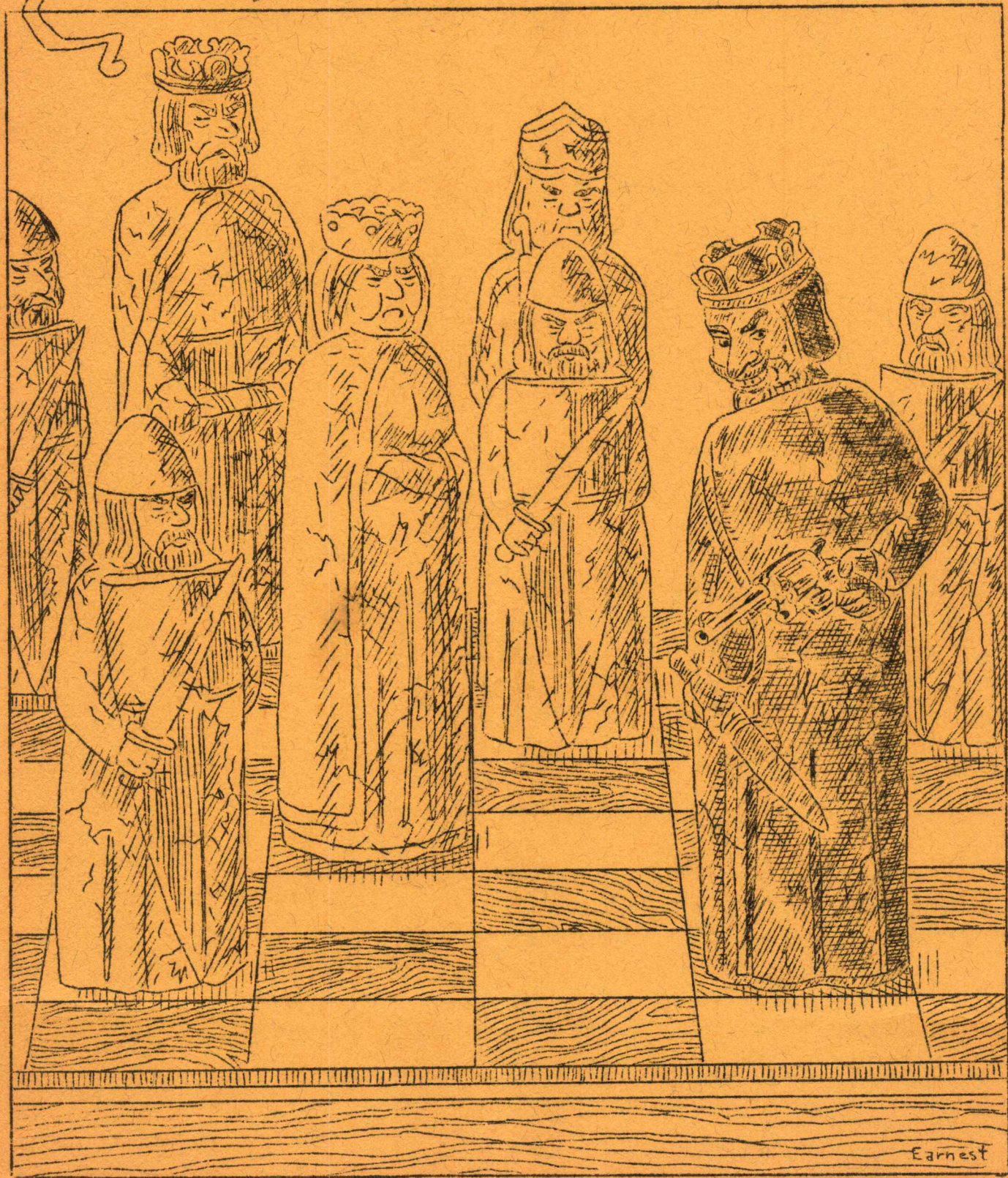


# Y H T A W T R O



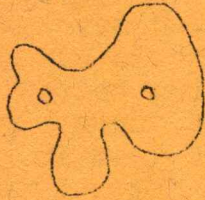
Earnest



# YANDRO

august '57

VOL. V - NO. 8



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This publication is called, among other less flattering titles, a fanzine. It is published by Robert and Juanita Coulson. The current issue emanates from 407 1/2 E. 6th. St., North Manchester, Indiana. Barring accident, however, future issues will be published at 105 Stitt Street, Wabash, Indiana, which will be our address from the first of September on. Price is 10¢ per issue, or 12 for \$1. English fans may order through Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts., England, for the sum of 10d per issue or 12 for 9/0. Continental European fans may either order through Dodd or send direct, at the rate of 15¢ per, or \$1.25 for 12.

Complicated, isn't it?

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I feel constrained to mention that the ads on pages 15 and 23 are all genuine, serious examples. (Or if they aren't all serious, they're at least all paid for -- if someone is pulling a hoax, it isn't us.)

## ARTWORK

Cover by Robert E. Gilbert, from an idea by James R. Adams

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"Mary had a little lamb - the doctor had a fit." .....Alan Dodd  
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NOTICE THE CHANGE OF ADDRESS LISTED ABOVE



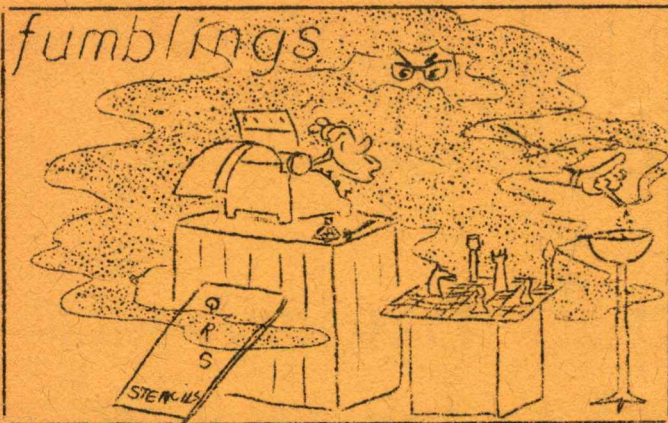
# ramblings



There must be some sort of conspiracy afloat; no sooner do I get back from five weeks of college (40 miles of commuting every day!) than we start to move.....ah me, and I had barely made a dent in cleaning up the house and putting things away....now I've got to drag them all out again and put them in boxes.....actually, I'm not too sure why I'm typing this. I really shouldn't be, since I didn't do any of the interior this time except the illos.....but when I started

asking what went on page 2 I was informed that's where my editorial went.....so here I am supposedly writing an editorial.....and on the genius-at-work across the way.....if you don't think that much smoke can be gotten in a room....drop around sometime and watch Thomas Stratton at work.....one of these stream-of-consciousness recollections of TS would run something like: banana fudgesicles on a mosquito-filled evening..chessboards and typewriters..three hundred watt light bulbs and jimson weed cigarettes.....(I'm not making this up, you know...to paraphrase Anna Russell).....some mementoes from when I was working at the bindery include notes copied down from the editorial page of some steel or iron working journal...these notes were entitled Shrdlu's Glossary and reminded me somewhat of Stf-initions.....two that I thought better than others were: "Under consideration"-means - 'never heard of it'..."A Clarification" - means - 'Fill in the background with so many details that the foreground goes underground'.....those five weeks of college include some fascinating memories....no air conditioning except in the new wing of the library....and where did my library work in the new wing end up?..third floor, naturliche...and no elevators....my first class was on the third floor of still another building....and my second on the second floor of still a third.....all this time bev DeWeese is sitting in the same chair in the same room of the first floor of one building.....she complained of being stiff....frankly, I think we got our signals crossed or something.....one of my major concerns as well was whether or not I was going to be able to squeeze behind the steering wheel on Mom's chevy for the whole five weeks. Turned out on Wednesday of the last week the points went out and we ended up commuting with a guy in a green pontiac the last few days.....you know, for a while there when we were looking at apartments in Wabash it looked as though we might end up in a Charles Adamish place...steps falling off, large holes in the porch....large holes in the house.....turned out we had the wrong number....well, actually we didn't, since it developed neither that house nor the one we eventually rented has a number...and for you people (?) who missed the announcement about our moving printed on the contents page..and who for some reason are reading this instead, please, PLEASE, go back and read it...the post office probably hates us enough already without all these change of addresses...see you there...





