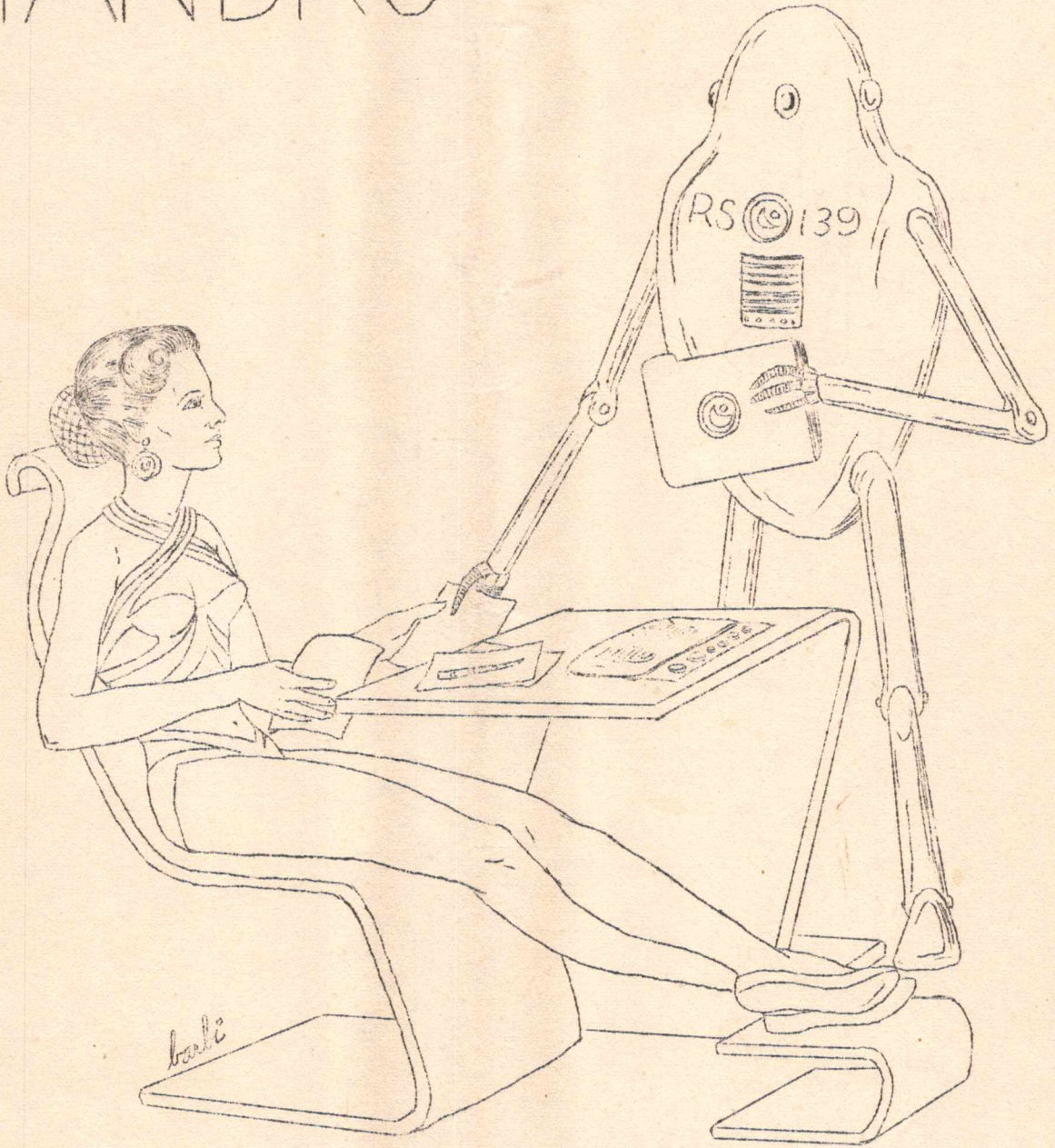


# YANDRO #76



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YANIBRO



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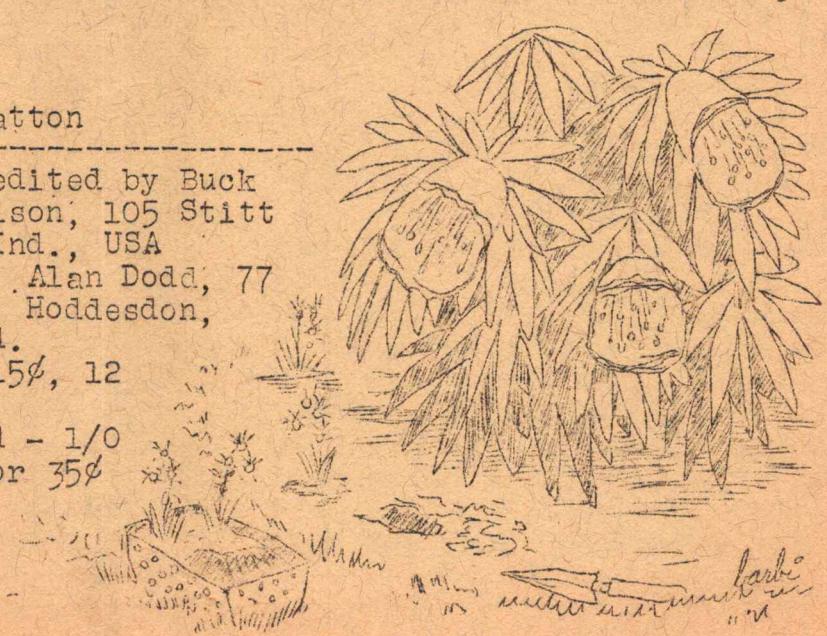
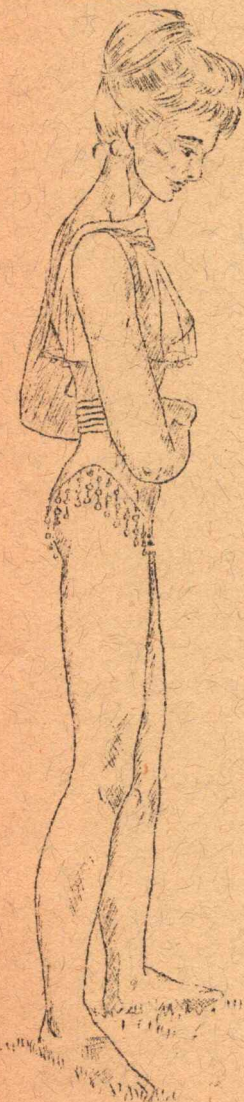
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YANDRO LITERARY SUPPLEMENT - CREATURES AND STUFF  
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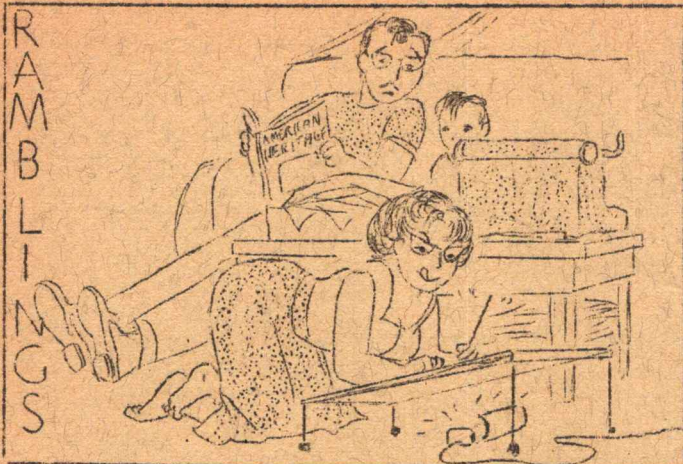
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\*Bob Leman  
 \*\*Bob Tucker  
 \*\*\*Thomas Stratton

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 This fanzine edited by Buck  
 & Juanita Coulson, 105 Stitt  
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The 'Literary Supplement' this issue inspires remembrance of my childhood, and the source of these film monster mags was the horror movie of the '40's, and I must have seen nearly every one. Even at that tender age, I should have suspected there was something unusual about my mental processes, something abnormal - for instead of screaming and hiding my eyes whenever these allegedly fearsome critters crossed the screen, I would become engrossed in the art of the makeup craftsman and the cam-

eraman. The quickie teenage crowd catering horror movie of today has nothing to compare with the smooth changing-to-werewolf effect Universal Reelart achieved with Lon Chaney's visage. I know you older fans will say the son was nothing compared with his father, but never having seen the elder Chaney, I can't make that comparison. I only know Chaney, Jr., made one of the most unusual, and most human, monsters; the Mummy and the Werewolf were such sympathetic monsters, while the Frankenstein creation was, to me, merely ludicrous. Kharis and Lawrence Talbott always seemed tragi-comic figures, and I used to startle the other patrons of the theater when I would laugh out loud watching Chaney grasping some poor soul by the collar, holding the terrified extra several feet off the ground, and pounding him against a wall, demanding that the man put him out of his misery and kill him with a silver bullet. Chaney somehow managed to give the impression of a St. Bernard puppy style werewolf, one who was frightening by virtue of sheer size and clumsiness, which is probably why his characterization of Lenny rang so true for me....I was rarely frightened at any of the horror pictures, though I can remember two such instances: THE DEVIL COMMANDS gave me nightmares for weeks and a permanent dread of all things electrical, and the final scene in one of the Mummy pictures, wherein Kharis is carrying the body of a 20th Century heroine who has been possessed by the spirit of Ananka - and as Chaney proceeds toward the swamp the girl's body ages in a series of what seemed to me to be masterfully cut shots, until the final scene of a hideously EC decomposed-type face is seen being sucked into the mire. Ugh! My sympathies were always with Kharis, shuffling around dragging his for some reason or other lame foot, usually being just a split-second too late to reach his princess until the inevitable final reel. One thing I did treasure about those pictures - quite frequently they had unhappy endings, usually with the death of the heroine, leaving the alleged hero frustratedly sobbing his rage at fate, Mummies, and werewolves. Only Hammer Films seemed to have captured the old flair for humor and bittersweet twists of plots: Baron Frankenstein wearily picking glass out of the brain he plans for his monster, Mina Harker suddenly waking up and finding herself in a grave with Dracula hastily and sloppily shovelling dirt on top of her....perhaps I just have a peculiar sense of humor, but this sort of thing strikes me as wildly hilarious. More power to them. Yours for humaner monsters.....JWC

