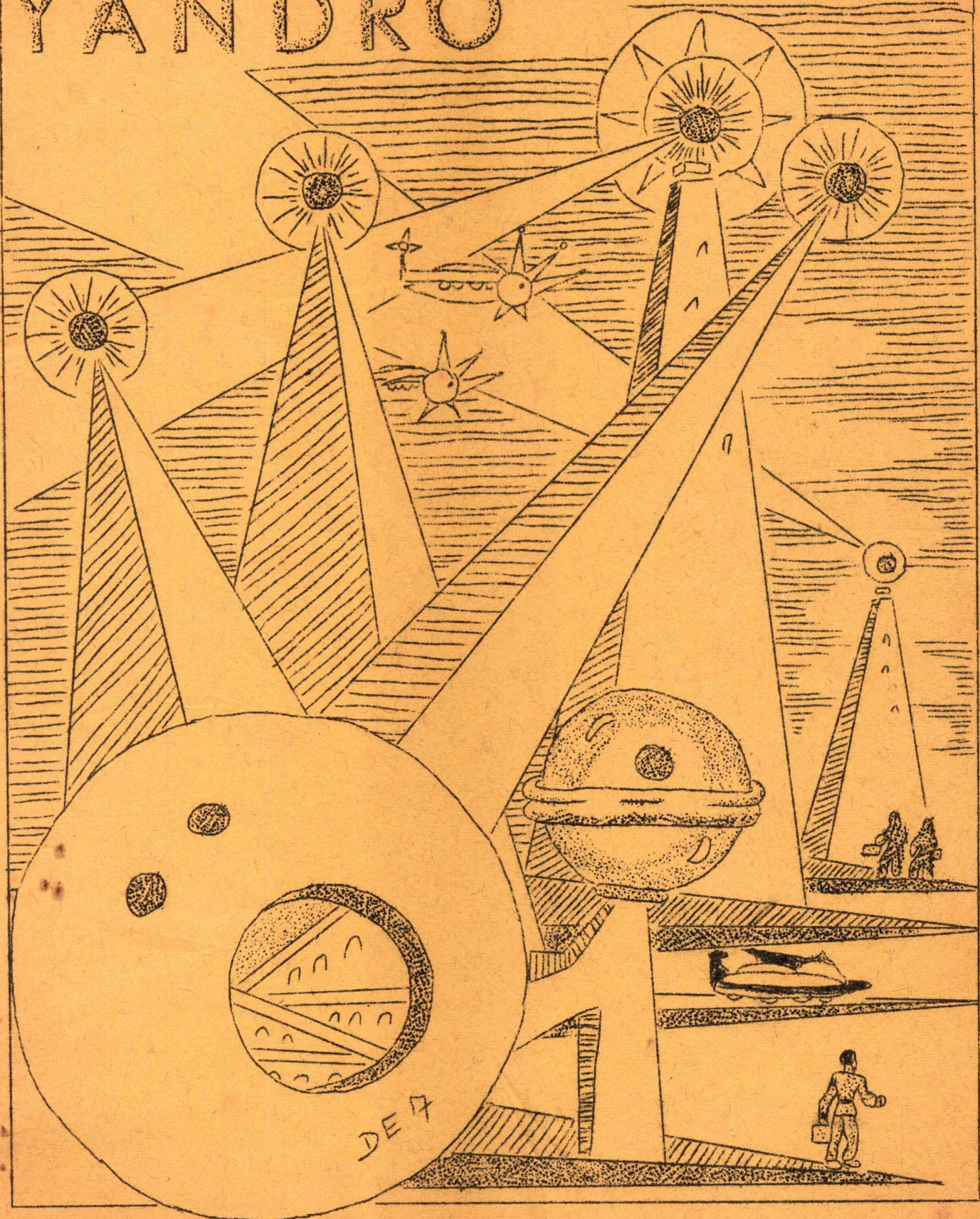


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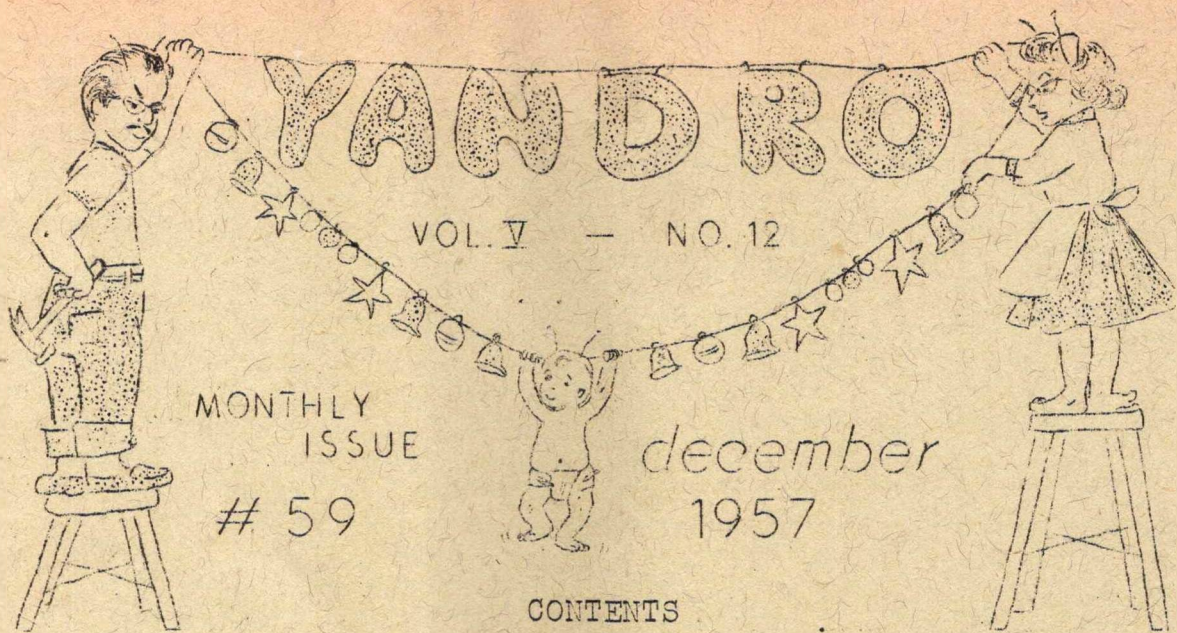
# YANDRO

#59



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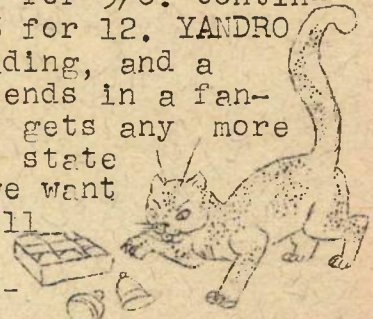


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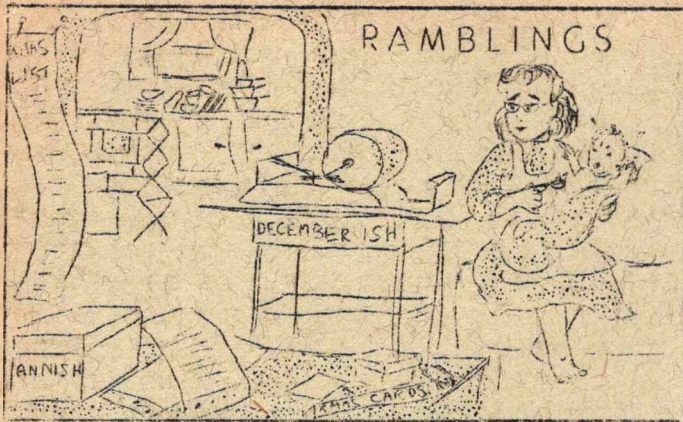
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YANDRO is an allegedly monthly publication, emanating from 105 Stitt Street, Wabash, Indiana, USA. Editors are Robert & Juanita Coulson. Price is 10¢ per issue or 12 issues -- A Full Year's Supply! -- for \$1. British fans may apply for copies to Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts, England. British price 10d each or 12 for 9/0. Continental European fans are charged 15¢ a copy, or \$1.25 for 12. YANDRO is also traded for any fanzine we consider worth reading, and a few that aren't worth reading. In fact, anyone who sends in a fanzine will get a copy of YANDRO in return. Whether he gets any more than that depends on the quality of his zine and the state of our circulation, which is generally higher than we want it. Next issue will be the gala Fifth Annish, and will be out -- we hope -- sometime in January.

