

DW

#33

yandro



HERE IS YOUR CHRISTMAS BONUS
HAPPY HOLIDAYS FROM ANDROIDS, INC.

Published monthly by Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Ind., USA - British Agent: Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England - US price, 15¢ or 12 for \$1.50 - British price, 1/0 per issue, Price elsewhere, 2 for 35¢.

CONTENTS

| | | | |
|--------|------------------------------------|----------------|-----------------|
| Page 2 | -- Ramblings (editorial) | -- -- -- -- -- | JWC |
| 3 | -- Rumblings (likewise) | -- -- -- -- -- | RSC |
| 4 | -- Genius (our Christmas offering) | -- -- -- -- -- | John Pesta |
| 5 | -- A Doric Column- | -- -- -- -- -- | Bob Tucker |
| 7 | -- another Feghoot story | -- -- -- -- -- | Gene DeWeese |
| 8 | -- Natural Habitat (fiction) | -- -- -- -- -- | Gary Deindorfer |
| 12 | -- Strange Fruit (fanzine reviews) | -- -- -- -- -- | RSC |
| 17 | -- highway to oblivion (verse) | -- -- -- -- -- | p m corlew |
| 18 | -- Grumblings (letters) | -- -- -- -- -- | our friends? |

ARTWORK

| | | | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|----------------------|---------|-----------------|
| Cover | -- JWC | Page 7 | -- Dave Prosser | Page 18 | -- R.E. Gilbert |
| Page 1 | -- JWC | 10 | -- Marvin Bryer | 19 | -- B. Johnson |
| 2 | -- JWC | 11 | -- Joe Sanders | 24 | -- JWC |
| 3 | -- JWC | 12 | -- Anonymous | 25 | -- JWC |
| 6 | -- DEA | 13 | -- Robert E. Gilbert | | |

Cover lettering by James R. Adams

Inspiration and caption for the cartoon below by Gene DeWeese

dec. '59

If anyone recognizes the illustration on page 12, will they please inform us? It was originally submitted to DIMENSIONS, it's cute, and we don't know who did it.

VOLUME VII

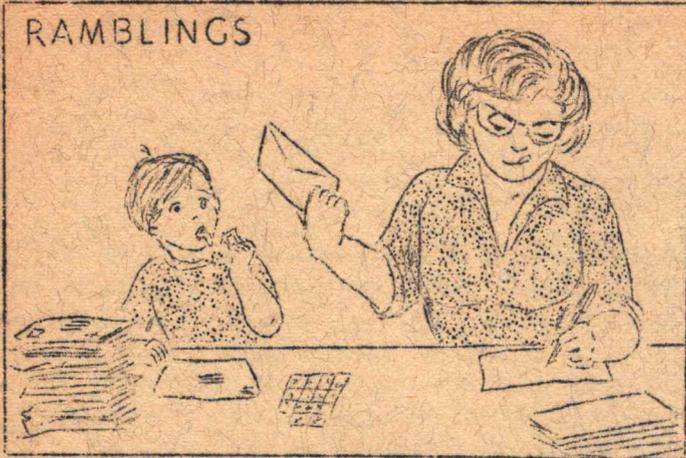
NUMBER 12

#83



"But.....but.....He thought you'd be pleased!"

RAMBLINGS



It may annoy or confuse some readers that in this, my monthly burbling ramble, I often refer to things Buck says in his editorial, to items in the letter column, or to other features throughout the issue...I use the word "annoy" advisedly because I know surprising numbers of people read any periodical methodically from front to back...and such out-of-context referrals as mine may upset their orderly souls...for which apologies..... but it simply occurs that my editorial

is the last thing to be typed before mimeoing (or, not infrequently, is the last thing to be typed after everything else in the issue has been mimeo'd).....no rational explanation for this chronology; it's just the way things happen around the Coulson menage.....Christmas usually brings thoughts of religion, even to the non-religious - skepticism, humor, bitterness, what have you.....not being militantly religious or anti-religious, I find myself in a peculiar position, the victim of the customs and prejudices of my childhood (like everyone else, I suspect).....if a Christmas card is sent in a religious spirit and features a Nativity scene, I expect it to be done with taste....I, personally, wouldn't send such a card because it isn't in keeping with my convictions, but I believe the people who do have conservative convictions would do well to avoid cute angels or tasteless and inartistic religious cards.....by the same token, I was brought up on very strict spelling rules, under which there is but one way to spell 'Christmas'....yet some very devout types of my acquaintance, who would most likely turn purple over the cartoon on the preceding page, think nothing at all of plastering 'Xmas' all over letters, cards, and store signs....I Do Not Understand..... On the same theme, a couple of E.U.B. ministers came round the other day with a personal invitation to a revival....they seemed fairly polite, un-pushy sorts, so I did not blurt forth my usual discourager of religion salesman ("We're Unitarians"), but offered the milder excuse of our perfectly legitimate, although lapsed, Methodism.....the gentlemen apologized, saying they had not known we were affiliated, and assured me they were not trying to "steal sheep".....the exact words.....I don't know about the rest of you, but I've always felt the selection of the term "sheep" for followers of Christ was a particularly unfortunate one....I for one resent being called a sheep.....the dog is an equally trusting and considerably more intelligent animal....despite my sex and the obvious twists that could be verbally wrangled, I (supposing I were a church member) would much prefer the generic term "dog" to "sheep"..... Nancy Share once sang the praises of Paul I. Wellman's THE FEMALE, a fictionalized biography of the empress Theodora....I have concurred for several years, but never in print...his insights into feminine psychology are superb, and further light is shed on the squabble between the orthodox Church and its Trinity and the heretic Monophysites...a harlot knew the good and bad sides of men, and could never worship a deity who was part human, but a deity who was always a god could be respected.... and that, kiddies, concludes the Sunday School lesson for December...TWC



I had intended to devote a fair share of this editorial to the contemplated name change of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION, but then Don Fran-son comes along and says the whole thing in one sentence. (See page 11) Not that I object to Campbell chang- ing titles if he wants to, but why pick that particular mouthful of syllables? It undoubtedly has all sorts of significant meanings for Campbell, but he isn't buying the mag. The newsstand browsers will pass it by, and the SCIENTIFIC AMER-

ICAN types will never buy more than one issue, particularly if Br'er John keeps on running his psi stories. (I don't have anything against psi stories, either, except that they don't exactly go well with such a pompous title.) I hope I'm wrong, but it looks to me like Campbell has been eating peyote, or having other sorts of hallucinations.

On looking over the material, there does seem to be quite a bit of anti-religious bits, particularly for a Christmas issue. I still think they're all funny, though. In response to several requests, religion will be pretty well dropped from the letter column in the future -- at least for awhile. Maybe in another couple of years everyone will be rested and eager to have another go at it.

Speaking of religion, I took part in a rather unusual discussion group last week. There is a group of young intellectuals in Fort Wayne who meet at irregular intervals for philosophical discussions. One of them works at good old Honeywell, and invited me along to the last meet- ing. Subject was THE URANTIA BOOK, supposedly the "newest revelation" of the Powers That Be. Meeting was at the home of a psychology professor who claims to believe in the book. (Actually, I shouldn't be so suspic- ious -- I suppose that he does believe in it, improbable as it seems.) Not having read the book in question (it contains nearly 2000 encyclo- pedia-sized pages, has never been published in much quantity, and costs \$12), I was under somewhat of a handicap as far as discussing it went, but kept my ears open. Supposedly, the book is written entirely by var- ious bureaucrats in the Heavenly hierarchy -- and what a hierarchy they have, too! There seemed to be a hundred or so different classes of an- gelic beings. Also supposedly, the original articles which make up the book were materialized at a sort of psychological seance, and demater- ialized after being copied. To me -- unbeliever that I am -- the cos- mology sounded as though someone had taken Theosophy as a base and then expanded as far as his imagination and vocabulary would take him.

One of the group members, a rather thorough individual, had done what I probably never would do; he had gone through the book, methodic- ally documenting errors in history, geology, astronomy, physics and oth- er sciences, misquotations from the Bible, and at least one contradict- ion within the Urantia Book itself. None of this, of course, convinced the believer -- but it convinced me. Still, I expect that the book would be fascinating reading for fantasy lovers with a weekend to kill. If it didn't cost so much, I'd get myself a copy. → Merry Christmas! ← RSC

GENIUS

by ——— john pesta

It was late and night outside. But it was daytime too.
And inside the men searched. The women, the children.
They all searched.
For centuries, for eons, for millenia and then some, they had
pushed and shoved to find that for which they searched.
And now they had found it.
Almost.

There a beautiful woman, sleek and trim and rounded, lay back
against the grass, resting from the ordeal.

There a man, tall and bronzed and virile gazed ahead into
the nightness and dayness.

Both in their own ways searched.

For what were they searching? Many things. All elusive and
hard to find.

Some of the things fluttered on cellophane wings and trilled
wafer songs to the air.

Some of the things rolled ponderously and ominously overhead,
dropping hideous things on the searchers. Other things
did little else than bite at one's insides and twist and wrench
them into odd shapes and strange combinations.

And here — a child!

A genius.

A searcher.

Discovers.

For someone had to, and this child, young and unused to the
strangeness of everything says, "I have found it."

But not in those words. No, in other words. He says it
differently, oddly, and he is not heeded.

But he has found it, and much later the child will bring to
the searchers the things he has found.

The cellophane wings.

The wafer melodies.

The flatly dinning sun.

The green green earth, swept by brown things casting beauty.

