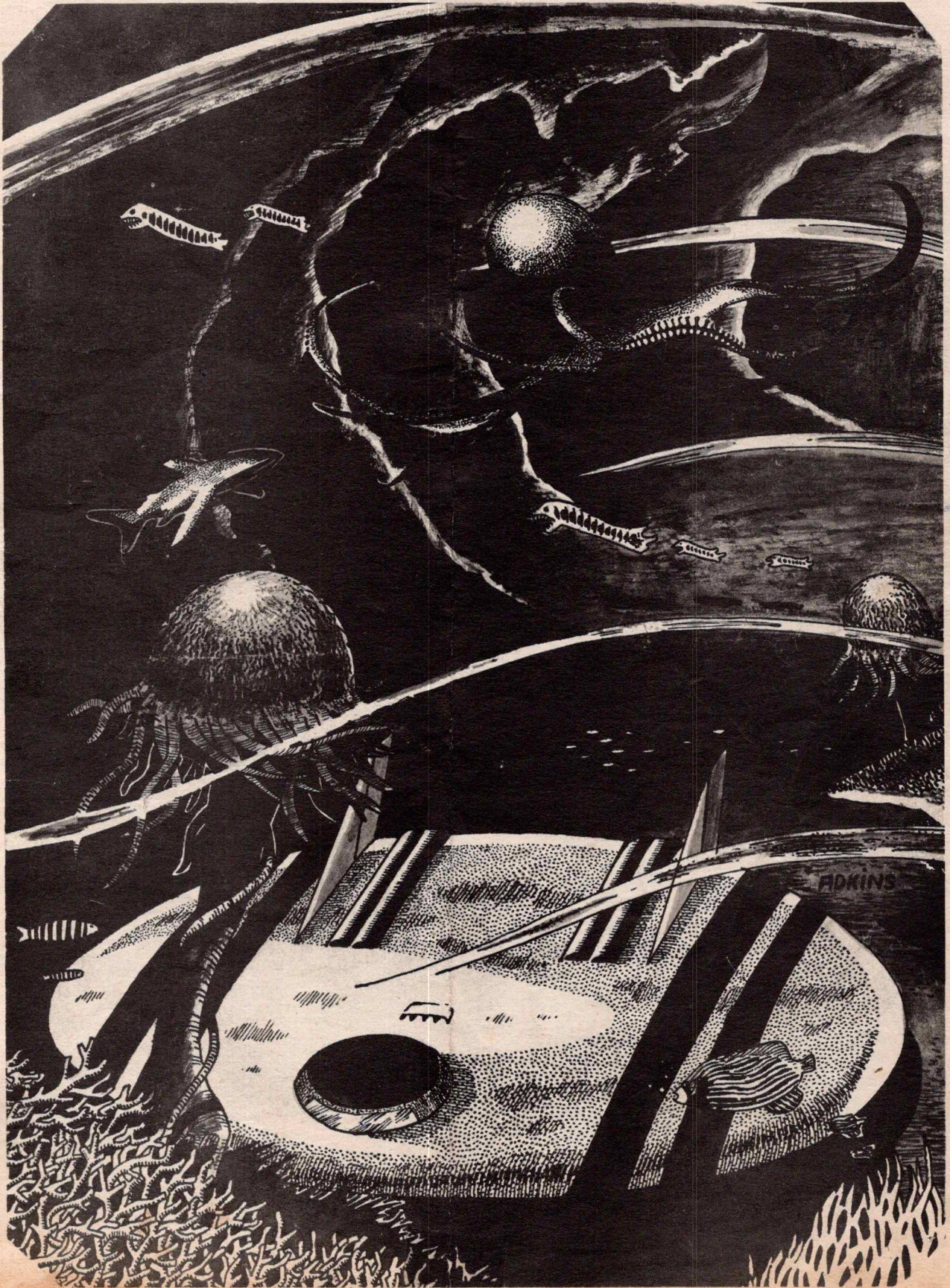


YANDRO

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#54



YANDRO

july 1957

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monthly issue # 54



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Multilithing courtesy of Dale Brandon

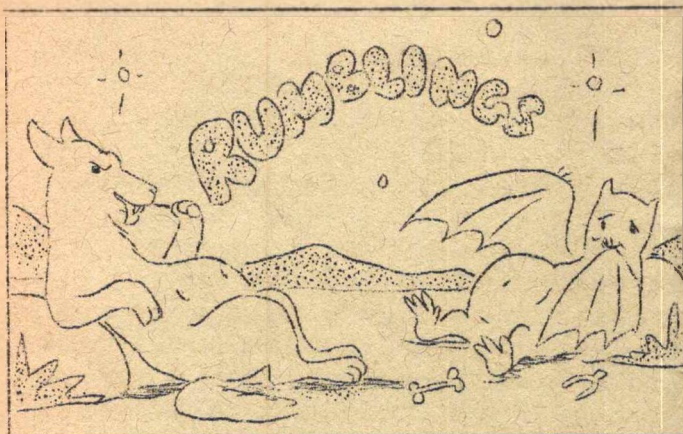
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The editors wish to express their sincere appreciation to Dale Brandon for the favor he did in getting 150 copies of Adkins illo multilithed for the cover of this issue. (As a matter of fact, the lettering on the cover this issue is by Brandon.) He doesn't have free access to a multi-lith, and I don't know how much the job cost him, but I do know it's nice to have friends. YANDRO is becoming more and more of a group effort; with all this help, we might make 100 issues yet. RSC ✓

RAMBLINGS



Well, lessee, it's now 8:25 of a Wednesday and the forward run on the Midwescon issue is finished.. (now all I have to do is run the backsides)..this isn't typed yet, we aren't packed yet, and tomorrow we drive directly down to Anderson after work so it has to be got together tonight.....why, why do fans go thru all this...especially to pay rent of \$10 a night? (that is, if it isn't twelve dollars, which has been threatened, due --we hope--to a mix-up on the part of the motel....if it is twelve, I'm feared we'll stay at another motel down there...that kitchenette isn't worth that much).....finally got a new used refrigerator...cold cokes again.....it looks sort of old.... in fact, Buck was wondering how early Westinghouse started making sealed units....this one looks rather like an old icebox that someone stuck a motor in.....but it runs, which is the main object.....always before, I had a hellish time finding clothes to suit my peculiar tastes when each summer rolled around.....comes summer of '57, there are codles of styles to catch my eye, but unfortunately, this year it does me no good whatsoever.....and will someone please tell me why manufacturers insist on making maternity clothes with large butterflies and daffodils splattered all over them?.....I'm a great devotee of solid colors, but have had remarkably little success in finding the same.....and then there was the one clothing store ad which advertised "maternity clothes to make you look bewitchingly feminine".....ch?.....recently saw Island In the Sun.....and if ever a movie needed all the various good actors contained therein, this one was it.....more disjointed counter plots than I believe I've ever seen in any one movie....someone for everyone to identify with...providing you don't demand too much of any one actor ..what with all those, the individual time allotted to each was pretty small.....recently saw "Twenty Million Miles to Earth", too....which, among the expressions of disgust elicited the response, "Why doesn't someone - anyone - out there give Ray Harryhausen a decent script-monster to animate?....Why, hmm?.....other animators in monster messes get by with just animating the monster, and usually not very well.....but Harryhausen animates everything..the elephant that rassles with the lil beastie, the human victim that gets slung around, the masonry that gets toppled....no half-way measures about this boy.....also saw The 27th Day....it must be awfully preachy to elicit amused groans from a theater audience in Warsaw, Ind., with its suburb of Winona containing the Billy Sunday Tabernacle among other items.....I'm afraid I'm one of the wistfully remembering Palmerites Russ Wolf mentions...I cut my stfish eye teeth on OW and it introduced me to Eric Frank Russell.....and although I don't do much but shake my head sadly now, I can still remember those dear dead days of five years or so ago..sniffle.....my lost youth, you know.....or do you?.....JWC



You may not realize it, but this issue of YANDRO marks an important milestone in the history of fandom. Russ Wolf's article on Palmer has finally been printed! I don't recall the exact number of fanzines which he told me had accepted the article and then folded before printing it, but the list was impressive. And each time, when he got it back, Rap would have gone off on another tangent, and the article would be out of date again. I think Russ figured that YANDRO was his last chance -- if

he had to revise that article once more it would be so long he'd have to start submitting it to book publishers. (We had some idea of using a photo-offset cover featuring all the titles Rap has been connected with, from MARVEL TALES on, but we couldn't get the film developed fast enough to keep abreast of his new titles.)

I can picture the reaction of our European readers to the announcement, in the last issue, that their subs had been upped 25¢ in order to pay for the envelopes.....Honest, if I can ever run down Ed McNulty, I'll get some new envelopes and quit using second-hand ones -- for awhile anyway. But we're out, and Ed supplies them cheaper than we can get them anywhere else. (For that matter, the added 25¢ doesn't even cover the extra postage, so I'm not worrying about European reactions, but I do think I can claim credit for the lamest excuse of the year.) Sudden thought -- I hate fanzine editors who send me zines in envelopes completely covered with printing, so I can't re-use them. Just a small, neat, address, fellas -- it's easier to cover up.

