ETAOIN SHRDLU

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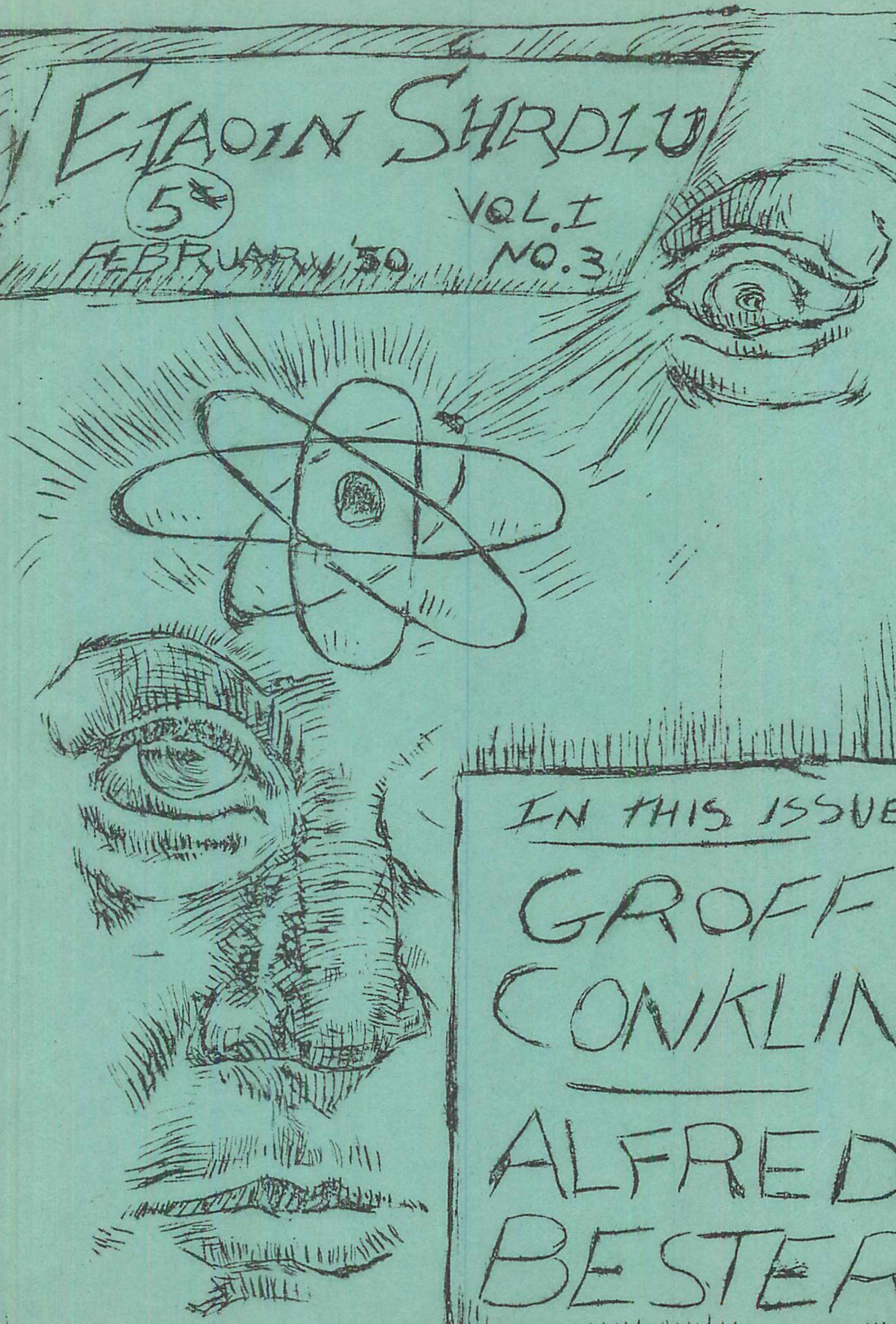
VOL. I

FEBRUARY '59

NO. 3



IN THIS ISSUE

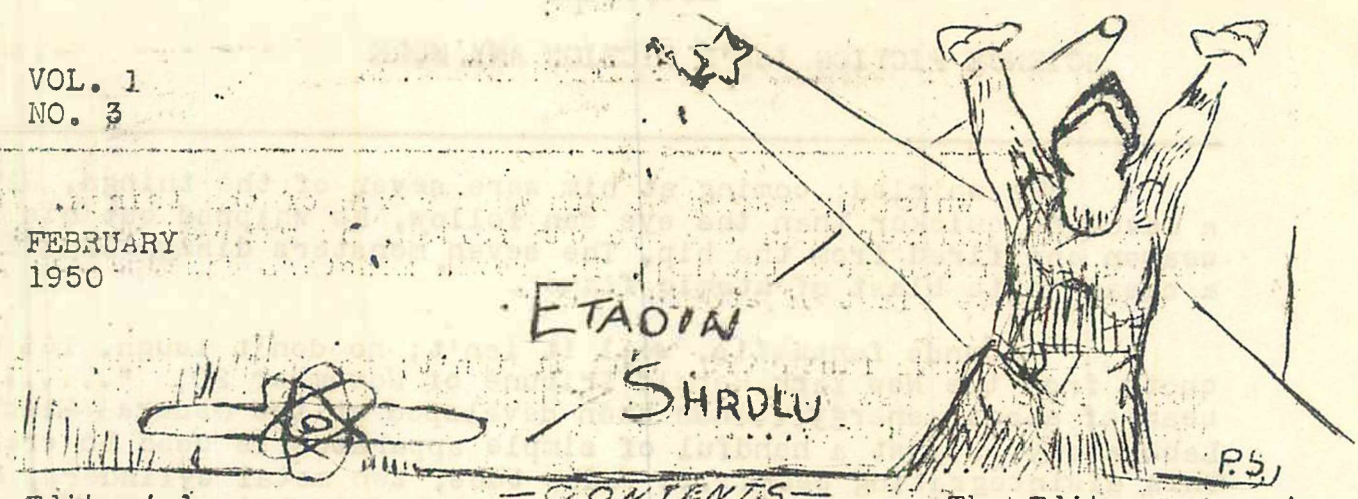
GROFF CONKLIN

ALFRED BESTER

P.S.

VOL. 1
NO. 3

FEBRUARY
1950



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EDITORIAL

SCIENCE FICTION ISN'T FICTION ANY MORE

"He whirled; coming at him were seven of the things. With a movement quicker than the eye can follow, he whipped out his weapon and fired from the hip. The seven monsters disappeared in a clean white blast of atomic flame".

Sounds fantastic, well it isn't; no don't laugh. Let me quote from the New York Herald Tribune of November 20; ".....A beam of atomic energy....has been developed at the General Electric Laboratory....Just a handful of simple apparatus is used to create this disintegrating beam....a radio tube, two metal cylinders, and a current of air. Tungsten is easily melted in this beam. The new beam melts even fire brick, so its temperature is well in excess of 6,000 degrees Fahrenheit and may approach the 10,000 degree Fahrenheit temperature of the surface of the sun, where heat is produced by the same fundemental process used in producing the atomic beam".

Now what say you.....?

Did you read "The Dreamers" by Michael Yamin published in the December 1947 issue of "Astounding Science Fiction" magazine? Well, here is a short quotation from it: ".....dwarfing the tiny spinning cylinder of the Outer Station that sped on its swift orbit just beyond the last tenuous streamers of atmosphere... The station was a great cylinder, swinging on its swift orbit about the Earth, and spinning on its axis to provide psuedo-gravity outwards from the center". Now here is a quotation from the Science in Review column of the New York Times; "The armed forces were considering the possibility of a military outpost which would revolve around the earth... He calls this artificial moon 'an earth satelite vehicle'....at a distance of 22,300 miles. At this distance, the satelite would revolve around the earth like a little moon, once in 24 hours, and would always hover over the same spot. Gravitation would pull it along.....There is no doubt that more detailed knowledge of the rarified atmosphere, and of interstellar space would have its military value."

Don't blame the Science fiction author if all his work sounds like the science column of the daily newspaper. No longer is he free to go off on flights of the imagination. He can't help it if most of the theories and devices, that were completely and utterly fantastic twenty or forty years ago, are nowfact, or fast approaching fact. Every time he dreams up a gimick, he has to check the evening newspaper, to make sure that it hasn't been invented already.....

We are very gratified and still a little bit amazed at the wonderful responce to our first issue. We had not imagined that it would be such an overwhelming success. If you were not able to get a copy, please accept our sincere apologies.

(MORE)

WE HAVE decided not to issue Volume 1, No. 2, in order to confuse collectors. We are sure, that in time copies of this magazine will be as scarce and as highly prized as "Dream-Quest #1."

This is your magazine as much as it is ours. If you don't like our articles, well then, write some yourself. Send in all contributions, large or small, fiction or non-fiction, and we will consider them for publication. This magazine will be only as good as you make it.

