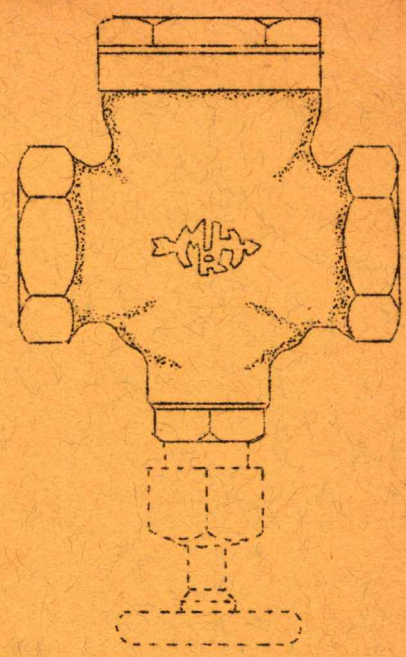


YANDRO #103
 VOL IX NO 8
 AUGUST '61



Published monthly by Robert and Juanita Coulson,
 Route 3, Wabash, Indiana, USA. British Agent,
 Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts.,
 England

Price: US and Canada, 20¢ or 12 for \$2
 England, 15d or 12 for 12/-
 Elsewhere, 2 for 45¢ or 12 for \$2.25

Letters of comment will be enjoyed, but not to the point of giving out free fanzines for them. Copies are available for contributions or -- usually -- for trades (though if circulation keeps going up the trade policy will start getting tougher very shortly.)

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*VANDY is our FAPA publication. It is not available outside the organization, so don't ask for it. All suitable material from it will be reprinted in YANDRO, anyway.

 "She was dressed entirely in a neckline which had plunged beyond recall and an absolutely disastrous hat like a soup tureen from which she held a muffled and, as it were, sub-turenean conversation."
 ...George Sanders, "Memoirs of a Professional Cad"



This time I carefully scribbled some little notes to myself in hopes that I could avoid that disgruntled discovery once the issue is assembled and mailed that again I've forgotten to comment on some intended topic.

Firstly, our unbounding thanks to George Scithors for the cover multilithing (no, fellow mimeoers, despite my claims I can't get that solid a black), and for the illo on p. 29, a Cult reprint which we mutually agreed would have little overlap. George, friend to indigent

fans and coat mailers.

It seems the Junior Rocketeers are holding a con in Indianapolis at this writing, Papa Villy in to speak, corny newspaper quotes, the works, they seem to get no kinder treatment from the press than we do. They do seem fairly fannish in one respect, some sort of remark about on-the-spot experimentation with liquid fuel: they're dropping water-filled paper bags down the stairwell, or some such. Figures.

Department of peculiar eatables: I am bidding fair to become the best-informed Midwestern fan on the Donner Party - unintentionally, we now own three books, all recently acquired if quite separately issued, on the ill-fated excursion into cannibalism: THE MOTHERS, Vardis Fisher (Pyramid pb); FOR BEAR WE SHALL PERISH, Joseph Pigney (Dutton); and ORDEAL BY HUNGER, George R. Stewart (Acc, revised edition). The latter I've not yet read, but a scanning bears out my theory derived from the previous works - very few of the facts are in doubt, but interpretation and motivation is something else again. If you accept one man's explanation why such and such occurred, he becomes a prejudice victim pushed against the wall and castigated for being human. If you accept his opposite's version, the victim becomes an ogre and a monster. The menu was far less appalling than some of the stupidity and self-seeking that preceded it.

And mentioning Pyramid Books, later in this issue you will find mention of upcoming releases, but even more previously, we just received from Mr. Bensen's kind hands a current release: 6 X H by Robert A. Heinlein, a reprint of THE UNPLEASANT PROFESSION OF JONATHAN HOAG. I've not had time to read the ones included which I'd previously missed, but for the information of time-limited browsers, the six titles included are the above-mentioned UNPLEASANT PROFESSION, "The Man Who Traveled in Elephants", "All You Zombies", "They", "Our Fair City", " 'And He Built A Crooked House' ". And to this day, I avoid houses that show the very slightest resemblance to a tesseract - instead we live in an angular Klein bottle.

There are here scribbled a number of comments to be addressed to people in the lettercol, with generalities for interested parties on the sidelines.

First, to the Reverend (is it 'The Right Reverend'? - I've always wondered if there were such a thing as a 'Wrong Reverend' - nothing personal, I assure you) - no, I don't know what would happen if a mob threw stones at a synogogue in Ft. Wayne, but a year or so ago there

was so rather nasty vandalism to a new synagogue there, and while there was a lot of press furor and general tsk-tsking and a public erase-the-vandals'-marks party on the party of the Protestant and Catholic clergy the thing died down with startling rapidity and I heard no more.

To Ted Pauls on last month's article on spiders: I would not have been one of your females to squeal over your handling of spiders, not if I were persuaded you could distinguish species and therefore handling a harmless type - if you weren't, I'd think you an unmentionable fool. Much to Buck's disgust, I consider spiders as my buddies in my never-ending war on flying insects; I'm always careful to swipe away the web and leave the spider and occasionally carry on one-sided conversations with the beasties (if they ever become two-sided, send for the little men). I don't handle them because I can't tell species, and poisonous or not, I get rather unfavorable reactions from spider bites - infections I suppose. I leave them to their commendable fly-catching and do my best to teach Bruce that 'spiders are our friends'.

And no, it wasn't a crow, but I've learned you can't draw a sparrow that small on stemail and have it recognizable. We don't eat them - I shoot them, because they sit there and go cheep cheep at me and make a pest of themselves. Since I've blunted the sparrow and starling population hereabouts, we're starting to get songbirds around here. Of course my idea of an ideal garden combination is a flock (a sacred? George?) of preying mantis and a sparrow hawk.

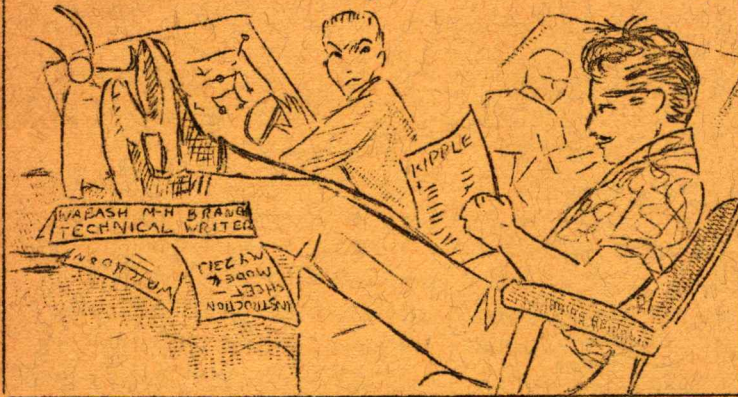
Sometime back I promised a few people to comment on criticism, Ted White and other, on Nott's illo in issue #100 (with five children to tow, I somehow doubt she has time to waste answering any such remarks herself). The statement implied that the artist had cribbed from an Oz illustration, notably one of Tik-Tok. I do not own that particular Oz book, but I remember quite well the work in question. In that case, I crib constantly - everytime I draw a girl riding a beam fighting off a second beam with a spaceship in the background I am cribbing like mad from pulpzine covers untold. I submit that ideas, much as we like to pretend, are not unique. Most artists work at some time or another from photos or life, certainly a form of copying. If Jno had a good idea, he had his own style and interpretation. At the Pittcon art show there were some (blessed quite few) illustrations that were copies of better known works - not new interpretations or 'in the style of' - but copies. I don't know whether or no Nott is even familiar with the Neill illo in question, but the fact remains the creature in question is obviously no robot, and if I remember correctly the positioning is different. The headless gal is by no stretch of the imagination Tik-Tok. We've been bit before on direct copying submitted to us, so that I am unduly touchy on the subject. As far as I'm concerned, no case, in this case.

George Scithers' centaur illo called up unlikely wonders on the birth processes of centaurs. Equines are usually presented feet-first, head stretched out between the forelegs, so how does the female centaur manage all of this - or do they believe in caesarians? But how could they have caesarians before Caesar?

At the time of reading this, some good souls will already be underway for Seattle...skol and cheers and like that and we certainly wish we were there, and of course we hope to be seeing you all next year...

That is, if Hans Helmut Kirst didn't hit it closer than he dreamed.. A-bombs on the Brandenburg Gate and all that.....keep smiling.....JWC

Rumblings



A long letter column this time, mostly because we had letters commenting on three separate issues. Next column (and issue, for that matter) will be smaller. I note this is a rather columnar issue; Tucker is back after a long absence, Dodd is present, Gregg Calkins inaugurates a new column and the inevitable fanzine reviews are still around. Speaking of columns, Ted White mentioned at the Midwestcon that he was thinking of doing a new Walling Wall realsoonnow, and Marion Zimmer Bradley has promised us something to replace Null F, which she feels has run out of steam. When either one of these arrives is questionable; somehow I can't quite bring myself to nag a professional writer to do work for me that I won't pay him for. Praise doesn't pay bills.

Derek Nelson and I have been commenting back and forth in letters on the American action in Cuba as contrasted to the French action in Tunis, the British in Kuwait, the Israeli in their Egyptian-Syrian war, etc. We seem agreed that the US is too apprehensive about doing something that someone might possibly object to. As Derek put it, the British action raised their standing with the Arabs, Tunis has received very little sympathy in the world press, Israel has fewer enemies than she did have, and the United States has been sinking steadily in world opinion. We bungled; we should have gone in with Marines, Air Force and the works, or we should have stayed out altogether.

To answer several questions, the third annual Coulson picnic was a moderate success. In numbers, it was smaller than last year. The Hickeys were in Colorado, Dean McLaughlin was in Seattle, Tucker was recovering from the Midwestcon, the Kujawas were skeet shooting, Grennell was taking wedding photos, and Rev. Moorhead had to look in on some sick parishioners. Still, there were 35 people there at the height of the festivities. Nick Falasca arrived first, at about midnight Friday. George Scithers rolled in from Washington at 3:00 AM Saturday. The remainder; Lew Forbes and family, Lee Tremper, Jim Lavell, Joe Sanders, Delray Green, Dale Brandon, Les Gerber, Gene and Bev DeWeese, Earl Kemp and family, Martin Moore, Joe Sarno, Jim O'Meara, Jerry DeMuth, Ed Bielfeldt and family, Fran Light, Mark Irwin, LuAnn Price, Lewis Grant, Ann Dinkelman and the guy who came with Fran -- I never did find out his name -- began arriving around noon Saturday. We had luck in one respect; a recent announcement said that during July there were exactly 3 clear days and 12 more "partly cloudy". I suppose there were a few of the other 16 when it was just cloudy and didn't rain, but I can't think of any. With that sort of percentage, we were lucky to have good weather. (Oh yes; in listing the attendees I shouldn't forget Juanita's mother, who took care of Bruce, helped with the cooking, and was generally indispensable.)

Local news; the Wabash sewage disposal plant had a Grand Opening last week. With bunting and speeches and the local cops out directing traf-

fic. Oh, we rural types don't lack for excitement, I assure you.

Scattered around hither and yon in this issue will be several quotes from "Memoirs Of A Professional Cad" by George Sanders. I'm particularly intrigued by Sanders' approach to his work, which seems quite similar to mine. He says "...the driving force of my life has always been laziness; to practice this, in reasonable comfort, I have even been prepared, from time to time, to work. I was only interested in getting to the top the easy way, and if I couldn't get to the top the easy way, I would settle for getting some of the way the easy way." And at another point, "...my real vocation in life is to be idle." Now this strikes me as an eminently sensible attitude. Life is to enjoy; the ideal life is one which combines a maximum amount of personal enjoyment with a minimum amount of harm to others. Work is all right if you enjoy that sort of thing; otherwise it is a necessary evil. I have never understood people who actually wanted to work overtime; what's the use of making more money if you don't have any time left to enjoy it in? As for the present practice of moonlighting (to our European readers; this means simply holding two jobs, it has nothing to do with alcohol), it appalls me. If one job doesn't allow me to buy all the gadgets I want (and it doesn't), then I'll do without. Being independent, the idea of owning my own business has some appeal, but the amount of time one has to devote to a self-owned business has dissuaded me from looking into it any farther. (It's possible to be casual about a small business, but then the income from it becomes too low to bother about.)

Actually, my present job is pretty good as far as independence goes; as the only technical writer in the place I have considerable freedom. Nobody is really capable of checking up on me to see that I'm working every minute; as long as I produce results the methods aren't questioned. Not that I can sit around reading fanzines all day, but I do have some free time. (Incidentally, a fanzine is ideal outside reading in an engineering office; especially one without illustrations, like KIPPLE. It looks exactly like the various bulletins that are always being passed around.) The fans who believe in a lot of rewriting should be dismayed to learn that I don't make much more preparation for my instruction sheets than I do for fanzine material. I run off one very rough draft, which is mostly concerned with getting my facts straight and is sometimes well filled with snide comments about the equipment. This is passed to the project engineer for approval. Additions are pencilled in as needed. Once this is approved the final version is typed directly from the corrected draft. Of course, a lot of my work has to be approved by the literature editors in Minneapolis before it's printed, but at least half of it goes through exactly as I write it. Once or twice when I haven't needed engineering approval I've dispensed with the rough draft altogether and put the final version on paper directly from my knowledge of the equipment, without even the benefit of notes. This kind of writing is fun; it's the revisions that make it drudgery.

