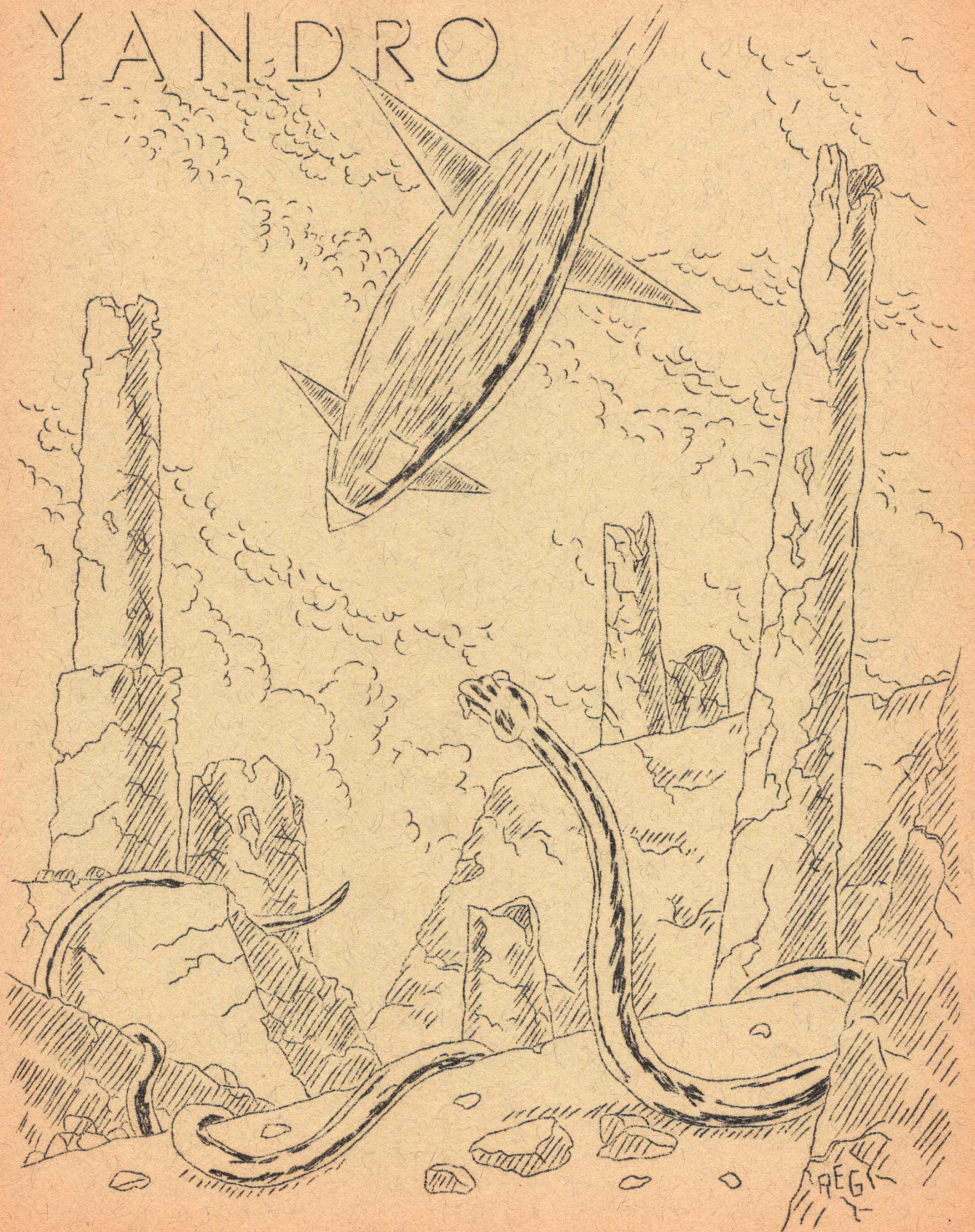


DW (#52-May 57)

YANDRO



YANDRO

MAY 57



VOL V NO 6.

MONTHLY ISSUE # 52

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The ad on page 11 is entirely the product of the fertile (i.e., well manured) imagination of Glenn King.

"I can't comment on your zine unless you print crud." J. Merrill

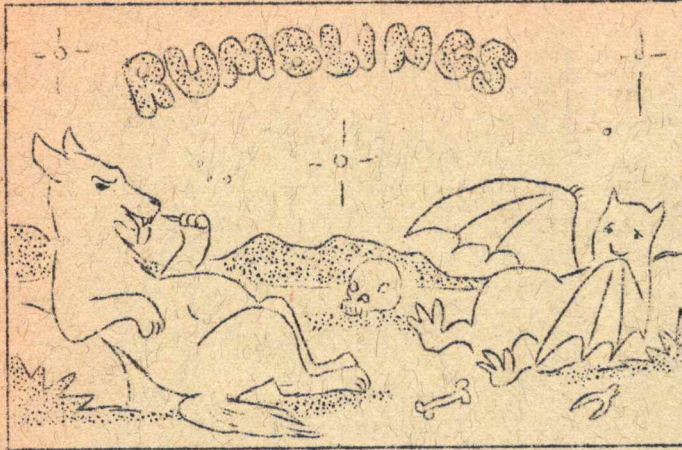
"We're going to wind up like the tooth paste of olive industries."

"This girl has the two biggest, roundest, softest-looking and most beautiful eyes I have ever seen." Dick Lupoff



I think I am being maligned or something in the letter column this issue....I didn't either say I considered fandom unimportant, just the subjects male fans have a tendency to go knee-deep into and get raw feelings over.....I think most femme fans past the adolescent age have a tendency to say.."Yes, that is a very interesting topic;excuse me while I check the roast..I'll be right back." The male will continue arguing, even while he eats the roast, never marveling over the

clean plates that hold the meal....to the male, argument and conjecture seem a life-and-death matter...most philosophy agrees the female is the more practical of the species....as MZB pointed out some time ago..the creative instincts of the female are usually inescapably bound up with the procreation of new life.....division of labor, you might say..the male worries over the soul and the female creates the new generation which needs to have its soul worried over.....or something to that effect.....At any rate, I don't consider fandom unimportant, so there, too.....and as regards the mention of MANGLED SAXON by my bitter half over there, this was purchased in unison with three straight biographies - GENGHIS KHAN, HARRY OF MONMOUTH, and BENVENUTO CELLINI (of which I've been trying to obtain a cheap biography since college)....this selection produces interesting expressions on the part of salesclerks, especially when, just previously, I had been learnedly discussing the possibility of a new book in the SPACE CADET juvenile series with a clerk with a clincher of, "Oh, no, I wanted it for myself,"always wished someone would do for the dinosaur field what Bonestell-Ley have done for rocketry and space travel.....I mean Ditmars is nice, but....the main difficulty with my job is its frustration....I mean, honestly...there I sit, practically under my superior's nose, tearing fly leaves from such items as 'Dante's Inferno - Dore version' - 'the collected works of Petroleum V. Nasby' - 'Complete Color Prints of the Art Treasures of the Louvre' and other such unbelievable rarities...but can I read them? No. The criterion is output....so all that's permitted is a tantalizing glimpse.....occasionally at lunch hour I'll seek out an item and try to cram the much desired leisurely perusal into five or ten minutes.....and, incidently, should this chance to be an art volume on, say, Greek statuary, which my co-workers may glimpse in passing(none of them ever read) comments and giggles are forthcoming on "That man (Perseus or Phoebus Apollo) hasn't got any clothes on..why would anyone want a book like that around?" Giggle, giggle.....I've yet to find anyone with a smattering of knowledge on art, even on such an item as the Mona Lisa.....One of the most tantalizing paradoxes of pregnancy is that one must eat like a horse all sorts of healthy-type foods and not gain more than a couple of ounces a month....the eating part I can handle quite readily, it's the few ounces part that seems elusive..JWC



