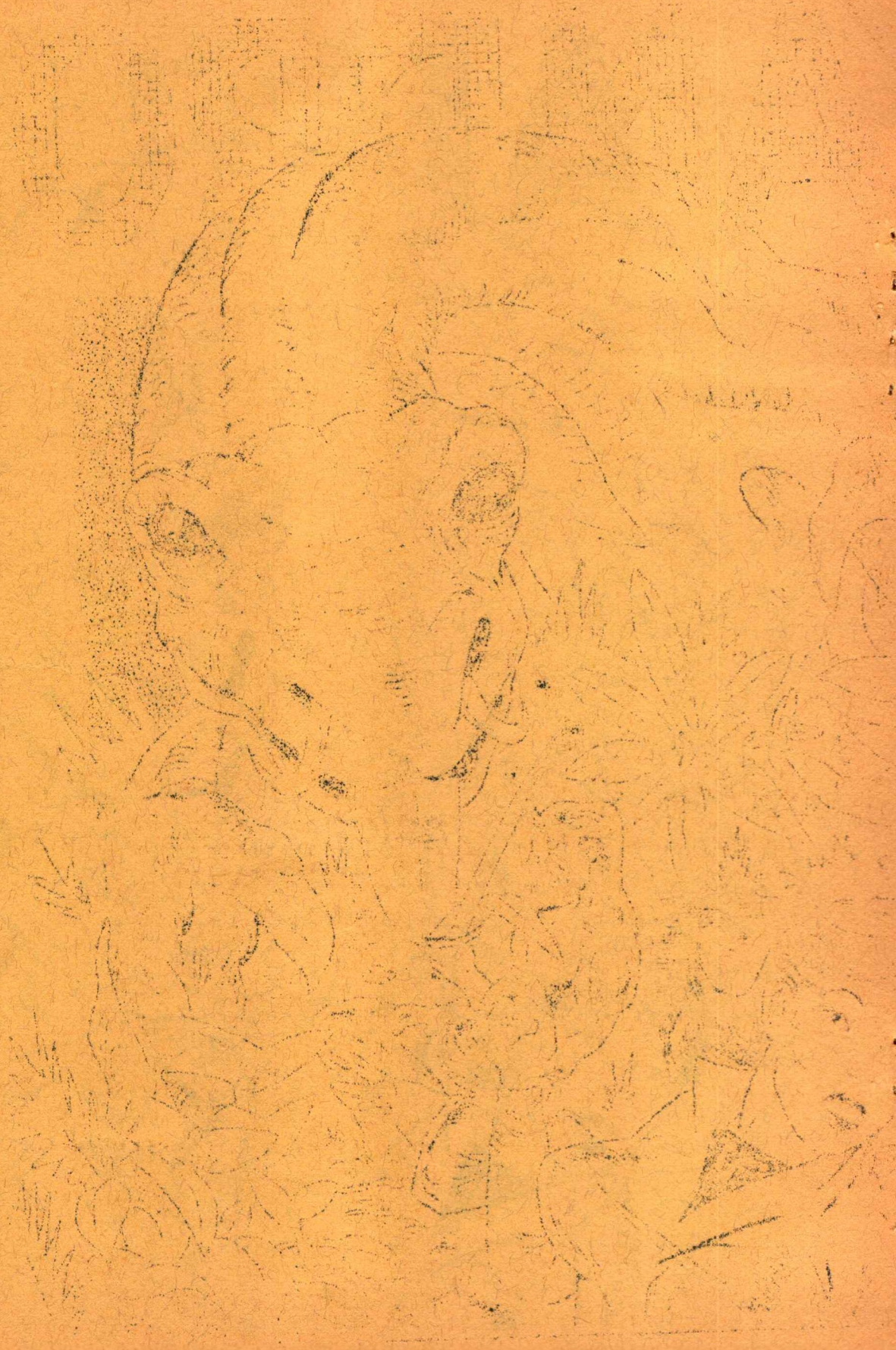


YANDRO



FIDKINS





YANDRO

#72

sixth annish

VOL. VII

NO. 1

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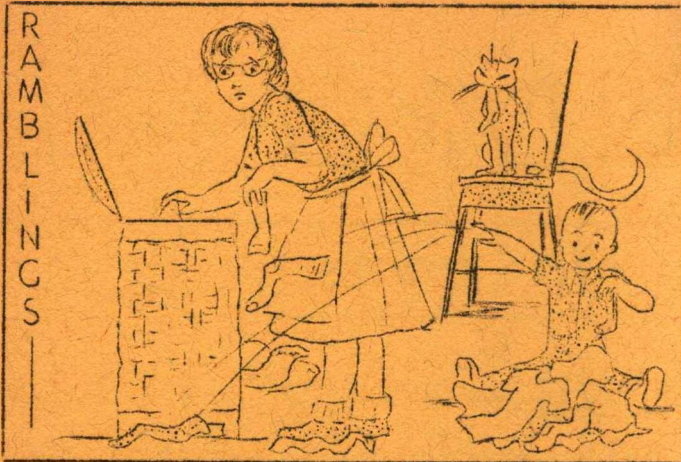
The opinions expressed in this fanzine are those of the authors, and not necessarily that of the editors.

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This time around I decided I was going to work out a first draft of the editorial, wonder of wonders!.. Gah! The only thing this accomplished was a setting down of things I am sure I don't want to say.....so I end up taking it from scratch as usual....first things while I'm thinking of them...for some reason Buckdeer doesn't believe in crediting the illo on the contents page.. oh, not deliberately, you understand...it's just that when typing up the contents page, the first

page credit is usually left out....at any rate, this month it's by Barbara Johnson.....the anniversary, of course, is not only planned to be bigger than usual, but, we hope, better....the art being my department, I try to pick stuff I consider more or less the cream of the crop, and I hope the viewer finds it so...DEA has a caption for her illo on page 16..one I found rather entertaining..."I was born this way - what's your excuse?".....technically, from the reproduction angle of this ish, it has been murder....don't know whether to credit the devilish cold dry weather or this particular batch of paper, but I haven't seen such an attack of static electricity in all my years at the mimeo....and due to the construction of the Tower, it's impossible to string tinsel on.. any suggestions from other sufferers?.....this discussion of legibility raging in STRANGE FRUIT and further comments by several of our newer subscribers lead me into a brief explanation.....some where along the line some subscribers have acquired the idea that YAN is Buck's pet and I'm just helping out by kindly doing the illos and the mimeoing (this will be repetition for FAPA members - kindly ignore)....now to correct this conception...I got into fandom back in '52, started EISFA-YANDRO in February of '53 and met Buck at a club meeting in spring of '53....Buck was an early contributor to the fanzine, but did not become an editor until our marriage in August of 54....then gradually, through the usual feminine deceit...I was able to ease myself out of the branch of publishing that I'd never cared for, mainly editing, accepting and rejecting material, and concentrate solely on my first love, illoing and reproduction.. from the beginning, my fetish was legibility, and still is....I'm inclined to regard mimeoing and dittoing as somewhat like driving....the old master is not a good critic or teacher because he has been doing this so long he has forgotten the simplicities and elementary facts he himself once learned through hard experience.....thus the tolerance of neo efforts....but when someone has been around for a while and still produces lousy copy, I start getting critical.....I'll be somewhat critical of neo efforts, too, if they're too horrible, because I can look back to first issues of EISFA-YANDRO for comparison.....those first issues were nothing to rave about, but they were legible, particularly after I discovered QRS stencils.....all in all, it's been a very busy six years.....seventy-two monthly issues is a lot of turns of the mimeo handle, a lot of sore feet, a lot of inky rollers, a lot of slipped

sheets of paper, a lot of assembling, stapling, addressing.....it would be impossible to mention all the contributors and assistance we received over those six years in the space remaining here....but I would like to cast a jaundiced and myopic eye over the file copies..volume one is a skinny little thing, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch or so, and mostly newsletters....volume two is a bit thicker, variegated paper, a wealth of Thomas Stratton, and some of our worst reproduction - including the issue that was typed up while we were moving, many of the stencils being cut in the car, the typer in my lap as we bounced over county roads,....talk about chopped-to-pieces stencils!.....volume three was also somewhat variegated in color, and was just about the rock-bottom year emotionally - that was the year of the school board inquisition and various other problems (and you commenters on my suicide editorial, if you think I've never reached the depths, try going through something as humiliating as that, further considered in the cold light of reason as fully comprehending four bigoted people are going to virtually blacklist you in your chosen profession, torpedo the time and money invested in a college education, and all because you happen to be a science fiction fan in your spare time... believe me, fellas, you can't get too much lower emotionally than I did at that moment....being married has great suicide deterrent tendencies, incidentally, with the assurance that there is at least one person completely on your side)....I like to think that with volume four YANDRO, now titled, hit its stride, and that the changes since that year have been steadily for the better.....I'm inclined to credit the zine's longevity to - call it an "easy-going" attitude....we never intended to shake fandom to its roots or compete with the great trend setters...this is, purely and simply, a hobby - time-consuming, yes, at times expensive, but never shattering (and that, Kamman, is why no photoffset covers.... when it comes to a question of household repairs, groceries, clothing, etc., or the fanzine, I'm afraid it's the fanzine that has to cut-back.. I certainly can't see going in debt over an alleged hobby as some faneds have done).....the main purpose of a hobby, I always understood, was pleasure and diversion....to us, should a fanzine reach the stage where it had great meaning and opinion shattering portent to the extent of nail chewing and sleep losing..it would cease to be a hobby, or to be a pleasure.....there are many things about YANDRO I'd like to improve, some which I can, and others which simply aren't feasible....for one, there is far too much offset in the zine at the moment, but the elimination of this would demand slipsheeting, and since the mimeoing is now sandwiched in between dusting, vacuuming, dish washing, child and husband feeding, floor mopping, etc., the additional hours of time demanded by slip sheeting are simply out of the question.....I would like to have more elaborate covers, and now with the installation of a multilith at Buck's office, this promises to be a wish fulfilled in the near future.. I would like to discover more good artists...this year brought me Barbara Johnson, and about one a year of that caliber would be the answer to a faned's prayer, but the more the illoier.....one New Year's resolution have I which should please Thiel and a few others (though I can't imagine why)...I intend to drift back into that which I succeeded in leaving several years ago....more to the point, I hope to take a larger part in the written section of YAN in '59, perhaps handle a few letter columns and such.....time will tell (even if politically slanted)..JWC



For the last couple of issues, I've been urging our readers to write in and tell us their choices of the top three items published in YANDRO in 1958. At the time, I confidently expected to run the results of this egoboo poll in the present issue. It isn't here, however, because the results, so far, have been sort of confusing. To date, about 10% of our readers have responded, 24 items have been mentioned, and none of them have received over 2 first

place votes. The poll results have been held over for the next issue, and I simply nominated my own choices for Terwilleger's BEST OF FANDOM. (Checking with Juanita, of course.) Another item missing from this An-nish is the special cover we've had for the last two. We didn't have the money this year, and no one came forward conveniently to do the work for us. We'll have some multilith covers in the future, though.

If some kind soul can give us the address of Kenneth Ford, we can send him his contributor's copy. A good bit of the material Ron Smith sent us was by people we'd never heard of before, and I guess that some of the stuff from DESTINY was by people he'd never heard of before.

We are now the proud possessors of a 4-year-old Webcor tape recorder. 3 3/4 and 7 1/2 ips speeds, medium fidelity, nominally dual track. (I say "nominally" because the recording heads don't quite match, so that actually we have about 2 1/2 tracks and unless we're careful to play back in the same direction as the original recording we get a double recording, since whatever was on the tape earlier isn't completely erased.) I hope that fellow tape-recorder-owners will understand what I'm talking about here; I'm not sure that I do. Anyway, once I get some cheap tapes (an outfit in New Jersey sells 1200' for \$1.40 plus postage and a hi-fi addict at work claims that it's good tape) I'll be in business. I've bought a couple of tapes at the regular retail price, but I can't afford this very often. If anyone wants to trade tapes, we're willing, but I doubt if we inaugurate much tape-correspondence.

Lee Anne Tremper, 3858 Forest Grove Drive, intends to review fan-zines for a projected publication of the Indianapolis Science Fiction Association. (The rest of the address is Indianapolis, Ind. -- I don't seem to be hitting on all cylinders today.) Any publishers who are interested in getting reviews take note. The Indianapolis club is going along quite well under the leadership of Bob Madle. They had a New Year's Eve party; Juanita and I intended to go, but the roads turned out to be glare ice that night, so we didn't. We've attended a couple of meetings. For the time being, however, the Indianapolis Science Fiction Society and the Indiana Science Fiction Society are completely different organizations, with different aims. (The aims of our ISFA are quite simple; to get together occasionally and have fun. The Indianapolis group has what they consider more important interests, but we don't consider anything in fandom more important than an occasional party.)

