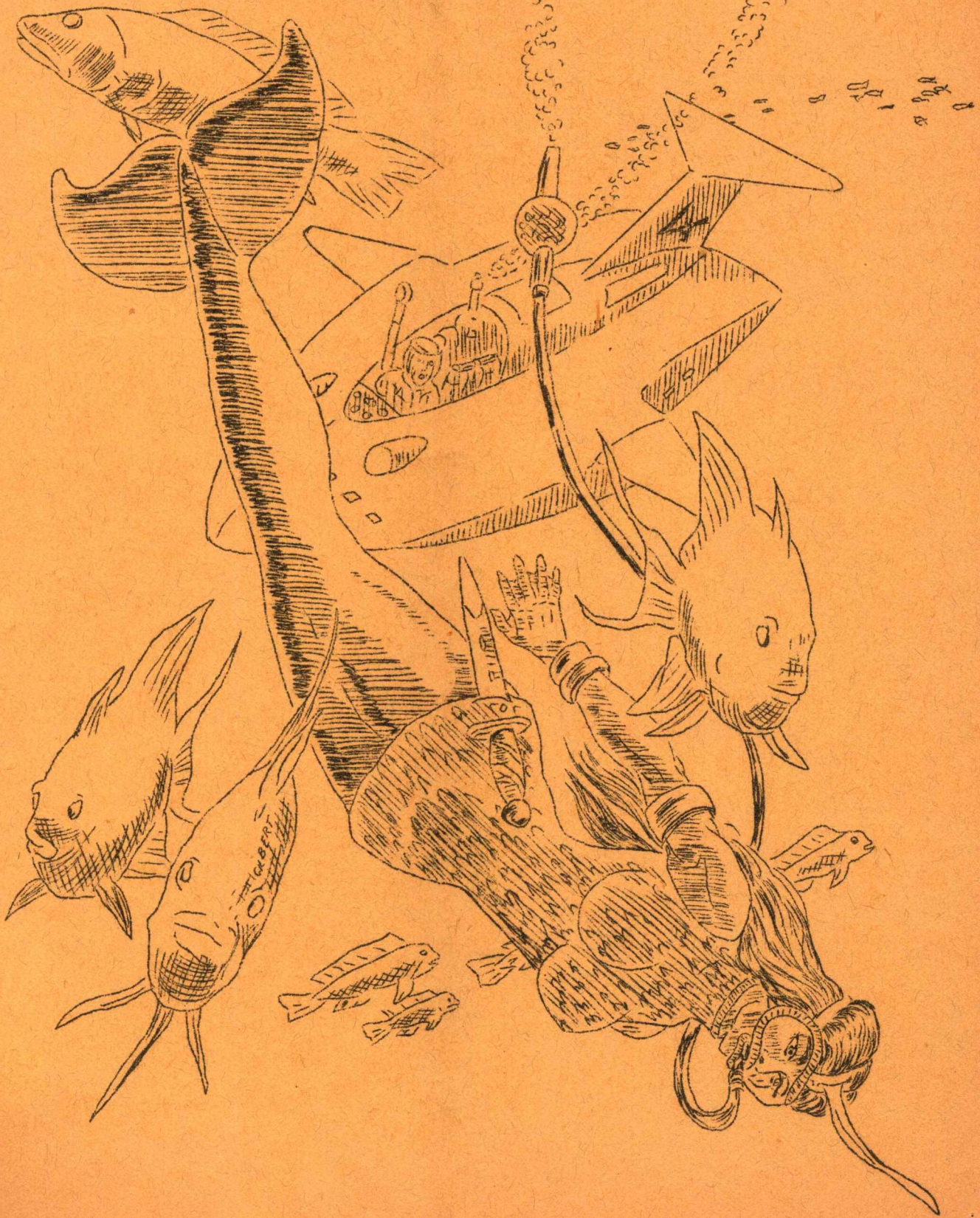


YANDRO

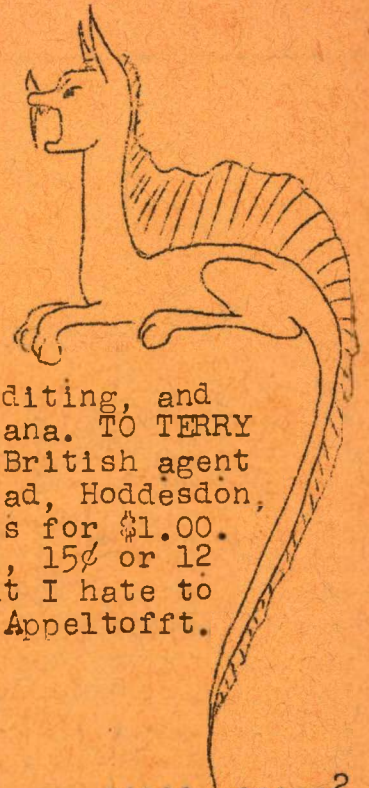


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STF-INITIONS

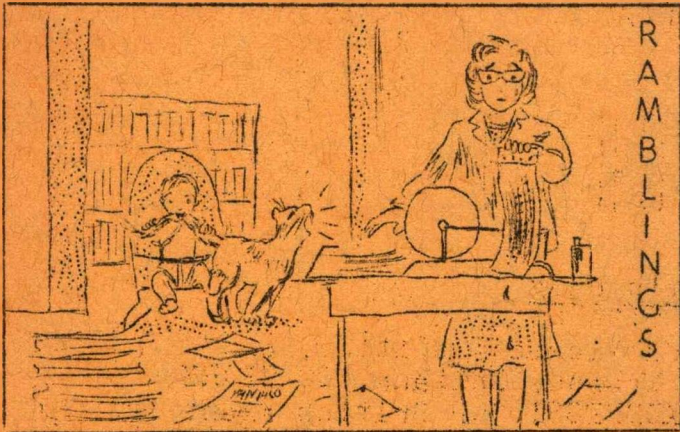
Bar-stool.....what Davy Crockett stepped in when he was three
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Contact.....prison etiquette.....RSC

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R
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S

Writing editorials on a Saturday morning in between making formula and preparations for going to Anderson to visit Bruce's grandmother is not recommended for coherency of thought...but then, that shouldn't bother me.....to DAG, the 'blaster with a polychoke' interlino is due to my predilection for juvenile stf, my most recent venture being the Asimov 'Lucky Starr' series.....and what do I find in the first chapter?....immediate reference to "a heavy caliber blast-

er"....I know, but.....wonder if they come in gauges, too....finally got the furshlugginer record player properly armatured and new tubed.. one slight difficulty; when we didn't know it was the armature lousing up the speed of the thing, we had the turntable revved up, thinking it was the power source (and I use the term loosely) causing the reduction in speed. So now that the animule is revolving correctly, the speed is too fast.....Mahalia Jackson as a high soprano is fascinating....and for Bob Leman...no, I'm not sure I can explain my reference to "Wylie, Schulberg, Montaigne"...except to provide a literate contrast to the other named fiction....you see, outside of stf, I'm not much in the fiction-line....fictional biographies perhaps, a la SPIDER KING or A HOUSE IS NOT A HOME (or would that qualify as a ghost-writ biography-autobiography?).....otherwise I go in for THE HANDY DANDY ASTRONOMICAL REFERENCE HANDBOOK checklist of the progeny of Man O' War or the Life Story of Ignatz Semmelweis.....and like that. I know Montaigne isn't fiction, but, as I said, it makes a nice literate contrast, and I do like Montaigne.....why do I always get requests to illo things from a period of history of something that I know absotively nothing about, such as Druids, or early Norsemen, or similars?.....in the local library, such reference is impossible to obtain....things are arranged, as far as the average not-in-the-know layman can figure out, by 'old books' and 'new books'...meaning, apparently, with jackets, and without....with a special section for Westerns and destective novels (separate, of course..)oh they all have Dewey decimal numbers; it's just that no one seems to pay much attention to them....this is fine if you have a few hours to browse around (it's a very small library, fortunately) ..which I rarely do.... have yet to find an encyclopedia in that place, either.....having recently seen THE ENEMY BELOW (mainly for Theodore Bikel) I wonder what Rayner's reaction is to his film-version of the book?....by some odd quirk...I prefer the movie....I know the book is more realistic, authentic and all that....but.....then I've always been a sucker for war movies, even the most cliché ridden...in fact, especially the more cliché ridden....when they get to realistic, I, for some reason, don't think of them as war pictures anymore....oh well...splash.....JWC



Aside from proving that most fans like humor, which I already knew, I don't suppose the summary of comment on the Annish (on page 23) means much, but maybe it will give the authors a better idea of how their material is received. Stuefloten came off worse than I expected, but then some of his more ardent admirers didn't write in at all. The votes listed are taken from about 20 letters. Actually, the single item in the Annish which drew the most

favorable comment was the Dollens cover. About 16 or 17 favorable comments and one unfavorable, I think.

Recently purchased a copy of "Famous Monsters Of Filmland", written and edited by Forrest J. Ackerman. Can't say I cared much for the written material (Ackerman's puns leave me pretty cold, and I can do without articles on Blaisdell almost as easily as I can do without his cruddy monsters) but the photos are worth the money if you like horror movies.