The ponderous things. The ominous things.

Yes, this child has found it.

This child, born in quiet, shall rule the world someday,
though no one shall say he shall rule. He shall rule in
quiet and calmness and beauty.

He shall rule in music. In love. In wafer melodies struck
from the strings of a gilded violin.

He shall rule in books. In cellophane wings, gliding from
the heights above to ivory stones beneath.

All men and women and children have searched for these things
for all time. And only now has one found them.

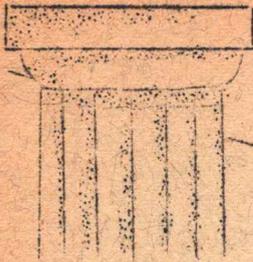
Happiness.

Beauty.

Contentment.

Love.

Heed this child, for from him shall come tidings of great joy.



A Doric Column

5

from BOB TUCKER

About a year ago in my Fapa magazine, I repeated a bit of misinformation which had been picked up from the Saturday Review, or some similar source. I reported that the Vatican Library at Rome housed the world's largest pornographic collection, and that the second largest accumulation of erotica was owned by the Kinsey Institute at the University of Indiana. Nobody called me on it, and the matter was not mentioned again.

Needless to say, my scrupulous conscience has been bothering me and I feel impelled to correct this misinformation, as well as to amuse and instruct my Yandroish readers on the matter of what The Other Half Reads. All information and quotes herein are from An Unhurried View Of Erotica (The Helmsman Press, New York, 1958), by Ralph Ginzburg and divers hands.

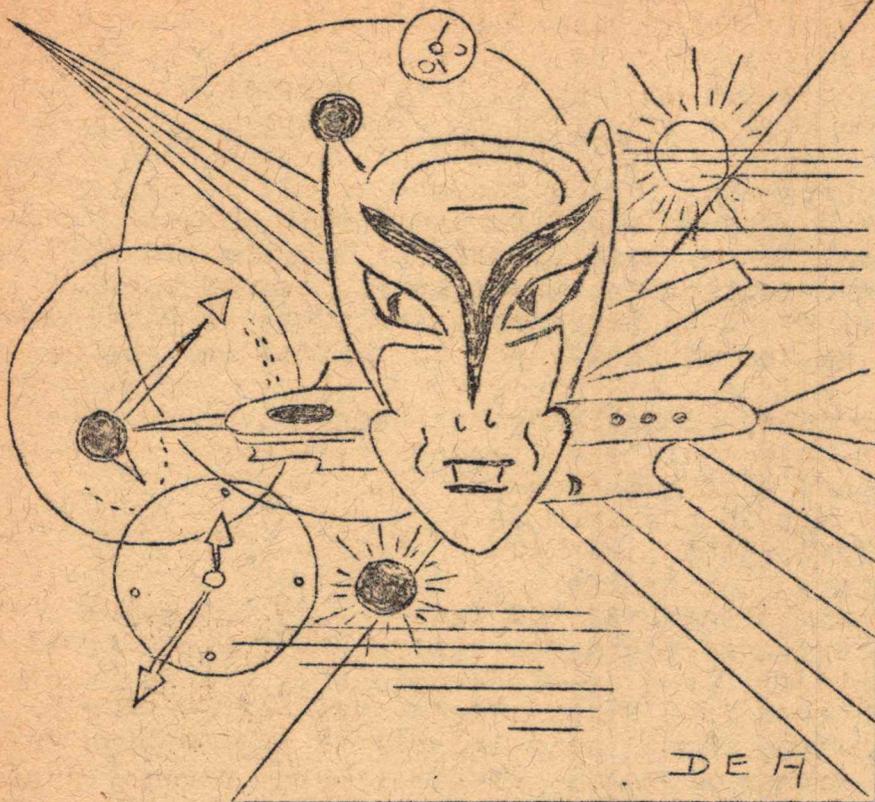
This authority (and his authority has been documented) confirms that the Vatican owns the largest collection: "It includes 25,000 volumes and some 10,000 prints, collected over the centuries from all parts of the world as specimen outcroppings of the creative urge that are to be shunned by good Catholics." But the late Doctor Kinsey did not own the world's next largest collection. That honor belongs to the British Museum in London: "...Henry Spencer Ashbee's private library forms its nucleus, and its total holdings come to 20,000 volumes. In addition, the British Museum collection embraces a number of curious erotic objects d'art, including a photograph of Algernon Swinburne, the poet, intimately engaged with a buxom young American actress who posed for the shot while on a good-will tour of the British Isles."

Us Yanks are keen on cementing international relations.

Kinsey trails in third place, with about 15,000 volumes. This library "represents a remarkable feat of American ingenuity in view of the fact that it was started only some fifteen years ago. In fact, so rapidly has the Kinsey collection been assembled that much of its material is as yet un-catalogued, a task for which the Institute is not lacking in learned volunteers." This collection ranges from A to Z in the erotic world: from latrine wall scrawlings up to several paintings which the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art wants to purchase. I had long heard of the famed "Japanese Pillow Books" which are supposedly given to brides on their wedding day -- Kinsey has some, but I don't suppose his followers will permit me to inspect them.

Other libraries have smaller collections, of course. The Library of Congress has about 5000 books; the New York Academy of Medicine has a sizable library; the late J.P. Morgan blew more than a million dollars accumulating his treasured tomes; and in San Marino, California, the Henry E. Huntington library and museum now has possession of his personal collection.

Ginzburg says that many of the great financial barons of the previous century collected such erotic libraries, most of which have now gone to their heirs, and that from time to time divorce proceedings bring these



libraries to light as the two principals stage a court battle to divide the booty. In many cases, the heirs simply turned them over to the Ivy League colleges to be rid of them. (Ex-king Farouk was a montebank, a piker; his supposed collection was newspaper fancy and his actual collection consisted of cheap slides, movies and cartoon booklets.)

Aside from the question of libraries, the identification of some of these "objects d'art" surprised me -- but I suppose you will claim that you knew it all along.

A highly prized object is a copy (or the original, for that matter) of a Gilbert & Sullivan mag-

num opus called "The Sod's Opera." This operetta, frankly described as obscene, contained "...the characters of Count Tostoff, the Brothers Bollox, a pair of hangers on, and Scrotum, a wrinkled old retainer." American and British painters Hogarth, Rowlandson and Aubrey Beardsley have committed certain fancies to canvas, "...though of course they do not even begin to compare in stature with the masters of the continent like Rubens, Rembrandt, Jan Steen, Michelangelo, Raphael, Tintoretto, Titian, Boucher and Rodin whose secret works also depict erotic scenes."

The Library of Congress contains a prized (?) document written by Benjamin Franklin which is known as "The Franklin Letter". One might describe it as a fannish letter or a form of fan fiction; it is addressed to the Royal Academy of Brussels, and outlines his great plan to convert the offensive odor of flatulence into sweet-smelling aromas. Franklin was something of an inventor, you know. A fairly common bit of erotica which can be purchased openly here and there is Mark Twain's 1601. It was written in 1876, privately printed and suppressed and now seems to enjoy an un-sensational freedom. (I think I picked up my copy for about a dollar, mail-order.) Twain's story concerns an imaginary conversation at the court of Queen Elizabeth, with the Queen, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Shakespeare speaking their minds in a forthright manner as they search out the culprit who broke wind in the court chamber.

But back to the libraries, for a brief closing note. It isn't easy for just anyone to walk into a large library and ask for "those books". But to those who persist, the pornographic collections will be found in some of the strangest-sounding places. In the British Museum, the col-

lection is indexed under the code name "Arcana"; at the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, look up the "L'enfer" ("Hell") collection; at the Armed Forces Medical Library in Washington the books are stashed away in "The Cherry Case"; at Harvard, in "The Hell Hole"; while the Brooklyn Public Library prefers to keep its erotica in "The Treasure Room". The New York Public Library stores its treasures in "The Cage"; but it remains for the Library of Congress to go straight to the point -- its erotic material is kept in "The Delta" section.

And by the way, just about any American taxpayer over sixteen years of age (hide your propellor beanie) can request and receive a book from The Delta. Uncle Sam is very broadminded about this. There's a small string attached, of course. An armed guard will watch over your shoulder as you read, making sure you do not remove any of the fannish pages.

you out-sized file, said Al Ashley

THRU SPACE AND TIME WITH GRENDEL BRIARTON

by Ferdinand Feghoot

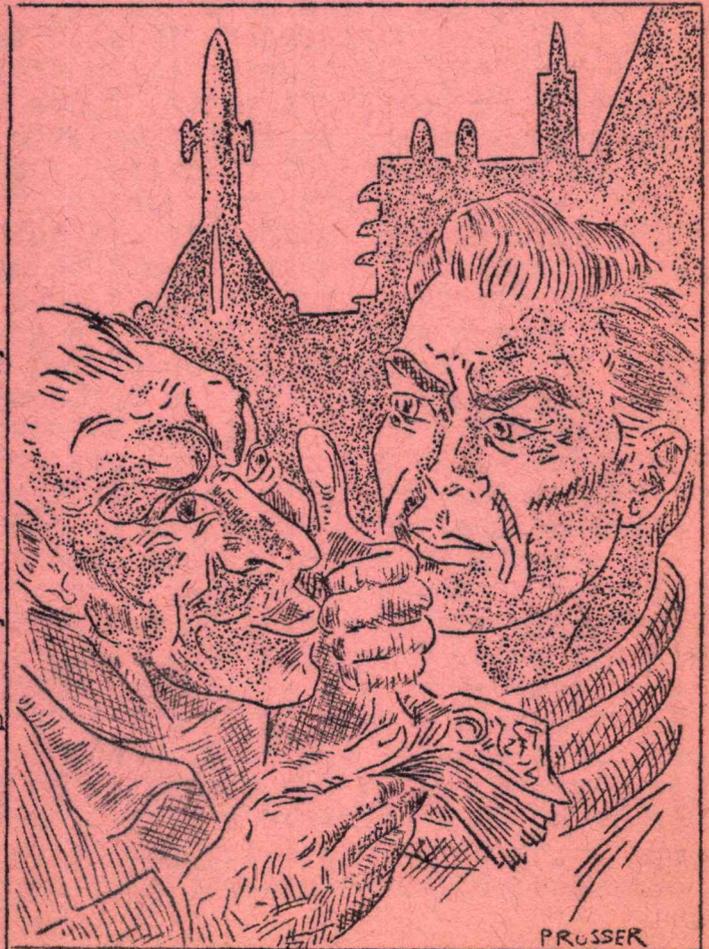
Shortly after his return to Earth in the fall of 3950, Grendel Briarton explained to a press conference the reason for his protracted absence.

