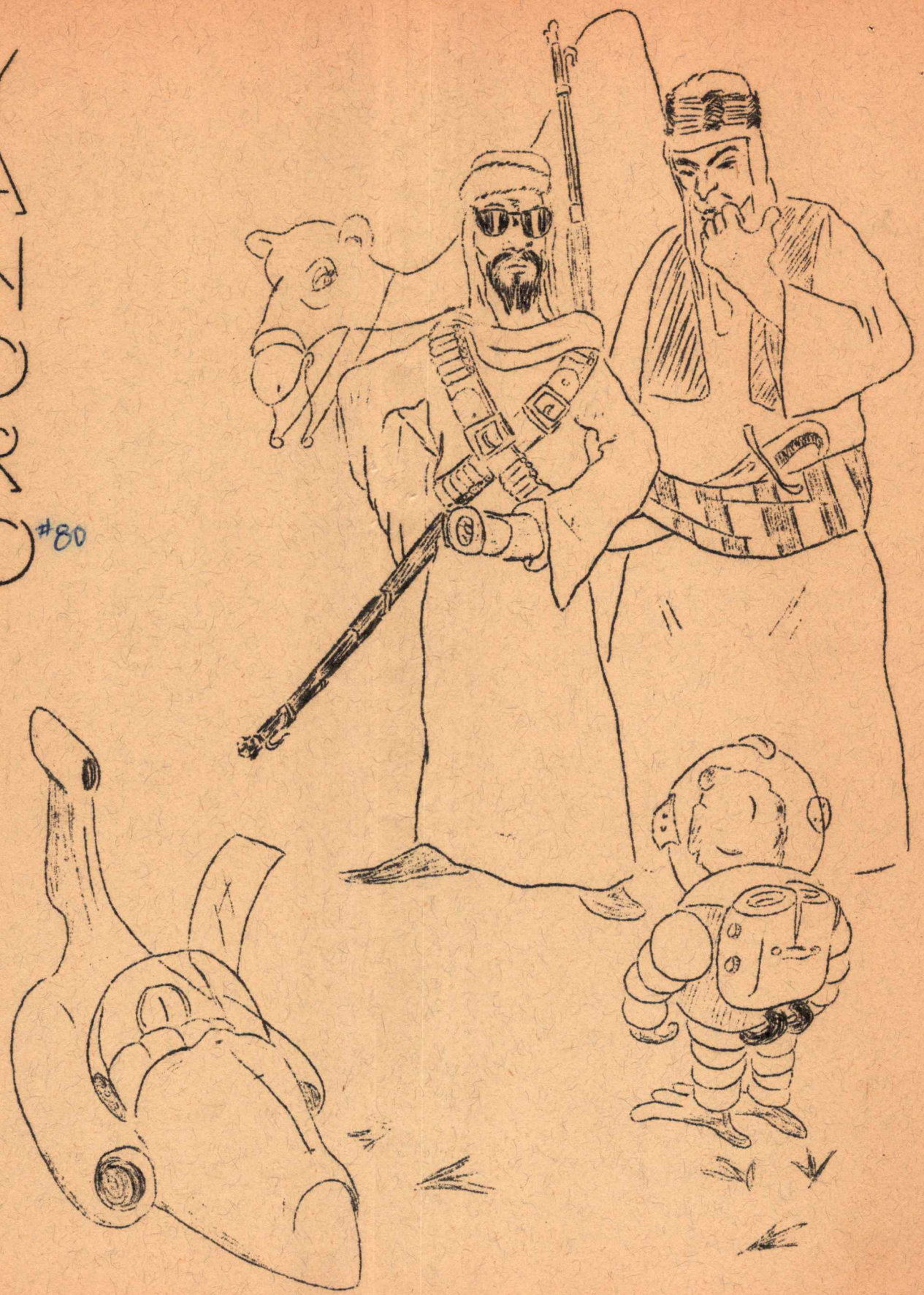


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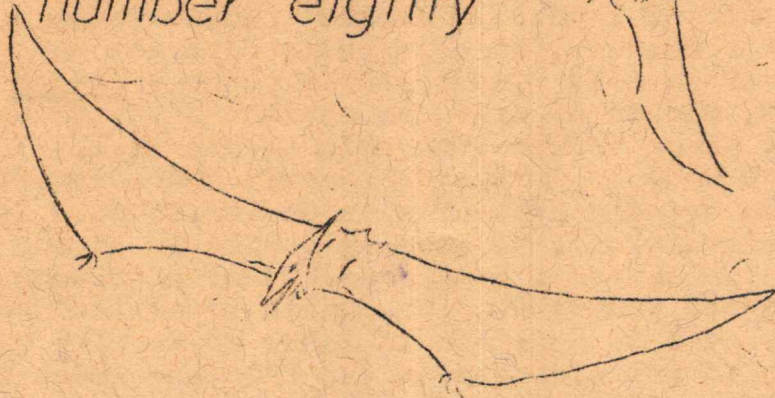




# YANDRO

number eighty

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VOLUME VII

NUMBER 9

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Page 8	.	.	Dan Adkins
Pages 9, 13	.	.	Robert E. Gilbert
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Page 17	.	.	Barbi Johnson

Juanita wishes to announce that for the next couple of months, anyone wanting artwork from her in a hurry should send the request to her at 308 W. 9th. St., Anderson, Indiana, where she'll be staying while working on her Master's degree. Regular mail should still come to the Wabash address; I'll be here and I'll bring it down to her on weekends. But if time is of the essence, write to her at Anderson. RSC

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Well, it was a delightful worldcon..but then, as I have remarked before, I was born lucky - my last worldcon was Cleveland.If this keeps up I'll begin to think all worldcons are wonderful, and fans who write griping conreports are just jaundiced eye types. We managed to get the August YAN mailed the Saturday before the con, and a number of fans told us they received their copies before leaving for Detroit, so apparently Pitt got some value from the ad we ran after all. One footnote there - please - we are not photoffset, and an ad drawn on cardboard has to be traced off on transparent paper before I am able to use it... George Scithers came in on the Cannonball Thursday afternoon and spent a fannish evening gabbing with us (oh,we were in great condition for a convention). We finally turned in at one a.m. on Friday..and when the DeWeeses came over Friday afternoon we set off on a wild, pre-con jaunt: down to Muncie to collect some of bev's college stuff, over to Anderson to leave Bruce with my mother, then back to Wabash to transfer passengers from the wheezing Ford to the already suitcased Rambler ....thence to Detroit. George was a jolt to my inquiring mind; I've been noted as a person with a burning curiosity and a penchant for unexpected questions, but it's distinctly embarrassing to have a Califan ask four native hoosiers the width of Indiana, when none of them

knows the answer (this was when we were estimating the distance to the stateline whilst on the tollroad - and resorting to a map seemed cheatingly and logically unfannish.)

We didn't do much Friday night except sleep -after a bloody battle with the hotel over rooms,resulting from their attempts to shunt us from the promised nine-buck room into a twelve fifty deal (apparently Buck is as frightening to hotel clerks as he is to neos).

I woke at some ungodly hour on Saturday and started meeting people. In fact,that's most of what we did at this entire convention.

One thing interjected here as easily as anywhere is an enthusiastic thank you to the con committee in selecting a location with all manner of cheap and tasty eateries close at hand. (I had my usual amount of trouble finding my morning bottle of coke, but I finally located a machine at a nearby filling station, drawing befuddled stares from the proprietor when he found me camped on his doorstep,waiting for him to open, Monday morning).



\* - "Dr. Freud, Dr. Freud: how I wish you had been differently employed"

Willy Ley and the "Let's-all-get-JWCjr" panel were highly enjoyable...as a matter of fact, almost every single thing on the program, with the exception of the auc - tions (we didn't have any money to spare) was highly enjoyable.

Between the afternoon sessions and the masquerade ball I was again busy meeting people: Mez Bradley, Raeburn, Bruce Pelz, Liz Wilson, Karen Anderson, Bjo, Sylvia White, Bob Lambeck, - to mention a few I hadn't met before....and Phyllis Economou, the Kemps, Briney, Sid Coleman, Ed Wood, the Hickmans, Joe-dim, Fran Light, Jean Bogert, Sandy Cutrell, -to mention a few I had met before. (to mention everyone would consume far too much space).

Came the masquerade ball and some really gorgeous costumes....I took quite some few pictures, but with those little bitty flash bulbs and the dim lights in the ball room, I'm rather pessimistic as to whether I got anything down on film. Djinn Faine had some trouble with a strapless bra very similar to one I abandoned some time ago; when a gal gets up in the 36C or 38D class, she needs wiring all the way up and across the top, too - there is a certain type of bra which might be described as the push-'em-up-and-leave-'em-there style, and one quickly learns it is not safe to bend over, walk rapidly, or even move while wearing such a garment. I got tired of hiking the thing up and leaning slightly back - wards while walking and threw the darn thing away. Dancing in one of these gadgets is a very dangerous proposition, as practically everyone in the ballroom observed.