THE EDITOR

If you are already oneof the ardent fen, then just skip this page altogether. This list is for the numerous newcomers to the field of Science Fiction. Science fiction fandom, and science fiction writers have developed a jargon of their own, and unless you are familiar with the meaning, you can get hopelessly lost. We hope that after you have perused this list, you will find your science fiction reading more enjoyable.....

SF--Science Fiction

STF--"Scientifiction", a coined word with the same meaning as "Science Fiction". Developed from the words "scientific", and "fiction".

ASF--"Astounding Science Fiction" magazine

TWS--"Thrilling Wonder Stories" magazine

FN--"Fantastic Novels" magazine

FFM--"Famous Fantastic Mysteries" magazine

N.F.F. A. -- National Fantasy Fan Association

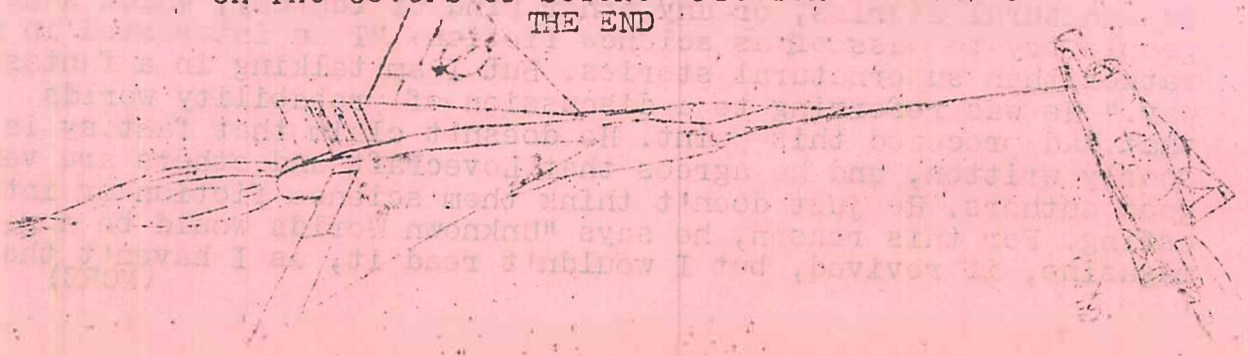
F.A.P.A. -- Fantasy Amateur Press Society

FEN -- The very irregular plural of "fan". Used instead of "fans".

Bem -- "Bug eyed monster", a permanent fixture in many science fiction stories.

SFTPOBEMOTCOSFP -- Society for The Prevention Of Bug Eyed Monsters On The Covers Of Science Fiction Prozines.

THE END



GROFF CONKLIN--SCIENCE FICTION FAN EXTRAORDINARY

by M. Sternheim
& S. Taller

Groff Conklin is a fan who has put his extensive background of STF stories to use. After reading science fiction for about twenty years, he compiled two of the best anthologies ever published. The following is a brief sketch of his thoughts regarding science fiction as expressed before the Science Fiction Society of the Bronx High School of Science.

During the war, Mr. Conklin was in Washington, working for the OSS. He, in his own words, "Got tired of doing nothing all afternoon and all evening". So he spent a good part of 1943, 1944, and 1945 in the Cellar Reserve of the The Library of Congress searching for material for "The Best of Science Fiction".

Files of back copies of "ASF", "Amazings", "Air Wonder Stories" and many other magazines, some of which went out of existence many years ago, were examined. He didn't have to read most of the stories. "I only read half a page, and I knew if it was junk. If the first paragraph was good, I read more. Actually, I just scanned most of the stuff." He admitted that he realized later that he had missed a few excellent stories.

Eventually he made his selections from a card file he kept on the stories he had read in the Library of Congress. Also, he based his selections on recollections of books that he had read. He agreed with the comment that a few of the stories in "The Best" shouldn't have been included. "The first book was edited only in part by me. Of forty stories, only thirty-two were my selections. I disagreed with Edward Fuller, one of the editors at Crown Press, an STF fan himself, over some of the choices."

In putting out the"Best", Mr. Conklin didn't consult any fans or fan groups, since he wasn't in touch with any at the time. Since then, he has become more familiar with fanzines and fan organizations. He thinks,"fanzines serve a good purpose. They keep the fans together, and their criticisms helps writers. Some fanzines are good, but many are worthless." He deplores the prevalence of "covers consisting mainly of ladies with dragon's tails." The best fan publication he has seen is the "Fantasy Commentator". ETAOIN SHRDLU compares favorably with most fanzines, Mr. Conklin assured us.

Mr. Conklin doesn't like Lovecraft, fairy tales, werevolves, supernatural stories, or any other kind of fantasy, which some people try to pass off as science fiction. "I am interested in STF rather than supernatural stories. But I am talking in a fantastic way." He was referring to a discussion of probability worlds that had preceded this point. He doesn't claim that fantasy is poorly written, and he agrees that Lovecraft and others are very good authors. He just doen't think them science fiction or interesting. For this reason, he says "Unknown Worlds would be a good magazine, if revived, but I wouldn't read it, as I haven't the

(MORE)

GROFF CONKLIN--SCIENCE FICTION FAN EXTRAORDINARY

time." However, he pointed out that there is "no boundary between science fiction and fantasy." He compared it to the bell-shaped curve used in statistics, having George O. Smith at one one end, and some of the English ghost writers at the other, with graduations between the two extremes.

Once he accused his good friend Ted Sturgeon of being a traitor to science fiction since he also writes fantasy. Mr. Sturgeon told him:"I don't know anything about science. I'd have to learn a lot more to write science fiction". Mr. Conklin hastened to add that Mr. Sturgeon was only joking, and mentioned a few excellent stories by him, one of which is "Killdozer".

Mr. Conklin disagreed with many of the opinions of Alfred Bester that were quoted in the last issue of ETAOIN SHRDLU. "I think Mr. Bester is quite wrong in many of his views. STF has not yet reached its peak, and will continue to grow." He answered Mr. Bester's remark about "science fiction being a stop-over point", by reminding us that Mr. Bester went to the comics from science fiction, which certainly is a dead end.

Mr. Conklin explained why he reads science fiction. "I read science fiction for fun; it's terrific fun. It lets the imagination loose and lets you escape from your current problems and worries. Millions of people read detective stories, including the late President Roosevelt. Science fiction is certainly as good as detective fiction, if not better. Science fiction is excellent, so long as you don't read it exclusively. It leads you to the philosophy of science by Franks, Bridgeman and others. Science fiction is not a way station. You readn non-SF for knowledge; you don't have to stop reading science fiction to go ahead."

"Science fiction has had its biggest year in history. It willcontinue to expand, but more slowly." He says that he has been told that six science fiction movies are being produced (ED'S NOTE--See P.29 for story on one of them). Doubleday, one of the largest publishing houses in the country may start a science fiction book club, something like its crime club.

He is afraid that the expansion has been overdone and too many reprints have been published. Also, he claims, "People read a good SF story or anthology for the first time, then they read some bad SF or something too complicated, and are apalled by it". For example, he says that he barely followed van Vogt's "World of A" and still hasn't finished the sequel. He doubts wether van Vogt himslef understands it fully. "It's very exciting, but incompletely thought out". He thinks there should be more SF books for non-fans, like the 25¢ Bantam anthology edited by Judith Merrill to be released in February.

"I started reading SF when "Amazing Stories" was started in 1926", said Mr. Conklin. "After Gernsback left, it was pretty awful, as was "Astounding before Campbell. In the 1930's

(MORE)

GROFF CONKLIN--SCIENCE FICTION FAN EXTRAORDINARY (CONT.)

almost all of the good science fiction authors were British." He liked Wells and Lindsay particularly. He says "I like adventure stories, but the British had ideas and sociological implications, rather than just adventure. Since 1938 we have done that too." He gave Simak's "City" series and Padgett's "Baldy" stories as examples of this trend.

His favorite SF story is "A Voyage to the Moon", by an English author, David Lindsay. "Mr. Lindsay shows an austounding imagination, but the is not emotional or hysterical. His favorite author is "Padgett, not Kuttner, but Padgett!" (ED'S NOTE--Lewis Padgett is a pen name of Henry Kuttner) He likes Bradbury better than any other writer still in the SF field. Although Bradbury is a top-notch author; he has had only one story published in "ASF". "I know JWC Jr. He is a nuclear physicist first, and a science fiction editor second. Campbell says 'A story must have a gimmick or a gadget' I like getting away from the gadget and adventure stories."

E. E. Smith doesn't impress him very much. "Mr. Smith can write well, but I was never taken so far with so little". But Mr. Smith has a large following which sends three or four houndred letters to "ASF" each month asking for his space operas.

He thinks that "Astounding"'s covers and format often prejudice the reader in favor of the author, but it didn't help Stewart's "Seetee Shock" which appeared early in 1949. He calls it "one of the worst pieces of trash that I have read in the last ten years".

