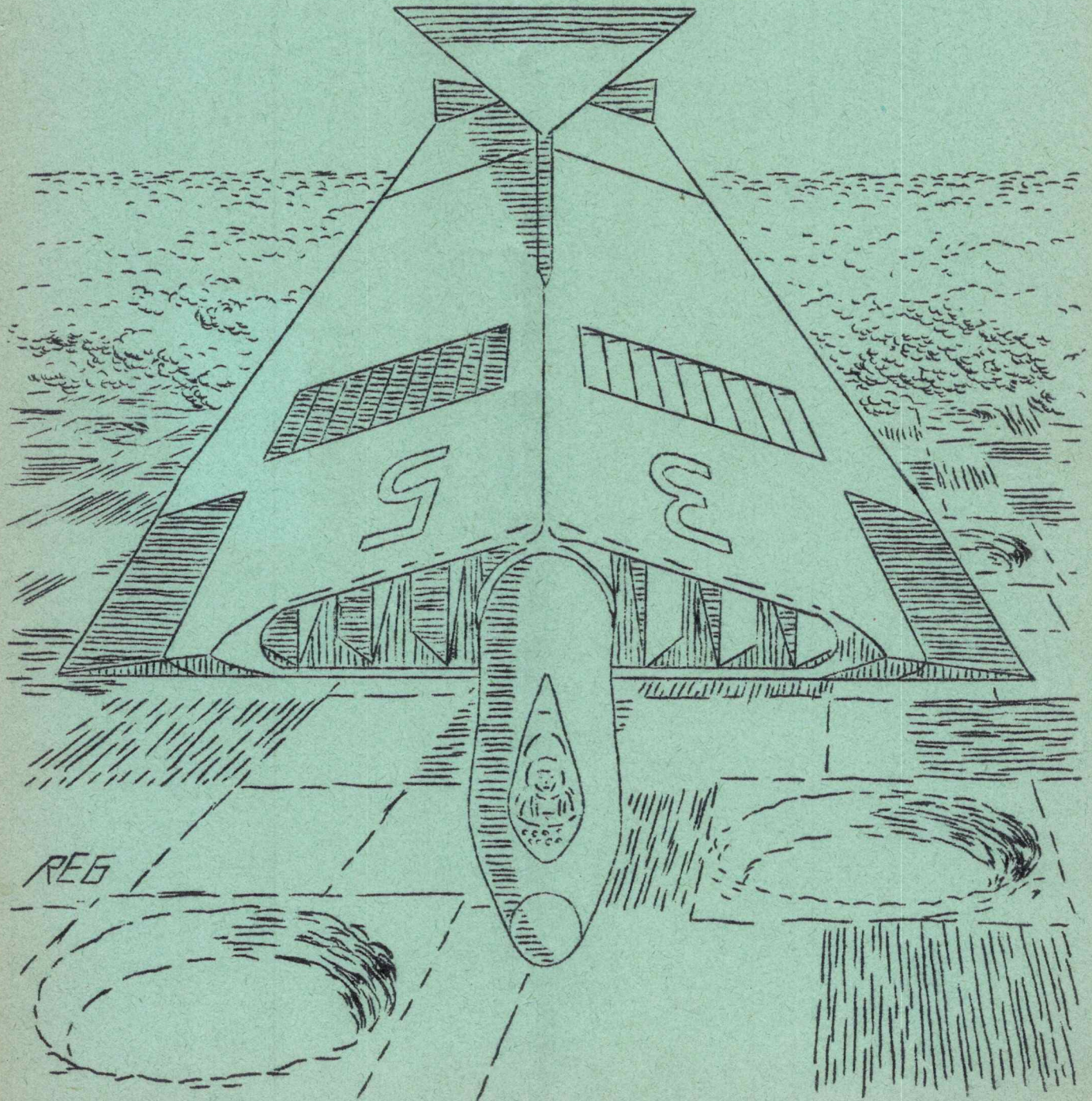


DW

YANDRO

#82

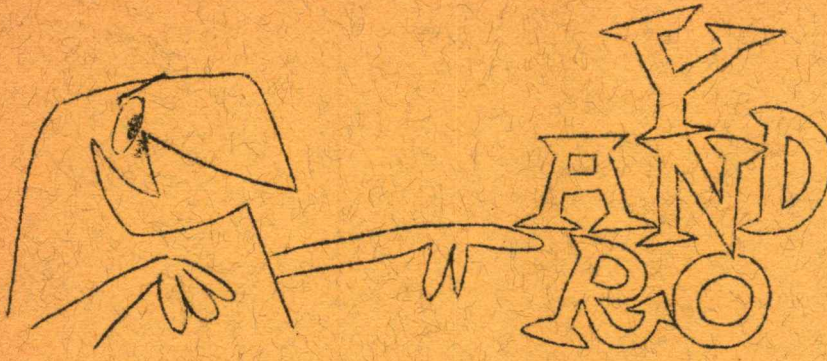


REG









NOVEMBER '59  
 VOLUME VII  
 NUMBER 11  
*issue eighty-two*

Published on what we laughingly refer to as a monthly schedule (well, this issue will be mailed in November, anyway) by Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route #3, Wabash, Indiana. British agent is Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts, Hengland.  
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ARTWORK

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Page 1- - - - -	William Rotsler	Page 11 - - - - -	JWC
Pages 2 & 3 - - - - -	JWC	Page 14 - - - - -	Les Nirenberg
Page 6 - - - - -	Jack Harness	Page 15- - - - -	Robert E. Gilbert
Page 7- - - - -	Marvin Bryer	Cover lettering - - - - -	James Adams

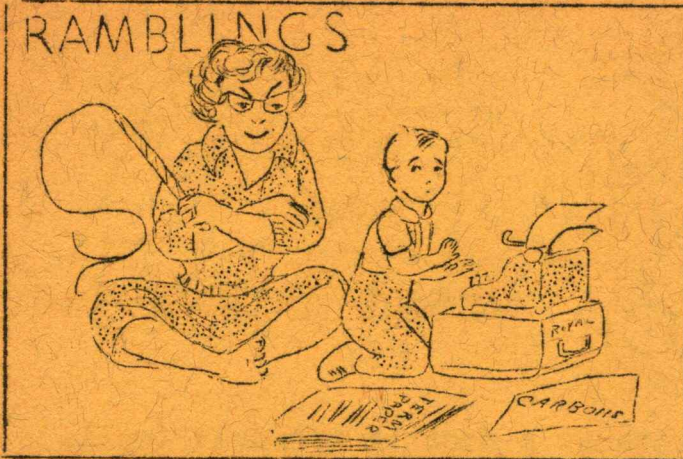
Juanita apologizes for the paucity of artwork in this issue. This is due to the fact that she has been spending more time on schoolwork than on fanac, and will be corrected in the next issue.

This final stencil (final except for Juanita's editorial, which is always the last thing in the issue to be typed) is being cut on a Sunday morning when all right-thinking people are in church. It is November 29, there is a light covering of snow on the ground, Bruce is pursuing his favorite occupation of watching television commercials, Rann is sleeping under the house, Juanita is stencilling the cover, and I'm wondering when I'm ever going to get time to read the stack of approximately 20 magazines and paperbacks sitting on top of a bookcase. With luck, this issue should go into the mail tomorrow, Nov. 30, and preserve our record of publishing one issue each month for 82 months (and never mind what time each month).

