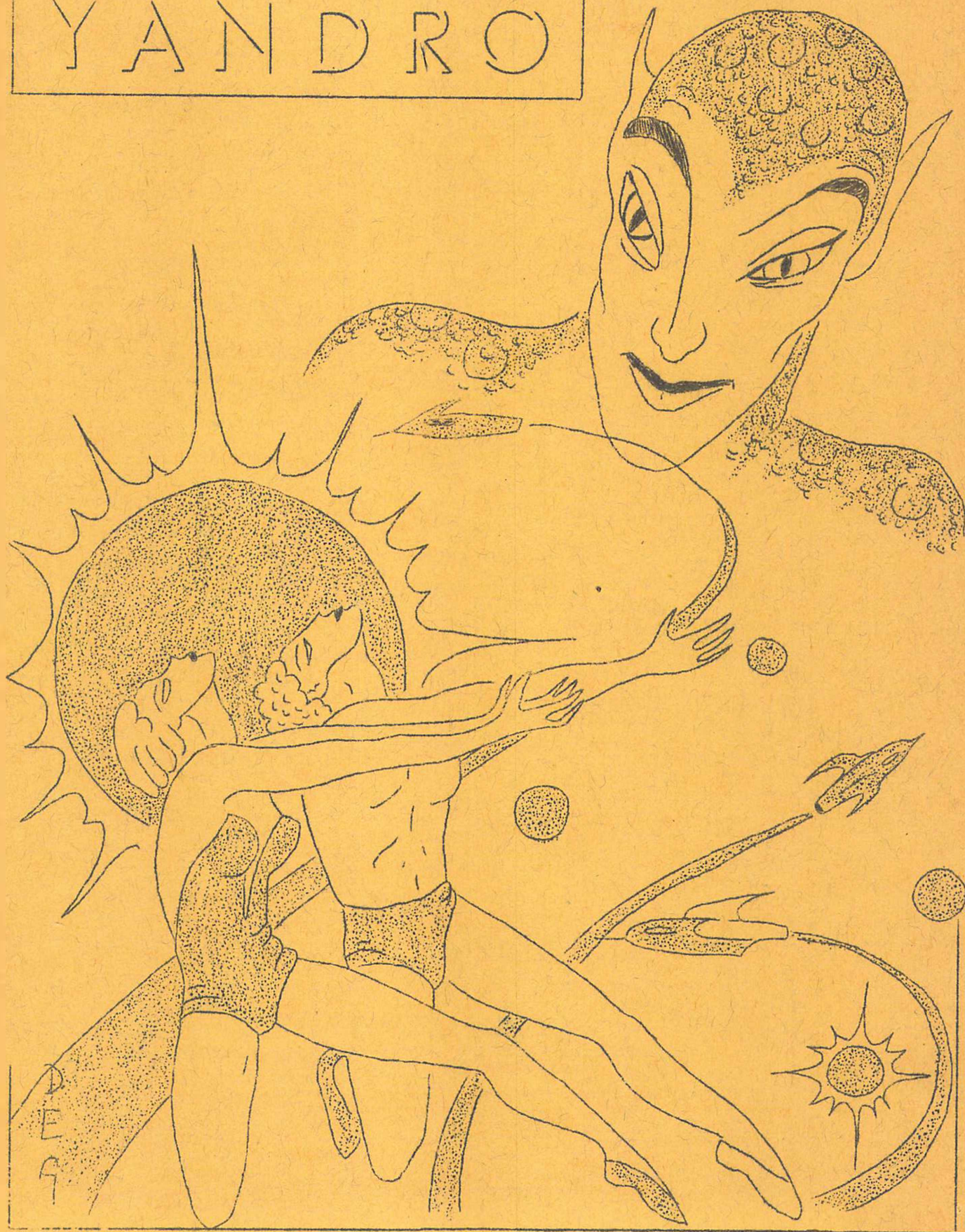
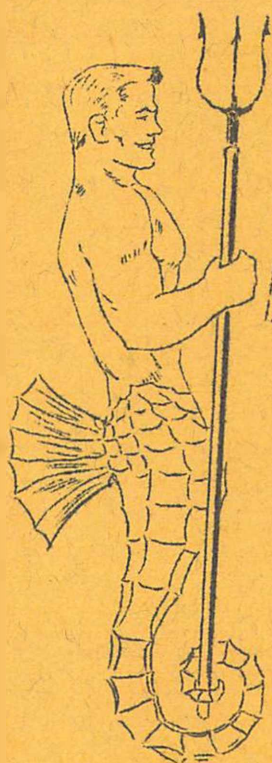


YANDRO





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ARTWORK

Cover by DEA

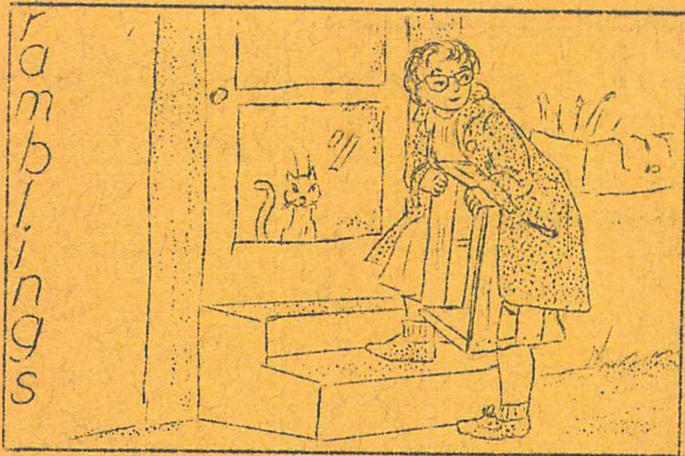
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New address for Inchmery fandom - 236 Queen's Road, London, SE 14

STFINITIONS by George Spencer

à bas.....southern saloon
metronome.....elf in the city
leprechaun.....Irish convention
disaster.....removed her rear
grillwork.....interrogation

writhe.....get up
ordination....commonplace country
discount.....this nobleman
thicket.....go get it, Rover!
demonstrable..rids you of monsters



Well, now really, there was this perfectly wonderful orange crate or apple box, whatever, sitting out there on the curb, which someone had thrown out with the trash....I just couldn't leave it sitting there to be carted off to some fiery dump of a limbo, could I now?.....the neighbors already think I'm a snob because I don't run next door constantly for kaffee klatches...this ought to compound the felony...but orange crate bookcases are getting devilish hard to find nowadays..

