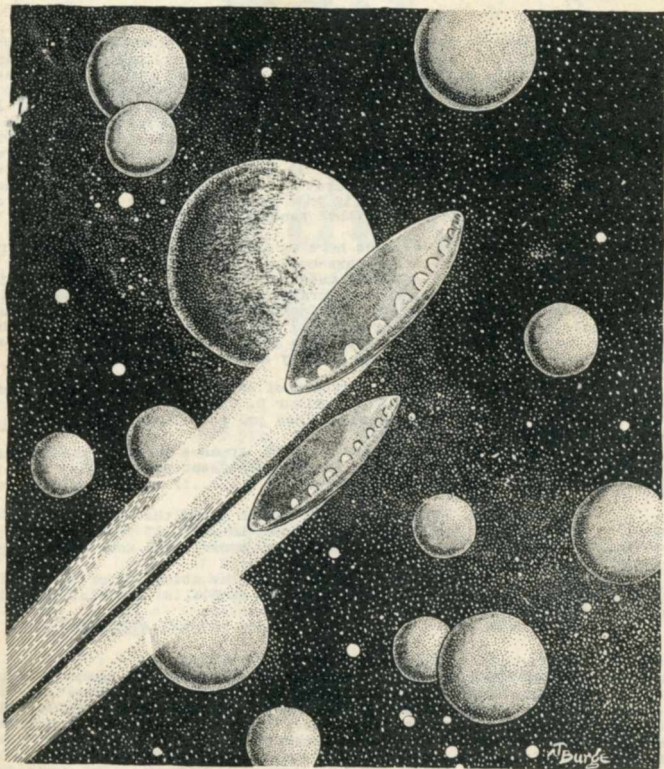


# COSMAG SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 2

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## SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST

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When I The #4 issue of Science Fiction Digest is ready for mailing to the lithographers ON TIME! Several nights of furious typing, pasting, snipping have brought us to the editorial page, which I attempt to leave till last and darn near left out this trip. I had only planned on 16 pages in #4 but whereas in the past I have worried about finding something to fill the 16 pages, this time I actually had to decide what to leave out! And it's a nice feeling, believe me. Three artists have offered their services to SPD, Dave Stone, Richard Ward, and Harold Hostetler. Harold did the illos for Ganley's "Sorry Saurian" in this issue, as well as the heading for Willis' "The Immortal Teacup". He was the first to offer his services, and hence the only one of the three to appear in this issue. I'll try to have all of them represented in #5 and you can then render your preferences.

I would like to express here my indebtedness to Vernon McCain, firstly, for spending God-only-knows-how-many hours digging thru piles of moldy fannies in search of suitable material for SPD, and further, typing it legibly into double spaced manuscripts. In addition, Vernon had the Lemuel Craig article written expressly for this mag, and has promised all needed assistance in procuring material for SPD in the future. From this issue, you may consider him as Associate Editor of SPD, for he will be a decisive factor in bringing you top quality articles in the future.

Walt Willis begins his history of British fandom in this issue with an expose of the private life of Arthur C. Clarke; you should read the second installment! That's intended to lead you to believe I already have the next installment!

Bob Johnson's auto-biography of ONB appears herein, accompanied sadly, however, with the news that his NOLAN issue was the next to last regular issue. You know the story as well as I.....if not, read "The Orb and I".

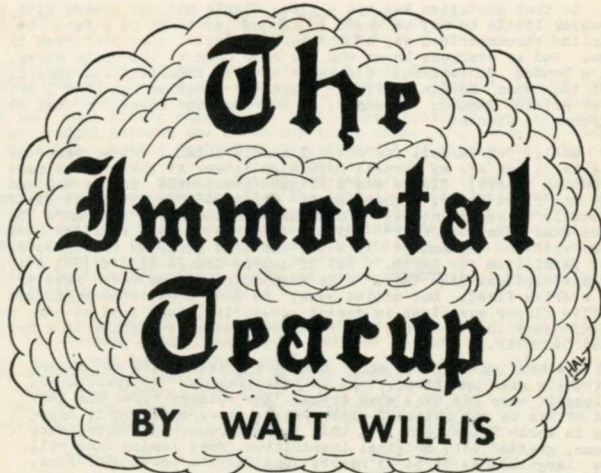
Paul Ganley's "Sorry Saurian" struck me as the answer to these pleas I've been hearing lately for 'more humor in sci-fi'. If you don't get at least several chuckles from it, I suggest you consult the nearest auditor. Who said that dirty word?

Before I leave, I would like to call the attention of certain UK correspondents to the beautifully evened edges of Willis' article....and the horribly ragged remainder. I lost my whip.....

I await your verdict.

*Henry*

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PART ONE.

PEOPLE

"I shall never break completely with fandom."

-----Arthur C. Clarke, VOM #40, March, 1945

Some years ago Rick Sneary sent a questionnaire to various prominent fans. One of his questions was whether it would be a good thing if all fans lived in the same town. With uncommon common sense, most of the fans replied that it wouldn't, because if fans could talk to one another instead of writing, some of the most enjoyable of fan activities would tend to die away, such as fax publishing and letter writing. In London, this is what has actually happened. It has at once the biggest number of fans and the least activity of any city in the English speaking world.

But London fandom is far from being dead, whatever unkind things we provincial barbarians may say about it from time to time. Old English fans never die, they merely fade away into the saloon bar of the White Horse Tavern, where every fan in the greater London area congregates on Thursday nights. Coming into this place, the astounded neo-fan feels like his American counterpart entering PAPA and encountering the giants of a former era. But the White Horse is no elephant graveyard, full of white sepulchres fulfilling their minimum activity requirements. It is more like the Elysian fields. There, any Thursday night, can be seen our ancestors, the legendary heroes mentioned in the Fancyclopedia, alive and fanning still after their fashion.

So that quotation was not a gibe. Clarke has not broken with fandom, however little he may be known to fandom at large as a fan. He fans still, in the circumscribed way of the London Circle, that microcosm in the microcosm. And as everyone knows who has ever been to the White Horse, or attended a London Convention, Clarke is a very important fan indeed. So important that when Norman Ashfield suggested sometime ago that I write a History of British Fandom, he added, "But then who knows the full story, except Arthur C. Clarke?"

Well, Ted Carnell for one, I should think, but we were talking about Clarke. I can air my Carnell Knowledge later. At the time he made the promise quoted above, Clarke was a Flight Lieutenant in the RAF and had just sold his first story. That was to Gillings' PANTASY, but his first story actually to see print was "Loopholes" in the April 1946 ASP. In the next issue came "Rescue Puffy" which I think is in some ways the best sf story ever written. Remember? It's the one that gave you the unaccustomed thrill of patriotism for Earth. But of course Clarke didn't just start in writing masterpieces like that. Like most authors, he must have written many bad stories first, but unlike some, he didn't get them published. He did his five finger exercises in decent obscurity, and sold nothing until he had confidence in it. Look, for instance, at this article in a British fan called GARGOYLE.

"All the best authorities agree that the great events of history habitually pass unnoticed. So it is in fandom. No cheer arose (unless it were his own) when Arthur "Ego" Clarke typed the last word of his as yet untitled masterpiece, away on a lonely mountain in North Wales. And yet, this is the product of three years labour, grafted onto original inspiration. Most London fans will know large slices of it by heart, but for the provincial fans, one may baldly summarize:

The story concerns a youth, Raymond, the first child to be born in millions of years in the city of Diaspar, ringed by the deserts of the dying Earth. In him is the initiative that the men of Diaspar have lost, and he sets out in a 'borrowed' air-cruiser to discover what lies over the far horizon. He finds a race still progressive in the last fertile oasis of Earth, and with another youth of that race, he sets out to track down that more adventurous part of humanity, that in the dim past had gone out to the stars. On a planet of a vast artificial system of seven multi-coloured stars they find a monument to the last of their race, who have laid down life after exhausting all the knowledge of the Universe.....

That story was surely "Against The Fall of Night". And that issue of GARGOYLE was dated April 1941.

At the age of 33 Clarke is today one of the best half dozen sf authors in the world. In the last few years he has also become a BSC, the Chairman of the British Interplanetary Society, and Britain's foremost authority on astronautics. As for the man himself, I have met him only a couple of times and found him very amiable. I can't really say, on that acquaintance what justification there is for his nickname of "Ego", but on the one hand, it has certainly stuck, and on the other it seems to be used with real affection. As for instance, by William F. Temple, that old friend and sparring partner of Clarke's, in the following classic of fan journalism. This article first appeared in NOVAE TERRAE, June 1938, and was written just before Clarke and Temple moved together into "The Flat" at 88 Gray's Inn Road, one of the most famous addresses in the history of fandom, and about which I'll have more to say when we come to the "EVENTS" part of this narrative.

## THE BRITISH FAN IN HIS NATURAL HAUNTS

#3 Arthur C. Clarke

Arthur Clarke and his ego live alone in a tiny divan bd. stg. rm., h. & c. running water, use of bath. rm., in a house in Norfolk Square, W.2. The smallness of this room is a standing joke in the London Branch SPA---there is a tale that Arthur once wore a double-breasted suit for the first time, and got wedged between the walls for three days. So, when one beery night at the A.O.D., Arthur invited me to examine it, I accompanied him eagerly.

We toiled up many flights of stairs: A. lives on the top floor. (Funny how these astronomers like the roof.) At last we stood outside the door of the famous den. A. (hereinafter called A.) flung open the door with a magnificent gesture, and thundered "Behold!" But the effect was somewhat spoiled for he'd forgotten to leave a lamp in the light socket, and the den remained obstinately in darkness. However he advanced boldly into the gloom fumbled about and found the lamp (and a few other things by the sould of it) and had another go: "Behold!"

But again an anticlimax. My fault this time. I wasn't there. You see, I'd noticed a small room on the stairs and had to retreat there quite urgently. It had been a VERY beery evening at the A.O.D. Still, I came back again commendably quickly, and at last entered the sanctum. Only just tho. For there was hardly room for the two of us, and A's ego had to be left outside on the landing. A himself generously opened the window and sat himself half outside it to allow me to look around freely.

Pinned on the wall was a yard square photo of the moon. Actually it was made up of four smaller sections, each of different sizes and parts, the consequence was a moon that bulged badly in the wrong places, and one hemisphere missed the other completely and stuck out into space for several hundreds of miles. But A knew his craters and rapped them out as I indicated them: "Tycho, Aristullus, Copernicus....." "What's this?" I asked, pointing out a strange straight mark in the Alps. "The Great Cliff" said A promptly. "Weer thing-----there's no debris in or around it. It's dead straight too, like the slash of an atomic ray-gun."

"Ha! Let's get on to science fiction then. What's your favourite story?"

"One I wrote myself", interpolated the Ego, poking it's head in the door. I batted it one and it retired with an even more swollen head than usual. With true scientific indeterminacy A couldn't decide upon his favourite story. I caught sight of some books piled on top of his cupboard and brought them down in a shower of sugar and granupetes. Did I mention that A's ladder is on top of the cupboard too? The first book I looked at was "The Moon" by Professor Pickering. Impatiently I threw it aside and picked up the next. It was entitled "The Moon" by Nasmyth and Carpenter. "Hack!" I said and picked up the next. Yes, it was titled "The Moon"...this time by Neilson. I gave it up.

"You B.I.S. moonatic," I said, "haven't you anything less technical?" A replied "My library is at Tamton, my home town. It contains complete sets of WONDER, ASTOUNDING, about 100 sf novels and more than 100 other books of pure science." "Darned if I'm going to Tamton (if there is such a place) to check up on it" I said. "I'll just have to take your word for it. Here A's conscience smote him. "Well, to tell you the truth, my ASTOUNDING collection is two short" he mumbled. The Ego thrust it's head into the room at this and gave A such a look of utter contempt that the poor fellow blushed. "A fine chance to boost yourself without being detected-----and you throw it away, you weak twerp!"



it remarked bitterly and withdrew. I made another desperate attempt to make something of Relativity" by Knopf. "Dammit, this is a bit steep" I grumbled, "Can't you remember what books you've got at fauntom, wherever that is?"

"I keep a list. That's the best of having a methodical mind," answered A, yanking a drawer open. I've never seen such a jumbled clutter of bric-a-brac as was in that drawer—buttons, pins, stamps, the B.I.S. cash-box, cutlery, pamphlets, wool (A durns his own socked sardine cans, tram tickets, bits of well worn chewing gum, —everything came flying out as the methodical mind searched for it's list. There were too, I remember, thick files of letters from Sam Yond and Eric Frank Russell, and very thick files of carbon copies of letters written by A himself. This last file was, I learned, the Ego's favourite reading material on Sunday afternoons.

At last the list. It was an exercise book printed neatly at first and then degenerating into A's wildest scribble as it went on. Against each title was A's rating—F, G, VG, etc. There were all the familiar titles known to every fan, and many that were new to me, Lance Sieveking's "Stamped" (illustrated by G. K. Chesterton) and Beresford's "Gods of the Purple Planet". A. wouldn't venture to name his favorite book, but I noticed that though VVG (very very good) was not uncommon, against Stapledon's "Star Maker" was just the one word "Superb."

I had another glance round the room. There was a microscopic radio set in the cupboard—there was no room for it outside. But that was OK, for A. While lying in bed could swing the cupboard door with his foot, thus regulating the volume of sound. It occurred to me, rather belatedly, that I ought to include a personal portrait of A. in the interview. So I looked at him. One must take the bad with the good in a reporter's life.

