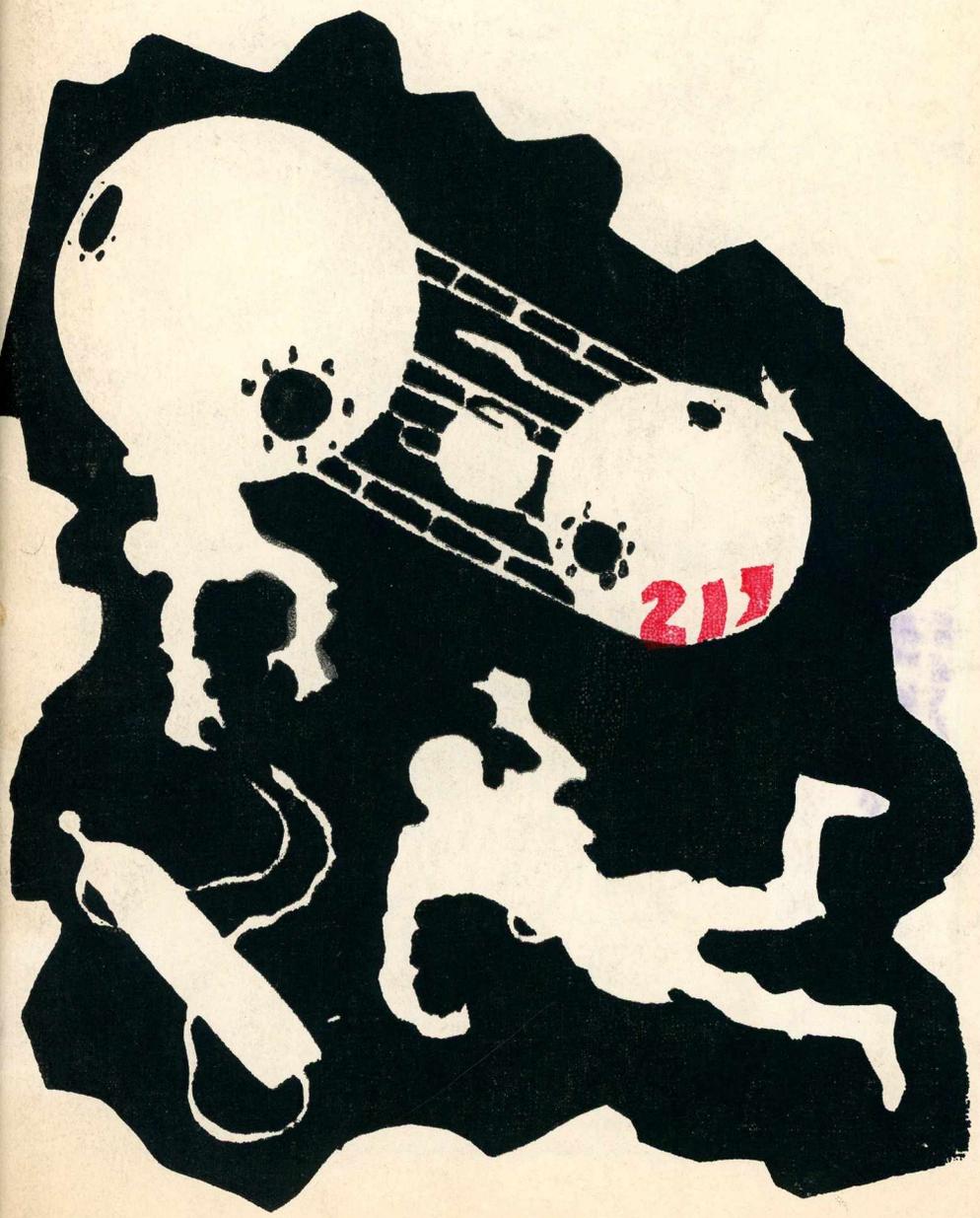


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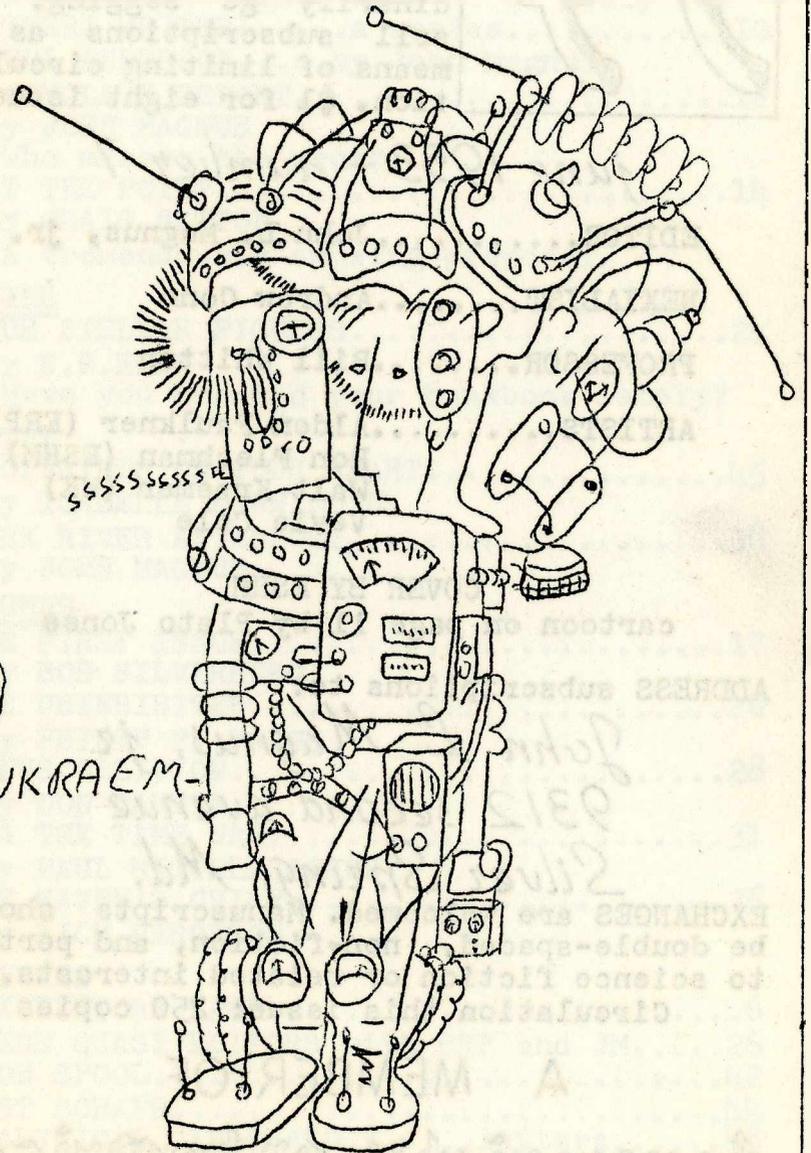
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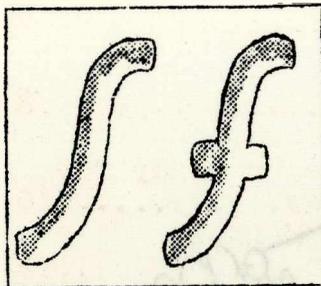
SPACEGEAR

BY

WALT KRAEMER



WALT KRAEMER



Published as a belaboring place for people who appreciate science fiction as a means of exchanging thoughts which would ordinarily go begging. We sell subscriptions as a means of limiting circulation. \$1 for eight issues.

june 1953 - number 7

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EXCHANGES are welcomed. Manuscripts should be double-spaced, non-fiction, and pertain to science fiction or related interests.

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in LINES to come.....

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Hi...from the Midwescon, Cleveland, and Silver Spring...hi... to you and youm.

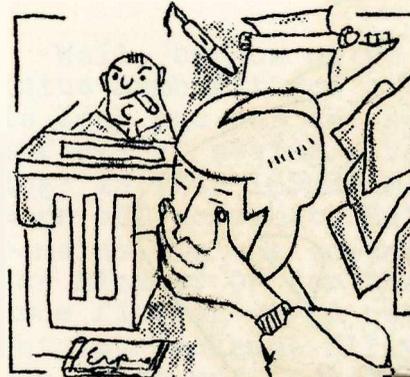
It's "hi" for the first time to many of you, as this issue sees an increase in circulation to 250 copies. It will.... literally....be read by every active fan in the world.

The Editors Rage

This is roughly the kind of issue you can expect from here on out. It's the best issue of SF by any standpoint...and I think it can compare favorably with---)any(---mag in circulation today...in sheer variety, at least!