"It was to have been," he said, "a routine reconnaissance mission to Asimov VII, a very backward, almost medieval planet behind the coal-sack nebula. I had barely managed to get into the palace grounds of one of the local emperors, however, when an old enemy of mine, who seemed to have an 'in' with this emperor, recognized me and reported me to the monarch. Failing to understand my mission, the emperor thought I was a spy and had me arrested immediately. I was taken to an 'escape proof' dungeon of a prison located at the top of one of the most formidable mountains on that rugged planet.

"Needless to say," Briarton added parenthetically, "it was not escape proof for me."

"But it must have been most annoying to one of your attainments and temperament, to be mistaken for a common spy," bubbled one of the female reporters.

"Why, yes," Briarton smiled. "In fact, you might even say that I spent my entire incarceration in a high dungeon."



NATURAL HABITAT

FICTION BY GARY DEINDORFER

Ed Hansen hummed to himself as he strode through the Canadian woods that were his home. Inhaling the cold, biting air he walked into the clearing by his cabin and beheld the magnificent view as he did every day between the time he finished trapping and started his supper. Four thousand feet below in the valley was the river. It looked like a silver ribbon winding its way between the heavily forested mountains surrounding it.

It was this time each day that Ed Hansen looked at that inspiring view and pondered things, mostly how glad he was to be alive. This is the only way to live, he thought; those poor city dwellers who go about their daily routine and then return to their cramped apartments at night don't know what living is. He remembered the time ten years ago when he was in his early twenties and had gone to New York; he wrinkled his nose in disgust. Once had been enough.

Remembering he had a supper to get he took one last look at the view before returning to his cabin which was nestled forty feet away from the clearing in the woods. As he gazed at the scene he saw a bright point of light which he would have dismissed as an early star had it not continued to increase in size to a distinctly greenish disc. He stared at it, considering those flying saucer stories he had heard at the trading post last month. Since grizzled Trader George had told him about them he had classed them with George's other tall tales, but....

Ed Hansen stopped thinking. The last he saw before becoming unconscious was the bright green object hovering about a hundred yards above him, filling the entire sky and throbbing weirdly. Next a blinding white ray lashed out from it, beamed on him and he was unconscious, floating in a deeply black void without thought or sense of time.

Ed Hansen awoke slowly with a strong feeling of well-being which gave way to panic as he remembered the giant object and that blinding ray. This panic was in turn replaced by immense relief as he realized that he was lying in his cot surrounded by the familiarity of his one-room cabin. He sat up in the cot and, feeling rested, crawled out.

Searching the cabin with his eyes he was startled to see that instead of the large fireplace he had built for cooking and warmth there was a chute in the wall that opened out to a metal table in the room. Neither of these things had ever been there before and they looked strangely out of place. Hansen wondered what it was for and more so, how it had arrived there in the first place. The first part of his question was answered when a metal tray slid down the chute to rest on the table. The tray had a bowl on it and in the bowl was some gray, steaming gook which he assumed was food. Since he was quite hungry he sampled a bit on his finger. It was terrible. Ed was convinced that paste would be a delicacy in comparison but sensing that this would be the only food he was going to get he swallowed it in one gulp so a minimum would brush his taste buds. He was slightly surprised to feel not only filled up

but better all around.

He glanced down at his red and black checked jacket and fingered the material. It was definitely not wool, the material his jacket was made of, but a very good synthetic imitation. There was something else about it that told him it wasn't his jacket; it was too clean and new. The same held for the rest of his clothes; his hat, his pants, even his boots were almost identical to what he had been wearing, but they were definitely not his. Who changed clothes with me, he asked himself, and why?

Suspicious now, Hansen explored the cabin and saw that it had changed in more subtle ways than the replacement of the fireplace with a food chute. It, like his clothes, was much too clean and new, even medically so. Many things were missing; no spider webs hung between the rafters, floorboards didn't creak as they always had before, mice didn't scamper across the floor, and even the wood looked like a realistic substitute. It seemed as though someone had remodeled his cabin without the original materials at hand and had skipped tiny details they didn't think he would notice. Things like creaking floorboards, spider webs and mice.

Nor were these things all the discoveries Hansen made; as he continued exploring the cabin he glanced at a corner and saw that his precious bear traps were gone. On top of that the all-purpose knife he used for skinning animals, preparing food, cutting his fingernails and a thousand other uses was gone too. Hansen's brow dripped sweat at this discovery for his traps and knife were the two things he needed more than anything else to live alone in the Canadian wilds.

After the initial shock of these discoveries left him it was replaced by uneasiness and not a bit of anger at who or what was responsible for the whole bewildering mess. What worried him aside from the unexplainable changes in his cabin was that he didn't have any pelts with him to take to the trading post for a new knife and traps. It was a vicious circle; without traps to catch bears he couldn't sell bear skins to buy traps.

What I need, he thought, is some fresh air. Hansen strode outside and was relieved to remember that he did have food, that gray slime from the chute, though how it got there and where it came from he didn't know. His relief was short lived for as he looked around him he realized that even the woods themselves had an artificial quality about them. Good God, he thought, whoever's been messing with my cabin has changed the very outdoors!

Just as there had been seemingly insignificant changes in the cabin there were minor changes here, though probably only a man who lived as close to nature as Ed Hansen would have noticed them. The woods were as quiet as death; there were none of the sounds one hears constantly as nature's background music and never notices until they aren't there. The trees didn't rustle from the wind; in fact, Hansen was positive those trees weren't real but models. Birds didn't chirp for there were no birds that Hansen could see. The sound of scampering animals in the brush wasn't there either. But the most glaring difference of all was that the woods, also, were too clean, much too clean.

Half suspecting his next discovery, Hansen took a deep, deliberate breath. He was right; the air was fresh but still as the air inside a

building and didn't have that crisp coolness one associated with the air of his mountain surroundings. The light was too white for sunlight and, most amazing of all, the sky was a clear blue but no sun was in the sky! As Hansen looked upward he could swear that the fake pine he was standing next to was almost touching the sky's "roof". The over all impression was one of being indoors. Ed Hansen was determined to find out what was going on.

When he walked back inside the cabin to sit down and think, he was not too surprised when the cot didn't sag as usual. Puzzling over his present circumstances, he suddenly jumped as though he'd been caught in one of his own traps. For the first time since that fleeting moment when he had awakened, Ed remembered the giant throbbing object and its ray that had blinded him. He was now positive that this object was in some way responsible for the odd circumstances around him.

Suddenly, he remembered the time he'd been to New York. A terrible place, with smoke serving as air. But what he recalled vividly was his visit to the Bronx Zoo. He had looked at the animals who lived in reconstructions of their natural habitats with very realistic background paintings of the area they had lived in before being captured and had felt sorry for them. He knew that they looked at those paintings and ached to roam once more instead of living a barren existence in their tiny cages stuck in front of the gawking, ignorant crowds.

Hansen realized the analogy between those animals and him. He needed to check on only one thing to be positive. He rose from the unsagging cot, glanced grimly at the food chute and walked outside over the floorboards that didn't creak. He breathed the still air, looking at the sunless sky and then at the fake tree that seemed to touch it. He walked through the still forest towards the clearing, forty feet away. As he walked he was positive that some of the trees were not quite in their same old positions. He reached the edge of the woods, looked out on the clearing and the view beyond it and found that he was right. He had checked on the final point and it was all too true.

Hansen reached out and ran a finger along the river, "four thousand feet below". The view that he had marvelled at every day for the past ten years was now a very realistic painting on a wall that curved inward as it went up to meet the other side in the center. It was curved like an overturned cup and Ed Hansen was on the inside of that cup in his own natural habitat.

He knew that he was also an animal in the zoo of some race more highly evolved than man. That giant throbbing object and its ray had been a ship from another world collecting homo sapiens for its zoo, and Ed Hansen had been one of the collected.

