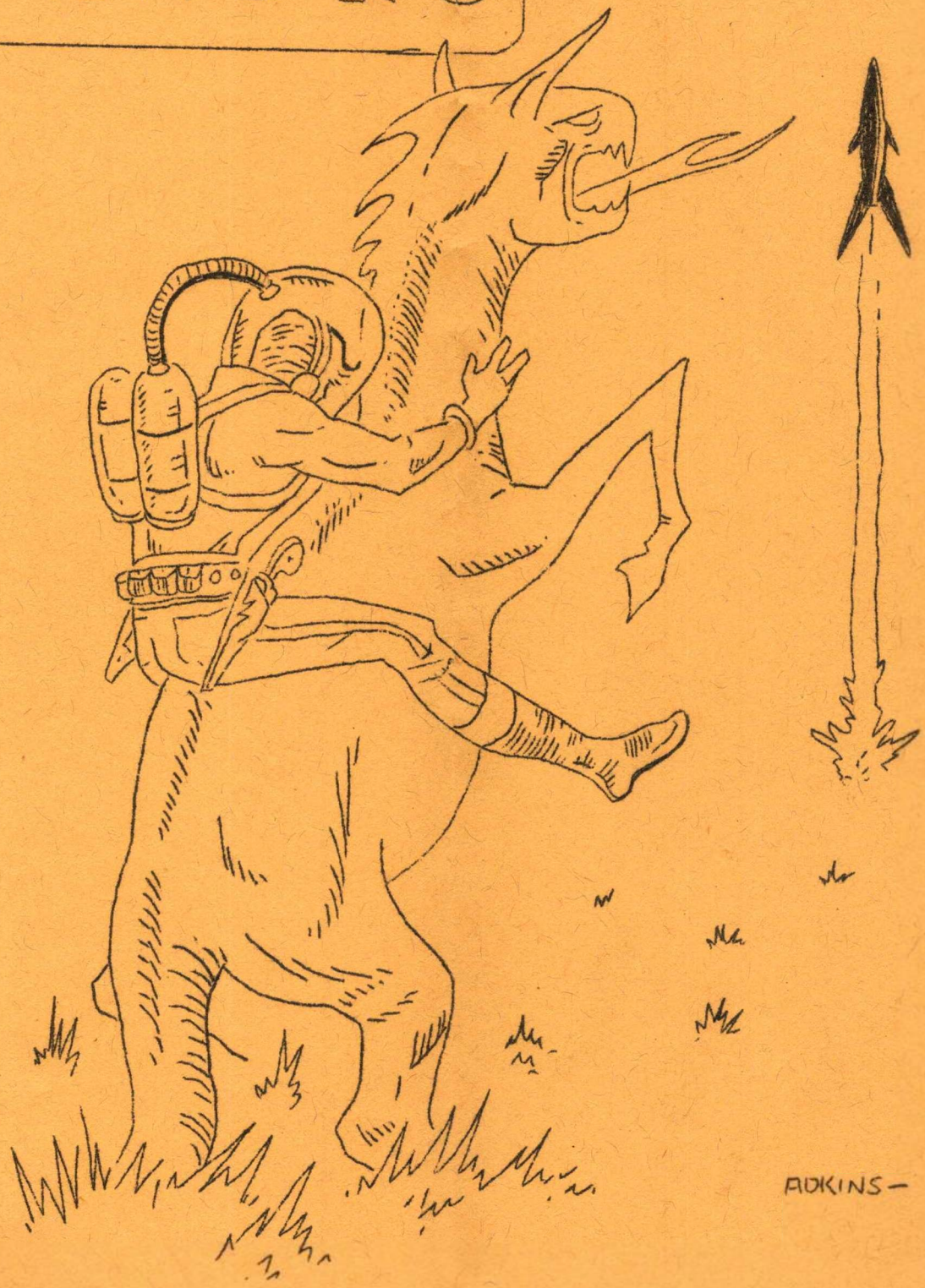


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#63

# YANDRO



ADKINS-

# YANDRO

VOL. VI - NO. 4

MONTHLY ISSUE #63

April '58



Published relentlessly by Buck and Juanita Coulson, with material assistance (that's a pun, son!) from Ron Smith and the rather dubious aid of son Bruce and cat Ylla. Editorial address: 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Ind, USA. British representative is Alan Dodd, who does, so, exist -- at 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts, England, to be precise. Charge for this startling publication is 10¢ per copy or 12 for \$1. British fans pay 10d per or 9/0 for 12; the rest of Europe must remit 15¢ for one or obtain 12 for \$1.25.

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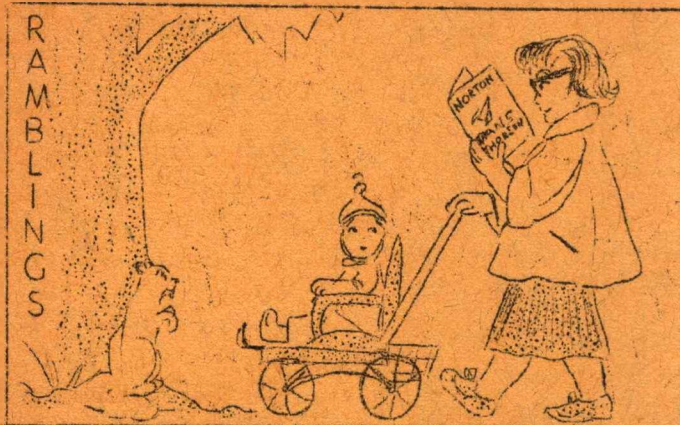
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"What would become of an axe in space? ...If it were to fall to any distance, it would begin, I think, flying around the Earth without knowing why, like a satellite. The astronomers would calculate the rising and the setting of the axe..." Fyodor Dostoyevsky, "Brothers Karamazov" (noted by Gene DeWeese)



Before I forget it, I'd like to make remark about the ad on page 21 ...no objections to running ads cut on stencil by others (within reasonable limits, of course), But I would like to point out one of the vagaries of my Tower mimeo...there's a very definite limit to length and spacing that the thing will handle.. please, any stencils in the future, cut 'em high - we start on line 0 or 1 and rarely run below 52 or 53 on a standard stencil. If I could take a

great deal of time in running off the stencils, say a couple of days for each run, I might be able to handle stencils cut to very top and bottom limits, like them there continental zines.....but this thing is usually run in one day, or occasionally in one afternoon...and at that speed, and allowing for a minimum of paper loss (10 sheets or so)...well, narrow margins are out.....and as a special note aside to Roger Ebert who inquired via letter, no, it is not KINGSPIDER (about which I know nothing), but THE SPIDER KING, by Lawrence Schoonover, the only writer of historical romances that I'll bother with....the book in question is the romantic biography (and I use the word hesitantly, lest it be misconstrued) of Louis XI of France, a little known, sadly, king; in fact, Louis Valois is probably best (and worst) known only through the untender auspices of THE VAGABOND KING, as the opponent of Villon..... I'm not a lover of musicals-operettas; anyway, and that does little to change my opinion.....Schoonover doesn't write bed and bored type of historicals...I get the distinct impression that any sex involved is thrown in merely as a gesture to the publisher, for easier sales, so that Schoonover may get across his main purpose, transferring straight history into life, through the medium of contemporary speech....in my humble opinion, Schoonover is at his best on the Valois period - such as THE BURNISHED BLADE (straight romance of the period of Charles the Well Served), the aforementioned SPIDER KING, and THE QUEEN'S CROSS, of Isabella of Castile, near the end of Louis' long reign.....the reference to Dane Thorson above is actual as to the reading - Norton is one of my favorite authors-authoresses, and I am at the moment debating whether I like her well enough to get out of the local library a juvenile Western written by Andre...oddly enough, though I sincerely enjoy film shoot-'em-ups, no matter how cruddy, I've never cared for Western fiction.....Norton's heroes fascinate me; her Dane Thorson is an assistant cargo-master, which means that during an emergency wherein the younger members of the crew must handle the ship, the hero is forced to sit around looking stupid while the rest of the crew runs the show..... slight pause to listen to Chuck Berry.....Bruce is regularly exposed to Berry and Beethoven and all points in the musical line...and regarding Gordon's article - the metropolis may develop, but I'll bet on provinciality still existing....despite our moving-around tendencies.. I still consider myself an Andersonian.....when we go, as soon as I run off these last few stencils.....JWC



