

# YANDRO<sup>#66</sup>



J.W.C.







# YANDRO

# 66

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Cover by JWC

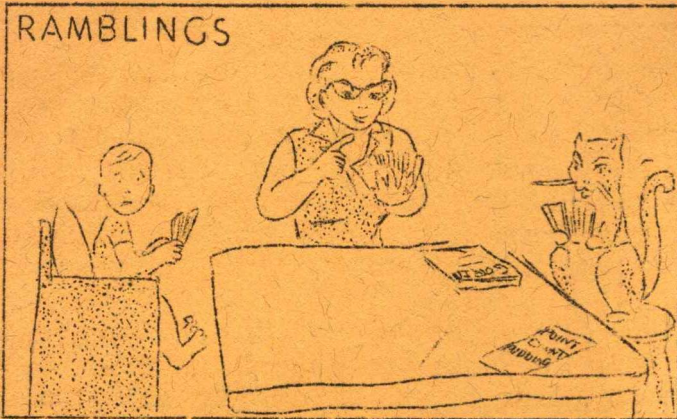
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If anyone can tell us the full name and the address of the above J. Wilson, we'd be much obliged. Several of his illustrations were in the material from the DESTINY files; beautiful stuff, but we'd like to know where to send the contributor's copies.

"I don't care what your name is, baldy, you can't play golf on the White House lawn!"  
 ...from Rich Brown



## RAMBLINGS



After playing bridge since I was knee-high to a two-toed bem, I suddenly find myself in a club with everyone playing Goren and point-counting like mad ....I guess I'll catch on after a while, but mainly I seem to be discovering that most of the rules give me a regulation reason for playing the way I've already been playing for a number of years....openings, etc., seem to be largely a matter of common sense... A couple of people commented quer-

ously on my mentioning Latin last time around, and for an explanation I might now say that bev DeWeese in a wild burst of martyrous emotion has sort of volunteered to teach me Latin.....I've wanted to take it for a number of years.....but one of the difficulties of going to a large high-school is the fact that there are so very many courses that, should you really want to study as much as possible, such as idiots like myself, you run out of time and find yourself graduating before you've taken half the things you wanted.....music came in this category, and Latin, and several others.....so, after Spanish, French, and German, I finally get around to the classics.....not very rapidly, though; so far I'm only up to the vocative case....while this is being typed the tad gets plunked into his lil chair. if I left him on the floor he would likely get into the typer, or the stack of unassembled YANDROS, or the verboten non-stf mags underneath the coffee table, or the records, or..... doesn't leave much for entertainment purposes....so far he's succeeded in pulling half the stuff out of the nearby wastebasket (always something I forget)....was going to say something about the past dangers of flooding, but it seems to have been pouring down rain all day today... I knew moving the Midwescon up to June would eventually reap its reward ....the angered weather has decided to give us an entire month of Midwescon weather in retaliation.....perhaps it isn't true in any other field, but once having been a teacher, I'm being hit for various things having to do with kids, usually remotely, only, related to teaching... such as a recent request to supervise a batch of games for kids at a picnic....for one declinal reason - when I taught, I taught, but I'm not teaching now, and for the second and most important, I consider games an unpleasant and mostly unnecessary part of teaching...teaching should be that of things not readily learned in other ways - reading, arithmetic, legible handwriting (anybody thought of instigating such a course for fans?) - games the kids learn very well by themselves...by Ghu, when I was in school the only games we got were at recess, and the only time a teacher butted in was when somebody got beamed by a base - ball or six or seven kids started beating up on one (odds of five to one were considered a fair average).....I was born about fifty years too late in that respect.....school was for learning, especially from books....art was all right, but I was not conceited enough to think that because I, personally, liked it, it was therefore an all important subject.....anyone for Robert Paul Smith?.....Vale.....JWC





Vague worry over what we'll use for money at the Midwestcon...especially since I get paid the day after we get back. The end of a month is a very poor time for us, financially. The idea of 5 people and luggage in a '55 Rambler isn't too encouraging, either....ah well, it'll be worth it, I guess.

A brief addition to Adkins' column; a well-informed source informs us that Hamling is dropping all columns in IMAGINATION -- including Bloch's.

This could conceivably be more of a blow to fandom than you might think; it leaves only Madle's irregular column in FUTURE to bring new blood into the group. (Small consolation; at least now I won't have to buy MADGE) Next issue will definitely have items by John Berry, G. H. Scithers, Alan Dodd, and fanzine reviews, all of which were crowded out of this one by our monstrous letter column. It will also probably be back to our usual 19 or 21-page size. And speaking of fanzine reviews, I'd like to at least mention the major items in the current WSFS squabbles. It's getting so you can't tell one dirty rascal from another without a program. First program is METROFAN #7, providing you can still get a copy. This featured an attack on Dave Kyle by one "Edsel McCune". (Write to David MacDonald, 39 E. 4th. St., New York 3, New York) Kyle's side of the argument is presented in THE BELL TOLLS FOR WHOM (David A. Kyle, Radio Station WPDM, Potsdam, N.Y.). Another anti-Kyle blast comes in THE COLE FAX (W. R. Cole, 307 Newkirk Ave., Brooklyn 30, N.Y. Meanwhile, Nick and Noreen Falasca, 5612 Warwick Dr., Parma 29, Ohio, have issued FANDOM'S BURDEN and SON OF FANDOM'S BURDEN, damning the entire incorporation proceedings of the WSFS as being unfair and illegal, and Frank and Belle Dietz have replied in GROUND ZERO #1 and 2 (Belle Dietz, 1721 Grand Ave., Bronx 53, N.Y. Apt. 4C). Some of these mags list prices, but I expect that any of the editors would be more than happy to send a free sample. Of the entire group, I know only the Falascas personally (plus a nodding acquaintance with George Raybin) -- the more I read about the whole affair, the happier I am about this fact. Briefly, Cole suffers from pompousness, Kyle from his attitude of a righteous martyr, and the Dietzes from trying to mix raw, crude propaganda with a newsletter-type fanzine. (I've been told that Falasca's zines suffer because of an inability of the reader to figure out just what they're after, but I hadn't noticed this personally.) Anyway, if you enjoy juicy scandal, lawsuits, and finding out what Tucker and Fields are arguing about in this letter column, be sure to ask for all the above zines. So far, my only positive opinion on the affair is that I'm glad I've never been associated with New York fandom. Some months back, I announced that a majority of my fanzine reviews would be transferred from YANDRO to Stuart Wheeler's REE. Some 5 months later, REE has yet to appear, giving fair warning to fanzine editors who consider accepting my material. At any rate, I still am receiving more fanzines than I can adequately review here, and so I've promised a review column to Bruce Pelz. If PROFANITY fails to appear, you know why. Every fanzine received here will get reviewed somewhere, though. RSC



# HOW TO GET ALONG WITH F-A-A-A-N-S

BY-joe l. hensley-ASSISTED BY-bob tucker

Note to Buck: Mr. Hensley, and his expert helpers, all of whom will be of the same caliber as Mr. Tucker, has promised more informative articles of this type. In the works now is HOW TO ARGUE WITH RAY PALMER AND WIN. Future articles will be: HOW TO READ THE LETTER COLUMN IN ASTOUNDING, PAPER CLIPS AND THEIR USES, and of great interest, HOW TO STOP ARGUING WITH RAY PALMER AND STILL WIN.

Second Note to Buck: Mr. Tucker can't speak for the caliber of Mr. Hensley's other helpers, but he wants you to know his caliber is .44.

/Note to the readers: If you want to know which of the authors wrote a specific item, apply for a look at the manuscript (rates on request). It is easy to tell, because Tucker's typewriter ribbon had much more ink on it. I am unprepared to state at this time the full significance of this fact. RSC/

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Sputnik will NOT beep tonight!

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In doing this series of informative articles for the editors of YANDRO (a scholarly magazine), I have not perviously needed the help of any individual. However, for this particular facet of my contribution I felt that the help of an alleged expert was required. You will find his helpful comments interspersed and mingled with my own. The truth of the matter is -- I am personally allergic to fans. They make me break out in a rash. I call this disease the "Bloch Plague". (Not to be confused with Twonk's Disease, which is confined to the armpits.)

However, I have, over a long period of time, studied Fans in their natural habitats, at conventions, club meetings, crowded, well lighted hotel rooms, uncrowded, unlighted hotel rooms (fans are barred from bordellos by union rules) and dingy bars. I have come up with some theories that are only good sense. Properly used, these theories can provide the reader with the ease and facility that I have acquired, despite the handicap I suffer.

