

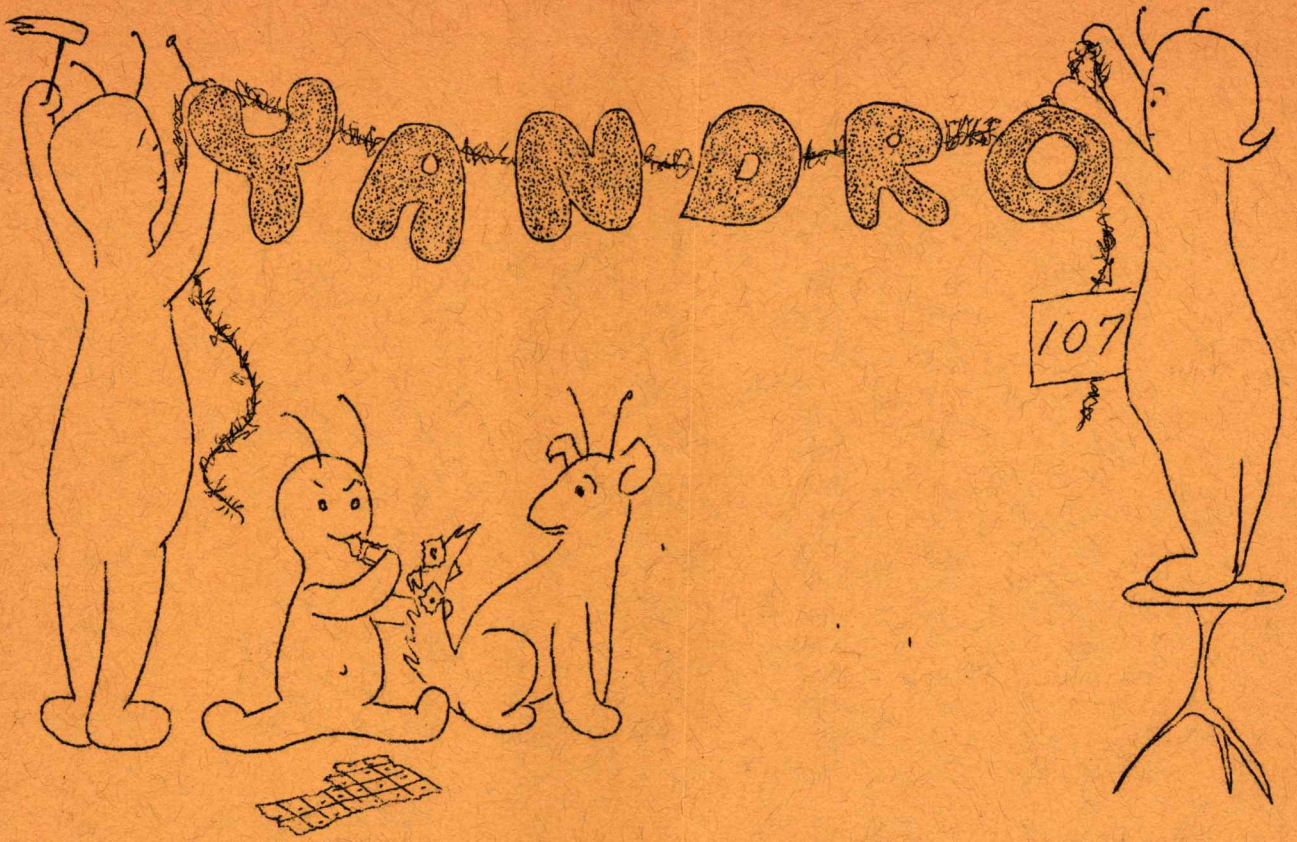
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# Y A N D R O

1076

"An' a plonker, an' a meeme-oh,  
an' a canaveral, an' a helitopta beanie,  
an' a TAFF, an' a conwenshun - "





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ARTWORK

Cover and every smidgin of interior artwork in this issue is by JWC.  
 -----  
 Note to contributors: awhile back I said that every comment on YANDRO not published in the letter column would be passed along to the contributor mentioned. This is still in effect, but I intend to go through the mess of chopping up letters, etc., only every two or three months, NOT each issue. If you've contributed, you'll get comments..eventually.



The old tale of the city mouse and country mouse might well be changed to the city fanne and country fan in this household come Christmas time. For people who haven't been here or haven't gathered enough info via hints here and there, we live in quite a rural area (hoosier hicks, Betty Kujawa calls us, and quite truly, geographically if nothing else) -- five miles out on a state road from a small town of approximately 11,000 pop. Out here, the snow stays

clean, and the drifts caused by free sweeping wind can make our place look like one of those impossible photo Christmas cards that I always assumed were rigged. This is how things should be, as far as Buck is concerned, having spent all his life in a rural area. But from age 3 till this residence, I had always associated Christmas with stores and city streets and jangling Salvation Army booths and brilliant neon lights sparkling off diamond snow. During the first heavy snow, I invariably took a strolling walk down town at night, delighting in the crunch of snow, the lights, the flakes on my hair.

We both feel the other led an underprivileged childhood, missing the "true" pleasures of the Christmas season.

A while back I voiced a request for a calendar, explaining ours had blown out the back door (more or less). I meant the annual YANDRO calendar (I'm working on the '62 calendar now, and it should be included in subscribers' copies - surprise! getting it out before the new year for a change!). Response has been generous. We even got a non-stf calendar. Like, okay fellas, that's enough. We've got one.... please don't send any more or we shall be inundated in old 1961 YANDRO calendars -- shudder!

Illos this issue are sparse and self-did for several reasons. Close to ten years experience in pubbing a monthly sets up a pattern - namely, I'm usually swamped at Christmas time. With a small tad in the house, it's a B\*I\*G holiday, and apart from that, I generally do a lot of baking, and we do a fair amount of fannish traveling, and inevitably there are several other things that crop up at the last minute. It's much easier to doodle a few of my own fillos than to spend a great deal of time (unavailable) and patience (scarce) stencilling the work of others.....after the first of the year, things start to slack up and I can get back to putting artwork in the fanzine.....so all you who feel let down, cheers - it'll be a lavishly decorated annish, I assure you (barring abroken left arm, or some such).

Every so often someone mentions "other fandoms" - circuses, model railroads, girl watching, whathaveyou. I found out a few years back that I seem to belong to a very minute "other fandom", totally unorganized, but with that sense of bleshing that lets one member know another almost immediately. This is "Messiah" fandom. I am referring to the oratorie by Handel, not any religious movement. "Messiah fandom"

seems to have several peculiar qualities: the members are generally ir-religious if not anti-religious (Agnostic, atheist, Unitarian, pantheist or other offbeat nonsects); the members usually care nothing at all for any other music of the Handelian period, or indeed, for any other religious music; the members have phenomenal memories for words and passage and recite arias and recitatives at each other at the drop of a prelude; the members usually have a great unfulfilled wish - to sing a particular solo role.

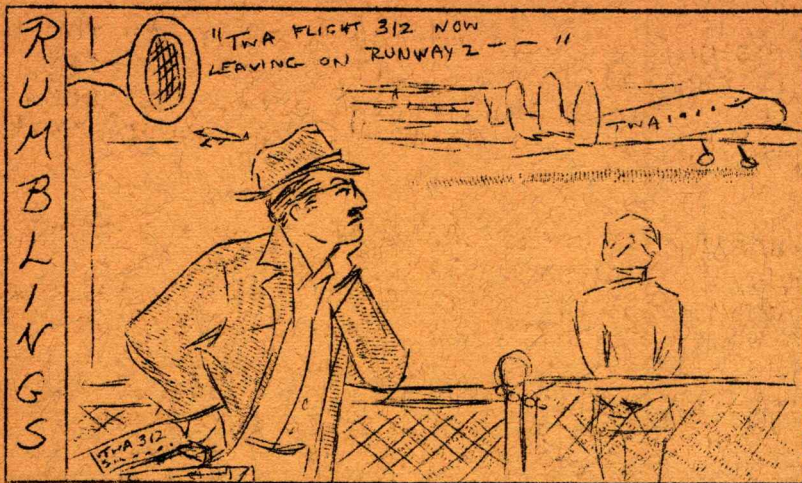
Messiah fans crop up in the weirdest places. In a record store they can easily be distinguished from the casual types, who only recognize The Hallelujah Chorus. The true messiah fan will wander up while you're test spinning a new record and suddenly chime in with "And His name shall be called - Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace" - "For He is like/ a refi-i-i-i-iner's fi-i-re/ for he is li-i-ke....." etc. Once at a party at Lee Anne Tremper's, down in Indianapolis, I hummed something casual from one of the lesser known sections - Lee Anne, a church attendee, didn't recognize it, but another present Indyfan, Jerry Hunter, Unitarian cum Atheist, promptly chimed in and we went into great ecstasies of reminiscing and harmonizing. From the woodwork out, it seems.