One thing I'm eternally grateful for - I didn't have to judge those costumes - I would have been unable to. Call me a lesbian, but I was admiring the gals' outfits as much as the male spectators were: Virginia Schultheis' oo-la-la harem girl get-up, Karen Anderson's white satin fairy queen beauty, Nancy Shapiro's gorgeous aqua leotards (not green, you idiots), Bjo's chain-mailish space-going page girl, Nancy Kemp's Snake Mother costume...and on and on and on.....I'd better quit here and tuck my memory-bugged eyeballs back behind my glasses.

Then that evening I party hopped, mostly with Mez Bradley, Liz Wilson, and Sandy Cutrell - folk singing. At one point we had Willy Ley, Karen Anderson, and the piano player from the dance band all helping us sing. Sideline discovery: red port mixed with ginger ale tastes more like my regular style sloe gins than those monstrosities served in the hotel bar (the bar served what they called sloe gin fizzes, but which tasted like  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon sloe gin mixed with citric acid and alum - ugh!)

---

.. "Then she met an army chaplain, and again she lost her name" -



"Pardon me, Miss - perhaps you would care to use m' braces?"



"Waddeya mean - Fanzine Editors' Panel? There's a couple promag editors arguing like crazy about news stand sales!"

I might mention here I was apprehensive before the con that I might get caught in the crossfire between Mez Bradley (with whom I was folk singing) and Boyd Raeburn (with whom I was chattering about R & B), but fortunately, they managed to get along rather amicably (within my hearing range, at any rate) and no one was blood splattered.

The next time I was fully awake came during the banquet. I wasn't attending but somehow found myself on the junior grade mezzanine overlooking the ball room floor, watching people eating, waiting on plates, and otherwise banqueting. No matter how bleary-eyed I felt, I must have presented a cheerful appearance; a waiter would glance up and see me sitting there, look puzzled and then smile broadly - same with a number of banquet attendees. Odd; I never thought of banquetting as a spectator sport.

The speeches, gags, awards, etc., were muchly enjoyed and no doubt will be reported at some length in a conreport in another fmz ... as opposed to this, which is more of a con-reaction.

One gripe about the nominating business for the next con-site. By the second day of a convantion, everyone knows the bidding cities, and most of the fans I talked to had

long ago made decisions as to voting. Therefore there seemed an inordinate amount of bored squirming during the long nominating speeches and advertisements about the various cities. Can't something be done to shorten this procedure and leave some precious time for something more interesting?

Ed Emshwiller's films, especially Dance Chromatic, were fabulous - there are more descriptive words, but none suits my reaction. I thought it might be embarrassing to stand applauding the man while bawling, so I managed to muffle this reaction sufficiently. (I mean, some people do not understand this emotional reaction as an expression of joy and delight, and I might have created the impression I thought the film a sorry work, which I most violently did not.) I can only hope I someday get a chance to see DANCE CHROMATIC again, but this isn't very likely out here in the hinterlands.

I was muchly interested, too, later in the evening, in the astronomical talk, being one of these clods who came into science fiction via a violent and still existent love of science.

At this point I wish to interject a large gripe to fans in general -

not only as an item during Dr. McLaughlin's talk, but during the entire program: a number of fans were childishly rude about coming into the meeting room during a speech or panel (banging the door on the way in), tromping around noisily and/or jabbering in disturbingly loud tones to some cony already seated, then exiting with stomping steps (and a further banging of the door.) I mean, we expect this from someone like Riva but there were fans doing this sort of thing who certainly know better; even the committee was guilty, with the exception of Roger Sims, who made a very honest effort to be quiet when conducting official business during a program item. But the general impression formed by people who were trying to listen to speakers was that of a fandom populated by very great number of spoiled brats. Courtesy isn't that expensive.

I'm not mentioning all the program items I attended or enjoyed, because I enjoyed all that I attended and further they were listed in the program booklet and will be listed in other con reports.

The fabulous fanzine editors panel deserves some sort of special mention, of course, and no small credit should go to the thoughtful committee member who sent in refreshments from the then-in-progress beer party. I sincerely believe most of the panel members and a lot of the audience found themselves on the horns of a dilemma - wanting to continue the fascinating discussion and at the same time loathe to miss the beer. By bringing a steady supply to panel members and audience, the committee permitted the discussion to last its full delightful four hours.

And I wish here to make a public retraction of a private statement. When I learned Ted White was to be on the panel, I was a bit sceptical, for my previous impression of TEW was a morose man who mumbled, and I had put him down as another of these characters who is a ball of fire in print and totally uncommunicative in person. I was quite wrong, and Ted made a dandy panel member. All of the members did very well, and the entire thing was one of those strokes of genius and perfect blending of personalities that occurs once or twice in a fannish lifetime.

To show how much of a kick I got out of the program, and to prove something or other about the congeniality evidenced at this con, I even attended the Hyborian Conclave, and what's more, enjoyed myself.

Naturally I enjoyed Campbell everytime he spoke - I'm lucky, I'm a mathematical moron and thus wasn't considering mayhem in the manner Briney and several others in the audience were.

Public thanks to Gene DeWeese - we were debating when to leave, and it mostly depended on Gene, since the DeWeeses had to move Tuesday the 8th, Gene decided he wanted to see the play, no matter how late we had to stay - and a most star-blessed decision it was. I finally got to see Karen's vampire outfit, not to mention discover the practical, everyday use of a hieronymous machine.

On the Ohio turnpike we stopped off for a late supper and were caught up to by the Kemps, Joe-Jim, and Jerry DeMuth. This was the great waitress-confusing session. Jerry was sitting at our booth and the waitress was trying to straighten out the check arrangement; Jerry helpfully suggested she remember the man in the red shirt, convulsing her when she realized both Buck and Gene wore red shirts - so Jerry suggested "the man in the red shirt with the woman in the black dress" - this didn't help either, since both bev and I wore black. The crowning touch was the waitress extending Jerry's 'with everything' hamburger toward Gene, who won't desecrate a hamburger even with pickle juice. At least she didn't put onions on his chocolate sundae - she put nuts on it....which is probably a capsule comment on fandom in general. ....JWC

After all the things I've said about con reports in the past year, I wouldn't dare write one. (I have no control over what Juanita writes, so don't jump on me for that.) But I do want to mention a few occurrences which might prove interesting. Bob Briney related to us the account of the meeting between Tom Scortia and the woman who walked up to him and announced "I know you; you're John W. Campbell, Jr."

"No, no! I'm Tom Scortia."

"Don't try to lie out of it; you're John W. Campbell, Jr."

After a little bit of this, Tom began collaring passers-by (and he is big enough to be able to stop all but the most determined of passers-by) and demanding, "Who am I?" At which point the woman would address the poor bystander wriggling in Tom's grip, "Don't lie for him! He's John W. Campbell, Jr.!" Sometime later that same day Scortia himself commented that the woman had finally gone away in disgust, and later come back and apologized, having found out that he really wasn't John W. Campbell, Jr. "And you know who she thinks I am now? Randy Garrett!"

Somehow I think Tom should have quit while he was ahead.

Then there was the conversation on the last day between Nick Falasca and the dianeticist-flying saucer addict. Nick and I had been discussing the mag GALAC-TICS (if you haven't seen a copy, you've missed something) and how the editors of the mag were perfectly serious and had published Nick's and Steve Schultheis' column on such things as the mysterious disappearance of Carl Brandon and the aims of the Cosmic Circle in perfect innocence. (Actually, we weren't discussing; Nick was talking and I was listening.) Anyway, this character, apparently triggered by the term "Cosmic Circle", came over and started asking questions, which Nick, with a perfectly straight face -- I could never have done it -- answered. Yes, he knew of people who were Star-Begotten...no, he wasn't one of them, but he was well acquainted with the group....yes, they could probably control Flying Saucers by means of their Cosmic Energy; in fact, this was a small part of their ability. And so on. Unfortunately, he played his part a bit too well, and the Saucer-fan began making noises like coming to visit him in Cleveland in a couple of weeks. At which point, Nick began a hasty backtracking; no, his number wasn't in the book..well, actually he didn't even have a phone ...no, he had no place to entertain



"You're John W. Campbell, Jr.!"



guests...anyway, he lived way out in the suburbs, very hard place to find. Etc., etc. About here, I had to walk off briefly and collapse; if I'd stayed around I'd have exploded from the strain of trying to look seriously interested. Anyway, Nick wasn't convincing enough to avoid being dragged down in the lobby for a "little chat" about the Cosmic All, and an exchange of addresses of persons interested, before the play started. And may I say, in regard to the addresses that the saucerer was interested in, that I fervently hope that I am in Nick's good graces and that he didn't give the character my address.

A special citation to Bjo, who, in moderating the fanzine editors' panel, held Harlan Ellison down to a minimum amount of talk about ROGUE. I know of no one else who has ever held Harlan down to a minimum amount of talk about anything. (Yes, I like the boy, but he does run on.)