RSC



## RAMBLINGS



Both the timing and the nature of this issue are my fault....and this business of college...the acquiring of a Master's in elementary education is not my idea, but that of the state laws that let a B.S. teaching license lapse within ten years; but a Master's within those ten years makes the license permanent....of course, this just applies to recent graduates...in the old days, anyone who taught for two years and didn't kill a student or get dragged up on a morals charge

had a permanent license....this particular quarter involved 16 quarter hours of night classes, whilst baby-sitting with Bruce during the day... a procedure I would not recommend....There is nothing quite equivalent to typing a graduate course term paper with the assistance of a two year-old.....three papers are required on my particular Master's set-up, and this quarter gets two of them out of the way.....quite frankly, I was unable to write the "unbiased" papers supposedly required, because I was quite frankly biased in favor of both my subjects - Montaigne and The Wizard of Oz.....neither of the professors objected to, or noticed, the bias, so all's well, apparently.....In my non-education course elective, a class nee seminar, I was extremely grateful for fannish training in composing on stencil, letter-writing, and general expressing-oneself-via-writing afforded by fandom (no matter how poorly I might do it); the final exam called for two written-on-the-spot critiques of two books from one's completed reading list - the prof takes your list at the beginning of the period, checks a couple, and returns it to you....I was delighted to get at least one book I felt versed enough on to write a reasonably decent review, dashed off a fairly competent (or so I fondly thought) second critique, then got up to leave.....I left behind me 95% of the class, and nearly all of them, I'm sure, did a much better job of reading and researching than I - their problems involving the simply matter of putting their own thoughts on paper.....more erasures, cross-outs and pencil-chewing I never hope to encounter. Thank Argan for last-minute editorials and letters.....I must disagree with my bitter half regarding one letter column statement...play is not always indicative of immaturity...the intelligent use of leisure is one of the signs of a creative and progressive personality (now we come down to a big hassle on the definition of "intelligent" and whether or no it applies to fandom). Human progress has been geared around the presumption that improvements in agriculture, food gathering, housing, manufacturing, et. al., led to more leisure time, which in turn led to both creative endeavor in the "arts" and inventive thinking on ways to work further improvements in agriculture, food gathering, etc., to provide more leisure to.....und zo weiter.....I'm of the opinion that fandom, no matter how trivial, provides an essence of creativity in letter writing, fanzining, conning, etc., more than, say, sitting in front of a t-v six hours a night seven days a week.....I have nothing against t-v, and I frankly love a crummy television Western now and then when I'm in a tired, do-nothing mood, but I definitely recoil at the idea that this can be the be-all and end-all of existence.....onward with civilization through fandom.....JWC



## RUMBLINGS



Question aimed at Dean Grennell and any other followers of The Shadow among our readers: Have you read the two-part serial by Everett Cole in the Nov-Dec ASF? The power to cloud men's minds with a vengeance! (And with about the same amount of explanation, too.)

This is a late issue, and rather a small one. It would have been even smaller if I hadn't decided to get rid of a huge stack of letters I've been saving. Next issue should

be out in two weeks. I don't guarantee that it will be, but.... It should also be somewhat larger, and you people who have been asking for Tucker should be satisfied.

And, blast it, I forgot to write down the name of the fan who provided the inspiration for the above cartoon. Bob Lambeck, I think (if I'm wrong, will the inspired one let me know?)

Juanita is going to be wishing she'd stayed in college; as soon as she gets the house halfway straightened up, she has to work on YANDRO. She doesn't think too highly of my housecleaning. (It's not that she objects to my sweeping all the crumbs from the table onto the floor; it's just that she feels that I should clean the floor afterwards. Once in a while, anyway.)

Recent reading in the Coulson household has been "Pornography And The Law", by Drs. Eberhard & Phyllis Kronhausen. As I've been telling everyone I write to, this book should be required reading for anyone interested in literary censorship. Its primary value lies in the distinctions it draws between pornography -- which the editors do not defend -- and "erotic realism", which the US Supreme Court has deemed worthy of protection. Their examples seem to point out easily recognizable differences between the two. (I can't say how easy their rules would be to apply, since I haven't -- and am not likely to have -- had any chance to try them out. But they at least provide some sort of path for would-be censors -- who undoubtedly will ignore the lessons of the book in their eagerness to ban everything that pertains to sex.... incidentally, I wonder if members of the Legion of Decency have ever read the Bible thoroughly? Or, for that matter, if people who like pornography have ever read the Bible thoroughly?)

Had a few anxious minutes around here the other day. We were eating lunch when there was a muffled "whump!" and the whole house jarred... slightly. The hot water heater is rather noisy on occasion, so we ignored it. But when the second thud and jar came a few seconds later... and the third...and the fourth.... Well, it could be a malfunctioning oil heater (especially since I put in all the pipes and connections myself). So I went to look, rather hastily. Couldn't find anything...looked around outside...nothing...another inspection of the stove...nothing. Finally I looked out in time to see a cloud of smoke and dirt fountain up from the edge of a woods some distance away, followed in time by the noise and earth tremor. Just one of our neighbors blowing ("dynamiting" to you city slickers) stumps. Ah, the quiet country life. RSC



# UNREQUITED LOVE

BY *Sata  
bill*

Rarely indeed will a gentleman otter  
Be placed at the awkward hurtle  
Of halting the blissfully brazen advances  
Of a passionate female turtle.

Now a turtle is not in the least like an otter;  
The latter knows this all too clear...  
Yet with wretched abandon and frightful crass manner,  
She fancies to badger the dear!

On the first occasion, as far as is known,  
The otter was lazily napping;  
When entered the glen his pursuer, Miss Turtle,  
And upon his wet nose set to tapping.

It startled him surely, the hour was early,  
But before he could leap to depart -  
The tortoise looked up with reptilian eyes glazing,  
And spilled out what was in her full heart.

"Otter, you're lovely; you're grand: I adore you.  
I dare say your pelt makes me swoon.  
Give vent to emotion - set your webbed feet in motion -  
And we'll kiss neath the lovers' full moon."

She gave a sly wink, with an eye bloody pink,  
And whispered this throaty bold phrase:  
"I've heard that carnivorous weasel-like lechers  
Make love in most violent ways!"

"Madam," said otter, his manner quite surly,  
"Your words are insane and obscene.  
Your shell is repelling, your smell is ill-smelling,  
And your color, my dear, is pale green.

"Before I'd succumb to this sordid seduction,  
I'd sooner go chaste all my days;  
Reamining a bachelor weasel-like lecher  
Till this virile young body decays!"

The meeting adjourned with a lesson unlearned,  
For that female refused to desist....  
And the forest grew wise, as the weeks flew by,  
To otter's attempts to resist.

Shunned by the turtles, repulsed by the otter,  
She left - and the last thing I know;  
She entranced a fat rabbit, then left him abruptly,  
To run off with a one-legged crow.



