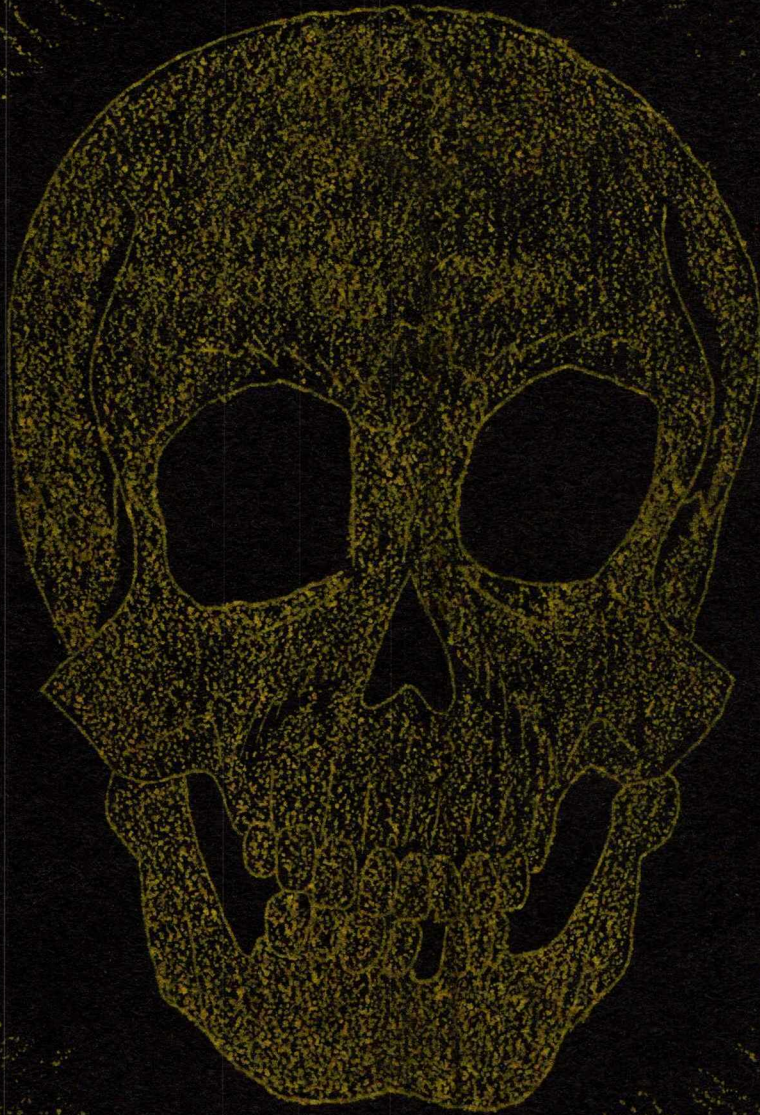
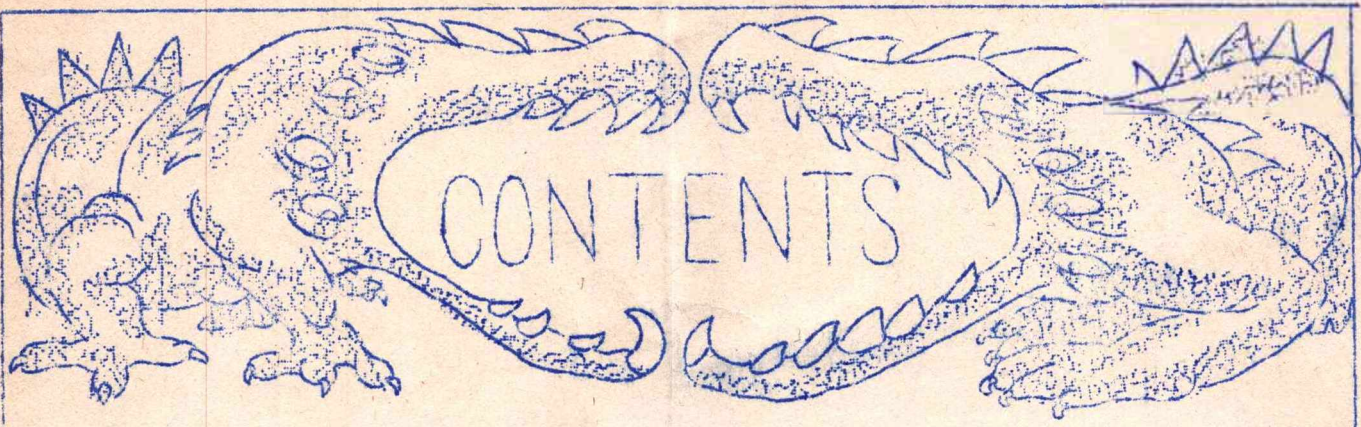


# UNDOERSE

Vol. 1

No. II





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VERSE

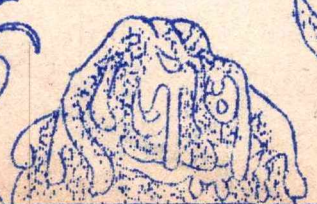
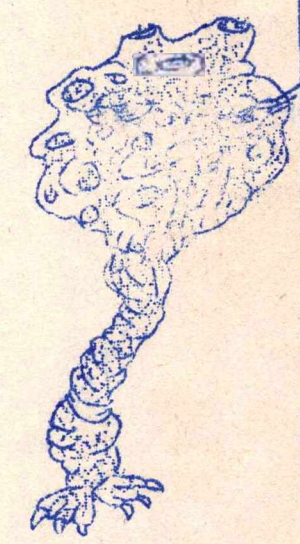
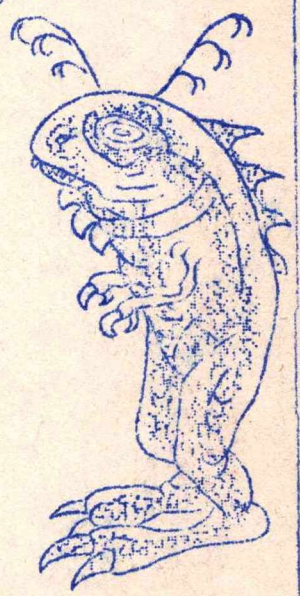
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Format by Trev Nelson.	Pix by Ed Cox, Tom Kennedy, & Trev Nelson.
Cover and unsigned pix	by Ray Nelson.





F

A while back I had the audacity to ask Ray Bradbury to write an autobiography for us. He didn't have time for that, but he wrote us a letter that served the same purpose very well. With a million thanks to Ray Bradbury we are using his letter to launch a new, but permanent, feature in Universe; "Trivia," our letter department. "Trivia" is only a temporary name, to be used only until somebody thinks up a better one. The discussions in said department will be far from trivial, I keep telling myself. Any suggestions?

