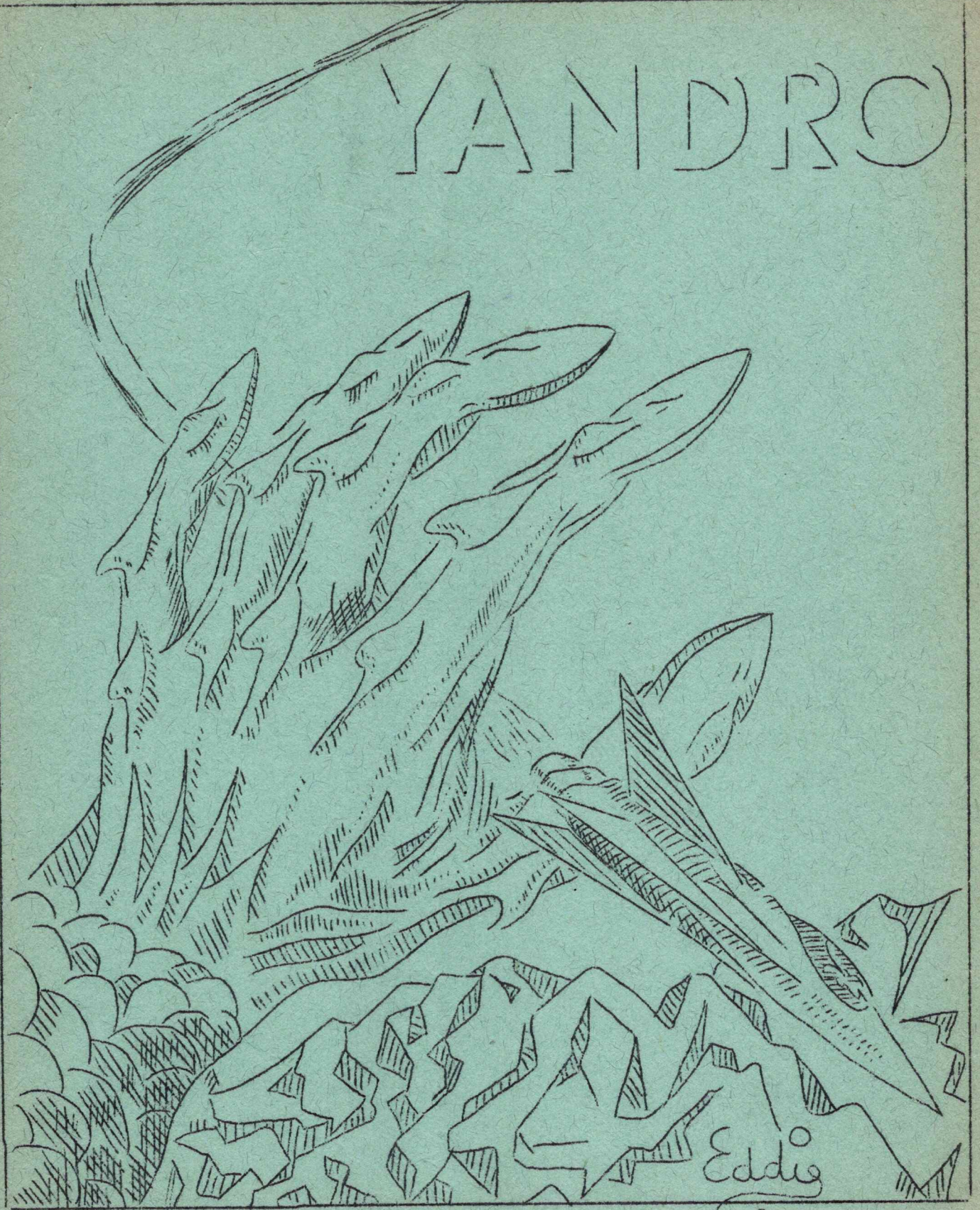
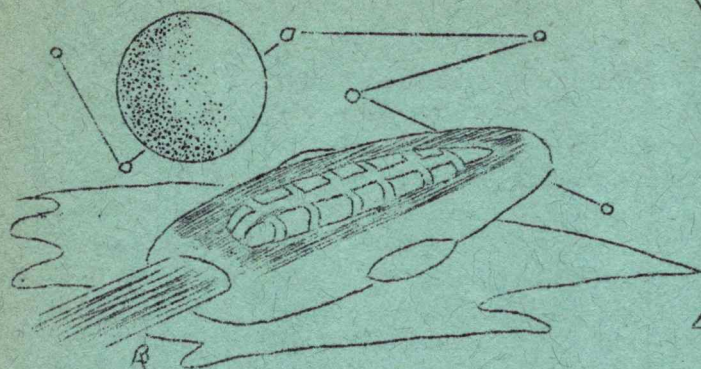


YANDRO



Eddie



YANDRO

FEB. '57

VOL. V - NO. 2

#49

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YANDRO is published monthly (well, it's dated monthly, at least) by Robert and Juanita Coulson, from 407½ East 6th. St., North Manchester, Indiana, USA. Price is 10¢ per issue, or 12 for \$1. British fans may obtain copies through Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England. Price 10d per copy, or 12 for 9/-.

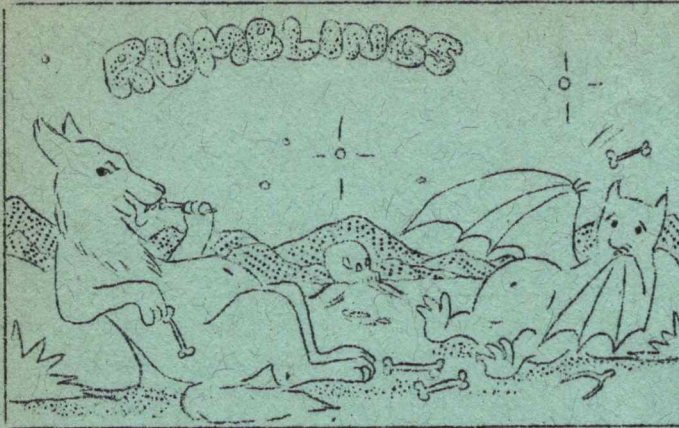
A quote from "The Crisis With Mars", by Frank C. Kelly; WONDER STORY QUARTERLY, Fall, 1932. "But with his cheek pressed close against the girl's soft, scented one, his body clinging to hers, he forgot it all in a stinging sweep of hot ecstasy that swamped his brain in a sudden overwhelming wave." Don't let MZB fool you about there being no sex in old stf stories --- they had some pretty hot stuff in them days.

GET A HEAD WITH MCNULTY!



and to think this thing used to be a six page newsletter. / .this is one of those issues where things keep coming and getting stuffed in until the final reckoning of "good grief! we've got too many pages !"so we got too many pages..... Had a delightful birthday...everyone is sick of the results but me.. I still expect the next time I play my new Yma Sumac or Les Baxter to have record player and all bounced off my head....castanets, too, I got

..clack, clack...now if only I were Cyd Charisse.....F&SF advertised they would be running an article by Ike Asimov next issue...this is reprinted(at least I'm reasonably positive it's the same article I've already encountered) from CHEMICAL AND ENGINEERING NEWS....August '56... some week or other.....one of the few advantages attached to my job of occasionally taking mags a page at a time and removing all full-page ads.....the article is typical Ike, and quite apt in certain respects, but I think it only fair that on the more serious areas thereof, F & SF should include the letter from EdWood that came along in rebuttal several issues later.....just for a complete picture.....we have rather hazy hopes of getting the next issue out as the all TAFF issue, but can make no promises as yet, since all the material is not in.....possibilities are fairly strong of being able to get it out on time, if the material all trickles in reasonably.....because the layouts and planning will be considerably simplified....we do have several covers on hand of a photooffset or multi nature, but are being held up now mainly by the little matter of expense.....you see, as it runs now, we, surprisingly enough, don't lose too great an amount on each issue, but start sinking the type of cash in that it takes for the fancy stuff, and we could end up as a five-yearly.....we'll scrape it together, eventually, but you'll just have to be patient.....and on the subject of covers, Marv Bryer reports his toothbrush sports some fascinating colors(not to mention his teeth being vari-hued) as a result of that annish cover..see, the tru-fan.....perhaps the most stunning remark of the ISFA meeting mentioned across the way was Dick Lupoff's, "Who's your parliamentarian?" - which resulted in loud guffaws and blank stares.....Indy fandom should really make Joe, who runs the record shop in Anderson, an honorary member or something.....or maybe Joe should subsidize the club, considering the number of fans who now descend regularly on the place in quest of all the odd, brawdy, and weird records that no one in this area but Joe seems to stock. The only thing he hasn't been able to get is Tom Lehrer.....says the company won't speak to him.....Maybe MAD was right in their latest movie satire....my co-workers are just seeing GIANT (just hit this burg) and the only expressed opinion of any of them is....."Long, ain't it?".....similarly, this.....goombye.....JWC



Comments (all 30 or so of them) on the Annish were the kind we like to read. Most readers picked out a few items they disliked, but there was no item which didn't receive a majority of "pro" votes. And response to the cover was overwhelming.

The Annas story in this issue is a sort of prologue to the serial we ran last spring. It was originally sent to Kent Corey --- after we obtained the serial, and Kent had had "Queen" on hands for some time with-

out publishing it, Hal asked him to either print it or send it back. No reply was forthcoming from Corey, so Hal informed him he no longer had permission to print it, and sent us the first draft. So if the same tale appears in ALICE sometime, you know the background of things.

After the gag ads we ran in the Annish, it might be wise to inform you that the ad for the "Moon Chart" in this issue is real. In fact, if you want the thing, you can send us the money along with your comments on YANDRO, and the chart will be mailed to you. Remember, I'm just agenting for it; I don't guarantee its worth, or anything.