# SOME THOUGHTS ON THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE-FICTION

— bennett gordon

Technological events, both in the United States and in Russia, are making it apparent that what is today's science fiction will be tomorrow's science fact. Space satellites, rockets circling the moon, and talk of sending a manned rocket within the next few years, are all indisputable signs. To science fiction fans, of course, such things are somewhat anti-climactic, since they have all been discussed at great length by science-fiction writers.

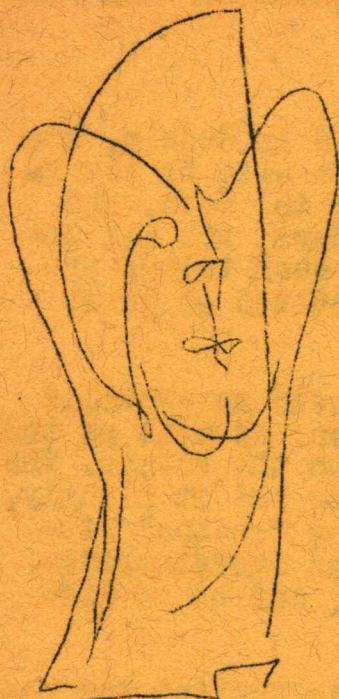
That such things should have been predicted, and used as vehicles for fiction, illustrates the essence of science-fiction, as well as the fact that its nature will undoubtedly have to change in the future. The lifeblood of the genre is its "sense of wonder", or, to put it frankly, its "escape" value. By saying this, I am not condemning "escape" literature. Actually, the words "escape literature" are an oversimplification. Escape, in the sense in which it is used here, can be on different levels.

To that segment of the stf-reading community that is looking for nothing more than a glorified adventure-comicbook story, science-fiction can provide, in its more immature and commercialized aspects (including the host of movies emanating from the Los Angeles storm drains), an escape on a low level of intelligence. And this, unfortunately, seems to be what a large percentage of the stf-reading public wants, since a crudzine like AMAZING STORIES has been able to match sales figures with a quality product like ASTOUNDING by catering to refugees from comic books. Apparently, the more fantastic the story, the more it is liked by the type of reader attracted to AMAZING and some of the other zines of that ilk. /Ed. note: This was written before AMAZING's gradual improvement over the past year became noticeable./

Yet, there is a second aspect of "escape" in science fiction. It is for those who can't wait for events to catch up with their imaginations, who can't wait for tomorrow, so to speak, but who at the same time don't want their science-fiction to lose touch with intelligence and sanity. They look to the "conservative" side of stf, if there is such a thing. They see science-fiction not as an invitation to submerge oneself in a childish wonderland of pure-swash-buckling action and fantastic adventure. Instead, they see science-fiction as an "avant-garde", as a prophecy of what can plausibly become the future. Their criterion of value of a story is not how virtuous and swashbuckling the stereotyped hero of an AMAZING-type story is, but, along with the worth of the plot and the writing, how much chance the story has of becoming the "contemporary" fiction of some future date. Science-fiction, on this level, has something intelligent, worthwhile, and fascinating, to say. It is an expression of a person's ability to imagine, to evaluate where events are and where they are going, of where they could possibly go. It is, in



a sense, a route-marker, a guidepost to the future.



To the extent that science catches up with it, science-fiction must either adapt (that is, mutate to something else) or disappear. Its appeal is based on its being ahead of its time; to the extent that it is in the realm of imagination. When fact overtakes it, science fiction tends to yield to a blasé attitude on the part of its readers. Anthony Boucher, in his excellent article "Science Fiction Still Leads Science Fact" in the New York Times Magazine Section of December 1, 1957, hit the proverbial nail squarely on its head when he said, "science fiction is looked upon in some quarters as no longer wildly imaginative but as prosaically passé."

In the past, science-fiction has demonstrated its ability to mutate. Twenty or thirty years ago it talked of A-bombs, television, etc. As they became realities, it now talks of moon-rockets and interplanetary spaceships. If and when they become realities, what then? No doubt science-fiction will adapt fully as long as there is yet room to recede farther and farther into what we now call fantasy, but which future millenia may find only as slightly beyond them as regular rocket travel to the moon is now beyond us. (Of course, the ultimate limit will be reached when science discovers and puts to use every last scrap of information now held secret by the universe. However, all indications are that this will not be for a long, long time to come, if ever.) And no doubt there will always be those not content with living in the present, and there will always be those willing to write about the future. In other words (Boucher's), "as creative imaginative minds keep thinking ahead to the step beyond the next, it is exceedingly unlikely that tomorrow's science will outrun the science fiction of tomorrow. What prophet can dare to prophesy the utterance of a prophet yet to come?"

It may prove easier to write, in the ultimate long run, in the field of the so-called "social sciences" (in fact, the trend seems to have begun and become quite strong). It is easier to think of creation giving up its secrets than it is to think of its future existence, and Man's, coming to an end. Sociology, anthropology, psychology, etc., can, and have over and over again in the past, served as bases for extrapolation, since it will always be possible to imagine in what direction one's culture is headed. Names like Orwell, Huxley, Chad Oliver, Pohl and Kornbluth, and others, have become well-known. As long as Man will have a future, there will no doubt be those who will give their concept of it.

The alternative to adaptation, of course is stagnation and death. That which tries to stand still and to buck the all-but irresistible tide of social and technological change, and which forms into a rigid closed-ended structure, is doomed. Not only is it impossible to turn back the clock, it is impossible to make it stand still (for an example,



look at the ending of Kurt Vonnegut's "Player Piano") unless one is an Australian aborigine. It is no accident that the only place the gigantic Brontosaurus, the most powerful and largest animal to walk the face of the earth, can be found today is in a museum, for people to marvel at and then go about their business in a world changed to something Brontosaurus could not adapt to. Even the largest and strongest fall when they lack the capacity to adapt to changing situations. (Another good example is the fate of the French monarchy in the 1790's, as contrasted to the British one). They fall just as fast as the smallest, and make more noise in doing so.

But science fiction, peopled as it is with a generally above-average following (even with the nincompoops that publish AMAZING), will no doubt avoid the stagnation which has overtaken other, more rigid, movements (such as the Republican Party), which had glorious days, and then withered. SF will always have leaders with imagination, men like Boucher, Campbell with his work in building ASTOUNDING into a monthly think-piece collection, and others who are well-known.

I have never been one to count my chickens before they're hatched, but I am certain that science-fiction will have a long, prosperous, and meaningful existence if it avoids the pitfalls of sheer commercialism. It will last, in one form or another (though surely not in its present form) as long as there is such a thing as imagination in the world, and as long as Man does not lose his ability to innovate, to dream, and to look beyond his own times. Without imagination, Man vegetates; and what is science-fiction but enlightened imagination?

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Did you know that there are now two canned mixed-fruit-juice drinks on the market called "Ping" and "Pong"? Now a mixture of those two....

