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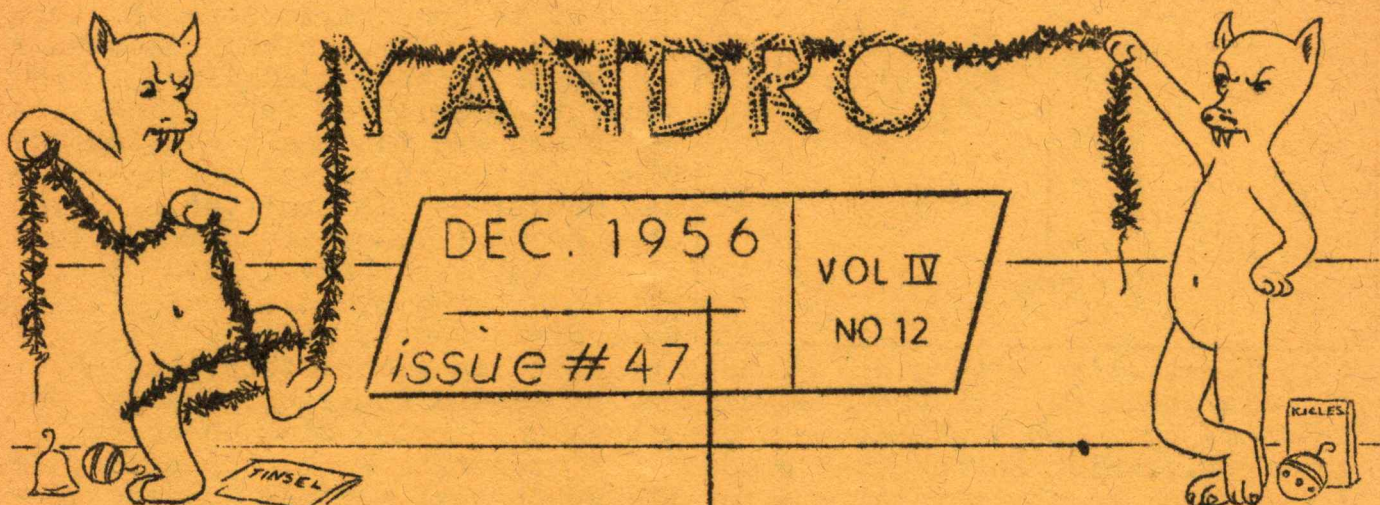
# Y ANDRO



AND A  
MERRY  
CHRISTMAS  
TO YOU, TOO!

LYNN HICKMAN





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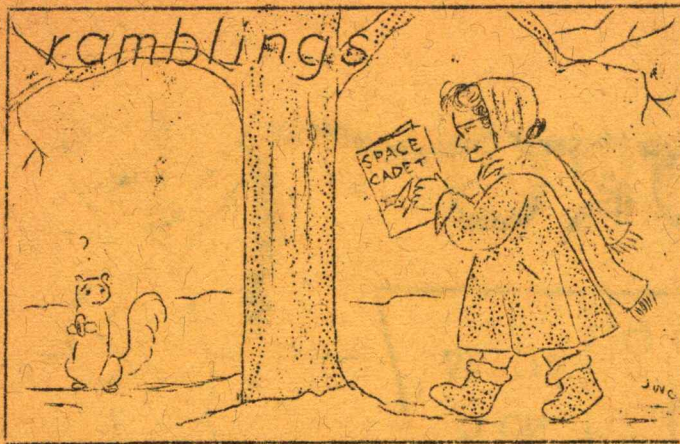
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YANDRO is put out -- tossed into the cold, cruel, fannish world -- every month or so by Robert and Juanita Coulson, 407½ E. 6th. St., North Manchester, Indiana, USA. Price 10¢ per copy or 1 year (12 issues) for \$1. Englishmen (also Scotsmen, Irishmen, and Welshmen) may obtain copies by paying 10d per copy or 9/0 for 12 issues to Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England. Trades are accepted, with reservations. (If you aren't a reservation, let us know and we'll see what we can do.) In case anyone notices a discrepancy between volume numbering and issue numbering, it can be explained; there were only 11 issues in the first vol.



Good thing I wait till the last minute to type this thing...we just got word from Ronald Parker that HOOHAH! is no more, so scratch that in STRANGE FRUIT, which, unfortunately, is already stencilled, and run...the perils of fanpubbing...it seems Ron was running a non-fan pubbing bit, too, which was making actual money! Now it isn't, so hence, no more HooHah!...now, if no more last minute letters arrive, maybe I can get this thing typed...apologies for some of the spotty stencil illoing

this time...I'm getting new glasses practically immediately..but most of this issue was cut under conditions of -cut a few lines, go away and relax my eyes for a while, then come back and try to pick up where I left off...which is not very conducive to accurate work. Apologies, etc. I was going to say something about the unseasonal weather we were having for December....but today it seems to be icing, or sleet, or some such thing...so guess that's out. And just after I got an operator's license, too. Danged if I'll break it in driving on ice. Yep, after umpteen dozen beginner's permits starting way back in hi-school, I finally pucker up enough courage to take the test...have a feeling I just barely passed it, too....anyway, it's mine, all mine, now....One little item maybe I'd better straighten out lest anyone get the wrong idea...on the segregation-mongrelization discussion...I am not failing to get in the discussion because I disagree with Buck, but because I am so violently in favor of integration that when I get thru speaking my mind on the subject, my friends aren't my friends anymore. If you'd gone to an integrated hi-school, chummed around intimately with friends who happened also to be Negroes all the way thru college, and gotten kicked out of a restaurant or two with a Negro friend, maybe you'd feel the way I do too...but I'd better quit there before I get started.....I seem to have the most unique accidents....several days ago at work I cut myself with a scissors (not stabbed, cut; snip, snip)(see, I really do need those glasses!) and today while cutting illos I misjudged my distance again and ripped open my leg with the point end of a stylus...I better get those new specs before I misjudge the top step on ten flights of stairs and fall down and break a couple of necks....nothing like trying to be secretive about getting Christmas presents for each other when what we both want is records and books from the same stores...'You go across the street and look in windows or something and soon as I get thru, you can go in the record store and I'll look in windows'..grunch! One advantage, don't have to hide the parcels when you bring them home -they're all the same size.....It always happens...the oven was acting up, so we called a repairman....worked fine while he was here...soon as he leaves, back it goes again.....it does too go whuffle!...And here we are freezing to death and my girl friend sends me postcards from Tuscon showing a resort ranch and sunshine...actually, I like winter, in spite of being so cold-blooded I nearly solidify ever year...but not yet..JWC



This has been a hectic issue. The day after I put "Strange Fruit" on stencil, CONTACT #2 arrived, with the information that the price will be \$1 per year (24 issues) payable to Dick Ellington, 299 Riverside Drive, Apt. 11A, New York 25. You can also get it airmailed to you, if you're in that much of a hurry, for \$2.50 per year. While I'm on the subject of fanzines, I might mention another Swedish zine which has come

our way. This is titled STAR STUFF, and you can get "6 real hardhitting issues" by paying \$1 to Karl-Evert Wetterlund, Box 895, Stockholm 1, Sweden. This is a neatly mimeographed zine, with 17 pages in Swedish and one in English. Forgot to say that CONTACT will not accept trades; cash only. Fair enough, too.

We had this issue all set up when letters arrived from Ed Wood and George Price which we thought should be included. So, thanks to Chicago fandom, you get two extra pages in this issue.

