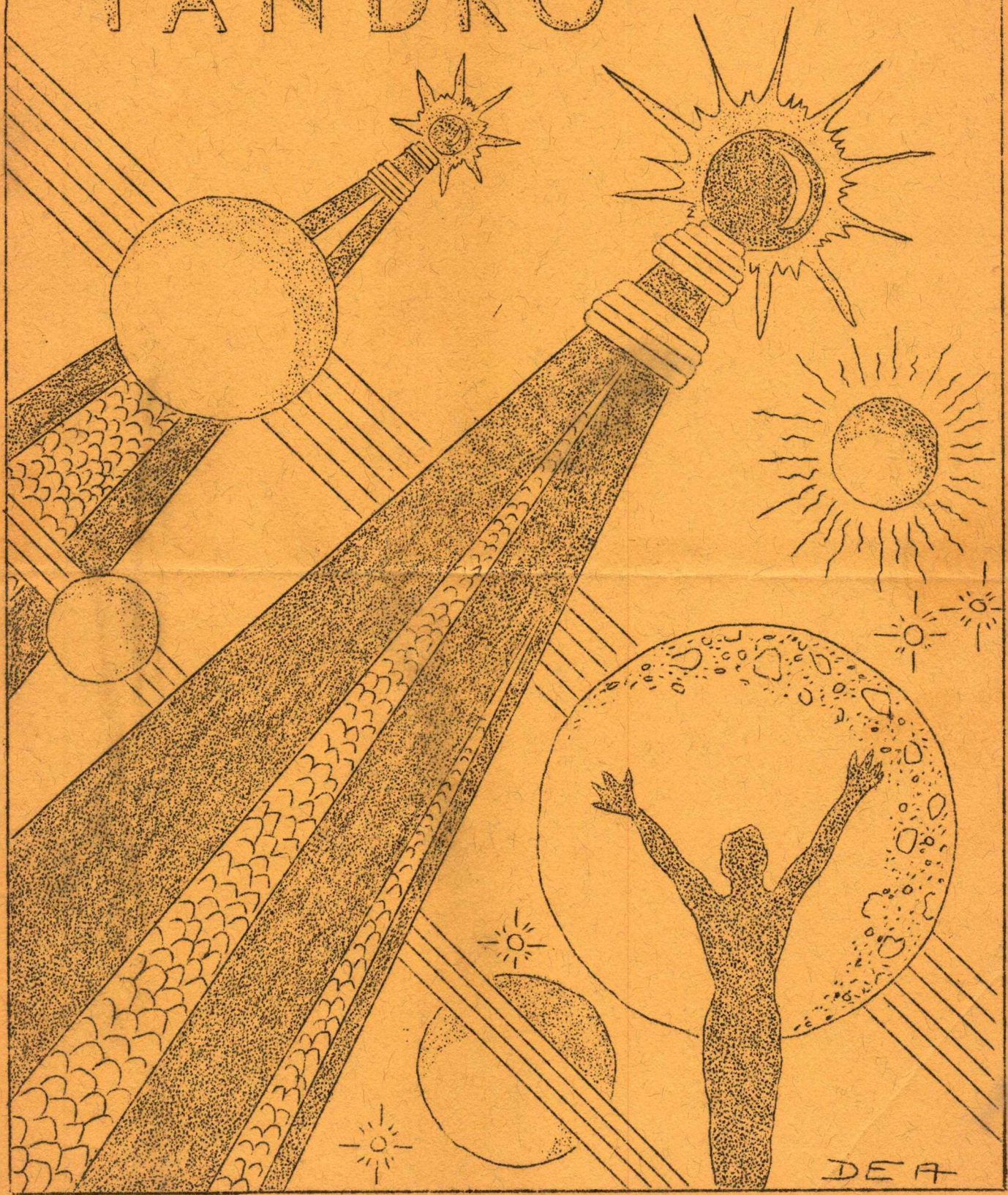


YANDRO



DEA

YANDRO

July '56

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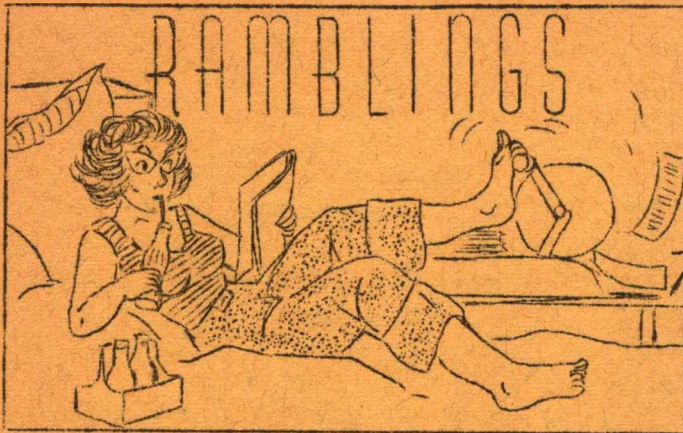
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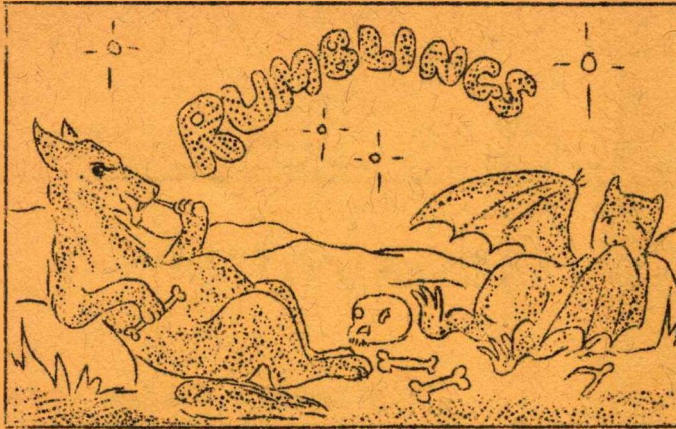
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We may not have much written material, but how many other fanzines give you the work of 11 different artists in one issue?



I haven't quite figured out how to run the mimeo that way...but be patient...I'm working on it..... It's a conspiracy of some sort.... the last time we had a meeting at Eddie's House everyone got roped into helping assemble ISFA and I got a scissors shoved in my face with instructions to cut out those beautiful Bryer color plates for mounting on the cover...this time, I get a pencil shoved in my face and instructions to draw a parody

cover....parody of a cartoon cover, yet...oog?.....fascinating intellectual discussion on the difficulties of reading a magazine while taking a shower.....we never did get it settled...obviously calls for a symposium.....while I'm not quite as enthusiastic over "1984" as is the lord and master over there, I don't have Dodd's objections to the actors....I rather like Edmond O'Brien....over here the t-v version featured Eddie Albert, another of my favorites, but I don't believe the t-v commercials added any to the effect....my main complaint about the movie was its length....they tried desperately to follow the book's plot in all major points...and they simply didn't have the time to do it.....that would take a good two hours to develop adequately...right now, it's somewhat like condensed milk....telescoped so to say.. We were going to have a DEA cover on this, but not this particular DEA cover....at the last minute this one arrived, and it was so much better than the other planned one, we couldn't resist the substitutionI'm rather fond of it, myself...the passion seems to be for 'different' fanzines now.....I don't know....I think avant garde in any medium is somewhat like a banana split....there's a limit to how much you can assimilate at any one time...after then it begins to get somewhat thickly rich in a sickening sort of way;this would be true of other things, if they were. , like the avant garde deals, trying to be different for the mere sake of being different....I don't approve of the staidly conventional, completely inhibited either, but the character who goes just as far the other way, doing the peculiar just to attract attention, is just as nauseating...it smacks of immaturity to me...(I would say adolescence,except that it strikes at every age level).....I was recounting to someone my adventures in observing at the place where I work...such as build^{ing} a table thirty feet long, stuffing it by main force into place....then deciding an extra aisle was needed and sawing the table in half as a result...but last week was even cuter...there's a metal plate on the floor fitted over pipes and etc..has to be lifted up to get at the pipes...so someone forgot and set up a table over the metal plate....move the table?...huh uh...they sawed a leg off the table...the one that was directly over the plate.. this is why the thing suddenly collapses one day, burying a couple of dozen workers under several gross of books....so if I'm not here next month, you'll know what happened.....JWC



Does anyone know the present address of Robert L. Chazin? He subscribed to YANDRO while at Harvard, and the last issue came back marked "moved - left no forwarding address". For that matter, does anyone know the whereabouts of Ted Wagner? We've owed him part of a subscription for over a year now.