Last minute (and I hope final ((it had better be))) correction to the contributor's credits: the illo on page 8 of the Lit'ry Supplement is by Dan Adkins. And that, I fervently pray, is that. JWC



Since I ran out of room on the contents page.... Gilbert did all of the illos for CREATURES AND STUFF except for the multilithed page by Adkins and the two illos for the Stratton piece, by Juanita. Gilbert also supplied the captions for the illos on pages 5 and 6. Captions for the Adkins illos by Gene DeWeese; remaining captions and filler items by yours truly. Incidentally, Adkins was supplied with the captions and asked to draw illustrations around them, while I had the easier job of

looking at some of Gilbert's wackier illustrations that we had on hand and thinking up titles for them. Almost forgot; the "Coulson Publications" ad on page 13 is by Bob Tucker; remaining filler items by me.

This is the second in the series of YANDRO LITERARY SUPPLEMENTS: first was SLAG: The Magazine Men Like; published in January 1958 and no extra copies available.

I've noted, recently, several comments to the effect that "somebody ought to reprint the NEOFAN'S GUIDE". A recent letter from Mr. Wilson (Bob) Tucker announces that a new edition of the GUIDE is "nearing the final dummied stage", and that "if anyone...happens to want a copy, send me a postcard or file card stating your desire. I want the cards, not letters, so that requests can be filed against the day when the GUIDE is ready. Don't send money. If there is a mailing charge or whatever, it'll be worked out later." The address is Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois, if you're that much of a neofan. If you haven't seen the first issue of this publication, you've missed a Good Thing, and you should by all means get the second. (People who have seen the first issue won't have to be told to get the second.)

Several people have commented that they'd see us at the Midwestcon. Not this year, kids. When World cons were being held in odd corners of the world like London and South Gate, I put up with the North Plaza Motel because the only convention I could get to was held there. This year, we're going to Detroit and the hell with this \$20 a room stuff.

Short interruption while I was typing this....a cop knocked at the door and wanted to know who owned a dog at this residence. This is becoming sort of a running joke; I pointed out the stairway to the upstairs apartment and came back to typing. The dog owned by our fellow-renters has bitten two people that I know of; possibly more. (At least, the cops have been around about five times, now.) Nobody seems to do anything but inquire, though...every so often a local police officer interviews the family, sometimes the dog is chained up for a day or so afterwards, sometimes not. I always had the naive impression that dogs which insisted on biting people were locked up or disposed of, but apparently not in this burg. Doesn't particularly bother us, since the mutt is afraid of both of us and Bruce isn't allowed out by himself, but you'd think that eventually something would be done in the name of community welfare or something.

Next issue: fanzine reviews and a lot of letters.

RSC

# A REPLY TO STENFORS

— FROM — G. H. SCITHERS —

In reviewing fan magazines, it is customary to read the magazines being reviewed. In reviewing books, it is customary to read the books in question. Therefore, I quite fail to understand why Stenfors feels that a complete, abysmal ignorance of one of the basic theories of physics is adequate preparation for a discussion of that theory. To me, the Natural Mystery in SOMETHING ABOUT A NATURAL MYSTERY is how very little Bo Stenfors has bothered to find out before writing this article.

In the first place, it was not Einstein who first advanced an explanation for the failure of the Michaelson-Morley experiment to detect the motion of the Earth; rather, it was two men, Lorentz and FitzGerald, who independently devised the principles known variously as the Lorentz Transformations, the FitzGerald Contraction, and so on.

In the second place, it was not Einstein who first advanced the relation between the frequency of a light ray and the energy of the photons in the light; rather, it was Max Planck, after whom Planck's constant, the energy of a photon divided by its frequency, is named.

(As a matter of fact, practically none of the theories actually advanced by Einstein are even mentioned, let alone understood.)

In the third place, the energy associated with an object or a space is a relative thing, and cannot be measured absolutely. No matter how complex a measuring technique one may devise, the absolute energy, like the absolute speed, will stubbornly remain unmeasurable. If two automobiles collide, the results will be quite the same, whether they have equal speeds with respect to the ground, or one going twice as fast and the other stopped with respect to the ground -- the relative speeds and the relative kinetic energy determine the effect of the collision.

And in the fourth place, there seems to be no understanding whatever concerning just what it was that the Michaelson-Morley experiment was measuring, no understanding of the difference between an observation and an assumption, and certainly no understanding of that very important concept, the Einsteinian observer.

The Michaelson-Morley experiment (and in fact, all experiments to determine the speed of light) are measuring the round-trip time for light to traverse a distance, not the one-way time. Let us imagine you have a canoe which you can paddle at exactly speed "C" with respect to the water. Assume further you are on the banks of a Wabash River. Then -- still in your imagination, of course -- launch the canoe into the river and start paddling along the river. Go a mile -- to a known landmark on the bank -- paddling at speed "C". Then immediately turn around and paddle back to the starting point. Now you might assume that, since you have been paddling at C miles per hour, and have gone two miles, you return at two miles divided by C miles per hour later, or:

$$\text{Time for round trip} = \frac{2}{C} \text{ hours.}$$

However, this will be true only in certain, special cases. The reason: rivers, in general, have current. If our imaginary Wabash River has a

current speed of "W" miles per hour, then on the up-stream leg of the voyage, the speed of the canoe with respect to the bank is the speed of the canoe with respect to the water minus the speed of the water with respect to the bank. (Note at this point that if the canoe speed is less than the speed of the current, the canoe and experimenter will be swept downstream, necessitating a second experiment with a faster canoe or a stronger paddler.) On the downstream leg, the canoe speed with respect to the bank is the sum of the canoe and water speeds. The round-trip time is then obviously the sum of the upstream and downstream times, or:

$$\text{round-trip time} = \frac{1}{C - W} + \frac{1}{C + W} = \text{upstream time plus downstream time}$$

Putting the two fractions over a common denominator gives

$$\frac{C + W + C - W}{(C + W)(C - W)} = \frac{2C}{C^2 - W^2}$$

Some straight-forward fiddling with this gives

$$\frac{2C}{C^2 - W^2} = \frac{2C}{C^2(1 - \frac{W^2}{C^2})} = \frac{2}{C} \times \frac{1}{1 - \frac{W^2}{C^2}} \quad \text{equals roundtrip time}$$

Now, since the quantity  $1 - \frac{W^2}{C^2}$  is less than one (or if W is zero, the quantity may be exactly one), then  $\frac{1}{1 - \frac{W^2}{C^2}}$  will come out greater than

one (or else exactly one). And if the quantity is one, then the round trip will be  $\frac{2}{C}$  and only then.

(Notice that it makes no difference whether the first leg of the journey is upstream or down.)

Reasoning in the opposite direction, if the round trip time in this little navigation experiment is exactly  $\frac{2}{C}$  hours, it means that (1) the speed of the river, "W", is zero, or (2) the speed of the canoe was not "C", or (3) the place on the river bank that you thought was one mile away was closer, or (4) a combination of the first three.

The Michaelson-Morley experiment was nothing more or less than this, except that the canoe was a flash of light, the landmark was a mirror to send the flash back, and the flow of the river was represented by the Earth in its motion through space. And the observation was that the round trip time was always what corresponded to exactly  $\frac{2}{C}$ .

ter what direction the light flash was sent.

Come now Lorentz and FitzGerald, who make the remark that if the speed of light, C, is indeed a constant, and if the Earth is indeed moving, therefore; the distance to the mirrors isn't what we thought it

was. Furthermore, they said, if our clocks were also wrong by a small factor, then we have here a neat set of equations (which I don't intend to set down here - you can find them for yourself in the Encyclopedias Americana and Britannica, under "Relativity" in almost any public library.) And these equations are the Lorentz (or the Lorentz-FitzGerald) transformations.

Einstein, in effect, said let us assume that the speed of light is constant, for we have been unable to observe that it is anything else. (And furthermore, if it were in fact not a constant, we could never find this out because all our clocks and measuring sticks would be off too, he added. He pointed out also that it is quite impossible to measure light going one way without the effect of its velocity in the other direction getting entangled in the experiment.)

Einstein then introduced the Einsteinian observer, who is simply an observer who can only be in one place at a time. This means, very simply, that if this observer wants to measure the speed of light going down a measuring stick, he absolutely cannot be at the starting end to time when the light leaves and also at the finish to time when the light gets there, unless he - the observer - moves from one place to another. If the observer moves, the Lorentz-FitzGerald equations will mess up his time-keeping, and if he stays in one place, and has friends signal him what is going on elsewhere, then their signals can travel no faster than the speed of light. Furthermore, Einstein showed that if information can travel no faster than the speed of light, and if we assume the speed of light is constant, then you can't do a whit better than his observer.

