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COSMAG

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EDITOR: Ian T. Macauley

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Carson Jacks

ART EDITOR: Jerry L. Burge

ASSISTANT: John Rose

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cover by Burge

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OUT OF THE VOID *by the Editor*

THE EDITOR HAD MEANT to use most of the editorial space in this issue in a long winded plea for additional contributions to the Walt Willis Campaign. But, since said editorial space is pretty well needed for news of interest (or disinterest-- depending entirely on the viewpoint of the reader), and since quite a number of amateur journals are fairly well monopolising the campaign, a few words will cover the situation well enough. First of all, in case anyone reading this does not know where to address his contributions, send them to the Willis Campaign, c/o Shelby Vick, Box 493, Lynn Haven, Fla. The latest report from Shelby states that he needs only approximately sixty dollars to finish the drive. However, don't let this low (?) sum keep you from sending in what you can, just because you believe that the goal is almost reached. If everyone took this idea, then there wouldn't be enough cash on hand to bring Walt to the convention in Chicago this fall!

The "Walt Willis is Dead" hoax that has been launched by some fan in San Francisco has left this editor pretty disgusted. In his estimation said character who perpetrated this ungainly incident should be-- well, what the editor wishes might befall him and the numerous obsentities that he could call him are not fitting for publication in magazines such as those written by Mickey Spilaine and/or Jack Wofford. The editor would like to call to those fan's attention who have received the postcard announcing Willis' death, and are in doubt to whether or not Walt is dead or alive, to disregard the whole item. Walt's still definitely around and kicking, and will be for a long time yet to come.

Some brief items of interest this time around are (1) Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery St., Brooklyn, N. Y., has recently published a very neat and commendable anniversary issue of his fanzine, SPACESHIP. All material contained therein is good quality stuff, and well worth the extremely low price of a dime that Bob is asking. (2) Lee Hoffman is at work on preparing the second anniversary issue of her well known QUANDRY. If it's anything like its predecessor, it's bound to be another outstanding example of excellent amateur journalism. (3) The Magazine of Fantasy and Science-Fiction is preparing a "comprehensive" list of fantasy fans all over the globe. It will not be printed, however, but will be available at rental fees with a special discount to fan organisations. (4) Arthur C. Clarke recently visited the Atlanta Science-Fiction Organisation, and gave a very nice lecture with the use of slides on space travel and the like.

This issue of Cosmag and SFD is the product of six months wasting of time. It has been prepared twice before this format was chosen and in each case, the preceding work that was accomplished was destroyed. After this issue it has been decided that this publication will go back to photo-offset for its method of reproduction. Also the publishing schedule will be speeded up in order to get back to the regular bi-monthly one. The July issue will be out during the first of August, and September number during the first of September. After that the schedule will be more normal, it is hoped!



HEARTBREAK FLIGHT

by Capt. Kenneth F Slater

THE SPACE-BURNED MAN rested his glass back on the table.

"It was quite a bit back when I first saw one. On the Earth-- Asteroid express circuit. We carried cargo and passengers, and there was one particular passenger on this trip-- a girl, lovely little thing. Her first trip, she told us. She said she'd made a one-shot, but that had been her only trip out."

One of his pallid, Earth-bound listeners interrupted with a query.

"A one-shot?" the space-man repeated. "Why, that dates back some, even before my time. It means a moon voyage. The moon was a 'one-shot'-- the first step away from Earth in the old rocket days. Of course, in these days of anti-gravs, and gravmags, it doesn't apply, but the lingua of the space-men doesn't change much. We still 'blast off'-- and that hardly describes the gentle lift of the anti-gravatic drive, does it? There are plenty more terms like that... but I'm getting away from my story.

"This girl, she was as pretty as paint-- without the paint, too. None of this blue-enamel work on her nails, although it was just coming into vogue then; no pink-tinted ears-- they did not need it. Just a touch of lip-salve, and a dab of powder. Natural brown hair, too-- no blue-green dye. Maybe I'm oldfashioned, but I like a woman that way. One sees enough of Venusians on the space-ways without Earthwomen making 'emselves nearly the same.

"Anyway, there she was aboard the old 'Sky Island Express.' Full of questions about this, and that, and the other. I was only an under-steward in those days, and had to be careful. But I spent most of my time answering her questions, and got into trouble over it once or twice. The Chief Steward hauled me in front of the purser one time, and I was told that it was a steward's job to serve the passengers, to care for them. I said, yes, I knew that, and I was doing-- it. The old purser, fine old man from days of rocketry-- leaned over

his desk, and looked at me. 'Hawkins,' he said. 'The word I used was plural. Passengers. Not one passenger-- all of 'em.'

"Naturally, after that I had to be a bit more careful, but somehow I was still generally around the same part of the deck as she was. Needless to say, I'd fallen for her. Quite hard, too. So had most of the other impressionable young chaps on the ship-- and one or two of the not-so-young. I heard some of the other women on board referring to her as 'that young hussy'-- I guess they had reason, 'cos all the men seemed to gather where she was, and the rest of the femmes had themselves to themselves. Not that she led the men on, mind you; she exchanged greetings, and asked questions, and that was all. And most of the questions she asked, she put to the staff. I guess she thought they were more likely to give the correct answers about the ship."

