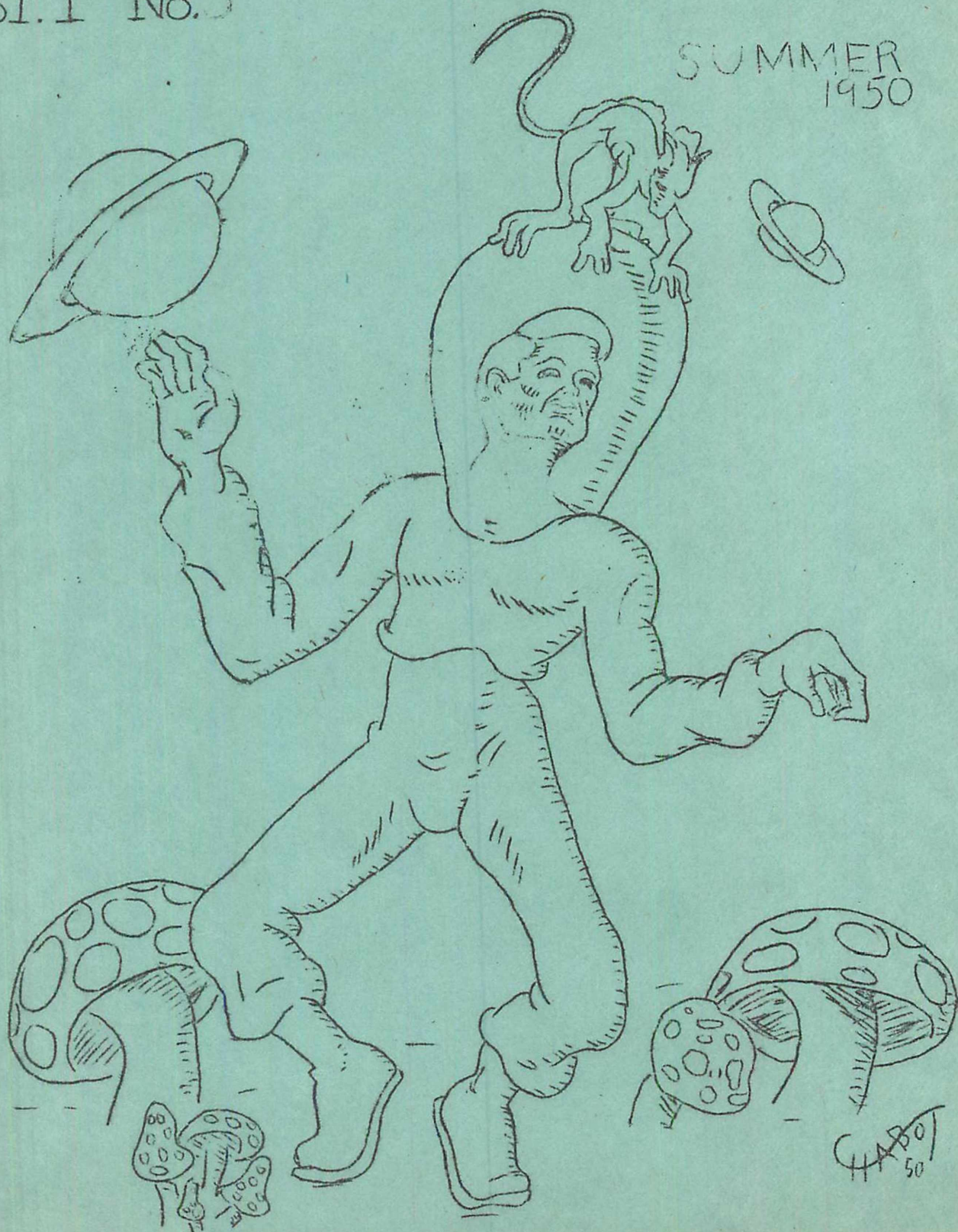


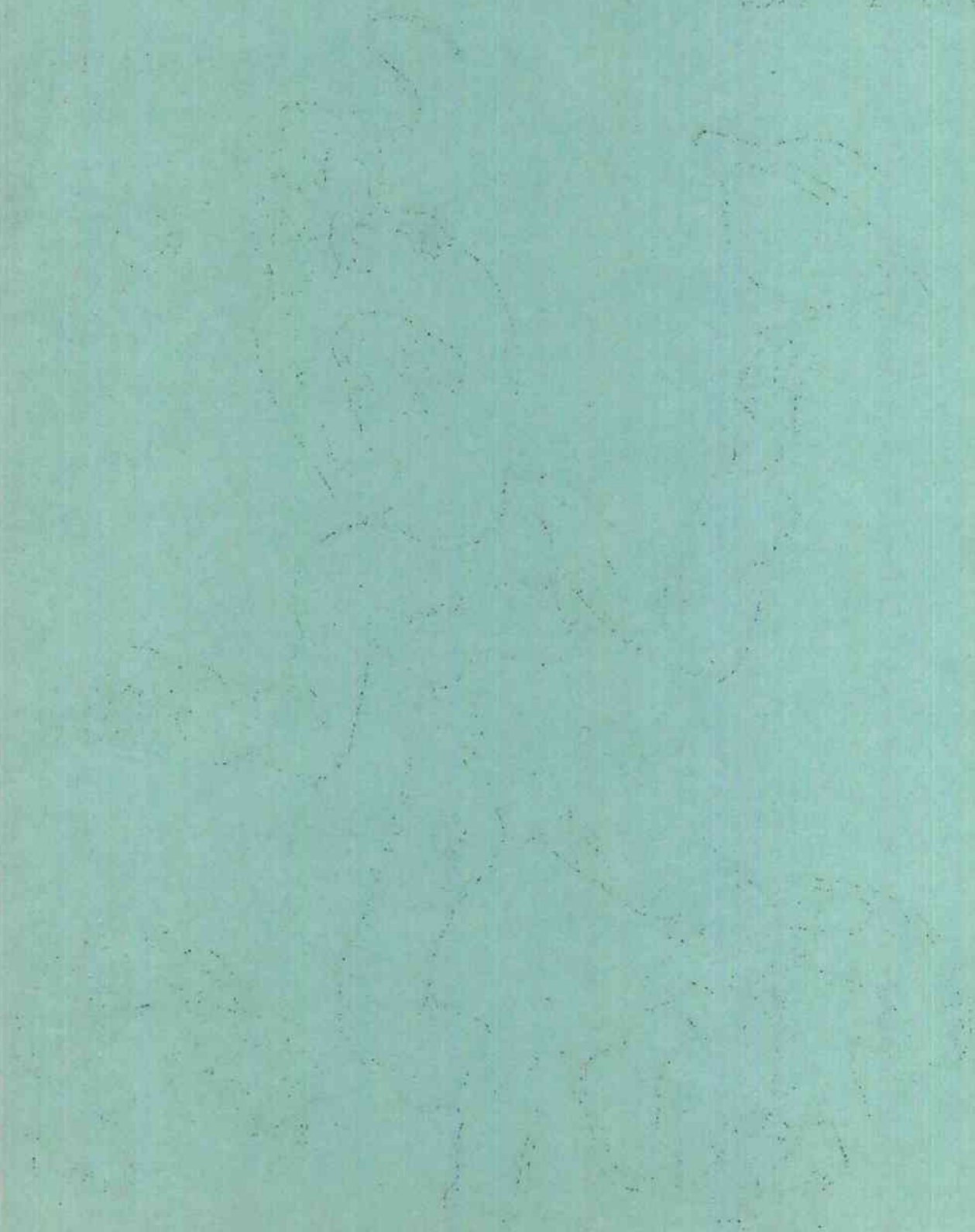
Etaoin Shrd lu

Vol. I No. 5

SUMMER
1950



17 June 1964
Vol 1 IV



OKAY, DON'T SHOOT!!