Three typewriters, two fans, three  
 fen and a large record player can  
 make an alarming amount of noise;  
 or so it seems if one happens to be  
 sitting in the middle of the whole  
 mass. Cries of "Brush!" "Pick!"  
 "Correction fluid!" slosh thru the  
 soggy air....Saw WAR OF THE WORLDS  
 again the other nite, at a drive-in;  
 as one of the spaceships came meteor-  
 ing down, "Land o' goshen, here comes  
 another one!" came from the car next  
 to us...Nomination for the best stf

movie of the year: A cartoon called ROCKET-BYE BABY. Cute little Martian  
 foundling complete with bleep-bleep antenna and a flying saucer do it  
 yourself kit...For best fantasy: The second half of THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.  
 If you like the Lone Ranger(or Egypt)go see the first half; if you like  
 Captain Future or the Fourth of July, see the second half. Under no cir-  
 cumstances see the preview, during which deMille spiels on for a full  
 ten minutes, managing to sound as if he were talking about tomorrow's  
 episode of "Our Gal Sunday". All biblical-spectacle producers must be  
 violent fundamentalists--deMille's g(G)od, at least, operates on generally  
 the same principles as a skyrocket, or perhaps a Doc Smith hero. Mrmph...

"I am the Lord god Skyrocket and the Lone Ranger is my prophet..."

"He split her head down to her chin; You ought to seen her kick and grin"  
 Line from old folk song--I can see why she was kicking, but she must have  
 an odd sense of humor to be grinning, not to mention a pretty strong con-  
 stitution...Having seen FORBIDDEN PLANET and FANTASIA recently, a thot re-  
 curs to more strongly than ever: Why doesn't he produce Asimov's NIGHTFALL  
 ??? (He being Walt Disney, of course),...At least four people have gotten  
 up the nerve required to inquire as to the meaning of "Yoggoth Saves".

"The original Hebrew spelling of Jehovah?" "Is there a church of Yoggoth  
 in Kokomo?" Upon explaining to one that he was an elder god exiled from  
 Earth millions of years ago, "But I thot there was just one God..!?"

This issue has been compiled by a crew of very enthusiastic typists;  
 in fact, at times they didn't know when to stop. (See page 7 )

Lest someone get ideas from the fanzine ad in the back of this thing,  
 let me assure you that this editor does just hand you the zine and say  
 "Too bad if you don't like it." We love our readers, but we don't always  
 pay much attention to them.

Don Ford didn't bother sending us an official announcement of the res-  
 ults of the TAFF voting, but according to CONTACT, Bob Madle won. May I  
 say that I am astounded. The complete results may or may not be given in  
 YANDRO; McNulty didn't come in last.....quite.

"...The story of a young orphan girl named Sunday, from a small mining  
 town in Colorado, who, in young womanhood, married England's richest, most  
 handsome Lord, Lord Henry Brinthrop(pe?)--the story that asks the question  
 'Can a young girl from a mining town in the west find happiness with a  
 rich and titled Englishman?' Did you ever think how unlikely any girl  
 named Sunday is? Pointless question, anyway, since she didn't; she mar-  
 ried, inadvertantly, his brother, Arthur, an out-and-out cad who probably  
 drives one, too. Where, I say, has honesty and honor gone these days?!



# I ATE AT HOWARD JOHNSON'S — AND SURVIVED

bob briney

As usual, the weekend started with an arrival: mine, via DC-6, thru the tail-end of Hurricane Audrey. And just at meal time, too. I recall experiencing similar rough weather the only other time I have flown to Ohio (en route to Cleveland, Labor Day 1955); if it should happen again, I might begin to get suspicious...

Any way, I got out to the North Plaza Motel (after a taxi ride from downtown Cincinnati thru turtle-fast traffic---the tie-up being due to a mile-and-a-half long line of cars waiting to get into a drive-intheatre which was showing AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS) shortly after 9PM on Friday. Checked in, and immediately settled down to appreciate the air-conditioning; dozed off after watching THE SOUL OF A MONSTER on TV; and was finally awakened by the arrival of most of the Chicago contingent at 2:30 AM Saturday. The group comprised Earl Kemp, Sidney Coleman, Jerry DeMuth, and Jim O'Meara, plus Lewis Grant, who was hiding outover at the Howard Johnson's across the road so that the management wouldn't find out just how many people we planned to accomodate in the "four person" suite. After unloading the car, we all went overto HoJo's in search of refreshment and Grant. Found both items, plus Buck Coulson and Gene DeWeese. For the brief remainder of that morning, we (the "we" includes several assorted fans from Michigan and various locales who attached themselves to the parade along the way) scoured the motel in search of people or events; finding neither, we called it a morning and retired for a few hours' sleep.

Saturday morning marked the first of the two disastrous visits to Howard Johnson's (there's really not much you can do to a butterscotch sundae, so the earlier visit doesn't count). We entered shortly after ten, and left shortly before noon; in the interim, we experienced a variety of spongy yellow discs having a slightly granular consistency and almost no taste (these were called griddle cakes by the management). The service was not the fastest in the world, but in all justice to the waitress I am bound to admit that the major portion of our stay that morning was devoted to repeated attempts to ingest these discs and their attendant jellies and syrups.

Having finally reached the limit of endurance, we beat as hasty a retreat as possible back to the motel, and spent the next hour or so renewing old acquaintances beside the kidney-shaped swimming pool in front. During this time Lee Tremper drove up with a car full of magazines and p-b's; as I recall, her first words to anyone at the con were "Anyone want to buy any magazines?" While she went off in search of a room, I rummaged



thru a couple of the cartons of mags in the car, finding a few items I wanted. When she returned, having found a haven with Jean Bogert, we helped unload the magazines and set up a used-mag concession in Jean's room. Finally, having exhausted the stock, and hearing the siren call of "Good Deal" Devore, we left in search of other pastures. In Devore's room I had a chance to see copies of the old sex-ridden pulps of the late 30's (with such scintillating titles as "Lust Rides the Roller Coaster"), some German Tarzan comic books, and other assorted items. "Look, but don't buy" seemed to be the motto of most people there.

Having decided by this time that lunch was about due, we were about to leave in search of same when we encountered some of the Ohio group: Don Ford, Nick and Noreen Falasca, and Ben Jason. Hearing that we were seeking a liquor store (to stock up for the party we were giving that nite), Noreen remembered seeing a State liquor store about half a block (or was it half a mile?) up the road. An expedition was formed, with the Falascas, Ben, Sid Coleman, George Price (who had arrived from Chicago in the meantime), and I in one car, and the rest of the Chicago group in the second. After seeing the half a block and/or mile stretch on and on, we finally found the store and made the necessary purchases. Then we went back to The Sands, a restaurant some distance on the other side of the motel, for lunch. At the Sands, in addition to finding really thick milk-shakes (which are almost unobtainable on the east coast, especially in Boston) we found such exotic items as a peanut butter melted...

After lunch, we went on to a large suburban shopping center nearby to purchase the mixer and sundry other items. Now it may seem strange for a s-f fan to be amazed by such mundane items, but I think all of us were quite startled by, and very much taken with, the super market at this shopping center. Quite aside from the way the canned goods were arranged in automatic dispensing fashion and the automatic wrapping machine which affixed the cellophane around the packets of ground beef (a sight which kept us enthralled for several minutes), there was the fact that the prices actually followed the rules of arithmetic---one can of a "2 for 35¢" item was priced at 1.75¢! No small thing to be amazed at, in a world where "2 for 35¢" has always meant "1 for 18¢"---at least.

The remainder of the afternoon, following our return to the North Plaza, was spent most enjoyably in Nick and Noreen's suite. Nick Scortia and Dean McLaughlin had joined the group, and we sat around listening to Nick (Falasca) explain a new s-f game which Frank Andrasovsky had created---a sort of complex Monopoly with s-f themes, such as the Games Machine square. If a player lands on this, he is subjected to a 7-question quiz on s-f subjects. After several thoroly engrossing hours it came time to get ready for the banquet---a smorgasbord dinner at the motel next door---so the group broke up.

We reassembled gradually outside Schuller's Motel, waiting for the dining room to be opened. During the wait, Earl and I were delighted to see the Hamilton's drive up, and we walked over to say hello. Leigh was surprised to learn that the first edition of her recent book, THE TIGER AMONG US, is now out of print, and countered with the immensely pleasing news that she had just sold the movie rights to this same book. This is one movie I shall wait for impatiently.

