

PROSSER

STEFAN

"Suddenly, it was Spring, and the urge to publish was upon me..."

-- THE ACTS OF ROSCOE. 2:16

Published and edited three or more times a year by Jerry Page, 193 Battery Place, N.E., Atlanta 7, Georgia, is available for trade, contribution, letter of comment or 20¢ a copy. We do not accept money in excess of 20¢. Associate editor is Jerry Burge, who is not to be confused with Jerry Page. Contributing editors are Bernie Wermers, Sture Sedolin, Ted Brooke, Joe Christoff and Bo Stenfors. This is number Four, June, 1961. It's also available for tapes of comment, too.

PAGE'S PAGE (editorial).....	2
THE FANTASY OF SCIENCE FICTION (article).....	3
by Calvin Thomas Beck	
SKANDI-FANDOM'S STORM (column).....	10
by Sture Sedolin	
OPUS 4 (column).....	13
by Jerry Burge	
NOTES OF A PULP COLLECTOR (column).....	19
by Bernie Wermers	
THE CITADEL OF SAM MOSKOWITZ (article).....	23
by Ed Wood	
A REPLY (letter-article).....	25
by Vardis Fisher	
ODTAA (letters).....	27

Swallow, Coulson, Shaw, Charters, Vardis Fisher, X.E.

C. Payne, Dick Schultz,
Wollheim, Tucker and Beck.

Dave Prosser--front cover

Dick Schultz--1

Burge--3, 5, 8, 13, 20-21, 23

Bo Stenfors--10, 11 (Mis-numbered "10")

Bobby Gene Warner--27

Robert E. Gilbert--29

Maggie Curtis--30

Ralph Rayburn Phillips--back cover

lettering above, and to each article by

Jerry Burge, who also cut the drawings

on stencil, excepting those by Bo Sten-

fors, which were cut by the artist.

The covers are photo-offset.

NOTE--The price of THE IMMORTAL STORM

will go up to \$6.50 after July 31, 1961.

Copies are still available at \$5.00 from

Jerry Burge. See pages 18 and 32.

artwork this issue dedicated to Jim

Belcher. How's this, Jim?



PAGE'S PAGE

Even in a day when a person's integrity is measured by the scandalous breadth of his literary confessions, I am loath to admit that I have been scooped, and by Science Fiction Times, that procrastinating purveyor of The World of Tomorrow Today. Doubly embarrassing is all this in the light of the fact that the editorial this replaces so neatly filled out one page leaving but the room occupied by Jerry Burge's decorous heading. However, nervous or not, I proceed after the manner of Frank Harris and set down my sad tale for Fandom-yet-to-be:

The dissertation upon a familiar theme which Cal Beck has written for our lead spot this issue was written a few weeks before the magazines published the Statements of Ownership this year, with their circulations. Cal, who many years ago (Much longer than we of the old Atlanta Science Fiction Organization care to recall) had a column in Asfo, is a very careful researcher, and he noted a difference between the published figures and those he had cabalistically unearthed, so naturally he contacted me about correcting this. After some writing back and forth we arrived at and found reason to accept the theory that there is a loophole available. The figures:--

Galaxy---91,000
Analog---74,408
If---54,000
Amazing----48,018
F&SF---47,018
Fantastic--38,759

--For, as Jimmy Taurasi points out, all indications are that Galaxy does not sell anywhere near that in this country; furthermore, there are those who question the veracity of those claimed figures on the ground that in the past Galaxy has advertised a number of deceased foreign editions; and while this may have gained them prestige in some circles, it has hurt them among fandom. So, upon noticing a loophole we checked on

it, or Cal did, and as nearly as we can learn, this is how Galaxy sells so high:

Galaxy prints up three editions at one time: The American, the British and Australian, thus copying the procedure of the Nova publications in printing their American editions. This adds little to the printing costs and except for shipping the magazines and the cost of distribution the company comes off quite well. I have no doubt that it's more practical than dealing with a foreign publisher and it is in keeping with the dynamic commercial outlook of Galaxy Corporation. This also gives them a chance to beef up those circulation figures; an all-important factor in dealing with advertisers. For the print-run of an issue of Galaxy does average 91,000 sells per issue; but in three editions.

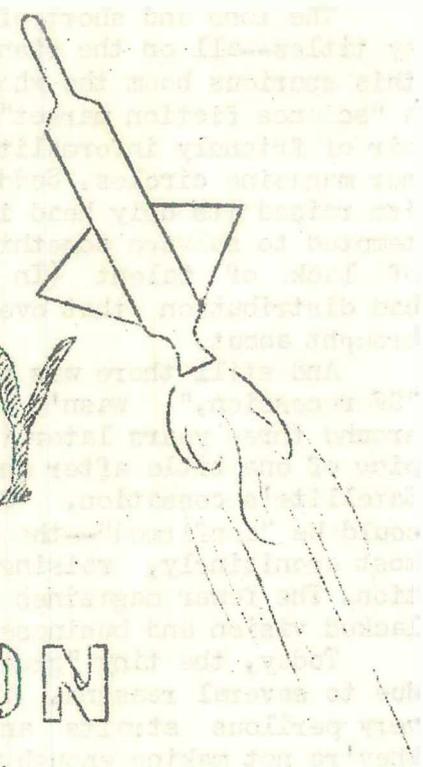
In America it would seem that Galaxy sells second to Analog; If should be down around the level of Fantastic, perhaps it has the lowest circulation in the field. Galaxy however, is on the stands twice as long as Analog and presents a thicker magazine with a better heft to it. (Although Analog's typesize gives more wordage and often Analog has more illoes; and when Analog uses halftone reproduction, it is on good paper and for photographs. And Analog is generally a more satisfying magazine since Campbell, more than any other currently practising editor, has a sound concept of story values.)

Of course I am saddened: if not for Taurasi I could have written an editorial so snide as to rank with a dissertation upon Campbell in a Plinth or Discord. So in order to overcome my embarrassment, I must get some articles of a superior nature; I have only a couple of articles on hand for next issue so why not send me one. Anything so long as it's outstanding.

I won't be able to write a decent article for years now...

--Jerry Page

Cal Beck has served actively in many facets of publishing, including the publishing and editing of The Journal of Frankenstein. His experience as writer, editor, publisher and columnist has given him insight into the intricacies of the magazine field. Therefore I think you'll find his conclusions interesting, whether you agree or not. For this is not the usual "Who Killed SF?" No sir. This is "Exactly who killed SF." GWP



THE FANTASY
OF SCIENCE
FICTION
BY CALVIN THOMAS BECK

Science fiction was dead. There was no doubt whatever about that. The register of its burial was signed by the writers, the editors, the distributors and the Chief of the filthy pros--the "Head Publisher." And the "Head Publisher's" name was good upon the field for anything he chose to put his hand to.

Old S.F. was as dead as a door-nail.

It is a common custom to speak only good of the dead. It is also hypocrisy to the Nth degree to pretend that the corpse may not have been without its failings while alive.

Since there still seems to be a tightly knit herd-core of staunch faithfuls composing "fandom," there is still a widespread belief that this indicates a possible "return" of the S.F. field as it was during the 1950-53 peak; or at least, a token indication of some vitality... One of these days. But, even if there is a "messiah" somewhere in this mess called the "publishing field," S.F. is hardly Lazarus. And the fanish hard-core, while much in evidence (And of great sentimental value, at the very least, is the knowledge that it does still exist) is no indication of science fiction's commercial prospects. Enthusiasm can often be deceptive; undoubtedly tremendous enthusiasm exists within the ranks of a "Society for the study of the Mindanao Deep," or "The West Kuppake Chowder and Marching Society." Commercially, though, who would invest a cent in either? Probably it's this very exaggerated elation within SF's non-pro ranks which created a false enthusiasm and the synthetic boom among publishers; along with fan enthusiasm, publishers created their own false optimism during the beginning of the Jet Age--along with increasing rocketry research, flying saucer hoaxes, etc. (Which stemmed actually back to '47 after the first radar signal bounced off the moon.) Publishers and important men who 'make' them, the distributors, aren't necessarily the brightest men in the field; they're quite human--sometimes, not even that, Regardless, these men learn only via experience and through trial and error.

The long and short of it is that the sf "boom", which racked up some 35 sfantasy titles--all on the stands at one time--should never have taken place! Because of this spurious boom the whole field was shattered, perhaps permanently. What we called a "science fiction market" was malleable, open to experimentation, and carried a fine air of friendly informality never before found and never again to be seen in consumer magazine circles. Suddenly, the blind, unreasoning ogre of Avaricious commercialism raised its ugly head in the midst of the "boom." Even those publications that attempted to salvage something from the commercial debris were ruined--if not because of lack of talent (In itself SF's biggest moral defeat), certainly due to the bad distribution that overcrowded newsstand conditions and cut-throat competition brought about.

And still there was hope. The first major setback that the field suffered, or "SF recession," wasn't as severe as was the second and final collapse that began around three years later (1955 to early '56). It can be dated with the gradual dropping of one title after another, the collapse of the Larry Shaw mags and finally with Satellite's cessation. Of course it took nearly four years before the field's end could be "confirmed"--the 2nd and final phase was dragged out, experimentally and almost agonizingly, raising false hopes and keeping old die-hards in constant expectation. The fewer magazines around, the better a shrinking market appeared to those who lacked vision and business acumen; and they were many.

Today, the tiny "group" of six publications that represent the "field" are there due to several reasons. The depressing facts are, however, that two are already in very perilous straits and may be off the market in about six months... Not that they're not making enough money to cover expenses: it's just one of the ugly commercial facts of our times that national magazine distributors have increasing costs themselves to face; publications that cannot show promise of selling a hundred thousand copies and over, sooner or later, are on the 'to be dropped' list. And none of the present sf titles sell anywhere near 100,000!

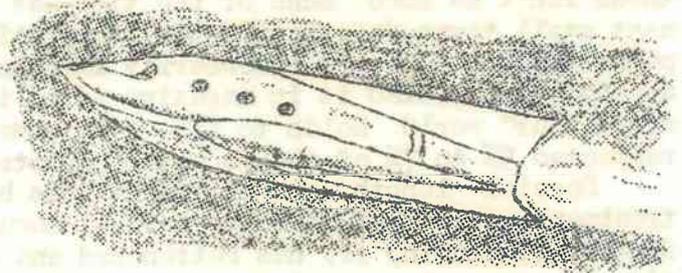
Why aren't they all dropped? One may well ask:--Usually due to a distributor's personal loyalty to the publisher, or else because the publisher has several 'higher circulation' items in his chain and can exert sufficient pressures upon the distributor to keep his sf item(s) alive... And sometimes it may be due to a distributor's personal reasons: A) Someone else will distribute a sfmag, if he drops his, thereby crowding him out of a territory and percentage of revenue, small though it may be. B) Carrying several publications of conservative character--even though commercial bombs--can give a distributor, otherwise apt to be stigmatized as a "sex magazine seller," the look of quasi respectability. There are several less important but very pertinent reasons; however the ones covered in this paragraph are the basic reasons why there are any sf mags, in a loose manner of speaking.

The "SF tragedy" is that none of the six leading (and only) titles alive identify themselves much with "science fiction." Looking close at one of them, one can find mention of "sf" probably squeezed in among a bunch of other words saying "monstrous, fantastic, astonishing adventures." In so many editorial words, Horace Gold said over a year ago that as an identifier, "Science fiction" was poison--he and his publisher were quick to yank it off Galaxy's cover. John Campbell's semi-dimentional blending out of "Astounding" into "Analog" (About the worst title inflicted on a publication since Peter Zenger's time) couldn't serve as a better testimonial to SF's lethal reputation. By dint of shifting policies, altering formats slightly, and a little changing of names, the six orphans weather the storm by holding to a readership somewhat in the area of what can be found among the Astrology, Crocheting and Cat Lover's magazine markets.

The "tragedy" is that this is all that's shared by 6 titles, or what's left of the territory that 35 fair to middling to awful magazines divided up during the "boom." Size of the present readership: 45- to 65,000 not counting a constantly fluctuating readership of 'impulse buyers' numbering approximately 35,000. Naturally, all six lay claim to the top figure, or even more if they care to exaggerate... They can

do it--they're not members of the Audit Bureau of Circulation (An organization that all publications that desire advertising belong to.) that's why. Once every year or two, a freak surge in sales occurs... Suddenly one of the leading titles oversells--it may hit as high as 75,000-80,000, whereas it normally sells in the vicinity of 58- to 60,000. It's the high figure, of course, that the 'business office' will hold on to. Wouldn't you, or anyone else who'd publish? I know I would. To those who are unfamiliar with what a "fair" circulation resembles, it's usually meaningless flinging of numbers and statistics about. Since hard and dry statistics are the bone and marrow of any good business, forgive me for a moment while I bring up a few boring but necessary details.