According to FANTASY-TIMES, this year's Midwestcon will be held at the North Plaza Motel, Cincinnati, on June 29 and 30. This is one convention we always attend -- even a relatively poor Midwestcon (such as last year's effort) is a lot of fun. Look us up.

I don't know how many votes my McNulty campaign is pulling, but it has certainly produced a lot of slogans. So far, Gene DeWeese, James Adams, Ron Parker, Lew Forbes, Alan Dodd, Juanita, and I think Dale Brandon have got into the act.

SEND MCNULTY A BROAD!

I'm a bit disappointed in Ed, though; he blocked ISFA's opportunity to become the first fan club with a pedigreed president. Stung by my allegation of dictatorship, he attempted to hold an election at the last meeting. Only candidates nominated for president were DeWeese and Ed's Pekinese, Toni. When it became evident that Toni would win in a walk (or in her case, scuttle) if the election ever came to a vote, Ed sneakily postponed the election by refusing to talk about it for a whole 5 minutes. At the end of this time, everybody was happily conversing at the top of his or her voice, and had forgotten the election. His excuse for this was that he didn't want it said that the club was going to the dogs. By hearty exercise of his lungs, Ed did get the club to shut up long enough to transact some business, though. Dues were lowered from \$1.50 to 50¢. As nobody pays dues, anyway, this was a trifle academic. A motion to actually collect dues was defeated as being too radical, though my query as to what the dues were to be used for if they were collected brought from Ed the allegation of "obstructionist tactics". Parliamentary procedure took a beating, and the meeting broke up at 4:15 AM, with everyone happy.RSC

"I move that only one motion at a time be considered for discussion."

A DODDERING COLUMN

— 4 —

alan dodd

Some months ago when commercial television first reared its ugly head here in England, it was decided to convert our existing set to receive the new programmes, all previous sets being capable of picking up only the BBC channel. Conversion consisted of nearly fifty dollars worth of equipment, consisting mainly of a dial-riddled cigar box now resting unobtrusively on the top of the set and a fantastic, fishbone-shaped aerial.

At a quick glance, this building, with the straight rod BBC aerial sticking out of the wall and the nightmarish "commercial" aerial with its vicious trident-like prongs protruding vertically, appears as though its inhabitant has either been visited by flying saucers or is about to launch forth upon an unsuspecting world a hideous new death-ray. Luckily, I only receive; I do not emanate. Except when I eat radishes. Needless to say, when the Post Office detector van comes around to check up on licenses, both these aerials disappear mysteriously into the apparently solid brickwork.

"Television? Whaddya mean television? I tell you I ain't got no television set. You don't see no aerials, do yer? All right then!"

I'm rather glad we did get the set converted, though, as otherwise I might not have seen the TV debut of the Liverpool Science Fiction Society. Liverpool is the home of many well-known British fans, including two members of YANDRO's art staff, Eddie Jones and Bill Harry. It is also the temporary home of that fugitive of the blackboard jungle and editor of PLOY, Ron Bennett. /note; this column has been lying around our files for several months. RSC/ It was from this incredibly reliable source that I first heard about this proposed TV appearance. In fact, he so convinced me by the time he was through that I was under the impression that I was to see the Leeds Science-fiction crowd. However, he has since pointed out to me in to uncertain terms that LSFS stands for Liverpool Science Fiction Society, whereas LSFA stands for Leeds Science Fiction Association. Totally different organization.

Then there's the Lakeland Science Fiction Society???

"A Science Programme For The Family" is the subtitle of the "Meet The Professor" programme in which the group appeared. This programme deals with a vast range of semi-scientific subjects ranging from the tests for drunken driving -- well, can YOU say repeatedly, "The Leith Police dismisseth us? -- to the reason for oriental girls maturing quicker than western girls. /I can't even say "dismisseth" once. RSC/

The professor, a balding gent with a moustache, is seen seated at his table with 3 science-fiction magazines in front of him. He picks each one up, holds it to the camera for a brief glimpse, and reads off the title and lead novel. THRILLING WONDER STORIES and Jack Vance's "Five Gold Bands", STARTLING STORIES and "The Hothouse Planet", and finally SUPER SCIENCE STORIES and "The Earth Killers".

"Do you know," says the Professor, "that hundreds of thousands of people read these magazines each week?"

"No!" I was about to exclaim in amazement when the camera switches suddenly over to the Liverpool studio where sitting uncomfortably in their chairs are the LSFS. All looking most uneasy beneath the harsh studio lights.

Unfortunately, none of the LSFS that I knew were present that night and the only one that both Buck and I know offhand /very offhand, in my case..RSC/ was Frank Milnes who is part owner of the Milcross Book Service /Now H.M. Johnson/ probably the most reliable of English stf dealers. Little need be said about the very conventional interviews, as they consisted primarily of the usual stock questions and answers. The LSFS behaved in much the same way as you or I would if dragged out of our natural environment and thrust beneath the harsh studio lights.

The camera then switches back to the London studio, where caught unawares seated in his chair is John Carnell, editor of NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE-FANTASY, who proceeded with a very lukewarm argument with a scientist -- who to say the least was most unscientific in his arguments. Most frustrating part of this interview for Carnell must surely have been his inability to get in a free plug for his own magazine.

The following week in the same programme, LSFS blonde Pat Doolan made a welcome reappearance to ask a scientist of the possibility of reaching the moon. She met guided missiles expert Kenneth Gatland who not only believes that we can reach the moon, but even told Pat that it would take her five days of flying to get there. "But it looks as if I'll be a grandmother by the time I do it," Pat mused afterwards. For Mr. Gatland didn't seem to think such a trip would be possible until the start of the next century.

On the longer established BBC station, we have had a look into the past of science-fiction films in a biographical programme called "Melies The Magician". George Melies was a French magician of the early 1900's, who saw the commercial prospects of the motion picture. Using his skill as a magician together with his new-found skill at trick photography, he created something unique in the way of early science-magic. It is little known that he was the first creator of a Trip To The Moon film ---- a group of wild-looking scientists are shovelled into a huge shell, loaded into a cannon and fired at the moon. When they land, they go around hitting each other and exploding. The exact reason for this is never shown, but then a group of Moon-Men waving ferocious spears chase them back to the space-shell and one noble, self-sacrificing character stays behind to push the shell over the edge of the moon, where it drops down to earth. /Do I detect some of that "old-time sense of wonder" there?..RSC/

Alvar Appeltofft, Klammerdammsgatan 20, Halmstad, Sweden, is interested in obtaining back issues of YLNDRO (prior to #45). He has a few -- the issues of which we had extras -- so contact him before sending any. He will trade Swedish fan or pro mags.

Interesting information from "Satellite", by Erik Bergaust and William Beller..... "Mars travels around the sun in 24 hours 37.5 minutes."

"Gelbert's words were like flinty chips falling on a metal shield." Odd voice, what? From "Guardians Of The Void", by Arthur K. Barnes, Fall, 1932, WONDER STORY QUARTERLY

STRANGE FRUIT

WHERE R.S.C. REVIEWS FRESHLY RIPENED FANZINES

Ratings run from 1 (lousy) to 10 (superb), and beginning this issue, I'm going to get a little tougher with them. If a zine gets a lower rating this issue than it did last time, it doesn't mean that the material is worse; just that it isn't any better.

First, I'll take up a few odds and (if you'll pardon the expression) ends. These will get brief reviews and no ratings, either because they do not fall in the general fanzine category, or because I can't read Swedish, or some such reason.

THE DIRECTORY OF 1956 FANDOM (Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthur's Ave., Harrogate, Yorkshire, England - US agent Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Maryland - 1/- or 15¢)

Nine pages of names and addresses. Valuable for editors looking for BNF's to scrounge contributions from, correspondents wondering what that illegible address on a certain letter was, nosy people wondering if their names got included, and in general, anyone needing a list of fans. Very clearly reproduced.

STAR STUFF #4 (Karl-Evert Wetterlund, Box 895, Stockholm 1, Sweden - 6 issues for \$1)

Beautiful cover (multilith?), good reproduction (not that it does me any good) 23 pages in Swedish and one in English. Nice for anyone who can read Swedish, or for collectors.

CONTACT (Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemlei, Borgerhout, Belgium - bi-weekly - \$1 per year /24 issues/)

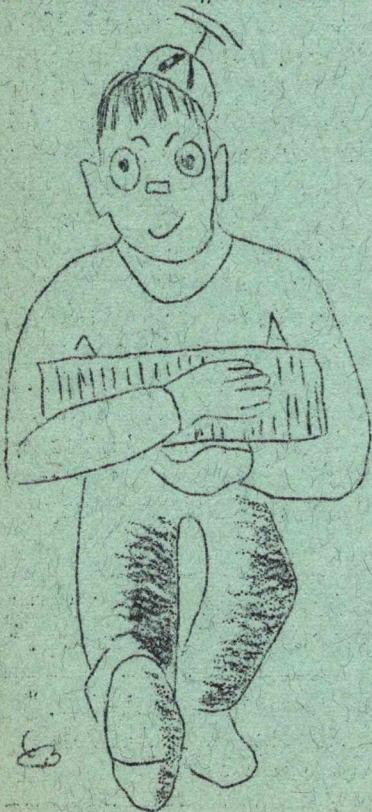
Fandom's newszine. A must for anyone interested in the doings of fans and fandom.

FANTASY-TIMES (Fandom House, P.O. Box 2331, Paterson 23, New Jersey - bi-weekly - 10¢ or 12 for \$1)

The newszine of the pro field. Advance information on new mags coming out, old mags folding, editors leaving for Hollywood, etc. I liked it well enough to pay \$10 for a lifetime sub.