Finally the dining room opened, and we filed in. Earl and I wound up seated next to Leigh and Ed, and across the table from Don and Margaret Ford. The meal, the self-service aspect of which created a mild con-

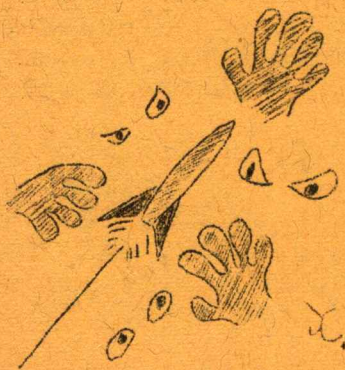


fusion, was an American smorgasbord: large quantities of various cold meats, cheeses, salads, plus spaghetti. We heaped our plates and returned to the table. I thot I had done a good job of loading my plate until I saw Don Ford come back with his... A sort of informal eating contest resulted, being thwarted only by the fact that when we went back for seconds there weren't many.

After dinner the dining room (dirty dishes and all) was taken over by the speakers of the evening. Bob Bloch did his usual fine job as MC, raking in all the speakers gently over the coals before letting them speak, and being in turn not-so-gently gone over by Isaac Asimov. Most of the speakers were celebrities in the field who merely stood and expressed appreciation and enjoyment of the con--Doc Smith, Leigh Brackett, etc.,. Among the fans introduced was Jim Harmon, who delivered several minutes' worth of genial(?) insults of Harlan Ellison, couched in terms which made full use of punning references to the famous "door incident" at a previous Midwestcon. Then came Asimov's turn to be introduced. He proceeded to mount his chair, clutching in one hand an old copy of OW (I had seen him reading this earlier and wondered that he had been reduced to reading such material--especially since he had no story in that issue) and chuckling gleefully. He began by reminding the assemblage of Bloch's famous wit and urbane humour, and claimed he was about to read from a story which perfectly exemplified these characteristics; at this point, he quoted at length from "The Tchen-Lam's Vengeance," a rather (stencillist's note: "Rather" ???) bloody tale of Tibetan curses, etc. The great relish with which he read the passages describing various gory tortures was really something to see.

Soon after this, the meeting was turned over to L. Sprague deCamp, stf's foremost parliamentarian, whose "Those in favor say 'Aye'; those opposed may go to hell!" has become near legend. He presided over a mightily confused discussion and balloting on the question of how to vote for TAFF delegates hereafter. Earl and I left at the earliest opportunity, some time before the voting. After they had voted in the simplest system (the only one anyone really understood--one vote for one candidate period) the room was cleared of dishes and people and set up for the showing of old con movies. There was also supposed to be a meeting of the Hyborian League (the R. E. Howard and L. Sprague deCamp fan club; since I saw Schuyler Miller later in the evening wearing a Hyborian League emblem, I presume it was held after the movies were shown.

By this time, however, the Chicago group had congregated in our rooms, put the liquor in the bathtub (to keep it cold--I heard several comments that evening to the effect that "I've heard of bathtub gin, but after all...") and sat down to wait for arrivals. Among the first were Lee Tremper and escort (Stencillist's note: Dick Lupoff--see page 14) followed shortly by the Strattons (who, we discovered, were in the suite next door) and later, Nick Scortia and Dean McLaughlin. Before long the rooms were filled by beings whom Earl and I didn't know, so we decided to abandon our party and see how the others were faring. In suite #6 we found the Talasca's party in





full swing, and remembering what Falasca's parties are like, we settled down for the evening. Sid Coleman joined us a few minutes later, leaving the Chicago party in the hands of Jerry DeMuth and Jim O'Meara.

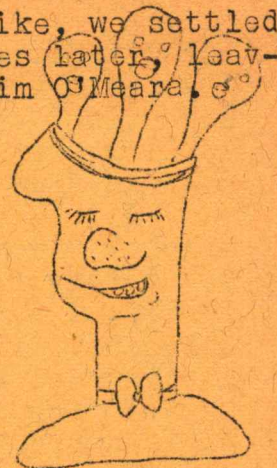
In one corner of the room, Leigh and Ed Hamilton were talking with Frank Andrasovsky. Earl and I joined in, and were later joined by Scortia and McLaughlin, and there I spent the most enjoyable two or three hours of the weekend. Leigh and I got into our usual "good old days" discussion. We had both noticed during the day that the older stories were mentioned and talked about much more than the newer ones, and could almost foresee the day when s-f cons would be devoted entirely to reminiscing about old-time stories... After Scortia arrived, he and Leigh were swapping writing philosophies, views on various books and types of books, and tales of typos and misprints (including an unfortunate mis-labeling of one of Ed Hamilton's maps for a Captain Future story...) The evening wore on into morning very enjoyably, and when Leigh and Ed finally left, Earl and I also went in search of other environs. We looked in on our own party to see how things were going, found the liquor depleted but still holding out, then went over to 18 where Marvin Mendes' party was being held. There we found Scortia and Sid Coleman, who had disappeared from the Falasca party earlier; Marvin, however, was not present. When we finally left, having set up a crib in the middle of the room as a souvenir, we found him over at the Falasca's party. Almost everyone seemed to be spending most of the night at this party.

Finally, around three in the morning, Earl and I decided we had had enough. We returned to our rooms, shoed the last people out, cleaned up as much of the mess as we could, and settled down to sleep. Sid came in about this time, Jim arrived a couple hours later and Jerry came in about six in the morning, just as I was discovering that I couldn't sleep any longer. Various confusions resulted (I distinctly remember that every ten minutes or so Sid would rear up in bed, mutter "For God's sake let me get some sleep!" and flop back again; upon awakening the next morning, he swore he couldn't remember any of this), and time passed slowly until nine o'clock. Then everybody started stirring, and soon we were all up and ready for breakfast. Being unwilling to walk as far as the Sands, we again ended up at Howard Johnsons.

After standing around and waiting a few minutes, we were seated in the back room and ignored for fifteen or twenty minutes. Finally our orders were taken (innocently, I thought "What can they do to French toast?" and ordered some-- I found out!), and within half an hour we had our food. A few minutes later the silverware arrived and we could begin eating. The latter pastime didn't last long, and soon we were eager to leave. Ten minutes later we had the checks and could leave.

The rest of the day, Sunday, was taken up with checking out, stowing the baggage in the car, waiting around in the Seascope Room for the promised tapes from England, eating lunch, saying goodbyes to everyone, and leaving.

It should be noted that until the Falasca's party Saturday evening, I had every intention of by-passing a con report this year. Having seen Buck assiduously taking notes all day (by midnite he had a book full of





interlineations), I figured he could take care of the report department. The truth was that until the Falasca party I hadn't found anything worth recording (yes, I know, then why did I write two pages describing the earlier portion of the day?); but that evening made the convention for me---in fact I would say that the Falasca party was the convention.

All in all, I thought this Midwestcon (the first at Cincinnati which I have attended) lacked the "Midwestcon flavor" which I remember so vividly from the Bellefontaine cons. Exactly how this lack manifested itself, I can't be sure---maybe it was merely the lack of hallways, which have always been associated in my mind with clusters of fans meeting and talking and enjoying themselves. Maybe it was the fact that I missed the town of Bellefontaine itself---trudging back and forth between the Ingalls and the Logan Hotels, eating in Isaly's cafeteria, enjoying the small town atmosphere, and the more distinctive atmosphere of the Ingalls itself (even without the pinball machines in the lobby)... The obvious other alternative---namely, that it is the observer and not the observed which has changed---is too disturbing to dwell on.

