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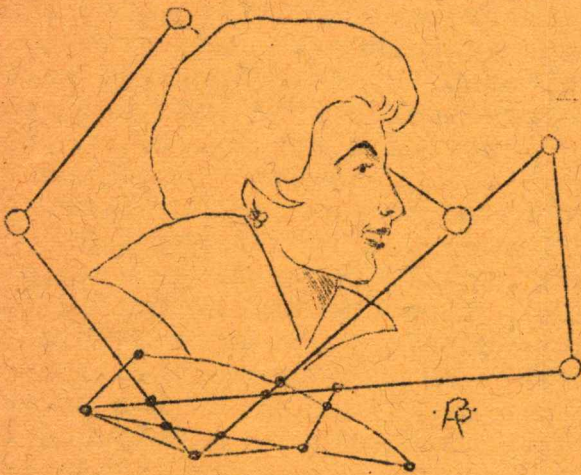
YANDRO ^{AS1}



DEA

YANDRO

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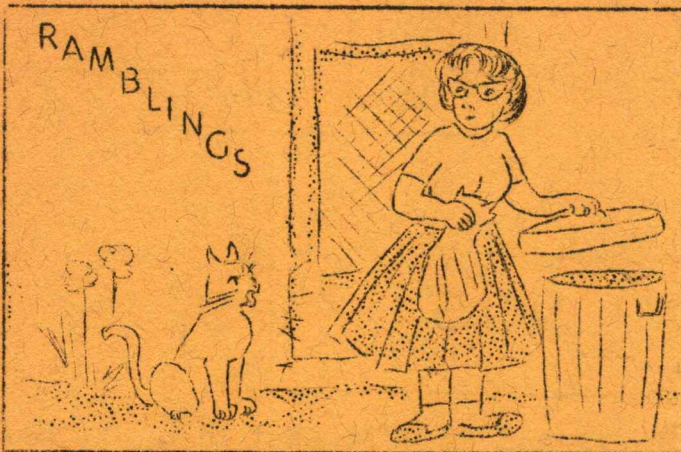
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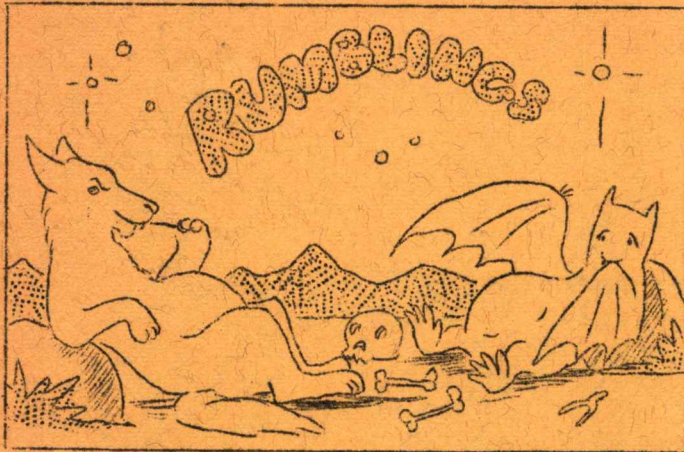
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The return to the yellow paper for this issue was not planned. We could not get green, due to a strike in one of the Twill-Tone plants. (At least, that's what the clerk said -- maybe they have a separate plant for each color paper?) Next issue will be on green paper if we can get it -- otherwise, it will be any color we can get.



Marion's column this issue puts me sort of in the middle....I guess I'm somewhat of a freak in that I got interested in stf thru an interest in science. I was always fascinated by astronomy and paleontology and drifted into the reading of stf as a result.....and it's always been somewhat a disappointment to me to find so few fans who are interested in stf and science.. I'm certainly no prize at math, but I can follow the theory fairly well while these people who can whiz by

all those complicated figures scorn science, and sometimes stf....and I can't side entirely with Marion either, because I'm quite a fan of MAD, POGO, old ECs and all the rest....in fact, I can embrace nearly all of fandom's aspects, except the anti-stf element.....Oh, yes I have been threateningly told to include a mention for Fred Tilton's planned zine THE TRADING POST...a KAYMAR TRADER sort of zine....those collectors who can make use of something in this line are directed to write Fred at 37-8th Avenue, Haverhill, Mass.....oh yes, on last month's photo cover, the background for the ships was one of my velvet skirts...oh, we're real photobugs, we are.....that tire blowing out was sort of startling....because it happened while I was driving (naturally)...LUST FOR LIFE finally hit this burg, and since I had missed it during its five week run in Ft. Wayne I thought I'd better see it while I had the chance ..just eight blocks or so, downtown...so I'm driving down the main drag looking for a wide parking space when it suddenly sounded as though I'd hit a patch of water...whistling tires, type....since there wasn't any water on the street at the time, this was sort of startling...even more so after I found my wide parking place and the tires still kept hissing at me.....so I charged back home rather fast.....turned out it wasn't the tire I thought was hissing at me at all, but another one.....I almost would have bet that when I got home the tires would all be in perfect shape and I would get the old cliché about worry-wart....but this time I was vindicated.....or is that the proper word?.....Anyone notice Mel Hunter illustrating the air crash article for LIFE? Won't be able to get him to do a paltry stf cover after this, probably...wonder what LIFE pays for an illo that size, anyway?.....someone ought to keep a record on Indiana weather....people are taking bets on whether or not there will be a day yet this month when it won't rain..frankly, I have serious doubts.....he had hoped to get this to you in April, but if not, I have serious hopes of getting the May issue to you in May,...there's no dearth of material, just time mainly....can't say I sympathize with all you kids who lament you won't have any time for fan pubbing until you get out of college....I had just oodles of time for fan pubbing when I was in college...something like ten times what I have now.....frankly, I couldn't pub a 20 page fanzine on my own now, whereas I had very little difficulty getting it out in college...make the most of it, boys.....see you, perhaps, next month, maybe even this month.....JWC



Sometimes there are disadvantages to typing the editorial directly on stencil. Such as the present situation, when I feel utterly unlike doing an editorial.

Starting early in May, I switch jobs; from bookbinding to drafting. The probability of overtime, plus the fact that I'll lose an hour or so each day driving back and forth, will probably reduce my fanac --- mainly letter-writing --- considerably. Correspondents can take this as fair warning.

Everything goes bad at once.....Thursday night a tire went flat. Reason? Worn clear through the cord --- new tire, at \$28. (At least, it went bad in town, and not while I was doing 60 on the highway.) Friday, my typewriter refused to cut stencils; the carriage refuses to move while a stencil is in place. Works fine on letter-paper. Result; this and a few other stencils are being cut, slowly, on Juanita's typer, which dislikes me. Fifteen minutes ago, the main light in the living room quit, so I can't even tell for sure what I'm typing. The refrigerator is rattling like castanets, the catch on one of the car doors doesn't work right, and all my good slacks are worn out. Just now, the kitchen light went out. No bulbs in the house, of course. For you teenage fans, I have a bit of advice.....DON'T GROW UP!

I'm cheering myself up by listening to Paul Clayton's rendition of "Bloody Ballads".

