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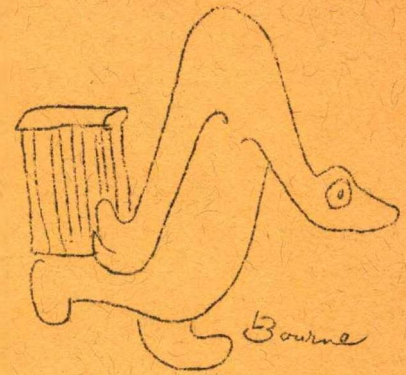
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YANDRO #37

(formerly "EISFA")

volume IV - number 2



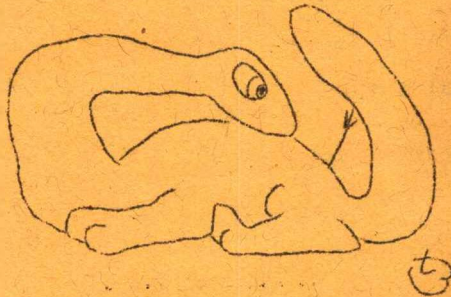
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YANDRO is published monthly (more or less) by Robert and Juanita Coulson, from 407½ E. 6th. St., North Manchester, Indiana. Price is 5¢ per issue, or a year (12 issues) for 50¢.



To anyone reading YANDRO for the first time: Honest, fellas, we usually have more variety than this. The length of the serial and letter column, plus the inclusion of the quarterly fanzine reviews, crowded out 3 other items which were already on stencil. Next issue, along with part 2 of "Because Of The Tulux", we'll have a story by Dan Lesco, an article (?) by Will Hee Lay, and a couple of movie reviews.



Lest anyone gather from the comments opposite on Geis that Ol' Buck deer is a tightwad...let me hasten to assure you otherwise....I always considered myself fairly generous, but this kid is on the sucker list of everyone and his aunt's uncle - mainly because he seems to give to practically every charity known.... he just likes to do the giving personal-type.....Lynn Hickman lets us know about the Secon II, to be held at the Charlotte Hotel, Char-

lotte, N.C., March 3rd and 4th....we won't be going, but we urge you li'l fans down in that there neighborhood to look it up...Lynn is also the only reader to object to the new name....Y'can't win...before, all we got were comments on the illegibility of the double column editorials...so we switched....now all we get are complaints that people liked the double columns better....com'on fellas, make up your minds..... There seems to be a deadly silence emanating from New York...maybe it's a good thing we are planning to make the Midwestcon a big fanfroo this year (unless some kind soul comes along with a station wagon full o'fen and offers to drag us along....the reading habits of fans are usually odd enough to elicit stares from non-fen in an ordinary locale....but in this burg, where some one who buys more than one magazine a week, (usually a morbsen) a fan is more than a freak....he's something of a local attraction.....I'd estimate, counting pbs, that we buy somewhere on an average of between 8 to 15 magazines a week....generally going into the local newsstand about three times, and someother town's newsdealer at least once.....this place sure must sell a lot of mags, they never can find the price on anything, and half the time have to be told the total price by the customer.....speaking a while back of the Morbsens.....I think the thing that sickens me more than anything else about the things is the pure hypocrisy....if they would merely come out and say...."Ohboy, have we ever got an earful of dirt for you gleeps - oh have we!".....but instead, the attitude seems to be.."Oh that nasty ol' sinful big timer....how disgraceful..." - and (aside) "giggle, giggle, drool drool...".....Gah!....Oh, I guess it's necessary to prevent a libel suit....but.....been reading some fascinating variety of pbs of late...HENRY THE VIII, DOWN TO ETERNITY (Titanic disaster), ANTHOLOGY OF GREEK PLAYS, ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN FOLKLORE, an alleged 'rate' novel called BELLE BRADLEY, and certain parts of CAVIAR. Visual eidetic memory is often unfortunate...I recalled a certain stf story I liked....but the only thing I could remember was how the last to pages went...as to paragraphing and so forth..I had that exactly, but couldn't remember title or author...I spent an hour or so pawing thru all our anthologies, hard back and pb, to locate it- finally discovered it was NOT FINAL! by Asimov, the pre-sequel to VICTORY UNINTENTIONAL....Now why can't I have eidetic memory about Titles...graph!..well the snow falleth and the latest sli meeting (this one at Muncie) beckons...see you next month.....JWC



There is a notice in the last issue of INSIDE from Dick Gels, saying that SFR has folded, and that all subscription money, instead of being returned, was donated to the Oregon Cerebral Palsy Foundation. Gels hopes that all his subscribers have as nice a feeling about this as he did when donating their money. Personally, I prefer to be consulted about the disposition of my money, and I'm perfectly capable of making my own donations to charity.

CHILD-RAISING BY COMMITTEE

The February issue of the READER'S DIGEST contains an article by one T.E. Murphy, titled "Progress In Cleaning Up The Comics". The tone of the article is set by the following sentence. "In a spontaneous movement groups of citizens across the nation rose up and, with nothing but the spirit of decency to guide them, drove the dirty books off the stands...." The entire article abounds in such high-sounding phrases, and is as phoney as a 1925 ASF. The fact that the comic book witch-hunt was started by a psychologist with a yen for publicity is not mentioned. The fact that a good many well-meaning people supported the movement because they were told that "crime comics cause juvenile delinquency" is not mentioned. In fact, juvenile delinquency is never mentioned. Comic book censorship is now and end in itself. This is a good example of the workings of censorship. It begins as an attempt to halt some existing evil. When it fails --- and it always does fail --- the emphasis is gradually shifted to the point that the censorship is good in itself.

Juvenile delinquency has not been halted, or even improved. The only result of the censorship is that a good many people have been deprived of the right to read what they like, merely because some parents are too lazy to take care of their own children. The right to censor a child's reading matter is one that belongs to parents only --- it is not the business of a committee. The modern parent, however, is too busy with civic welfare projects to look after his own children, so someone else must do it. Parents haven't time to entertain children, or teach the children to entertain themselves, so our already overworked schools are turned into playgrounds, with the teachers turned into baby-sitters. Parents don't teach their children morals, so the juvenile gangs without morals develop. Parents can't be bothered about what their children are reading, so anything that might possibly be harmful must be banned, so that parents can have more time to read the morb-seen magazines. Parents look with horror upon countries where children are raised entirely by the state, while at the same time demanding that the state --- or a committee --- look after their own children.

The fanatics who banned horror comics cannot admit that they made a mistake --- to do so might result in a loss of their power. They are now eyeing the field of adult magazines. Since banning comics did no good, it is obvious (to them) that children are still reading "filth". Therefore, other magazines must be banned. Science fiction is --- to the general public --- a juvenile field. Children read stf --- therefore stf must be "regulated". Such is the logic of censors.

RSC

Convention Announcements

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Dear Juanita,

May I introduce myself as Marilyn Tulley, Chairman of the forthcoming 1956 WESTERCON, to be held here in Oakland, California.

Would you please announce in your publication that advance memberships are now being accepted. Membership is still \$1.00, and all fans are invited to participate in the program of events being planned for their enjoyment.