"The most pressing need of science fiction today is more writers." With the exception of Ray Bradbury and a few others, almost all STF writers have been writing for at least ten years. If writers weren't forced to turn out science fiction in large quantities to make a living, they would turn out better stories than they can now at two cents a word. The only writer making a living exclusively by writing science fiction is Henry Kuttner.

Just like most fans, Mr. Conklin isn't a scientist or alchemist."I don't know anything about science. The only science I took in college was a physics course which I flunked the first time, and passed with a D the second." However, he has become interested in scientific fields associated with science fiction, and has read widely on such topics.

ESP has been in the STF limelight recently. Says Mr. Conklin:"I don't think research with people who don't show extra-sensory perception tendecies will show much. Average people like you and me can't get far. But experiments with subjects such as Dunninger (Who seems to have real telepathic powers) ought to be very exciting." He told about (MORE)

GROFF CONKLIN-SCIENCE FICTION FAN EXTRAORDINARY (CONT.)

a friend of his, who can tell you what number you are looking at in a telephone book, while you are in another room.

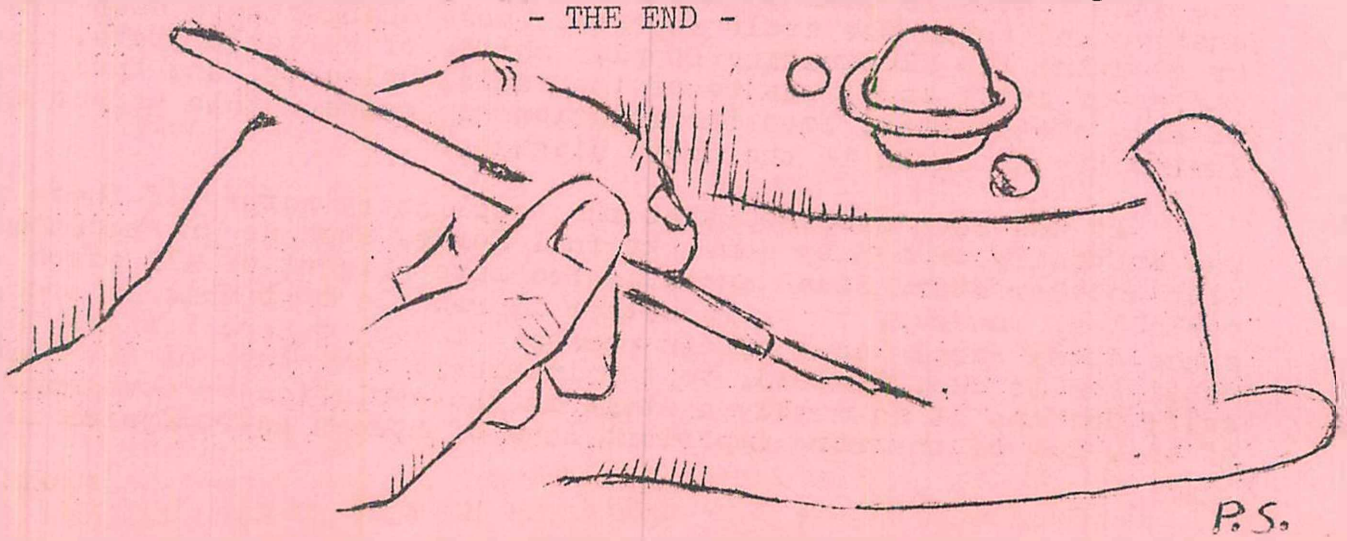
Mr. Conklin's opinions on space travel:"I don't think near-speed-of-light space travel is impossible. The trip to the nearest stars would be only about two years subjective time. He referred to the description of the Fitzgerald Contraction in the book "1, 2, 3, Infinity". On the subject of time travel Mr. Conklin says, "It hasn't been proved impossible, but..."

Mr. Conklin was born in 1904 in Glenridge, New Jersey. He went to Dartmouth, Harvard, and Columbia. "I went from one college to another to get the best professors," he explained. Having graduated from Columbia in 1927, he entered the book selling business, and then moved on into the editing field. The first book he edited was "The Smart Set Anthology" with Burton Rascoe. In the 1930s he worked for several publishers, including the University of Chicago Press. He edited the "20th Anniversary" anthology of "The New Republic" magazine.

In 1939, he went to work for the government. He has worked for the O. S. S., the Building Board, and various other agencies. He edited a series of books, including one on housing,in 1940. He became so interested in the building field, that he formed a contracting firm which built houses around Washington, until the freeze on building early in the war. Returning to publishing, he edited "The Best of Science Fiction" and "The Treasury of Science Fiction".

His next anthology will be released by the Garden City Publishing Company in February. A 35¢ "Perma-Book" edition, it will be called either "The Galaxy of Science Fiction", or "The Science Fiction Galaxy". Judging by the page proofs, it will be a fine collection. A collection of about fifty stories to be called "The Big Book of Science Fiction" is also being prepared by Mr. Conklin. Another possibility is "Possible Worlds", a survey of interplanetary stories. If these anthologies are as good as his former ones, Mr. Conklin will remain the foremost editor of science fiction anthologies.

- THE END -

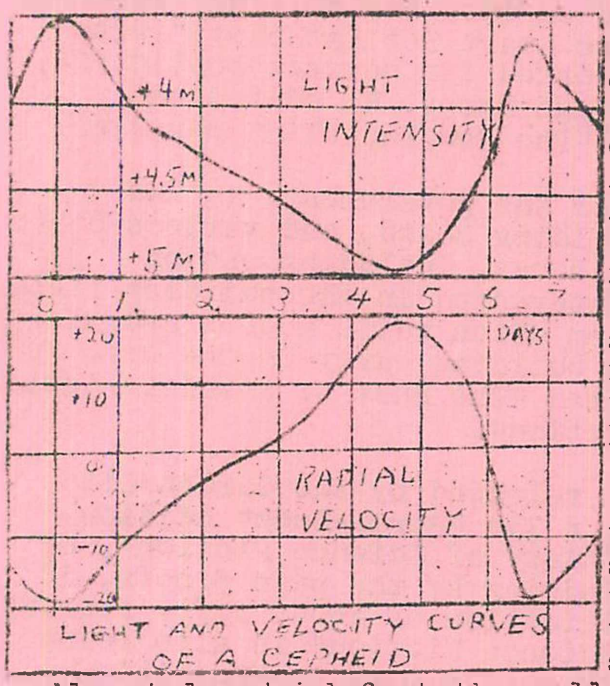


PENDULUM- STORY OF THE VARIABLE STAR

by
SHELDON GLASHOW

One of the "abilities"of a human being is to be able to totally ignore one or more facts in order to protect his "ideas." The ancients had the universe pretty well mapped out, except for such things as Algol, the star which changed in brilliance from day to day. However, since the exception PROVES the rule, such curiosities were readily forgotten. Not so with the modern astrophysicist. Rather than disregarding the facts in order to prove the hypothesis, he adjusts the hypothesis to fit them, most decidedly a more logical procedure! I shall try to describe a little of what has been found out about "l'astre inconstant."

Any star whose light is known to fluctuate is classified as a variable star. This fluctuation can take place either regularly or irregularly. Since little is known about the latter, I shall proceed directly to the periodic variety. The Cepheids are variables with periods under fifty days (the distinction is far from arbitrary since there are fundamental differences in the spectrums of Cepheid and non-Cepheid variables.) These stars are of two types, the classical, typical species and the so-called cluster Cepheid, whose period is often only a matter of hours. This type of star is generally found in stellar groups, i.e. clusters.



LIGHT AND VELOCITY CURVES OF A CEPHEID

It has been found, empirically, that such stars (Cepheids) change in size as they change in magnitude. As they grow brighter, and thus hotter, the increased gas and radiation pressure becomes sufficient to, temporarily at least, defeat the pull of gravity. This results in a rapid expansion of the star. As the excess energy is liberated, the star cools, and again comes under the influence of gravity. Consequently the star contracts back to its former size, builds up a surplus of energy, and again the cycle repeats. These changes have been detected by studying the fluctuating Doppler shifts of variable stars. The degree of shift is a measure of the radial velocity, and thus, change of size of the star. Note the relationship between this effect and luminosity as shown in the above diagram.

It has been proposed that the oscillatory nature of these stars was initially caused by some external force, such as an encounter with another star. Since an estimated five percent of all stars are variables, however, it seems rather improbable that this is true, since stars rarely come within parsecs of each other. Perhaps this condition is due, instead, to the intrinsic structure of the star itself; perhaps it is merely a stage in the evolutionary development of one. One of the more important laws of modern astrophysics is

(MORE)

PENDULUM- STORY OF THE VARIABLE STAR (CON'T)

based upon the Cepheid, namely, the period-luminosity law. As Mr. Feinberg pointed out in the previous issue of this magazine, this law has been instrumental in the determination of distances of other galaxies.