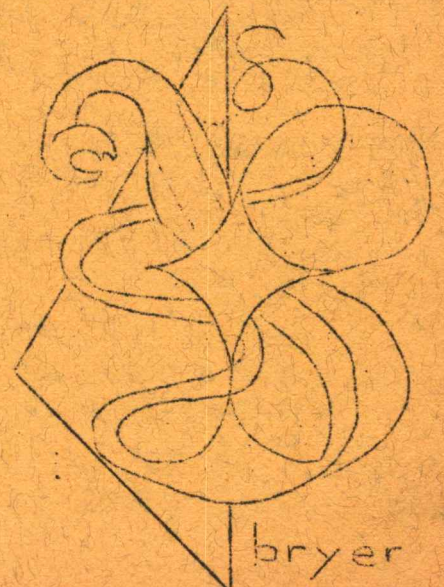
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THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE / SCIENCE FICTION SLIDES  
102 pp of wit, fiction and satire / Full-color slides of original stf  
by Charles Burbee. Available for / paintings. Illustrated catalog for  
75¢ from Ron Ellik, Apt. #6, 1909 / 25¢ from Morris Dollens, 4372 Cool-  
Francisco St., Berkeley 9, Calif. / idge Ave, Los Angeles 66, Calif.

-----  
Brother Frank Jares for TAFF! (This is a paid political announcement)

-----  
Stfinitions by Sanders (Joe, that is)

Zinc - or zwim  
Pleurisy - two or more  
Diameter - Greek goddess of the harvest  
Catalyst - membership roll of women's club  
Antimony - opposed to currency  
Colloid - low grade fuel used in lamps

-----  
"Another case of the most expensive embalming fluid in the world!" ...from a mortuary back room, via Dean Grennell and GALLERY





# GRUMBLINGS

GENE DEWEESE, 3407 No. 22nd., Milwaukee 6, Wisconsin - Saw "Traviata" last night. 'Twas quite good, and the two "local" stars more or less submerged the "imported" one -- a Greek tenor singing Alfredo.

The theater was rather fascinating -- a main floor and two balconies. At least, there were two balcony prices for tickets, and I saw two balconies from my seat on the main floor. During the first intermission, I wandered out to the lobby and up to the first balcony. But there weren't any stairs going to the second.....

I tried again during the second intermission, but no luck. I found the first balcony three times, behind three doors and up two stairs, and I found the top of the theater marquee once, but no second balcony..... Several darkened rooms, broom closets, etc., but no balcony.

Back in my seat, sure enuf, there was the second balcony up there, just where it had been all along. But I noticed, during the third intermission, that none of the occupants of the second balcony left their seats -- or at least, never left the balcony itself.

Frankly, I think the wrong opera was being presented. "The Flying Dutchman" would've been more appropriate.

I think I'll buy a ticket to the second balcony next time I go to that theatre. If you don't hear from me after that, you'll know I'm up there in that balcony, doomed to an eternity of whatever a balcony of lost souls is doomed to.

JAMES R. ADAMS, 922 No. Courtland, Kokomo, Ind. - Is Clod Hall practicing to be the Westbrook Pegler of fandom?

I'll bet no one but me noticed what J. Mehmet Shahnakhiroglu spells backwards!

HAL LYNCH, 7203 Cresheim Rd., Philadelphia 19, Pa. - Regarding "A Sort Of Con Report" by Thomas Stratton & Son George, particularly the passage describing "the bidding for the next convention site" --

It hurt. Oooh, how it hurt. But as a noted politician remarked upon a like occasion, it only hurts when we laugh.

Trouble is, we can't stop laughing.

GEORGE HORACE WELLS, Box 486, Riverhead, New York - Is Goldfinger a movie, a book or what? Sounds very interesting.

/Damfino. Book, I believe, but I wouldn't bet on it. RSC/

What are GOPHER BALLS??? Do you mean Golf Balls? It is not to be taken literally I hope? I asked a friend of mine about it. GOPHER BALLS? I said. "Yes, I do," he replied.....

/There are two definitions....a gopher ball is either a newspaper euphemism for a pitch in baseball which is hit for a home run, or it is a certain appurtenance common to male gophers. Take your choice. RSC/

ROBERT E. BRINEY, 562 Newbury St., Boston 15, Mass. - Your letter column is fascinating! Mildly amusing sidelight: on p.16 of Y80, you



shifted the last line of Ethel Lindsay's letter over under Juanita's illo, and the first time I glanced through the mag I thought it was supposed to be a caption to that illo. Had a great time thinking up interpretations for it.....

BOB TUCKER, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois - I still refuse to believe that women in fandom are sex-starved. I've met an unusual number who were just the opposite. And not even Bloch and I together (actually, separately) were able to satisfy them. That isn't saying much for me, but when Bloch fails -- like, wow. He has the distinction of being the only American male voted #1 Fan by King Farouk's harem.

BETTY KUJAWA, 2819 Caroline, So. Bend 14, Indiana - Got a shock -- during the election coverage -- local city election -- on tv -- a mess of elder Democrats all standing around -- very dignified -- except -- they were all wearing beanies (emblazoned with the hated words DEMOCRATS... am a Republican) -- and the beanies ALL had propellers on the tops!!! Infiltration of Fandom into the Democratic Party??? It makes for one to stop and shudder!

/Put a fan in the White House! (And it grotches me that, all during the last Indiana gubernatorial election, I never once stopped to take a photo of one of the huge roadside billboards urging one and all to VOTE FOR TUCKER. Lost opportunities.....RSC/

BOB SMITH, 1 Timor St., Puckapunyal, Victoria, Australia - Received YANDRO 79 recently, for which many thanks.

The 'Count' paints a horrid picture of man's experiences in space, and in one foul swoop has dashed my hopes of ever blasting 'Upwards and Outwards' - I hate pills!

Enjoyed Mike Decker's views on reviewing. It's not an enviable job, especially when fannish types are likely to take offense at every second sentence you write about their favourite book, or vice versa. I expect I'm pretty 'old hat' when I say that Damon Knight stands head and shoulders above the rest in this respect (awright, awright! So he's a critic - so what?), as far as I'm concerned, although he does seem to have toned down a bit since the good times in INFINITY, SF ADVENTURES, ORIGINAL SF, and so on.

I missed Tucker this issue, also Miz Bradley.

So now you got that sword waddya going ter do with it? Whose side did it belong to?

/Well, Knight's reviews are far and away the most entertaining in the field, but for information about a new book I prefer Miller. You know, I never thought to ask about which side that sword was used on; I assume that all of Adams' family were staunch patriots, but.....how about it, J. Robert? I'll find some use for that sword; my other edged weapons include a machete, a throwing knife, a dagger and 4 sheath knives, and all of them get quite hard use. (The day I discovered that the throwing knife was ideal for prying old putty out of a window I decided that any edged weapon or tool was bound to be useful for something.) RSC/

ETHEL LINDSAY, Courage House, 6, Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, England - What is Juanita taking a degree in? Why is it called a Masters?





Shouldn't it be a Mistresses?

It is odd how you get regular letters from Tony Glynn. As far as I know, you are the only one he still keeps in touch with. He hasn't been heard of in English fandom since the ManCon. I remember it well. He introduced a reporter from one of the Manchester evening papers to me. Said he wanted an interview. Tony swore to me that this guy would not take the mick. So I was persuaded to talk to him and gave him a whole lot of information. Wasted a whole half hour talking to him. Well -- you can guess the sequel. A paragraph in the paper poking fun at us, and not a word mentioned of all he had collected from me. Haven't seen Tony since.