Convention Headquarters will be at the Leamington Hotel, dates set for June 30 and July 1, 1956. (Ed. note: That's Saturday and Sunday.)

All memberships should be made payable to Marilyn R. Tulley. The official address is: Marilyn R. Tulley
432 23rd. Ave.
Oakland 6, California

There it is. As an old convention-attender, I'd recommend attendance to anyone within a reasonable distance of Oakland. These things are fun.

rotche..... a small bird of the auk family

From Don Ford comes further word about the MIDWESTCON. The date and place, in case you missed them in the last issue, are: North Plaza Motel, 7911 Reading Rd., Cincinnati 37, Ohio; May 26 and 27. (Also Saturday and Sunday.) The motel contains a lounge large enough to accommodate 30-40 people, and a swimming pool. (Though who wants to go swimming in Ohio in May beats me.)

Those who intend driving on U.S. 50, 22, 27, or 52 should check maps for "Bypass 50" which crosses U.S. 25 and 42 (upon which the motel is situated) about 5 miles north of the motel. Anyone coming in via air-line or Greyhound can catch a bus to the motel at Government Square in downtown Cincinnati. The Greyhound depot is 1 block away and the airport a \$1.25 ride away. (Tell the driver you want Hotel Gibson.) Those coming in by train can get a taxi either to Government Square or direct to the motel.

Liquor by the bottle is sold -- to persons over 21 only -- at State stores, which close at 7:00 PM Saturday and stay closed Sunday.

RESERVATIONS should be handled directly with the North Plaza Motel. Your first day's rent should accompany your reservations. Rates follow:

Single bed	\$7.50	Twin beds for 2 people	\$10.00
Units with 2 double beds		Two bedroom suites with 2 double	
2 people	12.00	beds in each room; 4 people	\$18.00
3 "	13.00	5 & 6 "	19.00
4 "	14.00	7 & 8 "	20.00
Double bed for 2	9.50	Two bedroom suites; 4 "	18.00
Unit to accomodate 3 people	12.00	Three " " 6 "	20.00

BECAUSE of the TULUX

— HAL ANNAS ————— *part one*

Two days before the semi-annual event of the Long Passage, two bronzed young men from the Mountain Lake Region appeared in the mushrooming city of Landsite. They offered in trade a catch of Ramos hides worth a million dollars on faraway Earth.

Word spread and they were quickly taken in custody by Captain Marman of the military whose task was to enforce the laws of Golgon.

Exactly six minutes later a man known as Sid Jones rushed into the Ro office. "Estes," he yelled. He was not striking in appearance, but there was strength in him. His jaw was firm and his amber eyes held determination.

A heavyset man came out of the second office.

"Marman has picked up two natives," Jones said, "and it's two days before the Long Passage. You hired me to keep natives alive. I want permission to go ahead with my plan."

"You don't know what you're saying. You become a native? Why, you wouldn't live twenty-four hours."

"I want permission, and if you don't give it to me I'm taking it!"

"Now wait, Jones -"

"Wait, hell! You know those men will die if they are held here during the Long Passage. I'm talking about the time when the satellite swings far toward the sun and balances as though it isn't coming back. Natives die at that time if they aren't in their own region. Why? You don't know and I don't know. Nobody else does. I'm going to find out."

"Okay, okay. What are you going to do first?"

"I want you to go with me and take those natives away from Marman. You have the power of the Ro office behind you. Let's move."

Estes hurried. For a big man he was not slow.

In Marman's office the natives were about to be questioned. They seemed more at ease than their questioners. They were tall and slim, delicate of features. Their brief costumes, because of the diamonds and rubies interwoven, might have brought five million dollars each.

Estes could not stop the questioning. Marman had that right. He could only give counsel and see that they were treated fairly.

Marman demanded, "Names?"

"Jai," said the taller.

"Alo," said the second.

Marman glanced around. He was short but broad, a man of moods. He turned back to the natives. "We have provided you a trading post out where the snowflowers live. Why have you come hundreds of miles over



the Plains of Hell - "

"The Plains of Avis," Estes interrupted.

Marman glared at him. "They are commonly referred to as the Plains of Hell and any man who has been there-

"The Plains of Avis," Estes insisted.

Marman was a man who could give ground when convinced. He turned back to the natives. "Why have you crossed the Plains of Avis?"

Alo spoke. "Because of the Tulux."

"Translate that, please," Marman said.

Estes frowned. "It is difficult. Tulux means a strong being which has many virtues of which Earthmen know nothing. That's a loose translation. It also means a very old being. We do not fully understand the psychology of the natives. Their language is simple, but they have many expressions for which we can find no reason."

"What do you want me to do with them?" Marman demanded. "We can't let them free in those costumes. They wouldn't live an hour."

"Golgons are hard to kill," Estes reminded him. "They are swift as light wry as a cat, and deadly in a fight!"

"Granted," Marman said. His voice carried a touch of irony. "And the Ro Office has been established to protect that kind of creature."

"We want them to have equal rights, to stop mob rule. There was a time when they were hunted with aircars, radar-probes; skidcars, hunted like animals. And the hunts were aided and abetted by the Military."

"We had to establish order on this planet."

"Golgons are friendly. Give them transportation back to the mountains."

"I cannot place vehicles in the hands of Golgons. I will lend the Ro office a bubble."

"A bubble? But a human can't cross the plains in a bubblecar. It radiates heat - designed for cold planets. Give us an aircar."

"I am making a concession in giving you a bubble. Now, take those men out of here."

Jones led the way out to the bubble. Here Jai and Alo balked.

"But we must get you back to the Valley of Waters beyond the far mountains," Jones insisted.

They shook their heads in concert.

"Why don't you want to leave this place?" Jones demanded.

"Because of the Tulux."

Jones scratched his brown-thatched head, turned to Estes. "I don't get it," he said.

"We go," Jai said, turning away.

"Hold on!" Jones leaped in front of him. "Estes," he said, "if they get loose in the city there'll be murder. Let's hogtie them."

Estes shook his head. "You and I and three more couldn't hogtie one of them. They're deadly in a fight."

"We go," Jai repeated.

"Better not block his passage," Estes warned. "There's only one thing left. You go with them. Don't let them get out of your sight."

Jones accompanied the bronzed men and soon knew that they were being watched. Wherever they moved he noticed the same faces in the vicinity, not the faces of miners who stared with curiosity, but those of men whose eyes showed greed. A mob began to form and at one corner their passage was blocked.

The muscles in Jones' back grew tight. He could feel the acceleration of his heart. He tried to persuade Jai and Alo to go in another direction.

"We go this way," Alo said.

"Why?"

"Because of the Tulux."

Jones spoke into his wrist communicator. "Estes," he said, "it looks like a mob action." He gave their location.

"I've got the bubble," Estes answered, "Be there in forty seconds."

Jones mentally feared that forty seconds might be too late.

A man pushed against Alo. And then, suddenly, the man was picking himself up several feet away.

The mob surged forward. The natives fingered the steel at their belts. There was a long dramatic moment. Unarmed, Jones stepped in front of the natives. The mob hissed, then moved. Jones was brushed aside. Inside him he felt that the killing would now begin. There would be a lot of dead Earthmen and two dead natives.