## BE IMPRESSED

The most important requirement in getting along with any Fan is to be impressed with him. This is best shown by physical action: Stand, with your feet slightly apart, mouth open in awe. When he tells you that he used to write mash notes for the COSMIC CIRCLE COMMENTATOR (also a scholarly magazine), say to him, "Jeez," and hand him the autograph book. Properly done, this sort of conduct can make you the best known \_\_\_\_\_ in fandom.

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Look -- up in the sky! It's a bird -- it's a plane -- it's Brunhilde!  
.....old Wagner-loving DeWeese



### BE UNASSUMING

There is no percentage in pushing yourself forward at any fannish get-together, especially if you are male. Fans like a person who does not assume airs, who is quiet. This point is best proved by a true story: Fan A and myself once belonged to the same fanclub. Fan A always ran the meetings, made the motions, and argued in a loud voice. I, at the same time, never said anything. I smiled at everyone. Each year, at the club's election, the incoming president was required to throw a party for the members of the club. Of course the club always elected someone that no one liked because of this requirement. Fan A was elected President, and subsequently absconded with the treasury. I never got to see the full conclusion of this dislike, as I was excluded from the club soon thereafter. But you see the significance. (Not saying anything also gives you the opportunity to proclaim yourself an independent, splinter insurgent, and begin collecting fuggheaded statements with which to embarrass your opponent.)

### BE CONVIVIAL

Let's face it: Fans drink a ~~great deal~~ bit. Therefore, if you want to be liked, you must learn to drink intoxicating beverages, and have a passing acquaintance with hair tonic. I spent many years perfecting my technique for passing out in hotel rooms with dignity and aplomb. At the beginning of the party make sure that you stake a claim somewhere near the bar. When your glass is empty get it filled promptly, if possible -- and at someone else's expense, if possible. As the evening wears on move closer to the bed. If you don't do this you may pass out in an inopportune position and be stepped on as the party reaches its height. I once passed out over a footstool and walked in a V shape for a month. Be the first to pass out -- you'll get more notice and sympathy that way (and more loving mention in fanzines)./Don't make the mistake of passing out too soon, though -- good timing is important. The entrance of Reva Smiley makes an ideal time. RSC/ Usually, after you perfect my technique, it is not even necessary to rent a room for the convention. (A small, cheap bottle of gin offered to new arrivals will bring you an invitation to stay with them. Do so, taking care to choose the best bed. Keep the room key in your possession and make your happy, carefree companions spend the wee hours hunting you, so that they may turn in. This is considered very humorous and provokes much jolly fanzine comment , later.)

### BE ERUDITE

If there is anything that a fan hates it is someone who knows nothing about the people who write in our field of endeavour. Therefore study and know what each issue of OTHER WORLDS (a scholarly magazine) and the other leaders of the field contain. (Taking especial care to understand the fundamentals of the scholarly editorials.)

For an example of this you will please address yourself (attaching sufficient postage, of course) to this sample conversation between Mr. Tucker and myself. This will help you inform yourself of how such a knowledge may help you:

JLH: "Good to see you, Tucker. Have you read the latest issue of THRIL-



LING WONDER?"

Tucker: "Some time ago."

JLH: "Good issue, wasn't it? I particularly liked the story in it called 'The Demolished Man' by that new writer, Hamilton."

Tucker (impressed): "You do read everything, don't you? Right up on all the latest."

JLH (blushing): "Well, after all, this is my field and I try to keep abreast of it."

Tucker (also blushing): "Abreast, did you say?"

Here we laugh gaily at our joint witticism....and each of us will later include it in our con reports, each taking the credit.

JLH: (Looking around room where various fans and Pro's are drinking):

"Say, this is a jolly con, isn't it? Isn't that John W. Lowndes over there? And there's Forrie Asimov with someone's wife or girl friend."

Tucker (nods happily): "Well, I have to run."

JLH: "Me too. If I don't, someone will take my position near the bar."

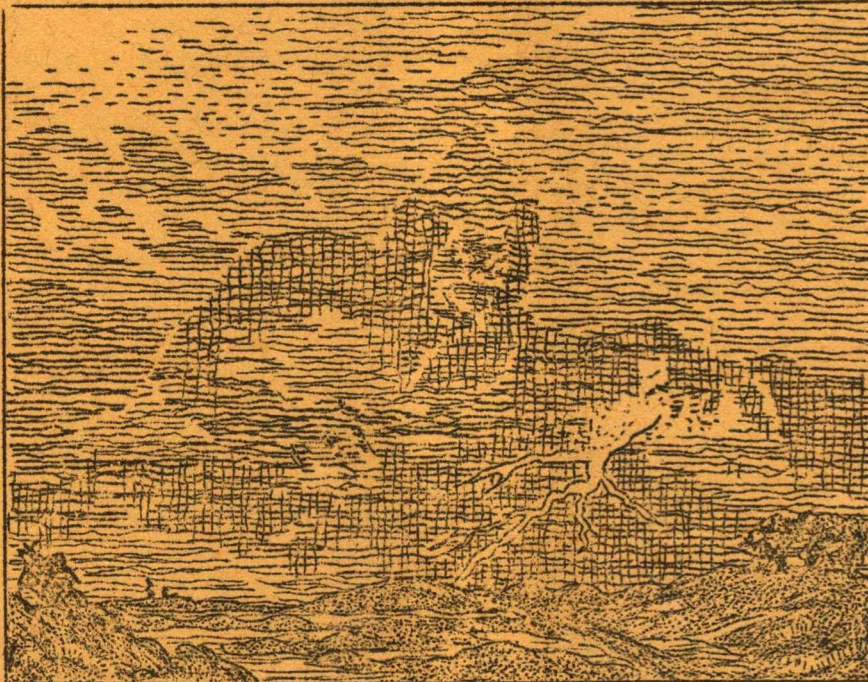
(See previous instruction.)

Tucker (Smiling craftily): "I'm bartending."

#### IN CONCLUSION

There; see how easy the whole damn thing is? As easy as turning out a one-shot.

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Storm Fiend



# NEW YORK INSIDE

A COLUMN FROM DAN ADKINS

There's a lot of zines printing that SATA is no more and such talk. Of course, they probably got the idea from us, but SATA is not dead. It'll be out around July.

New York isn't as bad as Dodd thinks, either. Right now it's pretty good as far as jobs are concerned anyway. Though, I'll have to admit this job takes a lot out of me. When these guys want a drawing, they want it fast! Rush, rush, rush...and more so than most other cities. Yet, this is not enough for me. Yesterday I started going to night school to study art. Never had any lessons so decided to get some as the rates are rather decent here.

All kinds of rumors going around here. No one seems sure if HUMBUG is going to come out or not, but I'm betting it will. Since they moved, they have to get all set up again. But, there are other rumors of VENTURE and SATELLITE folding and these I do believe. Mr. Boucher isn't exactly on a vacation now from F&SF as some people have said. It could be that he isn't coming back....Seems he was cut down to paying his writers 1¢ a word cause of their losses and this he didn't care for, so off he went.

INFINITY goes monthly issue after the current one...the current one, meaning the issue out this month. Or to be plainer, the issue out this month will announce the change and the one with my art will be the first monthly issue. /Shaw must like to gamble. RSC/ I'll be appearing in INFINITY regularly....I expect all the fans to write Shaw demanding more Adkins art so I can make all that extra loot and publish SATA in printed form. Royal's horror mag, MONSTERS ON PARADE, will be out this month./June, that is. RSC/

I'll probably be slow getting around to prodom as far as doing a large amount of pro work. This is mainly due to my lack of time and also, I have quite a bit to learn as far as painting goes and I'd like to learn it before trying to do a cover. I'm working on enlarging my portfolio..this will take about a month. Then I'm going to see about trying to break into ASTOUNDING, just so I can say I worked for the top stf zine. Might add that Richard R. Smith and I are writing regularly on this comic strip idea I mentioned to you before. Got a lot to do before anything happens, with his agent being in on it, and a buyer, but.. CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED I turned down. Offered me less cash than I'll work for considering what all they wanted for their money.

Did you notice a little zine called MEN'S DIGEST? On page 39 is printed in small blue lettering at the bottom of the page, "Nikita Khrushchev, burly and impassive Soviet dictator, takes bubble baths." The same thing is on page 42 and takes up one full page, #47. I'd sent them a SATA for art samples.....Pearson raved for a week.



# THE REVOLUTION OF HENRY PORTER

BY ——— *bill pearson* ———

"No.... No, Mr. Gaston, I don't think you understand..... You see, I want permission to...well, to change my house." Henry was having an awful time trying to explain to his district co-ordinator and the latter was not trying very hard to understand.