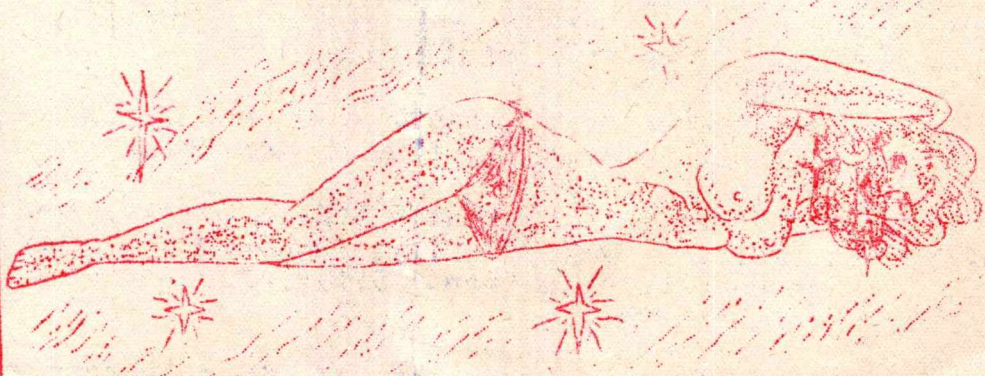
We thank you for your enormous response to the back cover poll in the last ish. Sorry we couldn't print all your letters, but in the next issue we will, by a new (well, fairly new) system of condensation and summarization.

In this issue we have a couple of rebuttals to Ben Singer's "Atheism Explained". (See Universe #1.) . . . a poem by Richard Avery, editor of an Alaskan Air Command Organ, and an article by John Reiser, known to many for his classical record show "Cathedral of Music" on the Paul Bunyan Network.

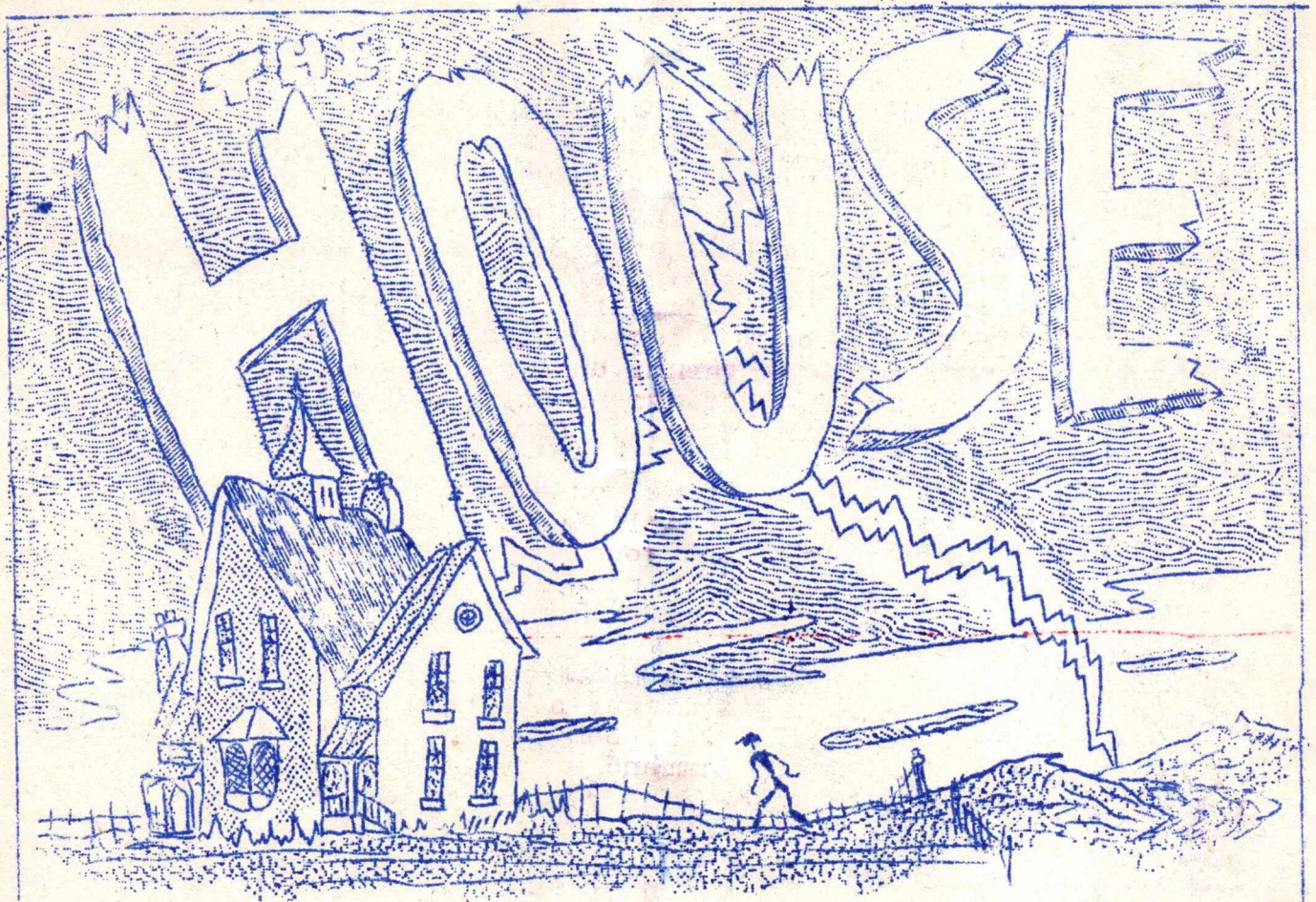
In our next issue we will have Art Rapp's "Culture Pattern", a somewhat longer than usual StFepic of dangerous adventure in frontier Mars; "April Fool", an Ed Cox horror story; a psycho weirdie by mw (Of course. Whose zine d'ya think this is anyway?), and a few surprises.

And oh yes, we are now raking in the dough by subscription instead of our former method, conscription. 10¢ an ish, three for 25¢, and if you're smart you won't trust us any further than that.

This pic and the one illustrating Ray's "Good Old Days" have nothing to do with the text. Wanna make something out of it?



Yerz, *Ray Nelson*



by Hal Shapiro

It is a dark, stormy night. If I were superstitious, I wouldn't stay in this old, dark, gloomy mansion, but something seems to hold me. I don't know what, but it will not let me go. They warned me about coming here to live, said that there was a curse, but you know these ignorant Cadillacans. So I came here, moved in, lock, stock, and barrel.

At first I was lonely, but soon a young woman began to talk to me. I could not see her, but I fell in love with that voice. Then came other voices. Soon I began seeing them. They would come at night, and in the mornings I began to notice two small red spots on my throat; almost as if vampires had----but now I'm getting ridiculous.

But it's strange now. I can't see right and keep going thru doors without remembering if I opened them.

Then there was the day that I lifted the casserole on my dining room table, peered under, and saw----two green eyes staring back. I must have fainted then. Silly, for when I came to, I was lying in Her arms.

This is strange. I'm sure the door to this room was locked last night, but here I am inside, and the door is still locked. I'm wandering around here looking for something. I don't know what it is, but she told me to look.

I have become weak and it is very hard for me to move. I do not know why, but the larger those spots grow, the weaker I become. I called for the doctor yesterday and he came. It was old Dr. Robinson. That was strange. The townsfolk had told me he died last year. He said to keep talking to my friends.

I think I've found what I was looking for. It's this thing in the corner. That's strange. There was nothing here yesterday. Maybe THEY put it here. I had an exceptionally long talk with them last night.

Now to see what this is. It seems to be a corpse. What the-----! This is impossible. This is ME!