Virtually every type of department that has ever been thought of for fanzines is in this issue. The art work...silk screen cover, the only one in the field...creative art...what I believe to be tasteful use of color mimeography....and....not one page without either type variety or artwork. The material...critical articles, personality writeups...quality humor...news columns...gossip columns..."different" poetry...letter column...free lance humor page...can we think of anything else? The cartoons used in this issue can compare with any in the professional field today, as opposed to the usual, carelessly-drawn fan cartoon.

In short, this is the realization of what I've been driving at since I started SF seven months ago. There is room for improvement, of course, and we shall constantly strive for it. This bi-monthly schedule works wonders!



That seeming to be all the egg-treading for this issue. I Have a few more solid statements to make... or, as Karl Olsen would say, the dept of corks, plugs, and fillers.

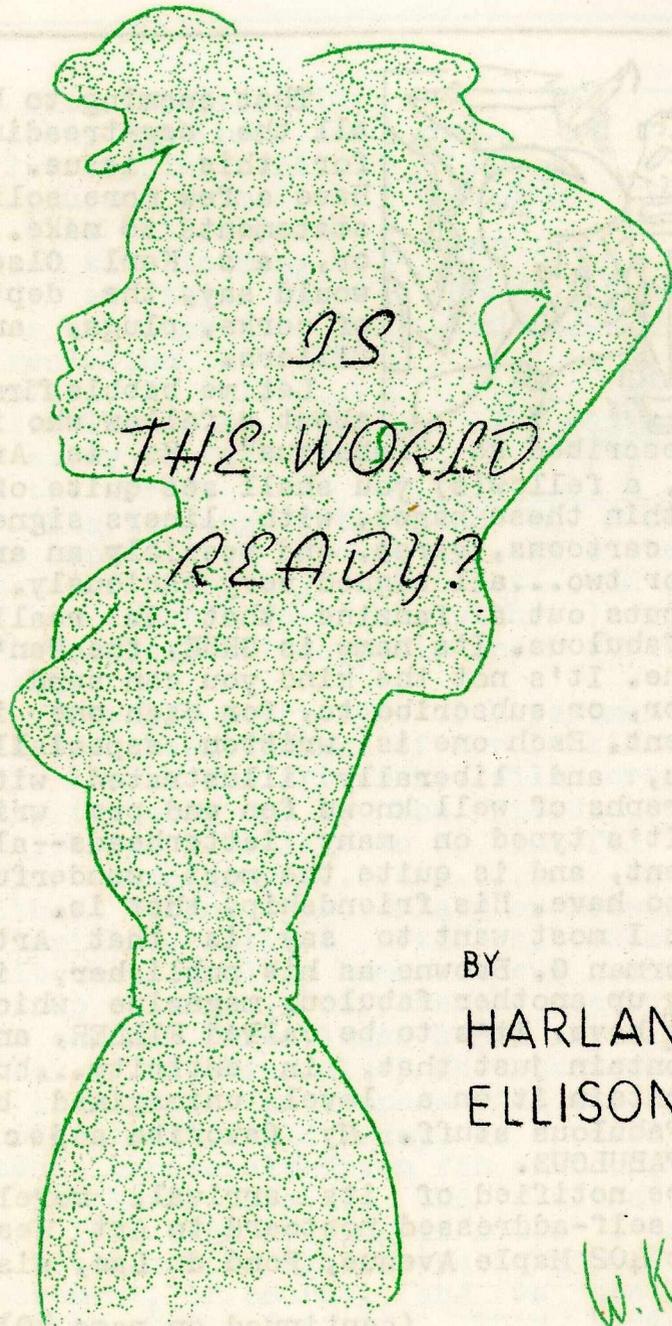
Let me babble first about a fellow who is best described as "fabulous". He is Art Wesley, a fellow(s) you shall see quite often within these pages, with liners signed -dag-, cartoons, verse, and possibly an article or two...all signed very variously.

He puts out a fanzine that is really quite fabulous. Its name is GRUE, the Fan's Magazine. It's not the kind you can send a dime for, or subscribe to, for each one is different. Each one is written especially for you, and liberally illustrated with photographs of well known fan and pro writers. It's typed on many letterheads--all different, and is quite the most wonderful thing to have. His friendship, that is.

What I most want to say is that Art, with Norman G. Browne as his publisher, is getting up another fabulous magazine which you can have. It's to be called FILLER, and will contain just that, in entirety...but will contain it on a level unimagined by most. Fabulous stuff. My favorite adjective. FABULOUS.

To be notified of its arrival, merely send a self-addressed postcard to Art Wesley, at 402 Maple Avenue, Fond du Lac, Wis-

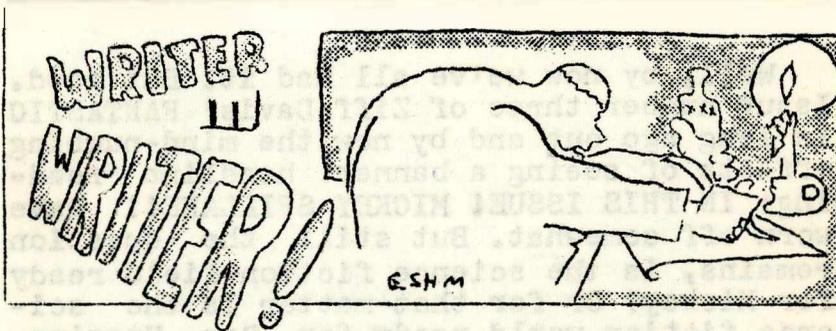
(continued on page 40)



Well, by now we've all had it. But good. Issue number three of Ziff-Davis' FANTASTIC is long ago out and by now the mind-numbing effects of seeing a banner headline reading: IN THIS ISSUE! MICKEY SPILLANE!! have worn off somewhat. But still the question remains, is the science fiction field ready for Mickey? Or for that matter is the science fiction world ready for Roy Huggins, Shirley Jackson, Billy Rose or any one of the other non-fantasy pros who have been introduced via that sterling publication to our ranks?

It may seem, at first glance, a moot point, but as Paul Ganley commented so caustically in a short article (somewhere or other, I can't remember where right now) "Sure Browne's trying to make converts... but from what: science fiction to the detective stories?" Which seems to be a perfectly justified assumption when you take a close look at what Howie boy has done. I've commented at length elsewhere on FANTASTIC itself, so there seems little point in rehashing that, but I'd like to go into this Spillane's recommendations for entrance into the highly specialized field of good and mature science fiction.

Mickey has spilled blood and guts to the tune of 15 million copies of his tripe sold (by the time this sees print that figure may be doubled, or even quadrupled for all we know) to eagerly upthrust and drooling muzzles of "The Common Man". At this point, the comment by John Mason Brown in the Saturday Review of Literature seems ppropos: "Is our common man too common?" He has riddled more beautiful girls' bellies with more bullets than any sadist in the history (cont'd p. 46)



Poul Anderson put down the bottle of Black-Label long enough to tell me a few things about himself.

He was leaving for Europe; he said, in the morning. He was leaving in a few minutes to drive to New York. Four a.m. traffic is always the lightest.

According to Poul, his address is "God knows". One of his reasons for going to Europe is to get background for a prospective novel...and God also knows when he'll return.

Playing catch against the wall with my gum eraser as I am, I can't recall the goings on too completely, but he probably doesn't either...so he is completely defenceless against anything I may say here. Luckily, I had the foresight to make him scribble on a questionnaire, so I'll pick up from that.

Poul William Anderson was born November 25, 1926...the year the first sf mag came into being. This makes him more or less a "child" of science fiction. And little more than that he was when he published his first story, the memorable and much-anthologized "Tomorrow's Children", at 19.

Since then he has sold "nearing" 50 tales, the latest being "The Immortal Game"

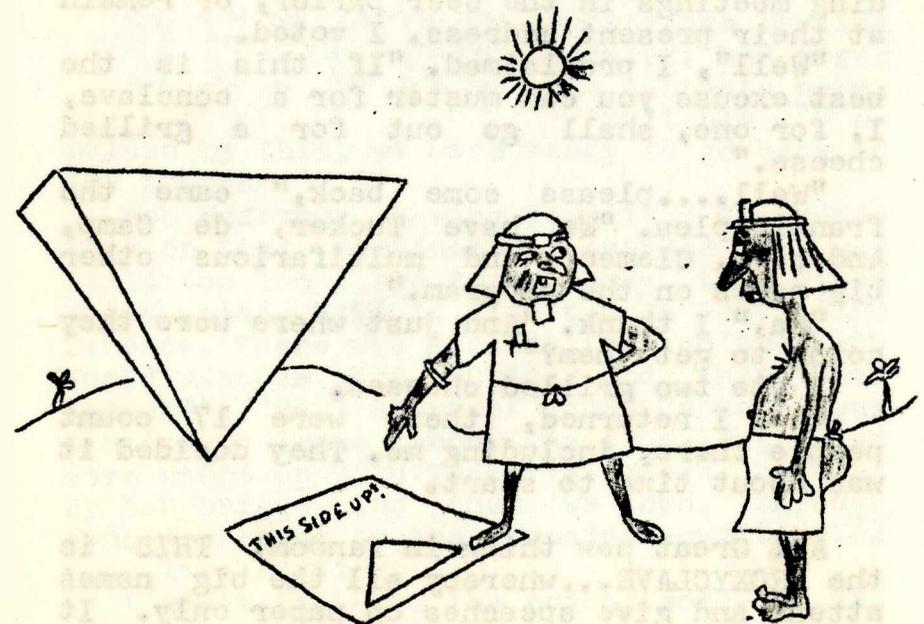
to Fantasy and Science Fiction. Lately he has been devoting much of his talent to fantasy, and del Rey claims he will make an even bigger name for himself in that field. He has lost none of his pure sf craftsmanship, however, as evinced by his latest ASF story, which scored a very admirable 1.60 in the An Lab.

