

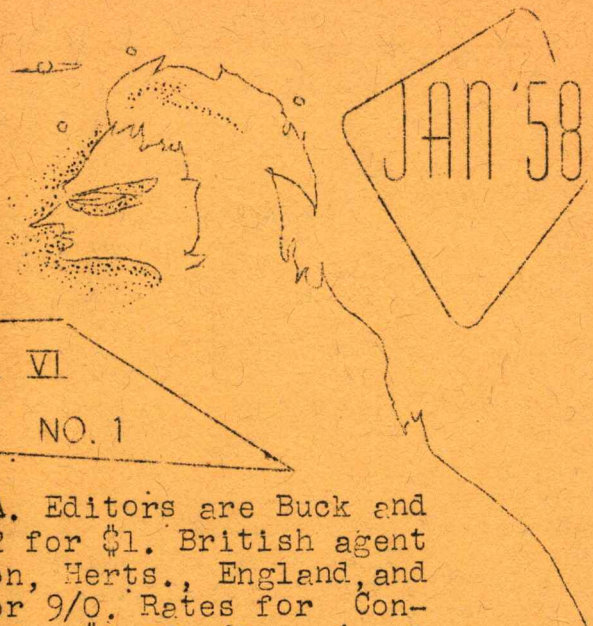
DLN #60

YANDRO



YANDRO

Fifth Annish



issue number sixty

VOL VI

NO. 1

YANDRO emanates monthly, more or less from 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana, USA. Editors are Buck and Juanita Coulson. Price is 10¢ per, or 12 for \$1. British agent is Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England, and British prices are 10d per copy or 12 for 9/0. Rates for Continental European fans are 15¢ each, 12 for \$1.25. Alvar Appeltofft controls Swedish reprint rights.

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AS A SPECIAL LITERARY SUPPLEMENT TO THIS ANNISH, WE ARE PROUD TO PRESENT

***** SLAG: THE MAGAZINE MEN LIKE *****

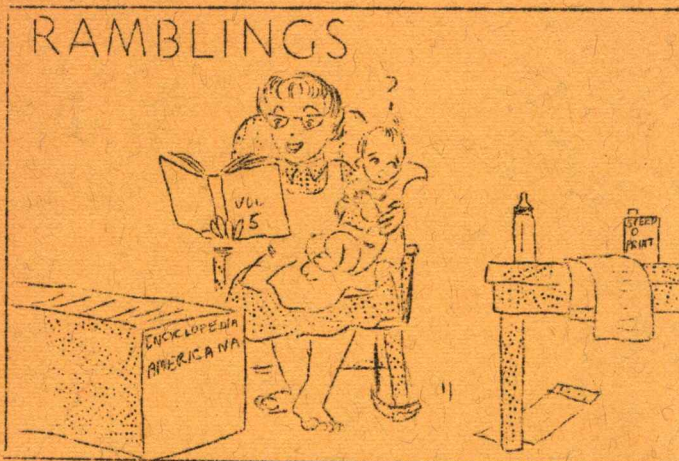
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Cover and all interior art in SLAG is by Robert E. Gilbert



Before anyone says anything, I'd like to state that the arrangement of pages thish is not mine...it may be perfectly all right, I understand ...but I have only the laird and mister's word for this....I simply took the neat little listings at the top of the pages and put them down.. which probably will produce some odd results...but perhaps not.....the encyclopedias ought to meet with the DeWeeses approval, bev's in particular (they have their own set, but not quite the same package deal as

ours)....since the edition of the Book of Knowledge (for Bruce later on) has a poetry section including an abridged version of "When Lilacs Last In the Dooryard Bloomed".....there, satisfied, bev?.....the furnace stoker in this place not only affects the record player and the light bill rather ominously, but also caused rather noisy chittering on the radio.....right in the middle of Chuck Berry or 'Raunchy', too..... the cover for thish issue had a hectic history....originally painted by Dollens and sold to Gene DeWeese at the Nycon....Gene had trouble tracking down the painting and Dollens had trouble tracking down his commission, which turned out to have been sent to the wrong address... then we obtain a print from Dollens for possible coveruse...then for a long time, the suitable issue and the suitable amount of money wouldn't show up at the right time....and when it did, the printer we picked found out no could doso we get it done of all places, locally,fancy paper, too.....fannish type character did the printing...ac - cording to Buck, the type which shows off all the printing equipment in the shop....and a couple of lines back - I do too know how to spell 'character'....but by the time I got slowed down and noticed it was mis-typed there was no room to correct.....the typer isn't cooperating at all anymore.....it not only spaces incorrectly vertically, but horizontally as well.....also the keys stick.....they don't make things like they useta.....after all, this is only a pre WW II model.....at least, the keys are nice & sharp still....so much so that I continually chop out"o's"...even with tension at the tightest.....Frankly, at this stage of the game, I think Buck dear has the right idea, what with paragraphing in the editorials.....he doesn'T have to write as much that way.....

Maybe I should switch over?....the difficulty being, I don't think ,talk or write in normal paragraphs.

Or sentences, either.

Fact is, all of my normality might be open to question.

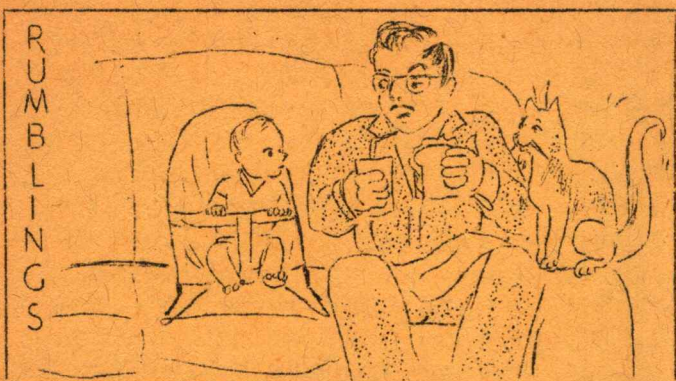
But it isn't.....not to me, anyway.

Enough of that.....strikes suddenly that perhaps this should be a 'Looking Backward' type editorial....five years and all that....but that 'issue number sixty' on the contents page tells that pretty well: just sixty monthly issues.....just.....y'know - I'm tired....

Actually, I'm not.....I've got the ideal in fan publishing,-a set-up where for the most part I get to do the section of the work I most enjoy - the illoing and the running....and getting out of the, to me, least enjoyable, selecting and rejecting written material, typing, and assembling....(they got folding machines, why doesn't some inventive fan invent an assembling machine?)....I've always been basically art - minded and I loathe rejecting written material.....my taste is not of the best.....I can switch from the Wylie, Schulberg, Montaigne school directly to Tom Corbett, Space Cadet and the Long Ranger with nary a quiver.....were I handling manuscripts, I would now be buried six feet deep under them...fortunately, I married an editor-type who isn't afraid to reject once and a while, and who lets me pick happily around on the little stencils with my styli, guides, and shading plates.....everyone's happy but the subber.....I owe the art work repro to two sources, Jack Street Stencils and instruction in styli, plates, guides, writing plates, key cleaning, etc., on the part of Lee Tremper, the first fan or fanne I ever met, and the person largely instrumental for my getting into fandom in the first place.....to anyone who enjoys cutting art on stencil...(or is there anyone that nuts besides myself?) and doesn't mind scraping the keys clean every half paragraph or so, I can heartily recommend Jack Street's stencils.....I'd also recommend Tower mimeos, except I seem to be the only person who ever got a decent machine from the place.....apparently the Sears store in Anderson has to have its Tower regularly repaired by the local Speed-o-Print dealer.... low blow.....let's see, starting the sixth year of pubbing with a new staff member (Junior-editor-in-charge-of-stamp-licking in about a year from now), mascot, set of encyclopedias, new record rack for the overflow (new rack courtesy the DeWeeses), and too much furniture, baby clothes, records, books, and everything.....right now I'm considering taking a pickaxe to the living room wall, battering into the next apartment, making a deal with the widow lady there for her two rooms..... they'd do nicely for storerooms, for about six months.....

- "You know what jazz is - folk music with delusions of grandeur" -

Contrary to popular opinion, we do have other music besides folk music ...let's see, that category wouldn't include the Yma Sumacs, the Toscanins, Stravinsky, Gould, Gilbert and Sullivan, show music, Beethoven, Rimsky-Korsakov, rock and roll, ancient Brunswicks a la Richard Bonelli, the Mentons, Shearing, the Mahalia Jackson, Debussy, Borodin, Weill, etc.....I trust the jazz addicts are equally catholic.....want to assure them other notes do cross these very unhallowed portals.....I'm trying rather inconsistently to assemble a plastic model Atlas, one of my Christmas presents, incidentally.....one of those deals where it can be made an ICBM or a satellite carrier.....needless to say, mine will be an ICBM, and nothing else.....that is, if I ever get the thing together.....hazarding a superstitious prediction, I will say it will snow tomorrow, when I begin the run of this thing....I can't recall a winter over these five years when it didn't snow while I mimeoed the Annish.....and I leave you with this thought.....brrrrr!.....JWC



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We recently received a mimeoed sheet from Ethel Lindsay (I think; the paper is unsigned and the envelope is long gone) on "The Spirit Of TAFF". The writer seemed to think that the TAFF candidates should be, above all, modest; who would, on being nominated "be overwhelmed by the honor". None of this crass business of asking for the nomination, campaigning for election, etc. Now, this is, at first glance, a fine idea;

as the writer points out, the truly great individuals generally are modest, and seldom seek honors. Besides, this is the original idea of TAFF; to honor the most-deserving fans, not those with the most political acumen. There's another side, though. TAFF was originated with this idea in view -- and came very close to being a complete flop. The true, noble, active fans, who have been doing so much yapping about the degradation of the cause, simply didn't contribute enough money to keep it alive. They're strong on ethics, and talk -- but most of the actual cash for the cause comes from a few old-timers like Ford and Ackerman, and from the numerous fringe-fans and lesser-known actives; the most "unethical" and "political" group. If you're going to accept their money, you're going to have to cater to them; if you don't accept their money, you aren't going to have an organization at all.

Besides, while it would be nice to be able to keep TAFF true to the founding principles, there is not an organization in the world which doesn't undergo change. Fandom changes; fandom's internal organizations must change, too, or disappear. TAFF is no longer based on the idea that fans should wait modestly for the nomination to be handed to them. I doubt very much if it can be changed back.

Sam Lundwall, 33 Främlingsvägen, Hägersten Stockholm, Sweden, is interested in corresponding with American (or any other) fans. Says he can supply any number of Swedish fanzines for interested parties -- personally, we get enough Swedish fanzines through regular trade channels, but someone else might be interested.

Some of you may have noticed on your newsstands a large-size, slick-paper booklet titled "The Race For Space!" and priced at \$1. Probably, at that price, very few of you bought it. I did, and I'd like to heartily recommend it. Admittedly, 65 pages isn't much for \$1, but the contents are not the sort of Sunday-supplement articles that you expect to find in this sort of thing. The "original, constructive" plans may not be so all-fired original (though damned few individuals have had the guts to put them in print before, especially not for newsstand distribution), but they are constructive. Their proposals for the rectification of America's scientific failures are remarkably intelligent, remarkably consistent, and remarkably likely to be ignored by the government and the public at large.

For a change, we have a goodly supply of both articles and fiction on hand for future issues. Articles by Ed Wood, G. H. Scithers, Bob Farnham, Bem Gordon, Guy Terwilleger and Gene DeWeese; fiction by Dave

Jenrette, James Adams, Bill Pearson, Joe Sanders, Dan Lesco, Roger Ebert, Dainis Bisenieks, and a couple others. We are a bit short of verse at the moment, and good artwork is always welcome. (We occasionally have an oversupply of covers, but sure as I'd mention the fact, everybody would quit sending them in.)

Reading "And Then The Town Took Off", in INFINITY. A few quotes from Chapter XXIII..... "...the last world to survive the slow nova of its sun..." "Their...ships were ready, capable of crossing space to the ends of the universe. But their universe was barren. No planet could receive them. All were doomed as was theirs.....They set out for a new Galaxy." I will say Wilson paints an appalling picture --- think of it; an entire universe with every sun (or at least every sun with planets) going nova at the same time! I'm also a bit fascinated at the idea of these valiant voyagers casually heading for a galaxy outside their universe. The rest of the story isn't particularly bad --- though it isn't particularly good, either --- it is only when Wilson tries to sound scientific that he gets idiotic. And considering that the entire conversation wasn't really needed, it seems that editor Shaw might have condensed it into something a bit more reasonable. Shaw seems to be following Gold's line on more than illustrations, however. Anyone remember Kendall Foster Crossen's editorial in STARTLING, which drew such angry denunciations at the time? Or was it in TWS? Anyway, it was a "guest editorial" type of thing, I think.

Wonder how many people would, when choosing between two items they didn't previously own, buy an encyclopedia set and postpone the purchase of a clothes dryer? Sometimes I think fans just aren't practical; there seems to be in inverse ratio between fannishness and practicality.

Dan Adkins is in Arizona at the present; can be reached through Bill Pearson. He almost wound up in Wabash; I inquired about a job for him, and my boss was quite enthusiastic about taking on a new draftsman. Apparently the higher brass weren't so enthralled.

We have some rather weird electrical wiring in this place. Our record player is one of the few which runs fast at a repair shop and slow at home. Not to mention the fact that it doesn't always run at the same speed at home. And when I plugged a faulty extension cord into a wall outlet, it blew 3 fuses, in 2 different fuse-boxes. (One of them being a 60- amp job which is supposedly on the furnace circuit.)

Gene DeWeese comes up with some original furniture layouts. The DeWeeses recently bought a used t-v set. Putting it up, they ran into the problem of not having enough wall space for everything....with typical originality, Gene solved this by stacking the speaker console of his hi-fi set on top of the t-v. When you consider that the t-v is about 3½ feet high, and the hi-fi console about 4 or 4½ feet high, the effect is a bit startling. (This puts the hi-fi speakers at about ear level of a 6-footer, and that effect can be startling for the unwary, too.)

And this about covers it for another issue; and another year. Juanita is out getting us some milkshakes to celebrate on, Bruce is quietly asleep for a change, and Ylla is demanding supper, despite the fact that it means getting put in an unheated room for the night. (Not only does her water freeze, but so does her cat-food and the dirt in her feline privy; she doesn't appreciate that room at all.) RSC

HOW TO DEFINE SCIENCE FICTION

by G.H. SCITHERS

This is by no means an attempt to define "science fiction"; far better minds than ours have tried, unsuccessfully, to produce a definition acceptable to all. Their failure is perhaps an indication that here we have a term whose definition is a personal thing with each reader and fan.