---

"All fandom is divided into small clichés"...Briney & Sid Coleman

---

#### STFINITIONS

Veterinarian.....	old German.....	Dick Lupoff
Euthanasia.....	Chinese children.....	RSC
Bulldozers.....	sleeping pills for cattle.....	Bem Gordon
Polygon.....	missing parrot.....	Dale Brandon
Espionage.....	enslavement of telepaths.....	Joe Sanders
Aspire.....	bonfire at donkey's funeral.....	B. Gordon
Calcium.....	Roman theater.....	Sanders
Album.....	Al's a slob.....	Ross Allen
Nitrate.....	charge after 6:00 PM.....	Sanders
Carpenter.....	man who has just shot and killed a little boy who was running his hands over the paint job on his automobile.....	Gordon

---

"That girl is so inhibited -- even drunk, she won't do things that I did sober." .....quoted at the con (names withheld for protection)

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#### TIMES HAVE CHANGED? (II)

disinterred by Dick Lupoff

"They tell me you're putting out a new science fiction magazine. May I ask why? After all, there are better things to be done than to add another magazine to a market which is already overcrowded. I began reading stf in 1933, when there were only two magazines on the market, and it's my candid opinion that the fans and the poor long-suffering newsdealers were a lot better off then, because what was lacking in quantity was more than made up for in quality."....M. Smith, Feb. 1940 ASTONISHING

---

"Briney, don't lose that knife down in the bottle." (author unknown)



# CON-FUSION

— dick lupoff —

I'd been talking, thinking and writing about the Midwestcon for a long time. After all, I'd been a more-or-less active fan for nigh onto seven years, and never yet got to a stf convention. I had no money to travel to the Chicon; I was at a convention of a different sort during the Philcon; something or other kept me from every one right up to and including the NYCon II, at which time I had no leave coming from the Army.

So the Midwestcon meant more to me, in anticipation, than just a fannish weekend. It would be my first real taste of fannish activity beyond an occasional club meeting.

We started planning transportation about a month in advance, and for a while it looked as if we could make it from Indianapolis in one car, containing Lew Forbes, me, Ed McNulty, and maybe one more. Lew suggested taking my car but I thought his would be a better idea. By the ISFA meeting two weeks before the con there were too many people going for one car. Lew would take Ray and Suzy Beam and Mary Wells. I would take McNulty and Joe Sanders, who was on his own to get from Roachdale to Indianapolis. Joe would also write to the North Plaza Motel for reservations for himself and me.

The week of the con I received a letter from Joe quoting a communication from the motel: they were all booked up, sorry.

That bothered us very little.

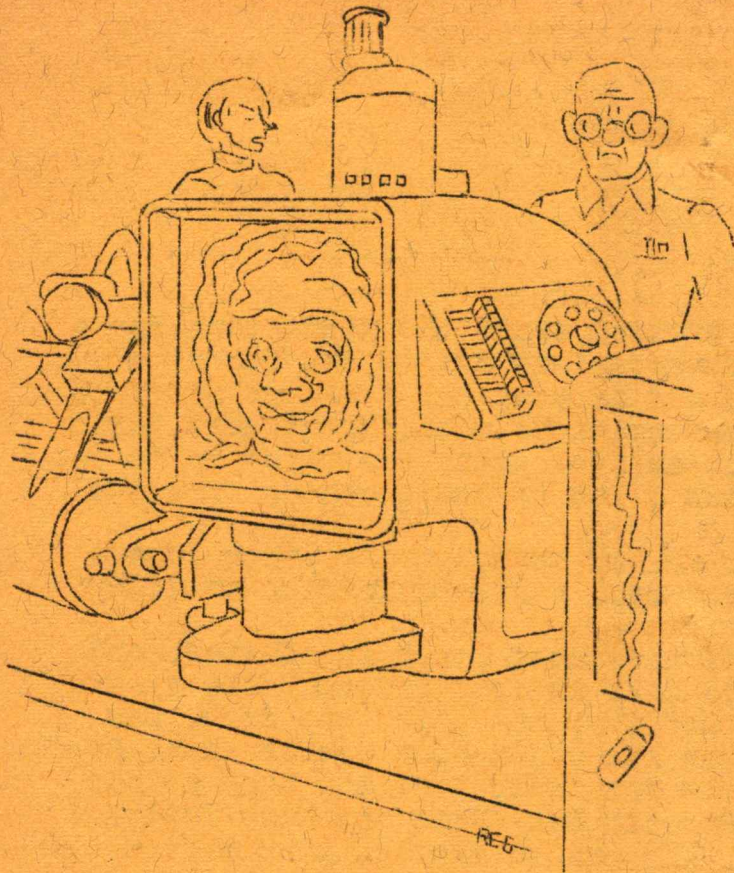
About Tuesday I finally contacted McNulty, who had been hibernating ever since receiving my TAFF vote. "I've got his vote," McNulty seemed to think, "so why bother with him anymore?" When I finally did catch him between school, work, church, and girl friend (all of them his, not mine), he said that he was sorry but he would be unable to get away for the weekend. However, as a friendly gesture he did allow me to do most of the work of assembling his latest ISFA Magazine, that is, not club.

Friday, June 28, the phone rang in my office about two in the afternoon. It was Forbes: Mary was not going, would I like to share the ride with him and the Beams? No, I had to say sorrowfully. I wouldn't get off work until nearly five, and besides there was Sanders to think of. Okay, said Lew, he'd see me in Cincinnati.

About four o'clock Sanders called long distance, from Roachdale. The town was swimming in floodwaters, the roads were a mess, he wasn't sure he could get to Indianapolis. Was I still going to the con? Yes. Okay, he'd meet me downtown at seven o'clock if he could make it at all.

At six I called the state road department and was informed that all





flooding was north of Indianapolis. There should be no trouble between here and Cincinnati, so my only worry was whether Joe could get here or not.

He did.

Cincinnati is southeast of Indianapolis, and after several attempts to solve the downtown traffic of this bustling little metropolis we finally got the Red Bomb, my '55 Chevy, pointed vaguely toward the Ohio river.

For the first thirty or forty miles I regaled Joe with fabulous facts and fictions about myself and my colossal collection (would anyone like to buy a genuine 1st edition June 1947 AMAZING STORIES?). Then we stopped in a small town to eat. Well, it wasn't quite that simple. "Did you eat dinner, Joe?"

"Yes, I had dinner, but no supper."

"Well I had lunch but no dinner."

There was an obvious semantic block. Using the principle of null-Q logic we finally realized that we'd both eaten at noon, but that neither of us had eaten since, and the hell with what you call it, we were both hungry. Then, leaving the car in an alley marked with ancient cunieform, we proceeded to a magazine store. The inscription, incidentally, is reproduced below--

NO PARKING  
BY ORDER OF  
POLICE DEPT.

Joe lingered over the magazines so I returned to the car, planning to drive around the block. I had started the motor and just begun to move when I heard a shout and saw a figure in the rear-view mirror. Was it a member of the ancient race of NO-PARKING-BY-ORDER-OF-POLICE-DEPT, come for vengeance?

No, it was just Joe Sanders wanting to know what the hell I was trying to do, leave him there and go to Cincinnati myself?

The next thirty or forty miles were Joe's, to use in story and opinion and keep me awake. When Joe ran out of dirty jokes we turned on the radio. The choice seemed to be Elvis Preston or hillbilly music. We tried doing without the radio and singing ourselves, but then realized that we couldn't show much against even the Everly Brothers, nasal twang, whine and all. Besides, we heard some jim-dandy offers such as gen-yew-wine git-tar lessons, a complete course including a



Sacred Song Book of heart-touchin' tunes and a year of the AMERICAN POULTRYMAN for only a dollar. And if you've been receiving some odd things in the mail lately, take it up with Joe Sanders, not me.

For the last twenty-five miles I kept saying "Here we are, here we are, Cincinnati's right around the next bend, just over the next rise, it's that cluster of lights right up there." Of course it was, eventually.

Once we reached the city we stopped to wrestle with a gigantic map and figure out where 7911 Reading Road might be. Naturally, it was on the opposite side of the city. So we fought the hills, wandered around for a while, and finally got onto Reading Road. We stopped for a red light; the light turned green again; I depressed the accelerator and nothing happened. I tried the starter and it worked very nicely, except the car didn't start.

After about five minutes of frantic efforts on my part, and for no apparent reason, the car started again. On, then, to the motel.

We arrived about ten o'clock, and went into the office to see if by any chance we might still get a room. In the midst of negotiations we decided to see who else might be here, and found that the Coulsons and DeWeeses, at least, were here. They weren't in their rooms.

We were still in the office when the phone rang. It was Lew Forbes, who announced that he was drunk, was headed down the road for a restaurant to get sobered up.

Joe and I decided to let the lodging problem wait and headed for the Seascope Room, where the convention was under way. By "under way" I don't mean that there was any formal program going on. The whole Midwestcon only had one program, the banquet-cum-speeches Saturday night, and that was hardly formal. In the Seascope room people were just renewing old acquaintances, making new friends, huckstering fanzines, drinking, swapping jokes, playing poker, and taking pictures. As I was about to plunge into the maelstrom a pretty girl asked:

"Are you Dick Lupoff?"

I was.

Would I please come with her?