The normal national distributor today will not bother handling a publication that can't start off with a minimum of 150,000 printed copies per issue. It doesn't cost the publisher too much more to print up that many copies. (It is understood, however, that two of the smaller selling titles print around only 100,000 per issue to keep closer to a break-even point of 25,000.) Whereas a 75,000 average is considered good by sf terms, a quarter of a million copy sales in the confession, "expose," fact-men's mags, and similar groups is considered only a fair average (Rogue, Dude and Gent are in the $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ million category; Playboy over a million sales a month.) This statistical outline and folderol over, you, dear reader, now have a rough armchair understanding of circulations, press runs and the business end of publishing. This and 15¢ might get you a ride on the local bus--you'll have to hot-foot it if the fair is a nickel higher--or into the publishing business if you've oodles of dough--and guts.



Fading out of the crasser business end of circulation and distribution, the drama raises a worn and threadbare curtain on the next act; a sort of flashback to the period which led up to disaster at high noon on the stands.

But before the crying towel is in danger of dissolving, sf's fan and pro "hard core" should be aware of another matter involving publishing and national distribution: The sf field wasn't the only group to get hurt. Practically everything related to pulp mags, especially the whole national "fiction group" was annihilated!

Fiction mags per se, or what was once the largest group in the magazine world, have all but disappeared. Whether a myopic segment of die-hards likes to admit it or not and no matter how high is the pedestal on which they've put it, sf is merely a branch of what is commonly called "fiction." Once this can sink in, and be allowed to settle within the oozing gray matter long enough, a lot of the so-called "mystery" about the death of sf will disappear... Just as nearly all publications with any fictional connotations have faded out of sight. Sure, here and there one can find a "Hitchcock Mystery Mag," an Ellery Queen, a "Manhunt" and two or three similar entries--but sales figures on these too indicate that despite name value and TV, they are not very healthy. Of what was once a nationwide fiction group of scores of monthlies, bi-weeklies, and even weeklies, this almost does seem the end of the fiction mag road... Or sf trail, if you prefer.

Question rises: With the literacy rate climbing and the national "cultural lag" regressing and so on, aren't people just as interested in reading fiction? Answer: of course they are. But there are points that must be taken into consideration: A) The booming paperback market. B) The rise of new magazine markets. C) The "idiot tube": television.

For proper analyses, A, B, and C. could be covered best in two or three articles each for full justice. A briefer run-down, meanwhile:

A) One of the real big booming success stories of our time is the rapid increase of paperback companies, titles and their large volume of sales. An average paperback company today turns out a minimum of around eight titles a month. There are approximately 50 such companies in business, some with 8 to 10 subsidiaries; a few publish all things from borderline pornography, cheap mystery and detective thrillers, to esteemed groups (Such as Grove-Evergreen) that make books that were formerly \$8, \$11 and sometimes \$15 in cost available at 75¢ to \$1.95 for the college student and more serious reader. Fiction is undoubtedly the biggest part of the paperback field. Short and long novels, which might have brought a pulp writer between \$250 to \$500 even during the best days of the pulps, bring such amounts alone as "deposits" and two or three times more in immediate advances; and there are royalties, and a possibility of several rewarding editions. As it was during the pulp days, the writing in many of these isn't so good much of the time--as in the vulgar "Nightstand" series, which most small towns dare not handle, that still look to be in the first draft. While the paperback field hasn't necessarily immunized itself against the sudden though predictable apathy that greeted it in magazine form, it is still in this area and this area alone where "our" world holds to its last remaining forts--still commands a small but respected 5% to 7% of the pb market as straight sf or disguised in some other form.

Special length and treatment has been given to the paperback world. A good treatment would take at least several thousand words. It should--for it is here where fiction (including sf) has retrenched and stabilized itself. In an age of speed, a desire for compactness and neatness, readers find pbs easier in a number of ways: Easier for them to find, more or less, the type of reading they want, instead of groping blindly around a pulp mag, as in the "old days," and finding mostly reading they did not expect; easier to carry around and handle; and neat when taking up space at home on shelves, tables or under idols devoted to phallic worship.

B) New mag markets have grown up over the ashes of the one-time huge fiction mag field: In various cases the change has been for the worse--the pulps actually mutated and have gone into the hands of unregenerate, dull, unartistic men who call themselves publishers. Many of them keep their distributors happy and stay in business for years and years; others, like Henry Scharff (Bankrupt former owner of "Great American Publications," which put out Fantastic Universe), come to a sudden and merciful end. The 'mutated' pulps of today, of course, look different; 8½ by 11 inches is about the standard size, with lots of photos, printed on the cheapest newsprint stock and under dozens of titles in the so-called "men's" or "fact" or "expose" market.

For some eleven months, some years ago, I churned out an average of 2,000 to 3,000 words daily (About a story and a half a day) for a chain publisher; I filled up nearly half his line of 24 or more publications... Which'll give anyone an idea... In some cases the "new" crop of mags to arise in the last six years, have been for the better. Items like Playboy, Dude, Gent, Escapade and Rogue belong to a class of around 20 quality men's magazines which have ushered in a new era in the publishing medium (Since many sections of the country get certain titles, while others don't, this might account for why you've seen only a small percentage of them, or none at all if you live in Pumpkin Seed Arkansas.)

C) Not much space needed to go into the ramifications of TV and effect it's had all over in its ten most penetrating years. You can practically measure the dwindling of fiction mags by the increase of families owning TV sets. In more than a few ways, the earlier pulp mag has also mutated into a TV tube. Does this mean that most pulp mag readers were of the same run as the clods that watch TV westerns and assorted taped junk today? (And here comes the heresy--) Yes, that's right! Shocking? Why should it be? The so-called "good old days" only seem good because you haven't bothered re-reading a lot of the stuff in the last 10 or more years which your mind, at 11 to 15 years of age considered good. A great chunk of it, you'll now find, is unreadable... Whatever good writers there were, most of them and their works already appeared in hardcovers from Arkham, Fantasy Press, Gnome, Doubleday and in shorter

form, in the Conklin, Merrill, Dikty-Bleiler anthologies. (The old Weird, Unknown, Astounding and in more recent years material from F&SF and Galaxy have given us at least 80% of the quality sfantasy that's ever appeared... the others tried, often valiantly, usually fumblingly, and in the last stages, disgustingly.)

But TV hasn't affected merely the clod's reading habits of former years. It has had a mesmeric influence such as no other invention or hedonistic contrivance in all of man's recorded history. "Gee, Ma... Movies in our own parlor... Gee!" And clods, along with college graduates, professors, doctors, lawyers and indian chiefs were sucked into the vacuum. While as a novelty TV is showing signs of wearing out, it has had more influence on public tastes and ideas than any American, French, Russian or Industrial Revolution.

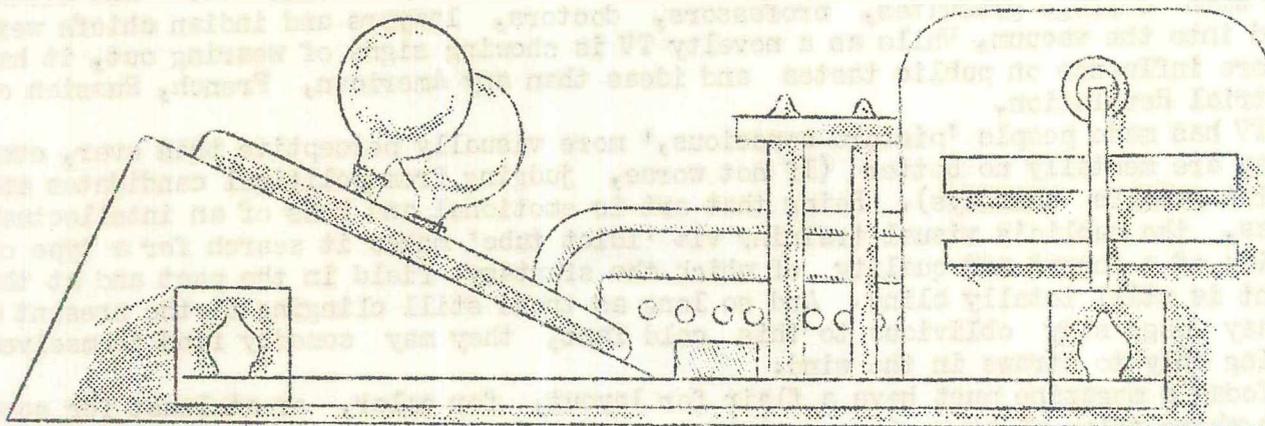
TV has made people 'picture conscious,' more visually perceptive than ever, even if they are mentally no better (If not worse, judging from political candidates and election results nowadays). Being that art is emotional and less of an intellectual process, the public's visual training via 'idiot tube' makes it search for a type of magazine of a format and quality of which the sfantasy field in the past and at the present is still totally blind. And so long as those still clinging to the present 6 sfantasy mags stay oblivious to this cold fact, they may someday find themselves clinging only to straws in the wind:

Today's magazine must have a flair for layout, for color, or at least for some design where color might be too expensive... And pictures. It is not an insult to the editor's, publisher's or reader's intelligence to do these things. Playboy and contemporaries, selling to a large and sophisticated Ivy-League calibre of reader are doing quite "well"--They've done many of the things sfantasy editors and their staffs sneered and flaunted for years... Just before each swan-song.

The only publisher-editor ever to realize that layouts and good design are important in a magazine (In the sf field--Other fields consider these their very life-line.) was Hugo Gernsback. Even durring the late 20s and early 30s, in Science Wonder, Air Wonder, Amazing and in various of his Annuals, and Quarterlies, you can see that Gernsback thought and behaved along the lines of a smart slick-magazine operator. Compared to the competition that looked as if it hadn't changed since Edgar Allan Poe or the early Nick Carter and Frank Merriwell thrillers appeared, "Papa" Gernsback was ahead of his day in many ways, including sharp, simple but neat and attractive layouts, and good illustrations. It took a catastrophic depression to put him out of the running for a while. Years later, in 1953, Gernsback introduced what at first seemed a refreshing change and leader in the field, Science Fiction Plus. It was a snappy job, replete with colored pics, excellent covers and in realistic, commercially practical "large size." Cursed again by ill luck, Gernsback's venture lasted a brief span of seven issues; a combination of wicked distribution, a market glutted with 35 sfantasy mags, poor choice of title and material that would have been fine in the 30's but not in the mid-50's, wrote an end to this noble experiment.

Except for Plus, there hasn't been a new challenge, a change in format (With the possible exception of Satellite's change in size only) in more than 11 years. This certainly is no great help to a desperately scrambling mite that once looked like a healthy even though oafish titan in its heyday. And what of the material used in the last decade... what sort of category does it fall into? Well, if much of the matter that appeared in the field's "Golden Years" doesn't stand up too well on second reviewing today-- May the gods have mercy on the sheer rotgut that has passed off as "reading" in more recent times! If it couldn't have been bad layouts and poorly planned issues that did it all of a sudden, certainly the rash of bad writing that suddenly spread as a virus and infected the whole kaboodle of sf publishing, was the final shove that sent it careening into the abyss. Some former fans (Who thought they had enough grounding and "talent" though we learned a lot different later) and their

less talented admirers, with only a thought of quick bucks to send them to their typers, probably made matters worse when they decided to turn "pro": They knew the editors better than the average outsider. Learning to become pros, by practising at the expense of former friends and reward of newly made enemies... And the death rattle of



sfantasy is surely sufficient grounds for a treason trial. A fitting sentence perhaps --becoming a member of and writing for the N3f for the next 10 years (With time off for good behavior, such as contributing to the establishment of a "home for destitute and aged fans and pros.")

#

The cause for sfantasy's demise can be attributed to many factors, never one. Finding only one would be a convenient scapegoat to go snarling at; would that it was that easy.

Saving the last ace for a final hand, there is one inescapable point that nearly eclipses all others, serving as the final clue to: Why has science fiction died? If you have been frustrated all these years, or all through this article, at not being able to point out a scapegoat, here is your best and last opportunity.