Big news concerning YANDRO is that Ron Smith sent us a couple of bales of material -- artwork, articles, fiction and poetry -- from the files of the now-defunct DESTINY, along with some stuff from INSIDE that he had taken a second and more critical look at, and one story of his own. We aren't keeping all of it, by any means, but the additions we are making means that our files are now bulging. We'll still be glad to look at contributions, but our rate of rejection is going to be higher, and

I doubt if we'll accept any serious fiction for a long time. We'll try to remember to mention the fact whenever we use any of the DESTINY material, and I'd like to express our thanks to Earl Kemp and Malcolm Wil-lits for folding their mag so that we now can use their material.

I forgot to put it in the letter column, but both Briney and G. H. Scithers explained that the Latin "sigma" is used in math to mean "the sum of", so that now both Bem Gordon and I have increased our knowledge slightly.

All fan editors should notice the mention made (no, Ylla, you can not help me type! Next YANDRO may feature an original article by Ylla, if the beast continues to take an interest in the typewriter). Anyway, the notice on page 6. Personally, we're not participating, because I don't want to increase our circulation. It's too big now. But it's an idea for the editor who does. And considering the comment recently in British zines about the lack of new blood in fandom, the idea would seem to be one that might profitably be imitated by some sincere, serious British fan (providing, of course there are any sincere, serious British fans). The principal object of Johnson's is to acquaint the non-fan stf readers with fandom....any increase in circulation of any particular zine, due to its being placed before new readers, is strictly a by-product with him -- but it needn't be a by-product to the participating editors.

As usual, we seem to have got in on the middle of an argument. A casual mention by Bob Briney of "the Falasca's plan to disband the World Science Fiction Society", or words to that effect, was the first mention we'd heard of the idea. Another mention came a bit later -- in FANAC, I think -- but we still don't have much of an idea of what is going on. And today we receive the first issue of GROUND ZERO, published by Raybin and the Dietz's, which turns out to be pro-WSFS propaganda masquerading under the guise of a fanzine. They present some good arguments, too -- but not quite enough to convince me that the Society is necessary. I don't like people who try to speak for "fandom", as though fandom was an organization comparable to the American Legion or a Rotary club. And I dislike an organization which implies that it's leaders are empowered to speak for fandom as a whole. And if the Society has actually protected past con committees from their own bad judgement, it is equally likely to encourage future committees to make similar grandiose errors. RSC

# STF AND THE RISE OF BIG CITIES

— by — bennett gordon

Although it's been some time since I read Asimov's Foundation novels, I can still recall an episode concerning the planet Trantor. If you have read the Foundation series, you will recall that Trantor was the ancient capital of the Galactic Empire, which consisted of several thousand planets. The catch is that this planet Trantor consisted of one gigantic city, which covered its entire surface. This set me to thinking. (Loud gasps and surprised expressions.) A few months /quite a few, by now; Ed./ ago I had an article of mine published, although not in this fanzine, in which I tried to point out that an empire or state such as constructed by Asimov in this series would necessitate a bureaucracy so immense as to certainly demand most of the facilities of the capitol, unless, of course, it were so decentralized as to allow semi-independence to its members. That a planet composed of one city could exist seems probable. The easiest way, of course, would be to simply declare the entire planet to be one city. But this is begging the question. For instance, the UN could declare that "from now on the entire planet Earth shall consist of one city, which shall be known as the Sovereign and Independent City of Dismal Seepage" or something. The whole planet would then be one city. But would it be one urban community?

I never asked Asimov, although he lives only thirty miles from here, but I rather think that he had one gigantic urban community in mind when he wrote of Trantor. But is such a thing possible, and, incidentally and of much more practical significance, is the Earth moving in that direction? For a planet to consist of one metropolis would mean that it would have to rely extremely heavily on the other parts of the empire for subsistence;  $H_2O$ , raw materials, etc. I suppose it's possible (anything's possible). You could solve the problem of having to use spaceships (which no doubt would need three or so stage rockets to overcome gravity, which creates the problem of where and on what the burned-out stages will fall) by using hyperspace as Asimov did. The problem makes trouble if no such thing as hyperspace exists. /Completely shielded atomics, maybe? RSC/

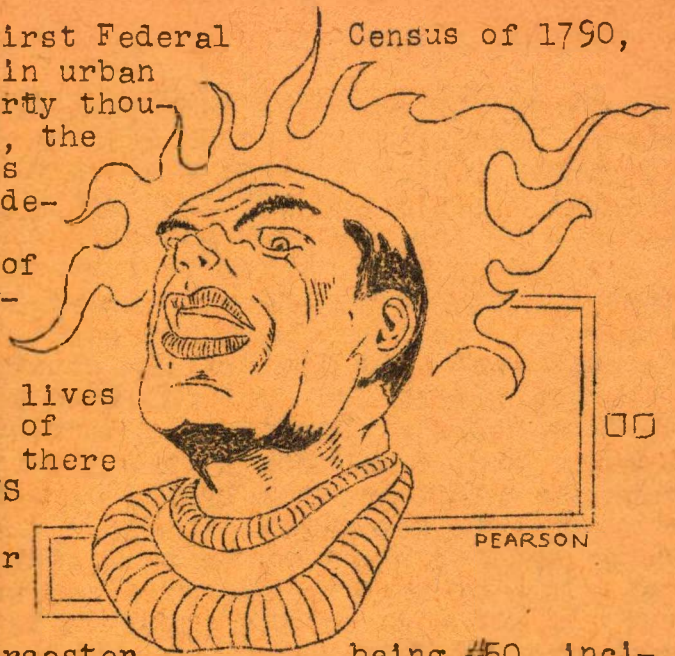
However, what I really want to talk about is the future of city growth in the US and the world.. Any writer who comes up with a story about future life on Earth -- and there have been, and no doubt will be, plenty -- has to reckon with it.

