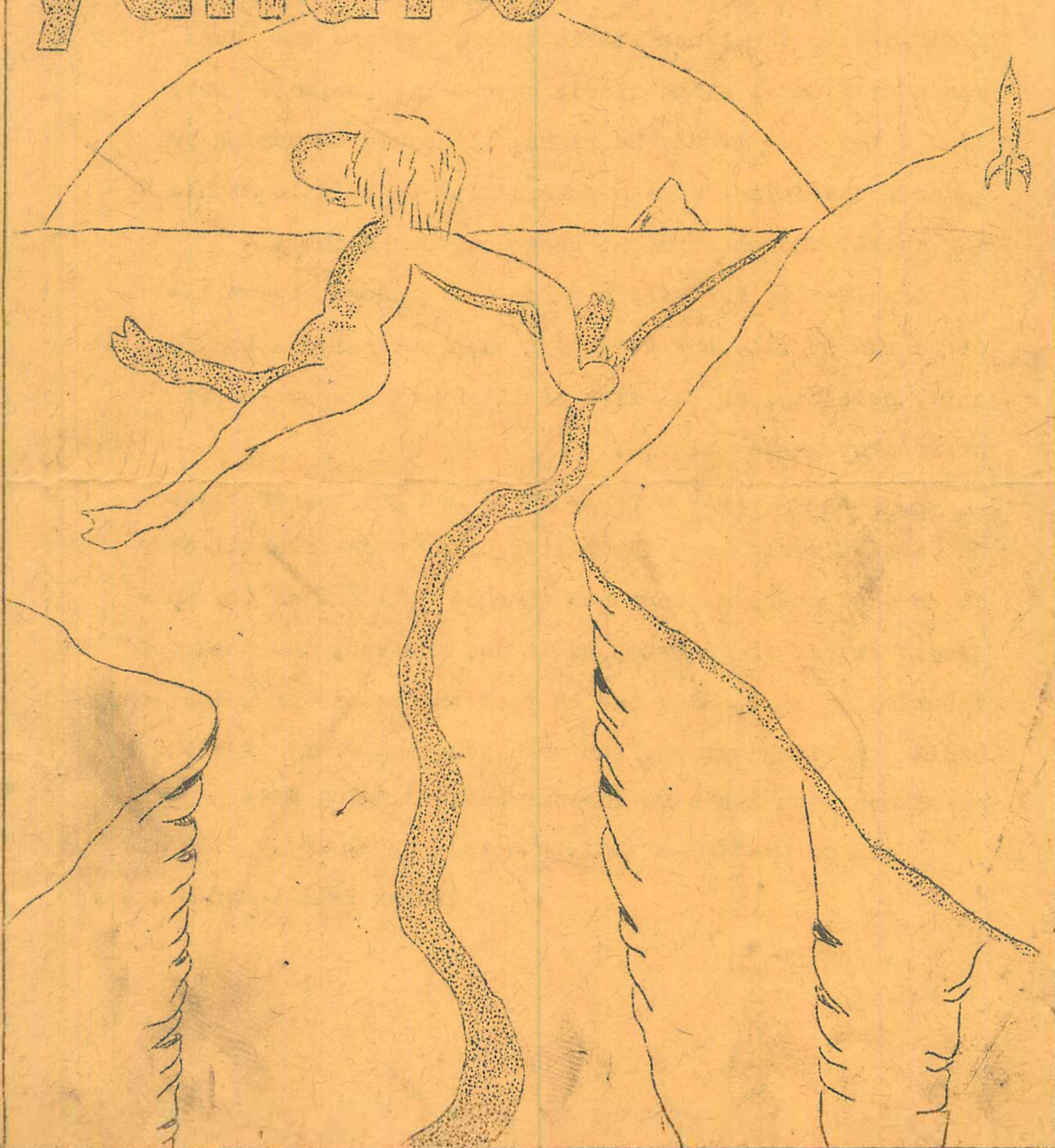


# yandro

#40

MAY '56





## THE STORY BEHIND THE COVER . . .

This month's cover presents a heart-stopping scene on a faraway planet. In the background, dramatically illuminating the tense little drama, we see the huge parent sun as it sinks slowly beyond the horizon. Or, should the time of day be right, it could be coming up. Indeed, there is a remote possibility that it is standing still, though we might seriously doubt that.

Considering further, perhaps the awesome object isn't a sun at all, but something else entirely. A tennis ball, possibly, or the line of flight of a space-craft powered by galley slaves.

We can be fairly certain it is not a moon, or else the artist would have drawn itsy bitsy pockmarks all over it to show where meteors had whammed hell out of it. Entirely devoid of features as it is, however, the task of identifying it becomes one to test the powers of deduction, excite the imagination, and make you wonder why it was ever put there with its bare circumference hanging out.

I always did think artists were a crazy lot.

Frank Bell Longnap . . .

# YANDRO — (formerly -eista)



#40

VOL. IV - NO. 5

MAY '56

Published at 407½ E. 6th. St., North Manchester, Indiana, USA, by Robert and Juanita Coulson. Available in Great Britain from Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts. U.S. price 5¢ per issue or 12 for 50¢. British price -/6 per issue or 12 for 6/-. Trades accepted. Contributions also accepted, but don't expect to get them published for a few months.

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Notice to any Fanettes who may be wondering why they're suddenly getting YANDRO: You paid dues to the club, and since the FEMZINE has folded, Juanita is filling out your subs with YANDRO. Let us know if you would rather have your money back. Material sent Juanita for the FEMZINE will also be used here unless the authors object.





Every year about this time, you begin hearing the laments of those people with fair and tender skins--all about how bad they burn, etc... well, I have a slightly different problem...I've got plenty of li'l melanin, practically never burn, and tan dark as I'd like...but, unfortunately, I tan at the slightest of provocations..which includes just casually sticking my arm out the car window for five minutes....and once the process has started, the

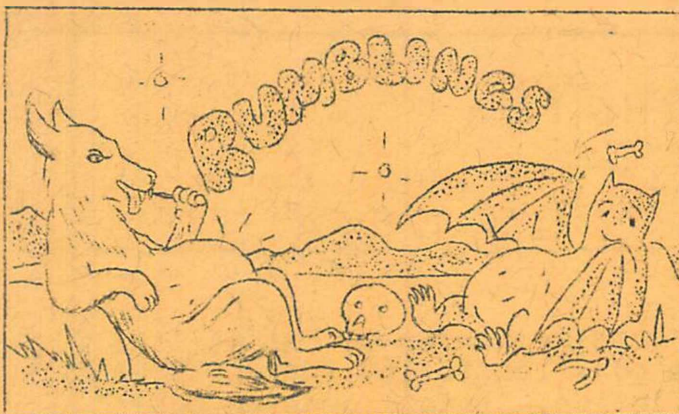
rest of me never catches up the rest of the summer, with the result I wander around partially anemic, partially tanned, and partially life-guard brown...(I know this doesn't seem like a problem to the men..but it sure plays heck with feminine type sunback clothes...).....mrmph....

