

ARCTURUS

104

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~~PUBLISHER~~

An
EGG
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DEATH OF THE ILSF

-:- :- -C-O-N-T-E-N-T-S- :- -:-

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- ARCTURUS -

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GEORGE R. HAHN HARRY DOCKWEILER

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~~--- -0- --- ARCTURUS --- -0- ---~~

11 THE NEW ARCTURUS

13 An Editorial

When the ILSF broke up (see following pages), it was tacitly agreed that its official organ, ARCTURUS, was too good a magazine to share its fate. The then incumbent editor, however, was unable to continue his work.

And so, the rights to the magazine, together with all liabilities and obligations, came to us.

Obviously, since the magazine is no longer connected with a club, we cannot continue to publish it in the same identical form. And we feel that you, our readers and subscribers, have a right to know just what changes will

take place. Thus, this editorial.

Our most radical change is in the format of the magazine. We feel that the large or letter size is too unwieldy for a magazine of less than twenty pages; the intermediate size too difficult mechanically. We also believe that the very smallness of this size makes it attractive and more handy.

We intend to retain, as far as possible, the breezy, easy atmosphere which has become an integral part of the magazine. Our table of contents for this issue is perhaps an evidence of this; since, of the eight items listed, six are of that type; and the other two will not be repeated after this first issue.

We shall do all possible to get the best material available; and, in furtherance of this, we offer to each person submitting an acceptable item a free one year subscription to the magazine. This offer is effective with the next issue.

-- FREDERIK POHL.

LEAGUE MESSAGE

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Independent League for Science Fiction, held on January 2nd, 1937, two motions were made, seconded, and carried unanimously. They were:-

1. To turn over to the Editorial Board, all rights to name, features, and equipment of ARCTURUS, together with all obligations carried by the publication. The Editorial Board includes Harold W. Kirshenblit, Editor; Irving L. Kosow, Associate Editor; R. Henry Drucker, Art Editor; and Frederik Pohl and Louis N. Heynick, Contributing Editors. This transfer was made with the understanding that the Editorial Board would continue to publish ARCTURUS regularly, as provided in the League constitution (ARCTURUS, Volume 1 number 6).

2. To dissolve the Independent League for Science Fiction, and its chapters, as such. The reason for this

was the belief of the Committee that the Independent League for Science Fiction could no longer continue to carry out its proper function, due to the attacks upon it made by certain disgruntled former members.

The power to take these actions is delegated to the Executive Committee by the Constitution, Article VI, Section 1, Paragraph 6, which says: "(The Executive Committee shall have the power) To take to itself all executive powers and functions concerning the good of the League, if these are not provided for herein, unless these powers or functions belong, by parliamentary procedure, to a specific chapter or officer thereof."

Therefore, all charters heretofore granted by the President or Secretary of the League are hereby revoked, and all memberships cancelled.

(Signed) Harold W. Kirshenblit
Chairman, Executive Committee.

(Read the next issue of ARCTURUS for the future plans of the I.L.S.F.) 2

18 57-7
2 88 THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS

2 "HARRY DROCKWEILER"

Q. Born?

A. Yes.

Q. Cut out the comedy. . . When?

A. January 30th, 1919, if its ~~anything~~
to ya. anything

Q. What's your real name?

A. Joseph Harold Drockweiler, but don't
print it.

Q. Sure. . . What do you do?

A. Drink, eat, sleep, smoke, -- oh, ~~yes~~
yes, I write a little.

Q. Ever sell anything?

A. No, but I will.

Q. Ever try to sell anything?

A. Twice.

Q. What happened?

A. Skip it.

Q. Bad as that, huh? Well, what about
the other things you do? What do
you drink?

A. Tom Collins or Vat 69 and soda.

Q. Smoke?

A. Philip Morris, if I can grab Sem.

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Q. What else do you do? Any sports?