Why should I have spring fever in January?

A short post script to the egoboo poll; will the individual who voted for "Slag" as a unit please drop us a card repeating his or her choices? I recall getting such a vote, but managed to lose it before getting it listed, and I can't recall the other choices.

We were rather startled, while watching the credits on a recent "Texas Rangers" program, to notice the line "from a story by Ed Earl Repp". (For those fans without access to copies of old WONDER STORIES, I might add that Repp is best known--to us, at least-- as the author of "The Radium Pool" and similar antiquated stf.) And while we didn't see it, Gene DeWeese reports that the opium-smuggling villain of a recent episode of "Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar" was named Al Dodd. (What's Moorcock doing these days, Alan?)

For collectors who are interested in that sort of thing, it might be noted that the cover illustration of the current DOUBLE-ACTION DETECTIVE is the same one which was used on the Nov. '55 issue of ORIGINAL SCIENCE FICTION STORIES. Columbia must be feeling the pinch; I see that SFS is sporting a one-color cover made up of inserts from past interior illustrations.....there is only one new illustration in the entire magazine, and I'm suspicious of that one--maybe I just don't have the issue it was used in before. The concensus of opinion is that science fiction is going to pot....looking over some of the recent magazines and books, I'm forced to agree. The British are publishing better stf than any US magazine except F&SF, and maybe ASTOUNDING. Anyone who likes to read the stuff had better get in a subscription to NEBULA, NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE FANTASY. Britain has had better luck with her authors..... as William F. Temple, Arthur Clarke, and other old-timers slow down their production, newcomers like Ted Tubb, John Brunner and Ken Bulmer take their places. In the US, when Kuttner and Kornbluth die, Heinlein retires to one-juvenile-a-year, Bradbury turns to precious stories for women's magazines, Hubbard and van Vogt decide there's more money in nut cults, and Sturgeon turns to God knows what, who is there to replace them? Silverberg can match the Kuttner output, but he's a long way from the Kuttner quality. Poul Anderson apparently only writes when he gets hungry, turning out half a dozen stories in a couple of months and then disappearing for another year. Algis Budrys and Chad Oliver don't write enough. James Blish is the only really good US author with a respectable amount of published wordage in the past year, and he's been mostly rewriting previous efforts. Britain has always furnished a good share of the better stf authors; John Wyndham, Bertram Chandler, Eric Frank Russell, Clarke, etc. But this is the first time that I can recall when British authors have furnished a majority of the readable stf stories.

When she became publisher of the local Newcomer's Club newsletter, Juanita inherited a hektograph. She scorned to use this primitive implement, which has been lying around the house since. Yesterday, I decided to try it out, and after swiping a supply of ditto paper from work, I typed up a letter which I hoped to send to my various relatives if I could get it to reproduce. (I never write my family; fanac doesn't leave me any time.) It reproduced all right -- looked as well or better than the average dittoed fanzine. The instructions said that when I was done, I was to remove the imprint on the gelatine with a sponge. Juanita is now the proud possessor of a purple sponge, and I have a sore arm. I was beginning to think that damned imprint never was going to come off. From now on, I'll stick to letting Juanita do the publishing. RSC

You older readers will remember, with tears dripping silently from your eyes, the name of A. E. van Stratton. Ah, what memories that name conjures up, down, and sideways! Those classic novels, Slam, the terrific Whoppin' Shop series, and that incomparable Christmas story, The World Of Noel A. The name of van Stratton has long been missing in the field; our boy grew tired of writing about mad scientists, and became one. But his singular method of writing in 100-word blocks is still remembered, and now, as a public service, YANDRO brings you a few of these blocks from his last, great, unpublished classic:

THE REFEREES OF NULL - A

— by — A. E. VAN STRATTON —

His extra brain!

Where was his extra brain?

Gosling broke out in a cold, blank sweat. Without his extra brain, he was nothing!

He had had it when he entered the darkened room....

But the room wasn't dark now!

Where was he?

Recognition flooded thru him. He was outside!

Outside?

Outside what?

A shadow fell over him.

Whirling suddenly, he was confronted by a giant.

Literally.

The man towered. Spread. Loomed!

Cosnoxious!

The name came unbidden to his lips, and he realized where he was.

And who!

Ashgrove! The bastard nephew of the emperor of the entire Sixth Sector of the Galaxy, Ennul the Chartreuse!

Robert E. Gilbert Gosling sat alone in a room. There was a knock on the door.

He arose slowly, walked to the window and contemplated the beauty of Venus City for a minute while the significance of what he had just heard penetrated his consciousness. A knock on the door, and he was not the last man on Earth. Or, he thought suddenly, is that the significance.... No. He was not even on Earth.

A knock!

Full realization sweeping over him, he whirled. In one lithe, cat-like movement he was across the room and opening the door.

But it wouldn't open!

Of course, he thought, in a flash of brilliant insight; I locked it!

The girl smiled.

Gosling returned the smile. The girl, he felt sure, held some key

to the problem. If he could only persuade her that he was a member of the group, he might discover information vital to him.

And to the world.

He smiled again, and spoke in the vernacular of the mob. "The Boss must be getting absent-minded, sending two agents on the same job. However, now that I have, ah, acquired the boodle, there's nothing to worry about. Let's go to a nice, quiet restaurant."

"Certainly," the girl replied. "A nice, cozy tete-a-tete; just you, me, and your extra brain."

Hailing a heli-cab, Gosling directed the pilot to the Emperor Arms, a quiet, cozy restaurant often frequented by conspirators. As he handed the hat-check girl his hat, coat, and ornamental atom-blast pistol, a thought struck him. The girl had mentioned his extra brain! She knew who he was!

The emperor swept forward majestically down the corridor. Rounding a corner, he looked furtively about him, doffed crown, mantle and broom, and stood revealed as, not the Emperor Ennui MCMLVIII, but none other than Gilbert Gosling, boy schizo! Slipping furtively into the palace's Chamber of Secret Documents, he was greeted by a shrill scream. A swift, slightly blank look informed him that he had erred; this was not the Chamber of Secret Documents after all, but the bedchamber of the lovely Princess Ida. With an embarrassed smile, he moved toward the bed reassuringly. Discovery at this point could be fatal.

A sudden wave of dizziness enveloped him; before he could exert conscious control of his cerebral arteries, blackness descended.

His next conscious thought was of the morning sun falling on his face. Brushing it off irritably, he tried to remember what had happened. He had been walking towards the bed...now he was in the bed, and it was obviously the next morning. Confound that extra brain, anyway! It always managed to take over during the most interesting episodes.

ABSTRUSES: The map is not the territory. Neither is the territory the map. A man is not either one. But then, what is?

A few deft strokes with the atomic razor and the face of the corpse was revealed.

There was a haunting familiarity about it.....

Replacing the coffin lid and quietly extinguishing the atomic night light, he slipped quietly into the fog.

The following morning, something clicked.

With the first rays of the Venusian dawn, Gosling sat bolt upright in bed, a look of stark understanding blanketing his features. Everything fell into place with the advent of this single astounding revelation: The face behind the beard, that of the infamous Captain Dodd, Aristotelian spy and private physician to Ennui the Chartreuse, belonged to none other than Gosling's Aunt Sarah!!!

PALS: "It seems that you always get lousy reviews of YANDRO. I sympathise with you and will give you a good review if you send a fewishes my way. That is, of course, if I think you deserve it." /This is an actual, honest-to-Ghu quote from a fellow fan-ed. RSC/

Science Fiction Art

BY

jack gaughan

Science fiction! Wonderful stuff and the stuff of wonder. Some of it is even literature, possibly. (I don't feel fully qualified to say.)

The writers have made of it what they have made of it and the reviewers....ah, those reviewers! Look through the professional magazines, the amateur magazines....even become involved in conversation with a reader of science fiction (fantasy or what you will) and behold the erudition with which reviewers pass judgement upon the written works in (and sometimes out of) the field. Oh! Such analyses! Such impeccable and studious searchings out of plot, characterization, structure, language, invention, etc, etc, etc. I must admit that insofar as I am capable of judging the judges they seem to know what they're about. I must assume, not really knowing a hell of a lot, that they know all this structure business and so on. Within the assumption I question what I will or can and accept what they so adroitly persuade me to accept.

Briefly, I grant that the literary critics in the science fiction field seem to know in varying degrees what they are about when it comes to passing judgement on stories...on the written word. Nor must I exclude editors from this clan of judges of no mean ability (within our field).

But I maintain that these so capable judges overstep their bounds when they begin to criticize the presence or bemoan the lack of art in the graphic work of the artists and craftsmen within the field. I maintain that not one reviewer I have read has displayed to me the tiniest atom of knowing judgement when it comes to criticizing pictures, des-

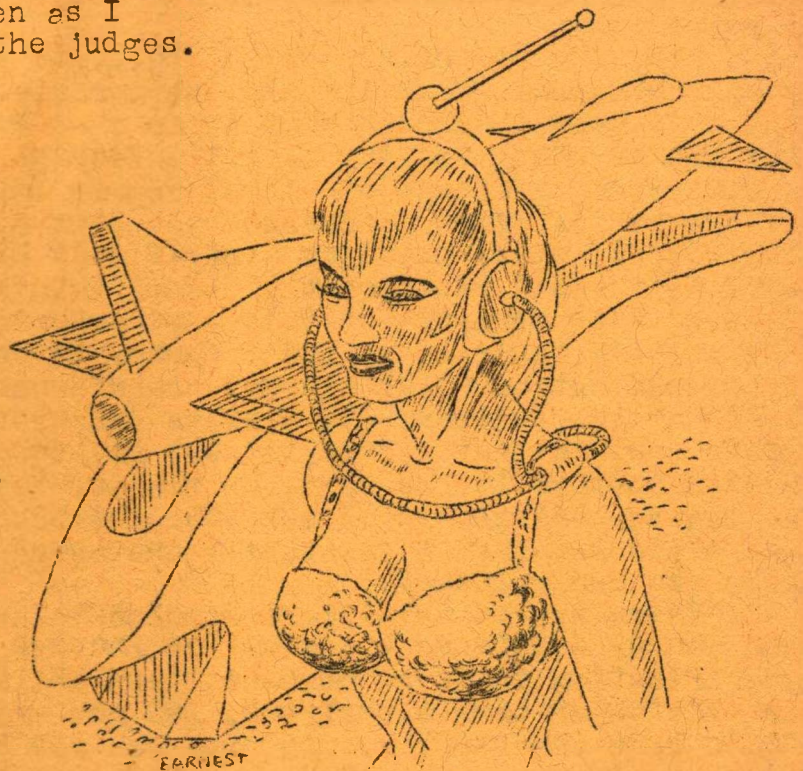
igns, layout or even the slightest graphic effort of any artist, good, bad, or indifferent, whom they have taken it upon themselves to criticize. I maintain that they are incapable of judging graphic work and until I am proven wrong I would politely ask that they either refrain from this unfair and unqualified criticism or enlist the aid of a suitable art critic who knows what he is about.

In order to have felt the least justification in saying what I have said, I must perforce feel qualified myself to



judge these things graphic even as I must feel qualified to judge the judges.

Now, I maintain that there is someone at fault and that these seemingly self-appointed literary critics are indeed at fault; but I further maintain that these critics do not bear the burden of that fault alone. With a few doubtful exceptions, there are no artists who cannot bear some goodly portions of the blame themselves. However, no single person or category of persons professional or otherwise bear this fault exclusively. The fault with artists is that they cannot, do not, or will not produce work which demands knowing criticism. But we can always blame that on the editor, can



we not. Even art editors take refuge in the argument (or lack of argument) that the editor, who of course has his finger on the public pulse, has the final say on what is bought and what is not. I would ask these persons just why they work in the capacity of art directors if not to exercise the judgement based upon the knowledge they must have displayed in order to have achieved their positions in the first place? I would then ask editors, who, having art directors, why they do not allow their art directors to display what capabilities they might possess?

And you artists; why were you hired, why were you given the commission or story if not to exercise your abilities among which must be some degree of critical judgement in regard to graphic productions? Or is it that you can "draw" merely?

Science fiction art is in a very bad way if there be no able judges either producing or governing production -- science fiction is not alone in this but at present this particular field is all that concerns me -- and it would seem that there are not, for I do not see any evidence of this judgement.