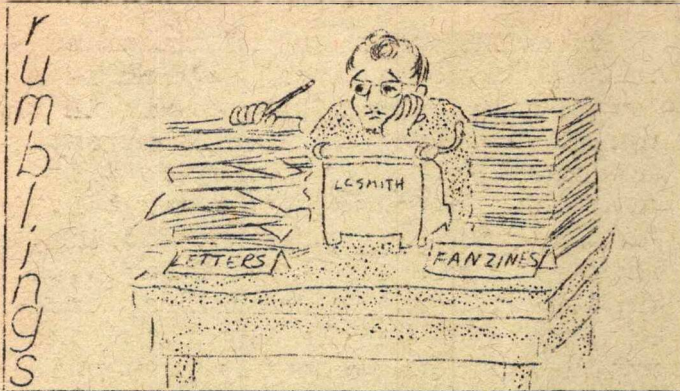


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 "Science-fiction has received a tremendous stimulus via the comic strips..." Hugo Gernsback



This has been one of those so-called "perfect days" (which is a Good Thing, since the people in the upstairs apartment were apparently mowing wheat off the floor right above our bedroom until about 2:00 a.m.....whatever they were doing, I hope it was a one time thing)..... Bruce, who usually chomples, cackles, and grunts his way thru the entire day has been the proverbial little angel today....at the moment, he is lying on a little water-

proof sheet on the bed beside me while I type this ( why, doesn't everyone type on the bed?) debating on whether he's hungry enough to eat and sleep...(he loves sleeping but dislikes going to sleep).....the child is on a self-regulated or self-demanding schedule - very demanding and very un-regulated.....apologies for the lousy repro and the inordinately great amount of offset in the last issue.....I've nailed it down to the AB Dick ink.....from now on I use nice greasy old tried and true Speed-O-Print.....as for the amount of things above....as of now, the rest of the December issue is all run (unassembled and unmailed; of course, small details)....the Christmas cards are partly done.. (the outside illo complete, but no message)..a few scattered illos for the annish are complete, the Christmas list is totally untouched, and there's a lot of wash waiting to be washed...and well then, aren't there all the time dishes?.....on Dodd's typical feminine fashion... if Alan can find a typical feminine fashion, I would be quite interested in the result.....I believe the psychological variations in the female personality are roughly a third to a half again as widespread as in the male; according to research....with ranges in the "typical feminine reaction" to children ranging from "horrid little beasts" to "I would lay down my life for my children".....I recall reading a historical survey in college putting forth the thesis that in truly horrible periods of history (great plagues or savage wars) the feminine reaction is "save the child at all costs"....in mildly unhappy periods of history, the reaction was one of "So the child will die; ah well, I am myself still alive and can bear more".....while in the good and prosperous periods (such as now) the attitude is quite frequently a rather detached view...!"yes, I love my children, but they're a terrible nuisance and I hope I never have another".....This, I hastened to underline, is merely a quoted source, and the last in particular is definitely not the writer's opinion.....Ylla also complains about being put in the summer kitchen at night (we think she's housebroken, but...).....silly animal - just because her water and cat food were frozen this morning she believes it's cold out there....on the other hand, I wouldn't dare venture out there without shoes on - about the only place in the house where I wouldn't go shoeless....just call me Joe Jackson....Christmas happens to be my second favorite holiday....I hope it turns out nicely for all of you, and here's hoping I survive the Annish and see you around for the 69th issue.....Season's Bleatings.....JWC



Big deal at work the other day. A big wheel from Minneapolis was visiting the Wabash branch, so everyone dressed up in a white shirt and tie. Considering that the last previous time I'd had a tie on was at my grandmother's funeral, you can guess my feelings about this. And to top it off, the wheel never even went past our department, let alone come in to see all those blinding shirts.

A short comment on the Dodd column;

my own personal opinion is that if the world is actually made up of the sort of proper, polite, stodgy non-entities that Shute depicted in his book, then it's time somebody did destroy the human race, and let something else try.

Doug Brown, 405 Potter Ave, Ann Arbor, Michigan, announces that there is an organized plan underway to bombard PLAYBOY with letters demanding more Kurtzman. "Here's your chance to do something for Kurtzman...take it!" Frankly, I don't particularly care if anything is done for Kurtzman or not, but for those who are interested.....Brown is also putting out a fanzine to replace the now defunct HOOHAN!, he says.

Christmas comes but once a year -- at the moment, I am inclined to add "Thank God". However, I suppose I will become more in tune with the spirit of the season after a time. At the moment, I am recovering from putting up the tree, debating on who to send cards to, and wondering if we'll have enough dough to buy the presents.

The last ISFA meeting included the 4 regulars (Gene and Beverly DeWeese, and us), plus 3 members of the Purdue Science Fiction Association, Ken Fickle, Bob Ross, and Jim Tunis. PuSFA seems to be a more formal organization than ISFA, but then, what isn't? The boys finally got the idea that they were supposed to go and raid the kitchen for refreshments, rather than wait politely for them to be passed. (You can starve to death that way at an ISFA meeting.) Gene was a bit disappointed that no one used the bathroom so he could startle the luckless individual with the hi-fi speaker he has concealed there.

To all the people I owe letters to -- honest, fellas, I'll answer you, sometime. How about next summer?

Gary Deindorfer commented that in the last cover, Ylla's tail was "hanging straight up, an unnatural position for a cat's tail". I relayed this information to Ylla, who said "Meow" and walked off with her tail straight in the air, which is where she usually carries it. I guess she isn't impressed by normality, Gary.

Interesting post office in this town. The stupidity is sometimes appalling....of course, sometimes it's handy. For one thing, we never get charged postage due on foreign fanzines which have been sent to North Manchester. US fanzines that have to be forwarded, we pay on, but not foreign ones. On the other hand, it sometimes takes them half an hour to figure the postage on the 20 or so fanzines that we send overseas, and obtaining an item that has been held for postage due is a major effort. Wonder what Christmas decorations will do to a cat's digestion? I have a feeling that sooner or later I'm going to find out. RSC

# A DODDERING COLUMN

BY ALAN DODD

"The trouble is, the damn things got too cheap" says a character in "On The Beach". And how right he is. For the things he is referring to are hydrogen bombs and the world as we know it is fast approaching oblivion.

Ironically the country that drives the Grim Reaper to his final swathe is not one of the Big Three powers at all. An almost minor country which plays both ends against the middle and loses all along the line is the culprit.

The Final War flares up when a handful of bombers from Egypt, built in Russia, fly to London and Washington with nuclear bombs. And when the identity of the pilots is discovered it is already too late.

"There were not many American or British statesmen alive. Decisions had to be made by commanders in the field."

Should these same commanders in the field, stretching down to mere majors, have tried to negotiate? Should they? What could their reasoning at the time have been....

"With an enemy knocking hell out of the U.S. and killing all our people? When I still had weapons in my hands?"