"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less."

Many people, good, clean cut, straightforward people, disagree with this attitude. To them, "science fiction" is an expression that ought to mean the same thing to everybody, with no wishy-washy compromise.

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things."

Unfortunately, "science fiction" never has had a clear, unequivocal meaning; people can't even agree how it should be spelled, much less what it means. We propose, then, not to attempt to define the term, but instead present a guide for whoever may wish to try his or her hand at defining it.

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master -- that's all."

The Historical (or Sense Of Wonder) approach is, of course, the most erudite method of defining the term, usually spelled "scientifiction" for a touch of extra erudition. The method is to simply take the word to mean the same thing as it did when it was first invented. Reference may be made to Jules Verne, H. G. Wells, or Edgar Rice Burroughs, depending on whose writing you consider to be "true scientifiction". Or you can take the view that Hugo Gernsback defined the term once and for all in his early editorials. Common sense dictates, however, that not more than one of these authorities be quoted in any one discussion, as they more or less disagree among themselves.

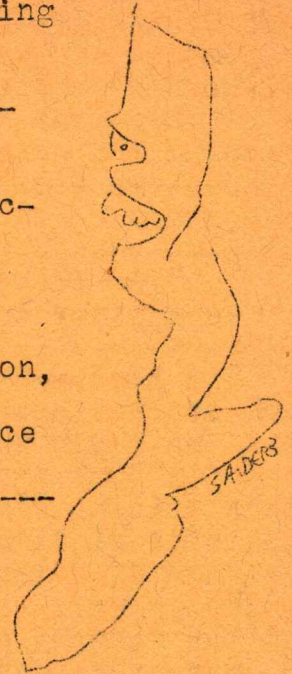
The principal advantage of the Historical method is that it is very impressive to newcomers and youngsters, as well as sounding vaguely authoritative even to old timers. There are serious disadvantages, however. For one thing, somebody may quote a historical ref-



Scithers

erence that differs violently with yours; there is nothing as messy as having "The Warlord Of Mars" brought into a discussion which had been centered on "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea". For another thing, strict adherence to the early use of the term would class any story about a t-v repairman as science fiction.

Probably the most virtuous way to define "science fiction" is to define it in terms of a worthy purpose. Instruction in the Wonders of Science and Interesting The Young In A Scientific Career are the two worthy aims most frequently quoted. Of course, anything that does not accomplish one of these is, by this way of definition, simply not science fiction. However, there is a lot of opposition to this definition -- especially among science fiction editors -- and it must be used with caution.



"He wants a magazine that is POPULAR SCIENCE a month ahead of time, maybe two months, and one that is written in the same style except that the articles are broken up into alternate speeches made by two learned professors....As for me, I'm just not with him."
I. Asimov

Very straightforward is the next method; pick your favorite science fiction magazine, consider it as a standard, and define as "science fiction" any story that either appears therein or that is sufficiently similar to those that do. This kind of approach is likely to inspire a lively discussion on the relative merits of various magazines as a standard. Broadening the definition to describe as science fiction all stories that appear in science fiction magazines will hardly stop the argument; there is considerable difference of opinion as to which magazines are science fiction and which are not. Nevertheless, this last is probably the simplest kind of definition that has yet been devised.

At first glance, defining "science fiction" in terms of its component words, "science" and "fiction" would seem an easy task. It isn't. All you have done is to substitute arguments about two words in place of one. However, these arguments are very basic and very necessary to gain any real understanding of what people mean by these terms. This approach brings disagreements out into the open immediately. Take "science" for example. Shall it include just mathematics, physics, and chemistry? Or shall it include biology, palaeontology, and geology? How about sociology and psychology? Or theology? Parapsychology? Transchronology (i.e., the study of time travel)? The dictionary isn't much help here; it refers to a study leading to "verifiable general laws", and the question of what is "verifiable" seems to be the one we need answered.

"That's a great deal to make one word mean," Alice said in a thoughtful tone.

"When I make a word do a lot of work like that," said Humpty Dumpty, "I always pay it extra."

"Fiction" is no easier to agree upon. Discussions on this word as a

part of the expression "science fiction" often get involved in the knotty problem of purpose, a problem which has afflicted science fiction's literary companions but little. Detective stories are seldom expected to be treatises on criminal law, westerns are not textbooks on cattle breeding and management, and love stories which go into technical detail on the techniques of...er...marriage, are frowned on by the postal inspectors.

"For above all else, a story -- science fiction or otherwise -- is a story of human beings." J. W. Campbell, Jr.

The last method of defining the term "science fiction", although the most sophisticated, is just as open to argument as any of the others, and is as unlikely to produce a universally accepted result. (We never meant to imply that any of these methods would.) This last method is to try to place science fiction against the broad spectrum of imaginative and realistic fiction. This has the very real advantage in that the exact position of science fiction with respect to its relatives -- the historical novel, the prehistorical novel, the utopia, the negative utopia, and the fantasy story -- is clearly shown.

But even something as basic as the division between realistic and imaginative fiction becomes a point of discussion for science fiction. Fletcher Pratt's criterion for dividing the two is that a story that could not have happened is imaginative fiction, and a story that could have happened (but didn't) is realistic fiction.

"This puts all stories laid in the future in the category of imaginative fiction, as they could not yet have happened."

.....L. S. de Camp

But look what happens when we take this division out of the past tense. If we say that a story that could not happen is imaginative fiction, and one that could is realistic fiction, then science fiction either changes to realistic fiction, or straddles the division, depending on whether or not science fiction excludes stories that could not happen. Furthermore the question of could and could not, sometimes used as the division between fantasy and science fiction, immediately brings up the fascinating but lengthy discussion of just exactly what can and will happen in the future. The differences on this point are startling, amazing, or astounding (depending on which magazine you read).

".....there is.....much more extant evidence for the probable existence today of werewolves than for the eventual probability of time travel."

.....A. Boucher

Well, where does all this put us? The Historical method is impressive but is subject to disagreement over the authorities used; the definition in terms of a worthy purpose gets little sympathy from those who like stories for their entertainment value; use of a particular magazine or group of magazines as a criterion brings on discussion of the relative merits of those publications; defining "science" and "fiction"

separately invites deep analysis of a pair of basic words with their associated concepts; and the literary survey method will bring up the very basic question of what can happen and what cannot.

"Oh!" said Alice. She was too puzzled to make any other remark.

But things aren't as bad as that. Defining science fiction is one of the activities in which the process is more valuable than the product; the journey more interesting than the destination. These methods are basis not only for interesting arguments, but also for exploration of your own attitudes towards science fiction and towards whatever it symbolizes for you. And if you ever find that your definition -- your complete definition -- of science fiction agrees with that of someone else, you will know that you two agree on many things indeed.

As for just what science fiction really is.....

"Ah, you should see 'em come round of me of a Saturday night," Humpty Dumpty went on, wagging his head from side to side, "for to get their wages, you know."

(Alice didn't venture to ask what he paid them with; and so you see I can't tell you.)

#

STF-INITIONS

In honor of the occasion, in response to some requests, and because we used the best of the current crop last month, this time the column will consist of reprints of some of the best stfinitions of former years.

Robot	-- a small bot propelled by oars	-----	Ross Allen
Deceleration	--- planting less celery than usual	-----	Jack Daniels
Atmosphere	-----fear of air	-----	Allan Duane
Light barrier	-----small gravedigger	-----	Thomas Stratton
Topology	----- high class science	-----	Ross Allen
Homo superior	----- expensive house	-----	Gene DeWeese
Free electron	-----voting in a democratic manner	-----	Thomas Stratton
Scientifilm	----- a thin film of science	-----	Stratton
Interstellar	-----movie star's fuheral	-----	DeWeese
Vega	-----not definite	-----	RSC
Quartz	-----one size larger than fifths	-----	RSC
Meteor	-----has more meat on it	-----	James R. Adams
Photosynthesis	-----Kinsey report with pictures	-----	Lee Tremper
Euglena	----- you pick up the extra wheat this time	-----	Allen
Chromosphere	----- fear of personal guilt	-----	RSC
Caustic	----- my crow is hoarse	-----	DeWeese
Dielectric	----- the gallows has been replaced	-----	Lew Forbes
Occultation	----- getting fitted for glasses	-----	Dale Brandon
Gladiator	----- happy cannibal	-----	Thomas Duane
Bem	-----feminine noise	-----	JWC
Perihelion	----- a couple of fast women	-----	Stratton

Σ

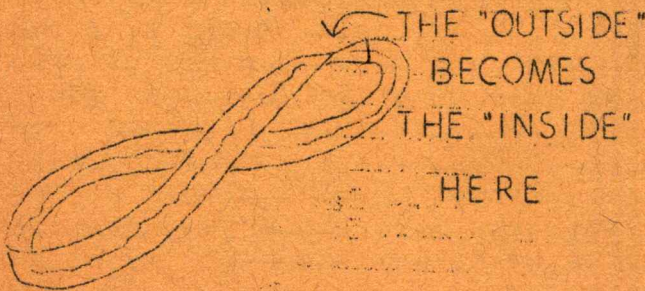
by bob briney

Previously in these pages, Marion Bradley has discussed various topics in science fiction and science non-fiction---usually surveying the manner in which a particular scientific discipline has been used in science fiction, as a preface to a review of a non-fiction work on that subject. For a long time I have thought that the same thing ought to be done with my especial enthusiasm, mathematics. The present paragraphs are an initial stab at the project.

Plots based on mathematical theorems or principles have been in a definite minority compared to plots based on chemistry, physics, astronomy, anthropology, sociology, psychology, etc.--- even compared to plots wherein mathematical gimmicks occur, but only in a subsidiary role. I'm making a definite distinction: for example, a story such as Leinster's "The Ethical Equations" does not fall under the heading of stories with a mathematical basis (the existence of the Ethical Equations, mentioned occasionally in the course of the story, has nothing at all to do with the plot development), any more than an ordinary space-travel story which happens to mention that water is H₂O would then be classed as a story based on chemistry.

There is a definite reason for this comparative lack of stories with a mathematical basis. The richest fields of mathematics, those with the most to offer an enterprising and imaginative science fiction author, are almost inaccessible to the layman. There is the barrier of terminology, which alone is quite enough to keep potential customers away, even disregarding the inherent sophistication and conceptual difficulty of the subject matter itself. Some of these fields, however, have received sufficient attention from writer of popular articles and books to make them more accessible. It is from the small group of popularized topics that most of the science fiction in this area has been drawn--symbolic logic, elementary topology, transfinite numbers, probability, and (more recently) fragments of game theory.

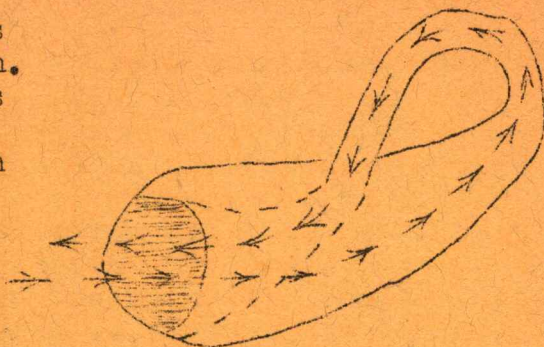
Symbolic logic has been accessible to the layman ever since the days of Lewis Carroll, who clothed his syllogisms in nonsense-situations to make them more palatable. More recently, within science fiction itself, there have been such excellent treatments as Crispin Kim-Bradley's article in a 1952 Astounding. (as well, it must be admitted, as such hare-brained and misleading farces as the "Achilles and the Tortoise" series by Gotthard Gunther in the same magazine in 1954). In science fiction, some of its most notable appearances have been as the tool by which Harold Shea and his companions effect the transition between parallel worlds in Pratt and deCamp's INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER and CASTLE OF IRON, and the



means by which the hero of Fritz leiber's CONJURE WIFE rescues his wife from death.

As for topology, that portion of this vast field which concerns itself with Möbius strips and Klein bottles has been worked virtually to death in science fiction. I have lost count of the stories in which an unwary protagonist a) turns himself inside out; b) turns someone else inside out; c) gets trapped in a Klein Bottle; d) traps someone else in a Klein bottle; e) rotates himself into another dimension; f) rotates someone else into another dimension; or g) otherwise fouls up his connectivity and orientation, or those of someone else. By far the best of these stories is Theodore Sturgeon's "What Dead Men Tell" (aSF, November 1949), wherein a giant Möbius band is employed as a recruiting device by a society of supermen. Also diverting is A.J. Deutsch's "A Subway Named Möbius", wherein an addition to the Boston subway system turns it into a topological structure of infinite connectivity, thus trapping trains and people in its twists and convolutions. The mathematical gimmick is invalid, but the story is done well enough to make the suspension of disbelief relatively easy to achieve. It is especially amusing to someone who has had the experience of trying to find his way around by means of the Boston subway system!

Aside from these two stories, the others in this line might well be carbon copies of one another. Martin Gardner's "No Sided Professor", from F&SF, mingles magic and topology in a rather mad fashion, and concludes with the hero plunging naked from another dimension into the midst of a crowded auditorium, musing abstractedly about "what would have happened if he had made one less turn---he would have materialized inside out!" H. Nearing's "The Maladjusted Classroom" has Prof. Cleenth Ransom (a mathematics professor who must certainly have learned all his mathematics from popular works on the subject, complete with terminology which has not been in use for nearly twenty years...) using a bicycle tire to rotate an uncooperative ROTC commander into the fourth dimension. There are several others, whose titles escape me, which involve magicians of one sort or another who imprison people in Klein bottles, or banish them to other dimensions by means of these topological structures. Even the popular articles on topology which have appeared in the science fiction magazines---the one by Hocking in a 1954 aSF, and the one by George O. Smith in a Startling of about the same vintage---concern themselves primarily with this one corner of topology. In a field so rich, it is disturbing that all the attention should be concentrated on one narrow portion. Where is the story in which topology is used to compute space-ship trajectories, or to regulate traffic in highly congested areas (the three-dimensional network formed by the paths of arriving and departing spaceships is an ideal topological structure for the application of modern methods)? Or the story in which alien star systems or galaxies are studied topologically before exploration begins? Or the story where the protagonists find themselves in a hyper-space



whose topological structure is such that the old line "You can't get there from here" actually holds true?