#### FUTURE ISSUES

Next issue is the fourth annish, the beginning of YANDRO's fifth year. It will probably run about 40 pages, and we have material by Betsy Curtis, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Gene DeWeese, Ron Bennett, Alan Dodd, Charles Morris, and possibly others, depending on how much space the above material takes up. The cover will be something different, too.

Sometime early next year, YANDRO will put out a special TAFF issue, with an article on the history and purpose of the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund, short articles on each of the 8 candidates, and a ballot. Any further suggestions for the issue will be gratefully accepted.

Speaking of TAFF, I'm having some trouble trying to think up a good campaign slogan for Ed McNulty. All the ones I invent seem to have a sort of Ogden Nash ring to them; "Don't Be Desultory

Vote For McNulty!" Somehow, this appears to lack something; dignity, possibly. Too bad I'm honest; if I voted all my pen-names, I wouldn't need a campaign slogan; Ed would have a breeze.

All this is to say that I'll consider it a personal favor if you send in a vote for McNulty for TAFF.

#### GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

More and more organizations seem to be putting out Christmas seals every year. One of the more worthy of the group is Father Flanagan's Boy's Home, of Boys' Town, Nebraska. You've all read articles on juvenile delinquency; here is an organization which does more than talk about it. Boys' Town is supported entirely by contributions, which means that the more money they receive, the more boys they can help. And your donation will be used by the home -- it won't end up lining the pockets of promoters or advertising men. Though nominally Catholic, boys of all races and faiths are accepted. This is one of the finer aspects of organized religion, and a contribution of \$1 -- or even 50¢ -- will do more good than all the "good will" talk in the world. Merry Christmas!

.....RSC

# BRIDE OF THE MONSTER

—ANOTHER OF THOSE MOVIE REVIEWS BY—*gene deweese*

It seemed that Hollywood (Hooeywood?) had reached its ultimate depths with the frayed shoestring budget epiclette of "King Dinosaur". But now we are assured that, no matter how low grade a past movie has been, no effort will be spared until one a notch lower has been shoveled out.

But mayhap I'm being a bit hard on this thing. Bela Lugosi, a sprightly, leering 70 now, delivered his usual well-done Dracula ham into his role; it isn't his fault that the resulting sandwich came out a bit rancid. It's just that the author was most likely a Mongolian idiot turned loose in a cliché dictionary. Other than Lugosi, there isn't another actor above 8th grade level in the whole thing. Even the Monster --- who turns out to be an apprentice Loch Ness sort of thing --- a medium-sized rubber octopus --- is a lousy actor. It's a good thing for him that his various meals were terribly stupid and exhausted themselves cavorting and screaming about in front of him; otherwise he'd have starved. He just lay there, limply, while his victim thrashed madly against nothing. Occasionally a puny tentacle or two would waver up and down a couple of times on a wire, and while the camera was on some other subject the victim would wrap the remaining tentacles about himself and be ready to start flouncing around once he was back in the limelite.

Not that it deserves it, but it went something like this:

On second thought, I don't think I could stand it a second time....

I'll let it go at a few random items, such as a little goateed foreign-type doctor, saying he had investigated the Loch Ness monster and "...though I am considered an expert on prehistoric monsters, I failed..". At this point, he sniffs a flower in his buttonhole.

The ending should have some sort of mention, though. The Mad Scientist (and boy, is he mad! At everybody!), who has become a superman through a last minute experiment of his, gets shot a few times, then run over by a papier mache boulder, then tumbles in with his monster. After all this, they are both destroyed by a singularly well-aimed bolt of lightning.



---

A pretty young feminine auditor  
Was repelled by the patients who  
pawed at her.  
Then a handsome young clear  
Proved she'd nothing to fear,  
And now Alfred Kinsey has lauded her.

documentary  
films

REVIEWED BY

*martin fleischman*

I recently had the pleasure of seeing what is undoubtedly the most interesting (to me) documentary made. Its title is probably well-known to most sf fans --- UFO. While the film was extremely interesting, as I said, there are a great many things about it which seem unsatisfactory.

One of these things is the presentation. The producers, trying to make the film appealing to the general public, have made it in a sort of "fictionalized" manner. Let me illustrate: the basic plot centers around one Albert M. Chop, who, as we are told, was the Press Consultant on unidentified flying objects. To keep the film alive, various incidents such as a bit of Chop's home life are thrown in. Chop is the narrator a good deal of the time, and he repeatedly makes statements as "my phone rang constantly; I could not sleep" (not a direct quote). To fans, and people interested in saucers, this is unnecessary. But to the average movie-goer it is not. In fact, they don't give it a second thought, if I can judge from people I know.

Despite all its faults, however, UFO is, in my opinion, one of the most informative movies ever to come from the mysterious realm of Hollywood. More like this, instead of more like "The Beast With Who The Hell Knows How Many Tails" would suit me just fine!

Another recent motion picture I feel will be of interest to fans is "The Animal World". I have seen practically all of Walt Disney's nature films, and I can truly say this film is comparable to any of Mr. Disney's films, including "The African Lion", etc. The movie deals with the development of animals throughout the years. Of course, in a film like this, there just has to be the inevitable dinosaur clash. But that only adds to the film's charm.....The most spectacular scene of 'em all, though, is the coming of the volcanos and earthquakes. Doubtless a tremendous amount of work went into this.

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Taken from the back of a match box: "Ashes to ashes; Dust to dust. If atoms don't get you, hydrogen must." .....Alan Dodd

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# HOME COMING

BY — KENT MOOMAW

Colonel Norman Stanley got his first really good look at Earth only a short time before planetfall. Alone in his drab compartment aboard the automatically-controlled starship, the young Terran officer was aroused from a momentary nap by the monotone voice of the giant computer brain which regulated the ship's flight.

"Attention, passenger. Estimated time of arrival on Earth is exactly one hour from now. For your own safety, please strap in securely before start of deceleration. Attention, passenger...."

Ignoring the latter portion of the brain's message, Stanley leaped up from the padded shock couch upon which he had been resting and glued his face to the circular, tinted viewport molded into the outer bulkhead. Rotating slowly, almost imperceptibly, below him, the blue-and-brown orb of Earth shined brightly. Its sudden aesthetic effect stunned him momentarily, but he soon recovered enough to realize that he would have to acknowledge the robot voice before it would cease.

"...time of arrival is now fifty-eight minutes, thirty seconds..."

"All right, damn it," Stanley rasped, "I hear you!" At once, the room became silent.

Wispy banks of clouds drifted serenely above the vast Pacific as it sprawled across Earth's near side. Toward the east, the lofty mountains of western North America rose like mounds of sand on a tabletop relief map; in the western sector lay the Pacific islands. And surrounding the entire breathtaking panorama of land and water was the cold, star-studded blackness of space, hanging heavily like the pall of death.

Stanley drank in the sight of his home world as he would some rare foreign liquor, and its intoxicating effects were quite similar. He was lifted from the depths of despair, and the muscles of his cheeks pulled back involuntarily into a broad smile. Fifteen hellish years of fighting had passed since last he had seen this sight, and now he was coming home to stay. The war was over at last!

His train of thought drifted back to that warm sunny afternoon so long ago when a cocky young Fleet Lieutenant had boarded an immense troop transport and rocketed off to fight for the freedom of Earth's colonies in the Vegan sun system. An alien race, called Riffs, a trifle barbaric, but good singers - RC/ had launched a vicious assault from their frigid outer planets, upon the unprotected dome cities of the Terran colonies. Thousands of strong, liberty-loving young men had answered the interstellar call to arms, and the first wave of defensive troops were now being sent to the place of conflict.

