

## YANDRO



bergeron.



#68

YANDRO

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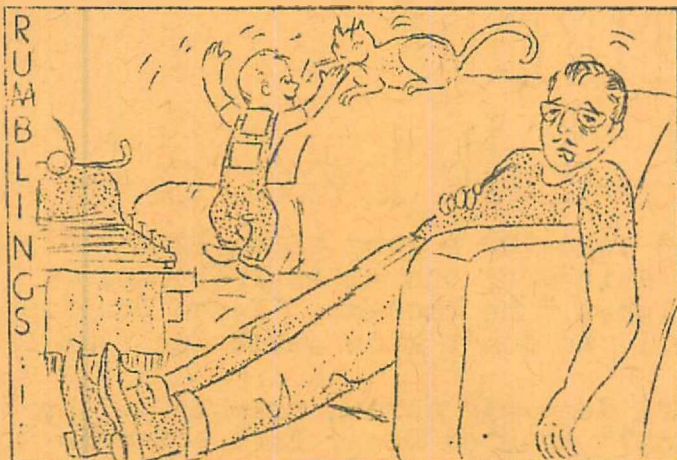
To clear up a bit of confusion: except in rare instances, YANDRO is not sent out free for letters of comment. We enjoy the comment, we'll publish as many letters each time as space allows (providing they're reasonably interesting), and I'll probably answer most of them in person. But no free fanzines. We lose enough money on the mag. RSC



By the time you will be reading this, we hope to be somewhere in Wisconsin or Michigan, out of the ragweed belt by way of Fond du Lac (of course, considering postal service, we may be well on our way into compiling the October issue by the time you receive this copy..... oh well)....there is a goodly number of collegiate population among the Y&N readership, and I fully expect they will find one of my particular peeves during the college years still very much in evidence.. this is a type I would term, for

want of a better term, the pseudo-bohemian, and seems to attach itself primarily to the art, music, and dramatics departments, especially on campi devoted to another general field, such as education or journalism. The types usually are avoided meticulously by the dedicated majors of these particular arts, the majors having better things to do with their times than practicing being extreme....pseudo bohemians always seemed to be distinguished as 1) the terribly effeminate young man; 2) the very unwashed, loud, and vulgar young man; 3) and the girl who goes to all extremes to make herself as unattractive as possible physically. (This last I mean literally...she may be plain but presentable ordinarily, but when she gets through egg beating, sheep shearing, or glue dipping her hair, she enhances the effect with the most ungainly, ill-assorted, or otherwise artistically displeasing clothes available). The pseudo-bohemian easily recognizes his fellows and they cluster together regularly to discuss their 'chosen field', complete with terminology not used by the regular practitioners (who, incidentally, are off somewhere else in the corner, honestly discussing their art).....when mingling with the masses, the pseudo-bohemian is particularly careful to let it be known how far he is above the norm, with loud laughter and jokes understandable only to other pseudo-bohemians and mannerisms that are non-conformist for the sheer sake of non-conformity (this latter often to the discomfort of the pseudo-bohemian himself, which seems the height of idiocy in my opinion...).....this type isn't too noticeable in fandom - yet.... DeWeese offered a ready-made solution to the problem of making new US flags.....we simply expell Arkansas and Mississippi from the union and make them atomic testing grounds, providing a star for Alaska and one for Hawaii when it finally enters.....sounded ideal, but then the gov't starts jabbering about stopping atomic testing.....back to the old drawing board.....couple of items to comment on Marlan's juvenile expose, RUMBLE...the fourth line of 'Whole Lot of Shakin' Goin' On', is "Baby, you can't go wrong"....and I'm always fascinated by a description of a sweater, dress, whatever, ~~that~~ a 'size and a half' too small....one size, or two, yes.....but then, I'm always equally fascinated by Hollywood starlets with measurements of 37-23-31½.....I absolutely faunch to know where they buy their clothes....any store that can outfit that type of figure should be able to match anything.....JWC





All things considered, it was a pretty horrible weekend. First I discover that the Ford's muffler is hanging on by a few flakes of rust, and wind up buying a new muffler and tailpipe. Then, while in Kokomo buying paper for this issue, I find out that I've pulled the moronic stunt of putting a used-up checkbook in the car instead of the new one I'd intended to take, and have to borrow 10 bucks off Gene. Then I forget to get a box of Kleenex and my hay-fevery nose fills up all the

hankkerchiefs I have along. Then, following a tip that Ron Bennett will be in Chicago on Saturday on his way to the Solacon, 6 of us (Gene and Bev DeWeese, Bill and Maxine Beard, Juanita and I) descend on Earl Kemp -- who, by the way, was expecting only the Beards. Earl gets even for the invasion, though; he tells us that Bennett will be there all right -- time of arrival, 3:00 AM. (As it turns out, even this is optimistic....the boy actually showed at about 3:30 or so.) Finally, we have to pick up some of bev's relatives on the way back, and wind up with 7 people in Gene's '55 Nash Rambler.

Bright points? Well, we finally got to see the movie, CURSE OF THE DEMON, while waiting for Bennett, and this is the best stfantasy movie of a year which should be noted for good fantasy movies. And, we did get to see Bennett, briefly. Seeing a British BNF in the flesh isn't an everyday occurrence. (We have vague hopes of seeing him on the way back, too, but considering everything, he'll probably be talking in his sleep by then.) For that matter, seeing the Kemps and Nick and Noreen Falasca is always fun, though I'm in favor of more painless methods of doing it. Actually, it was like a small con when the eastern caravan arrived; besides the above-named, we got to talk to Jim O'Meara, Joe Sarno, Bill Rickhardt, Roger Simms, Bill Donaho, Jerry DeMuth and several other fannish-type characters. But there must be easier ways to meet people.

Ex-ISFAn Bill Ludington is writing feature articles for the Muncie paper. Beard clipped one on the Moon shot for us....quite well done. Mark down another fan who's selling professionally.

I hereby forgive Avon for all the second-rate stf they've published; yesterday I got their reprint of "Waldo & Magic Incorporated" -- a book which, in the hardcover edition, has eluded me for years. (I've actually ordered the thing twice; both times the dealer was out of stock. Countless other attempts to order it have been frustrated before I got the order in the mail.)