A. Football, polo. I used to be ~~good~~
good at cross-country running.

Q. Used to be?

A. Well, I'm out of training. I used//
to be able to run for miles without
stopping.

Q. Miles?

A. Yeah, miles!

Q. O.K. . . Are you a science fiction/
fan?

A. Hell, no!

Q. Then why do you read the stuff, ed-
it fan magazines, and join stf////
clubs?

A. You meet such interesting people.

Q. That's probably right -- look at//
me.

A. I'd rather not.

Q. Wise guy?

A. I think so.

Q. Let it pass. . . How are you on ec-
nomics and world politics?

A. Fine, thanks. How're you?

Q. I mean what do you think of pre-///
vailing conditions?

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(Please turn to page 29.)

E 7 by HAROLD W. KIRSHENBLIT

(NOTE:- This column will appear regularly in ARCTURUS, beginning with this issue. It will be devoted to comment on doings in the science fiction world as well as choice bits of news and gossip about fans and fan activities.)

11 -1- 10 -:-

So FANTASY has been sold to the SCIENCE FANTASY CORRESPONDENT. As the announcement in that issue of FANTASY says, this should prove to be the best science fiction fan magazine out. The CORRESPONDENT is a sweet little job, and FANTASY has always been tops in the fan mag field. Julius Schwartz tells us he is dropping FANTASY because he has too much work now. We're inclined to believe that he's gotten just a little sick of science fiction and the fan world. We all get the feeling at one time or another, some stronger than others. Apparently, if our guess is right, Julius got it

stronger.

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It's hard to blame him, at that. when one thinks of all the crackpots that make up the science fiction world. We haven't met a science fiction fan yet who hadn't some queer streak in him somewhere.

When we speak of crackpots in science fiction, we always think of little Forrie first. You know, Whacky Acky, the Esperanto Kid. The story is told (we can't vouch for it, but it's worth the telling anyhow) of how Forrie once wrote a letter to the late H. P. Lovecraft concerning a story by Lovecraft in WEIRD TALES. It seems he hit poor HP with everything but the stapling machine,-- and wound up asking for his autograph. . . We'll never forget his letter in WONDER STORIES in which he speaks of Paulo and Edmundo Hamilton. Whenever we're depressed we reread that letter for laughs.

Speaking of queer people reminds us of G.G. Clark. Whatever happened to him? Last we heard of GG, he had given up a hairbrained scheme to syndicate

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columns among the fan magazines. That, was after he had dropped the BROOKLYN REPORTER and announced he was getting out of science fiction. The Forgotten Man of Science Fiction. But then there are lots of them -- Charles D. Hornig, to name one.

And then there's the publishing urge. Hardly a day goes by that we don't hear of a new science fiction fan mag coming out, sometimes two or three. Little ones, big ones, mimeographed ones, printed ones, hektographed ones, even -- yes, even carbon copy ones. Some are organs of this or that science fiction organization, while others are just put out to gratify the publisher's urge to see himself or his opinions in print. Few of them pay for themselves, although Fred Pohl claims that anything in science fiction will pay for itself in the long run. We're inclined to disagree. Look at ARCTURUS.

Another enterprise with big ideas that seems destined to molder on the shelf is the proposed WHO'S WHO IN

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SCIENCE FICTION. The idea was to list every prominent fan, author, and editor, with some short facts about each such as age, hobbies, etc. What stopped it was the financial end, something that the average publishing science fiction fan doesn't give much thought to, until too late. It was the particular brainchild of your columnist, but Ted Cornell, who was to have been the English representative, together with Maurice Hanson, claims to have thought of it long ago.

Reliable sources tell us that there are less than two hundred real fans in the world. Their definition of a fan is, we think, the right one, and it justifies the name:-- A fan is one who reads the science fiction magazines and engages actively in some form of fan activity. The fan activity can be passive, such as subscribing to the fan magazines, but most of the fans who subscribe also have their fingers in one or more publishing pies at the same time. It sounds pretty sad for

13 (Please turn to page 28.)

