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Strange As It Seems Dept: I recently saw an ad for "The Most Beautiful Can Opener In The World".



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You might say my delivery was a bit faster than the government's... Buck was ordering that pride and joy across the way back last spring when I got my conclusive frog test, and Bruce arrived before it did... of course, it was all paid for before Bruce was, the government being what it is...frankly, I think parental pride over there is a tossup between Bruce and that 30.06 (I believe that's the way to write it).. and for all you gun cranks out in the audience, such as Grennell and

Lew Forbes, I'd like to apologize for my botching the drawing of some Springfield on the cover and page three, but the fact is I was too lazy to make him dig the thing out of the gun case and make an accurate copy ...I enjoy target shooting and all, but I don't think I'll ever be as avidly correct about drawing guns as I would, say, of a well-turned out ankle, or the hind leg of a quadruped.....no, parenthood isn't all it's cracked up to be at times, especially at 1:30 or 2:00 a.m..... fortunately, the urchin seems to be out of that notion by now.....wakes up and mutters a bit, decides he isn't hungry, and goes back to sleep... of course, by this time, I'm awake, and I don't go back to sleep nearly as swiftly as he.....took a break from bottles and diapers to attend a show in Marion (didn't know what was on, but when I'm in the mood, I can fervently enjoy a z-class western, I'm that much of a movie addict) ...ended up seeing SOMETHING OF VALUE, which I had been warned Buck would never see due to Rock Hudson (still not sure how we ended up seeing GIANT).....at any rate, I don't object to Hudson's alleged acting, although that is improving; my main complaint is that I can't understand the man.....I suppose that soft voice is part of his "little boy appeal", but that combined with a mumble makes him largely unintelligible to me.....oh well, at least it had Sidney Poitier and William Marshall (from way back in LYDIA BAILEY), and the elderly actor who did L'Overture in that same LYDIA BAILEY)....having been raised on fifteen chapter pot-boilers and Jungle Sam adventure epics, it's a delightful revelation to me to see African natives played by Africans, or at least by Negroes.....also in the movie line was a rather fascinating thing by DeWeese and I viewed, called QUANTEZ....I don't believe I ever saw a movie that sounded like a cross between Bradbury and a script writer turned loose in a thesaurus of cliches.....a real psychological Western....I felt like I was ready for some free association when the thing was over...."but, doctor, people don't really talk like that, do they?".....incidentally, the botched job of correcting on page 8 is all my fault.....the stencil tore and I made the mistake of trying to correct it on Buck's typer....which Does Not Like Me...(do we have the only masculine and feminine, one-man, one-woman typers in fandom?)..oh yes....and sometime, do, dear, remind me to tell you all about my argument with the delivering doctor on the subject of sons of science fiction fan parents while under the influence of ether.....I'm not sure the poor man has recovered yet.....JWC

Note to the faithful; no, we have not dropped "stfinitions". I just forgot them this time.

The large amount of blank space at the end of the review of STELLAR results from my deciding after the stencil was cut that a few comments weren't very apt, even if I do like Stu Hoffman better than I do White. Is any editor out there looking for a fanzine reviewer? I'd like to give a complete review to every zine we get, and I'd also like to keep the column in YANDRO down to a

couple pages a month, and I can't do both -- at the moment, I'm not doing either. So if anyone wants a few pages of reviews....

We recently received the first of the series of stf booklets published by R.S. Craggs (25 McMillan Ave., West Hill, Ontario, Canada). This one is titled "The Word Machine" and written by "Candor Gray" (or "Condor Grey, depending on whether you believe the cover or the title page). 16 pages, professionally printed. The writing isn't bad; quite reminiscent of the "good old days". If you cherish mouldy copies of 1935 AMAZINGS, or want an example of "old-time stf" (with somewhat better writing than most old-time stf had), you might consider these booklets worth 20¢.

For those of you who may not have noticed it, I'd like to mention JACKPOT magazine. It is not, as its cover suggests, simply another new PLAYBOY imitation -- it is more of a PLAYBOY parody. Whether the humor in it is worth 50¢ is debatable -- but you might glance at it sometime. Put out by the editors of PLOWBOY.

Despite the extra pages in the lettercol this time, we ran out of room. For newcomers...I try to give a variety of views in the letters. Where two writers say essentially the same thing, the one that is used will be the one that I come to first when I'm rummaging through the stack. On the subject of letters, we received one from Marion Z. Bradley, which since seems to have disappeared, relating to Franklin Ford. Seems that since the illos adorning the Ford column were once used on an MZB fanzine review column, several people have been inquiring if she were Ford, and she wants people to know that she isn't. As a matter of fact, if Parker's explanation of Ford is correct (and another fan wrote me substantially the same thing), then White's remarks about British fan-ed's "stealing" material required a rather amazing amount of gall on Ted's part.

I'm writing this with Ylla clambering on and off my lap, the record player going full blast, Bruce Edward likewise going full blast, and Juanita gone to Marlon (the town, not Mrs. Bradley), so if this is a bit incoherent.... I'd like to know what is the matter with that kid. He isn't wet because I just changed him, and he isn't hungry because he got a good meal two hours ago. Just wants to yell, I guess. Fatherhood isn't all it's cracked up to be, kids. Correction: Bob Leman's address is 2701 South Vine Street, Denver, 10, Colorado. The wrong address on last issue's fanzine review caused some trouble, to us as well as other people, because we mailed YANDRO to that address and it came back and another issue had to be sent out first class.



RUMBLINGS

RSC

The Surdocks of Saturn

BY — dave jenrette —

The bartender of one of the more notorious dives of Saturnopolis looked up from polishing his glasses to see a girl walk in, sit herself down on a bar stool and smile invitingly. The bartender surveyed the part of her that showed -- and due to the warm climate there was a lot showing. He also noticed that she had a lot to show.

"What'll you have?" he asked.

She smiled invitingly. "Fifty credits for the night or ten for half an hour," she said.

"I mean, what'll you have to drink?"

"Soma, straight."

The bartender picked up the lead-shielded bottle and slowly poured the drink into the tiny glass he held with the radiation tongs. Soma was not, of course, radioactive, but it was customary to serve it as though it were.

"My name's Bella," she said. "Bella Donna. Has there been anyone asking for me?"

"No," said the man, setting the drink down in front of the girl.

She shrugged, picked up the glass, and raised it to her lips. "Well, here's to the male surdock," she said, quaffing the drink neatly.

"Did...did you say 'male surdock'?" asked the bartender.

The girl nodded, slipped off the stool and walked over to a booth where a young astronavigator was sitting. The bartender watched, eyes and mouth both watering, as she crossed the room. She had a perfect figure, young, vibrant, and alert; and her hair was a thing of midnight beauty. She sat down with the green young spaceman, whispered with him for a few minutes, and they left together. The bartender sighed, picked up the glass with Bella's lipstick stains on it, and reverently placed it on the shelf behind the bar.