I would.

Was I a friend of Lew Forbes?

Yes. This was the first unfavorable sign in what had promised for a moment to be a highly pleasant acquaintanceship.

Lew had been making an honest effort down the street to get sober,





but had failed and passed out. How about my taking my car down and bringing him back? Of course. But who was this delightful girl?

Suzy Beam, of course. Ray's wife.

Oh.

After taking a couple of suitable-for-framing-your-friend pictures, Ray and Suzy, Buck Coulson, and I got back to the motel with Lew. He slept nicely on the floor of his room. We also took his keys, unlocked his car, and got out about fifteen copies of ISFA which McNulty had entrusted to Lew for distribution at the con.

Then back to the Seascap Room. I managed to distribute those fifteen ISFAs to no fewer than sixty people. Hand a copy to somebody, wait till he puts it down, grab it and hand it to someone else. Terrific way to get a large circulation without too much mimeoing.

I also met a lot of interesting people, using what Coulson later dubbed the Lupoff Technique. I hadn't thought of it as any particular technique; it was just the natural way to meet strangers: Stick your hand out, say "I'm Dick Lupoff," and wait for the other fellow to introduce himself.

Incidentally, I recommend this method to anyone who wants to meet a lot of nice people at any future conventions. In addition to helping you make friends, it will also make me famous. Might cause a little confusion, too, but that's a risk you take in fandom.

After a while a group moved from the Seascap Room to Howard Johnson's, across the street. The Chicago-Aivent group was there, selling orders for a Freas art-folio. It looked terrific, and on the dual basis of their proofs and their past performance (IN SEARCH OF WONDER) I bought a copy. Ordered one, that is.

I sat down with Reva Smiley and Sanders. Joe didn't eat much; I had a banana split without vanilla ice cream, something thus far unobtainable in Indianapolis, and Reva packed away a meal that surprised even me.

Back in the Seascap Room a little later things started to quiet down. In fact they were pretty nearly dead by three in the morning when P. Schuyler Miller showed up with a bottle of Jack Daniels and set things going again. After a while a group got off in a corner and started talking about business, driving, segregation, dirty jokes, and even (peripherally) stf. The group consisted of Miller, Bob Madle, Lynn Hickman, and myself. I hardly expected to find myself surrounded by such high-powered company, but by observing the King-of-Siam-ism "When one has nothing to say, it is a time to be silent," and conversely speaking only when I had something to say, I managed (I think) to hold my own. Besides, Madle flattered me immensely by remembering a column I used to write in a half-size zine (MOTE, fandom's biggest nickel's worth) way back in 1952.

Both Miller and Madle surprised me by their youth--both looked thirty-ish although they must be closer to forty. Even so, so many of our old-timers must have started at extremely early ages to have been around as long as they have and still be as young as they are.

Miller, Madle, and Hickman in turn were surprised to learn that I have one of the fifteen or so surviving complete sets of COSMOS, a



1934-'35 serial of which seventeen different authors wrote chapters. Not a matter of great skill, I had to admit, or even of particular diligence, but of being fortunate enough to stand in the right place at the right time with some money in my hand.

About six o'clock I made my way back to the room. Forbes' room, I should say. I never registered. Joe Sanders sat on the bed for one moment, said it was too damned soft for him, and stretched out alongside Forbes on the floor. This was okay by me; it meant I could have the bed all to myself, so I went to sleep.

I got up at eight; I can sleep any time, but Midwestcons come but once a year, and heaven knows when I'll get to another. There was a pretty good western on tv, and an old Bowery Boys picture. Nothing bothered Joe and everything bothered Lew. At least the latter part of that sentence is understandable.

After a while Buck and Juanita Coulson, Gene and Bev DeWesse, Sanders and I went to Shuller's restaurant for breakfast. The service may have been abominably slow, and the food cold, but at least the prices were high. After a quick dip in the motel pool to settle breakfast, I tried taking some more pictures--got one that includes Bob Bloch facing away from the camera, Bob Tucker standing with his back to the camera, and Sprague deCamp walking away from the camera. That's a parlay hard to beat.

Shortly a couple of Canadians who'd driven down just for the con, Forbes and I went shopping. Among other things we purchased copies of HUMBUG, of which one copy had created a sensation the night before, and Darringer cap pistols. Somebody, I don't recall who, also purchased a bust of Queen Nefertite. Must have been a Canadian; she probably reminded him of Elizabeth.

That afternoon I went downtown with a second Chicago group--Jay Smith, Art (he kept introducing himself as "Not Hal") Shapiro, and their wives. On the way back to the con it rained, but not for long. I understand that it was a record light precipitation for Midwestcons. I was so tired that I determined, upon returning, to sleep until the banquet. But instead I went swimming again. Suzy Beam and I lost a number of horse-and-rider fights to Forbes and Sanders and one nice fellow took a picture of me going off the diving board which looks like a cadaver being chucked out of a second storey window.

After some more time in the Seascape Room where Gem Carr had caught poor unsuspecting Joe in a merciless flow of argument, everybody drifted down to Shuller's for the banquet. The room was packed; the food was unspectacular but good. And the speeches were fabulous.

Bloch was his incomparable self as m.c., Doc Smith read from the gospel according to E.E. Evans and sat down amid applause and laughter. Asimov read from the gospel according to Bloch and convulsed the entire audience. Bloch read from the gospel according to Asimov. Several more celebrities made speeches, and George Wins Raybin announced that the charter-plane-to-London project was a success and that there were a couple of seats left.

Then deCamp arose to conduct a debate and vote on how to vote for next year's TAFF delegate. His "All in favor say 'Aye' any opposed may



go to hell" will probably be one of the most quoted parliamentary rulings in history.

The essence of the problem, however, was that there has been considerable squabbling over how to vote for TAFF delegates. So four systems were suggested, including the complex monstrosity used in 1957, two more systems involving something resembling proportional representation, and a simple one-vote-for-one-man system. The last named won.

Somebody raised the question of how the Midwestcon could decide such a thing when all fandom was involved. The chairman, who was helped throughout the proceedings by Doc Barrett, explained that the Midwestcon was a good cross-section of fandom, and so could reasonably speak for fandom. Hardly a sound legalism, but it did make common sense.

Anyway, the banquet thus ending, several people proceeded to show slides and movies. But I adjourned to the outer room with Forbes for a duel with Derringers and forks. On my way out I spied Lee Ann Tremper, who had been at my banquet table, at the bar. She was with Burt Beerman and I had no intention of trying to cut him out, so I asked them both to a party in the room of the Smith-Shapiro Chicago group. Lee accepted and Bert declined, which I must admit didn't overly displease me.

The Smith-Shapiro party, it turned out, was planned for 12:30, not 10:30 as I'd thought. Lee and I went to "my" room to put away my camera, and turned up Joe Sanders. A pity. Now I don't say that I had any dishonorable intentions, but after all. That was the same room where Moomaw, Jacob (who introduced himself as "not Mark") Schulzinger, Sanders, Forbes, Beam and I had spent various moments while preparing for the banquet watching a German TV film of Flash Gordon. That was the room with the DC plug for electric razors. That was a dan-dan-dandy room and I returned there with Lee Ann and found Joe. Rats!!!

So we passed through the Seascape Room again, where the usual things were going on, including Bob Madle campaigning for TAFF votes, and up to the Chicago-Advent suite, where a party was in progress. All the chairs were taken, so as an alternative of sitting on the floor or standing, Lee and I shared a bed. In the same room were several Chicagoans and some Indifens; I think a few Canadians as well, but I'm not certain. Lee and I were drinking vodka, but true to my decision of the previous day, I was staying sober.

Besides, Joe Sanders had strict orders from his parents to keep me sober. Good grief, I hadn't been drunk in six months!

Anyway, after a while the Smith-Shapiro party started and the Advent party just about en-massed itself to their suite. Other than locale, you couldn't tell the difference between the two parties. Lee and I were ensconced on one bed, along with various others who kept drifting in and out like the customers in a medieval inn. Somebody (Lew Grant?) had a notebook full of puns and poor gags (Sample: Bach was an early musician who wore out an organ fuguing) and the conversation rolled along from space travel to education to baseball to movies (I couldn't get Lee to go to the local drive-in where they were showing two stf stinkers) to drinking. Burt Beerman was there, apparently uncertain whether to make a try to sweep Lee back to his bosom. I think he decided not to.

