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NOV 52

#3



November 1952

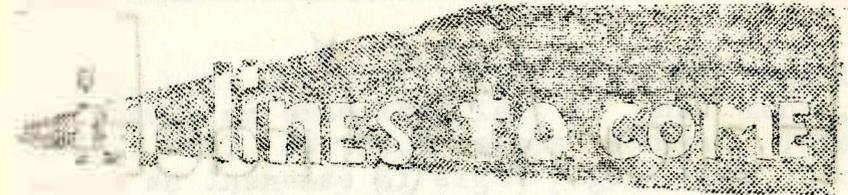
Published at 9612 Second Avenue, Silver Spring, Md., by the members of the Hopeful Young People's Extra -- Radical Society for the Promotion of Amiable Conditions Everywhere..... more conveniently known as HYPERSPACE.

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ART

HYPERSPACE, Last month's cover
and
CRITICAL MASS, this month's cover
and
TOMORROW'S SPORTS, a series
by ALDEN FAULKNER
BACOVER
by RICHARD BERGERON
Other illos by Vevie Cole, Alden Faulkner,
and EMSH .

Editor's rag



First thing you may notice about this issue is that it is the same size as last month's.

Second thing is that we have some recognized fan authors...but also that some we promised you last month aren't here.

Well, the first two are directly resultant from the third thing which you can't possibly miss--we're on time...even a few days before deadline.

Don't know whether you noticed it or not, but we were a week late last month... this was because I didn't get back from Chicago till a week after the confounded month started, and it takes a minimum of a month to put out a zine...especially when you have to write most of it yourself.

So, you're receiving this just three weeks after the last one. Somewhat of a record. And it's all because all of you lovely contributors are being so kind to us --and also that we have a positively huge staff. One of the largest.

Since we are putting this one out in such a hurry, we are using all the material we have on hand instead of waiting for some of the articles we promised you last month. Ordinarily, we would have waited for all of the submissions to come in, and then fit the magazine to them. This would make the mag about eight pages longer than last time --and we wouldn't have been able to put it out in the remaining time...much less do a reputable job on it.

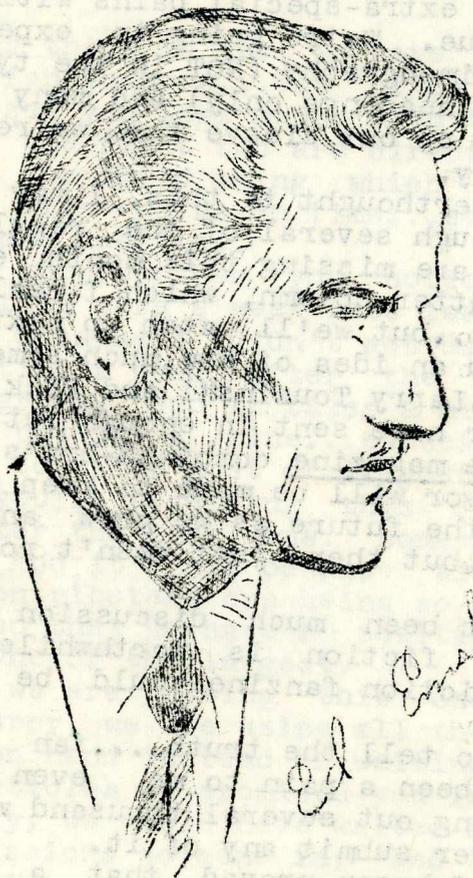
So, next month will find ole SF bright and early on time the first of the month, and it will be four pages longer. This means an increase of eight pages over two months. But we also want to increase in quality as well as quantity, so we're going to take some extra-special pains with that December issue. We're going to experiment with color mimeography (NOT in the type.... on illos and headings only) and many of the other things up our sleeve that we're just aching to try.

As an afterthought to this, I may bring out that though several of the regular SF departments are missing this month, especially the letter column, which I really hate to let lapse..but we'll catch up next month. (To give you an idea of how much some fans correspond..Larry Touzinski and Dick Clarkson together have sent in enough letters to fill a whole magazine combined-how's that?) Every endeavor will be made to keep up all of them in the future as we grow and grow and grow....but there just wasn't room this time.

There has been much discussion as to whether fan fiction is worthwhile....and whether a fiction fanzine could be worthwhile.

Well, to tell the truth...fan fiction has always been a pain to me, even though I am pounding out several thousand words a month I never submit any of it.