The one science fiction story based on mathematics which I will always remember is Raymond F. Jones' "Outpost Infinity" in Super Science, back in 1950 or 1951. That is the story which resulted in my becoming a mathematician. If I had never read that story, I would most likely now be deciphering Latin and Greek love poems or political speeches, instead of trying to wring the content out of papers on class field theory in the mathematical journals... Aside from this personal attachment for the story, it is a fine example of what can actually be done to get an intriguing and exciting science fictional gimmick out of what is ostensibly an abstract mathematical theory. In this novelette, Jones took Georg Cantor's theory of transfinite numbers (a highly intuitive and involved theory dealing with various kinds and degrees of "infinity") and devised from it a new method for space travel. When something went wrong and a ship got trapped in one of the "levels of infinity," it was the mathematical theory which gave the solution and led to a rescue; and all this was done in an exciting and highly readable fashion. Jones proved it could be done. Why haven't more authors followed in his footsteps?

In part, the earlier comments (lack of popularization of mathematical theories) apply. But not entirely. For example, what of those sf authors who are themselves mathematicians? John Taine is, of course, Eric Temple Bell, professor emeritus of mathematics at Cal Tech; and out of his fifteen science fiction novels, how many are there which are based on mathematics? Well, the hero of GREEN FIRE is a mathematician---the heroic variety who slaves over a hot equation for most of the book and then, in the nick of time, solves it just as the world is going to be blown up, runs and flourishes it at the villain (a cloud of poisonous gas moving toward the earth at speeds far in excess of that of light) and saves everything. But not another mathematician in the bunch. Arthur Porges, frequent contributor to F&SF, is a mathematician; this fact is not discernible in his science fiction (as good as much of it is), and was not discovered until I came across a mathematical paper by him in one of the journals. Chan Davis is the pen-name of H Chandler Davis, formerly of the mathematics department of the University of Michigan; and none of his excellent and often anthologized stories from Astounding has a mathematical background. The only exception to the rule appears to be Martin Gardner, who, besides being a mathematician (whether professional or not, I don't know) is also a magician (same comment applies), exposé of scientific hoaxes, biographer of L. Frank Baum, and heaven knows how many other things.

There are a few other stories with a mathematical basis: Heinlein's "Year of the Jackpot" from Galaxy is based on statistics; Philip K. Dick's Ace novel SOLAR LOTTERY contains some very neatly integrated material on game theory; the Kuttners' THE FAIRY CHESSMEN involves a mysterious equation from the future, whose solution unhinges the minds of people not equipped to think in certain ways.

And there you are. A dozen titles, plus the rest of the (ugh) Cleanth Penn Ransom series by H. Nearing, Jr.; and possibly George O. Smith's

"The Möbius Trail", Weinbaum's "The Circle of Zero", MacLean's "The Snowball Effect." Contrast this against the wealth of stories based on chemistry or anthropology, for example. Certainly, extrapolations of mathematical theories are harder to come by than extrapolations of chemical facts or anthropological theories. But good things have been done... Maybe science fiction authors are lazier than they used to be, and maybe science fiction readers are less interested in science than they used to be... Maybe...

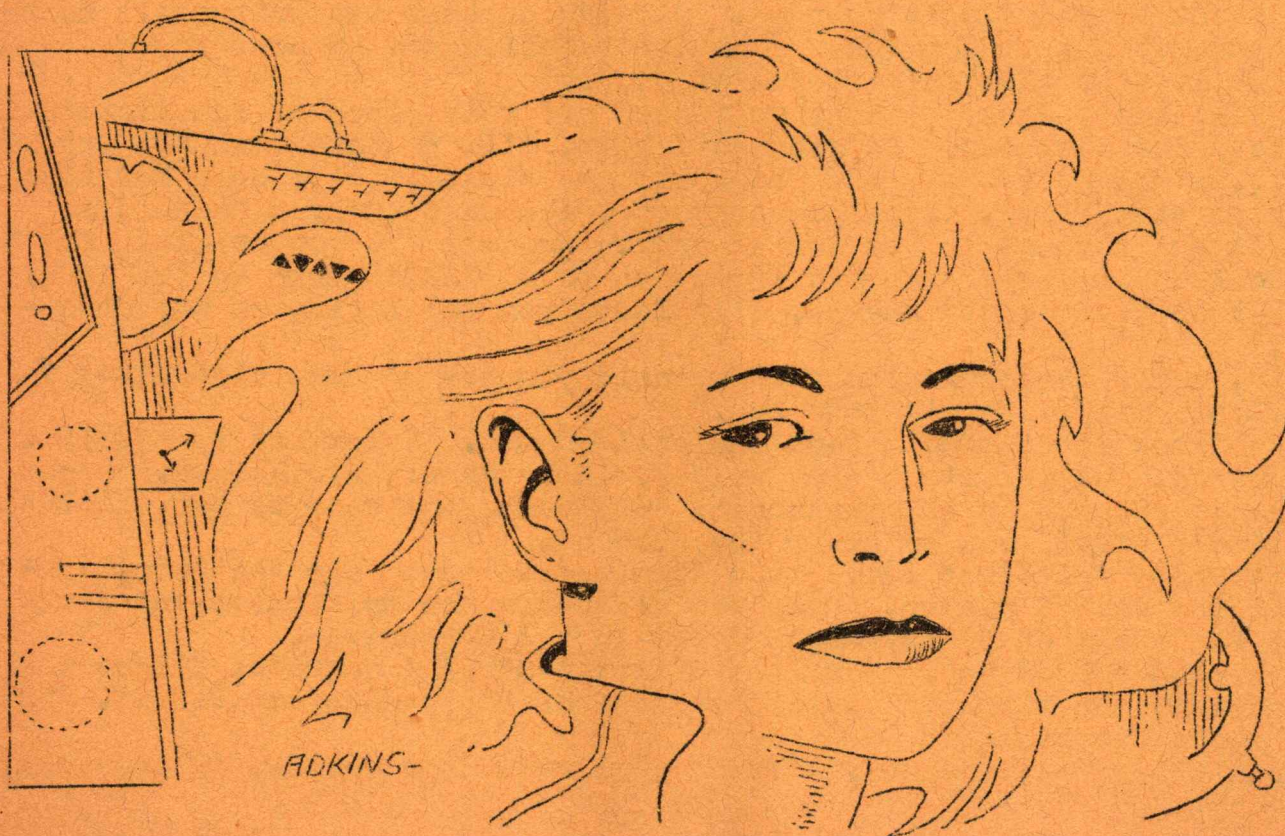
No! No! Don't take away my soap-box... Come back! Come back!

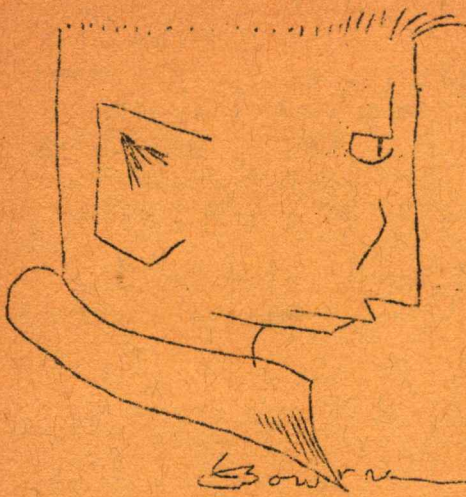
MEMOS FROM PERSONNEL (I)

by Mary Corby

We hired a Beta Centaurian,
A handsome, distinguished young saurian
We hired him because
The cut of his jaws
Was ideally adapted for quarryin'.

The latest thing -- Music To Go To The Bathroom By





SHILLING SHALLY

by —ron bennett—

Clunk!

I picked myself up from the floor and felt my head. I was in luck. It was still there. Joan materialized from the mist in front of my eyes.

"Didn't your mother ever tell you about hitting anyone with that handbag of yours?" I asked, "and especially me," I added.

"Well, you should listen to what I'm saying," explained Jinx, with irrefutable feminine logic.

"Of course, dear."

"I've been asking you if you'd run down to town for me, for the past half-hour, and you've not said a word. My mother should have told me about that....."

"But, Jinx -- honestly, I never heard you." I swayed on my toes in typical Templar fashion, ready to ward off any forthcoming blows from that handbag.

"Of course you didn't hear me. Sitting at that typewriter all morning. And it's a wonder the keys haven't fallen off by now, the way you bang at it with that fairy touch of yours."

"Well, look, Jinx. I want to finish off this piece of fan fiction I promised the Coulsons. As soon as I have, I'll go into town for you.."

"...By which time all the shops will be closed. I've seen how fast you work at writing. Type one sentence, listen to half a dozen jazz records and then go to bed for an hour. And why are you writing for the Coulsons anyway? Are you trying to bring YANDRO down to the level of PLOY or something? Anyway, I'll leave you to playing at Ray Bradbury."

"Er, well, seeing you're going, would you get me some cigarettes? Sullivan's mild. Here's four bob."

Joan took it without a word and stalked out. I laughed to myself. Ridiculous, saying I'm a slow writer. Ha! Really ridiculous. I put a pile of records on the turntable, turned on, and went to bed. Nothing like a little nap to clear the cobwebs.

"You have written a lot," said Joan as she came into the room, turned off the record player, threw the cigarettes on my stomach and looked at the sheet of almost blank paper in the typewriter.

I rolled out of bed. "Er, had a little nap," I mumbled. "These the cigarettes. Oh thanks." I took one out of the packet and lit it. "Oh, what about the change?"

Joan handed me tuppence. "Thanks," I said, the epitome of courtesy.

Then I looked at the two copper coins I was about to slip into my pocket. "Jinx," I cooed. "You got these as change? Just take a look at them."

One penny was aged, worn, and bent. But that was nothing. The other was inscribed 'Unie van Zuid Afrika' round the profiled head of King George.

"Brilliant," I sneered revengefully, "the girl can't even buy a packet of cigarettes without getting a pair of obsolete poker chips palmed on her."

"I'm sorry. I didn't notice. The man smiled at me and said...."

"Ha! He smiled at you, so you took his dud coins. Did anyone have such a stupid wife? Where did you get the cigarettes?"

"At that little shop opposite the Valley Gardens," sobbed Joan.

"Well, I'm going to take these coins right back." I put on my shoes, swore loudly when the lace broke, rethreaded the thing and stalked off into town.

I picked out the shop and marched in, polishing my little speech of introduction in my mind, "Now look here you. Who do you think you are, palming dud coins on my wife..."

"Mornin', guv," saluted the hairy man mountain in shirt sleeves, standing akimbo behind the counter. "Anythin' up? You're not lookin' too good, y'know." A beam of light coming through a narrow sky - light fell on, and emphasised, his rippling arm muscles.

"Er - er - er - gulp - er - a packet of - er - Sullivan's, please," I stuttered, staggering out of the shop without even taking my change.

I walked off, gulping in the early summer air, and trying to unscramble my brain. Then I realised what I'd done! I'd come away with the dud coins still in my pocket. "You're a great one, Bennett," I thought. Now how could I face Joan? Hmm, obviously, I'd have to get rid of the coins somehow before I got home.

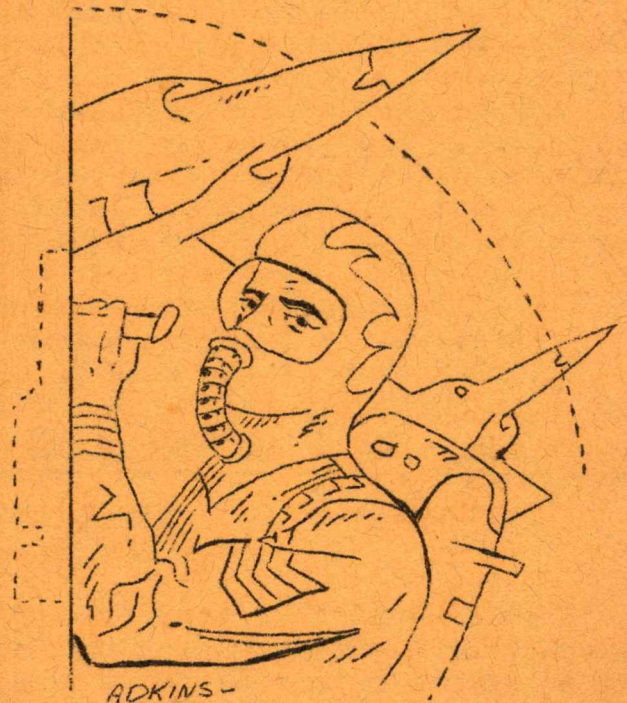
I bought a newspaper from an old man in a wheel-chair near the post-office, slipping the two coins into his palm with downcast eyes.

"'ey," he called, "Come back 'ere, you. What's the big idea o' trying to palm me off wi' these ? 'Ere, you take 'em back, before I calls a policeman."

Cries of "Shame," from the quickly gathered crowd. I mumbled apologies, paid him his dues and shambled off.

Five times I tried it, and five times it failed. People still turn around when I pass them on a street and say, "Isn't that the cur who tried to pass the forged notes?"

I hopped on a passing bus to escape the staring eyes.



"Oh, hello, how are you?" asked the conductor.

"Er, oh, fine, thanks. How's the company going on, since I left it? Er, look, I'm in a bit of a mess. Wonder if you could change these two coins for me?" I handed him the two copper pieces.

"What!!! And get me the sack!! Who the heck do you think you're dealing with? Just because you once worked for the company, doesn't mean you own it. I've never been so insulted. You get off my bus at once."

I did.

As the bus was still moving, I found myself sitting in the gutter. Two small discs bounced off my head, thrown by my ex-friend.

I wasn't finished, though. I walked into the station and tried the chewing gum machine with the South African penny. I was in luck. I even got the bonus fifth packet. Ha! The bent coin wouldn't fit the machine, and got jammed. I banged a few times and it fell out again. Still, one up, one to go.

"Buy a flag, sir?" asked an opportune voice at my elbow. I turned to see a sweet little old lady waving a tin collecting box dangerously near my nose. She stepped back off tip toe, as I took the flag she offered and dropped the aged, worn, and bent penny into the tin.

"Bless you, young man," she said.

I felt torn between screaming a confession and asking forgiveness, and laughing at my own superiority. Brains, that's all it needs, you dirty rat.

I walked back to Southway, whistling. Joan lifted her eyebrows enquiringly.