"Your request is rather unusual, Mr. Porter," he said. "Just what exactly do you mean?"

This would be the third time Henry had presented his simple request and Mr. Gaston's obstinacy in giving a direct answer was most annoying. "I want to rebuild my house, you might say," said Henry, struggling for aptness in his presentation. "I want to more or less tear it down and build it again a little differently. It's been the same for as long as I can remember and I thought....just for a little change....." Henry decided to leave it at that and tried to remain calm while waiting for Mr. Gaston's reply.

He did not seem to be about to say anything; he simply stared at the top of the blank desk behind which he sat, apparently in deep thought.

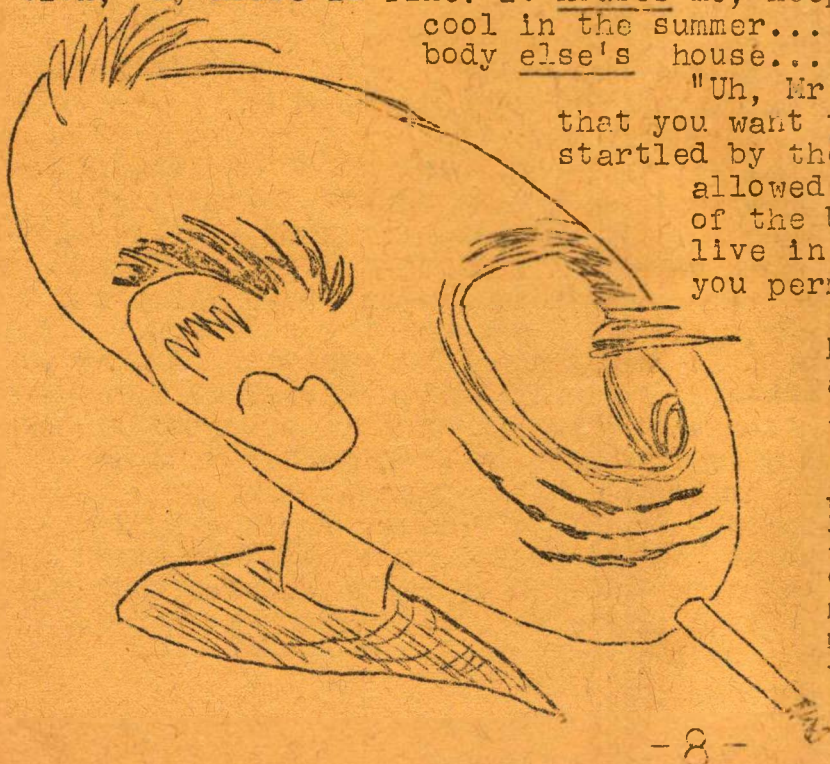
Henry was almost ready to say something else when Mr. Gaston at last looked at him. "Is something the matter with your house?" He spoke very slowly and there seemed to be an odd emphasis on the word "matter".

"No, no...no," said Henry, definitely trying to curb his exasperation, "my house is fine. It houses me; keeps me warm in the winter and cool in the summer....but it's the same as every-body else's house...."

"Uh, Mr. Porter, do you mean to say that you want to be different?" He seemed startled by the thought. "It just isn't allowed! Conformity is the, er, basis of the Utopia we are privileged to live in! I'm sorry, but I can't give you permission for such a request."

Henry in all his life had never experienced annoyance, but he now knew immediate displeasure.

"Mr. Gaston," he said, "My work is at the county building repairs factory and I have access to all the materials that will be needed to make over my house. A few of my friends and I can do all the labor -- Lord knows the construction is simple -- and I cannot...." he was





groping again for dramatic and intelligent wordage, "...accept your refusal. It will inconvenience no one if my house is changed.... and I intend to change it!"

"Please, Mr. Porter, calm yourself; obviously you are not going to be satisfied with my opinion so I will refer you to the state committee on stabilization.....we

want everyone to be happy. I'm sure you will be able to find a satisfactory solution to your problem."

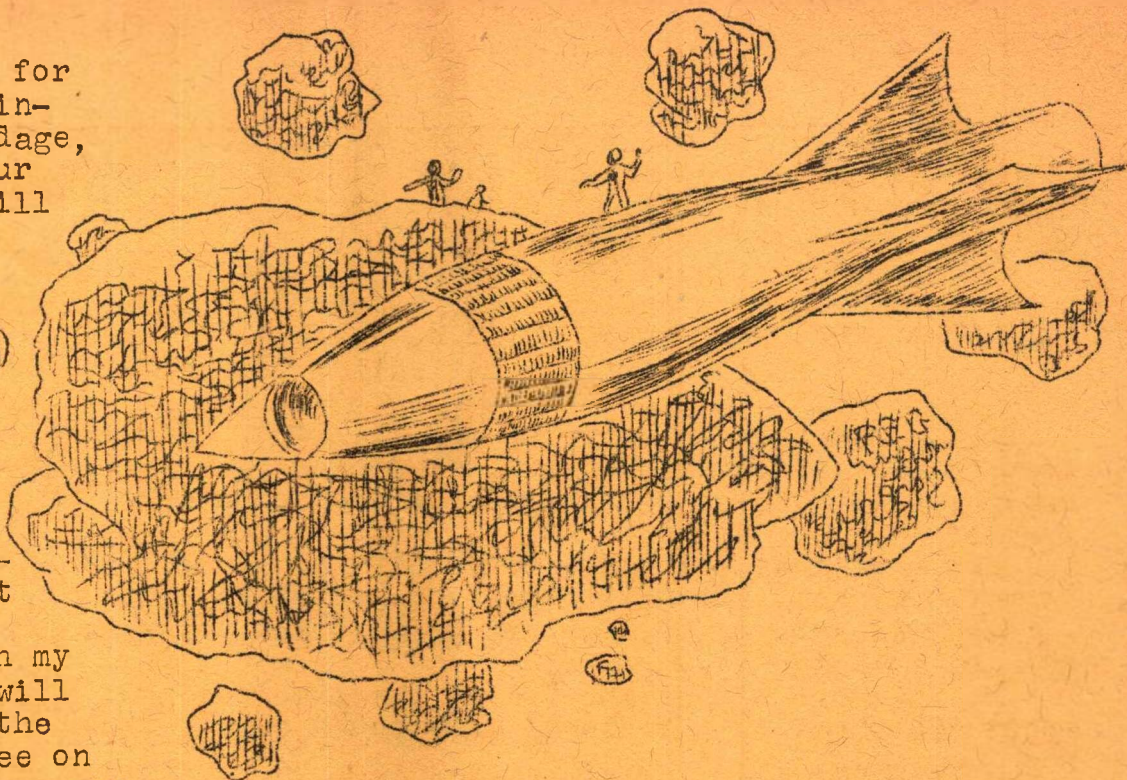
Mr. Gaston did not really think Henry had a problem.

Mr. Fillmore, the chairman of the Stabilization Committee, was prepared to hear Henry's proposition.

Henry, himself, was much more sure of himself for his second encounter with the formidable deciding members of society. He knew now what he was going to say, and he thought he knew what this man would have to say.

"My problem is not really a problem at all," began Henry. "I naturally applied to my co-ordinator for an official okay as the law says I must, and he, for some reason, referred me to you. Ever since I've been married I've lived in the same house and worked in the same position in the same factory. My neighbors all have houses exactly like mine and my parents had one of the same houses when I was a boy. So, just for a change, I want to make my house a little different...you know, put the kitchen where a bedroom is now, or put the living room on the other side or something....."

Mr. Fillmore began to smile... A smirking smile. "There have been a few similar requests in the past, Mr. Porter; for instance, a man requested that he be allowed to have a different kind of automobile than his neighbors and a woman wanted a differently designed gown....even though there are minor changes in appearance of automobiles every five years and there are complete revisions of all attire each year for everybody." He paused for a moment. "Now, these people realized their incomprehensive evaluation of the subject when we explained to them what the consequences of such actions would be."





Mr. Fillmore had had a good deal to do with public relations and even though Henry had several opportunities to interrupt his slow delivery, he did not have the courage to challenge the other's perfect command of the conversation.

"You see," continued Mr. Fillmore (he spoke seriously as one would speak seriously to a child, thought Henry), "if we allowed you to change your house, your neighbors would be jealous."

"Jealous," Henry said apologetically, "I'm afraid I'm unacquainted with the word."

It did not seem to surprise Mr. Fillmore. "Jealousy is a forgotten emotion, but it had a most extensive meaning five hundred years ago. It was the most evil characteristic of the human race for thousands of years!"