All editorial material in YANDRO, in case I haven't mentioned it before, is typed directly on stencil. I start a lettercolumn, for example, with a pile of letters and a pile of blank stencils. Editing and replies are done "on stencil". I don't recommend this to everybody; if you don't mind rewriting, it does improve the material -- sometimes, anyway. But if it's a chore, practice until you can omit it.

RSC

A DORIC COLUMN

FROM BOB TUCKER

A couple of years ago I read a book by George O. Smith and jotted down all the ways he managed to avoid saying "I said". His hero went thru this: (quotes) I snapped, I croaked, I yelled, I roared, I cried, I shrugged, I snorted, I grunted, I nodded slowly, I nodded glumly, I ground out, I blurted, I laughed, I resounded, I exploded, I stormed, I growled, I snarled, I demanded, and I sneered (unquotes). That is a powerful lot of grunting and snarling to do in 223 pages but one of them now confounds me; "I resounded". I suspect I've made a mistake there and someone else resounded, but I'm too lazy to read that book again to find out. The distracting trouble was, the hero wasn't snarling or blurting at all; he was merely talking and George's avoidances spoiled things by calling attention to the man behind the typer. Title of the book escapes me but the croaking hero was called Steve Cornell and it was psi-opera if you're interested in looking it up.

The Bloomington library has a volume entitled "Horoscopes For Pussy Cats" and I noted the index number, meaning to look it up someday.

A method of ferreting out sources of junk-mailing lists is to key your own address when sending away for advertising matter, or samples or whatever. Neither Bloomington nor the small town I actually live in has zone numbers, so I attach zone numbers when writing to a stranger for something, and then make a note of the number and its use. Months later, or perhaps the following year, some junk mail will turn up using that number and I know the culprit. This business of selling a mailing list is a fairly common business practice, and there are firms which specialize in compiling such lists and selling them for fancy fees; one can even name the category, such as newlyweds, new mothers, teachers, mechanics, etc., and buy a list of names in that category. Shortly after 1952 I received several pieces of junk mail bearing the code "WSFC" (and I bet you got some too). Altho I can't prove it, I suspect that Erle Korshak sold the membership list of the 1952 Chicon; more than one company has sent me junk bearing that code. If receipt of this annoys you, do as Danner and I do: stuff everything back into the postage-paid envelope they usually provide and let 'em have it.

Another keying method for fans in zoned cities is to provide a letter after your house number; 221-B Baker St. Advertisers employ this method to determine which ad in which magazine pulls in the suckers. (Or sometimes they will say "Dept. B".) Confound them by omitting the key letter and let them guess where you read the advertisement..... Join us in our holy crusade against slob advertising.

If Laney was still living, I would send him via air-mail and special delivery an advertisement recently clipped from THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE. (Don't reach for your shooting irons, gents; I'll explain that lapse of taste in a moment.) I suspect that the advertisement would strike Laney much as it struck me, and in hot excitement he would whip off another Fan Dango Fugghead award to the genius behind the ad

and the product it touts. Truly, Barnum was a piker, a penny-ante con-
mzn when compared to the modern business man and his advertising agency.
Bend an ear:

This ad opens with a photograph of a man in western garb, holding a
six-shooter and a can of something. The text beneath the photo reads as
follows: "Dodge City Deputy Marshall examines a can of Dodge City gun-
smoke. Black gun powder, such as used by early day Marshalls, is fired
and sealed in a can before it escapes. Open can and odor brings back
memories of the fast draw. Each \$1 ppd; 12 cans \$10 ppd. Gunsmoke, Box
177, Dodge City, Kan."

Now, about being caught reading THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE. No, I'm
not a veteran, and none of the veterans among my circle of friends and
co-workers belong to the organization (does anyone belong other than
the aged professionals of the first war?) I found the magazine in the
post office; some loyal member had received the journal in his box but
threw it away unopened -- and that's the secret of my success, that's
how and why I am the widely-read man that I am. I read the CONGRESSIONAL
RECORD, the WALL STREET JOURNAL, the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, the
Legion magazine, the PIPE & STEAM FITTER, the PLASTICS WORLD, the OUT-
DOOR AMUSEMENT FIELD, the TRAILER COURT NOTES, the OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT
BULLETIN, the FLORIDA OPPORTUNITIES GUIDE, the MILESTONE, the GREENVILLE
WEEKLY JOURNAL and THE MESSENGER OF JESUS, all because their rightful
owners abandon them unopened at the post office. I'm a furtive picker-
upper of never-opened magazines and newspapers; I have broad mental hor-
izons and down'rd slanting glances, always on the alert for treasure
trove. Once I ran home with a girly calendar still snug in its envelope,
and another time my loot was a new pencil and pencil-sharpener fastened
on a gaily colored display board.

I know the wholesale cost of mattresses, pull-down light fixtures,
many items of kitchenware and wedding rings because merchants persist
in leaving their "confidential price lists" lying on the counter. But
I'm waiting for the day when I snatch up a stuffed envelope and dis-
cover that someone else in town is getting fanzines.

Chief interrogator of captured spies speaking to an underling in the
line of duty: "You know my policy; try being friendly at first -- offer
him money, food, luxury, women, anything within limits. If that fails,
bring out the whips. Just remember my motto: Ply now, flay later!"

....Gene DeWeese, of course

PAPERBACK NEWS

Pyramid Books, via editor Don Bensen, announces that it will be increas-
ing its stf output to 2 titles per month beginning in October. For that
month the offerings will be "The Ghoul Keepers", a collection from
WEIRD, and "The Planet Strappers", a presumably original novel by Ray
Gallun. For November, "The Stainless Steel Rat" by Harry Harrison, a
novel made from two ASF short stories and 50% new material, and a re-
issue of Sturgeon's "A Way Home". December will have another reissue and
the big news; Gordon Dickson's novel, "Naked To The Stars", which was
written as a rebuttal to "Starship Soldiers". This one should be on ev-
ery fan's list (as well as "Starship Soldiers", of course).

Berndt Ruthström, Brahegatan 8, Stockholm Ö, Sweden, wants American fan-
zines and promises letters of comment in exchange.

ALL IN TECHNICOLOR FOR A DOLLAR: I

VOYAGE TO THE (ROCK) BOTTOM OF THE SEA

REVIEW BY GENE DEWEESE

Even those of you who dislike my movie reviews and will read no further than this first paragraph deserve a warning; if you have been attracted by the array of stars (Walter Pidgeon, Peter Lorre, Joan Fontaine, etc.) and if you are expecting something like Pidgeon's last stf appearance, "Forbidden Planet", the word for the day is "Forget It".

I entered the theater in that mood, expecting something at least halfway decent. The mood lasted for about the first 30 seconds of the screen credits. I began to suspect something when Frankie Avalon's voice was heard "singing" the title song, part of which went approximately like this: "Join me in this voy-yage -- voy-yage to the BOT-tom of the sea..." More fitting to a "love among the south sea islands juvenile delinquents" type of movie.

I won't bore you with any of the details, just a few of the highlights. The Menace: The van Allen radiation belt (the 300 mile one) has suddenly caught fire. Yes, I said caught fire! The only bow to rationality in this is given by Peter Lorre, who is a shark-walking physicist. When Pidgeon is informed of the "fire", Lorre, who is standing next to him listening to the radio-telephone also, shrugs and mutters, "Well, anything's possible." (I wonder if van Allen has filed suit against the studio yet?)

The Hero: Walter Pidgeon, who is the commander/inventor of a super submarine. It's atomic powered and has a glass nose; the commander is sort of a hardnose, too, now that I think of it.

The Locale: The super submarine, inhabited by Pidgeon; an occasionally recalcitrant captain; an occasionally mutinous crew; one secretary to Pidgeon who is also the captain's fiancé; one psychiatrist (Joan Fontaine) studying "men under stress"; physicist Lorre; a defeatist; and various other odds and ends, some odder than others.



The Problem: To get to the Marianas Islands in order to fire an atomic missile into the van Allen belt and blow it away from the earth. This must be done in order to keep the earth from burning up; otherwise the earth's temperature will reach 175°, and it is a known scientific fact that a temperature of 175° is fatal to all life.

Scenic Stops & Sundry Hindrances: An undersea meteor storm (that alone should give you an idea as to the level of this thing) which turns out to be either floating rocks being disintegrated by the surface heat and pieces of them falling on the sub, or icebergs, ditto. Why the rocks would float

(continued on page 15)

OF CABBAGES AND KINGS

a column by

gregg calkins



FANS ARE STAR-BEGOTTEN

It is not my intention at the moment to discuss the ramifications of this statement as put forth by Ephless Elmer Perdue and expounded by Claude Degler for his own somewhat incomprehensible purposes, but I offer it as a statement worthy of consideration. Have not fans suffered for years, for instance, the curse of being several decades ahead of the mundane world, at least in the field of science? Who among us has not felt the scornful smile or condescending glance of the non-fan when we have foolishly offered him a peek at the hypothetical future through the pages of some cherished science fiction magazine, a future lavishly populated with gadgets and marvels far ahead of the capabilities of the every-day world? Yes, for every fan at one time or another, massive disbelief has been a bitter pill to swallow.

However, all worms turn eventually and it appears as if fandom is about ready to have its turn at the plate. Other than those expounded by Uncle Hugo and Ralph, a great many inventions which have been commonplace in science fiction for decades are presently coming to market in the outer world accompanied by loud shouts of wonder and naive discovery as if for all the world they were spanking new concepts.

For instance, TIME for June 16, 1961, under a heading which ten years ago would have itself been incredible enough (Other space news of the week:), proclaimed in tones of wonder that the Bell Aerosystems Company had invented a "rocket belt" (quotes theirs) and went on to describe it in detail as if we were not completely familiar with the model Buck Rogers has been flitting around in for years when not occupied with other, more pressing matters.

Their sense of wonder unfurled, TIME boldly grappled with the brand-new question of death in space. "What will be done," asked scientists of Aerojet-General Corp., "with the body of a man who dies on a space voyage?" The problem is debated in all seriousness and several answers put forth after some worthy in the audience pointed out to the scientists that "...there will be no 'ground' in which to bury the man."

"Put him in the converter," shouts one brave soul, although he calls this well-known item a digester system in some patois all his own. He is hastily shushed by the others of the company who, it seems, have qualms about this sort of thing. But with all the wisdom of a Solomon, up comes the answer. A space version of "burial at sea." (Quotes again theirs.) And thus does the modern scientist solve the problems of science fiction.

SPEAKING OF TURNING WORMS

Just when things were looking darkest it appears that ANALOG has at last reached the very bottom -- or within inches of it -- and perhaps is even on the



upswing or at the very least leveling off. After a number of issues containing some of the most wretched fiction surely ever to appear even in sf's most desperate days, the May 1961 issue carried three of the best novelettes to grace that floundering magazine's pages since I can't remember when. Christopher Anvil's "Identification" is excellent, closely followed by Arthur C. Clarke's "Death And The Senator" and James H. Schmitz's "Gone Fishing" and the only regret I have after reading these three stories is that all three of them cannot qualify for the 1¢ bonus awarded for first place in the AnLab standings.

As if to prove this sudden resurgence no flash in the pan, the June issue carried two novelettes which, if they suffered by comparison, were nonetheless far above the average fare of many months, and the short stories batted a very commendable .500, spoiled only by L. Sprague de Camp's most recent unwise assault on the bastions of humor in the guise of science fiction in which de Camp again comes off second best.

Simak's serial, "The Fisherman", is far from being ASF's best serial but it is so far superior to the recent series of Mark Phillips atrocities that it begins to look like Eric Frank Russell by comparison.

ANALOG contains one feature which is always readable and if it misses being worth the price of the magazine alone (a whopping 50¢), "The Reference Library" nevertheless does its very best in that direction. I do not always agree with P. Schuyler Miller, particularly in his belief that Campbell can do no wrong and that ASF was, is and always will be the world's best sf magazine, but some of these things may be written off in view of the fact that, after all, it is ASF which prints his column, and Miller otherwise shows excellent judgement in his reviews. Moreover, if ASF has not always been the world's best sf magazine it has at least produced a large percentage of the world's best science fiction and, with the exception of these lamentable latter days, Miller might not be too far wrong at that.

THE POOR MAN'S "ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR"

I quote from the backcover of my 1951 Shasta edition of

Heinlein's "The Green Hills Of Earth":

"In the firmament of great science-fiction writing a star of the first magnitude! Watch for BEYOND THESE WALLS. A first novel, never before published, by Rena M. Vale. Science-fiction discovery of the decade! With unparalleled artistry, Rena Vale has written a thought-provoking novel of passion and conflict in the world of the future. This is the story of Daly, a man in search of understanding. Moving from totalistic Cities of Science, through the conflicts of the primitive outside world, to the empire of Brugo, Genghis Khan of the south -- Daly is swept from adventure to adventure in a clash of cultures. BEYOND THESE WALLS is a milestone in science-fiction. Be sure you don't miss it!"