We haven't dropped Alan Dodd's column; it got crowded out of this issue, but it will be back next month, along with the quarterly fanzine reviews, a story by Dave Jenrette, and whatever else we can stuff in. Incidentally, I'm gleefully expecting some comment on Ricky Ertl's story in this issue; the idea behind it isn't one often found in fandom.

In regard to the review of "1984" in this issue: I can only say that the movie is even better than Dodd says it is. This is undoubtedly the best stf movie I've seen since "Day The Earth Stood Still", and comes close to being the best I've ever seen. For once, Hollywood followed the book; if you were impressed by Orwell's writing, you'll be impressed by the movie. Michael Redgrave comes up with the best piece of stf acting since Michael Ronnie's performance in DTESS. Also, we received a letter from Bob Briney --- too late for the letter column --- praising "The Creeping Unknown" (the U.S. title for "The Quatermass Experiment"). He considers one or two acting jobs inept, but the show as a whole good. Hope it gets out here soon.

I sometimes wonder about the quality of the students at the International Correspondence Schools. Especially when I run across lines like the following, quoted from a section on electric switches; "(2) push-button switches, as shown in Fig. 19, which are operated by pushing a button." I know they have to make things clear, BUT.....

I am now the proud possessor (courtesy Roger Sebel) of Shell road maps of Queensland and New South Wales. (Australia, you illiterate!) Fascinating things....did you know there is a town in New South Wales named Grong Grong? Also Wooloondool Well and Wantabadgery. It must be a fine place to live --- here we are stuck in Indiana, which has nothing better to offer in the way of towns than Bean Blossom and Bippus.

I think I want a sexual bookcase, too.

If you haven't already, buy the pb edition of "From Here To Shim-bashi", by John Sack. This reads rather like something by H. Allen Smith, and is one of the funniest books about army life ever written.

Thank Ghu, the bottom of the page approaches! Have fun until next month, when another issue of YANDRO will (choke!) arrive.....RSC

JOHN CARPER and his Electric Barsoom



— thomas stratton —

In a lovely golden garden in the capitol city of the country of Hydrogen, sat the bold heroic figure of John Carper, Jedackack of all Barsoom, holding close to his bold heroic chest the pure and beautiful form of his mate, the lovely Jedackackess of all Barsoom, Disha Thorax.

They were, as one might expect of the Jedackack and Jedackackess of all Barsoom, discussing the welfare of their loyal and devoted subjects. They had been pursuing this patriotic line of discussion for many hours when another bold heroic figure cleared the twenty-foot garden wall in a leap and a half. It was, they saw as the figure approached them in leaps and bounds, revealing itself to be not quite as bold and heroic as John Carper himself, their newly hatched son, Cathartic.

"Father!" John Carper's son, the fruft of his loins, cried, "I come to you now to ask your aid, for you are even more bold and heroic than I. That lovely creature, second only in beauty and purity to my beloved mater, the fragile and

delicate Vethuvias, has been taken captive, placed in durance vile by the infamous Tortoisians. She --- Oh vision of loveliness that she is! --- has been taken far across the dead sea bottoms to the barren, wasted Polar Regions, the only place on all of Barsoom where your power, oh bold heroic father, does not extend. So I ask of you the boon of your incomparable succor in this hour of my greatest need and sorrow."

John Carper, Jedackack of all Barsoom, disengaged himself gently from the lovely arms of the beautiful Disha Thorax, and rose slowly and thoughtfully to his feet. He looked at the noble countenance of his only hatched son Cathartic, and seeing there the same Earthly strain of courage, strength, and loyalty which flowed in his own noble veins, made his decision. "Here, son," he said. "You may take my air rifle and may all the gods of Barsoom go with you!"

"Oh, great warrior and husband of mine!" spoke the incomparable vision of beauty that was Disha Thorax, "do not jest at a time like this! Do you not remember how you, John Carper, felt when I, Disha Thorax, was torn from your bold heroic bosom when you first came to Barsoom?"

"You are right, my beloved one," the Jedackack replied. He turned again to Cathartic. "You may have the services of my army, and my faithful friend and companion through all my intrepid adventures, the six-legged Barsoomian dog, Moola, will accompany you, as will my other loyal and beloved battle companion, that great green warrior, Kars Karkas. This will, of course, leave the capitol city of Hydrogen unguarded, but.."

The Magnificent Jedackack of all Barsoom hesitated; modesty forbade him to continue. He motioned discreetly to the shimmering vision of loveliness that rose gracefully from the ersatz bench. "But of course," Disha Thorax continued, "Cathartic, my beloved and only-hatched son, your father, being as bold and heroic as he is, will be well able to hold off any trouble until you return with the army. Besides, we killed off all our enemies in the last book."

"Electric Barsoom --- Mars in a shocking state, perhaps?" J. Bogert

Thus it was, that, backed by the mightiest (in fact, the only) army on Barsoom and its third greatest warrior in the person of the giant Kars Karkas, and led on by the keen sixth sense of smell of the greatest Culotte of all Barsoom, Moola, Cathartic, second greatest warrior of all Barsoom, set out on his quest for the second loveliest woman of all Barsoom. /What a sentence!/
Needless to say; he succeeded thumpingly.

Back across the red-crueted desert, the winding canals, the deathless dead sea bottoms, wound the great retinue, carrying aloft on a litter of gold and silver and precious stones, the fantastically beautiful Vethuvias, lovely maid of Mars. Back to the capitol of Hydrogen, where the great retinue lowered the litter of gold and silver and precious stones with a sigh of relief and collapsed.

"Hail, Father!" spoke Cathartic. "I have succeeded in my quest for the second most lovely woman of Barsoom, and I return, grown greater in stature because of my recent valiant deeds."

"My only hatched son, it does my noble heart good to find that you are following in my bold heroic footsteps. By the way, has your arduous journey diminished your princely strength in any wise?"

"No, father. I still feel that I am the second strongest mortal in Barsoom."



"Good. I have received disquieting reports concerning the legendary Puce Pirates of Phobos. How about running out there and checking up for me?"

"I am yours to command. Despite the fact that I have but returned from a cruel journey, and have only been re-united with the second loveliest woman in all Barsoom, I am ready to follow you to the end of the Universe!" ("And push you off," he added to himself.)

"Follow. Ummm...well, that wasn't exactly...oh well, never mind. My son, with you beside me, nothing in the Universe can deter me!"

Thus, as the golden orb of the sun rises over Hydrogen the next morning, we find a caravan of Barsoomian flyers, bearing John Carper, Cathartic, Kars Karkas, Disha Thorax, Vethuvias, Moola, and scores of extras, also rising over the quiet city. John Carper, Jedackack of all Barsoom, has begun his quest for the Phantom Puce Pirates of Phobos, surely one of the strangest episodes in his gallant career!