But Bob Johnson proved that a fiction fanzine could be successful---in principle if not in finance. IF it was made a beautiful thing, and used only the best stories. I believe that one of the prime things against fan fiction is that it is 99% fanta-(to p.30)



Ed Emshwiller



The Illustrating Man

Ed Emshwiller

Who is the most prolific, most colorful, and most versatile artist in the field today?

Who is the Kuttner of science fiction art?

Who's EMSH?

They're one and the same, of course. And how would you like to know more about this multi-phrenic master of science fiction art?

I began wondering about these questions some time ago, so I wrote in to Galaxy to see if some of my suppositions were correct ...and Ed Emshwiller wrote me back, relating some very juicy facts.

In the first place, Eddie Emshwiller, much to my fainting surprise when I found out, is a local boy...his parents live "just up the road a piece"...and graduated from the same high school to which I am now entrusting the better years of my life.

His art teacher, Mrs. Faye Sherry, was also mine, and is at the present time giving the same fine instruction to our artists, Alden Faulkner and Vevie Cole, that set off science fiction's top illoer on his first flight. Mrs. Sherry sets him forth as one of the finest students she has had the pleasure to instruct, and "A true

craftsman".

I had the pleasure of visiting the Emshwiler's home recently, and was able, through his huge folios of drawings and canvases, to watch his development into the truly great artist which he is today.

When he was very young, he always said that he wanted to be a free lance artist... and he followed through until today he is the most productive of all science fiction illustrators, supplying work to about ten different magazines.

His art education really got under way in Montgomery Blair High School, in Silver Spring, Md. His father was a chemistry teacher, is now a physicist, and a science fiction fan to boot, who always "just happened" to have a copy or two of Amazing around...so Ed was well exposed.

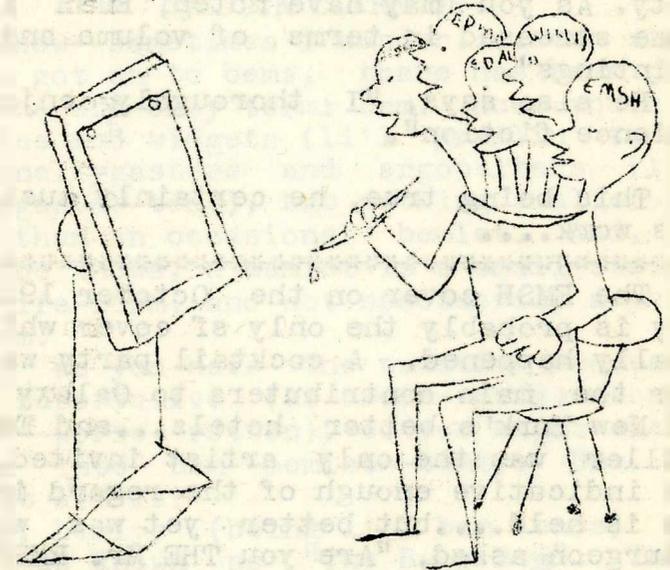
Says his father, "They may have laughed at Jules Verne, and they took Frank Reade, jr. in fun, but most of those things have come true by now." Indeed they have--and you can be sure that there's nothing foolish about EMSH's paintings, which are now adding so much to the field.

"EMSH" went through the University of Michigan as an art major, a la G.I. after serving a hitch in the infantry, part of which was spent as battalion special service officer in Italy. (His brother, Maclellan, also graduated from the U. of Michigan, and is at present working toward a doctors degree in nuclear physics.)

Ed studied graphics in Paris after his graduation, and with his wife Carole, toured Europe on his trusty motorcycle before turning his attention to the cruel world stateside.

On the advice that he should "pick a field and stick to it" he looked at a science fiction magazine and thought, "this is the art of the future". (Any double meaning was strictly intended.)

So, he prepared a folio and showed them to the leading science fiction publishers. Galaxy hired him immediately, and he's been in front of an easel ever since.



'SELF-PORTRAIT'

Says Ed, "Whenever possible I try to work in a little motorcycling, camping, and photography. Likewise I try to keep my hand in fine arts but have had little opportunity for it recently."

When asked about his many pen-names, he replies, "EMSH, WILLIE, ED ALEXANDER, ED

EMSLER and other occasional pseudonyms including HOWARD MULLER are names which I have used in my illustrations. Originally, each of the regular pseudonyms was associated with a particular style or approach to illustration, however, due to a number of factors this system has disintegrated somewhat. Now the use of various names and styles is simply designed to provide variety. As you may have noted, EMSH is the name stressed in terms of volume and cover paintings".

He also says, "I thoroughly enjoy good science fiction".