Incidentally, the con committee seemed to be dedicated to the proposition of not introducing Harlan; he received only belated recognition at both the introduction of celebrities at the start of the official program, and at the banquet.

This has been a fannish week for us. Juanita related the Scithers visit.....Wednesday (or maybe Thursday; time has become a bit blurred) Bill Beard and a couple of friends stopped off for an evening of talk and folkmusic, and then yesterday afternoon Bill Stuart dropped in for a short talk and to let me know I was sending his YANDROs to the wrong address. Thank God I've been on vacation this week; I'd never have stood it, otherwise.

Conventions are for meeting people.....I'll never be able to list all the fans I met for the first time in Detroit, but among the pleasantest memories are Maggie Curtis, Liz Wilson, Bruce Pelz (with a long-type crew cut and a short-type beard, he looks remarkably like an overgrown woodchuck, you know?), John Koning, MZBradley, George Scithers (even if I did technically meet him before the con) and Bob Lambeck. A lot of people like John Berry, Burnett Toskey, Wally Weber and Ellis Mills, I unfortunately only had time to say hello to; we never wound up in the same parties. And that's the fault of conventions; they don't last long enough. If they were a week long, maybe I could get everything done that I want to do. And a couple more memories; a discussion (of what, I don't recall) with Rick Sneary, and Flash Coulson and Wishy-Washy Forry Ackerman standing in the registration room and laughing like idiots for no particular reason; the damned letter wasn't that funny, but it seemed so at the time. Anyway, it was a grand con and as soon as I buy a stove for this place I shall start saving for Pittsburgh in '60.



"He wasn't introduced as a celebrity."

# NEW YORK

INSIGHT

A COLUMN

BY

ADKINS



This column isn't as regular as it was intended to be. If you look around at the other zines, you'll notice a good many illos with that Adkins by-line and perhaps guess why. This youngster is getting old fast trying to keep up the kind of pace you rascals are demanding. Oh, I love all those requests, but when you find that I'm unable to fill them, understand, please? It got so bad that I stopped completely all last month and didn't do a single fannish thing except a TWIG ILLUSTRATED cover, which won't be used after all due to my dropping off as art editor of same. It'll go back to just being TWIG and as for me, I'm cutting down a great deal on my output. You see, I want to turn pro to a great extent and that takes time doing serious art work. It's not the stf zines I'm after, it's the big time magazines. Also, in the way of plans, I'm publishing a monthly fanzine come Dec. My Janette now works for Dell Publishing Co. and we can afford a ditto machine. So if you're interested in appearing in a nice reproduced, well laid out fanzine with fandom's top artists throughout its pages, get in touch.

How many of you noticed the latest GALAXY on the stands at 35¢ and still with 196 pages? You probably wondered what was coming off. Well, the poor publisher made a mistake and since he owns his own printing machine, he has no one to blame but himself. That issue was supposed to have 50¢ on it! You noticed F&SF has now upped price also, and are aware that ASTOUNDING is following soon. Well, no doubt the rest will follow if the last. SATELLITE folded. SUPER SCIENCE will also, I'm fairly certain, and FANTASTIC UNIVERSE will go pulp with inside illos added, so the editor says. /Ed. note: First pulp-size FU on stands now./ Lowndes' mags and IF are on weak foundations but don't worry about the top three at the moment.

Last weekend John Berry was in town and Clod Hall, Ray Capella and I decided to go to the get-together the New Yorkers were planning for him. The three of us dragged Janette along even if she protested rather loudly that this sort of a meeting would bore her, which it did. But I had a good time.

As we approached the building we were attacked by Les Gerber and Andy Reiss with squirt guns. From the wetness of my clothing, I'd say we lost the battle. All these fans give you a royal welcome! Poor Les got his share of rough play later on when a well-to-do lady of splendid manners cruelly slapped him in the face and burnt his fanzine. He said something in a fanzine that she didn't like. This is the sort of thing a good New Yorker does in front of Berry to show him how nice we Americans are. Gerber is only 14 and it's a shame a mature lady can't allow for his age. I don't see where it's my place to mention her name, but I hope she reads this and tries her handy work on me. Her husband is a good friend and a swell guy. He just made another mistake in his new bride and has my pity.

Outside of that, it was a good party. John Berry is a great fellow and we talked for awhile on many a subject. New York is too fast for him, he said, and too crowded. He seemed a little out of place among the beatniks there, but in good spirit.

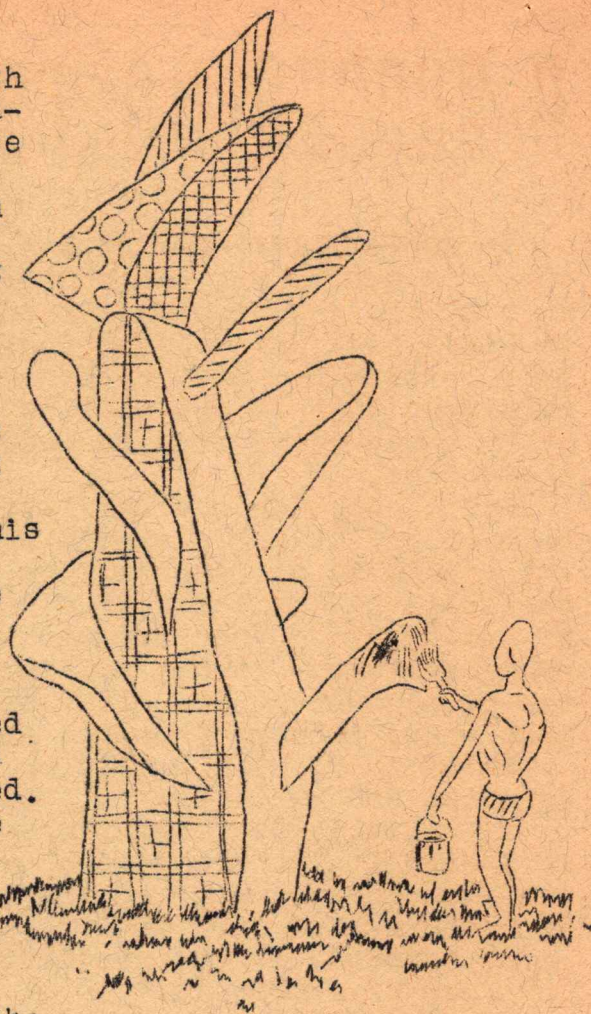
The Whites are settled here now at 107 Christopher, Apt. 15, NY 14, NY. I stopped down to buy some magazines from Sylvia and looked over Ted's artwork and the next VOID. They are having the artwork stenofaxed, which is a mechanical way of putting art on a stencil and works well. VOID reads as entertaining as ever; so if you're not getting it, write Ted.

If you're not aware that my old side-kick person escaped the mad city and now runs loose in Phoenix, Arizona, I'm here with the word. He hasn't found work yet, therefore SATA has been delayed. The foolish boy spent 70 bucks getting books shipped to his home there instead of putting out the next issue. Vain fellow.

Billy Meyers was in town sometime back. He's a young looking chap, with that southern speech. Before he arrived, his mind had figured out that I was a young hood writing in a cocky manner to hide an inferiority complex and was as mean as they come. His first words were, "Write any conceited fanzine reviews lately, Adkins?" To which I said, "Errr.... yes." And that's what I think I'll do now. Till.....

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A couple of pieces of vile pro news disseminated at the convention, which Dan'l didn't mention: First, a reasonably reliable source informed me that FU will be starting a fanzine review column with its second pulp-size issue, with Belle Dietz as reviewer. Second, a professional editor mentioned that ASF is, today, the only professional science fiction magazine which is paying for itself, and that if fans want stfmags to continue, they had best do everything possible to support them. RSC



# A DODDERING COLUMN — BY — alan-dodd —

In Auric Goldfinger of Ian Fleming's *GOLDFINGER* we have a villain after my own heart, a man with the vast, incredible plan of robbing Fort Knox of its gold reserves using the atomic warhead from a stolen rocket to blast open the bullion vaults. The whole fantastic crime comes to life in this new book by Ian Fleming, which because of its brilliant and amazingly thought out plot is one that should not be missed -- especially by those interested in acquiring a large amount of gold in a very short time.

Fort Knox, for the uninitiated, is a vault of steel and concrete on bedrock and it holds around half the total amount of gold on this planet; around 15 billion dollars, last time I heard. It is the greatest challenge to criminals of all major classes for, if an intruder managed to get by the guards and machine guns and tried to cut his way through by an acetylene torch, poison gas would escape. The vaults themselves can be flooded at the flick of a switch. It is one of the few places left where robbery presents an insurmountable task for a criminal.

Goldfinger, with a vast army of America's top thugs combined with Japanese and ex-Leftwaffe agents, does not consider it so.