#####  
#  
# JOIN THE WORLD FEDERALISTS.....!!!  
#  
# A growing volume of voices is needed to persuade our  
# national leaders that we want world federal government to  
# prevent wars.  
#  
# Your membership in the United World Federalists  
# will strengthen the American organization working for  
# this cause.  
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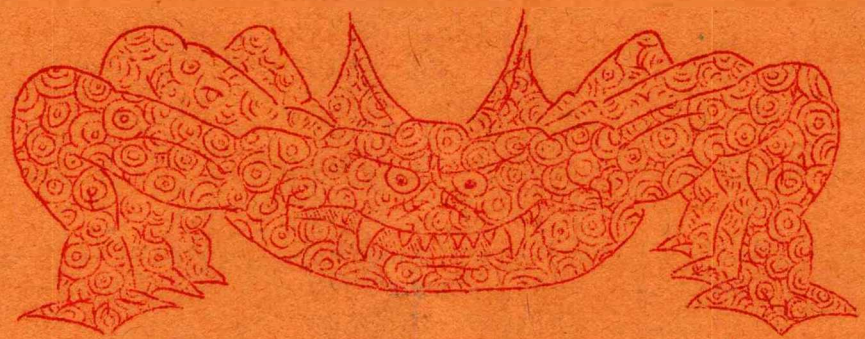
Taking the last first, just to be confusing\*, we shall now define private reality. Private reality is what you think is real. If you see little green men walking across your ceiling, don't be alarmed, they're real\*\*. If a tree grows in Brooklyn and all the men, women, and dogs in Brooklyn know about it, but you don't, then that tree doesn't exist in your own private reality, but it does exist in.....

the public reality. To get the public reality you take everybody's private realities, add them together, and divide by the number of people. This is the most democratic kind of reality, since it is decided by an informal vote. Therefore it would be wise to accept as much as possible, even if it means abandoning some parts of your private reality, such as the little green men. It will all be for the best.

Last of all is the objective reality. In this category lies a good deal of public and private reality, but nobody knows how much, of which, or whose. To be absolutely frank about it, nobody knows, for sure, anything about it.\*\*\* If you ask the experts, the physicists, they just mumble something about wave motions, the quantum theory, and mattergy, then sneak quietly out the back door.

Now that we have these definitions we have at least one kind of reality for everybody, so everybody ought to be happy and stop arguing. Besides, now that we have defined the terms, there isn't any more argument.

In conclusion I think you'll all agree with my conclusion. "The less said about reality, the better."



TREV NELSON

(\*A philosophical article just isn't philosophical if it isn't confusing.)

(\*\* At least in your own private reality.)

(\*\*\* Some materialists, evangelists, Rosicrucians, cynics and other fanatics say they do. Don't be fooled.)

THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS  
by r-iRapp  
c/o NFFP mss  
Bureau

In every prozine letter column fen shreik and wail about the unspeakable lousiness of modern science-fiction. Artwork is hidious (they inform the long-suffering editor), stories are punk, the guy who's responsible for the latest change in format should be fed arsenic, and why doesn't someone take steps to bring back the high-quality issues of yore?

I note particularly the nostalgic murmurs in Astounding, comparing the Astounding of 1948 with the fabulous days of bedsheet size and full-page illos. Ah, yes.

Having grabbed at random one of my half-dozen "large-size" Astoundings, I now proceed to summarize "Brass Tacks" of Nov. 1942, that you may fully recognize the ability of fandom to know when it is well off.

(1) Brass Tacks is sub-par. "If it deteriorates any more, it will hit the low that it did only once before in the history of the magazine." "You have cut Brass Tacks to the bone." (The column covers a mere seven  $8\frac{1}{2}$  by 11 pages.) The covers should be of heavier paper and of different colors than those being used.

(2) A South African fan is mostly contented, but remarks that the illustrations are "monstrous" and there is a "general sketchiness" to all the artwork.

(3) The July ish was the poorest ever. E.E. Smith's "Second Stage Lensman" was "far too long--at least  $\frac{1}{4}$  of its wordage could and should have been cut out. The final pages were utterly ridiculous. Doc Smith seems to have written himself into a hole." And furthermore "the art work still stinks to high heaven."

