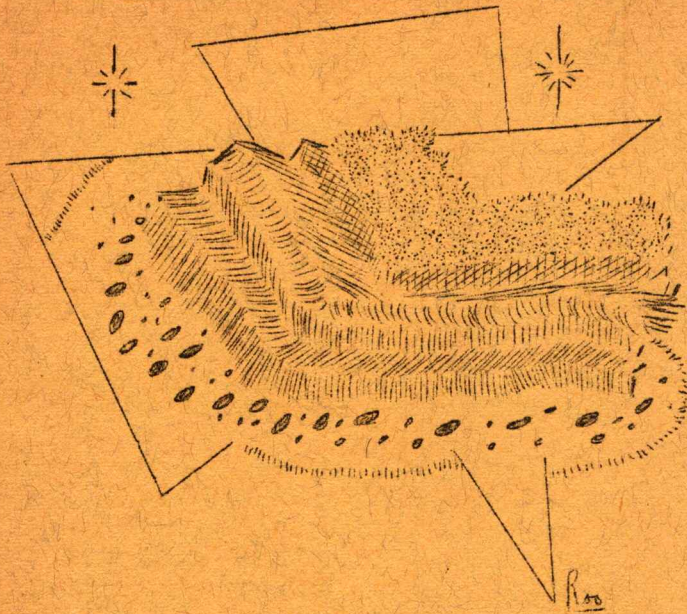
While working on a movie recently, Bjo ran into at least six people, of a cast of around fifty, who have been actively reading stf for years. And some of them have never heard of any of the science fiction magazines. These people were astounded to learn that Bjo knows Ray Bradbury, and looked at her with awe when they learned that she had just returned from a convention where she had talked (actually and literally) with Robert Heinlein at some length.

They were all interested in fandom, to some extent, and we'll probably pick up one, possibly two semi-active people there, while the rest will come around to special events, conferences, conventions and so on. Not a bad yield, considering that there was no effort in that direction.

Through notices, letters, what-have-you in SatReview, VARIETY, PLAY-BOY, ROGUE, Art Periodicals, etc., you can pick up all sorts of presently out-group enthusiasts. And gain wider notice of conventions, and other fan doings at the same time.

No significant numbers of these people will be the sort of "true fans" that Ed Wood wants, nor -- for that matter -- the kind of "true fans" the faannish fans would like to see. Instead, they'll be people like Bjo, Bernie Zuber, Juanita Coulson, Dean Grennell, William Rotsier; all productive, talented individuals, who -- in the majority of cases -- will work quite hard on projects that catch their interest both in and out of fandom. All are primarily concerned with Other Things, but with a genuine and sometimes productive interest in science fiction as common ground.

As long as science fiction or fantasy lasts, we can continue to draw



GOLDEN MINUTES
by Robert Coulson

intelligent, talented, productive people of this nature. Change is the natural order of things, with stf and its fandom as with everything else. So the avenues of recruitment may change -- should change, and the nature of fandom along with them, just the same as science fiction itself, and its marketplace, changes.

Judging by the flood of pb's, and the general circulation appearances of stf, it looks as if science fiction will survive the death of the prozines, and I'll bet a quire of SureRites that Fandom will, too.

Devoted to science fiction this time, and mostly to a few books well worth picking up. The first is for newcomers and completists like DeWeese only; Pyramid has reissued TOMORROW AND TOMORROW by "Hunt Collins" (pseudonym of Evan Hunter, and yes, I know that's a pseudonym too, but I forget his real name). Aside from a new (and inferior) cover, the book seems unchanged, and if you missed it the first time it came around, and also lack the magazine version ("Malice In Wonderland", from IF), you should dash out and plunk down your 35¢ for this world-taken-over-by-the-hipsters novel. It sounds silly, but it's pretty good.

The contents of Pyramid's "The Ghoul Keepers" is about standard or maybe a bit above that of recent horror anthologies, but if you see it on the stands, pick it up and read the back cover blurb. Then open it and read the inside-cover blurb. Then buy it, to encourage this type of selling -- unless you're either anti-fantasy or have a very complete collection there'll be something new for you, and all of them except the idiotic thing by Seabury Quinn are worth reading.

As far as I know, Gold Medal's CANARY IN A CAT HOUSE is the first published collection of Kurt Vonnegut's short stories. Since Vonnegut is that rarity -- a good stf writer who has never appeared in many stf magazines -- a lot of his material may be new to you. It's slick, it's mostly satiric, and the reliance on twist endings causes it to lose a lot of its force after the first reading...but that first reading is excellent, if you can refrain from peeking at the conclusion first. It represents the best of the modern science fiction.

The best of the kind of science fiction I like is represented by DARK UNIVERSE, by Daniel F. Galouye, an original Bantam paperback. I could say that I don't recall when I've read a story I liked as well, but I happen to recall exactly; it was March 1959, when F&SF published Poul Anderson's "The Sky People". (Brian Aldiss' later "Hothouse" series is the same alien-environment type, but not quite as good.) Other stf I like, but this I'll read and re-read.

Berkley has reprinted a classic, Stapledon's STAR MAKER, and Pyramid an original, Ray Gallun's PLANET STRAPPERS, but since I haven't read either one yet, I'll wait until the next BANE to review them.

THE CHANCE-LIKE WORKINGS OF CHANCE

—by— isaac lassitude —

--In which the Good Doctor, with his usual directness of approach and lazy lucidity and breeziness of exposition, explains why life as a chain reaction in all its physio-psycho-chemical complexity should by all rights not have ever been able to form on this planet!!! Such a combination, he implies, would be equivalent to dropping the Die of Fate on a Cosmic Throw-rug!!!

Thank you, Mister Campbell, for leaving me some room in which to lucidly and breezy-humorously write my article. (And, incidentally, think how much money you would save your publishers if they didn't have to pay the printers so much additional money for all that ink they must use to print the copious exclamation points you crowd into your writing. Haha!)

Now, Patient Reader, to proceed with my usual perspicuity: why should life not have formed on earth? Well, I have found, up there in Boston where my alter-ego is a noted and incredibly highly respected biochemist in search of cancer cells and stuff, that, by all rights, the reason life should not have formed is that it didn't. For those of you who read my recent article, explaining the method I use to write about abstruse scientific subjects so pellucidly and with such bouncing vigor ("The Sea Urchin And John W. Campbell, Jr.", ASTOUNDING-ANALOG FACT-FICTIVE STORIES AND FICTION, June 1947) this fact will not be new, but for the rest of you it could very well be.