"But what does that have to do with my house?" asked Henry, mentally angry at himself for having nothing better to say.

"Your neighbors, Mr. Porter, would think you were trying to outdo them by changing your house!"

Mr. Fillmore almost sneered at the expression of wonder on Henry's face. "But that is illogical! They could change their homes, if that's how they felt."

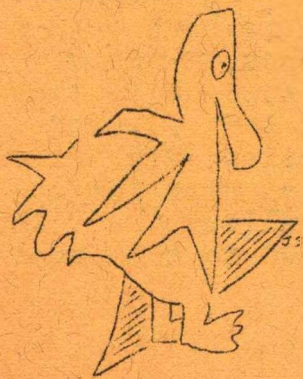
Mr. Fillmore had apparently been waiting for just such a statement. "Exactly, Mr. Porter, they could remodel their homes; and that is just what they would do!" Mr. Fillmore had it almost memorized from this point on. "Now, you live in a size B community, isn't that right? Consider, Mr. Porter. The people in your town have by this time followed your precedent and all constructed houses suitable to their liking and all, of course, different from everybody else's. Size A community thinks, 'Well, do they think they have a better town than ours because their houses are different? We will make over our homes too, and with our more extensive facilities we will be able to make them faster!' Now size C community sees all this happening and thinks, 'Just because we are small, I suppose they think they are superior to us. We'll show them a thing or two....we have much more space here and when we rebuild our homes we will make them larger than the others...'

"Jealousy, Mr. Porter, jealousy! It would grow! Nearby counties would soon become envious...before long it would be nationwide and eventually envelop the world! Making the people as miserable and corrupt as the world was centuries ago! It would lead to wars, to poverty, to insanity!"

Henry flushed. "I'm really sorry, Mr. Fillmore, but ....insanity? ....poverty?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon...." he wondered how to explain. "Look at it this way, Mr. Porter; you are happy, aren't you?"

Henry nodded, but before he could open his mouth to say "except I'd like to change my house", Mr. Fillmore continued. "You have all the modern conveniences. No-body has anything you don't also have! There isn't a person in the world who is any better off than you are! You eat the same food, wear the same clothes, and have the same entertainments and recreational facilities





that our men in congress have. You work the same number of hours for the same number of credits as everyone else and you have the same vacation allotments. How could there be anything greater than our system?"

"There are no poor people .... people who don't have enough to eat. I know, it's a horrible thought, but there was a time when most of the people in the world didn't have enough to eat!"



Henry was beginning to understand all too well the things he had taken for granted all his life.

"Crime," Mr. Fillmore went on, "when someone took something from someone else by force, and war, an offshoot of crime, were all basically prompted by some form of jealousy. Imbalance of the mind was commonplace ....and these are only a few things. Life in the past was predominately a hit or miss affair -- you never knew what you might be doing from year to year. Can you imagine such an existence!"

Mr. Fillmore had concluded his lecture except for Henry's problem, and as Henry had guessed, it had all been leading up to one big "no".

"You can see, I'm sure," he said, "that your plan is quite impossible. It would indeed be wonderful if everybody could have a new style house every once in a while....but it supposedly took over two hundred years to build our present model for every family in the world."

"Every family in the world...." whispered Henry to himself. The voice of the chairman droned on, losing finally that sense of greatness that had held Henry's interest.

"...and it's all the building and repair factories can do to keep all these houses in perfect condition...."

Later that evening, when Henry got home at exactly 5:23, as he did every night, his wife Sandra greeted him just as she had every night since they had been married.

"Did you get permission to change the house, dear?"

"No," said Henry, "I didn't. Mr. Fillmore suggested we go on our vacation to some part of the world as dissimilar as possible from here."

"Well," said Sandra, "maybe it's for the best....it would probably be so strange to have anything so....so different."

Henry looked up queerly at his wife. He was thinking. He had been thinking quite a bit all afternoon. Sandra's last statement made his decision for him. "We're going to change the house," he said, with an attitude of absolute finality.

"But they told you you couldn't," Sandra wailed, without understanding. "They'll stop you."

Henry seemed to imagine a bad taste in his mouth, and it was becoming more intense.

"We're going to change this house," he said.

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CHICAGO IN '59!



# The World of Null-F

A COLUMN BY—*marion-zimmer-bradley*—

"Our planet, you see," the Bem admitted, "is similar to Earth in all respects except one. Our green sun indicates that we do not need chlorophyll to synthesize carbohydrates, since the sunlight itself is rich in chlorophyll."

"Just where is this sun of yours?" asked Spaceman Jim.

"Why, you call it....."

Stop, frowning at the typewriter. What star is green enough to contain chlorophyll? For that matter, could a green sun contain chlorophyll?

And here a scene is repeated which I have repeated literally dozens of times since I started writing sci-fiction; a mad dash to the book-case where I pull out four invaluable books and start leafing through them to map my way around the Terran Empire -- which, in my stories at least, spans "half a Galaxy". (Please don't ask me which half.)/And admire my restraint for not saying anything about spanning a Galaxy Novel.

RSC/

The first book is the one I use most. It's a little bitty book, about the size of a pocket-book, entitled A FIELD BOOK OF THE STARS, by William Tyler Olcott, published in 1907 by G.P. Putnam's sons. My copy is the Third Edition, printed in 1935, and if it hasn't been reprinted since, it ought to be.

It lists every major constellation and most of the minor ones, tells how to locate them in the sky and what to look for with an opera-glass or small telescope; furthermore, it lists virtually all of the named stars, giving the meaning of their names, and, in an easy-to-use listing, gives their position, date of culmination, color and approximate movement and size. For instance, running my eyes down the listing, I note Algeib, a lilac-colored star, and -- here we are -- a green star, Al Rescha, meaning "the cord", and located "in the knot joining the two fishes together" -- which means in the constellation Pisces. The scientific name is Alpha Piscem.

If I were looking for an Earth-type star, I could take my choice of -- opening a page at random -- Sabik (Nu Ophiuchi), a pale-yellow star in the left leg of the Serpent- Bearer, or Sadalsuud (Beta Aquarii) in the shoulder of Aquarius. Turning to these constellations, I can read further about either star. (Incidentally, from the same book, I learn that the most Sun-like star is Capella, located in Auriga, and hence this, rather than Aldebaran or Rigel, would be a suitable place for an Earth-type planet.)





A good handbook for actual observation of the stars themselves is A BEGINNER'S STAR BOOK, by Kelvin McKready, also published by G.P. Putnam, in 1937. This contains actual photographs of the sky, each one keyed to a numbered chart, with the stars on the photograph identified on the chart. Anyone who has tried to locate constellations from the average bewildering star-map will be delighted by the clarity of this one. The book itself is good reading; Mr. McKready subtitled his book "The Stars -- With Astronomy Left Out". He states, on the first page, that he sees no sense in forcing the pupil to busy himself with the grim mysteries of sidereals, solstices and nodes before he has been brought face to face with the "friendly realities of the sky".



For the reader who wants to know something about the mechanics of the sky, the Galaxy, the atmosphere and the general theme of celestial movements, probably the best book is the currently-available pocket edition of Leo Mattersdorf's A KEY TO THE HEAVENS. A Premier Book, it costs the huge sum of 35 cents. I would consider it basic reading for anyone who wants to write, or to read intelligently, the kind of science-fiction dealing with outer space; even such a basic skimming-course in astronomy will permit some discrimination between sober, factual "fictionalized science" and the wildest flights of extrapolative fantasy.

There is also a chapter on gravity which I wish I had been able to read before submitting the first draft of my CENTAURUS CHANGELING to editors; I might have avoided the caustic comment, "I neither understand nor believe in your gravity-shifts!" Instead, I had to change my complex gravitational system for a freak atmosphere.

There is also a pocketbook available, this one by an old-time science-fiction writer, A. Hyatt Verrill, which makes a nice companion-piece to Mattersdorf's book; I mentioned it, without reviewing, in my description of pocket-books on the newsstands. It's called THE STRANGE STORY OF OUR EARTH, and it gives a good basic introduction to geology and planetary history. Any writer who has ever had to invent a prehistoric planet could do worse than keep this book on his desk. Verrill disposes of the myth that our coal and oil will be "exhausted", describes dinosaurs and pterodactyls as if he had dissected them, explains volcanic action so that even I can visualize it, and gives five alternate theories for the succession of glacial ages.