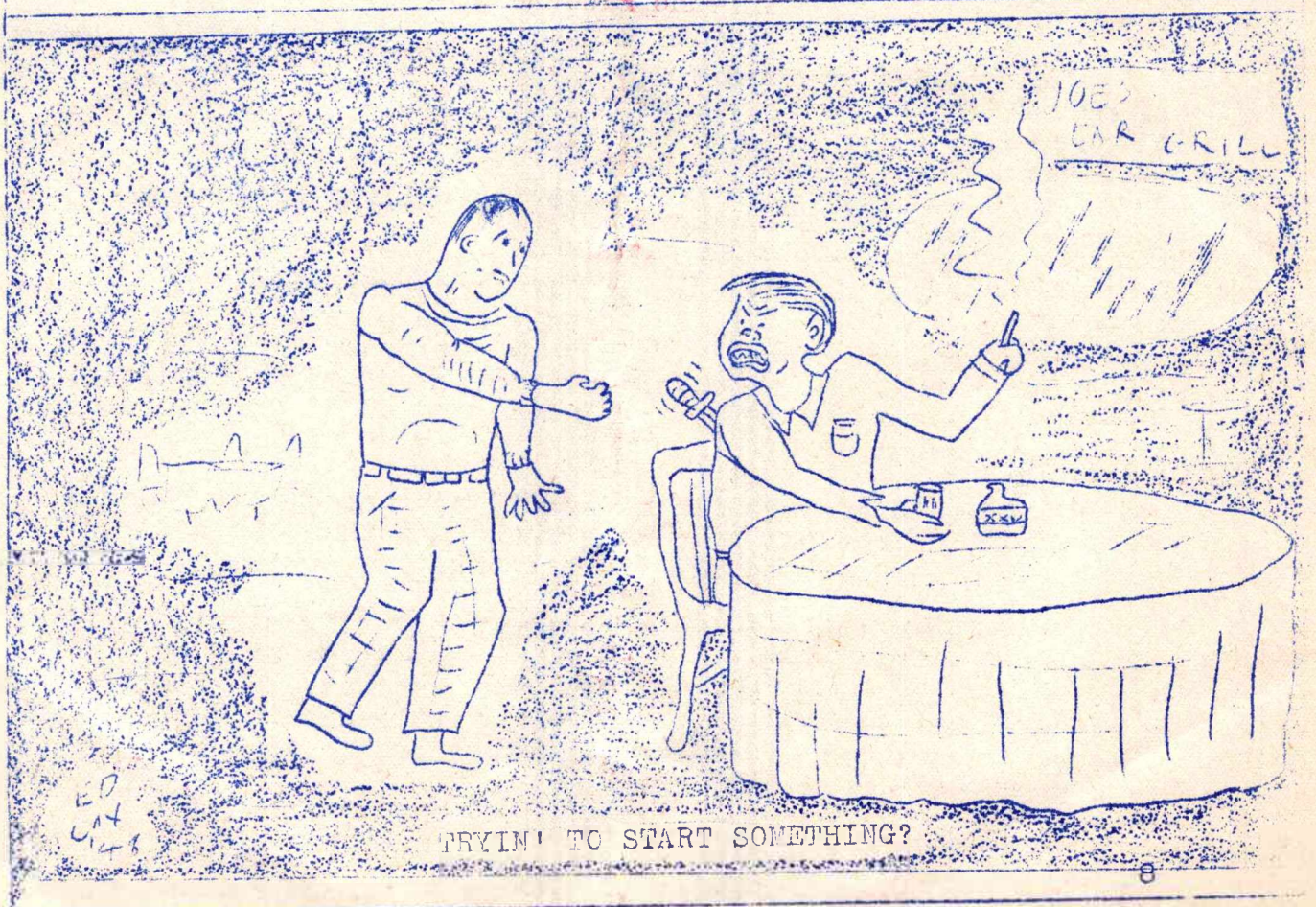


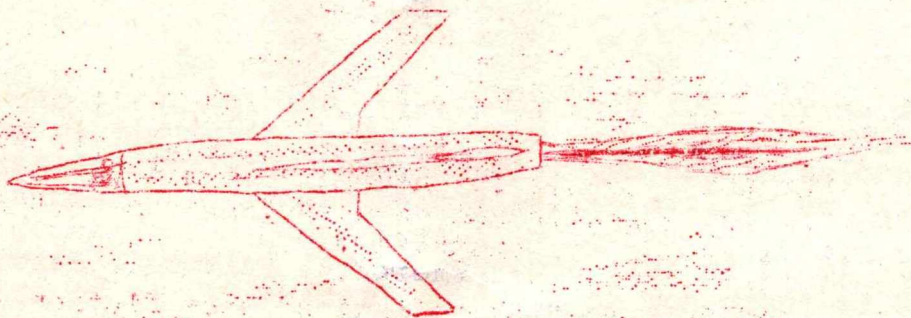


- (4) Timmins can never equal Rogers as a cover artist.
- (5) Violent protestation against the trend toward less science and more human-interest in Science Fiction.
- (6) The next critic wants smaller type in letter column. Print more letters, especially science discussions. Also, he remarks, Willey Ley's articles don't have anything to do with science-fiction, and therefore belong in Popular Science or some such mag.
- (7) "There are far too many stories that hinge on the war. The other brickbat is regarding your artwork, which is still well below standard."
- (8) Brass Tacks is too short. The editor's comments on the letters are too short. Rogers' covers for the large-size issues are poorer than his previous work.
- (9) No criticism! but then, it's a note from Cleve Cartmill giving the background for his story for this issue.
- (10) "The cover is a let-down." "Barrier" has hazy concepts and jumbled ideas. Urban is good on illos, but oh for Wesse and Paul!

See, everybody was happy in them good old days!

END





*Tom Kennedy*

## SCIENCE FICTION: IS IT LITERATURE?

by

Walter H. Nelson,

When you see all the science-fiction magazines in the racks at the news-stand, your first reaction is most likely one of mild disgust. Such a waste of paper! Pulp magazines! Gaaah!

However, when your teen-age boys bring home stacks of them, ordinary curiosity may impel you to sample them. After perusing a few in John W. Campbell's "Astounding" you begin to wonder if maybe they've got something there after all. There have been a few which were astonishingly well written, with accurate scientific background material.

There appears to be a legitimate place for this kind of literature. We live in a different kind of world now than we did only fifteen years ago. The last five years, especially, have had a very disturbing impact.

Our whole philosophy has been profoundly affected. No longer do we regard with satisfaction a highly polished classical physics, depicting a mechanical universe regulated by simple laws.

The principles of conservation of mass and of energy were esthetically pleasing, but they now must be considered crude approximations, - mere wishful thinking.

It was nice to have light travelling in straight lines forever, - now light veers toward every mass. It used to be convenient to consider distant events occurring simultaneously with nearby events, - now such an idea is evidently nonsense.

There never used to be any question as to whether we lived in a stationary gravitational field or in a uniformly accelerated world without gravity, - but Einstein has shown us that the laws of mechanics are the same in either system, so that we can not distinguish which it is that we live in.

We have thus progressed from complacency about our knowledge of the external world to a deep humility, engendered by the revelation that the sum total of all our knowledge, - that of two billion people, - is nearly nothing! We know now that we are groping in unfamiliar darkness toward a faint light,

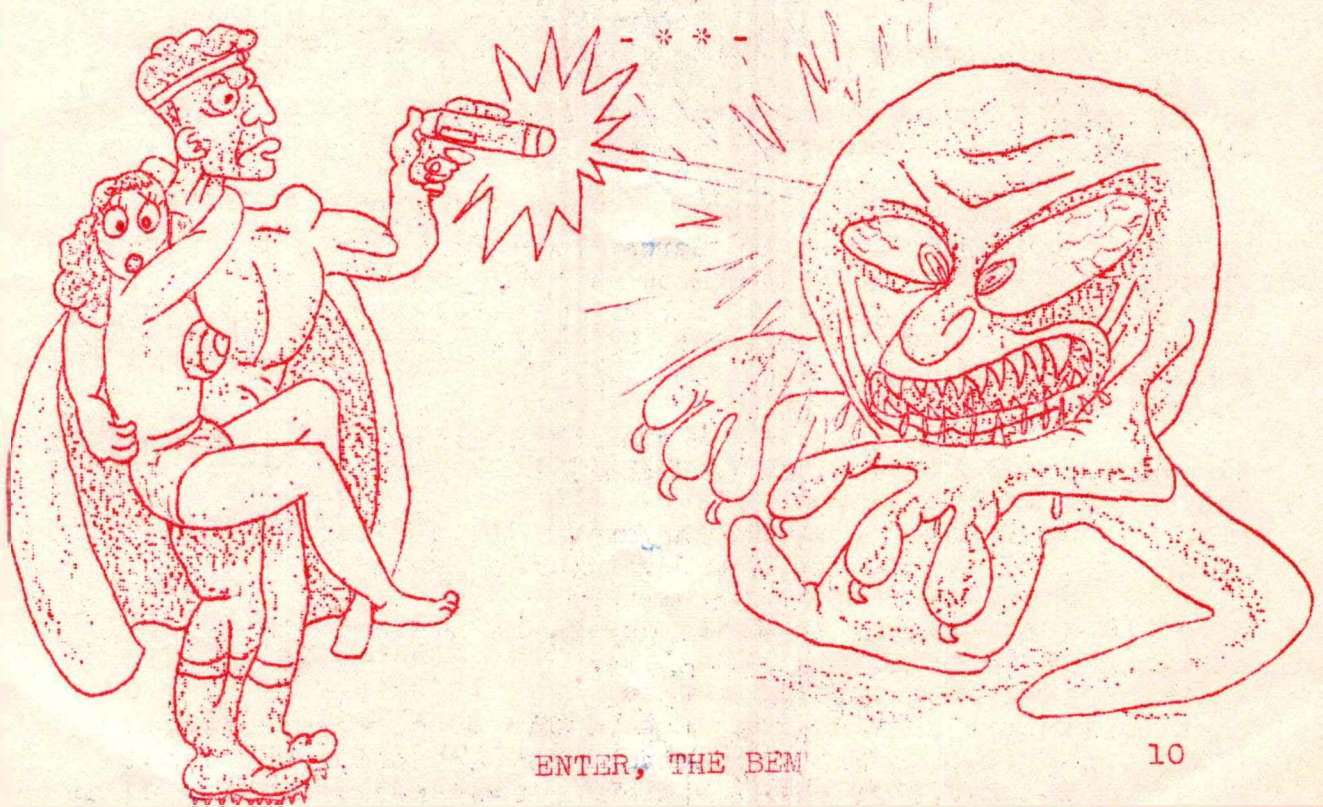


far ahead. Our five senses (or perhaps six), miraculous though they are, may not be enough to permit an understanding of the magnificently ordered, awesome external world we believe exists around us.