- "I want one of the Kokomoon Papers..by Wouk..or maybe Coonrod" - One of the things this fanzine runs into all the time is a pleasant desire on the part of stationary stores to know what our church is...it's somewhat to be taken aback....seems no one buys mimeo supplies around here but ministers....and us...incidentally, we're now getting our stencils from a handbag and leather merchandising company (s'help me..it's right there on their letterhead)...maybe we can get some leather stencils?...longer wear and all that sort of thing...sort of delighted that Betty and Gene Kujawa came down for a meeting at our place...that's quite a haul we know...but then, what hoosier fan doesn't have to wander all over the country to find another fan....(hmm..who was it was complaining the nearest fan to him was fifty miles?...that's practically next door in Indyfandom.....Gor blimey! One of that man's birthday presents turns out to be Aust..ray..lian Bush Songs..sung?...apparently,

- "Coonrod?"... "Why sure, my best friends are named Lanty Coonrod." - by an Australian Bushman.....reminds me somewhat, at least the accent, of Ron Randall in the stfmovie CAPTIVE WOMEN...nothing like an Australian accent on a post-atomic war New York-type mutant...incidentally, if memory serves me right, that was the only stf movie in which there were mutants and the word wasn't pronounced as though referring to a deaf insect...mainly because I don't believe they used the word...sneaky...

- "And then some of my best friends are named Ignota Wolfcales." - Anybody else notice that all of a sudden this year, particularly since the release of THIS ISLAND EARTH, another heavy spate of alleged stf-movies seems pouring in an endless smear from Hollywood?...there had been a fairly steady trickle, but now we seem to be bombarded with 'em, practically like the heyday period of DESTINATION MOON and DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL....not as many good results....or maybe I should say half-way acceptable..results....after this length of time, I'd enjoy seeing Arch Oboler's FIVE again, for comparative purposes...I remember at the time I saw it, it stacked up pretty well, with some particularly effective scenes, particularly the opening with the heroine searching the deserted village and later, entering the dead city with the air raid siren in her mind....talk about a deafening silence when something quit.. this is it...JWC





## MOVIES AND STUFF

No movie review this issue; we haven't run out....we just decided to give you a rest.

Alan James' review of "Timeslip" drew quite a bit of comment --- I can now report that Juanita and I have seen the movie, which has been retitled "The Atomic Man" for U.S. release and is being featured on a double bill with "World Without End". "The Atomic Man", while not as good as James claimed, is much better

than the recent spate of monster movies masquerading under the name of stf. Aside from the usual British habit of never lighting their scenes, the main fault with it is that the science-fictional element, besides being pretty improbable, has very little to do with the main plot. It's a very good suspense movie, however. "World Without End" is one of those cheap technicolor efforts, and is quite reminiscent of "Flight To Mars", though somewhat better done. I can't say anything in praise of it except that it's a change from creatures, monsters, phantoms, and the Los Angeles Storm Drains. I sort of enjoyed the thing, though; maybe I have low taste. (Maybe? I know I have.)

Anybody read Forry Ackerman's column in the July MADGE TAILS? Considering some of the ecstatic yacking you've done in the past, Forry, over some of the sheerest crud ever to insult the name of science fiction, you have nerve to give a bad review to "Forbidden Planet". Sure, it could have been improved; what stf movie couldn't? However, stf fans are going to have to face the facts; we can have halfway decent movies like "Forbidden Planet", or we can have more like "Snow Creature" and "King Dinosaur". Forry also asks, "How would you like to see "The Time Machine"?" Well, personally I couldn't think of anything that would leave me feeling any more indifferent. With the "Time Machine", you have two choices. It can be filmed straight, and provide the dulllest stf movie of the century, or it can be "brought up to date" and turn out to be another "When Worlds Collide".

## NEW ROCKET FUEL

Several months ago (I kept forgetting to mention it before) Juanita and I heard a program sponsored by the American Chemical Association. (Before you t-v addicts start bouncing up and down, I'd better say that this was a radio program that we picked up on the car radio from God knows where.) Anyway, this broadcast concerned rocket research and testing. Most of the stuff was the same thing you find in Ley's "Rockets, Missiles, And Space Travel", but one item was new. It seems that the newest thing in military rockets now is solid fuel. They have one which almost duplicates the performance of liquid fuels, and of course with solid fuel they can dispense with the pressure tanks, fuel lines, mixing chambers, etc. The kicker to this is that their new fuel is ----- synthetic rubber! One specific type of synthetic rubber (specifications not given, naturally), mixed with an oxidizer, is being tested now (or was then) at the Redstone Arsenal, for use as military rocket fuel. I suppose if the warhead doesn't stop the enemy, the smell will.....RSC



# A DODDERING COLUMN

alan dodd

I have often thought the greatest outside danger to Fandom itself was the violent non-fan who was in a position to let the world know what he himself thought of science-fiction, fandom, or even science itself. A man with the power to reach more non-fans than the fanzine editor can reach fans is to be considered a prime danger, particularly when the people who read his work take his word for gospel.

Such a man is Wilkie Collins. That isn't the name he writes under, but nevertheless it happens to be his real name. He is a man who once called science fiction "The myxomatosis of literature" and those of you who have seen this horrible rabbit disease will no doubt be aware of what he's getting at. He then goes on to tear from context a great chunk of Kurt Vonnegut's "Player Piano" and attribute to it meanings which he himself thinks fit. This is probably not his best piece of destructive writing, though; this is left to science itself. To an attack on the first artificial satellite to leave Earth.

"In two or three years' time a rocket will crawl a tiny way above the earth's surface. Then from its side will spring a new satellite moon - the size of a pumpkin - that will have a life no longer than a week-end before it is frazzled into dust as it hits the atmosphere.

Homo Sapiens will have made his first peanut planet.

Yes, God of the Universe is smiling.

A billion years ago He put the stars in their firmaments. White-hot worlds in swirling gases rocketing away for ever and a day. Prodigious nebulae, infinitely beautiful and unimaginably old, hanging luminous in the dark shield of time. Dead stars spinning unseen in the endless night of everlasting cold.

And now comes our little ball-bearing that we have hoisted a spit's throw above our swollen heads.

No wonder the Head Architect smiles."

And the Head Architect smiles - but then hasn't he been smiling all along, smiling as he sees the whole infinitely ludicrous world in a frenzy of excitement about a plan for a new moon - but somehow we know that it is really people like Collins who really make him laugh but they are too busy laughing themselves to pay heed to he who laughs last.

---

"Oh, lovely appearance of death; No sight upon Earth is more fair.  
Not all the gay pageants that breathe, can with a dead body compare."

English traditional ballad (Queer people, these English)



# CLOUD OF DEATH

— dan lesco —

The great ship lowered to the ground, its repeller rays settling it gently down in a huge clearing. The clearing was surrounded by huge trees, dense as a jungle, and differing from any the occupants of the ship had ever before seen. They seemed to bristle with hostility at the smooth, round starship, which crouched in the tall grass.

"Read off the results as soon as the instruments are brought in," muttered the captain. He was looking out the quartzite port. Abruptly he slammed the metal shutter over the ship's one port and announced to no one in particular, "This planet bothers me. As soon as we explore it, we're leaving. And I don't want anyone to leave the ship without my permission---"

"Captain," interrupted First Mate McKellan, "We've got the data."

"Read it off, then."

"Yes sir. Density -- 1.2 Earth normal; gravity -- 1.1 Earth normal; ample vegetation and some bacterial life. No animal or insect life was picked up by the cameras. The terrain is ---"

"What about the atmosphere, McKellan? That's what interests me now."

"I was getting to that, sir. That's the strange part. It has 25% oxygen, 73% nitrogen, a small percentage of other gases and water vapor, and 1% of an unknown substance."