There should be a rather long lettercolumn next issue, considering that there will be two issues to comment on, and some controversial material -- meaning Gem Carr -- in this one. Just when the next ish will be out, I couldn't say, with Juanita attending college next month. Tom Stratton might even edit and publish the thing -- he offered to, at least. And with Stratton at the helm, anything can happen. (One thing I'm sure of; there won't be many illos unless Juanita cuts them. I'm not about to do all that work.)

I'm wondering if I'll have more or less time to spare with Juanita gone. Slight hopes of making inroads on the correspondence that has piled up while we were running these two YANDROs....and maybe I can get back to doing some work on my ICS course...I got a rather plaintive letter from them last week, mentioning the fact that they hadn't heard from me recently (see, Jerry; you aren't the only one). I don't know why they care -- they already have my money. Just conscientious, I guess.

This editorial is being typed before the Midwestcon -- we'll be passing out copies to any of our readers who attend the con, but you people who get it by mail will have to wait until the clambake is over. Horrible amount of driving connected with the con this year. Take Juanita to Anderson Thursday night, stay overnight there, drive back to work in Wabash Friday morning, back to Anderson Friday night, pick up Juanita and the DeWeeses, and then on to Cincinnati. Avaunt!

RSC

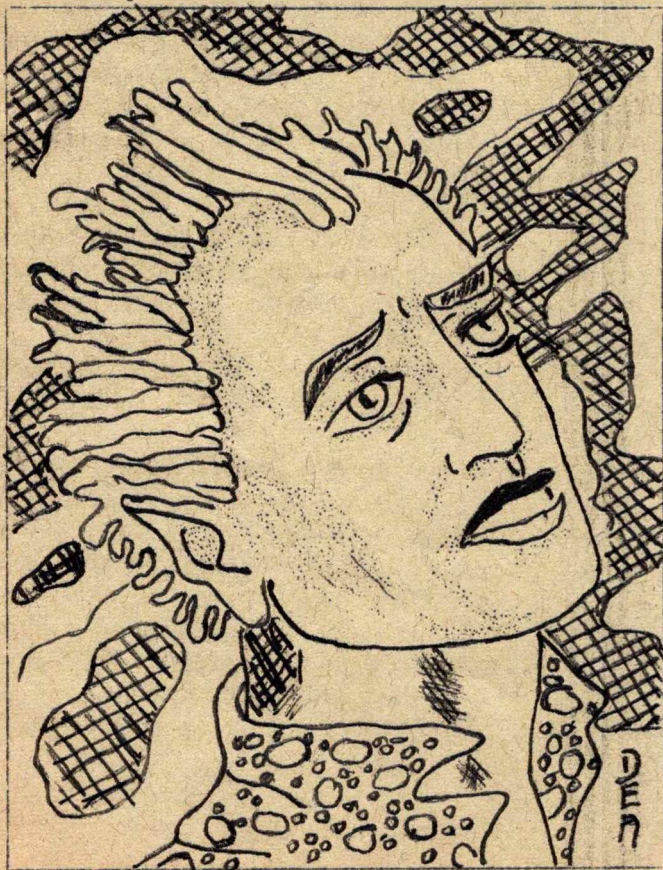
RAP

by russ wolf

Raymond A. Palmer is a small, physically-handicapped man who lives on a farm near the small city of Amherst, Wisconsin. He is also a publisher, editor, writer, and even, in a dabbling way, illustrator of science-fantasy and psychic publications. Science-fantasy and related fields have been Raymond A. Palmer's business for almost thirty years; such matters were his interest for some time before they became his business.

During this period he has done many things worthy of note, many a thing of questionable wisdom, and a goodly number of questionable ethnics. Palmer seems to operate in an almost continuous state of crisis, but if ever a supercrisis can be said to arise in the midst of an ordinary crisis, Palmer faces one now.

When Hugo Gernsback founded AMAZING STORIES in 1926, beginning the flow of approximately one hundred titles which have constituted science fantasy as we know it today, one of his first readers was a youngster



named Raymond Palmer. Like so many others, young Palmer had cut his eye teeth on the imaginative works of such men as Jules Verne, Edgar Allen Poe, and H.G. Wells. But such fantastic fiction had been available only as it appeared in bits or snatches throughout the general publishing world. Now, a magazine was published dealing exclusively in science-fiction, as publisher-editor-author Gernsback christened this particular brand of off-trail story.

Palmer and others, mostly adolescents and young men, were quick to flock to Gernsback's AMAZING, and to the WONDER magazines he published after selling AMAZING at the beginning of the depression.

Those early readers quickly became the first science-fiction fandom, and many of them also began to write professionally. Palmer's early works included stories like "The Time-Ray of Jandra" (WONDER STORIES, June 1930), a tale of World War II.

Palmer was also involved in the early fan magazines, FANTASY MAGAZINE and the SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST. He was instrumental in the early round-robin novels, which appeared in those early fanzines as serials, each chapter written by a different top pro or fan author. As might be expected, such literary pot-pourris--however excellent the single chapters--were almost unreadable when assembled. So even though complex copy-right problems are clearing with the passage of time the novels will probably never be published. But as collectors' items and historical works, they are among the most highly prized of all sf publications

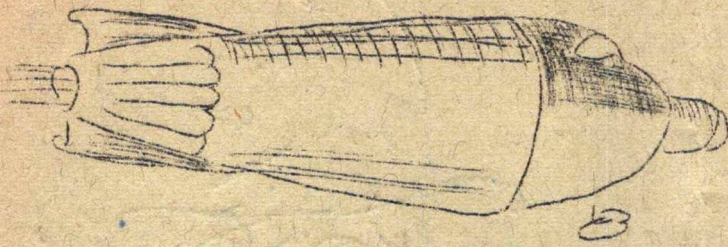


Rap's first approach to the field of professional editing came in 1934 when a group of fans in Pennsylvania attempted a semi-pro magazine called MARVEL TALES. A monthly selling for 10¢, MARVEL was printed on digest-sized paper, with a heavy one-color cover. Palmer was listed along with Lloyd Arthur Eshbach (Fantasy Press) as consulting editor to William L. Crawford (FPCI). MARVEL TALES, like so many magazines since, was an esthetic success and a financial failure. It disappeared after five issues, having published works by H.P. Lovecraft, August Derleth, David H. Keller, Robert Howard, Harl Vincent, Frank Belknap Long, Clifford D. Simak, P. Schuyler Miller, Manly Wade Wellman, Charles R. Tanner, Clark Ashton Smith, and Ralph Milne Farley.

For the next four years Palmer wrote pulp fiction, winning a reputation for fast-paced, adventuresome stories with little characterization and almost no scientific or philosophical content. He even made Campbell's ASTOUNDING once.

Then, in 1938, the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company took over AMAZING STORIES, which had continued under the guidance of T. O'Connor Sloane, following Hugo's departure. At this point in its history AMAZING was a bi-monthly pulp, vastly outmoded, and the dullest publication within several parsecs. Sloane, a competent man, but over 80 years of age and set in his ways, wrote editorials on the application of Biblical morals to modern life, about "Modern Printing Methods", and similar fascinating subjects. Letters in the Discussions column were headed with such scintillating tidbits as "An Interesting Letter from Holland. We Have Received Few or No Letters From This Country." The contents of the '38 AMAZING were hardly different from those of 1928. AMAZING had been in a rut for ten years while WONDER and ASTOUNDING, each in its own way, showed it their heels.

It was about time, Mr. Davis decided, to bring some fresh editorial blood into AS, so Sloane was put out to a well-deserved retirement and



Raymond A. Palmer was hired in his place.

With his first (June 1938) issue Rap made the following changes: ...Dropped the price from 25¢ to 20¢....introduced back cover paintings, for the first time in any professional science-fiction magazine....introduced es-

pecially posed photographs for cover illustrations, also a first....a -dopted the cover logo which lasted fifteen years...

But most important of all the changes Palmer made was in story emphasis. Out went the slow-moving, heavy science or philosophy stories of Sloane's regime. In came blood-and-guts, thud-and-blunder, action-and-adventure, violence-and-romance -- and comedy, Palmer type stories. Back came the John Carter series of Edgar Rice Burroughs, absent from AMAZING since the Gernsback era. Carter's Mars, like the Africa of his brain-brother Tarzan, bore little resemblance to the real thing-- or to any logical world. Martians alternately fought with swords and rayguns, travelled by rocket ship and thout-back. But for all their logical and scientific fallacies, the Barsoom stories were so enthusiastically written, so zestfully adventurous, that despite making no claims or even an effort at erudition, Burroughs' stories carried their readers away..not to a distant planet, nor to a world of the future, but to a never-never land of glory and danger and romance, a land where the reader became the all-good Prince of Helium or his lovely and pure Deja Thoris.

During his reign at Ziff-Davis Palmer succeeded in building a strong bond of loyalty between his readers and his magazines--and himself personally. There was a feeling that through the cooperation of reader - and - editor "we" were going somewhere and doing something; further that it was somewhere worth going and something worth doing.

One means of achieving this feeling, comparable perhaps to that of the early editions of GALAXY, was the repetition of the theme, in editorials and letter columns, that these were the reader's magazines. Each advance--the increase to 244 pages per issue in August 1942--was announced as "our" achievement. Each set-back (pages-per-issue were cut in June 1943 and never again increased on a regular basis) was a blow to "us" but one which "we" would lick.

Another method of gaining reader loyalty was the development of a coterie of writers who in turn produced series of stories in AS and FA. This was by no means a unique policy. Every editor since Harold Hersey had followed it to a greater or lesser extent. But Palmer developed the technique to new levels.