It is in this atmosphere that science fiction thrives. Who is there now so brash, so foolhardy, as to assert that anything whatever which may be imagined is impossible or untrue? Who would not, a short time ago, have pooh-poohed the idea of obtaining huge quantities of energy from the interiors of atoms? - - or, that electrons could be multiplied in mass by racing them in a betatron? - or that length and time are both variables with velocity? Or that the human mind may have an influence over mechanical events?

In the realm of mechanisms alone, what would your back-woods friend, - out of touch with developments but otherwise intelligent, - say if you told him that you had been flying faster than sound, or flying eight miles up at nine miles a minute in a squirt-propelled flying wing weighing half a million pounds at the surface of the earth?

So, - more power to the science-fiction writers! The present state of our science allows imaginations to roam unfettered in the universe, - and who knows what gripping tales of space and time may not yet turn out to be prophetic?



ENTER, THE BEN

# MARTIES ONLY

BY RAY NELSON



Sargent Haggard emerged from the decompression chamber of the great black hemisphere that was the Earth soldier's home away from home into the cold, empty dimness of Mars. The sentry, dressed in a snug, electronically heated uniform, addressed him crisply, handing him a clipboard of papers.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the sentry, "but you'll have to sign out. Ever since those Marties started getting murdered we've had to take precautions."

"Murdered?" thought Sargent Haggard. "Since when is it murder to kill weeds?" But aloud he snarled, "I'm not going far, just out in the desert a ways to test this insert sprayer." He indicated a tank strapped to his back with metal hose dangling from it.

"Well, okay," said the sentry, in reluctant respect for the sargent's superior rank. "Shall I call you a gyro?"

"No!" roared Sargent Haggard. "I told you I was'nt going far. I won't need any damn martie gyro!"

"Yes, sir," mumbled the guard, as Haggard strode away into the red dunes.

Haggard came to the edge of the deep, dry canal bed and climbed down it's steep embankment. Reaching the canal floor, he set off between it's high, almost perpendicular walls

toward the nearby Martain village. He had to stop often to catch his breath, for the Martain air was very thin.

"Damn Marties!", he swore, as he stopped for the nineteenth time. "They designed this climate deliberately so only their own damn plant people could live in it."

He got up, adjusted the flame thrower on his shoulders, and trudged onward.

Five miles back and one mile up hovered a small Martain cyclogyro, its gyro blades thrashing in measured circles on either side, like hummingbird's wings. From its narrow cabin two of the many-armed, green, plant people watched the flood gates below slowly open, and a torrent of foam-flecked water rush down the dry canal bed from the majestic current of the main canal.

"Now, friend Sossor," said the first, "our people in the village will be able to sink their roots into the soil and draw up, not just coarse, dry dust, but real water."

"Let's buzz down to the village and watch the water arrive, friend Yillil," said the second.

"No sooner said than done," said Yillil, applying his suction-cup hands to the control disks. The cyclogyro lurched from hovering position into a swift, fluttering flight over the desert. In a few moments it outran the hurtling wave in the canal and came in sight of the squat, black hemisphere of the Earth soldier's base.

As they passed over it they called the army control tower and gave a routine water warning. A check was made and all was well, for Sargent Haggard had left no record of his departure.

They continued on, Yillil skillfully piloting the craft, Sossor staring absently into the canal bed.

Suddenly Sossor stiffened and pointed a quivering tendril at a small, moving figure below. "Look!" he whistled. "A man--in the canal!"

"We've got to get him out of there," groaned Yillil, releasing suction on the power disk.

Sargent Haggard watched the gyro flutter towards him with mild surprise. "Well, here's some Marties that want theirs so bad they're coming after it," he chuckled, unslinging the flame thrower.

The gyro bounced to a stop a short distance from him and the door swung open. The two Marties bounded out and scampered frantically toward him, wildly waving their tendrils.



Sargent Haggard raised the nozzle of the flame thrower. "Damn, silly, stupid, little weeds," he muttered.

The string of flame roared out, thin to start with, then billowing out into a seething hot ball around the Martians.

Then it was off, and the shadows of the Martain semi-night rushed back to hide their charred bodies.

"Wonder what they wanted," mused Haggard, as he walked toward the things that once were living. Idly he kicked one of them. A low rumble sounded faintly in his ears, and a chill danced up his spine as he associated the rumble with the kick.

He calmed himself as the rumble grew steadily louder. "What's that?" he wondered. "It seems to be coming from up the canal."

His eyes widened as he looked up the canal and saw, in the distance, a black, writhing mass that crawled rapidly toward him.

"They're flooding the canal," he gasped, then turned and ran toward the cyclogyro. He arrived at its open door gasping and reeling dizzily. "The air,--it isn't--thick enough--for--anybody--but Marties," he wheezed as he dragged himself into the cabin and slammed the door.

He sat back in the uncomfortable, oddly shaped seat and panted. "I never---should have--tried to--run--in this--thin air, but now I'm safe."

His eyes focused on the control panel.

"Control disks," he gasped. "Control disks that Marties pull in and out with their little suction cup hands. Smooth, flat control disks, set flush with the control panel with no place a man can get his fingers in, nothing you can grasp."

Sargent Haggard screamed.

He tried to dig his fingers into the cracks around the disks, but it was no use. He turned to the door.

"Lord!" he whispered. "No doorhandle. Just another damn little disk. I'm trapped!"

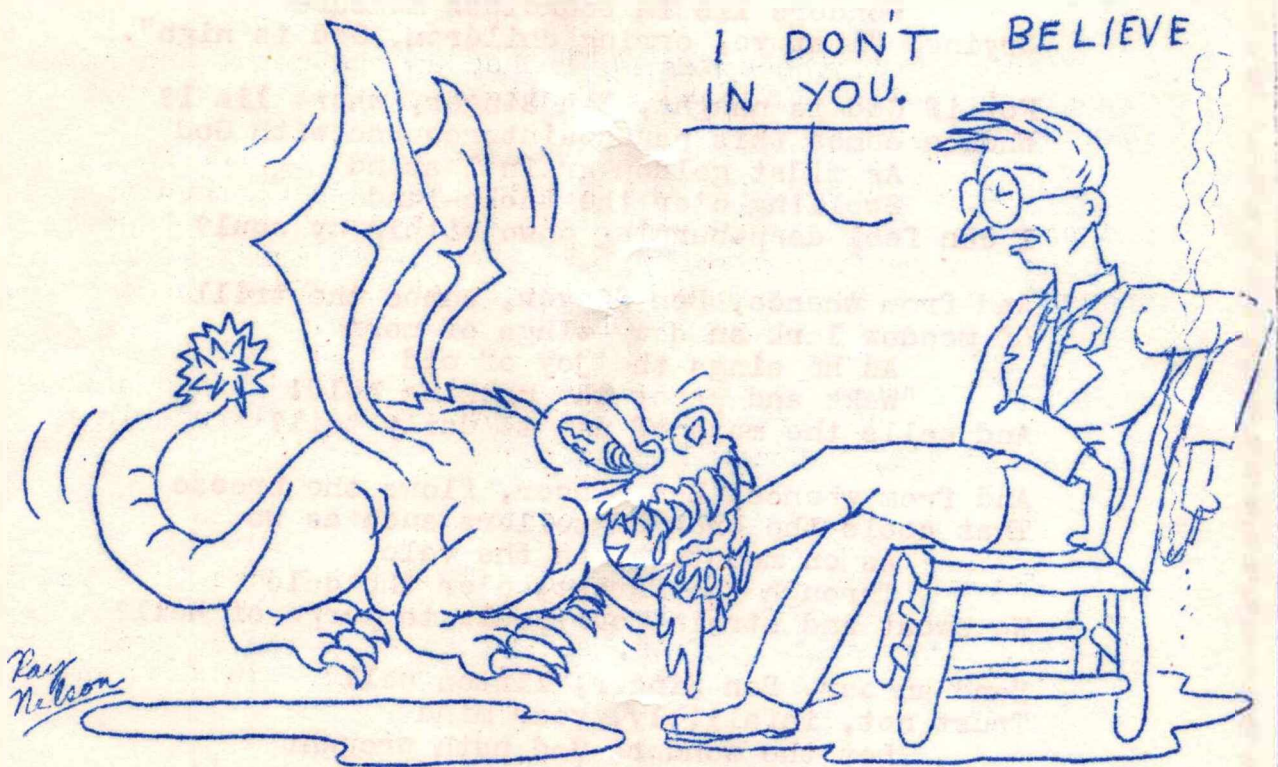
He sat still, frozen with fear, and watched the fifty foot high wall of water thunder toward him at express train speed.