The literary element of science fiction has managed, I believe, and am informed, to raise itself from a rather deep rut of late; the stories I read and have read have been works acceptable at first to no other publishing field, but have been of such power and appeal they they created outside markets. In effect they led...they did not cater to a specific market demand in all their respects but seem to have created a demand for progress away from that stagnating business of working strictly for a market. Of talking down to a market instead of just to it. But the artwork.....we artists are followers now, not leaders or "creators" (an admittedly dangerous word), and it is because of this lack of exer-

cising prerogative inherent in our work that things have come to such a sorry pass.

Now, the reader. He who howls....he who supposedly governs all.... you, the market. You with the quarter plus a dime. You have learned for the most part to accept what to me seem to be revolutionary changes in the art of story telling -- but unless you are presented with a pseudo photographic likeness of winged cigars amidst the pseudo photographic likenesses of alien landscapes you howl prodigiously and bemoan the soap bubble whose purveyor himself must be sick to death of them, otherwise he'd still be doing the damned things. And naive? Oh are you ever! Some of the purveyors of this photographic realism have at their command the ability to organize and compose, to communicate (and art is a means of communication which without organization is like unto so much gibberish) but you (editors and artists and critics all join in this choice group now) in your naivety accept any effort similarly accoutred and executed whether it has rhyme or reason. You my friends I do not choose to ignore entirely but I ask your indulgence to allow an artist to ply his trade and assure you that there are enough mere craftsmen about to keep you happy enough.

There are in this field genuine talents, real abilities; and if you who pass judgement one way or another will admit a certain lack of qualification to do so perhaps these abilities and talents need no longer hide under market analyses. And you who possess these qualities for God's sake use them.....do what you can do.

Note: This article was originally accepted by INSIDE, and its publication in YANDRO does not mean that either Juanita or I have changed our opinions of the "modern" stf"art" pioneered by GALAXY MAGAZINE.

MONSTER MOVIE ENDINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE (II)

By Thomas Stratton

(At the opening of the scene, the Girl, the Reporter, the General and the Scientist are all in a small plane flying over Brooklyn, through which the Monster is cutting a swathe of destruction.)

"But are you sure that this will work, Dr. Flickerhaus?" asks the General.

"At this point," replies the Scientist, "we cannot be positive. I feel certain that demagnetizing the creature will at least prevent him from further feeding on Earth's gravitic currents, and possibly kill it. But all that I know is that somewhere in the universe there is a force to conquer this evil. I do not know that I have found it."

"There he is!" shouts the Reporter.

"Right. Now then, Hal, you must take us as close to the creature as you can. Laboratory tests indicated that the depolarizing current has a very short range. And hold the beam steady; we must focus the beam accurately."

The plane makes several circles. "We're too far away," mutters the Scientist. "You must take us closer."

The plane comes closer. The monster staggers, then for the first time notices the buzzing object above its head. It raises an arm, a violet ray shoots from one forefinger, and the plane crashes in flames.

A-WESTERN-TALE

overheard by DAINIS BISENIEKS

"There's all kinds of strange critters around these parts, but you just don't see them often. Now there was the time when me and Jeb met one of them, a real peculiar thing. I can even tell you the day it was. Last year, day after some folks saw a flying saucer or soup dish or soup dish or something - it got in the papers, but of course everybody made fun of them. Anyway, we were out looking for strays; Jeb was driving the jeep and I was keeping a lookout.

"So I see this odd-looking ball of fur to one side. It's about as big as a jackrabbit, and first I think it is one, but it doesn't move, and I see the color is something I have never seen. A sort of silvery black is the best I can describe it. I tell Jeb to stop and back up, which he does, and I step out and pick it up.

"It is heavy, and warm, and alive! We put it on the seat and stare at it. No, it doesn't stare back, but just lies there. There isn't much more to see. It's still the shape of a ball, and the fur stands straight up so we can't see if it has any front or rear or anything that a self-respecting animal has.

"What the hell are we going to do with this?" I ask.

"Chuck it in the rear; we'll figure that out later."

"I do not chuck it, but place it gently on the back seat; we have some gear in the back that will keep it from rolling. And we drive on. We come to the canyon rim, and stop. I ask Jeb why he's stopping. He says, 'Before we go any farther, let's figure out what we're gonna do with this thing, whatever it is. Can't just go back and tell the boss that we found a thing back there - what are we gonna call it?'

"Well, that part is easy enough," says I. "Seeing as how this is such a rare critter that nobody's ever seen one before, call it a 'rary'.

"So, a rary it is. Then we get to talking about what we are going to do with it. I want to try and sell it to somebody, maybe a circus, but Jeb insists that it is going to be nothing but trouble; that if this gets to the papers we are done for. And he proceeds to tell how we will get no money from it, but are never going to get a moment's peace, with folks from all over pestering us and asking questions. And how maybe we are going to lose our jobs. Suddenly he picks up the rary and puts it down on the canyon rim. 'If you can't think of a better idea, I'm going to tip it over the rim,' he says.

"Before I can get a word out, I hear a voice. 'I say, fellows, is it not a bit hasty of you to tip me over the rim?'

We are discombobulated. Here is the rary talking to us, and sounding like a dude Britisher. Jeb mumbles, 'I...I didn't know you could talk, Mr....Mr. Rary'

'You didn't ask me,' he...well, it says. 'And since you were going my way, I thought that I would just ride along, you know, and slip off when I was ready. I'm really quite sturdy.' He looked sturdy enough, even though now we could see a sort of crack opened in the fur in one place. 'But', it continues, 'that canyon rim is a bit too much. It's a long, long way to tip a rary.'

SYMBOL

BY *ron smith*

Brad Merideth would be immortal when he died.

That is, if he died.

He sat on the porch of the rest home, a small white concrete building, in the midst of a pine forest, on the planet Bendle III. It had been built especially for him; it was his home, its facilities and its staff directed towards one purpose: to keep him alive.

Which wasn't difficult. His body operated all right. It only had to be supplied; with a minimum of direction it functioned, it lived. And it sat out on the porch and stared at the lake and did nothing else.

#

The staff had three members: Doctor Fred Johnson, and two nurses, Jean Hadley and Frances Hect.

The three of them were in the recreation room -- which was, in this case, reserved for the staff rather than the patient.

"I get so tired, Fred," said Frances, leaning back in the pneumatic cushions of the chair.

"And not from overwork," Jean added.

Doctor Johnson smiled. "We'll not be here for long, Frances. And after all, someone has to take care of him. We just happened to be available at the wrong time. Anyway, I think it's rather a good opportunity for catching up on my studies."

Frances looked thoughtfully out the window, down at the still blue lake. "It's not just that we have so little to do," she said. "It's him. He sits there, day after day. Just sits there and stares. We put him to bed, and he sleeps -- at least he seems to. For that matter, he only seems to be awake. We put food in his mouth and he swallows it. But he's not alive, Fred; not really."

Fred Johnson got out his pipe and began filling it. "No, now there you're wrong, Frances. The unsettling thing is that he is alive. Brad Merideth was a highly intelligent, completely sane person until he came back. Then he was like he is now -- an apparent idiot."

Thick clouds of smoke began rising from the bowl of his pipe. "We've known of mature, intelligent adults going hopelessly insane, becoming raving lunatics. But nobody has ever turned into an idiot."

Jean looked at him, her mouth attempting to grin. "You mean, Fred, that nobody has ever before literally lost his mind?"

#

He was a symbol. He had been the first, and he had lost. But they would try again; they would understand the problem and solve it -- they swore by God they would!

Because the race of man is dynamic, moving, changing. There is no neutral for it, only forward and backward. And man was dispersing into the stars, facing the challenge of new frontiers -- of space and of the mind. It was a dynamic force of conquest, which might at any moment turn into a force of destruction. But for now it was pushing outward,

rather than inward.

Yet Brad Merideth wasn't moving with it.
He sat on the porch and stared at the lake.

THERE WAS A BOWL OF BLACKNESS, # AND HE SAT IN THE CENTER, WAITING.
BEFORE HIM THERE WAS A PANEL HE COULDN'T SEE, AND AN INDICATOR THAT WAS
INVISIBLE. HE WAITED FOR THAT INDICATOR TO FLASH; THEN HE WOULD KNOW.
THEN HE WOULD HAVE DONE IT.

UNTIL THEN THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD DO.

BUT WAIT.

AND AS HE WAITED HE BECAME TENSE. AS HE CAME CLOSER AND CLOSER AND
CLOSER.....

The planet Bendle III was a sparsely populated member of the Feder-
ation. It was on one of the trade lanes to some of the more recently
colonized and more readily profitable planets on the far rim of explored
space. It was rich in minerals, but they weren't easily mined -- there
were smaller, more barren planets that satisfied the need. But it was
similar to Earth; it had plant life and animal life and air, soil and
water.

It was a fitting place for the erection of their white, box-shaped
monument. The final resting place of Brad Merideth -- like Earth, to
ease their consciences; far away, to ease their nerves.

But it made no difference to him. The nurses came and tended and
left; the doctor checked and supervised. But there was never anything
important for them to do, only menial tasks -- to see that he was fed,
to see that he slept comfortably, to see to his toilet. But they seldom
rested; they did their best to find little things to do. They flitted
around, moving from room to room, from task to task, from minute to
minute.

Brad Merideth never changed. He sat on the porch and stared at the
lake.

While on Earth and Betelgeuse IV they worked on the problem deter-
minedly.

John Bennett and Ralph Fowler sat in the view-dome of the latter's
moon residence, while their wives disposed of the dishes.

"Cigar?" said Ralph.

"Thanks," acknowledged John as he reached for one. With it he mot-
ioned toward the surface of the moon and the stars above it. "That's the
problem I'm working on, Ralph, and I don't think I'll ever make it."

"It's a tough assignment, John. You know that. How many research
crews have they had working on it before they stuck you?"

"Enough, certainly. But I don't feel that I'm stuck. I want to
solve it. It's important; we need it. And I wish I knew the answer."

"Well, I sympathize with you, but thank God my research has proved
more fruitful. I'll confine myself to the solar system and let you worry
about the galaxy. We carry on our trade and communication all right with
unmanned ships. The only difficulty is with initial colonization. I'm
satisfied."

"I don't know, Ralph. Maybe I'm the trouble, because I'm a scientist.

Maybe it's strictly a human problem, and one for psychiatry. After all, we have the drive, and it works. There's nothing wrong with it. Our problem is obviously a natural law; we can't change it. So maybe the only way is to change people."

"Are you sure the trouble isn't with the nature of the drive?"

"I'm sure of it, although that's not official. After all, it is quite simple, only a matter of relative speed. It operates on a fundamental variation of Newton's law of gravitation: that the repulsion between two bodies is directly proportional to the product of their masses and the square of the distance. Therefore, the further apart the two bodies are, the faster they will fall away from each other. In short, it's anti-gravity applied to a specific point in space."

"It's way out of my line, John; I've got no idea at all about it. Maybe you've set yourself up a problem that simply can't be solved by theory, until you've discovered some way of understanding the basic laws involved; and that, as I see it, means doing what Brad Merideth did. Which brings you to a complete impasse." He shrugged his shoulders. "How long is it since Merideth made the trip?"

"Fifty years," John sighed.

#

On Bendle III it was dark, and Brad Merideth sat under the quilted blanket of the night, on the porch, which was at the front of the building, which was on the top of the hill, which was in front of the lake, and he watched the world rotating before him.

#

HE WAITED. THE BLACKNESS SEEMED TO BE CLOSING IN ABOUT HIM, CHOKING HIM. HE FELT AS IF HE WAS IN A COFFIN, HIS HANDS AGAINST THE LID, AND SOMEONE WAS PUSHING IT CLOSED, PUSHING HIM DOWN INTO BLACKNESS....

CLOSER.....

HE FELT THE WORLD CONSTRICTING ABOUT HIM; FELT HIS MIND SCREAM IN TERROR, THOUGH HE COULD NOT SPEAK, COULD NOT MOVE, COULD NOT THINK.....

CLOSER.....