His empty glass banged gently on the table, and he lapsed into a musing silence. At the proffer of another drink, he off-handedly said, "Well, yes thanks, if you insist. Irish whiskey again, please. I've travelled plenty, and drunk some strange likker in my time, but I always come back to the old faithful Earth drinks. What was that you asked? Oh, the girl. Her name?"

"Well, we called her Nora-- that was the name she gave us, and the entry in the purser's roll agreed. Just that, Nora. No surname, which I thought a bit funny, but didn't worry about. Because there it was-- all of us getting more and more in love with her, and not bethering about incidentals. At least, I was getting deeper and deeper in love, and I suppose the rest were the same.

"We'd reached Eros by this time-- an appropriate place, I guess -- and slipped off the first section, no passengers. The section? Don't you know how the express jobs work?"

"All the ship aft of the life-rocket ports is nothing but a series of drum-like sections; some airtight, with airlocks and everything, some just frame-works. Depended on what you carried which you used. The cargo for any one place is loaded into one-- or more-- sections. These sections are all linked together with grav-mag bosses, set centrally, and all controlled from the ship proper. When you get to a place where there are no passengers to drop the ship is just slowed enough to permit a tug to match speed, the juice is cut from the gravmag on the section you want to deliver-- the last section, at each stage-- and it drops away. The tug picks it up, and takes it down. The return trip is slower, 'cos you have to almost stop, and drop into an orbit, to let the tug push the section into place. If you've passengers, you go into an orbit, match airlocks with a ferry, and that takes them down.

"Sounds tricky, but it is a lot easier that way than landing the ship each time, and loading and offloading holds. A lot quicker, too, and space-craft have to run to schedules, even with the gravatics.

"Anyway, Eros, then Ceres and Vesta, and then we made a new call-- Hidalgo-- never been there before, and never thought we would, for I'd never heard of it being made over to support life. It goes way out beyond Saturn, and takes over thirteen years on an orbit. Yeh, I know you know it, but that is now. I'm talking of way back.

"Now have one on me. Don't get me wrong. I like talking-- but I'm not a drink scrounger. I've made enough on my trips to keep me comfortable. Come around sometime, and tell you about that, too. "Hidalgo. It was most unusual procedure. We put down, grounded, and that takes a lot of fuel, and the shareholders don't like so much fuel to be used up. Even with nuclear power you have to generate an awful lot of juice for the antigrav, just for an asteroid.

"We landed, and then I saw Nora had packed, and had her case all ready to get off the ship. I had been busy in the store, helping the Chief stocktake, and hadn't been around on deck much the last day, so I didn't know she was landing here. Never thought to ask-- I had imagined she was taking the round trip to 'see the system.' Lots of youngsters did then.

The port opened into the entrance salon, and the Captain steps forward to welcome the josser who came in-- he had whiskers and a beard, and looked an'old josser' to me; I didn't know who he was then. Brother, what a brain there was behind all that hair on his face!

"Nora ran over to him, and bobbed. "Master, I have come," she said.

"' Master! '-- that shook me. Anyway, without any fuss or bother she and the old man went back out, and the Captain with them. Then some other folks came in, and took some special equipment the Purser had had in his strong room. Then the Captain came back, and within fifteen minutes a ship-load of broken hearts was on its way.

"That was the first one I ever saw, and I never knew it until months afterward. I was wasting time watching some feature on the newscreen, not taking much interest, when the figure of the old josser was introduced as 'Professor Sletchewski,' and he went into a long ramble about adaption of life to the outer planets, and how he hoped to be able to do this on Hidalgo, with its long orbit.

"And finally he did something that sent me off on a binge that lasted for days. He introduced: 'No. RA 1, the first of the female androids I shall use for breeding experiments.' I can still remember his words-- as Nora stepped into the screen!

"Me, in love with an android!"

*** T H E E N D ***

THE IMMORTAL IDIOCY of a Superfluous Faned

OR: MY MEMOIRS BY J. UNDERWOOD YOUNGFAN

by Lee Hoffman

I. INTRODUCTION

As it comes to all true Fans, the time has come for me to set down my memoirs, so that those who follow after may behold and admire. I feel that these little reminiscences will be of vital interest to the hordes of savaged who are now pouring into fandom to make places for themselves at the feet of us, The Greats.

II. MY FAN CAREER

My fan career began in 1924, which was difficult as I was not born until 1934. (This is but a slight discrepancy tho, and should be ignored.) You see, I published the very first true fanzine. I mean the first real science fiction fanzine. Oh there were pretentious sheets before mine. The Time Traveller, Spaceways, Nekromantiken, Slant, and many others. But Scientifictionisticomics was the first real stfanzine. But now I'm ahead of my story.

Early in 1952 I bought a copy of AMAZING STORIES with a feature story by Rog Phillips whom I think of as an imaginative writer. I read the story and then saw something else written by Rog. It was called The Club House. I read it.

I was repulsed by the idea.

After that for a whole month I ignored AMAZING STORIES. Boycotted it, you might say. But then the next issue came out and there was nothing I could do but buy it since there was another Rog Phillips' story in it and I think of him as an imaginative writer. But in that same issue there was a story by this Craig Browning whom I think of as an unimaginative writer. To my way of thinking he is a deadbeat.