The Palmer stable featured a bewildering pattern of name, house-name, and pseudonym. For instance, "Alexander Blade" was at least David Vern (who originated the name), Howard Browne, Millen Cooke, Chester Geier, Heinrich Hauser, Berkeley Livingston, William P. McGivern, David Wright O'Brien, Louis H. Sampliner, Richard S. Shaver, Don Wilcox, and Le Roy Yerxa. "Blade" still shows up occasionally in Hamling's magazines. Palmer was no fewer than the following six 'authors': Henry Gade, G.H. Erwin, Frank Patton, Wallace Quitman, Alfred R. Steber, Morris J. Steele;

and only he knows how many more.

The best remembered of all Palmer's series-authors was Edgar R. Burroughs. His John Carter adventures appeared in the Gernsback AMAZING, but were dropped by Sloane. Palmer got Burroughs back in the July, 1939 FA, and Burroughs kept grinding out stories until 1943, less than a year before his death. There were seven Barsoom stories, four Carter of Venus tales, the Pellucidar tales, and two other 'singles'.

Other series in AS and FA were Eando Binder's Adam Link stories, Le Roy and Frances Yerxa's Freddy Funk comedies, Nelson Bond's Lancelot Biggs, Thornton Ayre (John Russell Fearn)'s Golden Amazon, and the Lefty Feep series by Robert Bloch. Feep was a series of burlesques on everything from Superman to sex. It ran for 22 stories in FA, second only to Edmond Hamilton's CAPTAIN FUTURE for the modern record.

Another Palmer project at Z-D was the publication of a posthumous S. G. Weinbaum novel, THE NEW ADAM, which appeared in 1939 and was used partly as a subscription-promotion for the Z-D sf magazines.

But to get back to the early days of Palmer and AMAZING: Messrs Ziff and Davis themselves were so pleased with Palmer's handling of the magazine that within a year of Palmer's taking over they authorized him to start a science-fantasy companion for the straight s-f of AMAZING. And to an extent, AS was 'straight' sf--the Gernsback influence had not yet entirely disappeared.

What a debut! The new magazine was the large size of the original AS and WONDER. It had trimmed edges, and its front-cover format was the inverted L design later made famous by GALAXY. For his 20¢ the reader also got a back-cover painting and 100 pages of features and fiction by the top writers of the day--Eando Binder, A. Hyatt Verrill, Frederic Arnold Kummer, Ross Rocklynne, Maurice Duclos, Harl Vincent, and Arthur Tofte.

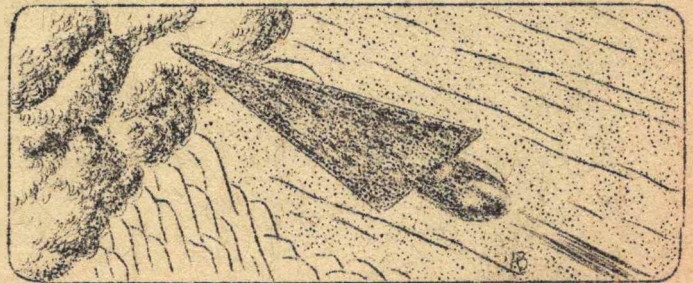
Artwork was done by Robert Fuqua, Julian Krupa, and the already legendary Frank R. Paul.

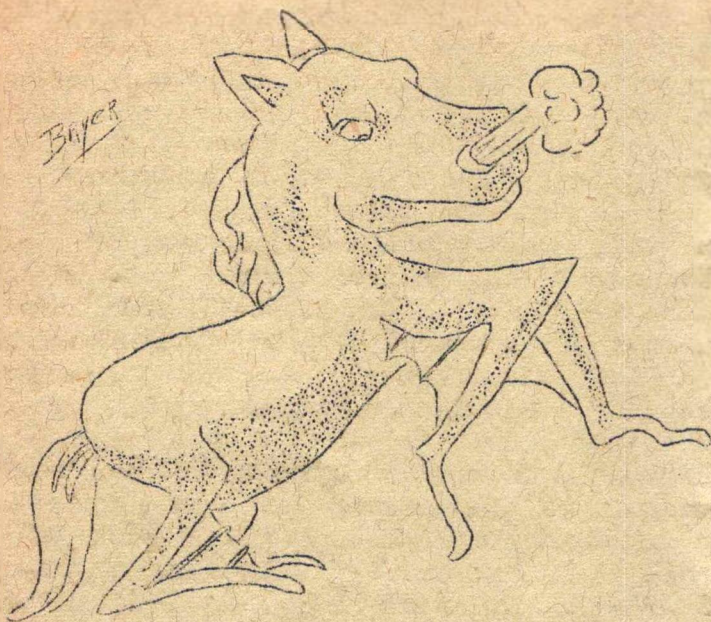
FA was such a hit that it went monthly after only four issues.

Rising costs soon caused Ziff-Davis to raise the price of their magazines to 25¢, and to convert FA to pulp format, but both zines continued to grow in popularity. To lighten the burden of two deadlines each month, Bill Hamling took over FANTASTIC under the supervision of Palmer.

And then, with the May, 1941, issue, AMAZING STORIES reached its 15th Anniversary. Raymond Palmer, one of its earliest readers, was now the editor. He produced a 244 page issue to commemorate the occasion. The front cover was painted by J. Allen St. John; the back, by Paul. The stories were by Don Wilcox, Eando Binder, William McGivern, Alexander Blade, Duncan Farnsworth, and Robert Moore Williams. The issue was dedicated to Hugo Gernsback.

AMAZING and FANTASTIC survived the war in the hands of Palmer, Hamling, and Howard Browne, who had been shifted from defunct Z-D





detective and adventure magazines.

Shortages slowed down AS and FA but after the war they became monthlies again. In 1944, however, began that bizarre series of happenings that eventually became known as the Shaver Mystery.

A long semi-legible and semi-literate letter had come into the AMAZING office, a fantastic-- perhaps 'ridiculous' would be a better word-- document concerning elder races reminiscent of Lovecraft's wildest nightmares, degenerate descendants of a super race (deros) and their non-degenerated cousins (teros) and on and on. Browne took one look at the letter and tossed it into the wastebasket with such

a snort that Palmer looked up, fished out the discard and was fascinated. He contacted the author of the letter, one-mustachioed Richard Sharpe Shaver, and organized the latter's 'discoveries' into the first of a 'true' series. The basis of the stories was Shaver's; the plotting Palmer's; the draft, Shaver's; and the final revision, Palmer's.

Had the Shaver stories been presented in the usual AMAZING manner-- as fiction--they would probably have passed unnoticed. But Palmer ballyhooed them as long-suppressed truth, and created a furore throughout the science-fiction world--and about it.

Stories and articles flowed from Shaver-Palmer's pen at an increasing rate, spiced up with sex and sadism but including such 'discoveries' as an interpretation of the English alphabet allowing anyone to discover the 'true' meaning of any word.

The whole Shaver affair brought a howl from those who favored more 'dignified' types of science fiction. They wanted no part of a 'hoax' as the Mystery. But it sold AMAZINGS. Circulation boomed again, as it had in Palmer's early days as editor.

By 1947 the Mystery had grown to such proportions that Rap presented an all-Shaver AMAZING. The cover illustrated a scene in Shaver's caves; the content of the issue was four stories, ranging from 13,000 to 30,000 words...all by Shaver. In addition there were short articles about Shaver's 'discoveries'--Shaver's own 'proofs' of the caves, Palmer's "Mystery of the Dero Typesetter," and "How to Use the Shaver Alphabet". The Shaver Mystery sold AMAZINGS, and for this reason helped Rap out with his bosses, but in another way it undermined his tenure.

As a lunatic-fringe kind of thing, the Mystery naturally drew lunatic-fringers, Palmer became embroiled in a name-calling game which had him accused of everything from vegetarianism to communism. The Mystery was still blazing along in 1949, making the higher-ups happy with circulation reports and fidgety with dubious publicity.

While still working for Ziff-Davis Rap started two new magazines in 'partnership' with one 'Robert N. Webster'. They were FATE, and OTHER WORLDS Science Stories, a science fiction mag.

Of course, Palmer now had to leave Z-D. Despite eight years of contrary rumors, Ray still maintains that he left voluntarily and on cordial terms..with an offer,infact, to return if he changed his mind.

As for the new magazines, Rap eventually stepped down from any activity with FATE, retaining a financial interest which has bolstered many of his later ventures. OTHER WORLDS was his real baby. It was a digest, in the heyday of the pulps. It sold for 35¢ when only the plush,prestigious AVON FANTASY READER went for more than a quarter. The paper was a poor; the typography, atrocious. But the most amazing factor was the contents. The first editorial stated that OW would print stories that might appear in Campbell's ASTOUNDING, Palmer's AMAZING, in PLANET, THRILLING WONDER, or STARTLING...plus some that could appear only in OTHER WORLDS. The editorial was signed Robert N. Webster. But nobody was fooled--least of all the Shaver fans who were treated to a new revelation, "The Fall of Lemuria".

Those first issues of OTHER WORLDS were no great bargains. They were written, like Palmer's AMAZING, by men like Shaver,Rog Phillips, Chester Geier, and Palmer himself. Starting in November 1949 and for a year after, Rap concentrated on OW. Then he presented IMAGINATION, duplicating his former science-fantasy twins of AS-FA. Soon Hamling left Z-D to run MADGE for Palmer,and then took it over lock,stock,and title-rights.