Now, let us all travel back in a giant self-sustaining basket and observe the world in the year (give or take a few months, haha) 2,000,000,000 B.C. And, oh yes, let us from now on in the course of this article use what is known as exponential notation to write large figures. Really, Patient Reader, it is not so difficult as you may have thought and, if you follow carefully and then diligently practice, you too should be able to exponentially notate like me and other learned science writers. So, instead of breaking your wrist writing 2,000,000,000, why not, just simply do this: 2×10^9 . I won't explain how I derive this now. Either buy my recent book for the explanation ("Mathematics Made Simple As Hell", College Outline Series, 1935) or take my word for it that I am a goddam mathematical genius and know what I am doing.

Well, anyway, there we are back on the earth of 2×10^9 years B.C. and we are staring down (note the following des-



cription, fixing earth-as-it-was vividly in your mind. God, but I can write) into a boiling, roiling black sea - a nutrient sea - and thick scudding clouds scud skiddingly by us in our basket, and Zeus or Pluto or someone sends down his bolts of fire.* Now, if we look carefully down into the water we will find not a bit of life swimming there. Even if we use a magnifying glass on a sample of the ocean (and you can get the sample; I'm not exposing my lovably rotund body to that weather) we find no life. No life, but a helluva lot of nutrient.

Now this nutrient should by all rights be forming life like crazy. It consists of various molecular strings all tied together in a giant sub-atomic knot (if you follow me) and, frankly, why no little lives are being formed is beyond me. So, what we must do is seed the nutrient sea. We drop the remains of our box-lunch into the primeval ocean (orange peels, half of a peanut-butter and jelly sandwich, two uneaten radishes, a ragged piece of Spam, three used flavor-straws) and go forward into the future (forward being a useful, albeit**meaningless, term) about 1,000,000,000 (or 10×10^8) years. We find, strangely enough, a discarded pile of lunch in a rather decayed form resting on a small island in the middle of the sea. We are elated, of course, for though upon examination of the sea there is still no life, at least we have formed an island. We eat the radishes and leave for the present.

And, of course, the only conclusion that can be drawn is that life has never been formed on earth. Either that, or the very ugly alternative must be accepted that all life as we know it began from the discards of a box lunch.

Of course, it must be remembered that our whole trip to primeval earth in a very big basket is totally imaginary and probably never actually happened. After all, if there were no life, Who would make the basket?***

* Here the Good Doctor is being rather uncustomarily non-scientific; it is assumed he is referring to lightning. - Kindly Editor

** Albeit? - Kindly Editor #

***Which the Good Doctor will attempt to answer in his forthcoming science article for our magazine, "Who Would Make The Basket?" - Kindly Editor

Albeit. So be it. - Good Doctor

 "In 1718 an Englishman named James Puckle was granted a patent for what, on paper, looks like a workable machine gun. But since Puckle's patent drawing shows that his gun was supposed to fire round bullets against Christians and square ones against infidels, there is some doubt about his seriousness." ...Philip Van Doren Stern, in AMERICAN HERITAGE

 How about "a boredom of collectives"?Fred W. Arnold

 From "A Near Thing At Yorktown" by Harold Larrabee, in AMERICAN HERITAGE: "As Washington had predicted, the navy had the "casting vote" in deciding the outcome of the war, and it was the French Navy which delivered what soon became known as le coup de Grasse."

 Bob Lichtman, 1441 8th. St., Berkeley 10, Calif. and Juniata A.-Bonifas, 1913 Hopi Road, Santa Fe, New Mexico, each desire a copy of YANDRO 103.

STRANGE FRUIT

Fanzines reviewed for XERO: AXE 12 & 13, SKYRACK 38, LES SPINGE 6, PAR-SECTION 9, OOPSLA! 30, MONDAY EVENING GHOST 12, PODIUM.
 Fanzines noted but not reviewed: SKYRACK 37 (Bennett), SONOMA #6 (Met-calf), CONVERSATION #16 (Hickman), TIME TRAVEL (Kaye - not only is this IPSO but I think I got Phil Harrell's copy, since the handwrit notes on it were addressed to him; I'll pass it along), WHATSIT #1 (Cheslin), DARKOVER (Bradley) -- and of course the last FAPA mailing. Which leaves:

FYI #1 (Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois - irregular - free)
 Vic Ryan stored his mimeo at Tucker's place, and Bob is playing with the new toy. Blast you, Ryan; now we'll never get another column out of the man! Why should he write them for us when he can publish them himself? Maybe when the novelty wears off.... Anyway, here is a two-page Tucker column, for Tuckerphiles.

THE ADMIRABLE CRYCON (Walter Breen, 1205 Peralta Ave., Berkeley 6, Calif. - one-shot - rider with FANAC, but he might have an extra copy or two)
 A convention report on the recent Seacon, all bound to itself for the benefit of aficionado. I could take issue with some of his opinions, but that would mean admitting that I'd read it, and everybody knows I don't read con reports.

FANAC #78 (Walter Breen, address above, - irregular - 4 for 50¢ - British agent Archie Mercer) The news of fandom; these days you get AXE for the first reports and FANAC for the more detailed account...also FANAC is giving wider coverage these days. From the newspaper of fandom it's become the NEWSWEEK of fandom. Still valuable for address changes; fanzine editors have a horrible time keeping up with their subscribers, who are constantly flitting about the country like unto a pod of neurotic jumping beans. I still don't agree with Walter's opinions on the news - Galaxy-Beacon novels, for example, had a lot higher standards than a lot of the remaining publishers -- like Signet, if you want an example. However, it's all entertaining. Rating..8

SAM #4 (Steve Stiles, 1809 Second Ave., New York 28, N.Y. - irregular - no price listed) A personal-opinion-type zine. Sort of like getting a seven-page editorial. Whether you like it or not depends on whether you find Steve's personality entertaining or not. Rating..5

PESKY'S #9 (Edmund Meskys, 723A, 45 St., Brooklyn 20, N.Y. - irregular? - free for comment) Published for N'APA, but Ed says it will also be available outside the organization. All editorial and letters except for a long review of Wanshel's fanzines. Most of the editorial concerns publishing -- typewriters, troubles with ditto masters, etc. -- might be very valuable for aspiring editors (or it might not; you never can tell..However, Ed states in advance what his trouble are, and the poor reproduction bears him out, so other faneds can see what they'll be getting into.) Rating...3½

 "THE SECRET OF MONTE CRISCO"Warsaw, Ind. theater marquee (honest)

MENACE OF THE LASFS #28, 29 (Bruce Pelz, 738 So. Mariposa, #107, Los Angeles 5, Calif. - bi-weekly - 10¢) Some people will buy anything, I guess; these are rather mildly entertaining and rather prettily decorated. They compose the minutes of LASFS meetings.