Know why all your tire dealers are having sales right now? The Federal Trade Commission has cracked down on misleading labeling, and is giving the dealers a short time to dispose of present stocks. Seems people objected to labelling such as Firestone's "Deluxe Champion" for first-line tires and "Deluxe Super Champion" for second-line. Too many dealers were getting rich off selling second-line tires at first-line prices. Once in awhile, the government is helpful.

.....RSC

# THE SOLUTION

— by — bill beard —

Dean Grennell was scared. He had been for a long time. Ever since his ship, the old Chicago, had been seized by the alien Troitfen.

"I wish I'd never spotted this planet," he thought. "Maybe Coulson would be alive now, and maybe....well, we don't know about Earl; maybe he's all right. I hope so."

Suddenly the door opened and Earl Kemp was thrown roughly to the floor. "Earl, Earl! Are you all right?" shouted Dean. Earl stirred and then pushed himself up with his thin arms. "I guess so, I don't know for sure. Let me get up and walk around a bit. Those Troitfen wouldn't let me stand up. For two solid days they had me strapped into that lie detector. Their leader -- the one they call Bighearted -- and what a laugh that is! -- kept them at it. If it had only killed me the way it did Buck, maybe they wouldn't have learned so much."

"What did they find out?" asked Dean.

"The location of Earth and the next time the Heads of Universe Sol meet again, that's all."

"Oh, no! They could wipe out the Universe. Mars, Venus and Earth would be thrown into confusion without their leaders."

"I know," Earl said, "I know. I only hope that our disappearing causes some worry. Who would ever think that the Troitfen would get here before us? They must have stolen spacewarp secrets from Earth."

Dean helped Earl to his feet and then leaned him against the wall. Earl's thin body quivered with weakness, but he stayed in his position.

"We've got to escape somehow," said Earl. "I don't know how, but we have to find a way."

Dean began another systematic search of their room. "I'm afraid it's no use. I've been over this room before and I haven't found a thing."

"Keep looking," said Earl. "There must be something somewhere."

"No. There's nothing. We could break out the glass in the door and open it from the outside, but we'd just run into that guard in the hall."

"Get me a drink, Dean. I feel pretty weak."

Dean walked over to the faucet attached to one wall. The faucet tapped an overhead pipe which carried liquid to the Troitfen outpost.

Earl drank the glass dry.

"Damn this blog. I wish the Troitfen were human. I'm getting tired of this alcohol-based stuff. Besides, it makes it harder to think. A cup of coffee would really be good," said Earl.

"I don't mind the blog so much as the monotony," replied Dean. "It's tough, being out here without even a movie to see."

"I wish we could get hold of some salt....you know that the Troitfen are poisoned by even a small amount of salt."

"Yes, too bad we don't have any," said Earl.





Dean and Earl retired to their mats and for the next 8 hours Dean slept fitfully. He was rudely awakened by his wrist alarm. "Morning already." He didn't wake Earl, who slept as if dead.

At 9 o'clock Dean suddenly remembered. "Where's breakfast? They always bring that fermented mush they call food about 8 o'clock."

1300 rolled around and then 1400. Still no food.

"Earl...Earl! Wake up! Something's wrong; they must be trying to starve us to death. They haven't brought any food around for the last two meals!"

Earl awakened slowly. "That's good -- that's what I hoped for," he said.

What do you mean?" asked Dean.

"Break the glass in the door, Dean. I think we can leave now."

Dean broke the glass with his shoe, and then opened the door from the outside. "Earl, the guard's dead....he's the fat bulletheaded one, that they called Wildwill. But how did you know? How did you do it?"

"Well, after you went to sleep, I got to thinking about that salt. I looked at the Blog pipe and there was an access plug at the joint. That's where I put the solution."

"The solution? You mean....."

"Yes. I urinated in their Elog."



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Chicago in '59

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#### FABLE

by Richard Lupoff

Once there was an old, nasty, crusty miser who always mistreated everyone except himself. He treated himself very well indeed, attending to all his own desires and wishes with the greatest luxury.

There also lived in those times a fine, noble, hardworking, saintly man who spent all his time and efforts aiding others, and who accepted no payment except the barest rags of clothing and crumbs of food to keep himself alive.

The old miser spent all his time gratifying himself, and lived a great many years upon this earth, and when he was asked, in his old age, what he thought about the next world, he merely snarled and ordered more luxurious possessions for himself while the poor people starved.

The fine, noble, hardworking, saintly man, whenever anyone asked him why he indulged in no pleasures, replied "My work is to help others. God will reward me in the next world."

The fine, noble, hardworking, saintly man died at a very early age, having given his property, his labors, and finally his life for others. He was immediately damned to the hottest infernos of hell.

The nasty, crusty old miser died at the age of ninety-three and went immediately to the most desirable section of Paradise.

Moral: God helps him who helps himself.

# NEW YORK INSIDE

————— A COLUMN FROM ————— DAN ADKINS

I'm tired of doing my own cooking from can-foods, washing my own clothes and dishes, working all day and studying art half the night, hearing the art-editors tell me to change to the modern loose style of drawing like AMAZING, GALAXY and FANTASTIC use. I don't care to draw what they want unless they pay good and they sure as hell don't pay good. INFINITY and Lowndes' magazines use the art I like. I did some work for INFINITY but even though my work is on the stands, I've gotten no check. This is not Larry Shaw's fault. Things are just done that way but that doesn't mean I have to like it or stay around hacking for them. I'm not that crazy to be a pro. If there was a lot of money in it, then that would be different. For money I'd even draw the way they want, but when I drew the MONSTER PARADE illustration just as the art-editor desired, the fannish personnel didn't like it. Neither did I. Therefore, I'm no longer going to stick around doing art I don't like, living alone and knocking myself out. I'd rather be with the woman I'm engaged to and soaking up the Arizona sunshine, where I can take a full breath of fresh air!