Well, I wrote the editor of the magazine a letter telling him how much I liked the story by Rog and how awful the Browning story was and how he should run lotsa stories by Rog and not waste space on this other fellow. And guess what happened? My letter got published.

Gosh, I felt like a great big man after that. My name in a real honest-to-goodness magazine.

But then something happened. I got a thing in the mail box.

It was a whole lot of paper with spots all over it, stapled together, at one side and all torn up. I used it to make notes on for my next letter to the editor of AMAZING. Then a month or so later I got another one, only it wasn't blank paper. It was a little tiny thing with little tiny printing all over it. I tried reading it.

The optometrist told me not to try anymore and Mother took the thing away. Dad was real mad about the bill for the glasses, but I kinda liked them because they made me look distinguished.

Well, I read this Cosmag pretty thoroughly before Dad took it away and it was like a magazine only it didn't have a story in it by Rog Phillips, whom I think of as an imaginative writer. So I wrote a letter to the editor. Before I knew it, I got an answer!

This fellow, Ian Macauley, was what they call a fan. He told me all about fandom and fanning, and how he was Number 1 Fan an' everything. And how I could be a fan too. All I had to do was pay dues of a dollar a week to him and I could wear a propeller beanie and carry a zap-gun and everything just like all the other fans did. So I sent him my first week's dollar.

But then I got a letter from some fellow named Burwell, telling me that he was Number One Fan and I should send my dollar a week to him.

I got confused so I wrote to this man who puts out the newspaper about books, this Mr. Tucker. I had read somewhere that he knew all about fandom so I wrote to him and asked him which one really was #1 fan and whom I should send my dollar to.

He wrote back and told me that I was being gypped. He said that he was really Number One Fan and that he'd let me be a real fan for only 75¢ a week. Naturally I took Mr. Tucker's offer as I am not a sucker and wouldn't pay any Macauley or Burwell a dollar a week to be a fan. Not when Mr. Tucker would let me be one for 75¢ a week.

About a month after that Mr. Tucker quit his job and moved to Florida which was where I first met him in person.

III. I MEET A REAL LIVE FAN

I was on vacation as the principal of my school had taken away my Startling Stories, and I'd kicked his teeth in and there was a little trouble with the school board. So I was on vacation in Florida. In fact I was lying on the beach reading the latest TWS when I heard voices. I got up and looked around. By a big sand dune (which turned out to be E. E. Evans) a whole bunch of people were sitting around a big fire. I approached a fellow who was roasting hot dogs on the end of a Speer and asked him who he was and what they were doing.

"Name's McKeown," he replied in a thick Canadian accent. "See

that fire?"

"Uh huh."

"We're burning Tucker's new book."

"Tucker! Not Bob Tucker!" I gasped.

"Sure. You know him?"

"I've heard of him. You see, I'm a fa-a-an."

McKeown dropped his hot dog. "Bob," he hollered to a fellow who was busy pronouncing cuss-words to a girl, "look here."

"Wha'?"

"This here is a fa-a-an."

"It is?"

"I'm J. Underwood Youngfan," I told him.

He dropped the girl.

"Look, Underwood," he told me, "don't you realize that you're two weeks behind with your payments? You can't go around calling yourself a fan when you don't keep up your dues."

"Well, you see it's this way, Mr. Tucker, I've started publishing a fanzine."

PENDULUM

The Timely Fanzine

fifteen cents from Bill Venable,
910 Park Place, Pittsburgh 9, Pa.



"Why didn't you say so," Bob grinned. "You realize that the dues are double for fanzine editors."

"Wha!?" I gasped.

"Uh huh. Keeps the field from being overcrowded."

So with the eagerness of youth I took a job diving for pennies, tossed into the lagoon by tourists, to earn my dues. Mr. Tucker, who was head of the penny-divers let me become one for only a dollar a week because he liked me and I was a fan.

IV. MY SUCCESS

Ah, those were the good old days. How I remember diving for pennies all day, sometimes making as much as 50¢ a day. Then grinding out Scientifictionisticomics, a hand-set printed fanzine, way in to the wee small hours.

And there was my associate editor. He was an octopus I found one day while penny-diving. I took him home and taught him to set type, feed the press and assemble the magazine, as well as keep the press inked.

Then one day I realized what a profit my fanzine was showing-- I invested the cash in advertisements in other fanzines, and my subscription list soared. It was all the octopus could do to assemble enough copies of the mag each week. So I hired another octopus.

Pretty soon I decided to quit fandom and become a pro publisher, as my magazine was selling 50,000 copies a week already. I contracted to place it on the newsstands and wrote to several well-known pros for material, offering very good rates,

Soon I quit penny-diving and stopped paying fan-dues. I bought out Street & Smith and combined them with Simon & Schuster and Avon which I had bought earlier. I hired a lot of good fans to handle various phases of publishing. Macauley took over magazines and Burwell, the books. Dave Ish was placed in charge of deleting single cuss-words while Russ Watkins snipped out sexy paragraphs in stf manuscripts and tossed them down a chute to the other-pulps department, because fans don't like stf and sex mixed.

Mr. Tucker works for me now too. He shappens pencils and keeps the office tidy.