It is again not so much the direct attack but the aftermath that kills so many. The cobalt bombs spreading radioactive dust put an uneventful and calculated end to all life in the Northern Hemisphere, and as it spreads southwards only Australia remains as the final stronghold of mankind. With parts of South America and South Africa, it is all that is left. The people cycle to work, leaning their machines against cars parked where they ran out of fuel two years ago. Petrol pumps make useful hitching posts for horses.

Among the survivors is Lieutenant Commander Peter Holmes and his wife and daughter who plan a new vegetable garden to cut down their bills in a year's time. Little do they realize at first that they will have no need of it. But it is something to keep their minds occupied.

Mary Holmes watches the baby pull herself erect and worries whether she may become bandy legged or whether she will catch measles or have painful tooth cutting. And when the first wave of the tide of death hits Melbourne, southernmost major city of the world, she urges her husband, in true feminine fashion /You'll hear from Juanita for that, sir! RC/ to suck a formalin lozenge. "They're awfully good for all kinds of infection. They're so antiseptic."

And her husband prefers to leave her in ignorance.....in her own personal little world. Which is broken when he finds he and the atomic submarine Scorpion must travel underwater all the way to North America to investigate the mysterious -- and mostly unintelligible -- radio signals coming from somewhere near Seattle. And the dust is due to arrive before he returns. He tells her of the little red boxes in the

shops all over town.

"When the time comes we shall be distributing them at the counter.. No, no charge. They're on the free list." Even in its final throes the government is beneficicious to all.

His wife cannot grasp the idea. "Are you trying to tell me what I've got to do to kill Jennifer?.....How to murder her. You must be absolutely mad!"

Her husband thrusts home brutal facts. That the child may outlive the mother. "She may live on for days, crying and vomiting all over herself in her cot, and lying in her muck, with you dead on the floor beside her and nobody to help." This then is what man has brought itself down to.

There are other survivors too. Each with the dust of delusion in his eyes -- for they just don't want to know.

Commander Dwight Towers, captain of the giant atomic submarine, talks about his wife and family back in Mystic, U.S.A. where he will be on leave in September. September when the cobalt dust is due in Melbourne.

Seven, six, five, four, three, two, one. Like the count-off of a rocket ship or the skittles in an alley, so surviving ships of the U.S. Navy are wiped out one by one, like ink blots on a giant blotter, as they lie immobilised in port with no fuel in their tanks.

Now there is only the atomic survivor and, by a process of elimination, Dwight is the sole Commander-in-chief. He shops busily for gifts for his wife and family and then, with almost imperceptible casualness, takes his submarine out to sea in deep water -- and sinks her.

"I thought that was what the Navy Department would want me to do -- not leave a ship like that, full of classified gear kicking around in another country. Even if there wasn't anybody there."

John Osborne is the scientist who arrives at Seattle to find the radio transmitter survivor not alive at all. Just a broken window frame, flapping in the breeze over a live transmitter key. It is this that has sent the messages of hope. Just a broken window frame.

His barrier against reality of total death is a racing car with which he wins the Australian Grand Prix. And even at the finish he is greasing, oiling and protecting it.

His great uncle, an ex-Colonel of the old school, finds his salvation in cursing the wine committee of his club for holding onto the vintage wines, while only good-time girl Moira sees things as they really are.

"All those cities, fields and farms, with no-one and nothing left alive." Nothing left alive. Nothing.

And as the sands of time run out each of them, as each must, dies. Some bravely, some stupidly. For most, quietly, ordinarily. The world gasps -- and it is dead.

The author is strangely Nevil Shute, a man not noted for this type of story before, but rather of the caliber of "No Highway", the novel once made into a film with James Stewart. With the aid of film, "On The Beach" should make an even greater story.

The greatest story of all. A picture of the human race, facing final and utter extinction.

The Day When The World Killed Itself.

# The World of Null-F

a column by-MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY-

There's one nice thing about writing a fanzine column, as opposed to a column for a prozine or magazine or even, I suppose, a daily newspaper. If you decide, at the last minute, that you don't especially care to write on the subject you announced last installment, you simply don't write about it. You write about anything that strikes your fancy.

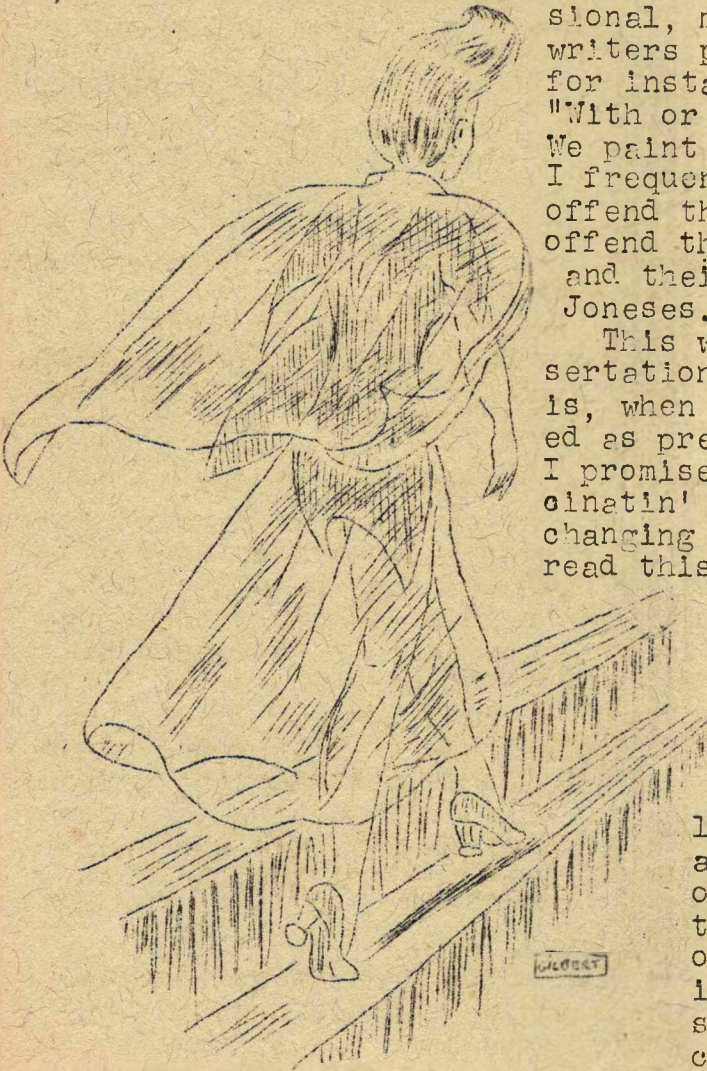
Of course, if the editor objects to such cavalier treatment, he can tell you to go peddle your papers elsewhere, be he fan or pro. But there is one big, vital difference; it doesn't mean that you've lost your eating money.

That, I suspect, is why fanzine columns tend to be, if less professional, more vital than the pro variety. The writers please themselves...our local paper, for instance, carries the following motto; "With or without offense to friends or foes/ We paint the world exactly as it goes." But I frequently wonder. The writers fear to offend their editors; the editors fear to offend their advertisers or their readers; and their readers fear to offend the Joneses.

This was not intended to turn into a dissertation on how much stronger the amateur is, when it comes to writing. It was intended as preamble to pulling a switch; although I promised last time to talk about some fascinating non-fiction books on Satanism, I'm changing my mind. In case you never get to read this column, you'll know the Coulsons were so disappointed that they fired me.

End of Preamble. Start of Column.