F. M. Busby brought up an old but still interesting question in a recent letter. "Why fanfiction?..... Faaanfiction, of strictly fannish interest, with personal and other fannish references, is something else again, but straight amateur fiction -- why in fmz? If it's any good, how come it isn't out hunting rejection slips? If it isn't any good, who wants to read it?" Well, why is fanfiction published. More to the point, perhaps, why is it published in YANDRO? Foremost reason,

of course -- and the reason why 90% of all fanfiction sees print -- is that it is available. YANDRO depends almost entirely on unsolicited material, and most of what comes in is fanfiction. An editor who can't find enough fiction to fill his fanzine is in hard straits indeed, and the same can not be said about non-fiction -- even poor non-fiction. However, this isn't the entire story, in our case at least. We could put out a monthly YANDRO without using any fiction at all, if we really wanted to. Using fiction is easy, but not necessary. Personally, I don't subscribe to the common theory that writers of fanfiction grow up to be pro authors. Fans sometimes turn into pro authors, but they are not often those fans who were noted as fiction writers. So...why? Well, primarily for the same reason that we publish other material --- because we like it. The fiction in YANDRO certainly doesn't compare to that in F&SF -- but I enjoy it considerably more than that in, say, AMAZING. I don't think that a good story automatically can be sold -- I've seen too many professional rejects which were better stories than some of those which were accepted. I wouldn't consider majoring in fanfiction, as SIGMA OCTANTIS does -- I don't like it that well. But articles can get monotonous too, and a spot of fiction makes for variety.

For the people who enjoyed "Fractured French", may I recommend "Mangled Saxon" by Carl Kern? (Of course, maybe everyone else knows about it already, but we just got the \$1.25 paperback edition last week.) Such beautiful definitions as "empfinden -- no one at home".

Today, an entire fanzine devoted to folkmusic arrived from Lee Hoffman Shaw. Hoo-boy! I'm happy to find a few folk-devotees among the jazz-lovers. (Of course, she likes Oscar Brand, but we can't all be perfect.)

The last ISFA meeting achieved a new club "first". This was the first time a dead screech owl has been present at a meeting. (I won't say who brought it, because I understand that James Adams is going to get it, neatly wrapped, in his mail sometime before this issue appears, and I wouldn't want to give away the culprits. (Well, not completely.) Conversation was going about "fads" in medicine and surgery. Juanita commented that "everyone" has hysterectomies any more, and Chuck Spidell remarked that, by George, he wasn't going to have one. (Which may or may not prove something about unwise use of all-encompassing terms.)

I really will answer my mail, sometime.

RSC

STRANGE FRUIT

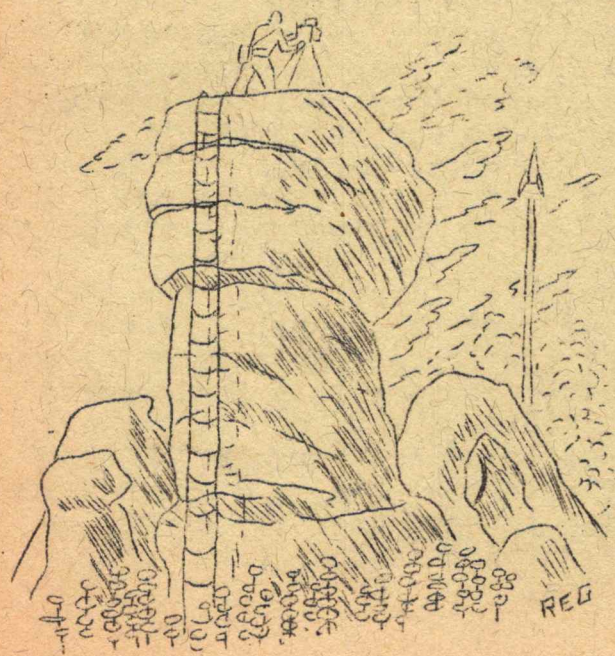
reviewed by r.s.c.

As usual, ratings from 10 (high) to 1 (low). Due to the number of zines lying around here, those which have been reviewed several times before will get very short reviews this time.

SCIENCE FICTION PARADE #4 (Len J. Moffatt, 5969 Lanto St, Bell Gardens, California) quarterly, free for letters of comment
Reviews of everything -- books, movies, prozines, fanzines, and fan clubs. A lot of reviewers seem to think this is a fine magazine, but I can't see that it does anything that CRY OF THE NAMELESS doesn't do better. Still, it's cheap, and the reproduction is good. Rating....3

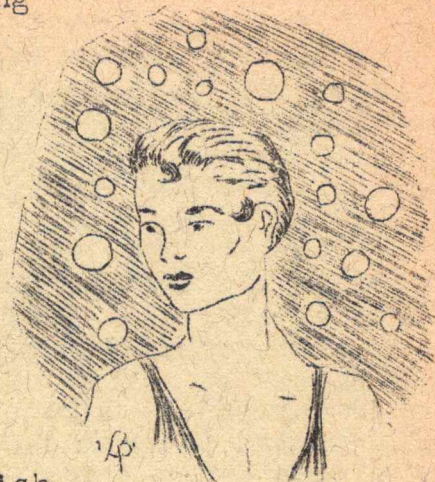
EXCELSIOR (L. Shaw Ltd., 545 Manor Road, Staten Island 14, New York) irregular, 15¢ per copy or 7 for \$1.
To anyone who has heard as much about what a wonderful zine QUANDRY was, EXCELSIOR is quite a disappointment. Not that it's bad; it just isn't the outstanding zine that one expects Lee Hoffman to be associated with. "Critic At Large" takes apart books and magazines in a pseudo-knight manner, Andy Young is serious, Algis Budrys and Archie Mercer aren't, and the editorial mentions that copies will not be passed out for letters of comment. (A sensible proposition; I've seen damned few letters of comment which were worth a free copy of anything.) The columns are all pleasant reading, and not particularly memorable. Rating 5

UFA BULLETIN #2 (Richard A. Koogle, 5916 Revere Place, Dallas 6, Texas) bi-weekly, 5¢ each or 24 for \$1, if you think you can stand that many
This thing consists mostly of movie reviews and attacks on Orville Mosher. Two-thirds of it is illegible, and the rest is mis-spelled. The reviews that I could make out were about average. Rating 1



CENTURY NOTE (Richard Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Virginia)
This is Eney's 100th fanzine, and my first reaction was that with that much experience he ought to be able to get better reproduction. Still, as we don't possess any qualifications for getting a good copy, we probably got one of the poor ones. Redd Boggs writes a review of "The Door Into Summer" which is only slightly shorter than the novel. Jean

Young has one of her well-written bits of nothing in particular. Walt Willis provides a piece of brilliance. Art Rapp, Dean Grennell, and Robert Saute provide entertainment; Charles Burbee and Wrai Ballard didn't, as far as I was concerned. Light, but fairly good. Rating 6



ONCE IN A BLUE MOON #1 (The Manchester Circle, % Dave Cohen, 32 Larch St., Hightown, Manchester 8, England) Irregular, free?