"Nothing to it," I adglibbed. "I found the shop easily enough, walked into it and asked for two other pennies. Told him just what I thot of a guy who will palm dud coins on poor innocent women. (gulp) and he changed the coins without a murmur."

That evening we went to see the film of OKLAHOMA. I paid for the two three-and-ninepenny tickets whilst Joan bought a couple of bars of chocolate. I collected my change and joined Joan in the foyer. We were shown to our seats and Joan pointed out the ice-cream girl in the aisle.

"Oh, no! Not tonight," I offered generously. "Remember what happened the night I went to buy ice-cream when they had that amateur talent competition here?" But I went just the same.

I bought two choc-bars and handed the girl a two-shilling piece.

"'Ere, what's this?" she asked.

I looked down at the coin in her hand, the coin I'd just handed her, the coin which I'd had handed me in change at the cinema box office.

It was a Dutch guilder.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED? (III)
unearthed by Dick Lupoff

"I must admit that your present title suggests most annoyingly a super-super electric mixing machine with ultra-ultra mixing blades doing a hobgoblin fantasy under the influence of a triple overload."

.....John W. Bell -- April 1941, STIRRING SCIENCE STORIES

WIND

BY ——— don stuefloten

The wind was out there; although now the trees were limp and hanging and their branches were still and grimacingly silent, out there, hiding, waiting, was the wind. The wind was everywhere. I could not see it: but shrilly it was there. Now it touched things: and to the wind's touch everything responded. The leaves tossed in their night - mare dreaming, turning, twisting in their sleep, their vigil constantly awakened. The wind now smiled at me. It tugged at my lips, to make me smile in calm return, touching my teeth with faint dampness and coldness; my tongue it licked; it turned inside my eyes.

The blond Clarisa was with me and smiled. She turned into the wind.

"Isn't it a wonderful day?" she to me asked.

"The wind," I answered her.

The wind was too latently alive. It was smiling and waiting.

"Yes," she said, "the wind, is so nice, the day..."

She would not understand the wind, not as I do. Its touch to my skin was now oddly clammy: I wondered where this wind had come from. From Guttred Lands? From cluttered lands? Bringing with it the clamminess from what? Clarisa. What could she know about wind?

"Don't forget tonight," she said. She says things like that.

"Tonight? Of course." But the wind. But the wind.

She turned from the wind, from her unconscious joy from the lover wind, she turned from it, and to me, and once more she was mine. She touched me with her fingers of her hand. I felt her touch me and saw her eyes touch me.

"kitten," I said.

She laughed and turned. "Tonight, then!"

"Tonight!" My hand lifted in mock salute to the tonight.

Clarisa turned and walked into gusted wind.

Wind. All over in the silence was wind. All over in the sky, in the weeds of the ground: wind. But the wind. But the wind. Who is to say?

smiling...nodding...wavering of faces and sweated slightly...with night, this deep dark cut of night...I am to think this and with Clarisa I move, around and around, with the faces moving like wind...their faces fluttering like the wind...I think the trees are right...the way they twist from the wind O the way they cry! aag...the torment to which these trees are torn-to...and into nightmares they move...these people here know not the wind like the trees...perhaps in their own little

squalling nightmares these people move, tortured and twisted, but knowing not, sensing not the wind, the wind, the wind moving everything and being everything...but here they move, these people, in their night, moving round and round.

"You're not paying attention."

"What? No...this...lovely night." Dancing this way.

"Shhh..." she says, like the wind almost. "Shhh...stop worrying or whatever you're doing." She moves her body closer to me; her clothes brush me. Her nearness brushes me.

My lips touch her blond forehead.

"You are so silence...my kitten."

She rustles delighted. "I don't know what you're talking...but it sounds nice...that way."

so into while we moving into our nightmares moving, we are moving and whirling and circling, closely, all bodies warm and moving... while

pale...in short the warmth of the evening becomes, all that is, and the whole wide swirling way of living is the only way of living now, and we swirl...Into the darkness we swirl. Outside hides the wind, the calm, the movements of its own: I wonder what does the wind own? Everything? To be everywhere is the wind, to be moving everywhere...and inside now the slightly stuffy feeling...with music lifting and quelling...like the wind...here in this tonight, the dance is the wind, man-made, and the music is the wind, man-made, all slighter imitations of the large growing wind, the slow wind, the quick wind...gleaning the meaning of the real wind...the total things not bright and clear but only the haze obscuring...things not really seen but the wind...moving doors and closing things...whipping things up and crashing down

We dance (while closely does the wind gather) around and around. The room whirls as much as we do, all of us whirling together...and onward we go...and the wall rides by us and finally we come (while the wind gathers on my skin), slowly, sedately, abreast the open door to the dark patio, and, coming into the room, the scent of the open night...and with it...darkly...while the room slows... a wind flickers out with callous



pride it flickers, and toward me, and the sense of it coming stiffens abruptly my spine, my chin, stiffening, and when the wind finally does touch my naked arm and face I have prepared myself and its shock...toughened myself...the shock is no more than a burst. But the wind gathers.

"Dear, what's wrong?"

"My kitten...there is nothing."

But the wind,

She has eyes that turn at me.

"But you've been jumpy all evening. All day, in fact. Ever since the wind came."

Ahhhh...the wind came. There is only the wind. Only the wind.

"I love you," I tell her. The wind has left me.

She puts her head on my chest, her blond hair brushing against my chin and lips. When she puts her head that way...and her arms tighten...and the wind is far away. But it comes back.. We dance...we smile... we talk to the people...but stealthily does the wind find its way back and touch me...and then she is close, and the wind, thwarted, leaves, only to once again return to my flesh. But the wind! But the wind!

(while the wind gathers)

and then we are there...near the window...and outside the deep stars deep in the black night...the whole night out there full and deep, and from its depths, creeping, and then running and splashing and crashing is the wind of gusts,,,its violence huge...and its cry of battle and huge sounding of the world loud and clear...I hear it...deep within me I hear it, it coming, it sweeping...and the whole sense of it smashing into me...My kitten, my kitten...with me, touching me, but the wind... the wind. The wind is coming, is arriving.

"...go...we must go," I whisper to her.

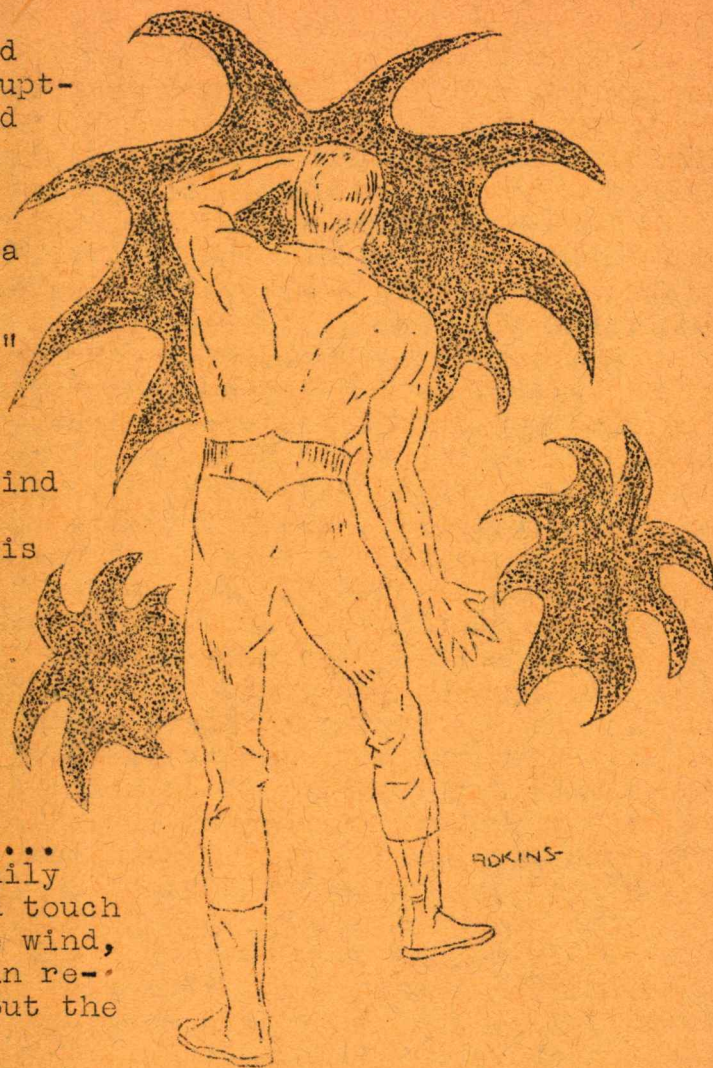
"What?" she says. Jerking from my shoulder. Looking at me. It is vital. "We must go. The wind is here...I tell you!"

"Oh, don't be silly! Only a breeze. It can't hurt anything."

I take her arm and lead her off the dance floor. She is a narrow thing, and fragile, my blond Clarisa.

"This is ridiculous!" she says to me. Her lips are open.

I must try to say it to her...to say it...to whisper of the wind, its touch: "Clarisa, the wind--" my voice hoarse, trying to say it."We must go--"and finding I cannot say it. I cannot say the wind. And still



trying to, but only finding myself mumbling...she turning to me and whispering: "Please, you're making a scene! Shh!" fiercely. And I taking her arm, faintly, and pleading, moving her, to the door: facing the huge fierce blast of the wind, outside, in the dark..the wind angry.

Into my car: we move. She, still, pleading with me, demanding from me: "Wind? What wind! The breeze.." and I finding it impossible to explain, yet telling her, over and over, the wind..the wind here and coming...the wind huge...(while closely does the wind gather)

And we moving now..we in the car, moving..the subtle thick meshing of the gears, and backing out, and moving forward, away from the dark swirling dancing..into the deepest night..in front of us speeding the thick milky and yellow broad beams of light picking up the dips and knells of the road. Clarisa sits straight, and then softens, and puts her arm on my shoulder, softly, saying, "Dear, what is the matter? Something's bothering..I know..What's this about the wind, now?" And I gesturing with my hand, unable to say it. She smiles to me. "The wind," she says, "just an excuse, wasn't it?" And sliding over to me, ducking under my arm on the wheel, rubbing her body against mine. The words start choking up inside me, my lips and tongue saying, "...kitten..but the wind. But the wind." and she saying, "Forget the wind," and moving against me (while closely does the wind gather)..and moving against me (But the wind! But the wind!) and I saying it in a low anguish: "But the wind!" and meaning it with my voice. And she saying, "Aahhoow," and ducking back under my arm, and away, and then, almost shouting, "What is the matter! For God's sake!" and then silent and pleading in her silence.

But the wind has stopped gathering now.

The wind has stopped gathering!

And outside..feeling it now on my skin..the deep hush, and the air a thick jelly, and every tree motionless in its tense anguish..and the whole deep world standing straight and still, and the ground ice and stiff..stiff and silent..and no wind, the dark absence of wind, the total vacuous vacuum of no wind: and from afar.

From afar: the wind.

Things not quite so tense..things rushing mad, and the trees screaming and the shrubs groaning up from their bellies, aching..anguish in the whole world, the whole world! Clarisa feeling it..coming to me, touching me, feeling the wind from afar coming, the emptiness stiffing and slowly wisping now into motion..asking, "What is it? What is it?" and I telling her, in my groaning voice, in my fear, "The wind!The wind!" she echoing it, she feeling it, the world feeling it..and moving now, the air..with me sweeping the car to a halt, on the side of the road...the wind now beginning to turn into a whip, cracking, snapping...viciously..very quickly, the wind moving, the whole wind moving..stopping the car, turning to Clarisa, and into my arms she comes, in dumb mute horror..in horror I go to her, in turn, both of us coming to each other...while the wind begins its crushing scythe sweeping, sweeping, the world..crushing (while closely does the wind come)...and nearing..and her body warm and frightened and cold, her lips numb with cold, my teeth ice now..and the large angry wind of crushings (heralded from afar) now coming..now coming near..its roar close and huge and quick..and near us..upon us...upon us.

HANS DOMINIK: UNHEARD-OF SUCCESS

— DAINIS BISENIEKS —

Science fiction has developed independently in America and in Europe; quite reasonably so, since popular literature is in good supply in all countries, and there is little need to have it translated. Of European science fiction writers, only Verne and Wells have had an international influence.

It could be argued that popular writers have more claim to the attention of critics than acknowledged literary figures, since their work has had greater circulation and influence. Yet as a rule only small groups of devotees pay any serious attention to them. And for every writer like Verne whose books get worldwide circulation there are many others, some as good or better, who are known only in their own lands.

One such writer was the German science fictionist Hans Dominik (1872-1946). I know as little as anybody of his role in German literature, but I am certain of his supreme popularity in science fiction. His science fiction novels, of which close to twenty were published in the '20s and '30s, over the years reached sales figures in the 100,000 to 200,000 range. It is certain that they had considerable influence on the German youths who read them.

For Dominik's works were specifically fiction for teenagers. This fact sets definite limitations on their content, though their level of writing is higher than might be imagined. I judge them to be far better than Verne's, above American S-F of the time, especially juveniles like Carl Claudy's, but inferior to the S-F of Wells. Dominik himself was a popularizer of science and technology, author of at least one popular-science-for-boys book, and his fiction therefore emphasized scientific achievement. In his foreword to the 1934 edition of DIE MACHT DER DREI, he writes at length on extrapolation, under headings like "Fulfilled Prophecies", "A Thousand Kilometers an Hour", "Political Prophecies", "When Will Mankind Control Atomic Energy", and "And the Space Rocket?". The novels are solidly based on scientific and political developments extrapolated at satisfying length. In the decades since the novels were written, history has taken a different course, while science has far surpassed all that he imagined.

One can hardly speak of errors when a writer has different and mutually contradictory backgrounds in his stories. Yet errors of several kinds are common to his work. Like many others, he did not foresee the supremacy of heavier-than-air flight. And he carried the navy analogy a bit too far, with such details as air piracy and ornate air yachts. His most serious error lies in ignoring the difficulties of applying scientific developments. In his stories perfection is achieved too smoothly and too quickly; difficulties are rarely caused by the perversity of inanimate matter. If Dominik had heard of Murphy's Law or its German equivalent, he ignores it for the sake of the plot.