There is a pocket edition available (but I don't own it, having the hardcover) of the fourth book on my "invaluable" list, Hoyle's FRONTIERS OF ASTRONOMY. The writer who asked where to dig out "a few elementary scientific facts" could do worse than invest in this book. I've consulted it four times during the writing of my current story; to verify which direction the spiral arms of the Andromeda Nebula are pointed, to check up on current advances in radioastronomy, to refresh my memory on the work of a radiotelescope, and to correct my impression of Earth's sun



in the Galaxy.

Now, admittedly, science fiction stories -- and good ones -- can be written, and read, without this sort of meticulous scientific searching. My personal opinion, however, is that the science-fiction writer simply CANNOT read too much in the popular-science field. By acquiring a wide talking-knowledge of the sciences, even if this knowledge is superficial, he will avoid such silly mistakes as speaking of the whooshing noises made by the meteors as they pass the spaceship; he will avoid going to the trouble of laboriously extrapolating a gadget, only to discover that said gadget was invented last year (it's happened to me); and he will realize how foolish Spaceman Jim was to believe the Bem when he spoke of a chlorophyll sun -- since the Bem smelled bad.

Unscientific, but good fun to read and an endless source of character-concepts, are a couple of books on astrology, whose insight into psychology and character puts the observation of the gypsy fortune-teller to shame. Curiously enough, the astrology magazines and books are the only current source of certain types of astronomical information, such as the position of the planets among the constellations; once the Zodiacal constellation-belt has been completely learned, the Astrological symbol "Mars in Aquarius" will locate the planet much more simply than any lengthy sky-searching. (It is even more useful to locate such planets as Saturn or Neptune, whose color and character are not so instantly distinguishable as the blood-red coal of Mars or the burning gold of Venus. Astrology magazines also list eclipses and constellations, and will familiarize the student of astronomy with the sign-language which has been adopted almost whole from the older science. Question: Would anyone be interested in a further article on astrology? And do you really want to hear about Satanism? /We already have a resounding YES on the Satanism column, from Joe Sanders. RSC/

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Flushed with arrogance over his last contribution, Gene DeWeese submitted the following GLOSSARY OF SATORIAL TERMS, grudgingly acknowledging some assistance from bev dewese.

Belt.....constructed	Brassiere....holder of hot charcoal
Cape.....retain	Chemise.....small female rodents
Cloak.....sound made by chicken	Cravat..desire for a certain object
Dress.....pressure	Earrings.....punchy
Hat.....past tense of have	Lingerie.....a bunch of loafers
Gown.....not here	Necklace.....unsuccessful date
Neglige.....Inattentive	Shoe.....of course
Shawl.....George Bernard	Suit....airborne residue from stove
Skirt.....afraid	Vest.....opposite of east
Tuxedo.....from an old folk song:	"they planted his body deep neath the tree - O, and there in the ground he tuxedo"

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A couple of "lastmen" Boucher somehow missed: (by the above..people?)  
The last man on earth sat alone in a gift shop. There was a knick-knack on the door.  
The last man on earth sat alone in a delicatessen. There was a knockwurst on the door.



# CON REPORTS

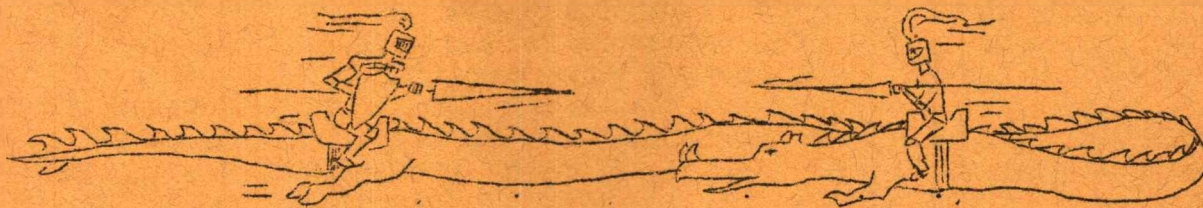
by DONALD FRANSON

/Note: recent years have seen the increase of the "personal" con report, and a vast increase in all reports, as each fanzine editor rushes into print with a con report after every con. Always in advance of trends, YANDRO now brings you the ultimate in the "personal" con report, written so that you can enjoy it at the con instead of having to wait on it.RSC/

The Swankton was a pretty fair hotel, as con hotels go. Right away I met this bunch of fans, living it up at the bar. They were laughing and joking, and welcomed me to their midst. They sure had a sense of humor. They laughed like crazy at everything I said. They had a sense of wonder, too. They wondered what I was talking about. After a while I said, "It sure is refreshing not to hear you guys talk about science fiction." "What the hell is science fiction?" they said, and laughed like crazy, and I laughed too. They sure were fannish. We had a hell of a good time. We talked about everything -- everything except SF, that is. Those guys really knew how to steer clear of the subject. They showed me the town, and three days went by like three hours. I didn't stay for the last-minute festivities, whatever they were. I went on home. I had a hell of a good time.

Two weeks later I met Joe Creep, the guy from whom I borrow mimeo paper off of. "I didn't see you at the con," was his first words. "I didn't see you either," I said, "but boy I had a hell of a good time." "Doing what?" he said. "You must have been hiding. I was to all the events, and didn't see you. I sure expected to see you at the place where they gave out all the free liquor." "What free liquor? I had all I wanted from the fans I was with," I said. "What fans were you with?" he said. "Nobody that I know saw you. I looked all over the Jerkton for you myself." "The Jerkton?" I said. "What convention was at the Swankton, then?" "How the hell should I know?" said Joe. "I was at the Jerkton, where the Stfcon was."

I guess I'll never know, now, what convention I attended. But I had a hell of a good time.



New Addresses: Bob Briney, Apt. 4-B, 165 E. 49th. St., New York 17, N.Y.  
Earl & Nancy Kemp, 2019 N. Whipple St., Chicago 47, Ill.  
ADVENT: Publishers, P.O. Box 9228, Chicago 90, Ill.  
Bill Pearson.....see letter column for new address



# GRUMBLINGS

BOB TUCKER, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois

Well sir, I wrote that provocative letter with my eyes wide open, and here I am defending my honor and so forth. I must defend it with gusto for it was distressing to discover that George W. Fields not only put words into my mouth but attitudes into my head which I disavow. My original questions were as follows:

(1) How may officers be removed from office, before their term expires? (Assuming that a reasonable cause arises.)

I wasn't casting bait; I am not interested in "why anyone should have that power" or that "so far there's been no real necessity" for wanting to remove officers. I don't want to remove any officers, as of this date. But I would like to know how they may be removed. I realize that the By-Laws give the convention committee the authority to clean their own house by appointing substitute committeemen, but it does not give them authority to remove or replace elected officers. There is my question. How may elected officers (Directors, Historians, Attorneys) be removed in mid-term? I don't believe they can be removed, however serious the cause, but I invite the answer which will correct my belief.

(2) How does one remove Geroge Nims Raybin from his office, ever? (Again assuming that a cause for removal arises.)

Fields' replay is not valid: "...if a cause for removal exists and the con committee doesn't see fit to remove said officer, elect someone else." Elect who? As noted above, I strongly doubt that the committee can fire Raybin; he is protected by the By-Laws. Please note that he is not a hired employee but an elected member. The committee can purge themselves, but no one else.

Elect who? Please follow this: our Society is incorporated under the laws of New York state; our legal officer must be an attorney to the bar of that state, and must maintain an office in that state. The legal officer now is George Nims Raybin, because he measures up to the qualifications, and because he is a fan who will do the work. His term of office is four years, with no provision for removing him in mid-term. Raybin must be re-elected each four years unless (a) Joe Hensley or Marvin Mindes relinquish their present practice and move to New York, or (b) the Society hires an outside attorney in New York to represent us. I do not expect "a" or "b" to happen. I am under the impression that if we fail to maintain a New York attorney in a New York office, our Society will be null and void, or something, and we will cease to exist as a New York corporation. /Sounds like a dandy idea; let's try it. RSC/

I certainly did not question the job Raybin is doing, nor did I imply or hint that he had made any mistakes. Question #2 contains two sentences seeking information, and nothing more.

(3) How does an ordinary member lodge or plead a grievance against an officer, and what machinery exists to hear him?

That question seems to be in the process of being answered, if recent stories of lawsuits and threatened lawsuits are an answer. I recognize that a grievance against a committeeman can be lodged with the



committee as a whole, and can be heard, but my question dealt with elected officers. I see no By-Law machinery to deal with a hypothetical grievance, and so I suppose that a court is the only machinery available. A pity. Fields said, in part: "I can't figure out how anyone could have a grievance against an officer." By this time, I trust, he understands that these things do happen.