This amorphous, intangible, often elusive term called "science fiction" is at the bottom of the whole field's problems (Aside of TV, bad or good distribution, lousy writers, dumb editors, etc., etc.) Thanks again to "Papa" Gernsback, SF was coined probably as a joke, probably by accident; regardless, it is merely a label for another branch of imaginative-fantasy fiction, much as are myths of the persians, Greeks, Norsemen or as Trolls, Goblins and Faeries are a branch of folklore. The straight "horror tale" functions along the same lines, except it is more difficult to measure and map out, covering a territory from de Maupassant's "Horla," Poe's tales, to Lovecraft's strange "things" and dimentions, down to Robert Bloch's "Psycho."

In taking its sub-fantasy label too seriously (Especially in the last eleven devastating years of poorer material and dying titles) science fiction made its final fatal error: It slapped Mother Fantasy in the face, jumped ship, went overboard--its head bobbing about for awhile--and finally:--sank deeper, deeper, deeper...

Where "SF" publications now stand--or I should say, where they now float--is in a temporary state of semi-suspension, a miniature sargasso sea. The next tidal wave that can come along could completely overwhelm them, or they can ride the crest of the wave victoriously. Caught between fictional forms that shift in color from straight "horror" in the Weird Tales and Unknown Worlds school of fantasy, to the "Conan," lost civilization, Bradbury, Heinlein or Campbell's "think" type pieces of

earlier years, they refuse to accept or fail to recognize that, essentially, they are all fantasy publications. Again, cries of "heresy" resound from afar. In this case, I suggest subscriptions to the many science magazines around, space journals, Popular Mechanics, a number of scientific "trade" papers and publications (Addresses available thru local libraries--they're unavailable on stands.) and Science News Letter. Theories advanced and cogitating taking place in these learned publications makes most "modern science fiction" seem like stuff out of primary school... If any writer has the guts to write "real" sf anymore, without facing catcalls and raspberry salutes from the galleries.

The second World War brought about scientific advancements that threatened to catch up with what was sf 20 or 30 years ago. Snowballing all the time, science has grown in the last 20 years more times than all of what took place between the "industrial revolution" until 1939. Thus, science has outstripped "fiction." Everytime the USSR or State Dept. announces a space satellite or new rocketry advancement, it only buries sf a little deeper.

Science fiction was fantasy until it became cold fact. The untried, unproven, even though theoretically probable, is always shrouded in a "sence of wonder." Trying to inject this element back into a 'fiction' form, that no longer can be termed "fictional entertainment," would be a trait of sheer ignorance for any professional editor and author to uphold. At its very best sf can only be a kind of Tom Swift type of adventure reading, especially with modern scientific data already classified (Unknown to general public) that would make most individual's hair curl.

Even when the world of science seemed comparatively dormant with today, the "sf" mags were actually "Science-fantasy." It might have been an occasional artists concept of Mars, the Solar System and a rocket ship motif that drew you to the mags front cover back in the 30s or 40s. But think of how more thrilled you might have been at scenes showing the hero, the semi-nude gal and "kindly old scientist" fighting the Bug Eyed Monster.

Monsters, mad scientists, diabolical inventions that shrunk people, enlarged them, hurled them into other worlds and dimensions; centuries old Doc Methuselah (in aSF) jumping around planets--or his counterpart in the Standard sf chain: Cap Future and his crew: An android, a robot, a floating brain and the inevitable sexy female somewhere in the plot. And in many cases the plots were often wilder, weirder and more fun to put up with.

Castration of the field took effect once they decided to "clean it up" by yanking out the charming monsters, mad scientists, strange creations and that "awful" Buck Rogers-Flash Gordon atmosphere that everyone feared has "stigmatized" sf in its early days. The substitutes were: Hundreds of varieties of "Satellite" designs on covers; rehashed scenes adapted from Pal's "Destination Moon" (Sausage shaped spaceman, et al.); lunar-scapes which Bonestell repeated from his book "Conquest of Space" which he revamped for the latter Pal production, which he recycled for the next number of years (From which other artists rehashed); the typical needle-nosed or semi-cigar shaped spaceship in take-off, or landing... And so many of those badly plotted pot-boilers that went along with all this unimaginative "art-work."

Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon wouldn't have been caught dead in such situations; nor would the producers and writers of the many "wonder" filled serials written around them (Serials, I hasten to emphasize, that are being rediscovered and shown over and over in numerous serious private film societies to delighted audiences.)

.....Somewhere, off and far away in this happy land is a fan or pro, utterly unaware of what happened long ago, recently or right now, behind or in front of the "scenes." Happily he goes his way in pursuit of "science fiction." Perhaps he knows it all, but refuses to accept cold facts. Truly happy he must be. For this is fantasy.

--Calvin Thomas Beck



EDITOR'S NOTE: Sture Sedolin and Bo Stenfors stand as symbols of Scandinavian fandom to the English speaking fan worlds. Their zines, Cactus and Candy F are highly regarded, and their individual achievements are outstanding: Sture's efforts as a fan-editor and as agent for more fanzines than I can name have done much to cement American and Swedish fan-relations; and Bo's artwork is generally regarded as the absolute best dittoed and mimeographed art around. In this column they pool talents to trace the history of Scandinavian fandom. We hope that they'll come back often. Like maybe often enough to force me to publish monthly--

GWP

Swedish fandom is getting old--in the age of seven years... That's a startling fact, isn't it? Already two very promising members of Swedish fandom have passed away, and many other fen have passed into gafia. For the moment it seems that the "boom" in Swedish fandom is over--at least until Stockon 3 (Which will be held the last of August, in Stockholm, under the direction of yours truly), and I'd like to take a look back on those seven years while I'm up here in Bodan and way from the rest of the world's fandom until the middle of June. I must confess that I'm not capable at all of writing the Swedish version of "The Immortal Storm" and a main reason could be that I'm too much involved in all those feuds we are having here. I've decided to call this column "Skandifandom's Storm" because there hasn't happened too much in the other Scandinavian countries, SF-wise, so you'd easily incorporate those events into this.

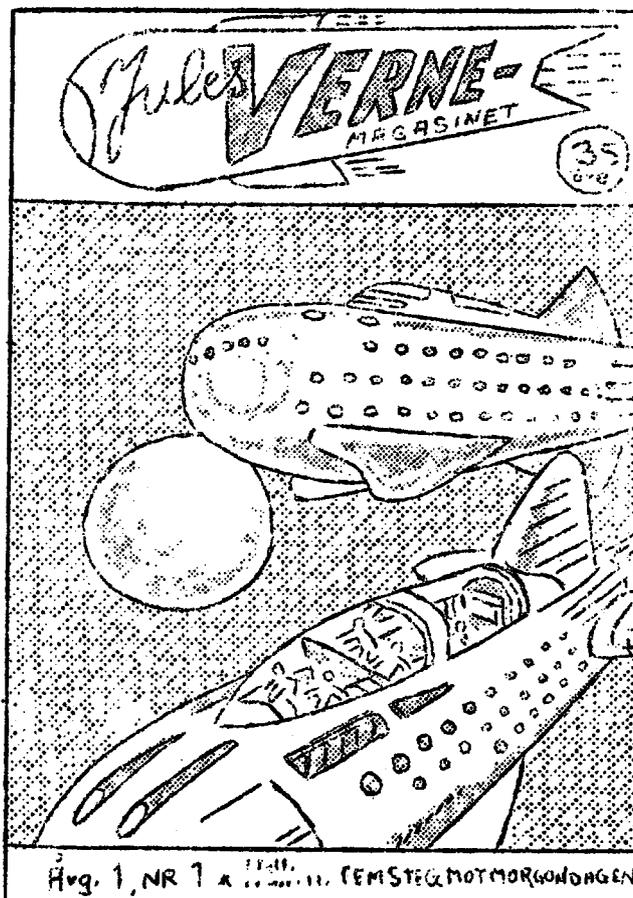
I feel the best start I can get is to tell you about the first real SF-magazine to be published in Sweden. It did nothing to begin Swedish fandom except that it introduced science fiction to some young lads who later would become some of the most prominent fans in Sweden.--

This magazine was Jules Verne Magazine and it was, as I said, Sweden's first "real" SF magazine--a forerunner to Hapna! (Which, to differentiate, is the first magazine to publish all science fiction, as JVM in it's last years published other types of fiction.)--and it was started at the end of 1940, a date when this writer wasn't even born, but when American fandom had been alive for many years. In 1940, Jules Verne Magazine published 11 issues, and in 1941 to 1945, 52 issues a year; 53 issues in 1946 and only 8 issues in 1947 when it folded. All in all, 332 issues were published which made Jules Verne Magazine the record holder for quite a while. It wasn't until the end of 1958 that Amazing and Astounding broke the record of issues published by the weekly Jules Verne Magazine set in 1947.

Jules Verne Magazine started as a 64pager with covers. The earliest numbers were mighty good, and featured authors like Eando Binder, Fredric A. Kummer, Nelson S. Bond, H.L.Gold, Henry Kuttner, Edmund Hamilton, Robert Moore Williams, William F. Temple, etc. Nelson Bond's Atlantis novel, "Sons of the Deluge" was started in the very first issue. Jules Verne Magazine often had stories about Atlantis, Mu, Lemuria, and so forth. The stories by foreign authors were translations from magazines like Startling Stories and Amazing. Some covers may also have been reprinted from those mags, while some others were drawn by Swedish artists.

Besides those authors already mentioned, some other well known SF writers had stories published in Jules Verne Magazine: F.B.Long, Leigh Brackett, Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, "Vargo Statten" and Alfred Bester.

Although very good quality was maintained for about a year, the magazine soon started on the way down. It's interesting to note that the words "Science fiction" never were mentioned in Jules Verne at all. Up until the Spring of 1941, only SF had been featured in the magazine; then, the editor of Jules Verne Magazine seemed to become interested in other stuff than SF, too. In the middle of 1941, Jules Verne Magazine was subtitled "Veckans Aeventyr"--weekly adventures--and in the winter of that year the logo-symbol, a rocket, got smaller and smaller (Sounds familiar, eh? It just reminds me of the Astounding change over to Analog.) At this



time, Wild West, Detective, Sports and other types of fiction started to appear--of course with no connection at all to SF.

In the beginning of 1942, the magazine changed its name to Veckans Avenyr. At this time the magazine was "the magazine of Wild West, Fantasy and Space Opera" as Swedish fan Alvar Appeldoofft put it. VA still had some SF stories in every ish, and about the same number of serials. Of the serials about a dozen of them were Captain Future serials; good space opera, that is. Binder's old novel of a new stone age coming up was also published in JVM/VA.

At the end of 1945 the magazine suddenly got better; it contained only SF for a time... but then the quality went down to the bottom and remained there. The worst of both Western and Science Fiction saw publication....

Among the better SF in VA we had stories both by Heinlein and Asimov. In the beginning, JVM had covers by Robert Fuqua, and sometimes even Virgil Finlay! VA had a very high circulation--the highest of any SF magazine so far. VA never did anything toward forming a Swedish fandom--understandable when it didn't mention "science fiction" even--but some would-be fans had learned of science fiction through the page's of JVM...

--Sture Sedolin.

* * * * *

A Small Discourse Upon Economics

As with all fanzines which accumulate their readers rather haphazardly, Si-Fan has a circulation which its staff finds over-large. It would be possible to maintain the present readership through the simple trick of changing to another reproduction media, such as photo-offset or multilith, but this appeals only to Jerry Purge who has the somewhat laborious function of cutting the drawings onto stencil. To myself, it does not appeal; for I have the even more laborious function of paying for this. It seems then that only one answer is acceptable; and that is to cut down the readership. I publish this for fun, but I'm only human and if I demand some small token remuneration for my efforts, I hope you will understand. I don't claim to be rich (In fact I could well claim to be a welfare case) but I don't mind paying for Si-Fan--it is a hobby and no more expensive than any other hobby I might take up (such as missionary work in Africa). What I demand is some small token in return; a letter of comment, or a fanzine in trade or (and I speak irreverently) even money. I would like to continue sending this to everyone on the list but this is a preposterous practice at best and I am uncharitable. So if there is an "X" on the back cover of this copy of Si-Fan then the writer has no reason to expect to see another. If no "X" can be found on the back cover of this copy, then good.

Of course there is an out; you may contribute an article or story or artwork to Si-Fan; we prefer queries on the artwork, but are willing to send you the fanzine while we work out details. Fiction will be rejected unless it is very good or very humorous or both. Articles we hope will all be good and on any subject; preferably sfantasy articles in any length, although shorter ones may discuss almost anything. Cartoons are wanted, with or without captions.