Leaving the more technical aspects of the Cepheid to texts on stellar physics, I shall continue to the other common type of periodic variable. The long period pulsating star, characterized by Mira (the beautiful), is generally a red supergiant. Its period is usually in the nature of hundreds of days. Paradoxically, the periods of these stars seem to be inversely related to their luminosities, (another problem for the astrophysicist.) This type of variability is probably part of the formative stage of a star; part of its infancy.* The immense, extremely tenuous, cool stars are still the battleground of the force of gravity on one hand and gas and radiation pressure on the other (gravity, of course, inevitably wins, witness the case of the white dwarf, end product of the two billion or so year struggle.)

When the days of interstellar travel finally arrive, I wouldn't place too much hope in finding life on the hypothetical planet of a variable sun. Consider, for example, a "year" of some thirty Earth years. I say year not with reference to seasons, but to the period of revolution of the planet. The seasons on these "lovely" planets would be in the order of thirty days each. Did I say seasons? Under these conditions our unfortunate inhabitant would have a nice problem to determine temperature. Old reliable mercury would freeze in winter and boil in summer!

* Recently, George Gamow, of George Washington University, proposed that this is not actually the case. According to his theory, such stars are in their death throes, soon to succumb to the forces of gravity.

THE END

BOOK REPORTS

"THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON"
Edited by AUGUST DERLATH
PELLEGRINI & CUDAHY NEW YORK 1949
$3.00

A short play, which Mr. Derleth uses to illustrate the insignificance of man, is the first of the twenty poorly selected stories in "The Other Side of the Moon". It would be difficult to select a better play to illustrate the insignificance of Mr. Derleth's latest anthology.

August Derleth seems to favor an odd definition of science fiction. In his introduction, he justly condemns swashbuckling space opera. However, his choice of stories would seem to indicate that he considers science fiction nothing more than a glorified supernatural and weird stories, interspersed with scientific explanations. An example of this is P. Schuyler Miller's "The Thing On Outer Shoal", probably the worst story published in "Astounding" in 1947. By no stretch of the imagination is it possible to call Lord Dunsany's "The Strange Drug of Dr. Caber" science fiction. It is an unusual murder story, and nothing more.

Mr. Derleth seems to have a one-track mind. Six stories center around some sort of alien being, which is totally unlike anything we know, i.e., composed of energy or gases. The repetition serves to make the stories appear to fit a pattern which they actually do not. One or two of them would have been all right, but the quantity detracts from apparent quality.

H.G. Wells may have been a great personality in the history of science fiction, but that is no reason for including "The Star". The selection of "The Devil of East Lupton" was an injustice to Murray Leinster, as it is one of his poorer stories. Stories by Clark Ashton Smith, H.P. Lovecraft, Gerald Kersh, and A. Fowler Wright, weren't much better.

The inclusion of Van Vogt's "Resurrection", "Memorial" by Sturgeon, and "Symbiosis" by Will F. Jenkins is about the only intelligent thing Mr. Derleth has done in compiling this "book". They make it possible to describe the book, as a whole, by the adjective mediocre, rather than by an unprintable modifier.

If you are tempted to buy "The Other Side of The Moon", don't! You'll find Li'l Abner much more fun, and Mickey Mouse better science fiction.

M.S.

(MORE)

BOOK REVIEWS (CONT.)

NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR
GEORGE ORWELL

1949
$3.00

Almost every book written of the future deals with the happiness, contentedness, and wonderful science of the god-like inhabitants. Up till now, the only noteable exception has been Aldous Huxley's Brave New World; and even there the people tried to help the hero in every possible way. In Nineteen Eighty-four, however, the leading character has the whole world opposing him, and accepts it as natural. For, by 1984, according to Mr. Orwell, a perverted Communism, called Ingsoc or English Socialism, will have conquered one third of the world, the other two thirds ruled by two nations built on the same line as Oceania, the country in which our hero lives. The head of the country is Big Brother, a mystical man resembling Joseph Stalin in appearance. The people or "proles" are kept in fear, want, and hunger by constant wars waged against first one then the other of the two countries.

A very interesting aspect from an SF standpoint is the use of unceasing two way telescrenes. These cannot be shut off or blocked, and constantly spread propaganda and watch the people. By hearing lies enough times you come to believe them, and you aren't inclined to try any subversive work when you know that at any second the Thought Police might be watching and listening to you. The Thought Police are the M.V.D. of Oceania, the all powerful secret police of the dreaded Miniluv, or Ministry of Love, containing the cells and torture chambers.

The language is gradually being changed from Old English, our present day tongue, to Newspeak. Newspeak is the opposite of all other languages. As other languages are constantly being built up, Newspeak tries to reduce the language by cutting out words they don't like. An example of Newspeak is ungood for bad and thoughtcrime to express concept of freedom, hate of Big Brother etc. How can a person start a revolution if there are no words to express criticism of the government; if there are no words for freedom, peace, justice, or slavery?

The plot is very simple. Winston Smith, a worker in Minitru, the propaganda office, falls in love with Julia, a girl who works in the office next to his. Love is frowned upon by the government, but they meet secretly. In the end, they are betrayed by a man whom Winston trusted, and taken to Room 111. This Room contains the most horrible tortures that are known, and is used only in the most difficult cases. The torture is taken from your own mind, by prying into your inermost fears and making them realities. In Winston's case it was having his face bitten and eaten by rats. Under this torture he is made to betray Julia, and in doing so kills what is good and kind inside of him, leaving him broken both mentally and physically. At the book's end we are presented with the picture of Winston, made a broken, old, friendless man by Big Brother and Ingsoc, yet loving them with all his heart.

M.I.

THE END

BOOK REVIEWS (CONT.)

THE INCREDIBLE PLANET
JOHN W. CAMPBELL, JR.
FANTASY PRESS, Reading Pa.
1949 3.00

- -

This book consists of three never-before-published novelettes concerning the adventures of a group of Earthmen in interstellar, intergalactic, and interdimensional space, and is a continuation of the author's "The Mightiest Machine".

The first novelette starts with the heroes coming into our own space somewhere in our galaxy. They don't know exactly where, so they stop at the first inhabited planet they locate, in order to obtain star maps. The planet's history is somewhat unusual; its inhabitants have just awakened from a suspended animation of 450 billion years, during which time their planet was wandering in space. They cannot furnish star maps, of course, but the heroes spend 42 pages there, learning the history, and making themselves generally useful.

The heroes then come to another solar system, where the humanoid inhabitants are being enslaved by a race of pretty obnoxious reptiles. They throw in with the humanoid underground, of course, giving them the benefit of their superior knowledge. Here the author describes a series of battles in which first one side comes up with stupendous weapons, stupendous concepts, and stupendous defenses; then the other side comes up with more stupendous weapons, more stupendous concepts, and more stupendous defenses, ad infinitum. Naturally, the humanoids win, and the heroes, after 190 pages, finally obtain their star maps.

They then return to earth, finding that it is being attacked by a race of Centaurs. These Centaurs are hep to all the stupendous concepts, weapons, and defenses of the heroes, having added some new tricks themselves, but the heroes, not to be outdone, go into various other spaces and dimensions for thir newer and yet more stupenous concepts, weapons, and defenses. Upon hearing of the aforementioned concepts and weapons, the Centaurs of course surrender, and the story ends happily.

To top it all off, the author goes into great detail concerning every concept, weapon, and defense used, thus boring the reader to death.

MT

Reprinted from the New York Times of December 5, 1949

THE LEVELER - Kaye Phelps

Let not the atom bomb
Be the final sequel--
In which all men--
Are cremated equal.

"BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD..."

by

Alfred Bester

This story was written about six months before Mr. Bester left the field of science fiction writing. It is a satire on certain STF writers (who shall remain nameless) and was written just for fun and not for publication. We have persuaded Mr. Bester to allow us to publish it for the first time in this or any other magazine. (For more information on Mr. Bester see "An Interview With Alfred Bester" in "ETAOIN SHRDLU" Vol. I, No. 1 December, 1949)

BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD by Alfred Best-69-er

Anyone walking in the neighborhood of 7th Avenue and 17th Street this bright morning of April 1st, 4567, would just keep on walking. Anyone floating a casual levitation would keep right on levitating. Anyone engaged in anabolism or katabolism in any of the forty seven levels under 7th Avenue and 17th Street would carry on the metabolism. But in the giant tower that was the above mentioned address, anyone would know that a hurricane had arrived.

It came, it saw, it conquered in the person of Camp-123-Bell, a tall, portly gentleman, direct lineal descendant of Campbell, John W., first eminent editor of "Astounding Science Fiction"... that same Campbell, history tells us, whom contemporaries worshipped in the form of cylindrical tin idols inexplicably labelled soup.*

Camp-123-Bell erupted from a vita-cab, tore through the entrance, burst into an elevator shaft and was lofted twenty storeys by the "gooser", an elevation jet of compressed air. The entire staff of "Astounding Science Fiction" stared at his entrance, for as he plunged through the anterooms that led to his office, the editor swore audibly in Thermodynamic Equations.