At that moment the roaring voice of Estes sounded above the murmuring. "Start it and you die." In the crook of his arm was a vacuum missile machine and in his eyes was determination. Without taking his eyes off the mob, he roared at Jones, "Get those natives inside here."



Jones tried. He had known it would be futile. He pleaded; he beseeched. He even thought of trying a right cross at Jai's jaw. Then he noticed that Alo was missing. He had vanished as though swallowed up by eternity.

"Break it up," Estes ordered the mob. "I'm reporting to the military." The mob dispersed.

"We've lost one of them," Jones said.

"No, we haven't. Here he comes."

Alo was indeed coming at a terrific clip. In his arms was the queerest creature Jones had ever seen. In the language of the Earth, one part of it resembled kangaroo, part ostrich, and part human.

"Now we go to the Valley of Waters," said Jai. Alo, carrying the odd creature, crowded into the bubble and Jai followed. Jones stared with confusion at Estes.

"Well," snapped Estes, "get in and get rolling. I've stocked you with ice. Strip to your skin and you'll probably make it. Those natives know things we don't; they survive out there."

The bubble was an awkward vehicle, intended for cold planets. At a minus ten it would radiate enough heat to keep a man comfortable. It maneuvered slowly but well in snow. Jones was drenched before they had made five miles. He switched on the visicom and began skinning out of his clothes. The natives sat behind him, but he was constantly aware of the creature Alo held. Its features were those of an aged man, its long neck that of an ostrich, its body and legs those of a kangaroo.

"Depredation by natives," said the visicom. "Seven killed. One lives to tell the story. Valuable zoological specimen stolen."

Jones didn't get it at first. He turned, "What is that creature?"

"Tulux."

"Where did you get it?"

"Where Earthmen had imprisoned it."

"How did you know where?"

"Tulux call for us."

Jones puzzled on while the story was told on the visicom of how seven men had been killed by a native. It seemed fantastic. The speaker said that a hunt had begun; that Estes had been taken into custody; that the Ro office had been closed and that legislation would be sought to abolish it.

"Turn North," said Jai.

"Why?"

"Humming-disc come."

"Radar probe. How do you know it's coming?"

"Tulux."

"I'm getting tired of this Tulux stuff. Explain something or I'm turning back."

At that moment the visicom announced that Jones was to be shot on sight.

"Tulux has long feeling," said Alo.

"What does that mean?"

Alo uncoiled a length of nylox rope for which he had traded in Land-site and with which the native women would weave soft sandals and other things. "Stretch thirty paces," he said. "Pull this end, other end move!"

Jones could well believe it, for it was impossible, apparently, for a native to lose his sense of direction. In some manner he must surely be guided, from a distance by the Tulux. Besides, how did the two know that the creature was in Landsite?

"Turn north," Jai repeated.

Jones obeyed. He was barely in time to get outside the first fanning waves of a radar-probe. He knew it would make a circle and return to its starting point.

"Second one coming," Alo said. "Go south."

This time Jones didn't hesitate. He knew it was developing into a pattern. The probes would feel every inch of the plain. Then the air-cars would come - and the trio would die here on the Plains of Hell. The second probe fanned its waves north of them. They were barely outside the ring.

"Two coming," Jai said.

Jones knew he could not escape two probes. He also knew he had lost about ten pounds in dehydration. Sweat oozed from every pore.

"Go west," Jai ordered. "Time short."

Jones needed no prodding. He drove the bubble as a bubble was never intended to be driven across the hard-baked plains. By the barest margin he got outside the coalescing waves.

"Many men," Jai said, "come from big village."

"Huh? We're twenty miles away. Are you sure?"

"Tulux always sure."

That meant skidcars. A bubble could never outrun a skidcar.

"Which way are the men moving?"

"Some go north; some south. Others come straight. Flycars come now. Go more north."

Jones had maneuvered until he was dizzy. And yet he could not deny that each move had been right, guided as it was by the Tulux.

"Are the skidcars gaining on us?"

"Very fast. Many humming-discs coming. This time they find."

It had been inevitable, Jones knew, from the first. He also knew of the natives' suffering in the hunts that had plagued the planet. Radar-probes could search every inch of the plain and report back every atom of life and every movement. Jai handed Jones a skinful of liquid. He said "Drink," and Jones drank. It was not water. "Vacos moisture," Jai explained. "Won't go away."

Jones took that to mean that vacos moisture wouldn't dehydrate as water. He was thankful for the drink but doubted that he could endure much longer. "Can we escape by going north?" he asked.

"No!" The word seemed to hang in air. "No escape. We try to reach Frown of Ro. There the Blue Depths will open."

It didn't make sense to Jones. He made no effort to elude the probe which circled overhead. "Ro is your satellite. Why is it important?"

"Must hold away from the sun."

Jones could make nothing of it. He knew that the satellite Ro, after which the Ro Office was named, was revered by the natives; that its elliptical orbit almost allowed it to fall into the sun twice annually. The annual orbit of the planet was little more than half that of Earth. It was small and its density was enormous, giving it equivalent Earth

gravity. But the satellite was gaseous. This was contrary to all reason, and no similar condition had been found in the cosmos. More, here was the equivalent of a second, third, and fourth sun. Golgon did not circle them, but they were there and very bright in season. Scientists explained that their rays differed somehow to keep them from burning to a cinder the little planet of Golgon which held so many minerals, minerals not found elsewhere. Jones knew also that something came over men that came to this planet. It was something which could not be defined. Most of them would rather work in the mines for a pittance on Golgon that work elsewhere at fabulous wages. But each one resented the other. Each one wanted the planet for himself, except the natives. They knew they belonged. They had traded and been robbed of fortunes running into the millions - until Radley Joe Keyote came to the planet so many years in the past. A native girl saved his life and he established the Ro Office and the Radley Joe Keyote Law which gave natives some equal rights.

These thoughts required seconds, and then Jones was brought up to the present with a grim warning of danger. "Must go faster," Alo warned. "Two flycars come."

Jones adjusted his viewplate at Alo's direction and picked up the aircars, tiny dots. There was no escape. The probes had given their location. "Stop near vacos cluster," Alo advised.

"But we'll be sitting ducks. They're coming right at us."

"Maybe not see in vacos cluster."

Jones grasped the wisdom of the thought. He couldn't hope to distance an aircar. Hide! That was the thought. Hide like a scared rabbit. It made him boiling mad, but it was sensible. He brought the bubble to a halt. The aircars came on like silver streaks, passed half a mile to the south. Two more, preceded by a radar-probe, passed to the north. Jai and Alo remained silent. Jones was about to set the bubble in motion when a strong bronzed hand fell on his shoulder. "Wait." In the next instant Jones heard the rushing roar of an aircar near ground level. It passed directly overhead at terrific speed.

"Now go," Alo said, pointing. "Toward shadow."

Jones had not noticed before, but now he saw in his viewplate a spot that resembled a shadow. "What is it?" he asked.

"Frown of Ro," said Jai. "Many enemies follow Golgons. Ro opens up Blue Depths."

It didn't make sense, but Jones was

"Where are the men from the village?"

"Coming fast, spread out, not far behind."