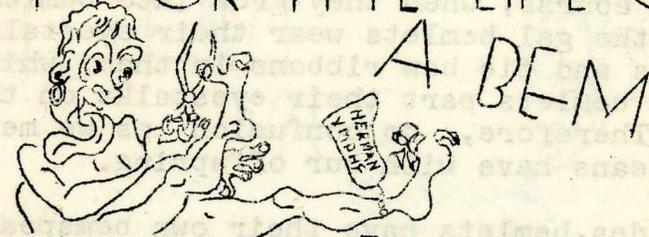
This being true, he certainly must enjoy his work....

The EMSH cover on the October 1952 Galaxy is probably the only sf cover which actually happened. A cocktail party was held for the main contributors to Galaxy in one of New York's better hotels...and Ed Enshwiller was the only artist invited. This is indicative enough of the regard in which he is held....but better yet was when Ted Sturgeon asked, "Are you THE Mr. EMSH?"

I understand that he really enjoyed meeting all the people whose stories he illustrates....and without a doubt they enjoyed even more meeting the man who puts such life into their stories.

The senior Mrs. Enshwiller, upon reading her latest issue of Galaxy, thought that the EMSH illo for "Snowball Effect" looked strangely like herself. Putting through an inquiring call to New York demanding an explanation, her son's only reply was..."Ha!"

OH FOR THE LIFE OF



A NEW ERA IN SCIENTIFIC TERMINOLOGY by DICK CLARKSON

Y'know--sometimes I wonder....ever since fandom got on to bems, there has been just that one and only term: bem. Now, you have gremlins and widgets (li'l gremlin tads), and snallygasters and argopelters (li'l snallygaster tads), but nothing smaller for a bem than an occasional bemlet. And, as everyone knows, a bemlet is a small-stature type life-form, and not necessarily a younger bem.

So, as you have the positive--comparative--superlative (as crude--cruder--crud, or bad--worse--rotten), so you might extrapolate into bem--bemlet--bemly. See how easy it all is?

Now, bemlys (being li'l bem tads) are sometimes known as "The Baby Bem". Those are the things on your dresser that wake you up by alarm every morning--ug, or am I getting confused? Oh....a Baby Ben is what I'm talking about. A clock. Well, you have clockroaches, which are bem-type gremlins who fubar clocks, just as full-fledged gremlins snafu airplane motors and the like. But I seem to be veering slightly.

Now, it is not hard to tell li'l gal-type bemlys from boy-type critters, since the females are born with pink tendrils and the boy bemlys are inherently blue-babies.

And, of course, when they grow into bemlet-size, the gal bemlets wear their eyestalks in curls and tie bow ribbons in them, while the boy bemlets part their eyestalks on the left. Therefore, no confusion as we mere human beans have with our offspring.

Besides, bemlets have their own bemspeak. When they say, "You're on the beam", they mean--of course--just that. In other words, they're saying, "You're hanging from the rafters and dripping purple today". For an example, that should suffice.

At an early age, bemlets are in school to learn how best to serve Man. Some prefer him in glukk stew, while others seem to favor him on the half-shell.

So the life of a bemlet is quite interesting. As you can see, there is more to bemming than meets the eyeball. (Eyeballs on toast being the common breakfast dish of a bem--and say....how do you suppose a lady bem, or bemme, looks in the morning?

Well, a bemme--a grown-up gal-type bemly--can look like almost anything. But her main advantage is that if her husband's reading the newspaper irks her, she can eat it, thus digesting the news even better.

Having discussed two of the three sexes, we can now proceed to the third sex--insects. Now, the basic insect-type swamp crittur has....what? Oh, yes, darling--you say scrambled brains for breakfast?

--Dick Clarkson

THE FIRST ISSUE

by
Bob Silverberg



(Editor's note: Bob Silverberg's "THE FIRST ISSUE" was initiated in the old DAWN and continued in MAD #4 and #5. We hope it will find longer life and broader readership in SF. Already covered in this series are aSF, PFM, FA, Startling, and Marvel. Bob picks up in this issue with Planet Stories.

Planet Stories is a magazine which has remained remarkably stable. From its inception, in November 1939, to the present day, it has undergone no major change in format other than a reduction of pages from 128 to 112 (with a short period at 96) and several modifications of the logotype. It maintained the same typeface and backbone design for twelve years, and raised its price for the first time, in 1951, from 20¢ to 25¢. There have been no changes from the blood-and-thunder adventure policy, and the same man, Malcolm Reiss, is still in charge.