The millenium has arrived! Today I received a completed quote-card. I mean, really, one that I'd started and it got filled up and returned. Made me feel sort of quietly proud.

Looks like a nice three-way battle for the '59 Worldcon. Chicago, Detroit, and Dallas. We're backing Chicago, I guess. I have nothing against Detroit -- have some friends there, and I expect that the Detroit group could put on a pretty fair con. In fact, I wouldn't be at all disappointed if Detroit won. But I think Chicago could probably put on a better con all around -- I like fannish gatherings and atmosphere (and Detroit is good at generating these) but I enjoy a good convention program, too, and I think Chicago could put on a better one.

I'm not at all sure about the ability of Dallas fans to do either one. Most of the convention experience in the area comes from the Oklacons, and from the reports I've read I'm pretty sure I wouldn't want to attend an oversized version of an Oklacon. CHICAGO IN '59!

The last FANTASY AMATEUR we received had us listed as #4 on the waiting list of FAPA. What membership in this organization will do to YANDRO, I couldn't say. It's doubtful if we can keep up a monthly schedule and do more than meet FAPA's minimum requirements, but we can try. If and when we do start a FAPazine, we'll probably use at least some of the same material in both zines, and we'll undoubtedly keep the mailing lists entirely separate. That way, maybe we can keep the work down to a reasonable minimum.

Sometimes I wonder about people in this town. I went in Saturday and asked a record dealer for the Westminster Classical Sampler and he asked me what label it was on. ??

Fanzine reviews and Doddering columns will be back with the next issue of YANDRO, and the letter column will be back to normal size. Maybe I'll even have something to say in the editorial -- who knows? Remember ----- FORMIS IS A WOOFUS!

RSC

The World of Null-F

A COLUMN BY

marion zimmer bradley-

Some fans have written to me and objected to my evaluation of Young Fandom, specifically my quote from a 1947 fanzine, LUNACY, in which a teen-age fan objected to the beginning of Kuttner's "Fury" as "insidious slop". However, I see no reason to change my contention. Just the other day, in a fanzine published by John Thiel, CAVEAT EMPTOR, Glenn King writes (apropos of Richard Matheson's "The Shrinking Man"):

"The shrinking man alternates between misery and boredom....Matheson pads the book with some filth that he tries to pass off as more misery but doesn't quite...."

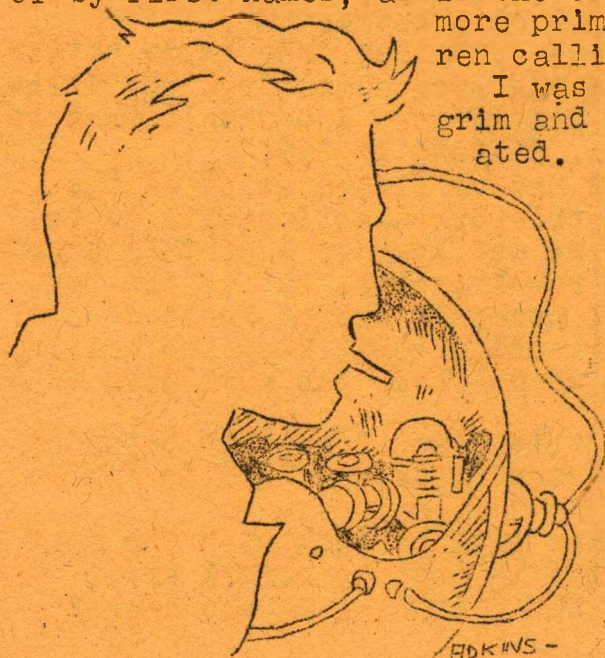
I assume here that he is speaking of the shrinking man's brief affair with the midget woman. Regardless of one's opinion of Matheson in general (I, for instance, consider the aforesaid novel incredibly silly), I found nothing objectionable anywhere in the book, and certainly nothing one could describe as "filth", despite Matheson's rather half attempt to deal with the sexual problems of a man who has progressively become smaller than his contemporaries. So I am forced, unsurprised, to repeat my conclusion that not only have teen agers not changed, but that by and large, teen-agers (with a few disgraceful exceptions) are more conventional and emotionally strait-jacketed than their elders.

Another teen-age fan primly addressed me, in a letter, as "Mrs. Bradley". When I retorted, in a jesting postscript, that it was easy to tell a neofan because he addressed fans as "Mr." or "Mrs." instead of by first names, as is the common fannish practice, he replied even more primly, "I'm afraid I don't approve of children calling adults by their first names."

I was properly squelched -- and feel, at the grim and withered age of 27, properly superannuated.

These encounters with the genus fan -- or should it be the genius fan? -- do not properly come within the scope of a column supposedly dedicated to non-fiction book reviews. However, in the course of developing "Null-F", I have had several delightful encounters with said gen(i)us, and having dedicated one installment of "Null-F" to ripping the gizzard out of several brash juveniles, I would like to balance the books by talking about some of the nicer instances of the species Homo Fannicus.

I forget which young fan (again, a teen-ager) who, in reviewing YANDRO, commented about "Null-F" that "he was afraid



Mrs. Bradley had been discouraged..... personally, I'd rather read her column than sit through a course in something or other." This of course points up the big danger in such a column as this, and in such books as I review, and for that matter, in science fiction itself.

I have frequently stated that one of the advantages and virtues of science fiction is, that it tempts the reader to take a deeper interest in science. Like all virtues, this has its intercurrent vice; the reading of science fiction frequently leads a not-too-brilliant reader into believing that the reading of science fiction is a substitute for a scientific education; that through reading science fiction he will actually learn science.

It is true that, through the reading of science fiction, one can learn something about science. An avid reader of science fiction can learn some scientific terminology, and pick up a few hints about the state of mind of the person who is actually living in the middle of the events described. If the writer is a good one, the reader will become interested in the kind of thinking which leads from scientific accomplishment to extrapolation into the world of tomorrow. And I would be the last to doubt that science fiction has stimulated many youngsters to plow their way through math and science courses, in the hope of some day sharing in these adventures of science.

But this is only half the picture. As far as I know, science fiction is the only field of literature which gives rise to this kind of self-deception on the part of the readers. The avid readers of novels by Frank L. Slaughter and Faith Baldwin do not gather the impression that they have thereby learned anything about medicine. And I doubt very much if even the most enthusiastic reader of bullfighting novels would go into the ring armed only with the memory of Hemingway, or the most delighted reader of "The Conquest Of Everest" go out to climb even a little mountain without learning more about it.

Yet there are still science fiction fans who will say that the reading of science fiction is "better than a course in science", and it is this silly and exaggerated attitude which leads more level-headed fans to go to the other extreme and insist that "stf is just escape literature -- valueless."

The truth, of course, lies somewhere between the two.

The same thing applies to the various popular nonfiction books, discussed in this column elsewhere. They won't substitute for a course in science. Nothing will, except get out and take that course in science. Or, if that isn't feasible, to do further study on the subject, independently.

This is assuming that you want a course in science. The various popular nonfiction books on science, psychology, anthropology and other subjects are the intermedia between the interest stirred by science fiction, and the serious study necessary to master a subject. They are for the person who wants to know something more about a subject. And





that implies -- for the person for whom "knowing" is a real passion, the end and aim of all existence.

And this, of course, is the truest and most basic type of science fiction fan.

This column is being written on New Years Eve, which accounts for the heavy vein of pseudo-philosophy. Next column will go back to book-discussing, and will be guest-written by Bob Briney, who will take up the subject of mathematics in science fiction* -- a subject with which I am not qualified to deal, being the one and only individual in the history of my college who flunked trigonometry not once but twice.

So I'll see you in a few issues, by which time I should have bought a few more books to discuss -- or hadn't you guessed that I'd simply run out of books?

*Ed. note: We double-crossed Marion on this by printing Briney's article first -- mainly because part of it was already on stencil when we received this. However, Bob recently promised to do some more in the series, and "some of them aren't even about mathematics". Whether the next installment is by Briney or Bradley remains to be seen; at this writing we don't have anything on hand by either one. RSC

Notice: I'd appreciate it if anyone can supply us with Dave Jenrette's present address. I'm not going to run the story we have by him until I know where to send his copy. RSC

MEMOS FROM PERSONNEL (II)
by Mary Corby

This technician comes from Wolf Three.
He's valuable, you will agree;
For without any strain
His electronic brain
Will compute all our data, quite free.

Coming in YANDRO: A novel of interplanetary splendor and the nobility of Mankind, by James R. Adams. Watch for this unprecedented event!

"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone..." Do you notice that He didn't cast one, either? More to this than meets the eye. Someone is covering up!
.....Gene DeWeese

KEEP YOUR COTTON-PICKIN' HANDS OFFA MY PLANET

JOE LEE SANDERS

Sam Innocence saved the universe so often that it became a bore to him. He had to keep traveling; to save humanity, to speed culture, to defeat the Alien Intelligence, but, mainly, to keep from getting lynched. from "The Man Who Saved Himself"
CONFIDENTIAL, December 25, 3078

The director of Western Union of Phisthatmij V. was a typical little-old-man with 3 purple eyes and a pale pink and blue beard. He smiled at Sam Innocence who stood shivering in the rest room of Western Union.