INEBRIATE #1 (Wm. C. Rickhardt, 21175 Goldsmith, Farmington, Michigan - monthly - free to anyone willing to send in letters of comment)

This might qualify as a general-type zine, but as the first issue consists of 4 nicely-dittoed pages of comments and reviews by the editor, I'm



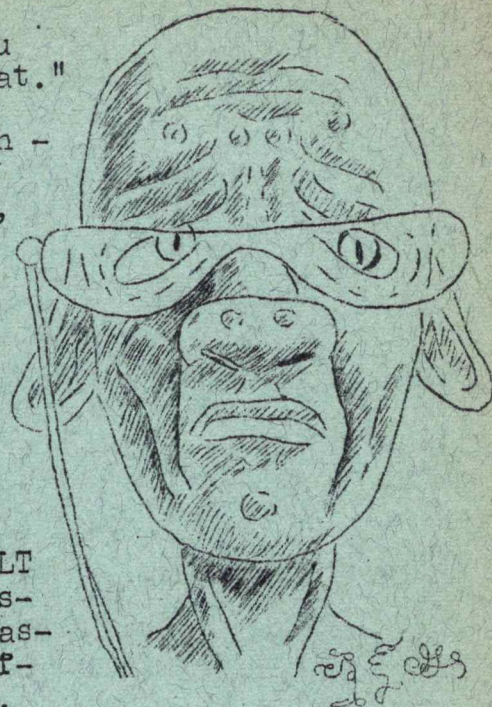
classing it as a sort of personal newszine. I rather enjoyed it, and it's free; what can you lose? Even contains quotes from "Alec the Great."

MAFOMATIC (Marty Fleischman - 3 issues a month - free to friends and correspondants - whoops! forgot the address; 1246 Grant Ave., Bronx 56, New York)

Another personal-comment type zine, this one turned out via carbon paper and just one page long. Fans (or at least this fan) go to monster movies, Marty, because they're funny. I got a huge kick out of "Curucu".

EAST AND WEST (Peter Campbell, 60 Calgarth Road, Windermere, Westmoreland, England - monthly - 20¢ or 12 for \$2)

This is the "Official Journal of the OCCULT RESEARCH SOCIETY" and is devoted to "those aspects of truth which are too elusive to be measured" -- religion, Esp, faith healing, life after death, flying saucers, Yoga, pyramidology, numerology, and other stuff like that there. Extremely well reproduced. If you're interested in this sort of thing, I'd say this was a notch above FATE, and a free sample will be sent anyone wishing to find out if he is interested in this sort of thing.



Now to the more or less regular-type fanzines.

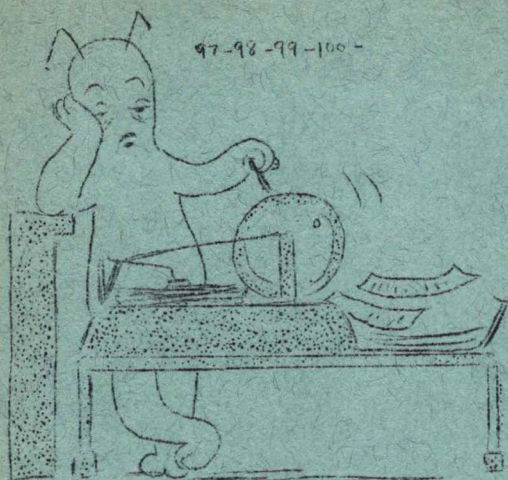
FOR BEMS ONLY #5 (Jerry Merrill, 632 Ave. H, Boulder City, Nevada - quarterly - 1/2¢ per page, or 450 pages for \$1)

58 half-size mimeoed pages. Reproduction nothing extra, but at least readable, which is a pleasant change from last issue. Very little artwork. Mildly funny article by John Berry, very funny movie review by Jerry Greene, good column by Alan Dodd, book reviews by Moomaw, fanzine reviews by Bourne, and various stories, articles, etc., by Marvin Bryer, Joe Sanders, John Champion, Marty Fleischman, and F.J. Marlborough (?). This zine has been improving steadily. Rating.....4

BRILLIG (Lars Bourne, 2436 1/2 Portland St., Eugene, Oregon - irregular - 10¢) This is #6.

Fascinating article on installing t-v sets by Eric Bentcliffe, serious-type article by Guy Terwilliger, more dull movie reviews by Larry Sokol, a revolting poem by Agatha Southern, editorial chatterings and letters. Artwork isn't very noteworthy this time. This is a "personality" zine. None of the material, except the Bentcliffe article, is particularly outstanding --- I can't give any logical reason for liking the zine, but I do. You may not, but..... Rating.....5

TWIG #2 (Guy E. Terwilliger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho - quarterly? - 10¢ or 6 for 50¢)



This is more the serious constructive type fanzine. Issue contains "1956 In Review" by Vic Fletcher, a superficial article on "The Good Old Days" by Herbert Beach, a checklist of dealers in back-issue mags, fiction by Larry Sokol, and fanzine reviews by Fleischman. Well reproduced; artwork fair to good. Should improve rapidly. Rating.....4

TEEN-ZINE #1 (Jesse J. Leaf, 4510 Church Ave, Brooklyn 3, New York - irregular - 10¢)

A good share of my copy was unreadable, due to atrocious mimeoing. I don't think I missed much, though. Two stories, one of them (by the editor) quite good. The editor knows it's good, too, and has a paragraph in the editorial which explains all its subtle over-

tones for dull-witted readers. I suppose Leaf knows his readers better than I do, but.... Very superficial comments on "Ralph 124C414", a poem, and an index of FANTASTIC for 1956. If you're under 15, a neo-fan, and the type to use an index of FANTASTIC, you might like this zine. Unfortunately, I don't qualify. Rating.....2

ZODIAC #1 (Larry Sokol, 4131 Lafayette Ave., Omaha 3, Nebraska - quarterly - 10¢ or 6 for 50¢)

Published by Ray Thompson, so the reproduction is legible. Layout needs improvement, though. A promised series, "Profile Of An Editor" leads off with Lars Bourne talking about BRILLIG. Fiction by Moomaw, article by Terwilleger, and "Excerpts From The Diary Of A Poor Unfortunate", published under a pen-name and quite good in spots. Rating.....3

NEW FUTURIAN #6 (John Michael Rosenblum, 7 Grosvenor Park, Leeds 7, England - 9d per copy / send 15¢ American to cover overseas postage / - published 3 times per year)

A big, fat, serious, well-reproduced British zine. Con report on the Nycon by Bob Pavlat, comments on Bela Bartok by Harry Warner, Jr., book reviews, article by British pro E.R. James, fandom's past by Sid Birchby and radio's future by Con Turner, column by Joe Gibson, fascinating page of old fan photos (with Ted Carnell looking remarkably like Dennis Campbell), lots of letters, and a nice cover by Bill Harry. Considerably more mature than the average fanzine. Rating.....6

ABERRATION (Kent Moomaw, 6705 Bramble Ave., Cincinnati 27, Ohio - irregular? 10¢ or 3 for 25¢) This is #1

Excellent reproduction --- but then, it's published by Gary Labowitz and so isn't to be compared with an inexperienced editor's first fumbling efforts. Two articles on stf as a way of life; one by Terry Carr and Dave Rike and the other by me. (Which, incidentally, I wrote a year ago for another fanzine -- one that promptly folded.) Mark Schulzinger attacks the middle class and the editor jumps on egotistical BNF's (some of whom need to be jumped on with spiked shoes). Rating...4

HYPHEN #17 (Walter Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, Northern Ireland - pretty irregular, lately - 15¢)

Trying to describe HYPHEN is impossible. It is probably the humor-zine. Get a copy and see for yourself. Rating.....9

GRUE #28 (Dean Grennell, 402 Maple Ave., Fond du Lac, Wisconsin - irregular - 25¢)

Like HYPHEN, GRUE is unique. Last I heard, Grennell was trying to cut down on his sub list, but if you can get on it, DO. It's among the top 4 or 5 zines in the world, in both material and reproduction. Contains a little of everything. Rating.....10

MEUH #1 (Jean & Annie Linard, 24 rue petit, Vesoul, Haute-Saone, France - quarterly - "Free, traded for fanzines and cute letters". And if all you have to send is a cute letter, send 25¢ along with it; don't be cheap)

100 pages this time, including 27 pages of letters. Material by Ron Elik (con-report), John Berry, Ron Bennett, Terry Jeeves, Jan Jansen, Jerry Merrill, Jean Young, Lars Helander, Alberta Leek, Jean-Claude Hemery, Georges Petitfaux and the editor. Obviously I can't review this thing; it would take several pages. Just say it's good. Rating....7

FANALYSIS #3 (Ray Schaffer, Jr., 4541 Third St., N.W., Canton 8, Ohio irregular - free to FAPA members "and other interested parties")

This probably should have gone in with the odds and ends, since the entire issue is devoted to cancer and the Hoxey treatment. (Hoxsey; pardon me, Ray.) The editor has a good reason for this, but it probably isn't of general interest to fandom. I was interested, though.

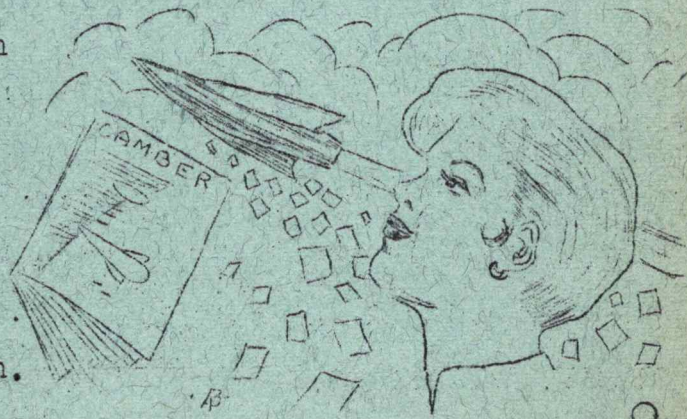
VOID #3? /number your issues, dammit!/(Greg and Jim Benford, % Lt. Col. J. A. Benford, G-4 Sect. Hq. V Corps, APO 79, New York, N.Y. - bi-monthly, 15¢)

Kent Moomaw on stf records, Terry Carr on 6th. fandom, Julian Parr and Lars Helander comment on German and Swedish fandom, plus some John Derry and Terry Jeeves humor. This is another "personality" zine, however, and the real meat of it is in the letter column. Rating.....6

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #99 (The Nameless Ones, Box 92, 920 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 10¢ or 12 for \$1)

As a special bonus for this 7th Annish, the minutes of 3 Nameless meetings are included. (I'm not being sarcastic, either --- the minutes, as related by Wally Weber, are the high point of the mag, and contain some of the best humor in fandom.) The regular review columns by Renfrew Pemberton and Burnett Toskey are included, along with some allegedly humorous fiction.