His thoughts on fandom are "fun", and his reasons for liking science fiction roughly parallel this admirable philosophy.

His biggest thrill is beer, or at least was, at the moment.

And that's the end of the questionnaire—anyone want to fill up the glasses again?

--JM



"CAN'T YOU READ?"

Swimming through plush rugs, a young fan poked his nose into a very dark, empty room. Rows of chairs set waiting.

Suddenly frantic, he pulled his nose back out, but was grabbed by a hand from within.

"Three!" was the proud admonition. "Three people here at starting time for the conclave. Surely this must be an all time record." I looked at him and sneered. He had a bottle in one hand, and me in the other. I stopped sneering.

DISCLAIMER

A ballot-book lay open on the table. The question dealt with whether or not the Washington SF Society should begin holding meetings in the beer parlor, or remain at their present address. I voted.

"Well", I proclaimed. "If this is the best excuse you can muster for a conclave, I, for one, shall go out for a grilled cheese."

"Well....please come back," came the frantic plea. "We have Tucker, de Camp, Anderson, Clement, and multifarious other big names on the program."

"Ha," I think. "And just where were they going to get them?"

I ate two grilled cheeses.

When I returned, there were 17 count people there, including me. They decided it was about time to start.

Ah! Great new thing in fandom! THIS is the PROXYCLAVE...whereby all the big names attend and give speeches on paper only. It is left for members of the club to read the

speeches and denouncements as written by the greats of prodom and fandom. This is truly a great invention.

"He's still young; he's preoccupied by sex," I heard a voice waft over. I turned my head. Another voice observed "Yes, we're just occupied."

But all this has nothing to do with the Proxycave, which I am to deal with here. With Karen Kruse acting as Mistress of Ceremonies, officiating with a big cigar, we heard Harry Warner's "On the Brink of 2000", delivered by John Hurley, Poul Anderson's "Science Fiction as Literature"... proxied by Karen, Hal Clement's excellent "Characterizing an Alien", delivered by a sober Frank Kerkhof...and then a welcome intermission in which Kerkhof and Jacobs

REPORT

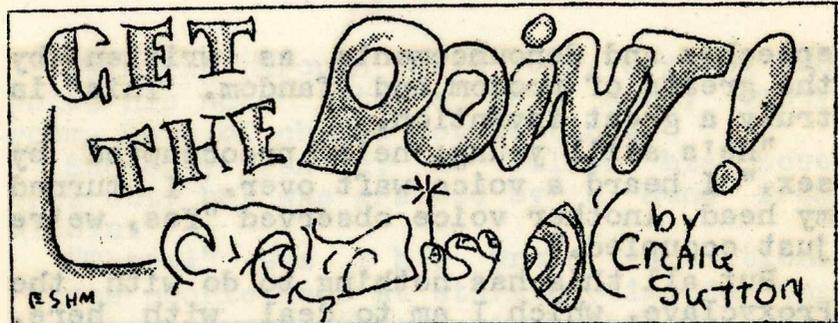
broke out some very strange looking bottles, and drank the contents warm.

Suitably repulsed by this, we were ready to go back to the program.

Bob McArthur, having rewritten Sprague's talk on Lost Continents, decided it was still too long, and threw away the first three pages. Said it didn't make any difference. There was a slide talk on the 11th World...guess what topic...and then Dave Hammond's "Real Story of John Carter" was proxied by Irene Baron. The excellent talks were wound up with Tucker's Speech, babbled by Bob Briggs. And then we had, through some oversight of the planning committee, a real live auction.

I won't tell you the prices some of the pictures went for, as if the news ever

(Cont'd on page 46)



Egoboo is here to stay. While there are many ghods in fandom, all fans agree that there is one ghod which all respect: Egoboo.

Fans divide this ghod into pieces, and the fan with the biggest piece of this ghod is the most revered of all. A Big Name Fan must have a large piece of this ghod to be worthy of his status, yet who is to decide who is a BNF? There are far too many neofans floating and squeeling through fandom who claim, because they have had a letter printed in a promag, or had their names referred to at one time or another, that they are both BNF and semi-pros. This has to stop!

Fandom cannot go on like this, with no one knowing whether or not the guy who is next to him IS the Big Name Fan he claims to be. If this keeps on, sooner or later nobody will know who is who!

Fandom needs a solution, and a solution I have here!

All that is needed is an Egoboo Bureau! Its operation would be very simple, its success would be assured, and there would never again be any question as to a fan's status. Fandom has long awaited a revolutionary discovery such as this!

First, the Egoboo Bureau would receive a copy of all promags and fanzines put out, as well as a carbon copy of all fan letters. After that, the members of the Bureau could go through these and pick out the names. A system of Egoboo Points would then be set up.

The Ehoboo Point System would identify the status of a fan. Points checks, to be saved by the one who receives them, would be mailed out, made out to the fan they are going to. The number of credits a fan has therefore determines the position in fandom of the fan in question. But this is all very elementary.

Purely as an example, I shall set up a system to give you the idea of what I mean: 1-250 points would make a neofan. 250-500 points would raise him to the status of a "fan". 500-1000 would produce a "well-known fan", 1000-1250 a "popular fan", and above 1250 would result in that most hallowed of souls, the Big Name Fan.

The egoboo Bureau would have charge of allotting, mailing, and keeping a central file of the Egoboo Points. For another example, I give this:

Name mentioned in a top prozine:	25	points
" " " " " med.	"	15
" " " " " low	"	5

There are, naturally, dozens of other categories, but that will serve as an example. It will be up to the Board of Egoboo Directors to decide the number of points and the categories, as well as to hand out the points. And just think of the innumerable possibilities, such as a fan's being

able to sign his name (as: "John Q. Youngfan, wkf"), and by adding the proper initials to the end identifying his status. The Bureau could give out upon request the status of a fan, should some other fan have to know it.

In addition, fandom would be able to be saved from the clutches of Dirty Pros, simply by having a branch of the Egoboo Bureau, such as the Pro Status Council, keep track of stories written in all the mags. By working out a system of pro-points and allotting them in the same manner, an arbitrary figure could be arrived at, at which time the man would cease to be a fan and become a Dirty Pro.

The possibilities of this idea are unlimited, and fandom would do well to consider it thoughtfully and at great length. After a time, fandom could even become so powerful as to have representatives in Congress and pressure groups in Washington. Who can tell what might grow out of this revolutionary set-up?

As a final suggestion, I submit that the author of this article be made an Honorary Swamp Crittur in view of his greatest of all contributions to fandom.

--Craig Sutton

"Seems to me that if you feel equal to a guy, he probably feels just a little bit better than you..."



under the collective title of *FUTURE*. And it is almost the only magazine in the history of publishing that has had two first issues.

The first of these appeared dated November 1939, under the title of *FUTURE FICTION*. It was a pulp in format, 114 pages, untrimmed edges, 15¢. Supposedly to be published "every other month". The editor was Charles Hornig, who several months earlier had made what he hoped would be a triumphant return to the field with another title, *SCIENCE FICTION*. Hornig had been the managing editor of Gernsback's *WONDER STORIES*, and had attained that post at the age of seventeen. He had disappeared from the field at *WONDER*'s collapse, and was now making his reappearance.

