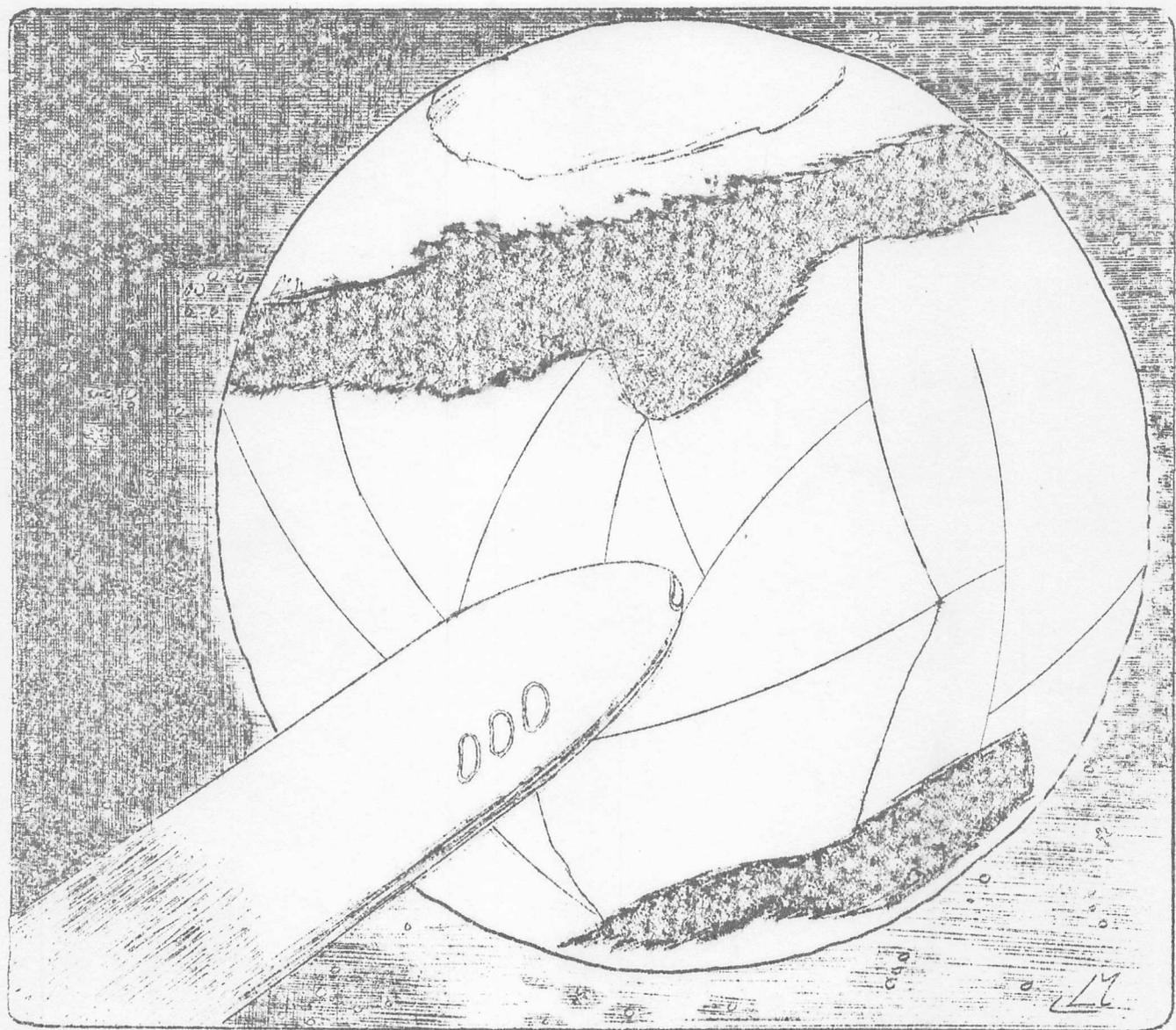


INFINITE



VOLUME II

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NUMBER I

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INFINITE
 Volume 1 Number 1

C O N T E N T S

Co-editors:
 Leonard Marlow Claude Degler

for **SEPT., 1941**

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STORY BEHIND THE MESSAGE

by Claude Degler

On Sunday, July sixth, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, there appeared in the Colorado Room of the Shirley Savoy a Western Union messenger, who delivered a message in a plain, sealed envelope. Across the face of the envelope was typed, "MESSAGE TO THE DENVENTION", and written below this in pencil; "Deliver 2 o'clock. Shirley Savoy, Colorado Room, World Science Fiction Convention

In the message itself a request was made that it be read before the assembled fans, but after a short portion had been read it was decided that such a procedure would take too much valuable time, and the message was laid aside.

Leonard Marlow and myself, the only fans attending from Indiana, thought, after we had heard the small portion of the message that was actually read, that it was obviously a hoax.

However, it sounded interesting, and we were curious. No one else seemed to show much enthusiasm or be greatly interested.

The envelope was laid on the chair mans desk, and we waited until some other business was over, then went up to take a look at this strange missive which purported to be a message from MARTIANS.

Slowly we read through the first of it, and more and more we were convinced it was a hoax of some sort. We read on to see what the catch was. But astoundingly there was no catch there, and as we read on, incredible sentence after sentence, uncertainty, then a strange doubt, began to displace our firm convictions. This was no ordinary hoax. Hoax, if hoax it was, its unknown author had put an enormous amount of work into it, we felt.

True, we will grant you, the contents seem similar to many stories we have all read about Martians and "messages from-Mars". But the part about this one that is so strangely disconcerting, is the almost compelling feeling that the words mean exactly what they state, the uncannily realistic way it is written!

After we had read the message, we felt that something would have to be done. Here was a situation unique in all the annals of fandom; an incredible situation. The message was a very sincere one, addressed to the fans attending the convention and to all fandom. It distinctly and positively stated that the message was to be read BEFORE THE DENVENTION. Yet no one paid much attention to it.

An unthinkable situation! We would have to tell people about it, at least get them interested enough to read it! As I said before, this seemed so sincere, so realistic, and we didn't want to see a good thing go under.

I have always been a fan of these stories with an ironic twist, that end in a some entirely different and unexpected manner. The irony of this situation was readily apparent. Science-fiction fans, the people who have always believed in Martians, space travel, etc., have delivered to their convention a message claiming to be from Martians, and what do they do? They laugh at it! Cosmic irony!

(I would like to add here though, that this was not exactly the fault of any of the fans present. There were so many other matters pressing for time, that they could hardly be blamed for not wanting to wade through several sheets of material they believed to be a rather childish hoax.)

So that's the way it was. If they had known the import and realism of this message, I am sure every fan in the room would have insisted on having it read. I suppose we can only offer our apologies to its alleged authors, the Martians, because it was not read before the Denvention as requested. There is one thing about the situation we do not understand. That is, that the message was delivered on Sunday, the last day of the convention. If it had been delivered on Friday or Saturday it would undoubtedly have been read.

At any rate, Leonard and I found ourselves in an all-out discussion, over our Pepsi Colas. We have wondered since what the people in Hyatt's hamburger place thought about the animated discussion of messages from Mars, and the vivid characterization of "Muddle-headed fans, who wouldn't know one if they saw it."

To make the rest of a long story short, we got our heads together and decided on what should be done. This was the last day of the convention; there would be no other chance. Speeches are always made after the banquet, so it was decided that we would make some sort of an attempt at a speech, in order to at least get some of the fans to read the message before they left.

We were both going to make a speech, but this seemed superfluous. Woe is me! I had never made a speech before to speak of, at least nor before so many people. I am not adverse to making a speech, but to make a speech one must know what to say. I certainly had plenty to say, but the heck of it is that when I get up in front of a lot of people I can't seem to think of the things co-ordinately, in a fashion to make sense.

I knew most of these people, now why couldn't I get up and talk to them the same way? If you have never made a speech before, try it some time. There's a lot of difference, in spite of your telling yourself there shouldn't be. Did I look scared? Well, I was! However, I tried to tell the fans about the message; dwell briefly on the contents and the import of its words. As I said in my speech, I would like to see an investigation of some sort made, and when and if we find that some fan is responsible for this message, we will be the first to acknowledge it.

I fear that some parts of my speech may not have been any too coherent, or that I doubled back on myself and talked about the same thing again a time or so. But I was doing the best I could, and I feel it paid to try, as many fans responded by reading the message before departing.

(For the many who were not able to read it at the convention, and all who could not attend, we hope you can read it here. Pass the word around; tell all your friends about this special issue. Copies of this magazine are being distributed throughout all fandom.)

Leonard and I then conceived the idea of printing the message in our forthcoming mag. We needed material anyway, and we thought it would be a great idea to use the message in our first issue. After the banquet, we found Olon Wiggins and asked him if we might copy the message and use it in our magazine. We were astonished when he told us that no one had asked about the message. Since no one else had shown any great interest in it, he let us take the message itself with us. ~~and we were privileged to~~

And so we are privileged to bring to you, the Message to the Denvention. There are those who may hint that since we have shown an interest in the message we had something to do with it. We will let you make your own decision after you have read the message itself.

MESSAGE TO THE

DENVENTION

IMPORTANT MESSAGE - TO BE READ BEFORE THE DENVENTION

How many of you believe in Martians? The great telescopes of this planet clearly show the seasonal changes in the color of vast areas. Color cameras and other instruments have proven this to be vegetation. Where there is vegetable life there is also animal life. The Red Planet cooled vastly longer ago than this one. There has been time for hundreds of great civilizations to have risen and fallen. Why couldn't there be intelligent life?