"Is it harmful?"

"We can't tell for sure until the unknown has been thoroughly analyzed, but we doubt it."

"Give the rest of the data to Ringo, then report to me in my quarters. Simms, come with me."

The burly spaceman rose from a cushioned hammock and followed the slim Captain Craddock out of the room.

\* \* \* \*

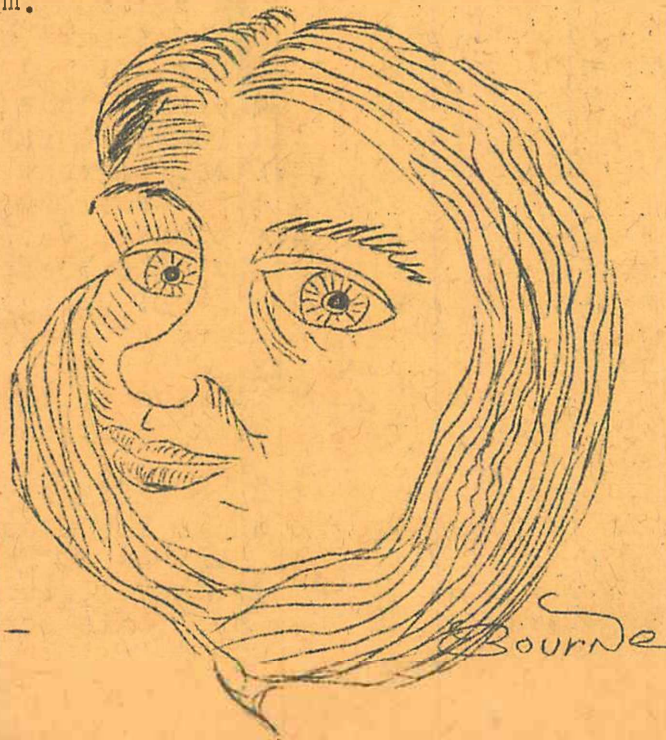
"Why did they have to come now?" the mental voice whispered. "Will they do harm?"

"We'll make sure they don't", came the reply.

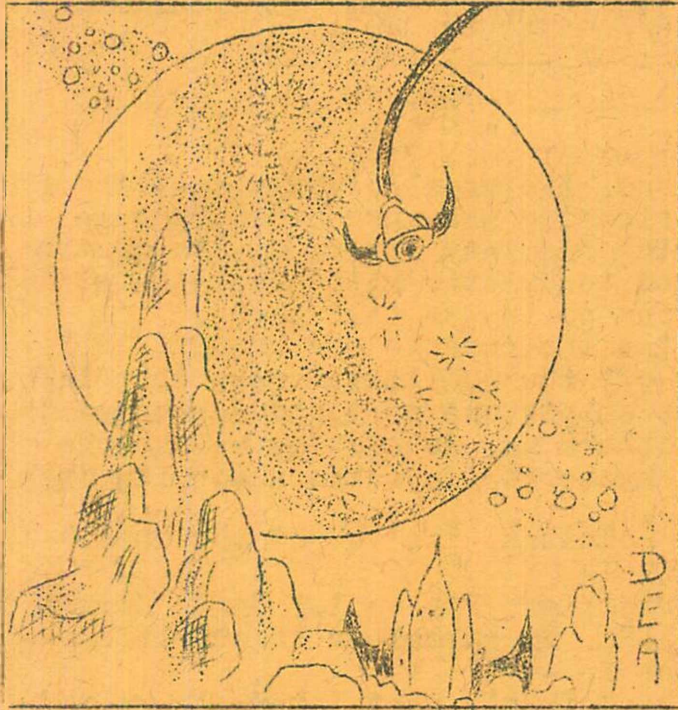
\* \* \* \*

"Well, Captain?" asked Simms, as he, McKellan, and the ship's nurse, Arlene Tabar, sat in the captain's quarters.

Craddock noted the way Simms and Arlene sat together, felt a pang of jealousy, and dismissed it. "I want







you three to come with me, outside the ship. In case of trouble, we'll need Mac's brains, Simms' muscles" --- everyone noticed the emphasis, but Simms merely smiled at the slur on his intelligence --- "and Arlene's first aid knowledge."

"I don't think a woman should be allowed to come on the first exploration", objected Simms. McKelllan nodded agreement.

"But you'll be along to protect me," smiled Arlene.

Simms smiled back and Craddock grimaced. "All right," he said, "be ready to leave in fifteen minutes."

\* \* \* \* \*

"They're coming out now. Will the breathing harm them?"

"Do you mean the humans?"

"Of course not!"

"How many did you lay this time?"

"About 250,000; and you?"

"A few more, but I'm frightened for them, with the humans here."

\* \* \* \* \*

They were deep in the jungle of seemingly hostile trees. Simms had one arm around Arlene, and the other held a blaster. Arlene carried a small white first-aid box. The other men were carrying instruments and notebooks, but both had holstered weapons.

"Isn't the air exhilarating?" asked Arlene, stretching. They were resting by a small stream, filled with many one-eyed fish.

"Yes," answered McKelllan, "but there's a strange tingling feeling when you breathe, like small shells bursting."

"I've noticed it, too," agreed Craddock.

Simms was pacing nervously back and forth. "Remember what you said about not liking this planet, Cap? I feel it too, now. I don't like that funny feeling about the breathing; it gives me the creeps. How about starting ba --- Look! Up there!"

Above them was a cloud of something alive; each particle too small to be seen separately.

"There must be a million of them!" shouted McKelllan. "I'll get a picture, but we'd better not take chances --- the rest of you get back to the ship!"

Craddock protested, but Simms gathered Arlene into his arms and began running for the ship. The cloud moved toward them. Craddock fired into the midst of it, saw no effect, picked up the nearest equipment and followed Simms. As they neared the ship, Craddock looked back. McKelllan couldn't be seen. His screams followed them into the airlock.



"No wonder there weren't any insects or animals," Craddock said as they prepared to blast off. "That cloud of whatever-it-was finished off all the animal life. The fish escaped because the water protected them. There must be hundreds of those things on the planet, but once we make our preliminary report Earth will get some experts out here to make the place safe for colonization."

Simms started to answer, but the roar of rockets drowned him out. The great ship lifted into the air, and the trees seemed happy.