Ziff-Davis seems to be making money, unfortunately. Their proposed AMAZING SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS will give them 4 stf-fantasy mags. By the way, the lead story in the May AMAZING is quite good. Don't pay any attention to the "too hot to handle" blurb, though. Campbell probably sent it back for more polishing, and Piper decided he'd rather sell it somewhere else than re-work it. The new crop of stf-mags bears a remarkable resemblance to those of the last boom.....two or three readable, and the rest tripe.

I am losing some of my respect for SATELLITE; any editor who would allow a columnist like Moscovitz to babble about Old Glory now reigning supreme needs his head examined. Still, out of 5 "novels", the only really bad one was the Long-Lande item, which is a pretty good average. I guess I can stand Moscovitz if I have to.

Anybody buy Rap's newest brain-child? FLYING SAUCERS looks even more like a fanzine than OW did....the writing is about the same quality as neo-fannish efforts, too. (And did you notice that he has finally given up entirely his attempts at numbering the magazine? FS is simply listed as "June 1957"; no number or volume is listed at all. Personally, I think he should have kept up the numbering; this issue would have been 1 (23) /44/. A couple of more name changes would have produced something really fascinating.) I do like his statement, though, that if FS fails to appear some month, it is because it has been "suppressed". No idea that anything else, like lack of money, might stop it. RSC

THE MISSION

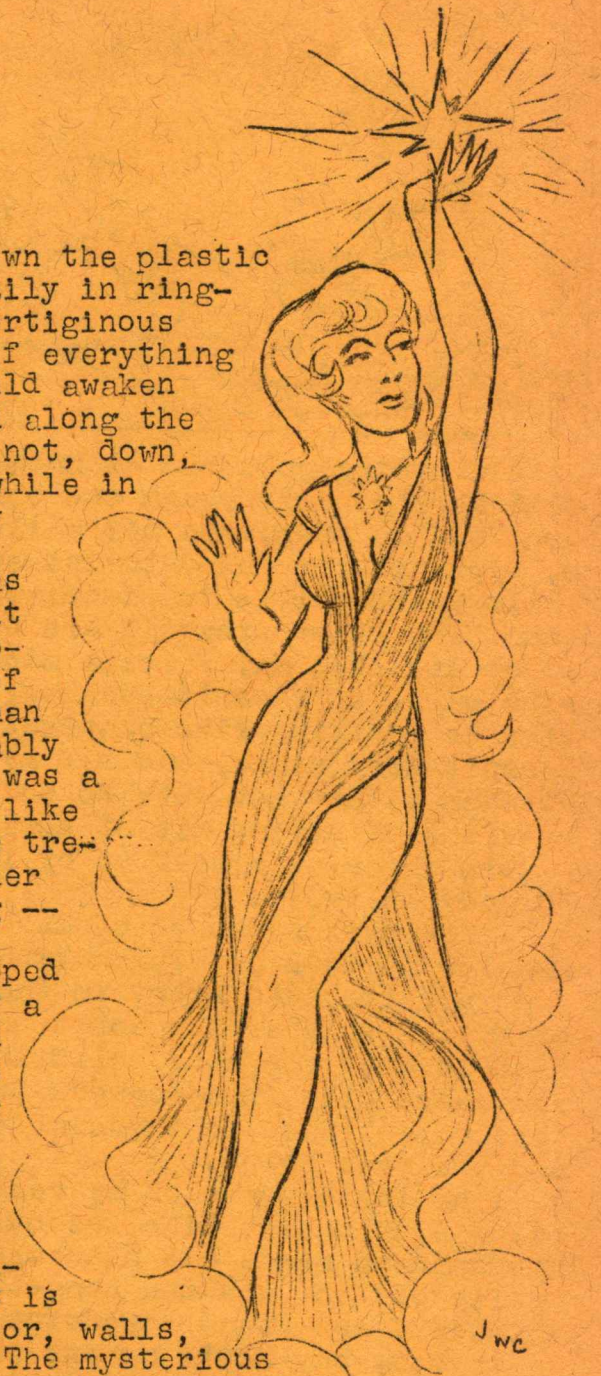
BENNETT GORDON

The lone man walked warily forward down the plastic ramp, while thick white mist whirled dizzily in ringlets and wreaths about him. He had the vertiginous sensation of being in a dream-world, as if everything were merely a fantastic dream, and he would awaken any instant. He hesitatingly went forward along the ramp, which was leading to where he knew not, down, down beneath the surface of the ground, while in his hand he carried The Package, the very reason he had been summoned here.

Forward he walked, and, as suddenly as it had first come up, the white mist -- it was not fog, he was sure of that -- disappeared, and he found himself at one end of an immense artificial cavern -- larger than even the famed Mammoth Cave, so unbelievably immense it was. Directly in front of him was a conveyor belt, large enough to stand on, like a movable sidewalk, stretching across the tremendous interior of the cavern to its other end. He stepped on, clutching -- guarding -- The Package.

At the other end of the belt, he stepped off and found himself at the beginning of a long, narrow passage-way, barely wide and tall enough for him to fit into. Its walls were of a substance he had never seen before, not of one color, but of thousands upon thousands of "flames" of vivid blue, red, yellow, and countless other colors, all chasing each other upward, until the two columns met in the center of the ceiling and were lost. The "tube" -- for that is the best way to describe it -- had no floor, walls, or ceiling as such, but was oval shaped. The mysterious walls, although vividly colored, were polished so that he could see his own reflection, repeated into infinity, as in a giant colored hall of mirrors.

He emerged from the "tube" and found himself staring at a pool or moat surrounding a column or post of the same material as the passage-way through which he had just come. This column was possibly 150 feet thick, and stretched to the ceiling of the chamber. It was surrounded by a narrow walk, approximately three feet wide. The moat itself was filled with a thick, green liquid, and reddish-brown fumes arose from



it, swirling and tumbling into and through each other in a mad dance. Frightened, the man turned to run back the way he had come, but the entrance to the tube was now sealed by a sliding door. There was no way out! He turned about, hoping to find some other way out of this hellish cavern, when without warning the stone slab upon which he was standing silently and efficiently detached itself from the floor and moved into the exact center of the pool.

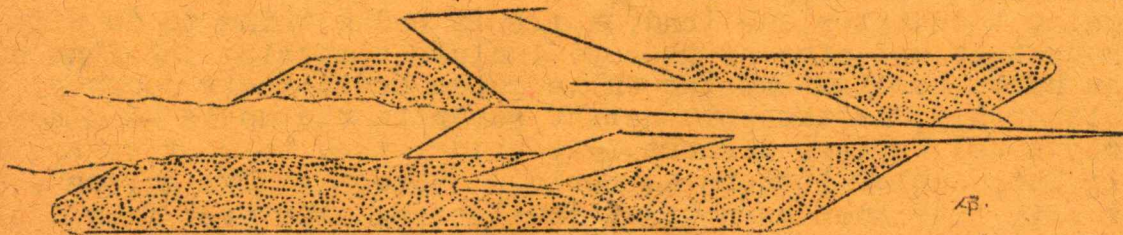
The man was helpless, trapped on a three-foot square slab, while the thick vapors played about him in their fantastic dance, threatening to choke him. Suddenly the light in the cavern -- its source seemed to be the walls themselves -- was extinguished, leaving him in total and complete darkness. Directly in front of him a spotlight was now directed at him. It was on a movable metal spring, and came toward him in mid-air, like a flying snake. Three-faceted its face was, with red, blue, and yellow sections. He wanted to throw The Package at it to stop it, but even in his terrified state he realized that if he did he would be immediately plunged into the liquid.