Nevertheless, many persons scoff at the idea of Martians. At least of intelligent Martian beings, and of them ever coming to the earth.

You who are known as science-fiction fans, are the only people on earth who understand or even care, about such matters. You have among your literature all manner of stories about Martians and other alien beings from other planets.

What would you do if you were a being from another world? That is why we have written this brief message to you. That is why we decided to have it presented at that meeting of your kind which you have chosen to call the Denvention.

Among all the vast population of this world we feel most "at home" among these cosmic minded creatures, like yourselves.

We don't suppose even, that many of you will believe this to be a message from Martians. We are not particularly trying to get anyone to believe it is. I don't know why we are writing this message to you.

One reason is a kindred failing* towards persons who read and write stories about Martians, space ships, scientific civilizations, etc. For we are Martians, we have space traversing ships, and that which we humbly believe to be a scientific civilization.

Who would possibly understand, or come nearer, than someone who has read, thought, and talked about these things most of their life? Many fans are evolved centuries beyond their times, at least in neurone connections and areas of association. Mentally.

Another reason we did, was partly to test reaction, to see what would occur. It may be that you too will scoff and deny such a possibility. Perhaps we would do the same in your place.

"Well" you ask, and rightly, "I wonder they have not contacted the government or sent a message to those who are in power". I can answer this question in part.

Our leaders have expressly forbid us to do so, at this date. Or to come into

* feeling ?

the open ourselves. No doubt you do not understand. You may in a minute.

A thousand questions are perhaps going through your mind. We can only answer a few of them for you but briefly here. You want to know how it is that we command use of your language, certain knowledge of this world, etc. What our reasons for being on it are. Our intentions, what we are like. Our mode of living perhaps. The purpose of this message we have explained to you.

We have been on your world in small numbers for many years. We have learned languages and nearly everything else about this world. We humbly believe that it would not be exaggerated to say that we know vastly more about it than does any one of your people. We made it our business to know. We studied and learned and all this took as a long time.

Until we knew all about this world and had taken into account every detail, and had greater numbers here, we could not let ourselves be known, or make announcements. But such a time is not greatly distant.

We have been permitted to give out whatever information may be contained herein. Those whose combined business it is to plan such things, know better about it than we do. Our people are waiting for the next opposition of our two planets for a great migration. A search for a new home. Our planet is unbelievably dry compared to your green world with seven vast oceans and unlimited natural resources, and it is nearer the sun for sun-power.

We will not endeavor to outline here, the struggle, the planning, the vast attempt, the actual crossing of the gulf between your world and ours.

And as for that announcement, as the time is not many years off we can promise you that great revelation of "Martians", of which you read about in science fiction. At that time we will announce ourselves and try to make peace and treaties with your people.

Compared to your teeming populations there are not many of us. But we are not so sure we would be received. All that is for the future, and we who write may not give the details, nor do we even know.

I may add here that we do not have all the super-weapons that have been attributed to us by well meaning persons, although we do have a few you could describe thus.

The lack of resources is so bad on old Mars that your people have many devices and products we could never hoped to have made there, but we learn with incredible swiftness, and we have learned much from your planet. Many secret processes we do not know about.

You had more technical knowledge, we more mental, psychological, and theoretical. We have knowledge of minds and of living beings and "human nature" and of human relations; of which you have never dreamed!

This has been collected over the past 50,000 years, and we have also other ways. But we have the capacity to learn, and when we observe your processes and technique we quickly understand.

For many years we have followed science-fiction more or less. In exploring your world's facilities we ran across it, and this is the only group in this world we could find who read, right*, and think seriously about a better future for their race, other planets, powerful machines, etc.

We have investigated nearly everything on your planet, so we couldn't have missed science-fiction. Likewise, you were the only logical people to send a message to if at all, and we decided to see what would occur.

We thought you science-fiction fans would be interested in knowing about us ahead of time. A "scoop", maybe?

Perhaps you want to know more about us, why we have not intervened in the war, etc. The last question. There are very few of us here, an advance guard, at this time. The equipment we could bring forty million miles from dying Mars, was very meager indeed.

I doubt seriously that we could stop the war, or even do a great lot to change its course. More I may not reveal, but when our people come again the next time it will be different.

Unfortunately, a lot can happen in the several remaining years, but one thing we have been authorized to tell you. There is now a life and death struggle in your world, just as the centuries old battle we fought with the red sands was a life and death struggle.

This we will say, that we will never let Adolph Hitler rule this world! This would mean as much to us as it does to your people.

Perhaps we could not stop it, but we have been given full power to act in whatever manner we shall see fit in the event of a world emergency. We are a "Baudésquanon" so to speak.

At any event, when the next opposition comes, Adolph Hitler can expect an "Invasion from Mars" on his hands. The cities, Rome, Berlin, Madrid, Tokyo, and all they represent, must be completely blasted from the face of this earth!

This, whether they are at "peace" with other countries or not, at the time. They can never be at peace with us.

We have read the book which is called Mein Kampf, and there is a passage therein where it is stated, that the Nazis will "conquer the Universe of Stars", and another place; "then there are always other worlds". Several places there are references to the Universe of Stars.

Hitler has said that "no power on earth" could stop him. He may be right, but there are always - other powers!

Our people have a highly advanced scientific democracy, although it is vastly different in many respects from yours. That which you call democracy, and which it be truth is far the best kind of government on this world, is yet, by some of our standards, still a dictatorship.

A scientific democracy has many more freedoms, many more advantages. Of course it took us a long time to arrive at this state.

We have many enemies on this planet thus the need for secrecy. Many among your own country's people. How many persons can you name who would understand, or want to see, or share even one of the islands of this world with Martians?

All those who suppress freedoms, suppress science and progress, victimize innocent persons; and are our enemies* There are a lot of THINGS on this planet, who are loudly proclaiming themselves to be a Superior Race, but who are in reality more than a hundred-thousand years behind either Human or Martian!

By their own laws of "survival of the superior" races, we should exterminate them.

By way of suggestion, you could try to get this ~~method~~ printed in newspapers and in science-fiction magazines. Considering the attitude of some of your fellows though, we could hardly blame you for not. It is remarkable, that out of the number of persons who believe in fake messages from the dead, so few would believe in a message from Martians.

In the not unforeseen event that some one of you might try to gain publicity for himself by announcing at a later date, that he was responsible for this message; we will say right here that it is then you will become the victim of a hoax.

No "fan" or anyone at the Convention could possibly know anything about this until we have it sent, or delivered in some manner.

Quite probably many of you still do not believe this to be genuine. As I stated earlier we are not yet "out to prove" what we say. We can only say, time will tell. If you do not believe, you have merely to wait until the time mentioned, and you will see for yourself!

There have been so many hoaxes we really cannot blame anyone for being skeptical. We suppose the orthodox scientists will, if asked their opinion, ridicule the idea violently.

We can only estimate maliciously the color of their faces, or the length of face-saving to which they will have to go, when they find out.

One thing we will do. Select three questions (about science, life, or cosmology; nothing pertaining to Mars or us for previously mentioned reasons.) Vote or decide on them, any way you wish.

Publish these questions in one of the leading science-fiction magazines; and we will try to answer them for you at your next World Science-Fiction Convention! We might even have an exhibit.

Letters may be addressed to us in science-fiction^{publication*}. Thus we close this message to the Denvention, the greatest convention of them all, where for a brief moment, although you may not believe it, you have heard from a "fan" from ANOTHER WORLD!

*message
*publications

NOTE: In case any one wishes to analyze this, we will tell you that it is ordinary earth paper et cetera, secured right here on your own planet.

-*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*-

(This message has been presented exactly as delivered at the Denvention, with the exception of the correction of minor mistakes in spelling, such as "animak" (animal), and "battel" (battle). All footnotes giving a possible explanation of entirely misused words are my own --- Lem.)

* IT'S L.A. IN '42! * And remember ---- it's *
* We support the LOS ANGELES CONVENTION * * INDIANAPOLIS IN '43 --- the INVENTION! *

INFINITE'S

FANOGRAPHIES

Isaac Asimov

I was born in Russia on January 2, 1920, Julian calendar. According to the Gregorian calendar then, my birthday is January 15, but all the records say January 2, so let it be January 2. As a matter of fact, it's better, because it is now so close to New Year's Day that I can celebrate both at once and get one hangover for two holidays, which is better than you can do in Gimbel's basement.

The exact place of birth was in a place called Petrovich about eighty miles south of Smolensk (the news these days being what they are surely you all know where Smolensk is). Besides myself, Petrovich at the time held about seventy-five million assorted relatives. I now live in New York and have only four. Such are the vicissitudes of life.

Incidentally, it is not generally known, but the real reason for the German - Russian war is that both countries want to own the particular hunk of land on which I was born. That explains just why such terrific fighting is going on around Smolensk.

I came to America at the tender age of three, and ^{am now} an American citizen of the most confirmed character. I can't speak a word of Russian; but I can speak English fluently, and can also get away with Yiddish, if you don't listen to the grammar.

At the present moment (let's see, 41 minus 20 is---hmm----) I am twenty one and a little over. So you see, I am a man. In fact, I registered this month---for the draft, no less---so that proves it. Moreover, I vote for the first time this November, and that proves it again. And besides, I grew a mustache of the luxuriant type May before last and it's been flourishing ever since in unbelievable splendor, and better proof than that, you can't have.

I've lived in Brooklyn all my life (except for my early adventurous career in foreign parts) and am a staunch and sturdy Brooklynite. However, I despise the Brooklyn Dodgers. I am a Giant fan, no less. (Yay, Terry!!)