My address after August 18: Dan L. Adkins, c/o Janette Strouse, 525 North 9th. Ave., Glendale, Arizona. Tomorrow, I'm getting on that bus and taking another one of those five day rides that half kill you physically and mentally to a less confusing type of living.

According to one of the science fiction editors here, VENTURE has been folded. Mr. Mills wouldn't tell me for they don't like to admit such things early but I think it's safe to say VENTURE will no longer be around.

That's about all there is in the way of news but maybe some information will be interesting. Frank Frazetta is now doing the ghost work for Al Capp's LI'L ABNER. This means that Capp is so busy that he has to have someone else do the strips in his style while he's away or doing something else. Everyone does this once they have a good strip going. Dan Berry's FLASH GORDON has been done by Al Williamson, Jack Davis, Frank Frazetta, Roy Krickle, Stan Drake and Jack Kirby to mention a few. Sy Berry, Dan's brother, does most of the work anyway. Harvey Kurtzman has also done some of the writing. On the Sunday strip of FLASH GORDON, Larry Shaw has done a bit of the manuscript work himself.

There's a rumor which will probably prove to be truth going about that one of the EC artists will be doing a comic strip of his own in a few months. Al Williamson knows more about it but he has sworn Larry Ivie to keeping everything a secret so I'll keep quiet on who the artist is myself. I'm not hinting that it's Al, either, though when I last talked to him, he sure was wishing that it was. Al's a swell guy. Fact is I'd say all the EC artists are pretty nice artists to know. Al is 27, tall, has black hair and well tanned. He's a play boy, too. When Roy Krickle, Larry Ivie, and he went to the beach to sketch girls, Al forgot all about art and decided it was impossible to sketch girls on a beach.



My pick for the best artist though, is Crandall. A group were around one of the boys' pads doing work for Kamen's test books, and Reed was working on an old cart and a ship. He just sat down, made a quick sketch in pencil, and started inking. Al rushes over and says that it has to be exact so that it'll fit the time and country involved. Reed keeps on working while Al dashes off to get a book on the subject. Returning, he opens up to a page and starts to show Reed what the drawing should look like. But, when Al saw how exact they were he backed off mumbling. That's what Crandall has over the rest; a memory like a book. Kamen is art director on some serious books and a number of the EC artists are doing work for him.

Then Reed is in his forties and has been in the game a long time. He did most of the old BLACK HAWK comic books.

SATA is running along smoothly. Slowly but smoothly. Bill is doing most of the work. All I've done is a few layouts and gotten some of the fans to send in art. When it is finally published, don't be surprised if it has no Adkins artwork. I've lost interest in working for it.

Larry Ivie, who puts out CONCEPT, a fanzine of sorts but not sent to many fans, will have an illustration in a coming MONSTER PARADE. Same magazine might go monthly as it's selling good.

Bill is staying here and living at Larry Ivie's pad. Costs less when two share the rent. About the only pro work I'll be doing is a strip with Richard R. Smith which I mentioned before. I may try to write my own to make more money. Comic strips take little talent to write and we have decided to skip having an agent. Don't know what will ever come of it and I can't honestly say I care much what does happen. I'm lazy, restless, and too, too young to work hard.

Doing small drawings for fandom is easier and more fun. So, New York City, I leave you. It's been interesting. Not much fun, but interesting. Someday when I'm a good artist, I'll return and lick you yet!

That's about it except to answer Roger Ebert's letter in the latest YANDRO. The Oct. issue of INFINITY, the one I have art in, was done by the printer Lowndes uses. It was printed up two months ahead of the date it appeared on the stands and came out after you wrote your letter to YANDRO. So you weren't seeing the INFINITYs that this printer did. Now, do you see the difference? Of course the printer did a nice job to impress Shaw and to keep Shaw sending him business. The cover wasn't done by the printer as printers don't often do covers. Engravers do.

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Ed. note: Even though Dan will be in Arizona, he offers to keep the column coming, on an irregular schedule. So you'll keep seeing it, though probably not every month any more. RSC

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RETRACTION. In the July YANDRO (#66) Dan mentioned that Boucher might possibly have left F&SF due to an altercation with the publishers over cutting pay rates to authors, rather than due to the published reasons. Several close friends of Boucher -- not Boucher himself, who probably hasn't even seen the column -- protested against this remark. According to the best possible sources (i.e., some professional authors) F&SF is still paying 2¢ a word and up, and Boucher left the magazine only due to the published reasons of overwork, etc. So we take it all back; it ain't so. RSC



# STRANGER FRUIT

BY *g.h.scithers* -

VIVA LA DIFFERENCE #7 (Number 8875305, 354 Hunter Street, Ossining, New York - formerly monthly, future uncertain - 25¢)

This is not - the title page informs us - a family magazine. Contains some of the nakedest nudes I have ever seen. Two rather...ah... frank articles and a somewhat unusual trio of stories. Highly recommended for drooling over. Unfortunately (or fortunately, insists Juanita) availability of issues is doubtful - the Inspector from the Post Office who picked up our copy gave us the editor's new address (see above).. There may be a few copies around, but..... Rating.....11

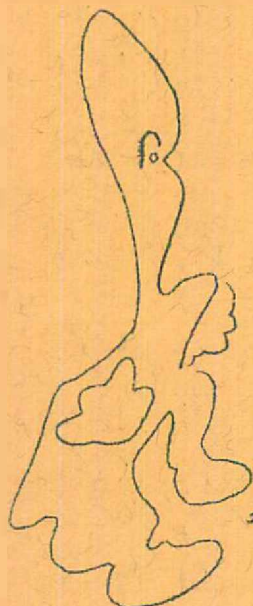
GREENFORTH #4 (or #7) (John P. Mink, 257 or 398 West Elm, Deaneville, New York or (Juanita claims) North Dakota - tri(?)quarterly - price ?)