\* \* \* \* \*

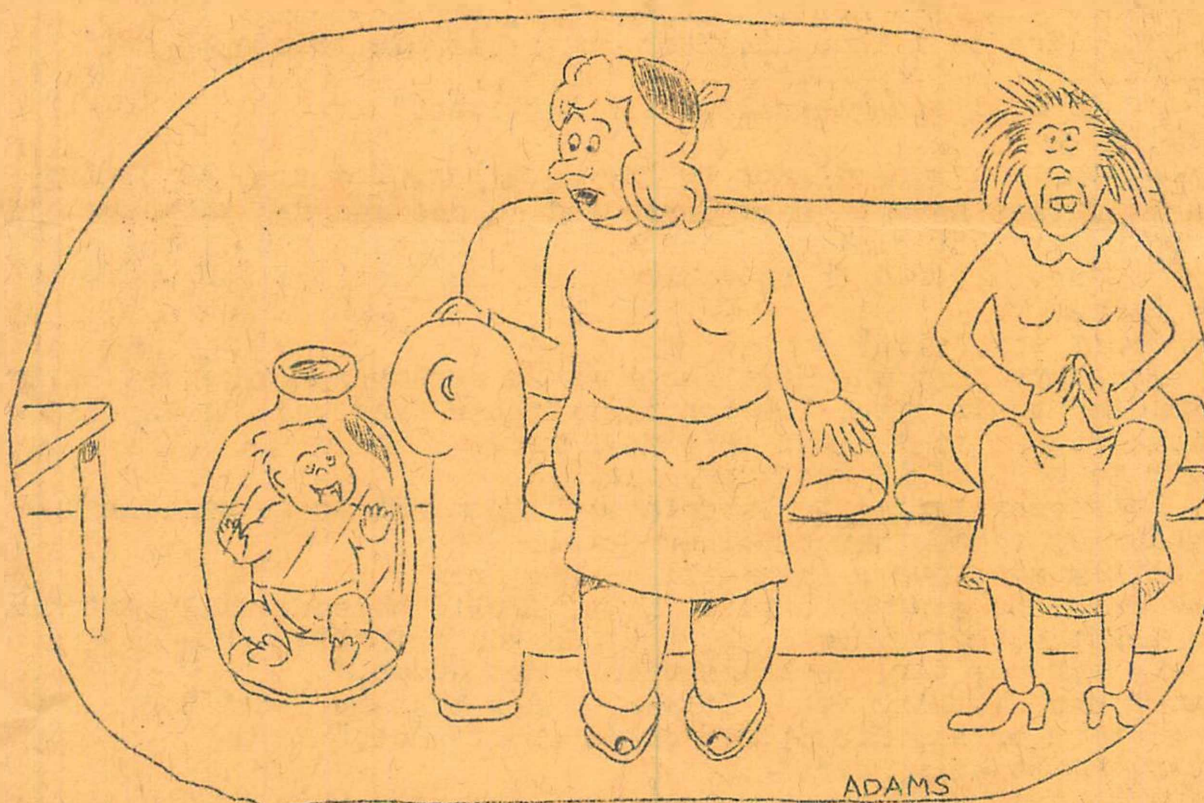
"They will never reach their home planet," whispered the thought-voice.

"Why not?" asked the second one.

"Oh stupid Elg, can't you see? They left the little doors open when they came out. You know how hungry the little ones are. And thousands of eggs entered."

"Yes, and the little ones will die when the food gives out. Oh, why did they come during the hatching season? But they were very good."

---



"I, uh, I see you're raising a bottle baby, Mrs. Kultz."



# TALES FROM HANNIGAN'S SALOON

8

D.W. GREENBEARD

## I. THE HURRYING MAN

"A double martini, please," said the quiet little man.

"Yessir, comin' right up," replied Mike the Bartender.

"One olive or two, sir?" queried Mike.

"One will do," replied the man.

Mike mixed the drink quickly and expertly.

"There you are, sir; thank you sir."

"Oh, uh...Mike. Have you seen Mr. Smithers yet this evening?"

"Yessir, he was in earlier this evening. About six o'clock, I'd say."

"Did you notice anything about him, Mike? That is, did he appear in a hurry or excited?" asked the quiet little man.

"Well, now that you mention it, he did, sir."

"Uh-huh, just as I thought. Back up to his old tricks again."

"Sir?"

"Trying to sell sun-glasses to the Martians."

"Sir?!?"

"Trying to sell sun-glasses to the Martians. You see, he claims that the Martians have invaded Earth and no one can see them. No one but him, that is. He claims he can see them because the visual purple of his eyes was altered in an accident at the chemical lab where he used to work."

"You don't say, sir."

"He also says that the Martians that he sees are always squinting and shielding their eyes. The sun hurts their eyes because the Earth is so much closer to the Sun than is Mars."

"Never thought of it that way, sir."

"So, he's been trying to bargain with them and trade sun-glasses for uranium or some other precious metal."

The little man took a long pull on his drink.

"That's why he always hurries, Mike. Afraid someone will beat him to a contract with the Martians. What do you think?"

"If you ask me, sir, he belongs in a nut house."

"That's what I think, too. It's a wonder that he isn't there now. Fix me another drink, Mike. This one's about shot."

"Yessir. Right away, sir."

Mike was mixing the drink quickly and expertly when he dropped the cocktail shaker to the floor with a crash. The quiet little man looked at Mike and then in the direction in which Mike was staring.

A pair of dark glasses was floating through the air toward them.

---

"The easy way to popularity...police jiu-jitsu." From a 1941 FUTURE

---



# Golden Minutes

## BOOK REVIEW TYPE COLUMN

— gene deweese —

/Editor's note: The opinions expressed in this column are those of the author, and not necessarily those of the editors of this magazine. I haven't even read the book yet. RSC/

What is missing from most stf today --- and most stf of yesterday, for that matter --- is not necessarily a "sense of wonder", but "sense and wonder".

This lack, in turn, is traceable largely to the unfortunate fact that Arthur C. Clarke is not quintuplets. As it is we have to settle for a fair amount of stories that, while they may have varying amounts of "sense" in them, have as much "wonder" as uncrotted greeps, and, occasionally, some with a middling amount of "wonder" but no more "sense" than that displayed by most movie scientists, and wait patiently, or impatiently, for Clarke; who is only one man --- and one interested in skin diving in the midst of sharks at that --- to come out with another gem like "Childhood's End", or, even better and more to the point, his latest effort, *THE CITY AND THE STARS*. (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.75)

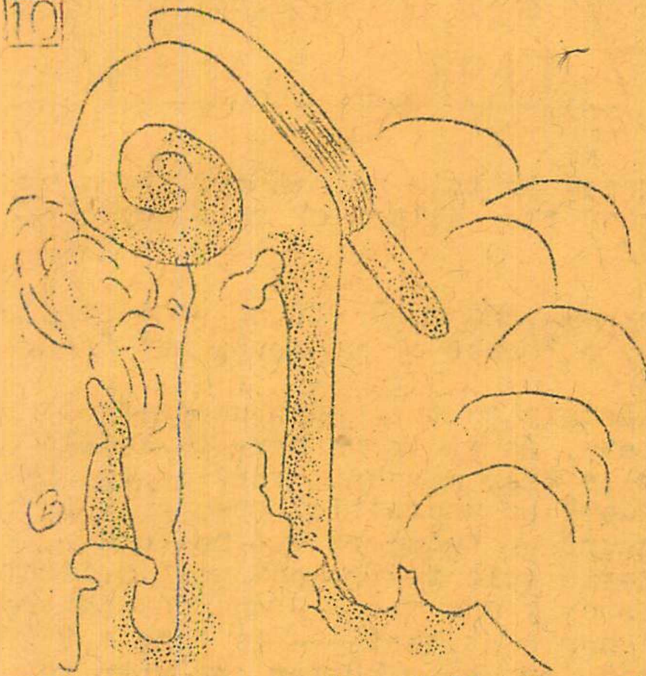
The jacket says "...based to some extent on..." *Against The Fall Of Night*. This is a gross understatement to say the least. What has been done is a nearly complete rewrite job, changing very little of the basic plot or action of the story, but altering the entire novel from its former, slightly juvenile appearance into a completely "adult" work, eliminating any discrepancies or illogicalities there might have been in the earlier work. In short, a lot of "sense" has been added to the "wonder" of *Against The Fall Of Night*, and somehow, in so doing, he has added even more "wonder".