The light stopped scarcely three feet in front of him, scanned him completely, moved forward to scan The Package, then silently drew back and shut off. The walls renewed their glow, and the slab upon which he was imprisoned moved forward to the inner side of the moat. He stepped off onto the moat. He was past the liquid death-trap.

But what to do now? There was no way, as far as he could tell, to get off of the walk. He started around the column, and had gone about half-way around it when he came upon an alcove. Curious now, he stepped into it, and a door slid smoothly open in front of him, leading into the interior of the column. He entered warily, and found himself in a vast room. At the other end was a dais, to which he walked. On the dais was a chair, very ornate, like a throne. And seated in it was a little "man" -- if indeed he was a human -- who could hardly have been more than four feet tall, yet with a head fully twice as large as that of a normal person. He was completely devoid of hair, and his huge ears were pointed, instead of rounded, at their upper extremities. The man, still carrying The Package, was aware of a voice, or rather an audible feeling, which seemed to emanate from his own head.

"Did you bring that which I ordered?"

He regained his composure, and holding high The Package, stated in a strong voice, a voice no longer afraid: "Yes sir; I'm from the delicatessen. Here's the corn beef sandwich you ordered."



THE GREAT CURUÇU

thomas stratton

The producer informs us -- in big Technicolor letters -- that this movie was shot in Brazil. One feels that the least he could have done, after shooting it, would be to give it a decent burial. Instead, however, it has been dragged back for display. Appreciation is also expressed to people "without whose cooperation this movie would not have been possible". I do not appreciate their help and can only say that hanging would be a fairer expression of their abilities.

The movie opens with a native woman going down to the river for water while a sinisterly clawed hand holds aside some foliage so that the sinisterly clawed owner and the audience can watch her. On the return trip, she spots a few odd-looking tracks, looks directly at the audience, screams (and from the looks of the audience I was in, I don't blame her) and the next scene shows the police examining the body and looking ill. Along about here, we also find that the stupidly superstitious natives are terrified by this creature, thinking it is something supernatural. They have decided to return to their "ancestral home" somewhere up the Amazon near something called Curucu Falls -- which is where the "monster" comes from. Muddy thinking, as far as I'm concerned, but if the script writer says so.... Also about here, the hero (a sort of shiny Tarzan with clothes on) arrives, rather put out about the whole thing, since he is one of the owners of the plantations on which the stupid superstitious natives are supposed to be working. He decides to put a stop to this, by trekking deep into the trackless wilderness of back-country Brazil (that line seems familiar, somehow), where he will prove that the monster doesn't exist. Since the monster is at the moment ravaging things right under his nose in front-country Brazil, the expedition appears safe enough, if a bit futile.

Naturally, his first move in this operation is to go to Rio de Janeiro and spend some time watching a sexy night club performer and meeting the heroine who seems to be a lady -- or at least, a female -- doctor who also wants to go trekking up the Amazon; in her case, to collect some of the goo the local savages use to shrink heads. (A rather morbid preoccupation, in my estimation.)

Following this interlude (and, while it had nothing to do with the plot, I thought it was nice of them to include something the fans could enjoy), the hero, heroine and the noble guide begin their journey. The guide, incidentally, is the only decent actor in the movie -- a sort of South American Mel Ferrer. A short trip brings them to what we are told in more big Technicolor letters is "Belem, Gateway To The Amazon". (Why, I couldn't say; they must have had a few letters left over from their last travelogue.)

Here we take a dugout canoe, and have such fascinating adventures as the hero tapping politely on the skull of a crocodile with his rifle butt. There ensues a violent tug-of-war between croc and hero for possession of the gun. Hero wins, stands up in the canoe, and shoots the

poor beast, after which we are treated to a sepia-tone shot of piranha. (We are treated to this same shot about a dozen times thereafter, until even the dullest audience gets the idea that there are dangerous fish in the Amazon.) Hero later proves his prowess with firearms by shooting a tarantula from the hip with a .30-30 Winchester. Considering that the spider's body was shown afterwards, in one piece, you can judge his ability for yourself. Personally, I feel that the little beast was just trying to be friendly, but he suffers the fate of all misunderstood monsters. (This rifle, by the way, is referred to by the guide as "the heavy rifle"; considering its caliber, this must mean that someone had weighted the stock with lead. For that matter, it hardly needed to be described, since it appeared to be the only rifle in the group -- I believe someone had been seeing too many African movies.)

Now, cross country! Through some of the crossiest country I have ever seen.... Hardly a yard goes by without their being attacked by some kind of stuffed animal (with at least one shot of the party in full technicolor and the attacking animals in black and white -- sort of spoiled the effect). The intrepid guide (a prince, if not among men in general, at least among the natives) hacks a neat path through all the foliage. This, unfortunately, leaves the hero with nothing to do -- a fact which fails to deter him at all. He has a machete, too, and by George he's going to use it! He doesn't actually succeed in cutting any vines, but he sure looks heroic and manly, swinging that ol' machete. (The heroine, I noticed, stayed well behind him during this foray.)

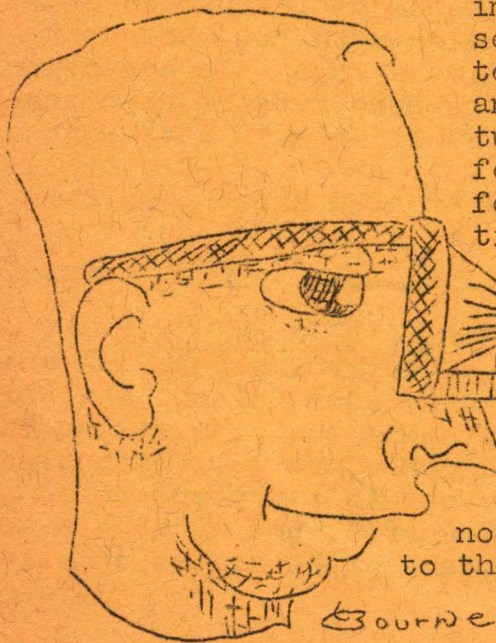
Finally, they encounter the native head-hunters and -shrinkers. "Peace!" intones the hero a couple of times, then points to the heroine. "Woman!" (Try saying that out loud, and speculate a bit on some embarrassed censors.) A bit of tentative poking on the part of a beady-eyed native convinces them that she is, after all, a woman; that therefore the party has peaceful intentions. Just then, the heroine dashes off to look at a sick native. Remarkable diagnosis -- one short look, and she knows

immediately that he has appendicitis. ("I've seen thousands of these cases.") She drags him to a nearby mission, operates, saves his life, and he offers her tokens of his undying gratitude -- and of the fact that he is now her slave forevermore. He then returns to his village before she can think up any suitably slavish duties for him to perform.