The trend is, of course, in the direction of urbanization. It isn't new, having been analyzed fully one hundred years ago. But it has only been since WW II that it has accelerated to



its present proportions. Since the first Federal Census of 1790, when only 5% of the citizenry lived in urban localities and Philadelphia with thirty thousand population was the largest city, the percentage of people living in cities has risen steadily. Only during the depression years of the '30's was the process halted. But with the coming of the war and the post-war economic expansion, the trend to urbanization was stepped up radically. Today, almost 2/3 of the population of the US lives in cities. But to really get a grasp of the situation, you must realize that there are no less than 106 cities in the US which have populations of over 100,000. (Not counting No. Manchester and Wabash, Indiana.)/Definitely not counting either of them. RSC/ Fully fifty of these have over 200,000 (Worcester

Census of 1790,



being #50, inci-

dentally) and no less than five have over a million. Connected with the rise of the big city, and even faster, is the rise of the suburb. The suburban trend is the major social trend at the moment, outside of integration and duck's-ass haircuts. Around Worcester, for example, each of the nine bordering towns is growing tremendously, with new housing developments going up right and left. But in the city itself things are different. Worcester's population is probably less than it was in 1950. In New York the same thing. I got a kick out of the special census that city took a few months ago. It seemed NYC wanted more state funds, and could get them if its population was up. So, they went to all the trouble to take a special census, and found out they had lost 120,000. Still in all, a city has to be pretty big to lose that many people and have to take a census to find it out.

Anyhow, since 1950, no less than 97% of the population growth of the country has occurred in urban areas. The result: the US is becoming one large metropolis. Already that's happened on the East coast. From Portland, Maine to northern Virginia there are only scattered breaks, and they're disappearing. The area around Worcester is already one big city, with Boston, Providence, Hartford, Cambridge, Somerville and Springfield all within fifty or so miles and all having 100,000 or more population. I might add that New England, which has led in the trend to urbanization, has possibly passed its peak. The reasons are easy to see. First, it takes industry and accessibility to foster the growth of large cities, as in NE. (I might add parenthetically that Worcester, in the center of NE, is the largest industrial city in the world not on a navigable body of water.) /And I might add patriotically that Indianapolis is equally innavigable and twice as big. So there. RSC/Now, industry is moving south, and other parts of the country are more in the paths of materials, etc. So down goes New England. In addition, cities here are apt to be crowded, laid out when such a thing as city planning was unknown. When people talk about the "horse and buggy" streets of

Worcester, for example, they're usually not aware that that is precisely what Worcester's streets were made for. Add to this (1) the hilly topography of New England (Worcester is like Rome - it was laid out on seven hills); and (2) the fact that many New England cities are the products of the union of several neighborhoods, each one of which grew as a separate town, which in turn screws up the street system and sectionalizes the city, and you can see why New England cities are often referred to as "overgrown villages". If you've ever been through Boston you must know what I'm talking about. Streets follow Indian paths, are extremely narrow and crooked. Even if you have never been there, you may have heard of Dorchester, Charlestown, Brighton, Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, etc. Once upon a time they were all separate little towns. Brooklyn, Flatbush, the Bronx, Jamaica, etc., in New York also were once separate towns and cities.

Anyway, to get back to the point, there is little doubt that eventually the US will be one city, or what will amount to one city, through most, if not all, of its area. It is something for stf writers to take into consideration. Another product of urbanization which may prove interesting is the intercity and interstate squabbles that arise. People work in the big city, but pay no taxes there because they live in the suburbs, so the city refuses to build a parking lot for downtown areas, etc. I can recall a story along the lines of what is the best way to run a city, done by Chad Oliver is his pb "Another Kind", in which he carries city planning to its ultimate.

So what besides the US? Well, Europe, especially West Europe, is pretty well urbanized with England leading the parade. I say England, not Great Britain, because it is mainly the southern part of the island that had led the way to becoming urbanized. So we include west Europe in our city. Asia, especially China and Japan, plus India may sooner or later be added, but that will take quite a while. Africa may take even longer -- but the trend is definitely there. Of course, when I say there's a chance that the world will become like Asimov's Trantor I don't mean that people will be living on top of the Himalayas and other places like that. /After all, you gotta have a few parks in any city. RSC/ Who knows, we may be living underground -- refer to "The Caves Of Steel", same author.

Or we might, by that time, be living on the moon because Earth is still radioactive following an atomic war, as in a little shocker by Arthur C. Clarke. But sooner or later we'll all be in one city.

---

Seth Johnson, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, New Jersey, is setting up a "fanzine clearing house". This is designed to appeal to the stf reader, who knows little or nothing about fanzines, by offering him an assortment of current fanzines for a nominal price -- 50¢ or \$1. It would also provide fan editors with an opportunity to increase their paid circulation. Briefly, the plan is for any editor who is interested to send Johnson a dozen or so copies of his latest effort. Johnson will sort the zines into convenient-sized bundles and mail them to the customers. Money received would be divided among the participating editors. Support in the form of advertising by the professional mags has been promised. For more information, contact Johnson at the above address.

# A DODDERING COLUMN

A COLUMN? BY

alan dodd

When Jimmy James was touring the music halls of England he always had an opening sketch in which one of his two stooges came onto the stage, looking rather idiotic, came up to him and said accusingly, "Are you putting it around that I'm barmy?"

To which Jimmy would always protest in the negative.

And so I feel I too, must protest in the negative to those who I must ask, "Are you putting it around that I don't exist?" For normally such a thing wouldn't take much notice until you find old friends who you thought had known you for ages start asking -- "Is it true you don't really exist but are a combination of three fans as Robert Bloch said in IMAGINATION?"

The answer is "NO". I do exist. But as I am the Only True-Dodd there must of course be pretenders who wish to dethrone me by this declaring me non-existent. It all started with the "Alan Dodd Ltd." club, to which the only membership fee was the fact that you had to have actually met me.

Which isn't as easy as you might think.

As Robert Coulson remarked in the recent /well, not very..RSC/issue of this magazine, the final proof of my existence would be whether I did or didn't attend the WorldCon. I did not. /But I was quoting..RSC/

Sooo - there were three members of this club who met me. Ron Bennett, who in the process of a hitch-hiking trip across Europe with the contents of half the storehouses of the Belgian wine houses, tobacco shops and lighter stores, stopped off. An account of this appeared in SFAIRA and MUZZY. And Dave and Rusty Jenrette who stopped off on their way north, details of which encounter appeared in YANDRO and evoked criticism as to whether it was (a) a black and red blazer Dave Jenrette was wearing, or (b) a grey and charcoal black one or (c) it wasn't funny whichever colour you put down dammitt!

Both visit Sunday morning which is maybe the only time I am at home. And I am caught.

But - sneakily I do not attend the convention but Bennett does and after the convention he travels back with the Jenrettes. "Carted away" was the actual expression used, I am told - to the Jenrettes' home, where he stayed several days. Several days in the same flat with Ron Bennett; how stoic can you get? You can picture the scene and the mixtures bubbling back and forth like the three witches in MACBETH. The ideas for non-existence came from this.

Shortly after Bennett was eject...er, left the Jenrettes' there appeared an issue of QUELLES HORREURS in which it was claimed that not only did I not exist but was a combination of the three aforementioned fans using an aunt's address to receive the mail!

But it isn't true. I am not a combination of anybody. But when even the people who know me say they aren't sure -- how can I convince strangers?



# THE WORD

by — DAVE JENRETTE

Bella Donna tiptoed across the darkened room toward the plastisteel desk. She slowly opened the top drawer, clicked on a small light and began rummaging thru the papers. There was nothing that looked like what she wanted, so she tried the second.

Bella was not sure what she expected to find. She knew only that Professor Delg Rhamassan, to whom the desk belonged, had been using the giant calculating brain on Neptune for the last six months under a cloak of absolute secrecy. That was enough to make it interesting for Bella Donna, the Siren of Saturn.