I beheld a tallish, rather clever looking fellow (appearances are deceptive) whose eyes glistened at me through horn rims with a condescending expression. He looks as if he hopes he looks like a scientist does A. His hair cannot make up its mind whether it is dark or fair, is perfectly dry and sticks up like a wire brush. An over-sealous barber wandered about in it for days and when the search party found him told an astounding story which A. used as a plot for one of his yarns.

He's impatient and highly strung, and says he's not, and given to sudden violent explosions of mirth (mostly at his own jokes). This is sometimes embarrassing to we fans who meet in Lyon's on Thursday evenings, and when he rolls on the floor convulsed in mad mirth we pretend he isn't with our party, and wonder why the manageress allows these queer people in. The bowls are soon empty of lump sugar on our table too, for A. eats pounds of it, ever since he heard that diabetic persons, (eg. H.O. Wells) are intellectually cleverer than the average.

While I was thus ruminating, A. suddenly heard the call of the sugar bowl and invited me out to supper. So we tucked the Ego in the little bed (it was its turn tonight —A. was sleeping in the washbowl) and went to the cafe on the corner, and had some lump sugar and crumbly sausage rolls. I had to pay for myself. I still don't know where fauntom is, but now I suspect it's somewhere in Scotland.

("The Immortal Teacup" will appear regularly in SPD henceforth)

\*\*\*\*\*

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# THE SORRY SAURIAN

By W Paul Ganley



As the sun nudged the forty-fifth degree of it's arc in the heavens, it's rays finally dispelled the thick blanket of clouds that hangs like a smoke screen over the surface of Venus for two-thirds of it's rotation.

In the engine room of the interstellar freighter S.S. Mandalay, the Chief Engineer, a tall middle-aged fellow who claimed the name of Ethan Dewcastle, was busily at work. A bottle of Venusian whisky stood ready at hand in the event the diligent Mr. Dewcastle required psychological assistance in his task.

Judging from the level of the liquid in the container, Mr. Dewcastle had certainly required a goodly amount of assistance. At length, having dispatched the last drop of his assistance, Dewcastle prepared for the routine task of concealing the evidence.

"Well now," he told himself shakily, "what better use for this superb example of plasti-shaping than to bestow it upon that outstanding First Mate of the good space ship Mandalay? No doubt he would appreciate the gesture, kind soul that he is, and get himself fired."

It was worth the trial, however, so Mr. Dewcastle got to his feet and prepared to descend upon the empty cabin of that jovial companion, the delightful First Mate Bronson, whose latest injury had been merely the fact that he had been allowed to go "ashore" while Dewcastle was left holding the bag. The door was locked, of course, but to a man of Mr. Dewcastle's manifold accomplishments, that proved no insuperable difficulty. After a moment it slid inward.

"Sure, now, and that Venusian whisky must've been a bit too strong," he said. "I'm thinking I'm seeing things here; and while I must admit there is a strong resemblance to Mr. Bronson, it does seem to be a mite greener around the gills, and it's teeth are a bit larger."

"Well, don't just stand there, Mac," said the thing, "come in if you're coming. What's that you got there? Venusian Dew? Can smell it a mile off. Oh, I'm Jake."

"What?" Said Mr. Dewcastle blankly.

"Jake" said the monster.

"Jake, schmake," said Mr. dewcastle, recovering his wits. "What are you doing here anyway?"

"What are YOU doing here?" the monster countered, "I bet you're Castledew. Mr. Bronson warned me about you. Said you were always drunk."

"Is that so now?" Mr. Dewcastle sniffed. "Let it be known to all--even monsters Ethan Dewcastle is never drunk."

"Then what's that Venusian stuff you had there? It doesn't look like you left much of it."

"Huh? What? Oh, this." Mr. Dewcastle had suddenly recalled the nature of his errand.

"You should have left some of it for me. But then Bronnie would know I was talking to you."

"What d'y' mean?" Mr. Dewcastle inquired sagaciously.

"Who else would have Venus Dew?" the monster said logically. "Bronnie---- that's what I call him when he isn't around----hid his stuff so I can't get at it any more."

Mr. Dewcastle pored over this bit of information. "He's got Dew? But that's against the law. Yessir, he'd git in mighty bad trouble. I never would have thought it of him. He was always a careful, law-abidin' critter. My, my." Mr. Dewcastle shook his head sadly at the thought of his fallen ideal.

The monster suddenly jumped up and Mr. Dewcastle sauntered over behind a chair. "I just thought of something," Jake exclaimed.

"That's too bad," said Mr. Dewcastle. "Er--not hungry, are you?"

The monster ignored this. "Bronnie said I should keep hidden till after he came back. Now he'll find out I talked to you. Hey, can you do a pal a favor?"

"Well, now," Mr. Dewcastle said doubtfully. He was musing over the situation, and trying to find the flaws in it that he could turn to his own benefit.

"Don't tell anybody about me, huh? Pretend you never saw me? Please?" Jake grimaced petulantly.

"Perhaps" Ethan said, casting his eyes about in search of a suitable resting place for the Venusian Dew. One of Mr. Bronson's jackets lay looped over a peg. It was reasonably conspicuous, and as he wandered over to it, Mr. Dewcastle muttered: "Just where did you come from anyway?"

"Antares II" said Jake. "I was captured and trained by a trader. Bronnie won me from him in a game of poker when I was drunk."

Mr. Dewcastle did not comment on Jake's inebriety. Instead he asked logically, "Then what have you been doing since then? It's been two weeks since we stopped there."

"I've been in my cage" the monster explained, Bronnie is going to bring in an empty box today, and make everyone think I was in it. That's why he wanted me to stay out of sight. Have you got anymore of that Venusian Dew?"

"Listen" admonished Mr. Dewcastle. "Hear that?" A faint voice raised, drifted in thru a half open porthole. "Couldn't mistake that voice, even when there's a foghorn around. And he's with the Captain. Couldn't be better."

Mr. Dewcastle drifted towards the door.

"Hey, wait, neighbor" Jake said. "What about me?"

"You? You stay there" said Mr. Dewcastle. "Don't worry. Your secret's safe with me." He opened the door and scanned the corridor. It was empty. The marled voice of the monster came after him. "Thanks, Castledew, you won't be sorry tha--"

The door clanged shut, the lock clicked, and Dewcastle went merrily on his way.

"Dewcastle I" The voice was raised in high rage. Mr. Dewcastle observed sadly that Mr. Bronson's blood pressure was hitting a new high. He turned with great sorrow, and addressed the First Mate.

"Mr. Bronson, have you been getting yourself drunk again? You have shamed the entire vessel, sir, by allowing yourself to be seen in this condition. Oh, Captain. Have you seen Mr. Bronson here? Look at him, sir! Would it not be a good idea to confine him to his cabin? The Mandalay is not a haven for low drunkards."

"DEWCASTLE I" Mr. Bronson shrieked again, as Captain Pratt ambled out of his cabin and towards his under-officers.

"It will do you no good to plead, young man" observed Mr. Dewcastle soberly. "You cannot shed your infancy so easily. Never would I have thought it, never. Why, even an infant would—sary there I lay your hands off me!"

"Steady," Mr. Bronson snapped the Captain.

"This—this—" the first Mate choked and turned back to Mr. Dewcastle, who was still shaking his head sadly, "you put that bottle there!"

"Ah, the poor man. His mental stability is impaired from drink. Captain, will you take him in hand? But do not be too harsh on him."

Mr. Bronson gritted his teeth in agony.

"Look!" announced Mr. Dewcastle, pointing dramatically. "There. There is proof of Bronson's infirmity. Even we can see it."

Jake had wandered out into the corridor. He spied his master and his new friend at the other end of the corridor and toddled forward.

"Ray, boss, is this Castledew?" he asked jauntily.

Mr. Bronson looked frantic. He mumbled something under his breath, then found his voice. "That's Jake" he said. "Jake"

Mr. Dewcastle patted him softly on the head. He got his hand brushed down for his pains. Bronson went on "He's a pet, not very intelligent, but he can talk. I just brought him on board."

Captain Pratt cleared his throat. "It does seem as if we have gotten off the subject. Mr. Bronson seems to be in trouble, as Dew is forbidden off Venus, and this might be construed as an attempt at smuggling. However, there are certain—"

"It's Dewcastle!" broke in Mr. Bronson. Dewcastle sighed deeply.

"Mr. Bronson! You will remain in your quarters for the remainder of our stay in Venus. Mr. Dewcastle, you will remain likewise on board. There is something I do not fully understand here, but I think I understand enough."

"But Captain Pratt," Mr. Dewcastle said, "surely you can not penalize me for the indiscretions of our mutual friend, here." Jake patted him on the leg and he leaped ten feet away. "It is not democratic."

But Pratt was adamant.

The reason for Mr. Bronson's secrecy about Jake was not apparent. Mr. Dewcastle amused himself by completing his newest invention, and by drinking the Dew which people insisted was responsible for the first syllable of his name.

Alas, his supply of Dew did not outlast the journey to Earth, where the remainder of the cargo was to be unloaded from the ship. He became morose. He did not even enjoy the nightly poker which the officers indulged in. Especially he did not enjoy it as he embarked upon a prodigious losing streak, and ere half the journey was over—journeys between stars since the powerful interstellar drive could not be used in a star system—he had lost all his pay to the most hated Mr. Bronson.

Docking in an Earth port was no different from docking anywhere else, except perhaps that efficiency was a little greater. The tedious work of unloading the immense vessel had begun, and Mr. Dewcastle was turned loose on an unsuspecting Earth for the first time in three years.

A survey of taverns—"To get the lay of the land"—was always first on the agenda, and this was no exception. However, Mr. Dewcastle's fondest hopes were blasted. Venusian Dew was unobtainable, except at the fantastic prices that resulted from the temperance ban imposed on solar system traffic.

And Mr. Dewcastle was moping disconsolately in his ninth barroom when his mind first began to shape the first tremulous patterns of a plan.

It was getting late. The moon was up in the sky somewhere, raging impotently at the curtain of dark clouds that cluttered the horizon. The old-fashioned fluorescent bulbs painted old age over the smart features of the two bartenders and the three or four other customers.

Mr. Dewcastle was bored. To be sure, there were other potions to imbibe, most of them home-brewed, the rest smuggled in from other portions of the galaxy and available at fantastic prices; but there was no substitute for the Dew. And as we have mentioned, Mr. Dewcastle had been unlucky during the voyage.

So he faced the unfortunate choice of spending all his money on one bottle of under-the-counter Venusian Dew or spending it all on a normal one day consumption of inferior stuff.

He sat considering the problem morosely, when one of the bartenders ambled up to his table and cleared his throat hesitantly.

"Whad d'y' want?" Mr. Dewcastle barked irritably.

"Beggin' yer pardon, sor," said the man, "but you wouldn't be a member of the Dewcastle family, any chance?"

Mr. Dewcastle surveyed the man, whom he did not remember ever seeing before. "It is possible," he stated cautiously. "Why?"

"I usta ship out, sor, with a Dewcastle, name of Orrram. Water shippin', though."

Mr. Dewcastle leaned back. "Ah yes, Ephram. The black sheep of our family, he is. Ever since he turned to drink, the family name has been shamed." He drained his glass sorrowfully.

"I innerstand," said the bartender. "Own this place her now. Say, yer from the Mandalay, right?"

Mr. Dewcastle inclined his head shortly.

"Han' across a rumor t'other day. Seems one o' our compesters, here, feller name of Schultz, plans t'get a shipment of Venusian Dew. Now just maybe—"

"Enough!" thundered Mr. Dewcastle angrily. "Do you think I would be a party to such doings? Be off with you! At once. Ah, just what were you considering paying for the shipment if it were, well, diverted?"

The bartender smiled. "Well, say Two hundred for a dozen bottles."

"Hm," muttered Mr. Dewcastle. "As you say, Three hundred for a dozen. Well, that seems a good price. Perhaps—well, I'll see what can be done. Yes, indeed, if someone is smuggling Venusian Dew into Earth, it is my solemn duty to unearth the scoundrel and seize his ill-gotten gains. Tell me, when will the transaction take place?"

"I nard that they were gonna go after it tomorrow morning."

"J-um. Well, then you show up at about eleven tonight. I'll take care of everything. Ah yes, your name...?"

"Willie Schantz. See you tonight then! How many dozen?"

"Perhaps two," Mr. Dewcastle said. "Yes, this is my righteous duty..."

Since it was already three A. M., Mr. Dewcastle collected his faculties and scampered along toward the huddle form of the S.S. Mandalay.

When he awoke later that morning he recalled that something was amiss, and after a few moments of solid reasoning, he dredged up the memory of the barroom conversation. At eleven that evening, things would be happening.





He prepared a little note, slipped it in an envelope, and mailed it to the custom's bureau. The afternoon mail would bring it in, and meanwhile Mr. Dewcastle did some snooping.

Behind the bunk of his cabin the ship's air-circulation system opened into his room. In space it provided a constant fresh supply of good air for every portion of the ship; but now like everything else it was set aside for overhauling.

It was large enough for a creeping Mr. Dewcastle to traverse, and he had not far to go. Mr. Bronson's cabin was only a deck below.

