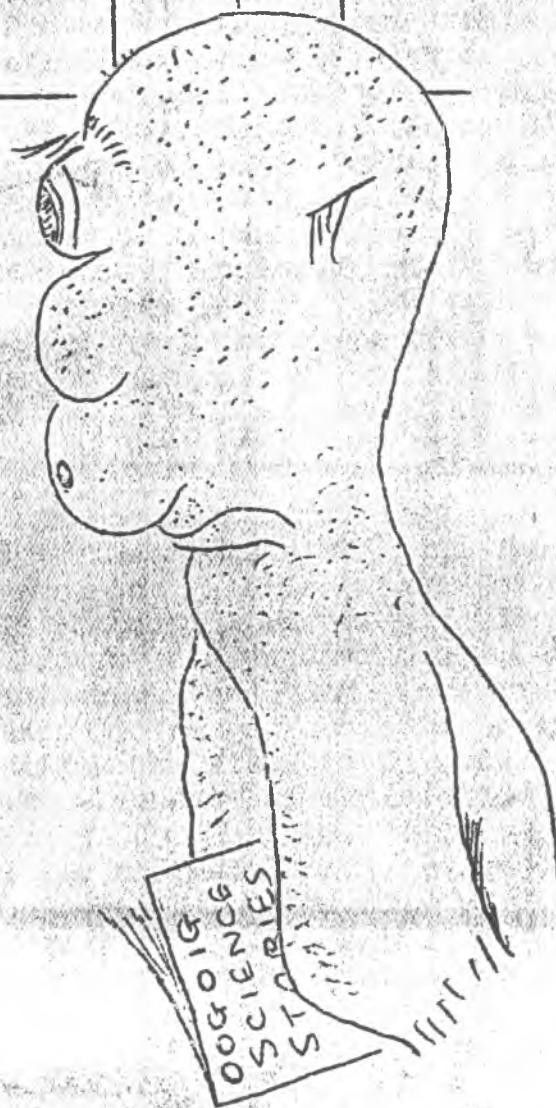


AUGUST

T H E

VOL 2
No 8



"I SAY, OLD CHAP, THIS SCIENCE-FICTION IS A BIT
TOO THICK!"

EDITORIAL

Read the next line from right to left
An. line each with alternate then and
American psychologist claims this
elimin- it as eyestrain saves method
ates big jumps and gaps. Why didn't
?4e ,one this ofthink you

In answer to a query in a certain
SFA no print we why to as magazine
news in the "Satellite", we would say
maga- his read enquirer the had that
zines carefully some time ago, he
announce- various found would have
ments to the effect that all SFA news
And ."Gazette" the in appear will
there can be no "Gazette" unless fans
the - news the make will themselves
Executive Committee can't grab it out
of thin air.

In response to so many requests,
his all in "Fantacynic" herewith
glory and infamy. Well? This
decorations no ,promised as ,month
splashed about the interior - let us
.style this like you how know

Our 1st. birthday is only a short
promise can we already and ,away way
a really big issue. Arthur C. Clarke
word-3,000 greatest his present will
masterpiece, "At the Mountains of
promise also can we and ,"Murkiness
C.S. Youd, Bert Lewis and William F.
wait to date the is October. Temple
for.

Finally, should anyone still be
cannot we ,it imagine to enough dumb
accept responsibility for opinions
think we - contributors by expressed
they're as crazy as you do sometimes.

OVERHEARD AT LONDON SFA MEETING

KEN CHAPMAN: We ought to do something
for posterity.

ARTHUR CLARKE: What has posterity
ever done for us?

CONTENTS

NEW YORK S-F CONVENTION... 3
by Louis Kuslan.

THE SAME TO YOU! 5
by C.S. Youd.

VARIATION ON AN ANCIENT
THEME... 7
by Eric S. Needham.

ASTROLOGY THE PSEUDO-SCIENCE
by Harry E. Turner ... 8

SOME COMMENTS ON THE FIRST
ISSUE OF "FANTASTIC ADVENT-
by D.R. Smith. URES" ...10

AT THE BOTTOM OF MY GRAVE-
YARD... ..12
by "Fantacynic".

OTHER PLACES14
by James Rathbone.

MOONSHINE14
Readers' Opinions.