The Dominik plot is a real marvel. His novels are long, averaging

over 300 pages, and in those pages he contrives a very involved romance. He is rarely content with one hero, but must have several sharing top billing, plus a large lineup of subordinate characters. Then he can shift from action to simultaneous action in the approved fashion, leaving the reader in a constant state of suspense. This mode of writing is not as obtrusive as it is in Burroughs, since Dominik rarely uses chapters. Instead, he cuts up the novels into subdivisions ranging in length from less than a page to chapter size. The plot elements include many of the corniest old standbys of romantic adventure fiction. Romance, where present, is in the old style, with many obstacles (including hostile parents) and long separations. Luckily the cliches are not too thick to submerge the more original elements of the plots.

Many of the characters are also stereotypes from romantic fiction. All too many are members of the aristocracy, quite possibly due to the author's own feelings toward the upper classes. There are scientists too, of course -- mostly German academicians cast from the same mold.

Characterization and motivation are superficial, but passing. Dominik's greatest failing is in portraying people of other lands; they all sound like Germans. This failing is most apparent when the author uses phrases from their languages (mostly U.S. and British English); they sound downright absurd. Conversely, his best character portrayals are of German academicians. Nothing seems more natural than one addressing another as "Herr Professor" or "Herr Doktor", even in the most heated scientific arguments. That's the way they are! (In the German social hierarchy, a professorship and a doctorate rank tops, and Germans do not fail to use the titles. They're very particular about this.)

Though action and characters are what made these books popular, the ideas expressed in them are of the greatest importance. Hundreds of thousands of German boys read these books, and these ideas must have had considerable influence on them. There was emphasis on scientific achievement, of course. But the unifying theme common to the novels was power. We see the actuality today as never before; we see the implications that Dominik missed. Yet decades ago he explored in fiction the implications of possession of atomic power.

The theme occurs most dramatically in DIE MACHT DER DREI (The Power Of The Three). Written in 1922, it deals with a method of drawing huge amounts of energy from space and projecting that energy by means of a simple and portable device. A refinement of this device permits a view of any place in the world to be received. The secret is controlled by a trio of men, one of them the son of the inventor (killed by the opposition). There is a virtuous heroine, betrothed and later married to the second hero, and there is hero #3, from India, who has telepathic-hypnotic powers, and there is the sinister villain, who also has such powers. The villain, naturally, is after the heroine and the "telenergetic projector". And so the story goes; the world is on the brink of war, which our heroes mean to stop. The villain makes it hot for them, and they retreat to the Arctic, holing up in an iceberg. From this headquarters, they send messages to the world, warning against hostilities. Eventually they are forced to demonstrate their power. The whole story wavers between the dramatic and the absurd. Dominik finally makes the point that power corrupts: hero #2 dies from the strain, leaving the heroine a widow; hero #1 goes mad and gets himself killed, and only

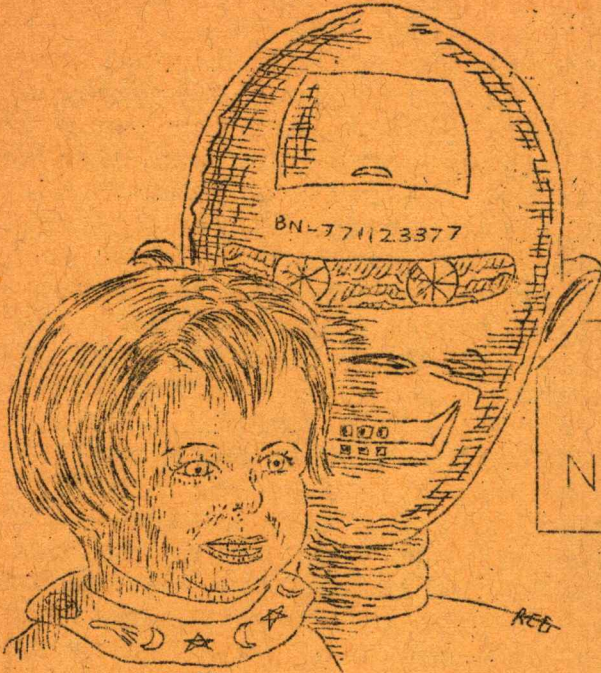
the Indian survives to renounce the power.

DIE SPUR DES DSCHINGIS-KHAN (The Trail of Genghis Khan), published in 1923 and set in the late 20th century, deals with the themes of racism and power. A new Celestial Empire, uniting the mongoloid peoples under a leader with near absolute power, is pitted against the European Settlements Company, which is developing arid lands in Asia by means of atomic energy. The plot is a concentrated mixture of action and romance, espionage and sabotage, kidnapping and rescue. The setting demands more serious treatment than this. Political conflict...preparations for war.. racial unrest in the U.S.: a Negro candidate for governor in Louisiana, violent race riots in San Francisco: with proper treatment, the novel could have been a memorable one. But instead Dominik expounds some infuriating half-cocked racism. And he brings the story to a close by defeating the Asian forces with that old standby, a new and secret invention. There are several subplots which don't merit attention.

KÖNIG LAURINS MANTEL (King Laurin's Cloak) - 1928 - has a realistic and in part frightening background. An imperialistic America, under a president with dictatorial powers, is fighting a war with Mexico, in a way reminiscent of the methods of Nazi Germany. At the time of the armistice, Mexico has a couple of war heroes on the loose, and they declare a private war on the U.S. One of them has control of the ultimate in fuel additives; it increases the power of ordinary fuel by a factor of 20 to 100. He's had a submarine secretly built, and adds a few more features which also make it an aircraft. With it, he wreaks such destruction that military authorities think there must be several dozen of him. Somebody else blows up a munitions ship in the Panama Canal; Mexico resumes hostilities and wins, inspired and (unofficially) aided by our hero. And so everybody lives happily ever after. With one exception, the built-in deus ex machina. He's old Dr. Arvelin, who has the secret of invisibility and meddles in everything; on the last page he is taken ill and dies.

ATOMGEWICHT 500, dated 1935, deals with the development of atomic power by private industry, for peaceful applications. But the doings of the book are anything but peaceful. The companies working to create transuranic elements are Du Pont and United Chemical, and you never saw such a lot of company police, company spies, company toughs. Just one of the fascinating details is a running gun battle between two high-powered (100 and 140 horsepower) armored limousines. But in the end the conflict is resolved, and the German professor who was the key figure returns home to supervise the building of atomic installations in Germany. LAND AUS FEUER UND WASSER (Land From Fire and Water), 1939, has all the marks of being a sequel. German scientists testing a new stratosphere aircraft on a round-the-world flight claim a South Seas island and proceed to stimulate a volcano to increase its area. The story is marked by good characterization (the German academicians), but has very dubious science and logistics. There is a villain, an American left over from the previous book, but he's ineffectual. The story on the whole is the usual facile Dominik creation.

This sample was all that was available. Other novels are listed: PROPELLANT SR, RAYS OF LIFE, THE HERITAGE OF THE URANIDES, CELESTIAL POWER. Even an autobiography. But is there any demand for them in the United States?



A DODDERING COLUMN

BY THAT MOFT AFTUTE,
NECEFFARY & UFEFUL FAN:

ALAN DODD

In my never ceasing quest for the science in science-fiction I came across the other day a volume on science that was compiled a long, long time ago. One of those books you so seldom come across in old English bookshoppes. A sterling publication to all accounts which reads verbatim as follows.

"FARRIERY IMPROV'D or A compleat TREATISE upon the Art of FARRIERY".

Wherein is fully explain'd The Nature, Structure and Mechanism of that Noble and Ufeul Creature, A HORSE, The Difeafes and Accidents he is liable to, and Methods of Cure.

Set down in as clear and intelligible a Manner as the Subject will admit of. (This is much the same way in which I compose these columns.)

The Use and Abuse of the SCIENCE difcover'd: whereby any Gentleman may be able to judge for himself, whether or no he is impos'd upon by ignorant Grooms; and other Pretenders to this Art.

Together with Many Necessary and Ufeul Obfervations and Remarks concerning the Choice and Management of HORSES.

Likewise

An account of drugs and Mix'd Medicines used in Farriery; with some remarks upon their Genuinefs and Adulteration; and their feveral Prices, fet down alphabetically at the End of the Work, by Henry Bracken M.D.

Printed for J. Clarke at the Golden-Ball, Duck Lane and J. Shuckburgh at the Sun near the Inner-Temple-Gate, Fleet Street. 1739".

So much for the actual title page of the book, which indeed it was, and not as you may have thought the first chapter.

Perhaps we should delve back all these hundreds of years and examine the great scientific cures and wherewithals mentioned here, as after all, here is science not to be ignored.

Thumbing through the rusty pages we come to a sub-chapter titled intriguingly: "Mr. Gibfon's Balls for Broken-Winded Horfes".

A title which at first glance will no doubt awaken in the reader question as to what possible use Mr. Gibfon's Balls could be to any broken-winded horfe. Let us examine the formula itself.

"Mr Gibfon orders a Ball made with Gum Galbanium, Ammoniacum, Burdock-root, Flowers of Benjamin, and Sweet Oil to be given four ounces a Day at twice: and I cannot say but the Composition is a good one; Though there is not in the Burdock-Root much of a pectoral Quality: But, according to my thoughts, this Ball would stand in five or six Shillings a Day, at the rate Galbanum and c. now sell. Therefore, unless the Horfe be a valuable one, I believe no Person will bestow so much Money upon him when Purive, especially when there is so little Hopes of a Cure according to our best Accounts and Observations."

So it would appear that only rich broken-winded horses ever got to sample Mr. Gibfon's Balls.

Of the feet our dear Doctor is even more definite.

"I hope I need not tell the Reader, that easy Shoing, Greasing, or Liquoring the Hoofs with Hog's Lard or any other Grease (Which is still the fame, as I have shewn in some of the preceding Chapters) and stuffing every Night with Soft Cow's Dung, is the best method to ease a beaten Foot. And if now and then you order a little print of fresh Butter to be put upon the sole of the Foot, and lay the Cow Dung uppermost, it will still make the Horfe travel with more Ease to himself and Safety to the Rider."

A paragraph from whence doubtless originates the saying, "Like greased lightning."

In the back of the book are a number of definitions of use to any scientist -- er, scientist of the period.

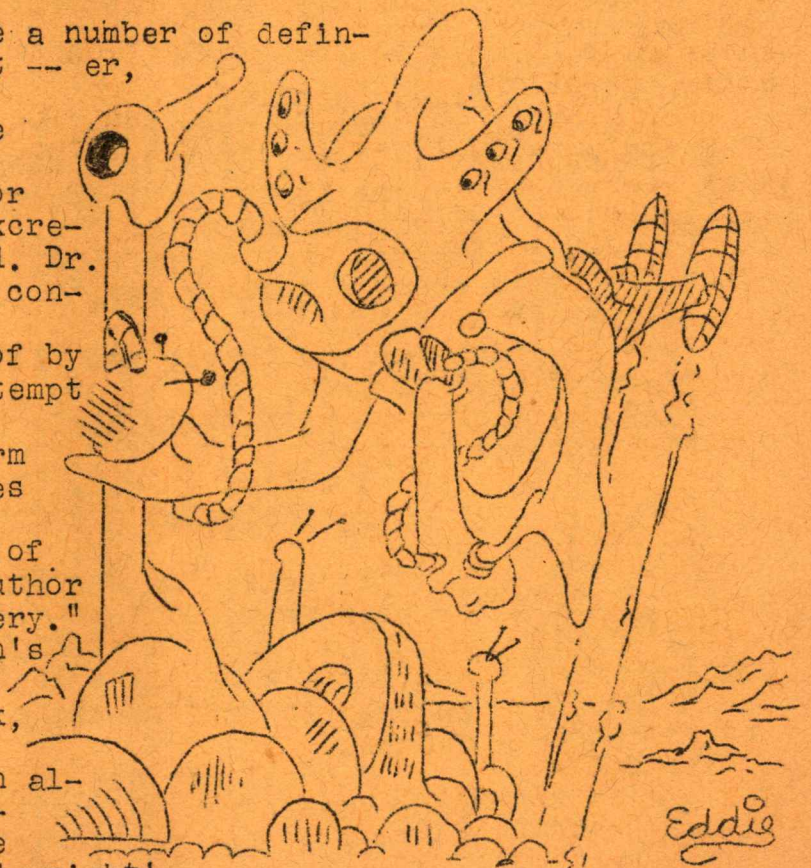
"Evacuations: A general rule concerning them. Unkillful grooms and Farriers exposed for their poking into a Horfe's Excrements in Search of Grease Ibid. Dr. Bayard's humorous expression concerning them.

Reptiles: A Term made use of by the Author to express his Contempt of three Quack Operators"

And perhaps...the final term which has passed into the pages of science fiction.

"Roficrucian Sages: A Term of contempt made use of by the Author to expose Pretenders to Farriery."

In the days when a poor man's wages might be a mere two or three pounds for a year's work, what do you suppose was the item which cost the most to an alchemist or doctor? It was rhubarb! Common rhubarb. In those days it was 3 pounds per pound weight!



How To Get Along With Editors

by joe hensley

(This is the second in a series of articles -- the first having been "How To Get Along With The Pro's." /EISFA, March, 1955/ It was delayed in the writing for a very good reason -- the apathy of my fans who read the first article.)

Of course the first thing in making your mark with the editors is to have a piece of chalk. The second is to get close to them -- which means going to New York, which is the ancient pronunciation of N'Awk.

So, chalk in hand, I went to New York.

My first stop was the office of GALAXY, a little known magazine of limited circulation (see correspondence between Gold and Palmer in FT). I made a cryptic mark on the door outside the office -- a small pentagram for luck. Then I entered.

Sweat rolled off the head of a balding man who sat at a large table. The rest of the office was bare and so I Yoga'd into a corner and sat watching him and my navel with both eyes at the same time.

He was blue pencilling away with abandon; but eventually he noticed me.

"Crap," he said.

"No sir," I said. "Hensley."

He looked at me. "Squat over here. What can I do for you?"

I proned near his desk. "I have a story to tell and I have brought it to you because yours is the best magazine in the field and I've always liked it better than any other."

He beamed. "What's your story about?"

"Well, it's about a nuclear war."

"Amazing!" he said.

"And everyone but two people are killed off."

"Astounding!" he said.

"And the kicker is that their names are Adam and Eve."