In a small space ship she had reached Rhamassan's private asteroid, Collaigos, landed in a remote section of it, and made her way here to his inner sanctum. She did not know what she was searching for and could trust no one else on this mission.

Disgustedly she opened the third drawer and began searching there. Without warning the lights flashed on. Bella turned to find Prof. Rhamassan confronting her.

He was a small man with old, wrinkled skin. His hair was thin and gray and he looked tired. "Good evening, Miss Bella Donna," he said.

"May I help you?"

The woman was surprised for an instant, then smiled. "Since you know my name you must know what I'm after."

The man looked genuinely puzzled. "I knew your name, my dear, from the various detecting devices I have scattered about. For one thing, the olfactory detectors at the entrance and, for another, the finger print detector on the desk drawers. But I've no idea of why you're here."

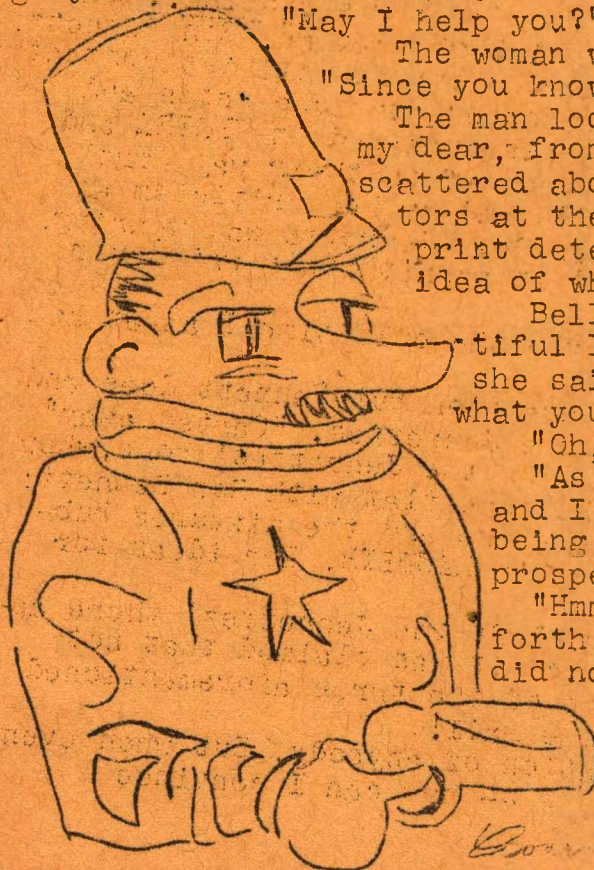
Bella sat down, carefully crossing her beautiful legs. "The calculating brain on Neptune," she said. "Nothing has ever been released on what you did there."

"Oh, is that it?" said the professor, frowning.

"As you know," said Bella, "my associates and I live somewhat outside the law and, that being the case, it is vital to our continued prosperity to be aware of all developments."

"Hmmm. I see." The professor walked back and forth across the room. Bella noticed that he did not seem at all attracted by the slim legs she displayed or the generous expanse of bared bosom. Torture might be necessary before this man revealed what he knew.

"I don't think my research will be of any use to you, Miss Donna,"



he said from across the room. "I would have published my results, but I fear the effects on the Solar System."

"Really?" asked the woman, leaning forward with heightened interest.

"Really. I shall explain it to you. You're aware," he began, "that everything we know about any one thing is merely a digest of the infinite facts about that one thing."

"I'm not sure I follow you," said the girl.

"Let me demonstrate," said Rhamassan. He picked up a paper weight from his desk. It was simply a hemisphere of clear plastic.

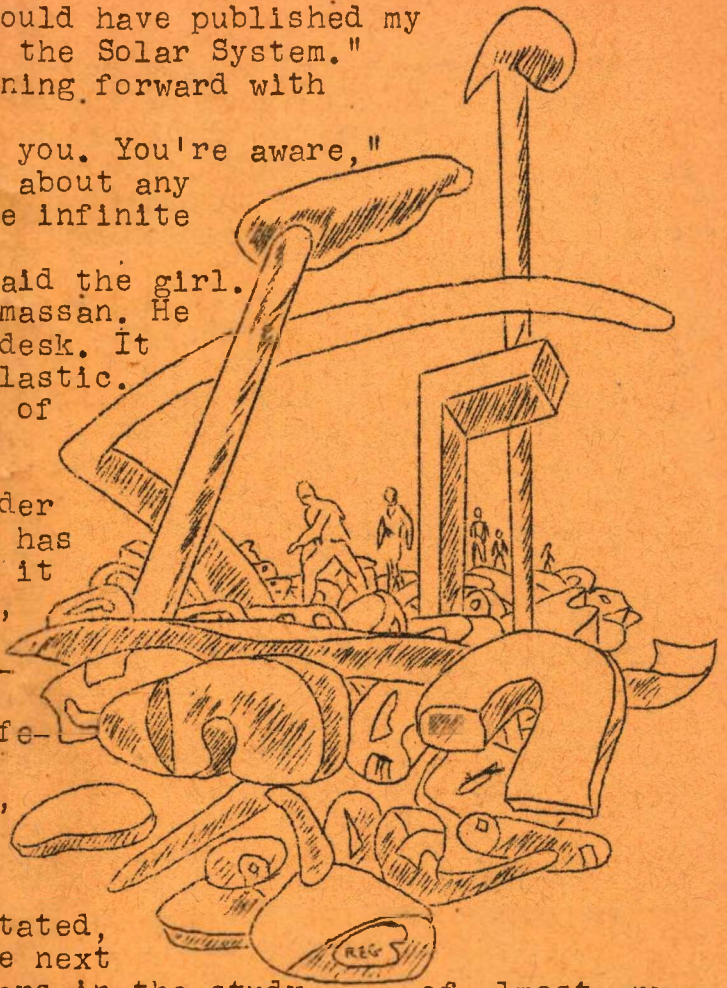
"A really complete description of this paper weight alone would take several lifetimes. Examine it. It looks plain enough, but just consider the infinite properties it has. It has mass, shape, refractive abilities, it has a certain chemical composition, certain temperature phases, has certain reactions to various chemical agents, etc., etc. Any one of those topics could fill a man's lifetime studying."

"I see your point," said Bella, "but it seems to me that you eventually reach a limit, a point of diminishing returns."

The professor smiled. "Truly stated, truly stated. That brings me to the next point. It is possible to expend years in the study of almost anything, but it is seldom necessary. This is the age of the digest, my dear. In our modern universe, counting all the planets and asteroids, there are over thirty habitable worlds. Each world has, over the course of years, developed into a specific culture. The total population of the Solar System is many, many billions. /Ed. note to British readers: I think Dave is using the American billion, or 1000 million. RSC/ In order to have a man at all well informed about the system in which he lives, digested works are of tremendous importance.

"This process began more than 500 years ago in the 20th Century. There were periodicals published then that were digests of other periodicals. Huge volumes were digested into a couple of pages. Eventually these pages were reduced to sentences, then to a word or two. In the middle 20th century there was a former general who made tremendous use of the digestion of material. It was reported that he always made the people under him, when submitting reports, make the report on one page and written only on one side of the paper. Today, a report like that would be unbearably wordy.

"Today, the real thinkers dare not stir from their homes, for fear of learning too much about their own world, blinding them to the flow of history, science, culture, etc., that is going on in the solar system."