COVER BY ERIC C. WILLIAMS

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All communications, articles,
etc.; to

57 Beauclair Drive,
Liverpool 15.

Our best thanks to Science
Fiction Service and to R.
Holmes for help with the pro
duction of the magazine, and
to Eric S. Needham, R. Holmes,
and a few other miscreants,
for sundry jokes(?) and bits
of nonsense here and there .

AS SEEN BY LOUIS KUSLAN

At 5.30 a.m., July 2nd., the ever-watchful alarm clock dragged me out of bed nicely warm and sent me, along with sister Gert rude, scurrying for the early bus to Gotham. We arrived at the convention hall about 11 a.m. in fine fettle in spite of the tiring ride. You can imagine to what extent our imaginations ran!

After pushing our way through a barrage of Michelists at the foot of the stairs, we climbed to the second floor. Only 40 or 50 people were present then, and nearly all of them were active fans; the two most conspicuous fans in the hall were easy to identify, having seen pictures of them and knowing that only a Los Angeleno would be bold enough to wear costumes such as they were clothed in. Yes---they were 4SJ and Morojo, clad in futuristic costumes. Jimmy Taurasi introduced us then in rapid succession to Dale Hart, prominent Texas fan. Ray Bradbury - the punster from Ackermanville - Mark Reinsberg - Chicagoan and official representative of Ziff-Davis, Kenneth Sterling - fan who clicked with Wonder in '35, Ego Azimov (I know there's some English fan, Clarke I think, who has such a nickname, but if anyone deserves it, Asimov does) the up-and-coming author, Jack Darrow - who looked 18 and must be 25 or 24.....these were just a few of the fans I had not met previously. Of those I had met before, all were present. Jack Speer (who revealed himself as "John Bristol"), John Baltadonis, Sam Moskowitz, Will Sykora, Mario Racic, Julius Unger, Ray van Houten, Milton A. Rothman, John Giunta, Walter Sullivan, R.D. Swisher, Jimmy Taurasi.

After the introductions to the various fans had been partially completed, the authors and big-shots in general started to drift in. Charles D. Hornig, editor of Science Fiction, John W. Campbell, Jr., Julius Schwartz, Lloyd A. Eshbach, Ross Rocklynne, (a handsome fellow), Edmond Hamilton (he didn't look like a world mover and neither did Jack Williamson - but Manly Wade Wellman did!), the one and only Frank R. Paul, Willy Ley, Malcolm Jameson (a very interesting person to talk to), Schneeman, who looked 18 or 19 but wouldn't tell his real age, John Victor Peterson, Harl Vincent and Mort Weisinger as well as his boss, Leo Margulies.

Soon after 12, everyone went out for lunch. Our party as well as the others headed for the nearest automat; at our table we had the elite of American fandom present - 4SJ, Balty, Juffus, to name a few, and the pros, Weisinger, Eshbach, Schwartz, were at an adjoining table. Talk was about s-f in general and about the new magazine Munsey is putting out.

After lunch we took pictures for a time, and then vended our way back to the hall.

At a quarter to three, the afternoon session formally started when Sam Moskowitz gave a speech of welcome and thanked those

who had contributed towards making the affair what it was. Will Sykora was introduced by Sam, and spoke about New Fandom and its relationship to s-f. He summarized New Fandom's brief history and its great accomplishments. Leo Margulies and Ray Cummings were introduced and each said a few words. Kenneth Sterling then read a letter from August Derleth, one of the sponsors of the Lovecraft volume which will be sent to press as soon as 1,000 subscriptions are received.

What was supposed to be a big treat turned out to be a bad smell when "Metropolis" was shown. The acting was of the type generally inserted between two slices of rye bread (I hope your slang is the same as ours), and only a few of the scenes were genuinely futuristic. These were good. The picture was voted by all to be a great picture--back in 1926! The dance performed by the robot was something....in the line of Minsky's burlesque of which you've probably heard.

After the final reel had been shown and the applause ended, Mr. Campbell spoke for a few minutes on the various types of stories and their developments; Mr. Weisinger told us about various authors and how they first broke into s-f. Charles D. Hornig spoke about fans and the necessity of interesting the casual reader to an appreciation of the finer points of science-fiction (A thing which would drive his magazine out of business if such a millennium came about.