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8

THE TRIUMPH OF THE EGG

8

by DONALD A. WOLLHEIM.

came first,///

The problem of which ~~xxxxxxx~~ the chicken or the egg, has occupied the minds of some of the world's most brilliant men for centuries. It is safe to say that, up to this time, it has never been solved satisfactorily. This article shall give the final answer to this deep question.

Friends of the chicken say that, as all eggs have first to be laid by a hen, the egg could not have come first. Supporters of the egg, on the other hand, deny this and say that no chicken could have come into existence without first being an egg.

I shall disprove the former assumption beyond question of a doubt. ~~xxx~~

Let us take a chicken; there can be no doubt that it came from an egg. The egg from which our chicken hatched was in turn laid by an earlier chicken, which in its turn came from a still earlier egg. So we continue to

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Fifth Avenue with bowed head and the great physician's umbrella, a doomed man. Bill, who had been expelled from college the previous month for selling the dean bad liquor, had gone to work in his uncle's new space-ship works, and the sudden strain imposed on his system through having to work for a living had so unnerved him that he had gone to New York's most famous specialist, where first we found him.

11

-:- 10 -:-

"One month!" said he; "one month." Such a short time on which to prosecute life's unfathomable purpose. To be nipped in the bud like a weed. To be parked like a discarded piece of spearmint on the bedpost of eternity.

He laughed hollowly.

"Watcha laughin' at?" yelled a passing inebriate. "You ain't no Robert Taylor yerself! Come back here! Hey!" But William had hailed a passing taxi.

"A month's a month," he said. "I must refrain from laughing hollowly in public places."

11

-:- 10 -:-

To William Morrison Choob, man and all his works, conventions, and laws constituted a huge joke. He was outside the pale. For instance, that bulbous traffic cop: it wouldn't be a bad idea to kick him in the seat of the pants. Suppose he got sent to the chair for it -- well? Or he might join Red Boddey's space pirates and shoot up New York, or a great idea struck him -- he could go to the office and pull the nose of Mr. Boom.

Mr. Boom, advertising manager of the Ghoober Rocket Ship Co., was as popular with his subordinates as a hangover. That afternoon Mr. Boom was puzzled; he had used all the superlatives he could think of -- what next? He stood bewildered, an imposing figure executed in 'vieux plum' shade, his thumbs stuck in the elaborate cummerbund which tenderly cradled the gigantic mass of his paunch.

To Mr. Boom entered Mr. Choob. Mr. Boom made known his pleasure in his usual manner: he inquired (1.) whether Mr. Choob labored under the delusion

that he was Clark Gable, coming in at this hour, (2.) what he thought he was paid for, and (3.) if he'd rather have the sack now or wait until he got it.

In reply, Mr. Choob delivered a 30 second oration, touching unfavorably on Mr. Boom's ancestry, mode of life, and incipient candidacy for the fat man exhibit in any side show, and concluding with the assurance that he (Mr. Choob) was extremely willing, nay, anxious, to give him (Mr. Boom) a dashed good zonk on the point.

"Say, guy," gasped the enfeebled Boom, "you been taking a will-power course?"

"Moreover," continued William, "you are about as much use at writing advertising copy as a brachiocephalic Martian with no eyes. Look at this -- 'The GHOOPER, the best spaceship.' Poo! Pish-tush! Pshaw! This is the stuff that sells," and, seizing Mr. Boom's gold-mounted fountain pen, he wrote:-

"Listen, mugs, -- I mean you regular guys, we ain't talking to no poor,

dumb, candy-corn~~in~~lin' lounge lizards. No Sir! It's the regular hard boiled yeggs who'll bet their suspenders that they've got enough gray stuff put away in the old organ loft to spot one 100% drawn-from-the-wood, hell-tearing, bone-crushing, skull-smashing tornado of pocket-sized dynamite. Yeah man, you said it -- ONE GHOOPER!