A blue skinned Uranian came in for a Tall Vortex and the bartender busied himself with the bellows and flame thrower necessary in the preparation, but in the back of his mind was the question: why had the girl toasted the male surdock?

He pictured the surdock in his mind. It was a Saturnian animal, approximately seven feet in length, and was the ultimate in ugliness. It was bristly, slimy, squamous, and rugose. It stank and it slithered. Yet the girl had toasted the male surdock. Why the male and not the female?

The terrible thought struck him in all its horror. He leaned over the sink, barely managing to keep from retching. To think that that beautiful girl would.....horrible!

Just then he heard the door open and saw Bella enter. She strutted across the room in her inim-



itable style and sat down. "I'll have another soma," she said, barely suppressing a yawn.

With trembling hands the bartender poured the drink and placed it before the girl. He reached for the credit note she placed on the bar and then pulled back his hand as though it had been burned.

"That...that's all right," he stammered. That drink is on the house."

She smiled. "Come around sometime and I'll return the favor."

The bartender's face turned a sickly white, but he said nothing.

"Well," said Bella, "here's to the male surdock!"

For a minute, the bartender said nothing. Then, summoning his courage, he spoke. "Miss, I've heard many toasts in my life -- toasts to almost everything -- but I have never before heard anyone toast the male surdock. I, er.. I hope I'm not asking a personal question, miss: but, er...why?"

"That's all right," said Bella, leaning forward across the bar. "It's not personal and it's really very interesting." She opened a zulonite cigarette case, pulled out a cigarette, lit it, and took a long puff.

"You see, every year the female surdock lays one million eggs...."

"That's interesting," interrupted the bartender, "but what does that have to do with the male surdock?"

"Are you kidding? But anyway, each year the male surdock eats nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine of those eggs."

"I still don't..."

"It's simple," said Bella. "If it weren't for the male, we'd be up to our necks in surdocks!"

"Gray stood amazed suddenly, glimpsing the madness rising in the other's brain."

.....Frank C. Kelly, in WONDER STORY QUARTERLY, 1932

expeditionary note

BY *mary corby*

Here the strange
Exotic place;
Landscape weird
And alien race.

Foreign too
The whistled word,
Feared the body
Lithe and furred.

How can Man
Meet race unknown
Who's not yet learned
To know his own?



Golden Minutes

BOOK REVIEWS

NO BLADE OF GRASS by John Christopher (reviewed by Bill Meyers)

When I was first told that "No Blade Of Grass" would appear in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, I was practically on pins and needles with anticipation. Finally, the April 27th POST hit the stands with me there waiting for it. Rushing home with my prize, I began to read.

Today I finished the last installment.

After reading the first and second installments, I felt that Christopher was shooting for another "War And Peace" -- at least in length. He had begun with minute and carefully detailed descriptions -- which, however did not deter the light and easy reading so typical of his style:

With the third and fourth installments, I received the impression that the author had lost quite a bit of his preliminary ambitions and was hurrying things up a bit. The fifth and sixth installments were speeded up even more so. Christopher seemed to be tiring of his manuscript, and anxious to finish. Most of his earlier descriptions had been omitted and now he was only writing the bare essentials of the plot.

And now...the ending was as abrupt as any ending can get without ruining the whole book; his earlier flow of careful description had been immediately shut off. True, he left room for a sequel, which could easily better the original, but it seems that the original should at least contain a solid ending. I was, to use the well-worn phrase, left up in the air.

Oh, the novel was a good one, no doubt about that. But it just didn't come up to my expectations of a novel that had been awarded such praise.

Generally, the book concerns the adventures of two London families trying to reach the northern English farm of one of the men's brother. A virus has destroyed all grass, wheat, corn, etc. and England is fighting for survival -- there is not enough food left to prevent mass starvation. "Survival of the fittest" has replaced law and order.

Now the reason I disliked the ending is that as soon as the families reach the farm, the book just stopped! Christopher could have written an even more successful book if he had described their hardships after arriving at Blind Gill; the fight to raise crops, beat off attackers, and trying to keep from regressing to utter savagery.

All in all the novel was excellent, the characterization average (the two men, John and Roger, were well characterized, but their wives were nothing but cardboard) and the writing superior. But it could have been so much better.

/Ed note: I disagree here, first because the subsequent story has been written so often before, and second because I feel that Christopher's main character was not the ostensible hero, John, but the shopkeeper, Pirrie. However, everyone to his own taste. RSC/

THE 27TH DAY by John Mantley (reviewed by Steve Mansfield)

John Mantley, a native Canadian, has spent most of his writing career

on TV scripts and several plays. Particularly to the latter he is drawn, since his father is a first cousin of Mary Pickford.

The plot of "The 27th Day", using the term loosely, is rather complicated. Basically it concerns the problem of five selected Earthians from five countries who are each given possession of three capsules, each capsule able to destroy all human life - and only human life - within 3000 square miles /Ed note: You sure that isn't a 3000 mile radius?/ of any spot you care to name. Each set of capsules is in an indestructible box, which only the electrical impulses of the owner can open.

The purpose of this, the Aliens state, is to see whether or not the leading countries of Earth can keep from destroying the humans in other countries. If they can't, everyone will get theirs, and the Aliens can step in and take over the planet. (Naturally these aliens are Not Of This System.) Even if part of Earth's population survives, the Aliens will move in, but promise not to disturb the survivors. Mantley blames the Aliens for providing the flying saucer sightings, like any good stf writer, even mentioning that the 400 years of sightings has been only a few hours to them. (The German professor promptly makes a few lightning calculations and announces that they have lifespans of over half a million years. It appears that proportionate length of life is the one characteristic Mantley neglected to change.)

I don't think the first part of the book was meant to be funny, but... Anyway, the five selected people - a Chinese girl, the German professor, a Russian soldier, a luscious English doll in a two-piece bathing suit, and Our Hero, a Los Angeles newspaper reporter - are given the boxes and returned to Earth. The capsules, I might add, are good for only 27 days, after which they become harmless, and the Aliens count noses to see if they win or not.

The Chinese girl promptly commits suicide, and the English girl dumps her box in the ocean and takes off for America and the big brave newspaperman. The German professor, who, like any good grade B movie professor, remains calm while facing the Unknown, also leaves for America. While all this is going on, the Aliens inform everyone on Earth, in each person's native tongue, of course, just who the five capsule-wielders are. Immediately, the entire world begins searching for the five who Know Something. The U.S. government grabs the German professor, and the Russian government grabs the Russian soldier.