This leads to all kinds of interesting conclusions, most of which are ignored right and left by Stenfors. One of the most important is that it is quite meaningless to talk about absolute speed, real speed, or even real time. It is - and this is most important - meaningless to say that two things happen at the same time, unless they also happen at the same place, because you don't know what is happening anywhere except right where you are until something comes along - at never greater than the speed of light - to tell you about it.

As for the example of the light and the train - it is the time for light to get from one end of the train to the other and back that matters, and since it is the round trip of the light that matters, then it doesn't make any difference whether the train is approaching or leaving the light. And the reason that the one-way time can't be measured directly is that either the observer at the far end of the light path has to signal back when the light gets there (which signal can be no faster than a flash of light, and thus the whole thing amounts to a round trip experiment), or else two clocks are synchronized while they are side by side, and then carried to the ends of the train, which motion of the clocks promptly unsynchronizes them by an amount that depends on what the one way time would be if you could measure it, which -- for that very reason -- you can't.

All of this reasoning, plus lots and lots more, has been generally available for longer than most of us have been alive. There are some excellent and very readable books by Einstein himself, there are phalanxes of physics books, and there are the basic articles in the Encyclopedias Americana and Britannica (under the heading "Relativity").



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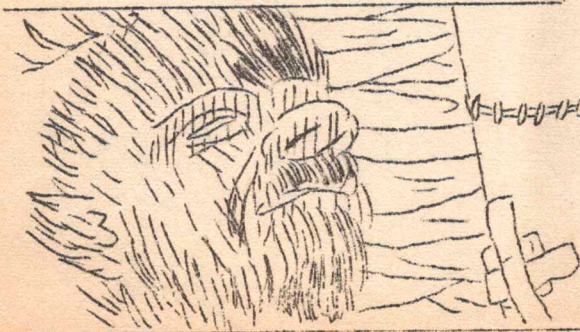
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# Porkins Meets A Monster

At the Snooker club we usually doze for a time after lunch, and on one dark winter day there were more dozers than usual, perhaps a half-dozen. (I do not count old Fetherstonehaugh\*, who was dead. We had not disturbed the body because of a wager on how many days would pass before one of the servants discovered the fact of his demise.) But the post-prandial naps ended, one by one, and an aimless conversation began.

Cholmondely\*\* (of the Worcestershire\*\*\* Cholmondeleys) happened to mention the Loch Ness Monster, and Turleyford\*\*\*\*, hoping for a story, said, "Have you ever seen a monster, Porkins?"

Porkins was silent. I signalled to the waiter, who brought whisky. Porkins drained his glass and said, "Many times, many times. Back in the days when I drank" -- absent-mindedly, he lifted and emptied Turleyford's glass -- "I saw monsters enough to freeze the blood of a weaker man. I well recall that in Blackpool some years ago I was hounded by an ice-blue lobster some six feet tall, which smoked Latakia in a calabash and wore a bowler hat. It had devised an ingenious torture; it would recite by the hour, in a hoarse lobsterish voice, from Wordsworth's The Prelude". One evening....."

"No, no, Porkins," I interrupted. "We mean a real monster, like a teen-age spider-man, or a maggot as big as an aircraft carrier."

"Something with a mad scientist in it, Porkins, or a mummy's curse," urged Cholmondely.

Porkins mistook my glass for his, and emptied it. "As it happens, I did once encounter a monster," he said, "although I should not go so far as to call its creator a mad scientist. A trifle unhinged, perhaps, but scarcely more than eccentric. His name was Fortney Greal, and his field was growth-hormones. Hem! Dry work, this."

I sighed, and told the waiter to bring the bottle.

"Greal used chickens for his experiments," Porkins continued. "He had discovered that the chicks of the Rhode Island Red responded best to his injections, which were intended to increase both the rate and the proportion of growth.

---

\* Pronounced Fanshawe.....Ed.

\*\* Pronounced Chumley.....Ed.

\*\*\* Pronounced Wire.....Ed.

\*\*\*\* Pronounced...well, never mind....Ed.

"We shall probably never know how it happened, but one batch of Greal's hormone preparation went bad on him. It is my own belief that his wife inadvertantly added salt or vanilla extract or something of the sort to the mixture, since Greal cooked the stuff on the kitchen stove, often at the same time that Mrs. Greal was preparing meals. In any case, this particular batch of the formula had a secret ingredient.

"Greal didn't know that at the time, of course, and he went ahead and injected a chick. And at about two o'clock the following morning there came a tremendous knocking at the door of Greal's neighbor, Wyvern Spilloe, F.R.S.A., with whom I was staying that weekend. We found at the door an almost hysterical Greal, who was half paralyzed with fright. When we had calmed him to the point where he could talk coherently, he told an incredible tale; a Rhode Island Red six storeys high was at large in the East Riding of Yorkshire!

"There followed days of terror. Every attempt to trap the monster was a dismal failure, and firearms -- even artillery -- were ineffective against this prodigious fowl. Meanwhile it went about the countryside destructively foraging for nourishment, devouring here a railroad train and there a public library. Questions were asked in parliament.

"Still, life went on. Spilloe (who, as I think I previously mentioned is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Archaeologists) and I continued our efforts to decipher the inscription on the sarcophagus of a mummy which Spilloe had brought from Egypt, a project which had occupied us for some time. It was a highly puzzling inscription, since the conventional translation of its hieroglyphics was, "If it hasn't got it there it hasn't got it". As that was manifestly not a curse, we concluded that it was in code, and worked from that angle.

"One morning, as we were pursuing a new avenue of approach to the problem (we were testing a theory that the inscription was a cryptographic anagram for the curse "Goddammit, anyhow!"), we were suddenly shaken by a tremendous noise -- a screeching, rending noise, as of a building being demolished. And, as it happened, that is exactly what it was; the monster Rhode Island Red was tearing Spilloe's house to pieces!

"With a crash the roof was torn off, and we were terrified to see the monstrous beak, as big as a tugboat, bending toward us. The enormous eye, like a Gibraltar of black glass, glared at us. And then I saw a strange sight; into that huge stupid eye there crept a look that was soft, tender and affectionate -- a look of love!

"But not love for me, nor for Spilloe; no, the object of the monster cockerel's love was the mummy. The huge head bent low and nuzzled the sarcophagus. The fowl had found what it sought.

"Now Spilloe is a mild and even a timid man, but he is also a scholar, and it was more than he could bear to see his mummy menaced. With a howl of rage he seized a crusader's mace which was lying conveniently at hand, and buried it in the chicken's head. The monster fell dead!"

Porkins emptied the last of the bottle into his glass and drank it off. We waited for him to continue, but he only stared at the fire.

I said, "Well, what happened then, Porkins?"

"Nothing," he said. "That's the end."

"But Porkins," I said. "This isn't at all like your stories. Where is the surprise ending?"

"There's no surprise," Porkins said. "None at all. There is a moral, though.

"Oh? What's that?"

Porkins cleared his throat and spoke in a somewhat theatrical voice: "The moral is, 'A fowl and his mummy are soon parted'," he said.

A dead silence fell. Then a couple of voices said, "For shame!" and someone retched. I felt a bit nauseated myself.

Suddenly we heard a curious sound at the door, and everyone turned. In the doorway stood an ice-blue lobster some six feet high, wearing a bowler hat and smoking a calabash. It spoke in a hoarse lobsterish voice; "'Ere, you Porkins! Thought I warned you about that. Well, you've 'ad yer chance. It's off to The Place for you, me lad."

Porkins cowered in his chair. The lobster turned to the rest of us, doffed its bowler, and spoke in a civil tone: "'E's 'ad every opportunity to reform, gents, but 'e will persist in telling them stories. This time we'll 'ave to put 'im away. It's not as if 'e 'adn't been warned." And so saying, it donned its bowler and led the snivelling Porkins from the room. Porkins hasn't been seen since.

Things are much pleasanter at the Snooker club now, and it's possible to carry on a conversation, which was never the case when Porkins was around. But his disappearance has left me with a problem: for the past forty years I have earned my living by copying Porkins' yarns and selling them to magazines. Now Porkins is gone. Does anyone want to offer me a job?