Why, I don't know. Other oratorios leave me cold, and Mozart, Bach, et.al. leave me soporific. But whistle me a "Lift up your head, oh ye gates," and I'll chime back "And the King of Glory shall come in." What is its unique appeal? It baffles me.

Latest bulletins and a copy of SILME, the fan art magazine, prompts me to urge all fan artists to get the \$1.50 sub-membership into Bjo Trimble, at 222 S. Gramercy Pl, Los Angeles 6. Two fine art shows have proved that this can be done, and now that a little progress is being made, it seems appropriate for everybody to keep helping, not let it coast (and you people who sat back and folded arms and said wait and see - how about getting up and joining the project now that you've seen it isn't all hot air?). SILME is a nice fat zine with all the pertinent facts, with items of interest not only to fan artists, but to all people even remotely interested in fan art and helping things along. Subs are not restricted to artists, and fan editors of the non-artistic type will find some informative bits here, too. No trades, fellas - this is a break-even project, not egoboo fodder. Quit buying so many expose mags and funny books and subscribe. And fan artists, the Chicon III recipient of those insured packages is Nancy Kemp, 2019 N. Whipple, Chicago 47....And be sure and mark everything submitted: For Art Show, or it may well end up getting auctioned instead of displayed. Quit reading and start painting.....I hope to have some money stashed away by them and for a change I'd like to buy something - maybe your work, if it isn't priced in the ionosphere.

I'm sure everybody knows the news about the latest New York lawsuit (for further details, see RUMBLINGS). I must confess I was startled. I mean, Ted White has certainly tromped on the Yandrites toes with his tongue frequently enough (a neat trick, that), and our reaction has almost invariably been laughter. I'm somewhat of a fannish sissy in my abhorrence of arguments, but it would seem the logical way to cut off a nasty developed debate would be to drop the subject - if you're one of the breed who likes to yell in print, shouldn't you have a tough skin to begin?

We wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.....JWC



Sometime in the near future those YANDRO readers who also get BANE will receive issue #Something-or-other, with a notice on the contents page that this issue has been published by Buck Coulson. Now this is a dirty lie. All Buck Coulson has to do with BANE #Whatever-it-is consists in haggling with Ryan over the price for publishing it, and carrying the finished product in to the post office. The

publishing is being handled exclusively by Juanita Coulson (if you believe that stencil-cutting is a part of the publication, give an assist to Ryan.) I'm just the promoter.

I'm on the horns of a small dilemma. Ted White sent us a copy of NULL-F #23, which contains Ted's account of being threatened with a lawsuit by Sam Moskowitz over certain statements Ted made in FAPA. (In a magazine with a limited circulation of 64 copies, for God's sake!) Ted asked for a review and my opinion of the ethics of the situation and I promised to say something. Then along comes AXE #18, with Larry Shaw stating that there have been "further developments" and that nobody aint to write nothin' about the Moskowitzes without checking with AXE first (presumably to prevent young but loudmouthed faneds from getting themselves into legal trouble.) I don't like to say that I've been frightened off (I have, of course, but I don't like to say so) but obviously anything I say without knowing about the "further developments" will not be completely accurate. For all I know, the whole thing may have turned out to be a hoax perpetrated by a third party. However, assuming that everything out of New York recently has been genuine (a fairly safe assumption in this case, I think) I might say that I have been following the White-Moskowitz feud in FAPA with a singular lack of interest. Neither party is a particularly close friend of mine, so I didn't really care too much; what sympathies I did have were with Moskowitz, since I thought White had gone several steps too far. However, I have no sympathy whatsoever for anyone who threatens a lawsuit over anything said in a fanzine. Fandom is not that important. So somebody calls you names in his fanzine and maybe anywhere from 50 to 200 people read his account and possibly 4 or 5 believe it. So what? It is not even vaguely comparable to being libelled in the public press -- even the junkiest small town newspaper has several thousand subscribers, most of whom will believe anything printed. I don't know; I think if I ever get to the stage in fandom where I can't afford to lose the respect of a dozen or so people, I'll take up another hobby.

Joe Vucenic sends along an ad for TERROR magazine, a "semi-pro" horror mag costing 25¢ the copy. (With a TERROR ANNUAL #1 forthcoming at a price of 50¢.) Send to Joe, 1075 Iris St., Apt. 24, Los Alamos, New Mexico, if you're interested. (Incidentally, some editor awhile back was so overwhelmed by my mention of his fanzine that he ran a free, unsolicited ad for YANDRO in return. He meant well, but I just want to

warn the rest of you that if I catch any other editor running ads for YANDRO I'll come around and belt his teeth in -- Bill Donaho excepted, since I can't reach Donaho's teeth. I hope that fandom grows and prospers, but let it do so with somebody else's fanzine; we got enough work now.)

I recently made my first airplane flight, the occasion being a company "technical publications conference" in Minneapolis. I got the full treatment, it seems.... Going up, the flight out of Chicago was delayed for 2 hours, presumably due to weather conditions. Coming back, the flight out of Minneapolis was delayed because they couldn't get one of the jets started (an inauspicious beginning if I ever encountered one) with the result that I missed connections in Chicago. In this modern day and age it is almost impossible to get into and out of a town the size of Wabash via public transportation (anybody want to do a stf story on that?) so another Honeywell employee and I wound up renting a car and driving from Chicago to Wabash, by way of Ft. Wayne. (Those of you with maps may be a bit confused here; we went to Ft. Wayne because the airport is there and presumably our luggage was, too...not to mention the fact that you can't even rent a car for a direct trip to Wabash because the rental agencies don't have agents in the town.) I'm not too sure what route my suitcase took, but it didn't arrive in Wabash until a full day after I did.

Do you suppose we could revive the interurbans, George?

In case any of you readers were panting with eagerness over our recent discussion of the Jewish attitude towards Jesus, you might be interested in picking up the January PAGEANT and skimming the article "9 Taboo Questions - And Their Uncensored Answers". (Which is a misnomer because they don't really give any answers, but still it's a fairish article.)

We have on order a Pentron NL-3 tape recorder. I finally got sick enough of the antics of the Webcor to do something about it (Juanita has simply been ignoring it for months.) I hope the new one is good; it looks good in the catalog, but I'm not sure how much this means and I'm not at all certain that I know enough about tape recording specifications to be able to pick a good one. More on this after we've tried it.

Most recent book read (I took it along on the flight to Minneapolis) is H. Allen Smith's "Waikiki Beachnik". He has a quote that I like. "The American people grow increasingly litigious, meaning that they are overly inclined to litigate, prone to sue...Nowadays a writer is tempted to remove all the guttiness from his work for fear that the shysters will spot it and club him to death with it." Smith has a right to be annoyed; while never noted particularly for "guttiness" he has made his reputation by telling humorous anecdotes about real people. In today's litigious world, it might take some real guts to do this kind of writing, at that. In any event, "Beachnik" is up to Smith's average (I still think that "Lost In The Horse Latitudes" was his best book.)

Betsy Curtis' hymn arrived just in time to serve as our Christmas offering; it isn't very Christmasy, but it does give a bit of religious flavor which I feel is appropriate for the season. Next month is the An-nish; material is on hand from Redd Boggs, Ted White, Gene DeWeese, Bob Tucker, George Scithers, Rog Ebert and others too numerous to mention.