Now Curucu (remember him -- the monster?) puts in another appearance, slashes a couple of people and then, after the party is safely away from the mission, kidnaps the heroine. At this

point we begin to wonder just what this paint-splattered parrot with a thyroid condition wants with a human female, but we are not left long in doubt, for he runs full tilt into the hero with a rifle.

After a few futile shots, hero begins battering monster over the head with the

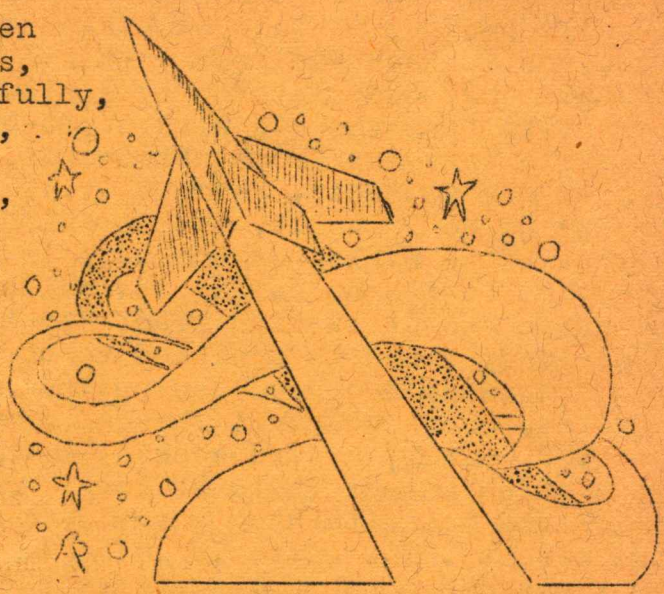


gun-stock. Perhaps the stock had been weighted with lead; after a few blows, the monster places the heroine, carefully, on the ground, doffs mask and gloves, revealing himself to be the villainous guide (formerly the noble guide), bows politely (no, I am not exaggerating), and backs off into the bushes. This doesn't come as too much of a surprise; the guy was much too good an actor to be anything but the villain.

Next day, the villain returns with his entire tribe, captures and carries off both hero and heroine. We have a few background shots of beautiful Curucu Falls, looking like something out of the National Geographic, as the party travels to the tribe's village. Once there, a native priestess entertains us with a snake dance. This has no more to do with the plot than did the Rio night-club dancer, but nobody -- at least, no male -- objects. Villain then reveals his villainous plot to get his people to return from the evil ways of the white man to the jungle -- where they can pursue his evil ways. At this point, the heroine's slave shows up with his tribe, the villain and his tribe are wiped out, and everyone expects the picture to end.

It doesn't, though. Hero and heroine escape during the fighting and spend another 15 minutes of film trekking back through the trackless wilderness in search of civilization, fighting stuffed jaguars, stabbing anacondas in the tail, chucking tree sloths under the chin, and being frightened by natives. It finally trails off to an anticlimactic ending when the noble headhunter presents the heroine with the shrunken head of the villain and enough head-shrinking goo so that she can begin operations on her own. (Come to think of it, the hero gets short-changed here -- heroine gets what she's after, but he still doesn't have anyone to work his plantation.)

And so, as the sun sinks into the piranha-infested Amazon, we take leave of beautiful Curucu Falls.....



A couple of story blurbs from the April '38 AMAZING

"There is a definite quality in this story of interplanetary and cosmic happenings. The attention is held, while the reader follows the text and wonders what strange event is come to pass among the planets and the bodies of the heavenly system. Interest and suspense are well maintained"

"This brings us to the end of John Russell Fearn's story and tells us what became of the mysterious and all-powerful Jelfel, and we have a very interesting conclusion well led up to, and finishing the almost complicated series of adventures."

/Real sharp, huh?/

The World of Null-F

9

A COLUMN BY

marion zimmer bradley-

The third installment of a fanzine column is, more or less, the one where the writer is most on trial. A first installment is not difficult to get published; almost any fanzine editor will give almost any serious fan columnist a chance to sound off to all and sundry on his pet subject, if only to fill space. And, having printed the first installment, he usually prints the second as well.

But by the time that #3 is ready to be written, the general reader-reaction is coming in, both good and bad. The editor, and the columnist, have had a chance to stand back and judge, warily, the reception the column has gained; to weigh and measure the space it consumes against the reaction it engenders.

Strictly speaking, that is not my affair. According to the protocol of these matters, I should leave the business of weighing and measuring to the editors of YANDRO, and get on with my self-appointed task of discussing the best standard science non-fiction of interest to the fan. But there is a certain type of fan, and reader, who considers himself personally insulted, not by my remarks -- as far as I know, I have not mentioned the name of any individual -- but by the very existence of such a column. I am placed on the long horns of a very peculiar and unpleasant dilemma, and I find myself hanging most uncomfortably from said horns.

Frankly, I'm puzzled to know why this column should have offended anyone. It's my contention -- a viewpoint evidently shared by the editors of YANDRO -- that the reader of fanzines is usually a science fiction fan. /That's my emphasis on "usually"; in general, the non-stf fan is remarkably obtuse about qualifying statements, and I wanted to bring that one to his/her attention. RSC/ Based upon that premise, I draw the secondary assumption that science fiction fans are usually interested in science, and from these proceed logically to the idea that some readers of fanzines are interested in science.

It's been a long, long time since the average science-fiction fan proudly rose and proclaimed himself star-begotten; in fact, no one except a very few crackpots ever believed that fans in general were much different from the general run of people, except -- except for their broad-mindedness, their willingness to accept new ideas, and last, but far from least, their interest in science.

There was a time, it's true, when the run-of-the-mine fan would pluck his copy of STARTLING STORIES from the newsstand and quickly hide it in his briefcase -- not because he was broke, but because he didn't want to display the lurid Babe-hero-bem cover. The same fan would grin a little guiltily if discovered reading PLANET....or AMAZING....or, in fact, anything except the chaste spaceship-covered ASTOUNDINGS. There was a good reason for this. The average fan of my early days was a teenager, and perpetually on the defensive, justifying the lurid covers by

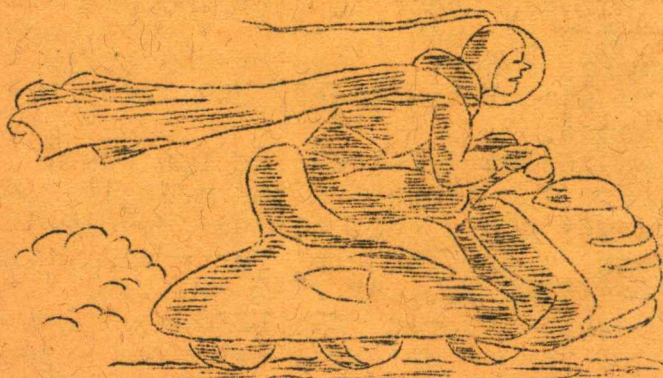
quoting lengthily about the mature and adult fiction inside (if you think I'm kidding, read through the letter-columns of four or five old TWS, STARTLING, or PLANET! Almost every issue carried a rueful letter from a teen-age fan complaining that his mother thought the stories were indecent because of the unclothed women on the cover!)