"But," interrupted Bella, "what are you leading up to?"

"Simply this. The news of the solar system is gathered like the layers of a pyramid. At the broad base are individual people, then, going upwards, are the towns, the counties, the countries, and the planets. At each level the information from below is digested, cut down, made more concise, so that a person can be fairly well informed by reading the Daily Digest.

"I like this system. It's the best, but I wanted it to go to the ultimate. I wanted to digest the history of humanity, the history of the planets, the universe, the laws of energy, matter, time: all things pertaining to mankind, into one word; the ultimate digest."

Bella watched and listened, completely fascinated.

"I took the digests of the classics, the digests of the news broadcasts, the digests of the histories, and the other digests, of which there were millions, and fed them into the giant calculator on Neptune."

"Wait a minute," said Bella Donna. "Suppose there wasn't any Space-English equivalent for this word; suppose it was just a meaningless sound?"

"A good point," said the professor, "and one which I was worried about myself. However, as it turned out, there was a word, a pronounceable real word. After all, while the digests feature some shortening of the actual words, in the main the result of the digest is published in words of the same length as the original. There are just fewer of them.

"You'll be able to picture my tension in the final minutes as the giant brain finished its calculations. I knew that, in minutes, I would have the final digest of humanity in my hands. It would be the word that represented humanity, its goals, its fears, its hopes, its very soul. It would be an ordinary word, but viewed as a complete digest of humanity, it would have a greatness, a wonder, that no other word could have."

He stopped talking. His head sank forwards. His shoulders bent. He was suddenly a very pathetic figure.

Bella stood up, eyes blazing with excitement. "What -- what was the word?" she asked breathlessly.

The professor turned away and his voice was very low. "I'm not going to tell you," he said.

"Not going to tell me! Why not?"

He turned toward her, looking embarrassed and nervous, and then he spoke.

"It's a very dirty word," he said.

---

#### PARADOX

by P. H. Economou

Men dreamed  
Of alien, star-flung sands.  
Earth-fettered, chained to Terran lands  
They dreamed in vain.

Now free  
To roam a million worlds, and judge their worth  
Men dream of home -- of Earth  
From whence they came.

# XENO JUICE -

- by — dainis bisenieks —

/The fans who got acquainted with the genre in these days of its maturity are surprised to see the mags of yesteryear. Those were the days -- when there were mags like CAVE GIRL ROMANCES and one that each issue ran a novel about Tharn, the Warrior of the Dawn. Return with us now, to those thrilling days of yesteryear. Out of the past comes the thundering typewriting of the great old letterhacks, in the following epistle from the pages of THRILLING DAWN AGE STORIES; the Sense of Wonder rides again!  
.....this prologue by Bisenieks and RSC/

Dear Shaman Sat-Urn,

The screaming of a sabertoothed tiger woke me from a sound sleep. I cast a baleful glance at the moon shining into the cave mouth. And I realized that THE DAY was coming. With a grunt, I fell asleep.

Early next morning, I girded my loins, grabbed my trusty club, and shambled off to the newsstand. The clerk, cowering behind a stalagmite, pointed a trembling finger. I flung the quarter skin at him and with a grunt hefted - the latest TDAS, all forty pounds of it. Do you have to use this damn granite for it? Why not carve it on chunks of wood?

Confidentially, Ber-Gey is a good artist, but does he always have to have that eternal triangle on the cover? Noble savage and his gal -- such scanty furs, too -- holding off some menace; ignoble savages and all species of carnivora. Dinosaurs, even! Extinct, don't you know?

Hey! You had a good novel for once! A classic that will rank with Too-Ker's "Day Of The Brown Horde"! Kut-Ner's "Dawn Of The Gods" was terrific! Most authors would take the doings of the Norse or whatever gods literally, but our Hank is too smart for that. If I didn't know my Bullfinch, I'd hardly recognize the deeds, nor even the names. He seems to have studied his etymology, too.

You done picked an odd one for the classic reprint, I must say. A "different" story, yet. You don't hardly see that kind no more, you don't. But nev' mind, I liked "The Gnarly Man", anyway. Glad to see you recognize the existence of competing mags like "Unknown Cave Stories". The competish pubbed good stuff, too.

Leins-Ter hits the spot with "Prophet Of The Deluge". Silly thot, isn't it, to consider our hairy ancestors as a bunch of stupid clods? And then we see they're no worse than we are. But it serves them rite for not seeing that the cliff was gonna bust and create the Mediterranean. But I sometimes hate the clever prig of a hero, too...

Jen-Kins: yup, he hits the spot, too. Clever twist on this invention of the bow. Good thing he didn't make it a novel, tho, or he would have had him invent the wheel, fire, and Ghu knows what else.

Fic-Ge-Rald's "Where There's Smoke" stunk. How you can run a lousy author like him along with decent ones like Leins-Ter and Jen-Kins, I can never figure. At least his was the only bad story thish.



I'm looking forward to next time. Leins-Ter's "The Laws Of Nature" is a good title that better have a good story after it. Your unspeakable reader, 506 S. Fifth Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.

The unspeakable reader speaks wise words, good words, soothing to the spirits of authors and editor. Except poor Fic. Don't be so hard on him, he's a better author than you think. Anyway, this winds up THE READER GROWLS for this time. It's been a rousing battle, with no quarter given on either side. And those letters make formidable weapons. No kidding, some readers actually do get into the spirit and carve them on chunks of wood. One letter was carved on a boomerang so's I could not throw it away. So I was forced to print it.

SHAMAN SAT-URN

The old cave bear

---

REFLECTIONS ON GOD  
by Eugene DeWeese

The other day at my place of employment I was talking to my group leader, who was goofing off, too. Besides being a group leader he's a fundamentalist, and our conversation went roughly like this:

He mentioned having watched clouds evaporate and disappear as they crossed the sky. I suggested Mars was stealing them, what with their drouth. This led into an astronomical vein, whereupon I held forth on galaxies, our place in our galaxy, the red shift, expanding universe, etc.

Somehow, tho damned if I know how, this took us to religion and archaeology and evolution.

"...Humans have, after all, only been on Earth about 6,000 years."

"They have, however, found bones of present-day type humans at least as far back as 20,000 years."

"Did it ever occur to you that these might be the bones of Fallen Angels?"

That killed that line of conversation.

Somewhat later he had gotten off onto the Millennium, wherein "death shall be the exception, not the rule..."

"A thousand years?"

He agreed.

"Nobody dies?"

Ditto.

So we started figuring: if the millenium came now...At least two billion people and with no deaths they would at least double every 25 years, we decided. Some quick mathematics came up with the results that at the end of the millenium the Earth, with all the oceans dried up to give more room, would have a layer of people around 300 to 400 miles thick -- 4,000 to the square foot, I believe.

"Well, I suppose God will take care of it. Birth control, maybe. Tho he did say he would multiply Abraham's sons 'as the sands of the sea..'"

At which point I departed with my own private thots about an Appren-

tice God taking things over in the Boss's place while He's on vacation, mayhap, and being a bit too literal about the whole thing....

# GRUMBLINGS

our litter column

Dave Jenrette, 1939 SW 14th. Terrace, Miami, Florida

I've moved back to the US, freed myself of the USAF, and am now busy in a number of activities, including 16 credits at the University of Miami, managing a fruit juice business, and working in my chosen profession, photo journalism. If you have any room, I'd appreciate it if you might mention to fandom at large that I now have a new address.