"Could I have your autograph?" he asked.

"Sure, but get me some clothes first," said Sam Innocence, indulgently, for he was used to some fame as the man who saved the universe.

"Oh, yes, yes, sir," said the director, giving Sam a suitcase. "Here it is, sir."

Sam went off into a corner and returned, a short time later, dressed in crimson shorts, a green and orange polkadot t-shirt, and with a charcoal black derby balanced on his head. He was fighting mad.

"What in the hell is this mess?" he cried.

"Do you expect me to wear these things on the street?"

"Now, now," said the little-old-man as he ducked a blow by the man who saved the universe, "Those things are the height of fashion on Phisthatmij V. You don't want to look out of place, do you?"

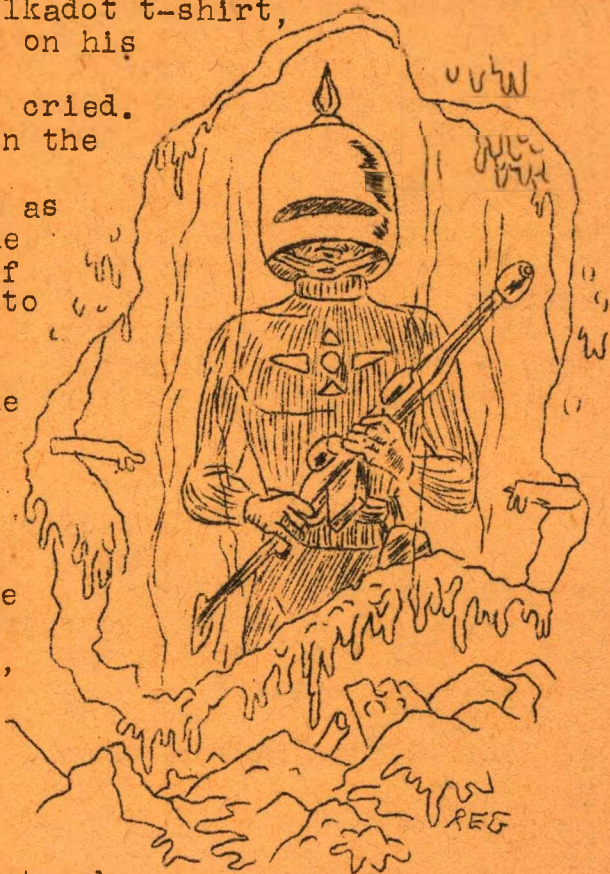
Innocence preened himself before a mirror. "Might not be so bad at that," he said. "It does do something for me..... Oh, yes, you said you had a job for me." He yawned.

"Yes, Sam Innocence, we have a job for you. Here on Phisthatmij V we're not at the height of galactic fashion, but we try. And we got to try. It is man's fate to try. So we try, as good humans should, and we are..."

"Oh, get on with it," said Innocence with a snarl.

The director omitted 59 pages of Prepared Dialogue.

"Okay, Innocence," he said, "the facts are these. We have a good Tri-Vi network



and the leading show is 'Win The Worlds'. It is even," he added with a touch of pride, "bigger than the largest Terran quiz show. For five months, a being called Melvin Bem has been appearing on the program."

"So what?" asked Sam Innocence.

"So he's been winning!" screamed the director. "Tonight if he answers four more questions, he will win the universe. It's up to you, Sam Innocence; we're counting on you to save the universe again."

"Nothing to it," said Sam Innocence. He started to leave.

"Wait, wait, cried the director. "Please, can't I have your autograph?"

Sam Innocence paused, scrawled an X on a scrap of paper and left. The crafty old man clutched the precious signature to his chest.

"Wow," he cried. "Now I can trade this to Stinky Weaver for his genuine Marilyn Monroe calendar." And he left, his hair blowing in the wind; for Brownesburg, the capital city of Phisthatmij V, was a very windy place.

II

As Sam Innocence walked down the streets of Brownesburg his eyes fell on a pair of legs, left bare by the wind. He retrieved them and followed the legs up.... "Velda!" he cried. It was Velda Coolidge, his former sweetheart from Earth. She looked at him suspiciously, "Uh-uh, buster," she said. "Not until you pay your money."

"It's me, Velda," cried Sam. "Your only true love -- the boy you loved more than any other!"

"Oh, of course! Hello, Fred."

"No, no, I'm not Fred."

"Larry? Bill? Jack? Stan? Klaus?"

"I'll show you!" He kissed her. A crowd of admiring spectators gathered.

"Oh, Sam," she crooned in his ear. "I'd know that halitosis anywhere; but I thought you were dead."

"It's a long story, baby," he said. "Let's go somewhere and talk it over."

Later, over a drink, she said, "Gee, it must be wonderful to go around saving the universe."

"It's a living," admitted Sam.

III

"I have a plan," he said next morning. "It cannot fail."

"What is it?" she asked, turning from the stove on which she was cooking oatmeal for two.

"Just this: we will disguise you as Lynch Money, the female assistant on 'Win The Worlds'. Then you can let me on stage and I will save the universe again."

"How?"

"By blowing Melvin Bem's stinkin' head off," said Sam Innocence.

IV

"Come in," said Lynch Money in her seductive voice. She was wearing

a black dress that looked to Sam, at first glance, as though it had been painted on. At second glance, he saw it had. Sam eyed the bottle of paint remover on the dresser, then he forced himself to do his duty. He clobbered the girl behind the ear. Looking down at her, he decided not to kill her but to simply lock her in a closet. No use wasting valuable property like that. "Psssst, it's all right now. You can come in," he whispered into the hall.

"Awright, awright, awready," said Velda, winking at the elevator boy.

Sam was preparing the paint spray gun.

V

There was something about Melvin Bem that reminded Sam Innocence of an unpleasant event in his past life.

The first question was asked, the subject being "Great Literature." The question was "Why was AMAZING the greatest prozine?"

Sam scarcely heard the answer, he was so busy thinking.

"What was the title of a two part serial by 'Jack Williamson' (actually a collaboration between Tennessee Williams and Jack Benny) published in SCIENCE WONDER STORIES in 1929?"

"That's it!" screamed Sam, as the question was answered correctly. "The Alien Intelligence!!! That's who it is!"

"Yes," snarled a voice in his mind. "Dat's right. An' not even you can stop me dis time. I will own da universe legally after two more right answers."

"Not while I'm alive," said Sam, deftly removing the finger nail on his left index finger to reveal a blaster hidden there. He shoved the rheostat to full charge and fired.

During the mental conversation between Sam and the Alien Intelligence, the quizmaster had asked "Who was the greatest fan author of the 20th century?" and as Melvin Bem answered correctly "Joe Lee Sanders" Sam Innocence danced about the stage, screaming and waving the blackened stump of what had been his right index finger.

"Dad-ratted force shields," he wailed. Melvin Bem fired at him with a proton-gun, but missed. The blast from the proton-gun set fire to the \$1,000,000 that was kept on stage as a sort of booby prize for the losers. By the light of the burning money (the power source had exploded), Sam pulled Velda to him and from parts concealed beneath the other fingernails assembled a force-screen generator. He switched it on and instantly they were encased in a one-way force-shield which let energy blasts out but let nothing (not even air) in. Sam gave Velda an oxygen pill from his emergency stock, but took none himself (Sam Innocence thought better without oxygen). Soon, Velda revived him by forcing several oxygen pills between his clenched and slightly blue lips (but he lived better with it).

Energy bolts crackled and bolted back and forth. The studio disappeared and a mushroom cloud hung over downtown Brownesburg.

The battle raged on. Brownesburg vanished and a huge atomic blast that spread radioactive fallout all over the planet appeared to take its place.

The continent upon which Brownesburg had been located split and began to sink into the ocean.

Finally, Sam knew that he had won. "Gin! he cried out, and, spreading the cards into a fan shape, he threw them at his opponent.

"Curses, foiled again," gasped the Alien Intelligence. "I'm going home to Hal Clement" and so saying, he vanished, not to be seen again until the next story.

Sam exultantly switched off the force-screen. The next instant, he was drowning in boiling water. The continent was sunk, and so, it appeared, were Sam and Velda. Then they saw a tiny boat, floating nearby. They swam towards it.

"It's only big enough for one of us," cried Velda.

"You're so right," said Sam as he climbed aboard and clubbed Velda over the head with an oar.

VI

"Splendid job, Sam, splendid job," said the Western Union director. "You have saved the universe again, and it will only take us two or three centuries to repair the damage you did."

"Shut up, little old man, or I'll beat the tar out of you," said Sam Innocence, the man who saved the universe. "I'm waiting for someone."

Lynch Money came through the door, swaying slightly (and bruising both hips on the doorframe). In one hand, she carried a jar of paint remover. With the other she beckoned to Sam.