A lot of highbrow writers seem to find something disgraceful in the huckstering of books in drug stores and supermarkets. As a reliable offset to Mickey Spillane, and the naked bosoms on the front of Balzac novels, however, I offer the following list of books. Every one of these books was picked up, not in a bookstore or huge college-type stationery store or even in a big-city, downtown news stand...but





tucked away behind racks of TRUE CONFESSIONS in small-town Texas dime stores; shouldering the soda fountains in country drug stores; tossed in an unregarded bin of chuck-outs in a second-hand store. When science and culture, art, anthropology and the living world are brought to the hinterlands this way, I think I can pass over the sneers of the highbrows.

THE STRANGE STORY OF OUR EARTH, by A. Hyatt Verrill. Premier Books, 35¢

This is a complete introduction to the standard materials of the geologist, and even contains a complete glossary of geological terms from Argillite to the Zones of Fracture. It contains illustrations, charts and many drawings of dinosaurs, in addition.

And I found it in Benjamin, Texas -- population 520 -- while drinking a strawberry soda after a Sunday drive. A KEY TO THE HEAVENS (INSIGHT INTO ASTRONOMY): Premier Books. By Leo Mattersdorf. 35¢

I am not a hotshot astronomer, and this book came off my husband's side of the small shelves where we keep pocketbooks. But it, too, contains many charts and illustrations; and a casual skimming suggests that it would do well to introduce a beginner to the science of astronomy, and yield much even to a fairly advanced amateur. And Brad found it in Knox City, Texas, loafing while our seven-year-old son pored anxiously to choose a comic book. Knox city population; 1,439. Bookstores? none. Libraries? none. Educated people? At this rate, who knows?

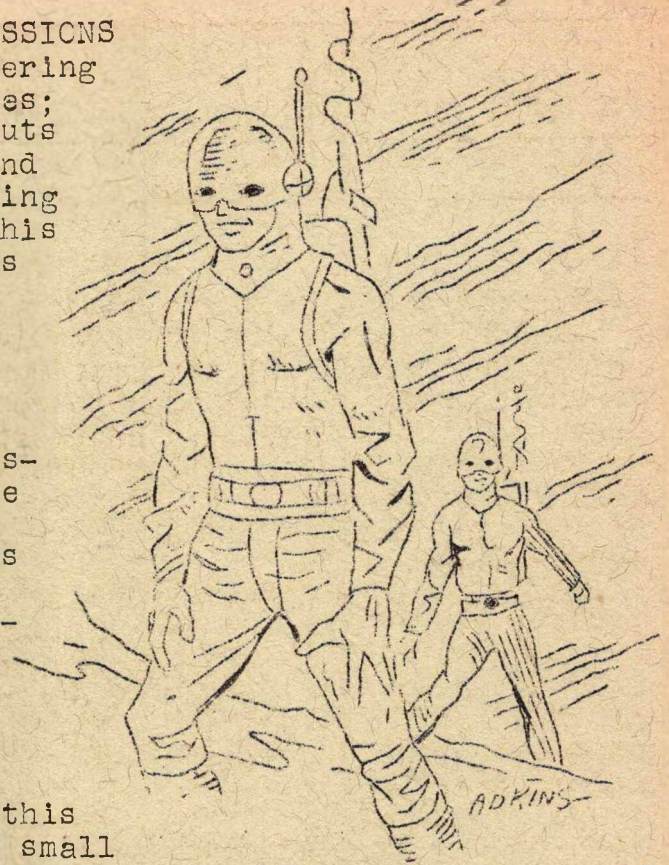
THE REALM OF THE INCAS: Victor W. Von Hagen. Mentor Books, 50¢.

Anyone interested in archaeology or anthropology would have a hard time passing this one up at any price. Von Hagen has written over a dozen books of exploration and ethnology, and while he sometimes substitutes opinion for fact where a question is open to dual interpretation, his book is authoritative and fascinating. It contains over 50 drawings and has a special photographic insert of Peruvian ruins.

And I found it on Saturday afternoon in Paducah, Texas, population 2,952, in the hottest part of the high plains, where illiterate cotton-pickers herded like animals from Mexico rub elbows with working cowhands in faded blue jeans and high heeled boots. They drink cokes, the women dip snuff, the children pore intently over comic books, and who knows what cowboy may go away with a scholarly archaeological tome in the pocket of his jeans.

ON LIFE AND SEX: Havelock Ellis. Mentor Books. 50¢.

These essays I first read in college, and they have grown into the belles-lettres of our modern world. Don't ask me what connection they have with science or fantasy; but I bought this book, known to every ed-



ucated man and woman, in Munday, Texas, population 2,280; "The heart of the Cottonfields" -- and also the heart of the Bible Belt. Where children are told seriously that they will be carried off shrieking to Hell if they have indecent thoughts; where blue laws throttle the sale of even the modest nearbeer; where even little girls of fourteen are looked at askance by old biddies when they play basketball in shorts. These honest looks at manners and morals may bring a little wholesome leaven into the life of these straitened adolescents.

THE MIRACLE OF LANGUAGE: by Charlton Laird. Premier Books; 50%.

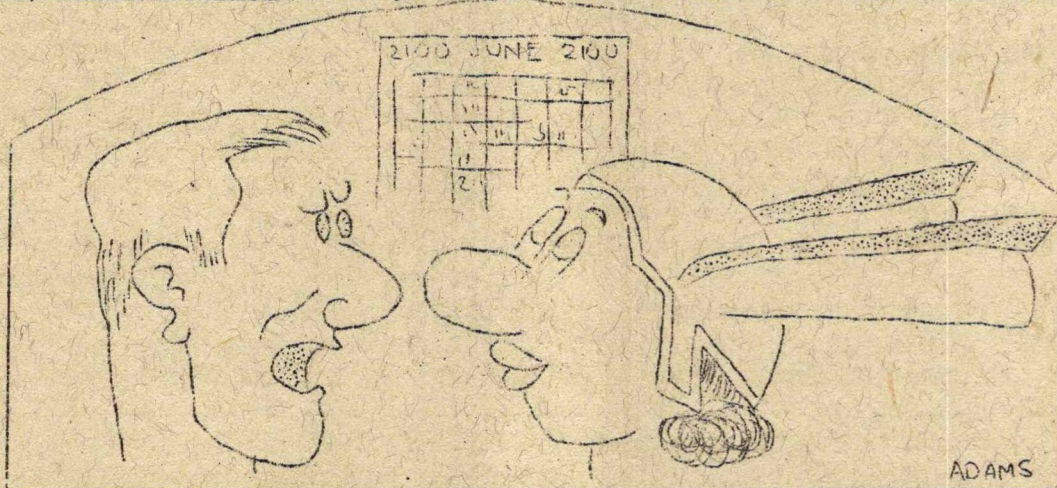
I happen to be interested in the one major factor which distinguished man from animal. The history and geography of words delights me. This thickish paperback is enjoyable and funny, and for the first time, explains to me logically why English has nothing which can be regarded as a real grammar. (In case you're too lazy to read the book, it's because early grammarians tried to hard to assign Latin-type grammar, the grammar of an inflected language, to the highly distributive and uninflected Anglo-Saxon tongue.) And I bought this book in Haskell, Texas, population 3,836; bookstores, none; libraries, none; English teachers subordinate to the football coach.

And so, in spite of comics, true confessions and the horrendous threat of Kornbluth's "Marching Morons", I am more than ever convinced that the average American is a reading man; that he respects knowledge and intelligence, and will go out of his way to acquire it for himself and his posterity.

If there is any news which will counteract the tremendous propaganda of Sputnik in our skies, if there is anything to counteract the sneers of Europe at our un-intellectual societies, let them look at this..... this tiny, random selection I made over the past two months.