Palmer presented a bulk of mediocre and sometimes plain lousy stuff, but also an occasional sparkling story that no one else had to courage to touch, such as Ray Bradbury's controversially brilliant "Way in the Middle of the Air". Other standouts were A.E. Van Vogt's "A Can of Paint", T.P. Caravan's Old and Evil Professor stories, and Anderson-Dickson's Hoka-on -Toka stories. Palmer had illustrations by Bok and St John.,and later Virgil Finlay to stand out among the hackery of Bill Terry and Robert Gibson Jones. OW became a six-weekly publication and Palmer plugged for monthly.

He staged a special all-editor issue,with stories by Daniel Keyes, Sam Merwin, Paul Fairman, Anthony Boucher, and Jerome Bixby.

He tried book publishing, cashing in on the Flying Saucer craze with a book that he and Kenneth Arnold co-authored,THE COMING OF THE SAUCERS.

Finally, he made a direct appeal to the readers to buy 25-issues-for-5¢ subscriptions. These put OW over the top; it went monthly,switched to better paper, improved its format, and was one of the leading monthlies.

It was the spring of 1953 and s-f had been undergoing a period of expansion that threatened to wipe the Western and detective mags right out of the running. Stfmags were springing up left and right.

Then everything went bang! Magazines disappeared even faster than they had been appearing. Those that were left dropped back-cover art, gave up colored interiors, cut pages, reduced their schedules, lowered rates to authors, printed on cheaper paper...

Whatever caused the bust, the important thing is that it happened.The bottom fell out. As the bust affected Ray Palmer, the last issue of OW for a long time was the July,1953, issue.

The first issue of SCIENCE STORIES was dated October,1953;its editor was Ray Palmer, but its publisher was not Ray's own Clark Publishing Co. It was Bell Publications, source of the spectacular UNIVERSE. A month later MYSTIC appeared, published by Palmer Publication Inc.MYSTIC dealt

with matters similar to those in FATE, but was far wilder. It also served as an ad-carrier for Amherst Press and Venture Bookshop.

But if all these surprises were not enough, there were still more..the third issue of UNIVERSE appeared with Palmer and his old OW side-kick Bea Mahaffey sharing the helm. When the dust cleared a little, Palmer & Mahaffey could be detected running SCIENCE STORIES, MYSTIC, and UNIVERSE, though SCIENCE STORIES disappeared after only four issues. Bell, Like many other boomtime entrants, was nowhere in sight.

MYSTIC and UNIVERSE continued downhill. Rap was so nearly strapped, that to keep going at all he had to publish issues with black-and-white covers, no interior illustrations, and material that he was almost openly ashamed of. The Christmas, 1954, edition hit some sort of low by publishing for its cover a black-and-white reproduction of an old FATE cover with a Santa Claus pasted into a flying saucer. The issue also established what may be an all time record low prozine circulation of fewer than 14,000 copies.

However, nothing gets worse forever if it can outlast its own deterioration, and by staying alive, even barely, Rap had won a new lease on his life as a publisher. The March, 1955, UNIVERSE announced itself as a last issue under that title. With the May edition Ray and Bea were returning to OTHER WORLDS. They had restored the old Personals column, Rap's editorials, and temporarily (from AMAZING) Rog Phillips' popular fan column, "The Club House."

The May, 1955, OTHER WORLDS appeared with a two-color cover, which looked pretty good despite the black-and-white illustration. And the June issue almost knocked the readers down with full-color front and back cover paintings, even though they were reprints from the old OW.

With OTHER WORLDS going again, and after Bea's departure for a greener pasture, Ray's problem was money--circulation. He decided to use three things that had brought him money and circulation before: the bargain basement subscription, the Shaver mystery, and the action-romance story.

The bargain basement subs go at the rate of fifteen issues for three dollars, thirty for five. That's 16½¢ per 35¢ magazine. This policy will raise money for now, but what of the future? What Rap is doing is mortgaging what would otherwise be future income against his past obligations and present expenses. But there must be a day of reckoning.

As for the revival of Shaver, Palmer has brought off a piece of doublethink that would make Orwell's Insocialists proud. In OTHER WORLDS, he appeals to the stf reader's liking for Shaver as pure story by saying, "What would happen if I ran brandnew Shaver stuff? Listen! I usually plotted Shaver's stories. Much of the Mystery is right out of my head. What if I said it was all a pack of lies. Would you cancel your sub, or would you say 'Okay, let's have some more sensational stories from Shaver ..and plot the whole works if you want to! But give us tremendous stuff!'"

Then he turns around to the mystic-psychic-lunatic cultists in MYSTIC and stage-whispers "This is a true story..forbidden by William B. Ziff." He cries on their shoulders about his persecution by LIFE, about an FBI interest in Shaverism, about Shaver and Palmer and Arnold and the flying saucers. And incidentally this doesn't hurt the sales of the books Palmer has published about the saucers.

He campaigned for the right to name Stu Byrne (John Bloodst one) successor to Burroughs to carry on the Tarzan and Carter series, and again circulation was hardly diminished by the row.

New cover and interior art returned to OW late in 1956, along with a return to pulp format--although Palmer's plan for paying for art is a bit foggy, to be as charitable as possible.

But a serious question exists as to Palmer's survival. He has dropped, according to himself, over \$70,000 in his eight years of publishing. He is flat broke and owes money in all directions. He has vowed to give up and go back exclusively to writing if the current effort of OW does not make the grade. Will he make it? He has dwelt so long in the valley of the shadow of bankruptcy that he is beginning to look like a permanent resident.

Finally, to top things off, there is a whole new set-up at OW. In a deal that only he could bring off, Palmer has become half-owner of a distributing company. By his own figures, this will save him \$900 per issue, an increase in income equivalent to a circulation jump of over 3000 copies.

For a while, Palmer's ability to project a spirit of going-places - and-doing-things seemed to go haywire. Trying to follow him was similar to watching to man who jumped on his horse and rode off in all directions...old illustrations, new ones, none at all, movie stills, black - and-white covers, one-color covers, full-color covers, Jules Verne, serials, no serials, blood, philosophy, 1926, '38, '47, '52, the good old days, today, tomorrow... Is Ray merely fighting a temporary (though protracted) slump, or is he finished and just too stubborn--or stupid--to admit it?

He has never been an editor to earn adjectives like great, brilliant, or significant. But in his own way Palmer has made a contribution to science-fiction both real and large. He has made it and continues to make it lively, interesting, and controversial. In a word, he has made fun. If Ray Palmer gives up, the loss to science-fiction will be both real and large.

By the spring of 1957, most fans except the newest neos and the most loyal die-hard Palmerite had stopped cheering for Palmer--or even booing. The mention of Palmer of OW at a fan meeting merely brought laughter--except for an occasional One Who Remembers in the corner, with a wistful look...or hopeful.

With the new FLYING SAUCERS from OTHER WORLDS Palmer has a final opportunity to get on solid ground by setting obtainable goals and working toward them in a reasonable and orderly manner. Enthusiasm is appropriate, but it is insufficient without some sound planning and procedure. The monthly SEARCH (nee MYSTIC) and the monthly FSOW offer Palmer the chance to re-establish himself as a capable man with a worthwhile product. Who knows, maybe he will accomplish something.

But he just barely scraped by so many crises in the last few years, a failure to achieve a solid position now may spell the end for Palmer. Nineteen fifty-seven, it seems, will be Palmer's year of decision. He must make his move now, or else, stf-wise, it's going to be R.I.P.

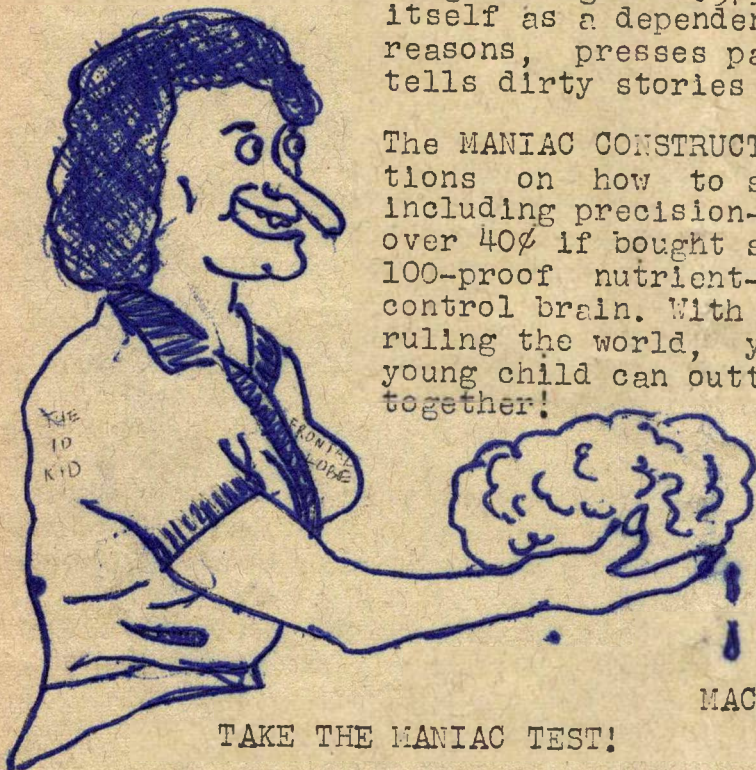
BUILD
YOUR OWN

maniac

MAD BRAIN
CONSTRUCTION KIT

Solves problems (at least, it solves our problem, which is how to make money). Plays games like Knock Off Davie, Curling, Pick Up Sticks, and has a batting average of .375! Computes income tax (listing itself as a dependent), codes and decodes messages, reasons, presses pants, compares, burps the baby, tells dirty stories and crotbles greeps.