(Continued on pp 16)



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At a con, when the talk turns to fan-clubs, do you find yourself left out, not included in even one of these esoteric cliques? If so why not join the "DOWN WITH EVERYTHING" club? Other fans might not know of this organization, but that will make it seem more exclusive, mysterious, unimportant.

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In the words of Isic Iseemove, noted writer and teacher-scientist, "The DWE is a wonderful organization of the finest, most distinguished group of (CENSORED) fuggheads..." Er, uh, thank you, Dr. Iseemove.

Remember, write for info to -- John Koning, 318 S. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio. He is a fine person and will help you.



About four o'clock the party moved elsewhere. Elsewhere being a suite whose owners I couldn't identify. Lee had been holding a great deal of vodka fairly well, but the new party offered only bourbon, of which one glass made her desire a second. When I refused to get it for her she said that she knew she shouldn't have it but wanted it anyway and loved me for not letting her drink anymore.

Madle sidled up, as ever with a blank TAFF ballot, and asked Lee if she had voted yet. Nope. Did she have a half-dollar? Nope.

I put it up for her, and Bob filled out the ballot himself. The signature was accomplished (with some assistance) by Lee herself.

Once more the party moved. When we were settled in the next suite, complete with gallons of blog, I decided to kiss her, whereupon she decided that this big lug was taking advantage of her insobriety. I protested my purity of spirit if not of body and she agreed to relent if I could produce written testimonials by no fewer than three of the four members of the DeWoose-Coulson families. Phoo. I removed myself from the bed and sat in a chair reading somebody's ancient THRILLING WONDER STORIES. I think Howard DeVore's.

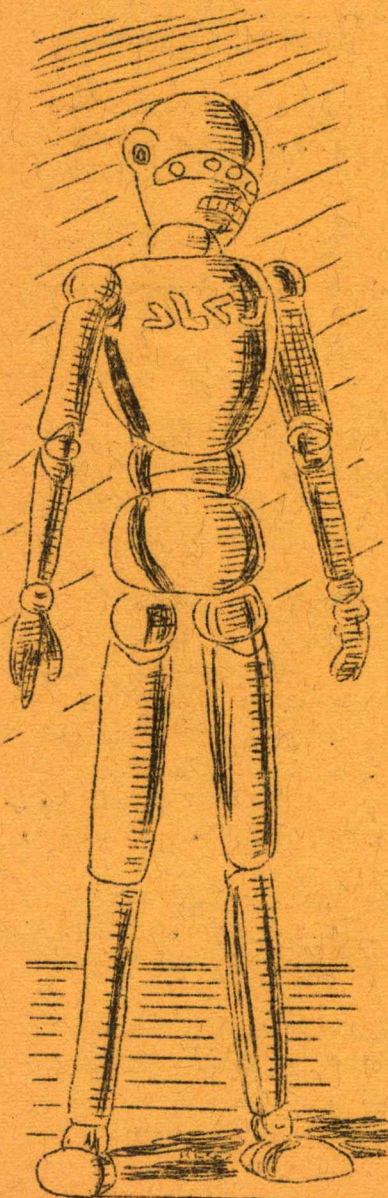
Bob Madle showed up again, thanked me for my assistance in obtaining Lee's vote and invited me to the regional con to be held in Washington, D.C. next spring. Then he asked (as Mark Schulzinger, a member of a collegiate fraternity rival of my frat, poured poison words about me in her ear) if I was allowing myself to be cut out.

I said that wasn't quite it, explained about the references, and growled that I had voted in TAFF without the need for references, I'd be damned before I'd get an affidavit to kiss a girl. I left.

Back in the Seascape Room there was now a poker game going on. It was about half-past four. Reva (naturally) was there, as was DeVore, several others, and much to my surprise, Burt Beerman. We started playing five-card stud, then five-card draw, and then seven-card stud, all good games. Forbes drifted in and out, and the game personnel changed a bit, but Reva, Burt and I stayed.

I was doing pretty well at nickel-and-dime, and liking the game a great deal, although I was awfully tired again. Then a few of the wilder versions of poker started to appear: deuces wild, then low-card-in-the-hole wild, then heaven knows what else. I said that I didn't like such eccentric games, but I really quit because I was so tired. It was six o'clock.

I got to sleep about fifteen minutes later. Sanders was sleeping with his feet in the closet and his head in the room, right where the door opened. Forbes and I shared the bed.





At eight-forty-five I got up and went to see Lee. Lew came along. She protested that I was crazy, which was not news, but I'd been fighting with Sanders on where a certain story appeared, and I hoped to find it in some of the zines Lee had for sale. She shoosed Lew and me away, and asked that we find her room key if we could. She'd lost it during the night.

Nobody'd seen the key, but everyone agreed to keep an eye out for it. Lew and I got Sanders and went for a final swim. This much nice weather at a Midwestcon was nothing short of phenomenal. Suddenly somebody from the Chicago-Advent party showed up with the key. Hurrah! I returned it to Lee Ann who now decided to kiss me, even without reference.

Lew and I went back to our room to dress and pack. "You're one of the few guys Lee has let kiss her," Lew complimented me.

All cleaned up now, and ready to leave, I went back to the edge of the pool. There was E. Everett Evans rubbing baby oil on the sunburned shoulders of Barbara Silverberg, Lee Ann Tremper and any other female he could lay hands on. He had a fatherly smile on his mouth but a most unfatherly leer in his eyes.

DeVore was buying up magazines for Scroogeworthy prices; Tucker was rounding up his large family, and Gem Carr had cornered poor Joe again.

Just before leaving I had the great pleasure of chatting briefly with Doc Smith, who is one of the pleasantest conversationalists I've ever met. And, he informed me, THE VORTEX BLASTER would appear. Someday.

Only the money I won in the poker game was left on my conscience, so I spent part of it on a sub to Ted White's STELLAR and fled. Joe and I reached Indianapolis in time to turn him over to his parents safe, sound, and sober.

I dug out my Day Index, and found (curses!) that he was right about that story.

A couple of days later a letter arrived on North Plaza Motel stationery that says:

To Whom It May Concern:

We, the undersigned, hereby vouch for the fact that Richard Lupoff has the type of character we would vouch for.

Eugene DeWeese, Beverly DeWeese,  
Juanita Coulson, Robert Coulson

With this in hand, we will see what happens next.

- 17 -

...Dick Lupoff





# GRUMBLINGS

Robert E. Gilbert, 509 W. Main St., Jonesboro, Tennessee

The July YANDRO came so soon today. That's a very good drawing by Adkins on the cover. After careful deliberation, I've decided to call it "The Flying Saucers Have Glub-blub-blub, or Is Another World Watching The Creature From The Black Lagoon?"

The article about, and letter by, Raymond A. Palmer are the sort of thing I somehow expect to find in fanzines but never do. I even liked "Cycle Of Ice" which seemed somehow similar to the corn beef sandwich and the moth, but better.

/ That ought to confuse any readers who didn't get the last few issues./

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

I suppose I should put my little foot into fandom and maybe know a few more people, and a few fans /That's a nice distinction, there. RC/ by the time the next Midwestcon takes place. And then I won't make the ridiculous mistake of assuming that the con takes place on Saturday and Sunday, or whatever the announcement says. It actually starts when the first two fans arrive.

Have perused the latest YANDRO. Cover is a fine job, but why a disk-shapedship? I have an aversion to them. Down with soucouperie!!

RAP: better late than never, and this time is just right for me. I have long been looking for a collation of The Facts About Palmer. I can just comment that the distribution of his mag is ridiculous. /That aint all about his mag that's ridiculous./

Convention reports, convention reports, where can I get hold of some convention reports to tell me what I missed? I suggest a convention report clearing service: get reports from as many people as possible and write up one Official Convention Report. Or has this been done?

And so you have such thoughtful, serious comments in G.M. Carr's article, and you pick that line for the conclusion...deliberately? /I realize that no one -- least of all G.M. Carr -- will believe this, but the line at the bottom of Gem's article was simply one of those fortunate coincidences. I doubt that fan editors would respond at all well to a syndicated con report. Independant, that's us. RC/

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"If there's anything I like, it's originality." .....Richard Brown  
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Marion Zimmer Bradley, Box 246, Rochester, Texas

I goofed. Simon Wright was NOT the last of the artificially-transplanted brains. Thomas Scortia's "The Shores Of Night", in the Dikty anthology "Best of '56" is based on that theme. Shall I go commit suicide?