Looking back to that day, Stanley realized that it hadn't seemed at all like the beginning of a war was supposed to seem. An overpowering throng, gathered at the Los Angeles Spaceport for the historic blast-off, cheered madly, some almost hysterically. As the men of Stanley's division, decked out in impressive black and gold uniforms, mounted the induction ramp, the uncontrolled roar had reached its peak. No one



could be distinguished in the multitude, but the group virtually shook the ship with their volume.

Men whose age or physical condition made it impossible for them to join the fleet themselves yelled themselves hoarse; women cried with gusto as their sons, husbands or sweethearts entered the silver needle; even the children added their voices to the noise which signified something beyond their comprehension. The spaceport police had all they could do to keep the crowd from surging forward and engulfing men, ramp, ships and all.

One pot-bellied little man had somehow broken through the restraining barrier of guards with a package clutched tightly under one arm as though it was filled with priceless jewels. Actually, however, the box contained a few dozen cigars which the little man tried to pass out among the members of the Fleet as they filed by him. Naturally, he was escorted off the field, but everyone understood how he felt. For a few seconds, the shouting was replaced by a ripple of goodnatured laughter.

The joy and jubilation had quickly faded when the initial beachhead on Vega II was made. Cigars and a pat on the back didn't help when atomic missiles reeked your ship, and men fighting for their lives have little time for laughter. How many times had he seen men writhing in pain, begging for someone to end their agony? How many times had he seen brave men crack during battle? The scenes of plunder and death fell together and formed one vast sweeping spectacle of blood and pain. He shook his head in an attempt to push the war and its memories from his mind.

It wasn't so much the pleasant scenery, the agreeable climate, or even the peace and serenity of the world below that he missed so much, Stanley told himself as he climbed into the couch and buckled the restraining straps around his waist; it was people. People whose lives were based on the premise that an individual should enjoy himself and that happiness was an important asset. It had been a long time since he had seen anyone smile with pure happiness.

Closing his eyes, Stanley found a parade of memories marching across his mind. Children playing happily in swings and hopping along a sidewalk in some ancient game; a woman with golden hair that hung loosely in waves of brilliance behind her while blue eyes and red lips sparkled; green meadows and bustling cities; humanity.....

Once I get my feet on that soil, he told himself silently, I'll never even look at another spaceship as long as I live.

\* \* \*

The rays of the noonday sun reflected from the silver skin of the spaceship met Norman Stanley's eyes as he bounded down the exit ramp, but somehow he didn't mind the glare. The fresh, clean, unaltered air was something his lungs hadn't known for more time than he cared to remember, and the raw sunlight was overpowering.

With a few architectural changes, this might have been the same port in California from which he had originally embarked. Rocketships stood poised in the launching cradles, but many were so rusted and disfigured that it would be impossible to get them off the ground. The spaceman puzzled over this, but soon disregarded it for something more pleasing.

A young man sporting the bars of a captain on his glittering Fleet uniform was striding with measured tread across the ferroconcrete

of the field toward the spot where Stanley stood. An official welcome, he thought, and advanced to meet the captain.

"Colonel Stanley?" was the captain's opening.

"Yes, that's right."

"I'm Captain McGovern, sir. I've been assigned to show you around the city." He spoke without an over amount of enthusiasm, but the words were music to the elder officer's ears. Few had been the times in the last third of his life that he'd heard a man speak without overtones of pain, fear, or obscenity.

"This is the New Chicago spaceport," the captain finished.

A new name for a new city, thought Stanley, but then that was to be expected. Changes took place every day, and in fifteen years.... He was so preoccupied with this thought that he hardly recognized his voice when he heard it saying "Have things really changed such a great deal while the war was on?"

You may see for yourself, sir. I have a ground car over here." McGovern gestured toward the parking area. "Where would you like to go?"

"Anywhere," murmured Stanley. "Anywhere at all."

\* \* \*

The door marked "Private" swung open, and Captain McGovern strode through, saluting smartly to the portly officer behind the desk. "McGovern reporting, sir."

"Sit down, Captain. Well, how about Colonel Stanley?"

The younger man pulled up a chair.

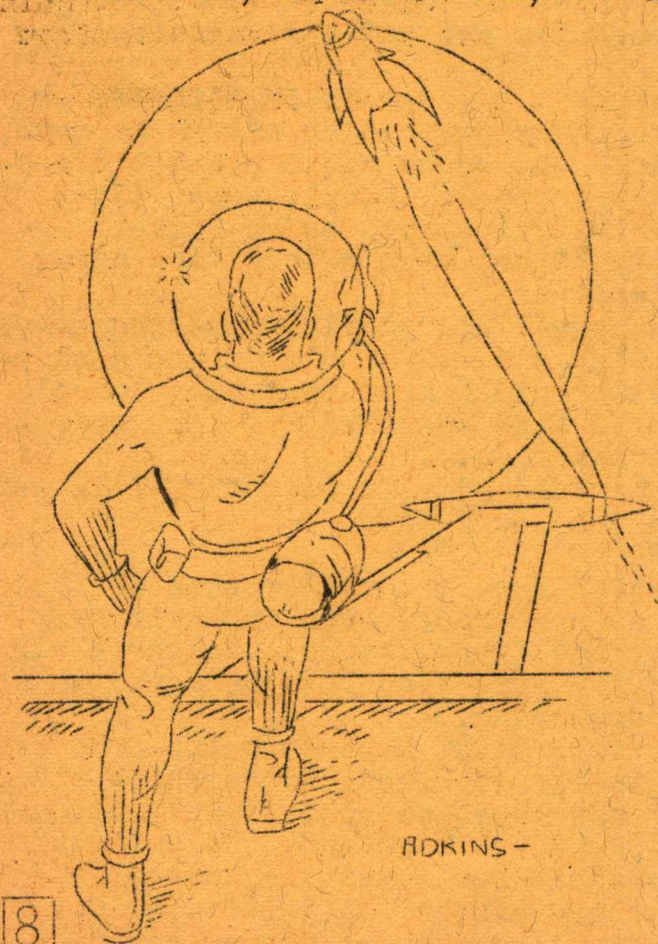
"The Colonel is in a hotel in 'New Chicago' at the moment, sir." The trace of a smile appeared at the corners of his mouth. "I believe I can report mission accomplished."

"Where did you take him?" asked the General, from behind the stacks of papers littering his desk.

"Oh, the usual. Downtown area, residential section, industrial region. By the way, all the androids I saw were in perfect working condition."

"They should be; we paid enough for them. How did Stanley react?"

McGovern shifted his weight uncomfortably. "It's rather difficult to say, sir. He didn't appear to be overly surprised when I showed him the automatic factories, but he was pretty well shocked when he saw the work-eat-sleep existence that the resi-androids lead. -nese veterans expect a life of milk and honey when they get back, and are pretty discouraged when they don't find it. I think he's convinced that Man as a race is no longer interested in en-



tertainment or pleasure. I even threw in that guff about artificial fertilization and the outlawing of sex, to discourage any love prospects he might have. I think he'll sign up for another Vegan tour in the morning."