The newspaperman and girl friend make it to a secluded cabin in the California hills to hide out. Fun and Sun in America's Playground, you might say. Eventually, however, they become noble and Give Themselves Up, about the time that the Russian soldier is "persuaded" to turn his capsules over to his government.

The Americans decide to test the capsules. Unfortunately, as the capsule will harm no life outside of the human, they need a human to test one on. At this point, a noble scientist persuades them to allow him to be the guinea pig by saying that he had taken poison anyway. A bare-faced lie, but it might as well have been the truth because the capsule (tested at a lonely spot in the Arctic) proves quite effective. By now, the Russian government is threatening to use their capsules unless the United States agrees to withdraw all its troops inside the borders of the continental United States. Playing cagily for time while the German

professor examines the remaining capsules, the US agrees. The professor, who is Never Wrong, suspects that the Russian dictator will launch his capsules on America in the last moments before they become harmless, thus avoiding retaliation. Being too honorable and all that to start tossing capsules, the US sweats it out.

At the last instant, the dictator launches his capsules, the professor launches his capsules, and everybody including the aliens wind up living happily ever after. It's sort of complicated and you can read the book to figure it all out, if you're that interested.

The book is spiced with last second events, close calls, and typical clichés. The characters are all plagued with strange mannerisms, and every few seconds someone is pulling his or her earlobe, nose, chin, eyelids, eyebrows, rubbing his or her head or possessed of involuntary mouth twitches. /Nervous, man -- nervous/

The plot is a slightly different twist on an old theme; the writing is competent, to a degree, and occasionally manages to evoke a mood, intentionally or not. The book is not particularly horrible, but neither is it particularly good.

Mantley would do better writing his plays.

Old blondes never fade....they just dye away

.....Roger Ebert

ADRIET IN SPACE

by — TERRY CARR

Lost and alone in the blackness of night,
The foolhardy roar and the vastness of sight.
My heart is a bird but newly set free
And my mind is a dead thing chained in me.
Over all is the feeling of infinite falling,
With behind me a cold, disembodied voice calling:

This is Space Station One, calling Reynolds.

Do you read me, lieutenant? Come in!

And the night is the color of sin.

I'm not too sure just what the publishers of F&SF are trying to do..... the other day one of the items stuffed in our mailbox was a copy of the Asimov article on fall-out which appeared in the last issue of F&SF, together with a covering letter which stressed the importance of this article. This material was addressed to the editors of YANDRO. Now, I agree that this is an important article, but are the publishers of F&SF so ignorant of fandom (and their own mailing lists) that they don't know that most fans will read the article anyway, and that we sub to the mag?

MONSTER FROM THE GREEN HELL

a movie review by Eugene DeWeese

"This is the age of rockets and atomic power" intones the narrator who, in a few moments, is revealed as the relatively heroic scientist in the picture, played by Jim Davis. A bit more gobbledegook follows and then we are off to a rousing start as one of the rockets the scientist has sent up fails to return. The faithful old electronic computer informs him that it probably came down somewhere in Africa.

Just to prove the computer right, the audience is treated to a shot of some terrified African natives and a brief glimpse of the latest insectile brainstorm to come blithering out of Hollywood; a giant wasp.

Back to the laboratory, where by now little beasties which have been shot up into "outer space" and exposed to "cosmic rays" (or possibly the s in cosmic should be deleted) are being shown, along with their mutated offspring, which, of course, are larger than their parents. Mention is made that the missing rocket contained wasps.

Back to Africa, where someone is killed and a doctor performing the autopsy finds a couple of gallons of wasp venom in the victim. Back to the U.S.: "If forty seconds radiation could cause this, what about 40 minutes?" "You mean-----a nightmare?" (Dramatic pause.) "Yes!"

So, now that news of the monster has reached the outside world, off the scientists go to Africa. The studio gets to use up a lot of African footage, but little else is accomplished, although once, while setting fire to a huge grassy plain to escape from some hostile natives, it is only by the good, if stupid, grace of the script-writer that half of Africa isn't burnt up. Remarkably careless group with fire, for just a few days later when the camp is surrounded by wasps (which are buzzing madly even if they are just walking) they decide maybe the creatures don't like fire and promptly dump a couple of gallons of kerosene (or maybe gasoline) on the campfire.

Some talk is made about the wasps moving on if their food (the natives) runs out. Perhaps, but from all indications the animals never eat anyway; all they're looking for are handy storage spaces for venom. They never eat their victims; just slither up, make like a mobile punch press, drop the victim and scam.

After more unnecessary adventures, during which they pick up a girl (who is, oddly enough, quite appealing looking and a good actress) and a native guide, they reach the source of the monsters. Taking their super-hand-grenades, they charge in, praying as they go.

The bombs have little effect except to blow up a cave they (the people) have taken refuge in, and after locating another exit, they are resigned to having the world taken over by Giant Wasps. Fortunately for everyone concerned -- except the audience -- along about here The Man Upstairs takes a hand, the film turns into technicolor and lava starts flowing out of a volcano like mad. The shots of this are very sloppily superimposed on the few shots they have of the beasts, and "by the grace of God" the world is saved. I'm afraid it would take something more to save the movie, however.

THROUGH SPACE AND TIME WITH GRENDEL BRIARTON

by Ferdinand Feghoot

Once upon a time there lived a Mad Scientist, Grendel by name. He was a very nice Mad Scientist, loved his wife, Drusilda and his daughter Angela, and in general was considered the sort of person who wouldn't harm a fly. He was an English Mad Scientist, by the way.

It might be said, however, that this was the trouble. He didn't like to harm flies, and he was simply plagued by them. After years of reluctantly swatting the creatures, his conscience got the best of him and he decided to put his knowledge of mad science to work on a painless method of removing flies.

Naturally, his first thought was of the Fourth Dimension; the flies could be stored there for any convenient period -- since time means nothing in the Fourth Dimension. He could store the flies there until such time as the Earth would be depopulated of humans and the flies could be released without annoyance to anyone. Or, as an alternative, they could be stored until interstellar travel opened up a planet where the flies could exist independently of humans.

For months he worked, and finally...success! Unfortunately, he discovered that a machine capable of penetrating the Fourth Dimension was rather large -- in fact, it was altogether too large to be practical for the use of flies. For a time he toyed with the idea of mutating flies until he had bred them large enough to use the machine, but this seemed a bit impractical, on second thought.

Some other use? Well, perhaps...it would be a shame to waste all that work. With this thought in mind, he left his laboratory to make a quick tour of the major business concerns to find out if any of them had a use for a large economy size Fourth Dimension machine. Unfortunately, no one could think of a practical use for it.

As he returned, dejected, to his home, his wife met him at the door with a sad face and crushing news. "Dear," she remarked hesitantly, "you remember our daughter, Angela...."