My only reply to John Champion; I don't read Willy Ley, either. Too superficial. And I don't, either, hate neofans. Some of my worst enemies are BNFs.

Greg Benford, % Lt. Col. J.A. Benford, G-4 Sect.Hq. V. Corps, APO 79,N.Y.

To be utterly frank, your fanzine reviews once again stoned me. God, we must have wildly varying opinions on quality. (Aside note: in your review of SFPARADE 4, you state that several reviewers think it is a fine zine. Where have you seen a reviewer praise SFP? This is the first time I've heard of anyone thinking it to be other than an entertaining plug-sheet for SOUTH GATE IN '58.)

Here you say at the beginning of the reviews (or partway through them) "remember, the ratings are for the zine as a whole, not just the issue reviewed." and then state concerning STF-IN-GEN & BOLIDE, "this issue is worth the money for the Bloch article alone". That's nice. So if you are reviewing on the basis of an overall summary of the zine's issues, why did you give STF IN GEN a 7 rating? It seems to me with some cruddy material in the zine, and considering the past history of both zines, a rating this high is rather out of place. /Well, that issue was worth a 7, and it was the first one I'd seen. RC/

Of course Clod Hall is a variable subject, but I utterly fail to understand how you can say he makes more sense than his detractors, considering the completely assinine letters he has written to various and sundry people. /Considering that you're one of the detractors, I didn't expect you to agree with me./

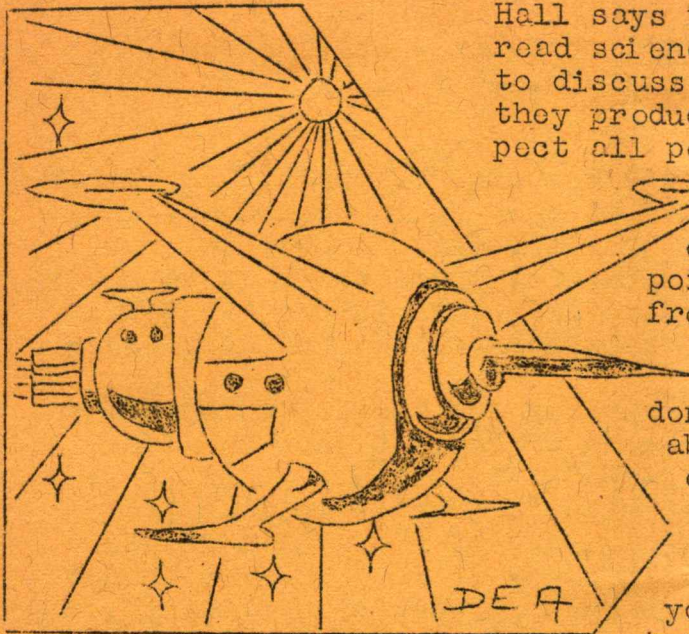
SFAIRA: Same old thing -- you state that the reviews are on a basis of the past issues of a mag, and then grade the present number only. /So I'm inconsistent./

Oh God. Maybe I am being conceded and egocentric / you are / but when I see you rating zines like SIGMA OCCIDENTIS, TWIG, MUZZY, etc., at 5 and 6, I wonder just what the hell. When absolute crud like this can pick up good classifications, and considering the lousy material and general ineptness at editing they feature...well, hell, I just don't get it.

Was amused at Champion's remarks on the CONTACT TAFF statement. I wonder if Champion read it correctly? Anyway, the way I look at it, the statement does not say the writer considers the lesser-known candidates to be not worthy of competition. All the sentence means is that someone (not necessarily the author) might consider the election of a certain candidate a disaster. So? /So if that's all it means, why is Jansen raising such an unholy stink about this year's elections? I think John had a perfectly clear idea of the implications of the statement, whatever the literal meaning is. RC/

Now for a few comments about YANDRO #51. I agree with MZB, but she overlooks one point. The "most active and ardent fans" do not necessarily denounce science fiction. In fact, I can think of no one who has actually in print stated that he disliked all science fiction. I personally do not either like or read some stf -- but I do enjoy it. Taking any active fan, I would like to know who has actually stated a dislike for stf. Although you seem to think of Raeburn as a "Fake-fan" just as





Hall says the same thing about Gois, Boyd does read science fiction. Whether some fans choose to discuss science fiction in the fanzines they produce is another matter -- you can't expect all people to be willing to talk about the same subject all the time. In fact, this continual stressing of the "It's gotta be stf!" viewpoint is what turned many fans away from the strictly sercon fandom we had years ago.

To tell the truth, I sometimes don't get what you mean /don't worry about it/ by "the self-styled Ghods of fandom" and similar phrases. Who are these people? Name some names, will you? Who are the "active fans who denounce stf"? Considering what you've said before on adjacent topics, you will probably count Kent Moomaw in

on this. However, as I see it, he is doing nothing but state his opinion. Simply because he shows dislike for certain persons or types of material which you personally enjoy (or whom you like), this doesn't mean that he is styling himself as some sort of Ghod.

/When his personal opinion is that anyone who disagrees with him is a stupid clod, he is. I have no objections to fans stating opinions. It's when they say -- or imply -- that their opinions are the only intelligent ones, that I object. Everyone does this to some extent, but teenage male fans are the most often guilty. RC/

I suppose the entire thing can be explained by the different types of personalities there are in fandom. For instance, G.M. Carr and others of her ilk I regard as simply well-meaning persons who have a different outlook. To me their methods and beliefs seem entirely stupid and blind, but I do not believe that their kind should be killed off.

One other thing -- have you noticed a sort of family-fandom growing up, with husband-and-wife teams? You're one of them, of course, but I was just thinking the other day that these types seem to be more in the cooing "You publish a WONDERFUL zine!" proportion than any other. That is, more of these fans make loud noises over Linard and Co. Oh well. /For one thing, the husband-and-wife teams usually aren't worried over making a name for themselves in fandom, or proving how "mature" they are. (Have you noticed that it's generally the high-school set who are asking for more sex in prozines, publishing it in their fanzines, etc? The married couples who know what it's all about don't have to get their pleasures vicariously.) Ah well, that's enough controversy for this time. As a matter of fact, I have never stated in print or anywhere else that I consider Raeburn a "fake-fan". I don't know him that well, and the worst I've said about him is that I'm happy that way. As for the "ghods of fandom" remark...what I meant by it was the group of fans who wrote MZB; I don't know their names so I can't name them, but I do have a general idea of what they wrote. RC/



Larry Ginn, Route 2, Box 81, Choudrant, Louisiana

I've been waiting for "The Ten Commandments" for quite a few years and when it comes, finally, to Monroe, what do they charge for admission? A buck and a half because this is a "special early engagement". Well my friend, Moses is gonna have to part quite a few waters before I pay that to see any movie.

/But it's only 15¢ per commandment -- a bargain, really. RC/

Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota

The editorials were fun, as usual. Juanita is a good prospect for writing copy for Navigator cigarettes.