"Martie water isn't going to get me," he muttered. "not Martie water."

He pointed the nozzle at the door and triggered it. The whip of fire lashed out against the fireproof metal and spattered-- spattered back onto Haggard's hands, his arms, his face. Little blobs of liquid fire rained onto his whole body, burning him in a million different places.

Frantically he tried to beat out the flame, to no avail. Sargent Haggard was dead a fraction of a second before the wave hit.

THE  
END



SOMETHING ABOUT NOTHING  
by Trev Nelson

Mary had a little BEM,  
Her pa cut off its head,  
So now when Mary goes to play  
The BEM stays home in bed.



TO BEN SINGER

by

Richard E. Avery

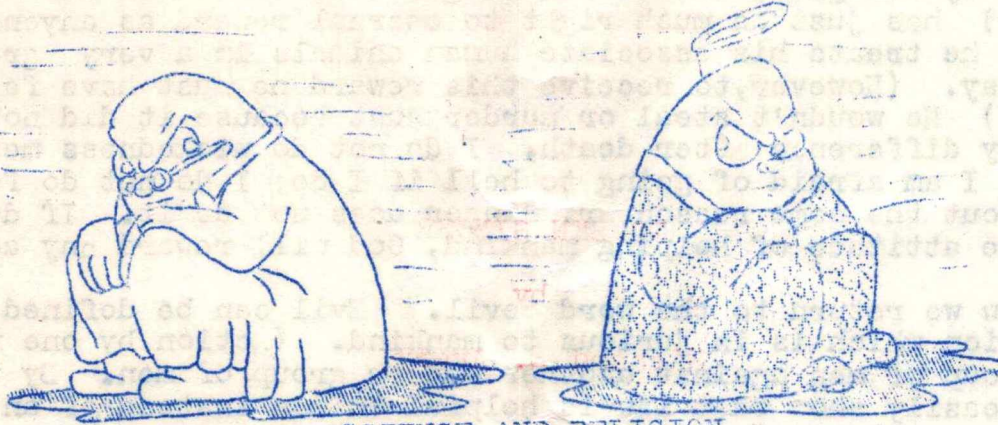
You're a fool, Ben Singer, - you're a fool!  
As is any man who says that God is naught.  
In green of earth and sky of azure  
Wonders lie in boundless measure  
Crying, "List ye, erring children, God is nigh".

For if God is naught, Ben Singer, where lie I?  
Whence comes this psuedo-intercourse with God  
As midst golden grain I stand  
Swelling o'er the table-land  
I can feel deep-burning down within my soul?

And from whence, Ben Singer, comes the trill  
Of meadow lark on dowy wings of morn  
As he sings the joy of old  
"Wake and greet the morning bold!"  
And calls the mass of man to daily toil?

And from whence, Ben Singer, flows the breeze  
That cools the brow of toilers such as we  
As on mountain, in the vale  
Through the forest, o'er the dale  
We sweat and strain, our souls to purge of hell?

Bend an ear, Ben Singer, listen well  
Trust not, infallibly, your mind  
Let the wonders God hath wrought  
Teach the truths the ancients sought  
Then a wise man will be born, Singer boy!



## SCIENCE AND RELIGION

by John Reiser

This article is sort of an answer to two articles which appeared in the first issue of UNIVERSE. Tom Kennedy in his article "The Purpose of Evil," proposes that evil is the force which causes man to advance. Here is the way Mr. Kennedy defines evil. "Evil can be said to be anything which smashes our plans, or hopes or destroys something dear to us." Then he tells us that evil can be divided into two parts; natural misfortunes as earthquakes etc., and the misfortunes caused by man himself. But look here--according to this, law can be said to be evil. Is it evil to make laws to prevent the criminal from continuing his plans, a robber's plan to raid a bank and get away with it? You can easily see that many paradoxes may be made from Kennedy's definition.

To continue, I am going to discard the word evil and use the expression "hindrances to the advancement of man." Now then, here is where Science and Religion come in. In order to explain this I express my own religious beliefs.

I plan to pursue a scientific vocation in the role of a physicist. I also say that I try to lead somewhat of a religious life, that is, I have a belief in God. But it is the way I practice that religion that counts. I might be a Catholic or Jew, it really does not matter. The truth is that I am of distant Jewish ancestry and am now a Catholic. My belief in religion is that Man's duty to God is to treat his fellow human beings in a just, honest manner. God will reward me for how I treat my fellow man rather than how many hours I kneel in a church doing nothing but wasting my time, of which I have only so much. Do I believe in going to church? Yes, I do. Here is the reason: I want to go to church as a place to learn how I can better help mankind by being moral and just, and not to hear about something which has no human value. I expect my Priests or ministers to help me become a better citizen of the World.

To me, Religion, therefore, can help the advancement of man by taking care of the morals and wickedness of man. Science can advance man by taking care of the natural misfortunes.

In my Religion, writer Ben Singer (who calls himself an Atheist) has just as much right to eternal reward as anyone, because he treats his associate human animals in a very gratifying way. (However, to receive this reward he must have faith in God.) He wouldn't steal or murder just because it did not make any difference after death. I do not do wickedness merely because I am afraid of going to hell if I do; I do not do for just about the same reason Mr. Singer does not do it. If done with the attitude of helping mankind, God will reward any action.

Now we return to the word "evil." Evil can be defined as any action which is injurious to mankind. (Action by one man or a group of men against another man or group of men. By this we can easily show that law is helpful to man instead of an evil, as can be derived from Kennedy's definition.

As for the Soul. Ben Singer says that the Religionist believes he possesses a soul, which cannot be seen, touched, smelled, and weighs nothing. What does Singer think a thought is? It also cannot be measured in sq. inches or weighed in grams, for it has no mass. Yet, I doubt that Mr. Singer will deny the existence of a thought. But it is not my purpose to prove that there is a soul. There is though, a form of reasoning by the use of abstractions.

Where the trouble comes in, is that Religion tries to prove that science is immoral and displeasing to God. (Some Religions, that is.) They say this is true just in order to cover up for some errors that they made in trying to make certain explanations, explanations which they had no business making. Science, on the other hand, tried to prove that Religion is a superstition on the grounds that Religion tries to explain this without any physical or visible proof.