Then, more authors were introduced to the throng. Letters from Fearn and Ayre and telegrams from Thom, Gardner and Dan McPhail were read. The various prominent fans were introduced amid thunderous applause and the afternoon session became a thing of history.

After a supper recess, the auction began. Some of the items were of such rarity that my heart pounded with longing, but my wallet was flatter than the proverbial plane in plane geometry - the original manuscript of "The Dawn of Flame" was sold for a few dollars. Various treasures such as color paintings by Paul were sold for three or four dollars! Ah me!

At about ten-thirty, the auction ended and the remaining fans went down to the automat for another snack. Sam Moskowitz, Will Sykora, Taurasi, Sullivan, Speer, Racic, I and various others gathered around and just talked after voting the day's affairs a glorious success.

My sister and I didn't start for home until 2.a.m. after walking all around the central part of Manhattan and inspecting all the book stores still open, in the company of Walt, Sullivan, Julius Phol and Dale Hart. We were only able to stay for one day but as that was the big day we didn't miss much.

The Convention was written up in the latest issue of Time, big news magazine; Will Sykora was mentioned by name, as was Leo Margulies. Science-fiction fandom is getting somewhere after all!

AND THE SAME TO YOU !

By C.S. YOUD

Against the eternal verity of an S.F.A. official it is surely hopeless to register disapproval, and when that official is such a one as Frank Edward Arnold it is downright impertinence. I apologise in advance for this intrusion, and hasten to assure all true supporters of this, our great and noble Society, that nothing short of false premises or logic so bad as to be putrescent could induce me to take up cudgels against the aforementioned pillar of all that makes for decency and conventionality in British science fiction. "To Hell With all This" supplies both of these.

It has long been the practise of fan writers, when they wish to sound impressive without the unfortunately unavailable adjunct of a good literary style, to credit the people they desire to vilify with abilities one step below their own eminence, i.e., the literacy of a low-grade moron. It is in this spirit that Mr. Arnold quotes: "Dere Mr. Gillings, I think (why not "fink"?) yor magazine is rotten and Turner's drorings are dredful" and goes on to cite other cases (which we are presumably to regard as authentic) with even more glaring mistakes in elementary grammar and spelling. Plainly, bluntly, and without mincing matters, you are a liar, Mr. Frank Edward Arnold, and I shall so regard you until you produce evidence to support such ridiculous quotations, when I shall make suitable and adequate apology.

The fact which, I hope, few of the readers of Mr. Arnold's article noticed, is that it is directed against a certain group of people with the intention of gaining the support of the Society to bind them into impotence. During the early part of this year, I and others made so bold as to criticise the need for and value of the S.F.A. Before the Convention, however, we made our peace with Headquarters officials and, in most cases, added the necessary apologies. Feeling utterly mellow and Christian we went like lambs to the Convention slaughter where the soap-box oratory of Mr. Arnold depicted us as DuQuesnes of the worst type. My esteemed colleague, John F. Burke, suffered most, although he had a very short time before taken on the arduous and thankless task of producing the "Satellite" as the Official Organ of the S.F.A. He was kicked for everything - the sins of myself, Leslie J. Johnson and Professor A.M. Low included. I think it is a true indication of his pacifism that he grinned and bore it all.

I was quite willing to forget all about this massacre. As I reasoned it out, the speeches had probably been prepared several weeks in advance, and no-one could expect the hard-worked servants of the Society to re-write them. Had the victorious "back-scratching" been finished, and the back-scratchers content to rest on their laurels, all would have been well, but Arnold's article is plainly the act of a conqueror placing his foot on the prostrate body of his opponent, and, as such, may not go unchallenged.

Here, in this magazine written by and run for the benefit of people who call themselves progressive and civilised, I claim the right of all men to criticise anything they believe to be wrong. If they honestly believe that the Executives of the Society are not doing their job, let them inform the Executives to that effect. If they think a fan magazine is not worth the money charged, or, in some cases, even the trouble of reading, let them place that opinion at the disposal of the offending Editor. If they hate Johnny Burke, let them by all means tell him so - they might learn a little of the aforesaid Johnny Burke's opinion of them in return. Let them do anything, but for God's sake don't have them patting each other on the back and saying "what swell guys we all are!" in a concerted monotone. I don't think there are any fans I hate, but if I did, I should tell them if I were to tell anyone.