Planet, in other words, has remained without change in a field of change, and today is perhaps best described as an anachronism for which we have a warm place in our hearts, much as an elderly dinosaur would be treated today--a survivor of a past age, an ancient to be respected. #1 Planet, then, looking much like the mag of

today, appeared on November 1, 1939, dated Winter, on a quarterly schedule which it kept, except for a few months, until 1952. The first editor was Malcolm Reiss, who still is in control today, although five associate editors have been titled "editor" --W. Scott Peacock, 1942; Chester Whitehorn, 1945; Paul Payne, 1947; Jerry Bixby, 1950; and Jack O'Sullivan, 1951.

It contained four stories: "A terrific novel of Outer-Space Worlds", GOLDEN AMAZONS OF VENUS, by John Murray Reynolds, and "three exciting novelets of adventure amid the stars", EXPEDITION TO PLUTO, by Fletcher Pratt and Laurence Manning; WAR LORDS OF THE MOON, Linton Davies; and CAVE DWELLERS OF SATURN, John Wiggin. The cover, best left undescribed, was committed by A. Drake, and the interior illustrations were left unsigned for reasons obvious to this viewer.

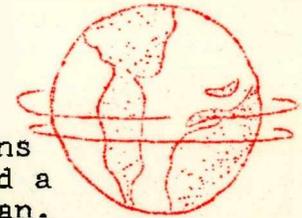
#1 did not contain the famous letter column, "The Vizigraph", which was added with #2. Otherwise, Planet is much the same today. The cover bore the blurb, "THE GOLDEN AMAZONS OF VENUS--Norton, the Earthman, Helps the Fair Warriors Repel the Invasion of the Scaly Ones--by John Murray Reynolds.

The Reynolds novel, which ran over 50 pages, is the longest piece ever to appear, in PS, which quickly became famous for 20-page "novels".

Planet Stories has appealed to the same class for thirteen years, and apparently has been successful, for there is virtually no change from issue #1 through the 58th issue which came out Nov. 1. Planet Stories is a study in immutability.

--Bob Silverberg

THIS REVOLVING



Evaluation of predictions made in science fiction and a glance at This Advancing Man.

A most beautiful series of articles is now appearing in Collier's (October 18-26) by Dr. Braun and Willy Ley. If you haven't seen them yet, get them now...it's something that no science fiction fan can afford to miss.

The first article literally has a "whole hatch" of paintings by Chesley Bonestell, which diagram what is obviously the most practical construction of a moon rocket.

They put the date of departure as roughly 25 years in the future...but it is my opinion that by that time we will have an atomic engine capable of performing the job much more efficiently. This reminds me of the pre-automobile steam cars. They worked, but internal combustion was just so much better suited for the job.