"Send along right now for our catalogue, all dolled up in holiday duds, -- shows you ~~just~~ ~~no~~ an why you gotta have one of these record-braking space wagons. Buy a GHOOPER and show the pilots of the strato-lanes where to get off!"

"Great!" gasped Mr. Boom: "your pay's doubled!"

"Doubled?" asked William M. coldly.

"Uh -- tripled," corrected Mr. Boom faintly, as the door closed behind Mr. Ghoob.

11 :- 10 :-

One week later. The Ghooper works were in confusion, for the next day was the start of the great spaceship race around the moon and back, which

every rocket firm tried to win for the prestige (and orders) accruing.

And Freddie Falloff, the White Hope of the Ghooper team, was in the hospital, awaiting an operation.

"What's he got?" was the anxious question.

"Money!" answered the surgeons joyfully.

"Well then, who will ride for us?" was the Ghooper Men's cry. "Who has the reckless courage to defy the terrors of outer space. . ." Well, who do you think?

"William Morrison Ghoob!" shouted the staff with one mucous voice, lifting him shoulder high.

11 :- 10 :-

Well, when our hero won the Moon Test Trial, -- oh, didn't I tell you? Well, he did. With that characteristic dare-deviltry and insouciance befitting one who knows not fear -- and that he's about ready to pass in his checks anyhow -- WMC tore through the void. From the very start he aroused much interest; for upon taking off

from Eneyd Bennett Field in his single-seater spaceship, he failed to elevate his tail fins quickly enough, and consequently neatly decapitated both the RCA and Empire State buildings at about the fiftieth stories.

There were only five other entries in the race, but they had left some time before William's co-workers were able to sober him up and get him to the field, thus putting him in rather a bad starting position. This daunted him not at all, though; and, as soon as he had shaken the dust and assorted masonry from his rocket tubes, he flashed away -- in the direction of Mars.

He was under way for less than a week, though, when he discovered his error; and, showing great presence of mind, he described a great arc in space, which swept him into the home stretch only ten days, six hours, and twelve minutes behind his rivals.

But there had occurred the one chance in a million: a large meteor, wandering aimlessly through space, had

decided to take a hand in the game, and had smeared WMG's opponents all over space; and William, when he landed, received the plaudits of the world, the Woolworth Cup, the Freedom of Wisconsin, and the right to sport the badge of the Firestone Chapel of Ease Young People's Get-Together League. Fame at last was his.

The day following his successful, though short, career as a space-pilot, he retired from racing and took over the post of head designer and manufacturer of Ghoobers.

But, with all this acclaim, William was not happy. "Hail," he would soliloquize in private, "what is there to live for?" His answer came the next day.

For Love came into the life of William Morrison Ghoob.

She was a lovely girl, so petite, with a wonderful complexion and perfectly moulded figure. Not a scientist's daughter, strangely enough, but just one of the local girls making in the big city.

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Her lush lashes duskily embowered//
the violet depths of those twin pools//
she called her eyes. A neck so slender
could eke support the chestnut fires//
that warmed the copper of her hair,///
and all that sort of thing. In fact,///
she was a wooze.

"Aimee," said Wm. to her one day,///
for such was her name, "Aimee, I must/
tell you my secret."

"You ain't broke?" asked the maiden
anxiously.

"Yes," replied Wm., laughing hol-//
lowly, "broke on the wheel of Fate."//
And he related his terrible tale.

"Say, Willie," gasped Aimee, "you//
ain't gonna throw in the towel and///
call it a day just because that hick//
medico put the evil eye on you? Let me
talk to him, I guess I can make him///
change his mind."

"You are right!" cried William,///
"Courage! Not for nothing is the motto
of the Ghoobs 'nee pass see pencher ow
dehorse'!" So saying he rushed out,///
and grabbed an air taxi. Tucking his//
beloved in with one heel, he gave the/

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driver directions and they were/at////
Fifth Avenue in a jiffy. Or at least a
trice.