Ah, yes,....where indeed are the snows of yesteryear?

TIME, AGAIN

The "People" section for June 30, 1961, mentions Hagerstown, Maryland, "which shamed the nation in March when

the local Howard Johnson restaurant refused to serve Dr. William Fitzjohn, then charge d'affaires from Sierra Leone..." Apparently they made up for it in June when 200 or more of Hagerstown's most prominent citizens turned out for diplomat Fitzjohn's triumphant return to grace the town's first mixed social event in history.

Harry Warner, were you there? Surely Hagerstown can't have that many more prominent citizens?

THINGS I CAN DO WITHOUT DEPARTMENT

Wisely, there is no return address on the poorly-mimeographed

FANTASY PURITAN which crept into my mailbox some weeks ago. While it ranges from mildly amusing to quite funny in spots it also investigates the other end of the spectrum and on the whole this is the sort of thing which pops up every now and then to give fandom a black eye.

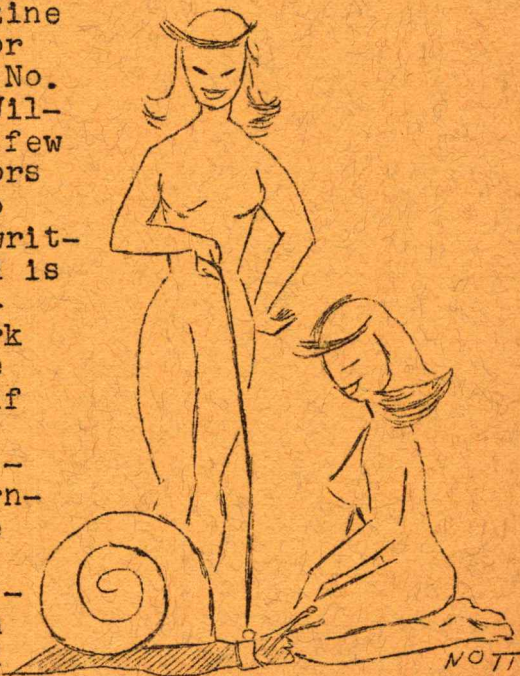
The perpetrators of this bit of literature remain unnamed except for some sort of "honorary membership" listed on the second page, certain names of which I might be tempted to believe except for the fact that several of the others mentioned have far too much talent than that evinced by this publication.

While fanzines of this nature are best left ignored in the hopes that they will quietly disappear, unfortunately the state of the Post Office and certain quick-to-censure members of fandom at present (let alone several fans mentioned in these pages in comments that can only be called libel) do not permit us such a luxury as hoping this thing will pass unnoticed for several issues. Therefore I'm forced to request in print that the authors of this particular fanzine kindly include me out in the future and confine their scrawling to the walls of public toilets as they have in the past.

FANZINES

Quite the other end of the spectrum if indeed not perched upon the pinnacle of perfection itself is Richard Berger-

on's excellent WARHOON, ostensibly a SAPSzine but otherwise available for 20¢ per copy or \$1 for 5 issues and a steal at the price. No. 12 contains material by Redd Boggs, Walt Willis, Bob Tucker and John Berry, to drop a few names, but not the least of the contributors is Bergeron himself, who is setting out to prove that he is at least as competent a writer as he is an artist, and that to my mind is high competence indeed. You may avoid subscribing to WARHOON (110 Bank St., New York 14, NY) if you wish but you'll probably be missing out on the world's best fanzine if you do.



"It is curious that Europe should have burned at the stake the last commanders of the crusaders."
.....Harold Lamb

"Girls Must Have License To Wear Slacks In Mexico" ...newspaper headline, contributed by Kerry Dame - seems only one type of woman wears slacks there, and that type must be licensed.....

STRANGE FRUIT

Some months you just can't win. Reviews of S F TIMES, VORPAL GLASS, EAST & WEST NEWS, BANE, SI-FAN, SOMEWHATLY, GET OUT OF TOWN, MENACE OF THE LASFS, OBELISK and HALFANTHOL have been dispatched to XERO; RESIN, QPM and d.o have been set aside as apazines and the FANTASY PURITAN because of a lack of information on the publisher. I still have 26 fanzines to review, which is too many for adequate coverage. I have a message for all you editors out there; QUIT PUBLISHING, DAMMIT!

HABAKKUK #6, VIPER #3 (Bill Donaho, 1441 8th. St., Berkeley 10, Calif. - irregular - VIPER, 25¢, HABAKKUK, 50¢ - both free for comment after you have paid for and received your first issue) VIPER is allegedly a SAPS-zine, but 20 of its 41 pages are devoted to part 2 of what will undoubtedly become the definitive review of ASTOUNDING, by Alva Rogers. (The 20 pages cover the years 1938-1940, inclusive.) Few fan writers can handle this sort of thing; fewer fan editors have the space to publish it. Additional benefits are Terry Carr's "Fan Aptitude Test" and the editor's ramblings about cats, books, movies, etc. HABAKKUK is the big one; 100 pages, this time. Where VIPER is str-centered, HABAKKUK is oriented towards beats, society, Where Are We Going? and Tell The Conductor I Want To Get Off! Art Castillo and George Metzger are still stirring the Beat cauldron, with a little tongue-in-cheek help from Ray Nelson. They are all topped, however, by Eunice Reardon. I said a few nasty things about Eunice after her first column (and thought worse) but the fault seems to have been Donaho's, for trying to make a column out of a private letter. When she sets out to write a column, she does a magnificent job. Poul Anderson on "Art And Communication", Britt Schweitzer on electronic music and Donaho on jazz provide serious articles of a quality you might expect to find in some of our better professional magazines. All this is topped by a 38-page lettercolumn. (Bill says 34, but he was obviously just too tired to count properly after stencilling this mess.) Like, get it. Rating.....10

DISCORD #13 (Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place, NE, Minneapolis 21, Minn. - six-weekly - 10¢) I'm afraid that Algis Budrys' comments on AMAZING won't be considered definitive, but I certainly agree with them. Marion Bradley's review of the Aug. GALAXY isn't bad, but it is outclassed by Budrys. Then there is a good but small lettercolumn. Rating.....8

CADENZA #3 (Charles Wells, 679 Wilson Rd. NW, Atlanta 18, Georgia - irregular - 20¢) No outstanding material this time as there was last issue, and I do think that devoting 8 pages of a 24-page fanzine to fanzine reviews makes it a wee bit overbalanced. (But then, I'll confess what readers of this column must have suspected; I really don't care much about fanzine reviews.) However, the material is good; even the fanzine reviews are good, if you care for that sort of thing. Rating..6

KIPPLE #15 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland - monthly - free for comment) The jazzy fanzine; the editor defends traditional jazz and Ted White resents people who imply that jazz and drinking go together (so do I; I have a very high regard for drinking.) Pauls also comments a bit on conventions; I can tell you why there aren't as

many cons as there used to be, Ted.....all the fans have moved to New York and Los Angeles and see each other once a week anyway so there's no need of conventions. Rating.....6

RANDOM #3 (Daphne Buckmaster, 8 Buchanan St., Kirkcudbright, Scotland - quarterly? - no price listed) Primarily an OMPazine, though Daphne is threatening to turn it into a general circulation mag. Nice cover, and the lettercolumn (largely on fannish and mundane attitudes toward women) is good. The mailing comments are fairly comprehensible even without reference to the mags commented upon. There is also a "Contemptry Ferrtale" by John Rackham....I thought this sort of thing was pretty juvenile when a US neo-editor published one; I'm surprised at Daphne. It's a worthwhile mag; I wouldn't call it "light-hearted", though -- or maybe she changed her mind about that. Rating.....4

ETWAS #3 (Peggy Rae McKnight, Six Acres, Lansdale, Pennsylvania - no price or schedule listed) And even the address is none too clear; use that blank space on the contents page, Peggy! (Oh; I should read the editorial...add "Box 306" to that address. Still, with a blank half-page under the contents, sticking the vital statistics in the editorial is poor policy. The zine is free for comment.) A lovely, lovely item by A. M. Phillips and Harry Warner's discourse on fannish doubles are enough to allow me to forgive her for all the chatter about conventions, parties and long-distance phone calls. Rating....3½

CINDER #5 (Larry Williams, 74 Maple Rd, Longmeadow 6, Mass. - irregular - 15¢) Bob Lichtman, Ed Gorman and Jack Cascio discuss the reasons for publishing a fanzine. Lichtman says to become known and to provide an outlet for editorial comment, Gorman's comments were dittoed too lightly to read, and Cascio, bless his mercenary little heart, says to make money and introduce new talent. A fair lettercolumn, and some fiction. He needs material; with his promise to stick to purple ditto masters in the future, the reproduction should improve. Rating.....3

FANTASMAGORIQUE #2 (Scott Neilsen, 731 Brookridge Dr., Webster Groves 19, Missouri - bi-monthly - 15¢) There seem to be an awful lot of reviews in this thing. Contents page only lists 3, but it seems like more. Neilsen is, like Cascio, introducing new talent -- unlike Cascio, his talent isn't half bad. A little more practice..... Rating....3

SKOAN #12 (Calvin Demmon, 1002 East 66th. St., Inglewood, Calif. - irregular - \$1) It isn't worth the price, but the money will be sent to the Willis Fund and anyway he's discouraging subscribers. He prefers letters of comment. And contributions. He likes humor. All sorts of humor, good, bad and indifferent, as far as I can tell. Les Nirenberg says *SKOAN* has personality, and I bow to an expert. (Maybe this isn't a very good review, Biff, but at least I remembered the asterisks...) Rating....2½ (the extra half is for the personality)

WRR Vol.3 #3 (Otto Pfeifer, 2911 NE 60th. St., Seattle 15, Washington - bi-monthly - mostly free, but the next issue will cost 10¢, profits to the Willis Fund) This is the rich fan's *SKOAN*. (I was going to say "the rich fan's SICK ELEPHANT"but I remembered that I keep running into co-editor Wally Weber at conventions and maybe I'd better not; the blades on those helicopter beanies are sharp.) All sorts of lovely purple prose here, but it's not for serious fans. Rating....5

SCOTTISHE #24, HAVERINGS #6 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England - quarterly - SCOTTISHE, 20¢, HAVERINGS, 10¢) HAVERINGS is composed entirely of fanzine reviews; useful for neo-fans or returning oldsters who want to expand their fannish contacts. SCOTTISHE is nominally put out for OMPA, but the strictly OMPA material is so brief as to be practically non-existent. The editor's "Natterings" on nursing, the letter column, the material by Willis and Varley are all sort of quietly enjoyable. Rating...6

KARMA #2 (Earl Noe, 3304 East Belknap, Ft. Worth, Texas - 15¢ - irregular...very nearly annual, so far) A basically serious approach; fiction, an article on Nikola Tesla, beautiful cover, time (and money) expended on layout and reproduction. One fault; the small typeface, while legible, discourages reading. A bigger face and a few more pages would add more to my enjoyment than two-color reproduction. Material is fair to good, but not for faanish types. Rating...5

PILIKIA #7 (Chuck Devine, 922 Day Drive, Boise, Idaho - bi-monthly - 15¢) Again the artwork takes top honors. Prosser's full-page drawing in 4 colors is beautiful, Gilbert's Hawaiian-type critters are good, and Stiles' work still looks like Adkins. John Berry's humorous article on castle-climbing and Mike Deckinger's one on book-hunting top the written material; enjoyable without being memorable. Rating...5

DYNATRON #5 (Chrystal Tackett, 915 Greenvalley Rd. NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico - irregular - 15¢) Actually, Roy Tackett is editor, but that military address is too much. A small issue, but with the editor in Japan and the publisher in New Mexico, any issue at all is unusual. Giovanni Scognamiglio comments on early French sf authors, Rex de Winter (??) presents a true modern fable, and the editor rambles on about news events, fannishness, and Japan. Rating...4½

THE BUG EYE #8 (Helmut Klemm, 16 Uhland St., Uffort/Eick, (22a) Krs. Moers, West Germany - quarterly - no price listed) I'd still like to see more German writers in a German fanzine...even if German fans are too serious to suit Klemm. With John Berry, Chris Miller, Alan Burns, Mike Deckinger and Jack Chalker doing the writing and TerryJeeves, Bob Gilbert, Miller, Rotsler and Schultz the artwork it looks more like a companion to NORTHLIGHT or some other British fanzine. Of course, Klemm, Wolf Pippke, Rolf Gindorf and a few letter-writers do provide sort of a Continental touch. Considerable variety of material. Rating..4½

AXE #7,8 and 9 (Larry and Noreen Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, New York - bi-weekly - for donations to the Willis Fund) Better hurry up and subscribe; at the present rate they'll have their \$1000 in another couple of months and there won't be any more need for AXE. It's a well-done newsletter type; small but informative. Rating...6

MONDAY EVENING GHOST #11 (Bob Jennings, 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tennessee - six-weekly - 15¢) It's a funny thing; I've never given GHOST a really outstanding review. When I get around to reviewing it, the material always strikes me about average. But it suddenly strikes me that when a new issue arrives, I read it -- or at least part of it -- immediately. I don't toss it on the pile to be read sometime when I get around to it (which usually means while writing this column). And you might be surprised at some of the zines that do get tossed on the pile.