HOW TO HYPNOTIZE

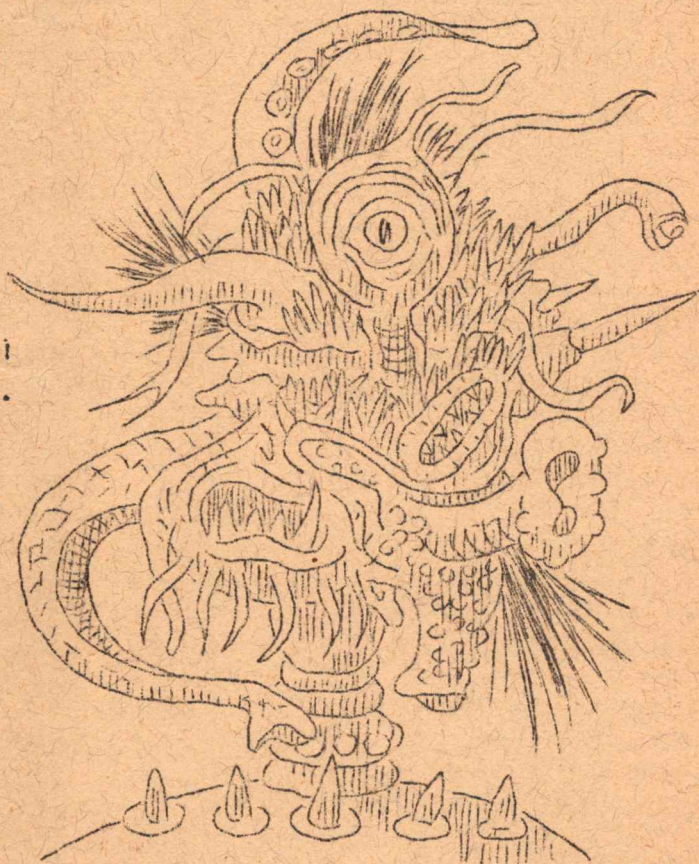
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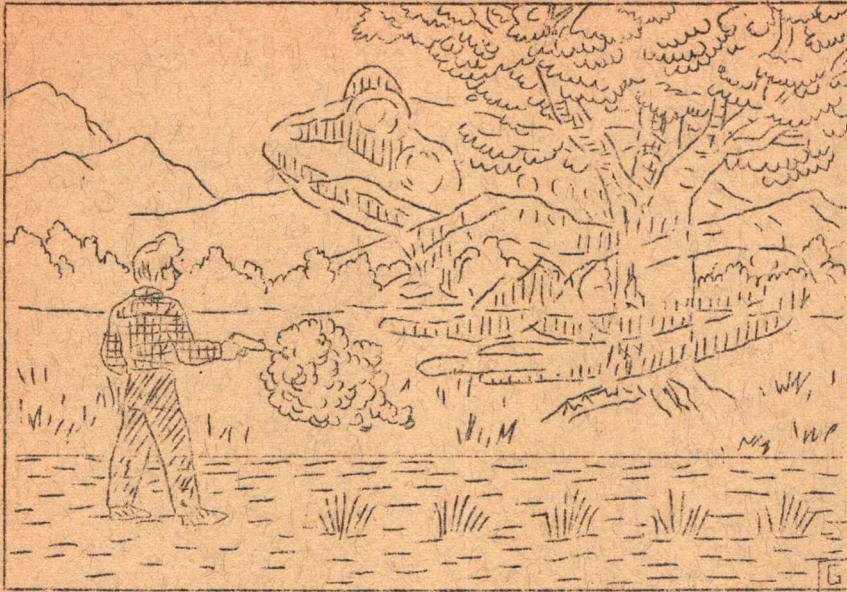
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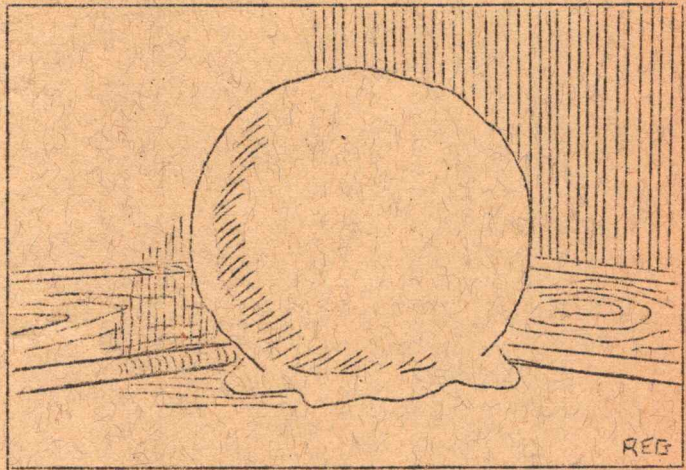
JELLYSOL, Box 42, Wac, Ky.

I'm Scary Cooper, not to be confused with Gory Calhoun or Trembly Curtis. If you think I'm frightful, you should see my wife, Monstrous Monroe. She's horrid. From THE IMPOSSIBLY BIG WHATSIS

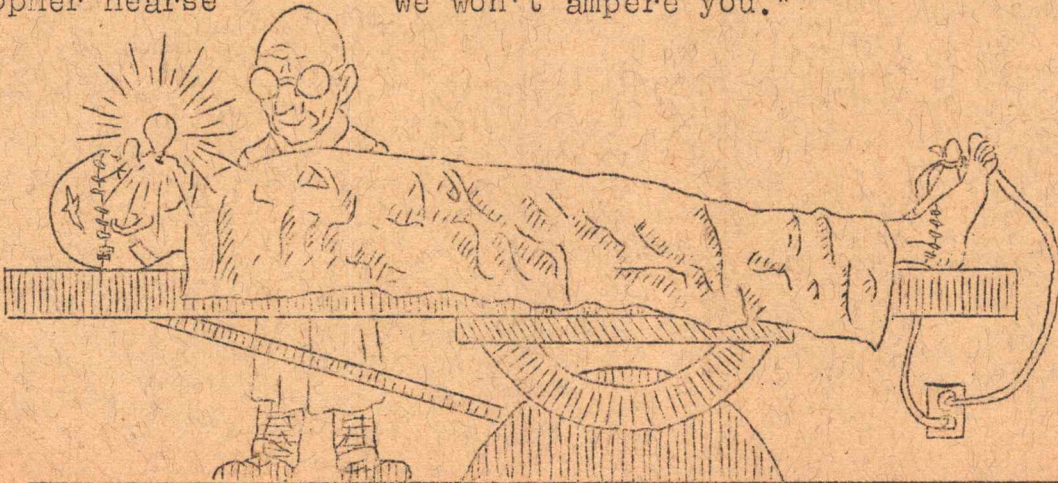


Through the magic of Hollywood, a frog becomes a gigantic monster in this scene of startling realism from ATTACK OF THE IMPROBABLE FATTENING MAN.

Audiences from coast to coast screamed in horror when they saw this ghastly creature in REVENGE OF THE FIFTY-FOOT GIRL FROM THE BLACK SWALE.



"I tolled yew something wood turnip," says Doc in this episode from THE GHOST OF FRANKIE'S TEENAGER. "Ohm, this gpus will electrify you, Frankie. Lettuce tell you watt. We've found a ghouel fiend four you. If you gopher hearse we won't ampere you."



# MONSTER MOVIE PREVIEWES

—by— MARK SHIPWRECK—

Ah, they're coming, fans! The greatest array of spine-chilling science fiction movies ever produced in Hollywood and London. 'Tis barely spring, or at least early summer, and already they're dropping like flies in the theaters. Dropping like flies ... that's a good one.

Have you heard of THE BEHEMOTH? Have you seen it? Ah, and if you haven't you have a treat in store for you. The behemoth is neither a brobdinagian moth nor a misplaced hippopotamus, no indeed. It is a MONSTER! Here, let me quote the advance description of this wonderful picture: "Two scientists discover the presence of a gigantic radioactive sea monster in English coastal waters, and are faced with the problem of saving London when the creature swims up the Thames."

Doesn't that sound exciting? And just for you -- the fans of the world -- I'll reveal the dramatic ending, but you must promise not to tell the mundane audience. The two wily scientists save London by dumping a school of piranha in the Thames. That takes care of the old beastie! (And, quite by accident, several frogmen who were practicing blowing up the Graf Spee.)

But wait, look at the next great picture, ATTACK OF THE GIANT LEECHES! Ken Clark is the star of this one, and isn't Hollywood clever to think of giving names to leeches? Let me quote the thrilling preview: "Two scientists discover the presence of a gigantic radioactive sea monster in English coastal waters, and are faced with the problem of saving London when the creature swims up the Thames." The best we can hope for is that these two thrillers will be offered together on the same bill.

And look, here is another double feature already planned for us fans: END OF THE WORLD and WORLD WITHOUT WOMEN. The producers have devised a very clever trick here, an absolutely original idea. The heroine of the first movie will also be the heroine of the second, and that second picture is a sequel to the first. Like two chapters of a great Alexander Blade serial at the same time! In the opening picture, this beaut... I mean the girl, of course ... is the only woman surviving an atomic holocaust, and in the sequel which immediately follows she finds herself ALONE with seven men. Poor thing, not even a day of rest.

Good old John Carridine will be back to scare us! His new picture is THE INVISIBLE INVADERS, and he will be the mad scientist who leads the invisible horde invading the earth. Why? Well, to capture our shadows, of course! A man is simply a nobody without a shadow. Nobody! Get it? Hee hee, I am witty today!

Believe me, you will simply be stunned at the great array of coming titles!

THE COSMIC MAN (all about a creature from outer space), EVE AND THE DRAGON (concerning a creature from outer space), IN THE YEAR 2889 (the world is faced with an onslaught of creatures from outer space), SHE

(the Haggard story about a creature from inner space), TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER (a shivery thing showing a creature from outer space), THE WASP WOMAN (a creature from outer space maltreats an earth woman), EARTH MONSTER (the emergence of a creature from underspace), THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL (evil creatures from space invade Manhattan), RETURN OF THE FLY (a creature from outer space resurrects a fly), FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER (about some creatures from outer space who tinker with electrical gadgets they don't understand), and THE CREATURE FROM ANDROMEDA (I'm sorry, but I can't seem to find out the plot of this one.)

Fans, I've saved the very best for the last! This is one you positively won't want to miss! It is called MISSILE TO THE MOON and stars Richard Travis and Cathy Downs, a pair of famous well-known Hollywood players. The plot is simply out of this world!

Two scientists struggle to put a rocket onto the moon, and after many frustrations they eventually succeed, of course. A murderous gang of escaped convicts happen along in time to help them blast off the rocket, and one of the convicts -- the ugliest of the motley crew -- stows away on the ship. They reach the moon, only to fall into the hands

of the moon women. These poor dears haven't seen a man for two thousand years, and they are quite hungry! At this moment, the ugly convict comes from his hiding place and overpowers the scientists, wanting all the women for himself! Meanwhile, unknown to the men on the ship, the moon city is threatened with deadly danger. The moon scientists discover the presence of a gigantic radioactive sea monster in the coastal waters of the Mare Imbrium, and are faced with the problem of saving the lunar city when the creature swims up the Thames.