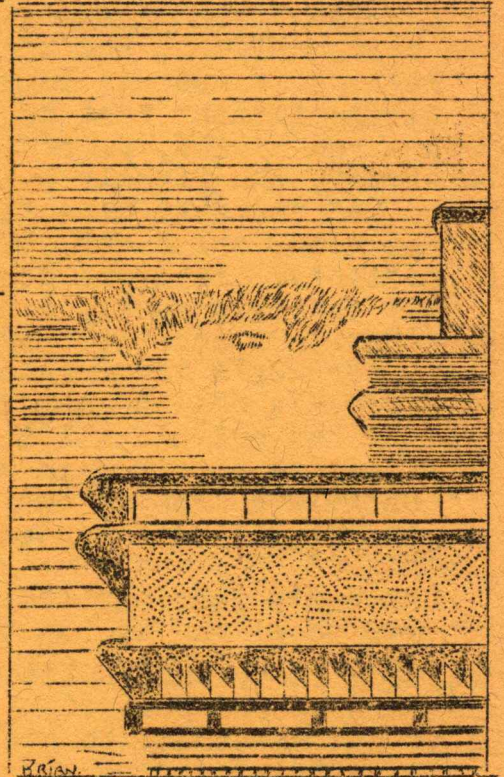
The General sighed. "I feel for the man. Fifteen years of combat, waiting and praying for the day he can return to Earth, and then we do this to him."

"You'll have to admit it's effective, though. Building that city out here and populating it with androids was really a great idea."

"Yes, but I wouldn't have done it if I hadn't had to. With the Riffs planning a second invasion, we'll need all the trained men we can get, and the veterans would never consent to go back, otherwise. But just think what it must do to their spirit! What a letdown!"

"I suppose you're right, sir, but as you say, it must be done. They'll get over it."

McGovern accepted the wave of the General's hand as a signal of dismissal and left, leaving the General sitting alone behind his desk.



\* \* \*

Nearly a mile distant, alone in a multitude of faces, stood Norman Stanley, supported by a corner streetpost. The things he had seen in the past two hours had been enough to take all the strength out of his muscles and leave them soft and sagging. It's impossible, he thought, as he looked about the city, it just isn't possible that so many changes could take place in fifteen years. When the war began, the only thinking machines were calculators! How could such a thing happen to humanity in only fifteen years? Oh, Lord...

It really wasn't a city, to begin with. No flashing lights, no elaborate signs, no laughter, no tears, no little boy with his face pressed against the bakery window, no drunk staggering down the street, no students laughing merrily, no children playing ball in the street, no traffic jams, no beautiful women.

Nothing.

The only signs were simple painted letters, proclaiming SLEEPING QUARTERS, SUBWAY ENTRANCE, NOURISHMENT CENTER, and other general classifications. No luxuries or entertainment facilities seemed available.

The people were there, but an altogether different race from the one Stanley had known at the time of his departure. They walked straight and sure, up and down the uncluttered sidewalks, oblivious to everything but the obstacles they happened to encounter. Their faces were human, but after watching them for a few minutes, you could tell the difference.

In the hour or so after his escort had left him alone in the city, the officer hadn't seen a single smile or heard a single human voice. The inhabitants of New Chicago seemed dedicated to their duties far be-

yond even the fanatical stage; they seemed to be so used to the daily routine that no words at all were necessary. Stanley could only compare their rigid outer makeup with the bare walls of the city itself; both were cold, uniform, and unrelentingly forbidding.

Perhaps it was his long absense from Earth, perhaps the severe shock and disappointment that he had experienced. Suddenly Stanley stood bolt upright and a wild, fearful look crept into his eyes. Quickly he scanned the street, and finally his frantic gaze settled upon a group of three who walked together directly across the street from where he stood.

His voice cried out, "You people! Wait a minute!" and with a churning motion of his legs, Stanley dashed after them.

But the trio merely continued on their way, putting one leg before the other in a smooth, easy action, their eyes focussed on the path ahead. Stanley's voice broke into a choked sob, but his legs carried him after his objects swiftly and surely. Quite some time had passed since he had put his all into any action, and by the time he had gained his objective, his breath was coming in short, quick gasps.

He laid a hand on the man nearest him, and spun him around. "Where are you going?" he demanded breathlessly. "Dammit, why don't you say something?"

The man's face was the nearest thing to a living statue that Stanley had ever seen, and he had to put a hand over his mouth to keep from screaming in terror as the colorless eyes pierced him to the core. One hand came up and brushed his arm aside. The touch was cold and alien, and it did something to his stomach that no battle had ever done.

The stifled scream erupted from Stanley's mouth in a flood of raw emotion and he backed away. His feet beat a tattoo on the walkway as he fled from this...this thing. The voice of Captain McGovern floated through his mind like an eerie breeze, saying "Welcome to Earth; Welcome to Earth" over and over and over.

He turned in midflight to see if the inhuman being still stood there, and struck a jutting stone corner as he did. His eyes closed and refused to open, but he could imagine that the man still stood where he had left him, watching. They would always be waiting and watching.....

Stanley lay huddled on the pavement for a long time, and when he rose, it was with slow and tired motions. Tears streamed down his cheeks and he cried, not at all like a frightened spaceman, but more like a lost puppy who has given up all hope of finding the home that he once knew.

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"In came Pearl's little sister,  
And fell down on her knees;  
Pleading with Scott Jackson....  
'Give me sister's head, oh please!'"

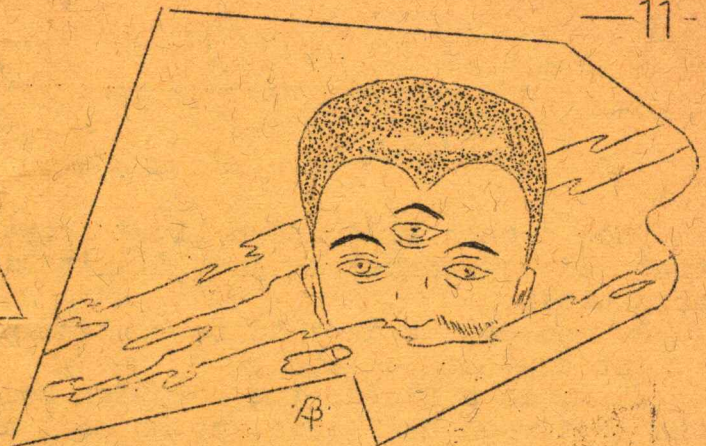
.....Old American Ballad

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a doddering  
column

alan dodd



After Adamski and Leslie had finished with their various versions of flying saucers and their "I have been visited by Venusians" themes, I rather thought we'd heard the last of them for awhile, but like the bad penny, up they turn again.

I picked up a new book on the subject the other day in Jimmy Guieu's "Flying Saucers Come From Another World (Hutchison Publishers). /To forestall comments from British readers, I'll mention that this column has been lying in our files for several months. RC/ Jimmy is a noted French science-fiction writer, in case you might not be familiar with his work, and although this book is presumed to be "factual", one can't help thinking that some of Jimmy's fiction must have crept in somewhere.

There are Venusians already amongst us, says Jimmy. How can you identify them? Simple. They won't let you take their photographs. Which automatically makes anyone who doesn't want his photo taken a suspect Venusian. Hmm. Now who do I know who doesn't like having his photo taken? /Note: Juanita and I had one heck of a time prying a picture out of Dodd...now I'm wondering if the ones he finally sent us were really him, after all....?/

Now these saucers themselves; how come they're silent though they fly thousands of miles an hour? Easy. The Venusians have apparatus which turns sound vibrations into a form of light. That is why saucers are always surrounded by a glow. How can the occupants withstand the terrific pressure of acceleration? Quite simple - more protective devices; that's why saucers change colour all the time.