It is very good of Mr. Arnold to support the poor little professional magazines from the ravages of such outrageous bullies as myself. I can imagine that his shoulders heave, hands twitch and eyes bulge in concentrated wrath when he sees some miserable skunk of a fan actually daring to criticise the genius of John Russell Fearn or (since "City of Machines") Frank Edward Arnold. We must say, it seems: "Dear Mr. Editor, your magazine is wonderful. I liked all the stories but best of all the first seven. The serial is terrific! The illustrations are superb! The cover is better than Rembrandt!" Such a course, I admit, is attractive, in that it saves the writer all the bother of criticising but after a little while, I rather think it would tend to become repetitious.

But for the true Arnold, you must sift the article until you have left the paragraph relating to the "selling" of science fiction. I am unbusiness-like. I emphatically agree that I could not even sell anything to my own grandmother (were she alive). What is more I would not like to, not having had the commercial training of Mr. Arnold. Probably he has sold his grandmother all things from vacuum cleaners to old Astoundings. I congratulate him. Yet I will not pander to the circulation of professional editors.

You are behind the times, Mr. Arnold. The days when fans could influence the policy of the magazines are gone. Final proof of this, if any be needed, lies in the way Amazing has spiralled up to a top circulation, while presenting stories that a comparatively intelligent first-former would reject in disgust. Get it into your head, please, that the S.F.A. has no influence with editors, and never will have! I do not know the exact membership figures but even if you doubled, trebled or quadrupled them, and even if you could persuade them to agree to a universal boycott (a miracle, indeed!) they would still have no effect on the pro mags.

There have been, I note, protests against the disappearance of Fantacynic from "Satellite". The fact that he still writes for "Fantast" shows that his reason for leaving was a true one and

who can deny its validity? His works must have been anathema to the sensitive soul or Mr. Arnold and others of the ilk. Mr. Burke's prophecy that he might return if shouted for hard enough is probably correct, but while the evident policy of the S.F.A. is to forbear all criticism of anything he must obviously stay away. At great risk and with great danger to our lives we present Fantacynic again this month/

Well, the battle is on. Fans can decide which they want, Mr. Arnold or Fantacynic, glorious apathy or divine uncertainty. Incidentally, may I say that controversy has not been the cause of the break-up of all American societies. The largest of them all, the S.F.L., was destroyed by bovinity and professional commercialism. While New Fandom and the Futurian Federation are thriving on mutual criticism.

I hope this article will be published in its entirety and I hope Mr. Arnold accepts the challenge. In order not to mislead, I should say that I have no personal animosity against Arnold - quite the contrary, in fact. If, after reading the above, he hates me, he has a remedy. He may expel me from the S.F.A.



VARIATION ON AN ANCIENT THEME

by Eric.S. Needham.

John Brown's autogyro's kinda old and quaint,
It needs a modern engine and a decent coat of paint,
A body and new rotors before he becomes a saint,
But John goes rattling on!

Glory ! glory ! bring the glue jar !
Glory ! glory ! what a 'stodge y' are !
Glory ! glory ! Uncle Oojah !
John goes rattling on !

John Brown's autogyro's not the latest style -
Probably manufactured when the Pharaohs sailed the Nile,
A prehistoric relic, but it's good for many a mile,
So John goes rattling on !

Glory ! glory ! get some plaster !
Glory ! glory ! Alabaster
To mark the spot of the disaster
Where John stopped rattling on !



OUR DUMB FRIENDS' LEAGUE: The girl who thought Houdini must have been a science-fiction fan because he was an escapist.

ASTROLOGY - THE PSEUDO-SCIENCE

By HARRY E. TURNER

In his introductory paragraphs of Astrology, Mr. Gabrielson states what appear to be obvious psychological truths, that have little to do with astronomy. He merely shows that the individual can only regard the Universe from his own point of view. What one man believes to be true of the Universe is, strictly speaking, true only for himself and for no-one else. The more view-points that we can collect, the nearer we approach the true comprehension of the Universe. Because the astronomer says the centre of the Universe is at X, he does not deny that you are the centre of your universe, but merely implies that your universe is only one aspect of the Universe.