For a long while I had known this town was pretty illiterate as regards reading matter....for that matter, nearly the entire area is, and possibly most of the state...reading anything heavier than the local suicide news (and there are an amazing number of them) and the funnies is suspected of marking a person as an egghead, atheist, crackpot, and probably all sorts of other perverted things.....however, the illiteracy is not only rife in the printed department, but in the vocal as well, whatever the term might be for illiterate speech...and what's more, they're pretty proud of it.....all this was underlined recently when I went into the local Sears store to purchase some anti-freeze for the clunker....I was in hurry, being in the process of lugging Bruce around under one arm (another habit which horrifies local citizens and delights the tag)...so I may have not spoken so clearly the first time around, when I requested a gallon of Sears brand permanent anti-freeze....the woman clerk gave me a jaundiced eye and inquired..."You want the regular or the per-na-ment".....gulping back a double take, I managed to repeat, "Permanent anti-freeze"....I was then rewarded with that supercilious expression people reserve for educating clods who do not recognize a correction in speech when it is first offered them, followed by a clear and concise statement of - "Well, here's the per-na-ment right here"....I gave up and handed her a ten dollar bill for the buck eighty charge, deriving sadistic pleasure from the fact that it was nine fifteen in the morning and she had to give me the change in ones.....and what was I doing downtown of a morning...me..the person that never begins to operate on all cylinders until about mid-afternoon?...well, it was this way....a week or so previously, I had managed to break the frames on my glasses...not at the temple or earpiece where a decent job of temporary taping might be done...but exactly at the bridge of the nose piece...this entailed some hasty band-aid applying, producing a somewhat broken-backed effect in the frames and rather unsatisfactory vision, to say the least.....nothing could be done in the department of replacement of the frame, either...I strongly suspect frame makers of producing just one model of each frame in women's styles.....this, of course, involved a whole new frame, examination, etc., eventually, and the morning of the anti-freeze incident, I was informed the new pair was in....by that stage of the game, had the guy called at three a.m., I would have trudged through a blizzard for some decent sight..JWC



Not much variety this issue -- well, editorial balance in a small fanzine can be overdone, anyway. Next issue will be more varied, though.

Jim Caughran's letter didn't make the lettercolumn (mostly because the column was stencilled when his missive arrived), but he made a couple of comments on fanzine reviewing that I'd like to go into. First comment: "Your fanzine reviews place too much on repro - granted, if you can't read something at all, it's no damned good, but if it's legible,

this should be enough." Now there I differ. I don't care how fancy a fanzine is as far as layout goes, but I demand that it be easily readable. Why? Because there is nothing published in fanzines -- nothing -- that is worth straining to read. There are very few fanzines published that are absolutely illegible, but if a zine arrives which is blurry and hard to read, I'm damned well not going to take the trouble to decipher it, and I don't see why anyone else should. There are far too many other things to read, most of them more interesting. Second, he objects to my saying that a certain fanzine wasn't good but that I enjoyed it. He feels that the purpose of fanzines is entertainment, and if the mag in question was entertaining it was a good mag. I think he missed the point there somewhat -- I enjoyed the zine in question for the same reason I enjoy some bad stf movies and the ads in SEARCH -- it was so completely and unintentionally idiotic. There is a point where stupidity becomes humorous. However, there is another point here. Do I have the right to rate a fanzine (or anything else that I review) as good or bad just because I liked or disliked it? Most fans (or possibly I should say a large number of fans) seem to do this, but I can't see it. There are certain standards of quality, over and above personal prejudice, and I try to take note of them. (And I'm quite aware that my own personal tastes are pretty lowbrow at times.) If I like something I'll say so, but my ratings are as impersonal as anyone with my violent opinions can make them -- which, perhaps, isn't too impersonal, at that. Anyway, I'm not exactly saying that I'm right and Jim is wrong on this -- but since a lot of fans feel the way he does it's about time I stated my own opinions explicitly. (This isn't an argument, either; this is the way I feel and this is the way I'm going to review and from now on you can take that attitude into account, because I rather doubt if I ever change it.)

You had the misfortune, Jim, of timing your letter so that it would arrive just when I needed inspiration for an editorial. Nothing personal -- the above is what passes for polite disagreement around here.

And I'd better note here, because I'll forget it if I try to leave it for the contents page, that Ron Bennett is collecting the money from European fans who want Worldcon memberships. 1959 Worldcon memberships; ONE DOLLAR, from Ron Bennett (address at the end of the lettercol, if you don't already know it.) Which reminds me that I'd better get my membership in.....

RSC

THE FINAL TRUTH

—by—hal—annas—

Just as Kennedy Wilson wormed his lanky frame out of the groundcar, glancing furtively right and left, he heard again the shrill wolf whistle that had sent terror through his limbs since puberty. He saw the girls, a hundred feet away, break into a run. They came straight for him, arms outstretched, long fingers and nails clutching hungrily.

Wilson judged the distance to the doorway and lunged. He escaped the greedy female hands by a matter of inches, passed through the doorway, slammed the door, bolted it, barred it, locked it, chained it, and pushed a table against it. Then he wiped perspiration from his brow and gave himself a moment to regain his strength and composure.

Sometime, he knew, he would be captured. There was no such thing as a man living to the ripe old age of thirty without being taken by some female and dragged away to a marriage ceremony, afterwards to suffer untold agonies in her arms. Some men were able to get used to it, but the grim truth was, they stayed in a perpetual state of shock, never again recovering complete composure. The trouble was, the women of this age were too stunningly beautiful. It was said that an elderly man, twenty-five or more, who actually looked at one, would die of heart failure, and even men eighteen or twenty would go blind--that is, after viewing the true transcendent loveliness of the women of this age. There was no record that any man had actually seen one in the past five hundred years. Realizing the deadliness of their attractions, the women took pity on the men and disguised themselves, had been doing this since the twentieth century. There was superstitious talk that before that time they went about any old way and men suffered not at all; but either it was all pure superstition or else the women were not transcendently beautiful in those days.

Wilson wrung out his handkerchief and the front of his shirt and stepped into the bottomless anti-gravity shaft. He fell forty levels before remembering to twist his tie-pin, then wafted upward, turning over and over. These shafts were another dangerous thing. They had been built about the time of the first explorations on Mars, and in the years that followed men somehow lost track of what made them work and how to control them as they should be controlled. There was the report of a man who had lost his tie-pin and who, headed for the Lunar Room, actually came out in Brazil where he was immediately captured.

Such tragedies wrought havoc with the minds of North Americans, and Wilson's nerves were in a sad state when he again twisted his tie-pin at the eightieth positive level. He flapped his arms and coattail to propel him out of the shaft, then entered his office.

This was another sad thing. Men were said to have once worked in offices, but in this day and time nobody could remember what they did. Nowadays they went there just to sort of lock themselves in and to have someone with whom to brood and grieve and discuss the hard times. Besides,

breakfast and the mid-day meal were served in the office by machinery which only the long-dead geniuses could understand.

The air in the office held a tenor of excitement for the first time in Wilson's memory. He had heard women giggle when he fled from them, and once or twice had suffered the agony of remaining in the presence of a matron and listening to her chatter, which was sort of like a bird twittering and was cheerful enough, but he had never heard a man laugh since his father died. It was customary to celebrate the passing on to something better of an aged man, and a few forced cackles had been uttered at the festivities.

Curiosity aroused, Wilson went to his desk, seated himself in a swivel chair, elevated his feet and placed his hands behind his head. "Who's dead now?" he demanded. "Harkness over there actually tittered when I came in. Me, I nearly got nabbed on the street and here you are in convulsions about something. Don't hold out. Tell me the good news. Has half the populace died?"

Basquell twisted in his chair, his teeth showing in a grin. He was obviously in a high good humor despite the fact that he was captured over a year ago and had been on the verge of a breakdown since. "Better news than that," he grinned. "We'll all be dead within a week."