The puzzle of his surroundings fit together now. They had taken him back to their home world in their ship, kept him unconscious in some kind of stasis while they studied him and when they had sufficient information about him they reconstructed an exact replica of the area where he had been captured. That explained the food chute; he wouldn't need a fireplace to cook his food if it were given to him by his keepers nor would he need warmth if the temperature was kept at a



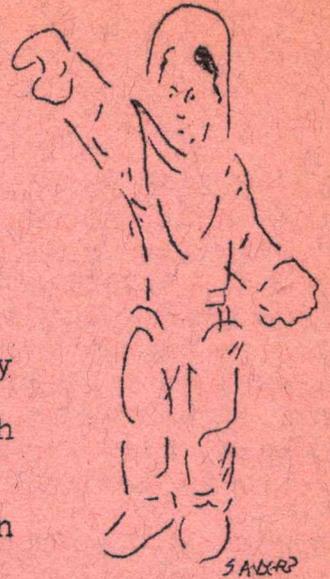
steady sixty degrees, which it seemed to be at the present. It also explained why they hadn't reconstructed his knife or traps. There was no need for either and perhaps they were afraid he could have used the knife as a weapon. How meticulous they were, the way they had copied his cabin down to the last detail, or what they thought was the last detail. Of course aliens are likely to overlook spider webs, sagging cots, creaking floorboards and a homo sapiens' natural curiosity.

Hansen stared down at where the painted wall and the floor met. So neat was the merge you could barely tell where one stopped and the other began. He ventured that the wall was a one-way material and though he couldn't see out aliens were gawking and pointing at him through the transparent side.

Maybe he would become used to that in time. In ten years he might even learn to endure the floorboards that didn't creak and the forest that was quiet; perhaps even the gray food his keepers served him.

But there was one thing that Hansen knew he would never become used to as long as he lived in his prison. It was that scene painted on the wall in front of him, the faintest alien style showing through. He knew that just like the animals in their natural habitat prisons he would be taunted by that painting, only more so than any animal; for no longer could he roam and inhale the cool, crisp Canadian air. He sat down on the ground in front of the painting and asked of no one in particular -- but why did it have to be me? Of all the city dwellers they could have captured why did they have to use a man who had been living life as it was meant to be lived; snatching it from him and replacing it with a grotesque imitation? Why?

As he sat, running the synthetic dirt through his fingers, he knew that his question would never be answered. For the first time since he was a child, Ed Hansen cried. He cried large salty tears of self pity that asked, why?



 The proposed name change from Astounding Science Fiction to Analog Science Fact Fiction is the greatest idea since the Edsel. (D. Franson)

Religious Definitions by Eugene DeWeese

| | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Lord -- Opposite of raised | Moses -- Lichens |
| Palestine -- White mug | Holy Land -- Golf course |
| Solomon -- Serious | Jerusalem -- You tricked Lemuel |
| Eden -- Not hungry | Exodus -- We use Zest now |

 Recommended reading: "Pornography And The Law" by Drs. Eberhard & Phyllis Kronhausen (Ballantine, 75¢) For advocates of free speech.
 "Rumor, Fear, And The Madness Of Crowds" (Ballantine, 35¢) Loaned my copy and don't recall the name of the author. Takes up various cases of "mass hysteria", including the Orson Welles "War Of The Worlds" broadcast, the "Mattoon Fiend", McCarthyism, Bridey Murphy, the Millerites, the "Red Scare" of the '20's, and others. Fascinating. RSC

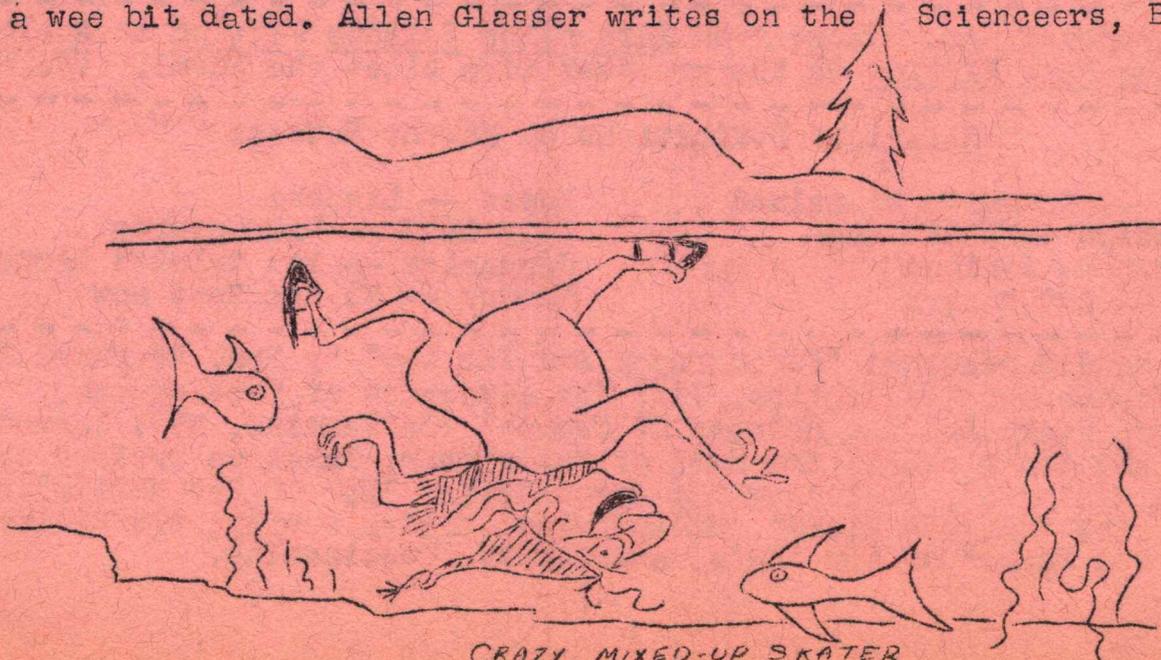
STRANGE FRUIT

picked by
R.S.C.

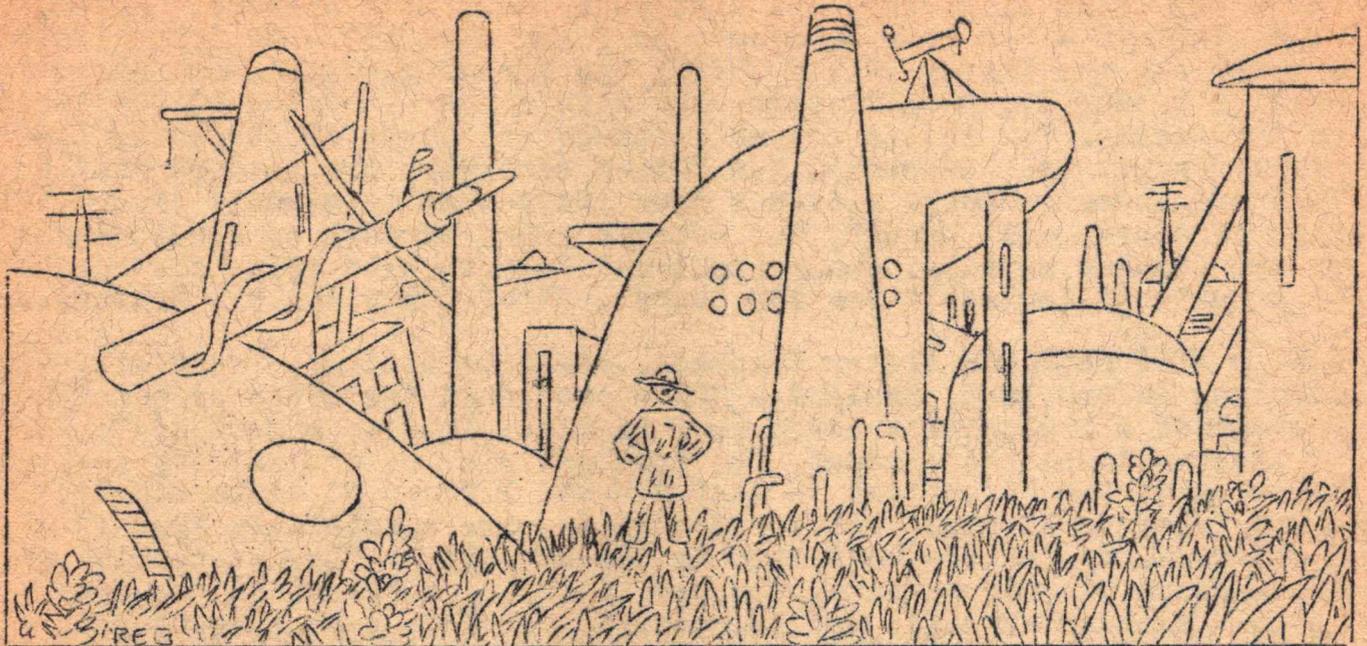
LES SPINGE #1 (Ken Cheslin, 18 New Farm Road, Stourbridge, Worcs., England - Co-editor, Peter Davies - this issue free - probably irregular) Mostly editorially written, though it's a bit hard to tell, with the editors' addiction to nicknames for everyone. At any rate, the saga of "The Mis(s)pent Six Bob" is quite entertaining. The fan fiction offering is better than some I've read, but it bears an uncomfortable resemblance to Hollywood's idea of science fiction. Remainder of the material is sort of typically first-issueish and uncertain, as might be expected. More experience and more outside material will probably mean a great improvement in the next few issues. Rating...3

EXCONN #5 (Bob Lambeck, 868 Helston Road, Birmingham, Michigan - monthly? - 10¢) Aside from a very bad poem by Don Anderson, this is a quite enjoyable mag. (One bit of enjoyment wasn't intended by the author, though; I quote from a story by John Roth: "He cursed his stupidity for having drifted so far away from his intra-galactic squadron, and when his fuel nozzles were degenerated by electromotive distortion in the acceleration stabilizers, well, he didn't want to think about it." I don't know about you, but that strikes me as one of the most amusing sentences of the year.) The story it comes from isn't really that bad, though it couldn't be called good. There is some good poetry by Peggy Cook, an article on fanclubs by Art Rapp, a column by Bart Milroad, a pretty fair letter column, and some lesser material. Rating..4