SCRIBBLE #7 (Colin Freeman - USAgent, Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd. Ave., Hyattsville, Md. - bi-monthly? - 10¢) A small humor mag; 9 pages. Some of the humor is pretty small, too, but it's improving. Rating...3

PAS-tell (Bjo Trimble, Mathom House, 222 So. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 4, Calif. - irregular - \$1.50..per year, I guess) The fanzine of, by and for fan artists. This issue (and presumably future ones) will also be valuable to fan art collectors, due to its complete listing of artwork exhibited at the Seacon, together with prices and notes on items already purchased. This was a quickie; future issues will, I assume, be bigger and more formal (like having covers). This was strictly to inform the interested parties of the results of the Seacon Art Show.

NEOLITHIC #17 & 18 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17, Minnesota - bi-monthly - 2 for 25¢) #18 contains reports on both the Seacon and an Oz-convention held at Bass Lake, Indiana (too bad we didn't know more about the Oz bit ahead of time; Juanita would probably have enjoyed attending. (I wouldn't, but I could have gone on up to Culver and spent the evening with the Croziers.) #17 is more general; fiction, prozine reviews, and accounts of Minnesota life that make me almost happy I live in Indiana. Rating...6

WILD #1 (Don Dohler, 1221 Overbrook Rd., Baltimore 12, Md. - monthly - 15¢) I suppose you could class this in with the comic-book fanzines, as the inspiration for it obviously came from MAD rather than ANALOG. or HYPHEN. More enthusiasm than talent in this one, but give them some time and lots of practice..... As it stands, non-fan teenagers might think it was great (I can't guarantee it, not knowing many non-fan teenagers, but it seems possible). Phil Harrell should appreciate the bowling cartoon. Excellent reproduction. Rating....1

SCOTTISHE #25, HAVERINGS #7 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave. Surbiton, Surrey, England - quarterly - SCOTTISHE 20¢, HAVERINGS 10¢) HAVERINGS is almost entirely fanzine reviews; for fan editors and those other odd individuals who like reading the things. SCOTTISHE contains three columns: "Natterings" by the editor, "Warblings" by Walt Willis, and one by Brian Varley which seems to have a variable title. All are entertaining; Ethel's comments on nursing have been the best thing in the past couple of issues. There is also a letter column (improving) and OMPA mailing comments (not improving). Rating..7

ESPRIT #5 (Daphne Buckmaster, 8 Buchanan St., Kirkcudbright, Scotland - quarterly - 20¢ - USAgent, Don Fitch (address in lettercol) The controversial fanzine. I got this issue one noon, read it that afternoon, and wrote a letter of comment that night -- something that I do maybe once or twice a year. Excellent general-type articles. Rating...8

G² #4 (Joe & Roberta Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave., El Sobrante, Calif. - monthly - 3 for 25¢) This time Joe goes into the problems (and has some solutions) of professional stf publishing. Good work. Rating...6

VICIOUS AND VORACIOUS — BY hal annas

Razing a building, except when explosives are used, often takes nearly as much time as the construction. At least one insect has improved on man's methods.

The spider of common garden variety requires many minutes to build a comparably large web. It can then take it down, neatly, and roll it up, in the space of five seconds.

The building is intricate and carefully but rapidly done. The spider works from the outside toward the center. The web is first a rough skeleton, with four anchoring strands. Then the creature works round and around in a circle toward the center.

The anchoring strands run from the center to a distant point where they are attached. The number of them increases after a linking of the first four has been made. The web then begins to take on the shape of a hexagon.

At that point where the strands come together at the center, the spider hangs head down waiting for prey. Its vision is not good and it depends on vibrations coming through the strands of silk to tell it when and where something has struck. It rushes to that point and will come to close grip with anything alive in the web, large or small. A bumblebee can give it a terrific fight and, if its powerful wings don't become entangled, even escape the web. When a bumblebee strikes, the spider must later make repairs, for much of the web will be torn up in the struggle.

Ordinarily spiders do not make repairs after the first building. Only a very strong insect can damage it extensively.

The spider first paralyzes the insect with a fluid generated in its body. It then removes its legs and wings. If the spider has just built the web and is hungry, it will carry the unconscious insect back to the center and eat. If it has already eaten, it will roll the insect up in the silk where it struck and leave it there until the day's work is done.

When an insect strikes and doesn't flutter, and the spider is busy eating, the spider will look up casually, make some comment on why insects don't have the decency to get in its web when it isn't busy, and twang the lines of the web running exactly to the prey. If the twanging satisfies the spider that it should go down or up and do something about the matter, it does it in a rush. If live prey is there it doesn't give it much time to do much damage to the web.

After a sufficient catch has been made, the spider takes down its web. It drops from the center straight to the bottom and unhitches at that point which releases the entire section. It rolls this to the center and then goes to the right anchorages and unhitches, again rolls. It then unhitches the third anchorage and rolls the entire web toward the fourth, where it encloses itself and its captured prey underneath the roll. The operation takes not more than five seconds.

The spider is vicious and voracious, an unpleasant combination, but most are non-poisonous and aid somewhat in the control of mosquitoes and disease-bearing flies.

 "What are you getting me for Christmas, Bluebeard?" ...Lewis Grant

NICKEL-PLATED HOURS

a semi-column by DICK LUPOFF

I don't know whether SILVER SECONDS is going to be an open forum, a la GOLDEN MINUTES, or is Gene's property. Assuming the former, let me tell you that Pat, Jock Root and I set out to see a revival of "The Maltese Falcon" and "Casablanca" the other night, found that the cub-board was bare of those but that one of the 42nd Street fleabags was showing "The Thing" and "The Beast With 1,000,000 Eyes". To get rid of the Beast first, it is even duller, even stupider, even less worthwhile than the average Howlywould stf-monster pic.

"The Thing" is now almost a dozen years old, and I had fully expected to find that it was also dull, stupid, etc. Tain't. It's a fine, fine picture! The dialog crackles, the characterizations are valid, the performances are fine. And it's scary! "The Thing", given a fair chance (don't go in there determined not to like it), can give you a chill or two or even a thrill or three.

Of course it is not "Who Goes There?". The day after reseeing "The Thing" I reread WGT? and it is only in the broadest outlines that they are alike. But even though "The Thing" is merely a monster movie, it is a very, very fine one.