Remarkably bad reproduction - even for a fanzine. The lead item appears to be either a short novel by Heinlein - "Unicorn Princess" - or a discussion of Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle. The title of the story/article on our copy was smeared and there weren't enough legible words in the story/article to decide which it was. There was also something by Bradbury or Benford (or possibly Bloch -- or even Briney) and what is either a very bad poem or a very good example of abstract art. Three pages of what are probably letters round out this issue. I would have asked for another copy if I could read the address (if that is the address I've been trying to decypher. Rating.....~2

THE TRANSCHRONOGRAPH #9 (Gilbert J. Qinch, 1632 North Nightshade, Foss-erandan, New Guernsey - monthly - subscriptions only - \$10)

Except for one minor weakness, this is undoubtedly the best fanzine ever published. Reproduction is superb; the artwork (including full color cover) is magnificent, and the written material incomparable. The only difficulty is that, although subscriptions are cheerfully accepted, Qinch only prints enough copies of his zine to send to other editors to get reviews to get subscription money. Probably the only zine that is making money.

Rating.....13



## FREE-TYPE ADVERTISING

We recently received an invitation to join the AMALGAMATED PRINTER'S ASSOCIATION, which seems to be a newly formed apa for people interested in printing and journalism. Secretary of the outfit is Roger Ralphe, of Hastings, Minnesota. Membership is \$1.50 per year, and (a mistake on their part, I think) there are no publishing or writing requirements. Those who are interested -- I'm not -- should contact Mr. Ralphe. RSC

# PRISON PLANET

RAYMOND L. CLANCY



There is no spring on this iron world  
Where strong men fade away.  
No birds here sing, no church bells ring,  
There is neither night nor day.

There are no streams, no gay sunbeams,  
There are neither trees nor vines;  
But men half-dead with souls of lead  
Like the ore from these cursed mines.

There are those here who have cursed the mines,  
And those who have cursed their birth,  
And the one bright spot in our dreary lot  
Is the spacer in from Earth.

O you who roam the ether vast,  
And then at last go home;  
Remember, brothers, that we are men  
Who neither return nor roam.

Let your hearts tense once for our leaden lot;  
Speak soothing words, and gay,  
Before your mighty rockets roar  
And your spacecraft goes -- away.

Whatever was our secret sin,  
Whatever our public shame,  
O you who come from the breed of Man,  
Remember we bear that name.

Our guardians grim have many a limb,  
They are neither beast nor bird.  
But they close their ears, their eight eyes dim  
When we beg -- a pleasant word.

(From the files of DESTINY)



# A DODDERING COLUMN

---

alan dodd

Censorship of science fiction films in England must seem to the onlooker to be a strange and inexplicable thing. The films have a certificate which is shown at the beginning of each film which reads that the film is certified to be shown to three classes.

"A" means the film can only be seen by people under 16 if accompanied by an adult, "X" to be shown while no person under 16 is present and "U" for universal showing to young and old. In the 1930s and 1950s there was also an "H" certificate for horror films which is now obsolete.

Which brings us to the average Hollywood science fiction film which in so many cases appears to be created by cretins for masses of the moronic with an average mental age of 12 years. It is designed purely for those under 16. Yet in England it is just those people who are not allowed to see it.

The "X" certificate loudly besplayed on posters of double SF programmes is calculated to appeal to the adult here who expects to see something he wouldn't see in another type of film. Yet the films as a rule are incredibly childish and the aliens are so obviously portrayed by papier mache creations or stunt men in animal guise that it is a wonder that anyone could be frightened at them. For some reason it is essentially the "animal" type of monster that is found to be horrific in the minds of the censors. Animal monsters, regardless of quality, are not seen by those under sixteen.

Perhaps the "animal" theory stems from the 1930 series of films which portrayed DRACULA, FRANKENSTEIN, KING KONG, THE MUMMY, etc.; all essentially creations of animals. Mutants, twisted, fantastic maybe, but something that might be seen in a dark alley at night. Perhaps. This was essentially the Horror period and little science fiction entered into it.

But here comes the influx of science fiction. And with science fiction comes the knowledge to the film maker that you can have a monster that is horrific and yet not human or animal! At last you can have a monster that is steel or stone or liquid or gaseous. Yet the films of monsters made of stone or steel are not banned to those under 16.

And although you may not consider either particularly horrific, is the steel-cubed pile driver that is KRONOS any the less terrifying than the childish papier-mache wasps of THE MONSTER FROM GREEN HELL? Are the rumbling, toppling and terrifying stone pillars of THE MONOLITH MONSTERS which live and reproduce any the less fearsome than the rubber moulded alien of IT CONQUERED THE WORLD?

Is papier mache more terrifying than stone?

And if so.....

Why?

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Comment by Earl Kemp on seeing the triple bill of REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN, CURSE OF THE DEMON and KING CREOLE..."It isn't often you get to see a triple horror bill."

# THE WRONG STOP

by

LEE JENRETTE

It was almost midnight when I finished cataloguing and posting the last book in the shipment. I suddenly realized that I was very tired, but that I'd done a very good day's work. I put on my rain hat and coat, turned off the small paraffin heater and the lights, and locked the bookstore behind me.

It was pouring down rain with occasional fierce gusts of wind. The streets were deserted and I thought how good it would be to be in bed asleep.

Then I remembered my aunt's invitation. She had wanted me to spend the weekend with her. Poor thing, she was getting on in years with no one to look after her, and she took great pleasure in my visits. I felt in my pocket and found the key to her house. She had a room set up for me and I could go straight there.

So instead of turning around the corner and going home I kept on down Charing Cross Road to the underground station. The man on duty was half asleep as I paid him the fare and hurried down the stairs.

To me there is nothing as lonely as an underground station at midnight. There are no scurrying messengers, no shop girls and secretaries rushing to catch their trains, no women shoppers with their children.

The station was completely empty except for myself. There was just the usual litter of papers and candy wrappers and the faces on the posters staring back at me. That was all there was except for the silence. I have never been afraid of the dark, but there is something about the dark caverns of the tubes that makes my spine tingle. I picked up a paper that someone had abandoned on the bench and began scanning the headlines.

Just then I heard the faraway rumble of the train's approach so I folded the paper under my arm and waited. In a moment its long black length slid into the station. I saw only one or two people in the cars that passed me as they slowly drew to a stop and the doors hissed open. I entered through the nearest door and sat down across from an old man, the only other occupant of the car.