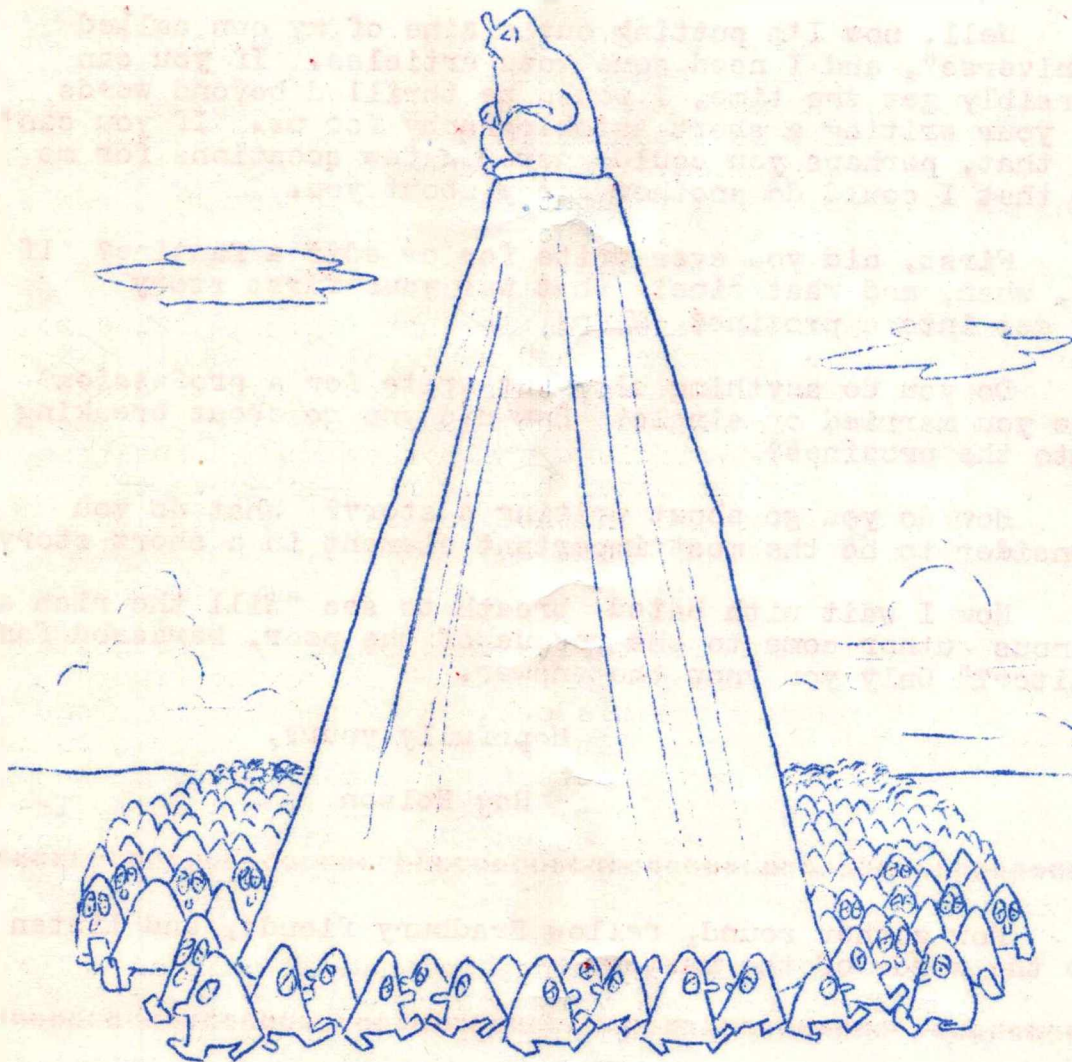
If Religion will keep to its work as to the advancement of mans' morals and Science to its work as to the finding of how man can conquer the misfortunes caused by the elements, this world would be a very fine place to live, a world on which a man might want to live perpetually. God has made these misfortunes in order that man may, through mans' own will, improve himself, and thus keep occupied. What a dreadful world it would be if man had absolutely nothing to overcome. (As Tom Keddedy tries to prove.)

There are quacks in anything, Science as well as Religion. I admit that there are some very narrow-minded so-called Religionists, and there are Scientists that do not use a scientific line of thought. Usually these two groups of quacks are those who try to prove each other wrong, rather than doing their own work for the advancement of man.

I believe that there is a God who made the Universe and I also believe an unbiased science will tell me the evolution of that Universe. I hope to be a good religionist and a good scientist for, if the two do their work properly, they cannot and will not interfere with each other. This

is where I draw the line.

Here's a toast to a strong and perfect Religion which will rid man of all immoralism and injustices, and to an advancing Science which will make our Universe a fascinating and safe place to exist.....Bottoms Up!



OR THE INTELLECTUAL

# TRIVIA

To Ray Bradbury  
33 South Venice Blvd.  
Venice, California

From Ray Nelson  
433 E. Chapin St.  
Cadillac, Mich.

Dear Ray,

I hope you remember me, Ray Nelson, the fellow who praised you up and down the pages of the fanzine, Spacewarp a short time ago.

Well, now I'm putting out a zine of my own called "Universe", and I need some good articles. If you can possibly get the time, I would be thrilled beyond words by your writing a short autobiography for us. If you can't do that, perhaps you could answer a few questions for me so that I could do another story about you.

First, did you ever write for or edit a fanzine? If so, when, and what zine? What was your first story to get into a prozine? When?

Do you do anything else but write for a profession? Are you married or single? How did you go about breaking into the prozines?

How do you go about writing a story? What do you consider to be the most important element in a short story?

Now I wait with bated breath to see "Will the rich and famous author come to the rescue of the poor, harassed fanzine editor?" Only you know the answer.

Hopefully yours,

Ray Nelson

\*\*\*\*\*

Now gather round, fellow Bradbury fiends, and listen to the words of the master.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Ray,

I was pleased to hear from you. Here are a few answers to your questions, which you might use. I haven't time to do a full-blown autobiography, as I am leaving for San Francisco this week and will be busy for some time.

I was born in Waukegan, Illinois in 1920, and have lived in Los Angeles since I was fourteen. I began writing when I was eleven or twelve years old. My early influences were the Tarzan and Oz books, naturally, followed by Poe. Contrary to your belief that Poe has been an influence, I do not believe this to be true. I haven't read Poe since I was seventeen, many years ago, and since there is little relationship between our styles, and very little in our ideas as far as I recall, I believe you would be better off searching among contemporary authors for influences.

I had my own fan magazine when I was eighteen, titled FUTURIA FANTASIA, with covers, four of them, by Hannes Bok. And material by Ross Rocklynne, Henry Kuttner, Hannes Bok, myself and others. The magazine, a quarterly, existed for four issues only and died in 1940, after having been sponsored financially by the Los Angeles Science Fiction League. It offered me a chance to see my own things in print at a time when I did not have the facility to sell to the large market. I believe a fan magazine can serve a good purpose if it sustains the ego of the young writer until such time as he is ready to take wing into the thin air of professional competition. I do not believe fan mags should become ends in themselves, since they permit little growth, but should be used as props along the path to literary success. Thus used, they are invaluable.