To the uncivilised man nothing appears more self-evident than the fact that the Earth is the centre of the Universe. The sun, moon, planets and stars alike, seem to revolve around it - Man becomes the centre of all things and evolves a crowd of superstitions that occupy a conspicuous place in the beliefs of every early civilisation. All celestial phenomena are meant for him - the eclipse, meteor, comet, nova - all influence his life. Such a concept was gradually destroyed as our knowledge of astronomy grew, and superstition was displaced by science. But it is truly distressing that after languishing in deserved oblivion for two centuries, this pseudo-science is apparently resuming its sway over humanity - thanks to Sunday newspapers, the BBC and Mr. Gabrielson.

Astrology is a doctrine which supposedly enables men to judge the influences and effects of the heavenly bodies upon human affairs and to foretell future events by their positions; or put more briefly is predestination by the stars. The astrologers divide the heavens by circles into 12 equal parts termed "houses" such that every celestial body passes thru each house once in 24 hours. These houses have different powers, the first being the house of Life, the second of Money and so on. That part of the heavens about to rise is the "ascendant" and the planet within this house is "lord of the ascendant". The different aspects of the planets are of great importance, since the temperament of an individual is ascribed to the planet under which he was born; thus "mercurial" from Mercury, "jovial" from Jupiter, "saturnine" from Saturn, etc. One wonders how the astrologers accounted for the exceptions that must have existed to this rule before the planets Uranus, Neptune and Pluto (not to mention the asteroids!) were discovered. Seemingly the astrologers did not have sufficient faith in their "science" to postulate the existence of trans-Saturnian planets on the evidence provided by poor individuals outside the influence of the then known planets.

Mr. G. is on safe ground when he asserts that stellar radiation will have some effect on us - but the question arises, does

it have an effect of sufficient magnitude to affect us psychologically and so influence our actions? Since the sun is a typical star, if its ~~under-~~ and over-tones affect us to the extent astrologers believe, there should, for instance, be a pronounced difference produced in those persons in the path of the shadow during an eclipse of the sun, when they are shielded from solar radiation by the moon. I have yet to hear of such effects. But apparently any person born under the sun's influence suffers some indirect effect of the eclipse wherever he may be, in the sun's rays or not. Which puts too much of a strain on my weak imagination. Surely it is preposterous to assume that the other stars at their tremendous distances (remember the law of inverse squares - the intensity of radiation is inversely proportional to the square of the distance) will exercise any influence upon the individual?

Mr. G. instances gravity as another factor influencing us. Now the pull of the sun upon a body on the earth's surface is 0.00015 of the earth's pull. Consequently, during each rotation of the earth a man experiences a difference in weight of about 0.03%. Physically, he is unaware of this subtle fluctuation; the fact that it produces any psychological effect has yet to be proved. Similarly the moon's pull. Possibly lovers are so fond of a moonlit night because Luna's influence drags the blood to their heads, thereby making them all passionate ... or maybe not!

Mr. G. then asks us to seek for the origins of the "influences which weave and interweave the intricate pattern of your life" and to give consideration to that which appears coincidental. I need only cite one example of the wrong conclusions which astrologers have reached by this method. Comets and pestilences were irrevocably related in the minds of early astrologers (and possibly still are in their modern counterparts?) and the former were regarded as a fruitful cause of the latter. Science shattered this incorrect explanation by showing the true nature of both phenomena and that there was no connection between them. Mr. G. states that astrology is a record of "observed events which appear to be related". Now this assertion is liable to misinterpretation, but taking it literally, it is easy, if one is so minded, to make any observed events appear to be related. For instance, because I have just knocked a book off the table while writing this manuscript and because at this instant I know that Mars is in conjunction with the moon (June 6th. 1 p.m.) I could say that there must be some connection between the two facts. But the scientific method does not permit me to make an assumption on such flimsy evidence. If, however, many other people dropped a book every time Mars was in conjunction with the moon, there must be some law governing this fact. But a forcible linking of events leads nowhere, and is NOT SCIENTIFIC. Far from revealing a regulating law it reduces all to chaos.