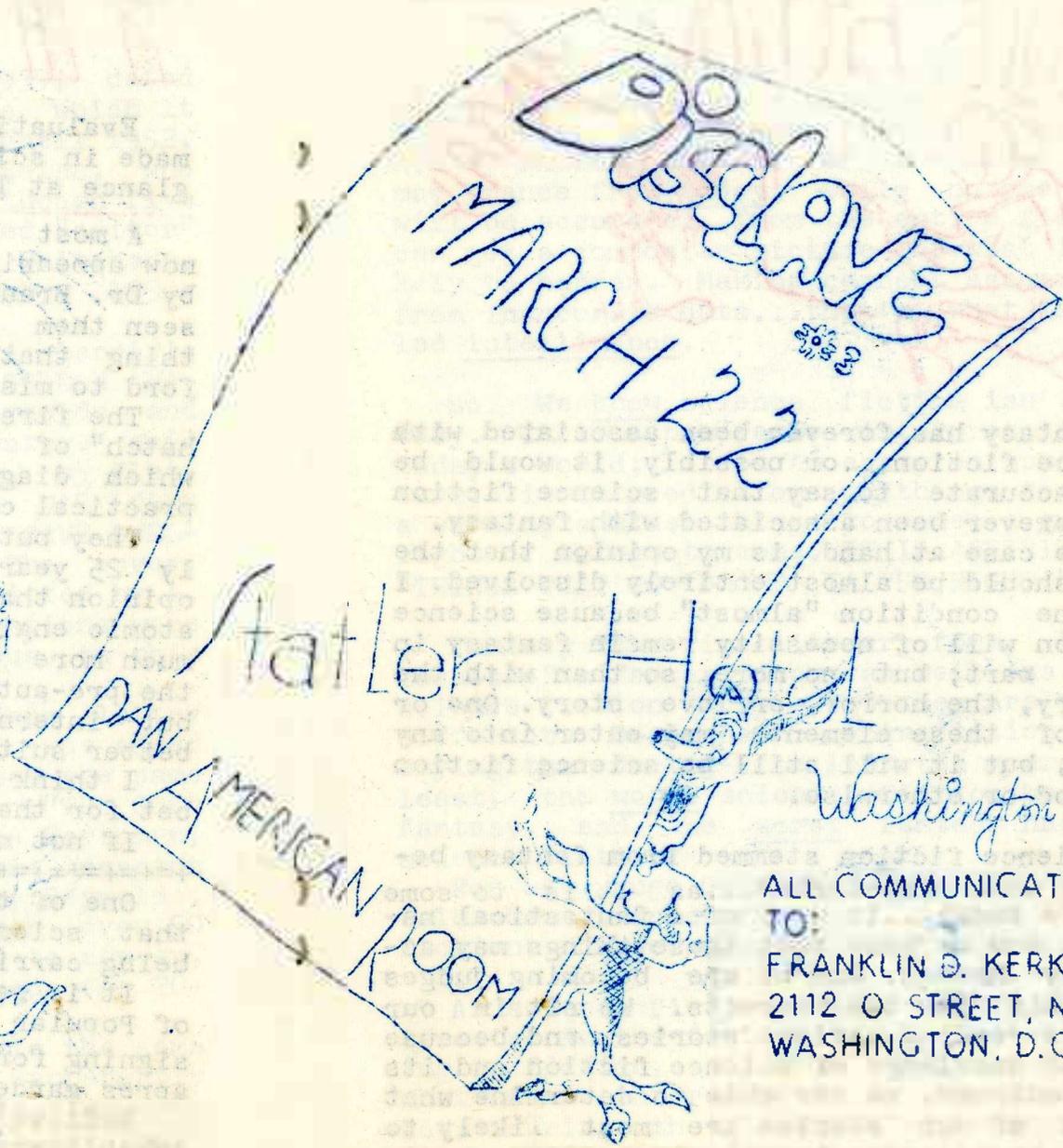
I think that atomic engines are the best bet for the future.

If not now....

+++++
One of the most practical demonstrations that science fiction is practical is now being carried on by MIT.

It is reported in the October 1952 issue of Popular Science that the MIT men are designing for creatures that are strictly apres garde science fictional themselves.

Believe it or not--they're designing for inhabitants of Arcturus IV. Huh?



Washington D.C.

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Fantasy has forever been associated with science fiction...or possibly it would be more accurate to say that science fiction has forever been associated with fantasy.

The case at hand is my opinion that the bond should be almost entirely dissolved. I use the condition "almost" because science fiction will of necessity remain fantasy in some part; but no more so than with the mystery, the horror, or love story. One or more of these elements may enter into any story, but it will still be science fiction ...good or otherwise.

Science fiction stemmed from fantasy because when it started...as it is to some people today...it was of a fantastical nature. Now we know that these things may actually happen, and we are becoming judges of this in two respects. We sit in our chairs reading various stories, and because of our knowledge of science fiction and its past outcome, we are able to determine what parts of our stories are most likely to come true: space travel is certain, as is some form of life on other worlds.

Also the reader is to be a judge of what will come true. He is shaping the world of the future, and science fiction is helping him by showing him all of the stems which may branch from today. While no one story will be accurate, from the entire field he can get a composite picture of what is likely to happen. Making correct assumptions from inaccurate data...that's what is called intelligence.

So. We know science fiction isn't fantasy. It is a panoramic interpretation of today's world; it is an essay on human nature; it is predictions of things to come; a warning against things to come; a guiding light of things to come. IT IS ANYTHING BUT "THINGS THAT GO 'BOOMP' IN THE NIGHT!"

Fantasy is a fine literary form. I have ideals of a fantasy story as well as for a science fiction story, but they are vastly different. Do I hear contradiction from saying that during the last ten years, at least, the worst science fiction has been fantasy, and the worst fantasy has been science fiction?

For one, Hugo Gernsback has said "When I talk about science fiction, I mean SCIENCE fiction, not science fantasy or fantasy."

As science fiction fans, we're not interested in the fact that what we're reading is fiction, as the fantasy fans are. What we are interested in is the idea, at least during the time we're reading the story, that it may someday be fact, and we want to be in on it. The fantasy reader

knows that it is purely unleashed imagination, and that is why he likes it.

The reader of the science story, therefore, is personally concerned with it. He either wants it to happen or wants to know so that he may guard against it.