Bennett Gordon, 81 Fairfax Rd, Worcester, Massachusetts

Last weekend we took a Debating trip to New York U in the Bronx. It would be a gross understatement to say we had a good time -- we had a hell of a time. In the tournament itself we did fair. My partner and I had a 2-2 record.

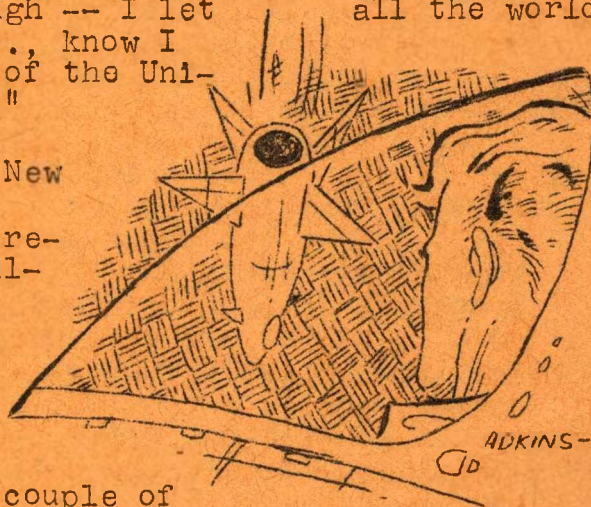
.....I wanted to get over to New Jersey for a while that weekend, but there was no way over. ....That afternoon we went thru the Hall of Fame at NYU. Of course, it's closed for the winter, but, by scaling walls, climbing over fences, etc, you can get into it, if the cops don't catch you. We spent about 15 minutes in there. Saturday night we took a tour of Greenwich Village -- on foot. One guy tried to sell us dirty pictures, another bum -- who described himself as a "dilettante" -- asked for some \$\$\$. This is something -- a cultured bum. You've got to be high-class, or you don't qualify to give him money. He's exclusive.

Ad so, we left Greenwich Village, and sojourned our way to Times Square. There, a Puerto Rican pimp offered us girls, at \$10 per throw. We politely refused. It's like paying for the sickness as well as the cure. Just refusing wasn't enough for me, though -- I let all the world, or at least all of Broadway and 42nd. St., know I was refusing -- I screamed, at the center of the Universe, "Make it a buck and a half, pimp!"

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

Somehow I did not notice Juanita's remark in the Annish about the Wylie, Schulberg and Montaigne School of Literature, so I got quite a kick out of seeing the various remarks about it. Obviously she meant in contrast to the Dante, Lewis Carroll, and John Steinbeck trend in writing.

Maybe you noticed it, but anyway a couple of years ago the Atlantic Monthly printed an article with the title



(something like) "Karl Marx, Jane Austen, and the Modern Dance". I do not know for sure if the magazine was taken in, but quite a long time later the author admitted that the whole thing was a spoof; he had chosen three widely differing things as a gag. By that time, however, people who took the article seriously had included it in bibliographies in various learned journals. Were their faces red! I have been trying to remember if that is the correct title, and although it sounds right, I am not sure.

/There is always the danger, in subtle humor, that a large percentage of your audience won't get it -- a fact which is just as true in fandom as anywhere else, despite comments of fannish superiority. (Not that I think Juanita was being subtle, though. RSC/

Hal Annas, Virginia

Rec'd the annish with that gorgeous cover and found it even more interesting than earlier annishuls. Have only one complaint. The calendar. It's perfect. Anybody can publish a perfect calendar.

The earlier Yandro calendar had a touch of originality. When someone would call me to time about missing an appointment I'd say, "Don't gimme no jaw about dates. It's right here on my Yandro calendar."

"But other calendars aren't like that."

"If the calendar people don't know what day it is, they probably don't know what month it is either. Take it up with the Coulsons. I keep my appointments strictly according to the way it comes from the horse's mouth." /Somehow, I have a feeling I should resent that. RSC/

"But some months got more days than that."

"Who said so? How d'you know how many days a month got in it? I've got the figures right here to prove it."

"Look at this other calendar."

"I don't go by just any ole advertising junk. Look how they've got the days arranged so they can have a sale where they want it. Think I'm a sucker? I don't fall for that stuff."

My earlier Yandro calendar enabled me to default on two debts. I was about to try to buy in with you and get the thing patented and boom up world-wide distribution and stabilize the financial situation, then something happened that I had to pay three debts twice. I pointed out that there must be an error somewhere but my creditor showed me how it was on the calendar. I got a little discouraged and tried to sell my interest in the Yandro calendar. I had no luck but figured I'd get back at everybody when the new one came out. I could see that thing. It might even change the years around, I figured, and in that way I get rich now off the debts I would owe a year hence.

I confess I was a trifle disappointed when I received a perfect calendar. I think I ought to warn you you're getting in a rut. Perfection is something you can't improve on. You just go on and on in the same old groove.

/Somehow, I don't think we're ever going to forget that calendar we put out with no year on it, and 3 days missing./

Lars Bourne, 2436½ Portland, Eugene, Oregon

My main reason for writing this, however, is to comment on some statements made by Bob Leman concerning Don Stuefloten. Bob states that:

"Young Mr. Stuefloten is attempting something that can be done by someone to whom the ability to write straightforward English prose is second nature -- and that is a skill he obviously does not possess." My question is, /sic/ does Mr. Leman know what he is talking about. How much does he know about Don Stuefloten's English background, and how much English background does Mr. Leman himself have? I'm sorry, but Bob is entirely off the track. He has presumed to state something that he knows, I'm fairly positive, (which certainly isn't as strong a statement as Mr. Leman's "obviously") very little about.

Don paid me a visit not too long ago, and we were together for about three or four days. In that time I got to know him fairly well and found out that he has a very good English background; in fact, an excellent background. I would not hesitate to compare his background to any other person's background in fandom in his age group and say it was not superior. He mentioned something to me about his work in college and said something about getting straight A's which is not to 'orrible bad. No, Don has an excellent English background. He knows English backwards and forwards, and that is partially why he can do such outstanding things with words. I know, from being in short story classes and from being in composition courses that most people couldn't attempt to do what he is doing at the present time.

/The main trouble is, you and Leman aren't talking about the same thing. Leman's idea was, I think, that any writer should achieve excellence in the more "standard" types of writing before even attempting the sort of thing Stuefloten does. And the fact that Don made straight A's in college means very little about his writing abilities. He's a very good amateur writer, but Bob's point was that he should be able to do as well as a good professional writer before attempting imagery. And Don is not that good yet, and I think he'll agree with me. He probably won't agree with Leman's ideas, either, since he obviously is working to improve his writing via imagery, but that's a different argument from the one you are using. Personally, I'm not at all sure that Leman's views are correct, but then, I know very little and care less about impressionistic writing. (Now then, if Stuefloten and Leman will both write in and show me where I've completely misinterpreted both sides.....) RSC/

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

Pardon me for pointing this out, but... I've been misquoted! YANDRO 62, page 17: "But you just got through saying that you can't get quality pb's in the combination large city - college town where you live...?" Reference to YANDRO #61 will disclose that I said no such thing. It was my home town of Muskegon where the quality pb's were unobtainable. The titles I mentioned being unable to get here in Boston were all magazines, and were mentioned merely as an illustration of the vagaries of the distribution industry; which vagaries, to return to my original contention, are the reason for the fact that Marion can find all sorts of high-brow items in jerkwater places. So there!