No! I won't reveal the ending! I will not spoil it for you! But I will give you one teensy-weensy hint; don't forget that ugly convict! His name, in the film, is P.I. Ranha.



"Wonder why they don't make double beds anymore?" says this character from FRANKENSTEIN 1984.

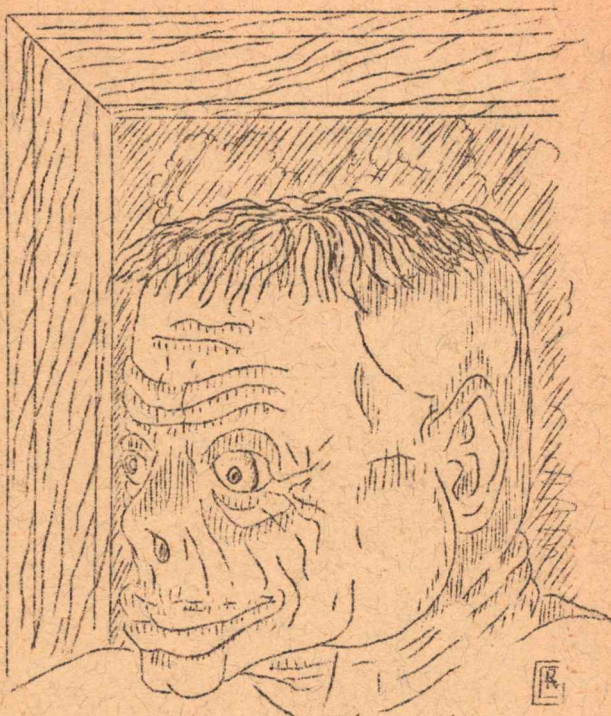


# THE HORROR FROM

## B E L O W

BY

ROBERT BLOCH



Groping her way in the darkness, she came to the mouldering edifice looming out of the midnight fog.

They had warned her, but she would not heed; something had called her and she was driven by a need which encompassed her being.

Now she was at the very portals. Hesitantly she reached for the door. It swung open, creaking on rusty hinges, to reveal only a deeper darkness. A musty odor of corruption and decay welled forth, but she did not, could not, hesitate.

She entered. Moved by a compulsion she scarcely understood, she seated herself and endeavored to regain composure. But it was not to be.

For the subterranean rumbling rose, and a chill wind enveloped her. She strove to rise, but too late -- the arms of the monster from the pit enveloped her. She opened her mouth to scream, and again she was too late -- the monster was dragging her down, down into the black abyss beneath the crumbling ruins....

In the morning they came for her, but no trace of her presence remained. And they stared at each other, the two of them, with vague fear in their eyes.

"She's gone," whispered the first. "It's uncanny, the way she disappeared like that."

"Nothing uncanny about it," snapped his companion. "In fact, quite the contrary. Only a fool would dare to spend the night in a haunted outhouse!"

Silently, they stared down the gaping hole in which she was interred.....

What's for supper, huh, Ma?  
You warmin' over that scientist that stopped by last week? From APE CREATURE

# EXTRA SUPER SPECIAL MONSTER MOVIE PREVIEW

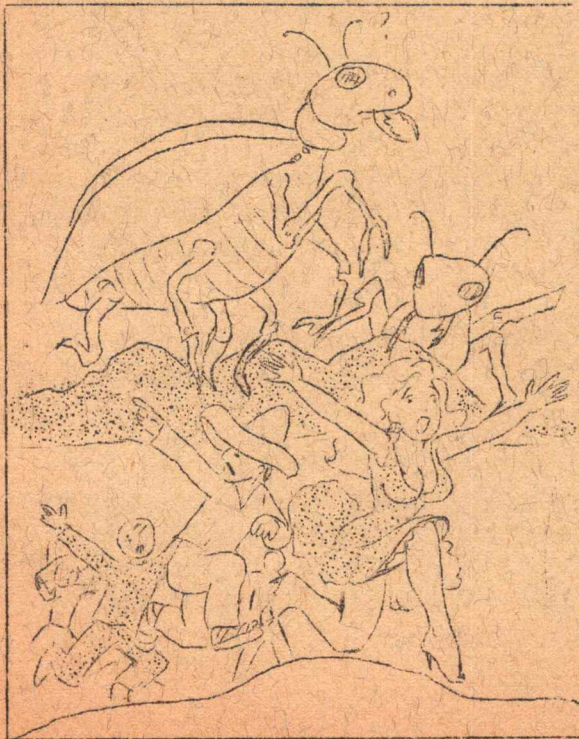
— by — LUKE SHIPWRECK —

At last, boys and ghouls, your old Monster-chaser has seen the last word in monster films! THE MONSTERS FROM EVERYWHERE, produced by that titan among monster-makers, "Jungle Sam" Southworth, and starring Rock Quarry, Tab Lloyd, and newcomers Liz Wilson and George Shears, has everything! Just listen to this powerful pulse-pounding plot!

While Earth is waiting for the return of the first spacevoyage to Venus, a gigantic spaceship, miles long, descends somewhere in Mexico. Some bandits and the posse pursuing them are the first victims of the giant mutated Martian Water Lice which emerge. Their masters, small chartreuse men with huge heads, reprimand the Water Lice for their haste and settle down to survey the situation, the world as a whole little the wiser.

Meanwhile, the first spaceship returns from Venus, bringing back photos galore and many samples, including one new element which has everyone completely baffled. Among other things, it has been discovered that Venus has a moon; this was invisible from Earth because it always presented its dark side to us. Just as research is progressing well and plans for a second ship are underway, the Martians are discovered; they have carelessly revealed themselves by destroying Mexico City.

The Mexican Army is called out, to no avail, and the Martians advance toward the north. Looting, terror and sex precede them as the cities are evacuated. The U.S. army is called out, but is also defeated by

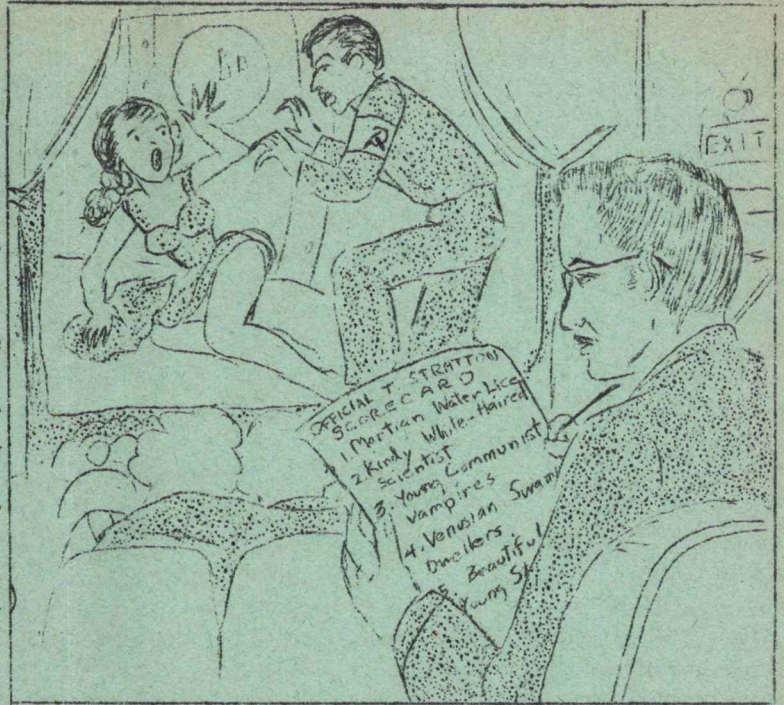


the invaders. The U.S. immigration department sends a stiff note to the Mexican government. The atomic and hydrogen bombs are useless. Just as it seems the end is near, the Kindly White-Haired Scientist (played magnificently by Rock Quarry) discovers that when the new element from Venus is subjected to intense electromagnetic fields, it gives off a focussable radiation which is deadly to all forms of water lice, especially Martian ones. Unfortunately, it has an effective life of but an hour, and all the available samples have been used up in the testing. The new spaceship is sped to completion and a crew is selected.

Meanwhile, a group of Young Communist Vampires has discovered that photos taken on the moon of Venus show inscriptions written in an ancient language. Their leader, (Tab Lloyd, in his most stirring role) recognizes the script as pre-Sanskrit, or late Atlantean. This leads him

to believe that the ancestral home of the vampires was not sunk beneath the oceans of the earth, as the legend of Atlantis has it, but was destroyed somewhere in the neighborhood of Venus. The part of the inscription which has been photographed describes a weapon instantly fatal to both water lice and humans. Therefore, the vampires secretly infiltrate the crew of the spaceship, planning to discover the weapon and rule Earth.

Shortly after the vampire-infiltrated ship takes off, a beautiful young stowaway (depicted charmingly by Liz Wilson) is discovered. She explains that she wished to be near her fiance -- which is rather embarrassing all around, since her fiance is one of those crewmen who have been disposed of by the vampires.



Back on Earth, a huge computer is being rushed to completion in the hopes that it can provide a solution to the Water Louse Problem, in case anything should happen to the ship. The Heroic Young Scientist (George Shears), however, wires one of the memory banks up backward. This means that, whenever this particular bank is tapped for knowledge, the computer will provide the worst possible answer, instead of the best. The last hope of humanity has been turned into a Jekyll-Hyde monster!

The Beautiful Stowaway aboard the vampire-infested spaceship is on the point of being drained of her blood and injected with the venom which will turn her into another vampire when a loud roaring noise is heard and the vampires find themselves in the midst of a meteor swarm. Hastily locking the girl into an empty fuel chamber, they man their stations. However, they cannot react with the trained precision of the intended crew, and despite desperate manouvering the ship sustains several direct hits. A small meteor vaporizes the lock of the fuel chamber in which the Beautiful Stowaway is being held; donning a convenient spacesuit, she escapes into the corridors of the ship.