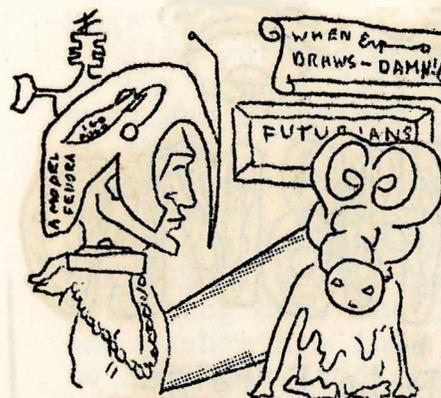
The cover--quite a dreadful affair, captioned "Intrigue in the Future", was by J. W. Scott, who, fortunately, has left the cover-painting field. It showed some bug-eyed monsters, a muscle-bulging hero, and a

very nude nude, a l l poorly done. The stories were no much better. There was a lead novel, "World Reborn", by J. Harvey Haggard, a prolific writer of the last decade, but, thank Foo, not one of this. This, despite a thoroughly ghastly blurb which is too long and too absurd to quote here, was a fairly readable job, complete with those familiar characters of the thirties, Professor Cardithe and his ravishing daughter Eora, as well as Bart, the hero. Also included in this undistinguished first issue was material by John Coleridge (Eando Binder), Dennis Clive (John Russell Fearn), Philip Jacques Bartel (P. J. Barshofsky), and the late Miles J. Breuer, M.D.



Hornig, in his brief tenure at the head of FUTURE FICTION, SCIENCE FICTION, and his other title, SF QUARTERLY, was never noted for regular publication. The second issue of FUTURE appeared five months later, and the third four months after that. The magazine appeared about every four months for the next year, and then, with the April 1941 issue (the fifth) abruptly shifted publisher and editor. Robert W. Lowndes, a prominent fan of the day, took over.

Immediately new authors came into view--the famed Futurians, a New York fan club led by Wollheim, Fred Pohl, Lowndes, Cyril Kornbluth, and John Michel, and whose legendary exploits and many pseudonyms com-



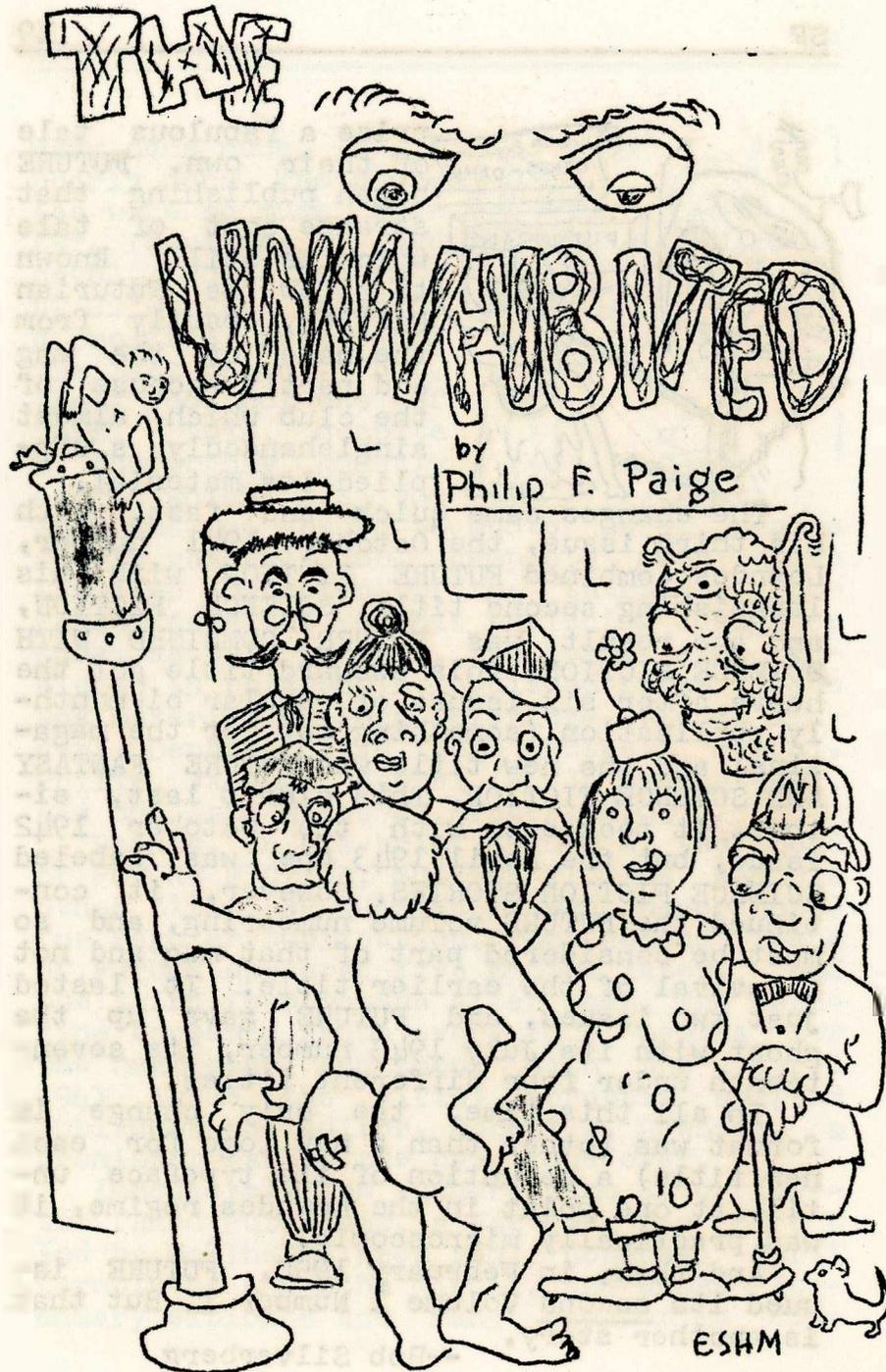
prise a fabulous tale of their own. FUTURE began publishing that strange sort of tale which is still known to a few as Futurian Fiction, partly from the name of the mag and partly because of the club which almost singlehandedly supplied its material.

The changes came quick and fast. With his third issue, the October 1941 number, Lowndes combined FUTURE FICTION with his languishing second title, SCIENCE FICTION, and the result was FUTURE COMBINED WITH SCIENCE FICTION. This awkward title got the heave after six issues of regular bi-monthly publication (something new for the magazine) and the new title was FUTURE FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. This didn't last, either. It took over with the October 1942 issue, but the April 1943 one was labeled SCIENCE FICTION STORIES. However, it continued the FUTURE volume numbering, and so must be considered part of that mag and not a revival of the earlier title. It lasted just two issues, and FUTURE gave up the ghost with its July 1943 number, its seventeenth under four different titles.

In all this time, the only change in format was (other than a new logo for each new title) a reduction of the typeface until, at one point in the Lowndes regime, it was practically microscopic.

And then, in February 1950, FUTURE issued its second Volume 1 Number 1. But that is another story.

--Bob Silverberg



Dear Jack,

I've got bad news for you. I dropped in at the county jail to visit a friend, and I sure was surprised to see your girl friend in there.

It seems that she likes to peek into her neighbors' windows, and she was caught washing a neighbor's window to facilitate PEKINGESE. Well, the POLICEMAN had a time arresting her. She CURSES and SPITZ at him, and pushes him into a mud POODLE. So he had to PINSCHER, and she was sent up for such a SPANIEL TERRIER hair out.

She has been HOUNDING me DANE night to tell you that they HARRIER and upSETTER constantly. She is very melanCOLLIE and she says the CHOW is no good. That's no BULL. When I go to see her, she'll COCKER head to one side, POINTER finger at me, and ask me to POLICE ask you this: When are you going to SPRINGER?

Your pal,

Rex

* * * *

SIGH-ENCE NEWS

Professor Abercrombie A. Abblebabble of Rockbottom University in Albuquerque announced in the journal Modern Relative Psychoses that he has developed a working model of a time machine which he claims will actually project material objects into the future. One major drawback which the professor hopes to overcome is the fact that the machine in its present stage requires twenty-four hours to project objects one day into the future.

* * * *

SCIENCE FACTS—The basis of science fiction

A space-suited man, though his suit contained no heating equipment, would have no difficulty keeping warm in the absolute zero of Outer Space. A greater problem: How to keep cool! *****

While human inventors have tried to solve the secret of Perpetual Motion for centuries, nature perfected it ages ago. Some of her earliest efforts are still going strong: Consider the atom! *****

Although the human body can tolerate only about six G's (Earth gravities) acceleration, velocity itself has no effect whatsoever. The Earth is speeding around the Sun at eighteen miles per second (648,000 m.p.h.) and we don't even feel it. *****

If a bomb were dropped from an artificial satellite towards the Earth, it would not fall to earth at all, but would set up another orbit farther "down" and continue to circle the Earth forever. Therefore, a bomb would need to be rocket-propelled!

THE CHAIN MUTINY

'Twas a dark and stormy Friday
And the ship was clean and tidy,
As the captain slammed the hatch with
fiendish glee.
With a giggle and a chuckle
He adjusted G-suit buckle,
Then he settled back and calmly
blasted free.