The flyers rose higher in the brilliant Barsoomian morning. Disha Thorax and Vethuvias were sunning themselves on the top deck of the flagship, just in front of the flagpole. The glories of Barsoom spread out beneath the ascending ships. The magnificent, awe-inspiring dead sea bottoms were. What more need be said? Anyone who has had the inestimable privilege of viewing their grandeur has had the glorious magnificence of these incredibly awe-inspiring sights driven ineradicably into his mind, and no further word by me could in any way enhance these memories; and for those who have not, mere words could not do sufficient justice to those glorious monuments to the wondrous past of this ancient, time-honored planet.

Higher and still higher the flyers soared. The dead sea bottoms fell farther behind. Now the curve of the horizon could be seen, and the white glitter of the snowfields around the pole. The growing chill of the atmosphere forced Disha Thorax and Vethuvias to retire inside the flyer. Armed guards, shivering in uniforms more suited to the desert than this Arctic altitude (Barsoom had a lousy quartermaster service), patrolled the decks. Now, ahead of the valiant company, could be seen the jagged, snow-capped peaks of Phobos, the larger moon of Barsoom.

"Hold!" shouted John Carper, striding across the deck of the flagship. "Cease! Halt! Desist!"

The crew looked up from their various duties of patrolling the deck, steering, navigating, scraping barnacles from the hull and each other. "Sir," asked the captain, "what great wisdom and knowledge causes Your Imperial Jedackackishness to call upon this indomitable, invincible, indestructable and altogether incomparable warfleet to stop?"

The Jedackack, suffering from one of his brilliant flashes of genius,

replied, "Is this not a flyer? A flyer which requires air in which to fly? Is there air between Barsoom and Phobos? NO! Therefore....."

"Father!" It was his only hatched son, Cathartic, standing before him on the wind-whipped airless deck. "You must have faith!"

The mighty John Carper appeared sad for a moment, then regained his Jedackackish composure. "You are right, my son! Sail on --- to the jagged snow-capped peaks of Phobos!"

But, were these the jagged snow-capped peaks of Phobos? It has been truly said that faith can move mountains; but could faith put snow caps on mountains? Especially when there were no mountains there in the first place?

But of course! In a blinding flash of brilliant insight, it was all clear to John Carper: this was not Phobos before them! It was a cleverly constructed and camouflaged artificial moon, and the jagged snow-capped mountains were not jagged snow-capped mountains at all; they were in reality, he realized, ingeniously disguised gigantic weapons, the peaks being the deadly muzzles. And the Puce Pirates had those very weapons trained upon them AT THAT VERY MOMENT!

All this he realized in less time than it takes me to tell it. /Anything takes less time than it takes you to tell it./ Even so, it was too late, for the brilliant flash, he also realized an instant later, was not from his scintillating intellect, but from the firing of those incredible weapons.

It was indeed fortunate for that gallant expedition that Cathartic had seen the danger a moment before. The flagship heeled sharply, and the bolts of ravaging energy flashed past, scorching the paint on the bridge. At the same moment, Cathartic loosed a broadside from the port guns. Luckily, John Carper's hawklike eyes found it almost immediately. The entire fleet was now taking evasive action. Flashing streaks of cosmic energy flamed between the fleet and the floating fort. With John Carper bellowing orders from the bridge of the flagship, the Barsoomian fleet began to close with the enemy. At last, two of the ships grounded on the artificial moon, and the Jedackack gave the order; "Boarders a-way!"

Swarms of chartreuse men, the deadliest fighters (except for John Carper and Cathartic) on Barsoom, poured onto the surface of the moon. Led by the bold and heroic Jedackack and his only hatched son, they were met by the Puce Pirates, and their allies, the magenta-and-heliotrope men of Deimos, in hand-to-hand combat. It was a colorful spectacle.

Meanwhile, back at the flagship, Vethuvias and Disha Thorax had crept quietly up the catwalk for a clearer conception of the cataclysmic chaos into which they had been catapulted. (How's that for alliteration?) But, no sooner than they had obtained the



deck of the craft than it tilted sharply sideways, dumping them precipitately onto the surface of the hostile artificial moon. The leader of the Puce Pirates, Argh Grghrd, took quick advantage of this by snatching them from under the very eyeballs of John Carper and Cathartic, not to mention Kars Karkas and the army, and swiftly secured them in his private quarters, inside the moon.

The battle raged on!

And on!

Finally, however, the smoke of battle (a spark from the clashing swords had started a fire) cleared away, and it could be seen that the forces of Evil had been crushed once more or less. Seeing their army destroyed, Argh Grghrd and his lieutenant, Mrumph, retreated below the surface of the moon.

Hot on the heels of the hellions hove the Heroes, hardly hesitating a hectare. (Barsoomian time unit barely worth mentioning.) Down through the labyrinthine, tortuous, twisting, tunnels and carved passageways they battled; into depths lighted only by the sparks from the clashing swords. At last, they arrived at the inner chambers where waited the two visions of beauty for which, subconsciously so far, this war (and countless others) had been waged and won.

As the two Heroes leaped into the room, Carper cried, "Unhand those visions of loveliness, you foul fiends, or you will have me --- and my only hatched son, Cathartic --- to deal with!"

"For that matter," added Cathartic, a practical soul, "you have us to deal with already."

"My bold heroic, only-hatched son is correct," Carper affirmed.

"And...." He gestured subtly to Disha Thorax and Vethuvias.

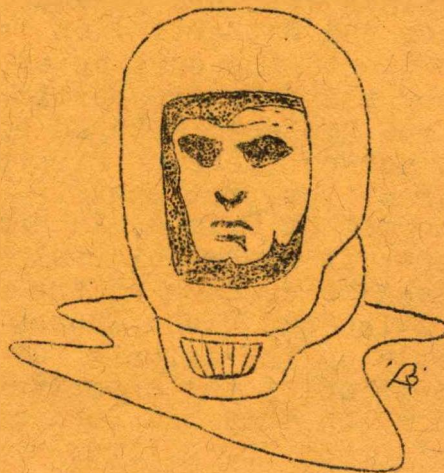
"And they are," chorused the visions of loveliness, "the mightiest fighting men on all of Barsoom."

"True," admitted Argh, evincing more courage than was usual for those of his ilk, possibly because he had a small blaster trained on the mightiest fighting men of all Barsoom. "But," he continued, "you are not now on Barsoom!"

In a few moments, Barsoom had a new Jedackack.

THE NIGHT SKY
by Bennett Gordon

As I gaze up at that vast dome
And see those countless points of light,
From far suns hurled, at long last come
To fill with wonder the sky at night,
I ask what lies beyond this Earth.
What secrets could that radiance tell?
What distant planets to life gave birth?
What civilizations rose and fell?
Some day Man will reach his goal;
Will learn, and then will tear asunder
Those riddles which now vex his soul.
Until then, I can only wonder.....



BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU!

A MOVIE REVIEW OF "1984" - BY — alan dodd —

"Big Brother is watching You!" This, above all, is the most memorable line from all of science-fiction's classics. George Orwell's ominous novel, "1984", now made into a film, is neither a warning, nor a prophecy. It is a message of futility. It is a cry of despair.