"Er, Angela? I don't think..."

"You always called her Annie", his wife put in helpfully.

"Oh, yes; Annie. Now I remember. What has happened to the dear child?"

"She fell into your machine," confided his wife. "But", she added, fearing the news would be too much for him, "things aren't all bad."

"What do you mean?"

"She only fell halfway in..."

But this seemed to unnerve Grendel even more. "Poor little 'arf in Annie!" he cried.

Did you know that Blue Pirate Shelled Walnuts are shelled by the only electronic nutcracker in existence?



FDKINS

STRANGE FRUIT

THAT AWFUL FANZINE COLUMN

I'm not sure just what sort of column I can write with Bruce Edward yelling his head off in the next room, but..... Why is it that babies are unhappy 99% of the time that they're awake? Oh well...I'll start off with a couple of fanzines that I failed to review earlier -- one because I didn't know MZB distributed any amount outside of FAPA, and the other because I plain forgot about it.

SIGBO #4 (Jerry DeMuth, 2344 Sheridan Rd, Evanston, Illinois - quarterly - 15¢, 2/25¢)

Very well reproduced via black ditto, with a pretty lousy cover and pretty good contents. An analysis of science fiction by professor Hirsch of Purdue University, plus the usual other articles, fiction, editorial, book reviews, and letters. Not outstanding, but generally pleasant -- and considering the length of time I had this ish around without reviewing it, the next one should be out any day now. Rating.....5

DAY*STAR (Marion Zimmer Bradley, Box 246, Rochester, Texas)

Like most FAPAazines, DAY*STAR is irregular, and while Marion mentions people subscribing, she neglects to put a price on the thing. This is not so impeccably reproduced, but it's readable. Contents are mostly by the editor (though this issue also contains a story by Terry Carr) and are all interesting, at least to me. Includes verse, arguments with Harry Warner and writer Richard Ashman, a plea for better FAPA-zines, and editorial ramblings. Rating.....7

SATA #8 (Bill Pearson, 4516 E. Glenrosa, Phoenix, Arizona - quarterly - 25¢)

SATA still contains the top artwork in the fan field, and dittoed reproduction which is very nearly the equal of photo-offsetting. There is a heavy reliance on fiction (which can be more adequately illustrated) and possibly a lack of really good articles. But SATA is worth getting, simply as an example of what can be accomplished by a combination of good artists and good reproduction. Rating.....6

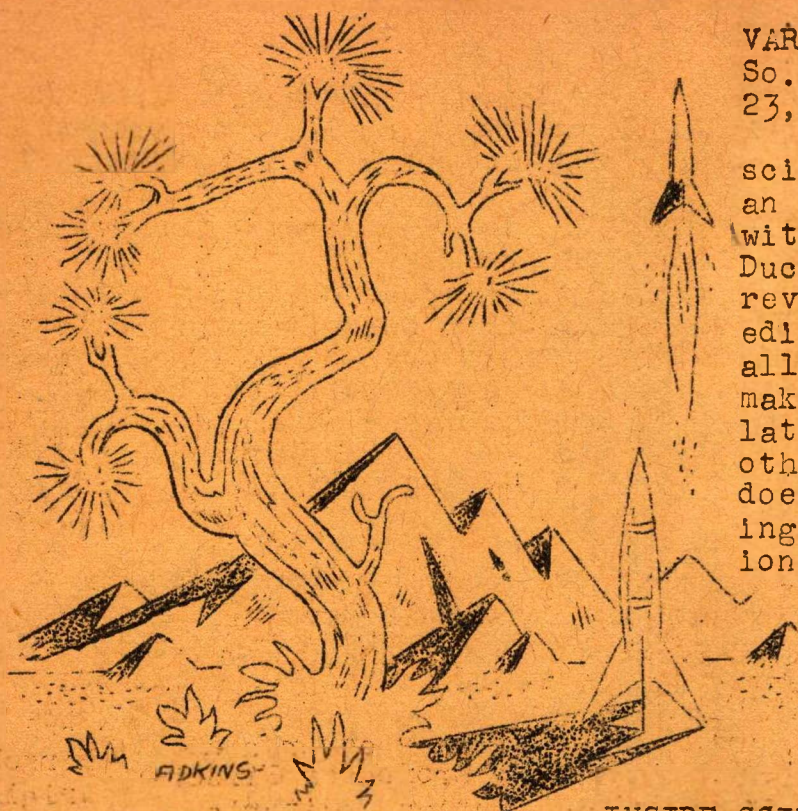
FHAN #1 (George Sjöberg, Dalagatan 31 nb., Stockholm Va., SWEDEN)

Another dual-language zine, with Dick Ellington's Nycon report -- a little late on the publication, boys? -- in English, and the rest of the zine in Swedish. Well reproduced, as most Swedish fanzines seem to be. No rating, since I could only read one article.



VARIOSO #15 (John Magnus, Jr., 6 So. Franklinton Rd., Baltimore 23, Maryland - very irregular-10¢?)

An editorial, a critique of science-fiction which is merely an old story re-told with gadgets, with David Gordon's "Look Out! Duck!" used as an example, movie reviews, and letters. All by the editor (except the letters) and all, except the movie reviews, making pretty good sense. (In the latter, he complains about the way other fans review movies and then does the very thing he's complaining about in his review of "Invasion Of The Saucer Men", which, while not exactly good, had more virtues than he credits it with.) Published by Ted White, and, like all White publications, excellently done. Rating.....5



INSIDE SCIENCE FICTION #52 (Ron Smith, Box 356 Times Square Station, New York 36, N.Y. - irregular - 30¢)

The front half of this ish is a wonderful parody of ASF, from the blotchy background of the front cover to the book club ad on the back. Perhaps the best individual item is the story blurb, which could be transferred intact to a story in the real ASF and be right in place. However, it's all good -- I've read every issue of MAD and it has yet to produce a parody to compare with it. The back half is the usual INSIDE collection of book reviews and serious articles. With 64 half-size photo-offset pages, INSIDE is probably the best buy in fanzines, despite what some may consider a high price. Rating.....10

OMNIVORE #1. (Bob Ross, Box 773, Cary Hall, Purdue University, West Lafayette, Indiana - quarterly - 10¢)

This has the one great fault associated with zines edited by neofen; it is deadly serious, from the editorial in the front to the questionnaire in the back. The reproduction is readable, the layout neat, and the material is mostly fair. The mag is the official organ of the Purdue Science-Fiction Association, and the first issue is naturally written by the members. More material is asked for -- I strongly recommend that someone contribute a little humor. Rating.....3

TWIG #6 (Guy E. Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho - irregular - 15¢) This is the first Annish, and contains 63 pages.