With one motion Camp-123-Bell hurled himself into his desk chair... a rather broad, comfortable jet of compressed air spurting up from the floor.. and rang for his secretary. She appeared immediatly, gliding smoothly into the office, a svelte, graceful comptometer with steno-auxilliary on a lush four-wheel carriage.

"Good morning, sir," she clicked quietly in Morse International.

"Get me---" Camp-123-Bell paused for breath, then went on. "Get me my writers."

"Any writers in particular, sir?"

"Reconsider that question!" said Camp-123-Bell sternly, "or it's back to the factory for a re-valve. There are only certain persons who are honored as 'my' writers."

* In a scintillating disquisition, Wil-109-Ley has explained that "soup" to the ancients signified a highly explosive substance... a quality eminently characteristic of this scion of 123 generations of unadulterated Campbell.

(continued on next page)

BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD (CONTINUED)

"You mean...?" the robot faltered.

"I mean my white-haired boys; my aces in the hole; my alter egoes, my---"
The secretary crackled, then replaced a blown fuse. She transmitted: "You mean the following: Hein-111-Lein, Jame-124-Son and Van-100-Vogt."

The editor's face broke into a pleased smile as each name was clicked off. He nodded and said: "I do."

"They will be here two minutes ago, sir."

The secretary glided out of the office. Camp-123-Bell lay back in his jet and panted. "I must control myself," he muttered. "This will never do. Can't permit good fortune to raise the H-Ion concentration of m'blood another point."

With trembling fingers he administered a ten percent aceto-neo-paradia-methnitol injection and tried to compose himself. When his writers came trooping in, they found him plotting gamma curves with bland poise.

"Hi, boys," he said.

"Hi, John."

"Hang your halos on a hook and sit down."

The writers tossed their glittering head-dress into a closet, switched on the air jets and prepared to seat themselves.

"No, no!" Camp-123-Bell cried merrily. "You know my custom. You must sit in the order of your results in last month's 'Analytical Laboratory'. Robert is 1.05 this month. He gets the prize goose on my right. Malcolm, you're 2.37... that's next. Van..." The editor turned a twinkling face to Van-100-Vogt. "You were 5.97. Tsk-tsk-tsk-tsk. The dunce jet for you...

"And now," Camp-123-Bell began impressively, "prepare yourselves." He leaned back in his seat and paused to savor an exquisite moment. A heavy silence filled the room, broken only by the quiet snores of Jame-124-Son.

"What is it, John?" Hein-111-Lein asked.

"What is it!" the editor echoed. "What is it! Simply the greatest find of the century! Merely an epoch-making moment in the history of 'Astounding'!"

There was another pause, but the silence was so electric in suspense that it jolted Jame-124-Son awake. "Go right ahead," he mumbled. "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

Camp-123-Bell glared at him. Then, with a lightning gesture, he hurled something down on his desk. "It's this," he cried. "Gentlemen, inspect this object."

They eyed it.

"Do you know what it is?" (continued on next page)

BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD (CONTINUED)

Cautiously, Hein-111-Lein said: "I believe it's... paper...eh, John?"

As Camp-123-Bell nodded, the others darted envious glances at their erudite colleague.

"And do you know what's on this paper?" the editor asked. Without waiting for an answer he burst out: "It's print!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"Unbelievable."

"Precisely." Camp-123-Bell dabbed at his brow. "Gentlemen, it's been five hundred years since we gave up the old printing technique and began recording literature in quartz crystal vibrations. I have before me a genuine specimen of incunabula. And what's more... Now prepare for a shock... It's a story!"

"NO!"

"Yes. Yes! YES! A genuine antique story. An undiscovered story. To all purposes... a new story."

Dazedly, the writers tried to assimilate what they had heard. For over two hundred years no new story had been written. The history of literature had reached the point where there was nothing new to be written. Every possible story... every possible variant had already been published and republished for centuries. Writers these days were mere semanticists, artists in a decadent craft of renewing old material through the crafty alteration and transposition of words.

Van-100-Vogt burst into tears. "It's a joke," he sobbed. "You're fooling us, John. You're playing an April Fool joke on us. A new story? I never thought the day would come---"

"Nor I," muttered Jame-124-Son.

"That day has arrived," Camp-123-Bell replied. He looked compassionately at his shaking, plot-hungry authors. "This is no joke. A glorious day for all of us has arrived. No need for me to give the details of how I acquired this priceless archaeological find..." he lowered his voice. "It is a dark tale better left untold; but---" His tones brightened, "suffice it to say, we have it. It is ours. 'Astounding'!'s" His fingers trembled as he picked up the sheet of paper.

In a husky voice Hein-111-Lein asked: "John... May we read it?"

The editor smiled graciously. "Iwas about to read it aloud to all of you, Robert. Shall I begin?"

The writers nodded eagerly. Camp-123-Bell cleared his throat and read:

Once upon a time a Wolf was lapping at a spring on a hillside, when, looking up, what should he see but a lamb just beginning to drink a little lower down.

"There's my supper," thought he, "if only I can find some excuse to seize it."

Then he called out to the lamb, "How dare you muddle the water from which I'm drinking?"

"Nay, master, nay," said the Lambikin; "if the water be muddy up there, I cannot be the cause of it, for it runs down from you to me."

"Well then," said the Wolf, "why did you call me bad names this time last year?"

"That cannot be,"said the Lamb, "I am only six months old."

"I don't care," snarled the Wolf, "If it was not you it was your father."

And with that he rushed upon the poor lamb and---

"And what?" Jame-124-Son exclaimed. "Go on. Go on. I can't bear the suspense. What happened next?"

(continued on next page)

BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD (CONTINUED)

Camp-123-Bell lay down the paper slowly. "I can't go on," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because the story stops here. It's an incomplete manuscript."

"Oh my God," Hein-111-Lein groaned. "Always to doubt! Never to know!"

"This is a catastrophe," Van-100-Vogt said. "The greatest story ever discovered... and it's unfinished."

"Which is why I have called you," the editor said. "Gentlemen, 'Astounding' must publish this remarkable story, but it must have an ending... some kind of resolution. I want you to attempt to finish the tale."

"Impossible," Van-100-Vogt said. "It would be a sacrilige. We don't dare. The public would tear us to pieces."

"I've already taken care of that danger," Camp-123-Bell replied. "I shall publish this story with all your endings. And then... to pardon the liberty we have taken... I shall start a contest for the best reader contribution."

"Ha," said Jame-124-Son. "Tar them all with the same brush, eh?"

"Precisely. And very well phrased, if I may say so, Malcolm."

"Spoken like an old sea-dog," Hein-111-Lein muttered to no one in particular.

"Well..." the editor arose. "Gentlemen, I present you with this incredible opportunity. Wired copies in quartz will be at your homes within the hour. You are my best authors... 'Astounding''s great stylists. I expect great things of you. Go, with my blessings. Go in the name of... In the name of..." He pressed a button and to his inquiring robot said irritably: "What's that name that people go in the name of?"

"God?"

"Oh yes. Thank you. Gentlemen, go in the name of God."

Slowly, as if in a dream, the three men arose, reclaimed their halos, and quietly left the office.

* * *

IF THIS DON'T STOP

by

Robert Hein-111-Lein

And with that he rushed upon the poor lamb and--- "Semantically speaking," the lamb said, "you have full psychoneuronic support for your thesis of action. But I can graph an extrapolated curve which will show certain inescapable data of errata."

The wolf halted in his tracks. "I think that kind of talk is ghastly," he said.

"The semantic aspects of such ideological symbollistical tautologisms indicate a genesis of gneiss-synapted synthesis," the lamb answered. "A co-operation between co-opted synthetic derivatives does not necessarily incorporate econo-bio-synthesized corporations."

"Ghastly, darlin'," the wolf whimpered, "please don't!"

The lamb took a bucket of water from the spring, filled his pneumatic bed and reclined. A passing brassard sneered at him. Instantly the lamb drew his synchro-wham and chopped down.

As it expired the brassard muttered: "Service!"

"Service you right!" the lamb replied. He extended a hoof toward the wolf. "How do you like my new hoof-tint?"

"Did you say hoof-print, Ghastly?"

"Never mind what I said. Now, as I was saying---"

"Great Yegg! What were you saying?" The wolf asked, lapping another mouthful of water as he scratched his right side with his left paw, his left side with his right paw and worked a sigma derivation of a quadratic exponential inference with his tail. The lamb ignored this. Everyone knew the wolf had no brains, so

(continued on next page)

BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD (CONTINUED)

no one expected him to waste his time concentrating on anything.

"Eidetically speaking--- of nothing," the lamb said. "But semantically, I referred to the prime-datum concepts incorporated in co-opted econo-bio-physiognometricalbiostatistics."

"If this don't stop..." the wolf groaned.