The MANIAC CONSTRUCTION KIT includes complete directions on how to shoplift all necessary materials, including precision-machined parts that would cost over 40% if bought separately; PLUS year's supply of 100-proof nutrient-fluid and bullwhip with which to control brain. With this mad brain, you might end up ruling the world, yet MANIAC is so simple even a young child can outthink it--uh, that is, can put it together!



\$1,995

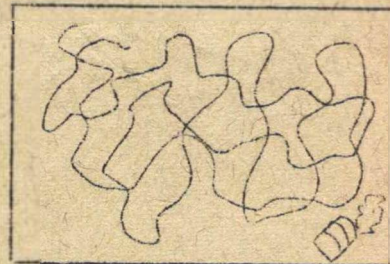
(Wiring Diagram)
MACHINE FOR AN OUTHOUSE'S AIR VENT

TAKE THE MANIAC TEST!

Answer YES or NO:

- Do you like to pull covers off old Astoundings, fill your grandma's hip flask with vinegar, and such?
- Do you like to take apart and put together clocks, boy scouts, atomic piles, wet spaghetti?
- Do you like to work crossword puzzles, work pleasantword puzzles, work jig saw puzzles, saw jig word puzzles, cross pig jaw suzzles?
- Do you enjoy unusual hobbies, such as headhunting or collecting blue-bottom whales?
- Did you get a kick out of cheating on the first four questions?

5 YES--You're a 100% MANIAC! 4 YES--90% MANIAC! 3 YES--At least a HIGH GRADE MORON! 2 YES--You can BE A MANIAC! 1 YES--You'll STILL MAKE IT! 0 YES--Let's stop kidding around; we're gonna sell you this kit NO MATTER WHAT YOU SCORE!



--- Mail This Coupon ---
Mad Brain, Inc.
Chickencraw, Neb.

Please send me: 1 MANIAC
Mad Brain Construction
Kit. \$1,995 (East of O-
rion).

Check here if you want
model with Elvis hairdo.
NAME *John W. Full*
INSTITUTION *St. Mary's*
CITY *Chicago* STATE *Ill.*

- AND NOW A WORD FROM AMHERST,

or - a letter by rap

Thanks for sending me Russ Wolf's article. It is a very nice write-up, and I appreciate it. It doesn't tell the whole story, of course, but that would take a book.

Sadly enough, science fiction isn't as much fun as it used to be, and I've certainly had fun. I've tried to make my whole life an adventure, with a strong flavor of humor. Yet, I've been serious on occasions, and recently I am more serious than humorous. But then, I'm 47 now, and I've seen some things that can't be laughed at. This whole world's a great place, but we've got a few toys now that aren't exactly playthings.

The real trouble is that science fiction can no longer inspire that sense of wonder that attracted me to it in the first place. The daily newspapers carry much more of that sort of thing, but instead of wonder it inspires a sense of horror and terror. Let's hope some of the early science fiction doesn't actually come true, and such stories as Rog Phillips' "So Shall Ye Reap" reduce us to eating overgrown cockroaches as a result of an atomic war.

Let's place the failure of the (greatest in the world) American News Company on the same par with what's happened to my own science fiction magazines. How can you publish science fiction profitably today in the face of the newsstand situation? If it breaks ANC, why shouldn't it break me? No science fiction magazine today is making enough money to attract any real talent, and those in it persevere out of actual sentiment and tradition. (Thank God for that! -- or we'd have no science fiction at all!) Men like Campbell, Gold, Hamling, Boucher, etc., are real heroes in my eyes.

Actually, I'm better off than American News Company. I'm well on my way to paying up my debts (which is notice to all the authors to whom I owe money that eventually I'll pay them), and ANC seems so deeply in debt now that I strongly suspect that the \$20,000 odd they owe me will never be paid. So you see, the fact is that if those who owe me would pay up, I'd be able to pay up too!

Not that I blame ANC. More distributors are going to fail. It is a fact of history, due to many things (not just television), that our reading habits are changing. Hark back to some of the early science fiction that predicted a push-button civilization, with even books read mechanically, and education a matter of hypnotic suggestion during sleep, and human initiative entirely



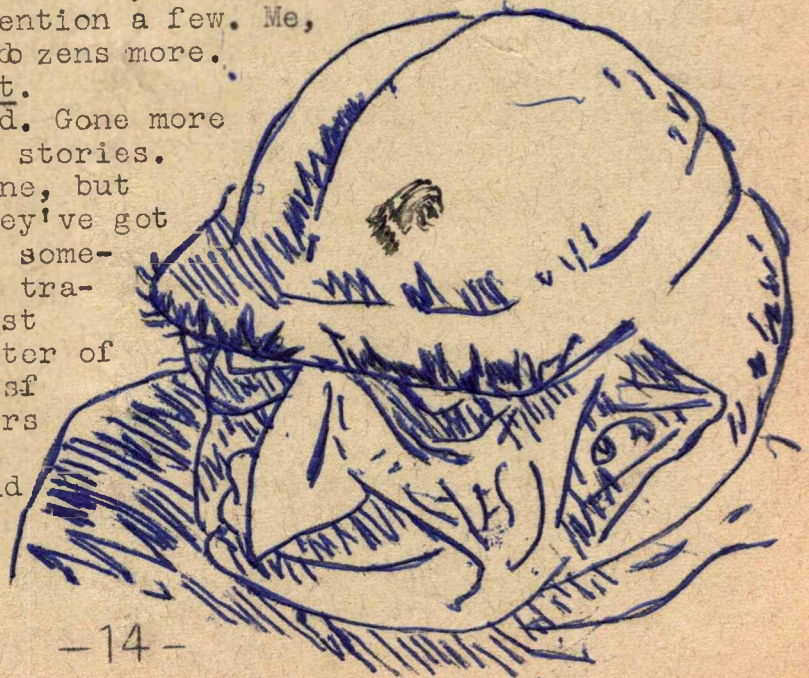
gone, to be replaced by robots who wash, feed and clothe us.

Losing money doesn't mean anything to me -- I've lost fortunes before, and am now making another, aided by a gamble in uranium which has paid off, and when mining is in full swing, may make me a millionaire. What concerns me is freedom. Real freedom of action and thought and living. Basically, any "feuding" I've gone through with the fans is the result of an attempt (not deliberate of course) to curtail my freedom of action. Thus, to tell me I cannot have a Shaver Mystery if I want one, because of someone's hidebound thinking, is like throwing gasoline into a fire. I will have it. Incidentally, what difference does it make if I were fired or resigned from Ziff-Davis? I resigned, and said so, many times. If anyone says differently, he is calling me a liar. I don't believe I resort to lies -- nobody pays cash for them. But, if anyone was actually interested, why wouldn't they ask Mr. Davis himself? I'm sure he'd have no objection to answering the question. However, I like to make people happy, and if they want it so, I'll change my story and in the future, refer to my "dismissal" from Ziff-Davis. (I can just see Howard Browne leaping up and screaming that it isn't so! Poor Howard -- he's a wonderful friend. And Bill Hamling. Great guys.) Gold -- never suspected that I admire him immensely, did you? /Well, no....RC/ And Campbell! What a guy! He gave me my greatest adventures with his wonderful stories in the old ASTOUNDING, AMAZING, etc. Man oh man, what memories he brings back to me!

But as for this (1957) being the end of Palmer, it's only the beginning! To me, stf is best typified by the title AMAZING STORIES. Anything that is amazing is what I like. Not limited just to science fiction. Fantasy is perhaps even more interesting. And lately, flying saucers. It's really funny that sf fans sneer at flying saucers. This is the incongruity to end all incongruities! But then, you have to SEE a flying saucer yourself. Oh, I know, sf fans never saw any. That is, very few of them. But I can mention a few. Me, Ken Arnold, Dick Shaver, and dozens more. All of them were sf fans first.

My interests have broadened. Gone more deeply than ever into AMAZING stories. Where the fans should have gone, but didn't. It seems to me all they've got left now is rocket ships, and somehow they aren't enough. Space travel is no longer sf...it's just everyday news, and only a matter of time until the early days of sf are reenacted in the newspapers and at your local rocketport.

So, I say, it isn't the end of Palmer...but it may well be the end of the sf fan as he's been constituted up to now. It's inevitable that



the younger generation (which has relegated sf to the Buck Rogers comic book status) overwhelms the old-time fan, who will disappear simply because he's getting old!

I was the third fan to join fandom -- the first was Aubrey Clements, the second was Forrie Ackerman, the fourth was Julius Schwartz. Who in fandom today remembers Clements? But he began it all, by writing the first letter to Gernsback suggesting a fan club. Well, I'm still in fandom, having done more different things (the whole works, in fact) possible to sf fandom. The fans today who count me out are youngsters who don't even know me. And I'm not interested in them overmuch, since I'm not a Buck Rogers Comic Book Fan. I'm still living in an amazing world, where things are NEW. Show me anything new in the sf mags these days!