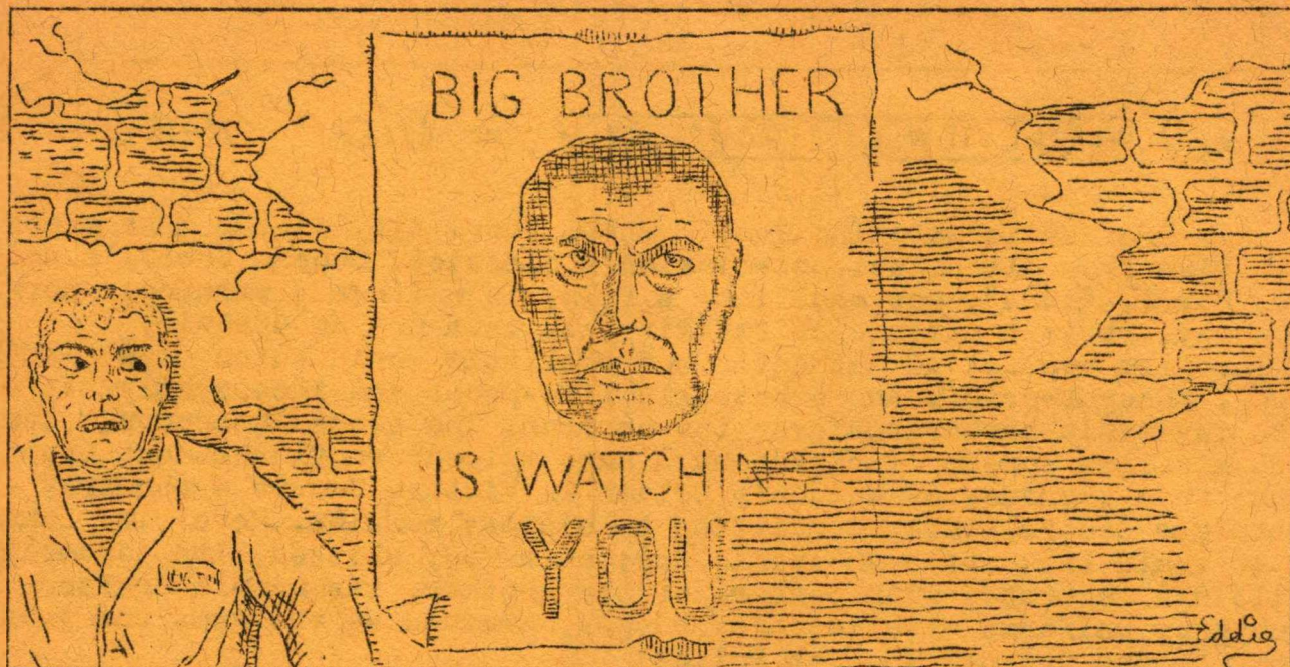
The film creates an authentic and realistic world which is bomb-proof, thought-proof, and eventually life-proof and incessantly at war with invisible barbarians over the horizon. The scene is London. War-head missiles scream overhead and a huge telescreen flashes out propaganda from the base of Nelson's Column in Victory Square - formerly ... Trafalgar Square, since no relation to history remains. Here is London as it would look after an atomic war; battered, blitzed, its crumbling buildings decorated with posters of Big Brother, its people dressed in drab grey uniforms with identity badges, crushed by the guns and jack-boots of the dreaded Thought Police

War according to Orwell is not only permanent but necessary, for it creates the ideal conditions for obliterating the individual will. Records of the past have been destroyed and history is only as old as today. Beauty and love are heresies.

In a Britain where thought must be controlled to suit the Party and only Big Brother may be loved, Winston Smith and Julia break the law. They fall in love. Everywhere that Smith goes, the unwinking eye of the two-way telescreen follows him, in his office, in his own rooms - even in bed. Big Brother is watching him. After all, he might talk subversively in his sleep. When he eventually does risk his life by falling in love with Julia - love having been officially abolished - the magic malevolent eye threatens to turn the affair into a three-some. Where the book makes clear that their revolt stems from frustrated sex the film, to appease the countless censors, substitutes romantic love. Orwell made it quite clear that Smith never fell in love. He was only committing sabotage.... "Their embrace has been a battle," he wrote, "It was a blow struck against the Party. It was a political act."

Their meeting place is a room over an old junk shop owned by a





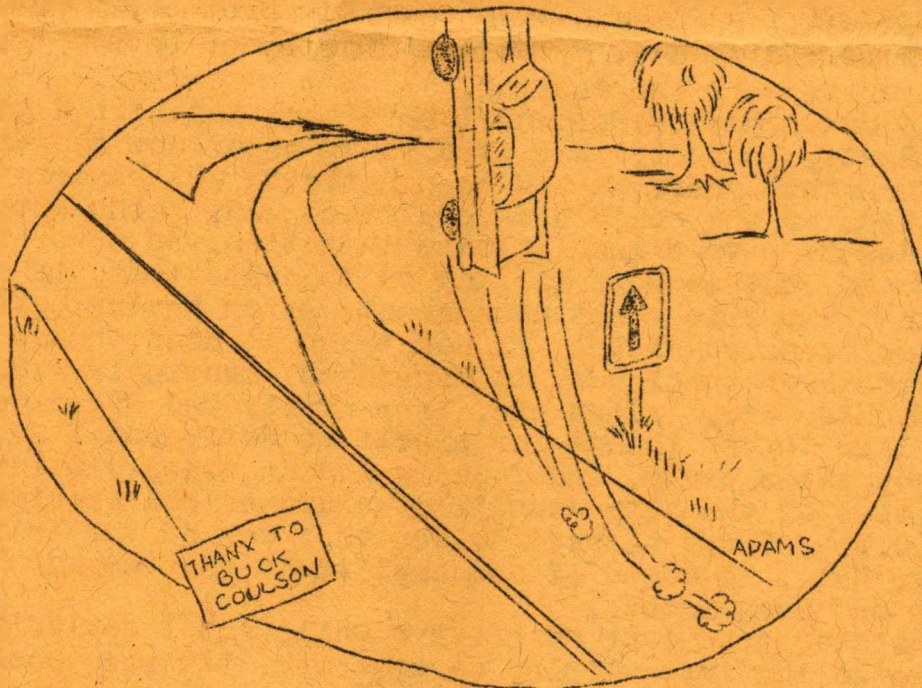
police spy who betrays them to the ironically named Ministry of Love , to be tortured and brainwashed. The Chief Inquisitor (his name in the book was O'Brien, but this has been changed to O'Connor to prevent confusion with star Edmond O'Brien's name) speaks to Smith. "I will make you hollow and fill you with love of Big Brother," he murmurs. Much of the fascinating horrors of the Ministry of Love seem to be missing, however. "What," you will ask, "has happened to the rats, to Room 101, to the cage and the tortures?" Why have they either been omitted or pushed into the background? //...Maybe that was something you got gypped on, Alan...like other items, perhaps that was one with two versions, one for Britain and one for overseas release, because these facets were certainly included in the version we saw...//

The remaining skeleton of this process leaves Winston Smith so that he sees now that two and two make four - unless the State decrees that they make five. George Orwell's book ended with the savage, sacrificial triumph for a twisted ideal which ended in defeat for humanity , with those terrifying, final words: "He had won a victory over himself ..He loved Big Brother." There is no other way that 1984 could end . It is the logical culmination of such a story, for under such pressure Man's spirit can only survive in death. This is, above all, a story without hope.

Inexplicably then, the film has been given two endings, - Orwell's for the American and world market, with the two lovers left to die but brainwashed and parted forever by the knowledge that they have betrayed each other; and for England, an ending with a last fatal gesture of defiance to suggest that the will to freedom can never be wholly extinguished. Winston shouts, "Down with Big Brother!" above the crowds noise. His cry echoes long after the police gunfire that kills him dies away. Julia dies too as she runs to his side.