Saucers fly over 25,000 miles an hour. Therefore they are not of this world. Right? Therefore they come from other planets. See? This is how Guieu's logic works.

Sometimes flying saucers detected by radar cannot be seen by eye. Well, says Jimmy, if they can fly from planet to planet, then surely they are capable of making themselves invisible. The race from the stars that founded the lost /it founded them and then losted them/ civilizations of Atlantis and Mu millions of years ago has its descendants in the Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas who leaves his abominable footprints carelessly all over the place to be spotted by any casual observer. Anyone casual enough to climb to 20,000 odd feet, that is. "Proof" of this fact is: "Wheat is never found in a wild condition so it must have been brought from another world. I still don't see the connection between wheat and Snowmen. The much quoted sentence which I think sums up the book is this. "They may think my pre-occupation with science fiction has got the better of me and made me confound fact with reality." Anyone care to argue?

# A Christmas Story?

EUGENE DEWEESE

Once upon a time there lived (sort of) a Mad Scientist. Now it's not that he was insane; he just didn't like people. Dogs, he thought, were much nicer.

So one day he decided to replace people with dogs.

But how? he wondered.

Then, in a flash, the solution came to him. A chemical mixture in the next room had blown up, so most of the solution, along with the intervening wall, came to him rather violently.

Recovering in a hospital especially for Mad Scientists and Movie Monsters, he decided upon a plan; he would infiltrate!

First he would create a race of intelligent canines, then gradually get them elected to public office.

And he was in luck: The public was getting tired of bald office-holders, so it went to the opposite extreme and landslid the dogs into office. A sheep dog was elected President.

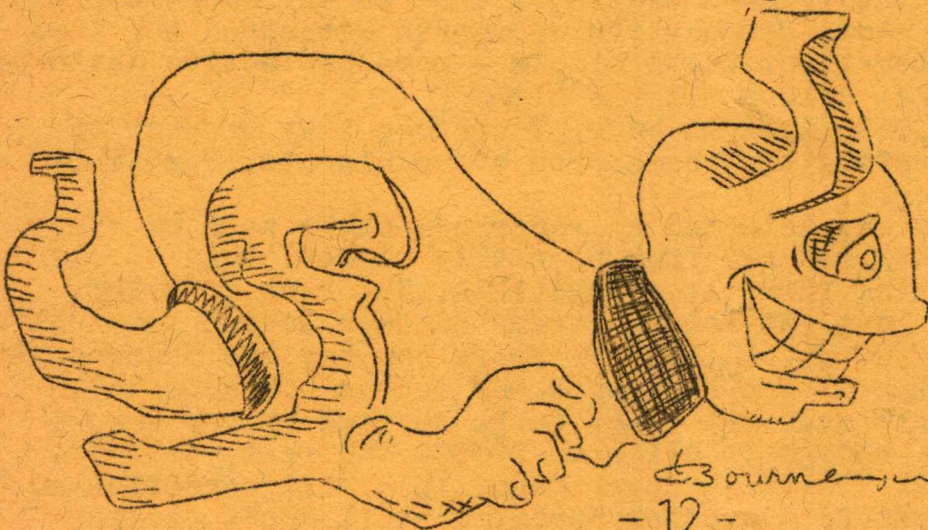
Gradually, as the dogs gained power, democracy went by the board (the remaining human officials were forced to walk the plank), and a monarchy (or dogarchy) was initiated. The first king was Lassie's great-great-grandson, and Rin-Tin-Tin XXVII was prime minister.

By this time, humans had grown accustomed to being ruled by dogs, and the king was quite popular.

But then one day, disturbing news emanated from the Capitol: The king had a louse. The people were sad upon hearing this --- especially as it was rumored that the Royal Fleas might go out on strike in protest --- for they loved their king and wished him no harm at all. They thought it unfair that he should be stricken in this manner, and that whoever was responsible for transporting this parasite to the king

should be punished.

The general attitude of the populace might be summed up by the thought of one young human on the subject. The man said: "He's a Good King. Whence 'is Louse?"



Laboratory - workroom  
for lazy scientists  
.....Lars Bourne

# STRANGE FRUIT

(WHICH RIPENS MORE FREQUENTLY OF LATE)

*fanzines reviewed*

*by rsc*

-13-



No, I am not putting this column on a monthly schedule. This one will clean up my fanzine reviewing for 1956, and from now on the column will be bi-monthly. Larry Ginn reports that Stuefloten's SHADOW BOOK folded. (That poem I sent him couldn't have been that bad --- could it?)

DRIFTWOOD (Sally P. Dunn, 15624 Hazel Road, East Cleveland 12, Ohio -- free to FAPA members and possibly others who appreciate it)

Five pages by the editor and a very good reprinted poem. Artwork is by Harness; the editor claims it was also stencilled by Harness. He goofed. The first page and a fraction, consisting of comments on conventions (not the Nycon; any fan convention) are wonderful. If you want to know what really goes on at these things..... Rating....5

CONTACT #1 (Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemlei, Borgerhout, Belgium, with Ellis Mills, Ron Bennett and John Hitchcock as accomplices -- twice monthly; where's #2? -- first three issues distributed free to various fans; what you do after that, I don't know)

This one, unlike most fanzines, performs a specific function; it disseminates fan news. For the people who are interested in what Joe Fan is doing, which fanzines folded, what hoaxes have been pulled, etc. Very well done, and Jan, I'm sorry I didn't write you and say so. I was busy, and then decided to wait for the second issue. I'm still waiting. (I liked your review of YANDRO, too.....) Rating....5

SATA ILLUSTRATED #5 (Dan Adkins, 3636th. CORRARON (SUPP), Box5, Stead AFB, Reno, Nevada - bi-monthly, 20¢ Ass't. Ed. Bill Pearson)

When the Air Force took away his duplicating equipment, Dan retaliated by getting the zine multilithed, resulting in even better reproduction. This, however, costs money, and the price has been raised accordingly. This issue contains an article by me, reviews of the new promags by Guy Terwilliger and Herbert Beach, movie review by Alan Dodd, fanzine reviews, editorial, and letters. Superb artwork. This is a fanzine to put on your "must" list. Rating....8

MANA #1 (Bill Courval, 4215 Cherokee Ave., San Diego 4, Calif. - quarter-

ly - free for contributions, trade or comment)

Unexpectedly well reproduced for a first issue. Illos by Rotsler; I can't help it --- I don't like his stuff (or at least, not when used exclusively). There is a story by Jean Young, some letters of Larry Shaw's reprinted from SUPER SCIENCE STORIES, circa 1949, some fillers hooked from various sources, and material by the editor. Somehow, I get the feeling that this boy's sense of humor doesn't mesh with mine; either that, or I'm missing the significance of half the material. Rating..3

OUTRE #3 (George Spencer, 8302 Donnybrook Lane, Chevy Chase 15, Maryland highly irregular schedule - 15¢ and/or comments)

At last George is getting material that is equal to the standards set by his reproduction. Larry Stark's piece took top honors with me; considering that he competed with Algis Budrys, August Derleth, John Berry, Arthur Thomson, Wm. Deek, and Clark Ashton Smith, this is quite a feat. Fair to excellent artwork and outstanding reproduction. Some reprint material, but you probably haven't read it before, anyway. Get a copy of this one. Rating..8

CONCEPT #1 & 2 (edited by Larry Ivie, published by Ronald Parker, 714 West Fourth St., Tulsa 7, Oklahoma - monthly (in fact, #2 arrived two days ahead of #1) - 15¢ or 7 for \$1)

Neatly reproduced except for a lot of show-through (what kind of ink you using?); good but not exceptional artwork. Contents mostly fan fiction and articles on comic books. Fiction all the way from poor (Lee Griffith) to good (Archie Goodwin). I considered the articles pretty dull --- serious but uninformative. Probably will improve. Rating...4

HOOHAH! (Ronald Parker, address above - monthly - 15¢ or 7 for \$1) #7

This first annish is devoted almost exclusively to EC comics, with the lead article being an extensive review of MAD. Not being much of a comic book fan, I'm not exactly competent to review this one. If you collect EC comics, you'll want to get it; otherwise...I dunno. It contains some comments on sfmags, but probably not 15¢ worth. Rating..5?