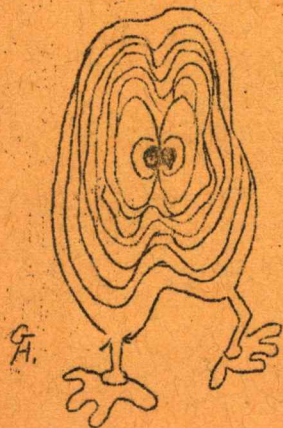
"Fantastic!" he said.

I smiled at him. "You like it?"

He indicated the door. "No; take it to them."

My next stop was Street and Smith's Office. I made my pentagram and then secreted the chalk in my navel, which had grown distended during my yoga period. Street and Smith's magazine is ASTOUNDING, which I knew to be an easy to read magazine with an entertaining letter column.

A small man sat hunched over a desk. Around him secretaries worked busily making Hieronymous machines. A piece of paper balanced on the head of a pin was in front of him. It whirled madly from the air currents of



the room.

"The power," the man muttered. "I've got the power."

Just then the piece of chalk in my navel popped out due to osmosis or something and knocked the piece of paper off of the pin.

He stared at me in annoyance. "Who the hell are you?"

"Hensley," I said. "You remember me. One of my stories...." I blushed becomingly.

He tore his hair. "One mistake I make. One mistake in over 20 years. One damn mistake..."

"I've got a novel," I said.

He eyed me craftily. "I thought it came out of your navel."

I laughed hugely. (Please notice the brilliant method that I use to worm my way into these quixotic creatures' affections; the joke wasn't that funny.)

"Leave it with one of the secretaries," he said. "She'll read it -- when she has time."

"Oh, I haven't written it yet. I wanted to talk about an advance so I could give up my crass job and write it for you immediately."

He frowned, deep in thought. "What's it about?"

"Well, these Martians come and take over the world. Only one man resents slavery -- and of course his girl friend. In the end these Martians capture the girl and the hero goes after them and kills all of the Martians with a ray gun that doesn't affect humans. I'm going to call it 'War Of The Worlds'."

He nodded slowly. "Sounds good, but we don't pay advances. Bring it back when you're done and give it to one of the secretaries." He rose to his feet and pushed the desk out of his way. "But don't give it to me -- hear?"

I retrieved my chalk from behind his desk and went out bitterly. They give advances to Heinlein, and my name starts with the same letter.

My next stop was the office of Columbia Publications.

"Hi, Doc," I said affectionately.

A tweedy man in cowboy boots sat behind the desk in the office and eyed me suspiciously. "You from third fandom?" he said.

"Let me help you roll your cigarette," I said.

"Button your shirt near your navel," he said.

I complied with his request. I had hidden the chalk in a pocket after marking his door. No need to seem odd.

"I've got a science fiction story I want to sell you," I said.

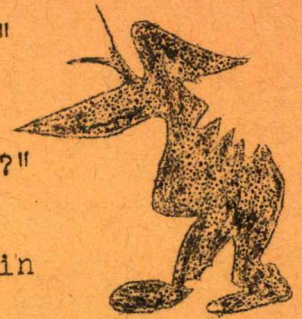
He nodded toward the door. "This is my week for westerns. Come back next week -- or next month -- or don't come back at all."

"But this is great; colossal." (Note the low pressure salesmanship.)

"How are you on westerns?"

I sneered. "I'm a sf writer. This is about a guy who raises Gleps, which are Venusian meat animals. He finds out that a neighboring Glep breeder has been stealing his Gleps and poisoning his phosgene holes, and is also interested in his girl. At high noon, in the town of Glep Pass, the hero burns the villain down with a ray gun."

"Write it up," he said. "I'll change it back and we'll call it 'Blood On The Saddle'." I sat down. I threw away the chalk. I had work.



GRUMBLINGS

Edmund Compton-James, %Pinetown Office Equipment Co., Crossroads Bldgs., Pinetown, Natal, South Africa

Dear Mr. Coulson - Will you please help us? There is some idiot running around here saying something to the effect that he was supposed to go to London to a Convention or something, but is here by mistake. The authorities are holding him now and from his babblings we were able to get your name and address.

Do you know one Ed McNulty - if so, would you please advise us as to what to do with this maniac?

/Well, he's a theological student - you might make a missionary out of him. So help me, it's the totally unexpected events like this that make fanzine publishing worth while; I had never heard of Mr. Compton-James before receiving his letter, and am still wondering just a bit about where he got hold of a copy of the September YANDRO. RSC/

Grendel Briarton, no address given

Very kindly, Mr. Boucher has forwarded your note to me, and consequently I shall ask him to pass this one on to you.

I was amused and flattered by your "Through Time And Space With Grendel Briarton", and I personally would not object to the appearance of another in a non-professional magazine like your YANDRO. (Congratulations on it, by the way.)

Incidentally, I was interested by your making me an Englishman. Actually, my place of origin was a little further North, but I did live in England for quite some time with my old mother (in the fen country, as it were) and had many remarkable adventures there.

/People do tend to have remarkable adventures in fen country, I've noticed. There will be more stories by Ferdinand Feghoot in YANDRO, but we'll try to keep from overdoing them. The first "Feghoot", incidentally, was Gene DeWeese, but the pseudonym will eventually cover a multitude of sinners. RSC/



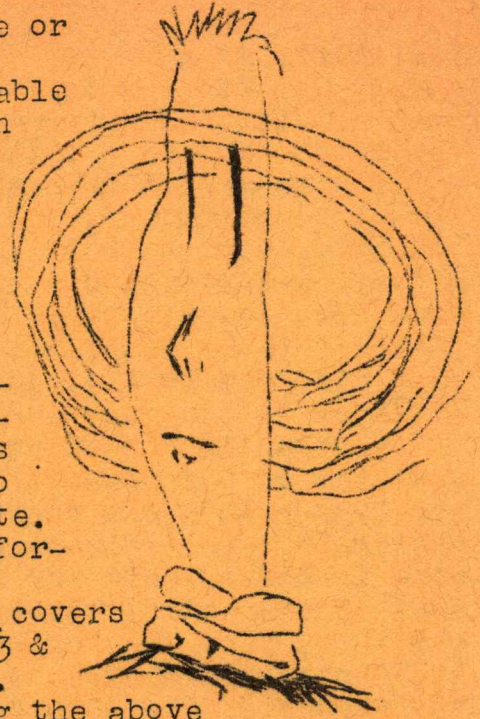
Ted Carnell, % Nova Publications

I am not intending that we shall be without illustrations for good, but when we do come back to using artwork it will be of a different nature to the accepted form, that

is providing my ideas can be interpreted by one or another of our artists.

I too wish that Reina Bull was still available to do work for us. However, it was only through the good offices of her husband, who is a publisher, that we obtained her at all. Under her real name she is a very famous artist specializing in historical costumes, and has had several books of her works published and has also been "hung" in the Royal Academy dozens of times. Normally we would never be able to afford such a celebrity, but at that time, several years ago, her husband was publishing a number of anthologies of weird stories and she was sufficiently intrigued by the fantasy medium to produce several covers for us at our normal rate. That is the story of Reina Bull. Gone but not forgotten!

/For the benefit of US fans, Miss Bull did the covers for NEW WORLDS #11 & 18, and SCIENCE FANTASY #3 & 4, as well as some interior illos for the mags. I was intrigued by her style; and after getting the above letter, thought that possibly a few other fans might have wondered, as I did, why she suddenly quit doing stf illustrations. RSC/



Save your American money, boys; Vanguard shall rise again! ...Jim Tunis

Marty Fleischman, 90-09 153rd. Ave., Howard Beach 14, New York

Would appreciate it if you'd stick my new address somewhere in the next ish. Seems some fuggheads are still sending stuff to Grant Ave.

Fap! I just took another look at Ramblings and JWC's mention of Rock Hudson reminded me that I recently saw an article in the Long Island Press on the man entitled IS ROCK HUDSON HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST NEW ACTOR? 'Twas a fairly interesting article and I was gonna clip it out and pass it on via you. As usual, the papers disappear in this house before one even gets a chance to read them. Sometimes I'll spot an article that I think, say, Alan Dodd would like and I make a mental note to cut it out the following day. The papers are gone the next day. Fout. /You're lucky -- we still get mail addressed to Huntington, which is then forwarded to North Manchester, and then to here. Phoo to Hudson; he might have the greatest number of fans, or make the most money, but there are lots of better actors. Depends on what you call "new", but I can list Tony Randall, Andy Griffith, William Smithers, Rod Steiger, Neville Brand, Warren Stevens, and go back a bit farther for a pair of really fine -- and fairly "new" actors; David Wayne and Lloyd Bridges. There are more, of course, but that's a sample. RSC/

Claude Raye Hall, 2214 San Antonio, Austin 5, Texas

You're teaching Ylla to retrieve? Somehow, this strikes a responsive chord of laughter. It impresses me as a feat that you'll never be able to achieve. /No, but I can have fun trying. RC/ One, a cat is

too smart. As a whole, they're much smarter than dogs and instead of shaggy dog stories in IMAGINATION, I suspect that Hamling should have been printing shaggy cat stories. Have you ever heard of a cat being forced to live in a cat-house; no, it's the dogs who live in doghouses while cats manage to nestle inside the house by a warm fire or under the air conditioner. / I don't know about other cats, but I'll have you know, sir, that Ylla is a respectable animal, and I certainly would not allow her inside a cat-house! RC/ Two, cats seem to hate mankind. Dogs have devoted their lives (whether by accident, self-instinct, or inherent love, we do not know) to mankind. I think that a cat might play with you awhile, just to amuse herself, but will wriggle her whiskers in laughter when work comes to the fore.

I attended a lecture recently on campus given by a guest scientist speaking on the possibility of life in our solar system. Same old junk stf fans read about twenty years ago, but the scientist (I took notes, but can't recall his name offhand) worked at the school of space medicine in San Antonio for several years and is now special advisor to the head of the school there. The best comment I was able to get out of him was that, yes, many experiments were being done with man. It was definitely possible to keep a man alive in space. Only one factor was giving them trouble. The duration. Man cannot psychologically stand space for a very long period. Reason was not given.

Dave Jennett's "The Surdocks Of Saturn" was amusing as a baby bunny. Dave has been coming out with some excellent short-shorts. Wonder where he gets his ideas. /Well.....RC/

The poetry by Terry Carr is worse than terrible. The mere fact that it takes a title to explain it, is the color of sin. Why is his heart a bird but newly set free? The symbolism is naught, to me.

Feghoot, whoever, came thru with aces.

Good Lord! Good GrIeF! Is Greg Benford coming to Texas? I'm leaving. Too many damned foreigners in Texas now.....a real Texan can't get a decent breath of air.

Perhaps college students in fandom do concern themselves with sex more than highschool-age fans. After all, most college students are old enough to know what it's all about. Highschool students generally have only word of mouth knowledge. I can see nothing wrong with nudes in fanzines. Mostly, they're presented as art forms and have little sex appeal anyway. It's rather difficult to get across sex in an illustration when it's done via mimeograph. Rotsler's illustrations included.

/Maybe college students are old enough to know what it's all about, but the goshwowboyoboy attitudes displayed by a lot of them don't convince me that they do know. "Methinks he doth protest too much". Agreed that fanzine nudes aren't particularly sexy -- I don't think they're very damn artistic, either. Rotsler included -- in fact, Rotsler especially mentioned. The forms of his nudes aren't beautiful; they're overdone -- and they sure as hell aren't realistic. Maybe he actually conceives of women as blowsy, sex-ridden tramps; he sure manages to give that impression. Personally, I thought the two poems were the best items in that particular issue, but everyone to his own taste. RSC/

"Agar noticed Jean-Jean's ears assume a listening look." FUTURE #35, via Ebert

Greg Benford, 10521 Allegheny Drive, Dallas 29, Texas

Your fanzine reviews make me feel like a backwater of fandom. New zines cropping up all over, and the old ones seem to have vanished into the ground. In a way I hate to see a new bunch of fans start publishing, for you know that somewhere there is an editor who will later produce some really good material...but how does one decide which is which, and start trading with him? Obviously you can't send them all copies -- so I've decided to sit back and let the new zines send me copies, and if I like them I'll trade.

Claude Hall was remarkably coherent in his letter. However, he doesn't have a reputation for a caustic tongue, that I know of...but he does have one for possessing a big mouth, if that's what he's talking about. (Geeee, does this mean I have a caustic tongue too?) I personally think the 'nonstop paragraphing' is a bit sloppy, and makes ones layout must difficult. Dullardfandom...oops...Dallasfandom uses the system, but don't expect to see it in VOID.

/You don't need nonstopetc. -- you have enough material, without stretching it. I can't recall ever initiating trades with a new mag; for that matter, I can't recall initiating trades with any old zines, either, though I think maybe we did send out YANDROs to one or two veteran publishers. Not many, anyway; we aren't snobbish, but somehow I can't picture someone like Raeburn giving a damn whether he gets YANDRO or not, and we get more zines than we can read anyway, so why bother? Of course, we miss some good fanzines that way, but from the amount we get, we can't miss many of any kind. RSC/

Dan Adkins, % Bill Pearson, 4516 E. Glenrosa, Phoenix, Arizona

I can almost remember every detail of every drawing that I have seen in an EC. I very often lean toward Wood's style but only from memory....I don't copy directly like that new artist I noticed in the last two ish's of YANDRO. His two drawings were copied directly from MAD without one change!

/ Juanita and I don't remember EC's that well, or the new artist would not have appeared in YANDRO. For the record, he is referring to the illustrations on page 12 of issue #57, and page 5 of #58, and he sent along a clipping of the item they'd been copied from. RSC/

Jim Caughran, %American Embassy, APO 74, Box K, San Francisco, Calif.

Monthly it is, but does it deserve it?