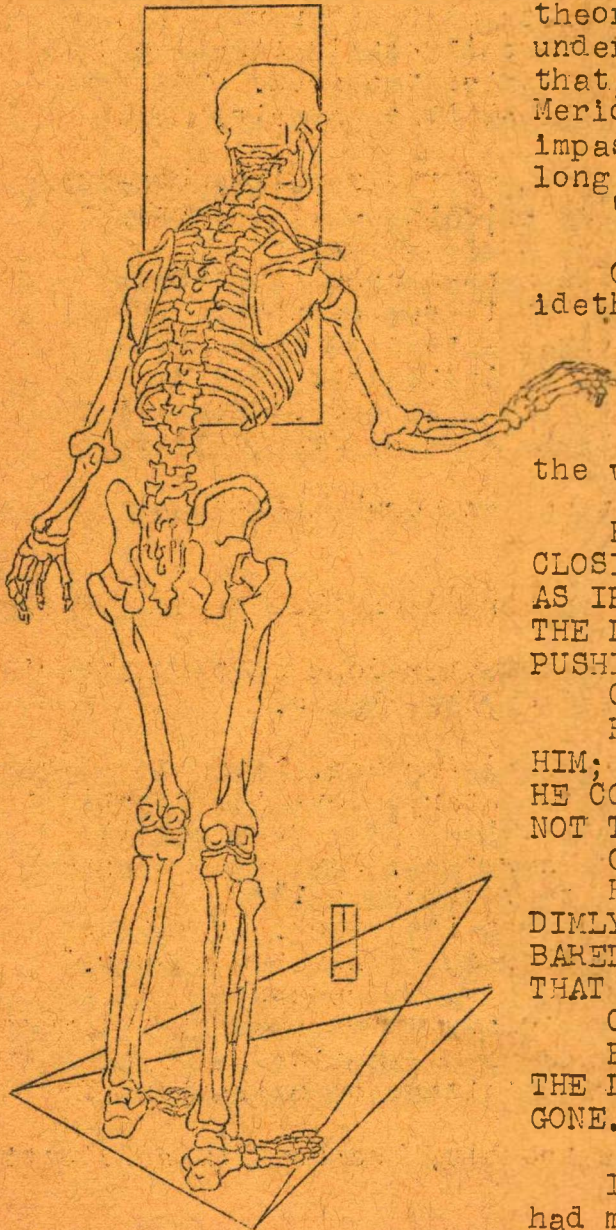
HE WATCHED THE PANEL IN FRONT OF HIM, DIMLY AWARE OF WHAT HE WAS WAITING FOR, BARELY AWARE THAT THERE WAS ANYTHING AT ALL THAT HE HAD EVER WAITED FOR....

CLOSER.....

BLANKLY HE STARED AT THE PANEL, WAITING. THE LIGHT FLASHED, AND IN AN INSTANT IT WAS GONE. BUT BRAD MERIDETH NEVER KNEW HE SAW IT.

#

It wouldn't have been so bad, if he'd had memories. Memories of things and people



and places, of smells and noises and tastes, of disappointment and happiness. But he had nothing but a mind with which to think.

And he couldn't think.

A mind not that of a child, which is awakening, but a mind in suspension. Yet a mature mind capable of a high potential, if it could be induced to function. A mind that didn't function, that didn't think, that only existed, existed on and on into the years.

A mind that sat within a body on a porch and watched the lake and had no memories.

There were the trees and the stars and the darkness; there were the birds and the morning, the dew and the rain; there were the winds and the snow and the green grass and the calico flowers. But there were no points of reference.

He had not died, he did not sleep, yet he was not aware. The switch had been turned off and it hadn't been turned on again.

So Brad Merideth sat on the porch and waited. But he no longer knew that he waited, as the wind blew around his heavily clad body and the planet moved towards morning. It had been a long time. A long time that he had lived in the rest home and waited, like a spaceship that has used up all its fuel. An empty hulk, with all of the life burned out of it.

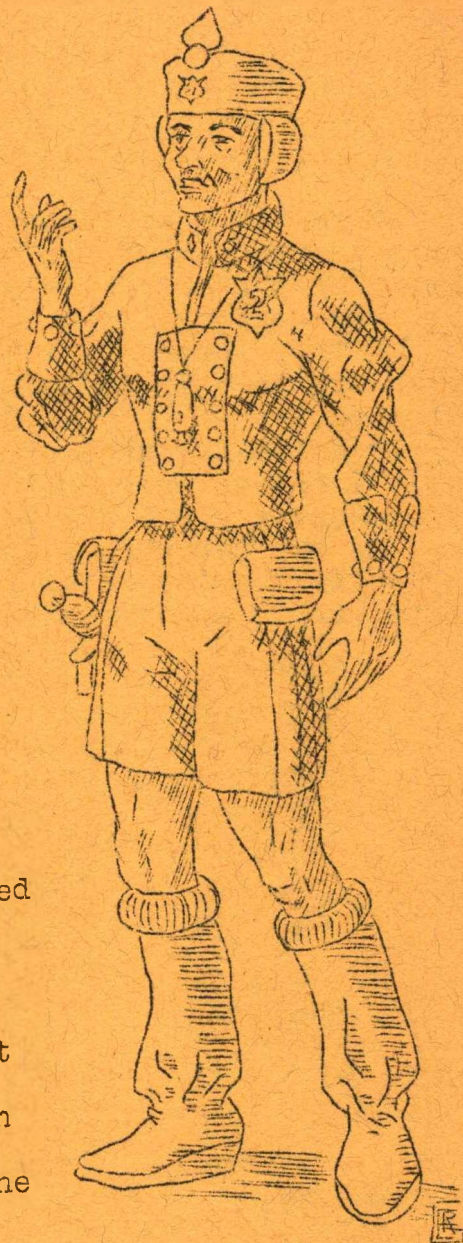
But he had been the first -- and that would make him immortal. As long as man taught history, he would teach freckled, pug-nosed, ear-washed creatures throughout the Federation of the Experiment, of the Great Frontier, and of Brad Merideth, who had been the first -- the first man to travel faster than the speed of light.

And then he had been stopped.

A Trufan's motto: "Everyone else should have ethics."

STFINITIONS

Perigee.....	twice the pull of gravity.....	Martin Helgesen
Ascendency.....	go up and look around.....	George Spencer
Gargoyle.....	female fish.....	Gene DeWeese
Exorbitant.....	hen's fruit satellite.....	Spencer
Maritime.....	June.....	Helgesen
Checkmate.....	business partner.....	Thomas Stratton
Slanderous.....	telepaths in caves.....	Helgesen
Catastrophy.....	insurance payment.....	Spencer



A DODDERING COLUMN

BY

uncle alan macdodd

When the news leaked out that the Loch Ness Monster was about to be hunted with underwater television cameras, who do you suppose was there, alone of the more highly paid correspondents, in a flash?

Why - naturally - of course.

Fifteen hours by road from London to Loch Ness in one continuous rush broken only by two hours for refreshment when the manure lorry stopped.

Despite the name of MacDodd (I always drop the "Mac" in fine weather), I had never been in Scotland before. Our lot was requested to leave the country about 200 years before. Even the Gorbals couldn't stand us.

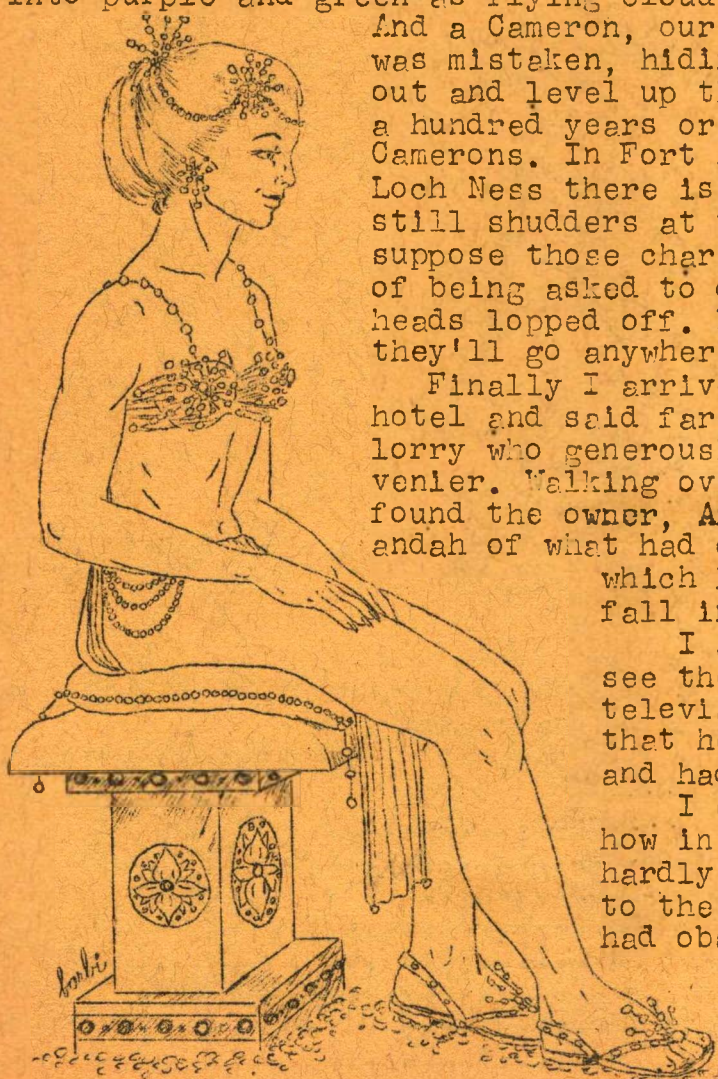
As the lorry came down the Pass of Glencoe, with only the red of the eyeballs showing after four hundred miles, jagged black mountains shaded into purple and green as flying clouds were whipped across the light.

And a Cameron, our traditional enemy, was, unless I was mistaken, hiding behind every bush ready to nip out and level up the score over the recent massacre a hundred years or so back. Long memories, those Camerons. In Fort Augustus at the westerly end of Loch Ness there is even today an aged Cameron who still shudders at the very name of MacDodd. I don't suppose those characters will ever get over the idea of being asked to dinner and then having their silly heads lopped off. But that's the Camerons for you - they'll go anywhere for a free drink.

Finally I arrived at the Glen Sanders Morriston hotel and said farewell to the driver of the manure lorry who generously threw me a rather unique souvenir. Walking over to the front of the hotel I found the owner, Angus MacCoulson lying on the verandah of what had once been a broken down hotel but which he had successfully managed to let fall into decay.

I acquainted him with my desire to see the Loch Ness Monster before the television cameras but he informed me that he'd lived there for eleven years and hadn't seen a thing.

I explained about the monster's past, how in the palmy days of the thirties hardly a week passed but some chieftain to the Highlands bound reported that he had observed a strange thing swimming in the loch. In 1937 it had its photo taken by a noted London surgeon, an excellent likeness - but of what, exactly, no one



could find out.

If one could imagine an outsize marine kangaroo, that might be it. But this did not add up to any known animal or fish, yet it had been seen by so many trustworthy people that it couldn't be dismissed merely as a gay exercise to promote tourism in the Scottish Highlands.

"I'll make a note of that," said MacCoulson pressing down a piano key. As he stood up I could see that he wore no trousers.

"You see, we all have our troubles," he confided. He entered the cracking portals and we prepared for the night.

MacCoulson hearing that Indonesia was at war with itself, drew the blinds. He also drew the doors, the floor and the ceilings. "You can't be too careful these days," he muttered as he tripped over a copy of "The Monarch of the Glen" which had forcibly detached itself from the flapping wallpaper in an evident attempt to ride off on its own volition.

Loch Ness in the morning turned out to be a breathtaking place - twice as deep as the North Sea (though I didn't go down to investigate), 22 miles long and with precipitous cliffs plunging vertically into the dark brown water. Admiralty divers went down during the war and came up trembling. They had seen caves down there that might have contained anything.

But all they do contain as far as we know are reptiles of vegetarian habits, harmless even to Camerons unless that august body start pushing in again where they're not wanted.

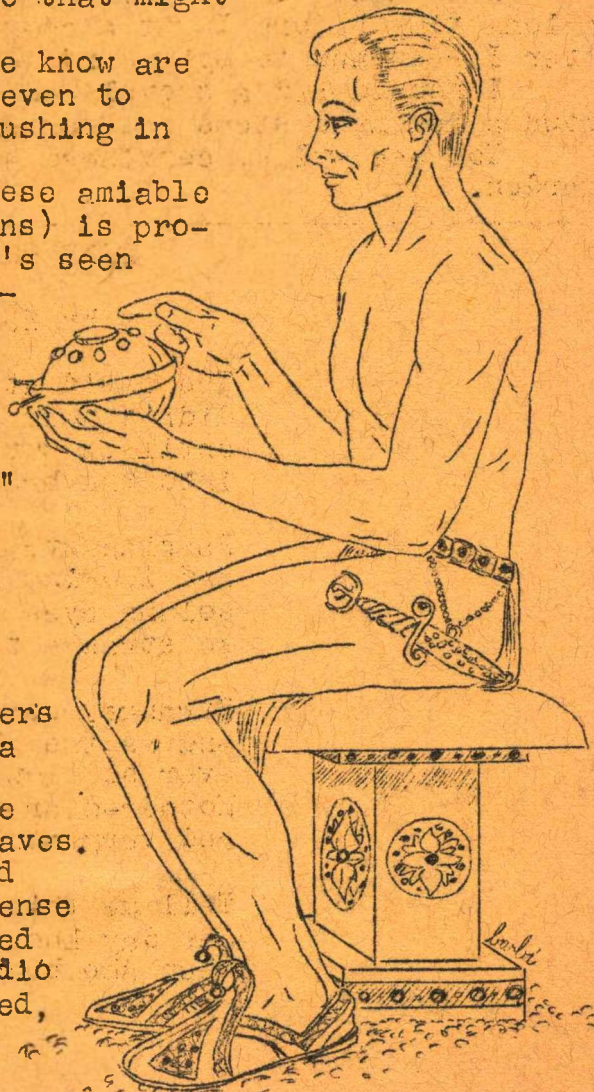
Proof of the actual existence of these amiable left-overs (the monsters, not the Camerons) is provided by (a) people who know someone who's seen one, and (b) people who've seen one themselves.