"Biometricians have found that life--- or the biological force so often confused with mere metabolic functionalism by synthesizing cosmovitalists, is merely an aspect of a machinated matrix mechanics when proliferated, extrapolated, intrapolated and co-opted into seventh derivatives from equations of the ninth degree. A co-opted semantic analysis of---" The lamb broke off. "Why wolf! What's the matter?"

There was no answer. The wolf had expired.

"Knocked him dead," the lamb grinned. "I thought it would. This polysyllabic scientific nonsense always does!"

* *-*

THE RED DESTROYER

by

A. E. Van-100-Vogt

And with that he rushed upon the poor lamb and--- Then the beast emerged from the spring and within him raged a hideous hunger. But he was shrewd. He was crafty. He was still patient. All the groaning centuries of ageless waiting had whetted his acute guile to a screaming needle point. And though every particle of his being screamed for the precious Xytl he knew he must control himself.

At the sight of the beard the wolf paused in his leap. "Good Lord!" he said. "What is it?"

"Crickit," the lamb called. There was an answering chirp from the field. "Get a line on the possib lity of me ting a live sardine in the middle of this spring."

Instantly the chirp came back. "Insufficient data, Lamb. Offhand I'd call it a probab lity of the order of ten. You can postulate a sardine in a can and get a first order probablity. But out here it's so remote as to be a mere possiblity. I'll run it off on the integrators."

"Do so," said the lamb. "Ant, shoot a few X-Rays of this fellow. Make them pan shots for tissue and morphology. Let's get a line on him quick."

As the cameras clicked, the beast slavered up the pebbles and lay shuddering. The overpowering awareness of the Xytl made his senses reel. As the cameras trained on him he lost control for an instant and began to ooze through the granite gravel. In a panic he reorganized the atomic structure of his outer tissue and lay firm once more. The fools hadn't noticed. The beast snarled.

"It's not a sardine," the wolf objected. "Technically, that is. No free swimming gillated pisces was ever known to leave the HOH of free will. Naturally this is more my department, being Morphological Biology." He bent to pick the beast up.

"Stop!"

The wolf turned as the Sky-lark fluttered down. "As governing member of this field," the Sky-lark said, "I am strongly opposed to admitting this speciman to our meadow. Altho I recognize the right of any departmental chief to acquire such research specimens as he deems worthwhile, yet I am responsible for the entire enclosure and must keep our ultimate aim in mind.

(continued on next page)

BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD (CONTINUED)

It cannot be imperiled needlessly."

The beast quivvered and stifled a snarl. They were talking about him, he knew. He lay quietly and waited. Again his nerves shook as his body screamed for the Xytl. The actinated cells of his surface tissue foamed and moaned with a sound of many dynamos.

"As Chief of Biology specializing in Anabolism, I will take responsiblity," the wolf said.

He snapped up the beast and swallowed it. Instantly the Xytl surrounded and cascaded over the beast. He shuddered once and screamed at the eventual ending of his century long wait. The heavy proton layers of his hide ground into action. The wolf coughed and shuddered.

"God!" He cried. "Sky-lark was right! I... I... " He kicked convulsively and lay still. Within him the beast give himself up to the glorious Xytl, his mission completed.

"I rather thought it wasn't a sardine," the lamb said. "Looked more like an electric eel to me."

Quietly the lamb went back to finish his drink at the spring. The crickit went on chirping, the Sky-lark flew back into the heavens. And as the meadow again took up the course of its original and planned purpose, it left the beast within the corpse of the wolf.

It left the beast weary and filled with a vague sense of frustration as it prepared to wait for more and more centuries to pass. With a dismal sense of bewildered helplessness it waited.

It waited.

* * *

NO MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY

by

Malcolm Jame-124-Son

And with that he rushed upon the poor lamb and as the ISP cruiser Bounty sailed down the spring, Commander Bullard paced the bridge with barely surpressed rage. Once again he eyed the ship for an excuse to give vent to his spleen, but all was disgustingly shipshape.

The port stern gimbals hung on their aft main trucks. The starboard hawsers were neatly coiled through the main hatchway port royals. Aft of the wardroom compensators the crew was busily holystoning the powder magazine, and through the middlewatch annunciators the breezy bosun's whistle could be heard piping the chant of the leadsman.

It was really aggravating to find nothing to get angry at. The helmsman, an old two-striper, was boxing the compass with a companionway. Aft of the main-hold stuns'ls a small squad of yeomen was battening down the bulwarks against the keelson marlinspikes. Commander Bullard's eyes gleamed with fitful hope whin his youngest ensign started splicing the forward quarterdeck to the seventy mm. cannon breechlock, but the job was finished in such Navy style that the Commander bit his tongue with frustrated fury.

"If I don't find some excuse to let off steam," he growled, "I'll blow higher than a gallon of H-E!"

But all was still shipshape aboard the ISP Bounty. The water butts vibrated gently under the revs of the heavy duty Mark III diesel galleys. Aloft in the gun decks the crows- nests fluttered as the C.P.O. ran them through an S.O.P. with a small dash of O.D. in the Q.M. to compensate for the S.O.S.. The ship's bell struck the midshipman's jury-rigged hawser cable with a smart Heave-Ho and the crew broke out the chanteys and threaded them through the

(continued on next page)

BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD (CONTINUED)

capstan spars with a Bowditch."

At that moment, abaft of the Bounty's main stateroom skys'l, Commander Bullard sighted a small lamb on the starboard quarter, and a second later his junior watch-mate hailed a large wolf ten points off the port rudder. As Commander Bullard watched, the wolf leaped for the lamb just in time to smash his head against the gleaming steel plates of the hull.

Commander Bullard's eyes glowed thankfully. "Avast there!" he howled from the bridge. "Port your helm!' Rig your scuttlebutts, you blistered crab of a three-decker, hash-striped, gravy-eyed, bilge-headed, crimp-legged, lubber-brained, pot-rasslin sea-cook!!!"

The ISP cruiser Bounty stood down the stream, continuing her voyage. On the port side she left a very dead wolf with a shattered head. On the starboard, a quiet lamb, demurely sipping from the spring. On her bridge she carried a peaceful, sweet-tempered Commander once more.

* * *

And now, for the finish of this tale, we reproduce the equivalent of Page 33 of 'Astounding ScienceFiction' for August 4567.

THE ANALYTICAL LABORATORY

story ratings for the May issue show a remarkable phenomenon: for the first time since the Lab started, I believe, there has been an almost complete unanimity in rating not onl the first, but the first two stories. They stand:

Place	Story	Author	Points
1.	If This Don't Stop	Robert Hein-111Lein	2.08
2.	The Red Destroyer	A. E. Van-100-Vogt	3.50
3.	No Mutiny On the Bounty	Malcolm Jame-124-Son	4.3
4.	A Fable	Demetrios Ae-369-Sop	7.993 *

* Editor's Note: The furor created by the odd claim of reader Demetrios Ae-369-Sop resulted in our decision to include his story with those of the professionals in the regular balloting, with the sad result you see here. To my mind it proves for once and for all that the talented amateur is not even in the running with the professional writer.

Readers may recall that Ae-369-Sop submitted his entry with the claim that it was not an original but rather the original story-ending which had been handed down to the family by the original Aesop, S. who, it was claimed, first wrote the fable of the wolf and the lamb.

Ae-369-Sop may rank last in the Analytical Laboratory balloting, but I think we'll all agree that he rates first prize for Probability Zero!

THE END

EXPERIMENTS IN CLAIRVOYANCE

By
GERALD FEINBERG

After reading "The Humanoids" by Jack Williamson, I decided that a psi* capacity was a valuable attribute to have. Therefore I started a series of experiments to determine the extent of my powers, (if any). The prodedure that I used was a modification of the card guessing method originated by Dr. Rhine at Duke University, and went as follows:

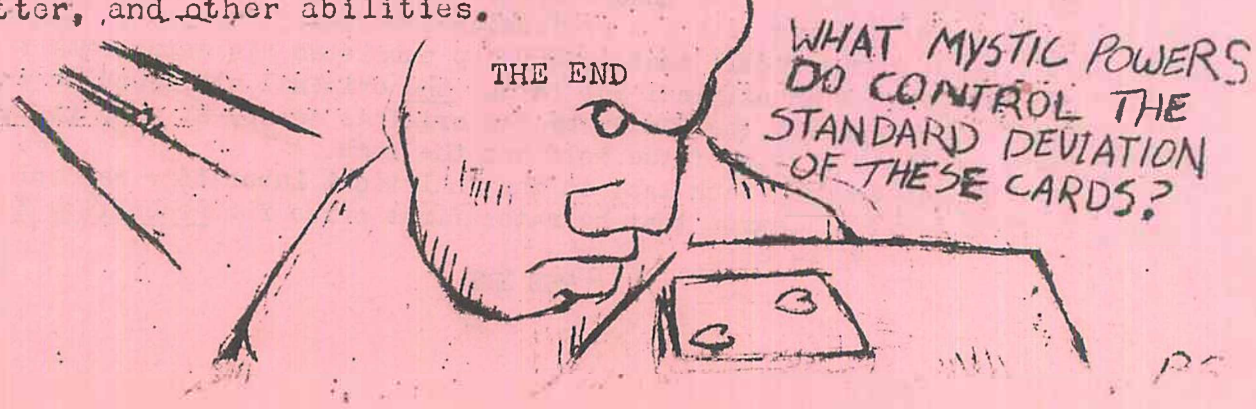
I shuffled a deck of regular playing cards and layed them face down on a table. I then recorded 52 guesses as to the color of the cards, (red or black). I then checked my guesses against the deck. All together, 201 runs of 52 trys each were made, giving 10452 attempts. Of these, 5953 guesses were correct, and 4999 were incorrect. This is a deviation of 227 from mean expectation. The longest run of correct guesses was 16; the odds against this occurence of which in such a series of tries is about 100-1. Also recorded were a succession of 22 out of 24 correct, against which the odds are 400-1.