Not that I wish to sound over-enthusiastic about this, but *Against The Fall Of Night*, published originally in a 1948 *STARTLING*, was the most enjoyable stf novel I had ever read, and now, 8 years later, *The City And The Stars* is even better, and ranks just as far above everything I've read since 1948 as the earlier version did above everything I'd read before then. (The only item I can recall which would approach it very close in the past few years would be, of course, *Childhood's End*).

The story, for any who have not read *Against The Fall Of Night*, is of Diesper, the Ultimate City of Man







in which the entire human race left in the galaxy has lived in immortality for more than a billion years. The mood of the story is set in the first few paragraphs: "...Diaspar alone had challenged Eternity, defending itself and all it sheltered against the slow attrition of the ages... Since the city was built, the oceans of Earth had passed away and the desert had encompassed all the globe. The last mountains had been ground to dust by the winds and the rain, and the world was too weary to bring forth more... Diaspar was all that existed, all that they needed, all that they could imagine. It mattered nothing to them that Man had once possessed the stars. Yet sometimes the ancient myths rose up to haunt them, and they stirred uneas-

ily as they remembered the legends of the Empire, when Diaspar was young and drew its lifeblood from the commerce of many suns. They did not wish to bring back the old days, for they were content in their eternal autumn. The glories of Empire belonged to the past, and could remain there --- for they remembered how the Empire had met its end, and at the thought of the Invaders the chill of space itself came seeping into their bones... They had lived in the same city, had walked the same miraculously unchanging streets, while more than a billion years had worn away."

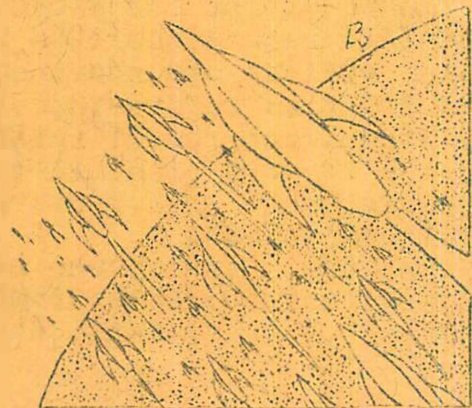
One man leaves Diaspar, to discover that there are other humans on Earth, to find the secret of the Invaders, and of the Seven Suns, of Shalmirane and of the fate of the ancient Empire itself and the countless men and other races of which it was comprised.

If you have read "Against The Fall Of Night", get this book anyway. If you have not, get both of them. And, if you have an extra copy of the magazine in which it originally appeared (November '48 STARTLING), let me know; my copy is getting a little battered.

## "IT" — *brian lumley*

IT is like a dream,  
IT travels as a stream.  
Sometime's IT's fast with icy blast,  
Like snow IT's swiftly sleeting past.  
And then IT's slow,  
IT stands quite still,  
IT will not go;  
IT has no will.

IT's Time.





# STRANGE FRUIT...

11

*fanzine reviews by r.s.c.*

OUTRE' #1 & 2 (George Spencer, 8302 Donnybrook Lane, Chevy Chase 15, Maryland -- quarterly, 15¢ each)

Despite the "quarterly" tag, he got two issues out between the Feb. and May issues of YANDRO --- either he's ahead of schedule, or we're farther behind than usual. OUTRE' features flawless reproduction, two- and three-color mimeography, what looks like the best grade of paper made, reasonably good material, and lousy illustrations. #1 was the best first issue of a fanzine I've ever seen (and a lot of other people must have agreed, because he ran short of copies.) #2 features a good column by William Deeck, a fair article by William Grant, a couple of better-than-average stories, an excellent editorial, good fanzine reviews, an interesting letter column, and some poetry which the editor claims is humorous. (I disagree.) OUTRE' looks like a coming thing; I recommend it whole-heartedly.

SATA #1 (Dan L. Adkins, P.O.Box 258, Luke Air Force Base, Glendale, Arizona -- bi-monthly, 10¢ each or 6 for 50¢)

Here's another zine with top-quality reproduction. The only thing that keeps me from saying that it looks as good as OUTRE' is the fact that it's dittoed --- and my purely personal opinion is that excellent dittoing doesn't look as good as excellent mimeoing. Again we have three-color work on the illustrations. With the editor of the zine being one of fandom's top artists, you might expect the illos to be outstanding --- and they are. There is nice editorial balance shown (something rarely found in fanzines) with 2 stories, 2 articles, fanzine reviews by Larry Bourne, and a poem by Victor Claudell. No particular item was outstanding, but all were well done. Another zine with a promising start --- try a copy and see if he keeps up the good work.

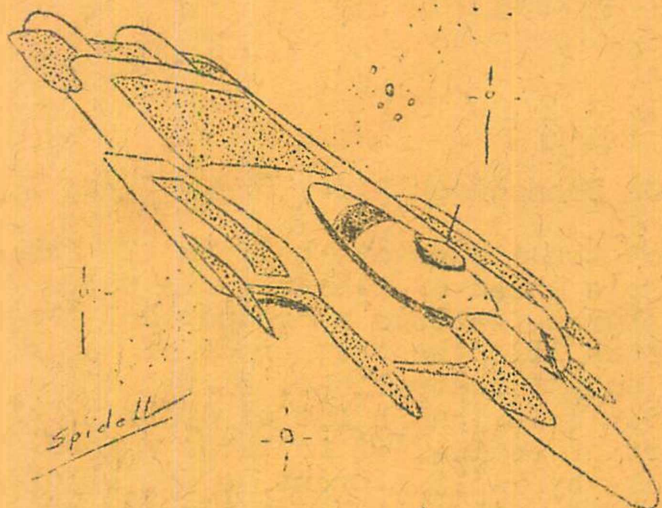
HOOHAN! #5 (Ronald Parker, 714 W. 4th. St., Tulsa, Oklahoma --- bi-monthly, 15¢ per or 7 for \$1)

This is called by the editor an "EC and science-fiction fanzine". Offhand, I'd say it was about 95% EC and 5% science-fiction. It's a half-size zine, and this issue contains 44 pages, including cover. Reproduction is well above average, and illustrations are well below average. Contents include editorial, book reviews, movie reviews, an art-



*Bourne*





folio best described by what it is not --- not science-fictional, not sexy, and not good, a story which is surprisingly good, a short letter column, and eight articles on various facets of EC Publications; some humorous and some serious. Not being a rabid EC fan, I'm not too sure how to rate this one; I can say that HOCHAN! is vastly superior to the one other EC fanzine I've seen. I don't suppose it would be of much interest to the fans who don't go in for comics, but if you are an EC collector, you ought to like it.

WENDIGO --- or WINDIGO, or WINDIGOO, or however she finally decides to spell it --- #10 (Georgina Ellis, 1428 15th. St. East, Calgary, Alberta, Canada -- no publication schedule listed, so I guess it's irregular; primarily a tradezine, but she will accept 25¢ --- she doesn't say anywhere that she'll send you a copy for 25¢; just that she'll be glad to accept it if you send it in)

WENDIGO reminded me a lot of HODGE-PODGE, with the single exception that WENDIGO is mostly readable. (On one or two pages, even the reproduction reminded me of H-P, though.) Contents include a column by Ger Steward, reasonably good, though Steward's ego intrudes at times; some apt comments on bullfighting by the editor; a sort of column by Des Emery, good but too short, letters by various interesting people, a long, involved, somewhat libelous, and bitter feud between Dave Mason and George Wetzel; and, last but not least, a "Bolshevik Song Session" by Dick Ellington. "Christianity hits the spot,

Twelve apostles, that's a lot;

Father, son, and the holy ghost,

Christianity; it's the most.