But all that has changed in the years since -- let's say -- 1953. The covers of science fiction magazines are now unimpeachable, the women no longer fugitives from ESQUIRE; /Well, most of them -- have you seen any Ziff-Davis mags lately? RSC/ science-fiction itself has become "respectable" through the efforts of many earnest authors and critics, the medium has been pin-pointed as the best possible matrix for social criticism, many famous scientists have admitted to an interest in science-fiction -- and what has happened?

Fans -- at least the most active and ardent fans -- furiously denounce science fiction. The fan who will buy a copy of MAD on the newsstand (personally, I would rather be caught reading FATE or the ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST than any comic book, MAD included) will tilt an arrogant eyebrow at the notion of reading science fiction. Personally, I think they do read it -- but I think they read it as slyly as the self-styled Serious Constructive Fan of 1947 read his PLANET STORIES; and are as little inclined to talk about it. And this curious schizophrenia is reflected in their fanzines, which discuss sex, comic books, movies, Elvis Presley, folk-songs and jazz records, Pogo, and sport cars....in fact, everything and anything in the world except science fiction. The fans who attend the conventions loudly disclaim any interest in the science-fiction part of the program, insisting that they would rather foregather with others like themselves to drink beer and listen to jazz records. There has even been a motion, of late, to exclude professional science-fiction editors and writers.

All this, of course, is their privilege, and they have a right to do as they please. But I continually wonder why they call themselves fans; for surely, if their only interest is in people, they could find plenty of kindred spirits in their own home towns, and not undergo the curious anti-social procedure of making friends a thousand miles away.

There used to be a good excuse for fandom. Granted that there is a fundamental social lack in the person who can find no friends around himself, the accepted excuse used to be that the person who entered fandom was seeking people with common interests..... that no one nearby was interested in science fiction, his consuming hobby. But without the deep-rooted common interest of science fiction, fandom is rapidly becoming a pen-pal society; one no longer knows that the fan will possess certain common interests. All you know, now, about the "average fan" is that he prefers pen-friends to real friends -- and that sort of person is a bad risk for a bosom friend of any kind! There was also a time when virtually any fan could find a common ground of understanding with any other fan. That is no

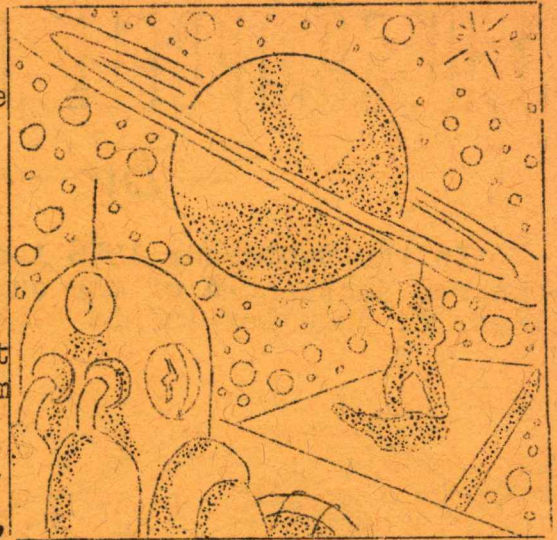


Robert E. Gilbert

longer the case.

All this has led me rather far afield from my original premise, which is that some persons, calling themselves fans, have seen fit to take offense at my avowed intention of discussing books dealing with the sciences for those who, through reading science fiction, have developed an interest in this or that scientific subject.

In self-justification, and in defense of this column, I have only this to say; I still believe in science-fiction as a great stimulus to the inventive imagination; I am a fanatic science buff; and not, while I live, will I ever believe that the readers of MAD and the worshippers of Elvis Presley will unseat the firm grasp of Sturgeon, Van Vogt and Alfred Bester upon the intelligent imagination. I also state my firm conviction that the fan who does not like science fiction is not, strictly speaking, a fan at all, and if he inhabits fanzines, it is an outsider and an intruder. Let him go form his pen-pal societies with their own legitimate interests, rather than lingering, parasite-fashion, on the established ground of the science-fiction fans. Or, if he must come and heckle science-fiction fandom, and call himself a fan, he should at least not feel personally offended when the few remaining science-fiction fans venture to write, or publish, a few words on the subject of their legitimate interest.



This column has not reviewed any books -- deliberately. I think it best to state the premises on which it will be conducted, and to do it unequivocally. If anyone feels that the very existence of such a column is striking at the very foundations of fandom, that is his privilege. Or his loss.

Next time, unless deluged by an avalanche of disapproving letters, I shall go back to reviewing books supposedly of interest to the reader of intelligence. If the deluge comes, there will be NO next installment.

Editor's note: Well, you been told. Apparently a few of the self-styled ghods of fandom wrote MZB directly to complain about the column. I don't know who they were, and I don't want to, but they damn well got what was coming to them. The contents of YANDRO are the complete responsibility of the editors and no one else. If you don't like what we print, you're not obliged to read it. If you feel the need to edit a fanzine, start one of your own, and stay out of this one. If you have suggestions, send them in -- to us, not the writers. But don't try to tell me what to print in my own fanzine. "Null-F" will continue to appear as long as Marion sends it in, and if I ever discover anyone again writing directly to any contributor to YANDRO in an attempt to get said contributor to quit sending us material, the interfering one will get dropped from our mailing list so fast his head will swim. Comments, yes; we appreciate them. But we don't appreciate efforts to edit the zine for us. RSC

J. W. CAMPBELL, JR., IS A GREAT EDITOR, ALAS

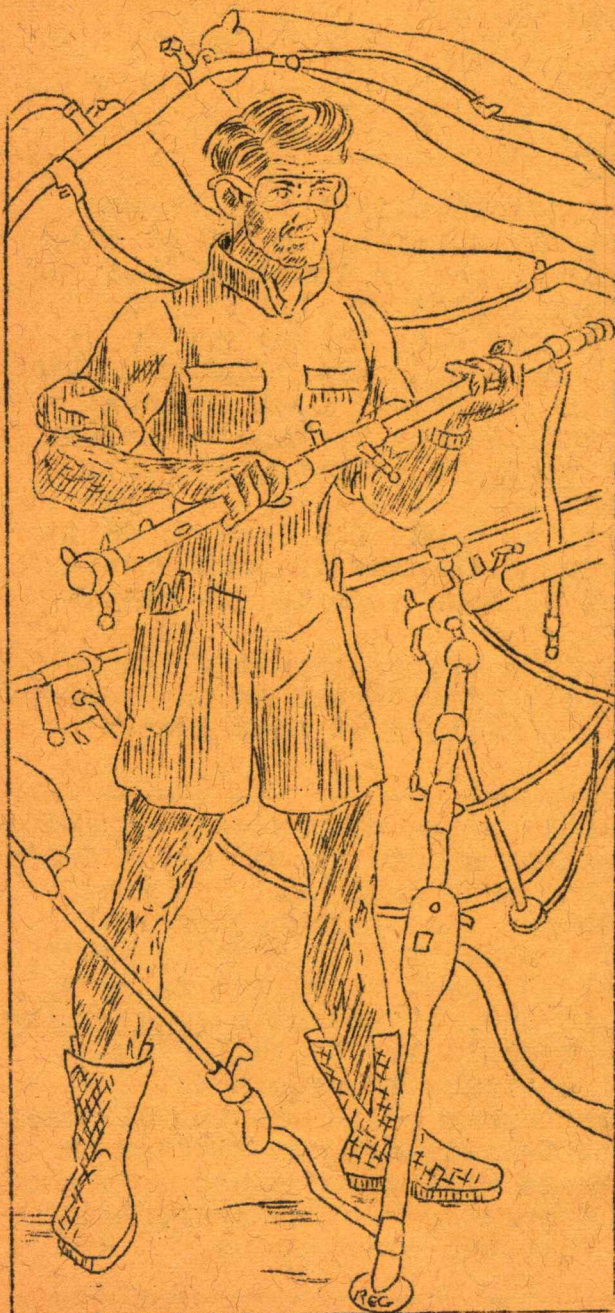
— by — EDWARD WOOD

In the September 1956 issue of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION, which appeared just ahead of the current deluge of new science fiction magazines, P. Schuyler in his "The Reference Library" department asks the