I feel sure that if the fans realized that for every sf fan in America today there are 100 flying saucer fans, they'd burst their seams. However, it's true. And it gives me a great kick to know that 99 out of each hundred exists today because of my original work in flying saucers. Few fans know that I spent over \$10,000 on my flying saucer research, beginning with the fee I paid Ken Arnold to go to Tacoma on what still is the greatest saucer (or amazing) story ever told (and mostly untold!)

You see, lads...I believe in having fun as I live, and in living things to the limit. No withering on the vine for me.

And that's what sf has done -- it's withered until it's only a dead leaf fluttering in the strong breeze of changing times.

If you don't believe me, visit ten news dealers and ask them what they think of science fiction and its popularity. Now, hot-rodding, that's something else again! Too bad science fiction never got to be a fad. Personally I'm glad it never appealed to the stupid set.

In closing, my best regards to the REAL lovers of science fiction

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THE OLD ARMY GAME

/Ed. note: The following sterling example of official Army language and grammar was donated to YANDRO by Lieut. Richard Lupoff. It was originally posted in the Ft. Benjamin Harrison mess hall, and it is reproduced exactly according to the wording of the original./

FORT BENJAMIN HARRISON CONSOLIDATED MESS Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana

SUBJECT: Disposing of mess trays
TO: All officers subsisting in the Fort Benjamin Harrison Consolidated Mess

1. It requested that all officers upon completion of their meals take their mess trays to the tray disposal cart that is placed in the dining room. This is a temporary request because of Personnel shortages in the Mess Hall.
2. This request will be effective immediately and will be exterminated as soon as possible. Until such time your cooperation with this matter will be appreciated.

CYCLE OF ICE

by thomas stratton

Despite the warmth of the sunny summer day, I felt a chill of apprehension. Deep in my bones, I knew that something untoward was about to occur.

Upon second thought, I realized that it wasn't a chill of apprehension, and that something untoward had already occurred. Despite the bright sunshine, I was chilled to the bone. Or -- and the implications of this thought staggered me -- was the sunshine as bright as I remembered it?

Upon third thought, WHAT sunshine?

Black velocities enveloped me.

What, I wondered feverishly, frantically, are these black velocities which have enveloped me? What, for that matter, is a black velocity?

Little time did I have for the contemplation of these abstruse questions of terminology, however, as events moved toward their inevitable close. Ah, had I but known then the fate which awaited me, and the role I was to play in events of cosmic magnitude, with what joy would I have eagerly sought to assist the transition.

As it was, I was scared stiff.

On second thought, I realized that my stiffness wasn't due to fright at all; the cold of the vast limitless space had reached my vitals.

But no! It was not vast limitless space which surrounded me; in the distance I could distinguish walls of some sort. Great ice-encrusted ramparts soaring upwards almost to the limits of my vision, there to be met by another icy barrier.

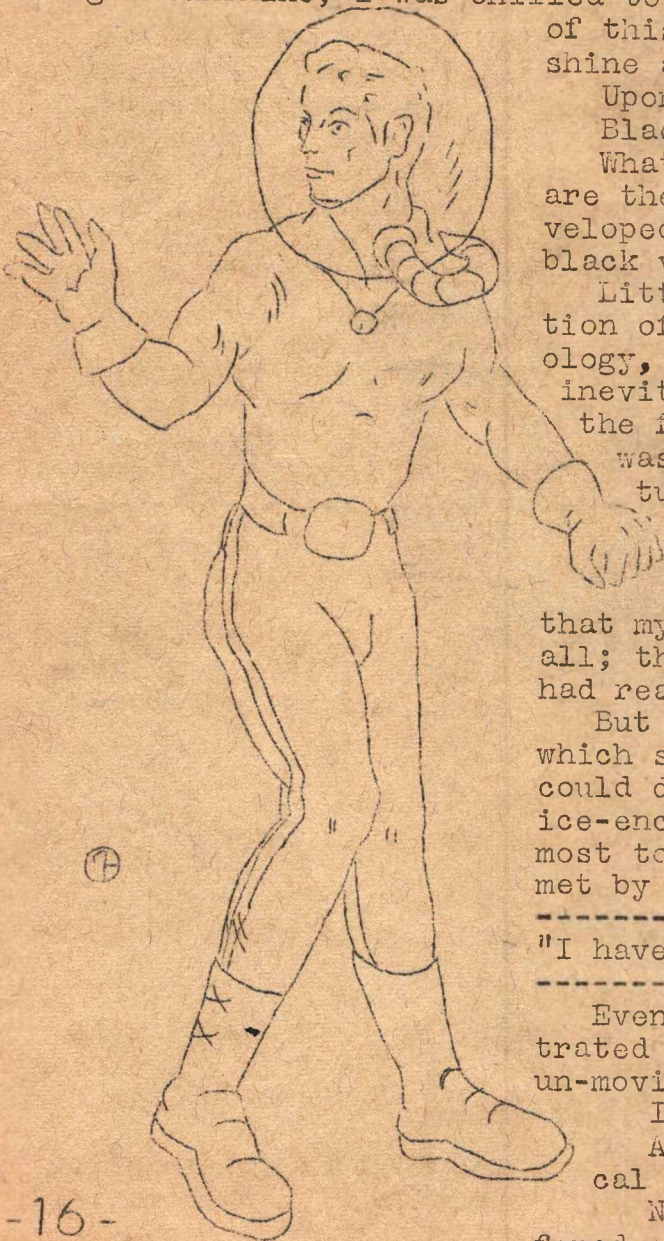
"I have no monopoly on the Truth." RAPIER

Even as I thought this, the cold penetrated further; my body was becoming solid, un-moving.

I was defeated!

And with defeat came the philosophical acceptance of the inevitable.

Nay, not acceptance; as my body stiffened my past thoughts seemed to be nothing

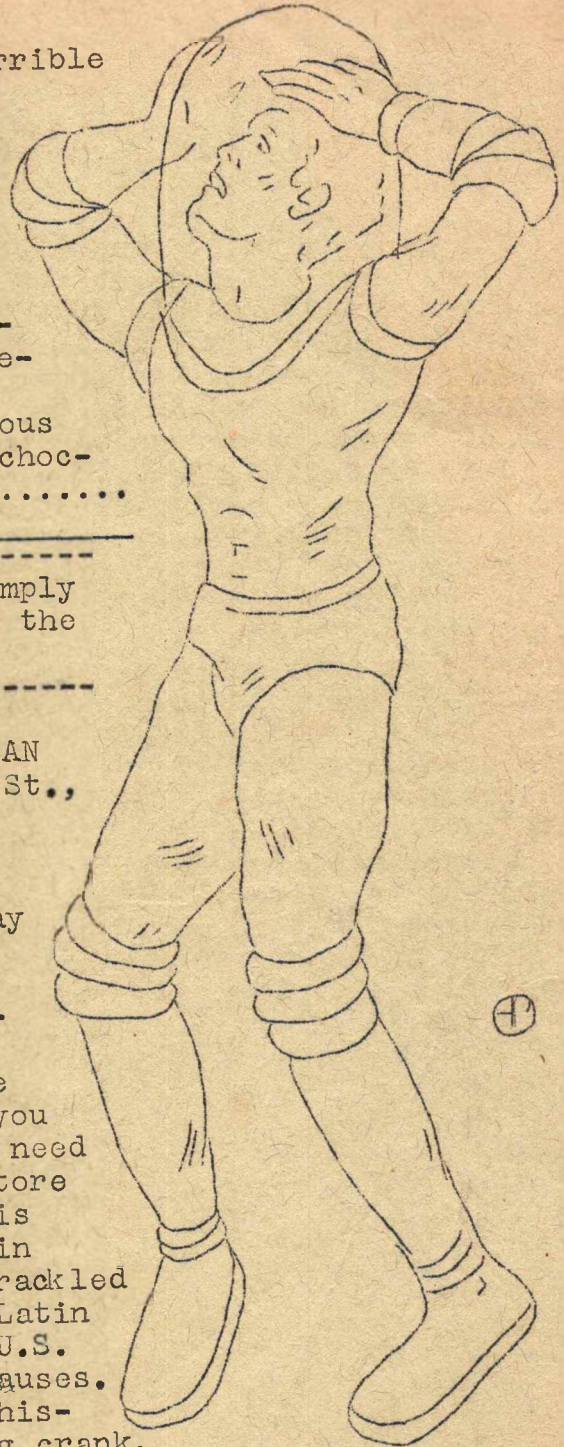


short of blasphemous. How had I, in my terrible temerity, ever thought differently?

It must have been the power of movement, limited though it was, that had been briefly granted me. Thoughts of surpassing all others of my noble race had come unbidden, and I had not had the will power to resist their insidious hold.

But now, returned as I was to my rightful form and abode, the universe seemed returned to normality, and my mind as well.

It was, I realized with my last conscious thought, a great and noble thing to be a chocolate fudgesicle, even a refrozen one.....