At the moment, we have plans which have not materialized about the schedule and price of Si-Fan. We are not accepting any amount over 20¢ and any reviewer who fails to note this in a review is unceremoniously dropped from our mailing list.

Schedule-wise, Si-Fan will not appear six times a year. I'll try to, but I won't promise. This fanzine's first function is to entertain me and if it fails in that I can't very well be expected to continue (And I'm often astonished to find that someone can presume that I've tried to amuse anyone else!) I would sort of like to publish a better fanzine and you can help by sending me a masterpiece of prose, poetry, or art (I said we like queries, but if art is good, we won't argue). Upcoming is material by Ron Haydock, Dr Keller, Ray Nelson, Deckinger (So who's surprised?) and some material by and about Vardis Fisher.

That is it. The "X" is the warning. I hope you will think enough of the fanzine to try to get the next issue, but if not, I can't blame you; there are some more important things. Still, I can't think of them...

--Jerry Page

JERRY
BURGE'S

OPUS 4

ANYONE FOR DEFINITIONS?

One of fandom's perennial problems has been the attempt to invent a definition of science fiction which would satisfy more than three fans at a time. We've had a lot of interesting definitions, but none of them, I think--not even the redoubtable Sam's encyclopedia definition, nor R. Bretnor's definition as expounded by Heinlein in Advent's THE SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL--can be called complete or sufficiently exclusive.

The irritating thing about this problem is that a solution seems to be squatting just at grazing distance of our reaching fingertips. We all know what science fiction is. Whether our favorite type is SCIENCE fiction or science FICTION, space opera or science fantasy or speculative fiction, we are agreed that, while our own favorite is the most important, all of these types are forms of science fiction, and furthermore we all know why! Evidently, locked up somewhere in our noggin, there is a precise, inclusive and properly exclusive definition of our favorite type of literature if we could only haul it out.

If this is so, then it would appear that there is a decisive fact about science fiction which we all know but which we have never faced, or perhaps have merely never verbalized. I have a hunch, in fact, that there are several such as-yet-unstated "facts" about the nature of science fiction. And this is as good a time and place as any to start searching them out.

Before going on, I'll add parenthetically that tho I'm tackling this subject purely because it's the first thing that occurred to me when I sat down before the typewriter and it seemed like it would be fun, nevertheless certain diabolical notions of Usefulness have crept into my dome--as one should expect when writing for the Insidious Fanzine. Despite careful selection at the newsstands, I have read more poor stf in the past three years than in all of my previous fourteen years as a fan. A hasty spot-check indicates what may be an explanation for this dreary state of affairs. In general (NOT always), the poor stories fit one or more of the currently accepted definitions of stf; the better stories do not. Of course this is based on my own personal preferences in stf, but it does appear that purely extrapolitive fiction tends to



Si-Fan

-- be dull and uninteresting in comparison with the more imaginative type. In brief, our writers have become hide-bound with "rules" and are leaning to the safe path of veritudo rather than verisimilitude.

In the December Analog, Campbell stated a fact about science fiction which I believe has not been recognized before, at least in print: The hero of a science fiction story is not an individual man, but mankind itself. I'm sure we've all known this without quite being aware of it. In a mainstream story, as Campbell points out, we are interested in the effect of circumstances on an individual; in a stf story we're concerned with their effect on the race or culture. Using this as a criterion, Campbell draws an uncrossable line of distinction between good stf and mainstream literature. We can use it, I think, as a jumping-off place in our search for a definition of stf.

Opus 3 was to have launched this search with an argument leading to a conclusion very similar to Campbell's remark, but because I saw the December Analog just before typing the column, I switched subjects on the spot rather than risk pulling a boner. A more careful look at my notes, though, reveals that my idea was not precisely the same as Campbell's. I won't bug you with the whole argument now, but I think I can safely present my conclusions as a sort of refinement of JWC's statement.

Briefly, then, I have an acceptance that the protagonist of a stf story is a quality or trait of the human race. This must be carefully distinguished from the usual practice in fiction of using a set of qualities and traits to represent an individual human being. In a stf story the hero represents a certain quality or ability or capacity possessed by all of us as human beings. Thus, for example, the hero of one of E. E. Smith's wild space operas is not the obnoxious scientist-hero whom one would happily shove under a passing zitidar; the hero is human ingenuity. Looked at this way, the little knack Smith's characters have for finding incredible solutions to incredible problems is acceptable in realistic terms: The hero of many Eric Frank Russell stories is human adaptability plus (or including?) the human sense of humor. Few writers specialize so exclusively as these two, though some preferences can be found, as, for example, the pioneer spirit in many stories by Hamilton, Leinster and others, the sense of wonder exemplified by Weinbaum, "Don A. Stuart" and others.

The reversal of this principle, that is, the use of a human fault or negative characteristic as the villain in a stf story is also acceptable. Bradbury was fond of this variant. Again, it is necessary to avoid confusion between the ordinary fiction practice of characterizing "villains" with negative human traits, and the stf practice of so characterizing the race. To pursue this matter to its bitter end, an stf story dealing with two opposing racial characteristics is roughly equivalent to the mainstream "internal conflict" story. This may be too pat, but it does seem to apply, for example, to "The Lovers," which deals with love versus bigotry--and note that both traits are not present in the same character. "No Land of Nod" opposes the urge for (racial) survival with a deep-set prejudice--and the lead character does not solve his own problem as would be necessary in an internal conflict story. (I regard both of these examples as mediocre science fiction, but they're enormously popular and presumably well-known to Si-Fan readers. "No Land of Nod" shows up in more than half

of the "anthologies.")

We could attempt a definition based on this one characteristic of science fiction, but unfortunately it wouldn't work. Narrative in which characters and events symbolize more general matters is merely allegory. And a definition for "Pilgrim's Progress" isn't quite what we're after.

Although allegory is not exclusively science fictional, I believe that, used positively, it is a basic ingredient in the science fiction spirit. While mainstream literature balefully explores mankind's less admirable qualities, science fiction optimistically takes the opposite tack and explores what man can do. It's always easy to take a negative viewpoint and dig up all kinds of faults. Discovering and pointing up man's finer qualities is another matter entirely. Which perhaps explains why good science fiction is so difficult to write--and maybe why a successful science fiction story is so memorable.

Although this particular quality is basic to science fiction, it has not been evident in the magazines for several years. Just offhand, I can think of only two relatively recent novels in which its presence was felt: "First On Mars" and "Pirates of Ersatz." And perhaps to some extent in Sturgeon's "To Marry Medusa." Too much of today's fiction is given over to navel-watching, abnormal "psychology," "cuteness," and similar banalities. Serious qualities cannot intrude as long as our writers and editors persist in treating science fiction as a silly joke.

Of course, the quality of allegory is only one of many elements which go into the make-up of science fiction. But there's no point in settling the whole thing today. Gotta save something for Opus 5.

THE ANTHOLOGIES

Something I said about these anthologies last time must have been discouraging. We haven't received any new ones since. C'mon, let's have yours. We'll get it published eventually.

BART MILROAD'S ANTHOLOGY

the novel:

The Laws of Chance	Murray Leinster	SS:	3/'47
the stories:			
Malice in Wonderland	Evan Hunter	If:	1/'54
John, the Revelator			
(O, Ugly Bird! -?)	Manly Wade Wellman	F&SF:	12/'51
The Million Year Picnic	Ray Bradbury	Planet:	Sum/'46
Sam Hall	Poul Anderson	ASF:	8/'53
Dance of the Dead	Richard Matheson	Star	#3
A Thief in Time	Robert Sheckley	Gxy:	7/'54
Baby is Three	Theodore Sturgeon	Gxy:	10/'53
Child's Play	William Tenn	ASF:	3/'47
Mane in U.S.A.	J.T. McIntosh	Gxy:	4/'53
Martians Go Home	Fredric Brown	ASF:	9/'54
Desertion	Clifford D. Simak		
Neddler	Philip K. Dick	Fut:	11/'54
Riya's Foundling	Algis Budrys	SFS:	#1
In Hiding	Wilmar Shiras	ASF:	11/'48
The Second Trip to Mars	Ward Moore	SEP:	?

It would help if you'd try to list the original sources of your stories. Even though Bart was 28 miles away from his collection he did make some guesses which were a big help to me in tracking 'em down.

While we're at it, here are a couple of offbeat anthologies which are interesting even though they're beside the point as far as what we are trying to do.

EMILE GREENLEAF'S ANTHOLOGY

"My tendency," Emile says, "would be to compile a collection illustrating the tremendous variety of science fiction. Oh, some of the stories would be favorites of mine, to be sure."

the novel:

Lest Darkness Fall	L. Sprague de Camp	Unk:	12/'39
the stories:			
The Cold Equations	Tom Godwin	ASF:	8/'54
Thunder and Roses	Theodore Sturgeon	ASF:	11/'47
A Gun for Dinosaur	L. Sprague de Camp		
Requiem	Robert A. Heinlein	ASF:	1/'40
The Double-Dyed Villains	Poul Anderson	ASF:	9/'49
A Martian Odyssey	Stanley G. Weinbaum	WS:	7/'34
Who Goes There?	John W. Campbell, Jr.	ASF:	8/'38
First Contact	Murray Leinster	ASF:	5/'45
E for Effort	T. L. Sherred	ASF:	5/'47
The Songs of Distant Earth	Arthur C. Clarke	If:	6/'58
The Star	Arthur C. Clarke	Infinity:	11/'55
Desertion	Clifford D. Simak	ASF:	11/'44
Twilight	John W. Campbell, Jr.	ASF:	11/'34
Nightfall	Isaac Asimov	ASF:	9/'41
Farewell to the Master	Harry Bates	ASF:	10/'40

All very good stories, to be sure, Emile. But didn't the "variety" idea get lost somewhere? Great as Astounding is (was), to me it only represents a small portion of the variety of subject matter and approach possible in science fiction. Where's the space opera, for instance, or the gadget story, or the Utopia? Or maybe your interests don't extend to Planet, Startling, TWS, Future or Amazing?

These things can get involved. Marion Bradley will have to explain the next one her own self.

"...Since most of my favorite stories are longish shorts, almost novelettes, I decided to omit a 'complete novel' and make it up of one long novelette and fourteen other stories.

"Ground rules: no more than ONE story by any one author (otherwise this would turn into a Sturgeon anthology), and all must be modern--no old, oft-reprinted classics. I think only two of these have ever been reprinted. Also I included one of my own stories, every anthologist's privilege and I also think it (1) my best story, and (2) my favorite.

"What 'connective thread' I could hang these tales on I don't know, except, possibly, 'A Romanticist's Choice.' However, one could also call it 'How to write memorable science fiction'--for these, I think, are probably the examples which motivate most fine writers; they all have one special characteristic and that is emotion."

MARION BRADLEY'S ANTHOLOGY: ONE WRITER'S CHOICE

Vintage Season	Lawrence O'Donnell	ASF:	9/'49
Interloper	Poul Anderson	F&SF:	4/'51
The Chestnut Beads	Jane Roberts	F&SF:	7/'57
And the Moon Be Still as Bright	Ray Bradbury	TWS:	6/'48
The Veil of Astellar	Leigh Brackett	TWS:	Spr/'44
What's it Like Out There?	Edmond Hamilton	TWS:	12/'52
Alamagoosa	Eric Frank Russell	ASF:	5/'55
Scanners Live in Vain	Cordwainer Smith	FB:	#6
Who?	Algis Budrys	Pyramid orig?-'58	
Anything Box	Zenna Henderson	F&SF:	10/'56
Blind Lightning	Harlan Ellison		
The Wind People	Marion Zimmer Bradley		
The World Well Lost	Theodore Sturgeon		
No Land of Nod	Sherwood Springer	TWS:	12/'52
Coming Attraction	Fritz Leiber	Gxy:	11/'50

Interesting, but this isn't what we're after. You've demonstrated your anthological talents, but we still don't know what your favorite stories are. I'm trying to find out what stories fans like, not what stories they think are good. Oh well, maybe I shouldn't make cracks at your idea, just because it isn't mine.

We won't use more than two anthologies per column henceforth, since three does crowd things a bit. If you'd like to try your hand, the rules are simple enough: You're allowed one novel and fifteen stories --or you may adjust things a bit for novelettes like Marion did if you wish. We're interested in seeing a list of your favorite stories, the stories you like best, not those you think others would like or which you think would direct us onto the Ghodd Path or stories you think are representative of one thing or another. Don't think, just feel--and let us know which stories made you feel.

WHERE GOES THE HUGO?