He peered through the twisted steel mesh and observed Jake in the act of poking around in a case of shoe polish. No one else was in the room. Mr. Dewcastle curled a finger around the screen, then withdrew his hand swiftly.

The clump of footsteps announced the appearance of Mr. Bronson. Jake heard it too, but too late. "Get away from that," Mr. Bronson shouted angrily, "how many times have I told you not to poke in there. You whiskey-sot!"

"But boss, I need a drink."

"Don't let me hear you telling anyone anything about that box. And listen, you'll get enough soused when I take you along with me. We'll make the rounds of the taverns. Wait'll the boys see you!"

"More poker again, Boss?"

Mr. Dewcastle's hands clenched at this.

"Yeah, more poker," Mr. Bronson grinned, "I guess you deserve your reward. I cleaned out Dewcastle completely, and everybody else too. Now, come on, get away from that."

Mr. Dewcastle held in his shriek of outrage only by superior discipline. He grew white, red, green. He crouched there in anger and frustration. And then he turned and made his way back to his own cabin.

Mr. Bronson deserved all he would be getting! he thought viciously. Imagine, cheating at poker with the help of that blasted animal. He'd forgotten the thing could talk, and could probably understand how to play poker, too!

Mr. Dewcastle was quite furious, but he calmed down sufficiently to consider events.

So Mr. Bronson was carrying Venusian Dew camouflaged as shoe-polish! He'd rather suspected those cases of polish...

He strolled out onto the small open-air deck that was laid around the hull in port, watching the work going on.

At six o'clock that evening the customs people clambered on board with a warrant. Mr. Dewcastle was seated, playing poker with Mr. Bronson in an amiable fashion, and losing what little money remained to him. The door burst open without warning.

"Which one of you is Nate Bronson?" one of the men barked.

"Why, he is," Mr. Dewcastle said softly, rising. "What's the matter?"

"Government business," said another of the newcomers. "Come on, Bronson. You and that little monster of yours. You're under arrest!"

"Arrest!" Mr. Bronson stood up indignantly.

"Arrest?" Mr. Dewcastle echoed. "Mr. Bronson, what have you done now?" Mr. Dewcastle caught a betraying glance toward the corner where the boxes of "shoe polish" were lying.

"Come along!" The man stepped close to Bronson, whispering, "Okay we've got your letter. Play along." Mr. Bronson opened his mouth in astonishment.

Mr. Dewcastle heard the swiftly-spoken words, and he smiled.

The men bundled Mr. Bronson and Jake out of the cabin, leaving

Mr. Dewcastle sitting there.

Thoughtfully he went over and inspected the box of shoe polish.

"Well, now," he muttered. "Mr. Bronson a criminal. My, the type

of men one must associate with in this business

of men one must associate with in this business!" He opened one of the bottles and sniffed the contents.

His eyes roved to the air-circulation vent. At eleven that night he would be quite prepared for Willie Schantz.

It was almost midnight when Mr. Bronson returned to the ship. Captain Pratt and Mr. Dewcastle were awaiting his possible return. "Here comes the low criminal, now," Mr. Dewcastle commented.

"Quiet, Mr. Dewcastle," said Mr. Bronson. "Look at this!" He showed a roll of green bills, all new and crisp.

"What happened?" Captain Pratt asked. Mr. Dewcastle had a funny sinking feeling in his stomach.

"The customs people got this note. I didn't write it, but that's between us. I wonder who did."

The Captain read the note aloud: "Gentlemen: For fear of revenge upon my person by friends of the below mentioned party, I must request you to withhold my name. I have been compelled to aid a rebel exile of the planet Puur in his escape from his pursuers; compelled against my will. I am the Mate of the SS Kandalay, recently docked in New York from Venus. Arrest of this transgressor would get me in much trouble, unless you also arrested me and held me for a few hours. Quick action would be appreciated. This person, familiarly named Jake, is a dangerous alien. Hastily, Mr. O. Bronson. S. S. Kandalay."

"I don't get it?" said Captain Pratt.

"Neither do I," said Bronson, "but the police checked the letter. It wasn't completely correct, but pretty close. Jake was actually a dangerous criminal from the planet Ertzyuip. There was a five-hundred dollars reward out for him. Well, toodle-oo!"

He turned jauntily toward his cabin.

A minute later, with Captain Pratt having turned in, Mr. Dewcastle heard the outrageous cry. It provided some measure of balm for his astonished soul. "DEWCASTLE!" came the shout.

A feeling of almost satisfaction came to Mr. Dewcastle at that. It could be only one thing; Mr. Bronson had inspected his cargo of "shoe polish" and had found that it was a very good grade of, Naturally, shoe polish.

THE END

"The Sorry Saurian" is a Science Fiction Digest original story.



## THE SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL—

## A LOST ART FORM?

## BY LEMUEL CRAIG

The above title is actually a misnomer since this article deals as much with the fantasy novel as the science-fiction novel. However, we are referring to the sort of story made famous by John W. Campbell in ASP and UNKNOWN and not to the anemic inbred product of the more conventional and traditional hard-cover style of writing.

During the last few months I have been reading the early issues of what was probably the greatest sf or fantasy magazine of all time, UNKNOWN. I have found it a highly enjoyable process, despite the fact that many of the choicest morsels have been reprinted in one form or another and are thus already familiar to me. The magazine abounds in what the fan regards as 'classics'. Probably more stories have been anthologized from UNKNOWN and the magazine has maintained a higher per issue quality than any other sf or fantasy pulp including ASTOUNDING and GALAXY.

But the choicest of the choicest, the most delectable treats of all in UNKNOWN are the novels. Several I had previously read. Many of the others I had heard of by word-of-mouth praise for some time. Generally speaking, these stories fully lived up to the encomiums heaped upon them.

Here were the greatest works of L. Sprague de Camp, L. Ron Hubbard, Eric Frank Russell, and H. L. Gold. It must have been an exciting thing reading UNKNOWN when these stories were new. But that brought up a point; all these writers are still writing today or have very recently quit. If this was their product in 1939, how much better could these authors be expected to do with twelve years experience?

But a look around will suffice to show that this logical result has not come to pass.

This caused me to make a thorough examination of the output of 1939 in UNKNOWN and the novels published in the last twelve months.

In the first twelve issues of UNKNOWN (March 1939-Feb. 1940) fifteen novels were published. Of these, seven need not concern us. These seven represent either substandard writing (Steve Fisher's RETURNED FROM HELL), the adventure story in a fantasy setting for which Campbell had a weak spot and which he found most easy to obtain in the early ex-

perimental days of UNKNOWN (FLAME WINDS by Norvell Page), which bore little of lasting interest, low-calibre hackwork (Hubbard's THE ULTIMATE ADVENTURE) and one gripping non-fantasy, SOLDIERS OF THE BLACK GOAT.

The remaining eight, or over half, almost unanimously deserve the muchly overused term 'classic'.

They are:

LEST DARKNESS FALL	- de Camp	DIVIDE AND RULE	- de Camp
SINISTER BARRIER	- Russell	THE GHOUL	- Hubbard
NONE BUT LUCIFER	- Gold and de Camp	ENCHANTED WEEKEND	- Mac Cormac
SLAVES OF SLEEP	- Hubbard	DEATH'S DEPUTY	- Hubbard

'Darkness', 'Barrier', 'Slaves', 'Divide and Rule', and possibly 'Death's Deputy' have all seen hard cover appearance. (For the clarification of the reader, the above listing is in order of my own personal preference.) Probably the only reason 'None but Lucifer' never saw a book edition was because it was too dated, although that would appear an easy matter to fix. 'The Ghoul' is much superior to 'Deputy' and will perhaps appear eventually in book form. 'Enchanted Weekend' is a bit too short for solo hard cover appearance but was reprinted in FROM UNKNOWN WORLDS.

This writer is not an admirer of L. Ron Hubbard but he must admit that the Hubbard of 1939 was a far superior writer to the Hubbard of recent years. De Camp also was much more adept in the use of his type-writer than. I don't think that anyone will quibble greatly at the listing of the above stories as truly outstanding, if not 'classics'.

Now let's look at the last year. We have been deluged with magazines, many of which have quickly folded. But how many print novels? There's ASTOUNDING, the old standby. But ASF has only printed one novel in the last year, 'The Hand of Zei'. And none of de Camp's Krishna series compare with his early output. Evidently the book publishers agree since it is his early UNKNOWN novels which keep appearing in print.

It is not surprising that ASF decided to drop serials for a while, since immediately preceding 'Zei', they had published probably the worst serial ever written by van Vogt and just previous to that the paranoid Hubbard novel, 'To the Stars'.

One has to go back to 1949, the November issue when ASF started two serials simultaneously before you find anything comparable to the above novels. That month ASF began Asimov's "--And Now You Don't" and Heinlein's gripping 'Gulf'.

There is GALAXY which has been licking ASF at its own game in most departments. They have run three serials, "Time Quarry," "Tyrann," and "Mars Child". The first two were ASTOUNDING rejects, and read like it. "Mars Child" was an admirable attempt to bring realism to sf along the same line as Clarke's monumental "Prelude to Space". Both the Clarke and Judd stories succeeded in their attempts at realism but failed dismally at the task of providing entertainment at the same time.

GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS is a praiseworthy attempt to present full novels for a quarter that would cost \$2.00 from the publisher or else have never before appeared. Since Street & Smith hold the copy-



rights on most of the best stuff of the past, GALAXY is now steering toward the latter course. Unfortunately, the pay is smaller and more of a gamble than selling a novel for serialization to GALAXY, and the result seems to be that the best writers are digging out the best of their old rejects from the trunk. Most of these are probably yarns which Campbell couldn't see buying for serialization in ASP. Since ASP used to have an extremely high standard of quality, this doesn't mean the stories are bad. Some of them are quite readable. But nothing you're apt to describe glowingly to some neofan five years from now.

STARTLING publishes six novels a year. In the past they have come up with gems like "What Mad Universe", "Weapon Shops of Isher", "The Laws of Chance", and "The Man in the Iron Cap". This last year the best they've been able to do is some highly enjoyable space opera by Jack Vance. But don't ask me to try and remember any of the titles.

Duplicating GALAXY SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS is Fiction House' THE COMPLETE SCIENCE-ADVENTURE BOOKS. They seem to have encountered exactly the same pitfalls except that they pay less and are getting correspondingly poorer material. But we owe them a vote of thanks for making Laimov's fine "Pebble in the Sky" available at low prices.

Ziff-Davis is usually ignored by the more sophisticated fans but such well known stories as "Four-sided Triangle", and "The Star Kings" (space-opera, true, but what space-opera) have appeared in AMAZING. These bulky magazines offer much space and fairly good rates for long stories. Only the editorial policy of catering to adolescents keeps the quality at such a poor level.

And still, despite their poor reputation, the last two novels to appear anywhere in the field which this writer would rate along with the UNKNOWN titans, appeared in FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, but not in the last year. In early 1950 they printed "THE DREAMING JEWELS" (which this reader considers the best all-around full length novel he has ever read in either the fantasy or science-fiction field) and "You're All Alone". But recent novels have been the usual blend of mythology-cum-sex-and sadism.

FFM, being wholly reprint can be ignored.

This leaves only the non-pulp field; slicks and original books. From the slicks we get such outdated and unscientific trash as "Day of the Triffids" and since "Pebble in the Sky" and "The Big Eye", none of the original books seem worthy of attention. I have had no chance to read "The House That Stood Still" but reviews indicate that it can be safely ignored.

The end result? Not one novel published between Sept. 1950 and Aug. 1951 can be compared with the eight novels produced by just one magazine, UNKNOWN, in its first year of publication. In addition, this was the time when Heinlein, van Vogt, and others were riding high, wide, and handsome in ASTOUNDING; and I understand COMET and SUPER SCIENCE turned out a few novels worthy of permanent attention somewhere in this period.

Since I originally made this examination of the field, the situation has changed slightly. STARTLING made a resurgence with Eric Frank Russell's "The Star Watchers". This was equal to neither "Sinister Barrier" nor "Dreadful Sanctuary" but it easily places as his third best novel and with a bit of editing could have ranked along with them. It will not be surprising if this appears in book form soon.

And the new Heinlein serial in GALAXY had a most intriguing first part. This could be another Heinlein novel in the grand manner. But science-fiction serials are notorious for promising far more in their first issue than they later deliver.

Even so, two novels from the entire field is a pretty puny comparison to the eight novels produced by one magazine twelve years ago. And that was under very similar of boomtime conditions.

What has caused the decline? It is well-known that many of the UNKNOWN and ASTOUNDING novels originated in the fertile brain of John W. Campbell. A mediocre writer himself (except for "Who Goes There?"), he has one of the cleverest minds for concocting a plot gimmick ever seen in this business. Another adept at this angle was Sam Merwin, Jr. But Campbell has abandoned UNKNOWN, dropped serials in ASP after a series of mediocre ones and seems more interested in dianetics than fiction. Merwin, another mediocre writer, has abandoned editing for free-lance writing. If any other editor is capable of duplicating their performance he has not yet shown it.

The same writers are still around and grinding out wordage. But the wordage doesn't add up to "Least Darkness Fall", "Universe", "Slan", or "Fear". The music business has a saying that a singer always sang best when he was still hungry. Maybe our toponoters are too prosperous, now. And we've hit a slump when there are no newcomers capable of taking over.