He was rather well dressed, I noticed, in a heavy black coat and fine looking bowler hat. He held a newspaper folded up on his lap. He was half asleep, occasionally nodding.

I took up my newspaper, thankful that I hadn't far to go. I had been to my aunt's a dozen times in the last six months and I no longer had to refer to the signs inside the car to tell me when I arrived. My station was the third stop, that's all. I turned to the comic section and then folded the paper over to the sports. It was just then I caught the eye of the old man.

"Good evening," he said, cordially, barely stifling a yawn, "lovely evening, isn't it?"

"If you like that sort," I said, remembering how rainy and cold it



DEA



was outside and wondering if the man was being sarcastic.

Just then the train came to a stop. The doors opened briefly and then closed. The train started again.

"I've been out walking," said the old man, "just walking and looking up at the stars. Didn't realize how late it was until I checked my watch." He chuckled. "I shall have a beastly time explaining to my wife."

The man seemed quite serious and I wondered if he'd been drinking. I ignored his remark and turned back to the sports page.

A few minutes later the train slowed down.

"This is my stop," said the man, hastily getting up.

I looked up briefly as the man got up and called back a pleasant "Good evening."

The train started with a jolt and I noticed that the man, in his hasty exit, had dropped his newspaper. I looked down on it and read the headlines:

ALLIES MAKING NEW ADVANCES IN FRANCE

Filled with sudden curiosity I

picked up the paper and looked at the date.

It was exactly twelve years old, dated the twenty-third of October, 1944! Whatever was the man doing with a paper that old? I shrugged and threw it back on the floor. It was none of my business.

The train slowed and I realized that this was the third stop, my destination. I got up and as the doors opened I stepped out onto the platform. The train started again and rapidly dwindled into the distance. It was then I made a startling discovery; I had gotten off at the wrong stop!

For a moment I shook with a sudden, unexplainable feeling. My numbed mind went back over the trip. This had to be the third stop, but it wasn't.

The ticket taker must have noticed my expression.

"What's the matter, there, guv'nor?" he asked. "You look like you've seen a ghost."

"What?" I asked in amazement. "What did you say? I - I must have gotten off at the wrong stop. I don't know how it happened."

I told the man what had taken place and how I always got off at the third stop. As I recited my story the man's expression changed from one

of doubt to one of utter amazement and horror.

"Do you know what you're saying, mate?" he asked, his eyes open wide. "I don't know how you knew, but there was another stop in between the stations we have now, but it's been abandoned for more than ten years. It was struck by a buzz bomb just before the end of the war. They never got around to rebuilding it. It was never a very busy station."

Then he paused and I saw that he was shaking with fear.

"I just thought," he said. "It was on this night, October twenty-third, twelve years ago that it happened, about this time, at -- at midnight." His voice ended in a ghostly whisper.

I don't know what happened then. The next thing I knew I was out in the rain and my throat was hoarse from screaming. I walked the rest of the way to my aunt's house.

I have never since dared to ride on the Underground.

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ADDRESS CHANGES: New addresses:

Bill Connor, 155 W. Water St., Chillicothe, Ohio (After Sept. 1)

Claude Raye Hall, 305 E. Rose, Carlsbad, New Mexico (After Aug. 31)

New addresses for Dan Adkins and Gary Deindorfer in "New York Inside" and letter column, respectively

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VARIATIONS ON DEWEESE

by John Berry

Paranoid.....dad is very peeved  
Trauma.....I'm not lying, Mother  
Phallus.....misleading  
Menopause.....I didn't stop  
Auto-erotic.....a courageous flea  
  who has a motor car  
Sadistic.....the same flea, some-  
  what unhappy  
Dysmenorrhoea...put those chaps in  
  the back row  
Freud.....I prefer mine boiled  
Traumatic.....I've an awful pain in  
  my back  
Syntonic.....Spanish Fly  
Tension.....listen to what I'm  
  saying  
Detumescence.....perfume which dan-  
  cing girls spray on  
  their stomachs

---

"Did Christ really rise -- or was  
it the planet Venus?"

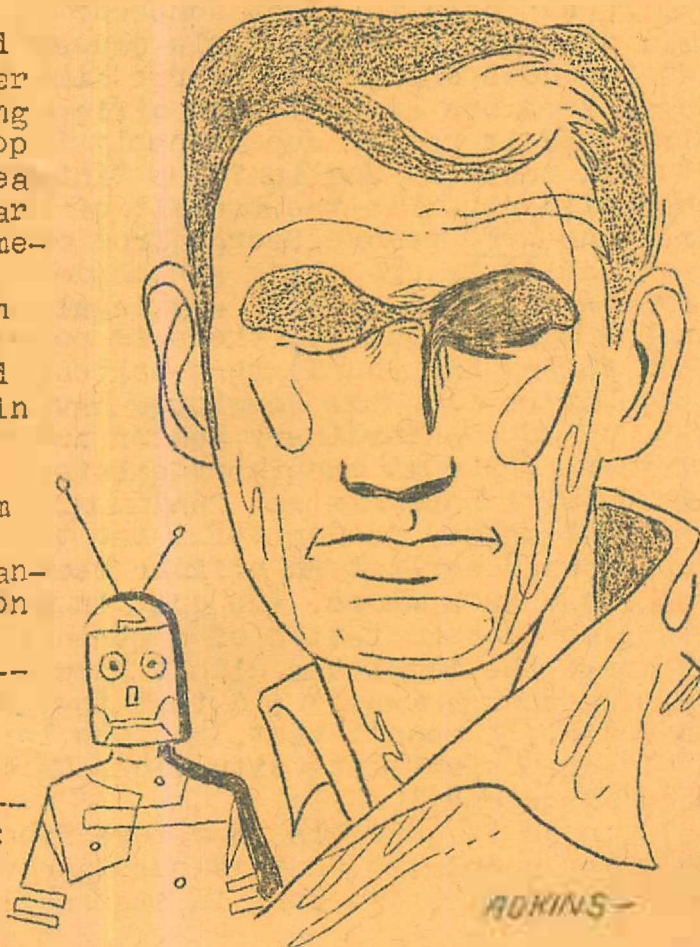
Gene DeWeese

---

S: help me, an actual conversation:

Buck: Why are you giving Bruce  
          that old weiner bun?