The fantasy fan, however, is purely interested in the way the author puts the story together for pure recreational purposes. It has no importance. It is strictly a story of mood, which may or may not have a moral.

The good science fiction story will contain mood, moral, and significance, along with the all-necessary speculation.

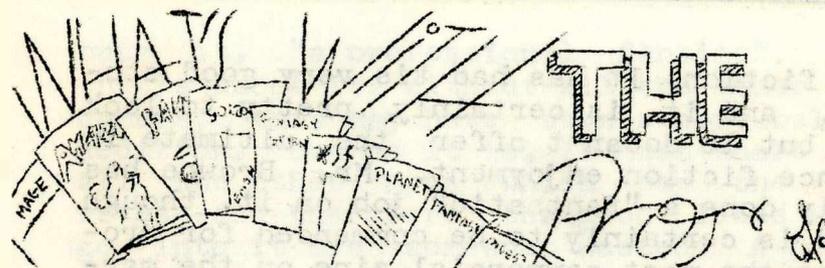
Any of these exist to some degree in the sf story. It is the author's combination of them that makes the story what it is, and the type of story that we do or do not like to read when we are reading science fiction.

The fantasy element has never made a science fiction story great. Nor have love interest, horror or weird elements. It is the speculative thinking that has made the individual story and the field itself great.

One must know to speculate, and knowledge is science...fantasy is unknowing.... what we don't know.

A better way to put shoes on, how to make friends, this is all science, and what we are looking for, figuratively, in science fiction.

The first bite is speculative thinking, a term generalized under the heading science.



Everything, practically EVERYTHING has been tried in science fiction publishing during the last three years.

Some of it is undisguisedly sickening, some is barely palatable to the starving fan, and a wee bit is so good as to rate the rare term excellent.

And it is my business today to talk about some of the less palatable of the newer offerings. Having smaller circulation because they are less palatable, and being less palatable due to the effects of smaller circulation.

These are not universally circulated, so I will give the pubbers name in case you want to look into something not offered in your town.

We'll look at each one individually;

FANTASTIC, Ziff-Davis. This is perhaps the only one which has made a real go of it.... no expense seems to have been spared in putting up the best-looking mag in the field. But it doesn't seem to have made much of a hit with the fans. The author line-ups, the make-up, and the pictures are all beautiful, but everything seems to be slanted in the wrong direction from my standpoint. But I can say that if science fiction is a popularization of science, then FANTASTIC is a popularization of sci-

ence fiction. It has had tis very good stories, and it is certainly pretty to look at, but it doesn't offer the ultimate in science fiction enjoyment. Mr. Browne has really done a "fantastic" job on it, though --and is certainly to be commended for producing the most commercial zine on the market. I will even go so far as to say that it is the best-looking all-fiction magazine in any field. Three copies of the first issue were displayed on a certain news stand, ten copies of the second, and over a hundred of the third...far more than any other sf mag. Of course, we can expect a decline after the Spillane story. (I'd like to know now many of the third issue were printed... I'll bet it broke all records for the science fiction field.)

SPACE SCIENCE FICTION, Space Publications. First issue dated May 1952. Here is another mag which has featured good line-ups without really breaking solidly into the field. Of course, there's a femme on the cover, and some glaring scientific inaccuracies to boot...so be it ever condemned from the land of the fen; but it hasn't even anything for the casual reader that he couldn't get elsewhere for a dime less.

You know what I mean.

So, it seems as though, in order to be successful, a publisher must come through with something exceptional; ASF has the writers, Galaxy has quality, F&SF perfection, OW has Palmer, and FANTASTIC has the roll of bills behind it. So be it.

IF Worlds of Science Fiction, Quinn Publishing Company. This is, as its publisher

outs it, "a professional fanzine". And that's about it. Without all the other newcomers, this may have been a very welcome addition. But as it is, it must share with all the other mags which pay the same rates--and therefore the good ideas which go into it are somewhat wasted. A pretty good mag...but I have yet to see it within a hundred miles of Silver Spring. Got my copies in West Virginia before subscribing.

SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, Science Fiction Publications. This mag is edited by Phillip St. John, better known as....heh heh. Bob, I mean by golly, this doesn't look half bad! Haven't had time to read it yet, so I may be wrong, but at a glance most of the stories look right swell. This looks like it may turn out to a poor man's Astounding, if it isn't such already. The cover design is practically plagiarism, and it even has symbolic illos, Orban, and Van Dongen.... the resemblance is amazing, right down to the linguaphone ad on the bcover. And with a lineup like Chad Oliver, C.M.Kornbluth, L. Sprague de Camp, Les del Rey, Shiras, and Rocklyne, who can but wonder at the similarity. Best of all, they've done a fairly good job of it--on the first issue, at least.