AN EDITORIAL

We are going to do something that just isn't done in fan circles; we are going to apologise. No, don't faint, sit down, get a good grip on the arms of your chair and listen.

We have been thinking (thinking? Hal) about our editorial in the 11th mailing, and we have come to the conclusion that we were too harsh. Not that a lot of our criticism wasn't warranted; much of it still stands, but after rereading #10 and looking over #11, we think that some of our comments were a bit too vitriolic.

Now that we have that off our collective chests, there are a few other things that we would like to comment on. On the referendum in #11; 1-Should the membership be upped to 35? Yes, the more members the better and larger the mailings will be. If possible, raise the membership even higher. 2- Should activity requirements be raised from 4 pages per 6 months to 6 pages per 6 months? Yes, again. We realise that it is hard for many fans to put out large mags. They just don't have the time. But (and this is one of our major beefs) four (or for that matter 6 or 10) pages every 6 months is very little. When we send in a magazine we have done quite a bit of work on it, and we expect something worthwhile in return.

On the point of restricting mags to SAPS exclusively, we have a few pungent comments to make. First of all; doesn't something of this sort have to be voted on? It is a major policy decision, and as such should be voted on by the full membership. Second; all magazines sent into SAPS are a complete loss (financially that is). 24 stencils (the number needed for one of our issues) cost \$3.00 and with paper, ink, postage, etc., it costs a pretty penny or two. The only way to keep a magazine from incurring a terrific deficit is to accept subscriptions. And as to other APAs; most fans like to read as many fanzines as possible, and in order to do that they join two or more APAs. It is just too much to put out half-decent mags for two or three different APAs. Besides, there isn't that much duplication of membership. Of course, nobody wants old mouldy FAPA mags in the mailings, so we suggest that no magazine issued more than, say, one or two months before the mailing be given credit.

Well we have run out of hot air, and there is still $\frac{1}{2}$ of a page to fill up, so we shall review very briefly some of the 11th mailing...GRAVEYARD.. Oy what a cover! This mag bears out our conviction that fan articles are much better than fan fiction. Brave aren't they, publishing serials... BLOB--Good mag, but Goswal, pleas for the love of ~~g~~* get it mimeoed...SKYLARK..Glad to see a better name. Wonderful cover, and good mimeo job for first try... SAPIAN--"The Hand" is pure pornography--there is enough of that now without is leaking into SAPS...STUPEFYING STORIES--Very cute cover, but SAPS is not the place for arguments on atheism. Ray--do you have any extra copies of that wonderful cartoon that was in #10--If so we would like a couple...THIS IS THE BEST--Hmm...TIMEWARP--One of the best, as usual, but a bit short...PROJECT ONE--Very good for a first ish...ETAOIN SHRDLU--What in the name of does that mean?...THE OUTHOUSE ON THE ASTEROID--Bravo, one of the cutest stories, fan or pro, that we have read in cons...ZAP--Very cute zinc-hape it isn't a oneshop. Fandom needs more humor on this level (take that the way you want).. Sorry out of stencil, so the rest of #11 must rest unreviewed. Whoops, Forgot to sat that the SPECTATOR #11 was up to its usual very high standard. Well, Hope you like this ish (we do, but then we are prejudiced) and see you in Number 13.

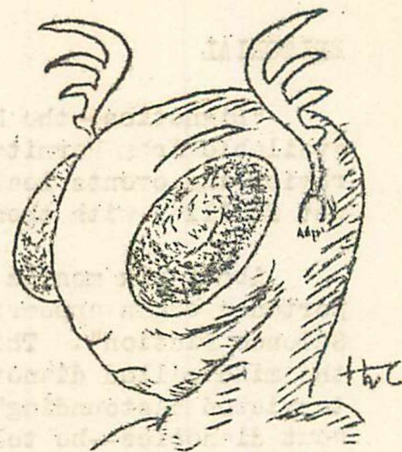
THE EDITORS



Etaoín Shrdlu

VOL. I NO. 5

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ETAOIN SHRDLU VOL.1 No.5 SUMMER 1950

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ER.TT-----On pages 6 & 7,
"The Man Who Killed Satire"
Should be "The Man Who
Killed Saturn"

IN THE NEXT ISSUE*****

An article by Feinberg-
A story by Rosenthal-
More on Dianetics-
More letters-
More book reviews-
Reports of all current
fan and pro activities.
An interview with Will
F. Jenkins and/or Clifford
D. Simak, or some other
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***** NEW YORK IN '51 *****

EDITORIAL

"Dianetics--the Modern Science of Mental Health" by L. Ron Hubbard is now available from Hermitage House. Before commenting on this book we shall briefly review the events leading up to its release, for the benefit of those who are not familiar with them.

About six months ago references to an article of unusual interest and importance began appearing in the "In Times to Come" department of "Astounding Science Fiction". This soon turned out to be an article about a new science of the mind called dianetics. Last January '61 three ETAOIN SHRDLU staff members interviewed "Astounding"'s editor, John W. Campbell Jr., who told them a little about dianetics--he told them that dianetics promised to cure all psychosomatic diseases, make everyone morally good "in the highest sense of the word", cure all alcoholics, dope addicts, sexperverts, and criminals, give everyone a perfect memory etc., etc. The very same day a short blurb appeared in Walter Winchell's column which said to watch for dianetics, "the greatest discovery since the discovery of fire."

Mr. Campbell also announced that the full story would be told in the May issue of "Astounding", which would come out about the middle of April. Simultaneously Hermitage House was to release the textbook of dianetic therapy by L. Ron Hubbard, later described on the flap of the book as a "philosopher and mathematician", but better known to science fiction fans as one of the outstanding contemporary SF authors. Mr. Hubbard had developed dianetics by years of study and had traveled to far corners of the world in his quest for knowledge, said Mr. Campbell.

In the April issue of "Astounding" JWC disclosed almost as much about dianetics in less than a page as he had in the three hour interview with the ETAOIN SHRDLU editor. A few days later we published issue 4 of ETAOIN SHRDLU which contained the information gleaned from Mr. Campbell, really an elaboration upon what had been stated in the short preview of Hubbard's article. Nevertheless, it served to whet the appetites of our readers, few as they are. So when "Astounding" finally published the long-awaited article, everyone was due for a letdown, since the forty pages added to nothing. There wasn't a single useful fact in it; we have not found a single reader who was not left with a bad taste in his mouth and at least a slight suspicion that the whole affair might turn out to be another Shaver mystery. And the text, which was supposed to appear on or about April 15 was delayed because of the "inclusion of additional material".

However, this is all water under the bridge, since the book did come out eventually--it came out just one month late on May 15. And it did include all the material expected. "Dianetics" describes in detail the theories and techniques of what is claimed to be a new science of the mind.