* # * # * # * # *

WANTED: UNKNOWN WORLDS, October, 1942-- Vol. 6, No. 3
containing:

"Unpleasant Profession of Johnathan Hoag"
by John Riverside (Heinlein)

WRITE: Box RD 6, c/o Cosmag, 57 E. Park Lane, Atl., Ga.

Lewis Carroll's *Greatest Fantasy*



by Bob Silverberg

An article bearing the title you see above here (right there in, the fancy letters) starts off with an immediate handicap. Lewis Carroll, you see, is about as well known as an author of fantasy can get; just about everybody, including the readers of this fine publication, is familiar with his two "Wonderland" stories, "Alice's adventures in Wonderland" and the even more fantastic sequel, "Through the Looking-Glass."

Therefore, all the readers will take one short look at the title above. "Hmmp," they'll snort. "'Lewis Carroll's Greatest Fantasy,' eh? He must mean 'Alice,' and I know all about her."

And saying that, the reader glances momentarily at the byline, snorts, "Oh, Bob Silverberg," and then turns to the next page. So, as I've stated, an article bearing the title this one has is under a handicap from the start, and is in peril of having no readership at all.

Accordingly, though I'm going to allow the title to remain as it is, despite the risk I'm running, I shall acknowledge the danger of such an undertaking, and, despite the title, will write about Lewis Carroll's second greatest fantasy, which is, after all, nowhere nearly as well known as "Alice."

So that's what I'll do.

Sylvie and Bruno first appeared, in part, in 1867 in a magazine called "Aunt Judy's Magazine." According to Lewis Carroll, it was in 1874 that he first thought of expanding it into a longer story. Carroll, worried by the flood of imitators of "Alice," wanted to write a completely novel and original fantasy this time. As he said in the preface:

Hence it is that in "Sylvie and Bruno," I have striven-- with I know not what success-- to strike out yet another new path: be it bad or good, it is the best I can do. It is written, not for money, and not for fame, but in the hope of supplying, for the children whom I love, some thoughts that may suit those hours of innocent merriment which are the very life of Childhood.

(In re-reading the preface, the phrase "innocent merriment" strikes me quite forcibly. This preface was written, as far as I can tell, in the same year which saw W. S. Gilbert's Mikado make the same phrase

famous).

Sylvie and Bruno is a novel of 220 pages; the sequel, Sylvie and Bruno Concluded, is slightly longer. The first book opens in what is virtually a dream, and the dream-like atmosphere continues throughout the entire story. Nowhere is there the slightest intrusion of reality into an utterly unbelievable and charming fantasy.

The story opens with a crowd beneath the Sub-Warden's window, shouting "Hooroah! Noo! Consti! Tooshun! Less! Bread! More! Taxes!" And on a background of some wholly fanciful and yet at the same time thoroughly British nation, there is told the story of Bruno, a small fellow with a lisp, and Sylvie, his sister, who passes the border of the mortals and becomes a fairy later in the story.

As for the story itself, there is none. There is no plot discernible, merely a sequence of events, sometimes irrelevant, usually thoroughly insane, and always wonderful. ("I'd thought you'd like to see them," he said. "These are the boots for horizontal weather!" "But what's the use of wearing umbrellas around one's knees?" "In ordinary rain," the Professor admitted, "they would not be of much use. But if ever it rained horizontally, you know, they would be invaluable-- simply invaluable.")

One of the more fabulous people who inhabits the second half (for it really is but one book, flowing into two sections) is Mein Herr, obviously a German of the Bismark type, who comes from a far-off land of progress. Mein Herr seems to be incredibly ancient... Bruno thinks he is 83, which occasions this discussion:

"He is very exact!" said Mein Herr.

"Is he anything like right?" I said.

"There are reasons," Mein Herr gently replies, "reasons which I am not at liberty to explain, for not mentioning definitely any Persons, Places, or Dates. One remark only I will permit myself-- that the period of life, between the ages of a hundred-and-sixty-five and a hundred-and-seventy-five, is a specially safe one."

"How do you make that out?"

"Thus. You would consider swimming to be a very safe amusement, if you scarcely heard of anyone dying of it. Am I not right in thinking that you never heard of anyone dying between those two ages?"

And so it goes. I don't know if this is in the Checklist, for I don't have a Checklist. I know it is not particularly well-known book. But it is available in a modern Library Giant Edition, "The Complete Works of Lewis Carroll," at \$2.45. This book contains both "Alice" stories, both "Bruno" works, plus the complete fantasies, poems, and oddments of Carroll's career, including the fantastic epic poem, "The Hunting of the Snark."

(Concluded on page 16)

SPEAKING FOR MYSELF

by Peter Ridley

THIS BUSINESS of column writing isn't as easy as one might suppose after seeing Walt Willis's interminable* essays in QUANDRY. There are several stock themes and types, which can soon be recognised in any fanzine. I suppose the main division might be drawn between the "News Column" and the "Opinion Column." The "News column can again be subdivided into the "Personal" news column and the "Impersonal" news column, and there are of course all shades of combinations.