SPHERE #11 & 12 (P.O. Box 212, Atlanta 1, Georgia - L.T. Thorndyke, editor - more or less quarterly - "now 19¢ (like LIFE)" or 6 for \$1) Issue # 11 is by far the better of the two, due to a fine article by Brian Aldiss and some amusing information on paper airplanes by Don Franson. In #12, George Scithers has what is probably a very good con report, but you know me and con reports. Besides, it's on the Solacon and thus just a wee bit dated. Allen Glasser writes on the Scienceers, Bob



CRAZY MIXED-UP SKATER



Lichtman has a fairly good faaan-fiction piece, and G.B. Stone does a slightly confusing book review. There are fanzine reviews and a few other odds and ends. None of the material is particularly outstanding; nearly all of it is worth reading. Rating...5

THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE (Ron Ellik, #6, 1909 Francisco St., Berkeley 9, Calif. - various co-editors - one-shot - 75¢) I shouldn't be reviewing this, because I haven't read it all, but Ron says he wants to get rid of the ones he has left, so I'll publicize it for him. 96 pages (not including cover or contents pages) of the writings of Charles Burbee. Burbee is considered a paragon of wit by the more faanish types; I can't say that I agree, but his writing is entertaining if not taken in too large a dose. 5 or 6 pages at one sitting is plenty -- which means that I'll be reading this for quite a while yet. Anyway, it's going to be one of those fannish items like THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR that everyone will be referring to, so you'd better get a copy if you don't want to look provincial. I won't rate this because my opinion is completely at variance with that of everyone else I've encountered....everyone else thinks it's great stuff. You probably will, too, so go out and buy a copy. You can't lose.

POLHODE #2 (Edmund Meskys, 723A, 45 St., Brooklyn 10, N.Y. - maybe quarterly - 10¢) This is designed both for N'APA and general circulation, 14 pages of editorial ramblings, which are mostly quite good. Only 1½ pages devoted to the mailing comments which are meaningless to outsiders. Meskys presents some quite forceful opinions on various subjects (almost none of which I agreed with). Reproduction is either mediocre dittoing or extremely good hektographing -- I'll bet on the latter. A review of "Rockets Vs. Flying Saucers" makes the pamphlet sound like exactly the sort of crackpot literature I enjoy. In brief, Meskys sounds like a very fannish individual who hasn't had much contact with other fannish individuals. Rating..3½

ORION #23 (Ella A. Parker, 151 Canterbury Rd., West Kilburn, London, NW 6, England - "as near quarterly as I can make it" - no price listed) I never saw the Enever-edited ORION; the Parker version seems to be improving gradually, despite struggles with a new -- to the editor -- mimeo this issue. The letter column features all sorts of subjects, including annotated hedgehogs. Ken Bulmer continues the account of his TAFF trip. George Locke writes a Goon story that is vaguely disappointing; it starts well enough, but doesn't carry through as convincingly as the genuine article. Sandra Hall and Roberta Wild write the account of an utterly fantastic fannish tournament of champions. Rating...6

EAST & WEST NEWS #36 (Peter Campbell, Birkdale Cottage, Brantfell, Windermere, Westmorland, England - 30¢ - published "as often as possible") Nothing at all about stf here; real fannish. This is a sort of fanzine of international brotherhood. The lead article, by the editor, outlines the aims of the Federation of East & West. I found it depressingly like a Ray Palmer editorial, but there's always the possibility that it might work. By far the best item is the article by "Luxintenebris" on the magical uses of perfume. Whoever "Lux" is, he's one of the best serious writers on magic and the occult that I've ever encountered. Special Interest

THE DEVIL'S MOTORBOAT #2 (Nicholas L. Falasca, 5610 Warwick Dr., Parma 29, Ohio - highly irregular - no price listed) Contents are highly irregular, also, but fascinating. Editorial ramblings on the significance of Falascafandom, the financing of Las Vegas, card tricks, Leigh Brackett, and New York fandom. Rating.....8

WRR Vol. 2 #2 (Blotto Otto Pfeiffer, 4736 40th. NE, Seattle 5, Washington - co-editor, Wally Weber - free for comment - published every 6 weeks, it says, but either they missed their schedule or they're mad at me for making no response whatsoever to previous issues) Okay, fellas, I'm responding already -- only a few months late. This is a crazy mixed-up mag; a sort of uninhibited CRY, if you can imagine such a thing (it's a horrifying thought, I admit). Editorials, fanzine reviews, fan-fiction, a column, and letters -- but with a difference. I'm not sure what causes this difference, except possibly that the editors are stark raving mad, but it's there. Rating....6

NORTHLIGHT #7 (Alan Burns, Goldspink House, Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2, Northumberland, England - co-editors Ken McIntyre & Laurence Sandfield - bi-monthly - free for comment) This is by far the most enjoyable issue of NORTHLIGHT that I've seen. It's headed by a reasonably good editorial and a long column by Sandfield. Reproduction is improved, though still rather messy on illos. A better letter column would be a help, but then there isn't too much an editor can do to regulate things like that. Rating...5½

FANTASY ASPECTS #3 (Alan J. Lewis, 4550 West Maple Road, Birmingham, Michigan - irregular - 15¢) Strictly reprints, except for the editorial and Bloch's Detention speech. Even Art Rapp's column is taken up with a reprinted book review by Redd Boggs, which should be some sort of record.

Most entertaining piece, to me, was Rog Phillips' article on odd letters he has received since becoming a writer. Other material by Harry Warner and Joe Kennedy is okay. This issue seems to contain older reprints, too; at least, they're new to me, which is more than I could say for some of the earlier issues. Rating....7

SICK ELEPHANT #11 (George H. Wells, Box 486, Riverhead, New York - irregular - 10¢) I think that SE is the only side-saddle fanzine being published at the moment. It's also the only one I know of in which the editor openly asks for crud -- presumably on the assumption that since he's been asking for good material and getting crud, maybe he can reverse the process. I can't honestly say that his material is worthwhile, but it's always interesting to see what George will come up with next. SE has originality, if little else. Rating.....3

NOMAD #2 (George Jennings, 11121 Tascosa Dr., Dallas, Texas - no price or schedule listed) Editorial, article by Bill Donaho, Temporary Texan, and letters. Looks like a promising replacement for VOID, which I haven't seen for some time now. Rating.....5

HYPHEN #23 (Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, Northern Ireland - co-editor Arthur Thomson - irregular - no price listed but send 25¢ for your first issue) Most of this issue is devoted to a combined trip and con report by Bob Shaw -- on the Solacon, again. Well, he's a better reporter than some I've read. There is also part 4 of "The History of Irish Fandom", also by Shaw, which is very good; a Shaw-imitation by Vinç Clarke, also good (this is a Shaw Appreciation issue); editorial, letters and bacover quotes. It's still good, but I think that the last couple of years have seen "-" drop from being the fanzine to being a fanzine; a good one, but no longer superlative. Rating....8

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #46 (Al Lewis, 930½ White Knoll Dr., Los Angeles 12, Calif. - 20¢ or 6 for \$1 - monthly) A fifteen-page con report -- on the Detention, at least -- by 5 authors, and with the ominous note "to be continued" appended to the end of it. Gah! Also, I object to being listed in an "Indiana bloc" with Lee Tremper. That bloc got chopped up for firewood 5 years ago. A new column is inaugurated, with Bruce Pelz reviewing prozines and Jock Root reviewing books. (That really should be "prozine" and "book", in the singular, I suppose.) Bernard Cook writes about Robert E. Howard, John Trimble does his usual competent job of fanzine reviewing, John W. Campbell defends his psi and superman editorial policy...oh hell, there's 50 pages of readable material here, despite the editor's complaints about lack of contributions. Rating.....7

ZENITH #1 (Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey - irregular - no price listed) Mike claims that ZENITH will contain strictly ser-con material. Along with some short articles on stf, this issue contains a middle-of-the-road article by the editor on the New York in '64 campaign (he even tosses Taurasi a bone in the form of a proposed East-erncon) and a story by Steve Benedict. This story inspires in me a desire for a better memory, because I've read the blasted thing before, and I can't recall where. FU maybe; my copies are in a box somewhere and

I haven't been able to locate them.

