

"GR-RUNK!" 7th SAPS March A publication of editorial gab--i.e., a gabbag--by Coswal  
#6 mailing! 3,'49 ((( Walter A. Coslet, Box 6, Helena, Montana )))

#4, titled "Vanishing Point", an 8-pager referring mainly to Floor and its demise will not appear until the next Saps mailing, providing we take the time to get it into existence by that time. If not, it will appear later. Who knows? From here on out, we intend to use a new name every number, but it is still all in series, whether they appear in the order of the number they bear or not. 'Tator may seem out of order under this system, but since it ended on a ½ number, it logically fits somewhere. We even had a #0 for perfection--remember?

The title of this issue shows it is dedicated to--or should I just say "it is dedicated"? But then, all my issues henceforth will be dedicated to something--if I don't forget.

If you wish to refer to the series in general, you have my permission to refer to them as Coswal's sapsines. Tho I flatter myself to think anyone would consider them worth mentioning, or else I'm overdoing modesty to write this sentence at all.

Shall we go on?

Any SAPS who aren't in Fapa, and thus didn't see my ~~review~~ (tch!) METEOR SHOWER announcement of the Galactic Amateur Press Ass'n which begins operation in July 1949, are welcome to request a copy of the issue. They'll also receive a copy of ON SECOND THOUGHT, a post-mailing which concerns the same subject. And probably a copy of THE FANTASY ATTIC also.

It is estimated that the approximately 2000 fantasy prozines have published some 12,000 stories with a total wordage of some 250,000,000. Anyone able to refute these "facts" is perfectly welcome to do so. The line forms in my P.O. box.

To make up for the fact that #5 was dated one day early, we're dating this one day in the future. We picked up two new Avon items today: THE DAUGHTER OF FU MANCHU in which we saw advertised, THE GIRL WITH THE HUNGRY EYES, Avon's 1st "original" fantasy collection--resulting from the demise of their unborn fantasy mags. However, the 6-story anthology(?) was nowhere to be seen in the newstand where the Rohmer volume was located. The second stand failed to contain either volume, but the third--which is also a second hand mag shop of a sort--happened to have both, but only two copies of THE GIRL, and one was damaged. Draw your own conclusions. We've only read the title story yet--but didn't find it overly excellent. ....In fact:

We've much more enjoyed our excursions of late into UNKNOWN (not to be confused with Unknown Worlds) and just previously, into Campbell's Arcot-Wade-Morey novels in ye olde Amazing Quarterly. But each story doubtless deserves a paragraph of its own. Herewith:

ISLANDS OF SPACE seems a remarkably plotless tale of a series of not uninteresting adventures outside our island universe. Inventing a space distorter so that they can "exceed" the speed of light, they set out for another galaxy. The star they pick there turns nova when they're still a few hundred light years from it. This episode reminds one somewhat of Leinster's late BLACK GALAXY. Leaving that universe temporarily, for a night's rest, they wander into a region of giant "unignited" stars, and are captured by their gravity. Barely able to work themselves into a tight orbit, they lack power sufficient to escape, so they crash a couple of the stars together by means of the stars'own power. They return to consciousness lost in space. The only thing to do is find an intelligence of sufficient power to know which is the largest semi-near island universe. In the end, they locate Norlamin whose inhabitants are iron-boned molecular-powered creatures not too unlike men. Here, the plot, if any, finally swings into action. Winning a war for the "right" side, they are shown the way to go home. (No, we haven't gotten around to reading the previous Arcot-Wade Morey tales yet, which includes SOLARITE and THE BLACK STAR PASSES, and maybe more--but then those tales are little more than interplanetary--Solarite being about their trip to Venus, and The Black Star about the invasion by a dying race, who hope to have earth for themselves. I once started the latter but never got beyond the crash of the black-star ship with its startling lux and relax fittings. Tch, tch: If anybody wants to get any of these stories to read, I can supply copies at \$1 and up, for Quarterlies, less on any in the Monthlies. Sorry to irritate the anti-mercenarys, but I didn't intend to bring in a commercial angle originally. ((This is not the end of the reviews--such as they are.))