Rating.....5



GEMZINE #4:13 (G.M. Carr, 5319 Ballard Ave., Seattle 7, Washington - quarterly - no price listed; ask her)

Another personality zine --- this time put out by one of the strongest personalities in fandom. You may either like or dislike Mrs. Carr, but I'll bet you won't be indifferent. Most of the material is by the editor --- in fact, about all the material I like is either by her or in the letter column. There are 4 pages of verse --- erroneously labeled "poetry"--this time, which can be safely skipped. Huge amounts of readable material and arguments, though. Rating.....7

PHLOTSAM #6 (Phyllis Economou, 436 W. 20th. St., New York, N.Y. - irregular - a FAPazine, but she might have some extras for nice people with comments and money)

Three pages by Ed Cox, mostly on cooking, and the rest by the editor. Subjects range from cab and bus drivers to a moving day which did not quite make it to free mail-order catalogs ("Enclose 75¢ for mailing costs) to Jean Shepard to bicycle races down hotel corridors. All more or less interesting. Rating.....5

PERIHELION #1 (Ron Parker, 714 W. 4th. St., Tulsa 7, Oklahoma - irregular /in fact, this may be the only issue/ free)

A SAFPzine, for a change. A fair cover and a good story by Archie Goodwin, an article by Hal S. Michaels, and editorials. Nothing to get excited about; in fact, Ron spends most of one editorial huckstering for his other (and much better) zine, CONCEPT. Rating.....3

FAFHRD #5 (Ron Ellik, 277 Pomona Ave, Long Beach 3, California - irregular - free for comment?)

My last comments must not have been appreciated --- no cover on our issue. Notes on slide-rules by Dean Grennell, book reviews by Des Emery, an article by the combined talents of Lars Helander and Jan Jansen, letters, and, the big item of the issue, the rules of "Interplanetary". (A game --- sort of a combination of "Space Patrol", "Monopoly", and "Uncle Wiggily".) This isn't as good as last issue. Rating.....4

WHAT IS ON THE MOON?

Cities? Spaceports? Signal-Beacons? An Alien Race?

For centuries man has used his closest neighbor, the moon, as a basis for tales of fantasy and imagination. NOW for the first time the whole startling story is told! Strange lights, signal beacons, city-shaped formations, "spots" that grow and change like vegetation, mysterious mists and frost-like substances....these and other strange sightings on the moon are shown in detail on the fabulous MOON CHART! Until recently it was thought impossible for life to exist on the moon. Now YOU can see the proof! Detailed MOON CHART shows all, tells all. Handsomely printed and suitable for framing, MOON CHART is 8½x11 inches. Only \$1.00 postpaid to your door!

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QUEEN OF HATES

hal annas—

Radley Joe Keyote held himself so still an onlooker might have imagined he had ceased to breathe, and this was not far from the truth, for he was gazing full at his quarry less than thirty feet away lying a sleep on a shelf under the waterfall. As his pulse quickened, he knew he would not long be able to restrain some movement to betray his presence so he made his decision. He needed to get down twenty feet to a shelf directly below. From there he could leap to the shelf on which she lay and have her between him and the solid stone wall at her back. She would not get away this time.

Moving with quiet dexterity, he slunk back the way he had come, made a circuit among the boulders and approached the waterfall on a level with the lower shelf. Again he held his breath, crept forward and looked over. She was still there.

A shadow of doubt came into his excited blue eyes and caused him to hesitate. His sandy head tilted and he looked at the sky, the clouds, the rolling green hills, and again looked at the girl. She lay on her side, auburn head pillowed on bare brown arm, gray woolen skirt slit to her thighs to give her free movement. Her tanned features were even, unadorned except for a comb of thorns fastened in tangled hair just above her left ear, and her full-breasted body was the body of a human animal, smooth, lithe, thrubbing with health and vigor, but now exhausted.

Keyote marveled that she had endured so long. Nearly a hundred miles -night and day, over the roughest terrain on all Golgon, she had led the hunting party, which was aided by aircars, dogs, ground vehicles, and radar-probes, --all the way from the outskirts of Landsite where she had stolen the clothes she wore, much of the food that sustained her in flight, and six hundred thousand dollars in Earth credits.

She stirred, and Keyote's fibres tingled from scalp to toes. He made ready to leap. Something held him a moment longer, and in that moment her brown eyes came open and she looked full at him. She seemed startled, but unafraid, momentarily undecided, like a raccoon waiting to see which way its tree is going to fall before it springs to another. Keyote leaped. The girl moved with animal suddenness, bounced to her feet, backed against the wall, stood at bay.

Keyote was certain he would never forget just how she looked, and how like the untamed creature she was, how utterly primitive, as she stood, cornered, waiting for his next move. Arms spread, he advanced slowly, knowing how swift she was, how vicious she could be in a fight, knowing that she would kill him if she got her teeth in his throat.

The last few yards he covered in a rush, seeking to pin her against the wall, paralyze her with a blow against the side of the neck. Swift as light her first move coincided with his and she tried to go under

his arm, but he bent quickly, caught her shoulder, got his other hand on her neck, and then he felt her teeth close through the calf of his leg. His grip loosened and she struggled up, clawing and biting. It was all Keyote could do to keep from using his fist or some of the more deadly Judo moves. He did not want to harm her, but she was so viciously wild and strong, and driven by the belief she was fighting for her life, that it seemed he would have to knock her out or get killed himself. She did not know the science of this kind of fighting, but relied entirely on her wiriness and strength, and so he risked another moment.

The opportunity came when her teeth closed through his forearm. He released his other hand from its grip and chopped down against her neck and because he was too careful about pulling the blow, he had to strike again and yet again. He placed a padded collar about her neck, ran a chain from it to his belt, then brought out medicants and treated his injuries. He examined her for broken bones, found none, placed a light bandage over a scratch on her shoulder, noted the faint marks indicating she had carried a pack or a child strapped to her back.

By the time her eyes opened he had a thick mixture of food, heating in its container, a result of adding water. He burned himself as she snatched at the chain and tried to spring away, but this time she was less difficult to subdue and he did not have to knock her out again.

"I won't hurt you," he said softly, holding her arms helpless. "Sit down." She sat, but the moment his eyes left her she was up, fighting the chain, trying to break it from her neck.

"I know how you feel," he said soothingly, "but you're just hurting yourself. That chain will hold an ox." She ceased to struggle, but remained as far away from him as the chain would allow. He paid no attention, went back to heating food. At length he said, "I won't pass this while it's hot because you might use it to burn me, but if you'll wait till it cools, I'll take a chance." She said nothing and the irony of his offer became apparent; she could do nothing but wait.

"I didn't mean it just like that," he said. "I meant I'm going to share with you. It'll cool soon." She would not look at him, but he could see that her features were sullen, desperate. This did not detract from her wild beauty, but it did emphasize the tension of her body, the readiness of arms and legs.

"It's all right now," he said, rising and moving toward her. She edged back, but he took in on the chain, hesitated just before reaching her. "I won't hurt you," he repeated. "You need food. Sit down."

Her brown eyes came up, flaming hatred and fear, her fingers bent into claws. Keyote waited a moment longer, then insisted, "Sit down - you can only hurt yourself. You're smarter than that. Eat and rest and then maybe you can trick me into letting my guard down and get way." The corners of her mouth drew in and her full lips parted in what could be a smile if it had gone far enough, then she sat down and doubled her legs under her.

"You've been getting food on the fly for nearly a week," Keyote said, placing the container on her lap. "You must be pretty hungry." She said nothing, stared at the food. "Eat," Keyote urged. "I'll heat up another one for myself."

She watched him open the second container. She looked from it to the container in her lap, cautiously brought a hand from her side and touched the metal. She lifted it, held it aloft, looked under it. "That's one of the things that can come with civilization," Keyote explained softly, "That and pretty dress, and combs of bone or plastic. But I'm not certain it's an improvement over your life," he went on. "You have fields, flowers, fruit, and game. And you don't have the petty problems that come along with civilization." He talked on idly. Out of the corner of an eye he saw she was eating. He was careful not to make an abrupt move, but from time to time glanced in the direction from which he had come.

"Why do you hate Earthmen?" he demanded suddenly. Her features darkened, eyes flashed. "I'm not a government man," he said. "I'm not an enemy." No sooner had he spoken than he regretted the words. He was contemptuous of suterfuge in dealing with savages on this planet, for trickery and subterfuge had been the means of alienating them in the first place. It seemed mockery to tell her he was not an enemy when he had a chain about her neck.

He was tempted to release her, not because he wanted the savages to have their way, but because he did not want to be associated in their minds with the stigma early wealth-grabbers had brought upon Earthmen. He had not lied, for he was not a government man--at least, he was not under the authority of the government as it existed on Golgon. He had insisted on operating as a free agent and the Solar Council had given him papers to be used in emergency or after his mission had been accomplished.