Then let them go, not into Paris, London, Moscow, or Milan, but into the deepest hinterlands.... into a tiny town in Basses-Pyrenees, into the wilds of Inverness, into a village in Siberia or an isolated farming district in Calabria. And let them look for anything equivalent. Texas is no less remote than these.

Frankly, I don't think they'll find them.



"No, it's not pretty. And it'll always be a mystery to me where hat designers dig up these crazy styles."

# BEDTIME STORY

— by — ron bennett —

They called him sir and bowed and scraped around him in the usual manner but he wasn't at all disconcerted by their doubtful behind-his-back glances. He noticed them of course. Observation of characteristic traits had been a vital factor in building up his vast and powerful economic concern and combined with the vital intuition necessary to exploit to the full the results of these observations had led to quick promotions.

At thirty-two he was one of the richest and most powerful men on earth and was now contemplating retirement. But first there was the matter of his life's dream.....

His drive and initiative had been aimed at one end and now he was in a position to realize that fabulous dream. He sat back as the luxurious space-cruiser zephyred its slick route through the heavens.

"Are you comfortable, sir?"

"Is the food to your liking, sir?"

"Did you have a good night's sleep, sir?"

Out into the farthest reaches of the empty void known to Man.

"Sir." "Sir." "SIR!"

He ate luxury, drank luxury, wallowed in luxury and savoured continually life's goal which was at last within sight of practical achievement.

On past Centauri and other colonies where his name was a household word.

"Sir." "Sir!" "SIR!"

Until at last he had arrived. The lonliest reaches of space then known to Mankind. To one of the airless, rocky moons of Pretzel. And the specially-charted space ferry waited for him as he licked his lips with a wolfish appetite, picked up his paint and brush and set forth in his specially designed space suit.

About a hundred yards from the ferry ship he found the ideal rock and set to work, carefully forming in letters four feet high until all three words were exactly to his meticulous liking. Then he turned his back on the rock and tramped back to the ferry.

And so to the long return journey again spent in luxurious worship and awe.

"Have you had a good trip, sir?"

"Let me take that tray, sir."

"Is there anything else you'd like, Mr. Kilroy?"

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/In the August, 1956 YANDRO, we published a story called "The Artist", by Dave Jenrette. This story inspired a cartoon-type illustration by Robert E. Gilbert, which appeared in the September, 1956 YANDRO. And this illo in turn inspired the above story, which has been in the files for several months. One question; how do you shut this thing off? RC/

# STRANGE FRUIT

reviewed by r.s.c.

In remarking on my reviews, Richard Brown says "I agree with the statements made, in the most part, but the rating system (to me, anyway) doesn't seem to agree with them." I'm not really too surprised at this, but I'd like to say that while nearly any fanzine has some good points (especially for someone who doesn't read a dozen or so every month) that I can comment on favorably, the rating comes closer to expressing my exact opinion of the zine. Unless the editor strikes me as a cocky type who needs to be belted a few times to teach him manners, I try to keep the errors in the comment on the side of over-enthusiasm, rather than unnecessary criticism.

QUOTH THE WALRUS #2,3,&4 (Ralph M. Holland, 2520 4th. St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio - irregular - free for comment)

I thought I'd reviewed these before, but apparently not. This is a little 6-page mag containing mostly the editor's comments; he says that he regards it as less of a fanzine than as a way of answering mail. However, the comments are quite interesting, and the reproduction is excellent. I doubt if he is interested in increasing his circulation, but you might ask for one. It's worth getting.

STELLAR #13 (Ted White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Virginia - irregular - 15¢, 2 for 25¢, 5 for 50¢ - British agent, Archie Mercer)

White is making good his threat to put STELLAR out more often -- I'm all in favor of getting it in smaller and more frequent doses. Most of the material this is from the backlog of DIMENSIONS, and fairly good. Ted is a bit Palmerish in his editorials -- last issue he was announcing that Richard Eney was now a regular assistant editor and boyoboy he was really going to improve things! This issue Eney has been kicked out for failing to contribute anything, Phil Castora is assistant editor, and boyoboy, Phil is really going to make himself useful! There is also a perfectly hilarious ad for "fanac unlimited", and the usual outstanding reproduction.

Rating.....6

GEMZINE 4/17 (G.M. Carr, 5319 Ballard Ave., Seattle 7, Washington - quarterly - for FAPA members, trades, and intelligent letter-writers)

I don't receive the majority of FAPA zines, so I can't compare GZ with them, but of the 50 or more zines we do get, GEMZINE stands out as the fanzine for literate and animated (to the point of bloodshed, almost) discussion. Gem doesn't pull her punches -- this time she digs into Walt Willis with both claws.

Rating.....8

SKYHOOK #25 (Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Pl. NE, Minneapolis 21, Minn. 20¢ - 6 issues for \$1)

Until I get my paws on a copy of SCIENCE FICTION FORUM, I shall continue to regard SKYHOOK as the outstanding magazine of stfish literary criticism. The articles are almost entirely devoted to one or more aspects of professional stf, and they are without exception well written. This may be the best sciencefiction fanzine being published. Rating...10

SEXY VENUS #1 (Bo Stenfors, Bylgiavägen 3, Sjursholm, Sweden)

Price and schedule are equally incomprehensible, as are the articles. Come to think of it, are they articles? Juanita says the artwork is copied from photos and other sources; it is (with the rather odd exception of the cover) very well done. The pin-up girls are head and... er...shoulders above the average fanzine nudes. This might be a very good zine for people who can read Swedish.

STAR STUFF (Futura SF Klubb, Star-Stuff-falangen, Box 895, Stockholm 1, Schweden.....Schweden?! Well, that's the spelling....)

Another all-Swedish zine, with no illustrations to brighten things up for the foreigner. I must admit, though, that a review of one's fanzine in Swedish is intriguing. I think the reviewer liked YANDRO.....

OUTRE #4 (George Spencer, 8302 Donnybrook Lane, Chevy Chase 15, Md. irregular - free for trades and letters)

This is one of fandom's better zines, and it comes out so irregularly that I've completely forgotten it when voting in the recent flurry of "best fanzine" polls. I also forget to send George trade copies..sorry. Material is good, reproduction is excellent. Rating...7

DEMENTIA PRAECOX #1 (Bill Rickhardt, 21175 Goldsmith, Farmington, Michigan - bi-monthly? - 6 for \$1 - George Young and Burton Beerman listed as co-editors, but send trades to Rickhardt.)

DP, the editors say, is to be the herald of "Detroit In '59", and is being slanted toward the older elements of fandom. This ish contains a reprint, "Lensman On The Loose", a page of Midwestcon photos, fanzine reviews by Beerman, and an atrocious poem by John Mussells. Rating....5

BRILLIG #10 (Lars Bourne, 2436 1/2 Portland, Eugene, Oregon - quarterly - free for comment; money also accepted...no amount specified)

One of the few fanzines in which the mailing wrapper is superior to the cover. Material by the editor, Dick Geis, Esmond Adams, Dick Geis, Ron Voigt, and letter writers. Geis is easily the best; Adams is even more easily the worst. Small but entertaining. Rating...6

INNUENDO #6 -- the innish (Terry Carr, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California - bi-monthly? - for trade or comment)

Beware of judging a fanzine by one issue...on the strength of the lone issue of INN that I'd seen (#3) I've been making all sorts of derogatory comments about it. And now I have to take them all back.... well, most of them, anyway. This is a huge issue (83 pages; I counted) held together by brass fasteners rather than staples, and costing 8¢ to mail (and 8¢ postage due when it's sent to the wrong address). The general tone is faanish and collegiate..in fact, this entire issue is about fannish topics. Frankly, 83 pages on fandom is too goddam much for me, even when it's well done, and this is. However, I think that this will be one of the few fanzines that I take out and re-read in future years. Taken in small doses, it should be excellent, but it just arrived today, and....anyway, I recommend it for fandom fans, and possibly science-fiction fans as well. Rating.....7

GIRN #1 (Robert E. Gilbert, 509 W. Main St., Jonesboro, Tennessee - no price or schedule listed -- I hope it isn't a one-shot?)