Dianetics is not something to be "believed" or "disbelieved" (some supposedly intelligent people have said to us that they do not 'believe' in dianetics)--it is something to be tested experimentally. Unfortunately we cannot tell you of any experiments we have performed, since copies of the hand-book were obtained only in the last few days and have not even been read by the entire staff. We intend to publish the results of any studies we or anyone who contacts us, make regardless of whether they back up or attack dianetics.

Dianetics has been acclaimed the greatest discovery since fire, and other extravagant things, and it probably is. Anyone can test the claims made by Hub-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 5)

* * * * * NEW YORK IN '51 * * * * *

EDITORIAL (CONTINUED)

hard and learn for himself whether or not they are valid in any or all aspects. If they are, which does seem likely, we can expect an Utopia beyond our wildest dreams.

("Dianetics -- the Modern Science of Mental Health" by L. Ron Hubbard can be obtained at many bookstores or directly from the publishers. Send \$4.00 to Heritage House, 1 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.)

* * * * *

Many readers who had not read the first issue of ETAOIN SHRDLU have asked us what the name means. It is the letter frequency of the English language-- "e" is used most frequently, "t" is the letter used next often, and so on. Also, ETAOIN and SHRDLU are the first two vertical rows on a linotype machine.

* * * * *

This, our forth issue, has several improvements over our earlier issues. This issue is mimeoed on both sides, as you can see. We hope to continue this practise in the future. The typist we used for cutting the stencils has small elite type; we have about 200 more words per page than pica type. This issue is equal to about 34 pages of the larger type. We have many of the right-hand margins even (an improvement we hope to continue and expand) and the art-work is considerably improved.

About our next issue: it should appear about October, and may contain interviews with Clifford Simak and/or Will F. Jenkins, a couple of stories, several articles, and much more art-work; plus, of course our regular features. Please write us and tell us what you think of our efforts. If space permits all interesting letters will be published. Also, we are in dire need of stories, articles, art-work, book reviews, and anything else that even vaguely pertains to science fiction. It's simple, you send us the material and get all credit that is due you for your efforts, and everybody's happy.

THE END

HERE ARE SOME ADDITIONS TO OUR EVER-GROWING LIST OF SF PEN-NAMES

The real name appears in CAPS

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THE END

* * * * * NEW YORK IN '51 * * * * *

THE MAN WHO KILLED SATIRE

BY

MORTON STERNHEIM; STANLEY NATHANSON; MINESHA TAUSNER

"The recent splurge of science fiction movies, magazines, books, and radio programs indicates that science fiction is snowballing, but I don't know where it will lead. Moreover, while most pulps are doing poorly at this time, science fiction magazines are holding up better than anything else. The circulations of science fiction magazines today are on a level with the top Westerns, formerly the leading sellers."

Sam Merwin Jr., editor of Thrilling Wonder Stories, Startling Stories and numerous other pulps, recently made this statement at the New York offices of Standard Magazines. The reception room in which we interviewed the well known science fiction figure was an interesting one, having a streamlined appearance due to its plate glass doors, curved glass partitions, large mural illustrating the production of Standard Magazines, and streamlined receptionist.

Mr. Merwin is probably the most unusual inhabitant of this planet, if one takes all his statements at face value. "I was born in 1910 and died in 1933", he said. The significance of this claim is obscure, and still sounds nutty, but the rest of his biography appears rational. He attended several New England private schools, Andover, Princeton, and a liberal arts college which cannot be identified because each interviewer expected someone else to record its name. He worked for a while as a reporter on the Boston-American, before coming to Standard in 1941. He assumed editorship of Startling and Thrilling Wonder Stories in 1944 when Oscar J. Friend, then editor, left for greener pastures, otherwise known as Hollywood. "I was just backed into it", he alibied.

Most fans believe that he has improved the magazines considerably, although some fans regret the passing of Sargeant Saturn. (A typical specimen of Sargeant Saturn: Ye Gads, Snaggletooth! Wheel out the keg of Xeno... Make ready to loose the atomic bombs, we're approaching New York. Wartears! Away from the bomb-bay, Yor Kiwi.) This soon went out, since, as Mr. Merwin put it, "I wanted the magazines to grow up."

If you are a girl, living in a foreign country, and have a typewriter, Mr. Merwin will print almost any letter you send in, because of the way letters are selected for publication. All the letters received, about 150 every month, are shoved into a drawer until it is time to compile the letter column. Mr. Merwin then dumps the entire batch on his desk, and, since Startling and Thrilling Wonder are published on alternate months, the ones referring to the wrong magazine are returned to the drawer. The letters by women, girls, and foreign readers, the handwritten letters, and the obscene ones, are put in separate piles. Letters from the feminine readers have the best chance of being printed, since Standard hopes to attract more readers from the weaker sex. Only the best handwritten letters ever appear; Mr. Merwin must type them himself. The last group is disposed of in an appropriate manner.

Mr. Merwin and Leo Margulies, Standard's Editorial Board head, buy the stories, selecting them by the common "we like it we buy it" formula. According to Mr. Merwin, the number of writers, especially good ones, is small. "The fans pan us, but they don't do better," is his complaint.

An author as well as an editor, many science fiction stories by Mr. Merwin

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7)

***** NEW YORK IN '51 *****

THE MAN WHO KILLED SATIRE (CONTINUED)

have appeared under his pen name, Carter Sprague. Although he has never had a science fiction book published, he has written several detective novels, and is at present working on a fantasy novel for Walter Bradbury at Doubleday. He refused to name any favorites, explaining "Most authors are at their best in one particular field, and there are top authors in each field. Kuttner is tops in humor; Kuttner and C. L. Moore, his wife, turn out the best fantasy; Van Vogt is best with trick complications and paradoxes. Bradbury is unique in many respects -- he probably has more native talent than anyone else in the field today."

Unlike some science fiction editors and authors, Mr. Merwin takes an active interest in fans and fan activities. He can often be found chewing the fat with members of the Queens Science Fiction League and other local fan groups. He has added many features of interest to fans to his magazines. Although he doesn't understand why fans are willing to put in so much work on their fanzines, he is delighted with them. We were warned that ETADIN SHEDLU is soon to be dissected in "The Frying Pan", his vitriolic fanzine review column, but we were assured that the ribbing is all in good fun and "strictly for kicks".

THE END

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***** NEW YORK IN 151 *****

HARVEST SEASON

BY

MELVIN RUMSTIEN

July 16

I dropped in on a bull session tonight, something I don't usually do, but for some reason I got interested in this one. Jerry Finklestein, an old classmate of mine at State, took me up. There was the usual mixture of pedants and bug-eyed undergraduates... and a small middle-aged man who seemed to fit into neither group.

We came in near the beginning, if a bull session can be said to have one, and I sat at the side waiting for the fireworks to begin. Jellers, another member of the faculty was arguing animatedly with the small man I had noticed before. The small man made some remark and I walked over in time to hear Jellers say, "But look now, we were talking about proof -- Evidence! The kind you can hold and smell. And here you give me this... uh, hullo, Mark. C'mon over here."

The small man was made aware of my professorial status, and I in turn was introduced to Gregory D. Samsons, parapsychologist. I mentally raised my eyebrows at this and Jellers no doubt was amused though he disguised it well.