"Huh?"

"It's a fact," Harkness added. "Council's edict." Wilson was so stirred emotionally he almost dropped his feet off the desk. He had consciously stop his little finger from twitching.

"You see that thing on your desk?" Basquell pointed. "That's a visiphone."

"I know. I read about them," Wilson said. "What about it?"

"The thing buzzed and lit up just before you came in," Basquell explained. "The priestess of the Council was on the other end. She informed us that we've got to face the truth."

"What truth? What does the council know about truth?"

"Dunno! Never heard the word used more than a dozen times in my life. Something about the way we're living and how we've got to change."

"What other way is there to live? What's the Council kicking about?"

"About our always running away from women."

Wilson actually dropped his feet, twitched both his little finger and thumb. "First time the Council ever became sensible. They ought to banish the women to Pluto."

"We can't do that. Nobody in this age knows how to operate a spaceship. Take that machine over there with the words pencil sharpener on it. Know how it works? Know how to operate it? No! And nobody else around here does. They say a spaceship is even harder to understand or operate than that contrivance. What are you going to do? You know we haven't the knack our ancestors had. Something happened back there and we just can't do things."

Wilson nodded. "I see your point. We're in an advanced age, so far ahead of our forefathers we don't have to do anything."

"What you mean is that we've been refined down too much? Neurosis?"

"I don't think so because it would also affect the women. Something else happened. We advanced so far we decided there was nothing more to be done. But we ought to do something about the women. Maybe drowning--"



"But you can't drown them. It's been tried. The moment you try to drown one, she marries you, and then where are you?"

"Well, couldn't we disfigure them some way so that we can bear to look at them?"

"Maybe that's what the Council is going to do. Listen!" The sound of buzzing startled the trio. They were more startled when the visiscreen lit up. The priestess appeared on the screen and the three quickly shut their eyes. She was a woman of seventy or eighty, and, despite her disguise which was supposed to hide her charms, amazingly beautiful. The men peeked between their fingers, and just as they did so the woman smiled, and the beauty and pain of it shot through them and excited them so that each one had to take a sedative to slow his heart.

"Gentlemen!" Her voice played such music on their nerves they were almost transported out of existence. Each one quickly cut in his sound distorter. "Gentlemen." The sound now gave them only a tremor and they were able to bear it. "We have happy

news for you. We have experimented with one man of hardy constitution and found that he can look upon an undisguised woman and neither die of heartfailure or go blind. Of course, he went insane shortly afterwards and committed suicide, but the experiment proves that it can be done. And studies indicate that you gentlemen will become men after you have faced reality. We are rapidly making plans. I shall have a further announcement for you within minutes."

Harkness had fainted, but Basquell was holding up fairly well, and Wilson was merely suffering alternate fevers and cold sweats. Not one could yet rise out of his chair, though they ordinarily recovered rapidly because their lives were a series of shocks and they were used to them. "How can they be so inhuman?" Basquell groaned.

Harkness came out of the faint. "What happened? Have I been captured again? Oh! Oh! OH! I remember now. Men, this calls for desperate measures. We must defend ourselves. Who will follow me to the roof and jump? It's a hundred and twenty stories and an easy death."

"They're always looking for something like that," Wilson said. "They keep aircars over the roofs all the time. No! We've reached a point where a man can no longer defend himself."

"You have no right to complain," Harkness ran on illogically. "You're still single, about the only unmarried man left. You've had a perfect life for twenty-four years. You ought to be willing to offer yourself as a sacrifice to the Council."

"I wasn't complaining and I'm not going to sacrifice myself. If you had been on your toes, you wouldn't have gotten nabbed at the age of twenty one."

"Knock it off," Basquell snarled. "Let a man spend his last hours in peace. Maybe the Council will decide to be humane and remove our nerve-systems before they force us to look at women."

Again the buzzing startled them. They already had their distorter cut in when the view lit. This time a man appeared on the screen. Sighing relief, the trio relaxed and switched off their distorters. The man was obviously in the presence of women, for, in addition to multicolored vision distorters, he wore large sound distorters on each ear. "Gentlemen," the man began, "to avoid exciting you, I must approach what the girls have decided indirectly. The girls want to win your confidence. They want to prove to you that a man can remain in their presence without being miserable." He squirmed visibly, suffered a tremor. "I am not miserable. I am quite happy to be here in the presence of these ladies." He grimaced painfully. "I want to assure you that these ladies are not really half as beautiful as you suspect. You have been conditioned over the years to think certain things are beautiful. These girls are quite plain, in fact ugly. They boast of their ugliness themselves. A man of strong constitution can be comfortable in their presence--that is, after he gets used to them. He will not necessarily become blind from looking upon them, nor will he suffer heart-failure--that is, if his heart is strong.

"Now, gentlemen, bear with me." He turned and beckoned. "Look at this ugly old witch." A mature woman with undulating curves and striking features paraded across the view. Wilson became so excited he almost blacked out. "No, no, gentlemen," the man in the view insisted. "Don't close your eyes. Put on your vision distorters if you wish, but don't close your eyes. I assure you that this woman is plain, is what is call in ancient literature - an old bag. She says her age is sixty, but you know how girls are about their age. Chances are she's not over forty-five. She's even got a grating voice, something between a filing of hard metal and the scraping of your fingernail against the windowpane. Cut in your hearing distorters, but don't turn them on full. She's going to speak, and I'm sure you can endure it."

The woman's voice sounded musically, despite the distorters, and the three almost suffered delirium. They braced up, though, under the reassuring words of the man. "Gentlemen," the woman said, "we have decided to hold an ugliness contest in which the plainest of the girls will remove their disguises. The girls are already competing, each one practicing ugliness from the personality on out, and the ugliest ones will be chosen to enter the contest which a man must judge."

"No!" Wilson shrieked, and the word was echoed by Harkness and



Basquell.

"Yes," said the woman. "The Council has decided. They have also decided to choose an elderly bachelor for the task of judging, as none of the married girls cares to risk her husband's eyesight or heart. There is only one elderly bachelor registered in the city, a man twenty-four years old."

"No!" Wilson screamed, fainting.

"Yes," said the woman. "That man's name is Kennedy Wilson, and if married men do not wish to be placed in his position, they will deliver him tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock at the speaker's platform in the Hall of Love, which was named by the first priestess four hundred years ago. There he will judge the ugliness contest and prove that man can look upon woman and survive."

When Wilson recovered, he found himself shackled. The office was crowded with men, most of them looking sheepish. "It was you or us," one apologized. "I wouldn't ordinarily do this to my worst enemy, but in these troublesome times a man has to look out for his own eyesight and heart. We'll make your last hours as comfortable as possible, and tomorrow you'll pass out like a light when those females take off the disguises. You won't linger long in agony because they are going to strip down to their natural selves, without a single disguise, and no man's heart could endure the sight. Brace up."