"Sam," croaked the little old man. "You've got to leave this planet now. You'll die if you don't. There's a time limit on how long you can stay on one world. Sam.... Sam! Sa.."

"Shut up!" said Sam Innocence, the man who saved the universe, as he viciously backhanded the little old man across the mouth, "and mind your own business!"

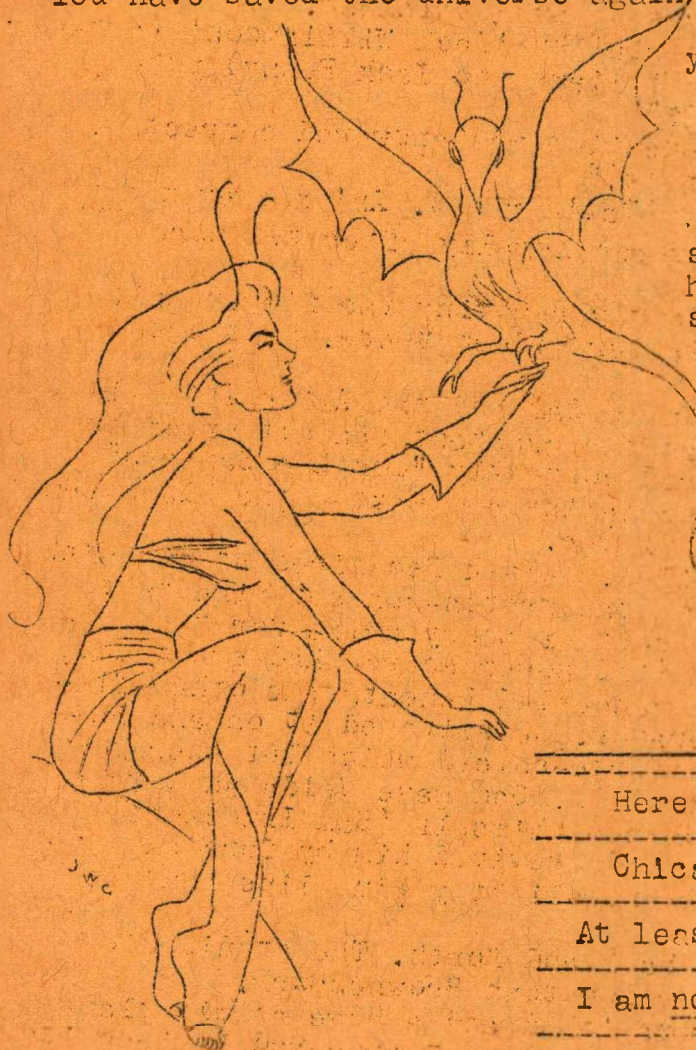
Here there be thumbtacks

Chicago in '59!

At least, she can catch the hyacinths.

I am not "the chap who likes S. J. Byrne!"

JWC, Earl Kemp, G.H. Scithers, Bob Briney



REMINISCENCES

by — BOB FARNHAM —

Sitting beneath the spreading branches of the only tree on the place old enough to offer shade, pipe in hand, I leaf through my pictorial memory book, and the events and years and faces pass across memory's horizon in a slow, steady and happy review of times past in Time, as we know it, but ever present in that corner of the mind and heart elected to shelter and protect the memories.....

Memories of my first convention of any kind begin with the Nolacon, the New Orleans convention held in September, 1951, where I discovered that Lee Hoffman was a GIRL, and obtained the first Red Face of my life in the discovery.

Wilson Tucker, known to his friends as Bob, stood on the sidelines and thoroly enjoyed my discomfiture, which was as it should be. Harry B. Moore, one of the nicest persons it has been my good fortune to list as a friend, was MC of that convention. There was Paul D. Cox...shortly before the Nolacon Paul and I had PFFFT in a senseless feud - straightening things out, we became friends and are still friends. I imagine we will be until I attempt to borrow some money from him.

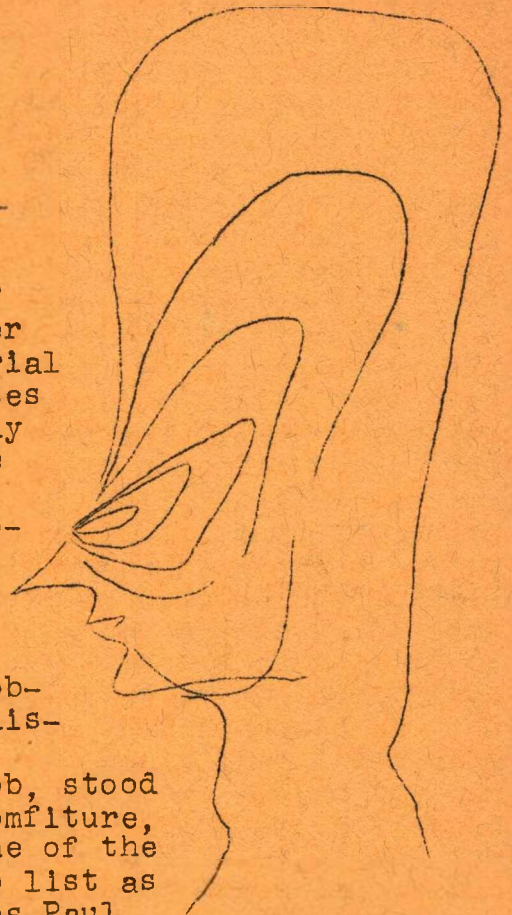
The high spot was the banquet. I did not attend it.

I paid my total convention expenses from the sale of a number of hard cover books. When I arrived home I still had 14¢. My entire trip, including hotel room, meals, smokes, had come to \$16.50.

I obtained a single photograph at the Nolacon which did not please me a bit. I determined to be better equipped for the next con which was to be held in Chicago the following year.

When time came for Chicon 2 I was well prepared. My room had been reserved for three months and upon arrival was cheered muchly by being ushered into one of the filthiest rooms I've ever had the misfortune to look at, let alone be forced to occupy for six hours till my reserved(?) room was ready, and before I could use it. I had to call for room cleaners. /I had a beautiful room at that con -- of course, I stayed at the YMCA.....RSC/

I obtained 52 pictures, about 40 of which turned out good; the rest, because of the mirrored posts in the Terrace where the convention was held, were too badly light-streaked to be recognizable.....It was at Chicon 2 that I received my first introduction to Georgia Corn Whiskey. Being advised it was merely a mild peach brandy, I drank a 12-ounce glass, and when a second glass was tendered me I was in no condition to



resist. However, when a third glass was offered me I was found to be sleeping like a baby in the suite's only easy chair. Being of considerable bulk, it was decided to let me be where I was till I woke up; which I did, fourteen hours later. I had not become intoxicated. I had become SOUSED. The hang-over lasted three months.

That was some five years ago and I have not drunk as much as a single drop of alcohol since.....I think that everybody and all his/her family that knew me passed in review while I slept in that easy chair. In my case...once....was too much!

That convention cost me eighty four dollars. Hard cash.

The vote at Chicon was for Philly for next year. But Chicon 2 will always remain in my mind as The Biggest and The Best world convention I have ever attended. Judy Dikty (nee May) deserves honorable mention in any one's annals for the splendid program she was mainly responsible for, along with the others whose names have long since been forgotten.

At Philadelphia, nicknamed Philcon 2, I had the bitterest disappointment of a lifetime. As a convention it was the sorriest flop ever, but as a fan gathering, it was a gigantic success. The con was highlighted for me when an elevator operator slammed the doors shut -- and smashed my camera so badly it was useless. This ended all my interest in Philcon 2, and being totally deaf, the experience of being told several times not to talk palled, and I pulled out and started home.

18 fine pictures were secured before the camera was smashed and the only set I had, along with the negatives, was loaned to Bill Venable who was on the convention committee. Bill kept both the pictures and the negatives. He still has them as far as I know. Without the negatives I was unable to fill a great many orders I'd secured, had to return 14 order-monies and lost 11 additional sales.

When this happened I was unable to pay a small charge for the repair of my camera and it was sold for charges. Don Susan, the then-Prexy of NFFF, learned about it when I wrote him. He used his influence with Bill Venable, and Bill sent me the best camera I have ever had to replace the one lost because of his failure to return the negatives, so even though the pictures lost were most precious, I can feel only gratitude towards Bill Venable.....

The 1954 World convention was held on the West Coast but the distance was too great. I dislike train travel and there have been far too many unexplained (to the public, anyway) aircraft smashups to suit me, so I stayed home.

In 1955 the Clevention drew me so hard that I went...and all I took was plenty of film and flash bulbs -- and a lone ten dollar bill. I cannot figure out even now where I found the courage to attempt it with only ten dollars, total cash..... But go I would and go I did.

I had three glorious days of getting the pictures I've been after since Nolacon, meeting old and making new friends, watching the proceedings, seeing some fine movies, and thoroughly enjoying myself. The absence of one particular friend sort of tempered down my enjoyment.