I started getting an education as a tender lad and haven't managed to get finished yet. It's very embarrassing. People stop me in the streets and say, "What! A great, hulking young man like you still goes to school. My! My!" Unfortunately, such is the case. The latest object of my vile craving for knowledge is Columbia University, which has now suffered in noble silence while for six years I have been a member of its student body;---four years as undergraduate, and two years as a graduate student of chemistry. It has bestowed upon me in return a pair of degrees, to wit, B.S. and M.A. together with eloquent looks as if to say, "Now will you get out?"

But I won't. I'm after a Ph.D. and it's just barely within the bounds of possibility that I might get it someday (just barely). Just shows you to what depths Columbia can sink to.

I was first introduced to science-fiction when my father handed me the first issue of Science Wonder Stories in 1929, misled by the word "Science" into the mistaken idea that the magazine was educational. That maggot grew with the result that today I am widely known as one of the thousand best stf. writers in the world (unless there are two thousand altogether, in which case I am one of the two thousand best.)

My first stf. story was written in July, 1938, but it never sold. You ought to see it. God, what a mess! My second and third stories did sell however, eventually, their names being "Callistan Menace" and "Marooned off Vesta" respectively.

As for my personal appearance (if you can call it that) I stand five foot nine in height (except when I sit, of course), weight 153 pounds, have dark brown hair, dark brown mustache, dark blue eyes, silver-rimmed glasses, a grin, and a slightly goofy expression.

Have had a very eventful love life. Fell in love once (a blonde, as you have no doubt guessed), got my heart broken once, recovered once---and am now waiting to fall in love a second time. Period.

And that is that---except that I'm an all around swell fellow. -----Well a pr-
etty swell fellow. ----Well, I try to be decent. -----All right, I'm a
rat! (violent applause.)

BOOK REVIEWS

JOHN LILLIBUD, by F. G. Hurrell

A story of that fantastic type which must be very good indeed if it is to be any good at all, Hurrell's tale deals with a kind of dual personality. His hero, John Lillibud, an unsuccessful author, turns inventor and makes a great deal of money. Aided by the discovery of a substance that enables him to transform his nose, he acquires a second self, Richard Whittington, wherein the qualities which made him a writer find refuge.

Soon the two selves are at war, their struggle being complicated by a communistic organization composed of men who are deaf-mutes, as well as two women, each of whom appeals to one of the hero's selves. Also by the machinations of an insane partner. At the last he finds himself shifting from one of his personalities to the other with the most extraordinary rapidity.

-- Ted Dikty

The books of Charles Fort --- "Lo!," "Book of the Damned," "New Lands," and "Wild Talents" --- have now been combined in one volume. The book is published by Henry Holt & Co., and sells for the comparatively small price of \$4.00. It can be obtained at practically any large book store, and is almost a must for every lover of fantasy.

We also noticed, while in Denver, a copy of "The Oracles of Nostradamus".

DECISION

BY

Eugene Watson

It was the third day after the gyro had crashed. The limitless expanse of Venus' planetary ocean aided in crushing hopes of a rescue. The plane would float -- it was constructed to meet such an emergency -- but the food and water would soon give out. Chances of a rescue plane arriving before that time seemed infinitesimal.

Garth Devlin stared moodily northward. Several thousand miles away the great drama of revolt should be sweeping toward its thundering climax.

To think of it increased his futile but smoldering anger at his helplessness. Throughout the various archipelagos men and women were fighting; fighting for the planet which they and their ancestors had settled and developed. And he -- he, the chief instigator and commander-in-chief -- was of less use to his comrades than the lowliest swamp lizard!

His ruminations were cut short by a buzzing sound in the heavy white clouds above. His heart suddenly began to beat at a faster tempo, and new hope ran through his veins. Rescue!

In a moment the plane dropped out of the concealing banks of clouds. Garth felt himself grow cold, despite the humidity of the air. The insignia of the plane revealed it to be an Earth Federation ship!

Although his body was experiencing a sensation of paralysis, due to the shock, his mind was racing at full speed, weighing the results and consequences of his being taken prisoner by the Federation forces.

He well knew that his capture meant more than a major victory for the enemy. Logically, he thought it out.

If he remained undiscovered the carefully worked out plans of the rebels would, in all probability, succeed. His own popularity had played a major role in launching the revolt. From this point on others had undertaken the burden of responsibility. They could be depended on to carry through.

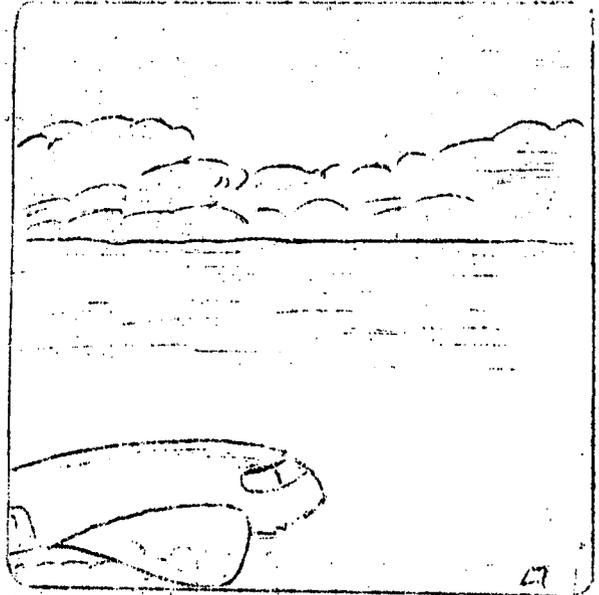
On the other hand, if he was taken prisoner his life would be held forfeit unless the revolt ceased. And the tragic part of it was that certain elements among the colonials would welcome just such an opportunity. Once wealthy merchants would see to it that a clamor for his release would be set up among the masses to whom he was an idol. Even a partial defection would be fatal, for the army depended on the civilians for supplies. Even a minority could see to it that sufficient supplies would not be forthcoming if it meant saving their demi-god from death.

So what to do?

It seemed that he had sat there, thinking it out, for an eternity. Actually it could not have been more than a minute, for the pontoons were just being lowered from the body of the plane in preparation for landing near the wreck.

Life was good, he felt, and he had many years to go before he completed his fourscore years and ten. Yet life to him meant tragedy to others and to all he held dear.

The alternative was death; death in a watery grave. In a vague way he had thought of dying at various times. Oh, how different the manner of his passing had been in those fleeting thoughts he had given the subject! Leading his men in some battle



against great odds, or going to a smashing finish in an aerial combat, carrying as many of the enemy as he could with him to Valhalla.

But this! His body to feed the fishes and not lie beneath some great memorial, with people coming to gaze in awe at this last resting place of a great hero!

Better, almost, to be taken prisoner.

But Garth Devlin proved to be a hero and the ocean his tomb. And the ocean is all-embracing, a monument to him, as his sacrifice was a monument to the courage of those who ply its watery wastes and call its sands their homes.

The End

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

R e j e c t i n g a



R e j e c t i o n S l i p

(If you are one of those guy's who are deeply intellectual, and firm and unshakeable believers in the Purpose of Science-Fiction, don't read this. It may shock you!)

One of the members of the Cosmic Club, who has asked that his name not be revealed here, actually sent the following to the editor of a pro mag, after an effort to crash the editorial gate had come to no avail!

"Dear Editor:

We are very sorry to have to reject this rejection slip, but it does not quite come up to our standards. We have carefully read it through, and want you to understand that this in no way bars you from sending other rejection slips to us in the future.

We suggest that you study our stories and try submitting a rejection slip to fit the manuscript.

Do not decorate your rejection slip. Merely have it printed in black ink, double spaced and on one side of the card only, made from ordinary rejection slip paper.

May we ask that if you have any more rejection slips, you send them along for our approval. We read every rejection slip thoroughly. Thank you, and better luck next time!"

Signed,
A. Woodbee Author

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

INFINOTES

In the future, Infinotes will serve a double purpose: First, as a department in which to print letters from the fans; secondly, as a convenient place in which the eds can rave, rant, and dish out the dirt. You're liable to find anything here, and probably will

Comes first a bit of news. Isaac Asimov, whose autobiography appears in this issue, recently informed me of the sad fact that F. Orlin Tremaine's COMET is no more. Why is it that an editor who has once given the fans a good mag doesn't get the support he needs when he tries to do it again?

Incidentally, I hope that you guys who panned Tremaine so unmercifully at the Denvention are bothered by a guilty conscience.

You have probably noticed by now that we're making a bid for the '43 convention. Keep that in mind, you'll hear a lot more later!

The Voice of Experience --- "If you plan to put out a fan mag, make it small, bud, make it small!" Upon my shoulders has fallen the task of cutting all the stencils, and it's not easy, especially since I use the Columbus System.

Now that our mag is out, don't keep us in the dark as to what you think of it. We welcome comments -- serious or otherwise -- and will always be open to constructive criticism and worthwhile suggestions. After all, if you don't like the mag, and everyone else seems to share your opinion, it will soon go out of business. This mag isn't intended to fill our pockets with money, neither is it intended to put us in the hole, so we would like to make it your favorite, or at least one of your favorites.

We'll let you in on a little secret at this point. Complete sales on one hundred copies -- the number run off this issue -- would mean that -- paper, number of pages, makeup, etc. still the same -- we would take in from 85% to 100% more than we put out, which would mean about 100% improvement in the next issue. Complete sales on two hundred copies would mean about 300% improvement in the next issue (Ouch! Is our mag that bad now?). At that rate the possibilities are practically limitless. It would mean better paper, more pages, three color covers, space rates, --- well, you carry on from there.