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus..."

(I couldn't resist quoting that, just to get it in YANDRO. It's so damned good.....) Oh yes, there's an editorial, too. WENDIGO isn't exactly a serious, constructive fanzine, but it's a lot of fun. Recommended.

PLOY #4 (Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthur's Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England -- irregular publication, 1 shilling or 1 US prozine)

PLOY #5 is supposed to be on the way --- it will probably arrive tomorrow, but I'm going ahead and review this one. It contains a shaggy-dog story by Archie Mercer, a story by Eric Benteliffe, an article by J. Stuart Mackenzie, a reprint parody by Cliff Gould, a something-or-other by Ken Potter (better left out) an article on the revival of CAMBER by Alan Dodd, a story by Terry Jeeves which isn't too hot, a short letter column, an advertisement, an article by Joyce Goodwin which is a pretty goodwin, a review of the Twerpcon by the editor, "The Personal History of a Neo-Fan", an editorial, and no page 21. It's a pretty fair British zine, though not up to the quality of CAMBER, of course. (Must stick up for our agent, you know.)



The following zines have all been reviewed before. In order to keep this column down to a decent size, I'm going to stick to a few general comments on them.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #90 (Wow!)(The Nameless Ones, Box 92, 920 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington — monthly, 10¢ per issue, 2 for 15¢, 9 for 50¢, or 21 for \$1.00)

One of the most entertaining club o-o's ever published, CRY is a nice mixture of sercon and humor. Stay off the red dittoing though, boys; it's hard to read and doesn't reproduce as well as the purple pages. Stories, poems, articles, and (mostly) reviews. Recommended.

FOR BEMS ONLY #2 (Jerry Merrill and Paul Cook, 620 Avenue I, Boulder City, Nevada — quarterly, free)

A slight improvement over the first issue, but this one still has a long way to go. The boys need material --- I know you writers would rather get your stuff in the top zines, but the poorer ones can't improve if you don't help out. Editor Merrill seems to be trying hard, but he doesn't have much to work with. It's free, though, so what can you lose? Ask for a copy, and then send them a letter of comment.

INSIDE #14 (Ron Smith, 611 W. 114th. St., Apt. 3d-310, New York 25, N.Y. bi-monthly, 5 for \$1, purchase of single copies evidently discouraged)

The world's best fanzine. (After all, how many zines get their material reprinted by F&SF?) Photo-offset. Buy this one.

ALPHA Vol. II, #3 (Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemlei, Borgerhout, Belgium, or Dave Vendelmans, 130 Strydhoef Ave., Berchem, Belgium — bi-monthly, 15¢ each, or 6 for 90¢...U.S. agent, Dick Ellington, 113 W. 84th. St., Apt. 51E, New York 24)

Jan and Dave each edit their own section of ALPHA now; the two sections are stapled together, Ace Double Novel style. Frankly, I consider this zine pretty much mediocre, but since most fans seems to enjoy it, you might give it a try. It's a big zine; 36 pages in Jan's section and 18 in Dave's. You might like it; some people even enjoy YANDRO.

OBLIQUE #6 (Cliff Gould, 1559 Cable St., San Diego 7, California — bi-monthly, 15¢ per issue or 7 for \$1, and well worth it)

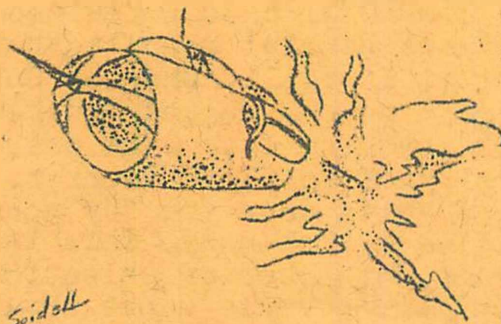
A fanzine featuring big names and good articles. Worthwhile.

sCINTillation #6 (Mark Schulzinger, 6791 Meadow Ridge Lane, Cincinnati 37, Ohio — quarterly, 10¢ or 10 issues for \$1.)

Not quite up with the top zines, but a pretty fair buy. Material is rarely outstanding, but nearly always good. Good entertainment.

GRUE #27 (Dean A. Grennell, 402 Maple Ave., Fond du Lac, Wisconsin — quarterly, 25¢)

Second only to INSIDE. Wonderful.





# GRUMBLINGS—more or less a lettercolyum



Sometimes I wonder if all fans receive the same type of correspondence that I do. I recently got into the following exchange with James (Bob) Adams:

Dear Buck, Balsa Rockets! Bob

Dear Bob, Balsa rockets?? Buck

Dear Buck, Look, look! Cedar spaceships! Bob

Knowing when I was licked, I refused to reply to that one, but I received another card, just the

same. This is, so far, the last, and it must be the worst.

Dear Buck: "Ma, if you don't let me pway wif 'e toy spaceship, I donna tell Pa. A'right, I do it.....Pa! Mahogany spaceship!" Bob

/Sometimes I think I don't know any people; just characters./

ALAN DODD, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts, England

I came across an interesting bargain the other day that I couldn't resist buying and now I've got it I dunno quite what to do with it. It consists of nearly a gross of British editions of FATE, the three issues concerned being April, June, and August, 1955, which works out at about 45 copies of each issue. I'm sure I'll find a trading use for them somehow - but blimey - who wants 45 identical copies of any one mag? /Well, you did...Better save them --- no other fan can make the statement that he has 45 copies of one issue of FATE.....makes me sort of quietly proud even knowing someone with 45 copies of one issue of FATE.../

YANDRO 37 came a few weeks ago with a very fine Spidell cover. Now if Chuck Harris' name is short for Charles would I be right in thinking that it is really Charles Spidell? /Yep./ The name Chuck always suggests to me a rough, rugged truck-driving character. Chuck Harris couldn't look anything less like one. He rather resembles a bedraggled taller version of the late Fuehrer.

Juanita says you buy nearly 15 mags a week - cor - didn't know they published that many. This includes non-stf mags I presume? I suppose you do get a better selection of material to choose from if the news-agent spreads his wares around the stand. I'd probably buy more if I saw them displayed instead of having to ask for each one when I want it



and usually getting that "Eh?" look from each of them as if they'd never heard of what on earth you're talking about.

Hal Annas' serial seems to be somewhat confusing at the moment but the episodes may pick up. At the moment I can't seem to grasp the characters he's outlining. Amusing lettercol and I honestly can't get out of my mind the picture of Robert Abernathy gloomily looking at the YANDRO envelope and wondering just which one of his manuscripts it was being returned. Poor Bob.