We were off upon a journey
To the stars with Captain Gourney,
And we didn't know how soon we would
be back

She was just a junky freighter
And our confidence was greater
Than it should have been in hyperspace
so black.

Captain Gourney--he was crazy,
But at least he wasn't lazy,
And he really kept the crewmen on
the ball.

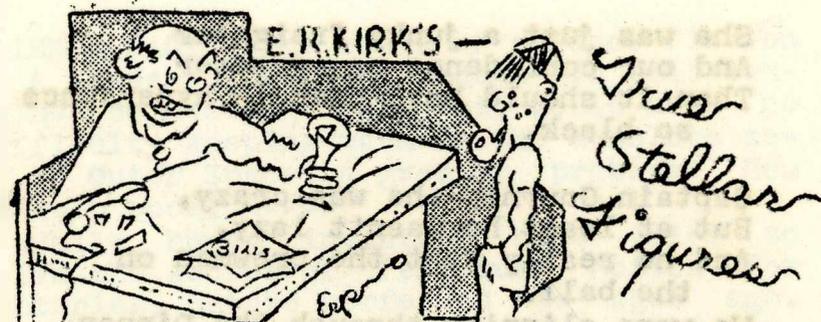
We were slipping through the Dipper
When without a word, the skipper
Took his neutron gun and aimed it at
us all.

"Oh, I know you're out to get me,"
Said the Captain, "and you'll set me
On some asteroid without an Oxy tank.
But you're never going to do it,
'Cause I've gone and beat you to it,
And I'm going to make you devils walk
the plank!"

To the airlocks we were herded,
Then, with curses clearly worded,
He began to dump the crew out into space.
When the rest had gone before me,
Sudden bravado came o'er me,
And I whirled and struck the captain in
the face.

If the blaster had been loaded,
It would surely have exploded,
But the captain hadn't charged it up
that day.
With a length of cargo chain
Then I pulverized his brain,
Now Captain Gourney out in Space will
have to stay!

--Philip F. Paige



"Money, money", he yelled, turning around in his swivel desk-chair. "So it will take more and more money---what is that weird official-looking report that you are holding in your hands? Speak up, young man. Say something."

The young man standing beside the huge desk looked horror-stricken. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other in frenzied agitation. He, too, was afraid.

"But, look", the young man said to the business executive. "You ask me to list each one seperately, with cost extensions, and to bring you the itemized statement. Here it is." He pushed the official-looking document over the desk with a nervous motion.

The suspense was nerve-racking. The horrid bugaboo of financial bankruptcy stared the executive in the face. The success or failure of his vast space ship project now hinged on the report he held in his hand.

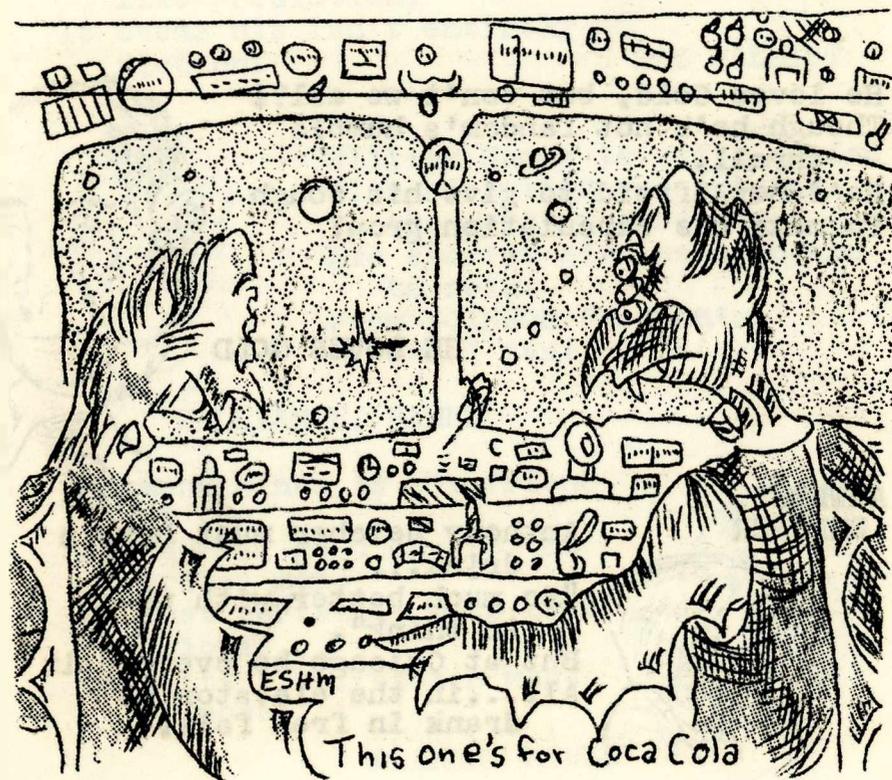
The executive unfolded the paper and slowly glanced down the long list of figures until his astonished eyes arrived at

the final extended cost figure.

Suddenly he hit the ceiling with 90 tons of thrust, yelling: "My ghod, son, when you promised me to continue college if I would pay all subscription costs to sf fanzines, I little realized...why, why, that comes to \$998.95..."

Bem-eyed, he melted into his chair and made out the check.

--E.R.KIRK



These Quasi Editors

by Magnus and Eric



JOHN W. CORNBALL

Here's a guy with lots of class...
An expert on relative mass.
Some think that EM quanta²
But all admit his mag's
right fair!

He loves Gold, but don't we all?!
Though he's not fandom's humble
thrall,
He's not afraid to give his dough
To make his circulation grow!

HE LOVES GOLD



ANTHONY
BELCHER



Anthony Belcher must have a
drink...
"So much better with which
to think".
But at Chicago he overdid it
All...in the elevator he
drank in free fall!



Father of sf, and fandom too,
He's done a lot for me and you
...let's hope he always
lives up to his name...
And stays on top in his
rightful fame!

HUGO GREENBACKS

Here's Ray Palmist with his
crystal ball.
A real great guy, a friend
to all.
Though some don't seem to
like prediction,
It seems his isn't entirely
fiction!



RAY PALMIST



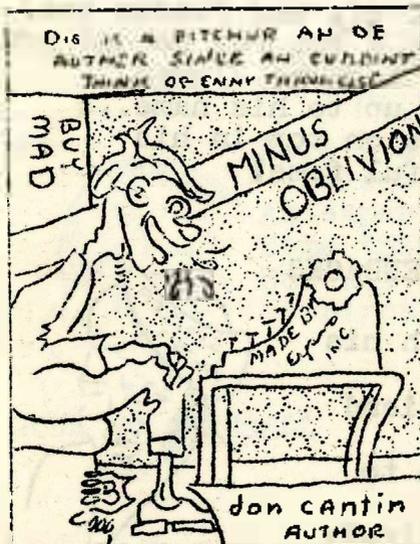
WILLIAM L. HAMMY

William Hammy is quite a bird
With his weird respect for
the written word.
His stories give us a chance
to relax
From SCIENCE fiction's
awful tax!

Diamond Mines is the friend
of fen
And a real good guy to the
writer men.
He must certainly make cash
galore....
He edits a half-dozen mags
or more!

DIAMOND MINES





Instalment two already? Oh well. Science Fiction Fan Yearbook discloses that Walt Kelly is a fan... I can't wait to hear what Russ Watkins will say of Dard's article in the last ish of ICE...

.....Re Atheism versus theism in fandom, most fen when entering fandom have practiced some sort of religion, but after reading the writings of other fen, who don't know what they are talking about concerning religion. They take the attitude that they are fen, smarter than most, and needn't believe in any religion..."A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth man's mind about to religion..." (Francis Bacon)...I won't be writing any articles on these religious discussions which seem to be floating around fandom. Senseless. Neither side will convince the other no matter how long and loud the arguments. They will only succeed in making agnostics out of fen who had previously faithfully practiced whatever religion they were born in. (xx I assume that both Bacon and Cantin are theists...ed.)

NEWS FLASH: O.V.SEGRAMS is a pen name for a famous fan author...

...attention all neofen; how to become fanwriters--just fol-

low this brief plot...title this story LES MISERABOBBLER..."Max Keasler, a convict, who has stolen a loaf of Mother Fletcher's Home-Style Bread to feed his starving fellow Bems, is released after nineteen years in prison. He becomes an honest and rich fan. To save a fan from being falsely accused as Max, he reveals his identity, and is sent to prison again, but he escapes. He tries to protect his ward Hoffman, daughter of the unhappy dead H. Warner; at the end he dies, having succeeded in this, in spite of his dreadful sufferings during his life." Elaborate on this story and you will become famous; "The Last of the Hucksters"..."Willis, a noble white scout, Tucker, sachem of the Hucksters, and his son Bloch, save a party of fans about to be betrayed by an Indian guide, Thaddeus F. Sweetbreath...the party includes Marryin' Bradley and A. Douglas, daughter of Silverberg, American Commander of Fort Bellevue-Stratford. Several times they have to be romantically saved. In the end Bloch and Bradley die, while the treacherous Indian guide Sweetbreath is shot by Willis' unerring zap gun."