But if science-fiction is to progress, we must surely continue to produce outstanding novels. Novelettes and shorts are being turned out at a tremendous rate. The quality is high, perhaps higher than ever before. But novels are the backbone of any field of fiction. It takes many a Bradbury short story to equal the impact of one "Slan" in making a convert to the science-fiction field. An anthology can catch someone's temporary interest, but it takes an "Incompleat Enchanter" to attach them incurably to the field.

My personal favorites (and I find it hard to say which I like best or least) are "The Dreaming Jewels", "What Mad Universe", and "Headle". I've read dozens of novelettes and many many short stories I liked equally well. But when someone new to the field wants suggestions as to what to read, I wouldn't think of steering him just to "With Folded Hands", "Goodnight, Mr. James", or "Who Goes There?".

There's nothing so impressive to the new reader as a good overall novel. There's nothing more satisfying to the old reader for a good night's reading than that same novel. And nothing pays the author so well. So, damn it, let's get a few worthwhile long stories for a change so we can quit living off John W. Campbell's twelve year old ideas, and everybody will be happy.

(The preceding article is a Science Fiction Digest original)

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Senator Pong Wanders:

Just why it is that magazine illustrators invariably put large, round breasts on female robots?

(from "S.T. his sex" April 1945)

# THE ORB AND I

by BOB JOHNSON.....

--But Henry, dear boy, you said a little after the Nolaconi - and here sandwiched illegally within the printed-matter-only is a note which says "Wha Hoppin to "The Orb and I"? --Simple...I hadn't written it yet. Whaddaya think this is gonna be? A great literary masterpiece which I shall revise ad infinitum until the middle of September? --Not this boy.

Well, here it is, for the edification and enlightenment of the fan-ish readers of SPD; I hope you like it. It isn't particularly for Laughs, but a pretty thorough account of the high-soots in trials, tribulations and successes of one of fandom's most unusual magazines: ORB.

ORB is now nearing the end of its tether. In a way I'm very sorry to see it go. I have loved almost every minute of it, and the enlightenment about printing methods, amateur journalism, and the general taste of fandom has truly been worthwhile. In R.J. Bank's recent SPD article, he mentions losing \$30 instead of \$27. He's lucky. If I continued ORB as a 'hootchzine', I'd lose about \$100 instead of \$99.50. ORB is, obviously, a tres expensive hobby. And, contrary to the impression I give many fan, my family and I are anything but wealthy. I publish ORB with my own funds. I make \$11 a week--\$7 take-home pay. If ORB is published every three months or so, you can see that I have to do some very fancy odd-jobbing to even keep the collector's agency away from my heels.

This latest issue is running about "265. --It's the Nolaconi ORB, with all the pro material. It will never happen again, though, even if I could manage to continue ORB. It's been in planning for six months or more, and knowing fandom, if I sell every copy, I'll feel faint. --and lose only about \$150.

--And to think that only a year and ten months ago, the first emaciated issue of ORB appeared with a bill of \$7 from the offset printer! It all happened thisaway:

Back in the middle of '49 a group of Greeley kids, whom I was trying to convert into fan tried putting out a fanzine entitled LUNA. The second issue, due to the efforts of one of our members was never released. I was asked to resign because I was doing too much of the work (I) and I then told the remainder of the then-thinning bunch that it would be a cold day before they saw me again. That winter it was 26° below zero. --It wasn't cold enough...but I began to get an idea...(cold weather has always added my mental processes.) The reason why LUNA was so little success was due to too many cooks languidly trying to mix ingredients. So...why not something new? Something with a Latin title, like LUNA, but something of a letterzine...more like DAWN. (Yes...ORB was originally designed as a replacement for the even then fading DAWN.) And so it was conceived. ORB - "with an eye on fandom." I asked a friend for a story--one he allowed me to reprint from a friend's fanzine. I asked John

Grossman for an illustration for the cover, and a friend for an interior, and set out to do DAWN one better. I traced the cover, typed the story, a couple of poems, and some letters I had requested from fan on paper plates, and tied down to the offsetter. --Oh yes...since paper plates are not easily adaptable to the stipling process, I stippled a poem illustration by running a grease pen- oil up and down the perforations in a sheet of stamps held against the plate. (the naivete of neo-fan!) He turned the finished product back the next week, and I went wild with joy. In my egotism, I thought I was even giving the GORGON a run for its money. See parenthesized remark above. --I also got a contributing ed. by the name of Hanson, but he dropped out on #2 so enuf of him.

Even now, that first ORB looks pretty good to me. It was rather neat and artistic--and with a purpose, to provide interesting, artistic fan-slanted entertainment (and at that time, controversial letters). I thought I was doing pretty hot stuff. Unfortunately for my ego, the recipients of the first issue mostly seemed to agree with me. Happily, I only sent out about 30 copies (mostly samples) of #1. The subscriptions didn't exactly flood in. A drip is more like it.

The next issue I tried getting a little fancier--got a Gaughan illo from the Neff mess--boo. Due to its execution it had to be put on a metal plate. That's when the worries--and rewards started. The ish was in places, good, but mostly icky. It was neat, though...and that made an impression. Boggs made a few snide remarks and Bob lost his hat as usual. Since that little episode, it was repeated to me that Boggs labels me "the most temperamental editor in fandom." I rather think he's right. My psychological make-up includes one heckuva dash of pride. That ORB also made an impression on the Weld County Credit Bureau--whose letter department printed ORB for me. They offered me a job...asking me to do direct-mail work for them, and design covers for the bulletins. They rather misrepresented themselves (for which I never forgave them), but I took the job eagerly. I made 35¢ more an hour than I have been making while previously ushering at the local popcorn palace. I was overjoyed at the opportunity to make money and do the two things I loved most. Artwork and ORB. The Credit Bureau bored me, though, and I wasn't exactly indispensable. The bosses got tired of me, and when the opportunity came to let a girl take my job full-time rather than my part-time work, they snapped it up...and there went my job. In the meantime, ORB had grown into a prodigious investment, using a huge amount of illustrations and photographs. It was #6, produced at the Bureau that caused the mild sensation at the Norwescon. At the time of my leaving the C.B., with #7 completed, and partially in the mails, I had a bill for \$20 still unpaid from the \$90 it cost me to get it out. Thus, I was in a position to commit suicide on somebody's doorstep. (no unkind retorts, peasants!) During that interval between two and six, I collected a lovely backlog of material and artwork, and found a few pros looking surreptitiously in my direction. All of which made me very proud, and didn't help pay my bills a bit. I got a fairly large monetary present for Christmas, from a relative, so wasn't hauled off by angry Creditors then. Also, near that time, I wangled a job at a local record shop and managed to start saving for a next ORB, for which I thought I had enough material...but somehow a friendship from the Norwescon got me a story from Vernon McCain, rather amateur, but showing promise, and praise of a poem by Betsy Curtis started a long friendship by mail, and eventually a story from her, and so I ditched the original plans for #8. In #7, I had finagled a short from Emil Petaja, a semi-pro, mostly through sheer brass and now I had a Curtis story in #8...whole ish, surprisingly cost me less than \$70. And surprisingly enough, I suddenly found ORB was a very "arty" little magazine. Of course we weren't exactly trying to be FIFTIES-ish with that black, pink and gold creation on #6's cover, but it was only an attempt at a cover like a new mag, FLAKH, had been coming out with. With #8, though, we were both definitely in the avant-garde swim. ORB vowed to be the artist fan-

zine ever to hit the mails. We undoubtedly achieved it. It sold completely out. To my knowledge, this has happened to few fanzines. The individualists in fandom were beginning to look on ORB as the place to howl. ORB started to pay for material for its super-duper #9 Nolacon ish.... We were now, but definitely, the FLAIR of fandom. --And I was loving every minute of it. Ella Lee was keeping such a big load off my back with helping with the typing, and I was able to devote more time to production. Then we got #9 started. We even purchased a full-color cover from Frank Preas, prominent fantasy artist. Over \$65 was spent for material. For a fanzine, this was suicide...but we (editorial) thought ORB might be able to grow pro if it made a big enough splash at the Nolacon, and we garnered enough subscriptions. About the end of this big whing-ding, I realized that the job was growing expensive beyond reason. We printed the stories and the illustrations, but the full-color cover was vetoed for the present, for lack of \$100. I did everything from paste illustrations to slip-sheet behind a violently pounding Kluge press. --And suddenly that was it. I was just sick of the whole mess....

I wouldn't give up a minute of ORB for anything, but now that the mag is lapsing back to normality, I can't possibly entertain the thought of doing anything like #9 again. ORB may continue...at highly irregular intervals, but #10 is the last that shall be published on a fairly regular basis. And certainly the last time I shall try to be so pretentious is #9.

Bill Warren has been a wonderful letter editor, and has given invaluable assistance, and Ella Lee has been wonderful about helping with the typer, and they deserve a vote of thanks. One more issue is definitely planned, (#10) which will probably resemble #8 in format, but will parody, AS, PUTUP, OOTWA, etc. It'll be called "the blud-and-blunder issue."

After that, maybe one or two issues a year. Just enough to keep the subscribers happy. It's been a wonderful adventure--but I'm just all poohed out; ORB keeps demanding bigger and better things of me, and I lack the wherewithal, not to mention the contacts, to keep it growing. Maybe much later, ORB will go pro, and become a cross between FLAIR and FANTASY BOOK....

But don't hold your breath.

.....BOR JOHNSON

Dear SPD: THE TRUTH IS OUT!

I had pictured one Henry Burwell, inky fingered, tollworn, feverishly churning sheets thru a duplicator with one hand, whilst the fingers of his other hand (he has but two, I believe) flew wildly over the keys of his typewriter..... Now, in my visualisation of the cosmic all, the true scene appears.

Burwell, blood-stained stock whip in hand, evil grin on his face, reclines in his easy chair, sipping gin, watching the production of his fanzine. HIS fanzine? Kay Burwell's fanzine!!

Notice the oblique references, the crumbs dropped from the rich man's table. "The thanks should go to my wife Kay.....paste-ups and other laborious dirty details by Kay Burwell."

Poor Kay. I pity her; tired, hungry and tearstained, she bends wearily over the typewriter (probably purchased by slave-driver Burwell out of the housekeeping money) bemoaned fingers pecking at the keys, while Burwell raves "Slater said smooth edged! Call those even? Do it again!" Kay murmurs wearily something about dishes to wash...children to feed...the stock whip lashes out and once more her fingers take up the tortured tattoo on the keys...and so it goes on...artwork to fit...headings to paste on.... envelopes to address....HIS fanzine? Says who?

Yours sympathetically,  
Joyce Slater.



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EDITOR:

Ian T. Macnuley

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Jerry Burge and Carson Jacks



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EAT AT OMAR2

COSMAG is edited and laboriously slung together by Ian T. Macnuley at 51 East Park Lane, N.E., Atlanta 5, Ga. All inquiries, correspondence or material for Cosmag should be mailed to the editor at the above address. Art work must conform to letter head size and fractions. All material for the next issue must be received by December 1st.



# OUT OF THE VOID

by the Editor



ALMOST TWO YEARS AGO a young man, who had been a schoolmate of ye editor's, affronted him, asking: "Do you read science-fiction?"

Whereupon, ye ad hastily replied "Yes," and went on to describe his particulars, dislikes, etc.

How much simpler it would have been if he had answered "No" and turned briskly away. It would have not led to the nights he would have to stay up late answering the score of letters that would meet him at home every evening after work; nor would it have led to ye ad staying up even later at night typing stencils or dummypages for a publication you know so well; and it would not have even presented-

him with the anxious worrying and trouble he would spend with the problems of a local club. It can be seen how eventful this one interrogative proved to be.

For, two years ago, ye editor was a mere reader, content with enjoying and collecting the score of sf magazines being published, not realizing the sameness of fandom or the time filled life encountered there. And that one question set him thinking:

"So there are others here in Atlanta besides me, who hold the same, deep interest in Science-Fiction?" Instead of forgetting this meeting, ye ad continued to talk to this other fan until they both became eager on the prospect of forming a fan club in Atlanta.

On the first of October 1950, the Atlanta Science-Fiction Organization came into being. The club had had other names before the previous one was attached, but it is not necessary to delve into those Buck Rogerish topics.

For six months, the tiny band of Atlanta fans continued to hold meetings a mad during that time started out publishing a fanzine without ever laying eyes upon one of the same.

That started the ball rolling. Upon the advent of the launching of Commag, things began to pick up. A constitution was drawn up, the membership doubled, the fan in Atlanta became more active, and ye ad overburdened with work. It all goes back to that slight, but significant query.

Recently Commag combined with SCIENCE-FICTION DIGEST and the Atlantan fan made a stab at the world convention. The latter venture was an unprepared and unexpected one, which did not turn into reality; but the

former is ever striving to gain acknowledgment in the world of fans.

A few days ago ye editor, when one of the members of the club (ASFO) showed him an Atlanta fan's letter in a 1930 issue of WONDER STORIES, phoned mid fan and conversed with him. Much to ye ad's surprise this fan had been president of another Atlanta fan club over twenty years ago! It seems, ASFOs are merely a second step in encouraging fandom in the "Gate City of the South."