The "Personal News Column" deals, as you have guessed already unless you're dead from the neck up, with personalities in fandom (Big Name Fen) and is the fannish equivalent of the Society Column. Here is a sample that will enable you to identify the "PNC" on sight. "Congratulations to Joe Soap and Mrs. Haggleswaite Soap on the birth of their dear little son Augustus, and the very best of luck to this budding fan. Hick Beery writes us a long and interesting letter, and says that he is particularly interested in ornithology and would be pleased to hear from any young attractive blonde with the same speciality. Come on now girls, don't be bashful! We hear that a young fan editor has been seeing an awful lot of his landlady lately, and we can hear wedding bells ringing gently. Brad Raybury, the famous author, called round to see us the other day, and we had a long talk about his next book, which is to be called the 'Dunghills of Mars' etc., etc." There are several points to note: first, the use of the kind of Christian name that is obviously only known to the innermost circle of Soap's intimates; this proves that the writer is on the friendliest terms with BNF Joe Soap and his wife. Secondly notice the use of the Royal and Editorial pronoun, these columnists always use "we" instead of "I." The third little trick is the employment of suggestion, "Hick Beery writes us a long and interesting letter." This phrase conjures up a picture of the aforesaid BNF sweating away at the composition of "a long and interesting letter" specially for the benefit of the columnist, and pleading with him to use his influence to procure a correspondent of similar interests. Next comes the oh-so-subtle innuendo regrading some wretched fan's love life, and finally we have the piece-de-resistance (more suggestion). "The famous author" calls round to see "them," and one is given the impression that his reason for this visit is to get an expert opinion on the progress of his new book.

The "Impersonal News Column" is vastly different, it deals with publication schedules, reviews, books and films, and imparts those little pieces of queer news. Just a brief sample: "E.E. Brown's "The

*Editor's note: Peter Ridley would like it pointed out that he used the word "interminable" to convey the fact that "Walt writes an awful lot of good stuff, and not an awful lot of bad stuff."

"Pink Prisman" will be published by Ghasta shortly at ten dollars, and there is a rumour that Trebleweek are to put out a cheap edition of Herritt's classic "Old Nick's Prints," 21st Century Coyotes newepic was shown at the local cinema this week, and I may say that I thoroughly enjoyed it, and recommend it to all fans. There is a particularly fine surprise ending in which the hero and heroine walk hand in hand into the sunset. The Interdenominational Nonconformist Minister of Stinc is reported to have seen the famous ghost of Charles Peace."

It is unusual to find either of these columns singularly, mostly they are combined in varying proportions and may be written with different degrees of skill, but they are invariably easily identified by the initiate.

The "Opinion Column" is in a different class altogether. Here the writer picks on some particular aspect of fandom and delivers praise or castigation depending on the state of his digestion at the time of writing. This kind of column is very popular, chiefly because there is no need for any research before commencing, nor need the subject dealt with be up to date. Here again we can sub-divide, and make a distinction between the vituperative columnist, and the writer who delivers a more reasonable attack. You may think that a more logical division could be made between those who attack and those who praise, but on investigation it becomes obvious that one who attacks must also be attacked, and must therefore defend. Thus the same column will very often contain both attack and defense (which is a form of praise), thereby rendering a division between approval and censure, at least very difficult.

The feud flourishes between all writers of the "Opinion" type of column, but can be said to come into its own in the literature produced by the vituperative columnist, for example: "...and here is a quotation from 'Bar Sinister,' a very poorly produced fanzine (one of the worst I've come across in twenty years of fanning). 'Edgar Wortleberry stepped from his Space Ship into the chariot drawn by four naiked women.' Really, Charlie you should have stayed longer at school." Well of course Charlie (who isn't a darling at all), the Editor of BAR SINISTER isn't very happy about this, and he spends several weeks searching through back issues of fanzines for some blatant error on the part of his tormentor, and when he finds the inevitable he makes sure that it's given full coverage in his zine, and sends the columnist ten (un)complimentary copies.

The reasonable "opinion" columnist is considerably more restrained in his use of descriptive language, and is generally a more pleasant person altogether. One great drawback to this kind of column is that if one commences reading in the middle of a feud it's pretty difficult to pick things up, whereas with the other type it just doesn't matter where you come in.

Of course there are other types, the "Instructive" column, where in the writer rams some of his pet theories down your throat, or gives birth to some choice piece of five cent philosophy: "If we all liked Van Winkle, the world would be a happier place." Or the "Wandering"
(Concluded on page 14)

THE Ray Bradbury Review...

a review by

the Editor

THE RB REVIEW, edited by William F. Nolan of 4458 - 56th Street, San Diego, California, is one of the finest amateur productions that this writer has ever seen. In the first place it is a very excellent example of reproduction-- photo offset, sixty-four pages neatly laid out. And secondly it contains such a storehouse of fine material that is worthy of every science fiction fan's attention.

This fine publication contains articles by such well known personalities as Anthony Boucher, Henry Kuttner, Chad Oliver, and many established fans as well. Not to mention material by the master himself, Ray Bradbury, including a heretofore unpublished professionally short story. Besides the previous listed examples of excellent material, there is contained within this magazine, a complete checklist of all of Bradbury's works. This latter qualification, in itself, is a definite reason for collectors and non-collecting-stf fans to put themselves out the low price of fifty cents that Bill Nolan is asking.