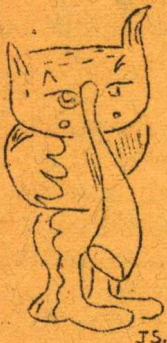
I could only wish that Yvonne Mitchell and Peter Cushing had played the two main roles in the film as they did in the B.B.C. television - version a year ago. Produced on a financial shoestring this packed all the drama and spirit of the story on to a miniature screen. The film, ten times more costly, plods through the same episodes without properly capturing Orwell's bitter, sardonic meaning. /We disagree, but that 's what makes the cockroach race, eh?.../ Edmond O'Brien and Jan Sterling, imported as the secret lovers, try their best but remain Hollywood - bound by convention and censorship. /You have no idea; several of those scenes would have had censor trouble if they didn't have the sanction.. 'made in Britain'../.

"1984" is a British film produced by an American company in England. It is not in Technicolour, VistaVision, or any of the other mediums but in plain drab black-and-white which is as Orwell would have liked it. Its World Premiere at the Warner Theater in Leicester Square London a few weeks back brought out not only the inevitable "Hate Week" placards but also a squad of jackbooted, uniformed "Thought Police" who hurtled into the square on motorcycles. As a film "1984" contains much of controversy, but above all it carries Orwell's voice, crying in the distance and getting fainter as we hear the rumble of an entity that we ourselves have created. For Big Brother is awakening - soon he will be watching US !



Report on Censorship

dave jenrette



From the SACRAMENTO BEE, June 14: "The members of the Sacramento Citizens Committee on Comic Books hesitantly set out on a two and a half week reading campaign last night to determine if magazines and other publications offered for sale throughout the city really are as bad as some folks claim. The group has been asked by Mayor Clarence L. Azevedo and Councilman E. A. Sayre, Jr., to investigate complaints that.....obscene magazines and other publications are available to youngsters..... The only dissident voice was that of Second Lieutenant David V. Jenrette of Mather Air Force Base, who...gave an apparent tongue in cheek dissertation on the evils of movie animated cartoons and suggested...the committee...could better spend its time in that field."

/Ed. note: The above clipping and the following account were contained in a letter we recently received from Dave. Rather than put them in the letter column, we decided that they deserved special mention./

Naturally, you'll recognize your own little "Censors Take Note"; I confess that I lifted it bodily, added a little of my own, and tossed it out. The results were interesting.

Rusty, the red-headed wife, and I have been interested in people for a long time. Rusty, in fact, is a psychology major due to get her degree in about another year. We had been noticing the reports in the BEE of the activities of the comic book committee and, being anti-censorship, we decided to have a look at them in action. We never did like those comic books, but we were willing to tolerate them, if only because something like this might come about. After having outlawed nasty comics, this selfsame committee has now taken it upon themselves to go further. They talk of banning adult magazines, mentioning CONFIDENTIAL, PLAYBOY, MALE, MAD, etc. /That etc. is a pretty bad magazine./

I always like to see things for myself so Rusty and I went to their meeting. We got there early, and found a medium sized old lady acting as representative of the city council of churches and president of the Sacramento W.C.T.U. I was pleased to see that one of the ladies present was named Mrs. Hate. (I dunno if she spelled it that way or not, but that's how it was pronounced.)

Well, something came over me after a while and I couldn't resist doing a little boring from within, so to speak. I'd read your article while waiting for Rusty to get dressed. (We dressed very carefully for this. My opinion is that a white shirt, quiet tie, and conservative suit will get you anywhere you want to go.) /A sport shirt and slacks will get me anywhere I want to go, but perhaps I don't go to the same places./

During the meeting, like I said, something came over me. Earlier, the madame chairman had said that she would be glad to hear anything anyone had to say. I took advantage of this, stood up, and slowly began. My tempo picked up gradually and I enjoyed every second of it. As a 2nd John I've had a few inklings of speechifying and I played them up as best I could. You know, plenty of eye contact, significant pauses, etc. The response was gratifying. They ranged from encouraging smiles to completely dumbfounded expressions. I went on, describing the terrible sadism, the terror, this horrid monster of the animated cartoon destroying our children. Oh, I tell you I poured out my heart. I finished and sat down.

The meeting adjourned several minutes later. Somehow they didn't seem to have the heart to go on. Getting ready to leave, we offered to give the W.C.T.U. president a ride home instead of having her wait on the bus. She's a rather old lady but said "It's not safe to be out alone late at night". While waiting for her to say a few fond goodbyes, several of the women present came over and agreed with me that animated cartoons were "terrible, simply terrible". One said she just couldn't stand watching them. We spent another five or ten minutes discussing the animated cartoon danger in all straightfaced honesty.

The W.C.T.U. lady lives on our way home, and she exclaimed several times how terrible it was that the woman who was secretary smoked so many cigarettes. The old darling was positively disturbed by such a spectacle. We dropped her off with a pleasant "good night" and I headed the Ford for our apartment.

I laughed like an idiot all the way home.

However, getting real serious for a moment, there is more than a laugh in animated cartoons being deadly. Not deadly in themselves, but just a sign of the times. They do show authority and the forces of right being stepped on and outwitted and I think that can be one of the biggest sources of juvenile delinquency. The kid is cheated out of the knowledge that law and order, authority, elders, are something to be looked up to. The meaning is there and it's very clear.

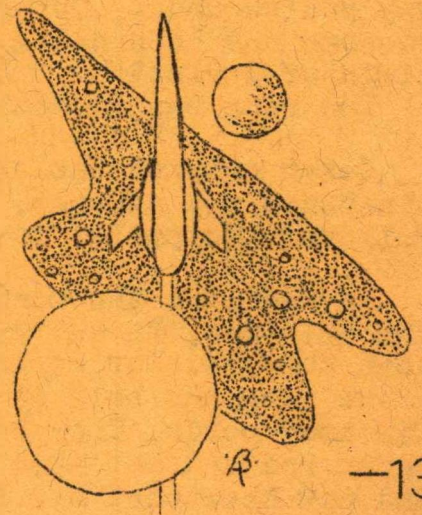
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SPACEMAN WANTED

ricky ertl

The space-worn ship sank on its tail of fire and rested gently on the ground. The deafened congressmen on the platform started their speeches, although nobody was listening to them. As the porthole opened, the crowd cheered and shouted with delight. Space travel had been achieved!

Cesar Pietranera, the first man who had jumped across millions of miles, did not notice them. He paid no attention to the flashing cameras of the newsmen, or to the speech of the Government men. He simply stood there, bathed in the warm autumn sunlight.

Space filled his eyes, space filled his body and soul. He took without noticing the extended hand of the President and did not move to the mike they had brought to him. He had nothing to say.

Cesar sat comfortably in a couch while General Lange paced nervously across the office. Sergeant Schmidt sat behind a dark cloud of smoke, chewing on his pipe.

"But think of the propaganda we need! We simply can't show the newsmen all the data and pictures --- we must take advantage of our position now. It is our job to gain the public to us. And that is your duty, Mr. Pietranera," spoke Gen. Lange.

Cesar looked at the ceiling before answering. "I won't step out of my contract, dear General. If I had to jump 10 miles, I'd try to do it, but as far as I remember, there's no clause in my contract mentioning about making speeches or talk to the press. I do not want all this fuss."

"But think --- millions of letters that you receive every day! And you haven't read a single one! All the world is hanging on you. You are the man we need; we couldn't do it without you. If you did just a little talking to the public, we would have all the support we need in order to launch our second spacecraft. This is the biggest event in history since Man was born!"

Cesar smiled faintly at Lange. "If I'm entitled to reply, I ought to say you're wrong, General. The biggest event of all times past and times to come has happened a long, long time ago. Or have you forgotten the birth of Christ?"

The room was suddenly drowned in an uncomfortable silence.

Cesar entered the church late in the afternoon. The priest came to his bench and stopped. "I have come to confess my sins, Father." Cesar followed the priest to the confessional and kneeled.