When Bob enclosed a linoleum block print with the comment "a stubborn fan could illustrate his zine this way", I didn't dream that any fan was actually stubborn enough to do it. But one was, and GIRN is the result. Like SATA, the emphasis is on the artwork, but the comments by the



editor and Alan Dodd are also quite good. Possibly the main reason for GJRN is the ad in the rear. Gilbert offers to do original 11" x 14" colored drawings of stf subjects on order. You describe the scene you want done, Gilbert returns

a "rough sketch", you indicate any corrections you want, and Gilbert returns the finished painting. Price \$5; satisfaction guaranteed or your

money back. Personally, I'd like to add that I can think of no fan artist who is Gilbert's superior. He has some equals -- but no one is better fitted to do this sort of thing.

Rating of GJRN...5  
THE REJECT BULLETIN #1 (Peter Francis Sheberdis, 606 Crapo St., Flint 3, Michigan - quarterly? - free for comment)

I must say that this is one of the few first issues I've seen in which the letter column is larger than all the rest of the zine put together. The editor shows considerable promise, in that he got out a fairly average first issue without any material at all. Rating...3  
SPHERE #4 (Sphere, P.O. Box 196, Cantonment, Florida - bi-monthly - 20¢ each or 6 for \$1)

This is the only issue of the mag that I've seen. It is impeccably reproduced -- on only one side of the paper, for some reason -- quite readable, and intensely serious. There is a good article on Asimov, and some fanfiction which is average or above. I dunno -- I mentioned before that I am unable to account for my liking of BRILLIG; I am equally unable to say why I'm totally unimpressed by SPHERE. Rating...3  
JD #25 & 26 (Lynn Hickman, 304 N. 11th. St., Mt. Vernon, Illinois - very irregular - 20¢)

These issues are both mostly concerned with reader's reactions to #23, the segregation issue. A quite lively argument was started, but I'm glad to hear that future issues will take up something else. Lynn is one of the top fan-editors in his ability to present his material to the best advantage -- he keeps things interesting without letting discussions drag out until they bore the casual reader. Rating...6

VERITAS #4 & 5 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland, and Arthur Thomson - quarterly?)

This is supposed to be produced for OMPA, but these issues and a copy of "Cloche By Night" arrived the other day, so they must be available outside the apa, too. Strictly humor, and having little actually to do with either stf or fandom. The sort of mag that a non-fan can enjoy as much as a fan (and an intelligent non-fan probably would enjoy these mags immensely.) Rating...7

CRY OF THE NAMELESS # -- My God! -- 109 (The Nameless Ones, Box 92, 920 1st. Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 10¢ or 12 for \$1)

Frankly, I've quit reading the Nameless' fiction, but the reviews are worth the dough. Renfrew Pemberton has a brilliant prozine review column, Wally Weber generally reviews club meetings, also brilliantly, while Amelia Pemberton handles the fanzines and Bill Meyers helps out on the prozine section. Rating...6

# on his blindness

BY — race mathews

My father, speak not of "green fields",  
 When ash is what you mean;  
 And how can there once have been "cities"  
 Where the ruins have always been?

How can you once have "seen evenings",  
 And what do you mean by "the sky"?  
 Do you really remember "dawnings",  
 When darkness had to die?

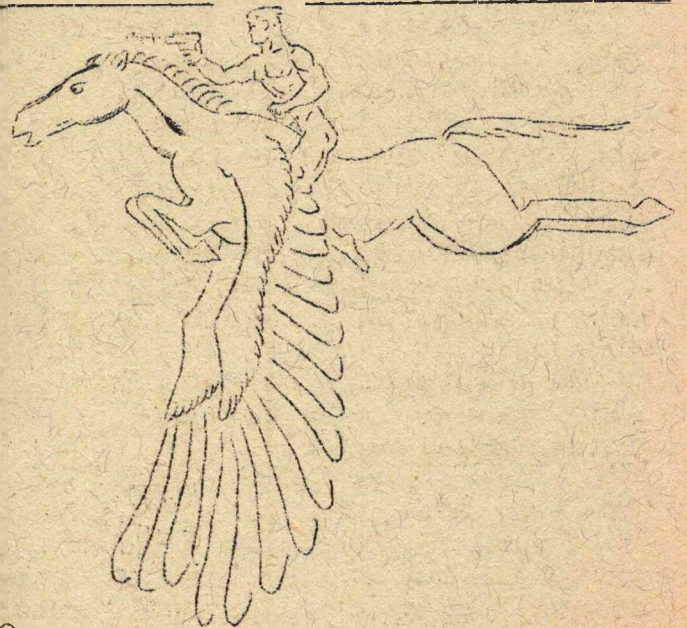
Can it be that once we were different,  
 Though our leaders tell us no?  
 Can it be that some fault was sufficient  
 To bring our whole race low?

Though I kneel in the sacred place  
 For comfort from the Holy Lies,  
 I shall weep when I touch my hairy face,  
 Now I know that I have no "eyes".

Word has it that someone, inspired by the late Dr. Kinsey, is working on a study of the sexual behaviour of soldiers under stress of the conditions prevalent in wartime. It has been tentatively titled "War And Piece". . . . . Gene DeWeese

## STFINITIONS

- Indulgent - swallowed by a stupid gentleman.....Martin Helgesen
- Sanguinary - helicopter soprano... Eugene DeWeese
- Chalk - to strangle.....Joe Sanders
- Sunlight - sit down, Junior... Helgesen
- Shampoo - Yobber.....Sanders
- Deacon - South Gate in '58.... Gary Deindorfer
- Sodium - Biblical city famous for wickedness.....Sanders
- Token - bilked....Robert E. Gilbert
- Burgundy - demure hamburger.... Bem Gordon
- Modish - larger plate.....Gilbert



# GRUMBLINGS

Robert Bloch, P.O. Box 362, Weyauwega, Wisconsin

I know you are both pretty busy slipsheeting the baby, but I wanted to offer my congratulations. And, perhaps, a bit of fatherly advice. As an old -- and often wet -- hand at this baby-rearing game, I can give you two suggestions which may save a lot of work and effort for you. (1) Avoid the bother of baby's teething, by merely pulling out his teeth as fast as they come in. Just baby-teeth anyway; new ones will eventually grow. Meanwhile you save fuss and fret, also food. (2) Get rid of the diaper-changing problem this new, easy way -- take the baby off his formula and feed him powdered milk. Dry diet, dry baby. I have delivered these rules to thousands of grateful parents, who now say "To hell with Spock -- listen to Bloch". Simple? Hoping you are the same -- /Fortunately, we have a little time to think over the teething problem. The powdered milk idea sounds great -- I'd just finished changing a diaper when your card arrived -- but I fear that it might lead to purchase of large amounts of Carter's Little Liver Pills to promote Regularity, and we can't afford that. However, I encourage all prospective fathers to memorize this advice. You never can tell.... RSC/

Dainis Bisenieks, 506 S. Fifth Ave., Ann Arbor, Michigan

What, no cigars? At least -- this idea I got out of MAD -- you could have enclosed a cigar band so's anybody who wanted could roll up this ish of YANDRO and smoke it.

As sometimes happens, I didn't quite say what I meant. About the Bergeron cover: a bit more contrast could have improved the cover. With such fine line work, lack of any solid black, and that yellow paper, the drawing was less effective than it could have been. Why this addiction to use of colored paper?