My remark about "Transient" and the Hugo in Opus 3 doesn't seem to have been accepted in quite the spirit it was given in some quarters. Lest ye think me mad--NO, I don't think "Transient" will get the Hugo. My remark was meant to add a note of croggling horror to the fun and frolic.

I do think, though, that we should start giving some serious thought to this year's Hugos. Too often thus far the awards have gone to very forgettable novels. This could easily be due to a lack of any discussion of the awards beforehand, with the result that the better works are overlooked in favor of the more notorious ones.

If it were up to me, this year's award for the novel would be skipped altogether, since, to my knowledge, no really good science fiction novel was published in 1960. However, there were several, like VENUS PLUS X, which were vastly better than last year's Hugo winner.

Maybe we'll go into this more deeply in Opus 5, along with a discussion of THE NEW ADAM, perhaps, if anyone is interested. Right now we've got to pad this instalment out with a book review. And, of course, the inevitable plug for the STORM. You think I do this thing for fun?

THE BIG TIME by Fritz Leiber, 124 pages, and THE MIND SPIDER AND OTHER STORIES by

Fritz Leiber, 122 pages; Ace Double Novel #D-491; 35¢.

One of the fascinations of science fiction is that it is the one field of commercial fiction in which the true individual is still tolerated and even welcomed. This was probably truer twenty years ago than it is today when most of our "individualists" appear to be cut to a standard pattern from a single bolt, but we still have a few writers around who have managed to retain their personal integrity even in the face of popularity. Fritz Leiber, like Sturgeon and a very few other writers, possesses a unique personality which permeates every paragraph of his fiction even when he is manfully attempting to conform to current magazine fashions.

The novel half of this double-book is one of those experiments which writers so dearly love to perform in public. In "The Big Time", we have what amounts to a play in narrative form. If this story were ever adapted to television or the stage (Not a bad idea), the adapter would find that Leiber has done almost all of his work for him. The scene is a sort of way station outside the cosmos which is simply called "the Place"—a sort of USO for Change War soldiers on the Spider side. Although this severely limits the action, the ideas are complex enough and the characters so well realized that you don't really mind.

Of course, by now you are well acquainted with the Change War, that weird conflict between the Snakes and the Spiders whose battlefield is all of time and whose goal is the influencing of the course of history to the mysterious advantage of one or the other side. Irritatingly, the events of "The Big Time" appear to add up to a totally unimportant episode in the Change War, having no conceivable effect on the outcome. Well, current fashions demand this sort of concentration on trivia, and Leiber at least, is not afraid of complex ideas and three-dimensional characterization. Evidently, a lot of other fans approve, too, since "The Big Time" got the Hugo for 1958.

Three of the six stories in the upside-down half of this book also deal with the Change War: "Damnation Morning," dealing with a rather complicated recruiting technique; "The Oldest Soldier," a quiet tale of a soldier on leave; and "Try and Change the Past," in which a green recruit attempts to improve his own real-life lot, only to find that the Universe is rather stubborn about staying in its old rut. Minor pieces, but entertaining. "The Oldest Soldier," from a recent F&SF I think, is the most enjoyable if only because a little old-fashioned positive action enters into its solution.

Of the other three stories, "The Haunted Future" is one of those flawed Utopias in the Pohl-Kornbluth manner. Leiber handles the plot better than P or K ever did--and in mercifully fewer words--but even a writer of Leiber's skill can't cover up the obviousness and artificiality of it. "The Number of the Beast" is a puzzle-story from Galaxy. Some parts of the puzzle aren't given until after the solution. Unfair, but the story is amusing. Finally, "The Mind Spider" is an entertaining thud-and-blunder story about a family of telepaths who must defeat an ancient and evil alien. Great fun.

Leiber is definitely a good man to have around. His work is imaginative and original enough to sweeten somewhat the sour state most of the magazines have fallen into. If we can't have science fiction, Leiber's stuff is the next best thing. So, all things considered, I'd say this book is a bargain.

DIRTY HUCKSTER DEPT.

Interest in fan history seems to have increased in the past couple of months. Dunno the explanation, but it makes me happy since I'm the grasping monopolist who's cornered the fan history market. Yep, I've still got copies of the hard-cover IMMORTAL STORM, Sam Moskowitz' 135,000-word history of fandom. You can have one for just 5 bucks.

Jerry Burge, 1707 Piper Circle SE, Atlanta 16, Georgia

NOTES
OF A
PULP
COLLECTOR

OPERATOR #5

10¢ AMERICA'S SECRET SERVICE ACE 

BY BERNIE WERMERS

The first issue of Secret Service Operator #5, America's Undercover Ace, was dated April, 1943. It expired with the forty-eighth issue, November-December, 1939. Each issue contained a "full-length" novel by Curtis Steele, one or more short spy stories, and the department, "The Secret Sentinel." (This department urged the readers to be alert to threats against the U.S. and many readers wrote letters pointing out the danger from Communists, Nazis and the Japanese. There was, of course, the club, the Secret Sentinels of America and a ring embossed with a skull was available to members.) The covers were painted by John Howitt except for the first issue, done by Jerome Rozen. The first issue interiors were drawn by Rudolph Belarsky and Amos Sewell. Succeeding issues were illustrated by J. Fleming Gould until 1937 when Ralph Carlson took over.

Jimmy Christopher is Operator #5, the hero of the saga. Christopher has created the identity of Carleton Victor, society photographer, whose portraits are valued as works of art. In this character he has a studio apartment and is served by Crowe, the imperturbable manservant. Crowe appears only in the early novels. Operator #5, like G-8 and the Spider, is a master of disguise; he is conversant in the major foreign languages, including Japanese; a code expert; an inventor, and a master chemist. He wears a skull ring having within it an explosive powerful enough to demolish Yankee Stadium. Like Nippy in the G-8 stories, Jimmy is an amateur magician. Operator #5's family resides in a modest downtown Manhattan apartment. His father is John Christopher, the retired Secret Service agent Q-6. Jimmy's twin sister, Nan, on occasion doubled for him. Tim Donovan, a teen-ager, joined the group when he saved Jimmy's life, and in the course of the saga he develops into young manhood. Jimmy's fiancée is Diane Elliot, a brave and beautiful reporter. Z-7 is head of the Secret Service and Jimmy's chief.

The early stories were quite similar. Each issue showed how a foreign power (Such as the Yellows or Japanese) or a group within the country were preparing a fearful weapon or device which would bring America to its knees, making it easy prey for an offshore enemy fleet or a criminal band. In one story a trans-Mississippi bridge collapses due to the action of a powerful erosive spray. In another tale, key legislators and men of influence are hypnotized with an "Oriental drug" into betraying their country. A typical early story is "The Army of the Dead" (March, 1935). Here the fiend is Dr. Anton Kalmar who masquerades as The Master of Death. Kalmar has developed a process by which he is actually able to restore life to the dead. He uses his secret to enslave his victims, to rob them of will. His banner is a royal crown on a crimson background. Kalmar builds up his following of devotees under the guise of a new religion symbolized by Yama, Hindu god of Death. The temple of the Crown is his headquarters. The story is replete in melodramatic incidents. First Diane is captured and about to be sacrificed; then Jimmy is captured while attempting her rescue in the temple. He is placed in a room flooded with Lewisite gas, but he frees himself

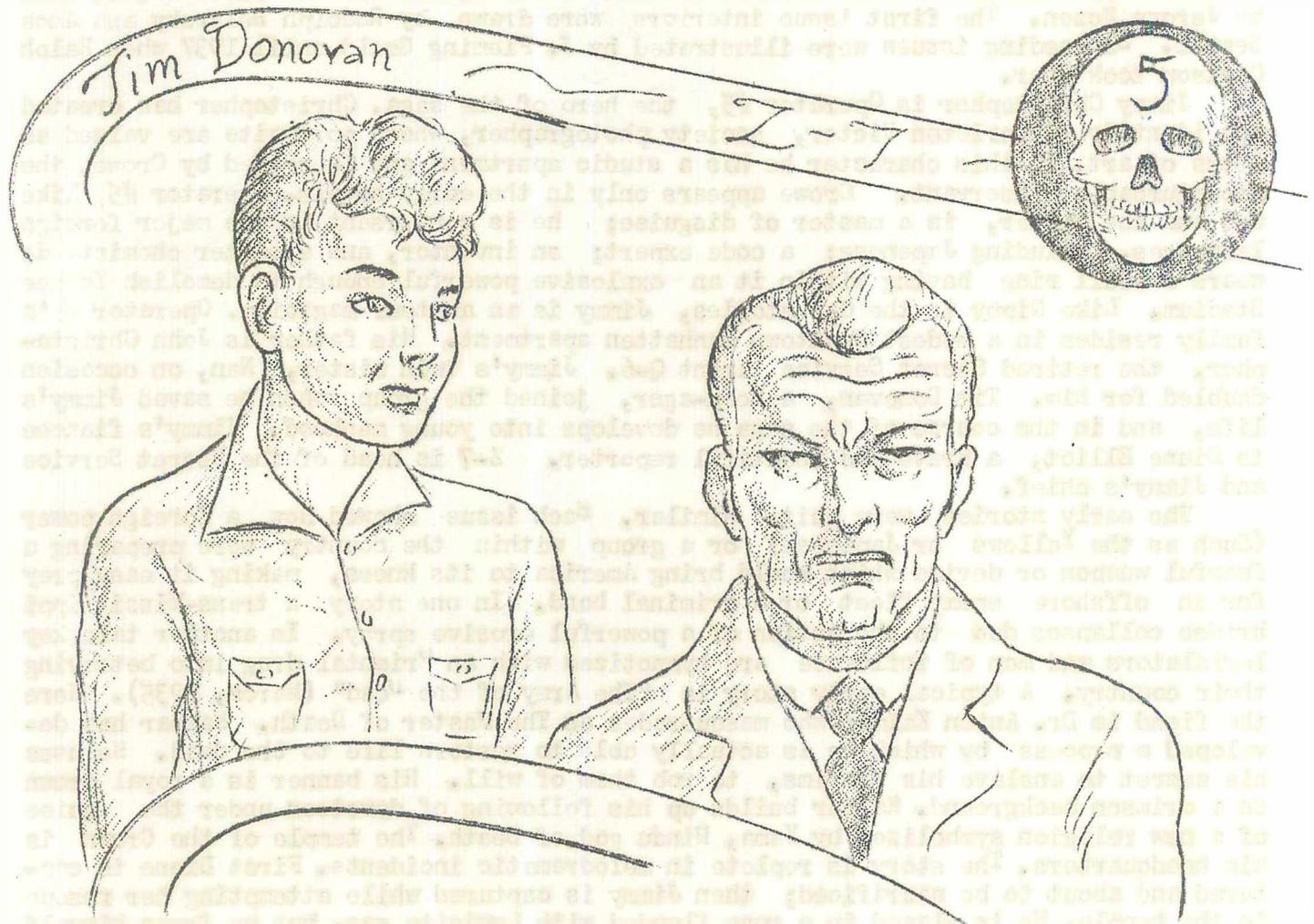
NOTES

douses his body with some handy mineral oil (Which protects him from the gas) and downs the guards who have come to view his body. Diane is saved as a detachment of Secret Service men raid the building, but Kalmar escapes with young Tim Donovan. Some chapters later, Jimmy rescues Tim on Kalmar's yacht. Tim, however, has been strangled by one of Kalmar's monstrous assistants. Quick work by Jimmy and a helpful scientist restores Tim to life. Throughout this story we read such statements as "If our millions turn to the worship of the Master of Death who grants them eternal life--the United States is doomed." In every story the current menace is similarly described.

In the June-July issue of 1936 the series moved into high gear. This novel opens as follows:

"On the twenty-second day of the invasion of the United States by the Purple Emperor, a crowd of stunned, hopeless men and women gathered in Union Square in New York City to hear a proclamation of the conqueror."

So begins the series of novels continuing until the March-April, 1938 issue chronicling the epic of the Purple Invasion. Emperor Maximilian of the Central Empire is





killed in this first story, but his son, Crown Prince Rudolph, succeeds to the throne. Rudolph is a sadist. Typical of this cruel butcher is his massacre of all the workmen who helped erect his imperial palace on the Hudson. Throughout the series Operator #5 harasses the Purple armies and with a handful of guerillas prevents Rudolph from gaining total mastery of the country. In one episode Operator #5 leads a squadron of one thousand planes (Bought in Brazil and manned by Americans) on a mission to bomb the Panama Canal and simultaneously destroy the Purple fleet on its way to San Francisco. With the death of Rudolph, the Purple domination ends.