In closing, there are only two places to be made. (1) SF, fantasy or weird articles of some length (2 to 3 pages) will be appreciated very much. (2) Commag will be continuous to have twenty pages in its half, unless more, a good deal more, subscriptions are received before the deadline date, December 1st. So, c'mon and blab about sf/ad to your friends.

Until January 1st,

Jan 7.

# COLLECTORS NEED NOT BE SUCKERS *by Bob Silverberg*

THE MAGAZINE PRICELISTS of several professional sf dealers have reached me lately, and, as a collector of science-fiction magazines, I paid quite a bit of attention to them.

One of these, from an upstate New York Dealer (the name doesn't matter, but anyone can have it on request) offered some thoroughly outrageous items.

Marvel Science-Stories, for example. A cheap pulp magazine which, from 1938 thru 1941, sold on the stands for 15¢. He wanted \$1.50 for the first two issues and \$1 for the rest.

Startling Stories--Volume 1, Number 1, containing Weinbaum's "The Black Flame," --130 pages, pulp magazine, for \$2. Any other issues of the same year are \$1. Now, while the first issue commands a normal premium, it certainly does not require doubling in price. Nor is the first Startling price of perhaps 50¢ fair.

This dealer went on in his list--Fantastic Adventures, 1939 \$1.25. 1940-42, \$1 a copy. F.F.M. 1939, \$2 a copy. Astounding, Volume 1 Number 1, \$10.00.

Now, these magazines are rare. I know! I can tell you how hard it is to find them. Nevertheless--they do not command such prices! Dealers like this are bad, very bad. For one thing, a few suckers are liable to buy his mags. But I doubt this, so that's no cause for worry. What is far more important to the magazine collector, the so-called "fan" sees these prices and raises his accordingly.

Many fans are happy to supply some other fan with a mag at a slight premium. Cecil Rinote of Florida has been selling me magazines for more than a year now--at cover price, 1935 to date! Of course, some fan dealers will give you a going over.

The prices of magazines are vastly inflated. One dealer charges \$2.50 each for the 1943 Astoundings containing "The Weapon Makers," even though the original cost was 25¢ each. And since no dealer will lay out too much money, chances are he paid not so much more than 25¢ a copy himself, and then saw a chance to make a dishonest buck by hiking the price.

Another dealer offers British Astoundings for 35¢/ If you're familiar with this mag, you'll know that it's a slim 64-page reprint from the American edition, and it sells for the equivalent of 10¢ in England. Ken Slater can get you all you want at 10¢

a copy-- yet this bird (an affiliate of Slater's) charges 35¢--a profit of 25¢ per copy!

It follows all along the line. I don't have to cite statistics to you to prove that magazine value is all out of line these days. Recently I advertised for a certain issue of Captain Futura to complete my file--whereupon a new fan of some three months' standing offered me a copy for 80¢! When I wrote to him explaining that "I'm new to the game, and I didn't know the price--but I could see that go-and-so was selling CF for 85¢, so I thought that that was a fair price."

Perhaps we should set a standard of values for a science-fiction magazines (such like Scott's Stamp Catalog) and reprimand anyone who exceeds standard by much regularly. This is a lot of work, I know, but I'm sure a group of fans could work on it and put it together without too much hesitation. As an experienced collector who has tracked down a thousand and a half magazines, I'll volunteer to help--but I don't want to do it all myself.

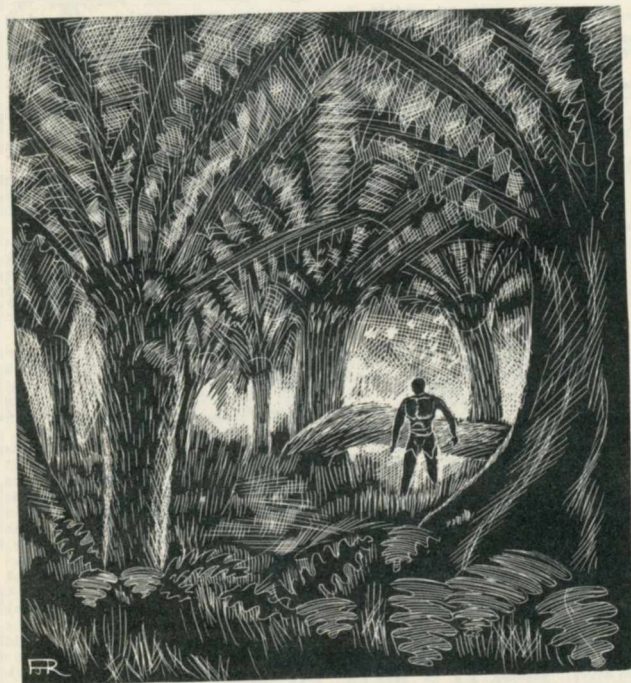
Prices I consider fair--on the ordinary magazines (not including Astounding, Unknown, or VLM) such as Startling, Amazing, etc. 1943-47, 30¢. 1948--to date, 25¢. No one should pay more than that for a mag--at least, no non-millionaire fan. It's always possible to get a mag for less by having patience...I find it's a good rule never to pay more than 50¢ for any mag, because a careful scanning of the fan ads will turn it up for less sooner or later.

I walked into a bookstore one day last April and found a copy of the first issue of Astounding there for 50¢. Of course, I bought it--but suppose I had ordered it from some dealer for two, three, or ten dollars the day before! Fan collectors need not be suckers, I say.

There's only one way to avoid magazine inflation, and that's to set a maximum value on magazines and then make sure that everyone knows the maximum. We have no legal way of making people sell for less but by refusing to buy at higher prices we can accomplish the same thing. People like K. Martin Carlson and Richard Elberbery have voiced my sentiments in the past--the old promise just aren't worth the inflated prices, and we have to cut down their price tags.

What do you think?

# The Land of Shadows



ORPH GAZED into the sunset, aware that he was still far from his home hunting grounds, far from the safety of his tribe. It was a full day's journey to his destination, for he had roamed far beyond the limits of his rightful land. In a short time the sun would be down and Orph would have to find shelter for the night.

He was in the thick of a strange forest now, the Land of Shadows. This was forbidden territory, shunned by the superstitious members of his tribe and of other tribes in the vicinity. Orph had dared to enter through the land, however, for by doing so he saved a full day's march across burning desert.

## by Terry Carr

Illustrated by Peter J. Ridley

Among his fellow tribesmen, Orph was considered rather foolhardy, for he refused to believe the tales of things unknown that had been handed down from ancestors who had unluckily run afoul them. Orph had found by experience that these places of horror were almost without fail nothing but ordinary spots made perhaps more awe-inspiring by darkness. He did not expect to find this forest different from the rest.

But now he was in the forest, and night was falling. He decided that his present surroundings gave as much promise as anywhere, and indeed more than the usual. He could build a fire to keep animals away. Should animals attack, his position was strategic, for they would have to come uphill and show themselves as they entered the clearing. Yes, he decided, he would stay here for the night.

He gathered some dry leaves and wood and lit the leaves and from them the wood in the primitive way. When he had the blaze going well, he turned and gathered more dry leaves. These he spread in a circle around the clearing, the ring being ten feet at its narrowest point. In this way, he assured himself an extra margin of safety, for any lurking or attacking animals would surely have to cross this barrier to get to him, thus awakening him by the crisp crackling of the leaves. This, however, was a very meager precaution, for he would have but a second to rally himself from sleep in such a case. He would have to rely mainly on the fire.

Before going to sleep, he lit the end of a small piece of vine from the fire and grasped the other end in his hand. The length of the vine was timed at about the length of time it would take the fire to burn down. By the time the fire neared extinction, the vine would have burned down to his hand and thereby awakened him. In this way he was assured that the fire would not get the chance to go out. Then, satisfied, he settled down for a light sleep.

He was awakened sometime later by the vine in his hand. The fire was nearly out. He gathered more wood from a pile he had stacked inside the circle of leaves and put it on the fire. Then he turned to go back to



sleep.

Before laying down, however, he abruptly assumed a position of listening. What had he heard? A wolf? The wind? He could not be sure. He sat around the fire for some fifteen minutes, but did not hear the sound again. Had it been imagination? He doubted it. Well, no sense staying up all night. If the animal was going to attack it surely would have done so by now. He lay down again.

He was on the verge of slumber when he heard the crackling of the leaves. Instantly he was wide awake, his hand on his flint knife, his eyes peering into the darkness. Yes, he saw it. A wolf, slinking in the shadows. A lean wolf, hard hit by the recent famine that had struck the region. A desperate and hungry wolf.

The wolf, seeing he was discovered, crept forward, his belly hugging the ground. There was no sound of paws; it was in the alert upright ears, the rigidity of the tail. It was not a matter of wondering if he would attack. It was a matter of when. What moment, what split instant, would the wolf-brain decide was the right time to spring? Would it be now? The next moment? The next!

Orph's knife was out now. He was crouching behind the fire, adding that barrier to the separating ground between them now. Sweat was forming on his brow, cold sweat, nervous sweat. He could not know if he would come out of the fight the victor or the loser; he could not know how badly he would be mangled in the fight; he could not know.

The wolf sprang.

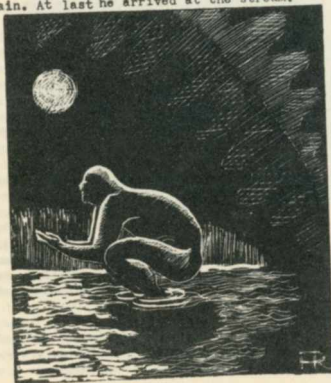
He had inched his way to one side of the fire while Orph had been nervously surveying the circumstances, then bunched his

muscles and sprung. He aimed for the throat, and when he collided his mouth was constantly striving for that target. Orph twisted, and the wolf twisted, and his mouth drew ever nearer the throat. Orph's knife flashed up and quickly down, but the wolf twisted and slashed at his ear, and Orph missed with the knife.

Orph rolled, and the wolf darted for him again, Orph swung wildly with his knife, hit the wolf with his fist after the knife missed. There was a slash on Orph's forehead where the wolf had tried for his ear and missed.

The wolf was on him again. This time Orph pressed flat upon his back and the wolf overshot slightly. The knife came up and the wolf yipped. Then Orph was on top and the knife struck again. A short, fierce battle ensued, then the wolf lay twitching and Orph settled back, his muscles quivering with tension. There were cuts all over his body and the blood was dripping into his eyes from his forehead.

He staggered up and left the clearing. It was the dead of the night when carnivores prowled, but Orph's dazed brain disregarded this. He knew he must find water. He blundered on in the direction he knew led to a small stream, for he had passed one earlier in the evening, just before bedding down for the night. Vines and creepers pulled at him, but he went on, falling and getting up again. At last he arrived at the stream.



He fell to his knees and bathed his face in the cold, clear water. The water numbed the pain from the cut on his forehead, and cleared his head somewhat. He washed his other cuts and then his forehead again. The bleeding had slowed considerably. He cursed himself for leaving the comparative safety of the hill, though he knew that he might not have lasted through the night had he not. If a wolf was desperate enough to attack a man with fire, then surely there would be other dangerous animals abroad. He had been lucky that he had not been attacked again. He looked around, selected a tree, and clambered into it quickly. He made his way to a point high in its branches, then settled down to sleep again. His present position was not too safe, but better than on the ground. Soon he fell into peaceful slumber.

When he awoke the sun was slightly above the skyline of a nearby mountain range. He clambered down from his lofty perch and took stock of his surroundings. He seemed to have wandered from the trail last night in his mad flight. He could not recognize his surroundings. He had a good idea of his direction, however, so he set off to his right. If he were correct, in that direction lay his tribe's hunting grounds.

He pushed his way forward for a few hours, growing more and more unsure of his way. He kept looking for a path of familiar marking, but finding none. The trees became more close together, and the underbrush, thicker. He began to have increasing trouble in making his way through the forest.

Finally, however, the trees thinned and the underbrush became almost nonexistent. He was nearing the edge of the forest. Soon he was entirely out, and beholding the strangest sight he had ever seen. Before him spread a small valley, perhaps two miles wide. There were fields upon fields of grain swaying in the breeze, and far to the right gleamed the spires of a fantastic city.

Never before had Orph seen such a beautiful sight. Stretching for miles on either side, the waving fields of grain were a strange but nonetheless lovely spectacle to the barbarian. But far more than that, there was the city. Orph did not know what it was, naturally, for his people lived in primitive caves. But the sparkling splendor of it needed no recognition. It was built almost entirely of white marble, of which there was an abundance in the hills of the region.

Lofty spires and minarets towered above the smooth flowing lines of the lower buildings. Vase and there the thin line of an elevated runway was to be seen, gleaming with a brilliance seemingly all their own. The supports of these runways blended with the rest of the city in such a way that Orph was hardly aware that they were there.

He paused for a few minutes at the edge of the trees, taking in the sight, then continued on his way. Down into the fields he went, intent upon crossing this valley quickly and leaving this strange land of magic. Halfway across he came upon a river. It was a fairly wide river, but the current did not seem to be too strong. Orph decided he would chance swimming it.

He dived into the cold water and struck out for the opposite bank. As he plied his way into the swifter water, he found the way growing ever harder as the current began to sweep him along with increasing rapidity. He had no choice of turning back, for he was soon at the mercy of the stream.

With a shock, he realized that the stream was carrying him toward the city of strange magic. He fought, but the current was too strong. Gradually, ever gradually, he neared the bank, knowing all the while that he would be carried into the city before he could get out of the water.