Mr. MacCoulson was in favour of two deep sea trawlers making a sweep of the loch. "Some of the little monsters might slip out of the trawl but you'd be sure to catch at least one of the bit ones..."

But having mulled over the cost of this he decided that perhaps television camera with searchlights would indeed be the most practical method of dealing with the matter. After all the B.B.C. would most surely be bringing up a whole team of technical men, cameramen, producers etc. - and after all, they have to have a place to stay wouldn't they?

Together we looked over the Loch. We could almost see the monsters in their caves. "We'll have to get on with this," grunted MacCoulson, visions of untold B.B.C. expense account money before his eyes as he picked up the phone. He rang the television studio in London. "We're all ready," he announced, "Where are you?"

A television girl answered.



"Negotiations", it appeared, were still taking place and proving "rather difficult at the moment" but an attempt might be made in the autumn or next summer - in a year's time!

Sadly disillusioned I took my leave of MacCoulson, paying him as I did so with an English ten shilling note which he was under the impression, presumably, that it was worth about five pounds. Not wanting to disillusion him further after all the money he had already seen escaping from his hands, I left for the open road.

There were no manure lorries going home this time of the day and it was only with the greatest persuasion I managed to stop a fleeting lorry driven by a poacher who had captured dozens of live haggis in the back of it. We moved on toward London for the haggis market opens early in the morning there as everyone knows.

I did not sleep much on the way home for as everyone knows the haggis is an extremely noisy creature, emitting periodically as it does, a permanent sound as though some one has placed a heavy weight on its foot. Not even the more savage Bukpipes make more noise than a frightened haggis in the back of a van.

Eventually I got back home and with the knowledge that it would be a long time before I got a chance to see a search for the Loch Ness Monster I returned to my second love - that of Egyptian Archeology.

I shouldered a shovel and walked out of the rear of the house, down a few more steps and commenced digging operations there.

You see - I am convinced - there are Pharoahs at the bottom of my garden.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE.....

by Kenneth H. Ford

The child at first glance
didn't seem at all strange
until it put its tiny hand
into the brand-new kitchen range.

Passing strange mused Mother-dear
and looking at the child's large
solumn eyes she knew --
so strange to put it -- fear.

Strange, strange mused Mother-dear
and as the child began to rise
ever so slowly toward the ceiling
Mother-dear had that odd
and very sinking -- feeling.

Tell me this: Will that child
one day know this fear
when she becomes a Mother-dear?

.....from the files of DESTINY

A REVIEW OF SEX & CENSORSHIP

— by — I S C —

The first comment that I can make about SEX & CENSORSHIP is that it isn't widely enough distributed. It's published in San Francisco; what the distribution may be on the West Coast I don't know, but I have yet to see the magazine on an Indiana newsstand. (This of course isn't the fault of the magazine, except possibly in its choice of distributors; "WCNC" is a new one on me, and I suspect that the WC stands for "West Coast" and that the organization may have rather spotty coverage -- if any coverage at all -- in other areas.) At any rate, the only way that I know of for Midwestern fans to obtain S & C is to write directly to the publishers; the address is given at the bottom of this page.

Physically, the magazine has the usual slick-paper format, 64 pages (68 if you count both covers as the editors and F.M. Busby do) and the standard size popularized by PLAYBOY. There is no color used in the interior, but the magazine features quite a bit of photography and illustrations which Mr. Gaughan (see his article) would probably approve of.

The above, of course, is mere window-dressing, however important it is to sales. The meat of the magazine lies in its choice of subject matter. While there have been several books which have documented and/or opposed the censorship of our times, this is, to my knowledge, the first magazine to do so. (I would have said "regularly published magazine", but it's too new to be described as that, yet.) If it's successful, it should be an invaluable aid to any individual or group interested in retarding the growth of censorship -- which would include at least 75% of fandom.

Judging from the magazine's title, editorial, contents of the first issue, and the fact that they have to sell copies to survive, it would seem that the publication will concentrate on the more sensational aspects of censorship. A majority of the articles are on the censorship (and definition) of pornography and "obscenity", with an article on premarital sex relations thrown in for good measure and four tales from the DECAMERON added -- possibly as an example of true art as distinguished from pornography. For my money, it's a poor example, but..... This is undoubtedly sound editorial policy, as most of their readers will be far more interested in the sex than in the censorship. A pity, from my point of view, but a fact nevertheless.

However, S & C is not exclusively devoted to the censorship of sex. The first issue contains a very good -- and quite enlightening -- article on "TV's Straightjacket" by Evelyn Lawson, and a photo-article on the "beat generation". And for that matter, the articles on pornography are much better written and more interesting than those which occasionally appear in the "men's magazines". All in all, SEX & CENSORSHIP is a magazine well worth getting.

SEX & CENSORSHIP, 693 Mission St. 406-407, San Francisco 5, California
Single copies 50¢, 12 issues for \$6.00 (foreign, \$7.00)



Deux Ex Machina

— by —

G. H. SCITHERS

A low humming filled the air as the three scientists prepared their momentous experiment in the great laboratory. The giant equipment loomed menacingly over them as they completed the final preparatory details in the harsh, blue-white glare of the fluorescent lights that lined the ceiling. There was a faint tang of ozone in the air, and the faintly whining heaters seemed unable to dispel its chill.

The young, rugged features of Tom Ramfellow composed themselves into a stern, dedicated expression as he looked up at the towering control board. He adjusted two dials, flipped seven switches, and then turned to his companions.

"Alpha alpha epsilon three aleph naught nine," read the white-haired Professor Flatterham, stroking his steely beard. "Derivative

twelve pi sigma integrated from chi to infinity." He turned from the row of dials and asked, "How much does that figure to?"

Joan Flatterham, the professor's beautiful, red-haired daughter, wore a dedicated, noble expression on her lovely features as she tapped on the keys of the giant computer on one wall. There was a flurry of lights, a loud clucking sound, and the electronic brain dropped a card into her waiting hand.

"Sigma cubed over the abscissa of e to Euler's constant minus c," she replied, in a firm voice.

"Bother!" said Professor Flatterham, tugging at his beard.

"You mean...?" asked Joan, putting her hand to her bosom.

"Yes," said the professor. "We are facing a binomial distribution - possibly even a Poisson...." He pulled reflectively at his beard.

"We must go on," she said, looking noble and indomitable.

"Yes, I suppose we must," grumbled the professor, combing a few hairs from his whiskers. "Start the deflagrators, Tom."

With an indomitable, sincere look on his clean-cut features, young Ramfellow threw four switches, pushed five buttons, and then inflexibly began to turn the main control crank.

The low humming gradually crescendoed to a powerful rumble, the fluorescents dimmed slightly, while the dials and lights of the control board danced and flashed in a wild, electronic swirl of color and movement. A jumble of beeps started, hesitated, and then settled down to a regular, high pitched piping.

It was a tense moment. Even the usually frisky Barf, the professor's black dachshund, seemed to feel the importance of the moment; she stood quietly at the professor's feet, staring intently at the growling machine.

"It's working," sighed Joan.

"We are reaching out further into the unknown than the hand of man has ever set foot before," said Tom, an implacable, sincere look on his inimitable face.

Professor Flatterham stroked his beard. "Well, the...." The rest of his words were drowned by a sudden crash from the machine.

"Look out!" yelled Tom.

There was a flash of green light and a shower of violet sparks from the towering equipment.

"It's going out of control!!!" shrieked Joan. "Do something!"

Tom whirled, and lunged for the switch box on the wall behind him. Before his outstretched fingers could reach the box he felt the floor squirm under his foot, a piercing, inhuman scream clove the air, the wall seemed to tilt towards him; and then with a crash, everything went black.

*

*

*

Tom woke slowly. He shook his head, discovering that he had a splitting headache. He opened his eyes cautiously to find he was lying on his back in almost total darkness. He blinked, and the darkness resolved itself into an enthusiastically affectionate dachshund trying to lick his face and a tangle of white whiskers bending anxiously over him, all lit by a match in Joan's trembling hand.

"What happened?" asked Tom, rubbing his aching head. "I felt the floor squirm - the machine - did it throw us into another dimension?"

"Bombersnaggle!" snorted the professor. "That machine, you seem to forget, has twenty-five fuses, sixteen safety overloads, five circuit breakers, and a protected main switch."

"But the floor, and that inhuman scream, and the lights?" Tom tried to sit up, got a lick from Barf's wet tongue across his face, and settled down with a groan.

"Oh, that." The professor chuckled in his whiskers. "You stepped on the dog, who howled; you tripped, and smashed the light switch with your head. The control for the machine is over on the other wall."

A Trufan's motto: "I exist, therefore I am right."

Movie notes: See "Bell, Book, And Candle". It's good light fantasy.....From Alan Dodd we received the "horror special" issue of the British mag, PICTUREGOER...one of its items is a note that Hammer Films is considering-starring Brigitte Bardot in "Bride Of Frankenstein".....?????????????



STRANGE SISTER

by

andrew duane

Why do you stare at me? I have not heard
Strange voices speaking dark and fearful things,
Or seen the shadows dance on Abora's height,
Or felt the cold caress of unseen arms
That twine and grasp and tear the veils of sleep
Asunder, as they tear more earthly veils;
I have not heard or seen.... Why do you stare?

Why do you shrink from me? I do not wear
A strangely altered form to show the moon
When, rising dead and white like bone, she peers
Through the tormented trees. I do not wail
An eery song that calls black flitting things
As to a lost and lonely sister; I
Have never done these things.... Why do you shrink?

Why do you strike at me? What have I done
That you must hate me so? I have not drunk
The fearful brew that bubbles from the roots
Of dreary cypress and of tortured yew.
I have not danced to distant pipes at dawn,
Or laughed to see blood run on altar-rock.
I would not do these things.... Why do you strike?

Protest you may; assume a mask of horror
At thought of all the ghastly things you name,
And stare and shrink as you have said we do.
You mock us with your disavowels -- we
Who sheltered you and raised you as our own,
To have you turn against us. Aye, we stare
And strike, because we know your cries are true!

.....from the files of DESTINY

STRANGE FRUIT

Quite frankly, I don't intend to review everything that I received in the past month or so, because I don't want to waste about 6 pages of an Annish in fanzine reviews. The little monsters are springing up all over the place; hardly a day passes without another one plopping into our mailbox and daring us to read it. So, without further ado.....