"We've been kicking around Charles Fort for awhile," he said seriously. "At least I've been kicking him around, though Samsons here seems to think 'Lo' is the gospel itself."

"Proof!" The small man seemed to swell visibly. "How many people all over the country vanish every hour? What about all the Fortean phenomena that has reported for centuries?"

"Amnesia cases, criminals or wanderers" I broke in unexpectedly.

Samsons stared at me till he heard Jellers laughing. "I should have told you, Samsons," he wheezed, "that Mark is the faculty's skeptic. If you can convince him, it's practically a certainty that you can convince us."

Samsons grinned and accepted the challenge and we went at it hammer and tongs till twelve, when I pleaded a headache and made off; but not before promising to see Samsons the following day.

July 17

I met Samsons today after a conference and we drove out to his place. Then he set about convincing me. He showed me reports on psychic phenomena, hundreds of letters, but not a single piece of evidence that couldn't be attributed to wther than psychic causes. When I pointed this out, the professor nodded sagely and said we'd meet again tomorrow. It was plainly dismissal and as I left I wondered if the professor was finding me too tough a nut to crack.

I had other troubles too. I'm... well, you could call it an amateur radio man (I like to tinker around with the stuff)... and the new circuit I was working on wasn't coming along too well. Seems I need some supplies.

July 18

Samsons surprised me today by letting me into his confidence... a little at least. We were sitting upstairs in the living room when he said abruptly, "Have-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9)

HARVEST SEASON (CONTINUED)

n't you wondered a bit why a professor of parapsychology should suddenly take an interest in Fortean phenomena?"

"No," I answered, "probably because I regard one subject in the same light of impossibility as the other."

He laughed and said, "You are hard to convince, my friend. But I will try again. Have you ever wondered how life came to be on this earth?"

"Yes," I said warily, suspecting a trap.

"Ah... and your conclusion?"

"That a more powerful agency than man caused it."

"Remember that conclusion in the next few days." He seemed pleased. And then, "It is the basis of all my work."

That was all I got out of him that day. And I was having trouble getting my ...uh, radio supplies.

July 25

Today I met Mary Sherd, the professor's major subject on this line of investigation. She is a nice girl, though rather pale and ~~thin~~; and when I arrived the professor seemed exultant over something she had done. He told me about it while Mary rested on a couch in the next room.

"He started off as usual," he said, "Mary went into a trance and almost immediately she heard something... psychically of course. She muttered something about the Solar Circuit and the force and something Outside that was also Inside. When she awoke she didn't seem the same. I think--"

An awful shriek came from the rest room. When we rushed in, Mary lay still, but her eyes were quite empty... I was so disturbed by that incident that I didn't even work on my... radio.

August 3

Today I got so disgusted with my lack of radio parts that I went straight to the professor's house. I confronted him bluntly and explained the situation and my predicament.

He fainted.

I went on after he revived. "So you see," I said politely, "you were never really alive. We planted you here a few million years ago, somewhat as your people plant seeds of quartz crystals to grow into electrical parts, after they're shaped. You're really something like an inductance coil, gaining what you call a soul from the Solar Circuit. Oh, the experiment you conducted? I was talking to a Me Outside; what you see is just an extension of Me. What! Oh, Fort! Who would believe Him? But it's really getting late and I do need another part for my... Radio. By the way, it's the oddest thing but the big harvest season is coming up right about now. So... you're in season."

And, do you believe it, after I had explained it so politely he tried to get away? But I do need some more inductances...

-O-THE END-O-

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BOOK REVIEWS

Waldo & Magic Inc.

by Robert Heinlein

Doubleday & Co.

1950-- \$2.50

This book contains two stories, "Waldo" from "Astounding" and "Magic Inc." from "Unknown". Both are novelettes, hence the book is only 140 pages. The printing and the binding of the book are quite good.

"Waldo" concerns a man named Waldo (naturally) who has a muscular ailment. He lives in a satellite space home, making use of the "free fall". He's consulted when unstopable machines decide to stop. The solution involves a hex doctor and various and sundry other complications, that make the story as enjoyable as it was when it was first published in "ASF" a few years ago.

"Magic Inc." takes place in a world where businessmen use magic in their business, and an organization tries to monopolize the magic.

My opinion of the book agrees with the majority opinion; it's good Heinlein, good SF, and a good set of stories. C.C.

Needle

by Hal Clement

Doubleday & Co.

1950-- \$2.50

This story is the book version of a serial which appeared in "ASF". The book is a science fiction detective story. Unlike many stories of this type it depends on both types of yarn; the result is very well balanced.

The plot of Needle, for those of you who are familiar with it is as follows: Picture an amoeba weighing four to six pounds and correspondingly large in size. It is a symbiote, and must do all in its power to prevent injury to its host. It lives inside the host's body. It is also an intelligent being we have here, the hunter or detective. Now picture the same creature, subtract any good qualities and add the fact that it may be any place and in anyone or any living organism larger than a small cat. Now... find it! Something like looking for a needle in a haystack, but one in which the needle is disguised as a piece of hay. Mix in a few complications, such as having the space ships of hunter and hunted wrecked; the problem of the hunter's communication with a host, in this case a young boy; and of course how to find the needle, and you have the plot.

Needle is very enjoyable SF. The ending is a trifle weak, but that is a minor point. Unfortunately, the book is a one-time affair and unlike many SF books, it is enjoyable only the first time since once the novelty and solution are discovered, and like a detective story, it is no fun reading when you know the murderer.

SN

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)

BOOK REPORTS (CONTINUED)

Pebble in the Sky

by Isaac Asimov

Doubleday & Co.

1950

"Pebble in the Sky" is among the best of the many STF books recently released. Moreover, the ardent fan who has read most of the magazines published in the past decade or two will get his money's worth out of Isaac Asimov's new novel; it has never appeared in any form prior to book publication, unlike most current STF offerings.

The story opens as a retired tailor, Joseph Schwartz, is walking along a Chicago street. Suddenly a freak nuclear accident transports him into the distant future, into an age in which the radioactive earth is despised by the rest of the fully inhabited galaxy. Eventually Schwartz finds himself in a position where he can save the galaxy from destruction; confused and homesick, he apparently doesn't care to try to prevent the impending disaster.

The blurb on the jacket accurately describes "Pebble in the Sky": "Combining tenseness, irony, romance, and fast action with a basis of really intriguing science, "Pebble in the Sky" is a truly ingenious tale of the far distant future".

M.S?

Red Planet

by Robert A. Heinlein

Charles Scribner's and Sons

1949

"Red Planet" is an exciting account of a colonial boy's adventures on Mars. Jim Marlowe's pet Martian "bouncer", Willis ----- an odd, simt-intelligent basketball shaped creature, capable of reproducing any sounds perfectly ----- played back a conversation between two officials planning to doublecross the colonists. The colonists were forced to fight for their lives, aided indirectly by the intelligent Martians, a strange race which had space travel millions of years ago but gave it up!