He had seen the wonders of space, the most wonderful artwork that is the Universe. He had felt fear and happiness; he was at first lonely, but then no more. For he had found that no one is alone. He had found God.

He rang the bell of the seminary. He would become a priest, and teach His holy words. They couldn't understand him, for they had not been in space and had not seen at close range the hand of the Lord. But he had, and now knew that his life had a real purpose.

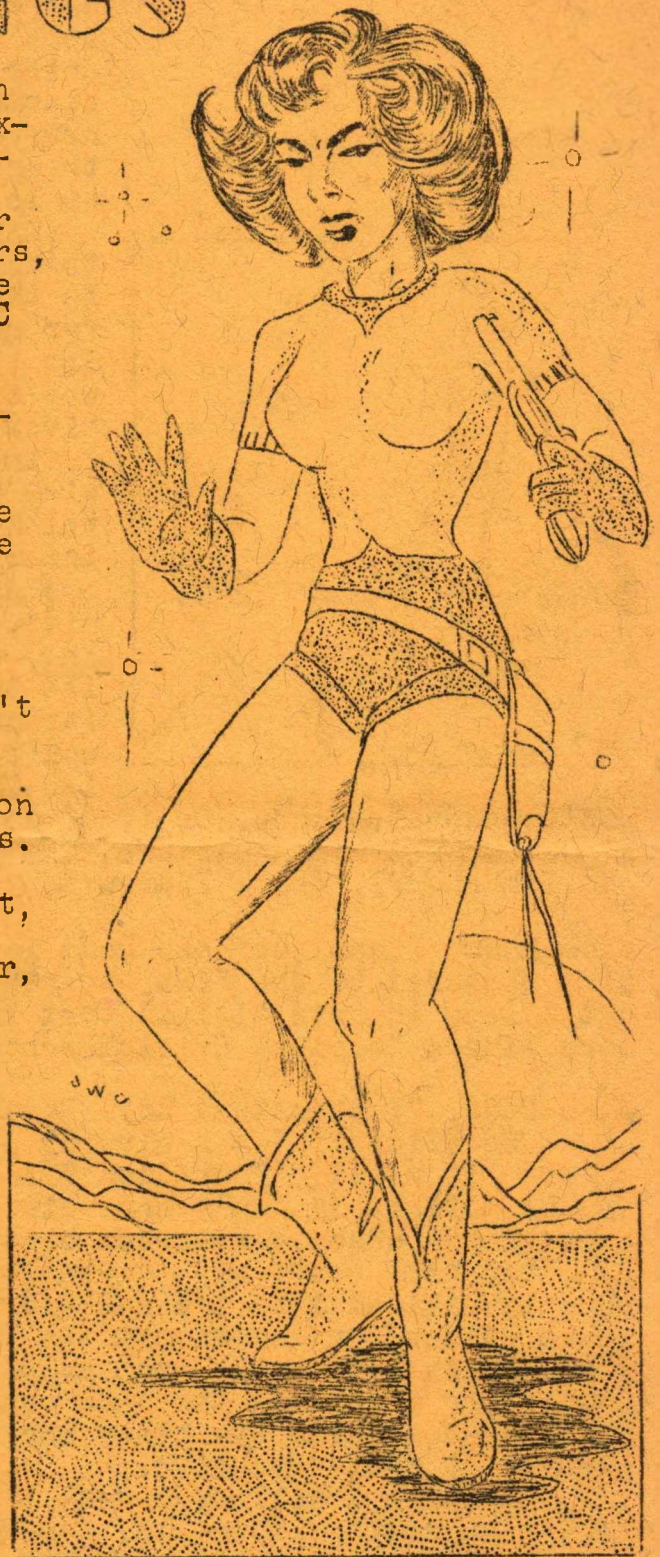
GRUMBLINGS

Since we didn't have any letter column in the last issue, this one will be extra long, and comments by any individual may be from as many as 3 letters. To those individuals who object to our practice of not printing entire letters, I say Faw! I'll run my own columns the way I want to.....RSC

Ricky Ertl, Argentina

Sorry I send this letter via common mail. Too expensive to mail this heavy letter thru air. Wouldn't matter if I had a time-machine, but since I am not the happy mortal who owns one I must stay in the horrid wait of one who doesn't know if his mail will arrive, at least before the end of the world.

I have one complain. You shouldn't print Con reports. They make me feel low and miserable. We haven't cons here. (Sob..sob..sob...) If you keep on printing con reports I'll try 3 things. First: I'd try to make my own private con in which I would be the only guest, only speaker, only BNF and/or neofan (as the occasion requires), auctioneer, and hotel manager. Also, I would have to change my clothes in order to become the guy who repairs the mike, so BNF (me, of course) can talk to audience (me); and also repair the keyhole - since I must get drunk according to Con Rules (AHHHHH..! Those WONDERFUL Con Rules!!!) Second: I would run, walk, swim, fly, dive, trans-mattering, rocket and/or time traveling or riding on louse-backs to the States in order to attend a stfcon. And if this is not possible, either, then, THEN there would take place the third thing. But this third thing is so horrible, terrible, schmootlepfopf and weird that I do not dare to tell you about it. Mainly, I can't tell you what it is because I don't know.





In ish #3 of YANDRO, Alan Dodd says he's being swindled by movie-owners. You were not swindled, since you saw two films and some cartoons. How'd you like it then, to enter an Argentinian cinema? The average cinema gives three full-length films, one newsreel and some other short films, for the price of 6,40 Pesos (that would be, more or less, some 18 or 20 U.S. ¢.)

Marion Zimmer Bradley is wrong if she thinks that pictures should be prohibited. In the first place, it is a very good help for understanding things. For you must realize that not everybody reacts in the same way to a given sentence. But the picture gives the impression of a whole, it is more definite. Pictures are also a way of expression of man, as are words and music. I don't think that they are a "mental short-cut" for inferior mentalities. But I think that you are confused - you wanted to say that the pictures in child's books are too distracting, which I can agree. But you must realize that they do not impress in the same intensity a 7 and a 12 year old child. You won't tell an 8 year old what atomic fission is. You must show him with pictures, or he

won't understand you. Or if he does, he'll not have an idea as clear as if you showed him a picture. Oh, I'd like to go on, but it's lunch time and I'm hungry. Shall I draw you a picture of hunger?

/You know, I can just see Dodd looking up ship fares to Argentina. Ricky also objected to the "fat, swarthy, Argentinian" in a British stf movie, but I seem to have mislaid that letter. From his picture, Rick looks more like a "typical British schoolboy" than most British schoolboys do/

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

So "Timeslip" has already penetrated to Indiana - Good. I wondered when it would. "Forbidden Planet" should be opening in London soon. No, we definitely don't have cinemas of all one price here except perhaps in the obscure newsreel cinemas. Front seats cost 1/6, middle seats 2/4, and back seats of the stalls cost 2/9. In the balcony the seats are roughly divided into 3/6 and 4/6, the rear ones costing the most. Triple these prices for cinemas in the West End of London as these always cost three or four times as much as any others. I had no idea at all about your seats being all the same price. In our live theatres though, the price system works the other way round and seats nearest the front are always the most expensive.

I think I will send Gene 3 copies of FATE - he definitely sounds like a promising eccentric. Come to think of it, he's right, you do look a bit like Raymond Burr. /Stugatsamafungoo!/
You made very good use of Bill Harry's work. Enclosed are some

pen and ink illos of his which were a bit late in coming because he couldn't find his mapping pen. That's The Trouble With Harry.