The editor hopes that this zine has a personality that "will distinguish it from any other zine known". For my money, he succeeded; unfortunately, the personality isn't one that I care much about. Until I read this zine, I was under the impression that I understood English humor; I see I was wrong. It's probably awfully funny if you know what the writers are talking about. Excellent reproduction. Rating 4

STF-IN-BEN & BOLIDE #3 (Jerry DeMuth, 3223 Ernst St., Franklin Park, Illinois - Don Powell, ass't. ed.) irregular, 15¢ or 2 for 25¢

The long title is due to the fact that two zines combined; Jerry tells me it will be known as SIGBO from now on. There are two excellent items in this issue; the first is Robert Bloch's review of "The Lomokome Papers", and the other is Kent Moomaw's poem, "Letter To The Editor". The remaining material, by Bill Zimmerman, Jim Foster, Alan Elms, and the editor, ranges from average to pretty cruddy, but this issue is worth the money for the Bloch article alone. Rating 7

VERTIGO #1 (Wm. C. Rickhardt, 21175 Goldsmith, Farmington, Michigan) irregular, 10¢ each, 3 for 25¢, 6 for 50¢

Since Rickhardt is going to co-edit another zine with George Young, I don't know what the future of VERTIGO will be. Reproduction of this one is very nice, but offhand, I'd say the editor needs material -- bad! The best thing in the issue is a reprinted story by Fred Remus, though Bem Gordon's speculations on multi-planetary governments will probably spark some discussions in future letter columns. Contributions by Billy Meyers, Larry Sokol, and Guy Terwilleger are negligible. Rating 3

QUIRK #2 (Larry Ginn, Box 85, Choudrant, Louisiana - co-editor, Johnny Holleman) more or less irregular, 10¢ per copy

Joe Lee Sanders has a nice piece of mood writing in this. There are also fanzine reviews by the editor, an editorial, a page of excellent artwork by Gilbert and a page of less than average efforts by Bourne, who apparently found a golden opportunity to get rid of his poorer efforts, and quite a few letters. The contents of QUIRK have never been spectacular, but the letter column offers possibilities of some good arguments (especially if Moomaw and I keep writing). Rating 3

ZODIAC #2 (Larry Sokol, 4131 Lafayette Ave., Omaha 3, Nebraska) irregular? 10¢ each, or 6 for 50¢

A good cover by Don Simpson illustrates a remarkably poor story by Ber-

nard Wells. Guy Terwilleger is featured in "Paging The Editor". This column is the most entertaining part of the mag for anyone interested in personal statistics on fan-editors. Unfortunately, the rest of the zine could just as well be omitted. Rating 3

ZAP! #1 (Ted Johnstone, 1503 Rollin St., South Pasadena, California) irregular, 10¢

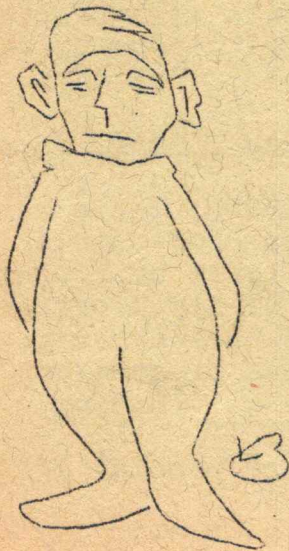
It is very seldom that a first issue by an unknown fan (well, I never heard of him before) turns out as well as this. ZAP!, like SFAIRA, is to be an irregular publication, quite probably featuring a different type of material in every issue. A series of one-shots, in effect. This one consisted mainly of a report of the LASFS banquet in honor of Forry Ackerman, and it managed to entertain me. Considering my complete lack of interest in both the LASFS and Ackerman, this is quite a feat. There is also a short-short, featuring a pun that Tom Stratton is envious of. Reproduction is good. Rating 5

TRIODE #10 (Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St., Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England - U.S. Agent, Dale Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave., Minneapolis 22, Minnesota. Co-editor, Terry Jeeves) quarterly, 7 for \$1

TRIODE features some of the best of the British fan-writers, but somehow the results aren't as good as you might expect. The material is so..... well, so British. American fans will probably enjoy most of it, but it really isn't aimed at them. There are a lot of personal references, which will be incomprehensible to the outsider until he's seen 3 or 4 issues. Still, it's probably a better-than average zine; like ALPHA (and, according to Jansen, YANDRO) it can't really be appreciated until the reader has seen several issues -- which I haven't, yet. Rating 5?

MUZZY #10 (Claude Hall, 2214 San Antonio, Austin 5, Texas) very irregular, you pay what you think it's worth after reading it

MUZZY has long been regarded as a sort of fannish PLAYBOY; this issue, for a startling change, is remarkably clean. Only outside material is by Alan Dodd and "Aga Yonder". Most of the zine is by the editor, and is reasonably entertaining. On page 5 he says he "isn't feuding anymore", and on page 13 he presents Greg Benford with his "nut of the year" award. In general, though, Claude makes more sense than most of his detractors. (Which, come to think of it, isn't much of a compliment.....) Rating 5



SFAIRA #2 (Lars Helander, Lohegatan 11, Eskilstuna 3, Sweden) Irregular, can't find a price, but don't send less than 20¢

This issue is mostly taken up with Terry Jeeves' "The Soggy Saga", which I found only mildly interesting. Generally, I think the mag is worth getting and would recommend it highly, but for this issue....Rating 4

MANA #3 (Bill Courval, 4215 Cherokee Ave, San Diego 4, California) quarterly, free for letters of comment
MANA seems to get one good article per issue -- this

time it's Harlan Ellison's rebuttal of a Murray Leinster article in the last issue (which extolled "the good old days".) Regular features include reprinted letters from old prozines, excerpts from books that I've either read or am not interested in, and one story per issue by Jean Young. Courval is one of the younger fans who considers it fashionable to be "different", but despite the handicap he puts out an interesting fanzine.

Rating .5

KOMET (Torsten Malmqvist, Brvl.282, Broby, Skåne, Sweden - co-editors, Alvar Appeltofft and Lars Helander) 15¢, no publication schedule listed

KOMET has taken on the formidable task of making Anglofandom and Swedish fandom better acquainted. To further this, it presents a fair-sized "English supplement", while the main part of the zine consists of Swedish translations of U.S. and British fiction and articles. (Including a couple from YANDRO, which make interesting comparisons, providing you still have the originals to compare them with.) Fairly interesting, but I can't rate a zine which is 2/3 in Swedish.

ALPHA #15 (Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemlei, Borgerhout, Belgium) irregular, I think the price is 15¢ and I know he has a U.S. agent, but neither are listed in this issue and I'll be damned if I'll paw through several pounds of unsorted fanzines to locate them.

Continental Europe's best-known (and best) general-type fanzine has been appearing infrequently of late, due to a series of accidents, plus Jan's work on the newszine, CONTACT. Contents, however, are better than ever; particularly Dean Grennell's comments on the U.S. post office and Vinç Clarke's satire of seagoing stf novels.