A dot appeared in the western sky. Jones sighted on a vacos cluster.

"Not time," Alo warned. "Many flycars, humming discs, sizzle cars, coming fast. They find. Maybe reach shadow."

"But what'll we have after we get there? It's just a dark patch of ground. The probes will pick us up."

"Frown of Ro," Jai insisted.

"How is that going to help us?"

"Because of the Tulux."

Jones shrugged. He continued toward the dark spot because there was simply nothing else to do. Dots materialized all over the viewplate.

"They've got us," Jones groaned, knowing it had been inevitable from the first. "Let's get out and spread something white."

"They kill," Jai warned. "Go fast."

Jones knew it was true. The thing had developed into one of the old-time hunts. The Earthmen would not stop short of a kill. Besides, there were seven dead men back there.

He turned suddenly. "Alo, did you kill seven Earthmen?"

The native shook his head. "Seem dead. Not dead."

"You stunned them somehow?"

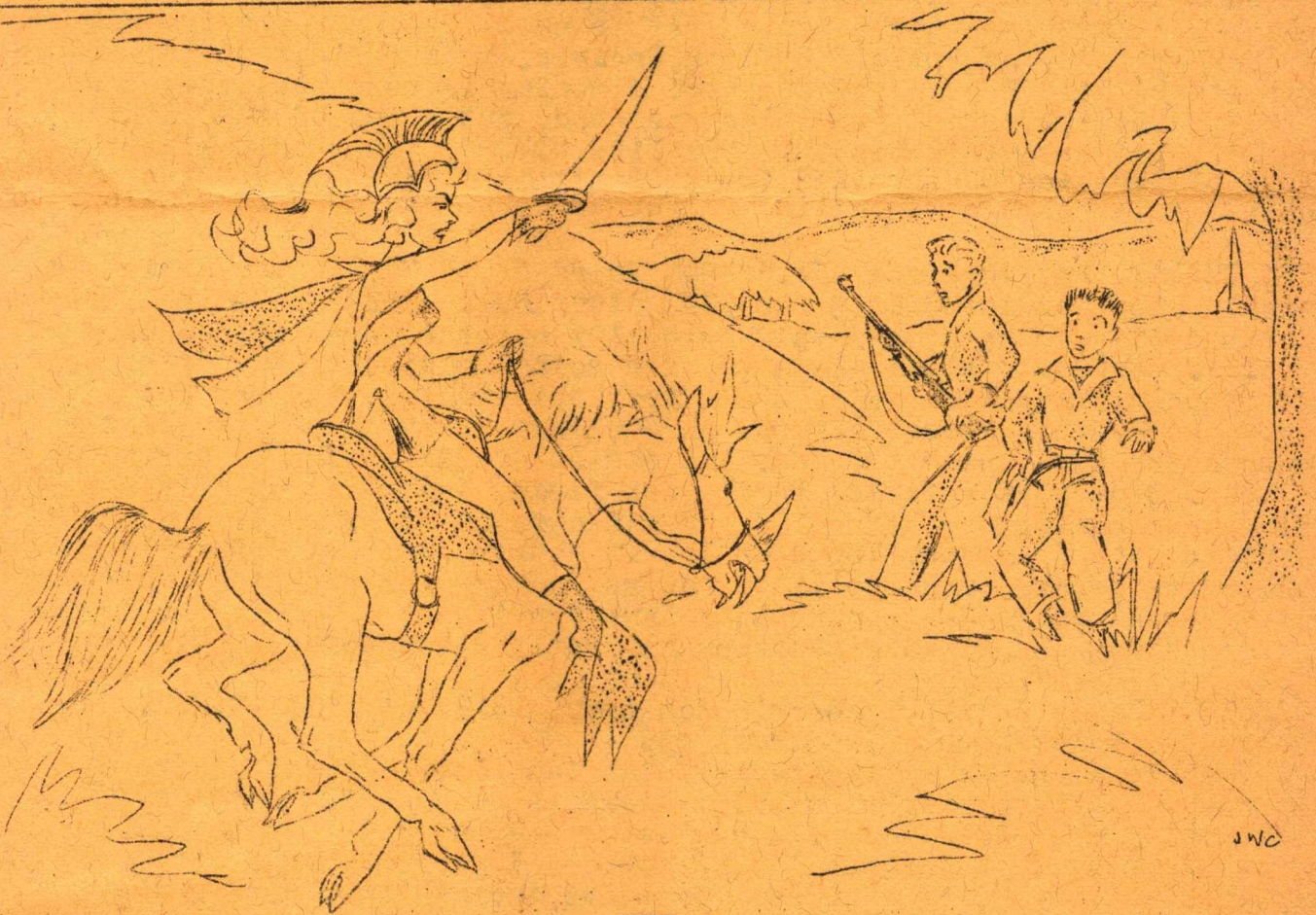
"Tulux!"

Jones took a good look at the parchmentlike features of the creature. The thing was beginning to assume gigantic proportions. Surely that aged monstrosity couldn't stun a man.

The thought came in, strong and clear, kill Jones on sight. No matter how he looked at it, his lot was with the natives.

The dots converged on the bubble. Jones drove hard for the shadow, but knew he would never make it.

(...To Be Continued ...)



Strange Fruit

- rsc -



ISFA (Ed McNulty, 5645 N. Winthrop, Indianapolis, Indiana -- quarterly, 15¢ per copy, 60¢ per year.) Vol. 2 #4

Maybe the old saying about "absence makes the heart grow fonder" is true --- anyway, this issue of ISFA looked better than most to me. It's a big issue -- 48 pages -- and the next one will be an Annish and even bigger. The wraparound cover, mimcoed in two colors, gives the zine a professional look (providing you don't look too close) and the format is remarkably dignified for a fanzine. This issue features more humor than usual, with YANDRO's own Tom Stratton doing a rather belated con report and a "Man From Yesterday" column, Neal Wilgus providing "An Informal Roadmap To Coham The Chrysmerian" and some very good cartoons, Gene DeWeese reviewing "Cat Women Of The Moon" and Warren Link presenting some light fiction. Serious features include a story by Bill Nelson (which I didn't care for), poems (rather good) by Nancy Shapiro and Vernon Hamilton, an article by Jack Daniels, book reviews by me, and an artfolio by Bill Nelson and Juanita. Mimeoing is readable, though still a trifle light. Some of the illos are good, but a lot of them don't come off too well this time. If you like YANDRO, you should like this issue of ISFA very much. (And if you don't like YANDRO, what are you reading this for?)

NEFF TRADER (Ray Schaffer, Jr., 4541 Third St. N.W., Canton, Ohio -- bi-monthly, 10¢ per issue or 3 for 25¢, distributed free to N3F members; Ad rates 50¢ per page, 25¢ half page, 10¢ quarter page) #1, January

If I ever take a full-page ad, I'm going to specify 4 quarter-page ads printed all on one page. Aside from this oddity, the mag looks pretty good. This issue features an explanation by the editor of the reasons for publishing the mag. The demise of KAYMAR TRADER certainly caused a flurry of activity in the fan field. Ray also apologises for the poor mimeoing --- actually, the mimeography is as good as that found in most fanzines. The zine is, of course, put out primarily for collectors (Beard, wake up!); if you're looking for back issue mags or out-of print books --- and what Indiana fan isn't? --- this one is for you. Both prices and ad rates seem eminently reasonable.