# ~~A Doric Column~~

FROM

~~bob tucker~~

Just put me down as the curious, prying type. Several years ago I wrote to the U.S. Customs Service and asked some leading questions about bringing into the States the bodies and coffins of citizens who had the misfortune to expire overseas. I had a bit of smuggling in mind, and Charles Horne prides himself on research and authenticity. The bods at Customs House were a bit startled, to put it mildly, and carefully checked me out through my publishers before answering. As of that date I wasn't on any committee's blacklist, for they did answer, in satisfactory fullness, and the answers revealed a ridiculously easy way to smuggle contraband into the country. Weights and measures must be carefully watched, of course; a pound of flesh must be removed for each pound of opium hidden in the coffin. Those trusting Customs men do not open coffins for inspection providing the bill-of-lading is in proper order, and any enterprising crook can provide an honest-looking bill-of-lading. (Of course, all this may be changed now. Me and my fool questions may have upset some smuggler's appletart.)

This past summer I grew curious again, and bought another stamp.

I began to wonder how in the ever-loving radioactive world the giant insurance companies would manage to pay off those whopping life-claims after an enemy strike of nuclear proportions? Would the companies themselves be blasted out of existence? Would all their records be destroyed when New York, Chicago, Hartford or whatever was destroyed? Would they seize upon these destructions as an excuse not to pay? Or, short of destruction, would they be able to accumulate enough cash to pay a staggering number of claims? (Assuming that the debt would not be self-liquidating in that all beneficiaries died too.)

It should be remembered that some insurance companies quit business instantly when called upon to pay claims following the San Francisco quake of 1906 (of which, more later). If the companies were able to pay and did pay, would the sheer size of the debt plunge them into bankruptcy? In brief, I wondered if insurance companies would or could honor their contracts after an attack? I had in mind one of the more recent Congressional reports which spoke of 40 to 60 million casualties the day of the strike, plus additional millions of dead over the following weeks. How could a life company cope with such a burden? I put these innocent, child-like questions into the form of a polite letter and addressed it to the company with which I do business. The company secretary, Himself, wrote me all the way from New York and now I have a vague feeling of assurance about it all. This feeling is vague because I don't quite understand the answer (and neither did he) but the old fighting spirit is there. Quote:

"Dear Mr. Tucker,

We are certainly mindful of the questions you raise in your thoughtful letter concerning the effects of atomic warfare. The Company is doing several things about it. For many years the Company had had a Vital Records Program under which copies of the essential records of the Company are kept in a vault remote from probable target areas.

"The Board of Directors has set up procedure for the automatic

succession of management in the remote circumstance that this might become necessary in all-out nuclear warfare. The investments of the Company are very widely diversified so as to provide the greatest possible probability of survival and of rehabilitation of assets after a nuclear war.

"As to the hypothetical cases of major cities being eliminated and forty to sixty million casualties, it is difficult to see what would be the outcome for all kinds of business, life insurance as well as others. A great deal would depend upon the survival and rehabilitation of the assets of the country. For all companies, much will depend upon the economic rules and monetary policies under which the country will then be operating. It is very difficult to foresee what they will be because of the variables involved.

"This subject of economic stabilization after atomic attack has long been under review in Washington and this Company, with others, is cooperating fully with the appropriate departments and officials of government in the interest of life insurance policy owners and their beneficiaries." Unquote.

Well, the poor fellow probably couldn't give me a better answer because I had him on a sore spot and he doesn't really know what will happen afterward. He seems to be relying on bureaucracy to tell him what to do. I'm something of a spoil-sport in these matters and it's my uneducated guess that most businesses, together with the insurance companies, will quietly go bust leaving the survivors holding the bag. The letter hints that Washington (or the substitute capitol) will be calling the shots A.B. and that if the government can round up the necessary cash the insurance companies may be told to pay off on a token basis - say a dime on the dollar. Also note that the company seems to be placing much faith in diversified investments, which again will be less than nothing because those assets will also be kaput. Five million dollars in Long Island housing development will return not one cent after it is vaporized.

It's all very well to set up a chain of command to provide for an "automatic succession of management" but the surviving manager, wherever he may be hiding, will be able to do little or nothing without an army of clerks to comb those underground files, and an army of field agents to establish claims and locate beneficiaries. Too, it will be of some slight importance to have on hand several million dollars of acceptable money with which to pay those beneficiaries. (Not that I ever intend to fret about getting my money!)

Has it occurred to you that current paper money may be worthless?

In many national disasters of the past, paper money has not been worth cigar coupons and I see nothing in present American government or in national American character to reassure me. Nothing exists which will make us more fortunate than the Germans, the Russians, or the Confederates in that respect. The man who has the foresight now to squirrel away hard silver money will be the wealthy man A.B. Coin collectors too, should be in a better position and assuming that there will be something to buy, the collector may find that his precious 1936 dime or his 1894-0 half dollar will be of far greater value than the current market prices.

I'd had several thoughts along this line when working up the manuscript of The Long Loud Silence, but chucked them all when I realized that I lacked the proper background to write convincingly about money



matters. The greater part of that story dealt with the survivors in the bombed area, where money meant absolutely nothing -- tons of the trash could be had by simply walking into banks and picking it up. Monetary problems among the untouched survivors across the river would have demanded that knowledge which I lacked, and would have called for the development of an unimportant side-issue not relevant to the protagonist and his narrow world, so I settled for a very brief mention of the high cost of postage stamps and dropped it. But even at this late date an interesting novel could be written about business survival after the bomb, providing that a skilled business writer handled it. The melodramatic doom books thus far have contented themselves with personal survival, military survival, and international suicide.

To hark back, I said in the beginning that some insurance companies quit business rather than pay claims following the San Francisco quake. It should be pointed out that to the best of my knowledge, no American companies were involved in the scandal. (Nor British, for that matter.) The welters were some German and/or Dutch firms, and the informational source says that to this day those companies or their descendants are not permitted to do business in the States. To bring all this up to date, I've picked up a couple of interesting reports on insurance claims made following the recent hurricane along the Texas gulf coast. It has been alleged that some companies, reeling under astronomical losses, are paying off only fifty cents on the dollar and that their agents in the field are accompanied by bodyguards to defend them from the enraged citizenry. Can any Texas reader offer information on these points?

But enough of doom and gloom for the nonce. (Nonce is not a nonce-word.) Let's discuss nonce, which is a happy, carefree subject. Be sure to buy the next issue of YANDRO and read all about nonce. (Now watch some fool English major jump up and tell me that nonce is a nonce-word after all.)

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 Ed. note: I hadn't thought about life insurance difficulties post-Bomb until Tucker mentioned it. (Frankly, since I'm insured in a mutual company, thus being actually a member of the company and personally responsible for company debts, I was happier that way.) However, once someone else has exhibited soaring imagination and started the ball rolling I can give it a push now and then. After receiving the column, I wrote Bob, mentioning that while we didn't have a large store of hard cash -- or any other kind -- we did have a supply of an item which might well serve as temporary post-bomb currency; cartridges. (Consider: They have a value in themselves as survival tools -- not a requirement of our presentday monetary system but an advantage in financially troubled times; if their purchasing power declines they will still put meat on the table. They are reasonably uniform in quality, unlike horses and other animals usually considered as the "wealth" of a barter economy. They are compact and portable and can be graded in "denominations" according to both caliber and packaging -- single cartridges for small change, boxes for larger denominations, cases for big transactions. They could never be an official currency -- too many people like Grennell would be counterfeiting -- but they could serve temporarily for people cut off from a national banking or exchange system.) Tucker replied to my note as follows:

"Please pardon me for being so dense. It never occurred to me that bullets, shells, etc. could be used as currency. Jeez, I'd make a stupid S-F writer. Why don't you invite still other ideas for acceptable currency? Maybe we can get an inside track on all the things to hoard."

# THE RAT IN MY HAT

by BILL PEARSON

I found a rat in my hat.

Drat!