Not having seen any previous mention of the experiment ref-

erred to by Mr. G. regarding iron in solution (or suspension?) and because he does not state what effect is produced by the conjunction of the planets, I must maintain my scepticism until further enlightened.

To my mind, a man's behaviour is entirely due to his conditioning and environment and possibly heredity, and if one knew all the factors that contributed to the building up of his personality, then it would be possible to predict his behaviour in any given circumstances without consulting the stars, planning with the planets or indulging in any other form of hocus-pocus.

Mr. G. is a little hard when he attempts to fit those persons like myself, who regard astrology as "exploded superstition" into one of two categories. I leave him to decide which one I fit (personally, I dislike both). Mr. G's position is analagous to that of the Theist who vainly attempts to salvage some "truths" from that other welter of superstition and fraud termed religion.

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SOME COMMENTS ON THE FIRST ISSUE OF "FANTASTIC ADVENTURES"

by D.R. SMITH

In the first place, I must make it clear that I bought this as a remainder copy, as, indeed, I buy most science-fiction magazines, always excepting Astounding. I make this statement lest anyone think I am such a fool as to support, by paying full price for, magazines which quite blatantly make no attempt to cater for my tastes. Of the fourpence I paid for "Fantastic Adventures" I have been robbed of at least threepence, allowing for the fact that it was worth a halfpenny to read the editor's supreme piece of guff, quite a collector's piece.

At the same time I am indignant at the disrepute such a magazine brings on that distinguished literary form, the adventure story. There are those who affect to despise adventure stories, and they have the irritating trait of flinging stuff like "Fantastic Adventures" in one's face as if it were an example of the class. Lacking all discrimination, they seem actually to believe that, for example, there is no difference between rubbish like "Adventure in Lemuria" and a Conan story. It displays their ignorance, but it is as annoying as the equally indiscriminating people who have probably hailed the former as the superior of the latter.

The trouble is that the adventure story, having the most vitality of any story form, has a wider appeal than any form except possibly the love story, and so there are more grades of quality in it than in less popular forms. An adventure story has an attraction by its bare facts, and the more illiterate public,

possessing as they do extremely vivid imaginations, are contented by the setting down of those facts in the stereotyped language so excellently adhered to in "Fantastic Adventures". It is not even necessary, as we see in this magazine, for those facts to be novel; there is always the comedian's friend, the man who can be relied on not to have heard the oldest of jokes.

In the unrestricted literary field there are enough adventure story connoisseurs to furnish a demand for such as Buchan, Cheyney, Cutcliffe-Hyne, and the one or two more first rate authors. In scientific fiction the number is not so strong, the vast vociferous majority no doubt thought "The Empress of Mars" better than "A Princess of Mars", and said so. (This story raises an interesting point - was it pirated or manufactured under license from the E.R.Burroughs Martian Story Corporation?) Even the more discriminating fans frequently misjudge adventure stories shockingly - one of the best of them thinks Murray Leinster a hack of Kummer's standard.

Adventure stories need to be as well-written as any other type if they are to be worth reading. They call in particular for strong, well-drawn characters, of which there is not one in "Fantastic Adventures". They need to be written in lively vivid prose style, not the "and then" style. "And then he fused a robot with the flame-thrower, and then he run out of ammunition and then he had to fight the last with his bare hands and then he smiled quietly and kissed the beautiful Tarra and then he won and then..... The "and thens" are not actually in Tofte's story, but their absence is badly felt, for they might at least give more continuity to the thing. The worst point of this story and of all the others, is that the action is absolutely unrealistic as described. The adventure is not there, the story is not there, even the fantasy is not there except for the extremely callow. Oh for the days of Hawk Carse and the I.F.P. and Jimmy Atkill!

The fault is with the editor, not necessarily the authors. We know that Verrill and Harl Vincent can do much better, Binder and Rocklynne can do better, even Kummer can if he thinks it is expected. But with "Fantastic Adventures" as with "Amazing", the editorial policy is that the standard of writing shall be the lowest possible, lest his clients suspect him of becoming hoity-toity and effeminate. Plain, straight-forward speaking is the policy of these magazines, with no fancy frills such as style, originality or characters. And do they stick to it or do they?