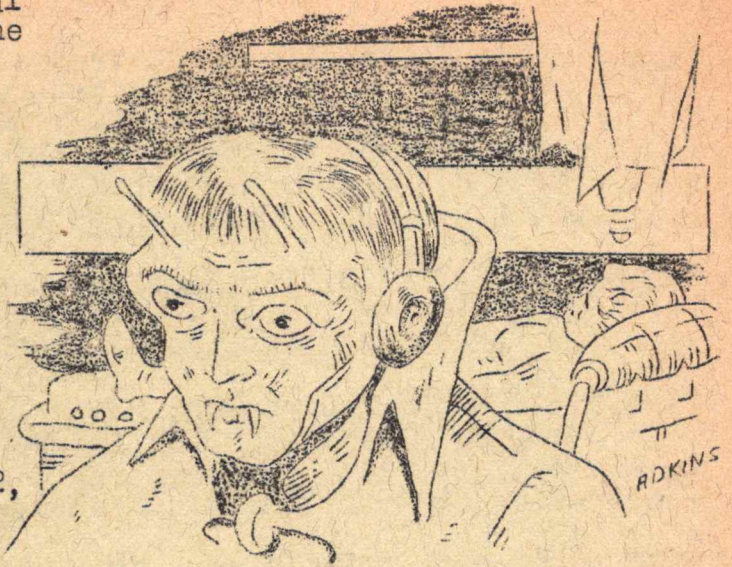
Rating 7

HOAH! #8 (Ron Parker, 714 W. 4th. St., Tulsa 7, Oklahoma) highly irregular, 15¢

"And the dead shall rise." The #1 EC fanzine is back again, slightly emaciated, but still a must for fans interested in MAD and the other --former -- EC publications. Well-written and nicely reproduced. No rating, because of its specialized nature.

PLOY (Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England - US agent, Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd. Ave., Hyattsville, Maryland) published 3 times per year, 15¢ or 4 for 50¢

For my money, this is one of England's best fanzines. Material this time by Robert Bloch, John Berry, Arthur Thomson and Pete Reischer ranges from good to excellent -- I was particularly impressed by Reischer's improvement over the thing he had in VOID last issue. MAD-type bacover by



is splendid. (Almost forgot Laurence Sandfield -- in a lesser zine, his article would likely be considered good; here, it's in last place. PLOY keeps improving, too --- get it. Rating 8)
To keep this column within reasonable limits, the remaining zines will be given short comments rather than reviews -- and remember, the ratings are for the zine as a whole, not just the issue reviewed.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS (The Nameless Ones, Box 92, 920 3rd. Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 10¢, or 12 for \$1) #102....An official club publication, and a good one. Mostly reviews, some fiction. Rating 6

FAN-ATTIC #5 (John Champion, Route 2, Box 75B, Pendleton, Oregon - quarterly - 10¢ or 3 for 25¢) This is about as near the "typical generalzine" as you can get. Some good material by John Berry, and some not-so-good material by others. Undistinguished, but readable. Rating 4

TWIG #4 (Guy E. Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho - bi-monthly? - 10¢, 6 for 50¢) Generally a more serious-type zine, in this ish the editor makes an ill-fated attempt at humor. No success. Rating 5

VOID #10 (Greg Benford, % Lt. Col. J.A. Benford, G-4 Sect. Hq. V Corps, APO 79, New York, N.Y. - irregular - 15¢) A big zine, featuring quite a bit of variety, both in content and quality. The letter section is generally the best part of the zine. Rating 5

SATA ILLUSTRATED #6 (Bill Pearson, 4516 E. Glenrosa, Phoenix, Arizona - bi-monthly - 25¢ each) The main feature of this zine is the artwork of art editor Dan Adkins. The written material isn't bad, but is selected more for its ability to show off Dan's artwork than for its own merits. And the artwork is just about worth the price of the zine, if you like artwork. What I mean, it's good. Rating 7

SIGMA OCTANTIS (John Mussells, 4 Curve St., Wakefield, Massachusetts - samples free, sub rates "on request") This is probably the fan-fiction zine of today. There are also articles, letters, and fanzine reviews, but these are definitely secondary. If you like fan-fiction, this is it; if you don't like it -- you might still like this fiction. Rating 5

BRILLIG (Lars Bourne, 2436½ Portland St., Eugene, Oregon - irregular - no price listed) This is #7½, a small effort "to fill the gap between... 7 and 8". BRILLIG is generally rambling, pleasant, completely un-extraordinary --- and I like it. Rating 5

ECLIPSE (Ray Thompson, 519 7th. Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa - irregular - 10¢ or a letter of comment) A generalzine; fiction, articles (a good one by Martin Graetz in this, #19), fanzine reviews, letters, etc. Nothing outstanding, nothing particularly bad. Rating 4

INSIDE #17 (Ron Smith, Box 356, Times Square Station, New York 36, N.Y. irregular - 5 for \$1) The #1 fanzine. Rating 10

THE HARP STATESIDE (Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd, Belfast, Northern Ireland - one-shot - 35¢) The outstanding fan publication of the year. Can't be rated because my ratings don't go that high. Get it.

INCREDIBLE SOUNDNESS OF AN ACTIVITY

— BY — ron parker

"What did you say?" Buck turned sharply, glaring at the swaggering form of Ed McNulty.

"I was just - hic! - shaying that maybe if I bribed a few well placed people, THEN - hic! - maybe I could win the...the...ulp!...TAFF voting and get to go to London, and...."

"McNULTY! Not only are you damnably drunk, but you're talking about science fiction -- or at least fandom -- at an ISFA meeting. As if that weren't bad enough, you're talking about --- cheating! I'm ashamed of you! Remember your pledge of membership.

McNulty fumbled nervously with his propellor beanie.

"Go on," Buck commanded, "what do the rules say?"

McNulty sheepishly mumbled a few lines. Standing well clear of his breath, Buck managed to catch a few phrases: "...fan's cheerful..cort-shush...n'ver drinks.....helps old pros across the street....."

"Not very good, but I'll let you pass this time. Now sing the song."

"The.....the song?"

"Yes, the song. The one about ISFA. The one I wrote. You know it."

"Oh, that song." He began singing to the tune of "London Bridge";

"Who's the best fan of them all, of them all, of them all. He is clean and he is tall; Bucky Coulson."

Buck applauded gleefully. "Now", he commanded, "go into the bedroom and sober up. AND STOP FIDDLING WITH YOUR BEANIE PROPELLOR!"

McNulty departed in the general direction of the bedroom, artfully concealing a bottle of Old Overdrive inside his beanie propellor.

Juanita wandered up. "Poor guy; I feel sorry for him."

"Oh, he's pathetic enough. But he simply has to learn that liquor isn't the only thing in life."

Cheering from across the room reminded the couple of their surroundings, and they bounded gayly /Ed. note: ?/ across the room, hand in hand.

"Watcha doin'?" queried Juanita.

"DeWeese is winning everything!" screamed Sanders.