I heard from Dave Jenrette recently what did happen to Lee Tremper and since you might not have already heard it.....it appears Lee had a couple of deaths in the immediate family. Naturally she dropped everything in such tragic circumstances and no one will blame her. /Umm./

Now this wedding photo is a much better one than that libellous one of you in MERLIN. I saw Slim Whitman on the TV (my - aren't I an addict) in the Sunday Night At The London Palladium Show a while ago and y'know if you had a few sequins on your suit and a guitar you'd look exactly like him. Henceforth ye shall be known as the Slim Whitman of Indiana. Oh, Rose Marie, I love yewwwwwwwww.....  
/Over my defunct cadaver I'll be known as the Slim Whitman of Indiana! I get compared to the damnedest people...../

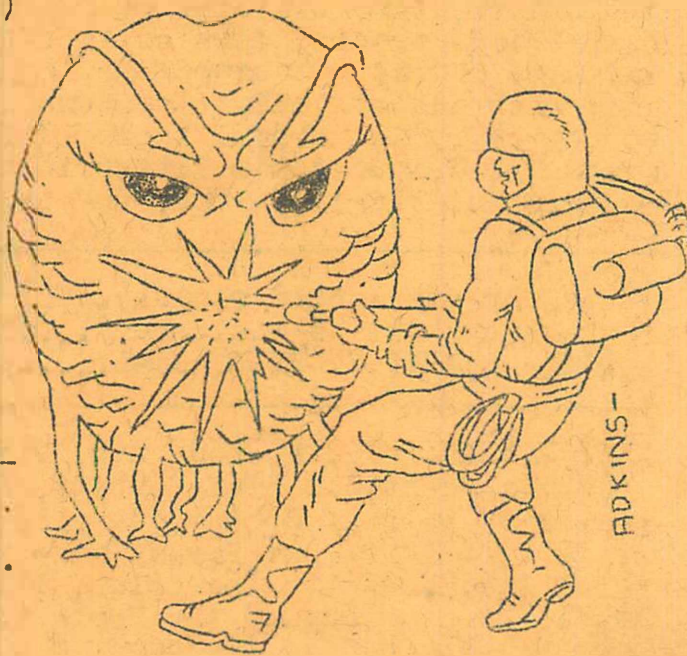
BENNETT GORDON, 81 Fairfax Road, Worcester, Massachusetts

I understand there's a new monster movie making the rounds of the various moom-pitcher theaters: "Godzilla". /Goddlemighty!/ (This is a name?) Who knows, I may see it, or may not. I am sick of these monster movies. After pictures about giant dinosaurs, ants, spiders, octopi, etc., I am not too hot about seeing another one. /You can always add a little interest by betting on whether or not they'll end up in the Los Angeles storm drains./

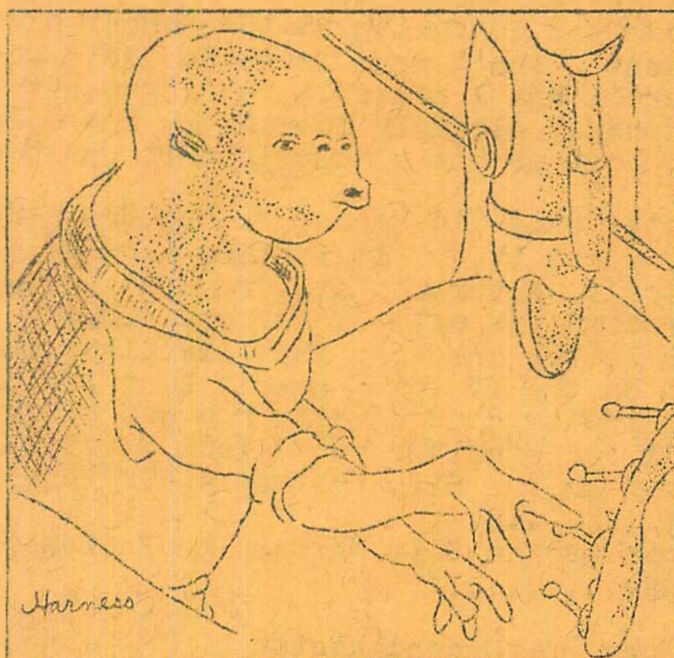
Talking about getting compared to the damnedest people, your picture looked like a friend of my uncle's (in case you're wondering, he's doing 10 years in the state prison.)  
/Et tu, Brute!! I'm going to quit sending my picture to people before somebody decides I'm the spitting image of the villain who is wanted for an ax murder./

HAL ANNAS, Virginia

As to publishing in fanzines, I lack the prudishness that many professionals indulge. I don't consider the fanzine yarns inferior to those that bring dough. It just doesn't work out that way. Authors change little. The ole I.Q. reputedly remains about the same throughout life. When an author turns out a story he puts what he's got in it. The fact that it doesn't reach a popular market means nothing. William Faulkner wasn't awarded the







Pulitzer Prize for what he published in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, but for what he published in the Little Mags which only a few ever saw.

It is almost axiomatic that it's difficult to peddle a good yarn. Hemingway's "Fifty Grand" went to all the big outfits, including SEP, Cosmo /politan?/, COLLIER'S and others, before it reached ATLANTIC MONTHLY, which was then a Little Mag. Even then the editors wanted Hemingway to rewrite and cut it, which he refused to do.

Oldsters are familiar with what followed. It may be news to youngsters, but that solitary yarn changed the whole trend in American letters. It also had something to do with making ATLANTIC MONTHLY what it is today.

In general, editors of the Little Mags, which is what the fanzines are, are willing to experiment. They're sincere and honest and put their best into their publication. They're not in a rut and are not afraid of getting in one because they don't depend on big circulation. Thus anything out of the commonplace is more likely to appear in their pages than in popular mags.

In the professional, commercial field it's a matter of survival. Editors may like a yarn, but quake when it's off-trail, this despite the fact that many proclaim they seek the unusual. They're always asking themselves, "How will the reader react?" Consequently the bulk of their material is watered down so that it will offend no one, be easy to read, and have a thin but broad shading of interest.

/The above is actually a somewhat condensed version of a reply by Hal to one of my letters; I included it here because it is a pretty good answer to Ben Gordon's letter in the last issue, and to the general question of "If it's good, why isn't it in a prozine?"/

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"The door was locked rigidly. The chambers within were impregnable to any means short of violence."....Eando Binder, "Vassals Of The Master-World", PLANET STORIES, 1941....And that was in a prozine.....

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KENT MOOMAW, 4722 Peabody Ave, Cincinnati 27, Ohio

Juanita mentions "Tom Corbett, Space Cadet" and "Space Patrol" as examples of halfway decent juvenile stf on t-v /Only compared to the average stf movie/ but for my money the best was the oft-ridiculed "Captain Video". At its inception, I'll be the first to admit that the show stunk; running around the Earth in weird stratoplanes with weirder weapons was old before Al Hodge, the star of the show, was born. But how many fans actually watched the program in the six months or so before