"Should all this wrath fall on someone simply because they say things which are plainly the truth?".....Eric Erickson, from RAPIER

FANS EVERYWHERE

The following is from an ad in THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN by Hunter's Lodge, 200 S. Union St., Alexandria 1, Virginia:

"PANCHO VILLA SPECIAL!! FAMED ORIGINAL REMINGTON ROLLING BLOCKS!!! Only 62¢ per pound!! The most unbelievable gun giveaway in the U.S.A.! You can't buy prime hamburger at this price, so load up on this precedent hattering bargain NOW! Condition of all rifles is 'gun crank special' which means that the outline of the rifle is clearly visible through the rust and you can see light through the bore. You will need a little of that old elbow grease to restore these to 'NRA FAIR condition', but at this price, who cares? Only rusty Remingtons in this caliber available anywhere: these crackled with conquest in the hands of fanatical Latin hordes who had smuggled them out of the U.S. to gain power and glory for their lost causes. Finest rifle bargain in America for the historical crank, decorative crank, shooting crank, hunting crank, salvaging crank. Action alone worth twice our give-away prices! Rust and all! Total price only \$5.58.

"Veterinarians report that tranquilizing pills are required by many dogs who reflect the tensions and frustrations of their masters."
.....CONSUMER'S REPORT, February, 1957

COMMENTS - from a letter by GMC

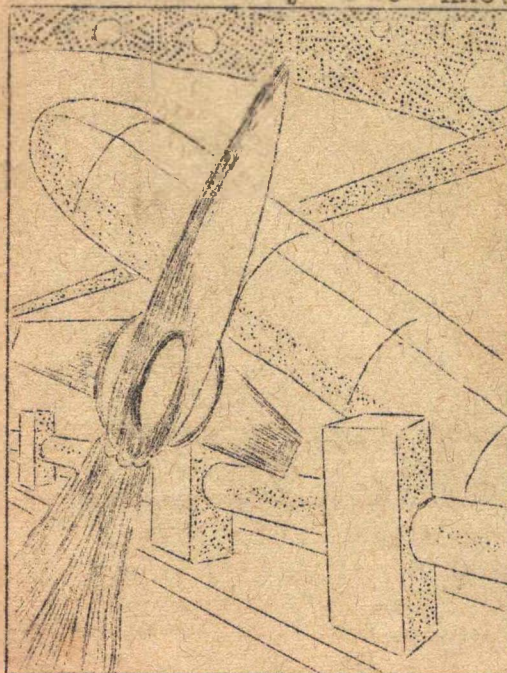
The human mind is constituted to think along certain surprisingly rigid laws, one of which is the necessity for believing that there is such a thing as "Absolute Truth". If you stop and consider this idea, you can readily see why it is just as necessary for a Metaphysicist to postulate the concept of "Absolute Truth" (in whatever semantic terms seem suitable to him) as it is for a Physicist to postulate an "Absolute Zero" or "Absolute Vacuum" or any of the other theoretical absolutes.

This need to believe in a rigid code of "right and wrong" is as innate to our human mental processes as is our need for economic security, or the need for emotional security. Human beings have to be loved in order to develop properly. Just like plants have to have sunlight in order to develop chlorophyll. It is particularly true when it comes to ethics and religious experience. There is so much emotional discipline involved; so much necessary self-denial and frustration of desires -- as, indeed, there is in any degree of communal civilization, whether it is religiously motivated or merely the pressure of "Government" -- that it is even more tremendously important that the individual have a strong and secure conviction that he is acting in accordance with the "Absolute Truth". Otherwise, he has nothing around which to co-ordinate his rationalizations, his necessary "explanations" for the frustrations he must endure. He is buffeted between his desires and his frustrations with no escape hatch that he can trust and believe.

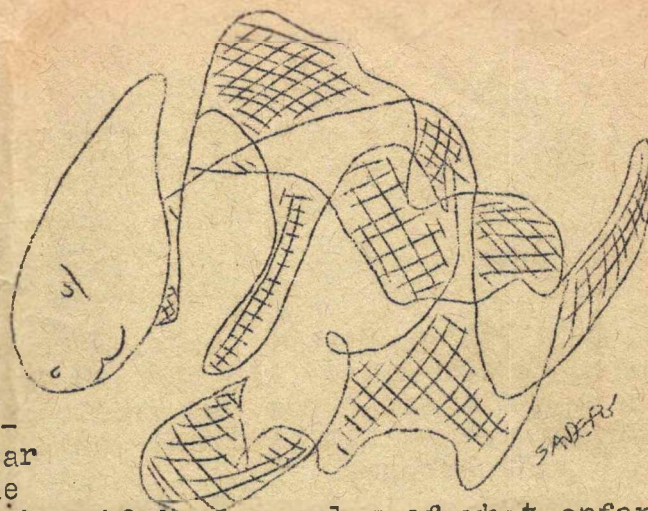
That is the basic psychological foundation of this "One True Religion" idea..... It does not necessarily mean that any particular religion IS the "Only True" knowledge of God, but it DOES mean that the individual worshipper must believe it is.

Otherwise, it is of very little help to him.

Religious arguments are of very little meaning when they merely quibble over the minor details of some such metaphysical explanation.... Actually, most doctrines and tenets and creeds are merely the evolved elaborations of some basic rationalization. Any such rationalization which enables the individual to integrate his personality around his concept of God is equally effective in providing emotional motivation. The only thing which can effectively curb and control a basic emotional drive is a stronger emotion. Fear will do it; shame will do it -- even insecurity will act as a curb in repressing emotional drives. But the best and most effective -- and the most wholesome in its effect on the individual -- is love. Emotions which stem from love rather than from fear



will permit a fuller flowering of personality. That is not just a fancy rationalization in itself, but an observed and observable phenomenon. Human beings are made to be capable of acts of loving self-sacrifice which seem to act like fertilizer and pruning in a flower garden. Properly done, they enhance the development of the personality along positive social lines. Whereas the suppressions and frustrations resulting from the various kinds of fear usually have an adverse effect on the individual. Psychiatrists can relate horrifying examples of what enforced suppressions will do to a person. Religious annals can show identical suppressions which resulted in great depth of character and beauty of soul. The difference apparently being that a voluntary suppression of desire, undergone from some facet of love -- whether love of God or love of Country or merely the physical attraction of some particular female -- becomes a beneficial sublimation; whereas when the frustration is merely the result of helplessness it distorts and sometimes destroys the person.



Trying to argue with a person is futile. He has found a satisfactory "Absolute Truth". If you wish to argue for the sake of helping him to clarify his rationalizations, and probably eliminating some unnecessary embroideries, you might be able to make him a little bit uncomfortable at times. But if you should succeed in proving to him that his "Absolute Truth" was not necessarily THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH, you would merely destroy something of great value. That is what happens in most cases of people who "lost their faith". Once the validity of the particular "Absolute" is destroyed, the individual usually finds that all his emotional safeguards have been destroyed, too. And unless he has had a particularly powerful religious experience, or is unusually intelligent, the person seldom bothers to keep on searching until he finds another "Absolute" which cannot be destroyed.

Whether or not the individual knows for sure everything there is to know about God is unimportant. The thing that is important is that the individual should have some way of expressing his positive emotions, some way of developing his personality by making use of the frustrations inherent in communal living, instead of letting those frustrations destroy him.

That is the way human beings are made. It really makes no difference whether we use semantic symbols indicating "That's the way God wanted us to be", or "psycho-somatic response mechanisms" -- they all boil down to the same thing. That's the way we are, and that's the way we have to adjust ourselves.

There is no God but Aten, and Ikhnaton is his prophet.

An Atrocious Vignette

BY gene deweese

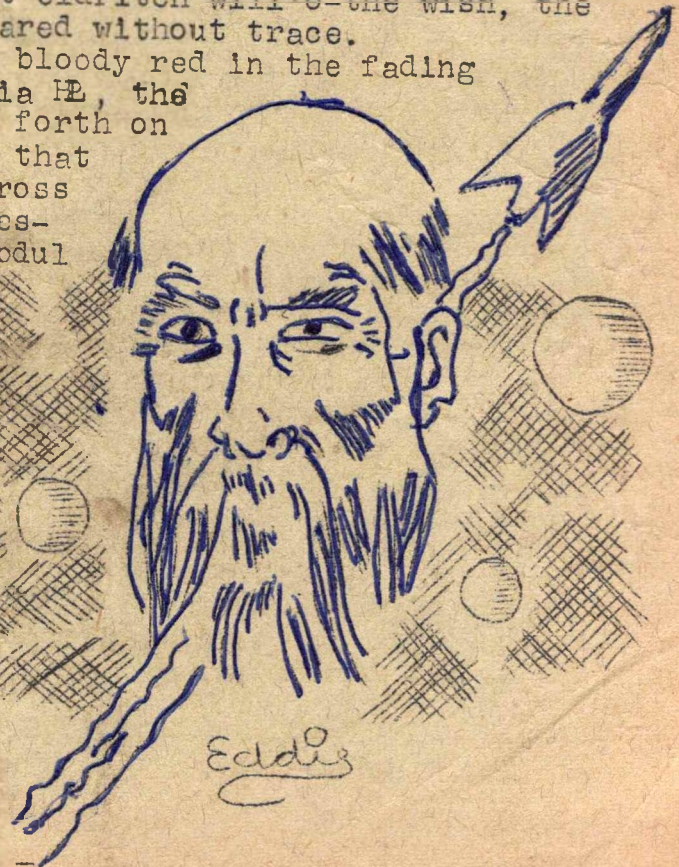
Lord Pinkey-Stoker (i.e., Atrocious Of The Apes) hurtled through the upper terrace of his beloved Jungle, an expression of noble determination glinting from his aristocratic English eyes. A trace of a frown tugged at his handsome features. It was obvious that here was a Man With A Purpose.