It is hard to state precisely the high quality and significance of this publication without the reader's having a copy with him. One can't go wrong by obtaining a copy of THE REVIEW, for every page is filled with fine material, both interesting and quite informing. Even if Ray Bradbury is not one of your favourites, it would still be well for you to have a copy. As editor Nolan states that it is not an attribute to a tin god, rather a descriptive collection of Bradbury's work, favourably and unfavourably expressed.

The success of the REVIEW is quite self-evident. To date the sales have been going very rapidly. This writer suggests to his readership to purchase a copy of this publication right away. He doesn't want them to be left out of this excellent bargain. Order one before it's too late.

* * * * *

SPEAKING FOR MYSELF (continued from page 13)

column in which the writer rambles on and on without any attempt at sequence or theme. "I saw the President of the Bingo Fan Club yesterday and he told me that zap guns are not being worn this year, which reminds me that I must renew my subscription to Glub when I've finished paying the installments on my duplicator."

As I said before, there's quite a lot to this column scribbling business.

ADIOS,
Peter

FAN PUBS



CONDUCTED BY

Jerry Burge

Ian has finally seen the light, and has asked me to change my methods in this column. So okay. From now on your fanzine only gets reviewed in every other issue of Cosmag, which should please you all (after all, I am a southerner, y'all know) tremendously. This is so everybdy gets longer reviews, theoretically-- probably would've worked until the aforementioned editor cut out a third of my space. Ah, well... such is life.

ACHRONIC CHRONICLE: K.K. Smith, Rt. 1. Box 92, Everett, Wash. \$1 per annum. Monthly. May, 1952. No. 65. Printed.

This excellently printed and well presented little magazine is a welcome change from the usual amateur publication. Mr. Smith can always be depended on for a literate and adult magazine. This issue features a political article by G.M. Carr, which seems to be an analysis of the Truman steel seizure, though it was written before that act occurred.

CONFUSION: Shelby Vick, Box 493, Lynn Haven, Fla. 5¢ each; 12 for 50¢. Monthly. March, 1952. No. 7. Mimeographed.

This happy little zine is greatly reminiscent of QUANDRY at its zaniest. Shelby's puffins are very clever little rascals, who seem to adapt themselves perfectly to any situation. There's a column by Walt Willis which should be enough said.

EUSIFANSO: Roscoe Wright, editor., 146 E. 12th Ave., Eugene, Ore. 10¢ Irregularly. March, 1952. Vol. 2, No. 5. Printed.

Undoubtedly, Eusi is the best printed fanzine to come our way. Marion Bradley writes maudlin prose anent Merwin's demise-- egad, Marion; I had no idea he was that good. Best thing in the issue is the preview of Concept, Wright's new stf art and poetry fanzine. Judging from the sample given, it looks to me like Concept is going to start at the top and stay there.

MAD: Dick Ryan, 224 Broad St., Newark, Ohio. No price listed. Published quarterly. No. 3. Mimeographed.

Lemuel Craig's mis-titled article about the female stf authors and the rarity thereof, says very little in lots of space. Why the heck don't you sign your name to these articles, Lem? Anyway, MAD is good zany fun, and I hope it'll stay that way. I note that the fanzine reviewer has heard from the readers.

OOPSLA!: Gregg Calkins, 761 Oakley St., Salt Lake City, Utah. \$1 per annum. Published every sixth Tuesday. No. 3. Mimeographed.

Lem Craig again. This time he apparently wants to organize a club to oppose the organization of clubs in fandom. I think he's right in his observation that most fans are leaders-- not followers-- and it's darn difficult to keep together a bunch of leaders. OOPSLA also now has an "honest" fanzine review columnist. I suspect OOPSLA and MAD have been getting letters from the same guys who wrote to Cosmag about this column a while back. What is this, a plot? Back to the zine. I like the idea of having an illo on every page. It helps the reading a lot.

OPERATION FANTAST: Capt. Kenneth F. Slater, 13 Gp. R.P.C., B.A.O.R., 29, c/o G.P.O., England. 5/- per annum (75¢ stateside, to Phillip J. Rasch, 567 Erskine Dr., Pacific Palisades, Calif.). Spring 1952. #11. Printed.

Your sub also covers membership in O.F. and the Newsletters. OF appeals to the sf fan more than does the general run of fanzines. The book, prozine and film reviews are skillfully done and satisfyingly long. Vernon McCain's "Dianetics, My Experience," is very interesting-- or rather, intriguing. I would like to see something more comprehensive by Vernon on his "experiences." The second series of "Masters of Fantasy" articles concerns Sidney Fowler Wright, and Dr. Aiken does a good job with it.

OPUS: W. Max Keasler, Box 24, Washington U., St. Louis 5, Mo. 15¢ per copy (?). Monthly. No. 3. Mimeographed.

Max says this isn't a fanzine, but he doesn't say what it should be called. It does contain fan material, anyway; some of it very good, like Harry Warner's "All Our Yesterdays" column, where Harry reminisces about fanzines and personalities of an earlier fandom. In the fiction department, Richard Elsberry (spelled "Elsbeery" on the title page which may mean something, or not; probably just another Keaslerism) gives us "The Sportsmen," a satire on the ridiculous situation between aSF and GALAXY. Rest of OPUS is okay, but isn't improved any by the typos sprinkled so generously on every page.