QUIRK #1 (Larry Ginn, Box 85, Choudrant, Louisiana - irregular - 10¢)

This looks bigger than it is, because the pages are dittoed on one side only. (The editor explains that the ditto machine is unpredictable.) Contains a humorous story by Jeremy Millett, a serious story by Joe Sanders, column by Marty Fleischman, article by me, and two editorials. ("Co-editor" is Johnny Holleman) Nothing outstanding, but it can be read without either eyestrain or nausea. Rating...4

FAN-attic #4 (John Champion, Route 2, Box 75B, Pendleton, Oregon - irregular - 10¢ or 3 for 25¢) A vastly improved fanzine. Worth getting simply for John Berry's hilarious comments on the perils of parachuting. The other material isn't bad, but it looks pale compared to Berry's item. Reproduction and artwork good. Ask for this issue. RATING..5

FLOY #7 (Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthur's Ave., Harrogate, Yorks. England - irregular - U.S. agent Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave, Hyattsville, Maryland - 15¢ or 4 for 50¢) An excellent 36-page fanzine which I don't have room to review. Try one for size. Rating....6



# GRUMBLINGS

-15-

Arthur Hayes, % Dom. Catering, Bicroft, Bancroft, Ont. Canada

Every mention of the Newyorcon seems to make the picture worse and worser. The picture has now become even below the actual facts. I'll admit it wasn't good, but I think it has now degenerated into a "Hate New York" campaign. Let's not rub it in too much.

/Bob Bloch recommended that future cons hire a professional convention secretary to assure smooth running --- that Worldcons are getting too big to be handled by any amateur group. Any comment? RC/

Jerry Merrill, 632 Avenue H, Boulder City, Nevada

I must refute your statement. FOR BEMS ONLY is not 15¢. It is  $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ per page;  $\frac{1}{4}$ ¢ per page now that I've gone half-size.

And Godzilla. Here is a fine review, until the 5th. paragraph. It sounds to me like the "oxygen destroyer" mentioned would take the dissolved oxygen out of the water, perhaps by inserting a substance which oxidizes rapidly, and thus causing all fish, etc., to suffocate.

/It's still pretty silly --- it would diffuse in water, and to make sure of getting the monster, you'd have to suffocate half the fish in the Pacific. I don't think the Japanese would approve. Price correction noted --- I never could see charging by the page, but that's your affair/

Bill Pearson, 4516 E. Glenrosa, Phoenix, Arizona

Your editorial has inspired me to make a few comments.

I have nothing against the Negro race...or any race...so long as I can communicate with an individual of that race as an intelligent person...calmly, in an adult manner....

Children fit into a different category...They are not motivated by intelligence...or reason... And they have no memory or experience to guide them.

You say that "the jump from integration to integration to inter-marriage is a pretty hysterical one". I'm afraid it is not.

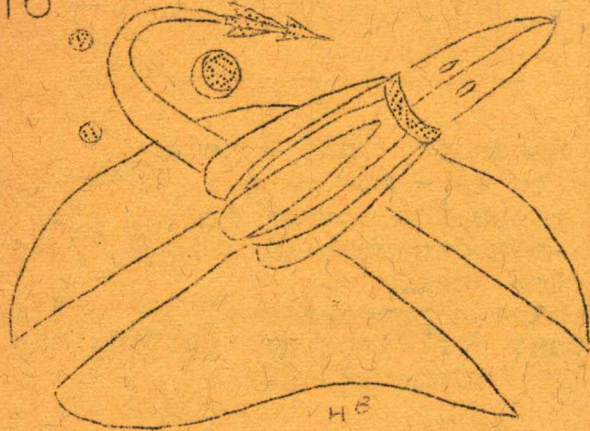
Negro children go to school with whites almost everywhere in the U.S. except in the 'solid south'. There's no problem anywhere else because in most areas the whites far outnumber the Negroes, and segregation outside the schoolroom is enforced by the children themselves.

In the south, where the difference is not nearly as great, this could not be and would not be....

When integration is completely established in the south, the parents will be able to follow only one of two courses: one --- resign themselves to the inevitable and accept black children as playmates for their young ones... or, two --- strictly supervise the social activity of their offspring with the general doctrine: Keep away from niggers!

Consider the first....

During the grade school years the children will be together constantly. They will play together from the sandbox in kindergarden on... And they will bring their Negro friends home to play...and to stay the



night...and vice versa.

What can the parents say? What can they do? After all the child's learning, can they suddenly introduce a new and contradictory concept and expect him to understand??? /You're damn right they can! It's done all the time; and whether the child understands or not, parents usually consider it more important for him to obey. RC/

So...he is a young man now. He likes to go out on dates...And there is a 50% chance he will bring a Negro girl home one night.....

Are not Negroes equal to whites? Is that not what has been pounded into his head from the beginning?

Here is where the parents will finally object. They are dazed... They leap upon their boy and hastily, in their confusion, tell him that Negroes are fine to grow up with...to go to school with...but NOT TO MARRY!

The boy is shocked...and he is disgusted by the words of his parents. /You seem to have some awfully odd ideas about children. I was told just that by my father at one time, and I certainly wasn't shocked -- or even surprised. (I wasn't overly impressed, either.)/

Result...in a good number of cases... intermarriage.

Intermarriage. Certainly it is not the greatest sin in the world to be attracted to a member of another race...it is not a sin at all...

But, not to mention the attitude the people of both races will have toward the couple, the children of this marriage belong to no race... they will not be accepted by the whites...or blacks! A sad thing...but.. that is how it is.

The other alternative is the same one southerners have been following for generations...Teach their children to shun the Negro. Only, since they are in closer actual contact, it will not be enough...It will be necessary for them to teach their children to Hate the Negro

I am not in favor of integration.

It can lead to only one thing: The most unhappiness for the greatest number of people for the longest period of time. /In other words, the Negro should be kept segregated and unhappy --- how do you suppose he explains things to his children? --- so that the whites won't be bothered. I don't agree. I'm also curious as to why --- in this integrated world where children accept blacks and whites as equal --- the children of mixed marriages should still be shunned? I suppose the human race is capable of any damn fool thing, but this seems a trifle improbable. If it comes to that, how many "pure" Negroes --- or pure whites; for that matter --- are there in the south now? Most Negroes, and more whites than admit it, already have mixed blood. And I have never yet seen segregation "outside the schoolroom" enforced by the children. By their parents, yes...but that invalidates your arguments that the parents won't dare contradict Teacher (which wasn't a very sound argument to begin with). Northern children do bring Negro friends home; without necessarily marrying across racial lines later. RC/

Robert E. Gilbert, 509 W. Main St., Jonesboro, Tennessee

The November YANDRO is at hand, and as soon as I saw it, I thought of something. The only other fanzines which used my stuff on the cover, soon passed away. I hope this doesn't happen to you.