"I can tell you that the entire population of Fort Knox will be dead or incapacitated by midnight on D minus 1. The substance that will be inserted in the water supply, outside the filter plant, will be a highly concentrated form of G.B., the most powerful of the Trilone group of nerve poisons. It was perfected by the Wehrmacht in 1943 but never used for fear of reprisals."

"You're mad!" says one man. "You don't mean you're going to kill 60,000 people?"

"Why not?" says Goldfinger. "American motorists do it every 2 years."

But having actually blasted the vaults with the atomic warhead as he plans, there remains the problem of transporting the radio-active gold.

"Goldfinger, you're not going to get this stuff away. You'll find yourself tearing down the Dixie Highway in a truck with a few gold bars loaded with gamma rays and the American Army on your tail. And you'll have killed around 60,000 people for that?"

Goldfinger has this figured out too, and he explains that a Soviet cruiser will be visiting Norfolk, Virginia, on a goodwill cruise at the time and initially by train and then by transport convoy the gold will arrive on board the cruiser by midnight of the day in question. He will then sail in the cruiser for Kronstadt.

"Everything has been carefully planned, every possible hitch has been foreseen. I have lived with this operation for five years. Now the time has come for the performance."

Fleming recounts the actual plans for the robbery and of the incredibly detailed movements as Goldfinger's organization moves in to the bulging hip-pocket of the U.S. with the full scale attack of a top military corps.....

"It was an extraordinary scene. In the centre stood the huge squat mausoleum, the sun glinting off the polished granite of its walls. Out-

side the big open field in which it stood, the roads - the Dixie Highway, Vine Grove and Bullion Boulevard - were lined with trucks and transports two deep with the recognition flags of the gangs. Through the main gate poured the tidy disciplined squads from the train. Outside this world of movement there was absolute stillness and silence as if the rest of America was holding its breath at the committal of this gigantic crime. And outside lay the bodies of the soldiers, sprawling where they had fallen - the sentries by their pill boxes. Not a sound came out of the crowded buildings that formed the backdrop of the scene."

It seems fantastic that the American detail in GOLDFINGER should be so concise when the author is English, yet having seen the few mistakes that Goldfinger himself makes, it appears to the reader that with the proper organization and the knowledge of the mistakes, that he too might be able to.....Yes indeed, one can see the ideas forming already.

---

DEATH OF A WHITE ROSE  
by Colin Cameron

'Tis the First Day, her flesh is white;  
Eyes glazed, skin pulling tight.

Together I had found them,  
And my anger saw it red;  
Fury clotted my mind,  
Then, they lay dying - now dead.

'Tis the Second Day, the corpse lies rigid;  
A spectacle to make redder blood frigid.

Carried her out from the thicket,  
Lay her down on a bed.  
Left her lover where he died;  
Pulled the axe from her head.

'Tis the Third Day, white hair upon the pillow;  
Dank pallor, of meat turning yellow.

With the sober realization  
My grief and sorrow knew no bounds;  
Was then I took to drinking  
And making all the rounds.

'Tis the Fourth Day - rotting flesh grown red;  
Atmosphere is sickly sweet with warm, musty dread.

Oh I deny it! - I never cared,  
The bottle spoke for me,  
Over life and longing did I miss,  
She was never for me!

But on the Fifth Day, as if answering secret wishes;  
In the coffin, something swishes....  
On the Fifth Day the corpse began to move!

# GRUMBLINGS

BOB TUCKER, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois - How right Mike Deckinger is in regards reviewers!

A case in brilliant point is a picture called "It Started With A Kiss" now playing at our theater. Both NEWSWEEK and THE SATURDAY REVIEW (the two mundane magazines I read which carry film reviews) panned the thing to hell and gone, and the man on NEWSWEEK could barely conceal his superior laughter. But on the other hand, our trade magazine reviewers jumped up and down and clapped their hands with glee. The public never sees the trade magazines, of course, but you'd think every movie patron in town read them. The theater is packed and the manager has that superior smile on his face.

Most of these managers have a rule of thumb, and practice it religiously. If the big mundane magazines pan a picture, they rush to buy it. Nine times out of ten they make money. (And some of the things which LIFE has promoted gloriously were miserable financial failures.)

I dare say the mundane reviewers were honest, and right, but they are hopelessly out of touch with the movie public. In the matter of buying books, I respect the opinions of critics as opposed to reviewers; the critics are more honest to the author and to the public, and evaluate a book within its own frame of reference rather than a frame erected by some magazine publisher. These magazines like TIME and NEWSWEEK are now reviewing (and generally praising) Arthur C. Clarke's volumes of short stories, but they could possibly be proven to be asses by handing them the same stories excerpted from the old pulps and watching the reaction. The change in the grade of paper, in the covers now embracing the fiction, and the change in the author's status have suddenly worked magic. A pox on them. I thought Clarke was good when STARTLING STORIES printed him, so that makes me eleven years smarter than the latter day reviewers.

I think you transposed parts of the Johnson and Wilson letters in the 79th issue. The sentence should read: "TELL YOUR DAMNED FOOL UNEDUCATED READERS THAT IT IS THE SPEED OF LIGHT IN VACUO THAT IS A SEX-STARVED CONSTANT!"

/With this letter, Bob included a newspaper headline which read "GOPHER BALLS KEY TO TIGERS' TROUBLES". What is eugenics coming to? RSC/

RICHARD P. SCHULTZ, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Mich.

I wish there was a Cause that inspired half the fervor of Communism without the idiocy and child-like silliness of Marx in it. Christianity used to have it. To many, it still does. Beatnikism is nihilism, without the saving grace of trying to adjust wrongs. Such as is inherent in The Angry Young Men. The Beat doesn't try to brighten,



or violently equalize, or change in any way the world as it is today. They just want to descend to the lowest rung in Western Society today, and "show" the world that thought is so much purer in their stinkhole of neo-conformitism and "pop parties".

A thought. Has any beat ever done a piece of art or writing or even expression that is even remotely worth using for bathroom paper?

Femmesfans are sex-starved? Boy! Ah can hardly wait for that convention!

Don't know too much about pubbing and the weight-page numbers deal on postage, but it seems to me that your backlog has a simple solution. Print about 6 or 8 more pages in each issue. Your backlog should drop then. Or is that a naive solution?

/No, just an expensive one. In addition to postage (an extra  $1\frac{1}{2}\phi$  per copy) add, for 8 pages, about 2 reams of paper and 8 stencils, for a total cost increase of about \$6.50 per issue. We lose enough money now./

Pterodactyls from photos? It'll never be used commercially. I'd like to see anything with a 15-ft. wingspan carry itself and a full grown man off the ground. Look up your textbooks.

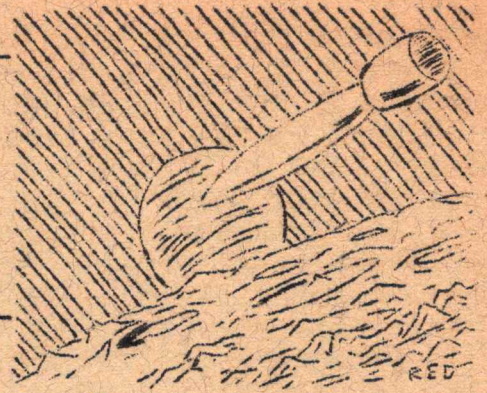
/Well, nothing was said about how big the man was....I mean, there's always Ellison.... RSC/

Religion, like sex, should be discussed in the home. But religion, like sex, should also be taught in the school, since most parents neglect their duties in both fields. Even one with home rearing will find school instruction helpful. Sex education is not taught in any school.

/Are you sure about that? RSC/ But religion is taught in many. But until the State supports education enough to build all the necessary facilities for each and every religion, I fail to see room for enormous improvements. One improvement might be to provide elective classes in the sects and orders needed for those requesting them.

/What do all you people have against Sunday Schools, anyway? Not that there aren't a lot of things wrong with them, but it seems to me that if you want to teach religion you should try to improve the existing facilities rather than setting up entirely new ones in the public school. Sunday Schools were originated for the sole purpose of teaching religion. Most of them are mere baby-sitting departments today, but that could be changed easily enough. Where are all these new teachers in the public schools going to come from? If you add classes, you have to add teachers to teach them, and schools are understaffed now. RSC/

GARY DEINDORFER, 12 Knoll Drive, Yardley, Pa. - First, my opinion of the nudism thing. Now, nudism, at least as I see it, is inherently Good. Yes. However, the factor of time and place enters in and makes the whole thing vastly more complicated. For example, nudism in a nudist camp is somehow more, well, apt, say, than nudism at, oh, for example, Third Street and Falugah Avenue. I don't think too many of your readers could disagree with that sage observation. At least let's hope not. So, to sum up my view of nudism, its correctness is a matter of relativity, i.e. if your closest relatives see you alight in an unclothed state from the



shower it will probably not cause so much of a furor as when an unrelated being, such as a silver-bug, sees you alight in an unclothed state from a shower or like artifact.