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Have you seen SPACEWAYS? If not, you should. 24 or more pages. One shilling for three bi-monthly (more or less) issues. No smaller orders from England accepted; please remit in International Money Order. 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Md., U.S.A. Agreeable to trading for English stuff - what have you?

Oh why does he try to turn back when they reach the Straits of Gernsback,
And why is it the ship won't come to heel?

The crew (all top-flight fans) are tying labels on tin-cans
So the Mosk won't serve soap-biscuits any more;
The assistant cook is Speer, and Bill Temple guards the beer,
And the captain's name is Donald, sometimes DAW.

Oh they're doing ten a second (which is more than Ego reckoned)
In a ship they bought tenth hand for six-and-six.
And the reason they can't back in is because there is a crack in

The electro-magno-micro-wave helix.

After ramming fifteen stars they arrive at last on Mars,
(What has it done to deserve such putrid luck?)
And the captain tells them coldly "All our gun-powder is mouldy,
We're jammed, we're dished, in other words we're stuck".

.....

There's a little duplicator to the west of East Barsoom
Though the rust and dust lie very thickly o'er;
And the tersegs are a-calling while the sullen Martians boom -
'Tis the relic of the little yellow DAW!

Oh the little yellow DAW is not lost but gone before
To the place where Daws go in the wintertime.
And that's all there's to this ditty (did you murmur 'what a pity?')

Cheerio - and here's to you - for Auld Lang Syne!

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DON'T MISS the Anniversary issue of "COSMIC TALES", America's leading fan-fiction magazine. 15 cents will bring you an issue containing material by Keller, Haggard, Moskowitz, Taurasi, Miske, Speer, Youd, Burke, Boyer, and many others. Louis Kuslan, 170 Washington Avenue, West Haven, Connecticut, U.S.A.

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Knock knock!
Who's there?
Taine.
Taine who?

Tain't what you do, it's the way that you do it.

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TOPICAL TUNES

"I Get Along without You very Well" - as the guy said who had just stopped subscribing to AMAZING.

O T H E R P L A C E S .

by James Rathbone

When I am old, and Death draws daily nigh,
I know I'll love the leaves of Autumn still,
And stay, enchanted, by the ruined mill
Watching the herons flee the dark'ning sky.

I'll walk down well-remembered ways
To places once I knew (as very fair
I think God learned of Beauty there),
To taste, in dreams, the joy of other days.

And when my dust in other dust does lie,
The long sweet years of living shall return
And on another altar, sacred, burn
Afire by this I know: "I SHALL NOT DIE".



M O O N S H I N E

READERS' OPINIONS

FROM G. MORGAN (London), commenting on the June issue: Mr. Swisher suggests that 'science prefers usefulness to truth!' Really sir, I must protest. In order that one thing can be preferred, there must be an alternative. Mr. Swisher wants us to believe that, given two theories to explain the same fact, one known to be false but useful, and the other more likely to be true, but not useful, science would choose the false one!! This suggestion shows a complete lack of knowledge of both science and scientific methods. Can you, sir, or anyone else, name one theory, known to be false, which is maintained by science. A false theory cannot be useful. Naturally Science takes no notice of wild guesses. That is not the scientific way, a wild guess is unlikely to contain any truth at all. To be accepted by science, a theory must be supported by experimental evidence and must explain the known facts better than any other. The theory of Evolution is a case to point. It is, in many ways, unsatisfactory, but it explains facts better than the Theory of Special Creation, as it is framed now. But that proves neither that the Theory of Evolution is true or that Science would not discard it in favour of a better one.

FROM HARRY T. KAY (London): I consider the decorations infantile there seems to be no reason in them. Keep the cartoons by all means. To Hell With All This, I agree all along the line. "Moon shine" - a very good description. I say keep Fanta out. / Too bad - see Page 12 /

FROM JULIAN F. PARR (Stoke-on-Trent): Congratulations for Turner! His cover was the best I have ever seen on a fan-mag, and may his reign be longish. /A popular opinion - the July cover has been voted the best ever by many fans/ ECWilliams certainly has something in his page; follows his suggestions by all means. And while I'm here, I'll just let you (and possibly others) know that we have a new S-F Club in Stoke-on-Trent, open to S-on-Trentites only, and we shall welcome enquiries. /Roll 'em in, fans - and the best of luck to the new Club./