SCANSION (Roger Sebel, 13 Carrington Ave., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W., Australia -- copies free on request) #39

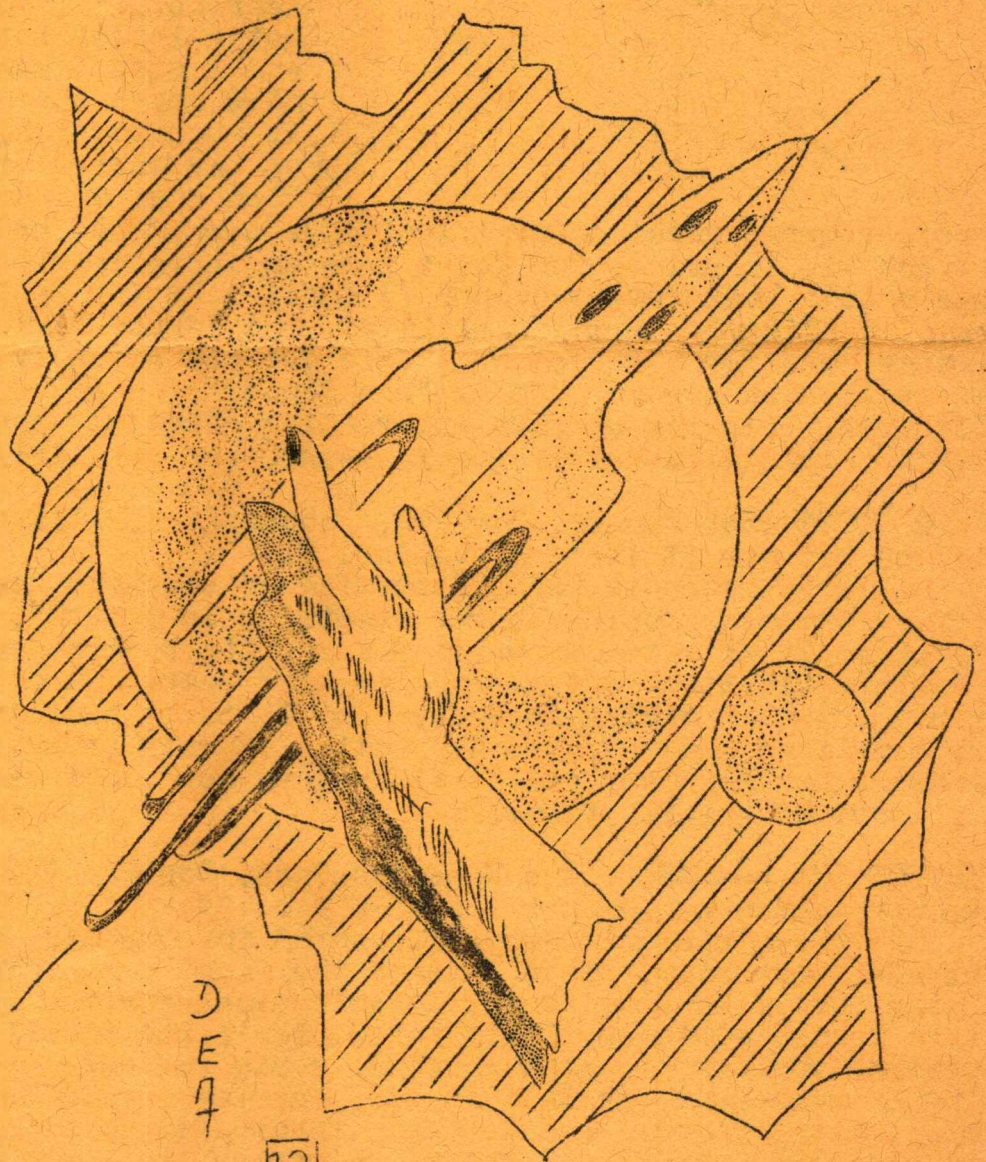
This is a one-page (legal-size) "semi-official organ" of the Sydney fan club, and is published weekly. There is a revolving editorship --- practically a necessity on a weekly zine --- but a letter to Sebel ought to bring some information. A notice, "Correspondance with fans anywhere welcomed", is included. Contents include some rather small humor, remarks on IMAGINATION, and a nasty comment on the rival fan club, who seem to be the Gleeps of Sydney, Australia. I highly recommend this fanzine to all our Australian readers. (I hope you enjoy this review, Roger, and don't let the fact that we don't have any Australian readers discourage you.)

INSIDE (Ron Smith, 611 W. 114th. St., Apt. 3d-310, New York 25, N.Y. bi-monthly, 5 for \$1, no single copy rate listed.) #13, January

Featured in this issue is "Manunkind" by David R. Bunch, a series of avant-garde stories taking up 18 of the mag's 46 pages. One or two of them are rather cute, but the overall impression is that Bunch isn't as good as he thinks he is. (Of course, I'm probably judged, since I detest that style of writing.) Bob Tucker reports on movies and fan doings, Ken Beale lists recent stf movies, Kenneth Ford rebuts a Bob Bloch article on stf movies published in the last issue, there are the usual outstanding book review and letter columns, and, in an item which is alone worth the subscription price, Randy Garrett and Lin Carter present "Masters Of The Metropolis", a story dedicated to Sam Moscovitz and fairly slopping over with the "old-time sense of wonder". This thing, which includes a hero named Sam IM4SF/ and a rather remarkable description of a subway train, is a perfect parody of the stories of the "Gernsback

era", and should shut up the fans who are yelling for a return to "the good old days". INSIDE is still the #1 fanzine --- and if it keeps on at the present rate, it may become the only fanzine. At present, it is combined with SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER, KAY-MAR TRADER, and SCIENCE FICTION NEWS LETTER. (For the benefit of our Australian readers, I'll mention that the Australian representative is John Gregor, 73 Esplanade, Cairns, North Queensland.) Note to collectors: INSIDE also contains several pages of ads.

ASF enters Heinlein in the race, but GALAXY has the Pohl position.





FANTASY-TIMES (P.O. Box 2331, Paterson 23, New Jersey -- semi-monthly, 10¢ per issue or 12 for \$1)

There is very little about this fan-zine to review. When you've mentioned that it is a must for anyone interested in fan and pro news, you have said it all. Get this one!

TACITUM (Benny Sodek, 1432 Calhoun St., New Orleans 18, Louisiana -- 10¢ each or 3 for 25¢) #6

Probably the most interesting part of this issue is the letter column, headed by a scathing blast by Marion Z. Bradley. ("Dear Benzdrine..."). Sodek does manage to get a lot of interesting letters, and I wish I knew how he did it. Mike May has a one-page column that is much too long, Claude Hall takes up his entire column --- usually the high spot of the mag --- to make:

nasty remarks about several individuals who have had the temerity to attack him in print, Ron Voigt pens an incredibly bad poem, Ray Schaffer has a fair book review column (I don't like the type of review he does, but I do like his writing ability), and Edmond Davison and Bob Carol present another "Derogation". This one was actually funny in spots. There is also a good poem by "Aga Yonder" and a special letter by Lee Sorenson, bringing up some interesting questions concerning fandom. TACITUM is edited mainly for fa-a-ans, and especially Texas fa-a-ans.