Rating.....2

RETRIBUTION #14 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland - irregular - 15¢) Bob Bloch provides proof of his abilities as a writer by penning an entertaining con report, there is recorded Poul Anderson's banquet speech -- I didn't realize that he'd talked so long; there are 10 pages of speech here -- and the editor writes various fannish pieces. RET has long been one of fandom's foremost journals, and I'm happy to see it revived. Rating.....8

JD-ARGASSY #49 & 50 (Lynn Hickman, 304 No. 11th. St., Mt. Vernon, Ill. - monthly - 10¢ or 12 for \$1) #50 is just 3 pages of news and fanzine acknowledgements. #49 is mostly letters, but also contains book reviews, photos of the Detention, Les Gerber's column of promag and pb forecasts, and somewhat of an editorial. JD is multilithed, so the reproduction, especially of artwork, is much better than the average fanzine. Rating 6

TWIG #17 (Guy Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho - irregular - 20¢) 59 pages plus covers; this is the 3rd. Annish, and so can be expected to be bigger than usual, but all TWIGs lately have been pretty large for fanzines. A con report (Westercon, this time) by the editor, a very good article by Gregg Galkins on the decline of stf -- I don't agree with him, but he presents an interesting point -- serious fiction by Rod Frye (not too bad), humorous fiction by John Koning (not very good), a very short John Berry article, and the usual features. Reproduction is good; typographical errors are abundant. (Guy is noted for typos but this time sets a record by misspelling the name of one of his contributors while using a lettering guide.) Artwork is excellent. Guy also announces that his annual, BEST OF FANDOM, is getting under way. (75¢ for this; it's worth it.) Rating...7

ALTISSIMO CATAMOUNT (Johnny Bowles, 802 So. 33rd. St., Louisville 11, Kentucky - irregular - 25¢) 32 legal-sized pages, plus cover, most of which are devoted to fiction. To be frank, I haven't read all of it and I'm not going to. I'm mentioning it here for the benefit of our readers who like fiction in fanzines. I did read the story which the editor announces won the prize for the best material in the issue; it wasn't bad, but if it was the best I'm not interested in the rest. Writers include Dick Bakken (5 separate items), Bob Warner, Jay Wilk, W.R. Manka (3 items, plus one by "Ron Manka"), Walter Cress (3), G.G. Greene (8 short pieces), Clarence Major, Alvar Appelfoht, Marijane Johnson, Mike Deckinger, Ronnie Shortridge and Lennart Berggren.

SF-NYTT (Sam Lundwall, Box 409, Hågersten 4, Stockholm, Sweden - bi-monthly - 10¢) This issue has 15 pages in Swedish and 5 in English -- 4 of these by Alan Dodd, who covers fanzines, books, movies, tv, the new British MAD, and various other odds and ends.

There is still a stack of newsletters, letter substitutes and such, plus an all-Swedish fanzine from Robert Brandorf, but I think 5 pages of reviews are enough. Some of these will get reviewed next month, when I may feel more like it. This time, as was possibly evident in the writing, the reviews were a chore and were done only because I wanted to get rid of the pile of zines without writing letters to the editors. RC

—highway to oblivion

by p m corlew

give us the rambling gambling highway to oblivion
there is no

other road----

myth, where a green giant with a goatee
stands
to welcome the wind at

the gates of brumous nothingness

for truly what is the wind but empty
and emptyness is mine and

yours and that of all who think emptyness

is was and shall be until the gates open
and the mist closes around

us

in the vast mysterious reaches of
interstellar time and

space there is no other road

for

we

are

the

dead

More of DeWeese's Religious Definitions

Nicholas -- Underpaid prostitute Israel -- The fence is oldfashioned
Moabite -- attack by extinct bird

GRUMBLINGS



SID COLEMAN, Norman Bridge Lab, Cal Tech, Pasadena, Calif. - On this matter of reviewing and criticism: There are certainly two separate processes that go under the general heading of "talking about books". One is making analyses; the other is making judgements. Just ad hoc, we can call the first criticism and the second reviewing. In this sense, the sort of thing "Sergeant Cuff" writes for the SATURDAY REVIEW is almost pure reviewing; all he wants to do is tell the reader whether a book is good or bad. If a reviewer understood perfectly the taste of his audience, and if every member of the audience had the same taste, he could fulfill his function perfectly by just printing a list of books and next to each title either READ or DON'T READ. Since reader's taste's differ, normally he has to give a little more information than that (fantasy haters will shun even the best-written story of witchcraft) but not too much more. Floyd C. Gale, with his one-paragraph reviews and system of stars, is pretty close to being a

pure reviewer. Sky Miller is a little more garrulous, and sometimes spreads wings in his opening editorial, but in general his aim is reviewing.

A critic, on the other hand, is trying to take something apart to see what makes it tick; value judgements are secondary. You find pure criticism in scholarly monographs -- they will tell you all about the symbol systems and poetic metaphors and background assumptions of Sir Gawaine and the Green Knight or The Alexandra of Lycophon, but they won't say a word about whether the damn thing is worth reading. Although dk is interested in making judgements, and is in that sense a reviewer, he is also interested in taking things apart, much more so than anyone else in sf reviewing (or for that matter than anyone who usually writes for SR or the NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW) and it is this sense that he is "the only critic in science fiction".

The chapter on Bradbury in "In Search Of Wonder" is a case in point: over 90% of the words are devoted to analyzing what Bradbury does and what his motivations are for doing it; less than 10% to stating whether it is worth doing.

/Now why couldn't I have said that? I was trying..... RSC/

DICK ENEY, 417 Ft. Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia - Hmm...the only Rann I know of is the Rann of Kutch, a place in India which on account of its

flatness and the fact that it's within a few inches of sea level is constantly getting flooded every time there's a monsoon or like that.

Welllll..... is that dog housebroken? /Well, no, but..../

Got a kick out of Clod Hall finding out about Ted White's criticism. After a few more years in actifandom he won't be so surprised to find out Ted's more vicious opinions from others...you folks were lucky, getting him to feud with you openly.

Dave Jenrette and Herbert Beach should maybe have cut their stories by about 50%; at least Dave does a reasonably good job.

That's a fine suggestion the Strattons have for a future convention; if the committee begins to get into the red, sell tickets to Harlan Ellison's lynching and auction off the job of hangman. All fandom would be plunged into war. Trying to get the wherewithal to make the high bid. There's thousands of dollars in the idea, if it's played right.

/Oh, we all really know how lovable Harlan is. RSC/

DONALD FRANSON, 6543 Babcock Ave., No. Hollywood, Calif. - The best item in #81 was the nonsense by "the Strattons". I also enjoyed reading Claude Hall's article, which, if you take it with a grain of salt, is as interesting as any discussion of fans. The cover, something different in brown, was attractive, although the fiend resembles RSC, somehow. Yandro may be castigated as being "always the same" but it is different from other fanzines, and that is the most important thing. /Thanks/

BOB TUCKER, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois - Guess what? That sweet, loveable old postoffice has done it again!

If we assume that you were correct in your hopes and dreams of finishing YANDRO on November 29, and mailing it on the 30th (and you must have been!) then the sweet, loveable old postoffice has done it again. YANDRO arrived here Tuesday morning, Dec. 1. Imagine it! It carries me back to that far-away day when I first congratulated you (and the postoffice) for the unusually speedy delivery of your sterling fanzine.

Where is the body buried, Buck? /It isn't my influence. Other subscribers don't get that sort of service. Probably the P.O. feels that any bulky material coming to a pro writer must be a rejected manuscript and they're eager to get rid of the thing. RSC/

It's fun to discuss the mails, in a way. Better than talking about the weather. On November 23, a party in New York mailed me three separate letters: one airmail, one regular, and one which was mistakenly tucked inside a book also addressed to me. The airmail



and the regular letter arrived together the very next day, proving that the extra 3¢ was sheer waste of postage. The book (with its letter intact and undiscovered) finally got here yesterday, ten days after mailing. Foo. Things are strange in the postoffice since Ted White quit their employ.

I too will be faunching to see the larger December issue containing Tucker. I was under the impression that you had used up all Tucker material. (And I certainly hope you aren't planning to print that DNQ filthy story about you-know-who in California, which I sent you airmail special delivery.)

/Well, now we are out of Tucker material, so don't just stand there; write some more. I wouldn't think of using that DNQ filthy story; I can't afford libel suits. RSC/

I have a thought about DeWeese's mysterious second balcony. Next time he visits there, ask him to look for the second balcony stairway outside the theater -- perhaps it may even be located down the street a bit from the boxoffice. There used to be an old stock company house here with a second balcony and spotlight booth; one had to enter it via a stairway opening into an alley. When the old theater was built this was the five or ten cent gallery, and I suppose the owners thought the alley entrance was all they deserved. I've always preferred balconies and galleries myself; I'd much rather dribble candy or peanuts down on, than be dribbled on.

And once upon a time, in a local movie house, the second balcony was permanently closed after a riotous "Halloween midnight show" when a fluid of mysterious nature dribbled down from the second balcony. The culprit, when caught, claimed it was nothing more than beer from the bottle, but others below him always entertained doubts.

HERBERT BEACH, 315 Common St., Waterville, Minnesota (new address) - The article on the future of science fiction was somewhat on the old theme, ie, praise Astounding and cast abuse upon good old Amazing Stories... Too bad Hamling had to fold and Palmer also -- It seems that the articles lambasting those two gentlemen and their products were a little more lively; but I suppose that in these cases the personalities of the two were more prominently displayed than in Amazing. And its a lot more fun tearing into someone that you "know".

/I think it's mostly because more fans read MADGE and OW; in our case at least, a lot of the writers never bothered to read AMAZING and so couldn't write about it with the fervor they put into articles about the other members of the stf opera clique. RSC/

Amazing actually has shot up a bit in quality over the last few months; the current issue looks as though Leiber has redone the Atomic destruction bit, but in his hands it should be worthwhile reading. Best yarn that I can recall of this type appeared in Amazing many years ago. ('47, I think) by Rog Phillips, titled "So Shall Ye Reap".

/It is Amazing the number of fans who recall that story with nostalgia. Personally, I've tried to read it 3 times, on the assumption that if so many people like it it must contain something worthwhile -- and I've never got beyond the fifth page. RSC/

MARVIN BRYER, 1396 Hamilton, St. Louis 12, Missouri - How do you draw the distinction between work and play? A friend of mine defined work this way: "Work is doing something you don't particularly enjoy doing

(or at least not at that moment), but you're doing it because it has to be done. His definition of play then becomes obvious: Play is doing something you enjoy doing (at that particular moment), but you're doing it simply for the enjoyment of the act, not because it has to be done.