Now that he had said he was not an enemy he cast about for means of proving it. He led the girl from under the waterfall to the ridge above and pointed to the plain over which he had come. Her eyes were better, and she was first to locate the moving dots. She also heard the rotor of the aircar before he did, and genuine fright came into her eyes. Keyote understood. He had heard the guns of the aircars many times during the past week and knew they were firing at the fugitive. He had been revolted. Twoscore men and their dogs pursuing one frightened girl night and day. They had wanted a chase and she had given it to them, keeping out of reach by courage, endurance, and no little skill, which bespoke a high order of intelligence. But the outcome was inevitable.

This was not entirely a matter of brutality, but rather a lack of ability. They were kind, charitable, would go to great length to alleviate suffering, but they did not know how to deal with a simple rebellious people who resented their taking over the planet.

The girl breathed hard, restless eyes seeking a means of escape, and Keyote wasted no time in reassuring her. "I'm not going to let them get you," he said. "If you know a hiding place, lead the way. If not, we'll go down in the valley and find a place." She fingered the chain. "I'll let out on it," he offered.

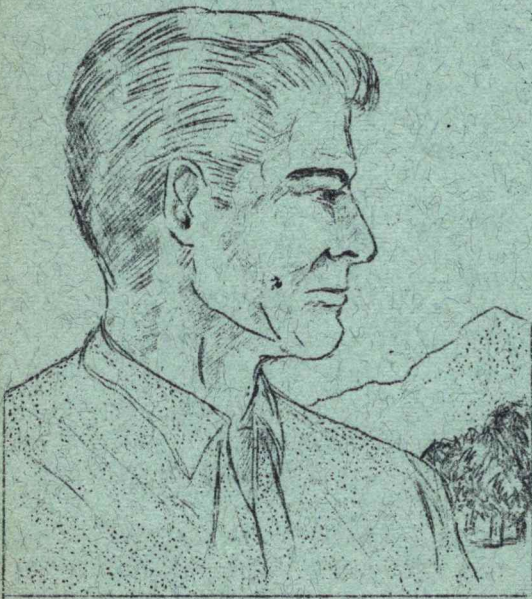
She started away at a walk, as though in doubt, then glanced up at the sky and increased her pace. Keyote followed, had difficulty in keeping up with her, and was astonished at the ease with which she found concealment from above, pausing in shadows to reconnoiter.

During one of these pauses her excitement rose and she glanced about quickly, fumbling with the chain. She turned to him in desperation. It was then that he heard the humming of the radar-probe, faint, but coming

closer at terrific speed. He gestured toward a fissure down the slope, started to run. She went by him like a gazelle, leaped the fissure, then ran on. He thought she had panicked and was about to bring her to halt, then saw her objective and ran on with her. They got underneath a stone shelf just as the humming probe topped the ridge and fanned its waves across the rocky terrain. The humming passed directly overhead, faded in the distance. "It takes those probes thirty minutes to make a circuit so we'd better move down to the valley," he said.

Leading the way, he managed to keep in position so that he could see her out of the corner of his eye, but tried to avoid giving the impression his attention was mainly focussed on her. The best way to do this, he concluded, was to take an interest in the surroundings. Keyote was familiar with terrestrial mountains with majesty, strength, and so many contrasts, but he had never seen anything to rival the hills and valleys of Golgon. The purplish blue, grey and red slopes, the turquoise and cobalt peaks crowned with snow brought memories. There was ample to hold his interest and he made the most of it until he noticed that the girl was subtly directing the descent by going ahead and holding the slack out of the chain.

Thinking back, he realized he had been following her for several minutes and that she had altered course so that they were going northwest, instead of due west as he had started. Curiosity piqued, he moved faster and let the chain fall slack. Instantly she glanced back, changed course and went west again. Keyote scratched his sandy head. He was positive - there was more beneath those red tangles of hair and behind those brown eyes than most Earthmen suspected. It required a certain amount of cunning for her to accompany him without further struggle. Keyote determined to play the game on out to the end. There was a way of life, an entire philosophy in the balance. He had told the Council what he believed he could accomplish, and until he showed results, the same blundering use of force would continue.



Again he concentrated on the surroundings ignored the direction they were taking, and at the end of an hour was able to smile at the results. The girl had carefully worked northwest. As darkness descended she moved faster, apparently feeling he was deceived, she no longer made any bones about direction.

Satisfied, and certain her plan meant a danger for him, Keyote called a halt. She made no protest but would not come near him. She had not breathed a syllable, but at each opportunity tried to get her teeth in his throat. He decided to try silence himself. There was no question of sleeping until he could figure out a way to keep her at a distance and at the same time prevent her escape.

The girl shivered but made no sound. Keyote unslung his bedroll, removed a self -

heating blanket for himself, and tossed the balance to her. He draped his blanket about his shoulders and waited to see what she would do. An hour passed. The girl shivered beside the bedroll, made no move to protect herself. Keyote stirred uneasily, censured himself. At the end of two hours he waited no longer. Acting swiftly, he bundled the trembling girl in the bedroll, then returned to his former position and tried to figure.

It was childlike stubbornness, he was certain, but it did not fit in with the intelligence she had used in eluding her pursuers. It was hatred of everything advanced by Earthmen, confirmation of what had driven her to destroy notes for six hundred thousand dollars. She had thought she was injuring Earthmen. She hadn't known that destroying the notes was almost the same as returning them.

Keyote was startled awake by a sudden and violent tugging. He had not intended to sleep. Coming to his feet he could hear the shouting of men and once thought he saw a light bobbing up and down. Rushing to her, he snatched the bedroll and started across the valley. She held back, and neither went either way, then the girl gave in, followed but still held back. Keyote could make no time pulling her along. He remembered how she had streaked by him when the radar-probe came. He stopped suddenly. Instantly she set out northwest, hurrying, taxing him to keep pace. Soon she was literally towing him at the end of the chain. Then came the hum of a radar-probe and Keyote thought of releasing the chain, for he was nothing but a handicap to her now.

He might have put the thought into action had not a splashing sound told him she had found water. The chain went slack and at the same moment nearby stones snapped and popped and showered sparks. A radar-probe had picked him up, flashed his position to an aircar. He went on ten more steps before the first burning pain lanced across his back. The next stinging was in his legs and hips and the rolling crash came as the aircar roared overhead, zoomed to lift above the cliff, but struck it with a thundering explosion.

Staggering, but certain the shots had struck neither a vital spot nor bones, he plunged on to the small lake, fell into the water. Now he knew this had been the girl's destination. She was well out, swimming strongly, and there was no smell or taste of blood in her wake. Weakening fast as a result of exertion and loss of blood, he was unable to keep up. He was aware that the girl was taking in on the chain, treading water, waiting, and genuine fear gripped him. Weighted with heavy clothing, he would be a comparatively easy victim.

Muscles stiffening from cold, a hint of the cramps to come, he was fighting his own weakness when the girl reached for him. He pushed her away with vigor, but an instant later she caught his legs below surface. Kicking viciously, he felt fire run up his body from his wounds. Sinking, he struggled on but knew from the first there could be but one out



come.

He got his fingers in her hair, tried to snap her neck, then felt with shock a blow in his own neck, and still another. As consciousness drifted away he knew she had learned that tricky blow from him.

He seemed to be dangling at the end of the chain while his body was hammered against a stone wall. Fire flamed in his back, hips, and legs. The pain ran upward, exploded in his brain. He drifted back into the depths. Later he became aware his throat was parched, his tongue swollen, he was dying of thirst. A babbling noise ceased at the sound of his movement. He drifted away again, this time into dreams. He was a child again, and too small to sit up or care for himself, and his mother was nearby reassuring him.

Thirst was overpowering when he finally awoke. He fought the agony of movement and twisted until he could see the girl. Her features were now drawn, almost lifeless, her hair a mass of tangles, her now nude body shrunken. In her eyes was a look of unrelieved hate. Without warning, her body jerked spasmodically and she went through horrifying contortions, and in the distance sounded the crash of a rifle. As he struggled up Keyote saw the chain which had held the girl go sliding out of a hole in the stone wall. He reached the hole, looked out, saw the lake fifty feet below, realized he was in a cave in the face of the cliff.

Understanding dawned. The girl had somehow scaled to the cliff, with no alternative but to pull him up, too. Just how she had accomplished it all was a question he would never be able to answer. With daylight, when her position was discovered, she was ready to defend herself. None could come at her except at the disadvantage of scaling the cliff. Keyote wondered how many she had flung into the lake. So long as she remained away from the opening, she was not in danger. But attrition was the enemy she could not hold. Thirst came. She fought it and fought it. At last, she removed her dress, fastened it to the chain and lowered it to soak up water. That was when the rifleman shot her.

The rattling in her throat and the fever of her nude body told Keyote that he must get medical aid within minutes. Removing his shirt, he held it out as a flag of truce, followed quickly with his head and shoulders.

"I'm an Earthman," he shouted.

"Whatchu doing holed up with a savage?" came the sneering reply.

"Is there a man named Frazier among you?"

"Constable. He wouldn't have anything to do with a renegade Earthman. Throw the savage in the lake and we'll let you go--maybe."

Keyote, too, knew hate.

He arranged with Frazier to bring the girl out for medical attention. The journey back to Landsite was not pleasant. The scenery no longer had his attention. Something was wrong, something that had to be rectified.

His first effort to get an audience with the President of the Golgon Council was rebuffed, but within two hours after he produced his papers from the Solar Council the Golgon Council was called into session. He told his story and concluded: "When one person has such a high sense of morality, the race cannot be far behind. Your assumption that force is necessary, that these savages are merciless, is groundless. The girl was not trying to drown me. She could have done that. She knew I had been wounded and was at her mercy."

The councilmen stirred as with a feeling of relief that someone had taken the side of the savages. A grayheaded man spoke: "Where is the girl?"

Keyote brought out his handkerchief, held his voice steady. "She died in my arms, not entirely of a bullet wound, but because she had been so weakened by thirst."