The 1953 issues of STARLANES that I have are mimeoed. In 1954, it appeared in printed form. The mag is still around, but in unheard of outside of the "little" magazine circles and the subscriber list. Why that should be so... There must be writers of science fiction verse who haven't heard of the magazine. I must urge Orma to send out some copies to fanzine reviewers. I get the impression, tho, that because of the steep price and printed format, some no longer consider it a fanzine.

What I said about fans: yes, but those whose interests are not those of the majority (plurality?) are not so articulate about it. And their interests would be quite diverse. Fans who like jazz, or play poker, will get together soon enough.

/I liked the cover as was, especially because it added to our variety of covers. The colored paper -- though you might not believe this, considering last issue -- is the only one we've found which will give no offset without slipsheeting. You're right about STARLANES; I was thinking about STARMAG, which is an altogether different, and considerably



smellier, kettle of fish. RSC/

Roger Ebert, 410 E. Washington, Urbana, Illinois

Powers would have more effect if he didn't reproduce with the frequency of guppies.....I can't tell one of his pics from another except for the colors.

It's really a racket watching someone rock and roll. Anybody thinks teenagers are debased, morally or otherwise, should compare the Charleston with rock and roll.

It used to be really hot -- back when rock 'n' rollers touched hands: Now, they take up positions three feet from each other, and assume a blank look, as if they were just getting up from a sound sleep, in a trance, or dead. Some guy acted as if he knew he was moving -- they threw him out. You stare at the ceiling 45° above your partner's head. After the dance, act surprised that someone was dancing with you. /Sounds real thrilling...../

Lynn Hickman, 304 N. 11th., Mt. Vernon, Illinois

No, JD will not be a permanent stomping ground for racial arguments. #27 will be the last. Frankly, I've been very disappointed with most of the comments. I had hoped to get more people thinking about both sides. But it seems everyone that writes is set in a certain opinion and right or wrong he's staying by it and the hell with thinking and the other guy. Oh well, I'll try it again sometime on a different subject and see how it comes out.

/Well, nobody is going to change his stand very easily on a subject that he considers important. And despite opinion to the contrary, I've never found fans any more liberal-minded than anyone else. Other people's opinions are to make fun of, not listen to. RSC/

Glenn Godwin, P.O. Box 368, Binghamton, N.Y.

Here's another very late vote for your Chessboard cover, and also the Family Scene on #58. It is a welcome contrast to the many "Sputniks" appearing on other mags.

To me, the wristwatch strap on the hand on the table of contents appears to be backwards. Or isn't there any correct way to assemble a strap onto a wristwatch? /Since I don't wear a wristwatch, I dunno./

Also relieved to hear that the Martian or Venusian rifle only looks like that in the drawings.

A cat with a tail that long should be able to balance quite well on just its hind legs. I have often been surprised to see cats do just that when chasing butterflies or trying to snatch a piece of meat from the edge of the kitchen table.

Saw alleged Science-fiction film, "Land Unknown". I agree that the Tyrannosaurus looked rather wooden. I thought they did quite a good job though on the water monster. I could see very little unnaturalness or trickery there. Incidentally, when they pulled the "caveman professor" out of the water into the helicopter he was in tropical garb, but as they flew out into the Antarctic they all had fur-lined flying suits on. Where did the extra suit come from?

As they say at General Electric: People Are Our Most Important Product.



/I assure you, Bruce is not a GE product. The pleiesaur, or whatever, in "Land Unknown" was a pretty good job..relatively simple, tho. After all, all it had to do was float, and have a movable neck and head. Ylla does balance well on her hind legs -- usually when charging across the room to take a chunk out of my finger. I think she's part kangaroo. YANDRO's "Sputnik" cover appeared in Aug. '55; as always, YANDRO Is Ahead Of The News! (No RSC/

back issues available..sorry.)

G. M. Carr, 5319 Ballard Ave., Seattle 7, Washington

I think I must be getting a bit sensitive on the subject of hurting faneditor's feelings by my reviews -- it's getting so I hate to review a fanzine for fear of patting a fanzine on the back, only to find the editor got rocked back on his heels from the force of it...Hope my review of YANDRO didn't sound like a declaration of war, or something, to you. Actually, I have tried to find out what it is that prevents me from enjoying YANDRO to the extent the material warrants. /Franklin Ford doesn't think we're fannish enough -- maybe that's it. RC/

I'm afraid I missed the point of Dave Jenrette's short-short, although I shouted with glee at Ferdinand Feghoot's. I agree with your comment about "No Blade Of Grass" at the end of the book review -- there was really only 1 actual living character in that entire 5 installments, and the rest were merely cardboard puppets on a highly improbable stage. My impression of the novel, was surprise that it was published at all... I assume it had been kicking around ever since "The Day Of The Triffids" and the only reason it saw the light of day at all was because the POST is so far behind in the science-fiction race that they didn't recognize how old it was. Probably the thing which prevented it from coming out before was the one new gimmick it presented -- the rape episode. Everything else was straight from the era of the Triffids, et al, and not nearly so complete.

My regards to Eugene DeWeese (and Mrs.) but I'm afraid I still don't care for his reviewing style. Too much "no intelligent fan could possibly like it!" aura, although quite possibly they couldn't...The point is, I guess, that we want to make that decision on our own.

As to the "logic" of religion -- that's a problem of semantic values, if there ever was one! Speaking of movie reviews, I like the Robert E. Gilbert kind -- ie, "Fire Maidens Of Outer Space". Said the same thing DeWeese did (it stinks!) but with more tolerance and humor.

I agree that my SAPSzines lack the spark my FAPAzines get, but it is less due to saving the dull stuff for SAPS than to the fact that I don't seem to be able to get interested in the latter. Can't even seem to work up a good feud with anybody -- tried to pick a fight with Moomaw to lend a little zip, but even that never got off the ground....Too sad. /I relayed your comments to DeWeese, who said that he didn't like that last review of his, either, so you can't work up a fight with him, even. His reviews are supposed to be tolerantly humorous... Gem also, along with 12 or so other people, imparted the information that Rory Faulkner

is definitely female. Also, this is as good a spot as any to inform Jenrette that while his story got the usual run of comments, from "Best thing in the issue" to "it stinks!", a majority of people liked it./

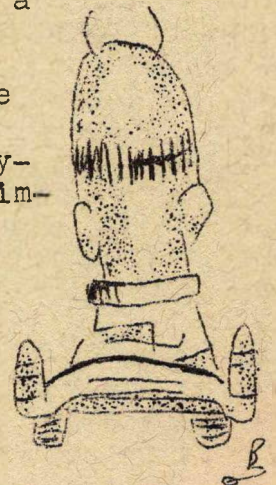
Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St, Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England

Found Dodd's column about the most interesting thing outside the lettercol even though he doesn't always get his facts right. Shots of the Worldcon actually did get shown on both BBC and ITV, the latter gave about a 15-minute program largely devoted to the masquerade ball, the BBC (in a topical program entitled TONIGHT) had JWC and Frank and Belle Dietz among others before the cameras. They also did a flashback on the same program when Sputnik One went aloft. The fans from Borneo and Ceylon were Arthur Clarke and Mike Wilson -- commuters both.

Now let's turn to the lettercol...Dean (British pronunciation Din Grinll) is interesting as usual, all this fuss about what Moo stems from tho'...obviously an ancient intelligent bovine breed. Cows, sir. They came from out of the immensities of space to the left of Betelguese travelling in a vessel of immense complexity; their downfall was that they found a narcotic in the grasses of Earth.