Once again, the GHOST doesn't really have any outstanding material; Emile Greenleaf's dissertation on reptiles is probably the best written, and Clay Hamlin's column, "Forgotten Classics" is -- for me at least -- the most controversial. But I read it when it first showed up, and I enjoyed it. Rating...6½

RETRIBUTION #17 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland - irregular - free for comment) Shaw, Berry and Willis; what more do you want? Rating...8

HKLPLODI #1 (Mike McInerney, 81 Ivy Drive, Meriden, Connecticut - irregular - 20¢) Most of this issue is devoted to a good story by Bob Warner. The same theme has been handled better by Roshwald in "Level 7", but even in comparison with pro work Warner comes off fairly well. There is also a fannish crossword puzzle; the definitions seem reasonably well worked out. (But I loathe crossword puzzles, fannish and otherwise.) Rating...3½

HEPTAGON #3 (Dave Locke, P.O. Box 207, Indian Lake, New York - 15¢ - bi-monthly, or maybe irregular) I hate pale dittoing. At the risk of mild eyestrain you can discover here material on scientology, Genesis, fantasy as Literature, fanzine reviews in promags and all sorts of antagonistic letters. The material isn't bad, but when you get 30 or 40 fanzines a month, hard-to-read items get short shrift. Rating...3

NORTHLIGHT #12 (Alan Burns, Goldspink House, Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2, England - irregular - no price listed) Alan has done something about his illegibility by going thru the issue with a ball-point pen and marking in the undecipherable words....I only hope he has a small circulation. Dick Schultz not only has a meeting report, but he starts off by mentioning Hal Shapiro and Riva Smiley (what is it about Detroit fandom, anyway -- other groups don't constantly come up with people like Smiley, Shapiro and Rickhardt...) Anyway, I gave up on it. The editor's article on witchcraft reads much better, though I can't say I'm much interested in either a coven in fandom or a scientific investigation of witches. (I wouldn't object, but...) Rating....4

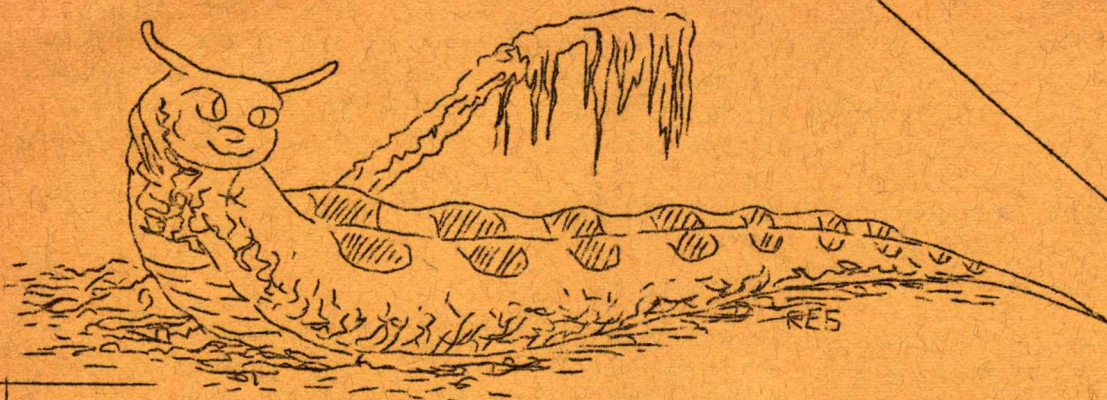
FANFARONADE #3 (Jeff Wanshel, 6 Beverly Place, Larchmont, New York - irregular - 15¢) Jeff solves his reproduction (duplication -- sorry, Ted) problems neatly; he cheats, and has Ted White publish for him. A solution I recommend. I hope John Koning got a copy of this; he was just complaining that there weren't any more good fannish zines being published, and here is one. White and Willis are excellent. Rating....6

My hatmaker only makes large sizes; he's the thinking man's felter.
.....Lewis Grant

VOYAGE TO THE (ROCK) BOTTOM OF THE SEA (continued from page 8)

until disintegrated, or why the ice would sink after disintegration, is not explained. And at one point, while searching the sea bottom for a trans-Atlantic telephone cable to tap, they find (you'll never guess!) an octopus which apparently thinks that in glomming onto the cable they are attacking one of his relatives who has one helluva long, skinny tentacle.

The Conclusion: Need you ask?



A DODDERING COLUMN FROM *alan dodd*

Hugh Paulk is a man after my own heart. A man who if he isn't a fan should certainly be one. A while back he printed a number of Fake Book Jackets of various titles ranging from "How To Lose Gracefully At Russian Roulette" to "Lincoln: The Man And The Car" and "Now...A New Use For Dandruff". Recently he placed an advertisement in the New York Times which read something like this:

SURPRISES IN YOUR MAILBOX!

Are you tired of getting junk from people you don't know?

Try getting junk mail from someone you do know.....

Ten times a year or more - sometimes when you least expect it - you will get a surprise in your mailbox. A letter from a new friend...a copy of an old letter of interest...a foreign poster...an original joke...an offbeat magazine...some unusual ads...some odds and ends of merchandise samples or leftovers...a novelty, a toy, or a puzzle...choice bits, pieces, clippings, ideas...who knows? You won't know what you are going to get. Since it might come from Mexico, Hong Kong, London, New York or Savannah, you won't always know where it is going to come from. And sometimes you won't know what to do with it.

If in spite of ourselves, some things you get turn out to be useful, please overlook it. You'll get some unusual objects and literature. But you may rest assured everything will meet out exceptionally high standards for junk. Subscribe 3 dollars today and make your nightmares come true. But send your order today. Some of this stuff is already beginning to clutter up our office.

The Surprise Club, Rm. 1347-F, 60 E. 42nd. St., New York 17, N.Y.

Replying to the advert will probably get you a further three pages of items that Hugh lists of which he would like members to select. The collection of items is fantastic, including lottery tickets from Mexico, jumping beans, trick balloons that can only be inflated if you know the trick, sample capsules of Royal Jelly, seeds that grow into miniature watermelons, funny things of the "In Case Of Fire, Lift Flap" type, an offbeat magazine called THE REALIST, Benjamin Franklin's book, "How To Choose A Mistress", publications of the Banter University Press - the only thing is, there isn't a Banter University, a ball and

socket toy, a paper produced in West Virginia called "The West Virginia Hillbilly", a copy of Harry Golden's "The Carolina Israelite", samples of tea, copies of HELP! and two final items that interested me specially -- No. 16, "We like to write occasionally about little things we see and hear" and more particularly No. 15, "For years we have had what may add up to a compulsion to send choice newspaper and magazine clippings to friends. Some funny, some interesting." Why, that last one rings a bell; I've been doing that for YEARS!

But somehow it is the last part of the appeal that is the more endearing; "It may be that none of these foolishnesses will appeal to you. If such is the case, please don't despair. We've got others, and worse, in the works. You can't say we don't offer variety! Anyway, by now you've seen how our (alleged) mind works. Won't you return the favour? And please let us have any suggestions you may have."

I feel somehow that an organization like Hugh Paulk's -- which I suspect is probably a back-room single office, -- deserves some support. He's obviously a fannish type...if not three dollars, then how about some suggestions? For example, do you suppose we could get a few fanzines distributed this way? Or old quote cards, used mimeo stencils, or perhaps one-shot remainders. Or just to satisfy my curiosity maybe one of the New York area fans could call in at 60 East 42nd. St, New York 17 one day and see just what is behind that Room 1347-F?

I mean, has some old fan at last found a way of making a living out of this? I would like to know.....

Ed. note: Every time I see evidence that people are willing to pay cash for this sort of thing, just to add a dash of spice to their lives, I'm glad I'm in fandom. It was Willis, I think, who first commented that, to a fan, going to the mailbox becomes a daily adventure, and it's true. Aside from fanzines and letters we get whole envelopes full of newspaper cuttings from Dodd, Australian magazines from Bob Smith, Argentine newspapers from Hector Pessina, Turkish stamps from Giovanni Scognamillo, Egyptian cigarettes from Claude Hall, international friendship coupons from India, religious cult news from Brazil, tapes, phonograph records, slides, bem fur, original paintings, fishing catalogs, foreign paperback books...a veritable treasure trove! RSC

And I even forgot to mention offbeat magazines like THE LADDER. RSC

Donovan, you're out of your head!Lewis Grant

" 'Beauty is only skin deep,' as some dull clot once remarked. A very proper depth in my opinion. After all, who needs a beautiful gall bladder?"

...George Sanders, "Memoirs Of A Professional Cad"



RSC#
4-15-61

GRUMBLINGS —

GEORGE SCITHERS, Box 9006 Rosslyn, Arlington 9, Virginia — So Ken Hedberg disagrees violently with Alan Burns' article on collectives. So Bob Lichtman wants to know who really cares whether or not every word has its own collective. To this I can only reply (as did the Captain of the HMS Pinafore, upon finding his daughter wanted to marry a common seaman) "O, horror." Would you call several of everything a flock? Perish for-bid. Are people to congregate exclusively in flocks -- no more to form packs, herds, mobs, and the like? Are cattle to come in flocks, instead of herds -- worse, can you imagine a flock of fish?

Nonsense. Fish come in schools; that is the way of it. Of course, if a school (especially one of halibut) is caught, cleaned, and smoked, it becomes a flitch -- what else could it be? Just as descriptively, tickertape, when thrown, comes in defenestrations -- usually at public figures riding in an abomination of Cadillacs. Consider the advantage of being able to distinguish between a litter of kittens -- all of a single set of brothers and sisters -- and a kindle of kittens, which is always composed of several litters. And, when the kindle grows up, it becomes a clowder of cats, a pounce of pumas, or a pride of lions. I'm sure if you were lions, you wouldn't gather in anything but prides.

Foxes could scarcely be expected to group themselves in anything but a sulk -- certainly not in a sleuth, which is reserved for bears, or a squirt, which is what clams congregate in, or even in a fesyng, which is for ferrets. For that matter, could you imagine anything but rhinoceroses making up a crash?

Consider the poetry in the omnium for reeds: a snavel. Consider the fine distinctions between a stand, a grove, or a spinney of trees -- yet none of these quite do for fir trees on the crest of a hill -- here no collective is quite as appropriate as a folly of fir trees. Bishops gather in benches, foresters in stalks. Minstrels travel as troupes, and are thus distinguished from harpers, who collect in melodies. Ladies of easy virtue may be referred to collectively as an essay, if they are trollops; as a tray, if tarts; as a flourish, if strumpets. A convention of their agents would be a perspective of pimps (with a prospectus of prostitutes), the whole affair being closely pursued by a whoop of satyrs.

Richard Wilson once wrote a sf story in which he introduced some interplanetary omniums: an instability of Mercurians, a miasma of Ven-erians, a tintinnabulation of Terrans, a jubilation of Jovians, a dour of Saturnians, and a splash of Plutonians.

Birds have all sorts of omniums: when they have hatched from a clutch of eggs and grown up, pheasants group in a nye, doves in a dule, and owls in an honorarium. Hootowls, on the other hand, make up a harmonium -- consider the advantage of the proper collective here: instead of writing, "The wild hooting of the owls roosting in the deep-shadowed fir trees on the hill lent a touch of madness to the eldritch scene," one may simply write, "There was a harmonium in the folly that night" and convey just as much to the knowledgable reader at a saving of sixteen or fifteen words, depending on whether you count "deep-shadowed" as one word or two.

The real strength of omniums (and every writer should, I believe, be

always ready to add new ones to his gatherium of them) is in their poetical shades of meaning: an awkward, waddling, clumsy gaggle of geese on the ground transforms itself into a graceful skein of geese in the sky. Mountain climbers on level ground are a prosaic spivy; climbing daringly up the rock, they are a rope.