Speaking of monster movies, the Fantasy Film Club has been having a bit of a Frankenstein Film Festival lately. The FFC is a group of lovers of imaginative movies here in New York, headed informally by Chris Steinbrunner and Dave Foley. It contains roughly 50% stf fans and fringefans (Chris and Dave, Ken Beale, Lin Carter, Jock Root, occasionally Hal Lynch or Ebob Stewart) and the other 50% people who are completely outside our usual ken.

Films are obtained from several sources. Chris works for WOR-TV and sometimes can borrow from their film library. He is also a friend of William K. Everson, the man who originated the TV program "Silents, Please", and we borrow from him occasionally. We also use rental services from time to time, and on the rarest of occasions, Chris and/or Dave will buy something short. We see quite a few serials, an occasional cartoon of special interest, and many old stf/fantasy/horror movies.

As I started to say before, we've seen several Frankenstein shows lately, and I must tell you that they hold up a lot better seen with few or no interruptions (as for instance to change a reel) than they do on



television where there's a break every 6 minutes (or so it seems) during which you're exhorted to smoke a certain brand of cigarettes, drink a certain kind of beer, wash with so-and-so's soap, burn thus-and-so's gasoline, etc. These films -- the good ones especially -- rely in great degree upon the creation of a mood, and you can't create a mood of Transylvanian horror and gothic mystery when you're interrupted every third scene by some repulsive slob urging you to buy a 1962 automobile without tailfins, tailfins are passe and the mark of failure.

Not that the FFC worships indiscriminately old fantasy films. Many of them draw the guffaws they deserve, and on occasion some really bad ones have been taken off in the middle of a showing rather than continue to bore everyone present. (We generally have several items on a showing, and work from worst to best in case a given item is so bad as to be put off)

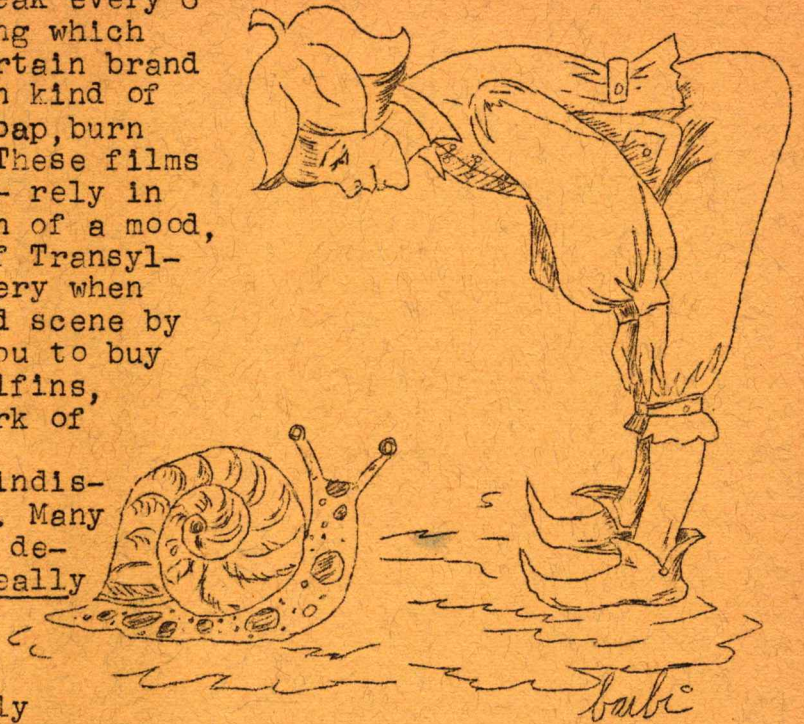
But back to Frankenstein. That series ran, I believe, "Frankenstein", "Bride of F", "Son of F", "Ghost of F", "F Meets The Wolfman", "House of F", and "Abbott and Costello Meet F". The last three are generally regarded as not being worthwhile. Most of us in the club are adequately familiar with the original film, so Chris has lately shown Bride, Son, and Meets Wolfie. We missed Ghost, but it's scheduled soon.

And again, I have been astonished at how good these pictures are. Yes, they have their loose ends and they have their absurdities. But they were not the low-budget grade-Z stuff that gets made today by the likes of Samuel Z. Arkov. These were grade-A pictures with good scripts (Curt Siodmak wrote Meets Wolfman) beautiful...err, elaborate sets, and real actors in the casts. Just offhand these three pictures had Elsa Lanchester, Basil Rathbone; Ghost had Cedric Hardwicke; Wolfman had Claude Rains and Ralph Bellamy; of course there's our dear Maria Ouspenskaya, an actress, children, and my tongue is not in my cheek. All in addition to the horror boys, Karloff, Lugosi, and Chaney, Jr. And all of this does not take into account the excellent long-time pros who played supporting roles. Lionel Atwill, to name just one.

I suppose it will be difficult to see these things except on television, but if you possibly can, by all means do. If you cannot see them except on television, they are still better than nothing, I guess, but if the medium spoils the evening for you, try not to blame the movie.

 The opinions expressed in this magazine are those of the writers, and not necessarily those of the editors. Particularly this editor. RSC

"Eat your man, dear, so you'll grow up to be a big vegetable like your father."
Lewis Grant (in honor of "The Thing")



GRUMBLINGS (FROM AN RFD MAILBOX)

DON FITCH, 3908 Frijo, Covina, Calif. - Add to "Flourish of strumpets", Pride of loins, or, in a large group, jam of tarts. Did anyone suggest a collective for dragons? I gather that this use of collectives stems from the Anglo-Saxon, but it would be interesting to investigate the percentage of such words which were coined in recent times -- all the originals seem to deal with animals and things close to nature or to (in the case of similar rare words which are not collectives) indicate a sexual difference as in witch/wizard, cob/pen, fox/vixen, dog/bitch, ewe/ram, etc. ad infinitum. And come to think on it, all the offspring of these groups (except possibly the first of them) have their special names -- cygnet, kit, puppy, lamb -- YANDRO, the poor man's journal of philology.

KEN HEDBERG, Route 1, Box 1185, Sacramento 29, Calif. - I delight in making up false keys when I reply to ads. If the thing says Dept. D, I put down Dept. XLH and let them wonder if it was clipped out of the Mayan Architectural Gazette. The consumers shall rise soon, suh!