PENDULUM: Bill Venable, 910 Park Place, Pittsburgh, Penna. 15¢ per copy. Irregular. No. 1. Mimeographed.

This is presumably the voice of Fanvariety Enterprises, since OPUS doesn't seem to be. There's plenty of variety in this first issue: poetry, fiction, reviews and general stuff. G. M. Carr's epic poem is good-- but was it supposed to be funny? A very good first issue.

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LEWIS CARROLL'S GREATEST FANTASY (cont'd from page 11)

This volume is the cornerstone of any fantasy fan's library. I prize "Sylvie and Bruno" as a fantasy equal to anything the pulps have produced since 1926... yes, anything in UNKNOWN, or even "Slan." To prove my admiration for "Sylvie and Bruno," I make this final statement, which should bring home the truth with complete permanence. I would sooner part with my Pogo than with my copy of "The Complete Works of Lewis Carroll."



All letters intended for publication in Cosmag must be mailed to the editor, Ian T. Macauley, at 57 E. Park Lane, N.E., Atlanta 5, Ga. A good number of those received will no doubt suffer the blue pencil of the editor so as to omit items of non-general interest and conserve space. Please express when writing if you do not desire for your communication to see print, for all letters received are considered for publication.

Dear Mac,

The cover, while very well done, seems very little different from the last two or three you have used. Maybe Burge likes that subject. I do, too, but let's have a change.

It was very nice of "Roger Dee" to write something for you. I liked it. But he didn't say very much, did he? About how to write, I mean. But maybe he didn't intend to. One writer once said to me, he said, "Don't bother with how-to-write-mags--they're strictly for the cluck trade. I know, because I have contributed articles to them." Some day I will get around to trying to find out who this guy is. Maybe it's Piney Woods Pete.

Slater's article was fine, but it would have been better if he had been one of the dealers who try to make a profit. They don't make much, but they try. Still, it was a good article. Glad you printed it. I think everybody ought to get rich, if he can. There's nothing evil in making a profit.

Ridley's column is okay, but I don't like columns for the simple reason that they limit the variety in the magazine. You have the same guys every time. But as columns go, it was okay.

Among other things I forgot to ask you about is this "Eat at Omars" stuff. What means it? Or is it sort of a phobia?

Altogether a very good issue. Keep it up.

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

((((I think you'll find that Burge's cover this time is quite a bit different from those on three offset issues. How do you like it? As for "Eat at Omars," that's still a deep, dark secret which will be disclosed in some future issue.)))

Dear Ian;

Your new size is 100% better. You have one of the TOP zines in the field now. Hope you can keep it up. Your other material wasn't

quite as good this ish as last. Get Silverberg to write a little more for you. Also Rich Elsberry and Wilkie Conner. They are about my favorite columnists. I liked Dee and Ridley, but I didn't care for Slater's article. It has been said too many times by too many people. Art work, very good.

-Lynn A. Hickman, 408 W. Bell St., Statesville, N. C.

((Have Silverberg listed in this issue, Lynn, and have an excellent article by Elsberry lined up for the July number which should prove to be very controversial. The article, that is.)))

* * * * *

Dear Ian:

I thought #6 made much better use of the litho facilities than the previous ones... Burge is a fine artist, though you still can't match the crack Eaton-Day-Waible crew who decorated Fanscient, nor Kroll and Grossman of Scientifantasy. But those boys were pros. A major weakness is your heading style...I thought the lettering for "The Pioneer" to be abominable...why not get the same genius who did your contents-page lettering to handle the interiors? The "out of the Void" head should have more depth; why not use shading or solid colors rather than black outlines. (((The heading situation, now, has been taken care of quite well, don't you think?)))

At first I didn't like the affair of running the mags inverted, but as I look it over it's quite a shrewd way of solving the problem of "which mag comes first?" The present way, either mag is first, depending upon the way in which you hold it. Quite clever, old boy, quite. Sincerely,

Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery St., Brooklyn 13, New York

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Dear Ian:

I'm glad to see Slater's article, it's about time someone brought the fans down to earth. They seem to forget that dealers might have to make a living of selling their stuff. It might wake up those fans who think that a pro book dealer, or any kind of a pro should be charged more for their advertising at the conventions. They seem to forget while any selling or trading they do is just for the fun or profit, pros have to make a living out of it. I always thought that was some of the most warped reasoning I ever heard. But that's the kind of fan who thinks that everybody should pay more than them, because after all look who THEY are, a very special case. I think I'm making myself clear.

I think you and Henry solved your problem of making it into two parts very nicely. But for a minute I thought maybe I had my glasses on up-side down or something. Ever lovin yers,

Max Keasler, Box 24, Washington U., St. Louis 5, Mo.

* * * * *

Dear Ian,

I liked the Jan C/SFD immensely, new size is a great improvement. The cover (Cosmag's), good. Out of the Void-interesting, and well put. "The Pioneer" I'm afraid I failed to appreciate, not very well written and unfortunately done before. "But Don't Quote Me" very good. "Dealers & Suckers" I knew already about this business of "overcharging!"