The evening of the 4th. day (for me - I arrived a day ahead of time) found me seriously ill, and I had to start for home. High blood pressure permits no delays.

Bob Tucker made himself even more endeared to me at the Clevention

than he had been, and I hated to leave before the end, but.... when I arrived home I found my blood pressure had shot up to 250 and was stuck in a hospital for a solid two weeks.... A reduction in weight and size is going to open eyes at the next convention I can get to...and I don't know when, nor where, that will be....

But the memories remain, and while it is not always the best to "live in the past" it is, sometimes, rather pleasant to go back for a few minutes, at least.

The pictures remain to outline the memories and while one or two of the well remembered faces have passed into the next world, they will always remain as bright and smiling as when last spoken to.

In twelve years in Fandom, I have yet to meet a fan or a nonfan at the conventions, whom I can say I did not like..... I have consistently refused to consider Fandom, or Crifanac, in a serious vein. A Ser-Con fan is licked before he starts and is never satisfied.

If one goes into Fandom to enjoy it, and get the most out of it, he or she will have to work to obtain results, but the toil is as pleasant and enjoyable as the results, and Fandom can become a way of life -- an enjoyable, happy, pleasant way.

So why be serious?

We received a rather violent reaction from the author over the editorial changes made in the poem last issue. So -- here is JETS as Dorothy Hansen wrote it.

Thunder of a jet in a red tinged sky,
Scream of a banshee echoing high,
Wail of a witch, and roar of surf,
And cry of a lost soul in search
Of something unknown in the infinite blue.

White vapor trails etched on blue,
Lines of fate that never tun true;
Life lines of ghosts in flight,
Etched in the dusk of coming night --
Lines that change, and fade, and die.

A flash of light from a silver wing,
A streak of glory while banshees sing,
A spot of gold in the setting sun,
The cry of the victor in a race well run
Against the pull of our planet earth.

A ship of steel with a human heart,
A darting arrow of which man is a part --
An awesome structure which man made,
And nursed and tended, and paid
With his life to perfect -- the jet.

This is not going to be standard procedure --- will anyone who submits material in the future please indicate if he or she wishes it accepted or rejected "as is". Otherwise, editorial changes are standard. (JETS was not submitted through regular channels, so I felt that the "retraction" was only just.) RSC

GRUMBLINGS

Greg Benford, 10521 Allegheny Drive, Dallas 29, Texas

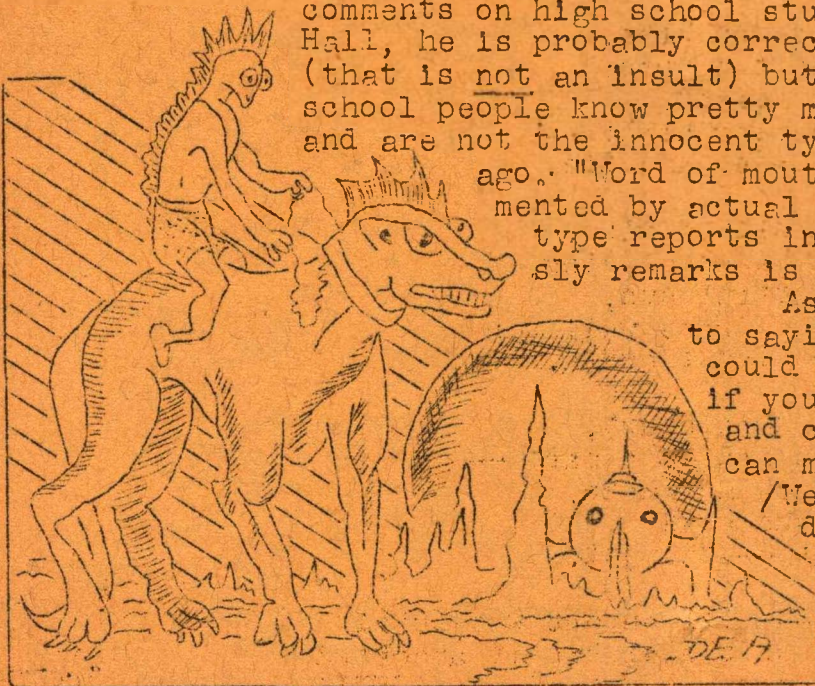
Cover was typical sercon type thing, but at least it was well re-produced. If you can get photo-offset work done why don't you run some faaan pictures--much more interesting, to me at least. /But not to us, which is why we don't run them. RSC/ Was interested in your comments on Lindsay's TAFF sheet, as I received it both thru mail and OMFA. A point I would like to make is that TAFF is a fan agency -- it was started by fans, for fans, and as such should be kept for the section that originated it. I challenge your assumption that if one doesn't have the fringe-fan and nonfan element one doesn't have TAFF -- we brought Willis over on fan contributions alone, with a few helps from the pros...admittedly most of it was from a relatively small number of fans, but today there are more fans, ergo more potential voters. While I don't believe Madle was as bad a person to send over as some seem to think -- in fact I have no objection to it -- I'd rather see a fan come over. I'm pretty sure you would also. Would you be willing to send, say, double your past TAFF contribution in order to see a fan make it, instead of the Secretary of the Budson-on-Thames Science Fiction and Vargo Statton Association?

G H Scithers' article was not as good as the interlineations he included, but I enjoyed it -- stf article or no. (See, I'm not an ardent denouncer of stf.)

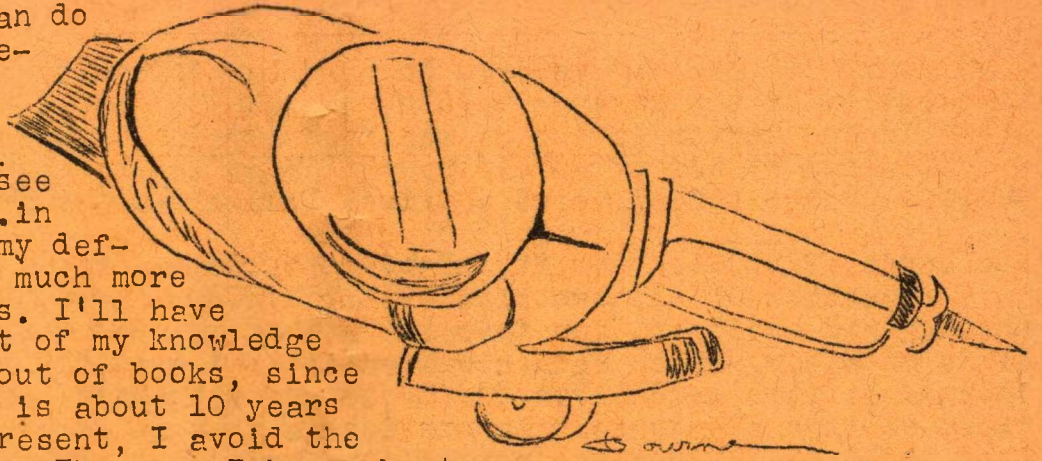
You can tell Hall that yes I am in Texas. You might also ask him where the wonderful TEXAS weather has gone, and why it rains all the time. /Maybe the state is sorry to see you? RSC/ I disagree with his comments on high school students. Of course, knowing Hall, he is probably correct as far as his locale goes, (that is not an insult) but I feel that the most high school people know pretty much what is going on re: sex, and are not the innocent type teeners of a generation ago. "Word of mouth knowledge" has been supplemented by actual experience, as several Kinsey-type reports indicate, and less giggling and sly remarks is evident. Or seems to to me.

As I will eventually get around to saying in VOID, I feel that YANDRO could produce much better results if you would publish less frequently and collect the best material you can manage....

/We probably could, but we just don't want to work that way. On TAFF; yes, the fans brought over Willis -- in 1952. If you want to bring over one fan every 5 or 6



years, sure you can do without the fringe-fans. And no, I wouldn't double my TAFF contribution in order to see a "fan" make it...in the first place, my definition of fan is much more liberal than yours. I'll have to admit that most of my knowledge of teen-agers is out of books, since the personal type is about 10 years out of date. At present, I avoid the breed, if possible. The ones I hear about seem to have discovered sex but not contraceptives or discipline, proving that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. RSC



Glenn Godwin, P.O. Box 368, Binghamton, New York

Ron Bennett mentions a penny inscribed "Unie van Zuid Afrika" around the profile of King George. I am a coin collector, and have several books by coin experts, although I can not claim to be one myself. Even so, I believe that Mr. Bennett has made a technical error, for so far as I can find out, no penny has ever been regularly issued that had the inscription "Unie van Zuid Afrika" on it. The South African coinage all bears the words "South Africa" and "Zuid Africa" on the reverse of the coin, but never "unie van". Notice that I said the REVERSE of the coin, which is not the side having the monarch's portrait on it. If you examine any coin of any British colony or commonwealth you will find that the portrait side of the coin usually if not invariably is inscribed only with the title of the king or queen. This inscription may be in English, or often in abbreviated Latin, such as Georgivs VI D.G. Rex Et Imd Imp Flub Shrdlu, etc. But the name of the country, whether it be Canada, or Australia, or South Africa, appears on the other side. On the other hand, perhaps Mr. Bennett had in his possession a really rare coin, exactly as described. In that case I offer him 5 shillings if he will but send me one like it!