Are the East Germans fans at heart? Probably this whole mess was started so that they could play with their water squirting trucks. They do seem very proud of them. I'll bet that's one weapon Grennell doesn't have. I wonder if the West Germans will come up with giant bean shooters throwing rotten eggs? This could develop into a fascinating war if they would just leave the big eggs out of it. They could keep track of the number of dignitaries and brass hats clobbered with eggs and water -- the one with the highest score at the end of the year could keep the Brandenburg Gate - eh wot?

PHIL HARRELL, 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Virginia - I know what you mean about long distance operators. I tried getting H.L. Gold at GALAXY once and after a fifteen minute try during which time I got "Galaxy Star Printing Co." and about two other Galaxy something or others I gave up. It was my own fault really - I never should have said "H as in huckleberry" but it was the only thing I could think of at the moment, and when she said there was no listing for Huckleberry L. Gold I think was when I gave up.

At least a third of the people (by actual count of the mailing list) and probably closer to half that I mailed VENTURA to didn't get it -- some failed to let me know because they didn't know they were going to get it in the first place (hello Harry Warner Jr. and Big Bill Donaho) and some of the people who get all my regular missives didn't get it (hello MZB) so now I have quite a number of people grotched at me. All you contributors (you out there, John Berry) I did send you a copy all these long months ago. The way it looks I'm lucky I even have my copy. They did manage to get all the copies to the reviewers (except Marion) so that it looks like I sent a copy to everyone but the person who is missing one.

/All the above comments should have gone in the last issue; I mislaid them while typing the lettercolumn. The next one is from an individual who is going to be awfully startled to see it here, which is what he gets for sending comments to impulsive fanzine editors like Scithers.

JOHN BOARDMAN, 166-25 89th. Ave, Jamaica 32, N.Y. - Apropos of the dis-

discussion of collective terms, see Sprague De Camp's "The Heroic Age Of American Invention". On p. 125, the Sage of Nemedra speaks of "a gabble of Congressmen".

De Camp, op. cit.: "an opulence of magnates", p. 185

"a reticulation of trolley-car lines", p. 186

GENE DEWEESE, 3407 No. 22nd. St., Milwaukee 6, Wisconsin - At last I'm going to find out: We have tickets to LA PLUME DE MATANT at the Pabst theatre tomorrow, and they are for the second balcony -- you know, the flying dutchman one that has no entrance nor exit.

Speaking of missing prints, etc.... Off and on for the last three years, I've been trying to find the location of an access hole in the front panel of a power supply used in one of our pieces of test equipment. The p.s. we have here doesn't have this hole; no prints exist that we can find. But the engineers who worked on one say there was such a hole. In a book I'm writing, we have a picture of this power supply, not showing the hole. We need the location so we can fake in the hole in the photo. Three people have seen this hole, and each gave me a different location. I finally called the manufacturer in California today, and he gave me a fourth location. Like, oogh...

DONALD FRANSON, 6543 Babcock Ave., No. Hollywood, Calif. - Before everybody jumps on Ed Wood...let me jump on him. Let's put it this way: what he said was mostly right, but he shouldn't have said it. I too am tired of certain material in fanzines, but I tolerate it so that I can get at the interesting stuff about stf. Live and let live. But now, we will get a wave of Rich-Brown-type hysteria against serconnism, and a gargle of protests demanding that we ban serious stf discussion from fanzines altogether. You know these fannish fans -- they are so militantly fun-loving. I hope YANDRO survives.

/It may be Rich Brown type, but at least it won't be from Rich Brown, because he let his subscription lapse. I trust you notice that I published your entire comment -- well, all but one sentence, anyway. RSC/

HECTOR PESSINA, Casilla 3869 Correo Central, Buenos Aires, Argentina -

I've received two YANDROs so far, #100 and #103. I especially enjoyed Marion Zimmer Bradley's article "National Characteristics Of Censorship" and as I was reading I couldn't help thinking what would have happened to her book if it had been printed in Spanish either in Spain or in Argentina. I wonder which of the "daring" parts would have been censored. I haven't read the book yet so I can't point out which part would have been left out of the original. Perhaps all about the "sexual areas" or any mention of any government monopoly on anything but if that mention was in favour of any government monopoly, not against. And probably they would censor all references to birth-control laws. Our censors are very funny, indeed, you can see all sorts of films with plenty of sexual situations both at the cinema and on TV but if the Church says one of them is pornographic they have to ban it. Magazines like PLAYBOY or CABARET are forbidden here and you can no longer find them on the magazine stands. But a lot so-called comic mags can be bought which are far worse than both those mags together. You can't enter a cinema where they are showing a "Inconvenient for minors under 18" unless you display your enrollment book, which is a sort of ID card all Argentines are given when they reach the age of 18. Now this would be nice if they were showing one of those films that are really unsuitable for such

people, but unfortunately even a film of horror SF such as "The Return Of The Fly" or "Battle In Outer Space" the Japanese "space thriller" have the same limitations. I don't think either of these films has anything objectionable as far as public morality is concerned. I should object to, of course, the highly-praised nationalism which impregnates the whole length of the Japanese film and the "idea" that the universe is full of "aliens" who are just waiting their turn to try and invade our planet or steal our women or anything for that matter.

I'm interested in that article by Alan Burns about Improved Collectives. I have enough difficulty in trying to teach the present ones to my pupils! Unfortunately I don't think they would help much those who read SF in English but don't know enough of the language as it is now and will have to cope with that veritable flood of new terms that will only confuse them the more. I've convinced several of the members of the ASBC or Argentine SF Club to read SF in the original language, English, and they have done it with much difficulty at first but getting surer as they went along. They always say that some of the authors are hard to understand when they start using too many slang words.

In #103 I enjoyed both your editorials but there is something I don't agree with you with. Perhaps it is because I'm a Latin American and not a U.S. citizen or Canadian. But I'm sure that many of my fellow countrymen wouldn't like to compare that invasion to Cuba - whether justified or not - with those other actions by colonial powers against their countries that didn't do what they wanted. We, Latin Americans have a very long and fierce tradition of independence and respect for the rights of other nations in choosing the government they want. And as your former president, Dwight Eisenhower, said once, "Every people or country has the sort of government they deserve". I agree with him in that. We couldn't stop the Uruguayans from choosing a leftist government or any sort of government not essentially dangerous to us but not exactly favorable to us. Argentina has steadily become a country of white-collar workers and every parent who is a worker wants his children to become doctors, engineers, lawyers or choose any career that may improve their standard of living. Many of them have sacrificed their whole lives working all the time with the dream of sending their children to school, to college and perhaps to the university. These people have acquired a very high standard of general culture and are very much interested in the affairs not only of their own country but also of the rest of the world. When they see that a country is trying out a new system of government they morally support it and don't see with kind eyes the interference of great powers in the local affairs of small countries. They are ready to condemn Russia for Hungary, Tibet and the East European countries but they also think that if an American (All American not North American) country is threatened by a great power they ought to go to help them.