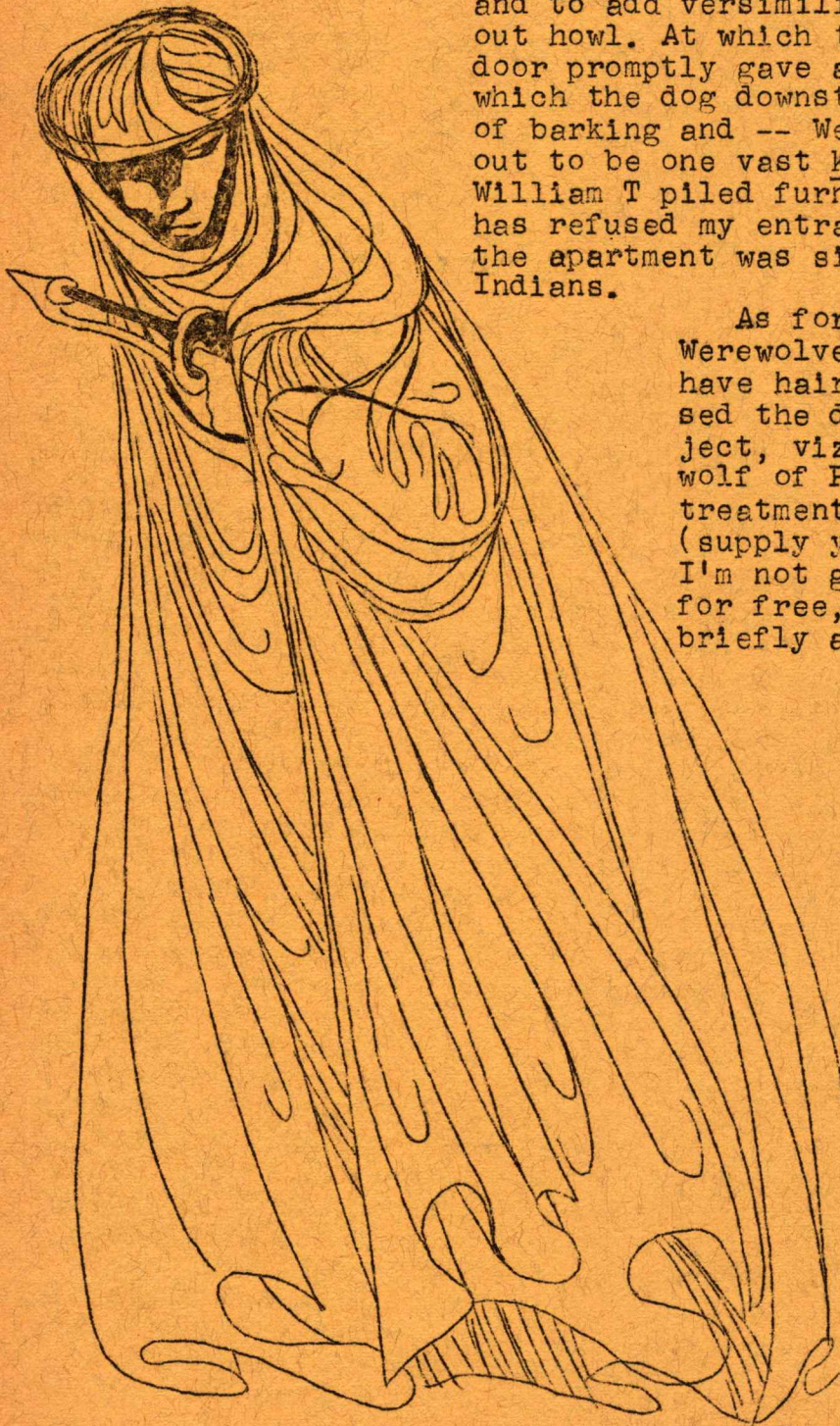
And, of course, there is the best of all omniums -- is it not worth the bother of learning which collects what, just to keep alive that magnificent phrase, "an exhaltation of larks"?

/I trust you won't mind one correction in the interests of scholarship; a kindle of kittens could never grow up into a pride of lions. Never. Immature lions, like incompetent baseball players, are known as cubs. Is the idea of a flock of people any more arresting than the Australian reference to a mob of cattle? Of course, it would take something out of legal terminology and reporting; can you imagine anyone being arrested for being the ringleader of a flock? As for a flock of fish, wouldn't flock be the proper term for a group of *Archosargus probatocephalus*? RC/

AVRAM DAVIDSON, 410 West 110th. St., New York 25, N.Y. - REPORT OF THE AVRAM DAVIDSON COMMITTEE ON TALMUDIC RESEARCH -- Ain't gonna be no report. I fully intended to delve deeply and present you and your palpitating readers with the fruits of my research and a long essay on Fact and Fancy in the Talmud, but I am by now as tired of the whole thing as you are. So I'll be brief. I didn't go delving into the 12 huge folio volumes which contain the 72 Tractates of the Babylonian Talmud, but I do have a vague feeling that I'd once read that the BT contains a reference to someone called only "that man", whose engendering was by a Roman soldier; and that some have held this to be a reference to Jesus bar Miriam because of its similarity to an account by one Celcus. Celcus was a pagan author who lived early in the Christian Era and claimed to have gotten this report in Galilee from people who were there when. The writings of Celcus have been lost, but this account is preserved, like a fly in amber, in the work Contra-Celcus, by Origen, a Father of the Church. The BT was not compiled till much later. Do Orthodox Jews believe the story? Some do, some don't, some have never heard of it, some are indifferent. There are only Thirteen Principles of the Faith (as compiled by Maimonides and included in the Orthodox Prayer Book), and hating JbM is not one of them. Not long ago I heard Mr. Abraham Carmel, a proselyte to Judaism, formerly Father Kenneth Cox of the Roman Catholic Church in Scotland, say to a Jewish audience, "Jesus was a great man, and a good man, but certainly not divine." The statement received neither hisses nor applause. My opinion is, that as Christianity holds that JbM had no father in the flesh, no human begetter, that is, all statements that he did have one must be equally blasphemous -- whether one says that this father was a rapist, a seducer, a lawful husband (Joseph) or...anything. Catholics, being Marioloters, naturally would be offended at the suggestion that Mary (Miriam) was capable of improper conduct of any sort, even lying. If on the other hand one emphasizes Christianity as an ethical/moral system, not as a supranatural one, then it really makes no difference what the circumstances of JbM's birth were. And my own opinions about the Celcus story or its Deckinger variation? It rests on pretty slender evidence and I'm not committed to it, but of course if I had to choose between that story and the Gospel one ... Well, Pastor Moorhead says he "loathes" those who etc. So I'd have to be loathed. It doesn't seem very Christian of him, to me, but I will pray for him to be given a new heart.

I will also pray for Sidney Coleman in the future to keep his big mouth shut.

Doddercolumn on lycanthropy. Leave me tell you. Once upon a time William and Mrs. Tenn were living in a tall doddering old tenement straight out of Chark Ashton Smif's Zothique, and I came calling..crawling, I mean, all those stairs. Anyway. I knocked. Mrs. T cautiously inquired, "Who is it?" a daemon entered into me, and on the spur of the moment I said, "National Lycanthropy Week -- Help the poor lycanthropes", and to add versimilitude, I gave a long drawn-out howl. At which the dog in the ap't next door promptly gave a long-drawn-out howl. At which the dog downstairs burst into a passion of barking and -- Well, the damn house turned out to be one vast kennel, for crisesake. Mrs. William T piled furniture behind the door and has refused my entrance ever since, even though the apartment was since sublet to two Chippewa Indians.



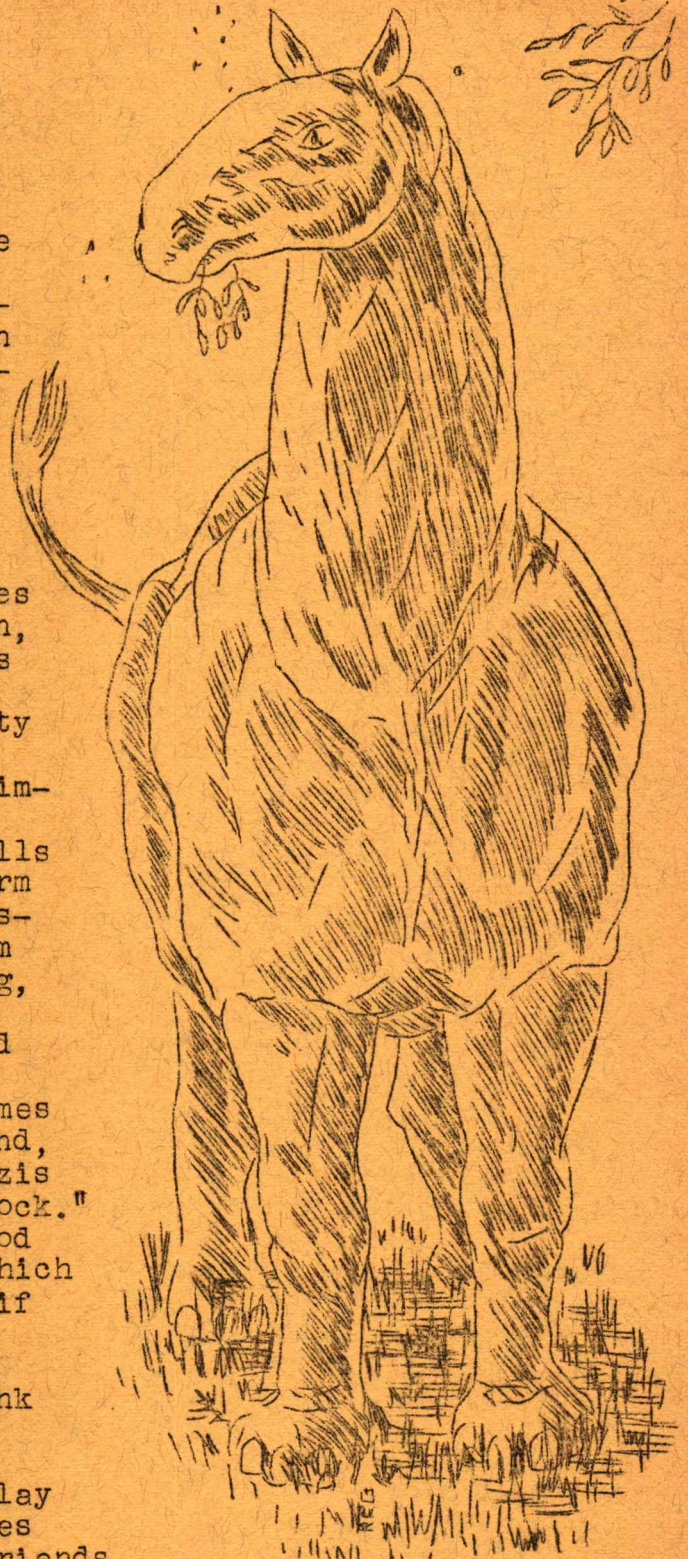
As for Dodd's not knowing that Werewolves' brows meet and that they have hairy palms, he must have missed the definitive work on the subject, viz Guy Endore's "The Werewolf of Paris". It is a fictional treatment of a 19th C. cause célèbre (supply your g.d. graves and ecus, I'm not giving out French lessons for free, buster), commemorated more briefly and quite differently by another Guy, de Maupassant, as that of "Sgt. Bertrand, the man who fell in love with the dead." Guy Endore's real name was not, of course, Guy Endore, I think it was something like Janusz Poniatowski, he was a Pole and a Communist, I later learned. Purchasers of second hand copies would not, of c., be helping the cause of Dialectical Materialism, and would acquire -- I say this on Mem'ries more than 20 years old -- a quite exciting book. It's also full of fascinating details of the Siege of Paris, including the famous zoo lunch which began with, or at least included, Roast Loin of Dog with Cold Boiled Mice.

Bob Briney and Buck

Coulson, re The Alexandria Quartet (Justine, Balthazar, Mountolive, Clea), look for my own epis -- or epic opus -- which it's entitled The Tel Aviv Trilogy (Ellenbogen, Bridget, Lazarus).

And back to Ralph M. Holland and (the) Rev. (Mr. or Dr.) Moorhead's insistence that sex-fiends should be sterilized. I might point out, with a teensy trace of smugness, that Orthodox Judaism forbids any operation which castrates or permanently sterilizes. I wonder if any coordination of their views is possible, however? Since Holland says that sex criminals are mostly "the product of either heredity or faulty environment -- both of which go back to the parents." And this leaves out Sin. Don't it? "Did this man sin, or did his parents before him?" Sins of violence of all kind are closely related to either "heredity or faulty environment", so why confine this penalty and/or precaution to sex criminals? Of course it's so gahdamned much easier to cut the bastard's balls off or at least cut and tie his sperm ducts than it is to do anything drastic to improve the environments from which most crimes of violence spring, i.e. the districts of poverty. Note I say "most". Certainly one can find sex-criminals from well-off homes where sex was fumbled. But most crimes of violence spring from the poor. And, as Antonio Dupla points out, the Nazis sterilized. "Faulty and inferior stock." Certainly one can say, if it's a good idea it's a good idea, regardless, which is what Poul Anderson said, asking if I would like it better if it were called "genetic quarantine"? No, I wouldn't. Think where it leads! Think where it did lead!

Friends of Avram Davidson! Rally to CAVALIER! Plug it, push it, display it prominently! Do you think he lives off YANDRO and CRY? Or even F&SF? Friends, he writes for CAVALIER, too, and, friends, they pay much better and it's all assignment, too, no speculation. So -- Buy CAVALIER! Ask your friends to buy CAVALIER! If you have no friends, make some!



Baluchitherium plagued
by Hexapoda

And again to Pastor Moorhead, on Tony Glynn. First, if PM thinks that any of the Jews TG mentioned were or are Orthodox, it shows how little he really knows about it, and the same for poor Glynn. Second, NO Orthodox Jews are Christ-haters; we wait daily for the coming of the Christ...for the First Coming, that is, we are waiting.