/Well, that will teach me to check the source of my statements, if possible, before shooting off my big fat mouth. Still, there must be some intellectuals in small towns -- or at least intellectual enough to appreciate quality books. After all, we buy them, and I can't believe that



fans are the only people in small towns who like to read. Admittedly, I've never met anyone else, but.....RSC/

Bill Pearson, Dan Adkins, RR 2, East Liverpool, Ohio

Wull, Adkins is buried on the floor under a tremendous pile of comic books....trying to get some ideas for drawings, and I'm sitting here waiting for somebody....ANYBODY...to come buy my Ditto machine.

And it's now a quarter to three.

See, the Mad Adkins and I are going to New York. Two days hence. That is, if I can sell that machine. I tried to sell my car (put a couple of ads in the paper last week and nothing happened) and am now patiently waiting for the seemingly inevitable moment when I realize that we're going nowhere.

Cruel, cruel life.

Hummmm....maybe I could get \$150 for my 1914D Lincoln head penny.

Anyhow, at the risk of boring you by returning to the subject at hand, Dan and I will be starting out by bus (Yarg!) for his home in East Liverpool this Thursday morning. We intend to stay there for two or three weeks drawing up some samples for the pros.

Aren't we mad, mad critters.

Then we're going to become Terribly Dirty Pros, or else! ....or else we're not going to become Terribly Dirty Pros, I guess....

Anyhow...think of the adventure, think of the excitement, think of the experience....think of the starving, think of the disappointment...think of the folly.....Ho Boy....

/Sometimes, you two make me dizzy. Just a couple of issues ago we were announcing that Adkins' temporary address was in care of you, and now.....oh well, good luck in the wicked city./

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

Your lettercol discussion on the differences between European and American education promises to be interesting. I hope you get many replies. Personally, I suspect that the difference is largely a matter of orientation. In this country, there has been so much experimentation with regard to the purpose of education, that the actual end-product of it all has been lost sight of.

Schools have been so busy attempting to "adjust" the students to life, that they forget to educate them. Another point which I thought extremely significant when I first heard of it from an exchange-teacher from Scandinavia, is that the so-called "higher education" is not as general in Europe as it is over here. According to this teacher, in the Scandinavian countries at least, only the

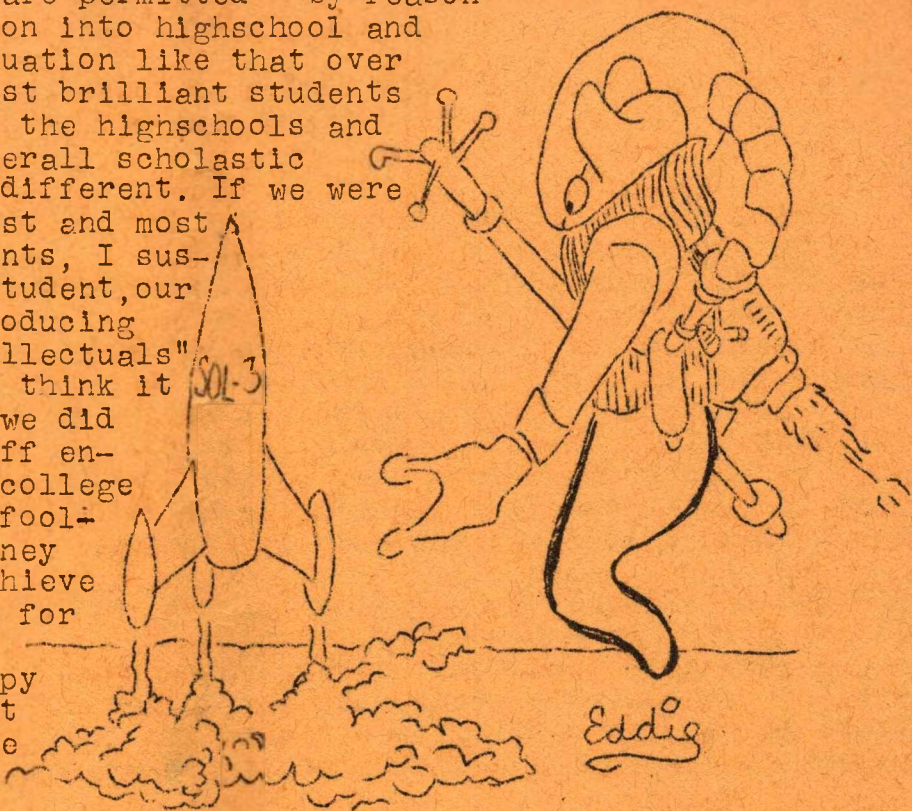


top 10% of the students are permitted - by reason of limited room - to go on into highschool and college. If we had a situation like that over here - where only our most brilliant students were permitted to attend the highschools and colleges, I think the overall scholastic picture would seem very different. If we were judged only by the keenest and most intelligent of our students, I suspect that, student for student, our educational system is producing just as high-grade "intellectuals" as Europe. Personally, I think it might be a good idea if we did go back to requiring stiff entrance examinations for college and highschool. It is a foolish waste of time and money and effort to try and achieve a broad cultural outlook for the majority of people who would be just as happy and well adjusted without it. Let those concentrate on learning who have the ability and the will to learn...and let those who are satisfied without it, go about the business of earning a living on the cultural level that most appeals to them. I never did see the point of requiring a College Diploma in order to run a gas station!

/I will say that every teacher I've talked to would agree with you 100%, both on the school preoccupation with "adjustment" and with the advisability -- in fact, the need -- of entrance examinations for high school as well as college. Either that, or, if we persist in the present idea of educating everyone, the acquisition of 50% more classrooms and at least double the number of teachers. RSC/

Dainis Bisenieks, 506 S. 5th. Ave., Ann Arbor, Michigan

Rich Brown seems to have taken something or other seriously. What he means by "for the sake of getting the review he pretended he liked it", I don't know. "It" seems to be my article, which didn't impress me at all; I've told you that I consider my writing style heavy and sesquipedalian./if I knew what that meant, I might agree with you RSC/ I won't argue about my taste, but at least I claim to know what I was talking about. I only fear that my writing style doesn't show where I was kidding. My "almost gosh-wow purple phrases": "real marvel" was ironic, as supported by the following paragraph; "most dramatically" is qualified by "wavens between the dramatic and the absurd"; "fascinating details" was ironic. (Please, readers, don't you think so?) Finally, nowhere did I say whether I actually liked the books. I didn't; my description tended toward making fun of them. I still consider Dominik better than Verne. And there was a certain fascination, even in the faults.



# STRANGE FRUIT

Well, back to short, numerous reviews. I'll try to concentrate on some of the newer zines this time.