"Winning? What on Earth....CRAPS! EVERYBODY UP! TE-E-EN-SHUN!" Buck's bellow brought everyone to his or her feet. They quickly lined up against the wall as they noticed a murderous gleam in the Coulson eye. "Now," he continued, "I'm going to lay out a few rules RIGHT NOW. First," he fumed, punching Adair's chest with his forefinger,



"when you are at an ISFA meeting, especially in MY house, there'll be absolutely NO drinking. Second," he continued, moving down to pound Ayre's chest, since Adair's had caved in under the strain, "NO gambling (especially without giving me a house cut), swearing, or carousing. Furthermore, you will not talk about either science fiction or fandom."

"But," ventured Walt French, "what will we talk about?"

"A good question -- I'm glad you asked that. We will talk about me. A perfectly fascinating subject...don't you agree?"

Bev DeWeese almost spoke, but thought better of it.

"Now," said Buck, "SEDDOWN! By the way, Juanita, when you make the caviar patties, make some extra. Alan Dodd is supposed to drop by at this meeting, and you know that voracious appetite of his."

"DODD?" shrieked Juanita. "Doddering Alan? The Britisher? HERE? In MY house?"

"It's my house, but aside from that, you're correct. Why?"

"Oh, it's nothing," she sobbed. "My poor house," she wailed as she fled into the kitchen.

"As I was saying," Buck went on, turning back to the five stricken people sitting uncomfortably on the crowded sofa, "we are gathered here today to speak about that sterling fellow you all know and love so well. We are going to speak of that noble, handsome, intelligent, and fascinating individual, Buck Coulson! /Ed. note: I'm modest, too./ Yes, the inimitable Coulson, of whom the President of the National Culture League once said...."

"Keep it away from me!" screamed McNulty, bursting out of the bedroom.

"ED! I told you to stay in there and sober up!"

"That's what I was doing. I was just lying there, taking a nip now and then -- tapering off, you know -- and listening to you yell at everybody. All of a sudden I heard a noise at the open window behind me, and when I turned around I saw.....I saw....."

"Go on, man. What did you see?"

"A.....a little green man."

"A WHAT!" screamed Coulson. "Stick to pink elephants, myself," muttered Adair to DeWeese. "Traditional, you know."

"A little, three-eyed green man. He just stood there, glaring at me menacingly and brandishing a Captain Atom ray gun."

"I said we weren't to talk stf around here! McNulty, I've a good mind to....."

"But this isn't fiction! I really saw him.....I swear to Ghu I saw him!"

"What else happened?" Buck queried cautiously.

"He talked to me; said he was from another planet, and how he and a group of his race came here to conquer Earth by changing all the inhabitants to creatures like themselves. They're a form of vampires. They live off human blood, but their victims change to creatures like themselves in one hour. /Ed note: Must have a horrible food problem, at that rate./ During the interval, they appear normal. Do you know this race has conquered 37 other planets?"

"McNULTY!" Buck lost all control of himself. "You dirty drunken, stf-loving \$%*@/***/*#! I oughta kick you right down the front steps. I

warned you about talking stf....."

"But I can prove it!" wailed McNulty.

"Proof, huh? Okay, boy, let's go see your proof."

Alan Dodd strolled up the street, peering at house numbers. "407 $\frac{1}{2}$," he muttered. "'Ere we are; the right bloody address, it is." He Dodd-ered up to the door and knocked.

"Come in," rang out a melodic voice from the interior.

"Right friendly chaps, nah," he muttered. He opened the bloomin' door /Ed. note: Sorry; I got carried away./ and entered. He barely had time to get the door shut when he noticed seven individuals advancing on him.

"'Ere now, I say, wot is this? Wot in hell is goin' on?"

The group leaped on the frightened fan, sinking their teeth into his neck.

"Whatcha doin'?" queried Juanita.

"Making up some invitations to the next ISFA meeting."

"Some? That looks like a couple of hundred."

"Well, we'll be pretty thirsty by then."

"Yes, I guess so. Isn't fandom wonderful?"

"Simply delicious," agreed Buck.

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(and enemies, too -- in fact, anybody..anybody!)

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THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN

by — alan dodd

The true curse of Frankenstein must surely be the common mistake of people in thinking that Frankenstein was the monster's name instead of that of the scientist who created him. Mary Woolstonecraft Shelley, the wife of the poet Shelley, created Frankenstein as far back as 1818, and Frankenstein in turn created the monster.

Over a quarter of a century has passed now since Hollywood made the first Frankenstein film with two British actors. Colin Clive played the doctor and Boris Karloff was the monster, giving a terrifying performance which, though it brought him to stardom, much to his regret caused him to be cast in practically nothing but horror roles thereafter.

A London film critic of the era wrote of this first great film of the horror era: "It is undesirable for children to see this film. Here is a typical case for a new censor's certificate specially for adults...

"The central idea of vitalizing a corpse made up of pieces gathered in a series of body-snatching expeditions is terrible enough in itself. But in one particular episode this film is to me quite unbearable.

"The scene shows the monster meeting a little girl at the edge of a lake. The child gives the monster some flowers and throws the others on the waters of the lake. The monster laughs hideously and throws the girl into the lake. The child is drowned. This is an appalling scene."

In those early days "Frankenstein" caused many protests; in Belfast religious bodies caused so much trouble that police banned the film after only two days' showing, while the British censor made so many cuts that producer James Whale said he was horrified by such mutilation of his film.

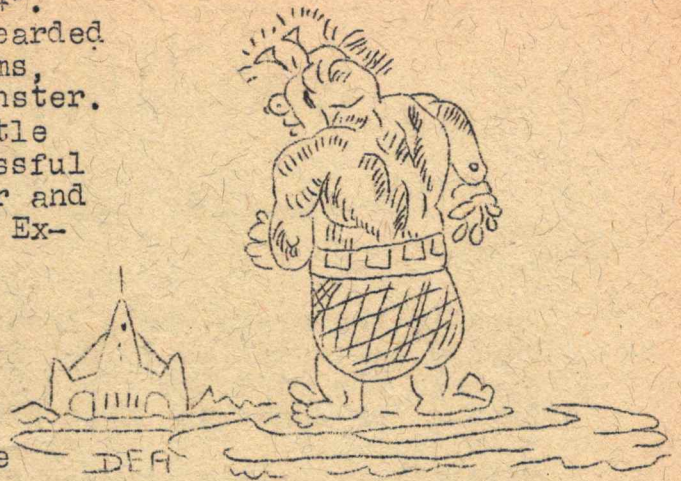
Since the original "Frankenstein" film was completed two and a half decades ago, there have been three others on the same macabre theme: "The Bride Of Frankenstein", "The House Of Frankenstein", and "The Ghost Of Frankenstein". /Ed. note: I think you left out one or two, but no matter. Anyway, I'm not sure./ Now the British firm of Hammer Films are to give Frankenstein a new look in their remake of the original, now called "The Curse Of Frankenstein".

Peter Cushing, who is one of the few actors with a B.B.C. contract, has the role of Dr. Frankenstein. He is best remembered for his brilliant performance as the downtrodden Wins-



ton Smith in the t-v version of "1984". Christopher Lee, who usually plays bearded villains in jungle and crime t-v films, draws the part of his life as the monster.

Exclusive films under their subtitle of Hammer Films have been very successful lately with their new brand of horror and SF films. First was "The Quatermass Experiment" (titled "The Creeping Menace" in the U.S.); then the atomic charged slime thriller, "X-The Unknown"; followed by "Quatermass II", in which a many-celled alien invades earth in sections; and finally this latest concoction destined to eclipse even the Karloff monstrosity.