FROM LESLIE TURNER (Sheffield): Why do most authors write for the ten year olds - no-one but a ten year old would be fooled by some of the stories. There is no food for thought in them, no depth - just silly action stories with a few explanations tacked on. Why do they turn their backs on the wonderful world of thought, on vital will and soul? They can't just dismiss the brain as a thinking machine and ignore the startling results of some parts of the brain being injured, that puzzle science today. The authors should ignore the results that appear to us and get down to cause and effect, the world of beyond the veil. Remember we see only a narrow band, and are practically deaf in comparison with the range of octaves. Perhaps we are deluded by our inadequate senses; perhaps the universe is a figment of the brain. Maybe the brain is taught what to expect before it is really developed, that it accepts the condition as genuine. The World appears very different to men of different beliefs.

/Without any cracks about Sprigg and "Fantasy", we present - /
ERIC C. HOPKINS (London): Eric C's / Juststruck us there are two of you - horror! / article is quietly humorous but contains some good sense. What do you want fans to wake up for? I've always wanted to know, so I await your next issue with hope of revelation. Strange, Rosenblum meeting that pink and green Calophan - I saw it last Christmas. The most amazing thing is that being of a different vibrational rate, it is necessary to imbibe copious quantities of gin, whisky, port and "Skyscraper" before the Calophan becomes visible to the eye. If you try it, you are likely to see purple and yellow striped winged elephants as well, but of course, you can dismiss them as imagination. /Any comments, Mr. Temple?/ Just a final prayer, and that is: don't let Sally get too staid. From the beginning, in the independent days, she was noted for her humorous touches, so don't allow her to become too serious. /We want to keep Sally on the old rails, but it has been a difficult task finding the right material. After a few issues, however, we hope to be going strong again - with some aid from "Fantacynic" and, we hope, others/

FROM RONALD HOLMES (Liverpool): The cover is well executed, but the idea is punk. All this artistic stuff gets me down. What you need is straight covers like the old Novae Terrae. No art and no humour. /This isn't an undertakers' trade journal, friend Ronnie/ Why not try a stiff issue for a change, with a space ship cover and all serious articles inside? On the whole this is the worst issue (how I sigh for the old days and the small size). There was no mention of the SFA: after all, you are the official organ, you know /See editorial for comments/

FROM FRANK EDWARD ARNOLD (London): Brother Harry's cover should certainly be soothing to the blokes who couldn't quite figger out the artistic whatnot of the first one; and if Dave Mc's yarn weren't quite such a masterpiece as "The Fan Who Ruled the World" it was darn close to it. "The Baiting of Fearn" stuff was pleasingly absent from the last issue of Sally, and I hope we'll never see it again. I've had my bellyful of it and I know there are plenty of others who feel the same way. /What of those who don't feel that way - the majority, dare we say? We want to cater to all tastes. C.S. Youd's article in this issue should prove interesting/

CONCISE COMMENTS FROM ROLAND FORSTER: Only four features, including the letters. How do you manage to get so little material into so much space? FROM ERIC S. NEEDHAM : There was a fall in the quality of Ye Mag this month. It seemed to drag, somehow, when you are used to getting doses of Funtacynic. The sooner his vitriolic verbiage resumes its rightful place in Sally the better I think. It don't seem the same mag without him. FROM DRSMITH: Why don't you publish more letters from lesser known fans, if you get any? /That's just it/ Are you afraid of Antagonising the Powerful Fans? Or are you hypnotised by great names? /Grr!/ FROM HARRY WARNER: I didn't think much of the cover. If you'd have put some clothes on the young lady, I might change my opinion but as it is, I must frown /Artistically-minded as we are, we scorn foolish convention - even s-f Conventions/



YOU'VE FORGOTTEN! - You meant to send 3½d. for a copy of "The Fantast", but it slipped your memory. Why not send 1/6d. now for a 6 months' supply - C.S.Youd, 244 Desborough Road, Eastleigh Hants.

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 We must apologise for the fact that we cannot possibly get all the material submitted into our pages for many months yet. We are sincerely grateful for everything, and you can reckon on your articles appearing some time before next January, all of you! In coming issues we will present "On Criticism", by Harry T. Kay, a Science-fiction Crossword by Phil Hetherington, and other features.