Characteristic of the novels as a whole are paragraphs in the story set up in capitals in large print. Not only newspaper headlines but radioed code reports by the secret agents are so emblazoned. Footnotes, also, are sprinkled generously throughout most issues. Such notes present documentation to the events narrated, such as refer-

ences to "Harrison Stievers'" History of the Purple Wars, or recent news reports upon which remarks or events were based. Others merely recount what has occurred in previous issues or identify characters in the story.

In the seven issues following the defeat of the Purple armies, America is again beset by subversive groups who seek to make it a vassal of a foreign power. Hank Sheridan who had risen to President during the Purple Wars is killed and the country is ruled by a triumverate led by Andrew Warren. In the May-June, 1939 issue, America is once more invaded--this time by the Japanese under Moto Taranogo, the Yellow Vulture. The events of this invasion are related until the final novel, "The Army from Underground" (November-December, 1939). In this novel the Japanese make use of atomic bombs to cow America into submission. Philadelphia and Washington are completely destroyed by the bombs. Diane is captured in trying to discover the location of the atomic stockpile. Jimmy rescues her by leaping from his pursuit plane to the wing of the bomber carrying Diane and the atomic bomb to Atlanta. He threatens the bomb crew with death from the explosive contained in his skull ring and so, unbelievable, gains control of the bomber and goes on to annihilate the secret stockpile. Other problems in this story are the menace of the drugged Mongolian bomb-men, who explode when they are downed and the underground tanks, which throw the patriots into confusion by appearing in their midst. An interesting albeit fantastic development in this story is the march of the massed citizenry of the East to the West, there to meet the escaping millions under Japanese rule and by force of numbers to demoralize the enemy. Another novel was advertised in which Operator #5 was to have solved the problem of a new Japanese invasion from Canada, but it never appeared.

--B.F. Wermers

--*)((§))(*--

WANTED: OLD material by Walt Kelly (especially, 1943-1946); old Our Gang comics and Animal comics. If you have some, write to Miss Margaret Curtis, Room #334, Dascomb Hall, Oberlin, Ohio...

Harry Thomas, 124 Cherokee Ave., Athens, Ga., also wants to locate some old comics, but I've misplaced his wantlist. I believe he was interested in the D.C. line; drop him a card if you have anything along those lines. If he will send me his list, I'll try to include a mention nextish....

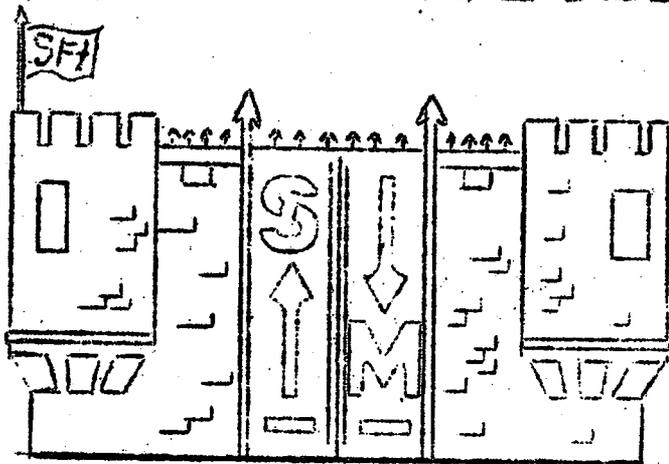
Your Friendly Editor is doing an article on Tiffany Thayer and would like the help of various Forteanes in digging up material. I have a few dozen short biographical sketches and book reviews at my disposal, but little else. My checking on his two pseudonyms (John Doe and Elmer Ellsworth, jr.) has but led me to Wings and to Christian Century--and the conjecture Christian Century introduces into my mind is crogging. Personal anecdotes, if you have any, would be of interest, as well as back issues of Doubt--#'s 4, 7 and 25 through 58 for which I will pay. That's Jerry PAGE, 193 Battery Pl., NE, Atlanta 7, Georgia, U.S.A. Help! (Especially like from Art Castillo and Eric Frank Russell.).... Incidentally, we have enough copies of THE IMMORTAL STORM on hand to supply you with a copy right now. So turn to page 18 and get all the details on how to be the first fan on your block to supplement his comic collection with a real hardbound book!

--*)((§))(*--

getwellharrywarnerwillisanewinsixtytwogetwellharrywarnerwillisanewinsixtytwogetwellh

The **CITADEL**

of **Sam Moskowitz**



by **Ed Wood**

One of the most interesting facets of science fiction fandom is that which deals with the colorful personalities in the science fiction field. Due to the personalized and subjective nature of fandom, this has led to elaborate, detailed accounts of the important and all-too-often, unimportant members of fandom and science fiction.

The career of Sam Moskowitz spans two decades of diligent and persistent service to science fiction and science fiction fandom.

Any visitor to Moskowitz's home in Newark, New Jersey, is struck at once by the size, range and intensive organization of his collection. It is truly a Gargantuan labor of love. And, as such, it is only understandable to others intensely interested in science fiction.

Sam Moskowitz freely admits that other collections may contain more professional magazines, books, and even fan magazines, but he also insists that no other surpasses his in the care with which it is organized. The complete files of all the important science fiction magazines, the majority of books essential to the science fiction library, the bound volumes of the major fan magazines of the last quarter century, impressive as they are, pale before the original correspondence which he has systematically collected and cataloged for years. This is not only correspondence between Moskowitz and other people but between many of the great past and present personalities in science fiction. When his friends would clean out their files, Sam would ask and in most cases receive their correspondence. He thus rescued vital records from the trash-heap--records vital to a more complete understanding of the science fiction cosmos--and integrated them with his own.

Correspondence is filed first by the present year, then by the past three years and finally by a master file which contains not only letters but advertising leaflets and any other minutiae of which fandom is capable of producing. Many are the reputations which could be ruined or at least besmirched if the letters in the collection were used by unscrupulous persons. Yet only the unreasoning will fail to see the vital role that letters play in rounding out the over-all view of the field. People are wont to be freer in expressing opinions in letters than in formal speeches and articles.

Whatever Moskowitz might need as reference or consultation for his history of Science Fiction fandom, The Immortal Storm, it is at hand in a readily accessible form. It takes a collector to appreciate the full implication of that remark.

His collection is the product of a well conceived plan executed with tremendous energy, patience, and above all else, understanding. It is the personal property of Sam Moskowitz, yet in a larger sense it is the property of science fiction fandom for in large measure it is the record to date! Fandom can be proud that one of its own has devoted such efforts to keep, preserve and analyse the mass of material accumulated in the last three decades.

Just as there are always people who try to answer the unanswerable, so there are many who read this who will say, "So what?", "A lot of wasted effort", "It doesn't bring him any money" (i.e., money equals success, therefore, no money equal no success). They miss the point. Sam Moskowitz has lavished time, money, and labor on his collection because it has given him great satisfaction to compile and continue his collection. No one can ask more or justly require less from any task. His motto has been, "Not the biggest collection, but the most useful."

Happily, not all the problems have been solved. Difficulties of organization exist. Like a well groomed pet, the collection requires continuous care and application to details. The question of FAPA and similar organizations is one. Should a mailing be bound in one volume or should the individual FAPA publications be bound in continuous runs? An ideal solution is probably to bind both ways providing it is always possible to get two sets of a mailing.

But what of the man himself? Of the fans of the mid-thirties, few remain as active as Sam Moskowitz. Regardless of the unceasing struggle to make a living, the numerous activities in science fiction--some successful, some unsuccessful--he still retains an unbounded confidence in the field. However his experiences have led him to accept a fatalistic, no--perhaps conservative would be a more appropriate word--approach toward the entire field. Cautious in times of apparent success, steadfast in times of distress, he approaches science fiction intellectually with just the proper amount of emotion to make him invaluable as a proponent of science fiction. It is advisable to accept most of Moskowitz's statements in the speeches he makes or the articles he writes. Either he has the information at hand or is making one of his shrewd, calculated guesses which is probably the end product of a fabulous amount of research or just plain hard work. Since no one is infallible, Moskowitz has made his share of blunders. They are the product of someone who has the courage to state his mind on a subject in which he has a degree of competence. In these times of "science fiction" experts, "Hack experts" and "expert hacks", it is a relief to find a few mature, level-headed critics, willing to speak out and seek remedies for some of the serious maladies which have plagued science fiction in all forms the past few years.

To gaze at Moskowitz's magazine collection, only part of which is visible, is in itself an education. Just to compare the events of the past 30 years brings on after the first flush of excitement, a feeling of melancholy. Always there are magazines which are no more but which were such good friends in the long ago. Why did this one fail and that one succeed? Who knows? To look at them arranged side by side, their actual bulk is not nearly so large as would be expected. The magazines come and they go, but science fiction remains.

--Edward Wood

A REPLY BY VARDIS FISHER

((What kind of mail does a professional writer get? And how does he answer it?))

Hagerman, Idaho
22 March, 1961

Mrs. C.G.
A----, Wyoming

Dear Mrs. G---

Last year you wrote me: "I finished reading Orphans in Gethsemene some time ago and it is of such tremendous importance to me that I've been unable to put my feelings into words. I thought I should at least tell you my gratitude, because the light you have shed has illuminated my life, as I hope it will that of my children. I believe that no man or woman has surpassed you in greatness."

March 20 of this year you wrote me: "I was reading through ORPHANS again last night and I found something that I had missed before that brought me up with a jolt. I hope you can read these words from your book (quoting Koestler), that you enthroned as the highest truth, for the foul thing it is: 'as long as you don't feel ashamed to be alive while others are put to death; not guilty, sick, humiliated because you were spared, you will remain an accomplice by omission.'"

You then say: "Don't you know that when you said that you denied all the truth you have spent your life seeking? Would you have us all be 'sacrificial animals on the altars of others?' Don't tell me that after all this time you have learned you still believe selflessness is a virtue! My God, man, come up out of that stinking Freudian bog for a look around. Can't you see that selflessness is the greatest of all vices? Can't you see that we can not reach sanity and adulthood until we reconcile the basic law of survival with this ugly demand for self-annihilation? Why have you always felt that you must apologize for living? Did you really think you were being virtuous when you admitted that you grieved because you had surpassed your brother?"

You sent me three separate quotations from two novels by Ayn Rand. I read her ATLAS SHRUGGED. It is the tail or the side of the tusk of the elephant but that is all, and she is one of the blindest of writers. You are the kind of person who makes me wish I had been a salesman or prospector, for it is obvious now that you don't understand ORPHANS. I don't believe in selflessness; there is none. The closest approach to it may be the devotion of a mother to her offspring, but what under heaven is more selfish than that? I have nowhere even implied that I was "virtuous" because (as you say) I grieved because I had surpassed my "brother".

Damn it, Mrs. G---, what do you understand, anyway?