Wilson made out his will, leaving his section of the office as a permanent loafing place and hideout for elderly bachelors. He willed the pencil, pen, blotter and inkwell on the desk to the museum in the hope that learned men could trace them back through the ages and find out what they were used for. He willed he tie-pin to Basquell with the instructions that he destroy it rather than let it fall into the hands of a woman. In closing, he requested to be buried in the clothes he wore, and that his home be sold and the funds used for proper celebration of his passing.

The men got permission from the Council to take him through the city without being set upon by girls. This was done, as nearly as possible, in secret, for it was feared that news of the event would bring forth throngs of females, and they wished to spare his nerves. At his home, Wilson asked to be unshackled and at first was refused. One man, more humane than the others, pointed out that he was so terrified and weak that he couldn't get as far as the door if he tried to escape, and no sane man would go out on the streets, anyway, to become the victim of girls. All sane men would prefer to die bravely, as Wilson was going to do.

They unshackled him, and then began the wake. Throughout the night, they mourned and grieved and brooded and talked about how hard times were. Wilson got no sleep. He couldn't have slept anyway. His imagination kept before him tantalizing pictures of females and he remained so excited he had to take a cold shower and a sedative every hour.

The new day dawned but brought no relief. Wilson refused to return to the office, saying that he would never be able to eat again, and the others, leaving a guard, slipped out one by one for lunch.

Shortly before mid-afternoon three of the men stood before Wilson, and one said, "We've been praying for you. Do you want a moment alone, or are you ready?"

Wilson fainted. They lifted him and carried him to the groundcar, and he had recovered by the time they reached the Hall of Love, and also recovered much of his strength. It took six men to drag him out of the groundcar. And ten might not have been able to get him up on the platform had not a woman stepped behind him and frightened him out of his wits. He leaped up, and they instantly chained him to a post.

The audience was composed solely of men, all wearing double vision distorters, all carrying heart medicine. Women had been barred in the audience to avoid panic. The Councilwomen wanted to win the confidence of the men. The only females present were those in the contest. Three totally blind men were to remain on the platform with Wilson to help sustain his morale. A near-sighted man, who could not see beyond three feet, was to stand by to attend him. Twenty-four doctors, equipped with blinders, were in special seats, ready to attempt to revive him.

A musical bell sounded. A curtain fluttered. Wilson felt his heart leap past his throat and bounce against his teeth. He swallowed it a gain and quivered like a three-year-old at the starting gate. His attendant gave him water. A doctor gave him a sedative. Another doctor checked his heart, nodded. Again the curtain fluttered and a feminine face peeked out. Wilson fainted. They revived him, fastened his eyelids open with tape, placed his head in a vice so that he could not turn away, forced him to look. The face was still there.

It was such a face as Wilson had never seen. It sent tremor after tremor through him, but he didn't go blind nor did his heart stop. He continued to gaze. He could feel himself drawn toward the face, and he knew that, despite the distorters, the audience felt the same. The face hadn't a single disguise. The eyelashes were not twisted up in long, curving spiderlegs. They were average length and not particularly noticeable. There were no shadows under the eyes nor on the eyelids. There was no coloring on the cheeks except the natural color of translucent pink and white which blended with the remainder of the features. There was something about her lips he couldn't figure out. He had never known women's lips were like that, a darker color than the remainder of her features, but not scarlet nor blood red. She smiled and Wilson had a mild heart-attack. He had known that women were transcendently beautiful, but he had never before known how warm a natural smile could be, especially one that didn't show liprouge on the teeth.

The face withdrew and Wilson almost snapped his chains trying to get free. This was what the doctors had feared. They knew that men went wild when they looked upon undisguised beauty. They feared total heart failure now, and hurried treatment to avoid it. When it was clear that he was going to survive, the attendant shook hands with Wilson and congratulated him. The blind men shook hands with him and praised his courage. A doctor made a speech to the effect that Wilson had the strongest constitution of any man alive, and added that he would need it because there were more, and more dynamic, tests to come. Wilson braced himself, sought to lift his courage by willpower. He was certain he was going to die, but before passing on he would look upon undisguised womanhood, a sight other men of this age had never seen.

The curtain fluttered, drew partly aside. There was mass fainting in the audience and the doctors began treating one another. Even the blind men sighed. This time there was a face framed in shoulder-length silken

hair which had not been waved or treated recently. It had its own dark blonde color, a color which had vanished five hundred years ago, and it fell over round shoulders and stopped short of firm breasts which were neither upturned nor the size of grapefruit. True, the Goodyear tread marks were there attesting to their former upturning and size, but now they rested naturally and appealingly without being distorted by disguise. Wilson felt his eyesight going. It was more beauty than mortal eyes could endure. The nipples of the breasts were the same color as the lips and, Wilson thought, equally kissable. He blinked in an effort to clear his vision for one final look before his sight faded forever. An oculist hurriedly treated his eyes and, miraculously, his vision remained. He had another mild heart attack, but that was also treated and he recovered.

Again the blind men shook hands and congratulated him. Two physicians made speeches simultaneously, one advancing the theory that Wilson was a mutant with abnormal control of his emotions--the other advancing the theory that he was an alien from outer space without human feelings. All twenty-four doctors agreed that he should be in the throes of tremors by now. Messages began to pour in from every corner of the planet, where the exhibition had been televised, offering him fortunes to make similar demonstrations elsewhere. A gold medal was sent out by the priestess of the Council, with apologies that she could not come herself, because of the banning of females except participants, and with due ceremony was pinned over his heart, a trifle to the left of the point where a doctor was holding a stethoscope.

It was a dramatic and inspiring moment; Wilson standing there strong and firm, chained to a post, while half the audience, having fainted, was being carried away to the hospital. A brief discussion arose as to



whether the audience should not be removed, as the matter had now become a phenomenon unparalleled in recent history. Members of the audience themselves vetoed the idea. They maintained that they would risk their hearts and eyes, in the interest of advancing the race, if somebody would remove the insurance men, who were trying to get them to sign on waivers for death by excitement within the next few minutes.

Order was restored and everyone held his breath. This time the curtain rose. This time there were six faces. Not only six faces, but six full-blown girls in all of their natural beauty and allure and without disguise. To a man the audience collapsed. The doctors, looking through their blinders, were too interested in the scene to attend those in the audience. They even neglected Wilson, whose muscles were bulging as he fought with his chains.

These girls had waists and stomachs. The tread marks were there showing that once they

had not had either. They also had full and lovely hips, though the signs indicated that these had once been controlled. Their thighs were likewise marked, but this detracted little. This time Wilson didn't suffer from a heart attack, nor did it occur to him that he might go blind. The attendant rushed over and stared at the girls, and the doctors fought to get closer.

In a rage, Wilson threw all his strength into effort to free himself. He couldn't take his eyes off the redhaired girl with the natural freckles, and dreaded the thought that she might depart before he introduced himself. The chains held, but the post came loose. And, strangely, as Wilson approached the girl, she did not extend red, clawlike fingers to seize him. Her nails were undisguised and of reasonable length. She modestly backed away and sought to cover herself. He got one hand on her arm and clung, despite the chains and the uprooted post which handicapped him.



The doctors seemed a trifle too enthusiastic, not toward their patient, Wilson, but the girls--until someone reminded them their wives were watching the scene on screens. They damped their spirit and consoled themselves that maybe their own wives might not be too beautiful to be seen in some of their more natural moments.