So I spat at the rat  
And I cursed at the rat  
Till the stupid fat rat  
Fell out of my hat  
Right onto my mat with a smile on his face.

That made me mad.

Now it didn't mat-  
Ter that new was my hat  
And clean was my mat,  
But that fat  
Little rat  
Was on my mat  
And thereupon sat with a smile on his face.

So I kicked at the rat  
Screamed 'scat' at the rat  
And sent him on back  
With a pitter pat pat  
To his slovenly home in his hole in the wall.

Then I tat-  
Tled on rat  
To my tired old cat  
And admonished the beast for his terrible lack  
Of attention.

"That forward fat rat,"  
I told my cat,  
"Sat calmly and poised  
Upon my mat  
With a silly ridiculous grin on his face!"

.....The cat was smiling too.

# THE CHILD

— fiction by — bob warner

"I tell you, Mary, he ain't right." Jess leaned his shoulder against the porch column and frowned into the low-hanging sun. He hooked his thumbs in the corners of his hip pockets and tapped his fingers nervously against his trousers.

The child -- his child -- was playing in the front yard, squatting before one of the groups of scratching chickens. He was digging another hole in the hard-packed earth, working furiously with an unchildlike concentration.

"Just look at the way he goes at that dirt. Like he was after something buried there. How long's he goin' to keep it up?"

The woman fanned away the buzzing flies with the remains of a yellowed, tattered newspaper. "Get on with you, Jess," she said. "Andy's just playin'. He just loves to dig in the dirt is all."

"Don't I know it. Craziest thing I ever seen. Ever since he was big enough to take a step under his own power, he's been goin' after that dirt with a almighty passion."

Jess' gaze swept across the front yard. It resembled a miniature battlefield, pockmarked with what looked to be a thousand tiny craters, which the boy had dug through more than half as many days. At first it had been amusing to watch the boy nag his mother for a tablespoon, then totter as fast as his stubby legs would carry him out the front door, down the steps and into the yard. He wielded the spoon with a sureness

far beyond his years, making the dirt fly in all directions. Jess had been proud of the boy at first; the inclination to play in the dirt, to work the soil, might very well mean he would grow up to be a farmer, like Jess. But after two years of the same thing, Jess' proudness had worn away, to be replaced by uneasiness.

And Mary; she was almost as bad as the boy. She just sat there, most of the time, watching him as she creaked back and forth in the old rocker and chewed her willow snuff stick. Jess watched the boy for a moment longer,

then clomped down the plank steps and began pushing the dirt back into some of the holes nearest the porch with the toe of his shoe. The boy had enough sense to dig the holes -- why didn't he have enough sense to fill them up again? Somebody'd step in one of them one of these days and fall and break their neck. And it'd probably be Jess!

His anger rising, he yelled at the boy, "Andy, stop that



diggin'!"

The boy paused for a moment and looked over his shoulder at his father. His long, reddish hair fell low on his forehead, hiding his brows. His eyes were wide set, deep blue and strangely vacant.

He don't see nothin' but the dirt he's always diggin' in.

Jess shuddered uncontrollably, turning quickly from his son's empty stare.

The boy resumed his digging.

"Jess," his wife called.

"Let the boy be."

He came back to the porch and sat down heavily on the lower step. Most of his anger was gone now; it had been replaced by something else. Fear. And frustration. There was something here that just wasn't

right. The boy wasn't just playing out there in the yard all day long. He seemed to be searching for something. But, for God's sake, what?

Two years. Two years of digging the front yard to pieces. Two years of squatting there with the chickens like some half-human, half-animal. It would have been different, maybe, if Mary hadn't been the way she was. Kinda weak-minded. Not crazy, by any means; just slow to see most things. Well, dammit, they were getting along in years, and the boy had come late to them. He couldn't blame Mary too much for not taking a firmer hand with the boy, or for not letting him do so, either.

God knows, he had tried to make Mary see that Andy's actions were not quite right. Here he was, three years old last March, and he had never so much as uttered his first word. There was only one thing the boy could actually do, or wanted to do -- dig in the infernal dirt.

"His Goddamn diggin'!" He hadn't meant to say it aloud; it had just slipped out, loud and vehement.

"Jess!" his wife said, scoldingly. "You oughtn't talk that way in front of the boy."

Jess got up and went into the house. He shuffled odds and ends around in one of the top shelves of the kitchen cabinet until he found his last sack of tobacco and a sheaf of papers. He rolled himself a cigarette and went out the back door to sit on the steps. As he pulled the smoke deep into his lungs, he thought: Thank heavens for one thing, I'll be goin' back to work tomorrow. Old man Fender's finally gettin' ready to put his crops in. Be leavin' early in the mornin' and gettin' home late in the evenin', so I won't have to watch him diggin', anyways.

Maybe he'll pretty soon find whatever it is he's lookin' for.

He grunted, not liking the thought without quite knowing why he didn't like it. He flipped the cigarette far out into the yard, watching it arc up, then down to hit the ground with a tiny shower of sparks.

I wonder, thought Jess for the second time that day, just what he is looking for.

\* \* \*



It was cool that night, and Jess, filled with Mary's good cooking, sat on the front porch and smoked a cigarette. A full moon had risen about halfway up the sky, lighting the whole world. Jess felt easy inside and let the coolness of the night soak into him. It had been that way almost all the time, before Andy came.

Mary came outside for a while after she had washed the supper dishes and tucked Andy into bed. She complained absently about the mosquitoes for a few minutes, making a great stir as she fought them off with her ancient newspaper. Then she hushed all of a sudden, and Jess looked up and saw that she was crying.

"I...know...it ain't right, Jess," she said, "for Andy to always be diggin'." She twisted her hands in her lap and let the newspaper flutter to the floor.

Jess got up and went to stand beside her. He looked out over the front yard where the moon's light made a thousand shadows behind the mounds of dirt. There was hardly any undug ground left.

"Never mind, Mary," Jess said softly, patting her shoulder and thinking: She knows a heap better'n I thought. He felt sorry for her; in a way, it was probably just as difficult for her as for him, maybe more so. She loved the boy so.

"Don't be hard on him, Jess. Andy's all the young'n we'll ever have!"

"I wont, Mary."

His wife went inside, and Jess sat down again. He lit another cigarette and listened to the sounds his wife made preparing for bed. Jess rested his head against the porch column and closed his eyes, enjoying the breeze that blew gently against his face. The scent of pine trees was in the air, and he took delicious gulps of it. It worked on him like heady wine, and soon he felt himself beginning to doze.

The sound came to him faintly at first, then grew louder, more definite. A scratching, digging sound, like Andy made with the spoon, only louder, stronger. Jess stood, his heart beating like a triphammer. The sound was coming from the front yard, somewhere out there in the expanse of disturbed ground.

The sound became louder, as though a great bulk was forcing itself up out of the ground. Jess inched forward into the yard, afraid to go but not able to keep himself from going.

He saw it, then, pushing its way up out of the hole the boy had been digging that evening. Only it had dug a heap farther than the boy, he thought, drawing back in horror. It was a dark and nightmarish shadow, churning the dirt as it forced its way up into the world.

"Oh, Lord!" Jess said, his voice quavering.

It stood beside the gaping hole from which it had emerged, a huge mass of darkness, monstrous. It was not a creature meant to live on the surface of the world, where there was light; it shrank perceptibly from even the wan light of the moon. Jess stood stockstill, unable to move, gaping incredulously at the thing. It was featureless, a great dark hulk, straight out of the bowels of the earth. A devil!

Then the boy was there, racing across the yard, arms outstretched to the thing. And Mary, running after the boy. Jess caught her arm as she tried to dash past him. "Let him go, Mary, for God's sake! Can't you see he wants to go? Don't you go out there too!"

She tried to break his grip, fighting him like a madwoman, but he held onto her with all his strength.

Don't let him go, Jess!" Mary cried. "He is mine!"

"Get into the house, Mary. I'll get the rifle."

"Jess, he's ours. He's our boy. I heard what he said, but it ain't

true. He's our young'un!"