That's one reason for the title, INFINITE. Another is that we will have no "policy". Your articles won't have to coincide with the editors' ways of thinking to be printed in this mag. Your stuff can be serious, humorous, or indifferent. It can be sfictional, fantastic, or weird (although the latter will be somewhat limited). We encourage fan controversies through the medium of this magazine. Our aim is to give you variety, and to give both sides of a question an equal chance.

Speaking of variety, what do you think of our plan to "feature" something different each issue? It may be a story, an article, or a poem. It may be anything! For instance, we have a discussion on "Is Yngvi a Louse?" coming soon. Sounds interesting? It will be! Our covers, too, will be made a number of ways. This issue we have a swell hekto cover drawn by Morrie Jenkinson. The next issue will have a mimeo cover. As for the third cover, we'll let you guess.

Well, it would seem that I've taken up too much space already, so I'd better quit. Just a reminder; send in your letters. This department will be given lots of space.

CAPTAIN CREATURE

AND THE

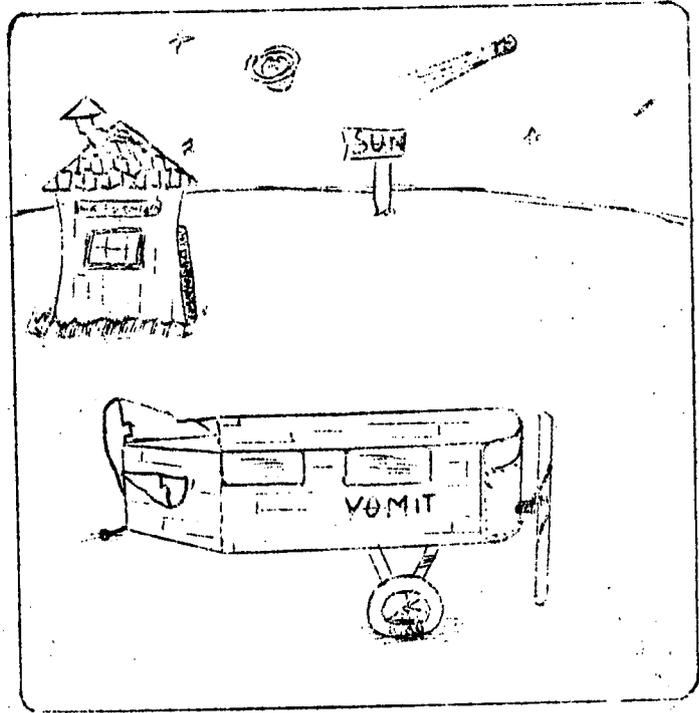
PHYSICIAN OF MARS

By Hamel Edmorton

Complete Book-length Novel !

THUDS! BLUNDERS!! MELERDRAMER!!!

Captain Creature was in his laboratory on the sun (What's that? How could he live on the sun? Don't ask me. I'm sure I don't know). He was reading a book called "The A B C's of Science". Captain Creature had just reached an especially intriguing part of the book -- How to make your very own electric motor -- when Slag, his robot, tripped over the Eye and fell with a terrific clatter.



Captain Creature leaped to his feet, bumped his head on the ceiling, and began swearing horribly, meanwhile beaving Slag with a sledge hammer. In a short time, however, he was exhausted, as he was given to drinking, smoking, and other vices. His health was terrible!

"My heart!" he croaked feebly, sinking into his rocking chair. Instantly Blotto, the synthetic fungoid, rushed over with a huge hypodermic and pumped several gallons of adrenalin into Captain Creature.

As he sat there, resting, Captain Creature reviewed in his mind (oh yes; he had one.) the circumstances that had led to his present mode of life. He recalled the Eye's vivid tales of how Creature's parents had been kicked out by their cold hearted landlord one sultry August night.

"And only because their rent was three years overdue!" he reflected bitterly.

His parents had then fled to the sun, where they had built the cramped six by eight laboratory in which Captain Creature now lived. They had brought with them from earth, ~~in~~ his whiskey-filled glass case, the Eye, who had been taken from a dying old drunkard. From the Eye, Captain Creature had learned almost everything he knew!

Shortly after they arrived on the sun, Captain Creature's father built Slag, the robot, from old tin cans and a victrola motor. In this difficult enterprise he was ably assisted by the Eye.

Later they grew Blotto, the synthetic fungoid.

Two years after Captain Creature was born, the landlord came to the sun and angry because he could not collect the three years rent, shot Captain Creature's father
(cont. on next page)

Two years after Captain Creature was born, the landlord came to the sun and, angry because he could not collect the three year's rent, shot Captain Creature's Parents. When Captain Creature reached the age of twenty one and the Eye told him of the unfortunate occurrence, he swore.

When he was older, Captain Creature realized what a horrible thing the murder of his parents had been, and he vowed to avenge their deaths by wiping out crime. He went to the president of the Solar Federation and offered his services.

"Whenever you need me," he said, "put a candle in the window!"

So when the arch villain, Count yer Cash, threatened to blow up the moon, the president put a candle in the window. Unfortunately, the Captain had neglected to tell the president that the candle should be lighted, so the Count blew the moon to bits.

However, Captain Creature soon remedied the situation. He hung a large electric light bulb in the sky (What did he hang it on? How should I know? Stop asking such silly questions!)

The captain was awakened from his reverie by Blotto, who was weeping over the battered Slag.

"Poor Slag!" blubbered the fungoid, "My best pal!"

"Oh stop it!" growled Captain Creature, "You're getting my feet wet!" And, indeed, the fungoid's tears had formed a large puddle two inches deep.

Blotto turned beseeching eyes on Captain Creature. "Please," he wheezed, "Please fix poor Slag!"

"Oh, very well," growled the Captain. He picked up a roll of scotch tape and some baling wire and set to work.

After several hours of terrific labor, he finally finished the difficult job. Picking up a crank from his work bench, he wound up the robot's motor and stepped back to admire his work.

"Better than new," he growled.

"You ain't kiddin'," grated the Eye.

After swaying back and forth for a few minutes, Slag took two steps

forward and tripped over the Eye again! Pieces flew all over the laboratory.

"(censored)," screamed Captain Creature.

Glaring at the Eye, he growled accusingly, "It's all your fault! Why do you always have to lie there on the floor?"

"He wouldn't feel natural in any other position!" wheezed Blotto sarcastically.

Ignoring their remarks, the Eye rolled to the window (he was mounted on roller skates so that he could move)

"Look!" he grated excitedly, "The candle is burning!"

Upon hearing his cry, Captain Creature and Blotto rushed madly to the window. Sure enough, the lighted candle was showing up clearly.

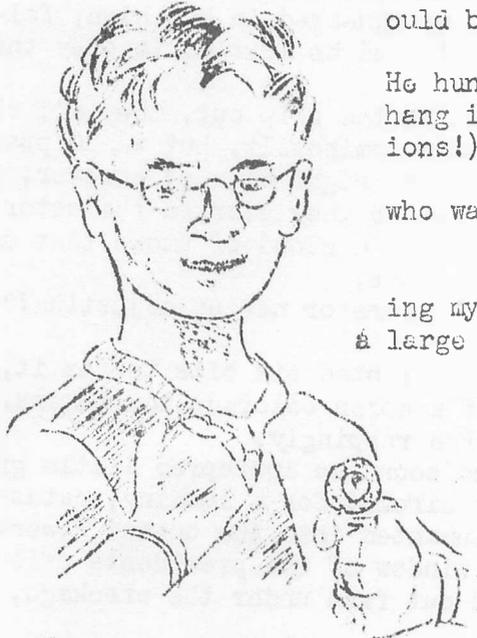
"Where!" shouted the Captain, "Action!"

"Slag! Haul out the Vomit!"

"Don't you remember?" Blotto wheezed in his ear, "Slag is broken!"

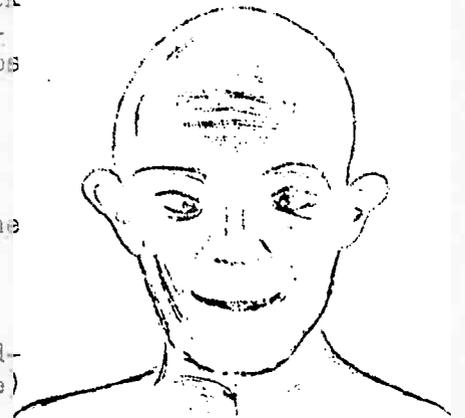
"Oh dear!" wailed the Captain, "This will never do! Only Slag can haul out the Vomit." So, with a despairing sigh, he picked up another roll of scotch tape, found some more baling wire, and started to fix Slag again so that the robot could haul out the Vomit.

The Vomit, you know, was Captain Creature's marvellous space ship, which he had



Captain Creature

The Simp of Science



Blotto

The Synthetic Fungoid



Slag

The Robot

built himself from orange crates, scotch tape, baling wire, and discarded model A Ford parts. It was propelled through space by a propellor (Aha! Got you this time! Captain Creature knew that the propellor wouldn't work in empty space, therefore he always carried along a tire pump, which was so arranged that it would spray air out in front of the propellor. Slag and Blotto took turns pumping.)

The captain, weak from loss of sleep, finally had the robot repaired and wound up again. "Slag," he whispered feebly, "Haul out the Vomit!"

"Sure, chief," Slag squeaked in his high, falsetto voice, "Right away!" and he hurried to obey the Captain's orders.

When Slag had hauled the ship out, they all climbed in. The Vomit creaked ominously, but was Captain Creature afraid? You're darn right he was! However, he had his insurance paid up, so they started the motor and were off, leaving behind a cloud of smoke that obscured the sun for three days.