Wilson looked into the green eyes of the girl. "I think if you'd kiss me, I could break these chains."

"But men can't do anything," she explained. "You're helpless, good for nothing but propagation."

"We have been," Wilson admitted, "but now I can do anything--absolutely anything. That is, if I can keep you around--undisguised. I can do anything, anyway, even work a pencil sharpener, because I've had courage to look at you as you naturally are. I've broken the conditioning about what is beauty and what isn't. I like you undisguised."

"You wouldn't want me to be like this all the time?"

"Huh? No. But not so many distortions and grotesque colors and goo and armor plating. What I want is you, not ninety-seven different brands of something else."

"You mean, you want to marry me?"

"Sure. I've been wanting to all the time, but the disguise----you know. Will you?"

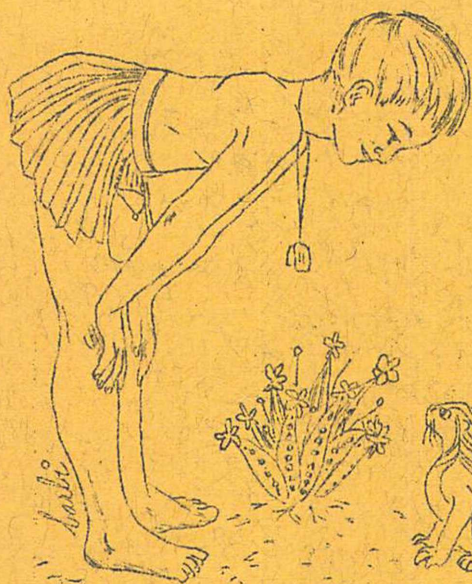
"But you're the judge in the contest."

"Right. And I'm going to render a verdict this moment. I naturally want the winner. So, in my capacity as judge, I here and now pronounce you the ugliest woman alive."

"Oh!" She breathed. "Oh! No one has ever said such wonderful things to me."

"I'm asking again. Will you?"

"Yes," she breathed, and kissed him. The chains snapped.



A DODDERING COLUMN *by* uncle alan dodd

Recently I recall Robert E. Gilbert asking me about the fact that I always seemed to appear in those fannish stories, especially those that Ron Parker wrote of Cap'n Dodd and the Edible Fan. So, it was with great delight that I informed him that I could now be found in even greater detail in the English comic book TARZAN which comes out every week.

Now there is quite a lot to be said in favour of TARZAN and his weekly magazine because it was a great connecting link for many of the younger members of English fandom under the guidance of 17 year old Mike Moorcock who became its editor a while back. Something of a unique job for any fan you'll have to admit.

During his term of office Mike introduced quite a lot of juvenile science fiction stories, competitions and new stories by various fans under their own and different names. Jim Cawthorne, who does such fine work in British fanzines in the art line, even had his own comic strip. Although Mike is no longer the editor, a lot of his influence lingers on, and even now he translates the Tarzan strips from the Spanish edition which for some reasons of copyright is the one series that this magazine can use. /They can't sue you for stealing from a pirated edition, maybe? RSC/ Mike translates the dialogue in the "balloons" and the captions, but of recent weeks has taken to the idea of replacing the names of the Tarzan characters with those of fans. Fans who are known in fandom but not known to the majority of the people who actually read Tarzan each week.

No better splendid illustration can be given than by quoting the actual balloons from TARZAN ADVENTURES #19, which is one of the first issues in which this phenomenon makes its appearance. "Entering their camp, Jim Caughran called to his bearers... 'We're after a white savage,' he said. Caughran and his men spread out in a semi-circle moving stealthily towards the camp of the apes." Here an ambush by the apes led by Tarzan occurs in which the apes are shot, Tarzan terrifies the bearers and is himself shot at by the villainous Caughran who misses and is suitably wiped the floor with by the ape king. "Scowling Caughran obeyed but he was not beaten. Another plan was forming in his evil mind..." -- To sell a girl at the nearby camp to slave traders, to be exact. "As she passed the two men, Lee Hoffman glanced suspiciously at them, her intuition telling her that they were up to no good. Arriving at the tent of Richard Ellington she told him of her fears that Caughran was plotting something. 'We're safe enough,' smiled Ellington,

'We've enough arms to defend ourselves with.' But later that night Caughran gathered his ruffians about him and they sneaked towards the sleeping camp."

It is here that I first began to take notice.

"Alan Dodd, the girl's uncle, was the first to be awakened. As one man covered him, the other ransacked the camp's money chest. Ingvi meanwhile (Ingvi is a sort of native guide by the way) snatched up Ellington's map case while Caughran dealt with the kidnapping of Lee in person. At that moment Tarzan, deciding to inspect the camp, caught a glimpse of the natives leaving. Dodd rushed from his tent just as Tarzan entered the camp and without thinking took aim at the ape man and fired. Tarzan appeared to fall but as Dodd came towards him, he suddenly rose and grasped the man's gun hand. Dick Ellington dashed up, and thinking Tarzan was an enemy, hit him on the head knocking him out. Leaving Dodd to deal with Tarzan, Ellington rushed to Lee's tent,.... 'She's gone!'"

'So it was you who ordered this raid,' growled Dodd, 'We know how to deal with people like you!'"

Somehow, it is this line above all that has stuck in my mine. I've been practicing saying it for weeks now and satisfying though it may be to find yourself in a story of Bob Tucker's it is by no means as fascinating to find yourself partaking in an illustrated comic strip.

But really, Mike.

Did you have to make me somebody's UNCLE?????

"Why is your face so red?" "Easy, man; I'm a member of the Beet Generation."

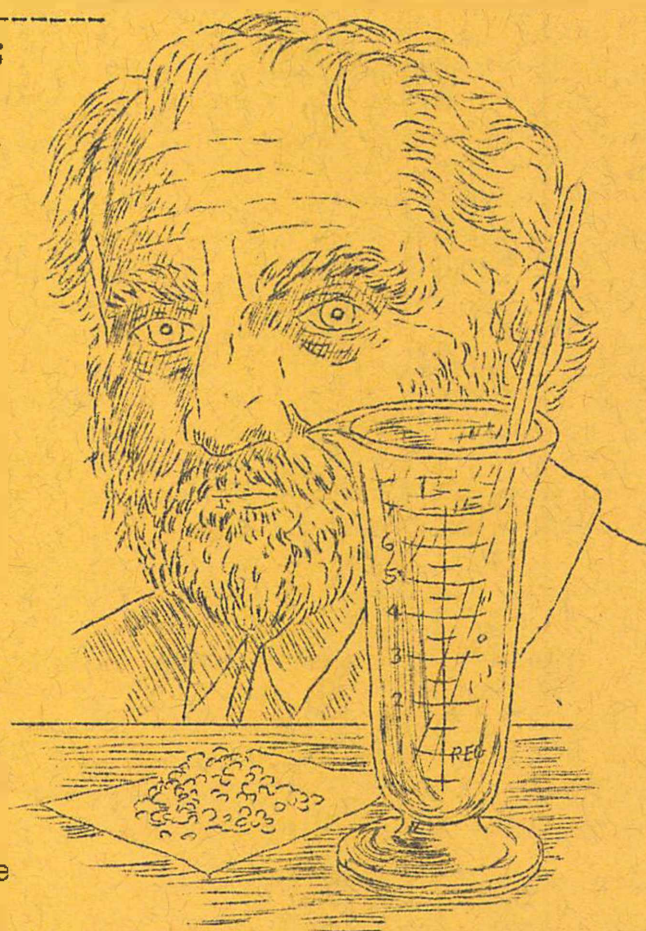
.....Colin Cameron

IMPORTANT TYPE NOTICE: Following receipt of the next (December) issue, I'd like for every reader to send us his choice of the 3 best items which have appeared in YANDRO in 1958. If you didn't get all the 1958 issues, write anyway and I'll pro-rate the votes somehow. All votes will be tabulated in a future issue, for your edification and the author's egoboo, and the voting will influence my selections of material to be submitted to Guy Terwilleger's BEST OF FANDOM.
RSC