There was a general stirring and the councilmen looked at one another with an air of skepticism. "How does it happen," one demanded, "that you fared so well while she died of thirst?"

This was the moment for which Keyote had waited. This was the moment he feared. All of his efforts could now be negated, or, if he could make them see the truth, their whole attitude toward the Golgons might change -- this was the moment in which history-making new laws might be passed, giving the Golgons equal rights, or the moment in which he might meet a defeat and thus leave the planet to another decade of riot and bloodshed.

"Gentlemen!" His voice was soft, humble, but carried to the most distant ear. "The girl raided the trading post in retaliation for the killing of her child by a huntsman aiming at her. The child was seven weeks old. Gentlemen--" His voice became almost inaudible. "I did not perish!"

Slowly, slowly, and with growing impact, the truth swept over them.

MORE FANZINE REVIEWS by RSC

CAMBER, TAKE-OFF, and CAMBER ART FOLIO (Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England - irregular - 1/- or 15¢ per copy)

To my knowledge, Dodd is the first editor to devote an entire fanzine (TAKE-OFF) to fanzine reviews -- though we may have to do something similar, if this column gets any longer. Bonus this time is a 31-pp (counting covers) artfolio, quite well done. CAMBER #7 contains very good material by John Berry, Dave Jenrette, Terry Carr, Warren F. Link, Helen Urban, Bill Harry, Jack Williams, Alvar Appeltofft, and me. Illustrations are among the best in fandom. Recommended Rating...7

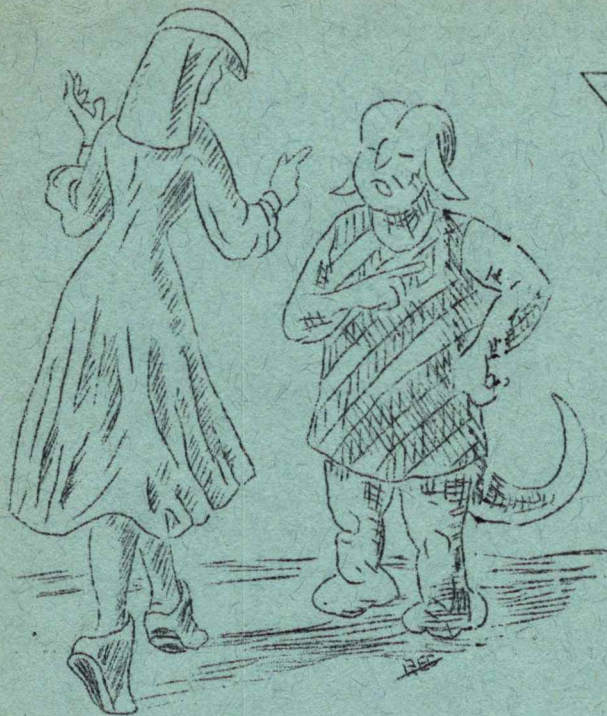
PEON #38 (Charles Lee Riddle, Bldg. 927, Apt. #1, Bainbridge Village, Bainbridge Village, Maryland - quarterly - 15¢ or 8 for \$1)

I believe this is fandom's oldest regularly appearing zine, and it is certainly one of the best. Authors this include Jerry Dixby, Robert Bloch, Ted Sturgeon, Jim Harmon, Eric Bentcliffe, Terry Carr, Kent Moomaw, and Isabelle E. Dinwiddie. The editor comments that the Sturgeon article "was supposed to appear in the last issue...but got crowded out." Anyone want to name another zine that Sturgeon could get crowded out of? This is one of the four or five top zines in fandom. Rating...9

SFAIRA Publications #1 (Lars Helander, Lohegatan 11, Eskilstuna 3, Sweden - irregular - free for trades and letters of comment)

The first of a proposed series of one-shots of various types. This is 22 pages of editorial ramblings in English, and very entertaining. Future publications will be in either English or Swedish, whichever the editor feels like. A very informal fanzine. Rating...5

"We're attracting many new readers into the field..." W.L. Hamling



Weird Theatre— —marty—fleischman—

New York fans were recently joyed at the arrival of Channel 9's "Weird Theatre", an hour program which features classic horror films, fantasy, mystery, and occasionally science fiction.

Originally blurbled as "For Adults Only", the show is currently shown at 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 and 12:00 P.M., respectively. Though the shows are cut considerably, and the inevitable creature/monster movies are sometimes shown, the shows are generally good, and one can usually count on an hour's entertainment.

Among the notable presentations: "The Body Snatcher", "Robot Monster", "Curse of the Cat People", and one whose title I forget, which had Boris Karloff in the leading role. "The Body Snatcher", a film of 1930 vintage, still has appeal for the average fan. "Robot Monster" relates the adventures of the only remaining family on Earth, which is under the constant threat of a mechanical invader. Made in 1952, it is new compared to the majority of films shown. "Curse of the Cat People" is the sequel to the famed "Cat People". Starring Simone Simone, it is more or less pure mystery rather than fantasy, as is the Karloff opus, which depicts the mistreatment of the patients in a London mental asylum.

Of the remaining shows, "Red Planet Mars" is worthy of mention. This 1952 production tells of an American scientific team who somehow make contact with Mars. The film is one of my favorites, because for a change movie makers decided to include decent acting and dialogue /Like "Oh, John, it's so evil!"...RSC/ with a good, interesting plot. The aforementioned "Robot Monster" suffers from the lack of the above.

"Weird Theatre's" main fault, as far as I am concerned, lies in the announcers. Neither rain nor wild horses will put an end to such tiring statements as "Go ahead, turn out the lights --- I dare ya", "...and the ending is a gem of pure horror", or "...till the mummy rises....". All this is too bad, as it ruins the effect of the film.

As I understand it, "Weird Theatre" promises to present such memorable films as "The Thing", "Things To Come", "Frankenstein", and "The Catman of Paris". It will be interesting to see what strides "Weird Theatre" will make in the coming season.

"Shall we reject the infamous proposal, as righteous God-fearing men must?"....."Emissaries of Space", Wonder Story Quarterly, Fall '32

GRUMBLINGS

/Note: all editorial replies in this column are by me. RSC/

Nicholas L. Falasca, 5612 Warwick Drive, Parma 29, Ohio

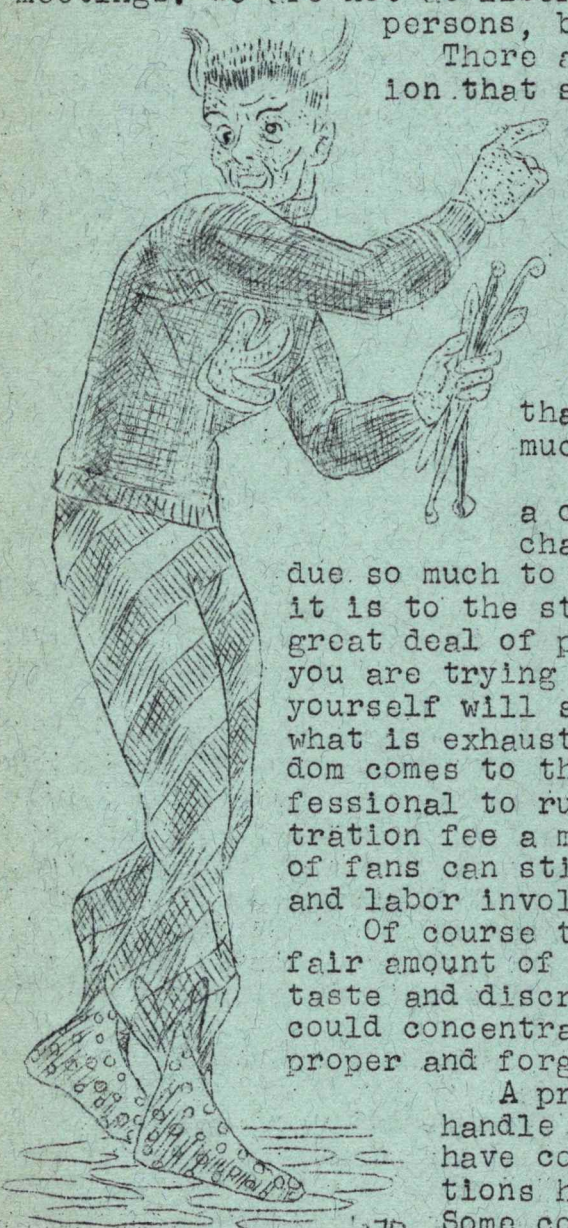
Some time ago, Bob Bloch mentioned that he felt that conventions were becoming big business and should be run for us by paid professionals. We would like to point out a few fallacies in his reasoning. We are associated with an engineering society that has two meetings a year for its members. These are large, widely publicized, professional affairs. The society has people employed who do nothing but arrange these meetings. We are not at liberty to state the combined salaries of these persons, but it is in excess of four figures.

There are too many fans and pros under the delusion that science fiction conventions are "big business". It may be loosely considered big business as seen through the eyes of Street and Smith or Mercury Publications, but as conventions go, we are very small indeed. We seriously doubt if there is a professional convention giver in the field who would touch us for under \$15.00 a head -- in advance. Considering the opposition to the \$2.00 registration fee, we cannot imagine that anyone would be willing to part with \$5, much less \$15.