New fanzine out; cardboard covers, color mimeographing, 50 quarter sized pages--even right hand margins, every six weeks... 10¢...bound in tape...named MICRO-. Contact Don Cantin---214 Bremer, Manchester, N.H.

(xx GOOD, too!)

As I mentioned in another column, there was supposed to be another sf movie out, first comedy, which would take place in the year 2000. I heard of this only as a rumor

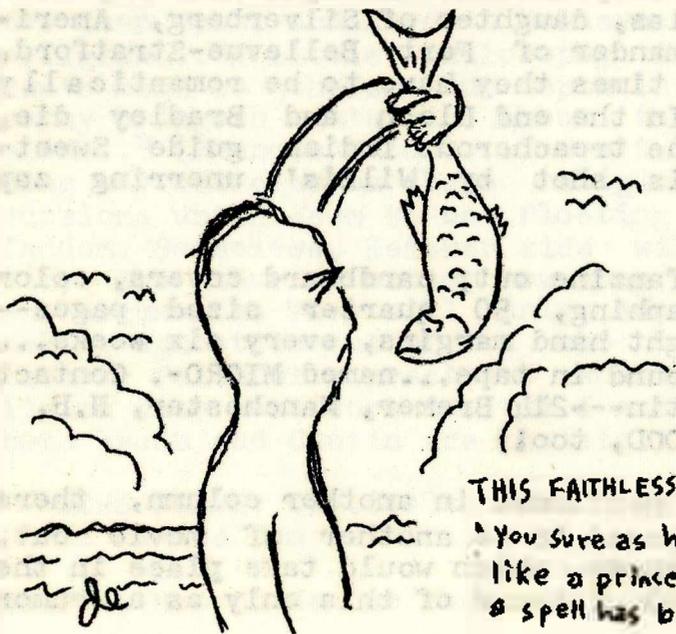
last summer, but from what I read in a pocket sized affair it should be out soon. Not sure as to the comedy angle though.... the Russians prevented showing the film in that country because it showed an officer who was too fat...

...Dick Ryan has an acute case of gafia...it may become permanent... Quandry and Space Ship have folded (at least the copies I have here before me are folded...)

...seriously, if anyone is folding a mimeo'd mag and has supplies he wants to sell, contact me at the above address please...well, I guess thass all for now...next ish.

"In your chain of friendship, remember me as a fink."

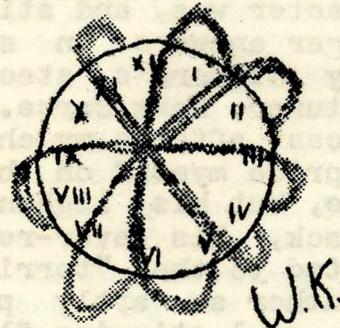
...Don Cantin



THIS FAITHLESS GENERATION:

'You sure as hell don't look like a prince upon whom a spell has been cast...'

VIA THE *time* warp
BY PAUL MITTELBUSCHER



RESTITUTION OF GEMS FROM THE PEN OF THE PAST

FROM--SCIENCE FICTION. Oct. 1940.

....Music, so far as I know, has been seemingly neglected by most science fiction authors in their wild imaginings of the future. I personally believe that music will be one of the most potent forms of propaganda to be

used in the world of tomorrow. With competent composers and neoteric methods of presentation, a symphony of one hundred years from now can be expected to educate, hypnotize and propagandize a whole humanity in a single hour. The humanity will rise at dawn. Music will follow the man of tomorrow through the day. And when he gets tired at work music will salve his exhausted mind, refresh him, at work, at play, at school, during vacation, music will be with him. When he is sad, the magical composings of a futuristic Beethoven will soar with him to the heights.

Today we see the influence, subtle of course, of music on our different continents. The martial music sends us off to war and makes us patriotic. It is hypnotic. It is propaganda in its cleverest sense. Music is our interpreter of life and with the comings of proficient scientists who can analyse mankind and his entertainments, we

can expect great strides in education with music. And we may expect peace, for music soothes the savage beast.

--RAY DOUGLAS BRADBURY

FROM--WONDER STORIES, Oct. 1935

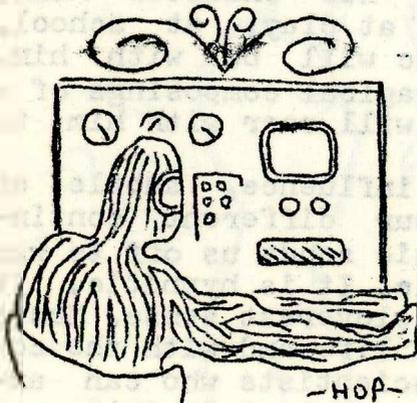
...My favorite character was, and still is, although he no longer appears in science fiction, Anthony Gilmore's steely-eyed, two fisted adventurer, Hawk Carse. I suppose his cowboyish cast affects my childish mind, although I pride myself on having higher intelligence, but his lightning draw, his flashing attack, his ever-ready ray-guns, all contributed to the "terrific kick" as my favorite author so aptly puts it, which the colossal, soul-stirring flaming tales of Elliot Leithgow, Ku Sui, and my hero which flowed so remarkable from Mr. Gilmore's pen, gave me. His plots, while a little "wild-westernish", were scientific, and had had such a great effect on me that I was drawing diving space ships with blue and orange pencils in school for days after reading one of his stories.

--JAMES BLISH

...So spoke James Blish in 1935. I wonder if he still holds this view. Hawk Carse is dead...long live POGO.....

FROM--AMAZING STORIES, August 1929.

.....I'm starting

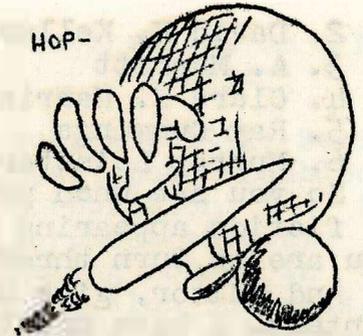


my letter off with a request which I am sure will be seconded by a large host of Amazing Stories readers. What I wish you would do is to reprint A. Merritt's story, "Through the Dragon Glass", which

appeared in the All-Story magazine years ago. Also some stories written for the same magazine by Austin Hall, Ralph Farley, and Homer E. Flint. In the "Discussions" column of the May issue of Amazing Stories, 1929, a reader by the name of Todhunter said he would like to know of a story called "The Invisible Professor". The correct name is "The Vanishing Professor", and its author is Fred McIssaac. I read the story when it appeared and can safely say any scientific-fiction reader would enjoy it thoroughly.

I'm for reprints, but I do not mean the ones that were written so long ago that their forecasts had already come true. I am also in favor of your reprinting "The Blind Spot", even though I've already read it. And editor if you are undecided as to whether or not to print it, you should hurry along with your decision, for the readers of the magazine in which it originally appeared are voting whether they should have it reprinted or not. By the way, will your readers please stop casting slurs at "Weird Tales" magazine? I buy every issue of "Argosy", "Weird Tales" and "our" magazine as they appear, for all have the same authors or most of them. They list:

1. Edmond Hamilton



2. David H. Keller
3. A. Merritt
4. Clare W. Harris
5. Ray Cummings
6. Murray Leinster...etc.

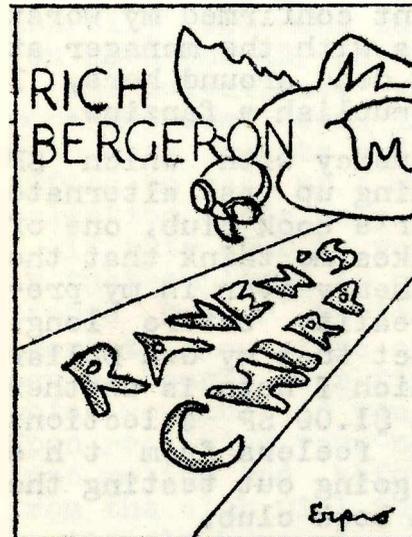
So you see when you criticize that type of fiction appearing in these magazines, you are in turn throwing dirt at your own.

And Editor, give us another cover(story) contest. I have written many science stories, amateurishly, and can hold myself in restraint, when I know that some of my friends who have also written science stories galore, chiefly among them John Reibel --author of "Voice from the Moon", also of "Emperor of Ten Worlds", both Sunday Times, and Bernard Kantor, author of "Invisible World" and "Beyond This Finite World" and are also waiting for a chance to number as contributor of "our" magazine.