"I told you the carburetor needed adjusting!"

complained Blotto.

"Can't help it," growled the Captain, "The fellow wanted six bits to fix it, and all I had was ten cents, two bottle caps, and half a dozen Colorado tax tokens."

"Oh, so you were at Denver too," observed the Eye raspingly.

The Vomit shot through space at a mad pace, and soon the intrepid little group of adventurers was approaching the earth. As they circled for a landing, catastrophe struck! The motor fell out of the Vomit and plummeted into the ocean! Powerless, the craft swooped down and crashed through the window of the president's office.

"Well!" stormed the president, as he slithered out from under the wreckage, "What brings you here?"

"The candle, of course," rasped the Eye.

"Candle? I didn't light the candle," exclaimed the president. "Oh, I know!" he continued brightly, "You must have seen the match I used to light my cigar!"

The president was interrupted at this point by a horrible, hollow groan, and Captain Creature staggered from the wreck.

"Slag, Blotto," ~~hemmed~~, pointing a trembling finger at the president, "Grab him! He's not the president, he's the nefarious Dr. Alle Corn, of Mars!!! I saw through his disguise the moment I laid eyes on him!"

The robot and the fungoid grabbed frantically for the bogus president, but they were too late. He had already vanished! Captain Creature, sick with disappointment and frustration, collapsed on the floor.

After releasing the real president (he had been locked in the bottom drawer of his desk by Dr. Corn), Slag, Blotto, and the Eye repaired the Vomit. Dumping the delirious Captain in the baggage compartment, they flew back to their laboratory on the sun.

The End

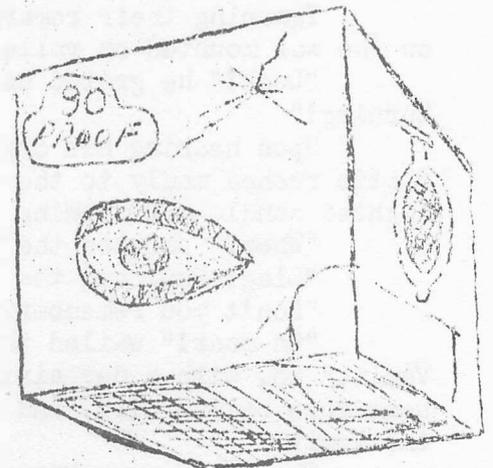
Coming Next Issue!!!

more

THUDS! BLUNDERS!! MELERDRAMER!!!

THE QUEST OF CAPTAIN CREATURE

the Eye

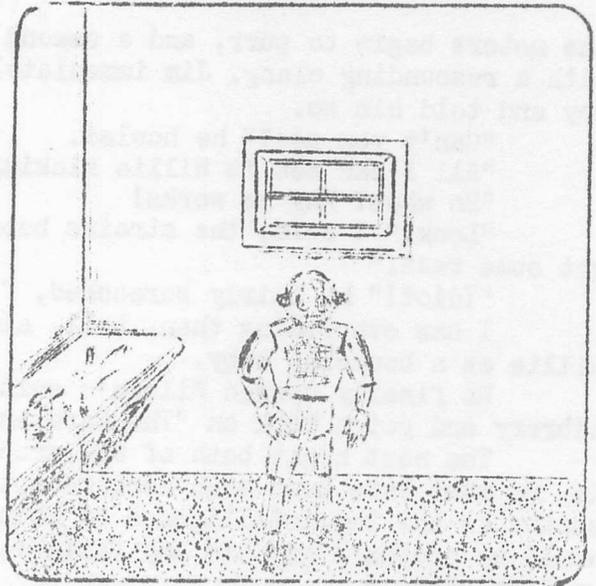


WILLIE

WAS A

LADY

by Leonard Moulton



"Good day, sir," I said, as cheerfully as I could. "Can I interest you in the latest household model?"

"Nope," he replied firmly, his bedraggled chin-whiskers wagging like a billy-goats, "no robots!" And then he shut the door. That is, he tried to shut the door. The foot of a demonstration model, even though it be heavily padded to prevent damage to furniture, etc., is quite an effective door stopper.

"Oh, come now!" I said smoothly, "Surely you can use a robot. Why this model I have here can scramble eggs, bake cakes, fry ham, clean house, fire the furnace, or do almost anything else you can think of."

"Well," he remarked slowly, eyeing the foot, "Now that you mention it, it does seem to be very well trained." He grinned at my embarrassment.

"Nope," he said, even more firmly than before, "no robots!" and he again tried to shut the door.

"Surely you have nothing against robots!" I said.

"I sure do!" was the emphatic rejoinder.

"What?" I queried.

He eyed me speculatively. "Well," he said, "You seem like a nice enough young feller, so I'll tell you."

Inwardly I sighed and gave myself a good cussing. "Why did I have to ask so many questions? Now I'm in for about an hour of his senseless drivel," I thought.

"Well," he began, "I used to be a mechanic; darned good one, too! A pal of mine, one Jim Edwards, had thought up a robot he was sure would work. He didn't have much ability when it came to putting things together, so he hunted me up and talked me into helping him. Later I wished he had never found me!

"We worked nights on the thing, and soon I was as enthusiastic about it as Jim was. He told me what to do, and I worked like mad doing it. I didn't know much about how the thing worked, but I did know that there was an awful lot of stuff in it.

"For a brain it had a big sponge-like hunk of metal, which was hooked up to a bunch of batteries by miles of wire. From the "brain" ran another bunch of wires that went out to motors, more batteries, gears, chains, synthetic rubber muscles, and a bunch of other junk. His eyes were compound photo-electric cells, his ears were microphones. It was enough to make a guy dizzy!

"After a month of that stuff, we finally finished the thing. I bolted the last head plate in position, and we stepped back to admire our work.

Six feet of nice shiny steel. Willie (oh yes, we'd named him Willie a few days before) had a torso like a wash tub, his arms and legs would rival Man Mountain Dean's. His head was a big metal ball, with two wide set eyes and an ear on each side. He hadn't a nose or mouth because he had no use for 'em. Willie was far from pretty, but to us he was almost beautiful!

We propped him up against the wall, and Jim closed the main switch. I could hear

the motors begin to purr, and a second later Willie wavered and fell flat on his face with a resounding clang. Jim immediately began yelling his lungs out. I couldn't see why and told him so.

"Can't you see?" he howled.

"All I can see is Willie kicking around on the floor," I said, "So what?"

"So what? Why he works!"

"Look," I said, "the strains been too much for you. You'd better go home and get some rest."

"Idiot!" he fairly screeched, "Willie's just the same as a baby, and a baby--"

I saw everything then. Well, almost everything. I couldn't quite picture Willie as a bouncing baby.

We finally opened Willie's switch and put him away, and then we went to the library and got a book on "The Care and Feeding of Babies". After that we got drunk.

The next night both of us, graced with splitting headaches, started in on Willie. He must have been much more receptive than the normal human, for in a couple of months he had the intelligence of about an eight year old child. However, try as we would we couldn't get him any farther. Jim said his brain must have reached the "saturation point."

Jim then decided that it was time to start Willie's practical education, and despite his wife's protests he took Willie home with him and started him on household tasks. Except for an occasional broken chair or a hole where he tried to walk right through the wall, everything was fine. Willie was apparently satisfied, Jim was satisfied, and I ~~was~~ satisfied. But fate is cruel, and Willie was soon passed of on me.

Jim got a job in South America, and not wishing to take Willie along, left him with me. I thought Willie didn't like me very much, because he continually burned the steak, gave me hardboiled instead of softboiled eggs, and served scalding hot coffee, which reminded me of dishwater more than anything else. However, when I noticed that I had to replace Willie's batteries every morning, I began to suspect that there was some other reason. When I saw two small items in the paper, one about Professor Baumgarten, "recently of Vienna," and the other about a man, supposedly drunk, who was frantically claiming to have seen two "big, iron monsters" going down the street together, my suspicions were put on a sound basis.

Next morning I called up the prof., and after giving him a somewhat garbled account of what I thought was going on, begged him to come over. He consented, and came over at about two, bringing his robots with him. I didn't think of the danger in that, and we went into the next room, leaving the two robots together. When I happened to think of it, I dashed out as fast as I could. I was too late; they were gone.

When the prof. discovered what was wrong, he grabbed his hat and coat and dashed out of the house. "Stay right dere!" he yelled, "I will be back as soon as I find dem!"

By the time the prof. got back I had worn a circular path in the living room carpet, and was I worried! Everything seemed to be all right, however, for he had both of the robots with him. I sank into a chair with a sigh of relief, then got a good look at Willie and leaped up with a yell. Willie was wearing a somewhat ripped and bedraggled fur coat, and where his mouth would have been if he had had a mouth was a red smear of lipstick. I couldn't say anything, but just pointed.

"Oh," said the prof., "before I reached dem dey had entered a store and - ah - appropriated dese tings," he indicated the fur coat and smear of lipstick.

"But why should he ---"

"You mean vy should she vant dem? Vell, I suppose it iss because she ---"

"She!" I exclaimed, "She?"

"Certainly," said the prof., "Didn't you know? Villie iss a lady!"

That was too much! I didn't give him time to finish his explanation, but ushered him out in a hurry, then went over and opened Willie's switch. A few days later Willie was on his -- I mean her -- way to South America. I haven't heard about her since."

I saw that he had finished, and hopefully started to speak, "But you really can't--"
"Nope," he said, cutting me short, "No robots! and this time he got the door shut."