The thing stood like a giant, stubby tree, bits of earth still clinging to its dark shape. They could smell the rich earth smell of it. Its arms had stretched out for the boy, and he had thrown himself into them; now the thing had its arms folded gently around the boy.

Jess stared, not believing any of it, not wanting to believe it. The boy was talking, now. Talking rapidly to the thing in a deep, un-childlike voice. Talking just as plain as a grownup -- he, a child who up to that moment had never so much as uttered a word. But Mary had said something about the child talking....

With a sudden movement of its arm, the thing picked up the boy and stepped back into the hole. The last they saw of the boy, he was clinging tightly to the thing's arm, his face buried in the dark substance of its body. Both of them vanished, then, swallowed up by the earth.

Mary had grown limp, her body sagging against his. She laughed a soft, mindless laugh. The shock of what had happened had been too much; her mind had shattered in revolt, refusing to accept what she had seen and heard.

Jess led her back to the house. "He's not ours now, Mary," he said, more to himself than to her. He knew the truth of the matter was that the child had never been theirs at all. By some unholy and perverted act of Nature, he had come to them for a little while; but he had never really been with them at all.

The words he had heard the boy say to the thing flashed painfully and derisively across Jess' mind:

"I knew you would find me. I knew you would come and take me home. I tried to come to you, but I couldn't find you, and I knew you would come to me. I'm so glad you've come, Motherfather."

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Nietzsche is dead: God.

....Lewis Grant

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A GOLDEN MINUTE OR TWO.....

BETTY KUJAWA - I have some nice inflammatory quotes to throw at you, guaranteed to infuriate Englishmen -- from Nina Epton's LOVE AND THE ENGLISH.

"...for touch, as Bain wrote, 'is the alpha and omega of affection'. English people seldom touch each other. They seem afraid of it. Only babies, dogs, cats, and horses can be stroked without inhibition. This artificial restraint stems from our atavistic fear and guilt complex about the human body. It extends to clothes -- particularly under clothes -- because of their proximity to the skin -- which few Englishmen dare to purchase openly for their women folk.

"Take for instance, the 'Men In The Pits' described by Professor Zweig in his book of that title (Gollancz, 1948). He found that among the men 'interest in the other sex is not very strong and the miner feels happier in the company of his mates and comrades than in the company of women friends or his wife. But this probably applies more or less to all working-class families.' (I believe that it applies in greater or lesser degree to all classes in England.)"

"The result? The average Englishman has little desire to please, and the 'take me as I am' attitude is not propitious to smooth amorous relations. When he does want to please a woman, he is obliged to make such an adjustment in his general attitude that the effort becomes a

(continued on page 16)

# A DODDERING COLUMN

from ALAN DODD

"I am," says General Ribera, eyeing the man who has come to assassinate him, "a Frenchman when I drink wine, an Englishman when I smoke a pipe - and South American by birth." The assassin smiles politely, and then reveals his identity.

Some few years ago the French film LES DIABOLIQUES received quite a lot of attention from fanzines and now along comes another French film with a similar title, also worthy of mention: LES FANATIQUES. The opening sequence shows that instrument beloved of fans, a portable typewriter, but this is a typewriter with a difference. A small time-bomb the size of a flat cigar case is being welded into the base of the typewriter. The technician doing this says nothing, only the bomb, the metal cover and the welding apparatus are seen. The welds are completed, the typewriter turned over and the keys tapped reflectively to see if they still work. The clock is set for 1:30 the following day.

The camera switches to an un-named South American republic. Riots are in the streets, troops and guns and trucks and tanks litter the squares and streets. In one corner there is an elderly official with a rope around his neck, fastened to a flat board. A uniformed man in front clamps his hand over the man's face, presumably to stifle any cry, signals, and the man drops a mere foot, still with the officer's hand over his mouth. It is all matter of fact, yet it is a newsreel sequence of an actual human being hanged. It seems incredibly matter-of-fact that the mere dropping of that foot should kill a man. Of hanging, one expects something more spectacular, more significant. Can a man really die, sliding a foot down a plank with a rope around his neck? He can indeed.

The victim along with 50,000 other revolutionaries is held in the prisons of General Ribera's country awaiting the return to that country of the general himself. Ribera is in France, and there the action of the film takes place; in and around the airport from which he is about to leave. The chief assassin, admirably played by Pierre Fresnay of the great pre-war film LA GRANDE ILLUSION, is an elderly man, baggy eyed, thin lipped and dedicated. He is a



South American type, as is his assistant, the aircraft controller in the tower. Ribera's plane has the typewriter placed on board, and the general is on his way, taxiing down the runway. The job is finished.

Or is it? A motor cycled officer speeds down the runway, stops the plane, a Cadillac pulls up outside Ribera's private plane, he hurriedly jumps into it followed by his blonde wife and bodyguards and the plane is pulled backwards by a tow truck into the hangar. The assassin must get the bomb out of the plane and try again. His assistant urges him to kill Ribera before he enters his next transport. This, however, they cannot do. The assassination is to SAVE the lives of the prisoners held by Ribera's guards, and if any direct assassination attempt is made, then the guards may execute the prisoners as reprisal anyway. It must be made to look like an accident, and with a bomb in a plane over the sea...planes are blowing up in mid-air all the time says the assassin regretfully.

Ribera is going via Rome this next trip -- BUT in a passenger plane containing a priest, two American air force officers, a doctor, several women and at least eight children. The aircraft controller will not hear of the bomb being planted on the plane. "There are women - children on that plane" he insists. "Women and children are always killed in wars" says the assassin; "50 must die to save 50,000." But there is the problem of getting the typewriter onto the plane. He tries to get the passengers to take it - a brilliant sequence as Fresnay surveys the passengers in the waiting room, trying to size up a suitable person to take the machine. If he picks the wrong person and gets a refusal, then the other passengers will also refuse. He gets one girl to take it, but the aircraft controller forces her to give it back to him; he tries to switch it with a similar portable carried by a Frenchman, but the man's little child recognizes the difference and this idea is out. There is only one further way he can get the typewriter onto the plane -- he will take it himself as a passenger. But there are no vacancies. One woman has not turned up; she is delayed from Monte Carlo and he takes her place.

The assistant decides that Ribera must be killed on the runway before the plane is boarded. He climbs into the back of a motor coach near the runway overlooking Ribera's Cadillac; in the back of the car the fat, bull neck of the dictator is clearly visible, just a few yards away through the glass. He sights his automatic at the fat neck and the silenced gun of Fresnay's silences him for good from the front of the





coach. Fresnoy calmly pockets the gun, picks up the deadly portable and walks to the plane. The plane taxis down the runway, and then the assassin realizes as they are about to take off that Ribera is not on board. Panicking, he tries to open the door, and then at the end of the runway he realizes the Cadillac is just pulling up behind the plane; taking no chances, the General is boarding only at the last minute. He settles back into his seat comfortably patting the portable typewriter on his lap.

It is during the flight that he notices Ribera continues to receive telegrams and he wonders, can the revolution have been completed - can it be over and the need for his assassination be no longer necessary? It is at the bar that Ribera speaks to him and he reveals his identity. "Luis Vargas" says Ribera, taking one of the anti-coagulant pills that keep him alive, "the same name as an enemy of my country who has a 100,000 dollar price on his head." "That's right," says the assassin pleasantly, prodding him with a gun. Immediately the dictator pales, clutches his throat -- this time the pills that keep him alive will not help. He staggers to his seat and there dies of a heart attack. There is no need for the assassin to work anymore; in fact if there remains any indication that there WAS an attempt, the reprisals he has worked so hard to avoid may be carried out.

He locks the washroom door and tries to smash the explosive charge out of the typewriter which is too big to go through the window. But it has been carefully welded in. He can't get the charge out, he can't inform the pilot because the information would leak back of the bomb on board -- even though Ribera is dead, his presence aboard the plane and the attempt would be enough to set the reprisals at work. He settles down in his seat, puts the typewriter on the floor, gets out his pipe, fills it, and lights it.