--JEROME SIEGEL

...No, Jerome Siegel never saw his dream come true. He NEVER appeared in the pages of Amazing (or any other science fiction magazine) BUT...shed not a tear fellow fan ...for some 9 years later Siegel came up with an idea, not for a stf story, but for a "comic strip". Perhaps you've heard of "SUPERMAN".

--Paul Mittelbuscher



Elaborations On a Fan Diary:

July 28, 1951: Seeing that the Doubleday Corporation is the foremost advocate of making money in the book club business, I penned an epistle to their general manager outlining what I thought to be a firm platform from which that company could launch a new idea in book clubs, a science

fiction book club. The need of a typewriter assails me even more. I hope my Roman hen scratchings don't give too bad an impression.

August 5, 1951: Received a reply from Doubleday's manager expressing opinions contrary to my own regarding the formation of the book club. Their board of directors seems to think that, at present, the science fiction field is not large enough to give them the size of circulation that it would take to make the idea a feasible one. Wrote a letter to Rick Sneary, President of our illustrious organization, enclosing the Doubleday answer and sketching the substance of my opening and letter, hoping that the situation might still be saved. If he discourages me, I know that nothing else will avail.

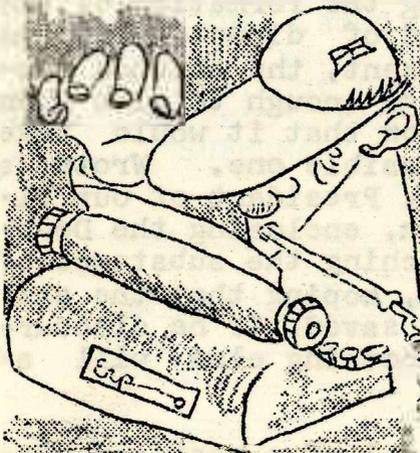
August 20, 1951: Arrival of a postcard dir-

ectly from the president confirmed my worst expectations, he agrees with the manager at Doubleday. Things seem dead around here, I think I'll go out and publish a fanzine.

May 21, 1952: The frequency with which SF titles seem to be turning up as alternate selections in my mother's book club, one of the D-day branches, makes me think that the idea I was so hot and heavy over in my pre-neofan days may be a reality before long. These signs and the fact that my own Dollar Mystery Guild Club, which I note is another D-day limb, advertises \$1.00 SF selections lead me to think that feelers from the Doubleday offices are going out testing the plausability of such a book club.

January 28, 1953: Was stopped in my tracks by an Astounding back page. At last, something to write about for my overdue SF column!

It's a pity that I had to send the D-day letter off to Sneary; now all I have to show for the little incident in my dawn era



is Rick's postcard and a few lines from a diary. This would have been the perfect place to quote from it too; now I'll have to find some other means of filling up these pages.

Drawing on my experience as a book buyer from one of the Doubleday clubs in years past I can

heartily recommend the setup you'll find if you heed the ASF advertisement.

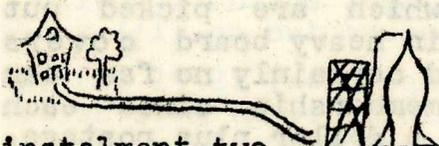
The selections, which are picked out monthly, come bound in heavy board covers with dust jackets and certainly no fan can afford to pass up a membership since each selection costs only a dollar plus postage.

If this club is run in the same manner as that employed in operating the aforementioned Dollar Mystery Guild, you'll be smart to show signs of resignation, after you've bought your first four selections, which you must if you sign their contract. Upon receiving your note a machine will go into motion and before long an envelope from the club will turn up in your mailbox. In it will be various pieces of book club advertising and a printed letter urging you to become a member again and offering you a free bonus book for every four you buy in the future. If you write back accepting the new membership status you will have evolved to a station above the poor peasants who plug along and enjoy no more bonus from their membership other than the three for \$1.00 set that lured them in. Like as not the extra book will turn out to be one of the last four month's selections, but one can always give it away.

If the above doesn't take place it will confirm my suspicions that the bonus book plan is only used with their long-in-the-business and well-established clubs. Wouldn't hurt to try it anyway; as one can always rejoin.

MESSEL: Just due: The sharp crack, "glasses ...spectacle of himself," used in my last instalment is a part of Bob Shaw's late
(continued on page 46)

FORK RIVER



anthology

by john magnus

instalment two

ROBERT WESLY

I am Robert Wesly,
 Born and bred of staid citizens
 And sent to the best of schools.
 I got a four year scholarship with Uncle
 Sam
 And a degree from the University of
 Korea,
 Matriculated with but one aim in mind;
 To open up the new horizon that man
 Might take his eyes from himself for
 a while.
 I got the job,
 Not because I wanted it so
 But because my IQ was 175
 And my blood pressure higher
 From the zeal in my veins.
 I saw Earth shrink green
 And fall away into the deepness,
 And the moon grew
 For the first time in anyone's eyes.
 Thank God I had time to whisper into
 the microphone
 "We made it".
 Indeed we did.

WESTBROOK DALE

For twenty years I read and collected
 science fiction,

Three thousand volumes I begged, bor-
 rowed, bought.
 I could refer you to a place in a book,
 Or tell you who wrote what when.
 I was president of the Space Traveller's
 Club,
 And wrote an unpublished book of the
 Future of Man.
 I died the day before the first rocket
 landed on the moon.

DON WOLMAN

I edited Two-Gun Western,
 Rawhide Tales, and Smoky Six's
 Before the war.
 After the bomb I got smart like the
 rest.
 I built up my stable;
 Titanic Tales, Double Space Thrills,
 Flabergasting Fantasies, Ridiculous
 Adventures,
 Tales From Nowhere, Dashing Science,
 Each selling out 60,000.
 Then someone jumped out of one of my
 stories
 And went to the moon, and then to
 Mars.
 I smiled. This would mean a boom,
 it seemed.
 But instead circulation dropped,
 And so did my stable.
 As in the stories they never stopped,
 But went on to Centauri
 And found intelligent life,
 And were told of the Federation.
 All of this in five years.
 What shall I edit now?

-JM

(EDITORS RAGE, cont'd from page 7)

consin. If you have some sterling lines to contribute, 12 will get you a free copy. Otherwise the price is 25¢.

Take my word, this is one of the rarities you CAN'T miss.

The writeup on Poul Anderson you'll find within these pages was obtained under rather humorous circumstances at a Washington Science Fiction Association meeting, as I state. It is a new series which I intend to keep up. Personality for next month is anyone's guess.

Here's another of those non-missables--TASFIC IN RETROSPECT, published by Fanvariety Enterprises, the best working group in fandom. It deserves my term, fabulous, about ten times over. I needn't say anything about the authors and artists to be contained within except that they are the top, and I mean all the top. The whole thing.

Send your ADVANCE ORDERS to Bill Venable at 610 Park Place, Pittsburgh 9, Pa. \$1.50 ...which isn't the least bit biting when you see what you'll get. Fabulous again.

August Derleth was married on April 7, in Sauk City. Congratulations, and may the marriage inspire more and greater stories.

They're predicting great things for the "Quatt Wunkery". This means last breath for old fandom. The new line is moving in. Amazing that the transition should take place so fast, what with Keasler, Hoffman, and others dropping out, while Laney and Burbee are long-gone. The day of the



beanie fan is over. Unless Tucker wants to make something of it, and I think most modern fans prefer to set back and laugh with and enjoy Bob to trying to imitate him. The day of the pipe fan has arriven. Fandom has grown up.

Why is the word "extant" always popping up in everything I read so suddenly? All of a sudden it's the rage. Means the same thing as "existant" with two less letters. New trend in spelling?

I've had several comments concerning the coarseness of grain on our covers. It's due to the type of material we use...it's not silk, but a new process Prof. Bill Whitten developed. We showed it to a leading professional artist when he was in town, and he brought the subject up himself, saying that he liked the effect. We won't always use it...but right now it best fits in with our type of covers.

Been investigating prices for printing and lithographing. It would take an old Amazing printed on dollar bills to make it, but we could do it if you would only subscribe. Let me know...is our price reasonable? Send a buck if you think it is. You needn't worry about us folding, either, or any of the other fannish bugaboos that are likely to trip you up. We've been through 7 "editor." SF issues, and each has been better than the previous. The address is at the right. Let's GO!

See you next issue
...I hope.

9312 second,
silver spring,
maryland

--JM

MOON X POOL

COMBINED WITH "THIS REVOLVING WORLD"

Headlines recently disclosed that latest observations put the universe at twice its presupposed size. Interesting.

Connected with this story was mention of star clusters receding at upwards of a billion m.p.h. Faster than the speed of light? I thought that was impossible.