On second thought, was it Norlamia? Was that by any chance, one of EESmith's worlds instead? No we're not going to look up the story to make sure. You can do that.

INVADERS FROM THE INFINITE does have a plot from the very first to the very last, and a rip-snorting one it is. Warned by the dog-men who happened to capture one of the invaders' ultra-fast ships, they find the invaders use a time warp and unwarp to attain their speeds. This, added to Arcot's space distorter, gives them an edge on speed. The invaders are attacking our entire galaxy, and in a hurry-up search, they find a few races here and there which are temporarily holding them back. One such race has a hardly understood weapon which proves to be artificial matter. The earth trio coordinating the weapons and improving on them and even coming up with a few new ones of their own, are blown back in time several thousands of years while defending their new friends but previous enemies, the black-star people who finally settled in the Sirius system. On their way back to the present via their time warp, the trio complete their calculations and during the battle for earth, hide themselves out to an asteroid and build themselves (in ultratime) a super battlewagon which defeats the fleet just before it conquers earth. Chasing them to their galactic headquarters, they smash a planet in an artificial matter cup, and the invaders are not long deciding to head for home. This home is in a far distant galaxy, and the defeated warriors are their wiped out by their ruler, for failure. Cautiously investigating this galaxy, the earth trio discover friendly members of the invader race who inform them that their prison planet has managed to wrest its freedom from them. Investigating this planet, they find it the home of the invaders. But it is strongly held and nothing they can do--other than utterly destroy the planet by converting it into energy--is of any affect. As a last ditch hope, they do it--and are flung into the future--but only a few years this time, which was "fortunate" since they had no method of backtracking in time. Apparently this is the last of the stupendous series.

Now to Unknown, the so-called fantasy fiction mag which presented most of its material with a stf slant regardless of how weird a treatment any other source would have given the same story essentials. Yeah, to my mind, Unknown presented many a sciencefiction yarn.

Skipping the first Harold Shea story, we started in on THE MATHEMATICS OF MAGIC. Shea and psych-doc Chalmers project themselves to the universe of the Farie Queene, and after a short indoctrination in the "right" side of the situation, seek out the wizards and in due time practically wipe them out, but the final blow overcharges Shea and catapults him back into our universe. 'Tis science fiction through and through, and well explained, it is, too.

Heinlein's THE DEVIL MAKES THE LAW was investigated next, and was discovered to be a tale of the future when the mysteries of "the half world" have become the property of science and technology. If that doesn't make it science fiction, I don't know what makes anything science fiction. A certain demon decides to corner the field of magic, and manages to get a law passed granting a monopoly to Magic, Inc. This causes loads of trouble for the characters of the story until they visit the half world, discover the culprit and have him punished. For an unusual treatment, it is tops, and possibly unique in its field.

Following that, THE WHEELS OF IF occupied our attention. This too, we maintain, is stf. Twisted half a revolution on his wheel, an assistant D.A. finds himself taking over the life of a bishop crusading for Indians' rights in a world where Vinland was not lost to be re-discovered by Columbus. His efforts are all to return him to his former existence, until he has success in his hands, and then he decides he's built himself such a satisfactory place in his newfound world that he'd better let well enough alone.

We tried a short, after that: THEY by Heinlein; and we mighty well wished it had been expanded into a novel. Ever wonder if everything's as it seems; or if some--or most--or even all--the rest of the people are just stage-settings for your existence? Suppose you happened to sneak a look someplace where the power in control had failed to fill in the full background, not expecting you to look or be there at that time! Well... Yes, I say stf.

THE CASTLE OF IRON, the 3rd of the Harold Shea yarns was now in line, and after finishing it, I returned to the first of the series, the famous "Yngvi is a louse!" ROARING TRUMPET. Was surprised at the story which opened the series--it's attitude was so opposite the way the rest of the series impressed me. (It's no wonder they did an about-face!) I feel Shea either learned too slow the first time or too fast thereafter--but even that can be rationalized...

((not responsible for errors))