At this point, the crippled spaceship enters the atmosphere of Venus, circles the planet a couple of times, and crashes gently into a swamp. The vampires set out to survey their surroundings, leaving the Stowaway dead in the wreckage, where she is found some time later by Venusian swamp dwellers.

The vampires, having given up the ship as being too badly damaged to repair, are following an ancient jungle trail, which eventually ends in a monstrous abandoned city deep in the heart of the jungle.

On Earth, the vampire plot to take over the spaceship has been discovered. The recently completed computer is questioned as to the best course to follow; unfortunately, the reverse-wired memory bank is con-

sulted, and the computer recommends that all energies be put forth to destroy the invading aliens while the vampires are ignored. The computer's advice is followed, though a general protests that while it might be possible to eradicate the remaining vampires of the world, the Martians appear invulnerable, and nothing can be done to destroy them.

At this point, a spaceship from the millennia-old culture of Altair IV makes an emergency landing in the Sahara Desert, the pilot having been suddenly afflicted with an acute case of malignant mutated dandruff. Superstitious Arabs mistake this benign being for a devil; in order to protect himself, he is forced to disintegrate a path through the Atlas Mountains, inundating the Sahara with the waters of the Mediterranean.

During the confusion, the malignant dandruff, seeking a favorable breeding ground, crosses the Pacific Ocean and goes into hiding in the Los Angeles storm drains.

Meanwhile, back at the Venusian Swamp Dwellers' ranch, the Beautiful Stowaway has discovered that the Swamp Dwellers are telepathic and teleportic. To the Swamp Dwellers, however, the Stowaway is not particularly Beautiful; in fact, they consider her to be so horrid that they teleport her back to Earth. Quick to realize the advantages inherent in this unforeseen glob of Venusian abilities, the Stowaway (now recognizable as the Heroine) gets in touch with the Kindly White-Haired Scientist, who is the World's Foremost Authority.

The Scientist quickly lays his plans. First, he sends the Heroic Young Scientist and the Heroine to contact the Altairian space pilot. (He has realized that this creature, far from being the terrifying monster which the world pictures, is actually a friendly, as well as a powerful, being. The Altairian's fulfillment of an engineer's dream makes him seem a sort of extra-terrestrial Willy Ley.) The Young Scientist and the Heroine arrive just in time to rescue the Altairian from the jaws of a pack of angry camels, (Get it, kids? A pack of camels?) who object to being put out of work by a fleet of motorboats. In gratitude, the Altairian promises to use his powers for the benefit of mankind.

Back on Venus, the Young Communist Vampires are exploring the ancient city, which they discover is nothing less than their ancient ancestral home. It's simply chock full of all sorts of horrible weapons. While part of the vampires are discovering the uses of these weapons by a rather messy trial and error process, the rest start using some of the ancient machines to build a spaceship.

An advance column of the Martian water lice strikes Los Angeles during the spawning season of the mutated dandruff, producing a crop of the lousiest dandruff on record.

At this point, an unusually heavy meteor swarm is reported in the vicinity of Weyauwega, Wisconsin. Investigating, the Heroic Young Scientist discovers that these meteors are composed almost entirely of the new Venusian element, delousium. The Altairian (who is also telepathic) reveals that the Swamp Dwellers are still annoyed with the Heroine, and have been throwing rocks at her. Fortunately, while their power is great, their aim is terrible, and few casualties are noted.

Further research reveals that this supply of delousium is sufficient to destroy both the Mutated Water Lice and the Mutated Dandruff. There is a drawback, however; the person who wields the weapon will himself be destroyed by the powerful radiations. The Young Scientist immediately

offers to sacrifice himself for the benefit of mankind. The Heroine protests; his mind is far too valuable, and he is altogether too fine and noble to be thus obliterated. Instead, she will use the weapon. The Young Scientist says this is impossible. The Kindly Old Scientist, being the World's Foremost Authority and highly intelligent, quietly slips out while they are arguing. (No, he doesn't take the Weapon with him; being intelligent, he simply takes a jetliner to Tahiti until the entire problem is settled.)

However, the Altairian pilot does take the Weapon, uses it successfully, and then, realizing that Humanity Is Not Yet Ready to acquire his fantastic powers, crashes his spaceship into the Mindanao Deep, bidding Mankind a fond telepathic farewell as he sinks slowly in the west.

As a final symbol of hope, however, there is seen rising in the east, just as the Altairian is sinking in the west, a bright flare of light, like the dawn of a new tomorrow. The Young Scientist expresses this hope to the Heroine; "Even though mankind is not yet ready, someday it will be worthy. You and I may not live to see the day, but our children....."

And the bright flare of light? Oh, that's the planet Venus exploding. Seems that one of the Young Communist Vampires got a bit over-enthusiastic.

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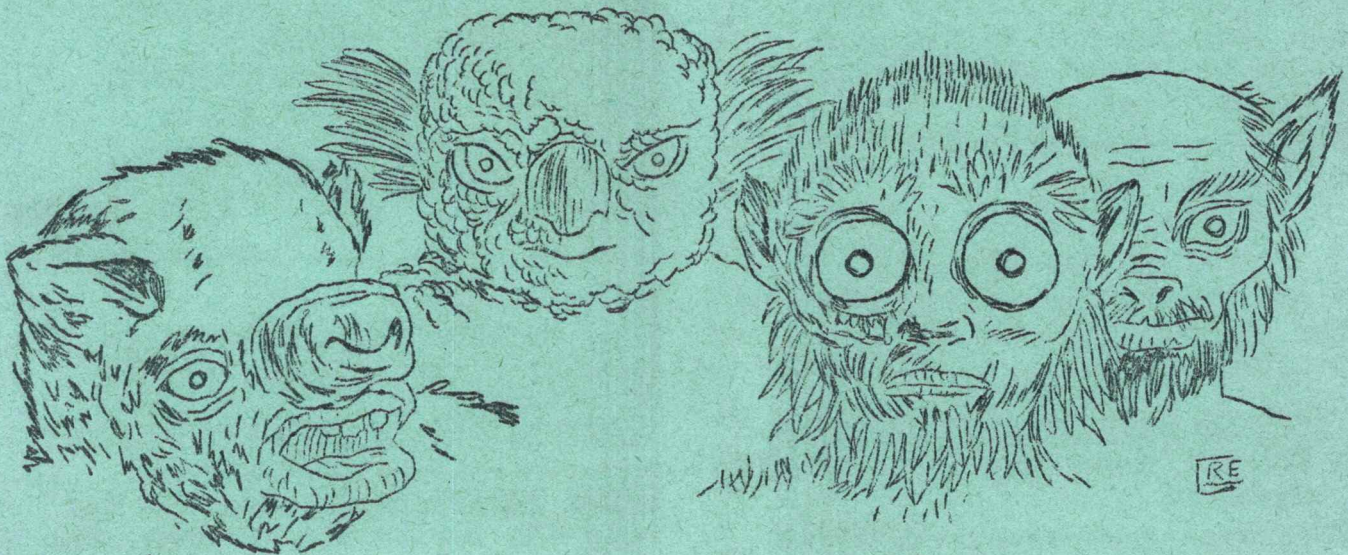
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The Giant Mutated Cocker Spaniel from **TEENAGE WEREWOLF MEETS LASSIE**. Somehow I don't think he's drooling for Lollipop-Pups.

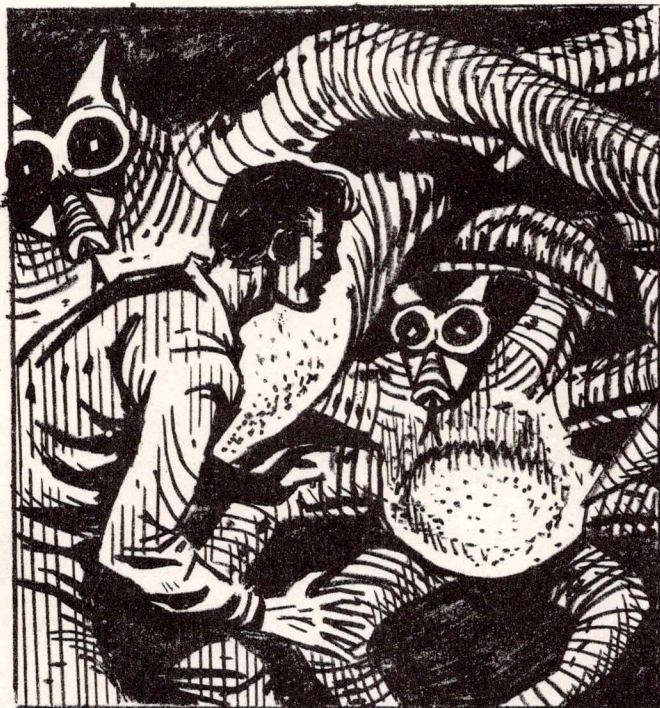
The horrifying, monstrous Leader to which we are taken in **TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER**. This is one of the leading films of the year.



Surprise! This isn't from a monster movie at all! It's an informal portrait of your own monstrously beloved staff of **CREATURES AND STUFF!**



The monster getting his Basil metabolism checked. From the look on his face, I suspect the good doctor has struck his rathbone rather than his funnybone.



Hand me the Black Flag, dear.



In this scene from "The Wolf Man Meets Fu Manchu", we have Lon Chaney and Lone Chinese.



The man on the left is the author of the book 'The Secret of the Island' and the man on the right is the author of the book 'The Secret of the Island'.