Stopping only for food and short snatches of sleep, he had kept this grueling pace steadily for nearly five days when suddenly he reached his destination. There before him lay the hated camp and its lovely prisoner, whose desperate appeal for succor had reached the Jungle Lord even across the intervening leagues of deadly, trackless verdency.

The lovely Lady Drusilda MacHeath! A vision of Scottish beauty, matched only in her charm by Lady Jane herself, surpassed in nobility and kindred attributes only by Atrocious himself! Nearly a month before, her safari, heading into deepest, darkest Africa in search of that fabled work, valued by some as high as a million pounds, which had always managed to elude all searchers, sometimes by as short a margin as a week, that book with which it was said one could -- once its secrets were mastered -- rule the world, that eldritch will'o-the-wish, the Mad Arab's Necronomicon, had disappeared without trace.

But now all was crystal clear. A bloody red in the fading light of the sun, the dreaded insignia ~~IE~~, the mark of the tribe of Alhazred, stood forth on the tents, proclaiming them to be of that nomadic group that wandered madly across the entire eastern hemisphere, the descendants of the original Mad Arab, Abdul Alhazred, himself. Perhaps they, too, were in search of their ancestor's knowledge, or perhaps, finding that the Lady MacHeath's safari was coming too close to its present hiding place, they had prevented her from the successful completion of her search in the way they knew best.

But this was no time for wool-gathering, or plot recapitulation. Atrocious told himself sternly. Whatever the cause, the Lady Drusilda was a prisoner in durance vile down there in that camp! And it was up to him, Lord Pinkey-Stoker of the royal blue English eye, to relieve this intolerable



situation:

So thinking, he settled down to wait for dark.

It came.

Drusilda would obviously be stashed in the tent of the leader, dishonorable lout that he undoubtedly was. Atrocious wasted little time when he slipped silently to the ground and moved directly to the resplendent tent-palace of the chief, Abdul Abulbul Alhazred. Placing his trusty knife in his trusty teeth, he placed the whole affair in his mouth and proceeded stealthily forward.

His ear to the canvas, he listened intently. Upon hearing only the slumbrous wheezings of the Arab, his knife quietly slit the back wall of the tent. Sure enough, there lay the lovely Drusilda! Her rescue and consequent safety from the ravages of these brutal beings were imminent. Atrocious had but to reach in, pluck the lovely form from its pallet, and be away!

Unfortunately, Drusilda was awake, and, upon seeing this strange face peering through a large hole in the wall, screamed like hell.

Atrocious, however, was not to be foiled in his heroics. Snatching her up in one hand, his other flashed to his utility belted loin cloth. A moment later the entire tent was filled with vision obscuring smoke from the tiny capsule he had launched toward the wakening Alhazred.

Not waiting for the results to be known, Atrocious wheeled about and sped out of the encampment, snapping on his infra-red goggles as he went. In an instant, thus equipped for rapid night maneuvers, he was into the upper terrace of the Jungle, the Lady MacHeath tucked firmly in one of the larger compartments of his utility belt.

Behind, in the Arab encampment, the hue and cry was rising. And occasionally falling, borne on the night wind. To Atrocious' keen hearing there came across the clear night air an unbelieving cry. It made him almost sorry he had not identified himself in some way, for this would be most unfortunate for his public relations!

The cry sounded again; "Jungle Jinn! Jungle Jinn!"

THAT OLD SENSE OF WONDER

"I often look long and hard at the earnest new fans who enter the science-fiction field. I can't help but wonder if they are not, actually, many times more sincere in their liking for science-fiction, and what it represents, than are the older fan.

They are starting the reading habit of science-fiction at a time when the average standard of the fantasy magazines, if not pitifully low, then is at least consistently and mediocre in every respect.

I respect these new fans never having known the indescribable ecstasy of reading the liquid, enchanting prose of A. Merritt.....nor the ironic surpassing satire of Stanton A. Coblentz' great novels.... or the homespun, classical simplicity of David H. Keller's "The Evening Star", and the unsurpassing interest of plots as done by Richard Vaughnthe insatiable curiosity that made us follow Professor Jameson from world to world.....Never having read any of these, fed upon a choking diet of hack, hack, hack. Knowing possibly one great story a year, in contrast to one great story an issue....."

/Sound familiar? The above is lifted, bad grammar and all, from a letter by Sam Moscowitz printed in the January, 1941 issue of SCIENCE FICTION.

GRUMBLINGS

/A short lettercol this issue, due mainly to the fact that the last issue went into the mail less than a week before this column was cut. As usual, all replies are by RSC. Tally-ho!/
/

Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England

Wormwood Scrubbs? Why now, I can tell you a little about that I reckon, iffen you're interested. Unlike Dartmoor Prison which is situated on the very lonely and desolate Devon Moors, Wormwood Scrubbs is situated in the heart of London. I used to go to work with a character who went to school almost next door to the place.

This piranha fish article that both Bob Tucker and Tom Stratton remark on, I noticed too. I'll tell you another similar shot to watch out for. It shows two men in a canoe paddling their way through a great pool of crocodiles while they shoot and slash with their paddles all the time. It too was in an original South American film, then in a film with Tom Neal and Carole Mathews, and as for that shot of the hordes of monkeys rushing into the trees and over a bridge, if I had a shilling for every time I've seen that I'd be a millionaire.

Well, I did say in the lettercol of that May issue that lp records here played "about" 20 minutes. That, as you guessed, was a very rough estimate -- nearer 13 minutes is more like it. I still don't think 13 minutes is long enough to be considered lp. I reckon it should be at least half an hour. There are 45's in England too. Usually with two tunes per side. A titchy little record the size of a tablemat.

Excellent covers on both these issues especially the REG cover filled with crumbling masonry, holes, disintegrating walls and crawling things. Gee -- somehow it reminds me of...home.



To Ron Parker's ISFA article -- har, har. But I'm sure I wouldn't walk up to a house in a small town in the heart of the Mid West mumbling "the right bloody address". And certainly not in Juanita's presence as the word "bloody" is used as a semi-obscene swear word here. I know it doesn't mean much in the U. S. but you don't go around using it here in mixed company. /Somehow, I don't think you've listened to many fans talk -- you should hear some of the words they use in mixed company. / Nor can I imagine myself saying, "Right, friendly chaps, nah", either. Can't think what I would say offhand but I don't think it would be that. Probably "Ta very much", if I was invited in. Dear, dear -- English as she is spoke. Parker wants to learn to talk proper like wot I do.

STRANGE FRUIT

BRILLIG #8 (Lars Bourne, 2436½ Portland St., Eugene, Oregon - irregular - 25¢ per copy or a contribution, trade, or letter of comment)

Lars is trying to shake free of the fans who send in cash and nothing else, and he might do it. BRILLIG is well worth a trade or letter, but it definitely is not worth 25¢. This issue contains a column by John Champion, article on the history of dice by Dave Jenrette, one of Don Stuefloten's Bradburyish (and quite good) stories, and a couple of rambblings by the editor. Artwork is nothing to write home about, either in the original or reproduction. BRILLIG is one of those mags which you either enjoy for the "atmosphere", or consider unbearably dull. I happen to like it. Small, sloppy, and entertaining. Rating 6

EXCELSIOR #3 (L. Shaw, 545 Manor Road, Staten Island 14, New York - irregular but fairly often - 15¢ or 7 for \$1)

Major item this is Archie Mercer's report on the Kettering Convention. (He likes Little Richard, for God's sake! Jazz is bad enough, but at least I can understand someone enjoying it....Little Richard is something beyond the pale.) Ted White rehashes this business of numbered fandoms, Harlan Ellison writes on Harlan Ellison, and manages to sound exactly like he does in person, Critic At Large tears into books and magazines -- though not too entertainingly, this round, the editor(s?) comments on unpredictability, and there are various and sundry letters. Including one from The Rev. John Harness, Founding Church of Scientology of New York, if you please. (Urp!) Rating 6

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #104 (The Nameless Ones, Box 92, 920 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 10¢ or 3 for 25¢, I think)

Still rolling along, this best of club official organs presents a beautiful reproduction of a lousy cover, the usual moderately good fan fiction and fanzine reviews, letters, an "advertisement", and, once again, the best prozine review column in fandom, Renfrew Pemberton's "The S-F Field Plowed Under". Missing this time, though, is my favorite column -- Wally Weber's secretarial reports. I don't like this, fellows; leave out everyone else, even Pemberton..but I WANT WEBER! Rating.....5

SCIENCE FICTION PARADE #5 (Len Moffatt, 5969 Lanto St, Bell Gardens, California - quarterly - free for letters of comment)

After my review of the last issue, I never expected to get another one....fan editors continually amaze me. SFP is easily compared to CRY; CRY is primarily a review zine, while SFP consists entirely of reviews and letters. Harry Warner has a good, though not very extensive, article on Palmer, and other people review prozines, fanzines, books, movies, and fan clubs. There is also a section of excerpts from letters. Along with the Warner article, Rick Sneary's fanzine reviews are recommended; I don't at all agree with his choices, but his system of reviewing impressed me enough so that I based my own on it. (Though not too closely, and some might say, not closely enough.) Rating 4

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