FAPA BOOZE (Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois -- no price listed because it isn't a subzine) #1

This one goes to FAPA, "trusting editors who keep on sending me their fanzines, hoping to get something in return", and Tucker's friends. If an outsider wants a copy, I'd suggest sending in 25¢; Bob might be flattered enough by this high appraisal of his efforts to send you a copy, providing there are any left. It contains 10 pages of Tucker ramblings, on t-v, the Clevention, Angela Lansbury, Gem Carr, Gilgamesh, Lee Hoffman, and "satisfactory sex". Not exactly hilarious, but sort of quietly funny.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS (The Nameless Ones, Box 92, 920 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington -- 10¢ per issue, 2 for 15¢, 9 for 50¢ or 21 for \$1) #86

Club o-o's aren't generally noted for quality, so CRY comes as a pleasant surprise. Since this is the first copy I've seen, and the mag has a revolving editorship, I can't vouch for the average quality, but this issue, edited by Wally Weber, isn't bad at all. Contents include prozine reviews, fanzine reviews, movie reviews, prozine ratings, meeting announcement, article on TAFF, review of AMAZING for 1928, one short story (poor), and letters (interesting). Slightly reminiscent of an old EISFA, in that I think the entire issue was written by 3 people.

PSI (Lyle Amlin, 307 E. Florida, Hemet, Calif. -- bi-monthly, 10¢ per issue, or 6 for 50¢) #6

PSI is gradually improving. This is the biggest issue so far, and also the best. Mimeeing is good except for the headings, which for some reason are mostly unreadable. Contents include a biography of Larry Bourne, a good story by Jon Holstine, a fairish story by Dainis Bisons, a reasonably good imitation of Lewis Carroll by Noah McLeod, and a supposedly funny report of a local fan-gathering by Norro. There are also letters, a book review by Peter Eberhard, and the diagram of an invention by Jarro. I think this was supposed to be funny, but it failed to make it. The editor writes fanzine reviews which look like the "comments on the last mailing" seen in SAPzines --- they mean nothing to anyone who hasn't previously read the zines reviewed; and two editorials, one saying fandom is an abstract and the other plugging some definitely juvenile space-fact articles and booklets. Either we didn't get all the mag, or the last editorial ends in the middle of a sentence. Artwork isn't too hot, cover is awful, and there were 22 pages in the copy we got. Not bad --- not outstanding, either.

FOR BEMS ONLY (Paul Cook, 620 Avenue I, Boulder City, Nevada -- bi-monthly, 5¢ each or 6 for 25¢) #1

Cook has two accomplices in the publication of this; Robert Scott and Jerry Merrill. Since it is a first issue, I suppose they can be forgiven. The 8 dittoed pages are readable, which is more than can be said for some first issues. The editorial, by Merrill, is very good. Rick Sneary contributes some fairly original fanzine reviews, and I approve of his rating system, though I disagree violently with most of his ratings. A one-page story by Merrill is so-so. The other story, "Dark Mission", supposedly by Scott, is actually a rather poor plagiarized version of the Lester del Rey story of the same title. Maybe this is their idea of humor; it isn't mine. Illustrations and cover are fair. Let's hope this one either improves or folds rapidly.

I'd telepath, but I'm not sure it would understand me.

ALPHA (Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemlei, Borgerhout, Belgium -- U.S. representative Dick Ellington, 113 W. 84th St. Apt. 51E, New York 24 --- bi-monthly, 15¢ each or 6 for 90¢) Vol. 2 #2.

A slimmer than usual issue, containing a long and amusing article on devil-worship by Anton Ragatzy, the usual interesting letters, editorials by co-eds Jansen and Dave Vendelmans, and an announcement that henceforth ALPHA will actually be two mags in one, with one section edited by Jansen and the other by Vendelmans. They should call them ALPHA and BETA, but they probably won't. I liked this issue.

OBLIQUE (Clifford Gould, 1559 Cable St., San Diego 7, Calif. -- bi-monthly, 15¢ per issue or 7 for \$1) #5

The lead item in this ish is "SFR In Review", with reviews by Gerald Steward, Boyd Raeburn, Calvin Beck, Lee Riddle and Gregg Calkins. Steward's review is the funniest, and Raeburn's the most accurate. Also in the ish is a very funny Clevecon report by Bob Tucker, the first of a series of articles of advice to the prospective fan-ed by Vernon McCain --- and good advice he gives, too --- a reasonably humorous explanation of egoboo by Terry Carr, an editorial on the overworked subject of the "top 10 fanzines", and letters. OBLIQUE seems headed for the spot vacated by PSYCHOTIC.

GRUMBLINGS

(OR "POSTAGE DUE, TWO CENTS.")



Larry Bourne, Box 5044, Portland, Oregon

Have received EISFA. Have enjoyed many, many chuckles over it. Especially your illos, Juanita. I have never seen more humorous and whimsical illos in my life.

A few comments. Come to think of it, I can't do much commenting. I thot all the stories and articles were funnier than a crutch. I guess I'm just addicted to that type of humor.

I seem also to compliment you too much. I surely can find a little criticism. Yes. Your staples come out. It looks as if you have one of those stitching staplers that come with a long piece of wire. Am I right? /Nope./

Say! What happened to Lee Anne Tremper? I haven't seen a copy of MERLIN for goodness how long. Has she gaffiated or is she mad at me?

/A lot of people have been complaining about the staples coming out. We'll try to fix that when we can afford a bigger stapler. As for Lee, your guess is as good as mine. Nobody has heard from her since the con./

Robert E. Briney, Graduate House 411, M.I.T., Cambridge 39, Mass.

If you think "King Dinosaur" was bad, you should see "The Phantom From 10,000 Leagues"! All about a marine biologist who somehow activates a uranium deposit on the ocean floor and creates "an 'horrible monster ...it defies description! (To quote one of the "scientists".) There is also a beam of radioactive light (!) which shines up from the ocean floor and burns people and ships. The whole thing --- the light and its guardian monster, who looks like a balsa-wood carving of the Creature from the black lagoon --- are near enough to the surface so that people can skin-dive down to them; but still far enough below the surface so that a battleship can sail over them and get blown up by the radioactive light. And will someone please explain what a battleship would be doing sailing around in a small fishing cove, within swimming distance of the shore?/The captain was looking for pearls?/ The dialogue is priceless, and the acting is so wonderfully bad that you can't believe it without seeing it with your own eyes! "Science is a devouring mistress...with steel jaws...like a trap...that catches you..." "When we first met, we were just a man and a woman...I didn't know then that such beauty and such poison could be mixed in a single body..." /This I've got to see!/
 The co-feature of this was a horse of another color entirely. Called "The Day The World Ended", and as far as I am concerned it is one of the best of the small-scale sf films yet made. Cast comprises 9 people and a donkey; all of the action takes place in and around a small house in an isolated valley; and with a far above average script, top grade