SLAP HAPPY SCIENCE FICTION TEST

This test is being conducted to determine how much fandom as a whole does not know about science-fiction. All participants who average zero or above will be given a charter membership in the Society of Amalgamated American Screwballs, Unlimited, and a handsome (?) certificate of membership (no foolin'!).

After each question three or less possible answers will be listed. Check the answer which seems most nearly incorrect. If you can't decide, close your eyes and jab. Since you will not wish to deface your magazine, simply copy the numbers of all the questions and the answer you have selected for each on the back of any old rejected manuscript and mail them to us immediately, if not sooner.

1. Q: What is the price of Amazing?

A: Two bits _____ Outrageous _____ I don't buy it _____ .

2. Q: For what is Ray Cummings most widely known?

A: Molecule stories _____ Is he? _____ Are you serious? _____ .

3. Who wrote "The Diamond Lens" ?

A: George O'Brien _____ I did _____ Someone, obviously _____ .

4. Q: What is Edmund Hamilton's most famous story?

A: Who cares? _____ Captain Future and the Space Emperor _____ See page 15 of this magazine _____ .

5. Q: Who is the best of the stf. artists?

A: Morey _____ Lasker _____ I am _____ .

6. Q: The following three stories have been selected by the readers of Amazing as being the three best science-fiction stories ever written. Which of the three do you consider to be tops?

- a. The Repentance of Adam Stink
- b. Indigo World
- c. John Bunyan and the Midget of Mars

7. Q: Is everybody crazy?

A: Everyone but me _____ .

8. Q: Do you consider yourself to be capable of writing a better story than anyone else has ever written?

A: Yes _____ Certainly _____ Undoubtedly _____ .

9. Q: What is a marvel?

A: A magazine _____ A cigarette _____ A round glass ball _____ .

10. Q: Is Yngvi a louse?

A: YES !! NO !! NO !! Hmmm _____ .

11. Q: What is a lifeline?

A: A line in your palm _____ A story by Robert Heinlein _____ Give you three guesses _____ .

12. Q: What is a stfan?

A: ?????? _____ !!!!! _____ ?!?!?!?!? _____ .

13. Q: What does Art Widner's beard remind you of?

A: Orson Welles _____ Santa Claus _____ Our old mop _____ .

14. Q: With whom is this phrase most commonly associated, "Unacustomed as I am to public speaking," ?

A: All after dinner speakers _____ Milt Rothman _____ President Roosevelt _____ .

15. Q: Have you ever seen a Venusian swamp lizard?

A: Have you? _____ 'The room'sh full of 'em -- Hic! _____ .

16. Q: What is the outstanding fanzine?

A: The Dumb Thing _____ El Vombie _____ Infinite, of course _____ .

17. Q: Of what society was Dictator Tucker the head?

A: SPWSOC (Society for the Prevention of Wire Staples in Orange Crates)
_____ SPRBBB (Society for the Prevention of Rubber Bumpers on Baby
Buggies) _____ SPE (Society for the Prevention of Societies) _____ .

18. Q: What does the title, "If This Goes On" bring to your mind?

A: Insanity! _____ MAYHEM!! _____ .

19. Q: How do you rate this magazine?

A: ~~Terrible~~ ~~Very Poor~~ ~~Fair~~ ~~Good~~ ~~Excellent~~ Perfect! _____ .

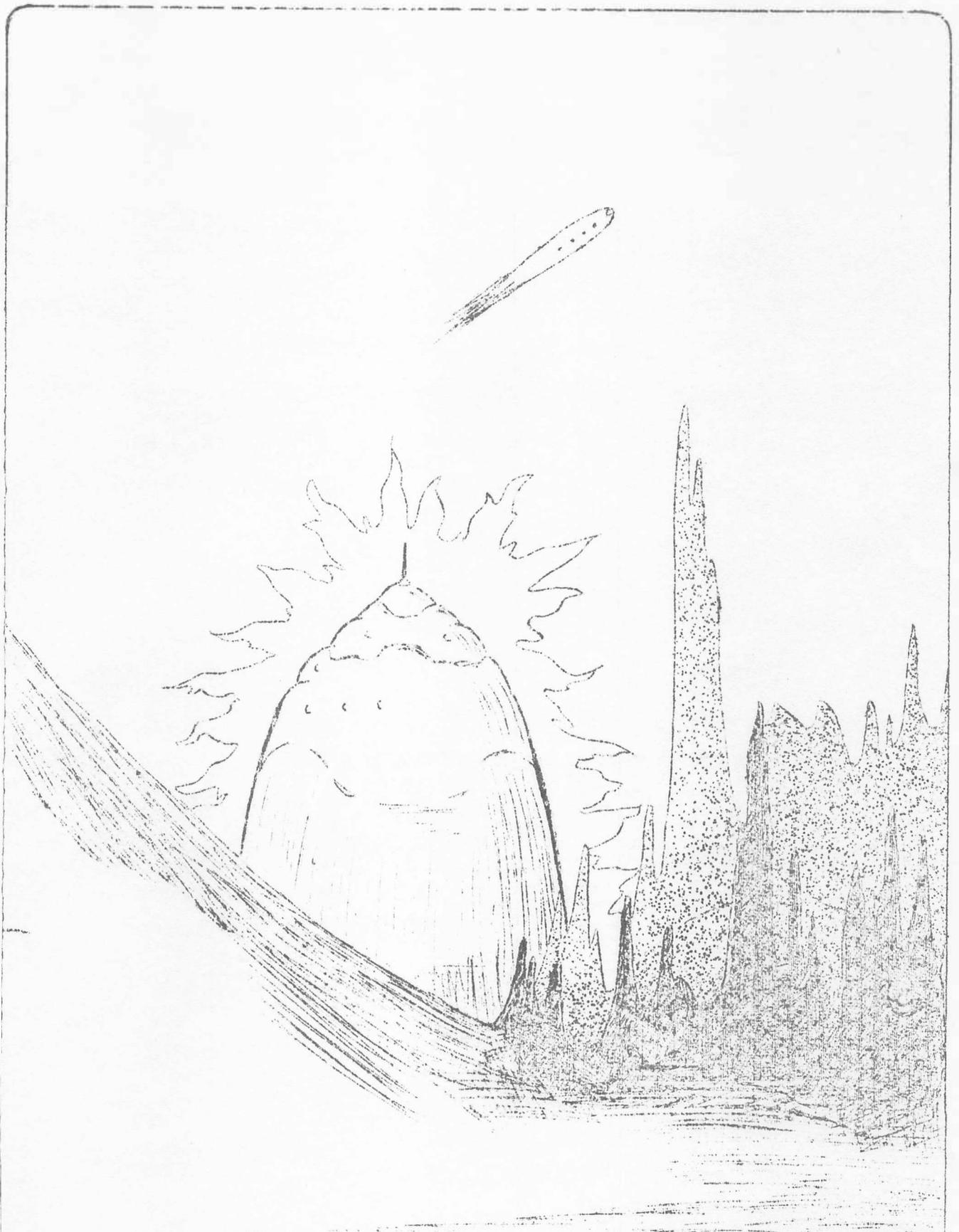
20. Q: Who was Doctor Jekyll?

Mr. Hyde _____ A doctor _____ Dr. Jekyll _____ .

21. Q: Has this nonsense gone far enough?

A: YES! _____ .

Watch for INFINITE'S COVER CONTEST!



There was a symbol bigger than the crests
Of mountains; more significant than dawn
Rising upon a world dew-hung in space.
---Vincent Starrett



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

It is with the deepest regret that INFINITE announces the suicide of one of the out standing present day science-fiction writers, Edmond Hamilton. The body, when discovered, was lying in a litter of manuscript paper, and a battered typewriter was nearby.

The coroner reports that death was due to poisoning, heartbreak, and writers cramp. There were also two bullet holes in his forehead and a knife in his heart.

On the floor beside the body the following note was found.

"I can't stand it any longer! The strain of continually saving the universe is too much for me after all these years! No one appreciated my efforts! Good bye, cruel world!"

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Attention, Microjo! This report is very definitely and decidedly FALSE!

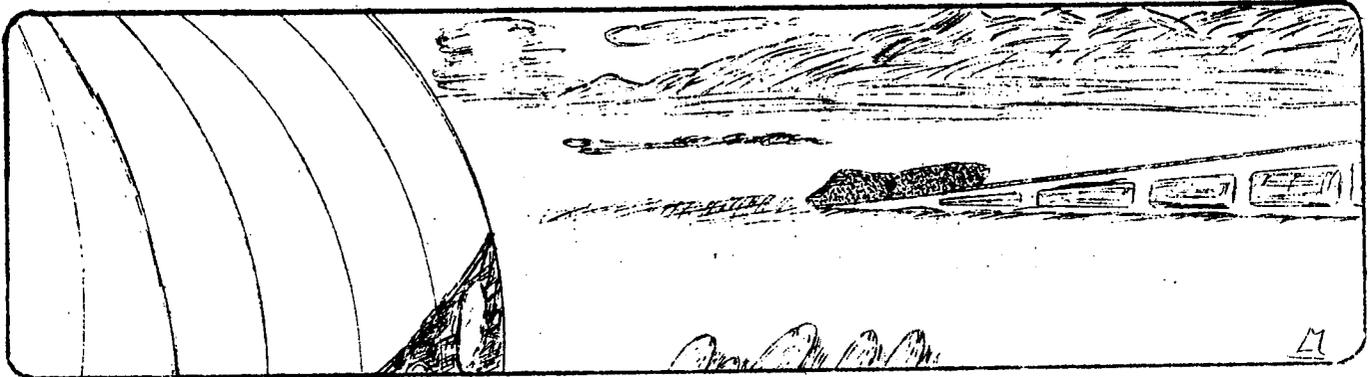
COMING SOON INFINITE'S COVER CONTEST !WATCH FOR IT!