Juanita: It's easier than putting  
          it in the garbage.





# GRUMBLINGS

GEORGE W. FIELDS, 3607 Pomona Blvd., Montebello, California

If Tucker found it necessary to defend his honor, he did a very poor job of it. Somehow I think that was just another semantical mix-up. Somehow I think this whole feud is a semantical mix-up and neither side has helped any. The Dietzes and Raybin attempted by putting out a concise report on WSFS in GROUND ZERO, and all they got were brickbats. Seems to be everyone is against anybody else making themselves clear.... /Seems to me that damned few of the participants have the ability to make themselves clear. RSC/

(1) How may officers be removed from office, before their term expires? Well, now. Of course, there is no provision for this and if Tucker still thinks there should be, he should write it into an amendment and send it to the committee for presentation at the SOLACON business meeting. Actually, the officials of the WSFS have so little power (especially since they are strewn around fandom in such expanse) that if one is a bad egg, there isn't anything he can do without permission of the others. Just ignore him, his advice, etc. /How about his lawsuits? RSC/ But then, you're supposed to elect somebody who you can be assured will do his job well without any "reasonable causes" for removal arising.

(2) How does one remove George Nims Raybin from his office, ever? "One" doesn't remove anybody from office. Tucker must admit that the way he states #2 is rather questionably in good intentions. /Have you ever studied business English? The "intentions" are quite proper. RSC/ But then, I'd give him the benefit of the doubt that he really meant "how does the WSFS remove George from office, ever?" George himself has made that easier by proposing an amendment to the effect that the office of Legal Advisor is open to any legal man and he does not have to reside in New York. Actually, there is no requirement that I have found (or Rick Sneary has found) that states the necessity of a Legal Advisor. But it's better than the committee having to get outside legal advice.

(3) How does an ordinary member lodge or plead a grievance against an officer, and what machinery exists to hear him? As I have said, the committee will hear him and fandom will hear him. No matter what decisions the WSFS makes, fandom still has the strongest voice. Nobody has had any "grievance" against an officer because no one officer is responsible for the group as a whole. The suit in New York was instituted through the mistaken interpretation of a personal letter of Len Moffatt's which did say that the committee didn't know what to advise on the matter (not knowing enough facts) and that they could do what they thought best. Well, they did. It wasn't best, and the letter from Len wasn't a committee decision. Unfortunate situation. We can't all expect perfection. (I guess some of us can)!

(4) How is it possible to remove from New York any vestige of control? My chief complaint on this question still stands as an objection to the word "control". New York in its small power could no more "control" any--

thing than Tucker could. This is speaking in fandom, of course. I can't see how I can answer the question when there's no proof that New York has any vestige of control and how Tucker proposes that they can ever get it. There's so little power involved.

Yep, it would be nice to receive four simple clear-cut brief answers. But clear-cut questions? I doubt that any of them have enough basis to be called clear-cut. There's a lot of mountain building out of mole-hills on the negative side of the WSFS controversy.

The main objection seems to boil down to "fandom doesn't need policing". How the comparison to policing got in, I don't know, but let's change it to "advice and checking." Well, this is really funny. If fandom is so naive that it thinks anybody who calls himself a fan and gets on a con committee is therefore "honest", I've overestimated the intelligence of the whole crew. The advice and checking is on the con committee. Who's to stop anybody from taking advantage of the past set-up? But anybody who is a fan is honest, and we don't have to worry about crooks in fandom. Sure we don't. Gag. /I see...it's just the elected officials who are bound to be honest. RSC/

Don Ford doesn't realize that the first Worldcon lost money, that the last Westercon lost \$400, that London lost \$250, that money was obviously taken, but could not be legally proved, from the Nolacon treasury. If con committees are given the chance to run a con, they've got to do it like a business to get anything done. Do you know, Bob and Don, that this con committee isn't worrying about losing money on things /I sort of guessed it RSC/ it can plan ahead on and spend money on now? It's worried about all you people who haven't joined the con, who haven't made reservations at the hotel, who are liable to get their head stuck in the elevator door and wreck the whole shebang. Funny? Nope -- it's happened. /I know; I was there. So?/ As long as fans are human, at a con and most of them are drunk, we've got to figure some damage. Who pays for it? WSFS? Yes. Me? Ghodd Lhord, I'm glad I'm not! /Well if you're counting on my membership fee to pay for it, I can see early bankruptcy proceedings. Do you have to have a corporation to tell you little commonsense items like keeping a fund for emergencies? RSC/ 4e? He feels safe in knowing that if some drunken fan kicks the house detective, his funds are safe from a legal suit. Funny or absurd these things may sound, but they won't sound absurd or funny when they happen. /They will to me. RSC/ So what do we have? Cheap insurance. Very cheap insurance. Against losing our money. You don't have to worry -- you're not on the con committee. Don was, and they didn't go in the hole. /Maybe they did a little more worrying about money problems. RSC/ And after all, as far as the CInvention goes, a lot of fans would say giving \$50 to NFFF is throwing it away. I wouldn't, but then when has fandom agreed on anything unanimously? I doubt if they ever have, or ever will. They just sit around and argue and later they find out it didn't do any good anyway. Why bother? I'm getting tired of it, Rick is getting tired of it, the whole committee is getting tired of it. Technically, you're questioning this committee when you're argueing over the principal of WSFS....We don't care -- we just want to put on a convention. We're in a position to know if WSFS is doing its job well, and everyone on the committee is obviously for WSFS in principal. We've taken a lot



from WSFS on all sides, and if we aren't soured by now, I don't see what anybody else has to worry about.

It's the people who make us look like we're a bunch of idiots, who don't know from nothin' and are pro-WSFS because we're stupid. Well, next time Rick Sneary is stupid and doesn't know as convention Treasurer just how well WSFS is working, I'll write your great, great, great, and so on father and tell him. /Come to think of it, have you ever studied any kind of English? RSC/

Oh, by the by, Raybin was confident about winning the suit and he still is. Frank Dietz directed him to do so because we had given the impression that we were saying "hands-off" on WSFS polley (thus Walt Cole's remark about our not making policy decisions on WSFS until now). Raybin is clear on what is what. Unfortunate, but now it's straightened out.