Gregg Calkins' column is especially interesting because it expresses exactly what fans all over the world have had to face sometime. The jokes and badly-disguised smiles of non-fen when one tells them what the future may be like.

/Being somewhat of a cynic, I doubt that world opinion is as valuable to us as control of Cuba would be. (Oh, an all-out invasion would be morally wrong, but what we did was morally wrong, and stupid besides. Now they're trying to tell us that Cuba is "dangerous" to us, which is so much bull.) What we need to do is decide whether we're going to play the Cold War according to the rules or play to win. RSC/

DR. ANTONIO DUPLA, Po. Ma. Augustin 9, Zaragoza, Spain - In YANDRO 100 MZB has written a good piece but I am at a loss with she and her favorite themes; is a scholar on sexology or simply a little obsessed? Is Hensley so sure that nobody in the State legislature is going by chance to read YANDRO? Is of the funniest I have read but I doubt his fellow-politicians were going to get the humour of it.

And for last a word to Tucker who in his letter says that too much seeing "The Alamo" makes him think the Mexicans had a good cause. Yes, they had it from the beginning and the much praised heroicity of the defenders don't make his motivations better. In Texas, a Mexican province by all rights, the Americans began sending people to live there, afterwards organized a nice revolt because the rights of the state, a Mexican one, had been damaged and gently this was converted in a nationalistic fight and some years later with the admission in the Union. And the Col. Bowie, a slaver himself, saying to his slave that he emancipated him because "for this they were fighting"! Only that then and for many a year the slavery was illegal in Mexico and as for the U.S. this sordid story is well known. And the stupid wife of the lieutenant remaining in the fort because she feels is her duty but retaining with her the little slave, was his duty, too?

YANDRO 101: The editorial of Juanita is well deserving a long commentary about the great and the little nations. Some time ago I read in TIME that the new Administration was considering the possibility of fighting a "conventional war" limited to Europe. I can understand this wish but at the same time I see it as the summit of cynicism, considering that Europe over a name in a map contains some millions of people who are so egotist as not being willing to die gladly for the untouchability of God's country.

Nelson on Laos first rate, well informed, objective, excellent.

YANDRO 102 has a very good Dodd about a interesting book well observed with some side-commentaries in his best style. Ebert is going after what he wrote about in a past YANDRO and his tale is better constructed than the others I have read of him; if he follows this trend you may better grip him in the threads of friendship or else see how he begins to sell to pros.

And the great 103. The first item is about your work: if it let you with time for writing that considerable mileage of words you put out, gives you enough for feeding your family and that voracious pet called fandom and last but not least, consist in working - within reason - when and how you like, I think you have found the true "white blackbird" as is said in these longitudes.

The best Doric column to date. A de Weese fun as usual. A new column by Chalker simply excellent in all of his topics. A very good Doddering column. A good batch of letters and an artwork and fanzine review as good as ever make out one of the best issues I know. Only, rather bad stapled...

/Err...that column was by Calkins, not Chalker. Two different people. I'm afraid that most US citizens are pretty cynical about Europe in the next war -- mostly because if the Russians start moving there's no way to defend it...the Channel might protect England from Russian infantry (but not H-bombs) and the Pyrenees might stop them short of Spain, but the rest of the continent is wide open. The cynics figure, "well, they are going to get it anyway, so don't worry about them; try to protect some place where there's a chance." I could answer your query about Marion, but then I'd never get another column out of her. (Joke, Marion, joke. Ha ha?) RSC/



LARRY WILLIAMS, 74 Maple Road, Longmeadow 6, Mass. - Re the review of PROBE #1. I didn't get this but would have liked to if only for the poll on "Youth and stf". I disagree with both the poll and you. I'm 14; I read a lot. Most of my friends don't go in for reading greatly, but all do read, and when they do guess what it is. It's a Bradbury book, or something by Damon Knight, etc. For a book report in my class alone, four people read "1984". Our English teacher said she'd only accept a stf classic, like "1984" (if it can be termed stf), because when she did accept regular stf a year or two ago, that's all she got.

ART HAYES, RR 3, Bancroft, Ont., Canada - I am of the opinion that the paraphrase for the Calkins column should have been "Fans are star mis-begotten". Never saw this FANTASY PURITAN, but did get GARBAGE recently. One fan tried to blame me for it. Who is to blame for that one?

In the letter column, without my commenting directly on subject matter, I think Davidson and Moorhead get the credit for the best in the issue's lettercol.

/Since I didn't get GARBAGE I couldn't make a guess at the publisher. Some title - there's enough garbage in fanzines without trying for it./

GEORGE WILLICK, 856 East St., Madison, Ind. - Yes, I noticed that you were on my side in KIPPLE. It's the first time this has happened and I'm somewhat hamstrung as to what to do about it.

Black becomes 20 shades of grey in fandom. I love ol Ted White but he is the worst of the lot. He can take a simple, uncomplicated idea and expand it to the point where God would be confused.

All oriental religions teach that if a man is deprived of sex, shelter, and food any other desire is magnified beyond belief. Let's start a crusade for young prostitutes to join the Salvation Army and then go to bed with all the skid row bums and get them off booze. You'd put the girls in the service of God without detracting from their pastime and win souls cheap.

/Well, I'll agree that sex is the opiate of the masses but how much is the Salvation Army willing to pay for all this? Prostitutes don't join the profession for the fun of it, you know. RSC/

Seriously I think Rev. Moorhead is chasing a ghost. None of you egg-heads have ever attended a seminary or gotten years of religious teaching so what the hell do you know about it Sure you've all heard your sermons with half an ear and read a few scriptures and wrung in your

own twisted meanings. I think you'd all be damned surprised if you ever sat down and found out what your minister believes.

I asked a priest once what would be his reaction if nothing was on the other side. He couldn't answer that but he came up with a phrase that knocked me out..."Put it this way. If I'm wrong I've lost a lifetime. If you're wrong, you've lost eternity." Good odds.

Say, Buck, you'd better reread your Bradbury. You missed most of it.

On, one more thing. Your review of SHAGGY. To each his own on the fan awards and I respect your opinion. My bitch is that when someone writes me an open letter I'd like to see the issue.