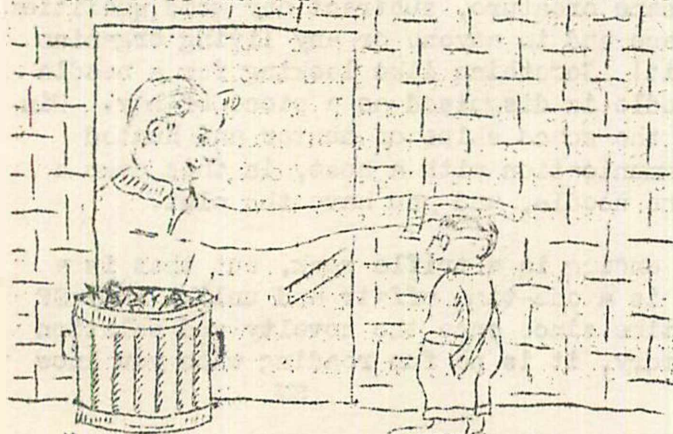
While it appeals both to old STF fans and readers new to the field, "Red Planet" is not as good as two other Heinlein novels: "Sixth Column" and "Beyond This Horizon". However, although it is semi-juvenile, "Red Planet" should provide reading enjoyment for everyone.

M.S.

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MISFIT

by

Morton Sternheim

Commander Peter Marcy leaned back and temporarily forgot the charts spread on the table. He gazed eardly at the slowly growing disc which swam toward the ship through a sea of stars. A few more watches and then he would be landing on Earth. A day or two more and then that stream where the fish were almost begging to be caught.

...Six years is a long time. Any man eventually misses the sweet smell of verdant fields and the cool, fresh breezes of an atmosphere neither dust nor germ free but yet incomparably superior to the canned air of spaceships and domed cities on alien worlds. After six years of space a man misses even the sprawling, dirty, noisy cities, those rapidly disappearing relics of the twentieth century.

Lieutenant Edwards looked up from the dials he had been scrutinizing. Rarely, if ever, was there anything even slightly wrong, but regulation required incessant checks and countless log entries. Only one incident had occurred on the long trip--the communicator had broken down, and that was due to a defective tube.

The Commander's reverie was abruptly terminated by the unsuspecting Lieutenant. "The men are anxious to land" said Edwards, evidently missing along lines similar to those of his commanding officer.

"Huh?" was Marcy's startled reply. Then, making the mental journey back to the ship from a stream several hundred thousand miles away, he answered "Yeah. Can't say I blame them."

"Nor can I" admitted Edwards. "It's over six years since we left Earth, and only a few months after we blasted off Pluto the communicator got tempermental. The men haven't heard from or seen anyone except themselves for almost three years now, so naturally they think they're homesick--actually, they're somewhat bored by the monotonous routine. But after a few weeks of letting off steam they'll be glad enough to take off again."

"Well, it's been that way every trip. But then, I don't think that they seemed quite as homesick--or bored-- the other times."

"That's because this was the longest one we ever had--headquarters never stuck us with the Pluto run before. And don't forget the communicator--that had an important effect. But the main thing was the time--the longer the time, the more boring it becomes. Don't worry about it--I'd give you ten to one that not a single man will apply for a transfer to a job on Earth."

"You're probably right."

"Of course I am. Spacemen aren't the adventure-loving, thrill-seeking type. All the exciting features--which were usually pretty dangerous--were eliminated from space travel when our fathers were still kids." Edwards was warming up. He had repeated the same arguments to some unlucky person every week or two, for this was his favorite theme. "A man joins the Space Service only if he knows he can stand months of inactivity. The service attracts men who would enjoy reading, thinking, talking, and playing chess or 'Go' between watches for years on end. And the Service makes it impossible for a man to make a mistake--these tests spot a misfit a light year off. They know that those they select will be willing to

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)

* * * * * NEW YORK IN '51 * * * * *

MISFIT (CONTINUED)

go anywhere the Service tells them to, until the time they die or are retired. These men don't want to lead normal lives--this type of existence is far better to them. They consider themselves lucky to be able to lead such an easy life, with so much time to do what they like. Of course most people would hate being forced to go on long trips by the Service without any say in the matter, but not these men."

A buzzer sounded, indicating that it was once more necessary to make the endless checks and log entries. Edwards performed the required duties, and returned to Marcy. Marcy was staring intently out of the port, and on his face was a silly grin. --he'll get over it, but fast--thought Edwards.

Marcy was busy deciding the equipment he would buy for that long fishing trip--he would take very soon.

* * * * *

The landing was uneventful. Commander Marcy walked out of the ship through the wide open air lock. He paused briefly in the bright sunshine and hopped into the ship's helicopter.

The small craft spun over the stretch of New Mexico desert which had served as the Space Service's main spaceport since the days when the early experimental rockets were sent crashing to the Moon. The commander was too preoccupied to note that unusually few space ships were parked in the normally crowded area.

Marcy landed on the roof of the operations building, entered the automatic elevator, and waited impatiently as it dropped to the proper floor. He whistled merrily as he hurried into the large outer office which guarded the office of Admiral Barker. As soon as he entered Marcy sensed a change--he remembered the office as a busy place with numerous clerks and minor officials working at their desks. Now it was empty, except for a few men going through some files.

One of the men heard the door close and turned around. His uniform and insignia indicated that he was a noncommissioned officer in the Space Service. "What d'ya want?" he growled. Then he realized Marcy's rank. "Sorry, sir. What can I do for you?"

"I'm Commander Marcy. Just landed after a Pluto run. Whom do I report to? Is Admiral Barker still in charge?"

"Yeah, he's still around. I'll tell him you're here." --Pluto run. Poor slob. Six years. Well, they claim they like it, but I don't envy that guy.--

He returned a moment later. "He'll see you now."

Marcy entered the Admiral's office. "Commander Marcy, sir. I've just returned from Pluto on the RM19Q."

"Oh yes. Have a seat Marcy. How was the trip?"

"Fine, sir" said Marcy, pulling up a chair. "Abit boring at times, but otherwise it was perfect. Except for one thing of course--the communicator blew out soon after we left Pluto."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15)

* * * * * NEW YORK IN '51 * * * * *

MISFIT (CONTINUED)

"You know, Marcy, it's great to be a space man. The years I spent out in space were the happiest years of my life. Being tied to a desk is pretty hard to bear when I think of you boys out in space, doing anything you feel like all the time. But of course that's all over with now. There aren't going to be many spaceships much longer."

"What do ^{you} mean, sir? What's happened?"

"Do you mean you haven't heard what's happened to the Space Service?"

"No sir. The communicator---we didn't hear anything for three years."

Admiral Barker explained that the Space Service was about to be abandoned, after two centuries of great achievements, because of the development of a vastly superior means of transportation. Spaceships could not hope to compete with matter transmitters, which were absolutely safe, virtually instantaneous, and ridiculously economical. In the last few months a network of transmitters and receivers had been set up by engineers on every colonized planet and satellite from plans broadcast from Earth.

However, there was one use for spaceships---they could carry transmitters to places where there were no men to construct them. And, even more ironically, the matter transmitter principle could be adapted to power spaceships. But, when used in this way, matter transmission was neither absolutely nor instantaneous.

"We think Alpha Centaurus has planets. If you land there you can set up a transmitter and return. However, it wouldn't work if you tried it on the ship-- I don't know why, but that's what they tell me. You and your crew have a six week leave starting tomorrow while your ship is overhauled and converted to the new drive. Have you any questions?"

"How long will the trip last?"