PAUCITY #1 (Larry Stone, 891 Lee St., White Rock, B.C., Canada - "Published occasionally" - 15¢)

Amazing! A first issue, written entirely by little-known or unknown fans -- and it's good! Not just good in comparison to other first issues, either; the principal item, a satire of a (presumably Canadian) magazine called FAMILY JOURNAL, is excellent. Other material by the editor is also good, though some of his outside writers contribute stuff that is pretty standard first issue material. Keep an eye on Stone -- talent like this isn't the rule in fandom. Rating...5

HORIZON #2 (Russell Brown, 3313 Calumet, Houston, Texas - irregular - 10¢ or 3 for 25¢ - co-editor, Charles Dryer)

A very nice (printed?) cover, with nothing much behind it. There's nothing particularly wrong with any of the material; it's just that there is nothing particularly right with it, either. About what you'd expect from a second issue. Also, there are only 15 pages. Rating...2

INTO THE HAZE (Vince Roach, 3443 S. Sadlier Rd., Indianapolis 19, Ind. schedule undecided, I guess - price 10¢) This is #1

A fairly thick (26 pages, I think, though our copy had two missing) zine, reproduced quite legibly on a flatbed ditto. Guy Terwilleger might have the best article, but since that's where the pages were missing, I can't really tell. There is a trade section, part 1 of an ERB checklist, one quite good and some not so good poems by Elinor Poland, and various other material. Nothing exceptional, nothing bad. Rating...3

PROFANITY #1 (Bruce Pelz, Box 3255 University Station, Gainesville, Florida - irregular - 15¢ or 2 for 25¢)

An excellent example of how artwork can be enhanced by reproduction. If the cover of this had appeared in the usual mimeoed format of the rest of the mag, I'd probably have thought it pretty crummy. Given the benefit of 4-color silk-screening, it emerges as one of the outstanding fanzine covers of the year. Material features a bibliography of the works of Henry Kuttner, a fair story, various articles, etc. Reproduction is readable, but not much else. Major items are the cover and, for fans who like that sort of thing, the bibliography. Rating...4

IMPROBABLE #2 (Vowen Clark, 6221 Thorn St., San Diego, California - bi-monthly - 15¢ or 6 for 75¢ - associate editor Colin Cameron)

Appearance of this zine is pretty well ruined by the smeary two-color dittoing, which manages to ruin what might well have been some good illos and gives the writing a wavy effect that tends to make the reader a trifle seasick. Come to think of it, this looks more like hekto

than ditto. Material is rather depressingly neofannish after you do manage to read it. Rating...2

CRIFANAC #6 (4243 Buena Vista, Dallas 4, Texas -- oh yes, Tom Reamy is the editor -- irregular -- 25¢ or 5 for \$1)

A huge improvement over the last issue. Nice artwork; cover and an interior by Freas are augmented by the editor's own work. The zine is printed, so reproduction is no problem (though layout is). Fiction is featured, and is mostly readable. Top items, though, are a short parody by Benford and a long interview with George Adamski -- I dunno which is funnier. A high price, but you get 38 full-sized pages. Rating...6

AMOK! #2 (Don R. Powell, Box 7311, NTSC, Denton, Texas - irregular - 15¢)

The only fantasy fanzine that I know of at present. The major parody this time is on Sherlock Holmes; not nearly as good as the Lovecraftian bit in the first issue. Other material is the typical reviews, poetry and articles found in any fanzine. Rating....3

ERRATIC #3 (Jim Caughran, % American Embassy, APO 74, Box K, San Francisco, California -- irregular - free for comment)

The present small issue is entirely concerned with the trip to Pakistan, and conditions in Pakistan. Quite well done....there is also a back page full of shaggy dog stories, some of which are hilarious. A small zine, but what the hell...it's free. Rating....4

ABJECT #1 (Peter Skeberdis, 606 Crapo St., Flint 3, Michigan - irregular - sent for trades /and probably comment/)

This is supposed to feature an editorial, letters, advertising, news and comment each issue. Naturally, the first ish is singularly deficient in all but the editorial, which isn't bad. This could shape up into a very worthwhile zine. For this ish, though.... Rating...2

READERS' DIGESTED #2 & 3 (Leslie Gerber, 201 Linden Boulevard, Brooklyn 26, New York - irregular? - 10 for 50¢ -- co-editor, Andrew Reiss)

A thin, quarter-sized zine, more or less legibly mimeoed...you can read it if you work at it. Aside from the usual neofannish material, RD features pro news items. These are considerably more up-to-date than the ones in S F TIMES (though naturally not as numerous) and seem to be about as authentic. For me, they're the only item of interest in the zine, but some of you might like the various fiction and articles. (One reader called it "Reader's Disgusted", but it really isn't that bad.) Most of the material, though, is the same sort of thing you can read in a dozen other fanzines, and less legible. Rating....2

VAIPIRE TRADER #2 (Stony Barnes, Rt. 1, Box 1102, Grants Pass, Oregon - monthly - apparently free)

Lists of mags to sell or trade, interspersed with occasional ads for fanzines. Small; probably of interest to the collector. Legible.

FANAC #5 (Ron Ellik and Terry Carr, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif.) This weekly newsletter is distributed free to various fans, though "con-

contributions of \$a\$h...would be appreciated". The mag runs from 2 to 4 pages, featuring comments by the editors on fanzines, fans, and the world in general.

RUR #6 (David Rike & Carl Brandon, 2431 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif.)  
This is generally distributed with FANAC, and contains the same type of material. I'm rating both zines together, since they generally arrive together, and are pretty similar, anyway. Rating...4

ABERRATION #3 (Kent Moomaw, 6705 Bramble Ave, Cincinnati 27, Ohio - quarterly? - free for comment)

I don't know what percentage of faneditors expect that the first few issues of their zines will establish them as well-known fans, but Moomaw is one of the few to succeed. Mostly because ABBY has never been the "typical first issue" kind of zine. It owes more to A BAS and OBLIQUE than to neofannish tradition. Kent gets well-done faaanish material, and the impeccable Ted White reproduction. I seldom agree with any of Kent's viewpoints, but they are at least interestingly presented, and he puts out an excellent zine. Rating...5

POLARITY #2 (F.M & E. Busby, 2852 14th. Ave. West, Seattle 99, Washington - irregular - 15¢)

Actually the scheme of payment is more complicated than that -- an obvious heritage from the Nameless Ones -- but you can get a sample for 15¢ and fight out later payments with the editors. Articles by the ubiquitous John Berry and Burnett Toskey supplement various letters and a large amount of editorial material. And very entertaining material it is, too. Expertly dittoed. Rating....6

SHANGRI-LA #? (George W. Fields, 3607 Pomona Boulevard, Montebello, California - quarterly -- 15¢ or 6 for \$1)

I don't think the subscription department figures that fans can multiply, or something. Anyway, this is the official organ of the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society, apparently, and consists of both new and reprint material. This issue features a rather belated review of the 10th Westercon, plus a reprint of one of the famous Hoy Ping Pong articles. Both are reasonably good, and the mimeography is legible, if not inspiring. Larger future issues are promised. Rating...4

METROFAN #7 & 8 (David MacDonald, 39 E. 4th. St., New York 3, N.Y. - monthly? - 50¢ per year, samples on request)

The official organ of several New York clubs -- pardon me...I see that it's listed as the unofficial organ. Oh well... #7 features a violent, bitter (and enjoyable, to me at least) attack on Dave Kyle. However, even if you have no interest in New York fan politics you might enjoy Ken Beale's movie reviews or -- especially -- Beale's and MacDonald's parody of "Julius Caesar" with Sam Moscowitz in the title role. However, I should think that anyone with a well-developed sense of humor would find New York fan politics highly entertaining. #8 consists entirely of a list of New York clubs, meetings, and conventions, plus a notice that we're receiving it because we once attended a New York club meeting or convention, despite the fact that neither of us has ever been in New York in our lives. Oh well.... Rating....3