11 -1- 10 -1-

Silence in the consulting room as//
before. The celebrated physician fold-
ed his stethoscope and cleared his////
throat.

"Doctor," cried William Choob, "be-
fore you speak remember you condemned
me once, but then what did I care?////
Life held nothing for me then, but now
-- ah, now!"

With his big hand he sought her///
little one, which was exploring his///
change pocket.

"Now Life holds everything for me.
Now I have that pearl beyond price,
the love of a good woman," he said,
for he was not without his poetic///
side.

The Great Man coughed again.

"You came to me," he said, "and I//
told you what I believed to be true --
that you had but one month to live.///
Well, I was wrong."

With a strangled cry of mingled ec-

stasy and relief the lovers fell into/
one another's arms.

"Yes," continued the specialist, "I/
was wrong. I should have said three///
weeks".

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10 M I N D 2 of 2 M A N

9 "The Elset Magazine"

If you want to see the magazine that//
everybody's raving about, send a nick-
el to 677 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, New
York for "The Magazine of Vapid Verse/
and Pointless Prose." You'll rave too!
In fact, you'll be raving mad over

10 M I N D 2 of 2 M A N

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9 LIGHT FROM ARCTURUS

6 by Harold W. Kirshenblit.

26 (Continued from page 13.)

science fiction, and it must be rather
disillusioning to some of the newcom-
ers in fan circles.

See we're running over our allotted
space, so we'll close here. So long --
see you next month.

8 THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS

2 "HARRY DOCKWELLER"

7 (Continued from page 9.)

A. I like 'em. Looks like a war coming
up.

Q. Then you're a militarist?

A. Militarist enough for two. Used to/
be a platoon sarge in the R.O.T.C.

Q. Used to be?

A. You gonna start that again?

Q. Sorry. . . How're you on military//
science, ballistics, etc.?

A. Good enough. I'm a fair marksman, //
too.

Q. Political or religious beliefs?

A. None.

Q. How do you do in l'arts d'amour?

A. All right, till recently.

Q. Tell me all.

A. She threw me over.

Q. Then?

A. Then I threw away the cocktail/////
shaker and began drinking it out of
the bottle.

Q. To forget, huh?

A. Yeah. I drink because I'm sad, and/
I get sad when I drink. 'Sa vicious

circle.

- Q. And now what's your attitude towards the Unfair Sex?
- A. Phooey. Playthings for an idle moment.
- Q. Bagatelles, huh?
- A. The very word.
- Q. Anything else?
- A. I guess not. Wait a minute -- you may quote me in my favorite remark.
- Q. Which is?
- A. "Trouble with you is that you've got dreams, ideals. Doesn't do to have 'em -- the damn things get broken too easily."

-- OMNISCUS.

ARCTURUS

10 THE THOUSANDTH RAID

12 by Rudolph Zima

7 (Continued from page 17.)

defenseless, they sprang behind a secret refractoflect screen, whence they began to operate the awful Grend Ray!

(What is to be the fate of the

Fighting Four? Will they succumb? Continue this amazing story in our next

13

IN MEMORIAM

INDEPENDENT LEAGUE FOR SCIENCE FICTION
In its short life it harmed no man. Yet, like all other pacific and harmless things, it was attacked by vicious rodents, who, not content with wounding it from within, assailed it with all their spite from without.

And, hypocrites that they were, they tore down that small edifice to the very cause they pretended to advance, the cause of science fiction.

And so, here lies the ILSF. May its death be a warning to remind science fiction fans that such creatures do exist. And may it some day cause them to drive out, as they would any other vermin, the lice that are a disgrace to the name of science fiction.

Then shall that death not have been in vain.

-- HAK

To be drawn

~~Handwritten scribbles~~

PHO