At last after an exhausting week, I finally finished CAMBER #6, and you've probably received it by the time you get this. /CAMBER is a Good Magazine. Buy it --- only 15¢ a copy. RSC/

Ahah! Coinage I can help you with. A crown in an obsolete word used to describe a coin no longer in existence. That is to say, some 50 odd years ago, maybe less, there used to be a coin worth 5/- but they just don't exist nowadays and there is no such coin around but when it was it was worth 5/-, ...if you see my meaning. Half a crown is 2/6 and is a word in very common use - anyone will know what you mean by that term if you use it.

/Everybody but me, that is. Now lessee, the crown is now non-existent, so the half-crown actually is one-half of an obsolete coin, but it is still being used, and.....sometimes I don't understand the English./

Bill Harry, 69 Parliament St. (not Upper), Liverpool 8, England

I really must write a letter of comment on YANDRO, I told myself some time ago. After all, anyone who's got the guts, tenacity, fortitude and down-to-earth cash to turn out a fanzine more than deserves a letter of comment, no matter what kind of a 'zine it may be, good, bad, marvelous or mediocre. /AMEN!/
To sum it up in one word, your mag is un-

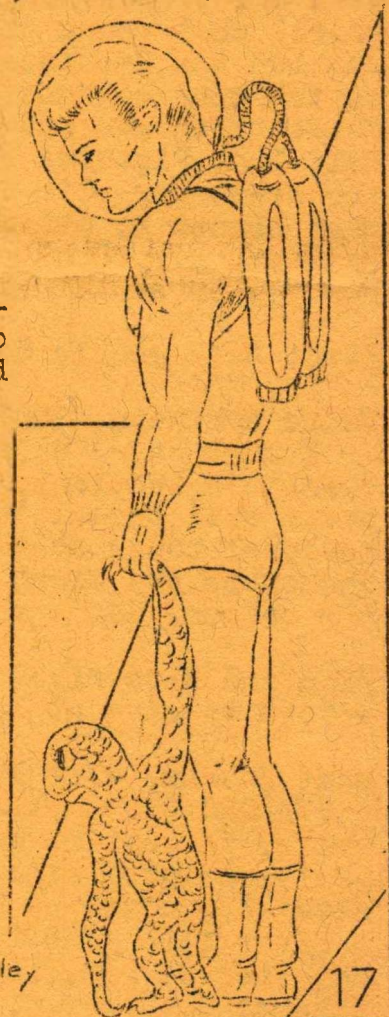
pretentious, but as it's meant to be there're no points lost on that score. The paper's nice; glad you use the same color throughout, white paper tends to make a zine look dull, coloured stuff (red, purples, blacks, etc.), dazzles me. Your material has a sameness about it, you never seem to go better or worse, which might or might not be a good thing. /Probably not, but we don't care much./

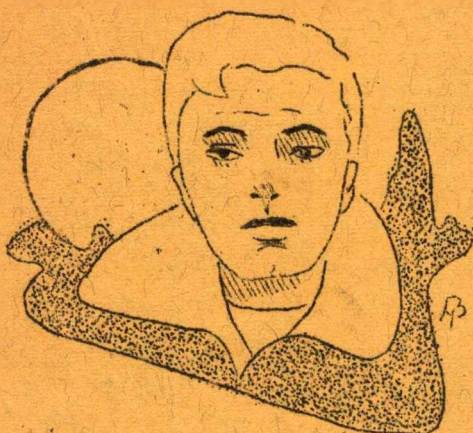
Glad to see Bob's thrown in a good word for "Alien Dust". Pity British books aren't reprinted in America, we have some really good stuff over here which the majority of you fellers only hear about.

/Well, it isn't really too hard for American fans to buy books in England, if they're really interested. (Incidentally, if anyone wants to know anything about buying in England, I'll be glad to furnish addresses of British dealers, exchange rates, etc.)/

Marty Fleischman, 1247 Grant Ave., Bronx 56, N.Y.

Wanna know somethin'? That story, "Tales From Hannigan's Saloon" was near professional. Where in the universe did you find this guy, the NZF manuscript bureau? Dan Lesco's "Cloud Of Death" shows a large improvement on his part.





Definitely better than that awful "Too Late To Turn Back". Let's have more from Dan.

Re Forry Ackerman's review of "Forbidden Planet" which you seem so steamed up about. I have seen "FP" and I am inclined to agree that the picture was "dull, dull, dull". The technical effects saved an otherwise poor picture. Monster movies may be mediocre, but at least they're lively.

/None of our stuff comes from the N3F manuscript bureau, mainly because we don't belong to the N3F. To answer a couple other comments on Greenbeard, the name is a pseudo for two Indiana fans, neither of them me.

Yes, monster movies are lively....but, then, so is a cockroach./

Jacob Katz, 945 E. 173rd. St., New York 60, N.Y.

I don't know how to start this Postcard to you. But here i go. First of all what wrong with your magazine, since i live in New York City publish the Grestness accont of magazine including S.F. The Main Trouble is too many columns and very few stories. The Artwork is very "GOOD" considering you had to work with a mimeographed machine and i use to Half Tone Pictures and with color too. You run your magazine like country newspaper with ony local S.F. envent in the midwest, i would like what happen in other part of this country is s.f. That what i paiding my money for. Don't take this so hard because every magazine no mather how big or small have faults.

/See! Some people do like fan fiction! For the other side, we have..../

Eddie Robinson, 3005 Arlington Ave, Riverside, California

I must say I enjoy YANDRO - perhaps I should say I enjoy yours and Juanita's sections, and the letter column. Fan fiction never has and never will appeal to me. Alan Dodd's column doesn't have the newsy, personal touch that "Ramblings" and "Rumblings" to, to me at least. Therefore you might say I spend my nickels for 2 editorials and a letter column. Odd, aren't I?

/You and Katz fight it out --- our balance of fiction and columns is an effort to give at least something to both sides./

Kent Moomaw, 4722 Peabody Ave, Cincinnati 27, Ohio

YANDRO #40 arrived just an hour or so ago, which prompted me to write. The satire on FU's cover-story policy was one of the best things you've printed since I became a subber; did Adams write the commentary also? I suspect as much, since it would take plenty of nerve to submit a cover illo like this one in a SerCon vein. Not that Adams doesn't have nerve, but...well, er...uh...damn, how do I get myself into these things? Good cover, as it is intended.

Tell me, why is there such an overabundance of fiction in your back-

log while other faneds (the few who really want to publish good stf) can hardly find enough? /Quite probably because we aren't so choosy about publishing good stf./

YANDRO #41 is about the best I've seen, even though the letters and fanzine reviews were among the missing. Both movie reviews were excellent, tho DeWeese's style had me a trifle mystified, if you know what I mean. Both the pictures have been in Cincinnati already, but I have seen neither, as I strongly suspected that both were stinkers.

Here's something, though: I was listening to the radio last night, to a detective program of some sort, when the announcer broke in with news about a big contest that was being run in connection with two of "the most astounding science fiction pictures ever made", a new twin-bill entitled "The Phantom From 10,000 Leagues" and "The Day The World Ended". The contest was for all the kids to dream up a name for the monster in "The Day The World Ended", and send it in. The best three entries would receive the "latest science fiction book"...get this, now; called "They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers"! But that wasn't all; each contestant would also receive a membership button in the WLW Science Fiction Club! Bleechhh....this, in the name of stf!

Bob Tucker's account of the CSFC meeting was quite good, but seemed to end too abruptly, for some reason. Wish it could have been longer and more detailed, I suppose. My own personal choice for the best and worst among the books I've read are, respectively, "The Martian Chronicles"/"Brave New World" and (worst) "Mission Of Gravity"/"Forgotten Planet".