By the by, again, the loss of money has nothing to do with Directorial power. They don't handle that department. The Legal Advisor

only sees the records when he checks them to make sure we didn't abuse our power. Of course, you don't have to worry about Rick. He, he. ~~746~~ I don't have to worry about anything connected with the WSFS this year. I'm not a member, and have never been a member, so I'm safe from lawsuits from hotels, Kyle, Raybin or anyone else, thank God. I just want to get things straightened out before next year. On the other hand, I'm a member of Falascafandom and have a membership card to prove it, so I'm opposed to the organization as it stands. Actually, I imagine the outfit will not last long in its present state. Sooner or later another con will lose money, the WSFS will go through bankruptcy, and the year after that the corporation will find that no reputable hotel will extend it credit. We'll see what happens at the Solacon...up to now, we've presented every argument sent to us, on both sides of the controversy. What happens in the future depends on how many of our readers remain interested. RSU/

LARS BOURNE (2436, Portland, Eugene, Oregon)

I received the latest ish of YANDRO, and due to the strange mutant strain that seems to alienate the two camps of Coulson and Bourne, I don't find YANDRO too interesting. Now there are always exceptions to the general rule, and that is why I'm always glad to see YANDRO in the mail box. I liked your cover if only for the detail which I thot was in-



even if the idea was not too full of that "sense of wonder". What should have been your most spectacular piece, that one written by Bob Tucker in part, was not worth much at all in my estimation. What amazes me more, is that Dan Adkins' column shows a great deal of interest and the fans who praise it certainly share my enthusiasm. I have made no bones about not liking the stereotyped art that Dan does, nor have I cared much for his written work, but this particular piece is a nice solid little bit. Of course it wasn't as good this issue as last.

"The Revolution of Henry Porter", altho not professional in tone nor original in kicker, interested me. First thing I've read by Pearson I've liked.

G.H. SCITHERS, Box 682, Stanford, California

Listening to bagpipes just now. Brings to mind a morning in Yosemite Park -- somebody got out of his sleeping bag a bit early, took out his pipes, and started to play. There wasn't another sleep slept within a mile that morning. It is quite impossible to interrupt a man playing bagpipes. Even if you shoot him, the pipes keep on wailing for a second or so. /Personal observation, I trust? RSC/  
JOE LEE SANDERS, RR #1, Roachdale, Ind.

When I saw the cover, I thought first of Robert Gilbert, then of Bill Harry. I'd never seen or heard of Barbara Johnson before, but whoever she is she's an excellent artist.

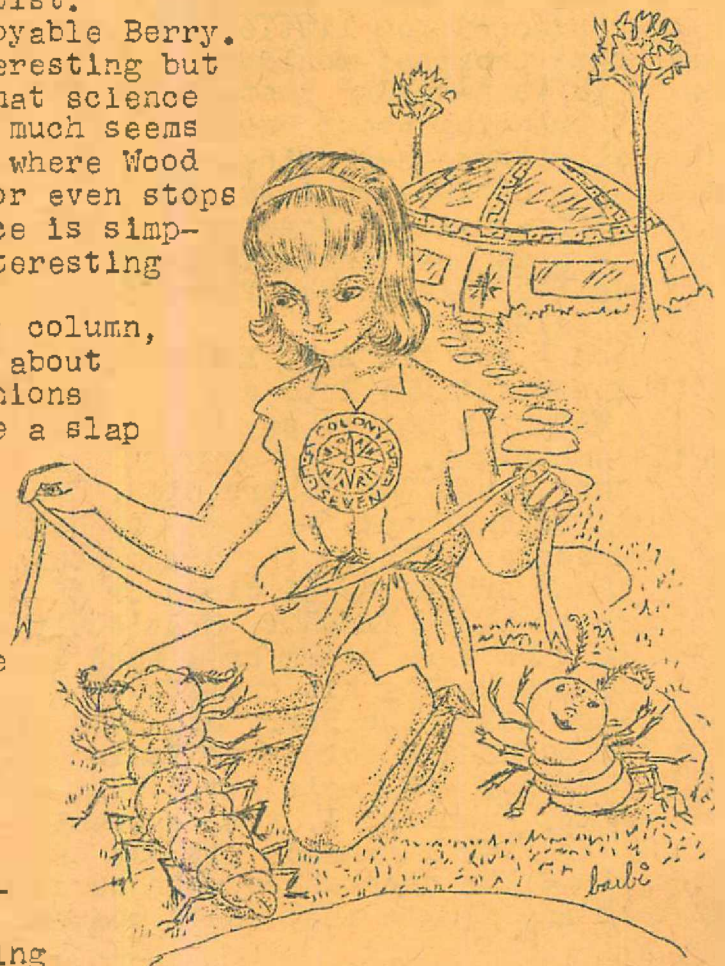
"Zoot Soot" is standard, enjoyable Berry.

Wood's article/column is interesting but seems to lack a point. We agree that science fiction is in a bad slump -- that much seems to be clear -- but I see no place where Wood offers a solution to the problem or even stops to seriously consider it. The piece is simply a grab-bag of his opinions, interesting though they are.

I'm glad to see, from Adkins' column, that other fans felt the same way about MONSTER PARADE and made their opinions known. To me, it was a little like a slap in the face to think that Larry Shaw -- who seemed such a nice guy in person -- was connected with that sickening trash. /Well, even nice guys have to eat, I guess. RSC/

I agree with Scithers on the good ol' WSFS, Inc.  
JOHN KONING, 318 So. Belle Vista,  
Youngstown 9, Ohio

This Barbara Johnson, whoever she is, is certainly some artist. The human figures on the cover were excellent, well-proportioned and all that...but better yet they LOOKED human. But one thing





distresses me, the lack of background over their right shoulders. And what is that last fellow looking at? There isn't a thing behind him... /"Who knows what ominous shapes may loom out of this endless, swirling, fog? It's driving me mad, I tell you...mad!" RSC/

John Berry is going dry. This bit ZOOT SOOT is funny all right, but not humorous as the old Berry stories were. With John's reputation, he has to be pretty good to live up to it.