The man on the left is the author of the book 'The Secret of the Island' and the man on the right is the author of the book 'The Secret of the Island'.



## FIRST FANDOM

In announcing the formation of a new group in science fiction fandom it would be well to set forth the aims first of all. FIRST FANDOM is a fun loving organization, which will attempt to organize the science fiction and fantasy fans of the First Golden Era; when we had to hunt and search for our favorite type of literature. We will try to bring back to the conventions, and to the fan publishing field, fans who for various legitimate reasons have had to drop fan activities and have not come back because they feel that they would not know anybody today.

Many fans have never left the field and they will be able to provide the core or framework through which those who have dropped out can re-acquaint themselves with others of their time, and also get to know the fans of the present day era.

In discussing the various eras or "fandoms" that have existed in the past, we have selected Jan. 1, 1938, as the cut off date, since the whole idea of FIRST FANDOM is to stimulate and revive interest in the older fans.

Thus, if you have engaged in some type of fan activity prior to Jan. 1, 1938, write to Don Ford for an application for membership. For our purposes a science fiction or fantasy fan is defined as one who: participated in conventions; corresponded; collected; published, wrote for, or subscribed to a fanzine; belonged to a local or national fan club, etc. Any one or all of these activities.

FIRST FANDOM was first broached late in 1958 at a get together at Doc Barrett's in Bellefontaine. We were reminiscing about the fans of earlier days and wondering what had become of them now. We worked over the details by mail for the past several months and have come up with the present set up in order to get things started.

The founders are: Bob Madle, C.L. Barrett, MD, Don Ford, Lou Tabakow, Dale Tarr & Lynn Hickman. We will run the club as a Board of Directors until we can get it going; and the membership can elect regular officers. Dues are \$1.00 per year and it will be a non-profit organization. Most of the money will be expended in a club bulletin which will maintain an up to date roster of members...allowing them to get in touch with old friends they've been wanting to contact for years.

Temporary officers chosen by the Board of Directors are:

President	Bob Madle	3608 Caroline Ave.	Indianapolis 18, Ind.
Sec'y-Treas	Don Ford	Box 19-T, RR #2	Loveland, Ohio
Publisher	Lynn Hickman	304 N. 11th	Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Addresses of the other founders are:

C.L. Barrett, MD	119 S. Madriver St.	Bellefontaine, Ohio
Dale Tarr	3650 Glenway Ave.	Cincinnati 5, Ohio
Lou Tabakow	3953 St. John's Terrace	Cincinnati 36, Ohio

Applications for membership and other inquiries should be handled through Don Ford.

# GRUMBLINGS

BOYD RAEBURN, 9 Glenvalley Dr., Toronto 15, Canada - I don't see why Gene has to get a new bumper slogan. I think YOGGOTH SAVES is good enough to transfer to the new car.

Martin Helgesen should learn the meaning of "censorship" before he tries to discuss the subject. He shows he doesn't know what he's talking about when he equates preservation of religious freedom with censorship. (Religious freedom includes the right to NOT worship and to be free of persecution for NOT worshipping, or for not worshipping in the faith of the majority. I know I'm not being too explicit here, but I am not really interested in getting into a hectic argument on the subject.)

I was going to comment on the T&M Carr comments on the B. Coulson Personality, but on thinking it over, I feel that while I have come to understand the B. Coulson Personality and Attitudes (which can be pretty disconcerting for one unused to them) fairly well, I don't feel like writing about (them)(it) because I just may be wrong. I'm wondering if Rich Brown has actually read any Vorzimer, or is just going by impressions he's picked up. Offhand I can't remember Vorzy attacking anyone's ideas, dreams, and maybe hopes. This isn't the first time that Rich has used Vorzimer lately as a Horrible Example, and I'd suggest that, if he's going to keep it up, he might be wise to check up on exactly what Vorzimer was a H.E. of.

//Must confess that I've never read much by Vorzimer, so I wouldn't know if Rich was right or not. Disconcerting personality? Gee, fellas, I'm just a plain old non-conformist. Maybe I carry it to extremes by not conforming to anything? Oh well, as Boyd mentioned, we used to "sneer at each other from a distance", so maybe the Carrs and I will become bosom buddies, in time. RSC//

JOHN BOWLES, 302 So. 33rd. St., Louisville 11, Ky. - Bob Tucker is -- well, he reviewed the movie version of Verne's novel just too unfairly. Joseph Cotton did an excellent job of portraying the confident Mr. Something-or-other, and who on this green earth could've expected the science to be beyond nineteenth-century knowledge? I didn't, and found the movie watchable. The movie wasn't refreshing science fiction, but I'll wager a decent sum that it is a good adaptation of Verne's novel (which I have, but haven't read.) I don't care to waste time reading such short-sighted reviewing.

What's your argument against teaching religion in schools?

//You know, I have a feeling that some day you're going to re-read that first paragraph and blush.....However, (a) who says that humor is supposed to be fair? and (b) from what I have heard (I didn't bother to see the movie myself, after listening to Gene DeWeese describe it) the alleged "science" in the film was a long way from being equal to 19th-century knowledge. A very large number of schools are not performing an adequate job now, without asking them to take on the duties of churches, too. Extra-curricular demands on teachers should be lessened, not increased. (This applies to attendance at ball games, PTA, etc., too).//

JAMES R. ADAMS, 922 N. Courtland Ave., Kokomo, Ind. --Anent the Great Slant-Paranthese Debate: why not put the reader's letters in parentheses, and print your comments upside down, backwards, and with every third letter deleted. That way, though it will be a bit difficult to tell what's being said, it will certainly be clear enough who's saying it. And that, after all, seems to be the important thing.

//And that, we hope, will take care of that...JWC//

REDD BOGGS, 2209 Highland Pl., N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minn. -- The new columns by Dan Adkins and Bob Tucker wre enjoyable, and together with Marion Z. Bradley's occasional column gave Yandro one of the most formidable lineups of columns since the days of Spacewarp/1949/--which of course had Laney, Sneary, Watkins, and (coff) myself.

While I disagree with much that Rich Brown says, I'm quite impressed with his passionate letter. I recall comparing him recently with Terry Carr/1953/. I think I'll have to revise this and compare him with Carr/1955/. It's easy to put somebody in a favorable light by comparing him with horrible examples. One can, of course, see that Ackerman is worth "any ten George Wetzels, Gem Carrs," and so on, but one oneder's if it is as obvious that 4SJ is worth ten of the likes of Dean Grennell, Art Rapp, Bob Silverberg, Lee Hoffman, Bob Tucker, Bob Bloch, or even F. Towner Laney? Such comparisons would, I think, put the situation into better perspective, though I decline, myself, to draw any conclusions. I quite agree with Rich that Acky is a Nice Guy; few people who've met him will disagree. But being a Nice Guy isn't any more important than the possession of various other traits. Rich to the contrary, I'd say that fandom was peopled largely by Nice Guys (and Gals), but those who have contributed most to fandom have been those who devoted more to it than an amiable disposition.

The concept of the milli-Helen is the loveliest notion since Joyce Kilmer denied that God creates poems and nailed down his argument by writing it in a poem that God himself would disclaim.

//Fancy us, instead of a letter-zine, we're in danger of turning into a column zine. Well, I would say that one of two dispositions is mandatory in fandom: either one is the born argumentative type who loves to pitch into a fued, or one is the amiable, shrugging type who is inclined to stand back and watch the proceedings and occasionally, and usually vainly, try to act as a peacemaker. The comment on Kilmer reminds me of a recently encountered statement in one of George W. Crane's grass-roots psychology columns; some club woman type remarked that she had always enjoyed good poetry, such as that written by Keats, Edgar Guest, and Eugene Fields....JWC//

BOB KVANBECK, Box 30, USNS Navy #103, FPO New York, N.Y. -- Juanita, you mentioned something about nonconformity being used by some people for the shock value it has.....Wouldn't it be possible that they are using this non-conformity to attract attention to themselves? Maybe they'd be sitting alone in a corner, unnoticed by anyone else, if they didn't use this means to bring attention to themself. Maybe, if a person is unaccomplished at conversation, jokes, sleight of hand, or whatever, and they need a means to gain entrance into a group, they use this means to gain the first notice.

// Yes, it nearly always is an attention-getting device, and a rather transparent one, usually. I mean, in my home town I was always regarded as somewhat bohemian because I laughed loudly in public, asked supposedly embarrassing questions of comparative strangers without any embarrassment myself and when caught in summer rainstorms, I took off my soggy shoes and walked through the shopping district barefoot. But for me, this was a normal mode of behavior, followed since childhood. When an apparent conformist suddenly starts hanging by his heels from the chandelier, he generally gets attention, but I doubt if the impressions held by the observers are exactly what he desires, which seems to be approval and/or acceptance....JWC//

I'm happy to note that you did something special to YANDRO for St. Patrick's Day. St. Patrick was my patron saint, while I was in engineering in college, since he was the inventor of the first worm drive.

// Oog! //

BJO, The Light in the Forest, 2548 W. 12th St., Los Angeles 6, Calif.

Howcum, if Terry Carr finds Yandro so constantly dull and irritating, does he continue to read it? If you don't want to be stepped on, don't go dancing.