There, let's hope that settles the nudism issue in YANDRO. As for my sage views on religion in the school rooms, I will have a tougher time maintaining total objectivity of opinion as I am a school type student and as a result am involved more with the whole problem than for example a chiropractor or aircraft engineer would be. I'll base my opinions on my own experiences, just the same, and still make an attempt towards total emotional detachment of the issue. In our school the Bible is read every morning at 8:00 AM and the Lord's Prayer and Flag Salute follows it. That is at our school; the whole thing might differ considerably in say a Private or Catholic school where they have their devotions at times other than 8:00 AM. Devotions at 8:45 AM or even 9:00 AM, must plainly enough differ widely from those at our school, at least as to the element of time. My clear-cut, sage-like solution to the problem: All schools; public, private, sectarian, non-sectarian, partisan or co-educational, should hold their devotions at the same time, whether 8:00 AM, 8:45 AM, or even possibly 9:06 AM. The result would be at least the beginning of a certain uniformity of the whole thing, at least if all the schools were in the same time zone.

/Somehow I don't feel that you are approaching this problem with the proper amount of sage respect (i.e., respect for herbs, or John Koning's co-editor). RSC/

TONY GLYNN, 144 Beresford St., Manchester 14, England - May I start out by thanking YANDRO and Bruce Pelz for finding the poem, "The Sword Of Robert E. Lee" for me? Betty Kujawa asked you to mention that I was in search of it, if you remember; this you obligingly did and Bruce came up with it, passing it on to me via Betty. My sincere thanks to you all -- which sounds appropriately southern!

I like YANDRO. It has personality and if that personality is sometimes a little irascible (and you can't deny that your's is, Buck) I still like it. /Who, me? Irascible? Why, I'm practically a doormat. RSC/

But you were a little hard on Johnny Bowles, he who dislikes "atheistic religions".

G.M. Carr seems to flourish the banner of Christendom through the pages of YANDRO with admirable devotion, but I wonder when this holy war is going to cease. Normally, I keep well clear of religious arguments in fanzines because I've found that they are usually cluttered up with sophmoric ideas (pace Mr. Bowles) and there's frequently a vociferous body of people with little or no religious scholarship to back them up, proclaiming sets of personal opinions which they seem to cherish as revealed truths.

In the current wrangle, however, I'm largely with GMC, though I'm not too happy about her assertion that the concept of the Trinity is the basis of Christian belief -- at least, I'm not happy about it if she holds this to be the sole basis. Surely it's better to say that the basis of Christian belief is that Christ was the Second Person of the Trinity, the Son of God who redeemed mankind - the nature of this redemption you will then argue differently, depending on whether your theology is Catholic or Lutheran.



Mention of the book by Dr. Potter hardly serves a useful purpose. I have not read this book but your quotation from it was sufficient to show me that it followed a familiar enough (and, in my opinion, an erroneous) line of thought. You did not mention Dr. Potter's denomination /Neither did the book. RC/, but I should like to know if he is a Unitarian, as is the Rev. A. Powell Davies, who sees the scrolls as "the greatest challenge to Christian dogma since Darwin's theory of evolution". Much wishful thinking of this kind - and much shaky scholarship - has found expression on the matter of the scrolls. In 1950, the French writer, Dupont-Sommer, drew comparisons between Christianity and the teachings of the moreh ha-zadek (the Teacher of Righteousness or Teacher of Justice) of the Qumran community and these were jumped upon by some commentators to support their own liberal religious positions and half-truths and conjecture have abounded.

Thus, if you have read only one book on the subject and it happens to be by one of this school (and I imagine Dr. Potter belongs to this school) you receive an inadequate picture of the meaning of the scrolls.

Whether the Holy Spirit is in the Bible or not depends on whether Dr. Potter regards the Gospels of SS. Matthew and John and the Acts of the Apostles as constituting parts of the Bible.

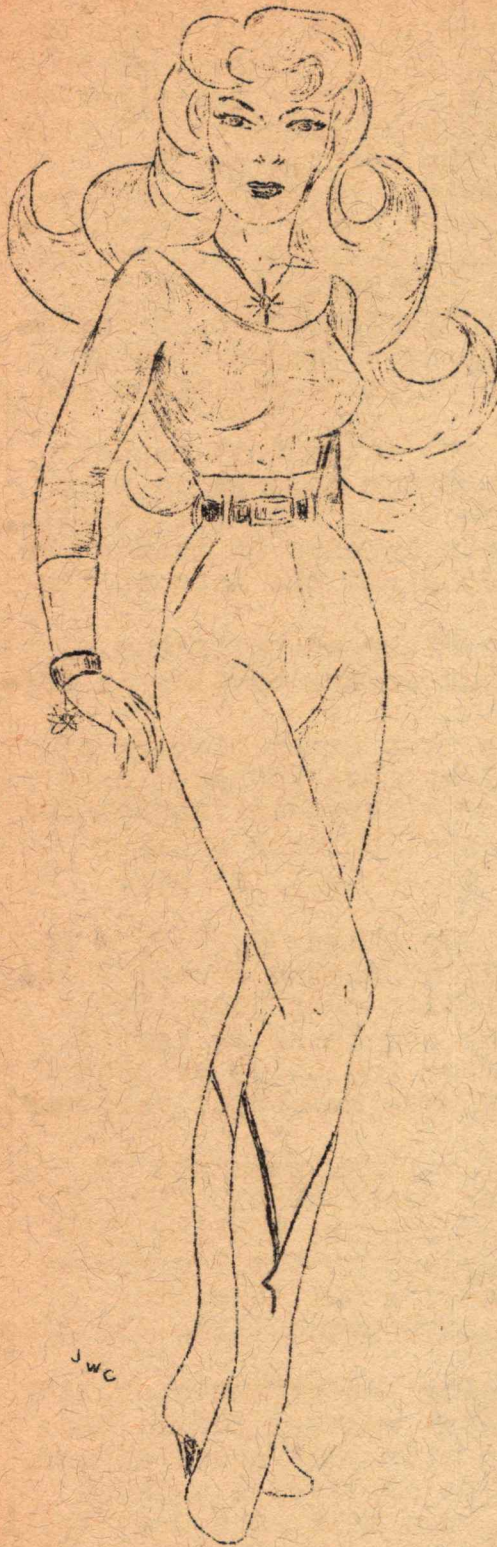
As I said at the beginning, I normally keep clear of religious wrangles in fandom, so I'll leave it at that, but anyone wanting my references on the Dead Sea scrolls may have them.

The only other observation I have to make is that every picture of Juanita published in YANDRO shows her in what I believe you Americans call "sock feet". This delights me. I have long believed in freedom for the feet and I, too, walk about the house in a similar sans soulier state. Keep it up, Juanita, there are very few of us left, y'know!

CLAUDE RAYE HALL, Apt. 604B, 395 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn 38, N.Y. - No doubt things will start to perk against the fall of fandom around these bent quarters. Dan has been cramming science fiction down poor little Jannette. I threw a little party a few weeks back and Jannette hasn't quite recovered, so she's susceptible to anything, including science fiction. Anyhow, there's a gob of us around here now. Raul Cardenas, Ray Capella, Adkins and spouse, and The Clod.

Met Rip Torn about a week ago. He was an old college roommate of Raul's. Raul and I went backstage of the theater where "Sweet Bird Of Youth" was playing. Torn, it seemed, was eating with the leading lady in her dressing room. The doorman finally got around to telling him we were waiting and he exploded out and then followed a bull session wherein he and Raul discussed wonderful old college pranks like the time Torn tape recorded a seduction, etc.

The letter column of YANDRO has been discussing the athletic ability of fans for some time...well, I'm no cross country runner. But in basketball or swimming I guess I could hold my own with just about anyone. May be a little too flabby now, but when I was in college, I weighed about 45 pounds less. James Davis, another fan, was hell on a basketball court. Bobby Northcutt did fairly well at tennis. I've known dozens of other fans who, while they might not have been professionals, were a hell of a lot better than average at one or more sports. I've no doubt that fandom has more than its share of punks treating fandom rather one-



sidedly -- but I believe that at least 75% of the fans (science fiction devotees) I've met during my life have been well-balanced both mentally and physically....until I came to New York, anyway.

/I'm glad to get that letter. I was beginning to wonder about the fact that the only sport fans seemed to excel in was long-distance running. RSC/

ETHEL LINDSAY, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England - My condolences to Juanita on having to tape the stencils. I also got landed like that, only my stencils were too narrow also. Satisfactory as you say, but very tedious work.

Liked Marion Z. Bradley's article very much and, of course, do so heartily agree with her.

Folk like DeWeese are public-spirited in a really sacrificial way. I mean, but for his warning review, who knows; some fan might have gone to see that picture.