/No, son, I've never attended a seminary, but I used to attend stf club meetings once every two weeks with two fans who were attending and the subject came up often enough. As for eternity, Juanita once tried to pin them down on the modern concept of Heaven. That is, the old "streets of gold, angels with harps and Heaven is right Up There" ideas have been dropped by the "progressive" religions, so what is the current accepted idea of eternity. What their hemming and hawing boiled down to was that the modern religions don't have any ideas on the subject, except that it will be "nice". Which is all right if you're a fundamentalist or a Catholic, I guess; at least there you know what you're getting into. In modern Methodism (both these boys were Methodists) even if you win eternity you don't know what you've won. Not to mention that the best odds in the world won't help if you pick the wrong side....

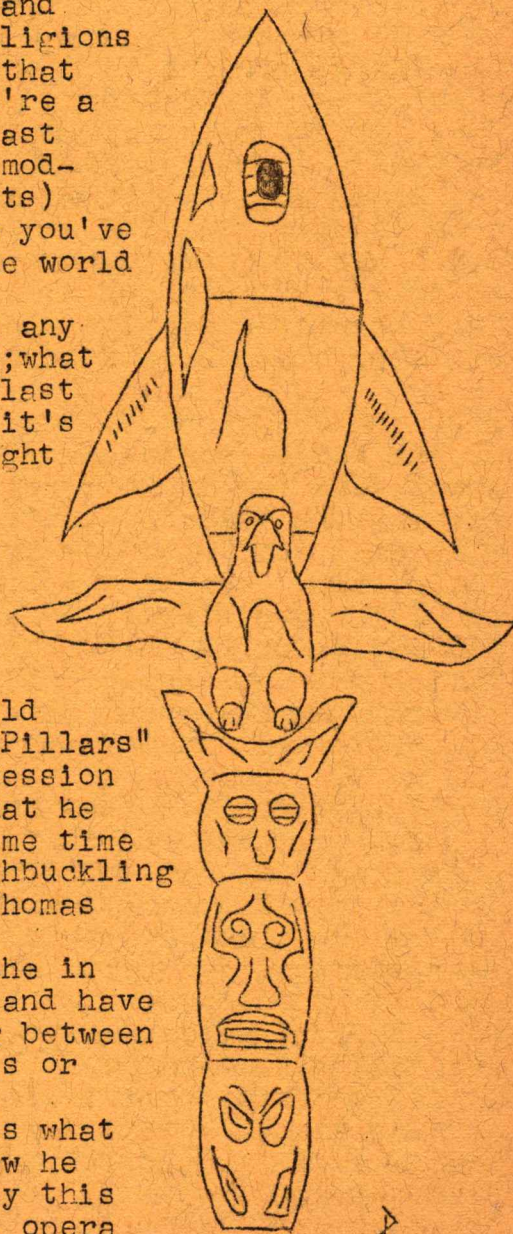
Come to think of it, you've never attended any creative writing courses or sold any stories; what were you doing criticizing Hemingway in the last YANDRO? If there's one thing I get sick of, it's this idea that nobody but an expert has a right to give an opinion. An expert's opinion is worth more - usually - but it isn't sacred.

Okay, Bradbury has two themes; children have a sense of wonder and life was better when he was a kid. I bet he'd make a psychiatrist happy. RSC/

DON FITCH, again - The "modest Lawrence" would seem to be a figment of the imagination; "7 Pillars" and some of his other works give me the impression that he is trying to give people the idea that he is modest and self-effacing -- and at the same time convince them that he is a great, bold, swashbuckling hero cast in the mold of the giants. Maybe Thomas fell for it.

They'd jolly well better keep the apostrophe in N'APA (pronounced Nyapa); I belong to NAPA, and have enough difficulty already in differentiating between the two when talking to (or writing for) fans or printers.

Willick puts Gerber down nicely with "it is what an author says that is important, and not how he says it". It's particularly pleasant to apply this dictum to other art forms such as poetry and opera



and folk songs. Or are we thinking of different qualities? Or is everyone concerned?

Pfc WILLIAM LESLIE SAMPLE, Box 893, Med. Det. (3416), Valley Forge Gen. Hosp., Phoenixville, Pa. - Funny how you and Larry Shaw, and other people in general who have never served in the military get all indignant about people who try their best to avoid the draft. I daresay your opinion might be somewhat different if you had ever had a first-hand experience of what the army is like - or if you were going through such an experience at the present. The army is sick, sick, sick! Sure, there are some good things about it, I suppose; but the bad far outweighs the good. I will be happy as all hell when August 21, 1963 comes around. Until then, there's nothing to do but make the best of the situation. Staying in the military any longer than necessary is a thought so way out that I can't conceive of the possibility.

Yeh, I know - I enlisted of my own free will. Even so, it was more or less a choice of the lesser of two evils. In the long run I'll probably be better off, but I still don't like it worth a damn.

The apostrophe in N'APA is pronounced like a long "e"; at least, that's the way Ed Meskys pronounces it.

/Yes, if I'd been in service, I would have a different attitude; I'd try to find out who the draft dodgers in fandom were, and turn the bastards in. As it is, I won't do either. I'm all for staying out if it can be done legally, but the successful dodgers aren't cheating the government, which has the same number of men in uniform whether they're among them or not; they're cheating the law-abiding citizens who take their places. Their cheating doesn't affect me, so I won't affect them; if I had a relative or close friend in service it would be another matter. RSC/

A/3C MARVIN E. BRYER, Box 179, USAF Hosp., Travis AFB, California - The crusty old sergeants usually snicker when they refer to the fresh lieutenant just out of college. They refer to the young man as having been in the service "all day". I'm just an airman 3c but I've been in the service "all day" - so I'm qualified to talk about draft dodgers. I'm not lying when I say that I like military life! So faint, Buck, but I mean it. It's be different if there should be a war. I consider war stupid and futile and I'd be damned if I'd want to participate in one. But that's only one aspect of military life. During peacetime it can be a rewarding experience. Before I'd be so foolish as to dodge the draft I'd at least claim that I was a conscientious objector.

BETTY KUJAWA, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana - Good for you, Buck, for your remarks on any fen among us who are draft dodgers and are bragging about it. You can imagine MY feelings on this, no doubt...namely that if my husband could go risk life and limb and Kamikaze attacks protecting these young twerps then they can endure some time in peacetime service. Too many good buddies died in WW II and Korea for this land and its peoples for me to have any feelings for today's draftees.

Oh Dean Grennell -- come ON now -- you didn't tell the correct title for that tale -- it's "How Tarzan Created His Famous Yell". And I heard it first in high school in 1941.