Phil Harrell on the new long-distance dialling system. It used to be that the only one I dialled long distance was Damon Knight. It would go like this: "Operator, I want to call Damon Knight in Milford, Pennsylvania; the call goes via Port Jervis NY." The operator would get Port Jervis & PJ would get Damon. Simple. Then the New Method went through. "Operator, I want to call Damon Knight, etc." The operator then proceeded to recite, "Ralph 124cl-plus, $e = mc^2$, Proxima coordinates H_2SO_4 ," etc, there was five minutes of electronic beenbongs, boings, bleeps, and a distant voice said, "This is Cheboygan..." And it all had to be done over again. This is progress? Rats. Out upon it. My view is that mankind is incapable of absorbing -- and adjusting to -- more than one major invention per century. The 18th C. should have rested a while with the spinning-jenny. The 19th would have had all it could do with the steam-boat. The 20th. C. could have managed the mechanical reaper. And so on.

And so on. Do you think I got nothing better to do than to set here cackling at you like a broody hen at a chiny egg? /But with the New New Method you don't bother with an operator at all; you get Cheboygan on your own, without assistance. I still recall the dazed expression on the face of one of my co-workers...he picked up the phone to call the stockroom, listened a moment, put the phone back and said "I was talking to Philadelphia..." RSC/

REV. C.M. MOORHEAD, R.D. 1, Box 87, Middle Point, Ohio - In the July 24th issue of NEWSWEEK, page 70 under the caption "Religion" and entitled "Sticks and Stones" appears this article:

"In Israel, ultra-Orthodox Jews do not hesitate to throw stones at people who offend their strict conception of the religious law. Members of the ultra-Orthodox Naturi Karta in Jerusalem have been doing just that to a new Christian church which recently appeared in their neighborhood. They have been stoning it off and on for the past 3 months."

I suppose some of you YANDRO readers will write indignant letters to that publication accusing it of anti-Semitism? You might as well because it is no more anti-semitic than was my letter which caused such furor.

There is a very definite body of Hebrew people who are strictly Orthodox and who are so designated. I refer to the above article and the term "ultra-Orthodox Jews". If you will get the issue to which I allude, you will find the attitude the "local" police take toward the affair; "just another incident between neighbors." Would a mob stoning a synagogue in Ft. Wayne get off so easily?

Dr. Bernhard Peck in his book "The Talmud: What It Is", says that present day editions of the Talmud translated into the English language are written in "veiled" language in order to prevent persecution. He further states:

"The TALMUD is next to, or in the strictest Jewish view, along with the canonical Scriptures, the authoritative code of Hebrew doctrine and jurisprudence."

Farrar in his "Life of Christ", Vol. II, page 452, says in reference to the Talmud:

"The allusions to Him are characterized by intense hatred, disguised by intense fear. They are also marked by all the gross and reckless carelessness of these uncritical and unhistoric writers."

Farrar says the same thing as Peck: the English versions have been watered down or sections deleted for obvious reasons.

In other words, if we want to go to the Talmud for unexpurgated teachings about Christ, we will have to get someone who can read Hebrew to translate what the Talmud says, for we won't find it in English.

There are some books written by individuals who claim they understand Hebrew, which attempt to show how the Talmud attacks Jesus, but I am afraid many of them are prejudiced and give an unfair translation.

However, there is one book that I feel is authentic. It is entitled "According To The Hebrews" and its author is Hugh J. Schonfield. It was published by Duckworth of London in 1937. There is a passage there on page 35 which gives credence to the bastard origin and also suggests harlotry on the part of Mary the mother of Jesus:

"The beginning of the birth of Jesus. His mother was Mary (a daughter) of Israel. And she had a betrothed of the kingly seed, of the house of David; and his name was John. And he learned in the law and feared heaven greatly. Now over against the door of her house (there dwelt a man) of fair appearance (a warrior), Joseph the son of Pandara: he cast his eyes upon her."

(Seven verses are left out which detail Mary's seduction. She thought her seducer was John, until he came in later and the mistake was discovered.)

"When he heard this, straightway he perceived that Joseph the son of Pandara had cast his eyes upon her, and that he had done the deed. So he left her...."

(I skip to verse 17)

"Rabbi Simeon the son of Shetack said unto him (the betrothed) 'Who was laid on thine heart?' He (John) saith unto him, 'The son of Pandara, for he is nigh unto her house and a seeker after fornication.' He saith unto him, 'I know that thou hast no witnesses in this matter, therefore keep silence, I counsel thee; for if he have entered once, then it must be that he will enter a second time. That time do thou act according to thy wisdom, and let witnesses watch him.'"

In the same book on page 125 appears an impassioned excerpt from one of Tertullian's Apologies, in which he is defending Jesus:

"This is your carpenter's son, your harlot's son, your sabbath-breaker, your Samaritan, your demon-possessed! This is he whom ye bought from Judas....."

Tertullian probably had access to manuscripts or traditional statements that lent authority to the statement, "This is your...harlot's son."

It is highly improbable that he invented it.

I want it understood that I have used all the available material in the Van Wert library, and have sent away to other libraries and individuals whom I thought might give me this information. I wrote the Hebrew teacher in the seminary where I graduated and told him about the controversy but his reply was "It's a tempest in a teapot," and that was the last I heard from him.

I resent the word "anti-Semite" strongly, because it is a smear word and is a synonym of Nazi! It is just as bad to call a man an anti-semite as it is to call him a "kike" or "sheeny" or "dirty Jew". They

are all from the same cloth.

/Rev. Moorhead added some quotes from a booklet titled "Facts Are Facts" which was written by Benjamin H. Freedman of New York in 1954. Freedman is a former Jew converted to Christianity. I'm omitting them because they duplicate, mostly, the previous material, and because I distrust immediately anyone who says that the only use of the term "anti-Semitic" is by "self-styled Jews" to smear the opposition. It probably is used that way, but in saying the term has only one purpose Freedman is lying in his teeth, and I'll be damned if I'll print his stuff. At any rate, I think Moorhead has proved his point (which, after all, was not that Orthodox Jews hate Jesus but that he had reasons for honestly believing that they did and that his query as to Deckinger's ancestry was made from curiosity, not propaganda purposes. Even if someone disproves every quote in his letter, the fact that a person believed the wrong authority is not grounds for name-calling. Of course, you can say that anyone who believes evil about the Jews is anti-Semitic, but then you will be getting into the original technical meaning of the term, and by that meaning every devout Christian in the world is anti-semitic to some extent.) Any further information on the Talmud will be welcomed, of course; but kindly remember that the present phase of the discussion is my idea, not Moorhead's. I didn't know anything about it, and I was -- and am -- interested mildly in finding out. RSC/

BILL DONAHO, 1441 8th. St., Berkeley 10, Calif. - Sometimes, Buck, I suspect you of living up to a role, "Old Rough as a Cob" Coulson and all that. Anyhow re your remarks on TAFF, most people do wait until the Midwestcon and after to vote and Ellik tells me that this time a lot of people have contributed without voting. As you said, the fanzine fans have it all their own way this time and a lot of them don't really care whether Ellik or Eney wins so aren't voting, even though they're giving money.

You are so right about Sylvia and Bruno. I ignored all the chatter about it in GAUL #1, but Ruth Berman had such a damn good review of it in GAUL #2, praising it with faint damns and all ("a magnificent failure") that I pulled down my Complete Works of Lewis Carroll and read it. I consider I've been had. It's a lousy book with nothing whatever to recommend it. "The Gardner's Song" is quite good, but one doesn't read a long Victorian novel just to get scattered verses of one poem. Particularly when it's been reprinted.

I don't like The Worm Ouroboros either. The plot and the characters are very fine indeed, but the style! It's heavy, turgid and indigestible. Eddison slowly and laborously polishes each phrase, dwelling lovingly and lengthily upon it. I care neither for the original phrase nor for the method of polishing. The introduction says that Eddison took



I'M GOING TO
PRINT A
FANZINE.



BETCHA
I MAKE
A MILLION



THE REASON I'M GOING
TO DO SO WELL IS BECAUSE
I'M GOING TO PRINT
SERIALS ON TOILET
PAPER. NAW! I'M NOT
WORRIED ABOUT
SHOW-THROUGH.

Ⓛ Dryer '61

special care in selecting names for characters and places and was very proud of the names he selected. I find them sort of like Russian spoken with hic-coughs, harsh and guttural and overly long. They probably all are distinctive enough, but since to me they all have the same kind and degree of badness, I had great difficulty in keeping them separate.

/I'm not exactly living a role; it's just that since the publishing-type fans are quick to point out the follies of the convention-goers, NZF members and so on I enjoy finding out if they can take it as well as dish it out. I'd still like to see a pb version of "Worm". RSC/

MAGGIE CURTIS, 149 West College St., Oberlin, Ohio - As for Improved Collectives, I think the Initial Questionnaire states my objection to the whole thing: Out of the whole damn list, I knew the term "pride". Now, perhaps I should be ashamed of myself, but if I don't know the collectives we've got now, I assure you that I can jolly well do without more. And that's that.

By golly, an illo by REG that I like! If he'd do more work like the one on page 11 (#100), I wouldn't mind seeing his work so much. (By the way, I must admit that for once my tastes agree with Ted White's; the portfolio was not nearly as good as I'd hoped.

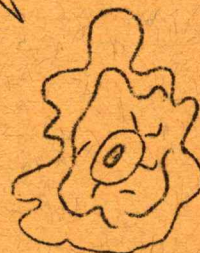
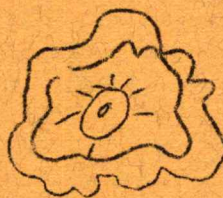
Of course, the best news of the issue was the return of "The Fallen Mighty! Oh, please, some MORE! I'd say that this is just about my favorite series in fanliterature. I envy you for seeing Grennell so frequently, but if fine things like this result, goodo, say I. As Don and I don't buy GUNSPORT (forgive us), we hadn't noticed Grennell in it, but we glanced at a copy on the newsstand and hoo, boy, what a photo he's got on his column! Sort of a "Men, you, too, can be hardy and steely-eyed!" type shot....

Funny... I hate insects (except fireflies) and spiders but have always had a sneaking fondness for (non-poisonous) snakes. Their motions are so smooth and clean. For a long time I wanted one (either a black snake or a king snake) for a pet; I suppose, though, that it's just as well that I never got one. Yet though snakes can have varieties more poisonous than spiders, the reason I seem to fear spiders is because I'm afraid of their bite, sting, or whatever the hell they do....

I must admit that I think fen need to talk; but I think that they need to talk to someone with the same interests -- someone who may understand and appreciate -- as well as simply talk.

I would suggest that you do avoid Sylvie and Bruno; unless you come upon it at an early age (and maybe even then) you will probably detest the thing with its numerous saccharine moments. I, however, was lucky enough to find it in my childhood and I think it's the greatest.... /You just aren't a true fan; you aren't interested in trivia (such as collectives) for the sheer fun of accumulating interesting-but-useless information. RSC/

SO HELP ME, THE
YOUNGER GENERATION
HAS NO MODESTY...



TED PAULS, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Maryland - All right, I'll bite. It seems that nearly every issue the heading of Ramblings has something to do with an incident mentioned in that column, but in this case I suppose I'll have to ask: did you miss, or did you eat roasted crow that night?

The comments about people talking during one of your folk-singing sessions interested me. At the Disclave last year, folksong fandom was represented by George Heap and guitar, along with various hangers-on and chorus-renderers including Will Jenkins, Mike Becker, and myself. George went over in the corner of one of the two double rooms used as headquarters for the affair, and even though about forty fans drifted from room to room while chattering loudly, George managed to sing for a half-hour or so in a very soft voice before he finally gave up. The annoyance, as far as I was concerned, wasn't the fact that most of these fans were talking, but rather that I wanted to talk to them. Talking - even loud talking - can be ignored, but I couldn't ignore the various people walking in from time to time whom I hadn't seen in a year or so. (After all, when you're talking at a gathering you have to ignore the other three or four simultaneous conversations and concentrate on the one you happen to be a part of. It's as easy to concentrate on singing to the exclusion of the conversation.)

Speaking of the Disclave (well, no, I wasn't speaking of it...) reminded me of Will Jenkins and Hal Lynch. In case you haven't met this pair, you've missed a meeting with two born comedians. Sunday morning at the clave, we ("we" being Breen, Pauls and Becker, who shared one of the rooms) were wandering around the motel and ran across Hal Lynch and George Heap. "Where's Will?" someone inquired. Hal looked startled for a moment, opened his mouth to say something, then began to chuckle. "He's...he's...in..." His laughter became more wild and uncontrolled, and between gasps he again tried to speak. "He's...he..." This time he broke down completely, throwing back his head and clutching the railing so as not to tumble down the steps. Completely out of control by this time, Hal ran down the hall roaring with laughter and clicking his heels in every stride. His wild laughter echoed through the corridors as he turned the corner and faded out of sight. Heap, meanwhile, had been observing all of this from the doorway to our room. He walked up to us in silence, removed his glasses and began to clean them. "Will," he said solemnly, "is in church."