LNF #1 and QUIXOTIC #1 (Don Durward, 6033 Garth Ave., Los Angeles 56, California - irregular - 10¢ or 6 for 50¢) LNF, it is stated, is a one-shot; put out, presumably, to test the equipment and the reaction of fandom. Not a bad idea; you would-be fan editors take note. It contains an imitation or parody (I'm not sure which) of the Goon stories, an editorial, and some very bad artwork. QUIXOTIC is a bit more varied; besides the editorial, we have a story by Ted Johnstone that was too blurred to read in my copy, fanzine reviews by Bob Lichtman, and a badly overdone dialect story by Guy Terwilliger. Reproduction, except for the Johnstone story, is reasonably good. A pretty thin issue, but the editor has the energy and ability; what he needs now is material. I can't rate this one very high, but the next issue should be better. Rating..3

PSI-PHI #1 (Bob Lichtman, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif. - quarterly? - 10¢ or 6 for 50¢) This one also has fanzine reviews by Lichtman, plus an editorial by Lichtman, plus a story by Lichtman, plus an editorial by Arv Underman (who, it seems, gets in by virtue of owning the duplicator). Quite similar to QUIXOTIC -- in fact, it's just about a third fanzine from the same group. One note; these boys want material, but they ask that you let them know whether to send it back or throw it away if they don't want it. Since most fan authors send in material under the assumption that they will get it back if the editor rejects it, this policy won't be too popular, I suspect. Rating.....3

PROFANITY #4 (Bruce Pelz, 4010 Leona St., Tampa 9, Florida - quarterly - available for trades, letters, contributions or 15¢) Pelz is learning to handle his ditto -- some light pages, but everything readable this round. Alan Dodd reviews movies, Al Andrews reviews Fu Manchu, I review fanzines, John Berry proves that he does, too, know how to write science-fiction, the editor rambles, and there is a bibliography of Fletcher Pratt. (Now if someone could only tell me where to get a copy of "Eleven Generals"...) Possibly the best thing in the issue, though, is "Shakespeare Views The WSFS Hassle", compiled by the editor and every bit as good as the similar items which used to appear in the POST. There are also letters, and another installment of Reauthored Books. Rating.....5

JD combined with ARGASSY #39 (Lynn Hickman, 304 N. 11th. St., Mt. Vernon Illinois - irregular but frequent - 10¢ or \$1 for 12) Lynn has adopted Ted White's policy of combining all his titles and putting out various-

sized issues, from 4-page newsletters like this one to 30-page general-zines. This one consists mostly of letters, with a little news added. Nice multilith reproduction. Rating.....5

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #39 (Djinn Faine, 2548 West 12th. St., Los Angeles 6, California - six-weekly - 20¢, 6 for \$1) Other reviewers have commented on the cover of this issue, but since all that remained of the cover on our copy was a minute speck of red paper dangling from one staple, I'll have to forego commenting. Reproduction is so-so; everything is readable if you're really that interested. Bob Bloch's article on replacing the Beat Generation with fandom is outstanding, Burbee's co-editorial is good, there is a fascinating ad and a good serious article on science fiction by Al Lewis. There is also somewhat lesser material by Rick Sneary, Dale Hart and Ron Ellik (sorry, Ron, but I don't like party-reports, either). Rating...6

MIMSY #3 (Steve Tolliver, Ernie Wheatley, Bjo, 2548 West 12th. St., Los Angeles 6, California - six-weekly - 15¢) This one, unfortunately, is mostly concerned with the Solacon and Los Angeles Fandom. Not that there is anything wrong with writing about Los Angeles Fandom, but the only California fan I've ever seen in the so-called flesh is Ron Ellik, so a lot of the comments on appearance, mannerisms, etc, are beyond me. Bloch has a fair item, and Juanita instructs me to say that she considers Bjo to be the best fan cartoonist in America. Since it is announced that there are no extra copies of this issue anyway, it might pay you to ask for the next one. Rating....4

But I still don't believe in anyone named Djinn Faine!

TWIG #13 (Guy Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho - irregular? - 15¢, 6 for 80¢, 12 for \$1.50) Beautiful ditto work -- Dan Adkins is now cutting the masters for illos and the zine begins to resemble a somewhat meatier SATA. Rick Adams contributes a rather bad story, Terwilleger does a rather good story, Don Franson has the best item in the issue -- a neat parody of both stf and stf reviewers -- Adkins reviews fanzines, Dick Lupoff admires the book "Who?" (so do I), Belle Dietz blasts Dave Kyle and FANAC, and there are letters. Rating...7
Incidentally, if you want a copy of the second annual BEST OF FANDOM, better get your 75¢ in to Guy. Last issue was a sellout.

KIWIFAN #9 (Roger Horrocks, 18 Hazelmere Rd., Mt. Albert, Auckland SW 1, New Zealand - irregular - for trades, or probably US prozines) What was once a small newszine has Frankensteinishly expanded into a 52-page monster, complete with news, columns, a resume of New Zealand fandom, letters, parodies, and the inevitable Alan Dodd column. (What's all this about John Derry being prolific? Dodd keeps right up with him -- and I understand that it's much harder when you don't exist.) Rating.....6

BRILLIG #13 (Lars Bourne, 2436 1/2 Portland, Eugene, Oregon - quarterly - 20¢) Brillig really isn't a fanzine anymore; it's a small literary journal. The emphasis is on modern art, modern writing, and modern

psychoanalysis. I suppose that if you like this sort of thing you'll like BRILLIG, but I admit that I'm not much of a judge of the field; I just don't consider it very important. Dick Geis is a consistently good writer; he can interest even outsiders like myself. The other contributors may be good, but they don't interest me. A special interest zine, and so not rated.

QUAGMIRE #2 (Pvt. John Quagliano, US 51 430 661, Troop B, 3rd Platoon, 1st. Reconnaissance Squadron, 15th. Cavalry, Fort Hood, Texas - irregular - probably free for comment) A startling resemblance to BRILLIG, only partly due to the fact that Bourne published it. There is much the same editorial attitude, and the contents are somewhat similar. The main difference seems to be that Quagliano seems to enjoy publishing material simply because it contains naughty words, which strikes me as being rather juvenile and pointless, like words on a back fence. If you're the sort who giggles over cheap pornography, by all means get QUAGMIRE.

TRIODE #15 (Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St., Gt. Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England - US representative Dale Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave, Minneapolis 22, Minnesota - bi-monthly? - 20¢ or 6 for \$1) This is one of TRIODE's better issues -- Mal Ashworth's "We Honked Like Seals" is one of the funniest things I've ever read in a fanzine, there is another chronicle of Harrison the Indomitable, Terry Jeeves Tells All, and Archie Mercer starts another fannish serial. Rating...8

APORRHETA #6 (H. P. Sanders-Blunt...err, Sanderson, that is, 236 Queens Road, New Cross, London SE 14, England - monthly - 15¢ or a letter of comment) Sanderson explains that future issues will not be 44 pages long (he uses the Busby system; I say 42 pages), and believe me, Sandy, I sympathize. There comes a time when fanzines become too expensive and too damned much work. APE is improving in quality as well as quantity, however. "Inchmery Fan Diary" is an entertaining column even if H.P.'s ideas are a bit bizarre at times -- or possibly because of it. Penelope Fandergaste, whoever she may be, is writing one of fandom's best columns, and Jack Williams, John Berry and Vin Clarke are all readable. The Belle Dietz article may be readable, too, but I haven't read it yet and so I can't comment. Rating...6

SATELLITE #8 (Don Allen, 34a Cumberland St., Gateshead 8, Co. Durham, England - quarterly - 3 issues for 2 US prozines, or a letter of comment each issue) A sort of international issue; articles on Austrian, French, and Inchmery fandom, editorials, a parody of the Fandergaste column in APE, and lots of letters. Rating.....5

THE SICK ELEPHANT #6 (George H. Wells, Box 486, Riverhead, New York - irregular? but frequent - 10¢) Well, he's improving. Reproduction is still bad, but the material is on the upgrade. It will probably be of more interest to the younger and/or newer fan than to old codgers like me. Most of the material seems to be by young N3F members. It can stand a lot of improvement, but who knows -- it might receive a lot of improvement. You can only lose a dime. Rating.....3

GRUMBINGS

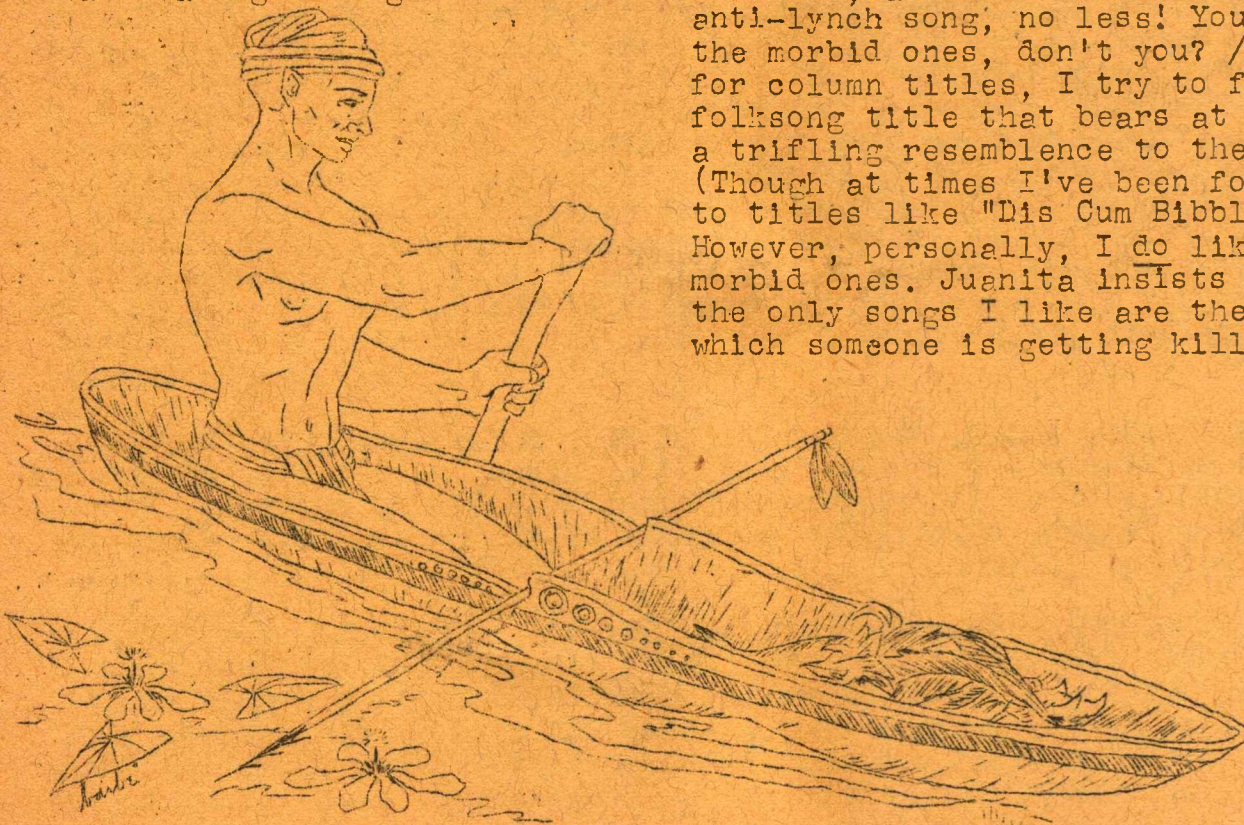
BRUCE PELZ, 4010 Leona St., Tampa 9, Florida

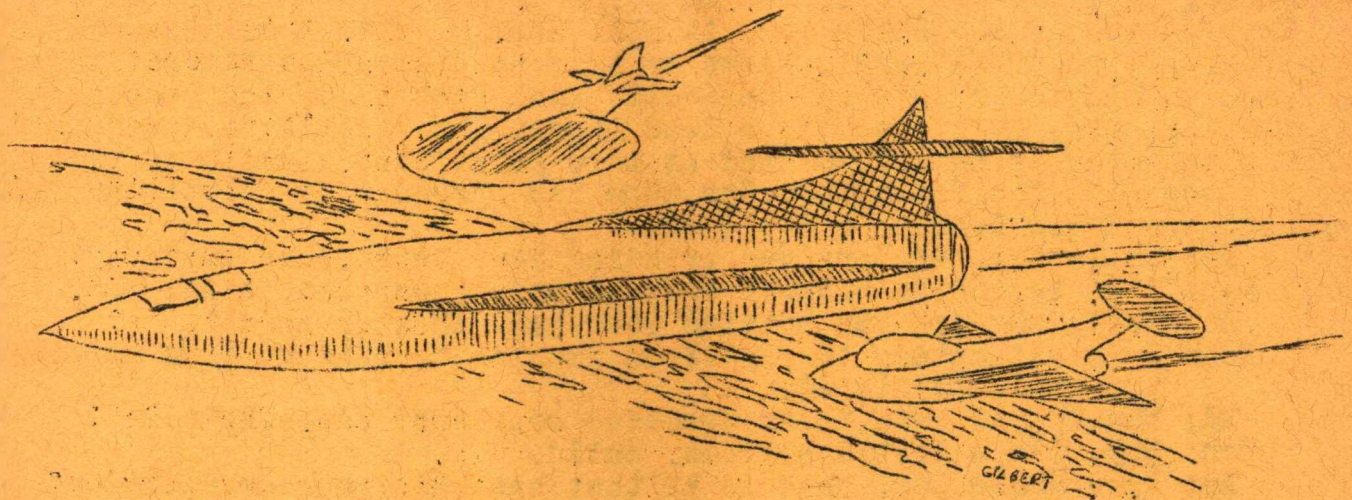
With the arrival of YANDRO 71, I have two complete years of the zine (having chiseled several missing issues out of other fans), and as soon as I get done with this letter, the whole stack gets tied up to be sent to the bindery. /Gee, if I was titling letters like CRY does, I could call this "Bound And Determined".RSC/

I'm going to have to disagree with ol' Buz -- I like editorial interruptions when the comment is quite pertinent to one particular statement in the letter. On the other hand, maybe I'm a simon-pure neofan? /Nobody in fandom is pure. RSC/ Of course, the single slash separation that you use could be improved -- square brackets would probably be the best, if available. Or at least double slashes.