Hint: APO 74, not 77. /Sorry. RC/

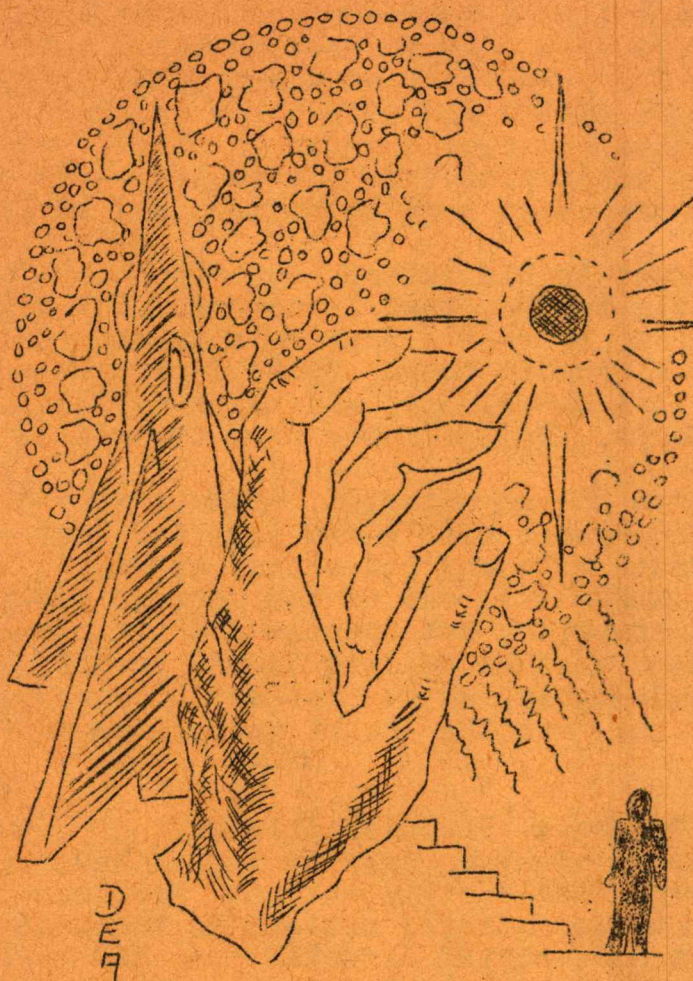
Bradley is fine, but the magazine as a whole lacks something -- possibly humor. The idea for the fanfiction was good enough, but I thot the writing didn't help much....Trouble is the illos, more than anything else, possibly -- all your illos are sercon variety, without much spice.

By the way, the issue I'm commenting on is #56 -- by this time there have no doubt been others, but I just got this yesterday -- Pakistan is no place to get mail.

/Any other opinions on What's Wrong With YANDRO? Send 'em in -- we won't pay any attention to them, but a nasty letter is better than none. RC/

Ron Parker, 714 W. 4th. St., Tulsa 7, Oklahoma.

HOOHAH! is not, contrary to the current rumors, dead. I did de-



DEA

clare it officially dead recently, because of little response to issue 8 and poor response to what I thought was a very good #9; this plus the low ebb of interest in EC these days. However, Fred von Bernewitz sent me some good material so I rushed together a 7 page thing and called it HH 10. This you should have by now; if you don't, the Powers that Be in the Postal Department should be rushing it to you; they damn well better as it's first class. When I took it down to the Post Office and went to the window to check on the postage, which I was almost certain would be 2¢, the clerk sent me off into the wilds of the monstrous place; mainly, to the Superintendent's office. He mumbled something about not being sure about the size of it (it was unfolded with an address sheet). So I went to the familiar office (I've had quibbles with them before that always came out OK), where I was told that the little check indication whether it was a sub or trade or so forth was a "message" and according to the reg-

ulation book this made it first class. I felt this was somewhat ridiculous as I've received numerous zines third class with the checks on them, so I argued with the Postmaster for nearly half an hour over the point. Naturally I lost my case and had to tack on 3¢ stamps instead of 2¢.

INNUENDO's Innish I consider fairly fabulous; I guess I'm a lot more of a fannish type fan than you; if you know what I mean. /We have a way to Beat The Post Office -- we have a small postal scale of our own -- a gift from Juanita's mother. Thus, YANDROs are stamped before the post office sees them, and if I scowl forcefully enough when I shove them across the counter the clerk doesn't question the matter. (Actually, this wasn't necessary in No. Manchester, even though we did take out a pre-cancellation permit there; the clerks knew what they were doing, which is not generally the case in this town.) I suppose I'm not particularly fannish; I enjoy fandom, but I can easily get too much of it.

RSC/
Bill Pearson, 4516 E. Glenrosa, Phoenix, Arizona

Just got YANDRO 58. Cute cover - sure looks like home...your home, my home, and probably all other fan-editors'. The Surdocks Of Saturn was the best thing in the issue. Real cute.

One thing about your reviews, Mr. C, they're certainly the most current to be found. I agree with your review of SATA; the reason none

of the fiction was more adequately illoed was due primarily to Adkins leaving the air force. That little episode caused quite a stir...and the reason my material has not been the greatest is my own fault entirely. I've concerned myself mainly with everything but soliciting good material.

Would you believe, Buck, that I have never asked anybody for a single piece of material for SATA? HMMMMM...I guess you probably would. I've been printing just what the fans send. Oh, I've rejected a few pieces, but not many. However, I have seen the error of my ways, and have been contacting some of the better fictioneers. Can you give me the address of Hal Annas?

What other writers do you know who could supply me with a few of their magic works or pro rejects or some such??? I'll need more than just a couple manuscripts, as Adkins and I are going to ATTEMPT a monthly publishing schedule starting this January. Ha. You think you're going to get away with having the only monthly zine forever!!! Fie on you, Coulson.

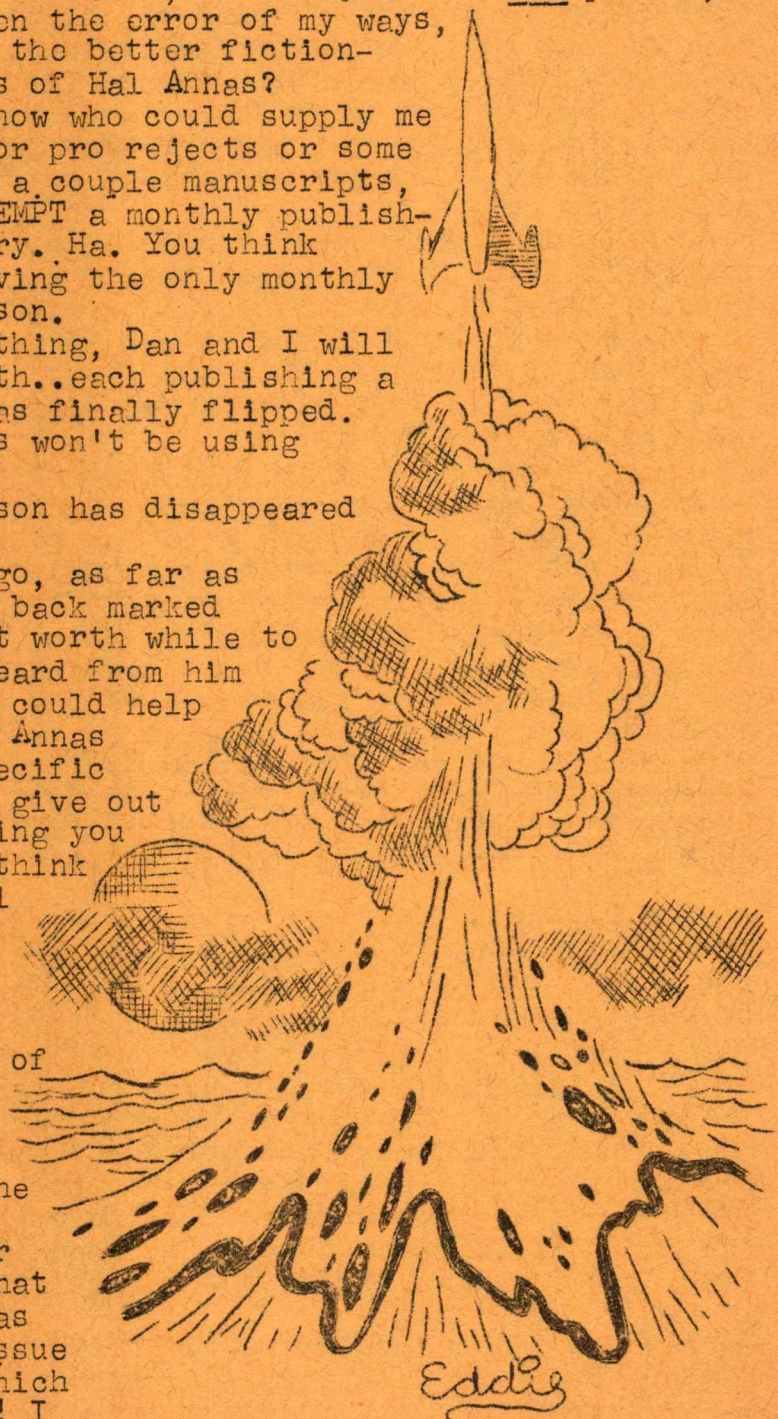
Actually, to clarify everything, Dan and I will more or less alternate every month..each publishing a bi-monthly. Good Lord, Pearson has finally flipped. I won't be using articles. Adkins won't be using fiction.

Do you know where Ray Thompson has disappeared to? Cause he's sure disappeared.

/Thompson disappeared 6 months ago, as far as we were concerned. A YANDRO came back marked "moved", and I didn't consider it worth while to try to track him down. Haven't heard from him since. Maybe some of our readers could help in the Search for Thompson? When Annas sent us material, it was with specific instructions that we were not to give out his address. I'll see about getting you some material from him (come to think of it, we don't have any material by him ourselves.) RSC/

Jerry Greene, 482 E. 20th, Hialeah, Florida

About those fanzine reviews of yours that seem so pessimistic to me. I investigated your reviews by counting the number of zines you gave ratings for and the total points in the ratings. You know what the count was? 5.33 per fanzine, which means that, for that issue anyway, your average (5) was actually average! Shocking. In issue 57 you gave 8 zines 40 points, which makes an average of exactly 5.00! I



feel that I owe you an apology. To you, it seems, an average fanzine is average. I shall be checking on this from now on.
/Gee, all this and then I spoil my average by being disgustingly enthusiastic about practically everything in the December column. Shucks./

Lars Bourne, 2436½ Portland, Eugene, Oregon

Somehow, I notice a difference in the more recent YANDROs. It seems that there is a sort of "Back to the old grind" business. The spark, the spontaniety that marked earlier issues seems to be fading. Altho the material seems to be a bit more controversial in places and more interesting, by the way, that "Whee, here we go again" feeling is gone. Me-thinks that you are putting out too many issues. For being one of the two monthlies in fandom you aren't getting the reviews and such that you should get.

Note concerning your Springfield. If this is an army weapon, shouldn't it be just a plain thirty calibre. The Springfields I've seen have all been thirty calibre. I carried an M1 for a short while and took a course on it in ROTC and it was 30 cal. So are most of the rifles the army uses. I don't dig this .06 biz.

Carr's poem I liked somehow. I am tired of "space" poems but this one had some feeling to it.

/I think there are a couple of reasons for YANDRO becoming more "down-beat". One, which will continue, is the rise in circulation, which makes running an issue more work than fun anymore. The other is the fact that I, at least, have been writing my editorials just after doing half a dozen other stencils, which doesn't lead to cheery comments. Also, there have been other worries, most of which are over now. The Springfield should have been .30-06, the -06 referring to the year of adoption. As you mentioned, there are dozens of .30 calibre rifles, and various standard terms have been adopted to tell them apart. (The ".30 Army", for example, refers, not to the Springfield, but to the .30-40 Krag, which was the Army rifle from 1898 to 1903, when it was replaced by the .30-03 Springfield.) Incidentally, "M1" technically means just "model one" and can refer to a rifle, carbine, pistol, or a new tank. RSC/

Gary Deindorfer, Apt. E-1, Letchworth Ave., Yardley, Pennsylvania

I feel that it is high time that the fannish pun be replaced with a new and more flexible form. I think that form should be the fannish limerick. Howabout collecting limericks for YANDRO and get the credit for starting this fanfad? For instance instead of half a page of mildly funny stfinitions you could have such scintillating limericks as this: There was an old faned from Wabash - At conventions he acted so snob-bish - That the other fans cried - "Let's all tan his hide!" - That stoodup old faned from Wabash. See the possibilities?

/Either you've been reading STELLAR or you couldn't find a good rhyme for Wabash...if anyone wants to send in any limericks, we'll consider them, but I sort of think the possibilities are a bit limited. RSC/

Here's the end of another column, and I still have 3 pages from Bill Connor, who writes faithfully every issue and I must print one of his letters pretty soon, and two pages from Adams reviewing the past year of YANDRO that we enjoyed very much, and a whole stack of others. Fout.

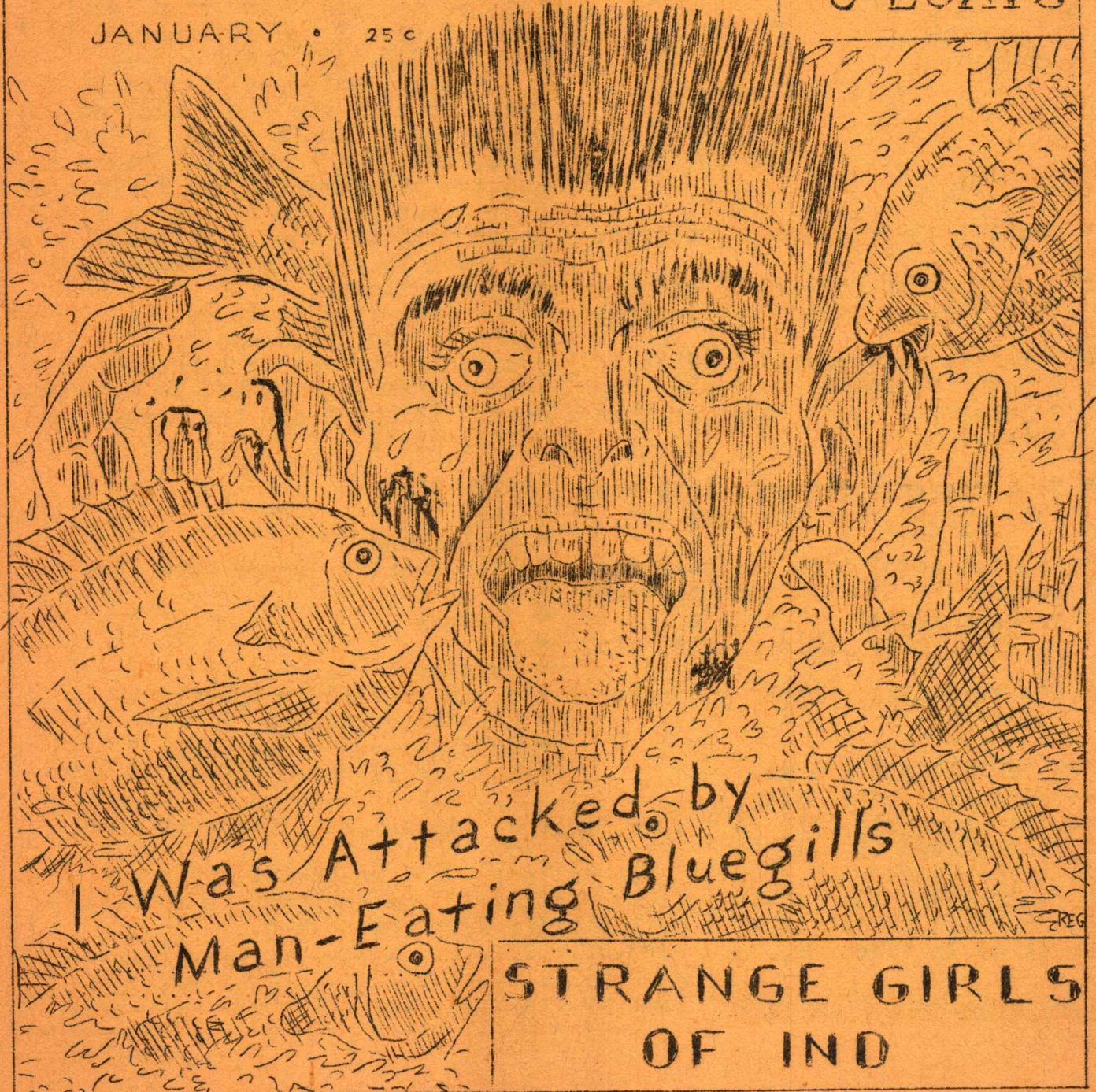
"I SOLD A SLAVE GIRL"