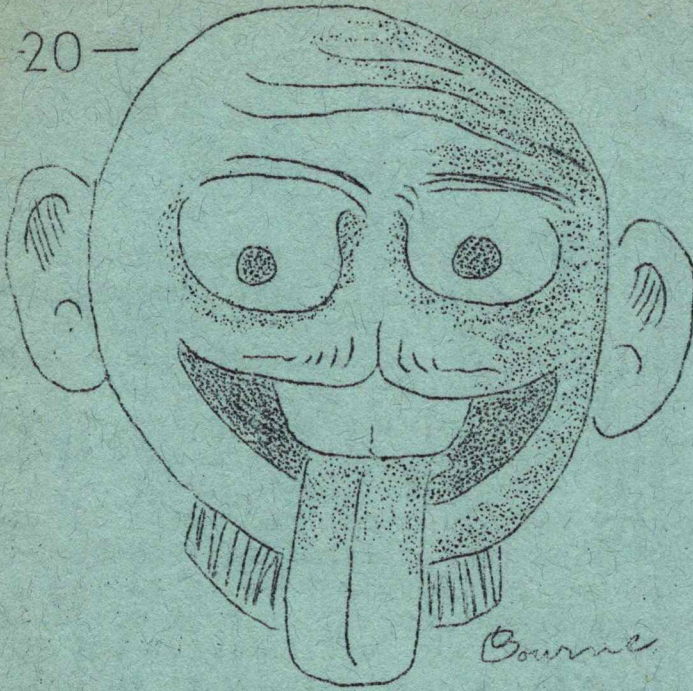
True, committee members do get tired before a convention. For newcomers, Nick was ass't. chairman of the '55 Clevecon. But this is not due so much to the stress of putting the convention on as it is to the stress of cutting corners to save a dime. A great deal of physical labor goes into a convention when you are trying to do things cheaply. You find that do-it-yourself will save money, so you do-it-yourself. This is what is exhausting, not the preparations per se. If fandom comes to the point where it feels it can afford a professional to run the show, why not just raise the registration fee a modest amount so that an unpaid committee of fans can still put on a convention without the worry and labor involved?

Of course this does not mean that a committee with a fair amount of money at its disposal could throw away good taste and discretion. However, it would mean that they could concentrate all their efforts on the convention proper and forget about creditors.

A professional would not have the ability to handle his duties in the personal manner that we have come to expect over the years. Our conventions have been primarily a meeting of old friends. Some conventions have been more formal than oth-



REF



ers, but each committee has left the imprint of its personality stamped upon each convention. Do we wish to turn our meetings into rigid, very formal affairs? Hire a professional and we will do so. The necessary familiarity that constitutes a science-fiction convention cannot be purchased in any professional.

If there is anyone left who is impressed by the large registration figures at New York and Chicago, he should have been around during the last two days in New York. Gone were the curiosity seekers and only the die-hards remained. This is not big business, this is fandom. Let us not lose sight of this by hiring a professional who will be unable to understand us by our very nature. We have already gone too far by form-

ing an organization whose unofficial but actual purpose is to impress hotel managers and the press. How has this pretentiousness come upon us? By sitting back and letting others advance all the ideas at the business meetings until slowly we have seen disaster overtake what was once an informal, fun-filled gathering.

Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota

"Buggy Ride" annoyed me no end -- so I decided to quit before I reached the end. Betsy takes the old old plot about the greasy-haired juvenile with the borrowed Cadillac and substitutes a spaceship for the Cadillac. And, I suppose, that makes this science fiction. Maybe people on distant planets in the distant future will have foolproof spaceships like the *Princesse* and will take their girl friends joyriding in them, but we can be sure that it'll be nothing like cruising around the country in a 1957 Cadillac.

Bob Farnham's letter was the best of the bunch, I thought, and I approved of most of it. I might add, though, that despite Bob's "if Sis wants a black man. SO WHAT? That's HER business", this isn't the whole story. I think it is everybody's business, too, a little. For instance, somebody might get hurt in a riot when somebody objected to a Negro living with a white woman. I hasten to add that I don't object to miscegenation, but there are some legitimate objections to it all the same. /Well, let's say there are objections...the point is, the person who starts the riot by objecting in the first place has no right to stick his nose in the affair./

Willard Brain (is there really such a person? After all these years, we have a Brain in fandom!) states a theory I've heard for many years, only it used to be that people justified the existence of AMAZING on grounds that such stuff interested kids in sf and later on they could "graduate to good stf" like ASTOUNDING. I suppose it does happen, but some of the sf films are enough to send a halfway intelligent 7-year-old

groping for a basin rather than faunching for more and better stf.

But the real quality material in YANDRO consisted of the artwork and Marion Z. Bradley's column. Bryer's front cover was of course one of the finest things that has ever appeared in any fanzine anywhere anytime. I think we can safely admit that the subject matter itself is familiar; some of Canedo's covers on ASF a few years ago were very similar, and I recall Morris Dollens' cover for THE FANTASITE's first annish, in 1942. But Bryer is a far better artist than Dollens was in 1942, and as good as the redoubtable Alejandro Canedo was a few years ago. Furthermore, this cover has the added attraction of being done by hand, so that we are, in effect, closer to the artist than we'd be if this were printed by a printing press. A very excellent job all around.

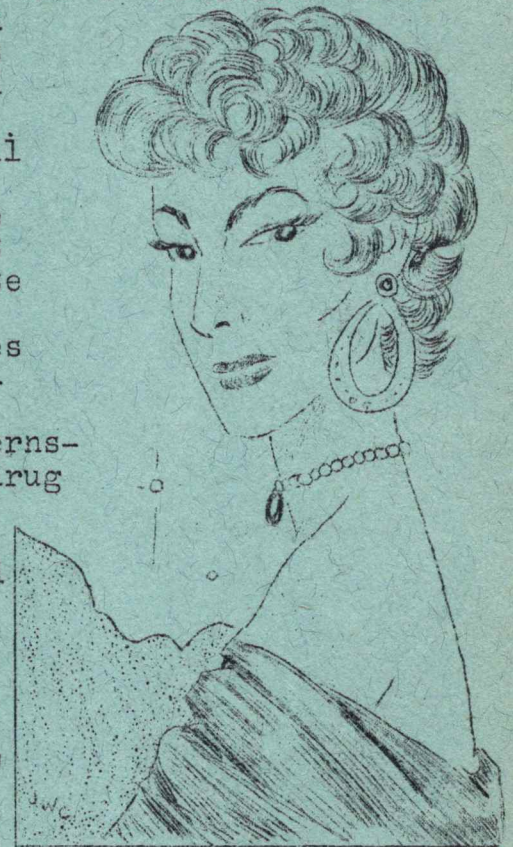
The rest of the artwork, almost without exception, was of professional quality, or very close to it. Except for the cartoons.

I see one of your readers wonders if Marion is always "so like that" and you say "Yes". Not having seen Marion's first column, I don't know just how she was in it, but she seems pretty much herself in this second installment. I've corresponded with that woman for almost ten years and she's always had the ability to cause me to react in some manner, and I kind of understand how your mystified reader feels. If MZB remarked, "Nice day," I know for sure that I'd either agree, and feel that it was the nicest day since the Garden of Eden, or disagree, and feel that it was the most miserable day of the winter. That's the reason I'm so fond of her; there's never a dull moment with her.

As for her column this time, I think she underestimates the development of biological sf prior to the days of ASF's "mutation" kick. H.G. Wells himself was a biology student, and many of his early short stories were examples of biological stf. The theme of mutations did not wait for the radioactive wake of nuclear fission, as readers of "The Time Machine" will remember. Another science fiction pioneer, David H. Keller, owes his reputation in large part to his biological stories. And how about John Taine's "The Iron Star" and "The Ultimate Catalyst"? Other early writers in this subdivision of sf were Clare Winger Harris, Miles J. Breuer, Fletcher Pratt ("The Pineal Stimulator") and others.

There were all sorts of stories during Gernsback days in which the hero drank a strange drug or fell under the beam of an alien ray and became changed by it. All this qualifies, no doubt, as biological sf, though not very credible stuff, either as science or fiction.

While ASF was involved with other types of science fiction during the Golden Years, there was some attention paid to biological sf. A few yarns I remember from the pre-'46 era that qualify are: "The Adaptive Ultimate" (Weinbaum), "A Matter of Form" and "Problem In Murder" (H.L. Gold), "Pressure" (Rocklynne)



"Who Goes There?" (John Campbell), "Sculpture of Life" (Wallace West), "The Smallest God" and "Reincarnate" (del Rey), "Hyperpilosity" and "The Blue Giraffe" (De Camp). There are others, I'm sure.

I don't know about Young Fandom, but I don't remember that "the whole of fandom" was shocked at the opening lines from "Fury". In fact, Marion's column is the first I'd heard about anybody being shocked.

At any rate, I enjoyed Marion's column tremendously, and appreciated her recommendation of those non-fiction books.

/I don't know about movies -- I rather agree with you, in fact -- but I can guarantee that fans do start out on the more juvenile magazines and later graduate to ASF. In fact, I know personally of no fan besides myself who started on ASF, and I was older than the average fan when I began my stf reading. Juanita is more typical, and her first love was OW. I'll let you and Marion discuss old stories; I don't know 'em that well/

Martin Fleischman, 1247 Grant Ave., Bronx 56, New York

About TAFF: the thing that gripes me is this "if you are not a known fan please give reference to a club" biz. Just what the hell is a known fan? Is it a fan like Walt Willis, or DAG, or a fan like you or I? Without appearing silly, I'd like to state that I qualify as an actifan, but I'm not known to the majority of fandom.....