"About thirty years. Marcy, you can't realize how much I envy you this opportunity. Why, you and your crew will have the time of your lives, and you'll go down in history as the first interstellar travelers. Just think of it!"

Marcy thought of it. --Thirty years--he thought--thirty plus thirty-seven. I'll be sixty-seven when I get back if there are planets. And if there aren't...

* * * * *

Marcy stared out of the port at the rapidly shrinking disc that was Earth, home. Edwards completed a series of checks and log entries and turned back to the Commander. "I had no doubt that almost the entire crew would have no objection to the Alpha Centaurus trip. As I told you a few months ago, they wouldn't want to stay on Earth if they could."

"Uh huh" mumbled Marcy, only half conscious of what Edwards was saying.

"It's a funny thing though" said the lieutenant. "I almost didn't want to go myself. When I was on leave I met a girl who I thought was the most wonderful girl in the world. God, it was tough to leave her! But by the time I got back to the ship I realized that I really wasn't in love with her. Anyway, if I stayed she probably wouldn't seem nearly so marvelous. Or she might have run off and left me for some other guy. And I most likely would have become sick and tired

* * * * * NEW YORK IN '51 * * * * * (CONTINUED ON PAGE 26)

SPACE OPERA AND SUCH

BY

STANLEY NATHANSON

The horse opera, or western, has been classified time and again. There are three types of sheriffs, four types of marshalls, etc.

Space opera, as we all know, is a much better type of fiction than the western type. To my knowledge, space opera has never received the benefit (or something) of classification. In brief, you will now be exposed to a discussion of the major and perpetual characters and events in the blood and thunder, Mars and Venus, space opera.

In horse operas, it is impossible for the hero to combat the cattle rustlers unless he has his trusty horse (it is always the fastest) which will get him to Gallop in time.

In the space opera, the hero must have a space ship in order to attack the pirates, who have been hijacking Uranite on Callisto. Fortunately for the space opera, space craft are not as stereotyped as heroes' horses. The spacers do fall into prescribed patterns, however, which I shall now present.

In the story dealing with the solar system, we have the following classifications:...

I The Patrol Job

A If the hero is not a member of the space organization, then the patrol ship is always the most modern, up-to-date type. It has all the latest weapons. Unfortunately, it has:...

1. Limited jurisdiction
2. too few men to search for pirates
3. no knowledge of the pirates' hideout

B If the hero is a member of the space patrol, they still have good spacers, but:...

1. but nothing! It's the best. (rare)
2. the hero gets stuck with a junk heap
3. the pirates have some new discovery which the hero must foil by wits alone

II The Non-Space Patrol Ship

A a young, but hardened prospector on the asteroid belts comes in with a ship that has blown its last jet

Since he is broke, all he can get is a crate held together with baling wire, in which he conquers the villains, (usually pirate type)

B In the realm of interplanetary space ships, there is always the story of the first moon rocket: MR-1 (or MR-2 if we are led to believe that in the times before the successful rocket, other attempts failed).

This plot is so widely used and so ancient, that it needs no explanation

C The independently wealthy hero's ship. He is also a junior Genius. Naturally, no comment on this type.

Comes the time when the galaxy is explored and settled, alien races have been found, etc. we must change the space ship to a galactic cruiser, and we find the same situation as before, only more of it. In addition, the author can add more fantastic weapons than before.

In the intergalactic or even galactic space operas; the speed of light must

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17)

SPACE OPERA AND SUCH (CONTINUED)

be exceeded. Writers have used different methods to accomplish this feat, as follows:

- I Suspended animation: Suspended animation is popular with some science-fiction writers. It is referred to variously as...
 - A suspended animation
 - B big sleep
 - C blackout
- II Faster than light drives: In this type, the ship actually exceeds the speed of light, but gains infinite mass, and time slows down considerably.
- III Overdrive: This is perhaps the most popular method for the blood and thunder space opus. Some time ago (before the new cars adopted the phrase) Murray Leinster invented the overdrive. It has been used many times, in many ways. The principle is that of going into either another dimension, or into another time and/or space continuum, in which you can keep below the speed of light in that universe, while actually exceeding it in ours.

Since we are using ships, we naturally need a captain. The captain type is quite numerous, and I'm sure that the reader has come across most of the listed types.

- I The old, hardened space dog (Type 1), who is thought by everyone to be a dirty rat.

This usually has one of the following endings:

 - A He really is a rat (uncommon)
 - B He had a good motive, and is really a nice guy.
 - C He is also a real louse, but the story goes so deeply into his character that it shows his few good points, and since he usually dies at the end, we feel sorry for him.
- II The old space dog (type 2): This type is always friendly to the crew, offering sage advice, etc.
 - A This one dies proving what a good guy he really was.
 - B He lives on, since his beautiful daughter must hook the young second mate
- III The old space dog (type 3): This guy isn't bad, just aloof. He thinks the younger generation (circa 2475) is just hopeless.
 - A In this case, he is rescued from dire disaster by a young man whom he has recently bawled out.
 - B The variation of (A) has him try to prevent his daughter from trying to marry the young man, but changes his mind at the happy ending.
- IV The younger type
 - A Leader of the first flight, expedition, etc. (see space ships).
 - B This type has led a bad life for 29 of his 30 years. He's robbed, cheated, etc. Now, faced with a threat to humanity, he...
 - 1. Comes through and conquers all.
 - 2. Gets killed in the service of Earth, Solar System, or galaxy, depending upon the scope of the story.
 - 3. This type winds up with the ruler's daughter (or scientist's, see heroines)

In the space opera type of story, there is always a hero, a young hero. He is a hero because:

- A Someone or something must be saved and he's the nearest one at hand.
- B He is a member of some organization. (see organizations)
- C The older man in this story has a beautiful daughter whom someone must marry: therefore, the hero.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)

SPACE OPERA AND SUCH (CONTINUED)

D He is a free-lancer, always looking for trouble.

E Somehow, somewhere, this mild-mannered chap receives a message, which, for no earthly (or even galactic) reason, he decides is not a prank, and so...

A description of the hero is hardly necessary, since he is usually brawny, brainy, handsome, and so on.

Occasionally, the hero isn't one or more of the above. Then we have the story of the hero trying to make good against all outward opposition. The same endings follow, however.

There is actually no other description of the hero necessary, since he is familiar enough (in some cases too familiar) to the space opera reader.

In many of the space operas, the hero belongs to a police organization. These are too numerous to mention, and are easily figured out. If there are any readers who have not seen the three mysterious letters defined (the last definitions I saw, or bothered to look for were in 1945), the following will give a clue to the meaning of the letters.

Since many letters have more than one meaning, in addition to the meaning of each letter, you will find the position it usually occupies.

A - Astro (very rare) first letter

B - Bureau, any letter; Bi (rare) first

C - Cadets, last; Corps, last

E - Extra, first

G - Galactic, first or second

I - Intelligence, first or third; Inter, first; Intra (rare), first; Investigation, last

N - Navy (very rare), last

P - Patrol, last; Planet, (rare), first, second, or third; Planetary, first or third

S - Solar, first or second; Solarian, first or second; Space, first or second (in a three letter title; Stellar, first or second

T - Terra, first or second; Terroan, first or second; Terrestrial, first or second; Tri-, first

U - Universal (rare), first or second

From the above, most, if not all, of the police organizations can be defined. The most common are; I.P.P., I.S.P., T.B.I., etc.