Reproduction good to excellent, with some especially good artwork contributed (and dittoed) by Pearson. The contents page lists 18 different items, fairly well divided between fiction and articles, humor and seriousness. Material ranges from very poor writing by Glenn King

and Ed Gorman to very good writing by Lars Bourne and Honey Wood. TWIG has been improving regularly; it's an unassuming, general-interest fanzine...but it's one that I particularly enjoy reading. Rating....7

AMOK! #1 (Don R. Powell, Box 7311, M.T.S.C., Denton, Texas - irregular - 15¢ -- the Official Organ of the Black Book Society)

Frankly, when I first saw this mag, with its poor dittoing, uninteresting reviews, an article by William Grant which doesn't say anything, and a large smattering of typos, I didn't think much of it. Then I realized that the long piece of fiction was actually an extremely well-written satire; it is, in fact, such a good parody of the writing of H.P. Lovecraft, that I can think of only two fans who might have done it... either Lin Carter or Jay Crackel. I suspect Crackel. Get the mag; have a hearty chuckle over "The Insider", and skip the rest. Rating.....4

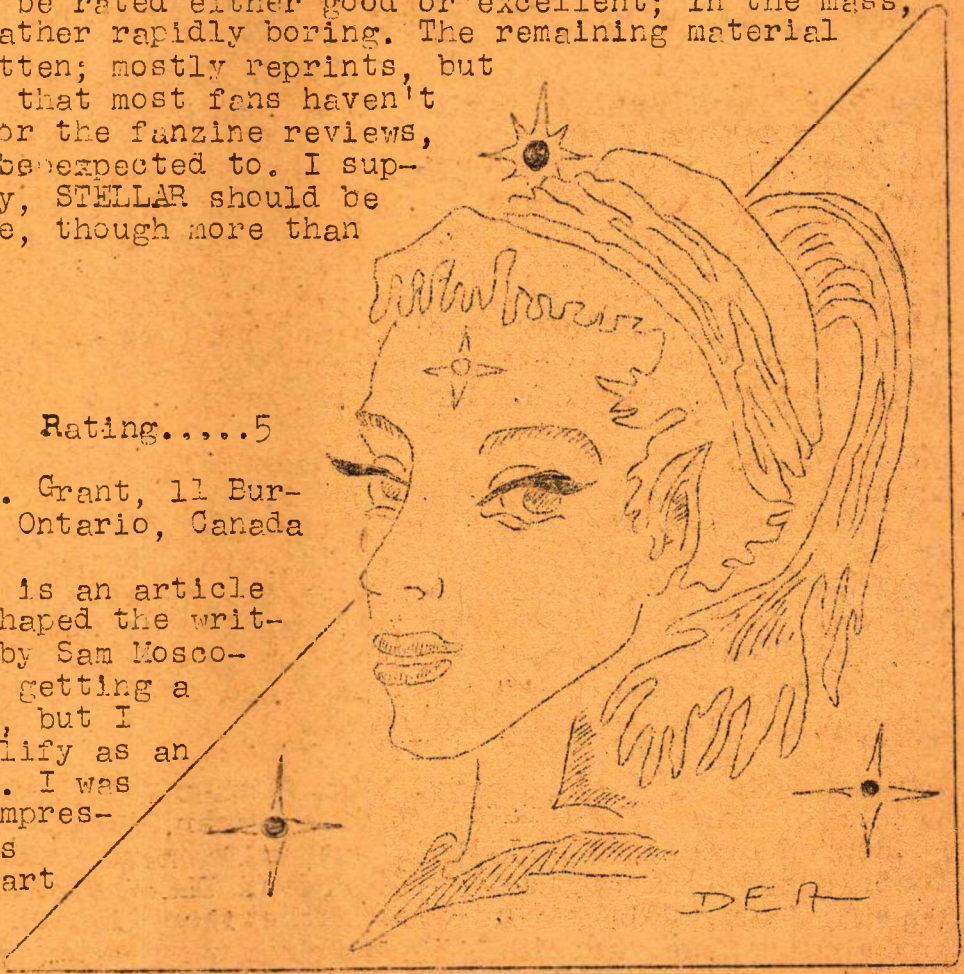
STELLAR #12 (Ted White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Virginia - irregular - 15¢ or 5 for 50¢ - British agent, Archie Mercer)

As usual, STELLAR is a big fat zine (50 pages plus a 6-color cover which unfortunately is lousy artwork), and is beautifully reproduced. For some reason, White included 6 pro-parodies in this issue. Individually, each one would be rated either good or excellent; in the mass, they tend to become rather rapidly boring. The remaining material is generally well-written; mostly reprints, but reprints from sources that most fans haven't seen. I didn't care for the fanzine reviews, but then, I wouldn't be expected to. I suppose that, impartially, STELLAR should be considered a good zine, though more than a trifle monotonous.

Rating.....5

CANFAN #35 (William D. Grant, 11 Burton Road, Toronto 10, Ontario, Canada irregular - 8 for \$1)

Main feature here is an article on the forces which shaped the writing of Ray Bradbury, by Sam Moscovitz. Personally, I'm getting a bit sick of Moscovitz, but I suppose this does qualify as an important fan article. I was much more favorably impressed by Dave Jenrette's discussion of modern art forms, but this is quite possibly due to the fact that I



agree with Dave, and I don't agree at all with Moscovitz. A con report, articles on jazz and old movies, and letters finish off the issue. The mag is quite readable, both reproduction- and quality-wise. Rating..7

CONTACT #9 (Jan Jansen, 229 Berchemlei, Borgerhout, Antwerp, Belgium - irregular - \$1 per year)

This was supposed to be a semi-monthly newsletter of fandom; recently, through no fault of Jan's, it has become irregular. If he can get it back on schedule it will perform a valuable (I almost said vital, but nothing about fandom is vital) function for fandom. This, the first issue in some months, may herald a more regular schedule. I hope so.

ZODIAC (Larry Sokol, 4131 Lafayette Avenue, Omaha 31, Nebraska - bi-monthly - 10¢ or 6 for 50¢) This is #4

Best item here is the "Paging The Editor" section, which this month takes up Arthur Berry and John Thomson. Or somebody like that -- that's the trouble with such close co-operation; people can't tell who's which. Nothing extra in the rest of the zine, except for the letter column, which is good. A parody of flying saucer articles is funny in spots, but a good bit of the humor is pretty strained. Reproduction is excellent; lately I've noticed that in general, dittoed zines seem to come out better than mimeoed ones, except for typos. Rating...3

ENIGMA (Jesse J. Leaf, 4510 Church Ave., Brooklyn 3, N. Y. - quarterly - 10¢) This is issue #1

This is a half-size zine, a fact which the editor doesn't seem too happy about. It is mimeoed, readably. The artwork is mostly fair, as is the material (what there is of it). Rich Brown's fan quiz is good; there were several questions that I didn't know the answer to (and at least one which doesn't have a recognized answer). Not that any fan quiz that stumps me is automatically a tough one, but I do know a little about the field. There is also a pro-and-con discussion on fan fiction, between the editor and Honey Wood. However, 13 half-size pages, plus 2 covers, is a bit slim for 10¢ - Leaf needs more material. Rating...2

SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES (formerly FANTASY TIMES) #280 (Fandom House, P.O. Box 2331, Paterson 23, New Jersey - semi-monthly - 10¢, 12 for \$1)

This is the newspaper of science fiction. For example, the present issue contains book reviews, advertisements, letters, comments on the Westercon, notices that two professional publishers have changed addresses, and a notice that James Blish will edit a new stfmag. I strongly recommend S-F TIMES to all stf fans.