Sincerely,

/s/ Vardis Fisher

NEW BOOKS OUT OF PRINT BOOKS MAGAZINES EVERYTHING IN E.R.BURROUGHS

POCKETBOOKS COMICS FANMAGS ILLUSTRATIONS

COMICS-MAGAZINES-BOOKS-FIRST EDITIONS -- SPECIALIZING IN COMPLETE SETS

JULIUS UNGER
6401 - 24th Avenue Dept. SF Brooklyn 4, New York
SPECIALIST IN SCIENCE FICTION
QUARTER CENTURY OF STF DEALING

COMPLETE SETS FOR SALE

- AMAZING QUARTERLY--1928-1934--23 issues in all including the only
Annual--condition good to very good. No B/C on Annual.
Priced at 50.00
- AMAZING MONTHLY--April 1926 (Vol. 1 No. 1) to April 1934--complete--
condition very good to fine except for 1st and 3rd issues.
Priced at 200.00
- SCIENCE WONDER, WONDER AND THRILLING WONDER STORIES--June 1929
(Vol. 1 No. 1) thru March 1934 complete--all copies is
very good to fine condition. Priced at 85.00
Thru to April 1941-- Priced at 145.00
- SCIENCE WONDER AND WONDER QUARTERLY--complete--14 issues 1929 to 1933
--all in very good to fine condition. Priced at 25.00
- AIR WONDER--complete--July 1929 to May 1930--condition
very good to fine. Priced at 22.00
- WEIRD TALES--16 copies 1932 to 1934--condition good.
1932-12. 1933-1,3,6,7,9,10. 1934-1,4,5,6-12-- Priced at 2.00 each
- FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION--complete from Fall 1949 (Vol. 1 No. 1)
thru 1960--over 100 issues. Condition good to very good.
Priced at 50.00
- GALAXY NOVELS--Nos. 1 to 20--condition very good to fine.
Priced at 15.00
- ASTOUNDING--292 issues March 1934 thru Dec. 1958--condition good.
Priced at 250.00
- GALAXY--complete from October 1950 (Vol. 1 No. 1) thru 1960.
Priced at 50.00
- FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES--complete set of 81 issues from
Sept-Oct 1939 (Vol. 1 No. 1) to June 1953. Condition
very good to fine. Priced at 60.00
- FANTASTIC NOVELS--complete set--25 issues from July 1940 (Vol. 1
No. 1) to June 1951. Condition very good to fine.
Priced at 25.00
- UNKNOWN--March 1939 (Vol. 1 No. 1) to June 1943--39 copies complete
--good to very good. Priced at 65.00
- WEIRDS--Complete 1935 thru 1942--76 copies--condition good.
Priced at 125.00
- A.MERRITT'S FANTASY MAGAZINE--all 5 issues--very good--Priced at 7.00
- S.F.PLUS--all 7 issues--good condition. Priced at 5.00

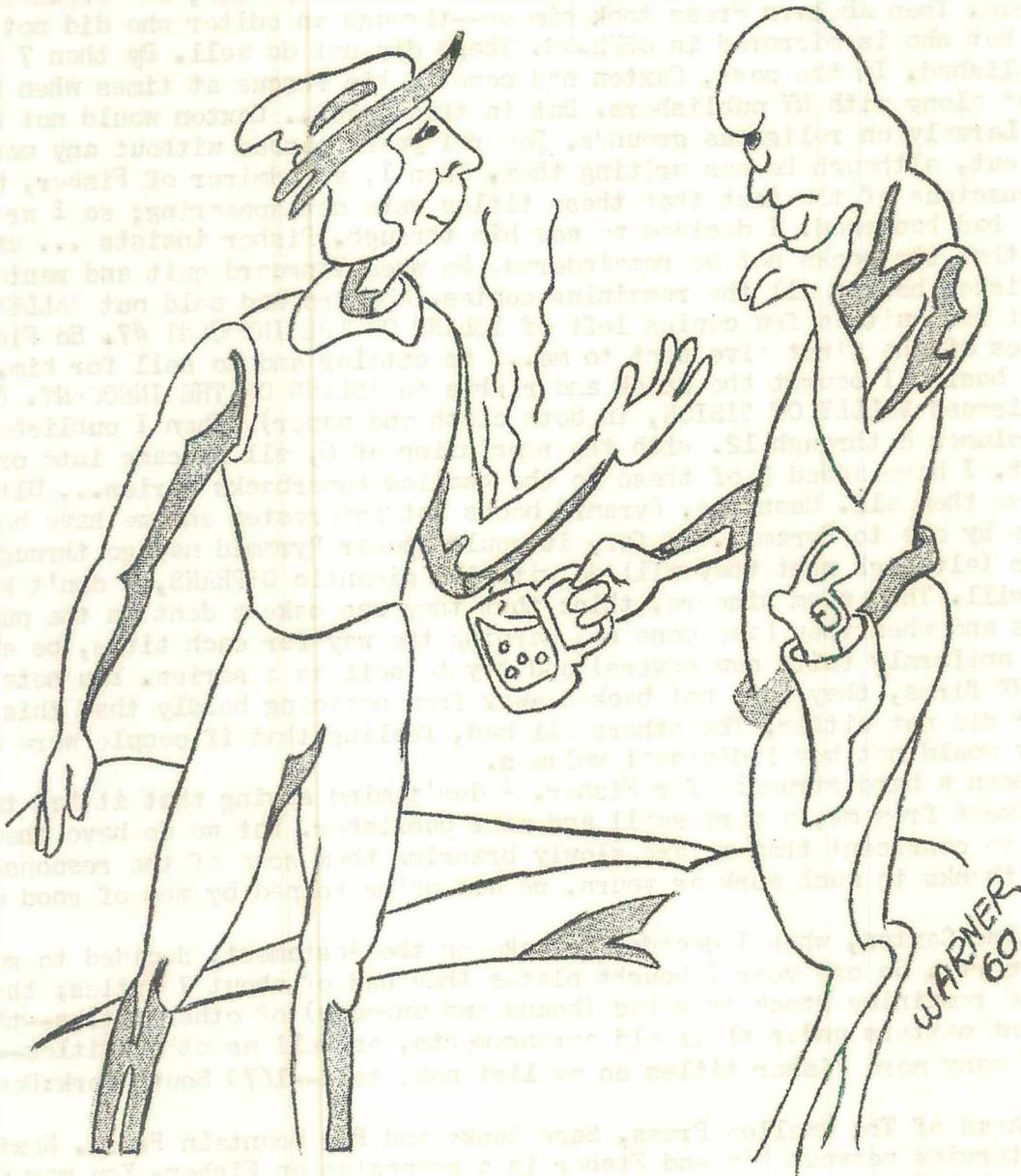
JULIUS UNGER, Dept. SF, 6401 - 24th Avenue, Brooklyn 4, New York

ODTAA

--BEING, IN THE MAIN, UNJUSTIFIED COMMENTS.

You may have noticed that this issue of Si-Fan is ... somewhat late ... I don't suppose that you HAVE to be super-alert to have noticed that. However, I can't really say that I'm off schedule; Si-Fan was a bi-monthly, and since Void is a monthly, and since there has been only one issue since the last issue of Si-Fan, it follows that this issue should come about about the same time as the next issue of Void. We stand a very good chance of getting somewhat ahead on our schedule. And for those of you who find such reasoning less than scientific, I made a similar comparison with the bi-weekly Fanac. It works out, too.

However, there have been complaints, and I should explain some of my troubles. For one thing, I put a new pad on the ink-drum of my mimeograph. This may not seem difficult to you, but I tried doing it while the drum was full. If you study each page carefully, you might be able to tell which I did before spilling the ink and which I did afterwards.



But enough of this levity. ODTAA has been revamped, for ease of handling and so on. For one thing, it is being typed directly on stencil. It is a lot shorter than I would like and I apologize in advance for having to leave out a lot of interesting letters. I planned to dummy this for justified margins but, while it is a distinct advantage in laying out the rest of Si-Fan, in ODTAA it just gets in my way and slows me down. Next time, I don't intend to plan for justified margins; I prefer them--a good letter column and good illustrations deserve justified margins--but they are impractical on account of I'm a lazy scoundrel. So much for me; I'm also talkative, so when you see a section set off with double parenthesis:--((thusly))--; That's me.

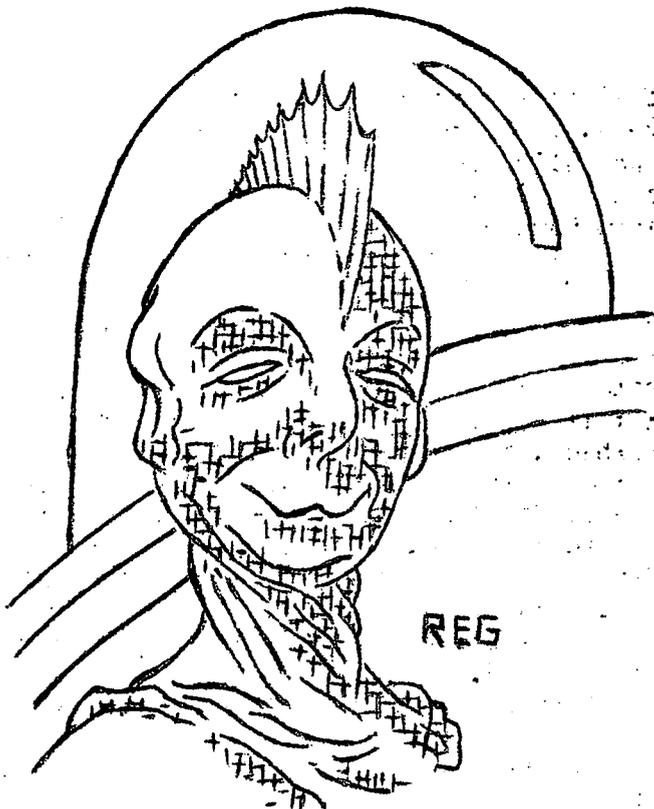
--Jerry PAGE

ALAN SWALLOW--Your remark upon the publishing history ((of Fisher's TESTAMENT OF MAN series)) is understandable. It is confusing, even for the Fisher student. He has had one of the most difficult publishing histories, of course. If you have read ORPHANS IN GETHSEMANE, you will understand a bit of it in relationship to the Testament, at least. ... Vanguard...did volumes 1 through 5. These sold poorly; so Vanguard stopped publishing him. Then Abelard Press took him on--through an editor who did not last long there, but who is mirrored in ORPHANS. These did not do well. By then 7 titles had been published. In the past, Caxton had come to his rescue at times when he could not get along with NY publishers. But in this case... Caxton would not take on the series. Largely on religious grounds. Several years passed without any more titles coming out, although he was writing them. Then I, an admirer of Fisher, became gradually conscious of the fact that these titles were not appearing; so I wrote to ask him what had happened. I decided to see him through. Fisher insists ... upon a stipulation that the books not be remaindered. So when Vanguard quit and wanted to remainder, Fisher bought all the remaining copies. Abelard had sold out VALLEY OF VISION #6 but had quite a few copies left of ISLAND OF THE INNOCENT #7. So Fisher had his copies of the first five sent to me... to catalog and to sell for him... on a commission basis. I bought the stock and rights to ISLAND OF THE INNOCENT. (Last Summer, I reissued VALLEY OF VISION, in both cloth and paper). Then I published in succession volumes 8 through 12. With the reprinting of 6, all 12 came into print on the same list. I have added 3 of these to the Swallow Paperbacks series... Ultimately I hope to have them all. Meantime, Pyramid books got interested and we have been selling them one by one to Pyramid. So far, it would appear Pyramid may go through the entire series (although what they will do with the gigantic ORPHANS, I don't know). I hope they will. They seem sincere, think that they can make a dent on the public consciousness and when they have done so, earning the way for each title, be able to package them uniformly (with new covers) and try to sell as a series. You note that unlike most NY firms, they have not backed away from noticing boldly that this was a series--and I did not either. The others all had, feeling that if people were aware of this, they would not buy individual volumes.

It has been a hard struggle for Fisher. I don't mind saying that it has taken a lot of investment from me, a very small and poor publisher. But we do have them in print, and I am confident that we are slowly bringing them some of the response they deserve. And thanks to such work as yours, we are being helped by men of good will and insight.

...Meantime Caxton, when I decided to take on the Testament, decided to get rid of Fisher property. So one year I bought plates they had of about 7 titles; then I bought all the remaining stock they had (bound and unbound) of other titles--they had a few Testament matters under their old arrangements, as well as other titles--hence I have a good many more Fisher titles on my list now, too.--1679 South York:Denver 10 Colorado.

((Swallow is head of The Swallow Press, Sage Books and Big Mountain Press. Next issue we plan an interview between him and Fisher in a symposium on Fisher. You may not be too impressed, but Swallow has revived my jaded faith in publishers--Jerry Page))



BUCK COULSON--A few comments on Si-Fan. For Deckinger's information, there is one magazine devoted to good fantasy; perhaps not exclusively, but more so than F&SF. It's the British SCIENCE FANTASY, of course, and it's not all that hard to obtain; I was getting British stfmags long before I even knew any British fans. SCIENCE FANTASY is probably the closest thing to a modern UNKNOWN that ever has been, or ever will be, published.

I thoroughly enjoyed Burge's article on Vardis Fisher. I've recently become a Fisher fan, despite the fact that the "marvelous wedding of scientific 'fact' and poetic truth" in the backdrop (and in the main part, for that matter) of "Darkness and the Deep" is about 90% poetry and 10% science.

Well, maybe Belcher does find the human body ugly and immoral in itself. Most of the ones I've seen have been pretty ugly, now that I think about it. And since the body can only reflect the mind in matters of morals, I suppose most of them are

immoral, too. Most humans are immoral, you know. It's a good thing there are a few superior people like Belcher and I around to remind you of your sins.--Rt. 3, Wabash Indiana.