May, 1952

"Th'Ink Spot"

-Page 19

All Ken says is dead true. Fan Pubs, Jerry could put more bits into his criticisms, if he cut down the number reviewed and spent more space on a smaller number, space enough to really review a zine would be a great improvement. Ridley piece, good, as all Ridley's work always is. The Ink Spot-- interesting. Sincerely,

Derek Pickles, 22, Marshfield Pl., Bradford, Yorkshire, England

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Dear Ian,

First of all I want to say that I like the new format, apart from being easier on the eyes, it seems to be a more comfortable size altogether, gives more room for a more interesting layout of the pages. Contents page and "OOTV" both have excellent headings, Dealers & Suckers, and Fan Pubs have good headings, but those for The Pioneer, Don't Quote Me, and Speaking For Myself don't come up to the standard of the others. This business of dressing the pages is almost as important as the actual reading matter and I think it'd be well worth the trouble to get some good headings for those other pages.

Jerry Burge has produced another good cover and the little sketch accompanying Fan Pubs is nice, too. I enjoyed and probably learned something from Roger Dee's article, which was without doubt the most interesting piece in this issue. Regarding your thought in 'Out of the Void' anent the discussion of stf in fanzines, it would, I think be a great pity if fanzines devoted themselves solely to the dissection of whatever was pro-published the previous month. Personally I'd much rather have fans talking about other fans and things in general as well as the pro-field.

Cosmag is now quite a handsome looking publication, and it doesn't read so bad, either. ADIOS,

Peter J. Ridley, 268, Well Hall Rd., Eltham, London, S.E.9., Eng.

* * * * *

Dear Ian,

That's quite a question you have there, but I'd be inclined to put it another way-- can fanzines get along without prozines? Well, the answer is no, because nearly every fan who enters fandom does so through the prozine letter column, and if there were no letter columns or fmz reviews the supply of new recruits would dry up and we'd be left with a couple of fmz with two subscribers each. So, OK, we have to make ourselves useful to the prozines, which is the justification for the existence of the letterhack, who fills a few pages every month for the poverty stricken editor and is the only contributor who would stand being surrounded by dirty advertisements. But why should all this worry fmz eds? As long as the simple necessary letter hack exists the faned can go his own sweet way and to hell with science fiction. It's not the slightest bit of use telling him he should print prozine reviews and science articles and such like because, if he's a true fan, he's not interested. He can get his science in libraries and his sf straight from the prozines. What he wants, as soon as he really gets into fandom, is egoboo, humour, personalities, and egoboo. The real justification for fandom is fannish humour, which can't be found anywhere else. You and me find some of the stuff in fmz funnier than anything that ever appeared in the New Yorker or Punch, by people who make their living at it, and you know quite well that it would be absolutely incomprehensible to the non-fan. We are

like a big family with an enormous stock of family jokes, and everyone knows the private joke is the funniest of the lot because of the extra element of exclusiveness. No use putting back the clock. Fannishness is here to stay. Just look at the old time fmz, when they were all science and sf, and see if you don't think it a good thing that it is.

Like this new COSMAG. Stylish. Good stuff, too, especially the letter column, and Ken Slater's article. I liked Ridley's column, but I DID KNOW ABOUT HOFFMAN. I was sworn to secrecy, and rather than ignore her existence for several months I was reduced to just calling her "him." I salved my conscience by reflecting that in law "he" embraces "she." Not only in law either, thank goodness. Best,

Walter A. Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, N. I.

* * * * *

Dear Ian:

This debate about whether fanzines should discuss science fiction leaves me with a rather puzzled feeling. Certainly, as you say, sf is the unifying factor that holds fandom together, but I can't see how anyone could think that recognition of that fact will keep fanzines going. It may be so that fan editors fold their magazines because they've forgotten "their original aim" of eulogizing sf, but after all they didn't lose that aim intentionally and it is impossible to regenerate an enthusiasm for sf just to keep a project going that you're sick of. The "something different" about sf that makes it separate from other hobbies and literature is, of course, that it concerns science fiction. What else?

I liked Roger Dee's "But Don't Quote Me" passing well, but I will violate that imperative title and quote "A critic is no critic at all unless he can evaluate his own work," and say that I disagree. It's easier to evaluate anybody else's work than your own. It's almost impossible to judge your work-- as selections in "my best story" anthologies amply prove. I see Dee scores the view that inspiration is sacred. People like D. H. Lawrence thought so-- D. H. would wait for a second inspiration and rewrite the story wholly if the first one refused to jell-- so it's hardly an obvious point. Sincerely,

Redd Boggs, 2215 Benjamin St., N. E., Minneapolis 18, Minn.

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That concludes Th'Ink Spot this time around. The editor regrets that he is unable to publish all the letters he received that he put aside for publication. This new typewriter takes up a great deal more space than that which he was accustomed to use, which resulted in a reduction of those letters that are published. However, next issue, this column will be extended to the wordage space of its predecessors. Special thanks should go to all who wrote in commenting on the 1 a s t issue, and particularly to Norbert Hirschhorn, Gregg Calkins, Terry Carr, Bob Foster, and a few others whose letters were not printed.

The editor believes that he has straightened out several of the bad qualities of Cosmag as listed in the previous four pages. For one thing, he personally assures you that there will be no further difficulty in making out the "fine" print. And then, the crudely done headings have been taken care of, also.

The editor would greatly appreciate any and all comments on this issue and the new format. Any suggestions, complaints, criticisms, &/or praise will be taken care of to the utmost.