Soon he passed under a wall at the edge of the city. He had intended to let the current carry him through the city, but he could not resist the awesome beauty of the place. At a deserted point, he emerged and crept into the city. Along the edge of the river, the houses were squat and dirty, but rising in the background he could see the more beautiful sections of the metropolis.

Sticking to deserted and shadowed streets, Orph made his way toward the center of the city. Presently he came to a well-traveled street that must be crossed before he could get to the heart of the city. He crouched in a doorway, wondering if he should risk trying to traverse it or give up and return. He knew that it had been foolish to have come as far as this, but he was fascinated. He decided to risk it.

Waiting for a break in the flow of traffic— which was composed of carts and manpowered vehicles— he suddenly dashed for the other side. That was a mistake,



however. Before he was halfway across, he heard a shout in a strange tongue. Slowing unconsciously, he looked behind him. Men, curious white men wearing fantastic skins, were running from all sides. Terrified, he turned down the street he was on. They followed him.

He soon found that he could outrun them with ease. At the next intersection he turned back toward the river. There was a great clearing behind him now, and glancing back, he saw a crowd following him. Their cries brought people from the strange houses and soon there were people in front of him.

Trapped! He would have to try to fight his way out. He dodged around the first few men, but then the rest in front of him formed a half-circle. Practically he feinted to the left, then dashed to the right and broke again to the left just before reaching the semi-circle. His fist lashed out and one of them went down. The others dived for him, and he soon found himself under them. He twisted and fought madly, and somehow won free. He sprinted again along the cobblestoned street. There was no one in front of him now. The river was a few blocks away. More people were coming from their houses, but were not trying to stop him, and he found that his pursuers had given up the chase.

He kept going at his present speed until he reached the river, then dived into it and put all his effort into the strokes

(Continued on page 33)



WHY  
LEE HOFFMAN  
IS NOT A  
GOOD  
EDITOR



by  
LEE  
GAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: The article on this page by Gan Lee expresses his own personal opinion and not necessarily that of the editorial staff. And on the next page you'll find a quick rebuttal to this article by Lee Hoffman, herself!

FOR TWO HOURS I SAT and stared at the white expanse of paper, fingers hovering expectantly over the keys of this typewriter. They continued hovering. Finally, weak from the high altitude, they fell upon the carriage and lay there...

The article had started out brilliantly. It had a title that would make every fan who was a fan stand up and start reading. (Unless they were lazy like me, in which case they would remain sitting and start reading.)

I had the blasphemous title spread boldly across the top of the page---"WHY LEE HOFFMAN IS NOT A GOOD EDITOR"---and had the first paragraph written, thusly:

"This is asking for trouble. I'm beginning to think I stand alone. After this, that will no doubt be reality. However, I stride forward, in hopes that elsewhere in fandom, perhaps in unexpected places, other fans are of the same mind."

That peninsula, was it. After that, I just sat and wondered what to put next. Well, why was Lee Hoffman not a good editor? Then I had it; the dictionary! I would look up the word "editor." That always made a good beginning--even though the author promptly forgot the definition and plunged on into his private vagaries...

But this is what I found: "editor: One who superintends, revises, or prepares a literary work for publication; one who conducts a newspaper, magazine, etc." Well, she obviously superintends and prepares QUANDRY for publication; and there is evidence that she likewise revises.

I then decided to turn about face on the entire matter, and admit that Lee was a good editor. Not exceptional--anyone who puts out a fanzine has some editorial qualities---but definitely good.

"Aha!" says that well-known critic who authors are always having ask questions at crucial moments in articles, "Aha! But what about the NFFF poll? Lee Hoffman was voted right up among the best."

Perhaps we are vorgegadding a couple things. The first is offered as an opinion, but here it is: except for Rick Sneyers, and perhaps one or two others, NFFF would fall flat on its face and quietly die. How long transfusions can keep the spark of existence in this dying giant is anyone's guess.

The second thing may be more pertinent: QUANDRY did not receive mention as one of the best fanzines.

This is the only thing I have thus far found in fandom which might indicate there are others besides Al Leverette and myself who don't think QUANDRY is so hot.

Perhaps, Lee Hoffman, being people, have confused editor with publisher. Lee Hoffman is a very good publisher. Witness the fact that QUANDRY has kept so well on its schedule that everywhere I look around the house, it is not strange to have one or two of them pop up and look me in

(Continued on page )

A VERY NOTABLE FAN ONCE QUOTED his dictionary as follows: "editor: One who superintends, revises, or prepares a literary work for publication; one who conducts a newspaper, magazine, etc." Well, Paul Ganley obviously superintends and prepares PANFARE for publication; and there may be evidence that he likewise revises.

Perhaps Mr. Ganley is actually merely a publisher and not an editor. Witness the fact that PANFARE has kept so well to its schedule---er, well, witness the quality of misographing of PANFARE. PANFARE has a high degree of legibility and it has quantity. But what else does it have? Certainly some of the sorriest artwork ever to come off a mimeo. And some of the best fan fiction...which brings us to the question IS THERE ANY SUCH THING AS GOOD FAN FICTION? The answer is, of course, that it depends on the attitude and point of view of the reader. A fanzine full of amateur fiction can be the dullest thing on earth to a person who doesn't like fan fiction. On the otherhand a person who enjoys amateur writing would probably find a zine like PANFARE one of the best he had ever read. Perhaps he would proclaim it better than all others and condemn the non-fiction zine for not emulating his idol.

How dull this world would be if John W. Campbell edited every magazine being published. And if he approached them all with the same frame of mind. Picture the "Martians Home Companion," "Saturday Evening Booketship" and "The Butcher's Guide to Other Worlds." Perhaps the fan would rejoice...but think of the rest of humanity. The Western Fans, the Whodunit Lovers, Mothers interested in child care, and teenagers interested in love...how would they feel if science fiction were the only literature available?

Or let us say that the only fanzines being published were all patterned after Stf Trader. How thrilling! A life of advertisements! How many fans would stick with the immortal storm, and how many would blow away into the world of non-fans to seek a small puddle elsewhere.

Being good at mathematics and being good at publishing are two different things. One is definite and can be measured. The other is relative, varying from one individual to another. The question of editors is not "who is good?" but "who presents a magazine that pleases more people?" This applies to prose and fanzine editors.

An editor who gives his readers fiction can expect the people who like fiction to read his magazine. He must be tolerant and understanding when the people who don't like fiction fail to read and praise his efforts, just as the person who presents a non-fiction zine with the emphasis on personality must realize that all the world will not herald his efforts.

The man who builds a better mousetrap can only expect as customers those people who have mice.

It is only through realization that people are different and their tastes vary, and that one must allow his fellow the right to a difference of opinion that some peace and order in this world may be accomplished. Yet, fans who consider themselves as superior beings capable of running the world of the future and ruling a universe are just as given to petty bickering and intolerance as the homo-sapi-

(Continued on page )

WHY  
W. PAUL GANLEY  
IS NOT A  
GOOD  
EDITOR



LEE  
HOFFMAN



# A Word in My Own Defense

by  
Lee Hoffman

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article by Lee Hoffman is not part of the preceding one, rather it is, as she states, a word in her defense. Your editor is not to be recognized as holding sides for either of these articles or for the opinions stated therein.

Dear Paul,

First let me assure you that there are plenty of people who don't like QUANDRY. Probably as many as there are who don't like FANFARE. But a lot of people do like it, including me. And I like FANFARE too, but not as much as I like my own side and sides similar to it. I am interested primarily in fans, not their efforts at fiction. I would rather read a letter than a story. You probably would not.

You say "Can it be that Kennedy, Willie, and the host of other BNFs that inhabit Q are wrong and I am right?" No, Paul, they are not wrong, and neither are you. It's just that you are different individually from me and have different tastes.

You say "Is this way QUANDRY is actually a bunch of little fanzines, with several little editors, who do nothing but write down grievances and get poor Lee to spend time and money publishing them." The letters to the editor which I get more than pay me for the time I spend reading, rejecting, editing, stenciling, and such. I would say, Paul, that a person who chooses from an assortment of material, which he shall publish and which he shall return, is "superintending, revising, preparing and conducting" a fanzine. What, aside from those things do you do to FANFARE before you write your name as its editor?

As to li'l peepul, Paul, I never tried to palm them off on fandom as "art" any more than Jack Spear's stick people were palmed off as "art." They are a medium of communication with my readers. Each "li'l peepul" has a reason for existing.

He has a message. Most of the readers understand the li'l men and their messages. Sometimes they do not like them and consider them a waste of space, but still they understand them.

You say that each of my writers is in a way an editor himself, then you say "I'd rather listen to the editor of a magazine sound off than Joe Blow out in Quichehigs, Oklahoma, who doesn't have to work his head off to get his stuff distributed among fans." Isn't that rather contradictory. Paul! And what if Joe Blow happens to be a very interesting person, whereas the editor of the magazine in question may be hopeless when it comes to writing well! And do you think that Tucker is interesting in Newsletter because he edits it, whereas in Q he is dull because he doesn't edit it? And do you think, Paul, that if you wrote an article for Q, it would be dull merely because you don't publish Q! Honestly, now, Paul, do you really think that way?

What about my "very lucid, easy, interesting style?" Does it lose its "very lucid, easy, interest" because it is being published in COSMAG instead of Q? And is my column in SLANT dull because it isn't in Q? Should I have run this in my own sine so that you could enjoy it?

Aside from the fact that I publish the works of people other than myself and that li'l peepul are not artistic, tell me, Paul, why am I not a good editor? I'll see what I can do to improve.

*Lee Hoff*

# FAN PUBS

Conducted By JERRY BURGE

THIS COLUMN HAS BECOME a cancerous growth--it gets larger every issue. Keep sending those fanzines in; remember we review all sines received in trade for Commg, between issues of ditto. By the way, any suggestions in regard to the handling of Fan Pubs will be considered; criticism will be appreciated--complaints will be ignored.

**ABORTION:** Ken Kreuger and Gene Smith, 11 Pearl Place, Buffalo 2, N. Y. 10¢ for mimeoed--5¢ for hectoed copy. Irreg. September issue, #3. 20 pages.

A large, unwieldy package (legal-size), mainly of nonsense. Fair fiction and stuff.

**ACHRONIC CHRONICLE:** K.K. Smith (editor, publisher), Rt. 1, Box 92, Everett, Washington. \$1 per annum. Monthly. Oct. '51. Vol. 5 #10--Whole #50. 18 pages. Printed.

Achronic Chronicle could hardly be called a fanzine, though it is an amateur magazine. Both of the issues that I have seen of this publication have contained excellent, very readable articles on topics of general interest. Some fine stuff in this little magazine. Hope you'll give it a try.

**ADOLPHINE:** W. C. Britts, 2058 E. Atlantic, Philadelphia, Penna. 10¢ a copy--50¢ a year. Bimonthly. August issue Vol. 2 #4. 24 pp. (quarter size). Mimeoed.

Good ads, reasonably priced on just about anything you'd want. Try it.

**THE CATALYST:** Galactic Publishing Co. 545 N.E. San Rafael St., Portland 12, Oregon. 10¢ per copy--6 for 50¢. Irreg. Editors: Bob Briney. Summer issue Vol. 2 #1. 16 pages. Mimeoed.

Good postscript. Most of the better fan-posts appear here. Capably illustrated by Jim Bradley and Ralph Rayburn Phillips.

**EXPLORE:** Box 49, Girard, Penna. 10¢ each--50¢ a year. Bimonthly. Editor: Ed Noble, Jr. Sept. issue, 16 pages. Mimeoed. O-C of the ISFCC.

A capsule report on the London convention leads off the issue--good job by Bob Shaw. Richard Elsherry is here with some inside dope on Paul Anderson. A report on the 4th Westerncon, some book and movie reviews, and of course, the regular fan-



zures: "Collectors Corner" and "Trade Winds," round out the issue.

**FANTASY ADVERTISER:** 1745 - Kenneth Road, Glendale 1, Calif. 20¢ per copy. 75¢ per annum. Bimonthly. Roy Squires (ed.) Sept. '51. Vol. 5 #3. 40 pages. Offset.

This issue has a really beautiful half-tone cover by Morris Scott Dollens, who also authors and illustrates a fine article inside, about fantasy art. Dollens is perhaps the best artist in the field today. Arthur J. Cox is back with "Astounding's Science Fiction: Some Changes in Form"--an account of the evolution of ASF's stories.

But it's the ads that really count. A collector is lost without F.A.

**FANVARIETY** (Combined with ALPHABET MULL): W. Max Kessler, 420 So. 11th St., Poplar Bluff, Mo. 15¢ per copy--6 for 50¢. "Published too often to suit some people." Editors: Max Kessler and Bill Venable. Sept. '51. #12. 28 pages. Mimeoed.

Harry Warner's column, "All Our Year-tardays," is definitely the most readable thing in the issue. Ed Noble, Jr.'s article on fantasy music is quite comprehensive and good--but much too short. "...And Bradbury he still as tight," is "a satire on--guess whom?--by Richard Elsherry (listening, Macaulay!). The argument on religion (Please turn page.)

in fandom seems to have degenerated into a two-man feud. Redd Boggs upholds his side very well with "A Call Answer to (Ken) Kraeger." Don't ask me which side he's on. Couldn't struggle through the "Astral Projection" article--too many typos.