But that isn't the end. As he looks around the plane, the children, the young girl next to him on her first flight, the priest -- he realizes he must get rid of the time bomb, but from a pressurized cabin liner, where the windows CANNOT be opened? That is something you'll have to see LES FANATIQUES to find out; the ending is worthy of true fantasy.

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A GOLDEN MINUTE OR TWO..... (continued from page 13)

strain and there is no room for subtlety. The average Englishwoman looks unstroked, uncaressed and emotionally undernourished. She is so terribly unsure of herself."

And now kiddies here is a quote that convulses me....

"Sex, for this average Englishman, easily becomes an aggressive orgy and a perversion (self-flagellation in particular). That is why he is so afraid of 'letting himself go'; when he does so, usually under the influence of alcohol, he becomes objectionable.

"It follows that it is easier for him to 'let himself go' in this anti-social way with an outcast from society, i.e. a prostitute.

"A large number of those who do not frequent prostitutes must resort to self-abuse, hence the coldly detached, narcissistic attitude of so many Englishmen."

Like, Buck, you pubbed Seth Johnson's theory bout sex-starved married femme-fans -- how bout tossing this last quote into the zine sometime?

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Try Murine - with the secret ingredient "M". ....Lewis Grant

# when we get to heaven

— by — — — — — BETSY CURTIS —

(for Woody Guthrie, to be sung to the tune of "The Derby Ram")

In heaven, they say, the streets are paved  
with solid shiny gold;  
God gives the light so the weather there  
is never too hot or cold;  
The birds sing and the breezes blow  
and the sky is always blue --  
And -- when we get to heaven, friends,  
We'll see what they say is true.

There's room for them as has gone astray,  
There's room for saints and preachers,  
There's room for lions as well as lambs  
and all God's other creatures,  
There's room for parents and children  
and there's room for me and you --  
And -- when we get to heaven, friends,  
We'll see what He said is true.

We can all sit round with gold guitars  
and sing a thousand songs  
And raise the praise of the King of Kings  
to whom all praise belongs,  
But it won't be dull or boresome, 'cause  
there'll be His work to do --  
So -- let's all set out for heaven, friends,  
And see it all come true.

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Then there was the English teacher who always announced poetry compo-  
sition by saying "Prepare to make your meter". ....Al Borse  
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.....OR THREE

GEORGE SCITHERS - I just got a review copy of de Camp's newest book, THE DRAGON OF THE ISHTAR GATE. The hero in this one is tall, broad, very strong, has black hair, is a great swordsman -- yes, de Camp modelled him almost exactly on Robert E. Howard, with a generous dash of Conan tossed in. The result is excellent; I unreservedly recommend the book.

GENE DEWEESE - Just got a "new, revised edition" of THE BOOK OF AMAZING FACTS, by Jerome S. Meyer. Did you know that the little deer botfly can fly at 800 miles an hour? The last paragraph is worth noting. The original source has just been quoted at length, talking about the fly "being just a blur" as it whizzes by in the Mexican mountains. /I trust someone has informed Willy Ley of this; he can do an article on how beliefs refuse to die even after being exposed as false. RSC/

# STRANGE FRUIT

Reviews of the following zines are slated to appear in ABANICO (I am remorselessly expanding my reviewing; eventually I plan to utterly control all fanzine review columns): AXE #17, NORTHLIGHT #13, DYNATRON #8, SIRIUS #61, AD INFINITUM #2, S F TIMES #369, G<sup>2</sup> #5 & 6, THE BUG EYE #9, HAVERINGS #8, MENACE OF THE LASFS #32, FANAC #79 & 80, THOUGHTLIGHTS #1, ENVOY #3 and anything else that comes in between today (Dec. 9) and Dec. 15. QRM #3 and UL #5 may or may not get reviewed.

NULL-F #23 (Ted White, 107 Christopher St., New York 14, N.Y. - free, but "a 4¢ stamp would help" - FAPA publication) Ted says he has extras for anyone who wants them. This details Ted's side of the latest fan lawsuit; comments about the suit itself should be found in "Rumblings" this time. Since Ted apologizes about like I do, this could be very interesting for the innocent bystanders.

ABANICO #2 (Bill Bowers, 3271 Shelhart Rd., Village of Norton, Barberton, Ohio - bi-monthly - 15¢) Biggest drawback here is a mimeographing goof; pages 5, 7, 8, 6 and 9 follow each other in that order. Coupled with several "continued" items, it makes it quite confusing to try to read an article all the way thru. Possibly the most interesting item is reprinted from WRITER'S DIGEST; an account by Jack Sharkey of how he wrote one of his stories (unfortunately, all of Sharkey's stories read like he wrote them that way...). Seth Johnson uses the first installment of his column to review "Stranger In A Strange Land", there is verse by "wm lawrence" -- not my type of verse at all; and the remainder is made up of letters and extracts from same. Nothing great, but not bad for a second issue. Rating....3

BRENNSCHLUSS #5 (Ken Potter, Roydon Mill Caravan Centre, Roydon, Harlow, Essex, England - irregular - free for comment, I think) A streamlined fanzine about People. (Or, to be exact, about People and Fans.) Humorous, like. Rating....4

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #58 (Fred Patten, 222 So. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 5, Calif. - irregular - 25¢) This issue by the Trimble's, but future ones, they say, will be by Patten. (Should I reassure all of you that Fred is not Frank's brother?) Next issue contains the Holiday Art Supplement and is 50¢ to non-regulars. This issue has the usual variety of material; this time oriented mostly towards fandom rather than stf. Good enough; I'll particularly enjoy seeing the reactions to Joe Gibson's article. Rating....6

CADENZA #4 (Charles Wells, 190 Elm St., Oberlin, Ohio - bi-monthly? - 20¢) Editor-written, except for the lettercolumn. Good writing; the fanzine review column seems a bit large, but then those things have a way of expanding uncontrollably. A very interesting lettercolumn; mostly political, this time. Rating....5

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 Little boys are good about now due to prenatal influence.

.....Lewis Grant

FANTASMAGORIQUE #4 (Scott Neilsen, 731 Brookridge Dr., Webster Groves 19, Missouri - bi-monthly - 15¢) This one is strictly devoted to stf; in fact, it's hard to find anything in it except reviews and letters. (They aren't exactly bad reviews, but I do think Scott goes a little overboard with them. Kaye's column and one piece of fiction aren't enough to balance the zine.) However, if you're looking for more comments devoted to stf, fantasy, books, magazines, movies, etc., here it is, all in one neat bundle. Good lettercolumn. Rating...5

LES SPINGE #7 (David Hale, 12 Belmont Rd., Wollescote, Stourbridge, Worcs., England - quarterly? - free for comment) Here is the direct antithesis of FANTASMAGORIQUE; a fannish, wild, abandoned, fanzine. Not content with being confused himself, Ken Cheslin suggests a plan for confusing not only the post office, but the rest of fandom as well. Mike Deckinger discusses moving; a very confusing business. Letter column was notable to me mostly for Harry Douthewaite's address; on Stratton Road. (I wonder if it's named after Thomas?) Rating...4

NEOFAN #2 & 3 (stapled together) (Owen Hannifen, 16 Lafayette Place, Burlington, Vermont - trade or contribution) Unfortunately for the general reader, most of this is devoted to comments on N'APA mailings; no matter how well done, mailing comments don't mean much to outsiders. The "outside" material is okay, what there is of it.