You don't object to an occasional well-drawn nude? If I ever encounter an occasional well-drawn nude, I'll refer her to you.

I hope Alan Dodd hasn't been struck by one of those missiles. I haven't heard from him in so long I'm wondering what's happened to him.

The Marion Zimmer Bradley column was interesting, but I don't see how MAD can harm anyone. She aroused my desires to read those books, but I'm book poor now, and the libraries around here rarely have such things. It's been my experience that it's rather difficult to sell a science fiction story with science in it. "Much too specialized", the man said.

How do Venetian blinds taste? I've never tasted any, but judging from their widespread use, I suppose many people think they show good taste. /Well, I asked for that one.../

Florence Mittelman, 1960 21st. Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

Man has never seen God, ergo it is Man who has created God in Man's image. As for religion and God: God is supposed to be the Creator, Judge, etc.; religion is a set of moral codes handed down from age to age. Two separate things; all religion does is put some personality into God.

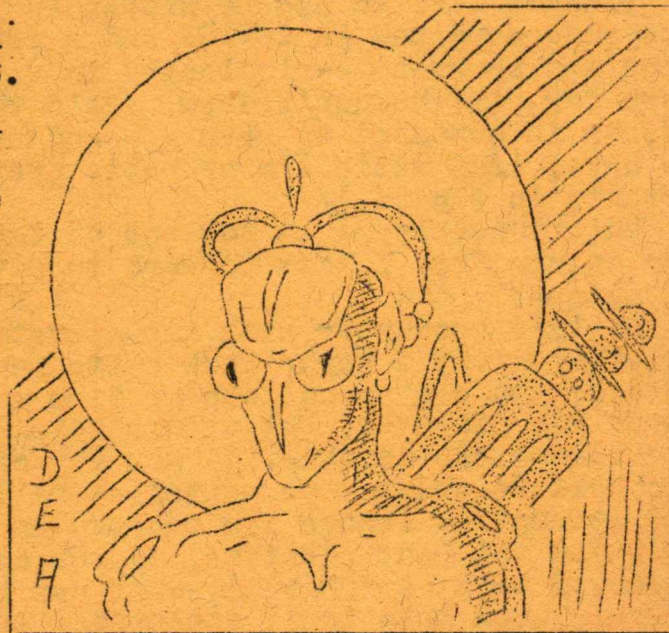
Even on this assumption, Christianity (or Judaism) is nothing more than a psychological crutch and if it is logical or explainable, it is so only in this sense. Necessary, I suppose, but not really real. /Boy, is religion taking a beating around here lately! The supposition is, however, that religion is something more than a moral code. Whether you believe this or not is up to you. I do, but I'm not particularly interested in converting others. RC/

John Champion, Route 2, Box 75B, Pendleton, Oregon

You and Juanita should initial the comments on letters; this would prevent the trouble she talks about.

I don't care for the title of Bradley's column, but I'm certainly glad to see it. I'm glad to know there are a few fans who still care about sci-fi, and science in particular.

I'm getting a little tired of these fans who are constantly condemning religion and all it stands for. Now there are religions and religions...not even Geis can deny that Christianity is largely responsible for our present Western civilization through its influence in the 3rd and 4th centuries. /This is a recommendation?/ Admittedly, there is nothing to be proud of in



the Catholic Church during the middle ages (I'm not condemning modern Catholics, so don't anyone get steamed up), but that was not due to Christianity itself, but to pure human cussedness -- the same thing that has changed Communism from the relatively harmless idea of complete socialism into its present form. I don't advocate complete acceptance of Christianity any more than I do complete acceptance of any other idea... this leads to narrow-mindedness. The basic point I'm trying to make is this: No one should go so deeply into Christianity or any other belief that he loses all power to make decisions, but I certainly advocate more people living by Christian beliefs and moral standards. Religion should be something to help mankind and not a cure-all.

/I think the reason people get soured on Christianity is that so few people do live by Christian standards --- including the supposedly very religious church-goers. All religions are afflicted with hypocrisy, but Christianity seems especially troubled./

Jerry Greene, 482 E. 20th. St., Hialeah, Florida

A very good editorial by JWC as usual, then something else by RSC. I like your bowl of "Strange Fruit" as usual, and dislike it at the same time. I like the idea of reviewing a great number of fanzines, but don't like the way you review them. What happened to the letter section? Four measly pages. Don't you think you're trying to put too many different things into too little space? /Yes!/ Didn't it cost a lot to have a photo of the members of the ISFA on the cover? Which one are you?

/I'm the pop-eyed one on top. Gene DeWeese is in the center; Dale Brandon and Ed McNulty at lower left and right, respectively. Dunno the others; anything is liable to wander in to an ISFA meeting./

Kent Moomaw, 6705 Bramble Ave., Cincinnati 27, Ohio

I guess most anything would be a sort of letdown after the conrep, but somehow YANDRO #46 failed to impress me.

I don't like to appear noofannish, but is this Robert E. Gilbert (who has also appeared in INSIDE and a few others) the same Robert Ernst Gilbert who shows up periodically in various prozines? Whoever he is, I have news for him: he can't draw. /He's the same -- has a novelet in the Feb. FU, or is supposed to have --- and he's one of the 3 or 4 best artists we have. (And while I'm probably prejudiced, I think we have the best artists in fandom.)/

Unfortunately, I am not one of the science-minded fen that MZB writes her column for. I look forward to future installments with the greatest of nausea.

Marty's encounter with the elevator operators at the NewYorCon is something that I never know quite how to handle. To a friend who laughs at stf, you can spend lots of time explaining the whole thing, and sometimes win him over, but when a total stranger makes a remark like that, you seldom can do this. If you fly off the handle, it merely confirms his beliefs about your mental stability, and if you merely nod quietly and attempt to ignore the remark, he has won a coup.

/I think the best attitude, if you can manage it, is a sort of quiet sneer. A sort of "Oh well, what can one expect from morons" attitude. Of course, even this isn't foolproof, but at least sometimes it changes the other's contempt to annoyance, and puts you on the same level./

Hal Annas, somewhere in Virginia

Since other contributors to YANDRO are selling, no reason why you shouldn't. If they're selling, you must be running a prozine. Why not sex it up a bit, lift the price to half a buck and circulate a thousand copies by mail? You might make a few bucks on that. Plenty men's mag eds doing just that.

They turned on the Xmas lights here in the town tonight. They were pretty at first. But I'd bought my nephew a 25-lb bow and a dozen metal-tipped arrows. And he has a knack for finding things; finding the arrows over and over. And other youngsters go in for archery.

There'll be another wave of juvenile delinquency in the outcries, but what the hell! there'll be at least half the Xmas lights left, and the stores will do good business in bulbs, and there's always the constructive thought that they may improve their archery.

They're no good now. I can't do much with those 25 pound bows, as they don't throw the bolt fast enough to hold a course, but with a 40 or 60 I bet I could get four street lights to their one. The way to score is to decrease the angle as much as possible. Incidence will fool you in shooting an arrow as well as a gun. If you doubt me, get out there and try it on your own Xmas lights.