But I will go along with him in his statement that convention committees tear their hair and worry about the con; I know, having been involved with two conventions. And damned if there wasn't at least one misunderstanding, or grievance, per hour; with one con in particular setting an all-time low for vituperative in-fighting.

(4) How is it possible to completely remove from New York state any vestige of control?

That's a simple question, but this was Fields' answer: "I'd never thought I'd see the day when locale became the basis for such an argument. What's the matter with New York -- there some sort of inherited disease or something out there? Really, Bob, that attitude doesn't seem at all pertinent."

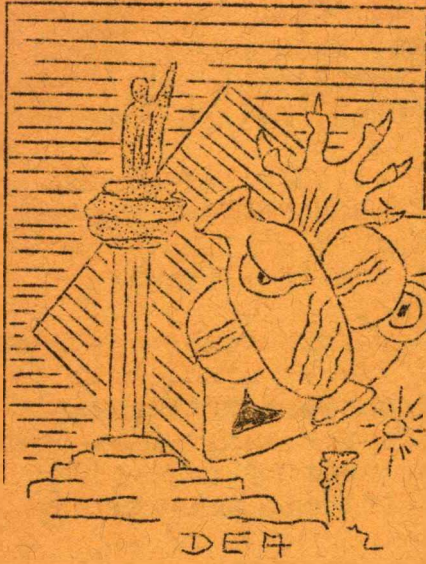
Well, really, George, I agree that that attitude doesn't seem at all pertinent. It is most impertinent, and I wonder who suggested it? I'm sure I didn't; as far as I'm concerned, you still haven't seen the day when locale became the basis for such an argument. Until now I avoided argument and contented myself with asking four questions which were important to me. The state involved could be California or Illinois, and I would still ask, risking whatever heinous diseases as might be lurking there. Attend this: the By-Laws specify that at least three New York fans must remain on the board of officers, at all times, for the Society to remain legal. That is the subject of my question: This Society cannot elect six fine, qualified Directors from California, or Illinois, or Michigan or Alabama -- or any other combination. Two directors must remain forever in one state. And as noted above, an Illinois attorney (Min-des) or an Indiana attorney (Hensley) cannot serve as our legal officer. That, too, is restricted to one state.

Suppose the time should come, when by accident or design, the members of this Society would want all their officers to come from any of the 47 states except New York? It couldn't be done. It may be difficult for some fans today to understand why anyone would want to prevent a certain locale -- any certain locale -- from having a convention, or from having an important voice in a convention. But in the not so recent past, fanzine fans and convention fans fought bitterly to prevent a certain city from getting a convention; for six or seven years they fought hard to deprive this certain city of a convention, for what they considered good and sufficient reasons, and it could happen again, anywhere. Few fans wear haloes.

As you say, George, there's no reason why the WSFS shouldn't be questioned. I'm doing just that; and as of this date, I have absolutely no desire to wreck, dismember, impair or impugn the Society. But gee, it would be nice to receive four simple, clear-cut, brief answers to four clear-cut questions.

GEORGE W. FIELDS, 3607 Pomona Blvd., Montebello, California  
To answer your (and Tucker's) question first: Jack Speer is an ob-





vicious replacement for Raybin. But as long as he does his job; well I can't see even talking about replacing somebody who is doing all that work for free. You could also find a non-fan for a legal advisor -- nothing says he has to be a fan (tho isn't it best to have a fan?)

Suggestions after the con are now far and in between with the new "personal" mode of con reports. And those suggestions don't help us a bit (they hardly help the next con, considering that their policy will be unlike ours). Of course, if there is a lack of suggestions, we can believe that we are doing the right thing so far? (There were suggestions in FANAC, but they hardly helped us because all the information was off.)

By the by, this thing with Kyle. The committee will have to take part of the blame for the suit and the withdrawal since we found that we did give Dietz and Raybin a go ahead on their own discretion. It was pretty obscure, and didn't hint at a suit, but it did give them the legal right to go ahead as WSFS officers and "do what they thought best". Course, now Kyle has threatened to sue us if he wins the case, and therefore we should drop the case. The only reason he has us in a corner is because he is a Society officer and an official at the NYcon with practically a family of lawyers. Kyle refuses to prove his innocence (even with a free lawyer) but would rather threaten us. Sounds pretty shady to me.

And as for the WSFS itself -- its workings, etc. Well, it's misunderstood a great deal and there's a lot to be answered. I think there should be a panel of WSFS to answer questions from the con floor on the Society. Of course, this seems like asking for it because the more vindictive and dogmatic fans are bound to take some of the half truths floating around as bases for questions.

P.S. Forgot to say that it was Raybin who tried to get things settled without a suit, and Kyle has ignored that. Probably afraid it will confirm something?

/Frankly, I don't follow the reasoning on Kyle at all. If Raybin wasn't confident that he could win a lawsuit, he had no business instigating one in the first place; if the con committee and officers had no confidence in Raybin's judgement they shouldn't have authorized him to use it, and if they do have confidence in Raybin and Raybin has confidence in his case there is no reason to drop it. In this instance, I can heartily agree with Raybin's conclusion that he has been stabbed in the back. Jack Speer's address is North Bend, Washington. One of the requirements of the WSFS legal officer is that he maintain an office in New York. I won't state positively that Speer doesn't meet this requirement, but if he does he certainly has a helluva long way to commute. And I can't quite see your objections to possible abuses of directoral power when your chief argument in favor of the Society is the possible loss of money in the future. One argument is as valid as the other. Personally, I'd prefer to get things settled before an emergency arises. And after all, Raybin isn't going to be around forever. RSC/



DON FORD, Box 19-T, RR#2, Wards Corner Rd., Loveland, Ohio

I'd like to rise to the bait offered in a letter from George W. Fields. He states: "And don't fool yourself; a con committee can lose money whether they are cautious or not. They've lost it all through fannish history. Only now have the losses mounted....."

I don't know whether he is referring to all cons or simply to all World Conventions. "All through fannish history" takes in quite a bit of territory. If George is willing to go back as far as 1949, I'd like to cite some figures: Total gross receipts of the Cinvention were \$1307.15. Expenses were \$443.96. Profit -- \$863.19. This profit was divided as follows: \$50 for NFFF; \$150 to Norwescon (we'd received \$50 from Torcon); \$150 books for Australia; \$150 books for England. Balance to Cincinnati Fantasy group, the hosts. At that time the fandoms in England and Australia were recuperating from the war and there were bans on sending out money, etc., which made getting books almost impossible; plus the lack of organizations in both countries. This was intended to boost their morale, which it did, and all items were voted upon at a regular business meeting.

Regional cons are another thing, of course. I'd like to point out, though, that the Midwestcons have never gone into the hole financially. This, despite no registration fee or memberships.

No doubt others will care to write about other con's finances. I recall Philcon I passed \$50 on to Toronto, who in turn passed this along to Cincinnati (note to ed: one t in Cincinnati). / Note to writer: thanks to you, I can now spell Cincinnati perfectly. RSC/Thus, I feel certain that there are 3 cons who did not lose money and I believe Cleveland in 1955 did all right, too.

/Well, I don't think George meant to imply that every convention lost money, just that money had been lost before the New York fiasco. But anyway, thanks for bolstering my opinion that a con committee that knows what it's doing doesn't need to be "protected". RSC/

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

Well, now, I see in #65 that I've acquired an anti-fan: viz., Don Stuefloten, who is umbrageous enough to become rather testy because of my criticism of his "Wind". I think he's right. If he believes in what he's doing, he ought to defend it. But at the same time, I think that someone with his obvious capacity for handling the English language could produce better invective than misspelling my name, or calling me "what-zisname." Don's reference to major and minor premises leads me to believe that he has been exposed to a course in logic; has he heard of argument ad hominem? It should be pointed out that it is a basic fallacy in argumentation, and has nothing whatever to do with the subject being argued. It may be that I began this indirect name-calling by modifying his name, in my letter, with the (apparently) invidious adjective, "young"; if





so, I apologize, and will make every effort herein to keep matters on a basis of rational argument.