acting, and some very simple but effective special effects, the producers come out with a highly entertaining, suspenseful, and intelligent picture. To enjoy the picture, you have to accept one major premise --- that certain mutations and physical changes can be caused in human beings by direct exposure to radiation, rather than transmitted genetically to the next generation. From this, everything else follows. There are minor annoyances, such as the mutant's make-up being a little on the comic-book side, but they do not detract from the general good effect of the picture. Plot, very simply, is that the world finally blows itself to hell with nuclear weapons; in an isolated valley somewhere in the west, one man has built a shelter where he and his family intend to wait out the months of radioactive storms, etc., until they can begin life anew. At the time of the big blast, seven people happen to be within the shelter of the little valley; they all gravitate to the house and move in on the old man and his daughter. Rest of the mo-

vie is the story of the fights and interrelations between the seven (including one man who was burned by radiation and lived, and now makes nightly excursions out into the land of radioactive dust beyond the valley, where he says "strange and wonderful things are happening..."), with the ever-present but never-seen threat of mutant invaders from outside. Everything is kept on a small scale, personal-relationship type; and on that level, the movie is as fine an example of good science fiction as I've seen.

And of course I read the Sturgeon story in ASF when it first came out. So it was by Sturgeon, and thus well-written. So when I want to hear all about the power of positive thinking, I can read Norman Vincent Spiel. Pfu! If this is all the better Sturgeon can do, he had better go back to writing ads for TIME and LIFE. Might make more money at that, too. He did come out recently with a very good off-trail mystery short in the SAINT DETECTIVE. Dunno whether this was a reprint or not, but it might very well have been. Is set in Jamaica, where Sturgeon lived for awhile several years ago, and may very well date from some of the stuff written at that time. Anyway, it is a very good story. Called "The Half-Way Tree Murder". If you happen to see the mag on a second-hand shelf, pick it up and read the story. The March 1956 issue. / I'll just do that. Maybe Sturgeon is written out in the stf field? I don't recall anything that could be called really good that he's done since "More Than Human". /

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

I can't think what might have happened to Lee and MERLIN either. I sent her a couple of columns she might have liked to use but I never got any reply or have seen anything of MERLIN since August. Maybe that monthly schedule was too much for her. I dunno how you managed to get up to 34 monthly issues. Needs terrific willpower to build up a record like that. I know I couldn't do it which is why CAMBER is so erratic. /Our strength is as the strength of ten because our mimeo is pure./

AUTHENTIC changes its cover format and the number of pages from time to time /also editors, so I hear/ but it is still with us. Milcross sent me the latest issue only the other week. I never cared much about AUTHENTIC in its earlier days, either. If you can look at a collection you can see its various transitional stages. Its one-story era, when it was reprinting U.S. stories like Galouye's "Tonight The Sky Will Fall", when editor Bert Campbell was insulting fans with his reviews, when he dropped them, etc. Campbell once made himself infamous in English fan-circles when at one convention he called all fans in the North of England where most fans are - "Bloody provincials". They had a field day with that phrase for months afterwards.

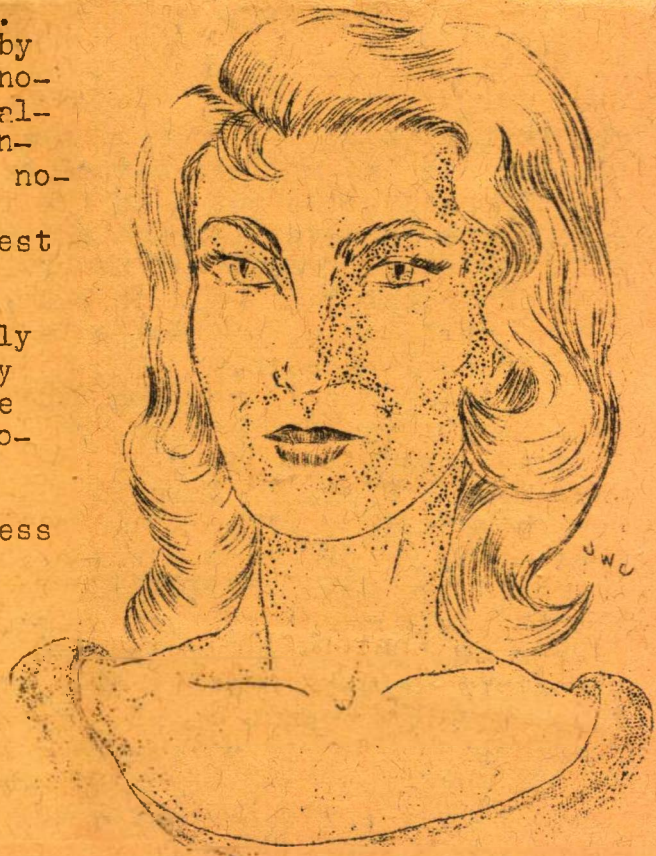
I dunno about being able to open your door /we'd been having trouble with our car/ but with the English Fords you can slam and slam like hell and you can't shut the door. I know because a character around here just bought a new Ford Anglia which looks like a small version of the 2-door effort. Heaven knows what would happen in a crash - you just concertina up I s'pose. Its only concession to luxury is a heater and demister - which you pay extra for - and the total comes to £600 /that's about \$1700/, which is sheer robbery.

Hilariously scathing film review by Gene DeWeese. I just missed "King Dinosaur" at a local cinema because I'd already seen the second feature. One interesting point Gene made I've often noticed - sticking a knife 3 feet from anyone in the ground is always the best way of killing anyone in a Hollywood film. Shock kills 'em I suppose.

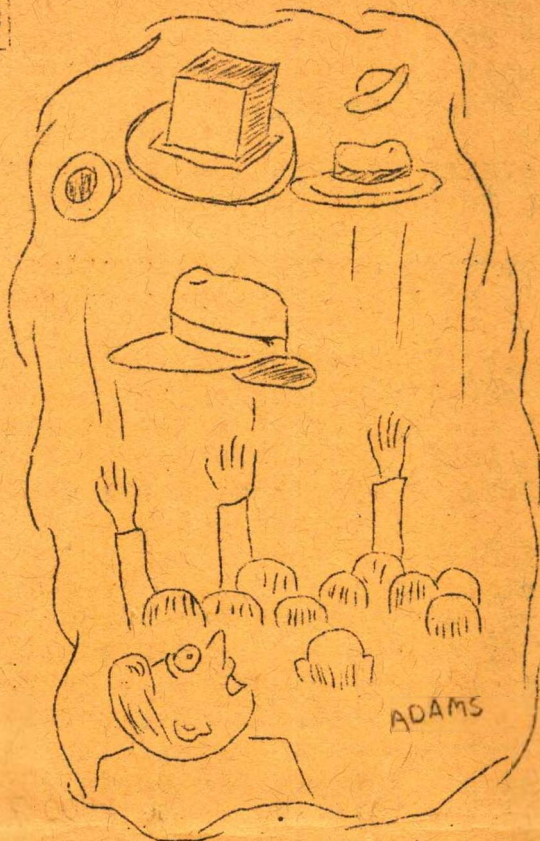
"The Ghoul Digger" was a remarkably smooth WEIRD TALES vignette admirably illustrated and I always like someone like Lesco who can get a complete story on to one single page.