/Oh, Gene enjoys going to bad stf movies and laughing at them -- or at least, he used to. Lately he's been complaining that the movies are neither good nor unintentionally funny; just dull. RSC/

Letter col: Very glad that it was not all written by teenagers -- one was enough! I must have missed that query of Seth's that femme fans enter fandom because of sex frustration, but it makes me to laugh. No woman need be frustrated that way unless she has a mind to. Had an argument about that point with three friends recently -- 2 males, 1 female (Frances Evans). The men maintained that women did not have the same opportunities as men, which made Frances and I near like to die laughing. The truth is that even the most unattractive woman, if she really wanted to have sexual release, would only have to let it be known to any 6 men to find at least half of them willing and eager to help her out. I agree with GMC's final remarks on the subject.

These same 3 friends have firmly pointed out to me an "idiotic phrase" I use. Instead of saying "I am going to", I always said "I am going away to". Well, I used to say that a lot, but they have mimicked it so often that

now I don't dare.

BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 So. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif. - Why don't

you turn YAN into a letterzine, Buck; it'd surely be interesting, and save you trouble, since most of the arguments in the letter column have nothing to do with the material you run. Then perhaps you could put out a quarterly general zine under some other name. What say?

/Well, mainly eecchhh! I like variety in fanzines; I'll admit that a zine devoted entirely to letters would be more enjoyable than one devoted entirely to serious fiction -- but not much more. I don't like to see a letter column taking up more than half of any fanzine -- even tho this one is going to. RSC/

MZB was interesting, but I like her in her more faanish moods better. Adams was rather minor, but about average for a space-filler, which I assume this was. And Lewis Grant's quote was priceless. Tucker was interesting, as usual. I shudder at the thought of all that wasted paper area used up by that mystery writers' fanzine.

Anything by Grennell is worth getting, but he does so little nowadays that one could enter and leave fandom between issues of GRUE. His FAPA requirements are coming up in the next mailing, so maybe we'll be seeing another GRUE then. I hope so; it's been almost 1½ years since the last one, which is one day less than 1½ years too long. Too bad DAG isn't hyperactive; as it is, he's practically hyperinactive. /Amen. C'mon, DAG; like, publish, man! RSC/

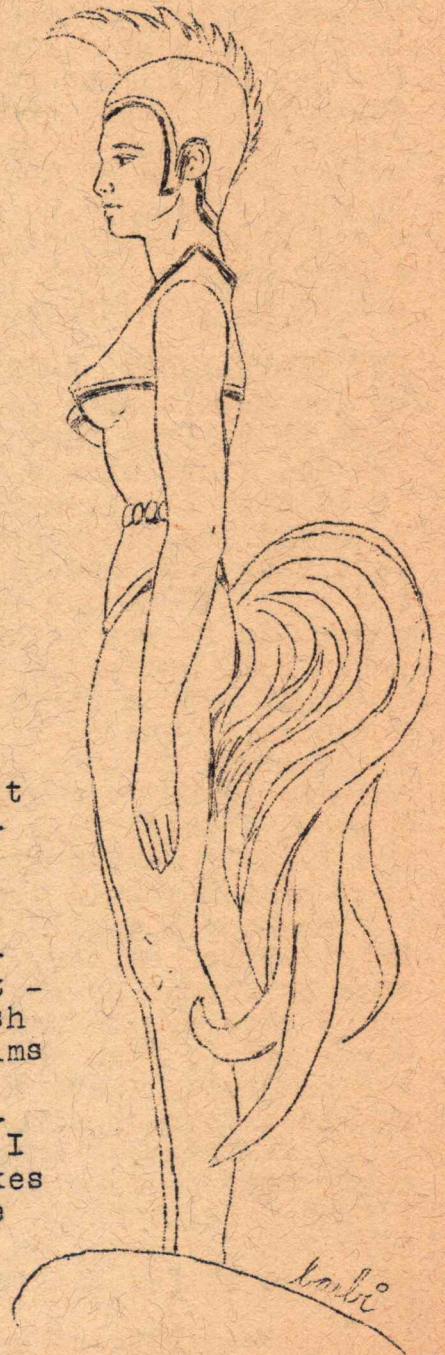
Scithers' article was completely hilarious. Clark should have been rejected; he didn't say anything that hadn't been said over and over again, and several times in the last few months.

My "poo-poo attitude" toward YANDRO, GM? All I said was that I wasn't impressed at the issue I was commenting on; I like Y now, though I didn't care for it at first, but if an issue doesn't impress me, I'll bloody well say so. So there.

JOE LEE SANDERS, RR #1, Roachdale, Indiana

Okay, so "Hell's Five Hours" is a good movie - I haven't seen it, but I'll take your word for it - that still doesn't make it science fiction. I wish that Hollywood would turn out science fiction films as good, in their various ways, as "Gigi", "The Defiant Ones" and "The Big Country" -- but I certainly don't think that they're science fiction. I fail to see, from your description, just what makes it anything more than a suspense drama. A mundane suspense drama, that is.

Re athletics: I'm a bowling fan too. As for the rest of the sports world, I'm an awful bust. I took swimming for one semester last year. Both times I tried to swim the length of the pool, I



almost drowned. The first time, the coach had to dive in after me; the second time, they had a long pole ready. I played basketball in high school -- for the two years that phys ed was a required course. I was also on the track team, where I ran the mile. I didn't finish last in any race; I only ran in one and several runners dropped out in mid-race. I was the last one to finish standing up, though.

As to why more fans aren't sportniks, I'd say that they worked -- well, let's say they tried to work -- with their minds. At college there seemed to be the two distinct types: athletes and scholars. One of my best friends at college was an athlete. He liked to swing from trees; honest. But he was too busy developing his body to develop his mind. Which was a shame, because he has a fabulous sense of humor. He never failed to break me up with his conversation. Afterwards, he'd call some of the pre-med students and they'd carefully put me back together again. Strong. /You make me feel better....I can swim, at least. Not very fast, but I could keep going for a couple of miles if I had to. Our school didn't have a track team, which saved me some embarrassment -- there are so many things one can be bad at, in track. RSC/

GUY TERWILLEGER, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho - I have no idea whether you have been a Neffer or not, Juanita, but in either case, I find it hard to believe that you take the same attitude on the club that so many fen do. I had always thought of you as more broad minded than this. (Or is it that I just haven't read anything you have had to say on the club before?) The lines aren't bad until the one "I was forced to back up more than once and remember that Seth is an N3Fer." What is wrong about being in N3F if one wants to be in it? Who are you or I to say that the people in it are rather off their rocker -- or imply the same? True, I am in N3F, primarily at this time, I admit, for N'APA which is finally underway with a first mailing. I have, however, taken part in other activities of the club. I found the RR's quite interesting, then decided to drop out of them because of lack of time. I have met a good deal of friends in N3F who are as worthy of being called a fan as any other fan I know. I don't hold with all of the policies of the club, to be sure, but I don't find that those few bad points detract so heavily from the club that I should drop out of it.

Perhaps I wouldn't know a sex starved woman if I met one. Or the frigid type, either. I do know that the women I write to in the club seem as normal as any other. In fact, the only real sex deviate in women I have met in fandom -- in person -- was one that came to visit Diane and I. When she was gone we nearly had hysterics over the things she had said. (Have thought of writing this one up; it really was the funniest fannish situation I have ever run into.)

No, I really think, on the N3F, that fen who aren't members are doing their best to take away the rights of other fen to belong to the club. I find this attitude rather disgusting since live and let live has always been my motto in life. It is no worse for a non-fan to look down his nose at fen and science fiction than it is for fen to berate the N3F.

Enjoyed DeWeese to the utmost. Having seen the atrocity he was reviewing, it came out much better than if one hadn't seen it. The one thing he overlooked mentioning was the apparent attempt by AI to cop a few of the gore-medals that Hammer got for Curse of Frankie. This was

more gore for gore's sake.

Am glad to find, in your reply to Bowles, that you intend on teaching your own children morals. I wish a couple million other Americans would realize that this is a home-project, not a school project.

Raeburn has an excellent point on why a lot of us read various fan-zines. If there was nothing to comment on, there would be no letter cols, etc. A good reason why I haven't very often written much in the way of comment on YANDRO. I find that I usually like what is contained. The liking of it cuts off the need to comment other than a mention now and then that I do like it.