Oh well, it fills space

Slaphappy Proverbs #1.
"Listen, my children, and you shall hear,"

Ditto

DOWN WENT MCGINTY



By Eugene Leonard

McGinty was a great guy. Everybody said so, including McGinty. The reason why everybody said so, to be precise, was because of McGinty. McGinty, in case you hadn't guessed it, was the boss in his section of Ceres. He ruled the little plastex-domed town by the space docks with ~~an iron hand~~, and anyone who disliked McGinty and said so was soon incapable of saying much of anything. Before long he had the whole town scared stiff, and no one dared to openly oppose him. From then on McGinty's life, figuratively speaking, was just a great big bed of roses. But every rose has its thorns -- or did have 'til Burbank came along, and McGinty was eventually stuck by one which, though small, proved too much for him.

It so happened that on a cool August night (Earth reckoning), McGinty and his two none-too-trusted "lieutenants" were having a grand and glorious time at the Space Dog Tavern -- McGinty, prop. The topic under discussion at that time was that of the atomic mechanic who had come over from the other side of Ceres that morning. It seemed that the unfortunate fellow had been completely unaware of the existing conditions in McGinty's little town and had not, therefore, been properly respectful in that worthy's presence. He was subsequently ejected with great force, after being informed as to how matters stood, by none other than McGinty himself.

As McGinty's narrative concluded and the two lieutenants dutifully roared with mirth, the wide, swinging doors of the Space Dog were slowly pushed open, and a mild looking little fellow walked in. No one knew him, no one knew where he came from, and everyone eyed him curiously as he slowly made his way to the bar. That is, everyone except McGinty and his two lieutenants. They were still joking about the mechanic.

As the stranger slowly crossed the crowded floor he was very careful to avoid bumping into anyone, but as he stepped out of the path of a particularly ugly looking loader he also stepped squarely on McGinty's toes. McGinty let out a howl of rage and pain, and everyone there, from the highest "atomic" to the lowest loader, held his breath and waited for McGinty to squash the stranger as one would a bug.

The little fellow mumbled hurried apologies and kept on moving toward the bar, leaving McGinty stupefied at such sheer audacity, but only for a second. Shooting out his great hand he caught the stranger and spun him around.

"Look here!" he bellowed, "Do you know who I am?"

"Nope," replied the little fellow, "So what?"

McGinty's mighty jaw dropped, then came back up with a click.

"S'matter?" was the inquiry, "Loose uppers?"

That was too much for McGinty. He shoved away the bystanders and rushed at the irritating little mite before him. His lieutenants went for their blasters, then stopped, for an amazing thing had happened. The exact circumstances surrounding this unprecedented occurrence are as yet unknown, but one thing is certain; down went McGinty!

Instantly men were on their feet yelling, for they knew that mounty was out in more ways than one and they were, for the most part, glad of it. For a while pandemonium reigned, and everyone was trying to slap the stranger on the back. He stood it in silence for some time, then said mildly; "I came in here for a drink. Do I get it?" He got it.

The End

! COMING !

STORES by FAMOUS FANS

NOTICE

Famous Fans; Please write us some stories!

RUMORS

That there are already some members for the D.F.C. (Degler's Cosmic Fandom).

That a new figure has appeared; HOMO COSMENS (or whatever it should be), COSMIC MA

That Charles Fort died under very weird circumstances, and the larger portion of the data he wrote about is still a deep, dark mystery!

That Ingvi is not a louse!

That Helen Bradleigh may be in league with -- well, certain POWERS! This may be a vicious rumor perhaps -- but there is reason to believe ----. Helen says she would like to get in touch with Tigrina, so will that west coast lady please write to her in care of;

THE COSMIC CLUB, 217 s. 6 St., Newcastle, Indiana

That Kelvin Kent, creator of Pete Manx, is really Henry Kuttner.

That this RUMOR DEPT. may have more rumors in its next issue. Of course this is only a rumor.

AN AMAZING STORY

by ???

I will tell you an AMAZING story I read in SCIENCE FICTION quite recently. The whole ASTOUNDING occurrence is still a FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERY. Maybe it will be cleared up when we read FUTURE FICTION. The STARTLING part of the story started when CAPTAIN FUTURE set his famous ship, COMET, down on a small COSMIC body for repairs. Not a thing was STIRRING. The MARVEL of it all was that none of the ship's SUPER SCIENCE gadgets registered the approach of an alien presence. It was UNCANNY!

Yet suddenly, and without warning, there appeared in front of the air lock two creatures so STRANGE, so incredible, that Captain Future's aides stood there with their mouths gaping open, then shouted as one man; "It's ASTONISHING! It's ASTOUNDING! It's a THRILLING WONDER! The DYNAMIC LITTLE creatures of UNKNOWN origin, with the WEIRD TALES!"

Now let's hear you tell one of your FANTASTIC ADVENTURES.

AHH-AHH-AHH!

DON'T TURN

THIS PAGE!

INFINITE Announces a Discussion
of Interest to All Fans

IS YNGVI A LOUSE

?

NO MATTER WHAT YOUR VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT MAY BE YOU WILL ENJOY THIS!

DON'T MISS IT!

?

WHY I AM NOT A STEFAN

by Donna Marlow

We asked for it—and got it! Not advised if you have high blood pressure.

I am not a science-fiction fan because it is a lot of bunk. Who wants to be a fan of a lot of hooey? Why anybody who had any sense would know that you can't flit around in rocket ships to Mars, Venus, etc., so why write stories about it? That's kid stuff!

Cities in the moon, invisible people, a world beneath an ocean. Why even my imagination can't stretch that far.

Practically all of the stories are the same anyway. Hero goes to some planet in rocket ship, meets beautiful Girl, girl gets captured by a bunch of queer looking freaks, Hero fights freaks, gets Girl, lives happily ever after.

You fans actually like the stuff, and most of you are considered to be pretty sensible fellows.

Confidentially, I think they should ban science-fiction magazines because some of the readers minds are going to be warped by this junk.

The guys who write this stuff must be a little off in the head, so why don't they try to sell it to the people at Seven Steeples (the bug house)? They're a little bit off in the head too. They might like it.

I'm beginning to wonder about my brother. He reads it all the time. I think he must be a slight bit off too. I'd hate to see some of you who have been at it a little longer!

You can have your old planets. I'll stick to good old Mother Earth!!!

(Oy! My own sister! -- Lem.)



THE
AUTHORESS

(we had to retaliate some way!)

COMMENT ON THE MESSAGE

Now that you have read the message, we would like to hear comments from you concerning it. Send us your ideas and opinions. And here, now, are a few essential comments of our own.

First; if true this is the most stupendous and monumental communication of all time. If a hoax, a very ingenious one, no one may doubt.

We have always believed in the existence of Martians of some form and intelligence, and hoped for the remote possibility that some day there would be a visit or communication. We believe this to be the real McCoy. Even tho we were to be the only ones who thought so, which we are not by any means!

Certainly we are sticking our necks out about 40,000,000 miles, and could be proven wrong. Our faces wouldn't be red; they'd be some unimaginable color way up in the wee small regions of the electromagnetic spectrum.

Herewith are a few points in the message itself that I would like to call attention to. First of all, this is not a "message from Mars", but is a message from Martians on the Earth. The message itself was written to "that meeting of your kind which you have chosen to call the Denvention". It also refers to fandom at large.

The message speaks eloquently for itself, and all who have read it and do not understand why it was written surely have no faintest inkling of psychology, or of a kindred feeling and the feeling of brotherhood!

We, the editors, have studied this message very thoroughly, sentence by sentence. Of course there are still some things about it that we do not understand. If there is a great deal of speculation among our readers and sufficient requests, we will print a more complete analysis in an early issue.

It says in the message that we, the science-fiction fans, are the only ones who would understand such matters, but from the reception the message was accorded by the high ranking of our kind at Denver, I fear that even this was a colossal overstatement.

All of you who have read this and, for reasons better known to yourself, still do not believe, are requested to write for more information, or to wait and see for yourselves, as the message suggests. The "next conjunction" which is referred to in the message obviously does not refer to the time every year when Mars is closest to the Earth, as some believed, but must refer to that time once every fifteen years when the two planets approach their closest. Could some of you inform us as to the exact date of this conjunction?

We expect to still be around then, and most of you will, too, if you keep your eyes open and do not walk out in front of V-8's or rocket cars.

So much for that. it states in the message that "many fans are evolved centuries beyond their time", etc. Thank you, Martians! Some of us have always believed we were, too.

Think what we could learn from this incredibly advanced race! They have, furthermore, promised to save our world from those who are the enemies of our democracy and our peoples. They have said that they would destroy for all time the totalitarian aggressors. We await their coming, as should all true fans, in whose hearts pulse the blood of Vernes, of a Wells or a Weinbaum. This is a great turning point in the world's history.

A great day is dawning; interplanetary travel is just ahead. We sci. fans, we feel proudly, have helped to usher it in. We must continue to do our best; we must convert all the people we can to an understanding of our literature and aims; we must make the world, insofar as we can, scientifically minded.

We are thinking of forming a group to help promote publicity and discussion of the message. If you would like to get in on this write us at once; we will print your name or the name of your club and give you free space in these pages.

This magazine will keep you informed about the investigation concerning the message, anything which is learned about it, and your discussions. There will be another important article in the next issue, "Invasion from Mars", outlining the scientific

and military significance of the message.