((Well now, to demolish you: (1) I have, in my time, been accused of being a fantasy fan; I have a complete set of UNKNOWN, and almost no Astoundings from that period, and I've made a sort of specialty out of reading Cabell--which proves something, I guess. But I'll be damned if I've managed to finish a third of the stories in SCIENCE FANTASY, or can remember any of those I did finish. (2) Fisher grew so tired of people claiming he didn't base his work on a sound factual framework that the last few (Though, to be sure, I don't know about ORPHANS) contain sections of notes in the back of each. Reread that backdrop; it fits every theory I've read about the creation of the world, including the Babylonian theory which was later popularized in Genesis. (3) After checking back, I have to disagree with you about the ugliness; we were talking about those human bodies pictured in Si-Fan. Somehow I can't even picture Jim Belcher finding those human bodies ugly. --Jerry Page.))

BOB SHAW--I don't usually have time to comment on fanzines received (much to my regret) but I felt I had to write and say how much I laughed at Alan Burn's attempts to pose as a latter day Francois Villon, apparently simply on the strength of the fact that he drinks beer and thinks about sex. The most hilarious bit was the little wish fulfillment adolescent fantasy about lying on the floor, drinking beer, listening to jazz and copulating with somebody else's wife. Especially where he ends up by saying how comforting it is that "any embarrassment resulting from the evening's entertainment will be assured of a home and a name." Surely any speculation as to the welfare of the offspring of such an immature writer must be a purely academic interest!

I hope you will be able to print this little comment on Alan's article--such a fine piece of humour should not go unnoticed.--26 Beechgrove Gardens, Belfast 6, N.I. ((But are you insulting Alan or being immodest?--JP.))

GEORGE CHARTERS--Just a very short note to acknowledge receipt of Si-Fans. Since my illness in the Summer my correspondence has slid downhill.

Your mention of old mags like G-8 and his Battle Aces always brings back pleasant memories of how this mag and others such as Shadow, Doc Savage, Flynn's, etc. pre-war, were dumped over here: I think surplus copies were sent as ballast or something. I often wish I had kept a lot of them.

You did better than I did with Transient. I was unable to finish it: it was like drinking a quart of diesel oil, possible perhaps, but not worth it.

Seeing how much I liked the mag this request will seem strange: please don't send me any more. I do not have room for fanzines with 4,000 prozines cluttering up the place. And as you send a copy to Walter Willis, whom I visit each week, I can read his copy. As far as I'm concerned Si-Fan is a must. --3 Lancaster Ave., Bangor, Co Down, Northern Ireland.

((Well, you're certainly more tactful than most. JP))

WARDIS FISHER--I note in red pencil on the cover the numerals 21 [Marginal note: The distaff says somebody in my house used the red pencil] and on turning to this page I

find a red line in the margin calling my attention to the statement: "It's pretty easy to name one who writes in much the same corner of the lot that Fisher prefers and, I'll hazard a guess, is a much more accomplished writer to boot: Robert Graves."

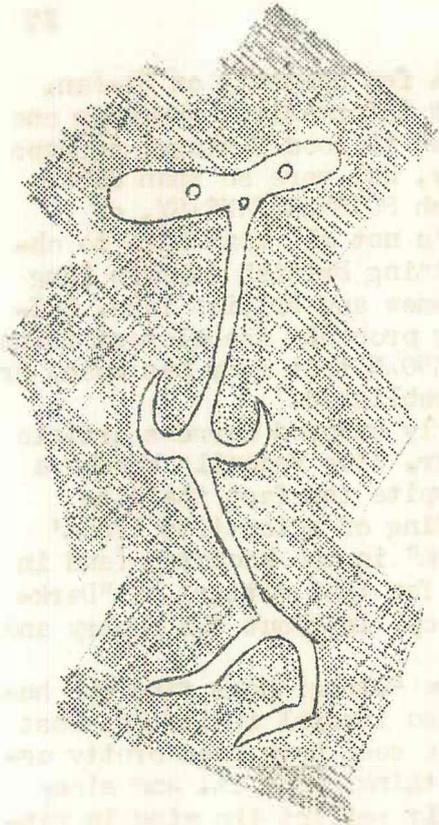
The one who wrote you doesn't seem to know much about either Graves or Fisher. Indeed, in regard to Fisher he seems to have confessed to looking into one or two of more than thirty books and given up. Mr. Graves (whom I admire in his own special sphere) and I have never occupied the same corner. My historical novels ... have always been based on the highest authorities I could find. Mr. Graves if he hasn't been scornful of the higher scholars at least has given that impression. Anyone can determine this simple matter for himself who has the time to compare his KING JESUS with my JESUS CAME AGAIN. --Hagerman, Idaho.

((Redd Boggs is the culprit this time. I haven't been able to fine JESUS CAME AGAIN here in Atlanta, but I have read the one immediately following, A GOAT FOR AZAZEL and several others in the Testament of Man. I've also read KING JESUS and on the basis of this reading I'll have to side with Fisher. Graves has delved into the subject, but all to often he resorts to extropolation where it isn't absolutely necessary, or at least is unnessesary to the degree he takes it. JESUS CAME AGAIN is available from Swallow in paperback form at \$1.95 and in cloth edition for \$3.95. Redd, would you care to defend your statement? A comparison between the two would fit nicely into the symposium on Fisher we plan for next issue. JP))

X EDWARD C. PAYNE--Incidently, do you know anyone who puts out religious zines? Kindly answer.

#3 of Si-Fan, though awakening, may, I fear, do harm (pages 18-19). What is needed is a due regard for man before there can be a due regard for God. You can quote me. --(Director) Order of the Cross, 171 Colby St., Hartford 10, Conn.

((This was one of the letters I regret not being able to answer. However, the term "religious zine" is, I fear, too vague for me to venture any reply other than printing your request here in ODTAA. Perhaps some of the faneds who edit with a religious outlook or tendency toward religious material will send you samples of their zines. Care to do an article refuting Alan Burn's in #3? JP))



DICK SCHULTZ--Here are those missing stories I mentioned in my last letter to ye. The missing Leiber is "The Enchanted Forrest", Oct. '50, AST. "Yesterday was Monday" by Sturgeon, Unknown. "The Little Black Bag" by Kornbluth, AST July '50. And "Shambleau" by CL Moore was the Moore story I was thinking of. Unfortunately it is a novelette, so it is a toss-up between Kuttner's "Compliments of the Author" (Unk) and Lewis Padgett's "Private Eye". Come to think of it, C.L. Moore was half of Lewis Padgett, so I guess I might as well give it to her and her hubby. Astounding '49 or '50 I believe. --19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan.

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM--So you have discovered Dr. Keller... A great old guy and I treasure fond memories of my own days as a Keller advocate. There are only a few writers whom it is fun to be a special fan of and the good gray doc is one of them. (That can open up a whole chain of thought--why is it that some writers, good men, simply do not gather the kind of special support that other writers not necessarily better can? I mean Burroughs--who has half a dozen fanzines going for him even though his heirs and descendants are coldly indifferent to his readers. Conan--of course. Ray Cummings--who had at least Farsace gone insane on him, and others like myself quite fond of him. On the other hand, good as he is, I somehow cannot see fans someday devoting fanzines and clubs exclusively to the writings of Heinlein. Or for that matter Asimov. Both of whom as stf writers are far superior literarily than the others.) (And I should hasten to mention Rohmer--gosh almost forgot the nature of Si-Fan!)

Harry Warner is right about Farnsworth Wright. To my memory, Weird Tales finally reached the point of insolvency where Wright, who did own it, couldn't carry on. At that point he had to sell the mag. The new owner, Delaney, had his own editorial staff, couldn't afford to hire Wright just for one bi-monthly when McIlwraith, an old hand on his staff, could handle it. Wright lived a few years afterwards. He was an ill man, had been for years before WT sunk under him. It isn't exactly fair to say Wright was fired, though. Gives a wrong impression.

I like the lists of fans' anthologies. They may prove valuable to me someday--I can crib from them. --66-17 Clyde Street, Forest Hills 74, N.Y. ((The characters created by Burroughs, Howard, Cummings and Keller are all "bigger than life" characters, like Ulysses, like Sherlock Holmes, like Hercules. Heinlein and Asimov, while they usually characterize well, seldom create characters who are more than the story--who can, in fact, exist in the reader's mind independently of the story. Keller's characters might be described as "Universals." In many of his stories he seems to be studying the same situation Cabell dealt with in his "Biography of the Life of Manuel," only from a psychological, rather than poetic viewpoint; "The Flying Fool" which you may have re-read in the 35th Anniversary Amazing is an example of this--try comparing it with Cabell's "Something About Eve" and "Straws and Prayer Books"; chapters of the latter explain the plot quite well. ## I hope some anthologist will crib from the anthology lists. If response picks up we might be able to work out a list of most popular stories soon. JP))

BOB TUCKER--I can help this much on the Farnsworth Wright thing: Le Zombie, dated Feb. 10, 1940 printed an open letter from Russ Hodgkins giving the news of the firing and asking all fans to unite behind Wright by writing letters to him and to the publishers of Weird Tales, asking for re-instatement. Neither Hodgkins nor LeZ gives a date for the firing, so I assume it happened during January 1940.

I don't recall when he died. (No, he didn't own WT--he was simply a fixture.) --Box 702, Bloomington, Ill.

((In INSIDE #16, August Derleth had an article called "Weird Tales in Retrospect" in which he says that Wright and William Sprenger had control of the magazine from mid-1924 until Delayney bought it in 1938, to add to his short stories. Wright's ill health seems to be his reason for leaving; he needed hospitalization and couldn't move from Chicago to New York. Mr. Derleth--care to comment? JP))

CAL BECK--Hope you can mention somewhere in your effusion, whether parenthetically or editorially, that you created them thar beauties and not "ex'ctly" yrs. truly! Of course, ones like "herd-core" don't ever come up 'cepting once in a red or blue moon. But where I start parodying "A Christmas Carol" at the beginning, you should put some design or group of asterisks so that the reader can realize a break between it and the actual beginning of my bit; otherwise it's apt to be more than incongruous. And "durring" is still spelled "during"; and when you write within parentheses (as in this case) when a sentence is not completed, you keep to lower case letters just as if there were no brackets. (Unless you have it altogether outside, as in this case, following a period--and only periods.)

Then there are some omissions, on which I won't argue; but one in particular seems that it might be of reader-interest and value in that many do not know that: there ARE more than "20 quality men's magazines" around. Too, there's a point on sexy books, like the "nightstand" series, which does or does not make them "sexually vulgar." This omission, underlined, might make some readers (who know the Nightstand books and other erotica on the market) think that I am narrow and prudish...ah, well

... Otherwise, the way you've drawn up my article, with the intro', and illos, makes it look quite, quite good.

If you're ever interested in doing anything serious and wish it in neat offset printed form (and I can guarantee some of the finest reproduction I've seen in my life--better even than FRANKENSTEIN #1) the following are a few examples--for convenience, I've listed jobs that are economically and mechanically best:

a 32 p.book, 5½" x 8½" --- 5,000 copies: \$100.00

2,500 copies of the same type book would cost \$265.00

The book would have the same quality paper (a heavy 50 lb. stock) as a cover as would be in the interior.

It would be stapled along the spine in two places (like Frankenstein or Famous Monsters).

For other types of work, I would require specifications and other details (such as, one might want an 8½ x 11 size, etc.)

Anyone getting the NYTimes and consulting it for printing jobs would pay about the same (FOB), but for a much cheaper looking job on unusually lighter, poorer grade paper, and would not get one special deal which IS included in the above prices: up to 30 pictures reproduced at no extra cost as part of the editorial content!!

This means that it can be any type of half-tone work, whether a painting or photo. These are usually charged at an average of \$3.50 per pic. and there is no guarantee that it'll turn out good. --Box 183--Ridgefield, N.J.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE PUT OFF ORDERING THE STORM:

After July 31, creeping commercialism sets in and the cost of the Immortal Storm will go up to \$6.50. Jerry Burge still has about 40 copies, so those of you who want a copy will do well to order it before then. This extension is being given primarily for the benefit of Si-Fan readers. This is a large, beautifully bound book, well-indexed, containing over 100,000 words (and make a comparison per word with the price of most current books) and several pages of photographs. It is the most complete edition of TIS available and contains several thousand words more than the mimeographed edition. The dust wrapper is drawn by Frank R. Paul. So, since whether or not there will be a second edition is undecided, you have only a while longer to be able to get Sam Moskowitz' history of fandom, THE IMMORTAL STORM. Just what do we have to do? Hypnotize you?

*



From:
Jerry Page
193 Battery Pl., NE,
Atlanta 7, Georgia
U.S.A.

Printed Matter Only
Return Postage Guaranteed
Form 3547 Requested

May be opened for postal inspection

SI-FAN



To: Lee Hoffman,
54 E. 7th St.,
Basement,
New York 3, NY