SPACE STORIES, Standard Magazines. Unless some have escaped my eye and the fan-newzies, this is the only really new mag in the "pulp" format. A SaMineZine, it is intended "to complement the others, and not to compete with them". It is strictly and unashamedly a space opera mag, and it should do well as such, seeing as how this

seems to be the man-on-the-street's idea of all science fiction.

The first issue has an EMSH cover...and when the pubber got his first glance at it, he said unto him, "MAN! Can you space-travel!"

Next issue has a Kuttner novel...so I guess SPACE can stick around...

DYNAMIC SCIENCE FICTION, Columbia Publications. Not a new zine, just an SFQ coming out on alternate months.

FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION, Super Science Fiction Publishers. This absolutely strikes a new low. I like to say something good about everybody, but what are you going to do? The price is 25¢, and the wordage is well less than 40,000...in other words, about half that of a digest-sized mag. They try to make up for this by stretching the paper, but this only makes more space between the lines. Then they take simply dozens of pictures of mad scientists and maddening women and give a whole page to each one.

This is the only comic book that doesn't put the writing in balloons above the pics. For a dime it would sell well...trouble is it isn't intended as a comic--just comes out that way. Some of the captions are positively unbelievable; "The professor gasped in surprise when he saw the mud", "Under the glow of the three green suns, the two planets collided", "Dawson pocketed the 8-ball, ending the pool game", "Linda was looking at the mysterious laboratory her uncle had always kept locked". And that is about how the stories run.

To top it all off, its editorial runs, "Today's fact is crowding fiction but not replacing it. It is up to fiction to set a still faster pace and this magazine intends to do it."

Well, gentlemen, you have succeeded. What with "complete novels" of 16,000 words added to your other delights, you should be around a long, long time. I will say, though, if you enjoy eight-year old literature, you will doubtless enjoy this. And then maybe I'm just shooting off my mouth. Maybe it was intended for eight-year-olds.

As a whole, therefore the field has not improved with its growth. But if this frenzy introduces more people to science fiction, and provides a better break for the writers, I'm for it.

A LOOK TO THE FUTURE

Next month we really swing into the spirit of things with a 52-page issue. More and better art will be attempted, with some double-run color work; so it looks like you can count on us to keep improving as we gain experience with the various snallygasters and fubars of the field.

Everyone has been asking for more BNF writers; so be it. Dick Clarkson and Bob Silverberg begin in this issue...Richard Bergeron takes over the back covers this issue and will soon begin a column.

We are now hooked up with FANVARIETY ENTERPRISES, so you may expect a more varied, funnier, and more interesting zine as time progresses. Time--that's a funny thing. We've only been doing this for three months and three issues, but it seems like we've been doing it all our lives.....

NEXIALIST REPORT

It was the regular weekly meeting of the Hopeful Young People's Extra-Radical Society for the Promotion of Amiable Conditions Everywhere. The members had all gathered in the meeting room, and now waited with baited breath for the sound of the opening gavel's knock. All was deadly silent...not a member spoke. Then as the heavy silence weighed down more and more on each of the impatient "HYPERSPACE" members, a sound was faintly heard, softly creeping through the open doorway. It seemed to come from far away. As far away as the room, where, for the last 12 to 16 hours, ye old Editor and his faithful servant, the Nexialist, have been hard at work. For, awoken sleepers, the deadline for the next issue of "SF" is near at hand. As a fact, has passed under hand, for sooth, they should have been in their dear little (1½cent) envelopes three days ago. One and one-half cents for the "dear little" envelopes, and two cents for the stamp...then there's the paper....let's see..three reams, no, was it four.....

Oh excuse me, I was giving a club report of our last meeting wasn't I? Or was I? Instead of something as dry and uninteresting as that, how would all you patient readers of our latest effort, SF#3, like to hear some of the fascinating trials and tribulations which are monthly undergone by the hard-working Nexialist of this up-and-coming club, and the fanzine SF so well put out by the Editor, the Nexialist, and other assorted slaves. Now this may sound like a little personal ego-boosing, or is it ego-boosting? But please don't get the idea

that all this is pure egoboo.