In space opera, the hero must eventually discover that man's best friend is not his brand new, Iso-Hyper-Special, 50 light speed, super space job. What is his best friend? Looking at a typical S.F. pulp cover, we find: Hero, very possibly his best friend, but that we know all along. The B.E.M.; are you kidding? This leaves only!!!

Our question now, is how does the hero find this eighth-clothed female? (Naturally the eighth-clothed girl is rare. In overdressed cases like these, her "x" is always torn.)

1 He is an S.P. man. (see organizations) if he belongs to the S.P., then she

A is found on one of his cases. Why is she on the scene? Well...

1. She is also a space patroller.

2. She's a member of the pirates gang. If she is a member of the pi-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19)

SPACE OPERA AND SUCH (CONTINUED)

rat's gang, the story conclusion is...

a. she is killed saving his life

b. he catches her, but promises that he will get her off with only 50 years in lunar colony. (For some reason (as yet undiscovered), Lunar Colony is always the prison base.)

Reason (3) for her being on the scene, is that she is a girl whom he meets in a goozla-joint. (Goozla - the delicious nectar of the goozla-plant. It is very intoxicating. The hero often pretends to be drunk on goozla to catch a huge gang of pirates.)

II The hero may meet her because she is the scientist's daughter. (Enough said)

III She is the captain's daughter (see captains)

IV She tries to kill him. He escapes. They fall in love. (You explain it)

There are of course a few other situations, but these are rare, and besides, the conclusion is always the same; they either live or die together.

We now approach one of the most interesting problems in space opera: that of the villain.

In this the author has wide leeway, since, although the hero must always be a terran, solarian, or at least from our galaxy, depending upon the scope of the story, the villain can be any one, anything, and so on.

I Terrestrial Villains: There are several major types of terrestrial villains.

A Pirate. The pirate is usually found in inter-planetary yarns. (Occasionally a pirate slips into a galactic tale, but then he is a young, handsome, spacer, who turns out to help Earth in the end (see captains).

B The Mad Scientist (obsolete)

C In many stories, a large company (usually called General Atomics) has taken over the Earth (legally, of course), and has set up a veritable dictatorship.

II Extra-Terrestrial Villains: The types of extra-terrestrial villains (or enemies) are so numerous, that it is impossible to mention them all.

For some reason, the extra-terrestrial villain is usually an insect, or a being with from six to ten legs.

The villain may also be a reptile, in which case it must resemble Tyrannosaurus Rex.

Occasionally we find a furred being as a villain, but usually any furred creatures are the slaves or symbiotes (willing or otherwise) of the master race of insects. (The insects are usually found with insects rather than reptiles.)

Unfortunately (or otherwise) this encyclopedia of space oper must end. I have left out many classifications which might have been added, and naturally I haven't gone into every possibility of the included classifications, but it was fun doing, and then too, we must remember when talking about space opera: "Yours is not to question why, yours is but to read."

C-THE END-O

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor - ETAOIN SHRDLU

I disagree with you on the Judith Merril pocketbook, I liked it. I don't believe her publishers were after the science-fiction or fantasy market at all, I think they were attempting to win a part of the mystery crowd over to our side of the fence. Or what is more likely, Merril wanted a fantasy (or science-fiction) book, but her publishers insisted on a mystery treatment to insure its sale. And the result was a compromise. Can't say I blame the publishers, for the mystery pocketbooks make money. Mystery books are regarded as insurance-- long before they are printed, the publisher can count on a certain sale. No money is lost. The cover on this one is not nearly as bad as an s-f magazine cover using girls and BEIs and has an irresistible appeal to the mystery reader. I damned near had a story in the book, but didn't make the deadline because I couldn't get the copyright reassigned in time.

(signed) Bob Tucker

Editor - ETAOIN SHRDLU

Your latest issue of this truly remarkable magazine has astonished me beyond compare, to such an extent that I am forced to write to you and congratulate you on your exceptional achievement.

I would like to scan over the magazine from front cover to back cover, and tell you what I think of it.

Your front cover, though better than past covers, was nothing extraordinary. I think that the "Paid Political Advertisement" was quite cute and the other advertisements do show that people think it worthwhile to make public their business through your magazine, which shows that you are coming along quite well. The "Editorial" was stretching the point a little in that "Dianotics" business. To me it seems that "Dianotics" is a bit ridiculous, but I shall wait for the text-book to come out before I venture any absolute opinion. If I proposed to say that "Dianotics" is just a complete hoax and that Mr. Hubbard simply intends to make a bit of money from people who want to live to 120 and others who are just curious, like myself, I might be considered backwards and reactionary, especially if it turns out that the thing does work, so I'll just keep quiet and watch.

"The Astounding Mr. Campbell" showed several interesting facts that I had always wondered about. But I truly disagree with Mr. Campbell's system of choosing a story, though he is still doing okay. The reason he has, and this is a matter of opinion, better stories than other prozines, is that, I believe, as a writer he attained a high regard in his field and as an editor he pays more per word, so he is the first to be sent a story. He then is able to pick out the best stories. This, though, is the thing I don't like about his method. He judges stories according to his own special classification, and rejects many damned good stories which he doesn't like, but which many other readers of SF, not overpowered by his peculiar nature, would enjoy.

The story "Creation" although possessing an old very used idea was extremely well written, and excellent reading. It was a very well developed and terminated plot and I enjoyed it immensely. Congratulations, Mr. Rosenthal! As for the letters, Mr. Kuttner's character in his letter strikes me quite differently

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21)

***** NEW YORK IN '51 *****

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (CONTINUED)

than that which I find in his stories. I am waiting for that "something special" you're going to do for ES, Mr. K. Mr. Bester again? How about something from our modern writers. I won't comment on the conclave report, but on the same page there was that little criticism of the WOR broadcast and evidently letters were sent to them; for from the second broadcast on, it has slowly been going through the stages of SF development.

The article "The Theories of The Earth's Origin" gave information which is a good thing to know, but was written to sound too encyclopedic. Those letters to the editor couldn't possibly have been written by anyone but an idiot and I refuse to send in the translations and make a fool of myself. The little transcript following them, however, was quite witty. The Bradbury article was really nothing but print. It had no literary value whatever. It was very ridiculous on the part of Mr. Bradbury, whom I didn't notice before to be a sentimentalist and after reading between the lines it seemed to me to be more of an advertisement for Mr. Bradbury, than anything else.

The back cover is a copy, or seems to be a copy of something, that came out some time ago. It is completely outdated and against scientific laws unless what seem to be gun turrets are something else. ES, don't go back 20 years!

Thank you for the issue even though I had to pay for it.

(signed) L. G. Michaels

(ED NOTE: Thanks for the praises- 2000 plus may be going through "the stages of SF development" but at the rate it is going, it will take 20 years before it is as good as a current "Amazing"- "ASF" pays the same as any other STF rag, about 2¢ per word- Another story by Mr. Rosenthal will appear in the next issue.)

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***** NEW YORK IN '51 *****

SUSPENDED ANIMATION

BY

SIGURD LARSEN

It seems that one of the concepts of science fiction (my holy cow) is coming to prove its veracity: practical suspended animation for warm blooded animals (with special reference to mammals and man).