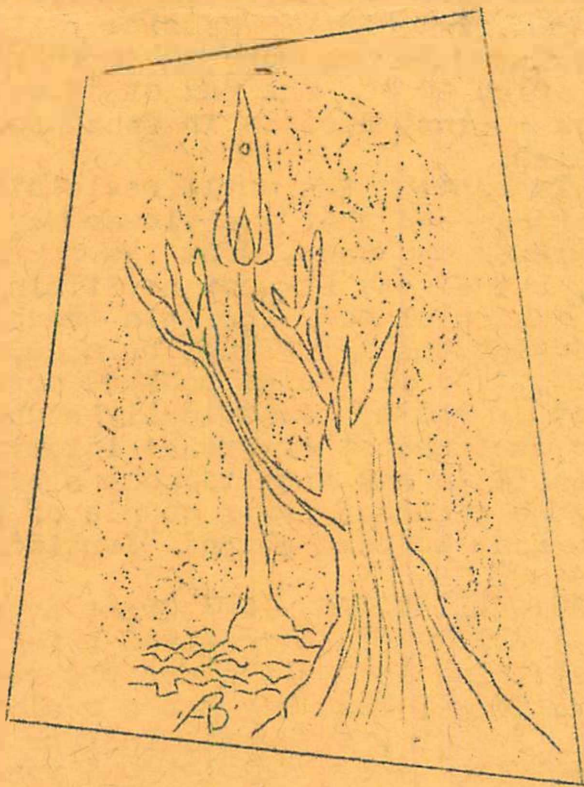


it went off the air? /Juanita did, and she says it still stunk. Never having watched the thing at all, I'm neutral./ One of the month-long serials was written by Bryce Walton, who sells consistantly to all the prozines now /When was his last story in ASF or F&SF, huh?/, and the rest came from the typer of a gentleman by the name of Carey Wilbur. Now, offhand, that name may not mean anything to you, but if you happened to watch a production on CBS' "Studio One" last winter ('54-55) titled "It Might Happen Tomorrow", you should notice the connection. "It Might Happen Tomorrow" was one of the best attempts at adult science fiction that television has ever produced, dealing with the first manned orbital rocket and what complications it will involve for both the pilot and the people on the ground, and the script was written by the same Carey Wilbur.

Besides the fact that the scripts were far superior to anything used on "Space Cadet", "Space Patrol", or "Rocket Ranger", I think the technical effects were positively great. Shots of ships transferring from normal ether to hyperspace were especially well done. All in all, I'd nominate the last few "Captain Video" presentations for whatever praise, however mild, has been given to other juvenile shows. /Rebuttal, anyone?/

And your own list of the twenty-five best books in stf seem far too partial to recent releases to ever represent the best books of all time. Books like "Bring The Jubilee", "Needle", "Deep Space", and "Revolt In 2100" seem particularly unsuited to a list of all-time greats. As you say, it's only one opinion against another, but I find it almost incredible that you neglect such books as "The Edge Of Running Water", "The War Of The Worlds", "When Worlds Collide", or more recent classics such as "The Demolished Man", "The Space Merchants", "Prelude To Space", "The Lights In The Sky Are Stars", "Childhood's End", and "The Caves Of Steel". Say, that's a few more books than I thought I had in mind...I'm beginning to realize the difficulty of getting a list representing both old and new classics.

/My opinion of the "old classics" was stated a couple years ago; they were good in their day, but their day was one of generally crude stf writing. To "War Of The Worlds", and particularly "When Worlds Collide", I can only say "Ecchhh!" I by-passed "Edge Of Running Water", "Prelude To Space", and "Childhood's End" with regret --- the others you mention wouldn't get on my list of the 50 best stf books. Some of them, however, will undoubtedly be chosen in the ASF poll (along with, I'd be willing to bet, "Bring The Jubilee") Your opinion is as good as mine, tho./







ARTHUR HAYES, P.O. Box 135, Matachewan, Ontario, Canada

Received YANDRO #39 and find one fact jumped out with greater clarity than usual. You two must be financial geni or something like that. After postage you end up with the grand sum of 2¢ per page /you mean per copy, don't you?/ to cover paper, ink, stencils and scratch paper. #39 required, not counting wastage, 25 stencils, 13 sheets of paper, plus the usual whatnots. Plus the fact that undoubtedly you give out some complimentary copies, either in trade or for reviews or for contributions and the 2¢ per page looks mightly slim. /You have discovered the one incontrovertable fact of fan publishing --- it costs money. We get our stencils wholesale for \$1.85 a quire, our paper costs \$1.56 per ream, and with a circulation of from 80 to 95, we figure on losing about \$5.50 or so every month. Most editors don't get off that well, because

most editors pay more for their stencils --- up to \$8.80 in some cases, I hear. This is why fanzine editors can afford to be nasty to their subscribers --- the more subscribers you have, the more money you lose. /

Glad to see the end of "Because Of The Tulux". Glad because of a bias against serials in fanzines, even if I did enjoy it from start to finish.

In reading the movie reviews?? one must bear in mind that they are opinions and that the viewer may not see it in the same way that the reviewer may have. From the few movies I have seen, much is to be desired, but -- any attempt at filming something close to what we wish is to be congratulated. The main trouble is that we who enjoy s.f. are too few and that the films must be made, not for the restricted few, but must attempt to please as many as possible. No film can be made to please just us and be economically sound.

/No, but when they are as idiotic as some of the Hollywood efforts, it doesn't do any harm to poke a little fun at them, and it amuses a lot of the readers. For a couple of relatively good shows, see "Invasion Of The Body Snatchers" and "Forbidden Planet". /

MARTY FLEISCHMAN, 1247 Grant Ave., Bronx 56, N.Y.

YANDRO #39 was received a few days ago and enjoyed immensely. The best thing in the ish was the review of "The Phantom From 10,000 Leagues" by DeWeese. That boy has a real riot of a style. Same goes for Tom Stratton. I dunno. Maybe all Indiana fan have riots of a style. "Because Of The Tulux" was a fairly good yarn but (ugh) that style. It spoiled the whole darn thing. The trilogy Annas did for OW was also spoiled by that



"wealth of descriptive detail" style.

By the thousand pen names of Henry Kuttner, where did you get those Sam Mermin quotes? You must be buying old STARTLINGS and old TWSs as well as old ASTOUNDINGS. At this rate you won't even make the con after the Orangeburg one.

/As a matter of fact, the quotes were supplied by Gene DeWeese, and came from the last issue of SPACE STORIES. However, we do buy all sorts of old sf mags (I recently got \$5 worth of PLANET from one fan, and \$9 worth of assorted mags, mostly ASF and FFM, but including 8 different titles, from another.) We have a Kolektinbug, to quote Willis./

BOB FARNHAM, 506 2nd. Ave., Dalton, Georgia

It is starting to rain and what happens? When I go into lunch the wind slams the door on the shack, the hook inside with which I hold the door tightly shut bounces and drops neatly into its allotted eye, so after lunch with the rain POURING down I come out and can't get in; can't get the hook up with a long butcher knife so off comes the screen from the window...SOCK!...with a hammer and the small hook inside the window busts off and the window swings open. I drag a single seater bench to the window and climb in, almost busticating my neck in the process and all the time my clothes are soaking up rainwater...I got the hook open, put the screen back and hooked the door again but THIS time from the inside, and am finishing up this letter, after which I'll take my selected purp into the house for awhile and let him sleep under my shirt collar. Let the fleas fall where they may. I can scratch as well as the dog can. /Cutting you short again, but I wanted to have room for part of Ricky's letter. Why do people enjoy reading about the predicaments other people get into?/

RICKY ERTL, Argentina

Been mute for a long time, I guess. I should have written sooner but all I cared for these last months was to keep my gun loaded. I was staying some months on a farm out in the Sierras Bayas, a small town some 300 kilometres south from Buenos Aires. In the morning I swam in the rivulet, then I ate, fetched my gun and started to hunt. In the afternoon I took another dip and went out riding on horseback. We have had over FIVE months vacations! This delay is because of the polio plague. If you remember, the classes stopped earlier last year because of the Revolution. I am bored of doing nothing. Ah wanna go to school, ma... /I dunno; I've always suspected people who enjoy school of being abnormal or something./





YANDRO

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