/He's probably afraid to get close to you. Actually, however, we aren't in regular touch with him; we got acquainted via Betty Kujawa.

I don't think that Ball State's education department would think at all well of conferring a degree of Mistress of Education. The word has certain unfortunate connotations. (Juanita's degree will be in Elementary Education, which should come in handy in dealing with fans.)/

PETER B. HOPE, 435 Riverside Drive, New York 25, N.Y. - The plural of footnote can be footnote, but never footnotes.

/This terminology originated during Tom Stratton's Early, or Will Cuppy, period. Instead of having footnotes to footnotes, etc., Juanita started labeling them footnotes, footnotes, footnoteses, and so on. Not technically correct perhaps, but it went well with Stratton - and with Juanita, for that matter. She still says "confisticate". RSC/

ROBERT N. LAMBECK, 868 Helston Rd., Birmingham, Michigan - A very nice cover on #30. The first Rotsler drawing I've seen other than his cartoon-type filler-size ones.

Scithers draws nice pterodactyls.

Did the incident which Juanita draws on page 3 actually occur? Seems likely enough. /"Factual but not actual", to quote Mort Sahl. RC/

I thot that Cameron's DEATH OF A WHITE ROSE was exceptionally beautiful....and chilling. The sort of thing I'd like to have written.

Despite Richard P. Schultz, I think that Allen Ginsberg's HOWL for Carl Solomon is profoundly moving and beautiful.

Sex was taught at NorthEast Senior High in a 10th grade biology course. It is also taught occasionally at church youth-groups. (I am



thinking of 1) sex-education films sponsored by the church, and 2) some parties held by a Methodist Youth Fellowship group in Florida which got quite wild quite often.)

/from another letter/ Yep, Clod Hall writes a controversial article. Unfortunately, I can't think of too much to say on it other than that it was funny. I don't rely on fandom for friends, but I've found more friends in the microcosm than outside.

MAGGIE CURTIS, Fountain House, RD #2, Saegertown, Pa - Most fmz reviewers seem bitter on the subject of Yandro and your biting tongue, Buck. Why is that...or need I ask? The point of all this is that I like Yandro, and nasty comments in it don't bother me -- in fact, I enjoy most of them (although I must admit that you've never aimed any of your more poisonous remarks my way; perhaps that makes quite a bit of difference). The problem is, am I addicted to your zine? Has over-exposure to the drug dulled its poison? Do I know what I'm talking about and have I mixed a metaphor?

Mom babysat during a great deal of the con; and I began to get a guilty conscience. As a result, I offered to take care of kids while Mom and Dad saw Dance Chromatic. Instead of Ems, I saw Red Skelton on tv; I understand Ems was 1200% more worthwhile. I am now faunching for the Allegheny College Art Dept. to rent the bloomin' film. The Curtises are spreading propagan-da for it like mad....

Concerning Harlan recognition, it seems to me that he didn't want (or didn't want to want) to be introduced at the introduction of celebrities, and he ducked out at the banquet when they were introducing people at the speaker's table...

Say, if you know of anyone who is seeking to complete a Walt Kelly collection, would you point them thisaway? Since the con, we're trying to complete our collection and can't until we get a little cash. This cash must -- it seems -- come from what we can get selling duplicates from.





our collection. Y'see, we at Saegertown have one of the finest Kelly collections running, but most of it was accumulated while it was coming out. This means we have almost none of his stuff that came out prior to 1947. Also, then, if you know of someone who is selling old, mostly unsigned Kellyana (?) point them thisaway, too, huh?

Okay, what "E" does 2.718 stand for? So I'm iggerent, so what does it mean?

/I try to never aim my more poisonous remarks at good-looking girls; I may be nasty, but I'm not crazy. Hope there are enough Kelly collectors in our readership to do you some good. Our own collecting is pretty well restricted to the Pogo books and record. This has nothing to do with your letter, but I'm curious to know if you ever won your friend - the one who was with you at the con one afternoon - over to liking Ewan McColl, and I keep forgetting to ask. The E which is equal to 2.718 (actually, according to several engineers at work, it should be "e" rather than "E") is the base for Napierian logarithms, used largely in electrical and thermal calculations. RSC/

VIC RYAN, 2160 Sylvan Rd., Springfield, Illinois - The cover is rather interesting, being as how it so closely resembles you. The cover story was something slightly less than nauseating.

I make no comments on Clod's article, seeing as how he is openly inviting people to bitch at him.

Don't you think that "2" is a mite low rating for Trend's zine just because you don't particularly like him? Be objective, like. Also, how about using some word other than "writes" when reviewing, eh? Do you compose on stencil? That would explain it, I suppose.

/Yes, everything written by me in YANDRO is composed on stencil. Now if someone would just put out a tape-recorded fanzine I could use "says" instead of "writes". Anyway, I'll see about some variety. Whether I like the editor or not, when a fanzine has only one item in it that I consider worth reading, it's going to get a low rating. RSC/

Six weeks for a fanzine to go 30 miles? Well, I'm afraid I can't top that, though it took a package of books five to travel some 45 miles to here. Also, some years back, the post office delivered a letter which had been posted in Revolutionary times. I can't remember the exact circumstances, but that's pretty late, you'll have to admit.

/comments on an earlier issue/ Ethel Lindsay's views on teenagers are so pleasing (I say with a tinge of sarcasm), as I suppose she gathers from movies that the whole lot are motorcycle enthusiasts, who rob stores, beat up old men, and "get their girl friends in trouble". But, Buck, don't tell her she's right, please?

There was an experiment conducted in a Champaign school, designed at holding prayers before classes every morning. Delegates of every faith held these classes. Everything looked all right to the school authorities, as the state law of providing for every denomination had been filled. However, the whole thing had to be abandoned when state authorities found that no classes had been provided for atheists. Tsk. The best laid plans of mice and men, eh?

DONALD FRANSON, 6543 Babcock Ave., No. Hollywood, Calif. - I agree with Redd Boggs on the duties of reviewers to the field, not merely to the



author or the reader. In my opinion Damon Knight is of more value to the science-fiction field because he doesn't praise the bad along with the good, even though someone may like it. If a reviewer praises crud as good science fiction, science fiction will soon be equated with crud. /You think it isn't now? RSC/

You are clouding the issue when you bring in fanzine reviewing. This is not the same as reviewing of professional work, and requires a certain leniency and tolerance. I say Ted White is overly critical in this field, and you, as fanzine reviewer, are quite right in taking into account factors which you would not consider in the book or prozine field. This is not to say that professional stuff is automatically better, but that it should be better; after all, money has been paid to a writer who should be competent and an editor who should know better, and more than this one book or story is at stake. The next offense, or the next offender should be considered, as in criminal punishment. /Any legal-minded fans may jump on you for that...RSC/

I don't think there is so much difference between the reviews of Damon Knight and P.S. Miller as to require different words to describe them. I see no gulf between "critic" and "reviewer". A lengthy review such as Knight sometimes does, going into detail and with many entertaining side remarks, is essentially the same as a one-word comment, so long as they are both honest. I balk at the idea that a reviewer should praise a book that he himself doesn't like, just to boost sales. This is for book jackets. Publishers send their books to a reviewer in the hope that he will praise them, not the expectation. If they are disappointed, it is good for the field in the long run, just as it is good for the magazines if bad stories are rejected.