"A pseudo-Bohemian must be a Prague-matist." ...Donald Franson

"Halitosis is better than no breath at all."
Allen Mardis, Jr.

"When I put the letter in the box there was 15¢ in it, I'd stake a vampire on that."
.....Randy Scott



GRUMBLINGS

HAL LYNCH, 7203 Cresheim Rd., Philadelphia, 19, Pa. - A line in the August issue of YANDRO filled us here in Philadelphia with the kind of old-fashioned consternation Mother used to make. The line was in a letter from Nick and Noreen Falasca - "The only conventions I know of that lost money were New York, Philcon II, and London."

Since Philadelphia is inviting Everybody back again in '60, we're naturally concerned about Mistaken Impressions that might get around. We know Nick and Noreen are okay, and not trying to start something. They are undoubtedly thinking of that last day of the Philly con, when we were in the red, and frantically auctioning off everything but the hotel plumbing (don't listen to that guy with the toilet seat - he stole it - we did not sell it to him!)

However, our liabilities were sums owed us for program ads, etc. Some of the boys were a bit slow paying up. In the weeks that followed, our indefatigable Chairman, Milt Rothman, kept politely after our debtors until we were solidly solvent. We were even able to send (an alas! exceedingly small) sum to San Francisco.

Please list Philcon II among the moneymakers - or at least among the break-eveners. I'm sure Nick and Noreen didn't wish to imply that a profit is the only mark of a Con's success. Because of varied costs in various parts of the country, I believe that it is easier for some Convention Committees to manage expenses than others, and I think we ought to measure success primarily in terms of fan enjoyment rather than in money cleared, but I agree that there's really no excuse for financial mismanagement. /Nick was merely refuting an earlier statement that we needed the WSFS to protect us because conventions had lost money "all through fannish history". From the returns, this statement seems to have had no factual basis whatsoever. RSC/

DONALD FRANSON, 6543 Babcock Ave., No. Hollywood, California - In CRY #120 (how come you only have #118? Cut you off their list?) Burnett Toskey makes a one-issue survey of YANDRO, ending up with "an utterly boring lettercol." /After all, what can you expect of a man who likes AMAZING STORIES? RSC/ At the risk of being utterly boring, I will comment on some items in YANDRO #69. On the cover, the horse is not named. /You're just lucky we don't use two-color mimeo. RSC/ Maybe it represents all the fans who didn't want to be "organized". Incidentally, the WSFS isn't killed, just the Inc. Didn't the fans vote at previous conventions in favor of a world society, though not for its incorporation? /If I ever find out just where the society stands, YANDRO will fearlessly report it. Right now I'm as confused as the next fellow -- and the next fellow isn't even a fan. RSC/

"Life Cycle" good, but Bradbury isn't a good textbook source for authentic Martian background.

COLIN CAMERON, 2561 Ridgeview Dr., San Diego 5, California - I can't agree completely with Alex Bratmon about Existentialism and the so-called

"Beat Generation". The Beat Generation did not start in France and I don't see how Bratton can say it's generally accepted, unless he's got a friend who's a General and accepts it. Beat-ness began in and around Greenwich Village and with the multitudes of restless pseudos living there, Existentialism, of course, did come from France, but just compare the differences between the two major exponents (or components, as you like it) of the two -- compare Sartre and Kerouac in writing. / I don't think I could stand it, personally. RSC/ Both express the feelings and principles of their respective societies, and a careful reader would find the differences easily discernable. Alex is saying that because one is similar to another, one must be the result of the other. This I can't agree on -- but unfortunately I haven't the energy to continue my side any further this letter -- I'm beat! Besides, the liberal definition of "beat" is lazy, and I'm tempted to agree with you, Buck, there...at least from personal experience.

Randy Scott's a real Tear Jerker.

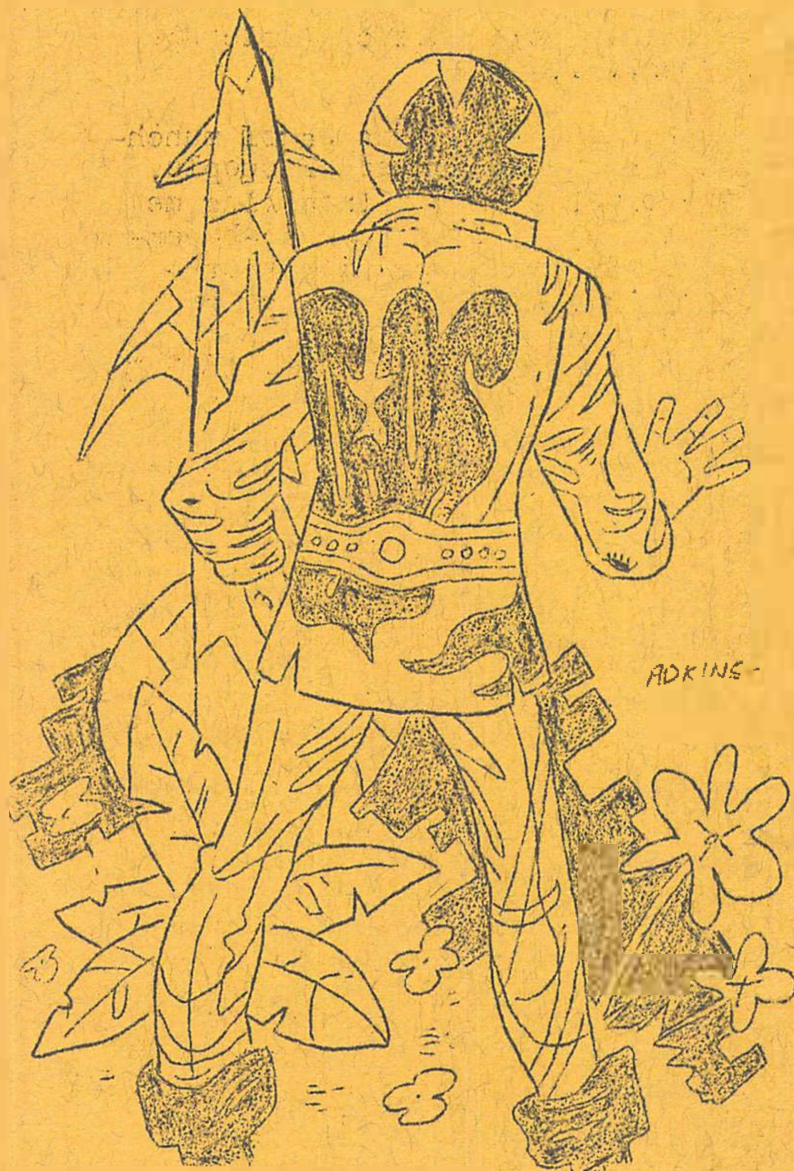
Just heard over the radio: "Ford has the biggest choice of pickups in history!" I guess Tijuana is second, then.....