Just as I was about to scold Juanita for falling victim to the Madison Avenue curse by mentioning the possibility of buying something she didn't need, my eyes fell on the maracas on my desk. Let's drop the subject....

If Alan Dodd wants to uncover logical fallacies, I suggest that he begin with this one from his own column: "...planet which did not have any period of darkness...Therefore when he...tried to go to sleep at night..." Define "night" as it would apply to a planet without any period of darkness?

On the usefulness or uselessness of sleep, I quote Harry Warner in a letter of comment to KIPPLE: "I'm inclined to think that sleep would be desirable for psychological reasons, even if its physiological necessity could be avoided. I recently failed to get to bed or even get my clothing off for 42 hours and had only about an hour's intermittent dozing during that stretch of time. At its end I wasn't particularly sleepy but I was just weary of constant thinking and doing and wanted oblivion." God yes, what fan couldn't use an extra 20 hours a day -- or an

extra eight hours, which is really what was originally proposed.

Lenny Kaye's comment that he'd written 600-plus letters in a year rather startled me for a moment, but on reflection that really isn't too many. Slightly more than three letters in two days, provided the unknown plus-factor isn't too large. Then too, most of the letters I've gotten from Lenny have been very brief, almost notes. However, I doubt if I've written that many letters in the last year. Publishing a monthly fanzine might have something to do with it, and there's another important consideration: I rarely write short letters. Usually, if I can't say what I want in a postcard, I use three or four pages of letter.

I fair croggled at your description of NEOLITHIC as "a miniature general discussion fanzine", but then, it was your first issue. NeOL is actually the closest thing we have today to the so-called "chatterzines" of an earlier day. I suppose the best term to describe it would be "personalzine" or, using Speer's definition, "individzine, sub-type beta."

Bob Lichtman: a horde of WARHOONS, a pit of VIPERS, an opera of CADENZAS, a vengeance of RETRIBUTIONS, a space warp of DARK STARS, a monstrosity of BEMs, a thunder of RUMBLES, an aurora of NORTHLIGHTS, a libel of SLANDERS, a fright of HOBGOBLINS, an insurgence of FIJAGHS, a carat of GEMZINES, a ritual of SUNDANCES, a slither of NEMATODES, an amazement of AGHASTS, a vision of SPECTRES, a still of MOONSHINES, a rudeness of BLUNTS, a decay of ROTs, a breath of GASPs, a ward of PSYCHOTICS, a pack of DHOgs, a dash of HYPHENS, a growth of TWIGs, a gleam of LIGHTs, a wisp of SMOKEs, a tribe of APs, an allusion of ESOTERIQUES, a labor of PEONS, an orbit of SYZYGYS, a flight of UGLY BIRDS, a mentality of PSIs, a misery of BANES, a brightness of DAY STARS... You give up, or shall I continue?

/Cor..I'd forgotten half of those titles...do you have a memory or a filing system? I don't know about Juanita, but I never eat crow. The point wasn't that talking is a nuisance in a folksinging session (tho it is) but that when party-goers complain about having a songfest in the same room with them they should be expected to give as well as receive. If they don't want folksingers around while they're talking, they have no right to start talking while others are singing. If they're in the same room, okay; if the singers are in a separate room they should be allowed to use it without interruption. At the Midwestcon, for example, Bob Tucker was dragged into the songfest to listen to the Gilgamesh song, or something. When he was through listening, he left and went back to the main party to do his talking. It's a habit I recommend. RSC/

BOB BRINEY, Dep't. of Math., 2-380, M.I.T., Cambridge 39, Mass - Must agree with those who question the generalized conclusions which Marion Bradley draws from her experiences with editors; but the incidents themselves are fascinating and revealing. The cutting of sex-oriented material from German editions is very common; the "popular press" over there seems to be watched fairly closely. Another example of passages deleted in German editions is George Sylvester Viereck's "Men Into Beasts", a Gold Medal pb (ca. 1950), later published in hard covers in a private edition. The book is concerned with Viereck's several sojourns in prison in the mid-'40's, and among other things contains long passages of what are probably the most explicit descriptions of homosexual activity ever sold over the counter. All of these -- except one sentence, meaningless out of context -- were excised in the German translation (also a pb.)



I question Alan Burns' statement that "the language of sf is also that of technical literature". This may have been partly true in the Gernsback era, but that was before anyone had the bright idea that sf writers should be literary craftsmen instead of writers of scientific travelogues. A more accurate statement might be: "The language of poorly written sf is at times reminiscent of that of poorly written technical literature." Also, finding weird plurals or collectives for technical terms is the last thing in which a writer of technical literature is interested.

I can see no justification for such wholesale assignment of new meanings to existing words as Burns apparently suggests. The paragraph he gives by way of example is in itself a pointed argument against his thesis. Read "fleet" for "warp", "System" for "orbit", "group" for "strangeness", and "charred pile" for "charnel": the result says exactly the same thing in the same length, and has the advantage of sounding like English.

Apropos of an editorial comment in Y#101, I'll take Dave English's drawings in preference to Gilbert's

any day. As you say, English's drawings have the occasional feature of being amusing; even such a weak excuse as this (and actually I find English's drawings often much more than merely "amusing": I think they're good) doesn't exist for Gilbert's stuff.

Golden Minutes: I don't recall saying that the Alexandria Quartet was "great"; I don't think it is. Neither do I agree with a young lady of my acquaintance who shrugged off the tetralogy with the comment, "So everyone in Alexandria screws everyone else in Alexandria. So..?" My opinion falls about midway between these views.

Liked the Bergeron cover in Y#101. And the punchline in the feghoot. (Note that this seems to have become a generic noun, like "quizzing" and "boycott"...) /I should hope so; I've been working hard enough to get it there...RSC/

Scognamillo's article was very enjoyable. I remember reading portions of the book years ago in French class, but have never seen the complete work. From somewhere or other, I seem to recall another means of propulsion attributed to Cyrano. One stands on a metal plate and throws a magnet into the air; the magnet draws the metal plate (including passenger) up to it, whereupon passenger grabs the magnet and again tosses it into the air; etc. Sounds at least as unlikely as the dew-drive which Scognamillo describes....

/Well, if you have a strong arm, fast reflexes, and a very strong mag-

net..... To each his own; I've yet to see anything by English that I would prefer to the worst Gilbert drawing I've ever seen. I just don't go for artistic effects which resemble the scribblings of an addled 8-year-old. (This isn't just English, by the way; I'll include Bob Stewart, Reiss, Ralph Rayburn Phillips and about 75% of Rotsler's stuff in this category. Some of it is adequate cartooning; none of it is artistic.) RSC/

JOSEPH L. HENSLEY, 404 E. Main St., Madison, Ind. - It's always a pleasure to find someone, like Claude Saxon in #102, wide eyed and open mouthed enough to take what I write as the bare-buttred truth.

Herewith, blowing of own horn: Several metropolitan newspapers referred to me as the outstanding freshman representative of the session. I am informed that a poll of the newsmen covering the session did so vote, though I've never seen it in print.

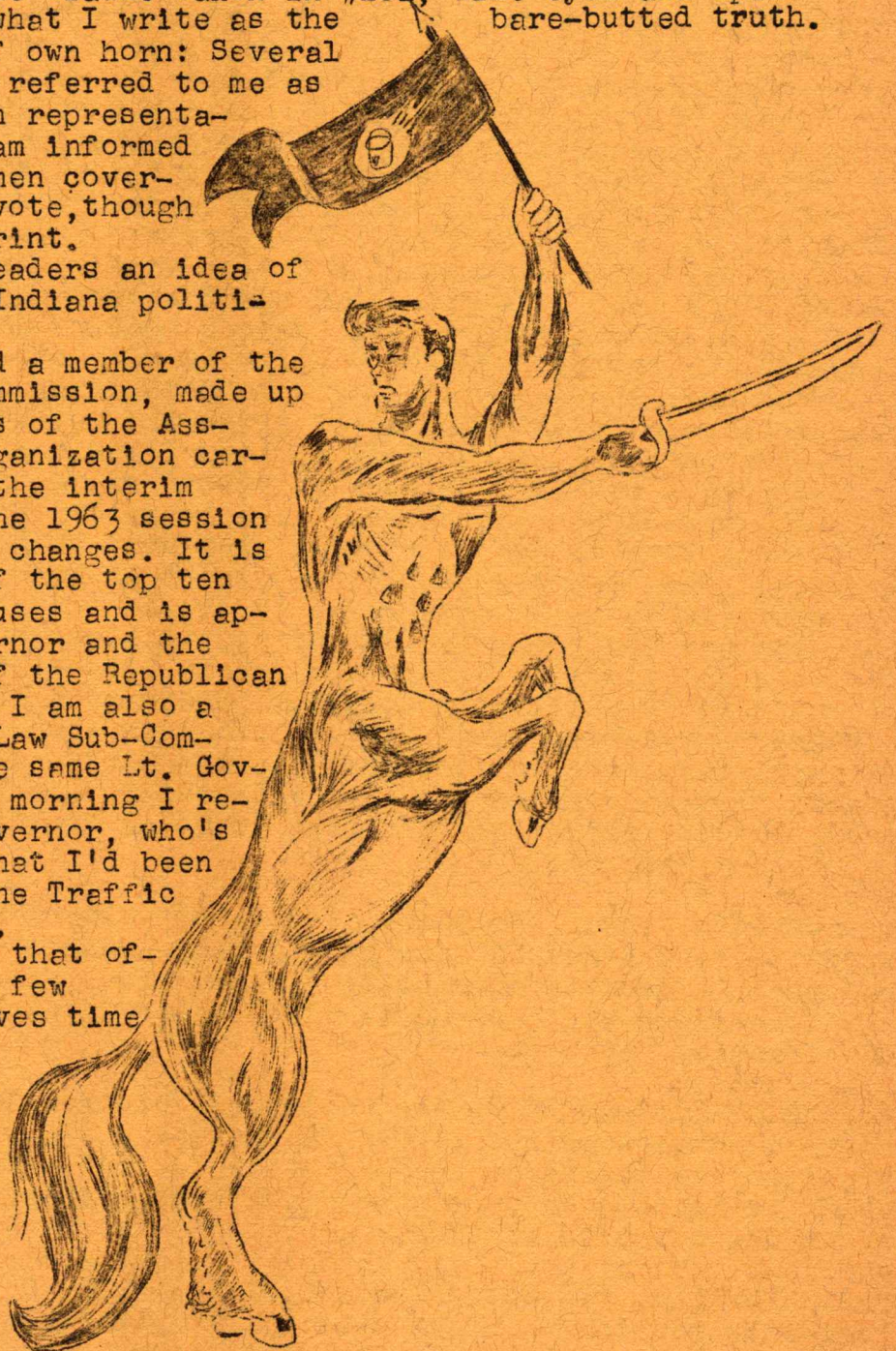
/Well, that gives the readers an idea of the average caliber of Indiana politicians.... RSC/

Also I was appointed a member of the Legislative Advisory Commission, made up of 15 of the 150 members of the Assembly. This powerful organization carries on studies during the interim period and reports to the 1963 session on areas of law needing changes. It is traditionally made up of the top ten percent from the two houses and is appointed by the Lt. Governor and the Speaker, both members of the Republican party. I am a Democrat. I am also a member of the Criminal Law Sub-Committee, appointed by the same Lt. Governor and Speaker. This morning I received word from the Governor, who's a member of my party, that I'd been appointed Chairman of the Traffic Safety Study Commission.

It appears in a day that of ten ran 18 hours that a few moments out for fun leaves time for the "mundane".

/Well, there goes your fannish image, Joe. RC/

ALAN DODD, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England - I must confirm Ken Cheslin's opinions in YANDRO 100 about the American female in other countries. They are frightening. I



never saw such scared husbands as the American husbands, you probably have another word for henpecked but believe me they really dominated the males and I'm beginning to wonder if the rumours of America being a matriarchy aren't true after all. Of course, these women I'm speaking of were more elderly, middle aged etc. - I did see some younger girls though and I had a similar sort of feeling toward them. I got the impression somehow that the American female doesn't perhaps have any time for a man who is a failure in life - I find the thought infinitely sad somehow.

There was a point I was going to make about TAFF and the Willis Fund and indeed any such travel arrangements between England and America because recently two airlines have come up with a new idea. The airlines concerned have a cheap travel rate between London and New York for "group travel"; this means if you get a booking by an officially recognized organization such as works parties, clubs, students, etc - in fact everything except organizations formed to get cheap travel. Now do you think fandom would fit into this group? We are an organization after all and with a sufficiently large group we could make it to America from here via this method and vice versa. The two airlines are the Flying Tiger Line of America and the Seaboard and Western Airline. The former will give a return fare between London and New York by plane for \$105 and the latter for \$143 - which is only a fraction of the single fare one way. Anyway I think this is definitely something that should be investigated because it might prove the method of getting conventions more international in the future. Even I could afford that kind of fare - of course I wouldn't be able to afford anything except to look around Idlewild when I got there but it's a start don't you think?