CAPSULE COMMENTS: SCIENCE-FICTION FIFTY YEARLY is a one-shot co-edited by Bob Bloch and Bob Tucker. Grab one. (Zine, that is, not editor.) SCIENCE FICTION PARADE (Len Moffatt, 10202 Belcher, Downey, Calif.-free) features mostly reviews, though this issue is livened by a Loncon report by Walt Willis and Rory Faulkner. CRY OF THE NAMELESS (Nameless Ones, Box 92, 920 3rd. Ave, Seattle 4, Wash. - 10¢) is still going strong and good. Bob Tucker and Lynn Hickman have co-authored a one-shot. Good. Tucker (Box 702, Bloomington, Ill.) puts out THE BUGLE OF DINGLY DELL, a two-page newsletter type. Entertaining. (Awright, Bob; I reacted.)

GRUMBLINGS

Fred W. Arnold, RFD 15, Box 368, Richmond, Virginia

At the top of page 8, Rory Faulkner is referred to as "him". Now since I am so new to this "fandom" thing, it is quite possible that I am wrong, but I always thought that Rory Faulkner was a woman (could there be two?)

I like those "mommie, mommie" jokes. Something to keep the children's interest, in a clean and wholesome way, while their elders follow the more serious aspects of the mag.

I know that unfavorable criticism from an outsider is always unseemly, but...Although I would be the last person in the world to attempt to censor your publication, I must take issue with your taste in words. In your remarks on the letter from Alan Dodd you use the terms "bastard cult" and "idiotic bunch" in referring to a religious group. Is this kind? In a legal sense, is it even wise? How many people can show a logical foundation for their religious beliefs? (When I say logical I mean something that can be proven). As for not having any rhyme or reason for their practices, I know of a local group which excerpts parts of the Jewish faith and rejects the rest without any apparent rhyme or reason. They call themselves Critens or Chestans or something.

/Frankly, right now I couldn't say if Rory Faulkner was man, woman, or demon. Moorcock had it "him" and I left it that way because I didn't know enough about the individual to change it. It could quite easily have been a typo in the manuscript. As for the Old Order, quite technically they are a bastard cult, because they're an illegitimate offspring of the Amish. However, I agree that perhaps calling them that in print wasn't in the best taste. Fandom as a whole isn't noted for good taste, if it comes to that. As for the idiot cult business, I shall let Gem Carr take up the logic of religion, if she cares to. However, I think you'll agree that there is a considerable difference in the logic and sanity between, say the Presbyterians and the Church Of The Atomic Christ (oh yes, there is one.) And the Old Order comes close to belonging in what is popularly known as the "lunatic fringe" section. RSC/

Pat Richards, Southwestern Sec., 1650 Crest Ridge Dr., Dallas 28, Texas

We are proud to announce the first Southwestern (formerly the Oklacon). It will be held over the 1958 July 4th. weekend in Dallas, Texas. The convention is being sponsored by the Dallas branch of the Texas Science Fiction Society. Since this is our first convention, and since we are a relatively new club, we would appreciate any help you can give us, such as names of other fans and clubs in your area.

/Anyone for the Southwestern? Looks like they're planning far enough ahead, at any rate. Incidentally, calling it "Southwestern" in the address was my mistake, and one that is too difficult to re-type. I gave Pat info on ISFA and PuSFA...any other clubs in the area? RSC

Joe Lee Sanders, RR 1, Roachdale, Indiana

This is a pretty miserable season for me. I reek of creosote and feel quite rotten. The reason for this is that the ear infection I picked up at the Roachdale Fourth Of July has lasted. Dr. Byrne inserted a wick of cotton, dipped in some foul smelling stuff, up the ear until it started to come out the other ear. This puzzled him at first. So he made some tests. All I could get out of him about the results was, "Remarkable echo!"

I'm not well.

Am now reading a mistorical novel about the famous chubby Egyptian Pharaoh...Pork Cheops.

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

The dimetrodon in "1,000,000 BC" was an alligator with a fin attached to its back -- honest. There were at least two imitation dinosaurs in the picture, besides the living reptiles. One, which may have been a hog in disguise, resembled a baby triceratops. The other, which Victor Mature slew with a spear, looked like a small tyrannosaur and may have been a man wearing fancy dress. I thought the best extinct beast in the movie was the elephant in mammoth make-up. He appeared not long ago in the moronic "King Dinosaur" where he was enlarged to seem a hundred feet tall.

Alan Dodd does not exist? I wondered about the picture I have which is supposed to be him, since it has a vague ectoplasmic quality. I understand he didn't show up at all in some pictures taken of him at Stonehenge. Even if he doesn't exist, he seems to be craving something stronger than tea and Kola, because he's been wanting instructions for operating a moonshine still. /His is a proud and lonely spirit. RC/

The Stoccon must have been terrible with writers reaching the extreme of reading their own works aloud.

Have you seen "Fire Maidens Of Outer Space"? Don't miss it if you can. /Could I have that line again, please?/ V-2 rocket, noisy meteors, Atlantis, mad monster, the music of Nikolai Andreevich Rimski-Korsakov, and a whole herd of British girls which reminded me of The Roast Beef of Old England. It was quaint, in a way. You've said such films have unconscious humor, but even littul children laugh at them when I attend. /We have a couple of photos of what has been represented as Dodd. One shows a spectral face peering out of total blackness -- looks a bit like a still from a British movie -- and the other shows something inside a large trench-coat, peering at something three inches from his left foot which is captioned "Croyden Airport". The Amazing Colossal Dodd? RSC/

Jerry Greene, 482 E. 20th. St., Hialeah, Florida

If you have room, will you please insert this in your letter column: To all fans I owe letters to, I am truly sorry. I have something like 30 unanswered fanzines, Please bear with me. All of you who have silenced your typing fingers and halted your cranking hand toward me, PLEASE don't. I will try to send all of you a postage stamp anyway, but it will take time, fellows, time.

Looking back at that motherly plea, it seems so corny and inept, but I do mean it. I get maybe one zine a week now, and I don't know how long since I received a letter. I'm starving!

Strange Fruit depressed me to all the ends for two reasons. (1) I saw, in a smashing glimpse of Ray Palmer perception, that Fandom was passing me by. (2) I begin to wonder why you are in fandom, Buck, because you seemed to be repulsed by 90% of the zines you reviewed. /You mean that because I'm a fan editor I'm supposed to like fanzines? What a ghastly idea! Anyway I'm in fandom -- the publishing part, that is -- because I married into it. I would probably never have produced a fanzine, if I'd had to do all the work myself. On the mail part, fandom is a Red Queen's Race, as others have observed before me. RSC/

Bill Meyers, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chatanooga 11, Tennessee
So the cat's name is Yilla. How's that pronounced? Yilla or Yella (as the color)? /Neither.....it's pronounced Eela, as in fishy./

Since you're rambling about the gook that appears on the bacover of YANDRO, I simply must put a question to you concerning said gook that all zines seem to have. Just what in hell is Form 3547? Everyone seems to have requested it, but no one has it.

I wouldn't particularly put GALAXY below SUPER-STF tho I think GALAXY has hit a sharp decline and the latter makes for good light-reading. The GALAXY stories seem to be longer and more fully developed than in SUPER-STF.

/Oh, sure...I suppose that, technically, GALAXY stories have it all over those in SUPER SCIENCE FICTION. It's just that they all sound alike, and I'm getting sick of them. SSF I will read occasionally; I'm done with GALAXY....I subscribed after buying issue #1 off the newsstand, and kept my sub up through the good years and the last few lean ones, but enough is enough. If you'll look closely, you'll notice that we don't request Form 3547. If we requested it, someone might give us one, and then where would we be? Seriously, I think it has something to do with giving reasons for returning the zine (whether the recipient moved and left no address, or the postman was tired, or what) but I wouldn't swear to it. RSC/

Gary Deindorfer, Apt. E-1, Letchworth Ave, Yardley, Pennsylvania

I guess by now you and Juanita are the proud parents of a very neo-fan. Kidding aside, congratulations and when is he/she making his/her first contribution to YANDRO? If many other fan couples have babies maybe there will be a new type of convention. Let's get ready for the Talcon. /Well, we aren't in the Grennell-Tucker-Riddle class yet./

Okay, I want to know who Paramhansa Yogananda is. One thing for sure, no one with a name like that lives near me.

Those con reports were good and the report of the Swedish con was especially interesting but the most entertaining Loncon report I have yet read was by Willis and Faulkner in the current SF PARADE. This one by Moorcock lacked something. By the way, Bob. I don't mind you inserting comments in the letters, they give "Grumblings" extra humor; but please don't but into the articles, it's rude and drags down the article in most of the cases I saw.

I can't figure how Juanita gets so much finelined work in her stencils. I am speaking mainly of the cover where you can even see the dandruff flecks in the hero's hair. Very Profound.



I really like those stfinitions, though most don't have a thing to do with science fiction or fannish stuff. I say continue these things but try to get more pertaining to fandom somehow.

/The trouble is, most of the good stfinitions which actually pertained to stf were used up when we first ran the column, a couple of years ago. Maybe we'll reprint a few of the best. At least part of the fine lines in the artwork is due to our stencils, which are excellent for artwork, but

gum up the typewriter keys something awful. (I have to clean the keys 3 or 4 times on every stencil.) Others have complained about my inserting comments in articles and fiction. I try to keep it down, but I'll probably keep on doing it occasionally; after all, I work on this thing for my benefit, not the readers'. Paramhansa Yogananda, a great Master from India, came to this country in 1920 to show how, by scientific attunement with the cosmic laws of life, you may overcome the threefold suffering of man: physical disease, mental in-harmonies, and spiritual ignorance. You just don't keep up with things, Gary...you should subscribe to FATE. (No, I don't -- I get it free.)RC/

FATE is the greatest humor magazine in the world.....Ross Allen

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

Well, yes, I'm glad to see artwork by Bergeron. But the cover should have had some solid color in it. I've seen his work in the early STARLANES and was much impressed.

Ramblings, they ramble. Rumblings (ominous?), they....Strange Fruit, tasteless. Con reports: you too, you brute? After the second one or so, the interest wears off. And the fiction, illos, and all the rest was so-so. Not inspiring enthusiasm, at least.

But all these con reports do leave me with the impression that: Fans, like other people, have a lively interest in popular culture. Fandom as a state of mind does not necessarily have anything to do with science fiction. And I am strictly out of it. I care not at all about jazz and various forms of popular music. I don't play cards....I could carry this further, but those are plenty big matters already. Well? From what I've read about him, I feel a kind of kinship with the late H.P. Lovecraft.

/Well? I don't like jazz, or r&r; my interest in cards stops short of poker, and except for my views on integration I'm a political conservative. And here I am, an actifan. As for the solid color; you just don't get that on a mimeo...STARLANES was dittoed, as I recall. RSC/

Claude Hall, 2214 San Antonio, Austin 5, Texas

/Note, this is a rather old letter; he's commenting on #55/ Cover was solid genius. I'm still chuckling. Grant not the least to James Adams.

Give Dodd all the credit for explosive humor. If the quotation isn't

original with him, he at least deserves plaudits for spreading it before fandom. It's getting about time for another compilation of quotes. Has anyone heard from Brown lately?

The letter column was sparkling. Greg Benford sort of opened himself up, didn't he? Buck, I've got a reputation for having a caustic tongue, but you could probably give me a run-for-the-money, were you in the right mood.

The ad on page 23 I don't believe. Impossible. It must be a hoax from the New York set.

Garth Bentley is dead. Dr. Reddick, a friend of his, informed me the other day. Speaking for myself, I feel a personal loss at Garth's death. He was always of great assistance to me, both in an advisory capacity and as a contributor. /The following is from a later letter/

For Scithers, I can only comment that the "h" in Ghod and Bheer was in existence as far back as ODD and FanVariety. I would be willing to bet that the use of "h" can be traced back to Art Rapp.

One time, several years ago, I traced nonstoparagraphing back to Ackerman.

He did it.

Got a letter from him confessing his sins.

Actually, I like paragraphing in this manner. It saves time in typing and is actually (again? how trite!) easier to type. Keasler used it a lot: But since then, it has faded out of popularity in fandom.

/It also makes for interesting layout and -- the reason we'll not use it -- cuts down on the number of words per page. Some of the newer fan-eds could profitably revive the art. RSC/

Greg Benford, who hasn't sent his permanent Texas address yet

Hey man, dig~~---~~Coulson's gone and published one of my letters at last. I think your treatment of my words (which were at times more expressive and brash than I would like) was quite well done. I really do.

Has Moomaw ever actually stated that such-and-such a person was a stupid clod BECAUSE HE DISAGREED WITH MOOMAW'S OPINIONS? I personally don't feel that Kent's opinions are that egocentric and to me he has shown no evidence of that.

I haven't noticed the high school set raving for more sex in the prozines, more nudes in fmz, etc. Seems to me Kent Corey and several others on the college level have been all hot for that sort of thing. Not that I object to nudes. I enjoy Rotsler and one or two others.

Loud hooahaw at the bacover. I got one of these in the mail two months ago and sent it to Raeburn, but it never occurred to me that reprinting the thing might be good for laughs. I'm glad I didn't feel compelled to publish something like this when I was a neo. Elms goes into fandom with an already be-smirched reputation, all due to his own enthusiasm.

/You're right about the "sex-fiends" being collegians, but college students can still be teen-agers, and most of the bunch were, when they started. I don't object to nudes, either (though I've never particularly admired



Rotsler); I just object to people insisting on having them. I still feel that Moomaw is enamoured of his own opinions, but I'd like to stop any "Coulson-vs.Moomaw" ideas.....Kent not only isn't the only conceited person in fandom, but he's far from being the worst offender. I once used him as an example, and the thing has been building up. As a matter of fact, Kent has been getting jumped on fairly regularly lately, and, while in some cases he's certainly asked for it, he hasn't really acted any cockier than other fans, who haven't been called on it. At any rate, if I use any examples of fannish conceit in the future, I'll pick on Dick Geis, who certainly held the record along those lines while he was active. Okay? RSC/

Arthur Hayes, %Dominion Catering, Bicroft, Bancroft, Ontario, Canada
The bus to Toronto...flight to New York and out, are routine matters. Outside of the fact that we astounded the Royal Dutch Airlines on our appetites, after a good and complete meal in N.Y. at their expense, and our thirst (some saying that we had reduced them to the dog-biscuit and cooking sherry stage by the time we were two hours out from Gander, Newfoundland), little need be said.

Being one of the 17 who did not believe in tarrying in England when Holland and Belgium with its miniature Twerpcon was awaiting us, I proceeded to Amsterdam. A couple from England had preceeded us to Belgium, to partake the pleasures of the Twerpcon, and finally met us. The Twerpcon, consisting of the two Britishers, most of the 17, and Jan Jansen, soul European representative, took place, lasted approximately two hours, in which most of the 17 were on the outside looking in. However, our three-day visit to the continent, prior to the con, was NOT a loss. Various groups of the 17 investigated the various sections of Amsterdam (including the areas of Low repute)/that was a pretty low pun, too/ The Hague was investigated, then Antwerp. There 7 of us were left. Five, being highbrows, more interested in art museums and the like, proceeded to inspect museums that turned out to be closed, while Sheldon Deretchin and I went elsewhere.

London, a friendly convention, with little specialized groupings that left the majority out.

Paris, Lourdes, Nice, Rome, Geneva, and London again followed in quick succession for me, myself and I, alone. Since no one can tell on me, we shall say that all went well and honorably.

A much quieter group embarked on the KLM plane for the return trip. Eight of the gang soon felt somewhat under the weather. At Gander, I felt sufficiently well to take (at 2:30 AM) the breakfast of a few others who didn't feel so well.

Debugged several times, we went through about an hour of red-tape in New York, then I went my solitary way back, to go it along through another hour of red-tape at the Canadian debarkation point, then on to work, at midnight of the night I got in.

/Now there's the kind of con-report I'd like to publish more often. RC/
Ron Parker, 714 W.4th. St., Tulsa 7, Oklahoma
STELLAR's Franklin Ford is a fascinating tale, of which I know the basic details. Originally, Eney used it, it being the name of a psychologist relative of his. This in itself was a fascinating affair, this psychol-

ogist, I mean, since G.M. Carr was writing to him trying to psychoanalyze Eney, not knowing he was a relative... Long tale in itself. Anyway, Eney first used it, then Phil Castora assumed it. However, Eney had just borrowed Ford's name and didn't want it spread so he asked Phil not to continue using the name. Phil did so, but then White stole the name and did reviews which included editorial additions by himself. Twas actually just a conglomeration. I know White did them in the referred to 12th issue, and I first suspected it since he knew the workings of CONCEPT and so did Ford....

SNOGOLOBALOOBLA!! That PERIHELION 4 should get a 4 rating, the same miserable number you've given to such fine productions as QUIRK 3, etc. YOU D*O*G! It should happen to you. Just wait'll I start MY monthly zine and start reviewing YANDRO. /You sure you aren't Ford?/

But I was sort of disappointed. I don't think you like SAPS zines... Snarf.

And calling it one of the better SAPS zines doesn't help you, or say much for SAPS. /No, it doesn't, does it? RC/

I don't know how Dodd, who doesn't even exist, can talk about other supposed fans in Ceylon and Borneo. Somewhere in the deep dark recesses of the letter files Dodd told me WHY he stayed away from cons, but damned if I'm gonna hunt it up.

Not for someone who isn't real I'm not.

/I'm not convinced that White is Ford, though. For one thing, if he dislikes the mag as much as Ford does, why in hell does he want to trade for it? I don't care whether I trade or not, and I certainly have a much higher opinion of STELLAR than Ford does of YANDRO. I won't say I dislike SAPS zines as a group, because I haven't seen all of them. I will say I'm not impressed with the group that I have seen....even Gem Carr seems to stuff her SAPSZINE with material that isn't quite interesting enough for FAPA. Hickman's good, but he doesn't publish often enough./

Hal Annas, a Virginian (no, no! Virginian, not virgins!)

By this time you have no doubt learned the science of diapering. This is an involved operation, entailing the use of triangular pants, and no doubt extensive knowledge of trigonometry, and a number of safety pins. I can imagine that you drew the plans from data furnished by Juanita and learned the process step by step.

Soon another involved operation will fall to your lot. This one is called "Walking the baby". This occurs on the coldest nights when the furnace is on the blink. Children like to brave the rawest weather.

In 1938 I ran a weekly in St. Marys, W.Va., on the bank of the Ohio river. It had a private telephone system. You would pick up the receiver and say, "I want to speak to my girl. The operator would recognize your voice and connect you with your girl, and if she made a mistake it just made things more interesting, for you couldn't understand what she said, and she couldn't understand you, owing to the grating noise in the phone system, and anyway the phone was used only to tell someone to meet you in the Assyrian knee-pants nightclub for a confab on the swimming pool dance or the latest picnic, or to tell someone to slip in the back door of Joe's for a sure thing in the fourth at Hialeah. Someone always met you, in either place, and it didn't matter whether it was the one you called or not.

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