It is perhaps not generally known that suspended animation has been practiced by nature for some millions of years, and by man for some fifteen to twenty years. First of all: what is suspended animation? Suspended animation is generally agreed to signify a means by which the biological time rate of the individual is considerably slowed down. In advanced states this would permit the life of the individual to be stretched by a considerable measure. The means to do this enter into two broad classifications: 1- Chemical means

2- Variations in temperature

We shall begin by discussing the first category. Hibernation is a typical example of this. Before an animal goes to sleep for several months, he burrows himself into the ground and waits for the cold. As the cold comes, hormones or enzymes are shot into the blood, and the metabolism of the animal increases so considerably that in a period of months he only spends as much food, fats, and oxygen as he would otherwise spend in as many weeks or days. However, I call your attention to the fact that this is but an extension of sleep, and that the natural processes such as the intake of oxygen, beating of heart, circulation of blood continue just the same, though in much more sedate a fashion.

The second broad type is much more radical. When one reduces the average temperature of any chemical reaction, the average number of atoms or molecules taking part in the reaction diminishes accordingly. Biological metabolism is no exception. Therefore, since the time man understood that principle, he began both to freeze protoplasm and to search for some of nature's own examples of this rule. At first, it was all success. Man was able to take microbes and bacteria, freeze them, thaw them after a variable period of time, and have as thriving a colony as before. He also found bacteria which having frozen for thousands of years, could be revived if necessary heat was applied. He extended that technique for protozoa and some of the more complicated plants and animals. This provided him with such fine tools as:

1- Artificial Insemination- The practical realization of which came only after man developed the technique of storing semen for relatively large periods of time. It is due to this ability that we have been able to fertilize cows in the United States from bulls residing (!?) in Argentina or Australia.

2- Halting decay: cold storage of food- Put the decay bacteria in suspended animation and you can stop putrefaction indefinitely.

3- Bone bank, eye bank, (tissue bank)- These things could be stored at low temperatures and revived when needed.

However, when man began to pit his skills against the problem of putting warm blooded animals in suspended animation he reached a snag. When he cooled these complicated beasts down, they just died, to the dismay of the investigators. In order to explain this phenomenon they (the investigators) formulated the crystal theory. According to it, when the liquid tissues of an animal

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SUSPENDED ANIMATION (CONTINUED)

reach their freezing points, crystals form which harm the host and kill him. The discrepancies, such as the ability of a fish to be frozen and to be revived were dismissed by saying that the fish tissues were "coarser" and were not fatally harmed by the crystals.

However, investigating the war record of the Nazis much valuable information was gained about the processes of freezing. It was discovered that the crystal theory was nowhere near fulfilling the required desiderata and that death is really brought about by asphyxiation. The main feature of warm blooded animals is their ability to keep their temperature constant whether faced with tropical climate or arctic conditions. However, if the temperature of the outside environment is too cold, the body will fight for its life and increase the metabolism of the creature tremendously, thereby increasing the oxygen demand and the carbon dioxide production by an unacceptable factor. If this is enough to bring back normal operation, well and good. If not (if the environment continues to be cold) the body displays the typical symptoms of asphyxiation which is what the organism is really suffering from. An additional factor is the rapid decrease in efficiency of the oxygen carrier, hemoglobin, as the temperature drops.

If this was the complete picture it is doubtful that a solution by the "temperature change" method could be arrived at. Fortunately it was discovered that this was not the case. It was observed that the urge of the body to fight the decrease of heat took place in what we call "the critical period" which extends from normal body temperature to about 0 F. Below this, the body gives up the struggle, and conducts itself as a cold blooded organism. The oxygen demand becomes very small and upon further cooling the metabolic rate becomes negligible.

The key to the use of suspended animation for warm blooded animals becomes then to cross very quickly that "critical stage", upon going and going out of the reduced metabolism state. The latter (going out) should prove very easy.

The development of high frequency heating equipment (the same equipment which is used in the much clamored about "radio kitchen") makes it easy for us to pass the critical stage with a minimum of delay.

As for "going under" this is more tricky but not impossible. The use of artificial oxygenation and rapid cooling could, and undoubtedly will, be used to fulfill the necessary requirements. And once below the critical stage, you lower him in liquid air, provide automatic machinery to keep it liquid, and forget about him for a thousand years or so!!

Any one in particular you want to get rid of??? ---during your lifetime.

-O- THE END -O-

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MIXED GRILL

by

Stephen Tallor

Groff Conklin tells me that his next science fiction anthology entitled "The Big Book of Science Fiction" will be released next October by Crown at \$3.50. It will contain 36 stories, 350,000 words of the best science fiction, new and old. Mr. Conklin is also applying his master touch to a new series of STF books to be published by Grosset and Dunlap starting in late September or October. The first four selections (to be released at the same time) will be: "The Humanoids" by Williamson; "The World of A" by van Vogt; "Fury" by Kuttner; and "The Island of Captain Sparrow" by S. Fowler Wright. These books will have regular bindings and will sell for \$1.00 apiece. "The Island of Captain Sparrow" is a real oldie, and Mr. Conklin says that one in every four will be a classic from the old days. Doubleday is putting out a book by Judith Merrill soon, it will be about the effect of an A-bomb on New York City. Watch for it.

Fred Pohl said lately and I quote, "By September 15 there will be 27 Science Fiction and Fantasy magazines on the newsstands". A couple of thousand acti-fans can't support 27 magazines. I predict that within a year or so, many of the new mags will have folded their tents like the Arabs and as silently collapse.

Well so much for the mags; on to the cinema! "Destination Moon" is getting the biggest amount of free publicity since Gnu knows when. LIFE, the "New York Herald Tribune", "Popular Science", "The New York Times", "Popular Mechanics" and many other slicks and newspapers have had articles and/or pictures on it. All the fanzines are whooping it up. I wouldn't be at all surprised if "Destination Moon" is a terrific success. The producer, George Pal, is planning several more STF movies including "When Worlds Collide" by Balmer and Wyllie. A quote stolen without permission from the "Herald Tribune": "Anne Baxter, a visitor from another planet in 'Farewell to The Master' will get back to earth in her next picture, 'For Heaven's Sake'." Evidently they mean Bate's classic. Of course, Klatu would be a woman, and would fall in love with the newspaper man. Hope they don't butcher it too much. SIGNS OF THE TIMES..... Move over. Hopalong, Atom Man is taking over! Soon to be released in serial form, "Atom Man vs. Superman" with such thrilling episodes as "Atom Man's Flying Saucers", and "Superrman Saves The Galaxy". In these breathing adventures Superman flies faster than the speed of light (Einstein Look Out!) and teleports himself all over the universe. Great Gnu, What next!!

THE END

MISFIT (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15)

of her before long, if she didn't. After all, I am basically the spaceman at heart. I like the life I lead on board ship. I like to read, talk, and think, and

Marcy heard him, yet didn't hear him because he actually wasn't there. He really was fishing in a quiet stream in which the fish could hardly wait to climb onto a hook. The leaves fluttering in the breeze, the whispering stream and even the fish were sighing. Their sighing became a cry which rose and rose, until it became an unbearable scream. ---Why doesn't he shut up? He's a bad liar, and he's not fooling either one of us. WHY DOESN'T HE SHUT UP?!!

THE END

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