/Besides, on the whole it's easier to tell why one dislikes a particular item than to analyze the reasons for liking it. On the N3F bit, I am beginning to feel that perhaps N3F members are just a wee bit sensitive about their organization. For example, it was Seth Johnson who brought up the "sex-starved" bit. Juanita merely commented that while none of the fem-fans we knew were sex-starved, we had no knowledge of what goes on in the N3F. After all, Seth's a member and we aren't; for all we know, the club may be a hotbed of nymphomaniacs. (Hmmm...there seems to be a pun in there that I hadn't intended, but let it go.) Anyway, we have no opinions for or against the club; we may kid it occasionally, but we have no desire to either attack or defend it. Okay? RSC/

BILL CONNER, 155 W. Water St., Chillicothe, Ohio - Well, by ghod I see that G.M. Carr accuses me of putting words in her mouth. Man! Would that ever be a difficult task! At any rate, I keep carbon copies of all of my fannish correspondence, so I just look up the copy of the letter in question when something like this comes up. To quote myself: "It appears that G.M. Carr considers everything pagan evil." As you can plainly see, I am a believer in using qualifiers whenever I am making an opinion of what I think another person seems to be indicating. Without the use of qualifiers, how can one conduct an intelligent conversation? G.M. should try using qualifiers in her fannish discussion -- I mean, like how can she be certain that I was trying to "put words in her mouth"? Actually, I was only saying that this appears to be so. If she were a bit more capable of intelligent conversation and discussion, she might have said that it seems or appears that Bill Conner garbled the gist of a quotation. Only she knows exactly what she meant when she was talking about "the pagan desecration of the Holy Days" and so forth. Maybe if GM was a bit more adept at the art of expressing herself, she would not be misunderstood as often as she is.

In the June ish, GM seems to me to have hit an all-time high in fugg-headedness. Did Jesus Christ lay down all the dogma of the Catholic Church? Or was it his followers who laid down the dogma to the rest of his believers and who have been doing it ever since? Does anyone really KNOW, exactly, and in every ritualistic detail, just how God said that HE should be worshipped? Is the modern Catholic religious service given in detail in the Bible, and does the Bible say that this is the ONLY way?

/the following is from a later letter/

The discussion of religion in YANDRO seems to be totally concerned with the trivial differences that exist between the religions and the beliefs of the followers of these religions. These trivial differences are what religious wars were fought over; these are the differences that make the Protestant suspicious of the Catholic, and both of them suspic-

ious of the Jew. Quibbling about the Trinity is a prime example of this. What difference does it make whether or not I believe in this concept? Will it make me a better man if I do believe in it? Will I stand a better chance of attaining the selfish goal of a choice spot in heaven?

I am not a Christian if I refuse to believe in the Trinity, GM? Well, maybe not your definition of what constitutes a Christian, anyway. From where do you base your beliefs, GM? I could go on in challenging GM's authority in religious matters, but it would be futile. I imagine a large part of her beliefs stem from a childlike faith in the religion of her family.

Religion is one of the highest achievements of human intelligence, but it is also the source of a large part of the suffering man has received because of man's inhumanity to man. The petty differences between men have always been the source of strife.

Some of the differences between religious sects are as ridiculous as the fanatic who condemns others for going to the movies on Sunday, but who doesn't think a thing of watching Ed Sullivan on his tv on Sunday. This sort of stupidity really happens. Some of the local religious sects don't believe that their women should wear lipstick. As if this is going to undermine their moral character! I couldn't care less as to whether a woman does or does not wear lipstick; it's her business. But to condemn others for wearing lipstick is another matter. A person has a right to be stupid, I suppose. But society as a whole should not be impeded by this stupidity. If man is to improve himself morally, it will depend on his use of his intelligence to overcome his stupidity.

/Then there's the religious (Protestant) sect where bev deweese used to teach, which regards dancing and lipstick as sinful, while illegitimate children are considered perfectly all right. This is the sort of fanaticism which makes skeptics out of people who otherwise would become intelligent church-goers. RSC/

I believe that a man does have the right to be stupid. But this right should not infringe another man's right to be intelligent. G.M. Carr is welcome to all of her beliefs about religion -- I know that I wouldn't want to see anyone force her (TRY to force her, I should say) to change her beliefs. She isn't "militant" if she doesn't expect to be a part of forcing others to go along with her beliefs. According to Protestant folklore, the Catholic Church is out to "take over" and force all Protestants back into the fold. I wonder what G.M. has to say about this? /I don't know about Gem, but I'm glad you used the term "folklore" because I think it's an old wive's tale. Certainly, Catholics would be happier if everyone in the world was a Catholic. Methodists would like to see everyone in the world become Methodist, too, and I think that the chances of either one of them using force are about equal. RSC/

G. M. CARR, 5619 Ballard Ave., Seattle, Washington - You say I was mistaken in saying that Christianity is unique in having the concept of God as a Trinity. You say, furthermore, that Christianity may be the only surviving religion which possesses this concept, but that there have been others in the past. This seems to me to be confirming my statement on one hand and quibbling on the other. Because if Christianity is, as you say, the only surviving religion with the concept of the Trinity, then you admit the truth of my statement that it is unique in the relig-

ions of the world -- the current religions, which is what we were discussing.

/Well, I'm glad you admit that all the bits about pagan sun-worship you were throwing in really had no bearing on the discussion, which was strictly on current modern religions. RSC/

However, this is an interesting comment and one which I would like to hear more about. Just what do you mean by it? There is quite a difference, you know, between the concept of "God in 3 persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost" and the mere triple quality of "Threeness" such as "Maid-Wife-Crone" and "Sky-Earth-Underworld" of which Juanita speaks in her letter.

/No, I don't know that there is quite a difference between the Christian Trinity and the "Maid-Wife-Crone" of Greek mythology; in fact, I rather suspect that the one was derived from the other. Just what is this vast difference? RSC/

/Gem and I have gone on debating via letter since the last exchange in YANDRO; now I find that much of her letters will make little sense to the readers who haven't seen what I said to her. Since I don't keep carbons, I couldn't publish my letters even if I wanted to use the time and space, so I will have to do some excerpting from Gem's letters, with occasional interjections of comment and explanation by me. RSC/

Let's try to understand one another about this Number Three and Sunrise Services business. I objected to the Sunrise Services because this is a frankly pagan holdover from sun-worship (which may or may not be a current religion for all I know) which is being grafted onto Christianity from outside sources. It is not the religious leaders who are advocating these Sunrise Services as a further interpretation of Christ. It is the glad-handers, the professional promoters of 'do-goodism' type social activities, that are promoting these massive civic affairs. It is not even exclusively in the churches -- in fact, it is getting to be an advertising binge for cemeteries, restaurants, transit systems, etc., which is beginning to compare with the advertising binge the merchandizers go into at Christmas. The objectionable point is not the Sunrise Services themselves, but the fact that they are using Christianity as a camouflage for something which is essentially not Christian at all. You may say that this has been done before -- that the observance of Christmas itself is the hold-over of a pagan custom which was absorbed into Christianity. But the difference is that Christianity came into an established society and "Christianized" the culture as it found it. Where it could not abolish a custom -- such as observance of the winter solstice -- it legitimized the custom by giving it a Christian significance. That is not the case with the Sunrise Service. It is not a matter of putting a Christian meaning into a pagan custom which is too well established to be entirely rooted out and which is too essentially harmless in nature to be worth the effort of stamping out. But rather, it is a case where the pagans are calling the tune and the so-called Christians are dancing to it. I used it as an example of the dry rot which is infesting the Protestant churches and blurring their understanding of Christianity to the point where many of the members honestly do not know what is 'Christian' and what is not.

/Well, I hope that's settled. Never having been to Seattle, I have no idea of the connotations of the Sunrise Services there. In this part of

the country, the Sunrise Services are primarily an effort by the Protestant churches (though their leaders would probably deny it, in public at least) to provide their members with some of the pageantry associated with Catholic worship, particularly special services like the Midnight Mass. Certainly there is little advertising connected with it, and most of what advertising there is is pretty restrained; nothing on the order of "Do Your Easter Shopping At Fetzelauser's" or other ads associated with Christmas. Easter has been commercialized somewhat, of course, but that is due to the Easter Parade, not to the Sunrise Services. RSC/

On this "Number Three" business, outside of the quality of "Threeness", I do not see that there is any connection at all between this "Maid-Wife-Crone" that you mention, and the concept of "Father-Son-Holy Spirit" which comprises the Christian Trinity. It is not the "Quality of Threeness" which makes up the Trinity -- nor does the number 3 have any mystical or magical significance. It is the three Persons in One Nature that make up the Trinity, a concept which I do not find in any other religion. If you can see any comparison, why not explain it? I certainly can't see any....

/Okay, in simple language....the "Maid-Wife-Crone" of Greek (and other) mythologies were three persons -- generally goddesses with three different names -- which were in one nature; that is, although they were called by different names, they were actually different aspects of the same Goddess. So what's the difference between that concept and the Christian Trinity? Don't just say you don't see any similarities; point out the differences. RSC/

For that matter, what kind of logic is it that says you can understand better what a man was and did and advocated 2000 years afterward, than the people who lived within a generation or two of his time? We, now, are faced with an impenetrable gap in time and space -- a gap that is bridged only by a few small Gospels and a handful of letters, plus the accumulated comments on these letters which have accrued through the centuries. But then, men were living who were the very ones to write these same comments that you now cite as your authority! Furthermore, what kind of logic is it, to refer to the writings of those who were rejected as being wrong in their thinking, and say that because you have access to these incorrect interpretations of what Christ said, did, or was, you know more about him than the people who knew him and wrote down what he said and did and was from personal observation? Be honest with yourself, Buck. We have to depend on the Gospels because they are the only link we have between that time and now, but that does not mean we can understand them better than people who were still within a living word-of-mouth tradition.