Ricky Ertl, Argentina (complete address withheld by request)

At this time I must not try too hard to guess how mad you are at me. I reckon I deserve it, for not having written sooner. I wrote once a letter to you, but since I lacked envelopes I forgot about it and found the letter last week inside a book.



19



I have stayed $3\frac{1}{2}$ months at several different houses, till the revolution was over. That is why I couldn't: FIRST, receive any letter; SECOND, write any letter, and either couldn't do various other things like studying, going to the Club, etc. I suspect that many of my correspondence has been violated because of the spy in my neighborhood. I received some 4 or 5 letters a day and answered them usually the same day, and this must have seemed very peculiar to the guys at the P.O.; that's surely why I got almost all the parcels of mags in a very bad shape each time. /No, that's standard post office procedure; all parcels get mangled./ What I still regret is that I left many, many pen-pals and friends in the air. I had even to leave my local friends, some of them my closest.

/And that is why Ricky disappeared so suddenly. /

Lyle Amlin, 307 E. Florida, Hemet, California

Received YANDRO a couple of days ago; tell me, what is the special occasion? I mean, why the extra large size and price? Maybe to commemorate the change of name? /Nope. Annish. Incidentally, I hope that anyone who started reading YANDRO with the last issue isn't too disappointed with this one. This is more or less a normal issue; maybe not as good as the average./

I really enjoyed this ish, in fact, I just now finished it. Between Thomas, Eugene and Jack, the ish was made. I wonder, is Thomas nuts in reality as all his writings are? /Worse./ And what is this bit about his two wives? I've heard so much about it! Oh, staples. I mean, get some longer ones. Not everyone has a stapler handy when YAN arrives.

/ Juanita vetoed a full explanation of Stratton's marital affairs, for various reasons, but you can rest assured that he does technically have two wives. We'll try to have a bigger stapler by the time the next Annish comes out./

Don Boose, 1302 Winston Ave., Baltimore 12, Md.

Lovely annish. Where has Jack Daniels been all my life? /In a bottle./ Hoor-Ray, another movie review. Yep, Stratton's definitely a nut. By some coincidence (and also lack of money) I missed every movie that has been reviewed. Has Spidell been sick? His space ships sure were. The illos by DEA were beautiful ... so what were they? /As long as they are beautiful, who cares?/ I approve of the name YANDRO, Wellman being one of my favorites.

Robert Abernathy, Route 3, Box 242, Tucson, Arizona

Got the first rechristened issue of your magazine --- it gave me a bit of a turn, arriving in a 9 x 12 manila envelope and looking for all the world like a rejected manuscript. The contents, however, proved more agreeable.

I'll enclose a clean copy of my Cleveland convention speech in which you expressed interest; you're welcome to use it as you see fit.

/Coming up sometime in the future; Robert Abernathy's Clevention address. I feel that this will contain something of interest for every fan./

Mark Schulzinger, 6791 Meadow Ridge Lane, Cincinnati 37, Ohio

The main reason for writing was to compliment you on the latest issue of YANDRO. There's something about the name that makes it striking. Maybe it's because I read the story in F&SF, maybe because of its soft quality; a lot better sounding than EISFA. I didn't mind the double column way of writing the editorials. I think it takes longer to read a regular page than one in columns. /I disagree there, but we're willing to go back to double column editorials if the readers prefer them./

Bob Bloch has a few nice hints there, but I don't know about that respect bit. Certainly not the amount of disrespect he mentioned. If I don't like them I can always stop reading them; that's what my father did. He was with stf from the beginning - bought AMAZING since it came out; then transferred to ASF. About 3 years ago he decided that everything sounded the same, so he cancelled his sub and now reads POPULAR SCIENCE and PLAYBOY. Self satire is necessary in any group, be it a society or a fan circle. Once you lose the ability to make fun of yourselves you become static; stuck in your own pit. I don't think I enjoy anything as much as a well-written satire.

The stories were good, and I like Gene DeWeese's satire, although it could have gone on indefinitely. Hal Annas was good. I think that this is the first thing I have read by him that isn't rather off color. He's a good writer, but even sex becomes boring after awhile. (Reading it. What id (see, a Freudian slip) you think I meant?) My mind is slipping into a rut. I wish I could find some girl to keep me company in it.

/But would you want the kind of girl who would be willing to keep company with you?/

Re the comic books. What fun. I'll never remember the time I saw a werewolf depicted as being half man and half wolf./ You'll never remember... hmmm??/ I read an installment of TOMMY TOMORROW which talked all-knowingly about icicles in space and cosmic dust storms and people rid-



ing horses through space. /And in one issue of STRANGE ADVENTURES, the hero makes himself fireproof by drinking liquid asbestos./ The mags that really scared the hell out of me were the old PLANET comics. The bems were always so ben-ish and the women were so wow! that I used to get shivers whenever I remembered the story. The bems were always chasing a beautiful woman who was obviously running away from them. /She should maybe run toward them?/ What they wanted her for I never found out, but since all the bems were males I guess it was self-evident.

I have run out of words and fingers to type with, each one seems to be sitting in some sort of pie. Want a plum?

Dennis Campbell, 1249 Jepson St., Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada

Don't think much of rock-and-roll, but I think Bill Haley is probably the best exponent of the stuff. /Agreed./ Really prefer the old-time jazz. /Sorry; I don't like that, either./

Reproduction: Very good. "A Few Hints For Santa Claus" and "Strange (and how) Adventures" very good, also amusing. Gene DeWeese seems to write somewhat like Tom Stratton; how about more of Gene's work --- Stratton's too, for that matter. Hal Annas did a rather interesting piece.

I rather liked the editorials with the two columns. Nothing like being different from the rest of the fanzines. /Oh, we're still different enough; just ask Boyd Raeburn or Randy Brown./

Hope you put out more thick issues of YANDRO. /We will; next year./ Tried to get into the Canadian Air Force, but got a medical rejection because I've had hay fever. Darned regulations! /I'm 4-F for the same reason, but I don't object./

P.S. Got a Christmas card from Lee Tremper, but aside from that, I haven't heard from her. Any news?

/We're going to organize an expedition sometime to locate Lee. Anyone with a few St. Bernards to spare let us know. We have more work by both DeWeese and Stratton in the files./

Dan Lesco, 5543 Clement Drive, Maple Heights, Ohio

Normally I would send in a nasty letter, but after Daniels' article, I'll forgive him. It was one of the best things in the issue. Stratton's "Tobor Or Not Tobor" was good, too, (better than his stories). "Five Mile Shelf" was good writing but I didn't care for the story.

All in all, this annish was much better than last year's. The mimeoing is very good too. Keep up that standard all this year, huh? /On the mimeoing, yes --- on the contents, I hope so, but I doubt if we do./

/In case you couldn't tell from the style, this is Buck Coulson answering the letters this time. Juanita decided it was my turn. I keep thinking that I've left out one that was exceptionally interesting --- I'll likely find it the day after the issue is mailed./



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