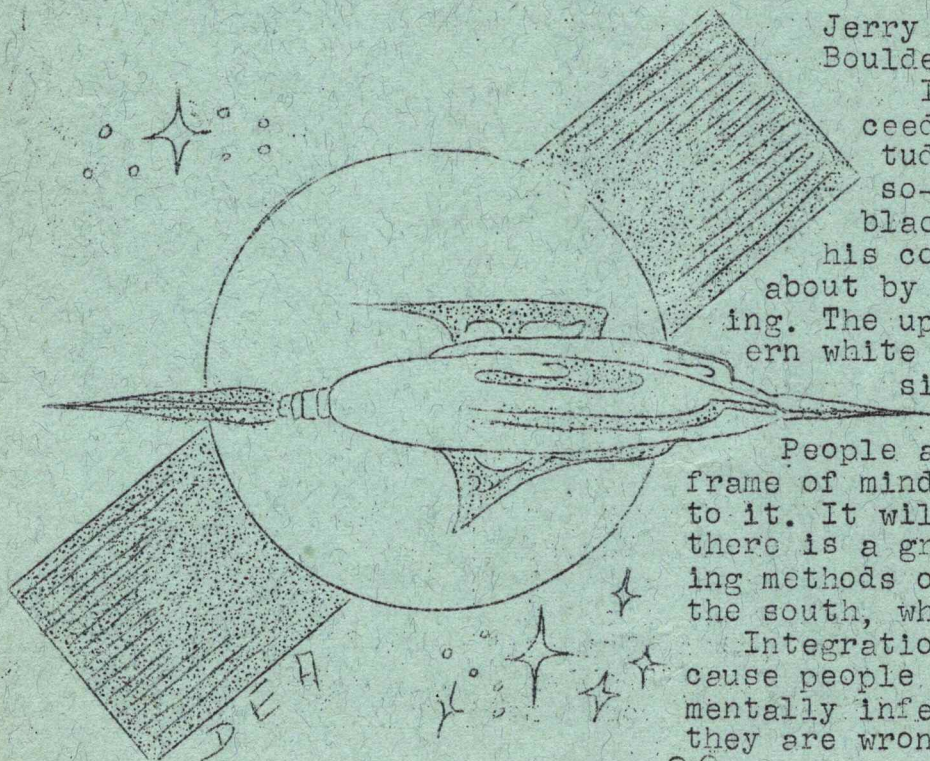
/You can scotch that "known to fandom" bit; Don Ford counts the ballotsare you known to him? I think the idea was that any actifan would be known to at least one well-known fan who could vouch for him, and keeping others out would prevent a candidate from buying votes. (On the theory, apparently, that actifans are too noble to take bribes, which is pretty damn silly, if you ask me.) At any rate, we're known to Don, and we can therefore vouch for any of our regular readers./

Jerry Merrill, 632 Avenue H,
Boulder City, Nevada

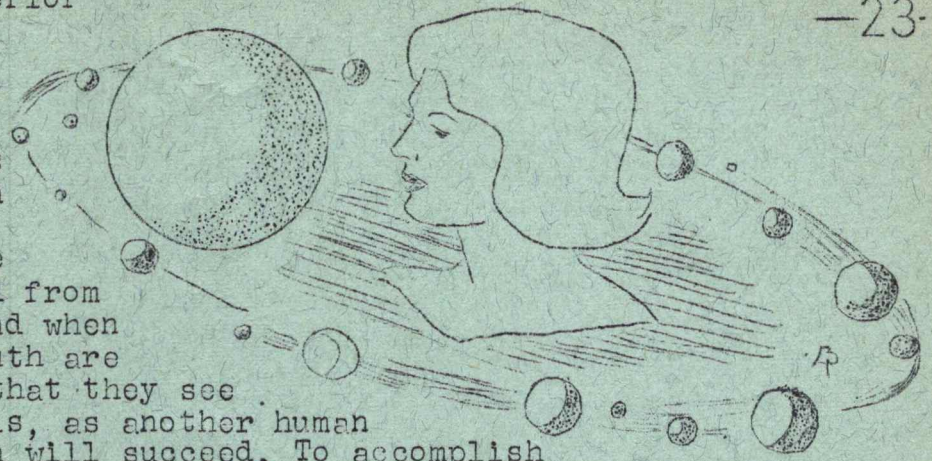
Integration has not succeeded because of the attitude of the people. The so-called "lowliness of the black", merely because of his color, has been brought about by many years of conditioning. The upbringing of the southern white child constantly emphasizes his superiority to the Negroes about him.

People are not born with this frame of mind; they are conditioned to it. It will not be defeated until there is a great change in the teaching methods of the grade schools of the south, where this thing is taught.

Integration has not succeeded because people think that the Negro is mentally inferior to the white. Again they are wrong. It has been proven



scientifically that the Negro is in no way inferior to the white in mental power. IQ tests have been given, and prove indisputably that the Negro on the average is no worse, mentally, than the whites.



When the sign of the burning cross is erased from the memories of man, and when the children of our south are educated sensibly, so that they see the Negro for what he is, as another human being, then integration will succeed. To accomplish this task of integration, we must start at the south's youth.

/Sorry to cut your letter, but (A) we have a lot to print, and (B) the argument gets stale when nobody is arguing against us. This is the last issue in which integration letters will be printed, unless someone comes up with a new angle. I do think you over-emphasize the effect of schools, though --- a schoolteacher can't do too much good when he/she is opposed by the parents. And housing integration is opposed by graduates of north-ern schools, most of which do teach racial tolerance./

Hal Annas, Virginia

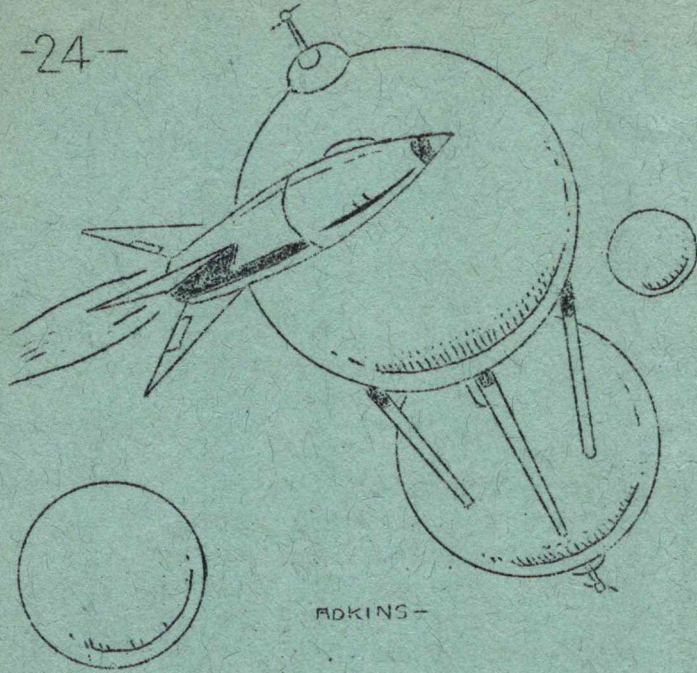
I'm astonished that you would use an outmoded weapon like a shotgun on rabbits. Bow and arrow much more uptodate. Ask the members of your nearest archery club. If you take their word, as I take the word of the archers in this vicinage, the armed services will have to adopt the bow before they get modernized.

An archer is like a scientist with an atom. He's discovered something and is a trifle astonished at the ignorance of everybody else. But I still don't believe the bow would be much use against the enemy on a submarine. Unless the enemy were rats.

Airplanes, yes. My nephew nearly got one the other day, or said he did. He said his object was to make it ascend to a legal altitude. He knocked a couple feathers out of its tail. At any rate, he said feathers fell when he shot at an airplane, and because he's trying to live up to my reputation for veracity /I thought your reputation was something to live down./ I can't let myself doubt him. It would be like doubting my own mild statements.

I'm outraged that you raised the price of YANDRO. It cost me nothing before. I see no reason to pay twice that. Even though it is my favorite mag. I think you ought to come down a trifle on my rate. I'm willing to pay a third more if you'll have Juanita smear some jam between the pages. Or didn't you know that if it hadn't been for YANDRO I'd've lost weight in the past year?

Nothing new, and have to turn back to the novel in these evening sessions. Hero in such a jam I'm afraid I'll never get him out without revising. And every good s-f writer knows you can't change the past without fouling up the whole universe, so that's out. Could cause an earthquake, but I don't do a very good earthquake. Much better tidal wave, but



it's too cold for that. Maybe lightning to strike his enemies, but that isn't plausible. Tell me, is it logical for a small man to defeat with his bare hands 16 enemies armed with machineguns, brass knucks and springblade knives, when they've got him hanging by his heels from a rafter, tied hand and foot, his eyes taped shut, and his blood running out of six wounds in his head, twelve in his body, and one through his ego? It seems to me that it's a trifle implausible. I don't know why I feel that way, as other writers handle such situations with admirable sangfroid. Some of their heroes would push through a scene like that like brushing off a gnat.

/Well-l-l...in this case, I recommend psi power. Better make sure it's hi-psi, too./

 "A terror to Australia was the Wild Colonial Boy"

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

Here I am typing and listening to the radio, so what comes on? "They have conquered time! They have conquered space! They are...TransAmerican Airlines!" How's that for ruining a poor neo's day? There I was with my hot little nose pressed against the radio waiting to see if it was a new movie, or radio program, or what, and they say it's TransAmerican Airlines. Grrr.

Suppose people take a liking for that slogan of DeWeese's that appeared as a liney. I can just hear the conversation when Ed goes to Don Ford to get the money for the English trip:

- Ed: Well, here I am to collect the money.
- Don: Yeah? Who are you? /Honest, he really knows Ed./
- Ed: Why, McNulty, of course.
- Don: Spell it.
- Ed: E - D.
- Don: The last name, idiot!
- Ed: M-C-N-U-L-T-Y.
- Don: Sorry. The winner is McNaulty. With an "a".
- Ed: But that's who I am.
- Don: I thought you said you were McNulty?
- Ed: I did. But you see.....
- Don: Imposter! Fake-fan! N3F member! Raeburn shall hear of this!

By the way, have you ever eaten a copy of YANDRO? I just took a bite out of the cover and it was quite good. Tastes much better than most other fanzines. You even taste much better than GALAXY. /I do? Gee.... Between you and Annas, I'm beginning to wonder if YANDRO comes under the postal regulations or the Pure Food and Drug act./