/Don't you hate people who pick holes in your stories, Ron? RSC/

Robert E. Gilbert, 509 W. Main St., Jonesboro, Tennessee

This is undoubtedly a gorgeous cover on YANDRO, but one thing about it bothers me. What is the light in the center of the picture? It doesn't look like the sun's corona. Possibly it's a nebula or even a meteor landing.

To me, one of the hardest parts of trying to write a science fiction story is the tracking down of a few scientific facts. Take sun-like stars for instance. Astronomy books sometimes mention that many stars are similar to the sun, but just which ones they are is a secret. Maybe most science fiction writers don't know, because it seems doubtful that the stars most frequently used in stories would have earth-type planets. Maybe those are the only stars with which the writers are familiar.

/How about it, Marion? Can you do a Null-F column on astronomy? For the information of the various people who inquired about the cover; the light in the center is the galaxy seen edge-on, and the "misty" effect was obtained by use of an air-brush (or at least, that's Juanita's deduction of the technique; I wouldn't know air-brush from hot-air).RSC/

Bob Leman, 2701 So. Vine St., Denver 10, Colorado

/Speaking of his own zine, VINEGAR WORM, first. RSC/ I don't know whether you noted it, but near the bottom of page three I contrived to mix a metaphor, with rather odd results: I said "It may be that publication... will accomplish the necessary catharsis, and Fred will be freed of this albatross." It strikes me that an appropriate comment on that might be, "Where the hell did he keep that albatross?"

Now, as to the Annish: I'll start with my main brickbat, saving the praise for last. "Wind" has no business at all in YANDRO. Young Mr. Stuefloten is attempting something that can be done only by someone to whom the ability to write straightforward English prose is second nature -- and that is a skill he obviously does not possess. Stylistic oddities require a great deal of solid competence to carry off, and that sort of competence is acquired by a lot of practice at writing coherent sentences. Faulkner and Joyce can get away with an abandonment of English syntax -- as Picasso can get away with ignoring the rules of drawing -- precisely because they know the rules so well that they are entitled to ignore them where artistry tells them to ignore them. But you can't ignore the rules until you know them as well as you know your own name. If you do, you're going to turn up with misconstructions and inversions that'll set people's teeth on edge -- like "my tongue it licked", and "she to me asked", and "You are so silence", and "she rustles delighted."

"Slag" was a thing of beauty and a joy forever. (Yes, I know I'm misquoting.) "Charles Fortress, who caught fire" has my vote for the funniest phrase written by a fan, since Bloch's mot about the heart of a boy. Adams has the second-best line in "them pyorrhoea fish -- or pariah fish, to give it the more common spelling." You couldn't manage to bring out "Slag monthly, with YANDRO as a supplement, could you? /No./

I am infinitely intrigued by Juanita's "Wylie, Schulberg, Montaigne school." I can't readily conceive a more wildly disparate trio of writers; there must be a refinement of subtlety here that passes my comprehension.

/Probably just feminine logic. I can't answer this, never having read much of either Schulberg or Montaigne. RSC/

Robert E. Briney, 58 the Fenway, Apt. 43, Boston 15, Mass.

/On issue #61/ Ed Wood seems to be mellowing with age -- no fiery flat-footed statements, and even a few grudging qualifiers.... Doesn't seem to be saying anything of much; at least that most steady readers don't know already.

DeWeese expended a lot of energy on a film which somehow gives the impression that it wasn't worth it all. /But it was fun.... RSC/ Also, I'm sure that Rimsky-Korsakov's ghost would be quite disturbed at being credited with the composition of Borodin's opera PRINCE IGOR, from which the "Polovtsian Dances" are taken....

I still maintain that the presence of "quality" items on small-town newsstands is no indication that anyone buys them with any degree of regularity. And the fact that these "quality" items have a large volume of sales "somewhere" doesn't mean that any appreciable proportion of this volume comes from the small towns. My nominations would be the big cities, college towns, and towns near large concentrations of relatively "high-level" industries (not paper mills, mass-production factories, etc.) /But you just got through saying that you can't get quality pb's in the combination large city - college town where you live.....? If small towns get all the distribution..... RSC/

I don't go all the way with the (perhaps unintentional) implication that America's "average man" is no more anti-intellectual than the "average man" elsewhere. According to all the recent surveys and articles (post Sputnik) on education in this country and abroad, and also according to what I've heard from several European friends, general education in Europe is more thorough and more creative than the corresponding item in this country. I wouldn't presume to make comparative value-judgements; but the graduate of an average European high-school (lycée, gymnasium, or whatever the equivalent is) is more familiar with literature, the arts, sciences, history, etc., than his American counterpart. And the disparity increases when one considers university graduates -- in Europe an advanced degree is usually much harder to obtain and means a lot more than such degrees in this country. As to the correlation between level of education and degree of anti-intellectualism, I have only my own limited experience by which to judge, and that indicates that as the former increases the latter....decreases. /I'll go along with you there, and also with the observation that the European student is better educated than the American student at the same (theoretical) level. But, is the "average" European any better educated than the "average" American? The graduates are better off; but isn't the percentage of graduates much lower? How about it, some of you European readers -- Bennett, Dodd, Bentcliffe, Appeltofft, Helander, Linard, anyone else -- what is the European system of education like, and what percentage of Europeans are "educated"? Especially Bennett -- you're a teacher; what's your opinion? Either letters or short articles will be appreciated. RSC/

Earl Kemp, 3508 N. Sheffield, Chicago 13, Illinois

We call our campaign committee THE CHICAGO SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE, and Fritz Leiber is our President and campaign spearhead. Chosen for active participation on the committee are Jon Stopa, Jerry DeMuth, James O'Meara, George Price, Lewis Grant, Joe Sarno. On the advisory committee, Fritz, Ed Wood, Sidney Coleman, Bob Briney, and many more. Anything you can do to get the word around would be appreciated. /Personally, I'd love to see a convention that Sid Coleman helped organize.....CHICAGO IN '59 it is. RSC/

Bennett Gordon, 81 Fairfax Rd., Worcester, Mass.

I liked reading the article on how to define stf. Personally, I like the definition given by H.L. Gold in a letter to TIME some years back - "legitimate scientific exploration". If I was asked to define it,

I'd probably say something like that - "logical extrapolation and projection of trends and scientific knowledge into the future". Maybe I'd refine it a bit, but that's basically what I'd say the definition is.

Bob Briney's article was also interesting, but after reading the Scithers one, this one seemed to me to lose its effect. Two sercon articles consecutively lose something - especially the second article, whereas if you had inserted a light story between them to balance them, reader interest would be raised. By the way, I'm no mathematician, so I am wondering why the title. It doesn't seem to be "E", as you have it on the contents page, but "Sigma". Is this a mathematical symbol?

/Damfino....is it, Bob? I'm not a mathematician, either. And despite the reactions of at least 75% of our readers, Scithers' Annish article was not sercon. RSC/

Bill Meyers, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tenn.

Juanita's "ideal part of fan-pubbing" is, to me, the most hectic. I don't mind at all the editing, typing, and assembling; in fact, it's a lot of fun. Of course, if there weren't any fun in putting out a zine, I wouldn't be doing so.