DeWeese's word plays are delightful to a punster's ear. What would happen if he went into biology, and found a way to make wool grow on fowl? He could hire the process out to some company, with a safety clause stating that he could, at any time, have the DeWeese Fleece Piece Geese Lease cease.

Y'know, even after spotting the source of your fanzine review column title in ProFANity as being from a folksong, I still didn't tumble to the source of the YANDRO column, "Strange Fruit". But the other day I was reading through THE PEOPLE'S SONGBOOK, and there it was -- an anti-lynch song, no less! You pick the morbid ones, don't you? /Well, for column titles, I try to find a folksong title that bears at least a trifling resemblance to the column. (Though at times I've been forced into titles like "Dis Cum Bible"....) However, personally, I do like the morbid ones. Juanita insists that the only songs I like are the ones in which someone is getting killed.RSC/





RANDY SCOTT, Route 2, Watts, Oklahoma

One present I got for Christmas was a HAWK model of the Army Jupiter-C missile, and in the bottom of the box was a pamphlet titled "Navy Life Begins At Boot Camp". That's going just a little too far just to spread recruiting propaganda. /At least, they could have made it Army propaganda....RSC/

DONALD FRANSON, 6543 Babcock Ave., No. Hollywood, California

This issue, liked best moving target Bennett, DeWeese interlineo on page 16, Mimeograph instructions.

Agree with Busby only that his double parentheses are easier to follow than your slants, but cutting in is okay.

I'll take Aristotle over Existentialists by eleven touchdowns.

AMAZING STORIES has improved, at least in lettercol and editorials. Lobsehz seems a better editor than any since Sloane.

G.M. Carr is all wet (naturally, living in Seattle.) Ackerman was active enough in the early days to contribute his share of fanac for a lifetime. I'm sick of the "what have you done for me lately" attitude the world has today. /Okay, he's a great fan....he's still a lousy writer. RSC/

G. M. CARR, 5319 Ballard Ave., Seattle 7, Washington

Tsk, tsk! Seen in cold print, what I said about 4e certainly looks awful! I guess I'd better hurry and eat my words before his fannish admirers throw a fit. I'm still of the opinion that a charming affability is a slender basis for fannish adulation.....but I must admit that I didn't phrase the opinion very felicitously.

Re the gripe about the comments in the body of the letter -- naturally (as pointed out) I prefer the comment to appear at the appropriate place in the letter. However, I do think it better if the comment is readily distinguished from the letter itself. I have no difficulty in separating your remarks from the letter, because you do an excellent job of identifying them as such. /Gem also included a copy of a letter of apology she'd sent personally to Ackerman (which must have confused the poor man), and mentioned that she'd received the impression that we had several children. We don't; Bruce is the only child. RSC/

BOB LEMAN, 2701 So. Vine St., Denver 10, Colorado

Your review of APORRHETA says it all. Really, it's a damned good magazine, but the WSFS hassle seems to take up a disproportionate amount of space -- particularly when one would think that since the resolution to petition, etc, it's flogging a dead horse. The "little Bo Pest" thing shows signs of getting out of hand at this point, leading one to visualize a scene like the following. Our dramatis personae are Little Ad Nauseam and her Uncle Ech:

Little Ad: Uncle Ech, why are you grinding your teeth that way?

Uncle Ech: I am trying to control an urge to scream, Little Ad.

Ad: Well, why are you holding your head in your hands?

Ech: I am attempting to resist an impulse to beat my head against the wall, Little Ad.

Ad: Why do you have these demented cravings, Uncle Ech?

Ech: Why, I'm a little nervous, child.

Ad: Poor Uncle Ech. What is it that has made you nervous?

Ech: I am torn between conflicting desires, Little Ad. On the one hand I am eager to peruse the fanzines that arrive in the mail, and on the other hand I am terrified that when I open them I will encounter an idiotic dialogue like this one, and I simply cannot bear any more of them.

Ad: Why, how many of them have there been, Uncle?

Ech: It seems like thousands, but when I count, I discover that there have been only three. But that's a God's plenty, and I have a powerful suspicion that we haven't seen the end, by a long shot.

Ad: Who was responsible for these outrages, dear uncle?

Ech: The initial one may be laid at the door of Aunt Sanderson. Then Cousin Busby had a crack at it, and finally Brother-in-Law Ellington came out with his version. Who'll be next is anybody's guess.

Ad: Perhaps second-cousin-once-removed Coulson?

Ech: I wish you hadn't said that, Little Ad. The new YANDRO has just arrived, and now I'm scared to open it.

CURTAIN

This verdampte notion of Bennett's to spread his convention report through a bunch of zines is a real enthusiasm quencher. Since three installments have left him still in New York, it seems fair to presume that the whole will run to at least twenty installments, insuring that practically everybody will miss at least one installment, and that the whole thing probably won't appear until sometime in 1964, since one of the installments is sure to fall into the hands of a publisher who is afflicted with delays of the kind common to fan publishers, and will hang onto his piece for half a year or more before it sees print, thus effectively blocking off the following installment. It's good stuff, though; no HARP STATESIDE, but good stuff.

/I agree with you on disliking Bennett's idea of passing the trip report around.....I tried to persuade him to let us publish all of it..... But you should know that never under any circumstances would we ever publish an idiotic conversation like the above one in YANDRO. RSC/

Does your t-v set taste different lately?

RICH BROWN, 127 Roberts St., Pasadena 3, California

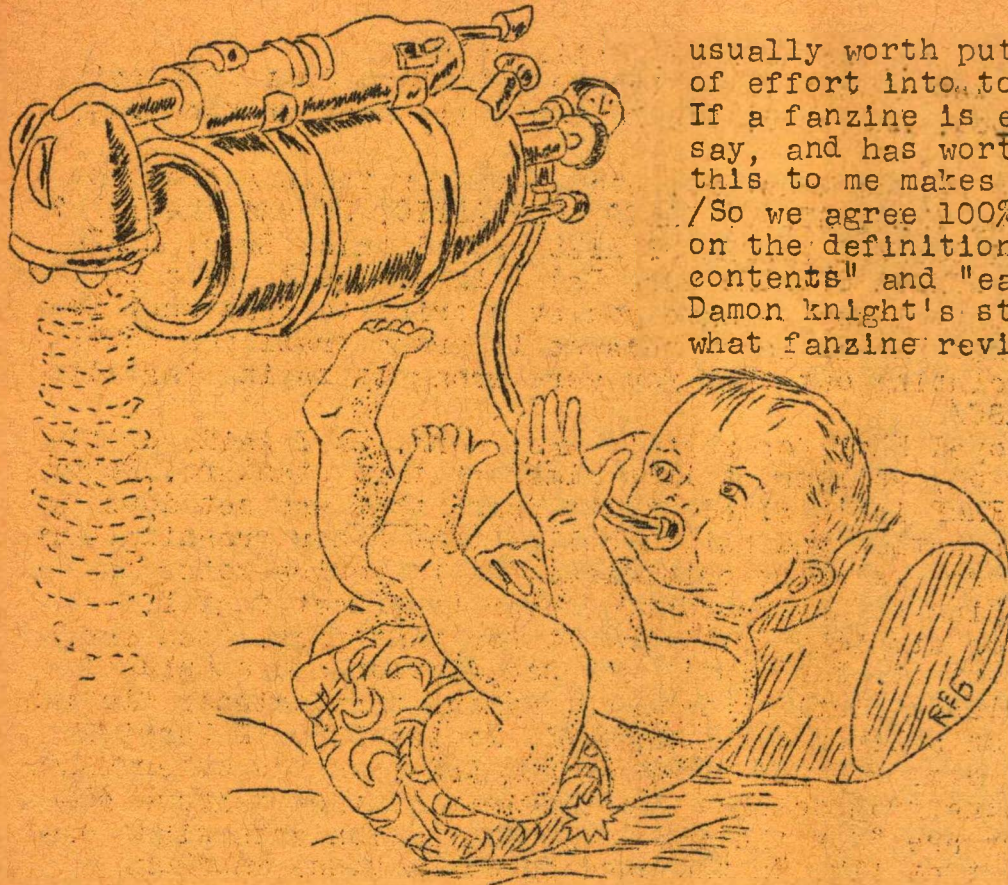
"The Final Truth" was a damn fine piece of fiction. Just off-trail enough to be really good. And ghad, the Dodd-bit is short of fabulous, and just barely. /??/

And now (snarl) to Famous Monsters, etc. Have you taken a look at the stands lately? Seen IMAGINATION, TALES, FANTASTIC, FU and the like? Well, AMAZING, ASF and SCIENCE WONDER STORIES caused this. Ergo, AMAZING, ASF, and SCIENCE WONDER STORIES were Bad Things. /Well, as a matter of fact, they were pretty lousy -- have you ever tried to read one? Besides, I never said that FM was lousy because it broke trail for SHOCK TALES; I was merely pointing out that you were wrong it saying that it had caused no harm. RSC/

Personally, I enjoyed FMOF for what it was: corn. As I said, criticism on a standard is ok, as long as it's aimed at that standard. Forry himself regrets that FMOF isn't aimed at stf fans; that was set down by the publishers. And damnation and hell's belles (and other groaning curses) I'm not saying Forry is above criticism. But if you're going to condemn him for something he has no control over (the fact that it wasn't aimed at fans) or stupidly criticize it for that fact, then yes, I'm going to bitch about it. FMOF isn't science fiction and shouldn't be criticized on a science fiction standard anymore than science fiction should be criticized on a Literature standard. Movies like "I Married A Monster", "Curucu", etc, are not aimed at stf fans, on the other hand. But, they are detracting from science fiction in that they feature advertisements that they are "for the true science fiction enthusiast only" and other crap of that ilk. In the case of stf movies, whether they're aimed at fans or not, they're bad movies. But within themselves they have their good and bad. FMOF has its own bad points, within its own field, and such criticisms I am in favor of, regardless of how good a fellow Forry Ackerman is. But I can't, I repeat, I can't enjoy reading muck rakings criticising something for not being something it never set out to be. And I say again, as long as no harm's done, then Forry (or anyone else) can eat off the profits of the mag without being ill at ease. /Rich, you're repeating yourself. Before we go any further, might I inquire where you got this obsession that I'm criticizing FMOF because it isn't good science fiction? I'm criticizing it, dammit, because it's LOUSY WRITING. I've seen better written comic books, and the entire production is on the lowest possible literary level. Nobody objected when we ran a parody of the "men's magazines" in the last annish; no one accused us of considering men's magazines poor science fiction. I rather doubt if anyone will say that I consider SEX & CENSORSHIP good science fiction. So why this sort of "defense" for Ackerman? Don't you think I'm a competent critic of anything but stf, for God's sake? (On second thought, maybe I shouldn't have asked that, but....) I say that the present field of "movle weird" magazines has yet to produce a single offering that is worth reading, much less buying, and I'll keep on saying that until and unless some publisher puts out something better than the present crop of crud. RSC/

JIM CAUGHRAN, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California

No, fanzines aren't worth straining to read. They likewise aren't



usually worth putting a hell of a lot of effort into, to make them spotless. If a fanzine is easily readable, let's say, and has worthwhile contents, this to me makes it a Good Thing.

/So we agree 100% -- except possibly on the definitions of "worthwhile contents" and "easily readable". RSC/Damon knight's stf reviews approach what fanzine reviews should do, but this is so hard to do that I doubt that there are half-a-dozen people who could do it.

Fiction - this is good fiction, but here's another thing you and I disagree on. If I want to read fiction, I'll look at a prozine. (This is a rare occasion.) I think a fanzine should serve a completely

different purpose -- tho now that I think of it, it's an individual thing, a different purpose for every faned. Keep on printing fiction, and I'll keep on not reading it.

Real bohemians live in Europe -- maybe what Bourne calls pseudo-bohemians are pseudo-pseudo bohemians, hah? /hah-hah./

Now I doubt that you've done so little along with the crowd that you can count them on the fingers of one hand -- I find myself drifting along with the group all too often, even watching television at times -- tho I'm not interested in what I'm doing at the time, or really want to do it. It's disconcerting.... No one but an out-and-out hermit does nothing to go along with the crowd.