/Gem, I can't believe that you've never heard of the historical truism -- practically a cliché -- to the effect that an objective history of anything cannot be written until well after the event. Have you read any histories of the Civil War written by people who actually were there? I have, and I can assure you that being part of a period of history does nothing to help one to understand that period. Hell, we're still revising our histories of the Revolutionary War period because new facts are still coming to light. Most of the contemporaries of General James Wilkinson considered him a patriot and a hero; it wasn't until about 150 years later that papers were discovered proving him to be a Spanish spy. I will admit that 2000 years is a bit too long to wait, but unfortunate-



ly, the times which would have been the best for a true account to have been written (say 400-600 AD) were filled with schisms and "heresies", and scholars were more interested in producing propaganda to support their stands than they were in finding out the truth. I see that you feel that once a man has been declared wrong by the authorities, then no attention should be paid to him or his writings and that any attempt to prove that he was right, after all, is simply compounding the heresy. If the Church says he's incorrect, then by God he's incorrect, and that's that. Okay, then the world is flat and the sun revolves around it. RSC/

I see there is a pb currently on the stands by A. Powell Davies which purports to tell all there is to know about St. Paul. I glanced at it but did not read it. From the glimpse I saw, I was not impressed. Sometimes these "modern research scholars" become so carried away by their own erudition that their readers forget that they are reading only one man's opinion -- not gospel truth!

/Readers should never forget that they are not reading gospel truth, since actually there is no such thing. RSC/

A. Powell Davies' opinions may be founded on greater scholarship than mine are, but aside from that, an opinion is only an opinion and mine is just as good as his on anything that doesn't involve a point-of-translation! Actually, if I am not mistaken, wasn't this same A. Powell Davies the one who rushed into print a Dead Sea Scroll book which predicted wild revisions of Christianity as soon as he would get his translations into print? Then when the translations gradually did trickle out, his predictions quietly crumbled. Maybe it was a different man, but this sort of opportunism was much frowned on by his fellow-scholars as being of questionable taste -- whoever it was.

/If you are referring to "The Meaning Of The Dead Sea Scrolls", by Davies, then the book was published in 1956 and Davies died in 1957, so he had very little time in which to back up his statements. He did not quietly walk off and leave his unsupported statements, as you imply. As for the translations trickling out, they're still trickling out.... not all of the documents have even been translated yet, and one of the objections Dr. Potter made in his book was that many of the translations have never been "re-translated" into English from their original publication in Swedish, French, German, or what have you.

I must plead guilty here to doing considerable cutting on Gem's letters. I didn't do it to pick out arguments that were easier to refute -- or at least not entirely because of that -- but because some of her best points would have taken a couple of pages of preface to make them intelligible to our readers, since they referred to my letters, comments in GEMZINE and VANDY, etc. RSC/

REDD BOGGS, 2209 Highland Place, NE, Minneapolis 21, Minnesota - Vowen Clark's article "On Reviewing" in the July YANDRO I agreed with. He said what Percy Lubbock said in prettier words in the preface to "The Craft of Fiction": that there is no mistaking "the rawness or the thinness of a judgement mainly relying on the two principles, 'I like you, I bless you' and 'I like you not, I damn you', and there an end."

But Mike Deckinger's "Reviewers Are Human" in the August issue is another matter, although he introduces it as an elaboration on some points in the Clark article. I start to disagree with Mike in his second

sentence, in which he says reviews "are intended to persuade readers to buy the book or see the film which has been mentioned." If that's the case, reviews are mere advertisements and should be admitted to a magazine only upon payment of the standard advertising rate. Even if we omit a large body of criticism that is not intended to serve any commercial purpose, we can't accept Mike's dictum. I'd feel more comfortable if he reworded it as follows: "Reviews are intended to advise readers whether or not to buy the book or see the film which has been mentioned." That's something a little different, isn't it?

Of course even that revision leaves another prime function of reviews: the effect on the writer, publisher, or producer of the work. Certainly most reviews are intended, not only to influence the reader, but to persuade those who created the work to bring out others as good or else to quit the business entirely and take up garbage collecting. Writers and publishers are probably the most avid readers of reviews.

Later on, Mike says that it is not the reviewers' job "to give their own candid opinions of how they felt about the object of their review, but how they consider their readers will feel." Of course a reviewer should consider his audience, but the only person's opinion that he knows at all is his own, and it seems to me that just putting that opinion down on paper is difficult enough without trying to judge how people he has never met are going to react. He can only try to make his viewpoint as representative as possible of those he's writing for, and then try to see and evaluate everything in the work as clearly and impartially as possible.

The reviewer should try to see the work much more clearly than any one in his audience could have seen it in his place. If possible, he should have a better background for understanding the work than anybody else has, either from a study of the novelist's other works or merely through a concentrated and intelligent analysis of the particular work under discussion. Where other readers would skim through the work, reading for sheer pleasure, the reviewer has to keep his mind working and his eyes open.

Deckinger says that a reviewer who views a film he considers "poorly done and extremely childish" should nevertheless say it is "good and worth seeing" if he is writing for an audience of kids. The horrible implication here is that a poorly done, childish movie is suitable fare for the Saturday matinee crowd. I trust that this isn't so, and even if it were so, I'm sure that if I were the reviewer, I'd try to point out to the kids that the movie was really pretty bad after all. If somebody doesn't point out the bad features of movies, the kids are likely to grow up still loving poorly done, extremely childish movies.

/I get the impression that they grow up that way, anyway. RSC/

As Deckinger points out, a reviewer may praise or blame a work merely because of prejudice. But such obvious prejudice as Mike dramatizes in his example of "The Puppet Masters" in review is probably pretty rare. Envy probably taints quite a few reviews, and from time to time people bearing grudges write hatchet-job reviews. But in general it seems to me that most reviewers keep their attention on the work and not on the writer, perhaps merely because the act of reviewing requires a certain impartial attitude. All reviews consist largely of opinion which in turn has been built up of various obscure prejudices. But readers should be aware of that and make allowances. If you use reviews for

the purpose of deciding whether or not to buy sf books, you should find a reviewer -- whether it be Damon Knight, Fred Pohl, P. Schuyler Miller, or Calvin M. Knox -- whose prejudices you're aware of and whose opinions about sf books have coincided with yours in the past. /Amen to that! I've always used that system; and while I consider Damon Knight the best reviewer-critic in the sf field, when I put out money, I usually check with a Miller review first. There should be enough variety among sf reviewers to suit most fans. RSC/

Finally, Deckinger remarks that a good reviewer shouldn't reveal too much of the plot of a book or a movie. "Telling too much gives (the readers) the idea that they know what the story is about, so why buy it?" I suppose that's true: too many people presume that the story and the plot are the same thing. But I think that reviewers should refrain from relating the plot in their own words because the story and the plot are not the same thing, and there's nothing so damnably dull as a synopsis. /Mostly, I agree with you -- except that, if a reviewer doesn't review for his audience (and call Hollywood movies "worth seeing" if his audience happens to like them), then his readers aren't going to pick his reviews to identify with and he might as well be making out crossword puzzles. Take AckerMonsters (please take it!) for example. I've been rather outspoken in calling it tripe, and I still think that as far as YANDRO readers go, I'm not too far wrong. But if I were reviewing it for the 10-12 year old group, I would be wrong, because an amazing number of them seem to like it. The fact that they like it doesn't necessarily make it good, but the reviewer -- as opposed to the critic -- isn't primarily interested in the intrinsic worth of an item. His job is to give the reader an idea of whether or not the reader will like it. A critic could -- and should -- tear "Peyton Place" into small ribbons, but a reviewer, whatever he may think of the novel, should say that his readers will probably enjoy it, because they probably will. Of course, most reviewers try to elevate their status by calling themselves critics, which complicates matters enormously for the reader, but that seems to be something that can't be helped. RSC/

MAGGIE CURTIS, Fountain House, R.D. #2, Saegertown, Pennsylvania -- I'm not going to comment on the old issues; there's too much upon which to comment. I did, however, like MZB's article on black magic and would like to have the discussion go further.

Overheard on the radio while typing: "Your old car's trade-in alone may cover the low-down payment." I dunno; maybe I just took it in the wrong sense.

"The Endless Cycle" is a fine piece of work. I must get a copy of the Comics Code. Might as well get all the boring facts at once. You wouldn't be "Flash" Coulson of Yandro, Indiana, would you? That's the best letter I've ever seen in FMOF....

/I would be Flash Coulson, all right, but I can't take the credit for writing that letter. I think Forry is trying to stir up controversy -- or possibly just trying to stir up me. Anyway, I did buy a copy, but I guess the fact that I didn't pay full price saved the world. RSC/

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"Considering the discussion of the importance of the Trinity which has been going on in YANDRO, I would like to know the religious implications of Three-In-One Oil."  
.....Gene DeWeese

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