rhetorical question, "Who killed science fiction?" Editor Campbell could not resist the urge to comment a bit on this. "Before seeking to determine Whodunit, let's make sure it was done. A lot of bandwagon-jumpers appear to have fallen off and been hurt. A number of cowboys wearing space-helmets appear to have bitten the dust. Quite a bit of would-be science fiction has been slaughtered....if you can slaughter a shadow." (pages 152-53)

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION has been the source of much of the material in many anthologies. There can be small question as to the pre-eminent position it holds in magazine science fiction. Yet it is not all of science fiction. Mr. Campbell's statement is incorrect. Magazines like THRILLING WONDER STORIES, STARTLING STORIES, WEIRD TALES, yes, even PLANET STORIES et. al., can hardly be called bandwagon-jumpers even by so great an authority as one J. W. Campbell, Jr.!

Facts are more effective than words in refuting Campbell. Below is a table listing the sources of the stories in "The Best Science Fiction Stories"; 1949 to 1955. Since it has been the only series anthology covering these years (really 1948 to 1954, since the stories usually belong to the year prior to the one listed in the title) it was the only one that could be selected. The reader may or may not agree as to the merits of the Bleiler-Dikty selections, but on the whole there are enough stories from enough magazines to see certain trends.



* indicates defunct magazine

TABLE

Year of the anthology.....	'49	'50	'51	'52	'53	'54	'55
Number of stories contained.....	12	13	18	18	15	13	20
<u>Magazines</u>							
AMAZING STORIES.....						2	2
ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION.....	6	3	1		3	2	4
AVON S F AND FANTASY READER*.....						1	
FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION.....						1	1
FANTASTIC ADVENTURES*.....		1					
FANTASTIC STORY QUARTERLY*.....			1				
FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION.....				1			
GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION.....			4	3	5	2	3
IMAGINATION.....							1
MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION.....	1	4	7	4	5	6	
MARVEL SCIENCE FICTION*.....				1			
OTHER WORLDS.....			1				
PLANET STORIES*.....	1	1					
SCIENCE STORIES*.....							1
STARTLING STORIES*.....		1	1	3			
SUPER SCIENCE STORIES*.....				1			
THRILLING WONDER STORIES*.....	3	3	1		3		
SUSPENSE STORIES*.....				1			
WORLDS BEYOND*.....			1	1			
original, & from non-stf mags.....	2	3	4				2
% of stories from ASF.....	50	23	6	0	20	15	20
% of stories from defunct magazines...	33	46	22	39	20	8	5

Note that of the 109 stories from 1949 to 1955, ASTOUNDING is represented by 19 stories or a bit better than 17%, while the 11 defunct magazines listed have 26 stories or about 24%. /Ed. note: Also, from '50 to '53, ASF's contributions are matched by those of just one of the dead mags --- TWS./

Surely Campbell's own experience with UNKNOWN WORLDS should have shown him that quality does not necessarily win out over mediocrity. While the defunct magazines had many defects, a just appraisal of their merits should be made. They are a part of magazine science fiction.

Even if all the casualties in the now recent decline were bad, which is evidently not the truth, one is tempted to say to Campbell, "Do not kick the dead dog. It isn't very sporting."

John W. Campbell, Jr. is a great editor of science fiction; alas that he lacks so much in understanding.

Book Reviews

"Approach To Infinity" and "Fantasy In Art", both by Morris Scott Dollens, can be obtained from him at 11520 Washington Blvd., Los Angeles 66, California, for \$3 each. Each book contains 15 8"x10" glossy photographs bound with stiff board covers and spiral binding. Most of the photos in the first book are of Dollens paintings; those in the second book are excellent examples of montage photography. The price is a little steep, but the books will be worth their cost to lovers of fantasy art. (They are fantasy, however; not science fiction) Recommended to fans with cash. RSC

A DODDERING COLUMN

alan dodd

Many years ago I remember being deeply moved by Edmond Hamilton's Hall of Fame classic, "The Man With The X-Ray Eyes"; to my mind, possibly the best story in this series. A man with powers he never should have been granted --- eyes that made walls transparent and brought him into a world where he could no longer believe in anyone.

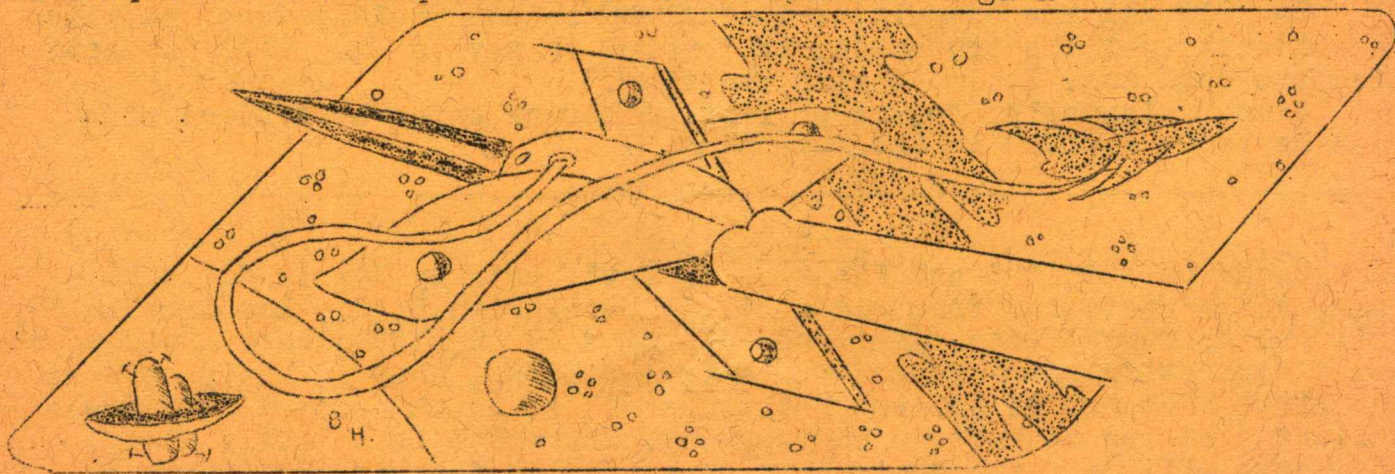
Behind the walls that hid their actions, his great men were empty shadows, ruthless crooks and corrupt beyond measure. His fiancée only prepared to marry him "because he's the best I can do..."