One has to be very careful about details in things like television plays, especially things like phone numbers. Charles Morgan's "The Burning Glass" gave a good example of what I mean.

"The Burning Glass" was an adult story of a scientist who finds a way to tap and magnify the power of the sun. Originally invented as a method of weather control, a giant sun-mirror, by means of a series of positioned dials in combination, can be used to direct a beam of heat from the sun to any target. The Prime Minister -- played by Donald Wolfitt in an astrakan collar and full beard -- is denied the secret of the weapon by the professor's obstinate idealism. Kidnapped by the Russians, the professor is returned when their capital is threatened with annihilation. /But if the professor hadn't revealed the secret even to the Prime Minister in his astrakan collar, how.....? Are you sure this was an adult story?/ Returned, it appears, by a shove through his own French windows.

Before this, though, an audience of millions within reach of tele- phones heard the Military Intelligence chief tell the professor: "Should you be threatened, ring the secret number Whitehall 5422, give the code number 1785, then the code word "curtain raiser" and you will be put straight through to the Prime Minister."

"Dial Whitehall 5422," the character said, and that's exactly what scores of people did. They got through, surprisingly enough, to the Cabinet Office which deals with top priority civil and military matters and is responsible to the Prime Minister himself. The Duty Officer on the other end of the line refused to tell anyone which Government office it was or what the nature of the work carried on there was. A situation rather akin to getting a number in "Science Fiction Theater", ringing it, and finding you'd got through to the Chief Janitor at White Sands!

So much for science, eh?

"Send Merrill a broad; to heck with McNulty."Jerry Merrill

/British prisons have some fascinating names. Dartmoor, of course, is pretty well known here, and is sort of gloomily majestic sounding. But what do you make of a prison called Wormwood Scrubbs? I've run across it in a couple of songs; it seems to be a real, genuine name. ?? RSC/

The Unwilling Vampire

BY *mary corby*

Here is the grave where I come for my sleeping,
Cursed and unhallowed, but haven to me.
What is the wind but the sound of my weeping,
Crying for something that never can be.

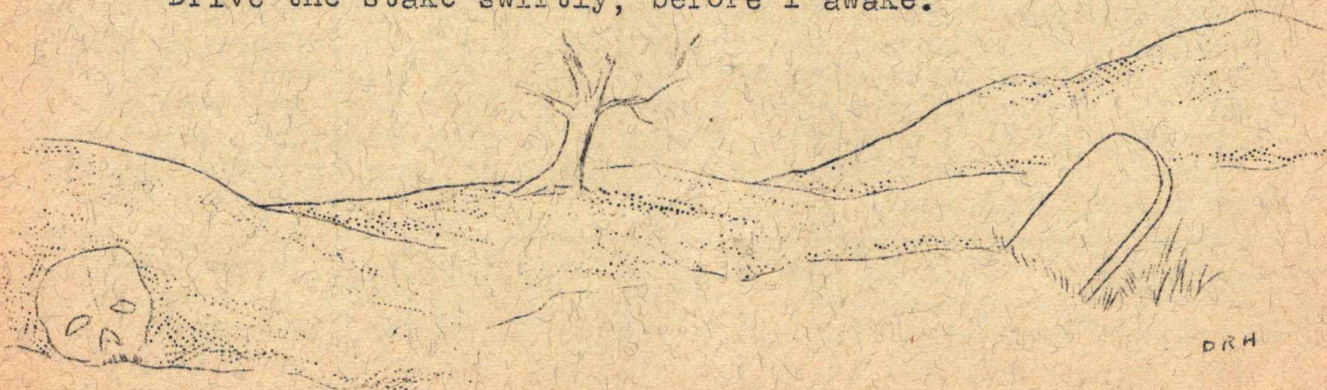
Wildly I fight the strange thirst that impels me
Into the night with the need to drink deep;
While in my blood there's an instinct that tells me
"Only when you have been filled, can you sleep."

Winter is coming, the nights will grow longer.
How can I battle this hunger alone?
How shall I sleep when my need will grow stronger,
Making me restless beneath the cold stone?

Shall I mourn then for the quick death of summer,
Marking each falling leaf with a sad tear?
Shall I greet Autumn, that harlequin mummer,
Flaunting her colors above my gray bier?

Time swings his scythe and goes on with his mowing,
Deaf to the agonized cries in his ears.
Those who, like me, would be glad of the going,
Beg him in vain, for he heeds not nor hears.

Is there no one who will come here and free me,
Purging with silver or sharp-pointed stake?
Come while there's plenty of light still to see me.
Drive the stake swiftly, before I awake!



DRH

GRUMBINGS

Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois

Stratton's review of Curucu The Great Beastie is the kind of movie review I like to write and like to read. This sort of thing should be done more often.

And don't forget to avoid "The Man Who Turned To Stone". In a bit of unconscious humor, the title refers to the sucker who buys a ticket and attempts to sit through it. The plot of this Oscar-contender has to do with a bunch of nasty old SCIENTISTS who just live oodles and oodles of years; centuries, really. They live so long by the simple process of mechanically sucking the JUICES OF LIFE out of pretty young ladies. And so here they are, the whole nasty bunch of them, hidden in a women's reformatory which is just crawling with delicious young damsels waiting to be juiced.

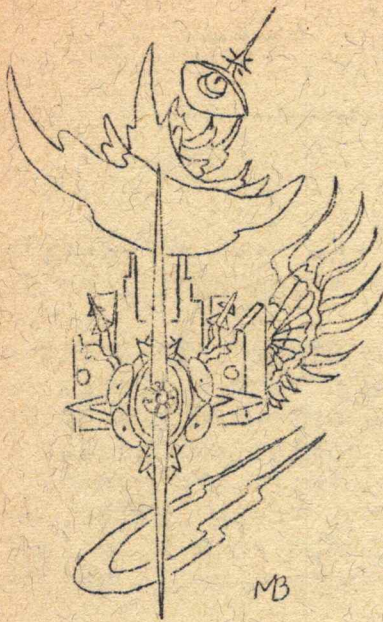
The reference to piranha in CURUCU was both familiar and amusing. This particular shot (there are two or three of them in the series) is a stockshot from the RKO library. I've seen it three times over the last few years. It first appeared legitimately in a South American travelog; somebody shoots a croc, ropes him and hauls him to the bank so the camera can watch the piranha eat him. Good clean fun. But it turned up later in a Glenn Ford picture ("The Americano", I believe) and looked rather silly. There was our hero and his girl, and somebody else, floating downriver when they are forced to shoot a croc to save their boat. And guess what? Somebody hidden on the jungle bank obligingly hauls the critter out of the water by that there rope, so our hero can watch the thing being eaten. I don't recall the other picture, but this time our hero and his girl are fording a stream, and to deflect the fish away from them they shoot the croc as bait. And again some hidden jungle gent obligingly hauls it up onto the bank, while the hero and his girl ford the stream and scam.

But cheer up. We'll probably see it again next year.
/I wonder why Hollywood hasn't made a movie about giant piranha yet? RC/

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

I liked the blue paper, yes, and I hate this sickly green. I'll admit I use green paper myself to type on, but at least it's not this dull drab shade. I even liked the yellow paper. Wha hoppen?