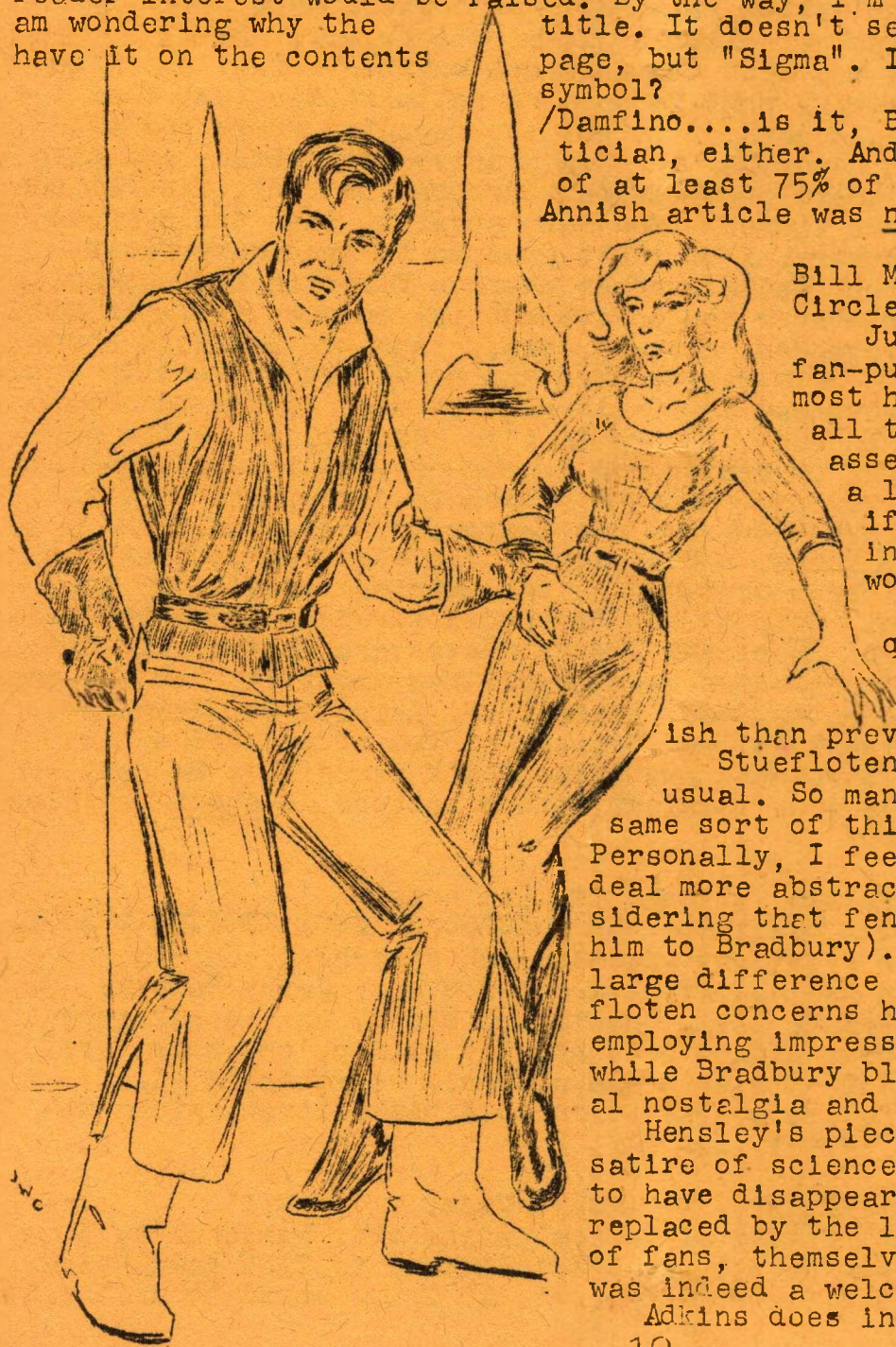
Do I detect an increased quality in the brand of paper this time? It

seems to be less pulpish than previously.

Stuefloten was enjoyed greatly as usual. So many authors attempt this same sort of thing and fail abominably. Personally, I feel that he writes a good deal more abstractly than Bradbury (considering that fen continually compare him to Bradbury). There is also another large difference between the two...Stuefloten concerns himself with the bizarre employing impressionistic techniques, while Bradbury blends in his own personal nostalgia and sense of wonder.

Hensley's piece was hilarious. The satire of science fiction, itself, seems to have disappeared from fanzines, being replaced by the less entertaining satire of fans, themselves. Consequently, this was indeed a welcome change.

Adkins does indeed lean towards Wood's



style. A friend of mine saw the first picture by Adkins on the calendar you sent and immediately exclaimed, "That was copied from Wood." He wasn't any great EC fan, either - just one with a good memory. Personally, I thot the position was greatly similar to the one in which Frank Frazetta placed his hero in the last panel of the last story of Shock SuspenStories #13. In fact, almost exactly, with the exception of apparel.

Great Ghy, won't people ever learn that CRY OF THE NAMELESS is monthly, also? Even Bloch says you're the only monthly.

Do your realize that some people collect the albums of LP's and sell the records? That's what a local eccentric I know of does. I admit that you can find superlative photography there, but the albums are hardly worth 5 bucks.

/Well, I've seen one lp in which all the notes on the back concerned the cover, instead of the contents. (I didn't buy it.) And I do consider it definitely sneaky when the exact same photograph is used by one company on a cover of a Beethoven symphony and by another company on the cover of a Sons Of The Pioneers album. Adkins will be hurt -- he is only influenced by Wood -- he doesn't copy. "Remember to always call it, please, research." Someone else commented on new paper, but it was the same old stuff -- different case lot, maybe.

"I want a blaster with a 'Poly-Choke.'" JWC

Bill Connor, 3320th. USAF Hospital, Amarillo AFB, Texas

Scithers seems to make the point that one can't define anything to the satisfaction of everybody. People see things differently - one man's SF is another man's fantasy. Personally, I define as science fiction any story that has some extrapolation of the physical sciences contained in some way in the yarn. Then, too, I think that extrapolations of other fields of study and knowledge can be classified as science fiction. We tend to think of the word "science" as referring to the physical sciences, but the word actually means any branch of knowledge studied in a systematic manner by observation, experiment and study for the establishment of facts and "laws". /Gee, maybe I can become a Doctor of Folk-music....RSC/

There is one all-inclusive way to define the sort of fiction that the people who read "science fiction" prefer -- just recognize the fact that anything that ISN'T realistic or "mainstream" is imaginative fiction. Those two words include both fantasy and SF, and I would even go so far as to say that this is really the fandom of imaginative fiction, rather than science fiction alone. Naturally, by imaginative fiction, I am referring to weird, fantasy, and science fiction; but not the kind of stuff to be found in the men's magazines (such as SLAG). /You gotta admit, though, the stuff is pretty imaginative. RSC/

Von Braun's prestige with the politicians should rise quite a bit, and maybe even to the point where his views will take precedence over those of more conservative "native born" scientists. I feel that some bigotry and grudge-holding has been directed against Von Braun by some because he was once on the Nazi scientific team. They should consider that he was born, after all, in Germany, so it is not strange that he

was connected with the war on the side of Germany. There is no room for conservatism in rocket development when it seriously interferes with progress.

Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., Hengland

I came out from the picture /"Baby-Face Nelson"/ thinking, "Ah, they don't have gangsters and mass killers like that nowadays in America." Then I picked up the paper; "Charlie Starkweather kills 10 in Nebraska-Wyoming."

In spite of the baby you still keep on schedule which is truly quite amazing to me. I can only assume the reason why you can manage to do this is because you have no television set.

Now in the December issue I see there were several comments on my review of "On The Beach". You mentioned that if the world was actually made up of the people Shute depicted in his book then it would be better if the world was destroyed. Well, surely Shute only wrote about a few individuals in his book. We can't judge anything by the individuals he draws in because there are thousands of better people who don't for many obvious reasons get mentioned. It's like saying you want to destroy a city because there are so many bad men in it. So you destroy it. You kill the 20% evil men - but unfortunately you kill 80% who never did harm to anyone. That kind of destruction isn't unfortunately selective. Then in CRY OF THE NAMELESS one of The Nameless Ones criticises me by saying my review depresses him. Pray tell me how can one write a cheerful review of a book that deals with the end of all life on this planet? /The personalities an author puts into a book are generally regarded as being the author's idea of typical individuals for the setting given. Therefore it is quite fair to judge the unmentioned people by the actions of the actual characters. As for destroying a city to get rid of evil, I seem to recall something about a city named Sodom..... RSC/

Eric Bentcliffe says I must stay pretty close to home if I haven't seen ice cubes or iced drinks around. He may be right - I was not referring to London for a start because you can get almost anything in London, the only passport being the amount of money you are prepared to pay for it but I should point out to you that Eric comes from the North and peoples and ways up there Are Strange. People from the North are all foreigners and as such a mere Southerner like myself cannot be held to account for their weird and strange ways of taking ice cubes. Having passed through a few of these northern towns I am left with the feeling, "Tell me - do they use English money up there?" I don't reckon they do - because they are Foreigners. All of them. /You sound like a Mississippian after a tour of New York City. RSC/

Is Dainis Bisenieks male or female? In England you know - in America.....?? /Dainis is male....several people asked. RSC/

There is another point that occurs to me about Ron Bennett's story of trying to get rid of foreign coins. It always seems that the coins you get are never of a country where you know people. I mean, if I got hold of Swedish or American coins I could use them any day - but it's always the countries where you don't know people that you get the coins from.