Having done the experiments, I then attempted to analyse them statistically. The method used is based on the standard deviation which is equal to $\sqrt{N.P.Q.}$ where N equals the number of tries, P the probability of a success, and Q the probability of a failure. Substituting the known values we find the standard deviation to be 51. Since the total deviation was 227 we can see that the true was 4.5 times the standard deviation. By consulting the table, it may be found that the chances of this occurring without an external factor such as E. S. P. interfering are on the order of 1/50000. At the Duke parapsychological laboratories probabilities of $1/10^{20}$ are often attained, this is not an extraordinary achievement, but at least it gives an indication that extra-sensory perception might be operating.

The results of these tests must beadded to the ever growing supply of evidence for E.S.P. I am now planning tests for telepathy and psychokinesis. Any significant results will be reported in future issues of ETAOIN SHRDLU.

* Psi-Psychic - Pertaining to the mind. In this case it is referred to the little-known-about capacities of the mind for telepathy, clairvoyance, telekinesis, the action of the mind on matter, and other abilities.

THE END



A STORY FOR THE PULPS--HOW TO WRITE SCIENCE FICTION

by Morton Sternheim

Lesson One

Our policy has been to encourage aspiring science fiction authors by giving them advice and help. In the last issue of ETAOIN SHRDLU, a professional writer gave valuable rules for writing a science fiction story,("An Interview with Alfred Bester Dec-1949).

We know that many of our readers have good ideas for stories, but don't know how to develop them. Therefore we are publishing this "plot guide", which permits you to write a story by merely filling in the blank spaces with the appropriate words.

(weird name)_____ knelt before the sacred _____ (brain, crystal eye, machine,etc).A shimmering glow emanated from everywhere and nowhere, which hurt the eyes with its brilliance.

"Oh (several adjectives: sacred, omniscient, benevolent etc.) one, you have sent for me?" asked (weird name).

"Yes, I have sent for you." answered the (several adjectives: deep, mechanical, etc.) voice. "You have broken the (several adjectives: holy, ancient, etc) law", said the (several adjectives: sacred, magnificent, etc) (brain, crystal eye, machine, etc.) .

(weird name mentioned before) quaked with fear. If the (several adjectives: allpowerful, etc) one had discovered that he had (something unbelievably horrible or fantastic--an excelent opportunity for originality) all would be lost.

The (several adjectives) (brain, crystal, etc) continued, "You have (same unbelievably horrible thing as before) , therefore you must pay the penalty. You have your choice between reading the 827 volumes of the (title of history books) by (some odd name) , which deals with the history and philosophy of the (several adjectives: all knowing, etc.) (brain, machine, etc.) , or being thrown into the pool." The (several adjectives) (crystal eye, machine, etc.) pointed to a pool whose surface was a kaleidoscope of colors, and which was intensely radioactive, and yet was the source of life for the (some sort of monster) which dwelt in it. "Or else, you (here you can show what a goulish imagination you have) ."

"Oh, thank you, oh (several adjectives:all-loving, etc) for your (wisdom, mercy, etc) . Thank you for only punishing me by (take your choice- use your imagination) .

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29)

THE BROADCASTING OF POWER

by
SIGURD LARSEN

We could have broadcast power forty-nine years ago!! Yes, in that year Nicholas Tesla, one of the greatest geniuses this world has ever known, devised a means of broadcasting power on an unlimited scale with an efficiency of over 95%. World shaking though it was, the practice of broadcasting power was never adopted for reason of its great success. Power could be recieved the world over as easily as from one's own back porch. Anybody could tap the almost infinite power supply. No one could tax or lay a fee upon the power. The power would be free; who could be fool enough to invest in power plants and pay their operating costs if never to see any money coming back, let alone profits. Nowadays the situation is still worse. Could you see America broadcasting power which Russia could recieve? Could you see Russia doing the same for us? Someday, perhaps, when all our petty bickerings are over, an International Power Commission could be set up and power be made available free of charge to all. The technological aspects of the question have been solved; the discoveries and the work of great men lie at our feet. Let us be wise enough not to destroy ourselves, but to use our energy in more constructive veins.

Born in 1856 and dead in 1943, Nicholas Tesla was one of the few people who can be said to have been of really superior intellect. Like a beacon on the path of progress, this man , forty years or more ago, designed a broadcasting system to interlink the world in music and communications, invented a workable electric lamp, generated X-rays of enormous power before Roentgen, invented the entire technique for polyphase A.C., our "modern " method of transporting electric power over wires, and constructed the first induction motor; he also used vacuum tubes before de Forest had invented the grid, and, among a million other things (including causing an Eathquake in lower Manhattan) he created a method to broadcast electric power to the confines of the globe.

Tesla found the Earth to be a highly charged body, On the third day of July, 1899, Tesla discovered that this electric potential could be varied, thus producing stationary waves. Impossible as it seemed, this planet, despite its vast extent, could be made to break into an oscillatory movement, just like water in a bathtub. The Earth actually behaves like a conductor of limited dimensions. If the frequency of resonance is reached, gigantic things can take place. This phenomenum happened, or rather, was made to happen as a result of Tesla's experiments. At about 150 kilocycles the Earth behaves like an electrical resonant unit.

From now on, we can compare the Earth to a bank. If we put energy at one end of the bank, we can take out an equivalent amount of energy at any other point. The losses would be the same regardless of the distance from the transmitter. The range, of course, would be equal to the extent of the bank, in this case, of the Earth.

Thus it was that in 1900, Tesla broadcasted thirteen horsepower over a distance of twenty-six miles.

(MORE)

THE BROADCASTING OF POWER (CON'T)

The power can be tapped by a simple procedure. A condenser and a coil having a combined resonant frequency of about 150 kilocycles are connected in series with a ground and a piece of wire sticking up. Since the voltage is too high for practical use (In Tesla's system the voltage reached an unholy 135,000,000) the coil must be made the primary of a transformer.

Tesla started to construct a plant at Niagara Falls to broadcast 10,000 horsepower. However he was forced to stop because of financial difficulties.

To conclude, I repeat what I said at the beginning of this article: We have the means to broadcast power. Only arguments among ourselves and short-sighted considerations prevent it from being adopted at the present time.

Shall we wait longer?

Bibliography: "The Life of Nicholas Tesla, Prodigal Genius" by O'neill

THE END

HEY READERS-----

You want the results of our science fiction poll? You do , well why havnt you send in your question sheet filled out. GET IT IN NOW, NO NOT TOMORROW, OR THIS EVENING, BUT NOW,RIGHT NOW

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR . . . .

Editor, "ETAOIN SHRDLU"
Dear Sir:

I liked your first edition of "ETAOIN SHRDLU" very much. The articles were interesting, and I thought the fiction was very interesting. With all due modesty, I enjoyed the interview of myself most of all.

Mostly, I appreciate the spirit behind the magazine... that of the editors and the readers. When I think of what a szchlub I was at your age, I'm impressed by the industry and enterprise...not to say intelligence... of the coming generation. All I can say is: Keep the magazine going and don't think that SF is the end. It's only the beginning.

Most Sincerely,
(Signed) ALFRED BESTER

MINITRU BLDG.
5400 Fieldstone Rd.
Dept. 41-F
Tel. K19-7316

Comrade Stephen Taller (D.D.S. C.O.D. W.F.A. B.H.S.S.)
BUSINESS MANAGER "ETAOIN SHRDLU"
B.H.S.S., N.Y.
c/o Dept J

I-Ref mag unnamed. Correct downright
1)P 4 par 3 un 2--Hissp.
2)P24 ad # 4. Refs unperson. Rewrite. Upsub antefiling

II Unlost
1)"Krygbjvlfq" but RED ANTENNA

III Guests
1)Who, what Rodger? Check. Ungood idea anti B.B.