And when they eventually fished him out of the river his hand was found over his eyes to prevent himself from seeing the things that existed but of which he was not supposed to know. In that story the eyes were the physical things which were changed, but supposing -- supposing it were the ears that underwent such a change? What would such a man be able to hear?

The problem is posed very effectively in one of the Douglas Fairbanks half hour filmed series, the title of this particular story being "The Man Who Heard Everything". Involved in a serious car accident, Michael Gough awakes to find himself cursed with super sensitive hearing. His own voice is so loud to his ears that he dare not speak lest he deafen himself. A nurse's wristwatch sounds like a grating concrete mixer. A pin dropped on the floor vibrates like an iron girder dropped by an erection gang. The sound of his wife's tears falling to the ground comes as the plop of a vast metronome.

He lives in a semi-drugged condition in a soundproofed hospital room where from hundreds of yards away he can still hear the tip-toeing of nurses as if they were herds of charging rhino on the veldt.

He lives in a world where all must be silence -- for even his medicine poured into a spoon sounds too much like Niagara Falls for him.



Then one night he observes on the wall of his room the butterfly-like shadows of creatures that do not belong to our world. Only to his world of ultra-sensitive hearing. The creatures, intangible and audible only to him, are friendly. They promise great benefits for mankind in curing disease, famine and war if he will only listen to them -- he is the only earthman with whom they can communicate, and they have waited so long.

But his wife, contrary and misunderstanding creature that she is, insists on his having a delicate ear operation performed which makes him normal again. And being normal, he has lost forever the contact with the friendly little aliens who could have helped his world so much.

Should you ever get the chance to see this ingenious half-hour, I think you'll find it's well worth the time spent.

"How does a fan know that he's known to be known?" R.E. Gilbert

MID EDGE

RAY SCHAFFER

I shake with the deadly fear that is man:
I live on the dim margin of nothing and all-all-all...

There was music made the place from which I sprung,
But music comes, and who knows where it goes?
Behind, why behind I feel the marching surge of notes...
Feel them pushing, screaming with desire
to find a way beyond this nothing.

Behind, far off and close, the raging, whirling, searing,
flashing storms of the Great Man;
Before me is spread still unconquered calm...
The calm that is not unlike other calms except:
It is composed of infinite power and strength
that moves not, nor breathes, nor naught,
but hints...

All else I know of it -- is that in it all,
and in parts of it,
There is a place, or a thing, or void, or a being...
Waiting...
Waiting for the tread of me and we...

And I am shaken with the deadly fear that is man.
For always behind, the music I hear...
And always I hear behind the mad, marching, music.

"FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, the magazine of magazines, the greatest fiction event of all time." ...from the editorial in the first issue...

THE LIGHT

neal f wilgus

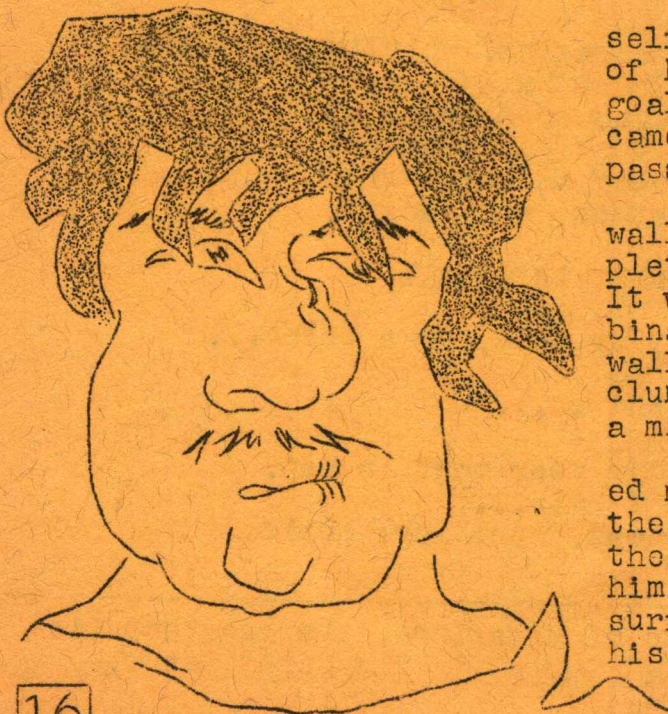
The light came burning down into his mind, stirring emotions, awakening him. The heat on his back and wings excited him and brought his sleep-drugged mind fully awake. He stirred. Moving his wings gently and twitching his left antenna, he crawled slowly forward -- up the wall.

The heat and light became stronger as he crawled, and finally, in ecstasy, he flapped both wings and flew at the glowing ball of light.

As he moved, his passion for the light increased and he seemed to lose control of his body as his emotions swept him onward. Moving at top speed, he crashed into the smooth wall which separated him from the glow.

Control came back as he dropped away from the wall, and he settled slowly to the floor. As he looked around, he perceived a vast cavern around him -- stretching out limitlessly in all directions. Vaguely, in the far, misty distance, he could make out the walls of the cavern and just before he turned his attention back to the glowing sun in the center of the cave, he received a vague impression of a vast ceiling spreading out above the light.

Then he was again aroused by the light and forgot about the surrounding cavern. The light dominated his mind -- he had to reach it. He had to throw himself into it, into the warm glowing sun that dominated his life.



He struggled up again and threw himself into the air. Again he lost control of his flight as he sped toward the goal. No thought of self-preservation came to mind -- only the all-consuming passion to go to the burning globe.

Again he was stopped by the filmy wall. It was smooth and hard and completely surrounded the throbbing light. It was hot under his feet, and the combination of heat and light outside the wall almost satisfied his need. He clung to the smooth, clear surface for a minute or two, drinking in the light.

It was not enough, though; he needed more. He had to get to the source of the light. He had to throw himself into the pool of light and heat. It maddened him. He wanted to give himself up, to surrender completely to the source of his worship.

The wall stopped him.

Again losing control, he pushed him-

self off, away from the constricting wall and toward the rough floor below. In great circles he rushed down, letting himself be carried by the enraged emotion burning within him, battering himself against any jutting obstruction in his path.

Exhausted, he lay on the uneven floor and rested again.

But although he couldn't see the light, the heat on his back again aroused his desire for the light and again he sought the object of that desire.