Coca-cola!! ugh....HOOG, in fact. /Juanita has been wounded to the quick by your vile comments, sir!/ Horrible stuff, why can't Alan drink Beer like a true-fan. Iced-tea is available here and there, ice-cubes are available almost everywhere - by which I mean at most pubs and cafes. Going from this letter friend Dodd must stick as close to home when eating and wining as he does when there's a convention being held. I'll go along with him about the British and American people not really knowing each other tho'...it's not until you've met and talked with Americans en masse that you realize how little you do know about the Amurrican way of life. I don't mean that I expect all Statesiders to act like Hollywood types....It's not the big things it's the little things that varigate us. There was a thing on BBCTV.....a series of interviews with the American man in the street (outside the Rockefeller Building) quizzing the reaction to the Sputniks. Without variation the reaction was; "The Reds aint ahead of us - we don't tell our secrets - I'm scared" type of thing. Skipping over the fact that you can't keep a thing like a satellite secret, I'd be interested to know if this is typical? No-one gave the slightest credit to the Russians for their scientific feat...I'm no Communist, I'm a Conservative, but hell this is a major acievement...and you can't drop missiles from a satellite of the size so far put up. Is it the Blow To Pride which has caused the reaction, you think?

/Right! Also, the average American is indifferent to anything scientific, unless it has something personal and immediate to do with himself (like tv or automation). The government had to emphasize the "practical" missile-carrying abilities of the satellites in order to "sell" them to the public -- and now the public automatically associates satellites with missiles. Mostly, though, I think the reaction is due to our dislike of losing any contest. (Would any British community have to provide a police escort for the officials of a highschool ball





game, to keep them from being mobbed by the loser's fans? Such a thing isn't a regular thing here, but it isn't unusual, either.) RSC/

Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England

An aside..you mention STELLAR, which is a good mag. But you saw the blast at NuFu not crediting the D.R. Smith "Bradbury Alice"? This is funny. Dale R. Smith didn't write this, as Ted would know had he asked the author's permission to reprint! Written by Don Smith, an old time fan and friend of Michael's who sent us the piece as an original submission! Until McCain wrote Mike and sent him the BIRDSMITH which contained the piece, we knew nothing of its previous appearance. And we presume Don R. Smith didn't know either. We guess that that he sent his piece off a long while ago and heard nothing more of it, whether he sent it to BIRDSMITH or not (this being a FAPazine). But it certainly makes

life interesting, no? /How about an editorial on getting US zines to be a bit more careful about sending out contributor's copies, Ted? RSC/ NEW WORLDS and NOVAE TERRAE (don't know which came first offhand) were two fnz put out prewar by Ted Carnell, Bill Temple and I think Arthur G. I can't check as I haven't copies -- Michael has, but I'll vouch for the titles and the fact that Ted was in there pitching.

Ted White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Virginia

YANDRO #57 arrived yesterday, and the cover looks extremely familiar, tho I can't place it. / Take it up with Bergeron. RC/ Very little of the material interested me, I'm sorry to say. Seems like one of your poorer issues. / Yes. RC/ In regard to a few questions asked in the letter column, however...

The extra "h" in fannish words comes from Wollheim and the original Ghughu, and its Gholy Ghible. This has infiltrated into fannish speech in the last twenty years until Ghod and Gheer are quite common, and the h is sometimes applied to other words for effect. The British (cf LAST & FIRST FEN) pronounce the h as Guh-hod, Buh-heer. I never heard the h pronounced over here.

/Migod, a walking Fencyclopedia! Thanks. Ted also answered the question about NEW WORLDS. RSC/

"Mommie, mommie, may I have a new dress for Easter?"

"Certainly not, George."

(via Joe Sanders)

"Anyway, I don't have any INSIDES..." (heard over the DeWeese phone)

Perhapf what if needed if another article by G. H. Feithorf defining Fcience Fiction Fanf.

Midwestcon Newf: Ninth Annual Midwestcon, June 28 and 29, 1958, North Plaza Motel, 7911 Reading Road, Cincinatti 37, Ohio.

/Well, you know my opinion of the North Plaza Motel, so I won't repeat it. Odd that we can agree fo well on one fubject, and difagree fo violently on another. RFC/

Dainis Bisenieks, 506 5th. Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Wull...yes, it's a good zine, but I find little to be enthusiastic about. Except, of course....Yeah. I'd like to correct one little misconception, which was compounded when two paragraphs were made into one. LAND AUS FEUER UND WASSER is not a sequel to ATOMGEWICHT 500, but apparently to some other book. There are profuse references to earlier adventures, enough to construct a synopsis, which, furthermore, doesn't fit any of the titles I know. This might change; a fan in Germany is sending me a copy of FAHRT IN DEN WELTRAUM (Flight Into Space) - a title I hadn't heard of. Perhaps more books will be listed in it.

/Sorry about the error -- I thought you meant that Land Aus etc. was a sequel to the other book, and so printed it that way.RC/

WIND...gaakh...how many times is that word used? I counted almost a hundred. Pful. Overdone. I just so happen to be writing a story based on hostile wind idea, in fact I've done two drafts of it. And a poem, in addition, which has been accepted by STAR-LANES. But it never occurred to me to create an effect by the mind-shattering repetition of a word.

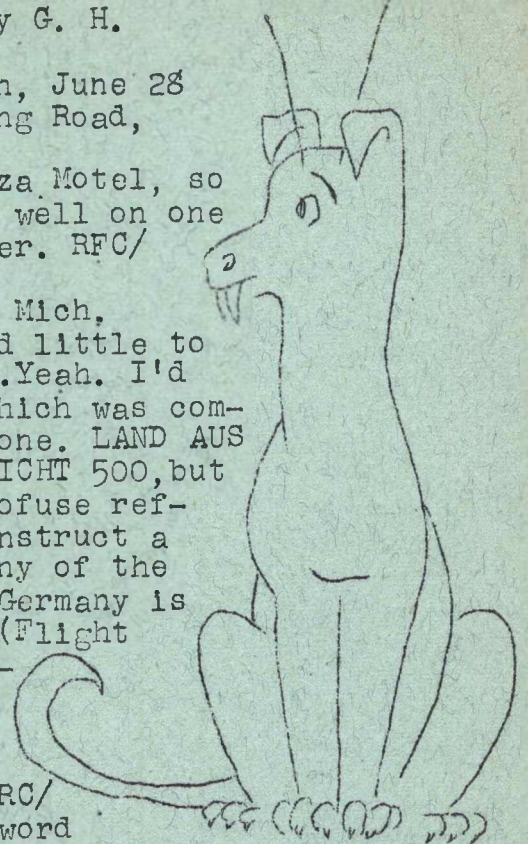
Gary Deindorfer: If you're going to create a fannish custom, for ghod's sake don't tell anyone about it! Such things catch on by their own "merits".

SLAG (GALS spelled backwards?): the ad reads like something from MAD; the story like something from GARGOYLE (U. of Michigan "humor" mag, now with one foot in the grave). And somehow it didn't appeal to me.

Wouldn't it be handy if the old f was available on a typewriter key? Then it wouldn't be necessary to resort to using "f" instead. But, frankly, I'm amazed at your lack of patience and ingenuity. And besides, far as I know this was only a lower case letter. Authenticity must be preserved.

/Dainis used an upside-down J for his "f" -- this would play hell with our stencils - they don't like being run thru the typer more than once, and especially not upside down. And cutting the character in with a stylus, as I did with the letter, is too much work. Dodd was authentic, I believe; Juanita and I aren't too much interested in authenticity. You'll have to ask Gilbert about any extra connotations in SLAG; it was his invention. (The title, that is, not the idea.)

All for this time -- there'll be a long letter from Benford to head up the next issue.



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Ralph M. Holland  
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