/The percentage of domineering females will be higher than normal among American tourists because "doing Europe" is regarded as fashionable and the women are more interested in it. So in families where the man dominates, they don't go; or if they do, it's regarded as a concession to the wife and since it's her idea she is allowed to decide where to go and what to see. Military families stationed in Europe present a better picture of the average US family, but even they aren't too typical; military life being different from civilian life. It seems generally accepted that US females are more independent and outspoken than European ones, but the difference isn't as great as tourist-watching will lead you to believe. RSC/

JOE SANDERS, RR#1, Roachdale, Ind. - Frankly, I'm snowed by Ebert's story. I've done stuff like this myself - disoriented tension-pieces - and so can possibly appreciate the technique of carefully pointing the way to nightmare, then nudging the reader in with the last few words. An effective bit.

RUTH BERMAN, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis 17, Minn. - Ebert's story is exasperating. It begins to tell a story, it begins to describe a person, it begins to ask a question -- and stops. Telling most of a story (a la "The Lady and the Tiger") is one thing -- telling the very beginning is quite another.

CHARLES WELLS, 679 Wilson Rd. NW, Atlanta 18, Georgia - I want to congratulate you on Rog Ebert's story. I have liked very little of what Ebert has done in the past, but this story was quite well done. Unlike nearly all fan-written science fiction or fantasy, it was not one of

these stories with a shock-ending which telegraphs the ending in the first paragraph. No, indeed, it built up nicely, with the reader gradually realizing what was amiss, and ended with the kind of downbeat ending I like. The writing was a little too flat, perhaps; I don't like the kind of sentence structure exemplified by, "He found himself ringing the bell, reading the newspaper, patting the little girl on the head." But, generally speaking, it was a good story, one of the few of its type worth printing.

May I add to Lichtman's list of fanzine-collectives: an emptiness of VOIDS, a prominence of BUG EYES, a generation of VIPERS, a circus of BANDWAGONS, a necklace of GEMZINES, an enormity of HABAKKUKS.

KEN CHESLIN, 18 New Farm Rd., Stourbridge, Worcs, England - A very similar character to The Saint is the one who appears in the BLACKSHIRT books (so similar in a sort of basic philosophy that I wonder why he is not so popular as the Saint). Blackshirt (author Bruce Graham, then his son, Roderic) is a sort of Raffles type...a superior type of burglar, who steals for the thrills, having made enough money on the side as a crime story writer to live in comfort.

Blackshirt, however, always worked alone. (He even gets reformed by a heroine - whom he marries - leading to such things as SON OF BLACKSHIRT. To give Graham something to write about, he gets knocked on the head in one story, suffers from amnesia and reverts to his old way of life...he gets "saved" again by the heroine though.

I had a mate in the RAF who taught his sister a good deal of Judo...I suppose I should be happy, for the girl's sake, that no one has ever attempted to rape her, but somehow I feel a little disappointed...perhaps I'm basically sadistic...

Gee, goshwow, etc., yuh mean yuh gonna write a story where Sam Houston didn't defeat the Mexicans, Bob Tucker? eh? ah? huh? wah? and then...mebbe that would mean no Texans fighting for the South in the Civil War...and that would lead to a 2 years earlier defeat for the South...which would mean...?

 "We'll sell our lives dearly!"

"Gidney, this is no time to talk business." ...Rocky and Bullwinkle

 STURE SEDOLIN, Vällingby 4, Sweden - You should try to get Stenfors to do a cover or something for you...as it is now, Bo will never get a chance to get much egoboo from let's say the FANAC poll as too few people get a chance to see his art, which is really bad...for the moment, Bo and Dave are my top favorites when it comes to fan artists...and this Ran Scott...another Adkins.

Here in Sweden things are unusually silent...Lundwall is going to "visit" the Air Force in a few days, Bo Stenfors has returned from a trip to Greece, and Lars Helander is in the Army...of course Lars isn't active any more...Fen like Alvar Appeltofft are gafia, and Swedish fandom has been suffering like this since Summer 1959...with 2 sf books published yearly and a monthly sf-magazine there isn't much chance to get new blood to fandom. And there aren't many fen willing to support the Swedish sf output either...98% of all fen here read English and prefer US science fiction, which is understandable...

/That's funny...US fans don't seem to prefer US science fiction.... I assume that by "Dave" you mean Dave Prosser? Sture also mentioned getting a Gestetner; everybody gets Gestetners except us...sniffle... RC/

BILL BOWERS, 3271 Shelhart Rd., Village of Norton, Ohio - "Who really cares whether or not every word has its own collective." Well, who really cares whether or not every word has its own spelling; after all, it would make for more variety if they didn't, wouldn't it? And we wouldn't want our spelling to become stereotyped either....
/When it comes right down to it, spelling in fandom does have quite a bit of variety.... RSC/

ROY TACKETT (see DYNATRON review) - I can see the viewpoint of the comic-book enthusiasts knocking about fandom these days. The comic books hold the same nostalgia for them that the pulps do for me. Offhand I'd say the bulk of us who grouch about the comic-book articles are roughly 10 years older than those who are so enthusiastic about them and that 10 years marks the shift from one era to the next.

I think we need more fannish types like Hensley in politics. It would make the whole mess more palatable.

Hmm...I wondered what was bugging Astra these days and now it comes out -- some editor has removed her sex.

GEORGE WILLICK, 856 East St., Madison, Ind. - Harrell's letter and your casual comment on bad luck brings up a point that I think has been overlooked. I wonder just how much hard luck fans have? All of this publishing, traveling, con attending merely lends an illusion of prosperity and good luck. It isn't. Fans will hock their shirts to do this and often do.

Since Phil and I carry on a mutual hatred society in private correspondence I might add to his woes by saying that he received his first bad product on his birthday. Only a mother's love...

For example; Peachie just this instant broke one of her prize glasses and is in the kitchen kneeling over it in tears. This sort of thing is almost usual. Are all fans plagued with this sort of thing?

I might think so. Fans are nuts to begin with. They don't fit into society patterns...maybe then society devices don't fit fans. Possible?

Your comment about the triple threat (Ebert, Ryan, Gorman) being white hopes of midwestern fandom is one I agree with...I think. What the hell do you mean by "white"? Knowing your stand on race and such I would think you mean something besides color. Maybe "pure as the driven snow" is what you are after. And they are. Sweet, delicate lads unmarred and beautiful to behold. Yes.

Going further; a world of NEW FRONTIERS, a digit of XEROs, a page of SCRIBBLES, a coffin of VAMPIRES, a nest of BUG EYES...it looks like Lichtman has started something here.

/I'm surprised by all the questions about the "white hope" phrase. I used it in what I naively assumed was the only context; as those who will save whatever is being discussed and restore it to its proper place -- another instance of Nirenberg's casual discrimination, now that I think about it. I have a different explanation for the luck. Fannish bad luck runs to relatively minor matters, you'll notice. The fans that I know about travel considerably more than the national average -- yet I can't think of a single one who has been killed in an accident. They have accidents, but not fatal ones. A lot of fans were, and are, in service. I wasn't in fandom during World War II, but I have yet to hear about any fan being killed while on military duty. I know of only two fans -- Dick Clarkson and Bob Patrick -- who were killed at an early age from disease. Maybe the rash of little accidents is to make up for the lack of the bad ones? RSC/

LES GERBER, 715 South Mitchell St., Bloomington, Indiana - I must be getting grumpy in my old age or something (I know 17 may not seem old to you, but I can remember when my major ambition in life was to live to be 15) because instead of passing off Ed Gorman's article as the blatherings of someone who doesn't know what he's talking about, I have become infuriated by it, especially by the statements about Hemingway (and it has nothing to do with Hemingway's death, because I read the article before he shot himself). Probably it's because the entire article seems to be made up of the sort of second-hand erudition which most students pick up in literature courses when they don't make an honest attempt to analyze what they're reading for themselves but instead accept what the instructor hands them blindfolded, remembering only such elementary criticisms as Ed repeats in his article. The only statement which I can find in the entire article with any semblance of originality is the sentence, "So if we're weighing 'literature' in Hemingway vs. Bradbury's case, there's no reason why one can't choose Bradbury." Aside from the bad grammar, that is one of the most monstrously idiotic statements I have ever seen attempting to pose as an intelligent judgment. If Ed really means it he is completely incapable of understanding Hemingway's writing. I have read four of Hemingway's books, all of them within the past year, and I've come away from them convinced that he is one of the major writers, with no qualifications. There have been too many books and articles written about Hemingway's writing by people far better qualified to write them than I am for me to attempt any serious analysis of his books in a letter without making a jackass out of myself. But it seems to me that, aside from petty arguments about his philosophy of life, it is impossible to deny the value of Hemingway's novels as fiction. They are written with a precise use of words such as is found usually nowhere but in good poetry, and they give intense insight into the characters and motivations of people which marks them as great. If Hemingway's world never existed, that is still completely irrelevant to the merits of his writing. His people existed, and exist, and are immortal in his novels. For that matter, if Hemingway's world is a distortion of reality, then Bradbury's must be the world of a complete psychotic. This is no criticism of his work, either. I have read most of Bradbury's books with enjoyment, and I think he is a fine writer indeed. But to compare him to Hemingway is like comparing Gershwin to Beethoven; just because Gershwin's music may be immortal and full of fine musical values (and because I may happen to enjoy it myself) does not mean that it can stand comparison with the products of a monumental genius like Beethoven.

After reading that, the feghoot, and Ricky Ertl's dopey story, it was a pleasure to come across the relatively fascinating article on Cyrano de Bergerac, who has always interested me in a vague sort of way, and then to go through Derek Nelson's article, which is one of the best things I have read in a fanzine since whenever it was that I last read something by Harry Warner. I do wish there had been some mention of where Derek got his background, since even when reading something which has such a strong ring of authenticity I wonder where it came from. This struck me as an ideal piece of material. I hope somebody points it out to Terry Carr for his FAN-thology.

/Derek mentioned several sources for the article; TIME and NEWSWEEK are the only ones I recall, but there were others. RSC/

CLAUDE SAXON, Jr., RR #2, Paris, Tennessee - Did I mention in my last

letter that both "Black Bullet" planes were amphibians? The second "Bullet" had floats which retracted into the tail booms, and the first was fitted with a gadgetty system for retracting the floats into the fuselage. Whitehouse swiped this from Bill Barnes'...err, Frank Tinsley's design for the "Scarlet Stormer". Tinsley, in his turn, swiped the idea from a World War One German seaplane. (Memory says it was the Paulus Sea Scout, but I could be wrong. Comment, Dean?)

PHIL HARRELL, 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Virginia - I enjoyed Rog Ebert's "Tardy Bell", but it left me with the same kind of feeling that Mike Deckinger's story in SOLAR #2 left me with...That I'd somehow missed the point.

While I didn't read Ted Pauls' dissertation with any amount of comfort I still read it and it reminded me of a time when I was in Florida in about '53 and my brother was graduating from UofM in Coral Gables. It was a hot night and I spent it usually on the porch of the second floor -- it had no screen and as there were nothing but scorpions and lizards around they didn't need any. Anyway on this particular night I remember lying there and it was very late -- something had waked me and I was in the stage of half awake and half asleep, when I felt something cold and slimy slither over the fleshy part of my leg. My ensuing scream woke up not only everybody in the building I was in but in the houses in front and on both sides. I never did find out what it was that did the slithering, a lizard, scorpion with a cold belly, or snake. I only know I had nightmares for a week afterwards.

FRED GALVIN, 840 Algonquin Ave., St. Paul 19, Minnesota - In case some of your readers want to know where they can get those "Help Stamp Out Human Beings!" stickers, they can be obtained from Rm. 2207, 150 Nassau, New York 38. "Suggested contribution dime a dozen, dollar for a big bagful." This information is from a classified ad on p. 34 of THE PROGRESSIVE for July 1961.

BOB LICHTMAN, c/o Main, 1205 Peralta, Berkeley 6, Calif. - You seem to be getting a lot of static from Ted White over the artwork you publish. (That should be artwork, of course, but let it stand; it'll amuse the more in-groupish SAPS people.) Obviously, there's nothing more than a difference in taste. For my own part, I find nothing particularly objectionable with either taste. The artwork I find in YANDRO seems, by and large, to be the sort of artwork that suits the YANDRO personality. And the same thing for the artwork in VOID. For you to begin publishing those outre cartoons by Reiss and Stiles or for Ted to begin using DEA and NOTT illos would be folly.

I notice you, in Fantastic Fungi, making the same error that Metcalf makes. That is, calling the Neffer Amateur Press Alliance's initials NAPA. The initials of the Neffer Amateur Press Alliance are N'APA. NAPA is the initials for the National Amateur Press Association, a mundane group that has been around since 1876 (4 July 1876, to be exact). /I know better; I just think putting the apostrophe in is unjustified; there is nothing in the name that warrants an apostrophe in the initials. Either they should change the name or accept duplicate initials; I can't see that it would cause much confusion if the initials were duplicate. RSC / WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Betty Kujawa, Vic Ryan, Les Sample, Derek Nelson, Gordon Eklund, Bob Smith, Ethel Lindsay, Eddie Bryant, Jr., Larry Williams, plus a few others who didn't comment on YANDRO.