I'll bet, for instance, you live in a conventional type house, tho there have been better types developed. You probably eat average American food, tho you could be sampling all sorts of things without a lot of trouble. You live in America and probably would like to do so, except possibly for a vacation, all your life. You can probably think of several dozen more examples... This isn't bad, it's simply necessary. /As long as it's necessary, I don't consider it "going along with the crowd". "Going along" implies a choice...., for example, I live in a conventional type house because there is quite literally no other choice; those are the only type houses in this area and I can't afford to build my own. For the other examples.... I eat the food that I like, and I've sampled a lot of different food. Live in America? Oh, I have no objections -- but I've never really lost my boyish desire to live in Canada

and be a guide for big game hunters. Sure, I "go along" occasionally; I visit both my relatives and in-laws (even the ones I don't care for) once a year or so. I suppose the beatniks would consider a regular job as "going along", but I prefer to eat and put out YANDRO regularly. And I do sit on conventional chairs instead of the floor, but then I consider that anyone who tries to be different just for the sake of being different, at the expense of his own comfort, to be an idiot. In short, I do just about exactly what I want to do -- and so far, it's been a great life. RSC/

BILL PEARSON, P.O. Box 171, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

Tell Juanita she had a full inch of space left beneath the cover illo, and there was absolutely no need for her to put in a border at that point. /She didn't -- Gilbert did. RSC/

Whoever Barbi is, I'll wager she's had some sort of art training. Which is not true of most fan-artists. Okay, go ahead...write and tell me she's 13½ years old, see if I care. /She's not 13½ years old, she's had art training -- and she's married, so don't sound too eager. RSC/

HYACINTHE HILL? At the finish of the first page, I thought I was reading straight fan fiction. When it got to Mr. Ridgely's hairy hands, I thot it was out and out comedy. However, at the finish of the second page, I was sure it was a deep and penetrating satire. I'm still not sure what it was, but I enjoyed it...stayed with it, anyway.

I think Juanita Coulson wrote it. /Quite a few people commented on the story...most liked it, and most suspected that Hyacinthe Hill was a pseudonym. She isn't, though. I've never met her personally, but I have reason to believe that the name is real. RSC/

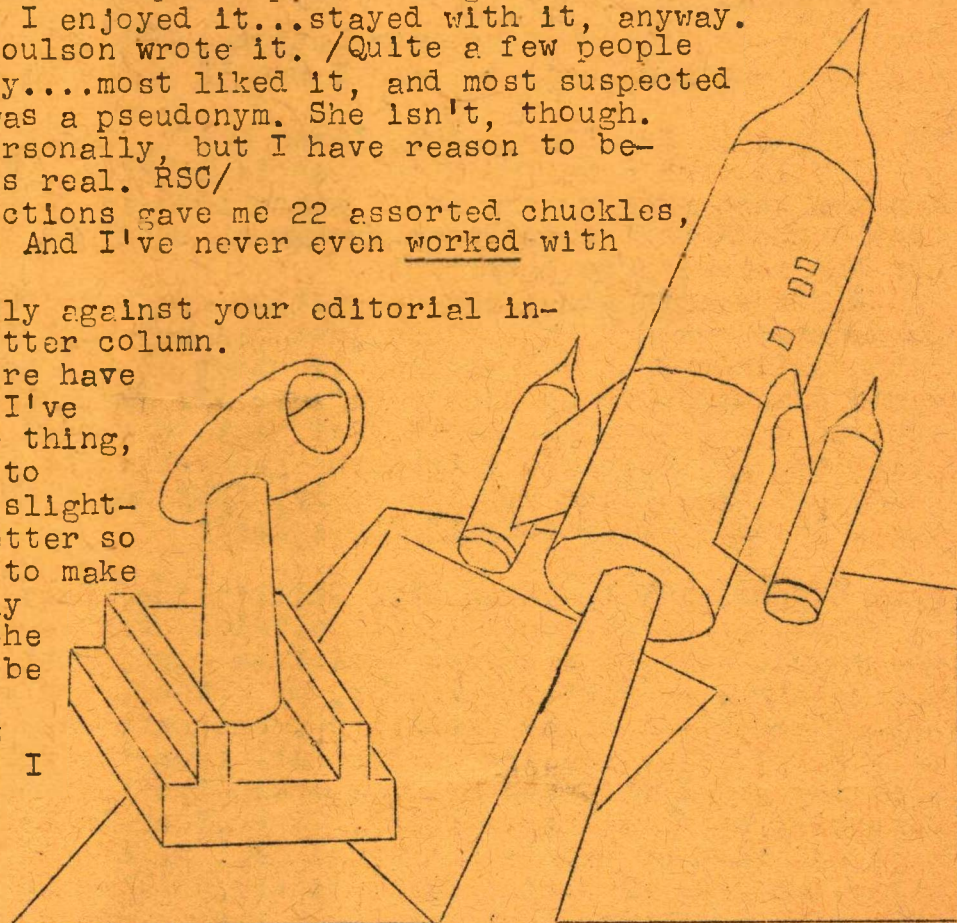
Mimeograph Instructions gave me 22 assorted chuckles, snickers and guffaws. And I've never even worked with a mimeo.

I also am violently against your editorial interruptions in the letter column.

Always have been. There have been many times when I've wanted to do the same thing, but I'm usually able to solve the problem by slightly rearranging the letter so the statement I want to make remark on conveniently falls at the end of the letter. This may not be feasible for you, I don't know. /I'm just gabblier than you are, I guess. RSC/

Allen Mardis, Jr.

is another of these numbskulls who make me sick. Mankind is like a woman who is



BRYER

about to be raped...fighting to the very end that which they've wanted all along. (Any woman will argue that that is fiction.) In this age when it seems inevitable that all men will become robots -- name secondary to serial number -- the world seems in a more insane rush than ever before to invent a million new names and terms for individualism. The idiots even group and label their ideas.

In the first place, they're trying to prove something that can't be proven. There's no such thing as an individual. Oh what a simple world this would be if people like this weren't allowed to go around confusing people with their complicated chatter.

I sent SATA to St. Louis on December 9th, but the publishers are giving me trouble. If you know me, you'll know why....they didn't appreciate the nudes. I wouldn't care if they were just "no reason" decoration, but they happen to play an integral part in my new format. Also, they're supposed to be Aglala, Thalia, and Euphrosene, the Three Graces of Greek mythology. Raphael drew them in the nude, so why the hell can't I? I'm not what you'd consider a "fighter", but I'm pretty damn stubborn at times, and this is one of them. Hanged if I'll pay over \$100 for a lousy fanzine if I can't even publish it the way I want it. This is basically what I told St. Louis. It'll be my way, or none at all.

So don't expect it.

/Sorry about interrupting your letter....I'd done it before remembering that you were agin me, and I wasn't about to re-cut the stencil./

ED WOOD, 159½ So. Placer Ave, Idaho Falls, Idaho

I think the magazine situation is hopeless. For a person like myself who has been reading the stuff since 1936 it is soul searching to think that the end of the magazine medium is in sight. Oh, it may take time but the solution is inevitable.

All the enthusiasm and conviction has gone out of science fiction. Somewhere, somehow, the field just has not kept faith with its immense potentialities. Once I thought it might be the malaise of our time. The world situation is so uneasy with atomic and hydrogen bombs etc. that one can see how people might just want to forget all about science and politics. Yet when one introduces youngsters to the ASTOUNDING of the '40's you many times get the reply, "Why don't they write stories like these in ASTOUNDING today?" Why indeed?

BILL CONNER, 155 W. Water St., Chillicothe, Ohio

Indiana has no monopoly on religion cranks. I realized this when I was shocked out of a serene Christmas morning at my sister's house in the country. My sister's family, my mother, and I had just finished eating breakfast after opening our presents when I noticed an old man with a briefcase walking up the hill from the village. He entered the driveway and I informed my brother-in-law that he was about to be sold something on Christmas morning. My brother-in-law is a curious man, and this odd turn of events intrigued him. He opened the door for the man after the man had stated his business. Just what his business was at that time I didn't know; but I was very curious.

The old bald-headed man was selling something, but it wasn't the

merchandise of this earth. He was selling just about the only thing a person would try to sell on a Christmas morning by invading a person's home - a religious sect that does not believe in celebrating Christmas.

I was astonished when he said that he was the representative of the "new world government", and I was amazed when he said that the "new world government" would soon control the world. For a moment I thought the old boy was commie gone mad. When the man produced a Bible and started a religious spiel, my brother-in-law asked him what religious denomination he represented, I wasn't too surprised to find out that he was a "Jehovah's Witness". Instead of showing the Jehovian to the door immediately as I would have done, my brother-i-l, who delights in religious debate, asked the Jehovian so many embarrassing questions not covered by the packaged spiel of the Jehovians that the man packed up his books and left after mumbling some more mumbo jumbo.

It certainly takes a hell of a lot of nerve to go to people's homes on Christmas morning and tell them that celebrating Christmas is pagan, and therefore evil! But that's just what this fanatic did this Christmas morning in Bourneville, Ohio. When asked why he was out on Christmas morning, the Jehovian said that it was a good time to "spread our word" because giving gifts, the Christmas tree, and holly are pagan rituals made a part of Christendom's Christmas celebration by evil powers. Gaaaaah!

I almost felt sorry for the old boy after my brother-i-l tore the spiel apart. The Jehovian was helpless when he could no longer rely on his usual pitch. It was as if the Jehovians had sent a robot on this mission instead of a thinking man. But if he had been much of a thinking man, he would not have been trying to junk the spirit of Christmas on Christmas morning!

The Jehovah's Witnesses no longer seem a harmless lunatic fringe group to me. I used to be amused by their antics when the Jehovians were to be found standing on the downtown streets with an armload of pamphlets. The Witnesses made themselves unpopular in WW II by dodging the draft and many people haven't forgotten this. But the Witnesses no longer seem harmless to me. They are a group of fuggheaded fanatics that they they are destined to rule the world with their "government". The Witnesses are the creeping totalitarianism of the religious world.

Ignorant people are the natural victims of the Jehovians. There seems to be some sort of a psychopathic thrill involved in being a member of a radical group out to wreck the old established social order that appeals to the ignorant and social inferiors. Probably the same thrill attracted social lepers such as Himmler, Goebbels, and other leading fanatics of the Nazi Party to the fold in the 1930's.

Propaganda is of little power when it is opposed by intelligence and education. The Jehovian propaganda is easily rendered invalid as are all sects that interpret the Bible in their own way for their own purpose. I see in your letter column that Fred Arnold says that the Assemblies of God believe in demon exorcising. So do the Jehovians. Looks as if demon exorcising is the thing in the odd ball sects these days. /Well, of course, a good share of Christmas ritual is pagan, you know. The silly -- and dangerous -- part is the belief that everything not specifically ordained by Christ is evil. The Witnesses are the lead-



ing exponents of this line of so-called thinking, but they're joined by a good many "decent, God-fearing" members of other churches. Bill also disagreed with Rich Brown, commenting that "The only thing intended solely for science fiction fans is the science fiction fanzine. Would Brown have us ignore everything else?"

JOE L. HENSLEY, 214 K. of P. Bldg., Madison, Indiana
Got Y71 today and thought I'd write you about the N.Y. trip.

I took off from here on December 2. My wife drove me to Cincinnati and deposited me at the airport. I fooled around there for awhile and was sitting on a chair feeling glum when I saw a familiar face -- it was Harlan Ellison, typer case and overnight bag in one hand and suitcase in the other. He was going

in to N.Y. with a new novel and to see Theron Raines, our collective agent. We banged each other on the back for awhile and had a drink and made arrangements to meet at the agent's office in case I didn't get on his flight. I didn't -- took a plane that landed all over the place and didn't get to N.Y. until about three hours after Harlan did. I cabbied down to the agents, checked in my hotel, and then Theron and I went to a bar and met Harlan and wife. Harlan and I had just both gotten the money on a story that we wrote together at the Midwestcon by the pool on the last night we were there. Midwestcon is mentioned in the story and it will come out in ROGUE, which paid us 5¢ per word for it. It's science fiction -- called "Do It Yourself".

Next morning, while Harlan was scrubbing the sleep out of his eyes, I went over to the automat and played some of the machines there. Stuffed myself, as I kept winning. Later that morning I went out to Columbia and talked to Lowndes. He said business has not been too good, but that the science fiction mags are holding their own. At noon I had an appointment with Lee Wright, at Random House. I went there and met her. She turned out to be a very nice person. We went to Cherio's for lunch and consumed scotch and waters for me and rye and waters for her and went over my book, which they want some re-write on. Later she showed me through Random House, which is quite a place. It used to be a million-