And on the cover you'll find photos, taken at the Nolacon, of dozens of fans. Worth it.

**THE IMAGINATIVE COLLECTOR** combined W/DAWN: 203 E. Wampus Ave., Louisville 9, Ky. 15p--2 for 25p. Bimonthly. Editor: Russell K. Watkins. Sept.-Oct. #6 of TIC; #16 of DAWN. 21 pages. Mimeoed.

This issue is something of an improvement. Bob Silverberg gives us a good--my, excellent--review of the first issue of Astounding. Ed Cox is on hand with description of a forgotten prose--~~fiction~~--**Stories**. From his description, I'd say it might well have remained forgotten. Another mag to add to my want-list, again!

Watkins announces in his editorial that he is going into the Air Force--but TIC will continue under the guiding hand of Mrs. Watkins. Lots of luck to both of them at their new jobs.

**IMPOSSIBLE**: Burnett R. Toakey, 3931-15th, N.E., Seattle, Wash. No price listed. April issue. #4. 56 pages. Mimeoed.

Imp's avowed purpose--to drive all prose out of business--seems to be bearing fruit: already six of those mentioned in Toakey's editorial have bit the dust, and the others appear to be in dire straits. The editorial, as a matter of fact, is the only thing worth reading in the issue... Lee Hoffman disappointed me with his--~~hor~~--story. The line has possibilities--hope Toakey can keep it up.

**The ICKROMANTIKON**: Manly Bannister, 1905 Spruce Ave., Kansas City, Missouri. Midyear, 1951. Issue #5. 90 Pages.

I'm really sorry that this issue must be the last. Only the finest fan fiction and poetry were printed in Nekro--it was really a worthwhile effort. Forty-one well-written stories and poems, an article and book reviews make up this final issue. The cover printed on stiff paper stock, is a work of art by Ralph Mayburn Phillips. A good job, well done.

**S F NEWSSCOPE**: Fandom Press, 43

Tremont St., Malden 48, Mass. 5p a copy--50p per annum. Monthly. Editor: Lawrence May Campbell. Sept. Vol. 2 #1. 13 pages. Mimeoed.

"Combined with Fantasm on the occasion of their first anniversary." (Fantasm is published at the same address, irregularly. 5p a copy.)

Newscope is showing steady improvement, both in content and in duplication. The news is presented in an interesting and very readable manner. The formation of an adequate news service is so short a period is a major accomplishment and one in which Campbell may justly feel pride. A worthy contemporary of Fantasy Times!

**ODD**: Duggie Fisher, Jr. 1302 Lester St., Poplar Bluff, Missouri. 15p each--2 for 25p. Bimonthly. June Issue. Vol. 4, #2. Whole #11. 34 Pages. Mimeoed.

Marion Bradley's excellent fanzine review column (with which I disagree pretty consistently) is the only thing I can find in ODD worth reading--or mentioning. Maybe I just haven't got the hang of it, yet.

**ORB**: Bob Johnson (editor); Box 941, Greeley, Colorado. 20p a copy (25p for this issue). Quarterly. Vol. 2 #3. Whole #9.

This is a production. There's Nelson Bond, with a very fine diatonic story; and Charles Dye and Katherine McLean, with the best fantasy story I have read, pro or fan. Don't let Nelson Bond's diatonic story frighten you away--for there's also a delightfully narrow-minded anti-diatonic article by Rev. C.M. Moreshead, to balance the story. Sandy Charnoff authors a good article on Egyptian art. The poetry department is in good hands, with Orren McCormick, Leah Bodine Drake, Sandy Charnoff, and Betty Curtiss contributing. Very good artwork, too.

**FROM**: Charles Lee Riddle, PNL, USN, Fleet All Weather Training Unit, Pacific, 1 Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif. 15p a copy, nine issues for \$1. Bimonthly. Eds: Charles Lee Riddle and Gene Hunter. June, 1951. Vol. 4 #3. 26 pages. Mimeoed.

The clearest duplicating job I've seen in many a moon, plus top-flight material, place this one well up on the list. The editorial by Riddle and "Fan Times", a sort of autobiography by Gene Hunter, are, perhaps, the best items in the issue, E.

Hoffman Price, in his column, "Thoughts While Struggling," has a worthwhile thought to put across; but the column suffers from crude phrasing--his opinion of the characters in his own stories is pretty disgusting. I'll strive to avoid stories from Mr. Price's pen in the future. A Neb's fanzine review column is a good one--maybe because he says such nice things about us.

A couple of book reviews and a feature or two, round out a fine issue.

**QUANDRY**: Lee Hoffman, 101 Wagner St., Savannah, Ga. 15p a copy--\$1.50 a year. Monthly. Oct. 1951. Vol. 2 #2. 30 pages. Mimeoed.

Last month the "Quannish" arrived, even bigger and better than anticipated; certainly a landmark in fanzine publishing.

And now, "Q" #4--another fine job by Miss Lee Hoffman. This is a must issue for all who attended the Nolacon; and those--like myself--who couldn't make it, may attend vicariously through its pages. Dozens of L1 Pespul, a good, lengthy editorial, and--heck, I can't describe Quandry. All I can say is, get the issue. Address, directly above.

**RHODOMANTIC DIGEST**: The Garden Library, 2524 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 30p a copy--\$2.50 for ten issues. Published at intervals of six weeks. Editor: Don Fabun. July '51. Vol. 3 No. 1. 60pp. Multilithed.

Overlooking the slight superiority complex that pervades it, RD is an excellent non-fiction issue. "Interplanetary Flight: Facts and Fancies," and Edward Wood's "Science (?) Fiction," are particularly good jobs. The "Analysis of the Diatonic Foundation Report reads more like an attack than an analysis." Judging from the prose reviews, it's apparent that the Elves', Gnomes', and Little Men's Science-Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society just

don't like magazine science-fiction. This issue features a "Folio of Fantastical Sketches" by Bob Baetum, which begins to grow on you after the third of fourth glance through.

**STY TRADER**: Jack Irwin, Box 3, Tyro, Kansas. 10p each--4 issues for a quarter. Monthly. Sept., 1951. Vol. 3 #1. 11 pages. Mimeoed.

Ads are very reasonable in this one; only a dollar for a full page--really a bargain compared to the prices asked by most fanzines. Unreservedly recommended to collectors.

**TIMA**: Lynn A. Hickman, 408 W. Bell St., Stateville, N. C. 25p a copy--\$1 a year. Sept. '51. #2. 33pp. Mimeoed and multilithed.

Regarding the awful poem on page 4 ((Hay, Lynn, remember I didn't write this. You know my opinion on the aforementioned poem...)), this one shows promise of becoming a top issue. It's difficult to pick a "best" item. Perhaps it is Basil Wells' column, "Thud and Blunder," or "Almost Angel," a story by Roger D. Bonham (the illo for this one is better than the story). There's room for improvement, of course; but for a 2nd issue, this one is way up there. **TIMA** rhymes with "dilemma," by the way.

**UTOPIAN**: R. J. Banks, 111 So. 15th St., Corsicana, Texas. 25p a copy. June, '51. #5. 60 pages. Mimeoed.

Fiction content is unusually good. The one exception being Neil Wood's "Unlocked Holmes," which strikes me as an exceedingly un clever job. However, Neil makes up for it with his short story, Tom Covington's "Paradox" is good, too; and Lalf Ayen contributes a couple of fair weirdies. Three columns, an article and a poetry section round out a pretty good issue. Worth reading.

- jeb

THE LAND OF SHADOWS...

(Continued from page 27)

-Conclusion.

which would carry him from this terror-laden place. In a few minutes after he was out of the city, but he stayed in the water a few minutes after that before emerging and setting upon his way once more.

He traveled over the hills surrounding the valley, and through another part of the forest known as the Land of Shadows. And now he knew the reason it was shunned so

much.

By sundown he reached his homeland. The people crowded around him, and many was the query as to where he had been. With a sheepish smile, he spoke the word for the Land of Shadows. "Atlantis," he said, and wondered how he could tell them of the fantastic civilization he had stumbled upon in the land of the cave-men.





# Speaking For Myself

by  
Peter J. Ridley

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thanks to the generosity of one Lee Hoffman, the picture at the left, from the pages of Quandry, appears here. It was drawn by Ridley, himself, but the evil grin on his face is neither to be blamed on him or Lee Hoffman.

THERE IS SOMETHING of the old diehard in all of us, we don't like to see the old, familiar things changed, we like to have a p back to the old days, even if our oldest days aren't very long ago. Few of us can resist an occasional lament for the past, it's a trait as human as jealousy. My dirge is not for the past, but for the present which is to be the past too soon.

Today Fandom is a more-or-less close knit body of people with the same general interests, not an organized society but one joined loosely, by correspondence and the fanzines for the most part. It's a parochial community, everybody knows everyone. No one is inaccessible. Very rarely does one receive anything but a friendly answer to an unsolicited letter. In fact present day Fandom might be compared to a small township, with its occasional bitter feuds, and generally friendly atmosphere.

Unfortunately this happy state of affairs is doomed, things just don't stand still in this Universe, and Fandom follows the usual rules. The "Small Town" of existing Fandom is inevitably growing into an industrial concern; while at present the nucleus of anti-fans holds firm, eventually it must disintegrate, and leave the defenseless body of Fandom to the purely commercial interests. Already the growing number of proseins are cutting into time that was previously free for fanning, nowadays it takes a very fast reader to get through the current crop of sf literature and edit a fanzine, write or draw as well. Consequently the anti-fans are faced with two equally unpalatable alternatives, either they miss some of the proseins and thereby get out of touch with the professional field, or they have to drop some of their fan activities. Whichever

course they take something is lost to Fandom. There are of course those heroic souls who attempt to navigate both courses, they, unfortunately, die early.

In the pro-field this trend has not passed unnoticed, recently the editor of a well known magazine referred tenderly to his vast, dumb, uncritical public, while printing a few words about active fandom which barely escaped hostility. In other words Fantasy is no longer a literary outcast, it's becoming popular, and that means the death of Fandom as it is today. Fantasy magazines of the future won't cover Fandom, nor will they review fanzines or print letters. Cut off from its basic material active Fandom will die a natural death, those fan-publishers who took the steep and narrow path of foregoing some proseins will give up for lack of egoboo, while even the most inveterate letter writer will relinquish his vice if there is no chance of his epistles being published. The future looks unfriendly and egobooless before us.

It is inevitable that this state of affairs will eventually come about, but that horrid consummation can be warded off for a little if we act together.

We must forego all but a selected few proseins, we must discourage any persons other than established fans from reading sf. Smear at them, jeer at them, any fan of more than a year must know how to do that from a bitter experience. We must in fact try to inhibit Fandom's growth, try to make it the Peter Pan of literature. Let's keep Fandom at "sweet sixteen."

Looking back at what I've written I'm not quite sure whether I was serious or not, perhaps somebody'll tell me! But not too violently, please.

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"Speaking For Myself"

-Page 35

At present there are three new fanzines pending in Britain to my knowledge. SLAMT's artist James White is having to cut down the number of illustrations he does and broaden his style somewhat due to failing eyesight. Bob Shaw will probably take on more of SLAMT's artwork now. Alan Hunter, leading light of the newly formed Fan Art Society is producing a fantasy calendar for 1952 with all the illustrations by fan artists. Eric Bantcliffe is organizing a checklist of all British S-F and Fantasy publications, including magazines, pocket

books, hard cover books and British reprints. Ken Slater has had an order for all available books with Martian stories from Paramount, sounds as if there might be a Martian film in the offing.

That's all this time, ADIOS,

Peter

WHY LEE HOFFMAN IS NOT A GOOD EDITOR...

(Continued from page 28)

the face, screech, turn green, and quietly fold together.

QUANDRY has quantity, but every time I read it I have a tendency to go to sleep. Do I require Dianetics treatment? Can it be that Kennedy, Willis, and the host of other BNF's that inhabit Q are wrong and I am right? H-mm.

So far this article has accomplished nothing, except to infuriate 99.9% of fandom. The very fact of the matter is that I can't explain why QUANDRY leaves me cold.

"Then shut up and stick your face back in your worm hole! Why do you attack QUANDRY without reason?"

QUANDRY is a group of mimeographed pages which consist mostly of articles. In this way QUANDRY is actually a bunch of little fanzines, with several little editors, who do nothing but write down their grievances and get poor Lee to spend time and money publishing them.

The li'l peepul are cute, but I am the poorest artist this side of the Styx and I could draw them, too.

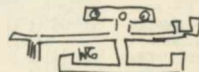
WHY W. PAUL GANLEY IS NOT A GOOD EDITOR... (Continued from page 29)

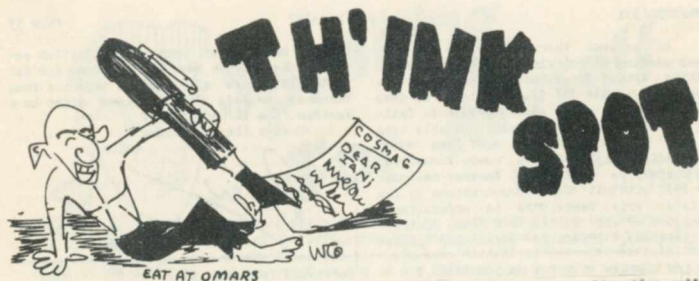
one that they look down upon.