CINDER #6 (Larry Williams, 74 Maple Rd., Longmeadow 6, Mass. - irregular - 15¢) General material, neatly divided between the up-and-coming younger fans (Williams, Cascio, Pilati, Bowers) and the old-and-going type (me, Len Moffatt, Seth Johnson) with one by the young-and-going Ed Gorman. CINDER has made pretty steady improvement; once he gets rid of the last of those black ditto masters maybe we can read the whole zine, too. General interest; nothing that provokes me to any comment, but the material is reasonably good. Rating...5

XERO #7 (Dick & Pat Lupoff, 215 E. 73rd. St., New York 21, N.Y. - irregular - 35¢) Not only is this fairly big (52 pages) and extremely well reproduced, but it has some of the best material currently being published. Stf and fantasy? Lin Carter reviews books and Donald E. Westlake tells why he isn't writing science fiction any more. Fandom? Walt Willis has "The SLANT Story", John Berry provides another obviously truthful interlude in Irish fandom, and Lupoff and I review fanzines. Comic books? Don Thompson details the lives of "The Spectre" and "Dr. Fate". Politics? (Well, you can always get WARHOON, too....) Terwillegger wasn't too far wrong in labelling XERO "the best fanzine in fandom". It's one of the best, certainly. Rating...9

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FAMOUS SAYINGS REVISITED, II

"Go west, young man." . . . . . Isabella  
 "The public be damned." . . . . . Tennessee Valley Authority  
 "You're number 1 on my list, baby." . . . Henry VIII  
 "I never met a man I didn't like." . . . Lumumba  
 "Never give a sucker an even break." . . . Lamprey Extermination Inst.  
 . . . the above by Lewis Grant  
 "You'll wonder where the yellow went." . . . Sax Rohmer (RSC)  
 "Does your cigarette taste different lately?" . . . Page's Inhalers (RSC)

# GRUMBLES

LEWIS GRANT, 5333 So. Dorchester Ave., Chicago 37, Illinois - Have you heard the story about the hop toad which joined the US Army during the Civil War? It was the thirty-fourth hop toad to enlist and was the only one of the several hundred hop toads to become an army career man. In fact, it worked up to drill sergeant, and used to drill recruits at Jefferson Barracks, the Mudhole of Creation.

Eventually, of course, this hop toad retired, but it will be long remembered by the US Army, because Army drill sergeants still shout: "HOP toad three four, HOP toad three four."

The answer to the question of shooting your neighbor at the entrance to your fallout shelter is very simple. Shoot him, as an act of mercy, and also to keep him from running around outside the shelter.

It is apparent that a lot of people don't know what fallout is or how it works. Even a lethal dose of radiation doesn't kill you immediately. I am afraid that when the sheltered types reappear on the thirteenth day, that there are going to be a lot of people still running around. Not for long, maybe, but still. They are still going to be eating, and I have an idea they are going to be hungry.

The shelter-builders seem to assume that all the Russians are going to do is send over ICBM's which will chop the center out of the cities, and that will be that. Then we start over. Unfortunately, the Russians are a lot meaner. They are also going to try biological weapons, and various types of nerve gases. Some of the new nerve gases don't kill people, they just give them a case of nerves.

Imagine a country of fifty million people wandering around in the fallout, half starved. Their clothes are torn and dirty, they are living off refuse, and their white cell count is close to zero. Imagine spraying fifty million walking corpses like this with various germ weapons, and then giving them a dose of gas which turns them into paranoid hallucinating maniacs. I imagine they will do a much better job than fifty million Red soldiers.

I was mauled by the number of columnists and commentators who felt that the 30 and 50 MT Bombs were supposed to "scare us into surrendering". I don't think the Russians are that stupid. I think the Big Bombs were just another phase in the Russian attempt at Intercontinental Brainwashing (ICBW). In effect, this is using the classical Pavlovian pattern of intermittent stress until the victim has a mental breakdown. Of course on a continental scale it takes longer, but the Russians have time. They have a Sense of Destiny. The Americans rush from one end of the dyke to the other, stuffing little Dutch boys in the holes, and practicing Brinkmanship, in the hopes the Russians will Back Down. Why should the Russians back down? There's no reason for them to.

I don't know what to do about this, except that we should be investigating Pavlovian conditioning very carefully. There is a good book called "Battle For The Mind" about Pavlovian conditioning as used in Communist brainwashing, voodoo, revival meetings, police third degrees, autos-da-fe, and advertising.

I was told a fascinating story last week about a woman whose hus-

band is running around, so she spends her time covering things in her home with "Contact" stickum plastic. She's losing reality with Contact.

AVRAM DAVIDSON, 410 West 110th. St., New York 25, N.Y. - This will probably be the shortest letter you've had from me yet; like I guess you heard of the greatest blow struck stf since the departure of T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D -- viz my becoming editor of F&SF. Mills was a good man, but he had the job I wanted, so he had to go. Anyway they say that the hardships of life in French Guiana are greatly exaggerated. I'll send him some old prozines from time to time, he shouldn't feel neglected.

So what with MSS to cull and blurbs to indite and simular tasks today, letter-writing time must needs be brief. Even to YANDRO, the Mag-a zine of Arachnid Fandom... how dare you call Eliot Dold "one of the most incompetent magazine illustrators..." Dold, boy, Dold was Classical and in a good sense. He may have lacked grace and delicacy, but he had Power, kid, he had Vision: he was great -- in nonslang sense.

It seems Wat Breen identifies stultifying parental pressure with biblereading. I could, from personal knowledge, admittedly outside of fandom, cite exactly opposite situations: where the kid wanted to follow a religious life and the parents wouldn't allow it. A secularist can be as grim and determined to do what he thinks is right for his child as any fundamentalist ever. It isn't even a matter of religion -- I imagine there must be at least some areas of human activity of which W. Breen is or wd be so disapproving as to hold his kid off from it by fiat and by force if need be.

/I think Breen would agree, in principle, that the important thing is for parents to treat their children as individuals; once the kid is old enough to make a knowledgable (not necessarily "intelligent") decision, then that decision should be respected, whatever it is. Of course, there probably are areas where he wouldn't follow this in practice; offhand I can't think of anyone who follows his own principles 100%. Certainly I am going to try to follow this procedure with Bruce.

Heck, Avram, I got Power and Vision; the only reason I don't consider myself an artist is because I can't draw. I rate Dold the same way...he could draw a little better than I can, but not much.

By the way; you better not let your superiors know that you get fanzines. I just happened to think -- at Asimov's suggestion I sent Mills a copy of the YANDRO containing "Isaac Lassitude" and the next news I hear is that Mills is no longer editor of F&SF. It figures...RSC/

GEORGE SCITHERS, Box 9006 Rosslyn, Arlington 9, Virginia - So. Walter Breen has gone too far this time. He can expell me from the FANAC mailing list, insult me to my face, force me out of the Cult waiting list, and accuse me of putting a black-bordered FANAC ad in the Seacon program booklet. He can even accuse me of being the evial genius scheming to get him out of FAPA, but now he says my venerable Multilith's color sense is awry. Mr Breen, this means war!

JAMES SIEGER, S74-W20660 Field Drive, Route 2, Muskego, Wisconsin - Why does everybody pick on pore Andre Norton? The only think I have agin her is that she keeps hiding her age. Most of her stuff I've found enjoyable, tho lately she's overused the man-and-animal-partnership theme.

As far as I'm concerned, Avram Davidson's remark on fallout shelters is the final word on the subject.

So people should "obey the laws of their country", Buck? And wot about the Fugitive Slave Law? Today the heroes are those who wouldn't

obey it.

/Heroes to the common people, maybe; not to serious historians, pretty much in agreement that the Civil War was not inevitable and that while the most blame for it must fall on the southern fire-eaters, a large share must also go to northern abolitionists, underground rail-rovers and so on, whose fanaticism made a non-violent solution impossible. Helping lay the foundations for the deaths of over 600,000 people, when there was another way to achieve the same end, is not my idea of heroism. The worst bastards, as I said, were the southern politicians like Yancey, Rhett and Brooks (who are called "heroes" in the present south) but William Lloyd Garrison is not a man I'd want to meet, either.

JOHN TRIMBLE, 222 So. Gramercy Pl., Los Angeles 4, Calif. - I see Ed Wood's back on the ol' hobby horse. And he's missed my point, I see. Ed, I don't feel that fandom should be independent of the stfzines -- I do think that it could be, and in all probability (unless the circulation pick-up means more than mere fluctuation) will have to be.

I agree, the magazines played a singularly important role in bringing fandom into existence. My point is that we must not relax now that the magazines (bar the Z-D twins) have withdrawn from that role, but forge ahead and seek out new channels of recruitment.

For you, Ed, fandom may die when the stf-zines die; for me -- I plan to work at helping it continue.