Do you accept these definitions? If so, don't you agree that the main distinction is purely a mental attitude?

"I wanted to get some idea of the economics of Ifalik, of the amount of effort required to get a living in this environment." (This is part of a scientist's investigation of a primitive South Sea island culture.)

"All the way through I found it difficult to distinguish between work and play, because the two seemed to be all mixed up. That, perhaps, is the ideal situation. Maybe the idea of work is the price we pay for civilization."

/Certainly it's purely a mental attitude. What does that have to do with it? The idea that eating human flesh or staking someone out on an ant-hill is evil is purely a mental attitude, too; damned near everything we do is controlled by purely mental attitudes. As for the definition; I'd prefer to say that work is anything done for material gain (money, power, prestige, or simply to avoid being beaten), while play is anything done for enjoyment -- or immaterial gain. (The man who plays golf with the boss in order to get in good and win a promotion isn't playing, in the strict sense; he's working.) And, if you use "maturity" in a strict zoological sense (read Sturgeon's story), you find that the amount of time devoted to play decreases in direct proportion to the maturity of the animal. Man is no exception, as far as I can see. RSC

ALAN BURNS, 6 Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2, England - Controversy greatly resembles Don Allen's Vitriol column, but of course much more refined and agreeable with.

/Hear that, Hall? You can't even compete when you try to be nasty. RSC/ I also regard fandom not so much as a hobby but as a hobby-horse, where you go out riding but can stop if you wish.

Winter Times was a kind of esoteric poem that rather attracted me, but the real poem was the author's name. It is genuine?

/As far as I know, which isn't much. Would anyone who knows anything about Mr. Shahnakhireglu -- mainly his address -- pass the information on to me? Somebody wrote that poem, and I'd like to send out a contributor's copy. RSC/

Don't call us was the usual type of gimmick story and not worthy of comment. Frightful employment was suitably Hallowe'enish.

The roads in Tibet will soon be easy meat for the flying saucer lorries under development in England now, so maybe Marion can get to Tibet and see for herself what a fine country it is -- the only occupational hazard there is windburn, because the winds are really fierce blowing as they do from the high hills.

/I should think the Chinese army would be a sort of occupational hazard/

Finally, I have been long amused by Gene DeWeese on Religion but I wonder if his remarks are really suitable for a fanzine. By inclination I am a Theosophist, and respect religion of every kind as man's conscious striving for what is beyond himself and therefore is unreachable. Mockery of this, while extremely amusing, I find not in the best of taste.

/As I see it, taste is concerned only with the manner in which a subject is mocked. Nothing -- including religion -- can be too sacred for laughter. RSC/

BILL PEARSON, 4516 E. Glenrosa, Phoenix, Arizona - Took YANDRO to work today to show the guys, and we had an hour and a half discussion on religion based on GMCarr's letter and your answers. Would you believe it if I told you that entirely new and vital concepts were introduced, vistas of knowledge exchanged, and remarkable changes made in the outlook of all present? I didn't think you would. Actually, twas quite interesting. Well - more interesting than the laborious and rather dull segment of work that I should have been doing, anyway. Included in the group were a passive atheist (me), an active atheist, a Mormon, a Lutheran, a Roman Catholic, and a couple of other pipples. The active atheist said he considered Christianity little more than organized hate. The Mormon said Mormons weren't really supposed to drink tea or Pepsi-Cola but they could if they wanted to. The Lutheran said people have souls but dogs don't because if dogs bite people they don't much give a fig but if people bite people they feel guilty about it. The Catholic said foey to all those people who condemned the Catholics because other churches ask for ten percent of your wages for the church and the Catholic church only asks for an hour's wages per week. Sata Bill dint say nuttin.

Going to grow another full beard starting Jan. 1, but I'm not a Beatnik honest.

/I'm going to shave my beard off Jan. 1 and I'm not a beatnik either; I'm a fawning acolyte of Peter Ustinov. Comments on the religious bit would be -- active atheists aren't logical, Mormons are wishy-washy, Catholics are cheapskates, passive atheists are bashful, and, judging from my published comments, I'm a dog. Well, that's okay; mostly I like dogs better than people anyway. RSC/

F. M. BUSBY, 2852 14th. West, Seattle 99, Washington - The cover would never get off the ground, according to a local expert from Boeing. "That cover would never get off the ground" is how he phrased it, under some pressure not to kill my gag.

Okay, so what are the differences between pornography and "erotic realism"? (For instance, I've seen the "Song of Solomon" or "Song of Songs" labeled as pornographic, as well as the "Lady Chatterley" that has recently hit the news. I don't consider either of these items pornographic, and am wondering how "Pornography and the Law" feels about them -- or rather, how its rules define them. How do Hemingway, Farrell, dos Passos, Steinbeck, Algren, etc., stack up? Won't make a point of Henry Miller, since I haven't read the bhoy as yet.)

/Well, I can't condense a 300-page book into one paragraph, but, briefly, the dividing line is the question of whether the book presents a realistic approach to sex or simply wish-fulfillment. (They quote an account by Henry Miller of acquiring a crop of lice from a prostitute as an example of realism, among others.) Also, the division is according to whether or not the book has any reason for existence besides sexual stimulation. Quoted writers of "realism" include Mark Twain, Samuel Pepys, Casanova, Frank Harris and Henry Miller, along with other lesser lights. The "obscene" books quoted are nearly all anonymous, but include "The Oxford Professor", "Memoirs Of A Russian Princess", "The Strange Cult", "The Confessions of Lady Beatrice", and others. In other words, according to this account, "Lady Chatterley's Lover" is realism, and these "Comic Booklets That MEN Like" are pornography. RSC/

Buck, are you the Fastest Knife in Fandom, or did you and Steve Tolliver fail to decide this question at Detroit? Like, Ballard, Grennell

WRotsler & Calkins have this Fastest Gun bit, and Bjo has it for marshmallows.....

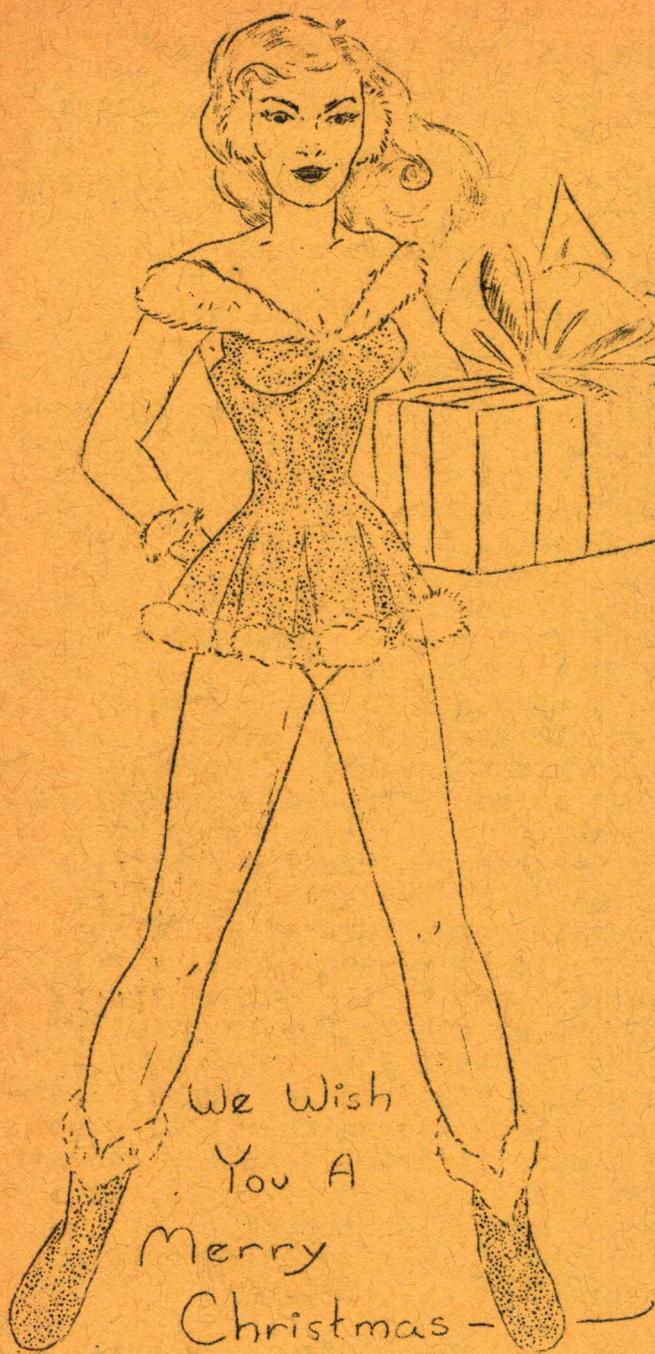
Deckinger, on reviews: how in the world can any reviewer keep "his own candid views" out of his work? And just what else is there to include in a review-column, aside from any slanting toward a specific audience whose views are known to differ from those of the reviewer (per Ackerman in OW, when he as much as said that the films stunk "but I think you'll like them!)? Standing on a shaky soapbox filled with 48 consecutive monthly Pemberton columns, I submit that a reviewer cannot evaluate a piece by any standards other than his own. From there, he can modify his recommendations, if he so chooses, according to any known differences between his own tastes and those of the readership for whom he's going to all this trouble. As Pemberton, I did not bother to slant for monster-movie buffs; I did try to point out that a story could be perfectly good reading to a strictly-postwar reader, even though it fell flat for me by copying a 1940 epic too closely. I tried not to boost for the sake of boosting, or knock for kicks, either -- of course, in the welter of last-minute on-stencil comment, it was all too often a case of settling for the first applicable comment that came to mind for a given story on a fast re-scanning of it. But that's the breaks, and one good reason for scuttling the column before it went all to hell. Back to Mike: sure a reviewer is reviewing for himself, in essence. Or rather, he's reviewing for people who are apt to share his standards. Otherwise, he's in the wrong market, as Floyd C. Gale has so amply proved. Reviewing "for the writer" or "for the reader": heck, it's for the reader of the review -- who else? The reviewer writes for his own reading-public, whether composed mainly of writers or readers of the subject-matter.