IV Investigate
1)P 24 Ad # 10--Sounds anti B.B. work. Check. If no ans., ref Thought Police. Tell Miniluv.
2)P 24 Ad #7-- Sounds anti work. Rewrite. Selfwatch better ante next!

V Ref mag. Try clear type antenext print. Ungood mimeo.

Dept. Observation, 41-F
(Signed) PETER ODEN

(EDITORS NOTE** No comment.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (CONT)

EDITOR "ETAOIN SHRDLU"
Dear Sir:

Thanks for the first issue of Etaoin Shrdlu, which I find very interesting indeed. It's a really good first issue, I think.

Cordially
(signed)Groff Conklin

Editor,"Etaoin Shrudlu"
Dear Sir:

"Etaoin Shrdlu" is the best fanzine that I ever read. Praise is cheap, and I particularly liked the article on "Stellar Distances" by one G. Feinberg, who sounds like an intelligent fellow.

However, in the interests of hearing all the sides of a question, I would like to come to the defense of science fiction against the "well aimed thrusts" of Mr. Alfred Bester, once a SF writer, and now seemingly a traitor against what was once a source of revenue. Mr. Bester's first point against SF is the supposed "stealing" of the plots from the "classical" writers. He then proceeds to refute his own statement by saying that "Kuttner developed psychiatry and the mind and van Vogt and Heinlein introduced science to science fiction". How about Asimov's psycho-history and Simak's city series? Which classical writers wrote about ideas such as these?

Mr. Bester next says "SF is a stopover from the bottom to the top", then he says that you go "from Heinlein to Huxley", etc. To "prove" this, he states that "SF is based on speculation alone". Well, the atomic bomb, rockets, bazookas, satalite stations, and soon interplanetery travel, are hardly speculation. Finally, Mr. Bester slaps Robert Heinlein by saying that " 'Solution Unsatisfactory' ignores all economic and social factors." Blanket statements like these are very easy to make, but Mr. Bester might have given some illustrations of his point.

All in all, I think Mr. Bester's comments on SF as a whole are hardly to be accepted as a valuable criticism, but rather as a pure opinion, and opinion based largely on erroneous assumptions,

Sincerely yours,
(signed) Gary Feinberg

EDITORS NOTE -- The rest of the editorial staff is in violent disagreement with the part of this letter concerned with Mr. Bester's interview. We feel though, that Mr. Feinberg has a right to his opinions, so we are printing his letter.

(MORE)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (CONT.)

BUSINESS MANAGER
"Etaoin Shrdlu"
Dear Mr. Taller:

Congratulations on your connection with "Etaoin Shrdlu", and especially on your collaborated article with Milton Sternheim. (Pardon me, I mean Morton Sternheim. Who ever heard of the name Milton?). May I suggest an interview of this kind in every issue.

In re your article on "Astounding", Street and Smith publish many magazines, and a publishing house thus engaged favor well-known "names" to enhance the purchasing power of their output. Quality declines, for authors do not put out their best efforts when any effort will be published. Compare the downgrade in "Amazing", for instance. (P.S. I'm still buying "Astounding")

Again wishing you success on your new venture,
cordially,
(signed) Milton Spahn

EDITOR'S NOTE-- Thank you Mr. Spahn for the letter, the praise, and the ad.

A STORY FOR THE PULPS (CONT. FROM PAGE 24)

(EDITOR'S NOTE-- We will place in our circular file any manuscripts similar to this, since many professional writers, and a few prozines, already specialize in this sort of thing, and we cannot hope to compete with them.)

- T H E E N D *

A new science fiction epic is being produced in Hollywood now, according to an article in the New York Herald Tribune. Producer George Pal is in the process of making a semi-documentary film entitled "Destination Moon". It will concern itself with what a trip to the moon would be like. Mr. Pal is trying, in his own words, "to be as scientifically correct as possible".

A $25,000 rocket ship is being built for the film. It looks somewhat like an oversized bird cage, and can be revolved in any direction. Mr. Pal says, "We couldn't have the actors floating around the set, so we're having the set float around them". What with the revolving set, rubber suction cups, and steel wire, the sections of the film concerned with the "free fall" area should be very interesting and realistic.

The famous astronomical illustrator Chesley Bonestell is planning the moon sets, so they have to be good.

How about it, fen? When this picture comes to your city, go and see it and take your friends. If we can show that STF pictures can make money, Hollywood will produce more of them.

STEPHEN TALLER

PSEUDONYMS
OF SCIENCE FICTION AUTHORS
compiled by
GARY FEINBERG

We know that this list is very sketchy and incomplete. If you have any additions or corrections, please send them to us, and we shall be very glad to publish them.
Real name in CAPITOLS, pseudonoms in small print.

HENRY KUTTNER
Lewis Padgett
Keith Hammond
Lawrence O'Donnell
Will Garth
Hudson Hastings
Paul Edmonds

L. RON HUBBARD
Rene Lafayette

WILL F. JENKINS
Murray Leinster
F. Scott Fitzgerald

ROBERT HEINLEIN
Lyle Monroe
Caleb Saunders
John Riverside
Anson McDonald

ERIC TEMPLE BELL
John Taine

E.E. SMITH Ph.D
James Schmitz

GEORGE O. SMITH
Wesley Long

R.S. RICHARDSON
Philip Latham

JOHN W. CAMPBELL
Don A. Stuart

FLASH!!!!

GROFF CONKLIN is putting out his first anthology since "THE TREASURY OF SCIENCE FICTION". Next Febuary, The Garden City Publishing Co. will issue in it s "Perma-Book" series "THE GALAXY OF SCIENCE FICTION" edited by GROFF CONKLIN

The pocket book will contain the following stories:

"A CHILD IS CRYING" by John D MacDonald
" UIS CUSTODIET" by Margret St. Clair
"THE LIFE AND WORK OF PROFESSOR HUNTZ" by Murray Leinster
"THE APPENDIX AND THE SPECTACLES" by Miles J Brouer M.D.
"DEATH FROM THE STARS" by Ray Bradbury
"THE HURKLE IS A HAPPY BEAST" by Theadore Sturgeon
"THE KING OF THE GREAT SPACES" by A. Rowley Hilliard
"THE LIVING GALAXY" by Lawrence Manning
"THE MACHINE STOPS" by E.M. Forester
"EASY AS A.B.C." by Rudyard Kipling
"THE DERELICT" by William Hope Hodgson
"THE FINES WITH " by Author C. Clarke

P.S. Watch for a new full sized anthology, to be called "THE BIG BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION", which will be edited by GROFF CONKLIN, and contain about 50 stories.

DUE TO CONDITIONS BEYOND OUR CONTROL

by

EZRA SHAHN

Many articles have been written on the subject of faster-than-light "drives", yet little consideration is given to the all-important, the method by which the first passengers in one of these super space ships shall return to Earth.

It is a rather well known fact that by traveling faster than light one goes into the past. However, for those who are dubious, it can be logically proved this way. Suppose we select a star a fairly short distance away from Earth. If a beam of light and a space ship traveling faster than light start at the same time for that star, it is obvious that the space ship will arrive first. If a passenger on that space ship were to look back towards Earth on the instant of his arrival, he would not see the Earth he left, but one that he was on a short time before his ship took off. Therefore, if he were to return at the same speed, in excess of 186,000 miles per second, he might reach Earth before he left. (At this point there would be two of the exact same people, same backrounds and previous environments, a perfect setting for psychological and genetic tests.) If our passenger has arrived back on Earth before he took off, he has to have gone backwards in time, in other words, he has gone into the past.

Now that we have established that going faster than light will take one into the past, we ask ourselves, "Is faster-than-light travel practical?" (We have been assuming that it is possible. For a review of faster-than-light drives, see "Forbidden" by Sigurd Larsen in Volume I, Number 1, of "ETAOIN SHRDLU" page 21.) Obviously for extended trips it is not. I say obviously because, from our previous discussion, we have concluded that traveling faster than light will take us back in time. On an extended trip we would probably go far enough back to be in an age that existed before the invention of a faster-than-light drive. As soon as we reached this point it would be impossible to travel at that speed. We would have to wait in mid-space until there was enough time in back of us to permit another spurt of faster-than-light velocity.

Even if one wishes to ignore the above argument, there is another that makes faster-than-light travel impractical. It is this: after a nice trip to Sirus, one of the planets, or some yet undiscovered star, (naturally traveling faster than light) we would have to return to Earth. Continuing at the same speed we would in all probability land in the past, either recent or distant. How would it be possible to get into the future wence we came? By traveling slower than light we would eventually arrive there, but by then our civilization would have progressed an equal amount of years. Is it possible that the slower we travel the faster we move into the future? If so, is it possible to travel at a minus speed so that we will arrive at the future while it's still there?

These are the arguments offered against the practicability of faster-than-light travel, and unless the questions asked can be answered by a new generation of scientists, faster-than-light travel will remain a subject for thought only, not practicable due to conditions beyond our control.

THE END

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