And I still don't know whether Dainis is male or female. Even after

reading that article on German SF. Speaking of Germans, don't you think it a pity that both Russia and the U.S. have to make their first ventures into space with ex-Nazis at the helm? Wernher Von Braun may be a whitewashed US. citizen nowadays but there were too many people killed around here by his V2s for me to ever regard him as anything more than a former Nazi butcher. Ben Hecht, the Jewish American writer, once had his films banned here because he said, "Every time a British soldier is killed in Palestine, there is a holiday in my heart." Somehow, every time a Wernher Von Braun missile blows up - I feel the same way. /See the previous letter. Sure, Von Braun is a fanatic -- I doubt that he is at all concerned with what his rockets are used for, as long as he gets the backing to further his research. Unfortunately, when you're developing something as revolutionary as space travel, you need a few fanatics. I'm sorriest about the fact that neither America nor England has produced anyone who can match Von Braun's abilities. RSC/

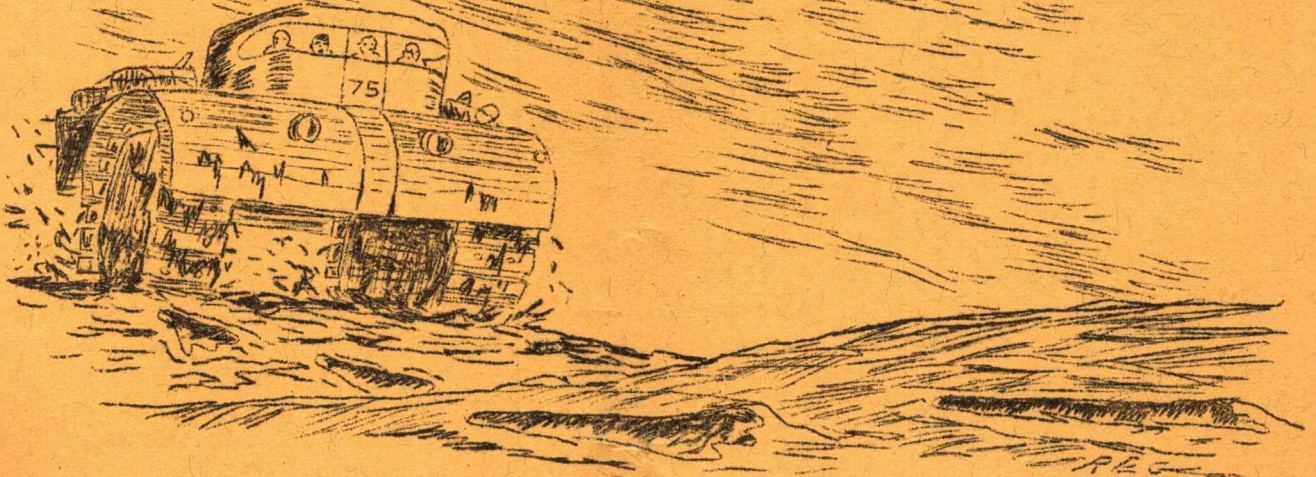
Rich Brown, 127 Roberts St., Pasadena, California

Stuefloten I enjoyed muchly. I like his stuff, but have decided he isn't like Bradbury, as Bradbury can't write that well yet. However, both Stuefloten and Bradbury have much the same faults -- their beautiful writing style is so beautiful that you can't concentrate on the story; you're just thinking how beautiful that writing style is and how if you could only write like that how happy you would be and why...oops, back to the story.

Now one of three things must be true of Bisenieks; (1) For the sake of getting the review he pretended he liked it (2) He has poor taste, or (3) He doesn't know what he is talking about. Here he is saying almost goshwow-type purple phrases about this Dominik when "the only thing wrong with him is that his stories aren't based on the (then) known laws of science, he ignored certain things for the sake of plot, there are too many characters and heroes, some of the corniest of romantic standbys are used, the characterization and motivation isn't too good..." With all these flaws, OTHER

WORLDS would be a dream mag.

/In comparison, I guess you mean.../



George H. Scithers, Box 682, Stanford, California

"Sigma" was a most excellent article. Points were well made, writing excellent, and the end was effectively humorous. The drawing on page 10 was not, however, a Möbius strip. Had one twist too many. The "How To Get Along With Editors" was very good. Wish I had seen the earlier companion piece. Men's magazines of the anthropophagous type are practically parodies of themselves already - a satire about them should be, I think, even more far fetched than yours.

/We've gone into the Möbius strip affair even more deeply -- until now I'm not sure how many twists the thing is supposed to have. Briney's still looks right to me, though, even if I can't trace it out. George also said that his article was supposed to be humorous, as I thought. RC/

Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorkshire, England

TIMES HAVE CHANGED???? How about...."The American is nowhere. It is a mistaken idea to believe that he is generous. Of course, there are exceptions to the rule, but the majority of them come out here just to see the sights, and talk about them on their return. A certain sum is laid aside for the purpose, and I am sure they contrive to make economies upon it." -- Joseph Hatton writing in THE IDLER MAGAZINE, July 1893. /Sounds just like me at a convention, doesn't it? RSC/

I agree with you wholeheartedly about SF as a basic interest being practically no more. Which is really a pity. I've had a young lad down here a couple of times. /Really? I never would have guessed....RSC/Very interested in SF and he's borrowed several of my books. He's impressed by my name dropping as far as the pros go...knowing Carnell and having met Wyndham and Arthur C. ... but his expression when I showed him PLOY and the latest FAPA mailing was a study. He hasn't been back since. /He's probably arranging to have you certified. RSC/

The following section of brief comments is in the interest of (a) getting the names of as many letter-writers in print as possible -- after all, the easiest way to receive egoboo is to give it -- and (b) packing in as many witty and/or interesting comments as possible. So.....

DEAN GRENNELL - Very much enjoyed old Dodd, as always. The thought of treating broken-winded horfes with Mr. Gibfon's balls hit me as I was having a quiet cup of coffee Tuesday afternoon and I nearly fell off the stool.... I've been trying to think what songs would go into an album of "Music To Go To The Bathroom By" -- Eddie Cantor singing "Poop-Poop-Poopsie, Goodbye"? "I'm gonna sit right down and...."? "I'm lockin' The Door Over You"? GARY DEINDORFER - Can anyone enlighten me on the old custom of substituting "f" for "s"? Seemed to be the fad then...

/Gary also registered a protest over Joe Sanders' "squiggles"./

CLAUDE RAYE HALL - I've just completed a file on facts of people dwelling in caves. You wouldn't be interested in an article based upon the fact that Shaver was right, would you? Title: Shaver Was Right! You Came From A Hole! /You know, it took me two days to get that? I must be getting stodgy. RSC/ ROG EBERT - If you'll forgive my asking, just what does Dodd mean when he says...."His barrier against reality is a racing car with which he wins the Australian Grand Prix. And even at the finish he is greasing, oiling, and protecting it." At one hundred twenty miles

per? /I think he meant the finish of the world, not the race. RSC/
 LARRY GINN - Well, I was disappointed because MZB didn't write on Satan-
 ism in non-fiction because I was looking forward to reading something
 on that particular subject. I hope she'll take care of it in some future
 installment. I don't know who Gary Deindorfer is but he doesn't know
 much about cats; nor for that matter do I. But I do know that smart cats
 who are well cared for and petted all carry their tails "hanging straight
 up". Or at least all that I've ever had did and I've had quite a few in
 my 19 years. (More than 19, I assure you.)/Quite a few people wrote in
 to mention that their cats carried their tails in the air -- face it,
 Gary; you're outnumbered. RSC/ JOHN THIEL - Could you perhaps put in a
 small ad saying that I'd like back issues of YANDRO? I would. But I'd
 like them in good condition, tho I don't care if they are unstapled or
 not, just so they're complete. BRUCE PELZ - Perhaps the best communi-
 cable definition /of science fiction/ would be on the order of David-
 son's operational definition, "Science fiction is Jules Verne, H.G.
 Wells, Olaf Stapledon, and like that." Or "Isaac Asimov, Robert Hein-
 lein, Eric Frank Russell, and like that". BOYD RAEBURN - In YANDRO #60
 you say "somehow I can't picture someone like Boyd Raeburn giving a damn
 whether he gets YANDRO or not..." I've seen at least one other remark
 along these lines in early issues of YANDRO. I'm wonder what is your
 basis for these remarks. As you admit you don't know me very well, how-
 come all these cracks? I don't mind you saying this sort of thing, but
 wonder, if you feel you don't know me very well, what inspires them.
 /Seems like my enthusiasm for simplifying things by giving personal ex-
 amples isn't meeting much success. First people accused me of picking on
 Ellison, then they decided that I detested Moomaw, and now I suppose
 they are promoting a feud with Raeburn. (Boyd not being the only one to
 comment.) Mostly, if you're curious, I simply picked Boyd to represent
 the faaaanish fan, though admittedly some of his remarks about Indiana
 fandom may have helped. In fact, I still don't see that there will be
 much in YANDRO to interest him. However, I feel the same way about other
 BNF's, some of whom actually subscribe, so maybe I'm just a bad judge
 of character. RSC/

Finally, as a service to both the authors and the writers who comment
 faithfully on each item and never see their words in print, this time
 we're running a summary of the comments on the Annish. Since few writers
 ever actually list first place, second place, and so on, the comments
 were roughly divided into the "good", "bad", and "indifferent" classes.
 Total votes for each item appear below; some items have more votes be-
 cause they drew more comment.

MATERIAL & AUTHOR	"GOOD"	"FAIR"	"POOR"
"How To Define Science Fiction - Scithers	6	6	1
"Sigma" - Bob Briney.....	8	2	2
"Shilling-Shally" - Bennett.....	3	2	2
"Wind" - Don Stuefloten.....	4	3	7
"Hans Dominick" - Bisenieks.....	4	4	3
"Doddering Column" - Alan Dodd.....	3	1	0
"How To Get Along With Editors" - Hensley.....	11	1	1
"Man-Eating Bluegills" - Adams.....	10	2	1
"Jeep That Sank Two U-Boats" - Stratton.....	10	1	1
Mary Corby's poem and various filler items received too little mention to list.			

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