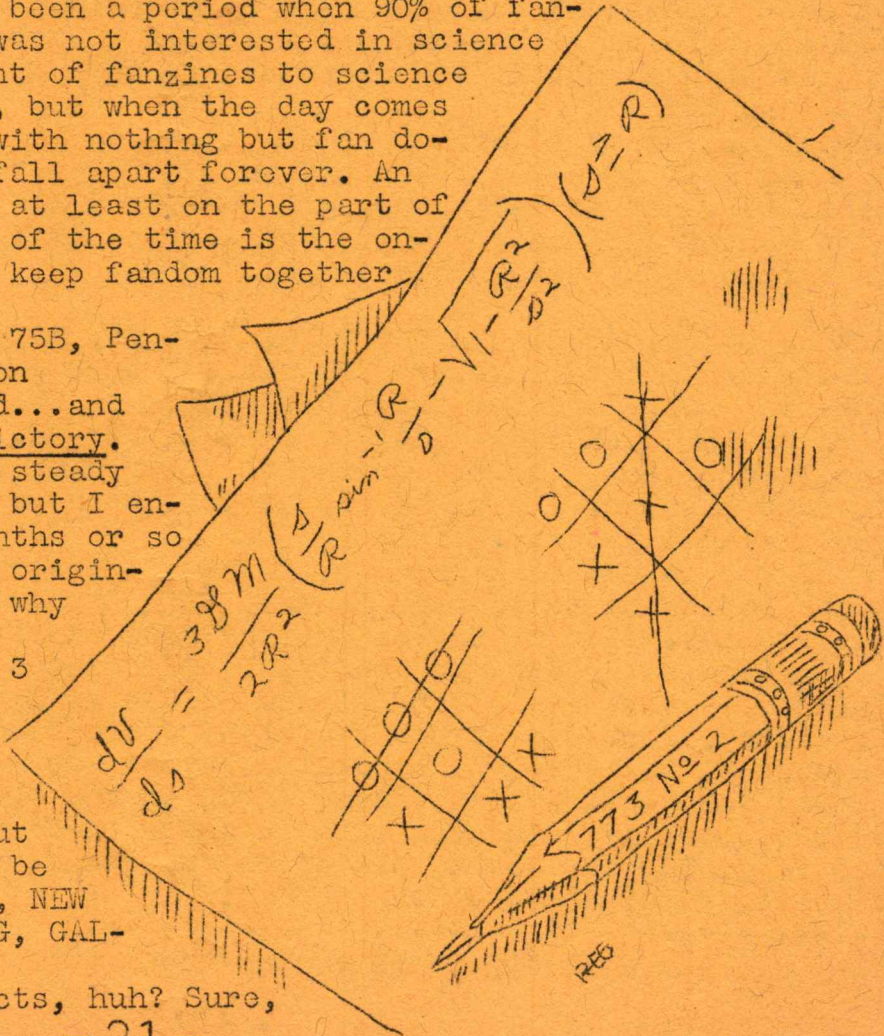
I liked John Champion's interlineation "Will Success Spoil Mel Hunter?" but didn't think much of his letter in "Grumblings". MZB has been a fan for eleven years, and now along comes John, a fan of a year or less, and calmly tells her she doesn't know what the word "fan" means! Maybe she doesn't, but I wonder why John happened to See the Light so swiftly? He even knows that "about 90%" of fandom are "fan fans", not sf fans. I'm afraid that I (despite my fannish career dating back to '41) can't quote any exact figures on who is a fan fan and who is a sf fan. I agree with him that fandom has outgrown its early interest only in stf, but I don't believe there's been a period when 90% of fandom, or even 30% of fandom was not interested in science fiction. Limiting the content of fanzines to science fiction would be fuggheaded, but when the day comes that fanzines are involved with nothing but fan doings, fandom will begin to fall apart forever. An interest in science fiction at least on the part of a majority of fans and part of the time is the only cement we have that will keep fandom together

John Champion, Route 2, Box 75B, Pendleton, Oregon

Marion's column I enjoyed...and I am not being self-contradictory. I don't say I'd thrive on a steady diet of this sort of thing, but I enjoy reading it every two months or so. As long as she keeps to her original purpose, I see no reason why anyone should object.

Okay, maybe there aren't 3 zines I know will be good (and what do you mean by good? Good literature or good stf? If you mean good stf I could maybe name 3.) But I can name three that I can be damn' sure I'll enjoy: F&SF, NEW WORLDS, INFINITY, ASTOUNDING, GALAXY, NEBULA. That's six.

Let's not confuse the facts, huh? Sure,





when a person says "Nobody but bums got hurt" he's calling all casualties bums. The only trouble is that CAMPBELL DID NOT SAY THIS!!! You might be able to read that meaning into his statement if you wanted to, but he said that a lot of bums got hurt. He did not say they were the only ones that got hurt! And I don't believe in reading extra meanings into statements.

To Ron Parker: I thought I said this in my letter, but I'll say it again. It is true that one of the TAFF candidates on the ballot might turn out to be a social flop. But the point is that I don't think this candidate would be elected for that very reason...and because of this, I don't think that this -- imaginary -- candidate should be insulted. /John also went deeply into his previous remarks -- mostly to the effect that he doesn't have "quite a few" fannish-type (but non-fan) friends, and that he does enjoy the company and correspondence of stf fans. In return, I'll say that I only said you sounded fuggheaded, not that you were. As you guessed, it was too good a chance to pass up. As for the Campbell bit, John not only said that "Quite a bit of would-be science fiction has been slaughtered", but that "The genuine science-fiction efforts, however, seem mainly to have suffered a temporary annoyance." Now then, dammit, how you can escape reading into that the meaning that Campbell considers that the mags which folded were not "genuine science-fiction efforts" is beyond me. I submit that permanent withdrawal from publication is not a "temporary annoyance", by any stretch of the imagination. RC/

Robert E. Briney (address out of reach and I'm lazy)

Russ Wolf is a few years off in a date or two -- Burroughs died in Sept. '49, not in '43; true, Rap published his last pulp fiction (Skeleton Men Of Jupiter), but Burroughs wrote at least one further novel (a Tarzan book) before his death.

Arthur Hayes, %Dominion Catering, Bicroft, Bancroft, Ontario, Canada

I'm not a cook in a uranium mine. I am a junior supervisor in a Uranium Mine Mill, and "Dominion Catering" are the caterers who feed me, take care of the bunkhouses and get my mail for me. At the present time they are also waging a battle trying to get rid of the bedbugs that have just invaded my room. I have to type this letter with the stink of bedbugs and de-bugging spray.

As far as Dodd's concerned, if he attends the London Convention and wants to see me to compare me with this Haynes guy, he will have the opportunity. I'll be there. /Filthy rich capitalist!/  
Looking over "Strange Fruit", I am reminded that I was promised faithfully that I would be placed on the mailing list of "Cry Of The Nameless". That was at the Cleveland Convention. /All right, Weber, Pemberton, Busby -- who embezzled Hayes' sub money?/  
Did you realize that Yandro GLOWS in the dark, an unearthly undecipherable colour. Can even read it under those conditions. Look, I'm not imagining it, one bottle of bheer, Canadian bheer, isn't that effective. /Gad! Radioactive YANDROS!/  
-----

"Why did the cool air start coming the minute Sidney left?" (con-quote, by Geno DeWeese)



## ATTENTION ALL FANS

This is a mimeoed sheet to notify you of my new fanzine. I'm sorry but I can't tell you the name of it. You'll have to send in your subscription which is \$1 for 5 issues to find out. Also, you can make a guess as to the name of the zine. If you guess right you will get your money refunded.

This zine is only going to be put out in an limited edition which means only a certain few people will get copies so hurry with your sub. I'll try to make it a good zine. The format has not yet been decided. I don't know whether or not I can get hold of a long-carriage, elite typewriter or not. If I can't it will look like this. If I do get one it will be in pamphlet form. The covers will be nicer if I don't get one but the whole thing will be less bulky if I do get one, either rent or borrow one. Let me hear from you, my reader, on this.

The artist or artists are as yet, untried, but they are good even though they have never done work like this before.

The covers will be done in several ways. They might just be mimeoed covers (in several colors) or I might use a silk-screen technique. They might be combined. I would like to use air brush covers because they CAN turn out so neat but I know next to nothing about this process so it will have to wait.

This is not my mimeograph so I don't know how it is going to look. I am obtaining a used A.B. Dick 90 mimeo so it ought to turn out rather good. I will get it anywhere from two weeks to two months from now.

I am in need of articles and stories for my zine. Send in one OR artwork and you will get a free copy of the issue in which it appears.

I will take ads for fanclubs or book companys but nothing else EXCEPT I will exchange free ad space with other zines. Also I will exchange this for other zines.

Since it is tiring to plow through readers letters I will excerpt choice remarks which you choose to send me. If you want me to I will say what the best liked pieces were. YOU readers can decide this an anything else. I will have a few departments such as: My favorate SF ( Fantasy ) story and why, by people who are in the spotlight in SF. Also, there will be a department which will review OLD fanzines, 1945 and before so you can see what fanzines were like during Second and Third Fandom, as well as currant fanzines.

This is going to be YOUR fanzine. YOU will tell me what you want an what you don't want. I'll be putting it out but since you will be paying for it YOU will tell me what you want. I don't just hand it to you and say, "Too bad if you don't like it". So I'll be waiting to hear from you. Tell me what you want BEFORE the first issue and I'll try to put it in, and remember. It's only \$1.00 to: Alan J. Lewis, Box 37, East Aurora, N. Y.

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The above testament to neofandom was received some time back. It has been reproduced "in toto", with none of the charmingly quaint spelling changed. Reproduction of the circular was also about equal to that of this page. No exchng ads are wanted, Alan; your ad paid for itself by bringing a few smiles to a tired old fanzine editor. RSC



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