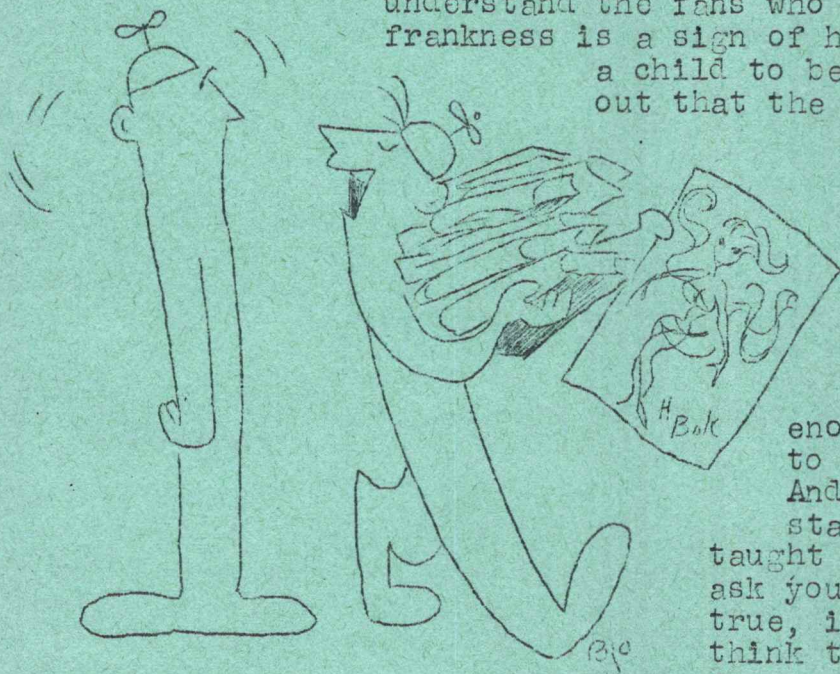
I have always thought that if a guy can dish out stuff, he should be very prepared to take it. Just because he played it stupid is no sign that you should make the scene at the nearest church to ask forgiveness. Most especially when guys give you unasked-for and very unconstructive criticism.

I like honesty. This is what makes friendships, in my case. But I don't understand the fans who think that blunt, untactful frankness is a sign of honesty and maturity. It took a child to be discerning enough to point out that the emperor had no clothes; but it also took a child to be untactful enough to publicly embarrass a poor man who was not overly bright.

On the subject of thoughtlessness being selfishness, I could write a whole article. Maybe I will.

//Dandy! If there's not enough room in SHAGGY, send it to us, huh? Pant, pant, drool. And then there is the little standard of etiquette my mother taught me: to wit - before speaking, ask yourself -- is it kind, is it true, is it necessary? Somehow I think this definition is a fine one for a gracious lady, but so few females fit that description....JWC//

What's with being fair to readers with bigger and better letter cols?



"OH, OL' WISHY-WASHY FORRY  
GAVE 'EM TO ME!"

You've got a better, more readable layout than SHAGGY has. Maybe because you've got only two or so fans working on it; while we have all sorts of willing hands and helpful suggestions.

//And imagine how humorous that statement is going to seem after this two-headed editor job on this lettercol. But I know what you mean; I think it was just before the Clevecon that the DeWeeses helped us assemble an issue, then dis-assemble and rearrange the verious issues, then assemble it again. ....JWC//

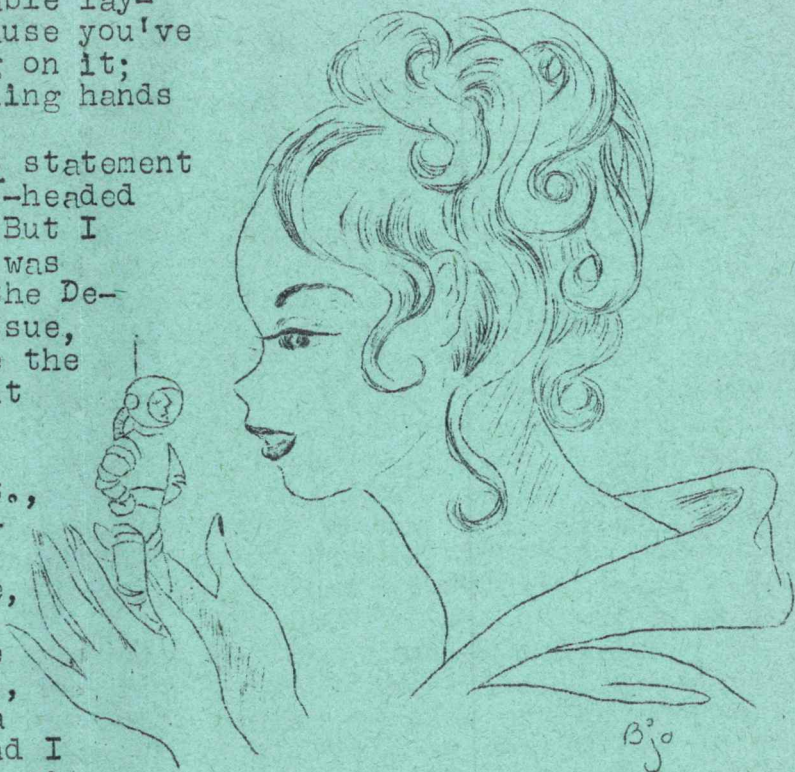
JOHN TRIMBLE, 5201 E. Carson St., Long Beach 8, Calif. - Re, nudists: You know, after several years of going shod, as it were, and the recent fad of shoes and concrete sidewalks (and the punishment that gives the feet), I'd wear shoes too, if I were a nudist (which I'm not--yet). And I

have it on good authority that going un-shod for periods of time now and then, that the longer one is a nudist, the less one wears shoes, until the older hands go barefoot. Don't imagine that nudists wearing shoes is any more sissified than using sun-tan oil when first going swimming/sunning in the summer.

//Well, sticking a large chunk of tongue in my cheek, I still insist that they're sissies. Concrete, hot, that is, can't compare with gravel. Of course, I suppose my barefoot habits have produced rather tough callouses; I have stepped on thumbtacks without pain. I don't wear sun-tan oil, either, and I don't burn (usually, that is; hormones or something double crossed me at the '57 Midwescon and I got a beaut of a burn, but I had plenty of company - and I was later informed by my doctor that pregnant women have to expect this sort of thing).JWC//

// - On hand is a loooooong letter from Gem Carr, and answering most of it, or even printing most of it, would consume twice as many stencils as are already cut for this issue, and we would like to get this thing out sometime rather immediately - and I have to mimeo the blarsted thing; (while I like to mimeo, there are limits to my enthusiasm.) GMC also wants to know, among other things, if I use stenafax. Nope, I'm a do-it-yourselfer as regards illos.....JWC//

BEM GORDON, 204 Boldt Hall, Cornell Univ., Ithaca, N.Y. - I tried my hand at cricket the other day..and the bowling is fantastic in that game. The bowler runs up at full speed, arms flying. Out of somewhere comes this hard ball at 70-80 feet a second; and you're 1) supposed to hit it (on the bounce) and 2) protect yourself from getting killed by it. My prime consideration was (2), to the detriment of (1), and to the result that I was a mass of black and blue. //See, Buck, vindication - male fans just ain't athletic.....JWC//



## I RIDE AN OLD PAINT

Juanita informs me that due to two factors (1) we're using a mailing wrapper this issue and (2) somehow the layout got fouled up, we are about to have a blank back page. This waste of paper is not to be tolerated, so I'll fill it with ramblings and some news.

NEW ADDRESS: Perceptive readers will have noted that the address given on the contents page does not correspond to that on the mailing wrapper. This is due to the fact that the contents page was stencilled first, before we found our new home. Correct address after May 28 will be RR #3, Wabash, Indiana. The new dwelling is a 6-room house, about 5 miles south of Wabash on state road 13. It has disadvantages; we'll be paying for our own fuel in addition to about the same rent. But it also has a lot of advantages; most of them dealing with extra room for Bruce. No longer will the poor underprivileged waif have to sleep in an odd corner of the library. He'll have a room to himself, upstairs -- and thus out of the way, where he won't disturb or be disturbed by fannish gatherings. Also, he can play outdoors in the summer, with the odds in favor of being run over by a truck sharply reduced.

This has been a somewhat varicolored issue. We got all ready to mimeo it, and discovered that we only had a trifle over two reams of Twill-Tone paper, when we needed about  $4\frac{1}{2}$ . So I dashed downtown this morning and picked up a couple of reams of Mohawk Bond. (And if you happen to prefer Mohawk's bluish green to the Twill-Tone lime that we've been using, don't bother to say so. The stuff costs \$2.50 a ream and will not be used except in emergencies.) Also, the covers of both YANDRO and CREATURES AND STUFF are being run on some 16-lb white paper that I picked up in Anderson a month or so ago because it was being sold for \$1 a ream and I couldn't resist the bargain. The same material is on the mailing wrapper (which is the use I intended for it when I got it.)

Unobservant types please note that Juanita handled all but the first page of the lettercolumn this time around.

I'm going to have the FBI breathing down my neck yet. At least one reader of AMRA took my socialist's view of Conan seriously and was outraged at this sort of Communist propaganda. This is doubly startling to me, since I seem to stand, politically, to the right of everyone in fandom except Gem Carr. (I don't think that it's possible to get any farther right than Gem. )

For those who are interested, SEX & CENSORSHIP has changed its title to CANDIDA (presumably in an effort to avoid prudish newsdealers and/or local censorship groups.) Its editors also have a little notice to the effect that unless sales improve, this will probably be the last issue. I'll have a more formal review of this third issue of the magazine in the next YANDRO; in the meantime, if you see a copy of CANDIDA on the stands, invest 50¢. If enough people do this, the mag might survive; if enough people don't do it, you might find yourself with a collector's item some day.

Mimeeing of YANDRO is progressing in the kitchen while I'm typing this in the living room; pretty soon the issue will be in the mail and I can concentrate on moving. Hey for the jolly old country life, wot? RSC