The basic misunderstanding here, I think, is in the definition of "style". Don seems to think of the word as meaning an odd or queer or unusual style of writing. That's not what "style" means; your style is, to put it simply, the way you write. Any first-rate writer has a recognizable style; whether you handle words in an ordinary or an esoteric way, you're going to handle them in your own way, and anyone with an ear for words ought to be able to distinguish between writers by their styles -- even if they're only newspaper columnists. Now when Don uses the word "style" he uses it to mean utilizing words in a peculiar way, not to mean -- as is proper -- simply the way words are used. He betrays this curious hiatus in his education by citing Cozzens as a writer without "style". Cozzens possesses, as it happens, a most distinct and recognizable style -- so recognizable, in fact, that the NEW YORKER, a few months ago, published a parody called "By Words Obsessed", which was instantly recognizable as a parody on Cozzens. One might, indeed, go so far as to say that Cozzens is our foremost stylist since Henry James. In his careful attention to the meaning of words, in his precise knowledge of what words imply, in his endless qualification of the words he has used (lest the reader put a meaning upon them which he did not intend), Cozzens has evolved one of the most individual -- and, to my taste, one of the best -- of styles among modern novelists. A close reading of the canon will show the evolution of the style, from the early pot-boiling short stories to "By Love Possessed".

And then we have Don's odd pronouncement upon Joyce's "Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Man". He says: "...his first draft was perfectly normal uninspired prose -- which so disgusted him he threw it out and wrote the brilliant version we have today". Now if Don would read that early version -- which was called "Stephen Hero", and which has been published by New Directions -- he would discover a clear improvement in manner in "Portrait", but no hint of the stylistic innovations which blossomed in Joyce's next book, "Ulysses". And, in any case, Joyce is the most perfect proof that Don's thesis that style is a reflection of the author's unconscious mind is false; where is it possible to find an author who labored so long and so hard over every word, where can you discover a writer who revised so laboriously, where, among all the written works of man, is there a book which was rewritten so often as "Finnegans Wake"? Has Don ever actually read Joyce?

Don brings Faulkner into his argument. As it happens, I am a Faulkner buff, and a longtime Faulkner collector (I am now four short of a full set of first editions, and I have a unique item) and I am appalled at Don's cavalier citation of Faulkner in support of his curious notions. Don is, for example, factually incorrect: he says, "His (Faulkner's) first few novels (which he had to pay to have published) were fairly straightforward, but everywhere, sometimes whole paragraphs, were the marks of style that made him great." Faulkner's first novel was "Soldier's Pay"; it was published by Liveright in 1926; his second novel was "Mosquitoes"; it was published by Liveright in 1927; his third novel was "Sartoris"; it was published by Harcourt, Brace in 1929. He was paid for all of these. Faulkner never paid to have a novel published.

Don says: "...Faulkner's early stuff was heavy on style, his unpublished early days marked by very violent, often sadistic stories..." I'd



like to know where Don got that information. The earliest extant writings of Faulkner are some sketches he published in the New Orleans TIMES-PICAYUNE in 1925. These were published in imperfect form by "Faulkner Studies" in 1953 (in "Mirrors Of Chartres Street") and in 1955 (two sketches which the first volume had missed) in "Jealousy And Episode". The whole thing, in proper scholarly form, was published by Rutgers University Press this year, with Carvel Collins as editor. The professors don't know of any earlier writings than those -- if Don has turned up some earlier ones, which are unknown to Faulkner scholars, I would be gratified to have them pointed out to me -- I can't think of an easier route to a Ph.D. I very much fear that Don is inventing things here.

We now ought to dig back into Don's argument, which is that "style" means peculiar writing. But before we do so, it ought to be established beyond question that that is what he means by "style". And to establish this, I need only refer you to the first paragraph of his letter; he speaks of "straight fiction" -- as opposed to "style"; he speaks of "perfectly normal uninspired prose" -- as opposed to "style"; he says, "Much of 'Sanctuary' is straight prose" -- as opposed to "style".

Now that, I think, is pretty clear evidence that what Don means by "style" is precisely this: a style that is disdainful of the rules of English grammar and syntax, a style that makes its own rules in order to make its point. And while he uses words in an unconventional way, I wouldn't argue with his premise that "you got to write the way you got to write". But I don't think you can forget the rules until you know them perfectly. As Don himself says, "Dubliners" shows what an enormously fine grasp Joyce had on the language, and any student of Faulkner knows that those involute sentences couldn't be contrived without so firm a grasp upon the language that error is all but impossible. I think it's like this: a sculptor can't whittle a Milo Venus until he knows how to use a hammer and chisel; a farmer can't create a new hybrid until he knows how to raise corn; a tycoon can't create a new combine until he knows what there is to know about the ramifications of business; and a writer can't embark into the wild blue yonder unless he is well acquainted with his tools, which are words and grammar.

Which will be enough on that. And enough of everything; but I want to say that #65 is as good as usual, and that Adkins gossip column was the most fascinating thing I've seen in a fanzine recently. /Well, never say that YANDRO isn't educational...this is one argument I'm afraid to get into. Next round to Stuefloten? RSC/

DAVE JENRETTE, 1939 SW 14th. Terrace, Miami, Florida

I've been watching this discussion in your letter col, concerning von Braun, etc., and that I'd throw in my two cents worth. I may not add anything of value, but will get it off my chest. There seem to be several factors at work and here are what to me seem to be the problems: (1). Is it fair to condemn one part of a group for what the entire group did? The answer is NO. The person involved may very well have been as responsible as the group, as guilty as the group, but just blaming him because he is a member of the group isn't valid by logical thinking. It is committing the fallacy of division. Here's an example:  
1. Fandom as a whole is crazy. (No arguments there, I hope.)  
2. Buck Coulson is a fan. /Ted White doesn't think so. RSC/  
3. Buck Coulson is crazy. /There goes your argument. RSC/



Buck may very well be crazy, but he'd be the last one to agree that the reason for this was that he was a fan. /I'm not crazy because I'm a fan; I'm a fan because I'm crazy. RSC/

To show that von Braun didn't escape and thus went along with the Nazis, Gordon says that he didn't try to escape and that he could have easily done so. This may not be so easy to prove. After all, there might have been a great deal of reasons why he didn't escape that we know nothing about. Another thing, von Braun may have thought the German cause was right; and we can't criticize him there because after all we think our cause is right! Which leads to problem (2). Do our opinions as a national creature (the whole country) really have logical bases that each individual can believe in? I think I can show that they don't.

Let's go back to World War I. Until the ocean liner with some Americans on it was sunk by a U-boat, there was considerable doubt as to which side the USA would take!

There was strong German feeling in the US and we, after all, owe a great deal to the Germans. For example, tho we use Romanic words, our syntax and grammar structure is essentially Teutonic.

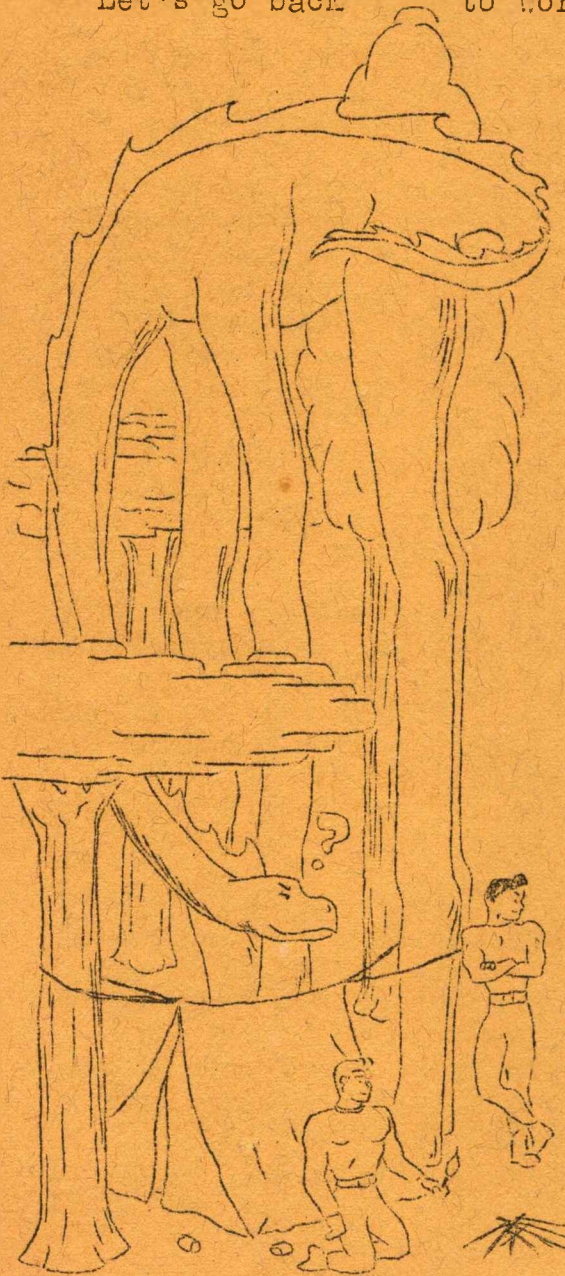
Furthermore (and this is based on my own observations while traveling in both England and Germany in the past year), I think that Americans get along better with Germans and have more in common with them than they do with the British! And the reasons, which aren't really essential here, are not 100% flattering to the Germans -- or the Americans. (And while I say that this is based on my own observations, I think I can show you relevant data that helps substantiate my position -- if it is seriously doubted.)