/Ah, yes; "Darker Than You Think". I suppose we could get Juanita's bow into service; I'm afraid my shotgun would be a bit noisy, not to say un-sporting. If we started making money on YANDRO, it would change from a hobby to work, and I couldn't stand that many hours of extra work. RC/

Mary Corby, 55 Taylor Ave., East Keansburg, New Jersey

I'm glad you have Marion Zimmer Bradley with you in YANDRO. I may not always agree with what she says, but she is intelligent and lucid and well worth reading.

Speaking of YANDRO, did you take the name from the folk-song?

/Yes --- or, to be more accurate, from the Manly Wade Wellman story in F&SF which was taken from the folksong. It seemed ideal for lovers of both folk music and fantasy. Incidentally, the title of the column "Strange Fruit" is not taken from the book, but from the same source as the book title; namely, the song by Lewis Allen (sung by Josh White in a Decca album)./

Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts, Hengland

I thought you were always kidding me about these five-feature shows you get at some cinemas and drive-in movies. I didn't believe it until I saw the clippings you and Betty Kujawa sent me. I'm sorry, Buck, but no one would ever believe these adverts if I showed them, they'd think I'd forged them.

When you put pence down in England you really should put 6d or 10d but never -/6 or -/10; that's like No dollars and /5¢. Looks too much like the rear end of something that's lost its beginning in the mists of time. /Sorry --- error corrected. Never say that YANDRO isn't educational; look at the things you lucky readers learn about English money./

Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthur's Ave., Harrogate, Yorkshire, England

News from these parts is that Eddie Jones is nominated (unofficially) as Chairman of the Liverpool SFS. By the time you get this, Eddie may have risen to new depths in fandom. Has also sold more illos to NEW WORLDS

Edward Wood, 1366 E. 55th. St., Chicago 15, Illinois

For some time I've been burning to ask Bob Tucker what was so terrible about "Korshak's Chicon"? Tucker and a few others have been taking pot shots at the '52 World Science Fiction Convention as if it were some sort of failure. The only definite point I have ever heard from these people is about "it was big, too big". Well, if bigness is a sin then verily hath Korshak sinned.

There was an excitement, an enthusiasm about the Chicago con that has been sadly lacking in science fiction for four years. No one could say that the formal program was not strong and competently organized. No one had to pass a hat at the convention, either. It was a hectic affair. But let me tell you, it was organized.

Now if Mr. Tucker will point out one, two three... what was so terrible about the 1952 convention, I shall endeavor to set the record straight. I'm a great believer in the truth. It must prevail over manners, over good will, yes even over freindship. This was one reason why I wrote the convention report for IMAGINATIVE TALES about the unfortunate New York convention.

Briney's report was accurate and fair as far as it went. He skipped the last part of the convention which ended with the presentation of Karel Capek's "The Makropoulos Secret" at the Provincetown Playhouse. Nor did the formal program end with the selection of London as next convention site. I ended the convention with a talk titled "What Is A Fanzine" but which really consisted of reading off names from Moskowitz' "Immortal Storm" to show how the fans of yesterday are the pros of today. This was about 6:30 PM on Monday after an exhausting afternoon session.

It is interesting to read the various accounts of the con; one has to be sure they are all talking about the same affair.

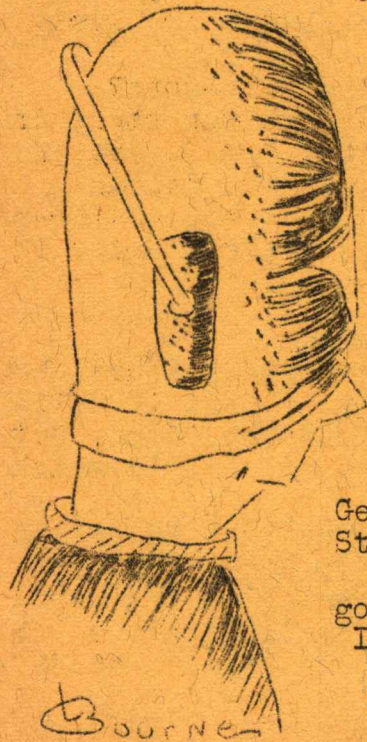
Compare Briney's (YANDRO), Bloch's (MADGE), Wood's (TAILS), FANTASY TIMES, with Madle's (SFQ), Carnell's (NEW WORLDS), Ackerman's (FU), Fairman's (AMAZING). /And Weber's (CRY OF THE NAMELESS)/ Some prefer to be pleasant, some prefer to be truthful.

/Briney assured us that Sid Coleman would supplement his report with an account of the sections of the program Bob missed. He seems to be taking his time about doing it, however. I enjoyed the Chicago con, but as I was then a rank neofan attending his first convention, I don't suppose my word is worth much. There is the possibility that some of the favorable con reports were written by people who enjoyed the affair, you know./

George W. Price, Chicago Spectro Lab., 2454 W. 38th. St., Chicago 32, Illinois

YANDRO #46 was up to your usual standards: rather good, though not the very best. (That place is held by INSIDE.) /I think we've been complimented? RC/

RSC made a good point. /In last ish's editorial/ Now I'd like to examine the subject from a different angle. The common argument against racial integration



has become a cliché: Would you want your sister to marry a Negro?" Leaving aside the subject of whether inter-marriage is wrong -- RSC disposed of that satisfactorily -- it seems to me that this question reflects an interesting attitude. It takes for granted that "your sister" would be willing to marry a Negro, if only it was permitted. It is implied that if the barriers went down there would be a stampede of white women to marry black men. These pillars of White Manhood must be assuming that white women in general are wantons who will hit the hay with any man, black or white, who gets close to them. So, to preserve society from the horrors of mongrelism, laws and customs must be established to guard against this presumed lewdness of white women.



Somehow this reminds me of the old Moslem legal doctrine of Presumption of Intercourse, which held that if a man and a woman were alone together for more than five minutes, sexual intercourse was legally presumed to have occurred. No further proof was required; it was assumed that coition took place whenever there was opportunity. Our modern white racists seem to feel that way about their womenfolk. Wonder what ever happened to that famed Southern Chivalry? On second thought, during the original medieval Age of Chivalry, female virtue was both extravagantly praised and at the same time held in deep suspicion -- maybe history does repeat itself. Chastity belts, anyone?

/There is another aspect of that "sister" business, too; the assumption that you have a perfect right to interfere with your sister's -- or indeed anyone else's sister's -- choice of a husband. All "chivalry", whether southern or medieval, is based on the idea that women aren't intelligent enough to look out for themselves. Of course, I've never known many southern women.....maybe they're right? RC/

And another letter from Alan Dodd - if you don't know his address by now, give up -

Wonder what Larry Sokol meant by "Alan Dodd and his column are passable." My column I can understand, but me? It sounds like I've just been pardoned by the parole board or something.

What an interesting name - Larry Ginn. No relation to Ginn and orange, I suppose. /Juanita suggested that he call his new fanzine TONIC, but he declined./

In answer to your question of what's wrong with Mark Schulzinger; nothing really, except that back in December 1955 I sent him a wad of English SF and he promised to send me his batch in return. He keeps promising to but so far I haven't seen hide or hair of them.

\*\*\*\*\*

.....But who wants hairy books anyway.....

\*\*\*\*\*

/Alan also explained "Teddy Boys", but I see we're out of room again./

R. & J. COULSON  
407 1/2 E. 6<sup>TH</sup> ST.  
NO. MANCHESTER, IND.



Noreen K. Falasca  
5612 Warwick Dr.  
Parma 29  
Ohio

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