SLAG

THE MAGAZINE MEN LIKE

JANUARY • 25c

THE JEEP
THAT
SANK
TWO
U-BOATS

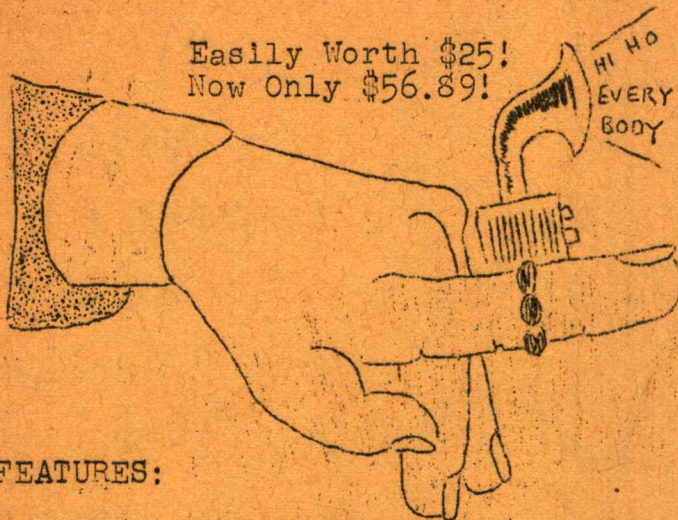


STRANGE GIRLS
OF IND

GET IN TUNE WITH A

FINGER RADIO

Easily Worth \$25!
Now Only \$56.89!



THE FINGER RADIO was developed by a research organization having wide experience in the design and manufacture of them: little alphabet noodles you find in your soup. Who knows how we got into making radios? But we did, and lucky for you, because now you can stop saying, "Gee, I wish I had a finger radio." NOW YOU CAN HAVE ONE!!

The nice thing about the finger radio is that you don't need an antenna, you don't need a ground wire, you don't need all kinds expensive attachments. You don't need them, but you won't hear a damned thing without them. Actually, all you need is a loooooong finger and a copper cuticle.

The finger radio is economical to operate, too, because by the time you manage to get it turned on half the programs you wanted to hear are over. Think of all the commercials you'll miss!

FEATURES:

- * Built-in 3-speed record player.
- * Finger strap braided of genuine Buck Coulson mustache clippings.
- * Tubeless construction. (This is because we found we could buy crystals so much cheaper than tubes.)
- * Dial cleverly converts into roulette wheel, for the racy set.
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I WAS ATTACKED BY *MAN-EATING BLUEGILLS!

BY-JAMES R.(BRING 'EM BACK A LIE) ADAMS

Chomp chomp chomp...

Excruciating pain racked my body as the killer fish swarmed over me, their quarter-inch teeth -- like so many small steak knives -- neatly and swiftly slicing the flesh from my bones. I screamed once, twice, and added one more to make it three. That's my lucky number.

Heaving erect in the shallow water I tried to tear myself free, but they clung to me by the hundreds and pulled me back down, resuming their grisly repast with an insatiable hunger.

How had I become involved in this rather unfavorable situation? What ill fortune had delivered me up a victim to these finny demons' appetites? In short, how could I have been such a stupe?

It all began in the early spring of 1720. (It really didn't, but all dates have been changed to protect the innocent.) For months, persistent rumors had been reaching my ears. These rumors concerned a strange new breed of bluegill reputed to have been discovered in Wildcat Creek, that great body of water which winds serpentlike through the unexplored reaches of central Indiana.

Not much to get excited about, you say? Ah, but these were....man-eating bluegills!

Yes, man-eating bluegills. Just like them pyorrhoea fish -- or pariah fish, to give it the more common spelling. Only bigger, and much fiercer. Two dozen of these little monsters, it was said, could reduce a cow to a skeleton in less time than it takes to tell it. Voracious as all get-out.

My resistance to adventure has never been great; and so it was that, in the latter part of April -- August 5, to be precise -- I took my pith helmet from its peg and journeyed forth to establish for all time the truth or untruth of the fantastic lies.

I employed as guide and porter a native of giant build whom I found sleeping in a chuckhole on U.S. 31. I gave him the lunch bucket to carry and we struck inland at a pace calculated to bring us to our destination as soon as we arrived there.

*Perhaps the strangest circumstance of this tale is that, one evening while Gene DeWeese, Buck Coulson and myself were mulling over possible story ideas, Coulson facetiously suggested the foregoing title. Picture, then, his amazement when it recalled to me that I had undergone just such an ordeal, many years before. JRA

On the morning of the second day I brought down a fine Rambler with a single shot between the headlights, and while my native porter skinned the specimen I squatted by the trail and thought the thoughtful thoughts of a thinker.

"Porter," I said, breaking off these weighty cogitations, "I'm sure you've heard about this man-eating bluegill business. Tell me, do you believe it?"

"Grannies, bwana," he answered diffidently, "me not know. All me know is what I -- I mean, me -- read in the papers."

"And what do you read in the papers?"

"Pogo, Li'l Abner, and sometime box scores of knuckle-cracking matches," he replied readily enough. A child of nature, he, without a tittle of guile in his whole being.

I looked at him with new respect and said, "Porter, you're bugs."

He flashed his teeth in a smile, opened the lunch bucket and inquired, "Bwana wanna banana?"

At my refusal he replaced the banana, shouldered the carcass of the Rambler and we pushed on into the unknown, each suffering in silence as malaria and beri beri raged through his wasted form.

A steady rain was falling when, on the twentieth day, we arrived at the sleepy native village of Kokomo. It was my porter's birthday, so he

had informed me, and a candle burnt fitfully on the lid of the lunch bucket as we swung gaily through the outskirts singing "Happy Birthday" and each munching on a tender piston from the Rambler.

Scantly clad villagers came running to greet us, shouting and laughing and showering us with poisoned darts from blowguns. A poor substitute, indeed, for confetti; but could I censure these impoverished folk, to whom even the least necessity of life -- an Elvis fan club club card -- was hard come by? You're damned right, I could.

"Peace!" I cried. "We come in peace!"

"Grannies, bwana," said my porter, "we in bad fix. So," he held out the lunch bucket, "bwana wanna banana?"

I ignored him. In fact, I ignored everything and hastened on until suddenly I found myself on the shore of the mighty Wildcat, gazing in awe out over its broad expanse.

"You wouldn't think a creek could make you feel so small, porter," I said in a quiet voice. "It



sort of brings a tear to the eye, a thump to the heart and a growl to the stomach. Incidentally, porter, what's your name?"

"What else but Porter!" he answered, flashing his ready smile.

"Porter Porter," I mused. "Well, porter Porter, we shan't dally here. Through the powers of science we shall quickly ferret out the secret of these waters. Thusly...."

I stuck in my pinky. The water swirled and I withdrew two-thirds of a pinky.

"It's true," I said hoarsely. "Man-eating bluegills! This beats anything in my experience, porter Porter. But lively now, you faithful brute, go back to the witch doctor's hut and ask him how he is at growing new pinky tips."

Porter Porter hurried off, and while he was gone I tossed in a line and soon hauled forth onto the bank a bluegill that snapped at me viciously before expiring. A careful examination of the corpse confirmed my deepest suspicions.

I didn't know a damned thing about fish.

But further investigation revealed that this creature was -- a mutation! Ordinary looking outwardly, but inwardly mutated in a way that had made a deadly killer of a once innocuous species. A bluegill with the equipment to fight back against its human tormenters; an unheard of situation.

And what had caused the mutation? Obviously, the chemical wastes and sewage dumped into the stream by the villages all up and down its length. And why, of all the kinds of fish present in the waters, had only the bluegill mutated?

About that time I fell in the creek.

And so we reach the point at which matters stood in the dramatic opening paragraphs of this true account.

Chomp chomp chomp...

I screamed again. I couldn't last much longer, I knew. But still I dared hope that porter Porter would return in time with the witch doctor. My pinky was hurting something wonderful.

"You bloody devils!" I shrieked at the piscatorial picknickers. I pried open a mussel shell, extracted a flawed pearl, and repeated, "You bloody devils!"

Hardly an original line; it can be found in any true adventure story ever written. But I could be choosy; I had my wife, family, and



parole board to think of.

"Grannies, bwana!"

It was porter Porter, come at last to save me! He didn't have the witch doctor with him, but he turned in a ten-page report explaining that the medical man was out on call, so I forgave him.

"Help!" I bellowed feebly. "Help, porter Porter! I'm being eaten alive! Get me out get me out get me out! Don't drop the lunch bucket."

"Keep chin up, bwana! Me save! Avast! Me Bud Porter -- Where there's life, there's Bud!"

"!!!! ! !! !!"

With perfect calm, porter Porter tested the temperature of the water with his toe and, flashing his ready smile, dove in kerplunk. (He had bad form.)

A moment later he reached my side, picked me up like a baby and tossed me sixty-two feet, five and three-tenths inches up on the shore. It might, I believe, be a new shotput record. At least, it is with me as the shot.

But the prodigious feat had cost my rescuer dearly. As I hurried back to the water's edge I saw that his belt had snapped and his pants had dropped around his ankles. Polka-dot shorts, yet!

"Grannies, bwana," he wailed. "Me can't come out. Me not decent. What me do?"

"I'm sorry, porter Porter," I said. "I'm really sorry. But surely you see how it is. If I come back in after you, they eat us both. I'll turn my back, if it will help any, though.....I'm -- well, I'm just sorry, that's all."

"Apology not accepted," came his weak reply, as the army -- or, more precisely, navy -- of bluegills clustered around his legs and he melted away like an icicle in the sun. Soon, the water became still again, and of porter Porter no sign remained. They had even eaten his loathsome shorts.

"I'm plain sorry," I murmured into the gathering dusk.

Opening the lunch bucket, I took off my helmet, held it to my chest, and stood at attention as I ate the banana in silent tribute to the loyal savage whose noble sacrifice would never be forgotten.

Little remains to be told. I returned to civilization, planted begonias in my pith helmet and became a hermit with the only penthouse cave in Indiana.

But, you say, what about the mutated bluegills?

Please, please. Don't ask me. Can't you see I'm a broken man? I can't bear to talk about it anymore. I'm placing myself in a bottle and throwing it far out on the water. Whoever fishes me from the briny may have the two cents back on the bottle.

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THE JEEP THAT SANK TWO U-BOATS!

by ————— THOMAS STRATTON —

Sounds incredible, doesn't it? Well, it was incredible! From start to finish it was one astounding, unbelievable occurrence after another until it culminated in this, the strangest tale ever to come out of the War!

There were the three hunchbacked twins in a small garret in the Bohemian quarter of Moscow, the discarded Mighty Mouse comic book found clutched in the limp hand of an Alaskan counterspy disguised as Whistler's grandmother, a pair of matched Ming vases uncovered in the vaults once belonging to Charles Fortress, who caught fire.

But this is getting ahead of our story (which, come to think of it, might be a good idea): It all started one dark night about 11 AM, in the suburbs of downtown Valley Forge. Mervyn Philidor, a deserter from The Army of the Dependency, is captured and turned over to the FBI, which is the last we see of him. The arresting officers, however, are transferred to the overseas division of G-2 and given as their first assignment the running down of a notorious ring of Army dope smugglers operating out of Paris. They have reason to suspect that the stuff is being brought in from offshore submarines by carrier seagulls and thence to Paris by carrier pigeons, but no one has been able to locate the subs. The agents spend months at the seashore, watching, ever watching, for pigeons consorting with glassy-eyed seagulls.

Eventually, their vigil is rewarded. Quickly mounting their helicopters, one follows the pigeon to discover the distribution center of this vile merchandise, while the other tailed the gull back to the sub. This was to prove unfortunate, for once the sub (a converted Air Force model) was sighted, so was he. Despite his masterful disguise -- his entire cop-ter was covered with albatross feathers -- he was shot down and captured.

From the captured agent, the smugglers learn that the police of England, France, and Argentina are awaiting their arrival at Le Havre, and plan a bold stroke. Instead of refitting at Le Havre, they will stay submerged and go right up the Seine to Paris itself, thus foiling the government agents and obviating the necessity of buying train tickets in order to get their share of the swag.

The other agent, however, is more successful. His quarry turns out to be a stool pigeon, and he quickly apprises Indonesian police of the smuggler's plans. A British submarine is dispatched to pursue the villains, and pursue them it does, right up to the bridges of Paris.

A bitter battle ensues, with the sub's crew, headed by machete-wielding Cap'n Dodd, beating back two boarding parties. Things appear to have reached a stalemate when suddenly the notorious French scoundrel, Jean Linard, fleeing police in a stolen auto, careens off the bridge above the fighters. His Renault jeep smashes into the submarines and sinks both of them.

Linard, with typical French savoir-faire, walks away from the wreck, unscathed.