/That WLW Stf Club sounds like a typical attitude toward stf of the general public. They don't know what it is, but it's a sales gimmick./

Hal Annas, Virginia

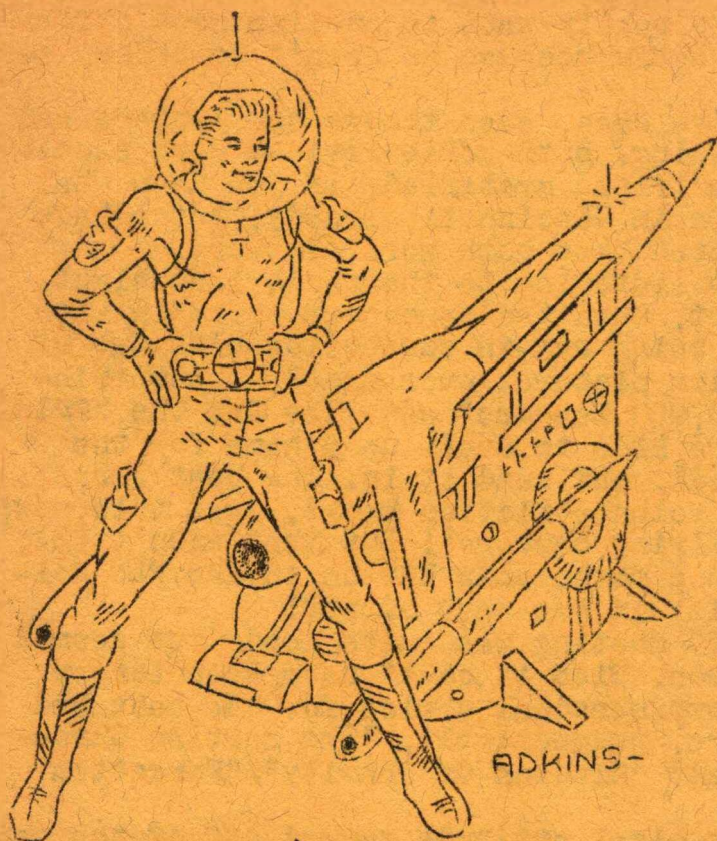
Cassius approved of your satire on cinema cartoons. I could tell by the way he scratched himself and recounted his fleas. The fact that he's a cat may've had something to do with it. /No comment./

Dan L. Adkins, P.O. Box 258, Luke A.F.B., Glendale, Arizona

Finally found time to finish YANDRO. The fiction was fairly good. As usual, Rather enjoyed the bit by Dodd. He proves interesting most of the time. I read "Against The Fall Of Night" some time ago. It had a sort of beauty to it -- very good, but I found parts a bit dull.

I'd like to see "Strange Fruit" become a regular thing as I'm interested in getting other zines. Most people don't seem to know this, but I haven't really been active more than nine months and I get only the zines I draw for. That really isn't very many although I hope to draw for many others. If you keep reviewing SATA, maybe my circulation will go up a bit. It isn't very high now.





Bob Farnham, 506 2nd. Ave, Dalton
Georgia

Bob Tucker's report on the U of Chi's club meeting and Bloch's comment re the Democrats and republicans was hilarious as is all their stuff. I think Bloch had the right idea as to breeding, but the wrong party. The Republicans should be allowed to die out as a race. /Now, just a minute, sir! I'll have you know that I am more or less a Republican! / So should the Democrats, especially in the south. Buck - is that your picture on the contents page? Not bad looking at all! /Not me; you can tell by the type of glasses. / I'm asking - NAY! I'M DEMANDING..that you pub - next ish - a Mid-West Con report of your own...it should have been in this current ish.

/It would have been a trifle difficult to get a report in the June ish, since we printed it the week

before the con. Maybe some real top-quality editor like Grennell could have done it, but it's beyond us. There may be a con report by Thomas Stratton in the next issue, and there may not. He didn't sound too enthusiastic. We were going to get Sidney Coleman, but he begged off with the excuse that he couldn't remember what went on -- if he had any of the Detroit punch, I'm not surprised./

Arthur Hayes, %Dominion Catering Co., Bicroft Uranium Mines, Bancroft,
Ontario, Canada

Enjoyed the whole zine, even with the perennial, "What's Wrong With Science Fiction".

The talk about pictorial comparison makes me wonder what you really look like. /Like the bem on last month's contents page with a different pair of glasses. / I saw quite a few at the Clevecon /Quite a few what? / but am now wondering if they all were wearing their real pans. Maybe the Masquerade Ball is really the time in the convention when a few of the attendees removed the masks.

Saw "Invasion of the Body Snatchers"...Good, except that to me it ended in the middle of what it should be. Works up to a point where anything might happen, and leaves you there. /That's what I liked about it. Glad to see that Ertl is breathing a little easier now. Under some circumstances, even schooling might be enjoyable.

Bennett Gordon, 81 Fairfax Ave., Worcester, Massachusetts

YANDRO arrived day before yesterday. The cover left me in confusion.

The artwork was very good, but what was it? Also, until I got into the zine, I wasn't too sure of what fanzine I was reading. For a minute I thought it was the first issue of a new one called "Eddie". DeWeese's article was, shall we say, different. But good reading. Man, I can see where you get your sensayuma. /Are you inferring that my humor is mere an imitation of DeWeese's? Blaggard!/ This Bob Tucker, by the way, I have reliable information on. It seems that this is merely a pen-name of Henry Kuttner...A few other pen-names of HK are Lewis Padgett, Isaac Asimov, Thomas Stratton, Joseph R. McCarthy, Orestes Minoso, and C. L. Moore.../Not to mention Jack Vance/ but don't let anyone know, because the Martians are always on the lookout for people who get too wise to what's going on. You see, Kuttner is a Martian....Abernathy's speech was most interesting, and was easy to read. (Didn't know I could read Russian, did you? I can, a little.)/I can't --- whatdiddysay?/ I understand the tune to Ross Allen's rhyme was plagiarized by a couple of aspiring young men name of Gilbert and Sullivan. /Damn all time machines, I say!./ By the way, guess where Henry Kuttner is. Yep, the Los Angeles storm-drains. /No, no, no! That's van Vogt..../

George Spencer, 8302 Donnybrook Lane, Chevy Chase 15, Maryland

Thanx for YANDRO. I don't remember saying so before, but if you'll remember, I had a short sub to EISFA last year some time. I must say, as compared to those issues, YANDRO is better. I never cared for that drab stuff you used then. It was depressing almost to the point of nausea. Like said issues, however, the last page comes loose.

Say, are you in a rut or something? Or is it just Harness? That illo on page 16 is the exact same thing as one in a back issue EISFA, except that it's backwards. /What sharp eyes you got, grandma./ The cover rib at FU was pretty funny. Those Long-winded explanations always did give me a pain. It's the only thing about the mag I really dislike...if you don't count the story blurbs, that is. As per Dodd's column, I agree that powerful anti-fans can do a lot to wreck fandom. Did you see (I think it was last year some time) the short article in POPULAR SCIENCE condemning stf? The author used excerpts from "The Caves Of Steel" by Asimov to prove his point. Now, obviously lines taken at random from stories make them sound worse than they really are. Even then, "Caves" didn't make stf sound quite as bad as the author intimated. There are hundreds of so-called "good" books that can be made to sound like crud from excerpts.

/I missed that article --- if someone could give the date of the issue that carried it, I'll start looking in used mag stores. Several letters got left out -- thanks anyway to Mike Chandler, John Champion, Jerry Merrill, Jack Harness, Bob Williams, & John Thiel./



YANDRO
R & J Coulson
407½ E. 6th. St.
North Manchester
Indiana, USA

TO:

Howard Devore
4705 Weddell
Dearborn
Michigan

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