Bob Tucker mixes in movies in the discussion. Movies are irrelevant as well as incompetent, as SF movies at present are for the kiddies. But maybe someday will come the "Stagecoach" of the SF films. In the meantime, the "kiddies" know what is corny about the SF movies, and go for laughs as well as screams. Hence the popularity of FMOF.

/So stf movies are for kiddies -- don't you believe in reviewing juvenile stf at all? I think they're very relevant. There may not be a gulf between critic and reviewer, but the words are not synonymous, all the same. Maybe there isn't so much difference between Knight and Miller, but how about Knight and Floyd C. Gale or Henry Bott? (Botts? The one from MADGE, anyhow.) There is a line to be drawn between critic and reviewer; I happen to draw it between Knight and Miller. You can draw it somewhere else if you want to, but it is there somewhere. As I've said before and will probably have to say again, the critic judges a book by more or less arbitrary literary standards and the reviewer judges it by its presumed effect on the majority of his audience. Whether either one of them likes the book in question should be irrelevant, except as an opinion added to their basic judgement. I have no criticisms of any professional reviewers in this respect, but there are too damned many fans who think that the fact that they like a book makes it great literature, and I want to point out their error. Okay, I shouldn't have brought fanzine reviewing into the discussion. It looked like a good idea at the time, though. RSC/

TED PAULS, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland - "Rann" poses



an interesting problem. I enjoy working out such things, but I'll probably be off the track before long. To start with, I'll assume that you gave some clues. Like, for instance the dog is chewing on a copy of ASF. Noting carefully the size of the described dog, we can safely say it's a digest-sized issue, which would make it have appeared within the last 12 years or so. So far, my Fine Mind seems to be working relatively well. Ah, but I don't have any copies of aSF. I sold them, along with the bulk of my sf.

/Extremely good reasoning; unfortunately we double-crossed you by not giving any clues. The ASF was picked for her to chew on because that title comprises the most valuable part of my collection....I mean, I'd look pretty silly dashing in madly to rescue a copy of PLANET STORIES. (Not that I wouldn't do it, since I like PLANET.) RSC/

What the hell is this thing by Hall. I've gone over it several times, and I still can't decide what it's supposed to be.

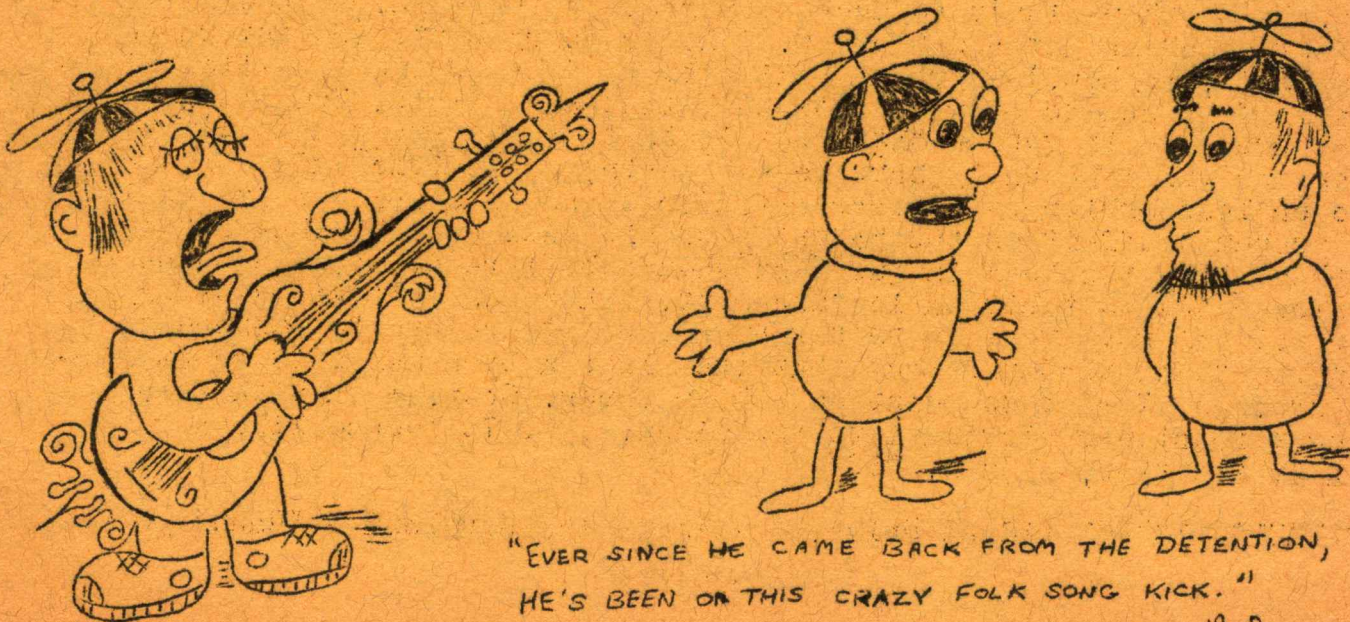
/It was supposed to be a nasty controversial article, but it misfired./

The more I see of Jenrette stories -- not really stories, but vehicles for horrid puns -- the less I like them. Is this the only thing Jenrette is capable of writing?

/No, but it seems to be the thing he most enjoys writing. RSC/

SETH JOHNSON, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, New Jersey - Liked the article in August issue about man in space. I might suggest that they might just eliminate eating with the mouth altogether and feed the crew intravenously with all the tranquilizer drugs etc. right in the glucose or whatever they feed people intravenously. Certainly anyone sitting or lying still is subject to constipation as any hospital nurse or orderly could tell you.