§ § § §

This columnist doesn't especially wish to display his ignorance, but since speed is relative...and supposing that the starting point of a ship travelling toward a stationary point at the speed of light was receding at the speed of light. Wouldn't the ship in question be drawing away from its starting point at double the speed of light?

§ § § §

Science maintains its fight to outdo science fiction. A pill that protects from the A-bomb yet!

§ § § §

Heinlein (Where To?; Galaxy, Feb. '52) talks about a "juke box type menu selector" for the home by the year 2000. Try 1953 patent no. 2,634,406, Bob. I hope all your predictions fall 47 years early!

Luckily, Alford Lord Tennyson had something better to write about than English prudes, for he left us with this sterling bit of poetry, which I believe to be the most applicable prophesy to the present world situation.

Nothing I could say about it could speak more effectively than itself. It was published, my friends, in 1842.

LOCKSLEY HALL--A Prophecy

For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder it would be.

Saw the heavens fill with commerce,
argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping
down with costly bales;

Saw the heavens fill with shouting, and
there rained a costly dew,
From the nations' airy navies grappling
in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the
south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging
through the thunderstorm;

Till the war drum throbbed no longer, and
the battle flags were furled
In the parliament of man, the federation
of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold
a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapped
in Universal law.

--JM

POST SCRAPS



this
here
is
a
wide
open
column

LETTERHACK

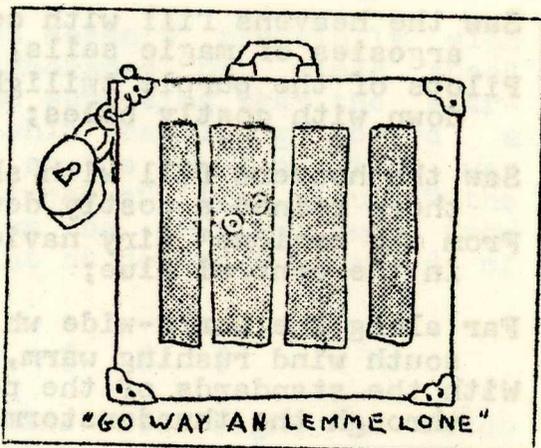
I like to think these lines I've writ
Were scintillating gems of wit.
But mine correspondent hard deposes
I don't compose...I decomposes.

-dag-

LI'L POME
Rocket ship-
Quick trip.
Ship bust;
Ship dust.

-pfp-

"Spring! When
a young man's
fancy...
And a young
woman's even
fancier." -dag-



ron fleshman

L'ENVOI

A human head on a serpent body?
You say that just can't be?
Oh, go ask Palmer and Shaver, boy...
Don't come botherin' me.

Richard E. Geis

FOOTPRINTS ON YOUR heart

How can you love a spaceman
Who never stays at home?
He flies up in the airways,
So far to roam!

Every time he leaves you here,
Feet chained to the earth,
His spirit ascends to stars,
A soul's rebirth!

You have your house and garden
To fill your empty days,
Thoughts of a slow smile, to set
Your heart ablaze.

While he has the universe
To ramble in for years,
And you sit here alone,
Weeping dry tears.

How can you love a spaceman
With eyes fixed on the skies.
His heart in the galaxies
While your heart dies!

--Isabelle E. Dinwiddie

THE RAVEN'S CHIRP, cont'd from p. 37

works, I think. The "framed...framed" part occurred to me when I was writing up last issue's piece, and I couldn't resist using it. # Tyrann continues to be a magazine loaded with high explosive material. Recommended.

--Rich Bergeron

DISCLAVE REPORT, cont'd from p. 13

leaked out, we wouldn't be able to get any more for future 'claves. A very old Paul did fetch a rather ridiculous price, though. Everyone seemed to be saving their bidding for that.

And I think we went to the Sea Gull afterward. That's where we voted not to have our meetings... --JM

IS THE WORLD READY?, cont'd from p. 9

of man with the possible exception of Mussolini who was sweetly addicted to this ginger-peachy pasttime.

Mickey has gone from book to book with one theme in mind (variations stemming therefrom): get yourself a rough, stupid hero, let him beat the living bejesus out of all and sundry, let him wreak havoc with a suitable proportion of American womanhood's virginity, and finally wind up with a smash conclusion wherein there are corpses strewn about like crumbs for the foraging winter birdies.

In accord with the above procedure, Mickey has not let us down with his strikingly noxious opus entitled THE VEILED WOMAN. Browne must have paid a good ten cents a word for this...and I'd burn it for 10¢ per page. Or even better, I'll pay you to

let me burn it. We find Spillane has cleverly combined a group of ideas completely unknown in science fiction (i.g., a lost race, a green woman, spies trying to wrest the secret from Our Boy, etc., etc., ad pass-the-bucket-ium) to make a soul-searing epic with such depths of social significance that THE DEMOLISHED MAN, THE LOVERS, and FINAL BLACKOUT all pale to insignificance before its masterful concepts.

If a total lowbrow such as myself may be permitted a summation of these transcendent abstractions, they might come out like this: "Always kick the other fellow when he's down, because he wants to swipe your wife from you, or because he ain't got as much dough as you, or because he's a damn' out-of-the-norm."



This is the closest approximation of what Spillane has brought to science fiction that I can muster. He has brought us the good-old barbarian custom of killing, the oldest profession in the world of obscene love-making, and some of the hoariest chestnuts of pre-antedeluvian science fiction that are scroungeable.

We owe a great deal to Messrs. Ziff, Davis, Browne, and Spillane.

They have opened new channels for the science fiction reader and writer. However, I'm afraid I'd be hesitant to tread those channels---toilet water may come streaming in at any moment.

--Harlan Ellison



JOEL NYDAHL

I was, of course, very glad to receive your letter, and was elated to find that you'll trade zines with VEGA. I've read a few issues of SF, three to be exact, and I got them all from Barclay Johnson, when I visited his domicile in Winnetka, as you no doubt read in VEGA. What I saw looked very good, and SF ranks up with the top.

Our mutual friend, Dean A. Grennell, was up here last night, and we had a grand old time, taking pictures (one showed me taming a cobra, playing a copy of VEGA like a horn), and goofing off in general. He's really a card, and that of course is a compliment. It came as quite a surprise to me, when I picked up the phone and a voice said, "This is the city pound. We have your dog down here that you called about." I didn't recognize who it was, since I've never heard his voice before that, and I thought someone was crazy. As yet I haven't decided who.

We discussed everything from beer to girls, and your name and the name of SF happened to get intertwined in the conversation. Wanted to know if I traded with SF. I told him I had hopes....

(xx You bet!)

JAMES B. HARDIN

Friends, fens, brothers in arms, lend me your pogo sticks and I will tell you a heart-rending tale of woe. Behold I now have a complete set of the sheet known as "SF".

Looking upon them from eyes unclouded by prejudice, etc., I find that each successive issue is better than the first. This is itself a pleasant surprise. Let me cast a vote for silk screen covers at this point. I like these better than any of the others that you have put out yet. Then There's those future sports illos. These you must keep. What ever happened to "The Wild Man"? Some of your asides, gimmicks, jokes, cracks, puns, etc., were good beyond a doubt.

I must say that I haven't noted any feminine hand on the pages. Or very few at any rate. Maybe I just haven't noted the by-lines, though. At any rate I should think that with the large staff of girls, women, etc. you have on the staff of SF, there would be many a fair writing on the page.

(xx Phil Paige now has the Wild Man department, with "The Uninhibited". Really good, too. As for women...I can't print 'em unless they contribute! As I recall, though...we have had several good fem-articles)

RICH BERGERON

Comments on SF; for what they're worth: As usual, the covers on SF fascinate me. With this one, as with any one that I really like.



it's the idea I've always wanted to do but could never quite get. Simple and effective, though the color scheme could have been better....I wonder how well known BOK was? I haven't seen too much of his fan work, but then my



collection of mags from his period is very skimpy indeed!

Have you been exposed to multicolored ink? It's not a disease--happy afterthought.

As usual a de cartoon moves me to no comment. I guess I'm not the sort of person that Dick Ryan says you have to be. ESHM is fandom's best artist as far as doing headings is concerned. No one in the field can touch him. His stuff is marvelous; keep after him! Particularly enjoyed were the ones for the Raven's Chirp, An' Gab, Mittelbuscher's piece, and the one on the masthead. Sheer genius.

(xx ESHM is still around here somewhere. Probably off somewhere with a bottle and pencil!)

And so ends another issue of SF, as the soapopera fellows would say. It's been more fun than any other issue...and I hope, the best. They'll keep coming like this, too... Have you subscribed yet? O.K., I'm leaving.

--JM

REC'D 16 JUL 1953