LARS BOURNE, 24th Portland St., Eugene, Oregon - Alex, the bagel munching werebeagle of Long Beach mentioned that amorphous class of people, "The Beat Generation", which has me cerebrating, at least inspiring me enough to write. I do agree with his hypothesis, that the pseudo-bohemian has to go, or should go at any rate, because he is pseudo, therefore a thorn in the side of the actual bohemian, and really there are such and primarily there is nothing wrong with them, that a good dose of tolerance on the part of the majority of blokes wouldn't cure. After all, the Bohemians tolerate us, so why don't we tolerate them for a change -- they hurt no-one -- and the change might be a good one at that. The pseudos, the ones who turn toward the superficial appearances of the Bohemians because of some neurotic urge for identification, frequently cause a lot of trouble and in some cases wreck a lot of lives before the law or asylums catch up with them and they're put away. The Bohemians, the true Bohemians, are rebels who adopt certain ways of doing things, not necessarily conformistic, because they are tired of the same old thing, and the disgusting things that people feel they must follow or risk public condemnation...or worse. Bohemians are creators who accomplish something, and try to live as they see best. The Pseudos create nothing, and accomplish nothing.

The Beats on the other hand are a different breed. From what little knowledge I have of them and of what I've seen, they aren't pseudo, but they are conforming to a minority...for the purpose of giving up, to escape from situations that to them are intolerable. The embracing of Zen is another manifestation of this. This conformity that is talked about so much is definitely less odious than the conformity that so-called normal people embrace, the religious who do things in the delusion that it is good and holy (not the religion itself but certain tenets) and certain actions and ways of thinking because it is supposed to be "the right thing". These people, the ones who decry the Beats so loudly, are the ones who are fooling themselves, because the Beats have never claimed that what they are doing was good.

It's all for kicks. /I can foresee that if this discussion goes on much longer, we're going to need some definitions. For example, just how does a Bohemian differ from other non-conformists? I'm an individualist -- I can count on one hand the number of things I've done because they were the "thing to do" -- and those were all done with regard to getting, or keeping, a job. But I certainly wouldn't call myself a Bohemian. Where's the boundary? RSC/

F. M. BUSBY, 2852 14th. W., Seattle 99, Wash. - Tsk, Buck; I don't know the context in FARSIDE, but a large extinct carnivore of the Pleistocene Era is officially known as the "dire wolf". /Well, live and learn, I always say. Apologies to the editors of FARSIDE. This incidentally, was appended to a long letter from Elinor Busby, all of which was marked "DNQ".....whassamatter, Elinor, didn't you want Scithers to know you enjoyed his writeup? RSC/



ROBERT E. BRINEY, MIT Graduate House 212, Cambridge 39, Mass.

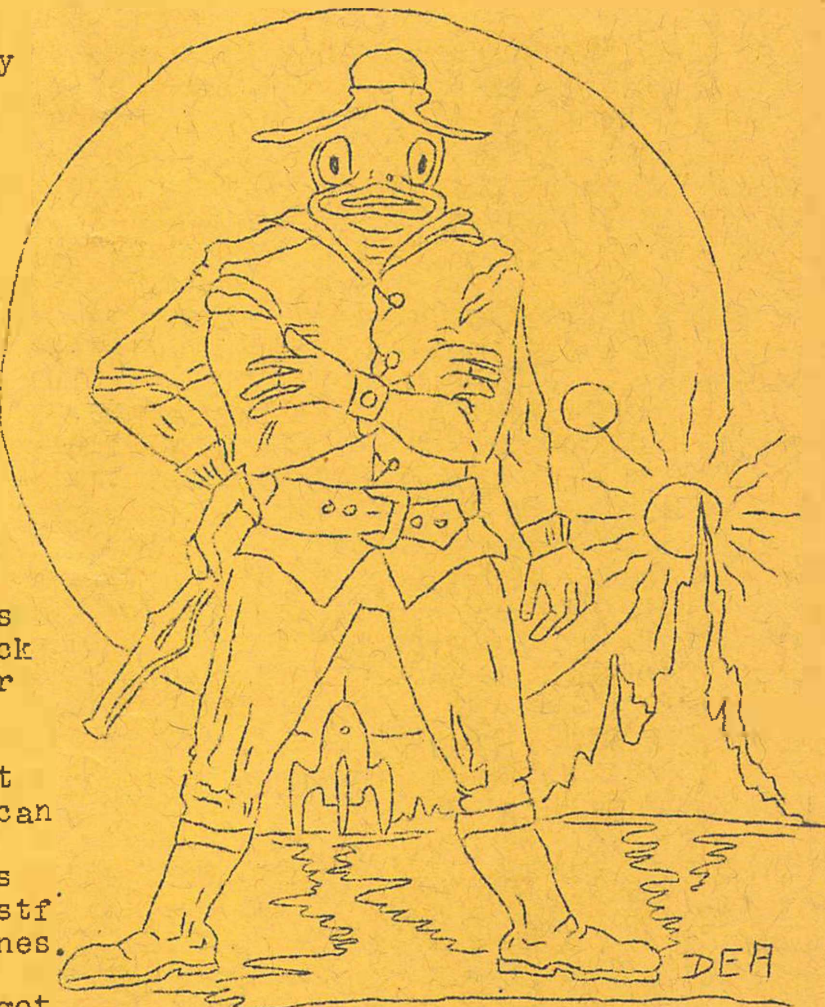
Tonight I go to see THE BLOB and I MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE (can the aliens mate with Earth-women? See the startling experiments!) They will undoubtedly both be horrid. I feel sort of obligated to see the first-named, since the female lead, Aneta Corseaut, was rather a close acquaintance during my early college days. I met her through s-f fan Del Close, but she never cared much for sf: and now, in her first movie, there she is in the middle of an sf situation, being chased by a perambulating pile of raspberry Jell-O! Poor girl.

Saw a sneak preview of a good movie the other day; the cast, in order of size of letters in the credits -- Kim Novak, James Stewart, Jack Lemmon, Ernie Kovacs, Hermione Gingold, Elsa Lanchester, and Janis Rule. The movie, BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE. A fantasy, about a modern day witch who happens to break the witching-code by falling in love. I enjoyed it muchly, especially the Technicolor effects. /We saw the double bill last weekend. Maybe you can tell us...was I MARRIED A MONSTER

especially long, or just so dull that it seemed especially long? RSC/

DAN ADKINS, Rt. #2, East Liverpool, Ohio - I'm going back to my home in Ohio for a few months. That is, that's what I have in mind at the moment. One never can tell what I may or may not do; surely not me! I never can guess. But, I belong in New York working for magazines and that's where I'm going to settle. There are a few more samples I wish to do before returning to the big city though and I plan on loafing around with my parents till early next year, then back to the grind. This working for 75¢ an hour is for the birds.