Let's go to other examples of how we think as a nation. Look at Finland. There have been times when the US opinion of Finland was that it was a country of fascists and nazis; a couple of months later the opinion is that it's a brave little country resisting the commies --- and back and forth it went like a pendulum. You practically had to read your paper every day to see what side you should be on.

And look how much we liked Russia during the war!

What's my conclusion? It's that our hates and dislikes as a nation have little or no real basis in fact -- especially when it can veer back and forth so quickly.

OK, assuming that I have made my points I continue and try to form a logical progression:





1. National opinions are not always correct.
2. Even if they are correct, they do not necessarily apply to an individual.

CONCLUSION: It is hard to be quite sure in any way that von Braun should be hounded, ridiculed, attacked, or otherwise condemned. There is (and I'm not denying it) the possibility that he should be, but you can't derive this by logic in any way.

BUT -- are there any reasons for liking, encouraging, or being friendly with von Braun?

You're darned right there are! Can anyone deny that von Braun has contributed a great deal to the science of rocketry, etc., that has definitely helped this country and even the world? OK then, you have a perfectly good and valid and logical reason for liking him, and an uncertain, doubtful reason or reasons for disliking him. THERE SEEMS TO ME TO BE ONLY ONE WAY A REASONABLE PERSON CAN THINK.

/Um-hmmm. Now name me one reasonable person. RSC/

Alan Dodd's hatred of Germans is justified. Not necessarily justified by truth and reality (tho this is a strong possibility), but by the fact that the British nation could not have survived if it had not hated the Germans with their hearts and souls!

The losses that the British had were terrible. Even today the damage can still be seen -- not just the damage to the buildings, but to the capital formation, the way of life, the thinking of the country. It is not a well-known fact, but throughout World War II except for the last six months there were more British commonwealth troops in front line action than Americans. In other words, the British took the full brunt. Much more of their young vital blood was spilled than ours -- this for a nation with less than half as many people as ours. When you criticize the failure of the British economy to recover, think of that.

BOYD RAEBURN, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Ontario, CANADA - Most croggled by that crack about the people singing the Ox Drivers Song. If this attitude were always held in folkmusic circles, it would stop the communist folksinger types from singing their dreary songs about The Workers. Apropos of this, I once saw in a communist magazine the phrase "heroic steelworkers" (they were talking about a mural in Rockefeller centre). I asked Dick Ellington why a steelworker should be considered heroic, and his answer was that communists have so little to do with work that to them anybody who works is heroic.

Alan Dodd seems to be really developing as a columnist. I just couldn't finish the Adams item. Adkins column was interesting. Hope you continue to get columns from him I'm astounded to learn how little the





sf zines pay for illos. No wonder Galaxy's illos have always been so poor.

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

Three guesses on what I'm going to ask you to do for me? Yup....say, old buddy, would you kindly give my change of address in the next YAN-DRO? /Why not, we've given your new address in every issue this year. RC/

So Adkins bopped up to Times Square in his knickers and orange polka dot tie, walked purposefully to the center of Broadway ignoring the traffic, raised his fist dramatically and yelled: "I'll lick you yet, New York!" It was really pretty sickening.

Frank and Belle Dietz invited us up for dinner one day last week. They didn't even know who we were...Somebody just told them we were fans. Nice couple, but too strong on Fandom and Science Fiction. /You're just a Fake-fan...be careful in the city and don't step into any lawsuits. RSC/

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

As usual (for me) the editorials are the best part. Get a chuckle out of 'em every time. /Just how do you mean that? RSC/

I don't dig this pro-con argument about Werner Von Braun. It seems to me that something's missing -- isn't Von Braun an American citizen by now? If so, his former nationality is a thing of the past -- one with the snows of yesteryear, so to speak. What I mean, since when has any US citizen suddenly acquired the right to poke a finger at another citizen's former nationality? Come right down to it, even the original May-flower immigrants didn't have such a spotless record, politically speaking. Whatever Von Braun was or did or believed in or didn't believe in before he became a US citizen was wiped out when he DID take the oath of allegiance (if he did, as I assume he must have or he wouldn't be working on Top Priority Gov't. stuff). And as for those furreners like Dodd making cracks about US citizens -- so what? They don't like us over here no matter what we do so why worry? About the only inhabitants of the United States that haven't been associated in one way or another with some European nationality group are the original Redskins -- and I understand the British are kind of irked with them for intruding on their TV programs..... Even as a Johnny-Come-Lately, if Von Braun is a US citizen he should be granted the full mantle of his citizenship and his former national allegiance be remembered against him no more.

Likewise, I don't dig Don Stuefloten's argument that "It's not a point of turning to style, after achieving professional competency;..." That was just exactly the point....until a writer has achieved professional competency in the ordinary use of language, he ISN'T free to "turn to style" in expressing himself. To attempt to do so is a confession of inadequacy, of lack of craftsmanship. But, even worse, it is all too frequently a blatant and slavish imitativeness which attempts to filch a writing style which is the result of some other author's "clash between himself and his environment" and pretend it is the product of the would-be author's own genius. A writer does not have to gain recognition as a "general" writer before turning to the style which is his natural medium of expression. But he DOES have to gain professional competency with the basic rules of grammar and semantics. (Of course, even if the shoe fit some egotists would not be able to put it on.... George Wetzel, for instance, who is probably the most flagrant example of



a semi-illiterate "stylist" that fandom has yet produced, was never able to admit that his imitation of the HPL style of writing was not, indeed, the true product of his own "genius".

/Dodd's comments on Von Braun weren't strictly in regard to nationality; if a man is really a "Nazi butcher", he'll continue to be one, in both thought and action, no matter what country he happens to live in at the moment. US citizenship isn't that all-encompassing. However, there is the point that nobody to date has any real information on von Braun's actual thoughts, emotions, ideas, etc. RSC/

CLAUDE RAYE HALL, 2214 San Antonio, Austin 5, Texas

I thought Adkins' column probably the best thing I've read in YANDRO. No wonder illustrations are so poorly done in most professional magazines -- if \$15 is the pay.

Stuefloten seems rather SURE that he has changed and improved in the last two years. And if his "style" and topic is based upon a clash between himself and his environment (both of which he claims not to control) I pity the poor misguided fool.

If Don wants to find out what writing is all about let him find out on his own rather than quoting or referring to Hemingway, Faulkner, Joyce..... Kearney once said he couldn't attempt to explain writing or teach anyone how to write like Hemingway, Ferber or Lewis because: He didn't know, and they didn't know how.

Probing for a basis of good writing is, to me, a worthwhile project. But no one is "the rule". And the purpose of writing does not lie in style -- any writer will tell you that. Except Mr. Stuefloten.

Capsule comments: JOHN KONING - We are doing Shakespear's "Julius Caesar" in English. The second day I was Caesar, the third day I was Brutus, and killed my former self, the third day, I was the Roman populace, and demanded the exile of Cassius and Brutus, the fifth day I was Brutus again, and witnessed the death of Cassius at the hand of his servant and then killed myself. The thing is, I need a psycho-analyst; I have all sorts of complexes and guilt feelings, from having killed myself so many times. SLOPPY JOE JENRETTE - You're probably wondering why Alan Dodd is still continuing -- a neofan came up to Ron and me in London and asked if he could take over the name and fanzine (keep this a secret) and we said sure. After a year or two he'll reveal his identity-- this saves him having to be a neofan. Clever, eh? /Considering all the columns, quote-cards, letters and clippings sent out by Dodd in the past few months, hadn't you better make that two neofans? RSC/ COLIN CAMERON - Only a Coulson could do it!!! Remember back a month or so ago? I asked for a copy of #63, the only issue I lacked in my collection of recent YANDROs. You stalled and waited and stalled. Finally, you told me you would send me #63. A week or so passed and at last you notified me that it was being sent. A week or so passed and today I got two zines in the mail: #64, which I had asked for, and #62, which I had not asked for. What the hell's going on there! After all, I did pay for #63. In all fairness, I think I deserve it. I waited long enough for it. I'm returning #62. /This has a happy ending -- he finally got #63, only two months late. RSC/ JOHN BERG - Now that I've wiped up the excess moisture around my Bessemer converter with a hamster, what do I use to wipe up the excess moisture around my hamster? /Nothing; housebreak the beast.RC/



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