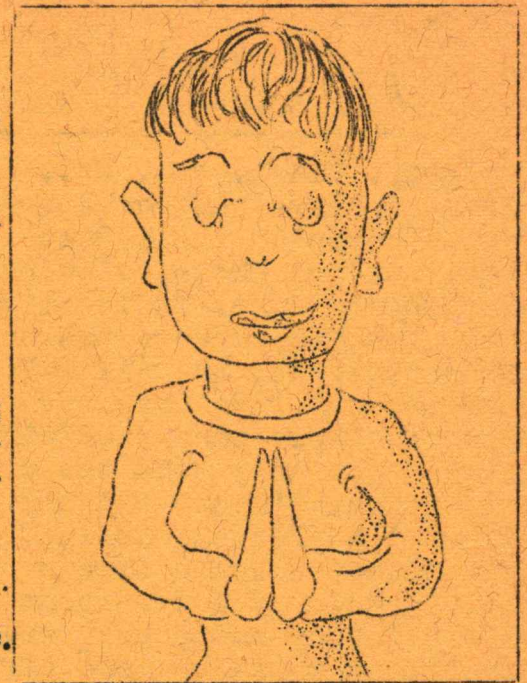
Six times he threw himself at the light and six times he was enraged by the frustration of being turned back by the smooth barrier. Each time the emotion for the light-pool raged out of control and he battered himself against every object at hand. Each time the passion, the desire for the light, grew in him until he thought of nothing else. Now he threw himself at the light with the last bit of control gone. He lost count of the number of tries he made; lost track of everything. Only the burning passion for the light, the pool of heat behind the unbreakable wall, held his mind and he lost all track of time and his surroundings.

Finally, completely exhausted, he fluttered slowly to his original sleeping place on the wall. His burning desire for the globe of heat was just as strong, but now he lacked the physical strength to continue the struggle. He had no more energy. He had to rest, to sleep until he had enough strength to try again.

With a last twitch of his wings and a longing look at the light, he went to sleep.....

* * * * *

The boy sat doing his homework, the single light bulb throwing a harsh glare over the room. A movement caught his eye, and he looked up to see the moth make a final swoop at the light and flutter dizzily to the wall.



A SHORT SHORT-SHORT STORY by Don Boose

The first expedition to Mars landed early in the twenty-first century. The zealous explorers climbed from their ships and eagerly began to scour the planet for signs of intelligent life. After months of fruitless searching, they realized the truth. There was no life on Mars. There had been at one time. They had farmed the rich soil, providing irrigation by tremendous canals. The planet had prospered for centuries. But there was no life there now. They had discovered atomic energy, and...

He'd be a brilliant critic, if he was only brilliant.

GRUMBLINGS

RON PARKER, 714 W. 4th. St., Tulsa 7, Oklahoma

It is a shame that a better photograph couldn't be made for that magnificent cover on the latest issue of YANDRO. I hate to criticize such things, but the photo, viewing the cover from a critical standpoint, is rather poorly done. It is slightly blurred, and the lighting is horribly distributed and sources are obvious. /Wanna bet?/

Since this was the All TAFF issue, there is not really too much to criticize, but I do have several points I want to express. First, I wasn't particularly impressed with the presentation of candidates. You yourself said you only told the writers to "write a page" and that's all they had to go on. I'm not exactly sure how it could have been done without laying out a precise outline, but the material presented about the various candidates could have been more similar. The material for each candidate is told by a different writer in a more or less different vein. Most fans prefer humorously written sketches, such as one or two were, while others would be more affected by an impressive life history and suitability record like, say, Forry displayed. Some were humor, some were straight fact, some torn between, and some were indescribable (like McNulty -- and I refer to him in person and not the sketch of qualifications). /Right!/ This strikes me as somewhat unfair to some of the candidates in that they could have written perhaps more appealing material had they but known just WHAT the limitations were.

The issue as a whole was a commendable effort. I think that the Willis article, along with better and more similar biographies, could be made sort of "required reading" for voters. The Ford article could have been cut somewhat in that part of it was but a less complete rehash of what Willis had already said.

/Ron's comments on the cover are typical. MARVIN BRYER said "Chuck Spidell certainly has novel ideas for designing spaceships. Buck's use of the camera makes me wonder if he isn't that fellow who takes all those pictures of flying saucers." KENT MOOMAW said about the same thing, less tactfully. ROBERT E. GILBERT suggested a title; "Near-Collision In The Upper Atmosphere Of Venus". This cover was an effort to show up the model spaceships of Chuck Spidell, and I apologise for botching the photography. We have some more photo-covers in the files, and these are from good photos. By Dollens.

As for the biographies of TAFF candidates.... The idea was to have each sketch written by someone with a great interest in getting that candidate elected. I tried to have each one written by one of the individuals who nominated the candidate, but didn't succeed in all cases. At any rate, it would then be up to the writer to decide the type of writing which would pull the most votes for his candidate. I still think this is as fair a way as it could be done. I suppose I could have specified a "humorous sketch", but then, I didn't know a good many of the writers, and not all fans can write successful humor. A good serious sketch may not be as popular as a good humorous one, but it's a lot better than a poor hum-

crous one. And by the same token, a serious-minded fan would prefer good humor to poor seriousness. Theoretically, I suppose I could have hand-picked the writers for their abilities in one field or other; in practice it was sometimes difficult enough to get anyone to do the article. So, I left the type of article up to the writer, in the assumption that he or she would have a better idea of his or her abilities than I would have. Incidentally, the single source of lighting on the cover photo was sunlight.....obvious? Now I'll quit making like Palmer and get on with a few more letters.

RSC

ARTHUR HAYES, %Dominion Catering, Bicroft, Bancroft, Ontario, Canada

Might not the fact that most femmes won't indulge in feuds be that they get insulted faster and quit, while the male fan may get angry, but that is usually a sign that he'll fight that much harder.

Gal on page 12 still looks as though she'd bite.

I think that a \$5 fee for WSFS membership would keep the membership down. That might be good or bad; haven't made up my mind on it. 500 constitute big business to a hotel considering meals, banquet, room-rent, etc. That is true, but the largest portion of that 500 usually avoid eating in the hotel, and even the banquets haven't been attended to the limit of the room available.

/From the hotel standpoint, fans are probably the most tight-fisted convention attenders in the world. Some of them even bring their own liquor. I'll keep out of the comments on femmes and feuding, since the only two I correspond with are Marion Z. Bradley and G. M. Carr.

RSC

ALAN DODD, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts., England

Bill Harry was on television last week. Aaaahhh! In a programme called "Youth Wants To Know". A sort of discussion programme in which people ask a lot of questions. I -- sob -- missed it. I didn't know about it beforehand y'see. Cor. There'll be no holding him now.

I don't think I've ever heard of lp records here with as many as 10 tunes per side. The only kind I'm familiar with have four tunes per side, play about 20 minutes per side and cost nearly 30 bob apiece which is too much. '78's are still sold a lot here since they're within the range of the average record collector. You have to have a pretty good job to have enough money left over at the end of the week to buy one lp here. I think I personally would prefer to have a tape recorder were it not for the exorbitant capital cost of them originally. But then I don't know if it is possible to pick out any specific tune in the middle of a tape. / Neither do I; any coaching from the audience? Four tunes that play 20 minutes averages 5 minutes per tune -- you sure your lp's play that long? The average pop song is a bit over 3 minutes long, here. They have to be shorter than that to get 10 on one side, though. No 45's in England? RSC

BOB FARNHAM, 506 2nd. Ave., Dalton, Georgia

Did I tell you that Walt sent me a copy of THE HARP STATESIDE?

I'M mentioned in it!!!

WHOOPEE!

The citing was of my getting drunk in 1628 /room or year?/ and passing out cold for 10 hours...too danged heavy to move, they HADDA let me stay there...anyhow I was out 14 -- not 10 -- hours and sick as a dog for 2 months afterward; the hangover-headache lasted 3 months.....

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