Interestingly enough, my first actual sale, with money involved, was my story PENDULUM which originally was printed in my own magazine FUTURIA FANTASIA. A rewritten version of PENDULUM, with Henry Hesse as my collaborator, sold to Super Science and was published in August 1941 on my 21st birthday.

I do nothing else but write for a profession. You might be interested to know that on July 15th, Thursday night, on the CBS 'Suspense' program, I will have a play, starring Ida Lupino. It is a semi-weird story. Hope you hear it.

I have been married for almost a year. My wife's name is Marguerite and she is a graduate of UCLA.

How did I go about breaking into the professional magazines? I wrote four million words of material from the time I was sixteen until I was twenty-one. That's the only way to do it. A thousand words, or more, every day of your life. Practice.

Practice and disappointment and more practice.

I owe a great debt of gratitude to my good friends, Henry Kuttner, Leigh Brackett, Edmond Hamilton, Julie Schwartz, Henry Hasse, Ross Rocklynne, and Jack Williamson, as well as Leslyn and Robert Heinlein for the valuable criticism they gave me nine years ago. I shall never forget them for their kindnesses.

The most important element in a short story is humanity. All of the doodads and gewgaws and fourth-dimensional riveting machines in history can't save a story that isn't sympathetically conceived through its characters.

How do I write a story? First I have read or heard or thought something that titillates me. Then I try to cast it into story form. This is done by conceiving of a character who can embody and enforce the idea. Once I have my character delineated, I have only to muster my opposing forces, set the scene, and the story tells itself.

I do not believe that you really believe that I am rich and famous. Nor do I believe that you are poor and harassed. I hope the above material will be of use. My very best wishes to you.

Yours,

*Ray Bradbury*

\*\*\*\*\* ----- \*\*\*\*\*

Dear Ray,  
Keep "Universe" as is. (A little of everything)  
Letter section? SURE! Nice work, I'll be waiting for  
number two.

----Kaymar

\*\*\*\*\*

Ray,  
This is merely to record that in Universe l#1 I enjoyed "Breaking Point" & "Atheism Explained" quite well. Most of the rest seemed pretty slim, tho "World Government" was well enuf organized & suffered principally from the limitations imposed by its brevity.

Chan Davis

(Eds blurb) So you think "World Government" was too short, hey? Well, there's plenty more where that came from, and sooner or later your going to see the rest of it. All the rest of it.

Dear Ray,

I have just received my first copy of "Universe."  
Excellent! Starting with the poll on the back page:

1. Religious articles, maybe. Could use more on atheism,
2. Political articles, yes.
3. Non-fantasy stories, maybe.
4. SF reviews, yes.
5. Table of Contents, yes. (One bad point of No.1.
6. Red, blue, green, black, inks, Yes.
10. White paper, yes.
11. Buff paper, maybe. (If you can't get anything else.)
12. Varied colors, definitely!

To proceed. "Atheism Explained" by Singer. One of the best I've ever read. Singer was at his best. He knows what he says when he discusses religion, atheism, and Ghod. (Yes, I'm an atheist also.)

"STF on the Air" by Nihil. Good. He forgot to mention, or has never heard of "Escape." It's on WJR (CBS) in Detroit- Wednesdays at 10:30 P.M. daylight saving time. Last night, while browsing in Keat's Book Store, I heard them dramatize H.G.Wells' "Country of the Blind." Of course, they do everything and don't stick to STF.

Join the World Federalists! What goes? Is this a paid ad or just the sentiments of the editor?

((Ed's note: Both!))

"The Purpose of Evil" by Kennedy. Nothing to it. Evil has not aided progress, as the religionists would have us believe. In the third paragraph he divides evil into two classes. The first class, bodily and mental ills, are what have caused some of man's progress and these are (quote the priests) devil inspired rather than God inspired. Kennedy says that living together has helped us progress thru moral codes. Living together has also developed greed and more evil. Just a vicious cycle.

((Ed's prattle: Why don't we all just commit suicide?))

"World Government" by Nelson. Altho this is an excellent piece of propaganda for the World Feds, I agree wholeheartedly. Of course, world government is not the only thing racial, religious, and other prejudices hinder.



"Breaking Point" by Rapp. Excellent. I usually do like Rapp's fiction altho, for some reason, this has a very familiar ring to it.

"The Blue Mountains" by Nelson. Good, as a fable. The woman could represent the church, that refuses to look at both sides for fear of the truth. The man, on the other hand, represents the masses who go to church and pretend to believe because of what they think is an inescapable social responsibility.  
(Wrong. Guess again. :Ed's blither)

I know that Trev and Radell are brothers, but is Ray Nelson a pen name or father of Radell's?

((Ans. Radell and Ray are all the same schmoe. Pappy's name is Walt. Walt is an ex atomic engineer turned airplane jockey. He is also a STFan. There's no telling what that combination could lead to, we hope.))

As a whole, very good.

FNTGLY yours,

Hal Shapiro

P.S. So far three MSFS members, Singer, Young, and Metchette, have approved this new name: MISFITS

Michigan  
Instigators of  
Science  
Fantasy for  
Intellectually  
Thinking  
Society

What do you (and the rest of Cadillac) think?

((Ed's moan: If I expressed my full opinion on that ghastly so-called name we would undoubtly be bared from the mails.))

Dear Ray:

Nice job on your first. Cartoons dandy. "Breaking Point" excellent. Like good expositions on religion --pro and con--where the writers talk sense, which no one did in UNIVERSE, except the quote from Einstein. Is Singer the catalist in such discussions recently coming out of Michigan. He makes the common juvenile error of identifying religion's abuses with religion itself. Good luck to you.

Don Day

((Ed's mutter: Singer is the catalist, all right))

Dear Ray,

Don't think I've commented on UNIVERSE yet, so....

Your article on WORLD GOVERNMENT struck me as being slanted in the wrong direction. The people of the U.S. are far more international-minded than those of most other countries. The reason? Freer access to information. Therefore, it is not the apathy of the American people which is bogging down the World Federalists, but their reluctance to back a program which other nations will view as just another tool of Yankee imperialism.

((Is that so? The Russians can join the World Feds just as easily as us "imperialists". They got no kick coming; Ed's rasp))

Singer got closer to basic arguments in this article than I've ever seen him before, but in the end he runs off into a frenzy again. That drawing at the end is truly a masterpiece!

When Singer dies, having no place to go, his spirit will undoubtedly haunt Tom Kennedy.

r-tRapp

Dear Ray,

In answer to the poll on the back cover of the last UNIVERSE.....

(1) Religious Articles: Sure, if they're like Ben Singer's (Or was that a religious article?). It's great to find a zine that discusses the fundamentals. Now you ought to have a theologian answer his arguments.

((I don't know about that. You probably remember what Doc Keller said about fan-fauds. Also remember the old Singer-Nelson theological free-for-all of a few months back.: Ed's gurgle))

Speaking of articles, I liked the one on the good old days of radio when it featured more fantasy. ((I doubt that. I'll bet we have more radio fantasy now than we ever did in the "good old days." Ever listen to "Quiet Please?" :Ed's grunt)) I wonder if anyone remembers a serial called "Latitude Zero"? As it was during the years of my youth (ahem) my memory of it is hazy and all I recall is a utopian city beneath the ocean at latitude zero, and one adventure that had the good guys fighting the forces of an evil goddess called Kali on an island replete with gigantic animals etc. Ah yes, the good old days.

Lots of luck; Albert Toth

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- (F) Beware! Your sub ends with this ish.

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