So I cannot say that Paul Ganley is not a good editor. He pleases his readers... if he didn't they wouldn't stay with him. What more can a person ask of a faned? Sure-

ly no one would ask him to please all the world.

THE END





As usual we received a fair assortment of mail this time around complimenting, criticizing and/or degrading the previous issue. After going through the aforementioned pile of epistles, we came out with quite a handful of them worthy of inclusion. These you will see in the next few pages.

All letters intended for publication in Cosmag, must be mailed to the editor, Ian F. Macaulay, at 57 East Park Lane, N.E., Atlanta 5, Ga. A good number of those received will no doubt suffer the blue pencil of ye editor, to remove items of non-general interest and to conserve space. And if you don't want your communication to see print, please impress that when writing, for all letters are considered for publication.

Here they be....

Dear Ian,

Yesterday I received the combination COSMAG-SCIENCE-FICTION DIGEST, and enjoyed most of it quite well. The change in format is commendable.

The story, 11 to 7, was not especially new in plot, but I liked the way Oliver handled his ending. Knowing that if he revealed what the ferry was and what the river was, this would only be an anticlimax he solved this by not revealing it precisely at all. The MARTIAN GREMLSHUNK I didn't like. I liked the way it was handled, but not the subject. Anyone can write an article about a mythical animal, element, etc.; all it takes is imagination. Well handled, though, HUMOR IN 5-7; well, I think Conner is blowing off too much steam, since good humor is not only rare in 5-7, but most other places.

I liked Elaberry's little thing. But I have one objection; the notice concerning the fellow who wondered whether a spaceship could take off from Earth at a velocity of 2 miles per hour and go into space. From Elaberry's comment, I observe that he laughs at the very idea, but the comment isn't too clear, so I'm not sure. The fact is, it could be done. Although Mr. Sharland was mistaken in supposing that the

ship would ever escape the Earth's gravitational field, which is infinite, he was right in supposing that 7 miles per second is not a necessary speed. It is only a necessary initial velocity. If present-day rockets had a fuel that would burn slowly enough for them to store a few days' supply, or if they could take along a hundred or a thousand times as much fuel, they could fly to the moon easily. The only reason V-2's didn't explode on Mars instead of Earth was that they ran out of fuel after only a few minutes. Rocket motors eat up fuel like a neofan grabs up pro-mag. Perhaps I was mistaken concerning Elaberry's comment, I mean. As I say, I'm not sure whether he laughed at Mr. Sharland or at the fans who were playing around with the 7 miles per second escape velocity idea. It all depends on whether you're going to shoot the ship up like a bullet or let it push itself up like the gun the bullet is being shot from.

Your readers seem to be having trouble with "adult" fantasy. It seems to me that adult science-fiction is merely science-fiction in which the plot proceeds logically from a logical basis, and in which the characters act logically and naturally.

However, not all adult stories are

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"The Ink Spot"

-Page 37

necessarily good stories. Much more than that goes into a story. Writing, characterization, plot, conflicts, the author's own ideas, time spent on the story, all these have much to do with it.

Fantasy is definitely a writing technique in which literature is possible. This is a partial misquote, but no one can deny that it is a part of fantasy.

Keep up the good work. Cordially,  
W. Paul Ganley, 119 Ward Road,  
North Tonawanda, New York  
(((Thank for the worthwhile comments, Paul. And by the way, how do you like it the way we treated your article?)))

Dear Mac,

This was the best issue yet. The reproduction was better, of course, and so were the contents. The best thing about lithographing (?) is that illustrations show up so much better. You couldn't have done that cover on a mimeo. The whole thing is neat and looks good.

WHY I READ FANZINES was okay, though the guy didn't say a whole lot. I still haven't got fannish enough that I would miss an issue of my favorite magazines, (FANF) rather than a fanzine. Maybe I just haven't been in it long enough. Still, I started a Heinlein serial a few days ago and quit it to read COSMAG, UTOPIAN, and ODD. Soon, I reckon I'll be lost.

FAN PUNS was interesting and informative. I even agreed with him on some good points. He was right about TIME STREAM, too. It wasn't as good as WORLDS APART. I could tell him why, but I won't!

THE MARTIAN GREMLSHUNK was okay, but not quite up to Lee's usual high standard. It would look okay in ASF, because I don't understand their articles, either.

HUMOR IN 5-7 made a nice point. I agree with him 100%, but I'm afraid we would disagree on just which writer is funny, and which one isn't. I never learned to appreciate Nelson Bond. And I find humor in stories by Ray Bradbury and Richard Matheson. I don't know if they intend them to be funny, but they are. Still I think he has a good idea. Boucher prints a lot of humor in his mag.

PROFOUND UTTERANCES was about the best article in the issue. I like to read these things about fandom of yesteryear, because I haven't been in it long enough to remember much of it.

THE INK SPOT was good, and it's coming right along, better every time. Your note in Willis' letter was interesting. When I mail a fanzine, letter, or package from here to England, Ireland, etc., they sure charge me more!

I understand Lee Hoffman also mails fanzines overseas at no extra cost. How do you do it? Maybe the local PO is trying to make a profit on me!

Altogether this was a good issue, the best yet. Artwork and general layout fine, too. Sincerely,

J. T. Oliver, 315-27th St., Columbus, Georgia.

Dear Ian,

The cover is good mainly 'cause it is litho, and the artist has managed to cover up most of his mistakes by using a lot of shading. Very wise. The two whatchamacallit animals are the best part of the whole thing.

Burge should stick to the style he used on the contents page, it's much more impressive. The lettering for the title is very good, but then I know where you got it, but I'll never tell.

If you've got to talk about an article or story, do it at the beginning of the thing and not in the editorial. Use your editorial to talk about some of your club meetings, there is always something of interest happening at club meetings. Report of the LASFL in Shaggy was what made it one of the most famous of all fanzines, that, and Charles Burbee editing.

ELEVEN TO SEVEN? Oh well, it did have a nice looking header and drawing.

WHY I READ FANZINES? Hey! Why didn't you read FV, Fred? Or won't your nether let you, then maybe you do and Ian wouldn't let you mention it in COSMAG. I read that darn article twice looking for a mere remark on FV (FANWASLETTER).

FAN PUNS. Of course I like this, I got a good review. Burge, you are a sweet boy. Ever loving yours,  
Max Kamaler, 420 South 11th St.,  
Moplar Bluff, Mo.

Dear Ian,

Well, yes, the change to offset was surprising. Also disappointing. COSMAG seems to me to have lost half its charm in the new format. Maybe it is less trouble to produce, natter, etc., but the descent

into the microscopic isn't my idea of improvement. I guess I'm just reactionary.

Of the material this time, I liked the fanzine reviews and Klebber's "Profound Utterances." I was surprised to see that reprint from an old Sky Hook in the latter. Rich's article is a little similar to Joe Kennedy's "Them Wide Open Spaces" in the QUANTISH. Hm, if this cannibalizing of material is old fanzine custom, soon all articles will be rehashes of stuff that appeared in Fantaste, Shaggy, and Southern Star, till all that is gone, and then a 11 fan authors will be forced to rehash the rehashes! A melancholy prospect and a strange implication to draw from a nifty little article!

"Humor in Science Fiction" is a routine job and, at best, slightly debatable. Basically, humor is the commodity that is "a reminder of the serious headlines," rather than "serious stories," for humor is a detached view of the world like news-stories-are, whereas in a serious story you feel a 1 rather than think. I'd have liked to have seen Wilkie explore this facet of the subject, as well as to analyze why fans seem to prefer more seriousness in their fare."

In SFD, I'd seen most everything before. I thought it was a pretty fair selection, however. I wonder how Henry's going to work it when Commag prints something highly important or interesting? Will SFD reprint from Commag?

Shelby Vick sort of surprised me with "Is Being Lee Hoffman" (which title reminds me of "Being alone is, not being is not"). From previous examples, I thought Vick a pretty clever cartoonist at times, but only so with a typer. But this was nicely done. Spawning of Lee Hoffman, "The Martian Grumshunk" befuddles me even more than some of Lee's stuff in Westchester, etc. Somehow it seems pointless to me. Maybe that's the whole idea?

Artwork: I liked Burge's front cover passing wall, and all of Outhrie's stuff was fun. Your own cartoon illustrating "Why I Read Fanzines" was very competent. I wish I could say the same for your illo for "Eleven to Seven," but I think you were out of your depth on that one. ((He does ye ad and I a discharging Mac from the art staff until he can show sufficient improvement.))

Sincerely, Radd Rogers, 2215 Benjamin St., N.E., Minneapolis 18, Minn.  
(((A most interesting and commentative

letter, Redd. As an answer to your question, I simply state that SFD will not reprint, unless under dire circumstances, from Commag—why should it, we run together.)))

Dear Ian,

Get the latest C'mag—or should I say COSMAG science-fiction DIGEST? It doesn't matter. Y'know, I think you've got something there. The cover is your best yet, but I notice it doesn't illustrate any story. ((Does it always have to? For a good while we plan to feature non-illustrating covers.)) But who cares!

Best in COSMAG was "Eleven to Seven" by Oliver. If I were him, I'd have tried to be as good as that yarn. The writing was certainly professional, or at least darned near to it. Good idea, too—for once I didn't see the ending after a couple paragraphs.

Rest of the issue was pretty good, not up to COSMAG's standard (((REH?))), the Lee Hoffman's thing was one big let-down. I was hoping for something to rival "Excerpt" and I got this... "Humor in SF" was short but wholly true. "Profound Utterances" was okay, as was "Why I Read Fanzines." Then for the preview, that always lives up an issue.

Artwork this issue was at its highest peak since COSMAG made its inception. Like I said, the cover is darned good, and the contents page drawing, almost as good. Your illo for the story wasn't too good—the figures were too stiff. However, I see you're going to have a lot more detail now with the photo-offset. Good deal. The cartoons were all good.

You want comments on the new production, eh? Well, here's mine. If possible, go a little larger. The size is a little too hard to read as is. Yours in Fantasy,

Terry Carr, 134 Cambridge St., San Francisco 12, Calif.

(((You and the other readers, would probably be glad to hear that J.T. Oliver — has a 1,000 word short short coming up in a IMAGINATION.)))

Dear COSMAG,

You are really tops in the new tiny, digest size; the Burge pic on the cover was beautiful! His sketch on the inside front cover was also very good. Outhrie's little headings and the cartoon signed "T.C." brightened the issue immeasurably.

J. T. Oliver's short story, "Eleven to Seven" deserves reprinting in the SCIENCE

FICTION DIGEST half. It's that good! But the ad's illo was the worst pic in the issue. The figures were stiff and unnatural looking, and the background, choppy.

My personal thanks to Fred Chappell for booting UTOPIAN, along with the other fiction faze. Artist J. Burge's fms were of little worth to me, as I got most of them anyway. (((They're more for egoism than anything else.))) Lee's Grumshunk seemed pointless to me, but I'll bet the readers of the college paper ate it up. "Humor in Science-Fiction" and "Profound Utterances" were both good.

"Th' Ink Spot" was too long for you to be a well-balanced mag, but then—if it were shorter you'd not print such letters as this one. Always a reader, R.J. Banks, 111 So. 15th St., Corsicana, Texas  
(((THANKS!)))

Dear Ian,

I enjoyed C/SFD to no end. Part of the pleasure must have been caused by the fact that the first fanzine I read on entering fandom after the years in the outer darkness of the British postwar of field was a FANSCIENCES. I recalled with quite a definite nostalgia the first flush of enthusiasm for fandom as the way of life.

The cover: Good. Not as good as it might have been—but good. The lettering was superb.

Eleven To Seven: Perhaps the best bit of fan fiction I have ever read. I didn't catch on until almost the end of the yarn. The illo was very two dimensional though, but nothing could have spoiled that story.

Why I Read Fanzines: Very-very familiar stuff—all right for a space filler.

Fan Fabs. A good useful, interesting feature. Keep it up.

Walt Outhrie's wee men are terrific—especially the one on page three. That's my comments on Commag and a damn fine issue it was. Yours sincerely, Bob Shaw,

10, Leopold Dr., Belfast, N.I.  
((( Nice letter, Bob. 'Good, very so, to hear from fan across the sea. )))

There have been 'em, friends. The bulk of the mail. For those of you who wrote too late for your letter to be included, I invite you to write us again, commenting on this issue.

Probably the most complaints were for a larger sized production. That will cost us twice as much as the small size. Sure we want to be bigger and better so that you'll like C/SFD more. But that takes dough and the moola comes from subscription money. So tell your friends about C/SFD, okay? We'll appreciate it!

Until the first of January, best to all!

—the editor.

# The Immortal Storm

A HISTORY OF SCIENCE-FICTION FANDOM

by Sam Moskowitz

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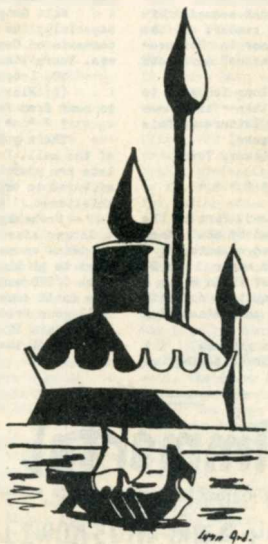
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