As to Bob Jennings: Well, Bob, Don Fitch was one of these "personalized recruits", as you put it, and I kinda figure that he's active enough in the fanzine and letter-writing field. Blake Maxam, Fred Patten and Ed Baker, who are also "personalized recruits", are all budding into publishing and con-going fans. And when you consider that these were all picked up during the course of a two-week hobby show the club exhibited in...which...at... I figure that's a pretty good yield. And I wouldn't be the least bit anxious about a fandom composed of such people

Sure, the personalized recruiting you've mentioned has been confined to clubs, so far. But if a little concentrated effort was put into widening our scope of recruitment, who knows what we'd come up with? Hell, we might fail completely. But we'll never know unless we try.

Sit on your cans, fans, and someday someone like Harry Warner or SaM can write you up as passing figures back in the fifties and sixties -- the dying prozine era of fandom. You won't read about it...but I will

TED PAULS, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland - YANDRO arrived this morning, and I'm writing swift like the wind to let you know that I enjoyed this issue as much as any other since #100.

My mimeograph has a portable (roller-type) table, too. In fact, I made it. It isn't a brilliant job, and it isn't particularly neat, but for my purposes it's just fine. I believe the entire thing cost 69¢, and that sum went for the rollers. I made a frame out of scrap lumber, an old piece of plywood sufficed for the shelf, and an old pool table, cut down to size, made the top on which the machine sits. The rim of the pool table portion prevents the ink cans from falling off, but the little caps occasionally fall into the side pocket.

I saw and rather enjoyed the television show you mentioned, though the entire production could have been vastly improved. There was too much stereotyping, for one thing, and for another Hans Conreid and Jane Wyatt were the only two people in the entire show I would seriously class as "actors" -- or, more properly in one case, "actresses".

In re Buck's comments on "We Also Heard From" sections, allow me to let you in on a secret: I use such a column to make the page come out even. If I attempted to use excerpts from another letter or two, I could not be sure of having sufficient space for the mailing wrapper. But a WAHF section can be as long or as short as you desire, and for this reason it's an excellent method of filling up just enough of that last page.

I suppose there are other purposes for this sort of section, but I can't think what they might be. Egoboo for the letter writers isn't a very important consideration; only the newest of neofans enjoys very much "egoboo" merely from seeing his name at the end of a letter section.

"The Destiny of Fandom: II" is a wonderfully fuggheaded article, and I daresay it's the most humorous piece of material I've read in a fanzine for quite some time. I seldom laugh out loud at anything I read, and it is a tribute to Ed Wood's fuzzy thinking that I doubled up with laughter at least three times during the two page article.

Now look, people; there hasn't been a decent fan column or fan-type letter section in the prozines since INFINITY and SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES folded, but there have certainly been new fans entering the microcosm since then. Where did they come from? Some, it is true, may have achieved first contact through the letter departments of AMAZING and FANTASTIC (as we Old Fans like to refer to the Ziff-Davis magazines). Many others have not. Cal Demmon, to pick a name, was a non-fan friend of Bob Lichtman's and was introduced in that manner. Larry McCombs was a friend of John Champion. Don Dohler, I believe, was corresponding with other admirers of MAD-type magazines and was introduced to fandom by one of them. If Chester Davis ever becomes a fan (at present his activity is confined to letters to KIPPLE and reading selected fanzines like WARHOON and HABAKKUK) our friendship would be the cause -- Chet has never in his life read a science fiction magazine.

Other names come to mind of fans who have entered our little world since INFINITY and SFA shuffled off this mortal coil. Bill Bowers, Mark Owings, Derek Nelson, Scotty Neilsen, Dave Locke, Phil Harrell, Fred Galvin, Bob Shea, ad infinitum. Where did all of these names originate?

Wood's claim that fanzines of today are "wonderfully empty of material of lasting worth" doesn't even deserve to be dignified with a rebuttal. I will match the material in, for example, WARHOON with that of any fanzine from fandom's past. I concur completely with Boggs' sentiments on the matter -- the present crop of fanzines is wonderful. But then, neither Boggs nor myself are "true fans" by Ed Wood's definition. Wood's kind of true fan evidently is the sercon science fiction devotee, the collector and fawning acolyte of the stf magazine and book. This would nicely explain why the death of the prozines is such an appalling idea to Mr. Wood.

Frankly, if all science fiction magazines ceased to exist tomorrow I wouldn't even notice, much less care. I enjoy science fiction, and I daresay I fancy myself a "science fiction fan". At a rough guess, every fifth book in my library is science fiction or fantasy; that isn't a terribly large percentage, but I don't think the genera warrants a larger one. Science fiction is enjoyable and entertaining but -- and here is something "true fan" Ed Wood can't seem to comprehend -- it is only a minor part of the world of literature. /You heretic! RSC/

Seth Johnson is usually merely amusing, but he is right about fallout shelters; many people won't be near their shelters. An attack is most likely to occur, I believe, at noon Tuesday. (This is the opinion of Dr. H. Bently Glass, professor of biology at Hopkins.)

Mighod! Here in "Strange Fruit" you've rated KIPPLE higher than



DISCORD, HYPHEN and VOID! Now, if I could only convince myself that your opinions were representative... But I'm afraid I don't place much faith in them myself. You have a right to your subjective opinions, but don't go overboard. KIPPLE doesn't deserve a rating higher than the three aforementioned fanzines; PANIC BUTTON certainly doesn't; and a skimpy little throwaway sheet like AXE shouldn't rate within five points of WARHOON. But I don't suppose there's any point to arguing; your reviews have been tremendously subjective ever since the first installment I saw and possibly before. I only want to say that I hope that not too many neofans follow your implied recommendations.

/Well, since I've never seen a fanzine review that wasn't tremendously subjective (including those by Ted White which are usually cited as examples of impartial reviewing) I certainly can't say that mine aren't. However, I would like to correct one of my earlier statements; at one time I said that I didn't like to review single issues and that my point ratings would be determined by the entire output of a fanzine. I still think that this method of reviewing is correct in principle, but it's too hard to follow in fact; I can't remember the full output-quality of 100 or more different fanzines. So my point ratings are now pretty well restricted to the issue under review. In general, I'd rate KIPPLE as about even with DISCORD and HYPHEN; some issues better, some worse. I think that K's average is higher than VOID's, but not by as much as the last column rating showed; that was an especially good KIPPLE and an especially poor VOID. I think your reaction to AXE is pretty subjective in itself; AXE is as good -- or nearly as good -- now as FANAC was when it was receiving kudos from all over fandom; it is about as successful in accomplishing its own aims as is WARHOON, HABAKKUK or any of the other "giants". You have to give credit for success in an attempt, even if the attempt isn't as world-shaking as that of some other fanzine.

Oddly enough, a few fans are still trickling into the field via the old fanzine review columns in MADGE, SFQUARTERLY and OW. Not many -- but we still get 1 or 2 requests a year from people who found our names in some old prozine they bought second-hand. (We also get plaintive requests from the post office to inform our correspondents that we've moved; so far I haven't tried to explain the situation.) Incidentally, you erred in stating that INFINITY and SFA were the last prozines to have a decent fan column or letter section; the last fanzine review column in a US prozine was the one by Belle Dietz in FU. (Maybe you consider her column indecent, but for the purpose of the discussion -- i.e., recruitment -- it was about as valuable as any other. You can argue over its esthetic qualities, but it did bring fans into the field.) RSC/

GARY DEINDORFER, 11 De Cou Drive, Morrisville, Pa. - Of course I was mostly jesting about the "we also heard from" bit being "intensely degrading". I wish people wouldn't always be taking half-facetious comments I may happen to toss off as being seriously intended.

You people are exasperating, do you know that? First you come out in favor of killing your neighbor if he should try to get into your hypothetical shelter. That's bad enough. Now Juanita says that she never had any mental reservations about cannibalism...

/Well, after you shoot the guy, you can't just let him lie there; it's unsanitary. You have to dispose of him, somehow.... Didn't you know that many a true word is said in jest? RSC/

We had lots more letters; most of them will be held over to the next issue.