I thought the pic "Curse Of The Demon", which several of your readers praised, to be a poor picture. The whole attitude of the thing was childish. The monster in the woods had sinking footprints, a la Forbidden Planet, and Dana Andrews (who I thought was a girl -- confused with Dana Wynter no doubt) had a poor part -- disbelieving in Demonology most of the picture, then with an about face outdoing the chief wizard.

For my money, Dan Adkins' sses column is the toughest piece in the ish. /In a letter on the July issue, John thought that CON REPORT was tops, and the Hensley-Tucker article "wonderful". So far, John, you have the only vote against CURSE OF THE DEMON; I think you were disappointed at finding out that Dana Andrews wasn't sexy. RSC/

GARY DEINDORFER, 12 Knoll Drive, Yardley, Pennsylvania (new address)

Back to YANDRO #66, which the man sez is the July issue. Best thing was Dan Adkins' second installment of NY Inside", probably the most informative type thing about the prozines and how they tick I've ever seen. "SF Times" purports to give you all the news, but they know if they exposed how little the prozines pay for art and like clayfeetisms, same prozines wouldn't give them any more news and that would be it. By #67's "Inside" installment I'd palled of Dan's increasingly incessant bragging about how-he-sold-this-and-this-and-how-it-wasn't-much-but-still-it-was-a-prozine-sale but still it was absorbing. I like this undressing of the prozines and their editors. Let's hope there's a fire at the Ziff-Davis offices or Kay Tarrent is abducted or something so Dan has some news next installment. Incidentally, that is an exceptionally high quality illo on the first "Inside" page. This Barbara Johnson has immense talent.

When I saw the Aug. YANDRO cover I thot, hmmm, another'n by Juanita. Quite surprised was I to see it was not by Juanita, so similar is the style. Which is not to say it's a mere copy; it is quite good artwork in its own right.

Funny about GHScithers pics. I can always tell a Scithers pic, even tho they be unsigned. He seems to have a penchant for long, stretched out creatures. Witness the dragon thing on P 17, this issue. On the long, loong trunk legged dinosaur in #66. Not to mention a few more such critturs in older YANDROs. What's with this man? Was he saved from catastrophe when very young by a long legged rescuer and is now subconsciously expressing his gratitude?

/Gary also liked the Berry and Wood pieces, asks for more fannish fiction by Dodd and a column on Ismism by Bradley./

DEAN GRENNELL, 402 Maple Ave., Fond du Lac, Wisconsin

AMEN, Juanita! I, too, appreciated the lack of pro-Xtian prejudice in THE VIKINGS. I sensed, without being any kind of expert on Eddic rites, that the ceremonies were pure Hollywood hokum but I felt as you did that any minute they would convert Borgnine to the One True Faith

or something. My main grotch was the same as with countless others: what they prayed for came true....the signs, the portents, the runes... never missed a beat. It irritates me exceedingly when, in a given movie, if a black cat crosses someone's path, that somebody dies instanter or gets the whatsit stomped out of him or something. Few years back there was a C-Grade stinker called (I think) JET PILOT wherein the darndest set of hoary old Air Force superstitions were paraded past and confirmed as valid one after the other. The only people who crashed were ones who violated some tabu or whose dependants did. Ffithaugh!

You notice a squib in the back of a recent copy of TRUE saying there is a Volkswagen in California with a sign in its back window saying: PLEASE DON'T CRUSH ME--I EAT HARMFUL INSECTS. Well, if I can ever get around to it, I am going to make one for the old Olds what say: PLEASE DON'T CRUSH ME--I EAT VOLKSWAGENS.

Capsule comments: ANDREW JOEL REISS - "About the WSFS, Inc...If nobody likes it, why don't you just not JOIN it, and put on your own worldcons? Organize your own society. Who's stopping you?" A very good idea, I'd say; if I ever have anything to do with a con, I shall endeavor to follow it. He also commends Raybin and the Dietzes for their honesty. CLAUDE HALL hints that Aga Yonder could write a better Satanism article than MZB /I'm open to all contributions../, mentions Dodd's accuracy and says that Montague Summers gives a complete account of DRACULA up to 1930 or so. TED WHITE sends in a long letter and then marks all the juicy parts DNQ. BILL CONNOR says that hay fever season lasts all summer in Texas /another black mark against the state/ and thinks that ASF is getting pretty cruddy lately. DAINIS BISENIEKS says his pb's don't fall apart but that bindings were better in the old days /agreed/. BOB BRINEY decides that YANDRO should be Greek in the plural (YANDROI, that is, mentions that one ASF story was kept out of the Merrill anthology because the book is smaller this year, and mentions a new fantasy mag, THE PHANTOM, from England. BOBBY GENE WARNER - "Reflections At Thirty-Two", by Ed Wood is written in a style that is undoubtedly intended to be quite formal, if not erudite; even the comments on Fanzines, Fantasy and FilmLand are clothed in the words of interspersed philosophy to such an extent that the tone they should convey is somehow lost in contrasting structures. Ed, there is one thing you must bear in mind when writing your "Reflections" for a reading audience; You must keep your thoughts heading toward an objective goal that we readers can readily see. I detect a flair for being subtle in your writing -- too subtle, at times. You know whereof you speak (I assume); now tell us, that we might be able to reflect along with you!" He also likes Berry, advises Adkins that it takes 4 stripes to make a sergeant in the Air Force, and thinks YANDRO leaves a taste in the mouth like Pepsodent or Camels./What is it with these southern fans? Everything that comes their way is eaten! It must be some obscure nutritional defect./VINCENT ROACH liked the artwork, Dodd, Adkins and Berry. PETER FRANCIS SKEBERDIS mentions tarring the back porch roof and himself, says he was supposed to publish REE but Stuart never came across with the stencils, blasts Jerry DeMuth in several places, agrees with Adkins, and says he got a slip in his sub copy of HUMBUG saying the mag was folding. /See you all next month.RC/



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