All men of the Christian cloth in some degree follow the rules of the Roman Catholic priests...poverty, chastity, and obedience. And the last has always seemed to me to be the hardest to follow -- I equate "humility" with the term "obedience". The temptation of judging what is really God's to judge and the temptation to "play God" must be a mighty

burden to endure. Lord knows I admire greatly our men of God who sincerely struggle to avoid these temptations. Few, if any succeed...as we are all imperfect in this life. Those who really try have my admiration and affection.

In this light I found Pastor Moorhead's reply to me of some time ago (roughly he wrote Christianity would be better off without me in it -- indeed if I ever was in it to begin with -- or something like that; I do not keep YANDRO copies that far back) was NOT in the Christian tradition as I know it.

I sincerely believe that replies to my remarks from, say, Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, Bishop Sheen, or Bishop Pike would not have been the same as his. From them, as from the ministers and priests I questioned here on this, I feel I would have been given a reply that they felt they hadn't the right to judge me but that they would include me in their prayers. This may sound namby-pamby to Pastor Moorhead, this may not be the type of Christianity he believes in, but I personally feel it is in the main the type of Christianity that the majority of Christian Americans feel is the proper one.

/Moorhead's last letter drew a fair amount of comment, but so little of it advanced the discussion that it won't be printed. Actually, of course, the Reverend's Christianity is not really open to doubt. As Willick pointed out, he has the training; we don't. The question is whether Christianity, as interpreted by Rev. Moorhead, is a religion that anyone wants to join. (I'm disqualified; so far I haven't liked anyone's interpretation very well.) "Are Jews opposed to Christianity?" has gradually worked about to becoming "Do Jews have good reason to oppose Christianity, considering Christian habits?" Or something like that. RC/

DON THOMPSON, Room 27, 3518 Prospect Ave., Cleveland 15, Ohio - I'm happy to report that our TV critic (The Press's), who is a drip of the first water, announced to all and sundry (including Mrs. Sundry and the twins) that he did not understand the Bullwinkle Show at all. "I didn't understand it", was about the way he put it.

I shall be picky enough to point out to Herr Boggs that the "Wonderful Year" TV bits were on the Garry Moore show, not Steve Allen's. Nauseating, either way, but early rising makes me crotchety.

Barr's spider poem is very effective, which is to say "yikh." Good, though I wish I'd never read it. Like, I don't dig spiders; they bug me.

Happens I did read both the Moskowitz profile (AMAZING) and the Bill Nolan profile (ROGUE) on Bradbury. Both are kind of half-baked, but the only difference I noted was that one has Bradbury's mother reading the infant Ray "Oz" books and an aunt reading him Edgar Allen Poe, while the other has his aunt reading him "Oz" books and his mother reading him Poe. This may seem but a mere triviality to you, but think how many future theses and term papers and biographies and research projects will be upgefouled by this curious schizophrenia -- does Bradbury confuse his aunt and his mother very often? Who is right? University warfare will reign for years.

And now, we come to the finest item in the issue and without doubt the best piece of fannish satire I have read in years. Unfortunately, there will be those among your readers who will think Ed Wood is serious with his admirably titled "The Destiny Of Fandom" (though even the title is clearly a satire on serconfandom) and will assume that Mr. Wood is but a mere fugghead -- even go so far (some of the less perceptive) as to decide that Ed Wood is The Fugghead of the Year.

It is a pity because Wood has written the best satire on fuggheadedness that has ever come my way. One would almost think that Wood had been associated with fuggheadedness for years -- he must have studied it, devoted his life to it, to be able to write in such a fuggheaded style. Dag's "Tarzan" satire pales beside such crushingly satiric phrases as "The destiny of fandom is the destiny of man. Before that final day which must come, the workers will work, and the fannish fans will make noise."

But it's a shame to think how many will think him serious, even tho he fills his "article" with clever clues to his nonserious intent, such as calling "The Immortal Storm" "an objective study".

JAMES SIEGER, S74-W20660 Field Drive, Route 2, Muskego, Wisconsin - Why should friend Boggs bother his tiny head about staples? I always pry them out, anyway, and punch holes in the mag for a binder. It works better, they last longer, and they can be put on shelves. All you need is one of those punches (\$4 from Sears) which punch two or three holes at once, so that they always are the same distance. A word of warning: only an idiot would use a ring binder, it ain't built for permanent holding of pages. Use a post binder. Of, if you're cheap, those cardboard folders, you can squeeze a lot of issues in the right kind. /Anybody who would put fanzines on shelves is well on the way to idiocy in the first place, however. RSC/

GARY DEINDORFER, 11 De Cou Drive, Morrisville, Pa - I, too, like you, Kerouac and Spillane find it far easier to first draft something and leave it at that than to waste time and pencils and such redoing it. /I'm not sure, but I think I've just been insulted....Kerouac, Spillane, Deindorfer and me? Bah, humbug! RSC/

Short shorts: PAUL SHINGLETON, Jr. thinks Ed Wood is stilted and DeWeese is nuts....I dunno about Wood, but he's dead right about DeWeese. FRED HUNTER liked the canned gunsmoke and the "Surprise Club" items -look out for oddball commercialism coming from the Shetlands any day now. SCOTT NEILSON was insulted over my calling his fanzine "serious" but we straightened that out by letter...I think. Also, he agrees with Boggs on writing, and thinks our artwork should be darker and with more shading plate work. Can't win 'em all, I guess. DAVE LOCKE also thinks the Grennell story was pretty corny. A story is always new if you haven't heard it before, and some of our readers hadn't. (Of course, some of the others seem to have heard it daily for years, judging from comments). DICK LUPOFF sends a page on religion that we may use in the next issue. GARY DEINDORFER, annoyed at being in the "we also heard from" column last time, sent in his comments on tape, so he could be literally heard from -- some of them are very good and I may transcribe them for the next issue if I get up the energy. BILL BOWERS agrees with Wood, but wants a solution to the problem. DAVE LOCKE wants Randy Scott to hurry up with an illo for him (no charge for personals in this magazine). PHIL HARRELL sends in a couple of pages on his harrowing tv and bowling experiences -- in another 5 years (if he lives that long) he can write one of those personal experience books and become another H. Allen Smith. DON DOHLER thinks YANDRO is wonderful. CLAUDE HALL wants to know why everybody talks about QUANDRY and nobody mentions FANVARIETY/OPUS. I dunno; I don't mention either one because I never saw either one. LENNY KAYE reports some British husbands are henpecked, too.