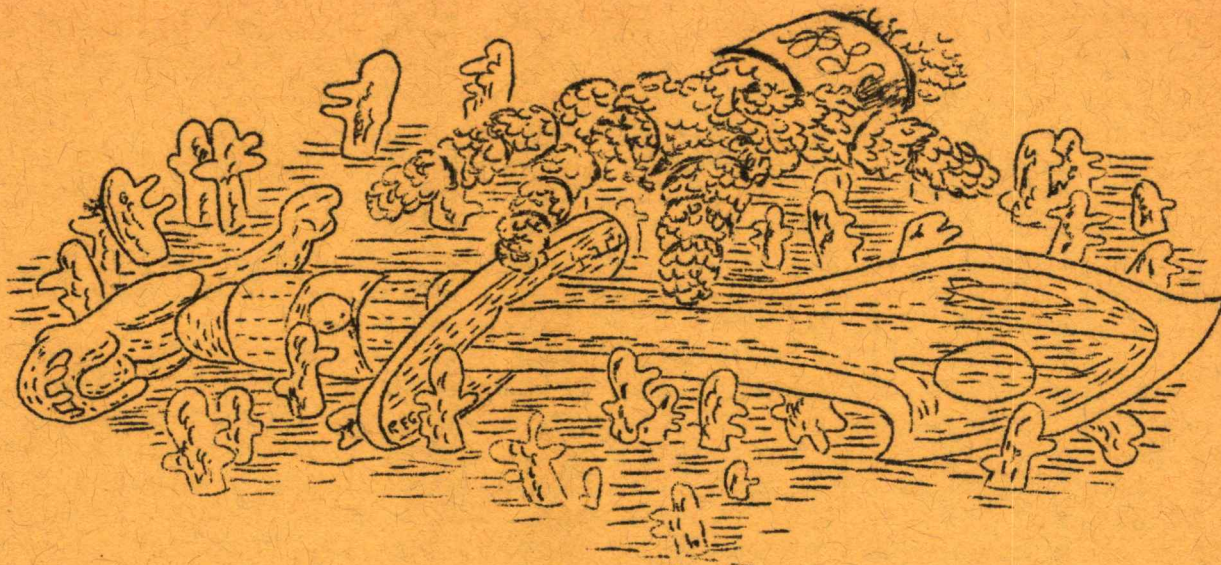
Ré Martin Helgesen's letter in August YANDRO. The main objection to religious instruction in the public schools is that unpopular sects like Jehovah's Witnesses or Jews in those places where anti-semitism still raises its ugly head would be subject to persecution if they were singled out from the other children. Also an atheist's children would find themselves in hot water.



"EVER SINCE HE CAME BACK FROM THE DETENTION, HE'S BEEN ON THIS CRAZY FOLK SONG KICK."

led





BRUCE PELZ, 4010 Leona St., Tampa 9, Florida - I see by the contents page, you've taken up the Busby habit of sneaking things into the usual listings. Like "Price, Vincent..." for instance. I like these things, and I guess I'd better say so once in a while or the perpetrators will stop doing them.

/That's the advantage of fanzine editing; if typing the same old thing becomes tiresome, you can always liven it up. RSC/

In general, Clod Hall's was hilarious, though I doubt that the fans under discussion would think so. There really isn't a central theme to the thing, unless it's that Clod thinks fans are ridiculous if they don't look upon fandom as just a hobby. Acting on the assumption that this is the theme, let me start by picking on the quote "Fans are in fandom because they have no place else to go." There are quite a few people who don't want to center their thoughts around their vocation -- they'd prefer to center them around their avocation. And this doesn't mean only SF fans. As has been brought out in VOID, there are many other fandoms, and some of them have as many whacks and odd-balls as SF fandom. Just for instance, there is Caving Fandom, which parallels SF fandom to a considerable degree (at one national convention, cavers were climbing down the hotel side with their ropes and other gear; beer cans out the window are passé.) So I'd rephrase the statement to "Fans are in fandom because they like it better than any other place." Actually, Clod hasn't done very much here but take some cuts at eight fans he's met. I'll wait and see if they think it was controversial -- and to see what they add to the controversy. What city is Clod going to next? Not that I want to warn them, but he's about exhausted that particular group in New York.

In regard to Dodd's letter, is there a third meaning for "pecker", as used in "Trial By Jury"? The defendant's first speech is:

"Is this the court of the exchequer?...."

Be firm, be firm, my pecker."

Thought "heart" was indicated, not chin, but I could be wrong.

/Is there anything significant in the fact that you belong to both sf and caving fandom? RSC/



MIKE DECKINGER, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, N.J. -- Tucker talks of something that I'd like to see; a trade-paper that can actually give accurate opinions on a film. I've found the New York Times is the least reliable paper for news; unless a picture is an endearing love film they will pan it, and thus, I go to the ones that the Times doesn't like and generally enjoy them. The most liberal magazine is CUE. They have a section where they mention 2 or 3 films each week, and you should have seen what they had to say about HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL. As for specific reviewers, I've always felt that Forry Ackerman liked all the films he reviewed, and Charles Beaumont didn't like any.

/I agree with Beaumont. You should have seen Ackerman's reviews in NEBULA, tho; Forry definitely slants his material to his audience. RSC/

Now to Redd Boggs; yes in a sense reviews are advertisements, but they are more than that too. After all, nearly any copy-writer can write some advertisements on a book, but there aren't many reviewers who can do it justice through the printed page. And I know that a favorable review of a book would persuade me more to buy it, than seeing an ad of it.

I still maintain that reviews are directed more toward the reader than the writer. Because, the author has done his part; he's written it, now it's up to the buying public to buy that book, so that the author has done a good job.

Now a reviewer is not reviewing the book for himself. After all, he has read it, he does not care about it anymore. He's supposed to make the public care. In a sense, he's a barker expounding on the virtues of a particular literary work. The only time a reviewer should be permitted to fit his own candid views in is when they will mesh exactly with that of the reader's. But you can have someone who doesn't like sf read a good sf book, and JUST because he doesn't like sf, he'll pan it and deride it till the sf fans reading his review will shun the book too.

Yes, Redd, "poorly done and extremely childish films" are the typical movie fare for the youngsters today. The usual fare is westerns and cartoons, but any bad "Jungle Jim" or "Tarzan" picture will be met with the delight of the juvenile audience. After all, the kids aren't choosy, they would be willing to sit through just about anything, but our adult audiences are a bit more discriminating; they like Brigitte.

Now for Gerber; yes, a reviewer SHOULD be honest. So should a quizmaster and a quiz show and everyone else, but are we?? Noooo. Suppose a reviewer is reviewing a western for some kiddies' magazine. Now he'll probably think it's a miserable film, but you can bet he won't come out and say, the acting was poor, the plot the same old thing, the characters stereotyped. What he'll say is that the kids will enjoy it. And they probably will. It would be invalid for him to say kids won't enjoy it just because he didn't.

/I'll just say that this time I'll go along with you on films, but I disagree with everything you said about book reviewing. RSC/

G. M. CARR, 5319 Ballard Ave., Seattle 7, Washington - I don't know if anyone else has noticed it or not, but I find that since you have been varying the color on the paper, that "sameness" that I used to find so monotonous about YANDRO is definitely lessened. Particularly when you



vary the color from issue to issue -- green one issue, yellow the next and so on... I realize that probably the change in color was the result of having to take what you could get in the matter of paper supplies, but the result is (to my taste, anyway) pleasant. I hope you do it purposely from now on.

/We probably will. Actually, there have been only two years ('56 & '58) when we used the same color paper all year. And wait till you see the next issue! RSC/

"Why should society prescribe rituals which no one enjoys?" I dunno -- but I suspect/the ancient Egyptians also uttered the same complaint. I suppose it has something to do with the so-called "Rites of Passage" which anthropologists speak of -- i.e., a social recognition of important changes in the individual's status -- but it seems to be an in-built human characteristic. And not only human, come to think of it -- even animals have been observed to indulge in ritual behaviour. Courtship, mostly.