GM Carr: who else would admit to a persistent effort to infuriate people just for kicks (and I quote: "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.") and in the same breath, scoff at others for immaturity? I believe that teasing for the sheer sake of teasing is noted by most major schools of psychology as characterizing the 7-12 age group, mostly; I'm open to correction on this point, since I'm neither citing nor consulting references, but it's for damn sure that the tendency doesn't usually peak in the 50's. Or possibly it hasn't peaked even yet, in GM's case; we'll see, I suppose, if we and she stick around. /But, how do you know that Gem's teasing didn't peak sometime between ages 7 and 12? I mean, there are kids like that..... RSC/

LES GERBER, 201 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn 26, New York - "I liked this; it's the sort of thing I might write." Conceited bun! Even I guessed you wrote that piece! And I'm style-deaf, but yours comes through anyway. /I wonder if that's a compliment? Anyway, I did like the piece..../

And I don't like that "inevitable John Berry story" line any more. It's not cute, and it's not (I hope) a comment. Those inevitable (Thank Ghu!) Berry stories vary in quality, and you could mention that.

You think Dodd has mail problems? I have the same setup with the CRY. Somebody mentions to me that he read so-and-so by or about me in the current CRY and I don't get the damned thing until several days later. And I don't live overseas. Brooklyn just has a lousy p.o. The Dietzes always get their CRY two or three days before I do. Somehow, this doesn't work with YANDRO; we get it the same day. /I don't get CRY at all..... they're holding out for money, or something. RSC/



Lichtman's dislike of my story, as I found out from him, was based on one of the things that that acute devil, Boyd Raeburn, pointed out. (I agree with both of Boyd's points, incidentally. He excused one of them himself; the excuse for the other is also that a large part of the item hangs on it. Who else could I have used but the FANAC pubbers?)

Bob, your remark should have been Candom is a Way of Life.

I retract my remark about "Lieb-fraumilch's" unsuitability as a pseudo; my parents recently acquired a bottle of Liebfraumilch Rhine Wine. Which also answers the problem of what they'll wash the pills down with.

I am not a juvenile delinquent. "Juvenile delinquent" means criminal, and I am not a criminal (that is, I don't violate any laws, other than those of good taste.) My writing may be criminal, but nobody's tried to jail me for it yet. /But you'd just been talking about publishing "unprintable" material, and publishing obscene literature is still a criminal act in this country. RSC/

CLAUDE Hall, Apt. 604B, 395 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn 38, N.Y. - So, no one cares to converse in regards to my controversial article, eh? I must be losing my touch. I told Dan and Janette that probably everyone would defend Dan. Janette sure did. She gave me the devil for a few minutes. All Dan said, who already knew about the article but not its contents,

was that he'd woke up since then.

Dan introduced me to his sister, who came into NYC for a week last week, as God.

DICK SCHULTZ, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan - The eighty-first issue. It's been ten years since YAN started out, hasn't it? Gads! Cor! Endsville! What bloody persistence!

Quandry has folded. Grue seems to have gone the way of all fen. Spacewarp has vanished from this ken. But ol' man Yandro, he just keep a-rollin' along -- there must be a moral here somewhere.

/"The good die young", possibly? By the way, \$1 monthly issues does not

add up to 10 years -- not by a couple of years. (The title isn't even that old, since the first 35 issues were called EISFA -- the first 20 or so were semi-official organs of the Eastern Indiana Science Fiction Association and it took us a year or better to get around to changing the name after it was no longer applicable. RSC/

Could Clod Hall be Clyde Raye Hall of Dallas fanmag infamy? Or is it our unintelligible little minor Carl Brandon who hid behind a good Rhenish name last ish? (Cor. Von. I'll never understand it.)

/Or, on the other hand, could it be both? How about it, Clyde? RSC/

"Don't Call Us", was, frankly, cruddy. It took three pages to tell one lousy pun. The whole goddman thing could have been put on one page or less, and had ten times the punch. By the time you got to the ending you didn't care what the hell the joke was about.

You and H. L. Gold. Humph. I'm as disgusted at you printing this as I would be at another David Gordon excrement story. It was lousy. It dropped the whole tone of the ish.

That poem on the same page saved that page from the Schultz toiletroll. /But I liked the Gordon story, too..RSC/

I see you've decided to say something about the fanzines you receive other than that you do (or didn't) like it. Harry Warner is still better at it tho. But then Harry is the best in the critique line.

Of course Herb Beach's story was a wonderfully logical compliment to his cover.

Helgesen's fanzine titles are funny. Especially strange to hear that from me. Puns don't usually touch my funny bone.

Granted Marion Z. Bradley was entertaining, but in a fanzine to talk Tibet? Strange.

The California Zephyr is now my Hero!

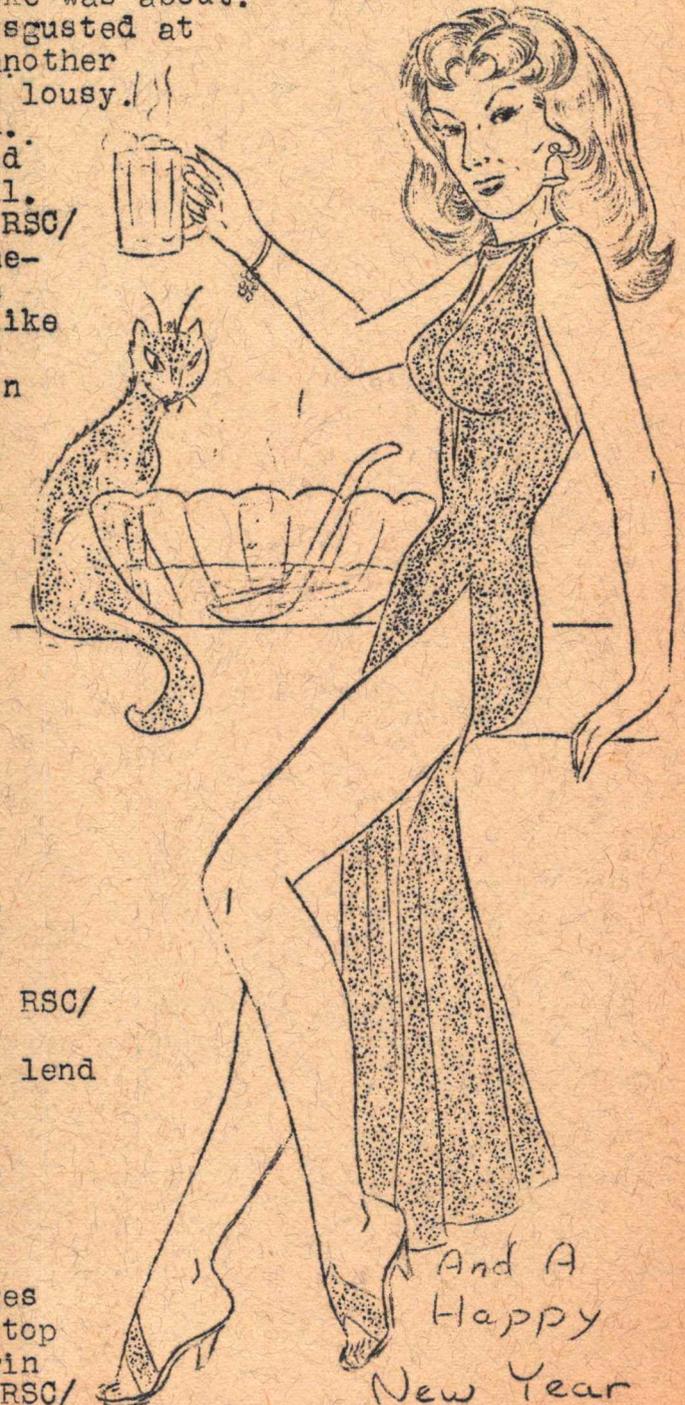
That Francon FANNING bit rocked me tho. Fabjulous. How you can have such good and bad stuff within spitting distance of each other in the same fanzine beats me.

/Don't tell anyone, but I like puns. RSC/

Long Live Seventh Fandom! Down with fanzines! Up with Harlan! (I'll lend a rope.)

Actually John Trimble put it exactly. Harlan is vibrantly alive and makes his personality "come off", as it were.

Who said reviewers are human? /There is more to this letter -- pages more -- but once more it's time to stop this idiotic stencil cutting and begin something -- anything -- worthwhile.RSC/



And A
Happy
New Year

R. & J. COULSON
ROUTE # 3
WABASH, IND.

MIMEOGRAPHED
MATTER ONLY

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED