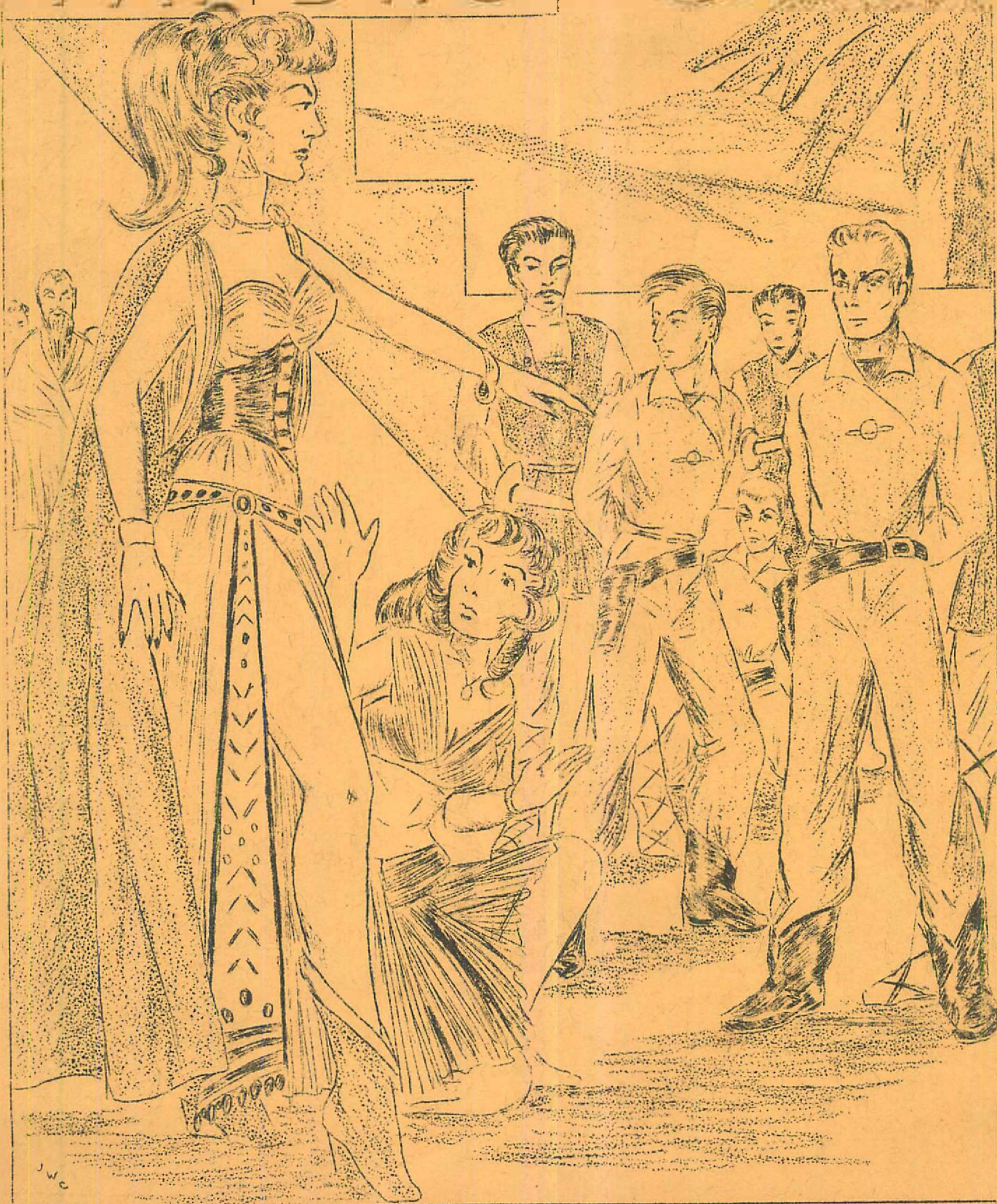


YANDRO

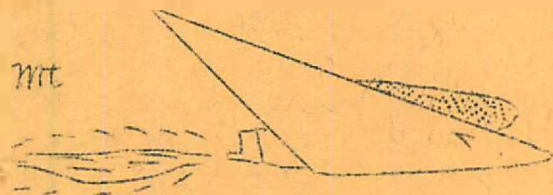


YANDRO

VOL. V - NO. 9

SEPTEMBER '57

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monthly issue #56

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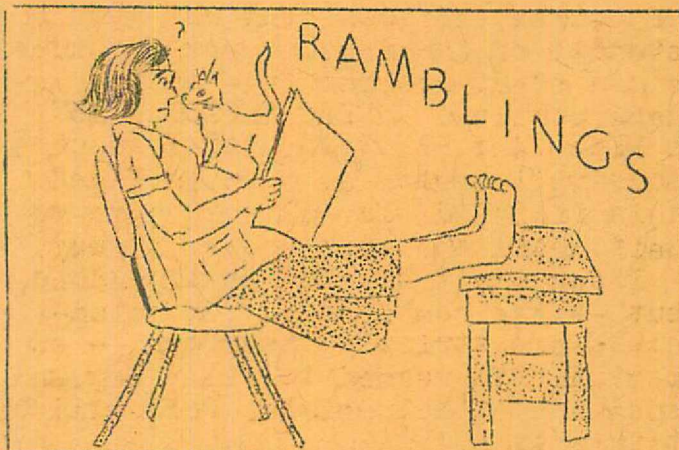
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There are two causes for the paltry number of illustrations in this issue: first, Juanita did not feel like doing a lot of stencil cutting; second, she had some difficulty in getting close enough to the mimeoscope to do the work.

YANDRO is published monthly (no snickers from the regular readers, please) by Robert & Juanita Coulson, from 105 Stitt St., Wabash, Indiana, USA. Price 10¢ per issue or 12 for \$1. British readers may obtain copies from Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England, for 10d each, or 12 for 9/0. Continental European fans please remit 15¢ for one or \$1.25 for 12, or sub through Dodd at British prices. Trades are sometimes accepted, and then again sometimes they aren't.

DEFINITIONS

Biophysics.....	castor oil for two.....	Robert E. Gilbert
Barbarian.....	zoning ordinance prohibiting cemeteries.....	Gene DeWeese
Jacques Offenbach.....	Jack returns frequently.....	Bem Gordon
Madcap.....	paper hat made from a comic book.....	Gilbert
Hydrogen.....	Half water and half liquor.....	Joe Sanders
Nobel.....	knock, instead.....	Gordon
Luminous.....	We both better go on a diet.....	DeWeese



We seem to have acquired a small type feline...best described as a sort of splattered color and named Ylla....the animal is a brown and orange conglomeration resembling a Martian desert (hence the name)and has an inordinately long tail which gets stepped on quite frequently by accident, and which said cat is continually pouncing on and chomping vigorously to her surprise and pain (she apparently hasn't figured out it's an appendage yet)....she also

likes Sugar Jots.....which seem to be a hole-less Cheerios with sugar.. the most recent view in the alleged atfilm lineup was Land Unknown, which had possibilities of a decent fantasy, but never made it....I kept feeling quite frustrated in that there were so many opportunities for good work and they were all botched so horribly.....this also boasted some of the worst painted 'prehistoric' backdrops I've ever seen...plus the inevitable clips from One Million B.C. and the worst animated tyrannosaurus I've ever seen.....if modern dinosaur movies are that bad, I suggest they re-release One Million B.C. again and let us enjoy some good animation of dinosaur types.....and in the fossil and bone line...I got to see an X-ray of me (or part thereof) and "it" last Saturday...(fortunately, I seem to have avoided the type of doctor that pats you kindly on the shoulder like a retarded child and tells you not to worry)....of course, the picture didn't mean much to me clinically, but it was interesting to see.1...I seem to be disgustingly normal in this department, too.....so far, I've been unable to display any of the symptoms which call for concern and treatment...just obscure items like heartburn which apparently can't be treated - "now if you had nausea I could give you some nice little pills for that....".....the lateness of this issue is entirely my fault and I apologize profusely....bleedbleadblead.....but for the first time, I am not looking forward to the run, to the fun of seeing how the illos and type print.....you might say something is weighing on my...mind?.....besides which I have some new ink - this may result in better copy, similar to former copy, or, horrors, illegible copy.....we trust not.....about the October issue, I make no predictions.....I hope to cut some illos this week....but possibilities are strong that it, if typed, won't get run before the mad dash to the local Blue Cross subsidiary called a hospital.....just think....maybe the October issue will be interrupted in the middle of a run by...but no, I'd rather not think of someone else having to make sense out of all my out-sprawled mimeo equipment, inky stencils and all.....at any rate, junior, whichever sex, won't be stuffed between the Astoundings or F & SFs as someone suggested....but at present, we're set up so we'll be having a combination nursery and library....which should make some eyes pop...already salesmen have blandly assumed my husband is a 'lawyer or something; you have so many books, I thought.".....I doubt it.....JWC



Of course, as soon as I cut the last stencil of the fanzine reviews, more zines start pouring in -- so far, we have received CAVEAT EMPTOR, EAST & WEST, and PHLOTSAM, and I suppose more will arrive as soon as I get this finished. You'll just have to wait until the next review, anyway.

I shouldn't have to mention this, but -- the comments of our columnists are strictly their own -- especially in regard to Willy Ley. And speaking of columnists, Dodd will be

back next issue -- he got squeezed out this time.

The Stratton piece this issue is more or less stream of consciousness -- random thoughts typed at the tag end of a long evening. An excellent example of how his mind (?) works.

In our files rests (among numerous other items) a review of "No Blade Of Grass". I would like to run this in the next issue, but there is a little difficulty -- the manuscript bears no name, and over the course of time, I've forgotten who wrote it. Will the author (Ebert, I think, but it could be Meyers or some third party) please drop us a card? And in the future, will all contributors sign their work? My memory isn't the best.

Along with the announcement of the folding of PEON, Lee Riddle sent some circulars for Peon Press, which features "personal" items -- name and address labels, personalized stationery, gift cards, parcel post labels, and one item that I fully intend to order one of these days -- a rubber stamp with your name and address on it. (Except that mine is going to be imprinted with "mimeographed matter only - return postage guaranteed"....I get so tired of writing that phrase on the envelopes we use for overseas subbers to YANDRO.)

A literary criticism, for what it's worth -- some months back, I decided that I couldn't afford to continue buying all the sf mags on the market, and promptly dropped AMAZING, FANTASTIC, MADGE, TALES, and SUPER SCIENCE FICTION. This month, GALAXY joined the list. The decision was prompted by a notice that my subscription had expired...after a short battle with my collector's instinct, I decided that I couldn't afford to pay \$3 a year for a magazine that I didn't read. A sad parting; 6 years ago, GALAXY was possibly the best magazine in the field -- today it comes close to being the worst. (Incidentally, I've been buying OW -- up to now, at least -- not because of any fading loyalty to Palmer, but because I intend to pick most of these mags up in second-hand book stores, and considering Rap's circulation, OW might be hard to find.) I did buy the last SUPER SCIENCE, too, and while the stories aren't particularly good, they are a damned sight more entertaining than those in GALAXY.

Has anyone else been getting mysterious messages from one Art Coulter, of Columbus, Ohio? "TO MEET THE CHALLENGE OF SPACE, SOMETHING MUST BE DONE." "THE EVOLUTION OF HOMO SAPIENS HAS REACHED A CRITICAL STAGE". "An individual who has activated his superconscious field functions at an accelerated tempo (called 'overdrive')." I've had 3 notices from the guy so far and I still don't know for sure what he's selling. (I wonder if Murray Leinster knows about this overdrive business, though?).....RSC

The World of Null F

A COLUMN BY — *marion zimmer bradley* —

About ten years ago, when I was still reading science fiction and fantasy rather indiscriminately, and not even sure which of them was which, I foregathered onetime with a couple of fans in Albany, at a bookshop which had become, in a small way, a fannish hangout. Dominating the coffee crowd at the local cafeteria was a chap named Kelly, who has never been active in any fandom, but was one of the nicest and well-informed men I've ever known. He was a lean gent with sideburns and a talent for making adept generalizations. Several of Kelly's wisecracks have remained with me as mental guideposts during most of my life. I'm only going to quote two of them, however. Kelly was a painter, rather well-traveled, and said of Texas, "I've been through that state five times, in all different directions, and" (in a tone of absolute condemnation) "I've never seen anything I wanted to paint."

For him, that was a summation of the Lone Star State.

In another connection he said to me didactically, "If you want to write science fiction, learn a lot about science. If you want to write fantasy, you have to have a good grounding in mythology."

Neither of those statements holds up, on too close examination. Texas, I'm certain, holds a number of beauty spots which would grace Kelly's canvases if he had troubled to find them, although the view from the railroad tracks is not particularly enchanting. And I'm positive that good science fiction has been written without the study of science, and good fantasy by mythological illiterates.

Nevertheless, I've never seen anything paintable in Texas, and a good way to start out in writing science fiction or fantasy is to learn a great deal about man's technology or mythology.

To the average man, a textbook is supposed to be rather dull reading, and, in fact, most people share the feeling that the nonfiction hardcover is dull stuff, for "brains". I am not going to sail into another attack on the comic-book mentality, but I am going to say this much, as dogmatically as my friend himself: the would-be writer who confines his reading to flotion will never write any fiction worth reading; and the writer, or would-be writer, who can read scientific or mythological books without being inspired with extrapolatory flights of fancy, had better find himself a new job, because he's dead from the neck up.

In previous Null-F columns, I've done some talking about the most exciting science non-fiction (and I don't mean Willy Ley, who should be, in my opinion, hanged in effigy for some of the most stilted and stultifying prose extant!) of the last few years. It seems to be about time to show the other side of the coin, and talk about a few books which -- factual in themselves, or at least anthropological -- have within themselves the roots of fantasy.

Frazer's "The Golden Bough" is supposed to be the classic of myth-

ology. In the original, it's a ponderous tome, running to ten not small volumes, and costing upwards of \$50....In other words, too rich for the blood of the fan or of the pulpster, no matter how serious his interest in the roots of his chosen fancy. However, a one-volume edition, shy of a few footnotes, costs about \$6.50 and makes a decent shelf display. My copy, including a very complete cross-index, runs to 862 pages. It's published by the MacMillan Company, 1952.

I think it is rather dull reading, myself. It runs in spots to such ponderous prose as the following excerpt:

"The fatal flaw of magic lies not in its general assumption of a sequence of events determined by law, but in its total misconception of the nature of the particular laws which govern that sequence."

In case you wonder why I emphasize this point, in a column where I am dedicated to the proposition that non-fiction is more fun than fiction, and fact more exciting than fancy, it is because I don't want to lure anyone to sit down with this weighty volume for an evening's solid reading, under the impression that he'll have a time as breathless as if he were reading "Blackhawk".

This is not a book to be read. It is a book to be skimmed through, dipped into, again and again; to be taken up at an odd moment and opened just anywhere for a hint of something strange and bizarre; a book, in short, to be used as a dictionary.

Sacrilege? No. I hope you've all broken the habit of the schoolroom, which states that we must read every word as if each one had an equal claim to our attention. When the reader reads for fun, he isn't interested in the "school" type of reading. When we learn to read selectively, skimming for that which is personally interesting and valuable, then reading comes of age, and the reader is mature....having broken the hypnotic habit imposed in school of "Read this..", "read that", "Read it this way."

Once having acquired this point of view, "The Golden Bough" is a fascinating book. Almost anywhere you open it, you will come across all sorts of scraps and bits of collected magic, myth and ritual from everywhere in the world. The animistic religions of primitive tribes, the social tabus which acquire the force of religion, the belief in sympathetic magic, demons, gods and fairies...and the way in which those rituals affect our present life -- are all dealt with, in a manner which far outshines the fantastic societies of alien planets or fantastic lost races.

Of course, sooner or later, you'll get so intrigued by the many references to the rites of the sacred grove at Aricia that you'll probably want to read it all the way through; Frazer himself was not merely trying to compile an encyclopaedic outline of the world's myths, rituals and beliefs. He was interested in tracing out the origin of the ritual of the sacred grove at Aricia in Rome....which involved fugitive slaves and a branch of mistletoe... and he went far afield to find material to substantiate what he believed to be the ritual's origin. In fact, his lengthy and circuitous "proof", which winds in and out of every chapter, is the book's only cohesive factor, which keeps it from being an encyclopedia pure and simple. He is actually in the position of the legendary gentleman who set out to find the Holy Grail. He spent



all his life looking for it, and had so many unrelated adventures on the way, that by the time he found it, as an old, old man, he had forgotten that it was the theme of his quest. So with Frazer's golden bough; by the time he establishes his proof, he has become lost in such a mess of data that no reader could possibly follow it through...and nobody cares much, anyhow.

But the book is good reading.

A little more poetic and fantastic, but almost equally encyclopedic, is Robert Graves' lengthy dissertation on "The White Goddess". Robert Graves is the man who does everything well. He is a modern poet of note; he has written some astonishingly authentic-sounding historical fiction without involving a single oversexed female (some time, remind me to preach a furious sermon against the How-I-Slept-With-

Benedict-Arnold type of historical novel), some hilarious satire, and some notable fantasy such as the recent "Watch The North Wind Rise". In "The White Goddess" he dips into the multi-faceted legendry of the Goddess who seems to be a major cornerstone of virtually every religion. Catholics will bristle a bit at some of his dispassionate remarks about the manner in which Catholicism's various virgins and saints absorbed the exploits of the goddesses here, there and everywhere, but (marvel of marvels) he manages to be clinical without being irreverent.

He has a lot to say about the tree-alphabet of the Welsh bards, about methods of calendar-keeping before the sun displaced the moon as a milestone of the year, and about the way in which male priests gradually took over timekeeping from the women who were physically equipped to keep time by the moon. He does all this with a delightful style, a tremendous erudition, and (one feels) his tongue, a good part of the time, politely parked in his cheek. Collectors of myth and legendry are much too deadpan, as a rule. Robert Graves manages to be both erudite and amusing, so that his book, unlike Frazer's weighty worrying of the body of legends, is suitable for pick-up light reading, as if it were a book of poetry.

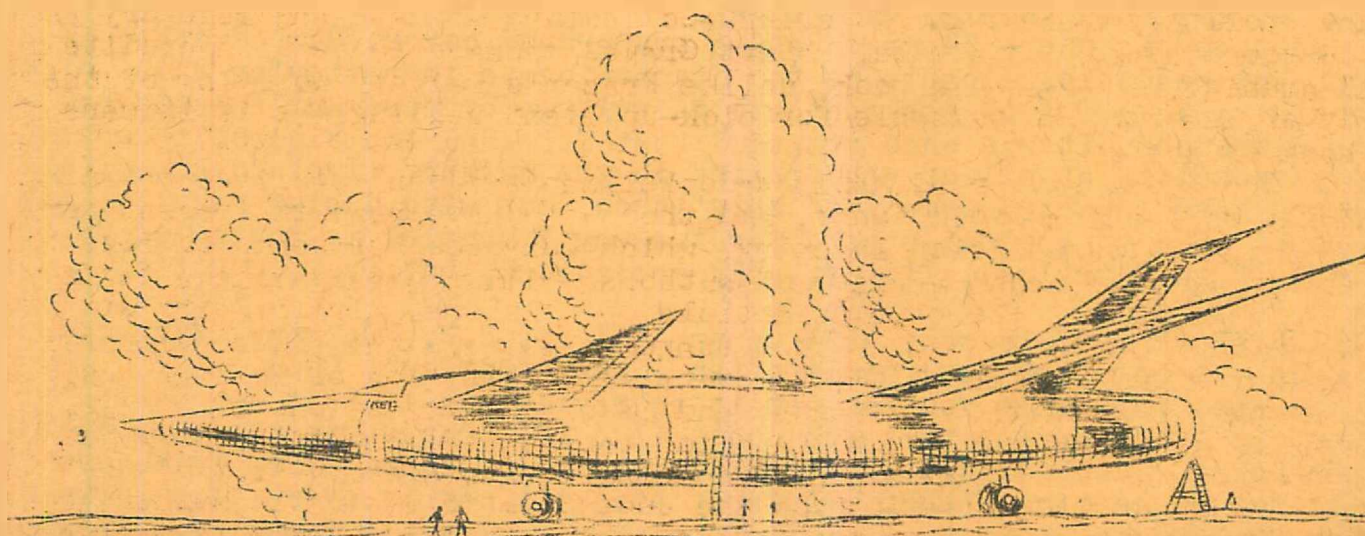
Those who have read Manly Wade Wellman's "John" stories, based slickly on American folk songs, and those who have read the recent series of fantasies on Irish legendry, which Tony Boucher seems to like printing in F&SF, by a variety of authors, will probably like a taste of the real thing, the genuine article of folklore. "Irish Fairy And Folk Tales", by W. B. Yeats, is a standard item in the Modern Library; a neat little item for \$1.65, it contains a selection of folktales of all sorts and conditions; lengthy and involved discussions of Pookas, banshees and ghosts, fairy tales which can be read aloud to the kiddies, (my 7-year old son reserves, as a special treat, a story "out of the Irish book" as a shange-off from the Just So Stories or Old Mother West Wind. It's a treat for me, too, since I have to read them.) as well as many authentic old Irish tales, taken down verbatim in their own dialect.

Another lovely and fantastic collection of legends and folklore, this time from the Orkney Islands, but showing many correspondences with the Irish tales which have filtered into them from across the channel, is unfortunately something of a rarity; my copy was published in London, by Wm. Heinemann, in 1912. By William Sharp, it is the lengthy essay "Iona", which appears in the complete works as the volume containing also "The Divine Adventure" (a mediocre imitation of "Pilgrim's Progress") and "Studies In Spiritual History"....which are not spiritual at all, but folk-tale sketches and legends, short stories based on Scottish tales, and odd fantasies.

"Iona" is a long and rambling essay gathering together many of the beliefs and tales of the Orkneys... actually William Sharp's source materials for the many strange fantasies and weird tales he wrote under the name "Fiona McLeod". The heroic cycles of Gaelic and Celtic mythology, their echoes in the "Age of Chivalry", their survivals in superstition...for when William Sharp lived and collected his tales, the Scottish highlands and the Orkneys were still wild and primitive country where these things were believed and practiced. This gives the work a dimension of reality which few cold-blooded modern anthropological studies can have, for William Sharp heard these stories, in his childhood, from men and women who believed them. It's not apt to turn up in print, but if you see a copy in the chuck-out bin of the local second-hand bookstore, or if you happen across it in a library, it's worth spending a few quarters, or borrowing it for a leisurely reading; it's a rare classic of that mysterious blend of fiction and fact which constitutes genuine folklore and on which William Sharp, in Scotland, had almost a unique claim.

Next time: His Majesty Satan, and some lively works of the devil. MZB

"Ye maun wash it in yon draw-well; blaw, blaw, blaw winds blaw --
Where water never sprang or fell; and the wind it blows my plaid awa'."
.....from an old Scots ballad, "The Elfin Knight"



STRANGE FRUIT

REVIEWED BY R. S. C.

A young man's fancy may turn to love in the spring, but in the summer, it quite definitely turns to fanzine publishing. Any zine which receives more than a bare rating this time around is one which doesn't get reviewed very often.

CRIFANAC #5 (Tom Reamy, 4332 Avondale, Dallas, Texas - Quarterly? 25¢)

Crifanac has recently changed editors, from Orville Mosher to Reamy. In his half of the editorial, Mosher depicts Reamy as one who "doesn't brag much". In his half, Reamy makes this statement look pretty silly. Reamy promises improvements in the future, but he'll have to make a lot of them before the mag is worth 25¢. This issue was free, and barely worth that. Multilith reproduction does make it readable. Rating 2

STELLAR #11 (Ted White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Virginia published 5 times yearly. 15¢ each or 5 for 50¢)

49 excellently mimeoed and interesting pages. It's mostly a fa-a-an-ish zine, though --- neofans be warned. You may well like it, because it is all well done, but it will be appreciated more by someone who has been around awhile. I didn't care much for the fanzine reviews, but then I seldom do. I particularly did like the Marion Zimmer Bradley story. Anyway, with that size, you're getting your money's worth. Rating 8

CINCINNATI FANTASY GROUP (Don Ford, Box 19-T, RR 2, Loveland, Ohio - a one-shot - 25¢)

A fairly interesting compendium of Cincy fans and background on the Midwestcon. Mostly for veteran, ser-con fans. Rating 3

ISFA (Ed McNulty, 5645 Winthrop, Indianapolis, Indiana - highly irregular - 15¢) This is #12, by the way.

Another big one - 54 pages and a wraparound cover. Reproduction is bad, but readable. I can't be too dispassionate in reviewing this, since something like 90% of the contents is written by personal friends and acquaintances. It was once remarked that Isfa had the closest thing to no personality at all of any fanzine in the country. Typists Lupoff and Forbes have injected some into this issue, but with dubious results. And I would like to apologize here for the way I mangled my review of Tolkien's "Ring" trilogy. I'm probably prejudiced, but..... Rating 5

RAPIER #3 (Eric Erickson, 3624 Centre "B" St. N.W., Calgary, Alberta, Canada - irregular? but fairly often - permanent sub, 50¢)

He also says that you can get it by saying you like it -- you can also get it by saying that you don't like it, because that's what I've been doing. Just noticed a pencilled note on my copy -- No, Eric, you will not be getting YANDRO regularly - you'll get it every time I review Rapiere, or about on a one-for-one basis. I won't trade regularly, because I don't care if I keep on getting Rapiere or not. Rating 3

HORIZON #1 (Russell Brown, 3313 Calumet, Houston 11, Texas - irregular - 10¢ per or 3 for 25¢ - Co-editor Charles Dryer)

A fairly typical first issue -- fiction, poetry, a movie column, and a too-short editorial. Entirely by unknown fans -- the most promising of the bunch seems to be artist Julie Cashman. As near as I can tell from the poor reproduction, she could develop into a top fan-artist. One very cute bem, and other stuff spoiled by the repro. Rating 2

HAEMOGOBLEIN #3 (Fred Smith, 613 Great Western Road, Glasgow W.2., Scotland - irregular - 6d each. US fans send 10¢, at least, to cover postage)

This is mostly an OMPA publication, with 6 of the 16 pages devoted to mailing comments. There is something there for the general subber, too, though -- mostly editorial ramblings. A sort of mildly pleasant zine, worthwhile but not exceptional. Rating 4

SKYHOOK #24 (Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minnesota - quarterly - 20¢ or 6 for \$1)

A rare occurrence-- a fanzine which is a pleasure to read, and for which no excuses (such as "Well, he's just a kid") need be made. Mostly sercon, the contributors include James E. Gunn, Sam Sackett, Joe Gibson, Damon Knight, Jim Harmon, Marion Z. Bradley, Virginia Blish, and William Atheling, Jr. A truly all-star line-up. Rating 9

CANFAN #34 (William Grant, 11 Burton Rd., Toronto 10, Ontario, Canada - irregular - 8 for \$1)

Another sercon zine -- not as good as Skyhook, but one to be appreciated by any science-fiction fan. Whether or not fandom fans like it, I couldn't say. This zine has quite an air of harking back to "the good old days", partly, I suspect, because it was founded in 1943. Rating 6

MEADE #1 (David M. McCarroll, 644 Avenue "C", Boulder City, Nevada - irregular - 2 for 25¢)

Put out by much the same group which started "For Bems Only", with much the same results. Dittoing runs from excellent (one page) through average, to poor, to unreadable (one page). The editor begs for material, and needs it. Rating 2

POLARITY #1 (F.M. and Elinor Busby, 2852 14th. West, Seattle 99, Washington - irregular - 15¢ or 2 for 25¢)

For a change, this first issue is put out by fans who have quite some publishing experience behind them. Current issue is devoted to a Midwestcon report -- others are supposed to be more varied. Reproduction just missed being excellent. A better than average first issue. Rating 4

ETERNITY #1 (Richard Brown, 127 Roberts St., Pasadena 3, California - irregular - free for letters of comment. Co-editor, Paul Stanbery)

A more typical first issue. The material here isn't particularly bad, when you can read it, but it isn't good enough to court eyestrain over, either. The editor doesn't take himself quite as seriously as the average first-issue editor, and has a flair for humor (along with a flair for overdoing it). Future issues might be worthwhile. Rating 3

SPACE DIVERSIONS #9 (John Roles, 26 Pine Grove, Waterloo, Liverpool 22, England - irregular - sent in exchange for fanzines, prozines, letters, or unspecified amounts of money)

A good many fanzines manage to give the impression that the editor or editors had a good time putting them out. This resurrected outlet for the bubbling spirits of Liverpool fandom does more -- it also manages to give the reader a good time. Inside excellent covers by Eddie Jones is packed a remarkable amount of good fan humor. Rating 7

FLAFAN #1 (Sylvia Dees, P.O. Box 4082, Mallory Hall, Univ. Of Florida, Gainesville, Florida - irregular? - 20¢ or a letter of comment)

A thick zine, mostly because it's dittoed on only one side of the page. Much better line-up than the usual first issue; Berry, Dodd, Jean Young; illos by Adkins, Thomson, Rotsler, "Plato Jones", etc. The stuff reads a bit like the writers grabbed the first thing handy when they received a request for material, but still, above average. Some of the illos appear to have taken a beating in the reproduction, but all the printing is legible. A promising zine. Rating 4

KIWIFAN #6 (Roger Horrocks, 18 Hazelmere Rd., Mt. Albert, Auckland S.W.1, New Zealand - bi-monthly - 6 for 3/6, which comes to 50¢ if the New Zealand shilling is equivalent to the English one)

A news-and-review zine, extremely well reproduced. A sort of New Zealand supplement to SCIENCE FICTION TIMES and CONTACT. For those who are interested in fannish doings in other parts of the world. No rating, because of its specialized nature.

INNUEENDO #3 (Terry Carr, 134 Cambridge St., San Francisco 24, California - monthly? - free for letters of comment)

This one isn't dated, but either the boys used an old issue as a sample, or Rike is behind times. This is another fa-a-anish zine; frankly, most of it was totally uninteresting to me. Might like it better if I saw more copies -- or I might not. Rating 3

THE TRADING POST (Fred Tilton, 99 Auburn St., Haverhill, Mass. - irregular - 10¢ or 3 for 25¢ - ad rates 50¢ per page and down)

Fandom's only tradezine at present, as far as I know. No rating, because of its special nature, but it should be a must for collectors.

EXTANT (Michael J. Baldwin, 53 Shadforth St., Mosman, Sydney, Australia irregular - 1/- or 15¢ providing Australian shillings are equivalent to New Zealand ones.)

I think the sloppy appearance of this zine is due mostly to the cheap paper, rather than to the reproduction, which is quite legible. Main difficulty with the mag is that it contains a lot of alleged humor which isn't very funny. A continued poem is a switch, at least. The ed seems to be feuding with Melbourne fandom - or perhaps just exchanging jolly insults. I wouldn't know -- or care. Rating 3

TOMORROW? #1 (Niels Augustin, Jacques Veltmanstr. 30, Amsterdam, Netherlands - monthly - 12 for \$2)

An unstapled zine, containing an editorial by the editor, poetry by the editor, a short story by the editor, and advertising by the editor. Augustin has a better command of English than most European fan publishers -- closer to Jansen than Linard, in this respect. The poetry is modern stuff; since I detest modern poetry, I couldn't say if this is a good example of it or not. A good try, but he needs more material. Reproduction is good. Shows some promise. Rating 2

The following zines have been around before; this time, in the interest of space, they get a nod and a rating.

PLOY #9 (Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorks., England; US subs to Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd. Ave., Hyattsville, Maryland - irregular - 15¢ or 4 for 50¢) General interest Rating 8
Twig #5 (Guy Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho - bi-monthly - 10¢ or 6 for 50¢) Mostly sercon. Rating 4
SIGMA OCTANTIS #7 (John Mussells, 4 Curve St., Wakefield, Mass. - irregular? - sample free, sub rates on request) Mostly serious fiction. Rat. 5
VOID (Greg Benford, % Lt. Col. J.A. Benford, G-4 Sect, Hq. V Corps, APO 79, New York, N.Y.) Fa-a-anish. (This is #10) Rating 5
CAMBER (Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England - irregular, 15¢) General interest. Rating 6
TACITUM #8 (Benny Sodek, 1415 So. Marsalis, Dallas 16, Texas - very irregular - 10¢) General interest, but mostly fannish. Rating 3
ERRATIC #2 (Jim Caughran, % American Embassy, APO 77, Box K, San Francisco, California - irregular - free for comments) Rating 3
TRICIDE #11 (Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St., Greet Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England; US subs to Dale Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave, Minneapolis, Minn. - quarterly? - 7 for \$1) For the initiated. Rating 4
EXCELSIOR #3 (L. Shaw, Apt. 5P, 780 Greenwich St., New York 14, N.Y. - irregular - 15¢ or 7 for \$1) General interest. Rating 6
CARAVAN #2 (address as above - monthly - free) Entirely on folk music.
BRILLIG #9 (Lars Bourne 2436 1/2 Portland, Eugene, Oregon - irregular - 15¢) Fannishness, "personality", and feuds with the post office. Rating 5
ZODIAC #3 (Larry Sokol, 4131 Lafayette Ave., Omaha 3, Nebraska - bi-monthly - 10¢ or 6 for 50¢) General interest: improving. Rating 4
HOOHAN! #8 (Ron Parker, 714 W. 4th. St., Tulsa 7, Oklahoma - irregular - 15¢?) Entirely devoted to EC publications.
MUZZY #17 (Claude Hall, 2214 San Antonio, Austin 5, Texas - irregular - 20¢) Humor, sercon articles, dirty jokes, and feuds. Rating 5
SATA Illustrated #7 (Bill Pearson, 4516 E. Glenrosa Ave., Phoenix, Arizona - quarterly -- he says -- 25¢) General interest; top artwork. Rat. 6
CRY OF THE NAMELESS #107 (The Nameless Ones, Box 92, 920 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 10¢ or 12 for \$1) Gen. interest. Rat. 5
SFAIRA #4 (Lars Belander, Lohegatan 11, Eskilstuna 3, Sweden - quarterly? 20¢) General interest. Rating 4
FFM #1 (actually about the 5th. issue) (Pierre Versins, Primerose 38, Lausanne, Switzerland - monthly - free) Ramblings, in more or less English. (Though this issue, for a change, contains a story.)
TWICE IN A BLUE MOON (Manchester Circle, % Dave Cohen, 32 Larch St., Hightown, Manchester 8, Lancs., England - irregular - free) Rating 4
 /Only a few apazines left, so this will be it for this issue. In case you didn't figure it out, ratings run from 1 (low) to 10 (high). RSC/

The Astounded fan's fan

BY ron parker

(Ed. note: The fact that this story is being published well after the announcement of the TAFF winner is no fault of the author.)

Ed McNulty sauntered up to the residence of Buck and Juanita Coulson. Gingerly he pounded a Dragnet-like tune on the door and waited. The Coulson's familiar black Ford fell into his view as he eyed the surroundings. Making a mental note never to park his car in a tree, he wondered idly why Buck didn't get a new car. Probably too cheap, he thought. At that point the door to 105 Stitt St. swung open and Buck peered sleepily outside, adjusting his eyes to the transition from dimness to daylight.

"Hi, there, Bucky boy. Didn't wake you up, did I? I mean, it's 1:00 in the afternoon -- I figured you and Juanita would be working frantically on the next YANDRO or something. After all, you do work a lot on YANDRO on Saturday, doncha?"

"Mrmpphhh," replied Buck drowsily.

Juanita staggered sleepily into the room. "Buck? Have you seen my glasses anywhere? I can't seem to....BUCK! What's that dog doing in my house?"

"Your glasses are on the table, and that's not just a dog, it's McNulty. By the way, Ed, care for some breakfast?"

"Oh, I dunno. What are you having?"

"I imagine we'll have some frozen Dodd from the last ISFA meeting."

"No thanks. Next time get a more digestible fan, like Tucker."

"He's pretty indigestible too, from what I hear."

"He just writes that way. In person he's quite tasty, if you remember the salt."

"Well, we're trying to get some young and tender neos...we've invited Marion Zimmer Bradley and Gem Carr to the next meeting."

At that moment came the clatter of mail falling into the Coulson mailbox. Buck leaped for the door. "Gee, maybe some reader's comments on the last issue."

"Readers? queried McNulty."

"Yes, readers...people who buy the fanzine, and read it."

"Buy? queried McNulty."

"Yes, buy. You know the only reason for publishing a fanzine is to make money, and you can't do that without having people buy it."

"Publish?" queried McNulty."

"Well, now I know why ISFA never comes out...ask Lupoff about publishing sometime." Buck reached outside (cautious to expose no more of himself than necessary to the sunshine), pawed around in the mailbox, and emerged with a small clutch of letters. He wandered back to the couch and sprawled on it as he looked over the envelopes.

"Anybody I know," asked McNulty."

"Usual bunch of neos. Tucker, Bloch, Willis, Grennell...hmm...here

seems to be something. Envelope head just says TAFF on it."

"TAFF? Well hey, open it. Might tell who won the election."

"Why would I get a letter telling who won TAFF? retorted Buck, ripping open the envelope and scanning the sheet of paper.

"Well? Well? Well? Whazzit say, huh?"

"~~Ummmmmm~~, Dear Mr. Coulson. As Edward McNutly's, er, McNulty's campaign manager, we regret to inform you that your candidate has won the TAFF voting. Present this letter, together with two mailing wrappers from GEMZINE, to collect the transportation money."

"BUCK!!! I WON!!!! I'M GOING TO ENGLAND!!!!!"

"Well, they survived the V-2. After the announcement I made in YANDRO about vouching for any of our readers, and all the dough we spent on stamps, envelopes, and P.O. box rent -- not to mention all the vote-buying at the Midwestcon -- you should have won. Between ballot-box stuffing and vote-buying, we spent enough on your campaign."

* * * * *

It was three weeks later that Buck and Juanita Coulson and Ed McNulty drove a rented car through the streets of New York. (Buck's antique flivver had finally given up the ghost.) It was already dusk in the great metropolis -- Ed's boat was due to sail in an hour -- as they sped through the uncrowded streets.

"Just think", enthused Ed. "In an hour I'll be on a luxury liner sailing for England and a World Con, all at the expense of American fandom. Isn't it tremendous?"

"I'm proud of you, Ed."

"Say, what was the name of that ship again?" Ed inquired.

"I hope it's the Titanic!" remarked Juanita, as Buck fished in his pocket for a slip of paper.

"Why, I do believe you're jealous," Buck said.

"Jealous nothing. I just want to get rid of McNutly. Why do you think I voted 5 times for him?"

"Now Juanita, that's not..."

"Never mind," interrupted Ed. "I don't care how she (sniff) feels. What's the name of the ship?"

"The Black Plague. Sails from Pier 702, at midnight."

"The Black Plague." Ed tossed it over in his mind. "Picturesque name."

"Nothing but the best for a TAFF winner," assured Buck.

Pier 702 was a rickety, ramshackle affair extending out over the water. (This last point, Buck decided, was a good omen. Be horribly disappointing if it extended out over nothing but mud flats.) Holes in the wood and rotted timbers made walking dangerous. In fact, in many ways it resembled George Charters. /Personally, I've never walked on George Charters, so I wouldn't know. RC/ At the end of the collapsing pier stood a filthy black tramp steamer. An aging man sat in a chair next to it. Buck, Juanita and Ed walked up to him.

"Say," inquired Buck, "Where's Pier 702?"

"You're standin' on it, Sonny." A spurt of brownish tobacco juice shot from his mouth to the boards next to Ed's feet.

"Then," continued Buck, "where's the Black Plague?"

"That's her in front of ya, Sonny." Another spurt of tobacco juice,

and Ed wished belatedly that he'd worn brown instead of black shoes.

"That old hulk?" exclaimed Juanita.

"That's her, Girlie. She's been sailin' the seven seas for nigh on to forty years now."

"Gosh," said Ed thoughtfully. "That's nearly as old as Bloch. Well, I'd better get on board. Thanks for coming to see me off, and buying votes, and everything. I'll fill four issues of YANDRO with con reports."

"You'd better," retorted Buck. "I've got an investment in you, boy. Well, goodbye and good luck."

McNulty was no sooner on board than the gangplank and anchor were hauled in, and the Black Plague moved sluggishly away.

"Say, oldtimer," said Buck. "That ship looks pretty rickety. You think she can make it to England?"

"She might, Sonny...if she was goin' to England."

"If? You mean she's not going to England?"

"Leapin' Lupoff's no."

"Well, where is she going?"

"Africa."

"Africa?!"

"That's right. Ol' Cap'n Dodd, he's been runnin' guns to the Mau-Mau down there for years. Shanghaied him a fresh crew this evenin'.... only way he could get 'em. Too bad they won't be comin' back."

"Not coming back?"

"Nope. Cap Dodd's gonna stay down there to help the Mau-Mau attack Kenya. Got his own machete, even. Crew and passengers'll have to stay and fight or walk to civilization, an' the nearest civilization is on the other side of the Jivaro country."

"Jivaro? Headhunters?"

"Yep. You might get your friend back, but not all in one piece."

"Good Lord! TAFF is a MAU-MAU-JIVARO FRONT!!!"

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"Small package in the mail, Buck."

"Might be from Benford -- soak it in water awhile."

"It isn't ticking."

"Umm...how big is it?"

"About half the size of Ed McNulty's head."

"Lessee...Gee, an African stamp! Wonder what old Ed sent us?"



/Ed. note: I admit to taking more than the usual amount of liberties with the above story, but I did not displace the Jivaro Indians. Literary critics write me; anthropologists and Jivaros contact Parker. RSC/

Evolution - 'monkey' making a man out of himself.....John W. Thiel

"Ray still gives the feeling of joint-ownership in his mags. I've got a dime sunk in his Bloodstone project.".....Roger Ebert

GRUMBLES

Robert E. Briney, 58 the Fenway, Apt. 43, Boston 15, Mass.

First things first: a corrective note to MZB's Null-F column in YANDRO #53: she mentions five Captain Future novelettes by Ed Hamilton. There were actually seven novelettes in that series; "The Return of Captain Future" appeared in the January '50 issue of STARTLING, and the other six -- "Children Of The Sun", "The Harpers Of Titan", "Pardon My Iron Nerves", "Moon Of The Unforgotten", "Earthmen No More", "Birthplace of Creation" -- were scattered throughout the next year and a half.

Just my old bibliographer's memory.... Actually I wouldn't have remembered the two missing novelettes except that I've been doing a lot of work on re-arranging my files. (It is a decided handicap working without the help of Day's index; my copy is either packed away in Boston or on the shelf back home in Michigan, I don't remember which.)

Got YANDRO #55 (which was not so identified on the contents page - why?) /Probably because we forgot about it./ Re-reading my con report gives me the distinct impression that I really didn't enjoy myself as much as I thought I did...It all sounds so dull....

/Possibly because it was pretty dull. RSC/

Bennett Gordon, 81 Fairfax Rd., Worcester, Mass.

Get my card from camp? It was an interesting time this year, what with being only 26 miles from home. Was home almost every evening, visited friends, etc. I was supposed to be company clerk up there, but it was not to be. First week we had a (hah!) proficiency test on basic infantry subjects. Rifles, bayonets, grenades, etc. Second week I ended up at a food refrigeration plant. Here we slept all day. Literally. We went to the generator room, where it was comfortable, and fell asleep. One day a lieutenant walked in while I was eating a peach and the other fellows were sleeping. He came up to me and nonchalantly screeched "What the hell is going on here? What kind of training is this?" I pointed to the peach and said "Food -- quartermaster." This stumped him. He shrugged his shoulders and walked out - a broken man.

Then on Wednesday night we had the most asinine night problem you ever saw. We were supposed to be the rear guard of a retreating column. I was a flank guard, which meant I was fifty yards in the woods in a pitch black forest, to the rear of the column. The problem started at 6:30, disintegrated at 7:30 and dragged on till 11. None of us will ever forget that night. I got lost at about 6:33, was found at 6:40. Half the company, including the c.o., got lost. One kid wasn't found until we were ready to start back to the barracks at 11. Three fellows got lost together. They blundered into a tent, where they found a man sitting in the dark. From what they told me, the conversation went something like this.....

Seated figure: "Coffee, boys?"

Sergeant (leader of lost group): "Yeah, thanks, buddy."
All proceed to drink coffee. Then the sergeant asks, "By the way, buddy, who is this we're drinking coffee with?"

Mystery figure: "Colonel Weinstein."

The man is only military aide to Gov. Furcolo, and the sergeant is calling him "buddy". A bird colonel yet.

/When we're battling together in Post-Atomic America, remind me not to give you any rear-guard duty, huh? RG/

Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St., Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England

This RAP thing is very interesting. I've always viewed Ray as a sort of enfante terrible (nowadays he's more like Ivan The Terrible) of s-f; he's got away with more sheer hogwash and bilge than just about anyone else I can think of. I have it on good authority (that of Bloch) that he's really quite a nice guy, but certainly he is an expert at putting his foot in it on paper. And because of this I don't know of anyone over here who would care to have RAP waved about under their nostrils. As to who are Ray's REAL lovers of science-fiction, I remain yours in bemusement.....

Incidentally, I noticed on the bus going to work this morn that we have a Pastor R. A. Palmer preaching at one of the local churches. I wonder...could this be the First Church of Shaver?!

Herbert Beach, 210 W. Paquin, Waterville, Minnesota

I especially enjoyed Gilbert's cover on the August YANDRO -- being an old frustrated chess player, there's been many times that I'd have been very happy to have a loaded King with a secret weapon.

I received a copy of CAMBER in the mail today, and assume that I have you to thank; as I've never written anything Alan's way. He puts out a nice zine, but then, everything I've seen by him in your zine and others has been earmarked with quality. Maybe I sometimes go a bit overboard in praise, but I for one appreciate the blood, sweat and tears that goes into the material that you faneds continually put forth. I may not like everything (it would be a rather unusual person who would be pleased with everything offered) but I sure as hell can't see the other element (as exemplified by Greg Benford in the current issue) as labeling the work of others "absolute crud" etc. Can't recall anything by Benford in the zines that I've

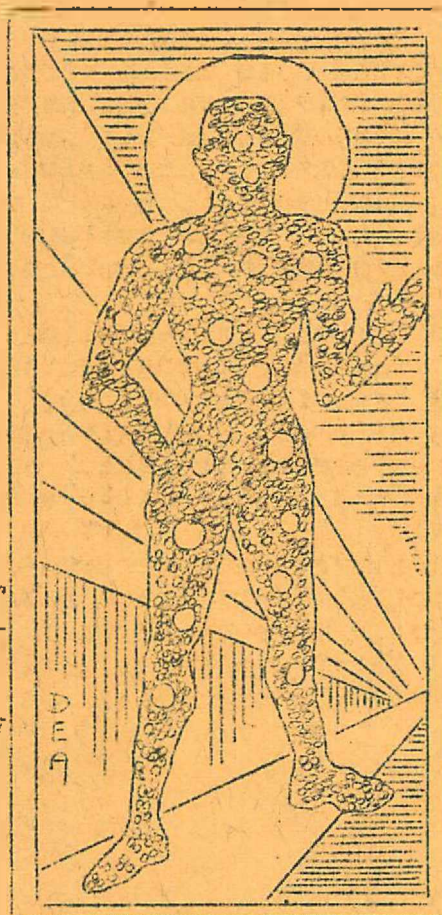


read, but must have missed 'em -- I'd surely remember anything that was of a considerably higher quality than the usual run-of-the-mill material. But, then....

/I hate to turn down thanks, but I'm not responsible for your getting CAMBER. Personally, I don't like to call any fanzine "crud" -- even when it is -- except where the editor takes a cocky "look what a marvelous thing I have done" attitude. Some editors - Tom Reamy is a recent example - seem unable to believe that their brain-child just might be boring as hell to a lot of people. RSC/

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

First of all, YANDRO #8 didn't have a radioactive glow this time. But I haven't had a bheer for weeks, so maybe the Canadian bheer was to blame. Second: Weber - yes, it was Weber I met in Cleveland - did not take any sub money from me. I would not wish to give the impression that he did what ALICE did, take my money and not come across. He did say he would send me a copy and allow me to decide on whether I wanted to sub, or not. I ain't mad about it, though I still say I would have been glad to have the experience of deciding. /Okay, Weber, you're off the hook. I won't comment on ALICE - I admit that I'm prejudiced against Corey. RSC/



John W. Thiel, III, 2934 Wilshire St., Markham, Illinois

Ray Palmer's article was enough to make even me write. His ideas about younger fans make me ill. I'd like him to name one younger fan who is a "Buck Rogers" fan. The only children who enjoy B.R. are not stf fen, and any youngster of that mental level who picks up a stf magazine expecting to find Buck-type adventures is soon disillusioned, unless he picks up OW or IMAGINATION-and-companion.

He talks about the older fen disappearing and the younger fen taking over. Poo. By the time the older fan disappears the younger fan will be an older fan himself, if that makes any sense.

TIME magazine says there are approximately two million active stf readers in America. Ray Palmer says that there are 100 flying saucer fans to every one stf fan. If this were true, there would be two hundred million saucer fans in America alone, and I for one doubt this. /You've put your finger on a piece of Rap's double-talk -- I don't doubt that there are 100 flying saucer believers for every stf fan, but a pro publisher shouldn't have to rely on fans -- he should be interested in the stf readers. And there isn't that big a difference in the readership of the two fields -- I don't notice that Rap is out-selling Ace Novels yet. Most of the fans from the era when Rap was a fan himself have disappeared -- of course, there weren't too many of them to begin with. RC/

Russ Wolff, P.O. Box 4981, Ft. Harrison Branch, Indianapolis, Ind.

After reading the version of my article about Palmer that appeared in the July YANDRO (thank heaven for an editor whose blue-pencilling actually improves the work) /Even when I mis-spell your name? You're a nice man. RC/ and Palmer's reply, I've been struck with one shattering thought: is this guy kidding?

All these years, through all these controversies which so many people have taken seriously, has Rap been laughing up his sleeve, keeping an outward appearance of fanatical concern while actually playing one long, complex practical joke on the world of stf?

If so, not only is my article rendered invalid; I am also made a fool, as is every other fan who has bothered to concern himself in the whole long Palmer story.

Well, then, has Palmer been kidding all along? ... I dunno. /If he has, it's been an expensive joke for him. Personally, I consider Rap's blatherings the result of an overdeveloped advertising instinct./

Bill Meyers, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tennessee

On #54; liked the Adkins cover although his ditto work in SATA impresses me as a much better work of art. I suppose the real outstanding part of this particular cover is the repro which makes the black blacker and the white whiter, thus giving enough contrast to make out what is black and what is white but still not giving a thorough idea of what the picture is supposed to be.

On page 16 of #53, Bourne's illo looked like a coffeepot...page 6 of #54 shows the same coffeepot lying on its side with a few minor changes. I'm sharp -- I'm on the ball -- so what do I get for my sharp observation besides a sound curse from Bourne? /A sharp curse from Juanita. RC/

I really dood like the Rap article. Rap's an interesting character to write about...probably the oddest man in science fiction.

Charles Lee Riddle, P.O. Box 27, Port Deposit, Maryland

PEON is now a thing of the past -- or just considered suspended indefinitely. I've reached one of those plateaus every fan editor hits sooner or later -- when he doesn't give a good damn anymore about his fanzine. The only difference in PEON is that it took me 9 1/2 years to get there! I won't say I've quit completely, for I still like to read other fanzines occasionally and still read stf when I get the chance -- and PEON may come back one of these days.

Incidentally that advertisement for a new fanzine you printed on the last page of August Y was priceless. I know just how you must have felt on reading it, except that I blushed a little bit, for it sounded something like I first wrote in the first issue of PEON.

/Sorry to hear about PEON...I wasn't around for the first issue, but the ones I read were among fandom's all-too-rare quality products. RSC/

Lt. Richard Lupoff, EDD TAGSUSA, Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis, Ind.

Just how personal should a "personal" con-report get? I'm thinking of Briney's discussion of: Poor service at Howard Johnson's, poor food at Howard Johnsons, price-policies of the local market, etc. Upon second reading I notice that my own report didn't even arrive at Cincy until page 3--What if we'd got lost and didn't go to the con at all, but had an interesting weekend; would it have been a con report?

A VOYAGE DOWN THE STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS WITH THOMAS STRATTON, or:
UP THE CREEK WITHOUT A PADDLE

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENCHANT

A man once discovered a Newt.
He thought that it looked very cute.
But other men craved;
The Nowts were enslaved,
And eaten, with relish, to boot.

A space-happy moron named Foyle
Reacts not according to Hoyle,
Deserted in space
With tattoos on his face,

/Ed note: I'm afraid you'll have to supply the last line yourselves./

Dear Ann Slander,

My name is Helen Trenchant. I am a charming 57 years old, and my problem is this. I keep having this trouble with men.

Romance - exclamation in a small boat race

There was a young lady named Trent
Who had a most horrible bent
For men rich and poor
And many a boor
Into her life came and went.

The Hidden Purse Waders

I dreamed I went wading belly-deep in my Maidenform Bra.
I had to. It was all I was wearing.

I dreamed I baked a cake in my Maidenform Bra.
Oddest looking cake I ever saw.....

I dreamed I went on a date in my Maidenform Bra.
Migod! I did dream it, didn't I?

Henry James Joyce Kilmer, the well-known author, sniling ominously and twirling his beard, advanced upon the sunlit cottage of Helen Trenchant. Little suspecting what dire fate awaited her outside the door of her lovely sunlit cottage, lovely elderly Helen Trenchant sat quietly admiring her maidenform bra with superior uplift.....

I dreamed I went to the Met in my maidenform bra.
A very uplifting experience.

"When she puts clothes on, she loses her effect."boverly deweese

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