So Ted thinks it's my age that makes me so opinionated...I wonder what's his reason... Poor Ted, I guess he's right that it is sheer frustration that makes fans so infuriated with me. But Ted doesn't realize that inasmuch as there are no hard-and-fast rules about what fans are supposed to do or not do, there is no reason at all why I shouldn't be as infuriating as I please if I get a kick out of it... which I do. I like to tease. Not small children, who are defenseless because of their physical immaturity (and, incidentally, I can't stand to see small children teased -- even good-natured teasing), but the kind I like to tease are the adults whose emotional maturity hasn't kept pace with their physical growth. I think they are fair game, and I get a kick out of their frustrated rage at not being able to bring me around to their way of thinking. So what? It takes all kinds to make a world -- even so small a world as fandom -- and if I enjoy arguing, why shouldn't I? There's one thing for sure, I'm not likely to run out of people to argue with, judging from the state of emotional maturity prevalent in fandom...

/A lack of emotional maturity in fandom shouldn't be surprising. After all, the desire to play is an immature one to begin with. Technically, the more time one devotes to play (hobbies, watching tv, reading, etc.) the more immature one is. And fans -- particularly fanzine fans -- are notorious for devoting an enormous amount of time to their hobby. RSC/

"...if indeed the sharing of Ideas...can be said to be the point of fandom" (Bratmon's letter). Huh? Now where would anybody get THAT idea? I was under the impression that the point of fandom was to have fun via whatever fanatic you happen to like -- even including "the sharing of Ideas", or "arguing", or writing letters to fanzines, or publishing same, or even, so help me, joining the N3F!

It may be, as you say, that an objective history cannot be written until enough time has passed that prejudice and propaganda have both had a chance to die away and leave the actual facts exposed in their true light. That may be true in the case of a historian, whose duty it is to sift fact from fiction -- to evaluate truth from falsehood, and to gather together evidence which could only come to light after the furor and shouting dies. But again I fail to see what application that makes in the present instance. The original discussion, as you remember



was that you said you preferred to believe what Jesus himself said, rather than take the word of preacher or pope. I pointed out that Jesus himself said nothing -- all we have are the recorded remarks written down by his friends, and that these remarks make up the entire New Testament. The facts are all in. No new evidence has been turned up. It's no use waiting for passion and prejudice to die down, because after 2000 years they are still with us. The point I tried to make is that there's no use thinking we are going to discover some new and drastic "truth" that hasn't already been discovered. And if we DO think we have, the chances are that it is something completely alien to the text itself. A subjective truth, maybe, but not a new or hitherto undiscovered fact. And I tried to point out, further, that the farther away we get in time, the less chance we have of understanding fully what is recorded and the more we need to depend on the comments of the persons still close enough in time to retain the cultural homogeneity. We have to make our own application to our own culture, true. And when the culture changes out of all recognition, and the problems change -- environmentally -- to the point where there is practically nothing in common with conditions then, we have to be doubly careful that we do not make a completely false application. The principles do not change, true. But how can you be sure you know what they are in any given set of circumstance which may not be covered by that ancient culture?

/You can't be sure -- whether you do your own interpreting or have some supposedly superior intellect do the job for you -- so you may as well do the best you can on your own and enjoy it. Aside from the New Testament -- and not even all of that -- we don't have "the comments of the persons still close enough in time to retain the cultural homogeneity". That's where the historian comes in, dammit. Any present-day theological scholar is much better informed as to the culture of Christ's time than any member of the ecumenical councils which decided so much church doctrine. Not to mention the fact that, while the passion and prejudice may still be with us, the present-day Christian is not forced to fight for the actual survival of his religion and can afford to accept facts that do not always agree with his dogma. Your early Christian leaders simply couldn't afford to admit that there was any evidence which disagreed with their conclusions, so they didn't admit it. RSC/

Re schools: Granted, children should be taught the facts of life -- social, moral, ethical -- by their parents. But if the parents do not teach them, does not society have a right to protect itself by making sure the children learn them anyway? The purpose of religion is (among other things) to teach a child how to handle the problems of living in a close social contact. Let's face it: Children HAVE to learn self-control. Starting with toilet training, they are faced with a series of frustrations of natural urges. Even dogs and cats have to be housebroken and tamed to live among humans -- how much more, then, is it important to teach a child how to be civilized? As I've said before, there are two emotions strong enough to hold in check emotions which must be controlled: love and fear. Sure, you can slap a kid around and beat the hell out of him until he behaves himself. But a better way is to teach him to do these things out of love for God and his fellowmen.. You all admit that Society has the right to enforce its laws. To compel obedience by fear of the consequences of disobedience. Why, then,



this hysterical refusal to permit Society to enforce obedience through a more acceptable reason -- Love of God? We have had some vivid object lessons of what happens when a school is no longer strong enough to enforce obedience -- "Juvenile Delinquency In Public Schools" is plastered all over the headlines in one city after another. The only way Force can civilize a child, is by breaking his spirit and making him too spineless to disobey. But still you (plural) grow frantic when it is suggested that there could be a better method of producing a law-abiding citizen. WHY?

/Well, in the first place, because your "love of God" concept is so much baloney. What you really mean is that it's more acceptable to tell a child that if he's bad he'll burn in hellfire forever than it is to tell him that if he's bad he'll get spanked or go to jail. I don't agree. In the second place, you don't housebreak a dog or cat by teaching them about the love of God, and if you're going to teach a child to be obedient you had better start at a time when he understands English no better than your dog or cat does. RSC/

DAVID JENRETTE, 1939 S.W. 14th. Terrace, Miami, Florida - Ted White runs on at some length to criticize GM Carr. I rather feel that this is a dead issue. In discussion, argument, debate -- I'm using these terms rather synonymously -- there are two poles, two extremes. At one end you have a debate based only on the evidence presented. An example of this would be a college debate, a scientific paper, etc. Not, of course, that these examples are really just based on the evidence presented, but they attempt to do so, in their most idealized form. At the other extreme is all out opposition, where the problem under discussion is not as important as the domination of one ego over another.

So there are the extremes: facts of the case versus the personality of the combatants. These things are fused together so that they're not separable, really. The problem with GM is that she is far, far to the personality end of the chart; while most of the rest of us are further to the other side. I've tried to write to GM to see if she could communicate at a level that other people use. It is apparent that her personality is so important to her that she can't risk it.

Confucius had a saying about the guy who struck the first blow has lost the argument. I think the same way: the guy who throws in the first dirty, extraneous remark has lost the debate. Of course, all this means that no one "wins" any debates. Most of us can make decisions down at the "fact" end of the scale when they're about things that don't concern or threaten us; naturally, it's a lot harder to be so objective when things are threatening. Actually, our reactions show more what is threatening us than what we really believe.

And I can't see where either end of the scale -- fact or personality -- is the one to follow. I mean, if I'm on a sinking ship and there's just one life preserver for one man and there's another man there; well, I don't care if he's got the most convincing arguments in the world, I'm taking that life preserver by whatever means I can. But when you see people continually living at the personality end of the scale, it's a dead giveaway that they're badly threatened.

/Dave had other comments, but we're fresh out of room. Also, he included a chart of his fact-personality scale, but I thought his comments were clear enough without it. RSC/



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