Actually the purpose here is to try to acquaint all you fen with the duties of a typical fanzine Nexialist....such as Van Vogt's Grosvenor...of the star-shop Space Beagle....are trained to be co-ordinators of mere sciences, such as Chemistry, Physics, or Psychology. Now, take the deep and complex workings that must be carefully analyzed, classified, and placed in their proper places by the Nexialist of SF:taking care of the hundreds of dollars sent in by all you dear fans for subs. Then there's all those articles and those thrilling fan-fiction submits that have to be carefully organized and submitted to the most high potent Editor. Then the stories that have been chosen...lucky things...for use in SF have to be correctly channeled out to all our typists where they're correctly dummed and later cut on to their "dear little" (15¢) stenils....a bother, taking care of the finances of this complicated organization...Magnus!..Why don't we have an election and choose an official Treasurer (with a capital "T")...There's nobody we can trust in the club?...How about?....He's what?....I'm what?...The club is not for....John!

Look's like the finances of SF will continue to be run in the way to which they have become accustomed. All incoming moneys (HA!!) will continue to enter the most high esteemed ed's left pocket, and all the costs incurred (no ha) will be his most-low right pocket's worry. Such is the decision of the last official official's meeting.....

Read a truer and more factual Nexialist report in SF #4..if I can get around to it.

(from page 5)

sy, and fantasy must be beautifully written.

So, we're going to try a SCIENCE fiction fan fiction magazine. All stories will be on a worthwhile theme. There will be no struggling hack...fantasy, space opera, little things that come out of the wall, etc. Each will be a new idea in science fiction, or one that would be of interest to fans for some special reason. As one of the prime haters of fan fiction, you can be sure that I will uphold this rule. I can't say that the stories will be pro-genre, but they will be pro-thought. And as you know, about 50% of what's being printed in the prozines now doesn't fulfill that requisite.

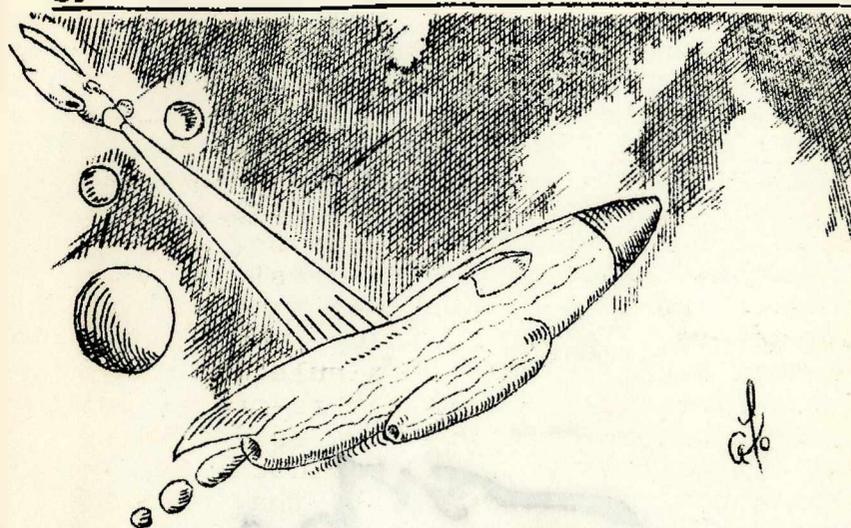
This will be purely for those lovable critters who have a passion for SCIENCE fiction. And I promise that it will be worthwhile to them.

If I may blow off some more, let me say that this mag will be a thing of beauty.

Spotless page upon page of clean mimeo, fine format, color decorations and illos after Fantastic...and on 8½ by 11 paper, with heavy covers, airbrush and silk-screen artwork. And it will be strongly held together and bound in cloth tape to ensure its holding together...so many fanzines do fall apart in your hands.

It will be a work of art throughout..... and we're going to take our sweet time with it until we're sure we can produce the best looking thing you've ever seen.

Have you any IDEAS you'd like to see a story on? Would you like to write something that meets the above requirements...it's no harder than any other fiction if you'll just put those sorry ideas out of your head



and grope for the new ones...a lot of you do it anyway, and I'd like to see some of your usual fine work if you would like to do some. Some of the others have it in you, I know, otherwise you wouldn't be sf fans, so how about really giving it a try. If you get something particularly good, which is likely, you might submit it to a promag.... stories have been published by far less qualified people than you...and fans occasionally come through as great writers. Dick Clarkson tells me that Bill Venable has sold a story to Sam Mines.

See, I told you you could do it. Work as hard at it as Bill has, and maybe you'll find yourself in those pages someday,

How about sending some of your trials to me....

See you next month with some surprises, and thanks again to those who have committed the Greatest Favor; submitting material to us--Dick Clarkson, Bob Silverberg, and Richard Bergeron....