There are one or two things about the TAFF elections I'd like to comment on. First of all, this quote from CONTACT or wherever it appeared, about "sensible voters voting for whoever they think has the best chance to keep from being elected somebody they might think to be a disaster". It's possible that there may be animosity between some of the candidates and various other fans, and I'm not saying who's to blame for it. But this statement that somebody might be elected who would prove to be a "disaster"! I don't know who said this, but he deserves a swift kick in



the pants, as far as I'm concerned. This is practically an outright insult to the lesser-known candidates, and I am of the opinion that whoever said it should issue a public apology. Sermon for the day completed. There are few things in fandom that have actually made me honest-to-Ghōd mad, but this is one of them. There is about as much danger of some Wetzel-type being elected to TAFF (assuming that anybody like this ever could be nominated) as there is of England turning over the city of London to fandom.

Also I can see nothing wrong with simply having voters write the name of the candidate they want on the ballot and nothing else. And as for GM Carr's suggestion, I too think this is an excellent idea. Is there anyway that the TAFF rules could be changed to include this provision?

When I said that about "sickening green", I meant it in more ways than one. Greene's ravings about YANDRO tasting so good inspired me to nibble on one of the pages, but I found it most awful as far as food is concerned. Some fanzines

taste rather sour to me, some are a little bit spicy, while a few of them taste exactly like corn on the cob. And those with conreports in them are usually about 15 proof. What kind of fluid do these people use in their ditto machines?

/It isn't a case of fluid; they just breathe on the paper. As far as the color paper YANDRO uses, this is one item we're fairly indifferent about. Readers objected to the yellow, so we changed. If enough people ask us to change back, we will. (However, I should make it plain that the choice is only between green and yellow; white gives too much offset and show-through, and we've tried the other colors and don't like them.) Since there is no formal organization, TAFF election rules can be changed at will by whoever is running the election. RSC/

Bill Pearson, 4516 E. Glenrosa, Phoenix, Arizona

Dan was down again last week, and we conferred on the illustrations for the fiction piece. I am rather disgusted to announce that the story will again be one of mine. God, to be forced to use my own fiction two issues in a row! It's absurd! (And as an aside, not one, but two stories arrived in the same day just four days after I'd given Dan the manuscript. And four more stories have been promised me. Yet I sat here for six weeks begging fiction from just about every fan and a lot of non-fans!) /The trials of fan-editors..... RC/

Arthur Hayes, % Dominion Catering, Bicroft - Bancroft - Ontario - Canada

I don't blame you for being a mite peeved at anyone who would try to dictate what you would print in YANDRO. Of course, a point comes up, and it probably isn't new, probably has been in effect for some time. Suppose I see an article in YANDRO written by someone I'm already in contact with. (I'm not in contact with MZB.) The next time I would write to that person I would mention the article, fiction, art or what-have-you.

In some cases I might pan it, or I might be all for it. I certainly would not tell him to stop contributing to fanzines, but -- I do think it would be right and proper to take it up with him, as well as the fanzine which printed it.

But -- the very attitude Marion has taken to the criticisms she may have gotten directly, seems to be in line with my idea that shemales don't get involved in feuds, mainly because they will quit altogether, rather than to continue.

/The impression I got from her letter was the the people who wrote Marion weren't her regular correspondents. Of course, if you're acquainted with a fan, you're going to comment on his/her writing, and a fan editor has no business butting in on private correspondence -- unless your criticisms directly influence a valued contributor to quit contributing. I don't know about other females; Juanita just doesn't consider fandom and other fans important enough to bother feuding with; if they don't happen to like her comments, that's their hard luck. One simply doesn't waste time attempting to change the opinions of unimportant individuals. RC/

Claude Raye Hall, 2214 San Antonio, Austin 5, Texas

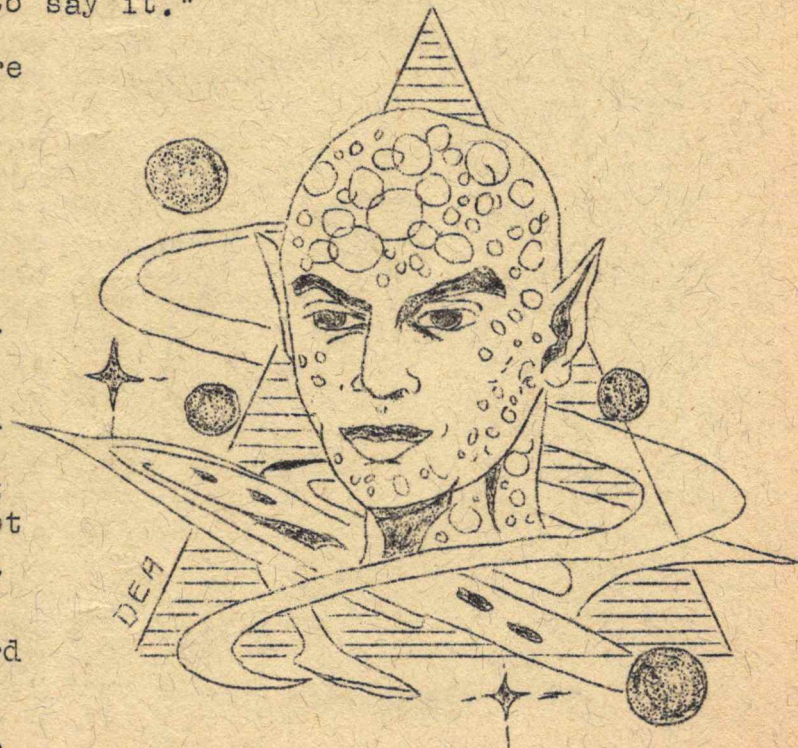
I liked especially in this issue, Bradley's column and your editorial stand on the situation. Marion and I have never been too friendly (and this dates beyond my days in SAPS back to the time she had a fanzine review column in Fisher's ODD)-- but I suspect that she feels I'm just a crass neo. Anyway, we have little, if anything, of interest in common, and therefore, nothing to say to each other. There have been several occasions when I haven't particularly admired her views. But in the words attributed to Voltaire, "I may disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

I admire Marion for her stand -- I admire you even more for yours. More power to Mrs. Bradley and to hell with the jazzatics!

/Claude's comments were cut somewhat (though I tried not to tone them down any.) About 10 or so letters of comment have come in already, all favorable to MZB. (Though one or two have mentioned, like Bob Farnham, that they enjoyed everything Marion wrote except her fanzine reviews. You won't see any of those here; I doubt that she gets enough non-apaazines anymore to review.) RSC/

Wally Weber, Box 267, 920 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington

The fiction was clever enough, but I think the similarity of story types spoiled "The



Light" for me. After reading "The Mission", my feeble mind had been set for a common action being described in fantastic terms and I realized the central character of "The Light" was a moth by the third paragraph. Actually, I find it difficult to describe the similarity of the two stories -- in fact, as an after-thought, the stories aren't really similar at all -- but I still feel the surprise ending of "The Light" would have been preserved if I hadn't read "The Mission" first.

/A couple of others commented on this -- and I picked the stories because I thought a serious and a humorous story written in a similar manner would complement each other. Live and learn. (Anyhow, other reasons for picking them were that they fitted the space requirements and both had been in the files for some time -- about 15 months, in the case of "The Light" -- and those reasons are still valid.) RC/

Lt. Richard Lupoff, EDD TAGSUSA, Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis, Ind.