Some of you there are, a rapidly dropping minority albiet, who still think this message is a hoax of some sort in some way. All right, if this be true, or a certainty let us find it out. Quickly and at once --- although we are convinced that such is now the case. I speak to you with sincerity.

--- Claude Dyer

IN THE DEPT. OF JUSTICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.



(DEGLER TRYING TO RUN AWAY WITH HELEN)



Drawn by Walter Ericson

COPY

GIRLS

IN

SCIENCE-FICTION

by Helen B Redlight

I have been asked to write a brief article on my opinion of the place of my sex in science-fiction. It will be very hard to keep such a thing brief, I fear.

First; none but confirmed and canalized woman-haters like Asimov even infer or raise doubts that women should not have a prominent place in modern stf.

Second; as to my opinion, certainly it is my none too humble opinion that women should have a place in science fiction stories. Stf., so its advocates inform me, is supposed to be realistic and true to life. A stf. epic in which there is only a man, no matter how well written it may be, is at best only half true to life! For women are the other half of life!

How can you have a true to life story without the love interest -- for the love between a man and woman is the reason for all the action, the drama, the struggle and the accomplishments.

Of course, I will admit that there are exceptions to this rule. I have read very exceptional stories, although these were very rare, in which there was nothing but a man, and perhaps some creatures (confidentially, I think some of them would have been better if the hero had been left out, and just some creatures with tentacles left in. Oh how I love creatures with tentac --- what am I saying?).

Seriously, friends, outside of these exceptions a story with a well developed love interest is far superior to its cousin, which, even though it is compensated for by a good plot, is still weighed in the balance and found wanting for its lack.

Love between a man and woman is the greatest force in the world, no power in the Universe of Stars is greater. A race, although they conquer a spiral nebula across a hundred million miles of space, that grows cold and unemotional in the contemplation of their science, that loses its love of sex and life and cosmic companionship, can not long survive. It is on its final decline; it has passed its usefulness.

An unemotional race is not a super race. Only one which has conquered useless or hindering emotions. Only a dead object is truly unemotional anyway. Any living creature has some emotion, however faint or selfish. There would be an emotion to live, scientific curiosity, anger, fear of something, etc.

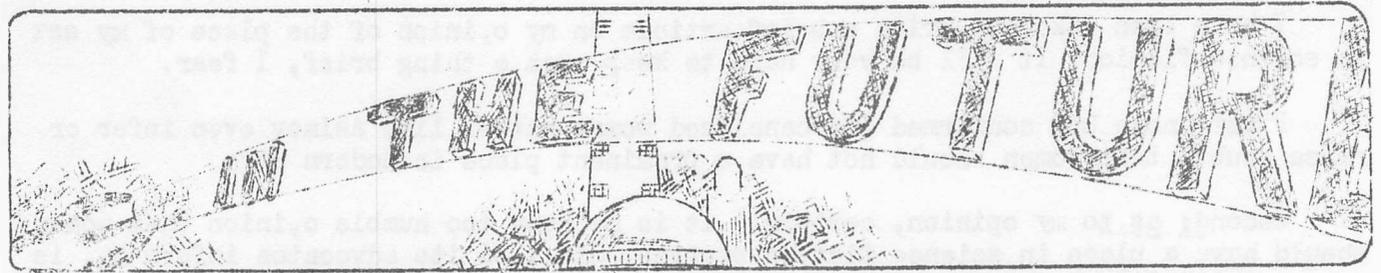
My first loyalty is to mankind as a whole, and next to women, for she has been treated rather shoddily, to speak mildly, in the ancient and not so ancient days gone by.

There is every reason in this galaxy why girls should be in science-fiction. They are a part of life and the future-life which the stories portend to portray. It

It was the wierd and hauntingly beautiful loves in his stories that made A. Merritt famous. Of course you may argue, but all are not like Merritt's. Even so, love interest in a story is still better than none.

Well then, you ask, what about stories where the girls or guys misbehave rather badly. What about SEXY SCIENCE STORIES? To that I answer that a little in the stories is okay. You can overdo anything, like having the hero overeat in the story in a disgusting manner. We all misbehave at times, including little Helen.

Come on all you girls, and boys too. All of you who have ever loved or believe in love, or in beauty, or in women in stf., write to us ^{girls in stf.} here and let's form a bloc of fans. The next time some guy gets up and spouts against we'll all write letters to the editors and take him apart!



AND WE DON'T MEAN THE DISTANT FUTURE, BUT THE VERY NEAR FUTURE: NEXT ISSUE IN FACT. WE HAVE SOME SWELL MATERIAL COMING UP THEN, AND JUST TO TEMPT YOU WE'RE GOING TO LIST A FEW OF THE SCHEDULED ITEMS.

+++++

- ABOUT FOO
- THE HOUSE WAS STILL ___ a weird thriller
- TOO MANY STF MAGS ?
- THE LONELY GOHST ___ a humorous ghost story
- UNKNOWN * CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE
- BOOK OF THE DAMNED ___ a review

As we said before, that's only a few. There will be many more stories, articles, poems, etc. And the feature --- ??? Next issue we will defenitely have the hekto cover by Morrie Jenkinson. Also interior illustrations in color!!!

WILLIE WAS A STFAN

Willie was a stfan, he isn't any more
This is his sad story, please listen I implore

Willie was a stfan, just past eight or nine
He'd just started reading, everything was fine.
He started on Amazing, bought 'em by the score,
Palmer cut his letters, boy did he get sore!
He went to the newsstand, saw another mag,
Found what he was missing (he was in the bag)

Willie was a stfan, just at twenty five
He was now an author (hardly kept alive).
Hal hieked out stfiction, novelettes galor
Hundreds of old stories, lay upon the flc
Willie couldn't take it, he began to roar,
They took him to the bug-house, bolted
up the door.

MORAL: Don't be like Willie, you'll get in a rut
Instead of a stfan you'll end up a nut!

THE BOGGIE MAN

The staff was in a dither. Here it was well along in August and the first issue of INFINITE was way behind schedule. Something must be done!

Lem removed his feet from the desk. "DEGLER," he yelled. No answer. "DEGLER!" NO answer. "DEEEEEEEEGLEER!!! STILL no answer.

"What the heck," said Lem, "I'll do it myself." Degler ceased snoring, waved his arms frantically, and rolled off onto the floor.

"Oh," he groaned, "what a nightmare! I dreamed I was being chased by a bunch of howling devils who tied me down and smeared ink on my face!"

I warned you not to sleep on the mimeo!" said Lem, "Now you've got a picture of Captain Creature on your face."

"Degler," he continued, "we've got to do something! Infinite is behind schedule and we need some more material. What can we do?"

"That's easy!" exclaimed Degler, "Let's write a nice, long, Lovecraftian horror story; all full of Boggie Men and such stuff."

"Boggie Men! Phooie! There ain't no Boggie Men! why give our readers such bunk?"

Degler assumed what he fondly believed to be a mystical expression. "Can you prove it?" he asked

"Can you prove they do exist?"

"Sure! Grab a shovel and come on."

Lem was puzzled. "Shovel? what do we want a shovel for?" he inquired

"We're going to rob a grave."

"Oh, we're going to --- ULP!!! Lem quietly (?) passed out. Degler grabbed a shovel and left.

A few hours later Degler returned, carrying the shovel and a vase. He tossed the shovel over on top of the mimeo and set the vase down in the middle of the floor. Then he went over and shook Lem until he regained consciousness. "Come on," he said, "snap out of it! We're ready to start!"

"Whus'at?" mumbled Lem, pointing to the vase.

Degler, who was drawing cryptic symbols on the floor with a piece of chalk, paused and looked up. "That," he replied, "happens to be the remains of someones long dead ancestor."

"Oh," said Lem, "I see!" For a while there was no sound other than the scratching of the chalk on the floor. Finally Degler stood up and said, "Turn out the lights!"

"Why?"

"Why not?"

"I'm afraid of the dark!"

Degler reached over and turned off the lights, then he lit a large candle and placed it in front of the vase. Standing in front of the candle he began to recite horrible incantations. Suddenly the room grew pitch dark and the incantations abruptly stopped. Lem pawed frantically for the switch and snapped on the lights. Degler had disappeared!

"Degler!" yelled Lem, "Where are you hiding?" As he bent down to look under the bed, he felt something pulling on his arm. He sighed with relief. "Boy!" he exclaimed, turning around, "for a minute you had me sc --- " he broke off abruptly, his eyes opening wide with horror, for it was not Degler. It was a dark arm of smoke that rose from the vase. Screaming horribly, he was raised high off the floor. Slowly, ever so slowly, his form became tenuous, and soon nothing was left of him but a small puff of white smoke. There was a gurgling sound, like water running down the drain, and the arm of smoke retreated into the vase, dragging what was left of Lem with it. A horrible chuckle rose and died, and a deep, hollow voice cried, "Who says there ain't no Boggie Men?"

All was silent, except for occasional gurgles from the vase.

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IN APOLOGY

We wish to apologize for:

All the mistakes in stenciling

All the spots where duplication is poor

Filling several large spaces with blurbs

The doubtful quality of some of the material we were forced to use

Not having the cover by Morrie Jenkinson, as scheduled

Not having the mag out sooner

Having to apologize for the above listed things. It won't happen again.

The Eds.

As you have noticed, part of the material used this issue was double spaced between paragraphs and part of it was single spaced. While double spacing makes for easier reading, single spacing would mean that about the equivalent of another two pages could be included each issue. Be sure to let us know which you would prefer.

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The next issue of INFINITE will be out the first week of October