And, this time when I go there, I'm going to do my best to get a night job so that I can free lance during the day. I should have the needed samples to break into nearly all the stf mags and some of the men's zines. The first time I didn't know too much about it and when I got there I got a day job and that fouled me up quite a bit. I'm going to do some comic book samples also. I'd love to work in the comic field.



RICH BROWN, 127 Roberts. St., Pasadena 3, Calif. - One thing I'd like to ask those who are speaking out against FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND; what harm has it done? /Have you taken a look at all the cruddy horror mags on the newsstands lately? It is responsible for them. RSC/ Is it shaking the foundations of fandom? Is it any worse than a stf movie? Is it "wrecking fandom's prestige"? (And since when, if that is what they think, did stf and/or fandom ever have any?) On the other hand, he has a new typer, and he's eating more-or-less regular. As Sneary said, "I'd write Shaver Mysteries for that kind of money." And I have no doubt that Ed Wood, if given the chance, would jump at it. /Sure, and so would I. But if someone accused me of writing crud, I wouldn't reply that it wasn't my fault and anyway it sold so it must be good, like Forry did. What I'd like to know is how come Forry is so far above criticism? If anyone else was panned for writing a bunch of tripe, nothing would be thought of it. But just because Ackerman does it, people all over fandom rise up to say he shouldn't be criticised. So he's a nice guy -- that has nothing to do with his writing ability. RSC/

ALAN DODD, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts, England - I still find it confusing when you put the month in your date before the actual day; I keep thinking you've got 20 odd months in the American calendar. Here by the way they've put all the clocks back an hour again and it is dark at 6 o'clock in the evening - very depressing really. /Not as depressing as it is here where half the state is on slow time and half on fast time and when you're going to another town you never know what time it will be when you get there. One of my fellow employees drives 20 miles home after work and arrives $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before he starts -- of course, it takes him an hour and a half to drive the same distance in the morning. Confusing..... RSC/

One point about Lee Jenrette's (Surely that's Dave's few months old baby?) THE WRONG STOP - the idea of those mysterious underground stations that were bombed out of existence coming back for one night isn't new by any means but the idea of underground trains and "its long black length slid into the station" certainly is. Mainly because all underground trains in London are fire engine red - a few are green or metallic - but none are black. And they certainly don't "slide" into any station that I've been waiting at. They roar in like some juggernaut with its tail on fire - open the doors a couple of seconds, you throw yourself in and the thing belts off like the clappers of hell. But it never "slides". No sir. /Well, if Lee is Dave's baby, he wouldn't have much recollection of London; I guess he can be excused for getting a few facts wrong. RSC/

CAPSULE COMMENTS: BRUCE PELZ - Enjoyed Scithers and Bloch - particularly the latter. I'm glad it got published, for the non-conventioneers. Nice to see Elinor Poland's poem in YANDRO. She writes well on that subject. BARBI JOHNSON - The only trouble with Gene's suggestion about hitching the record player to a tv tube is that you couldn't change stations -- or do you get different stations on 78, 45, and 33? /You know, I haven't tried that.....RSC/ ALLEN MARDIS, JR. - Alex Bratmon mentions the thought processes of the Bohemian. I was reading a theme written last year by a Freshman and printed in Illinois well known "Green Caldron", when I came across this stanza which I feel describes the Bohemian's mental attitude as well as anything:

"He wasn't interested in anything that had anything to do with anything real,

What he really was interested in was anything that had nothing to do with everything."

Comments? /Not from me. RSC/

PETER F. SKERERDIS - Talk about Bible quoters...I used to know several people that consistently made the statement "Now Jesus Christ said..." whenever anyone said anything that might in the very vaguest way not up to their high and mighty standards (the represents an appropriate quotation from the Bible). I am not against the Bible or anything, it's just that it gets rather tiresome hearing these people sound off all the time. /Know what you mean -- some people act like Christ made all of his statements directly to them. RSC/

God must love stupidity -- He created so much of it.

RSC

Now for some letters that came in after the rest of the column was on stencil -- which is why I'm only using excerpts.
WALT WILLIS, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, Northern Ireland -- I appreciated the allegorical cover showing Falasca Fandom fighting the fearsome allegory...left-handed too! I suppose he's keeping the right one to fend off Sandy Sanderson? And thank you for the Oblique reference to The Enchanted Duplicator.

About that record player of yours, have you tried looking very closely at the pilot light? It may be that you have the only tv set in the world with a quarter-inch screen.

Bloch's Solacon speech was brilliant and I don't think you should have put that unkind editorial interjection in the middle of it. Would you have shouted it at the Solacon? /Probably; I'm uncouth. RSC/ In the first place, standards for speeches are different from those for written articles, and in the second place what's wrong with old jokes? As long as they're new to somebody they're worth making.

If you're printing any of this letter maybe you'd let me say that I'm glad to exchange Hyphen with any fanzine and if I've failed to do this in the past six months or so it's been solely on account of a break-down in the formerly awesome efficiency of Oblique House. /Now there's a genuine bargain for any fan-editor in the world -- if you aren't getting Hyphen you should be. RSC/ Dave Jenrette's story was of prozine standards. I hope he will forgive this dreadful insult.

Scithers' Solacommunique was fascinating, and I loved that bit about the Kleenex. A pity Kleenex hadn't been around when Thomas Aquinas was active -- it'd have saved him a lot of scraping about. Letters were fine, especially that poignant one from Randy Scott about the care of bats. I asked a friend of mine and he says they should be rubbed over every week with linseed oil and the face scraped down periodically with fine sandpaper. I thought it was a bit cruel myself and not cricket, but he says it is. As a loyal and devoted bureaucrat, I feel I must defend my profession against this allegation of yours that a group of officials argued for four hours about whether or not to put in a period. The story is ridiculous. Whoever heard of a Government official starting to work at 8am? Anyway this sort of thing isn't peculiar to Government departments. I heard once that the publication of the Oxford Dictionary was delayed for six months while the lexicographers debated whether it should be A Historical English Dictionary or An Historical English Dictionary. Fortunately the forces of light were eventually successful and An English Dictionary Based on Historical Principles was finally published. /Well, seems I did use most of that letter, even if it was typed in green ribbon on blue paper. Greater love hath no man..... RSC/

RON BENNETT, 7 Southway, Arthur's Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England
Liked the tres symbolic cover on the Octish. Go on, I'll be different. I liked THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN. This may be because I've been teaching ten year-olds the past year or two, and have come down to their level. Over 3/4 of my class saw the film, and they all liked it, too! /Well, that shows what level the better US horror films are aimed at. More Bennett next issue...we just ran out of room again. RSC/

R. & J. COULSON

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