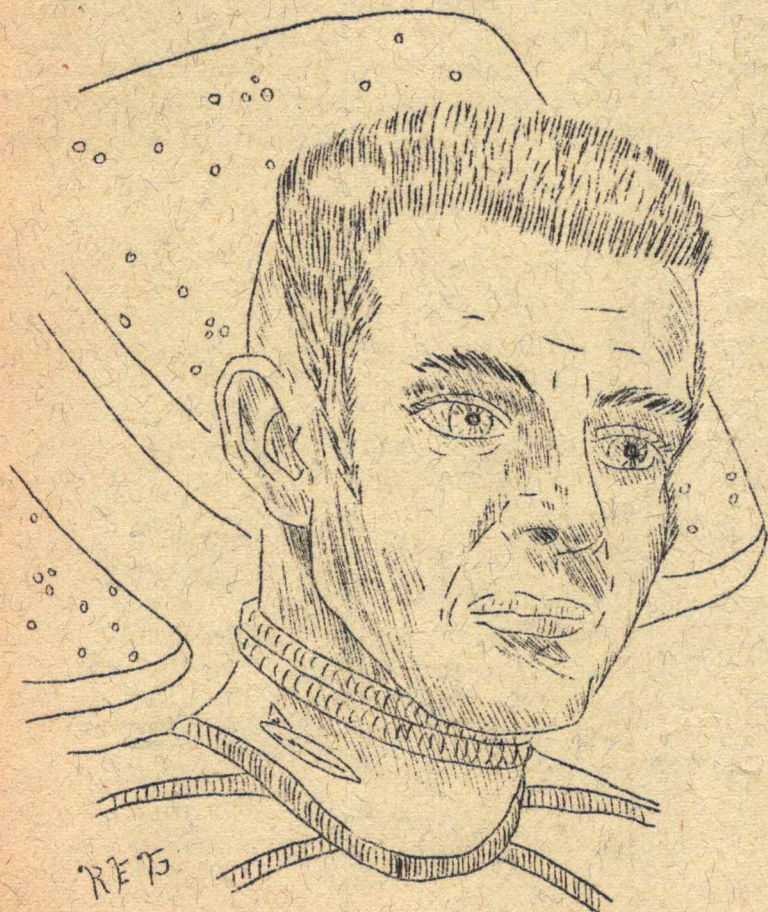
Last night they were supposed to show a new western with Ray Milland at the post theater. The film did not come in, so they substituted a new one called "She-Devil", with Mari Blanchard. The script-supervisor was Violet McComas; I don't know whether she is any relation to Francis or not. The screenplay, whose author I didn't recognize, was adapted from "The Adaptive Ultimate", although the word Weinbaum did not appear on the screen.

The non-appearance of the word Weinbaum was something which caused me, by the time the picture was well started, to be glad.

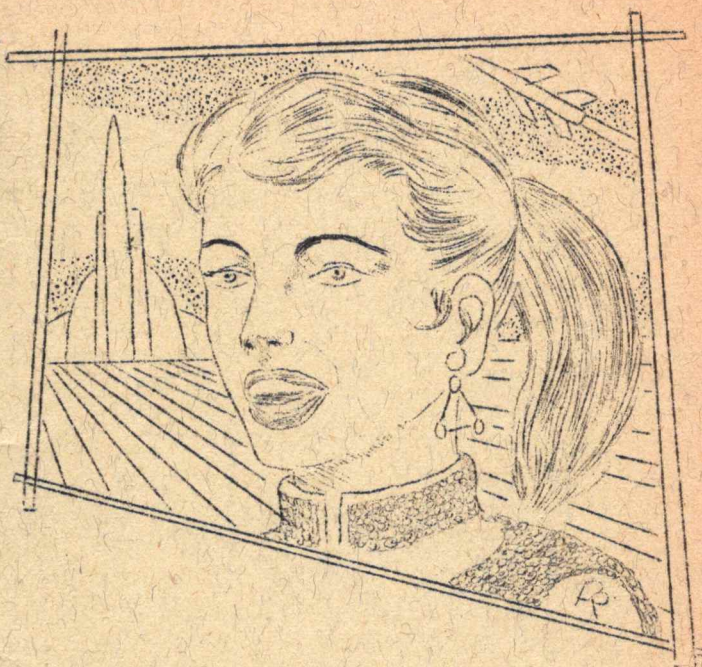
"The Adaptive Ultimate", as you probably know, was only a fair story. Weinbaum was at his best in creating alien life; he was also good at atmosphere and action. But his science was never exactly what one would call solid; neither were his people, and this story was about people.

"The Adaptive Ultimate" was done in no fewer than two one-hour versions on TV (one as "Kyra Zelas", the name of the female lead) and I think at least one filmed half-hour. I saw the "Kyra Zelas" broadcast, which was about 1951 or so, and it was one of the finest TV programs of any drama which I have ever seen.

But the movie is one of the worst stf films I have ever seen. There have been many stf films, and the majority of them



range from mediocre to lousy. But for wooden dialog matched with wooden acting, for unlikely plotting, for almost incredibly bad direction, this thing takes the mouldy cake left over from "The Incredible Shrinking Man". People act as if they were parodying acting. When one person is supposed to be interrupted by another, the former stops and pauses before the other starts talking. Even the special effects, which are often the sole saving grace of stf stinkers, are minimal. Mari Blanchard manages to look sexy from time to time, but that's about all worthwhile in the film.



SHORT EXCERPTS

Ed Wood - In the first issue of SCIENCE FICTION FORUM I understand one F. Pohl makes a point of saying that he doesn't buy the science fiction magazines. People leave them around his place. Well if the people who are deeply involved in science fiction won't buy the magazines, who the devil will? No wonder there's such apathy in the field. By the way, what happened to SCI-FI? I ask only because it is difficult to get magazines in Chicago. /I'm beginning to think SCI-FI has joined all those wonderful stf movies Ackerman talks about. RSC/

Roger Ebert - Most science fiction fans don't give a hoot about science. And neither do the writers. Some of those 1937 TWS's had more down to earth science than the new contenders have in a year of weekly issues. Maybe the science seemed more, well, fantastic in those days...anymore, nothing disturbs our composure. ITEM: "The U.S. Air Force is considering a new space drive that will propel a ship at 99% of the speed of light." - Associated Press. How much mention of that have you seen in any mag? In 1937, science WAS science fiction. The name meant something. Every story had some tie-in with science. The current state of AMAZING is absolutely worse than it was 20 years ago! /Anyone care to argue? How many '37 AMAZINGS have you read, Rog? It's pretty bad now, but..... RC/

Robert E. Gilbert - Those who criticized your photography evidently don't realize that blurs and abstractions are currently preferred in artistic photography, just as they are in pure art. Grainy, out-of-focus prints are considered very charming by many people these days./Of course, those are intentionally grainy and out-of-focus....RC/

Lars Helander - In all, YANDRO is a sober fanzine. /???

Morris Dollens - Forrie Ackerman came over a couple days ago with a mess of dollar bills -- seems as if he has sold a couple of my paintings to MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SF. So now I'm a professional of sorts, I guess.

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